

10-1-1955

## Marie Sellar Bullard - Memoirs

Marie Sellar Bullard

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmhr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Bullard, Marie Sellar. "Marie Sellar Bullard - Memoirs." *New Mexico Historical Review* 30, 4 (1955).  
<https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmhr/vol30/iss4/3>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *New Mexico Historical Review* by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [amywinter@unm.edu](mailto:amywinter@unm.edu), [lsloane@salud.unm.edu](mailto:lsloane@salud.unm.edu), [sarahrk@unm.edu](mailto:sarahrk@unm.edu).

## MARIE SELLAR BULLARD—MEMOIRS\*

My children have long importuned me to leave some record of my memories, so here I begin jottings from a long life, unimportant in itself but which has lain in an eventful period of modern history, stretching through the Civil War and Franco-Prussian War, precursor and part cause of the Great War of which we are now suffering the aftermath, in an anxious and uncertain condition. Much that I write must necessarily be based upon hearsay evidence, but even that may be of interest and value as I seem to be the last of my generation and have no one to give me lacking information. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a "Child's education began a hundred years before it was born," so I must commence by some account of what my Scotch ancestors would call "my forbears."

In 1881, when I was in Elgin, Scotland, near the exterior base of the south tower of its beautiful ruined cathedral, "The Lantern of Scotland," I saw the monument of my great-grandfather John Sellar and his wife Helen Donaldson. The stones adjoining were flat and defaced by passing of many feet. One only remained legible, "Patrick Sellar, sometime Musician, Burgess of Elgin, d. 1642" (I quote from memory). This is the earliest ancestor of whom I know. Another branch of the family kept and handed down the name Patrick. One of that name, and his father before him, was "factor" (Superintendent of the Estates) of the Duke of Sutherland, in the 1880's. William Sellar, Professor of Humanities at the University of Edinburgh, belonged to that line. Also his sister, mother of Andrew Lang, well-known author and man of letters. Another son was named Patrick and a third John, whose wife I accidentally met in Paris in 1923. Their burial ground is at the base of North Tower of Elgin Cathedral.

My grandfather, William Sellar, went to Peterhead, at that time an important whaling and fishing port. It is still a great center for the herring fleet of Scotland and Holland, or

---

\* Daughter of John Perry Sellar and Cornelia Marie Wheatley.

Submitted for publication by Daniel T. Kelly of Gross, Kelly & Company, Las Vegas, N. M.

was when I was there. There my grandfather married Elizabeth Annand, daughter of James Annand and Charlotte Hays Simpson.

James Annand was engaged in whaling and, in the Napoleonic Wars, in privateering. My mother insisted on calling him "The Pirate" which, she said, was more romantic and fully justified by the family tradition of his ungovernable and furious temper. James and Charlotte had three children. Charlotte who married Dr. John Perry and emigrated to America settling in Jerseyville, Illinois, and being thereby the indirect cause of my being an American. Peter, only son, quarrelled with his father, was disowned and forbidden to return home but, dying, was smuggled in by his mother to die under his father's roof. I shall always believe the old gentleman knew he was there but was too stubborn to openly go back on his word. I fancy there was ostrich stock on the old lady's side too. My father said she held it derogatory to anyone's dignity to ask forgiveness, or beg pardon. Her daguerreotype shows her a woman of strong character, but she was well loved.

---

Elizabeth, my grandmother, eloped at 16 with William Sellar but was apparently forgiven and restored to favor. I know nothing of my grandparents except a daguerreotype taken from a painting of my grandmother which shows her to have been beautiful. She was the mother of fourteen children by William Sellar and after his death married again, Francis Annand (no relation), and had two more children, dying at the birth of the second.

Of this enormous family few grew to maturity. I can only name Peter, William, James, Helen, d. young, Charlotte, Alexander, John George and Francis Annand, and of these only James and John left descendants so far as I know. Peter, Alexander, George and Frank like many sea-coast lads took to the sea and I remember my father saying the two had helped drag the guns to the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimean War. Peter married but left no children. William also. He was a member of Lloyd's in Glasgow, which caused my father to reside there in the 1850's. Charlotte never married but died in the early 1860's. James was a clergyman of the

Scotch Episcopalian Church, Rector of St. Peter's Edinburgh and Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral there. That was the only branch of the family that I ever personally knew. He and my Aunt Madge had several children. James, "Writer of the Signet" at Perth, where Sellar was the last to see him in 1908, had one daughter, Margaret; Charles, artist, unmarried; John, at one time Chaplain in India (believe he left family); Annie and Helen, unmarried, the latter a talented musician; Arthur, last heard of in Canadian Mounted Police—rather a black sheep.

When I was in Peterhead in 1881 with my father we found still alive his old nurse "Kirstie" Clark, who with the grandmother seems to have done most of the bringing up of Elizabeth's large family. "Kirstie" was well along in the eighties and feeble in body but keen of mind. When my father went into the room and said, "Do you know me Kirstie?," she responded in true Scotch fashion, "It's no John Sellar!" (meaning that it was).

There must have been a strong family type, for on Sunday a former friend, going home, said to her sister, "There was a stranger at church, I don't know who he was but he had the Sellar beard." It was my father. He and my Uncle James both had very dark hair and auburn moustache and beard, not at all like the Lowland Scotch sandy type.

As regards the family name I have never found any but the one derivation, Norman-French "Sellier," English version "Seller," Scotch "Sellar" (like Shepherd and Shephard). In medieval days, most important adjuncts and officials of troops and companies of knights were the armories who made their armor and the selliers who made the "Seller" or saddles which bore the knight's tournaments of war.

My great-grandfather Wheatley had two sons. My eldest aunt remembered seeing a safe-conduct through France for Mrs. Wheatley and two children signed by Robespierre, so they must have been people of some means and position. After her husband's death, Mrs. Wheatley married Captain Shanley and had one daughter, Fanny. One son, Henry, seems to have left home and disappeared from family knowledge. The other Edward, my grandfather, received a commission in the army

(bought in those days) and was gazetted as Ensign in the K.G.L. or King's German Legion. Hanover then was under the same King as Great Britain, and a seasoned well-disciplined body of troops from there were in Wellington's Army, partly officered by Englishmen. My grandfather's diary begins with his arrival in Spain (or Portugal) and continues during the Peninsular War, illustrated by pen and ink sketches of his surroundings. Unfortunately it ceases before the Waterloo Campaign, in which he also served.

He took part in the battle of the Hergomart, a farm on the Waterloo plain which was fiercely contested, being taken and re-taken more than once. During that engagement he was wounded through the lungs and taken prisoner by the French, so severely wounded that they left him behind when finally evacuating. He bound up his wound with his officer's scarf which, stiff with blood, was in my Uncle Edward's possession, and regaining his regiment was taken to Brussels to a hospital. There his sister Fanny Shanley came to nurse him, thus meeting Col. Edmond Linuard, a Belgian officer whom she later married. I knew her in Brussels in 1871 and she was a wizened, worldly malevolent old lady who might have walked out of Thackeray's pages.

My grandfather recovered enough to join his army when the Allies marched into Paris. He was by this time Captain but, never recovering his health entirely, retired on half pay at the close of the campaign. He then married Elizabeth Brookes, my grandmother. Her people must have been Londoners, at least her father had large holdings of property there. One comprised most of "Shepherd's Bush" and would have been extremely valuable but, being out on 99 yr. lease, the heirs preferred to realize rather than wait for termination of lease toward close of 19th century.

Great-grandfather Brookes had two wives and large families. Among the children of the first was Joshua, most eminent surgeon and anatomist of his day, having a private lecture amphitheatre and founding the anatomical collection of the British Museum. His sister Octavia (so called because 8th—there was also a Decimes), when dying of a disease which puzzled doctors, left instructions for a guard to be

placed at her grave lest her brother Joshua's lust for scientific research cause him to have her body exhumed.

The second family, whose mother was "The beautiful Miss Warsaeu," was less numerous. I only recall four by name—Benjamin, also a surgeon, whom I saw in London in 1871, Samuel, who after suffering financial losses, went to America, settling near Chicago. I remember him in 1865, a very handsome, courtly old gentleman with snow-white hair. I can see him roaring with laughter as he read *Don Quixote*. The daughters were Mary, "my Aunt Hanson" after whom my mother was named, and Elizabeth, my grandmother, who married Edmund Wheatley. They had six children, Lucy, Jessie, Mary, Cornelia, Malvina, Edmund and Albert.

My grandfather's lungs being weak after his wound, they left England and lived abroad. For a long time at Gouruai in Belgium because the Linuards were stationed there; therefore, French was their nursery tongue and my mother's name to her family became Marie Cornelié. She always loved French and my father said when he first knew her in the 1850's she had a decided French accent. As they later moved to Gresis (or Greir) she was almost equally familiar with German but never liked it.

At Gresis my grandfather died and was given a full military funeral by the Prussian Army there, as Allies in the Napoleonic Wars. My mother says she saw her father's casket on a gun carriage with the Prussian General walking behind and holding the hands of her young brothers. Women never attended obsequies in those days.

Later the family moved to Bonn on the Rhine because of school advantages for the sons. There my eldest aunt, May, met Alexander Finlay whom she married. He was Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Glasgow so they resided there, and eventually my grandmother and her other children also settled there.

The Finlays had two daughters, Adeline (never married), Edith, who married Andrew McCulloch of Dunnifreis, Scotland, and three sons, one son, Bertram Douglas, Major in army. Reginald was with my father in America 1865 to 1869, then went to Sydney, Australia, and married; then the

family returned to Great Britain, but I have lost track of them. Arthur married Gussies in Cape Town, Africa, no children (I knew them well in London). Alexander died early.

My Aunt Malvina married William Davis, son of an old friend in London. She died early, leaving one daughter, Alice, whom I have seen in England at long intervals. She married Alfred Goslett and had several sons, Raymond, youngest about Sellar's age, Jessie never married but died in London late in life. I knew her in 1870, 1881, and also 1891 as Sellar and Marie may remember. I never knew either of my Uncles. The elder Edmund reverted to the medical strain in his mother's family and saw long service as Surgeon General of Bengal after passing through the Sepoy Rebellion. He married a Scotch woman, Cecilia, and had three sons, all younger than I. I heard that the elder settled in Chattanooga, Tennessee, after his father's death which took place on the Riviera. The younger uncle died unmarried in Natal, South Africa.

My father always said that his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Brookes-Wheatley, had the brightest mind of any woman he ever met, and was inherited by her daughter, his wife. She was evidently a woman of pronounced opinions. On one occasion, finding her husband reading a book of which she disapproved, she took it from his hands with the tongs and threw it in the fire, much to his amusement.

I never saw my grandmother but her pictures show an unusual intellectual type of face, and I have a mental vision of her, as described to me, either reading from one of several books at her side, or writing to some of her far-flung family on their foreign post paper, re-erased as they did then to save postage and so making the letters the despair of the recipients. She died when I was three and I wore heavy black for her at that early age. That I distinctly remember. Also, that I was playing outside when news came of her death; and when my father took me in to comfort my mother in her grief, I remember I did not want to go although perfectly aware that I ought. Conscience wakes early, but is not very stalwart then—or ever.

My father went to Glasgow early in life because his elder brother William was established there in the Marine Insur-

ance business. My father was associated in that and always said it was the "prettiest business in the world." Many years later he told me he thought he would have done better in every way had he been content to remain in Scotland and "go slowly." Why they decided to go to America I do not know, but having been married at St. Mary's on February 1, 1859, they started at once for Dublin on their honeymoon, then shipped from Queenstown near Cork on the "Prince Albert" for New York.

Meeting storms, they were driven out of their course and caught in the ice which crushed the bow of the vessel so that five weeks later, having been given up as lost, they reached St. John's, Newfoundland, with a sail drawn over the hole in the bow to keep out the waves. Eventually landing in New York, they went to the Stevens House on Bowling Green. This building, owing to estate difficulties, was still standing in the 90's. It was on the site where the Cunard Building now stands. My parents mentioned going to see Jefferson, Sothern and Laura Kiene in "Our American Cousin," but probably soon left for the west where they were expected by Dr. John Perry and his wife, Charlotte, my grandmother's sister at Jerseyville, Illinois.

My father's first employment was teaching school at Grafton, Illinois, where his pupils took delight in exploding firecrackers in a barrel under his window on July 4th to decide his nationality.

I have no doubt that in many ways their British idiosyncrasies were an offense to their neighbors and they, coming from a staid conventional land, found the exaggerated and obtrusive democracy of a rural Illinois district most distasteful. I know my mother did not think Martin Chuzzlewit's "Eden" overdrawn. They did find a resident who would do this work provided they "brought and fetched" it. One woman said to her, "You *can't* be English for my mother was English and *she* always dropped her "h's."

At any rate, my mother's dislike for Illinois was so intense that she did not want me to be born there and they moved to St. Louis, where I was born January 28th, 1860, on Seventh Street in a brick cottage, rent \$12.00 as per receipt

and the doctor's bill was \$10.00 as per receipt also. The doctor was much interested to know my mother was a niece of Joshua Brookes whose portrait was in his office and whom he greatly admired.

There was still a slave market in St. Louis at that time, and Conley, so long with our family later, must have been a slave at Lexington Mission not far away.

My father was in the employ of "Russell and Samuels" and from that fact came his removal to Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1861, where in the service of the well-known contractors and freighting firm "Russell, Majors and Waddell" he made up the mailbags for the Pony Express which they founded, and at tremendous loss upheld, from the Missouri River to the Pacific. Many years later I knew in Las Vegas a burley cattle man named Mike Slattery, and my father told me he had been an express rider in those days when a light slim lad.

Leavenworth was much more important then than later, quite looking down on Kansas City and many well-known people at one period lived there. At Fort Leavenworth General and Mrs. Custer were stationed while Susan B. Anthony's brother was Mayor of the town and Charles Kearny, brother of the General, was our next door neighbor. We were there during the Civil War and my mother, missing her baby from its crib and the nearby window open, ran distractedly to an adjoining camp and found her child being petted by the boys-in-blue who were homesick for their children.

At one time there was a rumor that "Price's Guerrillas" were coming to sack and burn the town and I remember standing in the moonlight watching my father bury the firm's books and papers in his garden. They never came but I always peopled the opposite shore of the river, across which our house looked, with mysterious bush-whackers and guerrillas.

My father was not subject to draft, being a British subject to his death, for he maintained that naturalization was only done for financial gain and that "he would not sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage." My parents remained strongly British until they revisited their old haunts in 1871 and found old surroundings changed and friends vanished.

Before that they always spoke of "home" and I naturally grew up with a great love and tenderness for the Old Country, which has tinged my life and feelings. *Punch* and *London News* were my picture books and the Royal Family was well known in all its branches. My children are real Americans, I hope and believe, but I—well it cannot be done in one generation, though no one is prouder than I of the Puritan heritage of my descendants.

So far as I can remember I had a great number of childish illnesses and it was probably to recover from one of these that my mother took me to the Atlantic Coast for the summer of '65 [?]. On the way we stopped to visit her Uncle Samuel Brookes and his family in Eleeserville (now I believe Hyde Park) near Chicago. We arrived at night and, asking why the city was illuminated, was told it was for the Fall of Richmond. Shortly afterwards [?] Lincoln was assassinated and I remember my mother going to see his body lying in state on its way to burial at Springfield, Illinois.

Before we left for the eastern coast a large "Sanitary Fair" was held in Chicago for the benefit of the wounded soldiers and many notables were present. On one occasion there, I was caught up and passed over the heads of the crowd, at the request of the tall reddish bearded man at the centre, who asked "to kiss the pretty little girl." It was General Sherman.

From Chicago we went to Cape May, well loved by me in later years. In 1876 we went to look at the hotel where we had stayed in '65 and had never been since. As soon as I saw the centre pedestal table I dropped on my knees (to the proprietor's astonishment) and pulled open a hidden compartment where I remembered keeping my toys years before.

My father joined us later in the season and we came back by way of New York where we stayed at the St. Nicholas on lower Broadway. Union Square was then far up town, and I went to hear Patti in *Faust*, my first opera (and hid my eyes during the duel so as not to see the swords). We also went to Washington where I recollect seeing the Army of the Potomac marching up the Avenue. It was probably returning from this trip that the favorite family incident took place.

We were staying at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis and I asked permission to go down and order the dinner. When my parents arrived a few minutes later, the darky waiter, grinning behind my chair, said, "Should I bring what the young lady ordered?"

"Yes," said my father, "What did she order?"

The menus of those days were very elaborate and profuse, leaving literally "nothing to be desired." The lower third of the bill of fare was headed "Dessert." This the negro swept with his hand, saying, "She ordered all this—and a bottle of champagne."

A large Kansas City firm, Chick, Browne and Company (later Brown, Manzanares and Company) placed a warehouse at Hays City, about two hundred miles west of Leavenworth, and my father and Miguel A. Otero left C. R. Morehead and Company at Leavenworth and founded a business of their own at Hays City on the Kansas Pacific Railway. Here Otero & Sellar built a warehouse and leased a store building for use as "Wholesale Grocers, Forwarding and Commission Merchants." Later Don Mañuel Otero, an elder brother, was interested for several years but took no active part, and the firm name became Otero, Sellar and Company, so remaining until its dissolution in 1881 at Las Vegas, New Mexico. The business was always "at the end of the road," moving on as the railroad pushed forward a few hundred miles. Its successive points were:

Hays City	1868	Kansas	} Kansas Pacific Railroad
Sheridan	1869	Kansas	
Kit Carson	1870	Colorado	} A. T. & S. F.
Granada	1873	Colorado	
La Junta	1876	Colorado	} Denver & Rio Grande
El Moro	1877	Colorado	
Otero	1879	Colorado	} A. T. & S. F.
Las Vegas	1880	New Mexico	

The plant consisted of long low warehouses at the side of the track where high platforms permitted loading on one side into freight cars, on the other into freight wagons. My memory shows me high piles of sacks, coffee, flour, etc., and of case goods, soap, candles and canned food, and at the rear

end sacks of wool and piles of hides being bailed before shipment east, mainly to Boston and Philadelphia.

The front of the building was devoted to outfitting these trains and their men were able to obtain what was needed for the long return trip to New Mexico—a regular frontier store, hardware, saddles, shoes, clothing, etc., and package groceries.

The winter was of course quiet but with the spring came rolling in long trains of ox-drawn wagons, also some faster mule trains, and the owners sometimes accompanied the trains in mule drawn ambulances, often on their way to "The States" for a visit. Their principal shipments were wool and hides, but sometimes the wagons held bars of copper from Arizona or silver from Northern Mexico.

These towns were all alike, a station and the warehouses at the side of the track and a struggling street across the road of frame buildings, generally square front housing saloons, dance halls, small shops and a hotel of sorts. There were few respectable women as not many men brought their families, but the dance halls had plenty of "fancies" as they were then called, fluttering about in "Mother Hubbard's," a kind of calico wrapper of the period.

My first knowledge of Hays City was arriving at night and having to pull out a little way from the station to get out because a shooting party was taking place across the track. My mother and I were not there very long and my most vivid impression was seeing the heavy low-swing straphung Concord Coaches come in from New Mexico.

I think the Hays venture was greatly tentative and being successful the Sheridan warehouses were much longer, and my father built a cottage nearby where we lived and which was moved to Kit Carson when the warehouse went. That moving left a lasting impression. The office safes and furniture were moved into a freight car, and all the stock loaded in cars. Then one morning a swarm of men climbed the roof of the warehouse and sawed it into strips the size of a flat car, and also the sides of the building, and they loaded in piles like a pack of cards. In a short time Sheridan, a busy bustling frontier town, had little left but piles of empty cans

and excavated cellars and all the inhabitants were denizens of Kit Carson in their rehabilitated houses. The cemetery, however, remained with nearly 100 graves, mostly by violent death and some by Indian massacres, to tell the tale of frontier days. At one time the estimated population of Sheridan was 2,000 and of wagons encamped around 1,000.

Not only did the Mexican ranchers have their own trains of wagons but many large firms were employed freighting supplies to the scattered western and southwestern settlements and to the forts maintained by the Government to control the Indians. In the earlier days this had been the beginning of Russell, Majors and Waddell before their disastrous Pony Express venture.

Once at Sheridan we accompanied in an ambulance a Buffalo Hunt and saw the riders shooting as they galloped beside the herd. One wounded buffalo fell behind and our driver finished him and cut out the tongue and some steaks. No wonder the Indians resented the wasteful slaughter of these herds, on which they depended for food.

On my first trip to Hays, when of course there were no Pullmans, I remember lying at night on the seat and seeing by the dim oil lamps the men in the car sitting rifle in hand, watching the windows lest the Indians tear up the track and attack the derailed train.

One day, at Hays, a band of Indians came into town brought by a doctor who wished to make them friendly. They wandered about picking up iron hoops to make arrows and bartering with the shop keepers. One old squaw held in front on her horse a little fair-haired child about 2 or 3 years old, evidently taken in some raid on murdered settlers. They were kind to the child and gave the best of the gifts to him but they resolutely refused to part with him although the townspeople tried hard to buy him. It was impossible to take him forcibly so they rode away to bring him up as that most dangerous thing, "a white Indian."

Shortly afterwards there was an outbreak of that tribe and the doctor who brought them was the first man to fall in the fight. During that outbreak an attack on Hays was expected and I remember my mother and myself with some

other women being shut in O. S. & Co.'s store warehouse and the doors barricaded with sacks of coffee, etc. It was a fake alarm.

There were often depredations by small Indian bands while we were at Sheridan, mainly directed towards running off mules and horses grazing near town. Once they must have passed close by our house for they shot a Mexican boy nearby and from our windows we saw them, dressed in army overcoats, round up and drive off a large bunch of mules in an adjacent hollow.

My most exciting and dramatic Indian experience was some years later at Granada, Colorado. On the 4th of July, 1874, while my father, mother and I were eating our midday meal, men came running by calling "the Indians, the Indians are coming!" Instantly all was excitement, men buckling on their pistols and saddling their horses to go scouting, women and children being hustled into our warehouse, which being frame was poor protection but more easily defended than scattered buildings, lookouts climbing the roof to scan the horizon with spy glasses. From the tops of low hills behind the town could be seen curling columns of smoke, the signal fires of the Indians around us. The bodies of thirteen men were brought in, surprised and killed while herding and wood-chopping near the town. We expected attack at any moment but the signal fires died down and nothing more happened. Long afterwards we found out what prevented the fully prepared raid.

Being the 4th of July, the young men had run up a large army flag on a telegraph pole in town. The Indians saw it, thought we were garrisoned and gave up the attempt to attack us.

A petition was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth asking for a detachment of troops and signed by everybody, resident and transient. The General replied that if we were so numerous, we could protect ourselves. Then a request was sent for enough men to keep watch and give warning of danger so that the residents could attend to their duties. A few soldiers arrived and a tent was pitched on the hill near town for them to act as sentries. One evening

we walked up to see them. The tent was there but our brave defenders were disporting themselves in the town. Fortunately no Indians came to call.

I think that the reckless spirit and lawlessness of the frontier town reached its acme in Sheridan. There was a large floating population of absolute reprobates, gamblers, horse thieves, murderers and disreputable women and comparatively few respectable citizens to keep them in check. There was no religion of any kind. I remember once attending the service held by an itinerant preacher in a saloon. There was no law nor officers of the law. Finally the better element formed a Vigilantes Committee and served notice on the principal desperadoes to leave town in 48 hours. Three did not accept the suggestion and were hung and things improved. The rule of the Vigilantes was severe but, I fancy, just and their decisions were carried out promptly with none of the law's delay. For instance, in a dance hall quarrel the barkeeper was shot. While his wound was being dressed, the Vigilantes met and the two men were brought before them to testify. The wounded man walked up to his assailant and shot him dead. He was immediately taken out and hung and the two men were buried in one grave the next day.

These "end of the road" towns contained also a sprinkling of the frontiersmen. Many had been Pony Express riders in youth, then became skillful scouts in Indian wars and buffalo hunters at other times, for the hides brought good prices to be tanned as robes. Such men, when the settlements became more law-abiding were often appointed Marshal or Sheriff to hold in check the more vicious and turbulent element.

I remember seeing "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Buffalo Bill" Cody riding about the town on their highly ornamented Mexican saddles, long hair flowing on their shoulders beneath their low-crowned broad brimmed hats. Buffalo Bill had dark hair and aquiline nose. Wild Bill had straight features and medium auburn hair, very much the Christ-like type of old pictures. Conley knew them personally and had a high opinion of them. She washed their shirts which were of fine dark blue flannel and needed special care.

Once a party of big-game hunters, Eastern and European

(I think a Russian Grand Duke was one), were up at our house and with them was Cyrus Field who had promoted the Atlantic Cable. He showed me a crystal charm on his watch chain, one side containing a slice of the first cable which broke in mid-Atlantic while being laid by the S. S. *Great Eastern* and the other a slice of the successful one which was the first to connect the American and European Continents.

Not far from Sheridan was a military post, Fort Wallace. I attended an officers ball there and felt very proud of myself dancing with the subalterns. Later one of them gave me my dog Puck which was my companion and pet for many years. The giver told me he had received it from an Indian chief and that it was a sacred dog of a breed used at their dog-feasts. That may have been true or not but I never saw another like it. Rather small, tail-less, with long muzzle and silky ears, the head and legs were fawn-colored, the breast white and the back and sides covered with long silky hair shading from fawn to dark brown. It was very intelligent and affectionate. Puck certainly complicated the travel question for dogs were not allowed in Pullmans and he had to be smuggled in a wicker suitcase which looked like a lunch-box. Once when Puck must have moved in transit the porter who was carrying the basket grinned and said, "Mighty live lunch that, Miss."

Kit Carson, named after the famous Scout, was the next stopping point of the railroad to which the business moved in 1870. It was just like Sheridan in appearance and wanness but larger and more permanent. In fact, I think there is still some town there. O. S. & Company were there until '73 because it was the nearest rail point to southern Colorado and New Mexico as the K.P. had turned northward toward Denver and eventually became part of the U.P. System.

I certainly wish I could remember more events and details of these early days for it was a unique and evanescent period of the country's development, but its characteristics were not such as to appeal to a child and I fear I was frankly bored by "the great open spaces." Once we had occasion to stay a night at the hotel, and as the party consisted of my father and mother, myself and our cook, my father objected to being

assigned only one room. As the partitions were of unbleached muslin I can not see that it made much difference, but the proprietor replied, "You must not expect all the amenities of civilization."

I suppose that is what I wanted, not so much "Nature in the Rough!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Marie Sellar married Edward D. Bullard Jan. 6, 1885, in Philadelphia, Pa. Edward D. Bullard was a cattleman at Liberty, New Mexico (about 12 miles from Tucumcari, New Mexico, which at that time did not exist).

After their marriage Marie Sellar Bullard and her husband Edward D. Bullard went to the ranch at Liberty and lived there for over two years. I was born on the ranch. The brand on this letterhead was my Father's brand in New Mexico. John Perry Sellar died in Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he was living.

I don't think later history could have any interest. She had three children—Sellar Bullard, Marie Bullard Towne and Edward W. Bullard, all born in New Mexico. In 1894 the Bullards went to California for a short visit, and as a family never returned. Edward W. Bullard carries on the business of E. D. Bullard in San Francisco and Marie Bullard Towne is the wife of James W. Towne of Blake, Moffit & Towne of San Francisco. I, Sellar Bullard, after twenty-five years in Chicago in the Investment business, am living near Santa Barbara.

Sellar Bullard to Frank D. Reeve, Goleta, California, June 19, 1954.