

Spires had been caught in a storm or blizzard at the upper Cimarron spring and all of his eighty head of mules froze to death, leaving his eight or ten wagons loaded with merchandise without a hoof to move them, and teams had to be sent out from New Mexico to his relief. The frames or bones of his mules lay all round where they had perished, the wolves having long since stripped the carcasses of the flesh. Some of our Indians that had rode on in advance, on seeing these bones and skulls of so many mules, came riding back and reported that they had come upon a great battle ground where so many mules had been killed. The writer told them how the mules became froze to death the fall before. Our route from there lay direct across the plains to the Arkansas River. Our young Indians caught two or three wild mustangs and never saw but one buffalo between the Cimarron and the Arkansas. The party was entirely out of provisions, only a handful of dried meat which was kept for the papooses or children. An old dog was killed and dressed at one camp and a hearty feast was made of him. The writer did not partake of any of it. He preferred to chew some cotton wood bark that grew around a hole of water where we had cut the young trees down for our pack animals to feed on, there being no grass there, and we dug holes in the gravel bed of an old sand creek or slough to get water. There I witnessed the manner of preparing and killing of a dog for food for the party. Two of the old squaws had put a rope around a dog's neck a little ways from the camp, on the opposite side of the slough or brush from where I was peeling some young cottonwood bark to chew. When I heard a dog making most frightful yelps. I went across to see what was the trouble, and

one old squaw was pulling at one end of the rope wrapped around the dog's neck and the other squaw pulling at the other end of the rope, until they choked the dog dead. They had made a brush pile of dry willows and cottonwood and threw the old dog on the blaze, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ burned the hair off and took sticks and beat the burnt hair off and scraped him with their butcher knives, dressed him and cut him up and put the entire dog into a large kettle and cooked him by boiling until way in the night, when all the Indian men assembled to eat it. My brother Tom Boggs tried to get me to eat some of it but I had seen how it was and didn't partake of the savory mess. I laid back and went to sleep on a very empty stomach, not having any food for a couple of days. I don't remember whether William Bent ate any of that dog or not. Next morning the bones of the dog lay thick all round where the Indians had dropped them, ~~xxx~~. I felt hungry enough to have eaten a piece of that dog that morning. My brother went to the tepee of Old Yellow Wolf who was the head chief of this band of Cheyennes. He had a small quantity of dried buffalo meat on a line, and brother Tom offered to buy some of it for me telling the old chief that I was not used to going without food long. The old chief told him it was against his medicine to sell meat when it was so scarce and he had so many papooses to feed, but if his brother was so very hungry to go take it. But he would not sell it. But my brother would not touch it, and we agreed the old chief was right. The next day an old bull was killed near the camp, and all hands had a feast. The young Indians caught up the liver and ate it raw, the blood running down from the corners of their mouths, they were so eager to satisfy their hunger. The next day our party was informed by a messenger

sent from a band of Cheyennes that had parted from us in the fall previous that they were having a fight with a band of Pawnees, that they had discovered in the Island on the Arkansas, near the Salt ~~Rm~~ Bottoms. This news excited our Indians and they rushed on ahead to get into the fight. William Bent had rode ahead that morning to try to kill a deer and brother Tom started forward to see where Bent was, ~~XXX~~ I followed having a good rifle, leaving our pack train with Scott A. Parker and the negro man Dick that William Bent had for a cook to look out for the pack train. My brother and I went as fast as our mules could take us. On reaching the bottom land on the south side of the river we saw a great smoke arising about a large island that was covered with brush and timber, where the Pawnees had been sheltered in their brush camps to repair their moccasins, and were discovered by the Cheyennes. that ^{were} ~~was~~ moving down the river. Two of the Pawnees went out on the hills near by and were seen by a party of mounted Cheyennes and cut off from their retreat into the brush and shelter where this party was. The first mounted Cheyenne charged on the two Pawnees who were armed with good rifles. One succeeded in getting into the island; the other who was the leader of the Pawnees fought until killed. He wounded three of the Cheyennes fatally before he was killed, and his body lay right in the trail that my brother and I were galloping in and the three wounded Cheyennes were laying around in the high grass close to where the dead Pawnee lay. We did not stop but kept ~~xx~~ on, anxious to find William Bent who had left us early in the morning. We finally saw him on his white saddle mule across on the north side of the river, in the open

plain with a number of the Cheyennes collected around him. Just as Tom and I emerged from the river sitting on the bank of the river was chief Whirlwind of the ~~bank~~ of Cheyennes that was wounded while trying to fire the grass at the lower end of the island in which the main body of the Pawnees were. They were getting smoked out all round and were about to escape in the thick smoke at the lower end of the island and Whirlwind, whose braves ^{were} was conducting the fight, went to the lower end of the island to set the grass ~~in~~ on fire, and while blowing the fire to start it received a bullet through the side of his face knocking out some of his teeth. He was sitting there with his face bandaged but could not talk but made a sign to us by putting his hand up to his face and showing which course the bullet went through his mouth. The Pawnees marched down the middle of the river in the dense smoke to a small island covered with green willows and made themselves a breastwork of sand and willows by scooping up the sand, making a kind of hog-back shaped hollow, and lay flat down in it, so they could not be seen. There were forty-two of them, well armed with good rifles. The Cheyennes only had bows and arrows and shields. The Cheyennes had a number of horses killed by the Pawnees as some of the young braves would charge along the river bank to show off, while the Pawnees kept up their shooting and they killed about five horses from under these foolish young Cheyenne braves. William Bent addressed them to stop that kind of sport, and camp all round the Pawnees, on both sides of the river and ~~xxxxx~~ starve the Pawnees out, but the old chiefs concluded as they had five or six of their braves mortally wounded and had killed the leader of the Pawnees and taken his scalp, they concluded to withdraw, and went into

camp near where the first fight took place, and the Pawnees went out sometime in the night and left the dead body of their braves to the Cheyennes. After this affair with the Pawnees we proceeded back up the river to the Fort, traveling up on the south side of the river and crossing some little distance above the mouth of Las Animas, and thence on to the Fort after an absence of nearly two months without getting a single robe. The buffalo had all disappeared excepting a few straggling bands of bulls, up in the hills about the head of the Las Animas, near the Raton Mountains, where a party of hunters went and killed a lot of them and barbecued or dried the meat and brought a wagon load to the Fort. William Bent concluded to go into the States that spring and visit St. Louis, and the writer was advised by him to return home and I accompanied him. The Company owned a farm in Missouri near the state line, which was in charge of my elder half brother, Angus L. Boggs. They had some cattle there and a few head of buffalo calves that had been raised with the tame cattle. I went ahead of William Bent and arrived at this farm and informed my brother that his Uncle William would be at his house the next day. That was the last time I ever saw him as he proceeded to St. Louis, soon after he arrived at my brother's farm. And the last time I saw Charles Bent was when I stayed a couple of nights at his house in Taos, where he lived with his family. I was kindly treated by him and he furnished me a fresh saddle mule and good warm Sérapé, or Spanish blanket, for my journey across the mountains in the worst part of the winter with a small party of men that was discharged in Santa Fe, and who were returnining to their homes in Missouri. Charles

Bent did not want me to venture across the mountains in such cold weather and insisted on my staying through the winter at his house and remain there until the spring. He told me how cold and rough the trip would be and was afraid I would freeze, but I was anxious to get to the Fort where my brother Thomas was. So, seeing I was determined to go, he ordered everything for my comfort. On the journey, but advised me not to go farther than the Fort, as I would certainly freeze in on the plains. So I took his advice and stayed at the Fort, where I found my brother Tom and Kit Carson, William and George Bent and Capt. St. Vrain. And they all advised me not to attempt to go on to Missouri, and it was lucky for me that I took their advice, as those of the party who continued their journey were severely frozen, and some of them were so badly frost bitten that relief had to be sent out to bring them in. I was mistaken when I said I ^{last} saw Charles Bent at his home in Taos. He came in later to Independence and I met him there. He was a noble man and was a great business man; was considered the head of the firm of Bent and St. Vrain. His influence was considerable in New Mexico. I remember seeing him in Santa Fe on the arrival of Col. Sam Ownes' train of merchandise. — Wagons from Independence, Missouri. The duties levied by the Mexican government at that time (1844) was \$600 on each wagon load of goods, and Col. Sam Ownes, owner of ten large wagonloads of goods, put up in bales, left his train in charge of old Nicholas Gentry, at the crossing of the river on the Cimarron route, and, with one or two other gentlemen going out to Mexico for a pleasure trip by way of Fort Bent, reached Santa Fe long before his train of wagons reached the first settlements of New Mexico; and there he made a settlement with the

Custom House officers and the Mexican authorities. — Through the influence of Charles Bent, getting his ten wagonloads of merchandise passed at a greatly reduced rate. It was the custom of the Mexican authorities to send out a company of Mexican soldiers to meet the merchandise trains, under pretense of guarding them into the settlement; but their real object was to see that no goods or wagons were smuggled into the country, to escape the heavy duties. Groceries, except for the use of the merchant trader and his employes on the [return] route only, ^{was} allowed. Tobacco, sugar and coffee were contraband; but one wagonload of baled leaf tobacco, owned by old Nick Gentry, was passed in Santa Fe by the governor, who through his kind hearted wife pleaded for the old wagon-master ^{Gentry} so hard as to induce her husband, the governor, to pass the load of contraband tobacco at a mere ^{nominal} sum, taking only one hundred and fifty dollars from the old man. His wagonload of tobacco was subject to confiscation as soon as it crossed the line into Mexican territory. The writer drove that wagonload of leaf tobacco into Santa Fe and into the plaza in front of the governor's residence while a number of Mexican soldiers were being paraded in front of the governor's house, and and waited there until ^(came) the old "Gentry", who was well known in Santa Fe as one of the oldest wagon masters and freighters that hauled goods to Santa Fe and Chihuahua, and it was because he had brought so many trains of merchandise across the plains in dangerous times from hostile Indians like the Pawnee and Commanche Indians that way-laid the ~~xxx~~ route of the merchant traders that Uncle Nick Gentry was permitted to pass his wagonload of contraband tobacco into Santa Fe almost free of duties. It was said but little of the

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duties on American food brought overland into New Mexico ever reached the general government, on account of the laxity and mode of the officers in Santa Fe. A man of influence like Don Carlos Bent, as he was known by the Mexicans, could do much toward getting the exorbitant duties reduced on American merchandise. I left him in Santa Fe to go by way of Taos to Bent's Fort, and when our little party arrived at Taos I found Charles Bent at his home there, to my surprise. He must have passed our party somewhere on the route as he was on a superb saddle mule of the kind which he kept near his residence at San Fernando de Taos during the Mexican war in 1846. Charles Bent on account of his great influence with the inhabitants of New Mexico was appointed provincial governor of the territory by the U. S. Government. While Col. Sterling Price (afterwards Genl. in the confederate army) was stationed in Santa Fe with several companies of U. S. Troops Genl. or Col. Alexander W. Doniphan was marching with his regiment on the City of Chihuahua. Governor Bent resided at his home in Taos with his family, and while there in the midst of his family was brutally murdered in the presence of his wife and children by the revolt of the Pueblo Indians, in large force, who marched from their Pueblo a few miles west of the town in which Gov. Bent resided. They killed all the Americans in the place. They met a Mr. Lee just outside of the town and murdered him in an old straw shed where he had taken refuge to conceal himself. Seeing a large force of Pueblo Indians approaching, he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ran into this straw pile and burrowed himself under the straw; but unfortunately for him he was seen by the Indians as he ran into the old adobe, and they ran in and ran

their lances down in the straw until they pierced his body and there put an end to his life. They then proceeded into the town and surrounded the house of Charles Bent and climbed over the walls and shot him with arrows through the windows, while his wife was clinging to him begging him to use his revolvers and frighten them away; but he said if I shoot some of them then they will murder you and the children. As the Indians were looting and robbing the house supposing they had killed Gov. Bent, his wife ~~now~~ with the aid of a servant cut a hole through the wall of the adobe house with an axe and dragged the body of Charles Bent through to a house near by, when he was yet alive, and he called for pen and paper and wrote the words "I want"--and then expired before he could state or write what he wanted them to do. The Indians also killed an American (John Bent's Lawrence C. Waldo) by the name of Waldo (Ludlow Waldo) who was stopping in Taos at the time, and I believe that they

*Waldo
was killed
at Taos*

Narcisse Beaubien ^{P. Official, says H. H. H.}
also killed Boviari, ^{son of} a Frenchman that was married to a Mexican lady; he kept a public house in the town, the writer of this and his party put up at his house on their arrival there in the winter of 1844, as he was on his way to ~~First~~ Bent. The Indians led by their chiefs then proceeded to hunt the town and to march on Santa Fe, it was said they were put up to this revolt by a Mexican priest, who said that if they would kill the American Governor and what other foreigners were in the place, they would gain the country under Mexican Rule. The news of the revolt and massacre at Taos reached Santa Fe and Col. Price dispatched a company under Captain Nevin, who met the Indians in this force on the road to Santa Fe and with his ~~bow~~ ^{bow} and arrows opened on them and slew them by hundreds, bringing them back to Taos, where they sought shelter in an old church that was walled in all around with a high wall, and barricaded themselves inside. The American troops, under Captain ^{Burgwin} Nevin, attacked the place and cut a hole through the wall and placed a cannon mouth through and killed many of them, the rest of them endeavoured to escape to the mountains, but ^{were} pursued by Captain St. Vrain, and shot and killed as soon as it was light enough to see to shoot. The leaders of this revolt were finally captured by the American troops and sentenced to be hung and six were hung from one scaffold, one of them, more brave than the others, pointing to the Chief who commanded them, told him he was the cause of all

the trouble that had caused them to kill their best friend, meaning Govt. Bent, whom they had known so long as a good friend and said they ought to die and told the old Chief to stand up and die like a man, that he ought to die. I have all this account of the revolt and manner of the death of Charles Bent, ^{from} ~~Govt.~~ brother, Thos. A. Boggs, whose wife, then a girl, was in the house and witnessed the killing of ^{Govt.} Bent. She was sheltered by a Mexican standing over her as she crouched in a corner of the room, by placing his serape over her head and then by escaping the notice of the Indians, as they had begun to rob and plunder the premises.

^{Ramalda-} My brother's wife's name is Ramalda, and she is living yet, at her daughter's at Clayton, New Mexico, or was the last time I heard from her. My brother came first to California in 1849 and returned to Las Animas, ^{river} where he and Kit Carson had a ranch and were together in the sheep business. After the trade of Bents Fort, in buffalo robes, was broken up, these two of their most trusty and experienced traders were thrown out of employment and they settled down on their farm at Las Animas, both having married Mexican wives. They had associated together for so many years, they were more like brothers than partners, a complete history of their lives and the many dangers they passed through would fill many pages of history of the first white men to inhabit the plains of Colorado and New Mexico.

While much has been written about Kit Carson and printed, yet there remains much unwritten history of that brave and adventurous scout and mountaineer. He was with Col. Fremont in California at the time of the "Bear Flag" revolution and came with Fremont to Sonora, the headquarters of the Bear Flag party, to aid them in their efforts to establish their independence of the Mexican authorities, but having been recalled, by a special message, from his journey north with his exploring party, to return to California to some convenient point, so as to be ready to cooperate with the U.S. ships of war that had been ordered to the Pacific coast for the purpose of taking possession of California, as soon as hostilities had commenced between the forces of the United States on the Rio Grande under Gen. Taylor and the Mexican army under General Santa Anna (this Santa Anna is not the true name of the Mexican general that commanded the army of Mexico during her war with the United States and Texas, his real name was Antonio ⁹Lopez de St. Anna, which in plain English means Antonio Lopez of St. Anne, the place or mission church where his hacienda or home was and the Mexicans gave him the nick name of Santa Anna.) Fremont, on his return to the Sacramento valley, was met or visited by messengers from the Bear Flag party who had organized their forces, consisting of a few old frontiersmen and bear hunters who lived in around the valleys north of the bay of San Francisco