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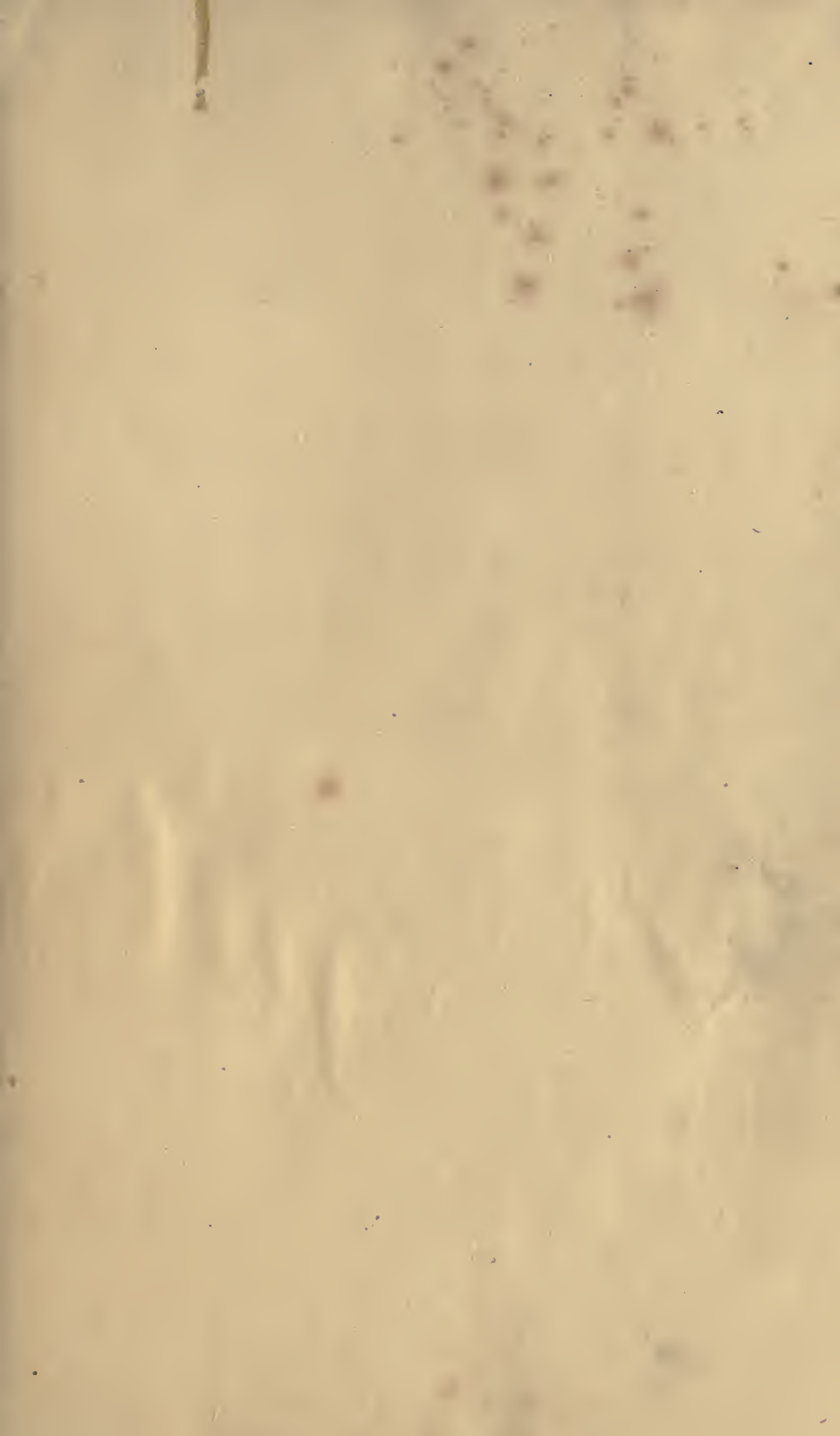
THE STORY  
OF  
KIT CARSON'S  
LIFE  
AND  
ADVENTURES.

FROM FACTS  
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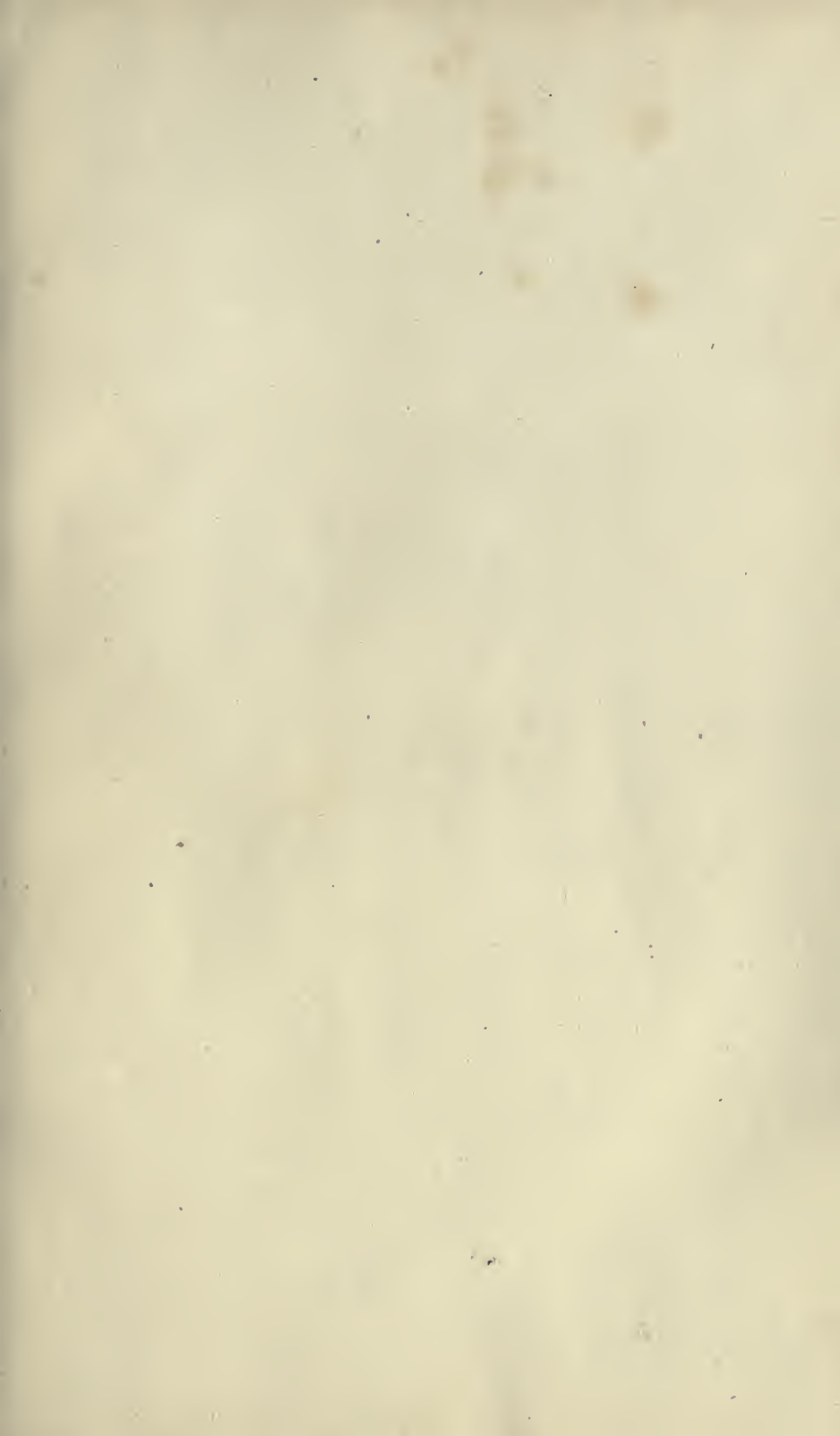






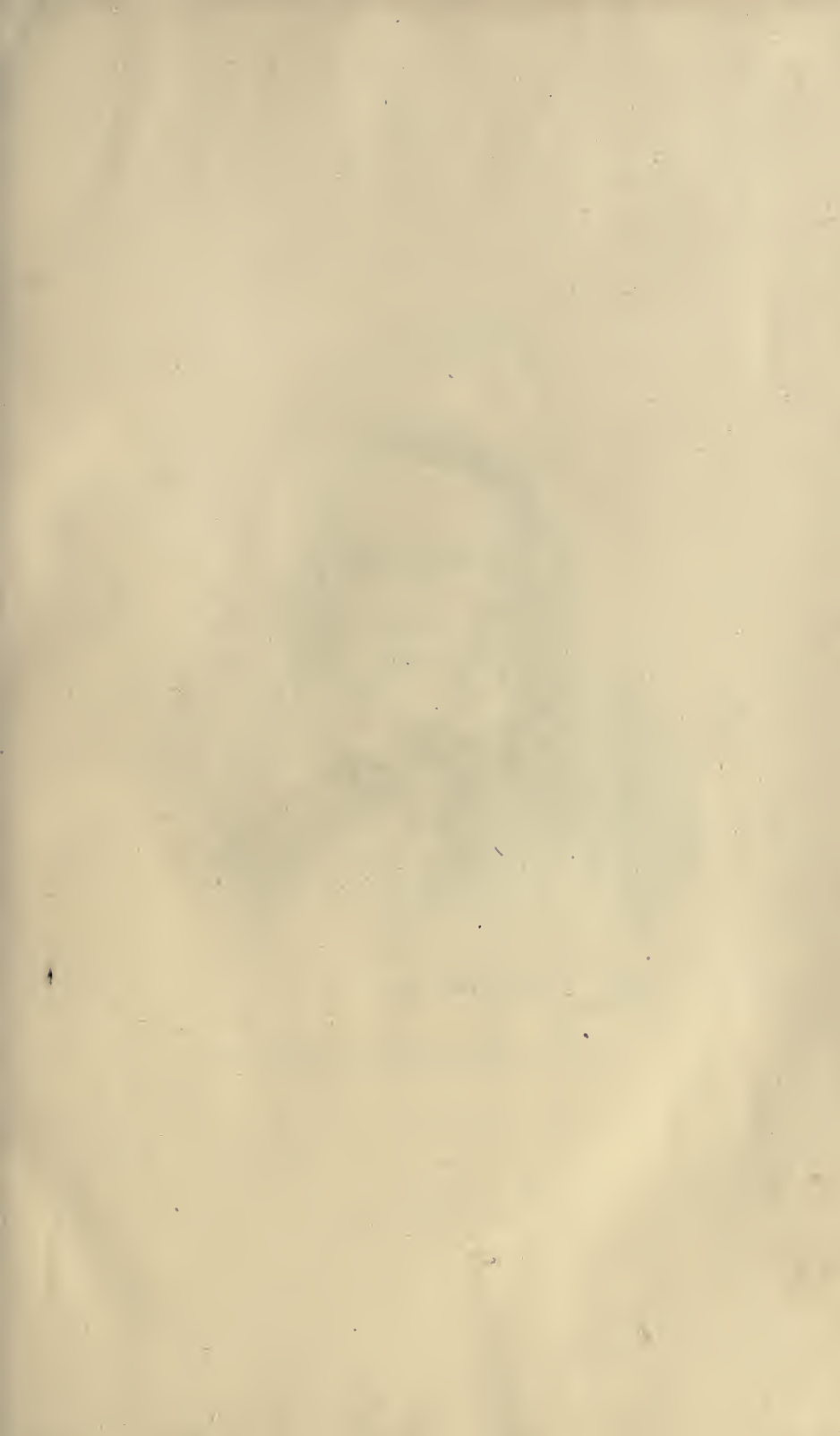








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Your  
C. Carson



Miss Emily -  
D. C. Peters, Surgeon  
Port of Call



KIT CARSON'S  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES,

FROM FACTS NARRATED BY HIMSELF,

EMBRACING EVENTS IN THE LIFE-TIME OF AMERICA'S

GREATEST HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT AND GUIDE,

INCLUDING

VIVID ACCOUNTS OF THE EVERY DAY LIFE, INNER CHARACTER, AND  
PECULIAR CUSTOMS OF ALL

INDIAN TRIBES OF THE FAR WEST.

ALSO, AN ACCURATE

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY,

ITS CONDITION, PROSPECTS, AND RESOURCES; ITS CLIMATE AND SCENERY; ITS  
MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, VALLEYS, DESERTS AND PLAINS, AND NATURAL WONDERS.  
TOGETHER WITH A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE

MODOC INDIANS AND THE MODOC WAR.

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BY

DEWITT C. PETERS,

BREVET LT.-COLONEL AND SURGEON U. S. A.

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HARTFORD, CONN.:

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TO THOSE NOBLE MEN,  
WHO WERE THE COMPANIONS OF  
**Kit Carson,**  
IN THE WILD SCENES OF THE CHASE,  
ON THE WAR PATH,  
UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE,  
AND DURING THE TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS  
OF THE  
LONG, DANGEROUS AND WEARY EXPLORATIONS,  
IN A NEW AND DESOLATE COUNTRY,  
THIS BOOK  
*Is Respectfully Dedicated,*  
BY THE AUTHOR.

TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

THIS is to certify, that my friend, De Witt C. Peters, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and Surgeon, United States Army, is the only person I ever authorized to write my life.

*Yours*  
*G. Carson*

*Brigadier General U. S. Vols.*

SHOSHONEE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.





FERNANDEZ DE TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Territory of New Mexico, were acquainted with Mr. CHRISTOPHER CARSON, almost from the time of his first arrival in the country. We were his companions both in the mountains and as private citizens. We are also acquainted with the fact, that for months, during his leisure hours, he was engaged dictating his life. This is, to our certain knowledge, the only authentic biography of himself and his travels, that has ever been written. We heartily recommend THIS BOOK to the reading community for perusal, as it presents a life out of the usual routine of business, and is checkered with adventures which have tried this bold and daring man. We are cognizant of the details of the book, and vouch for their accuracy.

Very respectfully,

*Ceron J. Train*  
*Lieut. Col. W. M. Webster*  
*Charles Beaubien*  
*late circuit judge*





## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

---

THE pages here presented to the public form a book of facts. They unfold for the student, as does no other work yet extant, the great interior wilderness of the Territories belonging to the United States. The scenic views, though plainly colored and wrought by the hand of an unpretending artist, inasmuch as they portray a part of the North American continent which is unsurpassed by any other country on the face of the earth, will not fail to interest the American public. In addition to this, the reader is introduced to an intimate acquaintance with the Indian races of the countries which lie east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The savage warrior and hunter is presented, stripped of all the decorations with which writers of fiction have dressed him. He is seen in his ferocity and gentleness, in his rascality and nobility, in his boyhood, manhood, and old age, and in his wisdom and ignorance. The attentive reader will learn of his approximations to truth, his bundle of superstitions, his acts at home and on the war-path, his success while following the buffalo, and engaging the wild Rocky Mountain bear, that terror of the western wilderness. He will also behold him carrying devastation to the homes of the New Mexican settlers, and freely spilling their best blood to satiate a savage revenge. He will see him attacking and massacring parties of white men traveling across the prairies, and trace him in his savage wars with the early settlers and frontiersmen.

In order to acquire these important *data*, that they might be added to the pages of American history and form a reli-

able record, it was necessary that some brave, bold and determined man should become an actor on the scenes and among the races described. Such an actor has been Christopher Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains; and, it is the experience, as well as the acts of his stirring life, which the following pages present.

In olden times there existed, in the Rocky Mountains, a race familiarly known by the name of "Trappers and Hunters." They are now almost extinct. Their history has not yet been written. Pen paintings, drawn from the imagination, founded upon distant views of their exploits and adventures, have occasionally served, as do legends, to "adorn a tale." The volume now offered to the public, gives their history as related by one whose name, as a trapper and hunter of the "Far West," stood second to none; by a man who, for fifteen years, saw not the face of a white woman, or slept under a roof; who, during those long years, with his rifle alone, killed thousands upon thousands of buffalo, deer, antelope, bears and elk, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, etc., etc., in numbers beyond calculation. On account of their originality, daring and interest, the real facts concerning this race of trappers and hunters, will be handed down to posterity as matters belonging to history.

As is the case with the Indian, the race of the "Simon Pure Trapper" is nearly run. The advance of civilization, keeping up its untiring march to the westward, is daily encroaching upon their wild haunts, and bringing the day close at hand when warrior and trapper will depart forever to their "Happy Hunting Grounds."

With the extinction of the great fur companies, the trappers of "Olden Time," disbanded and separated.

The greatest number of these men, to be found at the present day, reside in the Territory of New Mexico, which, in the time of their prosperity, was the country where they located their head-quarters. In this Territory, Christopher Carson resided. His name, in the Rocky Mountains, has been familiarly known for nearly half a century; and, from its associa-



Two huge and terribly angry grizzly bears were bounding towards him, their eyes flashing fiery passion, their pearly teeth glittering with eagerness to mangle his flesh, and their monstrous forearms, hung with sharp, bony claws, ready and anxious to hug his body in a close and most loving embrace.—PAGE 93.







tion with the names of great explorers and military men, is now spread throughout the civilized world. It has been generally conceded, and the concession has become strengthened by time, that no small share of the benefits derived from these explorations and campaigns, as well as the safety of the commands themselves, was due to the sagacity, skill, experience, advice and labor, of Christopher Carson.

His sober habits, strict honor, and great regard for truth, endeared him to all who called him friend; and, among such, may be enumerated names belonging to some of the most distinguished men, whose deeds are recorded on the pages of American history. His past life was a mystery which this book will unveil. Instead of Kit Carson as by imagination—a bold braggart, and reckless, improvident hero of the rifle—he will appear a retired man, and one who was very reserved in his intercourse with others.

It is years since the writer of this work first met Christopher Carson. It needed neither a second introduction, nor the assistance of a friendly panegyric, to enable him to discover in Christopher Carson those traits of manhood, which are esteemed by the great and good to be distinguishing ornaments of character. This acquaintance ripened into a friendship of the purest stamp, and to the time of his death, the writer was the intimate friend and companion of Carson, at his home, in the wild scenes of the chase, on the war trail, and upon the field of battle. For a long period, in common with hundreds, and, we might with truth add, thousands, the writer desired to see Christopher Carson's wonderful career made public for the world of readers; but, while this idea was germinating in his brain, he did not, for an instant, flatter himself that the pleasant task would ever be assigned to him. Finally, however, at the urgent solicitation of many personal friends, Christopher Carson dictated the facts upon which this book is written. They were placed in the writer's hands, with instructions to add to them such information as had fallen under his observation, during a long and intimate acquaintance with Kit Carson, and during extensive travels

over a large part of the wide expanse of country, which has been Carson's theatre for action.

Owing to unfortunate circumstances, however, the work has been kept out of the market, until the urgent demands of the hundreds of admirers of the world-renowned "Kit," for an *authentic* history of his life and adventures, has encouraged the author to place the work before the public in its present form.

The book is a book of solid truth; therefore, the faults in the style, arrangement and composition, become affairs of minor consideration. For this reason, the writer makes no apologies to embarrass the critics.

Christopher Carson, physically, was small in stature, but of compact frame-work. He had a large and finely developed head, a twinkling gray eye, and hair of a sandy color, which he wore combed back *à la Franklin mode*. His education having been much neglected in his youth, he was deficient in theoretical learning. By natural abilities, however, he greatly compensated for this defect. He spoke the French and Spanish languages fluently, besides being a perfect master of several Indian dialects. In Indian customs, their manners, habits, and the groundwork of their conduct, no man on the American continent was better skilled.

The writer, while on a foreign tour, once had the opportunity and pleasure of hearing Gordon Cumming, and other hunters of less note, discourse on their hunting exploits; furthermore, in our own country, while seated around camp-fires and in log-houses, he has listened to the adventures of ancient and modern Nimrods in the chase. Besides these facts, he has both seen and read much of hunting exploits; but no hunter ever filled his fancy so perfectly as did Christopher Carson, a man who was always quick to act and never known to boast. Although he has passed to the *Happy Hunting Grounds* of eternity, his name will always stand bright in the annals of history, as one that has contributed in no small degree to the success of some of the greatest and most successful exploring expeditions known to the world.

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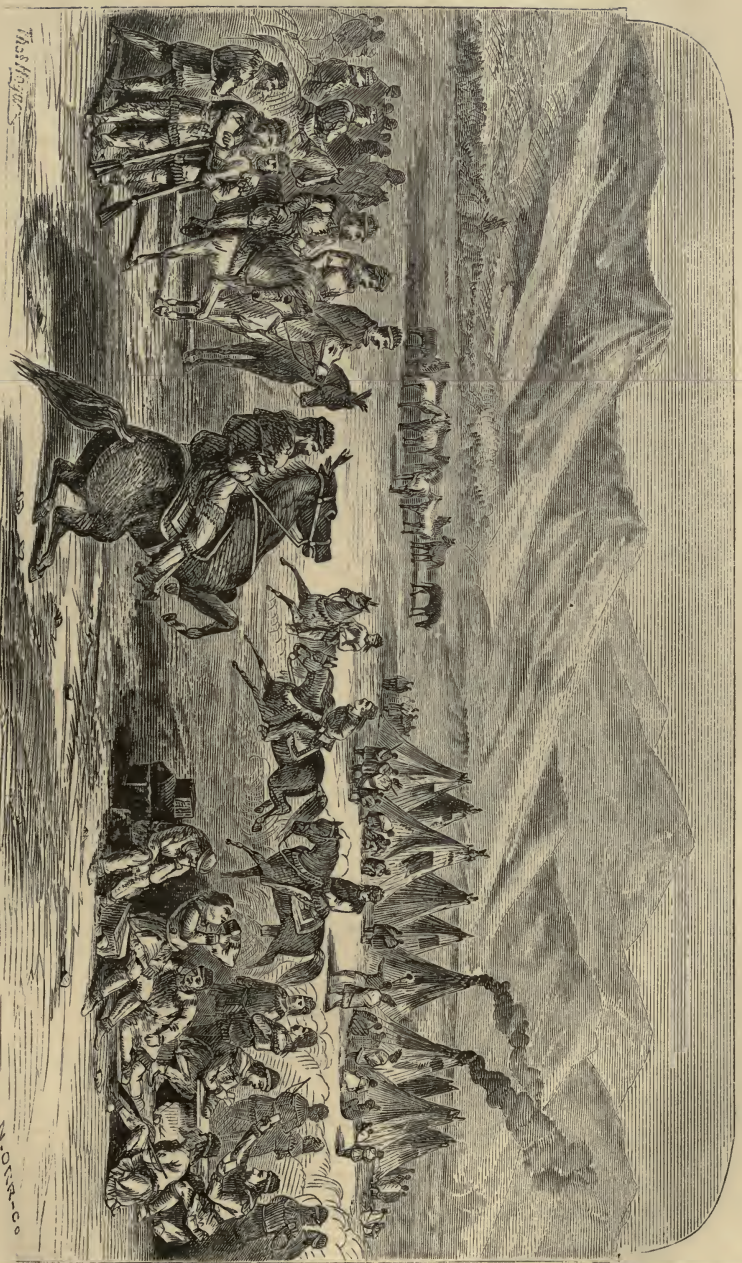
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THE SUMMER RENDEZVOUS

Thos. Higgins

W. A. R. Co.



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Before, however, Captain Shunan could discharge his gun, the ball from Kit Carson's pistol shattered his forearm.—PAGE 112.





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# LIFE OF KIT CARSON.

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## CHAPTER I.

Carson's Birthplace—His Emigration to Missouri—Early Prospects—Is an Apprentice—Stories of the Rocky Mountains—He Enlists to go there—Adventures on the Prairies—Broader is Wounded—Carson's Nerve put to the Test—Rude Amputation—Safe Arrival at Santa Fe—Goes to Taos and learns the Spanish Language—Early Vicissitudes—Disappointment and Attempt to return to Missouri—Wants a Woolen Shirt—Is Employed as an Interpreter, Teamster, etc.

It is now a well-established fact, that no State in the American Union has given birth to so many distinguished pioneers and explorers of its boundless Territories, as the commonwealth of Kentucky. An author, whose task is to tell of a hero, his bravery, endurance, privations, integrity, self-denial and deeds of daring, carries the *morale* with which to gain at once for these characteristics the assent of the reader, by the simple assertion, "My hero was born a Kentuckian." Indeed, in America, to be a native of the State of Kentucky, is to inherit all the attributes of a brave man, a safe counselor and a true friend. It is, at least, certain that this State, whether the fact is due to its inland and salubrious climate, or to its habits of physical training, has added many a hero unto humanity.

ily from their midnight dreams by the wild, death-announcing war-whoop ; hair-breadth escapes from the larger kinds of game, boldly bearded in their lair ; the manly courage which never yields, but surmounts every obstacle presented by the unbroken and boundless forest ; all these are subjects and facts which have already so many counterparts in book-thought, accessible to the general reader, that their details may be safely omitted during the boyhood days of young Carson. It is better, therefore, to pass over the youthful period of his eventful life, until he began to ripen into manhood.

Kit Carson, at fifteen years of age, was no ordinary person. He had at this early age earned, and well earned, a reputation, on the basis of which the prediction was ventured in his behalf, that he would not fail to make and leave a mark upon the hearts of his countrymen. Those who knew him at the age of fifteen hesitated not to say, "Kit Carson is the boy who will grow into a man of influence and renown."

The chief points of his character which elicited this prediction were thus early clearly marked. Some of his traits were kindness and good qualities of heart, determined perseverance, indomitable will, unflinching courage, great quickness and shrewdness of perception, and promptitude in execution. The predictions uttered by the hardy rangers of the forest concerning a boy like Carson are seldom at fault ; and Kit was one who, by many a youthful feat worthy the muscle of riper years, had endeared himself to their honest love. It was among such men and for such reason that Kit Carson, thus early in life, had won the influence and rewards of a general favorite.

His frame was slight, below the medium stature,





A BLACKFEET WARRIOR.





curiosity the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, should have been attracted by the wonderful inventions of the white-man intruder. A very short period of time served to turn this ungovernable curiosity into troublesome thieving. Knowing no law but their wild traditional rules, they wrested from the adventurous pioneer his rifle, knife, axe, wagon, harness, horse, powder, ball, flint, watch, compass, cooking utensils, and so forth. The result was, sanguinary engagements ensued, which led to bitter hostility between the two races. Doubtless the opinion may be controverted, but it nevertheless shall be hazarded, that, until the weaker party shall be exterminated by the stronger, the wild war-whoop, with its keen-edged knife and death-dealing rifle accompaniments, will continue, from time to time, to palsy the nerve, and arouse the courage of the pioneer white man. The Indian, in his attack, no longer showers cloth-yard arrows upon his foe. He has learned to kill his adversary with the voice of thunder and the unseen bullet.

The bold traveler, whose pathway lies over those great high-roads which lead to the Pacific must still watch for the red man's ambush by day, and by night sleep under the protecting vigilance of the faithful, quick-sighted sentinel. The savage never forgives his own or his ancestor's foe. Every generation of them learns from tradition, the trials and exploits of its tribe. From earliest boyhood these form the burden of their education in history; and, on performing the feat of courage or strength which admits them to the councils of the braves, their nation's wrongs are uppermost in their thoughts, causing them to thirst for a revenge which sooner or later gives them a

citing and intensely painful. The members of the council, however, took it upon themselves to designate the persons, and chose Carson with two others. These immediately set at work to execute their sad but necessary task. The arrangements were all hastily, but carefully made, and the cutting begun. The instruments used were a razor, an old saw, and, to arrest the hemorrhage, the king bolt taken from one of the wagons was heated and applied to serve as an actual cautery. The operation, rudely performed, with rude instruments, by unpractised hands, excited to action only by the spur of absolute necessity, proved, nevertheless, entirely successful. Before the caravan arrived at Santa Fé, the patient had so far recovered that he was able to take care of himself.

Besides this unfortunate affair, nothing worthy of note transpired, beyond the general record of their route, during the remainder of their journey. The latter would be too voluminous for the general reader, and has already served its purpose as an assistant to other exploring parties, both from published account and conversational directions. The party entered Santa Fé in the month of November. Very soon after, Kit Carson left his companions and proceeded to Fernandez de Taos, a Mexican town, which lies about eighty miles to the north-east of the capital of New Mexico. During the winter that followed his arrival in the territory of New Mexico, Kit lived with an old mountaineer by the name of Kin Cade, who very kindly offered him a home. It was at this period of his life that he commenced studying the Spanish language. His friend Kin Cade became his assistant in this task. At the same time Kit neglected no opportunity to learn all he could

were like the good ship to the hardy sailors on the mighty ocean. The joyful reaction which followed such complete success was in ratio to the fears which the continuing suspense had excited.

Kit Carson, though at that day a youth in years and experience when compared with the other members of the party of which he was then an associate, had risen rapidly in the estimation of all, and had excited the admiration and enlisted in his behalf the confidence of the entire band. When called upon to add his counsel and advice to the general fund of knowledge offered by the trappers concerning any doubtful or difficult enterprise, his masterly foresight and shrewdness, as well as clearness in attending to details, alone gave him willing auditors. But it was the retired manner and modest deportment, which he invariably wore, that won for him the love of his associates. Such characteristics failed not to surprise, in no ordinary degree, those who could boast a long life-time of experience in Indian countries. Kit Carson's powers of quickly conceiving thoughts, on difficult emergencies, which pointed out the safest and best plans of action, "just the things that ought to be done," and his bravery, which, in his youth, sometimes amounted to rashness, were the component parts of his ability which thus caused his companions to follow his leadership. His courage, promptitude, willingness, self-reliance, caution, sympathy, and care for the wounded, marked him at once as the master-mind and safest counsellor. His first trapping expedition gained him so much credit that, from the time it was concluded, he found no difficulty in joining any band of trappers, no matter how select the party. In this respect the mountaineers resemble sea-faring men, who invariably



dowed with an extraordinary amount of instinct. His handiwork and habits sufficiently attest this.

There are bands of Indians living in the north-western part of America who really believe that the beaver has almost as much intelligence as an Indian, holding and maintaining that all the difference that exists between a beaver and an Indian is, that the latter has been endowed by the Great Spirit with power and capabilities to catch the former. Some of the stories which old mountaineers occasionally inflict upon an inquisitive traveler are somewhat startling; nevertheless, what this amphibious animal really performs is truly astounding, and oftentimes the truth fails to gain credence.

During the winter the trappers had many very pleasant times, for they had little work beyond the task of making themselves comfortable. The snow fell to a great depth, which proved rather hard for their animals. By dint of cutting down cotton-wood trees and gathering the bark and branches for fodder, they managed to prevent them from dying of starvation. The buffalo existed about there in great abundance; and, early in the winter, they had taken the precaution to kill and prepare a large supply of this kind of game, while it was in good condition. As the season advanced, therefore, the trappers found themselves living quite sumptuously.

In the month of January, the daily routine of their lives was rather unpleasantly disturbed. A party of fifty Crow Indians made an unfriendly visit to their camp on one very dark night. They succeeded in stealing nine of their loose animals, with which they escaped unperceived. Early the next morning, the



KIT AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE "APACHE."





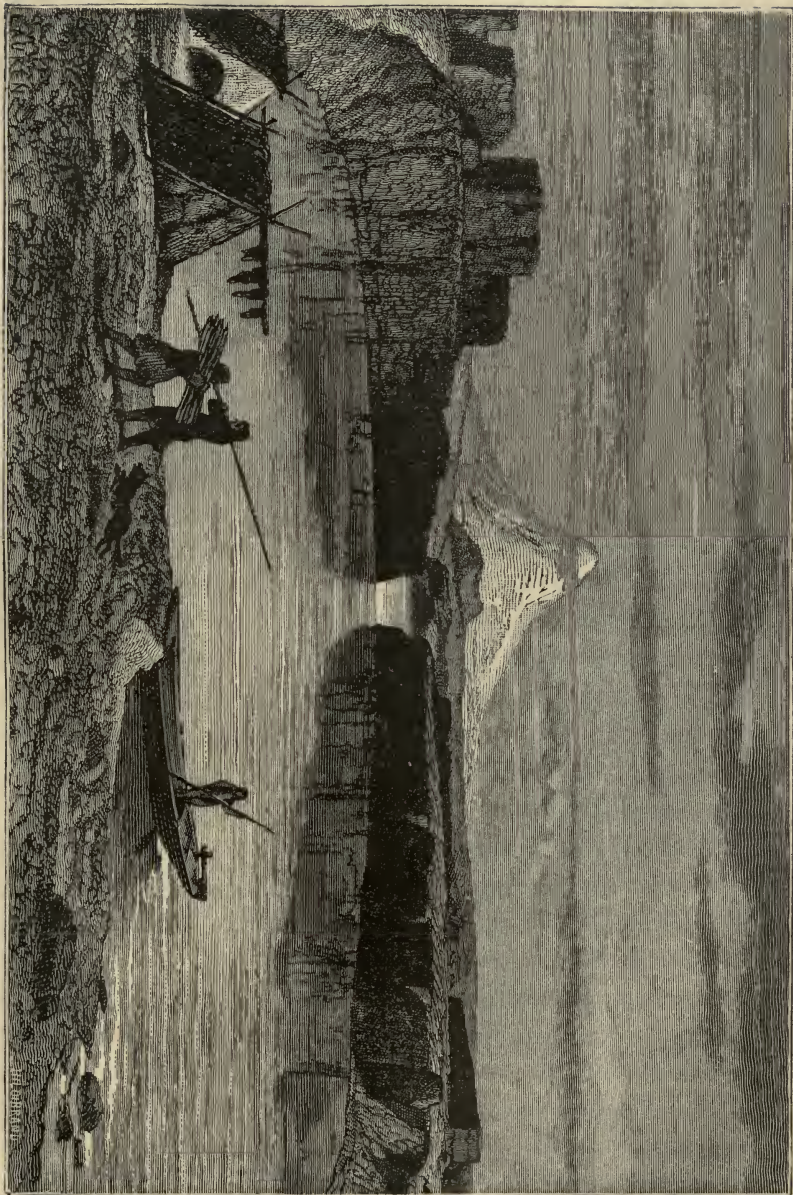
and cause of which he well knew by his experienced woodman's ear, educated until its nicety was truly wonderful, he saw two huge and terribly angry grizzly bears. As his eye first rested upon these unwelcome guests, they were bounding towards him, their eyes flashing fiery passion, their pearly teeth glittering with eagerness to mangle his flesh, and their monstrous fore-arms, hung with sharp, bony claws, ready and anxious to hug his body in a close and most loving embrace. There was not much time for Kit to scratch his head and cogitate. In fact, one instant spent in thought then would have proved his death-warrant without hope of a reprieve. Messrs. Bruin evidently considered their domain most unjustly intruded upon. The gentle elk and deer, mayhap, were their dancing boys and girls; and, like many a petty king in savage land, they may have dined late, and were now enjoying a scenic treat of their ballet troupe. At all events, Kit required no second thought to perceive that the monarchs of the American forest were unappeasably angry, and were fast nearing him with mighty stride. Dropping his rifle, the little leaden bullet of which would now have been worth to him its weight in gold if it could, by some magic wand, have been transferred from the heart of the elk back into its breech, he bounded from his position in close imitation of the elk, but with better success. The trees! he hoped and prayed, as he fairly flew over the ground with the bears hot in chase, for one quick grasp at a sturdy sapling. By good fortune, or special Providence, his hope, or prayer, was answered. Grasping a lower limb, he swung his body up into the first tier of branches just as passing Bruin brushed against one of his legs. Bears climb trees, and Kit

could not tell; but, on becoming again conscious, he found that the victory was on his side, for the bear had already breathed his last. The poor boy, notwithstanding his wounds, as soon as the battle was decided, and, as he supposed, at the cost of his friend's life, started for a neighboring fort, and, reaching it the following morning, reported the affair. A party of men well armed immediately marched to the rescue. They found the brave hunter in a most pitiful condition, with his flesh terribly mangled, his clothes torn into ribbons, and his back and shoulders one mass of lacerated wounds. His reason had already become unseated. In his native language he would call out to his now visionary foe, "If you are a brave man, come on." Although the most delicate care and assistance was rendered to Sanchez, it was many weeks before he was able to resume his occupation; and, even then, he owed his life to the wonderful recuperative powers of his healthy and iron constitution. Had the fact been otherwise, he could not have survived his injuries. One more brave heart must have yielded its last drop of heroic blood in defence of youthful weakness. This picture, because it does not exaggerate the facts, we leave with regret, for it is a pleasure to contemplate such nobility of character, whatever be the name which declares the governmental allegiance to the hero.

It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet, wherever the hunting-ground and whatever the animal which opponents to our assertion may set up. When caught out on the open prairie, where he can be attacked on horseback and lassoed, the chances



BASIN ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.







whites. The council then commenced. The head men among the savages led off by making several lengthy and unmeaning speeches. In their replies, the trappers came directly to the point, and said they could hear no overtures for peace, until their property was restored to them. The Indians, hearing this demand several times repeated, began to presume upon their strength, assuming an overbearing demeanor. After considerable talk among themselves, they sent out and brought in five of the poorest horses, declaring that it was the only number they could return. The trappers upon hearing this, ran for their arms; when the Indians instantly started for theirs. The fight was renewed by both parties. Kit Carson, in the rush made for the rifles, and one of his companions named Markhead, succeeded in getting hold of their weapons first; and consequently, they formed the advance in the return to the contest. They selected for their antagonists, two Indians who were close together; but who were partially concealed behind separate trees. As Kit was on the point of raising his rifle to fire, he saw by a quick side glance at Markhead, that he was working at the lock of his gun without paying attention to his adversary, who was aiming at him with, almost, a certainty of killing him. Kit instantly changed the direction of his rifle and fired, sending a bullet through the heart of Markhead's adversary; but, in thus saving the life of his friend, he was obliged, for the instant, to neglect his own adversary. A quick glance showed him the fellow sighting over his rifle and that the mouth of the Indian's gun covered his breast. Upon the instant he endeavored to dodge the bullet, but he was unsuccessful in doing so completely. It struck him in such a way

of the company seemed disposed to put a check upon such unmanly behavior, he quietly determined to make the affair his own.

An opportunity soon presented itself. A number of the company had congregated together and were engaged in conversation, when Captain Shunan began anew his bullying language, this time a little more boisterous than usual. Kit Carson, advancing into the centre of the company, and placing himself in front of the Captain, thus addressed him :

“ Shunan, before you stands the humblest specimen of an American in this band of trappers, among whom there are, to my certain knowledge, men who could easily chastise you, but, being peaceably disposed, they keep aloof from you. At any rate, I assume the responsibility of ordering you to cease your threats, or I will be under the necessity of killing you.”

To this Captain Shunan did not reply ; but, immediately after Kit Carson had closed his remarks, he turned upon his heel and walked directly for his lodge.

Kit Carson was too well versed in trapper rules not to read the meaning of this action. He, therefore, walked off also, but in the direction of his own lodge. In a brief space of time both men appeared before the camp, each mounted on their respective horses. The affair had drawn together the whole band, and there were many witnesses of the facts here recorded.

Captain Shunan was armed with his rifle. Kit Carson had taken merely a single-barrel dragoon pistol, which happened to be the first weapon that had fallen in his way, because of his hurry to be on the ground. The two men now rode rapidly towards one another,

Last, had Kit Carson not gained a second in advance in the firing, he would have lost his own life, inevitably; and, the emphatic "No!" the lie of his antagonist, would have been crowned with success. Such plain deception seldom is allowed to triumph by an all-wise Providence.

In judging Kit Carson in this matter, the reader will commit an ungenerous error if he fails to allow to be placed, in the balance of judgment, the stirring deeds and daily hair-breadth risks Kit Carson, during so many years of his eventful life, was constantly called upon to take a part in and undergo. We take leave of this unfortunate scene in his life, feeling confident a just public opinion will see in it no cause to pluck from the brow of Kit Carson any of the laurels which it has been called upon to place there. As a man of truth, honor, virtue, and reverence for the laws of his country, Kit Carson had few equals and no superior among Americans. It needed not this incident to establish his courage; that had long been proven to be undoubted. Nor did the result elate his feelings in the least. He met his companions without a smile, and invariably expressed his regrets that he felt it to be his duty, for the good order and peace of the camp, to interfere in the matter. On the other hand, when he espoused the cause of the majority in maintaining the right, he was not a man to be easily thwarted. When the affair was ended, Kit was congratulated, and received the thanks of nearly every individual present; for, each felt that a load of most vexatious and troublesome responsibility had been taken from his shoulders. The good fellowship immediately introduced into the camp was also a circumstance of mark.



their saddles, clothing, and moccasins. With the aid of a few buckskins, procured from Indians, and a few rude tools, they soon accomplished wonders.

To give the reader an appropriate view of the genius to conquer obstacles displayed by the mountaineers, he must picture one of them just starting upon a long journey over the prairies and through the mountains. His wagon and harness trappings, if he chances to be possessed of worldly effects sufficient to warrant him in purchasing a first-class outfit, present a neat and trim appearance. Follow him to the point of his destination, and there the reader will discover, perhaps, a hundredth part of the original vehicle and trappings. While en route, the bold and self-reliant man has met with a hundred accidents. He has been repeatedly called upon to mend and patch both wagon and harness, besides his own clothing. Though he now presents a dilapidated appearance, he is none the less a man; and, if his name is known as a regular trapper and mountaineer, he is immediately a welcomed and honored guest. If the broadcloth of a prince covered his back, spotless, scientifically shaped and foreign woven, his reception would not be more heartfelt and sincerely cordial. It is amusing to see the rawhide patches of harness, wagon and clothing, now become dry and hard as oak. To have dispensed with the use of buckskin on his route, would have been like cutting off the right arm of the gallant pioneer. Buckskin and the western wilds of America are almost synonymous terms; at least, the one suggests the other, and therefore they are of the same brotherhood. The traveler in these regions of this day fails not to learn and appreciate its value. It has not only furnished material



AN INDIAN WAR DANCE.





breastworks. This task was so successfully accomplished that, in a few hours, they had prepared a little fortress which, covered with their unerring rifles, was impregnable against any force the Indians could bring against it. The advance party of the savages soon appeared in sight, but when they discovered the strength of the trappers, they halted and awaited, distant about half a mile from the breastwork, the arrival of the rest of the band. It was three days before the whole force of the Indians had arrived. They mustered about one thousand warriors. It was a sight which few white men of the American nation have looked upon. Arrayed in their fantastic war costume and bedaubed with paint, armed with lances, bows and arrows, rifles, tomahawks, knives, etc., some mounted and some on foot, they presented a wild and fearful scene of barbaric strength and fancy. Soon after their last company had reported, the frightful war-dance, peculiar to the American savages, was enacted in sight of the trappers' position. The battle songs and shouts which accompanied the dance reached the ears of the whites with fearful distinctness. Any other than hearts of oak with courage of steel would have quailed before this terrible display of savage enmity and ferocity. This dance, to men so well skilled in the ways of the Indian warrior, was a sure signal that the next day would be certain to have a fearful history for one party or the other, and doubtless for both. The odds, most assuredly, were apparently greatly in favor of the savage host and against the little band of hardy mountaineers.

The following day the expectations of the trappers were realized. The Indians, at the first dawn of day, approached the breastwork, eager for the battle. They



refreshing sight both to the physical and mental eye. They appear as if descending from the heavens to the surface of the earth, perpendicularly, as though intended to present a perfect barrier over which no living thing should pass. This view never fails to engross the earnest attention of the traveler, and hours of gazing only serve to enwrap the mind in deeper and more fixed contemplation. Is there not here presented a field such as no other part of this globe can furnish, in which the explorer, the geologist, the botanist may sow and reap a rich harvest for his enterprise? To the hunter, the real lover of, and dependent upon the chase, there can be no comparison between the mighty Alps and the huge Rocky Mountain Barrier of the American Prairies. The one is destitute of animal life, while the other bears a teeming population of the choicest game known to the swift-leaden messenger of the white man's rifle. He who wishes to behold in the same gaze beautiful valleys, highly cultivated by a romantic and interesting race, in rich contrast with wonderfully moulded masses of earth and stone, covered with a medley of green foliage and white snow, let him go the Alps.

In the following spring, Kit Carson, accompanied by only one trapper, started out to hunt the streams in the vicinity of Big Snake River. The Utah nation of Indians inhabited this country, and with them Kit Carson stood on friendly footing. The business of trapping was therefore carried on without fear of molestation. The labors of the two were crowned with great success.

Loaded with a full cargo of fur, they soon after set out for Robidoux's Fort, which they reached in safety, selling out their stock to good advantage.



Although some distance off, Kit sprang from his saddle, and, with the leap of an antelope, and the rallying cry for his men, was on the ground, ready to make a certain shot. His aim and the crack of his rifle almost belonged to the same instant of time.—PAGE 135.





some time, when it was divided. McCoy and a small escort started for Fort Walla Walla. Kit Carson and the majority of the men took up their line of march for Fort Hall. While *en route*, the latter division was subjected to the greatest privations imaginable. Among the worst of these was hunger, as their trail led through a barren region of country. For a short time they managed to subsist upon a small supply of nutritious roots, which had been provided in advance. This source finally gave out, when their affairs assumed a most desperate attitude. To keep from starving, they bled their mules, and drank the warm red blood with avidity, so acutely had the days of fasting sharpened their appetites. This operation, however, could not be repeated without endangering the lives of their animals. These also were on a short allowance of food, for the grass was very poor and scanty. The whole party had become frightfully reduced in strength, and began to think it necessary to kill some of their animals, which at this time they could but ill spare. In this terrible condition they met with a band of Indians, who proved to be of a friendly disposition. The party was then only about four days' journey from Fort Hall. Most unhappily, the Indians themselves possessed but a scanty supply of provisions, and no more than their immediate wants required. It was not without considerable manoeuvring and talk, during which all the skill and Indian experience possessed by Kit Carson were brought into active requisition, that the savages were prevailed upon to trade with the trappers. By the trade, the half-famished men obtained a fat horse, which was immediately killed, and on which they regaled with as much relish as the epicure in the settlements enjoys his "joint of roast beef."



season advanced, the cold became more severe, until at last, it was more intense than ever before experienced by the trappers or Indians. Fuel, however, was abundant, and, excepting the inconvenience of keeping unusually large fires, they suffered but little. Not so with their animals. It was with the greatest difficulty that they preserved them from starvation. By the most unwearied exertions, however, they succeeded in obtaining food enough barely to keep them alive until the weather became more mild and auspicious. At one time the crisis was so imminent, that the trappers were compelled to resort to cotton-wood trees, thawing the bark and small branches, after gathering them, by their fires. This bark was torn from the trees in shreds sufficiently small for the animals to masticate. The Indians of the Rocky Mountains, when suffering from hunger, are often driven to the extremity of eating this material. For miles, not unfrequently, the traveler discovers these trees denuded of their bark, after a party has passed through on their way to find the buffalo. The rough, outside cuticle is discarded, and the tender texture, next to the body of the tree, is the part selected for food. It will act in staying the appetite, but cannot, for any great length of time, support life. It is dangerous to allow starving animals to eat freely of it; the trappers, therefore, fed it to them but sparingly.

The intense cold operated to bring upon them another serious annoyance, in the shape of immense herds of starving buffalo, which, goaded on by the pangs of hunger, would watch for an opportunity to gore the animals and steal their scanty allowance of provender. It was only by building large fires in the

A FIGHT IN THE LAVA BEDS.







treat. They did so, succeeding in joining their comrades without the loss of a single man. The pursuit had been close and well sustained by the savages; hence, it became necessary to take instant measures in order to insure the safety of the advance. Kit Carson, who was the commander of the party, after quietly surveying the scene, gave orders for the men, with their animals, to conceal themselves, as best they could in the brush. His orders had been issued but just in time, for the concealment was barely attained, when the Indians were upon them. They were received with a well-directed volley from the rifles of the little party, which brought down several of the fierce assailants. They recoiled and retreated for a moment. The moment was golden to the few white men. Like men who were fighting for their lives, but who were cool in danger, they made no mistakes in reloading their rifles. They were but just ready, however, for the second charge. This time the savages came on with unearthly yells and desperate courage, seemingly well satisfied that before them stood the men whose faithful rifle-talk they had heard before. Kit warned his men to keep cool and fire as if shooting game, a warning which was entirely unnecessary, for the result was that the savages were again driven back with a brave bleeding or dying for nearly every shot fired. It was very fortunate that Kit had chosen this position, for the engagement lasted nearly the entire day. The loss on the part of the Indians was very severe. They did everything in their power to force Kit and his party from their cover, but without avail. Every time they attempted to charge into the thicket the same deadly volley was poured in with never-failing aim, which in-

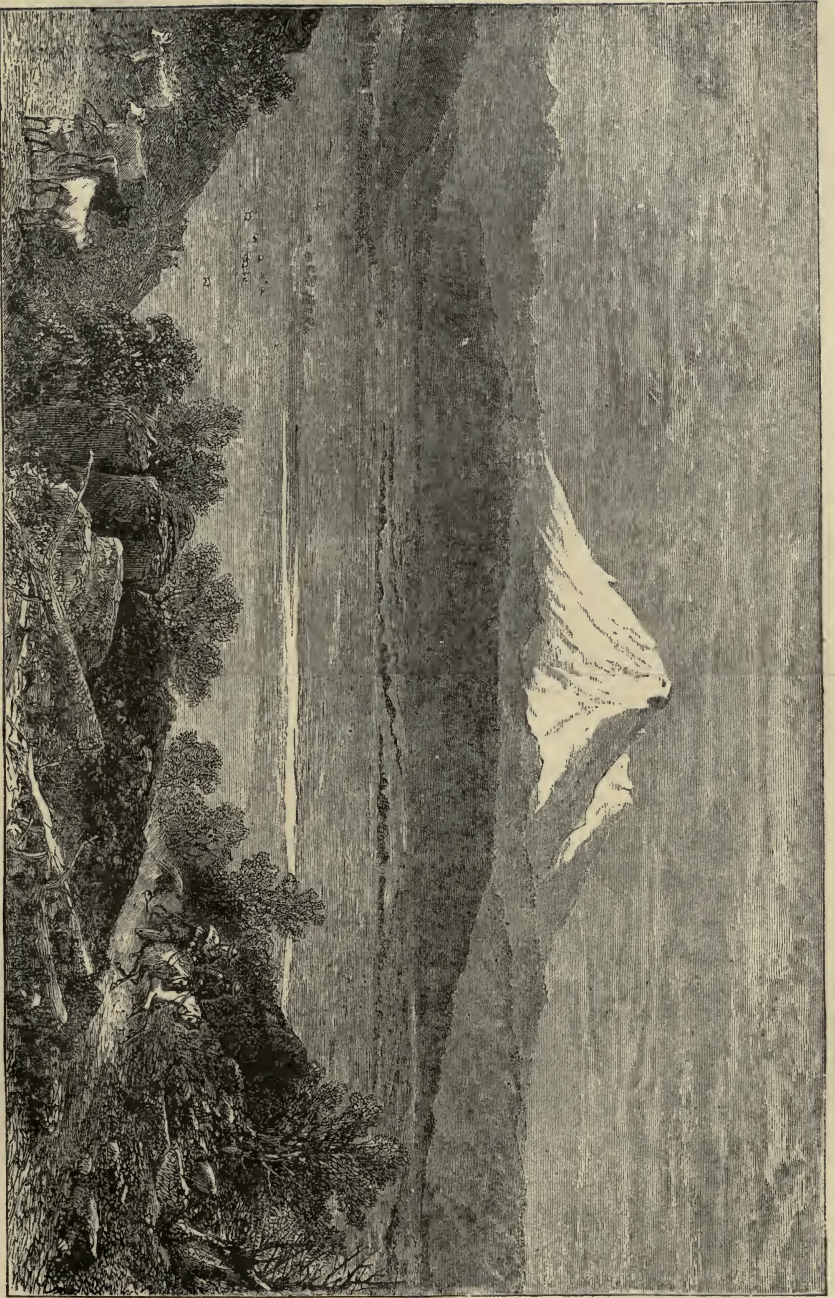


## CHAPTER VII.

Kit Carson is employed as Hunter to Bent's Fort—His career for Eight Years—Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain—The Commencement of his Acquaintance with John C. Fremont on a Steamboat—Is employed as a Guide by the Great Explorer—The Journey—Arrival at Fort Laramie—Indian Difficulties—The business of the Expedition completed—Return to Fort Laramie—Kit Carson goes to Taos and is married—He is employed as Hunter to a Train of Wagons bound for the States—Meeting with Captain Cook and four companies of U. S. Dragoons on Walnut Creek—Mexicans in Trouble—Kit Carson carries a letter for them to Santa Fe—Indians on the route—His safe Arrival—Amijos' advance Guard massacred by the Texans—The one Survivor—The Retreat—Kit Carson returns to Bent's Fort—His Adventures with the Utahs and narrow escape from Death—The Texans disarmed—The Express Ride performed.

It has already appeared that Kit Carson was now at Bent's Fort; also, that his occupation as a trapper of beaver had become unprofitable. His services were, however, immediately put into requisition by Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain, the proprietors of what was called Bent's Fort, which was a trading-post kept by those gentlemen. The position which he accepted was that of hunter to the Fort. This office he filled from that time with the most undeviating fidelity and promptitude for eight consecutive years. During all of this long period not a single word of disagreement passed between him and his employers, which fact shows better than mere words that his duty was faithfully and satisfactorily performed. It is but seldom that such a fact

MOUNT SHASTA.







forced, against our own conviction of the duty we owe the public as Kit Carson's chosen biographer, to pass by all such acts of his personal daring and triumph, because of his own unwillingness to relate them for publication. Notwithstanding our urgent requests, backed up by the advice and interference of friends, Kit Carson was inflexibly opposed to relating such acts of himself. He was even more willing to speak of his failures, though such were few, rather than of his victories in the chase. While the description of these adventures could not fail to furnish useful and interesting data, most unfortunately, Kit Carson considered that they were uninteresting minutiae which pertained to the every-day business of his life, and no persuasion could induce him to enter upon their relation. Not so when he was entertaining some of the brave chiefs of the Indian nations, whose friendship he had won by his brave deeds. If they were his guests, or he himself theirs, then their delight to hear kindled a pride in his breast to relate. He knew that he would not by them be called a boaster.

Before quitting the Mountains, Kit Carson married an Indian girl, to whom he was most devotedly attached. By this wife he had one child, a daughter. Soon after the birth of this child, his wife died. His daughter he watched over with the greatest solicitude. When she reached a suitable age, he sent her to St. Louis for the purpose of giving her the advantages of a liberal education. Indeed, most of Kit Carson's hard earnings, gained while he was a hunter on the Arkansas, were devoted to the advancement of his child. On arriving at maturity she married, and with her husband settled in California.



her back and breast as far as her waist, to march before the line of warriors, within ten paces of their front, and, if she lived to reach it, take possession of the crown. On the other hand, it was the duty of any warrior, who knew aught by word or deed against the virtue of the advancing maiden, to kill her upon the spot. If one arrow was shot at her, the whole band instantly poured a flight of arrows into her bare and defenceless bosom until life was extinct. Again, it was the belief of the untutored savage that whatever warrior failed to make his knowledge apparent, if he possessed any, by sending his arrow at the aspirant, would always be an object of revenge by the Great Spirit, both here and hereafter; and, that he would always live in the hereafter, in sight of the Happy Hunting Grounds, but never be allowed to enter them. This latter belief made it a rare thing for young girls to brave the attempt; but, sometimes, the candidates were numerous, and the horrible butchery of the young girls which took place formed a terrible exposé of their lewdness. To kill an innocent girl was equally a matter which would be forever avenged by the Great Spirit.

The warm friendship which sprang up between Kit Carson and the proprietors of Bent's Fort, under whom he held his situation as Hunter, is a sufficient index of the gentlemanly conduct and amiability of heart evinced towards him on their part. The names of Bent and St. Vrain were known and respected far and near in the mountains, for, in generosity, hospitality, and native worth, they were men of perfect model.

Mr. Bent was appointed, by the proper authority, the first Civil Governor of New Mexico, after that large

Engineering, about to enter upon the exploration of inland North America.

Kit Carson wandered over the boat, studying its mechanism, admiring the machinery, which, so like a thing of life, subserved the interests of human life; watched with quiet reserve the faces and general appearance of his fellow-passengers; occasionally modestly addressed an acquaintance, for some present were known to him; and, finally singled out from among the strangers a man on whose face he thought he discovered the marks of true courage, manhood and nobility of character. The impression which Kit Carson had thus received was nothing fleeting. The eagle eye, the forehead, the form, the movements, the general features, the smile, the quiet dignity of the man, each and all of these attributes of his manhood had been carefully noted by the wary and hardy mountaineer, and had not failed to awaken in his breast a feeling of admiration and respect. While on this boat Kit Carson learned the fact that the man whom he had thus studied was Lieut. John C. Fremont of the U. S. corps of topographical engineers; also, that Lieutenant Fremont had been earnestly seeking Captain Drips, an experienced mountaineer, but that he had been disappointed in finding him. Upon learning this, Kit Carson fell into a deep reverie which lasted some little time, when, having brought it to a conclusion, he approached Lieutenant Fremont and modestly introducing himself, said:

“Sir! I have been some time in the mountains and think I can guide you to any point there you wish to reach.”

Lieutenant Fremont's answer indicated his satisfaction in making the acquaintance which Kit Carson had

ion expressed, viz.: that, as sure as he entered upon the journey, the entire party would be massacred. To all these admonitions and warnings Colonel Fremont had but one reply. His government had directed him to perform a certain duty. The obstacles which stood in his way, it was his duty to use every means at his command to surmount; therefore, in obedience to his instructions, he was determined to continue his march. Finally he said that he would accomplish the object or die in the attempt, being quite sure that if the expedition failed by being cut to pieces, a terrible retribution would be in store for the perpetrators of the act. Kit Carson, his guide, openly avowed that the future looked dark and gloomy, but he was delighted to hear this expression from his commander. He now felt that he had a man after his own heart to depend on, and should danger or inevitable death be in store for them, he was ready and willing to face either with him. In order to be prepared for the worst, Kit Carson felt it his duty, considering the dangers apprehended, to make his will, thereby showing that if he had to fight he was ready to count it his last battle. Colonel Fremont resumed his journey, and very fortunately arrived at the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains without, in any way, being annoyed with Indians, not even meeting any on the route.

He had now reached the field where his chief labors were to commence. Without loss of time he set earnestly about his work, making and recording such observations as he deemed to be essential, and examining and exploring the country. Having finished this part of his labors, the ascent of the highest peak of the mountains was commenced. The length of the journey





BUFFALO HUNT.—PAGE 173.





power of man to do, set out to return and soon rejoined their friends, whom they found anxiously waiting for them. Colonel Fremont concludes his account of this affair in the following words :

“Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an American, born in Kentucky; the latter a Frenchman by descent, born in St. Louis; and both trained to western enterprise from early life.”

The stolen property was restored to the Mexicans without one cent being demanded or received by either Carson or Godey.

It was not for the love of Indian fighting, as many may suppose, that Kit Carson was moved to take part in such expeditions; but, when the life of a fellow-creature was exposed to Indian barbarities, no living man was more willing, or more capable of rendering a lasting service than Christopher Carson. A name that,

of the party, they were near enough to civilization. The command was dissolved, and Colonel Fremont proceeded on his route to Washington. Kit Carson, about the same time, started for Taos, where he had been for a long time anxiously expected by his family and friends.

During this expedition, they had met, for the first time, that most abject of human beings, the "Digger." The Digger Indians, inhabiting the Great Basin, are of the very lowest form of humanity. Dispersed in single families, without fire-arms, eating seeds and insects and digging roots (and hence their name), such is the condition of the greater part. It seems incredible that a desert so devoid of all nourishment, could have native inhabitants. Yet such is the fact. When the few edible roots that grow in low grounds or marshy places fail them, they subsist by hunting crickets, "hoppers," and field mice.

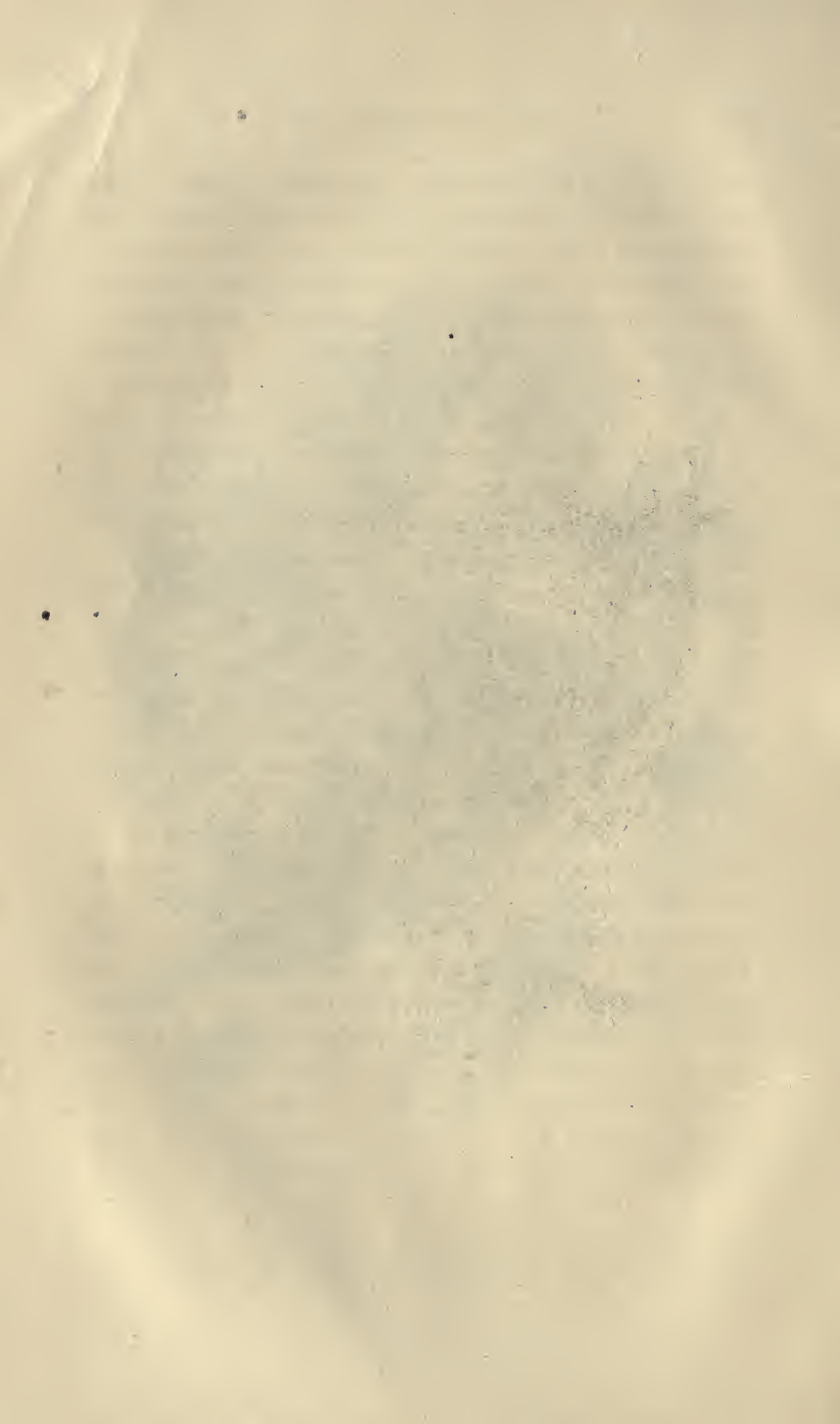
Nothing can be more abject than the appearance of the Digger Indian in the fall, as he roams about without food, almost naked, and without weapons, save, perhaps, a bow and arrows, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, looking for crickets, with which to appease his ever present appetite. So despicable is he that he has neither friends or enemies, and the neighboring tribes do not condescend to notice his existence, unless he should happen to come in their way, when they would not consider it more than a playful diversion to put an end to his miserable life. It is to be hoped that, with the rapid advance of civilization, this degraded race may be brought into a happier state.

Colonel Fremont, in his beautiful and instructive description of the country through which this expe-



A PERILOUS PASSAGE DOWN THE PLATTE.





the ground until a favorable opportunity offered to steal them into the country. When there was great danger that these secreted goods would be discovered, the smugglers would so arrange a keg of powder with a loaded pistol pointing at it, with strings running to the shrubbery near by, so as to cause it to explode and kill the searchers should the bushes about be disturbed. One old smuggler once fixed things in this manner, but performed his task too well; for, on going to remove his property, he came very near blowing himself up, as the mine was sprung and he was thrown in the air, but miraculously escaped. Many of the adventures of these men would be interesting; but they are too voluminous to be embodied in our work. The valley of Taos is well watered by mountain streams which flow into the Rio Grande. On one of these creeks and near the mountains, to the east of Fernandez de Taos, is located an Indian Pueblo which is very interesting to the traveler. Its houses are built one on top of another until a sort of pyramid is formed. The people enter their respective domiciles through the roofs, which form a kind of steps. At the foot of this queer building there is a church; and around, the scenery is very picturesque, as the whole is bounded on one side by a gap in the mountains, while on the other is the open valley. This band of Indians at first offered great resistance and fought with much bravery against the United States; but now they are counted among its most faithful allies, and are great in their admiration of Kit Carson. The farming utensils of the New Mexicans are rude in the extreme; but the agricultural implements of the Anglo-Saxon are slowly replacing these articles. The old plow, as frequently

also, their commanding officer thought it best, while the opportunity offered, for the benefit of his countrymen, whom he felt sure would some day possess this territory, to impress these savages with the power and bravery of the white men. Whatever was the object to be gained, it matters not in relating the particulars. The next morning he sent Kit Carson on ahead, with ten chosen men, giving him orders to the effect that if he discovered a large village of Indians, which was the general surmise, without being himself seen, he was to send back word, when he (Fremont) would hasten on with re-inforcements, in order to make the assault. If it should happen that the Indians were the first to be apprised of his near approach, then, without delay, Carson was to engage them as he thought best. Acting under these instructions, Kit Carson, with his detail of men, set out, and fortunately soon found a fresh trail that led directly to where the savages had established their village. This Indian village numbered fifty lodges; and to each wigwam the mountaineers estimated three braves, as this is the complement of men who live in one of these huts on the prairies and in the Rocky Mountains, thus making the force of the Indians to be in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty. From the commotion noticed in the village it was evident to all present that the tribe had become aware of danger, and that there was no time to be lost in sending back the desired information. Kit Carson, notwithstanding the strength of his enemies, determined to hazard an attack; and, after a brief consultation with his companions, he decided to take advantage of the confusion that was existing among the red men by charging right in among them. If ever there is a time when Indians will stand

truth." The gloom which had prevailed over the party, while the men recounted to their friends the details of the fight, was temporarily dispelled; and, while thus engaged, the command moved on about two miles from the Indian village. Having here selected a site, they went into camp. After comfortably stowing themselves away in this resting-place, another "war talk" was called, and what was best to be done was canvassed over. After the adjournment of the council, Fremont decided to send back twenty men, under Richard Owens, to the neighborhood of the ruins of the village, there to conceal themselves in the Lava-beds and await the return of the Indians, who, it was thought, might come back to look after their dead.

The Lava-beds are located in the country along the boundaries of Oregon and California, and near the Klamath River and Lakes. It is cut up by fissures, abysses, lakes, high mountains and caves, and covers an area of one hundred square miles. Here and there are vales bounded by walls more than one thousand feet high, composed of dark lava-like trap or red scoria, the interval between which forms a sort of congealed sea, whose ragged, crested waves, with volcanic orifices, seem to have been frozen in the upheaval, and never had time to subside. The miniature vents or chimneys, which had been formed no doubt by the bursting of steam or gases from below, led to subterranean galleries or caverns, from fifteen to twenty feet wide and of indefinite length.

Our party had not been secreted a great while before about fifty savages returned, and, by the moon's light, were quite visible. As had been previously



by one of the sentinels riding up near to where they were, dismounting from his horse and lighting, by his flint and steel, his cigarette. On seeing this, Kit Carson, who was just ahead of Lieutenant Beale, pushed back his foot and kicked softly his companion, as a signal for him to lie flat on the ground as he (Carson) was doing. The Mexican was some time, being apparently very much at his leisure, in lighting his cigarette; and, during these moments of suspense, so quietly did Kit Carson and his companion lie on the ground, that Carson said, and always after affirmed, that he could distinctly hear Lieutenant Beale's heart pulsate. Who can describe the agony of mind to which these brave hearts were subjected during this severe trial. Everything—the lives of their friends as well as their own—so hung on chance, that they shuddered; not at the thought of dying, but for fear they would fail in accomplishing what was dearer to them than life, the rescue of the brave men whose lives hung on their success. After quite a long time, the Mexican, as if guided by the hand of Providence, mounted his horse and made off in a contrary direction from the one where these bold adventurers were biding their time to accept either good, if possible, or evil, if necessary, from the wheel of fortune. For a distance of about two miles, Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale thus worked along on their hands and knees. Continually, during this time, Kit Carson's eagle eye was penetrating through the darkness, ever on the alert to discover whatever obstacle might present itself on which was stamped the least appearance of danger. Having passed the last visible image in the shape of a sentinel and left the lines behind them at a suitable distance, both men regained their feet,

LAKE KLAMATH.







and once more breathed freely. Their first thought was to look for their shoes, but, alas, they were gone. In the excitement of the journey, they had not given them a thought since depositing them beneath their belts. Hardly a word had hitherto passed between these two companions in danger, but now they spoke hurriedly and congratulated each other on the success that so far had attended them, and thanked God in their hearts that He had so mercifully aided them. There was no time for delay, as they were by no means yet free from danger, though they thought that the worst was over. Kit Carson was familiar with the country, and well knew the necessity of avoiding, for fear of being discovered, all the well trodden trails and roads which lead to San Diego, every one of which was closely watched by the enemy. He chose a circuitous route, over rocks, hills and wild lands. The soil was lined with the prickly pear, the thorns of which were penetrating, at almost every step, deep into their bare feet, which, owing to the darkness and thickness of the plants, they could not avoid. The town of San Diego was located many miles in a straight line from the point from whence they had started, but, by the round-about route they were obliged to travel, this distance was much lengthened. All the following day they continued their tramp and made as much progress as possible. Their mental excitement kept them in good spirits, though, from previous fatigue, the want of food during this time, and by the rapid pace at which they were traveling, they were putting their physical powers to their full test. Another night closed in around them, yet "ONWARD" was their watchword, for they thought not of rest while those behind them were in such im-



tions. It was very dark, and the Indians, from the above precautions being taken, were frustrated in their plans. His men lay very still; and, having previously received the order so to do, they awaited the near approach of the red men, when they were to use their rifles as clubs. The reason which made this latter command best was, because no man could see to shoot; hence, were they to fire at random, they would only expend their ammunition, a loss they were in no situation to sustain. However, the Indians became weary of their shooting after a few hours, and did not hazard a close attack, but went away to parts unknown.

Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale arrived at Washington in the following June, having accomplished their journey overland, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles, in about three months, a record which shows that they had not been idle while on the route. With the exception of the Indian attack sustained on the Gila, they were not again annoyed by the red men, although over the vast tract of wild territory which they had traversed there roam thousands of savages who often, for the slightest pretext, and frequently without any reason whatever, will murder the unsuspecting traveler, as it chances to please them. Hence, to accomplish this journey, it was not only necessary to know the direction to shape their course, but also to be familiar with the haunts and habits of these various tribes, in order to avoid them. All of this knowledge Kit Carson, the mainspring of this little party, was well possessed of, and, as a matter of business, guided himself and men in a direct and safe course.

The hardships and privations of this trip were trivial affairs when compared to most of Kit Carson's previous



A MEXICAN CART.



THE PUEBLO OF TAOS.





everything would have been considered as well done; but he failed, and the cause of his failure is plain.

The party being thus constituted, and no delay having been occasioned by any unforeseen accident, the party arrived in good season at the place where the cold-blooded murder had been consummated. Around the spot, there were strewn, in great confusion, boxes, trunks, pieces of harness, and many other things, which had belonged to the unfortunate party, and which the villains did not fancy and carry away with them. The path taken by these Indians was soon found, and on it, the command traveled in full chase for twelve days, without seeing the outline of a savage. Carson describes this as being the most difficult trail to follow he remembers ever to have undertaken, for the rascally Apaches, on breaking up their camps, would divide into parties of two and three, and then scatter over the vast expanse of the prairies to meet again at some preconcerted place, where they knew water could be had. In several of these camps the pursuers found remnants of dress and other articles, that were known to have belonged to Mrs. White. By these signs, they were led to believe that she still lived. Although these things would have been trifles on ordinary occasions, yet, at the present time, they were the cause of stimulating the white men to their utmost exertions; and, as they grew fresher, the excitement among the party increased. At last the camp, and even the persons of the savages, became visible to the foremost of the pursuers; and, among the first to get a glimpse of them was Kit Carson. At the time the discovery was made, Kit Carson was considerably in advance of most of the men. Turning to those near him, he shouted to have



## CHAPTER XIV.

Kit Carson reaches Home—Himself and Neighbors Robbed by the Apaches—Major Grier goes in Pursuit of, and Recaptures the stolen Stock—A Plot organized by White Men to Murder two Santa Fe Traders for their Money—The Disclosure—Kit Carson goes to the rescue of the Traders—The Camp of United States Recruits—Captain Ewell with twenty Men joins Kit Carson—The Arrest of Fox—Gratitude expressed by the Traders—Money Offered but Refused—The Prisoner taken to Taos and Incarcerated—Kit Carson receives a Magnificent Pair of Revolvers as a Present from the grateful Traders—The Return to Rayado—A Trading Expedition to the United States—The Return Journey—An Encounter with the Cheyenne Indians—A State of Suspense—The Deliverance from Danger by a Message sent by a Mexican Runner—The arrival at Rayado.

AFTER finishing the pleasant visit which he was thus enabled to make, while recruiting himself among the good people of Taos, Kit Carson bent his way to his home at Rayado. He safely reached there and had but just dismounted at his own door, when he was informed of a recent calamity that had befallen himself and neighbors during his absence. It was the old story, viz., that the Indians had come in and boldly stolen all the animals belonging to the settlement. At the time this depredation had been committed, there was a small detachment of United States troops stationed in the place, but the soldiers were too few in number to attempt a rescue of the property from the savages. The latter had visited the little town with a strong force on this occasion; the settlers, therefore, made applica-



A moment more and in all probability Kit Carson would have been breathing his last. Fremont saw the danger his friend was in, although Kit had tried to avoid the arrow by throwing himself on one side of his horse.—PAGE 267.



did it, too. With any other man, we would *have gone under*. The Indians were more afraid of him than all the rest of us put together. There were red fellows enough there to eat us up, and at one time I could almost feel my hair *leaving my head*. We had two women traveling with us, and their crying made me feel so bad that I was sartin there was no fight in me. Women (he added) are poor plunder to have along when going out on a war party, but Kit talked to them, and then to the Indians, and put them both finally on the right trail. Wah!! but them were ticklish times."

As soon as the Indians, in their excitement, began to speak their own language, they became very violent, and so unguarded were they in expressing their individual sentiments that they treated Kit and his party with perfect indifference, and openly, though secretly as they thought, arranged for the massacre.

Little did they imagine that Kit Carson, whom they had at first sight selected as the leader of the company, understood every word that was said. Kit listened attentively to their plans and heard them decide that the time to kill him was, when he again took the pipe to smoke; for, in so doing, he would lay down his weapons. They could be instantly seized, and therefore he would be prevented from doing them any harm. As to the Mexicans who accompanied him, they said they could kill them as easily they could buffalo. Already enough had passed among the Indians to arouse in Kit Carson's breast the greatest feeling of alarm as to what would be the result of the position in which he was placed. He had with him fifteen men, two only of which number, were men on whom he felt that he could



## CHAPTER XV.

Kit Carson's last Trapping Expedition—He Embarks in a Speculation—His Trip to California with a large Flock of Sheep—The Methods employed by Mexicans in driving Herds and their Dexterity—Kit Carson goes to San Francisco—Its wonderful Growth—Maxwell joins Kit Carson at Sacramento City—The Lucky Speculation—The Return Trip to New Mexico and its Adventures—The Mormon Delegate to Congress informs Kit Carson of his Appointment as Indian Agent—Kit Carson enters upon the Duties of his Office—Bell's Fight with the Apaches on Red River—Kit Carson's Interview with the same Indians—High-handed Measures on the Part of the Apaches—Davidson's Desperate Fight with them—The Soldiers defeated with Severe Loss—Davidson's Bravery is unjustly Questioned—Kit Carson's Opinion of it—The Apaches elated by their Victory—Their Imitations of the Actions of Military Men.

THE expedition into the United States, which terminated with the last chapter, proved to be valuable in its results, so far as the parties engaged in it were concerned. Kit Carson was once more trying hard to keep quiet in his comfortable home at Rayado. But his restless spirit was not proof against this inactivity. His stay at home, therefore, was short. The memories of other days came upon him, and he longed once more to enjoy, in company with the "friends of his youth," the scenes, excitements and pleasures of his old life as trapper. Throughout his eventful life, as the reader has been able clearly to see, Kit Carson seldom spent his time in idle thinking. His thoughts almost invariably took form in actions. This eager longing resulted,

WARLIKE EXERCISES OF THE CAMANCHE.







While pursuing this experimental journey, Kit Carson, who was well acquainted with the general outline of the country, but was not equally conversant with it in reference to the certainty of finding eligible camping-sites, where wood, water and grass, presented themselves in abundance, was frequently made the subject of a tantalizing joke by the men of the party.

Occasionally his memory would not solve the question, what is the next course? He had neither map, chart, nor compass, and depended entirely upon old landmarks. Occasionally the resemblance of different mountains, one to another, would serve to embarrass him. For a time, he would become doubtful as to the exact course to pursue. At such moments, the mischievous dispositions of the men would get the better of their judgment, and they would exert their lungs in shouting to him, as he spurred his riding animal to keep out of the sound of their raillery. He was not always successful in this, and occasionally a few sentences reached him like the following:

“Hurrah!”

“I say! are you the famous Kit Carson, who knows this country so well?”

“Are you really a good pilot, or are you lost?”

These and similar expressions saluted Kit's ear—a language to which he had not been heretofore accustomed—as some impediment, such as a fallen tree, a rock, a swamp, or a creek staid, for a brief period, his progress, thus allowing the party to approach within speaking distance. The remarks might have temporarily chafed his spirit; but he had too much good sense to allow his friends to see that they had gained any advantage over him. He rode boldly on,



## CHAPTER XVI.

A fresh Campaign set on foot—Colonel Cook in Command—Kit Carson goes as Guide—The Apaches and Utahs leagued together—The Roughness of the Country and the Privations to which the Command was exposed—The Indians overhauled—A running Fight—The Advantages gained—The Chase resumed—The Apaches resort to their old Tricks—Colonel Cook is obliged to return to Abiquiu—A Utah taken Prisoner through Mistake—Kit Carson goes to Taos and has a Conference with the Chiefs of the Utah Nation—Cook's second Scout—He is caught in a furious Snow-storm and is obliged to return to Rio Colorado—Major Brooks and Re-inforcements come to the Rescue—Major Brooks on the Lookout, but fails to find the Indians—Carleton's Expedition—Kit Carson goes with it as Guide—The Adventures met with—Kit Carson's Prophecy comes true—The Muache Band of Utahs summoned by Kit Carson to a Grand Council—Troubles brewing among these Indians—The Small-Pox carries off their Head Men.

To retrieve the ground lost, and also, to show the Jicarilla Apaches that their recent victory had tended only to stimulate the movements of the Americans to a display of greater activity and energy, after a brief space of time, a large body of regular troops were made ready to take the field against them. The commander of this expedition was Colonel Cook of the Second Regiment of United States Dragoons. That officer chose for his principal guide Kit Carson, whose peace duties as Indian Agent had been abruptly arrested by the warlike attitude of some of his Indians. It was necessary, also, that Kit Carson should be on the ground in case the red men were overtaken, in order to ascertain

we remember to have met with an Indian agent who was, both in years and experience, but a mere boy. To him had been entrusted the affairs of a large tribe, notorious in the country where they reside as being great thieves. These Indians had so little respect for their agent, that they would openly boast of the crimes which they had committed, in his very presence. Not only this, but, on horses stolen from neighboring settlers, they would ride by him, thus defying his power. The settlers were loud in their complaints against the Government for thus neglecting to protect them, and sending them a block of wood for a king. The young man of whom we speak bore an exemplary character, but it was plainly and painfully apparent that he was, in no way whatever, fitted for the office he held, and which he had attained through the influence of powerful political friends. This is but a fair example by which many of the so-called Indian agents may be rated, who are the actual managers of Indian affairs on our frontiers.

The Utahs and the Apaches, having now openly combined, met with such success in their endeavors to attack the whites, that, during the course of a few months, they overran almost the entire northern part of the Territory of New Mexico. They utterly defied the power of the American Government; and, whenever the opportunity offered, boasted to the Mexicans "that they no longer stood in fear of the white men." The subsequent cruel and barbarous crimes of which they were guilty, clearly demonstrated that they were elated by their success. It soon became apparent that, unless checked, they would exterminate the population and burn or otherwise destroy their settlements.

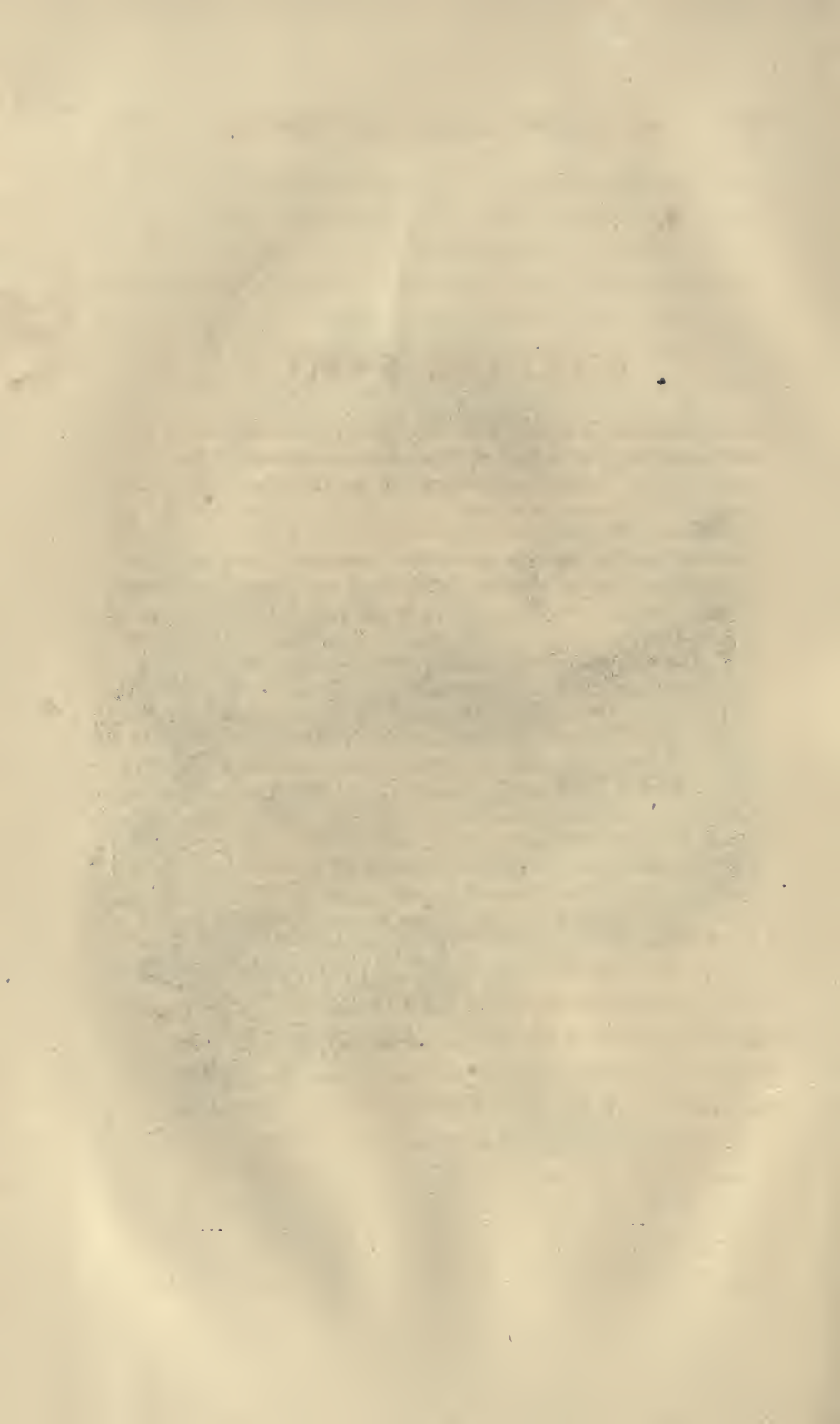
—that is, desperately fighting for his life, and never for once showing fear, they take two scalps, one from either side of the head. The object of this is, to have scalp dances for each, as they consider such a man as deserving the fate of two ordinary men. These scalps are often stretched, dried, decorated and frequently kept for years as trophies. The more scalps a warrior takes, the greater favorite he becomes with his tribe; and finally, having obtained a given number, he is considered eligible to fill the office of War Chief, provided he has other qualifications, such as the power of quickly conceiving the right plan on which to act in case of emergency. When a party of Indians in the Rocky Mountains have been on a war trail, met the enemy and vanquished them, they appoint a brave who is honored as being the scalp-bearer. This warrior carries a long pole, to which, at suitable distances from each other, the scalps are attached. When the party returns to, and enters their own village, this brave is the observed of all observers. Eagerly, by the old men, women and children, these bloody trophies are counted, for each of them offers an occasion for rejoicing, to be at separate intervals of time. They are, then, each synonymous with the phrase, a fête day, and the scalp-bearer is looked upon with the same jealous eye which greets the color-bearer of an army, after having been engaged in some great battle which has proved successful to his standard. An Indian will not remove, as a general thing, a scalp which contains gray hairs. This he considers to be a business fit only for women. The scalp which is to cause a general jubilee, on an appointed evening, is attached to the top of a long pole, planted in the earth at a suitable place. The warriors who





FORT MASSACHUSETTS, NEW MEXICO, IN 1855.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

Carson not allowed to Remain Idle—His Position in our late Civil War—He is Needed on an Important Field of Army Operations—His Love for the Union—His Promise to Stand by the Old Flag—His Fulfillment of the Promise—Is Appointed Colonel of the First New Mexico Volunteers—His Friendship with General Canby—Lieutenant-Colonel Pfeifer—Valuable Service against the Camanches, Arrapahoes and Cheyennes—Overpowered and Defeated—Fearful Loss—A Brilliant Campaign against the Navajoes—Increased Fame—The War Department sound his Praises in Flattering Terms—Brigadier General of Volunteers—Detailed for Responsible Duty—Appointed Peace Commissioner to the Sioux—A Delicate Mission—The Indian Policy of our Government—A Reformation Movement—A Wise and Humane Policy—Kit Carson's Opinion as to what Should be Done—His Wonderful Success in Treating with the Savages—Beloved and Feared—The Visit of Indian Chiefs to Washington—The Effects of Civilization—Receptions and Speeches of Buffalo Good and Little Raven—The Indian Question, and What Has Been Done, and What Must Be Done, to Secure Lasting Peace—The Death of General Kit Carson, at Fort Lyon, Colorado—His Death Hastened by the Loss of his Wife—A Man of Striking Virtues—Kit Carson as a Free Mason—Masonic Signs among the Indians.

FOLLOWING on the varied and valuable experiences that Kit Carson had, in his strangely eventful career, prior to his appointment as Indian agent, he might have treasured the hope that he should live out the rest of his days in peace and quiet, so far as a man with such surroundings might expect repose. With him rest would not be the absolute calm that one might have in a settled, law-abiding community. Indeed, to him, that kind of repose would be the most tiresome of all ex-

breveted with the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers, and entirely without any solicitation. The captured Indians were afterwards sent to a reservation on one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River, and later, following General Sherman's Indian negotiations, they were sent by their own request to their original grounds in the Navajo country, where they have since remained in a well-behaved condition. They are peaceful, and are gradually becoming accustomed to the more advanced ways of civilization. They are measurably industrious, and to a considerable extent are self-supporting. During the remainder of the war, General Carson was on different details of responsible work, mainly courts martial and matters relating to the Indians, and in one of which he made himself useful to the Government. The war history of affairs in New Mexico, during this period, as contained in official reports, will show that his services were fully recognized by the department whose interests he served. He was retained in his rank and position at the close of the war, long after nearly all the volunteer officers had been mustered out, and was then made a peace commissioner to visit the Sioux and other tribes, his long experience, honesty, and loyalty to the Government qualifying him in all respects for the responsibilities of such a delicate mission.

The settlement of the trouble with the Sioux Indians, which was assigned to General Carson, was a matter of great consequence, more, indeed, than appeared upon the surface of things at the time. Hostilities had grown out of bad faith in the first place, and a bloody war, attended with frightful massacres, followed, involving a cost of millions of dollars to the Government. Indian wars have always been costly; they are con-





As they were about to start, one of the party gave a loud cheer, and pointed in the direction of the fire, from whence, coming at full speed, the long-looked for Carson and comrades appeared.—Page 417.





## CHAPTER XIII.

Kit Carson at his Home—The Apache Indians become Hostile—An Expedition sent against them—It is not Successful—Another is organized, with which Kit Carson goes as Guide—Two Indian Chiefs captured—Other Incidents of the Trip—Colonel Beall attempts to force the Indians to give up Mexican Captives—Two Thousand Savages on the Arkansas River—The Visit to them—Kit Carson emigrates and builds a Rancho at Rayado—Description of the Valley—The Massacre of a Santa Fe Merchant—His Wife is made Prisoner—The Expedition sent to rescue her—The Indians overtaken—Bad Counsel and Management—The Commanding Officer Wounded—Mrs. White's Body found—Severe Snow Storm on the Plains—One Man frozen to Death—Kit Carson returns to Rayado—The Occupation of a Farmer resumed—The Apaches steal from the Settlers nearly all of their Animals—Kit Carson with thirteen others in Pursuit—The Surprise—A running Fight—The Animals recovered—A gallant Sergeant and his Fate—Kit Carson and Goodel go on a Trading Expedition to meet California Emigrants at Fort Laramie—Humorous Adventures—The Dangers that beset the Road to New Mexico—Hair-breadth Escape—Arrival at Taos.

BEING comfortably housed in his own pleasant home at Taos, Kit Carson made up his mind to treat himself to a more lengthy stay there than he had for some time enjoyed. While he was quietly enjoying the pleasures of home, active operations were transpiring about him, for the neighboring Indians had dug up the tomahawk and buried the calumet, and were holding in defiance the United States forces, which had been stationed in New Mexico to protect its inhabitants. Colonel Beall was at that time commanding officer of the district, and had established his head-quarters at Taos.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Commencement of a Formidable Indian War—High-handed Measures on the Part of the Indians—The Governor of New Mexico raises Five Hundred Mexican Volunteers and places them under the Command of Colonel St. Vrain—Colonel Fauntleroy placed in Command of all the Forces—Kit Carson is chosen as Chief Guide—The Campaign Commenced—The Trail Found—The Indians are met and the first Fight and its Consequences—An Excitement in Camp—The Indians again Overtaken—The Return to Fort Massachusetts—Intense Cold Weather experienced—The Second Campaign—Colonel Fauntleroy Surprises the Main Camp of the Enemy—The Scalp Dance Broken Up—Terrible Slaughter of the Indians—The Great Amount of Plunder Taken and Destroyed—Another Small Party of Indians Surprised and Routed—St. Vrain equally fortunate in his Campaign—The Indians Sue for Peace—The Council held and Treaties signed—Kit Carson opposes the making of them—The poor Protection Indian Treaties usually afford to Settlers—Kit Carson's House at Taos and his Indian Friends—His Attachment for his Family put to the Test—Cowardice of a Mexican—Kit Carson's Friends as they looked upon him—His Influence over Indians.

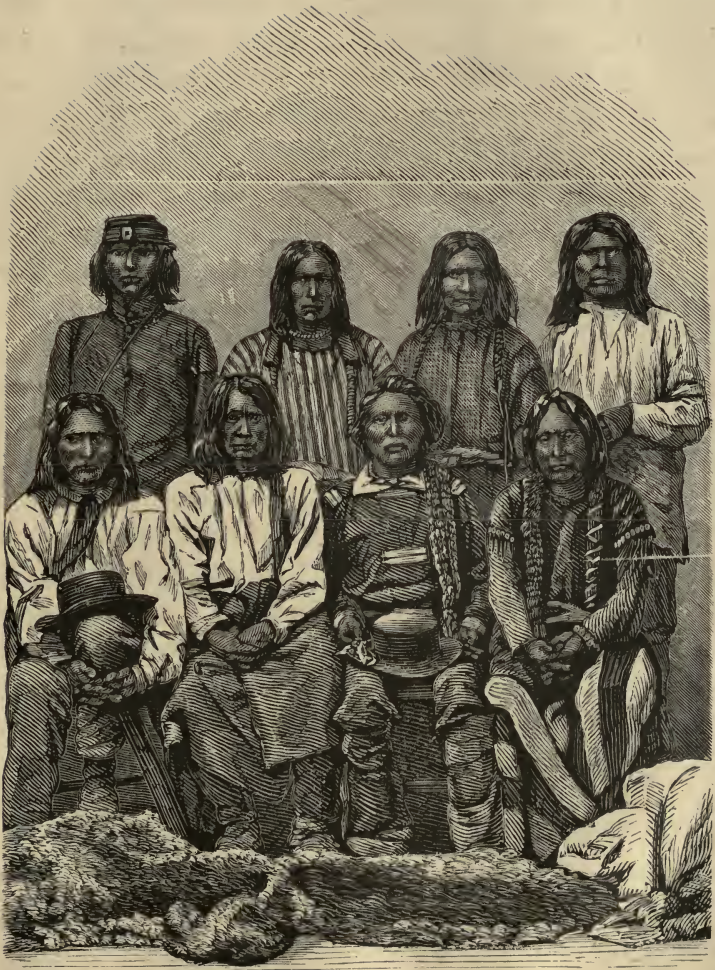
THE Muache band of Utahs, under their renowned Chief, Blanco, after trading for all the powder and lead which they required, joined the Apaches and commenced the war in earnest. They waylaid and murdered travelers on the roads, attacked towns, killed and made prisoners the people who inhabited them, and became so formidable that for a length of time everything was at their mercy. They lost no opportunity in showing their power and in possessing themselves of the finest herds of horses, mules, cattle and sheep within their reach.

“It is difficult even to approximate the probable number of this people, when in their undisturbed aboriginal glory, and before their contact with the superior civilization, whose vices, only, seem to be attractive to the savage nature. Indians have no Census Bureau; and, indeed, nearly all tribes have a superstitious aversion to answering any questions as to their numbers. The Modocs are like all others, and, when questioned on the subject, only point to their country, and say, that ‘once it was full of people.’ The remains of their ancient villages, found along the shores of the lakes, on the streams, and in the vicinity of springs, seems to corroborate this statement; and one ranch alone, the remains of which are found on the western shore of Little Klamath Lake, must have contained more souls than are now numbered in the whole Modoc nation. Only four hundred, by official count, left of a tribe that must have numbered thousands! Some of the causes of the immense decrease of this people can be traced to their deadly conflicts with the early settlers of Northern California and Southern Oregon. They were in open and uncompromising hostility to the Whites, stubbornly resisting the passage of emigrant trains through their country; and the bloody atrocities of these Arabs of the West are still too well remembered. As early as 1847, following the route taken by Fremont the previous year, a large portion of the Oregon immigration passed through the heart of the Modoc country. From the moment they left the Pit River Mountains, their travel was one of watchful fear and difficulty, the road winding through dangerous cañons, and passing under precipitous cliffs that afforded secure and impenetrable ambush. Bands of mounted war-



stead of scalping them, he took them to his camp, treated them kindly, and making them a sort of Peace Commission, sent them with olive-branches, in the shape of calico and tobacco, back to their people. Negotiations for a general council to arrange a treaty were opened. Others visited the white camp; and soon the Modocs, who had but a faint appreciation of the tortuous ways of white diplomacy, began to think that Ben was a very harmless and respectable gentleman. A spot on the north bank of Lost River, a few hundred yards from the Natural Bridge, was selected for the council. On the appointed day, fifty-one Indians (about equal in number to Wright's company) attended, and, as agreed upon by both parties, no weapons were brought to the ground. A number of beeves had been killed, presents were distributed, and the day passed in mutual professions of friendship; when Wright—whose quick, restless eye had been busy—quietly filled his pipe, drew a match, and lit it. This was the pre-concerted signal. As the first little curling wreath of smoke went up, fifty revolvers were drawn from their places of concealment by Wright's men, who were now scattered among their intended victims; a few moments of rapid and deadly firing, and only two of the Modocs escaped to warn their people!

“In 1864, when old Schonchin buried the hatchet and agreed to war with the pale-faces no more, he said, mournfully: ‘Once my people were like the sands along yon shore. Now I call to them, and only the wind answers. Four hundred strong young men went with me to the war with the whites; only eighty are left. We will be good, if the white man will let



"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."





spirit of the majority of the tribe is broken ; they are content to be cooped up within the limits of a reservation in a country where once they were lords, and the superior race claims their former possessions by the right of might. They are part and parcel of that unsolved problem — the Red race, created by the same Power as we, for God's own purposes. Like the rest of the red people, they are destined to speedy extinction ; and the last of the Modocs, powerful as they have been, will probably be seen by the present generation of white men."

The tribe of Modocs have always been unfriendly and opposed to the whites. It first entered into formal relations with the Government by a treaty to which the Klamaths and Yabooskin band of Snakes were also parties ; made in October, 1864, and ratified by the Senate, with certain verbal amendments, in July, 1866 ; and after the Indians had consented to these amendments, in December, 1869, proclaimed by the President in 1870. Under the provisions of Article 1 of this treaty, and of the Executive order of March 14, 1871, issued thereunder, a tract of land, estimated to contain seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand acres, was set apart for the Indians,—parties to the treaty,—in the southern part of Oregon. In 1865, while this treaty was pending before the Senate, Mr. Lindsley Applegate, sub-agent in charge of the Klamaths and Snakes, commenced operations for their benefit.

The Modocs, presumedly acting under the advice of certain interested whites, had previously withdrawn from the country to their former home, near Clear Lake, sixty miles south-east of Klamath. They, however, informed Mr. Applegate, by messenger, that they



attended to and carried back for medical treatment. Fifty yards further was the body of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, lying on his face and stripped to the waist. Life was extinct from pistol-shot wounds in his head.

The body of General Canby, the hero of many a fight, was stripped of every vestige of clothing, and lay about one hundred yards to the south-west, with two pistol-shot wounds in the head. Pausing only to cast a glance on the body of the man they both loved and respected, the troops dashed on, and the two leading batteries were within a mile of the murderers when the bugle sounded a "halt." Lieutenant Eagan and Major Wright's companies of the Twelfth Infantry were behind the artillery, and then came the cavalry. General Gillem and Colonel Green and staff were up with the men, but as soon as they found that the Indians had all got back to their stronghold, the troops were ordered to fall back.

The murder of General Canby cast a gloom over the whole country. No officer was more universally respected and esteemed. He was a true Christian and brave soldier, and died in the discharge of his duty. For the past few days he had clothed and fed these Indians—giving them blankets, food and tobacco. When the squaws came into camp, they rushed to General Canby, and went back laden with provisions and calico. Yet the first to fall was their kindest and noblest benefactor.

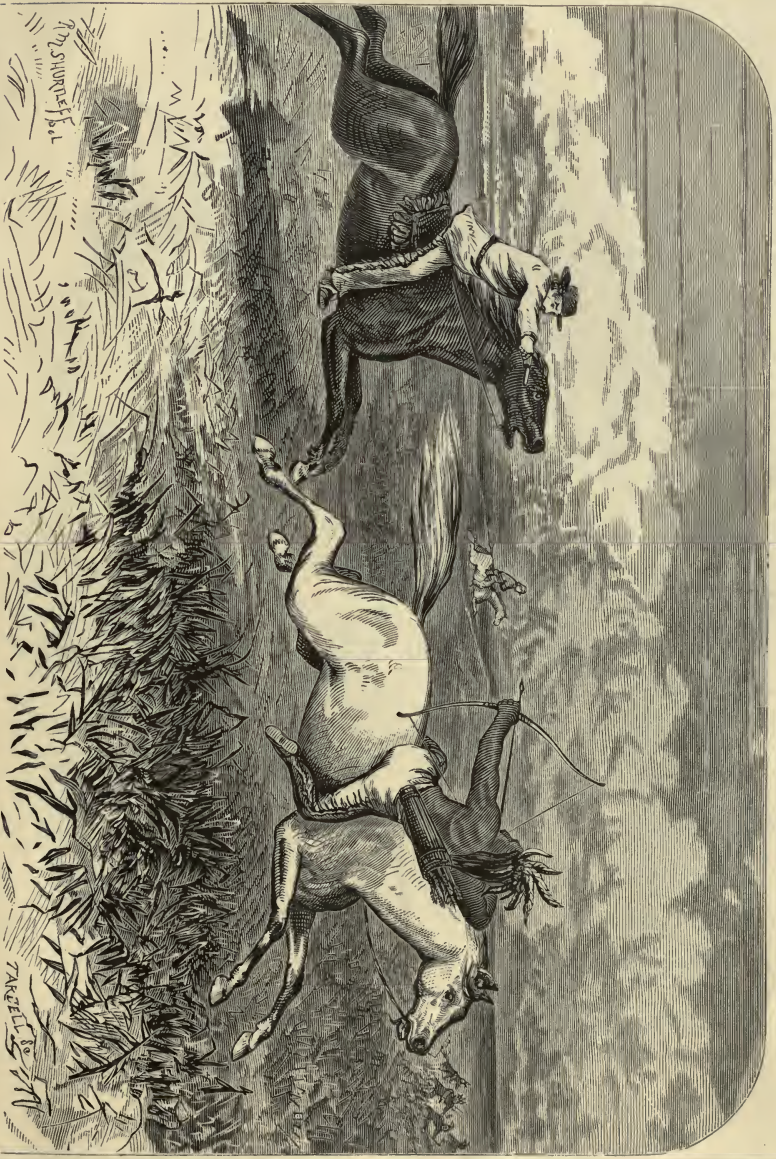
General Canby was one of the best educated and most highly esteemed of all the officers in the regular army. He served with great distinction during the War of the Rebellion, and held several very important commands.



A TERRIFIC SNOW-STORM.







From SHORSEF's ball

I raised myself in the saddle, and sent a ball from my revolver through the body of the Indian, which quickly rolled him to the ground







INDIAN SCALP DANCE.







AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MOVE.







KIT CARSON'S HOME AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.





THE NAVAJOES IN CAMP.



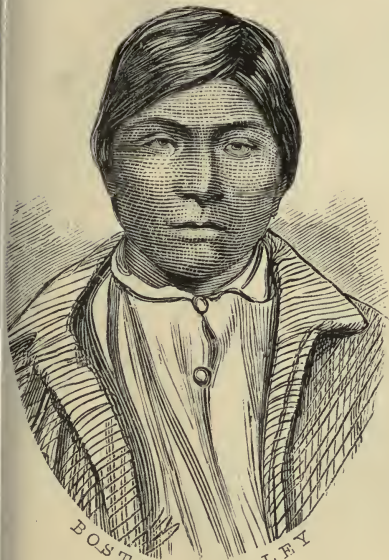




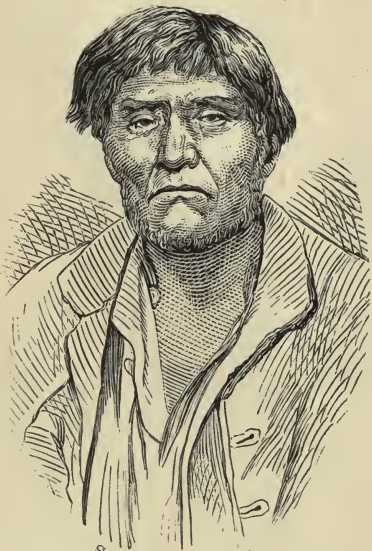


CAPTAIN JACK.

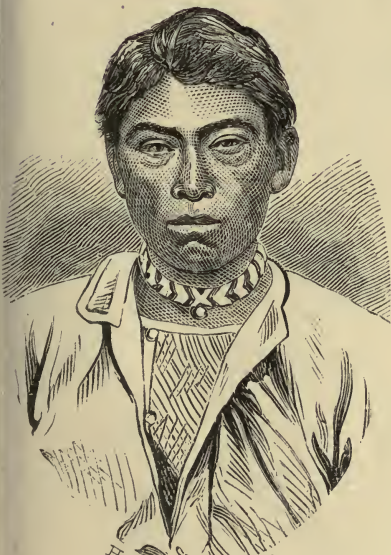




BOSTON CHARLEY



SCHONCHIN.

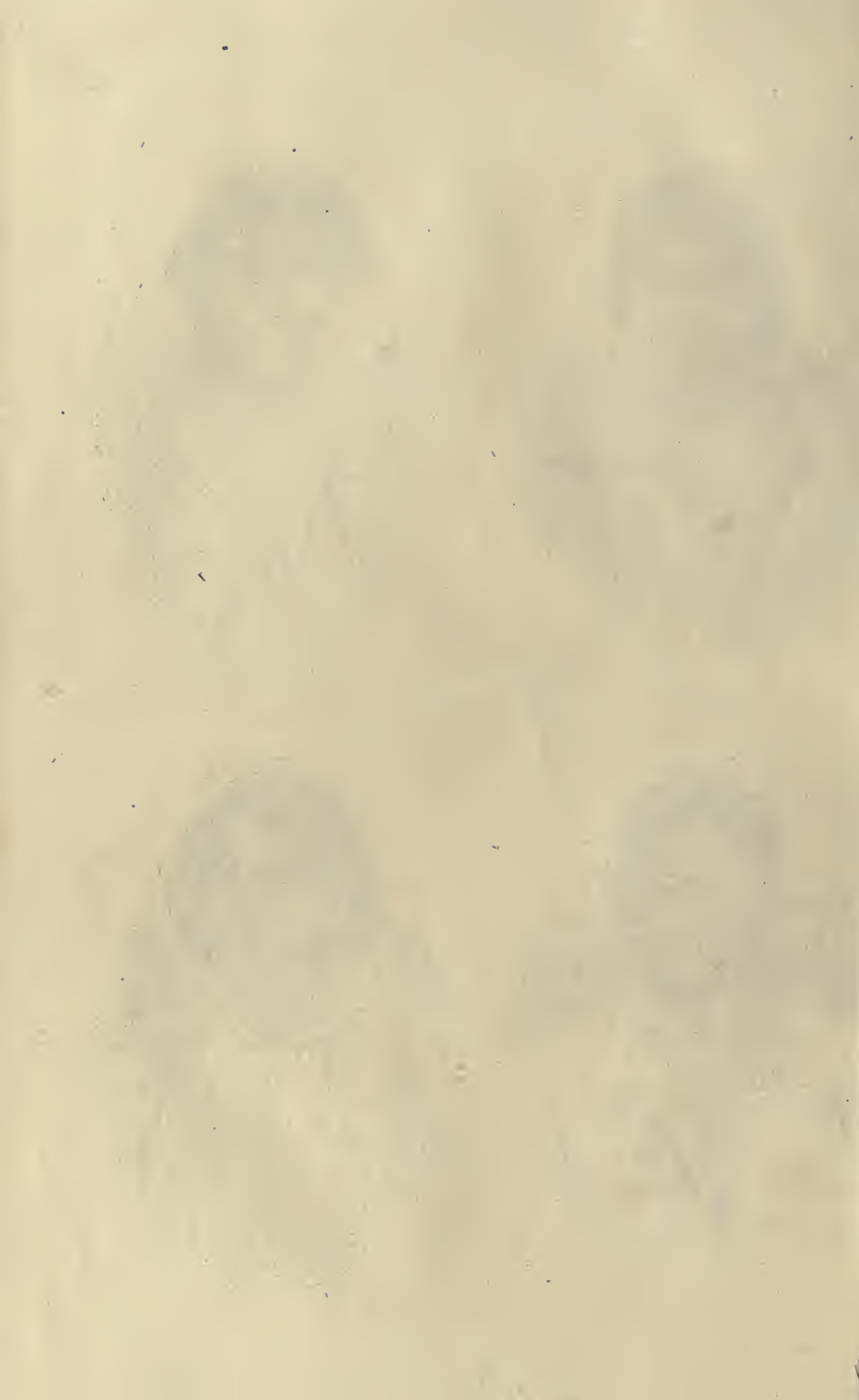


HOOKER JIM.



SHACK NASTY JIM.





THE MODOC STRONGHOLD



WILLIAM GARRISON

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IN TWO VOLUMES  
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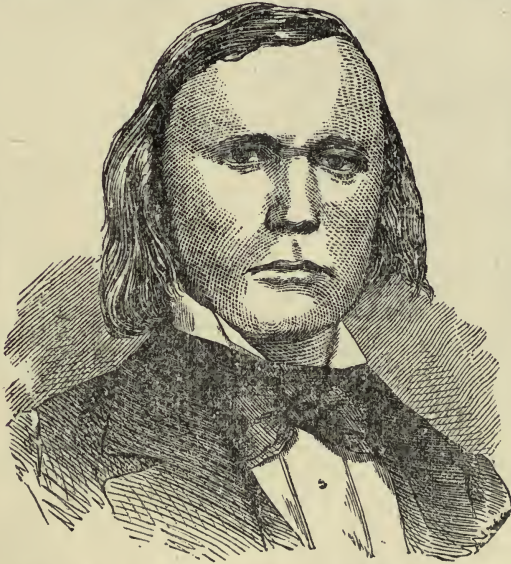
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Very respectfully,

Carson J. Train  
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**The name of Kit Carson,** in the Rocky Mountains, has been familiarly known for more than forty years, and from its association with the names of great explorers and military men, is now spread throughout the civilized world. It has been generally conceded, that no small share of the benefits derived by these explorations and campaigns, was due to the sagacity, skill, experience, advice, and labor of CHRISTOPHER CARSON. His sober habits, strict honor, and great regard for the truth, endeared him to all that called him friend; and among such, may be enumerated names belonging to some of the most distinguished men, whose deeds are recorded on the pages of American History. His life was a mystery which this book will unveil. Instead of KIT CARSON, as by imagination—a bold braggart, and reckless improvident hero of the rifle—he will appear a retired man, and one who was reserved in his intercourse with others, and one to whom it needed not a second introduction, or a friendly panegyric, to enable one to discover those traits of manhood which are esteemed by the great and good, to be distinguishing ornaments of character.

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While the country was being flooded with "yellow-covered literature," purporting to be "Lives of Carson," but which were merely imaginary pen-paintings, founded, perhaps, upon distant reports of his almost incredulous exploits and adventures, the intimate friends of KIT CARSON, in common with thousands of others, desired to see something published, which they could be assured was a TRUE and AUTHENTIC account of his singularly exciting and wonderful life and adventures; but it was only upon the constant and urgent solicitations of personal friends that CARSON could be induced to dictate the facts upon which this book is written, and only then upon the express condition that Dr. Peters, his friend—his companion at home—in the wild scenes of the chase—on the war-path, and upon the field of battle—would put them into convenient form, adding such information as had fallen under his observation, during extensive travels over the wide expanse of territory which had been KIT CARSON'S theatre of action, as would make it a book to be valued and sought for.

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KIT CARSON'S  
LIFE AND  
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JOHN HOWELL  
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The image shows the front cover of a book, bound in dark green leather with a repeating pattern of raised, interlocking floral or geometric shapes. In the center, there is a large, ornate gold-tooled emblem. The emblem is vertically oriented and contains the following text: "THE" in a small circle at the top; "STORY" in a larger arch; "OF" in a small circle below "STORY"; "KIT CARSON'S" in a wide, horizontal banner; "LIFE" in a large, serif font; "AND" in a smaller font below "LIFE"; "ADVENTURES" in a wide, horizontal banner; and "FROM FACTS NARRATED BY HIMSELF" in a smaller, shield-shaped frame at the bottom. The gold tooling is highly detailed with decorative flourishes and scrollwork.

THE  
STORY  
OF  
KIT CARSON'S  
LIFE  
AND  
ADVENTURES  
FROM FACTS  
NARRATED BY  
HIMSELF