

Santa Fe Trail Association

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***Enos and Jennie Culver Memoir, Travel Diary and Correspondence
while travelling the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real 1869-1871***

Joy Poole and Mike Olsen

Trails in Transition: The Memoir, Travel Diary, Family Correspondence and Newspaper Articles of Enos and Jennie Culver

Foreword by Joy Poole

This undated memoir by Enos and Jennie Culver was received from a Culver ancestor, Kim Thomson, an artist who now resides in Washington. Through a dinner conversation during my holiday visit to Santa Fe I learned one her ancestors had travelled the Santa Fe Trail. The original handwritten account of Enos and Jennie Culver's trip out west has been lost. Mr. Culver probably wrote this account sometime after 1915 but prior to his death in 1926. This is estimated from the use of the word motor car [automobile] in the memoir and his comment on the reduced amount of time required to travel portions of the Camino Real by motor car. The Enos Culver memoir was transcribed from a typed manuscript. Unfortunately, without the original there are some missing and indecipherable words which will remain unknown until the original is located. Annotations were researched with assistance from George Torok, Ph.D., while Michael Olsen, Ph.D. provided a contextual overview.

One of the personal highlights that made this research project so rewarding was receiving a photograph of Enos from the Thomson family. Even more exciting was locating the original handwritten letters of the Culver and Bull families, when they were living in Mesilla, at the Cleo Redd Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio. Jim Sharp their Curator, and Roxanne Baumgartner who lives in the Greek Revival two story brick home of Sarah and Thomas J. Bull Sr. in Loudonville, Ohio, assisted in ways beyond anyone's expectations. Roxanne provided pictures of Jennie and her eldest son Tommie as well as photos of her sister, Libba and other family members. She virtually bridged the physical distance between Ohio and New Mexico by sending digital facsimiles of the handwritten letters. A diary handwritten by Jennie was revealed due to Curator Jim Sharp's probing question. *"What are you trying to accomplish?"* I responded, *"I'm interested in accounts of people who travelled the Santa Fe Trail and the Camino Real."* *"Well in that case,"* Jim said, *"We also have a short diary written by Jennie of their first few days in Sheridan, Kansas and beyond."* *"Jim, you have more materials from the Culvers? Oh, I must have a copy of that too!"* The diary and over two dozen letters were first transcribed by Patricia Haynes a descendent of the Bull family. Her dedicated efforts and transcriptions of Jennie and her husband's handwriting were extremely helpful. Still since she didn't speak Spanish or have any familiarity with place names and New Mexican businesses I found it necessary to view the originals and make corrections which required additional transcription and proof reading of the Bull - Culver family letters at the Cleo Redd Fisher Museum. Jennie's brief diary and pertinent letters have been incorporated into this memoir.

In addition to Jennie's diary and her letters home, Enos wanted to share his western experiences with the folks back home in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. He sent articles to the editor of the *Wellsboro Agitator*, which were published under the byline of ESC. These articles when pertinent are inserted into the endnotes. Finally, I'm indebted to

Susan Berry, former Director of the Silver City Museum in southwestern New Mexico who provided me typed versions of the Culver and Bull letters written to family members in Loudonville, Ohio. I'm grateful to volunteers including Rose Thompson, Minnie Beier and Helen Geer, all of whom have travelled with me over sections of the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real.

As indicated, each historical puzzle piece often reveals another clue which leads to a bit more information ultimately providing a more complete narrative story. This puzzle of one family's travels along the western trails is now available for posterity. It reveals one family's dashed hopes for a better life in Nuevo Mexico via the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real which ended in disappointment and tragedy.

Enos Slosson Culver [1837-1926] was born and raised in Elkland, Tioga County, Pennsylvania. He was the oldest son of Leander and Dorothy (Dolly) Culver. His father was in the lumbering business and as a result of that trade and distribution learned to pilot lumber down the Susquehanna River. Later in his career, Leander Culver built and operated the Culver Hotel in Elkland, Pennsylvania. Leander Culver gave Enos and his younger brother Frederick the opportunity to earn money in his lumber business by piloting small rafts of timber to Corning, NY. Afterwards Enos by himself "ran many oak rafts to Corning, [New York]." He and Fred attended various district schools until his father sent them to Union Academy in the Cawamesque Valley in Pennsylvania. After graduating from the Academy, Enos started to study law "*in deference to my father for I was not naturally inclined that way.*" His brother-in-law Robert T. Wood, an attorney, instructed him and Enos read law books in Wood's office. At this time, the John C. Fremont presidential campaign had opened and Enos was "*an enthusiastic supporter of the pathfinder.*" He and a friend started preparing themselves for potential speaking engagements on Fremont and Free Soil. Each wrote and memorized a speech. Upon giving their speeches to a Republican house, he and his friend were in demand as public speakers throughout Tioga County. According to Enos, Tioga County became a Republican county. His first Presidential ballot was cast [in 1856] for John C. Fremont, and he remained a Republican his entire life. By May of 1860, the twenty three year old was commissioned as the Justice of the Peace in Tioga County. When the Civil War broke out, Wood turned his law office over to Enos. Wood raised a company of young men and was elected Captain. By June of 1862 Enos [had] also raised a partial company and took them south where they joined Captain Wood's cavalry company [the 2nd Pennsylvania Cavalry]. Enos fought in various battles for the last months of 1862 and possibly into 1863. By May of 1863, however he had returned to Tioga County, PA. He resumed his law studies and was admitted as an Attorney and Counselor at Wellsboro on May 26, 1863. During this period, he recruited some volunteers for the Union Army. On July 4, 1863 at Harrisburg, this group – known as the 35th Regiment Militia Infantry – was organized for the protection of Pennsylvania during General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. The men mustered on August 7, 1863.

After the war, he moved to Loudonville, Ohio, where his cousin A.B. Fuller lived. There he practiced law. He met and eventually married Jennie Bull on October 5, 1865. They returned to Elkland, Pennsylvania, his hometown. Then he received a political

appointment in the Back Pay and Bounty Department, [a short lived postwar agency within the U.S. Treasury Department] and left for Washington, D.C. When Jennie joined him there, Enos was working a 9 – 3 shift which provided leisure time for them to enjoy the museums, theaters and plays. They also would sit in the legislative galleries and hear the exciting debates on the reconstruction of the south.

He returned to Pennsylvania in 1867 and entered the [Culver House] hotel business with this father. In 1869, after his father's death, Enos and Jennie were invited to La Mesilla, New Mexico by Thomas J. Bull, Jennie's half brother. Thomas Bull portrayed New Mexico as the land of opportunity and potential riches with the mining district of [nearby] Grant County. Jennie by this time was suffering from ill health, and the Culvers thought her condition would improve in the arid climate of New Mexico. Enos, [and his pregnant wife] Jennie and their two a half year old son Tommy took the Kansas Pacific train to the western terminus of the railroad which in June of 1869 was Sheridan, Kansas.¹ They travelled to the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail and entered New Mexico via Raton Pass. They continued down El Camino Real to Mesilla, NM. Enos engaged in various business endeavors and mining speculations, none of which resulted in the Culvers "getting rich." Sadly, after two years of the Culvers trying to scrape together a living in New Mexico, Jennie died of tuberculosis, leaving Enos with two small boys. After a time, he left New Mexico and returned to the Midwest. Although he had the intention of returning to New Mexico to finalize some real estate transactions, he probably never returned to New Mexico. In 1876 he married a school teacher named Eliza T. Stewart. They had two children, both of whom died in infancy. He and Eliza eventually settled in Eau Claire, Wisconsin where he was a businessman. Both of Enos's sons from his first marriage later married and raised their families in Eau Claire. Tommie was a banker and Howard owned a shoe store. According to *the "Eau Claire Leader"* newspaper Enos passed away in March of 1926.

Henrietta "Jennie" Bull Culver [1846-1871] was born in Loudonville, Ohio on September 10, 1846. Her parents were Thomas Jefferson and Sarah Bull. During the 1830's, Thomas Jefferson Bull, an attorney, was also an operator of a flour mill and a saw mill. T.J. Bull died in 1862. His widow, Sarah, then married Joseph Pippitt in 1862. Jennie had three brothers and one sister. Her half brother, Thomas Jefferson Bull, was 20+ years her senior. He was the [half] brother who invited Jennie and Enos to Mesilla where he was a merchant, fruit grower and politician. Elizabeth "Libba" Marie Bull, 3 years older than Jennie, married her step-father's son Henry R. Pippitt. As a young girl Jennie attended Haskell's Academy in Loudonville, Ohio. From her letters we learn she was an accomplished seamstress and cook. She was very religious and read her Bible frequently. She married Enos in Loudonville when she was nineteen. Courageously, she was 8 months pregnant when she travelled from her home in Loudonville, Ohio to Mesilla, New Mexico. Jennie gave birth to the Culver's second son, Howard Leander in Grant County shortly after their arrival in New Mexico in July of 1869. She died in early November of 1871 at the age of 25.

In closing as one reads through Jennie's letters one common theme was the yearning to go home and of being homesick. She tried to remain optimistic. One also senses

feelings of betrayal since Thomas Bull had portrayed Mesilla and New Mexico as the land of opportunity and where mining in the ore rich mountains promised wealth for those willing to take the risk and work hard. The Culvers were obviously disappointed with the situation they found in New Mexico. Thomas Bull also apparently did not follow through with the financial or business support and mentorship he spoke of when enticing them to join him in New Mexico.

Editor's Note

Both Enos and Jennie were well educated and wrote fairly well. Without seeing the original manuscript written by Enos, there is some uncertainty whether words were misspelled by Enos or typed incorrectly by another family member on a typewriter. In order to make the passages easier to read, I have corrected a variety of spelling errors. For example *their* instead of *thier* was corrected 59 times throughout the manuscript. *Burried* was replaced by *buried* 6 times. Some of the other words consistently misspelled which were corrected include:

- *finally* replaced *finily*,
- *realized* replaced *realised*,
- *mystery* replaced *mistery*,
- *village* replaced *villiage*,
- *wagons* replaced *waggon*s

Apostrophes were not used with contractions or possessives. I have not inserted them into the transcriptions. I have also not altered the Kansas-Colorado diary excerpts of Jennie nor the letters she wrote to her sister, Libba and her mother.

Punctuation was not used in the 19th century as it is today. For clarity, I have inserted commas and periods. Capitalization was inconsistent; sometimes the first word of a sentence was capitalized, sometimes not. Some of the words in the middle of sentences were capitalized in a random manner in these cases I have attempted to change unnecessary capitalized letters and converted them to lower case. Blank spaces in the document represent indecipherable words.

An Overview by Michael L. Olsen

When Enos and Jennie Culver emigrated from Ohio to New Mexico in 1869, they traversed three historic American trails, the Smoky Hill and Santa Fe trails and El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. In 1873, when Enos left New Mexico with his two sons, Jennie having died there, he again traveled the Camino Real and the Santa Fe Trail. At this time these roads were in transition, their days as freighting and stagecoach routes now being cut short by the advent of various railroad lines. The Culver family papers provide a timely snapshot of this change. Interestingly, the Culvers experienced the usual rigors and delights of trail travel, and there is little out of the ordinary in their accounts. This does not diminish the value of these documents; instead, this memoir and diary, and these letters and newspaper articles serve to expand and reinforce our understanding of this era in Southwestern history.

The Smoky Hill Trail across Kansas and into Colorado was the first route the Culvers followed. Gold miners on their way to the diggings in the Colorado Rockies had blazed this route only a decade previously. The Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express began service from Atchison, Kansas to Denver along the trail in 1859, though this company soon failed. In 1865 service was resumed by the Butterfield Overland Dispatch at the expensive rate of \$175 per person, plus the cost of meals. The Kansas Pacific Railway, as it ultimately came to be known, began building west from Kansas City, following the Smoky Hill road in 1864 and completed the line to Denver in 1870. The tracks reached Sheridan, Kansas, approximately 50 miles east of the Kansas-Colorado border in 1868.

Two aspects of the Culvers' journey on the Kansas Pacific are of particular interest. First, Enos noted that there was a party of eight tourists from Boston taking the train to the end of the line for sightseeing and amusement. They were the forerunners of millions of passengers who went west "on the rails" for leisure and recreation in the next century. One wonders what these Bostonians made of their stay in Sheridan, given Jennie's description of the lawlessness and gunfights that she and Enos encountered during their stay. Second, Enos mentioned a buffalo stampede that stopped the train, a stampede that, he said, was like those that trampled entire emigrant wagon trains into the dust. While his account rings true, with passengers and even his little son firing guns at the buffalo, Enos wrote his memoir at least 40 years after the event, and his memory may have been enhanced by the literature and lithographs depicting stampedes which had circulated widely at the end of the nineteenth century.

From Sheridan, the Culvers traveled in a carriage provided by Jennie's half-brother, Thomas Bull, along with a wagon train hauling goods for Bull's mercantile enterprises, southwest to New Mexico. A week after leaving Sheridan they reached and crossed the Arkansas River, though where they made their crossing is not clear. As the railhead towns on the Kansas Pacific moved west, a number of "branch" trails from the Smoky Hill Trail to the Arkansas sprang up and were used briefly.

The Culvers now followed the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail along the Arkansas and then to Trinidad, Colorado, over Raton Pass and south through New Mexico. A Missouri trader, William Becknell, had opened the Santa Fe Trail from Franklin, Missouri

to Santa Fe in 1821. By the 1830s it carried over \$1,000,000 annually in goods between the American frontier and New Mexico, which at that time was a northern province of the Republic of Mexico.

In 1846 the trail became a route of conquest, taken by the United States Army of the West in its occupation and annexation of the Southwest. From then through the 1870s it served not only as a commercial link across the prairies but was the army's major supply route for forts and posts in west Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Earlier, in 1850, Waldo, Hall and Company had inaugurated mail and passenger stagecoach service between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad began building west along the trail from Topeka, Kansas in 1868 and reached Syracuse, Kansas, near the Colorado border, in 1872. Mainline access to Santa Fe proved not to be feasible, but a branch line from Lamy, New Mexico to Santa Fe was completed in 1880, thus ending six decades of freighting and travel on the Santa Fe Trail.

Neither Enos nor Jennie dwells on their experience of the Santa Fe Trail. It is not even clear that they passed through Santa Fe, since it is not mentioned in their accounts. They may have bypassed it and aimed straight for Albuquerque. Enos does provide glimpses of local life along the trail at this time, though his characterization of Trinidad as a place where "*[h]orseracing; gambling and whiskey drinking seemed to be the general occupation of the people,*" perhaps says more about his Eastern sensibilities than about Trinidad. His family received the generous and friendly gift of a goat from a "Mexican" woman at Raton Pass, and he is both enthralled and repelled by the funeral of a "Mexican" girl killed by lightning at the Cimarron Crossing on the old Maxwell Land Grant.

The last leg of the Culvers' trip was south from Albuquerque to Mesilla via the ancient Camino Real, following the valley of the Rio Grande. Long used by indigenous people, this trail had been pioneered by a Spaniard, Juan de Oñate, in his colonization of New Mexico in 1598. Enos recalled crossing the *Jornada del Muerto*, a 100 mile waterless stretch dreaded by everyone who traveled this route. The Culvers had to camp out two nights on the *Jornada* and on one of them heard the approach of many horses. Fearing an Indian attack, Enos prepared for the worst, but looming out of the darkness came a contingent of U.S. Cavalry – a company of the famed "buffalo soldiers." Travel and safety did not significantly improve along the Camino Real until a rail link from Albuquerque reached Las Cruces in 1881 eight years after Enos Culver and his sons had left.

Of note in the Culver papers are Jennie's experiences as a woman on the western trails and Enos' expectations of and reactions to confrontations with Native peoples. Jennie especially records observations and incidents along the Smoky Hill and Santa Fe trails in her letters that replicate those of other women travelers. They are important nonetheless because so few women crossed the plains, by wagon or carriage, particularly at this late date. Enos accurately reflects the unsettled state of affairs, especially with regard to the Apaches, in central and southern New Mexico.

It is interesting to compare Jennie's letters with entries in the diary of Lucinda Wiseman Trieloff, who crossed from Manhattan, Kansas to La Joya, New Mexico, near Socorro, entirely by wagon in 1877 with her husband, Carl. Like the Culvers, the Trieloffs headed west in search of a better life. Both women, for example, admired the wild flowers they saw. Lucinda, on July 5, 1877 along the Smoky Hill River in central Kansas, says "The Spiderwort grows at least 2 ft. high here and the flowers are all of a light blue color." On May 29, 1869, Jennie wrote, "I went & took a walk this morning to get some flowers to send to Libba off of the sandy plains of K.S." Libba was her sister in Ohio, to whom she sent frequent letters. Both women also often missed their Midwestern homes and scenes, Jennie lamenting on June 1, "I sometimes think that God has forgotten this land for it is so dry & barren."²

Another comparable woman's experience that links well with Jennie's is that of Frances M. A. Roe, who accompanied her Army officer husband to his posting at Fort Lyon, Colorado in 1871. The Roes took the Kansas Pacific west to Kit Carson, Colorado and then proceeded south by stagecoach. Of her trip from Kit Carson to Fort Lyon, Frances recalled, "But there was not one object to be seen on the vast rolling plains – not a tree nor a house, except for the wretched ranch and stockade where we got fresh horses and a perfectly uneatable dinner."³

Enos's memoir is studded with references to his encounters with Native peoples in a variety of situations and instances. As was almost universally prevalent at the time, he regarded Indians as "savages" and participated in, as he put it, more than one "Indian hunt." By this time, southern New Mexico, as well as southeastern Arizona, west Texas and northern Mexico had witnessed centuries of altercations between the regional Apache peoples and the Spanish, then the Mexican government and people and, after 1846, with Americans and the U.S. Army. Reviewing his personal situation in the summer of 1870, Enos remarked, "*Indians became worse if possible than before. This was the state of things when I moved there [Piños Altos] to live. Of course we were in danger of massacre at any moment and I found it very difficult to transact my business at Fort Bayard and other places without an escort which I seldom had. About this time I bought a fine black Mustang pony from a Mexican train. He could run like a streak and I used to go to Fort Bayard and back alone. And I am quite sure that his speed has saved me from the Indians more than once.*" This state of affairs continued with varying intensity until the capture of Geronimo in 1886.

Jennie Culver died in Silver City, New Mexico on November 7, 1871, of tuberculosis, leaving Enos with two sons: Tommy, who was four years old, and Howard, just over two years old. After two more years in New Mexico, struggling to raise his family and maintain businesses, Enos decided to leave. He headed for South Dakota, where his parents then lived.

To reach South Dakota, Enos and his sons traveled from Silver City with five or six men going by wagon north to Pueblo, Colorado. Consequently, Enos once again endured the Camino Real and the *Jornada*. The party rested a few days in Santa Fe, where

Enos and the boys stayed at the famous La Fonda Hotel. They then continued north on the Santa Fe Trail, encountering snow in late April at Raton Pass and in southern Colorado. He left the trail behind at Trinidad and in Pueblo made railroad connections on the Denver & Rio Grande through to Denver.

Enos had been in New Mexico just four years, – 1869-1873 – but even in that short time the old trails had evolved and would soon be no more.

ENOS CULVER MEMOIR with Jennie Culver's Travel Diary of the Santa Fe Trail and family correspondence.

Winter of 1868 and the spring of 1869 – Leander Culver's Accident and Death

In the winter of 1868 & 1869 Father concluded to get some logs into Davenports Mill have them sawed into lumber and so increase our income. I was in the meantime to [run] the [Culver House] hotel. We obtained the timber of R[obert T.] Wood his son-in-law, about two miles from town and hired a man - took his team and commenced cutting and hauling bass wood and cucumber logs. He had succeeded well all winter and had many logs at the mill and we all felt glad that his winters work was about over and he felt in good spirits as he said he could now see his way out of debt which had troubled him much. Very early on the morning of March first, 1869 he took his man and team and started for the woods. About noon I saw the team coming down the street on the full run and the man playing the whip upon them at every _____. As he passed the house I yelled at him but he paid no attention but drove up to Dr. Wrights across the street. I knew then something was the matter. I rushed over there and learned by the man or boy he was not over 18 years old named _____ Lewis that father was very badly hurt by the falling limb of a tree. I wanted to hear no more but run at the top of my speed for the woods. I hadnt gone over a half of a mile before I met my brother Fred, who had been up in the woods with a sleigh. He had father on some blankets in the sleigh and he seemed to be unconsc[ious]. We took him home Dr. Wright and Dr. Humph[e]ry was sent for and also Dr. _ B. Eagle from Mansfield. Humphrey claimed that there was no chance for him whatever unless we would consent to have an operation performed claiming that the skull was cracked and pressing down on the brain, Dr. Wright didnt say much but didnt seem to quite agree with Humphrey. Dr. Eagle had not arrived. Humphrey seemed determined and in earnest repeating over and over that it was the only chance to save his life and the longer it was delayed the worse it was for him. We final[l]y consented but I believe now It was a mistake. Though no one can tell what would have been the result if a different course had been taken. He bored through the skull with his instrument and as it penetrated the skull I saw the instrument settle perhaps a quarter of an inch. The Dr. quickly [withdrew] it and I knew he had made a blunder for I was intently watching. It has been my belief since that the Dr. had been drinking a little to brace his nerves for the operation and had perhaps taken a little too much. I want to put it on record that it is my firm belief that no physician should touch the vile stuff as a drink, and that it would be much better for the world if all the liquors in existence could be destroyed and never another drop manufactured. My father began immediately to sink and he never again rallied. These are facts which I havent the heart to dwell upon. He was buried on March 4th 1869 the day of Gen[eral] Grants inauguration as President of the United States. He died without an enemy in the world that we know of. Though I have sometimes thought that perhaps young Lewis did not give us the true story of his death he being the only witness to it and he turning out afterward to be an unprincipled man. No father was ever kinder to his children than ours. Our home was now desolate. A vacancy had occurred which could never be filled. His funeral was _____ attended. His friends came from all parts of the county. It was the

greatest _____ that had ever befallen our family and we all felt our loss _____.

May of 1869 – Thomas Bull’s invitation to come west to NM

Shortly after this about the last of May, Thomas J. Bull⁴ my wifes half brother came to my house on his way to New York and Phila” [delphia] to buy goods. He stop[p]ed a day or two and talked up New Mexico to us. He had started for California in his younger days from Ohio, in search of gold during the height of the gold fever but was taken sick at La M[esilla]⁵ New Mexico and upon his recovery concluded to go no farther. He settled there and married a Mexican woman. He took contracts of getting out lumber for the government to be used at Fort Seldon⁶ on the Rio Grande and sawed out the lumber in the mountains with a whip saw⁷, in this way he made a start but afterward going into the mercantile business became rich. He was anxious we should go home with him to New Mexico. He talked of the Hanover Copper mine of which he owned one half interest. He wished to start a branch store there and wished me to oversee the mine and run the store. It should be a profitable thing for me. We talked of another branch store he had in Pinos Altos⁸ and the man who had charge of it did not suit him perhaps I might like that plan. He talked to my wife and my folks of what a chance he would give me if we would consent to go. He said, “Bring your law books with you they may be of great service should you wish to practice law.” We talked [it] over among ourselves and as my wifes health was not very good and as he claimed the climate would certainly help her we decided to go. He went on to New York and other cities and we began preparing to start on the long journey when he should come back. I rented the [Culver] hotel to [my] brother Fred who moved in and took possession. I then raised five hundred and fifty dollars on my house and was ready to start. My mother and myself owned the house together at that time.

May of 1869 – The journey west to Mesilla, NM begins

We soon received a letter on telegram⁹ from Bull that he would meet us at Sheridan, Kansas which was the end of the rail road¹⁰ and where we were to take the stage across the plains. My wife went on to Ohio some time before I started in order to visit with her folks and prepare for the long journey. As soon as I could get ready I bid good bye to my friends boarded the stage and left Penna. for good. This must have been about June tenth 1869.¹¹ I expected to stop over at L[oudonville] Ohio¹² where my wife would _____ me only one day, but when I arrived she was not ready and we were delayed two or three days therefore we could not fulfill our appointment with Bull to meet him at Sheridan Kansas on the day agreed upon, but upon arriving the next day we found he had taken the stage¹³ and gone.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the _____ incident to parting with dear friends, when undertaking such a journey to make a home among strangers and a strange people. The dangers of crossing the plains at this time could not be over estimated. The Indians were on the war path and the bones of many whites lay bleaching on the wide treeless waste. These things must all be discussed and it is no wonder that parents dreaded to say good bye to their children or that sisters mourned as if witnessing the

last sad funeral rites of dear ones departed forever.

At last we were speeding westward, my wife, little two year old Tommy, and myself. We stop[p]ed at Crestline, [Ohio]¹⁴ and took dinner with an old friend of the family Mrs. Carnahan; and resumed our journey in the evening. We crossed the Mississippi river at Quincy Ill. and the Missouri at Kansas City on a stream ferry¹⁵ there being no bridge at that time. Kansas City was only a small town but one could easily see that it was destined to become an important City. I had only secured tickets this far, and when I went to the ticket office to buy my [train] tickets for Sheridan Kan. which was as far as the track¹⁶ was laid. I was very much surprised to find that they cost fifty-five dollars each one hundred and ten dollars for two tickets. I left the office without buying and took a stroll around town thinking it might be best for me to stick my stake here and go no further but buy a city lot or two build a house and make it my home. This inclination was quite strong but when it was about time for the train to start I went over to the ticket office and bought my tickets. As the train rolled out of Kansas City, I felt and now I know, I had missed the great opportunity of a lifetime. We followed up the Kansas river passed through Lawrence and Topeka, towns of a few years yet those years are crowded with history which will be remembered through all the ages for the bravery and persistence of the free state [Kansas] as well as for the ____ of a cowardly democratic administration which upheld a horde of brutal and lawless border ruffi[a]ns of such low and fiendish characters as to astonish the civilized world.

A town or two more are passed and we are outside of civilization upon the wide level ocean of the plains.

The scene is strange beyond conception. Not a tree or shrub. Hill or mountain, river or brook, but a broad expanse of level grassy land as far as the eye can reach until the horizon shuts down upon the landscape. A few antelope are startled by the train and bound off with a graceful lope in either direction. A small herd of buffalo is seen in the distance but they are so far off. The rumble of the train does not disturb them. The prairie dogs sit upon their many mounds whisk their tails and chatter as if to defy the approach of civilization, but when we reach their populous town they unceremoniously dive into the lower recesses of their unique habitation. Jack rab[b]its make rapid and lofty jumps for ten or twenty rods¹⁷ when they set up on their haunches and watch the train out of sight.

When these scenes become monotonous from frequent repetition we look around to ascertain who are our fellow passengers. A party of young ladies and gentlemen have already made the acquaintance of little Tommy and have learned from him that we are not on a pleasure trip like themselves to end when the locomotive can go no farther but that we are to cross the plains to New Mexico. This seems to astonish them greatly, and they wonder if we have carefully weighed the difficulties before us. Their sympathy for my wife and little boy is thoroughly aroused. They had imagined that they were very venture[e]some in venturing out on the plains to the end of the road, but to cross the plains while the Indians were so bad and to make a home among the semi civilized Mexicans, was to them unaccountable. They were curious to know how our venture

would terminate and to that end we made an agreement to cor[r]espond. They were from Boston, Mass and numbered eight or ten. Accordingly a corresponden[c]e was kept up for a long time, but somehow I lost their exact address and neglected to write and I presume they believe we at last met the fate due to our rashness which they foresaw from the begin[n]ing. They were ladies and gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term and I am very sorry I have forgotten their names and address. As we swiftly rolled over the prairie one afternoon we were startled by the shout "Look" "Look" and as we thrust our heads out the car windows beheld a great dark mass [of buffalo] moving rapidly toward us a mile or two away on the north side of the track. On they came fairly shaking the ground with their weight and force. The question arises can we pass them before they are upon us for we are directly in their path. And the question is a serious one. The fact that emigrant wagon trains have been run over and trampled under foot by the wild stampede of these heedless brutes creates no little anxiety as to our safety¹⁸. They begin to cross the track ahead of the train and it is evident we are too late. The body is from one to two miles square and they must either divide or run over the train. They pass both ends and those in the rear crowd those in front almost on to the train but they divide and the cars have to stop to let them pass. Everyone who has fire arms and few have not try to bring down a buffalo. Men are firing from the top of the train and through the car windows. Little Tommy fires my revolver several times from the window and though the firing was kept up all the time that great mass was passing, not a buffalo was brought to the ground though many were wounded.

Such a spectacle can never again be witnessed on this continent. Cultivated fields and farm houses [now] occupy the vast buffalo ranges and Kansas has become a great and prosperous state. The prairie dog towns have in a measure given way to the brick and mortar towns of civilization, and the deer and the antelope have gone with the Indian a little farther back.

We parted with our newly made friends at Sheridan the end of the road with their heartfelt wishes for our safety and welfare. They took the first train east while we looked for lodgings for the night.

Mrs. Jennie Bull Culver's diary account follows in italics.

60 cts. per barrel for water & that the poorest kind.

*27th May 1869
Sheridan, Kansas*

We arrived here this pm put up at the Perry House¹⁹. Got here just in time to miss my dear brother Thomas. But he left his train and carriage for us. When we arrived we went immediately over to Otero & Sellers²⁰. Mr. Otero went down with us to the Hotel. There I found a lady who is also going to New Mexico. But not as far as we are, she goes to St. Fee. [Santa Fe] Has a child six months old. Took dinner after drovers went over to Oteroes & got our things out of the trunk. Had strawberries for supper this evening.

The town is built of pine boards cheaply put up, and not intended to be permanent. A place was pointed out to us as a hotel which proved to be one half saloon, one fourth restaurant and the other fourth a loft for sleeping providing one had the _____ to sleep in close proximity to desperados and cut throats.

Our room proves to be directly over the saloon when a large crowd of noisy Americans and Mexicans were drinking, gambling, and quarreling. The din grew louder as midnight approached and soon revolvers were drawn and the fight commenced. The bullets flew thick and fast and would now and then sliver the floor of our room. The yelling and cursing mingled with pistol shots made an uproar that was almost deafening. The Mexicans were soon driven from the saloon and crossed the street when they began firing at the house. I placed the bed clothing and pillows around my wife and boy as well as I could to ward off the bullets which the thin siding did not stop. I don't know how long the battle raged but it seemed to me a long time and the sleep we got that night was not very refreshing. In the morning it was found that two men were killed and several wounded and the house looked like a dirty butcher shop. There was no attempt to arrest the rioters and not many seemed to take any interest in preserving the peace. Though I heard a few talking of getting up a committee of vigilance²¹.

28th [of May – Jennie Culver writes her account of her family's first night in Sheridan, Kansas] *Well last night we were frightened almost out of our wits. We did not get any sleep at all on account of the noise in the bar room, drinking & gambling. Final[l]y they got one of the mens money away from him & then they under took to put him out of doors. At that they commenced firing & fired about thirty shots. I laid & shook like a leaf all night with fear. I was so afraid that Thomas's men were some of them among the gang but Enos has learned that that is another gang altogether. If any of his men are with them we will go by stage. Well all ready to start for breakfast this morning Enos had ham & stake [steak] eggs, bread biscuit, tea, coffee, radishes, onion & &c. The boy has come with the carriage & we are to start about 10 o'clock. Stopped at Otero & Enos got a whip for the carriage. So we go. Well there is a wagon stuck so we've got to stop. Bad luck already. They have got to wait & stay here till they lode up and fix the wagon. Well it is dinner time Enos & I will take our dinner composed of crackers, pickles, boiled ham, lemmonade [sic] & cheese, will have tea for supper. After dinner & three o'clock & we are not started yet. Oh, how I wish they would start on. The boy that drives for us came & got the whiskey out of the carriage & I am so afraid that they will get tight. Well they are hitching up now. I hope we will start soon, Evening we have only got about five miles from Sheridan & a waggen [sic] has upset & they are going to camp for the night. Oh some bad luck but hope for the best. This saying is a bad beginning makes a good ending. Oh what a barren waste is this not a tree or shrub to be seen. Been over a hundred & fifty miles. I've not beheld a tree of any kind & here on this sandy plain. Beautiful flowers bloom & fade unseen. I am going out together some if we are spared till morning. I took a long cry this afternoon. Oh I am so lonely & home is always in my mind. God grant that we may have no bad luck & meet with no harm, or sickness. Our little darling Tommie has taken a very hard cold I have given him two doses of RadR Relief. Well we are going to bed may God protect us through this & all other nights.*

Made our bed in the carriage & will rest well I hope.

Bull had gone with the stage²² and left word for me to take a new carriage he had ship[p]ed there and join the Mexican mule train which were to bring his goods, but when I got the carriage out of the ware house I found there was no pole for it. I therefore had to get a new pole made at a cost of thirteen dollars. We final[l]y got started and as we were stretching out along the street a large party of Plain[s] Indians came in sight and swooped around a lot of horses and mules belonging to freighters and disappeared with them in the distance. A party of men were soon organized for pursuit but they could not recapture them. Our train consists of ten covered wagons and one covered carriage. Our force consisted of one train master and thirteen Mexicans none of whom could talk English. There was also one woman and her daughter (white), my wife, myself and Tommy. It was fortunate that the lady who was bringing her daughter home after attending school in the states was along as she could talk both English and Mexican. After traveling nearly a day and a half we broke a wagon wheel and camped in order to repair it. In a short time I noticed the Mexicans were getting drunk and then I found we had lots of whiskey along. This certainly was discouraging for our safety depended entirely upon making a good fight in case we were attacked by the Indians. And what could a lot of drunken Mexicans do in such an emergency. I now felt very much like turning back, but final[l]y concluded to go on and take all risks. I will quote from letters written to the W[ellsboro] A[gitator] from time to time regarding this and other journeys. "We were moving by the Smoky Hill Route²³ and scarcely made ten miles a day. Water was almost unobtainable. At night our wagons were corralled that is made into a hollow square and our little Mexican mules kept on the inside for to lose the mules meant starvation or an easy capture by Indians with all that it implied. One night we were attacked but drove them off without loss. One afternoon we were travell[i]ng along quietly when we saw a large party of well mounted Indians making directly for us across the plain. Our wagons were immediately corralled and we formed on the outside waiting for them. When they saw us ready to give them a warm reception they turned and struck a train some distance ahead of us who had camped without corraling their wagons and whose mules and horses were grazing close by. The Indians circled around them in true Indian style and in spite of the brisk firing kept up by the teamsters the red skins captured over one half of their stock. We soon after passed them, but could give them no help and so part of their wagons loaded with merchandise had to be abandoned.

Saturday 29th [of May – Jennie Culver writes her account of their travels]

Slept all night without waking once, took some cold & do not feel real well but much better than yesterday. I went & took a walk this morning to get some flowers to send to Libba off of the sandy plains of K.S. Our boy is hitching up & so are all the men so I shall close till we stop. Again it is very cold & looks like rain. I neglected to mark in the writing yesterday how many (miles) we went also the drives of oxen coming over to Sheridan. There was a train of 15 wagons each wagon had 6 or 8 oxen. In our train there are 9 large covered wagons resemble the gipsy [sic] wagons [sic] that we see at Loudonville sometimes & to each wagon [sic] there are 8 mules there is also in our train

an old lady, her daughter & son. They are Mexican. Born in old Mexico but going to [La] Mesilla to live. Have been to Missouri for a year visiting. Came over from Mexico a year ago & never till now have had an opportunity of going back on account of Indians. They are very pleasant good looking people. The girl is the very picture of Hanna Younker Tommie came in with his Pa a few moments ago with a yellow flower in his hand & he says its for his Aunt Libba & he is going to get one for his grandma Pippitt when he stops again. 10 o'clock & not started yet but they are already so I will put this up now. Night has closed me upon us. We have traveled about 18 miles today. Passed (Loust [Las?] Lewil? indecipherable words) Met several soldiers on the way to Sheridan I suppose. Also a nice carriage with four officers in it. Enos said he thought from the appearance it was generals.

Sabbath [May] 30th Well this morning we were awakened by our men hitching on to their wagons at about six o'clock. It was very cold again but is quite warm & pleasant now. We are to remain here till morning on account of trains that wish to join us on account of Indians. God grant that we may see no trouble from them. But oh how I am so fearful they captured some more cattle at Sheridan yesterday or at least that is the news we received. I sometimes wish we had not started from home a lot I believe I should enjoy it first rate if I was not completely in fear & dread. I sometimes think to myself why need I be afraid any more here than at home for God will watch over us one place as well as another. It does not seem much today as last Sabbath did. I was at Perrysville then with my own dear friends, ma & Libba. Now some of the men are off fishing. Some fixing up their wagons. Other sitting around lazy. I am so sleepy can scarcely open my eyes.

Monday morning [May] 31st

We woke up this morning expecting to get an early start. Enos said it was too cold to get out of the carriage to get breakfast & we would eat a bit & get ready to start. But we had just got to eating when we heard the men in our camp all running. Enos said what does that mean. I looked out & they all had their guns. He ran out & then came & took Tommie & I over to the wagon that had the lady & daughter in & he with the rest went to (water) so we did not start till now & the Ox train of 9 wagons guns & 18 men join us so we have quite a company camped about 12 miles from where we started. Took supper & the boss concluded to travel on. We met a long wa[gon] train coming from Mexico. Traveled till thru Tuesday morning..

Tuesday June 1st Very cold this morning but very warm this afternoon. We traveled about two miles farther this morning before breakfast on account of water. For over twenty miles there was not a drop of water for breakfast. I cooked () & tea. Had cold boiled ham, crackers & strawberries. I have read one or two chapters in the bible every day since we left the (cars) I believe. Oh I am so anxious to get to our journeys end but if they go as slow as have since we started it will be the last of July before we get there if we ever do. Oh how I long for home & friends in this barren & desolate place. I sometimes think that God has forgotten this land for it is so dry & barren.

Wednesday [June] 2nd Oh it is so awful warm today. I am almost wilted. We are going

to travel tonight & tomorrow morning will reach the Arkansas River then I believe they do not fear the Indians much.

Thursday [June] 3rd Reached the Arkansas River this morning. Stopped & took breakfast. Oh how very warm it is today & looks some like rain. Enos the boss & another man went down & took a (look). The water was very muddy wind blown a perfect gale this afternoon & very much like same.

Friday [June] 4th A week since we left Sheridan it seems to me that we make no progress at all. Oh so slow, we crossed the Arkansas river this morning in a ferry boat²⁴. Two & a half dollars each. Load 9 loads. Camped on this side & are here yet don't know how soon will start. The coaches have gone both ways. We saw them on the other side. Twenty miles from here we can get milk and butter & I am so anxious to get them. Oh gathered some more flowers today. Wish ma & Lib could see them. I wish I could step in & take tea with them today but oh miles & miles are (before) us.

As not a tree or a shrub grew on the plains our cooking was done over a fire made of buffalo chips so called. And the aroma accompanying some of our open dishes can better be imagined than described. We were unsuccessful in getting game. Antelope and deer were often seen in the distance but it was not thought prudent to divide our little force and so they were unmolested.

The silence of the plains is oppressive. This is often remarked by travelers but no one can realize how profound is the silence until he has traveled days and weeks without hearing a sound except the bray of the mules and then the sound seems unearthly in the extreme. The snow covered Spanish Peaks²⁵ were in plain view some five days before we reached the foothills and we were continually traveling toward them. No one who was reared in the east can judge with any degree of accuracy how far away a mountain which looms up before you is. When from every appearance one would think he could reach a mountain in a three hours walk he is astonished to find it would take him over three days. There are many vari[e]ties of wild flowers on the plains, and whenever we camped, away would go my wife after flowers regardless of Indians who might be hovering near the train. We often shot at a mark with my French pistol or revolver. Little Tommy was very fond of shooting and was very proud of knocking a paper of pins to pieces at a distance of four rods not supposing the hand which helped steady the revolver for him had anything to do with his marksmanship.

I never was a good shot though I accidentally cut the head off from a gopher at a distance of six rods with my revolver.

Trinidad²⁶ the first village after leaving Sheridan Kan is in Southern Colorado near the line of New Mexico. It is a Mexican town built of adobe houses. Horseracing; gambling and whiskey drinking seemed to be the general occupation of the people at that time [1869] but all is changed for the better now. We had to double teams three or four miles while ascending to the sum[m]it of Raton pass²⁷. Here a Mexican woman who had taken a notion to Tommy gave him a young kid or goat which we took into the carriage with

us. We had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining milk for our own “kid” but now we had two to hustle for. We crossed the line into New Mexico about half way up the pass and soon after had a game of snowballing on the sum[m]it. I believe this was about the 1st or 2d day of July 1869²⁸. We traveled on without incident until we reached the old Maxwell land grant²⁹ at that time a trading post called Cimeron [Cimarron] Crossing³⁰. There a most terrific thunderstorm overtook us such as I never saw squalled in the states. Near our camp ran Cimeron [Cimarron] Creek. A Mexican girl about sixteen years of age and a little boy were crossing it on a footbridge. Lightening struck the girl killing her instantly and leaving the boy uninjured. The next morning not twelve hours after we saw the girl killed, we attended her burial service. She was buried in her clothes without a coffin or box of any kind³¹. It was the first Mexican funeral I ever attended and the shouting, Chanting and gun firing were hideous.³²

Our progress was so slow and being anxious to get through I concluded to take a Mexican boy [along with Jennie and Tommie] who had been over the road and go on ahead leaving the train to follow. The next day we camped on the bank of a creek for dinner and to let the mules graze. I rigged out a fish pole and line and caught several nice trout. The country now was mountainous and rough. While we were driving along the next day the wind came up and it was all our mules could do to brace against it and sometimes I thought it would take us right along with it in spite of all we could do. We finally reached the shelter of a mountain and entered a ravine up which the road climbed it was now nearly night and we had broken the pole to the carriage. This was a gloomy place with no inhabitants for miles around just the place for robbers and high waymen and I felt quite uneasy until we got the poles repaired and we moved on in the darkness. We made it a point to reach a town or ranch to stop over night but sometimes we failed to do it and had to camp.³³ We took the wrong road when we were within about fifteen miles of Albuquerque which led us a long distance out of our course. Night came on so I hired a guide to pilot us on to the main road through fields across a _____ and over the worst of roads. We encamped that night about one clock a mile outside of Albuquerque. The next morning we drove into town and concluded to rest a day or two. I bought another mule as ours were nearly played out and we now had a spike team³⁴. The next day we concluded to go on as we were nearly eaten up by bedbugs at the hotel and had no more blood to spare.

At a Pueblo Indian village³⁵ we were ferried over the Rio Grande by ten or a dozen naked Indians who waded up to their arm pits pushing the boat.³⁶

The Jornada del [Muerto]³⁷ signifying the journey of death was crossed by night. This dangerous Indian region was nin[e]ty miles wide and was without water until an enterprising Yankee [John Martin] put down a well 150 feet deep in the centre of the plain and sold water at twenty five cents per bucket thereby making himself well off.³⁸ Many people had been killed on this plain by Indians and we were on the sharp look out for them when we heard the tramp of many horses bearing down upon us. It is needless to say we thought our time had surely come and hastily prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible for retreat was out of the question. There did not seem to be the slightest chance for any of us to escape alive and I know just how a man feels when he

is certain in his own mind that he and his family must surely die within an hour. I was frightened at first but as they came nearer my fright gave place to a determination to kill as many redskins as it was possible to do. We had a shot gun and two revolvers. We stop[p]ed the team and the Mexican boy and I got down in front of the dashboard and leveled our revolvers across it. My wife and boy were in the back seat but they made no outcry. We could not see the horsemen in the midnight darkness and they ran solid against us when the cry of "halt" in good English rang down the line. I have admired the English language ever since. It proved to be a Negro regiment of U.S. Soldiers³⁹ on the way to Fort Craig⁴⁰. We were two nights crossing this "journey of death" coming out at Fort Seldon and they were the longest nights I ever experienced. During the day we put up at the [Aleman] ranch in the centre of this deadly plain where our hotel bill was larger for the water we used, than for the meals and feed. This ranch has often been besieged by Indians for weeks at a time but the few men who stay there were so well-fortified that they have never been driven out or massacred⁴¹. At the "Point of Rocks"⁴² two thirds across this plain many have been killed as it was a favorite place to watch for the unwary traveler and a convenient place to hide and get away from pursuit. At Leasburg⁴³ we witnessed a novel sight a party of twenty or thirty boys and girls perhaps fifteen to eighteen years old in swimming together in the Rio Grande. Leasburg has long since washed away by the continual changing of the treacherous current of the river.

At Socorro⁴⁴ [Socorro, Texas] we saw a church standing in the middle of the river. It was the only building standing of that part of the town which had been nearest the bank. Here we witnessed a novel celebration by Mexicans. It was a saints day and among the contests by the young men was this. A rooster⁴⁵ was buried in the sand being packed around him so he couldn't get away. Then the young men mounted on their best running horses would dash by him on the full run and the one who could catch the rooster by the head and carry him off was the capitan [captain] for the day and would lead all processions. The Mexicans have a great many holy days and saints days, and they used to have and I presume they do yet festivals lasting several days where eating drinking and gambling are indulged in by both sexes to an extent almost incredible. Bull fighting is also one of their pastimes. I have never witnessed one though my little boys have. When we were preparing to resume our journey from Leasburg in the morning I was surprised to see two Mexicans ride up leading two or three large slick mules and enquire for me. I asked them what they wanted and they made known as best they could in broken English that Mr. Bull of La Mesilla had sent them to bring us in and that he understood the train was with us. We hitched the large mules on to the carriage and the Mexicans led the rest and thus we reached Mesilla, our destination for a time at least⁴⁶. The train was many miles behind and did not get in to Mesilla for nearly two weeks. This long trip of nearly two months duration can now be traveled over with safety in a [motor] car.

La Mesilla, New Mexico - Summer 1870

La Mesilla is an old Mexican town of perhaps 1500 inhabitants. The plaza or park in the centre and streets running to it from all directions like spokes in a wheel. On the main

street cottonwood trees lock their branches across the street overhead forming a _____ producing a good effect. The buildings are generally only one story high and made of adobe or sun dried brick and mud color. They are built like a fortress with very few if any windows on the outside⁴⁷. Generally there are no windows except those opening into an open court on the inside. Every mans house is his fortress and is built with the view of defending it against any attack from the outside. There usua[lly] is only one door from the street though sometimes two and these are very heavy and can be securely barred. Bulls house is perhaps a hundred and ten feet square. The front is oc[cupied] by the _____ running lengthwise the street. The door opening on to the street from the side of the _____. The _____ being about sixty feet long where a large door opens into a hall which runs through to the open court. Beyond the hall is a sitting room perhaps 40 feet long and these constitute the front of the building. Then rooms all opening into the court perhaps 25 feet wide enclose the square or court which is nearly sixty feet square and has in it two fine trees. One is a large fig tree which bears abundant fruit. Flower beds and a porch is built all around the court under which the hired help sleep in the open air. This is to be our home for a short time⁴⁸. After a few days rest and recreation I am anxious to begin my occupation whatever it is to be and speak about the copper mines. Pinos Altos _____ but [Bull] says don't be in a hurry. I am not ready to go up there yet. When the goods came⁴⁹ I took hold and helped put them up and finally became clerk and general utility man, painted signs, put together chain that came in bulk or bundle, painted his house in the garden and anything I saw to do I done while waiting for him to get ready to go where I expected to do something for myself, but he kept putting it off.⁵⁰

I then ascertained that his copper mine was not being worked and hadn't been for years. And he was indisposed to give _____ the place in Pinos Altos. I concluded that I was there entirely in his interest and not my own. Finally through the influence of my friend Judge [John] Lemons⁵¹ a good republican I obtained a position as Inspector and Collector of Customs in the district of El Paso del Norte. The headquarters of this division was at El Paso, Texas or Frank[lin]⁵² as this side of the river was called and was presided over by Mr. March from Coldwater, Mich. My headquarters were established at Pinos Altos N.M. which place I soon after started for in company with _____ in a buggy. We were three days on the way and as we had no escort we took great risks of being scalped by Indians. Between Fort Bayard⁵³ and Pinos Altos we saw the marks of a struggle between the Indians and a prominent white man of Pinos Altos who was caught while driving toward Fort Bayard. In his effort to turn around his buggy was upset and he was immediately murdered by the savage Apaches. Upon arriving at Pinos Altos I found a Mexican train there disposing of their goods and Richard Hudson⁵⁴ who was then collector busy collecting the customs. After showing him my appointment, he immediately turned the train over into my hands, and I proceeded to collect the customs which amounted to several hundred dollars. I secured board at Mr. Thompsons who was carrying on the store in the name of Bull and Thompson. Bull only remained a day or two when he took the accumulated gold dust which had been taken in at the store amounting to nearly two thousand dollars and departed for Mesilla. Gold dust was about the only money used as a medium of trade and everybody had to carry a sack or bottle of dust in his pocket and for the least purchase made, its equivalent in dust was weighed out of the bottle or sack upon gold scales which every merchant was obliged to

keep. I had left my wife in Mesilla but I think little Tommy was with me. Yes I am sure he was. We had been here about three weeks when I received a letter from Dr. Woodward of Mesilla which I had anxiously been looking for. And the news it brought was "A fine baby was born to us of the Male persuasion." I was now more uneasy than ever but was well aware I could not leave my position to go down or could I bring my wife up to Pinos Altos for a long time, and so It happened that I never saw Howard until he was five weeks old. When I went to Mesilla and brought them to Pinos Altos. This village of Pinos Altos is located as you may say on the top of the Rocky Mountains. To be sure there are higher peaks within sight but water divides them and about one half goes west to the gulf of California while the other half east to the gulf of Mexico. The elevation I believe is about 14000 feet above the level of the sea.⁵⁵ There are a very few people in the United States who live at a higher altitude than do those of Pinos Altos, N.M. Gold Mountain in the immediate vicinity in fact Pino Altos may be said to be upon its side rises two or three thousand feet higher, and from its top can be seen distinctly without a glass. The Organ Mountains⁵⁶ one hundred and twenty miles in an easterly direction. The Fran[cisco] Mountains⁵⁷ one hundred and fifteen miles in a westerly direction. The Chiri[cahua] Mountains⁵⁸ in a South westerly direction over a hundred miles away. The Florita [Florida] Mountains⁵⁹ over a hundred miles away in a south easterly direction. The White Mountains⁶⁰ about ninety miles in a north westerly direction and the [Big] Bu[rr]jo Mountains⁶¹ in a southerly direction. You can see far over the line into Old Mexico. You can trace the green belt of woods which line the banks of the Gila river⁶² for over a hundred and twenty miles and can occasional[ly] get a glimps[e] of the river itself which shines like a silver thread in the green belt. And you can plainly see all the _____ country. The picture formed in my mind from such a magnificent view surpasses all my powers of description. By simply turning around I could see more land than the state of Ohio contains. More than several of the New England states put together. And ten times as much as from the top of any Mountain in the eastern part of the Country. The air is pure clear and light and some persons can not remain on the mountain but a short time before their nose will commence bleeding and they have to beat a hasty retreat.

There were only two white women in Pinos Altos when I brought my wife there. Capt. Milbys⁶³ wife and the wife of a miner whose name I have forgotten. Some time after Chas K[earl] married and brought his wife there. She was afterward killed by Indians and her husband also⁶⁴. It was a very rough mining town full of gamblers and desperadoes. And the fact that three fourths of the bodies buried in the village burring ground "died with their boots on" or in other words were murdered, is a sufficient description of the social status of the town. It was not a pleasant place to live though the climate and scenery was most beautiful. The Indians had a grudge against the place and for a good reason. Only a few years before I came there the people who had been having much trouble with the Indians in which a number had been killed on both sides invited the Indians to come to town and hold a treaty of peace and promising a big feast of beans and fair usage. The Indians came up on the appointed day in large numbers. The bean feast was all that could be desired and whiskey was given to the Indians without st____. I will say here that some at least of Pinos Altos people invited the Indians in good faith and expected to make a treaty that would stop the killing on both sides. But

there were others who cared not a farthing for their word or honor and simply meant to get the Indians in their power to destroy them in retaliation for the murders they had committed and were not at all scrupulous about acting the treacherous part for they claimed the Indians were also treacherous. So when the Indians became drunk these cut throats commenced to kill them as fast as they could. They shot them down or mauled them with clubs or any way they could dispatch them. Only a few got away and perhaps none would have escaped but for the fact that their assailants were more or less under the influence of the same whiskey. Thus ended the great bean treaty and the Indians became worse if possible than before. This was the state of things when I moved there to live. Of course we were in danger of massacre at any moment and I found it very difficult to transact my business at Fort Bayard and other places without an escort which I seldom had. About this time I bought a fine black Mustang⁶⁵ pony from a Mexican train. He could run like a streak and I used to go to Fort Bayard and back alone. And I am quite sure that his speed has saved me from the Indians more than once. We lived in Pinos Altos I think about one year when the Indians became so bold that they would come into town in the night and kill horses and mules in the stables and cut them up carrying a part away to eat. My wife wished very much to get away so I concluded to move to Fort Bayard a distance of ten miles.

At Fort Bayard there was no dwelling houses unoccupied so I moved into the mess house and for a time we boarded the Officers who had no families. Groceries and provisions could be obtained through the Officer boarding out of the Commissary department for less than one third what they cost outside and as we managed to get groceries instead of cash for board we could get along and make it pay very well. I bought a large black cow and fine calf and kept them in a corral just back of the house with about 20 other cattle. One night the Indians came to the corral right into that five company post Fort Bayard and stole all the cattle leaving only my calf. The next morning two or three companies were got ready after much delay and sent in pursuit. They were gone three days or more and never overtook an Indian or brought back a single head of cattle. The fact is they had no spirit for the chase and when they came upon a fresh trail they would blow their orders on their horns instead of trying to come upon them unawares, thereby giving the Indians fair warning to skip out. My cow was found about five miles from the fort, she being so fat she could not keep up and so they had killed her and ate of her what they could for breakfast and pushed ahead. Robbins who lost the most of the cattle went along on the chase and he reported that the Officers were very much more anxious to kill wild turkeys than Indians. From what I learned about the regular Army as stationed at the different posts in New Mexico, I can safely say that Jim Bullard then of Pinos Altos and his brother John could have raised a company of 20 men which would put to rout five times their number of such soldiers. The majority of the officers at the fort had their families with them and therefore the society was good and a much more pleasant place to live than at Pinos Altos. But it was nothing unusual to hear in the night the coyotes racing over the roof of the house, and sometimes they would come in droves right in among the log huts or in other words the Officers quarters. We set a long table in the mess house and over it I rigged two large fly sweeps or brushes which were fastened together about ten feet apart and could be easily swung by a cord from one end of the table. Here I found use for little

Tommy which was to pull the cord swinging these brushes over the table keeping the table clear of flies. It was fun at first but soon became awful hard work when he found it was not done just for the fun of it. But every meal he had to be on hand whether he wanted to or not and at this I think he earned his first nickle [nickel]. Howard was just old enough now to jump in a spring pole jumper which I rigged up in one of the rooms. He would jump as hard as he could spring for an hour sometimes when he would go to sleep in his harness. My wife's health was not very good and so Thomas B had invited her down to Mesilla on a visit so I placed Howard, Tommy and her aboard the stage one morning while I remained to keep house. They made a long visit remaining away nearly all summer and fall. I got along very well at Fort B[ayard] until I resigned my commission as collector and inspector of customs when I went over to what is now Silver City. But I am a little ahead of my story.

Summer of 1870

Before she [Jennie] made this visit I joined a party of prospectors and went up into Arizona in search of gold leaving my wife and children at Fort Bayard⁶⁶. While I lived at Pinos Altos I had furnished a mule and fitted out one of a party at a cost of about one hundred dollars to locate mines of which I was to have one half interest. The party had located some copper mines in the Francisco Mountains which they had named "The Grecian b[end]"⁶⁷ on account of the fashion then prevailing among the women, and because the vein of copper could be traced over the mountain and through the little valley. I was therefore interested in this mine and others. And the desire to see these mines as well as the report the boys had brought back of gold among the mountains induced me to join the party on their second trip out. This adventurous trip has been partly described in the Wellsboro Agitator printed in [Tioga County, Pennsylvania] for which I have written occasionally for nearly thirty years.

I will give the particulars of the journey farther on after giving a better idea of circumstances leading up to it. It is said a piece of silver quartz was picked up in the road near Soldiers Farewell Station⁶⁸ on the old Arizona stage road and taken to California. It proved to be rich in silver and of course the inquiry started where it came from. This secret was divulged to a sick old miner name [William] Ralston⁶⁹ of San Francisco who immediately started some prospectors to the vicinity to search out and locate any mines they might find. They succeeded in locating a number of very good silver leads near the place where the quartz was found. The news spread and miners began flocking in. A town [named Ralston] was laid out and although lumber brought \$125. per thousand feet building was very brisk.⁷⁰ A good sized town sprung up almost in a night. The whole country was covered with prospectors and many mines were located. I joined a party at Fort Bayard and we went over to Ralston about sixty miles and located several mines among them I remember we had one we called "Spy Butler". A Post Office was established and thousands of dollars laid out in buildings. After remaining there several days examining quartz and locating mines we came home. Some of the boys said we know where there is plenty of rock just like that we had found at Ralston and it was nearer home too. And they added if that is silver quartz this is too. I was in favor of going immediately to this place wherever it was and make an

investigation which was agreed to.

We went west from Fort Bayard only ten miles and camped under a large cedar tree near a large spring. This was the very first begin[n]ing of a settlement on the ground where Silver City NM now stands. There was not a house nearer than Fort Bayard. There had been a ranch there oc[c]upied by a man whose name I have forgotten though I knew him well, And his wife and little five year old boy, but one morning the Indians came and murdered them in the most barbarous manner mutilating their bodies in a most horrible manner. The man escaped by swift running. We remained in camp about two weeks prospecting and making locations. We elected a recorder whose business it was to record our claims and the description of the same. And when we became satisfied by different assays made that our mines were rich in silver we concluded to lay out a town. [The] Bullard boys, John and James, and Joe Yankie⁷¹ claimed the prior right of a large share of the town site and as none thought it worth while to dispute about it they hired a surveyor to layout the town⁷². I remember we met at midnight so the surveyor could adjust his instrument by the north star. And now as we were to have a city we must have a name. Notices were stuck up giving all to understand that a meeting would be held in a cabin which had been put up in the meantime naming the evening. The cabin was crowded full of would be citizens. One of the Bullard boys made a motion that the town should be named Silver Flat⁷³ as the location was in a nice level valley. Another amended the motion by naming Silver City as it might one day be a very appropriate name. I opposed the name of Silver City on the ground that there were in Colorado and in other mining states towns already called by that name and further that it was a very inap[p]ropriate name inasmuch as we occupied at that time the only Cabin in the "City". I proposed Silver Cliff as the surrounding cliffs or hills were supposed to contain silver enough to make us all rich and that the prosperity of the place depended entirely upon the Cliffs surrounding it. Upon a vote being taken it was found that the name Silver City had a majority and so it was christened Silver City⁷⁴ without further argument. Then building com[m]enced in earnest. Lumber was very high. I traded a gold watch which I had worn thirteen years for 2000 feet of pine lumber and gave twenty dollars for poor shingles enough to cover a house 12 X 22 which I proposed to build. This was at the saw mill eight or ten miles away. I sent teams to haul the lumber and started in to build my house. I cooked and slept on the ground where I had chosen two lots on which to build upon. A few had located near the spring but I went several blocks up the valley by myself and commenced my house in the deep grass.⁷⁵ I was advised by several of my friends to build in town and not out in the country but I replied if the town never reached this far out it is very ina[p]propriately named. I worked alone at my house and Saturdays would go home to Fort Bayard. I slept any way I could sometimes under the wagon and as soon as the floor was laid slept on that, but I remember some cold chilly nights when I couldnt sleep at all. At last my house was finished and I engaged Harv[e]y Whitehill to move me over from Fort Bayard.⁷⁶ We had two loads of goods. I drove the forward team and just as we were coming down the hill into the valley where Silver City now is a bullet whiz[z]ed by my ears. And looking off to the left about eight rods I saw a puff of smoke and heard the report of a gun. It came from behind a tree. We both ran for the tree but though the smoke of powder was strong no one could be seen. It was getting dark and we could not follow. We made up our minds that it was

a close call from an Indian but as desperadoes and hard cases were beginning to flock in as they do to all new mining towns it may have been a shot from one of them. The nearest point to obtain groceries and provisions, dry goods, hardware, etc was at Fort Bayard and it was also the nearest Post Office. So a party was made up of armed men about once a week to go over to the fort after what was needed while the rest of the men in the "City" would remain to guard the few women and children from the dreaded Indians. Sometimes a man would be hired to go after the mail his price being 25 cents per letter. But this state of things did not last long for the town grew quite rapidly. By order of the court we became a voting precinct and an election was proclaimed throughout the County of Grant for the purpose of electing a Judge of Probate, a Sheriff and all township officers. Excitement ran high as there was several candidates for each office to be filled. Dick Hudson and Bill Eckles were opposed to each other for Probate Judge and as they were both friends of mine I didnt wish to take any active part. I therefore stayed away from election. Hudson was elected and among the successful candidates I found I was elected as Justice of the Peace. I was not aware until after election that I was running though I soon learned that there had been a great strike for the place. Silver City became the residence of all the county officers and it was not long before the county seat was removed from Pinos Altos to the city. The next move was to get a Post Office and then the stages began running between La Mesilla, Las Cruces, and Silver City.

Marriage vs. Concubinage in New Mexico

About this time it must have been in 1870 I married the first couple ever married in the city.⁷⁷ I am sorry I have forgotten the names of the contracting parties. Soon after, I married Judge Hudson to his American wife a Miss [Mary] Stevens and this opens up a sad chapter revealing the universal custom of the Territory of New Mexico at that time. He had a Mexican woman with whom he had been living for years without any ceremony having been performed. Of course he had to drive her out although she begged to be to him as she always had been a faithful housekeeper and mistress. He gave her some money and told her to go. And she had no alternative but left his house where she had for years been contented and happy although she knew she was liable to be turned into the street at any moment. Such cases were so common as to oc[c]asion very little comment. In fact there was scarcely a white man of high or low degree who came there in an early day but what had his mistress and some would change them as often as they could find handsomer ones than they already had. Col Rynerson⁷⁸ a prominent politician had one until he married M[rs. John] Lemon when he sent his mistress adrift.

Mexican women prefer[r]ed white men to those of their own nationality, and at a *fandango*⁷⁹ or *Bailie* as they called their dances. It was an easy matter for a white man to deprive a Mexican of his partner, but sometimes when that kind of thing was carried too far there would be a big fight and the national and color line was rigidly drawn. The Mexicans are good dancers and most Mexican dances are beautiful. They have good music and step to it in perfect time without any calling off. I used to enjoy their dances once in a while and I learned most of their dances.

About the finest dancing party I ever attended was given by Dr. Simonego⁸⁰ [Samaniego] Ex Governor of Chihuahua at his beautiful residence in El Paso Old Mexico. An invitation was extended by him to the [customs] collector [Dwight C.] Marsh of the port of El Paso del Norte⁸¹, and all his attachés. About twenty of us forded the Rio Grande in the evening on horseback a rather doubtful undertaking when is considered the treacherous nature of the river and that its width at this point is over a half a mile, but we went over safely. Arrived at the house and was ushered into a large finely furnished parlor opening into a dining room where was spread all kinds of pastries and eatables. Fruits of every name and nature most temptingly ripe and luscious. Wines of all kinds, and liquors without stint. And you were expected to eat and drink to your hearts content from twilight until morning for the table was continuously replenished all night long. The music was by a noted band who were almost hidden among the trees and flowers of the inside court or plaza. The dancing was under the wide verandas which reached entirely around the court and encircled the flower garden where the music held forth from the stand in the center. Several notables were present among whom was Old "Sam Houstans" daughter⁸² and a beautiful dancer she was, and a very graceful woman. It was nearly morning when we recrossed the river in the same manner in which we came but some of us perhaps were a trifle wetter outside and in when we reached the American shore.

1870?

But to return to Silver City, my position as J.P. [Justice of the Peace] where nearly one half of the people make no claims to honesty or decency, and who feel rather proud of the murders they have committed from time to time, proved no desirable acquisition. Life was held very cheap and was sometimes taken just for pastime. Lawlessness held full sway and was to the ones who would presume to put a check upon it. I did however undertake to enforce the laws and more than once brought curses deep and loud from the band of lawless cutthroats, and at times their threats seemed in the way of execution but by hook or by crook I escaped. The majority of the citizens were law abiding and upheld me in all I did. The mines in the meantime were being developed. The "legal tender" [mine] taking the lead in turning out rich ore.⁸³ I had 200 feet on a lead only a few rods from the "legal tender" from which I expected great results. It was called "Twin [Lode] No 2".⁸⁴ I also had two hundred feet farther up on the hill on a lead we called the "Bullion". I spent considerable money in working these leads giving a man who assisted me in blasting five dollars a day. We used to have our rifles handy while working and also our revolvers so that we might not be caught unprepared by Indians. I have worked alone many days in the shaft on Twin [Lode] No 2 which I had down about ten feet with my rifle leaning against the wall ready for immediate use and revolvers strap[p]ed around my waist, in fact everybody had one or two revolvers strap[p]ed to them all the time and to see a man on the street without the usual belt and brace of revolvers was a very unusual sight. The only method of extracting the silver from the ore at first were by serpentine furnaces built by Mexicans with adobes where the ore together with plenty of galena or lead ore were mixed together and melted. The lead

carrying the silver with it into a sort of basin where it was allowed to cool and the lead was afterward burned off leaving the silver. In this process the lead or flux was wasted. Another way was by Arastras [arrastres – gold ore grinder] which were built as follows. A round pit was dug perhaps one foot deep and twelve feet in diameter. The bottom of this was covered with flat stones as close as they could be matched together. Around the rim of this pit flat stones were set up edgewise. A post was placed in the centre with an arm extending upon which was hitched one or two ropes which were fastened to heavy stones. A horse was hitched to the end of this arm and was kept going around on the outside of the circle drag[ging] the stones, over the ore which was thrown in and the basin nearly filled with water. After much grinding the ore would become fine pulp and the silver or gold either would settle to the bottom. The top was then drawn off, more water put in, and when they were ready to clean up some quick silver was added which would gather up the silver or gold so that you could roll it like snowballs and then it was ready for the _____ where the quick silver was evaporated leaving the gold or silver.

Spring of 1871

But other ways of extracting silver was soon to be realized for we had the promise of a stamp mill. A wealthy man named [Lucien B.] Maxwell of the Maxwell land grant fame had promised to erect a large stamp mill, and had started the mill on the road for Silver City. He then sent a man on ahead in order to secure such interests in mines as had been promised and to analyze [analyze] and test the ore. He came and proved to be a sort of a dude and so some of the boys thought they would make game of him. They filled his head with Indian stories of the blood curdling kind until the fellow hardly dare go out of town to examine the mines or get ore to assay. The result was he made a report to Maxwell that the ore was of very low grade and would not assay over twelve dollars per ton. Maxwell whose mill had already reached Rio M[imbres] only about thirty miles away ordered the mill stop[p]ed and it was stored in some empty buildings for some years⁸⁵. This was a great damper on Silver City. Property which had been bringing a high price could scarcely be given away. I had commenced building a hotel and only laid five courses of adobes above the foundation when the news came and I stop[p]ed work⁸⁶. Everything was at a standstill all over town. Meetings were called and the situation discussed.

The ore could not be worked without stamp mills, and Maxwell could not be prevailed upon to bring on the mill. In this emergency a petition was circulated to raise money to send Capt _____ and others to Santa Fee for the purpose of inducing a German Company whom it was known would be willing to locate where it could be made to their advantage to do so.⁸⁷

With this in view a certain interest in each mine was donated by most of the mine owners to the man or company who would erect the first stamp mill in Silver City. Everything now looked blue for Silver City and many were leaving. Ralston had already been abandoned not because of lack of good mines, but a party from Mesilla had jumped the best mines in the district while [William] Ralston, the owner of them was trying to get a charter for a Rail Road from them to the Gila river where he intended to

work the ore.⁸⁸ He therefore abandoned the whole project and the City of Ralston was left to owls and coyotes there not being a door or window left in the buildings. The post master being the last to leave the place. Many predicted a like fate for Silver City and very few had faith that the town would ever rally. At this time I could have bought half of Silver City for a song. I had been trying to buy a little strip of land adjoining the hotel I was building but the figure was way up. It was now offered me for an old revolver.

Owls, coyotes, and bats, seemed to have a mortgage on the place and they were about to foreclose it when word was received from _____ that he had been successful and the German Mill would come.

In a short time a number of men were sent on to locate the mill and build the foundations but it proved a long job as the stone work was quite extensive, and the people became dissatisfied with the slow progress of the work. At this juncture a Mr. Breman⁸⁹ who had a steam saw mill⁹⁰ eight or ten miles up the valley concluded that he would take down his mill, bring it to town and make a stamp mill out of it and get it in operation before the German Mill Co. could get their mill finished and thereby get the bonus of a share in the mines which was to be given to the first mill in operation. This he accomplished and won the prize. But although the German Mill Co. considered this a breach of faith on the part of the citizens yet they went on and finished their mill and put it in operation and received such bonus in mines as the miners were disposed to give. When the mills fairly got to running it was discovered that the ore was much better than represented by Mr. Maxwells agt. and so a stock company was formed which bought the Maxwell Mill which was yet at Rio Mimbres and brought it to Silver City put it up and it proved to be one of the best mills in the whole country. Anchetta [Anchete], a Mexican, now enlarged his furnace and times were booming. Other mills located there and building houses and blocks now commenced in earnest. Several brick blocks were put up and many dwellings. I finished my hotel and afterward built onto it making it full as large again. My wife was yet in Mesilla⁹¹ and had been quite sick but as she was better I thought I would go after her and the children.

October 1871

I brought them home in an open stage but it was a long tedious-journey of three days and I had to hold her in my arms much of the way. After she had a good rest at home she felt very well and would take good long walks and appeared to be on the mend. I yet lived in the house I had first built which was close beside the hotel, but I had bought mattress beds and furniture for the hotel and was preparing to move into it when she was taken worse one night and when I got the Dr. who had been attending her there I saw he was frightened. And so I went for another Dr. He came and inquired what had been already done for her. The Dr. replied that she had been taking glycerine⁹² internally as she had been bleeding slightly at the lungs. And that he had placed warm applications upon her body. The second Dr. said that he should change the treatment entirely. He said the applications upon her body should be cold instead of warm and

after they had talked awhile they seemed to agree that a change must be made. So the warm applications were taken off and cold was applied. She immediately began to struggle and said she was dying. I held her in my arms and talked to her trying to persuade her that she was not dying but she grew weaker and after kissing the children and myself and bidding us good bye she died in my arms⁹³. Howard cried terribly and could not be pacified but Tommy did not seem to realize that she was really dead. This was perhaps one o'clock on the morning of November seventh 1871. The neighbors and friends were very kind and did everything that could be done under like circumstances. And I shall always feel grateful to them. Judge Hudson and Mr. Bremen took charge of the funeral arrangements and Mrs. Tidwell and Mrs. Milby were most active and efficient in doing everything which required care and attention. The funeral cortege was large and painfully solemn for she had hosts of friends. We buried her in the new burying ground I had only a short time before helped to locate and where John Bullard⁹⁴ one of our best friends had recently been buried. She being the next one to occupy it. The body has since been removed with all the others to a new ground where her grave is marked with a monument.

But to go back a little. The Indians continued very hostile and many depredations were committed. Mr. _____ who was keeping a boarding house went out in search of his cow and was shot by Indians though he managed to get away from them and eventually recovered. A Mr. Brown of whom I bought vegetables and who run a ranch seven or eight miles away was brutally murdered and his long whiskers striped off from his face - to dangle at the belt of some Indian brave as a scalp. His hired man was also-murdered and scalped. Horses and cattle were ran off by them whenever they could get their hands upon them.

John Bullard and his Company built a large corral for their horses and cattle right in town. One night the Indians cut a hole into the corral and took out all the horses and started toward the Gila river. In the morning John & his brother Jim raised a party of about ten good men and started in pursuit. They followed the trail four or five days when it became quite fresh. So they crept upon them carefully and at night discovered their camp. They crawled up as close as possible and laid down and slept until [al]most morning when they rushed in upon the Indians with a yell. The Indians were completely taken by surprise and as they tumbled out of their wickiups they were shot but one old Indian saw John Bullard and no doubt knew him for John had had many fights with them and he smiled as he drew a bead on John as much as to say my last shot shall count. John called to Joe Yankie to shoot quick for he saw the Indian and seemed paralyzed but before Joes bullet could reach the savage John Bullard drop[p]ed dead in his tracks. A dozen bullets riddled the Indian but the boys said that his last look was one of complete satisfaction. When the boys realized that John was dead they were wild for revenge and could show no mercy to big or little. Fourteen Indians in all including two or three women and children were slain upon the spot. One squaw with her papoose had fairly got away and was climbing an adjacent Mountain when one of the boys took deliberate aim and brought her down. The child was left upon her breast in hopes the few that escaped might return & get it. Only one little boy was taken prisoner and he proved to be Old Cochise the notorious Chief's nephew⁹⁵. It was hot weather and the

boys were over a hundred and twenty miles from home but there was not a thought of burying John there. A litter was rigged on two poles, the body was placed upon it, and the boys started for home. It was a long tedious and sorrowful journey but they carried the body to the Gila River within twenty five miles of Silver City when one of the boys went on ahead and brought back a wagon from Silver City to bring in the remains. John Bullard was well known throughout the territory as one of the bravest and best of men. He has spent many evenings at our house and when he came to bid us goodbye to start on this last trip he seemed very reluctant to go, and I have never known him to appear so Sad. And I now believe he never expected to return alive. James Bullard, Joe Yankie and the whole company swore vengeance upon all red skins from that time forward. And I can say that it was no idle threat, for many savages have been made to bite the dust since that day from bullets sent by their unnerving needle guns. I have been with them on several occasions on Indian hunts and have slept on Indian trails. I also watched all night with rifle in hand upon a trail where Indians were expected to pass across a ravine between Silver City and Pinos Altos but I have never had an opportunity to kill an Indian although I was in one Indian fight where we burnt twenty eight wickiups.

The Italian Hermit of La Cueva in the Organ Mountains

I must not forget to relate the incidents of a Pie ____ given for me in the Organ Mountains, Eighteen miles from La Mesilla Col [Samuel] Jones⁹⁶ of Kansas notoriety. The same sheriff Jones who burnt the Free State Hotel⁹⁷ [in Lawrence] and committed many other outrages during the free state war⁹⁸ in Kansas was one of our party; also William Jones, his son, afterward killed by Indians. Mr. Griggs⁹⁹ of the firm of Reynolds & Griggs¹⁰⁰, Thomas J. Bull and several others. We all started on horseback early in the morning and had several spirited races on the way out. Arriving there we found in the foot hills a fine brook of clear cold water upon the bank of which we camped, but as it was not yet noon we rambled around until we found an opening in the rocks and entering we found a nicely arched cave about fifteen feet high and perhaps 60 feet in diameter. It had long been occupied by Indians and the wall and ceiling was covered all over with all kinds of figures made with the smoke of torches on the light colored limestone. The rock in which this cave was seemed to be detached from the mountain and stood on end more than five hundred feet high. We all tried to fire over it with our revolvers but the balls would strike the rock about two thirds the way up and fall back to the ground. Two of us tried to climb one of the great peaks of the main mountain as we supposed but after climbing about two hours almost straight up we found ourselves on top of a little spur with a wide gulf between us and the mountain or peak. When we started it all looked like the same peak but appearances are not to be counted upon at all among the peaks of the Organ Mountains. While here we looked for evidence of an old hermit¹⁰¹ who years ago had made his home among these peaks. He was well known in Mesilla. He went up into these mountains in order to get entirely away from the world and he surely succeeded for I don't suppose a human being visits the mountains once in twenty years. Of course the Indians roamed these and hid their stolen cattle and horses among them where they were perfectly secure as no number of troops could ever dislodge them, or get to them. This hermit made an arrangement with the people of

Mesilla who could not persuade him to give up the idea of banishing himself from the world, to build a large bonfire every Tuesday night upon one side of a peak where it could be plainly seen by the people that they might know that he was still alive. And the people of Mesilla become accustomed to watching for the fire every Tuesday night. For many Tuesday nights in succession it burned brightly and I don't just now remember how long this burning signal was kept up. But there came a time when no light was to be seen on the mountain side and all understood that the poor old hermit had gone to his long home alone among those desolate rocks. We found a human skull which no doubt was that of the old hermit but as no other bones were found it is probably that the wolves had torn the body to pieces and scattered the bones in all directions. After having a good time we started for home but the thought of the old hermits desolation and death haunted me for weeks afterward.

Mexican Funerary Observations

The horrible and disgusting funerals of the Mexicans made me feel like getting out of the God forsaken Country. Upon a death in a family who are able to hire a brass band to escort the funeral procession, it is not so bad, for the music in a measure drowns out the hideous noises of the yelping dancing idiots who make up the long procession—shooting guns all along the route is one of the practices. I suppose this is to keep off the evil spirits. If the diseased is a child it is carried in an open coffin upon the head of a boy, and if you watch the followers you will discover it is an occasion for hilarity, scuffling & there is nothing solemn or decent about it. I was upon one occasion a pall bearer in a high toned funeral at Las Cruces. A lady friend of T. J. Bulls had died and T. J. undertook to get up a fly funeral, one that (couldnt be sneezed at) upon his own expense. The long procession was preceded by six or eight little boys fantastically dressed carrying crosses. Then came several priests bear [bare] headed in the burning sun. Then 40 or 50 pall bearers carrying lighted Candles which the sun was hot enough to melt covering a mans best clothes with a coating of grease. Then a brass band and then a long procession wading through the hot sand more than ankle deep. When the old Adobe Church (half covered up with drifted sand) was reached I felt like dodging out and making for Mesilla, but I stood it through the long tiresome ceremony of swinging burning incense and the whole rigmarole of Catholic ceremonies, and firmly resolved never to take part in another Mexican funeral. In a few days a bill was presented from the priests for eighty-five dollars for their services alone and what the whole funeral cost Thomas I have no means of knowing, but much more I presume than he will pay out to bury his own wife.

Summer of 1871 – An expedition to SE Arizona

Although it will be somewhat disconnected I will now give an account of a trip made in search of gold up into the Francisco Mountains in Arizona which I have before spoken of and which was contained in a letter to the [Wellsboro, Tioga County] Agitator years ago.¹⁰² The great gold discoveries recently made in that wild and little known territory of Arizona brings to my mind one of the most persistent and determined efforts of my life to become suddenly rich — an effort which led forty one men with a like determination

on a wild goose chase through these same mountains in search of gold.

It was a dangerous undertaking, everybody said, for we were to penetrate unknown regions where no white man had ever set his foot, and were to go into the very hot bed of the murderous Apache Indians. But visions of gold in fabulous quantities blinded us to all danger and on July 4, 1871 we started from Silver City, New Mexico in high spirits and with great expectations. Jim Bullard, our Captain and guide, knew something of the Country, for he had led parties more than once against the Indians and in a fight only a few weeks before had lost his older brother John who was shot through the heart by an Apache Chief, which so enraged the boys that they slaughtered fourteen Indians, not even sparing women and children. As we filed up the narrow valley leading out of Silver City our party must have presented a warlike appearance. Forty one men bristling with revolvers and heavy rifles and forty-one bur[r]jos and ponies loaded with shovels, gold pans and provisions.

The whole town turned out to see us off, for the project was the all absorbing event in that frontier City. If successful in finding plenty of gold, of which we had little doubt, the people were all to follow us bag and baggage, leaving the now famous Silver City to bats and owls. Before the sun had gone down on that Fourth of July we had passed the summit of the Rocky (sic) Mountains and had camped on the western slope. Our canteens were empty and we began to realize that a great deal of water was necessary in that arid region. But what were we to do. The Gila River was thirty miles away and not in the direction we wished to go. Bullard remembered a spring about twenty miles ahead; if we could find that we were all right. The next day was hot and sultry but we pushed rapidly on for our thirst was become frightful. The country looked all alike covered with s[nake] weed and many varieties of cactus. As the day wore on our thirst became most appalling and it soon became evident we could not find the spring. We traveled up and down every ravine we came to and dug holes but the same dry dusty earth would turn up. Night was fast approaching and no water was to be had. Just then I would have given my pony and his load for a canteen of water. We must go to the Gila but the questions arise. Can we reach the river before dying of thirst and can we find the way there in the night for if we lose our way we are lost indeed. While discussing these points a "halloo" from the st[rong] lungs of my partner Col Rynerson,¹⁰³ whom we saw in the distance waving his hat, caused a wild rush for the spot. He had found a little marshy place into which we all went head and ears. In five minutes we were completely covered with mud but we were saved. We remained there that night and reached the Gila the next day. There we found fish and game in abundance, Antelope, black tailed deer, black bear and wild turkeys. We traveled down the river five or six days, about one hundred and fifty miles, and everywhere saw evidences of former occupation of the country. Ruins of towns could be traced in many places. Long ditches could be seen which had been used for irrigating purposes, and broken crockery could be picked up by the wagon load. A belt along the river was covered with cottonwood and other trees where all wild animals native to the country roamed undisturbed except by the Apaches. There was not an inhabitant for two hundred miles along this fertile valley which perhaps three or four hundred years ago had supported many thousands of the Aztec race who must have been skilled in making crockery as well as in agriculture. I could see in

imagination, a few years in the future, this whole valley people again with a far different race, with flour[i]shing cities connected by rail and telegraph, and large factories whose wheels were turned by the swift running Gila [River]. And these broad acres under a high state of cultivation, and I felt like striking my stake right here where two branches of the river united and waiting for a city to grow or like M_____ “for something to turn up”. But fearing the “something” might be my toes, I kept on with the boys in search of gold. We left the river turning to the right and striking an Indian trail and continued our journey into the Francisco Mountains. This trail led us in several places along high precipices where a misstep would land one on the rocks hundreds of feet below. How we passed these places with our long procession without accident has long been a mystery to me.

The second day after leaving the river, we came to a rushing mountain stream which had worn a very deep gorge through the mountains, and here we made our camp on a little island. We named the stream Eagle Creek¹⁰⁴ and commenced prospecting. We found a dry creek bed about four miles from camp where we could get from five to twenty cents of gold to the pan of dirt, but as it was about the same distance from water we thought it would not pay to work. We found boiling hot springs which may some day become a resort for invalids. We found the highest perpendicular ledges. The most beautiful waterfalls and the most magnificent wild scenery we ever beheld. But gold we were after and we gave little heed to anything else. For nearly three weeks we dug and delved in these mountains and finally became discouraged by ill success. Our provisions were nearly exhausted and as we were divided in opinion about what was best to do, we agreed to divide up into parties of six to ten each starting off in different directions.

Our party of ten found gold in several places but not in paying quantities.

Just at dark one evening, as we were going down a mountain gorge, we suddenly came upon an Indian village containing twenty-eight Wickiups or teepees. A little skirmish followed. The few Apaches that happened to be at home fled to the mountains, and within half an hour every Wickiup was on fire lighting up the Country for miles. The boys loaded their animals with nicely tanned buckskins and two or three hundred weight of mescal and we started on, for it wouldnt do to stop here. The Indians followed us until noon the next day, but after a few well directed shots from our Henry rifles¹⁰⁵ we heard no more of them. While cooking dinner one day on the bank of a small mountain stream we heard a roaring sound, and looking up beheld a body of water fully eight feet high coming down the creek, sweeping everything before it. We caught up what things we could and ran for high ground but our dinner coffee pot and all together with a large share of our provisions were swept away. These floods often occur in those mountains streams and it is never safe to camp over night upon them. We found a few small caves upon the sides of steep ledges. Some containing curiously shaped earthen dishes perfectly whole setting upright, just as they were left, no doubt several hundred years before by their owners the cave dwellers. I intended to speak more fully upon these strange dwellings and other discoveries and incidents of this long to be remembered trip but my letter is already too long. Suffice it to say we were after gold but found almost everything else, and came home as poor as we started except in experience. Silver City

was not deserted but continued to grow until it now has several large stamp mills, two or three banks, a line of street cars, and is a most prosperous town. My vision of the Gila River, I have no doubt, will soon materialize as I understand the valley is fast settling up.

The Year 1872

After burying my wife in Silver City as before related, I wrote Thomas about it and also wrote to Ohio¹⁰⁶. I then undertook to keep house alone with my two little boys but they clung right to me and I could not even go to the store without they would both have to go. I found it impossible to do any work and so I made arrangements to board with Mr. Tidwells where I remained several weeks. In the mean time Thos came up from Mesilla and I dont just remember whether he took the boys home with him or whether I afterward sent them down by stage. At any rate they were sent down to Mesilla. And I went to work and finished my hotel and took boarders. I bought my bedding of Thomas and many other things at prices that would astonish anyone in this age of the world. I bought in different places and here are some of the prices I paid. For one hundred lbs of cut loaf sugar I paid twenty eight dollars, twenty seven dollars per lb for flour, four dollars per gallon for Sour grain [sorghum] Molasses. Two dollars and forty cents per gal for Kerosene Oil, one dollar and twenty-five cts per lb for butter. Seventy five cents per dozen for eggs, fifty cents per can for tomatoes, seventy five cents per can for peaches and other things in proportion. I also paid One hundred dollars for a second hand charter oak cook stove¹⁰⁷. Onions, potatoes and other vegetables were bought by the pound and came very high. I had from thirty to forty boarders who paid me from ten to twelve dollars a week each. I used to hear from my boys about once a week through the stage driver, and once I received a sheet of paper scribbled from top to bottom; it was enclosed in an envelope and directed to me. It was Tommys first letter to his Pa. This must have been during the winter of 71 & 72. The meat I had on my table was generally of antelope, deer, bear, or wild turkey, though sometimes we could get a slice of Texas steer. Our fish, when we had any, were from the Gila and were called Gila trout but resembled a trout no more than a sucker. I caught a great many of them when on our trip down that river. And I remember of being driven from a hole where I was taking them out very fast by the appearance of a monster black bear just on the opposite bank not twenty five feet away. There is an animal which lives along the Gila river and on the adjacent hills which I never heard of anywhere else, and I dont believe can be found anywhere else in United states. We killed two of them on this trip which weighed fifteen or twenty pounds each. They are shaped something like a lizard only the head is very much larger in proportion. The color is black and yellow. When the dogs went for them they would stand up on their fore legs and blow at them making the dogs deathly sick. We shot them. They are called the "Gila Monster"¹⁰⁸.

While keeping the hotel I became very anxious to see my two little boys, and so I arranged with the stores to furnish my cook everything he needed to run the hotel while I was away, and joined two Mexicans who were going to Mesilla with teams for the company and for passage. We were three days on the way besides traveling most the nights. I suffered as much with the cold these nights as I ever did in a colder climate.

The whole route was lined with cactus and soap weed, and century plants. I would run on ahead of the teams and set fire to the dry foliage of the soap weeds and century plants which would burn lively for ten or fifteen minutes, and in that way I managed to get warm once in a while. The Mexicans had nothing to live on but browned corn ground about as coarse as you would grind coffee, which they would mix with water adding a little sugar. It is said they can travel on this week in and week out, and a very few pounds would suffice for a long journey.

I stayed three or four days in Mesilla. And Judge Hackley wished to go up to Silver City, and as he had a team I concluded to go with him. I had a very hard time to get away from my boys who cried and took on dreadfully, so I had to run and leave them up in a wagon where they couldnt get out in time to follow after. The Indians were very bad and so the Judge and I made a practice of camping just before night. So if Indians were watching us they would see just where we were located, and wait as they do until very late at night before they undertake to pounce upon the unwary travelers. After cooking our supper we would keep up the fire until about ten oclock, and then we would silently hitch up our horses and move on about ten miles and Camp for the night. In this way we may have avoided the Indians for they were generally looking out for small parties to massacre then. While traveling one very dark night we lost the road and wandered off on the plain. We were about to Camp until morning for fear we might run off a high bluff we knew we must be approaching when we discovered a light in the distance, and upon traveling toward it for a few miles we found we were in sight of Rio Mimbres, and had we kept on in the direction we were going we would have gone over the high precipice.

One of the strangest circumstances connected with this visit to my boys, and one I presume few fathers ever experienced was the fact that when I sent them to Mesilla they both talked English. Though Howard not quite so plainly as Tommy he being only about two years old, but when I met them there I could not understand a word they said. They had lost their English and were talking Spanish to beat the Mexicans themselves. I had to have an interpreter to find out what my children were trying to tell me. But finally Tommy recovered enough of his English to make me understand, though he would always begin at the subject and talk backward as in Latin. Howard could not talk English again until he learned it over after we came to Dakota. They must have learned the Spanish language so that they could talk it fluently and perfectly in less than six months. While I had studied it over two years and could not talk it at all. Although I could understand a little of it when pertaining to things in every day use.

When I arrived home I found things had all gone wrong. My boarders had lived upon the top shelf through the highest priced can[n]ed goods and provisions of like nature which required the least work in cooking. My store bills therefore were over twice as large as they should have been. And my cook had collected the board bills and spent the money at dances. He had done just as little cooking as he could get along with and had made up the meals larg[e]ly with the best things he could buy ready for the table. My loss by this breach of trust must have amounted to over two hundred dollars. I immediately discharged my business manager and hired another cook. Considering that I had only been gone in the neighborhood of two weeks, my net loss was over fourteen dollars a

day besides my expenses of the journey.

Murders were committed in Silver City at that time without any great fuss being made about them. A saloon keeper who went by the name of Hag Davis killed one of my boarders named Peter Hildreth by putting a revolver right against his ear in a crowded ball room and shooting him down. It was about a Mexican Woman Pete had enticed away from Davis. Davis obtained a change of venue to Socorro County before a Mexican jury and was acquitted though the cold blooded murder was witnessed by a ball room full of people. Among the early settlers of Silver City, I have good reason to believe there was not over ten men who had not killed his man where there was forty who had. There were many desperadoes and gamblers from mining towns in Montana, California, Idaho and other mining districts. On the trip before related into Arizona, [in 1871] I learned by hearing the conversations around Camp fires that [of] a large share of our number, not less than half of them had killed their man. And even my partner Col Rynerson was one of them as he had killed a fellow member of the legislature while a member of that body at Santa Fe. Another man who had been a partner of mine in the "Keystone" mine of which I will speak hereafter named Adobe Johnson who was at one time the leader in the outbreak in the [H]ouse of [R]epresentatives in Santa Fe which required the US troops to put down. And when Canon[s] were placed around the Capital. This prominent democratic politician had killed not only one man but several, and all these murderers had gone scott free.

To commit foul murder seemed to be excusable but should a thief steal a horse he would pay the penalty with his life.

This Adobe Johnson [was] so called because he took contracts for making Adobes, and a Mexican named Anchetta [Neponi Y. Ancheta],¹⁰⁹ the father of Mrs. Reynolds and who had a large furnace in Silver City, Were my partners in the Keystone Mine which we had located together and which I was allowed to name. We each owned one third interest. We set some men at work getting out ore which proved to be rich in silver. Everything moved along smoothly until one day Johnson came to me and says, "I have been talking with Mr. Anchetta [Ancheta] and I find he is very superstitious believing in all sorts of signs, and he seems very much troubled about the name of our mine. They dont seem to understand the meaning of it and is afraid it portends bad luck". Well I says what would he call it. He says he wants to call it the Grand de Soro [Tesoro]" meaning "The Grand Treasure". I says all right it dont make any particular difference to me. I didnt see either of them again for some time when I went up to see how they were getting along in getting out ore. Johnson says to me this is not the Keystone mine. This we call the Grand de Soro [Tesoro] and it belongs to Anchetta [Ancheta] and myself. The Keystone is right over there pointing to a little worthless ledge.

Well to say that I was mad is no name for it. They had fixed the record changing descriptions to suit themselves and had left my name out of the partnership on the Grand de Soro [Tesoro].

Johnson would swear to a lie just as willingly as he would commit the most horrible

murder, and he would do either without the least compunction of conscience, for that was something he never carried about him. So I saw at once there was no use in going to law and that my case was a hopeless one. I gave them a bitter tongue lashing and repeated my story to the citizens generally, who were indignant at my treatment but all agreed it was useless to go to law. Anchetta [Ancheta] must have been more superstitious than ever when he found that what had promised to be one of the grandest mines in the district up to this time had sud[d]enly shown signs of giving out, but so it was. The wall rock was drawing closer and closer together as the rich ore was taken out until it rounded off at the bottom leaving no seam, thereby showing that it was nothing but a pocket. I was not very sorry when I learned that the Grand de Soro was no more and that the partners in crime as well as in the mine had scarcely realized two thousand dollars. The Keystone was a favorite name of mine. My hotel was called the Keystone as long as I owned it because I was a native of the Keystone state. But afterward it was named the "Tremont".

Wm. Eckles¹¹⁰ kept the other hotel in town, and the little Indian which was captured when John Bullard was killed was kept there. They also had a tame coon and it was very amusing to see the little Kid Indian play with the Coon. They were well matched and had no other playfellows. The Coon one day got under the floor of the hotel and refused to come out. The Indian crawled through a hole and got under also where he built a brisk fire to smoke the Coon out. The men saved the hotel from burning up but all chances to get under the house after that was closed. The little Kid was kept there a long time and served as hostage for the good behavior of the Apaches and Old Cochise, his grandfather. General O. O. Howard¹¹¹ of the US Army came to Silver City with several Indian Chiefs. He made a speech to the Citizens claiming the Chiefs he had with him were going to hereafter be good Indians and go on to a reservation. Many of the old settlers knew some of these Indians to have committed the most revolting murders, and one or two whose friends had died at their hands determined to Kill the whole party. So they quickly gathered their forces around Hudsons Office in C_____ where the Indians were. But Gen Howard in the meantime had learned what was going on, and he step[p]ed right out in front of the Indians and faced the men back of the C___ and told them to disperse, and that if any Indians were killed they would have to walk over his dead body to do it. His bold stand saved the Indians lives, for none felt like antagonizing the United States Government whose representative stood before them.

Another Account of Expedition to SE Arizona and SW New Mexico

I have spoken of a large [quantity] of Mescal captured at the time of burning the Indian village. This Indian food is made from a wild plant, something in the nature of Cactus, and it may be one of the many varieties of Cactus which abounds everywhere in that Country. Mesc[al] pits are to be found wherever one travels, and they are made by digging a round hole or basin about ten feet in diameter and two feet deep. This basin is filled with smo[o]th stones over the bottom and up the sides. Then a hot fire is made in it, heating the stones very hot. The Mescal is then thrown in and covered up with earth, and left for a day or two, when it is taken out thoroughly cooked. It is then strip[p]ed of its outside rind and beaten and mixed together and rolled out in sheets perhaps a half

an inch thick and cut in squares about 18 inches long by 10 inches wide. It is dried and becomes the color of dried apples and has a sweetish taste. It answers as their bread. We also captured at that time one horse, about three dollars in gold nuggets, Several hair lariettes, [lariats] one buckskin robe covered with little tin bell jingles for dancing, and one womans scalp. The hot spring spoken of in the Francisco Mountains was it seemed to me hot enough to boil eggs, yet two or three of us undressed and commencing where the spring empt[i]ed into the creek and following up by degrees, crawled along in the water until we could stay in the spring itself for five minutes, but we would turn as red as lobsters. It is wonderful what hot water one can stand to be in if he only works in by degrees. An Indian trail crossed the creek close to our tents and near this hot spring, Where two of us remained for a week to take care of the camp. It has since appeared to me a strange and fortunate circumstance that we escaped massacre. This trail we had followed for many miles and it led us sometimes right along the side or face of immense precipices thousands of feet high. When I got back to Fort Bayard I was relating the incidents of the trip to a party of listeners and was saying, "We passed places along the side of high ledges where I could have kicked my pony with its load a thousand feet" when little Tommy broke in "Well why didnt you kick him Pa"?

It is said that "when you are with Romans you must do as Romans do". I was in a country where everybody old and young drank liquor as freely as tea or coffee, and was told by men like Judge Hudson that if I wished to succeed in anything there, I must be one of the boys and do as they do. I.E. "Eat, drink and be merry". But my temperance habits were formed before I went to New Mexico, And I was determined not to become one of "the boys, even if it led to success. I was therefore perfectly temperate all the time I was there except upon two oc[c]asions. One of these was at Fort Bayard, when the first party had returned from their prospecting tour and had located copper mines in the Francisco Mountains in which I was interested, and had brought back stories of gold discoveries which was sure to make everybody rich. Rynerson and Knox, the post traders,¹¹² opened up their wine rooms and invited everybody to help themselves. It was a day of jubilee. Everybody would soon have all the gold he wanted, and why not have a blow out and get as rich as lords today. The only strictly sober men in Fort Bayard that day were private soldiers who were not allowed to come into the post traders buildings. And the rest of us felt comfortably well off.

At another time in Silver City, Mr. Bremen, a friend of mine with whom had considerable influence, got on a spree because a Jew store keeper had refused to accept an order he had given upon the store. Bremen thought that was sufficient cause for him to shoot all the Jews he could find in the City. He therefore got two revolvers and went to the Jews store. The Jew dodged under the counter when Bremen drew a bead on him and his clerk ran for Judge Hudson. Hudson came and found Bremen with drawn revolver waiting for the Jew to show his head. He tried to persuade him to leave the store but Bremen said not until he had killed every Jew on the premises. At this juncture Hudson sent for me but Bremen [sic] wouldnt hear [listen] to me until I suggested that before we killed all the Jews in town we all go and take a drink. This he consented to do, and so we adjourned to the nearest saloon. We were well aware that B[reman] would shoot the first Jew he happened to see, and so determined to get him drunk enough to put him to

bed. Of course he wouldn't drink unless we drank with him. The outcome of it was he could stand a great deal more whiskey than I could wine, and before we got him into bed, Hudson and I were quite tired. I could walk as straight as I ever could, but my tongue would somehow fail to connect sentences in the right order, but what astonished me as much as anything was that people whom I passed on my way home appeared to discover that something was wrong with me. How they could tell was the mystery to me. Very few who are under the influence of liquor have any idea that others can notice it upon them and it would be amusing if it was not so serious a matter, to watch them maneuver to throw off suspicion from them.

Enos S. Culver Leaves Silver City with his two sons.

I had seen enough of the country and the people to satisfy me that it was not the place to bring up boys and so I readily consented to bring my boys to Ohio where I was receiving from friends constant appeals to bring them. I determined to either sell or rent my hotel, close up my business affairs, and go to the States for a visit of at least four months. I was offered two hundred dollars in gold for a lot I had in the west part of town but refused it. I wanted three thousand for my hotel but did not wish to wait until I could sell it. Men who knew about what property was worth put this valuation upon it. Rather than wait for a sale I rented it for four months at one hundred dollars per month to Joe Yankie. I obtained three hundred dollars of [from] Thomas J. Bull which made my indebtedness to him according to his figures \$1030, one thousand and thirty dollars. It should have been much less.

I had Tommy with me. I then sent word for Thomas to send Howard up to Silver City by stage which he did and it was a long hard journey for the little fellow to come alone. I appointed Judge Hudson as my Agent to look after my interests there in the mines, and other property. I then made arrangements with a party of five or six men to accompany them through to Pueblo, Colorado. One of the men owned the two teams, and I agreed to give him twenty five dollars and furnish my share of the provision to furnish transportation for myself and the boys. He agreed to this. I then took my little boys up to visit and put flowers upon their Mothers grave for the last time. If I remember right this was about the 10th of April 1873. We bought up our provisions for the trip, and just as we were about to start, the owner of the teams claimed I should pay him twenty five dollars more for the children. I protested because I had made a distinct bargain with him that the twenty five I had already paid him was for myself and the boys too, but his partners in crime agreed that I should pay another 25 dollars before they would turn a wheel. Of course I had to do it or remain and lose the money I had already paid, but this incident proved to me that I had scoundrels to deal with, and in fact I had dealt with very few honest men since I came to the Territory. They all seemed to be _____ with the same stick. We finally pulled out of Silver City a place I have seen many time[s] since in my dreams but not in reality. The first night we stopped at Hot Springs Hotel¹¹³ and the boys and I took a hot bath in water which was heated for us in a long distance underneath in the caverns of the earth. The next day we passed through "Cooks Canon" which used to be the worst place for Indians on the road.

It was here that a party of ten or twelve from Las Cruces and Mesilla came up to guard the stage while taking the mail through, as the stage before this had been captured, driver killed, and mail scattered. They were scarcely half way through when they run right into three or four hundred Indians. They left the stage and run for the rocks, where they sheltered themselves as well as they could and fought the Indians for three days, killing over sixty of them. In the evening of the third day, when only two of the men were alive the rest of them lying dead inside the little stone fort which they had erected, they wrote on a piece of paper something like this. *"We have had a terrible fight with Indians. All are dead but Charly & I, and we are suffering for water. I shall try to reach the spring tonight after dark but fear I shall fail for the red devils are watching every move. Good bye. Frank."* A few days after, as nothing had been heard from the stage or the boys, Another party started from Mesilla In search of them. They found them all dead and partly devoured by wild animals. They found Frank only eight or ten rods from the fort of rocks, shot through and through. He did not reach the spring, which is about a mile from the place, where he lay among the rocks. In fact, one who has lived among hostile Apaches very long has become accustomed to watching for them behind every rock, and long after I left there I could not break myself of this habit.

We passed Fort Cummings which is at the foot of the Canon near the spring, and camped about five miles beyond. We s___ across the next morning toward Fort McCrea, near the J[ornada] del Mu[er]to before spoken of and follow up the Rio Grande. The first Sand Hill Crane I ever tasted we bought of [from] a Pueblo squaw. If they are well cooked they make good eating. We cross the river at Fort McCrea and again at Albuquerque. At one of our camps on the bank of a creek I have Howards long yellow curls cut off and his hair trim[m]ed up. When we reach Santa Fe we rest[ed] for two days at the hotel Fonda. The scenery from Santa Fe to Cimeron [Cimarron] crossing is beautiful. I was obliged one day to give Tommy a whipping. He cried considerable and then pretended to be very sick and acted it out to perfection. I was almost frightened out of my wits, and was very careful with him for some time. I never discovered the deception, but he told me of it years afterward.

Before we crossed over the Raton Pass a heavy snow storm overtook us and we were obliged to seek shelter in a Wagon shop where we remained over night. We didnt stop long at Trinidad, [Colorado] but pushed on for Pueblo, [Colorado] for some of the boys had a bet that we would reach Pueblo within twenty-five days after leaving Silver City. We won the bet but only had about a day or two to spare. I was glad to see the [railroad] cars again which I hadnt seen in four years. But these were little narrow gauge ones, though plenty large enough for our purposes. We found the snow storm had blocked the [rail]road and there we were snow bound in southern Colorado about the last of April 1873. Many will remember the storm. Gen Grant was among the snow bound on that road. We remained in Pueblo two days when the cars began running again and we went on through Colorado Springs to Denver where we remained over night and one day. Here I bought a suit of clothes for myself and boys and pushed on for Yankton Dak[ota], for most of my folks had moved from Penn. up into [present day South] Dakota. Arriving in Yankton we remained over night at the St. Charles hotel and took the stage the next morning, arriving in Springfield [South Dakota] the same day. Here our journey ended

for a time. My two boys could talk no English at this time but talked altogether in Spanish, especially Howard.

The Culvers Return in the Midwest

In Springfield I found my Mother, three sisters and one brother. I only expected to make a short visit there but the prairies of the Country and rich farming land to be had almost for the asking were sounded in my ears until I concluded to locate some land and enter it in the land office, expecting to sell it when I returned to New Mexico. I entered a homeste[a]d. A presumption and a timber claim 480 acres. I remained there twelve or fifteen days during which time it rained almost continually. I had a good visit but was anxious to finish my journey to Penn. and Ohio. So I started in the stage with my boys for the east. The roads were very bad and by the time we had reached Bon Homme [a community west of [present-day] Yankton, South Dakota] it had become very dark and was raining very hard. The driver lost the road and drove away out on the prairie. He seemed to be afraid of running off the high bluff to the right below Bon Homme. It was not long before we ran against something solid. I got out and found we had run against a fence. I questioned the driver and found he had no idea where we were. I told him to stop right there until morning. I didnt want to be rambling at random over the country such a night as that. We spent a very uncomfortable night in that old stage on the prairie but next morning reached Yankton and were soon on our way east.

I remained in Ohio at Loudonville several days, saw all my friends and had a pleasant time. I then left my boys there and went on to Penn. Stayed over one night and day in Meadville to meet a young lady who had requested me to stop and see her and then resumed my journey to Elkland, my native home, where I remained about two weeks and had a fine time. My old friend Benjamin Dorrance was alive then and we made things burn. It was the last time I ever saw him. I repacked my mothers furniture which had been stored in Elkland and ship[p]ed it to Dakota, costing about seventy dollars about as much as the furniture was worth. Sold a village lot for her and started back. When I reached Ohio where I expected to leave my boys for a time according to previous ar[r]angements, I learned some facts that influenced me to take my boys along with me. I dont think though I could have gone off and left them if all my anticipations had been strictly complied with, for the reason that I could not bear to have them away from me for any great length of time. This put a damper on my returning to Silver City as I had up to this time expected to do.

I only remained a day or two, had the boys pictures taken, and started for Dakota where I found the very wet weather had caused Maleria and a great many were sick. [R.T.] Wood was very sick, And I became very anxious about my boys. I was almost tempted to return to Silver City and would have done so had it not been such a terrible place to bring up children. I stayed and after a while rented a house, and mother and Dollie kept house, and we five lived together. I then looked after my land, built a shanty on my presumption and stayed there a few nights which was the custom in order [to] show occupation I think. I also made a garden and had some ploughing done upon it. But my cabin was afterward stolen off by a notorious thieving family named Young, and finally

the claim was jumped and I lost it. My mother also lost her claim through the same notorious nest and their relations. I put out trees on my timber claim and built a claim shanty, and had five acres broke on my homestead which joined the timber claim on the west with the exception of a road which divided them. They were located about three miles west of Springfield. I raised excellent corn on my timber claim from just turning the sod on to it. It was called sod corn. I raised very nice wheat on both claims and upon my homestead any amount of garden truck. One year I raised six or seven wagon loads of citron and watermelons. Prairie fires would sometimes sweep the whole country, and it was the custom of the citizens of Springfield to surround the village with a fire break which consisted of two furrows plowed about four rods apart clear around the lawn from river to river. Then we would turn out evenings and burn the grass inside these two furrows so that no prairie fire from outside could pass into town. This was one of the sports of the young people to burn out the fire break. But after all these precautions, it would sometimes happen that the people would all have to turn out and fight fire to save the town. On one occasion a very heavy fire was sweeping toward the town from the west and north west. I got onto a horse and thought I would go out to my homestead and try to save my claim shanty. I had scarcely got half way there before the smoke completely blinded me and I found the fire had got around me on all sides. There was nothing left to do but to stop and burn a place around me. I lit a match and gathered some dry grass and set the prairie on fire near me, and it only took a few minutes before away went the fire with the wind and I soon had a wide strip of burned ground to stand upon. If I had not had matches with me I would have been in great danger. I afterward went on to my claim but my house was burned to the ground. I was receiving from my agent in Silver City the rent for my hotel which drop[ped] from one hundred dollars per month to seventy five and so on down until I was only getting twenty-five dollars per month. I had no intimation but that the town was so prosperous as ever. Though whatever may have been the cause, the fact remained that rent had taken a great fall. Soon after I learned that Thomas had sold all my property there to satisfy his debt at [a] Sheriff's Sale bidding it all in himself. He had it appraised, and the appraisers had appraised too high for him to get it all without paying to me a large balance above his debt. So he had new appraisors [sic] appointed of his own choosing, so as to bring it down within reach of his debt against me, and thus it was that I lost my property in Silver City. Thomas [J. Bull] was and is quite wealthy but I imagine he will have as hard a squeeze to get into Heaven as a Camel would have to get through the eye of a needle.

ENDNOTES

¹ The Kansas Pacific railhead was at Sheridan, Kansas about 13 miles east of Fort Wallace (1865-1882) and was located in present day Logan County. Retrieved on February 13, 2011 from <http://files.usgwarchives.org/ks/ellsworth/cemeteries/forsyths.txt>.

² Michael L. Olsen and Frank C. Wimberly, "Last Lady of the Santa Fe Trail? The Diary of Lucinda Wiseman Trieloff," *Wagon Tracks: Santa Fe Trail Association Quarterly* 11 (February 1997): 10-18.

³ Roe, Frances M. A. *Army Letters From An Officer's Wife*. New York. 1909. p. 2.

⁴ Thomas Jefferson Bull was an Ohio native who served in the U.S. Army during the Mexican-American War and came through New Mexico in 1849 on his way to the California goldfields. He settled in the new town of La Mesilla and became a prominent merchant. He married into a Chihuahua City family and extended his commercial ties throughout the American Southwest, northern Mexico, and east along the new trade routes established after the Mexican – American War. His successful enterprises soon included freighting, wholesaling, and merchandising. He expanded his businesses, and became the first fruit grower in the region. He marketed wines and brandies and established one of the first ranches in the Organ Mountains. By late 1850s, he was the wealthiest man in Doña Ana County. Bull was also quite active in area politics. He served as Justice of the Peace, sheriff, County Commissioner, and was appointed to the governing board and the Board of Regents of the Territory's Agriculture and Mechanic Arts College, which later became New Mexico State University. Price, Paxton P. *Pioneers of the Mesilla Valley*. Las Cruces. 1995. pp. 89-92.

⁵ *La Mesilla*, the Little Mesa or Table, is located two miles southwest of Las Cruces. It was settled after the Mexican-American War as a refuge for area Hispanics who wished to remain in Mexico. The settlement's founder, Rafael Ruelas, worked with El Paso del Norte's Father Ramón Ortiz, who was serving as a commissioner of *Colonias*, to issue Mexican land grants to the new settlers. La Mesilla was located on the west bank of the Rio Grande, in Mexican territory, on a small plateau, while Doña Ana was located on the east bank. Settlers crossed the international boundary and sought refuge in La Mesilla in order to remain Mexican citizens. In 1853, James Gadsden negotiated the purchase of more than twenty thousand square miles of land from Mexico that became known as the Gadsden Purchase; that treaty placed La Mesilla within the United States. The Gadsden Purchase and the establishment of nearby Fort Fillmore placed La Mesilla on two important transportation systems: coach roads west to California and the old Camino Real north to Santa Fe. In 1858 the Butterfield Overland Mail route followed the old Camino Real and Chihuahua Trail north from American El Paso. La Mesilla continued to be an important commercial center until the railroad arrived at nearby Las Cruces in 1881. Then, no longer a hub of regional transportation, it was eclipsed by its neighbor and became a quiet agricultural settlement. With limited growth and development in the twentieth century it remained one of the best preserved Hispanic villages in southern New Mexico. By the mid-twentieth century it was recognized for its historic plaza, many architectural and cultural resources, and compact village setting. Lamar, Howard R. *The Far Southwest, 1846-1912: A Territorial History*. New York. 1970. pp. 112-14.

⁶ Fort Selden was established at a Camino Real campsite known as the *Cruz de Robledo*, Robledo's Cross, which was said to be the place where one of the 1598 Oñate expedition's elders, sixty year old Pedro Robledo, died and was buried. On April 25, 1865 a military post honoring the late Henry H. Selden, a Union officer who helped defend Fort Craig during the Civil War, was ordered to be constructed at Robledo. The original fort was built of adobe and designed for one company of cavalry, but by the 1870s there was also a company of infantry stationed at Fort Selden, totaling between 120 and 180 men. At Fort Selden a port led to a rectangular parade ground lined with single-story adobe buildings. Officers' quarters were at the north end of the compound and enlisted men's barracks opposite them. The fort had shops, corrals, a small hospital, guardhouses and offices. Cohrs, Timothy and Thomas J. Caperton. *Fort Selden*. Santa Fe. 1993. pp. 7-10.

⁷ Whipsaw - a saw with handles at both ends; intended for use by two people through a push – pull action. Retrieved November 6, 2010 from <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/whipsaw>.

⁸ *Piños Altos*, the Tall Pines, was the site of a gold strike on Bear Creek in 1860. Miners flocked to the area, about six miles north of Silver City, in the following years but frequent Apache raids drove them away by 1864. The settlement was re-established in 1867 and named for the massive Ponderosa pines found through the region. The town boomed in the 1870s and early 1880s with perhaps several thousand residents. Saloons, hotels, mercantile outlets, and houses lined the main street. The boom turned to bust

in the late 1880s as gold and silver prices plunged. Julyan, Robert. The Place Names of New Mexico. Albuquerque. 1998. p. 268; Looney, Ralph. *Haunted Highways: The Ghost Towns of New Mexico*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press. 1968. pp. 177-179.

⁹ The telegram would have been sent via Western Union, which was founded in 1851 as the New York and Mississippi Valley Printing Telegraph Company. The company changed its name to Western Union in 1856 to mark the consolidation of several telegraph lines in what was then the Western-most reaches of the American telegraph system. Western Union completed the first transcontinental telegraph line across North America in 1861. Retrieved November 6, 2010 from <http://corporate.westernunion.com/history.html>.

¹⁰ Kansas Pacific Railroad.

¹¹ Enos is mistaken. According to Jennie Culver's diary the month was May, 1869. Courtesy of the Cleo Redd Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

¹² Loudonville, OH is a village in Ashland and Holmes counties located along the Black Fork of the Mohican River. Retrieved November 6, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Loudonville,_Ohio.

¹³ Wells-Fargo Stage. David A. Butterfield obtained capital and determined that a stage line, called Butterfield Overland Dispatch, could be profitable along the Smoky Hill Trail. His first stage left Atchison on June 4, 1865, arriving in Denver on September 23rd. David A. Butterfield sold out in March, 1866 to his rival, Ben Holladay, who in turn, sold it to Wells, Fargo & Co. the same year, thus creating a merger of several mail, express and stage lines in the West. During this time, the Kansas Pacific Railroad was also pushing towards Denver and by 1870, the stage line was no longer needed. Retrieved November 7, 2010 from <http://www.legendsofamerica.com/ks-smokyhillstrail.html>. Garfield, Marvin. "Defense of the Kansas Frontier 1866-1867". Kansas Historical Quarterlies Vol. 1, No. 4. 1932. pp. 326-344. Retrieved June 1, 2010 from http://www.kanCall.org/khq/1932/32_4_garfield.htm.

¹⁴ Crestline is a city in Crawford and Richland Counties in the state of Ohio. It is the third largest city in Crawford County. During its heyday, Crestline was a division point for the Pennsylvania Railroad's Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway. Retrieved on November 6, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crestline,_Ohio.

¹⁵ There were different types of ferry boats operated for passengers, animals and wheeled vehicles to cross a river or stream. Prior to the Civil War, steam boats and river traffic were the principal means of travel. By 1858, the steam ferry was put in operation between Kansas and Missouri. Landis, Margaret. "The Kansas City, Kansan". June 29, 1986. p. 12A. Retrieved November 7, 2010 from <http://www.kckpl.lib.ks.us/ksCall/lochist/thennow/TN62.htm>.

¹⁶ In the summer of 1868, the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division (UP-ED) reached Sheridan, Kansas and the little city in present Logan County became the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail [editor's note: rail terminus in the summer of 1868 on the Smoky Hill Trail] dispatching merchandise, passengers and mail (until 1871) down a newly developed road to Fort Lyon. Thus, overland traffic on the Santa Fe Trail east of Fort Lyon ceased. Retrieved November 7, 2010 from <http://www.santafetrailresearch.com/research/traces-newsletter-historic-content.html>. On March 3, 1869 the name of the rail road was changed to the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Robert Shoemaker, was the chief engineer of the UP-ED and stated that surveys indicated that the Smoky Hill River route was superior to a line along the Republican River. Sheridan, Kansas was a town on the Smoky Hill River Trail. Petrowski, William. "The Kansas Pacific Railroad in the Southwest". Journal of the Southwest Vol. 11. No. 2. 1969. Arizona. pp.133,144.

¹⁷ Six rods equals approximately 100 feet. A rod is a unit of length, equal to 16.5 feet or 5.5 yards. The rod is still in use as a unit of measure in certain specialized fields. In recreational canoeing, maps measure portages (overland paths where canoes must be carried) in rods. This is thought to persist due to the rod approximating the length of a typical canoe. Retrieved November 7, 2010 from <http://www.unitconversion.org/length/rod-conversion.html>.

¹⁸ "While this might have happened the accounts are not plentiful of buffalo stampedes doing much damage." In conversation with Marc Simmons on September 21, 2011

¹⁹ The Perry House in Sheridan, Kansas that Jennie Culver refers to was likely owned by the same proprietor, Joseph Perry who built The Perry House in 1867 in Rome, KS which was overshadowed by Hays City, KS thus Perry moved the house to Hays, KS. He likely built another Perry House in Sheridan, KS as the railroad moved farther west towards Denver, Colorado. Parts of this endnote were retrieved from http://www.haysusa.com/Downtown_walking_tour.pdf on November 7, 2010.

²⁰ Miguel Antonio Otero (1829-1882) was a merchant in Leavenworth, Kansas when he and his head

bookkeeper started the commission firm of Otero, Sellars and Company in Hayes, Kansas. Otero started the practice of moving his business to the railroad terminus as the Kansas Pacific Railroad built westward. Otero apparently operated Otero, Sellars and Company in Sheridan, Kansas in 1869 when it was the western terminus of the railroad. The Kansas Pacific (KP) and the Atchison, Topeka, Santa Fe Railroads (AT&SF) had a race to the Arkansas Valley. The KP arrived at Los Animas, CO in 1873, two years before the AT&SF got there, but both RRs arrived at La Junta, CO in December 1875, just two weeks apart.

Retrieved on November 7, 2010 from <http://www.coloradoplains.com/otero/history/miguel.htm>.

²¹ A vigilance committee, in the 19th century United States, was a group of private citizens who organized themselves for self-protection in areas where there was no local law enforcement. In the western United States, both before and after the Civil War, the primary purpose of these committees was to maintain law and order and administer summary justice where law enforcement was inadequate. In the newly settled areas vigilance committees provided security and mediated land disputes. In ranching areas they ruled on ranch boundaries, registered brands, and protected cattle and horses. Retrieved June 17, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vigilance_committee.

²² This stage line started out as a Butterfield Stage Co. By 1866 Wells, Fargo & Co. operated a stage line across Kansas. (Retrieved November 13, 2010 from <http://www.legendsofamerica.com/ks-smokyhillstrail.html>.)

²³ This is probably the southern branch of the Smoky Hill Trail into Eastern Colorado from Cheyenne Wells to Eureka and southward onto Trinidad, CO. Retrieved June 15, 2010 from <http://www.smokyhilltrail.com/maps.htm>.

²⁴ This is most likely King's Ferry. Descendents of the Kings moved to San Juan County where they operated the Troy King Ranch west of Farmington, NM.

²⁵ The Spanish Peaks of south central Colorado have been among the most important landmarks of the southwestern United States, guiding Native American tribes, Spanish and French trappers, gold seekers, hunters, and American settlers. The Ute, Comanche, Apache, and other earlier Indian tribes held the Peaks in religious awe and named the mountains Wahatoya, meaning "Breasts of the Earth." Later travelers named them the Twin Peaks, Dos Hermanos (Two Brothers) and Mexican Mountains. Whatever their name, the Spanish Peaks are a truly unique and majestic contribution to the area's already beautiful scenery. Travelers from the east see these peaks from as far as 100 miles distant. Retrieved November 14, 2010 from <http://www.sangres.com/mountains/spanpks/>.

²⁶ In 1860, the United States Army established Fort Wise on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail in Colorado. Then, the next year the Postal Service changed the mail route from the Cimarron Cutoff to the Mountain Branch. In 1862, New Mexican traders brought supplies over Raton Pass to feed the gold miners in the fledgling city of Denver as they passed through Cherry Creek. Impressed with the fertile valley of the Purgatoire River, 12 families from Mora, New Mexico followed Felipe and Dolores Baca and settled in the area that became Trinidad, CO on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail. Westward advancing rail lines in the 1860's and 1870's brought nearly all Trail traffic to the Mountain Branch. Adobe buildings and a few log structures lined Main and Commercial Streets in Trinidad. The town suffered a few raids from the Utes and the chronic lawlessness of a frontier town, but quickly matured into a major center of commerce and agriculture for southern Colorado. Retrieved November 14, 2010 from <http://www.sangres.com/Colorado/lasanimas/history.htm>.

²⁷ In 1865, former mountain man Richens Lacy "Uncle Dick" Wootton and his partner, George C. McBride, made an agreement with Lucien Maxwell to build a toll road over Raton Pass. They blasted rock, removed road debris and built bridges for months, finally creating a 27 mile passable road. In 1866 they built a toll booth and charged \$1.50 per wagon, 25 cents per horseman and 5 cents per animal for everyone wishing to pass, except Native Americans who traveled free. As easy as the toll road made it, Raton Pass was still not a place for the inexperienced. The banks of the road were littered with broken parts of wagons that didn't make it. And sometimes it took up to seven days to complete the crossing. Retrieved November 14, 2010 from <http://www.sangres.com/Colorado/lasanimas/history.htm>.

²⁸ Enos Culver is mistaken on the dates as evidenced by Jennie Bull Culver's account of arriving in Sheridan, KS and reaching the Arkansas River on July 4, 1869.

²⁹ Lucien B. Maxwell married Luz Beaubien in 1842, daughter of wealthy landowner Carlos Beaubien. Beaubien was a family friend who had transacted business with Maxwell's grandfather Pierre Menard, a businessman in Illinois. Beaubien was one of the two holders of the enormous Beaubien-Miranda Land

Grant. In 1858, Maxwell bought out Miranda's share of the grant. He later inherited a portion of the grant and bought up shares from his Beaubien in-laws. In time, he became owner of the largest single tract of land ever possessed by one man in the history of the United States - over 1.7 million acres. Murphy, Lawrence R. Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell: Napoleon of the Southwest. 1983. Norman. pp 35, 103, 171.

³⁰ In trail conversation, the term "crossing" is frequently used to refer to the ford of a stream, in this case the Cimarron River. Cimarron, NM was officially chartered in 1861. Lucien B. Maxwell served as the first postmaster.

Cimarron was named for the Spanish word used to describe a mustang, meaning "wild" and "unbroken". In 1871 Lucien Maxwell sold the Maxwell Land Grant to a group of investors. Cimarron was the county seat of Colfax County beginning in 1872, when it replaced Elizabethtown, NM. At that time Cimarron was a stage stop on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail. In 1881, the county seat was moved to Springer, NM, a town on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. Retrieved November 6, 2010 from <http://www.santafetrailresearch.com/research/traces-newsletter-historic-content.html> and http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cimarron,_New_Mexico

³¹ On the whole, New Mexicans seem to have been unconcerned about shielding the cadaver from the ravages of the elements after burial. A blanket or a winding sheet may have provided a thin barrier between the body and the earth, but New Mexicans made no obvious effort to slow the process of decay or protect the corpse from insects through embalming or a coffin. In fact, people may have used lime both to disinfect and hasten decomposition. De Chaparro, Martina Will. Death and Dying in New Mexico. 2007. Albuquerque. pp. 119-120.

³² When the loved one has departed, a family member will usually elect to stay with the body in most Hispanic cultures to keep them company and to make sure they receive the treatment they should receive. The body is prepared for burial and a wake will be held. A wake is when the family sits with the body until the burial to keep them company, offer prayers and to watch over the body. In the Hispanic culture, a wake is a very social event. It gathers the family and is, for the most part, a time to remember the good times and to laugh and enjoy seeing family again. Some play cards or dominos, sit and talk of good times and everything under the sun. Usually there is food served and drinks as everyone gathers enjoying the company of close family and friends. Prayers are very common and the Novena is the most commonplace prayer at a wake. Usually a Rosario is said for nine days following the death of a loved one, then once on the anniversary of the day of their death. Candles and flowers play a very important part of the funeral, as well as the wake, and are used to decorate the burial grounds of the loved one. Retrieved from <http://www.bellaonline.com/articles/art40851.asp> on June 6, 2010.

³³ Since Santa Fe is not mentioned it's possible the Culvers bypassed Santa Fe. By the middle of the 19th century when travelers came west on the Santa Fe Trail and were continuing southward into Mexico, they often took a more direct route therefore bypassing Santa Fe and passing through Anton Chico and heading south of the Manzano mountains for El Camino Real. Conversation with Marc Simmons, Ph.D. scholar on the Santa Fe Trail.

³⁴ A spike team includes an extra animal working alone before the leaders, such an animal being known as the spike. Taylor, Jay. Handbook for Rangers and Woodsmen. New York. 1916. p. 169. Retrieved November 14, 2010 from <http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA169&lpg=PA169&dq=%22spike%20team%22%20%2B%20mules%20%2B%20freighting&sig=A-BDlj36JA5XQ-e6gGPz3EoZPT4&ei=VeTDS88O1KCdB9rthZEJ&ct=result&id=DCMuAAAAYAAJ&ots=MVRZxtoxeK&out=put=text>.

³⁵ Isleta Pueblo

³⁶ The river ford was near Isleta Pueblo, an ancient Tiwa Indian settlement on the Rio Grande. The native name for Isleta Pueblo, *Shiewhibak*, means "flint kick-stick place," said to refer to the shape of the land where the pueblo is built. The village was located at the junction of two major Pueblo trails, making it an important cultural center for the region. In the sixteenth century the main channel of the Rio Grande veered west about a mile north of the pueblo, while a second one ran east of the settlement along the modern alignment. When both river channels were full the pueblo became an island, surrounded by water, leading the Spanish to name the site *Isleta*. Isleta became a Franciscan mission site in the 1610s but was abandoned during the 1680 Pueblo Indian Revolt. It was re-settled in the eighteenth century and was one of only two remaining Tiwa pueblos in northern New Mexico. Agriculture and trade flourish in the early nineteenth century, and Isleta prospered. The Camino Real passed east of the pueblo and most trail

travelers camped in the open area along the banks and crossed the river to visit the village. A new branch of the Camino along the west bank connected Isleta with Los Lunas and Los Lentos by the Mexican era. Trade along the Chihuahua Trail brought Anglo-Americans to Isleta Pueblo by the 1840s. It was the last occupied Indian pueblo on the road south until reaching El Paso, Texas. Kessell, John L. The Missions of New Mexico since 1776. Albuquerque. 1980. pp. 215-218.

³⁷ The Jornada del Muerto (Journey of Death) is a long, flat high desert plain that lies east of the Rio Grande, about forty-five miles wide, and extending almost one hundred miles in length. Early day travelers called this section of El Camino Real the Journey of Death. It spreads from the northern end of the Mesilla Valley, past today's Elephant Butte Reservoir, and into the Socorro Valley. Hemmed in by the Oscura and San Andres Mountains on the east side, and the Caballo and Fray Cristóbal Mountains on the west, the Jornada spans the monotonous flat prairie with occasional rolling foothills, jutting rocks, and shallow depressions. Ute and Navajo parties occasionally entered the region but the Jornada was the home of the Apache, nomadic raiders who lived in some of the driest, hottest, least hospitable regions of the Southwest. Most were Mescalero Apache who lived among the San Andrés and Sacramento Mountains to the east. Warm Springs Apaches inhabited the area west of the Rio Grande. They raided Native-American settlements along the river and terrorized Spaniards, Mexicans, and Anglo-Americans for centuries. Caravans and small parties were always vulnerable on the open desert plain as the clouds of dust from their wagons and herds could be seen miles away. Even the light, fast stagecoaches that roared through the region by the mid-nineteenth century were subject to attack. After the Mexican War, Americans established military posts in the Jornada to protect travelers and settlers. The Apache were one of the last tribes in North America to be brought under control through a long series of wars in the late nineteenth century waged by both American and Mexican armies. Crouch, Brodie, Jornada del Muerto: A Pageant of the Desert. Spokane. 1989. pp. 11-14.

³⁸ John Martin came to New Mexico during the Mexican-American War, traveled west to the California goldfields in 1849, and twelve years later, when the Confederate Army began plans to move into New Mexico, joined more than 2,000 California volunteers [called the California Column] who protected the territories of the west. Martin moved to Las Cruces after the Civil War and served in military escorts for stagecoaches delivering the mail along the old Camino Real. By 1867 he and his wife had moved to Alemán, in the heart of the Jornada del Muerto, where they established the first ranch in the Jornada. In 1868, without assistance or funding from either the Legislature or the U.S. Congress, Captain John "Jack" Martin dug the Jornada's first successful well at Alemán when he struck ground water, 164 feet below the surface. The Martins established a cattle ranch which became known as the Alemán Ranch. Jack Martin, the entrepreneur, began charging travelers for the use of his water and gained a tax exemption for his business. He offered the military free water and arranged for troops from Fort Selden to be posted at Alemán to protect travelers through the region. He also helped arrange for the first telegraph lines to reach Las Cruces. The Alemán Ranch was never a large operation but was one of the few Jornada outposts during the 1870s. It was described as being a one story adobe building that fronted the main road with corrals, stables, and outhouses in the rear. Martin, convinced the Jornada was on the verge of great development, brought the first post office to the remote site, opened a hotel and operated a ranch, one of the few in the area. Alemán continued to be a stagecoach stop until the railroad era of the 1880s. Crouch, Jornada del Muerto. pp. 132-133.

³⁹ Troops from the U.S. Army's 125th Infantry, comprised of African-American soldiers, arrived in New Mexico in 1866. These troops, commonly known as "Buffalo Soldiers," manned frontier posts such as Fort Selden and Fort Craig where they participated in campaigns against area Apache. They served as scouts, patrolling remote areas of the Jornada del Muerto, escorted supply trains along the old Camino Real, accompanied the U.S. mail, and escorted stagecoaches through central New Mexico. Cohrs and Caperton, Fort Selden, p. 27.

⁴⁰ Fort Craig was opened in 1854 and named for Captain Louis Craig who had served in New Mexico but had been killed by California deserters during the war. One company of the Third Infantry and one of First Dragoons from Fort Conrad were moved south to man the new post. The new fort was located on a mesa, surrounded by scattered brush and cacti, overlooking the west bank of the Rio Grande. Forts Conrad and Craig were established to protect trade, traffic, and homesteaders in the middle Rio Grande region and the Jornada del Muerto. Merchant caravans and livestock herds were routinely raided by Navajo and Apache parties in the region so troops from the post regularly scouted the area, pursuing Indian raiders, freeing hostages and livestock. Western posts such as Fort Craig reduced the Indian

threat and helped concentrate Native populations on smaller and more remote parcels of land. Throughout its history Fort Craig soldiers fought, pursued, negotiated with, and contained Apaches, Navajo, and Comanche in the region. Today, the ruins of Fort Craig lie on Bureau of Land Management property off of NM 1, south of San Marcial. Ball, Durwood. "Fort Craig, New Mexico, and the Southwest Indian Wars, 1854-1884." *New Mexico Historical Review* 73 (April 1998) pp. 153-55.

⁴¹ Jack Martin's Alemán ranch at Alemán, was the first ranch in the Jornada del Muerto. Crouch. *Jornada del Muerto*. pp. 132-33.

⁴² Point of Rocks was a landmark to north bound travelers on the Camino Real as they left the security of the Rio Grande near present-day Hatch, New Mexico. Beyond lay the dreaded Jornada del Muerto. In 1598, Oñate and his colonists camped near the foot of these volcanic hills at a place they called Los Charcos del Perrillo, the Pools of the Little Dog -- so named because a dog returned to the waterless camp with muddy paws and led them back to water that had collected in pools in an arroyo. Retrieved November 14, 2010 from <http://www.newmexicoculture.org/CuartoCentenario/theroyalroad.html>.

⁴³ Leasburg was named for Adolph Lea, a Mesilla Valley homesteader and merchant, and was sited about five miles from Fort Selden in the 1860s. A fire destroyed the settlement in 1883 and Leasburg was re-established closer to the fort but was plagued by frequent flooding. With La Mesilla being the nearest town of any significance, Leasburg survived as a typical small frontier community of saloons and dance halls. Julyan. *Place Names*. p. 201.

⁴⁴ *Nuestra Señora de la Limpia Concepción de los Piros de Socorro del Sur*, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception for the Piros of Southern Socorro, was first established for refugees of the Pueblo Indian Revolt. Piro Indians and a few missionaries and Spaniards from the area of today's Socorro, New Mexico were settled here after 1680. Socorro remained a small agricultural community and after 1829, a flood cut a new river channel, destroying the mission church and most of the nearby residences, and placing Socorro, along with San Elizario and Ysleta, on an island. After the Mexican-American War Socorro became part of the United States. In the 1850s it remained a small settlement, a stop on the coach road, between the larger communities of Ysleta and San Elizario. Several residents developed substantial freighting businesses, extending commercial connections made along the Chihuahua Trail, and taking advantage of new American transportation networks linking the east and west. Some of the area's commercial success was dampened when the railroad bypassed the town in the 1880s and in the early twentieth century, Socorro remained an agricultural town, on the fringe of the boom taking place in American El Paso and Mexican Ciudad Juárez. White, Katherine H. *The Pueblo de Socorro Grant*. El Paso, TX: Katherine Hope Huffman White Memorial Trust. 1986. pp. 25-30, 35, 36.

⁴⁵ According to former NM State Historian Robert Torrez, "*Rooster pulls formerly were common in Northern New Mexico. Rooster pulls were introduced to New Mexico by the Spanish hundreds of years ago. The Spanish also introduced Roman Catholicism to the Indians, who have made rooster pulls part of their activities on feast days held to honor particular Catholic saints. In a rooster pull, a live rooster is buried in loose dirt up to its neck. Horsemen then ride by and, leaning down from the back of the horse, attempt to grab the rooster. Once a rider gets the rooster, other participants try to pull the bird away. The idea is to keep the horseman with the rooster from crossing a finish line with the bird in hand.*" Retrieved November 15, 2010 from <http://www.upc-online.org/pueblos.html>.

⁴⁶ On the envelope of this letter was inscribed "*The first letter*" which was dated July 11, 1869 and sent from Mesilla by Jennie. It was addressed to Miss Libba M. Bull, Loudonville, Ashland Co[unty]. Ohio, "*I like Mesilla very much. If it was only a Christian town or if we had a Christian church & minister but no religion is tolerated here in Mexico but Catholic. There are only two other American women in Messea [Mesilla] besides me. They are Colonel Jones's wife & son's wife I have not met them yet as they have not either of them been well since I came. The Colonels wife has a young son, two weeks old Fannie will not call there for Mrs. Jones has talked about the Mexicans, I told Thomas I would not call on her but he thinks I had better as they are the only American women in town. & the Colonel was the first to call on us. & he & Thomas are good friends. Enos said last night he wished that there was a church here & plenty of Americans to keep up civilization, he would then like to be here, for it is a good growing country.*" Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁴⁷ Frontier architecture in much of nineteenth century New Mexico was designed for defense. Residences were usually closely clustered together. Buildings had small door and window openings that could be easily barricaded in the event of a raid. Narrow windows served as peepholes where besieged residents could open fire on their attackers. Mesilla's militia was notorious for their swift and often brutal treatment

of Apaches following raids.

⁴⁸ In a letter dated July 11, 1869 written from Mesilla to her sister Libba, Jennie writes, "*Last Sabbath evening Thomas took Enos Fannie & I out to his farms. They are only a little over a mile from town. They are splendid & then he has a large garden in town with all kinds of fruit trees on it. Grape vines & everything else. Oh, he has every thing so nice around him. Fannie wants you to ask Lucy for some vine seeds & to get her some other seeds also. The vine she says has a red blossom on it.*" In a subsequent letter dated July 25, 1869, Enos writes, "*This is far the best part of New Mexico and I like Mesilla much better than any other town in the Territory. The valley is about 4 or 5 mile wide & perfectly level. The land has to all be irrigated but is very fertile. Farmers are a thousand years behind the age in farming implements. They use wooden plows. Thresh their grain by driving horses over it. Clean it by throwing it up in the air and letting the wind blow the chaff & dirt out. They put 3 yoke of cattle on a two wheel cart which will weigh at least two tons & then put on a load that will weigh about three hundred & they do up everything in proportion. Thos has a couple of very nice farms adjoining each other & a garden of 8 or 10 acres in town. This house & store I described in one of Jens letters. I think if he has good luck he will make a live[sic] of it.*" Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁴⁹ In the first letter sent from New Mexico and dated July 11, 1869, Jennie squeezes the following sentences into the margin of a letter already started, "*Thomas's goods came today. That was the train we were with. & Lib just bringing them from Sheridan the freight was over \$8000.00. [Indecipherable words].*" In a subsequent letter dated July 25, 1869, Enos writes, "*Yesterday our trunks came on Thomas's last train & Jen was very glad to see them as we needed the things very much. My box of books also came. You didn't say anything about our boxes marked Loudonville & presume they are there before this time. Thos goods are all here now but one load and I presume he has more of them than there is in the village of Loudonville The first week he sold about \$3000 worth but he don't do that every week. We beat our train here 15 days. You see we had quite an object in going ahead. I thought the risk from Indians was no more than the risk of another 15 days of hot sun. Though the last 100 miles [Jornada del Muerto] was nothing less than running the gauntlet.*" Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁵⁰ On August 3, 1869 Jennie writes to her sister Libba Pippitt from Mesilla. "*Five weeks yesterday [They arrived Monday, June 28, 1869] since we arrived & yet Enos does not know what he is going to do, but has been busy doing for Thomas. Has painted the woodwork on the outside of his house so it looks much better than did before & lettered three signs for him. Thomas told me [on the] Sabbath that he was going up to Piños Altos before very long & going to take Enos with him. [I] Asked if he was to leave him there. Said he could not tell yet. It is 115 one hundred & fifteen miles from here that is where his mines are. Enos is very anxious to be making more than our living. So am I.*" Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁵¹ John Lemon was a Dona Ana County Probate Judge from 1863-1868. He died a victim of a political riot which occurred in Mesilla in August of 1871 between Democrats and Republicans. The story of its origin, occurrence and results is told by S. M. Ashenfelter in an article furnished to the *Silver City Independent* newspaper. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. pp. 561, 566-567. Retrieved on November 13, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGUuHqrGSB5e4bNqlUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

⁵² In January 1827, Juan Maria Ponce de León, a wealthy and influential citizen of El Paso del Norte, petitioned the city's *ayuntamiento* for a land grant on the north bank of the Rio Grande. It was soon the site of the Ponce de León Hacienda, the first settlement in what would later become American El Paso. With the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, lands north of the Rio Grande became part of the United States. American merchant Benjamin Franklin Coons bought the Ponce de León grant and leased part of it to the U.S. Army's Third Infantry in 1849. The settlement became known as Coon's Ranch, and was later called Franklin. The military base was called the Post Opposite El Paso (referring to El Paso del Norte). Although Coons defaulted on his payments, and the land was briefly returned to Ponce de León, it was sold by his family to other Americans after his death in 1852. The Butterfield Overland Mail's route ran directly through the El Paso area and Anson Mills (1834-1924) was hired by the Overland Mail Company to design and build its stage station in Franklin which was located midway

across the 2,700 [2,300] mile route. He was then contracted by a group of land speculators, the El Paso Company, to survey one of five area settlements, the town of Franklin. In 1859 he finished his survey and created a plat, or sketch, of the new town. Mills is also responsible for changing the name of the settlement from Franklin to El Paso. He noted in his autobiography that Franklin was located at the only feasible crossing of the Rio Grande and suggested that the name "El Paso" would emphasize the importance of the location. Strickland, Rex W. Six Who Came to El Paso: Pioneers of the 1840s. El Paso. 1963. pp. 12-16.

⁵³ The U.S. Army established Fort Bayard in 1866 and named it for Brigadier General George Bayard who served in the Civil War and was killed at Fredericksburg in 1862. The fort was designed to protect miners and settlers from Apache raids and ease transportation along western roads. Like several other New Mexico installations, African-American troops, known as "Buffalo Soldiers," were stationed at the fort and participated in campaigns against area Apache. Following the capture of Geronimo in 1886 the Apache threat was greatly reduced and Fort Bayard no longer played an important role in protecting the region. It became an Army hospital and research center and was made part of the Veterans Administration in 1922. Noble, David Grant. *Pueblos, Villages, Forts and Trails: A Guide to New Mexico's Past*. Albuquerque, NM, University of New Mexico Press. 1994. pp. 228-30.

⁵⁴ Richard Hudson, an orphan from England, migrated with his adoptive family from New York to California following the irresistible lure of gold. Shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, he came to the New Mexico Territory with the 5th California Infantry under General Carleton. Apparently they never encountered any Confederates but spent much of their time clashing with the Apaches. After the war ended, Hudson decided to remain in the New Mexico Territory and continue his search for gold. An ardent "Indian Fighter," Hudson was made a Colonel of the First Regiment of New Mexico by Governor Lionel A. Sheldon. When Grant County was created in 1868, Hudson was elected its first sheriff. His mining career was cut short when he was shot through both arms during a skirmish with Apaches near Piños Altos later that year. In 1870 he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, the highest office in the county. Hudson suffered from the gout. Although skeptical [of the idea], he was convinced by friends to seek relief in the hot springs. His recovery was so remarkable that he made up his mind that these waters should be shared with others suffering from various ailments and that he should be the proprietor. In 1876, Richard and Mary Hudson purchased the [Faywood] Hot Springs Ranch [in SW New Mexico] and completed the building of their hotel in 1884. . The tenure of the Hudson Hotel as a resort spa was relatively brief, lasting less than ten years. Its termination occurred in the spring of 1892, the result of fire. The Hudsons had invested all they had in the resort and had allowed their insurance to expire, thus were financially unable to continue. The rebuilding of the resort had to await the appearance of another enterprising individual, Andrew R. Graham, a successful banker and businessman from Chicago. In 1894, Graham bought the hot springs property and organized the Hudson Hot Springs Sanitarium Company. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from <http://www.ghosttowns.com/states/nm/faywoodhotsprings.html>. An appeal titled Lyons vs. Woods was filed against defendants Richard Hudson, assessor of Grant County and James B. Woods, Sheriff and ex-officio tax Collector in the NM Supreme Court on April 2, 1889 by the firm of Lyons and Campbell. Their complaint was first registered on August 27, 1885. Excerpt from The Pacific Reporter. Vol 21. 1889. St. Paul. pp. 346-347. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from

http://books.google.com/books?id=n7yZAAAAIAAJ&pg=PA347&lpg=PA347&dq=Richard+Hudson+%2B+NM+Collector&source=bl&ots=hLTRGg5PP2&sig=1-3PNdOPmt1yGK4DgzeihnNdUmY&hl=en&ei=AsamS8jHLJGgsgOXzPX0Aw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=2&ved=0CAgQ6AEwAQ#v=onepage&q=&f=false

⁵⁵ Mr. Culver is mistaken. Piños Altos is a little over 7,000 feet and the peaks are not higher than 11,000 feet.

⁵⁶ The Organ Mountains are a rugged mountain range in southern New Mexico in the southwestern United States. They lie 10 miles (16 km) east of the city of Las Cruces, in Doña Ana County. Their name reflects their similarity in appearance (particularly the granite "needles" in the highest part of the range) with pipes that would be part of a pipe organ. Retrieved November 21, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Organ_Mountains.

⁵⁷ The San Francisco Mountains are part of Grant County, New Mexico and Greenlee County, Arizona.

⁵⁸ The Chiricahua Mountains are a mountain range in southeastern Arizona and are part of the Coronado National Forest. The Apaches called this place '*The Land of Standing-Up Rocks*', a fitting name for an

extraordinary rock wonderland. The Chiricahuas were home to the Chiricahua Apaches, including Cochise and Geronimo. According to Jesuit Juan Nentvig writing from northwest Mexico between 1750 and 1767, the name Chiricahua is an Opata word meaning wild turkey. This mountain range was originally known for all the wild turkeys found here. Retrieved November 20, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chiricahua_Mountains and <http://www.nps.gov/chir/index.htm>.

⁵⁹ The Florida Mountains are located in southern New Mexico. These rugged desert mountains rise abruptly from the desert plains about ten miles southeast of Deming. Retrieved November 21, 2010 from <http://www.summitpost.org/mountain/rock/153487/florida-mountains.html>.

⁶⁰ The White Mountains of Arizona are a mountain range in the eastern part of the state, near the border with New Mexico. Retrieved November 21, 2010 from [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/White_Mountains_\(Arizona\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/White_Mountains_(Arizona)).

⁶¹ Big Burro Mountains is a mountain range in Grant County in the state of New Mexico (NM). Big Burro Mountains climbs to 5,495 feet (1,674.88 meters) above sea level. Retrieved on November 21, 2010 from <http://www.mountainzone.com/mountains/detail.asp?fid=5471056>.

⁶² The Gila River is a tributary of the Colorado River, 650 miles (1,044 kilometers) long, in the southwestern states of New Mexico and Arizona. The Gila River has its source in western New Mexico, in Sierra County on the western slopes of Continental Divide in the Black Range. It flows southwest through the Gila National Forest and the Gila Cliff Dwellings National Monument, then westward into Arizona. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gila_River and <http://www.nature.org/wherewework/northamerica/states/newmexico/preserves/art1158.html>.

⁶³ Mrs. William Milby, wife of Captain Milby. William Milby served as a court clerk in Piños Altos in 1869. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. p. 722. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

⁶⁴ According to a newspaper from Wellsboro, PA the "*Tioga County Agitator*," dated August. 16, 1871, Mrs. Kearl was killed by Apaches. The Warm Spring Apaches made their presence felt near the Mexican border to the south of Silver City. Kearl & [John] Miller's train was moving northward laden with freight for Fort Bayard. Charles Kearl and his wife, accompanied by six men, had ridden out several miles in advance of the train. They were attacked and but two escaped, one of these badly wounded and dying a day or two later. The bodies were horribly mutilated, especially that of Mrs. Kearl, a recent bride. Besides the Kearls, the dead were Gus. Hepner, Charles DeLard and three men named Sutherland, Bellhouse and Burnham. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. p. 729. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

⁶⁵ The Mustang is a feral horse found now in the western United States. The name Mustang comes from the Spanish word *mesteño* or *monstenco* meaning wild or stray. Originally these were Spanish horses or their descendants but over the years they became a mix of numerous breeds and undoubtedly some of which became the American Mustang. Retrieved November 21, 2010 from <http://www.ansi.okstate.edu/breeds/horses/mustang/index.htm>.

⁶⁶ In the summer of 1870 Jennie (and Enos) wrote to Libba Pippitt from Fort Bayard, N.M. On June 18, 1870 Jennie writes, "*He [Enos] expects to go to the Francisco mines soon to work in the gulches. I expect he will be gone two or three months or through the rainy season.*" Then in the same letter Enos writes "*I think of going to the Francisco Mts. Before long with a company of fifteen or eighteen men until something better comes to light before we are ready to start. Love to all E.*" On July 3, 1870 Jennie writes "*Well Libba, Enos has just bid us goodbye for how long a time, God only knows. He has gone to Francisco Mts. They went on to the silver mines at Silver flat this after noon in order to be there to start in the morning with the party. All that I can do is wait & hope & pray for his safe return & prosperity. He can not hear from us nor we from him while he is gone. That is worse than any thing else. Tommie is not at all well so called the Doctor this evening. He thinks that it is nothing serious. He has had fever two nights. Enos felt bad about leaving us, but he knew something must be done & he must go there now if ever for there was quite a party going. Have gone to work at gulching. That is digging & washing out*

gold with a (rocker).” On July 11, 1870 Jennie writes, “Mr. Milby expects to leave his office before many days. Then they will leave the post. I can’t tell yet what is to become of the children but I suppose we can take care of ourselves if we have to. Mrs. Miller told me I could come there & stay till Mr. C. got home. If I do not go into Milby’s folks I shall go there at night anyway for I will not stay here alone at night. There are too many scamps around.” On July 28, 1870 Jennie writes, “I have had news from there twice that they got there safe but had no water to work. So do not know what Enos is doing making money or not. If he makes nothing he will be very much discouraged. No word from Enos yet a month tomorrow.” Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Cleo Redd Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁶⁷ The stoop or the silhouette created by the fashion in women’s dress for corsets and bustles by 1869 was called *The Grecian Bend*. Contemporary illustrations often show a woman with a large bustle and a very small parasol, bending forward. Retrieved June 15, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grecian_bend.

⁶⁸ Soldier’s Farewell was a stage station on the Butterfield Overland Mail route (1858-1861) in Grant County, New Mexico. It was one of 14 stage stations in New Mexico territory. “*Following the established San Antonio & San Diego Mail Route, the Butterfield Stage headed from watering hole to watering hole across the southern New Mexico Territory (present day New Mexico and Arizona), often using sentinel mountains as guides across the featureless land. The stations at Cooke’s Spring and Soldier’s Farewell were nothing more than one tent for the station men,*” wrote Waterman Ormsby, a correspondent of the *New York Herald* in 1858. “*The team rode more than 40 miles from Soldier’s Farewell to the next station without water.*” According to the Overland Mail Company Through Time Schedule, this station was 150 miles (33½ hours) west of El Paso, Texas and 184½ miles (41 hours) east of Tucson, Arizona. Retrieved November 21, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Soldier%27s_Farewell and <http://knol.google.com/k/butterfield-stagecoach-overland-mail-co#>

⁶⁹ In 1870, when William C. Ralston, founder of the Bank of California, became involved in silver-mining here, an ambitious townsite was laid out, and the village’s name was changed to Ralston. But miners’ and investors’ hopes were disappointed; when the camp began to die. In 1879, Ralston was renamed Shakespeare. Julyan, Robert. The Place Names of New Mexico. Albuquerque. 1998. p. 332.

⁷⁰ Ralston Camp founded on a failed mining speculation in 1870 was later renamed Shakespeare, New Mexico by a man named Boyle. Twitchell, Ralph. *The Leading Facts of New Mexico* vol III. 1917. Cedar Rapids. pp. 255-256.

⁷¹ Joe Yankee would go with other men from Mimbres, New Mexico to Hillsboro, New Mexico in 1877 after gold was discovered in that district. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. p. 759. Retrieved on November 21, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

⁷² The founding of Silver City, NM occurred shortly after the discovery of silver ore deposits at Chloride Flats in 1870, on the hill just west of the farm of Captain John M. Bullard and his brother James. Following the silver strike, Captain Bullard laid out the streets of Silver City, and a bustling tent city quickly sprang to life. Retrieved on June 1, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Silver_City,_New_Mexico. Enos writes to Sis Lib on June 12, 1870,

“Everybody here talked of nothing or hears of nothing but silver & if anything the excitement is on the increase. The town of silver flats will be laid out in a day or two & in a year may be larger than Loudonville. Ralston is building up fast but everybody are(sic) satisfied that there are the richest mines. I came home yesterday from silver flat been out to see my claims. New discoveries are being made & if they don’t Turn out to be the richest mineral country on the Globe, a great many men will be awfully mistaken. Some men that own claims here would not sell out today for one hundred dollars a foot or \$20,000 a claim of 200 feet but I would although there might be a possibility of my getting cheated at that. Men are paying ten & twelve dollars per foot for sinking down holes on their leads, All the rock has to be blasted out. Our folks [family] are all well with the exception of myself. Have a slight touch of the prevailing disease, viz The ‘Silver fever’. I guess you would all catch it if you were here. Love Enos” Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁷³ On June 18, 1870 Jennie writes the following from Fort Bayard, NM. “*Ralston [Shakespeare] & Silver flat [Silver City] are fast building up & if the mines turn out as well as is now expected will be large town in*

less than a year. I believe a Rail Road will be finished through near here in less than 4 years perhaps in 3." Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁷⁴ Silver City was founded in the summer of 1870. Retrieved on June 1, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Silver_City,_New_Mexico. In a letter dated December 25, 1870, Jennie Bull Culver writes to her mother and sister Libba: "Ma, you want to know how many inhabitants there are here. There are 400 or 500 Four or five hundred Mexicans & all four American families. But three of them are from Texas. But in the spring it is expected that there is (going to) be a great rush here. But oh I get so sick of living here. So much deception." Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁷⁵ On September 22, 1870 Jennie writes her sister Lib, "Enos is now at Silver City working at our house. Expect to move Monday next but I will write you again before I move." Culver-Bull family personal correspondence. Courtesy of the Fisher Museum, Loudonville, Ohio.

⁷⁶ Harvey Whitehill (1838-1906) was a native of Ohio. He came out west and participated in the Apache Wars during the 1860's and was first elected sheriff of Grant County, NM in 1874 and served six terms.

⁷⁷ Only one marriage record has been located indicating E.S. Culver officiated. Charles Harcourt and Anna Jones of Fort Bayard were married at Fort Bayard by E.S. Culver on January 1, 1872. Retrieved on November 21, 2010 from <http://www.nmgs.org/artGrantmar1868.htm>.

⁷⁸ Colonel William Logan Rynerson (1828-1893) was born February 22, 1828, in Mercer County, Kentucky. He entered Franklin College, Indiana, but left before graduating, going to California in 1852 during the great gold excitement. In 1861, he enlisted in Company C, California Volunteers, under Gen. Carleton, and proceeded to New Mexico. Shortly after his enlistment, he was promoted successively to second lieutenant, first lieutenant and adjutant. He served until 1864, when he was promoted to captain and assistant quartermaster of the United States Volunteers, in which service he continued until the close of the war. He was discharged November 3, 1866, when he was brevetted major and lieutenant-colonel for meritorious services. After the war, he remained for some time in New Mexico engaged in mining [in the Silver City area]. In 1870 he was admitted to the bar and since then has practiced his profession. In 1871 he was married to Mrs. John Lemon. Col. Rynerson was appointed adjutant-general under Governor William A. Pile of New Mexico; he had served two terms in the legislative council of this Territory, also two terms as district attorney of the third judicial district. Haines, Helen. History of New Mexico from the Spanish Conquest to the Present Times 1530 – 1890. New York. 1891. pp. 326- 330.

⁷⁹ A fandango is a popular dance somewhat similar to, or at least culturally equivalent to, what many know as a *social* or *barn dance*. Some were part of political festivities such as July the 4th, others for religious festivities such as Christmas, and others to celebrate the arrival of travelers on the Santa Fe Trail or El Camino Real.

⁸⁰ Mariano Samaniego was one of the wealthiest men in El Paso del Norte and is often credited with modernizing the city in the late nineteenth century. He was also active in local and regional politics. Manuel G. Gonzales, "Dr. Mariano Samaniego (1831-1905) Citizen of the El Paso Valley," *Password* 35 (Winter 1990), pp. 162-63.

⁸¹ Dr. Dwight C. Marsh [1834-1873], a 35 year old physician who came to Texas with the federal occupying force.

Retrieved November 25, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?id=XMtR_hqw7MQC&pg=PA37&lpg=PA37&dq=Customs+Collector+%2B+Dwight+C.+Marsh+%2B+El+Paso&source=bl&ots=JnyH8Tf8uZ&sig=U1IFRhi_rQX11DRio9RmC6cpSNs&hl=en&ei=uE3eS9nGGIK0sgO68JWFBw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=2&ved=0CAoQ6AEwAQ#v=onepage&q=Customs%20Collector%20%2B%20Dwight%20C.%20Marsh%20%2B%20El%20Paso&f=false.

On Christmas Day of 1872, Dr. Marsh and Mr. Hart began publishing the El Paso *Sentinel* with editorial help from Allen Blackner. Cool, Paul. Salt Warriors: Insurgency on the Rio Grande. 2008. p. 65.

⁸² Sam Houston had four daughters. It's not possible to determine which daughter was at El Paso del Norte. Retrieved on June 6, 2010 from http://www.shsu.edu/~smm_www/Genealogy/children.shtml.

⁸³ The Legal Tender silver mine was discovered in 1870 by rancher John Bullard in La Cienega de San Vicente [first name of Silver City]. Retrieved on March 5, 2011 from <http://www.southernnewmexico.com/Articles/Southwest/Grant/PinosAltosthenandnow.html> and http://dnn.epcc.edu/nwlibrary/borderlands/21_mining.htm.

⁸⁴ In the 1870 the first three mining claims were called the Legal Tender, Twin Lode No. 1 and Twin Lode

No. 2. Retrieved on March 5, 2011 from
http://www.desertexposure.com/201005/201005_silver_city_history.php.

⁸⁵ “The discovery in 1871, of what promised to be rich silver mines at Chloride Flat, near the town of Silver City, sparked a renewal of Maxwell’s interest in mining. He made several visits to the region and must have acquired property sufficiently promising that he ordered a ten-stamp mill to work the ore. When fourteen wagons of machinery passed through Pajarito, a correspondent of the New Mexican asserted, in language reminiscent of what had been said when he was in Cimarron. ‘Had we a few more such men as Maxwell, the reserves of our territory would soon be developed.’ Such flattery proved unwarranted, for instead of reaping a new bonanza, the project faltered. Maxwell stopped the train several days short of Silver City because he decided to examine other mines near Socorro before determining exactly where to install the mill. The equipment sat idle and unassembled at Fort Cummings for nearly a year. Maxwell hired Charles S. Bartholomew of Bosque Redondo to examine the Silver City mines for him. He seemed satisfied and reported that by early 1873 the mill would be “thundering away” on Silver City ore. Rumors suggesting that Maxwell was interested in selling the equipment seemed more accurate, and by early December, 1872, the mill had been bought by Maxwell’s old acquaintance and frequent business partner V.S. Shelby. Thus ended Maxwell’s mining activities.” Murphy, Lawrence. Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell: Napoleon of the Southwest. 1983. Norman. pp. 198-199.

⁸⁶ The date would have been the spring of 1871. According to a March 26th 1871 letter written by Jennie Bull Culver to her sister Lib Pippitt she writes, “*The Mexicans commenced making our Adobes last week. Enos bought some tools & is going to do his own carpenter work. Has already commenced planning his lumber. Our town has increased population since I wrote you.*” A month later Enos Culver writes on April 23, 1871, “*I have been very busy or I would have written before. I have my lumber nearly all on the ground. Stone all hauled and adobes all made & on the spot for my new building. Intend to commence putting it up tomorrow. Will have two men to help. My carpenter work I and doing nearly all myself as I can do it as well as many here who charge six dollars for day. Wages are very high and I intend to do all of any work that time will allow. Our town is building very fast and bids fair to outstrip any place in the New territory. Ralston is about played out for the present and most everybody have left there and came here. [Lucien B.] Maxwell and his party came yesterday. I suppose they are here to make preparation for their stamping which will be here soon probably this week.*” On May 14, 1871 Jennie writes, “*We have been feeling very blue here for about 2 weeks but things are already assuming a brighter aspect. Many miners had for a long time been straining every (nerve) to keep soul & body together until a giant mill should arrive to crush out this ore. Unfortunately for them, Mr. Maxwell whose mill was on the road here and within a day or two would have been on the spot, came on ahead and was immediately surrounded by designing men & made to believe that it was no place for the kind of mill that he had. So it was accordingly stopped & stored about 30 miles from here. The miners & all of us could see plainly that our camp was set back until we had some way of extracting our silver from the rock. Many sold out for just enough to take them out of the country & others left leaving everything & without a cent, to work their way to some place where they could get a living & others joined scouting parties to fight Indians for no other reason than to get something to eat while they were out. The result is fifty or sixty men have left. Wages have come down from five & six dollars per day to \$2. & \$ 1.25 a day. I stopped work on my building and others followed suit. I had to pay our man to help me five dollars per day. I think I will commence again tomorrow & have hired 3 men for fifty cents less than I was paying one. Property of all kinds came down & a man with one thousand dollars could have made ten thousand & can today. Nobody has lost faith in our mines in the least but such is the effect of the suspension of operations for 2 or 3 months when a community as a general thing have reached their bottom cent.*” Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁸⁷ On May 14th 1871 Enos writes to his sister-in-law Lib Pippitt, “*Gov. Pile pronounces our mines ahead of anything he ever saw & he is a Mineralogist so you see if we can manage to get a few beans to live on for a short time we’re all right or at least it would appear so. We gave Gov Pile the very biggest reception this country could afford. Met him & his escort Col. Rynerson & Judge Hudson & some officers 4 miles out of town with a troop of 40 horsemen. Had a speech or welcome & Gov reply. Brought him through town amid the thundering of cannon or anvils I should say. Took the party to the Hotel where a dinner was prepared that (eclipses) anything before attempted in this country. At 3 PM he made us a glorious speech in a large hall, crowded, & ladies all present. Confessing his total surprise & pleasure at his magnificent reception. He promising many good things for the future & to sum up, he liked us so well that*

he stayed with us a week. And as we, I mean myself, in particular had been having the blues terribly. I thought a weeks enjoyment would make a good set off so went in. Col R & the Gov called at our house in the evening & it was agreed that we should all go over to Fort Bayard next day & join a Picnic excursion to the celebrated Santa Rita Copper mines. I wish I had space to give you a description of our trip. We went in carriages, 24 of us in all. A few on horseback. We visited all the wonderful chambers in the mines clear down to the water level. Picked off specimens of pure copper from the sides of the galleries, visited the ruins of the old fort and town inhabited now only by owls, coyotes & thousand and one wild animals of NM. Had a splendid dinner under the wide spreading branches of cotton wood trees lining the bank of a small stream in the neighborhood. Had everything could wish including plenty of El Paso wine & I was free to go where I pleased & with whom I pleased always providing I took good care of the children. These privileges of course came directly from my better half who was carrying on a flirtations with Gov. Pile or least he was playing beau to her. We came back to the fort by a different route and had a gay time at Mr. & Mrs. Millers until 2 o'clock. The next morning the Gov is a lively jovial fellow and he left us saying that he (never) had more real enjoyment in so short a time in his life. If he writes a description of his trip there, I'll send it to you." Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁸⁸ On June 18, 1871 Jennie writes the following from Fort Bayard, NM. "Ralston & Silver flat [City] are fast building up & if the mines turn out as well as is now expected will be large town in less than a year. I believe a Rail Road will be finished through near here in less than 4 years perhaps in 3." Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁸⁹ M. W. Bremen was an early pioneer miner of Grant County who developed lumber, mining and milling companies and was characterized as one of the most successful representatives of business ever in the territory. He also served as mayor of Silver City in 1879 and Grant County Commissioner in 1883. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. pp. 722, 730, 741, 947. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text

⁹⁰ M. W. Bremen's saw-mill was located in the heavy timber some five miles above town. In 1871, he could scarcely keep pace with the demand for lumber. Anderson, George. History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. p. 729. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text

⁹¹ Jennie Culver wrote to her sister on September 21, 1871 the following letter from Mesilla, NM: "My Darling Sister Libba, Well here I am at Thomas' again & three weeks have passed without me writing a line home. I came here on Monday 18th in the coach. Thomas intended to come for me but could not leave so he wrote to me to come on the coach, he had paid my fair [fare]. I should not have come but I was working too hard and thought a month's rest could improve me. My health has been miserable all summer. They are all very good to me and the children."

Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁹² Jennie writes to her family from "Silver City Grant County, Oct 26th 1871 My Darling Ma & Sister Libbie, Well, here I am at our own home in Silver City again. I have been to Mesilla & made my visit & am here again. A very nice time & enjoyed myself very much I was suddenly taken with hemorrhage of the lungs & of course it was not very pleasant to have felt as well as usual that day & been up to visit Colonel Jones family. & went back to Thomas's about sundown & when I got there a letter from Enos. Also one from you saying that ma had been very sick & you were not well. Well I could eat nothing went into my room then I took one good long cry & then I dressed myself & the children & we went to party with Thomas & Fannie. I did not take any part in the party at all & only staid (sic) til (sic) ten or eleven o'clock & then he returned to the party & danced until two o'clock then they came home. As soon as I could undress the children & myself we went to bed & I felt well as usual. But I could not go to sleep nor lie still. It seemed I should smother when I laid down. Well I coughed some of the time. I was wheezing about two hours. Thomas & Fannie came home & as soon as they came called, then Fannie came & asked if I was sick. I told her yes & she lit the candle then told Thomas to come in. I was sick when he came. He asked me how long I had been that way. When I told him, he asked me why did I (not ask) send them to come

home. I told him because I thought I would soon get over it & get to sleep. & I was still getting worse. So he said he was going up for the Doctor in a few minutes. He came back with the Doctor but the medicine he gave me gave no relief that night. Thomas set on my bed & held me in his arms all the rest of that night for I could not rest any. Thomas said the next day. I could not talk aloud or be up. Well on Wednesday, I was up & armed although very weak. Still I coughed & occasionally I would spit some blood. Thomas wrote to Enos to come down soon as possible & he did not get the letter till a week after & he started right away. & I told Enos not to write to you any thing about it for I thought you could not do any thing & it would worry you so much. Well, it was just 2 weeks from that night that we had gone to bed & been asleep & I woke up coughing again & found that I was already wheezing. I knew Enos would be frightened & then I did not want him to know it. If I could hid[e] it but I could not keep it from him, I got so bad I told him to give me a little brandy & water & he did but I could not breath[e] for a moment & it seemed to me I never would again. As soon as I got a little easier, he went over for Dr. Cassin. When he came I was up. They bled again but it was not a deep red but pink & frothy. The Dr. asked for fine salt & then went to the drug store & got it. I don't know him much. I ate (but) in two hours I was almost at rest from coughing. He also gave me some hoardhound [horehound] tea & some glicerine (sic) syrup & now I have twice since had an attack but Enos gets up & makes a fire & gets me the salt & syrup & I get over it in a short time." Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁹³ Enos writes of his wife's death from. "Silver City NM

Nov 11th 1871

Dear Mrs. Taylor

It is the most painful duty of my life to inform our relatives and friends at home of the sudden and unexpected death of my dear beloved wife. She died of bleeding at the lungs on the night of Nov. 7th 1871. I enclose a letter to her mother & Libb which I wish you to deliver. I do this instead of writing directly to them thinking that if either was sick it might be unadvisable to give them the terrible shock sure to follow the reading of such sad news. Be with them in their affection and oh comfort them and help them to realize that our loss is her gain.

Most truly yours, E.S. Culver." Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁹⁴ According to George Anderson, "John Bullard who bravely met his death at the hands of an Apache while leading a Silver City expedition against the Apache Indians, near the San Francisco river, about twenty miles above the present site of Clifton, Ariz. It was in February, 1871, and Captain Bullard, who had brought his command of thirty citizen-soldiery to this point, had sighted a band of Apaches. He divided his command, and, after detailing a guard for his pack train, gave the command to move forward and strike the enemy both from the north and the south. The sad tragedy which followed is best told in the words of S. M. Ashenfelter, his friend: '*Captain Bullard and a companion suddenly ran upon an outlying Apache, who was running in evident effort to reach and give the alarm to his people. The companion fired, wounding the Apache in the thigh. Then Bullard fired, his bullet piercing the body of his foe, who sank slowly to the ground. The two rushed forward, when the dying Indian, in his last agony, slowly raised a revolver with both hands, aiming at Bullard, whom he evidently recognized as a leader. The latter saw and fully realized his danger. He had failed to throw a fresh charge into his own rifle, and he called to his companion to fire. The latter pulled rifle to shoulder, and two shots rang out almost simultaneously. The Indian fell back with the entire top of his head blown away, while Captain Bullard reeled and fell into a half recumbent posture. He tore open his shirt, gazed a moment at his bleeding wound, and, without a word or a groan, fell back dead. The ball had pierced his heart. Speedy vengeance followed. Within a few minutes fourteen Apaches lay dead upon the ground, while the rest of the band was scattered among the huge boulders close at hand, many being badly wounded, as was afterwards learned from the Camp Grant reservation, where they took refuge. The attacking party suffered no further loss, and an Apache boy was captured and brought to Silver City. He was taken in charge by "General" Wardwell, who afterwards surrendered him to his tribe. The remains of Captain Bullard were brought back to Silver City, and the interment took place in the cemetery which then occupied the slope to the south and west of Professor Light's present residence. Major Kelly brought over a company of troops from Fort Bayard, and military honors were accorded the dead. The remains were afterwards removed to the cemetery east of town and to the southward of the Fort Bayard road, where they now rest.*'" Anderson, George. History of New

Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II. 1907. Los Angeles. p. 728. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from

<http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=->

[I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text](http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-)

⁹⁵ This would have occurred in the spring of 1871. On March 26, 1871 Jennie Bull Culver paraphrases what her son Tommie Culver wrote, *"I listened to him & this is what he wrote. He always reads as he writes. It went this way. I don't like this town because the Indians come here sometimes. It's miserable, he says, we have a little Indian boy here, a good Indian. Mr. John Bullard was killed & that was their impressions. Mr. Bullard hollered boys look out where you shoot quick & the Indians in five minutes shot Mr. B."* Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

⁹⁶ Samuel J. Jones (1820-1880) - A notorious character during the early border troubles and the first sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas. Jones was born in Virginia about 1820. In the fall of 1854, he arrived at Westport Landing (now Kansas City, Missouri) on the steamboat *F.X. Aubrey*, accompanied by his wife and two young children. After making a trip through Kansas, he took charge of the post office at Westport, Missouri. On March 30, 1855, he led the pro-slavery mob that destroyed the ballot box at Bloomington, Kansas and as a reward for his activity he was appointed as the first sheriff of Douglas County on August 27, 1855, by the acting Governor Daniel Woodson. He was also one of the contractors for the erection of the territorial capitol at LeCompton. As sheriff he arrested Jacob Branson in November, 1855, which started the Wakarusa War. The following April he attempted to arrest Samuel N. Wood, and about that time was shot and wounded by an unknown person. This no doubt made him more bitter toward the free-state advocates and on May 21, 1856, he led the so-called posse which resulted in the Sacking of Lawrence. On January 7, 1857, he resigned the office of sheriff because the governor would not furnish him with balls and chains for certain free-state prisoners. He then moved to New Mexico, where in September 1858 he accepted an appointment as Collector of Customs at Paso del Norte. He eventually purchased a ranch near Mesilla, where he was visited in the summer of 1879 by Colonel William A. Phillips, who found him suffering from the effects of a stroke of paralysis that affected his speech. He later died on his ranch. Retrieved on November 20, 2010 from <http://www.legendsofkansas.com/people-i-j.html#Samuel%20J.%20Jones>.

⁹⁷ The Free State Hotel, was built in 1855 by settlers from the New England Emigrant Aid Society. It was named the Free State Hotel to make clear the intent of those early settlers from the north -- which was that Kansas should come into the Union as a free state. The Free State Hotel was intended as temporary quarters for those settlers waiting for their homes to be built. On January 3, 1855, Colonel Shalor Eldridge arrived in Kansas City from New England. In early 1856, Shalor leased the Free State Hotel at Lawrence, equipping it as a first-class hotel. On May 21, 1856 the hotel was attacked and destroyed by Sheriff Samuel J. Jones and his posse. Jones, leading a group of pro-slavery forces, aimed a cannon at the hotel and burnt it to the ground. In 1857, Colonel Eldridge, along with his brothers Edsin, Thomas and James re-erected the hotel at a cost of \$80,000. Retrieved November 20, 2010 from <http://www.legendsofamerica.com/OZ-EldridgeHotel.html>.

⁹⁸ The so called Free State War, also known as the era of Bleeding Kansas, Bloody Kansas or the Border War, was a series of violent events, involving anti-slavery Free-Staters and pro-slavery "Border Ruffian" elements, that took place in the Kansas Territory and the western frontier towns of the U.S. state of Missouri roughly between 1854 and 1858. At the heart of the conflict was the question of whether Kansas would enter the Union as a free state or slave state. As such, Bleeding Kansas was a proxy war between Northerners and Southerners over the issue of slavery in the United States. The term "Bleeding Kansas" was coined by Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune*; the events it encompasses directly presaged the American Civil War. The United States had long struggled to balance the interests of slaveholders and abolitionists. The events later known as Bleeding Kansas were set into motion by the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, which nullified the Missouri Compromise and instead implemented the concept of popular sovereignty. An ostensibly democratic idea, popular sovereignty stated that the inhabitants of each territory or state should decide whether it would be a free or slave state; however, this resulted in immigration *en masse* to Kansas by activists from both sides. At one point, Kansas had two separate governments, each with its own constitution, although only one was federally recognized. On January 29,

1861, Kansas was admitted to the Union as a free state, less than three months before the Battle of Fort Sumter which began the Civil War. Retrieved

On November 25, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bleeding_Kansas.

⁹⁹ James Edgar Griggs (1836-1877) was the founder of the Griggs family in the Southwest. As a soldier at Fort Fillmore, he met Joseph Reynolds in 1859. After discharge, the pair moved to Mesilla and went into business in 1863. He was lured to mining in the Pinos Altos area to no avail. He was only forty-one when he was killed in a runaway horse-and-buggy accident in 1877. Retrieved November 25, 2010 from http://www.las-cruces.org/public-services/museums/edu/sanalbinoguide_revised.pdf.

¹⁰⁰ In the 1850's, merchants Joseph Reynolds and J. Edgar Griggs married two daughters of the prominent Ascarate family of Tortugas. They purchased their building from Rafaela Barela and opened their business (a store). After Griggs 1877 death Reynolds took over. Reynolds ordered an Italianate Bracketed stamped metal store front from a mail order catalog and installed the frame on the building in Mesilla. Retrieved on November 25, 2010 from http://www.las-cruces.org/public-services/museums/edu/sanalbinoguide_revised.pdf.

¹⁰¹ The old hermit was Juan María Agostini, an Italian who studied for the clergy. In 1863, at the age of 62 he walked with the wagon train of Eugenio Romero, from Kansas to Las Vegas, New Mexico, a distance of roughly 600 miles. He lived awhile in Romeroville, NM before winding up on Cerro Tecolote, locally known as Hermits Peak, northwest of Las Vegas. He struck up an acquaintance with the *Penitentes* and got along well with them. The *Penitentes* believed in the hermit's healing powers and sanctity, and on Easter a "*Sociedad Del Ermitano*" still makes rosaries of native plants to honor his memory. In 1867 Agostini headed to Mesilla, a distance of about 250 miles, to seek advice on a legal matter with Colonel Albert Fountain. He then walked 530 miles to San Antonio, Texas, then back to a cave near Juarez, Mexico, another 500-odd miles. In 1869 he spent time on the Mesilla Plaza visiting with the Barela family, sometimes preaching in their home. He told them of his plan to live at La Cueva [the cave]. The Barela family warned him of the danger of living out there alone. He answered their concerns, saying, "*I shall make a fire in front of my cave every Friday.*" [Culver states Tuesday was the day of the bon fire on the mountain.] Later he moved to a cave in the Organ Mountains, near Las Cruces. He was found murdered in the cave on April 17, 1869, one of Doña Ana's county's unsolved murders. Julyan. *Place Names*. p. 164. and this website retrieved November 25, 2010 from http://www.las-cruces.org/public-services/museums/edu/sanalbinoguide_revised.pdf

¹⁰² **Tioga County Agitator**
Wellsboro, Pennsylvania
April 8, 1873

The Scenery of New Mexico

Silver City, (N.M.), March 16, 1873.

Editor Agitator:- Located as we are just on the divide between Atlantic and Pacific slopes, a number of beautiful streams take their rise near us and flow in opposite directions to their respective oceans. Among them the Rio Gila flowing to the Pacific is considered the most picturesque and beautiful. From the peak of Gold Mountain, near Piños Altos, its green belt of timber, with here and there a glimpse of its shining waters, can be traced nearly a hundred miles, when it dashes into a rocky canon whose perpendicular sides reach to the height of a thousand feet.

Standing upon the highest peak of this mountain, about nine thousand feet above the sea level, let us take a bird's eye view of the surrounding country. What an immense landscape opens before us! A scope of country plainly visible to the naked eye considerably larger than the whole state of Ohio. Although there are many towns and hamlets within this radius, the population cannot average over one person to twenty square miles, and a large share of it remains to day unprospected and unexplored. Those tall blue mountains beyond where you can see the Rio Gila are the Francisco Mountains in Arizona. They contain immense mines of copper, which are soon to be worked by a company hailing from Detroit, Michigan. A party from Colorado are there at present making locations and washing out gold, which I hear they find in paying quantities.

The Francisco river and Eagle creek, [in Arizona] both rapid streams, have worn channels through these mountains in some places to the depth of two thousand feet, in which the sun never shines more than two hours during the day. Fish are abundant, and of the same kind found in the Rio Gila called

the "Gila Trout." The distance from here to the Francisco Mountains is 120 miles.

Looking farther to the left, and beyond the Burro Mountains, you see Stein's Peak, the eastern boundary of the large reservation allotted Cochise and his tribe last summer by Gen. Howard. Cochise pretends to respect the treaty made with Gen. Howard, but claims the right to rob and murder just over the line, in Old Mexico, which he proceeds to do in his most approved style, only making sure to get inside the reservation with his plunder to receive the protection of the United States Government so generously extended to the "Poor Indian."

From Stein's Peak east that row of mountain peaks are all in Chihuahua, Old Mexico. The Burro Mountains, this side and in this county, contain immense mines of silver and copper, and fields of pine timber, distant about fifty miles following this line of Mexico east we come to the Florida Mountains, the home of a hostile band of Apaches who commit many depredations upon both Mexicans and Americans, and have thus far found its rugged and craggy heights a safe retreat. Between us and the Florida Mountains we notice the Rio Mimbres winding its way towards the Gulf of Mexico. A little farther to the left, and in a southeasterly direction, you see Cook's [Canon...this portion of newspaper is blank] ...has always been the great dread of travelers, and is usually passed in the night time, to avoid a fight with Indians. Many scalps have been taken here, and many redskins have thence taken their exit to new hunting grounds.

A coach load of eight men was once attacked in this canon, and in the excitement the coach was upset, but the men succeeded in reaching the top of a ledge on the side of the canon, where they were quickly surrounded by four or five hundred yelling Apaches. The fight was long and bloody, the rocks around about were strewn with dead and dying Apaches to the number of over sixty, but the fight at last ended with the death of the only surviving member of the heroic eight.

Cook's Peak, in the immediate vicinity, looms far above the surrounding mountains, and, by reason of its peculiar shaped summit, makes a safe landmark for hunters and prospectors. A little farther to the left, and looking due east from where we stand, over and beyond the copper mine mountains are the "Organ Mountains," plainly visible, though [located] twenty miles east of the Rio Grande here. These are probably the highest mountains in sight. They derived their name from their many cone shaped peaks resembling an organ. The Magdalena range and the White Mountains complete the circle to the Rio Gila again. This valley of the Rio Gila is from one to three miles wide. A belt of cottonwood and ash timber three fourths of a mile wide follows the course of the river, embedding it in a deep shade. The soil is deep and rich, and yet it remains entirely uninhabited for hundreds of miles, except by bears, deer, antelope, and wild turkeys. Ruins of old Aztec towns line its banks, for many years ago it sustained an immense population, and it will again. It only awaits the coming of the Texas Pacific Railroad to fully demonstrate the fact.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

E.S.C.

¹⁰³ On June 18, 1870 a year after the Culvers arrived, Enos writes the following about Rynerson and Thomas J. Bull to his sister-in-law Libba Pippitt. *"Sister Lib, You & your mother must stop worrying about us. We can certainly get along & I hope make something without any help from T.J.B I ask no difference, if any such libel or humanity, but if he was out of this country I could do much better. His notorious meanness lost me my place. But as soon as Rynerson found that I was not off the same piece he set about doing all he could to make amends [and] he is truly sorry he worked against me. He does it solely because he hated Bull. I care nothing For B[ull] or any of his (failings) & the slander of his Mexican prostitute is praise to any decent person. But had I known what she said while I was there I believe I would wanted to have wrung her worthless neck. I wish you would say nothing to outside about our affairs here unless to merely let them know that B[ull] & myself are not Partners."* Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

¹⁰⁴ Eagle creek is a small stream [in Arizona] flowing southward from the Prieto plateau and entering the San Francisco [River] where the latter unites with the Gila [River] a few miles south of Clifton, Arizona west of Luna, New Mexico. Its valley is very narrow, widening in only a few places. The region is forested and well watered and contains numerous antiquities, consisting of pueblos, cliff-houses, shelters, sacrificial shrines, and petroglyphs. Owing to the character of the rock through which it flows there are numerous caves in its canyon walls. Most of these caves have not been inhabited, but some of them show considerable deposits of house refuse. House, Walter. *"Antiquities of the Upper Gila and Salt River Valleys in Arizona and New Mexico."* Smithsonian Institution. Bureau of Ethnology. Bulletin 25. 1907. pp.

41-42. Retrieved November 26, 2010 from <http://books.google.com/books?id=pxMTAAAYAAJ&pg=PA41&lpg=PA42&dq=Eagle+Creek+%2B+Arizona&output=text#PA41>.

¹⁰⁵ The original Henry rifle was a .44 Caliber rimfire, lever-action, breech-loading rifle designed by Benjamin Tyler Henry in the late 1850s. By the time production ended in 1866, approximately 14,000 units had been manufactured. Manufactured by the New Haven Arms Company, the Henry rifle evolved into the famous Winchester Model 1866 lever-action rifle. With the introduction of the new Model 1866, the New Haven Arms Company was renamed the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Retrieved on June 17, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_rifle

¹⁰⁶ The following three letters were obtained from the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

Silver City NM
Nov 11th 1871

Dear Mrs. Taylor

It is the most painful duty of my life to inform our relatives and friends at home of the sudden and unexpected death of my dear beloved wife. She died of bleeding at the lungs on the night of Nov. 7th 1871. I enclose a letter to her mother & Libb which I wish you to deliver. I do this instead of writing directly to them thinking that if either was sick it might be unadvisable to give them the terrible shock sure to follow the reading of such sad news. Be with them in their affection and oh comfort them and help them to realize that our loss is her gain.

Most truly yours,

E.S. Culver

Silver City N.M.
Nov 18, 1871

Dear Mother and Sister,

I suppose you have already received my letter of last week sent to Mrs. Taylor for you. I know you must feel over the sad news I was compelled to write. The loss to us all is unbearable but if there is a heaven she is there and this fact should afford us great consolation. You[r] loss is great. But I feel that mine is greater. And had I not used every possible means to avert the calamity, my remorse would have known no bounds. I did not believe her to be in immediate danger. Nor had she the slightest idea of it. But I had determined to take her home in the spring or send her with Thomas. As he intended to go, and arrangement was made to that effect if she did not get perfectly well and healthy. The physicians claim this is better climate for her than Ohio. And that she would have died there the same. It may be possible that her life might have been prolonged a few months by persuing [sic] some different treatment, but all I could do was get the best physician within reach and be governed by them. I had a talk with her since we came back from Mesilla about her attack down there & told her that I was very much in favor of her and the children going home in the spring whether she was then healthy or not. She said if she was well she wanted to stay until I could sell out to advantage and all go back together. I told her that you were as anxious for her to come that you would blame me very much if an opportunity passed and she did not improve it. She said you certainly would not for I would not be to blame. She received your letter of Oct. 21st & read it in her usual good spirits on the very evening of her death. Poor girl she little thought she was reading the last letter from her dear sister she would ever read. I value this letter and shall take good care of it. Your letter of Oct. 31st reached me last evening and its perusal very painful to me under the present circumstances. Your oft repeated wish for her to come home in the spring would certainly [have] been gratified could it have been within the power of man.

Howard has been quite sick ever since the death of his Ma. He is cutting his back teeth. He is much better now I have taken the whole care of him and I assure you I've had very little sleep and am near wore out. He will not consent for me to go out of his sight for a single moment. You may be sure I have my hands & heart full. Our house was almost completed and while on the [Rio Grande] river we had bought about \$200 worth of good dishes, wallpaper, &c &c, [etc. etc.] to fit it out in very good shape. I will

not have to finish it up to live in this winter and then perhaps sell out & come back if I can't do this, I will send the children home with Thomas & come when I can sell. I now have to pay a carpenter \$5.50 per day and a mason \$35.00 for plastering the house. When the house is completed & I expect it will be next week, it will be the best building in town. I have heard nothing from Thomas since Jen's death but expect him up soon. Thomas has been very good lately and you must not censure him in the least. My hands are completely tied up with the children and hardly know what I am to do. The neighbors are very kind and have done everything I wished them to do. I shall always remember them for it. It is a great satisfaction to know that I never told my wife a falsehood nor deceived her in any manner whatever, I never left her alone when it was possible for me to be at home. I spent all my evenings with her & the children. She never complained of any neglect or indifference.

You must write me Lib. And oh! May god give us strength to beat the cruel blow.

Good bye, Enos

Silver City N.M.
Dec 2nd 1871

Dear Mother and Sister,

Your letter of Nov 11th reached me last night and oh it nearly killed me to read it. Such intense anxiety can only be felt by a mother, a sister, and let me add a husband. I am afraid you think she was neglected. But Dear Lib could you have witnessed the tender care I tried to take of her you would never accuse me of neglect. I have laid (sic) awake night after night that she might not get uncovered & to watch her when asleep that I might discover the first symptom of hemorrhage. And when symptoms were discovered I would get up immediately build a fire and go to work. My anxiety about her new (sic) no bounds. And she told a neighboring lady that she didn't feel at all worried until she saw I was frightened most to death. I was frightened but I waited to hide it from her as much as possible. But Lib it is not my purpose to prove my care to you, & it is enough that God knows I done (sic) my best to save her, and that Jen saw and appreciated my earnest devotion. Don't think that I would neglect her unless you feel you would have done so yourself, but I know I thought as much of her as you possibly could. The woolen shirt also came. But was not neglected in this respect for she wore one of my warm woolen shirts since we came home from Mesilla. Of course, she would have valued it as she did everything coming from her dear home. I shall pack it in her trunk just (I had) with the rest of her things. I regret that I did not go to boarding & make her stick to her bed all the time, but she would feel perfectly well in a little while after her hemorrhage would stop. Then she wanted to be up & it was impossible to get any help but I urged her to let me do all the work & I wanted to do it but she would not consent to be idle. Howard has had another long sick time. I have watched and been with him night and day.

He is well again with the exception of a cold. I will start tomorrow morning with them in the coach for Mesilla. Thomas has been up & urged me to bring them down says Fanny will take better care of them than I possibly can. I find I can do nothing and keep them here, though I don't know how to spare them. Thomas & Fanny have been kind & have helped me considerably lately. I am now living in two rooms of my new house. Tommy, Howard & I, but oh; how desolate & lonely everything appears. This room was to be Jen's sitting room. It is a very pleasant room opening on F[r]ank[l]in street (sic). A large bedroom opening into it. A splendid fireplace. We have wallpaper & carpeting & everything to fit it up nicely. It is not connected with the other room except through the dining room. It was to be exclusively hers. How can I stand it to live here all along, I don't know, but I can't help myself & must try to do the best I can. Jen was perfectly (convincing) until she breathed her last. She said she was dying long before I could believe it. The Doctors though(t) she would rally again. She called to Tommy & Howard & bid them good bye. She then bid me good bye & then said Good Bye dear Mother and Libbie. They were her last words, unless she said after I am dying, but I am quite sure she didn't. She suffered but a short time. I never want to live through another such hour.

Good Bye

Write to me Lib.

Enos

Those [Cubets – indecipherable word] came & she was using them & the medicines. The handkerchief also. E.

¹⁰⁷ Charter Oak wood cook stoves were designed by G.F. Filley and manufactured by the Excelsior Stove Works in St. Louis until 1949. The “Charter Oak” appeared as a decorative flourish on the stove. The “charter oak” was a powerful icon that originated in Connecticut nicknamed the Charter Oak state. According to the legend, in 1687, a dubious representative of the British crown attempted to steal away with Connecticut’s charter (nullifying the colony’s right of existence). As the story goes, through a clever slight of hand, the charter was swept away and safely hidden within a grand, stately white oak tree--thus paving the way for the “Charter Oak” to stand as a powerful symbol of nature and as a defender of freedom. Retrieved on November 26, 2010 from http://www.mohistory.org/American_Visions/exhibit/charter_oak.htm.

¹⁰⁸ The Gila Monster is America's only poisonous lizard with armored hide and a forked tongue. Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*), is one of only two species of venomous lizards, both of the family Helodermatidae and both similar in appearance and habits. The Gila monster was named for the Gila River Basin and occurs in the southwestern United States and northern Mexico. It grows to about 50 centimeters (about 20 inches), is stout-bodied with black and pink blotches or bands, and has beadlike scales. Both species of *Heloderma* are sluggish in habit, but they have a strong bite. Most of the teeth have two grooves that conduct the venom, a nerve poison, from glands in the lower jaw. Retrieved November 26, 2010 from <http://www.gilawilderness.com/infopg/index.html>.

¹⁰⁹ Neponi Y. Ancheta served as a probate judge in Doña Ana County in 1863. Anderson, George. *History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II.* 1907. Los Angeles. p. 561. Retrieved on November 26, 2010 from

http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

¹¹⁰ William H. Eckles also served as secretary of the Committee of Resolution that was formed and held by the early settlers of Silver City when John Bullard was murdered to determine a course of action to create a reservation for the Apaches in 1871. The Committee of Resolution was successful in securing \$30,000 from Congress. Anderson, George. *History of New Mexico, Its resources and people Vol. II.* 1907. Los Angeles. p. 729. Retrieved on November 26, 2010 from

http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA728&lpg=PA722&dq=Wm%20Milby%20%2B%20New%20Mexico&sig=XGGuuHqrGSB5e4bNqIUxFj8CoCM&ei=-I_OS9OFO46StgO1w_iuDg&ct=result&id=C7Q1AAAAIAAJ&ots=4xDiTapFTw&output=text.

¹¹¹ Oliver Otis Howard (1830 – 1909) was an American soldier, born in Leeds, Maine, on the 8th of November 1830. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1850, and at the U.S. Military Academy in 1854. In 1857 he served in Florida against the Seminole Indians, and from 1857 to 1861 he was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point. At the beginning of the Civil War he resigned to become colonel of the 3rd Maine volunteer regiment. On the death in action of General James B. McPherson, Howard, in July 1864, was selected to command the Army of the Tennessee. In this position he took part in the "March to the Sea" and the Carolinas campaign. In March 1865 he was brevetted major-general U.S.A. "for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Ezra Church and during the campaign against Atlanta", and in 1893 received a Congressional medal of honor for bravery at Fair Oaks. After the peace he served as commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands from 1865 until 1874; in 1872 he was special commissioner to the hostile Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona. Retrieved on November 26, 2010 from <http://www.nndb.com/people/349/000103040/>.

¹¹² On July 28, 1870 Jennie Culver writes to her sister Lib Pippitt, “*I have also found a gentleman friend since Enos left [for the Francisco expedition]. One man that acts like a friend & would try to help me if I needed help. He says he is going to the states this fall to see his mother & sister & wants me to go home. Says he will take me but I cannot tell what I shall do. This man is one of the Post traders, he is a partner of Col. Ranyerson [Rynerson] & Col & Enos are partners in mining. Where ever they are. This mans name is Knox.*” Culver – Bull personal correspondence from the collection of the Fisher Museum in Loudonville, Ohio.

¹¹³ This is likely the present day Faywood Hot Springs in southern New Mexico.