

indignities, were cruelly and barbarously tortured to death. In either event, death must have been a most welcome relief from their sufferings.

Let us hope that this unfortunate family, whose history I have related in these chapters, have all crossed the deep waters in safety, and are, at last, reunited on that "shining shore," where partings are unknown, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But little more than two years after the incidents narrated in this work occurred, Mangus Colorado, the chief of all the Apaches, was invited to visit Fort McLane, a United States military post, near the head waters of the Rio Mimbres, for the purpose of making a treaty and receiving presents. He came with four sub-chiefs in all the pomp of savage royalty; gayly decorated with eagles' feathers and brass ornaments, and gaudily painted in vermilion and ochre.

Upon reaching the fort, the party were treacherously seized and imprisoned in the guard-house; during the night the sentry purposely unfastened their prison door, and as the chief and his companions were endeavoring to avail themselves of the means of escape thus voluntarily offered, they were deliberately shot down by the soldiers in the fort, who had been stationed for that purpose.

The base and treacherous cruelty of this act roused the whole Apache tribe to vengeance. My old friend and