The Old Bradford Hill Road

As told by NOAH LEGAULT to JAMES R. HARVEY*

Mr. Noah LeGault of Denver, at the age of seven, made his first trip from Denver over the Bradford Hill road driving in an ox-wagon. Recently, at the age of seventy-four, in the company of the writer, he made this same trip, indicating the route of the old Bradford Hill road, the old land marks and their distances from Denver, and the location of the first settlers in that section. His story follows:

My father and mother settled in Pleasant Park, near Conifer, Colorado, in 1871. Often as a boy of ten years I made the trip into Denver for supplies. It seems good to be on the old road again, although things have changed considerably. We started from Denver at Fifteenth and Larimer (then called "F") Streets, drove out Larimer to First Street which brought us to the east side of the Platte River. Here we crossed the river on a low wooden bridge and angled southwest through the flats and low swamp land on the west side of the gully up to what is now called Federal

*Mr. LeGault is a son of Joseph and Delphine LeGault, natives of the Province of Quebec, Canada. The father came to Colorado in 1863 to engage in mining. In 1871 he moved with his family to Pleasant Park, near Conifer, Colorado. LeGault Mountain, at Pleasant Park, is named for him. Noah LeGault spent most of his years in this region. Mr. Harvey is a Research Worker for the State Historical Society.—Ed.

Boulevard. At Twelfth and Federal this road ran past the old Villa Park House, a large frame structure just west of the present electrical towers. Federal, you must remember, was not a street but simply a darned rough road across prairie land. At Twelfth and Federal was the junction of two roads. One, called the Green Mountain Road, angled to the hogback at Morrison, while the other was the Bradford Hill road which we will follow as near as possible, just as the Pioneers did in 1871.

I spent a bad night right here at this point when I was a boy of fourteen. My brother had sent me on ahead with the ox team, Pete and Brindle (the off-ox). I was to await his arrival at the junction. It was bitterly cold and I almost froze before he showed up at seven o'clock the next morning.

At Twelfth and Federal we will start with the speedometer at zero. Going south on Federal the first place we passed was the "Wier" farm, located at what is now 2901 West Seventh Avenue (the house has been moved to the corner of West Sixth Avenue and Bryant Street, where it still stands). The Wier ranch covered 320 acres, between West Fifth and West Eighth, from Federal Boulevard to the Platte River. Mr. Wier's daughter, Mrs. Lucy Hartman, still lives at 616 Federal Boulevard. At West Fourth Avenue and Federal Boulevard the old road angled southwest to what is now West Alameda and Knox Court, then followed Alameda to "Alfalfa" Green's house (2.8 miles). The original house still stands, off the present road one-fourth mile west, and is occupied by the Gerlitt family. Mr. Green was the first to raise alfalfa in this part of the country, practically his entire ranch of 320 acres was planted to alfalfa and he made his fortune selling it. Hence the title "Alfalfa Green."

Hart's Corners (3.4 miles) was then "Store's Place." Here was located a very deep well from which water could be drawn for the oxen. The Bradford road angled south from "Store's Place" and came into the present road just east of "Midway." Instead of turning south at this point it continued on west past a large spring (6.4 miles) where oxen were watered, to where the present road turns south (7.2 miles). Here the road ran south to the top of the hill (7.7 miles). Here stands the old Kendrick house, an old structure which was moved down from above Morrison between 1876 and 1880, was rebuilt and boxed.

Just beyond the house the old road (still visible) turned west and angled down "Kendrick Hill" to the creek. The point where Bear Creek was forded was called "Pennsylvania Crossing" (8.6 miles). The old Pennsylvania House stood on the west side of the road but has been torn down. On the east side of the road was the "Sawyer Place" of 160 acres.

From Pennsylvania Crossing the road angled from the top of the hill, west of present Herman's Lake (11.1 miles), toward Bergen's house. Mr. Bergen moved here from Bergen's Park in 1860. The road angled from Pennsylvania Crossing between two

large hills, up the valley to Bergen's house, then west through "Weaver Gap" (the first gap south of Turkey Creek). From here on it followed the old "Ute Trail" south to the old Bradford House, which still stands (18 miles). Here the old road can still be seen and easily traced over "Bradford Hill" and down to Turkey Creek (24 miles). The road over Bradford Hill has long since gone out of use and cannot be followed by an auto. (We circled back and took the Turkey Creek highway to the point of intersection with the Bradford Hill road.)

LEGAULT'S HOMESTEAD AT PLEASANT PARK, COLORADO
Joseph LeGault on steps holding baby

This point was the end of the "Parmlee" toll road. About a mile back up this gulch, down which came the Bradford Road, lived the Payne family, who got out timber for the mills. About one-half mile farther on (24.5 miles), old Lum Nuckles had a saw-mill up against the hill where the creek now runs. One day while Nuckles was over at the house for dinner the mill blew up, due to an over-heated boiler. What was left of the "feller" who was tending the mill could have been put into a cigar box. Some of the Nuckles now live in Evergreen. At this point (25.1 miles) stood a board shanty. I don't recall the name. A little farther on (25.3 miles), across the creek to the left, was located the first mill

in this section of the country (about 1867). A great deal of lumber was sent to Denver from this mill over the Bradford Hill.

Old Jim Sargent had a blacksmith shop just beyond the mill site (25.4 miles). Later, Biggers bought up all this land. The old Biggers ranch at one time covered 1,400 acres of this country. Tom Biggers still lives in the old homestead located just above the site of the blacksmith shop. Near the road in front of the house still stands an old ore wagon made in Black Hawk, Colorado, in the early '80s and driven down to this point by Tom Biggers' father. It has hand-made, double-rimmed wheels.

At this point (26.1 miles), when I was twelve years old and was driving alone into Denver for supplies, I happened upon a party of fifty or more Indians camped in the little flat across the creek. They were just starting out on the trail with their tepee poles dragging at the horses' sides. I sure whacked those old oxen down that road in mortal terror of losing my scalp.

Here (26.5 miles) old man Ried had a saw-mill. Alfalfa Green always claimed that this was the first mill up Turkey Creek. It was located on the flat just across the creek to the left. Above the road to the right and on top of the hill, is the old Ried Mill Cemetery. Here are the graves of many of the old pioneers of this section.

On the left, across the creek (28 miles), traces of the old wagon road are still visible. Old man Crow's place (28.4 miles) was back up this gulch. He had a log cabin. This hill we called "Crow Hill" after him. Here, Jordan (28.6 miles) had a log cabin across the creek. In 1868 or even earlier, old Jim Danforth had a saw-mill here (28.8 miles), to the right, practically in the present road. The old boiler still can be seen in the creek at this point. Some fifty-odd years back, Seymour Clark had a log cabin here (29.1 miles). His son used to run the old "Red Barn" across from "Ike Shore's" place in Denver. Mr. Wood built that cabin you see across the creek there in the trees (29.8 miles) in the early '80s. Prior to that, Jim Harrington had a mill here in the '70s. McIntyre cut timber from Government land, brought it here to be sawed up, and then hauled it into Denver.

This is the old Duncan McIntyre place (30.3 miles). The old log barn still stands, but the log house has long been torn down. McIntyre came here in the early '60s. He had the finest hay ranch in the country. In the early days there never was a night but from ten to fifteen travelers stopped for the night; meals were 35 cents or whatever you could afford to pay. In 1871 my father was cutting logs here and we lived upstairs in the old house. In 1882 Rambeau bought the place from McIntyre.

Here (30.4 miles) the old road ran off to the right up over the hill for a mile. To the right of the road (31 miles), between those two tall pine trees, are the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Lubin and their daughter Mary. The old road comes back into the present road (31.3 miles); here at this point (31.9 miles) the old road goes down

a sharp hill to Bradford Junction (now Conifer) (32.2 miles). The post office was called "Hutchinson." The old well out there in the middle of the road was there in 1871 and I don't know how much earlier. Here was a stage station and a large stage barn, also a toll gate called Bradford Junction toll gate. The charge was $1.25 for a yoke of oxen or two horses and a wagon, and 25 cents for each additional team. In 1873, Jim McNasser took over the road and station.

HUTCHINGTON SCHOOL (NEAR CONIFER, COLORADO), IN 1900
Teacher (standing in doorway), Miss Shock, now Mrs. Emma LeGault, of Pleasant Park, Colorado

Here (32.8 miles) was a little one-room school house where my brother's wife, Emma LeGault, taught before she was married. Elder Kemp had a small place to the left of the road (33.2 miles). This is the old Junction School, district No. 9, built here in 1880. Across the road is an old cemetery (33.5 miles). Here (33.9 miles) is the old George Kennedy place built before 1870, formerly a log house, now boxed and occupied by the Peck Brothers. At this point there was a large spruce tree which had fallen across the road, which made a good hiding place. From this ambush someone assassinated Johnnie Kennedy. Silas Elliott was accused of the crime, was tried but acquitted. There was hard feeling between these two men on account of right-of-way regarding a road.

The old road went down this hill (35.3 miles) past that old

barn. This was Ellis' place, later Elliott's (Mrs. Ellis was Cyrus Elliott's mother-in-law). A log house stood to the left of the road just under the hill; this was a stopping place for travelers, also a toll gate. Mrs. Ellis was tollkeeper. The road from here ran up the hill, across the creek (traces are still visible) and touched the present road (35.9 miles) on top of Ellis Hill. From here it followed down the bottom of the draw and is still easily traceable.

Rudolph Pollitz settled here (36.9 miles). He bought the place from Charlie Winkler who had built a log house earlier. John Martin had a saw-mill to the right up this gulch (37.2). The old road still follows the draw to the left of the present road. This was old man Bell's place (37.7 miles). He ran a grocery store there in that flat to the left of the road. About 1880 the toll gate was moved here from Conifer, then Bell was tollkeeper.

To the left, on the old road (38.3 miles), Jim Millit built a log house. It was torn down about three years ago. Across Elk Creek is the original Bob Standring ranch (38.7 miles). He built that large house in the early '60s; later he sold the place and built a little log house here in this gulch to the right (39.3 miles), where he and his wife lived until they were killed in 1882 by an unknown assassin. She was shot dead in bed. Evidently Bob had gone to the door for he was found dead on the floor. No one ever found out who shot him, or why, but everybody suspected it had to do with some cattle trouble. Bob Standring was an old Englishman and wasn't very well liked and he was "plumb" careless with his branding iron if he happened upon range cattle without a brand. Once when I was about 16 years old I was working for Jack Webb and old man Duncan. I heard a calf blatting early one morning and I rode out to see what was wrong. A coyote was trying to kill a new-born calf and the cow was fighting it off. I carried the calf into the ranch but both of its ears had been slit "plumb" in two by the coyote. A year later Duncan came to get me to identify this yearling heifer and there it was, split ears and all, but wearing Bob Standring's brand.

Here (42.1 miles), Charley Buieans had a good-sized log house and kept travelers over night. He was an old man when I was but twenty-four. Bill Rallian lived here (43.1 miles). This gulch was called "Rallian Gulch" after him. He was an old-time "bull-whacker." The old road was off to the left here (43.3 miles), but swung back into the present road a little farther on (43.8 miles). To the left on that hill (44.2 miles) is an old-time cemetery. Pete Horn, and later Mr. Hooper, had a stock ranch to the right of the road (44.2 miles); you can see the old chimney still standing but the house has burned down. The old road crossed Deer Creek here (44.4 miles) and can still be seen going up hill (45.2 miles) at the left. On top of the hill (45.8 miles) Charley Nickles had a log house. The road crossed to the right of the present road but at this point (46.0 miles), it crossed back to the left and went down Crow Hill. It is still visible to the left in the gulch. It took a

good team to pull even an empty wagon up this hill. It was actually a harder trip going out empty than coming in loaded.

From here on (47.4 miles) the old road followed the new road closely at the left, across the creek. Old man Bailey had the first ranch on the Platte River (the North Fork of the South Platte). His ranch buildings stood three-fourths of a mile southeast from the present town of Bailey, on the Platte River. The original log house is still standing. Later Mr. Bailey built a house upon the road (49.0 miles) where he kept travelers and often gave dances. It was a five-room house with a large front room 20 by 24 feet. The ruins are still visible at the left.

Louis Dupuy and the Hotel de Paris of Georgetown

JAMES E. RUSSELL*

A part of my professional job in the University of Colorado was to visit teachers' institutes in the summer and to compete with Dr. Snyder of the Normal School for prospective college students. Some one told me that when I went to Georgetown to be certain to put up at the Hotel de Paris. The name was suggestive and on inquiry I learned that the proprietor was a Frenchman who had made his way up the mountain when the road was being put through from Denver by cooking for the workers in the construction camps. His cooking was so good and his charges so high that he was able to establish himself permanently in Georgetown.

Accordingly, one Saturday afternoon in August, 1896, I appeared at the Hotel de Paris, bag in hand, prepared to enjoy a restful week-end. The only street door that I could find was flanked with large plate glass windows and opened direct into a dining room about 18 feet square. There was the typical small desk of a Parisian cafe in one corner and some six or eight small tables surrounding a fountain in the center. The rear wall was

*Dr. Russell was Professor of Psychology and Education at the University of Colorado, 1895-1897. He then became Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, and held that position for thirty years. He is now Dean Emeritus and lives in Trenton, New Jersey.

In response to a question as to any far-reaching effect his contact with Louis Dupuy may have had, Dean Russell wrote on October 10, 1936: "Your present Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Threlkeld, and Dr. Frazier of Greeley Teachers College were students of Teachers College and should be better judges than I of the part played by Teachers College in promoting the development of Home Economics in public education. At least it can be said that we were the first institution to put the subject on a university basis. It is difficult to say what influence my contact with 'French Louis' had upon my later service. Suffice it to say that up to that time I had had no touch with people who thought seriously on the subject. And when I came to Teachers College and found their departments of cooking and sewing I procedeed to put them on a higher plane. I had in mind the views of Louis, but I knew that his philosophy was not fitted to the needs of this country. Consequently, while I was probably unconsciously influenced by his practical objectives, I turned my attention to research and professional training.

"Sometimes a negative influence is as valuable as a positive one. I know that Louis' position did not appeal to me, but I suspect it had a very definite part in shaping my later thinking and professional service."

This article was procured through Dr. James E. Russell, Jr., of Denver, son of Dean Russell.—Ed.

also mostly plate glass through which one could see a kitchen with a peculiar brick counter in the center which I later learned was the cook's range.

No one being in sight I put down my bag and awaited a clerk's arrival. The whole lay-out looked a bit queer but I was not prepared for the surprise that followed the entrance of Louis himself. His first question was, "Who are you?" When I told him he said, "Who sent you here?" Apparently my credentials were of doubtful validity because he added, "If you are a college man as you say, surely you should know that no gentleman invites himself

HOTEL DE PARIS AT GEORGETOWN

to be a guest of a stranger. This house is my own and when I want guests I invite them. But there is no place for you to go in this damned town, so I suppose I must let you stay here. Pick up your bag and follow me."

He passed through a door into a wide hall with a stairway at one side. I followed my truculent host to a bedroom richly furnished with the best of everything needful. He gave me his parting injunction to look after myself. "I won't wait on any man. You will carry out your slops and if you stay over a second night you make your own bed."

Fearful that I had been made the victim of a practical joker and somewhat doubtful that I could escape from a person who was

either a crank or a lunatic, I thought best to explore my prison. There seemed to be only four or five rooms on my floor and no apparent way out. I went down stairs and found a cozy sitting room with a fireplace and a cheerful fire. The floor was covered with a heavy carpet of the finest material. In those days solid oak furniture was in fashion and the room was equipped with the best. On a center table were the latest and best magazines in three languages—French, German and English. The few books were standard literature in rich leather bindings. The more I saw the more the wonder grew. The place was silent as the grave; not another "guest" and so far as I knew no other person but my "host" and he had disappeared.

When he returned it was to ask me what I would have for supper. With some hesitation I asked what was available. "Well, if you don't know what you should have I will show you my menu." I looked it over and still disinclined to express a preference, he jerked it away. "I thought you were an educated man but I see you don't know enough to order a meal. I'll do it for you."

In due time I was summoned to the dining room and one of the daintiest meals I have ever had was set down before me. The atmosphere seemed to clear up a little when I expressed my appreciation. Evidently, I knew what was good when I could get it.

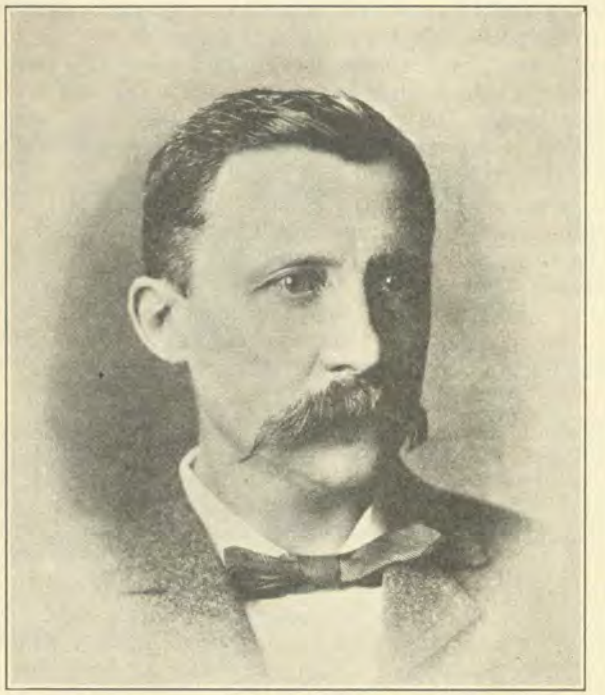
"Now carry your dishes to the kitchen but I don't trust you to wash them. Just put those scrapings in that pot yonder. Tomorrow, you will get some of it in a soup that no damned American can make."

Reassured that I would be alive and able to take soup on the morrow, I returned to the sitting room and busied myself looking over the French and German materials, the like of which I hadn't seen since coming to Colorado. Later in the evening Louis came in and, seated before the fire, he began to put questions to me.

"Who are you anyway? I don't mean where were you born or what are you doing, but what sort of a man are you? What kind of an education have you had?"

I told him of my work, that I had recently spent two years in Europe, that I had studied philosophy and psychology and visited schools in Germany, France and England. In fact under persistent quizzing he got a rather complete biographical sketch of the conventional college student and university professor. Still he kept pressing me to disclose what sort of man I was, what I had inside me and what I was doing with it. Apparently greatly discouraged to find I knew so little of what he considered appropriate, he began to discuss Herbert Spencer's theories of education and what knowledge is of most worth. Once started on that line, he went straight ahead for six hours until after three o'clock Sunday morning. We both forgot time and fatigue. Never had I been so fascinated by any man or heard so clearly put a materialistic philosophy founded purely on the needs of the human animal.

'Man is a machine for storing energy and giving it off in work.' 'Man should work if he would keep the machine from rusting out but he needs fuel to keep it going.' 'He has learned from experience what fuel is best'—"long before you damned professors cooked up theories about it"—'and there are a few specialists who know the secret'—"I am one of the greatest in this country." And then he proceeded to tell me in great detail what foods supplied best the bodily needs for growth, for maintenance, for work of different kinds. This led to a treatise on digestion and the physiological changes which follow, to an eulogy on the science and art of cookery and to the psychological effects of a proper diet.



LOUIS DUPUY

It was my first introduction to the household arts and sciences to which I have since devoted a large share of my professional career. I have no doubt that my efforts to put domestic economy on a university footing were really initiated that night. Materialistic as his philosophy was, it was a logical deduction from his fundamental premises. And he was no crude thinker. I discovered later that he was well versed in the pessimistic philosophy of Comte, Hume and the German school. He had taken his stand on a mechanistic basis and followed it to the end.

This was succeeded by a dissertation on the meaning and purpose of life itself, on what work is worth-while and how it is conventionalized by society. Of course, he was an extreme individualist. In expounding his theories he illustrated his points by his own experience. "I am called Louis Dupuy, what my family name may have been is nobody's business but my own." I got the impression that he had been an officer in the French army and had deserted. But had no hesitation in proclaiming himself an anarchist.

"Everything here I have got by my own work. I built this house with my own hands and everything in it has been earned by my own labor. I have never asked help of any sort from any human being and I never will. And I owe no man anything. Why the tax collector in this town had the nerve to ask me to pay my taxes—*my* taxes, if you please, as though I owed this God-forsaken town anything! And when they proposed to levy on my property I told them to come on. The first man to step over that door-sill would be shot in his tracks and I would fire the building with myself in it. They took the hint and I still pay no tax."

How much of this is truth and how much the fiction of his own imagination, I don't know but I verily believe if he had been put to the test that night he would have made his threats good. Next morning, however, was another day. I didn't have to empty my slops or make my bed. An aged crone came in on slippered feet to do the servile labor that my host had decried. He told me later that he gave her a living for what she chose to do. "I don't ask her to do anything."

After the night's seance I was certain of three fine meals designed for my personal welfare, but I wasn't prepared for the friendly interest and social good will exhibited by this most antisocial anarchist of the day before. He took me on a tour of the place. The kitchen equipment was shown with great pride; his refrigerator in the cellar was a small room filled with whole lambs and quarters of beef. It was cooled by ice water piped in from the melting ice of a glacier on the nearby mountain side. The apex was reached by introducing me to his private library which he said he kept strictly to himself. The room was narrow, not over ten feet wide, extending the depth of the dining room on the side opposite the sitting room and lighted from the top. Three sides were lined with shelves to the ceiling. Here was the explanation of the man's real self. Every book was a standard edition of the best literature on scores of subjects in three languages. They were all bound in leather and many of them beautifully tooled. He said that he had them bound to order in France.

I have often wondered what became of them. They would be a prize in any library. And I wonder, too, what happened to Louis in the years subsequent to my visit. I have not had an opportunity to accept the very cordial invitation to visit him again which he courteously extended to me as I took my departure on Monday

morning. Did he treat other arrivals as he treated me or was he wise to the practical joke that my friend had put over on me? Perhaps my memory is not reliable on details after the intervening forty years but the general trend of his discussion will never desert me. I owe much to Louis for having introduced me to a new world of which I was a total stranger. I knew then that he was on the wrong track and it has been a challenge to me to find the right one. The good he did may be interred with his bones but I count myself one who hopes that he rests in peace.

Report on the Gold Mines of Colorado, 1858

WILLIAM B. PARSONS[1]

Lawrence, K. T. Oct. 19, 1858.

Having just arrived from the gold mines of Western Kansas, and having seen a few and heard many contradictory reports in regard to them, I make haste on the very hour of my arrival to give you the truth in relation to the whole matter. I left Eastern Kansas on the 20th of May last, with the company familiarly known on the plains as the "Lawrence Company," for the express purpose of finding the gold that we have for several years heard was deposited in the mountains.

We took the route by the Santa Fe trail and up the Arkansas, and on the 13th of June reached Walnut Creek, at Allison's Ranch. At that place we learned that there were two companies in advance of us bound on the same errand. One of these companies was composed of men from the Cherokee Nation, and Western Arkansas, called the "Cherokee Company,"[2] and commanded by Captain Beck; the other was composed of men from Ray and Bates counties, Missouri, called, I think, "The Ray County Company,"[3] and commanded by Captain Doke. I speak of these two companies thus particularly for reasons which the latter part of this communication will disclose. We followed after the companies, passing Bent's Fort[4] on the 28th of June, and arriving at the "Fountaine qui bouille," on the 4th of July, meanwhile hearing nothing of the companies in advance of us. On the next morning, July 5th, we met two wagons which had been a part of the Cherokee Company. They reported that disaffection had arisen among

[1]Mr. Parsons was a member of the Lawrence Party that came to the Colorado region to prospect for gold in 1858. For a journal of the trip see "The Voorhees Diary of the Lawrence Party's Trip to Pikes Peak, 1858," in the *Colorado Magazine* of March, 1935. Upon returning to Lawrence Mr. Parsons wrote the following account of the trip and of the region. It appeared in the *Missouri Democrat* of October 23, 1858. It was found and copied by Mr. Elmer R. Burkey, research worker on the WPA Project of the State Historical Society of Colorado.—Ed.

[2]This is more frequently called the "Russell Party." William Green Russell of Georgia came to be the recognized leader.

[3]This is a very important note on this little-known company.

[4]Bent's New Fort, on the north bank of the Arkansas, about opposite the town of Prowers, Colorado.

the Cherokees; that they were angry with Captain Beck because they could not make $20 per day, as (they alleged) he had told them; that they thought he would be killed; that they "had worked hard, prospecting the Platte and Cherry Creek, *five whole days*"; that they could not make more than "two bits" per day; that they "had farms and niggers at home, and home they were going." We passed them not much discouraged, notwithstanding their *very thorough* prospecting of the country.

On the 8th of July, we arrived at the base of Pikes Peak, and on the next day commenced prospecting. We remained there five days and did not find a trace of gold, and at the end of that time our old miners said they were satisfied there was no gold there, as there was no quartz, no bed rock except the surface rock, which is old red sandstone and micaceous granite, and no indications of gold about the soil.

On the morning of July the 12th, we "rolled out" for the Platte, and at noon arrived at "Jim's Camp," fifteen miles from Pikes Peak. There we were met by Captain Doke of the Ray County Company, and a few of his men. He reported that he had been prospecting the South Platte for two or three weeks; that they "found gold everywhere"; that he thought "it might be made to pay, if his men would only stick to it, but that they were discouraged and were returning home," and he added, "when I can get a party of men that *will stick* I shall return." We camped together at noon, and then it was agreed that we should join our forces and send a party over the mountains into the South Park. We did so, and sent the party under the command of Captain Doke, and the guidance of a Mexican. That party returned, after an absence of eight days, having accomplished nothing. After this unsuccessful effort, the enthusiasm of the combined remnants of the "Cherokees" and "Ray County" companies, was at a low point; and as they sat around the campfires telling the stories and singing the songs of home, it soon became evident that their days of gold-hunting were nearly over, and sure enough, for on the morning of the 25th of July ten of the twelve wagons composing their train "pulled out" for the States.

Among the members of the company who left, was a Mr. Smedley, who had made a fortune in California. After he was in the saddle, ready to start, I heard him say that "he was not by any means satisfied with the prospecting that had been done, and that he thought that the mines on the South Platte might be made to pay"; and yet I understand that this same Mr. Smedley has published a letter, in which he says the mines are a humbug. (I have not seen the letter, and but very few of the newspaper articles on the subject—having arrived but a few hours since.) Captain Beck said on the same morning, that "he believed that if his men were obliged to dig for money to take them home, they could take out ten dollars per day to the man"; and yet, I have, within twenty-four

hours, been referred to him as proof that the mines were a humbug. But more of this soon.

We remained near Pikes Peak for two weeks longer, and then went to New Mexico,[5] at which time (the 12th of August), six men who had gone out with the Lawrence Company, and two who had gone out with the Ray County company, left for the States by way of Bent's Fort. About the same time two men of the latter company left, by way of the Republican, making in all about sixty men that left for the States before any considerable amount of gold had been taken from the mines. I have been thus particular in describing our movements, in order that I might explain the reports that have been recently published, giving discouraging accounts of the mines.

Of Mr. Smedley's report I have already spoken. He admitted when he left that the work had not been half done. I have also spoken of Captain Beck. Now I suppose that you, Mr. Editor, might ask any one of those sixty men about the mines, and they would in every case tell you that "the thing was all humbug, that they had just returned from there, and could not make day wages," and with a few exceptions they would be honest in what they tell you, and you would honestly publish their report; when a few facts would explain the whole matter. A copy of the *Weekly Democrat*, of Oct. 12th, is before me, in which I find a letter from some Kansas City gold hunters, dated at Council Grove, in which they speak of meeting some men returning from Pikes Peak, who brought discouraging reports from the mines. You will notice that I have spoken above of eight or ten men leaving us on August 12th, and this letter from Council Grove is dated Sept. 25th, which would be about the time they would arrive at that point, and well *they* might give discouraging accounts of the mines, for they had but $1 or $2 worth of gold, not (as they said) the "product of a summer's hard labor,"—but the product of a summer's folly, in running after Mexican stories, combined with less than one hour's washing with the pan. Let those men who wrote that letter from Council Grove "push on," as they say "they are determined to do," and they are "all right."

Again I see among the news by the Salt Lake mail, that "at Laramie a gentleman was seen just from the mines—who said that the mines were a humbug—that while a man was making $1.50 he would spend $2.00." Now I happen to know the gentleman spoken of, because between the 1st and 20th of September only one man went from the mines to Laramie, and I know that he never worked *a day* in the mines; he belonged to a class that live without work, and went to Laramie at the invitation of the miners, presented in the shape of a resolution adopted at a public meeting, and in the words of the resolution he "departed in two hours." But I see that I am prolonging this communication to an unreasonable length,

[5]San Luis Valley, Colorado, then a part of New Mexico.

and the express is above to leave. My object in writing thus far has been to contradict the discouraging reports of the last few days. Now a few words about the mines as they really are.

No *work* has yet been done there—no claims to any extent have been made—the time has been spent in prospecting with pans—a half-day here, and a half-day there. No man has found a piece weighing "twenty-three ounces," or one ounce, or (to my knowledge) one penny weight. No man has made "one hundred," or "fifty," or "twenty" dollars per day. "To the best of my knowledge, information and belief," no man made "sixteen dollars" per day. The men who were there when I left were working with pans, carrying their dirt from *four* to *seventy rods*, and made from $2.50 to $5 per day.

The better way for your readers to judge of the yield of the mines, is to know "the prospect of the pan." I have seen $1.50 in a single pan a few times—40 to 60 cents frequently, and hardly ever less than eight or ten cents. Californians will tell you that with three cents to the panful they can make good wages. The Californians in our party say, that when they get sluices arranged, they can make every day they work $15. There, then, you have the whole story. Unless some new "diggings" have been discovered since September 20th, you can put down all reports of wages higher than $10 as extravagant, and receive them with a "little grain of allowance." If your readers are satisfied with any wages under that sum let them go there, and they will make it. There is room enough for twenty thousand mining claims. The gold is all "wash gold," and is, in the opinion of our wisest heads in the mountains, but the beginning of next year's discoveries. Every man there that has had any experience in mining is satisfied with the prospect for next season, and some of them extremely enthusiastic.

I would advise no person to start for the mines after this date until spring. I think some have gone two or three weeks too late already to escape severe hardships. But this will do for the present. I will soon furnish your readers with further information in regard to the mines, routes, etc. I may be permitted to remark that I have heard that some of those who have come in from the mines have received hundreds of letters daily inquiring in regard to *details, camping-places*, etc. No person can afford to answer all inquiries of that kind for nothing, however, much he may wish to accommodate the public, for it would take all his own time and two or three assistants besides. I have kept an accurate journal of the route up the Arkansas, along the mountains and down the Platte, creeks, camping places, &c., and shall be happy to accommodate any persons to a *reasonable extent* with the information in my possession, if they will address me (for the present) at Lawrence, K. T.

Reminiscences of Colorado in the Early 'Sixties

SUSAN RILEY ASHLEY*

On May 29, 1861, Colorado's first governor, William Gilpin, her Secretary of State, Lewis Ledyard Weld, and her Surveyor General, Francis M. Case, the newly appointed Federal officers, arrived in Denver. With these came Eli M. Ashley, Chief Clerk of the Surveyor General's office. Six months later the writer of this sketch appeared on the scene.

I found here a town built of logs, frame and adobe buildings. with an occasional brick structure. These were mostly unplastered and unpainted. They housed about 3,000 souls.

The population of the entire territory was, at that time, rated at 25,329, most of whom were gold miners. At the time of my arrival East Denver contained the greater number of business houses, West Denver the greater number of residences.

East Denver was laid out along the Platte River. Its eleven streets were Bassett, Chestnut, Delgany, Wewata, Wynkoop, Wazee, Blake, McGaa (later named Holliday and now Market), Larimer, Lawrence, and the exterior boundary, practically, was Arapahoe Street, though the names of a few other streets decorated the town map. Its only cross streets on which business was done were F and G (now 15th and 16th). The cross streets were all lettered.

West Denver was laid out along the west bank of Cherry Creek. It was much lower than East Denver, had wells of good water, and the possibilities of trees, gardens and flowers, its principal streets were Front, Ferry and Cherry.

East Denver was a high plateau with no prospect of growing anything more beautiful than cactus, at that time so plentiful there that its sharp spines penetrated my lady's shoes, to her intense discomfort, did she step from the beaten path.

East Denver's lower streets were occupied by corrals, hay, grain and sales stables, wholesale supply stores, commission houses, and, what seemed for the size of the town, a plethora of boarding houses, saloons and gambling places.

The sidewalks seemed always covered with men, and the roadways were filled with oxen and immense freight wagons. Few women were ever seen on these lower streets. But on the corner of Market and Sixteenth streets stood a building which was, in those earlier days, of particular importance to women, for there the firm of Clark, Gruber & Co. minted the gold dust of this region's mines.

A short distance from this mint was the general store of C. A. Cook & Co. They also did banking, and issued the so-called "shinplasters" of 10c, 25c, 50c and $1 value.

*Mrs. Ashley, prominent Colorado pioneer, was the wife of Eli M. Ashley. She came to Colorado as a bride in November, 1861. In the following story she gives an excellent picture of life and conditions as she found them here. The article was prepared by Mrs. Ashley for the Denver Fortnightly Club in 1908. —Ed.

As there was no use for smaller change than ten cents, the currency of these two enterprising firms was highly appreciated by those of the community who, like myself, preferred to know just how much money they were spending, and did not feel quite certain how much gold dust ought to be taken for the articles purchased. But unminted gold dust and nuggets, carried in bottles or in leather pouches, was largely in evidence throughout the '60s, and all places of exchange were supplied with scales for weighing the same.

MRS. SUSAN RILEY ASHLEY

Another important building in so far as its far-reaching effect on the happiness of the community was concerned, was the post office on Larimer Street. There, three times a week, long lines of patient men and women stood awaiting their turn, while two clerks handed them the longed-for letters, or sympathetically announced "None for you today." Next door to the post office was the one book store and newstand of the city. This was presided over by D. H. Moffat and Geo. W. Kassler. It did a thriving business in those early days, much more thriving than did the one dressmaking

parlor in its close vicinity, or the one millinery establishment where artificial roses were sold for $1 apiece and ribbons and bonnets at equally reasonable (?) rates.

There were two very well-kept hotels in East Denver in 1861, the "Planters' House," corner of Blake and Sixteenth, kept by Jim McNassar, and the "Broadwell House," on Larimer and Sixteenth, with genial Jake Broadwell as the landlord.

On Lawrence and Sixteenth was a large unpainted frame theatre, where Jack Langrishe and wife and handsome Harry Richmond were stars and gave theatre-goers much to laugh at and make merry over in the '60s.

Mrs. Badollette's very exclusive boarding house also deserves mention. It was a two-story frame, painted, plastered and well-kept. It stood on Sixteenth and Arapahoe Streets, where the present (1908) post office stands.

Sixteenth and Arapahoe Streets were then south and east boundaries of East Denver's business section. From there, scattered over a treeless, shrubless stretch of town lots, were a few dwelling houses. Of these the most pretentious, in external appearance, was a two-story frame double house, one part of which was occupied by the familly of banker Warren Hussey, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Clayton. This house seemed almost as isolated from town and neighbors as if on a ranch. It occupied the present site of the Catholic Seminary on California between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets.

Out on the prairie to the east, where the Markham Hotel now stands, in a story and a half double cottage of very modest dimensions, lived the Cass Brothers, Oscar and Joe, bankers, who were among the most lavish of the many generous entertainers of this, even then, most hospitable town.

There, just one week after my arrival in Denver, I attended a social function where was begun friendships which, though tried by the vicissitudes of more than forty-seven years, still remain warm and true.

The only church buildings in town were small and altogether unecclesiastical-looking buildings. One of these was the beginning of the Stout Street Catholic Cathedral; one, a very modest frame on Fourteenth and Arapahoe, was called "St. John in the Wilderness," and was Episcopal in denomination, and a little brick structure accommodated the Methodists of the town.

School houses there were none in 1861, but in a room on Larimer street, Miss Ring, "a Yankee school marm," taught a subscription school.

Nor were there any Federal buildings, during the early '60s. The machinery of state was then located in the most suitable rooms obtainable. It was not as ponderous as now. For illustration: Take the Surveyor General's office, whose sole office force was its Surveyor General (Frank M. Case), its Chief Clerk (Eli M. Ashley), and one draughtsman (F. J. Ebert), though the office did the

business of both Colorado and Utah. Now this office does the business of Colorado only, yet often employs from 60 to 80 clerks.

A dry sand-bed called Cherry Creek separated East and West Denver, and on piles near its center, at the intersection of Market street, stood the pride of the city, the *Rocky Mountain News* office. From this office was issued, in 1861, a daily newspaper owned by Wm. N. Byers. It was Republican in politics, was a clean, wide-awake, patriotic sheet, and though its news of the outside world was obtained only from exchanges a week or more old, current events were so fearlessly told and commented upon that more than once in those troublous times Mr. Byers and his property were roughly handled and threatened with extermination.

As stated, West Denver was built along the west side of Cherry Creek and was the residence part of the city, but it had also a few supply stores, a planing mill, an iron foundry the jail of the city and a large commission house that stood where the Lindell Hotel now stands, corner of Larimer and Tenth streets. West Denver had but one hotel, the Tremont House. This occupied the site of the present hotel by the same name. It was a two-story frame, was painted on the outside and had plastered and painted rooms. In this hotel I made my home for the first three months of my residence in Denver, until a cottage in which to commence the real home life could be obtained.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians could be seen in numbers on the streets almost every day then, and not being an admirer of "Poor Lo," and having been assured that Indians were too lazy to open for themselves a gate, I had insisted that whatever else was lacking there must be a fence about my home, and to secure this had required three months of patient waiting.

But alas for my informant's veracity! Many a time in going about my household duties, or sitting quietly sewing or reading, an uncanny feeling took possession of me, and looking up I would discover that one or more panes of my window framed the stolid face of an Indian. On one occasion, having forgotten to lock my outer doors, I entered my front room to find three Indians in it and others entering. With assumed bravery I cried out "Puck-a-chee!" (which I had been told was the Indian way of saying begone!) and I put my hands against the nearest Indian as if to push him out. They left without resistance and took their places at the windows.

One beautiful Sunday morning, during my first year in Denver, I remember being startled by a most weird and unfamiliar sound, which sent me to the door to learn its source. From there I saw a band of Indians coming up our street, and a minute later thirty or more Cheyennes and Arapahoes passed by, holding aloft on poles five freshly-taken Ute scalps. The doleful sound disturbing the Sabbath quiet was their chant of victory. That night around a campfire, built where our Union depot now stands, they celebrated their victory over a band of Utes, while many white folks looked on and felt that only fear of the white man's firearms

prevented the Indians from seeking fair locks instead of those tawny scalps.

And, although up to 1864, the Indians of the plains professed friendship for the whites and were constantly seen on the streets of our city, it was deemed advisable in these earlier years for all women living on this frontier to know how to load and use both revolver and rifle. Target practice was one of the amusements in which both men and women participated in the early '60s, and many women became very expert markswomen.

In this day of fast and easy travel you may be interested to know by what modes of conveyance the first settlers of this region arrived. Your chronicler came by the most rapid transit in use up to 1870. Leaving her home in Ohio, in November, 1861, it required three days by railroad to reach Marengo, Iowa, a little town about 75 miles east of Des Moines. From Marengo to Omaha, Nebr., via Des Moines by hack—which was a covered wagon on springs, drawn by four horses—three and one-half days were required. From Omaha to Denver, via "The Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express," required eight days and nights. This express was a Concord coach, which traveled night and day and stopped only long enough for three meals in each twenty-four hours. The coach took fresh horses every fifteen or twenty miles, but ere any, excepting meal stations, were reached, our driver sounded a bugle loud and long, and by the time our coach reached the station four or six fresh horses or mules, harnessed and ready to take the places of the reeking ones, were awaiting us; and in five minutes or less time we were off again.

During the first two days out of Omaha occasional well-tilled farms, and at long intervals villages, were passed. At Fort Kearney, Nebr., the last of these latter, our coach was an hour crossing the Platte. This river was there seemingly without banks and contained very little water, but had a bed of quicksand that sounded under our wheels as if we were driving over boulders. At that point it was more than a mile wide, but fortunately had occasional islands large enough to hold both horses and the coach, where the former recovered wind for the next run, necessary to keep both them and the coach from being buried in the treacherous sands.

From Fort Kearney our way lay across the "Great American Desert," where our road was outlined by the bleaching bones of horses and cattle fallen en route to California, Utah or Pikes Peak. Every few hours we passed long lines of so-called "prairie schooners." These were immense covered wagons, laden with provisions, furniture, or goods for the far West. There were generally from twenty to forty wagons in each train, and usually four span of mules, or ten yoke of oxen to a wagon. These animals were obliged to subsist on the very short, dry buffalo grass that grew on the plains, and in order to allow their animals to graze it was necessary for the trains to camp for a part of each day. As neither wood nor

coal was to be had on the plains, "buffalo chips" must be used for fuel, and daylight was needed for collecting these.

It was estimated that 5,000 men and 40,000 animals were engaged in this commerce of the plains between the Missouri River and Denver in 1865. Freight rates were necessarily very high. (My Steinway piano, brought from my old home to my new one, cost $200 freight from the river to Denver. This made it seem a very expensive luxury. But a few years later, when ready to go to "the states" on a visit, I exchanged the piano and $200 in cash for 32 lots in a new addition to Denver, and one-half of this block has since netted me $15,000; so that what at the time seemed a foolish expense proved in the end a first-class investment.)

These mule trains required from six to eight weeks to reach Denver from the Missouri River. Many trains of immigrants had their wagons drawn by oxen and cows. By this mode of transit months were required to reach the new home. Babes were not infrequently added to immigrants en route, and graves by the wayside proved that not all who sought, lived to reach, the Eldorado of their hopes. Numbers of immigrant wagons bore the inscription "Pikes Peak or Bust!" And a few wagons going toward the States were placarded, "Busted, by G—!"

On a later trip by coach over this same route we passed a line of hand-carts, at least 60 in number, each pushed by a woman. Beside not a few of these trotted little children, and babies lay on quite a number of the carts. This body of pilgrims were, we learned, journeying from foreign ports to Salt Lake City, Utah, and had already been months en route.

During three days we saw herds of buffalo along our line of travel; and twice our coach was obliged to halt while, with a force that caused respect, a large herd crossed the road in front of us. Antelope were frequently in sight and during the night the bark of the coyote often startled us from our dreams. Omaha, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians not infrequently trotted beside our coach and their tepees were often pitched near the meal stations. At the latter the bill of fare usually consisted of jack rabbit, buffalo or antelope steak, soda biscuit without butter, coffee without milk, and for dessert dried apple pie. (Price $1.50.)

Persons who have never tried sleeping in a stage coach may wonder how sleeping was possible when sitting bolt upright and traveling at speed. I can assure you that on our first night out from Omaha precious little sleep fell to our lot. But before our trip ended every one could settle back from a lurch of the coach, or a halt for change of horses, and in a remarkably short time be seemingly in a Rip Van Winkle slumber.

Our staging from Marengo to Omaha might have been saved for us by going to St. Joseph, Missouri, by railroad and taking the coach from there. But in the fall of 1861 railroad trains from the north were being fired into on Missouri, and though via Des Moines and

Omaha required more staging, it was the safer route to the West at that time.

It did seem good, though, at the end of this journey to stretch full length once more on a bed, and before saying a last good-night my husband and I determined to enjoy that luxury, at least until noon of the fast approaching day. But the partitions of the Broadwell House were thin boards and by 7 o'clock in the morning it was impossible for sleep to longer hide the fact that the house was alive in all its parts.

In the midst of evidences of very vigorous life and activity we breakfasted at 8 o'clock, and before lunching had seen the whole of the Denver I have tried to describe to you.

The town was certainly not attractive externally, but for this I was prepared, as my future husband had spent three months in Denver before returning to be married and bringing me with him here. And he had in his letters to me conscientiously described the town and its inhabitants.

But the invigorating air, the translucent atmosphere, the magnificent mountain range robed in white and glistening under a cloudless sky and, best of all, the hearty handclasp and words of welcome that greeted me from all my husband's friends won, on that first day, my allegiance to them and to the new home. I can honestly add that I have never regretted that my home was here through those pioneer years, even though during my first three weeks in Denver three law-breaking men were shot down in her streets in midday, within hearing from my room in the Tremont Hotel, and during the first few years the "Vigilantes" hanged two other reprobates within the town's limits; certainly a very dreadful, but seemingly a justifiable measure for this then unprotected frontier.

On the first Sunday after our arrival in Denver we attended Episcopal service in the morning, and in the evening of the same Sunday went to the Methodist church. In the pulpit of the latter was a parson in military clothes who preached a rousing patriotic sermon. This clergyman was no other than the Rev. John M. Chivington, then presiding elder of the M. E. Church and also newly appointed chaplain of Colorado's first regiment.

On our way home from church my husband gave me this bit of history: On April 24th of this year (1861) a Confederate flag was raised over Wallingford and Murphy's store on Larimer Street, and caused a decided commotion in the town. The Unionists congregated and appointed a committee to wait upon Messrs. Wallingford and Murphy with word that if that flag were not hauled down inside of one hour, flag and building would come down together. The flag came down within the prescribed time.

This incident occurred a month before Governor Gilpin and the newly appointed federal officers arrived in Denver. The town was at that time nearly equally divided between Northern and

Southern sympathizers. Governor Gilpin, on arrival, quickly realizing that radical measures would be necessary to secure the new territory's allegiance to the "Stars and Stripes," and without waiting to communicate with the authorities at the national capital, the governor, without loss of time, instigated the enlistment of the First Colorado Cavalry—known thenceforth as "Gilpin's Pet Lambs"—and issued drafts on the United States treasury for their maintenance. The governor had no right to issue those drafts, but they were taken in good faith by Colorado's tradesmen and citizens, and before redeemed caused much financial embarrassment. This unauthorized act of Colorado's governor aroused great indignation at the head of the Department of War. Gilpin was removed from office and his drafts were not honored by the U. S. treasury until long after.

But this is a digression. What I started to tell was that the First Regiment being raised, the governor sent to Rev. Mr. Chivington a commission as chaplain. The latter returned the document with a note stating that he preferred a fighting to a praying commission. Whereupon he was made major of the regiment. But occasionally, as on the Sunday mentioned, he filled the pulpit of the M. E. Church.

During my first week in Denver nearly every lady in the city—fifteen or possibly twenty in number—called to see me. All were most cordial and solicitous that I should find the new home agreeable. I have mentioned the first party at which I appeared—only a week after my arrival—and two evenings later I participated in a ball given at the Tremont House. There, not only those whom I had met at the banker's home were present, but also many men whose wives and sweethearts were back in "the States." When quadrilles were danced they were mostly formed of two women and six men, two of the men with handkerchiefs tied on the left arm personated ladies, in order that they might in "the swing at the corners" and the "grand right and left" at least touch the hands of women, and if possible, secure one as partner for a later dance. All wall-flowers were of the masculine gender in those early days, and all women were belles, then. You perceive there were compensations! Miss Ring, the school teacher, the Misses Irene and Indiana Sopris, Lida Scudder, Deme Adams, Mary Voorhies and Mary Carpenter were the much-sought young ladies of Denver then, and, with the exception of Miss Ring, very soon were persuaded to join the ranks of the married, becoming the Mesdames J. Sidney Brown, Samuel Cushman, John C. Anderson, Billy Bailey, Frank Hall and Web Anthony, and taking their places among "Denver's first families."

Governor Gilpin, then a bachelor, held his first levee in the theater in the fall of 1861, and to attend this function people came from far and near. It was a crush, but was, as the next issue of the *Rocky Mountain News* declared, "a most elegant and recherche affair." To this, as to all evening parties, guests were taken in

covered mountain wagons dignified by the name of "hacks." Even our bankers had not set up carriages in 1861. But those early parties were none the less enjoyable for this democratic mode of conveyance to and from, when all were young and vigorous. Colorado might then have well been called "The Land of Youth," for there were no aged persons within her borders. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sopris, Dr. and Mrs. Steinberger, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Smith and the Rev. Kehler are the only families I recall who had reached middle life.

Nearly every coach from the East at this period brought wife, or sweetheart, who on arrival became wife, and that the newcomers might not realize the long distance from their old home, social entertainments for them were always planned. If the entertainment was to be larger than a dinner, the hostess invited her most intimate friends to help her in the preparation of salads, cakes and ices, for few private houses in Denver knew the luxury of hired help before 1864. Not until 1871 did we know the freedom from responsibility furnished by a caterer. Then O. P. Baur arrived and took charge of all large affairs, to the entire satisfaction of all who employed him.

Even in 1862, Coloradoans found time for summer outings, and in August of that year my husband and I went by stage coach to Idaho (Springs), to meet there "Uncle Billy" Russell and a party of his friends, for a trip to the hot sulphur springs of the Middle Park. Mr. William Russell was at that time one of the proprietors of the California and Pikes Peak Express. He was probably more widely known and esteemed than any other man in Colorado. He was called "Uncle Billy" by all who knew him and as a host he had no equal. Other members of his party whose names I recall were Messrs. Eli Ashley, Beebee, Campbell, Jack Hughes, Hanson, Mesdames Ashley, Beebee, Delano, Nichols, Sherwood and Misses Decker and Bell.

Idaho was then a mining town of possibly forty houses. Its swimming pool and baths, supplied by its springs of hot water were known even then for their delightfully invigorating qualities and therapeutic value. Our party was cared for at the Beebee House and our first day was one of preparation and of pleasure, closing with an evening of stories and song. On the second day, mounted on Indian ponies and all wearing widebrimmed felt hats and carrying firearms, we formed a unique cavalcade. True, the seven ladies of the party carried nothing larger than revolvers, but these were loaded and we knew how to both load and use them; and now we were starting for the home of the wild.

As our party swung into line its *tout ensemble* was mirth provoking, if not fear-inspiring. Every detail for our safety and comfort had been provided. A surveyor, Mr. William Sisty, with compass to guide us over roadless mountains, and Dr. Garvin, a physician and surgeon, prepared to cure probable ills and to set possible broken bones, were of the party. Last but not least, followed two

men cooks and a pack train of donkeys, these little beasts of burden were so laden with provisions, cooking utensils, tents, bedding and clothing, that only their heads and feet were visible.

All told we were twenty-one persons, and were convinced that if the grizzlies and Indians would let us alone, the trout and small game contribute to our table, and the cooks prove worthy of their hire, we were bound to enjoy a world of new experiences, and be greatly improved in both brain and brawn by this new mode of living.

On our first night out we lodged in Empire City. This was a town of one hotel, a blacksmith's shop, a country store with grocery and post office attachment and three or four dwelling houses. Our party filled the hotel to overflowing.

After an early breakfast next morning we reached the summit of Berthoud's Pass at noon and lunched beside a mountain brook. Our outlook was charming and we would gladly have spent hours on this narrow stretch of tableland gathering wild flowers that grew there in profusion, or have loitered lazily enjoying the magnificent view of mountain and valleys stretching out before us, but we were told that acres of burnt timber, much of it fallen, must be traversed before a comfortable camping spot for the night could be reached; and so, perforce, we soon pushed on. Fortunately our Indian ponies were sure-footed and wise in mountain travel. Where declivities were startlingly steep they braced their legs and slid with accompaniment of tumbling stones and earth, until a standing place was found. They wound in and out among the trees, stepping carefully over fallen ones and extricated themselves wisely from boggy marshes. One of our party was unhorsed during the day, but neither man nor beast was injured.

Just before sunset we entered a mountain-enclosed valley where a long stretch of wild oats made our ponies forget their burdens and fall to eating by the way, and riders to lose all sense of weariness in the beauty of their surroundings. We dismounted beside a quiet brook, which our Waltons were soon whipping for trout. And well it was for us that we had enthusiastic fishers in our party, for our pack train did not arrive until 10 o'clock that night, and the entire catch of fish broiled on coals and eaten with watercress gathered near by did not satisfy appetities sharpened by a long day in the open air. By the time that our belated supper was over and our tents, with their fragrant pine bough beds, were ready to receive us we needed neither fairy tales nor rocking to send us to the land of nod.

At 4 o'clock of the next afternoon we forded the Grand River, whose rapid waters almost swept from their feet our strong, brave ponies. While awaiting the arrival of tents, provisions, etc., we found among the rocks nearby a natural bathhouse; where, shut in from view of outsiders, the hot sulphur water, like magic, took all the weariness and aches from tired bodies. (These are the Hot Sulphur Springs now reached by the Moffat railroad.)

Three weeks we spent in that remote spot, fishing or hunting by day, singing, telling stories or playing cribbage about the campfire at night, and enjoying to the full every hour of the truly "Arcadian life." Bear, antelope, badger, mountain trout and delicious wild gooseberries, added to the canned vegetables and fruits that our commissary had supplied, furnished a table that satisfied appetites stimulated by our life in the open air. And, hearty and happy, each strove to be both agreeable and entertaining.

On one Sunday during our camping at the Springs the Reverend Hamilton of Central City joined us and preached us a sermon, taking for his text the description of the New Jerusalem with its walls of jasper and precious stones. This meeting was closing with a familiar hymn when our white cook rushed into one of the tents and, seizing a loaded gun, made for the negro cook, who we later learned had, with a stroke of a hot skillet, resented a contemptuous remark of the white cook. Needless to add that our singing ceased very suddenly, while the white cook was pinioned by two of our party and held until reasoned out of his dire intent and amicable relations were re-established.

On the second morning after our breaking camp for home, six of our party decided to return by the trail we had made coming in. The remainder accompanied the guide over a higher pass. As our provisions had run low and our pack train would be several days en route home, we took but a morsel of lunch with us, hoping by hard riding to reach Empire by 9 o'clock that night. But by noon a slight fog of the morning had become so dense that a rider could only distinguish the horse immediately in front and the one following his own, although our ponies were kept as close to each other as possible lest we get separated. At the Beebee House the night before starting on this trip we had heard for the first time that war rally, "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Ground," etc. We had sung it often since, around the campfire, and during this careful picking of our way over an unknown mountainside, with we knew not how many crevices near us hidden by the fog, the refrain of this song was repeated many times.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves at the same small lake beside which we had twice before halted and counted our number. This was discouraging for we were blue with cold and our clothes and spirits were damp and chilled. The men of the party could not agree as to the direction of the last timber passed and we dared not camp without a fire. It was finally agreed to trust again to our guide, though he had brought us three times to the same spot, and to the refrain of "John Brown," we again moved on.

The timber at length reached, a fire soon dried and cheered us. Seven ptarmigan shot during the day were roasted and on these we made our meager supper. Our dried saddle blankets spread on the ground, with saddles for pillows, made the only beds to be had. And when no more conundrums or stories could be remembered, nor invented, we laid down in a semi-circle, with our feet toward

the fire, and forgot our surroundings in sleep. That is, sleep was king until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the snorting of our tethered ponies caused us to fear that Indians were stampeding them. A hurried examination of firearms discovered but one load of ammunition in camp. But, carrying their unloaded weapons as a bluff, the men of the party rushed to where the ponies, huddled together and trembling with fear, were found. The animals were brought nearer to their owners and the blazing fires soon quieted their fears and ours. Sleep had, however, been banished for the rest of the night, and at dawn we began our ride to the summit of the mountain in search of a slope by which to ascend. Bear tracks, in close proximity to our camp, explained the fright of our ponies and made us thankful that a bright fire had been necessary to our night's comfort.

We gained the summit to look down on a great stretch of silvery clouds, seemingly filling all the space below us. Not a sound broke the silence. Our little company seemed suddenly transported to a new world—a world too pure for unworthy deed or thought. Hunger and anxiety were lost in reverential thankfulness for this wonderful scene of flawless beauty and peace. But, all too soon, the fleecy clouds were transformed from the fervor of his passion, they sped from our gaze, leaving a view of riven rocks and barren plains beneath us. But there had been revealed to us, while we rested on the mountain heights, literally above the clouds, a picture of beauty beyond the skill of human hand to portray with brush or pen.

An Experience at Grand Junction in the Early 'Eighties

F. C. Sibley*

In the *Colorado Magazine* of July, 1936, I read with great interest the article about Grand Junction. I knew Governor Crawford and nearly all the residents who were located in or around the town at that time (1882), as I had a ranch fourteen miles west of Grand Junction.

I noticed in one section of the story the name of William Nishwitz. At the time I speak of he had a general merchandise store in Grand Junction. His building, as I remember it, was four or five logs high with a tent over the top. Besides being store keeper, he was also a deputy sheriff of Gunnison County, so I was told. Now at this time, according to the information I had, Gunnison County officials had no right to show their authority here.

I was in Gunnison preparing for another trip into the Junction country. I had been through there a year previous on a prospecting trip, looking up the coal fields for a Philadelphia company. An acquaintance by the name of McIntray wanted to go to Grand Junction and as there were only three of us in my party and I had room in the wagon for one more, I agreed to take him along. Our trip was tiresome but for all that we enjoyed it. On our arrival in town our passenger, McIntray, left us and we three pulled down

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on the Colorado River and established camp under some large cottonwood trees.

A few hours after camp was pitched we walked into town and met a few acquaintances and also found that Nishwitz had arrested and cuffed one of the cattle rustlers and had him in custody in his store. And behold our passenger was doing the grandstand stuff and was informing all who would listen that he was also a deputy sheriff as well as Nishwitz and that they would show the rustlers "how it was done."

About three or four o'clock in the afternoon we were standing on the street looking things over when we heard someone say, "Look at him go," and sure enough, he was going. In some way or other Nishwitz and McIntray had been lax in guarding their prisoner and he had made his way through the tent top, mounted a horse and was fleeing from custody. And no one seemed to care to follow him. There was the usual talk about the escape and quite a few jokes sprung on the deputies. Let me add here that I never did know whose horse he took, but he got one somewhere and no one said anything about it.

My two partners and I poked along to camp, got our supper and they made up their minds to saddle up and hike down the valley. They said it probably would be late before they got back and they might not get back until the morrow.

I was lolling on the bed trying to make up my mind to go to bed when from across the river from town I heard shouts and shots. Now please do not censure me too much and also do not call me a coward, for I was not afraid, but thought it might be a good thing to stay close in and be cautious, as I surmised just what it meant as I had met and knew a great many of the so-called rustlers before, and was positive that retaliation for the arrest of one of their number was on hand. Sure enough, here they came, swimming their horses, with six-guns over their heads and shooting. They landed and went on into town shooting as they went. The firing did not cease for quite a while. Then everything was quiet as a tomb. I was listening for more shots when I heard someone call, "Sib." This was the name I was known by for many years on the frontier. I did not answer; another call, still I did not answer. Then someone said, "Sib, come on out, the bunch is up there looking for McIntray and if they don't find him or get some satisfactory information I am afraid they will wreck the town."

"Who is talking and who is with you?" I asked.

"This is Ed Newman and no one else is with me," he answered.

"All right, stay there and I will be right with you."

In a few seconds I was with Ed out in the open. A word or two about Ed Newman. He was a man I had known for a number of years before he came to Junction and at this time he was making 'dobies out at the edge of town.

I was rather weak-kneed when we finally started up town. We came upon a bunch of the rustlers. Several of them I knew and a few of them recognized me. After a "Hello, Sib," they wanted to know where McIntray was. I told them I did not know. One of them said, "He came with you, didn't he? And isn't he in your camp now, or have you hid him?" Right then I was glad I could tell the truth when I told them he had not been in my camp and that I had not seen him since that afternoon when one of their number rode out of town so fast on a borrowed horse.

After what seemed an hour or two of questioning, but which was probably only a few minutes, one of the fellows said, "We believe you, Frank." He slapped me on the back, said they wanted McIntray and Nishwitz pretty bad, but that I was O. K. and to come and have a drink with them. I accepted readily as I was glad to get a stimulant that would take my heart back down to where it belonged. It is rather amusing to think of it now, but at the time it was anything but funny.

We went to a saloon and had our drink, then they broke into Nishwitz's store. McIntray and Nishwitz, when they first heard the shots, "lit out" for up-river country. The boys said afterwards they spent the night in the brush at the C. W. Steele ranch, four miles above town. Anyway, they did not come back to town until the next day.

The rustlers took what they wanted from Nishwitz's store, filled all the bottles they could find with whiskey and poured the rest of it out on the floor; took what eggs there were and after building a fire in the street, started to what we would call now "make whoopee." Along about morning they bid the town and yours truly Adios, saying we would meet again, which we did many times afterward.

A line to add—that the prisoner was one of the bunch, but of course his 'cuffs were off.

Such incidents as these are not of much interest to history but I am telling this hoping some may appreciate the incidents of a long time ago. I do not know whatever became of McIntray; but Nishwitz I met several years later near Ouray, Utah, in the Uintah Reservation.