

# THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XIV

Denver, Colorado, November, 1937

No. 6

## Diary of a Pike's Peak Gold Seeker in 1860

With an Introduction and Notes by HARRY E. PRATT\*

This is a day-by-day account of a journey of a group of 16 gold seekers from Bloomington, Illinois, to and from the Colorado mines in the year 1860. The diary begins March 1, 1860, and closes September 28th. The author of the diary, Edward J. Lewis, was born in Philadelphia, September 25, 1828. His father, Enoch Lewis, was an instructor of mathematics in the Friends School at West-town, Pennsylvania. Edward was educated at home and studied law with his brother, Joseph J. Lewis. It was Joseph J. Lewis who took the autobiography of Abraham Lincoln and other material furnished by Jesse W. Fell and prepared the first biographical account of Lincoln, used in the campaign of 1860. It was published in the *Chester County* (Pa.) *Times* on February 11, 1860, and immediately copied into Republican newspapers throughout the north.

At the conclusion of his law studies, Edward J. Lewis took the position of exchange editor of a Philadelphia newspaper. In 1856 he accepted the invitation of Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington, Illinois, to move to Bloomington and take editorial charge of the *Pantagraph*, the local newspaper. He held this position from June, 1856, to January, 1860; and again for some months after his return from Colorado, until his enlistment in the Civil War in August, 1861. His last term as editor covered the years 1871 to 1879. During the last two years of his four and a half years' service in the Union army he was captain of Company C of the 33d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers.

In 1884 he was appointed postmaster of Normal, Illinois, and following his term worked for several years as a clerk in the office. His last years were spent in retirement at his home at 208 E. Kelsey Street in Bloomington, where he died November 3, 1907.

The news of the discovery of gold in the Pike's Peak region attracted many prospectors from Bloomington in 1859. The *Weekly Pantagraph*, March 6, 1859, said: "Two handcarts are being made here for the trip and a cow train is to leave shortly." The cow train started ten days later and stuck fast in the mud a mile from the courthouse for a day, but went on to Ft. Kearny, Nebraska,

\*Mr. Pratt, Executive Secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association of Springfield, Illinois, kindly submitted this diary for publication.—Ed.

where it turned back. Many, however, reached Auraria (Denver) as early as May. A part of those who returned in the fall determined to try again the next spring. Three of these, John F. Rees, Thomas J. Donahue and Linus Graves, formed a party of 16, including the author of the diary, Mr. Lewis. Two of the party, John and Peter Pitsch, left Bloomington February 29, 1860, to pick up Graves' team and wagon in Iowa and take it on to the place of rendezvous, Nebraska City, Nebraska. The next day four of the party took the train to St. Louis and on March 5th the rest followed, with the exception of Thomas Rees, who went directly from Cleveland, Ohio, to Nebraska City. The party as organized at Nebraska City consisted of four groups without a captain. Group one included James White, S. S. Adolph and Duncan Wallace with two horses. Group two included Linus Graves, Thomas Fell, John Pitsch and Peter Pitsch with two mules. The third group consisted of Thomas J. Donahue, John F. Rees, Thomas Rees, William Hill and Enoch Moore with three mules. The last group was E. J. Lewis, his nephew Enoch E. Lewis, Henry C. Fell and Wm. O. Davis with four mules.

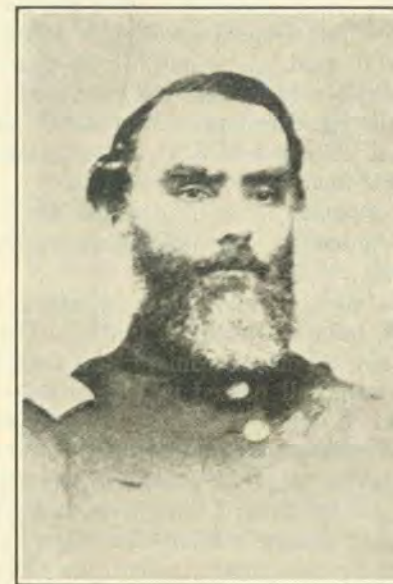
All the men were from Bloomington except Thomas Rees of Cleveland, Ohio; Thomas Fell of Lexington and James White of Oldtown, McLean county. Supplies were purchased in St. Louis and taken on the steamboat *Florence* to Nebraska City. The mules were purchased in Independence, Missouri, and driven north to the place of rendezvous. The party left Nebraska City March 21, 1860, over the well-marked government trail on the 110-mile journey to the Platte River. Each group had a tent and all wagons were well loaded with mining tools and provisions. Several sacks of ground feed were taken, though the animals subsisted mainly on the short dry buffalo grass of the previous year's growth. They followed the Platte River to Denver and the same route on the return as far as Ft. Kearny, where they crossed to the north bank of the Platte River and followed the Mormon Trail to Omaha.

On the 18th of April, the day after their arrival in Denver, they started west to Gregory's Diggings at Mountain City. The cabin of Linus Graves, some 25 miles west of Denver, became the headquarters for a month. Reports of rich discoveries on the headwaters of the Arkansas River caused most of the group, with the additional arrivals from Bloomington, to move there. They went the long route by Pike's Peak, arriving in California Gulch May 25th, where they remained for two months.

Not one of the party or their immediate friends struck it rich! They found many difficulties in their way; the climate was very cold, with snow squalls and ice as late as the 11th of June and frost and ice on into July. The rainy season began the last week

of June and it rained for a week, then followed a week of dry weather, and for the rest of July it rarely missed one rain per day. The rarity of the atmosphere made hard work for several weeks almost impossible.

Most of the party returned to Denver around the first of August and started home in small groups. Lewis and Linus Graves took a horseback excursion back to an alleged silver lode near Breckenridge, a round trip of 200 miles. On the 20th of August the party consisting of E. J. Lewis, Enoch Lewis, W. O. Davis and Linus Graves started for home. They arrived in Bloomington September 28th, completing their seven months' journey in search of the El Dorado. Lewis attended the county fair on the day of his arrival and was so changed in appearance that no one recognized him.



CAPTAIN EDWARD J. LEWIS  
IN CIVIL WAR UNIFORM

Lewis wrote three letters to the Bloomington *Pantagraph*. They were published May 4, June 1, and September 6th, and in large part are the sources of material for the footnotes given in the diary. In the last letter Lewis said: "Although I have joined the great crowd of the returning disappointed, I am not coming home with my finger in my mouth, to denounce Pike's Peak as an unmitigated humbug." The diary follows:

Thursday, March 1st [1860].—Left Bloomington, Ills. at 2½ A. M. with H. C. Fell, J. F. Rees and T. J. Donahue in company. Reached St. Louis at about 11 A. M. and put up at Missouri Hotel, corner of Main & Morgan. Spent the P. M. in pricing goods. Retired early. Day rainy in morning; fair in P. M.

Friday, 2nd.—Busy all day pricing and buying goods. In morning I visited several hotels to learn about mules on the frontier but with poor success. Met Jacob Hall of Independence, Santa Fe mail contractor who said mules would cost \$150, oxen \$70 per yoke & etc. Didn't credit him much. Priced some mules today but found them very high. Smith & Co. offered 4 for \$490; 2 horse mules \$230; etc. Bushnell offered 4 neat ones for \$425; and 5 for \$545. Met F. Price, whose place of business is 18 N. 2nd St.—house 183 N. 8th St.

Saturday, 3rd.—Weather still fine. After a busy day Rees & self took passage for Independence on the Spread Eagle,<sup>1</sup> Capt. Labarge at \$9 each. Left Donahue & Fell to finish the work here. I took with me \$470 in gold. Rees had a little over \$300. Learned at Moody, Michel & Co's (successors to Singleton) N. W. Pine & Commercial, of mules near Independence at \$80 @ 100. Clayton Vanhoy, 1½ m. n. of Pleasant Hill, Cass Co. has some. Dr. J. D. Stephens gave us this name.

Sunday, 4th.—Fine day. Still lying at St. Louis. Captain and officers lying on board. Spent evening at Dutch lager beer theatre on Broadway.

Monday, 5th.—Day still fine. On boat which was to have left certain at 4½ P. M. today. Donahue, Fell and Price called on us, and the two latter saw us off. Steamers Post Boy, Polar Star, Die Vernon, Belle of Peoria, all passed us within a few miles and the Quiney about dark. Entered mouth of Missouri about 8½ P. M. Seem to be some 40 cabin passengers on board and a number deck.

Tuesday, 6th.—The gang of gamblers left us before day at St. Charles. They got \$20 from a Dutchman last night. Left bank of river this morning mostly bluffs. Exposing rock horizontally stratified, and slightly columnar toward top. Right bank low. Afterwards character of banks alternating. Lightning early in morn & some rain. Met W. H. Russell at 12½ noon below Augusta 76 miles from St. Louis. Day generally fair, lightning and rain at night, and quite warm.

Wednesday, 7th.—Morning foggy. Grounded once or twice last night and this morn, and finally laid up at mouth of small creek on left bank. Fog clear at 9 and we started at 11½, met S. E. Treat above St. Aubert. 12¼ met down train. 1 P. M. overtook or met Southwester, which left St. Louis on Sunday (?).

<sup>1</sup>One of the boats which made the extraordinary voyage upstream to Ft. Benton in the summer of 1859.

Spent about 4 hours in crossing Osage bar, and left Southwester there. Reached Jefferson City at 9 P. M. and left at 9½. Met Carrier opposite Jefferson City.

Thursday, 8th.—Cold wind. Met White Cloud above Rockport, wooding. Landed at Boonville at dinner time, Glasgow at about 8 P. M.

Friday, March 9th.—Cool and windy. Above Brunswick at getting up time; first stopping place Miami. Many geese and swans in river today. Wind so high as to make steering quite difficult for a considerable part of the afternoon. Landed at Dover at 8½ P. M. Reached Lexington somewhat before midnight.

Saturday, 10th.—Beautiful morning. Above Napoleon at rising, 396 miles from St. Louis. Met Emma at 11 A. M. below Blue Mills, 428 miles from St. Louis, 14 from Independence. She left St. Louis on Saturday eve and we ought to have gone on her. 3:10 P. M. landed at Maxwell's. 4:25 reached Independence and stopped at Hiskman House. Called on Wm Stone in evening. Prices of his mules are high.

Sunday, 11th.—Fair but windy. Drove out to Jack Stone this morn, 8 miles S. E. Mules did not suit. Called at Whites. Not at home. Returned to town. We went out to Maxwell's, 3 miles on Lexington road. Good mules, but at \$135 @ 200 each.

Monday, 12th.—Fair but cool. Circuit court opens today. Some mules in town, generally yet a little high. Saw two negroes sold publicly.<sup>2</sup> Walked out 8 ms. on Blue Spring road to C. C. Childs.

Tuesday, 13th.—Fair. Bought of Mr. Childs 7 mules, 5 for \$105 each and 2 for \$75 each or total \$625; of which I paid \$400. Mounted and drove to Independence. Bought saddles &c; left about noon; had much trouble at the bridge; finally forded. Reached Kansas City<sup>3</sup> at about 3:30 P. M.; saw Jack McReynolds;<sup>4</sup> learned the Florence only left Wyandotte late last night. Ferried the Kansas and left Wyandotte at 4:30. Stopped for the night six miles out at Cotter's in the Wyandotte reservation, having gone about 28 or 29 miles today.

Wednesday, 11th.—Fair and warm, very dry. Left at 7:30 A. M. Reached Leavenworth (22 miles) at a little before 1 P. M. and put up at Lawrence House. Called at Dr. Weed's office. Left at 2½ P. M. Stopped for the night at John D. Clasby's about 6 ms. short of Atchison and 18 from Leavenworth, having made about 40 miles. Passed over considerable prairie country today, quite rolling.

<sup>2</sup>The town of Independence was full of people. The Negro boy of 18 sold for \$1,345, and a woman of 28 for \$875.00.

<sup>3</sup>Kansas City then had 12,000. It was grading the streets and cutting down the bluffs to make a city of itself.

<sup>4</sup>McReynolds was a former printer on the staff of the *Pantagraph*, a Bloomington, Illinois, newspaper.

Thursday, 15th.—Fair and warm. Left at 7:30 A. M. Got \$10 piece changed for silver at grocery store in Atchison; bank not being open. Followed telegraph wire to Doniphan, where it left us. Heard railroad train above Doniphan; also saw railroad partly graded below Doniphan. These two towns on rather rough ground, some good buildings. Fine country up to Troy, on a high prairie 10 miles above Doniphan, thence rough and very rough to Iowa Point 25 miles from Doniphan, which we reached shortly after sundown, and stopped at Wood House. The Florence only left here about 5 P. M. today. Drive about 36 miles today by reputation, probably farther on account of missing the road.

Friday, 16th.—Fine and a little windy. Left at 7:20 A. M. Passed through White Cloud (5 ms.) reached the Great Nemaha and were ferried over by an Indian; went on to Rulo (75 ms. from I. P.) thence to Archer (25 ms. from same) where took dinner. Thence 20 ms. over a fine prairie road, with a jolly mail rider for guide. Ferried Little Nemaha, and reached Nemaha City at about 5½ P. M. having made a drive of about 45 miles today. The river distance is 51 miles.

Saturday, 17th.—Windy and rather cloudy. Left a little before 7 A. M. and drove over a rolling prairie road, following an old Government trail, to Nebraska City, which reached at a little before 1 P. M. in a perfect whirlwind of dust. Found Jesse Blackburn<sup>5</sup> and took supper and lodged at his house. Omaha came in in evening. Florence not in. Met Rees' brother, and learned that Grave's Dutchmen [John and Peter Pitsch] had been here for a week. Day's drive 30 miles, total distance about 180 miles. Mules in good condition, except that my Maggie is a little lame.

Sunday, 18th.—Windy but fair. Florence came in at 9:40 A. M. with boys all on board, looking a little rough. Got goods off and up town and put up tents, and slept in them.

Monday, 19th.—Fair but cool. Busy with various preparations. Got five mules shod. In taking home the last one after dark, I got lost in the brush and wandered round to the tents again; then restarting, was overtaken by Davis and Enoch from camp with another mule, and went with them. I stood guard 1st half of night and Enoch 2nd.

Tuesday, March 20th.—Fine. Finished shoeing the mules, tied two of them to the wagon successfully; got the feed and partly packed for the journey. Cooked breakfast and supper at camp. Wrote to K. H. Fell<sup>6</sup> and A. A. this eve.

Wednesday, 21st.—Fair but windy. Made a start at 10 A. M. Mules went off well. Went to 10 mile house over a rolling prairie

<sup>5</sup>Blackburn lived in Nebraska, 1856-1865, when he moved to Normal, Illinois, and engaged in the lumber, hardware and coal business.

<sup>6</sup>Kersey H. Fell, brother of Jesse W. Fell, a Bloomington land dealer and lawyer.

on Govt. trail. Settlements scarce, camped at a slough about 4 P. M. Mule tore our tent tonight. Prayers tonight.

Thursday, 22nd.—Wind nearly facing us today; was with us yesterday. Left camp and pursued our N. W. course over a similar country to yesterday, becoming less rolling as we advanced. Saw timber 2 or 3 times at a distance on left, and in P. M. sighted Weeping Water timber at intervals on right. Stopped at noon on ridge with good slough water within ½ mile. Flock of pelicans (?) came over us while eating, and once or twice afterwards. Met near camp in the eve an ox train from Elm Creek (100 miles west) driven by Mr. Beardsley, who lives there. Pulled Iowa team out of mud once this morn. Camped at 5 P. M. on Weeping Water creek 18 miles, with good water and timber. 3 houses near.

Friday, 23rd.—Cloudy and rather still in morn. Left at 7 A. M. and forded creek, good stream of water.<sup>7</sup> Shot some prairie chickens. Saw Platte Bluff at its S. bend only a few miles distant. Reached Salt Creek (45 miles from Nebraska City) at 5 P. M. only 6 miles from Platte; crossed a toll bridge to an excellent camp ground. Bought ½ bu. of potatoes at 50c per bu.; some corn at same; eggs 10c; hay 60c per 100. Several houses near here, some farming done. Wild geese flying over at night, wild turkeys seen. Met a freight team here, returning from Denver with oxen. Henry found some wild flowers on prairie today.

Saturday, 24th.—Very cold last night, ice ½ inch to inch on buckets this morning. Lying over today, making various preparations. Settled with Donahue & Co. and found them owing us \$93.29; they paid \$72.20 and gave note for \$21. Drew out our own account. Henry shot himself in foot this morning.

Sunday, 25th.—Cold with furious wind from N. W. facing us. Left camp at 6:15 and travelled all day over very rolling country. White lost tire of wagon wheel and detained us an hour. Finally camped on prairie near water 2½ miles short of Wahoo creek. Very cold tonight. No guard. Journey 32½ miles.<sup>8</sup>

Monday, 26th.—Cold and windy in morn, very fine in P. M. Left camp crossed Wahoo and travelled all day with Ft. Kearney team, sighting Platte bluffs at eve. Camped on prairie some 6 miles short of Platte, and used wood brought from Wahoo. Days journey 26 or 27 miles. Aurora tonight. No guard.

Tuesday, 27th.—Left camp about 7 A. M., rather cold with S. W. wind but soon warm and pleasant. Continued some 5 miles over level prairie, then a mile or so through bluffs and struck Platte bottom, river 2 or 3 miles distant, visible from bluffs. A little wood in ravines on this side. Met a team or two here, the first since

<sup>7</sup>Coffee made of it was so salty as to be utterly undrinkable.

<sup>8</sup>This day's march was the hardest of the seven months' trip.

Weeping Water. Antelope sign seen. Struck bottom at 10 A. M. Crossed on foot a small creek, which sank in the sand before the teams crossed it. Land looking very fine. Town staked out near Elin creek. Reached the creek at noon (12 miles) crossed and camped, cooked dinner. Small bridge, banks steep. Trading post here; another ranche 2 or 3 miles on. This is called half way to Kearney and 115 to 120 miles from each. Land grows more sandy as we proceed. Camped early on Clear Creek, a beautiful stream. Trading post, house built of cedar. Much cedar on islands. Fine night, clear and cool, with aurora. One team camped here also, making 6 in company.

Wednesday, 28th.—Left camp at 7 A. M. Fine warm day. Passed new ranche 8 ms on. I walked to river and drank at it. Part of road very sandy, other parts sloughy though now dry, land apparently not of much value. Made noon halt some half mile from Platte. Reached at sundown the old Pawnee town, now occupied only by a trading post. Hay \$1.00 per 100. Got 2 buffalo robes for \$5 each. It is said a great battle was fought here some 13 years ago between the Pawnees and their confederated enemies in which 5000 (?) warriors were slain, and the power of the Pawnees broken. These once dreaded Indians are now all on the other side of the river. Fine night, moonlight and aurora. Grave of a chief on road below town, surrounded by horse heads. No guard tonight. 75 ms. from Kearney.

Thursday, 29th.—Fine morning. Left camp at 7¼ A. M. I visited burying ground on bluffs. Some groves and horse skulls; ground too broken to stay among them much. Struck secondary bluffs some 2 or 3 miles above town. Stopped for noon at point where bluff road leaves bottom, some 2 miles from river. Ft. Kearney team came up just as we left. Ascended bluffs (some 12 miles from Pawnee town) and travelled some 8 miles S. W. over gently rolling and seemingly fertile prairie, mostly far from river. Camped on soft dead grass about 1½ ms. from river, which we reached with our beasts by a wild ravine, and found there a densely wooded island with a claim tree marked. Wind strong today, dead ahead. Calm and mild at night, with moonlight. No guard. Finished 1st feed bag today, morning.

Friday, 30th.—Fine, warm and calm. Left at 6½ A. M. Stopped some 5 ms. on, about 1 mile from river, and watered beasts. Made noon halt about ½ mile from river by driving off road about a ¼. Come some 12 or 13 miles. Struck Platte bottom again about 4 P. M. near some piles of timber for new ranches. Bluffs low here and above this. Drove off road and camped on river bank, having made probably 22 or 23 miles. Thunder tonight, a little rain and much wind.

Saturday, March 31st.—Windy and disagreeable with cinders

blowing from burnt prairie. Passed grave this morn of Wm. Frazier of Guthrie Co. Iowa, died Oct. 29, 1859. Stopped at noon near river. Drove late, and camped near house 10 m. from Kearney, about junction of Atchison road. Shot 2 geese and a prairie chicken.

Sunday, April 1st.—Beautiful warm day. Drove through Ft. Kearney<sup>9</sup> to village 2 ms. beyond, and camped at noon. Baked and browned coffee, cooked goose, got mule shod, and washed in Platte, which was a mile distant. Water in wells and chips gratis. Hay \$1 per 100. Overtook our Iowa team here and were overtaken by our Kearney team. Several teams from Galena here.

Monday, 2nd.—Fair, but with strong S. W. wind dead ahead. Country still fine, but road occasionally sandy. Passed many buffalo trails and carcasses. Met old pedestrian from Gregory's [Diggings] 1st ult. Nooned on Platte near a ranche, some 15 miles from starting point. Wood scarce on the river at this point. Left at 1½ P. M. Broke right hind wheel of Donahue's wagon in sand chuck hole within about a mile, detained us 2 hours. Camped at night after about 22 miles drive, quite a mile from river; got water from slough. Killed 3 prairie chickens. Fine moonlight night, and warm.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Cloudy this morning and a flurry of rain at noon. Drove about 8 miles to Plum Creek station, thence some miles further to crossing of creek; a pooly stream dry where we crossed, some timber where it leaves bluffs. Got water from it for noon halt. Saw two antelopes today. Passed a train of 7 ox wagons, 2 from Jersey, other from Fort Riley. Camped at a ranch 48 miles from Ft. Kearney. Day's drive about 24 miles. Furious wind tonight. Wood and water plenty. 2nd meal sack finished tonight.

Wednesday, 4th.—Fair with cool head wind. Saw 4 antelope this morn. Passed a ranch in about 9 ms. and another in 5 ms. and camped for noon near the latter, after 14 mile drive. Camped at night at ranche said to be about 75 ms. from Ft. Kearney, where was a well and chips furnished gratis. H. Fell and Adolph stood watch until 3 A. M. and I till morning.

Thursday, 5th.—Fine and very warm. Passed ranches frequently at 2, 6, 10, 11 miles. Got some buffalo beef at Indian lodge, at 10c per lb. Reached Cottonwood Spring at about 11 A. M., several houses and excellent water in spring. Camped at noon at ranche 3 miles beyond, after 15 or 16 mile drive; got cedar wood for desert also some hay at \$1.75 per 100 lbs. Drove some 10 miles in P. M. and camped at ranche; water in wells, and chips. Passed 1st prairie dog town just above Cottonwood. Enoch and H. Fell on

<sup>9</sup>Ft. Kearney was a village occupied by troops, with no fort at all, standing on the south side of the Platte River, two or three miles back from it; nearly opposite the present town of Kearney on the north bank. Colonel May, of Mexican War fame, commanded with five companies of cavalry. A village of trading houses and liquor shops stood some two miles west of it, just off the reservation.

guard. Grave here of a Mr. Rice of Niles, Michigan accidentally shot a few days ago in hunting.

Friday, April 6th.—Cloudy and mild. Took a road leading down to little arm of river and afterward bearing over a piece of bluff. Passed prairie dog town, and in scant 12 miles passed ranche said to be 16 miles from O'Fallon's Bluffs and 8 from Fremont's Springs, the first water. Watered at slough and halted at noon without water. Drove on some 4 miles to Fremont's Springs, 3 or 4 weak springs ebbing from sandy bank of slough. Express station here. Presently ascended bluff and obtained a good view of North and South Plattes, with Indian town beyond latter. Several Sioux at station, 2 lodges above, and 7 lodges at O'Fallon post, which we reached at early camp time. Camp swarming with Indians, rather troublesome. Iowa team camped with us and helped stand guard. Road over bluff quite rolling. Dry wood scant here; river water handy, and some grass. Drive today 28 miles.

Saturday, 7th.—Fine. Left at 6:10, mostly escaping the Indians. Saw 9 antelopes. Met 2 or 3 Indian families moving lodges. Travelled till near 11:30, making probably 15 miles. Camped a mile or so from river. Saw 13 more antelopes in P. M. 3 of which crossed road within gunshot and were fired at without effect. Passed ranche early in morn, and express station with good well in P. M. Travelled in all some 27 miles from starting point, and camped on dead grass  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from river. Iowa team with us again tonight. They report wind wagon behind.

Sunday, April 8th.—Fine day, with stern wind. The wind wagon from Leavenworth passed us before noon; 3 men with it. Saw 2 antelopes this morn. Noon near river, at station 3 ms. below Laramie Crossing.<sup>10</sup> Passed that point soon after, where were 3 houses and 9 lodges of Sioux. Stopped some 4 ms. above, on river bank at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  P. M. or so. Bought some antelope meat of Indian hunter, and had it for supper. Day's drive supposed 24 miles.

Monday, 9th.—Cloudy, snowed and rained a little about noon and in P. M. with strong north wind. Met quite a number of Indians travelling. Passed a down train of Majors & Russell, in camp, some 25 wagons, also similar one yesterday. 3rd feed sack used this morn. Passed upper Laramie Crossing (24 miles from lower) and camped near it shortly after 4 P. M. on account of the storm.<sup>11</sup> Two Wisconsin teams with us. Road sandy this P. M. and much broken with sand ravines, yet we travelled rapidly. 2 or 3 good lumber houses at this point.

<sup>10</sup>The Platte route was in 1860 no longer a wild one. Especially from Ft. Kearney to the Laramie Crossing of South Platte (old Julesburg) the road was better beaten than most of the old roads in Illinois. For 200 to 300 feet wide the ground was worn bare and beaten hard. Game was not plentiful. No buffalo were seen on the outward trip.

<sup>11</sup>No severe storm was encountered from Nebraska City to the mountains.

Tuesday, April 10th.—Beautiful day. Started about 6 A. M. Road very sandy and broken for some miles this morn, afterwards good. Camped at noon near river, on old grass, after which plunged for 2 miles or so thro' severe sand hills very exhausting to teams; doubled our leaders with White's once. Camped at about 5 P. M. near bluff on grass,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from river. The Wisconsin and Iowa teams, a train of some 6 wagons from South Bend, Ind., and a one horse cart which we passed broken down on Sunday, all passed us this eve. Drive today probably 18 miles.

Wednesday, 11th.—Fine. Left a little before 6 A. M. In about 4 miles came to a new station, said by residents to be 54 miles from Beaver Creek, 72 from cut off and 126 via same to Denver. In 15 ms. came to old station, where is a fine spring. Road mostly good and travelled rapidly. At  $10\frac{1}{2}$  A. M. some severe sand, some small patches before. Camped just after 11 on river, with grass on islands. Company of 11 from Kansas, Georgia and Va. nooned just by. Made about 14 miles. Road good until 5 P. M. then some  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile very severe sand. Camped at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  P. M. near river, on scanty grass, 2 or 3 miles below station, having made 26 or 27 miles.

Thursday, April 12th.—Fine warm day. Off at 10 min. before 6 A. M. Some deep sand about half way of morn. drive; road very good all P. M. Met some Brule Sioux this morn; 2 whites with them with squaws. Camped at noon on river; Iowa team of our first day's camp was with us. Met 2 teams from Denver this P. M. who gave good account of Beaver cut-off. Camped at night on river, off road, 2 or 3 miles short of next station beyond one passed this morn; drive some 27 or 28 miles. Looking for Long's Peak to-day, but did not see it.

Friday, 13th.—Fine. Off at 6. Some little sand in morn. Passed station in about 2 miles (Beaver Creek) and forded creek just above; a fine large stream, with 2 fords, of which we took the lower. Passed some deep sand, saw 5 antelopes and a wolf, and stopped for noon on river, with a little grass; Iowa team with us. In P. M. passed cutoff station called 20 miles from Beaver station.<sup>12</sup> At cut off found board numbered 60 miles per cut off, 116 per old road: took old road, passed through deep sand, and in a mile or so forded Bijou creek, a mineralized stream with 2 branches and swift current, barren country. Camped just beyond at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  P. M. making some 24 or 25 miles. Mountains clearly seen today. Wild goose and sage hen shot. Molasses finished today.

Saturday, 14th.—Fair. Off before 6. Considerable sand in morn. Saw wolf. At about 9 ms. our team & Graves took right hand road to river; no deep sand but very steep bluff to river;

<sup>12</sup>The new cut-off was a toll road that claimed to save 56 miles to Denver and avoid the severe sand drive about "Fremont's Orchard" on the old route. Lewis took the old road. The cut-off was henceforth used by the express companies.

large cotton woods at river resembling apple trees; good growth of cotton wood and willow on islands above; some good grass but torn soil seemingly fertile. In 20 minutes came into other road, some deep sand above. This is Fremont's Orchard. Camped at noon near express station, where road takes bluff. Shyenne [sic] family of 5 here; station man or driver from Lincoln, Ills. After dinner ascended bluff; very severe sand, also more on top and in descent, crossed dry creek, entered river bottom; more deep sand; some miles good road; 2 bad sand patches just before camping. Camped at 6 P. M. near river, with some wood and grass. I on watch until 1 A. M. Made about 23 miles.

Sunday, 15th.—Fine. Off before 6. Passed two groups of Indian lodges, with white riders gathering up ponies. Some rock in bluffs early. I shot at wild goose in river, did not hit. Some little sand in morn. Several Ogallalah [sic] Sioux marching with us, and quite a number at dinner with us. Camped at 11 on river with some grass. 4th feed sack finished at noon. Good road all afternoon. Rounded great northern curve of river, passed Cache la Poudre and Smith's ranche, and camped after 5 P. M. at Douglas City, (one house with fenced corral) having made 25 to 30 miles, with 52 yet to Denver. Country improving this P. M.; some fair farm land and several new houses building. Station man here is from Randolph's Grove, Ills. Baked tonight till after 10; high wind. Bought antelope ham for \$1.00. Splendid view of mountains all day, especially in P. M.

Monday, April 16th.—Fair. Left about 6 A. M. Teams took a river road a mile above Randolph's near foot of bluff; good road; some good soil in valley, prairie chickens and geese; on bluff road the walkers report some four miles of deep sand; none on ours except at ascent of bluff. Passed St Vrain's fort, and camped for noon on river, at a bend where was new house, unoccupied. In P. M. passed Lancaster's and Lupton's forts, the former in ruins, the latter partly repaired and occupied. Passed numerous ranches, and camped at eve on river, with grass. Met here young Hazard, who says his ranche is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 ms. above, and his brother arrived yesterday via cut off, which is very bad road. We are supposed to be now 18 miles from Denver.<sup>12</sup> Drive about 30 miles. Wind high tonight.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Fair but windy and growing cloudy in eve. Left somewhat after 6; stopped at Hazzard's ranche, a most beautiful location; continued on some 6 miles or more, and stopped on bank of river; took lunch and some of the boys went in and washed. Left again at 11; and took bluff road some 12 miles, crossing one deep sand creek. Reached Denver at about 3 o'clock,

<sup>12</sup>For the last 50 miles or so in approaching Denver, ranches and new houses became more and more numerous and the valley could be called well settled.

crossed Cherry Creek at mouth, where was nothing but sand, and camped there. Received letters from Sarah and Alice, K. H. Fell and Henry; also 2 Friends Reviews and a Kansas Metropolitan. Find Denver a pretty extensive place, with a creditable number of good buildings.<sup>14</sup> Pike's Peak visible today.

Wednesday, 18th.—Fair in morn. Wrote a long letter to Alice, and one to Pantagraph. At 2 P. M. train forded Platte, footmen crossing on unfinished bridge, and started for Golden City. Fine view of Denver from hills. Land rolling and seems good, some claim cabins and ranches. Some 9 miles out passed fine spring and smaller brook, at a ranch. Entered gap of mountains, and at 6 or later camped in Golden City, finely located in a land locked valley on Clear creek,<sup>15</sup> and containing at least 100 new frame houses. Rain storm at night; also storm passed up mountains in P. M. muddying our road, but not raining on us. First mud this side of St. Louis. Distance today 12 miles. Saw woman milking a cow here.

Thursday, 19th.—Rain lasted all night and continued nearly all day, with an interval of snow. Called at office of Mountaineer, talked with editors and read exchanges, also read St. Louis Democrat at Jefferson Hotel. Took excellent dinner at latter place for 50c. In P. M. self and H. C. F. ascended Table Mountain, a difficult ascent of several hundred feet, and at top a circular platform of some 50 yds diameter, with perpendicular precipice of 50 to 100 ft. most of the way round. View limited owing to rain. Counted some 125 buildings in town. Slept under roof tonight, 1st time for a month.

Friday, 20th.—Rain at frequent intervals during the day, mixed with some snow. Considerable snow on the near mountains among the evergreens. Still lying over. Visited a sluice some  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles above town on creek, now not worked. A pan of dirt from it yielded 3 or 4 specks of gold; boys afterwards washed some from creek in town, with equal or better results. Clouds cleared away this eve. Slept at hotel again.

Saturday, April 21st.—Fine morning. Started rather late, and took right hand road up a pleasant valley 2 miles to Golden Gate, a village of 26 buildings in all stages of completion. Entered mountains here, thru a toll gate, paying 75c per wagon. Travelled up gulch, crossing a brook very often with muddy and steep banks. At 24th crossing, 2 houses; woman washing. Above 33, stopped for dinner, at 5 mile house from gate? Snow on the hills all day, and down beside the road in P. M. Hauling very severe. At 37th crossing, White broke singletree. At 8 mile house, head of gulch, and

<sup>14</sup>Denver had 3,000 people, some log houses, many frame, and a few brick. For a town one year old, it was a marvel of growth and finish.

<sup>15</sup>Golden City had no houses July 1, 1859. On April 18, 1860, it had 125 mostly neat frames, also a good saw mill and several stores.

50th crossing of stream, camped for night. I slept in tent, with White's party. Enoch in house, others in wagon. A little snow fell in eve.

Sunday, 22nd.—Fair most of day; a few spits of snow. Left camp rather late, and doubled teams up ridge. Descent quite long and steep. Thence some 2 miles up another gulch, on fair road, to Graves' cabin,<sup>16</sup> 12 miles from Gate. Cabin occupied and claimed, man moved out in P. M. Mr. Davidson, a late member of Provisional Legislature took supper with us, and slept in cabin.

Monday, April 23rd.—Spitting snow at intervals. Settled accounts satisfactorily this morn. Found my own funds remaining on hand to be \$49.50. Company expenses to this point \$779.92½. Davis took my place as cook this noon. Snowing heavily tonight. Donahue, Moore and the Reeses went up to Gregory's;<sup>17</sup> M [Moore] and J. R. [Rees] returned and report 16 inches snow on road; miners at work at Gregory's.

Tuesday, 24th.—Fair most of day; snow melting very fast. Did a little mending, and wrote a long letter to John and Henry. Crippled with boil only.

Wednesday, 25th.—Snowing slightly most of day, but melting as it fell; snowing heavily all night, to depth of a foot nearly. Enoch went to Denver today; Davis and Hill to Gregory's and back.

Thursday, 26th.—Fair for good part of day, but snow not melting very fast. Helped roll out some logs for shingles this morn. Tom Rees returned today.

Friday, 27th.—Fair. H. C. Fell and I went to Gregory's today; severe journey; some 12 miles in 5¼ hours to gate. Sold flour at \$25 per 100 lbs.; bacon at \$30; small demand for latter.<sup>18</sup> Left gate near dark; camped half mile out and slept in wagon.

Saturday, 28th.—Windy in morn, but fair. Started early and reached home at 10 A. M. Road much better. In P. M. browned and ground some coffee for trip to States.

Sunday, April 29th.—Fair but windy. Walked over to Graves' ranch this morn. Good show for mules. Much game killed in vicinity in winter. No one at home. In P. M. wrote to A. A. and in eve settled financial matters with expedition to States.

Monday, April 30th.—Fine and warm. Mr. Fell and Davis

<sup>16</sup>This cabin erected by Linus Graves in 1859 became the headquarters for most of the party during the next month.

<sup>17</sup>Gregory's Diggings, discovered May 6, 1859, near Mountain City, was some 19 miles from Golden Gate. Mining prospects here did not strike the party very favorably. There was little opportunity for those not already having claims. Most of the party did more or less work at Gregory's or nearby, in carpentering or other occupations, at wages varying from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day without board, the latter costing about a dollar daily.

<sup>18</sup>Finding provisions, early in the season, very high, a portion of the party determined to sell off the surplus supplies and send back to the "States" for more. Two of the party started back on April 30th. They encountered a fierce snow-storm on the way out, returning on July 10, 1860.

started for the states this morn.<sup>19</sup> L. Graves, H. Fell and self went with them to Robinson's. In P. M. took mules over to ranche. Saw Pike's Peak bearing S. S. E. Denver a little north of east. Ramsey and Blake of McLean County arrived this eve.

Tuesday, May 1st.—Fine day ushered in by bird chorus. Henry and Adolph went prospecting to Clear creek and killed 2 grouse. John Pitsch returned from Gregory's whence he and the Enoch's [Lewis and Moore] went yesterday. Gibson passed down, bound for South Park.

Wednesday, 2nd.—A beautiful day. Doing nothing of any consequence. Much travel on road. John Pitsch, Adolph and Duncan again left for Gregory.

Thursday, 3rd.—Very fine. Walked over to ranche, and found Billy's horses which he was hunting in the valley. In P. M. took him over to get them. Ramsey and Drake returned today from prospecting tour also Adolph and Duncan Wallace.

Friday, 4th.—Very fine. Adolph, Duncan and H. Fell left to work on road. Ramsey went to Denver. Party from Nebraska City passed today. In eve went to ranche and got lariat off Mexican mule.

Saturday, 5th.—A brisk spit of snow this morn, afterwards fine. Andersons, McDonald and Eberly, from Bloomington, arrived this P. M. Mr. North yesterday. Ramsey returned from Denver.

Sunday, 6th.—Fine. Our road men came home, also Enoch. In eve struck our tent, packed things in house, and went up to work on road. Slept in Adolph's tent, 5 of us.

Monday, 7th.—Cold, some snow in morn. At work on road all day.

Tuesday, 8th.—Cold and windy in morn, moderate in P. M. At work all day. Graves passed up to M. C. [Mountain City] today. Henry Fell quit work this morn.

Wednesday, 9th.—Fair. At work part of morn; in P. M. moved over beyond 4 mile house, meeting Graves on the way. Self quite unwell all day, and hardly able to travel. Did nothing after reaching camp.

Thursday, 10th.—Fine. I and Adolph went to M. C. and spent the day mostly in lounging with Phleger; returning to camp in eve. Met Gibson, editor of new Rocky Mountain Herald.

Friday, May 11th.—Fair and warm. Working on road all day.

Saturday, 12th.—Fair but windy; cold in eve. Walked down home this morn, arriving at 12:40 P. M. Got pistol and knife in order for trip.

Sunday, 13th.—Windy and cold. Made some preparations for journey to the Arkansas. Borrowed 19 lbs. of sugar of Graves.

<sup>19</sup>They purchased a new stock of goods in St. Louis.

Monday, 14th.—Fair but rather windy. Left at 8½ A. M., got over big hill with some difficulty, found many flowers on the way; reached Golden City at 20 min. to 7 (?) and took dinner at Jefferson House. Passed on by Arapahoe, rougher road than the other. Reached Denver near sundown and camped on bank of Platte slough.

Tuesday, 15th.—Fair and warm. Wrote to Pantagraph and K. H. Fell, and received letter from G. B. Larrison. Left at 20 min. to 1 P. M. and travelled 5 miles up Platte valley over a fine plains road, passing place where gold washing was going on; then bore off to left, crossed a dry creek at 10 miles farther; saw Denver at 15 or 20 miles distant; entered bluff and rock country; passed singular gravel monument in head of a valley tributary of Plum Creek; and after driving till dark, camped at Oake's sawmill (circular), 25 miles from Denver. Good grass most of the way and wood on last 5 miles, but we saw no water after Platte, tho there is said to be some.<sup>20</sup>

Wednesday, May 16th.—Fine. Started late, 8½ A. M. and came down to Plum Creek, where river road came in; overtook several teams, some from Mercer Co. Ills., some from Blue Earth, Co. Minn.; one Mr. Crawford who knows Albert Taylor well; one Blue Earth man who knows John's and H's country. Continued up creek, over plains-like soil, quite rolling, valley a mile wide, with bluff rocky banks. Passed singular precipitous rock, which one or two of the train ascended. Camped at noon in good place on creek, with grass and wood, some 12 miles from Oakes. Started at about 1½ P. M., I walking ahead over quite broken country. At about 6 miles, passed Holstemels (?) ranche, and camped 2 miles above, some 20 miles from Oakes', where road leaves creek. Andersons and numerous teams camped with us. Ramsey and I and some others ascended a very steep and high point on left bank of creek and built a fire on it. Passed on the way a singular cave, some 30 ft. deep and 20 ft. high, of same hard decomposing gravel as monument noted yesterday.

Thursday, 17th.—Fair. Left camp at 6½ A. M. I walking ahead. Saw 8 antelopes within a mile of camp, and five others before noon; passed ranche on stream of water in about 4 miles. Good grass over divide (some 6 miles) and on head of Monument creek; very poor grass and barren soil down valley generally; many singular monuments on creek; crossed several small tributaries some with pine timber; much timber on bluff to left. At about 12½ took a newish right hand road, crossed creek and camped at 1 P. M. I washed feet in creek, and was left by our team while reading

<sup>20</sup>Great reports of rich discoveries on the headwaters of the Arkansas near the South Park caused this move of Bloomingtonians representing three or four companies. They went the long route by the base of Pikes Peak and into the South Park.

newspaper; rode a good deal of P. M. in Anderson's buggy. Road left stream almost immediately, and bore into mountains, over several divides and around several hills, then descended beautiful little brook to Colorado [now Colorado Springs], a new town of some 50 new hewn log houses; no frame ones; on Fontaine qui Bouille, and at base of Pike's Peak, the summit some 12 miles distant. Many houses unoccupied; people gone to mines; on Nov. 28 there were but 4 houses here. Drive today some 28 or 30 miles; distance from Denver 75 miles. Some very strange red rocky ridges near town, strata today exactly on edge.

Friday, May 18th.—Fair but threatening. Left about 7½ A. M. Many strange rocks up Fontaine qui Bouille. In about 2 miles, at bridge and shanty, passed the 3 soda springs, 2 on right bank and one on left, principal one on right bank, close to shanty; great curiosity; taste like raw soda water; will raise bread.<sup>21</sup> Soon after, struck rise of mountain and had some 6 miles of very hilly road, with steep and often rocky ascents and descents, camped at noon on fine creek, with very wild rocky canyon above. In P. M. road became good very soon, and we found we were already in a branch of the Park; scenery wild and beautiful; high and rocky mountains with narrow rolling valley between, and handsomely scattering pine on the slopes. Followed up creek a long way, crossed a divide or two, and camped at 7 P. M., having made some 20 miles today. Saw a wild turkey this eve.

Saturday, May 19th.—Fair. Left at 7:20; (watch evident much too fast since leaving Denver). Scenery very beautiful today, finely rolling groves of aspen and fir alternating with prairie, and rocky mountains rising around, frequent streams, always gravel bottoms, even when fringed with swamp. Saw nearly the whole circle of mountains enclosing the Park from a hill today. Soil mostly poor and sandy, some rich valleys. Rocks still mostly conglomerate and some of singular form, huge boulders, etc. Noon in a valley with good dead grass and springs on creek. After dinner soon took left hand road leading to Arkansas; (right leading to Tarryall) road soon became very precipitous for some miles, afterwards tolerably good. Camped at about 6, having made perhaps 25 miles today.

Sunday, 20th.—Fair. Left late, perhaps 9; followed swampy creek some distance, crossed some steep hills, obtaining extensive view of the barren plains of the Park; crossed several creeks, and by a little after noon struck a long and utterly barren stretch of road, without grass or water; passed one spring or well about 3 P. M., and at 4 made brief halt at alkali swamp where none of us drank; eat some crackers and sugar; pushed on until completely

<sup>21</sup>The strong jet of gas rising constantly in these cold water springs gave the effect of boiling.

dark, over the same barren and waterless country, and camped on poor grass without water, eating a few crackers and sugar. Day's drive nearly 12 hours, and not much short of 30 miles; horses nearly worn out.

Monday, May 21st.—Fair; quite cold last night. Started without breakfast, and in some 5 miles struck a muddy creek running to the right; watered and ate a few crackers; crossed several dry alkaline lakes; crossed another creek at some 10 miles, where Tarryall road comes in and camped on another at about 11, with good grass and wood, having made some 12 miles. Spent rest of the day there, and went prospecting up creek, but without success. Saw a deer and an antelope. Course, these 2 days nearly west.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Fair. Left camp at sun about 2 hours high; travelled over rolling and partly wooded country for 2 miles or so, then bore into mountains and had considerable rough traveling until noon, when we camped a mile or two beyond a very quartz looking mountain with fine dry gulch in it; in stream at foot H. found color. Passed fire in woods this morn, pretty narrow escape. In P. M. passed a good deal of rough country and camped within 3 or 4 miles of Arkansas near a good spring and many wild rocks, one of them making nearly a complete house. Day's drive some 18 miles.

Wednesday, May 23rd.—Fair. Left camp, and in  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 mile struck the Arkansas bottom; sage barrens, with the singular low branching evergreen resembling yew which abounds here. Some 2 miles up bottom came to poor bridge; toll \$1.25; stream about 100 ft. wide and very wild and rapid; valley continues rather barren and stony, some good grass on mountain side. Camped some 7 or 8 miles from start, beside pretty stream, fringed with willow (?), small lake a little above. Prospected on river most of day; found excellent color nearly every pan; stream very rough and swift. Lay in camp rest of day, baking and etc., Billy's horses being nearly used up. Story and sundry other teams passed us, having left Denver via Bradford road same time as us.

Thursday, May 24th.—Mostly fair; several snow squalls in morn. Passed over steep mountain and came to swift little stream with lower ford extremely steep; crossed at upper ford, very good; more rocky and rough mountains; in some 5 miles came to Kelly's Bar, now deserted because of high water; just above crossed a large tributary; many rocky mountains around. Made some ten miles in morn, and camped on stream. In P. M. made full 10 miles more crossing another large stream, much sage barrens and many steep hills, also a ranche and camped at ford of Arkansas, carrying wood  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Friday, 25th.—Fair. Forded the river—2 branches, swift and rather deep, but not dangerous. In about 4 miles entered California Gulch<sup>22</sup> and followed up it about 3 miles into main diggings. Saw J. F. Rees, who has taken claim for H. and self in this gulch, nos 128 and 129. Also H. crossed the hills with a party of hunters this morn and staked claims in Iowa Gulch. Great reports of rich yields here. In P. M. E. J. Moore and I crossed hills toward Iowa Gulch, but missed it. Saw many deer. Recorded our claims in California Gulch today. Camp is some 205 miles from Denver, or 230 from Graves' cabin. [Camp was on site of present city of Leadville.]

Saturday, 26th.—Fair. Henry, Moore and self opened my claim partially today; got down 4 or 5 feet and found slight color; considerable water. Bought some venison ham for a dollar. In P. M. ground our coffee, baked and etc.

Sunday, 27th.—Fair in morn, cloudy in P. M.; snowing at night. Attended Campbellite preaching at Haldeman's this morn. Universalist preaching at Recorder's office in P. M.; did not go. Not very well today. Wrote to Herald.

Monday, 28th.—Snowing most of morn, 3 or 4 inches deep here; mostly melted in valley during P. M. Did nothing today. Great stampede this eve for new gulch some 17 miles distant across river. I lay in bed much of P. M. Anderson's arrived this evening.

[To be continued]

<sup>22</sup>California Gulch lay on the left bank of the Arkansas within 15 or 20 miles of its extreme head. For two months the company worked their claims, but without ever raising anything more than the "color." They prospected in the other gulches and went over the great Snowy Range. No "strikes" were made by McLean county men.

## Pioneering Experiences

As Told by EMMA DOUD GOULD to HALIE GOULD\*

Life began for me at Waterloo, Iowa, in Black Hawk County, on the Fourth of July, 1857. Emma Jane, they named me. My eyes were blue. I was father's second child and as mother had been married before, I was her fourth. Mother had been married to father's cousin so she was Susan Skinner Doud when she married Nelson Doud, my father.

My father was always good to us. Of course, he was always poor. He was very kind, industrious, easy-going and had a strong constitution. He lived to be eighty-two years old. He was better known as "Doc" because he was always willing to hitch up and fetch the doctor.

My mother was jolly, full of life and danced well. Many are the times I danced on the floor with my mother. She was the aggressive one; quick and decisive; it was she who "wore the breeches," as the saying goes.

Waterloo was a small town. Trading to farmers was its only excuse for existing. Father owned an acreage here. He worked at anything he could find to do. He was working in a butcher shop when he caught the fever to go west. I was eight years old now. It was the spring of 1866. Mother had five daughters to sew for; Ida, Eva Marella, Etta Maria, baby Nellie Mae and myself.

Father sold our little place and bought a team of mules and a covered wagon. Mother sold all her furniture except an old hair trunk she had brought from Michigan. Into this she packed bacon, beans, potatoes, coffee and flour. Pitching our bedding into the wagon we all crawled in and were ready to start. Five bright sunbonnets were often seen poking out of the back. Our dresses were made of brown overall material with bloomers to match. Our dolls we left behind. Father wouldn't let us bring them. Everything makes that much more weight, he had said.

The Indians, although seemingly peaceable at that time, were not to be trusted. Companies were formed of not less than sixty wagons. We were never molested. The only Indians we did meet were Indian chiefs in company of white men on their way to Washington for conference.

Our wagons had big letters written on them—"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST." We had not gone very far before we met wagons coming back with the letters "BUSTED" written on them. All went fine until one day we ran into rain and mud. The wagons

\*Mrs. Halie Gould is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Emma Doud Gould. The article was rewritten by Mrs. William H. Ehrenkrook of Denver and was given to J. R. Harvey for the Historical Society in the fall of 1936. Mrs. Gould, the subject of this story, died in Boulder, Colorado, January 25, 1937.—Ed.

stuck fast. It seemed beyond the horses' strength to pull them out. It was father's mules that saved the day. The first town we reached was Council Bluffs, Iowa. Most of the houses were made of adobe. Then I remember the day we reached Omaha. The Missouri River was so wide and deep, the wagons and teams had to be taken across on the ferry. The men stood at the horses' heads to quiet them. I was so frightened when we crossed I got way back into the wagon and covered my head. It took a good long day for our company to cross as the ferry took only three teams hitched to their wagons at a time.

We traveled by day and camped by night. We did not make a very early start in the morning as the horses could not travel more than twenty miles a day. We generally stopped an hour or two before sundown to get supper over and get settled for the night. A Mr. Ben Ward was our wagon boss. He had crossed the plains many times before and so knew how to guide us. He drove a horse and buggy at the head of the train. When time to camp he would sight a woody, grassy spot near a stream and here he would halt his horse and all the teams would draw their wagons toward him, making a large circle for campfires and keeping the wagons near enough together for protection against the Indians. The horses were turned loose to graze. A night herder watched them all night. In the light of the campfire the men sat and smoked and talked.

They were always looking for gold. The women sewed and fixed things. Sleep came to the children early, but the young folks were never ready for bedtime to come. They stayed up to dance and sing. There was much merriment and singing. There were one or two who played the violin.

Saturdays we camped all day to bake bread for the week and to do the family washing. Each wagon or family did its own cooking. My folks had a sheetiron stove they put up. Some families had tents, others slept in their wagons. Early in the morning the wagon boss would awaken us. He would call out, "Roll out, tumble out, any way to get out."

We reached Denver about the twentieth of June. We were six weeks coming. I recall there were more tents than houses there. Disputes were settled by hanging or by six-shooters. My father never carried a six-shooter and he never got into trouble with anyone. We did not stay in Denver long but trekked right along until we came to Golden. There were only ten wagons now, the other wagons having scattered in other directions. At Golden we stayed a week. Father, I remember, had exactly twenty cents to his name. From here we started into the hills. Five miles beyond Black Hawk he hired out to cut logs at Peck's Gulch. The men were all glad to see mother. They bargained to furnish her family board

in exchange for her cooking. For two months we lived in a large house at the sawmill.

It was now September and time to think of wintering. Soon we were again lumbering along in our covered wagon headed for the plains and farms. On the way down father chanced to meet a man named Doude; ours was Doud. Father was skilled at the cradle and scythe. A contract was soon reached and to Mr. Doude's farm we journeyed, which was located at Fort Lupton.

The first year father hired out to Mr. Doude, but the following two years he rented the place. At the end of the third year father had acquired eighteen head of cattle. These he traded for four span of mules. One day a man named George Long stopped at our place to buy a load of hay. Seeing the mules he offered to trade father his roadhouse for them. This was the spring of 1870. The next morning mother and father drove over to the place. They traded.

While at Ft. Lupton I remember a neighbor woman one day called on mother. She needed someone to take care of her baby while she helped her husband milk the cows. I was elected. But the first night I was so homesick I cried myself to sleep after crawling into the cradle with the baby.

Our new home was where Parker, Colorado, is today. The house had ten rooms and a dining room, all spread on the ground floor. It was white frame. With the help of her five daughters, mother served meals to traders, freighters, gold seekers, Indians and preachers. Most of our trade was folks going back and forth to Denver from Bijou Basin, Kiowa, Running Creek and Cherry Creek. Besides the hotel father had a blacksmith shop and stable to care for the horses of the stage line.

There were two stagecoach lines that passed our place a quarter of a mile away. The Smoky Hill and the Santa Fe Line. The Santa Fe Line ran toward Pueblo, and the Smoky Hill Line ran from Denver into Kansas and Nebraska. The two lines crossed here. The Smoky Hill Line changed their horses at our place once a day. We had a man hired to feed and groom the horses. Our place was called the Twenty Mile House.

One night a Mr. Teateman stopped at our house on his way to Denver. On the floor of his wagon lay the bodies of his wife and little son. Several days previous he had passed by on his way to Denver to get groceries. He had left his wife and children in the care of his sister and the hired man, but while he was away a band of Indians attacked them. Spying the Indians coming over the hill, Mrs. Teateman and the rest had started for the nearest station, which was Kiowa. It was generally supposed some white people were among the band because Mrs. Teateman had five hundred dollars hidden on her person. She was headed away from the others

and driven into the woods, her little son clasp- ing hard to her hand. Here they treacherously scalped them and she was stripped of the money.

Troops were organized in Denver and the country searched but no trace was ever found of the marauders. They must have left the country because that was the last raid I remember of.

About two miles from our place stood the schoolhouse, "A ragged beggar sunning." It was very small, measuring about ten by twelve feet. There was just one window. The benches were homemade and had no backs. We had to sit up straight. I guess that is why my back is so straight today. We wrote on our slates. There were no desks except the teacher's. He let us use his desk when we wrote in our copybooks. We studied from the old McGuffey readers, elementary spelling book and an arithmetic. I went one term. A Mr. Ashbaugh was the teacher. He was less than twenty years old. Some of the pupils were as old as he. I remember I was the youngest.

There was a room in our house I haven't told about. It was the ballroom. Father opened it just four times a year—on the Fourth, on Thanksgiving Day, on Christmas and on New Year's Day. People came from far and near. The admittance, including the dinner, was five dollars. Father usually hired a Mr. Klein from Denver to furnish the music and call the square dances. He generally started the evening with the Fireman's Dance, then followed the Heel and Toe Polka, Virginia Reel, Money Musk, Ma Suvie Ann, Mazurka, Quadrilles, Dutch Galop, Four Step and Schottische. All of us girls danced and danced well. Mr. Klein was very strict. Everyone kept step or he called them back. Few can waltz today as they did in those days. You floated along so smoothly you could keep a cup on your head.

Father ran this Twenty Mile House for four years and sold it. We had no new plans except father got it into his head he wanted to go to Michigan. Mother was for staying in Colorado, for it was here she regained her health. She had bronchitis so bad while she was in Iowa, so when father talked about going east she went to town and bought a house three miles west of the old place. This was called the Seventeen Mile House. It wasn't very long, however, before all their old trade came down to their new place. It was here wedding bells rang for me.

A freighter one day stopped at our house for a meal. He was about five feet ten inches tall, well built and strong. He had soldiered three years in the Civil War and had not been in the hospital once. His complexion was very fair, though his eyes and hair were very dark. He was dressed in the regular costume of a bull-whacker, in buckskin pants with fringe down the seams, dark blue

shirt, black boots, large sombrero and carried a bullwhip. He drove a train of ten yoke of oxen to Denver and Colorado Springs from parts as far east as Iowa. Over these oxen his long whip would snap, sounding like a pistol shot. LeGrande Gould was his name. He and his brother stopped often. Generally the whole caravan of freighters would camp for a night near our place. The oxen were turned loose to graze and the men set up tents and cooked their meals, but the Gould boys always took their meals at our place.



MR. AND MRS. LE GRANDE GOULD

LeGrande freighted for several years, then sold his wagon and oxen and bought cattle. Freighters lost much of their trade when the railroads entered the country. It was then LeGrande turned to cattle raising. By right of his Civil War service he secured the land just across Cherry Creek from our place to homestead. Here he turned his cattle loose to graze on the open range. The country was thinly populated so the land was not fenced. He built a house on his land but boarded with my folks a year. It was then we became better acquainted, became engaged and were married.

Our wedding day was set for April 23, 1874, and although a terrible blizzard raged, we were married at ten o'clock that morning by a Judge Sanford. Of the many guests expected, Judge Sanford and Mrs. Sanford were the only ones who breasted the storm. They had come six miles. Though there were only ten of us, we

had a merry time and at twelve o'clock a chicken dinner fit for a king was served. My wedding dress, I remember, took mother days to make. The sleeves were long and the waist tight-fitting. The skirt was very full with an overskirt trimmed in braid. Both the waist and skirt were lined, with a stiff inner lining in the lower part of the skirt. The material was green silk.

"Married in green,

You shall live like a queen."

My mother also said, "A stormy day, a sorry bride." I'm afraid I was neither. We were very happy; at least my children say they never heard us quarrel.

I was but a mere child, only sixteen. LeGrande was thirty-five. We went to live on my husband's homestead across the creek. A three-roomed house he had built for me. Also the bedstead, chairs, table and cupboard he had built. Everything but the stove and dishes. Every day I went home and my mother and sisters crossed the footbridge to visit me. One day I decided to see how long I could stay away from home. On the fourth day mother was quite worried and came to see what was the matter. My home gradually became "home" to me and I soon discovered I was happier in my own surroundings. Nore Lee, my first baby, was born here.

We lived on our Cherry Creek homestead three years, then moved all our things, including three hundred head of cattle, to the Middle Bijou near Deer Trail. Here we had a big log house. Five rooms; we thought we were rich. I made rag rugs for the floors. We bought chairs, tables, bedsteads and bureaus now. Our curtains I made of white muslin. Quilted quilts covered my beds. Some of the designs were the Nine Patch, Ways of the World, Basket and Old Man's Troubles. I always liked blue. Blue and green were my favorite colors.

In the fifteen remaining years of my married life that followed I was to travel much. On December 3, 1880, I was again in a covered wagon crossing the plains. We were headed for South Dakota with \$10,000 worth of cattle. We were six now; with Susie, Della and Curtis Edmond who had been born to us at Deer Trail.

We lived in South Dakota sixteen years, most of that time on a cattle ranch on Box Elder. My husband raised cattle all the time. We stayed until we went broke. This was during the panic of '93. We began looking westward. In September, 1896, we were on our way back to Colorado. LeGrande drove four horses hitched to the covered wagon and I drove two horses hitched to a two-seated buggy. Curtis rode horseback and drove some loose horses. We tented out nights. Not a child was sick the whole trip across. Our family numbered nine. Baby Leo was four years old. Harriet Oressa, Ida Irene, Effie Almira, Emma Florence and LeGrande

Junior (baby Lee), were all born in South Dakota. The baby was thirty-five years old before one was taken in death.

Arriving in Colorado, we rented a farm near Boulder. The place was close to Valmont. Here two years later I was to find myself alone at the age of forty-four with nine children. LeGrande took sick, and on March 6, 1899, died. Often I am asked how I ever lived through it all. I wonder myself, but think I was always reminded of my mother's saying, "Never sit down with a tear or a frown but paddle your own canoe." So with forty head of cattle and four horses, we managed. We rented the place another year and had a sale in the fall. With the help of a hired man and my oldest son we raised a crop. The following spring, when my lease was up, I had enough saved from the crop and sale of cattle to start buying a place. Here I kept boarders three years. There was a stone quarry at Valmont. These men cut blocks from the rocks at the Butte.

Some of these are the cobble stones you find on Wazee and Market Streets today in Denver. I had about twenty boarders all the time. I did not make much from each boarder but they were steady. My place was clear in eighteen months.

When we had our sale I kept fifteen cows. Every week we made butter. I got a lot of customers and peddled the butter myself. Most of the customers were in Boulder. Some of the time I got only ten cents a pound. During an exhibition fair at the Chautauqua for Boulder county a first and second prize was to be given for the best pound of butter. Bill Simpson, my son-in-law, urged me to enter a pound of butter. I did. I remember there were sixty-two pounds ahead of mine. I had forgotten all about the butter and was enjoying the program when a woman, Clara Nelson, tapped me on the shoulder and told me I had won the first prize. Eight dollars was the prize.

My girls were all married here. They were all married at home. We lived here ten years altogether. In 1910, when Curtis was thirty and Lee eighteen, I moved with them on a homestead fifteen miles east of Deer Trail. I lived here twenty years. We raised cattle and farmed the land. It seems I was never happier than when I was in the field, tramping, hoeing or weeding the corn. Much of the time I spent killing rattlesnakes. I spent most of the time out of doors. I loved it, because I was lonesome, too. When you are alone you clean up your house and it stays clean. My boys married here. They had homestead land near, too.

I left Deer Trail in 1930 and have been a city lady since. I visited California six months in 1930 and spent most of the remaining time with my sister Nellie who was deceased in 1932. I am the only one remaining of my father's family.

I have four daughters and a son living in and about Boulder. With them and their children I make my home. My daughter Susie lives near Elm Springs, South Dakota, and my son Curtis lives on the farm near Deer Trail. At the age of seventy-six I have forty-two grandchildren and twenty-eight great grandchildren. To them I have but these words:

“Live a good, honest life,  
And keep a contented mind.”

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## The Clarks of the Clark and Gruber Mint

JENNIE J. BUCHANAN\*

Austin M. Clark and Milton E. Clark are well known in Colorado history as the originators of the Clark and Gruber mint at Denver in 1860. Their branch of the Clark family came from Buffalo Valley, Northumberland (now Union) county, Pennsylvania, near Mifflinburg. John Clark, the great grandfather of Austin M. Clark and Milton E. Clark, served as a captain in the 13th Pennsylvania regiment commanded by Col. Walter Stewart in the Revolutionary War. He was sent out to engage in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, but was recalled by Indian troubles.

Capt. John Clark owned a large tract of land near Mifflinburg. He married Florence Watson and had two children, Joseph and Jane.

Joseph Clark married Sarah Watson and had six children. In 1795 he emigrated with his family from Pennsylvania to Brown county, Ohio, where he bought land and erected a substantial log cabin which still exists as a part of the old Clark home. Pioneer life began in earnest in this forest cabin, and the dense wilderness surrounding it gradually disappeared under the sturdy blows of the emigrants' ax and was replaced by fields of golden grain. Wild game and hominy was the usual bill of fare.

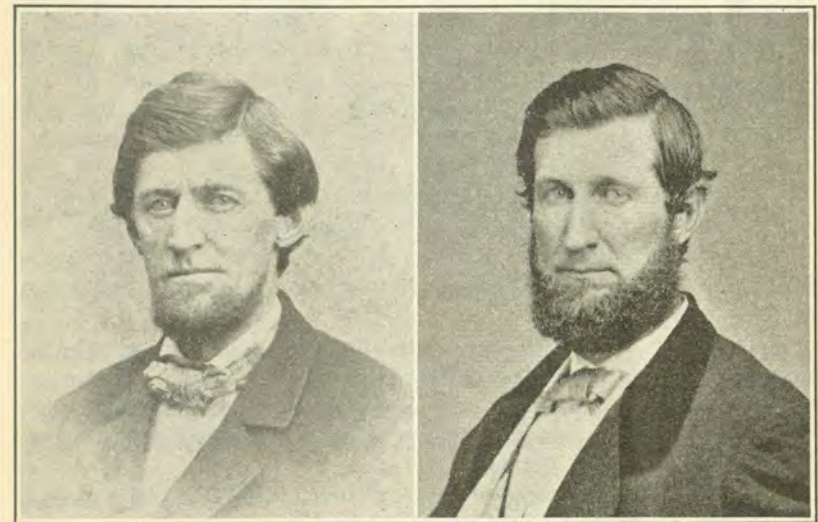
The corn cracker and hominy block were two of the chief instruments in use. In about five years a grist mill was placed in operation on White Oak Creek, where the corn for the family was ground until 1807, when Mr. Clark built one on his own farm.

John Clark, the eldest son of Joseph Clark, was born in Pennsylvania February 22, 1785, and was ten years old when he came to Ohio with his father. As the oldest child he became his father's chief assistant in developing the farm. He was married March 17, 1807, to Eleanor Ryan at Mayslick, Kentucky. Eleven children were born to them—Joseph, James, John, Nancy, William, Michael, Newton, *Austin M.*, *Milton Edward*, Sarah, and Ellen.

\*Miss Buchanan is the daughter of Ellen Clark Buchanan and a niece of Austin M. and Milton E. Clark. She lives in Augusta, Kentucky, today. This brief sketch of the Clark family was written at our request.—Ed.

Mr. Clark followed farming through his life, possessed fine business qualities, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. Both he and his wife were shining lights in the Presbyterian Church.

Austin M. Clark, the son of John and Eleanor Clark, was born in Brown county, Ohio, October 14, 1824. He married Catherine Watkins and to them were born two children, Austin, Jr. (who died young) and Mary Catherine, born in 1874. Mary Catherine married Ralph Harris. They had one daughter. In August, 1908, Mary Clark Harris and her little daughter were accidentally drowned in Walloon Lake, Michigan. Austin M. Clark, Sr., lived in Leavenworth, Kansas, and died there August 27, 1877.



MILTON E. CLARK (left) AND AUSTIN M. CLARK

Milton Edward Clark was born in Brown county, Ohio, May 6, 1827, and died in Leavenworth, Kansas, June 10, 1904. He was married to Lydia H. Winston February 22, 1865. They had three daughters:

1. Nellie E. Clark, who married Lieut. Stephen M. Hackney of the U. S. army. Nellie is now living in New York City with a son and daughter, Myron and Hilda.

2. Cora A. Clark married William C. Poillon, and has two daughters, Aline and Yvonne. They are now living in Santa Barbara, California.

3. Hilda Clark married F. K. S. Flower and lived in Watertown, New York. Hilda died in Miami, Florida, May 4, 1932. They had no children.

## Early Days in North Park, Colorado

As Told by T. JOHN PAYNE to JAMES R. HARVEY\*

The winter of 1883-84 was a long, hard one, the snowfall being very heavy, and as the settlers had not provided much hay for their livestock the loss in horses and cattle was great.

I arrived at Berry's Ranch on May 1, 1884, and snow lay deep everywhere; no bare ground could be seen and the whole park had a covering of snow from one foot to several feet in depth. Streams were out of their banks well into July.

The Berrys kept a roadhouse at Pinkham Creek and James O. Pinkham, the first settler in the Park, lived a mile south at Pinkhamton, where a store was conducted by Hanson & Seifert, who had been in business in Camp Teller during a mining boom. Many people had already left Teller for other points and many of the men who had been attracted to Teller by the boom settled on land and made homes in North Park. This was especially true of the Rand District. Rand was named after Jack Rand, one of the earliest pioneers. Some of these early settlers were: The Kerrs, Dows, Donelsons, Suttons, Wycoffs, Kellimns, Ridnys, Slacks, Le Fevers, Johnny Moore and others. There were several fairly large outfits in North Park who had ranches or claims on the larger streams.

Haas and Evans, who succeeded Mr. Mendenhall, had a large number of cattle and horses with Montie Blevins, Sr., in charge. The Knoes Perchon Horse Co., a New England company, had several hundred horses which ranged all over North Park, there being no fences to speak of at that time.

On the Canadian, Salem Hardy bought out several ranches and James Bush went into business on rather a large scale. On the Michigan, Reid Mathews was quite a large operator and my first sight of a beef drive was of two or three hundred Texas steers which Mr. Mathews had fed and shipped to Chicago in the summer of 1884. William Martin, John Lee, Collin Davis, George Fletcher, Charles Cowdrey and Col. D. L. Moore were also located on the Michigan at that time.

In the south end of the Park were Chedsey Brothers, the McFarlanes, Jim Taylor, William Trounson and the Petersons, whom I remember. On the Platte River were William Marr, McConnahey, Fletcher Campbell, Barney Mallon, Johnson and Norell, the Hilbards, George Birkett and Louis Poquette. On the west side were the ranches of Scribner and Meldrum, Marsh Jones and Charles Brands. None of the land behind the hogback or butte was

taken at this time, that part of the Park being considered too windy and snowy for people to live there. In the north end were Cross Brothers—John, Bob and Joe—who had about 300 horses. Edward Leeds, who planted successfully a grove of trees and which are living monuments to his memory, settled on Pinkham Creek, also Dad Walker, Monroe Watson and Dr. Bassett. The doctor practiced medicine and on certain occasions was much in demand. He drove and rode a pair of buckskin horses and was always known by his team long before he was himself recognized.

I have failed to mention three early day settlers who made their homes in Big Creek Park: Cook Rhea, Luke Wheeler and Mr. Prosser. These men milked cows, made butter and sold it at Hahn's Peak, at that time a flourishing mining camp. They also acted as guides to hunting parties who came to North Park to hunt for big game. John and Bob Coe also acted as guides to hunting parties. The country at this time swarmed with deer, antelope and elk, and bear and mountain sheep were quite common. As soon as winter broke up antelope would come up the Platte by the thousands from the plains around Rawlins and Fort Steele, Wyoming, spend the summer in North Park, and in the fall they would go out over Independence mountain to their winter range on the plains. Buffalo were almost extinct at this date but a few were still to be found in out of the way places. One bunch still ranged in the vicinity of Whitelaw's Peak in Middle Park. Most people killed game animals for food and it was the usual custom for many settlers in the fall of the year to kill enough deer, elk, or antelope to make a wagon load and haul the meat to outside towns and sell it and bring back a load of ranch supplies. Some men hunted and sold meat all fall and early winter. This was true of Cook Rhea, Bob and John Coe, Willis and Frank Webb, John Lee and his son-in-law, Potter. Potter used a telescope rifle and killed hundreds of antelope. I remember John Lee taking out 97 antelope at one trip. He got stuck with his load on the sand hill south of Pinkhamton, unloaded part of his load, pulled up the hill and carried the ones he had unloaded up the hill, loaded them up and went on. I remember John Lee as a large, powerful man.

Mail was brought from Laramie by stage every other day; Samuel Hanworth and Charlie Mayo were the drivers. It took two days to make the trip from Laramie to Teller, the stage staying over night at Berry's Ranch on Pinkham Creek. The stage drivers used to carry bundles of willows in the early winter and stick them in the snow on each side of the trail so that they would not get lost in the blizzards, which were more frequent than they are today. All supplies were brought into the Park by teams and wagons. Ranchmen hauled in supplies with their own teams mostly from Laramie and Fort Collins. In the summer they would camp out on the road,

\*This interview was obtained from Mr. Payne, of Cowdrey, Colorado, in June, 1937.—Ed.

but in the fall and early winter they stayed at road ranches which had large barns to take care of teams and bunkhouses for drivers who carried their own bedrolls and who spread them on bunks or on the floor. Meals were served at stated times and if one was unfortunate enough to be late for one meal, he had to wait for the next. This did not always apply to supper, for tired men and teams were often late in making the desired road ranch.

Freighting for the stores was done by six and eight-horse teams drawing two and sometimes three wagons. Among the early freighters were Jack and Tom Keenan, George Post, Jerome Decker and his father, Sam Decker, Jules Musgrove and others that I do not remember.

All cattle that went to market had to be driven to Laramie. Large outfits went alone, smaller ones threw in together to make a sizeable drove. Men with a few fat cattle generally sold at home. It took from four to six days to make the drive and the cattle had to be herded at night to keep them from straying or starting back to their range. In later years one could rent fields or buy hay along the road and this was usual until the railroad came to North Park.

There were very few bridges across the streams at this time and the only way to get across was to ford them. During high water this was quite risky and sometimes dangerous.

Times have changed, the railroad, automobile and airplane have revolutionized travel, and the difficulties and hardships of our pioneers cannot be appreciated or understood by the present generation.

These early pioneers had a desire to found a home and accumulate wealth which would provide for their old age and leave their children in better circumstances than they enjoyed, but the aftermath of the World War has changed things to such an extent that what we anticipated seems to be only a vision instead of a reality.

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### Old Jim Barker's First Court\*

Jim Barker, a well-known character of the mountains, whose latchstring hangs out at the head of Blue Lizzard Gulch, was duly elected a justice of the peace for that section of El Paso County, at the September election, and Mike Irving, a companion of Jim's, was empowered to officiate as the executive officer of his court. Last week Jim convened his first court, to hear the complaint of Elder Slater, a traveling missionary, who had caused the arrest of Zimri

\*This entertaining account of early justice was current in the Colorado press of 1875. This version is copied from the *Greeley Tribune* of December 1, 1875.—Ed.

Bowles, a resident of the Foot Hills, upon the charge of stealing the Elder's one-eyed mule. Zimri had been arrested by Irving, the constable, while in the act of easing the descent of the mule down Mad Gun Mountain, with his lariat fastened to the tail of the animal. The proof against Zimri was conclusive. Accordingly, the justice, after much legal perplexity of mind, proceeded to sentence Zimri to one year's confinement in the Territorial penitentiary, which sentence he concluded as follows: "An' now, Zim, seeing as I'm about out of things to eat, an' as you will have the cost to pay, I reckon you'd better take a turn among the Foot Hills with your rifle, an' see if you can't pick up some meat before night, as you can't start for the Big Canyon before morning." Which marketing duty was performed by Zim, bringing in one black-tail fawn and a rabbit within the time prescribed as a postscript to the sentence. On the following morning, the constable, mounted on his broncho, accompanied by the prisoner astride of the mule which the Elder kindly loaned him, started through the mountains for the penitentiary, where they arrived the second day out, their animals loaded with a deer, two antelope and a small cinnamon bear, which they sold to the warden of the prison. After dividing the money, the constable proceeded to hand over Zimri on the following *mitimus*, which is carefully preserved and may be seen in the possession of the warden:

"To the hed man of the Colorado prison, down at the foot of the Big Canyon on the Arkansas.—Take Notice:—Zimri Bouls, who comes with this here, Stole Elder Slater's one-eyed mule, and it was all the mule the Elder had, and I sentenced Zim officially to one year in the Colorado prison, and hated to do it, seein as Zim once stood by me like a man when the Injuns had me in a tight place an arter I sentenced Zim to one year for stealing the Elder's mule, my wife, Lizzy, who is a kind o' tender hearted critter, come and leaned her arm on my shoulder, and says she, 'Father, don't forget the time when Zim, with his rifle, covered our cabin from Granite Mountain, and saved us from the Arapahoes, an Father, I have heard you tell that arter you was wounded at Sand Creek, an helpless, it was Zimri's rifle that halted the Indian that was creeping in the grass to scalp you.' An then there was a tear fell splash upon the sentence I was writing and I changed my mind sudently as follows: seeing the mule had but one eye, an wernt mor'n half a mule at that, you can let Zim go at about six months, an sooner if the Injuns should get ugly, an, furthermore, if the Elder shud quiet down and give in any times, I will pardon Zim out instanter.

Witness my official hand and seal,

JAMES BARKER, J. P.

In Blue Lizard Gulch, El Paso County, in the Territory."

The warden, after informing the constable that he could not receive the prisoner upon the committant offered, proceeded to explain that he should have given a bond in the sum of about three hundred dollars to appear at the district court. Accordingly the constable withdrew with his prisoner, when it was agreed between them that Zimri should give the constable his bond for the amount mentioned by the warden. This was accomplished by Zimri subscribing his name to an old replevin bond calling for three hundred dollars, found among the papers transmitted to the constable by his predecessor. Then, as the constable intended returning by way of Pinon Mountain, to examine a bear den where he had seen a couple of cubs playing last spring, he gave the bond to Zimri to take back to the justice. But Zimri, while on his return, traded the three hundred dollar bond to a mountain squatter, just in from Missouri, for a horse, saddle and bridle, and the prisoner is believed to be, at this time, a dashing hunter on the plains.

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