

## **Robert Taft correspondence related to frontier artists, Miller - Mollhausen**

### **Section 13, Pages 361 - 390**

A series of research correspondence from the Robert Taft collection relating to frontier artists. Robert Taft (1894-1955) was a professor of chemistry and author on the subjects of photography and art. The artists included here are Alfred J. Miller, John Harrison Mills, Alfred Mitchell, and Heinrich Balduin Mollhausen.

Date: 1930-1955

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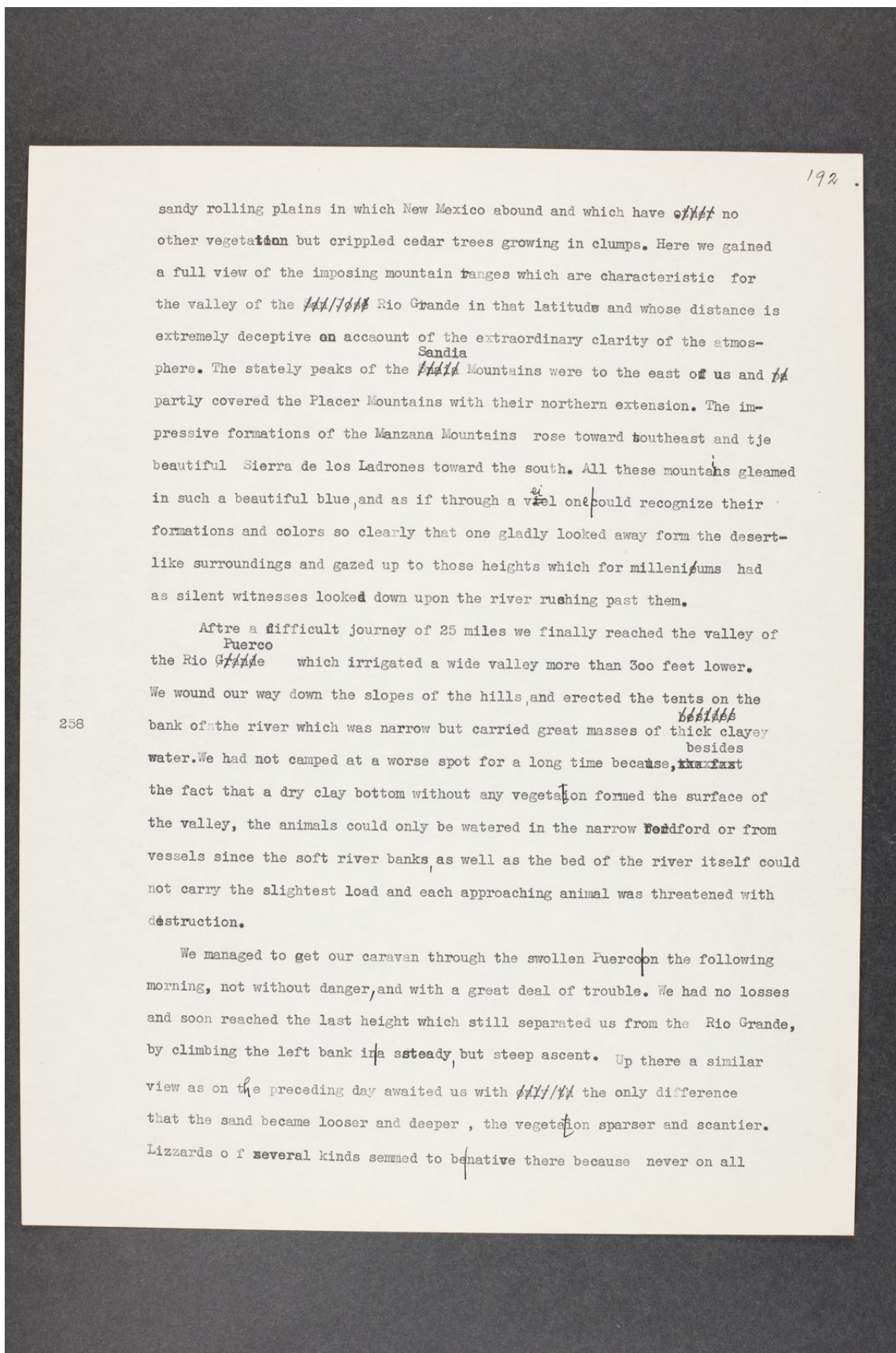
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sandy rolling plains in which New Mexico abound and which have ~~other~~ no other vegetation but crippled cedar trees growing in clumps. Here we gained a full view of the imposing mountain ranges which are characteristic for the valley of the ~~the~~ Rio Grande in that latitude and whose distance is extremely deceptive on account of the extraordinary clarity of the atmosphere. The stately peaks of the ~~the~~ Sandia Mountains were to the east of us and ~~partly~~ partly covered the Placer Mountains with their northern extension. The impressive formations of the Manzana Mountains rose toward southeast and the beautiful Sierra de los Ladrones toward the south. All these mountains gleamed in such a beautiful blue, and as if through a veil one could recognize their formations and colors so clearly that one gladly looked away from the desert-like surroundings and gazed up to those heights which for milleniums had as silent witnesses looked down upon the river rushing past them.

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After a difficult journey of 25 miles we finally reached the valley of the Rio ~~Grande~~ <sup>Puerco</sup> which irrigated a wide valley more than 300 feet lower. We wound our way down the slopes of the hills, and erected the tents on the bank of the river which was narrow but carried great masses of thick clayey water. We had not camped at a worse spot for a long time because, ~~the fact~~ <sup>besides</sup> the fact that a dry clay bottom without any vegetation formed the surface of the valley, the animals could only be watered in the narrow Fordford or from vessels since the soft river banks, as well as the bed of the river itself could not carry the slightest load and each approaching animal was threatened with destruction.

We managed to get our caravan through the swollen Puerco on the following morning, not without danger, and with a great deal of trouble. We had no losses and soon reached the last height which still separated us from the Rio Grande, by climbing the left bank in a steady, but steep ascent. Up there a similar view as on the preceding day awaited us with ~~the~~ the only difference that the sand became looser and deeper, the vegetation sparser and scantier. Lizards of several kinds seemed to be native there because never on all

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my trips did I find more specimens, nor a greater variety in such a small space. The wind had died down, bright sunshine warmed the fine sand and the beautifully marked animals lay there motionless; they had their mouths open, and apparently inhaled the warm air with great delight after the wintry cold and the long numbness.

We had ridden for several ~~hours~~ hours when the ground suddenly dropped before us and we had the first view of the Rio Grande, and its valley. I stopped because in front of me, I saw the wide river with its low, level valley and its desolate border and the gray cities and towns ~~with~~ with their green orchards which seemed comparable to oases, because of the complete lack of wooded land. The city of Albuquerque and the old camp-site, with which so many memories were connected, lay before me. Numerous paths led down like yellow ribbons from the point where I stood, each one had its own goal, even though it may have been only a small farm. We chose the road which led to the spot, where we discovered a ferry through the telescope. The dark-brown color of the water and the fact that the river completely filled its bed and partly flooded the low-lying meadows were proof for us that it was impossible to wade through it.

When we came down into the valley, we had to make a number of detours due to the high water level because the canals which had been dug, and which opened in all directions to irrigate the soil, had transformed the heavy clay into a sticky morrass and partly flooded the roads. Little boats drifted (rode) around the streets of the town of Atrisco which lies close to the river but a small strip of pasture was visible between the town and the stream. The ferry called at this point and we decided to wait there until we crossed.

Although the highest places of the meadow were hardly more than 6 inches above the surrounding water level, we found the ground dry enough for camping, and since the day was too far advanced for embarkation we settled down close to the riverbank, pitched our tents, and the fragrance of nourishing food pervaded the air over ~~the~~ the camp-fires for which some Mexicans had



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furnished the wood, the eggs and the onions ~~for~~ on the promise of cash on the following day.

If I had been unexpectedly transported to the banks of the Rio Grande I would have hardly recognized the river through which I once rode on a mule without wetting my feet. At that time its bed consisted of a series of sand banks between which the yellowish water trickled lazily or stood about in puddles. For apart from the fact that the river now formed an uninterrupted expanse with the bordering plains, the water roared on with such fury as if it were a series of rapids. With considerable anxiety I thought of our weakened animals which were to swim the rapid current. The altitude of the Rio Grande at Atrisco is 5030 feet above sea level, and the terrible current is not surprising, as the snow waters of the numerous mountain ranges rush through this single channel to the Gulf of Mexico.

In order to gather information from Lieutenant Ives who had reached the Rio Grande on the previous day and also to report our arrival at the military post in Albuquerque and to draw new provisions, Peacock had himself ferried across the river in a small boat. He returned before nightfall and informed us that Lieutenant Ives had gone to Santa Fe to withdraw money, and that nothing kept us from crossing the ~~river~~ Rio Grande as soon as possible and from establishing our ~~new~~ headquarters on the left bank for the time being. He also brought news from Fort Yuma, namely, that ~~the~~ our little 'Explorer' had managed the return trip on the Colorado without an accident and furthermore that the people in Fort Yuma were worried about our fate as even the Indians trading there, those from the Gila and those from the Colorado knew nothing about our whereabouts except that we had traveled north. We heard only indefinite news about the Mormon War. The Mormons had fortified the mountain passes and occupied them and the American troops who had suffered terribly during the winter brought up more and more reinforcements in order to be





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261      able to open the war forcefully at the beginning of the summer. Besides this  
news Peacock brought a full bottle and we had no more reason to be discon-  
tented with our fate on the banks of the Rio Grande during that evening.

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### Chapter 32

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Crossing the Rio Grande- Camp on the left bank- The American soldiers- The Fandangos- The doctor's fall - Corpus Christi- Meeting an old friend- A tale about experiences in Illinois and New Orleans- Winkel ' story and his plans for the future- Lieutenant Ives' return from Santa Fé - His instructions- Lieutenant Ives' departure for California- Last preparation for the trip through the prairies.

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June 1. The wide ferryboat stopped close to our camp, our effects were packed and ready for embarkation, the mules grazed calmly and after we had finished breakfast, everyone set out to work. Our wagon was loaded first, we followed, and as many men, as the boat could carry without endangering us; upon the signal: 'All aboard!' we cast off. But the cable had scarcely slipped through the ring when the current seized the boat and took it behind a visible sandbank with the power and speed of a locomotive, obliquely toward the middle of the river. The rush of the water had given such an impetus to the boat that it glided as far as the <sup>calm</sup> shallow water behind the island; there the ferry-people together with our packers jumped overboard and dragged the boat upstream on the eastside of the island. It was a hard, fatiguing task but we finally reached the point where the current pushed us toward the left bank, and once again entrusting ourselves to it, and helping with poles we <sup>came to</sup> ~~reached~~ the place of disembarkation swiftly and without mishap; close-by we started to set up camp at once.

The mules caused more trouble, the entire herd was driven together at the place of embarkation, the two leading horses tied to the rowboat, the boat thrown loose at a given signal, the horses pushed into the water and the mules driven after them with whips and shouts. But when the mules saw how fast the current carried the boat and the horses, they got frightened, turned around, broke through the line of men and scattered on the meadow. The two horses had, meanwhile, safely landed on the island whereupon the ferry people went back in order to make a new attempt without them, equipped only with their bells. It was more successful this time, because some of the first mules were pushed into the water by their companions pressing after them, and the others followed more willingly. There was something very funny in this scene, how the animals one after the other were torn away with the rapidity of an arrow, and how they stretched out their noses and their long ears and looked toward the boat with longing, in which <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ Mexican rang the 2 guiding bells with all his might, and encouraged the herd to endurance. The entire flock reached the sand island safely and the way from there to us was covered without accident, so that we





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had accomplished the crossing of the Rio Grande with our entire expedition by noon and could consider our task as successfully completed.

264 Here on the left bank of the river we were back to the full flesh pots, our animals were also relieved from all need as they had been given hay and corn in abundance by the quartermaster in Albuquerque. By the way, this day, we selected the 14 best and strongest riding and pack animals for our trip across the prairies, in order to give them our special care in the camp, while the others were turned back to the quartermaster of the post who immediately incorporated them into his herd.

We stayed 9 days in the camp outside Albuquerque and spent this time partly in town in the company of the officers who showed themselves as kind and hospitable people, partly in our camp where we were busy with the preparations for our trip. Many things were necessary as preparations; we consigned to the waves of the Rio Grande what had become unserviceable, repaired defective objects or replaced them with new ones, and at the same time surrounded ourselves with all the luxury of which Albuquerque could boast. The proximity of the city with its saloons was annoying in some respects, because one could find soldiers drunk in the camp at any time of the day, noisily quarreling with each other and especially molesting us by constantly borrowing money. We acceded to their wishes in the beginning as we knew that they had not received any pay, for the most natural reasons, since their departure from Fort Yuma. But when we noticed that they traded and exchanged their blankets and other objects to the Mexicans for whiskey, we remained deaf to the requests and promises of these reckless fellows, and it was to our advantage, because we never received anything in return for the money we had lent them, and altogether that was quite a sizeable sum. We also got used to drunken soldiers, this the more easily as we had erected our little camp somewhat apart from theirs, and ordered them most emphatically to keep away from us.

265 We retained the services of two Irishmen who had accompanied us as cook and servant, from San Francisco and were very anxious to return to the United States; in addition we hired a young robust American who had been recommended to us as a good wagon-leader. He immediately got his eight mules and a strong wagon and found enough to do in familiarizing himself with everything; he had the animals shod, etc. in a word, he carefully prepared himself for the impending trip.

Impatiently we now awaited the return of Lieutenant Ives in order to make the last arrangements, and to set out for Santa Fé where we, together with Peacock, wanted to visit some of his old friends and lay in a supply of food. We did not let this keep us from enjoying all the pleasures offered us in Albuquerque; to those belonged the Fandangos above all to which we received regularly invitations. We had an excellent time at these occasions and when I looked at the



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266 *data 2* pretty Mexican girls whom I had met four years ago as graceful dancing partners <sup>198</sup> and whom I had often swung around in a fast waltz, it seemed to me as if just as many days had passed for darkreyed Sghata, red-cheeked Juanita and all the other Senoritas whatever their names might have been, smiled at me fresh and blossoming as in those days. Their ranks had ~~xxxx~~increased but the old veterans in the circle of pretty girls looked no less flourishing and fresh than their young successors, and they vied with them in childlike manners and movements, just as in the big world, only that the art to preserve oneself and to cheat time a few years had reached a higher degree here, a degree which many a beauty of ~~the~~ <sup>refined</sup> civilization would certainly have envied the poor Senoritas. Whether it was a question of better cosmetics or the climate that made the old girls in Albuquerque appear more youthful <sup>than</sup> their contemporaries in regions farther east, I do not know, but I do know that missing hair and teeth do not have to be replaced artificially in New Mexico, because I saw natural braids everywhere, more beautiful than those which could have come from the shop of a gifted hairdresser, and teeth so gleaming white that the most famous factory could not have furnished better ones.

If I met many old friends among the girls at these Pandangos, the musicians were no less familiar to me as I recognized the old man with the parchment-like skin and his harp, the young man with his black curls who had grown a sparse beard in the meantime, and his guitar; I also remembered the old violinist and the clarinet player; both still produced the same shrieking tones on their instruments, better suited to driving a sober guest to the bar in the adjacent room than to keeping him on the dance floor. At the bar, well, there was El Paso wine and champagne for hard cash, also brandy, whiskey and cake, everything just as <sup>before</sup> and a very gay crowd milled around just as in days gone-by.

267 Around midnight we strangers usually left the noisy ~~life~~ crowd, mounted our mules which were patiently waiting outside the door, and ~~spurred~~ <sup>goaded</sup> by a touch of merriment or by the desire to reach the camp, 3 miles away, quickly, we arranged a nocturnal race using our spurs only, and leaving it to the mules to take us to our goal in the shortest way. 'We will break our necks with such tomfoolery' Egloffstein said one night when we left ~~the~~ town in a wild chase; the rest of us found this remark very prudent and did not doubt that it would really come to that, advised one another to discontinue the race and ride more slowly, whereby each one pressed his spurs deeper into the flanks of his animal. Suddenly the black shadows of the doctor and his mule ~~disappeared~~ disappeared from our midst and soon afterward we heard a low moaning behind us in the street. We stopped, rode back and found the doctor's mule back on its feet, but the unlucky rider lay, as if lifeless on the hard barnlike ~~xxxx~~ ground. We were seized with horror when we raised him up





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and found him almost unable to walk. As we were only a short distance from the barracks of the garrison, it seemed wisest to take the patient back there and put <sup>him</sup> under doctor's care. After a great deal of trouble we finally got a bed, the doctor of the garrison, and a nurse and when we were convinced that our friend had not been seriously injured except for a broken cheekbone and lacerations of the face, we rode slowly and gravely back toward the camp. Dr. Newberry had to stay in bed for several days; During the whole time he was tortured by wound fever and pains in his joints, but he soon recovered enough that we could start on our trip according to our first plan although for several weeks his face showed the disfiguring mark of the fall, and the slight but constant internal bleeding revealed the slow healing process of the splintered cheek bone. Habit means a lot in life; even on the first few days of our trip the accident was mentioned only as a joke and when we reached the Missouri five weeks later, the Doctor's 'cracked skull', as we liked to call it, was completely healed, and not a spark of his great scholarship nor of his honest humanitarianism disposition, which made <sup>all</sup> who knew him, love him, had escaped through the crack.

'You have to come to town early tomorrow, tomorrow is Corpus Christi'; that is what we were told when we mounted our mules, said goodnight to our friends and trotted merrily to our camp. We had not forgotten the invitation, because bright and early on the 4th the saddled mules stood in front of the tent, and since we lacked a Sunday suit, we were content with shaking the dust from our coats, polishing our boots with a <sup>piece</sup> slab of bacon. Half an hour later we were at the Market Square of Albuquerque, amidst a population, gay beyond all description, of whom some had imbibed in one or perhaps two glasses beyond their capacity.

The Market Square, in whose center the ancient church rises with its clay walls, had attained a festive appearance according to local concepts, because the grey gables of the houses had been hung with blankets, shawls, clothes and colored strips of material from top to bottom and since most of these objects showed the traces of frequent and long use we needed little imagination to fancy ourselves amidst a great number of old-clothes shops. But whatever character the peculiar decorations might have, we could not help noticing the love of the people for bright colors, and they proved their love for noise most emphatically by rifle fire which accompanied the most solemn moments of the mass.

We went to our normal meeting place, a corner house behind the church, from where we could watch the procession around the square. Under several verandas the owners had erected small altars on which, surrounded by the most peculiar ornaments, the Virgin Mary was placed as a picture, as a plaster of Paris statue or as a brilliantly dressed doll. The devout double row of well-dressed Senoritas and Senors



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solemnly marched to those altars following the priest and the choir boys. They were accompanied by the band of the garrison which the commanding officer obligingly had put at the disposal of the church for this day.

The musicians, most of them Geymans, played all marches, of course, but that did not interfere with the brilliance of the festivity at all, which was definitely increased in a true Mexican way by the constant firing of rifles. The priest read a mass before each altar and when the procession afterward crowded the church to the point of suffocation, we went there too to attend the end of the morning's celebrations. Nothing disturbed the order in the large gathering, coquettish Senoritas and honest Pueblo-Indians, bigoted Irishmen and vain Senores knelt peacefully side by side; the priest officiated with solemn movements and the attentive choir boys skillfully obeyed his signs; the rosaries glided through the fingers and in quick tempo, timpani, trumpets and clarinets united in a virtuoso performance of 'Songs of the Danube' which was followed by Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance'.

' Then, when the priest piously bows  
and turns to the altar  
shows God everpresent  
in hands raised on high.'

The rifles thundered from the church door, the trumpeters sounded a loud, long flourish, powder smoke mingled with incense, the pious listeners bowed deeper, deepest, however, the prettiest girls in town who had been pointed out to me as the most frivolous. I finally left the church, and at the same time the dangerous proximity of the rifles which were filled with a double or triple charge by their enthusiastic owners, and joined the merry people who stood around the market square in groups. I watched the life around me attentively and engaged in reflections about what I had seen and heard shortly before. A stranger suddenly called me by name and asked me to follow him. We soon got out of the crowd and turning to me at an open space, the stranger asked me in German whether I knew him. I looked at him carefully and to be sure discovered familiar features in his face, but for a long time, I could not place the young man in his civilian suit which was fairly decent for prevailing conditions, and whose countenance and well-kept moustache betrayed the soldier. I finally recognized him, but I still was not quite sure and asked: "Aren't you---?" Yes, that's me, but my name is Winkel, now, he answered. 'Well, Winkel?' I asked again. It is more than five years since we met at the pier in New Orleans just as unexpectedly! At that time you had the appearance of an honest merchant with close-shaved face and now I see in you, if I am not mistaken, a gay soldier.' "You are not altogether wrong=", Winkel answered, 'Although I am no longer in active service, but I was with the Dragoons for four years and I am now secretary of the Quartermaster store; but let's drink before we tell our stories.

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~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ With these words he put his arm <sup>rough</sup> in mine, and led me to a near  
 saloon where we tasted the delicate El Paso wine and remembered the good old times.  
 In the afternoon I accompanied Winkel to his flat and we sat ~~together~~ for a long  
 time engrossed in telling our experiences of the last five years.

'When I had chosen the life of a hunter as my profession in Illinois in 1852  
 and when this life became too wretched and unprofitable during the wet season I  
 longed for a few months in town, that is, not loafing but occupying myself in a  
 way suitable to me.

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 'I, therefore, went to Belleville, the nearest larger town. On my first day  
 there I met Mr. Winkel who was employed as court secretary at that time. In the  
 course of our conversation I found out that he planned to give up his position  
 and become a bookkeeper in a large department store; he suggested that I apply  
 for his old position. Such an employment was very desirable as it gave me an  
 opportunity to perfect my English besides opening a pleasant way of earning a  
 livelihood. Since one usually has more consideration for ability than for re-  
 commendations in America, when official positions are filled, it was easy in this  
 case to see my wishes come true and for several months Winkel and I lived, ate,  
 and worked together as good neighbors. Our first acquaintanceship dated back to  
 that time. An unquenchable desire for the wild regions of the western part of the  
 American continent did not allow me a long respite behind a desk. I, therefore,  
 took leave one day from my friends and acquaintances in Belleville and a few months  
 afterwards I traveled through the endless prairies of the west, the land of my  
 longing and my dreams, with a rifle on my back. I don't have to report here that  
 I was considered dead and missing for a long time, I'll just mention that I re-  
 appeared in Belleville after one and a half years to the amazement of my friends,  
 that I searched there for Winkel in vain and could only find out that he too had  
 departed and was missing. My travels took me to New Orleans a few months later,  
 where I spent 6 weeks and where I used my time economically to familiarize myself  
 as much as possible with the city and its surroundings.

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 As in all ports which I have visited, here too, markets and piers, were my  
 favorite haunt in the early morning hours, and I received a great deal of pleasure  
 from watching the treasures which the ocean and the tropical zone furnishes man  
 for his needs and his luxury, and from observing the gay life of the negroes on  
 the piers who <sup>continually shouting and quarrelling</sup> pulled up huge barrels to the main yard in order to carry  
 them off from the dark holds of clumsy merchant boats or else or else to take them  
 there depending upon the circumstances. I had finished my breakfast one day, that  
 is to say, on one of the long tables at the market square I had eaten highly  
 seasoned soup for little money for which after a cruel fashion a sea turtle hanging  
 nearby and still alive, had furnished the meat, I also had some lobster claws, crabs

1) Mollhausen's Diary; Tale of the Adventures on the Nebraska.

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and oysters with a piece of bread and a cup of coffee. I had then gone over to a French three-master, from which barrel after barrel of the most delicious wine was lowered to the pier by means of big cranes. My attention was suddenly captured by a gentleman who climbed about the barrels, a siphon in one hand, a notebook in the other, had this barrel or that one opened, dipped the simple but very useful instrument into the choice grape juice and sampled the different wines with the air of a connoisseur. I was not mistaken, he was an old friend of mine, Winkel, to be sure.'

He was so engrossed in his occupation that he did not notice me until I sat beside him on the iron-clad hogshead and invited him in a friendly manner to ask for my opinion of the wine also. Winkel fixed his ~~eyes~~<sup>eyes</sup> upon me, examined me from head to toe, and exclaimed with an expression of utmost amazement: 'You have not been scalped after all?' 'Not quite, but almost', I answered taking off my wide-brimmed straw hat and showing him the luxuriant growth of hair on my head. 'Maybe you are wearing a wig?' Winkel asked again and ran his hand over my head. 'Really! He continued, 'It's your own hair and here people said that the Indians had relieved you forever from the trouble of getting a hair cut.'

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Now questions and answers started while we remained sitting on the barrel; a large piece of canvas protected us from the burning ~~heat~~ rays of the sun, a refreshing breeze blew in from the gulf, the open bung-hole was between the two of us siphon and cup on the one side and then on the other, and we did not stir from the place until the ocean breeze died down and the heat drove us in different directions to our hotels.

Winkel had become a book keeper in a large winery, and held not only a pleasant but also lucrative position. We were together a lot during my six weeks' stay in New Orleans, and after I had hunted snakes and alligators for scientific collections all day, and had almost succumbed to the heat doing this, I found relaxation in the evening when nocturnal coolness descended upon the reviving city, and when I sat on the balcony with Winkel and in a carefree fashion sacrificed the finest products of Havana and France to the moment. The balcony on which we were, reached across several houses, but was separated from each adjoining house through high walls so that one could distinctly hear everything that went on in the neighborhood, though the open doors and windows, without seeing the inhabitants themselves.

In the second flat from our balcony ~~there~~ but on the same floor there lived a singer; she also used the beautiful evenings to her advantage and for hours she sang such beautiful songs and melodies in her clear lovely voice that one could not have



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274 wished for more pleasant entertainment. Despite his efforts, Winkel, who had 203  
lived there for some time, had never seen the singer, who gave us so much enjoyment each evening, but we agreed in our youthful opinions that this privileged lady must be a young girl, perhaps a very beautiful ~~girl~~ one.

Winkel's curiosity to meet the beautiful neighbor increased in the same degree as I advised him against it, 'for' I said, 'if you find yourself disappointed in your expectations, all your illusions will vanish, the halo with which you surround the singer in your imagination now, will fall ~~like a worn coat~~ to the ground like a worn coat and you will listen to the singer with less attention later on. He did not want to agree with me at all and was amazed at my way of philosophizing.

'I must see the singer today', even if I fall down into the street from the balcony!' Winkel said one evening around midnight when the last words of the aria of grace had just died away and he had put a new bottle on ice. 'Stay here', I said to him laughingly, 'a revolver bullet could easily spoil your pleasure!' 'And if they were canon balls, they could not keep me back' he answered, and soon afterward he was outside the balcony railing where he clung to the iron posts. The street was almost empty, and the few people who still came past could scarcely notice him because he was on the second floor. But when he crawled past illuminated doors and windows and the gleam of the light made him visible, people probably considered his behavior a harmless joke, and he was safe from inhabitants of the opposite house as there was a huge hotel under construction instead of lighted windows. I quote Winkel's own words: 'I looked cautiously around the first partition, the balcony was empty and there was silence in the apartment; soon afterward I got to the second partition not without danger, everything was safe there too, and after going a few feet, I finally had a free view into the room and at the singer who had kept my irresistible curiosity alive for so long. The room with three windows from which the bell-clear trills and modulations sounded out anew, was not lavishly but elegantly furnished; a soft carpet covered the floor, two children slept on it.

275 Leaning lazily against a corner sofa there sat an old Creole with a grim expression on his bearded face; he read a newspaper and seemed to care as little

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about the music as about everything else. Illuminated by two ~~exquisite~~ lamps my singer sat in the center of the room before an open grand piano; I only saw her her profile but hardly had I thrown a first glance at her, when I heaved a deep sigh and wished I were back at your side. There I saw in front of me in a light white dress coquettishly hanging from her alabaster shoulders a female figure who may have weighed about 200 pounds. She had a long neck but it seemed to be more a continuation of the fat shoulders than a separate limb, and a triple chin adorned the lower half of her face in which an unbelievably big mouth played the dominant part. Her eyes were black, small and slit, her dark hair of unusual luxuriance and beauty; her complexion ~~also left nothing to be desired~~ which shone more than was necessary because of the heat, also left nothing to be desired, and was in sharp contrast to the braids and curls which hung loosely from her broad shoulders. There she sat, my mysterious singer, rocking gracefully her beautifully shaped hand gracefully, and her fat hands skilfully flew across the keys of the instrument and the lovely soothing sounds which were breathed through two rows of pearl-like teeth gradually faded away.

I looked at her in amazement and almost doubted that this corpulent woman really was the artist, but there was no mistake possible and I began to move back slowly on the outside of the balcony. I had not yet reached the first partition when the music suddenly stopped and right afterward the lean figure of the sinister Creole appeared in the door. I thought I had ~~been~~ discovered and pressed myself to the railing but the man lazily lifted his arms, stretched his limbs and then exclaimed: 276 'What a gorgeous evening!' The last word had hardly left his lips when the voluminous lady, his wife without any doubt, snuggled up to him, put her arm tenderly through his and answered him in French: 'Oh my Guido! You, my only happiness, what bliss to admire the magnificent evening at your side, what magic!' - 'Forget this foolishness, the stern husband interrupted her harshly. 'You had better worry about your children!' Winkel had used this monnet to slide around the corner and soon afterward he sat at my side again and reported to me exactly what he had seen and heard. We frequently heard the singing on subsequent evenings, we found it no less beautiful but never again did <sup>the</sup> desire rise in Winkel to dare a nocturnal walk on the outside of the balcony railing.

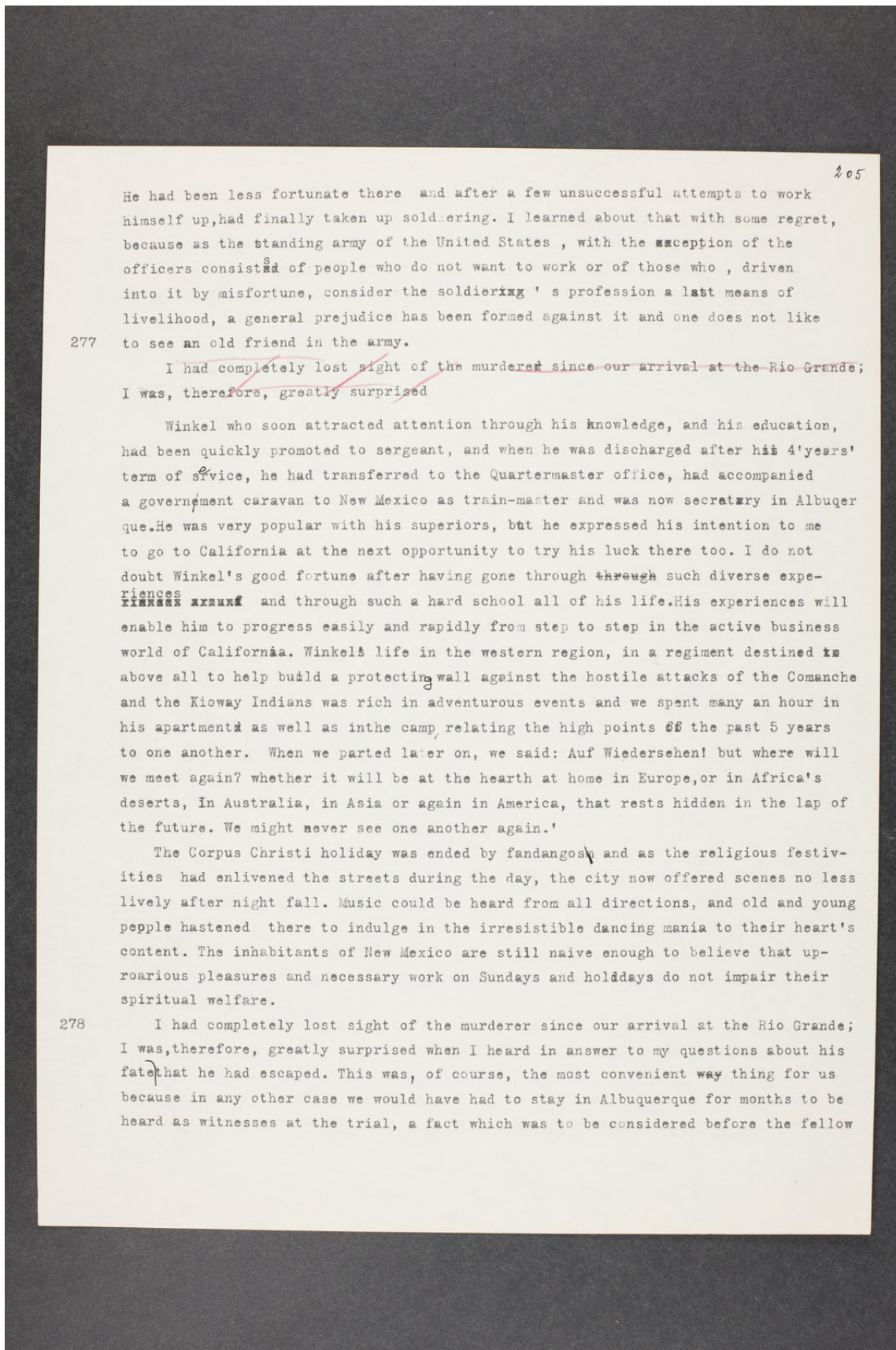
My sojourn in New Orleans came to an end, I took leave from Winkel and hundred of miles soon separated us from one another. Years passed, for me years of sweet rest at home alternating with years as an active traveler, and we finally met again unexpectedly in Albuquerque.

Soon after my departure from New Orleans Winkel also had left the city; I believe that a Creole woman had deserted him, and although not with a broken heart, it was with broken finances and in a sullen mood that he turned to the State of Texas.





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He had been less fortunate there and after a few unsuccessful attempts to work himself up, had finally taken up soldiering. I learned about that with some regret, because as the standing army of the United States, with the exception of the officers consisted of people who do not want to work or of those who, driven into it by misfortune, consider the soldiering's profession a last means of livelihood, a general prejudice has been formed against it and one does not like to see an old friend in the army.

I had completely lost sight of the murdered since our arrival at the Rio Grande; I was, therefore, greatly surprised

Winkel who soon attracted attention through his knowledge, and his education, had been quickly promoted to sergeant, and when he was discharged after his 4 years' term of service, he had transferred to the Quartermaster office, had accompanied a government caravan to New Mexico as train-master and was now secretary in Albuquerque. He was very popular with his superiors, but he expressed his intention to me to go to California at the next opportunity to try his luck there too. I do not doubt Winkel's good fortune after having gone through through such diverse experiences ~~xxxxxx~~ and through such a hard school all of his life. His experiences will enable him to progress easily and rapidly from step to step in the active business world of California. Winkel's life in the western region, in a regiment destined to above all to help build a protecting wall against the hostile attacks of the Comanche and the Kioway Indians was rich in adventurous events and we spent many an hour in his apartment as well as in the camp, relating the high points of the past 5 years to one another. When we parted later on, we said: Auf Wiedersehen! but where will we meet again? whether it will be at the hearth at home in Europe, or in Africa's deserts, in Australia, in Asia or again in America, that rests hidden in the lap of the future. We might never see one another again.'

The Corpus Christi holiday was ended by fandangoes and as the religious festivities had enlivened the streets during the day, the city now offered scenes no less lively after night fall. Music could be heard from all directions, and old and young people hastened there to indulge in the irresistible dancing mania to their heart's content. The inhabitants of New Mexico are still naive enough to believe that uproarious pleasures and necessary work on Sundays and holidays do not impair their spiritual welfare.

I had completely lost sight of the murderer since our arrival at the Rio Grande; I was, therefore, greatly surprised when I heard in answer to my questions about his fate that he had escaped. This was, of course, the most convenient way thing for us because in any other case we would have had to stay in Albuquerque for months to be heard as witnesses at the trial, a fact which was to be considered before the fellow



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was actually turned over to the court. The flight which possibly was not made difficult for him, relieved us of all inconveniences and I also do not remember that any attempts were made to recapture the criminal. The punishment would probably have been very mild because drunkenness and with that the irresponsibility of the murderer during the deed could be proven and this is ~~usually~~ usually an excellent means in the hands of the lawyers of that city to snatch a criminal committed for trial from the gallows.

Lieutenant Ives returned from Santa Fé on June 7, and the men were immediately discharged and the expedition declared dissolved. Only we, whose next goal was the Missouri, remained on the bank of the Rio Grande, as well as the escort, chosen for our ~~company~~ <sup>party</sup>. Upon orders of the General Command in Santa Fé we were informed by Lieutenant Ives to visit the military post of Fort Union en-our trip, which is located at the foot of the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountains and past which the old trading route leads at a short distance; there we were to replenish our provisions, and to give our 14 animals a last rest before the imminent difficult ride. Besides that there was an officer at that post who had been transferred ~~to~~ back to the United States; in order to give him and his family an opportunity to join us we should prolong our stay in Fort Union if necessary. Lieutenant Ives

279 also handed us the necessary funds for paying our traveling expenses after arriving on the Missouri and at the same time provided us with sufficient credit so that we were completely protected against all contingencies. Fort Leavenworth on the Upper Missouri was fixed as our next goal; there we should turn over our animals and all our equipment to the Commander of the Fort, and then continue our trip by rail and steamboat according to our wishes and at our convenience.

Lieutenant Ives himself left us on the evening of the following day, that is to say, June 8. We accompanied him to the light traveling coach which was to take him down to El Paso and from there to Fort Yuma and San Diego; I do not think that any one of us envied him this trip. He, on the other hand, expressed his utmost regret several times, to be unable to wander across the prairie with us. We parted, determined at the last moment a hotel in New York where we intended to meet again and the United States Mail was off, drawn by six fleetly mules and escorted by half a dozen dragoons.

Packing the wagon and procuring new provisions claimed our attention almost exclusively during the 2 following ~~markxxx~~ days. Everyone discovered something in town which seemed worth taking along and brought it into camp on his saddle. One trotted up merrily swinging ~~axham~~, another balanced a basket with half a dozen bottles on the pommel, still another dragged sealed tin cans to the camp, with oysters and lobsters in them; small barrels, four in number, with strong and fortified fying contents appeared in camp as well as dried deer and buffalo meat. In

280 short, it was our intention not to suffer any need on the stretch of 900 English miles but rather make our trip a real pleasure trip, and whatever could in any





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contribute to our enjoyment and comfort in the prairie and was within our reach, was procured and easily stowed away in the spacious, covered wagon. When we went to bed on the evening of June 10 we could say to ourselves that rarely had a party traveled through the prairies which had been as excellently equipped as we were.



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Chapter 33

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Departure from Albuquerque- Parforce hunt of the Indians-Night camp in Algodones- Waiting in vain for the escort-Leaving the valley of the Rio Grande-Romero's Rancho- Santa Fé-Exchange Hotel- Departure from Santa Fé- Camp at Stone Corral\* and Meeting the escort- Beautiful landscapes- The ruins of Pecos- Camping there-Leaving the escort-The California immigrants-The Peco river- The town of San José- The valley of the Pecos-Ojo del Verde-The escort strays to Anton Chico- Camp in Las Vegas- The healthy springs-The lake on the plateau-Arrival at the edge of the prairie and in Fort Union.

June 11. We were ready to start bright and early; eight strong animals insturdy harness stood before the heavily laden wagon, the camp chair, the table and the ~~xxl~~ rolled-up tent had just been pushed in, six other mules waited for their riders and when the coachman yelled in a loud voice: All ready! accompanying his shouts with cracks of his tough whip, we jumped into the saddle and merrily trotted toward Albuquerque through which our road led. The escort also was busy getting ready for the departure, we, therefore, gave Lieutenant Tipton the city of Algodones as the place where we intended to camp and then went cheerfully on our way.

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We were, as I remarked <sup>with our servants</sup> above, a party of seven men, each one as strong and courageous as any man who had ever entered the grassy prairies. We did not lack experience nor health after the doctor had recovered, and as we were abundantly supplied with rifles, double-barreled guns, revolver-~~xxxxxx~~ pistols, and long knives, we formed a little power that certainly did not have to fear a few dozen Indians and could make its way unmolested through all prairie-Indian tribes by taking adequate precautions.

Traveling caravans are certainly commonplace in Albuquerque; but when we moved through the streets many a man joined us, to be sure less from curiosity than from the desire to have a last farewell drink with us in the well-known corner house on the market square. We therefore, sent our wagon and the servants ahead, went into the corner saloon once more, and the rooms ~~xxx~~ of the Sutler establishments were soon filled with the sound of gay voices, tingling glasses, and the smoke of tobacco. Gaslit- salons with inlaid wooden floors and huge mirrors, reflecting the charming pictures of effeminate gentlemen with sweet obliging smiles and boldly curled perfumed moustaches and half-naked busts of beautiful women, rising from mountains of silks and laces, cannot compare with a saloon in the west. But if you glance into those saloons, where intelligence is often hidden behind a rough exterior, frankness and gaiety, and often intelligence are hidden behind a rough exterior, where the torn hunting garb and the shaggy beard cannot quite <sup>hide</sup> conceal the cultured man (I speak





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283 only of a certain type of western saloons), one almost doubts whether the beauty  
and brilliance are so very desirable, and willingly bears the criticism and  
reproaches which are heaped upon you for frequenting such places or even describing  
283 them. Thus I'll never regret the last hours in Albuquerque, on the contrary I'll  
remember them often with pleasure, without forgetting a single toast spoken at  
that occasion, or the felicitations and handshakes which accompanied us when we  
mounted our mules and emptied the last goblet in the saddle. 'Good luck on your  
trip!' was shouted after us when we set spurs to our animals and galloped through  
the city. The hoofs clattered on the solid clay road, and the grey city soon lay  
behind us, before us was the valley of the Rio Grande, in which we traveled upstream.  
Our wagon was way ahead, the members of the escort also reeled ahead of us or lay  
unconscious in the nearby ditches. We soon had to slow down, as our road led through  
low land which had been softened or flooded by the river and some hours passed be-  
fore we reached our wagon.

Level, fertile soil surrounded us with few interruptions during the whole fore-  
noon; canals, ditches and deep furrows often crossed the valley; all the locks had  
been opened by the people living there, and we, therefore, had considerable trouble  
in some places in getting through the low land in which the water flowed incessant-  
ly. Small towns, villages and farms dotted the vast plain, spring planting had been  
started everywhere, the meadows were turning light green, and at the eastern end  
of the valley where dry gravel formed the border and rose ~~uniformly~~ <sup>to</sup> uniformly to the  
foot of the Sandia Mountains I recognized the road on which I had traveled years  
ago in the company of my respected friend, Capt. Whipple.

284 We approached the <sup>Indian</sup> City of Bernalillo toward noon and an extremely interesting  
spectacle was in store for us there. A great number of Indians had gone rabbit-hunt-  
ing, and on good mounts <sup>had</sup> scattered across the entire valley as far as the eye  
could see so that there was an interval of 500- 1000 paces between the individual  
riders. Riding around slowly, they drove the rabbits from their nests and pursued  
them ~~until~~ at a full gallop until the nearest neighbor could take up the chase,  
who then drove the terrified animal to another rider and had him continue the hunt.  
Wherever the poor rabbits might turn, they encountered Indians who raced ahead  
on their speedy horses and could not be stopped in their wild chase by canals nor  
ditches. The whole spectacle presented a vast but extremely lively picture, and I  
watched the festively dressed warriors with a great deal of pleasure as they  
skillfully handled their foaming horses and jubilantly swang their short crooked  
sticks, the only weapon they used against the tiring rabbits. Each rider had  
3 or 4 of these simple tools, and his task consisted of hurling the odd weapon  
during the race and securing the loot with a well-aimed throw. They seemed to spurn

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any other method of capturing their prey because when I raised my rifle once to shoot one of the rabbits sitting not far from me on the edge of a ditch, with heaving flanks/ sides, several hunters galloping near, waved at me not to spoil their pleasure. Of course I immediately lowered my rifle, and witnessed how the terrified animal was chased around in the circle a few more times, and how it curled up dead after the second throw of those whirling sticks.

285 We left the ~~city~~ valley near Bernalillo and turned into the road which seems to separate the arable land from the desert. The mild weather which we had enjoyed almost all day, changed toward evening; a violent north wind came up, driving sand and dust into our eyes, and rolling heavy rainclouds over us. We reached the city of Algodones before dusk, called on an American merchant, a government purveyor, and received from him against receipt, fodder for the animals and a shed for our own shelter. A thunderstorm with violent rain broke during the night but when we stepped outside on the morning of June 12<sup>1)</sup> after an undisturbed comfortable night's rest the sun rose brilliantly from the eastern mountains and the light blue spring sky spread over the region in undimmed clarity.

286 Since the escort had not arrived the previous evening we waited ~~for~~ several hours for them but were finally forced to start out if we wanted to reach the farm of the next government purveyor before nightfall. We, therefore, left news for Lieutenant Tipton that we were going to take a side trip to Santa Fé and would catch up with him soon; we then traveled up the Rio Grande to the Pueblo de Santo Domingo<sup>2)</sup> opposite the Indian city of San Felipe on the right bank of the river. There we ~~found~~ following the highway, we turned east and reached the plateau in a steep climb in the afternoon; at its northern edge the city of Santa Fé is situated, protected by high mountains (Santa Fé mountains). At the place where we left the Rio Grande, the elevation was 5220 feet above sea level, near the old volcanoes Los Cerritos, where we spent the night, it was over 6000 feet high. We found the route which we traveled that day quite unfavorable for wagons, especially in the bed of the Galisteo River which we had to follow for several miles. Otherwise, the road, constantly changing, led uphill and downhill over stony barren ground where dwarfed cedars grew in isolated spots.

Our day's journey amounted to 26 miles, we camped near Romero's Rancho where we obtained not only fodder for our animals but chickens, pigeons, eggs and milk for our own kitchen.

Only in the late afternoon when we reached the lowland near the Cerritos & irrigated by numerous springs did we see again larger settlements and ranchos surrounded by extensive fields under cultivation.

The night was clear and mild, the morning of June 12/13 fresh and cold, and it was

1) Mollhausen erred here as he indicated in the diary that they left Albuquerque on June 11. 2) See Mollhausen Diary, p. 217



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quite noticeable that we were high above sea level. We left Romero's Rancho early and when we reached the next swell, the ancient city of Santa Fé glistened to the east as if surrounded by fog. The larger part of the city, lying in the low valley of the Rio Chiquito remained invisible but the numerous columns of smoke rising from the plain, indicated its size. I noticed the same signs of human habitation on the slopes of the mountains whose snow-capped peaks reached into the clouds. The plain itself, 15 miles of which we had to cross, again bore the character of an inhospitable desert, but the desolateness, I might almost say, its terrifying nature was somewhat moderated by the fact that we could see its borders in all directions and that the picturesque formations of mighty blue mountain ranges rose behind it. Thus there lay to the south of us, as if connected with one another the masses of the gold-bearing Placers and Sandia Mountains, to the west the <sup>misty</sup> ~~mighty~~ summits of the Jemez Mountains, to the north and northeast the Santa Fé mountains. The gaps between these main ranges were filled by wooded hills or isolated ~~less~~ important conical peaks so that one could imagine being in the center of a wide basin. Toward noon we finally arrived at the city with its grey houses and its church towers. It covers a wide area for even though the actual center of the city consists of a crowded mass of buildings, the houses of the suburbs are surrounded by gardens and fields; therefore it is impossible, at a superficial glance, to distinguish between the actual city precincts and the ranches.

Santa Fé is the capital of New Mexico as well as the seat of the American Headquarters and the legislature of that <sup>state?</sup> ~~province~~. But the place derives its main importance from the fact that it has been since its founding, the storage place <sup>of</sup> for all goods for New Mexico which are brought in almost exclusively from the Upper Missouri. To be sure some trading caravans now come up from Texas, and bring in goods unloaded from the boats on the Texan coast, but they are in no proportion to the thousands of heavy freight wagons which, year after year, travel through the endless grass steppes on the old trade route. The number of inhabitants is given differently up to 20000, but it hardly approaches that figure; at any rate a constant fluctuation must prevail in the city as a large section of the inhabitants chooses the town only as a temporary habitat and turns back to the more civilized regions after a few successful years in business. The population consists of Mexicans, Americans, Germans and French, trading is the main occupation of all of them. It can be easily explained that Santa Fé has a relatively larger number of roaming <sup>1</sup>adventurers at certain periods than any other city on the American continent as people who have no desire nor opportunity to work can quickly find employment on the Missouri with the caravans whose goals are the western regions. Such appointments last only as long as the trip itself, and, therefore, Santa Fé teems with people whose <sup>only</sup> occupation is to squander the wages earned and to wait for a new chance to travel.

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Another more decent class of people are the trappers, fur hunters, and traders, although they too get the whole city alarmed with their orgies and escapades. Facing danger and privation <sup>small groups of</sup> these bold people roam the lowlands and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, abounding in game, from the ~~Canadian~~ sources of the Canadian to the Yellowstone river. When they return in the summer to sell the captured furs, to get new equipment and provide themselves with articles for trade, they plunge, like the sailor whose boat landed in a safe port, into a whirl of wild amusements from which they only emerge in order to follow their dangerous trade with rifle and with traps. 212

The streets in Santa Fé are narrow, irregular and filthy, even the Market Square is proof that nobody there thinks of beautifying the city. The houses, almost all in Spanish-Mexican style, have on the whole, an uninviting exterior. Inside one normally misses the orderly hand of a housewife and if one steps through one of the low doors on the Market Square or in one of the main streets you can be sure that you will land either in a saloon, in a Fandango hall or a store. All nations are uniformly represented among the proprietors of the former, even the unavoidable German beer hall is there. In the stores you meet especially Americans and German Jews and it gives you a certain degree of pleasure to observe how the difference in nationality and of religion is without influence upon the social intercourse.

We put up at the Exchange Hotel and found comfortable American furnishings behind the Mexican walls. The food was as good as could be expected under the <sup>prevailing</sup> circumstances, and the beds- we could not deny ourselves the luxury/pleasure of spending a night in a bed again- seemed to us very comfortable despite their shortcomings. The time passed swiftly because Peacock continually met new friends and acquaintances to whom he introduced us and with whom we naturally had to 'have a drink'. In the end I regarded every arrival with a certain horror as I saw myself condemned to have another drink as soon as I noticed that he and our friend Peacock knew one another, to be sure, an honor which I could not refuse if I did not wish to be considered a man without tact and <sup>breeding</sup> culture.

The following day, June 13, was a Sunday and our departure had been set for 12 o'clock noon, but our saddled animals stood in front of the house till after 2 o'clock and the new friends assured us for at least four hours 'that they had to go home at once as they would be expected for lunch or urgent business.' The time flit by, noon went past, our wagon with <sup>the</sup> servants had left long ago, and we were there, surrounded by Germans and Americans with whom we had to go through the farewell ceremony a number of times before they would even allow us to get up from our chairs. When the big wall clock struck two we forced our way outside, and soon afterwards galloped through the narrow streets as if it were a matter of life and death.

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The route now led along the northern edge of the plain in a northeasterly direction; the spurs of the near mountain range frequently cut through our road toward south, and we, therefore, had a constant change of hill and dale adorned with beautiful strong trees. Green post oaks gleamed from the damp clefts while tall firs grew along the slopes and low cedar bushes looked down from the height into the low ~~valley~~ lands. Our surroundings were thus quite similar to our mood, that is youthful and romantic, and with a feeling of bliss we rode through the delightful regions which a mild rain had refreshed during the day. We had traveled 12 miles when we reached a little clearing enclosed by wooded heights. The road led across it and from the numerous, almost obliterated piles of ashes and recent fireplaces on both sides, we immediately recognized a much used camp site which travelers and caravans had for years considered the first or <sup>the</sup> last stop before Santa Fé. We noticed our wagon in the center of the clearing and our people were busy at the moment in tying the animals to long ropes while somewhat farther Lieutenant Tipton's tent rose, and his soldiers made their preparations for the night with more seriousness and countenance than they had done in Albuquerque. 213

291 All travelers who ever visited Santa Fé are probably acquainted with the name 'Stone Corral'. Stone Corral is the point where we met our escort; the ruins of old walls, a few paces from the spring, were the reason for this name. The ruins consist of the last but clearly visible remnants of a wall built from field stones which, similar, to the foundation of a tower encloses a round area of about 16 feet in diameter. Whether adobe walls stood on this stone wall at one time and formed an actual tower, or whether the original inhabitants sought to protect themselves against hostile neighbors or whether <sup>fur</sup> hunters and trappers defended themselves against the natives at that place and built the solid wall around their supplies of goods and furs, I do not know, because the building is of such nature that centuries cannot essentially change the stonewall, and that its origin can be placed into hoary antiquity just as easily as into recent times.

I am inclined to believe that the so-called Stone Corral which is too small to be considered an old cattle barn, owes its origin to the same peoples whose traces of circular fortifications can be frequently found in eastern North America and which I observed in the Nebraska territory <sup>44</sup> years ago. By the way I had noticed a similar wall ruin shortly before we reached the clearing, on one of the heights near the road. The investigations concerning Stone Corral which I conducted among the inhabitants of that region proved fruitless but I must mention that my stay was of too short a duration as that they could be considered exhaustive; and I am, therefore, giving only the description of the impressions, gained by

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my own examinations.

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June 14/15. Lieutenant Tipton and his escort had started out early; we followed an hour later and as we remained completely undisturbed we fully enjoyed the truly beautiful and paradisaical environs which, refreshed by nocturnal rain and the heavy dew, seemed to reach out toward the warming rays of the sun. Precipitous rocks alternated with wooded hills; clear brooks and springs rippled through cultivated and barren lowlands; dark-colored conifers and luscious foliage trees united in charming groups; herbs, plants and bushes grew rankly in the clearings; millions of drops sparkled in the most magnificent colors of the rainbow on leaves and ~~blades~~ needles, blades and buds like so many diamonds, vying with one another in reflecting the rays of the sun which ungratefully destroyed all the little mirrors. But what destroyed the dewdrops had a beneficial effect on the blunt-headed crickets, the locusts, <sup>45</sup> sitting on the branches in great numbers, turning their wet wings and timpani towards the drying rays of the sun. They whirled/ rustled dully at short intervals during the morning with their noisy instruments; but when the increasing heat tightened the small tympanic membranes under their wings their endless thousandfold whirring began in trees and bushes, a piercing /shrill whizzing and buzzing filled the calm air and almost drowned the song of the charming mocking bird which sat hidden in a shady spot and merrily sang its sweet songs to the world.

But people too enlivened the graceful scenery and where <sup>one</sup> ~~you~~ could not see the people themselves small farms and blockhouses gave evidence of their closeness; enclosures made of posts, real American 'fences' <sup>1)</sup> could be seen through the bushes now and then and on them loudly cackling chickens sunned themselves. Thus one believes to see nature in her most beautiful festive gown and the slightest sound is like a hymn of praise, revealing life in its smallest form. I tried to persuade myself that the sudden transition from the dry deserts and the treeless plains to the wooded mountain region made everything appear lovelier; but even though the recurring changes in nature generally increase her charms, and though I have passed through many a more blest region since then, I still remember that morning as particularly enjoyable. Looking back upon those days the emotions and impressions which were created at that time are involuntarily conjured up in my mind and try ~~to~~ to invade my description.

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Thus we went merrily on our way, and covered mile after mile, with the warm sun on our heads. We passed the escort near a farm called Cottonwood Spring. A Frenchman lives there, who actually takes treasures out of the ground he cultivates as the corn which he grows, always finds customers on the nearby road. We got forage for our animals and after a rest of one and a half hours, we continued

1) Mollhausen created new German word 'Fenzen'

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our journey on the winding road.

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We had gone 17 miles since early morning when we suddenly saw the rubbles and ruins of the old Indian city of Pecos in a wide valley. It was a gorgeous view, this wide hilly hollow which high plateaus bordered on all sides; grey crumbling walls adorned the panorama before us, blue snow-covered mountains the background, and one hardly knew where to look first to obtain the full impression of this beautiful landscape. The road led a short distance past the ruins and as we encountered a clear brook there with good grass nearby, we decided to stay here overnight and use the rest of the day to visit the ruins. Lieutenant Tipton did not agree with our views, he considered the day's march too short, but knowing full well that it lay in our ~~hands~~ power to leave the escort as far behind as we wished to, we insisted on our will and we saw the military detachment disappear between the hills soon afterward.

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After we had established ourselves at a suitable place, had removed the dust from our faces and hands, and had fortified ourselves with food and drink, I went over to the crumbling city, to its southern end which is about 500 paces north of the road and is formed by a rather well-preserved Spanish church. Traces of numerous enclosures which originally were meant as cattle enclosures cover the area, across which I passed, before I came to the first ruins of houses. The old barns are scarcely recognizable by the foundation stones and small walls; they are doubtless connected with the oldest era of the town when tame buffaloes formed the only cattle of the immigrated tribes. The next ruin I investigated carefully was the church; although in decay it was hardly different in structure and in its interior from the other Christian churches which were established by the Spanish missionaries in most Indian pueblos. This one seemed to have been surrounded by vaultlike buildings which, now filled up and in ruins, scarcely permitted one to recognize the simple architecture. The wood work in the church is largely still in evidence, even the beams, decorated with simple carvings are still covered with paint, but the blue sky shines through the remnants of the roof and the weather-worn, heavy doors hang warped in the rusty hinges. The building lies on the flattened crest of an elongated hill extending from south to north and gaining in width in this direction. The western slope of the hill on which traces of the old corrals can be seen drops gently and gradually and merges with the rolling plain; it rises abruptly on the west side from the low-lying valley of a river that probably carries water only in the wet seasons. The city borders the church to the north; the original foundations and stone piles, small in the beginning increase in number as well as in extension until they finally join the ruins of those houses which at one time formed the circular walls of the main part of the city. <sup>46</sup> Different periods can be distinctly recognized: the remnants of a later town rise on the ruins of an ancient city.; the former shows traces of stone walls while the latter is construct-

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ed of (Adobel) or unburnt bricks. The houses, located in terraces one on top of the other and partly ~~xxxxxx~~ preserved in their characteristic architecture remind one of the houses of Zuni and other Indian cities in every respect; the roof openings through which one entered the interior by means of ladders are still largely recognizable. I could not discover any traces of streets but the rows of houses enclosed an elongated square, set aside apparently for public gatherings and religious festivities. Three 'Estufas' in which at one time the perpetual fire burned, are to be found on this spacious square which now has the shape of an isosceles triangle formed by the ruins of the tumbling walls. These 'Estufas' consist of circular hollows, 12 feet in diameter and 3 feet in depth. The sides are supported by wooden rods closely fitted together to prevent the soil from rolling down, a strong round beam rests over the westernmost hollow dividing it, as it were, into 2 halves.

Nothing can be found which would point to the customs and habits of this lost tribe except the bare walls of decaying houses and weather-worn rubble piles from which resinous, and therefore, still intact beams and posts project here and there. As I remarked above, a similarity with the now inhabited pueblos cannot be denied but I missed the arable ground here which would have offered the former inhabitants the means for their livelihood. It was quite difficult for me to define the covered, almost erased foundations, to follow them and to trace out a rather accurate ground-plan of the entire city. Its circumference is not extensive but considering the great number of <sup>small</sup> rooms which were closely connected with one another either under the surface or on the ground and yet formed separate apartments, there can be no doubt that a large population lived here crowded together in a small area.

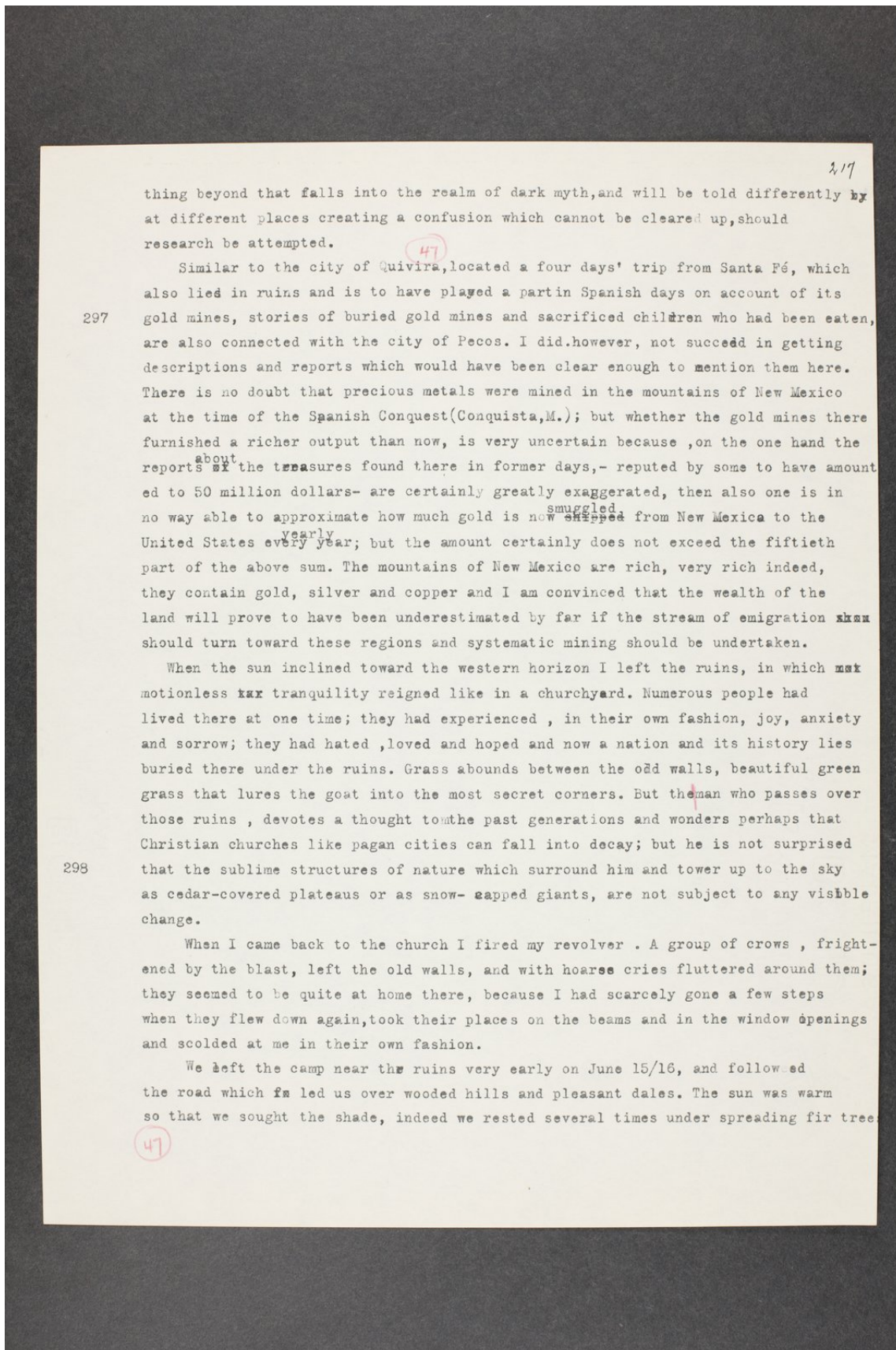
296 My search for antiques proved fruitless; I could hardly expect anything else as the road passed so close to the ruins and surely thousands of travelers had hunted around before me. I could have penetrated into some of the subterranean rooms but the walls above them, were so weak that I was afraid of being buried alive in case of the slightest tremor, and I, therefore, contented myself with making drawings of the church and of the city, and with filling my pockets with <sup>pieces of</sup> broken pottery. These are not at all different from those which I had found before in other rubble piles, only that I discovered a larger number of glazed ones here.

As with almost all Pueblos of New Mexico an impenetrable mystery shrouds the history of old Pecos and its inhabitants. We know that the Spanish missionaries practised their task of conversion there, and that the pagan fire burnt in the 'Estufas' while masses were said in the adjacent church. We also know that the church fell into ruins when some remaining families still fed the perpetual fire, and that only a few years ago the last members of a tribe found refuge in other pueblos, a tribe which had perished through hostile attacks and disease; but every-  
1) Mollhausen uses Adobes as noun and germanizes it.





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thing beyond that falls into the realm of dark myth, and will be told differently by  
at different places creating a confusion which cannot be cleared up, should  
research be attempted.

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Similar to the city of Quivira, located a four days' trip from Santa Fé, which  
also lied in ruins and is to have played a part in Spanish days on account of its  
gold mines, stories of buried gold mines and sacrificed children who had been eaten,  
are also connected with the city of Pecos. I did, however, not succeed in getting  
descriptions and reports which would have been clear enough to mention them here.  
There is no doubt that precious metals were mined in the mountains of New Mexico  
at the time of the Spanish Conquest (Conquista, M.); but whether the gold mines there  
furnished a richer output than now, is very uncertain because, on the one hand the  
reports <sup>about</sup> the treasures found there in former days, - reputed by some to have amount  
ed to 50 million dollars - are certainly greatly exaggerated, then also one is in  
no way able to approximate how much gold is now <sup>smuggled</sup> from New Mexico to the  
United States <sup>yearly</sup> every year; but the amount certainly does not exceed the fiftieth  
part of the above sum. The mountains of New Mexico are rich, very rich indeed,  
they contain gold, silver and copper and I am convinced that the wealth of the  
land will prove to have been underestimated by far if the stream of emigration ~~shall~~  
should turn toward these regions and systematic mining should be undertaken.

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When the sun inclined toward the western horizon I left the ruins, in which ~~not~~  
motionless ~~the~~ tranquility reigned like in a churchyard. Numerous people had  
lived there at one time; they had experienced, in their own fashion, joy, anxiety  
and sorrow; they had hated, loved and hoped and now a nation and its history lies  
buried there under the ruins. Grass abounds between the old walls, beautiful green  
grass that lures the goat into the most secret corners. But the man who passes over  
those ruins, devotes a thought to the past generations and wonders perhaps that  
Christian churches like pagan cities can fall into decay; but he is not surprised  
that the sublime structures of nature which surround him and tower up to the sky  
as cedar-covered plateaus or as snow-capped giants, are not subject to any visible  
change.

When I came back to the church I fired my revolver. A group of crows, fright-  
ened by the blast, left the old walls, and with hoarse cries fluttered around them;  
they seemed to be quite at home there, because I had scarcely gone a few steps  
when they flew down again, took their places on the beams and in the window openings  
and scolded at me in their own fashion.

We left the camp near the ruins very early on June 15/16, and followed  
the road which ~~for~~ led us over wooded hills and pleasant dales. The sun was warm  
so that we sought the shade, indeed we rested several times under spreading fir trees.

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to wait for the wagon which could not travel so fast on the winding, steeply rising ~~and~~ <sup>or</sup> falling road. Two Americans joined us at such an occasion; they were traveling to California with their families and a large herd of cattle. When they heard that we had just come from there and had zealously explored the territories which still separated them from the coasts of the South Sea, they fired question after question at us, and as if their lives depended upon our answers they gulped down our words, and the advice which we gave them. This was the first caravan which, trusting Lieutenant Beale's favorable reports on the road of the 35th degree northern Latitude, had dared undertake the journey in this direction. They must have started from the Missouri at the first signs of spring. These travelers had swiftly and successfully covered the stretch through the prairies; their herd mainly cattle, were exceedingly strong and well-fed and according to the people themselves, in a far better condition, than they had been at the time of their departure from the native soil. The confidence in their success had been considerably increased through that fact, and Beale's reports which I saw later, contained nothing which could have shaken this confidence. I looked at those families with sincere regret, these families who had invested, all they owned in cattle and I asked myself how much of this wealth would reach the Colorado and later on California. I also looked ~~at~~ with sympathy at the strong oxen and the sleek cows which were to exchange the fat prairie pastures with arid dry steppes where the soft hoofs, accustomed to rest on soft soil and grass, was to climb over <sup>sharp</sup> injurious stones. I thought how our iron-~~and~~ ~~and~~ shod mules had frequently gone lame in these regions and how the continuous lack of water had brought them to the brink of destruction, and this in seasons which could be considered damp and therefore favorable. What could these people expect with their herds in the deserts on both sides of the Colorado in the middle of the summer when the heated rocks would not tolerate any grass in the clefts and crevices? when furthermore the hidden springs would scarcely offer a scanty drink for the humans or would dry up entirely and the sore hoofs of the heavy cattle would no longer permit them to travel three ~~to~~ four days in forced marches from water to water? I thought of all the calamities which I myself had had to fight so many times on the road from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevada and I felt pity ~~with~~ for these poor people who would soon be so bitterly disappointed. It would have been different if they had chosen the nimble and tougher sheep as a means for transporting and increasing their money instead of cattle.

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Together with my comrades I encouraged the immigrants and added good advice wherever possible; we also gave them the address of ~~th~~ our friend Savedra describing him as one who knew that route and recommended him as a guide. Our wagon

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finally appeared , we mounted our animals , wished the strangers good luck and success for their trip to the land of gold and shortly afterwards rode past the magnificent herd grazing in colorful groups near the resting families. 219

During the forenoon ~~the~~ The road led down the Rio Pecos , at a distance of 2 miles , At times we had a glimpse into the deep ravine where the tumultuous river surged on toward the southeast; at times it widened to small, extremely pleasant valleys or formed a gloomy rocky gate through which the clear violent waters gushed , but as we were constantly about 600 feet above its level, the river contributed very little to the surrounding scenery. The plateau-like height was formed by hilly country covered with cedar trees, a solid clay surface and isolated outcrops of sandstone; it bordered the valley on both sides as far as the eye could see and beyond it the remains of higher tablelands rose in the distance; time had given them a mountain-like shape, their slopes were covered with dark trees. Around noon the road turned to the southeast and led in a steep grade down to the city of San José in the valley of the Pecos where we had to cross the river. The city or rather the village is situated on the right bank and we stopped there at a government ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ to have him load a few bags of corn for our animals. I noticed a bunch of tanned children meanwhile who frolicked in the dust of the road. They were boys and girls 6-10 years old, and despite their filthy, ragged clothing, they formed such a lovely group that the wildest phantasy could not have ~~xxxxxx~~ arranged them ore picturesque-ly. The little round faces with their large dark eyes and the frame of black curls wer beautiful and showed so much cheerfulness and roguishness that we were involuntarily attracted to them. A girl of about 9 years especially fascinated us; she combined in her little personality so much charm and child-like moving beauty as could probably not be found again. We admired the little creatures and discussed whether it would be wrong to kidnap her and take her away from the sad fate which would probably be hers. I turned to Peacock, showed him the beautiful child and asked him how he felt about kidnapping her. Peacock who liked pretty children as little as ugly ones, condescended to look at her for a moment and then said: ' If the thing were eight years older, I would like the proposition but to do the parents the favor of taking away one of their dozen wild brats and burden ourselves, certainly would not be my idea! By the way, if you want to have children', Peacock continued, ' you don' t have to abduct them, you can have enough given to you.' Even though some of Peacock' prejudices against the Spanish-~~Amexixxx~~ Mexican nation influenced his words and he certainly exaggerated as far as the giving away of children was concerned, there was a great deal of truth in his assertion, for I must admit I always was struck by the neglect of children in the cities I visited in New Mexico.

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We left San José, forded the river, about 20 feet wide at that point, and which reached up to the chest of our mules at the deepest spot. When we gradually ascended the steep slope of the left bank, we obtained a full view on a <sup>large</sup> ~~wide~~ area of the winding river which was scarcely half a mile wide and was dotted with farms and villages. When we looked down from the heights which had such a peculiarly gloomy character because of the cedar woods, we almost thought we were seeing another isolated world for the meadows and fields were resplendent in luscious green and leafy willows and fruit trees were reflected in the shining water of the river which would along like a serpent and doled out its rich blessings to both sides. We were at some distance <sup>above</sup> ~~from~~ the valley and everything down below seemed so small and tiny, but was nonetheless distinct; and charming groups of houses and trees, the shining river, meadows and fields joined together like a pretty Christmas gift on a velvet green table.

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Jealous knolls soon withheld the view of the pleasant valley, but favored by a good road, we traveled speedily across the hilly country where thousands and thousands of sheep found rich pasture. We covered 28 miles that day and caught up with the escort near a spring, Ojo del Verde, toward evening. We camped near them for the second time since our departure from Albuquerque. The chance had it that this was also the last time that we kept good neighborly relations and visited with Lieutenant Tipton.

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On the following morning, when we were still busy with breakfast in a most carefree ~~xxxxxx~~ and comfortable manner (June 16/17) Lieutenant Tipton left camp with his soldiers. An hour after man and beast had been given full justice we lit our inseparable pipes at the camp fire, jumped into our saddles and happier people had never trotted through that romantic region, ~~which was~~ coming to life under the warming rays of the sun, and which presented such rich and beautiful pleasures to the eye and to the soul. We met a large group of workmen busy with repairing impassable stretches of the road. They seemed to be gay and in good humor as theirs was the prospect of rich reward from the endless trading caravans which were already in the prairies and thought with concern of the difficult places on the road to Santa Fé. We greeted them ~~xxx~~ cordially and with Mexican politeness they showed us the sideroads and trails on which we could cut off and save a few miles of the highway. At ten o'clock we arrived at the city of Tualcohte which presented an extremely beautiful sight in the well-watered valley, abounding in water and the steep magnificent Tualcohte mountains in the background. The houses were largely cubic-like huts, but they were in complete harmony with the entire surroundings which had a certain wild aspect.

Our road divided on the east side of the city, the main branch retaining its northeastern direction while another branch turned off east leading to the Pecos ~~xxxx~~ and the city of Anton Chico. Lieutenant Tipton had unfortunately taken the





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and as he was beyond our reach we had to leave it to him to get information about his error and we traveled our road without any further loss of time. Soon after noon we reached the city of Las Vegas, situated on the right bank of a river by the same name, which flows south towards the Tualohte and joins the Rio Pecos soon after. Since we had to get provisions at that place, and had already gone 23 miles and a similar distance still separated us from Fort Union, we decided to camp there for the night. We found a most friendly reception at the purveyor's house who was also a merchant; since the grass near the city had long been grazed and numerous pigs roamed everywhere with ~~undue~~ undue impudence he put afirmly fenced-in corral at our disposal where we pitched our tent protected from the boldness of the four-legged guests. The merchant who probably cared for our company, did not expect us, by the way, to spend the night in this corral, he offered us comfortable beds in his house instead; we accepted this proposition the more readily as a nocturnal thundersorm threatened and as we wished ~~in~~ our men to have the protection of our tent instead of the cover of the wagon. Only shortly before nightfall when we sat ~~on~~ the bench in front of our host's house in pleasant conversation, did Lieutenant Tipton arrive and inform us in a displeased mood that he had actually visited the city of Anton Chico. He refused to spend the night with us under the pretext that it was impossible for him to stay near a place where his soldiers might find an opportunity to get alcohol. We praised his caution, he wished us a pleasant night, continued for another few miles and then camped with his exhausted soldiers and mounts on the slope of a hill at the edge of the prairie.

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I learned a number of things from my host about the country and its people but not ~~sá~~ muchas I had expected from an American settled there. The Americans, ~~and~~ German<sup>s</sup>, Frenchmen who had settled among the Mexican people control almost all the business through their greater industry and energy, and it is only natural that ~~they~~ they earn a great profit in money and cattle. The increasing wealth gradually dulls every other interest besides business and that is the reason that one can find out ~~as~~ little more about the surroundings even from people who have been there for a number of years, than one can learn from one's own observations on a short trip. I heard, however, about the presence of hot springs on the river six miles beyond the city, to which special healing powers are ascribed. Our host assured me that he had had recourse to them several times when he had ~~had~~ suffered from bad colds. Only a few baths had been sufficient every time to cure him completely and he explained that the springs when correctly used made a doctor almost superfluous in that region. He also told me about a lake on the plateau near the ruins of Pecos. The inhabitants of the vanished town had probably laid out their fields and gardens up there because the ground in the valley did not allow