

This is the Manuel Cavazos that is related to Felicita Cavazos my great great grand mother on Mancias side.

Manuel Cavazos of the Carrizo

MASSACRE AT DEVILS RIVER

In the early days of the railroad the surveyors for the G H & S. A. R.R. Co. and G. W. T. & P. Ry. Co. discovered two major sites that showed that either a major battle took place or a massacre of a whole tribal village was discovered by there crews. While G.W.T. & Ry. Co was surveying in what is called today Sutton County and Valverde County on the devils River, 325 skeletal remains were unearthed from a pile that was thought to be a earth mound. The records and survey show the mound was 10 feet in height and 25 feet across and 9 ½ feet in depth. When the discovery was made all surveying was stopped until the sheriff could be brought in.

The records of the Surveyors show that the local law was not interested but the military was contacted and able to establish through there own investigation from local Mexicans that the area was the hunting ground of the Carrizo Indians. The oldest of the families that remembered was the family of Senior Manuel Cavazos who claimed to be Carrizo Indian by birth. As he states in records " I quote directly from record" of the G H & S.A. R.R. Co. and G.W.T. & Ry Co. and Military report.

On this day we take the following story of and elderly Mexican man through interpretation since he is unable to speak our language. I am Patrick Wilson who will write in full detail for all in common place at this time for this story of the accounts of Senior Manuel Cavazos. In attendance is as witness to the facts are Mr. Juan Castro Garcia , Spanish & Apache Interpreter. Mr. Jose Pemales Sanchez , Captain Ezra Hawkins Anderson of Kentucky , Mrs. Anna Castro Garcia wife of Juan. Mr. Thomas Anderson of the G H & S.A. R. R. Co. Captain Hawkins will conduct the questioning to Mr. Cavazos through Mr. Garcia.

Question: Senior Cavazos do you have any facts relating to the skeletons that have been found;

As I have said many times before even though I am old it will never pass in my eyes on what happened to my family when I was a little boy of 11. Our people had been moving up from the hot land to our hunting area upon the grounds of our fathers. Day and night we walked from the hot land from the south. In constant fear of being seen by the long robes and long spears who we had escaped from many summers before. Many of our people divided their belongings and went with others of our people to the flat lands towards the blue water.

We were many, many people and went many directions for safety and away from those who imprisoned us and took us from our lands. "Captain Hawkins" Mr. Cavazos I am not interested in the history of your family but of the skeletons at Devils River. I am and old man who knows much and for me to give you the answer you must allow me to give the truth of what you have found, if not then I will go and leave you to your skeletons. "Captian Hawkins" Forgive me

for my manners but I have traveled long and hard to get here, so if you must continue then do so.

As we came across the great water a horn blew in the distance and we could see a cloud of dust as if the ground tried to reach the sky. Our men moved us across very fast we were running for our lives the cry went out that the long robes of the cross had found us. I grabbed my little sister and followed my brothers and mother to safety. Our Women and Elders ran very fast to the hill on the others side as we came up the top, my father turned to my mother and let out a yell " muerte a los trajes largos". My father is Chief Naz`tazea of the Carrizo who led his people from the hot center of the hot land for twenty nights and days, and he is a warrior and leader to his people.

On this day I stood in greatness to see my father and 200 of our warriors go back across the great water and wait for the long robes and long spears. My mother and the elders got everyone together and we walked for days and nights never looking back, except in our hearts. We came upon an area thick with trees and an abundance of water, this you call Devils River. To our people it was a place of safety. The elder men immediately set out scouts and hunters as all of us made shelter for the nights to come. Our great father gave our hunters meat for the fire and herbs for the sick. On our second moon our warriors came upon us with the dead and wounded of our people.

Many cries could be heard that night and through the next day, our chief had not returned. He stayed behind to make sure that no one was left to follow his people. The camp was always busy and on alert , with the little ones playing it allowed our warriors to heal and rest. As my mother and grand mother were grinding meal a loud scream came across the horizon. 30 Warriors came over the rise and my father was leading them to us. Joy and excitement was everywhere in our camp. My mother greeted my father as he rode up on his horse. Across his front was a deer skin sack. He got off his warrior horse and walked to the middle of the camp and opened the deer skin with his knife. As the contents fell to the ground, there came upon our people a silence as we saw that the hair of the long robes and long spears lay before us. My father raised his spear and said. Los alcoholes del viento aquí yo chief de Naz`tazea del Carrizo, le traemos el ofrecimiento de nuestros enemigos. Demando esta pista como la pista nosotros fue tomada una vez de. Y nunca nos iremos otra vez. Excepto con muerte.

For 10 summers our people grew from the 350 of who escaped from the hot land to 490 from births and others who escaped who found us. During our summers here I grew to a man amongst the warriors of our people. My brothers who have left for the other carrizo lands have been telling the story of our crossing and stand that our father has taken. Four summers past a Great Apache and Kickapoo War Chief came into our village and spoke of the Long Robes who have crossed the great water and are making slaves of their people. As we all set at the council fire my father agreed to fight the Long Robes with the Apache and Kickapoo.

Before the eyes of our people this night we shall join our brothers from the South and ride the spirit wind of the Warrior. In honor my Father, the Apache and Kickapoo Chief took their knives and cut the hand of blood and joined with tied deer skin the three. And sang the Warrior Songs. My father gave the Apache and Kickapoo Chief a beaded strap and said to them,

when the Long Robes and Long Spears come bring this and we shall stand against them.

On the 12th summer a loan rider came into our camp and spoke to our father who handed him a beaded strap from the Apache Chief. Immediately the Warriors gathered and collected their belongings. At council fire that night we sang the war songs of our people. That was the last time we saw our chief and 150 of our warriors, out of the 150 that went to fight only 50 returned. At the end of that summer the Long Robes came in peace and spoke to myself and the elders of our tribe. They said they would leave us alone so treaty was made of peace and offering.

Now, to answer you the mound is my people " The Carrizo Of Chief Nat'tazea"who were massacred by the long robes and long spears. As we slept the long Robes and Long Spears came into our camp during the night with horses and trampled and murdered our people. They rapped our young sisters and murdered them in front of there elders before murdering them too. They put our little ones on spear tips and held them up for all to see. My sister was with child and Long Spears cut her with there knives where her unborn baby slept. The Long Spears gathered all the bodies of my people and burned them some were still alive and I could here there screams. The Long Robes said the prayer over our fallen as they were burned. As I lay with a spear in my back from the rivers edge I saw the Long Spears dig a hole in the ground and dump my people in it. It was dark that night and the Long Robes and Long Spears left me for the devils of the night. I awoke that morning and nothing was there, everything was burned by the Long Robes and Long Spears my people were gone. I was alone. What will you do now with my people? "Captain Hawkins" I will do what is advised , my orders are to remove the skeletons and make way for the railroad. "Mr. Cavasos" So again my people will die by another.