

James Riley Sutton
(Raised by his stepfather Benjamin Cox)

The Sutton children heard this story many times, as told by "Uncle Jimmy" and did not really believe it. You can imagine her surprise when Nell found it in the McCulloch County History Handbook.

AN INDIAN FIGHT

By A.J. Rose

The following is copied from the Year Book for Texas, 1901, by C.W. Raines, State Librarian, published by Gemmel Book Co., 1902, Austin, Texas.

"In January, 1860, I purchased a tract of land fifteen miles above the town of San Saba, on the San Saba River. This land had a cold spring gushing out of the side of the mountain and emptying into the San Saba River. From this spring I irrigated my farm, which enabled me, even during the dry seasons, to produce heavy crops and corn, sweet potatoes, etc. I built a mill to grind corn and saw lumber, as we had none nearer than fifteen miles, and used this spring as the power to run it. We and our neighbors were often alarmed by the report of Indians in the country. Some of our neighbors were killed and scalped by them, and occasionally an Indian would be killed. On January 15, 1868, Wash Morrow and Bill Miller, who lived in McCulloch County, came to my house for corn and meal, which I sold them. On the morning of the 17th they left very early for their homes, some eighteen or twenty miles up the river. Soon after they left, James Sutton, who lived on my place, and I went out after some fat wild hogs for pork.

Sutton was riding a good horse, and I a mule. For a mile our route was in the direction Miller and Morrow were traveling. It was a very dark, misty morning. When about two miles from home, we heard the report of a gun, which alarmed me, although I was accustomed to such sounds. No sooner had I expressed to Sutton my uneasiness than the report of another gun rang through the air. My fears were not shared by my companion, but instead, he tried to quiet me by insisting he believed there were campers near who were firing their guns in order to reload, as it was damp. We were unable to locate their direction.

About this time our dogs made considerable noise starting a deer. Hoping that the hogs would take

fright at this noise, we hastened to the top of a very high peak near by in order to get sight of them. While on this peak we heard some one halloa, and very soon discovered two men in the distance. But the morning being dark, we could not at first tell whether they were white men or Indians. Seeing that they halted, we decided to ride closer, and found them to be Tom Sloan and Armantrout, whom my wife had sent in haste in search for us. They brought us news that shortly after we had left in the morning, my neighbors, John Flemens, had sent word to my own and other houses to notify us that there were sixteen Indians near his home with horses. He wanted all the available men of the neighborhood to come and follow the Indians. Sloan and Armantrout told us that the scouts would meet at Doran's two and one half miles up the river from my home. We made haste to proceed to the agreed place, but on reaching there, found that nine men had already left on the search. We gave chase, hoping to overtake them at the narrows. We crossed to and went up the south side of the San Saba River, re-crossed to the north side just above where Brady's Creek empties into the river, and thence proceeded up a very high peak in the forks of the creek and river. On reaching the summit we saw in the distance, a lone horse. After reaching the valley and riding a little way, Sutton dismounted, saying, as he did so, "Boys, here's where they had it." He picked up an arrow and found another sticking in the limb of a bush.

Here we struck the trail of Miller's and Morrow's wagon. In a short distance we found the lead harness and stretchers. On further, we found the wagon itself, the meal emptied in two piles, one in the wagon, the other on the ground. There were several arrows in the wagon, and a quantity of blood on the corn. The harness for the wheel horses was lying in front of the wagon; no one in sight.

We at once tried to trail the horses from the wagon. Finally we trailed back to the road-crossing on Brady's Creek. As there were several horse tracks, we decided that the scout had found Miller and Morrow, and they were being taken to some of our homes. Hoping to overtake them, we rode rapidly down the wagon road to Doran's. To our surprise, no one had been there since we passed up the river. I remarked that the scouts had doubtless followed the Indians and that Miller and Morrow were probably in some of the thickets, and told the men if they would wait at Doran's I would ride home and inform my wife of my intended absence, and get my horse and gun, as I wanted to be better prepared. Armantrout volunteered to go with me, but did not return. I was soon armed, mounted, and on my way to Doran's.

When Sutton, Sloan and I hurried to the wagon to begin our search anew, we found pools of blood on the ground and near the wagon trail, which we decided

were from the effects of Miller's and Morrow's shots. We searched until dark, failing to find either the scouts or the men. We then, after agreeing to meet in the morning at an early hour, set out for our homes. I was sitting on my horse in the road waiting for Sloan and Sutton, when one of the scouts came galloping up, saying that he had come for more men to hunt for the wounded ones. I told what we had already done, and assured him we were ready to continue the search. My men were then coming up the road. We learned that the scouts had seen the wagon as they went out. They hastened on, however, hoping to overtake the Indians, but never got in sight of them, and returned to Brady's stock pen about 1 o'clock at night. On our reaching the place the wounded men had been found. Morrow was discovered about sunrise on the ridge that lay between the San Saba river and Brady's Creek. He was returning from the river with his boot full of water for Miller, as Miller was more seriously wounded. On reaching the thicket where they had spent the day and night before, Miller was not there. Morrow said he was somewhere between there and the river, if he had not already reached the river. Search was made and Miller was found sitting on a rock by the river side, having drunk all the water he wanted, never expecting to see anyone again. On learning their condition, I at once returned for my army ambulance to convey them home. My wife and little children were rejoiced that the men were still alive. I reached the home of one of the brothers-in-law of the wounded men just at dark. It had moderated and was raining slowly before we arrived. We sent men forward to inform their families. After refreshments, those of us who lived in my neighborhood started for our homes, reaching them after midnight. With thankful hearts we retired. Although this has been over thirty-four years ago, I have never met either of those men since. They are both living. One was shot twenty times, the other twenty-three. No doubt both would have been killed if



it had not been for the protection of their wagon sheet and bed clothing. They stated that they heard voices about dark while they were lying in the cedar thicket, but could not tell whether the persons speaking were Indians or whites. Those voices, no doubt, were Sloan's, Sutton's and my own, as we were near them at nightfall discussing what was best to do. While attending the Grand Lodge of Masons in Houston a few years ago, in conversation with a brother Mason, discussing the scenes incident to the frontier life, I spoke of this affair, and he told me that Wash Morrow lived near Marble Falls, Burnet County. On my return home I wrote Morrow, and he sent me a lengthy and interesting statement in regard to this affair as he saw it.

The following is Morrow's account:

In the year 1868, I was living in McCulloch County, Texas, near Camp San Saba. On January 15th, W.J. Miller and myself harnessed a four-horse team and went down to Major A.J. Rose's mill (which was fifteen miles above the town of San Saba) for corn and meal. On the 16th we shelled our corn and had it ground into meal, and the morning of the 17th we started very early for our homes. When we arrived at a point just below the mouth of Brady's Creek, we were charged upon by sixteen Indians, who had secreted themselves under the bank of the San Saba River. The remainder of the Indians (three or four) held the horses that they had stolen. The Indians charged in single file until they came within about eighty yards, and then deployed to the right and left until they formed a half circle in our rear. The leader of the left file cried out in a loud voice, "Componee," Two others gave the same command, and then the entire line fired upon us about three rounds with six shooters. When they ceased firing, a big Indian charged on the rear of the wagon with his bow drawn. When in about eight yards of the wagon, he bent his bow. I fired on his motion. A few jumps of his horse and he fell off. He shot me thru the left hand. All the Indians ran to him and got off their horses. We drove on in order to get to a vacant house at the stock pens, just across Brady's Creek. As we got into the creek bottom, the Indians came down upon us again and emptied their six-shooters at us, but without effect. We stopped in the bottom. The Indians dismounted, and charged us on foot, taking advantage of the trees. I told Bill (Mr. Miller) to drive out of the timber, as we had no chance there. We drove across the creek and turned for the house, but they mounted their horses and cut us off. We then made a start for the cow pen, but they kept up such a terrible yelling that our horses stampeded and started back to the road. Just at this time, an Indian ran up on foot toward the rear end of the wagon with his bow and arrows in his hand, but was not trying to shoot. He got within six or eight

yards of the wagon before I shot him. He fell forward on his face, and three other Indians ran to him and turned him over and gave vent to such howls as but few men ever heard. I was doing the fighting and Bill was driving the team, four horses, with check lines. We only had two six-shooters.

About this time an Indian ran into the road ahead of our team as we supposed to turn us out of the road into the brush. Bill shot at him, and he gave back. In order to get into the road, Bill laid his pistol down by his side, the better to grasp the lines. It was necessary, for us to get into the road, to cross a deep ravine. Bill's pistol bounced out of the wagon. The Indians found the pistol and emptied it at us without effect. Whenever we tried to get to a thicket the Indians would throw their whole force between us and it, or any shelter that we tried to make. As Bill was the driver, the Indians did most of their shooting at him. He was soon disabled from loss of blood, and had to drop the lines and lay down in the wagon. He lay near me, and would pull the arrows out of me as fast as they were shot into me, and you may believe me when I say that the arrows were flying thick and fast. The Indians also threw rocks at us when their arrows and ammunition were exhausted. One rock struck me on the point of the shoulder. Whenever I would attempt to shoot, the Indians would throw themselves upon the opposite side of their horses. My third shot missed. It was a running fight. The Indians would not let us stop.

At this time, I was shot in the left side of the neck, which creased (or paralyzed) me. I do not know how long I was in that condition. When I came to my senses, I was lying on my face, my head at the back end of the wagon, and the wagon standing still. When I fell, the Indians stopped the wagon, thinking that they had us ready to string. When I raised my head, I saw three Indians standing at the back end of the wagon, close enough to put their hands on me. I shot the three before they could turn around, and they fell on the spot, all three dead.

Our horses now took another scare and turned off thru the brush. Running over a large mesquite bush, the two lead horses broke loose from the wagon and were caught by the Indians. The wheel horses ran about two or three hundred yards and stopped in a ravine. I saw that we could go no further. I had only one load in my six-shooter. I got down from the wagon and kept the Indians at bay while Bill got out and cut the harness off of the horses. There were only five Indians to fight. They were on foot. There was one squaw in the bunch. She fought close until I killed the last three. After that she stayed off about a hundred yards on her horse. After I shot the last three, we never heard another word, or yell from the Indians. As soon as Bill got the harness cut off of the horses, he said, "Wash, take your choice." Just as he spoke, an

arrow struck him in the left cheek, and passing under the ear, cut the temple artery. He came very near bleeding to death. He pulled the arrow out and used it for a switch. Bill jumped on the off horse, and I on the near one, but before I got straight the horse was shot just in front of the hips, which made him jump from under me, and I got a hard fall. Bill, seeing my condition checked his horse and said, "Here, Wash, jump up behind me." I ran and did so, and we got off on one horse. This horse was shot through the ham with a ball and behind the right stifle and in the coupling with an arrow. We went about three-fourths of a mile and could then go no further on account of the weakness from loss of blood.

We stopped at the first bunch of timber and got off our horse and sat down. We had only been there a few minutes when the Indians came up our trail to within about eighty yards, and then made a right turn and left us. Though left by the Indians, we could not move. We lay there for nearly twenty-four hours before we were found. We came near chilling to death, for it was cold and cloudy. There had been a sprinkle of rain early in the morning. Our thirst was consuming. We felt as if we were perishing for water, but could not move to go in search of it.

Late in the evening I made out to strike fire, having found a little piece of punk in my pocket. This, no doubt, kept us from freezing. After dark we laid down by our little blaze, not to meditate on the pleasures of the day, but to think of our condition. During the night I managed to get some water a good way from there, and brought some in one of my boots to Bill, but he had gone in search for water. On the next morning we were found, and were cared for as only friends and neighbors can care for men under such circumstances. Miller had twenty-three arrows shot into him, and I twenty.

My father immigrated to Texas in the fall of 1838, and settled at a place called Ruttersville, in Fayette County, where I was reared. In 1847 I enlisted in Capt. Jacob Robert's company, Col. Jack Hays' regiment; crossed the Gulf of Mexico to Vera Cruz, and from thence marched with the command to the city of Mexico, and was there when peace was made.

In 1854 I settled on Sandy in Llano County, which was then a part of Gillespie County. I served in the Confederate army during the war between the states, and after it closed moved to McCulloch County, as above stated. *Wilbarger's Indian Depredations* is almost entirely wrong in our case.

--A.W. Morrow

Taken from the Alamogordo, N.M. News of January 16, 1936

The following account of an attack by Comanche Indians is one of the most atrocious in Texas history, wherein the victims of the attack lived. The account as published below is reprinted from the Kansas City Star, of Dec. 29, 1901, and was given as an interview by William J. Miller, one of the two survivors, just one year almost to the day, before he passed on, while visiting his brother at Cheyenne, Okla.

The story is all the more interesting when it is known that "Bill" Miller, as he was known over a large section of three or four states, was a brother of Mrs. T.E. Woodson, who has been a resident of this section of New Mexico, for over 50 years. Mrs. Woodson came to this country from McCulloch County, Texas, with her husband in 1885. They settled below where Weed is situated. Mr. Woodson died many years ago. Mrs. Woodson has resided in Alamogordo for some 25 years. She has three living children and a number of grand-children. Her children are Arthur Woodson, Alamogordo; Joseph (Buster) Woodson, of California, and Mrs. Austin Reeves, of Elk, N.M.

Mrs. Woodson was a small girl when the Indian fight her brother had with the Comanches occurred. However, she remembers of other attacks the Indians made in her neighborhood in McCulloch County. She is 75 years old and unusually alert, mentally and spry physically. However, she explained, when the News man talked with her, she had been having a siege of the flu. Mrs. Woodson is a woman of considerable reticence, but greatly beloved by all who knew her for her innate lovable character.

The article in the Kansas City Star follows:

To be surrounded by hostile Indians at such close quarters that the twang of their bowstrings can be heard, to be shot with arrows until one's body is pierced with twenty-three wounds, and then to escape and live to an old age is an experience that comes to few men. But that is what happened to William J. Miller, a ranchman who lives on the Sweetwater in Wheeler County, Texas, and is familiarly known in Western Oklahoma and the Panhandle as "Uncle Billy" Miller. He has lived for years with an iron arrowhead in one of his lungs, but in spite of it is a man of large physique and robust appearance. Surgeons in Kansas City have located the arrowhead several times with an X-ray machine, but declined to

remove it, saying that the operation would be more dangerous than to allow the arrowhead to remain.

Miller comes frequently to Cheyenne where several of his relatives live. To him an Indian is the incarnation of all that is fiendish and bloodthirsty. "If I had the power of lightning, I would not let it thunder till I had killed every one of them," said he. To a group of listeners in front of "Smoky Joe", Miller's hotel, "Uncle Billy" told this story of his memorable fight:

"In 1868 I lived in McCulloch County, Texas. On the night of Jan. 17 in that year, A.W. Morrow, a neighbor, now dead, and myself camped near the watermill of Major A.J. Rose, where Brady Creek empties into the Colorado River. There had been no trouble with marauding Indians and when we started home early the next morning with a four-horse team we were armed with only two dragoon pistols. We were traveling a main road between two settlements, and had gone about eight miles when we heard the

running of horses in our rear. Morrow was walking, and calling to me, said: 'Wait, a lot of cowboys are trying to overtake us; they must have had bad news.' A herd of cattle close by had led him to believe that our followers were cowboys.

"I saw that Indians, instead of cowboys, were coming, and shouted to Morrow to jump into the wagon or he would be shot full of holes. Our wagon cover was up and tightly drawn. I whipped our horses into a run, but the Indians overtook us. Morrow crouched in the rear of the wagon and began the fight. He shot one Indian whose horse whirled and threw him to the ground. This caused the Indians to fall back a little, and enabled us to see that there were about fifteen in the party. They were a dirty greasy bunch of wretches, much of their war paint having been off since they started on their raid. Several women were among them, riding astride and fighting as viciously as the men. Our horses ran away and went at



William J. and Dollie [Vandiveer] Miller, husband and wife. He was a participant in the 1868 battle with Indians near the mouth of Brady Creek, surviving 23 arrow wounds. The Miller and Vandiveer families were early settlers in the southeastern sector of McCulloch County.

breakneck speed for about three miles. The Indians kept close to our rear and fired at us with Winchesters, pistols, and two old "Long Tom" rifles, doing little damage, however, as they were poor marksmen with firearms. They shot one of our horses and then, luckily or unluckily for us, ran out of ammunition.

"We could see them unsling their bows and shift their arrow quivers into position, and knew that the worst of the fight was yet to come. The first arrow struck Morrow in the hand; the Indian who shot it tumbled yelling from his horse with a bullet in his chest. In the runaway, our horses threw the wagon into a ditch where we stuck fast. We were reduced to less than a dozen cartridges and saw that we must make every bullet count. We never fired at any Indians more than ten feet away. The Indians charged us time and again, often coming within eight or ten feet of the wagon. We could have hit them with clubs. They talked to each other in the sign language, making as little noise as possible, and pressing closer and closer upon us. Their leader came within six feet of me, and I shot him through the hips. He yelled and clutched his saddle and galloped away.

"A squaw shot me in the right cheek with an arrow which protruded from behind my ear. Six more struck me in the head, the points "kinking" against my skull making it difficult and painful to pull them out. Seven more lodged in my body between my neck and waist. I pulled one arrowhead from my abdomen that was as long as my finger and so keen that a person could whittle with it. The Indians were at too close range for their arrows to acquire speed, or else we would have been shot through and through. In pulling an arrow from my left side, the head slipped from the shaft and remained in my lung. It is still there. Another hit me squarely in the middle of the chest, sticking in the bone and standing out as straight as if it had been shot into a tree. Another missed the femoral artery in my left leg by the width of a knife blade. I carried a steel barb in my right thigh until 1874, when Dr. Dowell, at Galveston, removed it. I presented the relic to Morrow as a souvenir. The cold acid sting of an arrow plowing its way through your flesh is a sensation never to be forgotten. It is less painful than it is sickening.

"Poor Morrow was as desperately wounded as myself. An arrow struck him squarely in the left ear, and while I was pulling it out, another went whizzing into his right ear. He could see both shafts, and imagined that one arrow had passed entirely thru his head. He groaned and said that he was killed. Before I could reassure him an arrow hit him in the left eye and glanced under the skin to his ear. Blood poured down his face in a stream and covered my hands and arms. 'They have shot my eye out,' he exclaimed. 'No, it glanced,' I replied, pulling the arrow from the wound. Morrow was hit three or four times before I was

touched. When the Indians got under good headway the arrows came so fast that I couldn't pull them out as fast as they went in.

"We were now in desperate straits, suffering from dreadful wounds, out of ammunition, save one load in Morrow's pistol, and our horses unable to pull the wagon from the ditch. The Indians, in their excitement had shot away most of their arrows. The 'chuck' box fastened to the end of the wagon, bristled like a porcupine. I believe that a double armful of arrows was sticking in the wagon and ground. I told Morrow that our only hope of escape was to cut the traces and make a run on horseback. The Indians had withdrawn to parley, knowing that they only had a few arrows left in their quivers and fearful that we might still have ammunition. Morrow and I mounted a horse each and started. An arrow whizzed and struck his horse in the hip, causing the animal to pitch. Morrow was thrown fully ten feet high, falling on his head. He called to me that he was killed. I answered by pulling him up behind me, and was thankful to find that he still held to his pistol with its remaining load. We ran our horses as rapidly as possible toward a clump of trees. The Indians shot at us about twenty times, while we were cutting the traces, but upon reaching the deserted wagon they replenished their supply and a stream of arrows poured after us. A friend afterward trailed us for 150 yards by the arrows sticking in the ground.

"We rode about three-quarters of a mile before reaching cover in the timber. Then a singular thing happened. Whether it was due to their savage admiration of our pluck and seemingly charmed lives I am unable to say. We had killed, as later reports showed, about seven Indians. The remainder of the band now galloped to within sixty feet of where we crouched in the timber, and stopped. Their leader rode out and looked steadily at us for a few seconds, without saying a word, and returned to his former position. Each Indian in turn did the same thing, and then the band rode away and disappeared over the ridge. Although expecting death, we were too much in anguish to feel thankful for our immediate deliverance. Fearing that they would return, we secreted ourselves as closely as possible in the timber. Both of us were soon terribly nauseated, and burning with fever. We remained hidden until about 9 o'clock the next day."

"Early in the morning of the fight, Jack Flood was cutting cedar posts in a canyon when he heard the Indians coming, secreted himself and saw them pass by. The appearance of a Comanche Indian in Texas meant war. Flood ran to the farm of John Fleming, gave the alarm, and raised a posse of twelve men. They reached our wagon about an hour after the Indians had gone. Morrow and I were wild with thirst and tried to reach Brady Creek, but I grew so sick that

I could not go further. I told him to scan the country, and fire the remaining shot in his pistol if he saw white men. He saw the posse, mistook our friends for Indians, and crept back to me with one of his boots full of water. I drank so much that I was unable to walk. The posse searched all day without finding us. Four of its members agreed to stay all night in an old log house nearby and resume the search next morning. Major Rose, now of Belton, Texas, and J.Z. Sloan of San Saba, were two of the four volunteers. About daylight on Jan. 19, Sloan found an arrow sticking in the ground and a few steps away another and another, which he followed till he came to the timber where we were hiding. He was within thirty yards of me before I saw and recognized him. Our rescuers got a wagon and hauled us home, reaching there about dusk. We recovered three of our horses. One of mine had three arrows in him. I cut down into his haunches 11 inches to remove an arrowhead. Morrow and I were pitiable looking objects covered with blood, gashed with wounds and almost dead. Both recovered after a number of surgical operations. I was compelled to use crutches for two years."

"The Indians escaped from Texas before they could be overtaken. They had stolen away from the Fort Sill Reservation, in what is now Oklahoma, to burn and pillage and murder. We brought suit against the government for losses due to their depredations, but lost through the delay of our lawyers in prosecuting the case.

"The Indian I shot in the hips proved to be old Asaharber, who died in 1884. I saw him in 1883, for the first time after the fight, at a cow camp in the Panhandle where I had gone to run horse races with the Comanches. He was in the grub shack eating when I entered. He stopped instantly and watching me carefully, got up and went outside, keeping his face constantly towards me. Through an interpreter he said that he knew me. I replied that there was no doubt of it, and felt an itching to kill him. Next morning his camp at the mouth of the Sweetwater was gone; he had headed for Fort Sill as fast as his ponies could travel.

"I hate Indians like hell," said Uncle Billy, his eyes flashing with anger. Then in greatest scorn, "The poor, homeless men of the forest! I want to kill a man when he talks that way. These devils did enough in that raid to turn any white man against the whole race. They stole a 10 year old boy, William Herter, in Mason County, carried him to the head of the Concho, then to Pueblo, and New Mexico, finally trading him for a horse. The boy was old enough to tell his name, and the man who got him wrote to Sheriff Milligan and the boy was restored to his father. In Gillespie County they killed two women by cutting off their heads, raised a baby by the heels and dashed its brains out against a tree. I saw blood on the tree a

year later. In Llano county they scalped a Mrs. Dancer four times. She had remarkable courage. The Indians jabbed arrows in her to see if she was dead, but she never flinched, and crawled away after the Indians left. In Burnet county a farmer named Bensen went about 100 yards from his house to tie his horse, his eight year old son following him. The Comanches surprised Bensen and killed him, tied the boy and left him on the ground near where they concealed themselves all day and night. The child saw the neighbors bury his father's body. He was taken to Fort Sill and exchanged four or five years afterward. He returned to the Comanches, married a squaw, and may be still living with the tribe."

A most intriguing statement by Wm. J. Miller in the story above, is that many years later he met and recognized one of his attackers in the 1868 fight—"old Asaharber."

Now "Asaharber" was a very real Indian. From *Pioneer School Teaching at the Comanche—Kiowa Agency School 1870-73*, by Josiah Butler, we quote:

"Asa Havey, a leading chief of the Panateka band of the Comanche tribe, was prominent in the affairs of his people during and after the Civil War period. His name, which signified 'The Milky Way,' was spelled in several different ways and it appears in the list of signers of the treaty made with the government peace commissioners at the mouth of the Little Arkansas (on the site of the present city of Wichita, Kansas) in October 1865, as Asha-hab-beet. Like most members of his band he was regarded as friendly to the white people."

Wm. J. Miller would have argued that point.

We find, however, that the Comanche made a distinction between Americans and Texans. This appears to have been especially true from about 1835 to 1875.

From the *Handbook of American Indians*, by Frederick W. Hodge, published apparently after 1904:

"In 1719 the Comanche are mentioned under the Siouan name of Padouca as living in what is now W. Kansas. It must be remembered that from 500 to 800 miles was an ordinary range for a prairie tribe and that the Comanche were equally at home on the Platte and in the Bolson de Mapimi of Chihuahua. As late as 1805 the North Platte was still known as Padouca fork. At that time they roamed over the country about the heads of the Arkansas, Red, Trinity and Brazos rs., in Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. For nearly 2 centuries they were at war with the Spaniards of Mexico, and extended their raids far down into Durango. They were friendly to the Americans generally, but became bitter enemies of the Texans, by whom they were dispossessed of their best hunting grounds, and carried on a relentless war against them for nearly 40 years...."