

Jefferson Territory (Colorado) and Its Resources, 1859

GOV. ROBERT W. STEELE*

[In the *Nebraska News* of February 25, 1860, appears the following:

“Gov. R. W. Steele of Jefferson Territory, was at the Capital during the recent session of the Nebraska Legislature. A committee having been selected by the House to confer with him relative to the resources of the Pike’s Peak region, the following reply from the Governor resulted from the conference.”]

Omaha City, N. T., Jan. 7, 1860.

To the Honorable Messrs. Samuel Maxwell, Nathan Meyers, and James Tufts, a committee appointed by the House of Repre-

*Robert W. Steele was chosen Governor of the Provisional Government of Jefferson Territory, predecessor of Colorado, at the election of October 24, 1859. On November 7, 1859, the legislature convened and proceeded to the enactment of laws. The Governor set out for the States on December 13th, returning the following spring with his family. Jefferson Territory gave way to Colorado Territory in the spring of 1861.

Governor Steele was born near Chillicothe, Ohio, on January 14, 1820. He attended the Law School of Cincinnati and after graduation in 1852 took up his residence in Iowa. In 1855 he moved to Omaha, Nebraska, whence he joined the Pike’s Peak gold rush of 1859. The Daughters of Colorado have erected a monument on his home site at the mouth of Mount Vernon Canyon, west of Denver.

The article here published was found by our Research Worker, Elmer R. Burkey, in the *Nebraska News* of February 25, 1860.—Ed.

sentatives of the Territory of Nebraska, to confer with myself relative to certain points mentioned in your accompanying communication, dated Omaha, January 5, 1860, relative to the newly organized Provincial Government for the Territory of Jefferson, &c, &c.

Gentlemen:

You have my warmest and most sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred on me, through this medium to give such information as I am in possession of to the Honorable body of which you have the honor to be members; for it is necessary that both Nebraska and Jefferson Territories should understand their relations and positions towards each other. In answering some of your interrogations I shall have to be governed by general report, and others can be answered from personal knowledge.

Therefore, to your first: you will find in the second clause of the Preamble to the Constitution or Organic Act of the Provincial Government of the Territory of Jefferson, the boundaries are described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point where the 37th degree of north latitude crosses the 102 degree of west longitude, and running north on said meridian to the 43rd degree of north latitude, thence west on said parallel to the 110th degree of west Longitude, thence south on meridian to the 37th degree of north latitude, thence east on said parallel to the place of beginning.

These are the boundaries as described in Colfax's Bill to organize Jefferson Territory at the last session of Congress so near as I now recollect, excepting he had the 38th degree of north latitude instead of the 37th for the southern boundary. Douglas' Bill in the Senate for the same thing a short time after, differed from Colfax's only in the Western boundary, which established the summit of the dividing ridge between the waters of the Great Basin and that of Greene River, being what is generally known as the Wasach range.

With regard to your second enquiry: The organization of a Provincial Government for the Territory of Jefferson was instituted only from necessity. The great mass of the people of the United States are law abiding and order loving citizens. Situated as we were during the summer and fall of the past year beyond the legal jurisdiction of any Territory or State, being so remote from Courts or even the settlements of either Kansas or Nebraska or any other Territory contiguously situated, rendered legal redress for wrongs impossible.

After having carefully and maturely considered what was the proper course to be adopted, having a full knowledge of the tardi-

ness of Congress in organizing Territories, especially at the present session, when a President is to be nominated, it was greatly feared the interests of Jefferson Territory would suffer at our National Capitol.

Also, we had abundant proofs that the population of our new Territory would number by the first day of June next, one hundred thousand souls, all eager and rampant to push their fortunes in any direction that would promise the greatest remuneration.

With such a conglomerate mass of men and interests, the motives will, I hope, be apparent to you and the Honorable body you represent, that investigated the organization of a Provincial Government for the Territory of Jefferson. Hence under these circumstances we, as American citizens claimed it as a right under our Federal Constitution to take the next best step in our power, to wit: To organize a Government, Republican in form, subject only to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

For further information on this point I hereby refer you to the accompanying Document, being my Message delivered to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Jefferson on the 7th day of November, 1859.

The General Assembly among many other worthy and laudable acts, which will compare favorably with any Territory or State of the Union, organized twelve counties, of which Jackson, St. Vrain, Steele, and Cheyenne, are north of the 40th degree of north latitude [southern boundary of Nebraska].

The county seats of all the organized counties inhabited, have been located by a vote of their citizens, at the same time electing county Judges, Sheriffs, Recorders, Treasurers, Justices of the Peace, Constables, &c.

Therefor the Government is in full operation with all the necessary officers exercising their various franchises, and I trust is working smoothly as everything indicated that it would when I left on the 13th ult.

This government being organized from sheer necessity, economy has been observed so far as the circumstances of the case would admit of, hence taxation will be very light. If any objections do arise to the Provincial Government in our Territory, it will be only from taxation; the same objection would follow of course to extending the laws of Nebraska or Kansas over their respective portions of that Territory. The action of our general Assembly in nearly all cases of local legislation has been governed by petition of the citizens interested; whether in organizing counties, or locating county seats, roads, &c.

I therefore submit this point to your calm and unprejudiced deliberations, knowing your action will be honorable and fair in the premises; believing firmly myself that the citizens of Jefferson Territory do not desire the organization of counties within their claimed limits either by Kansas or Nebraska, yet still retaining the utmost respect and regard for these two Territories whom she regards as her sisters.

The third interrogatory by you propounded is in regard to soil, climate, &c. &c.

The soil in the section of country you inquire of would generally be classed as third rate, except on the valleys of the streams where may be found first and second rate, perhaps nearly equally divided. Owing to the climate, it is thought by some, irrigation will be necessary for all kinds of crops. I however believe that wheat, barley and oats, can be successfully cultivated without it.

The climate on the plains is generally warm and pleasant, with a clear sky, from the month of May until December. February, March and April, have the name of being the most inclement months of the year.

That of the mountains differs in being cooler where it freezes more or less every month during the nights only, in summer and fall. The days are pleasant as on the plains, with the exception of the rainy season, which last year lasted about three weeks, commencing about the 10th of July, in which time it rained almost every day. To your fourth and last interrogatory.—There is to be found many valuable minerals in the section you inquire of, both in the mountains and on their foot plains. Drift gold has been discovered on these plains in small quantities, (yet deemed insufficient to pay,) in the gravel deposits for two hundred miles along the base of the mountains northward to the North Platte, and extending outward from the mountains from twenty to thirty miles.

In the same space valuable deposits of the richest coal, cropping out in the various places over an immense extent of country, their thickness of stratum running from three to ten feet, have been found. Extensive quarries of superior Lime Stone, Marble, and Gypsum, have shown themselves in the lower ranges of the mountains adjacent to the plains. In the mountain district you inquire of, have been discovered Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron and many other valuable metals are supposed to exist from indications already discovered.

In this section of the mountains the diggings for gold yet discovered are confined to the twelve mile diggings and Gold Hill, situated ten or twelve miles back from Boulder City at the foot of the mountains, furnishing employment for from five hundred

to one thousand men during the past season. The Twelve mile Gold is known to be of superior fineness, commanding the highest market price.

The town of Boulder City is the county seat of Jackson County, and situated on the north bank of Boulder Creek, where it debouches from the mountains, and is the largest town north of the 40th parallel of latitude in Jefferson Territory.

In closing this communication, permit me under this head to observe that it is my opinion, (and I think a reasonable one,) that it differs but little to Kansas and Nebraska, whether Jefferson Territory with all her mineral wealth, be incorporated respectively in the two Territories, or whether she be erected into an independent organization. One thing is certain, the treasure is there and will be taken out from the bowels of those mountains by labor, employing machinery, capital, &c.

All this must benefit the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska; over them must be transported everything that goes to the Territory of Jefferson. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the Professional man, will help to reap the rich golden harvest.

Nebraska stands pre-eminent in having the Great Platte Valley traversing the whole distance from Denver City to the Missouri river. This great National highway forbids all other routes competing with it at all. What vast importance to Nebraska are the prospective Railroads in Iowa, taken into consideration here, when once in operation they will land on the Nebraska shore the wealth, the enterprise, the industry and the population of the Eastern, Middle, and Western states, many to become citizens of Nebraska, others to push their way across her fair Territory to the Gold fields of Jefferson.

It requires but an ordinary mind to see, now since the discovery of Gold in the Rocky Mountains, that the Platte Valley is to be a highway not only for emigrants to Jefferson Territory, but the world to pass from ocean to ocean.

Contemplating then the natural advantage of our common country, we find a diversity of climates, soils, minerals, productions and interests that should ultimately, and very soon place us at the head of all nations of the earth.

In the language of your Governor's most excellent Message, does it not seem as if nature herself designed to end the dispute between States and Statesmen, Politicians, Speculators, and all others. Let us then congratulate one another on being citizens of one common country, hoping and believing that our representatives both in the federal Congress and our respective State and Territorial Legislatures, will ere long forget sectional strifes and

forbear to meddle with institutions they cannot change or effect, and turn their time and attention to the absolute wants of an injured constituency.

But I must close as I am growing wearisome to you. I hope I have been able to some extent to furnish the information you desired.

I am, your most obedient servant,

R. W. STEELE.

Memories of Elias M. Ammons

ALBERT B. SANFORD

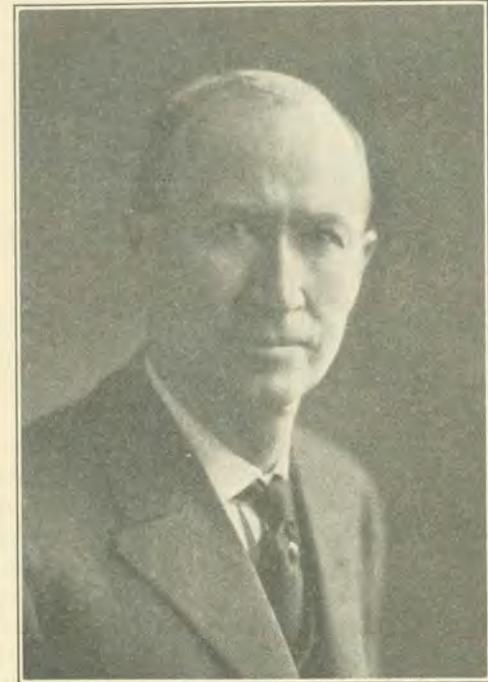
Elias Milton Ammons was born on a farm in Macon County, North Carolina, July 28, 1860. His ancestors on his father's side were among the very first settlers in North Carolina, and fought in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Ammons' father was Jehu R., a Baptist Minister, who married Margaret Caroline Brindle, descended from an old Pennsylvania Dutch family.

In the early spring of 1871, Jehu Ammons, with his family, emigrated to Colorado Territory, where they arrived on April 1st. The oldest of the children was Elias, his sisters were Theodosia, Farita, Anna and Gwendolyn.

Elias had not yet reached his twelfth birthday on his arrival in Denver. The family finances were low and in order to help, Elias almost at once started out in search of a job. Someone directed him to the John W. Smith Woolen Mill, that had been recently completed and was located at Larimer and Seventh streets, West Denver. Smith's superintendent was a Mr. Higginbottom. On young Ammons' arrival at the plant, he was directed to this gentleman to make application. It so happened that Mr. Smith and the Superintendent were in consultation, and after a few minutes waiting, with cap in hand, Ammons approached them and stated the object of his errand. The Superintendent looked him over for a moment and said, "You—you want a job here, you could not do us any good, not old enough." Elias turned to go when Smith called him back and after looking him over for a moment said to Higginbottom, "Do you know, I like the looks of that boy, and from what he has told us I know he needs work. You can find something for him to do and I want you to give him a chance."

He proved a surprise to his employer in effectually doing all that was asked of him and his wages were a material help to the family.

About the last of July of that year, the family moved to Turkey Creek and settled on that stream, a few miles southwest of the present town of Morrison. Here father and son secured ox teams and were engaged in hauling logs to the saw mill and in getting out railroad ties. They continued in this, and other like work until the winter of 1874, when the family returned to Denver. Elias secured employment almost at once and managed to save



GOV. ELIAS M. AMMONS

enough to buy his school books and clothing, and in February, 1875, entered the old Arapahoe School, on the present site of the Club Building. His progress and promotion in the grades was such that in June, 1876, he graduated and was ready to enter the East Denver High School.

Aaron Gove at that time was Superintendent of City Schools, and James H. Baker was Principal of the High School. It appears that both of these gentlemen recognized the natural ability and earnest desire of Ammons to secure an education. Young Ammons graduated from the High School in June, 1880. It was during this four year period that, outside of his school hours and study at home, he was employed by the old Denver Gas Company,

at that time holding a franchise to light the business section of the city. His main duty was to light the gas lamps as darkness came on and turn them off as daylight appeared.

The writer, who was in the eighth grade of the Arapahoe School, first met Elias Ammons in the fall of 1878, Ammons being in his second year of High School. As a rule the High School students did not affiliate with the grade boys but for some reason we became acquainted and a friendship followed that lasted through his life.

The High School organized a Lyceum and held weekly meetings, with debates on current questions featuring the programs. Beyond question, young Ammons proved himself a strong debater and rarely lost a decision. Naturally, such a reputation attracted more or less public attention. He also engaged occasionally in newspaper work, and his first regular job after graduation was on the *Denver Times*, where he was rapidly advanced to Telegraph Editor, under R. W. Woodbury, owner of the paper.

His resignation was offered on account of failing eyesight, and his general health demanded more of an outdoor life. Accordingly, in September of that year he entered into the cattle business with Thomas F. Dawson, private secretary to Senator Henry M. Teller, and started with a comparatively small herd. Their ranches and range were west of Sedalia and their cattle ranged from the eastern foothills to the Arkansas River. Their home ranch was located in Plum Valley, Douglas County, and while Ammons' time was largely taken up in riding that mountain section, he found time to interest himself in local politics, and in 1890 was appointed Clerk of the District Court of Douglas County. After a short period in this capacity, he entered the Republican campaign of that year and was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. It was here that his knowledge of parliamentary law, acquired during his High School experience, his reputation as a man, and his general activity in political matters attracted the particular attention of Senator Henry M. Teller, and a close personal and political friendship followed during the life of Senator Teller. He succeeded himself at the next General Election to this position, and was chosen as Speaker of the House.

A stormy extra session followed the next year, and although frequent appeals from his rulings as presiding officer were made, none were ever sustained by the House.

During both of these sessions, as an employee of the House, the writer was assigned to the Speaker's room. In addition to routine duties I was frequently entrusted with special matters of a nature that showed Mr. Ammons' entire confidence in me. I was never asked to retire when important meetings with commit-

tees were being held in his office and kept a brief record of the proceedings.

Close contact with Mr. Ammons in the two sessions, of some one hundred forty days, left with me a lasting impression of his ability and loyalty as a representative of the people of the State and a never failing determination to stand firm for what he believed to be their best interests.

When the national Republican Party, at their St. Louis Convention in 1896, declared against the adoption of a resolution presented by Senator Teller, that the platform should declare in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Senator Teller walked out of the Convention. Mr. Ammons, although not a delegate, and many thousands of Colorado Republicans left their party and stood firmly with Senator Teller. Neither Teller nor Ammons ever rejoined the Republican ranks but were loyally devoted to the principles of the Democratic Party during the remainder of their lives.

Space will not permit mention of the many accomplishments of Mr. Ammons as a representative of the people, from membership in the Legislature to the Governorship of the State.

A few of the matters of vital interest to the State, however, should not be overlooked. He was an outstanding leader in the organization of a State Livestock Association, that resulted in the enlargement of a few cattle pens on the railroad in the eastern part of Denver to a large stockyards and the establishment of great packing houses.

Officially, and as a citizen, he was enthusiastic in his support of higher branches of education in the State and a leader, among other prominent men, in securing better appropriations for State Colleges and Schools almost to the time of his death.

When Gifford Pinchot recommended to the Department of the Interior that large areas of the Public Domain of Colorado be withdrawn from any form of entry by lawful claimants, Ammons was among the first to discover the unfairness of this act, and took the lead in arousing adverse public sentiment. So Pinchot came to Colorado and was so impressed with Ammons' position that he finally admitted that a wrong had been done and recommended material modifications of the Department ruling. A great many thousand acres of untimbered areas were reinstated to the homesteader and other lawful claimants. Ammons heartily supported the policy of protection to our forests, but insisted that it could be done without loss to the settlers' and stock growers' rights, that in no way would it interfere with just regulations covering the areas first withdrawn.

It was during Ammons' career as a cattleman that he became intimately acquainted with the mountain country, heretofore mentioned, and frequently entered Lost Park, southeast of Kenosha Hill, where a small herd of the last of the plains buffalo had drifted.

One thing that had not escaped his observation was the natural advantages of a storage reservoir on the south fork of the Platte, near the mouth of Goose Creek, and later, when the old Denver Union Water Company foresaw the necessity for a storage basin to be used in connection with a gravity system of Denver's water supply, this particular site was unknown to the officers of that corporation. Mr. Ammons, who was a personal friend of Walter Cheesman (President of the company), called his attention to this basin and urged immediate investigation by engineers. Their preliminary report soon followed and was favorable.

I met Mr. Ammons frequently after he engaged in the cattle business in Douglas County and we often discussed matters relating to the pioneers of Colorado. Perhaps an inherited special interest in their accomplishments under such unfavorable conditions came down to him from his ancestors of North Carolina.

I witnessed his inauguration as Governor of Colorado and I think there were few, if any, of those present who had known him more intimately or longer than the writer. He very early became a member of the State Historical Society and held the position as President of the Board of Directors at the time of his death. He particularly favored a policy having for its object the gathering of scattered historic data, relics and other things of interest of the pioneer days, and their permanent addition to the accessions of the State Historical Museum.

Elias Ammons died on the afternoon of May 20, 1925. The writer had been, at that time, associated with the Historical Society for over a year and we had frequent conferences over plans for the pioneer work. During his last illness I visited his bedside a number of times. It was in the forenoon of the 19th of May that he asked that I come to his home and take dictations in answer to several letters he regarded as of special importance. I responded immediately and after the dictations were completed, he outlined his purpose of speeding up the work of pioneer research and on my leaving he said, "I'll be out of this in a few days; we will then get our plans in shape and you may expect to be a very busy man."

The dictated letters were all typed and mailed that afternoon. It was not until the following day that I called his home to report that this had been done. I recall it was about four o'clock, and my first effort to get a 'phone connection was unsuccessful. A

short time afterward I put in another call and someone in the house answered, saying: "Governor Ammons passed away only twenty minutes ago."

To me, as well as to hosts of friends in the State and elsewhere, it was hard to realize that the end had come to one of Colorado's foremost citizens and loyal public officers, when his illness did not appear to be of a serious nature.

No man in the public life of Colorado ever received more kindly and affectionate tribute than was given to Governor Ammons, at the time of his death by the entire State press and many national publications.

A few days after the death of Governor Ammons, Alva A. Swain in his column, "Under the Capitol Dome," published in various Colorado papers, said: "Colorado is a greater state because he lived within her borders. Her people are better because he placed before them an example of frugality and hard sledding industry that will stand as a monument to him until many generations have gone."

Somehow as I heard of his passing, his life story for near a half century, as I knew it, seemed to pass before me in review and no incident stood out more clearly than the mental picture of the boy not yet in his 'teens being gruffly refused a job in the Woolen Mills by the Superintendent, when Mr. Smith recalled him and said, "Give this boy a chance."

My First Trip East

GEORGE H. KING

As the copies of the *Colorado Magazine* come to my desk each of the stories is carefully read and enjoyed. Many of them recall to my memory occurrences of the early days in the history of Colorado; but some of them, to me, seem to be of quite recent happening when read by a native pioneer who reached his beloved state very early in its history.

It has occurred to me that I might add a story to these early day data which would otherwise never be related.

My father and mother were '59rs. My father coming to Colorado by stage coach from Davenport, Iowa, where he had been taking a course in medicine. My mother crossed the plains from Leavenworth, Kansas, with a caravan of covered wagons owned by her father, who was on his way to California when the Pike's Peak gold excitement broke out. He changed plans and made for Colorado instead of California. Both my father and mother reached Colorado in June, 1859. They were married at

Black Hawk on Christmas day of 1860. Their first home was at Empire, then a thriving mining town.

In going over my mother's personal effects after her death I found an old picture of their first home and attached to it was a penciled note in my mother's handwriting which states that: "Here are names of some of the noted men who have been guests in this house, built by Dr. D. W. King in the spring of 1861—Hon. Bayard Taylor, Hon. H. P. Bennet, Hon. Jerome B. Chaffee, Capt. C. M. Tyler, Col. Leavenworth, Sam. Tappan, Rocky Mountain Reno, Governor Evans, Jim Bridger, Old Rocky Scout, my father's chum in 1839, and Dr. Cook of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington."

In 1867 my folks moved from Empire to Georgetown. With his partner, Capt. Short of New York, my father became interested in the Chenango mining property at Montezuma. As early in the spring of 1868 as the Loveland Pass was open we moved from Georgetown to Montezuma, crossing over the range by pack train, the only mode of transportation at that time. Being a little more than four years of age at that time I made the trip on the hurricane deck of a burro with my mother. It must have been some task to ride that distance on a side saddle and hold a squirming four year old boy in place. At one point the pack train ran into a forest fire and before they knew it the party was almost surrounded by the burning timber and brush. The only way out was to make a hurried dash down the trail. This was accomplished without serious results, but an inspection of the animals showed that several of them, including the one on which my mother and I had ridden, had the hair singed from their sides.

The summer of 1868 was spent at Montezuma in developing and operating the Chenango property. There must have been a pretty fair profit. There was some sort of smelter in the vicinity, its location I do not know, but by the time it was wise to get out of there before the snows on the range became too deep, there had been quite an accumulation of bullion. Then my first trip to "the States" really began. Back to Georgetown, through Idaho Springs, up over the old Floyd Hill road and down Mount Vernon Canyon to Golden. After a stay there of some little time a party consisting of my father and mother, my mother's sister, Mrs. Mary T. Jones, now of Casper, Wyoming, Capt. Short, and myself boarded one of the Concord stagecoaches operating between Golden and Cheyenne. We were to go by rail from Cheyenne.

On top of the coach rode four soldiers as guards against Indian or robber attack. Stagecoach robbery was not an uncommon thing in those days. That day was spent on the way to Ft. Collins,

which we reached a little after dark. There we were to have dinner at the stage station, change mules and driver and proceed on our way. The stage station was near the bank of the Cache la Poudre. Being late in November darkness came early. After dinner we again boarded the stage, our party occupying the four seats inside the coach and the four soldiers riding on top as they had all day. I was mixed up with a lot of buffalo robes on the floor at the feet of the other members of the party.

We were just settling down for a night's drive over the prairies to Cheyenne. At a signal from the driver the men holding the mules by their bits jumped aside and they were off on a run for the next station. Just as we had crossed the bridge over the Cache la Poudre River one of the front wheels of the stage came off. The stage turned on its side and was dragged some distance before the kingbolt loosened and the mules continued on their run into the darkness. So far as I know they are going yet. No one inside the coach was injured except for a bad shaking up, bruises and scratches, but the soldiers riding on top did not fare so well. One was badly injured, the others escaping with cuts and bruises. One went back to the station for help which came quickly as the station was only a short distance away. We all returned to the station where my father dressed the injured. I have always understood from the general conversation that night that the wheel on the coach had been tampered with while it was in the corral with the idea of wrecking it and robbing the passengers. If so it was probably accounted for by my father having bullion with him. No robbery occurred.

In the meantime another coach was brought into service, the passengers with their limited baggage, the bullion and some mail and the three soldiers who were able to go with us continuing the journey. After driving all through the night we reached Cheyenne some time the next day. As all passengers were bound for "the States" the coach pulled up to a little frame building with a platform which was serving as a depot for the construction forces who were building the Union Pacific Railroad westward. After waiting some time a locomotive and some cars of the construction train pulled in from the east. This was the first locomotive I ever saw. The party was loaded on one of those cars that had low sides to it and we rode that way from Cheyenne to Sidney, Nebraska. Sidney at that time was the western terminus of regular passenger service of the Union Pacific.

Leaving there on a regular passenger train we reached Omaha the next day. There was no bridge across the Missouri to Council Bluffs. The river was frozen over with ice too thin to be safe but too heavy for the little ferry boats usually in service. A line of

heavy plank had been laid end to end from bank to bank. Over this line of plank we walked single file, the porters carrying the baggage on their shoulders. At Council Bluffs we took another train for Chicago, and then on east to Philadelphia, where my father took the bullion to the Philadelphia mint and in due time was paid in cash for it. The next stop was at Scranton, Pennsylvania. Here the Chenango Mine was sold to a Dr. Nichols. We then continued the journey to Nashua, New Hampshire, where we spent the holidays at the home of father's mother, returning to Colorado next spring, the spring of 1869.

Colorado in 1867 as Seen by a Frenchman

Account of LOUIS L. SIMONIN, translated by WILSON O. CLOUGH*

[In 1867, Louis Laurent Simonin, French mineralogist, geologist, traveler, and writer, left Paris to visit the mines in the Far West of the United States. His letters to his friend Dalloz were preserved and published in 1869 in Paris, under the title, *Le Grand-Ouest des Etats-Unis*. This little volume, never translated, I imagine, is interesting for its descriptions of Cheyenne, Denver, Colorado mines, and California, in 1867. The material on Cheyenne was translated by the writer and appeared in the *Frontier Magazine* (March, December, 1930).

M. Simonin arrived at Julesburg on October 2, 1867. "I shall write you from Denver if we arrive safe and sound, or if we have to buy a wig to adorn our occiput because of being scalped on the way by Cheyennes and Arapahoes," he wrote to Dalloz.

He arrived safely, rejoicing on October 4 as follows: "It was time. Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes began to run through my head and make me lose my sleep." All along the route, he observed, were traces of Indian savagery; but the stage was protected by six soldiers, perched on top. The coach itself interested the traveler.

"Imagine," he wrote, "a kind of Louis XIV coach, for the American carriages have not changed form since the first Anglo-Saxon colonization. Within are nine seats, priced alike: three in front, three behind, three in the middle. Ladies have a right to the front seats, even if they come late. In the middle seats you are backed only by a leather strap, which runs across the stage from one side to the other, and takes you in the middle of the back—not exactly comfortable."

*Professor Clough is a member of the Faculty of the University of Wyoming.—Ed.

M. Simonin arrived in Denver after "thirty hours by stage, 190 miles." Let him tell his impressions in his own way.]

Denver, the real capital of Colorado, has existed only eight years. It has today nearly 8,000 inhabitants; it would have double except for the war of secession and the war with the Indians, both of which suddenly arrested the march of colonists toward this country.

The city is well built; the houses are attractive, constructed of brick, stone or wood. Denver has numerous buildings, a theatre, a mint, a race track. In the United States there are, properly speaking, no little cities, and Denver has also a college, schools, and several newspapers, not to mention the churches, of which the number already passes the half dozen. M. Talleyrand was right when he said that in North America he had found only one dish and thirty-two religions. There are no cooks in this country, but everyone is a little religious. . . .

Everywhere are stores, banks, hotels, saloons. As in all the Union, one partakes freely, several times a day, of the sacramental glass of whisky, or some of the iced drinks which the 1867 Exposition brought to the Parisians. On the other hand, a Frenchman [Charpiot] has built a cafe and restaurant here, and worthily represents the cooking of our country at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He has also all the wines of France, and Americans are well acquainted with the path to his place.

The movement of life is everywhere. One would hardly believe himself at the end of the prairies, 2,000 miles from New York. Rapid carriages pass everywhere, or heavy wagons laden with commodities from the East, ready to leave for the mining towns. Ingots of gold and silver come from the mining towns, precious merchandise, though not as bulky. From the mountains and prairies come skins and furs, of which Denver makes a considerable commerce. . . .

Garden products are also of the finest and of formidable dimensions. If I did not fear that you would make me find the kettle to cook it in, I should tell you that I saw in Denver a cabbage which weighed more than 45 pounds. And what a cabbage! A cabbage with a firm heart, tender, crisp leaves, green turning to white; a round cabbage, plump, a majestic form with an odor fitting its complexion. . . .

Denver did not exist in 1859. At that time, gold seekers, in search of placer mines at the foot of the Rockies somewhere between Santa Fe in New Mexico and Fort Laramie in Dakota, as one might say between Lisbon and Berlin, stopped on the South Platte. They washed the sands of Cherry Creek, and to their great astonishment,

found pellets of gold there. One is always astonished at finding gold for the first time, even when one is looking for it.

The news of this happy discovery spread very fast. Pioneers, colonists of the last states of the West, most of them dissatisfied with their lot or thinking themselves so, came hurrying together with a crowd of squatters, desperate men, all the adventurers so numerous in the states watered by the Mississippi and the Missouri. As elsewhere, there was disorder, without a name; but the law of Lynch and the vigilance committees soon dealt out justice to all the thieves and assassins, and order was reestablished almost immediately.

The city was not yet in existence, and emigrants were arriving in caravans, and camping in their wagons for lack of other shelter. It took several weeks to travel from the Mississippi to the foot of the Rockies. No stage, no railroad yet passed that way. Redskins were all too often in wait on the way, with whom they had to come to terms, pay for the right of passage over their territory, or at need, dispute for their lives. However, they were not quite as savage as they were to become, when the colonization of Colorado began to take their land from them, and the war of secession gave them hope and united them against a common and divided enemy.

In spite of these obstacles, the emigrants arrived in crowds. New placer mines were discovered every day. Gold bearing quartz mines were added. Fortunes were built from one day to the next, and were sometimes lost with the same ease in gaming or dissipation. But only winners, never losers, count; and Colorado had its fever, its *excitement*. . . .

The excitement in Colorado reached its height after the first days, and all the bankers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia vied with one another in lending money for these hazardous enterprises, when they could not come themselves to work on the spot. At first, there had been a moment of doubt. The Pike's-peakers (they were so called as a play on words, because the first discovery of gold took place practically at the foot of the peak by that name, one of the few known points at that time in the Rocky Mountains)—the Pike's-peakers were for a time regarded as dreamers, not to say worse. I was then in California (1859), and I remember that the discovery of gold on the plains of the Far West was treated as a humbug. Finally, however, they had to open their eyes, and the excitement was the greater because of the reaction. Everybody hastened, everyone wanted to have his share of the plunder. . . .

At first there was no one in Colorado. The country did not even have a name. It was a part of the territory of Kansas, and the name Colorado was that of a river on the other slope of the Rocky Mountains, rushing toward the Gulf of California. The

Spaniards had so named it because the banks, at some places, are colored by oxidized soils, and the river is red with this soil.

Now and then a rare trapper or trader went through this country to hunt the fur-bearing animals, the bison, the bear, or to barter with the Indians. In the plateaus and *parcs* of these mountains, as they call them, the Utes camped, always at war with the Indians of the prairies, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes.

It would have taken years to colonize these deserted plains. But a happy accident helped adventurers to discover what scholars, explorers, geologists, and engineers had passed over in these latitudes many times—gold mines. And colonists came hastening, and the country was built up. There where the bison wandered with the Redskin on his track, a village was born, then another. A new territory, then a new state will soon be added to those already making up the Union. Tomorrow another star will shine in the three-colored starry flag, another star to increase the power of this country without destroying its union. Is not the motto of these Americans *E pluribus unum*?

Do you know what Denver was baptised at first? *Auraria*, the gold mine. The name has since been changed to Denver to honor the governor of Kansas.

Some rebels (where don't you find them?) wanted to call Denver the City of the Plains, because of its situation in the midst of the prairies. Despite the happy choice of a name, they did not succeed, and Denver it remains.

As the gold should not be forgotten, they named the capital of the young territory, if not the same *Auraria*, at least Golden City. Golden City is a little town of a thousand inhabitants which I shall visit tomorrow. Capitals are always the least populated cities in America, contrary to the custom in Europe; which is understandable in purely democratic states. Denver is really the commercial center of Colorado.

I must say a word of the society of this country, as it first appealed to me.

Denver, you know, was founded as though at the wave of some fairy wand. It is said that the pioneers of the Far West went into the prairies with a roll of twine in their pockets and a dozen stakes in their hands; as soon as they arrived on a favorable spot, they planted their stakes, marked off the streets with the twine, and said, "Here will be Babylon, Thebes, Memphis." Fine, but Babylon and Thebes have to have population. Who were the inhabitants of Denver, born scarcely eight years ago?

Rest assured. They were not here, as in other regions, a mixture of all nations, and in large part the scum of all nations. Only the pioneers of the last Western states came. There were

some troubles at the beginning, as I have said; but it was all between Americans, and in the American manner, and calm quickly returned. The better people have been in the majority from the start, and dispersed the others forever. The pioneers arrived with their families, their wives and children, and from the first day society was founded on the eternally durable foundation.

Comfort, the customs of internal life, the home, as cherished in America and England, were quickly recovered and established by the pioneers of Colorado, and you would be amazed to meet today so much elegance and well-being in these territories.

I have seen ladies here whom New York or Boston would envy or regret losing. We dined yesterday with Senator Evans, former governor of Colorado. The society was select and animated, and we conversed as in a salon of Paris; or, shall we say, as in the drawing room of the most cultured Americans. The conversation turned particularly on the International Exposition at Paris, which is followed with a lively interest in all this country.

Our amiable companion, Mr. Whitney, Colorado Commissioner at the Exposition, who brought back a gold medal to his adopted territory, is entertained everywhere. The newspapers vie with each other in celebrating the fame of the fortunate Commissioner, and everyone talks of sending him as territorial representative to Washington.

I already love this young country which goes about its business so earnestly. . . .

[From Denver, M. Simonin was to take several trips into the mining camps. As a mining expert and traveler, he had explored mining in France, Italy and Madagascar; and, some eight years earlier, had visited California. Now, fresh once more from his native Paris, he was visiting Denver and the mines of Colorado. This was late in 1867, for a letter dated October 23d says: "Yesterday at dawn we took the stage for one of the highest inhabited places in the Rocky Mountains, Central City."

The French visitor describes also the Mexican horses, capable of traveling twelve hours at a stretch on a trot or gallop, snatching at bushes along the way, drinking deeply at all streams, tireless, yet leaving the traveler upon them quite the opposite. When Simonin arrived at Georgetown, he slid from his saddle, he wrote, crying in the words of Castilla, Peruvian president, "*No Puedo mas!*" I can no more! Yet stagecoaches, he wrote, covered all this territory. Let him continue his story.]

On horseback from daylight, for three weeks we have visited all the mines, all the Alpine locations of this curious territory, sometimes scaling the highest summits, sometimes traversing the deepest valleys. I have descended into the deepest pits, entered

into winding galleries; I have visited the placers, and inspected the smelters, and from all my excursions I have carried away the most favorable impression of the activity and intelligence of the pioneers of Colorado. . . .

Stage coaches run everywhere, and everywhere are relay stations, eating places, saloons. The roads are made in part by nature, in part by man, and kept up very poorly by the latter. It is very rarely that you meet a road-maker, and they are inspected by no official commissioner of bridges and roadways. Dust rises in thick clouds as the stage goes by with its six horses on the gallop. You are literally powdered, blinded, especially here where no water falls for six months.

At the relay stations you will find waiting a hand basin and a pitcher of water, with soap and a towel that turns endlessly around a roller. You will find mirrors, combs and brushes, even tooth brushes, all fastened by a long string, so that everyone may help himself and no one carry them off. You might laugh in Paris at these democratic customs; here they are accepted by all and are even welcome, except perhaps the tooth brush, which is regarded with a suspicious eye.

How often in all this Great West, on all roads, on all the railroads, have I blessed this charitable water and these toilet articles so freely offered to all!

If the dust is the great enemy of the traveler in the plains country, in the mountains there is the jolting of the stage coach, of which you can form no idea. The stage rolls at full gallop down the dizziest heights, over great boulders and blocks of stone.

Impassive at his post, the driver guides his six steeds with a sure hand. You wonder that he is never thrown from his seat. You would say that he is held on by straps. Inside, the travelers suffer, bruised and racked by the jolting. Some are seasick from the rolling and pitching. Nevertheless, this type of travel is general all over the United States. . . .

What pleasant memories I have of them (the miners). . . . Mr. Whiting of Central City, a hundred others whom I met at Black Hawk, Nevada, Idaho, Empire, Georgetown, and elsewhere. .

In the distant mines, in deserted valleys, I have found these courageous emigrants. The cottage is in the midst of the forest, lost in rugged mountain scenery, or in the shadowy valley. You enter; a gracious woman receives you; her husband earnestly offers you shelter and a share of his meal. The linen is gleaming white; the most varied dishes adorn the table, often prepared by delicate hands lately accustomed to different occupations. Everywhere are habits of luxury, comfort, fine furniture, which you are astonished to find in these distant deserts.

Of course, the picture is not everywhere the same. I should like to describe some new types of pioneers, adventurers, rovers, the lost children of colonization. . . .

I met several of these intrepid hermits the other day among the mines of Trail Creek, in a narrow valley hidden in the pines and surrounded by snowy peaks. One of them, a Doctor Howland from Boston, surprised me by his stoical calm. Though from an excellent family and with the best of education, he had abandoned the surgeon's knife for the miner's pick. He was one of the first to leave for the placer mines of Colorado, and today he controls a gold-bearing quartz mine and a mechanical mill for crushing and amalgamating the rock.

The first time I saw the doctor, he showed me with a certain pride the beautiful nuggets he had found himself. On a board fastened to the wall of his cabin were some books of applied science—treatises on chemistry, metallurgy, mining and mineralogy. Some of them were in French. There were also souvenirs of his first studies, a Galien in the original Latin.

"I amuse myself by reading," the doctor said to me.

And when I asked him if this exile in the woods, in this sombre valley, was not distressing, he answered,

"I don't like society. I am well off here, and here I stay."

"But doesn't the Bible say, Woe to him who lives alone?"

"It doesn't say that to me."

The deserted locality where the doctor lives was once more lively and animated. Once the sonorous name of Oroville was given to a row of cabins, now in ruins, most of them built of logs and mud, genuine pioneer log houses. The placer mines were very soon exhausted, and with them faded the hopes of the seekers, who left, undaunted, to try again elsewhere. They couldn't take their houses with them. Oroville, scarcely born, is already a city in ruins. [Soon to rise again as Leadville.] . . .

The prospector [another character] was clad in a costume of deerskin, with fringes, adorned with embroidery in strange designs. He had leather breeches like the Indians. He wore the pioneer's big boots, and the broad-brimmed felt hat of the prairie trapper.

"All this cost all of \$200," he told me. "I have wanted for a long time to go to Paris. I want to walk up and down the boulevard in my trapper costume. Do you think I'd make a figure?"

"Brown, you ought to go to Paris this year. You would be a public curiosity at the Exposition, along with the Japanese and the little Chinamen on exhibit there, and the industrial products."

"It's too late now, but you'll see me someday on the boulevards in my costume, and don't you forget it. . . ."

If I had time, I should bring before you the different types of miners and pioneers: the Spaniard, Dominguez, who married a French woman; the mine captains from English Cornwall; the prospectors, the exploiters of lodes; Irish, Germans, Italians, Canadians, French. In short, you would see an honest and virile legion of workers, each with the distinctive characteristics of his race, and all with a common character of persistence, energy, coolness—good pioneers and true colonists.

[From his visit to the mining camps, M. Simonin went to the three months' city of Cheyenne, still some twenty miles ahead of the Union Pacific railroad. He also accompanied a Commission to the Fort Laramie Indian conference of 1867. But, as the first of December approached, he decided that the season was too far advanced to permit his visit to the Mormons, and he returned to Paris, determined to revisit America one day, "for one becomes attached to this country, which one appreciates more and more as he studies it."]

Original Letters of General Grant

Written to His Cousin, SILAS A. HUDSON

[The originals of the letters here published were presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado recently by Mrs. Ella Hudson Lewis, of Trinidad, Colorado. With the letters came an oil painting of Silas A. Hudson, some photographs of Grant and Hudson, a saber carried by Lieutenant Walter S. Hudson through the Mexican War, a sword which belonged to Lieutenant Colonel Peter Todd Hudson, of General Grant's staff, and a daguerreotype of Colonel Hudson. "I am the last of the Hudson family," wrote Mrs. Lewis, "and I would like to have these things taken care of."

Of the death of Walter S. Hudson, whose saber was presented, Mrs. Lewis writes: "Lieutenant Hudson was leading his men against an Indian uprising when he fell into ambush. All of his men deserted him but six, but seeing them fighting so bravely, they came back and rescued the lieutenant. Lieutenant Hudson had killed five Indians with his own hands, and had five poisoned arrows in him. He was taken to Fort McIntyre, where he died."

Of Lieutenant Colonel Peter Todd Hudson, whom General Grant praises in one of the letters here published, Mrs. Lewis writes: "Some years ago I was reading some articles on the Civil War in *Harper's Magazine*. They spoke of the many unrecorded deeds of heroism during that period. It stated that General Grant and his staff were directing a battle from a hill top when an unexploded bomb dropped in their midst. All of them beat a hasty

Head-Quarters Armies of the United States,

Washington, D.C., Apr. 21st 1865.

Dear Cousin,

I have just rec^d
your letter of the 17th. Your
views about our new President
are just mine. It is impossible
that an ordinary man should
have risen to the position which
Pres. Johnson has and how
sustained himself throughout.
His start was in the South
where he had an aristocracy
to contend against without
one advantage except native
ability to sustain him. I
am satisfied the Country has
nothing to fear from his
administration. It is unpatriotic

retreat except Lieutenant Colonel Peter Todd Hudson, who calmly picked up the bomb, carried it off to a safe distance, and came back, smiling as if nothing had happened."

The last Grant letter published here is especially revealing and important.—Ed.]

Lagrange, Tenn.

Nov. 15th, 1862.

Dear Cousin,

Your letter was duly received and laid on my table, open, with the intention of answering it as soon as I could get time. By some means it got mislaid so that I cannot now find it. Expecting to read the letter again I did not burthen my memory with the name of your nephew [Peter Todd Hudson] of whom you spoke nor do I know where he is. If he is here tell him to call on me and I will see what can be done; if not here write to me again and I will ascertain if a place can be secured for him and if so let him know.

Since you left me I have made a slight advance but as the enemy retreated from his position at Holly Springs without waiting an attack it is useless for me to pursue further until my reinforcements come up and are in hand. As the enemy falls back he increases in strength by gathering up his railroad garrisons whilst I am weakened by leaving behind protection to my avenues of supply. Reinforcements are coming however to Memphis, within my department, and I hope soon to have collected together such strength as to make my march onward. I regret that I cannot have some of the new regiments from your state.

I am glad that your Senators are better disposed towards the confirmation of McPherson. He belongs to a class of men that we have too few of. We cannot afford to lose them. Such men as McPherson, Sherman, Crocker, Hamilton and a few others I have got are worth more each than a Brigade of troops under such commanders as some that have been promoted.

I will write a letter today renewing my recommendations for Brigadier Generals. Col. Reid's name will be embraced in the list.

It is but a few minutes now until the mail closes and I have another letter to write.

My regards to your family.

Write to me again and I will endeavor to find time to answer.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT,
Maj. Gen.

Memphis, Tenn.

Jan. 14th, 1863.

Dear Cousin,

Your second letter on the subject of appointments on my Staff is just received. The first reached me at Oxford during the late raid and when it was not practicable to get mails out of the country.

My understanding of the law authorizing the President to organize Army Corps is that when organized the commanding officer is entitled to a certain Staff and has the privilege of nominating them himself. In accordance with this view of the matter I made my recommendations and supposed the commissions would be issued at once. I will write again renewing the recommendations.

Peter need not get any outfit until after he joins me. For his uniform he can send to the tailor in New York that makes mine or buy here. Everything required can be got in Memphis.

The surrender of Holly Springs was the most disgraceful affair that has occurred in this Dept. Col. Murphy had a force of effective and convalescent men of over 2,000, and any quantity of cotton bales and brick walls to protect himself. He also had warning the evening before that a large force of rebel cavalry were moving North to attack the road some where, and again nearly three hours before the attack that they would be upon him at daylight.

I am here looking to Vicksburg and intend to go in person. Of this however you need not speak for the present. It is now known that Vicksburg is very strongly garrisoned and the fortifications almost impregnable. I will see however what can be done with them.

My respects to your family.

Yours Truly,

U. S. GRANT.

To

SILAS A. HUDSON, Esq.
Burlington, Iowa

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Washington, D. C. Apl. 21st, 1865

Dear Cousin,

I have just rec'd your letter of the 17th. Your views are just mine. It is impossible that an ordinary man should have risen to the position which Pres. Johnson has and have sustained himself throughout. His start was in the South where he had an aristocracy to contend against without one advantage except native ability to sustain him. I am satisfied the country has nothing to

fear from his administration. It is unpatriotic at this time for professed lovers of this country to express doubts of the capacity and integrity of our Chief Magistrate. All should give him a hearty support and recollect that whatever his policy it can not suit all and from his standpoint he is better able to see the wants and true interests of the country than any other man. As to myself I believe I can truly say that I am without ambition. From the first I have tried to do what I thought my clear duty in putting down the rebellion. I never aimed or thought of my present rank in the Army until it was thrust upon me. The fears or clamors of the public can not change my course one iota from what my own judgment tells me is right. Of course I like to have the approval of the public for it is their interest I am serving and what they approve can be more effectually done.

I am happy to state to you that Peter has proven himself a capital Staff Officer. He has won the respect, and friendship for life, of all my Staff, most of whom are officers of the Regular Army, by his quiet devotion to his duties, personal bravery and sound good sense. It is a great pity he did not go into the Cavalry at the beginning of the War. It is the conviction of those who know him that he would now be one of our most successful and dashing Cavalry Generals had he done so.

I will always be pleased to hear from you though I may not always find time to answer your letters.

Yours Truly

U. S. GRANT

Reminiscences of Early Colorado*

SUSAN R. ASHLEY

A much frequented summer resort for Denverites was Georgetown, from whence three favorite excursions were taken. One was on horseback to the top of Gray's Peak, where, 14,000 feet above the sea, one gained a magnificent view of our Rockies, with their numerous peaks, and also of the seemingly limitless plains that separated us from the states that held our old homes and their dear ones. This was a trip difficult to take and a bit of homesickness tinged it. But the very immensity of the separating distance from the old home and friends made us more kindly thought-

*This article is a continuation of Mrs. Ashley's Reminiscences, the first part of which appeared in the November, 1936, issue of this magazine. The third and last part will appear later.

Mrs. Ashley came to Colorado as a bride in 1861. She wrote this account in 1908.—Ed.

ful for the comfort and pleasure of the dear ones near at hand. A more frequented spot was Green Lake. There one was shut in from all else; even from sound of singing birds. The quiet was *felt*, and one involuntarily spoke in lower tones while there. This lake of deepest green, but crystal clear, reflected sharply its high escarpment of rocks, the evergreen trees about it and the many trees beneath its waters. In one of the small boats left there for the use of visitors, one glided for hours, while mind, soul and body imbibed the peace and quiet of that magic spot. The third and most favored trip was to secure a seat on the top of the stage coach for a dash down to Idaho Springs, take a swim in her pool, followed by a dinner at the Beebee House, and a drive back to Georgetown in the evening.

One summer's outing taken by us was with twelve friends, to the South Park and to Twin Lakes. During this trip every mining camp along our route put on its Sunday attire and invited us to a ball given in our honor. Dressed in our freshest gingham gowns, we danced quadrilles, the Virginia reel, the schottische and waltz, to the music of the violin, and were as full of joy at adding to the cheer of those honest miners as if they were actual instead of prospective millionaires, as some afterward became.

At a dinner given our party in the Red Mountain mining district, our host toasted his lady guest in clear spring water, and at the close of his speech presented each with a certificate of mining stock as a souvenir of the occasion.

On our way back to Denver from this Twin Lakes outing, we were overtaken by a furious snow storm on August 16th, in sight of where Leadville's wonderful riches then lay buried unknown and even unsuspected by miners who had many times tramped her hills, looking for signs of precious metal, but finding none. Through blinding snowflakes we reached Fairplay, a village of a half-dozen houses, and in its log hotel, before a fire-place, piled high with blazing pine-knots, we enjoyed their warmth on that mid-summer night.

In the summer of 1871, we camped where the city of Manitou now allures Eastern tourists. At that date there was not a house within sight from its springs. Its neighboring city of Colorado Springs, now boasting population of 32,000 souls, and possessing broad avenues, palatial homes, a college widely known, fine schools, libraries, churches, parks, hotels, and all that is necessary for man's comfort and culture, had not then taken form, even in the mind of its promoters. And in the summer of 1871, scattered along the banks of Fountain qui Bouille, from the now famous bathhouses of Manitou up to its iron-spring, were tents of campers. Daily to this camp came from Colorado City—then the only town in that

section of country—its butcher, its baker, and its milk wagon, and made subsistence easy for all who there for the nonce put off frills, frivolities and cares, and led the simple life of which we now-a-days hear so much and see so little.

The magic of that wonderful cuplike glen with its purling brook and singing birds, its odorous pines and gay wild flowers, its neighboring cascades, canons, rainbow-falls, and Garden of the Gods, its delicious and tonic mineral springs, over which Pike's mighty peak stands sentinel, was far more attractive to me than it is now with all its modern equipments for the care of thousands of the traveling public. And I doubt if any modern Spa supplies either the charm or, in equal measure, that vigor of action to one's entire system that we pioneers imbibed during our inexpensive summer outings, when nature was our only book and, like Shakespeare's senior duke, "we found sermons in stones and good in everything."

Having mentioned a few towns that did not exist in the 1860s, it may, I think, interest later comers to this region to know of those that *pioneered* in this new West. Black Hawk and Central City were rival towns as early as 1862; and in both of these we visited friends in the early '60s. We reached them by stage coach, over a mountain road, far below which, over its rocky bed, flowed Clear Creek. The stream was clear in name only, at that date, for all along the creek its waters were disturbed and discolored by sluice-mining. Our road lay up hill and down, and along many of its declivities our six horses sped with a rapidity that made passengers hold their breath, but was necessary to save the wheel horses from a stroke of the descending heavy coach.

Black Hawk was first reached. Her stamp-mills caught our ears before they caught our eyes, for their giant weights were kept pounding night and day to force from the rocks on which they were fed, closely-held golden grains. We were allowed during our visit in Black Hawk to descend into the depths of the famous "Bobtail mine," and there learned the mysteries of mining. The smoke from a blast was still rising as we entered a descending bucket and were lowered into the mine. The odor of sulphur tainted the air and soon we were in total darkness. Later, looking down, we could see far below us glimmering lights which came from tiny lamps, fastened to the caps of stalwart, grimy men. A sound as of groans and shrieks then rose to our ears. Being at that date quite familiar with the church oratory that described a place of physical torment for lost souls, with sulphur, brimstone and shrieking accompaniments, it was comparatively easy to imagine that we were about to enter such an abode. Finally our bucket rested on bed rock. We were carefully assisted to extricate our-

selves from its depths, and were politely initiated into the secrets of mining. Before leaving the mine we were handed a pick and told to select from the shattered masses of mineral such specimens as each would like to carry home. This visit was before the utilizing of electricity for the hoisting of ores and men. Then a horse walked an endless round hitched to the arm of a windlass whose rope lifted the ore in buckets and lowered and lifted the miners in the same way, besides accommodating many curious visitors, such as our party on that day.

Black Hawk's mills and homes reached to the suburbs of Central City, which was then a city only in name and ambition. To one new to mining towns, Central looked most transient. For the majority of her homes were propped up in front by light timbers, while their backs rested on an excavation in the mountain side. They looked for all the world as if they had mounted stilts and were about to start for another locality. But even then Central had a good hotel, had banks, churches, schools and cultured citizens. It was the home of the Teller brothers, Henry M. and Willard, the former of whom has represented Colorado in the Senate of the United States ever since she, in 1876, became a state, only excepting four years, when he was a member of President Arthur's Cabinet.

Joseph Thatcher, banker, another of Central's prominent citizens in her early years, came with his accomplished wife, down from their stilts years ago and built a beautiful home on firm foundations in Denver. And many of Central's brainy citizens, approving of Thatcher's good judgment, have followed his example.

Indeed, from mining camps all over the state have come to us the families of those who builded her mining towns. These have brought to Denver the golden fruits of their early endeavor and, better still, they have added largely to the social and intellectual life of their adopted city, and to her progress and attractiveness.

I must not neglect to speak of our nearest neighbor, Golden City. When I first visited Golden in 1862, she was second only to Denver in size. Nestled in the foot-hills at the very entrance to "the Rockies Golden Gate," she was, during the early years of Colorado's history, a very strong rival of Denver for commercial, political and even social ascendancy, in the Territory. Colorado's second legislature made her our Capital City. And with W. A. H. Loveland, one of the Territory's ablest statesmen at her helm, Golden for years gave our Federal officers cause to keep wide awake and moving in order to remain at the head of the Territory's affairs. But the citizens of these rival towns never lacked in social courtesy to each other and, in all important merry-makings

of either town, her neighbors sped over the intervening miles to participate in the good times.

The first organization that I assisted in forming in this new West was a Soldier's Aid society, where underwear, bed garments, bandages and lint were made for Colorado's first regiment. Our meetings were held in the Broadwell House, whose generous host gave us, free of charge, the use of his largest room and supplied us with chairs, also use of tables for cutting. This was before a sewing machine had reached this region. Indeed, it was when extremely few sewing machines had invaded even Eastern homes. Garments were not turned out as quickly then as now, but the fifteen ladies who composed this society, with Mrs. William N. Byers as its president, worked with a will and the results were most satisfactory.

With the establishment of federal law in the territory, most of the friends of the secession movement left for the South. One party went avowedly "To organize an expedition to return and clean out Denver." Under command of General H. H. Sibley, 3,000 Texans did start for Colorado, but were met just north of Santa Fe by Gilpin's Pet Lambs, commanded by Colonel Slough, and were completely routed. Later the Colorado troops were sent to the theatre of war in Missouri.

Allow me to add here that Colorado, unasked, contributed 20 per cent more troops than her quota would have been, and her casualties were greater than those of any other state, for her soldiers had Indians as well as Confederates to fight.

Up to April, 1863, no event interfering with the prosperity of our city had occurred. It had speedily grown in size and comforts, and the country about it was being settled all along the streams. We were enjoying home-grown vegetables, chickens, and eggs in a limited supply. True, the latter had not yet fallen in price far below that of preceding years—\$2 apiece for chickens, \$1 a dozen for eggs—but we could rely on their freshness. Roasting ears brought 75c per dozen. By the way, on our first Thanksgiving in Denver, we dined with friends, Dr. and Mrs. Oscar Cass, who had paid \$12 for a moderate sized turkey. It was served and eaten with fitting state.

In 1863 we boasted a public school, had buggies on our streets, and additional milliners and dressmakers gladdened our hearts and lightened our bottles of gold-dust. Entertainments were on more elaborate scale. At the first reception given at the residence of Gov. John Evans, who had, in 1862, succeeded Gov. Gilpin, the mantels were banked with flowers and all the appointments equalled those of an Eastern city home. In July, 1862, a volunteer fire company was organized and manned by property owners who,

up to April of 1863, equipped with only a few buckets, were able to cope successfully with all fires. But on Sunday, April 19, 1863, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, a fire was discovered in the rear of the Cherokee House on Blake and F streets, and was so rapid in its work that by daylight the business part of East Denver was in ashes, while the loss fell heaviest on the owners of buildings and stocks, all citizens were affected by the rise of the staples of life. For these still came to us over hundreds of miles, by horse and ox transportation.

But, Phoenix-like, a new city arose from the ashes. Its buildings were of brick, instead of inflammable pine, and by Christmas of that year a few of the present substantial business houses had been erected. Not, however, until 1866 did the city possess its first fire-truck and apparatus. Then at a cost of \$1,685 one was bought in Cincinnati, Ohio, and hauled by its own horses from the Missouri river to Denver. The second event of decided importance in 1863 was the completion in October of a line of telegraph from Julesburg to Denver, thus giving us rapid communication with the states.

In 1864, began for Colorado a series of calamities. About 2 o'clock in the morning of May 19th, a soldier from Camp Weld, called excitedly in front of our house: "Hello, there! For God's sake, get up and out. A wall of water twenty feet high is pouring down Cherry creek, and is spreading rapidly to this part of the town." That a creek that for years had been a dry sand-bed could become thus suddenly a menace to life or property seemed among the impossibilities. But Mr. Ashley and Mr. Joseph Marshall—who, with his wife, were visiting us from Boulder—went to see what there was in the report. We could hear the voices of many excited people, and Mrs. Marshall, my sister and self, dressed and gathered our small valuables together, and by this time the men returned. They reported that Front, Fifth and Cherry streets were indeed miniature rivers, and the creek a sight to behold.

We breakfasted by lamplight—the most brilliant light we had at that date—and at break of day went to the roof of the Commissary building on Ferry Street, as near as we could then approach to the creek dry-shod. We saw a sight never to be forgotten. The water had swept all obstructions from the bed of Cherry creek. The Rocky Mountain News office, a large boarding house on Larimer street, the Methodist church, and a number of dwellings, all built in the bed of the creek, had been swept from sight. A wall of water seemingly ten feet high was now undermining the buildings that stood close to East Denver's banks. One by one we saw these topple over and carried away by the relentless waves. To add to the excitement sheep, cattle, hogs and chickens were

tossed about in sight of the onlookers. Occasionally a roof with one or more occupants rode the waves in safety into the Platte, where the voyagers were rescued; some, however, not until they had gone miles down the river. It was estimated later that not more than fifty persons lost their lives in this flood, but one firm lost 4,000 sheep, and all corralled stock along the creek was swept away by the waves. The force of the on-coming waters instead of following the windings of the bed cut its way along intervening land, entirely changing the boundaries of many ranches.

Persons living along the creek declared the sound of the on-coming of the waters was like the tramping of a great army. But so rapid was its work that ere they could investigate the cause they were obliged to rely solely on themselves for help. But in West Denver the soldiers from Camp Weld did gallant service. On horses they carried women and children from the flooded districts to high ground where all homes opened to clothe, feed and care for them. The water had come so unexpectedly that many men whose homes were on the west side of the town had failed to reach them and at daylight they were watching the ravages of the water and wondering how their families had fared.

Finally, as we looked, a kite was, after many failures landed on the west side of the creek. To this a note was attached with instructions to draw in the string. A rope attached to the latter brought with it a basket containing reports from absentees and notes of inquiry. Before night a rope walk united the two towns and the more venturesome of the absentees joined their families.

So interested were we in the sights in and along the creek that we had not noticed the encroaching of the water on Ferry street until startled by the cry, "The Platte is on a tear and its waters are rushing to meet those of Cherry creek!" This sent spectators on the run to look after their personal effects. We found our cellar partly filled with water but the house was still dry. With the aid of four gentlemen friends, who had accompanied us home, we soon had all our furniture, excepting the cook stove, moved to the second story of our house.

For three days and nights the water rose and fell, keeping everyone in a state of excitement. Nearly all of our neighbors were obliged to leave their homes. But the water at its highest did not cross our door sills. After the water subsided many dwellings were moved from West to East Denver, and from this time on the East side became the residence part of the city. An irrigation ditch from near the mouth of Plum creek, soon after this change of residence, brought water to East Denver. Trees were planted and watered by means of ditches along each side of

the streets, and at great expense and care lawns became possible there.

This devastating flood was caused by heavy rains up Cherry Creek for three successive days, augmented by a cloudburst.

The city hall was swept away, and with it went the city safe, with probate, city and commissioners' court records, and were never recovered, nor have the presses of the Rocky Mountain News office been found. [Parts of the press have been recovered and are now in the State Museum, Denver.—Ed.]

For several months prior to the flood rumors had been reaching Denver that Indians were entering ranch houses, where they knew the men to be away from home, and ordering the woman or women of the house to "cook heap," and remaining until every member of the band had glutted his appetite. Then taking whatever provisions, firearms and ammunition could be found, they departed before the men of the ranch returned. But up to July 11, 1864, no murders of settlers were reported.

In his first message to the legislature Governor Evans had urged the necessity of a militia law for our defense from Indians during the withdrawal of the United States troops from frontier forts for action elsewhere. But no action was taken. In 1863 reports reached the city of horses and guns being stolen from settlers on the Cache la Poudre, and along the principal routes of travel. Governor Evans wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that unless prompt action was taken by the government serious consequences were inevitable. The reply he received was in effect "Fight it out among yourselves; we are too busy with more weighty affairs to give you attention or assistance." The Governor then wrote the Secretary of War, asking authority to raise a regiment of 100-day volunteers. This was allowed, and from mine, ranch and city the Third Regiment was quickly raised and gathered at Camp Weld, on the east bank of the Platte River, near the site of the present water works. The *Rocky Mountain News* office was so depleted by this call for volunteers that for a while the paper was printed by a detail of soldiers. It was reduced in size and contained but little besides military orders and notices, for we were literally cut off from communication with the outside world. The supply of printing paper finally gave out and wrapping paper was used in its place, but it furnished us all available news.

By this time ranches and stage stations were being looted and burned, men and women and children taken captive. All able-bodied men of Denver, not serving in one of Colorado's three regiments, were called upon to meet and drill every day as an added means of defense for the city. On June 11, 1864, on Running

Creek, twenty-five miles east of Denver, Nathan W. Hungate, wife and two daughters, were massacred and their bodies fiendishly mutilated. When this news reached Denver a party went at once in search of the guilty ones. The Hungate bodies were brought to Denver, and for hours were exposed to the gaze of all who would go to look upon them. A modest slab in Fairmont cemetery now marks the grave of this family.

Two days after the Hungate massacre, just as the home guard were disbanding from drilling on East Fourteenth Street, a man on a foaming steed galloped through our streets crying, "Indians are coming; Indians are advancing on the town to burn and massacre. Hurry your wives and children to places of safety!" Following close after this rider came men, women and children, in wagons, ox carts, on horseback and on foot, all pale with fear. The news swept over the town like the wind. Women and children of East Denver were hurried to the mint; those of West Denver to the upper story of the Commissary building on Ferry Street.

In those two buildings women and children congregated in every stage of dress and undress. Some came arrayed in their best, having planned for an evening with friends. Some as they sprang from their beds; some carrying clothing in arms; others carrying valuables, but the majority had with them whatever they had found nearest when the alarm was sounded. The men patrolled the two buildings of refuge. My sister and I were in the Commissary building. Its iron shutters to windows and doors were bolted, and at the foot of the outside stairs by which we had climbed to the upper story, two men were stationed with axes to cut the stairs away on the first sight of the red devils. To intensify the excitement three women who had looked upon the Hungate remains described that horror. Some who listened fainted and were with difficulty restored. Some prayed, and some fled to the roof of the building to at least get away from the sight and sounds about them.

No Indians appeared, and when after midnight scouts returned from a fruitless search outside the city limits, many families returned to their homes. Others remained until the sun was high in the heavens. Few houses in the city had been locked that night and many were left with doors and windows open and lamps burning within. But so general was the belief in a fast approaching death, or a still worse fate, that no thieving was done.

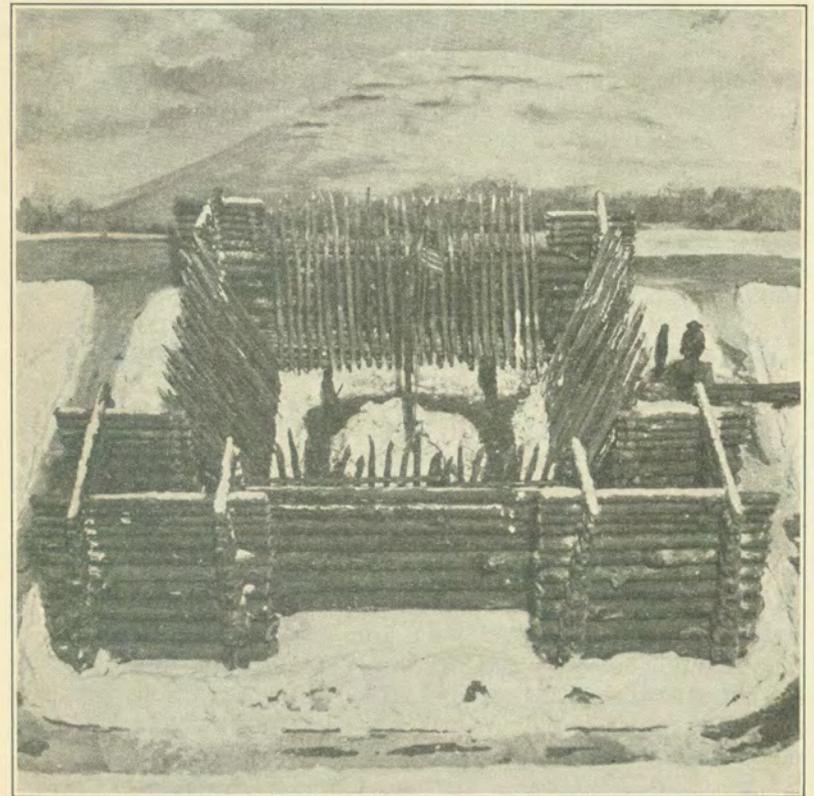
Many very ludicrous things occurred that night, too frightfully serious then to be laughed at, but with the scare and the Indian war that followed once passed, cannot now be thought of without smiles. For instance, one friend in nightgown and bare feet, carried with her a bandbox with best bonnet. One whose hair was of Titian's favorite hue, searched frantically among her

friends for a handkerchief large enough to hide her tresses. She had been told that Indians preferred red hair to any other color. Two men were seen to get under an empty dry goods box. A man who noticed the performance said to a friend, "Let's fire our guns into that empty box there to see if they are in firing order." Thereupon the outcry, "For God's sake, don't shoot," was followed by the appearance of the hiders. Many a good laugh have we, who participated in the scene, enjoyed together over its many ludicrous phases.

It was later learned that the man who had frenzied ranchmen and citizens with his tale had been hunting his cows, had seen many persons moving about in disorder, had believed them Indians, and had rushed to save neighbors and friends. Instead of this the men heard and indistinctly seen were drivers of a freight train camped for the night, and quite possibly under the influence of fire-water.

But from that time on, reports of rapine became more and more frequent. Stages no longer made regular trips and, when sent out, were always guarded by soldiers and accompanied by freight wagons, whose drivers also were well armed.

In February, 1807, Captain Zebulon M. Pike built a stockade of cottonwood logs on the Conejos River of southern Colorado and raised the Stars and Stripes over the structure. Having entered territory claimed by Spain he was taken to Santa Fe to answer for the invasion. He records in his journal that it was with reluctance



MODEL OF PIKE'S STOCKADE ON THE CONEJOS

that he left his little fortress without having put it to a military test. After having been detained for some weeks in New Mexico and Chihuahua, he was finally released on the Louisiana border. Workers on our WPA project have recently made a replica of the Pike stockade, based upon the description given by the captain. It is an interesting reminder of the first official American expedition into the region that was to become Colorado.
