THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XX Denver, Colorado, September, 1943 No. 5

Columbia City, Colorado Territory

JAMES W. BROXON*

In Colorado we are all familiar with ghost towns. Due to the varying fortunes of mining, towns have risen, prospered, faltered, become ghost towns, vanished, or have been revived, all in a matter of decades. Many have left skeletons still standing. Columbia City, however, has vanished so completely that a W. P. A. group assigned the task of recording all former Colorado towns found no record of it, and failed to include it in their list. Nevertheless, it has left its mark, for after seventy-five years three existing institutions still bear its name. These are the Masonic Columbia Lodge No. 14, of Boulder, Colorado, the Columbia Cemetery in that city, and the Columbia lodes near Ward, Colorado.

It was in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of Columbia Lodge that the author became interested in the vanished Columbia City. The early minutes of the Lodge show that it was established in Columbia City, Boulder County, Colorado Territory, on January 3, 1867. Due presumably to decrease of population resulting from adverse mining conditions, the Lodge was moved to Boulder, where the first meeting was held on October 24, 1868. Soon after this the organization established Columbia Cemetery on the farm of M. G. Smith, a half mile south of the town of Boulder. While Boulder now extends far beyond this cemetery, we must recall that in 1870 the town population was only 700.

While the existence of Columbia City in Boulder County was readily established, its more precise location proved difficult. Becoming interested in the problem, the writer undertook the examination of early records in the hope of discovering the location. The undertaking was moderately successful, but not entirely satisfactory. Because the very existence of the early town is now not known to a great majority of the present residents of the region, and because the early records convey much regarding a typical settlement of pioneer Colorado miners, this paper

*Dr. Broxon is a professor of physics at the University of Colorado, where he has been a staff member since 1922. At present he is on leave of absence for the purpose of doing war-time research.—Ed.

was written. Liberal quotations from the original sources are included without alteration of grammar or spelling.

In 1907 Dr. H. W. Allen wrote in his *Early History of Masonry in Northern Colorado,* that "the town of Ward was called Columbia long before it was known as 'Ward'." This is the most direct statement regarding the location of Columbia City which has been found. It identifies Columbia with the present incorporated town of Ward. However, certain proved inaccuracies in Dr. Allen's booklet have caused doubt concerning the absolute accuracy of this statement, though the town certainly was located in the vicinity of Ward. Old residents of Ward who came there as early as 1890 say that they never heard of Columbia City. Some who came in the 1880s heard of it but disagree as to whether Columbia City was located at the present site of Ward or farther down Indiana Gulch.

Dr. Allen also wrote that the first Lodge hall "was in the second story of Haswell and Henry's log store building, near the point where the two gulches unite, about a half mile down from 'Old Columbia'." Presumably the two gulches referred to are California Gulch and Indiana Gulch, the latter of which runs through Ward. The distance from their junction at the head of Left Hand cañon to the nearest buildings now in Ward is about a mile and a quarter. Hence if "Old Columbia" refers to the town of Columbia, then if the lodge hall was at the junction and the town was half a mile farther up the gulch, this would locate the town about half or three-quarters of a mile lower in Indiana Gulch than the present town of Ward. However, we shall quote records showing Haswell and Henry actually had a store in Columbia City, on the public square, and we can find no record of their owning any other store building in that region. This indicates that if the lodge hall was near the junction, then the town was, also. It may be barely possible that Dr. Allen meant the hall and town were about a half mile (or a mile and a half if he was uncertain of distances) below the Columbia mine, and that he referred to the mine as "Old Columbia."

Some evidence regarding the location of the town of Columbia is provided by records in the Boulder County Clerk's office, when read in connection with Dr. Allen's statement. In the *Boulder County Miscellaneous Record,* Book D, p. 535, we read:

> This deed made this twenty fourth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred sixty six Between William C. Slater of Ward District of the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado of the first part and of the County of Boulder Theodore Haswell and Oren H. Henry of Ward District of the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado of the second part . . . has remised released sold and conveyed and Quit-Claimed and by these presents does remise sell convey and Quit-Claim unto the said parties of the second part . . . the following described Town property situate lying and being in the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado to-wit One undivi(d)ed one half a certain piece of property improved and Recorded by A. A. Brookfield and William C. Slater Described as follows to-wit Commencing at the North Line of the Public Square in Columbian City thence Running North one hundred and fifty feet Width from Road to Road across Indiana Gulch . . .
>
> [Also, on p. 538 of book D:] This Deed made this Twenty First day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty Six Between Alfred A. Brookfield and his wife Emily L. Brookfield of the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado of the first part and Oren H. Henry and Theodore Haswell of the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado of the second part . . . by these presents does remise sell and convey and Quit-Claim unto the said parties of the second part . . . the following described property situate lying and being in the County of Boulder and Territory of Colorado to-wit A certain building lot bounded as follows Commencing or at at a point Five feet West from the north west corner of the building now owned and occupied by Messrs. Haswell and Co. running thence in an Easterly direction pointing the Public Square Fifty feet Thence Southerly one hundred feet Thence Westerly Fifty feet Thence Northerly one hundred feet to place of beginning Said lot being situate in Ward District County and Territory aforesaid . . .

This shows that Haswell and Henry did own a building in a town named Columbia or "Columbian" in the Ward District in 1866. Both "Columbia" and "Columbian" appear to have been used to designate the same town. In fact, the same county clerk who wrote the record quoted above, spelled the name "Columbia" in another record which he wrote precisely two weeks later. This record is on p. 94 of Book G, where we read: "Know all men by these presents that we Theodore Haswell of Columbia City Ward District Colorado Territory as principal and John W. Horner and A. A. Brookfield of the same place as Sureties are held . . . in the penal sum of Five hundred (500) Dollars . . . Witness our hands and seals this Seventh day of November A D 1866. . .

Some indication that Columbia City and Ward may have been two different settlements is provided by the fact that in the *Boulder County Pioneer,* an early newspaper of the town of Boulder, we find a reference to Columbia City and also a reference to Ward just two months later. In the *Boulder County Pioneer* of April 7, 1869, p. 3, col. 4, is the following notice of a trustee's sale:

> Whereas, Theodore Haswell and Oren H. Henry, on the eighth day of October, 1867, by deed of trust of that date, filed for record in the office of the Recorder, in and for the County of Boulder, in the Territory of Colorado, on the twenty-first day of October, A. D. 1867, and recorded in book G, page 219 of said records, did convey to the undersigned, as trustee, the following described property, situate in Ward Mining District, in the County of Boulder, and Territory of Colorado, to wit: The parcel of land used as a store site in Columbia City, commencing at a point on the south line of the Public Square, about sixteen feet east of the old log stable owned by A. A. Brookfield, running thence east fifty feet, thence south one

hundred feet, thence west fifty feet, thence north one hundred feet, to the place of beginning, together with the store buildings erected thereon—to secure to John W. Horner the payment of a certain promissory note, bearing even date with said deed of trust for eight hundred dollars, with interest at the rate of three per cent per month, from date until paid; . . .

In the same newspaper for June 9, 1869, p. 4, col. 1, occurs the following: "Our worthy Democratic friend T. J. Graham arrived in our sanctum, from Ward District yesterday. He reports everything lovely in the hill country. The new reduction works by Capt. Hall's Boston Co., at Jamestown were raised yesterday. . . . At Ward, things are looking well. The Ni-Wot mine is now in condition . . . At the Hoosier all seems prosperous. . . . The Hoosier is going to treat a small lot of ore from the Columbia lode, Ward District." This indicates that the town of Ward was actually called "Ward" as early as 1869, while "Columbia City" was then known well enough not to require explanation. This is further substantiated by the following item from the *Boulder County Pioneer* of February 10, 1869, p. 2, col. 1: "Work on the Columbia lode, in Ward District has been suspended for the present. Several parties are living in Columbia City, and some work is being done in the development of other properties there. Mr. A. W. Harris is at work sinking a shaft on the Denmark lode, a northerly extension of the Hoosier . . ."

Even as early as 1867, Ward seems to have been recognized as a town. In the *Boulder Valley News*[1] (a still earlier paper of the town of Boulder) for October 9, 1867, occurs the following:

"Robbery in Ward.—On last Wednesday morning, Major Warren Potter, one of the plate tenders at the Niwot mill, was found to have been stealing the amalgam from the plates. . . . when he was taken in charge by Sheriff Green and furnished with lodgings in the stone jug. Potter goes to Ward this morning.

From Ward—S. M. Breath, Esq., informs us that he intends starting up the (Po)meroy mill the last of this week. He . . . commence crushing for De Lond and . . . on Columbia ore.

Dan Sutphin is still at work on the California, and is taken out a fine looking quality of iron. Dan has been 100 feet in the cap, but has at last a rich crevice which will doubtless repay him for his time and trouble. The California will not disgrace the name and ere long will take the lead as the King of lodes.

We have been shown by Mr. Harris, a nice piece of retort weighing about one ounce and a quarter, and worth $30 in currency. This is the result from crushing not quite a quarter of a cord of ore from Mr. H's claim, No. 2 east on the Columbia. Cressy and Cushman's mill done the crushing.

Haswell and Henry keep their mill at work night and day. This firm have all they can do, from the fact that they are known to understand their business, and employ none but competent men in their mill.

[1]The items are quoted from one of two rare copies of the *Boulder Valley News*, owned by Editor A. A. Paddock of the *Boulder Daily Camera*.

The reader will have noted references to the Ward Mining District. Thus Ward, Jamestown, and Columbia City have been located by the cited references, in the Ward Mining District. This was one of those early unauthorized and self-constituted governmental units which were created by the pioneer miners for the purpose of managing and adjusting their affairs. They elected officers, such as a president, sheriff, judge, and road commissioners, held trials, levied taxes, and took general charge of local affairs. From the early minute books of Ward Mining District (fortunately found in the office of the County Clerk of Boulder County) one may discover a good deal regarding the early civic life of the community. From the section on the "Constitution and By Laws of Ward Mining District Col. Ter.," we quote:

Be it Remembered that on this twelfth of September A. D. 1860 the Citizens of Left Hand Creek assembled at a regular called meeting for the purpose of forming a District for Mining Article 1st This District shall be known by the name of the Ward District and bounded as follows: Commencing at a Cottonwood Tree on the south side of Left Hand Creek at the mouth of Smith's Gulch opposite a large Cliff of rocks being on the North side of Left hand Creek the same supposed to be the west Line of Utilla District Running thence North two miles thence West six miles thence South four miles Thence East six miles Thence North two miles to the place of beginning.

A present resident of Ward suggested to the writer that the reference to a cottonwood tree in defining the east or lowest boundary of the District was not without significance, for that kind of tree is unable to live at much greater altitudes at this latitude. Since it included twenty-four square miles, the location of Columbia City within Ward District is not very definite. However, the reference to Indiana Gulch in the first deed of Haswell and Henry[2] shows it could not have been far from the present town of Ward.

Much of the evidence so far appears to indicate Columbia City and the town of Ward were at two different locations near each other in the same gulch. However, there is other evidence for the contention that "Columbia City" was merely an early name for the town of Ward. In the *Caribou Post*[3] of July 29, 1871, p. 1, col. 1, is the following:

DANVILLE Is the name sometimes given to the point just below where the Gregory road comes in, and where the Ward road leaves the Left Hand. Here John Davis and Sons are making it lively in

[2]It may be of some interest that Theodore Haswell was the first Master of Columbia Lodge No. 14 under charter, and that Oren H. Henry was later Master of this lodge and also was Grand Master of Masons in Colorado in 1875.

[3]In the late fall of 1942 the writer drove to the deserted town of Caribou, some five miles or so northwest of Nederland, and found it to consist of only a few dilapidated shells of buildings. The *Caribou Post* of 1871, however, is a large, well written newspaper, favorably comparable to Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* of the same date.

> cutting lumber and shingles for Richardson's buildings, and other pressing demands. Here, and above, the creek branches and fans out, draining a wide extent of mining ground, making it a natural centering point for the reduction of ores. This is about to be improved to smelting works by Messrs. Ames and Dixwell, of the Ward Mining Company, who have here a mill site and suitable grounds. One mile north of this, at the head of the Indiana gulch, is the town of Columbia, in WARD DISTRICT.

Location of the town of Columbia at the *head* of Indiana gulch puts it precisely where the town of Ward is now located. It is interesting to note, however, that Columbia City still existed in 1871, while we found Ward mentioned in items in 1867 and 1869.

Another and earlier reference to Columbia (or Columbian) City includes a brief description of the town. In the *Rocky Mountain News (Weekly,* not *Daily)* of October 30, 1867, on p. 1, cols. 1 and 2, occurs the following:

> . . . as the shades of evening were gathering about the mountain slopes, we drove up to the fine hotel at the Ni-Wot toll gate. This house is beautifully located at the entrance of the cañon where Left Hand sweeps through the foot hills into the valley . . . The Ni-Wot toll road leads from the cañon of Left Hand up the valley of that stream—after crossing a high divide—a distance of eighteen miles to the Ni-Wot mill in Ward district. . . . Five hours' drive, notwithstanding the snow, brought us "into port" at Columbian city, where I became the guest of an old friend and partner, Esq. Ramage, whilst Dailey was duly cared for by Wm. A. Davidson, esq., resident superintendent of the Ni-Wot company. . . . There are about two hundred inhabitants at present in the district, generally a thrifty and enterprising character. The houses in the thickly settled portion of the district—known as Columbian City—are nearly all of a good class of frames, presenting a very handsome appearance. In fact, everything indicates industry, thrift, and confidence in a prosperous future. . . . The district contains five quartz mills. . . . Of these, only two are at present in operation—Haswell and Henry's and the Ni-Wot Co's. . . . The business houses comprise two stores, a meat market, a bakery, a brewery and three hotels. A school district has been organized; a masonic lodge is in a prosperous condition; Divine worship is held every Sabbath; carpenters and blacksmiths ply a prosperous trade; and two saw mills—one steam and one water power—are kept running . . .

This account clearly indicates that Columbia City was the terminus of a trip up Left Hand Cañon, and does not mention any town of Ward. Since the *Boulder Valley News* in the same month and year did mention a "Robbery in Ward," the two references seem rather hard to reconcile, particularly since the robbery was committed by an employee at the "Niwot Mill," while the resident superintendent of the "Ni-Wot company" entertained a guest at his home (presumably) in Columbia(n) City. The fact that the *Rocky Mountain News* writer mentioned the masonic lodge in the town of Columbian proves definitely that Columbia City was sometimes referred to as Columbian City, for lodge records show that Columbia City was the only town of similar name in Colorado Territory which had a lodge.

Further indication of an intimate association between Columbia City and the town of Ward is provided in the *Boulder County News* of January 22, 1875, p. 2, col. 2, where we read: "Columbia Lodge, No. 14, A. F. and A. M., was organized, U. D. January 3rd., 1867, at the town of Columbia, (Ward) in this county, . . ." However, this should not be regarded as establishing the identity of Columbia and Ward, for in this same newspaper at about the same time Greeley and Evans were linked together in much the same manner, and we know that these latter two, though contiguous, are not coincident.

It does not appear possible to locate Columbia City through official records. Our first quotation from a deed includes a reference to a portion of the townsite of Columbia(n) City as being "Recorded by A. A. Brookfield and William C. Slater." However, the writer has not succeeded in locating such a record. Apparently the town was never incorporated. Moreover, the town of Ward was not incorporated until September 28, 1897, on which date the records of the District Land Office of the General Land Office of the U. S. Dept. of the Interior show townsite entry 16645 was made for the N½NE¼ Sec. 12, and S½SE¼ Sec. 1, T. 1 N., R. 73 W., 6th P.M., Colorado. It has been surmised that there may have been an association between Columbia City and the Columbia lodes, one of which is within the land patented to Ward Townsite, but there are no locations recorded for these for the period when the early town is known to have been in existence. According to the records of the General Land Office, the earliest Columbia lode was located June 16, 1874. Mr. Russell K. Allen, Administrative Cadastral Engineer of the General Land Office at Denver, suggests it is possible several claims were located prior to this date and allowed to lapse, as was often the case during the early days, and subsequently relocated by other parties who took the claims to patent. Our quotations show that both Columbia City and a Columbia lode did exist in the 1860s in the then recognized Ward Mining District. However, we are left to guess concerning the intimacy of their association. We are not even certain that any of the Columbia lodes now on record are identical with the earlier locations.

Old residents of the town of Ward still speak of two serious fires, each of which nearly destroyed the town. Such an event might well account for the lack of any physical evidence of the existence of Columbia City, whether it was located at the present townsite of Ward or elsewhere.[4]

[4]For assistance in locating records the writer is indebted to the staffs of the University of Colorado Library, the Denver City Library, the Colorado State Historical Society, the Boulder County Clerk's Office, and the General Land Office at Denver, to Professor Percy S. Fritz of the University of Colorado, and to Mr. Henry O. Andrew and Mr. A. A. Paddock of Boulder.

Boyhood Recollections

JOHN W. HORNER, SR.*

Denver was pretty well along toward becoming a city when first I began to register impressions. I was born at 1827 Grant Avenue (now Street). The old house is still standing and occupied. At that time, the grounds occupied about half a square block. Directly across the street was the residence of L. C. Rockwell, an attorney. The next house south of the Rockwell home was occupied by Davis, of the C. M. Davis Iron Works. A Mr. Vroom lived in the house on the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Grant. Diagonally opposite to him, in the large stone house, Mr. Porteous, an early-day jeweler, lived, and next door to the Porteous house was the home of the immensely obese Dr. Bancroft. The southwest corner of Eighteenth and Grant held the house of Oliver Liddell, another lawyer, and next him to the South, Mr. Toll.

On the corner of Nineteenth and Grant was situated the residence of Peter Holme, one of the organizers of Denver's first Water Company. Directly opposite him lived Otto Mears for a time, and next to the Mears' house was that of Fred Walsen. All of those mentioned were prominent in Denver affairs of that time. At Sixteenth and Grant was the mansion (no less) of C. B. Kountze.

My father was a prominent attorney in Denver for about thirty years. His name appears more frequently in Colorado Supreme Court Reports from 1870 to 1890 than that of almost any other lawyer.

In my early youth, one of the first carbon-gap electric light towers stood with two legs inside our yard and two legs in the alley-way behind. This was one of the first towers, built of wood reinforced with iron. To my young eyes, it reached almost to heaven. Later on, several more were built of all-steel, one of them at Eighteenth and Logan Streets. During a seasonal flight of birds, either north or southward, large flocks of them were attracted to this light, as moths are attracted to a flame. My earliest clear recollection was of being held up to the window by my mother on the morning after a night when hundreds of the birds had been killed either by the current or by dashing themselves against the light. I remember that men were gathering the dead birds up in wheel-barrow loads and carting them away. I recall that I was told that the dead birds included many wild ducks and geese. This must have been in the year 1882.

*Mr. Horner lives in Denver today. His recollections were written at our request.—Ed.

A few years later, this light tower began to sway at the top, and was condemned. When it was about half dismantled, the rest of it fell, crushing one corner of our barn and damaging the residence of a Mr. Scott who lived next door to us, east.

Another vivid impression of mine at about the age of four or five, was of standing on the three-rail fence at the corner of Eighteenth and Grant, and watching five cowboys leading a bison down Eighteenth Avenue. One had a rope on the animal's horns; the others each had a rope around a hoof.

I mentioned that a Mr. Porteous lived in the large stone house at Eighteenth and Grant that later became the residence of Horan, the Funeral Director, and still later the home of some Catholic Charity.

One day, in 1883, as I recall it, while I was at my usual station of observation on the three-rail fence, a horse drawing a surrey in which was Mrs. Porteous dashed out of the driveway on Grant, turned the corner of Eighteenth and ran toward the hill. The reins were dragging on the ground, and Mrs. Porteous, (noted as quite a beautiful woman) was screaming "Help!, Help!" I heard later that at about the site of the old Court House, Mrs. Porteous jumped from the surrey and was killed by the fall.

I attended the old Ebert Grade School, at Twentieth and Pennsylvania Streets. Later, I spent one year in the then new Manual Training High School, two years in the State Preparatory School at Boulder and one year in the University at Boulder. At that time, my father died and I had to leave school. For a couple of years I worked and studied in the offices of R. D. Thompson, who in turn had studied law in my father's office. During those two years, I had opportunity to meet, casually, at least, many of the members of the Bar of that time. I remember E. O. Wolcott, Henry M. Teller, Thomas Patterson and other celebrities of that day. I remember playing hookey from school and going down to Fourteenth and Larimer Streets on the afternoon that "Blood-to-the Bridles" Waite had a cannon trained on the old City Hall. Perhaps it is just the view-point from the eminence of elapsed years, but it seems to me that there is a dearth of the kind of spectacular personalities who took part in the life of that day.

I remember the start of one company of Coxey's Army down the Platte on home-made rafts. I spent two years in Cripple Creek during its most strenuous period. I tried to enlist for the Spanish-American War, but was stopped for lack of consent of my parents.

In 1902, I became tired of the Law and went to San Francisco. Stayed in California and the Pacific Northwest for four years in various occupations. Left San Francisco just three weeks before the earthquake of April, 1906. Returned to Denver and have been here except for short intervals since.

I remember the "Last Days of Pompeii" at River Front Park and other fireworks spectacles at Chutes Park. Probably attended nearly the first theatrical production at Elitch's Gardens, and was an almost constant attendant each week during the season in the days when stars of the theatrical firmament spent their summers playing at that playhouse. I was a constant patron of the peanut gallery of the old Tabor Grand Opera House in the days of "In Old Kentucky" and Dockstader's Minstrels. I remember the opening of the Broadway Theatre. My strongest recollection of the actors of that day was of Sol Smith Russell, in "A Bachelor's Romance," probably because it was the first play to which I had ever taken a girl.

When I was about ten years old, there was an amusement house called "Wonderland" near Eighteenth and Curtis Streets, for which I saved every guilty dime and visited each week. There were three floors: On the top floor were the freaks, magicians and museum wonders. After the round of these, you were sent to the next floor down, on which there was a stage where vaudeville and comic opera acts were staged. After this, we descended to the ground floor level. On this stage were the mellerdrammers of the "Villain still pursued her" kind. Admission to the entire round of entertainments was one thin dime for a child under twelve. Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!

I remember the old Fifteenth Street Theatre, which afterwards burned. The two Crater sisters who lived somewhere on Lincoln Avenue got their start here. One was named Arlene; I do not remember the other's given name, but she later married Rex Beach, the author. Arlene married Fred Stone, of Montgomery and Stone.

I remember my mother taking me to hear some famed violinist at the Fifteenth Street Theater. I think it was Ole Bull. Also, I remember her taking me to hear a boy soprano named Blatchford Kavanaugh at the Trinity Methodist Church.

Robert McIntyre was the minister of Trinity Methodist Church when I was about twelve years old. I think they broke the mould in which that kind of preachers were made some forty or fifty years ago. The later brand seem anemic by comparison.

Young as I was, I remember running all the way down to the old Chamber of Commerce Building at Fourteenth and Lawrence Streets after school to hear what I could of the Millington trial which, for some reason, was being held in that building—Tom Patterson for the defence. I remember the old political rallies in the Gettysburg Building at about Eighteenth and Champa Streets.

I remember Wolfe Londoner's store on Arapahoe, and buying prunellas there. This was a type of dried fruit I have never been able to identify or locate in any stores since. Also Humphrey and Brinkers' Grocery at Sixteenth and Champa.

I was early at the scene of the Gumry Hotel explosion and fire. The thrill of the plunging fire-wagon horses cannot be equalled by the motor equipment now in use, or is it that I am just getting so darned old that there are no thrills left.

Nostalgic recollections of the old Tabor Grand:

"The Old Homestead."

"Shore Acres."

"Primrose & West's Minstrels."

"Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

"Gentleman Jim."

The young person of today would not cross the street to attend a political rally, but in my youth it was one of the somewhat meager forms of entertainment. Moreover, those rallies were conducted with vim, vigor and vitality, and we took our politics seriously. If I happened to be a Republican, you, as a Democrat or as a Populist were, to state it mildly, jest a leetle bit tetched in the haid.

One of my earliest recollections was viewing from a window of a Sixteenth Street Building, a Democratic parade during one of the Cleveland campaigns. Big lacquered tin roosters on the ends of poles came along at frequent intervals, and there was the usual flambeaux corps with their slickers and oilskin hats. In unison they would blow into the stems of their lamps to make them flare.

My idea of a proper political orator was Edward O. Wolcott, with Thomas M. Patterson a close second choice. I remember especially one Republican rally at Gettysburg Hall. One of Wolcott's heroics sticks clearly in my mind: It went something after this wise: "The little fice-dog yappings of my political opponents do not disturb me any more than the barkings of the coyotes around my home at Wolhurst. It seems to please the coyotes and it doesn't disturb the family."

After a few artful sops thrown to the G. A. R. members, who constituted a powerful constituency in those days, he ended by quoting:

> The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldiers' last tattoo,
> No more on life's parade shall meet that brave and fallen few.
> On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round, the bivouac of the dead.

I recall that my youthful spine tingled.

"Coin" Harvey lived for a time in one of the small houses in the 1900 block on Grant. His booklet in its day was required reading, if only for purposes of ridicule. Personally, I was more interested in his daughter, who was a mighty pretty girl, than in *Coin's Financial School.*

The Commerce Library, predecessor to the Denver Public Library, was in the Commerce Building at Fourteenth and Lawrence Streets. My particular dish was the books written by someone who called himself Harry Castlemon. They bore such seductive titles as "Frank in the Mountains," "Frank in the Woods," "Frank at Don Carlos' Rancho," "Frank on a Gunboat," "Frank before Vicksburg," etc. They were a little above the level of the Nick Carters and Diamond Dick's and rated access to the house, whereas the so-called Dime Novels had to be sneaked out into the barn or the outhouse.

My ideal for a court or jury lawyer was John M. Waldron. No juror ever went to sleep while he was arguing a case.

Looking eastward over Capitol Hill from Eighteenth and Grant, the prospect was not exactly bare prairie, but there were plenty of spaces between the houses in 1885 or 1888. Aurora was a long way out. The walk there and back called for packing a hand lunch if a crowd of healthy boys did not expect to get pretty hungry. I remember one Saturday excursion to a small lake somewhere south of Aurora. I suppose the better word would be pond, but it was a lake to us. The occasion was a rabbit hunt. The principal implements were made of two strands of heavy wire, twisted, with a barb formed of the two business ends. The idea was to insert this into the rabbit burrow and revolve it. The theory was that the ends would twist into the rabbit's fur enabling him to be pulled out of the hole. It never worked, but the idea sounded good. A few of the boys carried 22's or, as we knew them, Flobert Rifles.

We flushed a rabbit out of the sage-brush somewhere and, surrounding him, drove him toward the lake. In his terror, he jumped in and swam part way across. Then, seeing that he could not make it, he turned back. Seeing his enemies closing in, believe it or not, he drew back his lips and bared his gums like a snarling dog. When he reached shore, Orlando Rockwell became excited and forgot the legitimate purpose of his gun. He swung it around his head by the barrel and let fly at the jackrabbit, knocking it cold.

Football: Relating to the early nineties, that word inevitably recalls the Denver Athletic Club, the School of Mines and Boulder. It was the day of the flying wedge and the long hair parted in the middle. The D. A. C. team was composed of ex-college stars and, when any man had made an outstanding record in that line at his Alma Mater, it was worth his while to come to Denver the autumn following his graduation.

The Thanksgiving Day game was usually between Boulder and the D. A. C. Between those two teams and between Boulder and the School of Mines, the rivalry was particularly bitter. The college teams were supposed to train mostly on a diet of raw beefsteaks. Cigarettes were the most deadly sin in the book. Indulgence in even one of the pernicious pills, if detected, was equivalent to forced resignation from the team.

The Denver Athletic Club park was somewhere near where East Denver High School now stands.

I remember the names of some of the D. A. C. players: There was Harry English, c., Macon, g., D. A. Barton, q.b., Will Spaulding, h.b., Frank Spaulding, f.b., Ted Smith, e. and Cy Field, something or other. To have seen the handsome, classic features and gentle manner of Cy. Field in his later years would have made it hard to believe that he was once a doughty football player in the main-'em-and-kill-'em era.

For spectacular effect, it was the custom in those days to bring the visiting team from the D. A. C. dressing rooms directly to the middle of the field in a four-horse or six-horse tally-ho, and deposit them right in position to snap the ball. I think it was in 1894 that one of the visiting teams came from Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas—a little fresh-water college in the corn-belt. When the tally-ho deposited this aggregation of corn-fed huskies in the center of the playing field, the grandstand nudged its collective sides and opened its eyes. Pendleton, the center, weighed 235 pounds and the rest were not pygmies. Beef counted in those days, but this particular bunch of beef-critters was not lacking in speed and strategy. They proceeded to take the much-touted D. A. C.'s to the laundry. I do not remember the score, but it was decisive. The following autumn, Harry Heller, the bright particular star at the half back position, at least, was on the D. A. C. team, and I think also a couple of others. Toomey, another humdinger, coached the team of the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins for several years, and

Pendleton was employed by the School of Mines as a coach. Heller was given a job in a Denver bank for the football season, anyway.

In 1889, my cousin, Winthrop Heliker stopped over with us, together with his family, on the way from McPherson, Kansas, to a new home at Seattle in the fabulous Northwest. I was the proud possessor of one of the first safety bicycles with solid rubber tires. As a courtesy, I turned my safety bicycle over to Wintie, and borrowed one of the old high front wheel bicycles from a Denver cousin for my own use. We took the long ride to Aurora. Since there was a rigid Minors Law in Kansas regarding cigarettes and tobacco, Wintie celebrated his new freedom by filling each hip pocket with a long plug of eatin' tobaccer with the horseshoe brand on it. He persuaded me to take a chaw. Soon afterwards, the atmosphere from the top of that high wheel began to be murky and the equipoise uncertain. I did not see a little drop from the dirt sidewalk to the graded street until it was too late. I rolled over with the bicycle and lit on my head, which did not hurt much because the discomfort was lower down. I do not know how Wintie got me and the two bicycles home, but he did finally. He deposited me in the barn and raided the kitchen pantry for some biscuits to give me something substantial to retch on. Late at night, he made up some story to account for our absence from the evening dinner-table and put me to bed. There must be something about the Kansas soil or climate that makes for resource and versatility in its native sons.

The bicycle episode reminds me not to forget to mention the Denver Wheel Club. One of the Century Runs of that organization, and the shorter runs accompanied by their bloomered ladies, was something to remember. The feminine garb of that day might look ludicrous now, but we thought it was the berries. I still maintain that a little judicious suggestion is more intriguing than a lot of open display.

The nineties brought financial grief to many of us in Denver. My father had been prosperous. He had acquired property or what seemed like a substantial equity in it. Like many others, he had pyramided and, when the crash came, we went belly-up, as the saying is. One of my father's properties was known as the Hackberry Tree Farm, at Arvada. During the boom, it was valued in the pictures, but I remember that on one occasion after the panic struck, when my father testified that it was worth $100.00 an acre, he was hooted. I think that Kountze's Bank took that property in for the mortgage, and I believe that it was decent enough to waive a deficiency judgment.

We had one little equity left that gave sanctuary for several years, probably because there was virtually no sale for any property. It was a mountain ranch of 400 acres just off Mt. Vernon Canyon, about twenty miles from Denver. While my father was trying to keep his law office open in Denver, the rest of us rusticated on that piece of land. My mother, who theretofore had scarcely soiled her hands with any housework, dug in valiantly and kept the family together. We farmed the tillable draws, mostly on shares, and ran a bunch of cows on the pasture land. My mother churned butter, raised eggs and we got by pretty well after the bitter experience of swallowing our pride.

I remember one trip I took over the old Chimney Gulch Road to Golden, driving a team of mules to an old Bain wagon filled with thirty hundredweight of potatoes. Traces of that road are still visible from the Lookout Mountain Highway, which was graded over its general course.

I drove the load of potatoes to Parfet's Store in Golden. Potatoes were a drug on the market and Parfet did not want them, but he knew that he had to take them as a credit on our grocery book. I was a long gangling kid of fifteen, hardly able to juggle a 100 pound sack of potatoes, but Parfet would not give me any help in unloading. He did deign to lend me a hand truck, so I dumped them on the sidewalk, one sack at a time, and trucked them into the rear of the store. He credited them at thirty cents a hundred in the grocery book and, after buying the Arbuckle's Coffee and other things that we could not raise on the ranch, I started back, arriving home at about ten o'clock that night.

My mother was, I believe, a charter member of the old Central Presbyterian Church that stood at Eighteenth and Champa Streets. This was later dismantled and the material sold to the Twenty-third Avenue Presbyterian Church for their projected Building on Ogden Street. The Central People built the grand new church at Seventeenth and Sherman.

To see our family, led by my father and my mother—the former dressed in top hat and frock coat, with the seven offspring bringing up the rear, on its way to Church of a Sunday, must have been some sight.

My father always wore a full beard. His boots were square-toed high boots, over which he drew his trouser legs. They cost $22.00 a pair at John Jenkins, the Cobbler's. Mother was a Methodist minister's daughter; Father was Baptist by early training, so they compromised on the Presbyterian Church.

None of us would go back to the so-called "Good Old Days" on a bet. Nevertheless, it is true that the days of youth are the days of romance in any generation, and it is pleasant to recall them.

Julia Greeley, "Colored Angel of Charity"

SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS*

Julia Greeley did not remember much about her early life,[1] except that she had been born in slavery and had been freed during the Civil War. She came to Denver with Mrs. Julia Pratt Dickerson,[2] a devout Catholic from St. Louis, who married the first Territorial governor of Colorado, Major William Gilpin,[3] in 1874 and later converted him to the Catholic Faith. Julia Greeley was also converted to the Catholic Faith through the efforts of Mrs. Dickerson Gilpin.

There was nothing beautiful about old Julia except her smile. Because she had but one eye she was nicknamed "One-Eyed Julia."[4] She labored for the Gilpins for many years, and when they died they left her a legacy of $1,000. Nine hundred dollars of this was lost in a bank failure. Her income was about ten dollars a month, yet she always managed to help others. When necessary she begged for the means of assisting those in great need. One of Julia's least known but kindest deeds was the surrender of her own burial plot to a deceased elderly negro. The ex-slave owned a lot at Mt. Olivet Cemetery and had planned to use it as her own last resting place, but when she heard that "Uncle Ambrose" was being taken to the potter's field she insisted upon giving up her own lot.

Julia attended the old St. Mary Cathedral in Denver for many years after her conversion, but when the old Sacred Heart Church was built she became closely connected with it and worked earnestly to further its interests.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since on June 7, 1918, Julia Greeley died, and the people of Denver, who were well acquainted with her and her charitable works say that Denver has never known another character like old "One-Eyed Julia," the ex-slave of Governor Gilpin. Julia was a great lover of children. Several persons who are living in Denver today recall how she acted as nursemaid to them. Among these are Miss Marjorie Urquhart, to whom the negress was extremely devoted and whom she called "Little White Angel."

Julia's coming to the Urquhart home was quite by accident. Mrs. Urquhart, who desired to employ a maid, was seated on her

*Until recently Sister Lilliana was a teacher of history at St. Mary's Academy, Denver. She is now at St. Patrick Convent, Kankakee, Illinois.—Ed.

[1]Her baptismal record shows that at one time she lived in Wisconsin.

[2]T. F. Dawson, *Scrap Book*, I, 449.

[3]See H. H. Bancroft, *History of the Life of William Gilpin* (1889), the *Denver Republican*, Jan. 21, 1894, and *Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 21, 1894, for data regarding Governor William Gilpin.

[4]During the time she was a slave her infuriated master had shot out her eye.

front porch one day when she saw an old negress walking slowly down the street. She called to her and asked her if she would come and wash the floor. Julia accepted the offer and began the work at once. She noticed the holy pictures hanging on the walls of the various rooms and remarked, "You must be a Catholic."

Noticing the absence of children in the home she remarked this to Mrs. Urquhart who told her that her only child, a boy, had died thirteen years previous. Julia consoled her and told her that before long they would have a little girl. Her prediction came true at Margaret Urquhart's birth. From this time on the old colored lady was a frequent visitor at the Urquhart home.[5]

Mrs. Thomas Lee of the Sacred Heart parish, Denver, gives an account of Julia's love for and proficiency in music in *The Denver Catholic Register,* April 13, 1939. According to this account Julia often played in the old Sacred Heart Church in Denver when the white girls failed to appear. One of the sons of Mrs. Lee was named by Julia Greeley. On one occasion she called at the Lee residence at a time when the family was trying to decide upon a name for their infant son. When Julia entered, Mrs. Lee suggested that she be permitted to name the child. The negress ignored the suggestion at first, thinking it to be a joke. Finally with great decision she said, "I name you Francis Xavier," and today Francis Xavier Lee is proud of the name given to him by old Julia Greeley.[6]

It was Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 7, 1918, and Julia Greeley was on her way to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion in the Sacred Heart Church she loved so well when she became suddenly ill. She went to a colored friend's home across from the Sacred Heart rectory in Denver. Later she was removed to St. Joseph Hospital and died there late that day.

The highest honor ever paid to a Colorado Catholic layman was accorded to this negress. Her body lay in state in the Sacred Heart church from 3 until 8 p.m. While she lay there, limousines and touring cars carried the rich to her side, and the poor flocked to the church to pay their last tribute to the Colored Angel of Charity.

The charity she had shown to Uncle Ambrose was repaid at the time of her death. She was buried in the finest plot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Her splendid funeral was managed personally by Mr. W. P. Horan, who gave her the best of everything.

The world easily forgets—so little was heard of old "One-Eyed Julia" from the time of her death until February 23, 1939. Then through the efforts of Reverend Eugene P. Murphy, S.J.,

[5]*Denver Catholic Register*, March 9, 1939.

[6]*Ibid.*, April 13, 1939.

the story of her life was put on the air as one of the radio programs broadcast over the Sacred Heart Hour from station WEW, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri. In November, 1942, *The Sacred Heart Messenger,* of New York, carried an account of her life in the article, "A Negro Apostle of the Sacred Heart," and now a pamphlet written by Reverend Eugene P. Murphy, S.J., *My Name Written in His Heart,* reviews the career of Julia Greeley from the time of her coming to Denver in mid-winter of 1874 until her death on June 7, 1918.[7]

[7]See the *Denver Catholic Register,* April 29, 1941.

Birth of the Roosevelt National Forest

W. J. Morrill*

Shortly before his death in 1932, Mr. R. Q. Tenney, highly esteemed citizen of Fort Collins, presented me with a packet of old letters and newspaper clippings relating to the birth of the Roosevelt National Forest. From this material I have arranged the following account.

In 1892 John G. Coy, father of the present City Engineer of Fort Collins, presented to the press a petition requesting the creation of a Forest Reserve in our nearby mountains. It was only in the previous year that Congress had passed the Forest Reserve Act and President Benjamin Harrison had proclaimed the first Forest Reserve in the United States.

On August 9, 1893, the Colorado State Forestry Association, organized eight years previously and instrumental in getting the Forest Reserve Act passed, sent a copy of Mr. Coy's petition to the President, asking for the creation of a Reserve on the Cache la Poudre, Thompson and St. Vrain watersheds. Two years later Colonel Edgar T. Ensign of Colorado Springs, an efficient officer of the United States General Land Office, employed in making examinations of forest areas in Colorado, urged the creation of this Reserve.

The next letter of importance in Mr. Tenney's collection, dated April 23, 1898, mentions that Forest Superintendent W. G. S. May "transmitted notice of a called meeting of citizens (of Fort Collins) in favor of the Reserve." In January the following year, Colonel May reported to Washington the findings of Colonel Ensign's examination of the local forest area and recommended favorable action. Some two or three months later the General

*Mr. Morrill is Professor of Forestry, Emeritus, at the Colorado State College, Fort Collins.—Ed.

Land Office prepared a draft of a presidential proclamation for the establishment of the Reserve. But on October 8 the same year opposition to the project having developed, the draft of the proclamation was suspended.

Two years elapsed. Then Superintendent Henry Michelson, successor to Colonel May, prompted by Mr. Tenney, urged "speedy creation of the Reserve." In April, 1901, Superintendent Michelson forwarded to Washington a request by the Colorado State Forestry Association for "immediate temporary withdrawal of the lands upon which the timber was being rapidly cut by sawmills, railroad speculators and others." In July of the same year citizens of Longmont, and later of Eaton, petitioned in favor of the Reserve. Mr. Michelson maintained that "Indemnity lands badly needed for the protection of the watersheds feeding agricultural lands in the valleys of the Cache la Poudre, St. Vrain, and Thompson Rivers" were being privately acquired, and called attention to the fact that local "people had been asking for this Reserve since 1892." During nearly ten years the matter had been agitated pro and con.

In July, 1901, Mr. H. J. M. Mattis, a sawmill owner and operator on the timber lands involved in the proposed Reserve, headed and inspired the local opposition, which was by no means unimportant. During this month a petition of protest to the Reserve movement was addressed to Honorable E. A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior. A copy of this contains 208 names, many of them representing responsible, prominent citizens of Fort Collins. This petition was forwarded by United States Senator Henry M. Teller, who commented, "I fully endorse the within protest, and I hope the proposed reserve will not be made."

In a letter to Mr. Tenney dated February 2, 1903, from United States Senator T. M. Patterson, the Senator states, "I beg to say the matter of a forest reserve at the head of the Big Thompson and Poudre Rivers was settled some time ago, and it was decided no reserve should be established for the present. This action, I believe, was taken through recommendations of Senator Teller and Congressman Shafroth, whom, I understand, were appealed to by several parties at Fort Collins, who could not see the advantage of a forest reserve. . . . At the present time there seems to be no tendency on the part of the Land Office to give the matter further attention." "I hardly feel justified in making any recommendation to the Department that this reserve be created without ascertaining more definitely the sentiment of the majority of the people of the neighborhood."

The following copy of a letter of August 28, 1902, by Mr. Mattis to President Theodore Roosevelt states objections which were quite common during this period:

"My Dear President:

"If a private American citizen whose ancestors, like yours, have been in this country for centuries, can have the attention of its highest official, I would like to ask you to veto the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve proposition. My home is in the Reserve and I earn my bread with a little 10-horse power sawmill, running the saw myself. If you wonder why I object to the Reserve, it is because I love liberty, hate red tape, and believe in progress. I like self government, but to be placed under a bureau and in a Reserve is too much like going back to the kind of government you impose upon your Indians. And my neighbors share my sentiments. The mountains have ever been the preserves of human liberties—do not blight ours."

Mr. Mattis proceeds to state that the citizens had previously been in favor of the Reserve, but "last year, when the newspapers asked for a discussion of the subject and I contributed the enclosed articles . . . . there was hardly a reply." Hence he concludes that they are unanimously opposed to the Reserve.

It will be recalled that in the period under discussion the Republicans were in power in Washington. Forestry was then one of President Theodore Roosevelt's pet projects, guided by Forester Gifford Pinchot. Colorado's delegation in Washington was of the party of opposition and accordingly largely hostile to Reserves. Forty years ago politics largely entered into Forestry policies. Happily all that is changed; Democratic administrations before and since the decade beginning in 1900 have vied with Republican administrations in furthering forestry measures.

During this hostile period we note a resolution of protest to the proposed Reserve by the Board of County Commissioners of Larimer County. Also the Democratic County Convention of Larimer County stated in part: "In addition to endorsing Senator Teller and Congressman Shafroth," the Democratic County Convention adopted this following timber resolution, which the Republicans turned down and would not stand for:

"Resolved, that we are unalterably opposed to the establishment of any forest reserve in Larimer County, believing that the law as it now stands is sufficient preservative; that it would prevent private citizens from obtaining timber to improve his lands, prevent settlement on such reserves, as well as prospecting for precious metals, and through the red tape of the Department would give the large corporate bodies the exclusive right to purchase and cut unlimited quantities of timber on such reserves."

Senator T. M. Patterson makes use of the above statement in a letter to the Commission of the General Land Office with the further comment: "This one action of the Larimer County Democrats should be sufficient reason for every Republican who uses timber to vote the Democratic ticket, and they will do it." Senator Teller forwarded to Washington a copy of the above resolution and added, "I fully endorse the within protest, and I hope the proposed reserve will not be made."

Finally after thirteen years of delays and discussions, on May 17, 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt proclaimed the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve in Colorado. Later in 1907 all Forest Reserves were called National Forests. The Medicine Bow National Forest in Colorado later became known as the Colorado National Forest, and still later this name was changed to the Roosevelt National Forest in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt.

The records at my disposal do not show what locally occurred, if anything, to turn the tide of opposition to the Forest Reserve to one of support. Since the President had the power at that time to declare Forest Reserves without Congressional approval, it is likely that he acted on his own judgment in the matter, thus settling the issue. In the succeeding years the wisdom of his action has been fully demonstrated.

Memoirs of Marian Russell*

Mrs. Hal Russell

One night, as I sauntered home from school, my books under my arm, I met a man carrying an overcoat. He had a big hat pushed back from his head, and he seemed to be coming down from the Mexican plaza on the hill. This was my first meeting with Colonel Kit Carson. He was a small man with deep-set gray eyes. He walked beside me and tried to engage me in conversation. I think it was mostly monologue on his part, as I could think of nothing to say. My uniform and books proclaimed me an academy student and I remember that Colonel Carson said: "Them nuns do a heap of good in this god-forsaken country." Thus began the friendship with the old Indian scout that was to last as long as we two should live. That friendship stood me in good stead in later years when I married a young soldier in Kit Carson's regiment and went to live at Camp Nickols on the Santa Fe trail, and again at Fort Union.

Colonel Carson had come to New Mexico in 1826 when he was but a lad of seventeen. He often told us about the hunting

*Continued from the preceding issue. Editorial notes are by Edgar C. McMechen.—Ed.

party with which he came west, and of how he had fallen in love with this wild beautiful land and had never left it. When I first met him he was United States Agent to the Ute and Apache Indians.[1] Later, when the Civil War broke out, he was brevetted Brigadier General.

There, too, was Col. Carson's girl-wife. I first saw her standing near the door of the little chapel at Santa Fe. While the Carsons lived at Taos, they spent much time at Santa Fe. They were familiar figures there. Mrs. Carson was a lovely Mexican-Indian girl with heavy braids of dark hair.[2] Her demure little face was round and brown. She had shy, enormous eyes that seemed forever cast down. Colonel Carson called her "Little Jo." I am sure that he loved her very much. They in Santa Fe told us that Colonel Carson once had had a white wife back in Missouri.[3] I do not know whether this is true. I only know that his eyes were always tender when he looked at Little Jo. Looking back across the years I do not wonder at his choice. What white women could have so filled the heart of the lonely old pioneer as did Little Jo? Carson, the man whose memory we revere, was lonely and a bit uncouth. Often he was hatless and always coatless and tieless. Always he spoke in the vernacular. His was a great heart and very kind; yet he wore shyness before his face like a mask. Only with children and the child-like Mexicans did he seem able to lay that shyness aside. It was natural and fitting that he should marry among the people he loved and protected. The pictures I bring are a child's memory of a virile Indian scout and a lovely brown girl who knew nothing of the loveliness of her own small body.

My remembrance of our home in Santa Fe that first year was of a house frugally furnished but very clean. There were the uneven white-washed walls, so thick that the window embrasures were as deep as divans. Folded Indian blankets covered the hard-wood settees that flanked the fireplace. The fireplace, of adobe, was Mexican made and rather small. The fires that burned there were of fragrant cedar and piñon. The candles were Mexican, made of sheep tallow, and were very large and distorted. They stood in two tin saucers on the mantle, the melted tallow dripping down their plump sides. The light flickered over the dark-beamed

[1]This fixes the time for Marian Russell's first meeting with Kit Carson as the winter of 1853-54, as he arrived in Santa Fe December 25, 1853, from his California trip of that year. Edwin Sabin, *Kit Carson Days*, II, 637.

[2]Kit Carson married Maria Josefa Jaramillo of Taos, New Mexico, whose sister was the wife of Governor Charles Bent. Senorita Jaramillo was only fourteen when she married Carson in 1843. *Ibid.*, I, 313.

[3]The published works upon Kit Carson make no mention of such a marriage, and the tale doubtless is fictitious. Carson had two Indian wives: Waa-nibe, or Singing Grass, a Northern Arapahoe and the mother of his daughter, Adaline; and Making-Out-Road, a Cheyenne, whom he married at Bent's Old Fort about 1840. She divorced him, according to Indian custom, by throwing his personal effects from her lodge. *Ibid.*, I, 312.

ceiling. In the evenings, the sound of mandolin and guitar music drifted in through ever-open windows. On mother's great chest stood a pottery jar or "tanaja."

Outside, the dusty streets were narrow, and frousy hens and discouraged dogs contested right-of-way with flamboyant Mexican roosters. Goats and small gray burros lay unmolested on the board walks.

Santa Fe was at that time supply center for all the surrounding country. Originally a part of New Spain, it showed the Spanish influence. Kaolin and coal mines were in the vicinity and its trade extended to far-away California. Freight wagons pulled in daily from the Staked Plains of Texas, and the great caravans from Leavenworth were always arriving or leaving. The narrow streets were often a wiggling mass of men and animals. Many of the old adobe houses were entered by ladder from the top.

The market place was a wonder. In open air booths lay piles of foodstuffs. Heaps of red and green peppers vied colorfully with heaps of yellow corn and melons. Massive Indian jars stood there, filled to the brim with pinto or Mexican beans. There were colorful rugs woven by the hands of Indian weavers; fringed shawls, gay with embroidery, from far-away Mexico; strings of prayer beads from old Mexico, beads worn smooth and shiny by many praying hands, and Mexican turquoise in heavy settings of silver (silver was then cheaper than tin). Here was to be found exquisite Mexican drawn work, and intricate Indian bead work. In deep, old frames handcarved, were pictures, mottoes and wreaths of artificial flowers, all made of human hair—red, yellow, black, brown and white—cunningly fashioned into leaves and flowers. There were beaded moccasins and chamois coats; leather trousers, silver trimmed; saddles, spurs and knapsacks; great, hand-carved chests and cupboards; and Indian baskets and jars without number. The old Santa Fe market boasted so many things that were fine, so many things that were splendid, and many things that were rude and clumsy.

So, among its cluster of red hills, lay old Santa Fe steeped in its atmosphere; the sheep that grazed on the distant mesas; the jigsaw silhouette of mountains against a western sky; hot wind a-blowing across the dry mesquite, and there stood Santa Fe's great arched gateway through which the old trail flowed like a turbulent river across the wide hot valley. Santa Fe, a desert village in a desert land!

We lived in New Mexico from September of the year 1852 until August, 1856, when Mother, having heard that her home in Missouri was standing unrented and was becoming untenantable, decided to return there and forget her California dream. We left

Santa Fe that hot August day in a small wagon train, too small for adequate protection from the Indians. There were but twenty covered wagons, all oxen-drawn. I do not believe the oxen covered the miles as rapidly as did the mules, but they did so more evenly and we were able to sew or even read as they ambled slowly eastward. Will and I read and re-read Pilgrims Progress on that eastern trip.

These east-bound wagons were not loaded and we slept in them, which was better than sleeping in tents on the ground. The men, as always, walked beside the wagons, I think it helped to break the monotony of the slow and tedious travel. Will, who was now thirteen, would walk for miles beside the oxen that drew our wagon. I still can see him trudging there just as I can see the August sunshine glinting upon the long, slender horns of the gaunt yoke of red and white oxen.

When we reached Walnut Creek on the plains of Western Kansas we found that a small store, surrounded by a cluster of cabins, had been built there since we came out in '52. On a level table-land behind the store a band of Apache Indians were camped. Some of these Indians followed us from the store to our wagons begging for the groceries we had bought. Upon our refusal a wicked-looking young warrior turned to our wagon-master and made a gesture of lifting the wagon master's scalp-lock. The wagon-master retaliated by making a gesture of cutting the warrior's ugly throat. Muttering and sullen, the Indians moved away.

Our men laughed, a bit uneasily I thought, and our small cavaran moved on. Out of sight of the Indian encampment we halted under the shade of a clump of cottonwoods. The oxen were suffering from the heat and the men decided to spend the day under the trees and to travel that night, as there was a full moon.

The women, delighted to be free of the creaking wagons, used the time as laundry day. Soon the weeds and bushes were hung with the blue shirts of the men while dish towels bleached on the buffalo grass. When the day cooled and the shadows began to lengthen, an early supper was prepared and beds arranged in the wagon. The full moon looked down that night on twenty covered wagons creeping along the old Santa Fe Trail, all passengers sound asleep except the drivers and out-riders.

Sometime in the wee, small hours we were rudely awakened by the hideous war cry of the Apaches. The terrified and stupid oxen swung from the trail and began a frantic stampede. Our wagonbed rose and hung suspended in the air like Mahomet's

coffin. Had the running gears left us? No—with a bounce and a jolt we struck them in mid-air. Our driver cursed and shouted. Mother got Will and me in her arms where we clung breathless with fright. After a time, the frightened oxen ran themselves into exhaustion and the prairie dawn found the little wagon train scattered in confusion over the plains.

Patiently, we found our way back to the trail and once more in order continued our eastward way. But fear rode with us from that moment on. Why the Indians had not attacked when they had us at their mercy we could not understand. Had there been only a few and were they afraid, or were they only waiting? We did not know and our apprehension grew.

In another place upon those Kansas prairies we came upon an old house. Ramshackle and decrepit, it huddled close to the trail. We thought it uninhabited because loose boards flopped in the wind and weeds grew to it's very door. However, several taciturn men lounged in its scanty northern shade, men who spoke in curt, uncivil monosyllables. We drew water from the well in the yard. We watered the thirsty oxen and we rested in the shade of the wagons to eat our lunch.

As we rested there a woman came from the house, a bedraggled creature with faded eyes grown weary from looking out over the great silver prairies that lay like molten metal under the hot sun. She crept under our wagon, reached out a work-worn hand and touched mother timidly. In a pleading half-whisper she begged mother to stay with her until an expected babe was born. At mother's look of surprise she said: "I'm really in danger here." At that moment one of the sinister looking men arose and came toward us and the woman hurried dejectedly into the house.

Mother went to the wagon-master with the woman's strange story. The wagon-master went to the man and said that he would gladly make room for the woman in our caravan that she might travel with us to the next town, where she might have the necessary care she required. He answered only with a flow of curses. So it was that we met and touched briefly some strange secret of the prairie.

As we neared fateful Pawnee Rock, Will, walking close to the wagon, espied a small, log cabin among the trees near the trail. Mother and I watched him approach the cabin and knock at the half-opened door. No one seemed to answer his knock and we saw him attempt to enter, only to stagger backward calling out to mother as he did so. Some of the men joined Will quickly and found stark tragedy. The bodies of two white men were there. One lay just inside the door on the floor; another lay on the rude bunk in the corner. They were still quite warm. Blood oozed

from their freshly scalped heads. Evidently the approach of our wagon train had frightened away the intruders. A fire burned in the small sheet-iron stove and a kettle of beans simmered there. No doubt the murdered men had been trappers because traps and guns hung from pegs in the wall. The Indians had crept upon them as, unsuspecting, they prepared their dinner.

Mother would not permit me to see the dead men, although almost every one else in our caravan went into that little cabin. Such sight, mother said, was not for little girls. The wagon train halted while burial was given the murdered men. Some of the women furnished clean white sheets to wrap them in. The men made one great rough box from the table and bunk. We all gathered around that clumsy box while it was being lowered into the ground. Clear voices sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and one old man offered up a little prayer in a timid, halting voice. I liked the singing. "Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly," I repeated wonderingly. It seemed to me I saw God standing there, very tall and majestic, with two trappers held close in His arms. Looking back through the rear opening in the covered wagon I saw the closed cabin door and a great mound of fresh earth, and I wondered whether, when Indians died, God took them into His arms as he did the rest of us. It was many years before I could answer that question understandingly.

This was the year of the John Brown disturbance and, as we wended our way slowly through the great state of Kansas, tales of Border Ruffians greeted our ears. As we journeyed onward we found evidence everywhere of dreadful deeds. We passed houses in ruins where the smoke drifted from the smouldering embers. Dreadful tales were told us of men tortured and murdered; of women and children shamelessly abused. In time we came to fear and dread the Border Ruffians more than we did the savage Indians.

Kansas seemed to hold the center of the map that year of '56. An attempt had been made to start the culture of the olive and the grape. Freemen from the vineyards of Germany and Italy had been brought over and induced to take over this new industry. Nebraska, it was claimed, was too cold for either the olive or the vine. Utah was branded as "too pre-occupied" and barren. New Mexico was—only waste land. Big, level Kansas lay in the heart of the new continent. A mild and genial climate had Kansas. Its fertile soil was capable of supporting twenty million people. This land was to become, so was the dream of '56, a great vineyard of the New World. No wonder Ruffians fought over her.

One evening, the tired oxen and frightened men came to a place in Kansas called Diamond Spring. Here water bubbled from the earth as clear and sparkling as the stone from which it took its name. It came in such quantity that a small stream had its source there. A great stone house stood near this spring, its windows boarded up; its massive door barred and bolted.

It was decided that our wagon train should go into camp at Diamond Spring although many of the men argued against it. However, a majority said that it was not right to take chances with the lives of women and children. Indians, they understood and could fight, but Border Ruffians were something the old pioneers could not understand. So into camp we went, hoping that a larger caravan of wagons would join us from the West or that, perhaps, the Government would send troops to escort us through the danger zone. Mother said that we were in no more danger on the road than in camp but, being a woman, no one listened to her. The men said that if we were attacked by the Ruffians we would have the house for protection and so they forced the lock and entered.

We used that grand, old parlor as a community hall while we camped there. It had a fireplace at one end and a pathetic, old spindle-legged piano at the other. Several in our party played well. In the evening while a fire leaped on the hearth someone would send lilting tunes echoing through the empty rooms; flames would leap above the hearth and long, dark shadows would dance on the old stairway. All of us were called upon to help furnish the evening entertainment. One evening, two men agreed to furnish "sheet music" and I remember how they appeared at the end of the long room with a bed sheet in their hands. They lay down on the floor, covered themselves with the sheet and SNORED. There were charades, jokes, tableaux, dialogue, recitations and songs. Even Will and I were called upon for the songs and recitations we had learned in far-away Santa Fe, and it seems I can still hear Mother's clear voice singing "Blue Bells of Scotland."

Near the old stone house was a sod corral with a bit of Diamond Creek running through it. Stagnant water had collected there and tadpoles had hatched by the hundreds. The children loved to stand by the sod fence and throw clods at the tad-poles. One day, as we stood there engaged in our favorite sport, we saw two great rattle snakes making a meal from the tad-poles. We were delighted and began to throw clods at them. However, they did not take the clod throwing kindly and would hiss and strike at the clods with their fangs. This was great sport, indeed, and with thrill enough to make it dear to our hearts. I stood pressed close against the sod wall, leaning far over to throw well. Suddenly I heard a rattle that sounded much nearer than the snakes by the pool. Somewhere between my warm little stomach and the old wall I felt a creepy, stealthy movement while again sounded the

metallic buzzing rattle. I drew back and there, in a hole in the wall, was a huge rattler. With flattened head and darting, forked tongue he struck again and again at a fold of my little dress. For a moment I was too terrified to move, and for days I was ill with fright; but never again have I played with rattle snakes.

After two weeks at Diamond Spring our food supply began to run low but still the men refused to take the trail again. That night, when the advisability of breaking camp was being discussed around the fireplace, mother arose to her small height and announced firmly that she was much more afraid of Old Man Famine than she was of any Border Ruffian and, what was more to the point, she was very anxious to get back to Leavenworth. The men laughed indulgently at her fearless talk, but I knew mother meant what she said and, when another day passed and still no mention was made of breaking camp, I was not surprised when she woke me early one morning and told me to dress quickly as she and I were going to walk to Council Grove, the next stop on the Santa Fe Trail. She woke Will and told him he must stay and take care of things at the wagon. Then, before the sun arose or anyone was stirring around the wagons, we slipped away. We had not gone a mile before we met a man riding a mule. He seemed a funny, sputtery old fellow and we were relieved when he informed us that he was not a Border Ruffian. He asked us where we were going so bright and early in the morning and mother told him. He threw back his head and burst into cackling laughter. "If that aint like some little hundred-pound woman to put a bunch of cowardly men to shame" he said. "Now you go right along. There aint no Ruffians between here and Council Grove, excepting perhaps a few Caw Indians, and they aint agoin' to hurt you." The old man gave his mule a kick in the ribs. "I'm bent on findin' out what that tarnation wagon train means breakin' into my house at Diamond Spring. I aim to hev the law on 'em. See if I don't." With that he was off down the road and Mother and I walked the wide old trail alone. Once I looked back to see him herding his mule with both feet and someway I thought of "Yankee Doodle." Yet his words had cheered mother and me. Council Grove was sixteen miles from Diamond Springs and we halted only once; that was to eat lunch in the shadow of a ruined water wheel.

We saw no Indians and Ruffians and we reached Council Grove a bit before dark. I tried so hard to be as brave and as uncomplaining as mother but the muscles in my slender thighs were twitching with fatigue when we climbed the steps at the store. When the grocery-man asked me kindly if I was tired I burst into tears. We stayed that night in the home of the grocery-man and his wife put us to sleep on a great feather bed. As

I fell to sleep I found myself wondering whether all the beds of heaven were not duplicates of the Council Grove grocer-man's big feather bed.

Next morning before we had finished our breakfast a great west-bound wagon train arrived and the wagon-master, who rode in a top-buggy, gave mother and me a ride back to Diamond Spring. Out-distancing the slowly moving wagons we sailed along behind a team of spanking dappled grays. As we covered the weary miles our feet had stumbled over the day before, I built castles in the air. When I grow up, I said to myself, I would drive endlessly back and forth over the Santa Fe Trail in a brand-new, red-wheeled buggy; every night I would sleep on a great feather bed like the grocery-man's.

So we brought word to the timid men at Diamond Spring that the road ahead was free of danger. Old Yankee Doodle had chased them out of his house anyway, so they hitched the oxen to the wagons and led out onto the trail that very day.

The red and white oxen walked slowly, very slowly, but they did walk; and slowly, mile after mile, the end of our trail drew nearer and nearer. When one day the smoke of Fort Leavenworth came in sight a great cheer went up; a cheer that for Will and me seemed someway tinctured with regret. Four years in New Mexico had done it's work and like Kit Carson we were Western. We had learned to love the wild land of red hill, and vast still spaces.

It was late in November, 1856, before Mother got me into school. This time, she sent me to a Young Ladies Seminary that was conducted by a Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Luther. Mother had said, "I want you to go to a Protestant school this year, dear; for I do not want you to grow lop-sided in a religious way. You have received training under the Catholics; now I think it best that you go to a Protestant school."

I was far enough advanced to attend the classes taught by the Reverend Luther himself. The lower grades were taught by Mrs. Luther. At recess the pupils of the two rooms played together. Reverend Luther was a tall, lank man with a quantity of fair hair combed down on each side of his face that made his long features look longer still, and he had a most agreeable pair of light gray eyes. He often stopped our exercises when he thought someone in the room had misbehaved and would make us stand and repeat the Lord's Prayer together. We always knew someone had done something they shouldn't and there was much rolling of eyes and arching of eyebrows as to the culprit. I think at first I missed the Sisters dreadfully and, as I had a knack for drawing, I spent my idle moments creating pictures of the twin-cupolaed church in

Santa Fe, strange likenesses of the Virgin whose golden crown I had worn, crucifixes and rosaries without number. I covered my slate and the blank pages in my geography with these drawings and little Catholic pictures came fluttering out of books at the most unfortunate moments. The worthy Luther was much concerned about my soul. Many a sermon did my eleven-year-old ears hear that could not possibly have any meaning to me. When school ended in the spring I was still the Reverend Luther's "little heretic."

Mrs. Luther was small, fat and motherly. She presided over her flock of little ones much as a plump domineck hen over an over-sized flock of little chickens. Among her group of little girls was a laughing child by the name of Zeraldi Mimms. The green lawn sloped down to a white picket fence and here the pupils of both rooms gathered to play during recess. Zeraldi loved to play leapfrog and sometimes today it seems that I can feel the grasp of her stubby little hands on my shoulders, or the weight of her warm little body as she catapulted herself over my head.

In later years Zeraldi became the wife of the notorious Jesse James. When newspapers all over the land were filled with the wild, bad deeds of the James boys I thought of Zeraldi of the merry heart.

Brother Will did not enter school this year. It seemed necessary that he should help mother a bit. So he obtained employment in the newspaper office of the *Leavenworth Times*. The editor of that paper then was Colonel Anthony, brother of the later-famous Susan B. Anthony. This good man became interested in my studious young brother and did much to help him carry on with his education outside a school room.

Will seemed suddenly to take more than a normal interest in religion. The sacred books of the East held him enthralled by the hour. Always it seemed to me his brown head was bent over a book. When mother would ask him to do anything around the house he would say fretfully "Gee, Ma let Sis do it. I'm busy." So we were not much surprised when in later years Will began to prepare himself for the ministry.

Not long after our return to Leavenworth mother received word that her mother, who lived in Orangeville, Ohio, was dying. The message they sent us said, "Come at once." So mother and I made ready for another steamboat ride up the Mississippi. Our boat this time was a sternwheeler named the *Florilda*, and resembled nothing so much as a Dutch windmill in full motion. Shortly after mother and I went aboard a darky began running around the deck bawling out, "All those who have not paid their

fares, please step up to the Captain's office and do so." He made quite a merry song out of it and pretty soon I was following him up and down the deck singing too. I have a vivid remembrance of our boat pulling out into the middle of the sluggish, brown river and of hearing negroes singing somewhere along the banks.

On deck was a dog with large, dejected ears, and eyes that seemed ready to burst into tears. Mother said he was a blood-hound. That certainly sounded like a fearful kind of hound to me, especially when she told me that blood-hounds were used to track down and capture runaway slaves. When I saw a man pat the creature on the head and call him a "good dog" I wondered how that could ever be.

The *Florilda* did not seem to be in much of a hurry and mother was a wreck before we reached Orangeville. Death had preceded us to grandmother's house. We found a black coffin resting on a trestle in the parlor. In the kitchen where I ate my breakfast I could see the people come and go. They were all dressed in black and not one cheerful face could I see. No one looked at me, no one smiled at me. Something vital had gone from mother's face and I laid my head down on the oil-cloth-covered table and wept.

Suddenly I thought about the murdered trappers on the Santa Fe trail. I remembered how, wrapped in clean old sheets, they had been lowered into one great grave; how we stood there under the high, blue sky singing "Jesus Lover-of-My-Soul," and of how God had seemed to me to be directly over head holding the poor trappers cradled in his arms. I decided then that I liked death in the open air best. This conventional death where one sent telegrams saying "Come at once"; where folks went around for days draped in black and endless gloom was an ugly thing. I still think so. The trip back down the Mississippi was not a very happy one.

Four years we spent in Leavenworth. Four studious years for me and Will because after the first winter Will attended school, helping Colonel Anthony only in the evenings and on Saturday.

A frequent guest in our home during this period was the Rev. Leonidas Polk, who was, I believe, a distant relative of my father's. Rev. Polk was a graduate of West Point and was consecrated missionary-bishop of Arkansas and the Indian territory south of 36°30′, with provisional charge of the dioceses of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. He also had missions in the Republic of Texas. I think that Will worshiped him as much as is given one human being to love and honor another, and I am sure that it is partly due to Rev. Polk's influence that religion continued to be the guiding star of Will's life.

We did not lose touch altogether with our friends in Santa Fe. However, mail service was poor, coming by wagon train and being months in transit. Sometimes, Will and I would sit together under an elm tree in the side yard and wonder whether ever again we would see the Indian territory, the Indians and the Mexicans.

The spring of 1860 found us still in Fort Leavenworth. It brought to us there the first, faint stirrings of civil war. We heard nothing but talk of the Fugitive Slave Act; the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott Decision and the John Brown Raid. Perhaps mother grew tired of hearing so much of the national unrest and decided to return to Santa Fe to be out of it all; anyway she announced, suddenly and absolutely, that we were going west again—at once.

Will and I, who had absorbed so much Western atmosphere, were delighted, and I remember saying that I hoped if I ever got back in sight of the Rocky Mountains mother would never force me to leave. Perhaps we would go on to Sutter's Fort this time; anyway we would cross the beloved Plains once more.

We secured passage this time in a large Government train of some two hundred wagons, under the leadership of a certain Mr. Hamilton. This train was sufficiently large so that we did not feel much afraid of the Indians. By this time I felt quite grown up indeed, as I was fifteen. Will was now seventeen, and he cluttered up much of our limited space in the covered wagon with heavy books he insisted on bringing along. Confined to a mule's pace, as we were, and Santa Fe two months' steady travel ahead of us, not one of us thought the trip would be tiresome. Santa Fe was where friends now waited for us, friends tried and true. The camping places along the trail seemed familiar to us now and we began to look for well-known landmarks before we were well out of Fort Leavenworth.

So much that is lovely may happen when one is fifteen, for then our eyes are young and eager and we see only the road that lies ahead. There is no returning on the road of life. If there were, I believe that with mother and Will beside me I should like to travel once again, in an old covered wagon the Santa Fe Trail.

Sunday was always a day of rest along the trail unless, perhaps, we had been held back by unexpected things. Religion occupied the minds of folks more then than now and God's day was seldom violated. While I have no detailed remembrance of wayside services, yet hymns were always sung around the evening fires, and we were dismissed with silent prayer.

I was now old enough to help mother with the camp fire cooking, with the packing and unpacking of camp equipment. I now knitted diligently as I sat beside her on the high spring seat. Often I walked by Will at the wagon's side.

It was not long until the brakes of the Missouri River lay behind us and our prairie-schooners floated out upon the silver sea of buffalo grass. At Council Grove we spent the Sabbath. The groceryman did not remember me with my new long dress and my long braids, coiled like a coronet around my head; but he did remember mother and came to take her hands in his. Outside the store that night an Indian traded a little shaggy pony for a sack of white store flour and, while we stood and watched, the groceryman traded the pony to another Indian for a buffalo hide full of yellow corn.

Next morning being Sabbath, Mother, Will and I attended church at the little meeting house beside the store. When we entered, an uncouth young preacher said "The males sit yaonder and the females sit over yaonder" and so it was that Will was forced away from me. He sat across the aisle, his worn cap between his knees, his awkward hands moving restlessly. Soon the preacher warmed up and, while he spoke in the backwoods vernacular, his words began to glow. They caught the light like birds wings and filled the little meeting house with strange stirring pictures. Great horned beasts emerged from the shadows; death on the pale horse bore down upon us. Will's sensitive face glowed; his eyes were lambent.

When we neared the ramshackle house on the plains mother and I grew excited. What would we find there? Would the same lonely woman come to meet us, leading a four year old child by the hand? As we drew near we saw that this time it really was abandoned. The windows were boarded up and a silence of death hung over the place. It was more delapidated than ever. The sagging lean-to had fallen completely down. While the men drew water from the old well Mother and I walked around a bit. It was Will who discovered the woman's grave under a clump of blue bind-weed. A bit of weather-beaten board told the meager tale.

"Sarah Grace Austin and infant daughter Louella born Oct. 11 1825 died Oct. 24 1856. What story of danger and loneliness was buried in that grave we never knew.

Before we reached Pawnee Rock a party of a dozen Indians joined our little calvacade, keeping well in the rear but circling us at times to hoot and yell in derision.

The little cabin of the trappers greeted us sadly, still untenanted, and the traps that hung on the wall had grown rusty. Will

and I gathered flowers to place on the grave and found it grown over with that flower of the prairie called "love-entangle," a pale yellow vine set thickly with pink blossom.

Along the Santa Fe trail at Pawnee Rock the buffalo were still so numerous that sometimes we had to take pains to avoid them. The country here was so beautifully level that we could see for miles in any direction and the sun seemed to come up or go down like a great orange disk right out of or into the earth. Sometimes we heard a sound like thunder and a great band of wild horses that had been feeding on the luxuriant prairie grasses would sweep by us, led by some beautiful wild stallion.

At Diamond Spring the great stone house sheltered a family of unfamiliar Jayhawkers. Seven boys in stairsteps, ranging from two to fourteen years, lined up to watch us make camp. Level wheat fields waved around the old sod corral. What a contrast with Yankee Doodle and the Border Ruffians. That night some one at a melodeon inside the rock house sang "John Brown's Body." It was the year after John Brown had been tried, convicted and hanged for a crime that some say was no crime at all. Feeling ran high in Kansas then.

This time, we did not travel the Cimarron Cut-off but went by way of Raton Pass and Bent's Fort. Bent's Fort was a sort of gathering place for trappers and fur traders, buying and selling furs and buffalo robes from Indians."[4]

We found the usual trading going on at Bent's Fort. The sale was a bit like a present day auction sale. Some white man would hold up a string of beads and show them to the Indians; an Indian would then step forward and offer a blanket or a robe for two strings of beads. Another would, perhaps, offer a robe for one string. The more Indians present, the better the trading and, for that reason, Indians were welcome guests. Our wagons had brought many things to trade and we sold our entire stock the first day.

At Bent's Fort some of the wagons left us and headed North, for excitement over some newly discovered gold mines in the Pikes Peak region was running high that year. Pikes Peak could be seen on clear days from the Fort. The gold boom was on Cherry Creek some miles north of the peak. A little city of tents and

[4]Marian Russell evidently refers at this point to Bent's Stockade, built by Col. William Bent on the west bank of the Purgatory River about one hundred yards south of the Arkansas River on the site of old Boggsville. This was erected in 1859, after Col. Bent had sold his New Fort to the United States government. The latter was a stone structure on the north bank of the Arkansas River about opposite the town of Prowers. It bore the successive names of Fort Fauntleroy, Fort Wise and Fort Lyon while occupied by the military. Bent's Old Fort, the first important location of Bent & St. Vrain, stood on the north bank of the Arkansas about six miles east of present La Junta. It was a large adobe structure built 1828-1832. Col. Bent did continue to trade with the Indians at the Stockade for several years after erecting it.

camp houses had sprung up over night. This gold camp became the city of Denver, Colorado.

One evening at sunset we found ourselves on the bank of the Purgatoire River. Our trail led us past the foot of a high, white bluff on which a Comanche Indian stood, tall and straight, watching our wagons fording the stream below. Along the western bank of the river ran a crooked buffalo trail, and an old log *jacal* stood there among the scrub cedar and brush. That tall, white bluff was named in after years Simpson's Rest, after a sturdy pioneer who was buried there. The old *jacal* was replaced by the Cardenas Hotel; many adobe houses sprang up along the crooked buffalo trail and the place is now known as Trinidad, Colorado. But when I saw it first there was no town there.

We camped that night across the river from the high bluff and, from the open door of our little tent, I lay and looked across the shining ford into the moon-drenched country beyond. Next morning, while more than a hundred breakfast fires were sending spirals of blue smoke heavenward, two Mexicans came from among the stunted cedar leading a burro loaded with freshly killed venison. We traded gunpowder to them for meat.

Breaking camp, while it was yet early, our calvacade began the steep and tortuous ascent of the Raton Pass. You of today who have come down those hairpin curves cannot know what it meant seventy years ago to break trail over roads that were little better than a faint wheel mark among the pines. Mid-day found us a little above the present site of Morley, Colorado, our horses jaded and tired; six wagons with broken axles. A little spring bubbled by the wayside, icy cold. We made camp there to eat, rest and repair the damages. The mountain wind brought to us the pungent odor of pines and that most intoxicating of all perfumes, the scent of the wild choke-cherry.

I live today on the crooked buffalo trail that followed the windings of the little Purgatoire; often I pass the little spring that lies above Morley. It's scarcely a fifteen minute drive from my home; yet I never pass without seeing one hundred and eighty-three covered wagons encamped. Someway, Raton Pass seemed fairer to me that dewey morning years ago than it does today when the feet of trampling thousands have crushed its soft green grass to dust.

The following morning two covered wagons and a small bunch of loose stock bore down upon us from the trail above. It turned out to be a badly frightened German family traveling alone. The dark-browed man asked whether we had noticed three mounted men passing by. He said these men had joined his party several

days ago and that, the night before, he had overheard them planning together to murder his entire family in order to get possession of the teams, stock and wagons. The family was half-crazed with fear. Murder was a simple thing in those days, when most outrages were laid at the door of the red man anyway. Our wagon master, Mr. Hamilton, prevailed upon this party to turn back with us to Fort Union.

To the left lay Raton Mountain, or what is called today "Fisher's Peak." This mountain was infested with a species of great gray pack-rat, and thus the mountain became known by the Mexicans as Rat Mountain.

Again we halted at Fort Union. We found Captain W. R. Shoemaker as ordnance officer there. Captain Shoemaker was esteemed and respected by both the civilian and military population. His worth has since been commemorated by the name of the beautiful canyon on the Mora River east of Fort Union.

The soldiers had by this year—1860—so well accomplished their task that the frontier had been pushed back somewhat. The forays of the Indians in northern New Mexico were now only occasional. The next year Congress appropriated $35,000 for improvement of the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Union to Santa Fe through Las Vegas. This was the first road-making of the west.

Fort Union had grown. There were more adobe buildings and bigger ones. I think mother would have liked to linger there. Captain Shoemaker tried to induce her to take some military boarders. However, she wanted Will and me to go to school and so we continued with the train to Santa Fe.