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MIKE RICE IN SONORA.

How Logan and Robinson Were Murdered.

Truth of the Tiburon Massacre—Had They Been Cautious the Ceris Would Not Have Moistened Them

[From the Phoenix Republican.]

Mike Rice is a historical character in Arizona. He is known to almost every one of its people and with every corner of the sun-baked land is the familiar. These things considered, the following extract from a letter received from him yesterday by a Phoenix friend will be all the more interesting. It was written in Tucson:

I have been over a great part of Sonora and Sinaloa since I left Phoenix and am heartily glad to get back to the arid zone. While I have seen much that was interesting on my travels, in raising, agriculture, scenery and great undeveloped resources, yet I have seen nothing to compare with the Salt River valley in productiveness, climate and general possibilities. Hermosillo, Guaymas and Alamos with all their wealth only added to my appreciation of Phoenix and its excellencies. The American who will leave Arizona for the sister republic to better his condition in any capacity will be sadly disappointed.

I have met many Americans in Mexico who receive better pay for their services than they could at home, but when you consider their mode of living and accommodations obtained, distances from communication with home and friends, they are certainly not to be envied.

I am contemplating a trip to Tiburon Island to search for minerals this spring. I was engaged to accompany Prof. McGee on his scientific expedition but failed to reach him in time to accompany the party, but I went to the coast in search of him and met him returning from the island. They were reported taken in by the Indians, and I left Hermosillo with relief, but it was not necessary, although they endured considerable hardships. Not having animals, they were obliged to carry their water and supplies on their backs and as the topography is rugged and water scarce, they were compelled to remain longer than they anticipated in order to collect curious specimens of natural history and take topography. They succeeded in securing a goodly collection of specimens, but failed to encounter the Ceris, as they concealed themselves in the gorges and ravines with which the island abounds. Prof. McGee got positive information as to the manner in which poor Robinson and Logan met their fate.

The Indians pretended to be friendly and when they got them off their guard, they secured possession of a rifle belonging to one of the party, and waylaid Robinson and Logan.

It seems, according to the account of the Ceris who participated, that the party had been on the island for several days, coming ashore in the morning and returning to the boat at night. The Indians showed a disposition to be friendly, as is evidenced by the fact that Clark, one of the party, tattooed a squaw during their sojourn. A hunting party was organized, consisting of Robinson, Logan and six Indians. O'Brien, being ill, remained in the boat and Clark on shore at the landing with a rifle. The hunting party started for the hills in the interior, an Indian in the lead, Robinson and Logan following and five Indians in the rear. After they had gone, an Indian came running around a point of rock on the beach towards Clark, signaling; he conveyed the impression that he had discovered a large sea turtle and asked for Clark's rifle for the purpose of killing it. The rifle was given over to the Indian and he went around out of view of the boat and immediately proceeded to intercept the hunting party. Knowing the country it was not difficult to cut across a little divide and concealing himself awaited till Robinson approached his hiding place and when within a few yards he raised up and killed Robinson with the first shot. Then turning on Logan, he wounded him with the second shot, the other Indians
closing in disarmed the wounded man
and beat his life out with rocks.
Clark hearing the shooting so far from
the beach, knew that something was
wrong and securing the skiff pulled off
to the boat just in time to save himself
and O’Brien. Finding it useless to
act further in the matter, they pulled
off and after several days arrived in
Guaymas, where they reported the
affair.

Carelessness was the cause of the
disaster. Had they been cautious,
the Indians would never have molested
them as they have a terror of fire
arms, and with the least demonstration
on the part of the whites, the
Ceris would have never approached
their camp.

With regards to the boys I am your
friend. M. W. Rice.