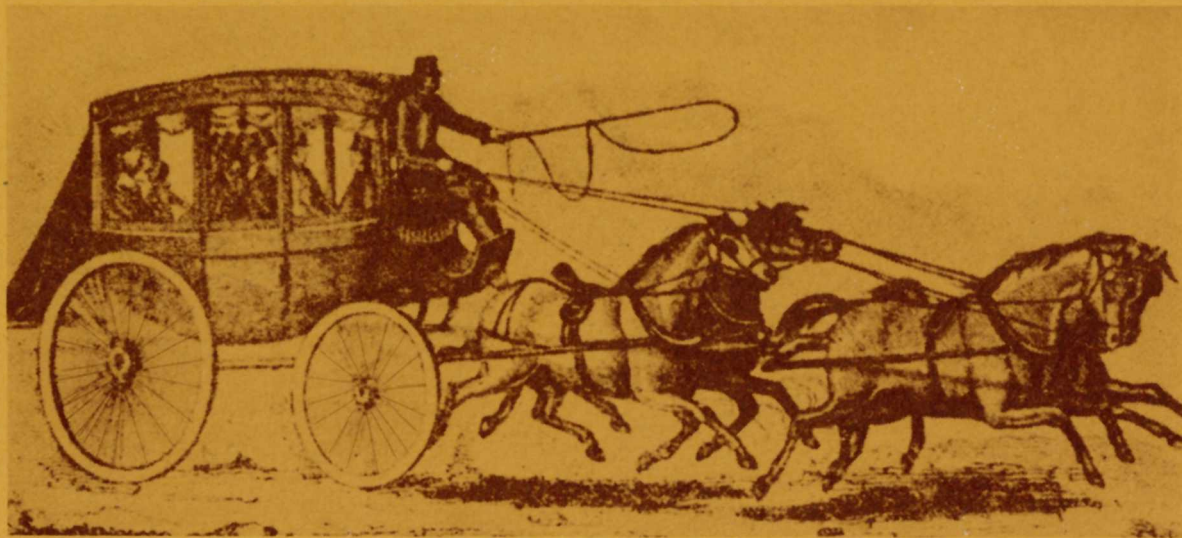


BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL



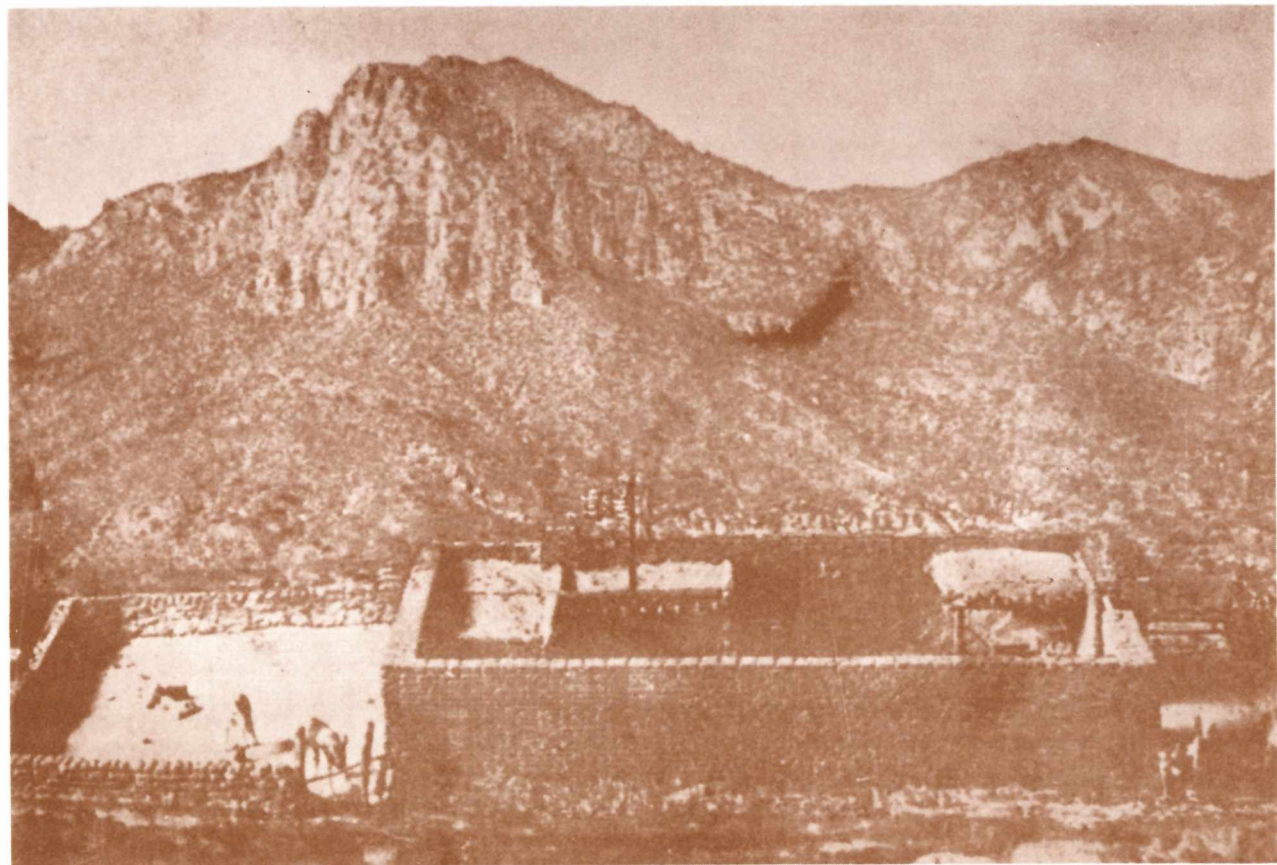
THE PINERY STATION

GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK
TEXAS

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PINERY STATION

In the afternoon of Tuesday, September 28, 1858, the conductor of the first westbound Butterfield Overland Mail coach sounded a call with a small brass bugle as he, his driver, and their sole passenger approached the "Pinery". This station was named for the near-by forests of pine and the "pine" spring a quarter of a mile northeast. It provided a wagon repair shop and smithy, a "flying mule" change, a meal of venison pie and baked beans and temporary retreat from the rocky, dry and dusty desert trail of the plains below.

This station was always reported as a place of pleasant hospitality. Meals ranged from 40¢ to \$1.00 and menus offered shortcake, biscuits, antelope, "jerked" beef, raw onions, and coffee. First passenger Ormsby noted that, "the stomach does not long remain delicate after a few days of life on the plains". The feeling of isolation experienced by settlers and those in charge of these old mail stations and the sense of comfort and excitement brought by the stages is easily understood.

After leaving Ft. Chadborne and arriving at El Paso, a distance of 458 miles, there was no sign of habitation other than their own.

The "celerity" mail wagon continued to stop here for 11 months until August 1859. This route was abandoned to travel by way of Ft. Stockton and Ft. Davis. This new route was to better serve the chain of forts along the southern military road to El Paso. Up until 1885, this old station continued to be a retreat for emigrants, freighters, soldiers, outlaws, renegades, and drovers. It is now a very fragile remnant of an early endeavor to span the continent with a reliable transportation and communication system . . . the longest land mail route ever attempted.

Pinery Station was the fourth of a chain of ten rock built fortress-like stations with high walls forming a rectangular enclosure with a single entrance. The four mud-roofed rooms were attached, lean-to fashion, to

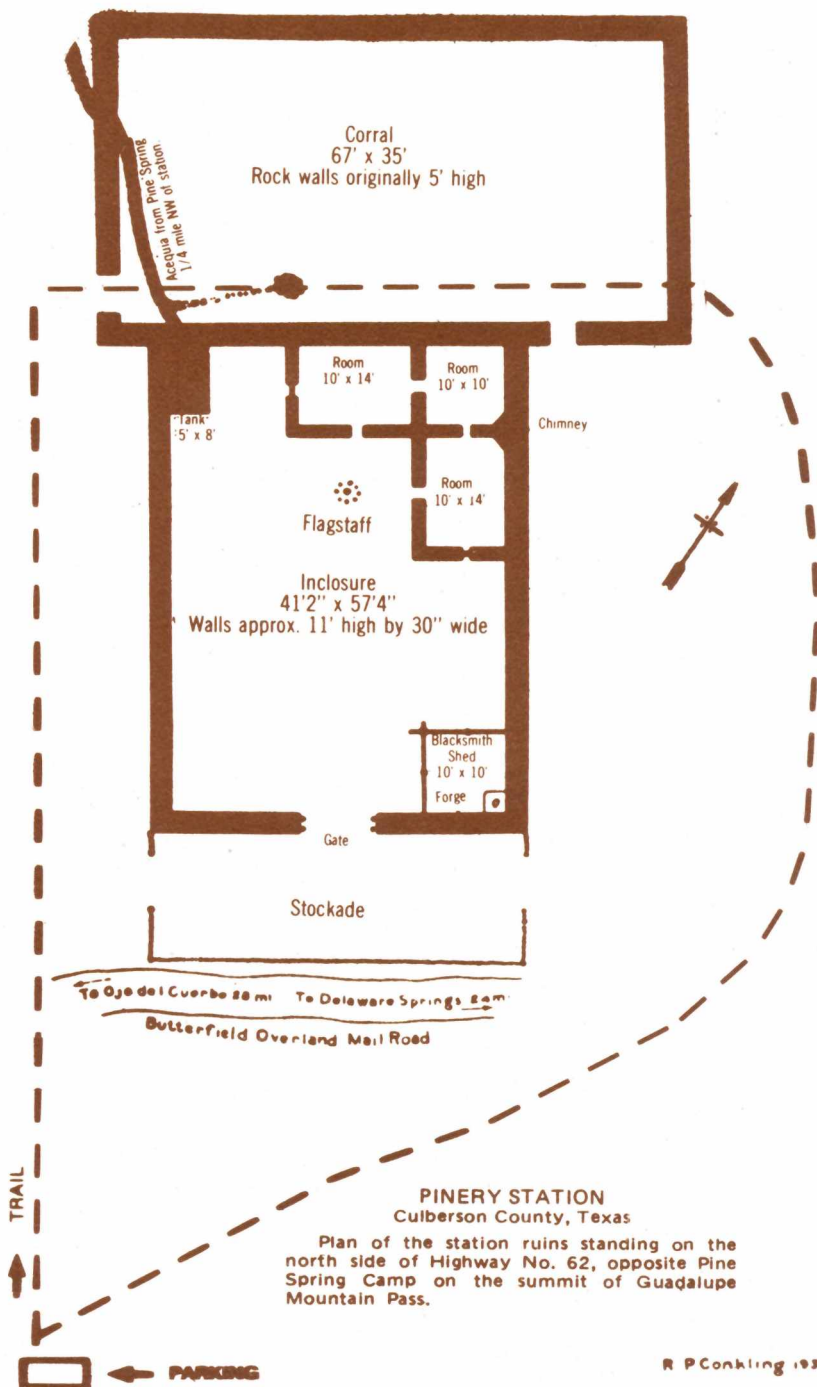
the inside walls which afforded safety and protection from Indian raids. These walls, built of limestone slabs and adobe, were 30 inches thick and 11 feet high. The water supply came through an open ditch to the tank inside the station. A stockade of heavy pine posts protected the main entrance on the south. Stock was kept in the stone walled corral on the north end.

There was more activity about this station than one might imagine. There was the station keeper, Henry Ramstein, and six to eight men who were employed in various capacities of cook, blacksmith, and herders. Four times a week the sound in the distance of the conductor's horn announced the arrival of the mail and up to nine passengers. Express riders dashed through at all hours, road crews stopped off, tank wagons filled up at Pine Spring and went on to deposit water along the dry stretches. Freighters and mule pack trains added to the traffic passing through.

There were moments when an army scout brought

word that Indians were sighted in a nearby canyon. All stock was quickly herded inside the station, bars secured the entrance gate and every man stood ready with his Sharp's rifle. At times, soldiers were stationed at the Pinery to guard against Indian attacks, which led to stories that this ruin was once a government fort. There was news of tragic happenings when a rider told about the three men, who had built this station, being murdered with axes at a station in Arizona by three of their helpers. Their construction foreman, St. John, was still living, but had suffered an axe blow which severed his arm. An express rider brought news of an Apache attack on another Arizona station which stopped the mail and left the station keeper and a passing emigrant family massacred, tied to the wheels of a wagon and burned.

With careful visitation, this ruin will continue to reflect the spirit of sensational adventure and courage which stirred and commanded the senses of both long ago travelers and those who travel this enchanting route today.





JOHN BUTTERFIELD

The New York Times called it a swindle and squandering of taxpayers' money when John Butterfield accepted a \$600,000 contract to deliver the St. Louis mail to San Francisco in 25 days. This contract, the largest for land mail service that had yet been given, was made possible by an act of Congress in March, 1857. This ruin commemorates his achievement in transporting the first regular overland mail to California from Missouri in the record breaking time of 23 days, 23½ hours!

Born in 1801, Butterfield grew up on a farm amidst the revolutionary changes of the first steamboat, the Erie Canal, the steam locomotive, and the electric telegraph. His ambition was to become a professional stage driver which he did at the age of 19 and saved diligently for the livery business he soon operated. He later founded and directed the American Express Co. with his proposal that the express company of Henry Wells and William Fargo consolidate with the Butterfield Express Co. He was a natural organizer with an incredible memory and a generous spirit to share his success. He filled his life with challenging business assignments, filing important papers in the top of his tall beaver hat! Even though his enterprises were undertaken for profit, they were of great public benefit and gained him universal respect.

Although his appearance was stern, he generated a current of enthusiasm all around him, demanding the highest quality of service from his employees in a just and fair manner. He was reserved except for his fashionable dress, particularly on western journeys, which set a fashion all across the country of Butterfield coats, shirts, boots, and hats.

In 1857, most prominent men of his day retired from business at the age of 56 and Butterfield could have enjoyed the same with his great wealth, honor, and unimpaired health. He must have realized that a stage mail route was doomed, since the iron horse had already appeared and taken over much of the mail and passenger service in the east. However, he was anxious to see a letter move from east to west other than by sea on a Vanderbilt steamship. Perhaps it was his in-born love of horses, the feel of the reins, and the lure of the open road ahead that motivated him to begin the most outstanding achievement of his career . . . the Butterfield Overland Mail.

Having never been farther West than Buffalo, New York, he hired St. John, a young man who had made three trips west, and experienced the limitless plains, desert, barren mountains, and the cry of raiding Indians. He instructed St. John and his crew to prepare stations and water storage tanks for fresh horse team changes every 15-40 miles because "speed is what we want." He sent a steady stream of coaches west, over this southern route, each carrying 12,000 letters as well as passengers.

The stress and strain of the venture, abandoning and changing the first route, and the blow of the Civil War, caused his physical breakdown at the age of 59. He then retired to his home in Utica, New York where he suffered a paralyzing stroke. He had established an amazing mail route, the longest in the world, providing a regular line of communication between Americans separated by almost 3,000 miles of uncharted desert.

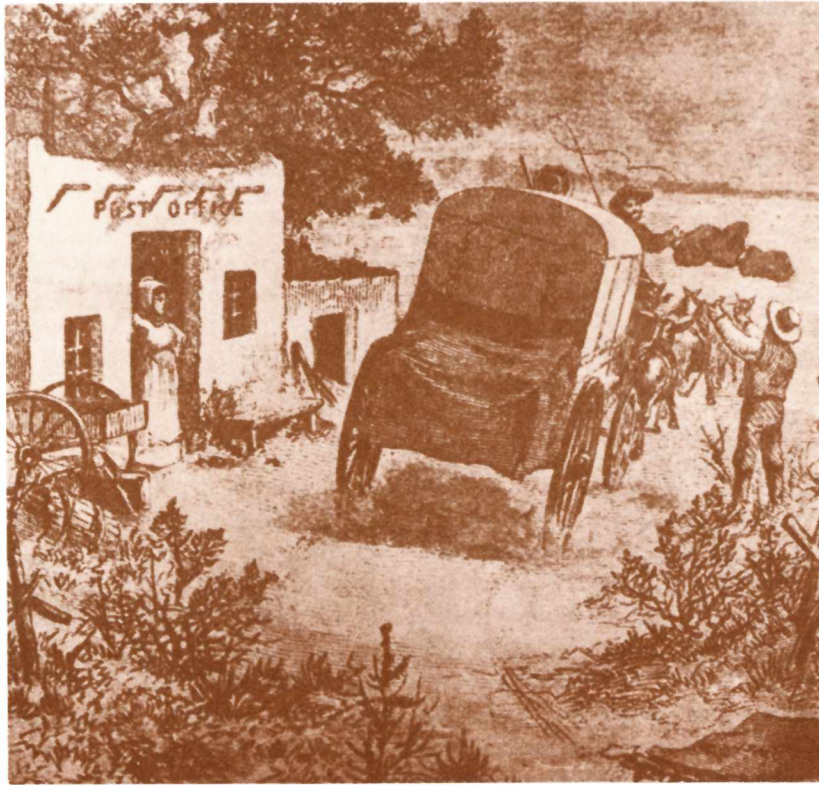
WATERMAN LILY ORMSBY II



Waterman Lily Ormsby, II

This 23 year old special correspondent for the New York Herald left his Greenwich Village home for a fatiguing sleepless journey as the sole passenger aboard the first Butterfield Overland Mail coach. Because of his feeling for what the intelligent public mind wanted in the nature of "real fact" news, worldwide and detailed, and his faith in John Butterfield, we can follow along this old Butterfield trail reliving scenes and events he recorded in the rocking swaying stage wagon well over a century ago.

Ormsby possessed a fearless originality in his writings and in his spirit. "All day and all night the journey went . . ." and at one point along the trail Ormsby passed out from exhaustion. He was often hungry as there was little time for a passenger to eat during the brief flying stops. The stage had to keep moving to fulfill the contract of 25 days. The "skeptics and croakers" who paid little attention to this westward bound adventure often disgusted him. His spirit was boosted, when in Ft. Smith, Arkansas at 2:00 in the morning, horns blew, houses lit up, and folks flocked to the station to see the new "celerity coach" and those two first little mail bags. It was here, the outpost of 1858 civilization, that John Butterfield and his son departed the coach which left Ormsby to complete a 2,800 mile adventure, including the serious dangers of Indian territory.



THROWING OUT THE MAIL

Ormsby hailed the Butterfield route as "the second greatest event of the age," the first being the laying of the Trans-Atlantic cable in August, 1858. This route was considered to be "the first practical step toward the Pacific Railroad" and Ormsby greatly admired Butterfield for pioneering the way and solving many of the problems for the Railroad that was destined to follow. Ten years after his trip aboard the Butterfield coach he rode the first westbound Union Pacific train as a guest reporter. In the 74 years of his life, he played a major part in recording some of the greatest strides ever made in the progress and development of communication and transportation in this country.

THE CELERITY WAGON

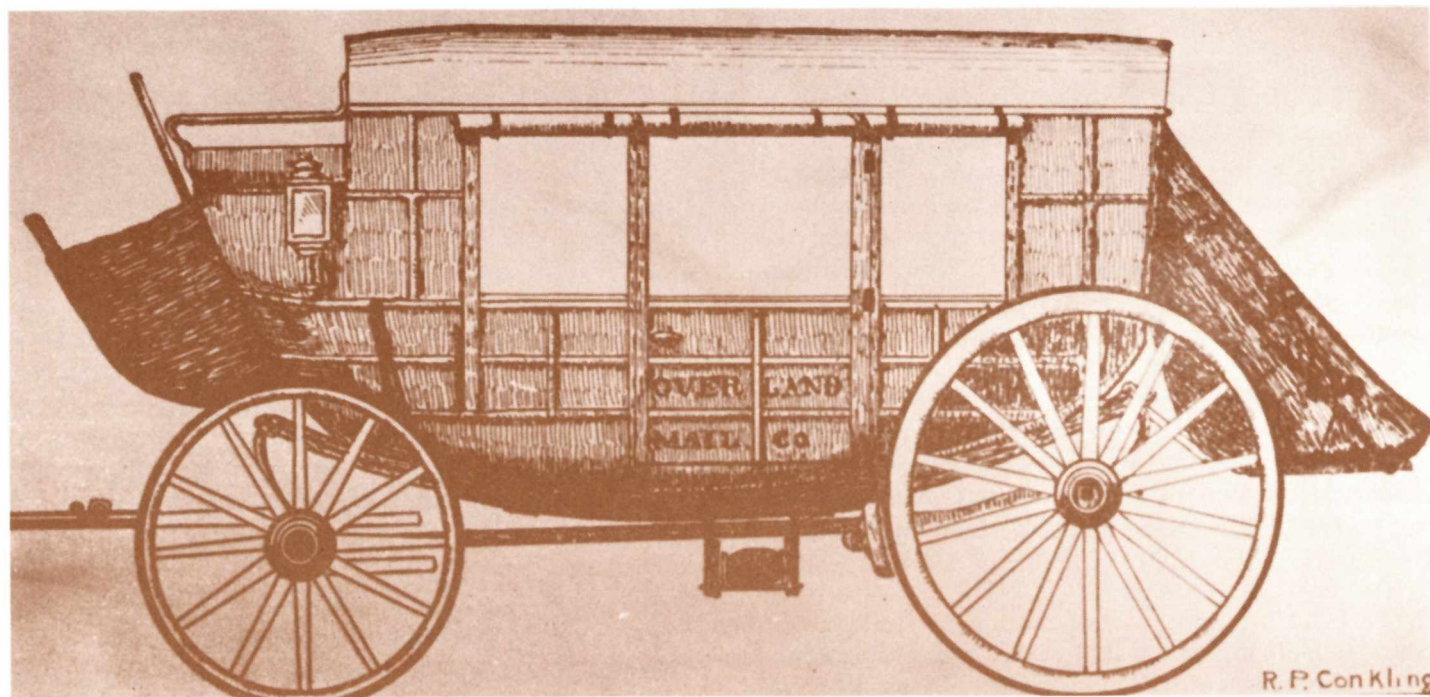
Pulled by a four horse team, this new fangled coach, with a canvas top and three seats that lowered to make a bed, carried its passengers along at an average speed of five miles per hour, 24 hours a day. At one point on the rocky trail "our driver's ambition to make good time overcame his caution and away we went, bounding over stones at a fearful rate. To feel oneself bouncing now on one hard seat, now against the roof, and now against the side of the wagon was no joke," Ormsby wrote.

Mules soon replaced the horse teams since the horse was a great temptation to the raiding Apache. The one drawback to the employment of mules was that they were wild mules just barely broken! They "reared, pitched, twisted, whirled, wheeled, ran, stood still and cut up all sorts of capers," wrote Ormsby. "On one occasion the wagon performed so many evolutions that I, in fear of my life, took to my heels." It ended when the mules escaped into the woods, and the top of the wagon was completely demolished. Fortunately there were 200 Butterfield stage stations which could

provide a fresh mule for every two miles and a new coach for every 30 miles so they could run straight through.

Designed in the coach factory of James Goold in Albany, New York, this sleeper stage coach was the innovation of John Butterfield. According to Ormsby, "if there was a full coach, folks took turns sleeping and after several sleepless nights the jolting was soon forgotten."

For the wild experience of the trip and 40 lbs. of baggage a passenger from Missouri to California paid \$150. All valuables went by Wells Fargo steamship while baggage along with mail sacks were tucked underfoot and overhead. For the fare of 10¢ a mile, "way" passengers could ride outside if they could find a place to hang on. A traveler needed a Colt pistol, food to be eaten raw, and plenty of courage and fortitude for such a grueling trip.



This stage, similar to what was later known as a mud-wagon due to its low center of gravity, was more adaptable to the rough mountains and desert country. It was either painted or varnished red or a dark bottle green. Wire pattern candle lamps provided light inside the leather lined coach. One hundred of these wagons were built in 1857 and placed in the Butterfield Overland Mail service in 1858. They were used exclusively between Springfield, Missouri and Los Angeles, California and cost \$1,500 each!

BUTTERFIELD TRAIL . . . HIGHWAY 62-180

When a full schedule of coaches travelled westward and eastward, Butterfield's Company had spent \$1 million, built 140 way stations, bought 1,800 head of mules and horses, had 250 shiny new coaches and hundreds of men working day and night to get the mail to its destination. After the Civil War, the Butterfield contract was cancelled. It had lasted 2 years, 5 months, and 17 days. More than 50 employees had been killed, hundreds of animals stolen, and many stations burned and looted by Indians. As the forerunner of the Pony Express and ultimately the Transcontinental Railroad, the Butterfield Stage Line was a major endeavor leading to the settlement and development of this incredible western country you are visiting.

Standing here on a small part of this ancient thoroughfare, a route of over 2,700 miles, the imagination can envision a thrilling parade of characters and events through this spectacular setting: Nomadic tribesmen resting by Pine Spring, moving on in search of desert fruits. Spanish conquistadors and missionaries water-

ing their foam-flecked horses. Mexican pack mule trains and later, creaking ox carts pioneering new trails to habitable lands along the Pecos River. The American traders and settlers winding their way through this pass in canvas topped wagons. Cavalry units enroute to establish forts and survey boundaries. Then the Butterfield Overland Mail coach, its mule team dashing over the rocky trail to the call of the conductor's bugle and suddenly the traffic stops with the onset of the Civil War. Apache tribes then burn this station, but soon southern and Union troops are stopping here. Then the Army succeeds in removing the Apache from his territory and ranchers come with sheep and cattle.

Today, aircraft travel overhead and the automobiles pass next to these fallen walls. Perhaps no other site in the Southwest has hosted a more fantastic pageant of events than those which have occurred at the old "Pinery Station" on the Butterfield Trail.

Forts ★ Towns and Cities ●

“Remember boys, nothing on
God’s earth must stop the
United States mail!”

—*John Butterfield’s instructions
to his drivers.*