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## Early Fiction of The Rocky Mountain Region

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The first imaginative portrayals of Rocky Mountain life and scenery flourished between 1825 and 1870, when romance was the dominating influence in American literature. To the American writer and to the English author, also, the Far West, whether he had visited it or not, offered great scope for his picture of an ideal state of natural life or for an adventure story crowded with melodramatic situations and heroic deeds. The factual accounts of the governmental exploring parties and of the early travelers seem to have been utilized rarely and carelessly by those lacking in personal experience; they preferred to follow unrestrained imagination.

The Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the opening up of the Santa Fe trade following Mexican independence in 1821, the ceding of Oregon to the United States and the Mormon migration to Utah in 1847, the Mexican War in 1846-48, the California gold rush in 1849, the Pikes Peak rush in 1859, and the various Indian troubles, all stimulated in the reading public an increasing interest in the New West, a territory but vaguely and imperfectly known. These early readers were fed much conventional romance, thinly coated over with Western atmosphere, and numerous lurid tales of Indian fighting or of the hardships experienced by hunters, trappers, and travelers beyond the frontier. Most of these fictional works have been lost, scattered, or forgotten; but the following notes may serve to indicate the nature of the many volumes that often misinformed our grandparents but that seem to have been eagerly read.

1. Flint, Timothy. *Francis Berrian, or the Mexican Patriot*. 2 vols. in one, 299 pp. and 289 pp. Boston, Cummings, Hilliard and Company, 1826. This story, preceding Cooper's *The Prairie* by one year, is supposed to have been told to the author by the hero, Francis Berrian, who was returning from Philadelphia to his home in "Durango, in New Mexico." It includes the capture

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of a fair maiden by the Indians, a journey to the Rocky Mountains and to Santa Fe with a party engaged in horse trading with the Indians, active fighting with the "Patriots of Mexico," the marriage of Francis to the daughter of the Spanish governor, and his final settlement in New Spain. The hero, born near Boston, professes great admiration for "Mount Pike" and for the Arkansas River. After reaching the mountains "at the point where the Arkansas finds its way among them to the plain," he went on with one member of the party to "a central village of the Comanches among the mountains" and "over towards the waters of the Rio del Norte." The author dedicated his work to Henry A. Bullard, a fellow graduate of Harvard, from whose Western adventures the small amount of factual matter in the book was derived. Flint, for some years a resident of New Orleans and of Cincinnati and a magazine editor in the latter place, was a pioneer in Western fiction, although he places the scenes of this novel far beyond the regions which he knew from personal experience. The Santa Fe region, opened to United States trade only four years before this book was published, offered him a novel background for his Bostonian hero's romantic bravery, honor, love, and aesthetic sensitivity.

2. Flint, Timothy. *The Shoshonee Valley, a Romance*. By the author of "Francis Berrian." 2 vols. in one, 323 pp. and 264 pp. Cincinnati, E. H. Flint, 1830. In this work Flint moved his scene farther north, but retained the customary ingredients of conventional romance. The author states that the materials came from the tales told by M. Mackay, "the venerable commandant, under the Spanish regime in Louisiana, of the district of Carondelet, below St. Louis," and a company of others "who had each crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Western sea." It is asserted that many of the events and characters are authentic, but most readers today will be amused by the highly improbable characters and events in this tangle of love and hate, flights and fighting, heroes and villains both white and red. Judge James Hall, another Cincinnati author and magazine editor, thus pays tribute to his contemporary: "Few can sketch out with so masterly a hand the gorgeous scenery in our Western solitudes. He has the heart and the eye of the poet for the beauties of the mountain, the forest, and the stream, and for the sublimities of the cataract and the storm. . . . 'The Shoshonee Valley' has all the characteristic beauties of its writer. The elevated and meditative cast of thought—the graphic descriptions of nature—the fondness for escaping from the abodes of civilized men, and of tracing out the footsteps of the aboriginal—

and the peculiar imagery, which distinguishes the writings of this author."<sup>1</sup>

3. Pike, Albert. *Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country*. 200 pp. Boston, Light and Horton, 1834. Albert Pike, born in Boston and for a short time a student at Harvard, arrived in St. Louis in the summer of 1834 and soon joined an expedition to Santa Fe, from which city he accompanied a party of trappers to the headwaters of the Red and Brazos Rivers. Soon after, he and four companions started across to the Arkansas River; they reached Fort Smith in November, after many hardships. In the years that followed he edited a paper in Little Rock, practiced law, and wrote poetry. Later on he moved from Arkansas to Memphis and died in Washington, D. C., in 1891.<sup>2</sup>

The two pioneer journals in Pike's book are vivid and authentic. The "Narrative of a Journal in the Prairie" is an account of events told to the author by Aaron B. Lewis, concerning a trapping party coming to Taos from Fort Towson on the Red River and going into the mountains north of Taos to "within a few days' journey of the heads of the Columbia." The "Narrative of a Second Journey in the Prairie" is a record of the author's own experiences with Lewis, Bill Williams, and other mountain men on the trip back from Taos to Fort Smith. Most of the poems included are quite ordinary.

Among the best writings in the book are the three fictional sketches, somewhat in the manner of Washington Irving, which have as locale the Mexican village El Embudo, Taos, and Santa Fe. "A Mexican Tale" tells of the poor Mexican lover of the daughter of a wealthy villager, who has promised her to a rich but old neighbor, who is aided in his suit by a corrupt Catholic priest. An American assists the hero to steal the bride just before the ceremony and to ride away with her to a mountain home. One day, while Rafael is recapturing from the Indians some of his cattle, Inacia is found and taken away by her father. Rafael pursues and, unable to get possession of her, stabs her and is slain. "The Inroad of the Nabajo" depicts a Navajo raid on the village and pueblo of Taos, of the later reprisal, and of the awarding of the young widow to a lover who promises to revenge the murder of her husband. "Refugio" is a story of Santa Fe, of the disgracefully dishonest officials, and of the murder trial of the melancholy but cultured Refugio, a falsely accused American.

Mr. Pike took occasion to correct his forerunner, Mr. Flint.

<sup>1</sup>Quoted from *The Illinois Magazine*, December, 1830, by A. N. DeMenil in *The Literature of the Louisiana Territory* (St. Louis, 1904), 61-62. Both DeMenil and R. L. Rusk, in *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1925), have accounts of the career of Timothy Flint.

<sup>2</sup>DeMenil, *op. cit.*, 118-123.



"When Mr. Flint, in his 'Francis Berrian,' described these Indians [the Comanches] as noble, brave, and generous, he was immensely out in the matter. They are mean, cowardly, and treacherous. Neither (since I am correcting a gentleman for whom I have a great regard) is there any village of the Comanches on the Heads of the Arkansas. Neither is the governor's palace in Santa Fe anything more than a mud building, fifteen feet high, with a mud-covered portico, supported by rough pine pillars. The gardens, and fountains, and grand staircases, etc., are, of course, wanting" (p. 41).

4. Marryat, Captain (Frederick). *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Senora, and Western Texas*. 3 vols. London, Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1843. (Reprinted in Illustrated Library Edition, Marryat Novels, in same volume as "Mr. Midshipman Easy." 372 pp. New York, James Clarke and Company. Introduction dated March, 1898.)

This pseudo-travel book, by the popular English novelist, depicts the hero living with the Shoshone Indians, wandering from Monterey to the Red River, and having adventures in Texas and along the Arkansas. It is full of romance and misinformation, although its author had visited the Mississippi region and Canada in 1837 and 1838. The author of the sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says that this book was one in a series designed for children. The introduction to the 1898 edition, by W. L. Courtney, gives the following opinion: "So chaotic and wearisome a production can hardly have commanded a very wide circle of readers of any age, and but for the established reputation of its author, it would ere this have been deservedly forgotten." The "impossible boyish hero, transplanted from Rome and the Propaganda at the age of twelve to the banks of the Bona Ventura River in the land of the Shoshones" finally turns Indian. "Five or six chapters are given to the history of the Mormons, and the last twenty pages read like a rather interesting extract from a book on American geography." This work should, however, be classed as a work of fiction by a retired captain of the English navy, who knew but vaguely the Far West but did not let this circumstance cramp his wild story-telling. George W. Kendall, in the preface to his *The Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition*, 1844, first published in the New Orleans *Picayune* in 1842, claims that Marryat misused information gained from these papers, in writing *Monsieur Violet*.

5. St. John, Percy B. *The Trapper's Bride, a Tale of the Rocky Mountains*. 22 pp. and *The Rose of Ouisconsin*. 26 pp. New York, E. Ferrett and Company, no date, price twelve and

one-half cents. Paper back. This is the Library of Congress copy; the British Museum catalog lists this volume under the date of 1845, but the volume could not be found there in August, 1931. Henry R. Wagner, *The Plains and The Rockies*, 1921, gives the dates as "Second edition, London, 1845," and adds: "In the advertisement St. John says he had lived some years in the backwoods of Texas." On page 22 of the New York edition there is a footnote containing the following:

"The above is a rude sketch rather of scenery and life in the wild prairies of the west, with a connecting story, true in its details, than any attempt at a dramatic tale. The author's limits would not permit him to work out the full features of a narrative not wanting in native interest. The 'Rose of Ouisconsin,' which follows, is an attempt at a more complete and finished legend of Indian and Border life in the last century." Chapter one concerns the headquarters of the trappers and the traders on the Arkansas River, Fort Bent. "But Pierre loved the Flower of the Eutaw, the lovely young Moama," with whom he elopes to Brown's Hole, where he marries her. Then we see "The Eutaw Village" in Chapter four, and "The Chase" in Chapter five. It is all very thrilling and suggests that popular literature at one or two "bits" per issue preceded the dime novel, which flourished after the Civil War. The work under discussion advertises many twenty-five-cent books, published by Dick and Fitzgerald's Great Publishing House, New York, including "Tales of Border Adventure" and "The Mountain Outlaw." St. John was the author of another wild, Indian romance, entitled *Keetsea; or the Enchanted Rock*, 1855 (British Museum copy).

Another work, with a title similar to the earlier story by St. John, was advertised in Bennett's *Leni Leoti*, published in 1849 and described below. The advertisement reads: "The Trapper's Bride: Or, Spirit of Adventure, by the Author of 'Prairie Bird.' Few works issued from the American Press, can boast of the success obtained by this thrilling fiction. It has called forth many criticisms from the reviewers; many of them highly complimentary—others beautifully sarcastic. Either this, or its own intrinsic merit, has attained for it a sale of over Fifty Thousand Copies within the last six months. The book is printed in superb style, on fine paper, and contains 160 pages. Price 25 cents."

One romance of adventures on the prairies and among the Indians with the title *The Prairie Bird* is listed in Wagner's *The Plains and The Rockies*, as printed in three volumes in London, by Richard Bentley, in 1844. Its author is Charles Augustus Murray, and he may have been the writer referred to above. One other rare item of Western romance in cheap form, also noted by Wag-



ner but not seen by the present writer, is J. S. Robb's *Great American Prize Romance. Kaam; Or, Day-Light, the Arapahoe Half-Breed, a Tale of the Rocky Mountains*. 42 pp. Boston, "Star Spangled Banner" Office, 1847. Wagner reports: "A note on the title page says a premium of \$150 was paid for this lurid tale by the Dollar Newspaper of Philadelphia." Robb was also the author of *Streaks of Squatter Life, and Far West Scenes*. Philadelphia, 1847. These contain some humor in regard to the backwoods life of the Mississippi valley, but the local color is not very good.

6. (Stewart, Sir William George Drummond.) *Altowan; or, Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains* By an Amateur Traveler. Edited by J. Watson Webb. Vol. 1, 255 pp. Vol. 2, 240 pp. New York, Harper and Bros., 1846. The "Notice to the Reader" says: "The sketches of Indian habits and the incidents of the chase which it contains, are taken from life, and the description of the regions where the scene is laid, in the western wilds, is drawn from nature." This story opens with scenes in the Rocky Mountain region "between Jackson's Hole . . . and the Susquades" and we learn that "the camp of Roallan was on the left fork of Wind River." Roallan has various experiences with the Blackfeet and the Crow Indians, with beaver and buffalo, and with the scenery around Yellowstone Lake and the Bighorn River. There are accounts of horses being stolen by Indians, of the killing of Crows, and of the rescue of the heroine Idalie by the Blackfeet and the noble Altowan, son of an English lord and an Indian squaw. In the end Lord Roallan and Idalie, back safe in London, are married; but Altowan dies. Most of the writing is rather prosy, with no vivid characters and little conversation. The descriptions are fairly good, but the events are those of conventional romance, except for the Indian fights.

The long dedication, signed by J. Watson Webb, and addressed to Charles Fenno Hoffman, tells the reader that "The autumn of 1819 found me on duty at Detroit, and the following spring, in command of a separate post on Lake Huron" and that the editor met a "British half-pay officer" in New York in 1832, who furnished him with the history of "Altowan." This friend, who had been with General Ashley and had later continued to the Pacific with a small band of *voyageurs*, entertained Webb and the painter Inman on his English estate, in 1844, and had at that time given to Webb the journal of his travels.

Mr. Webb, in this dedication, records his opinion of Stewart's predecessor, Cooper. "Among the deluded mass [those who did not know the true Indian], our countryman Cooper stands conspicuous.

In common with all of us, he listened in infancy to the nursery tales which had been handed down from generation to generation, with such additions as the love of the marvelous among nursery maids, very naturally prompted; and as Mr. Cooper is not accustomed to doubt the accuracy of his knowledge on any subject, it should not be matter of surprise with those who know him, that he assumes perfectly to understand the Indian character. . . .

"When in 1919, I entered the army, I too, in common with most persons in the Atlantic States, believed in the nursery picture of Indian life which had become traditional in all our homes, and had I not become a wanderer in the Western wilds, and a sojourner in the *wigwams* of its people, I should doubtless, have been one of the most confiding believers in Mr. Cooper's portrait of the aborigines—based, as it unquestionably is, upon his profound knowledge of their character, acquired in connection with the veritable history of 'Mother Goose,' and the no less interesting adventures of 'Jack the Giant-killer.'"

7. (Stewart, Sir W. D.) *Edward Warren*. 724 pp. London, G. Walker, 1854. This, like the book described above, was published anonymously. A note by the donor of the copy in the Library of Congress, W. F. Wagner, M.D., pasted inside the front cover, maintains: "The author is, however, Sir William Drummond Stewart, Bart., who visited the Rocky Mountains in 1833, and was at the rendezvous on the Green River in the summer of this year. . . . Some years after his return to Scotland, he wrote this book. . . . It, however, contains nothing of historical interest." This note is dated "Washington, 1904."

Although the author attempted, according to his Introduction, "to recall, in a fictitious autobiography, events in the West which I myself have seen happen, or known to have occurred," he succeeded only in writing another dull book about English nobility hunting in the wilds and engaging in a mild love affair, with Blackfeet Indians to give atmosphere. It at least contains no real misinformation.

8. Ruxton, George Frederick. *Life in the Far West*. 312 pp. Edinburgh and London, Blackwood and Sons, 1849. Originally issued as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nos. 63 and 64, 1848. This best of all novels concerning the Rocky Mountain region in the days preceding the discovery of gold, was written by a young Englishman who had traveled in Mexico and the regions to the north in 1845-47, and had published in London, in 1847, his *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains*. When returning for another sojourn in the West, Ruxton took sick in Saint Louis and died, in 1848. *Life in the Far West* portrays the romance of



La Bonte, a trapper, who rescues Mary Brand, the sweetheart of his youth, and her family, who have been pursued by hostile Indians while the family is passing through the mountains on the way to the Pacific coast. The plot is merely the thread on which Ruxton strings his vivid pictures of the mountain men, including the well-known Bill Williams, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and the Sublettes. Ruxton manages to include most of the places and experiences associated with the lives of the Rocky Mountain trapper during the thirties and forties.

(This novel was reprinted by Macmillan Company, in 1924, with an introduction by Horace Kephart.)

9. Bennett, Emerson. *The Prairie Flower; or, Adventures in the Far West*. 128 pp. Cincinnati and St. Louis, Stratton and Barnard, 1849; and

10. Bennett, Emerson. *Leni-Leoti; or, Adventures in the Far West*. 117 pp. Same as above and "Printed at 'The Great West' Office." This is a sequel to *The Prairie Flower*, and the two, with their paper covers, have been bound together in the Library of Congress copy. Bennett is listed as the author of the "Bandits of the Osage," "The Renegade," "Mike Fink," "Kate Clarendon," etc., etc. An advertisement urges the reader to "Support Western Effort. The Great West, a Literary and Family Sheet of the First Class" and promises that "Among the new features will be introduced a series of original sketches, entitled Incidents in the Life of Kit Carson, by an Old Trapper."

This advertisement of *The Great West*, a magazine "equal in every particular to the best Eastern Weeklies" and "with a circulation unprecedented in the annals of Western Literature," further informs us that *The Prairie Flower* "is the author's last and best romance, and received the premium of \$200, awarded by the publishers of the Great West, for the best production by a western writer. The incidents and characters, being drawn from facts and real life, invest the story with unusual interest. Prairie scenery and the trapper's life have never before met so faithful a painter. The second edition of five thousand copies, is nearly exhausted—Price 25 cts." Bennett is referred to as one "whose services are permanently and exclusively secured for this paper."

*The Prairie Flower* and its sequel *Leni-Leoti* recount a series of imaginary exploits of two Harvard graduates out for adventure in the Far West. A Cooperesque romance, including fainting heroines, Indian captivities, pursuits, and rescues, lends plot. Numerous incidents common to the life of trappers and of emigrants on the Oregon trail are taken from the books of Irving, Fremont, and others. Scenes range from Boston and New York, through Cin-

cinnati, the prairies, South Pass, Walla Walla, Oregon City, back by Salt Lake Desert and City, to the Grand River in the present Colorado, Pike's Peak, South Park, Taos, and Santa Fe.

Some of the descriptions are good and the episodes vivid, but the heroine is an almost impossibly beautiful, merciful, and cultured Indian maiden, belonging to "the Mysterious Tribe," non-warlike Indians versed in the healing arts. She appears at opportune times to save the heroes from death, finally marrying one of them. In the end it is learned that she really is the daughter of the Marchioness of Lombardy, stolen away in childhood.

11. Robinson, J. H. *Kosato, The Blackfoot Renegade*. A 38-page, double column, pamphlet. Boston, Published by the Yankee Nation Office, 1850. "The following novelette was originally published in the columns of the Yankee National newspaper, and is one of a series now being published in that journal." Another volume of the same nature is *The Lone Star; or, the Texas Bravo. A Tale of the Southwest*, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. F. Gleason's Publishing Hall, Boston, 1852. In this 92-page paperback there is a list of 25-cent books, some of them reprinted from "The Flag of Our Union, An Elegant, Moral and Refined Miscellaneous Family Journal . . . published every Saturday, by F. Gleason, Boston." No doubt many such cheap works of fiction catered to the taste for "Wild West thrillers."

*Kosato* seems to be an elaboration of an episode narrated by Washington Irving in one chapter of *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West* (1837). But Irving would never have been guilty of the spirit voice which guided Malcolm, the narrator, and his friend Meridine through their heaped up troubles. Malcolm is aided by Kosato, who had eloped with the squaw of his Blackfoot chief and who thereafter dwelt with the Shoshones and fought his former tribesmen. Although the scenes are laid on the Salmon and the Snake Rivers, there is little truly Western atmosphere. Nixon, a humorous free-trapper, is reminiscent of Cooper's Leatherstocking; he is full of dialect and of stories of his sure-fire gun, "Perticerler Death." After aiding in the butchery of dozens of "red reptiles," as Nixon called the Indians, Malcolm marries the sister of Kosato's bride, another beautiful child of nature, in a ceremony held at Fort Walla Walla.

12. Belisle, D. W. *The American Family Robinson; or the Adventures of a Family Lost in the Great Desert of the West*. 360 pp. Philadelphia, Porter and Coates, 1853. (This book was popular enough to warrant a new issue as late as 1877.)

This tale of "The Wanderers; or, Life in the Western Wilds"



concerns itself with the fortunes of the family of Mr. Duncan, a sturdy Missouri woodsman, who sets out with three ox wagons and other property to make a new home in the West. "Onward to the West the tide of emigration is still rolling . . . and now where is the West? Not the Mississippi valley, but the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. That part we find on charts as the 'unknown.' A valley situated among mountains, sunny and luxuriant as those of a poet's dream; but guarded by a people driven to desperation. This is now the West."

The true West remained about as "unknown" after this book, for it is a conventional narrative of the usual difficulties of travel on the prairies—lost children, hostile Indians, a prairie fire, buffalo hunts, and Indian captivities. But when the author reaches the mountains he lets his imagination go and depicts a cave in the Wasatch Mountains which contained a petrified human body. "On examination, it proved to have been a man nearly nine feet high, of extraordinary muscular proportions." Here, too, were the remains of an extinct culture, for not only was there a copper javelin sticking in the giant's side, but a metal canoe was discovered nearby. In another cave was a solid gold urn covered with beautiful hieroglyphics. Space does not permit the listing of the many other wonders and hair-breadth escapes encountered by this family. Robinson Crusoe's life was uneventful in comparison.

13. Aimard, Gustave. *The Trail Hunter, a Tale of the Far West*. 392 pp. London, Ward and Lock, 1863. This book is listed merely to show that Wild West books grew more frequent in the sixties. Aimard, who is praised in the "Preface," by Lascelles Wraxall, as a writer of the finest of Indian tales, here turns to the Mexican frontier. The description of Santa Fe, in Part II, is very sketchy; and the episodes, which concern Mexican gentlemen, Indians, Catholic Friars, wild horses, an abduction, a revolt, and the execution of conspirators, reveal no intimate knowledge of life in the Southwest.

14. *A Pilgrimage Over the Prairies*. In 2 volumes, by the author of "The Fortunes of a Colonist." 298 pp. and 313 pp. London, T. Cautley Newby, 1863. Such romances as this one, concerning Englishmen roaming through the Far West in search of lost maidens, whom they take back to London to marry, grow more common in the sixties. After many grievous perils, Mr. Philip Ruysdale, the narrator of this story, finds Kosata, the girl of English parentage who has been tenderly reared by the Shoshones, although she had been originally captured by the Blackfoot Indians and taken to the Wind River region. Perhaps the author had read *Kosato, the Blackfoot Renegade*, but the sex is different from that of the child of nature in J. H. Robinson's book.

15. Wraxall, Sir Frederick Charles Lascelles. *The Backwoodsman; or, Life on the Indian Frontier*. Edited by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart., author of "The Black Panther," etc. 428 pp. London, J. Maxwell and Co., 1864. (An American edition was published in Boston, in 1866.) Another first person narrative written by an arm-chair traveler. It opens: "My blockhouse was built at the foot of the mountain-chain of the Rio Grande, on the precipitous banks of the River Leone." The author praises the magnolia trees and recounts adventures with jaguars, elephants, and even alligators. "One afternoon we looked down from a hill on the blue crystalline waters of the Southern Platte, which, coming down from the Medicine Hills, rustled through the valley at our feet." Certainly this is fiction, in the evil sense of the word. Wraxall is credited, also, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, with being the author of *Mercedes, a Romance of the Mexican War*, in 1865.

16. Bowman, Anne. *The Bear Hunters of the Rocky Mountains*, 474 pp. Boston, Crosby and Ainsworth, 1866. (My copy is also 474 pp., but issued at Philadelphia, by Porter and Coates, no date.) Anne Bowman was a prolific author of such works as *The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush* (1858) and *Adventures, Wanderings, and Sufferings of the Merton Family; or Life Scenes Among the South American Indians* (1868). *The Bear Hunters* opens with a wealthy young Englishman, Harold Crofton, setting out for ten or twelve months of sport and adventure in the Rocky Mountains, accompanied by a groom and a tutor. The ship, sailing from Liverpool, is wrecked on the coast of California; and the party, leaving behind the gold-seekers, strikes out east, crossing the mountains and seeking for the trading posts beyond the Rockies. They fight bears and rescue captured women from the Indians. Mr. Rodney, the tutor, asserts: "I know we are safe from pursuit as long as the snow falls; for I know that these unclothed Indians shrink from the storm even more than their fellow creatures who are clothed after the civilized custom."

17. *The General; or Twelve Nights in the Hunters' Camp, a Narrative of Real Life*. 268 pp. Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1869. The "General," Willard Barrows, recounts before the camp fire, a story appropriate to the section of the country covered during the day by this party going from New England to California. On the eleventh night Gaspero, the mountain guide, tells of a battle with the Blackfoot Indians. There is nothing very remarkable in the work, except the framework for the telling of conventional Western stories.



No doubt many Western romances have been lost, for they were often issued in the cheapest form possible and were regarded as journalistic rather than literary efforts. The following title-page, deposited in the Library of Congress in 1869, indicates the nature of this almost forgotten mass of "thrillers." "The Yellow Chief. A Romance of the Rocky Mountains. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of the following dime novels: 150. Scalp-Hunters 20c. 155. White Squaw 20c. . . . N. Y., Beadle and Co." Mayne Reid, an Englishman, was usually quite moral and noble in these novels written for boys; but he included plenty of blood and thunder to hold their interest.

Even after Western travel became easy, due to the completion of the Union Pacific railroad in 1869, many authors preferred to use fancy rather than fact as a basis for the fictional portrayal of life in the Rocky Mountain West. The reader may judge for himself as to the accuracy of the pictures furnished today, in the Western story magazines and in the novels devoted to cowboys, United States rangers, cattle rustlers, mine robbers, holdup men, and sheriffs.

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## Recollections of a Trip to the San Luis Valley in 1877

ALBERT B. SANFORD

Early in June, 1877, the writer "passed" from the "Third Reader Room" to the "Fourth Reader Room" of the old West Denver Public School at Eleventh and Lawrence streets. Howard F. Crocker and "Billy" Crowley, still living in Denver, were members of the same class and were included in this scholarly advancement. Bert and Bruce, sons of Alexander Cameron Hunt, Colorado's fourth Territorial Governor, and one of the incorporators of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, were also fellow pupils but had left early in the spring to join their father at the end of the railroad track that had just been completed over Veta Pass. Governor Hunt was in charge of the surveys and construction of the road from Walsenburg west to the Rio Grande and beyond into the San Juan country.

A few days after the close of school the Governor sent me an invitation to visit his boys and promised me a good time fishing and hunting. He enclosed a round trip pass and requested me to advise him of the time of my departure. After a brief family council and upon my promise to observe certain rules of conduct, permission was granted.

A day of general preparation followed and the next morning I was at the depot at the foot of Eleventh street fully an hour

before the time for departure of the train. In addition to my first jointed fishing rod and supply of lines, flies and hooks, I had been provided with a personal expense fund. My "roll" consisted of fractional paper currency of ten, twenty-five and fifty-cent denominations, besides some silver coin.

I had witnessed the laying of every mile of Denver & Rio Grande track as far as Littleton, had "dead headed" on work trains and been to Palmer Lake on a Sunday School picnic, but this was my initial experience on traveling first class. At Castle Rock, we sidetracked for an incoming freight train. It was late and I went up ahead to inspect "Montezuma," the first locomotive used by the D. & R. G., to watch the engineer "oil round" and to renew an acquaintance begun that morning at the depot when I told him of my destination and, incidentally, of riding on a pass from Governor Hunt.

"Here she comes, sonny: better cut back and get aboard—or: say, how would you like to ride with us to the Divide? Climb up there on the fireman's side." "Sonny" climbed.

As we took the main track, my engineer friend told me I might blow the whistle and ring the bell as we approached stations and road crossings. I was to watch him for the signal. He shook his head and frowned a little when I blew for a cattle guard but I thought he must have overlooked this precaution. I will always remember that twenty-mile ride in the cab of "Montezuma" and regretted leaving it and my good friend, the engineer, as we stopped at Palmer Lake<sup>1</sup> and I resumed my place in the coach.

It was near dark when we reached the end of the track, then at Wagon Creek, where Orman & Crook, contractors, had huge tents for housing and feeding hundreds of men and others for sheltering scores of horses and mules. Bert and Bruce, dressed in regulation buckskin suits, greeted me in choicest Spanish and led the way to a cook tent for supper. Later we drove down Sangre de Cristo creek seven or eight miles to Governor Hunt's headquarters where Garland City had been surveyed and some buildings commenced.

Aside from the happy experience on the locomotive, nothing seems to have impressed me more that day than Governor Hunt's greeting as I was unloaded at his tent door and shown to my bunk in a corner of that large canvas structure. He inquired about the school, smiled when told of my reaching the "fourth reader room" and remarked that his boys' school days were probably over and they would likely be associated with him as the road was extended into the San Juan country. He told me of a proposed trip

<sup>1</sup>Palmer Lake is not, as many suppose, of artificial construction but is a natural basin fed by springs. Accompanying the report of Col. Dodge who passed this way in 1835, is a map showing the lake to be the source of Plum Creek. In pioneer days it was called "Divide Lake."



with the boys, along the railroad survey to the Rio Grande and south to Guadalupe (present Conejos) where we were to visit Major Lafayette Head, then Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, and fish somewhere along Conejos River.

Plans for leaving early next morning were delayed by the escape of our broncho team from the corral, and at sun up we were off for a horse hunt. With lunch, canteen of water, halters,



FIRST STEAMBOAT ON UPPER RIO GRANDE, AT ALAMOSA  
Gov. Hunt's sons equipped their boat with a small upright steam boiler and engine. In the boat are (left to right): unknown, Bert Hunt, Bruce Hunt.

tin pail and small bag of oats, we took up the horses' trail that led into the low pinon-covered hills lying at the base of Sierra Blanca. Every glade was searched without success until mid-afternoon, when we climbed a particularly high point before abandoning our efforts for the day. From here the southern and southwestern portion of the San Luis Valley spread before us. It was my first view of this inland empire. Bert handed me a high-power fieldglass and pointed out Fort Garland several miles away. The flag floating from its staff on the parade ground and a troop of cavalry approaching from the south were clear and distinct. To the west and northwest, I traced the course of the Rio Grande from Del Norte to near the center of the valley, by a long dark line of

cottonwoods. Beyond, were prominent peaks of the San Juan Range and southwest, San Antonio, the big round mountain just over the line in New Mexico.

Viewing of this wonderful, entrancing landscape was interrupted by Bert's reaching for the glass. After a moment he announced the discovery of the strays a half mile below, standing in the shade of a big yellow pine. Little trouble was experienced in attracting the horses as we shook the pail partly filled with oats and both were soon wearing halters and quietly following us to camp. After walking some distance, I suggested that we take turns riding, but was informed that while both animals were perfectly broken to harness, so far no one had ever succeeded in riding them. However, if I cared to try either one, I had permission. With this information, walking looked exceedingly good to me and no further mention of the matter was made.

That night we dined with the Governor and a few members of his engineering staff. I listened to much detail of the selection of the next terminal on the river and of the probability of its being a permanent town and railroad division point. Surveys and plats had recently been completed for the Governor's inspection and I learned he had already named the town Alamosa.

Our outfit was brought to headquarters early next morning. There was an almost new platform spring wagon with complete camp equipment and a "mess box" generously loaded with good things to eat from the commissary. Bert had a Winchester repeating rifle, Bruce and I carried shot guns. My fishing tackle looked modest compared with the rods and reels the other boys sported. With a few parting instructions and a hearty goodbye from the Governor, we were off.

In an hour we reached Fort Garland, then garrisoned by two troops of Negro cavalry and under command of Lieut. Cook, who showed us over the entire post and entertained us for a while in his quarters—the same Kit Carson occupied during his administration there in 1866-67.

In late afternoon, and after a hot and dusty ride of twenty-four miles along the survey<sup>2</sup>, we reached Hunt's cabin on the east bank of the Rio Grande. This had been built for the convenience of himself and surveyors and at that time was in charge of two of his trusted men. A ferry had been established that would easily carry two teams and wagons. It was operated by a two-

<sup>2</sup>On this road and some seven or eight miles east of the river we stopped at Washington Springs. The strange part of the place was the water, cold and clear, that issued from the top of a mound at least ten feet above the surrounding area. No doubt the water came from a crevice in the shale formation that underlies the whole valley and below which strata of artesian water now flows from a thousand wells. The springs were named after Washington Wallace, who had a ranch there in early times.



inch rope anchored to either side. This was provided with heavy pulleys which could be so arranged that the force of the current carried the boat across. As I remember, the river was from four to five hundred feet wide and from six to eight feet deep.

A large rowboat had been especially built in the Denver shops and equipped with a sail. One morning this was loaded on the running gears of a freight wagon and the men hauled us with guns and fishing tackle about eight miles up the river and launched the boat. They cautioned us about certain bends where the current was treacherous, promised us a good supper and returned to camp. Bert at once assumed authority as "captain," Bruce and I promised obedience to his orders and the voyage began.

In those days the Rio Grande had no diversion of its flow excepting a few small ditches that served meadows along its banks and the greater part of this water returned immediately to the stream. Few sections of the river were much over a quarter of a mile in a straight course and many large bends of a half mile or more curved back to within a few hundred yards from starting point of the curve.

Fondest expectations were more than realized that day. We landed frequently and caught all the trout we could possibly use. All along the river's course were old channels filled with back water where we crept in on flocks of young teal and blue wing mallards. Long-legged herons tempted a shot as they rose from sand bars and soared to nests in the tall *alamos* (cottonwoods) along the shore. A number of times when the breeze was favorable, we hoisted sail and reversed our course for a mile or so. This was another first experience of its kind to me and was real sport. The sun was dropping below the La Garita Hills when we tied in at the cabin. With the many big bends of the stream and our sailings we had covered more than twenty miles on the river.

Another morning we were ferried to the west side and an hour or more spent in going over the site of the new town where blocks and streets were plainly marked by stakes and the railroad depot site and other rights-of-way laid out. This was all that existed at that time of what is now one of the most prosperous young cities of Colorado.

We discovered a rather dim road pointing south which we followed to the border of the vegas, then covered with overflow from Rock and Alamosa creeks and extending easterly to the river. Skirting this, we worked on through sagebrush and finally located a traveled road near what is now La Jara, as I remember, and that afternoon pulled into the Guadalupe plaza, the home of Major Head, where we were heartily welcomed by that noted soldier and

pioneer. The major's home was a long, low adobe building with porch extending the entire length and shaded by numerous cottonwoods. The main living rooms were filled with most interesting furnishings of Mexican and Indian workmanship. The floors were carpeted with Navajo and native Mexican blankets and rugs.

Head had come to the Conejos river region in 1854 and was one of the first permanent settlers with the Mexican people who came up from New Mexico. He had married a Spanish-American woman. At that time the Indians made frequent attacks on the Mexicans and robbed them of much stock and provisions. To protect these pioneer settlers of the San Luis Valley the Government had established Fort Massachusetts in 1852. This was located six miles north of Fort Garland, built in 1858.

Head enjoyed the respect of both Mexicans and Indians and the Ute chiefs were favorably influenced by his honesty and regard for his promises. He was appointed Indian agent by the Government and served for a number of years. He was a member of the commission that went to Washington in 1868 at the time large portions of Indian lands within Colorado limits were ceded to the white men. He had served in the New Mexico legislature and was a member of Colorado's constitutional convention. I recall his asking many questions as to the progress of the Denver & Rio Grande construction and was enthusiastic over plans for the main line to follow the Rio Grande to El Paso.<sup>3</sup> He owned and operated a flour mill at Guadalupe that was run by water power. The millstones were of native formation taken from nearby hills. An especial courtesy was shown us in visiting the Catholic church "Our Lady of Guadalupe." This structure was made of sun-dried adobe brick and at that time had been standing about twenty years. Reluctantly, we left our friendly host and the comforts and delights of his home for a particular section of the Conejos River some ten or twelve miles below, where Head told of deep holes where some big native trout had been recently taken.

Our camp was opposite a flat top mountain<sup>4</sup> whose base bordered the stream and was sheltered by many large cottonwoods. Our first day's fishing was so successful that it was agreed that the next would be devoted to getting a shipment for Martin Welch's Bon Ton restaurant in Denver, where the boys had a standing order for mountain trout. With an early start, our catch amounted to over a hundred pounds by midafternoon and that night the lot

<sup>3</sup>Until final agreement between the Santa Fe and the D. & R. G. railroads, followed the "Railroad War" in 1873, the D. & R. G. planned for the main line to follow the river to El Paso and Hunt had made a reconnaissance of the proposed route.

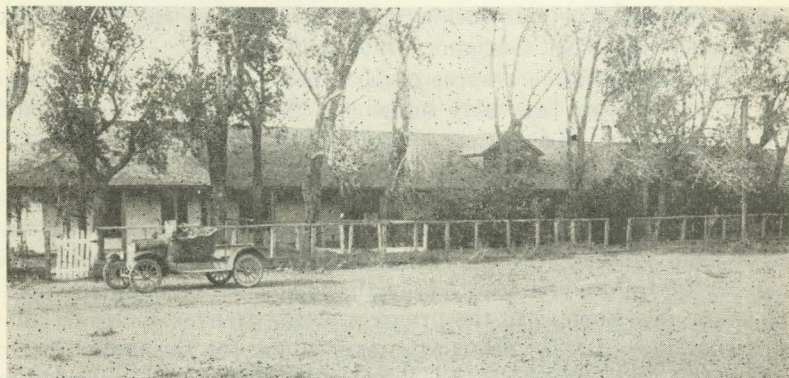
<sup>4</sup>Many years afterward, and during an examination of the site of Pike's Stockade, I was convinced that our camp in 1877 was near the spot that has been officially declared the actual site of Pike's fortress.



was dressed and hung to dry and cool. It was shortly after day-break next morning that we had our mess box packed with fish and grass alternating, and began the return trip.

Following the Conejos to near its mouth, we crossed the Rio Grande at Stewart's Ferry, traveled east and north to the Trinchera, where a brief visit was made with Tom Tobin, noted scout and friend of Kit Carson.

At nightfall, we pulled into Garland City<sup>5</sup> where, during our absence, many large buildings had been commenced to house the freight for shipment by ox and mule teams to the then new gold



MAJOR HEAD'S HOME AT CONEJOS (1924)

and silver towns of Ouray, Lake City and Silverton, besides many other camps that had sprung up in the San Juan Triangle. Wagon Creek had been moved bodily with its contractors' outfits, shacks and tents devoted to saloons and dance halls. Already acres of space were occupied by great piles of merchandise, mining machinery and building material which was covered with tarpaulin for protection against weathering. Surrounding the center of town, were corrals and stables for the use of freighters and stagecoach companies, all where but a very few weeks before had been an undisturbed area of sagebrush and greasewood. Probably the files of the Engineering Department of the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad hold surveys and other data on Garland City that, in its brief existence, was the liveliest of all temporary railroad terminals in Colorado. If there is anything to attract particular attention to the site now, it is a noticeable difference in the size

<sup>5</sup>There was "a gentlemen's agreement" between the railroad officials and the builders of the larger warehouses, hotels and other structures, that the terminal was to remain at least a year. Accordingly, many of these buildings were constructed in a way that permitted taking them down without much loss and shipping in sections to Alamosa. The first train to cross the Rio Grande at that point was on July 6, 1878.

of the sage and greasewood that returned to its own within two or three years after the place was abandoned. One may easily kick up pieces of dishes, old wagon irons, bottles with varied colors developed by suns of many years.

The morning following our return I was on the train headed for Denver. Bert and Bruce waved a goodbye from an improvised platform and I reply "Adios mi amigos." At La Veta we stopped some distance from the depot. A Mexican murderer<sup>6</sup> was still hanging from a telegraph pole where a mob had strung him up the night before.

We were late reaching Denver that night but Dad met me to help with my outfit and a fine mess of trout that had been well iced at Garland and proved to be in perfect condition on arrival. I could hardly eat or sleep until I had related my outstanding experiences and told of the wonderful charm the sunny San Luis Valley had for me—a charm that has not lessened but intensified as the years have come and gone.

Last September I stood on the east end of the railroad bridge at Alamosa, within twenty rods from the ground occupied by Hunt's cabin and about the same distance from where the rope ferry was operated. Over at the base of Sierra Blanca, I noted a prominent hill that was, without much doubt, my first viewpoint of the valley that afternoon over fifty-five years before. The experiences I have recorded left impressions that remain with me and seem strangely vivid and clear as I live them over again in this effort to tell the story.



## Mountain Men—Andrew W. Sublette

LEROY R. HAFEN

The Sublette name is outstanding among those identified with the early fur trade of the Far West. Of the four Sublette brothers, two—William and Milton—are already rather famed in the annals of the period. The other two—Solomon and Andrew—are less well known. The career of the last named we shall attempt to sketch briefly here.

The Sublette family was from the Crab Orchard settlement in Kentucky, but early moved to St. Louis. The Sublette brothers

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<sup>6</sup>At that time, Charles D. Hayt, afterward a member of the Supreme Court of Colorado twelve years, was a young attorney practicing at La Veta. He followed the railroad to Alamosa where he located permanently. During my residence there from '84 to '94 the Judge and I frequently discussed local history. At one time I told of my first trip into the Valley and of the Mexican lynching. Of this he said, "Yes, I well remember that incident for the court had appointed me to defend the accused. I was in my office that night preparing for trial when the mob relieved me of further duty by hanging my client."



"were all large, fine-looking men, of great strength and agility. Each of them, however, had the taint of consumption in his blood."<sup>1</sup> The combatting of this disease no doubt partially accounts for their frequent trips to the Rocky Mountains.

We are not certain as to the date of Andrew's entry into the fur trade picture, but we find him with the caravan of 1832, no doubt in the party led by his elder brother, William. He is already an expert with the rifle and it is through his distinction as a marksman that attention is called to him by John B. Wyeth, another member of the fur trade party. In describing the "creasing" of wild horses, Wyeth writes: "It consists in shooting a horse in the neck with a single ball so as to graze his neck bone, and not to cut the pith of it. This stuns the horse and he falls to the ground, but he recovers again, and is as well as ever, all but a little soreness in the neck, which soon gets well. But in his short state of stupefaction, the hunter runs up and twists a noose around the skin of his nose, and then secures him with a thong of buffalo hide. I do not give it merely as a story related, but I believe it, however improbable it may appear, because I saw it done. I saw an admirable marksman, young Andrew Sublet, fire at a fine horse, and after he fell treat him in the way I have mentioned; and he brought the horse into camp, and it turned out to be a very fine one. The marvel of the story is that the dextrous marksman shall shoot so precisely as not to graze the vital part, and yet those who know these matters better than I do say that they conceive it possible."<sup>2</sup>

Andrew was no doubt at the Battle of Pierre's Hole (July, 1832) but, with older and more prominent persons present, the brief records extant do not mention his name.

The fall of 1834 found Andrew Sublette again in the Rocky Mountain region. In mid-winter he made a return journey to the states.<sup>3</sup> In 1836 he appears to be in partnership with Louis Vasquez,<sup>4</sup> engaged in the fur trade on the South Platte River. Vasquez writes his brother, Benito, from "Platte River, Oct. 9, 1836," that Andrew is going down with a part of their robes. "I pray you treat Sublette as you would me for my sake. He is a good youngster. \* \* \* Write me by Sublette this winter."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Frank Triplett, *Conquering the Wilderness* (1883), 496. Triplett is not altogether reliable in his statements, but evidence in the Sublette letters substantiate his assertion in regard to the Sublettes' predisposition to tuberculosis.

<sup>2</sup>R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXI, 87.

<sup>3</sup>Letters of Louis Vasquez dated at Fort Convenience, Dec. 30, 1824—Vasquez Letters, Missouri Historical Society collections. Photostatic copies of the Vasquez letters (written in French) are in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado. On Sept. 23, 1834, a legal paper had been made out by Andrew W. Sublette appointing W. L. Sublette his attorney. This is among the Sublette papers in the Missouri Historical Society.

<sup>4</sup>For a sketch of Vasquez see the first article in this "Mountain Men" series, *Colorado Magazine*, X, 14-22.

<sup>5</sup>Vasquez letters, *op cit*.

On July 15, 1837, a trading license was issued by William Clark, U. S. Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, to "Louis Vasquez and Andrew W. Sublette, trading under the style of Vasquez and Sublette" with twenty-two men. William L. Sublette was listed as security for the partners.<sup>6</sup> A similar license was issued to them on June 30, 1838.<sup>7</sup>

The partners built an adobe trading post on the South Platte River about thirty miles north of present Denver. The ruins of the structure, known as Fort Vasquez, may still be seen beside the cement highway one mile south of Platteville. The main wall of the fort was erected probably in 1837; additional inside quarters were built the following year.<sup>8</sup> James P. Beckwourth, famous mulatto, was employed by Vasquez and Sublette as a trader among the Indians from 1838 to 1840. He claims to have made much money for his employers and to have got them out of debt.<sup>9</sup> Promissory notes and court decrees, however, tell quite a different story.<sup>10</sup>

Among the Indians of the South Platte Valley Sublette was known as "Left Hand."<sup>11</sup> The stream now known as St. Vrain's Creek, which one encounters in going west from the fort towards the mountains, was first known as Sublette's Creek,<sup>12</sup> in honor of Andrew W. Sublette. The name now applied to the middle branch of that stream, Left Hand, is no doubt reminiscent of Sublette.<sup>13</sup>

During the four or five-year period that Vasquez and Sublette continued in the fur trade business, Andrew Sublette made a number of trips between their fort and the states, taking down robes and bringing back supplies and trade goods. Barter was carried on with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes principally, and was conducted not only at Fort Vasquez, but at the Indian villages elsewhere in the general region. In the spring of 1839, having recently returned to Missouri from the mountains, Andrew Sublette gave advice to Thomas J. Farnham and his Oregon-bound party that induced them to take the Arkansas River route in preference to the Oregon Trail.<sup>14</sup>

Early in August, 1839, Sublette and Vasquez set out from Independence with a party of thirty-two men and four six-mule wagons loaded with goods for the Indian trade. They traveled up

<sup>6</sup>St. Louis Supt. File, C 316, in the Indian Bureau archives, Washington, D. C.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid*.

<sup>8</sup>T. D. Bonner, *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth* (De Voto edition), 292.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, 293, 300, 312. This must be read with due consideration of Beckwourth's well known tendency to exaggerate his own exploits.

<sup>10</sup>For a discussion of their business affairs see the article on Vasquez in *Colorado Magazine*, X, 18.

<sup>11</sup>Bonner, *op. cit.*, 294.

<sup>12</sup>Rufus Sage, *Rocky Mountain Life*, 343, 347.

<sup>13</sup>Ni Wot, said to be an Indian name for "Left Hand," was once applied to the creek and is now the name of a town located on that stream.

<sup>14</sup>R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 52.



the Arkansas River and then over the divide to the South Platte, reaching their fort on September 13th. E. Willard Smith, who accompanied the party and kept a very interesting record of the journey, writes:

"Our arrival caused considerable stir among the inmates [of Fort Vasquez]. A great many free trappers are here at present. The fort is quite a nice place, situated on the South Fork of the River Platte. It is built of *adobies*, or Spanish bricks made of clay baked in the sun. \* \* \* [Sept. 15] The men at the fort have been carousing, etc., having got drunk on alcohol. There are about twelve lodges of Shians encamped at the fort who have been trading with the whites. They had a scalp dance in the fort today, dancing by the music of an instrument resembling the tambourine. They are armed with short bows, about three feet long."<sup>15</sup>

During the winter, trade was carried on not only at the fort, but agents were sent out to places as distant as Brown's Hole in the northwestern corner of Colorado.<sup>16</sup>

In the spring of 1840 Vasquez and Sublette built at the fort a mackinaw boat in which to transport back to the states the product of the winter's trade. Writes E. W. Smith: "This boat was thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. We had seven hundred buffalo robes on board and four hundred buffalo tongues. There were seven of us in the company. The water of this river, the South Fork of the Platte, was very shallow and we proceeded with difficulty, getting on sandbars every few minutes. We were obliged to wade and push the boat along most of the way for about three hundred miles, which we were forty-nine days in traveling. We had to unload the boat several times a day when it was aground, which was very hard work."<sup>17</sup> After reaching the forks of the Platte navigation was easier and they made better time, reaching St. Louis at the end of sixty-nine days. Whether or not Andrew Sublette was captain on this voyage we do not know.

Vasquez and Sublette sold their fort and business to Lock and Randolph in 1840 or 1841. It is doubtful if a note for \$800 received in payment was ever redeemed.<sup>18</sup> Andrew Sublette now went to work on his Missouri farm.

The emigration of settlers to Oregon and California, begun in 1841, increased in size with succeeding years. Many of the west-bound homeseekers were totally unfamiliar with the plains and

<sup>15</sup>Smith's journal, published in the *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, 261. This journal was called to my attention by F. M. Young of Denver.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, 269. A Mr. Biggs [possibly Boggs] was their agent there.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, 273.

<sup>18</sup>See letter of Robert Campbell, May 23, 1842, to W. L. Sublette and letter of W. L. Sublette to W. D. Stewart, Sept., 1842, both in the Sublette collection, Missouri Historical Society.

mountains beyond the Missouri River. They needed experienced guides to pilot them safely to their destinations.

In the spring of 1844 Andrew Sublette was induced to act as guide for a westbound party. From Westport he wrote his brother, William, on May 13th that he was going as captain and guide at \$75 per month and was to lead a party of young men, some of whom were making the trip for their health.<sup>19</sup> On the 21st, at Westport, he added a postscript to his brother Solomon's letter: "We have been here for eight days and have had rain every day and cannot start until the weather becomes clear. There is eight men in the company who cannot start in bad weather."<sup>20</sup>

James Clyman, a member of the 1844 emigration, met Sublette's party on the Big Blue in Kansas on June 27th. He reports that Sublette's party consisted of twenty men, eleven of whom were sick and traveling for their health. He reports the burial of one of the men that day and the death of two others by July 7th.<sup>21</sup> As the party reached the higher plains their condition improved. John Minto reports on July 19th: "Some of the sick, who were traveling with us under the guidance of William [Andrew] Sublette, rapidly improved. They ate lean buffalo meat. It may have been that the air of this region was their principal medicine."<sup>22</sup>

After reaching the Green River, Sublette led his men southward to Brown's Hole, there to recuperate their health.<sup>23</sup>

The following spring finds Andrew Sublette back on the South Fork of the Platte, from whence he writes brother William on March 3, 1845: "I will start tomorrow with Brother Solomon for Taos or Santafee, New Mexico. We will return from there to the North Fork of Platt by the last of May or first of June as I wish to get there before the Oregon emigrants pass. Solomon speaks of going to California. I will probably come down next fall. I have sent to Mr. Boon to send me some sugar and coffee for which I send him the Roabes to pay it. \* \* \* I am enjoying such good health I do not like to leave the country."<sup>24</sup>

Apparently the journey was made to Taos and back to the Oregon Trail on the North Platte. No doubt they brought fresh animals and trade goods, as was the custom, to trade to the west-bound emigrants. Either Solomon or Andrew led a party to California this same year, reaching Sutter's Fort in October. Captain Sutter wrote to Larkin on October 8th: "Yesterday Mr. Sublette

<sup>19</sup>Sublette letters, Missouri Historical Society.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>21</sup>C. L. Camp (Ed.), *James Clyman, American Frontiersman*, 70, 74-76.

<sup>22</sup>*Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, II, 154.

<sup>23</sup>*Ibid.*, 163; and Clyman, *op. cit.*, 53.

<sup>24</sup>Sublette papers, Missouri Historical Society.



of St. Louis arrived here with his party consisting of fifteen men. He passed both of the companies of emigrants, who have crossed the most difficult passes and are close by. Mr. Sublette is a brother-in-law of Mr. Grove Cook, and a man of considerable property. He intends to establish himself here when he likes the country. A good many of these emigrants have cash more or less, some of them several thousand dollars in gold. Not one company has arrived before in this country which looked so respectable as this."<sup>25</sup> Sublette returned to Missouri the next spring.<sup>26</sup>

According to H. M. Chittenden, Andrew W. Sublette went to California after the discovery of gold and settled near Los Angeles. Of the ending of Sublette's career Chittenden gives the following account:

"Grizzly bears of more than ordinarily ferocious type abounded there [near Los Angeles]. The Indians rarely molested them, nor the Spaniards either, except when compelled to from their frequency around the ranches. But Sublette was not of this disposition. A famous bear hunter, pationately fond of the sport, he lost no time in testing the reputed qualities of the California type. In one of his encounters, accompanied by a powerful dog, himself a good bear fighter, he wounded one bear, when its mate suddenly pounced upon him from the bushes. With unloaded gun, he was compelled to battle with the aid of his dog and knife alone. He slew both bears, but himself received wounds from which he never recovered. A pathetic feature of this incident was the faithfulness of the dog, not only on the field of battle, but by the sick bed, and afterward by his master's grave, where he lingered inconsolable, refusing food and drink, until death came to his relief."<sup>27</sup>

Among the Sublette papers in the Missouri Historical Society collection at St. Louis is a printed document which reads: "The Friends and Acquaintances of Andrew W. Sublette, deceased, are invited to attend the funeral services at 10 o'clock A. M. tomorrow, at the El Dorado.

"T. S. HEREFORD,

"B. D. WILSON,

"A. W. HOPE.

"Los Angeles, Dec. 19, 1853."

<sup>25</sup>H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, 577.

<sup>26</sup>Johnson and Winter, *Route Across the Rocky Mountains* (1932 edition), 149; Edwin Bryant, *Rocky Mountain Adventures*, 131. Johnson and Winter speak of him only as William Sublette's brother; Bryant does not give his first name.

<sup>27</sup>H. M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*, 824.



## Territorial Days

MARTHA A. MORRISON\*

Some years ago an Italian huckster in Denver was trying his salesmanship on potatoes. "Want-a potat'? Nice-a potat'! New-a potat! Colorad'," he chanted. "Are they Greeley potatoes?" I asked, for in those days Greeley potatoes stood for quality. His reply was scornful. "Greeley! No. Colorad! Nort' Denver."

So, territorial days to me refer to Denver—a Denver of long ago; a city that had not forgotten its beginnings, and yet had reason to be proud of its progress. Were there not two railroads connecting it with the "states"? Were not railroads being built towards Pueblo and delving up Clear Creek into the very mountains? Was not the city becoming a forest of young cottonwoods and box elders as the water for their thirsty roots flowed in the ditches along the streets?

Much of the comment among the passengers in the Parmelee bus that bore the little girl and her mother from one station to another in Chicago, a few weeks after the famous fire, passed over her head. They were gazing eagerly through the windows and commenting about the "ruins."

Of the long ride from Chicago to Denver—three nights and two days on the cars—her memory still sees the buffalo herds along the track, and the passengers shooting them from the car windows, "Jes' to be a-shootin'." On another journey over the same road three years later, the grasshoppers were so thick that the car windows had to be kept closed—and it was August. Cars were not equipped with screens and electric fans. The wheels ground the hoppers on the rails until they slipped in the grease.

Rumor said that the owner of the hotel where we stayed had never a bill of lumber or supplies at any of the local dealers, but each morning the needed material was on hand for the use of the carpenters.

Eggs were classified as "Ranch" and "State." Game was plentiful in the markets; there was no closed season.

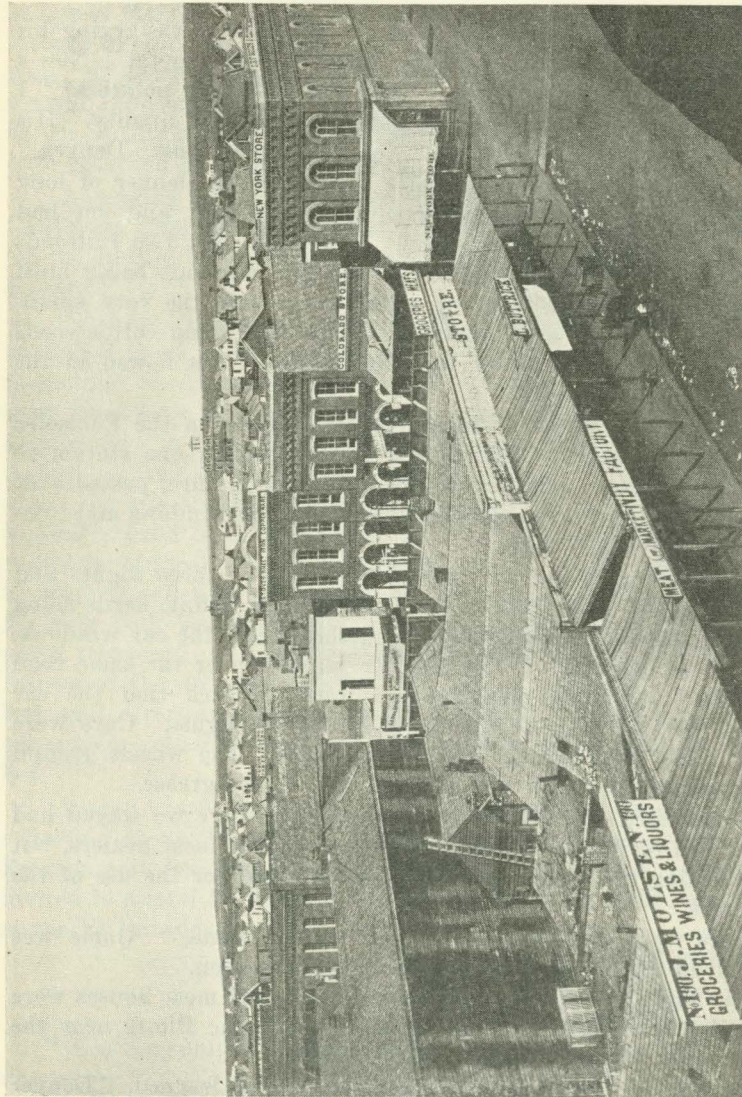
The surface wells were strongly alkaline, so most houses were supplied with "Holly Water," pumped from the Platte near the F (Fifteenth) Street bridge to North Denver.

Among the states and their capitals, I had learned, "Denver on Cherry Creek," but it took quite a while to find where Cherry Creek really was.

Denver had passed the strictly pioneer stage, as a view of the home where we were visiting may show. Forty acres of land

\*Miss Morrison lives in Denver today.—Ed.





DENVER IN 1870  
Looking east from Fifteenth and Larimer Streets. Old Wolfe Hall on the horizon

on a hilltop about two miles northwest of town comprised the estate, and only the eastern third was cultivated. Only one house was visible between us and the city. A five-acre field was cultivated in each corner and the hilltop between was carefully landscaped. Uncle had a broad street, laid out along the eastern side, planted with three rows of trees, cottonwoods, of course, as the adaptability of other trees was uncertain. This street extended north and south for two miles. A drive bordered with shrubby cinquefoil and trees led from the street to the house and circled around it. A fountain played near the side porch, and a handsome smoke tree near it still holds in memory. Several deep terraces, all carefully sodded and planted, formed the southern hillside; north of the drive the terraces were shallow; on one was a small pond and island with rustic bridge. White statuary (iron, painted white, not marble) was placed in appropriate locations, while near the pond a couple of cast-iron deer furnished delightful playmates. The house was comfortable, but considered merely a makeshift.

Yes, the street is now Federal Boulevard, and West 26th and 29th Avenues mark the boundaries. Some of the original trees appear to be standing, but even the hill has made way for progress. And at Elitch Gardens recently I found three of the statues, showing no signs of age.

The owner died about the time statehood was granted. There was no sale for the property until Leadville was pouring money into Denver. It then sold for \$15,000.00 and within a year the new owner had sold five acres for enough to cover his original outlay.

Schools had been held in various buildings, but now the school board determined to erect one large enough to accommodate the pupils for years to come; so a three-story brick building with four rooms to each floor, tower and bell, arose on Arapahoe Street, between what are now Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. That year the schools had been held in the Colorado Seminary building on Arapahoe and E (Fourteenth), later the first home of the University of Denver, but at that time representing a premature effort for higher education. There was a grand moving day but, having the measles, I did not participate.

Before the building was completed, however, the school census showed more room to be necessary, so another building was erected, with the same result; and for many years it seemed impossible to erect buildings fast enough to care for the school population.

Realism is not necessarily sordid. The bright sunshine, the exhilaration of the air, the intense blue of the sky and the charm of novelty, were just as real as the cramped quarters, the dust and the evidences of evil around, and the charm holds the memory much longer than the dust.



We had heard of the wonderful climate; of the balmy months that could hardly be called winter—such bright, warm days, even though the nights might be cold. It began to snow a couple of days after our arrival, the first of November, and we enjoyed six weeks of sleighing. There were very few fancy sleighs, but everyone who had a horse was riding in a dry goods box on runners.

Mother called on a new neighbor one day and in the course of conversation happened to inquire as to her husband's business. "Oh, he's a professional gentleman," was the reply. The family was generally respected, even though he was a professional gambler.

In 1872, or thereabouts, the court decreed that a certain criminal should be hung by the neck until dead, and the sheriff ordered so to proceed. In order to impress upon all the iniquity of the prisoner more emphatically, and to deter others from following in his footsteps, the hanging was to be public, and the gallows was erected where, now-a-days, from the Fourteenth Street viaduct, we see a maze of railroad tracks to the west. The German maid in one family was much moved by the preparations and announced her determination to witness the event. Neither argument nor ridicule moved her, nor did the counsel of her betrothed. She was going to see that hanging. The eventful day arrived, and the gallows was duly erected. Marie departed early, bent on getting a good view. Upon her arrival she managed to secure a desirable seat, and prepared to wait. Soon another woman came along and sat beside her, and naturally they exchanged comments. I hardly think they were knitting, like the old women in Paris, in the *Tale of Two Cities*, but from occasional remarks, and an intense interest in the proceedings, some topic, or bit of gossip came up that absorbed their attention and, heads together, they were oblivious of everything. Finally a stir about them brought them back to earth; people were leaving; what had been a man had given up his life, and the corpse was already in the coffin. She had missed seeing the hanging! Such an angry woman came home, and the hanging was a sore subject. Recently I met another eyewitness to the same hanging, who had to stand and allowed nothing to interfere with her view.

About that time Mr. Van Camp had a five-acre strawberry patch on the hill—Twentieth Avenue would cut across one corner. There were no refrigerator cars, and his first hundred boxes brought him a dollar a box.

As I pass along the streets, with the inward eye I see again the homes of long ago, some replaced by lofty buildings, but so many merely parking places, that I wonder how soon the same story will be repeated on the homes of today.

A grand ball was given in honor of some celebrity—I think

the Grand Duke Alexis—and Denver's belles and beaux were all present. One young lady, finding her long train in the way, proved herself a woman fertile in resources by flinging it around her partner to hold it. On with the dance.

A hotel was built on the Boulevard, and a ditch brought to it from Sloan's Lake. A small sternwheel steamer made round trips from the hotel across the lake, giving the legal fraternity later a chance to argue the necessity for maritime and riparian laws in Colorado. Kansas' recent request for a training ship brought this to mind.

The family determined to be in style, with a month's camping trip to Manitou and Fairplay. A spring wagon that had evidently been driven across the plains, and a span of mules were provided and we started with high anticipations. Saturday afternoon found us at the McShane ranch, near Monument, so we camped in their meadow over Sunday. Sunday afternoon we had some Indian callers. Mother had provided very gay calico pillowslips. Fearing lest our callers take a fancy to them, I piled them up and sat on them, spreading my dress to cover them as far as possible. We reached Manitou and camped. Father went to water the mules; one, kicking with his forefoot, broke father's wrist. After a temporary setting, father, mother and I took the train from Colorado Springs to Denver, and mother was very glad when the fifteen-year-old boy returned safely driving the mules. Never again did we camp as a family.

But statehood is granted. There was a wonderful celebration. A grand parade. Floats, Miss Colorado, pretty girls representing the other states, a big picnic in a grove on the banks of the Platte north of the present Larimer Street viaduct, speeches—but the picture blurs. Territorial days are over.



## The Middle Park Claim Club, 1861

In 1861 a vigorous effort was made to find a route through Colorado for the overland stage line then running from the Missouri River to California. A daily stagecoach service, costing \$1,000,000 per year, was to be inaugurated July 1st and Colorado citizens were anxious that it serve their territory.<sup>1</sup> The stage company officials assured our pioneers that the line would run through Colorado if a practicable route could be found.

At a mass meeting held in Denver on the last day of April men volunteered and money was subscribed to make a search for

<sup>1</sup>L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail*, 223.



a pass over the mountains to the west. Golden and Idaho Springs joined in the enterprise. On May 6, 1861, the party, under Capt. E. L. Berthoud, a civil engineer of Golden, assembled at Empire City. Parties were sent out in various directions and on May 12, 1861, Berthoud Pass was discovered. The party descended into Middle Park and went west as far as the site of Hot Sulphur Springs.

This part of the story has been told before.<sup>2</sup> Another phase of the undertaking is revealed in a record book found recently at Breckenridge, Colorado, and procured for the State Historical Society of Colorado. It shows that these pioneer trailblazers had an eye to the development which the stage line should bring to Middle Park. In good old western fashion they organized a Claim Club and under its regulations laid out Grand City townsite, made individual ranch claims, and recorded claims to bridge and ferry sites. The original record, written in longhand on ruled pages 7½ by 12 inches in size, is as follows:

“Middle Park May 23d 1861

“There was a meeting called for the purpose of effecting an organization for the mutual protection of rights as regards Ranch and farming Claims and such other Claims as may be taken and improved according to Laws of said District

“The Citizens of the Middle Park met pursuant to call on motion J. W. Hambleton was called to the chair and John K. Wright was chosen secretary the Object of the meeting was stated by Mr. Thos Hoopes on motion there was a committee of three appointed to Draft Laws to Govern the District Said committee consisted of the following named gentleman E. L. Berthoud J. W. Hambleton and Thos Hoopes on Motion of Mr. Dennis the Meeting journeyed until said committee were Ready to report at 2 P. M. the Meeting was called to Order by the chairman the committee Reported and the Meeting adapted the following Laws to wit

“Whereas we the undersigned wishing to become Residents of the Middle Park and Knowing of no prior Organization deem it right and proper to Organize a District for the Mutual protection of property therefore be it

“Resolved that this District shall be Known as the Middle Park District and that we have this day formed a Claim Club which shall be known as the Middle Park Claim Club

“2d This Club shall have jurisdiction Over the following territory to wit all of the Middle Park embraced in the following boundaries to wit Commencing One Mile below the Warm Springs

<sup>2</sup>L. R. Hafen, “Pioneer Struggles for a Colorado Road Across the Rockies,” *Colorado Magazine*, III, 1-10.

and James or Grand [now Colorado] River thence in a southwesterly Direction to the base of the high range of mountains, thence in an Eastly direction to the Snowy range thence in a northerly Direction along the Said range to the Divide at the north end of the Park along said Divide to a Point Due north of Place of beginning thence south to Place of beginning

“3d The Officers of this Club shall consist of a President and Recorder the Recorder shall act as Ex Officio Secretary

“4th Ranch or Farming Claims Shall not consist of more than One Hundred & Sixty acres Each

“5th Town Sites shall not consist of more than Three Hundred and twenty acres Each

“6th Water or Mill Claims Shall not Exceed 12 feet perpendicular fall

“7th Ferry or Bridge Claims shall not Exceed more than two miles on river

“8th Any Person taking or Holding a Ranch or Farming Claim Shall within Sixty Days after the Completion of a road within the Boundaries of this district erect on said claim a good & substantial House thereon not Less than 12 feet Square and within one year from said date he or they shall make additional improvements to the amount of one Hundred Dollars Otherwise the claim shall be forfeit

“9 Any number of persons not less than five can take survey and Locate a Town Site

“10th The Boundaries of Town Sites Shall be surveyed and the corners staked and Marked and Recorded by the District Recorder and Shall within sixty days after the Said site is taken there shall be erected thereon a Good and Substantial House not Less than Eighteen by twenty four feet

“11th Parties holding shall be allowed two years to make the necessary improvements thereon

“12th No claim holder shall Hold a Claim of any Description detrimental to the Passage of the Denver Golden City and Salt Lake Wagon Road now in contemplation through the Berthoud Pass.<sup>3</sup>

“13th All Claims shall be staked or marked with the name of the person direction of corners from the Place so marked and shall be filed with the Recorder within ten days after said claim is taken

“14th Any Person or Persons locating a Bridge or Ferry Claim shall hold the same by Erecting a good ferry or Bridge by the time the Said Road is completed to Said Bridge or Ferry

<sup>3</sup>This is probably the first appearance of the name “Berthoud Pass” in writing.



"15th It Shall be the duty of the President to Preside at all meetings of the Club and act as Judge in adjudication of all Disputes an controverseys that may arise

"16th These Laws Shall be in full force and take effect after this date.

"This 23d day of May A. D. 1861

E. L. Berthoud	} Committee
J. W. Hambleton	
Thos Hoopes	

"The above Laws were adpted this 23d day of May A. D. 1861 at a regular Meetin held in Grand City

John K. Wright

J. W. Hambleton Pres

Secatory of said Meeting

"Beit Known that we the undersigned claim for Town Site purposes the following discribed Property to wit being what is Known as the Grand City town Site beginning at a Red Cedar Stake situated about twelve Rod below the warm Sulphur Springs on the South Side of James or Grand River and from said Stake N 70° E 60 chains to a stake thence N 20° W 40 chains to the Bank of James or Grand River to a Stake thence S 70° W 80 to a stone mountain thence south 20° E 40 chains to a Stake thence N 70° E 20 chains to place of Beginning Said Town Site Embracing 320 acres

J. W. Hambleton  
Thos Moses Jr.  
N. Dennis  
John K. Wright

E. L. Berthoud  
Thos Hoopes  
A. J. Edwards

"On motion the following named Gentlemen were added

W. L. Cambell	R. J. Bord
W. J. Edwards	J. M. Ferrel
D. J. Ball	W. G. Bell

"On motion of Mr. Moses the Officers this town Company shall consist of the President, Secatory and Treasurer. On motion of Mr. Hoopes that the President, Secatory and Treasurer shall constitute a Board of Directors whose duties shall be confined and controlled by a Majority of the Town Company.

"Be it further Resolved that the President be empowered to [call] any meeting of the Town Company at any time when three or more Members order the same.

"Company Proceeded to Elect the following officers for the ensuing year Mr. A. J. Edwards was Elected President. John K. Wright was elected Secatory and Thos Moses Jr. was Elected Treasurer. On Motion Meeting adjourned sine a die.

"Empire City May 27th 1861

"Town Company met and was called to Order by the President Minutes of Last Meeting were read and approved On Motion there was an assessment of five dallors levied on each share to be Paid in thirty days from date On Motion of Mr. Hoopes that Mr. L. D. Rouel should be taken in to the Grand City town company and it was carried. it was Ordered by the Meeting that the Executive Officers Must have a House Erected on said Town in as short a time as Possible Meeting adjourned.

"We the undersigned have taken the following bridge and ferry Claims and expect to improve the same when it becomes nessescary No 1 commences 1 mile below Grand City and No 5 runs 1 mile above what is Known as the Red Rock Canon

"A. J. Edwards Claims No 1

"J. K. Wright Claims No 2

"E. L. Berthoud Claims No 3

"Thos Moses Jr. Claims No 4

"N. Dennis Claims No 5

"Thos Hoopes Claims No 6

"The above Ferry and Bridge Claims have Been properly Staked and marked

Thos Hoopes Recorder  
per J. K. Wright Dept"

Then follows the record of individual claims. Ranch claims of 160 acres each in the Middle Park region were recorded for S. T. Riddle, W. F. Hawkins, W. G. Bell, E. L. Berthoud, W. L. Campbell, G. F. Boice, M. A. Maxwell, A. J. Edwards, Wm. J. Edwards, G. G. Edwards, W. G. Sisty, Paul Garvin, and James W. Hamilton. Each claim was duly described in the record.

During the following July and August a stage road from Denver to Salt Lake City was explored and surveyed by Engineer E. L. Berthoud and the old scout, Jim Bridger. Berthoud reported that a first class road could be built for \$100,000.<sup>4</sup> But the road was not built and the daily stagecoaches continued to run along the Oregon Trail for one year and then were moved to the Overland Trail in 1862. So Grand City did not materialize and the various ranch, bridge and ferry claims appear never to have been developed by the original claimants.

<sup>4</sup>*Rocky Mountain News*, Oct. 12, 1861.



## The Lawrence Party of Pike's Peakers (1858) and the Founding of St. Charles (Predecessor of Denver)

FRANK M. COBB\*

I was born in the town of Hebron, State of Maine, October 13, 1832, and moved to Mechanic Falls at eleven years of age and remained there till I was twenty years old. Then went to Boston, Mass., and after a short time went to Notich, Mass., and took the position of clerk in a grocery store owned by Clark and Winch, the leading merchants of the town, and remained with them till I was nearly twenty-five years old.

In September, 1857, I came to Lawrence, Kansas, and lived near there till the spring of 1858 and then joined the Lawrence Company and started for Pike's Peak in search of gold. We left Lawrence May 19, 1858, with ox teams and six months' provisions. Most of the wagons had four men and three yokes of oxen. Ross Hutchings and John Easter had a pair of mules and wagon.

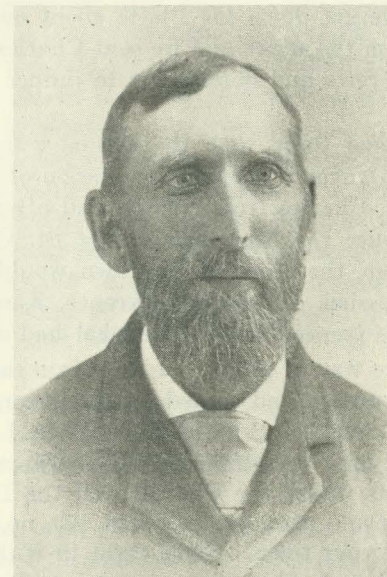
We took the Santa Fe Trail and traveled up the Arkansas River to near where Pueblo is now located and followed up the Fountain to where Colorado City is located and camped on a creek near there that we named Camp Creek. At the Big Bend of the Arkansas we encountered a band of Indians who were gathered there waiting for their yearly annuities from the United States Government. They made no hostile demonstrations and we passed on. At Cow Creek, a branch of the Arkansas, we saw a herd of buffaloes that we were all one day passing, a solid moving mass, and we heard the tramping of them nearly all the night following. My impression was there must have been millions in numbers.

We arrived at our camp near Pike's Peak on July 5th or 6th. After resting for a time we prospected all the country drained by the Fountain and its tributaries but could find no traces of gold in any of the streams. On the 8th of July myself, John D. Miller, and August Voorhees made the ascent of Pike's Peak and when we reached the summit we made a thorough search to ascertain whether anyone had ever done so before, but could find no indication that anyone had. We built a mound of stone and cut our names in wood, giving our names and date of ascent. I am *positive* that myself, Miller and Voorhees were the first persons that ever

\*Mr. Cobb was a member of the party of goldseekers that came to the Pike's Peak country from Lawrence, Kansas, in 1858. Forty years later he wrote, at the solicitation of Will C. Ferril, then Curator of the State Historical Society, this brief sketch of his experiences. The original manuscript, with others of a similar character, are in the library of the State Historical Society.—Ed.

stood on the summit of Pike's Peak.<sup>1</sup> None of Colonel Pike's party made the ascent, as Pike obtained the altitude by triangulation, giving the height 13,585. The accurate height obtained since is over 14,000 feet.

We heard the Georgia Party had struck gold on the Platte River above the mouth of Cherry Creek and came there, arriving on September 4, 1858. We found the Georgians taking out some gold with pans and cradles and I took out about \$10.00 myself and



FRANK M. COBB

nearly all of our party had more or less. A few days after myself and Adnah French went down to the mouth of Cherry Creek. I looked the surrounding country over carefully and said to French if there is ever a town or city built in this section right here it will be and said to French I am in favor of forming a Town Company and laying out a town. He said I am with you. We had a civil engineer in our party named William Hartley, who had an instrument, and we formed a company consisting of nine members, to-wit, Adnah French, Frank M. Cobb, Charles Nichols, William Hartley, T. C. Dickson, William Smith, John Churchill, Jack McGaa, and John Smith. Where Denver now stands was then Indian lands and a part of Kansas. We took Jack McGaa and

<sup>1</sup>In this belief Mr. Cobb was mistaken. He was not aware of the ascent of the peak by Dr. James and companions, of the Major Long expedition of 1820.—Ed.



John Smith into the Company as they were squawmen and thought they might be of some benefit to us in holding the land for town purposes. We surveyed around 1280 acres on east side of Cherry Creek and run out and staked several streets. I drove the first stake and helped carry the chain to make the first townsite survey where Denver now stands. We named our town Saint Charles.

Not expecting anyone from the states so late in the season (October) and being short of grub and money, our Town Company started back to Lawrence to outfit again and return in the spring of 1859. When we got down the Platte about one hundred miles we met parties from the states and we sent Charles Nichols back to look after our interests and donate lots to induce people to locate and build.

A party reached there with the special purpose to locate a town to be called Denver. They got possession of the Constitution and By-laws of St. Charles from Nichols and after getting enough names to overbalance the nine members of St. Charles, told Mr. Nichols he could go, the name of the town would be Denver and they were in possession. I was in Lawrence, Kansas. Soon after Nichols came to Lawrence and told me what had occurred.

The legislature was in session. I went into the legislature, got a bill introduced, passed and signed by the governor, granting us a charter for the Town of St. Charles. When I returned in the spring there were only myself and French who were disposed to fight for our rights under the Charter and the Denver Company were very pleasant and plausible and said, Ah, no, we don't intend to beat you out of your town. Come right in with us and we will build a city. So I took what they gave me and made the best of it. I owned at one time 130 lots but lost 92 when the city safe was lost in the flood of 1864, in which were the bonds of \* \* \* [names omitted by the Editor] and other villains of that type.

#### AN ACT Incorporating the St. Charles Town Company<sup>2</sup>

"Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas:

"Section 1. That Adnah French, William McGall [McGaa], Theodore C. Dixon [Dickson], Frank M. Cobb, Charles Nichols, Edward W. Wynkoop, William Larimer, Jr., Chas. Lawrence, William Hartley, Jr., Loyd Nichols, and their associates and successors, are hereby constituted a body corporate and politic, under the name and style of the 'St. Charles Town Company,' and by

<sup>2</sup>This Act was added to Mr. Cobb's story by the Editor.

that name and style, shall be competent to make contracts, sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in all matters whatsoever. Said Company is authorized to have and use a common seal, and change the same at pleasure, and to make such by-laws as may be necessary for the government of said company and the management of its affairs.

"Sec. 2. The Corporation hereby created, shall have power to purchase, hold and enter, by pre-emption or otherwise, any quantity of land not exceeding nine hundred and sixty acres, where the town of St. Charles is now located, as surveyed by William Hartley, being on the east of Cherry Creek, in Montana county, Kansas Territory, and to lay off the same into streets, blocks and lots, and convey the same, by deed or otherwise.

"Sec. 3. The said company shall have power to pass by-laws providing for the election of such officers at such time or times as may be necessary to carry out the business of said company; and all conveyances of real estate of said company, shall be signed by such officers of said company as said by-laws shall designate, which conveyance shall be duly executed and acknowledged, and, when so executed and acknowledged, shall be deemed good and valid conveyances.

"Sec. 4. The stock of said company shall be deemed personal property and the company may, by by-laws, prescribe rules for the issuing and transferring of said stock by each individual stockholder.

"Sec. 5. That said company shall, also, have power to maintain courses, sluices, ditches and other contrivances for conducting water from Cherry Creek and the South Platte to be used for mining purposes, and may sell and dispose of interests in the same. Said water privileges are only granted on lands held by the company.

A. LARZALERE,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

C. W. BABCOCK,

President of the Council.

Approved February 11, 1859.

S. MEDARY, Governor."

[The above Act was repealed by the Legislature of Kansas, February 24, 1860.]