8

The Aftermath

***'Revenge is a kind of wild justice.'* – Francis Bacon**

According to one report, four Hispanic shepherds were killed in the San Mateos on August 31. A posse of 15 men from Fairview (Winston) and Chloride "took the trail in search of the savages but apparently never caught up with them."[1] As Nana was already in Mexico by that time, these murders may have been committed by a spinoff from his war party, perhaps Navajo or Mescalero on their way back to their own reservations. Or they may have been the work of white men. Together with miners and prospectors, the flood of longhorns moving into the territory brought with it some of the roughest elements of the Texas frontier, men who would have thought little of killing an unarmed *pastor* in cold blood. (Elfego Baca had his own dealings with them in nearby Frisco, Magdalena and Socorro.)[2]

On September 25, more than a month after Nana and his men crossed the border, Plácida and her nephew Procópio escaped their captors while the Apaches were skirmishing with Mexican irregulars during a horse-stealing raid in Chihuahua. The Mexicans escorted the two fugitives to the border at Ysleta, Texas, where a kindly family took them in until Plácida's brother and other men from Cubero came down to take them home. Shortly afterwards she married Victor Romero, one of the men who had brought her back from Texas, and bore another daughter who had been fathered by one of Nana's warriors or perhaps by Nana himself. Although she claimed to know the names of the Navajo men who had murdered her husband and kidnapped her daughter they were never brought to justice and she never succeeded in recovering little Trinidad. To fulfill a vow she made to *Señora de la Luz*[3] during her captivity, Plácida composed a *corrido* telling of her ordeal and miraculous escape.[4]

Other captives were eventually recovered as well. In August 1883 Jose Maria Madrid traveled to San Carlos from his home in Quemado looking for his son Martin, who had been captured in Nana's raid. A year later Madrid and a companion returned to the reservation to reclaim a second son and another boy. Two more New Mexican boys, one taken in Nana's raid and the other during the Victorio War, were also given up by the Chiricahua that fall.[5]

Col. Edward Hatch never did get his general's star. In his report to Gen. John Pope, commander of the Department of the Missouri, Hatch cited the multiple difficulties imposed by the terrain, the weather, and the frustrating ease with which his quarry scattered and slipped out of his grasp. "(I)t can be truly said that the troops did everything that was possible, and pressed the Indians so closely and persistently from so many directions that they had no time to rest, and finally were driven across the Mexican line," he wrote.

Valid as these excuses were there was no denying that one old man and his small band of followers had rampaged across New Mexico and escaped back across the border apparently unscathed, and many in the territory were wondering not if but when the raiders would return in greater numbers. In passing Hatch's report on to General Sherman in Washington, Pope praised the colonel for his "well-known activity and gallantry," asserting that in the pursuit of Nana Hatch "did all that man could do and is entitled to high consideration for and acknowledgement of his services." But Pope went on to say (accurately) that the 9th was "run down in men and horses," and "entitled to some rest, which I hope to give them this winter."[6]

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[1] Looney, Ralph. Haunted Highways, p. 151.
[2] Silva, Lee A. *"Elfego Baca; Forgotten Fighter for Law and Order,"* in America,, The Men and Their Guns That Made Her Great, Craig Boddington, ed., Los Angeles, 1981, pp. 93-115.
[3] *The Iglesia de Nuestra Señora de la Luz is a classic Hispanic church built in 1881 in nearby Cañoncito.*
[4] Roland, ed. *"The Ballad of Placida Romero,"* New Mexico Historical Review, Summer 2011, p. 300.
[5] Sweeney, From Cochise to Geronimo, pp. 380-81.
[6] Lincoln, Robert T. Annual Report of the Secretary of War for the Year 1881, Vol.I, p. 118.

Hatch and his regiment were transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas, by the end of the year and replaced by Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie and his 4th Cavalry.[7]

Nana returned to the fastness of the Sierra Madre, where the band's women and children were waiting, perhaps shepherded by Lozen, who had by then returned from her own solo odyssey to the Mescalero Reservation. When his warriors recited their exploits around the fire, the Apaches agreed that Nana had earned his place among the greatest.

"I believe Nana was responsible for more deaths than either Geronimo or Victorio," Kaywaykla said many years later. "But we did not have the mania for statistics that White Eyes do, and did not count the dead. Usen (sic) had not commanded that we love our enemies. Nana did not love his; and he was not content with an eye for an eye, nor a life for a life. For every Apache killed he took many lives."[8]

No one knows the true final tally of Nana's Raid. Here's a list of reported casualties:

Date	Location	Killed	Wounded	Captured
7/17/81	Alamo Canyon		1 civilian	
7/19	Arena Blanca	3 civilians		1 civilian
7/24	San Andres Mountains	1		
7/26-7/31	Rio Grande to San Mateos	8 "		2 "
8/1	Red Canyon	3 "*	6 "	
8/3	Monica Spring	0	0	
8/6	Alamocita Creek/ Datils/Rito Quemado	13 "		5
8/8	Rancho Cebolla	2 "		2 "
8/9	Rancho Garcia	6 "		1 "
8/12	Carrizo Canyon	2 soldiers	4 soldiers	
8/13-14	Magdalena-Socorro	6 civilians		1 civilian
8/16	Cañada Alamosa	6 civilians 2 soldiers	3 soldiers	
8/18	Cuchillo-Lake Valley	2 civilians		
8/19	Gavilan Canyon	4 soldiers 2 civilians	3 soldiers 7 civilians	
8/19	Mule Spring	4 civilians		2 civilians
8/20	Las Cruces	6 civilians	1 civilian	
8/20	Eureka	2 civilians		
	Totals **includes shepherd killed at mouth of canyon and one of the posse's wounded who later died.*	8 soldiers 64 civilians 72	10 soldiers 15 civilians 25	14 civilians

I've excluded some of the more questionable reports from this tally but there were certainly a number of other deaths that never made their way into newspaper accounts or official reports. Lone prospectors, shepherds and other wanderers in the mountains and deserts may have simply disappeared without trace, their scattered bones only discovered years later. A reasonable guess would be more than 100 dead, wounded and missing/captured in the five weeks from July 17 to August 20, making Nana's Raid a bloodier affray than Pancho Villa's raid 35 years later.[9]

Although officers reported "pools of blood" on the field and in one case "a number of bodies … concealed among the rocks," the Indians never admitted to any casualties among the raiding party.

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[7] *Hatch, 57, died from injuries sustained in a buckboard accident at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, in 1889. Possibly spooked by a rattlesnake, his team stampeded, the colonel was tangled in the reins and dragged some distance.*

[8] Ball, In the Days of Victorio, pp 119-120

[9] *Eight soldiers and 10 civilians were killed in Villa's attack on the border town of Columbus, N.M., in 1916.*

There was no one else in the Sierra Madres to join in Nana's victory dance. The Chokonen, under Cochise's son Naiche (Nachez), with Juh and his Nednhis (the Southern Chiricahua band the Mexicans knew as the Bronco Apaches because of their wild intractability), were on the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona that summer, together with Loco, Chatto, Mangas, the remainder of the Chihenne, the Bedonkhe under Chihuahua, and Geronimo, who was rapidly assembling his own following.

Word of Nana's exploits had already reached the reservation before Chihuahua and the rest of his company returned after their discharge from the Scouts. On August 11, two days after the raid on Garcia, General Orlando B. Willcox,[10] commander of the Department of Arizona, telegraphed Col. Eugene A. Carr,[11] who was at Fort Apache with two companies of his 6th Cavalry, "to hold his command in readiness to take the field, as Hatch reports approach of hostiles from New Mexico."

But the real trouble was brewing among the Western Apaches. Cousins but never close friends of the Chiricahua, the White Mountain, Coyotero and Tonto Apaches had been pacified by Crook's first Arizona campaign in 1872-'73 and had given little trouble since. But the stress of consolidating thousands of Indians at San Carlos and Fort Apache in the 1870s resulted in feuding and dissension between the various bands and anger and dissatisfaction with the authorities.

In the summer of 1881 the White Mountain Apaches at Cibecue, northwest of Fort Apache, found a messiah in the person of a charismatic shaman called Noche-del-klinne (Nakaidoklini, Nakadoklini, Nock-ay-det-klinne), who whites called "The Dreamer" or "the Doctor." In June, at the same time Nana was preparing his foray north from Mexico, Noche-del-klinne began preaching a mystical vision that promised salvation to the demoralized Apaches. His message was almost identical to that of Wodziwob, a prophet who began proselytizing the Paiute in Nevada a decade earlier: if the People danced, if they prayed, if they *believed,* the hairy, pale-eyed people would disappear and their revered dead chiefs would return to life. The Dreamer prophesied this would come to pass "when the corn was ripe."[12]

Wodziwob's eschatological cult had died out among the Paiute by 1881 (it would be revived by Wovoka, another prophet, later in the decade and spread east to the Sioux with tragic consequences) but the message found a receptive audience among the Apaches in Arizona in the summer of 1881.[13]

Before embarking on his raid in July, Nana traveled secretly up from Mexico to observe the ceremonies and form his own opinion of the medicine man. According to Juh's son Asa Daklugie, who was a boy on the reservation at the time, to prove his power to the skeptical Chiricahuas Noche-del-klinne (briefly) conjured up the spirits of Cochise, Mangas Coloradas and Victorio. "Nana said that he had seen this and the word of Nana was not to be questioned," Daklugie said.[14]

Despite his endorsement of the Dreamer's Power, Nana returned to Mexico, where he was pursuing his own plan to make the whites disappear, and few Chiricahua joined the cult.

Whether Noche-del-klinne was promising the whites would die, go back where they came from, or simply disappear was never clear to the nervous agent and the Army officers, but they were certain the movement represented some kind of defiance to their authority. Col. Carr was especially worried about his Apache scouts, most of whom were if not followers of the Dreamer

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[10] *An 1843 graduate of West Point, Willcox rose to Major General of Volunteers in the Civil War and held the regular Army brevet rank of Brigadier General in 1881. He was appointed a full Brigadier General shortly before his retirement in 1887 and died in 1905 at age 84.*

[11] *A West Pointer who fought Apaches before the Civil War, Carr was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and rose to the brevet rank of Major General in that conflict. Reverting to his regular Army rank, he served first against the Cheyenne and then the Apache before retiring as Brigadier General in 1892. He died in 1910 at age 70.*

[12] Willcox, O.B., in Annual Report of the Secretary of War for the Year 1881, p. 153.

[13] *Aleshire refers to the Apache winter season as the "Ghost Dance" and Sweeney calls those months the "Ghost Face." I don't know that the Apaches called the Dreamer's ceremonies a "ghost dance," but the similarities to the Paiute religious revival are clear. The very idea of raising the dead was contrary to traditional Apache beliefs.*

[14] Bell, Indeh, p.54.

at least respectful of his Power. On August 13 Carr ordered their commander, 2d Lt. Thomas Cruse, to collect his men's arms due to "their disposition to treachery."[15]

Carr received a telegram from Willcox that same day directing him to arrest the shaman if the agent, Joseph C. Tiffany, concurred. When Carr asked his opinion, Tiffany responded, "I want him arrested or killed, or both."[16] That left Carr in a quandary: he needed his scouts to accomplish this mission, but he didn't trust them. He temporized for two weeks and then, apparently reasoning that if the scouts were disposed to make trouble they would at least wait until after payday to rebel or desert, he returned their guns and on August 30 took 23 Apache scouts, 5 officers and 79 soldiers up to Cibecue to arrest the Dreamer. In the confrontation that followed, the scouts turned on the soldiers, the prophet was killed by his guards, and six troopers and an officer were killed in the melee.[17]

The angry Apaches followed Carr's battered force back to Fort Apache and attacked the post. By the time they were driven off, Carr's losses totaled 10 dead and wounded, with another 6 civilians killed in the area.

Juh and Geronimo were involved in the fighting, as well as Lozen, according to Daklugie, but Nana is not mentioned. It's very improbable but not impossible he was present, since he had crossed into Mexico 10 days previously and conceivably might have immediately turned around and re-crossed the border into Arizona.

The first news Gen. Willcox received at Prescott was a wildly exaggerated report that Carr "had been attacked, his command exterminated and, subsequently, Fort Apache taken."[18] With the telegraph lines cut, the Gila River in flood and the roads washed out by the summer's heavy rains, Carr was out of communication and temporarily beyond aid. In Washington, General Sherman was outraged by the resulting newspaper headlines coming on top of the complaints he had been receiving for the past two months of Apache depredations in New Mexico. "I want this annual Apache stampede to end right now, and to effect that result will send every available man in the whole Army if necessary," he wired Gen. Irvin McDowell, commander of the Department of California, in San Francisco Sept. 16.[19]

The General of the Army's displeasure over-rode the bureaucratic boundaries of the Military Districts of Arizona and New Mexico, and Gen. Pope immediately ordered the commander of Fort Wingate to take his garrison and march west toward Arizona. Col. Mackenzie, who had just finished settling the Utes on their new reservation in Colorado, was ordered to bring six companies of his 4th Cavalry down to New Mexico by rail, march west to catch up to the Fort Wingate force, and then continue on to relieve Fort Apache. In the meantime, Willcox got additional troops moving to the scene from the south.

The arrival of all these soldiers alarmed the Chiricahuas, who were warned by two of the White Mountain rebel leaders that the troops were going to attack the Chiricahua camps. On Sept. 30, Juh and Geronimo, accompanied by Naiche, Chatto and Chihuahua, fled the reservation with 74 men and their women and children to join Nana and his people in the Sierra Madre. Not all the Chiricahua left, however, and six months later Geronimo re-crossed the border and slipped onto the reservation to round up Loco's band and escort them back to Mexico. With that exodus the Chihenne were finally reunited, but their homeland was lost beyond redemption.

When the Texas Pacific, building west from San Antonio, connected with the Southern Pacific and the A.T. & S.F. in the fall of 1881, the Americans had secured their claim to Apachería with bands of steel. The mining boom in the Black Range and Mogollons picked up steam as declining production on the Comstock Lode in Nevada drew experienced miners and prospectors as well as Eastern investors to new opportunities in the Southwest. The economic effects of the Panic of 1873 lingered for more than a decade and the weak economy left tens of thousands of working

[15] Carr to Wilcox, Aug. 17, 1881, quoted in Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1881, p. 142.
[16] Collins, Charles. Apache Nightmare: The Battle at Cibecue Creek, p. 24.
[17] Lincoln, Robert T. Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1881, p.143.
[18] Ibid, p. 140.
[19] Ibid, p. 144.

men unemployed or underemployed. For the boldest of those the new railroads offered a fast and relatively inexpensive route to new opportunities in the West.

"The reports from our mining districts are so encouraging as to lead thousands of prospectors into the mountains from the North, South, East and West," the *Journal* enthused.[20]

"In southwestern New Mexico, prospectors swarmed over every mountain and hill in search of silver. Spurred on by reports of successful mining at Chloride Flat and Georgetown, they combed every inch of accessible land, and many new prospects were uncovered," according to mining historian Paige Christiansen. "The scene was set: gold and silver mines were a reality; prospectors had located what were described as fabulous ore bodies; speculators were touting New Mexico as the richest mining area in the United States; and foreign and domestic investors began to respond as gold and silver bullion began to flow out of New Mexico in the late 1870s, ushering in the most romantic, the most exciting, the most lawless, and certainly the wildest period in the history of mining in New Mexico."[21]

Over the next decade the main lines thrust tendrils into the mountains from the south and east. The grandly-named Silver City, Deming & Pacific connected with the Southern Pacific in 1883, and the next year the Santa Fe completed a branch line to Lake Valley and another to Magdalena. The population of the Territory grew by nearly a third between 1870 and 1880 and by another third from 1880 to 1890.

"When I first saw a railway train – a solid example of the white man's magic – I began to see," an old Kiowa wrote years later. "The world moves faster than men – and it moves for the white men only."

Down in Mexico Nana aligned himself with Geronimo, the most obdurate and belligerent of the surviving leaders. In March 1883 there was another bloody foray across the border, this time led by Chatto. The raiders captured the nation's attention by murdering a Silver City mining promoter, Judge Hamilton C. McComas, and his wife Juniata (sic) and carrying off their six-year-old son Charley. The little boy's angelic Victorian portrait tugged at the public heartstrings and increased pressure on Gen. Crook to recover the boy and end the Apache menace once and for all.

Charley McComas

Crook had developed the formula for success: Apache scouts, led by a few intrepid young officers and supported by mule trains carrying supplies where no wagon could penetrate. All that stood in his way were the international boundary and his own sympathy for his Apache opponents.

That first obstacle was overcome by Mexican dictator Porfirio Diaz, who was prepared to overlook old grievances if it helped him exert control over his troublesome northern frontier. He had enlisted ex-bandits as *Rurales* to chase bandits, and he was prepared to use the U.S. Cavalry to fight Apaches if he had to. In July 1882 the Mexican government concluded an agreement with the Americans allowing for "hot pursuit" of raiders across the international boundary, and Crook seized on the McComas tragedy to justify plunging into northern Mexico with his Apache scouts.

On May 1, 1883, the general crossed the border in person with nearly 200 Apache scouts under white officers, backed by a company of cavalry and supported by a well-provisioned mule train. Two weeks later, the scouts surprised Chihuahua's *rancheriá* in the foothills of the Sierra Madre and fell on it without parley. They killed between four and nine people and captured five more, thus demonstrating that they – and Crook – were in deadly earnest. Crook released two of

[20] *Albuquerque Daily Journal*, Dec. 8, 1880.
[21] Christiansen, Paige W. The Story of Mining in New Mexico, pp. 55-56.

the captured women to carry his message to the hostiles: the general was in the mountains to fight, and he had brought plenty of bullets. They must either fight him or give up.

Crook never did find little Charley or recover his body[22] but in June 1883, Nana and Loco with a handful of followers turned themselves in and were escorted north to San Carlos. Nana probably came in first to test whether Crook's word was good and there would be no repercussions from past crimes before the rest committed themselves. Geronimo and the other holdouts came in some months later.

So Nana was in the place he had struggled to avoid for the past ten years, on San Carlos Reservation. Some tried to adapt – Chatto joined the Scouts as sergeant, and Chihuahua re-enlisted – but most found little to do but sit around in idleness. Lt. Britton Davis, the agent they derisively nicknamed "Fat Boy," nagged at them to try farming, but scratching in the dirt was no work for a man. The women grew sullen working in the sun and so had to be disciplined. And then Fat Boy complained they were beating their wives!

There was a woman with them highly skilled in the making of tiswin, and it could be some were spiking the mildly alcoholic corn brew with whiskey smuggled onto the reservation by unscrupulous traders)[23] Whatever the reason, "tiswin parties" degenerated from convivial gatherings to drunken brawls, and Crook had ordered them stopped. Defying this ban, Geronimo hosted a tiswin drunk at his camp on May 14, 1885. Nursing their grievances around the fire, Nana and the others decided they would all go down to the agent's tent the next morning and have it out with him. The Fat Boy's *calabozo* wasn't big enough to hold them all if they stuck together, they reassured each other.

Britt Davis may have been a little overweight, but he was a brave man. Facing dozens of angry and defiant Apaches, most either still drunk or nursing mean hangovers and at least some of them armed, he was conciliatory but noncommittal. Falling back on the bureaucrat's standard defense, he told the Indians he would forward their complaints to Crook and the general would decide what was to be done. Meanwhile, Davis suggested, they should all go back to their wickiups and sleep it off.

Crook probably could have defused the situation by coming to San Carlos in person and playing his celebrated solo good cop-bad cop routine, alternately listening sympathetically to the malcontents and berating them like naughty children before an angry grandparent. As they sobered up, at least half the protestors were already sorry they had pushed so hard, and all were wondering what Crook would have to say. But the general never got the message.[24]

Geronimo, Nana and the rest sat around uneasily for the next two days, like schoolboys waiting in the principal's office. They were only too aware that the vast majority of settlers and most of the soldiers wanted the Chiricahua gone from Arizona altogether, preferably to hell but at least as far as Indian Territory in any event. Finally deciding that if he was silent so long Crook must be planning some terrible punishment, Geronimo, Nana, Mangas, Chihuahua and Naiche fled once again into the Sierra Madre.

The rest of the story is too grim to be repeated here more than very briefly. Crook enlisted more Scouts, now including Chatto with some of his and Loco's men, and sent them in pursuit. For years Pope and other Army officers had been arguing that the only way to bring peace to the border was to round up all the Apaches and ship them far away, and the Chiricahua still on the reservation were afraid that drastic course would be adopted if Geronimo and his followers were not suppressed once and for all. These men knew all the trails and refuges in the Sierra, and in June, a little more than a month after the breakout, the Scouts surprised Chihuahua and Ulzana's camp and captured their families; then in August they surprised Geronimo's ranchería even deeper in the Sierra Madre, capturing three of his wives and five of his children as well as

[22] *Rumors persisted that the boy was still alive and years later some claimed he was leading a band of renegade Apaches, but it seems certain he was killed by an enraged warrior within a few weeks of his capture.*

[23] *There was no shortage of either in Arizona Territory in the 1880s.*

[24] *Archie McIntosh, Crook's chief scout and trusted Indian advisor, was himself too hungover to recognize the significance of the message. He rolled over and went back to sleep, and the vital telegram was pigeonholed en route.*

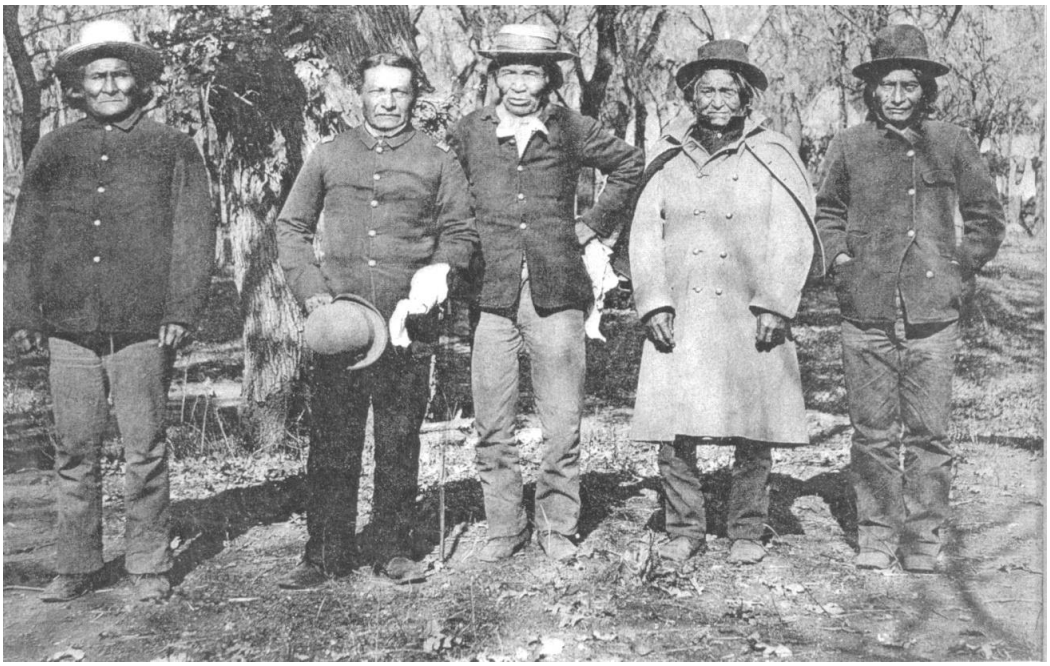
Nana's own wife. The leaders and most of their warriors escaped, but the loss of their families was a heavy blow.

In November 1885 the hostiles struck back. Chihuahua launched a raid into southwestern New Mexico as a diversion while his brother Ulzana made a bold attempt to liberate their families in Arizona. Chihuahua reached as far north as the vicinity of Lake Valley and the Mimbres Mountains before retiring back across the border. Ulzana stayed longer and did much more damage. Balked in the attempted rescue of their families, he and his men attacked a White Mountain camp on the reservation, killing 21 men, women and children in retaliation for their collaboration with the Army. The raiders then ambushed a pursuing cavalry column, killing five soldiers before escaping back to Mexico. With the ranchers, cowboys and random travelers killed along their route, the death toll from this raid was probably about 40 people.

Nana was also reported back in the Mogollons about this time,[25] but didn't linger. The mountains were full of white people, Territorial Gov. Lionel Sheldon had authorized local communities to form their own militia companies to hunt Indians, and the soldiers were again encamped at Ojo Caliente, blocking access to the sacred spring.

On March 27, 1886, Geronimo, Chihuahua, and Nana met Crook just south of the Arizona border, in the Cañon de los Embudos, to negotiate their surrender. A famous photograph taken on that occasion shows Nana seated close behind Geronimo at the peace talk. (Years later, Geronimo would say that if he had listened to his old *compadre*, he never would have given up.) While Nana came in as promised, Geronimo got drunk and bolted at the last minute in what proved to be the final disaster for the tribe. Crook resigned and was replaced by Gen. Nelson Miles, a hard war man after Sheridan's own heart, who was prepared to implement the final solution: all the Chiricahua, hostile and friendly, were to be removed.

On April 8, Nana left Fort Bowie with 74 other Chiricahua as prisoners of war. They would be held first in Florida, then in Alabama and finally at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for the next 27 years. Nana never again saw his beloved mountains, or the sacred spring at Ojo Caliente. He died in Oklahoma in 1896.



Nana (center) with Geronimo, Chihuahua, Loco and Ulzana at Fort Sill in 1894. (*Smithsonian Institution Photo)*

[25] Utley, Geronimo, p. 173.