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The W. M. Boggs Manuscript About Bent's Fort, Kit Carson, the Far West and Life Among the Indians[1]

Edited by LeRoy R. Hafen[2]

Old Fort Bent, or Bent's Fort, as it was generally called by all western men or travelers to the Rocky Mountains or to Santa Fe, New Mexico, either by the Cimarron route or by way of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, was situated some forty miles below what is now known as the city of Pueblo, and not far from the junction of the Huerfano and the Arkansas River.[3] The route from Independence, Missouri, the old frontier town and the original starting place for all the old Santa Fe traders and trappers for the extensive plains and hunting grounds of the Rocky Mountains and New Mexico, either passed from Independence in Missouri by way of Bent's Fort and the Raton Mountains or took a route farther south by way of the Cimarron and Wagon Mounds, San McGill [Miguel] and the old Pecos Mission into Santa Fe. Another route was by pack trail from Bent's Fort through and over the mountains by the Sangre de Cristo Pass and the Spanish Peaks, or as the Indians called them, the two "Wahhatoyas," by way of Taos, or "San Fernando de Taos," the home of Charles Bent, of the firm of "Bent and St. Vrain," owners of Bent's Fort. These men were all of St. Louis, Missouri. The father of the three [Bent] brothers was

[1]This important manuscript was written by William M. Boggs, about 1905, for and at the request of Harry L. Lubers, now of Denver, who was then a resident of Las Animas, Colorado. Mr. Lubers generously presented it to the State Historical Society of Colorado. It is a valuable source of information and has been frequently referred to by writers of western history. In response to requests and in order to make the material available to those interested, the State Historical Society has decided to publish the manuscript.

W. M. Boggs was a son of Gov. Lilburn W. Boggs of Missouri and was born at or near old Fort Osage on the Missouri River, October 21, 1826. His early life was spent about Independence, Missouri, that frontier outfitting point for the Oregon and Santa Fe trails. In the summer of 1844 he accompanied a traders' caravan to Santa Fe and spent the following winter in the vicinity of Bent's Fort, present Colorado. He married Miss Sonora Hicklin of Lafayette County, Missouri, early in 1846, and taking his bride joined his father's party bound for California. After a career in the mines he settled in Napa, California, where he was living when he wrote this manuscript. He became the father of five sons and one daughter.

[2]I have broken the manuscript into paragraphs and sentences, and have inserted punctuation.

[3]Bent's Fort appears to have been built 1828-32. The site is not exactly located by Boggs. It is on the north bank of the Arkansas River, about seven miles east of La Junta, Colorado. The old adobe walls are leveled to the ground, but a granite monument, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, marks the site of this early trading post, the most famous on Colorado soil.

Judge Silas Bent,[4] one of St. Louis' oldest residents, residing there when the population was nearly all French people.

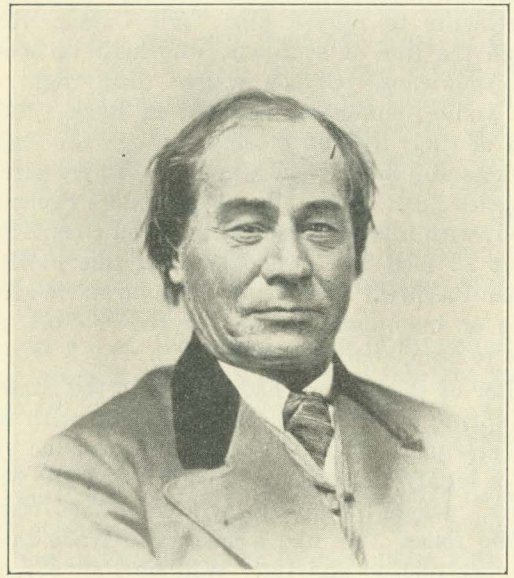
When Judge Bent first came to St. Louis I do not know, but my father, the late Lilburn W. Boggs, became acquainted with Judge Silas Bent in St. Louis about the year 1815, and was married to Julia Ann Bent, eldest daughter of Silas Bent, near St. Louis on the 24th of July, 1817. By her he had two sons, Angus Langham and Henry Carrol Boggs. Angus Langham, the elder son, was born the 18th of June, 1818, at Judge Silas Bent's near St. Louis. Henry Carrol was born at Fort Osage, Jackson County, Missouri, on June 1, 1820. Their mother died when they were small children. Julia Ann Boggs, nee Bent, was born in Charlestown, Virginia, the 15th of July, 1801, according to the family record of L. W. Boggs, which the writer of these pages now has in his possession.[5] This same family record has the record of the marriage of L. W. Boggs with Panthea Grant Boone, after the death of his first wife. His second wife was a granddaughter of Daniel Boone, of Kentucky fame, and she had the care and raising of the sons, Angus and Henry. She was also the mother of ten children, the first or oldest one of her sons was Thomas O. Boggs,[6] late of Bent's Fort, who was for a number of years employed by Bent's company as one of their traders with the Indians for buffalo robes.

Kit Carson, the famous scout and guide, was an associate of Thomas O. Boggs and was subsequently with Col. Fremont on his trip to California in 1845 and rendered very important service to the Government during the conquest of California. While with Col. Fremont in California he was sent East with dispatches from Fremont and Commodore Stockton, who was in command of the Navy at the time of the Mexican War on the Pacific Coast. Stockton co-operated with Fremont in the conquest of California, after Commodore John Drake Sloat had landed and hoisted the American flag at Monterey, the old capital of California under Mexican rule. Kit Carson was Fremont's guide and chief scout in his journey to California in 1845 and was sent with dispatches back to the states by Col. Fremont, to inform the Government of the occupation of California by his forces, and those of the U. S. Navy. Kit was met by Gen. Kearny and a company of U. S. Dragoons on their way to California. Kearny turned Carson back and sent the dispatches on

[4]The old Bent Family Bible containing the family record is now in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado, having been presented by Mrs. H. L. Lubers of Denver, granddaughter of William W. Bent. It gives the names and the dates of birth as follows: Silas Bent, April 4, 1768; Martha Kerr, June 28, 1778. The eleven children born to this union are listed thus: Charles, November 11, 1799; Juliannah, July 18, 1801; John, May 31, 1803; Lucy, March 8, 1805; Dorcas, March 12, 1807; William W., May 23, 1809; Mary, June 25, 1811; George, April 13, 1814; Robert, February 23, 1816; Edward, September 12, 1818; Silas, October 10, 1820.

[5]The Boggs family record, furnished by Miss Rose Bushnell of Denver, granddaughter of Thomas O. Boggs, is as follows: Lilburn W. Boggs, born Dec. 14, 1785, and Julia Ann (Juliannah) Bent, July 18, 1801, were married July 24, 1817. To them were born Angus Langham Boggs, June 18, 1818, and Henry Carrol Boggs, June 1, 1820. Mrs. Boggs died in September, 1820. Panthea G. Boone, born Sept. 20, 1801, married Lilburn W. Boggs July 29, 1823. To them were born the following children: Thomas Oliver, Aug. 21, 1824; William Montgomery, Oct. 21, 1826; Martha Boone, May 26, 1828; Albert G., June 7, 1831; John McKinley, Nov. 18, 1832; Theodore Warner, Aug. 9, 1834; Minerva Warner, Nov. 30, 1836; George Washington, March 15, 1839; Sophie B., Oct. 29, 1842; Joseph Oliver, March 1, 1845.

[6]Thomas O. Boggs played a prominent part in the early history of southern Colorado. The original town of Boggsville, near Las Animas, Colorado, was founded by him. A photostat of a manuscript by him, concerning his own life, obtained by H. H. Bancroft in 1885, was recently procured by the State Historical Society of Colorado from the Bancroft Library, University of California.



WILLIAM W. BENT OF BENT'S FORT
From a rare original photograph presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by Mrs. H. L. Lubers of Denver.

by one of his own men, retaining Carson to guide him into California.[7]

Carson, while scouting in advance of Gen. Kearny and his troops, discovered a large party of Californians, commanded by Don Andres Pico, who was a brother of a former Governor of California, Don Pio Pico, of Los Angeles. He had gathered together a force of his countrymen and had come out to meet Kearny and prevent him from entering California. Carson reported what he had seen and induced Gen. Kearny to make a forced march and take Pico by surprise, and after a hard night's ride on their worn-down horses Kearny came upon the Californians about daylight, and

[7]Thomas Fitzpatrick, who had acted as Kearny's guide, exchanged positions with Carson some distance beyond Santa Fe.

attacked them and a bloody fight took place in which Gen. Kearny was wounded and lost a number of his men, and had to fall back on the side of a mountain, where Pico surrounded him, and demanded him to surrender; but Kearny refused to surrender, and was kept there a number of days.[8]

Being without supplies, Kearny's men were forced to eat mule meat, while the Californians kept mounted sentries all around them, they largely outnumbering the Americans. Kearny called for someone to volunteer to crawl through the lines of sentinels and convey the news to Fremont and Stockton, at Los Angeles, to send out reinforcements to relieve him. Kit Carson volunteered to creep through the line of sentinels, who kept up close watch all around the Americans. Carson waited until night, and accompanied by a young lieutenant, Edward F. Beale,[9] they succeeded at great risk of their lives in getting through the enemy's line of mounted pickets and made their way on foot by a circuitous route into Los Angeles [San Diego], and Commodore Stockton and Fremont went out with a large force and relieved Gen. Kearny. Kearny lost about 22 men and two officers in this battle, called the "Battle of San Pasqual." Fremont, when he started for California in the spring of 1845, came by way of Bent's Fort, and engaged Carson there to accompany his expedition.

The writer of these pages had gone into the States or to Missouri in the spring of 1845 with William Bent, with whom he had spent the greater part of the winter in the Cheyenne villages about seventy-five or eighty miles below the Fort, at what was called the "Big Timbers," where part of the winter of 1844 was spent trading for buffalo robes. We had a successful trade that winter, as buffalo was very plenty, and fat. William Bent lived in a tepee, or lodge, with his wife, a full-blood Cheyenne and a most excellent good woman. She was the daughter of a Cheyenne chief or brave that had been killed in some of the fights with some tribes that they were at war with. Her mother was living in this village also, but in a separate lodge. The writer saw her often. She was an influential person among her tribe, who were at war that winter with their old enemies the Pawnees, who frequently made raids out on the Plains to the buffalo range.

The Cheyenne and Sioux Indians fought them and took scalps and horses from them by war parties of young braves going on the

[8]This was the Battle of San Pasqual, fought Dec. 6-7, 1846. See Dr. Owen C. Coy, *The Battle of San Pasqual* (California State Printing Office, Sacramento). See also "Kearny and 'Kit' Carson," in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, V, 1-37.

[9]See Stephen Bonsal, *Edward Fitzgerald Beale, a Pioneer in the Path of Empire.* The feat of Carson and Beale is immortalized in the Carson-Beale Tablet in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. An Indian also accompanied the two white men and was first to reach San Diego.

warpath. The Cheyennes took about eighty scalps from the Pawnees that winter. The writer witnessed many of their war dances and scalp dances while in the village. I was in the lodge where the Company's goods were kept all winter.

The old chief, "Cinemo," had the largest lodge or tepee in the village and tendered the use of one-half of it to William Bent, to keep the goods in that we had brought down from the Fort, and we received the buffalo robes as fast as they were dressed, and gave them goods. The Cheyenne village was located, for the fall and winter of 1844, to surround and kill buffalo and make dress robes for the trade of the Fort at the request of William Bent. The writer of these pages was sent from the Fort in company with "Bill" Gary and goods.[10] Gary was an old trader in the employ of the Company, and was well versed in the Indians' language. He was a Canadian Frenchman but could not write. He could speak the Cheyenne language both by signs and words; he had a Sioux Indian wife, and one little boy, and lived in a lodge near to the large tepee of old Cinemo, the old Cheyenne Chief, who had given one-half of his lodge for the use of Bent's Company to keep their goods in, and received the robes as fast as they were dressed and prepared by the squaws of the village.

The squaws did all the manual labor of stretching and drying the skins and brought them when dressed into the trader and exchanged them for such goods as their men choose. The squaws did all the work of the village, such as putting up and taking down the lodges, preparing and cooking the meat for their men, bringing in wood with their dog drays, and only received such things from their lords as they choose to give them. The kind of goods mostly used in the trade was red cloth, beads, tobacco, brass wire for bracelets, hoop iron for arrow points, butcher knives, small axes or tomahawks, vermilion, powder and bullets. The beads were of three different colors, red, white, and blue. The white kind were prized the most highly by all the different Indian tribes, the blue next and the red the least.

The Company also traded them the abalone shell, which they prized very highly for ornaments; one shell would often be valued as high as four buffalo robes, according to the brilliant colors contained on the inside of the shell. The chief or warrior who purchased the shell would saw it into two oblong parts, and after squaring the pieces would polish the outside of the shell and make

[10]"Bill Gary" (William Guerrier) worked at Bent's Fort. He acted as interpreter at a council between Cheyennes and Delawares at Bent's Fort in August, 1845. See J. W. Abert's Journal in *Sen. Ex. Doc.* 438, 29 Cong., 1 Sess. Abert reports (p. 5), "A long residence among them [the Indians] had enabled him to repeat all their graceful and expressive gestures." Guerrier's son Edmond married the youngest daughter of William Bent.—G. B. Grinnell, *Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders*, 38.

a hole in the small end and suspend one in each ear, giving the fragments to his squaw and children, who would polish them and decorate their frocks with them. Their dresses were made of antelope or deer skins, dressed, and were neatly fringed and trimmed around with beads and fragments of these shells or antelope hoofs, all polished. Their moccasins were of the most beautiful make and were highly ornamented with various colored beads and colored porcupine quills, that were worked in various shapes, of ornamental patterns, according to their taste, and with a Navajo blanket and their faces tinged with vermilion, the young squaw or girl presented a very neat appearance.

These Navajo blankets were close knit, and all alike, with a white and black stripe about two inches wide. They were not so large as the American trade blanket, and were only worn by the young squaws of the village. They were waterproof, so close woven or knit with a bone. They were procured from the Navajoes at great expense by the Company. I have seen several hundred of these young Indian maidens, dressed in their Navajo blankets, form a circle at a war dance outside of the circle of braves, who were dancing around a large bonfire at a scalp dance, with their trophies of Pawnee scalps suspended from a small stick stretched around small hoops, with their faces painted black, carrying their trophies and beating a kind of "tom tom" or small drum and singing their war songs, and the old medicine squaws, with many hideous trophies and scalps of former enemies taken in battle dancing around in the inner circle formed by the braves that had been successful on the warpath against their ancient enemies, the detested Pawnee.

To receive a mark from the blackened face of one of these braves by his own hand on your face was to confer the same honor and glory that he had attained in taking the scalp of his enemy on the warpath. The writer had this compliment paid him by one of White Antelope's braves after a successful raid of his party against the Pawnees, in the winter of 1844 while at the Cheyenne village. His party brought in eleven Pawnee scalps, three of which were taken by White Antelope himself, he being leader of the party that went on foot against the Pawnees. They were absent about five or six weeks and much concern was felt for the party by the old warriors and their families during their prolonged absence, and many mournful dances were held in the village before the return of the war party, and equally as much rejoicing on their return, which occurred in a snow storm. The return of the party was delayed by the bringing home on litters of three of their wounded braves.

The custom of a war party on their return was to dispatch one of their number ahead of the returning party to locate the whereabouts of their village and for him to return to the party without being discovered by their friends, and to bring with him some emblem or trophy that he could take from some one of the numerous tepees in the village. This trophy was usually some emblem or Medicine Bag sign of the family kept out in front of the tepee on a kind of tripod or three stakes set in the ground and the shield of the owner of the lodge hanging to it. It was on a very stormy night, in midwinter, and snowing heavily and wind from the north, when the "runner" from White Antelope's returning war party reached the village at the Big Timber and stole in and took from in front of a tepee the usual family sign or motto that was attached to this shield, and started back to escape from being caught or seen by any of the people. But he was seen and the news spread faster in the village than news could be carried by telegrams or telephones nowadays.

It was far after midnight, and great excitement prevailed and pursuit was made by the more swift running young men of the village, to overtake and capture the runner from the returning war party, but he was too fleet of foot for them all. The whole village had turned out and went far out on the Plains. Some ran as much as eight or ten miles to catch the messenger. Had he been caught he would have lost the entire glory that had been gained by his being one of the successful war party. I have been explicit in this description of the methods of the Indian tribes with whom Bent's Company traded. These customs would apply to the Arapahoes, Kiowas or Sioux, all of whom William Bent had great influence over, especially the Cheyennes.

The trade for robes, the winter of 1844, was a successful one for the Company. William Bent sent to the Arapahoes an invitation to come to the Cheyenne villages and live through the winter, close to the Cheyennes and kill buffalo and dress robes for trade to the Company. No other trading post was nearer than Fort Laramie on the Patte River,[11] except a small log hut, occupied by a man by the name of Tharp, who traded the Indians whiskey and sometimes he got a robe or two from some straggling Indian from the Cheyenne village, but his trade did not amount to much.

William Bent had built a couple of double log cabins, some years before 1844, at the upper end of the bottom of the Big Timber, which he removed to with his family, and where the buffalo robes could be stored. He had an old French cook called

[11]This is hardly true, for there were trading posts on the South Platte, between present Denver and Greeley, and there were also some other temporary posts on the Arkansas.

Old Pierre, about 80 years old, who was there during the Christmas holidays, and he invited the writer to come and take a Christmas dinner with him. It was about two or three miles from the Cheyenne village, where the writer was located in charge of the goods and robes kept in Old Cinemo's tepee. This old chief had the largest lodge in the village. He was known among the white traders as "Old Tobacco" and he was a great friend of the white traders of Bent's Company and was subsequently killed by a soldier or teamster in 1846, as he approached a Government train traveling up the Arkansas Valley, near where this old friendly Indian lived with a small band of his tribe off on the river from the road.

On seeing a train of wagons approaching, he went out to meet the wagons to get some tobacco, and have a friendly talk and smoke with them, but unfortunately the officer in command had issued orders that morning to the teamsters not to allow any Indian to approach the train, and as this old chief approached, unarmed, with nothing but his large red stone pipe, that the writer of this had often smoked with him in his hospitable lodge, the teamster, who was armed with a gun, motioned to him to go back by raising his hand and bringing it down two or three times, calling out as he motioned to "Go back, go back." Now, in the sign language of the Indians, a motion raising the hand at arm's length and bringing it down once is a sign to come to me, twice or three times is to come quick. So the old Indian chief advanced more rapidly, and when near was shot down by the teamster obeying the order given by the officer in charge of the wagon train. The old chief lived but a few hours or days, and warned his tribe not to go to war with the whites, as they threatened revenge for his death, and that was the way in which the old chief Cinemo, or Old Tobacco, of the Cheyennes, lost his life.

I lived in the same tepee with him all the winter of 1844. He and his band accompanied us on our trip over in the Cimarron Valley, in the latter part of the winter, where the Indians had gone to get out of the way of a war party of the Delaware Indians, that was reported to be advancing on the Indians of the plains, to get revenge for the massacre of their old chief "Swarnuc," who had been on a trapping expedition in the mountains and was enticed by the Indians of the plains into some recess of the mountains and robbed of their beaver pelts and murdered. His son, Capt. Jim Swarnuck, had come out with two or three of his braves and one or two Shawnees to search for his father, and on learning of the fate of his father, was returning to the Delaware tribe near the Missouri state line, threatening to come out

on the plains with five hundred Delaware braves and Shawnees, and rub out, as he stated, all those Indians that were concerned in the massacre of his father's trapping party, and he did start with his war party for that purpose, when he was stopped by the Government soldiers from Fort Leavenworth. The writer met him on his return from his search for his father's party, as we were going out to Santa Fe with a merchant train, not far from the old Santa Fe Crossing of the Arkansas River. He had only two or three men with him. One was a Shawnee who had brought us a venison, while Swarnuck was telling how his father had been murdered by some of these Rocky Mountain tribes.

By some means this news of the approach of the Delaware war party reached the Cheyenne village, where William Bent and the writer of these pages had passed several months with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. They took alarm and pulled down their tepees in less than one hour and were on the move, breaking up into several bands, the band of "Heap of Crows" and "Whirl Wind" going in one direction and Old Cinemo and Yellow Wolf's band going to the Cimarron. William Bent ordered a return to the Fort, with the robes and goods, and after replenishing with more goods and pack animals he started to follow the Indians, expecting they would find plenty of buffalo over in the Cimarron country, but did not overtake them until we reached the Cimarron Valley. We passed up the "Las Animas" or Purgatoire River to the mouth of the Box Elder Creek and up the Box Elder and out across to the Cimarron Valley. Only one surround of buffalo was made by the Indians that we were following before they reached the Cimarron, as it was snowing and they traveled in haste, and found no buffalo in the Cimarron country. After getting down into the Cimarron Valley near the head of the Cimarron Valley we came upon a band or village of the Cheyennes, and no game whatever, finding only one old starved, blind buffalo bull, so poor that we would not kill him. There were a few wild turkeys in the valley, but so wild that the Indians only killed a few of them.

The Indians, after we joined them, commenced moving down the Cimarron Valley and went as far as the old Santa Fe wagon trail, where the writer had passed the fall previous, and where a merchant trader by the name of Spires [Speyer] had been caught in a storm or blizzard, at the upper Cimarron Spring and all of his eighty head of mules froze to death, leaving his eight or ten wagons loaded with merchandise without a hoof to move them, and teams had to be sent out from New Mexico to his relief.[12]

[12]See the James L. Collins report in Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, II, 126. Collins says that Speyer and Dr. Henry Connelley lost more than 300 mules here on the Cimarron in this storm of 1844.

The frames or bones of his mules lay all around where they had perished, the wolves having long since stripped carcasses of the flesh. Some of our Indians that had rode on in advance, on seeing these bones and skulls of so many mules, came riding back and reported that they had come upon a great battle ground where so many mules had been killed. The writer told them how the mules had frozen to death the fall before.

Our route from there lay directly across the plains to the Arkansas River. Our young Indians caught two or three wild mustangs and never saw but one buffalo between the Cimarron and the Arkansas. The party was entirely out of provisions, only a handful of dried meat, which was kept for the papooses, or children. An old dog was killed and dressed at one camp, and a hearty feast was made of him. The writer did not partake of any of it—he preferred to chew some cottonwood bark that grew around a hole of water where he had cut the young trees down for our pack animals to feed on, there being no grass there, and we dug holes in the gravel bed of an old sand creek or slough to get water.

There I witnessed the manner of preparing and killing a dog for food for the party. Two of the old squaws had put a rope around a dog's neck a little ways from the camp, on the opposite side of the slough or brush from where I was peeling some young cottonwood bark to chew, when I heard a dog making most frightful yelps. I went across to see what was the trouble, and one old squaw was pulling at one end of the rope wrapped around the dog's neck and the other squaw pulling at the other end of the rope, until they choked the dog dead. They had made a brush pile of dry willows and cottonwood and threw the old dog on the blaze and burned the hair off and took sticks and beat the burnt hair off and scraped him with their butcher knives—dressed him and cut him up and put the entire dog into a large kettle and cooked him by boiling until way into the night. When all the Indian men assembled to eat it my brother, Tom Boggs, tried to get me to eat some of it, but I had seen how it was, and did not partake of the unsavory mess. I laid back and went to sleep on a very empty stomach, not having any food for a couple of days. I don't remember whether William Bent ate any of that dog or not. Next morning the bones of the dog lay thick all around where the Indians had dropped them. I felt hungry enough to have eaten a piece of that dog that morning.

My brother went to the tepee of old Yellow Wolf, who was the Head Chief of this band of Cheyennes, who had a small quantity of dried buffalo meat on a line, and brother Tom offered to

buy some of it for me, telling the old chief that I was not used to going without food long. The old chief told him it was against his medicine to sell meat when it was so scarce and he had so many papooses to feed, but if his brother was so very hungry, to go take it, but he would not sell it. But my brother would not touch it, and we agreed the old chief was right. The next day an old bull was killed near the camp and all hands had a feast. The young Indians caught up the liver and ate it raw, the blood running down from the corners of their mouths, they were so eager to satisfy their hunger.

The next day our party was informed by a messenger sent from a band of Cheyennes, that had parted from us in the fall previous, that they were having a fight with a band of Pawnees that they had discovered in the island on the Arkansas, near the Salt Bottoms. This news excited our Indians and they rushed on ahead to get into the fight. William Bent had rode ahead that morning to try to kill a deer, and brother Tom started forward to see where Bent was. I followed, having a good rifle, leaving our pack train with Scott, a packer, and the negro man, Dick, that William Bent had for a cook to look out for the pack train. My brother and I went as fast as our mules would take us. On nearing the bottom land on the south side of the river we saw a great smoke arising about a large island that was covered with brush and timbers, where the Pawnees had been sheltered in their brush camps to repair their moccasins, and were discovered by the Cheyennes that were moving down the river.

Two of the Pawnees went out on the hills near by and were seen by a party of mounted Cheyennes, and cut off from their retreat into the brush and shelter where their party was. The first mounted Cheyennes charged on the two Pawnees, who were armed with good rifles. One succeeded in getting into the island; the other, who was the leader of the Pawnees, fought until killed. He wounded three of the Cheyennes fatally before he was killed and his body lay right in the trail that my brother and I were galloping in, and the three wounded Cheyennes were lying around in the high grass close to where the dead Pawnee lay. We did not stop, but kept on, anxious to find William Bent, who had left us early in the morning. We finally saw him on his white saddle mule across on the north side of the river, in the open plain with a number of the Cheyennes collected around him.

Just as Tom and I emerged from the river, sitting on the bank of the river was Chief Whirl Wind, of the band of Cheyennes, who was wounded while trying to fire the grass at the lower end of the island in which the main body of the Pawnees

were. They were getting smoked out all around and were about to escape in the thick smoke at the lower end of the island, and Whirl Wind, whose braves were conducting the fight, went to the lower end of the island to set the grass on fire, and while blowing the fire to start it received a bullet through the side of his face, knocking out some of his teeth. He was sitting there with his face bandaged but could not talk, but made a sign to us by putting his hand up to his face and showing which course the bullet went through his mouth.

The Pawnees marched down the middle of the river in the dense smoke to a small island covered with green willows and made themselves a breastwork of sand and willows by scooping up the sand, making a kind of hog bed-shaped hollow and lay flat down in it, so they could not be seen. There were forty-two of them, well armed with good rifles; the Cheyennes only had bows and arrows and shields. The Cheyennes had a number of horses killed by the Pawnees, as some of the young braves would charge along the river bank to show off while the Pawnees kept up their shooting, and they killed about five horses from under these foolish young Cheyenne braves. William Bent advised them to stop that kind of sport, and camp all around the Pawnees, on both sides of the river and starve the Pawnees out, but the old chiefs concluded as they had five or six of their braves mortally wounded and had killed the leader of the Pawnees and taken his scalp, to withdraw, and went into camp near where the first fight took place, and the Pawnees went out some time in the night and left the dead body of their brave to the Cheyennes.

After this affair with the Pawnees we proceeded back up the river to the Fort, traveling upon the south side of the river and crossing some little distance above the mouth of the Las Animas, and thence on to the Fort after an absence of nearly two months without getting a single robe. The buffalo had all disappeared excepting a few straggling bands of bulls up in the hills about the head of the Las Animas, near the Raton Mountains, where a party of hunters went and killed a lot of them and barbecued or dried the meat and brought a wagon load to the Fort.

William Bent concluded to go into the States that spring and visit St. Louis, and the writer was advised by him to return home and I accompanied him. The Company owned a farm in Missouri near the state line, which was in charge of my elder half brother, Angus L. Boggs. They had some cattle there and a few head of buffalo calves that had been raised with the tame cattle. I went ahead of William Bent and arrived at this farm and informed my brother that his uncle William would be at his house the next

day. That was the last time I ever saw him, as he proceeded to St. Louis soon after he arrived at my brother's farm. And the last time I saw Charles Bent was when I stayed a couple of nights at his home in Taos, where he lived with his family. I was kindly treated by him, and he furnished me a fresh saddle mule and good warm serape, or Spanish blanket, for my journey across the mountains in the worst part of the winter with a small party of men that was discharged in Santa Fe, and who were returning to their homes in Missouri.

Charles Bent did not want me to venture across the mountains in such cold weather and insisted on my staying through the winter at his home, and remain there until the spring. He told me how cold and rough the trip would be and was afraid I would freeze, but I was anxious to get into the Fort where my brother Thomas was. So, seeing I was determined to go, he ordered everything for my comfort on the journey, but advised me not to go farther than the Fort, as I would certainly freeze in going in on the plains, so I took his advice and stayed at the Fort, where I found my brother Tom and Kit Carson, William and George Bent, and Capt. St. Vrain, and they all advised me not to attempt to go on to Missouri. It was lucky for me that I took their advice, as those of the party who continued their journey were severely frozen, and some of them were so badly frostbitten that relief had to be sent out to bring them in.

I was mistaken when I said I saw Charles Bent last at his home in Taos. He came in later to Independence, Mo., and I met him there. He was a noble man and was a great business man, was considered the head of the firm of "Bent & St. Vrain." His influence was considerable in New Mexico. I remember seeing him in Santa Fe on the arrival of Col. Sam Owens' train of merchandise wagons from Independence, Mo.[13] The duties levied by the Mexican Government at that time (1844) were $600 on each wagon load of goods, and Col. Sam Owens, owner of ten large wagon loads of goods put up in bales, left his train in charge of old Nicholas Gentry, at the crossing of the river on the Cimarron route, and with one or two other gentlemen going out to Mexico for a pleasure trip, went by way of Fort Bent, and reached Santa Fe long before his train of wagons reached the first settlements of New Mexico, and there he made a settlement with the Custom House officers and the Mexican authorities, through the influence of Charles Bent, getting his ten wagon loads of merchandise passed at a greatly reduced rate.

[13]Samuel C. Owens was one of the leading Santa Fe traders. He also maintained a wholesale store on the corner of the Square at Independence, Missouri. He was killed at the Battle of Sacramento in the Mexican War.—Stella M. Drumm, *Down the Santa Fe Trail*, 220-2.

It was the custom of the Mexican authorities to send out a company of Mexican soldiers to meet the merchant trains under pretense of guarding them into the settlements, but their real object was to see that no goods or wagons were smuggled into the country to escape the heavy duties. Groceries for the use of the merchant trader and his employees on the route only were allowed — tobacco, sugar and coffee were contraband, but one wagon load of baled leaf tobacco, owned by old Nick Gentry, was passed in Santa Fe by the Governor, whose kind-hearted wife pleaded for the old wagon master, Gentry, so hard as to induce her husband, the Governor, to pass the load of contraband tobacco at a mere nominal sum, taking only one hundred and fifty dollars from the old man. His wagon load of tobacco was subject to confiscation as soon as it crossed the line into Mexican territory.

The writer drove that wagon load of leaf tobacco into Santa Fe, and into the plaza, in front of the Governor's residence—while a number of Mexican soldiers were being paraded in front of the Governor's house. Old Gentry was well known in Santa Fe as one of the oldest wagon masters and freighters that hauled goods to Santa Fe and Chihuahua and it was because he had brought so many trains of merchandise across the plains in dangerous times from hostile Indians like the Pawnee and Comanche Indians, that waylayed the route of the merchant traders, that Uncle Nick Gentry was permitted to pass his wagon load of contraband tobacco into Santa Fe almost free of duties. It was said but little of the duties on American goods brought overland into New Mexico ever reached the general Government, on account of the laxity and mode of the officers in Santa Fe. A man of influence like Don Carlos Bent, as he was known by the Mexicans, could do much toward getting the exorbitant duties reduced on American merchandise. I left him in Santa Fe to go by way of Taos to Bent's Fort, and when our little party arrived at Taos, I found Charles Bent at his home there. To my surprise, he must have passed our party somewhere on the route, as he rode a superb saddle mule of the kind which he kept near his residence at San Fernando de Taos.

During the Mexican war in 1846, Charles Bent, on account of his great influence with the inhabitants of New Mexico, was appointed Provisional Governor of the Territory by the U. S. Government, while Col. Sterling Price (afterward General in the Confederate Army) was stationed in Santa Fe with several companies of U. S. troops. Gen. or Col. Alexander W. Doniphan was marching with his regiment on the city of Chihuahua. Gov. Bent resided at his home in Taos with his family and while there in

the midst of his family was brutally murdered in the presence of his wife and children by the revolt of the Pueblo Indians, in large force, who marched from their pueblo a few miles west of the town in which Gov. Bent resided. They killed all the Americans in the place. They met a Mr. Lee just outside of the town and murdered him in an old straw shed where he had taken refuge to conceal himself.[14] Seeing a large force of Pueblo Indians approaching, he ran into this straw pile and burrowed himself under the straw, but unfortunately for him he was seen by the Indians as he ran into the old adobe, and they ran in and ran their lances down in the straw until they pierced his body and there put an end to his life.

They then proceeded into the town and surrounded the house of Charles Bent, and climbed over the walls and shot him with arrows through the windows, while his wife was clinging to him begging him to use his revolvers and frighten them away. But he said, "If I shoot some of them they will murder you and the children." As the Indians were looting and robbing the house, supposing they had killed Gov. Bent, his wife, with the aid of a servant, cut a hole through the wall of the adobe house with an ax, and dragged the body of Charles Bent through to a house near by. When he was yet alive he called for pen and paper and wrote the words "I want"—and then expired before he could state or write what he wanted them to do. The Indians also killed an American by the name of Waldo [Lawrence L. Waldo], who was stopping in Taos at the time [on the Mora], and I believe that they also killed Boviau, a Frenchman that was married to a Mexican lady. He kept a public house in the town. The writer of this and his party put up at his house on their arrival there in the winter of 1844, as he was on his way to Fort Bent. The Indians, led by their chiefs, then proceeded to loot the town and to march on to Santa Fe. It was said they were put up to this revolt by a Mexican priest, who said that if they would kill the American Governor and what other foreigners were in the place they would regain the country under Mexican rule.[15]

The news of the revolt and massacre at Taos reached Santa Fe and Col. Price dispatched a company under Capt. St. Vrain,[16]

[14]This was Stephen Luis Lee, one of the original grantees of the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant of over a million acres in the San Luis Valley, Colorado. The original papers of this and other Mexican land grants in Colorado are in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Narcisco Beaubien, the other grantee of the Sangre de Cristo grant, was also killed in this uprising, and the land grant went to his father, Don Carlos Beaubien. The details here given fit the killing of Narcisco Beaubien rather than that of Sheriff S. L. Lee.

[15]See R. E. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, for a good account of the uprising. Also, E. L. Sabin's *Kit Carson Days*.

[16]This was Ceran St. Vrain, partner of Charles and William Bent in the trading business in the Southwest. Ceran was a son of James de St. Vrain, a native of French Flanders, who had come to America in 1794. Ceran was not

who met the Indians in force on the route to Santa Fe and with his howitzers opened on them and slew them by hundreds, driving them back to Taos, where they sought shelter in an old church that was walled in all around with a high wall, and barricaded themselves inside. The American troops under Capt. St. Vrain attacked the place, and cut a hole through the wall and placed a cannon mouth through and killed many of them. The rest of them endeavored to escape to the mountains, but were pursued by Capt. St. Vrain and shot and killed as long as it was light enough to see to shoot. The leaders of this revolt were finally captured by the American troops and sentenced to be hung, and six were hung from one scaffold. One of them, more brave than the others, pointing to the chief who commanded them, told him he was the cause of all the trouble that had caused them to kill their best friend, meaning Don Carlos Bent, whom they had known so long as a good friend, and said they ought to die, and told the old chief to stand up and die like a man, that he ought to die.

I have all this account of the revolt and manner of the death of Charles Bent from my brother, Thos. O. Boggs, whose wife, then a girl, was in the house and witnessed the killing of Gov. Bent. She was sheltered by a Mexican standing over her as she crouched in a corner of the room by placing his serape over her head, and then by escaping the notice of the Indians as they had begun to rob and plunder the premises. My brother's wife's name is Roumalda and she is living yet, at her daughter's at Clayton, New Mexico, or was the last time I heard from her.[17]

My brother came first to California in 1849 and returned to Las Animas, where he and Kit Carson had a ranch and were together in the sheep business. After the trade of Bent's Fort in buffalo robes was broken up, these two of their most trusty and experienced traders were thrown out of employment and they settled down on their farm at Las Animas, both having married Mexican wives.[18] They had associated together for so many years they were more like brothers than partners. A complete history of their lives, and the many dangers they passed through, would fill many pages of history of the first white men to inhabit the plains of Colorado and New Mexico. While much has been

only a prominent merchant and trader, but was active in military affairs as well. He led a company in suppressing the Taos uprising, was Lieut. Colonel in the campaign of 1855 against the Indians, and was Colonel of a Union regiment in New Mexico during the Civil War (Kit Carson being Lieut. Colonel). He established a store in pioneer Denver. He died in 1870. Ceran's brother, Marcelline (or Marcellus) was employed during the forties by the Bent and St. Vrain Co. E. B. Sopris, living in Denver today, married a daughter of Marcelline St. Vrain.

[17]Mrs. Thomas O. Boggs died January 13, 1906.

[18]Kit Carson's wife and the wife of Charles Bent were sisters, daughters of Francisco Jaramillo. Mrs. T. O. Boggs was their niece.—T. O. Boggs' Manuscript.

written about Kit Carson and printed, there yet remains much unwritten history of that brave and adventurous scout and mountaineer.

He was with Col. Fremont in California at the time of the "Bear Flag" Revolution[19] and came with Fremont to Sonoma, the headquarters of the Bear Flag Party, to aid them in their efforts to establish their independence of the Mexican authorities, Fremont having been recalled by a special message from his journey north with his exploring party, to return to California to some convenient point, so as to be ready to co-operate with the U. S. ships of war that had been ordered to the Pacific Coast, for the purpose of taking possession of California as soon as hostilities had commenced between the forces of the United States on the Rio Grande under Gen. Taylor and the Mexican Army under Gen. Santa Anna. This Santa Anna is not the true name of the Mexican General that commanded the Army of Mexico during her war with the United States and Texas; his real name was Antonio Lopez de St. Anna, which in plain English means Antonio Lopez of St. Anne—the place or mission church where his hacienda or home was, and the Mexicans gave him the nickname of "Santa Anna."

Fremont, on his return to the Sacramento Valley, was met or visited by messengers from the Bear Flag Party, who had organized, their forces consisting of a few old frontiersmen and bear hunters who lived in around the valleys north of the Bay of San Francisco. They marched into Sonoma and captured the leading officers and some of the most prominent men of the only town north of the Bay, and which was the headquarters of the Mexican authority north of the Bay, Gen. M. G. Vallejo, Commandante, his brother, Capt. Don Salvador Vallejo, Col. Victor Prudon and two or three leading citizens, and what arms were in the Mexican barracks, and held them as hostages to protect themselves against an attack from the ranchers and friends of the captured prisoners, until they would rally sufficient force to hold the country.

The fortunate arrival of Col. Fremont back into California and his coming to Sonoma with his party of about 80 men, including Kit Carson and a number of other experienced scouts, enabled the Bear Flag Party to hold off the Californians until the ships of war arrived and hoisted the American flag at Monterey. The Bear Flag Party was having an engagement with the Californians in Petaluma Valley, or near by, and drove them back towards San Raphael, an old mission, now the city of San Ra-

[19]The Bear Flag Revolution of June, 1846, famous in California history, is so called from the adoption by the insurgents of a flag bearing the image of a grizzly bear, as the standard for their "Republic of California."

phael. Fremont's party arriving about this time to give aid and encouragement to the Bear Flag Party, undertook to pursue the retreating Californians and Juan Paddillio [Padilla], an experienced and educated Mexican artilleryman, but the Californians were too fleet for the Americans. Fremont went as far as San Raphael and halted there to rest, and sent Kit Carson and one of his best men in advance as scouts.

A boat containing three Californians landed at the Embarcadero, when Carson and his two comrades captured them. Kit left the prisoners in charge of the two men with him and rode back to where Col. Fremont and his party were resting and reported the capture of three Californians, who had brought their saddles across the bay with them, and Kit asked Col. Fremont what he should do with the three prisoners. His reply to Carson was, "Mr. Carson, I have no use for prisoners—do your duty"—and that was all that passed. Kit returned to where his comrades, Capt. Swift and Jack Neil, were standing guard over the three men. They held a short consultation and decided to kill the prisoners, and shot them dead.[20] This I had from both Swift and Kit Carson himself, and I was inclined as well as many others who arrived a short time after this occurrence to blame Kit Carson for what I thought to be a cold-hearted crime, having the men in their power.

So when my brother Thomas, a life-long friend of Kit Carson, visited our family in Sonoma in 1849, some three years nearly after this affair, in speaking of the bravery of Kit, I mentioned this affair of the killing of these three Californians at San Raphael. My brother claimed that Kit was never on the north side of the Bay of San Francisco in 1846, so the subject was dropped at that time, as I had positive proof that he was, and I knew the men and others who were well acquainted with the circumstances. However, knowing my brother's friendship for Kit, I said no more about the matter. After I had served in the service of the U. S. in the closing of the war in the conquest of California, I settled down in old Sonoma, and became intimately acquainted with nearly all of the leading men of the Bear Flag Party, and all agreed on the same story, and one of the men who was with Kit at that time, Capt. Granville P. Swift, who became one of Fremont's most famous captains, told me of the part that he took in the killing of these three prisoners.

In about the year 1852 [1853] my brother Tom and Kit came to California and were at my house together, and it occurred to

[20]The three men were the twin brothers Francisco and Ramon de Haro of San Francisco, and their uncle, Jose de los Berreyesa, an old ranchman from Santa Clara.—H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 171-3.

me to ask Kit, in brother Tom's presence, if he was not at San Raphael with Fremont in 1846. He said he was. I then said, "You took some prisoners there, you and Swift?" "Yes," he replied. "And you killed them?" I said. "Yes." "Well," I said to him, "What did you kill them for after you had them in your power?" He then related how he had reported them to Fremont and he told him to do his duty, and it was soon after the Californians at Santa Rosa Ranche had captured two young men of the Bear Flag Party on their way to Fort Ross on the coast to get ammunition for the party at Sonoma. A large party of these Californians had assembled at this ranch and were boasting how they were going to drive all the Americans out of the country and slaughter them as fast as they could find them.

Just as these two young Americans came along in plain view these men, Californians, saw them and pursued them and lassoed them and dragged them with their riatas to trees and lashed their bodies to the trees and literally tore their limbs from their bodies and cutting holes in their jaws, ran their ropes through and tore their jaws out, and cut and mutilated their bodies, cutting off and putting portions of their own flesh in their mouths, and left their remains tied to the trees.[21] An Indian who had witnessed this terrible affair reported it to old Moses Carson, the elder brother of Kit, who was living on a ranch in the Russian River Valley, about 16 miles above Santa Rosa. He came and took the remains of these young men and buried them. And Kit said his reason for the killing of these three Californians was to retaliate for the horrible manner in which the Californians treated these two Americans, which so enraged the few American settlers that the act of the Americans retaliating was approved by nearly everyone. But Carson afterward did many brave and generous deeds, risking his life and going on dangerous journeys in pursuit of Indians to rescue white women and children, at the risk of his life, without reward or compensation from any source. His was a noble soul—none of your Buffalo Bill Show acting kind, but plain, little, brave Kit Carson, unassuming in manners.

I knew several of the older brothers of Kit Carson, an older brother named Andy Carson was engaged in the Santa Fe trade, taking goods as early as 1833 or 1834. When the writer was a small boy his goods were stored for a short time in my father's house, at Independence, Missouri, when that old town was a small place. Moses Carson was the oldest of the Carson brothers and was living in California on the Fitch Grant in 1846,[22] when

[21]These two victims were Thomas Cowey and Fowler of the Bear Flag Party, who were captured by a band under Padilla and Carrillo. H. H. Bancroft (*Hist. of Cal.*, V. 160-1) does not think the killing was so atrocious as here related.

[22]Moses and Lindsay Carson, brothers of Kit, lived north of Sonoma, California, in 1848.—Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VI, 21.

our family arrived, and being an old acquaintance of my father, L. W. Boggs, he came to see him at Sonoma. Another brother, and younger than Kit, named Lindsay Carson, came to California later and married, settling in Lake County, and left a very interesting family. One of his married daughters lives at the present time in Napa Valley, California, where they have a good home. Another brother, older than Kit, named Bob, or Robert Carson, came to California some time in the fifties, perhaps about 1851, reaching Sonoma on foot, accompanied by a nephew named Moses Briggs. "Old Bob" Carson was a dissipated old man, and was intoxicated when he arrived on foot in Sonoma during the rainy season, without any means whatever, hunting his way to his brother Lindsay Carson, who lived some forty miles north of Sonoma. The writer, seeing he was in a destitute condition, gave the nephew five dollars and put them on the way to his brother's home. The Carson family lived near Columbia, Mo., and Christopher Carson, commonly known as "Kit" Carson, left home in his youth and went with some trappers to the Rocky Mountains, becoming familiar with the habits and customs of the many tribes of Indians with whom these hardy adventurers came in contact. He soon became famous as a hunter and scout; his history has never been published in full.[23] He was unassuming in manners and modest, but brave and daring to a fault.

His associate, Thomas O. Boggs, brother of the writer of these pages, left his father's home when a boy of about sixteen or seventeen years old and accompanied a Santa Fe merchant's train, known as McGoffin's Train,[24] as far as the Cimarron Mountains, and meeting with a trader from William Bent's post on little Red River going to Bent's Fort, Thomas left the Santa Fe company and accompanied him to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Losing their horses on the way, they had to walk and carry their saddles the greater part of the way. On reaching the Fort, he remained there, and became one of the Company's most useful traders and was sent to trade with the Arapahoes, and would remain with them until the winter and fall trade was over. After a few years absence among the Indians, Thomas visited his father's family in Missouri, but having led a life on the plains so long and accustomed to the diet of the hunter, and had lived on game and buffalo meat, he did not remain long, but went back to Bent's Fort, and remained there in company with William Bent and Kit Carson until the trade was broken up during the passing of troops to Mexico.

[23]Biographies of Kit Carson are now too numerous to list. De Witt Peters' was the original, Edwin L. Sabin's is perhaps the most complete and accurate; Stanley Vestal's is the most recent and perhaps the most readable.

[24]See Stella M. Drumm, *Down the Santa Fe Trail*, for an account of the Magoffins in the Santa Fe trade and otherwise.

The writer of these pages knows but little of what transpired at Bent's Fort after leaving there in the spring of 1845, when William went into St. Louis, Mo. The writer accompanied him into Missouri and never saw him afterward, as the writer came to California with his wife and father's family the following year (1846) across the plains, reaching California in time to take a hand in the War with Mexico. I recruited a few men and enlisted at "Yerba Buena," now San Francisco, and served until the close of the war. Fremont was in command of the land forces and Commodore Stockton of the Navy, or Pacific Squadron, serving under a Marine officer that was stationed at Monterey, Calif. After cruising around in the Santa Cruz Mountains with a mounted company of sailors and marines, our captain, the commander of the Middle Department of the Military Forces of California, was at Monterey when the old ship of war *Independence* arrived with Commodore Shubrick, and about this time some of the leading commanders of the Californians came into Monterey and surrendered to Capt. Maddox, our commander. Commodore Shubrick relieved Commodore Stockton, and on receiving news of the Treaty of Peace with Mexico, he ordered the volunteers that accompanied me discharged and paid off while at Monterey and at Yerba Buena.

I became acquainted with a number of the naval officers and on one occasion met Lieut. Silas Bent.[25] I also met him afterward at Benicia on the Straits of Carquinas while he was an officer on board of the U. S. sloop of war *Preble* and spent one day and night with him on board of the ship and slept in his berth. He had been with the fleet to Japan and gave me a number of curios collected while in foreign parts, among which was a Tartar bow and arrows, which would not compare with our Cheyenne bows and arrows that were used by our Indians on the plains to kill buffalo with. They looked more ornamental and with their long, clumsy-looking arrows looked more like the bows and arrows used by our ladies at target shooting. They did not have the force or spring of one of our stiff, straight Cheyenne bows, covered with buffalo sinew, that would send an arrow through a buffalo, as they often did when making a surround. I have seen one of the Cheyenne arrow points sticking crossway through one of the broad ribs of a buffalo, and I have partaken of many side ribs of the fat buffalo that were brought into the villages on hundreds of ponies, after a big surround.

The Indians would send out on the plains, when buffalo were

[25]This was the youngest brother of Charles and William Bent. He accompanied Commodore M. C. Perry on his epoch-making voyage to Japan and subsequently delivered a number of addresses before scientific societies.

plenty, some forty or fifty or perhaps a hundred select braves on their best hunting horses and cut off a large herd of buffalo from the main herds, and surround and kill all that were enclosed in the circle of hunters, being bareback and armed only with their bows and quivers full of arrows. After slaying all that they had surrounded, they rode back to their village and old men and squaws with bands of ponies would go out and skin and pack in the robes and as much meat as would last for several weeks. Had the Indian tribes on the plains of Colorado been left uninterrupted by the whites, there would have been hundreds of thousands of buffalo now ranging over the plains of Colorado and Nebraska. Their rules of hunting and killing the buffalo were strictly observed and strictly enforced; they never hunted or killed the buffalo in the springtime of the year when the cows were dropping their calves, or in the running season they might kill a few bulls.

The bull's hide was not a merchantable hide; they only dressed them for the men to wear. A single large bull robe, breech clout and leggins and moccasins was a full dress for an Indian warrior. They only killed the cows in the fall and winter when they were fat and their robes were fine and slick. Some of them were very superior and known among the traders as silk robes; they were very fine haired and shined like satin, of a slightly lighter color, and would sell for double what a common robe would. The buffalo increased under the rules adopted and enforced among the Indians; the chiefs appointed stated times for the surround, only killing what was cut off from the main herd, and then a space of two to three weeks before they would make another hunt, or surround. I learned much from the Indians about the buffalo and their mode of hunting them.

I also learned considerable from the hunters of Bent's Fort, particularly from "Charbenau [Charbonneau], an educated half-breed. His father was a French Canadian, his mother said to be a Blackfoot Indian squaw. His name was Baptiste Charbenau. His father and mother accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition in their journey to the Pacific shores via the Columbia River as guides.[26] Charbenau and his squaw were very useful members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. This Baptiste Charbenau at Bent's Fort was only a papoose at the time of the Lewis

[26]Sacajawea, or Sakakawea, the "Bird Woman," was a wife of Toussaint Charbonneau, the interpreter who accompanied Lewis and Clark. The identity of their children and the subsequent fate of the Bird Woman are still subjects of historical controversy. Dr. Grace R. Hebard of Wyoming and Miss Stella M. Drumm of the Missouri Historical Society are the chief authorities on the question, but they appear to be not yet in entire agreement. A Charbonneau, perhaps Baptiste, is mentioned by Rufus Sage (1842), Fremont (1843), J. W. Abert (1845) and P. St. George Cooke (1846).

and Clark Expedition, but his mother took him the entire route, according to Gen. Clark's account in his published letters. The squaw was as useful as a guide as the man Charbenau himself, being raised in the country they were passing over and familiar with mountain passes and trails. This Baptiste Charbenau, the hunter of Bent's Fort, was the small Indian papoose, or half-breed of the elder Charbenau that was employed by the Lewis and Clark Expedition as guide when they descended the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. He had been educated to some extent; he wore his hair long—that hung down to his shoulders. It was said that Charbenau was the best man on foot on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains.

Another half-breed at the Fort was "Tessou." His father was French and his mother an Indian, but the writer was not informed of what tribe. "Tessou" was in some way related to Charbenau.[27] Both of them were very high strung, but Tessou was quick and passionate. He fired a rifle across the court of the Fort at the head of the large negro blacksmith, only missing his skull about a quarter of an inch, because the negro had been in a party that chivaried Tessou the evening before, and being a dangerous man, Capt. St. Vrain gave him an outfit and sent him away from the Fort.

Such men as these heretofore described were employed by the Bents and were perfectly reliable and devoted to the interest of the Company. The Company would entrust them with thousands of dollars worth of goods, and send them to distant tribes of Indians to barter for robes, furs and peltries, with pack animals, to carry the outfit. The trader thus outfitted would remain away for months, or until the season for trade was over, and then would return to the Fort with the robes and peltries that he had accumulated, and I never heard of one of those men accused of abusing the confidence placed in them by their employers.

The writer does not know the history of Capt. St. Vrain, a partner of the Bents, only that he acted as a perfect gentleman, and was beloved by all that knew him. He was exceedingly kind to all with whom he came in contact, was extremely hospitable and obliging at the Fort. He presided at the table, which was always provided with the best of food, and well cooked. He was a man of fine tastes—so was Charles Bent, and William Bent and George. Silas Bent, Junior, was the first cadet to enter the U. S. Navy from Missouri. There was an elder brother, I understood from my father L. W. Boggs, that was named John Bent, but I never met

[27]Tessou (Toussaint) and Baptiste were probably half-brothers. See the discussion in Luttig's *Journal of a Fur Trading Expedition on the Upper Missouri, 1812-1813,* edited by Stella M. Drumm, pp. 132-135.

him, as I never was at St. Louis, where the Bents resided. Jud Carr also married a Bent. He became wealthy and there is a place in St. Louis called the Carr Place, a public park. The family must have come from Virginia to St. Louis, as the family record of L. W. Boggs, whose first wife was Julia Ann Bent, states that she was born in Charlestown, Virginia, and from that record I presume that Judge Silas Bent, Senior, was a Virginian.

The writer of this narrative of Colorado history intended to close on page (50),[28] but I desire to relate a circumstance that took place in my presence where William Bent's life was saved by an Indian, a Cheyenne, called by the white men of the Fort the "Lawyer." I don't know his Indian name, I never saw him at the Fort, and only saw him once at the Cheyenne village at the Big Timber in the winter of 1844. He belonged to a band of the Cheyennes that lived some distance away. William Bent was living in his lodge in the village close by the lodge of Old Cinemo, where the goods were kept, and I stayed in that lodge in charge of the goods. William Bent had contracted a severe cold and sore throat, putrid sore throat, and became so bad that he had ceased to swallow food and could only talk in a whisper until his throat closed, and his wife fed him with broth by taking a mouthful and squirting it through a quill which she forced down his throat. I went into his lodge to see how he was and he told me by writing on a piece of slate that he had with him that if he did not get relief in a very short time that he was bound to die, and that he had sent for an Indian doctor called "Lawyer" and was expecting him every hour.

The Indian came while I was there, a plain looking Indian without any show or ornamentation about him. He proceeded at once to examine Bent's throat by pressing the handle of a large spoon on his tongue, just as any doctor would do, and on looking into Bent's throat he shook his head, got up and went out of the lodge and returned very soon with a handful of small sandburs. They were about the size of large marrowfat peas with barbs all around as sharp as fish hooks and turned up one way. They were so sharp that by touching them they would stick to one's finger. He called for a piece of sinew and a lump of marrow grease. He made five or six threads of the sinew and tied a knot in one end of each; took an awl and pierced a hole through each bur and ran the sinew through it down to the knot, then rubbed the bur in marrow grease until it was completely covered over the barbs of the bur; took a small, flat stick, about like a China chop stick, cut a notch in one end, wrapped one end of the sinew around his finger and placed the notched stick against the bur and made Bent open his mouth,

[28]The original manuscript comprises 53 pages, written in longhand.

and he forced that bur or ball down Bent's throat the length of the stick, and drew it out of the throat and repeated that three or four times, drawing out all the dry and corrupt matter each time, and opened the throat passage so that Bent could swallow soup, and in a day or two he was well enough to eat food, and he told me that he certainly would have died if that Indian had not come to his relief and saved his life.

The Indian was laughing while he performed the operation. Those sand burs and the marrow grease and sinew strings and notched stick to force the burs down his throat by the Indian did the work of cleaning out the dried matter that closed the passage of the throat. He was the most unassuming Indian I saw among the Cheyennes, but was considered by all the whites that knew him to be the shrewdest Indian belonging to the tribe. No medicine would have had any effect in removing these obstructions in Bent's throat; it had become as dry as bark on a tree, and but for this simple remedy Bent would have died. No one but an Indian would ever have thought of resorting to such a remedy. William Bent concluded to go into the States in the spring and the writer had the pleasure of accompanying him as far as Independence, Missouri, my native home. (Signed) W. M. BOGGS.

The First Cattle North of the Union Pacific Railroad

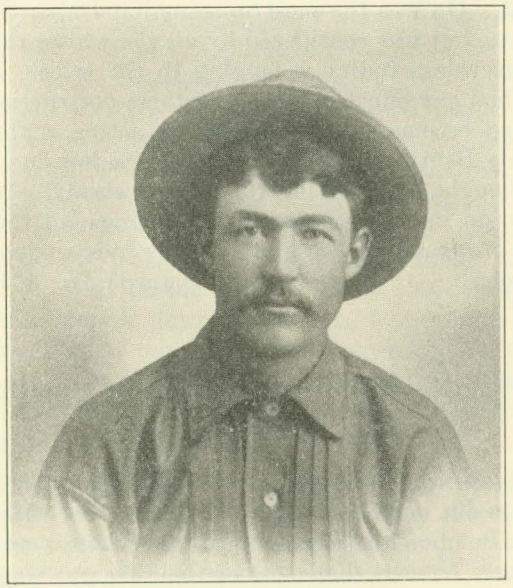
JOHN M. KUYKENDALL*

I have often wondered why men should have taken the risk of turning cattle out on these western plains to live with the buffalo. As I look back upon the beginning of the white man west of the Missouri River, I recall that most of their freight wagons crossing from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains were drawn by cattle. A great many of their cattle became footsore traveling the sandy roads and had to be sold or traded to ranchmen or left with them. As traffic increased there were more cattle and more ranches, and trading in these "footsores" became quite a business with the ranchmen, for it did not take long on good grass to rest up one of these steers and as soon as he was able to go to work he was traded for another footsore or sold and put to work. In the handling of

*John M. Kuykendall, well known in Colorado and Wyoming, resides in Denver. He was born in Missouri and crossed the plains to Denver with his father in 1866 in a wagon. The next year he moved to Wyoming. His father is said to have made the first record land office filing in Wyoming, and his mother to have recorded the first brand. Mr. Kuykendall was in the cattle business twenty-five years in Colorado and Wyoming. His unusual collection of early cowboy equipment is now the valued possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado and is prominent among its exhibits. His father, W. L. Kuykendall, related some of his experiences in an interesting volume entitled *Frontier Days*. —Ed.

these cattle the ranchmen learned that cattle could live on these western prairies just as buffalo did.

Several of the ranchmen brought to their ranches cows and bulls and started breeding herds on a small scale. These cattle did well and wintered well without hay. The only loss they sustained was by the Indians killing them. The only one of these ranchmen I ever knew was J. W. Iliff, who had a ranch on the South Platte River near where Fort Morgan, Colorado, now stands. His herd grew rapidly, for it was not started until about 1863, and by 1869



JOHN M. KUYKENDALL WHEN 21 YEARS OF AGE

he had cattle as far north as the newly-completed Union Pacific Railroad. From Greeley to Julesburg on the north side of the South Platte River it was said in 1872 that he had 25,000 head of cattle.

J. A. Moore at that time had a good sized herd at Riverside close to Julesburg and I have been told that G. A. Keeline, mentioned hereinafter, started his cattle operations on the South Platte. Iliff had plenty of trouble with the Indians. They killed his riders and his cattle, stole his horses and burned his ranches. I often wonder how he and his men managed to face such a proposition or to stay in the country. Few men would have undertaken

it, but he was a man of iron nerve and willing to meet any emergency, and was a hard worker. His riders were a brave lot.

Other men saw what Iliff had done, but the territory south of the railroad was stocked and there was no range for them to put cattle on, as all of the country north of the Union Pacific was Indian country, unsafe and of more severe climate. However, a citizen of Cheyenne by the name of A. H. ("Heck") Reel went to Texas in 1869 and bought one hundred and forty-eight head of mixed cattle and trailed them to Cheyenne, where they were branded and then taken to Pole Creek, north of Hillsdale on the Union Pacific, about twenty miles from Cheyenne.

These were the first cattle turned loose on the open range north of the Union Pacific. Most of them drifted the first winter to the South Platte River.

When Reel brought the herd to Cheyenne I was a boy there and I helped a cowhand called "Bones" and others brand them. The next spring I went to Crow Creek, Colorado, with Reel to help him bring the cattle back to Pole Creek. Naturally, as a small boy, I was wondering whether we would meet Indians, as it was my first experience on the open range, and standing night guard made me do some thinking. We found the cattle in good condition and brought them back. I remember well a long-horn roan steer, for he was much taller than the rest of the cattle. When he turned his broadside toward you he was a big steer, but when you got in front or behind him you could hardly see him. I saw this steer when he went into the car to be shipped to Chicago after he had been double wintered, and well do I remember how difficult it was for him to get his horns through the car door; also, I remember what a fine bullock he was.

When these cattle arrived in Chicago they created some excitement, for they were the first cattle to arrive from this range. They were fit for slaughter as prime beeves. It did not take long for the news to be broadcasted that cheap cattle could be bought in Texas and turned loose on the open range in Wyoming and that they could live and mature into prime beeves. This information attracted capital and many large companies were organized to go into the business.

There were other men in Wyoming who saw what Mr. Reel had done. Among them a Mr. M. V. Boughten, who went to Texas the next year after Mr. Reel brought his cattle in and bought three thousand head and trailed them to Cheyenne, where they were branded with a VB brand. Then they were trailed to Bear Creek and turned loose on the open range. The next year after Boughten's cattle were turned loose, Carey Brothers trailed a herd from

Texas to Cheyenne. They were branded with a CY and turned loose on Crow Creek, fifteen miles above Cheyenne. M. A. Arnold had a small bunch that were turned loose at about the same time that the Carey Brothers went into the business.

These four herds were the first cattle placed on the open range north of the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming. N. R. Davis had a herd of cattle which ranged with the Iliff cattle south of the railroad. His home ranch was on Owl Creek, fifteen miles south of Cheyenne. He went into the business in 1870. There was also a herd owned by Hubbs and Wyatt, located south of the railroad, close to the forks of Crow Creek, and about fifty miles from Cheyenne. This ranch is now known as the Camfield Ranch. E. W. Whitcomb had a small herd on the Box Elder in Colorado, about thirty miles north of Fort Collins. Captain Maynard had a small herd at Meadow Springs, Colorado, which is not far from the old Whitcomb Ranch. Zack Thomason was also associated with Captain Maynard. He afterwards became connected with G. B. Goodell, and when Swan Brothers organized their company, was employed by them as manager and was also financially interested with them. He afterwards sold his interests in the Swan Cattle Company and purchased an interest in the Ogallala Cattle Company of Ogallala, Nebraska.

These men were among the first to go into the business. However, it did not take long for the cowman to venture farther north into the Indian country, for H. B. Kelley located a herd on the Chugwater, about sixty miles north of Cheyenne. These cattle were branded with an M2. At about the same time a Mr. Jack Hunton went into the business and located his cattle on the Chugwater. Durbin Brothers also were among the first in the Indian country. They located their herd on Bear Creek.

The first of the men to come from the States to enter the cow business was G. B. Goodell. He came from Brattleboro, Vermont, and located in Goshen Hole. So fast did this industry grow, notwithstanding the dangers of Indian raiders, that by 1875 all of the country south of the North Platte was filled with cattle by companies which came after the men named above. Prominent among these pioneer big companies were the following: Swan Brothers; John Creighton, of Omaha; Code Brothers; Daitor Brothers; Sturgis, Lane and Goodell; Walker and Johnson; F. M. Phillips; E. Nagle, Whipple and Hay, and Evans and Haas.

There was plenty of good range north of the North Platte, but no one could locate cattle there, for all of the range north of the river was Indian reservation and the Territorial Government would not permit anyone to locate cattle on this reservation. However,

after the Custer Massacre, in 1876, and the Black Hills gold discoveries, the Indian question became less serious and was largely ignored, and cowmen began to cross large herds in 1877. Among the first to locate their cattle on this reservation was R. S. Vantassell, who moved the J. A. Moore herd from the South Platte River and located on the Running Water.

Carey Brothers moved their herd from Horse Creek to the north side of the North Platte and located at about where Casper now stands. C. F. Coffee located his herd on Hat Creek and F. S. Lusk located on the Running Water. At about this time there were several others who moved cattle into this territory. It did

MR. KUYKENDALL'S ROUNDUP OUTFIT ON THE NORTH PLATTE IN 1882

Camp located about seven miles below Saratoga. Mr. Kuykendall is at the left in the white hair chaps.

not take long to fill all of the range to the Montana line, after the first cattle crossed the North Platte, for the cowman had taken possession of the western part of South Dakota and the eastern part of Wyoming to the Montana line and as far west as the Sweetwater. The first to locate on the Sweetwater was Tom Sun. The next was John T. Stewart, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. John Clay bought the Stewart herd in 1882.

Among the first to go to the north were: Morton Frewen (an Englishman, later a prominent member of Parliament, and a great financial authority), Harry Oelrichs and Charles Oelrichs (New Yorkers of prominence), F. J. Windsor, A. R. Converse, E. Nagle, Conrad Kohrs, Otto France, George A. Keeline and Son,

Henry A. Blair (now president of the street car system in Chicago), Allerton F. Spencer, Edgar B. Bronson (financed by Peter Cooper, and later an author of importance), Bartlett Richards, J. Howard Ford, S. F. Emmons, Coggeshall and Warner, Plunkett and Roche (Sir Horace Plunkett, later prominent in the British Parliament), F. Tillotson, Price and Jenks, Addoms and Glover, R. A. Torrey, Frank Walcott, Peters and Alston, Searight Brothers, Ferdon and Biddle, Thomas and Paige, Pratt and Ferris, John H. Conrad, B. E. Brewster, T. A. Kent, May Goldschmidtt, C. Hect, Teschmacher and DeBillier, and Post and Warren. Warren was a Senator of the United States from Wyoming for thirty-seven years. He died November 24, 1929.

George T. Morgan, an Englishman, came to Wyoming in 1876.[1] He brought the first Hereford bulls to Wyoming in 1878. They were imported for A. H. Swan. These bulls were the first Herefords I ever saw and I am of the opinion they were the first brought to the United States.

There were many others who went into this wild Indian country and fought the Indians to hold the range for their cattle. Their men went through many hardships to open the country. The only reward they ever received was making it possible for their cowhands to locate ranches on these ranges and immediately record a brand for themselves, and as it so happened that these cowhands had no cattle of their own and with a brand recorded in their names, they just had to put the branding iron into the fire. They so branded the calves belonging to the big cowmen. The stealing of cattle, the overstocking of the range, hard winters and the low prices forced most of the large cattle companies out of the business between the years 1885 and 1890. Later on the industry was revived.

I have always had a high regard for the cowmen of those days, for they were brave, honest and obliging and good companions. And I must say that Wyoming is under many obligations to them and could well afford to erect a monument to their memory.

[1]There were many Englishmen and Scotchmen who entered the cattle business. Among the Englishmen I have known are the following: Ashworth Richard; Johnson; Cooper, Marsh and Cooper; Horace Plunket; Morton Frewen; Sartoris and Douglas Willand; Whitehouse; Harrison; Jefferson; Hankey, Dendy and Cook; Frank Kemp; William "Billy" Jevins; J. Seaton Carr; Harry Hoffman; Cowen Brothers; "Daddy" Maude; Harry Maude; Alfred Storrs; John Pullan; William Portious; Richard "Dick" Walsh; Theodore White; Lord Dunraven; Richard "Dick" Frewen. Scotchmen I have known are: Andrew Gilchrist, John Clay, Murdo McKenzie, L. Ogilvy, Finley Dunn, James Shepherd, and George Mitchell.

With the Indians in Colorado

CHARLES S. STOBIE*

I was born in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, on March 18, 1845, and moved with my parents to Chicago in the winter of 1862-3.

I crossed the plains to Colorado in the summer of 1865, during the Indian troubles, and was in three skirmishes with hostile Indians between Fort Kearny and Fort Sedgwick on the Platte River. We followed the stage road on the south side of the river. I was

CHARLES S. STOBIE, D. C. OAKES AND JIM BAKER, PIONEERS IN DEALING WITH THE WHITE RIVER UTES OF COLORADO

reported as having "made good" in saving the horse, mule and cattle herds of wagon trains along the Platte. Old "California Joe" Milner, who was with us, chose me as his partner on night and early morning guard duty. In our wagon train they credited me with getting seven of the attacking Indians before they retreated behind the swells on the north side of the Platte. The news was carried to Denver by the Ben Holladay stagecoaches, and when I arrived in the small frontier town of Denver, I found my name in the papers, the *Rocky Mountain News*, etc. From that time for-

*Mr. Stobie was a pioneer artist and painter in Colorado. He lives in Chicago today.

ward I never wanted for employment, friends or money in Colorado.

Major D. C. Oakes, Judge H. P. Bennet and Uriah Curtis, the Ute interpreter, were my friends and co-workers. I was scout for Major Jacob Downing in 1868 against the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, who were attacking the settlers on the Kiowa and Bijou creeks and at other points east of Denver. My partner on these scouting trips was Johnny Cisco, who had been a messenger on the Smoky Hill coaches and had been instrumental in saving many lives and much property along the old Smoky Hill route.

In 1866 I went across the Snowy Range by way of Berthoud Pass and lived with Nevava's band of Ute Indians, who were hostile to the plains Indians. I was the only white man with the Ute "war party" when we had a fight with the Arapahoes and Cheyennes in Middle Park, near Grand Lake. We repulsed them and took seven scalps. Others were killed or wounded, but they were thrown across the ponies' backs and carried off. On our return to the main Ute village near Hot Sulphur Springs, on the Grand River, we had scalp dances and parades every forenoon and night for over two weeks. The Utes made me take part in all of these as a warrior who had "made good."

When the White River Ute Agency (Northern) was located I was detailed to go as scout with Major D. C. Oakes and Judge Bennet. U. M. Curtis as interpreter and old Jim Baker as mountaineer and guide were along. We were to locate the Northern or White River Agency below the forks of White River, northwestern Colorado. Mr. William Coull from the Divide (south of Denver) also was with us. The Sioux and Cheyennes at this time were bad, up toward Whiskey Gap, northwest of Fort Steele, Wyoming. (I had various experiences in that part of Wyoming.)

In many varied trips from Wyoming in the north to the borders of Arizona, New Mexico and southwestern Colorado, I met many bands of many tribes. I also explored the Cliff Dwellings of Mesa Verde in southwestern Colorado, and around the Four Corners.

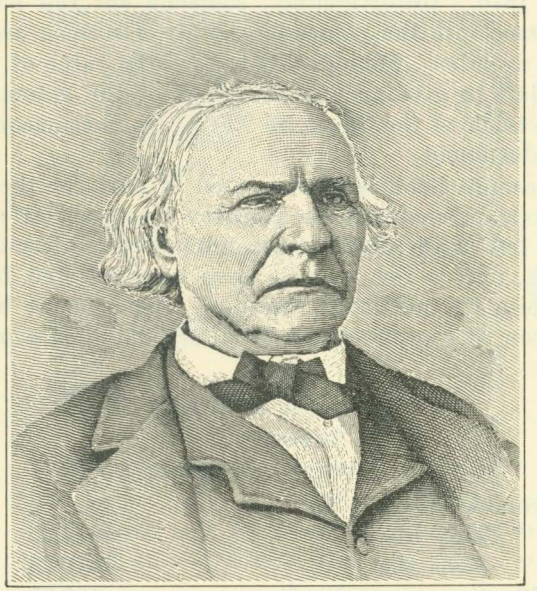
I hunted buffalo at times in winter season both north and south of Fort Wallace, in southeast Colorado and western Kansas. My partner in buffalo hunting was Irvin Mudeater, an educated Wyandotte Indian. We had several narrow escapes in fights from plains Indians, who resented our hunting on their old buffalo ranges. We shipped both buffalo meat, saddles, and hump meat and tongues to the Missouri River towns.

A Raton Pass Mountain Road Toll Book

JAMES F. WILLARD*

Among the Samuel W. De Busk manuscripts at the University of Colorado there is an account book kept by George C. McBride for the period April 1, 1869-August 9, 1870. It records the receipts from persons crossing from southern Colorado to northern New Mexico, or in the other direction, by way of the Santa Fé Trail over the Raton Pass Mountain Road.

The builder and owner of the toll road over Raton Pass was that picturesque character, "Uncle Dick" Wootton. On Febru-



"UNCLE DICK" WOOTTON, COLORADO PIONEER

ary 10, 1865, the governor of the Territory of Colorado approved an act to incorporate "The Trinidad, Ratoon [Raton] Mountain Road."[1] Richard L. Wootton was granted the power to build the road and to collect such tolls as might be fixed by the county commissioners of Huerfano County. The road was to lead from Trinidad up the Purgatory to the southern line of Colorado

*Dr. Willard, head of the History Department of the University of Colorado, has published several volumes of source material for Colorado history in addition to his numerous contributions to English and medieval history. He contributed a valuable article on "Spreading the News of the Early Discoveries of Gold in Colorado" to the *Colorado Magazine* of May, 1929.—Ed.

[1]*Colorado Session Laws*, 1865, p. 117.

through and over Ratoon [Raton] Mountains by way of "or as mear as possible to the old route known as the Santa Fé and Bent's Old Fort Road." No record has been found of a contemporary charter granted by the territorial legislature of New Mexico.[2]

Though it is highly improbable that "Uncle Dick" kept detailed accounts when he was at home at the northern end of the pass, his partner, McBride, did so while Wootton was away in 1869-1870. On the first page of his account book there is a statement of monthly totals from April 1, 1869, to April 1, 1870. The immediately following pages are blank. On page fifty there begins a detailed statement of receipts from December 1, 1869, to August 9, 1870. Unfortunately, someone cut the book in two before it came into the possession of Mr. De Busk and only the upper part remains. Though this lessens the value of the record, enough is left to give an excellent idea of the volume of traffic over one section of the Santa Fé Trail.[3] On that account it is an important document.

This account book is now printed in part for the first time. The first extract contains the monthly totals as far as they go. As what is left of the detailed accounts covers thirty-three pages of the book, only a few months have been selected for publication. Despite its mutilated condition, the account book shows that Wootton was in possession of a very valuable property.

[Page 1]

Account of Money
Taken In By
1869 George C. McBride

From April the 1 To		
" May the 1 "	$ 424.05	
" June the 1 "	1019.73	
June 12 Goverment Draft	156.91	
From June 1 To July 1	1067.90	
" July 1 To Augest 1	914.50	
" Augest 1 To Sept. 1	621.85	
" Sept 1 To Oct 1	744.00	
" Oct 1 To Nov 1	585.90	
Nov 1 To Dec 1	444.45	
Dec 1 To Jan 1/1870	569.53	
Amount To Jan 1 1870	$6548.82	

[2]Bess McKennan, "The Toll Road Over Raton Pass," *The New Mexico Historical Review*, II, 85 (January, 1927).

[3]For a more extended account of the place of the road in the history of the Santa Fé Trail, see Bess McKennan, *op. cit.*, 83-89.

Over charged on Goverment Draft	163.93	
	$6384.89	
1870		
Jan 1st to Feb 1st	310.30	
1st To Mar 1st	316.40	
st to April 1st	296.10	

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List of Money Taken In
At the Raton Pass Toll gate
By George C. McBride

Dec 1	Toll Meals ect	$ 3.25	
" "	" 2 wagons	3.00	
" "	" 3 horseman	.75	
" "	" of Tompson	3.50	
" "	" 2 horseman	.50	
" "	" 1 Wagon	1.50	
" "	"	.50	
" "	1 Meal ect	1.50	
			$ 14.50
" 2	Toll of Chanler	2.00	
" "	Meat	2.50	
	Toll ect	2.35	
			6.85
" 3	Toll 4 Wagons	6.00	
	" 6 "	9.00	
	Toll ect	2.90	
			17.90
" 4	Toll Meals ect	4.75	
			4.75
" 5	Toll of Wilbern	7.00	

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List of Money Taken In

To Amount bt Over			132.85
Dec 12	Toll 25 1 Meal 75	$ 1.00	
	For Hay	1.00	
			2.00

" 13	Beef	1.25	
	Whiskey	.75	
	of Louis Salsbery	10.00	
	Corn	1.00	
	For hauling Team up mountain	2.50	
	Whiskey ect	9.10	
	Toll ect	6.20	
	Bread	2.75	
			33.55
" 14	Toll 4 Wagons	6.00	
	Hay for 4 Span	4.00	
" "	1 Meal	.75	
			10.75
" 15	4 Meals	3.00	
" "	horse feed 1.00 Toll 25	1.25	
" "	1 meal 75 Toll 25	1.00	
" "	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
	Toll 2 Wagons	3.00	

[Remainder of page missing]

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List of Money Taken In

Dec 22			$273.30
" "	Toll hay & Meat	$ 5.50	
" "	Toll & hay	2.50	
" "	Toll Meals & hay	4.00	
" "	Toll 2 Wagons	3.00	
	Whiskey	.40	
" "	Toll	1.75	
" "	"	2.00	
" "	"	1.00	
" "	" and Meal	2.00	
	Whiskey	2.00	
			24.10
" 23	Toll ect	13.25	
			13.25
" 24	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
" "	" 1 "	1.50	
			3.00

" 25	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
" "	" 1 horseman	.25	
" "	1 candle	.10	
			1.85
" 26	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	

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List of Money Taken In

Dec 29	To Amount Bt Over		$527.73
" "	Toll 2 Wagons	3.00	
" "	" 1 horseman	.25	
" "	Toll 7 Wagons	10.50	
" "	Toll 13 Wagons	19.00	
			32.75
" 30	Toll Meals ect	3.75	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
			5.25
" 31	Toll 1 horseman	.25	
" "	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
" "	" 1 "	1.50	
	hay	.55	
			3.80
			$569.53

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List of Money Taken In

1870			
July 1	Toll ect	7.20	
			$ 7.20
" 2	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
			.50
" 3	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
" "	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
"	Toll for Knife	.50	
" "	Toll ect	1.40	
			3.40

" 4	Toll ect	10.45	
			10.45
" "	Bread	1.65	
" "	Blanket of Mexican	1.75	
" 5	Toll ect	11.75	
" "	Toll 1 horseman	.25	
	Toll 2 Wagons	2.00	
" "	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
" "	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
			18.90
" 12	Toll 4 Wagons	6.00	
	Toll for horses	.70	

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List of Money Taken In

July 16	To Amount forward		$121.95
" "	Toll 3 Wagons	$ 4.50	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
	Toll 8 Wagons	12.00	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
			20.00
" 17	Toll 1 horseman	.25	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
	Toll 2 Buros	.50	
			1.75
" 18	Toll 3 Wagons	4.50	
	Toll 1 horseman	.25	
			4.75
" 19	Toll 7 Wagons	10.50	
	Toll 4 Wagons	6.00	
	Toll 1 Bugy	1.00	
	Toll 2 Wagons	3.00	
" "	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
			21.50

" 20	Toll 2 Wagons	2.00	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
			3.50

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List of Money Taken In

July 23	To Amount Forward		$256.95
" 24	Toll 4 horseman	1.00	
	" 1 "	.25	
	Toll 7 Wagons	10.50	
	Toll 8 Wagons	8.00	
" "	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
			20.25
" 25	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
	Toll 3 horseman	.75	
	Toll 1 Wagon	1.00	
	Toll 1 "	1.00	
" "	Toll 2 horseman	.50	
			4.75
" 26	Toll ect	8.50	
			8.50
" 27	Toll 1 Wagon	1.50	
	Toll 9 Wagons	13.50	
" "	Toll 1 Bugy	1.00	
			16.00
" 28	Toll 1 horse	.20	
	Toll 2 Wagons	2.50	
			2.70
" 29	Toll 1 horseman	.25	
			.25

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