

4-1-1968

Tales of New Mexico Territory

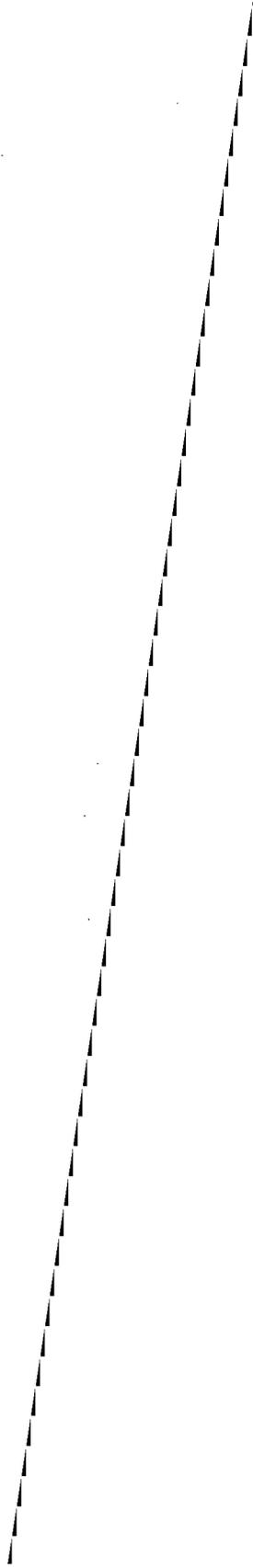
Horatio Russ Farrar

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

Recommended Citation

Farrar, Horatio Russ. "Tales of New Mexico Territory." *New Mexico Historical Review* 43, 2 (1968).
<https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmhr/vol43/iss2/5>

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, lsloane@salud.unm.edu, sarahrk@unm.edu.



TALES OF NEW MEXICO TERRITORY

1868-1876

HORATIO RUSS FARRAR

edited by Harold R. Farrar

INTRODUCTION

THE STORY of the settlement of the West is often told in terms of many colorful figures—outlaws, lawmen, cowards, and heroes, who have become material for legend. The memory of the pioneer who came West to seek his fortune and stayed, carving his niche, for better or for worse, in ranching, business, a profession, or simply as a respectable, hard-working citizen, lives on. Thousands of transients also criss-crossed the frontier, rarely noticed or heard of again. Their records may be found in railroads, bridges, and roads built by anonymous work gangs; in official army records; or in the thousands of graves, marked and unmarked, throughout the West.

Many who came, transients or settlers, were too involved in affairs of the moment to leave an account of themselves. One who did was Horatio Russ Farrar, who started west in 1868, worked at a variety of jobs in and around New Mexico Territory and Colorado for eight years, and “lived to tell about it.” In his later years he wrote of some of his experiences or told them to his son, Harold R. Farrar, who in turn recorded them.

HORATIO RUSS FARRAR was born November 6, 1850, at Elliottsville, Maine, a town which no longer can be found on the map. His mother was Margaret Elvira Antoinette Wise Farrar, a teacher at Foxcroft Academy, and his father was Allen B. Farrar, a state game warden and later a photographer at Bangor, Maine. He was the third child and only son of a family of five children. In 1856, after his parents separated, his mother took the children to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where she had a sister. Evidently home life was not as pleasant as it could have been, and after a few years of schooling, living with various relatives, and doing odd jobs, Horatio Farrar left home at seventeen and went to Reed's Landing, Wisconsin, where he worked on the river boats, handling freight.

The following year, 1868, he headed west, as lots of adventurous young men were doing at that time, having heard glowing stories of how easy it was to make their fortunes "out West." With his small savings he got as far as Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, then had to find a job in order to continue. He worked on a bridge construction project near there, and then went on to Colorado.

Farrar next was a freight wagon driver, hauling freight from the end of the Santa Fe Railroad, at Sargent, Kansas, to various points in Arizona and New Mexico Territories and Old Mexico. These wagons were pulled by mules which were worked four abreast, and each team consisted of from twenty to thirty-two mules. Tiring of the mule teams, he decided to try his hand at being a cowboy and took part in several of the long cattle drives up the now famous Chisholm Trail from Texas to Dodge City and Abilene, Kansas. While in Dodge City he became acquainted with Buffalo Bill Cody, as well as other famous men of that era.

About this time the Army was looking for scouts to help hold the Indians in check on their various reservations, so Farrar signed up. This did not last long, however, and he accepted a job offered by Mr. William Metcalf to help lay out and construct a toll road through the Raton Mountains in New Mexico Territory.¹ After the project was completed, in the early 1870's, he became toll collector for Mr. Metcalf and his partner in the buffalo-hunting business.

A few years later, Farrar returned to Colorado. There, while assisting a group of men trying to save a railroad bridge from being washed away, he met an official of the railroad who urged him to give up the dangerous life of hunting and become a railroader. This sounded like a good proposition, and he went to work for the Santa Fe, first at Granada and then La Junta, Colorado. From 1876 to 1887 he was a station agent in Kansas, and later in Florida. Returning to Kansas, Mr. Farrar lived there until 1920, then moved with his family to Branson, Missouri, where he died in 1939. Several years before his death he recorded some of his adventures, and these, along with a letter written from New Mexico Territory, are included here.

LETTER FROM NEW MEXICO

Spring Canon
Dry Cimmaron, N.M.

Aug. 21st, 1874

From Los Cruses we follow up the Rio Grand.² The valley is about three miles in width, and is mostly under cultivation, being tilled principally by Mexicans, who use oxen for teams, and in most of the fields we saw from six to eight teams plowing. Instead of the ordinary yoke, they use a straight piece of wood, lashed to the horns with strips of raw-hide soaked in water to make them pliable. They use for a plow a wooden fork, or crotch, one prong being left long for a tongue, being fastened to the yoke with raw-hide. The other prong is cut off, leaving about a foot and a half, and is sharpened so as to run in the ground. The handle is simply one straight piece of wood, fastened to the back end, and projecting backward, as on an ordinary plow. One handle is all that is necessary, as one hand is in constant use guiding the cattle. Instead of a whip, a pole about eight feet long and sharpened at the end is used. Instead of a wagon, they use a cart made entirely of wood, no iron being used, not even a nail. The wheels are about the height of the fore wheels of an ordinary wagon, and four to six

inches in thickness. They are never greased, but left to howl and groan in such a dismal way that teams unused to them are frequently frightened by the noise. Some of the Mexicans go very slovenly dressed, and are very dirty. Children from one to sixteen years of age are frequently seen with nothing, save a shirt, to protect them from the hot rays of the sun. Very model dress. The Mexicans are descendents of the Spaniards and speak the Spanish language. They are not as large as the average American, and I think their heads, the females especially, are smaller than any other class of people I ever saw. They are dark skinned—the men more so than the women. They nearly all have jet black eyes. The women seldom, if ever, go out of doors without a shawl over their heads, held tight below the nose, so all that is visable of the face is the eyes and nose; and what is more singular is that they nearly all dress in black, the shawls are always black, and as a rule so is the dress, and worn very long. They carry nearly everything on their heads, especially water; after the bucket is filled it is lifted to the head, and not touched again until at the house. This is more noticeable from the fact that there are few wells in the country, the water being carried from the rivers, creeks, ditches, or springs.

One day while I was at Granada, in Texas, a few Mexicans came down to the river to have a look at the R.R. bridge. They walked out on the bridge a hundred or more feet and stopped, walked to the side and looked down into the water, then to the other side, being very cautious and stepping very lightly. Then they all stood still in the centre of the bridge and talked, occasionally shaking their heads. Then one, more venturesome than the rest, advanced a few steps and jumped up and down to see if he could shake it; but no, it wouldn't shake, and they tried it together while the rest looked on—and it still remained stationary. Then the whole crowd tried it together—some jumping up while others were coming down—and still the bridge stood firm. They then returned to the village with, apparently, a better opinion of the bridge than before they gave it the test. This bridge is something over $1/4$ of a mile long, and only about ten feet above the water. The bridge rests upon piles driven into the bed of the river, and

is made wide, for both railroad and wagon track. The floor of the bridge, railway track and all, is laid with white oak plank, placed lengthwise. The railroad company has a boom across the river at this point to catch ties that are being flooded from the mountains.

At that time, emigrants were passing, train after train, going south and west. A few were returning that had been down to Arizona, and did not like the country. They told rough stories to those whom they met, but still they kept right on. I heard one man remark, "Those emigrants are hunting a hell on earth, and by God they are in a fair way to find it if they only keep right ahead." He had been there.

The second day of July, I started from Granada, Colorado, in company with a Mr. Metcalf, for Los Vegas, N.M. Being unable to proceed on the journey to that town, and upon arriving at this place, I stopped to recruit up. Mr. Metcalf is an American. He owns a large stock ranche here; has built a toll road for wagons thru the [Raton] mountains.

I suppose you have heard, long before this, of the Indian depredations in this country. Two battles were fought about the first of July, one four, and the other ten miles from here. The fighting was done at the same time, both places. Fifteen men have been murdered near here; the most of them while out alone hunting cattle. It is supposed that the Indians divided into two parties. The one that fought the battle four miles from here was intending to attack this settlement, and were on their way down when met by Arizona trains and driven back.

The first morning after we left Granada, we met a Mexican train that had had one man shot by the Indians. That was the first we heard of any trouble with them. We, Metcalf and myself, were alone and had but one weapon, a Sharps sporting rifle, but we concluded to stand the chances and kept on our way. We traveled by night and watched our teams by day. It was thus I spent the holiday of the United States, in a small rocky canon, with the mules and my trusty rifle; sitting or lying on the grass in the hot sun watching for Indians, near which place they had but a few hours before shot the Mexican. The men in whose care Met-

calf had left his ranche were at the store two miles distance, at the time of hearing of the murders, and were afraid to return alone. On the night of the 5th of July we drove into Sheridans canon to water our teams at the cool spring about 3/4ths of a mile up the ravine. It was 2 o'clock at night. You must remember that the country was raided by Indians, and we were liable to meet some of them at any moment. Well, on we went until near the spring where a little fire was seen in a low place. It looked as if it had just died down, only the coals remaining. We stopped—it might be Indians—but we wanted water, so on we went. When within 50 feet of it we halted again, and Metcalf asked in Spanish whose camp it was, but there was no answer; he cocked the rifle and advanced to meet the foe, if there was any, and again he asked whose camp it was, but no reply came. Just then he made the discovery that it was not a fire but a lot of fireflies, or glowworms, that had huddled together in a little hollow in the grass where it was damp. They were so close together it looked like a heap of fire coals. They did not cover a place larger than one foot square. The reason of our being deceived was the fact that these were the only fire flies we had seen in this country—Metcalf had never seen any before. The boys had a good laugh when we told them of our mistake. No more Indians have been seen in this vicinity.

A few have run in on the river east of here, thirty miles, and shot one man. Gen. Alexander, Commander of Fort Union, passed here several days ago with Company M, 8th Cavalry; he is somewhere near the road between here and Granada, Colorado. He is a large man, built square and solid, has light hair and eyes, beard light, full and long, is pleasant and sociable, writes a full round hand. He had with him fourteen Ute warriors, acting as scouts; one of them has been here since they passed, took dinner, and went on his way, looking for Comanches. Three companies of Cavalry from Fort Wingate are on their way to this place, and will probably stop near the Cimmaron. If government troops are of any avail, Dry Cimmaron is safe from further attack by hostile Indians.

Deer are quite plentiful in this part of the country. Metcalf came in a short time ago with two on his horse. People here do not

use as much pork as they do in the states; they have plenty of beef the year round. It keeps better here than there. It will keep five or six days, perfectly sweet, hanging in the shade. We are having a little rain today, have had only two rains this summer. The weather is very warm. I am gaining a little strength, and hope to gain faster as the weather grows cooler.³ I am sorry to say the Sabbath is not regarded here as it is in the states. The most of the people are careless, more from the fact that there are no meetings to attend than from willfulness or ignorance. The time is generally spent in common labor or in hunting. There are some who do regard the Sabbath and go to church twenty miles, or even more.

While in Granada last June, I attended church once. Our party consisted of a young man of my acquaintance, two married ladies, two young ladies, two children, and myself. The minister preached a very good sermon and I was sorry to see so small an audience. They are trying to organize a Sabbath school and I think they will succeed. Last February I attended church in a railroad depot at that place. The congregation consisted of twenty-five men, five women, and three children. The preacher, I have forgotten his name, was a very good speaker.

Granada is twelve miles west of Sargent, Kansas, at the end of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. It is 130 miles from here. In going from here to that place, we met 147 teams and passed about 50, so you see there is some travel on the road, if the country is not settled. There is only one house on the road between here and there. I have not had much time to write for the last six months, not remaining over three days in a place at any one time, until recently. Between the months of November and June, I travelled nearly 4000 miles. Grasshoppers passed here yesterday and day before, going south.

THE DEATH OF THREE COMANCHES

I WAS in the buffalo hunting business and it was necessary for me to do some scouting around to see where the hunting was better, as we, and the other hunters, had about cleaned up all the buffalo

in the area where we were then.⁴ The man we were working for and myself decided we would go over into some unexplored areas and see if the buffalo were more plentiful there. It was some fifty miles over to this territory, so we loaded up a spring wagon with provisions, water, bedding, and cooking utensils which would do the two of us for a couple of weeks. We left camp early in the morning heading east, as we thought this was the direction in which the buffalo had been driven by the many hunters out on the plains.

We made it about halfway to our destination the first day and made camp. We drew straws to see who would stand watch the first half of the night, and I drew the short straw which meant I would watch the first half and my partner would watch the last half. This was necessary as we were in the Comanche Indian country and they were not at all pleased that the white man was killing off the buffalo which was one of their sources of meat. The night passed without incident and we cooked breakfast and started on our way. We had been on the road perhaps a couple of hours when I saw, riding horseback behind us, three Indians. They were not in a big hurry to overtake us, just rode behind us about a quarter of a mile back. We kept a close watch on them as we knew they had only one thing in mind—white man scalps. After about fifteen minutes of this, I noticed they had increased their speed so it was time for us to figure out a way to defend ourselves. It was impossible to outrun them as we had a wagon for the horses to pull and their horses had only riders. I turned the reins of the team over to my partner and told him to get all the speed out of the team that he could and that I would try to ward them off. He took the reins and cracked the whip on the rear of both horses and away we went, dust flying everywhere. The Indians saw that we were trying to make a run for it and they immediately increased their speed too. They had fanned out, one remaining behind and the other two going to each side of the dusty trail we were making. I saw what they had planned: to come up on us from three sides which would make it more difficult for us to escape, but as we were defending our lives, I decided that we would make a battle of it and not be

taken easily. They had now approached to within a hundred yards and that was too close for comfort, so I took my Sharps and leveled down on the one on the left as he was the closest and I wanted to get the closest one first. I fired and off he tumbled into the dust. I reloaded and took aim at the one on our right, pulled the trigger, and he fell to the ground. I thought that the one remaining Indian, who was behind us, would turn tail and run after seeing his two friends fall, but he kept on coming and by now was too close for comfort; so, having reloaded again, I turned back but before I could pull the trigger, he threw a spear. As the spear came speeding toward us, I pulled the trigger and off his horse he went, but the spear was on its way and there was no stopping it now. I could see it coming but could do nothing about it. It came whistling right between my partner and myself and went through his left leg and pinned him to the seat of the wagon. I grabbed the reins from him and pulled the team to a halt, all the time the shaft of the spear was quivering and shaking above our heads. I saw that I could not pull the spearhead out from his leg without making a much larger wound because of the barbs on it, so I took my knife and cut the leather thongs that held the spearhead to the shaft and threw the shaft aside. I then put my hands under his leg and raised him up off the head of the spear, which was very painful to him and he passed out so I had to get some water and revive him. He soon regained his senses and by this time I had torn up a blanket and bandaged his leg to stop the bleeding. I kicked the spearhead out of the wagon seat, loaded him in, and started back to our main camp which was a long ways behind us by this time, but his life depended on getting him to a doctor as soon as possible. I drove back to the camp, making one stop to water the horses and fix us a bite to eat. As our camp was only about twenty miles from a small town where there was a doctor, I figured I could get him there and then one of the other boys could take him on into this town and get the wound dressed. But when we got back, there was no one there—they were all out on the range hunting—so I wrote a note and left it where the cook would find it, knowing he would be the first to return to camp to start preparing the next meal. The

team was very tired by this time, so I hooked up two fresh horses and proceeded into town. My friend, by then, was in great pain and did not appreciate the rough ride I gave him over the open country, but I kept right on coaxing the utmost speed from the fresh horses. The doctor and I carried my partner up the stairs to his office and he went to work on the ugly wound. I had all the excitement I could stand for right then so went across the street to the hotel and rented us a room so we could relax for a day or so. After the doctor had finished dressing the wound we carried him over to the hotel and put him to bed, all the time he was complaining about the rough ride I had given him and telling the doctor he wasn't fit to take care of a sick horse. I carried a hot meal to him and then went and got some food for myself and went to bed to get some much needed rest. I saw to it that my friend would be taken care of and returned to camp the next day to see if I could talk some of the other boys into going on the next scouting party, which I managed to do. After three or four days I returned to town to see how the patient was doing and found him hobbling about on a pair of crutches he had borrowed from the doctor and feeling in fine spirits. I paid up the bills and paid in advance for a few more days and returned to camp to help prepare for our move, as by now the buffalo were all gone and a move was our only means of continuing in this business. The scouting party had returned with information that the hunting was excellent over where my partner and myself had started, so we wanted to get over there before some of the other hunters did and kill the main herd. The morning we broke camp I saddled up my pony, and taking an extra horse, rode into town to pick up the wounded man and get him back with the crew. He was plenty glad to return with me as he had all the doctoring he wanted for now. The wound had started to heal in fine shape and the doctor told him if he was careful, it should not give him any further trouble. He helped the cook for two or three weeks and then returned to his regular job as the boss of the crew, none the worse for his experience except for the red, ugly scar that would always remind him of how close we came to having our scalps taken by three Comanches.

MY FIRST BEAR

IN THE EARLY DAYS, 1871 to 1875, game was plentiful in the Raton Mountains, some fifty miles east of the town of Trinidad, Colorado.⁵ Turkeys and quail were everywhere, especially in the canons, while on the mesa above the Emery Gap toll road a herd of about fifty blacktailed deer made their home. We saw black bears every few days and occasionally a grizzly came along, and near the Mesa DeMier [de Maya] Mountains, twelve miles east of the gap, a herd of some thirty elk could be found.

We had completed the toll road through the mountains and had it in operation when a train of twenty or more teams with trail wagons came up from Chihuahau [Chihuahua], Old Mexico. They worked them four abreast and each team consisted of from twenty to thirty mules. We found our toll road and bridges were too narrow for them to pass in comfort and safety. We decided the quickest way to widen the bridges was to bring logs from the forest on the mesa above and build up a regular crib and plank it over. So taking a six-mule team and heavy wagon we went up about six miles and got a load. We figured it would take the best part of a couple of days to get what logs we needed so decided to make a temporary camp on the mesa. We took along a large box as well as a generous supply of provisions.

All day long we cut pine trees and in the evening we took back with us a large load of them, starting back up again the next morning at daylight; we intended to get our breakfast at the new camp on the mesa. When we arrived there we found our box of food-stuff turned over and practically everything destroyed. Packages and sacks torn open and the contents either eaten or scattered around, bread, meat, coffee, sugar, and other articles were strewn around everywhere in the dirt. We soon learned what kind of visitors had helped themselves, for plainly in the soft, damp soil were the long and broad tracks of bears. What a feast they had found! Not wanting to stay up there all day without anything to eat, we loaded up the logs cut the day before and returned home.

The next morning, as we returned to the scene of our previous

operations, light vaporous fogs hung over the valley and as the light of morning approached, it rolled in large white billows up and over the mountain top. A few squirrels and chipmunks scampered across the road, glad once more for the approach of the sun and bright daylight.

We decided that game was plentiful enough to warrant taking our guns. My partner on the expedition took his new shotgun, saying he would try for a couple of wild turkeys. Thinking I would be more content with a blacktailed deer, I took along my trusty Sharps rifle which had served me so well on many an adventure among Indians and buffalo. My pal said, "I want to make a bet of a new hat that I get the first game." This suited me fine so away we went.

Arriving at the campground we found everything quiet with no game in sight. Our large box that had contained the food stood under a clump of oak trees. My partner, with a "Remember the bet," picked up his gun and soon disappeared up the canon.

After attending to our team, I took my gun and started out among the pine and cedar thickets, thinking the sooner I started the sooner I might get my deer and win the bet. The trees were short and stubby, standing close together and branched from the ground up, which made it impossible to see more than fifty or sixty feet ahead, so getting down on my hands and knees, I began to crawl forward, the ground being covered with pine and cedar needles. I scarcely made a sound, as I knew that some deer usually stayed in this thicket, and was not surprised when I soon discovered them. Singling out a young buck, I fired, and running up, I discovered he was a fine two-year old. I had returned to camp with my deer and was waiting for my partner when I suddenly heard him crying, "HELP! HELP! HELP! A BIG BEAR—HELP!" Grabbing my rifle, I ran up the canon toward his cry and soon I saw him running toward me, swinging his arms wildly and all the time calling for help. Not far behind him came a large grizzly bear, tearing along at a lively pace. About this time my "Pard" stubbed his toe and fell over something headlong, the shotgun he carried being discharged as he fell and hit the ground. The bear suddenly

stopped his chase, raised up on his hind feet and looked things over for a second, then dropping down, he loped off into the brush. As I was at no time able to get a shot at him, we returned to camp.

In straightening things up around the camp, I picked up a small log and, finding it was too large to pass by the three oak trees, I tossed it on top of the box that had contained our supplies. As I straightened up, I heard a sort of scratching in the box, took a look inside and discovered a small black bear cub. Hastily nailing a board over the box, I turned to my partner and told him I thought I had won the bet as I had killed a fine two-year old buck and caught a bear alive, while all he had were skinned-up shins and a peeled nose. The poor little fellow, being hungry and smelling something in the box, had crawled up between the box and the trees and dropped down inside, and then was unable to get out.

On our return home I took along the cub in the box, finding no trouble in raising him. He was a good pet and always ready for a tumble or a frolic, displaying as much or more intelligence as the average dog. I was sorry to part with him when I finally sold him to a doctor from Trinidad, who wanted him very much.

AN INDIAN JOKE

WE WERE on one of our overland freighting trips to the southwest country from the end of the railroad.⁶ We stopped for a couple of days rest at the Dry Cimarron where the Emery Gap toll road crossed the Raton Mountains.

A band of Indians came down the road followed by a crowd of squaws loaded with their earthly possessions, children, and dogs. Some boys, riding bareback ponies, were driving a bunch of horses and stopped to ask the way to the river where they could water their horses.

The Indians made camp at the foot of the bluff in a clump of piñon trees where the ground was covered with nuts. It was about two hundred yards from our camp and soon some of the Indian men came over to see us. They were Utes from Elizabethtown on the Maxwell land grant on their annual hunt for buffalo on the

plains east of us. One old fellow wanted me to give him an old saddle I had been repairing.

When the boys came back from the river with the horses, he went out and called one of them; a good-looking boy, rather small, even features, legs and feet bare, hair black and hung in two neat braids to the waist. The man seemed to be giving the boy some instructions and the boy nodded his head. Uncle John turned to me and said, "You wanted to get a boy to go through with you, now why don't you get this one?" I asked the Indian if the boy was his and he said he was. He then looked at the old saddle again and turned it over, asked me to give it to him. I told him we were going to Mexico, come back in three months, and if he would let the boy go with me I would take good care of him and he could have the saddle.

He considered this for awhile and finally said, "All right, boy can go." He wanted to take the saddle then but I told him to wait, I wanted to fix it some more and when he brought the boy he could get the saddle. Towards evening he came back with a young, good-looking girl and said, "Brought boy for saddle." I told him I did not want a girl, I wanted the boy who was on the horse and talked with him. He said that was the same boy on horse, "Now good girl, squaw good squaw." He picked up the saddle and walked off.

Uncle John roared with laughter, "You have a boy now, I knew all the time it was a girl." There she stood, a worried look in her eyes. Slim and neat. I wondered where she got the clothes she wore, they were a perfect fit, certainly made for her, rather a close-fitting jacket or waist, skirt to knees, leggings and beaded moccasins. She was neat, clean and very pretty. What should I do with her? Uncle John continued to laugh.

I motioned her to sit down on a bundle of wolf pelts and tried to talk with her. It was rather a difficult task as she did not understand much English and I knew less of the Indian language at that time. By using some Mexican words I learned her name to be "Waulita" and by counting fingers found her age to be seventeen. I asked her if she was willing to go to Mexico with us, she would not say yes or no. I told Uncle John I thought it best he take her

back to her own camp. When that was made plain to her, she seemed surprised and, I fancied, not very well pleased. There was an expression in her eyes I did not understand. I felt she should receive some small token, or gift, when she went away but I had nothing suitable so I rolled up a couple of yards of Turkey Red Calico I had bought to flag antelopes with and gave it to her. She seemed much pleased and thanked me for it several times in her own language. I took her by the hand and raised her up, she leaned toward me, I put my arm around her slim waist and pressed her to me, and just for a moment she laid her cheek against mine and whispered, "Adiose."

Uncle John got to his feet and led her out and up the hill; she never looked back and I never saw her again. Somehow I could not get her off my mind. A long time I sat there alone thinking of her. Well, I was younger then than now.

NOTES

1. Horatio Farrar always referred to this road as the Emery Gap toll road, although today it is usually called Tollgate Canyon. A modern map of Major Long's route in 1820 (NMHR, vol. 38, 1963, between pp. 190-91) locates Tollgate Canyon at T. 31 N., R. 57 W., "some 15 miles upstream from the mouth of Long's Canyon . . ." (*ibid.*, p. 203, n. 66). The post office for the Emery Gap toll road, according to Bill Metcalf's descendants, was the former village of Madison, New Mexico. Both places were named for Madison Emery, who settled in the area of present-day Des Moines and Folsom in 1862. See *New Mexico: A Guide to the Colorful State* (rev. ed., New York, 1963), pp. 266-67. In the same place we find: "Through Toll Gate Canyon . . . , a four-mile branch of the Dry Cimarron Canyon, Bill Metcalf, a frontiersman, built a toll road in the early 1870's. The ruins of his combination toll house, grocery store, and saloon are still visible in the canyon. This, one of the few good wagon roads between Colorado and northeastern New Mexico, is said to have brought Metcalf so much wealth that he handled his money with a shovel." When Harold Farrar visited the site in 1958, he "found only the remains of the toll house still there. It was possible to see where other buildings had stood.

I tend to doubt the statement about Mr. Metcalf having so much wealth. After my visit to the site, I was able to locate descendants of Mr. Metcalf and they left the impression that he was not of great wealth." Perhaps Metcalf was confused with the famed frontiersman, Richens "Uncle Dick" Wootton, who built the toll road through Raton Pass in 1866 and reportedly carried whiskey kegs full of silver dollars to the Trinidad bank (see Bess McKinnan, "The Toll Road over Raton Pass," NMHR, vol. 2, 1927, pp. 83-89).

2. Horatio Farrar wrote this letter presumably to his mother in Wisconsin, not long before he gave up the buffalo-hunting business for railroading.

3. Harold Farrar recalls his father's "story about being shot in the calf of the leg with a poisoned arrow and how much suffering he went through with this wound until he visited a friend who had a spring of water on his property. This friend told Dad he could cure the wound if he would sit with his leg embedded in the stinking mud below this spring. Dad gave his permission for the treatment and sat for many days with his sore leg in the mud. It was not an easy thing to do, as the odor of the mud was almost unbearable. After some time the wound began to heal, and I recall seeing the scar many years later, it being about the size of a quarter."

4. Harold Farrar wrote this story as he remembered his father telling it; the incident occurred probably in the early 1870's.

5. Horatio Farrar recorded this experience in 1933, before his 83rd birthday.

6. This refers to the end of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad at Granada, Colorado. Horatio Farrar wrote this reminiscence also in 1933.