

# FOUNDATION STONES

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*Compiled and Edited*

*by*

EMMA SHEPARD HILL

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EMMA SHEPARD HILL

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## LEST WE FORGET

The ox team; the covered wagon; the long trek; the hair-  
breadth escape from hostile Indians; the log house; the  
forts for defence; the many privations, these  
brief personal sketches will remind us of  
our obligation to the Old Pioneer

# FOREWORD

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The realization that the old Pioneer is fast disappearing from our midst, and that with his passing much valuable history will be lost, is the inspiration for presenting to your notice this little volume. It has been impressed upon our mind that a history should be written, not of the more notable events, -- the outstanding achievements of the few which already have been written many times, --but of the more intimate little happenings of the individual or family of less prominence, who also suffered the same peril and hardships when they adventured into the far West.

Many shining lights, names closely identified with the upbuilding of this great Commonwealth, have received honor and praise, from a grateful succession. This was their just due, but also there are many lesser lights along the trail who have given of their best, but who have been unhonored and unsung in the hurrying March of Progress. It is our purpose therefore to ring before you, some of these hitherto unmentioned and unnoticed families, feeling sure that you will recognize their right to a place in the foundation, which was laid, even though rejected, as corner stones.

Naturally a similarity exists between these stories. The section traversed; the mode of travel; the perils encountered; the year of grace, are much the same, but each Pioneer visioned these things from a different angle and from his own viewpoint, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses, shall every word be established." Should discrepancies in dates occur we trust they will be overlooked for it is possible that after the lapse of more than three score years some memory may be at fault. -- *Emma Shepard Hill*.

# INTRODUCTION

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Fifty years ago a few hardy pioneers – driven westward by the hard times in the East resulting from the great Panic of 1857 – left the beaten route of the old Santa Fe Trail – used by so many thousands of “49’ers” in their rush to the California gold fields – and found their way northward to the little trading camp established on the banks of Cherry Creek by a certain John Smith. This little party of less than one hundred men, women and children, formed the nucleus of what is now the city of Denver – the Queen City of the Plains.

With rare foresight they looked into the future and saw the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River as a flourishing commercial center. This in their opinion being insured by its geographical position and by the beauties of the surrounding country, the mountains, and Pikes Peak showing in the background on one side and the endless prairies stretching away as far as the eye could see on the other.

The first settlement was known as Auraria and was situated on the west side of the Platte, but before the fall of 1858 had passed one hundred and twenty-five houses – the first one built by General Larimer, were situated on the eastern side of the Platte, between what are now Blake and Wazee Streets and the settlement was known as St. Charles. A month or two later it was renamed Denver in honor of General James W. Denver, the governor of the Territory of Kansas of which Denver was a part.

Foresighted strong-minded men almost immediately set about instituting some form of government with the result that in October of 1859, R. W. Steele was inaugurated as the first provisional governor of the Territory of Jefferson, this settlement not being able to secure recognition as a territory from the United States government. There were less than two thousand people here at that time.

In 1861 Congress passed an act creating the Territory of Colorado, and the first Governor of the new Territory was General William Gilpin, appointed by President Buchanan. At that time the population of the Territory of Colorado was 25,331 according to the census taken by order of Congress. Central City was declared the first Capital of Colorado as a Territory but in the following year the executive offices were located at Golden where they remained until 1868 when Denver was made the Capital. In 1881, five years after Colorado was admitted to Statehood, the people of the state voted for Denver as the permanent Capital of the Centennial State.

From New Year’s Edition Denver Republican, 1909.

“THE PIONEER HOME”

*The log house in the valley was plain, drab, and bare.*

*The dust from the roadway whirled by on the air.*

*The walls of the cabin were only rough hewed,*

*And a box for a cupboard in the far corner stood.*

*The chairs were good boxes turned up on their end,*

*Rough boards made the table, the dishes were tin.*

*The larder – well filled – there was plenty of fish,*

*And a venison steak made a nice tempting dish.*

*A kettle of beans brought on piping hot –*

*A cup of black coffee from the big coffee pot –*

*And dried apple sauce served up on the side,*

*With “sour-dough” biscuits, the cow-puncher’s pride.*

*Both cow-boy and stranger, each met with good cheer*

*Round the bountiful table of the Old Pioneer.*

ILA V. HOLLOWAY

GREELEY, COLORADO

1926

*Ila V. Holloway*  
*Joseph Doze*

Should this story of the family life of one Pioneer Settler be read with interest, my effort will not have been in vain.

My grandfather was a soldier in Napoleon's army, and after the General's defeat, he, with his wife and five children emigrated to America – about 1828 – and located in a little French village near Cincinnati, Ohio. The family name was Doze. Here in Ohio two more children were born, one Joseph – the youngest – was, many years later my father.

As a youth my father spent his spare time around the sugar camps near his home, and with his trusty rifle and a good hunting dog, he brought down many a fat deer for the family larder. As a man he attained to six feet one inch in height, was strong in proportion and an expert marksman. The family moving farther into the West finally made their home in Decatur County, Iowa.

My mother's parents – her family name being Johnson – were Kentuckians of Scotch-Irish descent, and strict Presbyterians. Her grandfather was by trade a weaver and made the famous Kentucky Jeans. Tribes of Indians roamed through the country, some were friendly, others were not. In her grandfather's large log house was a wide stone chimney and on cold winter days groups of Indians would gather around the fireplace to warm themselves, and also to watch the weaver at his work, for on the loom was a large web of cloth.

One young squaw in particular with her papoose would sit nearly all night in the warmth and seemed grateful for the privilege. Toward spring when the cloth was nearly done, she warned the weaver that the Indians were plotting to kill all the pale faces including himself, and to steal the web of cloth. The alarm was sounded; the cloth was cut from the loom, and the people gathered at the Block House in sufficient numbers to resist the attack which was attempted, as the squaw had foretold.

Her grandfather also owned a considerable number of slaves, but when about 1830 the family moved farther north into Indiana, he set them free, and with one exception they went their own way. This exception was old Aunt Judy, the cook, who remained with the family as long as she lived. It was in 1840 that my mother was born. In 1852 the family moved farther west into Iowa where my grandfather bought a large tract of prairie land; built a fine house and helped in establishing the Presbyterian church near his home, and was an Elder in the church until his death in 1890 at the ripe age of eighty-nine years.

My father also when a young man bought prairie land, eighty acres in Iowa, and with a yoke of oxen turned the first sod on his own quarter section, and broke the ground for others in the neighborhood, thus accumulating sufficient capital to improve his own eighty. Later he cut timber on Little River, splitting it into rails; fencing his own fields, and building a log cabin of one room. In February, 1855, at the age of twenty-three this young ranchman took unto himself a wife – Mary Johnson (my mother, only fifteen years old) much against her parents' wishes. Although so young, mother was well educated, in books as well as in many useful arts essential to the pioneer housewife, being expert in spinning and weaving and knitting. Late in November of this same year, I myself entered this family circle and was in due time christened Ila Vilena. When one day old, my

father, who had been hunting brought home a big buck, and as a terrible snow storm was raging he was obliged to bring it into the cabin to skin and dress it properly.

For my mother's marriage portion her father had given her eighty acres adjoining the eighty owned by the young husband and the following year he was able to build a more commodious house and in due time set out an orchard and shade trees, thus establishing an attractive home. A few years later cutting timber from his own land he hewed the logs for a big barn, framing and weather-boarding it himself, thus affording room for storing hay and sheltering his cattle. Two more little daughters had by now been added to the family group and in May, 1861, the first son had arrived as had also the beginning of the Civil War, and at the same time the gold rush to the Pike's Peak region was sweeping the country.

Times were uncertain and the war was still in progress when in the spring of 1864 my Uncle Alfred Johnson sold his farm, loaded his wagon with provisions and with his wife went to the "gold diggings" at Virginia City, Montana. His letters to the home folks were full of wonderful tales, not only of the rich gold and silver mines, but also of the rich farming lands – game of all kinds, and a climate where cattle could live all winter on the bunch grass of the open ranges. It was therefore not strange that my father should catch the fever which the lure of gold, the farming possibilities and endless cattle ranges, excited in the farmers of the Middle West.

In the spring of 1865 my father and my Uncle Joseph Johnson with an outfit of ox teams, the wagons loaded with flour, bacon, and several breaking plows, started for the new country of Montana. At the river they joined a train of emigrants, traveling by way of the Black Hills, and the North Platte to Virginia City. Although the Blackfoot and the Sioux Indians were on the war path and sometimes troublesome, they encountered no serious difficulty. Virginia City was a booming mining camp. Flour and bacon were in demand and breaking plows a much-needed implement on the new farms.

After prospecting all summer for gold and incidentally shooting some big game, several of these men planned to return home in the fall. A stage line carrying mail and passengers passed through the city, but their idea was to build a small fleet of Mackinaw boats and go down the Yellowstone to the Missouri, then on to St. Joe. My father being favorably impressed with the natural advantages of southern Montana, staked a claim at the forks of the Madison in anticipation of his return the following year. He also sold his trusty muzzle-loading rifle for one hundred dollars with the understanding that if he should return he was privileged to buy it back. The ox teams and prairie schooners were sold at a good price and about the middle of September, 1865, the building of the fleet began.

Timbers were cut, hewed out by hand and put together, strong, and watertight. A month of hard labor and eleven serviceable boats were launched on the Yellowstone not far below the city. Each boat carried a crew of eight men – two shifts at the oars – bedding, guns and ammunition, and provisions ample for a long and perilous journey. Hostile Indians along the river made night travel a necessity, landing in the daytime to eat and sleep, the camp always under guard. Arriving in due time at Omaha, father and Uncle Joe left the fleet and came the rest of the way home by stage. The exciting tales of this trip to and from Montana were eagerly listened to by friends and neighbors. But the home farm looked good to the returning wanderers, and the war having ended father decided to remain on the farm.



The winter of '66-'67 was extremely cold, with an unusual depth of snow, and as spring came on the lure of the West was again so strong that with mother's consent to removal of the family – now numbering six children – he, with many of the adjoining farmers arranged their exodus for as early in May as possible. Father was unable to sell his farm of one hundred and sixty acres of choice land, so rented to a responsible man and instructed grandfather to find a purchaser.

My father's outfit consisted of one light wagon built wise enough for sleeping berths for mother and the children, and drawn by a span of horses. The tents, bedding, clothing and six months' provisions were in a real prairie-schooner with double box, which also contained the trunks. To this wagon was attached six yoke of strong oxen. A saddle mare also was provided to drive the loose cattle, father having brought fifty head of cows.

For protection and hunting, two rifles were purchased – a Sharps and a repeating Henry, with small arms and abundant ammunition. Thinking there might be need for defense, by mother had practiced with a rifle till she could hit the mark very skillfully. In addition to the family, four young men – one a relative of mother's – all fine boys, volunteered to work their way through in exchange for bed and board. Thus everything being in readiness the caravan started at nine o'clock on the morning of May 22, 1867. Friends and relatives had gathered to bid us farewell, and naturally some tears were shed, and no doubt many earnest prayers followed us far out into the distant west.

The first camp we made was to me a wonderful experience. It was a delightful spot near Osceola, Iowa, and a railroad grading outfit had there set up their tents, and their many wagons and scrapers and all kinds of men held for me a fascination never forgotten. All along our way until well into Nebraska we found good camping places, good grazing for the cattle and the best of weather. The streams were full of fish and the boys caught enough for our living. But now the weather changed and a terrible thunder storm arose in the middle of the night, the rain came down in torrents, and the boys in their sleeping tent were nearly drowned out. The tent had sprung a leak, and rolling their bedding, and donning their rain coats they sat up the rest of the night, making the welkin ring with songs and laughter.

Coming to the Missouri River opposite Plattsmouth, Nebraska, a ferry-boat awaited the emigrants to take them over the "big stream". Our herd of loose cattle were by this time well trained to follow the wagons, and were driven onto the boat without trouble. As we reached the opposite landing and the boat's bridge was let down, in some manner the shore end, not being properly secured slipped off the bank as the boat swayed in the current. Old Tom and Jerry, the leaders of the six yoke team, were on the bridge and immediately slid off into the water. Father quickly unhooked the chain, letting the leaders go and the rest of the team backed away. The boat coming a second time to the shore we were finally safely landed.

But old Tom and Jerry in their struggles had reached a point nearly under the boat. Finally, my father waded out to the boat's side and with his long whip gee-hawed the oxen to the land. At Plattsmouth we were joined by other emigrants, thus with increased numbers insuring us a safe crossing of the Plains through the Indian country.

We had hoped to find at Fort Kearney, emigrants going to Montana and the Virginia City gold mines, and to travel in their company and for this reason we camped at the Fort a week, but it was already well known that the western route through the Sioux

and Blackfoot country was unsafe for emigrants as these Indians were hostile and many tribes were already on the warpath. The Indians we had so far met were friendly Pawnees. While we waited a large party bound for the Pikes Peak region made camp at the Fort, one man driving one hundred and fifty head of loose stock. In this company were many families and a large number of armed men. Thus father changed his plans, deeming it safer to go with this large train, and his own company which had followed him from the river consenting, we turned our steps toward Colorado. Officers in charge of the Fort refused permission for trains numbering less than one hundred armed men, and as many as sixty wagons, to leave the protection of the Fort. We were a company of one hundred and fifty men and probably fifty women, many of whom could shoot a gun as effectively as a man. Without a dissenting voice my father was elected captain.

After leaving the Fort we began to see the destruction caused by the Indians; whole camps had been burned, charred and broken wagons only remaining. Stage stations were abandoned with now and then a few head of livestock running loose, but no trace of the owner. At one place were a number of little white pigs. Our men captured three but when later the captain heard of it, he was furious, but the station was by now far in the rear and the creatures could not be returned. The settlers lived in constant fear of roving bands of marauding Indians.

The stagecoach and Pony Express were in operation and their stations were for the most part well guarded. Small stores of canned and bottled goods were kept at many of these stations and I remember one in particular where three young men were in charge. While we were at supper two of these fellows – one short, the other tall – sauntered around our camp fires and took notice of where a number of our best horses were being fed. After feeding, these horses were either hobbled or picketed out. Watchmen on horseback rounded the camp all night to prevent the loose stock from straying. Next morning a fine span of sorrel horses were missing. Their hobbles were padlocked, thus could not be removed without the key. A two hours' hunt discovered them several miles from camp in a deep ravine. They were tied to a lone cottonwood tree with their hobbles still on.

Not many buffalo were in sight at any time and very few antelope. It is possible that the shouting of the “bull-whackers” and “mule skimmers” – the western name for drovers – and the lowing of the cattle, disturbed them and they moved to other pastures. In the spring buffalo drifted north to the cool summer of northern Montana or southern Canada, where, in the rich meadow lands and beside the many small lakes they reared their young. In the winter they came south into Kansas and Nebraska, where, on the wide prairie there was room and feed for millions. The Indian with his spear killed comparatively few and only for meat and hides sufficient for his own use, but the coming of the white hunter with repeating rifle, killing apparently for the love of killing, decimated the herds until at this present date but few, if any, remain in their wild state.

Occasionally with field glasses Indians were seen on the bluffs overlooking the road, but we were not disturbed. Traveling along the Platte River we made fifteen to twenty miles a day. At this time the Union Pacific was grading their roadbed on the north side of the river. But before the laying of the rails was completed, two years later, and until it reached Cheyenne in 1869, hostile bands of Indians gave the workmen much trouble and some killing resulted.

Much of the water was alkali and unfit for drinking, thus every morning a large pot of coffee was made for refreshing the thirsty, throughout the day. Cooking over a camp fire was not difficult if rightly managed, provided dry wood was plentiful. A camp-kettle, frying pan, a Dutch oven and a big black coffee pot were the requisites. The Dutch oven was a shallow iron dish with three short legs, and with a flat, iron cover. The bread or biscuit dough was spread inside and the oven placed in a bed of hot coals. Coals were also heaped on the cover. When properly baked the food was delicious. For recreation during the evening the boys and girls played "tag" or jumped the rope and other harmless games, but some of the women played cards. They sat around a camp table or perhaps a rough box and played their game. My mother's Presbyterian ideas were continually being shocked.

Upon nearing Denver our company divided, the largest number, those driving loose stock taking the "Cut-off" along the Box Elder Creek and the other families keeping to the river road. The valley which the "Cut-off" traversed was a wide sandy waste with an occasional water-hole, but by digging down four or more feet water would rise in the hole and when settled was clear and fit to use. The first evening on this road after the camp was quiet and asleep, we were suddenly awakened by a roaring as of a mighty wind, but instead, in a moment a black cloud of mosquitos, myraids of them, settled on man and beast. The cattle were wild, the men unable to control them. The captain ordered the teams hooked up and to take the road immediately. There was some grumbling against night travel but that seemed the only way to rid the creatures of this dreadful scourge. We reached Running Creek in time for breakfast. At one of these camps an immense rattler was killed.

We traveled southwest through the Bijou Basin coming at last to the open range where the city of Colorado Springs now stands. The cattle were footsore and weary and we rested for a week. One of our resting days being the Sabbath my parents attended church in Colorado City, then the capital of the territory. Having reached the Pikes Peak region our company dispersed. One family went to Fairplay, another, the McShanes, to a home already prepared some twenty miles north of Colorado City. Here in addition to a comfortable log house was a stone fort for refuge should Indians attack. At last account the fort was still in evidence and the homestead still in the McShane family. Other men went to Fountain City where one owned a store.

Johnson and my father were anxious to find winter pasturage for their stock and the southern portion of the territory, recommended as having a mild climate, it was decided to move south of Pueblo. Several other families also went south. Johnson stopped on Grenaros Creek while my father went six miles farther south to Apache. Our wagons were unloaded on the sixth of August, 1867. Thus for nearly three months our home had been on wheels. Johnson had brought a mower among his freight and as the Apache valley was one wide meadow, he cut a large amount of hay and established a stage station, feeding the stage horses as well as the traveling public. My father also cut hay, but there was abundant winter pasturage.

The four young men, who were still with us, went with my father in to the mountains where they cut and hewed logs for a cabin, also cut blocks which were riven and shaved into shingles. The result of many weeks of labor was a well-built story and a half house, with shingled roof and a wide stone chimney. The lumber for doors and

windows and the flooring had come from a little sawmill on Hard Scrabble Creek, forty miles away, and was hauled over a rocky road into the Apache valley.

Wild game was abundant, antelope in large numbers came near our ranch, deer also in herds ranged in the nearby mountains. Bears also roamed among the foothills and now and then carried away a fat shoat. Lynx and bobcats did much damage among the chickens, coming into the door-yard where occasionally our men shot them as they crouched along the limb of a pine tree. Mountain rats were troublesome – pack rats they were called. Small articles disappeared: coffee kernels, dried fruits, corn and even nails. Candles were their special prize. This loot was stored in some inaccessible cranny.

Our cows were broken to milk, supplying the family with milk and butter. A spring-house was built near the little creek and as butter was worth one dollar a pound in the villages we went to work in earnest to make it pay, for we needed many things for our new home. We sent quantities of butter to Fort Reynolds some seventy-five miles down the river, finding a ready market. The expenses of our three months' trip and the added expense for lumber for the new house, had been a heavy drain on my father's finances and the butter money was a welcome addition. Many things were needed and a set of china was among the first purchases. These dishes came from Fort Reynolds. Chairs and such like necessities were bought in the little town of Pueblo.

Mother had brought some nice things with her, heirlooms, handed down from our French grandmother. Beautiful old lace and a blue silk canopy draped with lace and tassels, for a high four poster bed, no earthly use to us now as four poster bedsteads were unknown in the West. Among other things was a tall wooden clock, whose wooden wheels refused to run after hauling it across the Plains – also a large iron-bound cedar chest containing our homespun woolen clothes; soft white wool blankets, also homespun, and fancy quilts of old design quilted in feather work, not to be bought in the markets of today.

A few chickens were bought from Aunt Miller, who with her son, ran a stage station on Muddy Creek; also a few pigs from the Zan Hicklin ranch on the Greenhorn north of us. Mrs. Hicklin was one of the heirs to the Maxwell, Virgil and St. Vrain land grants, and was a descendant of Colonel William Bent. Her mother was Spanish. This grant covered many sections and could not be homesteaded. Settlers were always notified of this fact and not many cared to risk losing their improvements. Not until about 1874 was the question of removal of the grant settled by authority of the Government and the land thrown open to Colorado homesteaders. The new grant was near Springer, New Mexico.

Zan Hicklin was a jolly fellow and a great joker. Travelers were always welcome to a free meal and a night's lodging. Many frontier stories are credited to his telling. One often repeated was of an army officer on his way from Pueblo to the post at Fort Garland on the west side of the Greenhorn range. The officer was driving a span of fine horses, and, stopping at the Hicklin ranch, said to Zan, "Put them in the best place you've got." Next morning the team, curried and shining was brought out and a bill for twenty-five dollars handed to the officer. "Ridiculous," angrily retorted the officer, but Zan held his ground. "Your orders were to put them in the best place I had which was the parlor," he replied. The bill was paid. The ranch buildings were all flat roofed and had dirt floors.

In the late fall of this year – 1867 – a herd of ten thousand long-horn cattle from the Pecos Valley in Texas were driven into southern Colorado to range through the

winter. These cattle were owned by Dalton and Sons and three or four other men and in the next spring would be driven to the Kansas City market. The men made their headquarters in the Apache Valley in an unfinished shack near our home. One cold, foggy morning in November, one of the night herders missed a big blue-roan steer and circled the herd hunting him. He soon struck a trail in the frost-covered grass and weeds where many creatures had passed. In a very short time a band of Texans, mounted and armed to the teeth were in hot pursuit. Taking up the trail northward till the sun dissipated the fog, they could easily track the cattle to the Hard Scrabble, then following up the creek bed they came out at Macy's Hole or Canyon at the head of the St. Charles River.

In the corral of a well known ranchman – Gordon by name – were found the stolen cattle, ten of their best fat steers. After disarming Gordon, the thief, and making ready to take him back to the camp along with the cattle, the ranchman kindly invited the Texans in to dinner. Now, after a forty mile ride on a cold morning, a good hot meal was very acceptable, and leaving one man to stand guard the others went into a back room where the meal was served. The prisoner and guard were in the sitting room, where upon a bed lay a newspaper. Gordon, reaching for the newspaper, suddenly presented a cocked pistol at the guard who quickly threw up his hands. Taking the guard's gun, he sprang for his horse that stood just outside the door, and made a dash for cover among the rugged recesses of that famous "Hole" in the mountains, and they never saw him again.

As had previously been planned this herd of ten thousand cattle, were, in the spring driven to Kansas City, arriving at the stockyards late in the summer. They sold for a big price and Mr. Dalton, the principal owner, was reported to have received twenty thousand dollars as his share. He returned to Texas in company with other cattlemen but when, within two days' travel of his home, he grew impatient, and against their advice separated from the rest of the crowd and started on the forty mile drive alone. He had been absent nearly a year and was anxious to be home again.

He drove a span of fine horses and on the buckboard conveyance carried a strong trunk which contained not only clothing and personal effects but the twenty thousand dollars in cash. All went well till within a few miles of his home, when a band of Comanches in ambush suddenly waylaid him, killing the man; cutting loose the horses, and smashing the trunk. When the other cattlemen, including Mr. Dalton's two sons, reached the scene of the tragedy, they found the trunk rifled of its contents and broken, but the lid in which there was a secret compartment was intact and the money was safe.

There was a general outbreak of the Ute Indians in the fall of 1868. We heard of their many depredations, but as we were not on the main road we had not much fear of trouble for ourselves. Some of the settlers in the other districts went to the army posts for protection, and a considerable number of whites were killed. Two in Huerfano Canyon – not far from us – and others in the Bijou Basin. A posse of mounted men from Monument rode sixty miles to the east to recover horses that the Indians had driven off the day before. Soldiers often passed to and from Pueblo and Fort Garland and Uncle Sam's mule teams and big wagons loaded with government supplies were often driven into camp on the creek near our place.

An attractive young woman, who had crossed the Plains with us and had proved herself an efficient cook, had, on the journey, so bewitched a foolish roust-a-bout, who did odd jobs about the camp, that not long after she reached the end of her journey, he

proposed that she share in his future prospects and with him establish a home. Her refusal to be his bride shattered his dreams to such an extent, that becoming desperate, he strapped his two pistols to his belt; took several drinks, and mounted his horse – the guns, horse and trappings being the sum of his earthly possessions – and spent the afternoon in racing up and down the road in front of the house where the young lady lived, at each passing threatening to blow out his brains unless she consented to his wooing. But the girl calmly remaining behind closed doors, he finally gave up the contest and rode away into the night.

In the late fall of 1868 father bought the improvements on a ranch on the Huerfano River and before spring we had moved into the district. Here were five or six families with about fifteen children of school age. My mother had been greatly distressed by the lack of schools and churches, the education of her children being her one desire. She never failed to read one of the Psalms each day and on Sunday morning we each read a verse of scripture and had family prayer. Now a school district was organized and called “St. Mary’s District No. 1,” my father being one of the principal movers in the organization. Until a suitable school building could be erected a room in a private house was used and Miss Hanna Jamison was engaged as the first teacher. On the day that school began – the 25<sup>th</sup> of January, 1869, a new baby boy arrived in our home, making the seventh child for whose education mother would be anxious.

At St. Mary’s Crossing on the Huerfano was a post office by the same name and that summer a store and a saloon were opened there by a man named Scott. About this time a circuit riding Methodist preacher named Jefferson from Pueblo came every three months, and held religious services in our home; it being the most convenient place. People for miles around came eagerly to hear his Gospel message. In the winter of 1870 a government surveying outfit from Denver made our ranch their headquarters for several days while a big snow storm raged. They had a large camp with many horses, wagons and tents, and afforded a thrilling diversion for isolated children.

In these early days Indians and road agents – brigands – often interfered with the stage lines, and a new driver having been put on the road between Pueblo and Trinidad, he was warned to be ready for any attack. He was well armed but it was a long and sometimes a lonely trip. On one of these trips darkness overtook him by the time he reached the Cactus Flats on the St. Charles Creek. Many of these cacti were of the tree variety and in the moonlight – to a timid soul – might take on the shape of mounted Indians. Thus our driver laid whip to his steeds and raced into Pueblo with the report that Indians were hot on his trail and had chased him to the town limits. A troop of armed scouts rode hastily out to investigate but only the spines of the tall cactus disturbed the level surface of the sandy waste.

In the spring of 1871 father moved from the Huerfano to the valley of the Grenaros, a tributary of the Greenhorn River. This section was fast being settled by a good class of people. A store and a post office were established at Rye. A school district was organized and a church built. The Reverend Calvin Littrell was the first pastor. His brother, a doctor, later settled there and in time built up a fine practice. Lumber was much in demand in the new settlement and my father with two or three others brought a sawmill to the Greenhorn and bought government timber. Two or three years later father sawed lumber and built for his family a ten-room house. Two more children had been

added to the family in recent years, thus more space was required. This new house was set in a beautiful pine grove near the foot of the mountains.

A number of large cattle ranches were started, the pasture land reaching to the Kansas border. Wealthy Englishmen bought up large acreage and brought in many horses and large flocks of sheep. It was while we were in this section that the scourge of grasshoppers devastated the country. They came in clouds, hiding the sun, and settled on the green fields. When at last they left for pastures new, there was no trace of green in the fields, and the trees even were stripped of their leaves. It was a heavy blow to the farmers.

As late as the year 1878, my father, with a party of men, went on a buffalo hunt. He brought home eleven hides which later were tanned, making valuable robes. The buffalo were by now growing scarce. The Ute Indians came over the range from the Parks where they made their summer home. They set up their teepee villages along the creek bottoms, then followed down the Arkansas River, shooting enough buffalo for their winter supply of meat, then one by one would wander back to the reservation, their pack-ponies loaded with the spoils of the chase.

Our recreation was horse-back riding and croquet. Everyone had saddle horses and the girls were as good riders as the boys. Our croquet ground was well laid out and everyone from the oldest to the youngest played the game. Mother was opposed to country dances and seldom allowed us to attend. At Fourth of July celebrations all the country-side gathered in a shady grove where a dancing floor could be laid. Everybody came – mines, lumberjacks, cowboys, and neighbors. Usually whiskey by the gallon was furnished and before the day was spent many of the men were hilariously drunk. The Fourth was always the “big day” on the frontier.

The sewing machine was just coming into use in the settlements. It was in 1873 that father bought a Wheeler and Wilson, the price – one hundred and thirty dollars. It was the first machine in the community. Neighbor women often came to stitch “just a little seam” and stayed to make a whole garment. Mother made all of the boys’ clothing, including their winter coats and caps, and knit their woolen stockings. One of my sisters learned the dressmaking and milliner trade in Pueblo where all our farm products found a ready market, and our supplies were hauled the thirty-five miles from town.

The first death in our family occurred in 1883 when an eighteen-year-old daughter died of the measles, and in the same year twin girls were born who were so near alike as they were growing up that not even the family, excepting my mother, could tell one from the other. Father’s health began to fail soon after my sister’s death, and in May, 1885, he too passed away, leaving a wife and ten children to mourn his loss. He had been a true pioneer, just and upright in all his dealings and his death was a great blow to the community.

Mother lived to the age of seventy. She was a wise and loving mother and a kindly neighbor. Always with a pleasant smile, she was much beloved by her friends. A lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, her faith in God and her example of Christian living is a sweet memory to all who knew her. Truly her children rise up and call her blessed.

## *F. G. Reithman*

“The Reithmans as a family are, of course, well known, and the Mr. Reithman, whose story we now relate, does not care for notoriety, in his opinion the people of this day and generation show little interest in the Pioneer. It is not our intention to relate the success in life of any one member in particular, rather it is our object to tell some of the difficulties which the family experienced in those early days when this region was little known and when emigrant families were arriving.”

The family home was originally in Indiana but the lure of the West brought them to Council Bluffs, Iowa, in the late 50's, traveling overland with horses. Here the family lived for two years, but in the spring of 1858 the two elder sons caught the excitement of the Pike's Peak rumor, that gold in quantities could be picked up by the wagon load. With other young men of their acquaintance, also in haste to reach the “golden strand,” they started out eagerly on the long, tiresome journey with the full determination to get their share of the precious stuff. By the following spring so well satisfied were they with the prospect that one of the brothers returned to Council Bluffs to fetch another brother, and persuade the father into bringing the rest of the family to Pike's Peak.

As the news of the finding of gold spread, emigrants from other sections of the country gathered at the River, waiting for sufficient numbers to make the journey in safety. Thus it was that early in April of 1859, the Reithman family, with covered wagons and ox teams, with milch cows, and coops of chickens and household effects, even to the family cat, joined the ever-increasing throng and cast in their lot with the others.

The first experience was to cross the Missouri River to Omaha on a ferry-boat. The boat was of sufficient size to drive upon it several yoke of oxen, and the necessary wagons belonging to each outfit, and in time the whole large train, possibly forty families were safely ferried over and the journey of six hundred miles into the West was begun, with hope and courage and bright anticipation. There was plenty of game to be had for the killing – antelope and buffalo – wild ducks and fish in the streams. The Indians were friendly and the crossing of the Plains was safely accomplished in two months' time, and they arrived at the small settlement on Cherry Creek early in June.

Mr. Reithman, who tells this story, was at the time, a lad of only nine years, and many incidents of the journey were not sufficiently impressed upon his young mind to be remembered distinctly. The family did not long remain in the town, for as soon as possible the elder Reithman took up a homestead on Sand Creek, a small stream flowing into the Platte near where Riverside cemetery is today.

Denver, or Auraria – the name by which the little settlement was first known, was originally built on the low banks of Cherry Creek near its junction with the Platte River. The dry and sandy creek bottom was for the most part grown over with weeds, thereby deceiving the pioneer into building not only on its banks but actually on its level surface, where many families were housed. But in May, 1864, excessive rains in the foothills and on the Divide filled this dry bottom with a raging torrent, which overflowed the low banks, sweeping away not only the shacks and tents of the poorer people, but also some of the more important buildings. The new city hall, wherein was an iron safe, probably the only one west of Omaha, and which contained all the valuable city records, was washed away and the safe so deeply buried in the sand that it has never been recovered.



Many of the smaller buildings floated for miles down the Platte, and much distress resulted.

It was difficult to estimate the number of people arriving at the little city in the years '59 and '60, as the great majority of them, especially the single men, had come to hunt for gold, and as soon as possible went into the mountains where placer mining was already under way. Sluice boxes and rockers, sometimes called cradles, were frequent along the streams as far away as Idaho Springs and even at Black Hawk.

Sluice mining as far removed as Leadville – then called California Gulch – was attracting attention, where it was reported that the surface dirt was fabulously rich, and soon placer claims were pre-empted the entire length of the gulch. Before that summer was over – the year of 1860 – five thousand had assembled there and the camp was the most prosperous in the mountains. Excitement ran high. Later when deep mining prevailed quartz, both gold and silver, was oftentimes so rich in value that a small piece, when placed on a red hot stove, the precious content would melt and ooze through the coarser ore till the surface was covered with little beads of pure gold or silver.

Gold dust was, of course, the currency most used, the small sums of paper money brought by emigrants – the shin plaster – five, ten and twenty-five cent denominations when worn out was not replaced. At the stores payment for merchandise was made with gold dust at the rate of eighteen dollars or thereabout an ounce. Prices for any kind of food stuffs were high, flour especially commanding a figure often of eighty dollars a barrel and small quantities proportionately higher. The Reithmans were provident, having brought sufficient flour for their present needs.

As previously stated the elder Reithman almost immediately took up a homestead, as land could be pre-empted almost anywhere; all a man had to do was to claim it and build his cabin. These first settlers chose land near the creeks, thus irrigation was a simple matter. Later ditches were constructed that more land might be cultivated. The crossing of these streams was effected by means of flat-boats, of which every farmer had one or several. These streams were subject to freshets which separated what few neighbors there were till the waters subsided.

The pioneer women were anxious to do their part, and where possible, helped with the farming. It is but natural that many times a wave of homesickness would surge over a housewife and mother when she contrasted her crude frontier home with the well-favored one left behind, but for the most part these women bravely and cheerfully endured the many privations which came as their share in the settling of a new country.

Sufficient provisions of certain kinds, including good flour, had been brought from the Missouri River. Antelope were numerous, coming within range of the ranch at all times, and herds of buffalo roamed the plains within thirty miles, and thus fresh meat could be had for the killing. Abundant fish were in the streams – suckers and red horse – and there were no game laws to menace hunter or fisher.

Mr. Reithman raised wheat and barley and the threshing was accomplished in the primitive way of laying the sheaves in rows on the ground and driving a team of horses back and forth over them, thus stamping out the grain, which afterward was winnowed and ground by hand. Later some enterprising pioneer freighted a grist mill into the valley and flour was then a native product. In another year certain hardy vegetables were grown, not the head lettuce variety but the common garden stuff which to the early settler was a great luxury.

A year or two later the farmers of this section established a school near the present site of the Riverside Cemetery. A log house was raised and a teacher secured. Here the young Reithman's learned the "rule of three" and acquired an understanding of other essential things. There was no country church, but by this time there was in the town an Episcopal Church and a school. Pioneer children early learned to hunt and fish; to shoot a gun that would bring down an antelope, and to fish successfully, thus furnishing all of the meat used for food and incidentally amusement also.

Mr. Reithman's recollection of playing with the Indian children was somewhat overshadowed by a circumstance occurring in 1861 when he was ten years old. That summer many tribes of Indians coming from the plains united, intending to wipe out their natural enemy, the Utes, and large bands of them, the Kiowas, the Arapahoes, the Sioux and the Cheyennes, came to the Reithman farm and pitched their tents along the river bank. Apparently they were friendly but the farmer was fearful of their peaceful intentions, and dared not openly oppose them. At one time they wanted meat and without a word they killed two of his cattle.

As the warriors were about to depart, two chiefs decided to bring their families to the farm house to be boarded until they returned from the war. They agreed to pay with horses and buffalo robes. Thus in a day or two some fifteen or twenty squaws and papooses belonging to the different tribes were brought in to be fed and treated civilly, for the white people were really at the mercy of the Indians who were many times their number. The white farmers were always prepared to fight even though a losing game and they often wondered why the Indians did not clean out the Paleface, for the white man knew that his safety depended only on the whim of the treacherous Redskin. The Indians carried guns as well as every man his bow and arrows.

These squaws were at the farm house nearly two months, and as all provision was hauled by team from the Missouri River, this extra call for food was a great drain on the farmers' resources, and an intolerable ordeal for the wife and mother. When finally the chiefs returned they rounded up their squaws and papooses, but repudiated the board bill. Although at a great loss it was a good riddance, and, under the circumstances, the least said was the best policy.

In due course of time our young friend found a suitable mate – a pioneer girl – her family coming West in 1865 when she was but five years old. Her father, a Kansas farmer, evidently of a roving disposition, sold his home and with ox teams brought his family to Colorado and took up land some thirteen miles west of Denver. But the sojourn here was only transient, for the mother's brother, who lived in California, had for many years urged his sister to come to Sacramento, where, in that vicinity he had several productive farms. He promised her that he could start the family immediately on the sure road to success. Finally a favorable decision being made, the household goods were packed; the oxen yoked and the covered wagon outfit started out again on a still longer trek.

A whole season from spring to winter was required for the outward journey. In a year's time, because of malaria, the father became dissatisfied and brought his family back again, this time with horses, but owing to Indians and other unforeseen conditions a full season was again consumed on the way. Thus the most of three years was spent in travel, not in Pullman cars, but in the cramped space of a jolting lumber wagon. The westward journey led them through Wyoming and over the Medicine Bow Range. Other

emigrants also were journeying westward and in a short time a considerable company was traveling and camping together for mutual safety.

The greatest difficulty encountered was the many streams which must be crossed. In fording the Green River, eleven yoke of oxen were required and at times the oxen were compelled to swim and the wagon floated with the current. Again at Fort Bridger a swollen stream must be crossed in the same dangerous way. Many Indian spies lurked in unexpected places. Fierce in their war paint and feathers, mounted on splendid horses, they were a continual menace to the train, and frightened the women and children so that they dared not step outside the wagons at night.

These Indians were not altogether friendly, for some of the trading posts had been burned and many newly made graves lined the roadway. When the return journey was undertaken, the government required that each train should have at the start not less than one hundred armed men. Emigrant trains driving horse teams were often disturbed, not alone by marauding Indians, but by bands of horse thieves. When camping at night the wagons were always placed to form a circle or corral, but sometimes the horses were left outside to graze, with guards who herded them through the night. Some of the horses were picketed also.

One dark night while camped at Deepwater, the horses being outside under guard, someone rode swiftly through the herd blowing a shrill whistle, thus stampeding the whole bunch. As soon as possible the guards mounted these picketed horses and gave chase, firing as they ran. The camp thus disturbed, nearly all the men joined in the pursuit, expecting of course that it was an Indian raid.

In the meantime the women and children were left alone, and naturally were frightened nearly to death. Mrs. Reithman remembers how her mother gathered her three little children in her arms and prayed that their lives might be spared. Many shots were fired and one of the intruders was killed, he proved to be a white man, one of a band of horse thieves. Thus the situation was not so desperate as an Indian outbreak would have been. Eventually the horses were recovered, enabling the train to continue the journey. This experience, though wonderfully thrilling at the time would not be desired again. The opinion expressed was that the Pioneer suffered many hardships to open up this country, and deserves much praise for the results accomplished.

This most worthy couple have spent much of their lives in the country amid fertile fields and fruitful orchards and have but recently removed to the city. They were heard to say that Colorado having been their home for more than sixty years would, no doubt, be their resting place when their life's work was done.

## *Mr. J. W. Robb*

Here is a veteran pioneer whose memory goes back to the return of the soldiers from the Mexican war in 1847 and to his carrying water to the thirsty men. These Mexican War Veterans boarded the train at Indianapolis and on reaching the little town of Vernon where our friend was born the train stopped for twenty minutes, but the soldiers were not allowed to leave the cars. No doubt the citizens enmasse were at the station to see the return of the conquering heroes, and our friend, only nine years old, with his mother was part of the crowd.

The thoughtful mother suggested that the little boy fill a pail with water and bring it to the waiting men, and in his hurry to comply, the eager little fellow spilled half the precious liquid on the way, thus his supply did not go far in a train full of thirsty men. He remembers seeing the empty bucket flying out of the car window when a soldier had drained the last drip from its brim, and thus was the incident impressed upon his young mind.

Mr. Robb was a farmer lad in Illinois, and when about seventeen he left the farm and went to Garnet, Kansas. Very shortly he was appointed census taker for the outlying farming district, and during his rounds saw much of the farming industry. When this task was finished, he moved again, this time to Kansas City, then a growing manufacturing town, and worked several years in Bullards Machine Shop and Foundry.

In the spring of 1860 two older brothers on their way to the "gold diggings" in the Pike's Peak region stopped in Kansas City and persuaded our friend to come with them to the new El Dorado. They followed the Santa Fe Trail through Kansas and across the Arkansas River to Bent's Fort. This old caravan trail was established when Santa Fe, New Mexico, was the outpost of American civilization; when no white man outside of Pacific Coast emigrants, Mexicans and fur traders had ventured far beyond the Missouri River. Before the war with Mexico, Colonel Bent had founded a trading post and fort, named for the gallant colonel on the Arkansas River which served as a place of refuge and defense from the Indians in after years.

Our party of young men had a team of strong mules and made good time on the road. On Cow Creek in Kansas they fell in with an outfit of freighters who were killing buffalo by the hundreds. They stripped the choicest of the meat from each creature; cut it into narrow lengths, and hung it on top of the wagon cover to dry in the hot sun. This jerked buffalo meat found ready sale in Kansas City and for a good price. These hunters and traders used no guns to kill their quarry, but used instead the noiseless, sharp-pointed spear, and their ponies were trained to such efficient work that the hunter could ride into the midst of a herd of buffalo; spear as many creatures as he wished and run no risk of a stampede.

Many hundreds of Indians roamed the Plains and our party often camped near them, but for the most part the Indians were friendly and no trouble of any kind was experienced. Of course they begged for flour and sugar as Indians always do. One day the younger brother was walking beside his wagon, when a fine looking young buck came alongside and in good English demanded: "Give me some money." Told that the young man hadn't any, he again demanded – "Show me your pocketbook." When pockets were turned inside out he went away satisfied.

From Bent's Fort our party took the road that eventually brought them to the frontier town called Pueblo, the little cluster of houses, the most of them adobe, at the junction of the Arkansas and Fountain Rivers. Legend says that this smaller stream is the Fountain-qui-bout along whose banks, had roamed, not a dozen years before, the gentle maiden Evangeline of Longfellow's poem, in search of her lover, Gabriel, while the Spanish Sierras ninety miles to the southward over which Gabriel is said to have wandered were, no doubt, skirted by our gold-seeking party. Following up the Fountain to the Divide they came at last to the headwaters of Cherry Creek and soon after reached the little village of Denver, arriving on May 15, 1860.

Here were only a few cabins but a great crowd had gathered near Lawrence Street where a scaffold had been erected, and on which that very morning a man had been hung. It seems that this man with others was in camp farther up the Platte River and had been quarreling with one of the number more or less all day. The next morning the quarrelsome man and his horse were missing and the other camper failed to arouse when summoned to breakfast. A search was made and by noon the missing man – who admitted his guilt – was tried by court and jury, was sentenced and executed. Thus was frontier justice satisfied.

Mr. Robb and his brothers stayed but a short time in Denver, then followed the majority of gold seekers into the mountains. A few hours only in Golden, then through the Golden Gate to Guy Hill and finally bringing up in the Gregory District. The mountains around Golden Gate were climbed with difficulty by mule teams, and the going down proved too steep for them to hold the wagon in check, therefore like others before them, the ever handy rope was tied to a convenient tree or stump and the wagon let down inch by inch.

Making their home in Nevadaville they engaged in mining in Spring Gulch in Central and as far away as Black Hawk. At Central they used a rocker or cradle to separate the gold and for safety took their whole outfit home every night. They did much prospecting and found good claims, one on the Flack Lode on Quartz Hill proved to be a paying property. They prospected around Empire and had a good claim in Lion Gulch. Also went into Middle Park where they found good fishing and plenty of wild game, but no gold.

In Empire they worked for a man named McFarland who was building a sawmill on Clear Creek just above the town. McFarland was a fine looking man, over six feet tall, with a long, black beard and jet black hair falling down to his shoulders. Requiring certain pieces of iron to complete his mill, he left camp for a few days. When he returned he brought the needful irons with him.

Not many days later Sheriff Ross with a posse of men came quietly into camp and arrested McFarland, for it was evident that he had stolen the irons. The sheriff tied him to a corner of his cabin, shaved off half of his luxuriant beard; cut the curling locks from one side of his head; gave him twelve lashes on his bare back, and commanded him to leave the town inside of twenty-four hours, and never show his face there again, for the next time they would serve him worse; probably hang him. A scarcity of jails made for speedy justice, either be whipped or hung, take your choice.

In September, 1861, our friend, then in Central City, enlisted in the First Colorado Regiment, Company K, and was sent to Denver where the company had headquarters in Cibolas gambling hall on Tenth Street. Later they were sent to Camp Wells, now

Birmingham. After four months' service Company K was discharged by order of Governor Gilpin. He sent word to Colonel Chivington, commander of the First Colorado Regiment, that there were neither horses nor provisions for so many men, and to disband Company K which the colonel did just where they were, out on the plains, the soldiers getting home as best they could. After his company disbanded in December, 1861, Mr. Robb and his brother went to Omaha, walking nearly all the way, and from there visited his old home in Illinois.

Again in Omaha he enlisted a second time and was sent to Benton Barracks, St. Louis. There the regiment was filled out, numbering twelve companies of one hundred men each, and was immediately ordered to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. Not long were they in camp, when on the 6<sup>th</sup> of February, 1862, was fought the battle of Fort Henry. From there they marched to Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland River, then on to Fort Hindman in Kentucky. Finally at the memorable battle of Nashville he, with many others, was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Columbia; then on to Montgomery, to Selaman, to Alamosa, to Merridan, Mississippi and finally to Andersonville, Georgia, the most dreadful of all Southern prisons. He was here five months or until the death of President Lincoln, when in due time he was paroled and sent by boat to New York, thence to Washington, and later in Nashville, Tenn., on July 20, 1865, he was honorably discharged. The war being over he returned again to Illinois.

It took our friend the best part of two years to overcome the effects of prison life. Evidently it was the aim of prison officials to see how little food a man could eat and still live, as sometimes these men went three days without eating and even then the food was limited and of the poorest quality. One day the colonel in command came among a group of prisoners and with him came a small dog. One of the men caught the dog, quickly choking him that he could not bark and soon after the officer had retired, the men feasted on "hot-dog", making way with all of him but his hide, for his bones were charred in the coals and crunched between ravenous jaws. When the colonel found out the fate of his little dog he denied rations to the men for a whole day.

In April of 1866, the year following the close of the war these two brothers again came into the West. Taking a steamboat from St. Louis to Omaha they outfitted there, buying a span of mules and a wagon load of provisions, and started for Denver. Following the Platte River route they were three weeks on the way, having no trouble with Indians or other serious mishaps. Tarrying but a few days in Denver, they went almost immediately to Central and Nevadaville where they soon found that, while in the army, their mining claims had been jumped. Appealing to Henry Teller, then a young lawyer in Central (afterward for many years Colorado's beloved United States Senator) for information, he told them that the law as then written made no provision whereby they could recover their claims, and as they had no money to fight a contested question they released whatever title they thought they had.

In the battle of Fort Donaldson the brother had been wounded in the side by a fragment of shell, and soon found that mining was too strenuous work for him. Thus by the doctor's advice the men came into the valley and after looking around throughout the country finally succeeded in trading their mules and outfit, plus three hundred dollars in cash, for one hundred and sixty acres of land about eight miles east of the little town of Golden. The limit of Denver's area in 1866, when this farm land was acquired, was confined to a radius of but a few miles in any direction but now this tract that sixty years

ago was in the country eight miles away, is now within two miles of the city boundary, on the paved highway and connected with Lookout Mountain and the chain of National Parks. The place is now called Lakewood.

Before the winter set in, in '66 and '67 the brothers built a log cabin fifteen feet square and here together they lived for several years. This house was later replaced by a comfortable brick house built on the exact spot, thus our friend Robb proudly claims to have lived in the same place for sixty years, a remarkable circumstance in a country so new as Colorado. As soon as possible crops were sown, potatoes, oats, and other grains. Stock was raised, cows to furnish butter, chickens to supply eggs, and if there was no market in Denver the loads were hauled to Empire and Georgetown and sold on the way, potatoes at five cents a pound being in demand. Charles Utter, a white man, a scout and an interpreter, but living most of the time among the Utes in Middle Park, made Empire, and Georgetown his headquarters for supplies. He bought much of his grain and most of his potatoes of our friends Robb.

Mr. Robb, who tells us this story, had for many years a large orchard and raised quantities of apples and other fruits, but in recent years, the trees growing older, and as he himself likewise is nearing old age, he has disposed of his large acreage, keeping only about ten acres around the house, including the apple orchard. Mr. Robb and his daughter live happily on the historic place and express their pleasure when city folks come to see the apple trees which still in season bloom abundantly filling the air with their fragrance.

## *Elisha Duncan*

No doubt much of the pioneer history of Elisha Duncan, the subject of this sketch, has been written in the years that are past, but as our little account is of the more intimate family life we venture to make it known at this later date.

Born on a farm in Illinois, Duncan reached young manhood much as did other farmers' sons, but when in 1849 exciting rumors came from California of gold being picked up from the ground, or washed from the streams, he was lured from the peaceful farm as were hundreds of others and, a company being recruited in his own county under the leadership of Captain Bond, he joined the expedition. One hundred men comprised this company with twenty-five teams and wagons. Each team included two yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows and young Duncan was elected "wagon boss".

Making a successful start and having crossed the big rivers on steamboat or ferry they came at last to the Platte River country near the Nebraska line. Here, one day, for some unknown reason, the teams, still yoked to the wagons, stampeded, and dire disaster to the whole expedition was averted only by the cattle rushing over a low bank toward the river and plunging into the stream. Fortunately the river was broad and shallow and an island near the center checked their mad rush and they were soon recovered. However, the stampede was not the worst evil encountered for soon after this event yellow fever broke out among the men and nearly half the train's number were victims of this dread disease. Not until Sweet Water Pass in Wyoming was reached did it disappear altogether.

In the train was an eighteen-year-old boy, by name Alfred Slade. He had been accepted under the charge of Elisha Duncan. The families were neighbors in Illinois and Duncan wielded a powerful influence over the lad who was inclined to be wild. At a point on the North Platte somewhere beyond Cheyenne, while at breakfast one morning, he suddenly whipped out his revolver and shot and killed the man sitting opposite him.

For this deed he was to be immediately hung. Preparations were made; the rope was laid out; the wagon tongue hoisted, and Slade securely bound, but through the influence of Duncan who earnestly pleaded with the captain, his life was spared. Duncan realized that because of their greatly reduced numbers every able-bodied man was needed to guard against the Indian through whose country they were now traveling. With a solemn warning from the captain that he should "be good" Slade was ordered ahead of the train as a scout. This dangerous duty he willingly performed.

California finally reached and the quest for gold successful, young Duncan being one of the fortunate ones, he returned to his home in Illinois, fully satisfied that he had accumulated enough of the precious metal to last him through life. Here, with his young wife, he lived contentedly till the Pikes Peak excitement in 1859 stirred his adventurous soul to further questing. Then it was that mounting his best horse; with saddle bags filled with provisions to last from station to station; with roll of bedding securely fastened behind on his saddle; with ammunition sufficient for his two revolvers; and with courage and perseverance in his heart, he set out alone on this hazardous journey.

Traveling mostly at night, resting and sleeping through the heat of the day, he was able to make better time and was only seriously disturbed by Indians. About noonday while peacefully sleeping in the shade of a willow thicket, his horse picketed nearby, he was awakened by an unusual sound. An Indian had quietly sneaked up to the grazing



horse; had released the lariat, and, already mounted was endeavoring to urge the reluctant horse to his best speed.

Realizing the situation instantly it took but a fraction of time to draw a revolver and shoot Mr. Indian who rolled from the horse with a loud yell and took to his heels. How far he was able to run Duncan did not wait to see but mounting quickly he took his own leave of the neighborhood. Discretion being the better part of valor.

Reaching the “diggings” Duncan was soon satisfied with the richness of the gold fields of Colorado, then a part of Kansas Territory. Late in the fall of that year, 1859, he mounted the same thoroughbred and returned to his Illinois home determined to go again into the West the next spring. This purpose he carried out, and early in May, 1860, started again across the Plains, this time with a herd of cattle, mules, horses, wagons, hogs, chickens – a great caravan – the journey requiring two months.

He went immediately to Golden Gate where he established a toll road into the mountains and up to Gregory Gulch. Also during the summer he built a substantial two-story log house. (Note: This old log house is still standing. A recent kodak picture was shown the writer. Also a thicket of plum and cherry trees, the seeds planted by the Duncan children, are still alive, and the spring nearby is the sweetest water in all that region.)

As soon as possible the next spring, 1861, this enterprising young man bestriding the same steed, returned to Illinois and in as short time as could be encompassed, with his wife, his four little children, his household goods, and the usual trapping of a family on the move, turned toward the West and began again the long and tedious journey across the Plains.

The description of this journey is best related in the words of one of the sons, at that time only five years old, but the impressions on his young mind of that wonderful trip have remained and are still a vivid memory.

“Oh, the expectancy of childhood, for already I had reached the age of five years. A trip first to the great river to the west of us, with wagons and mules; thence on to the first steamboat and up the river to St. Joe, Missouri, where we joined others with mules and horse teams, now bound for Denver and Golden Gate over the Smoky Hill route and cut-off, or short line to Denver. To me this surely seemed a “rough crossing”.

The Bib Blue River is reached. All teams come to a stop. Here we must effect a sure crossing for all. First to our great powerful mule team four more mules were added with Quill Hogbin, the famous driver in the saddle. I can yet imagine I remember that voice of dear old Quill shouting, “Heat here, Mike, Jule, Bill, Pol, Jinny, Beck”. A few shouts and pops of the whip and we are safely landed on the other shore.

Now we reach out into a broad expanse of rolling prairie country. Soon the Indians are coming to visit us, to talk, trade and beg. Seemed as if they were bound to get me. They offered papooses, and ponies all of which I disliked, though father laughed and so would Mr. Indian. After seventeen days’ journey we drove into Denver. In ahead of all competitive teams.

That last morning very early a man driving a horse team passed our camp, calling out in passing, “I am going to be the first man into Denver today.” About noon we overtook and passed this same man who had stopped to fix a broken brake, but he ignored us. Some time later Quill called out “He is coming,” but father said, “Keep him in sight if you can, Quill, but we will beat him in.”

It was a hotly contested race for the last twenty miles and I breathed a sigh of relief when we reached the "Camp Ground" in Cottonwood Grove right above where Cherry Creek empties into the Platte. The bright sun just setting over the mountains and the grandeur of the wild, strange scenery all around us made an impression upon this young mind to remain always. Our hopes and expectations were more than realized when early on the following day we reached Golden Gate and the home which father had built in readiness for us."

Duncan did no actual mining but grub-staked prospectors, thus acquiring interests in many rich mines. In addition to the toll road he bought and sold horses, mules and cattle, sending them to a place near Longmont, which he later owned and where a brother, who had a short time before arrived in Colorado, took care of the stock. Horses were bought from emigrants who had no further need for them, also from men who had gone "broke" reaching the mines and who would sell them for a song. Eventually a large cattle business was built up, and at the time the Colorado troops were organized Mr. Duncan furnished a large part of the horses required. He was chief of the commissary department and supplied both horses and guns, besides swearing in many officers and men.

A daughter had Mr. Duncan's gun which he used in this regiment, a muzzle loading, and a forty-five caliber revolver. Also powder horn and pouch, box of caps and bullet mold. A double barrel gun also is in the collection. Nearly every man went armed in those days. Marauding Indians and cattle thieves were numerous and many innocent settlers were killed.

In this collection also is the pair of delicate scales used to weigh the gold dust paid to the gate keeper for permission to travel the toll road. A buckskin pouch used by the father to carry his gold dust, was, many years afterward destroyed, when a son studying to become an assayer took the bag to the mint. It was then burned to recover the golden particles so deeply enmeshed in the soft leather.

Early in 1864 Mr. Duncan, having sold the toll road took up a homestead on the St. Vrain about thirty miles from Denver and near his place at Longmont. Here was a two-room house to which was added two more rooms and the whole building weather-boarded. A comfortable farm house. Cuttings from fruit trees were sent from Illinois: apple, peach, cherry, which grew and flourished. In time vegetables were raised which sold for a good price to the miners to whom they were a luxury. Also grain which was ground at the old White Rock mill. Hay also was cut along the bottoms and readily sold at one hundred and fifty dollars a ton in the mining towns of Central and Black Hawk.

In August of that same year, 1864, the Indian tribes of the plains becoming restless many small bands roamed the valleys along the Platte and other streams, killing stock and raiding ranches, practically driving the settlers back to Denver and Golden. Several white men were killed. Because of this the men along the St. Vrain and other valley farms, including the Duncans and their neighbors, took their families and with ox teams made the drive from the Duncan homestead to Golden. They started at daylight, driving their cows and young stock, not reaching their goal until midnight.

In different localities some of the people were too frightened to be responsible for their actions. One woman, a bride of a few weeks, hitched an unbroken colt to a flimsy carriage, and immediately the colt ran away, breaking the carriage to splinters and throwing the woman to the ground. But her fear, not of the horse, but of the Indians

enabled her to keep on traveling the lonely road till finally she reached Golden more dead than alive.

Having located their families in comparative safety, the men returned to the St. Vrain and with their united efforts built a fort with walls of sod near where Boulder Creek empties into the St. Vrain. Later this defense was known as Fort Junction. The sod was plowed from the Duncan field and hauled with oxen to the spot selected. This sod, cut into blocks about twelve by eighteen inches, was built into a wall eight feet high and with port holes ten feet apart and some four feet from the ground. The completed structure enclosing possibly one hundred and fifty square feet of ground was a Herculean task for the fifteen men who gave their efforts to the building of it.

A roster of these names is preserved by one of the Duncan brothers who as a little lad participated in this thrilling exodus, pursued, as he supposed, by the blood-thirsty Indian. (The names as recorded.) Elisha Duncan, T. F. Godding, John A. Titus, Mike and Perry Smith, S. J. Plumb, Dan Daly, Ira Carnady, Robert Hauck, Morris Coffin, James Taylor, Albion Cornell, George Fleming, Charles Burbridge, and Jay Thomas. Many of these men were in the Hundred Day Service and took part in the Battle of Sand Creek under Captain C. M. Tyler. Without doubt these men have long since passed away.

While these exiles were still at Golden Gate, late one evening a comely young squaw mounted on a jaded pony, her papoose strapped on her back, came to the Gate and stopped at the Duncan home. Her pitiable condition bore out her story that she had been taken captive from her tribe, the Utes, when they were surprised on their own home ground in Middle Park, by a band of Cheyennes or Arapahoes. She had managed to escape from her captors and was trying to reach her tribe. She refused to dismount but eagerly consumed the milk and bread given by the kind housewife. Then passing through the Gate she went slowly on her way. The next day workmen on the road in the canyon just above the Gate found the child's body buried under leaves and pine boughs, but the little spirit had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds of its ancestors.

When peace was finally restored the settlers returned to their homes, repaired the damages and resumed their interrupted work. At the Duncan farm child life was much the same as with other country children. The little Duncans had playthings, home-made to be sure, but nevertheless prized as such. Rag dolls and one china doll is remembered, and balls and bats, jack knives and bows and arrows. The mother made dresses for the girls from linsey brought from Illinois, and from muslin and oiled calico in bright colors. Calico could be purchased in Golden at fifty cents a yard but not of the quality she had brought.

In the early 60's in many of the farm houses the furniture also was home-made, boxes and three-legged stools and rough board tables, but in the Duncan home were chairs and a horsehair sofa and a wall mirror. There was no bureau, its lack being supplied by a packing box draped round about with a calico valance. Among other things was a much prized wedding present, a wonderful striking clock, a Set Thomas eight-day time piece, in a large wooden frame, its glass door decorated with a cluster of red strawberries with bright green leaves.

As early as 1861 a small school was established in the little settlement at Golden with J. W. Bacon as the first teacher. The first minister of whom we have record was of the Methodist persuasion but his name is not recalled. Father Dyer, an Episcopalian

clergyman, whose home was in Denver but whose parish extended far and wide throughout the frontier settlements, came occasionally, bringing spiritual comfort and cheer. Also a physician, Dr. Lincoln, came in an early day, followed in time by others of the same profession.

The district along the St. Vrain was without a school for two years, the mother teaching her own children, but finally a log claim-shanty was bought, moved conveniently near and a young woman teacher was engaged. Later when more families settled on this creek the log school house gave place to a stone building and in after years was replaced by a grade school. A Sunday School was begun and church socials and dances quickly followed. It was no hardship for these scattered neighbors to ride fifteen or twenty miles on horseback or in a lumber wagon to attend a dance or a sociable. Usually the whole family came, from the father to the newest baby, frequently staying all night. The women and children accommodated in the house, the men and boys anywhere in the barn or hay loft. No old men were among the Pioneers, ages ranged from youth to middle age. A dearth of white hair was noticeable for many years.

Some time along in the middle 60's this mother had a serious illness, her life being despaired of. The young doctor summoned from town declared that nothing could save her and gave up the case, but the pioneer mother thought otherwise, with a family of little children she had no time to die. Then it was that she ordered her husband to ride to Golden and bring her a bottle of "Bateman's Drops", a patent medicine in which she had great faith, and a box of "Bateman's Pills". After taking a double dose and sleeping an hour she took a second portion and in a week's time was about the house as usual – a faith cure. We have record also that one of the children had the measles, and in a small house, with isolation impossible, it is safe to conclude that the contagion swept through the entire brood of seven children, little and big. A prolonged siege in nursing for the weary mother.

In 1867 there was another Indian scare along the valley farms. A Mr. Kennedy came to the Duncan farm to warn them that a large band of Indians were raiding the country and that their unshod horse tracks had been seen in this vicinity. Everyone for miles around hurried to the nearest fort for protection. Finally an armed posse of men followed the tracks into the hills and found not a band of wild Indians but a band of wild horses. There were numerous small forts in that region dating back to the 40's, which Fremont in his journeying established for safety, and manned with small companies of soldiers. With few exceptions there is scarce a trace remaining.

Among the treasured relics of by-gone days is the ornate frame of the wonderful mirror which crossed the Plains safely so many years ago, and the striking clock. The plate glass of the mirror is long since broken, but the clock still ticks the hours away although the pioneer father crossed the "Great Divide" many years ago and the dear mother, reaching the ripe age of ninety-four, but recently joined him on the other side. Had she lived six months longer her seventy-fifth wedding anniversary would have been reached. A comely woman in her young motherhood, with pink cheeks, large blue eyes, and black hair, she attracted attention even on a frontier farm. An Indian chief coming one day to the farm house offered to trade Mr. Duncan six of his best squaws for his one woman.

In May, 1879, Robert, one of Elisha Duncan's sons, and his uncle, John Duncan, with team, wagon and saddle horses journeyed from Leadville into the Elk Mountains,

some thirty miles from the present town of Gunnison, to prospect for silver. They established their camp in Washington Gulch, near Crested Butte and but a short distance from the Ute Indian Reservation. In their search for the precious metal, silver was worth \$1.29 per ounce at that time, they crossed the line onto the Indian's ground. Here seven miles from the border they made their richest "find" and named it "The Ruby". Note: This camp called Ruby was later incorporated as the town of Irwin, named for Dick Irwin, a noted western scout although he was not the first discoverer of silver in this district. Robert and Uncle John, to whom much credit was due, worked all summer on this mine and other rich lodes, notably the "Lead Chief Mine". As word of the finding of rich silver ore in this vicinity spread through the mining regions, men to the number of nearly one hundred, had, by fall come into this camp, forming quite a settlement.

Early in October (1879) the Ute Chief Colorow came to the reservation and preemptorily ordered the white men to leave the reservation. Word was sent to Governor Routt, then in office, who replied that the miners were to hold their ground and keep the Indians away from the settlements. The camp was only a few miles from the Indian trail between the Gunnison and the White River country where, at Meekers camp, serious trouble had recently occurred, the mining camp being about midway between these two points.

Governor Routt finally sent U. M. Curtis, the official Ute interpreter, an American, with guns and ammunition, and with authority to organize a company, and to build such defense as seemed necessary to meet the crisis. An enclosure named Ruby Lake Stockade was hurriedly built of pine logs and manned by the one hundred men in camp, most of whom had weapons of their own but who realized that to be reinforced by arms and ammunition supplied by the government, was to lend strength to an otherwise weak situation. The Indians were five hundred strong and but a few miles away from the little stockade, but through the forceful arguments of Curtis, the interpreter, the threatened attack was averted.

The trouble at Meeker at nearly the same time caused the governor to remove from the reservation all the white women and children, also those at Gunnison and Crested Butte, and the settlements along the rivers to Fort Gunnison, a government stronghold. All the horses owned by the miners were pressed into service to accomplish this exodus, the miners themselves escorting and guarding the procession. In 1882, after more serious trouble between these Ute Indians and government troops, the Indians were removed to the Uinta Reservation in Utah and this portion of the state, valuable alike for its mineral and agricultural qualities, was then safe for the white settlers.

Note: The editor's husband made a business trip from Denver to Meeker in 1880 soon after this disturbance, meeting Colorow, the Ute Indian Chief, on the road. They exchanged greetings, the Indian calling the white man by name. "How Hill," was his gruff but cordial salute. Many years before, Mr. Hill, then a youth of eighteen, with a companion was camped in Middle Park near the Sulphur Springs where also the tribe of Utes, a thousand to fifteen hundred strong, annually made their summer home. One morning when the white boys were eating their breakfast of flapjacks and coffee, the flap of their tent was raised and there in all his paint and feathers stood Colorow, the War Chief of the Utes. He knew a few English words and before the boys could speak, he said in gruff tones, "Come in"; he came in. Then he said, "Sit down" and straightway he sat down. The boys baked twenty-three flapjacks before he was satisfied. From time to

time as he was getting full and his belt tightened, he would let it out a hole. When the tongue of the buckle was in the last hole he said, "Get up," and he arose. Then he said, "Get out", and without more words he stepped outside the tent, mounted his pony and rode away.

In the summer of 1880 General Grant, while on a trip to Colorado, visited the Gunnison country, the Elk Mountains and the White River region and Mr. Duncan has this to say about the general. "Some years prior I had met Grant in Denver and knew him very well. I met him again at Crested Butte in the summer of 1880. He came through from Leadville over Red Mountain Trail with Routt and two other men on horseback. We went over my old trail to Ruby Camp and up to our Lead Chief mine. Asked what he thought of our camp the general said, 'Rich ore here but greatly disturbed region, with rough mountains and trails.' Grant was a natural explorer and appeared wholly at ease in the wilds, and in a quiet unassuming way said a few words that usually meant much. He and Routt were personal friends and his influence while Colorado was yet a territory helped put Routt in the governor's chair."

Five of the sons and daughters of Elisha Duncan and his good wife still remain citizens of the state he did so much to make safe for those who follow. Widely separated they may be but true to the family traditions and the principles instilled by good and wise parents.

## *Henry A. Smith*

Among the first to answer the call to the Pike's Peak region were three brothers – Smith by name, who in 1859 left their homes in the States (one in St. Joe, Missouri, the others in Wisconsin) and joining forces, crossed the Plains to “spy out the land” for themselves. Well pleased with what they found, they wrote to the remaining brother, saying it was a “good country” and advised him to join them, which he did in the spring of 1860. This brother was the father of our friend who tells this story. Two years later he returned to the States for his family; disposed of his possessions, retaining only a few needful household goods; loaded a generous supply of provisions into a covered wagon, and with a team of mares – a buckskin and a black – and a few head of driven cattle, his outfit was ready to emigrate.

Thus it was that one cold, bleak morning in March, 1863, this sturdy pioneer with wife and three children left the little city of Madison – their birthplace – and began the weary journey of countless miles, through a frontier country, and across the dreary plains, a journey which took some four months to cover before the new El Dorado was finally reached. Our friend was only three years old but remembers the little buckskin bag which a neighbor woman made and gave to him with the injunction, to fill it with gold and send it back to her. The general impression was that gold could be picked up by the wagon load. The bag was never filled.

They crossed the Mississippi River on a steamboat, presumably at Rock Island; traversed the state of Iowa to Council Bluffs; ferried over the Missouri to Omaha, and from there took the Platte River route across Nebraska. Soon other emigrants were overtaken and for the sake of company traveled and camped together. An occasional prairie chicken or a rabbit with a few fish from the stream, plus the usual bacon and coffee, amply supplied the larder. The Plains Indians were friendly but whenever they came to a wagon they invariably begged for bread and sugar. One night long before Denver was reached horse thieves visited the sleeping camp and stole the buckskin mare. This was a great loss, for the family exchequer would not permit the purchase of another to replace her, for, when the journey was ended and the brother's house reached Mr. Smith had one lone five dollar bill remaining, and the black mare and wagon. But the great undertaking was accomplished, the family was safely across, and the prospect for the future to a man of energy and strength was bright with anticipation.

Mr. Smith spent very little time hunting for gold. Placer mining was in operation along Clear Creek as far up the stream as Idaho Springs but it was the fertile valley which appealed to him, and he took up a farm on the Platte River, near the present town of Platteville. A few other families had settled along the Platte and adjacent streams, thus neighbors were only a few miles apart. Many men who had come west to pick up gold, when at last satisfied that mining was an arduous and uncertain occupation, turned their thoughts to the land, taking up farms mostly along the creek bottoms where irrigation was unnecessary. Most of these farm houses were built of sod or adobe or just a dugout. Our friends cooked over a fireplace three years before a stove was secured.

The first winter, that of '63-'64, was noted for the depth of snow and nearly all of Smith's cattle died. So deep was the snow and so scarce the feed, that the straw ticks which the family used for beds were opened and much of the straw was fed to the cattle to keep them from starving to death. Jack rabbits were plentiful, thus the settlers could

secure fresh meat. As our historian humorously puts it, they lived on rabbit tracks that winter.

This unusual depth of snow is considered by some to be the cause of the disastrous flood in the Cherry Creek bottoms and along the Platte in the following May of 1864, when the little village of Denver was so nearly swept away.

At the farm on the Platte when this memorable flood came, the waters rose till the house was surrounded. It was night and the children were asleep on their straw filled tick beds. The parents suddenly awakened and realizing the danger carried the children, beds and all, out of doors to comparative safety. Returning to the house for other things and coming out again, they were just able to rescue the children a second time, for so rapidly had the water risen that the light and buoyant straw-filled ticks with their precious burdens were already afloat and drifting toward the angry river. The family was compelled to walk in their night clothes without shoes, to a brother's house five miles away, but whose dugout mansion was on higher ground. Beside their night clothes the only thing saved was a fifty pound sack of flour which the farmer, climbing a tree, left in its branches. Flour at eighty dollars a sack was well worth saving.

Many of the settlers near the creek bottoms and on the banks of the Platte, climbed to the roofs of their shanties waiting to be rescued, or, until the waters subsided. One man, George Lease, whose shack was well up the side of a hill, was marooned on top of his house for three days till a boat's crew finally rescued him. In Denver the city hall was washed away and many families were made homeless.

The first school house in this district was built on the Smith farm about 1865 or '66. It was a log house with wooden benches. Our friend has among his treasured possessions the rude wooden desk at which he sat as a small boy and a picture of the primitive school house. As for a church they went without except when some itinerant preacher passed that way. An Episcopal Bishop, an old man, used occasionally to visit the country districts, and Father Dyer, who made his home in Denver, went into the mountain villages ministering to sick and dying.

While still a small boy, our friend, participated in an Indian raid. It seems that a man named Gerry with his squaw wife lived not far from Fort Lupton, in a two-story adobe building with a small store-house just outside the walls. A friendly Indian gave this squaw warning that the Redskins were going to make a clean sweep of the whites; that fifteen hundred were gathering on a certain island preparatory to a raid on all settlers. The rumor spread and soon many fugitives were on their way to the fort for protection. It was dark night when the Smith family finally reached Fort Lupton.

One circumstance was so deeply impressed on the child's mind that it is still vivid in memory. The boy had never seen a colored man and on this memorable ride a team of horses with a wagon attached dashed past them at a furious rate. On one of the lead horses sat a burly negro, yelling at the top of his voice and lashing the team to a gallop, the wagon lurching from side to side as the frightened driver urged the horses onward. Were it possible his face would no doubt have turned white as he hot-footed it to safety. Let us hope he escaped.

The raid turned out to be only a scare. The fifteen hundred Indians dwindled to a score or less. One white man by the name of Riley had been killed in his endeavor to recover a horse which he had seen several Indians driving away. He followed trying to persuade them to let the animal go, but when making his way across a slough the Indians



turned and shot him with arrows. Next morning when the men at the fort were rounded up, Riley was missing and searchers who were sent to bring him in, found only his lifeless body. Another also was missing. Someone said "Old Tilyou isn't here; they'll sure get him," but when daylight came they found him not far away, frying bacon for his breakfast. He had been outside all night.

The remains of many forts are still in evidence – a wall here, a foundation there. A few have been repaired and are still used, but only for peaceful purposes. Originally they were built for trappers as a protection against the Indians, some as early as 1837. Forts Lupton and St. Vrain were named for men in the employ of a fur company, whose furs were taken down the river to St. Louis. The legend runs that these two men fought a duel over an Indian girl, said to have been very beautiful. Many of these trappers had squaw wives.

The buffalo which in the 60's were so numerous on the Plains that the freighters estimated that in one trip to and from the River one hundred thousand of these animals could be seen, were in the late 70's almost extinct. Our friends, the Smiths, and other settlers lived on buffalo meat for several years after their arrival in Colorado. Hunters on the plains brought the meat in quantities into Denver. The buffalo was not a good sprinter and almost any cow pony could outrun him, thus he fell an easy prey to white hunters and roving bands of Indians. As late as the spring of '80 our young friend lariatied buffalo calves near his farm on the Platte. Gradually they have disappeared, until now a few government herds on reservations, and possibly a few more privately owned, are all that remain of this once unnumbered host.

Wild horses in considerable numbers roamed the plains and farm horses when loose or teams escaping from emigrant trains sometimes joined them, thus their numbers constantly increased. An energetic young male creature would start a bunch of his own, thus eventually increasing the herd. A good rider could easily run a wild horse down. One successful man by the name of "Wild Horse Jerry" used to walk them down, claiming this method much better than running them. After a week or two they became quite gentle and could be driven into a corral, thus saving the wearing out of his own horses and quicker subduing the wild creature. Often a reward was given for a bunch of fifteen, gentled a few days in a corral.

Cattle also, "longhorns" from Texas were driven into Colorado as early as '67. A man named Andy Adams seems to have driven in the first herd – a bunch of long-horned steers from Texas – in the summer of '67 and turned them out to range some twelve miles from Fort Lupton. Some of the horns had a reach of seven feet from tip to tip. These first herds of cattle grazed within four miles of the city, some along Cherry Creek, many near where Riverside Cemetery is now, wandering off in small bunches as far east as the Nebraska line or south to Las Animas and the Arkansas, later being rounded up by cowboys. In this small way was the beef industry started.

During Cleveland's administration in 1885 our friend Smith with another man shipped into Colorado and to Kansas City twenty-three thousand head of cattle from Mexico. The government maintained a station at Camp Wells and many of these cattle were to supply the soldiers stationed there. Eventually all were sold. Prices ranged from eight to forty dollars a head at different times and according to grades. Three cents per pound for beef on the hoof was considered a fair price. Other cattlemen brought in herds,

branding them before turning them loose to range. Soon eastern men came to buy cattle – by weight or by the head and thus the industry has grown to vast proportions.

Having lived in Colorado since a boy of three years our friend, Mr. Smith, has had a variety of interests – a farmer, a cattle man, a retail merchant in the city, a real estate dealer and many other activities in which he has engaged, but farming is his chief pleasure and several cultivated fields and a cattle ranch serve to keep him still young and active. He expresses the desire to die as he has lived a true son of the soil with Colorado his greatest hope and his faith in her future unlimited.

## *William Crowley*

MR. WILLIAM CROWLEY, a veteran of the Denver Volunteer Fire Department, was born in this city and here he has lived continuously since that momentous event in 1862. John Crowley, the elder, came west from Davenport, Iowa, reaching Denver, June 15, 1859. With him were his wife and four children. The caravan with which he traveled – some thirty wagons for protection against the Indians – were all mule outfits, thus less time was spent on the journey as the majority of emigrants came with ox teams. Crowley had two teams. The Pike's Peak settlement in the first winter of its history, that of 1858 and '59, is said to have housed two hundred white people, eight of whom were women. Some of the men had squaw wives.

Our friend Crowley's parents were from Ireland. His mother's people who were farmers, lived at the foot of Vinegar Hill, a locally historic place in County Wehford. His father's family had for generations been city men, living in Cork, one of the largest of Ireland's cities and a noted port; its famous harbor being strongly fortified on both sides of the entrance. Crowley, the elder, was a blacksmith, having learned the trade in his youth, in the old country. Also, a "whitesmith" the name given in Ireland, to artisans working in white metals, keys, locks, and such smaller articles.

By reason of a terrible famine in Ireland in 1851 many of her sons and daughters emigrated to America and among them was a whole family by the name of Crowley. There were ten of them in the party. They engaged passage on a sailing vessel and were fifty-eight days in crossing the Atlantic, a feat which today, seventy-five years later, is accomplished in one-tenth of the time, and in ten times ten the comfort. The vessel docked at New Orleans, the Crowley party going from there up the Mississippi to St. Louis. Here the family separated, one brother going to St. Paul, one to Davenport, still another to Burlington, two others to Australia, while the destination of another was always uncertain. They were scattered far and wide.

Now it chanced that on this sailing vessel, Elizabeth Redmond, a fair young Irish maiden with her aunt, was journeying to Cincinnati, and as everybody knows, in fifty-eight days together on a boat almost anything may happen. Thus it was not surprising that young John should fall in love with her, and as is the way of a man with a maid he desired her for his own. The young couple left the boat at Memphis, Tennessee, and were married, and later followed on to St. Louis, from there to Burlington and thence to Davenport. Several children were born while living in Iowa.

John Crowley on his journey west from Davenport, crossed the Missouri at Council Bluffs on a ferry-boat, and again in crossing the Platte was ferried over. Emigrants driving oxen usually crossed the streams at some shallow place where the cattle could ford. Arriving in Denver, their first home was a tent on the west side of Cherry Creek at Fourth and Ferry, now Eleventh and Wazee. As soon as possible Crowley built a small cabin, later buying a considerable amount of land, although he was never a farmer – having been city-bred. A blacksmith by trade he lost no time in other pursuits but immediately started a shop, the first blacksmith shop in this region, and built the first frame to shoe oxen.

This frame was built of wood, the beams very thick and strong as the ox must be slung with ropes between the beams that its hoofs be clear of the ground. An ox frame today is almost unknown, it has passed from our ken with the covered wagon. Mr.

Crowley was in the blacksmith business until his death. In the fire of 1863 when much of the little settlement was reduced to ashes, the shop was in the path of the flames and was burned. The next year when the disastrous flood occurred, the rebuilt blacksmith shop was washed away. The iron stuff, the tools and heavy fixtures were ruined by the water, and by virtue of the class of material, he had been unable to secure insurance, thus it was a total loss.

Mr. Crowley had come to Denver with a considerable amount of money, something over six thousand dollars in gold. J. J. Walley and George Tritch, of hardware fame, came here at the same time. At the call for volunteers at the time of the Indian troubles Mr. Crowley enlisted in the Third Colorado Regiment, and was active until the troops disbanded.

William Crowley, the son and the one whose story we are telling, remembers playing with the little Indian children, also there were Mexican children and a number of little Chinese. They were all of one color and one blood as children and playfellows. It is said that at one time in those early days that one-seventh of Denver's population was Chinese. Eight hundred and fifty of the "Heathen Chinees" being here at one time. There seemed to be no trouble with the Indians around the settlement until renegade white men began stealing their squaws and horses, and otherwise tricking them, and for the first five years or thereabouts no considerable disturbance was known. They had their teepee villages on the outskirts of the town toward the north and as far away as you could see were their white tents. They came into town to trade. They also went from house to house to beg or to trade, exchanging their bead work for flour or sugar or some bright and gaudy article of which they were fond.

The squaws baked their bread in the hot ashes and it was beautifully baked and was delicious bread. They spread the raw dough on the hot ashes and when the bread was thoroughly baked they brushed the dead ashes off. Young Crowley remembers while around their camp one day in his bare feet, that he stepped into one of these places where bread had but recently been baked and burned his foot badly. We can imagine that his howl of pain was quite the equal of any Indian "whoop".

When old enough to attend school he went first to Eleventh and Lawrence, a school originally called the Washington School, the oldest in Denver, but against vigorous protest the name was changed finally to the Lawrence Street School. Later the boy attended a Catholic school at Fifteenth and Stout Streets. The elder Crowley gave one of the largest donations to the first Catholic church in Denver at the same address. The daughters of the family – and there were ten children all told – attended the convent at Sixteenth and California Streets. This was the starting of the Loretta College. The school was established in 1864 when sisters came from Louisville, Kentucky. The bishop's home was a building next to the school.

As a lad Crowley tried carrying a paper route but thought it tiresome and occasionally disposed of his papers in some convenient culvert, but continued to sell them in the down town districts. Saloon and dance hall frequenters were good patrons. But his especial desire was to be a fireman, even while still a boy he was in Volunteer Company No. 1, with hook and ladder and bucket brigade and helped pass the buckets. At nineteen he was one of the regular city firemen. The old fire department was organized on March 25, 1866. All the fire apparatus was drawn by hand, and the water was pumped from cisterns on certain corners and passed along in buckets. Not until 1872

did the city have water works and another ten years had passed when the first horse-drawn machines were used. The first horses being employed in 1881. Some of the big fires with which the old department had to deal were the Planters House, a noted hostelry at Sixteenth and Blake and the De Soto House at Twelfth and Stout Streets.

Mr. Crowley was in active service as long as there was a volunteer department and in these later times keeps in close touch with that branch of the city's activities. He is custodian of the many articles of interest belonging to those earlier companies of "Fire Fighters," and which are on display in a commodious room, where visitors are always welcome. Mr. Crowley, who knows the history of each and every relic, is pleased to greet any person interested and often will relate some thrilling tale of heroism.

*Nathan A. Baker*

MR. NATHAN A BAKER, retired journalist, teacher and all around business man, the subject of this sketch, is one of the oldest pioneers living in the state today. He still retains a wonderful memory, thus making his story accurate in detail and consequently of much historical value. Our friend as a lad of six years, following the fortunes of his father, left his native town of Lockport, New York, in the spring of 1849 and in due time reached Racine, Wisconsin, where his childhood and youth were spent.

A sister of the elder Baker having married, and settled in Illinois and reporting the advantages of living in that state, Baker packed his household goods and with wife and little son turned his face westward. Arriving at Buffalo their nearest port on Lake Erie, they took a steamer for Toledo, Ohio. Arriving safely, their goods and chattels were transferred to a covered wagon with a team of horses which Baker purchased and the journey across the state of Michigan was begun, with high hopes and anticipation of a home soon to be reached. Michigan was then an unsettled country and the journey across the southern portion was full of unexpected difficulties. So tedious and long had been the trip that when New Buffalo, the principal port on Lake Michigan, was reached at last, the same steamer which had brought them to Toledo, had made the long distance around the lake and was in readiness to take them on to Chicago.

One incident of the wagon trip remembered by the lad, was that soon after leaving Toledo they passed a railroad construction outfit, the farthest west of any road yet attempted. No doubt it was either the Michigan Southern or the Michigan Central as the two roads run nearly parallel. Chicago in 1849 was an unattractive place, a swampy tract of land, mostly mud holes and with little by way of improvement. The little village was incorporated in 1837, twelve years previously and at that time boasted four thousand inhabitants – thus at the time our friend reached the future metropolis, ten thousand would no doubt be over-estimating the population.

A visit of some length was made with the sister in Illinois, then Baker went farther north to Beloit, Wisconsin, just across the boundary where he rented a house preparatory to settling in the town. But on hearing very favorable reports of the town of Racine – a lake port – he moved farther on, never even unloading his goods in the rented house. During the ten years spent in Racine, Baker became identified with its business interests, and built the largest hotel in the state of Wisconsin. To finance this enterprise he was forced to borrow money. The lower floor of the building was given over to merchandising, one store of which Baker himself operated. Because of the panic in business circles in the East in 1856, Baker was unable to meet his obligations and finally lost the property.

Just about this time the discovery of gold in the Pike's Peak region was beginning to agitate the Middle West and gold seekers were outfitting for the new El Dorado. Thus Baker, unable to recoup his fortune where he lived, sold the furniture of the hotel – which same still remained in his possession – and with the money so obtained, late in the fall of 1859 he moved with his family to Omaha. Traveling by rail to St. Louis, then on the river steamer "Florence" up the Missouri to Omaha. Here the winter was spent and during that time preparations were made for the more extended and difficult journey into the far away Rocky Mountain region. Our young friend was now a lad of seventeen and

his father's right hand man. A little girl had been added to the household, now a child of eight or nine years.

Baker outfitted two teams and besides his family brought two years' supply of provisions, a limited number of household furnishings and an assortment of mining tools. The departure had taken place on February 22, 1860, and after an uneventful trip the small party reached their destination on March 20, just twenty-eight days later. With the exception of half an inch of snow one night, the weather had been for the most part ideal for this time of the year. The Indians were encamped on their own ground and were not at this time interfering with the emigrants. Just ahead of the Baker outfit were two other wagons, the four men thus traveling later became identified with the upbuilding of the West, one, Judge Moses Hallett, the other one Sternberger, the latter building the first hospital in the little village and whose brother later taught a select school.

The first house in which the Bakers lived was a little log block house with rough board floor and tiny attic. This was on the main street and on the west side of Cherry Creek. The elite of Denver in '61 and '62 lived on this street calling it Washington Avenue. Judge Bennett and Governor Hunt had their homes there. One of the first things Baker did was to take up one hundred and sixty acres of land. This section was bottom land and near the present Colfax viaduct, and contained medicinal springs which are known as Bakers Springs. (Note – Today it is marked with a monument, erected by Peace Pipe Chapter of the D. A. R.) Also he took an upland tract, the first ever occupied in the state, and twenty-five acres was cultivated the first year. Baker's health began to fail and the son, Nathan, not yet of age, took over the burden and carried on.

The necessity of helping to support the family kept the youth busy. Along with the farming he found time to haul lumber which was cut south of Denver, the price per thousand which he received for hauling was twelve dollars. He hauled some of the first timber ever used in construction in the metropolis. Also hauled fence posts from the Mount Vernon canyon district. Young Baker, a well educated youth, to try school teaching during the winter while living in Omaha had even gone over into Iowa but found there almost a wilderness, thus he felt competent to open a private school which he did early in April of 1862, and enrolled on his opening day thirty-five scholars, not only small girls and boys but young women and young men. The school continued until late in December, closing when the public school opened which it did, with Abner R. Brown as the principal.

In the spring of 1863, April 19, a fire occurred of disastrous proportions for the small settlement. With two or three exceptions the buildings were of frame, and that district between Wazee and Market and from Cherry Creek to Sixteenth – the heart of the business district – burned to the ground. Another fire of less importance in the year previous would, perhaps but for the prompt action of our young friend, have had an equally disastrous result. Men with buckets of water were making no headway, lacking a leader, when young Baker seeing the need yelled out – “Form a line there men, and pass the buckets”. The youthful commander's orders were instantly obeyed and the fire was soon quenched.

Young Baker early began the newspaper business. His first venture was as a bookkeeper and collector for the Daily Rocky Mountain Herald and as occasion offered he helped with the presses and learned the mechanical end of the trade. As is well known the Weekly Rocky Mountain News was launched in April, 1859. It is also a matter of

history that the disastrous flood in Cherry Creek at eleven o'clock on the evening of May 19, 1864, washed away the plant of this paper, and supplies being for a time cut off a brief cessation of its publication ensued. Another paper had in the meantime been started called the Denver Mountaineer.

During these strenuous times, our friend had, for the past two years, devoted his spare time to reading law in the office of J. Q. Charles a leading lawyer of the '60's whose chambers were across the street from the News building. Although never practicing law Mr. Baker found it a great help in his subsequent business life. Learning that help was needed at the News establishment, he was accepted on the force as a bookkeeper and from this time until 1867 when he embarked in the journalistic business in his own right he was connected with this historic news distributor.

The business section of the village was at this time in the neighborhood of what is now Eleventh Street and West Larimer Street. The principal bank, Turner S. Hobbs; the warehouses; a large hardware store; and a large liquor establishment, Bernard Slavin, were all there. The east side of Cherry Creek was originally called St. Charles but soon was renamed Denver; probably about 1860. This eastern portion had not begun to develop thus early.

It was during his bookkeeping days with the News that Colorado was called upon to furnish men to quell the Indians who, in 1864, were interfering with the settlers and holding up emigrants traveling across the Plains. Baker's enlistment was in Colonel Shoup's Regiment, Company A, Third Colorado Cavalry – Captain Theodore G. Cree – and under command of Colonel Chivington at Sand Creek, November 28. The enlistment of other boys on the News force making it necessary that someone be left in charge Baker was promoted to be business manager. His nearest approach to being an army officer was as company clerk when the soldiers were encamped where Riverside Cemetery now is. This was shortly after the time of the campaign against the Texans, who were seeking to occupy this northwestern country.

Baker had little personal experience with the Indians. He says the general impression that the Indians were troublesome before 1864 is erroneous. Dating from 1859 this frontier settlement was undisturbed for five years, when in 1864 they began their historic and bloody warfare. Previous to that time the Indians came often to the settlement and would set up their wigwams on the outskirts of the village. While hauling lumber young Baker met many of them on the mountain roads and trails, young braves from different tribes, the Arapahoes, the Utes, the Cheyennes, the Sioux, the Kiowas and the Apaches. Meeting one day a fellow decked out in paint and feathers – his tribe being asked, replied: "Apach", not pronounced as is the white man's interpretation. They were always great beggars.

The buffalo roaming the plains came almost to Denver. Their great runway was about halfway between the mountains and the Missouri River. In 1860 the Bakers, father and son, with two teams went east for supplies, taking with them as passengers men who had been to the mines, but who, failing to find gold lying loose on the ground as they had expected were among the "go-backs" that at one time were so numerous. Their discouraging tales to the western-bound emigrants turned aside many a would-be Coloradoan. At the long stretch of bluffs called O'Fallons, overlooking the Platte, a large band of Indians – friendly and peaceable – came to their camp. They were hunting buffalo. The Plains as far as the eye could reach in any direction was a moving mass of



these huge shaggy creatures and it behooved the traveler to keep out of their way, if he would escape annihilation. Some years after when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was building across the Plains, Buffalo Bill and other hunters killed many of these animals, ostensibly to supply the railroad camp with fresh meat. There is no doubt that other numbers were killed, merely for the love of the sport.

The first newspaper published in the state of Wyoming, was the "Cheyenne Leader," owned and published by our young friend, Baker. This was in 1867 and was his first venture in journalism on his own responsibility. Cheyenne was a wild frontier town in those days and for several years following, but Wyoming history says that the Leader was always a fearless champion for the better element of society. A little later he began publishing two other papers, the Laramie Sentinel and the South Pass News, in the towns so named. These two papers were published simultaneously with the Leader for a year or more, the men in charge having been associated with Baker both on the Rocky Mountain News and the "Cheyenne Leader." In the great Cheyenne fire of January, 1870, his plant was swept away but the young publisher went to Chicago, bought a new plant and in thirty days the paper was again printed on his own press. In the meantime, leasing the unused material of a suspended paper – the "Cheyenne Argus," no issue had been missed. Baker retained ownership in the Leader for some years, meanwhile leasing it to the new Secretary of Wyoming, finally selling it to him outright.

Returning to Colorado, he established a fish hatchery at Bakers Springs where the facilities for such an enterprise were abundantly adequate. Mountain trout in large numbers were bred in these hatcheries in the early '70s. The real estate business was booming at this time and our friend entered the ranks of that fraternity following that line for a long period. In part payment for the sale of his paper, the Leader, he became possessed of a herd of seventy young mares and the handling of this stock requiring too much of his time, he finally sold them for an interest in three hundred sixty acres of wild land farther south, but which now is just outside the city of Pueblo. His interest in this land was eventually sold.

At the time when H. A. W. Tabor was at the head of the Denver Apex and Western R. R. Co. in 1892 – now the Moffat road – Baker was the business manager and one of the principal men who went to New York on financial business for the road. The Denver and Rio Grande R. R. Co. whose engineers surveyed the Apex line, were suing that company for eight thousand dollars, the extent of their bill, and as one of the stockholders, suit was brought against Baker to that amount. The court room was crowded, the interest intense when the prosecution presented the case. But when Baker's counsel handed the judge a receipt in full for the stock his client held in, and had bought from the Apex Co., the judge simply smiled and dismissed the case. Mr. Baker held a responsible position in the Denver Mint from 1906 to 1921, doing calculation work, the figuring out what bullion was worth.

Mr. Baker has always considered Denver as his home and takes pride in her beauty and her enviable place among the cities of the nation. One pleasing story he is fond of telling, relates to the time when first he was married. This was in 1865 and he bought two city lots at Nineteenth and Lawrence, building a small house thereon. Desiring to set out trees to beautify his home, although warned that they would not grow, he planted a row of eighteen cottonwood trees, digging a well and carrying the water to them. This proved an arduous task, and having discovered a spring near where the

Country Club now stands, he plowed a furrow, guiding the horses by his eye, from that point, a distance of some miles, and when the furrow was cleaned out and the spring deepened he had the satisfaction of having the trees watered without further effort.

The elder Baker passed away many years ago – in 1884 – having lived to see the country to which he came, in the prime of his manhood, become one of the richest of the Western States, in both mining and agriculture, and his good wife followed him in less than ten years. Mr. Nathan Baker, the son, is now past eighty-three and although recently bereft of his beloved mate, he is apparently still able to enjoy the wonderful climate and to recall the scenes of his youth wherein he became identified with the development of this great commonwealth.

*W. H. Lafrenz*

MR. LAFRENZ, the subject of this short sketch, was but a little four-year-old chap, and his brother a baby of two years when the father decided to pull up stakes and migrate toward the setting sun, anticipating by half a score of years Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Go West, young man, go West." In 1860, two years before the family exodus the father had caught the Pikes Peak fever which was then very contagious and with a few other adventurous souls, he loaded a wagon with provisions and bedding and with a span of mules turned his face toward the alluring prospect. In a year's time having satisfied himself that here was a desirable location for a future home, he retraced his steps to Iowa that he might bring his family to the ideal spot he had chosen. The family home was in Davenport where his wife and the two children awaited his return, and should his report be favorable many friends and neighbors were anxious to emigrate to the now famous "gold diggings."

Thus it was that early in the summer of 1862 a caravan of forty wagons, each drawn by two yoke of sturdy oxen, loaded with household effects and women and children, left the prosperous and peaceful town on the bank of the Mississippi to seek a fortune in a strange wild country. Cows were often yoked, a cow and an ox together, thus milk was provided for the children and butter likewise was obtained, no churn being needed, the jolting of the wagon furnishing the motor power. Many of the wagons had a coop of chickens attached to the rear end and a fresh egg now and then was the result. Dogs ran along under the wagons and an occasional cat was in evidence. Tents were little used by the emigrants. When sleeping space inside the wagon was insufficient the blankets were spread on the ground underneath. Usually a guard, perhaps only one man, patrolled the camp at intervals throughout the night.

The three months of travel was at times monotonous, one day being much like the rest. The prairie was wide and level and the beaten road was no better than the outside, thus often six or eight teams traveled abreast keeping a close formation and at night circling into a close corral. When the weather was bad and it rained, as it did part of the time, progress through the mud was so difficult that many nights the previous camping place was still in sight. This was the case when streams of any considerable size were crossed, often a dozen yoke of oxen being required to pull each wagon to safety, thus much valuable time was lost.

Wild game was plentiful; buffalo in large herds were never out of sight and scores of antelope usually followed in their wake. Often these timid creatures came close enough to be shot from train or camp. Wild geese and ducks and prairie chickens also were numerous and often ready at hand. The first telegraph wires were but recently strung (the line from the River to Cheyenne) and the wild fowl – especially prairie chickens – not realizing the almost invisible menace would dash against the wires with sufficient force to break a leg or a wing, and the children, by watching along the road often found live birds unable to fly which later were cooked, and made an agreeable change from the daily ration of salt pork.

The Indians – for there were always roving bands – although most of them carried guns, used bows and arrows when hunting buffalo. The winged arrow was noiseless and an Indian could ride his pony into the thick of the herd without disturbing them and kill as many as he wished, while a single shot from a rifle might stampede the whole herd.

When the meat supply for an Indian tribe ran short, and a killing was to be made, certain “braves” would single out enough buffalo from a herd and chase them to some ravine or gulch and before they could turn away from the brink many creatures would dash headlong into the ravine, breaking a leg or sometimes a neck. Then the hunter, disdaining to do menial work himself, would send the squaws to butcher the animals; to cut out the choice parts and perhaps to save the hides. The huge carcass was left to be devoured by lesser animals and to furnish a feast for the loathsome buzzard. Scores of these carrion birds were always hovering over head seeming to know in advance when a feast was in preparation.

Although bands of Indians were always in sight the emigrants were not alarmed until near Julesburg, when suddenly they were surrounded by an overwhelming number, ten to one. Several chiefs rode up demanding the train to stop, saying one of their number had been killed by a white man and the killer must be given up. The Indian had been shot through the head, and although no one in the train knew anything about it, the chiefs insisted on searching every wagon. The whites were so few in number comparatively that resistance could be of no avail.

It seems that there was in the train a boy – a youth of nineteen – and although with his father and mother, no one knew much about him. When he left home his father had given him a rifle and the day before this trouble, seeing an Indian on the hill not far away, he had used him as a target, hitting the “bulls-eye,” as it were, with fatal results. The lad was scared nearly to death and had hidden in one of the wagons and in the search he was taken captive. The Indians held a pow-wow and decided to scalp him. The white men could not resist or a battle would result and innocent women and children be sacrificed. They took their captive some distance away and sent squaws to carry out their orders. The deed accomplished the band departed as suddenly as it had come. Thus was the Indian chief avenged. The train stayed in camp three days but the boy did not recover. These were thought to be Arapahoe Indians. From then on to Denver there was no further trouble.

The elder Lafrenz was by trade a millwright and his plan was to go without delay to some mining camp in the mountains, therefore their stay in the little frontier city was of short duration, and a few days later found them on their way to Central or Mountain City – as it was called – in the richest district then known. It was a new experience to drive his two yoke of oxen over the steep mountain roads. Teamsters in the early 60s freighting to and from Central and Black Hawk, when the top of a steep hill was reached and the invariable reverse side was to be negotiated, would fell a tree to use as a brake, hitching it securely to the rear axle, then ignoring the winding rocky road – often a mere trail – would drive their oxen down the precipitous mountain side, there being no timber to obstruct their way. The loaded wagon was heavy enough to move of its own volition, being guided only, by the team. Those were thrilling moments till the bottom was reached.

Mr. Lafrenz found work at his trade almost immediately at good wages, from eight to ten dollars a day. He was the first boss at the Bobtail tunnel at Gregory Point and also cast the first base for the old Briggs mill. The Bobtail “diggings” were near the top of the mountain and the legend runs that an enterprising fellow with two oxen – presumably bobtailed – used them as the motor power to transport dirt and rock rich in gold from the mine to the creek which murmured peacefully in the gulch below. The

carrier was fashioned of hides, which were plentiful, and when properly tanned were tough and firm – not letting any precious gold sift through. Caught up at the corners and filled with ore this stout bag was dragged down the mountain side by these bobtailed steers, later to be washed in a rocker or cradle, a device used in sluice mining. The result in gold dust was often fabulous. There are several versions of this interesting story.

Meanwhile the family was comfortably housed in a log cabin of one room with a dirt floor which, we are told, if kept damp and often swept makes a very good substitute for boards. The primitive broom was made of pine twigs. The furniture, except the few pieces brought from the old home, was roughly made but stout, the chairs were three-legged stools, and the table was of rough pine lumber. Later a second room was added. As good table-board was scarce the housewife soon had many miners who gladly paid her thirteen dollars a week for the wholesome food which she provided.

Freight was five cents a pound from the River and already tons of mining machinery was on the ground, much of it useless, not being the right process for the kind of mining being done. Equipment for a whole mill often went to decay, the owners having paid out so much of their capital for freight that they went broke and were glad to find employment with others more fortunate, or, as was often the case, returned to their eastern homes sadder but wiser men. Sluice mining was in full swing at Russell and Leavenworth Gulches. Central City was the hub of many surrounding camps and increasing rapidly in population. Stores and saloons prospered; saloons ten to one of any other legitimate business. Gold dust was the medium of exchange. Where several stores traded together tickets were issued which were interchangeable and easily handled, these were given to the patrons in exchange for their gold. Some paper money – shin plasters in small denominations, five, ten, and twenty-five-cent scrip – was used but soon gave place to gold.

When our young friend was a little older, he, with other boys tried his hand at mining. When a new mine in their vicinity was opened up there was always rich “top quartz” and the small pieces which were dropped from loaded wagons, or cast aside, these youngsters would gather up, pound into dust and wash it out for themselves. When they had perhaps a half pint of the yellow stuff, they sold it at the stores. This was often the favorite amusement of the pioneer boy. We might also include the love of a bow and arrow. These frontier boys learned from childhood how to use them effectively.

Roving bands of Utes came every summer over Berthoud Pass from their camping ground in Middle Park, squaws and papooses as well as the men. They went from one mining camp to another begging for “beeskit” and “wheeskey.” The Indian boys made good playmates and taught their white brothers how to use the bow and arrow skillfully. Often a fine bow and arrow of Indian workmanship could be traded for a few gaudy trinkets and was highly prized by the white lad.

If there were antelope or deer in the timber near the camps, the Indian men would chase them over the mountains, usually bringing down the game. When the animal was killed the squaws would proceed to cure the meat. Selecting the choicest parts, they were cut into thin strips which were then strung on buckskin thongs and hung up to dry. These strips dried so quickly in the hot sun that there was little chance that the meat would spoil. When sufficiently dried it was stowed away in some dirty blanket for future use. This was called “jerked meat” and would keep indefinitely. When a squaw wished to preserve a choice hide she saved the brains and the marrow bone, the brains to use in

tanning and the marrow to thoroughly rub into the skin giving it that soft pliable texture so desirable in the finished article.

There were few advantages for the education of the children in the mining camps and these two little brothers were sent away for a few years to boarding school. When about fourteen young Lafrenz spent one summer carrying drinking water from Beaver Brook to Black Hawk for a gang of workmen, the recompense, his board and one dollar a day being considered good wages for a boy.

In 1879 Lafrenz made an extended trip through the San Juan country and his next venture was driving cattle from that valley to Central which eventually led to the opening of a butcher shop and the establishment of a market. When mining was in full blast, Central City and surrounding camps consumed from seventy-five to eighty head of beef cattle per week whereas today, two or three creatures would amply supply the demand.

Mr. Lafrenz is still in the same business but in a different location, having moved to Denver a few years ago. Hale and hearty – a man still in his prime – Mr. Lafrenz hopes to round out his three score years and ten in his beloved state of Colorado.

*A. N. Elliott*

Reminiscences of Frontier Days in Colorado By A  
Pioneer of Sixty Years

IN MAKING my bow to the readers of this interesting and valuable book, I wish to say that what I have to write for its pages, shall be nothing but the plain unvarnished truth; and I shall attempt to write it just as though I was sitting in your front room and telling it. I shall tell each event, just as it happened, and shall magnify nothing. Neither shall I attempt to magnify myself into a hero, or a "famous Indian fighter," because I am neither the one nor the other, but only a common every day pioneer, without startling experiences, and with nothing startling to tell.

I was born in Clay County, Illinois; on a little homestead, three miles east of the town of Xenia. When gold was discovered in this country, father got the fever, which kept growing on him; so he rented his little farm to a brother of my mother, and early in the spring of 1859, he and a few companions, started for "Pikes Peak," in the then little known West. His destination proved to be what was called the "Gregory Diggings", on the north fork of Clear Creek, a short distance below where the mining town of Black Hawk now stands. I can tell but little of the trials, troubles and difficulties, which this party encountered, more than to say, in those days there were neither mountain roads nor trails. They, as did all other parties, first reached the "foothills," about half a mile north of old Golden Gate, right up against a very steep mountain, more than a quarter of a mile high. After getting on top of this mountain, they could follow around mountain tops to the top of what was later called Guy Hill.

Their Herculean task was to get on top of this first mountain. The only way this could be done was by man power; that is, the men had to carry everything, including the wagons up the steep mountain side, on their backs and shoulders; and in cases of very heavy loads the carriers had to be supported by long ropes in the hands of their friends at the top of the mountain. Frequently this task required several days of very heavy hard work. As I have already said, at the top of Guy Hill, they met another very serious difficulty. The only way they could get down off the mountain into Clear Creek, was by the way of a very steep, rocky canyon, nearly a mile long. The only way they could do this with their wagons intact, was by locking all four wheels and dragging a freshly cut heavy tree, top end foremost, behind the wagon; and even then, they were compelled to ease the wagons down the steepest places, by means of stout ropes wrapped around a tree.

In the fall of '59 most of the gold seekers – my father's companions among them – returned to their homes in the "States," as it was called in those days, but father's zeal kept him until the season was well spent. He was one of the last to leave the "Diggings," and when he did start, he went on foot and alone. When he got to the top of Guy Hill, he skirted the top a little and noticed another rugged canyon, leading toward the valley, and decided to follow it, and it brought him out of the mountains at Golden Gate. So far as is known he was the first white man that ever traveled this canyon; but when the family came in 1860 there was a toll road up this canyon and it was known as Seven Mile Canyon, because it was just seven miles long.

Father continued his journey toward his little family still on foot and alone, making the entire journey in this way. The only money he had was “gold dust”, and the only difficulty he had was in exchanging this for food. The people called it “brass filings” and refused to accept it. He was wholly undisturbed by the Indians, in fact many times they took him in and fed and cared for him, and started him on his way rejoicing. He finally reached eastern Kansas, where he had a sister living. He stopped there for a few days’ visit and rest, and through the influence of this sister and that of her friends, he managed to exchange enough of his “gold dust” for coin of the realm, to finance his way home, and had some of the dust left, which he took great pride in showing his relatives and friends.

But the fever still raged, and he declared his determination to return to the mines, dig his fortune out of the gulches, and then return to Clay County, buy his father’s homestead and settle down for life. He gave himself just two years in which to accomplish this.

He came, yes! But, sad to relate, he was here twenty-two years before going back even for a visit, and was still a poor man. No man ever worked harder, and with more dogged determination, to accomplish a purpose, than he, and even with all his hard work, and zeal, and determination, he went to his grave in August, 1883, without realizing the hope of his soul. The victim of a runaway team.

My father sold his little farm home, and all of his worldly possessions, including household goods, excepting dishes and bedding, a wagon and one yoke of oxen, and very early in the spring of 1860, with wife and children, turned his face toward the setting sun, the Mecca of his dreams, hopes and ambitions. An uncle and a cousin of mine, furnished one yoke of oxen, part of the provisions, and spliced up with us for the trip. The sight of father’s gold dust had created the fever in quite a few of our friends and neighbors, and we were joined in Missouri, by more of our relatives, so that there were seven or eight teams in our train, with from three to five men to each wagon, but mother was the only woman. The Illinois party, consisted in part, of father, mother and three small boys; Uncle Russell Logan and son John, Wm. G. Patrick, Henry Holliday, John Kimbrel, Joe Sherrick, Lee Blunt, John, Lee and Dave Mallery, Abe Bogard, George Schley, Jonas Sisney, George Silvey, George Bond, John Doss, and Dock Doss Elliott, cousins of my father, who joined us at St. Louis, Missouri. If any of the posterity of these men should chance to read this article, they will know where to find at least one of that adventurous bunch.

Our course lay due west to St. Louis, Missouri, a distance of sixty miles. Here the entire train was loaded on a river boat; and here occurred the first event of note, which was a fight between father and the mate of the boat. The captain had promised that our wagon should be loaded on the hurricane deck, without any of its contents being disturbed; but when the family went aboard, we found the contents of the wagon scattered all over the deck, and some things were lost. Father went to the captain with a complaint, and was referred to the mate, to whom he went at once. The mate, who was regarded as quite a bully, as river mates always are, and in fact, as they always have to be to control the deck hands, simply told father to go to h—l, and thought that would settle it, but it didn’t, and the fight occurred. Father, who was a small man, proved to be the better bully of the two, and when the mate left the battle ground, he was supported on each side by a deck hand.



The “train” was unloaded without trouble, either at Leavenworth, Kansas, or St. Joe, Missouri, I am not sure which. Here we loaded up with all the provisions we could haul. I cannot outline our route from here to Plattsmouth, Nebraska; but it was mostly up a water course. It is enough to say, we had not traveled very far before we encountered antelope, buffalo and Indians in plenty. The Indians were very friendly and we had some amusing experiences with them. They came to our camp almost daily, whole families of them. They all looked alike to me, and I conceived the idea they were traveling the same way we were. Upon one occasion of their coming to beg, we had a little fun; and the Indians had some fun also. One of the men had cooked a large pot of beans which had soured. When the Indians came he set out the whole potful; gave each Indian a spoon and invited them to help themselves. The first Indian who took a taste, knew something was wrong, and instantly began to urge another to eat. Then they would laugh and the whites would laugh also. They kept this up until the beans were all gone then they went away apparently happy.

The little Indian boys – and they were little fellows not more than five or six years old – were each equipped with bow and arrows, and were continually practicing. The men would take a stick about two feet long and stick one end in the ground and make a small split in the other end; put a silver dime in it, and then line the little fellows up about twenty paces away, and have them shoot at the dime, with the understanding that the one who shot the dime out should have it. It was surprising how eager the little lads were to enter the contest, and how honorable they were about it, each one taking his turn, without complaint or protest. It was also astonishing what expert marksmen they proved themselves to be. In fact they shot so many dimes out of the split, without knocking the stick down that the men refused to furnish any more dimes.

Another amusing incident, was when the Illinois boys saw their first jack rabbit. Joe Sherrick was quite a lad to boast, and especially of his ability as a runner, and when the ungainly bunny got up and began to hop off, Joe said, “Why he’s crippled, boys, he’s crippled; here, hold my coat, and I will catch him.” He said he would but he didn’t, and his boasted ability as a “sprinter,” suffered in consequence. But the boys had a lot of fun over it. After that, every time any of them saw a rabbit of any kind, Joe was called to give chase.

The buffalo were very plentiful, and we also had some experiences with them. At one time we came near being caught in a stampede, and had this happened, there would not have been enough of our train left to make kindling wood, and not enough flesh and bones – of either man or beast – could have been gathered up to fill an ordinary wash tub. However, luckily for us, the men saw the fear-crazed avalanche coming from the south, in time to get the wagons bunched closely together. This done, they hurriedly grabbed guns, pistols, coats and anything else that could be waved, and by an almost constant waving and shooting they succeeded in dividing the advancing herd, so they passed on either side of us. How many buffalo there was in this stampede, I cannot even hazard a guess. There were literally thousands of them. The noise from their pounding feet, was a deafening roar, and the prairie in every direction, as far as the eye could see, was absolutely black with them, and their undulating motion looked like heat waves. How long they were in passing, I cannot say; but it must have been more than an hour. To me it seemed much longer.

Occasionally, we would fall in with other emigrants, and travel with them a few days, but aside from this, the people we were associated with, were Indians and "stampedeers." These last were people who had been here, and having become discouraged, were going "back east" while they still had the money to go with. These were scientific "knockers," and were simply over-loaded with hard luck stories, which they were anxious to unload upon all those who would listen, and I must say it required a stout heart and a dogged determination to resist their influence. Of the two the Indians were far more to be preferred, as associates. They never had any hard luck stories to tell, and were always light hearted and cheerful.

Here is the true story of "Pikes Peak or Bust." Through the stampedeers we learned of a man, ahead of us, who had written on one side of his wagon sheet, "Pikes Peak or Bust." He had one yoke of oxen, and was traveling alone. About 9 o'clock one morning, we overtook him, and learned his story. When we drove up and stopped, his wagon was facing the road, on the south side; a dead ox was lying a short distance away, and he was sitting on one-half of the ox yoke, smoking an old clay pipe, and whittling. On the other side of the wagon cover, he had written "Busted, by God." One of his oxen had died farther back on the road, and by taking the tongue from the wagon, replacing it by a pair of shafts, and cutting his ox yoke in half he had taken the place of the ox and thus had struggled on. The night before we came up to him, his last ox had died, but he did not appear to be discouraged or have the "blues," as it is expressed these days. Our boys offered him a yoke of oxen, but he stoutly refused all assistance and we were compelled to pull on and leave him. I never learned anything more about him, but I must say such determination of purpose is certainly deserving of success.

Some place along the last part of our trip, a man by the name of Cook, and his wife, joined our train, and finished the trip with us. Mrs. Cook had brought some chickens with her. She had fixed a coop low down on the back of the wagon. They were the happiest birds I ever saw, and it was interesting to watch them. Just as quick as the wagons left the road to make the evening camp the chickens would begin to sing and crow; and as soon as the wagons stopped, Mrs. Cook would open the coop door. The chickens would rush out, sing, crow, cackle, scratch and hunt, dust themselves in the sand and dirt, and have a gala time as long as they could see; then they would get into their coop, and settle down until the next evening. Mrs. Cook kept their quarters scrupulously clean; fixed nests for them and enjoyed the luxury of fresh eggs. Mother wanted to bring chickens but father discouraged her and told her they would surely die, so when she saw this bunch of happy, healthy fowls, she was heartsick indeed.

None of the "Pill-ee-grams," as the Frenchmen in western Wyoming called them, had ever seen sand burrs, and knew nothing about them. One day as the men were wandering along the road, they came to what appeared to be a nice, thick patch of green grass, and Lee Blunt decided to sit down and have a nice rest. It required the combined efforts of his companions, more than half an hour, to pick the sand burrs out of the base of his system.

We got our first glimpse of the Rockies some distance east of what was then the government post of Fort Morgan. I had the mountains pictured in my mind as huge sand hills, and we boys planned to roll down them and have great times, but the only rolling we did was to roll rocks down. I did not engage in this sport more than two or three

times until I mashed the end off the third finger of my right hand, and am still carrying the stub as a reminder of my fun.

About 5 o'clock on the evening of May 26, 1860, we reached Denver, then only a small cluster of log cabins, with dirt roofs, and dirt floors. The largest building in the place was built of peeled logs of pine, possibly eighteen or twenty feet square. It was a story and a half high; was covered with canvas, and bore the sign "Hotel." It stood near where now is the intersection of Fifteenth and Blake Streets. The ground floor entrance was on the south, the stairway was outside on the east, and the upstairs entrance and landing was on the north. That night it was estimated 500 Indian lodges were located between where the Union depot now stands and the river. The settlers thought the Indians were a little ugly, and were quite uneasy, but nothing happened. Mother fell very much in love with the lay of the land and tried to persuade father to take up "squatter's claim" on 160 acres of land lying from Larimer Street south, and engage in gardening. She had brought plenty of garden seeds with her, but he insisted on "making his fortune" in his own way. If he had listened to the counsel of my mother, and gained title to that land, he might have realized his dream of wealth.

Two days later, our wagons were parked on a bench, on a beautiful green mountain side, about 100 yards from a clear babbling brook, and building operations were begun at once. The men all joined father in building the first cabin, and the family moved in. The men then worked in crews, and it was only a few days until quite a cluster of cabins were up and occupied. The logs were felled right on the ground. Active mining operations were then begun. The first job was to locate some favorable unoccupied "territory" and some unclaimed water, and the next was to construct and erect their sluice boxes, with lumber to do it with. Just how this was accomplished, I cannot tell. Father already had some territory, and equipment, acquired the previous summer, near the Gregory Diggings. Here himself and his partners begun work as soon as possible, and the golden stream of father's dreams began to flow in, but it was quite a small one, in fact so small that some time later, in order to add her mite mother engaged in the men's laundry business, and became an Irish washerwoman.

In those days all mining was called gulch mining and method employed consisted of a long line of board boxes, or troughs, usually about twelve inches square, with three sides enclosed. They were arranged so that water would flow through them, at a speed of about two feet per second. At certain intervals, along the bottom of the boxes narrow strips nearly an inch high were nailed, and at the extreme lower end, a metal "tail-box" was placed. It was as long as the sluice boxes were wide and usually six to eight inches deep, and two or three inches wide. It was provided with a removable screen lid. This box was placed with the top of the lid on a level with the bottom of the lower sluice box. It was nearly half filled with quick silver, or mercury, and its purpose was to catch the fine gold as it flowed over. The cross strips were for catching the coarser gold. The dirt and gravel was shoveled into the sluice boxes at the upper end and continually stirred and agitated until it reached the lower end, where it was shoveled out into huge piles.

The "clean-up" occurred as often as was deemed necessary, and depended largely upon the richness of the gravel being washed. After the water had been turned off this operation consisted of first carefully removing the tail box, which was usually filled with a grayish yellow substance about the consistency of thick mud. The accumulations below the cross cleats were also carefully gathered up and re-washed in gold pans. Quicksilver

was used to separate the gold from the black sand. The next implement used was a retort. This consisted of a stout iron bowl, which usually held about a quart. It had a heavy iron lid, which screwed on very tight. To this lid was attached a long iron tube. After the "amalgam," as it was called, was put in the iron bowl it was placed in a very hot fire, and a wet cloth was wrapped around the outer end of the tube. This end of the tube was placed over a glass vessel and one person was kept busy, pouring cold water on the wet cloth. The heat vaporized the quicksilver; the wet cloth condensed it, and the glass vessel received it apparently no worse for its experience, and it was used over and over again. After the quicksilver had entirely ceased to flow, the bowl was allowed to cool, then the screw top was removed, and the retort as it was now called was found baked into quite a hard lump, and was ready for the miner's buckskin gold sack.

As there was not a sufficiency of eastern money to supply the needs of the people, this retort passed current at a value of about \$22.00 per ounce. Each business place as well as almost every cabin was equipped with gold scales for weighing it. Because of freezing this method of mining could not be followed in winter, and many of the gold seekers returned to their eastern homes before the cold weather really set in. Some of them never returned. As a result of this enforced idleness, to many of us the first winter seemed long and dreary.

Because of the urgent need of lumber, it was not long until there were sawmills and lumber in plenty, and the settlers began to build more pretentious homes. The complete cessation of mining operations furnished plenty of labor for this purpose, and by the time spring came several respectable looking business buildings had been erected, two or three of them two stories high. Several boarding houses and two or three hotels had also been built, so the gold seekers who came in the year of '61 found quite a nice looking prosperous little city, awaiting them. But as Bobby Burns, the Scottish poet said, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a'glee," and it proved true in this instance.

One day in the late fall, a big smoke was noticed several miles west, and a little north of the town. Little or no attention was given it, but late in the afternoon an exceedingly strong west wind sprung up, and the fire was driven toward the town, with almost lightning speed. The people saw it coming, and the men with one accord, my father among them, rushed to the rescue, but their labors were of no avail, and about 9 o'clock the avalanche of flame was driven into the west end of town, with almost cyclonic force. Within the space of an hour or so, excepting a few cabins on the south side of the gulch, scarcely a building was left. Our shanty was on the south side about a quarter of a mile up the gulch, above the town, and was safe. Mother and we boys sat in the door and watched the flames leap from one building to another, and in a remarkably short time each building was a smoldering mass of charcoal. It was my first sight of a burning town, and will never be forgotten. Almost as if by magic a new and better town sprang up on the smoldering ruins.

If my memory is not at fault, my father also that same fall built himself a new house of hewed logs, a story and a half high, and my mother gave up her men's laundry, and opened a boarding house. While father and his companions were washing gravel just below the lower end of Black Hawk, a stranger came up the gulch to where they were working, and said: "Well, boys, are you getting any gold?" He was immediately recognized as a new comer, and one of father's companions answered, "Yes, a little." At this the stranger, who spoke with somewhat of a drawl, said, "Well, I would like to get

some gold, if I knew where to find it.” At that the men decided to have some fun, at the expense of the supposed “greeny” and one of them said, “I will tell you where to find it, if you have a mind to dig for it.” The stranger answered, “If you will tell me, I will sure go and dig.”

The mountain to the south of the gulch where they were working was very near the gulch, and the north side was very steep and rocky. About 300 yards up its rugged side was a small bench, possibly a hundred feet wide, on which was growing a large shaggy pine tree. The would-be practical joker, pointed to this tree, and said, “Do you see that big pine tree?” The stranger answered, “Yes.” “Well, go up there and dig, and you will find gold.” The stranger said, “Well, I sure will go and dig,” and hurried up the gulch, soon returning with pick and shovel on his shoulder. He climbed the steep mountain side, to the tree, and commenced to dig, in plain sight of the gravel washers. They laughed quite heartily, because they thought his chances of finding gold were no better than they would be on top of a stone wall.

At this point the “bed-rock” proved to be quite near the surface and upon digging down six or seven feet, the man discovered a crack or crevice, about eighteen inches wide, and several feet long. I never learned how deep it was. This crevice was filled with gravel, liberally sprinkled with gold nuggets, varying in size from that of a kernel of wheat to that of a June cherry. The practical joker had told more truth than he knew. Out of this crevice was extracted about \$14,000 worth of gold nuggets. With this stake the stranger was satisfied, and returned to his home in the East, and the gravel washers were left to curse themselves, vehemently, as fools, which they certainly did.

This event caused wild excitement, and a mad rush of the gold seekers to the mountain tops, and in a very short time the whole face of the mountain was covered with stakes, indicating each man’s choice of territory. It was a wild mad game of chance, in which some of them were lucky, but most of them were not. It also wrought a complete change in mining, and mining methods. Gulch mining which was a comparatively safe occupation, so far as life and limb was concerned, was soon entirely abandoned, and life and happiness in the Nevada district, as well as in all the others, became very uncertain, because of the inexperience of the men in handling blasting powder, and in timbering mines. Lead mining, as it was called, proved to be the most hazardous, dangerous, and uncertain occupation, possible. Many men in perfect health and apparently happy, went to their work in the morning, and were carried home, either a corpse, or a badly mangled mass of human flesh, and no man knew whose turn would come next. But this was not all. Unscrupulous men were plentiful, and fickle women were not few. This latter was probably because the women were not accustomed to having the attentions of men lavished upon them, and were easily led away. Many were the husbands who went to their work in the morning, leaving what they supposed to be a happy and contented wife in his humble home, and returned in the evening, to an untenanted cabin, and a scribbled note on the table.

But even this was not all of the uncertainties the pioneers were called upon to face. The years of 1863-64 were indeed tempestuous times. The Indians and renegade white men had become so troublesome, that the hauling of food which the people were compelled to have, from the Missouri river became almost an impossibility, and the danger of a food famine appeared to be more than imminent. Added to these troubles the winter of those years was an exceedingly severe one, and the snow on the Plains was very

deep. This had the effect to completely stop all freighting. Food prices were very high, but there proved to be no shortage. Flour sold at \$45.00 per sack, and everything else in proportion. Hay sold as high as \$550 per ton. Potatoes were 10 cents a pound, or \$200 a ton. Miners wages were \$11 per day, and board and lodging was \$11 per week. Even in the face of these facts, those were the prosperous days of Colorado.

High prices worried the people not in the least. Everybody had plenty of money with which to buy. A plentiful circulating medium always spells prosperity for the people.

But to return to the Indian depredations. Many of these were committed by white men, in Indian garb, who employed Indian methods. This was because in those days, horses and mules commanded an attractive price. Any ordinary team of horses or mules found a ready sale at from \$700 to \$800, and the best of them much more than that. A very common Indian pony commanded as much as \$200. Conditions got so bad that the National Government was appealed to for aid. The first assistance given was to provide soldiers to escort the food and emigrant trains through the danger zone, which comprised western Kansas and eastern Colorado. The settlers along the base of the mountains were seldom if ever disturbed.

This method proved to be very expensive, besides taking needed soldiers from the field of activity in the South. So the mining camps and settlers generally were asked to furnish the men necessary to quell the disturbance. This request met with almost instant response, and what was known as the "Hundred-day Service Men" was quickly enlisted. These men were enlisted and equipped as cavalry men, and placed under the command of Colonel Chivington, a duly appointed army officer, and a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel, and were under the strict regulation of the War department.

During the first part of their service they were quartered at Fort Lupton, and by the nature of their orders, were held in inactivity. Thus the men chafed, were very restless, and even became quarrelsome among themselves. This inactivity was caused by the orders that no Indians, when discovered, should be disturbed without first receiving specific instructions from Washington.

These instructions usually read, "Friendly Indians – let them alone." But by the time instructions were received, the Indians were gone. The unrest among the men finally reached a point where Colonel Chivington realized that something had to be done, to hold them in restraint, so he said to them, "Boys, don't fight among yourselves; we have been sent out here to fight Indians, and we are going to fight them, if we can find them." This was said upon the occasion of a near free fight among the soldiers. Peace and good will was almost immediately restored, and in the absence of specific orders, either for or against, the line of march was taken up.

They chose a course almost due southeast. When they reached a point near where Limon Junction now is they captured a half-breed Indian. This convinced them that more Indians were in the near vicinity. This fellow could both understand and speak English, and Chivington told him the boys would surely hang him if he did not lead them to the Indian camp. But the fellow was sullen and morose, until two wagons were drawn up facing each other, their tongues raised in the air, and the ends fastened together to form a rude scaffold. He had been bound and a rope placed around his neck; then he relented and gave his promise, which he kept.

Long before daylight the next morning the line of march was resumed. The half-breed was given a position as guide, with a well-armed soldier on each side of him to prevent, if possible, any treachery on his part. After traveling for some distance, the guide led them through a long shallow lake of water. The wading horses made considerable noise, and the men thought this was done to give the Indians warning of the approaching danger. If this was true it failed of its purpose for the unguarded camp was reached just at the break of day, while it was still sleeping and was taken completely by surprise. The only order Colonel Chivington gave was, "Kill them all, boys; a nit will make a house," and the slaughter began, not an Indian escaped, excepting two children, a boy and a girl, supposed to be sister and brother, the girl about five years and the boy about three. They were found, after the slaughter was over, in a teepee, wrapped in a buffalo robe. When they were discovered one man drew his pistol to complete the job, but he quickly found a gun pressed to his breast and he was told to return his pistol to its holster, which he did.

The rescuer of the two babes was a big-hearted fellow, and established himself as their foster father. After a short stay in the Nevada mining district to settle up his affairs, he took them to his home in the East, raising and educating them carefully. No father could have given his own children greater care and attention, and no white children could have bestowed more love and affection on a real father. I say this from personal knowledge, because I witnessed it. Many writers have declared this event an unjust and unnecessary massacre, and Colonel Chivington was court-martialed as a result, but he will always be regarded as a hero by the pioneer of those days. And furthermore, I know from personal experience and knowledge that this event had a more quieting effect upon the Indians, and their white imitators than all else that had been done before, or has been done since. Especially regarding this part of Colorado. Of course, many Indian depredations were committed after that, but conditions were never so bad again.

As is always the case, some of the gold seekers brought their religious superstitions with them, but opportunities for religious worship were very meager, in fact there were none, because there were no buildings large enough in which they could hold services. The most ardent of them arranged boards on large stones, to be used as seats, under the pine trees, and meetings were held in the open air, during the summer, but this could not be done in winter. A separate place was arranged for the children, and it was at one of these places, the writer attended his first Sunday School. Nathaniel P. Hill was our leader and teacher. Later, Mr. Hill built the first ore smelter in Colorado. It was located at the lower end of Black Hawk. He first bought the stamp mill tailings, which was the crushed and washed ore from the mills. From these tailings he got some gold, and a large amount of silver. Later, he moved his plant to Denver, and built the Argo smelters. Still later, he was elected to represent Colorado in the United States Senate. There were no public schools in those days. The only schools were what was known as subscription schools. That is, some person who thought himself qualified to teach school, would take a census of the district, then visit each family to learn how many scholars would be subscribed. The cost was so much per scholar; the price and length of term was determined by the number of scholars subscribed.

During the summer of 1860, there came to this mining district a family of three orphan children, one boy and two girls – all grown, however – by the name of Slate. That fall the youngest girl conceived the idea of having a school. After subscribing a

possible two dozen scholars, she was confronted with the problem of securing a building in which to teach. The only thing possible was a deserted miner's cabin, and these were very scarce and hard to get, besides most of them were too small. She finally decided upon one, somewhat larger than the others, which was being used as a horse stable, but the man who had jurisdiction over it, and was using it, refused to give it up. It was finally arranged that Miss Slate should use it during the daytime for her school and the man use it during the night for his horses.

This cabin was possibly sixteen feet long and about twelve feet wide. It had quite a large fireplace in the west end, a door in the south, and one in the east. With a good pitch pine fire it was quite comfortable. Of course the floor and roof were of dirt, and the school furniture – rough board benches – could be moved outside at night. There were no desks of any kind excepting a dry goods box used by Miss Slate. The scholars used slate and pencil instead of desks, but we were all happy contented. The children learned possibly faster than children of the present day, with a school system costing many hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, and the knowledge they gained was just as efficient.

During the next year the emigrants came very fast, and our next school was taught by Miss Maggie Pierce, a very estimable young lady who, like Miss Slate, made a success of her labors. I never knew just how many scholars she had subscribed, but there must have been a hundred and fifty, or more, of us. The third school was taught by a man by the name of Jordon. I will never forget him, and any person who ever saw him, would have no trouble in identifying him. He was rather small, and his eyes were not a pair. The ball of his left eye was small. The pupil also was small, and very black, while the ball of his right eye was larger than the ordinary, the pupil also larger, and gray. He was a perfect tyrant among the children and appeared to think the use of a twisted rawhide riding whip as much, if not more, necessary than books. As a result he was sometimes seen with a pair of black eyes, but never with a pair of gray ones. This was because of a kindly interview with some loving father. But even at this the man was deserving of more sympathy than he received. He had 395 scholars subscribed with an average daily attendance of 375, all in one room, not a large room either, and with no assistant.

He was a great man to read, and always kept his desk well supplied with books, but just what kind of literature he was interested in, I never knew. As soon as school was called to order in the morning, he would get a book, straddle a chair, with his face toward the back of it, and devote an hour or more to reading; then put the book aside and commence to call the classes to recite. If a scholar failed in his or her lesson, the twisted rawhide whip was called into action. He never thought of giving a child any assistance in its studies, other than the inspiration of the whip. This same action was not only the program of the afternoon session but of every day in the week. One morning he was wearing a salt and pepper coat, and backed up rather too close to the open fire, and by some means the tails of his coat got on fire. A girl, well back from the fire noticed it, and by snapping her fingers tried to attract his attention, but could not, so she called out loud. At this he jumped up, grabbed his handy rawhide, and started for her. He had not made more than two or three steps, however, until the flames were flying higher than his head. Never did man get out of a garment quicker than Mr. Jordon got out of that coat. The children gathered around, and smothered the fire in his other clothing, and quiet was again restored.



Ed Hardesty, a boy of about ten years, who would dare anything for fun, thought this the supreme joke of his life, and wanted to see the scene re-enacted. However, he kept his desire to himself. One cold morning Jordon gave him permission to warm himself at the fire. Mr. Jordon was sitting in his usual position, book in hand, but this time not quite so close to the fire. After getting himself warm, Ed secured a good big live coal and as he passed Mr. Jordon on his way to his seat gently rolled the coal down Jordon's back, between his coat and vest, and soon a black coat followed the salt and pepper one out of the window, but Jordon never knew how the thing happened.

However, he stuck to his job until his term of school was finished, by which time, if he ever had any friends in the district, he had lost them all, and soon sought new fields in which to exercise his pedagogic talents. The school population continued to grow until in the fall of 1864 it reached nearly 500; and now I read in the papers that, excepting for two men, this once beehive of human industry and production, is entirely deserted.

Many of the early comers brought with them their political aspirations as well as their religious superstitions, and at once began to seek political preferment, and it seemed as if a political organization of some kind was necessary to enable the miners to have a record of their mining claims, as a mere squatter's claim was not sufficient, and "claim jumping" had become prevalent. However, for the first few years, recording officers were the only officers we had, and it is a matter of surprise how peaceable and law-abiding the settlers were. There were very few fights and practically no thefts of any kind committed. In 1862, I think it was, one man was hung, but what the charge against him was I never knew. In the absence of regularly established courts, he was tried, convicted and sentenced by a "rump" or miners court, as it was called.

The first attempt at a territorial organization, resulted in what was called Jefferson Territory, with a full set of duly elected territorial officers, but this territory was never recognized by the National Government, and was short lived. After the name was changed to Colorado Territory and recognized at Washington, county units were organized rapidly, and many of the people began to consider themselves as being quite "civilized."

As I have already said, lead mining proved to be an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and it was an almost daily occurrence to see from two to five badly mangled men carried down the mountain. In fact, this was the rule rather than the exception. These frequent accidents completely robbed my mother of all peace of mind, because she never knew when father left home for his work, in the morning, in what condition he would return and she renewed her pleadings with him to quit the mines and go to farming. But his dogged determination ruled him, until he had two very narrow escapes himself, he then began to reason, and finally agreed to try farming for one season, but that was the most he would promise. He rented his house, hired a team, as he had none himself, and we made the move. We arrived at our destination on the St. Vrain, about three miles above the mouth of the stream, in Weld County, the evening of February 14, 1865. Here the writer grew to manhood, and still lives within twelve miles of the old homestead.

Here we found conditions completely changed. The country was wild, and very sparsely settled, with only a few ranches along the streams. During all the years we lived here, long enough for a family of eight children, three of them unborn at the time, to grow to manhood and womanhood, and to marry, and until father and mother had both passed

into that intellectual realm of bliss, we never had any Indian troubles. We found, however, a class or clique of whites that were more to be feared than the Indians. They were closely banded together, and called themselves a vigilance committee, but in reality they were an organized band who would stop at nothing to get money or live stock. They were known to have hung several men and others were found shot to death. The killings charged to them were never denied. As an example, among those hung was an unfortunate boy about nineteen years old, by the name of Charles Briggs. When Briggs located on the St. Vrain in the summer of 1864, he had a pair of mules. The Indians stole these mules and Briggs, in turn, later on, stole a pair of ponies from the Indians. The gang at once raised the cry of "Horse thief;" made the pretext of arresting Briggs on that charge; took him to the officers' quarters at old Fort St. Vrain, and went through the mockery of a trial, with themselves as judge, jury and witnesses.

During the "trial" a passing stranger dropped in, and heard at least part of the "evidence." The "court" was quite uncertain, and not a little suspicious of this stranger; so Lee Bailey, who was acting as sheriff, decided to test him out a little, and stepping up to him said, "Well, stranger, what do you think; don't you think we had ought to hang him?" The stranger answered, "H—I no, he has not violated any law, nor done wrong to any white man. You have no right to molest the boy in any way." At this Mr. Bailey took the stranger by the ear, let him to the door, pushed him out, and gave him a kick as he went, and said, "Now you git – or we will hang you." The stranger realizing that he was in the minority, kept going. The jury of three – George A. Fleming, Joe Samworth and Dave Bailey, rendered their verdict; the judge passed sentence, and young Briggs was immediately hanged. The boy pleaded for his life until he saw they were determined to hang him, and then he begged for a box or something to jump off of; but even this was refused him. The rope was thrown over a big limb, and he was pulled up and brutally strangled to death. While the body was still hanging they dug a shallow grave in the gravel, lowered the body into it and covered it with sand and gravel, about eighteen inches deep. But I never learned who got the two ponies.

At the time of the Sand Creek massacre, several hundred Indian ponies were captured. These were brought to Denver and turned over to the "Government," and were being herded east of Denver, until such time as they could be disposed of. One night quite a number of them were stolen, run into the foothills north of Golden Gate, and placed in charge of an innocent man by the name of McLightner, as caretaker, for so much per head, per month. The would-be pony thieves were very slow about paying this amount; in fact, they never paid anything though they were asked for it repeatedly. One day while McLightner was in Denver in an effort to collect this bill, he said so some of them, "If you don't pay my bill pretty soon, I will give you away." He started for home in the early evening, but he never got there. The next morning, Miss Georgianna Churches, on her way to school, found his body by the roadside, riddled with bullets. It was afterward learned that twelve men had followed him to do the deed, and at least two of the "committee" were openly accused and they never denied it.

Many of the members of this "committee" left, at quite an early day, but others continued to live here, and finally died here, and now have children, grandchildren, and even great grandchildren living in this locality. I was personally well acquainted with many of the members of this "committee" and could name them, but I deem it unwise to

do so, as it might unduly reflect upon their innocent posterity, though the true stories that might be told are many.

The farmers and gardeners conceived the idea of irrigating at quite an early day, and the first irrigating ditches were plowed early in the spring of 1862 but the method adopted was very crude. The farmers thought if they flooded the land, it would kill the crops, so they plowed furrows about ten or twelve feet apart, through their fields, shoveled them out; run them full of water, and let them soak. This method proved to be not only very slow, but very unsatisfactory. The water would get away from them quite frequently, and flood the land, and they soon learned that flooding was the one and only proper way, and it was soon generally adopted.

The spring we moved to the St. Vrain Valley, prices had come down quite a little. Flour was \$18 a sack, and other things in proportion. Father procured a small pair of mules and a yoke of oxen. The only farm implement he had was a walking plow, composed of parts of three plows, and which cost him \$75. In the absence of a harrow, he felled small trees, mortised and pinned the butt end of these into a log about ten inches thick and about eight feet long, and made what he called a "brush." We boys were eager for work, and we commenced quite early, and soon had most of the farm land ready for the seed, while our neighbors were doing nothing, and father was at a loss to know why. Father got seed wheat from a neighbor, for twelve and a half cents a pound, and seed barley from another neighbor. These he sowed broadcast, the "brush" following close behind, and soon we had some nice green fields, then it was that father learned why his neighbors were not cropping.

They were waiting to see if the grasshoppers hatched. Yes, they did. There were countless millions of them, and in less time than it took our grain fields to get green, they were a barren waste. The only crops we raised that summer were hay, and a nice patch of potatoes, but father had seen the advantages of farming and stock raising, and had already located a homestead. He harvested 280 tons of good hay, and contracted part of it for \$80 a ton, baled and delivered at the Four Mile House. That was four miles up the canyon from Golden Gate. This contract called for about \$3,500 worth of hay, but the other party to the contract failed, and father only got two yoke of good young work steers and two freight wagons. His loss was more than \$2,800, but father was a man not easily discouraged.

By fall he had disposed of his mules, and had secured two four-yoke ox teams and equipment. Winter wages were quite low, considering, so he hired two men to drive these teams and haul hay to the mining camps in the mountains. He formed a partnership with Joe Samworth who had a hay press, and baled hay all winter. By this method he, single-handed and alone, and without any expense other than his food, could earn enough each day to pay the men, and have from three to six dollars left. The hay press used was called a hand press, and the bales were tied with rope. It was a home-made affair, standing upright, and one man worked inside, to tuck and tromp the hay, while the other man pitched it in to him. It was a slow process, but by dint of long hours and hard work, they could average four tons a day, and get seven dollars a ton for their work. Of this price father got three dollars a ton, while his teamsters, including board, did not cost him more than six dollars a day, with bad weather off.

As I have already said, the country was wild, and very sparsely settled. There were neither churches nor school houses, though a few public school districts had been

organized. In the absence of a school building in the district in which we chanced to live, the board of directors secured the use of a squatter's cabin. Our first teacher was a very estimable young lady, by the name of Monroe, and there were seven scholars enrolled. Such a thing as religious services were unthought of, or, if so were not undertaken until late in the '60s, when the Methodists secured a "circuit rider," who preached each Sunday, at the few school houses that had been built, and worked at something else during the week.

Our first "postoffice" was called the "St. Vrain Postoffice" with George A. Fleming, postmaster. Prior to this Lumry postoffice had been established on the stage road half a mile north of Fort Vasquez, with Andrew Lumry as postmaster. His son Sylvester, was our first rural mail carrier. All St. Vrain mail was dropped at the Lumry postoffice, where it was sorted, and then carried once a week to the St. Vrain office. In doing this, Sylvester selected the mail of all those he could conveniently visit in making the trip, and delivered it on his way. After the completion of the Denver Pacific Railroad to Denver, in 1870, the St. Vrain office was discontinued.

Early in the spring of 1866, father built a medium-sized log cabin on his homestead, and the family moved home. Father's mining partners, W. C. Patrick and H. W. Holliday, quit mining before he did. They secured two or three ox teams (four yoke of oxen was regarded as a team) and were engaged in the freighting business, so father put his two teams in their charge for the summer. Provisions were very cheap at the "River," and freighters found it more profitable to buy their loads outright than resell, than to haul for a stipulated freight charge. In this way father kept his family well supplied with food, and had some to sell to his neighbors. The people visited and neighbored for thirty to forty miles around, and no one ever thought of asking to stay all night with you; they simply rode or drove into your yard, took care of their stock, came into the house and said, "How?" They were always welcome, and there was never any charge.

In the early days the settlers were located along the streams, called creeks, but now called rivers, and the roads followed up and down the streams almost, if not quite through your doorway, and served as news distributors. As I have said, there were no Indian depredations committed, but some of the settlers were very nervous and easily scared, so they gathered together, and built a large sod corral, with port holes, on the south side of the St. Vrain, near the mouth of Boulder Creek, on land later owned by Henry Churches, brother of Miss Georgiana Churches, who discovered the bullet-riddled body of McLightner. The corral was never used. There were some Indian scares, yes, but only two in this immediate locality, and both were fakes.

When the land was surveyed, George A. Fleming, who built the first brick house in Weld County, or northern Colorado, abandoned an eighty acres on the north side of the creek, and took an eighty on the south side instead, for farming purposes. When he fenced the land, it had the effect of changing the road out of his dooryard, and placing it a quarter of a mile south. Shortly after this a horseback rider coming down the creek, followed the new road. When he got to the corner of Fleming's fence, which was built of posts and poles, he became wildly excited and madly rushed to the home of Thomas Burbridge, about half a mile east and north of the fence corner, and declared he had seen five Indians asleep in the corner of the fence. A country blacksmith shop was maintained here by an Englishman named John Andrews, where a possible half dozen men had

gathered. Some of these told the rider that he must be mistaken, as no Indians or Indian signs had been seen in that locality for a long time. But the man stoutly declared he was not. He said the Indians had their guns stacked in the corner of the fence, and he was close enough to them to hear them snore. He wanted to spread the news at once. Finally one man said, "If the Indians are asleep, they are likely to stay asleep for some time," and suggested that the men arm themselves and investigate. This plan was adopted and as many as could get guns, started for the fence corner and after cautiously creeping along ditches, and through brush and weeds, they found – what? Three hogs quietly sleeping in the sun.

The second fake Indian scare, occurred in the neighborhood immediately west of Fort Lupton, and a man by the name of Robert Chambers was the innocent cause. Several writers have magnified this into quite a bloody affair, in which several Indians were killed, but no whites. The writing of this part of this article may result in a controversy, but I never forego the truth, under any circumstances. Here is the detailed truth of this event, acquired at first hand, my personal knowledge.

A man by the name of James Moore, had a ranch due west of the old Fort, at the extreme western edge of the Lupton Bottoms, about two miles from the Fort, and was engaged principally in raising horses. The first ranch one quarter mile below, north of the Moore ranch, was owned by Roger Ireland. Bob Chambers, as he was familiarly called, was staying with Jim Moore breaking horses. He was quite a large man; about six feet one or two inches tall, with very broad shoulders, and weighed about 190 pounds. He always wore a low crowned light colored hat with a very broad brim, "gee string", and long streamers. Among the horses Chambers was breaking was a very pretty pacing mare. The morning of the "Indian Scare" he saddled the bay beauty for a ride, but she had different notions about the matter, and decided to give a bucking exhibition. Finally Bob got her started, and decided to let her run for a while. Just west of the Roger Ireland house, there was, and is yet, quite a prominent knoll, covering a possible dozen acres, and about 150 feet high. The road ran west of this hill and was very sandy. It was this road that Chambers was following. While the mare was running he noticed a bare-headed man peep over the top of the hill, and dodge down again several times but gave it no thought.

After the mare had expended some of her surplus energy in struggling through the sand with a heavy burden on her back, she was quite tractable the balance of the day. She was a speedy little pacer and Bob decided to try her out a little. In doing so he came on over to our house, put the mare in the barn; fed her, and had dinner with us. After dinner and a visit of a couple of hours, during which he told of seeing the "Peeping Tom," he again strided his steed, and started for home, but found no one there. On his way up the valley he called at several other places, with the same result. Being somewhat curious to know the why of it all, he went on over to the Fort, and there found gathered a dozen or fifteen families, and the whole matter was explained. The Peeper proved to be one of Roger Ireland's hired men, who had rushed to the house, only a little more than a hundred yards away and declared he had seen an Indian. When told that he must be mistaken, he stoutly declared he was not, and said he was close enough to him to see the feathers in his hair. From that the story spread, and it did not lose anything in the telling. By the time the truth of the matter was learned the day was well spent, and as the settlers had brought food and bedding with them, they decided to make a social gathering of the occasion, and

the next morning returned to their several homes, and their peaceful occupations. I am prepared to say, without fear of successful dispute, that there was not an Indian within 100 miles of Fort Lupton that day.

One day about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, near the middle of August, 1868, a large band of Indians, estimated at 500 or more, came pouring over the hill, east of where the little town of Platteville now stands. They pitched camp on the second bench, near the school house, which was nothing more than a log cabin, covered with dirt, and about 300 yards due west of the Lumry postoffice. This was like lightning out of a clear sky. No Indians had been heard of or seen in this locality for many months, and the settlers were taken completely by surprise. This band composed of men, women and children, proved to be not only peaceable but very friendly. They stayed here in camp for a week or more, sold moccasins, buckskins, furs, buffalo robes and anything else they had which they did not want. They traded horses and ran horse and foot races with the whites and everybody had a jolly, sociable time.

When they broke camp they moved down the Platte River on the south side, and the second night camped on that side of the river, just opposite the mouth of Crow Creek, and near the ranch of Delbridge Gerry, who was himself a "squaw man," with three Indian wives. The next morning some of the Indians crossed the river, visited a short time with Mr. Gerry, who could speak their language, then went a short distance to where Bill Brush and two other men were hitching up their teams to go to work in the hay fields, killed Brush and his companions, grabbed all the horses in sight and made their getaway.

The news of the killings were rushed up the streams among the settlers as fast as possible, coupled with the request that every man who had a horse and a gun or who could procure them, should join a posse in pursuit of the Indians. Father having both, at once began to prepare, and mother began to prepare food and bedding for him to take along. Yet, all the while she was entering a vehement protest. She argued that it might be an Indian ruse to get all the men away from the settlements, and then the Indians would double back and slaughter the defenseless women and children. About the time everything was ready, and we heard the men coming, a neighbor, a young man by the name of John Kester, who had neighbor pony nor gun, chanced to drop in and mother put her case up to him. He said, "You are right, Mrs. Elliott. Uncle Johnny, let me have your gun and horse, and I will gladly take your place, and you stay with your family." This arrangement was speedily agreed to.

The different posses of men came together on the site of the Indian camp, and elected a leader and a commander, and the chase began. The men followed the trail over to the head of the Republican River, near what was then known as Stony Point, in the vicinity of where the town of Wray is now located. Here they overtook the Indian rear guard, and a few shots were exchanged, but no one on either side was hurt, and here the pursuers turned back, why, I never knew.

Aside from the killings of which I have told, and the depredations committed along the stage road, I never knew or heard of the Indians killing anyone in Weld County, after we settled there in February, 1865, so here my story ends. Of course, I could write a great deal more but it would be either a personal biography or a review, giving my version of what is already recorded history. However, I wish to say, I have written these memoirs with a great deal of reluctance, because in doing so, I have been compelled to

review more than sixty-six years of my life, which resulted in bringing back the memory of quite a few pleasurable events, and some that were not so pleasant.

Generally speaking, I am regarded as an old man, with a very vivid memory; which in some respects is true, but I am a man who never looks back. My policy in life is to always look ahead, for that is the road we are destined to travel, and it is a duty we owe ourselves to strive to learn and know all we possibly can about it. The other road we have already traveled, and the only benefit we can derive from it is to use our experiences, in an effort to smooth over the rough places ahead. My policy is to keep the past behind me, as much as possible, and never turn around, but keep my mental vision deeply set in the future. No doubt, my readers will be surprised when I tell them it is possible for us to know much, yea, very much, about the future, both before and after death, and what it has in store for us. My motto is, seek ye the truth, and having found it, follow thereafter.

*Truth is the light that kindly leads,  
But not to priests and priestly creeds.  
The light of truth, leads to life eternal,  
But never to regions called infernal.  
Seek it, find it, the victor of all,  
Then keep it and live it, that's all.  
Respectfully submitted by*

October, 1926

A. N. ELLIOTT,  
Fort Lupton, Colo.

## *William Brush*

MRS. MINNIE BRUSH MAYNE, whose father's tragic death is well known among pioneers and whose history is in part set down in these pages, was a babe in arms at the time her father was killed by the Indians, therefore it is but natural that with such an event in the foreground, she should have little love for the Redskin.

William Brush, the father of our friend, was one of three brothers who came to Colorado in the summer of 1860. John and Jared were the other brothers. Jared Brush served two terms as lieutenant governor of Colorado, under Governor Waite and Governor McIntire.

Their ancestral home was in Cincinnati, but the tale of new gold fields reaching the farm in Ohio the brothers decided to try their fortunes in the West. With ox teams and covered wagons, and driving a small herd of loose horses they crossed the Plains with little or no trouble from the Indians.

At last reaching the Pikes Peak country they settled on the Big Thompson Creek, taking up rich land along the creek bottoms. Eventually these men owned some 1,500 acres. Early in the '60s one or more of the brothers returned as far east as Lincoln, Nebraska, and drove back a herd of 150 cattle, and a smaller number of good horses. This was the first herd in the Big Thompson Valley. Game was plentiful on the plains and near the farms on the Big Thompson. Buffalo and antelope roamed the valleys for many years, and coyotes were never lacking.

The mother of our friend was several years younger than Mr. Brush, and was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and christened Margarete. When "sweet sixteen" in 1865, her father, Enoch Way, also desired to move farther into the West and finally persuaded several relatives to adventure with him.

His own family numbered twelve besides himself. Three of his seven daughters were married and with the remaining four girls, a young son and the mother, completed the dozen. At last all things being ready, early that summer, eleven families numbering nearly 100 persons, with covered wagons, oxen and horses and loose cattle, a large caravan, turned their faces toward the new country to make it their home,

Indians were troublesome on the Plains. At one time a large band surrounded their camp and demanded that the provisions which the white people carried should be divided with them. It is safe to say that this was done without parley or loss of time. No one was hurt or otherwise molested. Among the loose stock were several cows and the morning milk being put into a churn, by luncheon time fresh butter and buttermilk were added to the bill of fare. They found the Indians more warlike after reaching Colorado and were among the frontier families who went to the forts for safety. The fort on the St. Vrain being the nearest, it is probable that it was their place of refuge.

These families settled in the vicinity of Longmont, buying lands, tilling the soil, and raising cattle. Other families also had settled along the streams and although often many miles apart, still they were neighbors. The older ones have long since passed away but many of the younger generation still live in that neighborhood.

As in most rural communities, dancing was the usual amusement, and it was not an uncommon thing for a family, children included, to start in mid-afternoon, driving an ox team; the lumber wagon fitted with chairs for comfort and the wagon box often so deep it was with difficulty one could look over the side. Then the streams were swollen



with recent rains, the faithful oxen must swim and the buoyant wagon box seemed sometimes to float as it lurched from side to side on the uneven bed of the stream, the patient oxen meantime straining to reach the other shore and to climb the steep bank. But this excitement was all a part of the fun. When possible the people rode horseback if the distance was great. Generally the dancing lasted through the night, the merry-makers going home in broad daylight.

It was at one of these country dances soon after Margarett's arrival that she met Will Brush, the young farmer from the Big Thompson. When young people from distant farms gather at some central place, dancing all night and going home by daylight, the opportunities for love making are ample. So with this man and maid, their admiration was mutual and they soon decided to travel life's pathway together. The fact that the young man's brother John had, the year before, married Margarett's older sister was also a point in his favor.

At eighteen a girl was considered quite mature enough to marry, especially if her man was some years older. This young couple, like most pioneer families, had many difficulties to overcome in house furnishings. Their furniture was home-made and dishes were few, one neighbor was remembered to have had but one spoon which must do duty for all the family in turn, but every one was happy and most of the farmers prospered.

In the haying season of 1868 a large band of Indians camped along the Platte River near the present site of Platteville. Apparently friendly, they engaged in sports with the whites in the neighborhood. A day or so later breaking camp they moved down the stream to a point just across the mouth of Crow Creek. Here a party of some thirty or more of the Indians crossed over to the farm of William Brush, where they stayed all night, eating their supper and breakfast there in evident friendliness. Later in the forenoon while Brush and a cousin, Jared Conrey, with a Swedish hired man were in the field cutting hay, they fell upon the men killing all three and taking horses and cattle they rode away. Later, some of this stock was recovered.

Neither the family or the ranch houses on the Big Thompson, twenty miles away, were disturbed. The capture of the stock was their evident aim and the men were in the way, hence the unexpected attack. As soon as word of the massacre was rushed along the streams, posses of men from the Big Thompson and Boulder Creek started in pursuit. After miles of hard riding the Indians' rear guard was overtaken and a few shots were exchanged, but the jaded and exhausted mounts of the white men could not keep pace with the fresh ponies of the Indians and the chase was therefore abandoned.

After the tragic death of the husband and father, the young widow, scarcely yet nineteen, with her five-months-old baby, returned to her father's home, twenty-five miles away near Niwot. Two years later she married again, the young couple making their home for several years on Boulder Creek near Canfield. Their house was a primitive frontier cabin built partly of logs and partly of sod. Our friend – the daughter – remembers that warm and comfortable house which later was torn down to make place for a modern farm building.

Her first attendance at school was on Boulder Creek in a little one-room building with a tiny anteroom in which to hang coats and wraps. She was nine years old at the time and remembers the teacher, who was Miss Joabe. Also about this time she went with her Uncle John Brush to a school election held in a schoolhouse near the present site of Johnstown. This was a rare treat and always remembered with pleasure.

Mrs. Mayne has lived for years on the 320 acres of rich land which she inherited from her father's estate. This was part of his share of the original 1,500 acres bought by the three Brush brothers, those worthy pioneers of the early sixties.

On the farm which Mr. Brush owned at the time of his death and about two miles from the house in which his daughter lives, stands today a white marble slab with this inscription:

WILLIAM WESLEY BRUSH

Born April 6, 1835.

Died August 23, 1868.

Aged 33 years, 4 months, 17 days.

*By Indians slain in early life  
Amid his toils and care  
He left a loving child and wife  
To weep and mourn in tears.*

*Sleep on, my husband, take thy rest  
Until thy trump shall sound  
In that far land forever blest  
Shall you and I be found.*

These verses were composed by the Reverend McLain, who preached the funeral services of Mr. Brush. The graves of the two men massacred with him are near by.

## *Peter Daly*

SIXTY-FIVE years ago or thereabouts, Santa Claus, driving his team over the deep snow near the top of a high mountain, drew rein at a little log cabin whose wide stone chimney above the dirt roof, afforded easy access to the tiny room below. Here on the dirt floor, he opened his pack and took from his store of gifts a wee baby boy, the first white child born in the little mining camp of Nevadaville. The child grew and thrived and was in time christened Peter.

The father and mother, with two little sisters, had crossed the Plains two years before, coming from the River with ox teams. This man Daly was a stone-cutter by trade, living in Philadelphia, but the stories of rich gold mines had quickly reached the far eastern coast, and in 1859 he allied himself with Mike Sullivan, an acquaintance, who was about to start for the New West. At the River they bought a team of mules and a wagon load of flour and crossed the Plains without serious difficulty, and in due time reached the Pikes Peak country. The following spring of 1860 he returned to Pennsylvania for his family. They started from the River with ox teams but later were able to exchange them for mules, therefore making the journey more comfortably and in less time.

This winter of 1862, when our friend was born was one of the most severe known in the West. Snow was so deep that little freight was brought into the mining camps, and freighting across the Plains ceased entirely. Thus were it not for the wild game, antelope and deer, which roamed through the timber on the mountains, the people would actually have suffered. The cabin with the dirt roof was dry when the snow was piled high, but when it melted and the water came through in little rivulets, the father used the canvas wagon cover as a shield over the children's bed. After a few years a larger and more commodious cabin was built with a wide fireplace where the logs on the hearth were kept blazing all night. With buffalo robes thrown over the bedding, the zero winter nights passed in comparative comfort.

Our friend's mother, a young woman of robust health, opened the first boarding house in this mining camp. In one room as many as ten miners gathered for each meal. Although crowded for room none made complaint for the fare was so much above the average miners' grub, that they felt privileged. Flour was worth anywhere up to \$50 a sack of fifty pounds; no potatoes were to be had for love or money, and fresh vegetables were unknown. Plenty of "side meat," (salt pork) and fresh meat of the deer and antelope, or elk was to be had for the killing. Navy beans were the staple article of diet. Outside the door of almost any house, at any time, could be seen an iron pot – the cover held in place by a large flat rock – the pot filled with navy beans, soaking in clear water to be cooked on the morrow. Anyone who owned a kettle cooked quantities of beans. Dried apples could be obtained and an occasional apple pie was the result, but no cake was baked and biscuit generally were made instead of bread.

Green Rio coffee was the brand most commonly shipped into the West. This the housewife roasted, and having no grinder, poured the kernels into a prospecting mortar and pounded them fine with a miner's drill. There was no milk and seldom was there sugar, occasionally a little elk's milk could be had for coffee. Very little tea was used, coffee being considered more stimulating to a hard working miner.

This pioneer mother, besides keeping boarders, was the local tailor as well, making garments from the skins of animals killed. Buckskin blouses were much used by the miners, and large patches of buckskin nearly covered many trousers. She had no machine, thus it was all hand work, and at evening only candle light to work by, lamps being not yet common. These buckskin clothes which the little boys wore made them resemble the Indian children who came over the mountains each summer with their tribes to hunt and fish. These white and Indian children playing together could with difficulty be identified. Both white and red boys could shoot marvelously well with the bow and arrow.

When General Grant made his famous trip into the mountains, his party were much interested to see the boys use their bows and arrows so skillfully. A man would split the end of a stick planting it upright in the ground and wedge a nickel or dime in the crack. Whichever boy, Indian or white, succeeded in shooting the coin out of the crack was entitled to keep the money. Our young friend was among the children, when one of the party looking the boys over remarked, "Here is one who doesn't look so bad." He referred to our white boy, who was dressed in buckskin suit and moccasins.

The Grant party on leaving the mines went by stage to Idaho Springs followed by a volunteer escort of boys, both white and red, for whatever a white man did the Indian did also. These boys each riding a bareback pony made a considerable cavalcade. The Virginia Canyon Road had a grade of about 20 per cent, and General Grant was heard to say, that he never took a breath from the time he left Central, till he reached Idaho Springs. Not alone the altitude but the steepness of the way caused the breathlessness of suspense.

Indians went from house to house begging for biscuit and anything else they could get to eat. This mother, although a small woman, had considerable influence over them. They were always friendly to her and would usually do as she requested. Also they were indebted to her for advice and help, and perhaps a little medicine when a squaw or a papoose fell ill, thus often a piece of juicy venison from their killing, or a fish fresh from the stream, found its way to her cabin in grateful appreciation. The girls of the family, of which there were three, played with dolls as all girls do, only in lieu of china they used a bottle for that purpose and a potato (when this vegetable came into market) for the head, and dressed the doll in bits of figured calico like their own dresses, for calico was the only dress material obtainable. "That necessity is the mother of invention" was again proved true in this unique doll patent.

In this mining camp as in nearly all communities dancing was the usual recreation. On Saturday nights or an occasional holiday, men would gather from all the neighboring mines to indulge in this pleasure. A room of some kind, usually the town hall or schoolhouse, if there was one, could be had for the asking, the only requirement being that it be returned to normal condition. A surprising number of miners owned and could play some kind of musical instrument; a fiddle, an accordion or even a mouth harp, anyone of which would suffice, if some one could "call off" the figures. Women, of course, were at a premium and in the dearth of "petticoats" a handkerchief around a miner's arm declared his status in filling out a set. These rough miners treated the pioneer women and girls with the greatest respect. Naturally, some notorious female characters followed the mining industry, but they were few and usually segregated.

The majority of men who followed the gold excitement were single men, or if married, had left their families in the East, thus at the beginning there were few children of school age. However, the camp was still quite young when the first school was opened in an old frame building, near the site of the original Teller House. Later the schoolhouse was burned. At one time Professor Hale taught this little school of first grade children, later a man by name of Roderick, attempted the same task but the boys, disliking him, grew so rough that he soon took his leave. Later, other teachers were employed, Mrs. Kirtley and Mrs. Holmes. Mrs. Holmes, who came to the Pikes Peak region in 1858 claimed to be the first white woman in this Territory, and her little son "Eureka," the first white child born in the new El Dorado.

In 1868 or '69 a Mrs. King and her brother, Jenkins, opened a school in the church building. This school was conducted along Episcopalian ideas, and a tuition of \$1.50 per month for each child was required. It was to this school that our young friend and his sisters were sent. Not until the early '70s was a public school opened, the population having increased meantime to a considerable number.

A religious organization, probably Catholic, was in existence in the early '60s. Our friend remembers when very young of asking where his father had gone one night, and being told that he had gone down for the priest, probably to Central City. He remembers that one night his mother went with a neighbor woman to midnight mass. There was no church building but they placed lighted candles on fallen trees which had been cut for the new building, and in this manner held services until the church was erected. The timber in the new church was green, and in a short time it dried to such an extent that large cracks were left between the logs. One Christmas eve, the lighted candles being placed all around the walls, and the entertainment at its height, the wind suddenly arose, and, blowing fiercely through the cracks, extinguished all the lights thus putting a sudden end to the festivities.

Also about this time a Protestant minister by the name of Shepard, who worked as a blacksmith through the week and who owned a small property, opened a little Methodist Chapel and preached every Sunday. It was a little place but he was a good man and a kind neighbor. Afterward a Chinaman used the house for a laundry. Chinamen were among the first comers in many of the mining camps. They came to work in the mines knowing something about mining from their California experiences. Also as laundrymen. They drove a thriving business over the wash tub among the single miners, in the meantime keeping to many of their traditions. Thus it was through their agency that a terrible disaster came upon this mining camp, for in 1874 the whole cluster of houses comprising the town of Central went up in smoke.

Built mostly of frame with not more than three brick structures to halt the devouring flames, by the next sunrise the little city was in ruins. Central, like all mountain towns, was built on the hillside, the one-sided streets were in tiers one above another, thus a fire starting at one end of a street burned its full length and then started back again till all but the old Central barn was in ashes. There was no bucket brigade at that time, and had there been the creek ran along the bottom of the steep gulch and too far away to be of immediate use. The Chinamen had gathered in one of their shacks to celebrate the New Year, and, as was their custom to burn out the devil. Presumably they were all drunk and as the ceremony proceeded the fire got beyond their control, spreading rapidly.

Immediately in the rear of their shack was the city calaboose, filled at that time with desperate characters, but in such an emergency the doors were thrown open and these men did their part in saving such household effects as could be secured, and in helping women and children to safety. This was, of course, a vital blow to the little city but eventually brick houses were built and soon the town was on a more permanent footing.

The primitive manner in which ore was hauled from the mine to the mill, or to the sluice box was by cutting the timber from the mountain side leaving a clear space from top to bottom, down which an ox hide filled with ore was dragged. Later when men with horses began to arrive, rough roads were blasted zigzag along the mountain. Even with these roads heavy chains were used to rough-lock the wheels, and in the winter it was not uncommon when hauling ore from some of the more inaccessible mines to fasten a rope to the wagon and, using a dummy engine, to let it unwind as the wagon slipped down the steep incline. When mining was at its height it was estimated that 500 teams were employed in hauling ore. In 1886 or thereabouts a tramway was put in operation thus saving horsepower and expediting mining operations in general.

As early as the summer of 1860, a man by the name of Louis Arrighi constructed a small stamp mill, said to be the first in Gilpin County. This plant consisted of only three stamps, each one a wooden stem with a heavy die securely bolted on the stamp's bottom. So successful did it prove in grinding the ore, that later he built a second mill with ten iron stamps. The power for both these mills was furnished by a water wheel advantageously placed in the swift current of Clear Creek. Eventually numerous stamp mills of various capacity came into use as mining flourished.

It was in this same locality in 1862 that Pat Casey made his big raise. Casey was a unique character, an uneducated Irishman, energetic, lively, and generous. His interest was in the Ophir Company which owned one of the richest properties in the district. After the claims "capped" on him, and he had exhausted his funds and his credits, he discovered one of the richest bonanzas in the mountains, by the accidental caving in or part of the mine. Wealth rolled in on him in a steady stream. A large force of miners were employed, and Pat Casey's wild and rollicking "night-hands" are remembered to this day by old timers. This was the first property sold in New York City in 1863. It brought \$90,000.00. Casey afterward got rid of his fortune and removed to the Black Hills. (In part from Fossett's History of Colorado.)

The legend runs that when Casey sold his mine in New York that the "sky was his limit" in entertaining congenial spirits. His favorite boast was the number of lead pencils his bookkeepers used in the course of the day to record the returns from his mine. When his sensational flare had burned out he returned to the West a poorer and perhaps a wiser man.

In this district mining was at its height in the '60s and some of the richest mines were discovered here, notably the Gregory and Bobtail. Some of them have been worked for sixty years, and are still producing and considered among the best in Colorado. It was estimated that in the year 1868 there were 1,500 or more miners employed in this camp, including Black Hawk, Central and Nevadaville, and that in this immediate vicinity more valuable lodes were found than in any other section of equal size, in the known world.

In 1868, Prof. N. P. Hill established a smelting furnace in Black Hawk and the production of the first pure silver bullion in the West began. These bars or bricks of

silver bullion weighed about 100 pounds, or around 1,700 ounces, and worth at that time \$1,900, more or less. Our friend as a boy saw loads of these bars or bricks hauled in freight wagons from the smelter to Central, to be shipped eventually to the refineries, probably to Omaha. As far as he knew they were hauled unguarded, as 100-pound bars of silver were difficult to dispose of privately. Later, about 1878, Professor Hill's smelter was transferred to Argo, just outside of Denver.

Our friend's father, as well as other citizens, carried his gold dust in a buckskin pouch, and when in 1888 the son, then in Central, tore down the old log cabin which had been his boyhood home, he found two of these little bags tucked away between the logs, where no doubt his father had forgotten them. In one was \$16 in dust, and in the other was \$11. At the stores in buying meat and provisions it was the custom to toss the bag to the merchant who would sprinkle the dust on the scales; take what was his due and then toss the bag back to the man. Asked what a teaspoonful of dust would be worth, the answer was, around \$10. Dust was heavy as our gold coins are heavy.

Born in a mining town, Mr. Daly spent all his young manhood among mining activities, and eventually became successful in mining. He still owns many valuable mining claims, also tracts of good timber in the mountains. When silver was demonetized thirty odd years ago and actual mining in many camps virtually ceased, Mr. Daly left Central and turned to engineering as his special work, and has since that time been employed as a stationary engineer. With his wife and family he resides in Denver, claiming this beautiful city as his permanent home.

## *Adolph Schinner*

IN THE year 1854, three young Germans from Schleisien, a district near the border of Russia and Poland, in eastern Germany, made up their minds to adventure to the far West, even to America. In time they reached Baltimore, then Cincinnati, and finally in 1857 went to Kansas. In their mind had been from the first the thought of founding a town along their own idea of what was right. This eventually they accomplished and the town of Eudora, Kansas, was the result. One of these young men was Adolph Schinner, the father of Mrs. Walter, who kindly gives us these few items of interest.

Young Schinner was by trade a printer and followed his trade for a number of years after reaching the West. In 1860, he joined a party of emigrants from Lawrence, Kansas, traveling to Colorado with ox teams, Schinner having six or eight wagons of his own.

During this trip Indians were numerous but for the most part were friendly, although the emigrants felt it wise to have outriders whose duty it was to go ahead and look for the Indians, also to hunt game and to select camping places. There were at this time many horse thieves, renegade white men, stealing and stampeding stock and a watch was kept for such an emergency. Later Schinner bought mules and freighted between Denver and the River, crossing the Plains several times.

In the early '60s, he did not follow his printing trade but seeing an opening for a general mercantile business, he established such a store on Blake Street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. The building stands there yet. In the disastrous fire of 1863 his store was badly damaged, a large part of his stock of goods being burned, but through the help of associates and friends he was ready for business the next morning. The following year when the historic flood swept the town, not being in the direct path of the waters, his building with nearly everything in it was saved.

Mr. Schinner followed the mercantile business for six or seven years, eventually running two stores, the second being one block further up town on Larimer Street. This was the beginning of the now famous Baur's Confectionery Company, called in the '60s "Schinners." A brother coming West a few years later then took charge of the business. Baur came some years afterward. In 1866 another firm by the name of Schulers opened a soda fountain establishment. Thus refreshments were served.

As previously mentioned, Schinner, when a young man in the early '60's, freighted several times across the Plains and in 1862 stopped for a short time in Lawrence, Kansas. A brief sketch of former events leading up to the important affair which took place in that little prairie city may just here be of interest.

In a province of France in the early part of 1852, M. Joseph Vinot, a man of wealth and standing, a former mayor of Villafass – his home town – and a proud descendant of Louis XIV, found himself in financial difficulties. His pride forbade that his family remain in poverty, where once he was held in such high esteem, therefore, with two maid servants, a man servant, his goods and chattels, together with wife and eight children, he straightway sailed for America. They landed in New York. His plan had been to reach New Orleans but through his inability to understand the English language, he suffered still another misfortune in having his goods stolen. This was an irreparable loss as many articles were family heirlooms. Changing his plans he finally reached Indiana and settled in the little town of New Haven. Eventually M. Vinot took up 160



acres of land and became a farmer. The elder daughters being French scholars, soon secured classes in their language, thus sharing the living expenses. One of the girls married and went to Lawrence, Kansas, where Augustine, her 16-year-old sister, coming for a short visit, had remained several years in that thriving town.

In his journeying to and from the River, our friend, Schinner, chanced to meet this little French girl at Lawrence and persuaded her to become his wife. Thus in 1862 they were married and their life journey began. But the young bride refused to take her wedding journey across the endless plains until a specially constructed coach be built for her, one large enough to contain a feather bed. It is needless to say that the loving husband allowed the necessary time for its completion.

Somewhere along the Little Blue River in the sparsely settled district the train in which they traveled was, one day, surrounded by a band of Sioux decked out in paint and feathers. Immediately this fine coach and its fair occupant attracted their attention and Schinner was overwhelmed with offers to trade for his "white squaw." Everything the Indians had to barter was freely placed before him, but with the help of the other freighters Schinner was at last able to rid himself of these persistent beggars, the Indians finally taking their leave. In due course of time our friend, Mrs. Walter, was born to this pioneer couple and named Augusta.

In the late '60s Schinner took up 160 acres of land to the east of Denver, the ground being that section lying between Downing and High Streets. He built a house soon after acquiring the land at what is now 2130 Downing Street. A man by the name of Jacob Downing owned the land above and below Schinner's portion. When this tract was divided into lots for sale as a part of the city, in deference to the largest land owner the district was named for Downing.

Mr. Schinner planted trees, fruit trees, apples, peaches, and set out grape vines. He also transplanted young cottonwoods in rows on each laid out street. To water these trees was an arduous task as water must be brought from a long distance. Other parts of this section at that time seemed to be the breeding place of grasshoppers for they hatched out by the millions. Numerous brick yards in this location did a thriving business and the hill was honeycombed with their furnaces.

The editor remembers when in the summer of 1874, as a bride she lived on Turkey Creek, that later in the season she came with her husband to Denver, his purpose being to look at a pedigreed cow at a place called Downing. After passing through the city which extended not much beyond Welton Street, the road wound along a steep hillside, through dust six inches more or less in depth, where an occasional graded stretch was set with saplings of the cottonwood tree. No house or habitation is remembered but the many brickyards are still distinct in memory.

The hill rose abruptly where the Capitol Building now stands and those cottonwood saplings unless replaced by others are the same trees whose shade now helps to make Denver the beautiful city she is known to be. The pedigreed cow, proving to be satisfactory, was led at the end of a rope hitched to the rear of the single-seated buggy in which the young purchasers rode, and in this manner at last reached the small farm eight miles above Morrison.

In 1870 or thereabouts Mr. Schinner bought a large acreage some twenty miles southeast of Denver and removed his family to the country. Augusta Walter, *nee* Schinner, the daughter who tells us this story, being of French descent was naturally

educated in Catholic schools, although her first letters were learned at the Stout Street public school, her father, Adolph Schinner, being at that time secretary of the school board. The country school she attended while living on the farm took her through the eighth grade but finally she was sent to the city and to St. Mary's Academy, where she finished the course.

One of the pleasant things she remembers was the large open space occupied by the Court House today, where during her school days athletic games were played and where an occasional circus coming to town spread their fascinating tents. She also remembers the Indians who often camped along Cherry Creek and the Platte River bottoms and the bead moccasins and buffalo robes which they offered for trade.

Again while living in the country Indians came to a neighboring farm while the man was away on the roundup and demanded of the woman that she prepare them food, but before eating it the Indians, fearful of being poisoned, required that she taste of everything first. The woman had beautiful long hair which seemed to fascinate one of the Indians and she feared he would scalp her. Seeing a ranchman passing along the road she called to him and told the Indian that he was her husband, thus the Indian contented himself with cutting her hair off close to her head but refrained from taking her scalp.

In 1887 August Schinner, our friend, married a young mining engineer, Rudolph J. Walter of St. Louis, Mo., and in the years following a family of seven children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, are the proud descendants of that worthy pioneer – Adolph Schinner.

*M. R. Wade*

MR. AND MRS. WADE, who have recently celebrated their sixty-third wedding anniversary, came to Colorado in 1865, the second year of their marriage. Mrs. Wade's father, Orlando Miller, was one of the first men to reach the Pikes Peak region in 1858, and was here when his daughter arrived.

The Wades, at the time of their marriage, lived in Cleveland, Ohio, but like many other young people, were restless and finally decided to go to Colorado. First by train to Ottumwa, Iowa, where they secured a mule team, and from there to Plattsmouth, "driving empty" as they express it, without a load. Here they loaded with passengers, single men desirous of reaching the gold mines. Fort Kearney was reached without serious trouble, but the commander of the Fort required that at least fifty wagons should be in every train as the Indians were still harrassing the settler and the emigrant. After several days of waiting a train of seventy wagons pulled out, and because of strength in numbers, some 100 armed men, they were unmolested by the Indians. Many smaller companies were completely wiped out, as burned and broken wagons along the route testified.

The Bluffs, called O'Fallons, followed the river many miles, and the wagon road running between them and the river made a dangerous zone where Indians could attack from many an unseen arroya. Along this stretch of danger the night guard was doubled, but with all their precaution a regrettable accident occurred. Wade describes the occurrence thus: "I was on guard duty that night and was making my bed under the wagon, when one of my passengers, although he didn't have to stand guard, came up saying he wouldn't take a back seat and let other men take all the risk, he wanted to do his share. As he came up the road from the same direction I did, one of our guards mistook him for an Indian and shot and killed him." The mail coaches changed horses every ten or twelve miles, according to watering places, traveling day and night, and many times they were attacked by Indians, but Wade's party was undisturbed.

Toward the close of the Civil War the Indians were causing so much trouble on the Plains that troops of cavalry were sent out to guard the coaches, the emigrant trains and the settlers. This is history. The following is Wade's version. During the latter part of the Civil War, through mail, across the Plains from California and the mountains was so uncertain because of the Indian depredations, that the Washington Government sent to the Chicago War Prison, and told the Southern boys confined there that they would be sent out to guard the mail coaches against Indians, and that when the war was subsided they would receive an honorable discharge and a passport home. This version was probably accepted by the freighters of that time as they dubbed these soldiers "galvanized yanks." The truth of this version is not vouched for. When early in May this train reached Fort Sedgwick, known by mail as Julesburg, the Wades left the company and, securing employment, stayed there all summer, not reaching Denver until late in September.

After reaching Fort Sedgwick both Mr. and Mrs. Wade found work, Mr. Wade tending the officers' horses that the Indians should not run them off, and Mrs. Wade, the only woman at the Fort, as cook for the colonel, lieutenant colonel, and their orderlies. An orderly helped to serve them. Wade and his wife had their rations separate and ate together, thus if their rations were more than enough they sold the surplus. Mrs. Wade also made pies which readily sold for fifty cents, or other pastries which were a treat to

the soldiers. Fort Sedgwick was known as the old California Crossing and was a military supply station, and headquarters for the section up the Platte River and Fort Laramie. Probably 100 men were detailed at the Fort or were distributed along the road. The little settlement of Julesburg was burned in 1865 by the Indians at which time only a few soldiers were at the Fort. It is said that the old Bovay Ranch was at the original crossing and used by the Pony Express Riders.

This house in which the colonel had his offices in the front room, and the Wades the room in the rear, was originally built for a fort. The sod walls were four feet thick and were piled high and had no doors or windows, only holes in the thick walls, the structure roofed over with tarpaulin. The dirt floor was carpeted with gunny sacks which at pleasure could be quickly removed and fresh ones laid down. As cold weather approached the soldiers were sent into the Black Hills for wood, taking nearly two weeks for the job and the price at \$200 per cord was too expensive for the Wades to purchase, hence, at the end of September they moved on into Denver.

Denver in the fall of 1865 was a comparatively small place and, according to our friend Wade, the situation at that time is not generally understood. A city of 3,000 or 4,000, with as many men leaving as were coming in; with renegades from all parts of the country who flocked here because, with no telegraphic communications, they were safe from pursuit; and with little employment to be secured, a man without money must do what he could find to do. A man may have learned a trade in the East but in the new settlement there was perhaps no call for his line of work, or a clerk who had never worked outside a store was now glad to chop timber or serve in a restaurant. To illustrate his point, he says that in crossing the Plains this was made clear to him by the fact that in the 600 miles between Plattsmouth and Denver, there was scarcely a store or shop where the needed help could be obtained. His own words are convincing:

“We did various things. To give you an idea, out on the Plains many miles from Denver a man’s tire ran off. We knew that a blacksmith would shrink a tire, but we had no machinery to do that with. Our only wood to cook with was buffalo chips (dried manure). We wrapped gunny sacks around the felly of the wheel, and then went out to the hills with sacks and picked up enough chips to make a ring around the tire, and heated it in that way. We fixed the man up and got him into Denver. The idea followed us for years in Colorado, if you couldn’t get a chance to saw wood you could shovel in the ditch. It was years before you could get a job in the business you had learned.

We went into the restaurant and candy business. I didn’t know anything about it. I gave a fellow \$5 to show me why my candy book wouldn’t work. He said it was made to sell, not to work, but after I got the key I could make good candy. My wife run the restaurant and I run the store. We had a big dining room and could seat forty people. We made a little money and lost some. The grasshoppers ate us up for three years running. We had no money to get out of the country and we couldn’t hire out, because nobody had any money. I was raised in a family in Ohio where I never wore a mitten or a sock except those of my mother’s weaving, so I made a loom and we wove about 400 yards of rag carpet. We had more than we could do and had no trouble in selling it at a good price.”

Early in 1866, some months after the Wades reached Denver, they went to Canon City where Wade went into the photographic business, but the chemicals proving injurious to his health, he turned to farming near Colorado City. Trading in town one

day, many Indians also trading at the same store, while Mrs. Wade was standing near the merchant, he jokingly offered to trade her to an Indian for his pony. The Indian, very much in earnest and well satisfied with the trade, was about to take Mrs. Wade away with him, and it was with difficulty that the bargain was finally called off. Wade was raised on a farm and thus when opportunity offered he rented a farm in the St. Vrain Valley, where Platteville now is and securing fifty head of milch cows, made butter for the market.

From there the following spring he went to Longmont before the town was fairly started and before the postoffice was established. Here they lived several years until the village became a town, in the meantime taking up land and running a restaurant and candy store. While living here Wade joined the Odd Fellows Lodge and considers himself still a member of that fraternity. Brought up a Baptist he still holds the religion of his father with a strong faith in baptism as a saving grace.

This pleasant old couple were married in Fon-du-Lac, Wisconsin, in August, 1863, and Mrs. Wade says that as a bride she had the fullest hoop-skirt she could buy, and some of them would not go through a doorway without tilting. Her wedding bonnet, a gorgeous affair, she sold some years later in Denver for \$9. So youthful looking were the couple when they reached Denver that one man said to Wade, "You came here when you were pretty young, didn't you?" and upon Wade's replying, "We were married," the man exclaimed, "The hell you were, you aren't old enough."

In 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Wade moved to Denver to make it their permanent home, continuing the restaurant and candy business. Mr. Wade retired from active affairs several years ago. He is by nature an artist and although having had little or no instruction the walls of his home are hung with scenes of his own painting. Landscapes, water scenes, and figures as well of horses and dogs. From time to time a picture is sold or given to a friend and many hours of contentment are passed at this pleasant occupation.

Some one has said that as the years advance everyone should have a hobby, and our friend has bound a beautiful one. Having no desire to return to the East these dear people are satisfied to remain in the city which they love as long as life continues.

*Eugene H. Teats*

The story of the impressions gained, and the experiences lived, by this little 10-year-old boy, as told by the man of mature years, is as fascinating as a romance. —Ed.

### “RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIKES-PEAKER”

IN THE autumn of 1858, the first rumblings of the gold discoveries in the Pikes Peak region of the far West began to reach us at our farm home near Mt. Clemens, Michigan, through the columns of the Detroit Free Press and the New York Ledger. How vividly I recall the interest of the family in the news. Father, after a hard day's work in the field, going out to the gate in his slippers to get the mail from the hired man whose duty it was to go for it every Saturday afternoon, and how we children would be allowed to sit up later than usual to hear him read about the great unknown country beyond the Missouri River. My favorite place was sitting on the floor with my head resting against his knee, so as to hear more distinctly, while mother with her knitting was as attentive as any of us.

Each week through the winter the news became more interesting and finally by spring, after most of the hard work on the new and only partly equipped and developed farm had been performed, including the putting in of the season's crop, Dad decided to go to Detroit (some twenty miles away) and make a more careful study of the conditions reported by the papers. In a few days he returned, fuller than ever of enthusiasm, for he was in the prime of his life, and possessed of a temperament which naturally urged him to adventure.

That evening he and mother sat up later than usual, talking over the subject. We children, of course were sent to bed early, but my enthusiasm would not allow me to sleep, so waiting until my older brother, who slept with me, had dropped off, I carefully slid out of my bed and tip-toed across the floor to the stovepipe thimble and putting my ear to the holes found I could hear perfectly all that was said by those in the room below. The upshot of their talk was to the effect, that mother thought she could handle the farm that year with the help of two trusted men, and we boys, if father wanted to go, which was surely his desire.

Then came the question of financing the expedition, and also the family, in the event of a possible failure of the crops, and last, but very important, to find someone with money and the necessary inclination to go with him. Father's unmarried brother, younger than he, Phillip by name, was agreed upon at once as the right man to go, but he was still under age. He was managing the old family homestead and would not receive his share in it for a couple of years more. Could that difficulty be overcome? It was decided to invite him over on Sunday for a conference with father. As I knew what was going on (though my elders did not know it), it can be easily understood how deep was my interest in the conference planned, for, as absurd as it may seem, I was not without hope that in some way I might be drawn into the adventure, although at the time I was only well past eight years of age. No such luck, however, for Uncle Phillip not only took up the scheme with the greatest enthusiasm, but vowed he would go if he had to sell or mortgage his inheritance.

But before attempting to do that, the three plotters decided to lay the matter before great grand-dad, Captain Shook, then over one hundred years old and a veteran of the war

of 1812. He still had his old blue regimentals with their brass buttons and captain's stripes, and his long barreled flint-lock musket, and also before Grand-dad Teats, the two patriarchs of the family, under whose control Phillip's share of the estate still remained. The elder of the two, in spite of his great age, was a man of marked individuality and strong determination and in the full possession of his faculties, as was also Grand-dad Teats. When the former was approached, he fell in with the project at once, and called a family conference.

It was a great gathering at the old homestead. There was my father and his two oldest brothers, both married, and their families, and the two unmarried sisters, and, of course, Uncle Phillip. After dinner the project was broached and talked over in all its aspects. The head of the family, Grand-dad Teats, became very enthusiastic, and the rest of the family agreed with him, that Uncle Phillip should have his share of the estate in cash, and my father's two married brothers agreed to oversee the homestead farm in Uncle Phillip's absence. Then all fell to studying such maps of the West as were available in those days, and to discussing routes, and deciding upon the equipment required, for in that year no railroad had yet reached the Mississippi River. The journey would have to begin right at our home, and with some of our own wagons, and it was considerably more than 1,000 miles.

My recollections of the preparations that followed are as vivid as if they had occurred but yesterday. Father first bought a new three-inch dead axle wagon, and around it, when placed under the shelter of our carpenter shop, the interest of the whole family centered. Each day witnessed something new added to its frame. To me the making and bending of the great bows which when covered with canvas, would convert it into the typical prairie schooner of the western pioneer, was the most interesting, for I was allowed to have my part in it.

Those bows were made from the best selected, young hickory trees that could be found on the farm (and there were plenty of them) and after being dressed down to the proper width and thickness, came the task of bending them to the proper shape to make the arched roof. This was accomplished by selecting a level and firm area in the yard into which stakes were firmly driven in the form of a big letter U reversed, around, and between which, the pliable and tough wooden slats were slowly bent, with the aid of hot water which it was my part to heat and pour on them. Under this treatment they yielded slowly and without injury to the fiber, to the conformment of the stakes, and after cooling retained the curvature imposed by the latter. What a wonderful wood the hickory is, from it the Indian made his bow and the white man his wagon hoops and today the handles for his hammer, his ax, and his sledge.

Next, on each side of the top of the wagon box shelves were extended out over the wheels, which were to serve as beds for the travelers, and at the end of those were the cupboards built for clothing and other uses. So gradually, after the long hickory bows were set in place, and covered by a stout canvas, the little home on wheels began to look so inviting that I could not resist frequent pleadings to be allowed to go along. But I was always reminded that mother depended more on my help than on that of any other member of the family, as I had already been more than once as far away from home as Detroit. Also someone would have to look after the marketing of the fall kill of beef and pork. All of which I had to admit and bear with what patience an eager boy of my temperament could demand.

Thus, at last, early in the summer my father and uncle with our pet family mare, Nell, and her mate, in harness, started off one bright morning for the long drive to the Rocky Mountains. Little conception had any of us of the magnitude and perils of the undertaking, and only a man of determined will, and one filled with the spirit of adventure would have dared the journey. It was fully six months before we heard of their safe arrival in Auraria, the little settlement on the left bank of Cherry Creek, which is now known as West Denver.

Early in the spring of 1860 word came from father that he felt himself firmly enough established in the new settlement to wish one of the boys to come to him. Whichever one was sent was to go to St. Joe, Missouri, then the terminal of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, where he would find Col. John Wanless, his business associate, who was going there to buy horses, and with whom he could travel safely. There ensued a second gathering of the family, not quite so important as before, but, it was to be decided which of the boys would be selected. The choice fell upon me because of my great interest shown from the start of the undertaking, and because mother and all the other elders knew of my great love of adventure and also of my ability under most circumstances to take care of myself. So at once preparations began, the details of which linger strongly in my memory.

To make sure of there being enough cash on hand for my needs in case the money supposed to be on the way did not arrive on time, eggs and butter were carefully saved up for a quick sale, if necessary, as such farm assets can always be turned into cash quickly. Then there was my red topped boots with brass toes (long hoped for); a suit of blue overalls for traveling; one suit just a little better, and a little carpet bag well loaded not only with a change of underwear, but with good home-cooked food. Naturally the departure of a boy from our little community for the Pikes Peak country (or as some of the more pessimistic among the neighbors put it, "going out to be killed by the Indians") was the cause of much talk and some excitement. It brought many of them from quite a distance to escort me to the end of our farm land, where the country road was entered. Here I joined mother and the rest of the family, who were in our farm wagon, known as a beach wagon. I had walked so far with some of my friends.

In good time we reached the railroad, the Michigan Southern, then building on to Port Huron, only a construction train which had just finished unloading ties and other supplies. Steam was blowing from the engine. I was to be placed in charge of an uncle, by marriage, to one of my father's sisters, by name of Thomas Rachan, then in the employ of the Quincy and Burlington Railroad, as an engineer. He was supposed to go as far as Quincy, but later finding he had to stay in Detroit for some time, he placed me in charge of the conductor for safe delivery at Quincy, where we arrived about 2 o'clock the next morning.

By permission I was allowed to remain in the car for the rest of the night, escaping therefrom just in time to catch the ferry boat for Burlington. Somehow I managed to get on board without notice, and minus a piece of cardboard, as well as a breakfast. Besides I was pretty well scared at the new things, and the strange sights and sounds that the day was bringing to my eyes and my ears. Fortunately my depressed look and actions attracted the eye of the purser, who called for my ticket and he wondered how I managed to get on board without it. My tale of woe I told to him, and he gave me a lot



of comfort. Then he invited me to breakfast with him. Not an elaborate breakfast, but how I did enjoy it.

After hearing my troubles, he said, kindly, "I will see you on the train and see that you have your ticket." He did so. Also provided me with a very bountiful supply of food, for the indefinite time of the run to St. Joe. What a crazy old road it was in those days, that Burlington and St. Joe, first ride a ways then walk a ways and those able to do so were expected to help put the cars back on the track when they slipped off. We were all that day, all the next night, and until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day reaching St. Joe. The slow run was very tiresome and I admit I was ready to turn my back on Pikes Peak, after I had listened to the talk of the passengers, many of them bound for that country. I heard of the discomforts and dangers they were looking forward to, and more than ever did I long for home and mother.

I had money enough in my little belt, securely fastened about my waist by my mother, so when we landed I strutted about the old rickety platform for a while, expecting some one to grab me, but not even did anyone inquire who I was or where I was expected to go. My feelings can easily be imagined, so I went to the agent and told him my troubles, asking for a ticket and the time of the return of the train. After looking me over, he smiled and said, "Come inside and sit down, until I finish my work and I will see what can be done towards finding your Colonel Wanless." Later on, he insisted upon my going to his home, where I was treated to a good home-cooked meal. He had a boy about two years my senior and I was turned over to him with instructions to let me enjoy half of his bed, and in the morning to help me find my man. The agent's wife comforted this lonely little boy and assured him that everything would be all right.

How often since I have blessed her kind heart, and thanked my stars for guiding me under her motherly care. The friendly station agent was as good as his word, for early the next morning after a good night's rest, with his boy as guide, we started a search for Colonel Wanless among the horse dealers. At the second place we got on his track. We found the hotel where his family were stopping and I was at once invited by Mrs. Wanless to come right in with them. She said that the Colonel was off in the country near by gathering up more horses but was expected daily. So again my troubles came to an end for they were all as kind to me as could be, and her two children made me feel completely at home.

In a day or two the Colonel arrived, having secured all the animals he required and the day was set for our departure. He found also a couple of promising farm hands who had agreed to go along and help care for the bunch of horses. After I had volunteered my help he asked me what I thought I could do on the trip. I told him how carefully I had watched father's and Uncle Phillip's preparations, and finally said I was sure I could help drive one wagon. In his kindly way, which all who knew him will ever remember, he replied, "Well, let me see what you can do towards helping that young man fit a set of harness to these horses," and he motioned to a couple that had just been led out from the corral. That was just the chance I wanted, and you can believe that I was a happy boy when that evening I overheard him commending my work to his wife. "Why," he said, "that boy was not satisfied until every strap end was in its billet, and every twist and tug out of the lines, just like his father. I believe he will be as good as any of the farm hands on the trip as far as his strength will go, for he handles the horses well."

By the fifth day after my arrival we were ready, and we started. The outfit consisted of two four-horse teams, both wagons well loaded with supplies, and the Colonel's ambulance for his family drawn by two fine big animals. In addition, four extra horses to be used as reliefs for those in harness, and to be broken to saddle, after arrival in Colorado. It was the early part of March, 1860, when we drove onto the ferry boat that took us over the unattractive Missouri River, then very low. We drove off of it on the Kansas side, my place being beside the driver on the box of the leading team, the Colonel in the rear with his family. By night we had made, according to his estimate, about sixteen miles of the long journey of over 600 between the River and the little new town at the base of the Rocky Mountains, our destination. It was five long and weary weeks before we got there and many new and wonderful experiences were picked up on the way.

The first night we camped near a deserted house where there was plenty of water and a good place to tie up the stock under fair shelter. For some reason which I did not understand, but complied with, without hesitation, as the proper thing, was my being put on watch until midnight with strict orders to the next watch at that time. Here I had my first experience with prairie wolves, better known as the coyote. I had never heard of the animal or its habits, for, years before my arrival in the world he had been driven by the settlers from the vicinity of my Michigan home. Being very proud of the confidence placed in me, I had no difficulty in keeping awake. The night was a fine one, the camp fire was alive and the fragrance of fried ham and pancakes still lingered around and was not all unpleasant. Besides, I had a double-barreled shotgun and was already feeling myself a man among men as an active boy will under such circumstances.

But about 10 o'clock I was startled into keen attention, and some alarm by a long drawn howl that sounded far away. It was almost immediately followed by another coming frequently from exactly the opposite direction, and then by a succession of howls, each seemingly nearer than the one that preceded it. To say that I was alarmed would be to put the matter very mildly, for those who know the kind of noise one coyote will produce when he is put on his mettle will understand the impression made on a youth (under ten years of age) on hearing it for the first time. None of the sleepers seemed to hear the howls that were so terrifying to me, or, if they did, to take no notice of them; nor were the stock in the least disturbed, so I managed, though badly scared, to stand my ground and refrain from calling for help. After a while, as usual, the chorus died out, or came from such a distance that my courage revived.

But the experience drove all thought of time out of my mind and midnight came and went and left me still tensely listening for repetitions of what I still fancied to be a threatened attack by a troop of pernicious wild brutes. At last, close to 4 o'clock in the morning, the horses being more or less strange to each other, began to quarrel and move about uneasily, and this finally ended in a kicking bee which culminated when one big fellow who was tied to the middle of a rail in his stall jerked the rail out of place and made off with it. This, of course, made such a racket that the whole camp came awake. Three of us at once saddled and started in pursuit. He was finally found about two miles away, but lying prone, with his back broken. He had tried to vault over a little stream where some small trees on the bank had caught and held the rail he was dragging and had thrown him with fatal results. Greatly mortified I was given a well deserved lecture by the Colonel for not obeying orders and calling my relief at midnight. He was an old

soldier and insisted upon strict obedience from all who were under his command. I took the lesson to heart and never gave him cause again to reprimand me. But we had to lay in camp that day while he made a trip back to St. Joe to secure another horse in place of the one thus lost.

This new horse was a fine 1,200-pound, mouse colored one which pleased all when it was added to our string, and did good service during the journey.

After five more days of uneventful traveling had passed and we had nearly 100 miles behind us, an incident happened which revived my interest highly. The driver of one wagon, a big Scotchman who claimed to be a blacksmith, asked permission to quit as we moved along too slowly to suit him. He wanted to strike off with some others who were on foot and get to the mountains, and the mines, sooner. He was driving the wagon on which I rode. Naturally the Colonel was much disturbed for where could he get a man to replace him. "No trouble about that," said Scotty, "for that boy" – pointing to me – "can beat me to death driving and caring for the team. Let him try for a day or two, and I will stay long enough for you to satisfy yourself that with help to grease the wagon, and handle the feed, he can take my job to your advantage." To my intense satisfaction I was allowed to prove my worth. So well did I do the work that the Colonel was quite content to let the Scotchman go, but he made me fall back to second place in the line, just in front of his ambulance where he could the easier watch my work.

Poor Scotty never realized his ambition to reach the mountains, for four days later we came upon his grave by the roadside. Whether he was killed by whites or Indians we never learned, but we inferred the former, because the grave was evidently not the kind of one a savage would have given him. We knew that he had a good-sized wad of money on him when he left us, and being gifted with a love of whisky like many of his countrymen, and a rather loose tongue, we early reached the conclusion that his new companions were in some way responsible. But no one had the time or inclination to follow up a matter of that kind in those days, when laws had not yet crossed the Missouri, and when a man was supposed to take care of himself or suffer the consequences.

I recall the first Indian we saw and how hideous he appeared to me. The Colonel said, "I will give him something to eat and a little firewater and tell him to 'Puckgee'" – which means "git." So he did. But while at breakfast on the morrow who should appear but our hungry Redskin. Again he was treated as at first, but with a firm intimation by the Colonel that we could get along from now on without his company, and that he had best make himself scarce, which he did. But when we were looking for a good camp site that evening and were exploring around for grass and water he suddenly appeared again, and intimated that for another taste of firewater he would show us a good spot, which he did, and was duly rewarded. This time when leaving he said, "Good-by," and we hoped he meant it. But no, for he appeared the next evening and the colonel having imbibed rather freely himself, was very much annoyed, and gave him the toe of his heavy boot, following it with several more of the same kind as he drove him from the camp into the night.

When the Colonel returned, however, having worked off his irritation and regained his poise, we noticed that he appeared worried, and later in the evening I overheard him telling Mrs. Wanless that she must be prepared to use her gun, for he believed the Indian had comrades back in the bluffs, and that there might be an attack. Afterwards we were all posted to the same effect, and ordered to make our beds under the

Colonel's ambulance. I did not sleep much that night, you may be sure, but nothing occurred and with the break of day all felt relieved.

The wagon road now became very bad, for there was much travel and with every mile of westerly advance the country became more and more barren and stony, with very little grass and water, the latter often alkali. After a week of this the cattle began to show it in the loss of flesh, for our grain supply was disappearing rapidly even on the half rations. Several outfits better provided passed us but none would sell any of their feed. We were still 100 miles or more from our destination and the animals were so foot sore and weak that it became evident something must be done. What cheered us not a little about then was the appearance at last of Long's snow-capped peak on the horizon. I had never seen anything like it. It seemed to an infinite distance away, and yet on account of the wonderful purity of the air, its outline as it slowly came into view in the morning and when the sun sank behind it in the evening was as distinct as if but a few miles away.

But the wagons, however, could go no farther, and so the Colonel decided to lighten up his ambulance as much as possible and push on for help, leaving us to make what progress we could, after taking a full twenty-four hours rest. But when I harnessed up on the following day one of my lead horses gave out completely, and we had to camp, which made me feel pretty blue. During the morning the stage from Denver came along and I ventured to stop it and ask the driver for advice. Fortunately he was a kindly man, and when I told him of our predicament, he said the stage station was only a few miles away, and he thought if I, a boy, would go there with one of the animals that could yet travel, I would get relief. The driver of our other team, Mr. McKnight, also urged this plan, and so I agreed to make the effort, though much depressed, for the Colonel when he departed had left no money with us and the little wad I had in my belt would not buy much. Besides I was loathe to let go of it, but not afraid. However, I went, and was given on credit a small bunch of hay, and corn enough to give each of our eleven animals a good meal.

This did them so much good that we decided to make a short drive in the cool of the evening, after watering at the change station, and we made good progress, too, for the horses responded fairly well to the good feed and water after their day of rest. So we proposed to keep moving all night, if possible.

About 11 o'clock in the evening we heard the tramp of horses in the distance. At first it seemed to come from behind us and we fancied the station agent had become distrustful and was after us for his pay. Then the sound changed and the hoof-beats appeared to come from ahead, and soon someone rode up alongside, in the dark, and asked if this was Eugene Teats. At once I recognized my father's voice, but was too overcome with joy to reply, and Mr. McKnight answered for me. Can you picture the happy reunion, there in the middle of the night, out on the barren plains, after more than a year's separation?

Father was riding a beautiful little Indian pony that he had purchased for me, and on the other horse he had a sack of grain for our animals, and some lunch for us. We proceeded at once to feed both ourselves and the animals, while Mr. McKnight rode back and paid for that which we had procured from the agent. Well, to make a long story short, we started off in good shape early the next morning, I, on my new mount, father driving my team and old Long's Peak rising up majestically higher with each mile we made until late in the afternoon, we drove into the little town of Auraria.

What a relief it was to have someone of my own blood to talk to of family and home, and for a few days every leisure minute of our waking hours was passed in that way. Father and Uncle Phil letting me talk myself out before they began to ask questions. We all lived at the corral. My bed was on the ground, a few soft pine boughs, known as “Irish feathers,” at that time, some hay and a blanket over them, with my clothes for a pillow, sometimes my saddle. What more could a boy desire?

I very soon fell into the habits and the customs of the frontier men; did not consider myself dressed without my belt, revolver and knife, and when I saw so many buckskin clothes being worn (made mostly by the Indians), I coaxed father to get me a suit complete with all the fringes and brass buttons, etc., etc., and when I got inside of it I was the proudest boy in the settlement.

Soon, also, I began to acquire the western style of riding. It came easy to me to pick up things from the ground while loping along at a rapid gait. This is done by catching the spur into the hair cinch, and locking by one of the little pendants on the wheel. When that is done, and confidence gained, you can hang your full weight on it and touch the ground with the opposite hand and regain your seat easily. I also quickly learned to throw the lariat with the best of the men and became expert in handling the half wild stock of those days.

LIKE all boys with an ordinary ambition I wanted to become as proficient as the other fellow. So, after learning to throw a lariat, my next desire was to handle a bull whip. These were built very much like a rattlesnake, and the regulation length was twelve feet, many used them longer. A very short handle with a swivel end and a loop on the lash end. Any galoot would know which end it had to be on, where the connection was made with a buckskin loop.

Well, I succeeded in possessing one with up-to-date qualifications and a buckskin popper fully two inches wide, and then the troubles of the barn men opened up in real western fashion. If I could not find a stray fly on the side of the barn to practice on I would pin a piece of paper on the seat of the pants of some of the good-natured men. Sometimes I would practice on lazy mules or ponies in the herd, until I became so proficient that I could do as good a job as some of the professional bull-whackers of those days.

Some of the more versatile ones would have their team of eight, ten and as many as sixteen bullocks to chastize, each one having a name – now passed into history – with a few of the days noted ones thrown in. For instance, some of the persuaders or herders would begin his song with “Up ahha, there you Brigham, and you likewise old Abe, and what’s the matter with you there Lincoln, that you are not doing your share to help old George, and you Washington. Get into the yoke there, you Adams and Ben Franklin, I am ashamed of your behavior,” etc., etc. During those days Porter, Raymond and Company had their big mule and bull trains moving in and out of Auraria, and I believe that fifty bull teams of eight yoke to each wagon and trailers, were in each train.

It was my ambition to go on the Cut Off and meet them, where they would camp until ordered in. To unload so many teams each day, many of the drivers would prepare for the occasion, by trimming up their bullwhips or persuaders, with new poppers, the wider the more noise. It would be like the firing of guns all the way in. The main store was about where Larimer would intersect Eighth or Ninth Streets and the Cut Off

camping point just about where the Corona School is now located, and how I did enjoy swatting the flies on the left hip of poor old Brigham. Great days and good one, I tell you.

By this time we had established a system of herding our own stock and that of the prospector and other transients, who came down from the mountains. Whenever an animal came to the corral for board the owner was asked to place a value upon it and the charge for its keep by the day or the month (according to whether it was to be fed in the corral or turned out to pasture) was a percentage of that figure. As travel between the plains and the mountains was very active, we had two pastures. One extending from the present site of the Capitol to about Humboldt street, and the other on the road to Golden, with its center about where the "White City" looms up now. To the former a herd of horses that might be wanted by the owners the next day was driven out every morning at about 7 o'clock and brought back each evening at 6, while the other was for animals who were to have several days of rest. Besides this my father and uncle had taken up a ranch on Plum Creek about twenty miles from the town and to this were sent the animals that were to have a longer rest, or for the winter, and at reduced rates. It soon became my duty to deliver and return stock to these places, and the work was wholly pleasant.

Father then conceived the idea that possibly delivery drays and light wagon service might pay. So he took the wheels off from one of our wagons and in a short time he had two drays on the streets, each drawn by a fine large horse in a showy set of harness. These proved immediately a big success, especially with lucky men from the mines who came down with their buckskin pouches will filled with "dust" and who were after a good time and wanted to show off a bit. They would make up a little party, hire both drays, decorate the horses with bottles and tin cans, and then drive from one saloon to another until all were sufficiently "soaked" to be ready to turn in at their camping place and sleep it off. As we charged them five dollars an hour for each dray, and as scarcely a day passed without a gang of them coming to town, the two drays proved fair money-makers.

As our business then became large and profitable Colonel Wanless seemed content to spend most of his time at home, and he began drinking heavily. This led my father finally to buy him out, and he formed a new firm of Teats and Post, with branches in the mining camps of Gilpin and Clear Creek Counties. These were in the care of Mr. Post, who afterward became attorney general of the state. In time the preliminaries of the partnership was completed and Mr. Post left Auraria for the mountains. I was allowed to go with him and this gave me my first introduction to the mines. We made the trip on horseback over the plains to Golden, via Golden Gate, Ralston Creek, and over Smith's Hill, Guy Hill, and down to South Clear Creek.

Naturally, it being my first acquaintance with mining life, I was intensely interested in all the operations incident to the business. I was determined to dig up some gold myself, though several nuggets were given me by miners that I talked to, and who were pleased to see a boy so young in the camp, for the place was practically bare of women and children. So I was taken up on the hillside and upon the outcroppings of one of the big lodes was directed to dig up some of the rich and decomposed vein material and fill a pan. Then a miner washed it out for me, letting me watch the operation, and gave me the spoonful or so of gold dust that remained in the crease around the bottom, after all the gravel and broken rock and soil had been washed away. All of this I

described to my father upon my return to Auraria, and exhibited with great pride the gold that I had brought back. My desire was to get back to the mines at once, but father said that he wished me to remain with him. However, it was plain to me even then, that he was almost as much interested in getting up into the hills as I was, and later he said that as soon as he could dispose advantageously of his business in Auraria we would go together to the gold fields.

About this time it became evident that the ground on the east side of Cherry Creek was better suited for a town than the limited and low area on the west side, and so what is now the city of Denver, began its history in the Grant from Congress of a tract of land a mile square and the laying out of the same in blocks. The removal to the new site of many of the mercantile establishments of Auraria soon followed. I recall the amusing incident during the transition period, of the action taken by Mr. Byers, owner of the Rocky Mountain News, to make sure of retaining the good will of both towns. He located his office on poles right in the center of Cherry Creek and built a foot bridge to it from both banks. As a result, the pull of the new town strengthened, and that of the older one weakened. My father secured a half block in the former which is now occupied by the Studebaker Company on Fifteenth Street, and put up a building. Jim Latty, in the same line of business, had the other half block.

Directly across the street from our corral was Con Grant's blacksmith shop. Con was a young man, modest and a most efficient workman, and had a way of handling the vicious animals – which were mostly Indian ponies – brought to him to be shod. It was the use of great strength combined with patient and kindly temperament. I recall the arrival one day at his shop of a trio of hardy-looking men from the hills. They had made the journey leisurely, stopping at all the stage stations on the way and imbibing freely at each, and when East Denver was reached were in good trim for a fight or a frolic, whichever came first. They brought their ponies over to our barn, and then stood watching Con, at work with a nervous pony which had come to be shod. Con was gently contending with the pony, but the animal was making a fight, when one of these men (a man of fine physique) called out boastfully, "Young man, shall I come there and show what a real man can do?" "All right," said Con, good-naturedly, "let's see if you can handle him." But when the young miner took hold of him the horse simply hurled him around the street in the sand, to the great amusement of the onlookers. Finally because the animal had to be shod before his owner came around for him, Con took back the job and in a short time, with the aid of his assistant, and kindly and soothing treatment of the spirited pony, he had all four feet in good condition.

But the crowd made so much sport of the miner that the latter was angered, and hoping to regain his reputation, challenged Con to a wrestle for \$20. "Try him on, Con," said his Denver friends; "we'll back you and divide if you win." Con was but slightly interested as he had plenty of work on his hands and at good pay, but finally decided that it was the best way to get rid of the miner, and they went to it in the deep sand in the middle of the street. It was a short bout for Con was really an exceptional wrestler, and in a very few minutes had his man on his back on the ground. Mr. Miner, however, was quickly on his feet and said, "Young man, I was just trying you out; you can't do that again for \$50." Con smiled but said nothing.

By this time a large crowd had gathered, and among them was Jep Sears, and his partner, Charley Cook, both sporty men, who said, "Go in, Con, we'll back you for the

\$50,” and soon the second trial of strength was on. It did not last as long as the first, and in short order Con put the young mountaineer on his back and not as gently as before. But the latter was not a quitter, and deeply mortified asked for a third trial for \$100. Con’s backers, and there were many of them, offered to make it \$1,000, for they could see plainly that the man (Con) had so far been simply playing with the miner, but the latter’s friends would not let him risk more than the \$100. Con, himself, had no desire to pursue the matter further but could not well decline.

I can recall the smile on his face as he stepped up to his man and said, “Now just give me your hand and your word to bind it that this will be the last for this day.” The miner answered, “Well, young man, I will do so on just one condition, that you give me a return match before I return to the hills and that if I ask it of you, that you will meet a friend of mine, the only one who has so far held his own with me.” “Oh, well,” Con said, “anything to please,” and in a second they were at it again. But this bout was even shorter and more decisive than the others, for the young blacksmith, now thoroughly aroused, put his full power to work, and picking the miner up bodily, simply threw him over his shoulder, so that he measured his full length in the deep sand of the street, then walked back to his shop and went to work.

The jeering the prospector had to take would made many men very angry, but this one was a real sport, taking his defeat with a laugh and saying, “This is the first time that ‘Old Missouri’ has met his match,” and adding that he would back the blacksmith against any man that the Pikes Peak country could trot out. On the following morning when Con was given his half of the \$150, he hunted up his opponent and insisted on his taking the money back, remarking that the man had been drinking heavily and was not in the best condition. But the miner would not have it that way, saying he had been fairly licked. However, the matter was finally settled by Con agreeing to let the miner buy him a suit of clothes. The result was a strong friendship between them, and the miner's friends as well, and when he later undertook his first ring battle with “One-eyed Tex,” a pugilist imported by Col. A. B. Miller, of Louisiana lottery fame, the three mill men were among the first to arrive, well loaded with “dust” to back Con.

The contest had been extensively advertised and Con’s friends were a little disturbed at the muscular appearance of Tex, and his rather overbearing manner. But Con, himself, seemed to be unaffected, doing his regular day’s work at his forge and practicing a little between times, as the day for the bout drew near. The ground on which the match was to be drawn off, was the old McNasser farm, about where the Globe Smelter is now located and where a mile long race track was being laid out. Early in the afternoon the crowd began to gather. It was the usual mixed assembly that would be expected of a frontier town – merchants, saloonkeepers, gambler, miners, cow-punchers, and Indians.

When the men entered the ring the betting was slightly in favor of Tex, who was thought to have something of advantage in the matter of training. But Con had his own peculiar way of doing things and in the first round went straight for the big fellow so that when time was called he was in much better shape and, to the surprise of everybody the second and the third rounds, went the same way, only still more to the advantage of the local champion. When time was called, Tex, who was a good sport, in spite of his blustering way, came to the center with open hands, saying, “Gentlemen, I have had enough of this young chap’s sledge hammer blows. He is the best man, and I might as



well admit it now as later and save what is left of me for a better chance in the future.” So ended Con’s first appearance in a real ring contest, which led to a much bigger and more spectacular one later.

Gambling and booze shops were wide open, and it was day all day, and there was no night in Denver, as Cy Warman said of Leadville, in its palmy days. Everybody had money, mostly gold dust, and a pinch with the thumb and the nearest finger was twenty-five cents and you were not supposed to have long nails, either, or dig too deep in the buckskin pouch. Frequently some fellow would try the big pinch act, only to find himself looking down the muzzle of a cannon. “Now, pard, just drop that pinch back and play the game square, and no monkey business in this joint. See?”

Up to a very late date in the seventies an old cottonwood tree with its board surroundings stood on Holiday Street about midway between Fifteenth Street and Cherry Creek. In 1862 and 1863, Alex Benham was manager for the Ben Holiday Stage Line, with barns located about where the Denver Rock Drill Company now have offices on Eighteenth Street. He had also acquired the habit of imbibing rather freely, and one of his capers, when under the influence of liquor, was to get out his eight-in-hand pet team, made up of seven gray mules and his private driving mare, Belle, a beautiful bay. She had the lead in pair with one of the mules and if he could get any of his friends up on the boot with him so much more his desire to show off. He could handle about as many on the bit as most of the experts of those days, when it often became necessary for a driver not only to be a good reinsman, but he must have nerve to cope with the Redman on the Plains.

Well, Benham would get it into his head that he could swing or make the turn around that old tree, with his eight-in-hand, and he did do it several times. Just think of turning eight horses, four span hooked to one of the big coaches of those days, around that tree without your hind hub coming in contact with some part of the boxed-in tree! I recall one of his trials when he had several of his friends inside and out, some from the mountains, and they were all feeling quite beyond the point of fear, and it would not make much difference to them what Alex tried, they would stay with him. Well, his hind wheel did not “Haw” quite far enough, result a tangle and the breaking way of the lead and first swing teams. Away they went, h--- bent for the barn.

A mule, as everyone knows from handling, does not run far from the seat of war, but the little bay mare would not stop short of her barn. All about the barn and yard was a high fence and several big swinging gates, enclosing the grounds occupied by the company, and when we followed the four to the barn, we found the stablemen trying to untangle the bunch. Belle had tried to vault the big gate, and probably would have done it but for her being entangled by parts of a harness, with a good-sized mule in the net. She landed about half way over, and a sharp piece of board practically passed through her body. When Alex saw her condition he said, “Take her down to the Platte and finish her.” With her killing, Benham’s drinking was at an end, for he grieved over her death.

I must here relate a very near tragedy from the old musket of the 1812 revolution, which my Great-Grandad Shook allowed by Uncle Phillip to take with him when he went West. It had been allowed to get very rusty and usually stood in the corner of the so-called office, at the head of a straw bed, used by the night watch in the barn. It was a common thing for any of us who happened to be on duty in the front of the barn, when we saw anyone coming in that we knew well, to grab up the old gun and point it at him

with the order to “Hold up your hands” and cock and snap it off repeatedly. For at least one year this thing had been going on. Sometimes in the absence of better things to do, the old gun would be placed across the knees and the hammer cocked with its regular click, click, click, and snapped on a sort of regulation 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4.

Well, one afternoon, Lum Post, a brother of C. C. Post, was playing a regular tune with the old gun, and I was sitting on a high stool in front of the desk, weighing up the day’s business, (gold dust mostly) for delivery to the mint. Talk about explosions, it could be and was heard fully a block away, and our neighbors rushed to the scene. When the smoke cleared up and the damage was investigated it was found that one leg of my high stool was cut off as clean as could be done, not excepting the machine gun work of the trenches, and a big hole in the floor large enough for my fist, (rather small at that time). When we further traced the charge, where it had lodged in the sill of the building, we dug out seven buckshot. It was loaded for Indians, mind you, by father and Uncle Phillip on their first trip across the Plains and I often wished it had been used on some of the Indians. The scare to me I have never fully forgotten and for many years I have avoided carrying a gun or even handling one.

In 1864, father asked me if I wanted to go East and do some studying. His idea was that I should take a scientific course, as my past experience might help me realize the importance of hard and fast application. Notre Dame was selected as the best place for me, owing largely to the good reports often heard from my father’s youngest sister, who had become a Sister in the Catholic School then known as St. Xaviers in Chicago. She later joined the order becoming Sister Mary Pius. Thus, on short preparation, I started for the “States.” Finding that I was in advance of the school opening, I went on to Mt. Clemens for a visit and to take my younger brother Frank with me to Notre Dame. While there my jockeying experience having preceded me, I was allowed to join Mr. Jiles Hubbard, who for many years was High Sheriff of McComb County, when he attended the Romeo State Fair, where horse racing was one of the most important of the events.

Mr. Hubbard had two very fine and well-bred trotters and in those days double team work was popular, as well as single work, and with my old buckskin suit resurrected for the occasion, I was quite a drawing card on the track. Mr. Hubbard’s horses were entered in many events, so I was allowed to be on exhibition frequently, exercising the team and therefore many noticed my good work, especially the women and children. Of course, the Indian suit had most to do with it. In the double team I had a walkaway, then came the three-minute class in which “Honest John” was Mr. Hubbard’s entry. Among the other entries was one great black stallion, known as Black Bashaw, driven by Mr. Bailey, who later on came to Denver, where he said they could produce boys of my make-up. For many years he owned and operated Bailey’s Corral and Livery Stable.

Well, Black Bashaw had a bad track reputation as a “bolter” for when he reached the point of his entry on the track he always wanted to leave it. So he was hitched to a very heavy road sulky. Scoring was bad, five horses entered, I was placed second, with Black Bashaw third, and I was cautioned to look out for dirty work, for Black Bashaw was on his selling merits and wanted to win the purse. After many trials we were sent off with my having just a little the best of it, and before reaching the back stretch I had the pole, with Black Bashaw forcing me to the limit. On the turn into the home stretch he crowded me to the fail, and finally hooked his hub into my light sulky, and tearing out two of the spokes. Thinking he had scared me he began whipping and hollering, (which

was allowed in those days), but I had Honest John so well in hand that all of his bad track manners availed him nothing. I won the heat and had the pleasure of hearing the judges notify Mr. Bailey that any more of his shameful work would result in his being debarred from the track.

Well, this gave the little Indian additional notoriety. The big man with his red whiskers and big black horse had not scared me, and when I came in for the second heat, I was presented with flowers, and had to submit to the daguerreotype man, the only things in those days. We won every race but one, and that was owing to Little Mack's having stepped on a nail which lamed him, so that I was told only to trot the team around to comply with our entry. Only one heat and then Mr. Hubbard withdrew and sold his team for a better price than he was asking when he made his entries. I was moderately rewarded, the ten dollars and all expenses paid, looked to me very insignificant after my treatment in Colorado, all of which when I told some of them was looked upon as fishy.

About that time, in 1863, there was a great demand for substitutes as well as men for the army, and my oldest brother and I agreed we would enlist. The Fifth Michigan with many Mt. Clemens boys had gone to the front and were doing things. So among the boys there was quite a desire to follow suit. I believe it was the Eighth Michigan Cavalry with Colonel Stockton in command that was then recruiting. They were camped just outside of the town, and how I did want to get in on that horse job, but my brother said the Infantry was best, so we hatched up a scheme and fixed the day. The recruiting office was located just across the street from the County Court House and Grand-dad Teats' office faced the recruiting office. This we had not taken into consideration. My brother was then seventeen and I was thirteen. I was the taller and heavier but too young. When our turn for examination rolled around Silas was accepted, not as a "first class," but because of the need of men. But just as I was told to come forward, someone took hold of my ear, and looking up, I saw it was Grand-dad Teats. He said, "Young man, you had better mosey out of here, and get your grip packed for Notre Dame," and I was marched out and sent back to school.

It was in the good old days of coach travel that General Grant visited Colorado and with him, his daughter, Nellie. No finer way to see the great beauty of the mountains than by sitting up on the boot of one of the old-time Concords, with four or six good horses in front of you, and the ribbons of those horses in the hands of a good driver. Their arrival in Central was anticipated and the little city properly decorated with flags and evergreens.

Such a momentous occasion brought the coach in ahead of time, and instead of driving up to the front of the Teller House the stop was made just over the middle of the street, so as to give us the chance of laying silver bricks (bricks worth from \$1,500 to \$1,700) from the stage to the walk, fully twenty feet, that the distinguished party might walk on them. Everybody that could do so gathered in Central City, its narrow streets were jammed. They came from Russell, Leavenworth and Nevada Gulches – from Missouri City, Arvada, Dogtown, Black Hawk, Mountain City, Gregory Point and Eureka Gulch. Among the reception committee were Senator Teller, Judge Belford, Joseph Thatcher, Judge Gorsline, Gen. Frank Hall, Dr. Fox, N. P. Hill, Professor Pierce, Harper Orahoad, L. C. Rockwell, Henry Wolcott, Col. G. E. Randolph, J. D. Wood, Ben Wisebart, Bill Cozens, and hundreds of others, of equal importance in the building up of

Gilpin County and Colorado. Following a bountiful repast by William Bush, who was proprietor of the Teller House, there was much speaking and good cheer.

The next morning after visiting some of the points of interest the coach, then running to Georgetown via Idaho Springs, was made ready for Miss Nellie, and her escort of the young people of Central City. Gen. Bill Campbell, (superintendent of that division of the line), was in charge of the other escort for General Grant, made up of single teams. In this division were private wagons and carriages, and even quartz wagons were in line loaded with miners in their working garb. The occasion was sufficiently important for General Campbell to give up the use of his private team, (a mouse-colored and a bay named Blue and Red). They were to lead the regular four with Gimlet as driver.

Gimlet was said to be the best driver, excepting Bill Updike, that ever drove in or out of Central City, and how proud he felt, with Miss Grant at his left, and Blue and Red in the lead. The drive up Missouri Hill was naturally slow and from there on to the head of Virginia Canyon we fairly flew. The object was to reach that point, the dividing line between Gilpin and Clear Creek Counties, in time to allow the building of a stone mound, and have Miss Grant plant the Stars and Stripes, with a little speech by Bob Campbell. After this was done, Gimlet carefully inspected every horse, gave each a lump of sugar, and a little horse talk and looked after his brakes, and then to the other parts of his coach. Finding them all in good order he mounted the boot and said, "Now, we will fly down the canyon" for word had preceded our coming that all teams and other obstructions were to be side-tracked for the occasion.

Gimlet said, "I propose to land you at the door of the Beebe house in less than fifty minutes," about four and a half miles. Soon he had given the horses their orders, which were, "Now, boys, we are ready." Knowing Campbell's words to Blue and Red, they were not long in getting into the collar, and the rest of the ream in trying to keep up. As momentum was gained I noticed Miss Grant showing signs of uneasiness, (for I was seated on the hurricane deck just back of her), unconsciously her hands would suddenly start for Gimlet's, but invariably she caught herself, but grew just a shade more white about the cheeks.

In making one of the short turns, she managed to reach Gimlet's left hand. He looked at her rather soberly and delivered a gentlemanly lecture, "Look here, Miss, don't forget that I am right here, and if trouble comes I am as likely to get killed as you are, and I want you to know that I think as much of my neck and life as you do of yours, even if you are Miss Grant, daughter of the greatest man of the day." We were safely landed at the Beebe House with a few moments to spare and all had a good laugh over the lecture, which Miss Grant proceeded to write in her little book. She shook Gimlet's hand, thanking him for the most wonderful experience of her life. Blue and Red seemed to know that they had been the leaders of something unusual and acted accordingly, stamping, and switching their tails as if wanting more, but this was the end of their drive, for we changed horses here, and after a good dinner, then on to Georgetown. At this point Central City, or rather Gilpin County, turned the guests over to Clear Creek County.

An interesting experience with a coach driver happened on a trip to Julesburg, in 1866, when I was taking my sister to college, and I went back to Notre Dame. Indians were very bad and it was really taking one's life in hand to attempt it, but both of us had made arrangements for our entry in the schools and for our passage to Julesburg, where we would take the Union Pacific for Chicago. Our party, as arranged in Central City,

was composed of Mr. Field, known as “Bobtail” Field, because he was part owner of the Bobtail lode; two Cornish miners who had made big money in mining and were on their way to Cornwall to get their families, Labric Lawhern, a printer, and one other, all from Central City. In Denver, we were joined, or rather others had secured passage on that date, so we had a full load. But Mr. Field, my sister and myself had the back seat.

When we reached the Big Sandy Creek, it was dry and we were advised that yesterday’s coach had been attacked: two of the horses and one woman killed, and the rest escaping after a hard night’s fight. Of course, the question of going on or staying here a day was seriously hashed over, resulting in Mr. Field’s advice, backed by the driver and agent, that we were more likely to escape if we went on, than if we delayed, as they would hardly attack the coach daily. We were given two armed guards and all of us that had guns prepared to use them in case of a possible attack. My sister was put in the bottom of the coach, with all the cushions and all the other arrow-stop devices laid over her, and all of us, both inside and out, remained wide awake. The driver was a nervy little fellow, by the name of Harry O’Neil. He seemed to have little worry over any possible trouble except for that “dear little girl.” He said, “By heavens, those devils will never get her as long as I have a breath left in me, or a hoss that can carry the two of us.” It certainly was a bad night but not a sign of an Indian or any other trouble, except a bunch of winded horses, for Harry sure did put the bud into them when he reached the scene of the previous night’s depredation, although we didn’t look for the place very hard, I can tell you.

Before leaving Central, I had had two pairs of boots made to order by the then popular shoemaker, Bob Cameron. He hewed as close as possible to the line of styles of the day, tight fit, high heels, etc. I had started out with a pair on but sitting in a coach day and night with no exercise my feet began to swell, and it was with great difficulty and with much suffering that I reached Julesburg, at 3 o’clock in the morning on the seventh day from Denver. Here I succeeded in having the boots removed from my feet by having the seams cut open. I had to go the rest of the journey with my feet wrapped in cloths.

One of the most exciting experiences of my mountain life was coming over White Pine Pass from the mining town of White Pine in Gunnison County in the winter of 1885. I had under development several very promising prospects, chief among them being the May Mezeppa, now a part of the Federal Mining Company’s holdings. After this claim had reached a point showing its real value, and not having the necessary dollars to equip for extensive operations, I interested Chicago friends who sent out a representative investor to examine and confirm my statements. As was often the case in those early days this individual had never seen a mine, nor had he any mining experience.

Well, in due time the gentleman arrived at my home in Buena Vista and from there we proceeded by rail to Sargent, and then by mail wagon twelve miles farther to White Pine. The accommodations here were very good for a mining camp but scarcely up to the requirements of a Chicago home. However, the proprietor gave us a real Kansas yellow-legged fry with sweet potatoes and all the trimmings. While listening to the stories of the big strike in the new camp a snow storm set in – great big flakes – with every appearance of a heart breaker. Early the following morning our mountain ponies were at the door and after quite a severe struggle, all of which my friend, the tenderfoot, seemed to enjoy, we reached the camp.

My boys had a fairly good camp, plenty of miners' grub, bacon and flapjacks the main standby. Our beds were mattresses made of "Irish feathers" – pine boughs – with blankets spread over the boughs. This kind of bed was hard on the ribs of a tenderfoot but conducive to big appetites and lots of hard work. The storm continued all day, growing worse by night, but the ponies had to be returned and I sent one of the boys down with them and gave his bunk to "Chi," as we had nicknamed the Chicago man. I put my pillow and blankets under him, using our top coats for myself.

It was still snowing in the morning, the air so thick we could hardly see the daylight, the snow so deep that the windows were nearly covered. It was 10 o'clock when the man who had delivered the ponies reached camp and his tale of the depth of the snow fairly broke Chi's heart and from then on nearly all I heard was, "How will I get back to Chicago where I must be not later than next Monday," and this was Tuesday. It was by heroic efforts that I got him over to the two prospects to give him a chance to see my sampling, for him to have tested by Chicago assayers. But nothing more important did I hear from all day than, "Mr. Teats, how are you going to get me back to the railroad?"

After consulting with Tom McKenna, my trusted foreman, and my youngest brother, we decided that they should go to White and Pine and find out the best method of reaching transportation. They had one heck of a time reaching the town only to learn that the Rio Grande was blocked and that the only way out was by the Denver and South Park, then operating over Alpine Pass, fully twelve miles via the pass to Woodstock.

But Chi's persistency was not to be headed off. "Oh, let's start now," was his cry. To get a trail broken for ponies would take much valuable time, so we bundled up Chi the best we could and started on foot for White Pine. After three hours of severe traveling, making a distance of more than eleven miles, we reached the town and at once started preparations for an early daylight start the next morning, carrying with us plenty of food, gunny sacks and a shovel. Also among other things a little of the snakebite antidote was pocketed for we might meet worse than snakes. I have seen the time when a little of the "cratur" went a long way toward helping over steep hills. Chi was so afraid we would not wake up in time that he wanted to sit up all night talking about it.

Promptly at daybreak with our faithful snow ponies well burdened with the absolutely necessary things, my tenderfoot friend, Thomas McKenna, and myself, started on what proved to be just short of a death undertaking. From the start we had to fight our way, but the ponies, trained to feel their way, made few mistakes. For several miles, more or less, travel from other mines had made a partial trail, but when we left this help our serious troubles began. There was no footing for horse or man. Tom and I did the best we could at trail breaking but it was of little help to the ponies. Finally, with the Divide in sight and a brief interval between squalls allowing us a word together, we decided to turn the ponies back toward the mines. One important part of their training was to return by themselves after delivering their rider at his destination. Thus we arraigned it. But when they turned their heads toward White Pine and gave us their heels, poor Chi said, "Now I do feel as if my time had come."

After a hard fight we reached the Divide, only to be met with whirlwinds of snow, so much of it flying in every direction that we could see nothing but snow, just snow and more of it, with no sign of a trail and the cold was intense. After a hurried talk we decided to try and go straight down the mountain side, headed for Woodstock, eight miles

away by road, but only three by this invisible line. We bundled ourselves up and provided Chi with gunny sack foot protection and otherwise prepared him for the tug-of-war. I tied his hat on with my own handkerchief, but somehow he did not like my tying and in trying to suit himself he lost his hat in the wind. It simply was out of sight quicker than he could squeal. So I gave him my cap and used the 'kerchief myself. Our preparations were hastily made and down the mountain side we plunged, only to find the snow so soft and fluffy that with every effort we went in up to our waist. So I decided to lie down and roll, and perhaps my weight would pack the snow sufficiently hard for them to follow.

Before attempting this way, we used one of our sacks, cutting out the corners, and passing Chi's feet through and then pulling the sack up about his hips. I made him sit and down and work his way after me. We made fairly good headway, but I was always thinking, "Three miles, oh, my." This plan worked for about half a mile, when Chi just gave up and insisted that we finish his troubles and try to save ourselves. Just now it occurred to Tom that he had a little of the old "cratur" in his hip pocket, and made Chi take a good big swallow. It did him good and for a little while he was lively and worked like a toad, but before long he was more and more insistent that we do him up (end his troubles, as he said), and save ourselves. Before starting on this hazardous trip Tom and I had made a hard and fast resolution that we would in some way get our charge out of this dreadful mess.

Our tenderfoot was fast showing signs of petering out, his pleadings for abandonment or even ending his sufferings, were becoming most painful to us, his strength and courage were only of a negligible quality, and finally he gave up entirely and declared he would not try further to save himself. It was a very trying moment. A stop of minutes, even seconds, was dangerous and the fearful wind that swept up, and down, and across, the mountain gorge was all but unbearable. Snow was piling up all about us and every lost minute might mean the missing of our train, soon due. It was not hard to see that Chi was fast becoming unconscious, and benumbed. Tom decided to try one of the oldest remedies, a very simple and effective one, which was to anger him. Tom was serving as a rudder, walking behind guiding, pushing, kicking, and in other ways keeping Chi on the move, slow if you will, but on the move all the same. So when he began to do a little more vigorous kicking, it very soon brought out some of the well-controlled cuss words, and with them did come better results, and easier handling.

Just then, a slight let-up in the wind, gave us a blurred sight of the railroad station, it looked miles away, but proved to be less than half a mile, and soon all three of us were within the little old eating shack refreshing ourselves with hot coffee, and some of the cold food Tom had so carefully preserved for us. About an hour after our arrival the belated train came in with two engines, one baggage car, one combination passenger, and one Pullman. Never have I seen anyone more pleased than my Chicago friend as he hurried into that Pullman, far from home and safety, but the comforts of the Pullman were for the moment his only thought. He did not know of Altman Pass yet to be overcome, before darkness set in.

After a very brief stop, the "All Aboard" call of the conductor was welcome indeed and off we started on the upgrade towards where we had just come from, only on the opposite side of the gulch. Here we could look across to the awful peril we had so recently left. We had to go quite a way up Missouri Gulch to gain the necessary grade to

take up over Altman Pass. We had not been long on the return switchback and well out of the gulch up on the mountain side, before we were stalled in a deep cut filled with snow, packed so hard that our double-header could not buck its way through. It was then we beheld one of the most alarming sights I ever experienced. The air became surcharged with snow, so fine, so dense, simply a snow fog, without the fog horn, and the crashing and roaring like the tearing away of the mountain side.

Looking from the windows and the door we could see a moving mass. The whole mountain side seemed to be sliding into, and filling up the gulch, and it was then that we realized how lately we had left the very spot or side of the mountain from whence this great avalanche of snow had come. Tom and I harked back to just how narrow an escape we had had, when we were pulling and rolling and coaxing our human burden down to safety. This great body of snow moved with the speed equal to our "air birds" of this day. Finally it reached the railroad level and had seemingly selected for its stopping and final resting place the very spot where we had so recently boarded the Pullman at Woodstock station.

This station, comprising miners' shanties, eating houses, living, sleeping, work shop, car storage sheds, tool house, chicken house, everything was completely buried and with it all went seventeen human lives. I was advised later that the only living thing rescued was one of the dogs and he had survived a two days' burial. The overpowering avalanche of snow had done its death dealing work and had swept everything before it, taking rocks, trees, bushes, everything from the top of the mountain to the bottom, leaving in its wake a bare swath. How thankful we were that we three had escaped its awful rush. We on the train did not dream of the fate of those who had lately ministered to our wants.

From here on, our headway was very slow, and when within half a mile of the entrance to Alpine Tunnel, our engine went dead, (in the parlance of the rail), and other help must be had, which could only come from the other end of the tunnel. With darkness fast coming on, we could hardly expect help sooner than tomorrow morning, as no one would undertake such a walk in the night. This was what followed. Our messenger had a hard time reaching the tunnel, and before he secured another engine to help us, and it had fought its way to a point where we could see it, their supply of coal gave out, and they had to return for more. Thus their arrival at our snowbound place was late in the day. We had been held prisoners, as it were, with a very limited larder, out of which several snow birds, "shovelers," had to be provided or they could not work. Again Chi, and others, became very much alarmed and hungry, too.

It was at this stage of the game that my prospective dollar help from Chicago informed me, that if he was spared to reach home he never again would venture into the mountains of Colorado, and that I could consider his possible financial help as having been buried under that snow, over there, pointing to where the slide had filled the gulch. He, however, would tell his friends what he honestly thought about my prospects, and it would not be unfavorable, but he would also tell them of his awful experience, as well as the great dangers Tom and I had gone through to save his life, for which he would always feel grateful beyond words to express. All of which would depend upon our reaching a point of actual safety from that awful snowy White Pine and Woodstock Gulch.

We did not reach real safety until the next morning, after a hard fought battle with the snow, the passengers, especially those familiar with our mountain travel in winter,



having to help the “snow birds.” Food was very low and even though we were within a few miles of relief yet to reach safety we must go through the tunnel which was over three miles long. My, but that section house did look good, and the coffee and pancakes, with ham and eggs, and, as Chicago said, it was the most satisfactory meal he had ever eaten. From this station on our troubles were few. After a brief and final chat with my Chicago friend, I was left to work out my own salvation with my prospects, for, three days after his departure, I received a telegram saying, “Do not expect help from us.”

My single-handed fight in developing the property soon brought me up standing, financially, but the camp had gained some good will and advertising from the limited production and marketing of fairly high grade silver and lead ores, and other men were attracted to the location, who secured options on the property and which resulted in the organizing of the May Mezeppa Company, operating much as I had intended to do, and soon there was opened up large and valuable deposits of high grade ore.

For the past thirty years, until recently, I have been actively engaged in mining and milling, in Dutch Guiana, South America, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Newhouse, representing New York and London capital. Dutch Guiana, though a small country, is marvelously rich in gold, and its undeveloped resources are beyond estimation. My home and family have, all these years, been in Colorado, where now I am spending a few leisure months.

EUGENE H. TEATS

Denver, Colorado.

October, 1926.

## *Robert Hauck*

MRS. BLOCK, whose maiden name was Augusta Hauck, and whose family history is in part related in this brief sketch, traces her family tree back to the sixteenth century. Her Great Grandfather Hauck lived during the reign of Frederick the Great, the king who, by his talents as a legislator, and general, increased the population of Prussia three-fold. Frederick was contemporary with our beloved Washington, and admired him greatly. Frederick also encouraged agriculture, and to get the best results he must needs drain the swamp lands, then comprising much of his domain.

Our friend's ancestor was a Hollander, born and raised among the dykes and waterways of that unique country, where the picturesque windmill is a necessity, and thus was well versed in the science of drainage. So proficient was he, that when a young man he was engaged by the Prussian Government to instruct its young farmers how to drain, and otherwise make valuable their swamp lands. Much of the remuneration this young man received was acreage in this valuable redeemed land. Thus eventually the family removed to Germany, where the father of this descendant was born. Portions of the estate are still in the family, grandchildren living there today. The original homestead, a very old house, was destroyed by fire in 1908.

Robert Hauck, (our friend's father), when a youth of eighteen, conceived the idea of emigrating to America. He relinquished his share in the estate to his sisters, anticipating no need for it in the land of plenty to which he was going. This adventure was in the early '50s. He embarked on a sailing vessel, and eleven long weeks were spent on the water before the ship reached the Port of New York. While on shipboard he made friends with a party of emigrants who had as their objective the state of Wisconsin, and he joined their company, thus coming into the middle west, and it was from that state a few years later that he came to the mining region of the Rockies. At Rolling Prairie, near Racine, where Hauck settled, he engaged in farming. He was a well-read young man and was considered one of the best scholars in the community.

About this time the gold excitement was agitating the country, especially through the middle west. Thus when a group of young men in that district began preparations to try out for themselves the rumors that fabulous wealth awaited the adventurer, young Hauck became one of the number. Some of these men were married but left their wives and families at home to follow later, should the venture prove successful. Thus it was that six or eight young men, each furnishing his own supplies, with ox teams and covered wagons, left the little Wisconsin village soon after New Years Day in 1859. Among the number were T. F. Godding, S. J. Plumb, A. J. Mackey, J. T. Squires, Dennis Daley, and others.

They crossed the Mississippi River at Dubuque and going southward finally struck the Missouri which they crossed at Plattsmouth. Dubuque, the oldest city in Iowa, was an old French settlement established by the Friars who came down from Canada, and at this time was a small river town. From this point the entire width of Iowa must be crossed, some 300 miles by ox team, consuming considerable time. Two years before Indians had been on the warpath and had killed many settlers who were, according to Indian traditions, trespassing on Indian ground. They had taken up land around the northern lakes, Spirit Lake and Okoboji, the right to which the Osages, the Dakotas and the Pawnees claimed to share together, as their summer playground. Our party met

roving bands of Indians, but for the most part they were friendly to the whites but generally quarrelsome among themselves. Plattsmouth being reached, the Missouri was crossed on a ferry boat and following the Platte River route no serious trouble with either Indian, or circumstance, was met with, and in due time, on March 25, 1859, they reached Denver, having been on the journey a few days less than three months.

These men continued together in their enterprises for the best part of two years. They wasted no time but immediately set out to investigate. They followed up Boulder Creek and over to Guy Hill, then on to Russell Gulch; mined for a time at Idaho Springs and Georgetown, going as far into the mountains as Breckenridge, and finally reaching the Leadville district, being no doubt the first party of men in that more distant region. This mining was all done by sluicing, and gold-pan washing. Summer ended, October found them in the Breckenridge district. Here they were caught in a terrible snow storm, and only by making snowshoes from barrel staves, and cutting down young trees to serve as brakes, did they finally get down the steep mountainside and into the valley by way of Gregory Canyon. Here they decided was a good spot for a winter camp, and immediately began to make comfortable quarters. In the weeks following, other emigrants came, and because of the deep snow, were warned not to go farther into the mountains, and soon a permanent village was started. With the many boulders lying all around, the camp was soon named Boulder. Thus was the beautiful city of Boulder born and christened. Among this later group of emigrants was Joseph Block, who afterward became the father-in-law of our friend.

Most of these men were interested in agriculture and through the winter of '59 looked around for likely farm locations. Thus, early in the spring of 1860, each man took a squatter's right to 160 acres of his own selection. These farms were along Boulder Creek, and the section lies between Fort Collins and Denver, near Longmont. They built their own bridges. Hauck, whose fortunes we are following, selected ground about six miles southeast of the present town of Longmont. He went there the next spring, that of 1860. He built a log house, and cut many tons of the wild hay which grew so abundantly along the creek bottoms. In May of 1864, at the time of the disastrous flood in Cherry Creek and the high waters of the Platte, Hauck's house was nearly submerged, being entirely surrounded by the angry waters, but fortunately was not swept away. With difficulty he at last managed to reach higher ground, thankful to find himself still alive, although most of his small belongings had gone down the swollen stream.

The year of 1864 was a memorable one, not only for the destructive flood but the Plain's Indians took to the war-path and not only interrupted emigrant travel but harrassed the valley ranchers, burning their haystacks and running off stock, and incidentally killing many settlers. Thus these farmers banded together for defense, calling themselves "The Home Guards." Elisha Duncan, (whose pioneer history is also related in this little book) was commissary, Hauck being one of the foremost of the company. To protect their families these men of the St. Vrain Valley built Fort Junction on the Perry Smith ranch, now owned by the Church family, and known as "Churches."

Our friends, Hauck and Godding, of the original Wisconsin party in 1865-66, freighted to and from Omaha with ox teams, loaded with hay for the stock markets, and on the return trip bringing groceries and supplies to the settlements. This enterprise continuing two years. With two hired men they traveled in company for protection. On one of these trips, far out on the vast prairies somewhere in Nebraska, they were struck

by a terrible blizzard, the sharp stinging sleet and sand almost stampeding their cattle. The men were forced for their own protection as well as the stock, to unload their baled hay and build a rude corral, making little shelters for themselves around the wagons. Thus they outlived the storm. The season being so far advanced this was their last trip. Hauck also hauled hay to the mining camps at Central and Black Hawk, finding a ready market and high prices. It was on one of these trips in 1866 when he met the young woman who later became his wife.

In the long ago of the early '50s, before the Pikes Peak excitement lured the settlers into the mountain regions, two brothers, Lange by name, left their ancestral home in Leipsic, Germany, and, emigrating to America, came at last to Omaha, then a frontier village on the edge of civilization. Here they immediately went into business setting up a bakery, one of the brothers having learned the trade in the old country. But when in '59 the rush to the gold mines swept the country, it carried these brothers farther into the West, where in due time they set up the same business in the mining camp at Black Hawk and here our friend Hauck, as a miner and freighter, buying his bread at their bakery, came to know them.

Now, it came to pass in the due course of time, that one of the brothers, with his wife, returned to the Fatherland to see the old people once more. The visit ended, and the time of departure at hand, the good wife refused to go again to the wilds of America unless one, at least, of the sisters return with her. Now, Ernestine, the youngest sister, was already engaged to a worthy German, but the father was not so minded and bitterly opposed the match, thus he welcomed the opportunity to separate the young people, and quickly assented to the married daughter's plan. Hence, it was that in the summer of 1866, having safely crossed the ocean, and, in a covered wagon with mule teams, crossed the Plains to the top of the world, Ernestine found herself, one evening, encamped on the top of Guy Hill just above Black Hawk.

Now, it chanced that on the same hill at the same time was another camp. A young fellow with his helper and his team of oxen, having successfully hauled a load of hay thus far on the way to the mines, was resting a while eating a well-earned supper. As was the custom among campers the man Lange strolled over to the other campfire and, recognizing his friend Hauck, immediately invited him over to meet his women folks. But Hauck, being a timid soul when ladies were concerned, glancing at his rough garments, declined the invitation. Lange, returning to his camp, told the result of his call, and jokingly said to Ernestine, "I shouldn't be surprised if there was your future husband." She laughed at his joke. But, when a month later Hauck again came to Black Hawk, he made it a point to call at the Lange home, and that was the beginning of the courtship that two years later ripened into marriage. The Lange brothers soon went back to Omaha where they established themselves in the mercantile business. Because of her engagement to young Hauck, Ernestine refused to go but lived with a friend till her marriage.

The young wife was a city bred girl, and the farm was a strange place to her. Food prices were unusual, flour bringing \$85 a barrel, and fresh eggs \$1. each, in the markets at the mining camps. One of her first experiences was to be left alone while the young husband answered the call to duty, when again the Indians were disturbing the valley settlers and the "Home Guards" was called out to quell the disturbance. Some of the men brought back beaded bridles and saddles and moccasins after the skirmish had

ended. In due course of time, Augusta (whose family history we are here relating) came upon the scene and with brothers and sisters lived on the farm. After the great flood the ranch house was moved to higher ground.

The St. Vrain school district No. 1 embraced the valley where these children lived; the log schoolhouse standing in one corner of their field. Children from many miles around came here to be taught, and, because their farmhouse was the nearest, the mother always boarded the teacher. The scholars came to the farmhouse well for drinking water. From oldest to youngest, there were eight of these little Haucks to swell the school census. A Sunday School was established in the neighborhood and Mr. John C. Bailey, a prominent farmer in that section, was interested that it should be in session every Sunday, whether or not there was preaching. The Methodist circuit-riding preachers had a wide territory to cover and could not always be depended on, but whenever it was known that one would be on hand, some boy or girl on horseback was sent all around the district and usually the settlers from far and near came to the service. The two Beardsleys, H. L. and Hosea, were on this circuit and were much beloved, also Father Machbeouf came occasionally and the Catholic families would erect a temporary altar in some home for all worshipers.

The mother, with but one daughter, still lives on the farm in the Boulder Valley, but the father passed away many years ago. He was a true pioneer, doing much for the country of his adoption. So successful was he as a farmer that recently the State Agricultural College has requested his picture for their group of successful agriculturalists.

*John E. Washburn*

A Brief Sketch of one of Colorado's Pioneer Families,  
as told by the Daughter, Sixty-six Years Afterward

MY FATHER, John Everett Washburn, was born at Rome, New York, and was trained as a marble cutter in Vermont. He moved to Illinois in 1850, working at his trade in Chicago in Sherman's marble shop. After his marriage in 1853, he established a shop of his own in Freeport, Illinois. Leaving Freeport in March, 1860, he emigrated to the Pikes Peak country, taking with him his wife and only child, (myself), who attained the age of five years a few days before we reached Denver. He drove his own team of horses and had charge of another horse team and driver, bringing a load of goods for A. Cameron Hunt of Denver, a former citizen of Freeport, and who was in later years, governor of Colorado. Indians did not molest us, although we heard of other trains being attacked. All emigrants were required to travel in trains of supposedly sufficient numbers to be able to defend themselves from Indian depredations.

Arriving in Denver on May 3, our first camp was made not far from Baker's Springs. Mr. Hunt's property was turned over to him, and the Washburn family being invited to dinner by the Hunts, was served with the unusual viands of corn bread and Mexican beans. We had used beans of the eastern variety on the way West and a small Indian boy, apparently only six or seven years old, had attached himself to our group while passing a few teepees of friendly natives. He traveled with us for two days, and after courageously attempting to eat beans as campers did, with a spoon, which he got stuck edgewise in his teeth, he threw it aside and demonstrated the methods of the noble Redman by transporting the beans rapidly into his mouth with the fingers of both hands. He made no effort to talk, but to inquiries replied mainly with a word sounding like "Toshe," so "Toshe" became his camp name.

He showed his accomplishments when one of the men shot a large goose far out in the Platte River, as he shed his simple garment and swam easily out, bringing back the goose with great delight. Near the end of the second day with the train when we neared a small camp of teepees, he left us as unceremoniously as he had joined us, his actions indicating that he expected and had known where he was going all the time. As he walked along with the teamsters, he deftly shot ahead the arrows from his bow, picking them up when he came to them. Friendly Indians occasionally visited our camps, always ready to eat, showing interest in the white man's accouterments and admiration of the little girl's ability to sing, commenting, "Papoose, oo-oo-oo-good."

Springtime found our family located in a small house, log probably, with earth floor and pole and earth roof, through which the summer rains ran freely, so it was not uncommon to have the beds covered with dish pans, baking pans, or the shallow sloping miners' gold-pans to catch the leakage. Burlap sacks were ripped open and nailed as a carpet over the hard-tramped earthen floor, and flour sacks were tacked up as a ceiling to guard the faces of the sleepers from the showers of dust scattered down by the mice, who scuttled among the poles of the roof and occasionally scampering too near the edge of the "ceiling," fell with a thump to the floor.

My father wished to grow a garden and crops, but as the bank of the Platte River was perpendicular, probably ten or twelve feet high, it was necessary to lift water for

irrigation abruptly from the river. So a large wooden wheel was built, to be turned by the current, and so lift the water in its trough-like buckets and empty it into a smaller ditch leading to the garden. This garden is known to be one of the first grown in Colorado. Floods damaged the wheel during the summer so that the results were limited, but enthusiastically cherished by the family, who were not attracted by mining propositions. Furniture was made from packing boxes, or stools formed from the sawed-off sections of a log, with three legs inserted by means of auger holes. My father was very skillful and ingenious in his handiwork. However, I still have the one factory-made chair given to my mother, one of the first owned in Denver.

A toll bridge crossed the Platte River very near the cabin, on the original toll road leading from Denver to Golden Gate. This was the canyon by which travelers reached the mining camps being established in the mountains, resulting in the towns of Black Hawk, Central City, and Empire. Crossing of streams was usually made by fords in advantageous locations, at times when floods did not prevent, but bridges were exceedingly few. Heavy swinging, leather-covered Concord coaches, usually drawn by four horses, brought new emigrants and cherished mail, addressed to Denver, or Auraria, Kansas Territory, prepaid by a twenty-five-cent postage. Church meetings, newspapers, town meetings, and the occasional hanging of some desperado, formed the beginning of civilized life, while the excitement of gambling, horse racing, and other devices busied the nefarious between the times when all were not preparing to defend themselves against the blood-thirsty savages.

Schools were started within a year or two, and the first teacher I remember was named Arnett, who terrified several small girls attempting to whip a large boy with a powerful switch. He was succeeded by a gifted teacher, Abner R. Brown, and Miss Ring, affectionately remembered by many of the pioneer children.

Early in the spring of 1862, the Washburn family moved to the valley of the Big Thompson, fifty miles north of Denver, where a few scattered homes were being established by those interested in ranching, hay and potatoes being the principal crops marketed during the sixties. Here a permanent home was maintained a mile from the present town of Loveland, carrying on general farming and the first dairy of Jersey cows, until the death of my father in 1886. My mother taught the first school in Laramie County, a half dozen children of the settlers, in a small log cabin a short distance south of the Big Thompson River, about the year of 1864. The school year of 1870 and 1871 I spent at Wolfe Hall, the pioneer school for girls established in Denver by Bishop George Randell of the Episcopal Church.

In 1875 I was married to Zackery Taylor, who had come from Illinois also in 1860, with the family of Elisha Duncan, but we had never met until as schoolmates years later. Three sons and three daughters grew to maturity. Mr. Taylor passed away at Loveland in 1899, having followed farming and dairying for more than twenty-five years. The six children were educated in Colorado schools and colleges, the youngest taking later courses in Iowa State College and Harvard, and all but one became teachers and educators.

Since 1896, I have made my home in Fort Collins.

October, 1926. WINONA WASHBURN TAYLOR,  
Fort Collins, Colorado.

## *Dr. Dean W. King*

ONE of the romances occurring in the early history of Colorado, was in the marriage of Dr. Dean W. King and Miss Vevy Ann Smith. Each had traveled the Plains and had endured every privation and hardship incident to the journey, in those pioneer days of the strong hearted adventurer. Dr. King, having something of a venturesome disposition and a desire to get away from the rigorous climate of his New England home, had gotten as far West as Dubuque, Iowa, where he was studying medicine. Shortly before receiving his diploma, the Pikes Peak excitement drifted over the country. This proved too much for him to pass up, even with the loss of his graduation from medical college. So, packing up what medical books and instruments he had, he started West. At Omaha he "signed up" with one of the early ox and mule teams bound for the land of adventure, and promises of wealth.

The trip was characteristic of those early days, taking several weeks to cover the distance over uncertain and newly-made roads, with the usual Indian troubles to keep them on the alert, but with no particular incident happening en route.

This train arrived in Golden sometime in June, 1859, where it broke up, the several parties going their separate ways. From Golden, Dr. King went directly to the heart of the mining excitement, becoming interested in the mines in addition to his profession as a general practitioner and dentist.

At Black Hawk, he met Miss Smith, daughter of Ensign B. Smith, who, with his wife and six children, four girls and two boys, had driven ox teams across the Plains from Westport, now Kansas City. Her father, a native of New York State, was a man with a roving spirit, and early in life had started out to see the frontier or the western portion of this country. Between the time when he left home in the early forties, and the time he arrived with his family in Colorado, he had been in every state between New York and Colorado, traveling most of the time with ox or mule teams. A man without fear, of a remarkable resourceful nature when it came to solving difficult problems; with great powers of endurance, a determined mind and a strong will, he traveled his way across unbeaten tracks from one state to another. From the North to the South, but with a tendency to get farther West.

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, he met and married Juanita Ortiz, a member of the Ortiz family, one of the first Spanish families to land at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and who was afterward the recipient of the famous Ortiz Land Grant. While thus traveling from frontier point to frontier point, children were born and raised as best they could. Two died, and six were living at the time they arrived in Colorado. They had left their temporary home in Indiana with California as their destination, but decided to "See Colorado First" on their way, and arrived in Golden, July 4, 1859. Mr. Smith and wife did go to California later in life, but it was in a Pullman and not with an ox team.

Mr. Smith was a wonderful story teller and had a wealth of stories of his adventures, hunting expeditions; travels in the then unknown country; fights with the Indians; and hardships of every kind. He knew Jim Bridger and Kit Carson. It is the regret of the writer's life that he did not realize the importance of these stories and grasp the opportunity to have them recorded in Mr. Smith's own language.

At one time in New Mexico, his train of ox and mule teams was surrounded at night by a band of hostile Indians. The train had drawn up in the form of a circle, as was



the custom, to insure the best of defense from the rear of the wagons in case of attack. This attack occurred at night, and during the fight Mr. Smith was severely wounded by arrows, the Indians not having firearms at that time. Having good firearms for his weapons, Smith's men soon reduced the attacking party to such a number that the surviving ones withdrew. Reinforcements came before the attack was renewed. It was desperate fighting when his family were within the circle of freight wagons. At another time he was deserted by his employees on account of Indian scares, leaving him alone with his family in an infested section. On another occasion the train ran out of food, and were forced to live for several weeks on parched corn and a little game, now and then.

Soon after his arrival at Black Hawk, Dr. King met Miss Vanna Smith, as she was known, and on Christmas Day, 1859, they were married. At that time they not become acquainted with Bishop B. T. Vincent, their good friend of after years. As ministers of the gospel were few in those early days, they were married by Judge Wilkinson. Soon after their marriage, they went to Empire, where the doctor built, what was considered at that time, the best house in the little camp. Here they made many new friends and entertained many of the Territorial dignitaries and other persons of note who came to that locality, among whom were Governors Gilpin and Cummings, and Senator Jerome B. Chaffee.

Mrs. King used to relate a story which she seemed to take as a joke on herself. Before their house was finished, a band of Indians on their way to Middle Park, camped not far away. The Indians would come to their camp and beg for sugar. Sugar was worth money and was not to be parted with for the asking, especially by an Indian. They would then begin to barter, offering "Pony – cup sug." Rather than get in bad with them, the trade would be made, a pony being accepted for a cup of "C" sugar, knowing full well that the Indians would return and steal the pony as soon as night came. This trade was made with the same result three times during the brief stay of the Indians.

Dr. King became interested in mining at Empire and at Montezuma. Associated with him were George F. Packard of Milwaukee, Captain Short of Dubuque, Iowa, and a Mr. Nichols of Scranton, Pa. They developed some very rich silver mines at Montezuma, among which was the Chenango Mining & Milling Company. As a product from the Chenango property, Dr. King took some of the first silver bullion made in the state, to the United States mint at Philadelphia. This bullion was paid for in new silver coin, which was a scarce commodity in those days when the "shin plaster" was the common circulating medium for fractional amounts.

The trip East was made by Concord coach to Cheyenne, thence by construction train to Kearney, Nebraska, this being the end of the first passenger division of the Union Pacific Railroad. The coach was guarded by United States soldiers riding on its top. The Chenango property was afterwards sold for \$50,000 cash, and Mr. Nichols, who had finished the sale in the East, was on his way West with the money in his possession. Bank drafts were not so easily handled in those days as they are now. Mr. Nichols was known to have reached Chicago on the night of the great Chicago fire, October, 1871, but was never heard from again. It was never known whether he met with foul play, or perished in the fire.

When the Colorado Second Cavalry was organized, Dr. King was its surgeon, and served with that regiment during its term of service. At some engagement with the

Indians in the Arkansas Valley, he was shot from his horse. The bullet lodged in his hip and was never removed, and he carried it to his grave.

After spending several years in the mining section, he moved to the "valley," the common term used for the country not in the mountains. He practiced medicine in Golden and Denver. In 1870, he purchased a farm on what is now known as the West Forty-fourth Avenue Golden Road. Here he became interested in horticulture, and especially the growing of small fruits. This he carried on in addition to his medical practice which took him over the surrounding country. He died a poor man, with over \$100,000 in unpaid doctor bills on his books.

The main object he seemed to have in the pursuit of his profession, was to cure the sick and relieve the suffering of the patient. As an example: One night about 1 o'clock, there was a loud knocking at the door, and Dr. King stuck his head out of the window, and inquired, "Who's there? What's wanted?" The reply was from a messenger on horseback who had ridden in from Marshall, where coal mining was just getting under way. A man working in the mines had met with an accident in which his leg was broken, and as there was no doctor nearer, he had ridden across the country, bringing with him an extra saddle horse, that there might be no delay for transportation. The answer was, "All right, just as soon as I can get my saddle bags I will be with you." So, within ten minutes they were off for the long ride over the hills and prairie to Marshall. No question was asked as to who would pay the bill. The man was suffering and must be cared for. That was enough.

On another occasion, a messenger on horseback came rushing up to the house with the information that the little daughter of the owner of the local flour mill, a half mile away, had been badly burned. She had been playing, as children do, with the fire in the kitchen stove, and had ignited her clothing which had been completely burned from her little body. When Dr. King arrived she was being held in her mother's lap. The flesh was hanging in shreds from her arms and body. She was, of course, suffering great pain but was not unconscious. There was no hospital nearer than Denver, and transportation was slow as compared with modern methods, so emergency treatment was all that was available. As the doctor entered the room, and saw what had happened, he grabbed up an open sack of flour which stood on the floor, and poured the contents over the suffering child. This excluded the air from the burned flesh and greatly relieved the pain. The doctor was afterwards heard to remark that "The look of relief that came over that child's face would pay any doctor for any service he could perform." However, the burns were too deep, and the child died within the next hour, but the flour had temporarily relieved the great pain that she was suffering before it was applied.

Dr. King was very fond of the workings of nature, and took great pride and interest in his horticultural experiments. One feature was the grafting of fruit trees, and in one instance he had an unbelievable number of varieties of plums growing on the same tree. Very early in the seventies he sent to Germany for samples of sugar beet seed. From this he raised a quantity of enormous sugar beets, and at that time, he prophesied that the raising of sugar beets would be one of the coming industries of the State. He had probably the first apiary of any notable size in Colorado. It contained about 125 stands. He introduced the first Italian bees in the country. They were far more industrious than the common native variety. While he was experimenting with fruits and farming the

great grasshopper scourge of the seventies cleaned up his place year after year, until he gave it up, and again entered the mining game.

He went to Sunshine, then a booming mining town much excited over the discovery of telluride ores. The result was not wholly successful from a financial point of view. From one of his properties they took out a single chunk of ore that netted about \$1,500 dollars, and that, and thousands more were spent on the same property without its again yielding enough to pay for the blasting powder.

Four children were born to this worthy pioneer couple – one, a daughter who died in infancy, being the second white child born in Clear Creek County. The three sons – myself the eldest – grew to manhood in the mountains of Colorado, but in more recent years my brothers have made their home on the Pacific Coast. Dr. and Mrs. King spent their declining years in Boulder and on the monument marking their resting place in Green Mountain Cemetery, is the distinctive word “Pioneers.”

October, 1926.

GEORGE H. KING,  
Denver, Colorado.

## *Frank S. Byers*

MR. FRANK BYERS, the son of an illustrious father, fails to regard his own achievements as worthy of mention, but we of this generation will give him some of the credit due to his own efforts, although for many years before the death of the elder Byers in 1903, his activities were closely in touch with those of his father.

The elder Byers was an Ohio man, born in 1831, and having the same natal day as the Father of Our Country, but in 1850, before he was of age, he drifted away from his birthplace. Omaha at that time being the newest settlement in the West, he went there and was the first surveyor of that little village on the edge of the prairie. The following year he went farther into the wilds, reaching Oregon in his travels and received the first Government contract for surveying in Oregon. He remained in that territory (Oregon was not admitted to Statehood until 1859), surveying out the land, for a year and a half, then returned by way of the Isthmus to New York, and finally, drifting again into the West at last reached Muscatine, Iowa. Here in 1854, the young surveyor took unto himself a wife, an Ohio girl, and for a wedding trip the young couple drove across the state of Iowa to Omaha, not by auto in one day but by prairie schooner, and on the road nearly a month. Omaha was their home for the next five years, and here two children were born, our friend, Frank, being the oldest.

In January, 1859, the elder Byers, like scores of others hearing of the possibilities of wealth in the much-talked-of Pikes Peak region, packed his surveyor's drafting instruments, (the compass and tripod with the chains and pins together, weighting less than fifty pounds), and a small but complete printing outfit, and loading these into a covered wagon drawn by oxen, he set out bravely for the West. He joined a party of other men making a train of eighteen in all. Forage for cattle on the open prairie in January was scarce and but little hay could be brought in the wagons, and before the mountains were reached the supply for their own eating depended largely upon what they could rustle by the way, thus the end of the journey was hailed with satisfaction. It was April when the settlement of Auraria on the west bank of Cherry Creek was glimpsed.

Before leaving Nebraska, Byers had contracted with a neighbor in Omaha to bring his family across the Plains, that summer, which the neighbor set out to do, but upon reaching Julesburg, still 200 miles from the mountains, the man for some reason, (fear of the great outdoors, perhaps), decided he had gone far enough from civilization and turned back on the trail, leaving the mother and two children stranded. Julesburg was a little cluster of houses and also a station for the overland stage to California. The superintendent of the stage line to Cherry Creek told Mrs. Byers that he was going through to the settlement on a buckboard stage, an open vehicle, driving night and day, changing drivers and horses as was done on a regular run, and that if she thought she could stand the trip he would take her along. Of course, she accepted the opportunity and in that way on August 7, 1859, they reached Auraria.

Byers had a little cabin on the west side of Cherry Creek, just west of where City Hall now stands, in readiness for the family, thus they were comfortably housed on their arrival. This one room log cabin, sixteen by eighteen feet, with dirt floor and dirt roof, stood near the bank of the creek. There were a few other families, Mrs. Byers making the ninth white woman to arrive. Byers had brought some household goods with him but the family brought only their bedding. Gradually as freight teams arrived more furnishings

were acquired. Our little lad was less than four years old but has a dim remembrance that no houses were across Cherry Creek to the east. The Indians were friendly and went in and out among the white people, their teepees just outside the settlement. These Indians were known as the Kansas Territory Indians and were Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Utes and Sioux.

As previously stated, Mr. Byers, as one of the adventurous men in the train of eighteen wagons which left Omaha in January, 1859, had as companions in his enterprise, Mr. Gibson, who, with Byers, had brought a small printing outfit and John Dailey, who was a practical printer. These men arrived on April 17, and six days later, on April 23, the first edition of the Rocky Mountain News was printed. It bore the date line, Cherry Creek, K. T., (Kansas Territory).

Mr. Byers entertained a vision that out of this wilderness 500 miles from civilization, at the edge of the great American Desert and under the shadow of the Rockies, would in time develop a great commonwealth and ask for admission to the Union. This vision was fulfilled, a territory being created in two years time, which, seventeen years later became a state. Mr. Byers lived to see his beloved State become one of the richest of them all in mining and agriculture and with unknown possibilities for the future.

During those early days prior to the coming of the stagecoach, which began operation in 1859-60, travel was by the slow method of ox teams, families emigrating with their own outfits. The first gold shipment of \$3,500 in gold dust was carried by the stage leaving Cherry Creek, May 21, 1859, and through to Leavenworth, Kansas. Mail also was carried in this way, being from six to seven days en route. Later, by Pony Express, the time was cut to three or four days. Postage was from 25 cents to \$5.00, according to weight.

At the early date of the coming of the Byers family, there already were two stores on what was called Ferry Street, now Eleventh Street. Prices of provisions were high, flour \$50 a hundred weight and for a short time in the winter of '59 and '60 at the mining camps it reached \$100 per sack. Families for the most part had brought a supply of clothing with them and children, especially boys, learned to wear buckskin garments fashioned after their Indian playmates. Our friend, Frank, first attended school under Miss Sopris' instruction. She opened a private school in 1862 on Ferry Street. The building was a cross between logs and boards and there were enrolled possibly a dozen scholars. After the flood of 1864, Professor Goldrick opened a subscription school in a little log cabin at Eighteenth and Larimer, where the Windsor Hotel now stands. Professor Goldrick registered twenty-five scholars among whom, besides our friend, was Charles Marshall, who is now a noted Episcopalian divine, and rector emeritus of St. Barnabas Church in Denver. Also his brother, Frank Marshall.

In the historic flood of 1864 the Byers house (not the original log cabin with dirt floor, but a more commodious one built partly of boards), was in the direct path of the waters. It stood on the east bank of the Platte River and the flood coming with such tremendous force, the house – the family in bed for it was midnight – was swept down the stream some thirty or more feet, bringing up against two cottonwood trees, thus staying its mad rush down the river, now running over bank full, and saving the family from being swept away. The following morning the house was resting comfortably on the west side of the river. Thus, the Byers family had moved into another precinct while

they slept. Two years ago Frank Byers and his sister went to this old home-site and had their picture taken as a souvenir of the long ago. There seemed to be three distinct floods within a few days' time. Gen. John Pierce, whose latest home still stands at Thirteenth and California streets, was drowned out three times at Eighth and Larimer in the floods of 1864. As early as 1860, one wealthy man, P. P. Gomer, built a frame house with drop-siding, a pretentious structure at that time.

The elder Byers was interested in farming and one of the first things he did in 1859 was to take up 320 acres where Valverde runs into Broadway on the present city map. He planted seed of fruit trees and otherwise improved the homestead beside farming. He had much to do with making this part of the West a great stock-raising and fruit-growing country. The house in which the family spent the winter of 1862-63 still stands at Twelfth and Lawrence and the Hammer House, built in 1864, is the oldest structure on South Broadway today. At the corner of Mexico Street.

In 1865 Mrs. Byers and the children returned to West Liberty, Iowa; her parents still living there. Mr. Byers came to her in January of 1866, and together they went through the South in search of the burial place of a brother of Mr. Byers, a Union soldier, who was killed in one of the last battles of the Civil War. Although knowing the battle in which he was slain, Byers, searching many days, was unable to find a trace of the grave among the many in that burial plot. Byers returned by stage to Denver in March, the family coming later with a brother of Mrs. Byers, one John Sumner, who planned to locate in the West.

Uncle John Sumner immediately identified himself with the state of his adoption, taking up a large acreage just over the range beyond Berthoud Pass, on the Fraser River. He, with Ed Chipman, cut many tons of hay in that rich valley making it into two long immense stacks which stood there undisturbed for many years, giving to that locality the characteristic name of "The Hay Stacks," which name it retains to this day. Later, his squatter's right to this ranch was sold and is now known as Cozens Ranch. John Sumner was the only man who went through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado with the Major Powell Expedition in 1869-70.

Maj. John Wesley Powell was a professor of geology in an Illinois university and was director of the Government Geological Survey in its explorations of the Colorado River. He was a heavy man with his right arm off at the shoulder, therefore, it was difficult for him to climb precipitous cliffs. The major was given credit for being the first man to go through the canyon but it is said on authority that he only skirted the brink of the abyss while John Sumner went through the canyon itself.

In the San Diego Union, dated August 22, 1926, William H. Bishop, eighty-six years old, relates how in 1869 he spent several months with the Powell party in the wilds of Colorado, and says that Powell later explored the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Mr. Bishop further says, Major Powell laid claim to being the first man to make this perilous journey through the Grand Canyon, and a monument in his honor was erected some years ago at Flagstaff, Arizona. But if he (Bishop) had his way about the monument, the name of Jack Sumner would also be inscribed because Sumner was with Powell when he made the rapids and three times saved the major's life.

Our friend Frank, then a lad of thirteen, was with Major Powell and party on top of Berthoud Pass in August, 1868, when the elder Byers made the ascent of Long's Peak, the first to reach the summit in modern times. Mr. Byers, a strong climber, reached the

top half an hour in advance of his party, among whom, beside himself, were: Maj. J. W. Powell, W. H. Powell, the major's brother, L. W. Keplinger, Kansas City; Samuel Garman, Ned E. Farrell and John C. Sumner.

The summit was reached at 10 o'clock on the morning of August 23, 1868. A monument of stones was erected and the United States flag was unfurled. Camp was made on the western waters of the St. Vrain and the next day they returned to the camp where their horses had been left and thence to Grand Lake where the rest of their party, including Mrs. Byers, her two children, with Mrs. Powell, the major's wife, were encamped. One night while they were in camp on Willow Creek a mountain lion came sneaking around. A slab of bacon had been hidden away in a tent, and the lion nosing it out from under a pillow so scared a pony tethered nearby that he ran to the end of his lariat so furiously that it threw him down, and in his efforts to rise he rolled against Mrs. Powell's tent, nearly scaring her to death. The lion, as frightened as the pony, made a quick getaway and soon was lost to sight in the thick timber.

A remarkable coincidence, is that the editor of this little book, then a young miss, with a party had for two weeks been camped near the Byers cabin at Sulphur Springs, Major Powell and party occupying the cabin.

It was not until the present time, nearly sixty years later, that she was informed that among the group in the cabin with the major's wife were the Byers family. Later that same season, the editor's husband, then a youth of nineteen, with a companion, was in the park hunting and finding the major and his men, stranded and without a guide, offered his services to lead them to Bear River which he must reach on his way to the Grand Canyon. The major gladly accepted the offer.

Young Byers, at the age of twelve, was evidently his father's right-hand man in circulating "The News," which, at this time, in 1867-68, had developed into an afternoon daily paper. His route was called the pony route intended to cover the outlying districts, while in the downtown business section two boys, and sometimes three, were kept busy delivering the papers on foot. The printing office was on Larimer Street, near Sixteenth, and the pony route extended as far away as Broadway and Eighteenth, at present the site of the new Cosmopolitan Hotel. Here H. C. Brown of Brown Palace fame, lived in a frame house, and, so far out on the prairie did he consider it that he told the boy it was not necessary to deliver the paper on stormy nights. Another subscriber way out on the edge of town was Gen. Sam Brown, whose home was at Twenty-fourth and Larimer, and still another in the rural district lived at Twenty-fourth and Champa. The Brown house still stands at Twenty-fourth and Larimer, but has long since ceased to be a country residence. Another long distance was on the west side of Cherry Creek where Daniel Witter and A. C. Hunt, with many others lived. This was far out in the open country about where West Colfax viaduct begins. Thus has the city grown till now within these limits is the center of a large and still enlarging metropolis.

Our friend, Mr. Frank Byers, while still a lad carrying a newspaper route, saved his pennies, putting them into cattle with William Daily, who, with former Governor Evans had a large herd in the southern part of the Territory. Later in 1875, when the herd was driven into Wyoming, he withdrew his share and began business for himself, raising both cattle and horses and in the meantime farming as well. He followed this business for thirty years. At different times he ventured along other lines, a merchant, mail carrier, contractor, hotel keeper, a busy and successful man.

Mr. Byers and his good wife still keep to the traditions of the older generation and on each anniversary commemorate in a fitting manner the arrival of the Byers family and recall incidents of those years when the country was new. They are justly proud of the achievements of the father, and the splendid legacy in the form of a School for Boys which the mother endowed in memory of her three grandsons. Its influence for good will reach into the limitless future.



## *Judge L. H. Shepard*

IT IS no doubt permissible that one chapter of this book should record some of the editor's own experiences as a pioneer. Much of my father's history as well as my own was published in a book, written by myself, a year or so ago, thus not wishing to repeat overmuch, this story will be brief.

My father, Levi H. Shepard, afterward known as Judge Shepard, came to Colorado in the spring of 1863 from Sandusky, Ohio. He was a man of forty years of age, born and raised on the lake shore. He was an able lawyer, having practiced this profession for several years in Burlington, Iowa. Physically unable to serve his country as a soldier, he became interested in the rumors of rich gold mines in Colorado. Great excitement prevailed in Chicago and other middle western cities over the reported finding of gold dust in quantities from Colorado mines. In preparation for his absence, he removed his family to Sandusky, his old home town, and then joined a party about to start West. He traveled by stage to Denver and finally to Empire City, where much mining was being done.

He spent the summer prospecting and investigating properties, and in the fall returned to the East, going to Boston where, during the winter, he organized a company which would purchase and develop the group of mines he had inspected. The following summer of 1864, he started with his family, a wife, two daughters, (aged eighteen and thirteen respectively, myself the younger), and a son of ten, expecting to make the trip by mule teams from the River to Denver in the usual three weeks time. But owing to the uprising of the Indians on the Plains, more than eight weeks were required and only through the protecting hand of Providence did the family win through.

My father outfitted at Atchison, Kansas, buying ten mules for six of which he paid \$1,200, three covered wagons and a full year's provisions. Also he was bringing some mining machinery and household goods, including a small square piano. Two men previously engaged in Boston, awaited us here. Each had agreed to drive a team all the way to the mines in consideration of his board and \$3.00 a day. It was my father's plan to travel the Smoky Hill route through Kansas, but rumors of Indian depredations caused him to turn northward where, in time, he reached Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and from there he followed the Platte River route to Denver. To this change in plans we do doubt owed our safe arrival as most of those who traveled the Smoky Hill route that summer were waylaid by the Indians and left for dead by the roadside.

Neither were those who traveled the Platte River route without danger. A few groups of soldiers guarded part of the road but distances were long and forts and stations far apart. Many ranches had been burned or were still smoking; settlers were scalped; cattle killed, wells polluted; the streams dry; and the ground parched. The Plains that year, the summer of 1864, were a barren waste marked from the River to the Rockies with bleaching bones and dying cattle. Many nights found us without a campfire lest it betray our resting place.

We traveled always in company with other emigrants, sometimes a train of fifty wagons, strung out for miles along the dusty road, but keeping close together and corraling at night in a compact circle. Every day with field glasses Indians were seen on the bluffs, watching for a chance to swoop down upon a careless train or a small outfit. Indians were to the right of us, to the left of us, before us and behind us but with a

seemingly charmed life we made our twenty miles more or less a day without even a skirmish.

The only actual fright we had was when one day eighteen painted Indians rode boldly up and demanded "wheeskey and beeskit." We had corraled when they were first sighted and every man stood ready with a loaded gun, but evidently our numbers were too many for them to attack and they only said, "How-how," and after a goodly supply of food had been handed out, they rode sullenly away. They wore a blue uniform and the chief said, they were Pawnee soldiers, but we had been warned that a ruse of the Indians was to seem friendly, then when a camp was off its guard, to wipe it out entirely. Thus a strong patrol was placed that night and every precaution taken, but the camp was not disturbed. I do not know to what band these marauding Indians belonged, but there were many Sioux.

The result of this scare was made manifest late that night when the wagon-boss came to ask the help of my mother in nursing a sick woman. This emigrant was a young German, just from the old country, whose brother had met her at the River. She could neither speak nor understand a word of English and when she saw those painted Indians, not knowing what was happening she was so overcome with fright that she had a severe attack of cholera morbus and nearly died before morning.

The ox train of seventy wagons by the side of which we camped one night had, a few days previously, been attacked by Indians. Among the freight they were transporting were two immense iron boilers and when the train corralled to resist the attack these boiler wagons were placed in the center and all the women and children were huddled inside them, thus escaping harm. The Indians circled the corral several times, drawing closer with each turn, for his arrow is only effective at close range. After a few rounds, finding no loophole and with a parting flight of arrows the Indians rode away. Little damage was done. One of the women who had been in the boiler told this incident to my mother.

Rattlesnakes and centipedes were so common that several times our camp was moved to another site miles away. Buffaloes in vast numbers roamed the plains. For a great part of the way the landscape was dotted with black patches, each representing hundreds of buffalo. At one camp an immense herd passed in the night and freighters shot several of them but the meat proved to be too tough to be enjoyed. Antelope nearly always followed these herds.

While resting over the week end at the military post at Plum Creek, five young men in a light spring wagon with a span of large mules drove into the station. Said they had come from the River without trouble and, after a short rest planned to continue their journey. The captain of the post urged them to wait until a suitable train should be ready, but they replied, they had a fast team; were well armed; each man a dead shot and anticipated no trouble. They rode away in high spirits. A large Newfoundland dog belonging to them was as eager to be gone as were the men. An hour later, the captain feeling uneasy, sent a detachment of soldiers to overtake them, to persuade them to return, or to escort them a few miles. In about an hour the soldiers returned bringing the bodies of three of the men, scalped and shot full of arrows. One body had twelve of these cruel barbs sunk deep into the flesh and bone, one of which the blacksmith, with his strong arm and a pair of pinchers, could not remove. The fate of the other two was no doubt torture.

During our rest many more freighters had come to the post and on Monday morning fifty teams started out over this same stretch of road. A troop of soldiers were detailed to escort us past this fateful spot. As we drew near the place, the soldiers forbade a halt but rode up and down the train urging every team forward. There was every evidence that the young men had put up a desperate fight. In the broken wagon were scores of empty cartridge shells. Behind trunks piled for a barricade were other scores of shells, while underneath the wagon lay the body of the faithful dog, pierced with many arrows. Not content with the fearful carnage, the Indians had broken open the trunks and destroyed their contents, for scattered far and wide over the prairie were bits of clothing, shirts, collars, and toilet accessories, while letters and scraps of paper were flying hither and yon, like white birds on uneasy wing. Before the soldiers departed a wagon boss was selected and close watch was kept all day. Our train being so large we were not molested although Indians were seen watching on the bluffs.

This was the heart of the Indian country. The drivers of the stage which attempted to run daily between Omaha and Denver, always with an escort of soldiers, gave us much valuable information, at one time it was that the station just ahead had been burned last night or the ranch house behind us was now a smoking ruin. Sometimes these drivers showed us bullet holes in the leather boot of the stage, sometimes the stage failed to arrive. How many travelers never reached their goal can only be guessed. Frequently in this dangerous location the wagon boss ordered an early camp, 4 o'clock perhaps, then after dark move on again for a few miles, silently and without lights, thus to deceive the Indians as to our camping place.

To add to our discomfort when about half way across, at O'Fallon's Bluffs, my father was stricken with acute inflammatory rheumatism and a bed for him must be made in the family wagon, thus making it necessary that my sister and I sleep under the wagon, to the inner wheels of which a span of mules were tied. And from that time until we reached Denver, we two girls each night lay near the mules' hoofs on the one side, and on the other side looked out across the vast prairie where every waving sage bush was a lurking Indian ready to spring upon us. Needless to say those nights were full of terror. My father, helpless with rheumatism, was anxious to make as quick time as possible, and when after leaving Julesburg some of the teamsters decided to leave the main body of the train and take the Cut Off, my father added his three wagons, his men, and his family to this foolhardy venture. Reports were to the effect that this was a dangerous part of the country. The second day out we passed the burned shack of a poor settler, the thatched roof still smoldering. In the yard were a tumbled down wooden tub and a battered wash boiler. Broken dishes strewed the ground and a feather bed had been ripped open and the white feathers were blowing about in wanton glee. The family had been killed.

One day having traveled till dark without finding water, we were assured by an old freighter that five miles farther on was a stream and plenty of grass. We journeyed on, the five miles lengthening into ten, and still no water. By this time the team of mules belonging to our family wagon was worn out and refused to take another step. A hurried council was held, but the rest of the trainmen insisted on going still farther. They decided to leave our wagon behind, and promised to return for it when water was found and camp made. This was done, but we two girls, although we begged to stay with the family, were told to go with the other wagons, which, there being no choice, we did.

The driver of this wagon agreed to stay, but when the others were out of sight, he unhitched the team and taking the gun he rode away, leaving my helpless father, my little brother, who was ill with chills and fever, and my mother. The wagon was left standing in the middle of the road in moonlight so bright that it could be seen for miles in any direction. The sick mule was still tied to the rear axle, and when he found himself alone he brayed at intervals so loudly that had there been Indians within miles, they must have heard.

The train traveled till midnight, then made dry camp, not having found the promised water. Our other driver with three men and teams started back immediately for the stranded wagon, none of them expecting to find the family alive, but the protecting hand of Providence had held them in safety. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when camp was reached.

Many other harrowing details might be recounted as also some things of happier intent, as when while still 200 miles from our journey's end we saw against the western sky, just as the sun was setting, the snow-crowned summit of Long's Peak, a vision of the promised land. At the old California Crossing where we stopped for feed and water, there lived in an old rambling log house a Frenchman with several squaws, a squaw-man, I heard him offer my father six white ponies for his "squaw papoose," meaning me. Knowing my father's great need of fresher teams, I was overcome with fright, fearing my father would consider this generous offer. But for some reason my father failed to appreciate the advantage of such an exchange and we drove on without the ponies. From this time on we had no further trouble with the Indians as small detachments of Colorado soldiers were patrolling this section.

Thus having passed through many dangers, both seen and unseen, we finally arrived at the little city of Denver, then numbering some 3,500 people, and a few days later, just at dusk, we reached our journey's end, the busy mining town of Empire City.

This town of 700 people nestled in a little valley hemmed round about with high mountains. Clear Creek on its way from the snow-capped peaks to the plains below, roared and foamed through the middle of it, turning the wheels of many stamp mills on which the mining industry so largely depended.

It was fortunate for us that we brought a year's supply of provisions as food was scarce and expensive. Flour that winter was \$80 a barrel and sugar 50 cents a pound, bacon and beef were almost out of sight, and vegetables and green stuffs were prohibitive. Dried fruits, navy beans and corn meal were the staple diet. Hay was \$200 a ton, being hauled over the mountains through the deep snow from Bergen Park. With ten mules to feed the expense was heavy, and six weeks or more elapsed before all but four of them could be sent to the valley, to winter.

Some mile and a half away near the top of one of these high mountains perched a cluster of houses called Upper Town. Most of the mines were on Silver Mountain near this camp. The property in which my father was interested was up there as were several of the richest gold mines in the county. The ore was hauled by mule teams down the steep road to the mills on Clear Creek. At the same time sluicing was successfully carried on all along the creek, from Spanish Bar to Fall River, and Idaho Springs. Sluice boxes, flumes and arrastras lined the stream as it spread over these sandy bars.

Even young boys were interested in this kind of mining. My young brother, just a lad of twelve or thirteen, used to trudge the mile and a half to Upper Town and drag

home a gunny sack, nearly as large as himself, filled with ore that he had picked up around the mines. This he pulverized in a little arrastra which he had rigged up himself. A small overshot wheel placed in the little stream which dashed down the mountainside behind our house, turned this small Spanish gristmill. Thus was ground to powder, the chunks of rich ore, and the precious yellow grains were caught in the quicksilver placed in grooves of the lower stone, as the water whirled around before it rushed away down the stream. Sometimes he would clean up as much as \$10 in a single day.

This same young brother of mine discovered quartz which promised to be rich in gold, on the farther side of Old Covode Mountain, east of town. It was a lonely place for a boy to work and I used often to go with him for the day, taking a picnic lunch and a book. Selecting a spot in the shade of a huge boulder or in the branches of a stunted pine or juniper, I would enjoy my book while he toiled with pick and shovel. I was not allowed to read novels, but a Sunday School book was eminently proper. It was up there on the "top of the world" that I read "Osceola, the Seminole," from the Sunday School Library. I do not now recall the author's name but she had written a most thrilling love story. I remember thinking our Utes who came every summer to Empire, must be of a different civilization from these fascinating Seminoles.

In the middle '60s, the Ute tribe of Indians numbering about 1,500, claimed Middle Park as their summer home by right of possession. At a certain time each summer a Federal agent was stationed at Empire to distribute their allotment of cattle, flour and blankets. Large numbers of Indians would come over the range on their little ponies and camp for weeks in a grassy meadow called "The Ranch" on the other side of the creek. They were great beggars and roamed the town begging for "wheeskey" and "beeskit." Although their little village of white teepees made a picturesque spot against the distant mountain the townspeople were always glad to see the last of them for their ponies, and beef cattle ate the best of the grass in the Ranch.

In the late summer of 1866 nearly 1,000 Utes were camped in the Ranch, and almost every evening they held a pow-wow around their central campfire. The young people of the town often went over to look on. The squaws always sat on the ground at the outer edge of the ring beating their tomtoms, while the warriors danced around the fire. One evening with a group of boys and girls I was watching the dance, when I felt a touch on my shoulder and turning looked into the face of a painted chief. He saw my fright but laughed and said, "Squaw dance, Squaw dance," motioning me to join them in the ring. I shook my head and with another laugh he stepped away. I went home immediately, and, although with my young friends I had been there again and again, my father would never let me go afterward.

For a summer outing the leisure class of Empire made trips into Middle Park, going over Berthoud Pass, where a steep trail was sufficiently marked out for horseback travel. In August of 1868 a party of ten, mostly women, including my own family, crossed the range and camped near the Sulphur Springs which then were just a number of little rills trickling down the hillside into a natural grotto. At the same time, occupying the only house in the Park, a two-room log cabin, owned by Mr. William Byers of Denver, was Major Powell, a Government explorer and surveyor, who with his guides and helpers was on his way to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Also a few miles away a band of 700 Utes were camped.

In Denver during the month of August, the Honorable Schulyer Colfax, Republican nominee for Vice President, with a party including several ladies, was visiting and making a tour of the mountains and parks. It so happened that the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians chose this time to make a general assault upon the borders of Colorado. They planned to meet their enemies, the Utes, in one of the parks and wipe them out. It was supposed the meeting would be in the neighborhood of the Sulphur Springs. A runner was dispatched in haste with litters from the Governor, and the Colfax party returned to Denver without harm.

Meanwhile, warning of the danger reached the Sulphur Springs camp, and Major Powell immediately took command making what preparations were possible; rounding up all campers to the log house, some twenty well-armed men, besides women; throwing up breastworks, and placing a guard. The excitement was thrilling but the night of watchful waiting passed in peace and quiet, the campers undisturbed. There was, however, a bloody battle waged that very night and many scalps were taken but it was not at the log house.

I cannot claim that life was a hardship after we reached Empire City. We had a comfortable home although built of logs; upholstered furniture; a piano, books, pictures, lace curtains, and other attractive features, all the necessities of life if not the luxuries. Other families also were comfortably housed. There was a school in winter and a small Episcopal Church where at long intervals a priest or sometimes a bishop held service and for more common use the large rambling town hall where any preacher, usually a Methodist, could gather a large audience at short notice, either on a Sunday or a week-day night. There was always a Sunday School, and church sociables were largely and generously attended, the people glad to be thus entertained and to give their money to a religious cause.

My father would, I think, have made as good a preacher of the Gospel as a lawyer, perhaps better. Many Sundays there was not minister, and, because the people liked to go somewhere Sunday evening, my father would conduct a religious service. He had in his library a book entitled, "Night Scenes in the Bible," and he would read one of these stories. There was usually some one who could make a prayer, if not, father could, and my mother, who had a well cultivated, rich contralto voice, would lead the singing. The church people or the townfolks owned a small cabinet organ, a Mason and Hamlin, and excepting this, our piano was the only musical instrument in town – of course, there were two or three fiddles – and because I could play a little my duty was to give to each service whatever talent I possessed along that line. You may view this entertainment as more or less a family affair, but the crowded house and the really fine chorus singing was proof that the effort was appreciated.

As in all communities whatever the surroundings, children and youth will find amusements, and it was so in this frontier mining town. At the edge of the village a large millpond furnished excellent skating, in season, and the hillsides and even the main street of Empire were so steep that a loaded bob-sled would travel a mile a minute from the upper end of the street down to the banks of Clear Creek a couple of miles away, unless as happened occasionally the man steering ran into a snow bank thus stopping its mad rush. Our bob-sleds had two pairs of runners, made by cutting in half the hickory bows of an ox yoke. They were as smooth as glass and very light and as the boys used to say, would run like greased lightning.

The staple dress material was calico, a very excellent quality made at that time. Sometimes French calico could be bought in Central City, the Mecca for all mountain camps, this and Scotch gingham were in our estimation the equal of silk or satin, the former being obtainable, the latter not. Neither could this goods be bought for a song, the price per yard ranging from one dollar up. One of our fastidious young women riding on the bob-sled one evening, had on a new French calico dress, but, careless about holding it closely around her it dragged under the runners and the hem was cut to ribbons.

The wild red raspberry grew in profusion on the mountains where the timber had been burned over. Nearly every day through the berry season, groups of boys and girls would tramp miles to reach the best patches, then climb the mountain from the bottom to the top to fill their tin lard pails with the luscious fruit. Generally it rained before the day was over thus adding discomfort to an already tired body. But so fascinating was the sport that every morning found the same groups ready to start afresh, on the same weary round.

Wild creatures were often seen in the dense timber. One of our young men, while hunting horses one day in the thick mist, near the top of a mountain, came upon a mother bear and her two cubs. When my dearest girl friend, and her brother, who lived at Upper Town, were going home from a party one dark night, the yellow eyes of a panther kept pace with them on the bank just beside the road. The creature disappeared when the lights of the village came into view. A horseman coming through the Ranch one moonlight night, heard the pit-a-pat behind him and turning about looked into the face of a mountain lion trotting along a dozen yards behind. The direction of the wind being away from the creature, the horse had not scented him.

The Superintendent of the Leibig Mill, one of the largest of the process mills near Empire, invited a number of persons to inspect the plant and among them were several women, my mother and myself being of the party. In making the rounds we came to an immense fly-wheel fully fifteen feet in diameter, with a twelve or fifteen-inch wide belt. Half of this wheel was above the floor, and the shaft or axle on which it was turning was level with the floor and not boxed as it should have been. The machinery was running at full speed. Mr. Leiper, the superintendent, cautioned mother not to let her clothing touch it, and she, turning to those following cautioned them, but in so doing the hem of her long dress skirt was caught by the swiftly revolving axle and she was pulled over backward.

Mr. Leiper hearing our shriek, and seeing the cause, grasped mother under her arms. In the confusion that followed how the rest of us ever passed the wheel itself, that whirling monster of death, was certainly a mystery. As mother's clothing wound round and round, drawing her close to the floor, and Mr. Leiper to his knees, we heard sharp cracking noises which surely meant the breaking of every bone in her body. The only thing we could do was to shriek loud enough to be heard above the thunderous machinery and thus attract the workmen. Men tried catching hold of the belt, but that was too dangerous and for the moment none seemed to know just how to stop the machinery. The mill was run by water power and not until the headgates had been closed did the shaft stop turning.

When mother was released we thought she was dead, but she had only fainted. Mr. Leiper's great strength in holding her, together with the fine steel hoops of the crinoline she wore had saved her life. The steel hoops could not wind tight enough around the shaft to prevent their slipping. All her clothing was new, her skirt a heavy

balmoral, her dress a heavy print, but they were stripped almost entirely from her body. Even her shoes, which also were new, were torn from her feet and when found both heels were gone and each shoe was torn through the eyelets on the instep. In spite of all this not a bone was broken, the cracking was the noise of breaking floor boards beneath the weight and thickness of clothing wound around the shaft. The shock to mother was very great but in time she fully recovered, but since that experience I have not cared to inspect huge machinery except from outside a safe railing.

Many of our townspeople were experienced miners from Cornwall, Cousin Jacks they were called. Some had brought their families with them. One of my best girl friends had recently made the long perilous trip from England. I think my mother missed the refined, social influences to which she had been accustomed, and for myself, I will acknowledge that having grown to womanhood in this frontier environment, save for a year at an eastern college, I have in later years been conscious that the social graces if not acquired in youth are difficult of achievement at a mature age.

My father, as superintendent of the mining enterprise which he organized, continued with the company until the discovery several years later, of rich silver ore, just over the mountain, where Georgetown, a new camp, was started. Together with many other gold mines throughout the Territory, this group was closed down, many properties lying idle for nearly a generation. In 1870 my father resumed the practice of law, opening an office in Georgetown, and the family moved to the new settlement. He was Probate Judge for many years and carried the title until his demise in 1900. By his death there passed a Christian gentleman, who at all times strove for the upbuilding and betterment of his adopted home, the New West.

In an old copy of the Rocky Mountain Herald (loaned to us by S. T. Sopris, an "Old Timer") under date of October 21, 1886, just forty years ago, we find an account of the Pioneer banquet held that day, and we quote a few words from the speech of the president of the society, Jacob Downing:

"The Pioneers are gradually passing away, but their record is one of which we may feel proud, whether in prosperity or adversity. The same enterprise that led them to pioneer the way; induced them to brave the dangers, and hardships of the mining camps and the lonely canyon, and the isolated ranch. To wring from the stubborn rock, and desert land, the wealth that built our cities, school houses, churches, and our homes and made the charming picture that the most wealthy and cultivated visitor from all civilized portions of the globe, come to see and to enjoy."

At this same banquet, the closing words of the Honorable J. E. Bates, then Mayor of the city, in his after-dinner speech were:

"The Pioneers will, in the natural dispensation of things, soon be gone, but their progeny will survive; their works will last. As Colorado grows and prospers the glory of the "Old Timer" will, with renewed ardor, be cherished by the coming generations, and his acts, and works, be known with the history of his country."

THE END