



CHIEF GERONIMO, MEDICINE MAN OF THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES.

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## THE APACHE INDIAN.

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*Illustrations from painting by the author.*

**T**HERE is probably no class of people more misunderstood by the general public than the American Indian, and especially does this hold true of the Apaches.

For some time past I have had intimate relations with the Indians, living among them and painting their portraits from sittings. It seems to be peculiarly easy for an artist to gain the confidence of these simple-minded people, as they regard his work as "good medicine." When a white man gains the confidence of an Indian by treating him honorably he will find that the color affects character but little. He will find good and bad among either race. The Indian has been blamed for his stubborn resistance to the encroachments of the white men; the general public does not seem to understand that what they condemn in the savage would in any civilized people be lauded as the loftiest patriotism. They have fought in defense of what was unquestionably their heritage, and if at times they have seemed ferocious and bloodthirsty, their impotence and the undoubted wrongs they have endured must excuse them to a great extent.

Love of kindred is a marked feature in the Indian character. Their children are as the apple of their eye, and the parents are venerated. I have seen Indians take the very moccasins

off their feet to procure their children some trifle that they had expressed a wish for.

In legal disputes between a white man and an Indian, justice is generally an unknown quantity. There is today a Navajo Indian in jail at Yuma, Arizona, for a murder committed by a white man. The Indian happened to be present when the murder was committed, and the people evidently thought he would make a good scapegoat.

I have painted nine portraits of Chief Geronimo from life, and know him fairly well. He has told me a good deal of his past life, and explained to me why he hated the whites. He said that when he was about seventeen years old the Chiricahua Apache Indians, to which band he belongs, and who are reputed to have given more trouble than any other band, had made up their minds to be friendly with the whites. One day, he said, they were in camp playing games and enjoying themselves when a lot of Mexicans drove up. Dismounting they said they had heard we were on friendly terms with the whites, and that they were glad to hear it. The Mexicans then brought out a lot of whisky they had and soon the Indians were helplessly drunk. While in this condition the Mexicans drew their weapons and commenced a