

Pioneer Life

By Mrs. Daniel Witter¹

(This pioneer sketch was written by Mrs. Witter for her children in 1910. The interesting and valuable data contained herein gives it general historical interest.—Ed.)

My children, I will try and tell you a little about your father's and my life in this country when it was barren and desolate, "Pike's Peak," as it was called in those days.

Your father landed in Denver August 13, 1859, and I remained in Indiana, living a few weeks with his parents on Portage Prairie and then going to reside on Terracoupee Prairie. Had one child, Jessie; Schuyler died eighteen months before. Cora was born that fall, October 29th. Your father had the mountain fever and thought best to come home for the winter and in the spring early, started back, Elias going with him and two men from South Bend with ox teams from the river. Our mail was carried by pony express and our letters were few and far between. It was a lonely life for me and an anxious one.

One day over at Father Witter's, after your father had been absent 22 months, I received a letter asking me if I would go back with him if he would come for me. I ran out to the field where Hiram was ploughing and we sat down on the plow and read the letter. He said "Go by all means. Write your letter and I will take it to town tonight and mail it, but do not say a word about it until your letter has gone." When I told the home folks, they were all bitter against it. I was so glad, commenced to get things ready. This was late in the fall. I canned chicken and made some little dainties to take with us. Your father came late in the winter and we left in February, 1862, going to Eddyville, Iowa, the last station on the railroad where he had left his light wagon and pony team. Snow was deep there. We stayed a week making preparations, laying in supplies, etc., put a rag carpet over the bows of the wagon under the wagon sheet, a feather bed in the back for the children to sit on, and the wheels and bed of the wagon on runners, and started for Omaha, stopping at night at

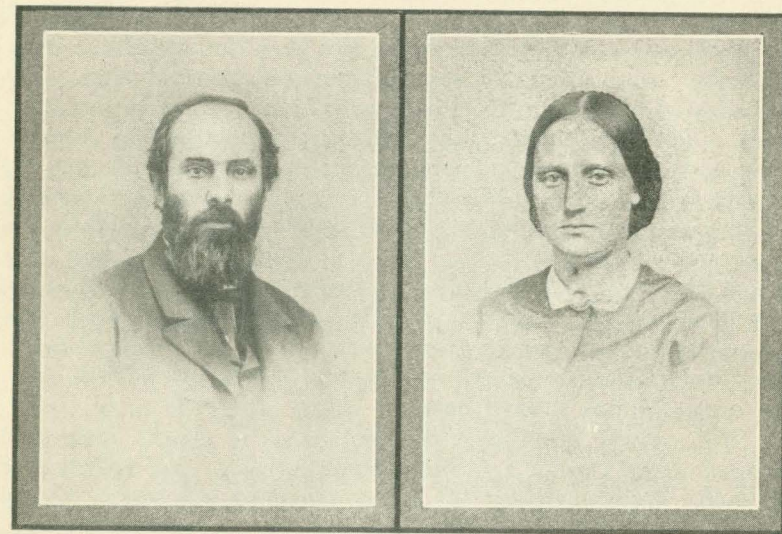
¹ Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Witter were prominent pioneers and citizens of Colorado. They were married in Indiana on March 20, 1855. In this story Mrs. Witter relates some of her experiences in early day Colorado. She was the sister of Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President under U. S. Grant. See elsewhere in this issue an account of the acquisition of the collection of Witter papers by the State Historical Society.—Ed.

hotels and farm houses. It was very cold traveling. I always put a jug of hot water in the feather bed to keep the children warm. Crossed the Missouri river on ice, it was getting very soft and I have thought so often since, how dangerous it was. Stopped at the only hotel in Omaha, the Herndon, intending after resting, to leave the *states* for the *plains*, but the children came down with the measles and we had to remain three weeks before we could leave.

I never shall forget the first night out after leaving Omaha. Camped on the Elkhorn river. We traveled the military road, pitched our tent, our stove in the tent and had supper. There was a farm house near by and your father had put his horses in the barn. I was washing dishes when I walked two big Indians. I was frightened and the children began to cry. They wanted biscuit and I commenced to hand out the crackers; they always beg for them or biscuit. When your father came in and said "Vamoose," which means get out, they said "Good squaw." It was a moonlight night; we made down our bed, called a field bed—my first experience sleeping out doors. I lay all night with my eyes fixed on the door of the tent, so afraid of the Indians and of the coyotes howling all around us. In the morning I said, "I can not sleep out any more, I am so afraid," so we made the stage stations where we had to make our beds down on the dirt floor and I would use the stove to cook our meals on, if they had one, or the fire place. We had what we call a mess box in the back of the wagon which contained all our cooking utensils and our lunch for the day. If we happened to come up with other teams, we would camp with them. There were a good many on the road, going and coming. I never shall forget that trip, the Indians were many and always wanted to know "How many ponies for white squaw." I was very fair and they liked white women.

Well, we traveled along, stopping at stage stations which were about 30 or 36 miles apart. Our little ponies traveled nicely and the roads were pretty good—level as a floor. When we came to the Loop Fork, we had to cross and the ice was breaking up. We were debating and wondering how we should do when along came a Pawnee Indian. They are civilized and he said, "Me help you," so they took the horses and wagon over and came back for us, father carrying one of the children and the Indian the other. We asked him how much and he said "Thread and needle," so I gave him a spool of thread and some needles.

A few days after that we were caught in a blizzard, a very dangerous storm out on the plains and we hurried along and came to a long, low-built cabin where there were quite a number of teams ahead of us. It was kept by two men. We all had places



MR. AND MRS. DANIEL WITTER
(From photographs taken in 1864)

allotted to us on the floor for our beds and belongings, all taking our turns to cook on the stove. Only one woman besides myself, and only one large room. We were there a week; the snow piled so high they tunneled through it to the barns. The men smoked and played cards, and strange to say no liquor was drunk that I know of. Well, as soon as we could, we started again traveling along, some teams going ahead of us and some falling behind. When we stopped for lunch and were alone, that was the time I would get so afraid. Your father would take his gun and go down to the Platte to shoot ducks and I would scan the plains expecting to see Indians by the score. Your father did not go very far away, always watching us. So we traveled, day in and day out. One hot afternoon we wanted water. I spied what I thought was a lake with a lot of trees around it, but it was only a mirage, a disappointment, but a beautiful sight in a desolate country.

The next place I remember was Kearny, a fort where we laid in a few supplies, a great many soldiers there. We forded the Platte river; everything had to be put up in the wagon bed and we on top. Crossed all right. We saw a large load of wood disappear in the quicksand, which the river is full of. The men were on the wrong ford. They cut the mules loose and they swam to shore.

We were a month crossing the plains—500 miles. The last few days we came up to two teams and we all traveled together and

camped out. One team was loaded with apples and every night he would sort out those that would not keep and we had a feast, as apples were worth 25 cents apiece and poor at that. The buffaloes when crossing from one part of the country to the other, made a noise like thunder, the droves were so large and they are such immense animals. There was no wood to be had and we burned buffalo chips. We always enjoyed our meals, traveling all day made us hungry. I never shall forget those dear old mountains. The first sight we had of them, 75 miles out, they looked like silver and gold piled up in the sunlight and I thought, "Well, we can dig most any place and get the gold" but oh, how disappointing such thoughts. Not many found the precious metal; many were disappointed and quit trying, and turned back to cross the dreary plains toward home.

We arrived in Denver the first week of April, 1862, and stopped at Mr. Cook's, a friend of your father's. The freight was all back. We had passed the trains and flour was scarce, plenty of corn meal, ham and bacon scarce and beef we never could get. Antelope meat was plenty. The trains I speak of were mule teams loaded with freight and a great many together so as to be protected from Indians. Flour 18 and 20 dollars per sack, 16 pounds of sugar \$4.00, corn meal 100 pounds \$10.00 and everything else in proportion. We had a very deep snow during the week and the next week left Denver for Hamilton in the South Park. We had the same pony team. Mr. Cook went with us. It was very muddy, the soil heavy clay. The children in the wagon, the men walking and I plodding along behind. The sun was so bright on the snow, we were afraid we would be snow blind, a very common thing out here. We took charcoal and blackened our cheeks under our eyes as a preventive; some make a mask of black cloth. Of course I would get way behind the rest and I was so afraid of Indians, would hurry as fast as I could. Your father had made me a paddle so I could clean the clay off of my shoes and that took time.

We went as far as Bradford Cave that night, pitched our tent, unpacked the wagon, put the stove in the tent and got our supper. Put potatoes on to boil and it took over an hour. That was new to me. The higher up we got, the longer it took everything to cook. We made down the beds, but oh I was so tired and homesick and did not want your father to see me cry. Day in and day out, about the same until the last afternoon as we came to the top of the hill going into the Park. Mr. Cook had to go before the team with two long sticks so your father could tell where to drive as the snow was so deep if you would get off the road, you would be sure to upset. I walked on behind and every now

and then would slip off in the deep snow. A blizzard struck us and it was impossible to travel, so we came to an old cabin partly torn down. Then we were quite a ways in the Park and camped—my clothes frozen on me and full of snow. Put up the tent and stove, got on dry clothes and prepared supper. Had a fine camp fire that night. Lo and behold in the morning, which was so bright and beautiful, just a few miles ahead of us was Hamilton, our future home. Our cabin consisted of two rooms, the front one being the post office and one living room. (Your father was post master, appointed by Abraham Lincoln.) Dirt roof, board floor—all the other cabins had dirt floors—but a dirt floor in the post office, two windows, one door. We cooked, ate, and slept in one room; a large bunk against the wall for our bed, a trundle bed to put under it for Jessie and Cora, but it was home.

I could tell you of so many things that happened that summer, but will not take your time. The mail only came once a week and the men were so anxious for news from home, they would get up on the roof to see if the stage was in sight and oftentimes no letter from home. I could tell you of the homesick hours I passed, but I was with your dear father and had the two little ones. We would take walks Sundays, pick flowers, berries and fished. Would go up to Tarryall and visit Mrs. Curtiss, which was up the gulch $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There the trail went over the mountains to Breckenridge and the Blue. Mrs. Duncan was the only white woman besides myself. There were about 100 cabins, but most all deserted. About twenty miners, they would come to the office to mail letters, get tobacco, buy stamps, etc. In those days there was no money. Everyone carried a bottle or buckskin bag with gold dust and paid with that. The gold dust we had to weigh on small scales and the miners would laugh at me because I always took good weight. I carried a bottle for gold dust about a year. Once a week we would sweep the office floor and wash the sweepings and get quite a little gold dust.

One day I had washed up some flour sacks so I could make the children some under clothes; put our buffalo robe out to air, and a beautiful beaver pelt your father had tanned and plucked, when all of a sudden appeared 500 Arapahoe Indians. They had come up into the Park to fight the Utes. I locked them out of my part of the house, but they swarmed around and in the office. They are such thieves. After a while they went on to a camping ground in the Park, but when I went out to take in my washing and robe, they were gone. Your father had killed the beaver. He caught it in the flume where he was mining and tied it to the leg of a table in the post office. It cut the leg of the table off with its teeth and your father cut off its head. Muslin in those

days was a dollar a yard and none to be had where we were and it was quite a loss. Your father had to go over to California Gulch the next day and he always started in the night so as to go over on the crust of the snow, which saved him twenty miles of travel. He had to pass the Indian camp, so they knew I was in the cabin and by daylight they came. They called me Sam, I suppose because we were working for Uncle Sam. They called "Oh, Sam, in." I took the children up and dressed them without a light, told them "Don't be afraid, we will go right out, lock the door, and go over to Mrs. Duncan's." But before I was ready, someone called "Utes" and they left in a hurry. They had a battle several miles out in the Park. The Utes whipped them and drove them out into the valley.

We were eating off of tin plates and drinking coffee out of tin cups. Mr. Bennett, the candidate for congress, was coming and we had to entertain him and oh, I did want some dishes. I thought he would go to Washington and your Uncle Schuyler [Colfax] would ask all about us. One day your father came in with a basket and unpacked some white porcelain dishes—cups, saucers, plates, etc. My, I was proud of them. The cups you could throw across the room and not break them, but they looked good to me. A French woman was selling out and we had *our china*. So passed the summer. Our living was not rich enough to hurt our health. For meat, antelope was all we had with now and then mountain trout and for extra, when we could get it, bacon and ham. The bacon was not as good, like we have now—only salt side. I made mince pies out of dried apples and antelope meat—pretty good. Everything was very expensive. Fruit we never had only dried apples in quantity but not quality. Fresh mountain berries—they were delicious. Plenty of beans, not many potatoes. When I left home I brought canned chicken. It made fine chicken pie.

The latter part of the summer we got our wagon ready and started through the mountains for Colorado City to attend the first session of the legislature, Mr. Whittemore and Elmer going with us from Georgia Gulch. We did not have much of a road some parts of the way. When we came to within fifty miles of Colorado City, we broke a wheel, made camp, and stayed two days, made a new wheel, and I washed and ironed and had quite a housekeeping time. How about making a wheel in the heart of the Rockies, no tools and hard wood. We camped in a little park with plenty of water and grass and such lovely pine trees. When we arrived in Colorado City, we found quite a number of men, but owing to the scarcity of provisions, had to adjourn to Denver, which meant another drive of ninety miles. We had to live on corn bread, as we were out of flour and none to be had. We ar-

rived in Denver in three days and camped in an empty house. Fourteenth Street, that is now, was named "E" Street, Fifteenth, "F," and Sixteenth, "G" Street. That was as far as our city extended and not much on Sixteenth.

We had to return to Hamilton, pack up our things, and make the trip back, which made us quite late in the fall. We rented a house next to Cherry Creek on Thirteenth Street, that is now, and made us a very comfortable home for the winter. In January, 1863, our Hattie was born. We had a pleasant winter. Mrs. Clara Cook, Hunt, Scudder, Byers, Cass, Sagendorf, and so many others were my best friends. We had jolly times calling back and forth. We would meet around from house to house and play cards. That was our only amusement except the theater which stood on G Street, Sixteenth Street now. Langrishe and wife and others were the troupe. We all enjoyed it. There was a ball given for the Duke Alexis [in 1872] and each one tried to outvie the other in dress, etc.

I went to the mint one day while Clark and Gruber were coining money and saw \$5,000 coined from the dust. Mrs. Eastman was with me. She was a daughter of Mr. Cook. We had a fire that winter which destroyed a large part of the town. It was a dreadful night. Mr. Whittemore and your father had to go to help and they charged me to keep the doors locked—so many drunken soldiers passing all the time on their way back and forth to Camp Weld. The hams you could smell for days after the fire and the flour also. It was a great loss, provisions were so dear.

When George was about eighteen months old he was quite ill and we had to take him up into the mountains, so your father and I started, making the trip in a carriage with two horses, stopping where we could at night. But one day in going over between South Park and Twin Lakes, we were late on account of bad roads and thought we would have to stay out all night in the open. When almost to the top of the divide, we heard voices and came on a crowd of Denver people—General and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Cass, Mr. and Mrs. Daley and others, and they took us in and made us comfortable and we all enjoyed it.

Later we bought a home down on Larimer Street where we lived so many years and your father built us a little cottage. It was pretty and in the spring we moved into it. Had a garden. A little at a time he added to it until we bought the block. Carried all the trees that are growing there now on our shoulders. Little whips they were. Now they are enormous. Good many dead. I went East in 1864 in a wagon. Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley and two children and I had three. We were six weeks on the road; went

by the way of St. Joe, Missouri, and took the train there. When I think of going East in 1864, I think how foolish it was and what a hard trip with so many in one wagon.

The great flood of May 20, 1864, washed out all the houses in the bed of Cherry Creek. The flood washed out the Methodist church which was built in the bed of Cherry Creek, Byers printing press and the office which had the city safe—all went down in the great flood. The Indians were so bad on the plains, I had to stay in the states until the spring of 1865. I brought home George, a babe four months old, traveled from the river in Ben Holliday's coach. He gave me a pass. Had an escort of soldiers, four on top of the coach and four on horseback, expecting to have trouble with the Indians at any time. The Indians would make a map on the dirt floor of the cabin, as we went east and say "kill all white people" and they did as they said. Do you wonder I have no love for the Indians? Saw where whole corrals made of wagons had been burned, nothing remaining but wheels and graves of the killed all along the road. We were nine days and ten nights on the road. It was the latter part of March. Your father had fixed up the cottage so lovely—painted and papered all fresh. It was a dear home and we were so happy.

In 1868, in August, Uncle Schuyler Colfax and party came. The Colfax party came in two specials from Cheyenne by the way of a small town called Laporte and where Fort Collins now stands, the stage fording all rivers, as the first railroad did not come into Denver until 1870. We paid \$2.50 per dozen for eggs, so that brother Schuyler could have his boiled egg for breakfast, but he never knew it until long after. The party consisted of Mr. Bowles of Springfield, Massachusetts, Governor Bross of Chicago, William Todd, Schuyler's private Secretary, Miss Wade whom he married the next year, Sue Matthews, a cousin, my sister Carrie, Miss Bowles, my father and mother.

We took a trip through the mountains, camping out. Governor Hunt and family were with us and Frank Hall was acting in the governor's absence. Nell was a babe of six weeks old and she was with the party and at night she would be tired and cold and would make it pretty lively for us, and here would come Governor Hunt with a nice warm drink for her and she would soon be quiet and comfortable. We had a pleasant time until we neared the Arkansas, when Governor Hunt received a message carried to us by a man on horseback, saying "Come immediately back." We could not go around by Colorado City as the Indians were after our party. Had killed so many whites between Colorado City and Denver. It was an exciting time. Most of our party had gone that evening to California Gulch where your uncle was to speak. We were

camped in a narrow canyon, so put out two scouts to guard it and with it all a dreadful storm came up. In the morning we started back with an escort of twelve men from California Gulch.

When we camped in the Park for lunch, we saw in the distance Indians riding towards us carrying a white flag. They were the Utes coming to take us into Denver. So the men turned back, went on and camped that night near Fairplay, where Governor Hunt ordered a beef shot, so the Indians could have meat. We had a great time that evening around the campfire. Speeches by the Indians, your uncle, Governor Hunt and others. We told the Indians to sing, so we put down a blanket and put a lot of sugar on it, of which they are very fond. The last day out, John Evans and party joined us. They marched us through the streets of Denver with a brass band, so rejoiced that we escaped the Indians. The Indians came into Denver every little while and camped on the west side of the Platte and the squaws would come in and sit on the floor of the kitchen and always wanted biscuits. The bucks hardly ever came in. Cora was very sick and I went to the door to see if the doctor was coming, where an Indian was found. He would come in. I told him no and he drew his bow and arrow on me. I was dreadfully frightened and your father reported him to Governor Hunt and he forbade them going on Larimer Street any more, or they would be sent away. They are great thieves and very treacherous.

In 1871 we built the main building and moved into it July, 1872, the year Clara was born. It was a beautiful home. The hardwood, plate glass, door knobs, etc., were all brought by mule teams from Julesburg. We had our own gas, having a gasometer in the yard, beautiful hardwood and everything that heart could wish. My dear mother left me a thousand dollars and we went to Chicago and bought lovely furniture. Our home was the place where all the young people liked to come. We kept open house every New Years and the old and young would wind up the day with a dance at our house. Those were happy days and no formalities as now. And now think what the city is, compared to the little village we came to. Our only park for a long while was at the foot of Larimer Street and all the parades, such as there were, passed by our house. Now we have handsome residences, public buildings equal to any in the United States, parks so beautiful, electric fountain, public school buildings as handsome as any city in the Union, and from 200 population, now 223,000.

In 1905 we celebrated our golden wedding. At the golden wedding were sister Carrie, Mary and brother Elias, Cora, Dick, Donald and Helen, Clara, Hollister and Joanna, Dan, Stella and the children. Buddy was the baby. It was a happy day—so many

lovely presents, big turkey dinner and friends calling. In 1906, the one that was the dearest to me on earth passed away and left us forever. I won't tell you children of the joys and sorrows we had in that dear old home, mostly joys. You all know what a lovely place it was, where your father did everything for our happiness and comfort, where you children were born, and some married, and where we know you all love to come. We lived in the dear old house forty-three years. All we have left to us is the sweet memories of it and its blessed days and your dear father had his wish of passing away in the dear old home where he loved to work and make things beautiful for us. And then our dear George was taken away and he and your father are waiting for us with the little ones that passed away years ago.

Now dear ones, this is not written in the best of language, but written just as I would have told it and I hope you will all love this little story. Let us all live, so we will meet in the beautiful home above where there will be no more partings, no more tears.

MOTHER.²

² Mrs. Witter died in Denver on December 28, 1914.

Experiences in the West¹

By George W. Thompson

In January, 1858, when I lacked six months of being twenty-one years of age, I enlisted in the 7th U. S. Infantry at Philadelphia. I was sent to Fort Leavenworth and in May set out with the troops for Utah, to reinforce Johnston's army sent out the summer before. The infantry walked the whole distance to Utah, but we had government wagons along to carry baggage and provisions. Each man carried a knapsack and a Springfield rifle. The rifles were equipped with greased paper cartridges and percussion caps. In shooting you would bite a hole in the end of the paper cartridge and ram the cartridge down the barrel of your gun, bitten-end down. If the cartridge wasn't rammed down tight the recoil when you fired would make your shoulder lame for a week.

In following the Oregon Trail up the Platte we had plenty of fresh meat—buffalo, antelope and wild turkey. A herd of cattle was also driven along for food, but the beef gets tough when the cattle have to travel far. When we reached Utah in August, 1858, the difficulties with the Mormons had already been settled and we continued on past Salt Lake City to Camp Floyd. In the fall we were sent westward into Nevada to protect emigrants from Indian depredations on the Humboldt River, and remained there most of the winter. I walked over 3,000 miles during my first year in the army.

In 1859 we went down into southern Utah and buried the bones of the victims of the Mountain Meadows massacre. We fought the Piutes at the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon and recovered some of the children captured by the Indians at the Mountain Meadows. They were subsequently returned to their relatives in Arkansas. In this engagement we surrounded the Indians and no soldiers were hurt. The Indian chief tried to run away and a German sergeant from the 2nd Dragoons chased him. The Indian shot at the sergeant and when the latter caught up with the Indian he brought down his sharp sword over the chief's head and split it open to the collar bone so that it fell in two halves on his shoulders. We took the head to Camp Floyd.

At Camp Floyd the order came to sell all the government mules. A certain man's note was taken for the lot and the government realized nothing from the sale. Then the government bought oxen from the great freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell and altered the tongues of the wagons to fit oxen. In the spring of

¹This is an interview secured by LeRoy R. Hafen at Mr. Thompson's home in Las Animas, Colorado, in September, 1927. After being written from the notes it was submitted to Mr. Thompson and was signed by him.

1860 the 7th Infantry turned eastward from Utah. We went up Provo Canyon, across to Bitter Creek in Wyoming and by way of what became the Overland Trail to the Cache la Poudre and South Platte. We then turned south through Denver, the Sangre de Cristo Pass and Fort Garland and continued to Fort Fauntleroy in the Navajo country.

Colonel Canby commanded us in a campaign against the Navajoes. We ran out of regular supplies and subsisted for some days on sheep captured from the Indians. We captured 30,000 head of sheep in one herd. They were very small, mostly head and horns. At first one sheep a day was issued to every four men. This proved to be insufficient and one sheep was issued to every two men, then one to every man. I have eaten my sheep many a night. The heads weren't wasted either; we roasted them in the ashes.

In February, 1861, we went down to the mines near Silver City in southwestern New Mexico, and fought Apaches for three months. Cochise was their chief. At Apache Pass on the Butterfield overland stage route the Indians set a trap for the stage-coach. They dug a hole in the road which would let the coach down to the axle. When the stage came along and dropped into the hole it was immediately attacked by the waiting Indians. We found the coach riddled with bullets and sprinkled with blood, and from some pine trees beside the road hung the bodies of the six passengers. They were hanged by their heels and their heads were roasted off. In a fight next day we captured six Indians and hanged them by their necks. A man told me that in passing the spot two years afterward he saw the bones still hanging.

In June, 1861, orders came to evacuate that region and concentrate on the Rio Grande at Fort Filmore, twenty miles above the Texas line, as a Confederate invasion was anticipated. John R. Baylor with his Texans came toward us; we met him at Mesilla but retreated to Fort Filmore. The fort was a great supply depot and we set to work destroying provisions and supplies to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. Then we evacuated the post and retreated up the river and turning east, headed for Fort Stanton. Due to some bungling, we started across a thirty-five mile stretch on a hot July day without water. Our thirst became almost unbearable and several men died on the march. We crossed the Organ Mountains. Six miles from the summit was a spring at which only twenty men could drink at a time. When we reached this water we were a disorganized mob. Men clubbed each other over the head with their guns in order to get to the spring. It was with difficulty that a semblance of order was at length maintained. While we were at the spring, Baylor came

upon us and captured our whole force of about one thousand men. He took us back to the Rio Grande and treated us white. We had water all the way back.

We were now paroled, our officers signing papers that we would not again engage in the war until exchanged, and our organization was kept intact. We were now taken to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and then up near the Canadian line. Some Confederate soldiers were now exchanged for us and we were brought back to the fighting line. We got into the battle of Antietam. I was now a sergeant. We also fought under Burnside at Fredericksburg in December, 1862. In January, 1863, my time expired and I was let out.

I stayed some time in the East but the West had a draw on me. Accordingly I came out to Leavenworth in the spring of 1864 and was employed by Clark and Company, bankers of Leavenworth and Denver, to take cattle to Fort Union, New Mexico. I started with 500 head of cattle, having seven white men and a negro to help me. At this time General Price was raiding the country, men were in great demand, and all my white men were impressed for militia service. I was able after a time to employ some other men. At Cow Creek we took in 3,200 head of cattle which had been stolen from the Cherokees and were sold to Clark for \$4 per head. Thirty men were now employed in the drive.

At Plum Butte, east of the Big Bend of the Arkansas, we were attacked by Kiowas under Satanta. The cattle were about two miles away from our camp in charge of two herders, and were not disturbed. The Indians seemed bent on securing the plunder from our four wagons and they repeatedly charged through our camp. On the fourth charge we stopped them. Five Indians were left dead in our camp as they charged through. Afterwards we counted thirty places where Indians had laid in the sand and bled. Later, at the Treaty of the Little Arkansas, Satanta said he lost thirty-five men in this fight. We scalped the five Indians and the trophies were hung to the sides of our wagons. At the sutler's store at Fort Larned some men from Boston bought three of these scalps from us at \$100 apiece.

On the Pawnee, a Mr. McDowell and I were some distance from camp hunting dry wood. We saw Indians and beat a hasty retreat. McDowell had \$1,800 in bills to pay the men (he was Clark's agent) which he was carrying in his inside vest pocket. The bills fell out in the chase and we never did find them.

We camped a few miles below old Fort Lyon about the last of November. In the early morning we heard firing at the fort. I set a picket around our camp and after a while eight Indians

came down the Big Sandy (evidently from the Sand Creek Battle) and turned east. At the fort I tried to buy some saddle horses. I was directed to Colonel Chivington's tent. I saw him in full dress uniform and thought him the finest looking man I ever saw. They had several hundred horses which had been captured from the Indians. I bought fifteen head at \$25 apiece. John W. Prowers was at old Fort Lyon and bought about two hundred head of our drags (the footsore cattle). Many had died on the way. It was now getting cold and the Arkansas was frozen over. We had to cut holes in the ice to water our cattle. The Indians had bothered us much of the way and many of the cattle had died on the drive. We had fifty or sixty horses and carried some corn in the wagons to keep the riding animals in fit condition.

We continued up to Bent's Old Fort. The fort was intact. There was no evidence of its having been blown up as is often stated. I saw the fort in 1860 and many times thereafter and there were no signs of any part having been blown up. The walls were fourteen to sixteen feet high and the two towers rose ten to twelve feet above the walls. The corral at the back was called the patio. Travelers camped in it and it was similar to the Elephant Corral in Denver.

We crossed the Arkansas River near Bent's Old Fort on New Year's Day, 1865. The ford twenty miles above was used in high water by freighters carrying goods that would be ruined if wet. This "rocky ford" has given its name to the present town at that location.

Adams, Hinckley, Blake and Co., contractors at Fort Union, bought our cattle. Then Adams offered me \$20 a day to go on with them to Fort Sumner. I accepted, but the cattle were so poor and were dying so fast that we turned them over to James Giddings on the Pecos. Giddings had married a Spanish woman, obtained a land grant and had a post there. It was a hard winter and they told me afterwards that all the cattle died before spring. This ended my driving loose cattle.

I now went to work for the government at Fort Bascom on the Canadian and worked there a year and a half. In the spring of 1867 I was wagon master at Fort Bascom for Stapp and Hopkins, hay and freight contractors. I freighted from the end of the Kansas Pacific at Lawrence in 1867, from Hays City in 1868, from Sheridan in 1869, and from Kit Carson in 1870. There the railroad stopped for some time. Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickock were interested in the laying out of Hays City.

Gathering buffalo bones became quite a business at Hays City. Piles of bones were stacked ten feet high along the sidings and must have extended for five or six miles. Men were there gather-

ing up the bones before the railroad reached Hays City. Many of the bones were shipped to the sugar refinery at St. Louis.

Anna Irwin, who was to become my wife, came to Kit Carson in 1871 and went on to the Maxwell Grant with her parents. Her father was foreman for Maxwell and later for the English company that bought him out. The Irwins kept the Ute Creek Post office on the Maxwell Grant. I met the daughter there and we were married in January, 1873. I settled down and lived for twenty-five years in Colfax County, New Mexico, engaged in farming, meat business and the hotel business.

I visited Charles Goodnight's place in Texas in 1889. He had men catching buffalo calves and paid them \$50 per head. An English firm there had 3,000,000 acres of land. It had been secured first by the Farwell brothers who built the state house at Austin and took land at \$1 per acre in payment. Their land joined New Mexico on the west and No Man's Land on the north. Buffaloes would go through their four-wire fence as if it were made of thread.

Kit Carson, Jr., now living at La Junta, Colorado, looks very much like his father. My wife's brother, W. K. Irwin, hauled the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Kit Carson from Fort Lyon to Taos. On the way they were buried over winter in the Maxwell house yard, the weather being so bad they could hardly go on to Taos then. Irwin was employed by Maxwell and Tom Boggs.

I moved to Las Animas, Colorado, with my family in 1903, and have lived here ever since. We have eight children.

The Hicklins on the Greenhorn

By D. W. Working

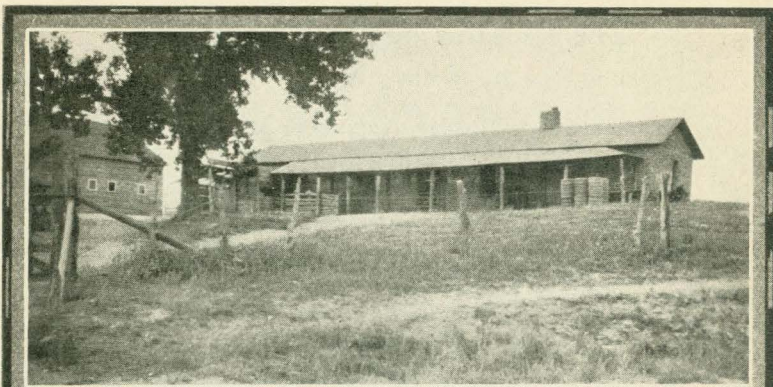
On September 1, 1927, Mrs. Alexander Hicklin died at Walsenburg, Colorado. With her passing there was brought to a close a career that has many points of historical interest. Mrs. Hicklin was a daughter of the first Territorial Governor of New Mexico, Mr. Charles Bent, who was appointed to that position by General Stephen W. Kearny, September 22, 1846. On October 20, 1856, Estefana Bent was married to Alexander Hicklin; and on September 21, 1859,¹ with their infant son, the young people settled on the Greenhorn at the place where now the highway from Pueblo to Walsenburg crosses that stream, and where the old adobe house of the Hicklin Ranch may still be seen. This was their home until Mr. Hicklin's death in 1874; and here Mrs. Hicklin continued to live until 1892, when the place passed from the widow's possession.

When Charles Bent, who was associated for many years with his brother William and Ceran St. Vrain in the ownership of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, was appointed Governor of New Mexico he had been living at Fernandez de Taos about fifteen years. It is of record that he was captain of a traders' caravan as early as 1829, "and conducted it safely to Santa Fe"; also that he "captained caravans in 1832 and 1833."² According to Grinnell, he married Maria Ignacia Jaramillo (a sister of Kit Carson's wife) at Taos before 1836; but the Bent family book does not give the date of his marriage or the dates of the births of his children. However, it is certain that his daughter Estefana was at least three years old when her father was killed and scalped in her presence during the Taos Massacre, January 19, 1847, while he was visiting his family at Taos, his official residence at the time being Santa Fe.

In company with Mr. Louis B. Sporleder of Walsenburg, I visited Mrs. Hicklin in October, 1924. At this time, according to my notes, she told us that she was born in 1844. She seemed so keen and intelligent that I placed a great deal of faith in the accuracy of her statements. As Mr. Sporleder had long been a friend of Mrs. Hicklin, I wrote to him after her death asking for more particulars concerning her history. Mr. Sporleder wrote in reply that "There seems to be a discrepancy in matters pertaining to dates. For some reason the old lady saw fit to conceal the date of her birth; for in the Hicklin Bible the last figure is erased.

¹ This date was given by Mrs. Hicklin herself when I visited her with Mr. Sporleder October 10, 1924.

² G. B. Grinnell, *Bent's Old Fort and its Builders*.



Upper: Hicklin Ranch House on the Greenhorn (1922). Lower: Alexander Hicklin (from a daguerreotype made prior to 1855); Mrs. Estefana Bent Hicklin (from a photograph taken for Mr. Working in October, 1924).

It shows no more than 184. Her verbal statements were also badly mixed. She told me recently that she was born in 1844—such date can not be correct; for her marriage took place in 1856. According to these figures, she married when 12 years old—which is hardly probable. More than once she stated that Zan married her when she was 16—that would place her birth about 1840.”

In addition to what I have quoted, Mr. Sporleder copied for me the following from the Hicklin Bible:

“Estefana Bent, born in Fernando de Taos, New Mexico, August 3, 184—

“Married, October 20, 1856, to Alexander Hicklin by Father Martine, at the Catholic church in Taos.

“Alexander Hicklin, Jr., was born July 8, 1859, at Taos.

“Thomas Hicklin born March 30, 1862, in Taos.

“Alfred Hicklin born at Greenhorn, December 21, 1871.

“Alexander, Jr., died September 21, 1878.

“Thomas died December 31, 1897.

“Zan Hicklin, Sr., died February 13, 1874.”

Two days after sending me the letter quoted from above, Mr. Sporleder wrote: “My old Mexican friend, who is 97 years old, tells me that Bent married Maria Ignacia around or about 1835. At the time of the massacre Alfred, eldest son of the Bents, was about 10 years, Teresina about 5; and he can remember only a baby girl, which must have been Estefana. * * * According to this statement, Estefana was indeed very young when she married—such was the custom, however, and to some extent prevalent even now. My opinion is that she was born between 1840 and 1844.”

The newspaper accounts at the time of Mrs. Hicklin’s death mentioned that she was the heiress to 6,000 acres of the richest lands in Huerfano and Pueblo counties and that she died penniless. The Walsenburg daily contained the following:

“Hicklin brought his bride to the Greenhorn where the family lived until she lost the rest of the property about 1890. Of the 10,000 acres granted to Hicklin by the Mexican government, the United States authorities confirmed 6,000 acres in the old Huerfano county. Unschooling in the practices of business and law, upon the death of her husband in 1874, she began to lose the estate piecemeal. By 1900 she was penniless and went to live with neighbors, the Rices, at their ranch on the Huerfano. She died at the home of Mrs. Julia Rice and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Rice’s sister-in-law, at 313 West Fourth Street, here. * * * She leaves an only son, Alfred Hicklin, of Victor, Colo.”

The amount of land confirmed to Estefana Hicklin was not 6,000 acres, but 5,118 $\frac{72}{100}$. Among the few treasures of Mrs. Hicklin at the time I visited her was the original plat of the lands she received as one of the claimants to land within the Vigil and St. Vrain Grant.³ This plat shows thirty-two quarter sections of land in ranges 66 and 67 west and township 24 south, and has the following inscription:

“Plat of Derivative Claim No. 8 of the Vigil and St. Vrain Grant in Colorado, awarded to Estefana Hicklin, containing

³ For a discussion of Mexican Land Grants in southern Colorado see article by LeRoy R. Hafen in the *Colorado Magazine*, vol. IV, pp. 81-93.

5,118 72/100 acres. Confirmed by Act of Congress approved June 21, 1860. Awarded by the Register and Receiver of the Pueblo District February 23, 1874. Approved by order of the President dated March 2, 1877."

This Vigil and St. Vrain Grant dates back to 1843, when it was awarded to Cornelio Vigil and Ceran St. Vrain in consideration of their services to the government of New Mexico and their representation that it was their purpose "to encourage the agriculture of the country to such a degree as to establish it in a flourishing condition. * * *" On the 11th of March, 1844, Vigil and St. Vrain signed a deed of conveyance ceding "to M. Charles Bent, and to his successors, the one-sixth part of the land contained in our possession at said place, to which we hereby renounce all our rights." This deed also recited that it was understood that the makers were "to give to such families as may transport themselves to said place, lands free of charge for settlement, subject to the guarantees and benefits to each party as may be agreed upon."⁴

Among the settlers who took advantage of the offer of free land were Alexander Hicklin and his wife Estefana Hicklin, who took possession of lands on the Greenhorn in the fall of 1859, as has been shown above. In his petition to Surveyor-General Lessig, dated June 7, 1869, Hicklin claimed in behalf of Mrs. Hicklin "as an active settler and by purchase from Col. Ceran St. Vrain" a tract of land lying on the Greenhorn and its branches and represented that she had "settled upon said land in 1859 and now reside upon the same."⁵

The quotation from the Walsenburg newspaper speaks of the "10,000 acres granted to Hicklin by the Mexican Government." It has already been indicated that the title to the land was confirmed to Estefana Hicklin and that the claim previously filed by Mr. Hicklin was made as the agent of his wife, who was one of the heirs to the property of her father, Charles Bent. It remains possible that Hicklin, on his own account, might have been promised land on condition that he would settle and improve it; but it is much more likely that he would take advantage of his wife's relationship, especially in view of the fact that so large an interest in the grant had been "ceded" to Bent. The records clearly show that the land was claimed for Mrs. Hicklin and that title was confirmed to her. It was the daughter of the Governor who inherited a right to a large portion of her murdered father's imperial estate, whose right was recognized in part by the United States Government, and whose lands were lost to her through in-

competent management or through bad faith on the part of men with whom she and her husband had business relations.

In R. M. Stevenson's "History of Pueblo County" may be found the following: "A settlement was * * * made on the Greenhorn by Alexander Hicklin, better known throughout Colorado and New Mexico as Zan Hicklin. He came up from Santa Fe, * * * cultivated a large tract of land, raised immense quantities of grain, was an extensive stock-owner and gathered around him a number of Mexican peons. His house was a renowned stopping-place for travelers, and his genial humor and kindness of heart endeared him to everybody. He died a few years since in reduced circumstances."⁶ It is noteworthy that Mrs. Hicklin's title to her lands was not finally completed until August 6, 1878, while her husband died February 13, 1874. In the third volume of Hall's *History of Colorado* (p. 489) it is stated that Hicklin was "one of the most extensive farmers and stockgrowers of his time" and that he "accumulated large sums of money, and spent them in the free and easy manner characteristic of Western barons"; also that "his widow, children and grandchildren reside at the old home on the Greenhorn River." Hall quoted as authority for these statements Judge D. J. Hayden of Badito, who first knew Hicklin in California after the latter went there in 1849. In his second volume Hall gives a number of anecdotes of Hicklin, who was suspected of at least doubtful loyalty during the Civil War.

Hicklin was one of a number of extensive farmers in Southern Colorado in the sixties. The *Rocky Mountain News* of June 26, 1868, contains this among "Agricultural Items": "On Zan Hicklin's ranch on the Greenhorn is the following crop: Corn, 175 acres; wheat, 75 acres; oats, 75 acres; beans, 40 acres; buckwheat, 15 acres; total, 370 acres."

Although Hicklin could neither read nor write (he could sign his name), he was recognized as a man able to do business in business ways. Illustrative of this is the fact that he served as administrator of the estate of Boanerges R. Boyce, one of the large farmers of the Huerfano and one of the early commissioners of Huerfano County. The estate accounts seem to have been kept for Hicklin by Mat Riddlebarger, who was Probate Judge of the county at the time. Indicative of the largeness of the corn-farming on the Huerfano in early days is an item in Hicklin's summary of receipts and expenditures on account of the "Bo" Boyce estate. On April 28, 1866, he sold \$9,278 pounds of corn at 64 cents for a total of \$5,356.68.

The house in which the Hicklins lived on the Greenhorn may

⁴Quotations in this paragraph from C. W. Bowman's "History of Bent County," in Baskin's *History of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado* (1881).

⁵From copy of original letter by Alexander Hicklin to Wm. H. Lessig.

⁶See Baskin's *History of the Arkansas Valley*, 766.

be seen today on the right side of the road from Pueblo to Walsenburg, just before the highway crosses the famous little stream. Before the Hicklins lived at Greenhorn others had occupied the site, and a mill had been run by the waterpower developed by the little stream. Mrs. Hicklin remembered the old mill. When George Frederick Ruxton crossed the Greenhorn in January, 1847, he found a little settlement of French Canadian hunters who were doing a little farming on land that was later used by Hicklin; and it is easy to believe that Hicklin later used the ditch which conducted water to the fields cultivated by the earlier pioneers whose names are forgotten. Ruxton's story is worth quoting in part here. He had camped on the Huerfano under some tall cottonwoods after a difficult ride down from the mountain pass, whence he crossed "on to the Cuernaverde or Greenhorn Creek."

"On a bluff overlooking the stream I had the satisfaction of seeing two or three Indian lodges and one adobe hovel of a more aspiring order. As we crossed the creek a mountaineer on an active horse galloped up to us, his rifle over the horn of his saddle, and clad in hunting shirt and pantaloons of deer-skin, with long fringes hanging down the arms and legs. As this was the first white soul we had seen since leaving Red River, we were as delighted to meet a white man (and him an American) as he was to learn the news from the Mexican settlements. We found here two or three hunters, French Canadians, with their Assiniboin and Sioux squaws, who have made the Greenhorn their headquarters; and game being abundant and the rich soil of the valley affording them a sufficiency of Indian corn, they lead a tolerably easy life, and certainly a lazy one, with no cares whatever to annoy them. This valley will, I have no doubt, become one day a thriving settlement, the soil being exceedingly rich and admirably adapted to the growth of all kinds of grain. The prairies afford abundant pasture of excellent quality, and stock might be raised upon them in any numbers. * * * Already the plough has turned up the soil within sight of Pikes Peak."

Ruxton had passed through Santa Fe in December, 1846; thence to Fernandez de Taos (now commonly known simply as Taos), where he was entertained by an American named Lee, owner of a distillery where the famous Taos whisky was made. Invited to spend the winter with Lee, Ruxton declined the invitation because of lack of pasture for his animals. Shortly after his departure occurred the Taos Massacre, during which Governor Bent and Lee were killed, together with every other foreigner but one. Ruxton's account of the massacre at Taos and the destruction of Turley's Ranch on the Arroyo Hondo was one of the earliest publications in book form of these tragic occurrences.

⁷ G. F. Ruxton, *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains*, 115.

Early Days in the Arkansas Valley¹

By A. M. Swartz

It was in the spring of 1872 that I started westward from Johnson County, Kansas, with my wife and three children in our covered wagon. We had a single span of horses, and our wagon was loaded with provisions and household goods. We had decided to try our fortune in Colorado Territory. I was born in Ohio on October 15, 1845, and was married to Martha Evans, a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln, in 1864. For over sixty-two years we have lived together, never having been apart except for two weeks on a single occasion.

When journeying west we came in with some other families at Council Grove, but when we reached Great Bend City, Kansas, there were still so few of us that we were detained by the military authorities until a party had assembled sufficiently large to insure safety in crossing the plains. After five days' waiting there were 160 wagons ready to move. We were organized in military fashion and on checking our means of defense found that we could fire 700 shots without reloading.

About four or five miles north of Great Bend City the plains were black with buffalo. There must have been 10,000 in the herd. On one occasion we had to stop our train for several hours to allow a herd to pass. Some distance farther west a professional hunter came into our camp and chatted one evening. He said he had killed 80 buffalo that day and had ten men skinning for him. He took the hides only. He used a sixteen-shot Winchester and two six shooters. At one place where buffalo came in to water I could have walked half a mile on the carcasses and never have touched the ground. It was early spring and the bodies had not begun to decay, but they must have created a terrible stench a little later.

We journeyed up the Arkansas without notable incident. About ten miles east of Pueblo I decided to stop. Work on the Excelsior Ditch was being done and I found employment in construction work. Being a carpenter by trade I was set to work building the headgate. This was made of hewn cottonwood timbers. For sixteen years I lived with my family under the Excelsior Ditch and then we moved to the Thatcher ranch four miles southeast of Avondale. There were more cattle ranches than farms in the valley then. During the early years dwarf corn and Mexican beans were the principal farm crops, and these were all we thought

¹This article is written from notes of an interview had by LeRoy R. Hafen with Mr. Swartz in September, 1927. It was submitted to Mr. Swartz and signed by him.

could be raised here. Now we find we can grow almost anything except potatoes—they do not do well for some reason.

Fort Reynolds (three miles east of Avondale) was a lively post in the early seventies. It was the social gathering place for this part of the valley. Settlers from forty miles around came in to our dances at the post. The dining room was about 30 by 80 feet and we used it for a dance hall. From Beulah they came here to our dances and then we would go up there to theirs. Quadrilles, waltzes and schottishes were the favorite dances, which were stepped to the strains of the violin and banjo. I didn't get to dance much for I had to play the banjo, but I enjoyed the mixing and the dances just the same. The Chilcott boys, nephews of Senator Chilcott, lived on Chico Creek and they all played the violin. So we joined forces and furnished the music. After the dances we often had big suppers that were very popular. The Mexicans in the region had dances of their own. The main barracks at Fort Reynolds could accommodate about 500 soldiers. Some of the officers' wives lived at the post. The last soldiers there were cavalry. The buildings were of adobe, with inside walls white-washed and the ceilings of lath and plaster. There were pine floors and shingle roofs.

The Cheyennes and Sioux came into the country a good deal to hunt. They visited our house often; would open the door and come in without invitation and proceed to help themselves to anything in sight. They liked sugar, flour, and coffee especially well and would also take clothing when they could get it. I always kept my best coat hidden from them. Mrs. Swartz was afraid of them and would often cry. She was afraid they would take our children.

Hunting was good here then. I could go out about six miles north of the Arkansas River and kill a wagon load of antelope in two days. At Haynes Creek I would hide under the bank and shoot the antelope when they came in to water. I used a Winchester which held sixteen cartridges in the magazine. Once when a band of about five hundred antelope came in I killed three with one shot and got six others before the band disappeared. I was considered one of the best marksmen in the country. About fifteen miles out we could usually find buffalo. We would hide for them also at the watering places.

It is now about thirty years since the Bessemer Ditch was completed. Greene, a surveyor, laid out Avondale. I do not know the origin of the name of the town. I went to the new town, built a hotel and ran it for seventeen years. Then I again took up farming and have stayed with it ever since. We have reared six children, five boys and one girl.

The Kuykendall Collection of Cowboy Equipment¹

By Philip Ashton Rollins²

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. John M. Kuykendall as donor and to the well-lighted exhibition cases of the State Historical Society of Colorado as custodian, it will remain possible to see what old-time cowmen wore upon the cattle range in the now bygone days when ranching was the dominant business of the West.

What these exhibition cases display is, not mere discarded apparel, but instead important history told by objects rather than by words. And the history is important, for it relates to those people who, by their numbers, their character and the nature of their calling, contributed more than did any other folk to the initial upbuilding of civilization throughout one-third the area of the United States.

Furthermore, the history is definitely and accurately told by the mute objects that lie within the cases, since these objects are excellent specimens of the average old-time cowman's personal "riggin'" and thus are typical of the old-time riding West.

Their various materials and their several shapes, each disclose a story, inasmuch as they, being typical, were not prescribed by the wearer's whim but were enforced by the demands of his vocation. From the bottom of the boots' heels, up through the equipment and to the top of the crown of the wide-brimmed hat, every turn and twist was the child of practical evolution and not of theatric fancy. Experiment by successive generations of men had eventually determined what was the most expedient form of accouterment for use in a highly dangerous calling.

True, the cowman's outfit was picturesque, but this quality was an accident and only an incident. Except for occasional ornamentation by "conchas," by embossings on leather, by gauds of rattlesnake skin or braided horsehair and by garish dyes, nothing was selected because of its picturesqueness. Serviceability and safety were fundamentally the deciding factors in choice.

For instance, as concerning the objects in the Historical Society's exhibition cases, the boots' tall and peglike heels prevented the wearer's feet from slipping through the stirrups on a bucking horse, forced this rider's thighs into a proper fitting with the saddle's curves, and gave him a sufficient anchorage when, dismounted and afoot, he threw his lariat. The "chaps," those grotesque leathern overalls, were necessary armor for legs that

¹ Elsewhere in this number will be found a list of the items in the Kuykendall collection.

² Mr. Rollins is an authority upon cowboy equipment and life on the range. A praiseworthy addition to his writings came from the press last month under the title "Jinglebob." It is a delightful and informative story of real cowboy life.

either were riding amid cactus and stout bushes, amid prodding cattle and kicking horses, or else were imprisoned under broncos which had thrown themselves while pitching; and too they shielded from inclemency of weather.

The neckerchief, as a strainer over nose and mouth, made breathing possible when alkali dust rose in clouds from beneath the cattle's hoofs.

The hat, by its shape, speaks for itself, whether as head covering, water bucket, semaphore for signalling, fanner of fires, or their flail-like extinguisher. And, by the modesty of both its width of brim and height of crown as also by the flatness of its brim, it accurately declares as to just what capped the average stockman's pate before Buffalo Bill and the later "movies" imposed the "three gallon" headpiece upon the American Public's brow.

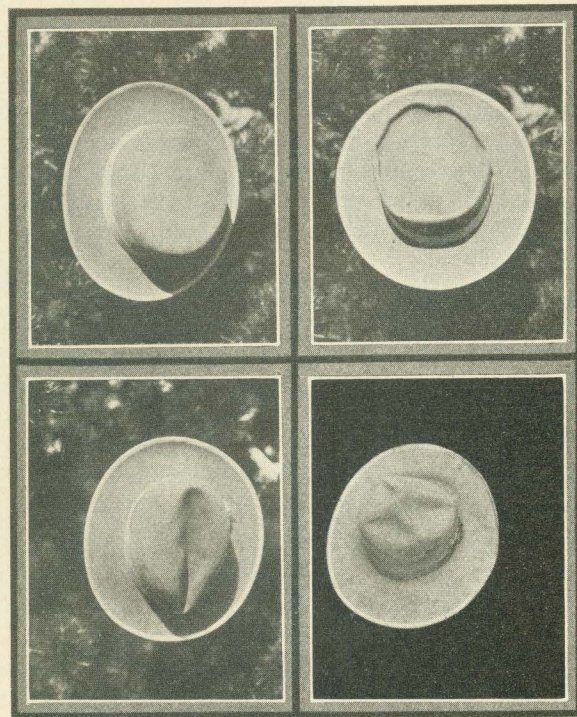
The hat of the average cowman, during the decades of the seventies and eighties and even into the nineties, had a cylindrical crown approximately four inches in height and a flat brim that was only some two and three-quarters inches wide. Virtually all the wearers of these hats indented the crown in one or the other of two ways. Either, as notably in eastern Oregon and in parts of Idaho and Montana, the crown was, by a horizontal fold or pleat, reduced to about two inches in its tallness. Or else, as in the style prevalent in most sections of the cattle range, the crown was given four deep equidistant dents, thus imparting to it a shape akin to that of a peaked mountain which was gashed by four gullies descending from just below its summit.

A few men dwelling near the Rio Grande donned the full-sized sombrero of Old Mexico. A few other men made bold to wear such sombreros in the more northern latitudes, but ordinarily their interloping headgear was frowned upon by all the wearer's neighbors. And so, in this more northerly region, the sporter of an exaggerated "bonnet" was apt sooner or later to lose it in some devastating prank aimed at it.

Buffalo Bill, with his histrionic discernment that amounted to highest artistry, sensed the scenic value of huge hats; and it was because of this value, so he in 1887 told the present writer, that he placed flapping brims upon the cowboys who disported in the "Wild West's" arena as soon as, with charming physical grace and carefully studied elocution, there had been announced: "La-dies and Gen-tle-men, al-low me to in-tro-duce to you the ag-gre-gat-ion of the rough ri-ders of the world!"

In this way was the present-day big hat born into American favoritism; and its popularity, together with its undue height and width, still steadily increase because of the effect of the "movies."

Also by reason of these "movies" there has been inflicted on



COWBOY HATS SHOWING TYPES OF INDENT
(The hat in the lower right hand corner is the hat of
the Kuykendall Collection.)

the modern hat an indent unused by old-time cowmen; an indent consisting of a single fore-and-aft depression which, deep at the front of the crown, shallows so much in its receding that it does not extend all the way to the crown's rear. This style of indent—though long, if but occasionally, seen in Mexico—owes its American nativity, not to Mexico, but to Hollywood.

Just as the modest-sized hat within the exhibition case is an aristocrat in its historical accuracy, so also are the "chaps" that lie beside it; "chaps of the form that men used upon the range when 'cows was king'" and when assured defence for riders' legs was of vital need. These "chaps" have naught in common with the present-day ones of so-called "bat-wing" shape; a shape wherein, by sacrificing thickness to increase of area, armor is converted into costume, and thereby the hunger of the camera's lens for pleasing lines is satisfied—this, another doing by Hollywood.

Mr. Kuykendall's gift does far more than give gray haired men the privilege of gazing affectionately and opening the windows

of their recollection. Apart from its worth to historians, it offers to authors and artists the information that will let them properly garb the cowpunchers of their creation.

No longer need these authors and artists be excused for introducing, as in recent issues of three prominent magazines, a White River saddle-tree of 1881 into a picture that relates to 1848, an 1876 model Winchester rifle into a portrayal of The Alamo's fall, or even a Parisian coffee percolator into the presentment of an old-time cow camp.

Surely the American ranchmen and cowboys, perhaps the World's last knights on horseback, have earned, by their constructive accomplishment, the right to historically accurate description. But what is commonly accorded them? A something which, in its gross inaccuracy, tends to arrive in time at an absurdity akin to that in the now classic misstatements: "the rattle of the musketry of the Praetorian Guard" and "the thunder of Cæsar's artillery."

In contrast with this, thanks be to Mr. Kuykendall.

The Colorado Land and Improvement Company

By Major Henry McAllister

(This short sketch is an interview taken by the historian, H. H. Bancroft, at Colorado Springs in 1884. The original is in the Bancroft library, University of California, and a copy in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.)

Major Henry McAllister, Jr., was born at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1837, and removed to Pennsylvania when very young. He lived there until 1862, when he joined the army and was in it till the end of the war, returning July 4, 1865.

He was elected secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association in 1865, and served in that position for seven years, until 1872, when, owing to failing health, he resigned, and was at once elected president of the National Land and Improvement Company, a Pennsylvania corporation, organized for the development of the lands lying along the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. He was also made executive director of the Colorado Springs Company, the latter company organized for the development of the lands of Colorado Springs and Manitou. He came here in October of that year.

The purchases of land for the development of which these two companies were organized were made in 1871 and 1872, and consisted of 26 tracts of land, each comprising from 40 acres to 10,000 acres lying on the railroad from Denver to Pueblo. Its principal purchase was in El Paso County at the foot of Pike's Peak, where about 10,000 acres were bought. Over 9,000 acres lying about five miles from the mountain, was surveyed, and the town of Colorado Springs laid out. Six hundred and forty acres surrounding the mineral springs at the mouth of the Pass was surveyed and the town of Manitou founded. The first buildings in Colorado Springs were erected during the winter of 1871 and 1872, since which time its growth has been steady, and its present population is about 7,000.

Manitou is the Indian name for the Great Spirit, and so named by the founders of the town in 1871.

The first building put up at Manitou was the Manitou House, built in the spring and summer of 1872. The name Manitou was suggested by General Palmer and his friends by a legend of the locality contained in a pamphlet published by the company. It is largely a summer town; it has now five hotels. No regulation regarding liquor there. Hotels belong to private individuals, built by foreign and eastern capital.

General Palmer was president of the Colorado Springs Company and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Having been

connected with building of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and having seen the evil consequences of the use of intoxicating liquors in the frontier towns that sprang up along the latter road, he determined to, so far as possible, exclude the sale of intoxicating liquors from the new town of Colorado Springs. As the best means of doing so, he inserted in all the deeds given by the company to purchasers, a clause forever prohibiting the manufacture, sale or other disposition of intoxicating or malt liquors upon any portion of the property deeded. This clause was soon violated by several persons, and a suit for a forfeiture of the lands instituted by the company. A judgment by the state district court in favor of the validity of the clause was obtained. The case was then carried to the State Supreme court which affirmed the judgment of the lower court. It was then carried to the Supreme Court of the United States where the judgment of the state court was fully and finally affirmed. Under this decision a number of lots have been forfeited for violation of the liquor clause.

The people of the town have always elected temperance boards of the town trustees formerly so called, now called aldermen, also passed prohibition laws, and so helped out the founders in their scheme. Public sentiment has always been in favor of temperance.

Another company similar to the Colorado Springs Company and organized for the same purpose to develop large tracts of land in the Arkansas Valley and vicinity, and the extensive coal mines on the Arkansas, about eight miles east of Canon City, was the Central Colorado Improvement Company. It founded the town of South Pueblo. Its successor to the greater portion of all the property purchased, is the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, which built the extensive iron and steel works at Bessemer in Pueblo county.