The Mallet Expedition of 1739 Through Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado to Santa Fe

HENRI FOLMER*

The 22nd of July of this year was the bi-centenary of the successful accomplishment of the first crossing of the Great American Plains from the Missouri to Santa Fe. It was two hundred years ago that a group of intrepid Frenchmen made their trail of 800 miles across the wilderness of the North American continent. It seems to us that this remarkable event should be remembered by all who are interested in Western History, and that 1939 should not pass without paying tribute to the courage and spirit of enterprise of these early Frenchmen.

We present here our modest contribution to the memory of Pierre and Paul Mallet and their companions, in the form of an article on their historic journey.

There can be little doubt that the members of the Mallet party were the first white men to cross the wilderness which separated New Mexico from the Missouri country. Had others made this journey before them, the French, and particularly the Spanish authorities, would have mentioned this event. On the contrary, we find many references to the Mallet brothers, and all letters, memoranda, etc., mention them as being the first who entered New Mexico from the Northeast.

On April 30, 1741, M. de Bienville, governor of Louisiana, and M. Salmon wrote to Paris the following letter, leaving little doubt that the brothers Mallet were the first French to reach New Mexico by way of land:

Monseigneur,

Last March arrived here four Canadians, returning from Santa Fé, capital of the New Kingdom of Mexico, where they had been by way of land, without having informed anyone of their plan. We have been as much surprised as pleased by this discovery, which might become a very important factor for the

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*Mr. Folmer, a graduate student at the University of Denver, contributed to a previous issue of this magazine an article on the Bourgmont Expedition of 1724.—Ed.

1Margary, Découvertes et Établissements des Français dans L'Amérique Septentrionale (Paris: 1888), Vol. VI, pp. 466-8. The translation is ours. This study was made under the direction of Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, to whom we express our thanks for his valuable suggestions.

*New Orleans.
colony. The Company of the Indies has made heavy expenses in order to find out about these Spanish territories. It had a fort constructed on the Missouri where it had even fifty men in garrison, and the company counted on them to make an important trading post of it.

It procured honors and rewards for M. de Bourgmont, who had undertaken this discovery and who failed, as several others have failed before him. The strangest aspect of it is that M. de La Harpe, who undertook the discovery by way of the Red River and the Missouri, never did succeed any better. It seems, nevertheless, from the journal, and from which the extract follows herewith, that a branch of this river flows from the Spanish territories and that one can ascend this river as far as a distance of thirty leagues from Santa Fé. It is even probable that there are other branches which come even nearer. Whatever the truth may be, the voyage of these Canadians would have been fruitless and no one would have been able to return to Santa Fé from the descent of this river. The diary, where the routes are not marked, is not to find some one capable of returning with them, not only to record this route, but also to make all the useful observations concerning the country and to prepare there the observations concerning the country and to prepare there the description in the abstract which they showed them a mine at a distance of three quarters of a league from the city. It also appears from the letter and the Canadians confirm the same, that mines have been discovered in the neighborhood of Santa Fé. They even say that they showed them a mine at a distance of three quarters of a league from the city and that if the Spaniards had a market for their silver they would exploit the mines.

In many Spanish reports the Mallet expedition of 1739 has been mentioned as an extraordinary accomplishment, which apparently had never been achieved before. Professor Bolton quotes the following from a Spanish manuscript which he translated: 90

"The bad policy of Governor Mendoza in permitting the Mallet party to return after having spied out the land. "I regard as most mischievous the...

90The Arkansas River.
91We spell de Bourgmont's name with a d instead of a t on the authority of the Spanish manuscript which he translated, and which he ascribes to Father Fabre de la Brayvère to whom the brothers Mallet served as guides. See his book, La Décidrue du Missoury et de l'Histoire du Fort Orléans (Paris, 1915); and C. J. Garrahan, Chapters in Frontier History (Menasha: The Bruce Publishing Co.), pp. 55-56.
93Reference to the letter of Father de Rebild, vicar of New Mexico, and given to the brothers Mallet for a French priest in Louisiana.
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97The Mallet brothers, setting out in 1739, believed the usual rumors that New Mexico could be reached by ascending the Missouri, and accordingly they had traveled upstream for a long distance. It is not quite clear if they had reached the Arikara Indians living on the Missouri in present South Dakota, when they learned of their mistake, or were still with the Pawnees on the Niobrara River.

We have thought the best method of retracing the route of the Mallet expedition would be to translate the abstract which Governor de Bienville sent to Paris, and we have added our own comments to this very brief and incomplete narrative. Much has been lost in the disappearance of the original journal, because we do not know how much was left out when the abstract was made.

The permission given to the first Frenchmen to return," he said, because "they gave an exact account and relation, informing the Governor of Louisiana of their route, and the situation and conditions of New Mexico." He was convinced, moreover, that it was French policy which had "influenced the minds of the Jumano and Pampisques to make peace with the Comanches, recently their enemies, with the purpose of being able to introduce themselves by the Río de Neapéste," thus approaching near New Mexico.

We will in the course of this study mention or reproduce other Spanish references to the arrival of the brothers Mallet in New Mexico, all of which show clearly that the Mallet expedition was the first to make the overland route from the Missouri.

When following the route of the expedition with the help of the abstract from their journal, our attention was called to the fact that the brothers Mallet apparently did not know de Bourgmond's itinerary. As we have shown some time ago, 12 de Bourg­mond chose in 1724 a direct route from Fort Orléans on the Mis­ souri towards New Mexico, crossing the Missouri opposite the present site of Kansas City, crossing the Kansas River and following the Smoky Hill River to the present site of Ellsworth (Kansas).

It was only because of his illness in the early part of the summer that he reached the Padoucas too late in the season to continue his journey to the Spanish frontier. Had he not fallen ill he would have reached Santa Fé fifteen years before the Mallet brothers and would have established a more direct route than the latter's one.

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It is not quite possible to retrace exactly the route of the Mallet expedition, but we choose what appeared to us to be the most probable one, according to the abridged account of the journey. The abstract from the journal follows:

Voyage of the Mallet brothers with six other Frenchmen from the Panimahas River in Missouri to Santa Fe (1739-1740).

In order to understand the road, which these Canadians took to discover New Mexico, it is well to know that the distance from Illinois to the Missouri villages is a hundred leagues.

By way of water on the Missouri River from there to the Kansas Indians, eighty leagues.

From the Kansas Indians to the Octotatas, a hundred leagues and from there to the place where the Panimahas River flows into the Missouri, sixty leagues.

**ROUTE OF THE MALLETT EXPEDITION OF 1739**

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**THE MALLETT EXPEDITION OF 1739**

The Panimahas live on the mouth of the Panimaha River and it is from there that the discoverers left on May 29, 1739. All who had tried up till this time to enter New Mexico had believed to find New Mexico on the sources of the Missouri River. To this effect they had ascended the Missouri till the Racaros, Indians, who live in a distance of more than 150 leagues from the mouth of the river. On the report of some Indians, the discoverers took quite another route. On leaving the Pani Indians, they travelled by land and retraced their steps almost parallel to the Missouri River. On the first day of June they found a river which they called the Platte River and seeing that it did not deviate from the direction they had in mind, they followed it by ascending it along the left bank for a distance of 28 leagues. On this place they found that this river forked with the Padouca River. This river flows into the Platte River.

Three days later, that is on the 13th of June, they crossed toward their left said river, and crossing a neck of land, they passed the night of the 14th on the other side of the Costes Hills River, which also flows into the Platte River. The 15th and the 16th they continued to cross land and the 17th they found another river, which they called the Costes Blanches River.

During these three days they crossed plains, where they could not even find enough wood to light a fire and it seems, according to their journal, that these plains extend as far as the mountains near Santa Fe.

The 18th, they passed the night on the bank of another river, which they crossed and they called it the Almable [Friendly] River. The 19th they found another river and crossed calling it the Riviere des Soucis [River of Worries]. The 20th they came to the Kansas River, which shows approximately the route they took after leaving the Pawnee Indians. They crossed it and lost seven horses, loaded with merchandises. This river is deep and possesses a strong current. The 22nd they crossed still another river, which they called the Riviere a la Flèche [River of the Arrow]. The 23d they crossed still another river and found again the barren prairies, where the only means to light a fire consisted of buffalo chips.
The 24th, they discovered still another river, and from the 25th till the 30th they found each day new rivers. Finally, on the 30th they found on the bank of the last river stones with Spanish inscriptions.

They had covered, according to their estimation, since they crossed overland from the Pani Indians 155 leagues, almost always going by water.

They believe that this river is a branch of the Arkansas River and the same one which they found lower down on their return the tenth day after leaving Santa Fé. They followed the left bank till the fifth of July, when they arrived upon an Indian tribe, called Laitanes, and they offered a present to the tribe and it is said that a few days later they spent the night at a distance of 6 leagues because they noticed that these people had some unfriendly plot in mind.

The 6th they left the bank of this river and on leaving, a Ricara league from there the Laitanes came to them, telling them that this tribe wanted to kill them. They sent him back, saying that they were welcome and that they would wait. The Laitanes did not make any move, and when the slave came back to them, they asked him if he knew the way to the Spaniards. He said he did because he had been a slave with the Spaniards and even had been baptized there. They engaged him as a guide on the promise to procure him his liberty. He agreed and that day they made 10 leagues in order to get away from the Laitanes. The 10th they saw the mountains at a distance of more than 10 leagues and the 12th they passed the night on the first mountain. The 13th they spent the night in three Laitan lodges and gave the Indians a little present. The 14th they found still another river which they called the Rivière Rouge (Red River), but it is probably another branch of the Arkansas and at 21 leagues from there they reached the first Spanish post, a mission called Piquoris.

The 15th, they found three Indians to whom they had given a bundle of cloth of Taos, who sent them the very beautiful wheat bread. When they were at a distance of a league from the first post, the commander and the priest came to

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On the passage of the French through this pueblo we found the following reference in the form of a letter by Fray Miguel de Menchero, dated May 10, 1740. (See Hackett, op. cit., page 34.)

"... and later they called it Cuganda because in the year 1740 ten Frenchmen entered the kingdom by way of the mission of Taos. Because of having traveled on a route, in company with an Indian guide and guide, Fray de Cuénta, a padre of New France to the kingdom of New Mexico, where they settled in this place, they called it by the name of La Cadena, which comes from the province in order to keep the little trade which exists; a thing the priests and the others would like to do. The Laitan tribe, of whom this journal speaks, is not Christian like the other tribes in the vicinity. But they are at peace with the Spaniards. The Canadians assure that the small quantity of merchandise they distributed there had a considerable effect and that the trade would be entirely ours if we had some post in the country.

The 1st of May, 1740, the discoverers, seven in number, meet them accompanied by a great number of people. They were very well received, with bells ringing. The 21st, they left the Piquoris and reached at midday another mission called Sainte Croix (Santa Cruz)."

In the afternoon they passed another (mission) called La Cuganda and they passed the night in a town, called Sainte Marie, where they were well received by the Spanish.

The 22nd they arrived at Santa Fé after having covered a distance of 265 leagues from the Panamaha River. One can see from the certificate, herewith included, how they were received in Santa Fé and have lived there during the nine months they passed. "The Fathers of the Viceroy of Mexico. It is not surprising that they had to wait so long, because the distance between old Mexico and Santa Fé is 500 leagues by way of land and but one convoy leaves every year to make this journey. When the commander of the Laitaues came to them, according to the story of the Canadians, they were asked to stay in New Mexico. They thought that the Spanish intended to employ them to discover a country towards the West, situated at a distance of three months' traveling according to the tradition, true or false, of the Indians. It is said that its inhabitants dress in silk and live in large cities on the seacoast. Whatever the truth may be, the Canadians preferred to return and they were allowed to leave with the letters of which a copy is herewith included."

On the 3rd of June, to our report, is a city built of wood and without any fortifications. There are about 800 Spanish and mestizo families and in the surrounding country there are a number of permanent Indian villages, where in each one a priest does his missionary work, and is accompanied by soldiers, a bad band and poorly armed. In the immediate neighborhood there are mines which are not exploited. In this province there are other mines which are exploited for the account of the king of Spain and the silver from them is transported each year by land to Old Mexico. It seems that the above statement includes that the governors take all the merchandise which comes from the province in order to keep the little trade which exists; a thing the priests and the others would like to do. The Laitan tribe, of whom this journal speaks, is not Christian like the other tribes in the vicinity. But they are at peace with the Spaniards. The Canadians assure that the small quantity of merchandise they distributed there had a considerable effect and that the trade would be entirely ours if we had some post in the country.

The 1st of May, 1740, the discoverers, seven in number,
Moran having married there, left Santa Fé with the object to search for the Mississippi and reach New Orleans by a route other than the one they came by.

According to the Spanish sources, two Frenchmen remained in New Mexico. It is nevertheless strange that the French reports mention but one Frenchman, whereas the Spanish documents state quite clearly two. In a letter from Governor Gaspar Domingo de Mendoza, written from Santa Fe, June 30, 1743, and addressed to the Commissary General, Fray Pedro Navarette, a reference is found to one of the Frenchmen, who, as it seems, came with the Mallet expedition and stayed in Santa Fe. The following letter is given by C. W. Hackett:

My most pressing task has been the inquiry into the abominable conduct of a Frenchman, one of those who came here in the year 1739 concerning whom I have already reported at length to have called this person, after arriving here, attempted with subtle plots to incite the Indians of this kingdom to revolt. This has been going on since October of last year, which was the occasion when he saw the new converts; but since God permitted that he should not carry out his evil intention, I came to know of it in the course of the month of May of the present year, and, having caused him to be arrested and his case to be tried, as appears in the judicial record that I am sending to the court, I sentenced him to death by having his heart taken out through the back. Twenty-one days after, when he was before the court, attempted to escape, and was imprisoned on the first of the present month. I received a letter from Father José Yrigoyen, in which he tells me: "The said criminal is involved in cases to be tried by the Holy Tribunal." This letter I am sending to you. Since your reverence belongs to the family of the Holy and Upright tribunal, it seems to me that they can show it to you. I knew very well, although I suspected it at once, that I could go on with the execution of a criminal of this class, for many reasons of which I am not ignorant; those gentlemen will examine into it there.

In a letter from Governor Don Joaquim Codidlos y Raball to Fr. Antonio Duran de Armijo, dated from Santa Fe, March 4, 1748, the following passage is found, possibly referring to Moreau or Morin. The letter is translated by R. E. Twitchell in his collection of Spanish documents of New Mexico. It is possible that Moreau or Morin changed his name to Juan de Alari, because these two names are used for the married Frenchmen. Were there two Frenchmen married in Santa Fe at that time? Was the Luis Maria the same Moran? It is not probable.

The letter from Governor Codidlos y Raball reads as follows:

The second of May, 1749, they reached a mission, called Pecos, where they stayed two days. The fourth, they left from there and spent the night by a river of the same name, on which they supposed the river could be a branch of the Red River or the Arkansas River. They followed it the 5th and left it the 6th.

The 7th they met another river, running in the same direction as the former, and called it the river of the Jicarilla. They then crossed it in order to cross the prairie following the direction they wanted to and the 10th they discovered a third river which they supposed runs into the Red River or into the Arkansas and believed it to be the same branch beside which they had found the Spanish inscriptions on their way to Santa Fe. They were then 35 or 40 leagues from this capital and thought that one could ascend (this river) to this place where they could then return to perfect their discoveries.

The ruins of the Pecos mission are situated on the Pecos River, 36 miles southeast of Santa Fe.

The Pecos River, somewhere near San José or Ribera in San Miguel County.

They probably spent the night of the 5th near Dilia in Guadalupe County, leaving the Pecos River on the 6th, probably at a place west of the mouth of the Pecos River, the Galinas River, called by some the Galinas River "la rivière du Jicarilla." It is possible that they meant the Galinas River near the Jicarilla mission.

The third river must have been the Arkansas River, reaching it not far upstream from the present site of the Canadian in San Miguel County.

This river is very misty, but it is possible that the Canadian River is the same river mentioned here.

This is about correct. "This capital" means naturally Santa Fe.
The 11th, 12th and 13th they followed this river. On the last day, three of the seven decided to leave their comrades in order to take with them the Paul Indians and from there to Illinois,\(^\text{35}\) as they have executed this plan, according to letters come lately from that part. The four others persisted in their resolution to come here to New Orleans. The same day they found a party of eight Laitanes\(^\text{45}\) warriors, with whom they spent the night.

The 15th, following the same river, they found a Laitane village, where they saw a number of horses; they spent the night there. A feast was organized for them and they gave them horses in exchange for a few knives and other bauguettes. They continued and followed the river till the 22d. The night of the 22d they lost six horses. After the 22d, till the 30th, they kept a little more inland, and that day they met two men and three women, who were Padokas and with whom they shook hands; but afterwards four Indians, who threw the meat, which they carried, away and fled with their wives, without any chance to make them return. The 8th of June they returned to the bank of the river, which they followed till the 14th. The 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th they continued and after having carefully examined the course of this river, they decided to abandon eighteen horses and to build canoes from bark of elm trees.\(^\text{47}\)

This was done, though they had not more than two knives among these few. They had covered then 220 leagues by way of Janish Santa Fé.

The 20th, they embarked in two small canoes and made ten leagues, because this river did not have much current. The 21st they went to the river mouths, which could easily be the Arkansas. They had covered then 22 leagues by canoe. They found below the fork a cabin of Canadans\(^\text{48}\) who were hunting for meat. Because nothing else was left to them but their arms and a little ammunition, they went hunting with the others and loaded a pirogue with meat, with which they went to the fort of the Arkansas\(^\text{49}\) and from there to New Orleans.

The return trip, as we see, was effected rather easily and it is not astonishing that the French tried in 1741 under Fabry de la Bruyère and with the Mallet brothers as guides to reach Santa Fé by the way of the Canadian River.

Margry has printed also the certificate, written in French, given to the members of the Mallet expedition on their departure from Santa Fe on May 1, 1740.\(^\text{50}\) We translate this document here below:

\(^{35}\)The separation into two groups must have taken place somewhere on the Canadian River, present Oldham County, Texas.

\(^{45}\)See note 24.

\(^{46}\)See map "The First Part of Capt. Pike's Chart in the Coves edition, on this map this place is located on the Red River instead of on the Canadian River. The inscription on the map reads: "The Acadians returning from Santa Fé, taking their horses here, and descended the Red River back canoes." The place where they rested and built canoes was probably a large clearing, which could locate it near present Ada in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma.

\(^{47}\)One of these rivers must have been the North Canadian.

\(^{48}\)See Pike's map, p. 55. The French hunting camps are located above the "Post of Arkansas."

\(^{49}\)For a map see: Anna Lewis, Along the Arkansas (Dallas, Texas: The Southwest Press, 1932), pp. 14 ff and pp. 97 ff. Also see: H. F. French Hist. Mon. of Louisiana, N. Y.: 1883, Vol. IV, p. 94.

\(^{50}\)Margry, Découvertes, VI, pp. 462 ff.
Project of trade relations between Louisiana and Santa Fe.

Copy of a letter, addressed to Father Bénois by Father Sant-Iago de Rebald, vicar and ecclesiastical judge in New Mexico.

Upon this occasion, I write to you, Sir, concerning nine Frenchmen who came from New-France, called Pierre and Paul brothers, La Rose, Philippe, Bellecourt, Petit Jean Gallière et Moreau, who have told me of their plan to introduce a trade in these provinces, which at the present time does not possess any, but, if one would allow them to execute their plan, one could easily overcome this obstacle, because we are not farther away than 200 leagues from a very rich mine, abounding in silver, called Chiquagua, where the inhabitants of this country often go to trade; and if they saw a possibility of using what they could get there, this would encourage them to exploit several mines, which they have. As these Frenchmen spoke about your Reverence and of the good credit you possess in the province and city of New Orleans, I write to you in Spanish and not in Latin, in order not to disturb you, and to inquire about the state of your health, which I hope to be perfect and wishing you prosperity, offering you my service. I occupy here the place of vicar and ecclesiastical judge in this kingdom. My Reverend Father, these Frenchmen made me understand that I could ask you for the merchandise which I need in order to provide for the needs of my family and that I could obtain it easily through your good offices, because of the credit you possess among your people. I therefore profit without delay from this occasion to ask you to procure me the amount of the list herewith included and to send it to me, if possible, informing me of the price in silver or reals, which I will pay as an honest man and as soon as I can. In spite of the fact that I live in a kingdom where money flows but little, what I gain with my chaplainship is paid to me in silver or reals, which I could save, but for the future I have four thousand Piastras at Chiquagua, which I will have sent over after receiving the answer of your Reverence, and we will know whereupon we can count, on condition that I am satisfied with the merchandise from your country; but, according to what has been told me, I presume that I shall be. Fearing to trouble you, I am the servant of Your Reverence.

An interesting illustration on the possibilities of trade between the Louisiana country and New Spain is given by Le Page du Pratz, who tells about the lack of merchandise in the Spanish colony but the abundance of money as compared to Louisiana, where people have less money but are well supplied with all the things they need.

As we know, the voyage of the Mallet brothers was followed by a number of other expeditions from Louisiana, but the Spanish authorities confiscated the goods of the traders and even imprisoned them. A number of these cases are still waiting for a careful investigation.

The attempt of Fabry de la Bruyère in 1741 with the brothers Mallet as guides has been mentioned in this article.

In 1750 one of the Mallet brothers did try again to return to Santa Fe, but we were unable to learn whether he succeeded.

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\(^{67}\) See a letter by de Vandreuil to the minister, of May 8, 1751, Archives Nationales Colonies, C. 13, A. 33; 84-101, of which letter the Library of Congress possesses a copy, and the University of Denver has a photostatic copy.

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The Concord Coach

EDWIN G. BURGUM*

In May, 1813, Lewis Downing, a young man who had reached his majority, came to Concord, New Hampshire, from Lexington, Massachusetts, where he had worked with his father and elder brother in the carriage business. He started making what were called buggies; there were no springs and the body was fastened to the rear axle. For the first year he was alone and made the complete vehicle except the iron work, which was done at the State Prison. He would make the wood work for two and get one of them returned all ironed. They sold for sixty dollars.

In 1816 he bought a large tract of land and started a factory, employing some ten or twelve men, commencing the manufacture of chaise in 1826. Not having sufficient demand for them to make their manufacture a leading feature of the business, he turned to coaches. This same year he engaged J. Stephen Abbot of Salem, Massachusetts, a journeyman coach body builder, to make three coach bodies. When these were completed he went back to Massachusetts, only to soon return, and become a partner with Mr. Downing as Downing & Abbot, and he continued as such until 1847, when they dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Downing taking his two sons, Lewis, Jr., and Alonzo, to new quarters as Lewis Downing & Sons. J. Stephen Abbot remained alone until 1852, when he took his son Edward and the firm name was J. S. & E. A. Abbot until 1865, when the two concerns merged as Abbot, Downing & Co.

At this time Lewis Downing, Sr., retired after fifty-two years of wagon building. Mr. Downing died in 1873, aged 81, after living a life that was the exemplification of his precept:

*Mr. Burgum, and his father before him, painted the ornamental work on the Concord stage coaches. He has, of late years, made a special study of the history of those famous coaches. He lives in Concord, New Hampshire, today.—Ed.
"Honesty, industry, perseverance, and economy will ensure any person, with ordinary health a good living, and something for a rainy day."

In the early years the work day was twelve or fourteen hours, working before breakfast and after supper, until 9 o'clock every evening except Saturday, which the men had to themselves. From the twentieth of September until the twentieth of March they had to light up with small oil lamps.

There was no machinery, except one or two saws driven by horse-power and used to get out felloes for wheels. The upright band saw was used to get out smaller parts from the plank. The broad axe, jack-plane and jointer were used to bring the part to its proper shape and size.

The making of the curved panels of the coach was rather a slow process. They were of bass wood (American linden) and were placed upon a form with clamps around the edges and were put in front of an open fire, intermittently moistened and the clamps adjusted until the form was reached on all edges. In this day of quantity production it may be difficult to imagine four men putting the thread on the end of an axle. The axle was fixed in a perpendicular position, four levers were attached to the die with a man at each lever who walked around the axle until the thread was made.

The material was always of the best. The lumber was never used until properly seasoned. The white ash and white oak were blazed in the forest and where possible in the open. The logs were brought to the yard and in the case of white oak were sawed to the proper length, split for spokes and piled cob-house in the yard until such a time as it was ready for use. The elm hubs were turned in the rough, ends painted and piled on racks in the attics.

They thought it expedient in 1873 to form a corporation. Business men, numbers of their employees and the uniting of a competing firm (Harvey, Morgan & Company) made what was afterwards known as Abbot-Downing Company, capitalized at $400,000 and covering six acres of ground. The plant was enlarged and the force increased. The men employed were Yankees, Canadian-French, English, Irish and Scots, at times some three hundred. They were for the most part skilled mechanics, well to do, owning their homes and property, becoming influential citizens, representing their wards in the legislature and serving in municipal affairs.

Apprentices were required to serve six years and the father of the boy had to guarantee faithful performance of his duties and continuance until he reached his majority.

The only records of the Concord Coach we have been able to find are those of J. S. & E. A. Abbot from 1858 to 1865 and Abbot, Downing & Company from the latter date to 1900. Downing & Abbot started building coaches in 1826 and continued until 1847, but we find no record of them. J. S. & E. A. Abbot built more than 800 coaches. We have no record of the coaches built by the Downings. Abbot, Downing & Company built some 600 coaches up to 1900 and we know some were built since that date. Lewis Downing, Jr., estimated the combined product as 3,000.

The color combination of a coach was varied. On the Overland Stage, red (English vermilion) body and straw color running gear prevailed. But the city coach was quite another thing. In 1878 there were sent to the Porter Palmer House in Chicago four coaches painted canary yellow throughout and upon each door was painted a picture of the house by John Burgum. The writer, when in Chicago in 1933, called upon the manager and inquired if any of the coaches existed. He replied, "I much regret to have to say, none exist."

Carmine bodies and red running parts was a combination chosen by many of the best hotels. The ornamentation was neat.
but not gaudy. The picture on each door was enclosed by a modest scroll and was (unless otherwise ordered) a scene from some good illustrator.

Upon each side of the footboard, or driver’s seat, would often be the likeness of some prominent actress, as Lucea Nielson, Mary Anderson. Fanny Davenport and others, all well known to the generations past. After ornamenting the coach it had two coats of varnish with (in the earlier days) quite a number of days between and a ten day drying period for the final coat.

It took the best part of twelve or fourteen ox hides of leather for boots and thorough-braces on a coach.

Shipments of Concord coaches to South Africa, Australia, South America, Mexico, California, and our wild and woolly West were, in the majority of cases, accompanied by harnesses from James R. Hill & Co.’s establishment in Concord, New Hampshire. In the thirty coach shipment to Omaha in 1868 were included sixty four-horse sets of these harnesses. The fame of the Hill harness was a close second to the Concord Coach and the reason it is nil, as is the coach, is because of the disuse of the horse for transportation purposes.

Mr. George Main, foreman painter of J. S. & E. A. Abbot’s shop, searching for an ornamenter found John Burgum, a young Englishman, working upon an omnibus in a paint shop in Roxbury, Massachusetts. He secured him as chief ornamenter and he remained as such for fifty years. Through Mr. Burgum’s influence Thomas Yates of Birmingham, England, was added. Then came Major James E. Larkin, Edward Pierce, Pliny Fiske and Charles T. B. Knowlton, all fine workmen. As occasion demanded this force was supplemented by the letterers, who were proficient in the art of scroll painting to a greater or less degree. Of these we might mention John H. Caswell, James H. Sanders, Benjamin S. Rolfe and George B. Davis.

The writer, born in 1858, son of John Burgum, found great pleasure in his teens to occupy many hours during school vacations in the ornamenter’s room at the Abbot-Downing Company’s shop, aiding his father. At times, no doubt, the sentence ended with a rising inflection. He would trace scroll pattern on coach bodies and do other minor operations, worked along in this way and was getting into the game as the company was getting out of it.

He has found, however, that his memory and hand have stood by him sufficiently well to enable him to ornament three coaches in the past few years using designs made by his father and colors in vogue when the coaches were built. Two of these coaches are now at the New York World’s Fair. One, belonging to the Boston & Maine Railroad, is at home when in the rotunda of their Concord, N. H., station, the other is the property of the Peksettts on Sugar Hill, New Hampshire.

For many years a Concord coach was in the yard of the McDowell Colony Inn in West Peterborough, N. H. In consequence of its continued exposure, it was very nearly ruined. Major Goyette having received it from the hand of Mrs. McDowell, had it fixed up and painted. For decorations upon one side was put President Pierce’s Birthplace and upon the other Mt. Monadnock and Dublin Lake. A more recent acquisition of the Major’s is a ‘California Mud Wagon’ upon which was put a horse’s head on each door and beneath them ‘Retired as is the Coach.’

It is worthy to remark here that while carriages were continually being changed in style, the Concord Coach was so near perfection in its lines at that early day that it scarcely underwent any change in construction.

The coaches were made in three sizes, six, nine and twelve passenger, with the exception of occasionally a four passenger.

The English Tally Ho Coach became quite popular in the 70s and many owners of coaches in the various resorts attached a rear seat to their Concord to accommodate the trumpeter and complete the transformation.

The vehicle listed in the Abbot, Downing Co. catalogue as a Hack Wagon, better known in the West as the California Mud Wagon, did great work in carrying passengers and the mail but got little credit. We saw one of these wagons in Manitou, Colorado, and one in the railway station grounds in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1935.

The discovery of gold in California in 1849 stimulated traffic in that direction. In the early sixties two coaches were ordered by a party in Boston, Massachusetts, for each of which was paid $600.00 in gold. When the coaches were completed they were sent to New York and from there to California by boat around the Horn. It took six months to make the trip. When they reached San Francisco there was no one there to receive them and they were stored; after the lapse of some time they were advertised to be sold at public auction. It was at a time when big strikes were made in the gold diggings and the miners, who were flocking
to the city, were clamoring for some means to get to the mines, consequently the bidding was lively and the coaches were sold for $2,500.00 each, in gold.

There was purchased in 1934 by a California party one of two coach bodies without running gear. It was fortunate men could be found who had worked for the company, still able to do the work and it was quite fitting that the running part for this coach should be ironed by Harry E. Houston, the grandson of Harry Houston who ironed the first. There were four generations of Houstons, Harry, his son Edwin H., his son Harry E., and his son George. All have worked upon the Concord coaches and all were blacksmiths.

The Civil War was a great contributing factor to the success of the company, but their painstaking construction of the Concord coach and the selection of the best materials for it, producing a vehicle excelled by none, added breadth to its popularity.

According to Buffalo Bill, his Deadwood Coach has the distinction of carrying more notables than any other vehicle in the world. This occurred during his trip through Europe in 1887-90. His list of notables consisted of Prince and Princess of Wales, President Carnot of France, Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, Queen of Belgium, Marquis of Butte, King of Belgium, King of Greece, King of Denmark, Marquis of Lorne and Duke of York. This famous coach is a product of this company, and in 1895, when the “Wild West Show” visited our city, the president of the company, Mr. Lewis Downing, Jr., with others of the concern were within the coach in the parade, with the ever popular Cody handling the ribbons.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, author of Stage Coach and Tavern Days, writes of the Concord Coach, “All the varieties of coaches were superseded and made obsolete by the incomparable Concord Coach, first made in Concord, N. H., in 1827. The story of the Concord Coach is one of profound interest and should be given in detail. It has justly been pronounced the only perfect vehicle for traveling that has ever been built.”

The author of Six Horses writes, “But few persons living today have any fair notion of the vital service to their State and Nation performed by the American Staging conveyance known as the Concord Coach. And fewer still have been given to realize what unique arts and sciences—now all but lost—were vested in the vast and resplendent system of transportation made by the inimitable vehicle.”

The first coach was built in 1827 and sold to John Shepard of Salisbury, New Hampshire.

Price list of a period around the early ’70s:

Mail coach with leather boots, deck seat, brake, lamps and ornamental sides

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To seat 12 inside</td>
<td>$1,050.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To seat 9 inside (Heavy)</td>
<td>975.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To seat 9 inside (Medium)</td>
<td>900.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two seats, 3 on a side or three seats, 2 on a side to seat 6 inside</td>
<td>775.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For deck seat on rear of coach</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For packing body only</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For packing coach complete</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Deduct

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>If no brake</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If no lamps</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If no deck seat</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If no ornamental paint</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Hotel Coach with window quarters and baggage binder, leather lining, no brake or lamps.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To seat 12 inside</td>
<td>$1,050.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To seat 9 inside</td>
<td>950.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For brake</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For plush lining</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For lamps</td>
<td>$15.00 to 45.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The shipping of thirty coaches on fifteen flat cars to Wells, Fargo & Company, Omaha, Nebraska, in 1868 was quite an event.

The Concord Coach played no small part in uniting the East with the West.

The shipment of coaches to our Western frontier was spasmodic, and the orders varied in size. Many Mud Wagons were used, as the Concord Coach was the conveyance de luxe previous to the coming of the railroad. In 1864 Ben Holladay had twenty coaches and in 1865 he added twelve. In 1865 eight were sent to the Western Stage Coach Co. in Iowa. In 1865 Butterfield Overland Despatch Co. had twelve. In 1866 four were sent to Halsted Root and Haskell in Iowa. In 1868, Wells, Fargo & Co. had forty. In 1870 El Paso, Texas had seventeen.

The Concord Coach encircled the earth. Many were sent to South Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Central America, Mexico and throughout the United States.

The coming of the railroad started the retirement of the
coach. New motive power was the cause of the banishment of many of the horse drawn vehicles. Everything has its day. So with the Concord Coach and so with Abbot-Downing Company. Not seeing the handwriting upon the wall they endeavored to continue as builders of commercial trucks, fire trucks, and truck bodies. Builders was a misnomer as their product was largely the assembled variety. There was no formal closing, but like some members of the human family, having accomplished the purpose of their being, they cease to be.
Katrina Wolf Murat, the Pioneer

LOUIE CROFT BOYD*

When Mrs. Murat made the first United States flag ever to fly in Auraria, now that part of Denver west of Cherry Creek, she was called the Territory's "Betsy Ross." Because she was the first white woman to remain in the state, she was given the title of "The Mother of Colorado." But knowing her fine womanhood, I always think of her as THE PIONEER—the woman of vision, with an unswerving loyalty to that vision and a courage to stand true through all vicissitudes, whatever the implications, the necessities, the joys, the sorrows, the loneliness might prove to be. The first time I met her (she was seventy then) her kindly smiling face, beneath a little old-fashioned bonnet, her erect carriage, heightened by the long lines of the shawl she wore, and her dignified bearing as she rose to greet me, the stranger in town, left a lasting impression of what she really was that time has never effaced: a woman of principle and loyalty by right of inheritance.

Mrs. Murat was born Katrina Wolf in Baden Baden, Germany, on August 20, 1824, the younger of two sisters. She was christened Katrina but, after making the United States her home, she took and always used the name Catherine.

Her father raised different varieties of grapes to supply the brandy and wine industries. His terraced fields were backed by a spur of the Black Forest and followed the natural slope of the land down to the little stream at its foot. Her mother was an expert hausfrau of her day. According to Mrs. Wolf's code for managing a house and its servants, both daughters were drilled in the details of every phase of housekeeping—from the niceties of cleaning and cooking through the minutia connected with the formalities for social entertaining. They were people of importance in their community: their estate comprised many acres and, with its substantial house and retinue of servants, indicated a family that entertained according to the social life of those times. Katrina Wolf had the best education her day could give a gentlewoman. Those who spoke high German said that her pronunciation was flawless. Her father was not titled, but she became the bride of a nobleman of France. Count Murat was often a guest in the Wolf home and their marriage was sanctioned by both families.

Count Henri Murat, his wife told me, was a nephew of Joachim Murat (made king of Naples by Napoleon) and legally a count. Following Napoleon's downfall, his family probably sought refuge in Germany, for Henri Murat was a resident of Hanover. His letter, which appears in this same issue, bears the marks of an educated person. His known fluency in the use of both French and German, gives further corroboration. He would spend hours with other pioneers from abroad talking, especially in French, about the history and literature of his homeland.

The marriage of Katrina Wolf and Henri Murat took place in 1848, and that same year they came to this country. The adventurous spirit in both the Count and his bride lured them to the United States and, to recoup his expended fortune, led them first to gold fields of California and then to those in Colorado.

According to his letter, the Murats reached Colorado on the morning of November 3, 1858, and camped with the others of their large party at "Montana, On South Platte." Their cabin was put up "by the river," Mrs. Murat told me, and in the early part of 1859 was taken down and rebuilt on what is now Tenth Street, east of Larimer Street and just back of the David Smoke cabin. It was the Smoke cabin that was opened as the El Dorado Hotel by Smoke and Murat.

When Horace Greeley was in Auraria, he stopped at the El Dorado Hotel, but was so disturbed by its noise that Mrs. Murat invited him to become a guest in her cabin, and Horace Greeley accepted the hospitality of the Murats.

"To live, Phaon,
Is still life's greatest goal,"

was written by Sappho many centuries ago, but, with equal truth, could have been said of this pioneer woman's own life. In addition, she had a dominant individuality: she was born to rule. When she came into the room—always in a quiet way—she filled it without displacing any one else. She was not aggressive, but determined. The tones of her voice were low and well modulated. In bearing, she possessed a quiet dignity despite her plumpness that made her appear shorter than she really was. Her carriage was erect and her step light, quick, and unhurried.
With qualities that made her such a lovable person to those who knew her, she had a temper, like steam under pressure, that, especially in the early days, was the motive power that drove issues to a conclusion, and showed how imperious and unreasonable she would have been without that balance wheel of loyalty to her vision that was true and far-reaching. With advancing years and living virtually alone, she sometimes was swayed by a feeling of jealousy: she would imagine that her friends did not give her enough or the right kind of attention. At these times her temper would flare up and she would do or say what she later regretted—often ending by asking forgiveness. In other words, even then she evidenced her inherent truth by an inevitable come-back from what to her had appeared to be real wrongs.

Mrs. Murat always expressed the spirit of good will toward people and sought to establish amicable relationships with them. She never had any difficulties with the Indians. These primitive peoples accepted and trusted her, just as children and animals did, on her real basis of fair play. They soon learned that she always did well by them and so they gave her their loyal trust as well as generous supplies of gold dust for what she had to give them: flour, bacon, cooked foods, especially her pies. When she asked them where they got their gold dust, their answer was invariably the same: "Much oro," as they waved their arms in the direction of the mountains, but where, they would never say.

But they would go into the mountains for a few days or a few weeks and then come back to her with plenty of gold dust for their supplies.

She was big hearted and generous to a fault. In the early days she was known to have helped many, especially the young, not alone by her wise advice which they so often sought, but materially as well. She was keenly sensitive to the needs of people and gave without stint to those whom she knew ought to receive help. Even with her meagre allowance of later years she sought to do her part for others, as when she saved out enough to pay for a load of wood to be sent, without her name, to a young preacher who could make but a precarious living for his wife and young baby for, she said: "A baby must be kept warm." Later on she took umbrage at some slight from them, whether real or fancied I do not know, but never once did she imply (and she did plenty of talking to me) that they should have remembered her kindness to them.

Mrs. Murat crossed the plains three times. In all she rode horseback over ten thousand miles and was known to be an excellent shot, but never used her skill except for food, as no situation arose, she maintained, that could not be solved by other means than a gun. It was a life-long habit for Mrs. Murat to take a nap after the midday meal was over. No matter how urgent travelling conditions might be, a short time was reserved for rest in the middle of the day. She often said that she never could have endured their many strenuous trips without these short periods of rest and sleep. When the need arose they made up the time by travelling later into the night. During one of these rest periods, a party of Indians was seen approaching. Fearing possible difficulties, Mr. Murat disturbed her and insisted that he hide her among the supplies. When the Indians reached camp they demanded the "white squaw." They had seen her buxom beauty and wanted her. As usual she laughed about the way she was surrounded and covered by various kinds of household supplies. When I remarked: "I bet you kept still though," she answered: "Yes, I did. I hardly dared breathe, I was so scared." And then she told me how it turned out: The men held a long powwow with the Indians. Knowing the Indian weakness for flour and bacon, they eventually bought them off with generous supplies of both as well as different kinds of other goods. In finishing her account, merriment spread over her face and she added: "We have to take things so they come." She had a keen relish for almost any kind of an innovation or a new experience. When, one day, we were doing something that to me seemed very much out of the ordinary, I exclaimed: "Just think what we are doing!"
Quick as a flash came her answer, accompanied with a chuckle: "Well, we're at home. Who's to scold us?"

Mrs. Murat was very proud of the land of her adoption and the privilege it gave her of casting her ballot, which she did faithfully whenever election day rolled around.

"This is my country and my home," she used to say to me, "and I want you to tell me when I make a mistake. I want to speak the language right."

But who could correct such errors as "pine treeses" and "big fat goose" when said with a pursing of her lips and a twinkle in her bright blue eyes that, despite her seventy odd years, made her look so attractive? Or when she spoke of those who went about not unwilling to accept and pass on a morsel of gossip: "They are always on a going," and of a potato stuffing for her delicious roast goose, she assured me: "You see, it will be just so light like feathers?" I could not tell her that she was wrong—she was so charming in her sincerity.

Intellectually, Mrs. Murat had one of the greatest minds I have had the pleasure to meet. Her remembrance of the history of the United States and Europe was almost faultless. She was familiar with all current news, especially of the nation and Colorado. In our visits together, she would discuss national and state issues with a clearness and penetration that were phenomenal. She was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. Both were fearless, resourceful, and possessed the necessary fortitude to confront danger and endure hardships. To her end, Mrs. Murat was keen minded, courageous, and unconquerable. Living was for her "... life's greatest goal."

Mrs. Murat, born Katrina Wolf and by marriage Countess Murat, passed on in her little home in Palmer Lake, Colorado, on March 13, 1910. She is buried in Riverside Cemetery, Denver, beside her husband, Count Murat. Her grave is marked by a simple boulder upon which is carved:

"In memory of the maker of the first United States flag in Colorado.
Katrina Wolf Murat
1824-1910.
Erected by Denver Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution."

We reproduce herewith an interesting and important letter written by Henri Murat upon his arrival in the vicinity of present Denver. It was published in the Kansas City Journal of Commerce of December 14, 1858.—Ed.

This is a letter written in German, to one of our business men. And we are under many obligations to our friend Mr. Bodenweiser, for the following translation:

It is full of interesting particulars, and one of the most satisfactory letters that we have seen.

Montana [near present Overland Park, Denver],
On South Platte, Nov. 5, 1858.

Friend Zillhard: On Thursday morning Nov. 3d, we arrived here all in good health. The whole journey was more a pleasure trip than anything else. We had most beautiful and pleasant weather the whole trip, with the exception of two thunder storms, which troubled us somewhat. The last day we ascended to the height of about 6000 feet above Kansas City. My wife is well and getting fat. She looks as blooming and fresh as a maiden, so well has the free air of the prairies agreed with her.

Yesterday myself, Philip, and a young man from Westport, felled the trees for our log cabin in six hours, and to-day we hauled them in with oxen, and to-morrow we shall have the cabin done ready for occupancy.

My dear friend, we are not sorry for coming out here, for in the first place it is the most lovely country you ever saw. To our right, there is a range of mountains where the Platte River emerges. It must be a most beautiful sight in the summer. Gold is found everywhere you stick your shovel, paying from five to ten cents to the pan while prospecting, and there is no doubt but what it will pay from ten to twenty dollars per day to the man.

As I remarked above, gold is here plenty, and as soon as spring makes its appearance, the whole world will be in a blaze of astonishment at the riches that will be taken out of the earth.

For this winter we cannot think of mining, because we have to finish our house for shelter this winter. This done, we shall begin hunting to get fresh meat. Our oxen we want for other purposes, but when spring comes we shall be in for the gold.

Yesterday, one hundred and ten men arrived from Nebraska. We count now, all told, two hundred and fifty men.

Thirty wagons more are expected in every day. My frau is the first white woman out here and will make money by washing clothes, which will pay her perhaps fifty cents a piece. You must at any rate come out here, you can make your fortune as a shoe maker, but come soon, because every day you lose will be a pity. I shall send you some gold before you start, and I want you to bring me out some things, such as flour, etc., etc.

The last named article is selling here at fifteen dollars per sack, which is cheap to what it will be soon.

Yours truly,
H. MURAT.

This letter concludes with some private details.
Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards
and Fort Junction

Augusta Hauck Block

Broken treaties, unfair dealings of the white men, and the wanton slaughter of the buffaloes by big game hunters and hide gatherers, and the realization of the fact that the Indians had been coerced into selling their land for a mere pittance caused much dissatisfaction among the redmen of the plains. All these grievances brought on an alliance of tribes of the plains, with the idea to stem the influx of wagon trains bringing more people to their hunting grounds.

The Indians saw that by the killing of the buffaloes, their livelihood was at stake and starvation would soon be upon them. This caused the Indians to burn haystacks and farm buildings, run off the livestock and attack wagon trains.

By the end of the summer of 1863 they began to lay plans to drive white people out of their domain, and kill if need be. The settlers on the Kansas plains were first attacked, and some (eighty odd) families had been wiped out by the Indians. They began on the Divide section of Colorado Territory to take the livestock and then murder the pioneer settlers. The Indians grew bolder right along, coming to the larger valleys and killing men and women, even coming on the Platte Valley near present Platteville and once a week the members met for drill.

It was evident that the Indians were becoming a menace to the settlers. This caused the people of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain valleys to ask permission to form a "Home Guard" company. So early in the spring of 1864 the pioneer settlers, having received the sanction of the right Federal authority to organize a "Home Guard" company, met at the Duncan homestead to organize.

Elisha Duncan at that time was the Justice of the Peace of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain District, so he "mustered in" the members of the new company. The name chosen for the organization was "Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards." The Federal Government furnished ammunition—a cap and ball six-shooter and a cap and ball rifle to each member of the company. Elisha Duncan, who had been elected the Commissary Officer, kept the supplies for the Home Guards on his homestead and once a week the members met there for drill.

Members of the Home Guard company were as follows:

Captain — Talmai F. Godding
First Lieutenant — John McKissick
Second Lieutenant — Perry L. Smith
Commissary Officer — Elisha Duncan

News came from the Divide that on June 11, 1864, the Hungate family, comprised of Mr. Nathan W. Hungate, his wife, Ellen, and two little girls—Laura, aged three, and Florence, aged six months—had been massacred on their homestead. Besides, the Indians killed men who were hunting strayed stock or working in fields, and in the "Pinery" (now called Black Forest).

This news caused great consternation throughout Colorado Territory. Immediate plans were laid by the Lower Boulder and
St. Vrain Valley Home Guards to build a fort for protection of the settlers' families.

Second Lieutenant Perry L. Smith offered a site for the fort on his homestead, which was at the confluence of the Boulder and St. Vrain rivers. So the first week in July the Home Guards met on the place, bringing plows and oxen to plow the sod into strips twelve inches wide. The strips were cut into twenty-four inch lengths and laid up in regular brick fashion. The structure of the fort was 130 feet long by 100 feet wide. Walls were two feet thick and fully finished from the bottom to the top. In the southeast corner was an offset room 25 feet by 10 feet, and another room 25 feet by 10 feet within the fort in the northwest corner. These were for storing supplies, etc. There were two watch towers, one on the northwest corner and the other on the southeast corner, built into the main square of the building.

Port holes were in the walls around the structure, eight feet apart and eight feet above the ground. These were fairly large, so as to make it handy to swing the gun in any angle desired. All around the inside walls of the fort was a bench of sod bricks, two feet wide and three feet above the floor, on which the guards could walk to shoot from the port holes. When the fort was finished it stood out as a majestic "Isle of Safety."

The new fort was named Fort Junction because it stood at the junction of the Boulder and St. Vrain rivers. A few weeks after it had been completed, important news was brought by Elbridge Gerry, a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence who bore the same name. Gerry had married the sister of Chief Red Cloud and learned from her relatives who were visiting them on the Platte near Crow Creek of the alliance of all Plains tribesmen and of the big attack which was to occur shortly.

Gerry, like Paul Revere of the Revolutionary days, lost no time. He quietly slipped away on his horse to notify the white settlers of the coming warfare. At the Platteville stage station he sent William and George Cole up to Fort Junction to warn the pioneer settlers. People gathered their valuables and keepsakes, while others buried their treasures, and taking food, a few clothes and bedding, started for the fort in their vicinity.

The rumble of ox-drawn covered wagons containing the pioneer families was heard along the valley roads leading to some fort for refuge. Fort Junction was filled to capacity, and many campfires burned in close proximity, while families gathered to talk and make plans as to what they would do "if the Indians did come." But thanks to Gerry for the warning he gave the white people, the big attack never materialized, for the red men learned of the preparations the whites made.

After a stay of several weeks in the fort, many new ties of friendship were made, and by the time all dispersed to take up the threads of routine again, the bonds of old friends were tightened into everlasting friendships.

As was the wont of Chief Left Hand, he came often to visit his pale-faced friend, Robert Hauck, to talk over current happenings and matters relating to the white and the red men. In August, 1864, the chief came for a visit of a day, to tell Bob that he would go to the Indian country on the Arkansas River to try to have the Indians make peace with the white men by arbitration, as he was certain this could be accomplished. Early the next morning he bade his friend farewell and left for the southeast.

Shortly after this, a messenger from Governor Evans came to the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guard company, to get volunteers and horses for the "One Hundred Days" regiment. The messenger stated that "They were going to kill Indians without recourse or arbitration." Many of the Home Guards said that the question could be settled by arbitration and without the wholesale killing of the Indians. The messenger said to Hauck, who had refused to be a party to a raw deal of that sort, "You'll have to furnish horses, whether you want to or not." Six of Hauck's horses were taken, and about the same number were taken from the Canaday brothers for the same reason.

A number of the unmarried members of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards joined the "One Hundred Days" regiment. On the return of the regiment from the Sand Creek massacre of Nov. 29, 1864, the horses belonging to the Canaday brothers were returned, while those belonging to Hauck were never returned.

David Ervin, a member of the "One Hundred Days" regiment, on his return to the Lower Boulder valley, reported the "death of Chief Left Hand with a band of 600 Indians, chiefly squaws, papooses and old bucks."

All through the '60s, and especially the latter five years, the Indians continued their work of molesting and destroying wagon trains bringing people and supplies, and burning as they had done in the beginning.

After the Civil War the Indians had been supplied with all old discarded guns, but nevertheless they learned to shoot. By November in 1868, the Indians began to be very active and sniped off white people here and there. This caused all homesteaders to keep their guns primed and ready for the cap.

One afternoon Swift Bird and his band came to the meadow on Crow Creek where William Bush, his cousin Jared Conrey, and a Swede hired man were having. From all appearances the
red men had made camp close to that of the Brush party and must have appeared to be friendly, even though they were considered a "warring band," as their squaws and papooses were not with them. However, after breakfast next morning, the three men were massacred. The Indians left for the plains, taking the "State's" horses belonging to Brush, with them.

A settler found the remains and rode to the Platteville vicinity and reported his finding of the scalped dead men. Immediately the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards were called out by Captain Godding, who sent messengers on horseback to notify all to "come to the Duncan place at once and be prepared to hunt for the perpetrators of the deed." All Home Guards responded, and like the "Minute Men" quit their haying and rode to the Duncan homestead, which adjoined the site on which stood Fort Junction, and from there they rode for the carnage grounds.

When they came to the place where the massacre had occurred, they looked for tracks and signs by which to trace the murderers. Finally they came upon signs which they followed and eventually came upon Swift Bird and his band—about twenty in number. The Guards recognized Bill Brush's horses, so were sure they had the right culprits who had massacred the haymakers. A fight began in which all the Indians were killed, with no loss to the Home Guards.

One young buck had on the uniform of a captain of the Union Army, and he carried a sword without the scabbard. The sword, Captain Godding brought home as a souvenir. (Later his daughter, Mrs. Bina Godding Marsh, turned the sword into the Meeker Museum at Greeley, Colorado.) Robert Hauck brought back a blanket, a bridle and a pair of moccasins, all beautifully beaded. (The moccasins were placed in the State Museum in Denver, Colorado, by the writer, a daughter of Robert Hauck.)

After the Custer massacre in the Wyoming country in 1876, the report came that "the Indians, having been so successful, were again uniting to come to kill the whites."

A man by the name of Robert Brown, who had leased the milch cows belonging to John A. Titus on a share basis of all the butter he sold, was out hunting for stray cows of the herd. In the distance he saw what he thought was a large band of Indians, and gave the alarm.

The Home Guards were called out, and on investigation the Indians turned out to be a band of horses. They then went to the Titus homestead and found Bob Brown in the milk house churning butter. They grabbed him and were about to duck him into a barrel of butter milk, with the "intention of drowning him." they said. Bob begged them to spare his life and promised that thereafter he would make sure that it was Indians instead of horses that he saw.

Fort Junction was not only a refuge for pioneer settlers to seek in time of Indian scares, but served as a stopping place for ranchers down the Platte Valley who were bound for Central City and Black Hawk with wagons heavily loaded with bales of wild hay. Here they and their faithful oxen rested for the night.

Later, the friendly walls of the fort sheltered many tired and footsore travelers, as well as cowboys who rode the adjacent prairies, or in roundup times.

In the late '60s, Fort Junction came very near having a nickname. It was not used long, however, and then only by a few men who named it. It so happened that some travelers or hunters infested with vermin spent the night at the fort and slept on the hay which was some days later used for a bed. A couple of cowboys stopped there and put their blankets down on the same bed of hay, and all the hungry "graybacks" soon found a good meal ticket. The cowboys were so incensed that they said, "We'll change the name from Fort Junction to 'Fort Grayback'."

May the spirit of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards, and the building of Fort Junction for the protection of all who cared to be sheltered within its walls, be a beacon light in the community life of today."
11th. [of May, 1878] Rode to the Bend on Buckskin; got there just as the train did; mailed letters home. Got home just at dark and found that A. had returned in the morning.

Sunday 12th. A chilly, rainy day. Haveran and I intended to ride to Deertrail to look at a house, which A. thinks of hiring, but the rain kept us at home. A. skinned my duck which was a
female mallard. It proved very palatable. Read most of the
day.

13th. A foggy morning, but we started as soon as it lifted.
I rode a stout young horse that hadn't been used since winter.
He felt good and was inclined to run, but there was no "buck"
in him. We rode a little west and north until we struck the
bluffs of the Beaver; the descent to the valley was through rugged
gulches from one of which we startled a prairie chicken, a pleasant
surprise to me, as I thought there were none in this country.
Stopped at Aleck Middlemist's ranche for a few minutes and
found only his wife and her sister at home; he has a very good
house. Struck the trail here and met Aleck after riding a few
miles. Got to Deertrail without adventure about 5 o'clock, after
a ride of 35 miles. (A few years later Aleck got lost in a January
blizzard and froze to death; he rode two horses and a buggy.)

Rode at once to Clarke's house; it is a little brown, one-story
house with a windmill and numerous outhouses, etc., built mostly
of old railroad ties. We put our horses up in the barn and then
got to "The Drover's Cottage," kept by Finley, where we had
a well cooked supper and comfortable accommodations; went to
bed early, weary with my long ride.

Deertrail is about the same size as Hugo and consists of a few
dwelling houses, stores, hotel, etc., with the inevitable windmill
and water tank by the railroad. It is situated on a green flat in
the valley of the Big Sandy, which nourishes numerous cotton-
woods whose pretty shape and foliage of brilliant green made a
pleasing contrast to the treeless plains of this country.

14th. Left Deertrail early in the morning and stopped at
Aleck Middlemist's for dinner; left there late in the afternoon;
darkness overtook us on the divide and we rode south until we
struck the trail two or three miles west of the ranche; at the
same time a thunder shower came up and we finished our ride
in a rattling shower of hail. Had rubber coat and kept dry.

15th. I spent the forenoon in chasing a flock of six blue-
winged teal in the water holes near the ranche; shot two of them.
In the afternoon hunted down the gull on the north; saw but two
teal and several wild doves, which I did not shoot at. Came home
tired and hungry. The evening was one of the most beautiful
I have seen here; it was perfectly clear and as the moon rose, its
spherical form was apparent in this wonderfully clear atmos-
phere, while the black spots covered the major portion of its
surface.

16th. A. & H. left for Aleck Middlemist's in the forenoon.
I washed my clothes and cleaned my gun. There was a flock of
a dozen teal in the water holes; had a few shots but got only one.
A. and H. returned at sundown. Weather cloudy and threat-
ening.

17th. Haveran went to the Bend. I started a letter to
Mother; walked out with my gun in the afternoon and shot a duck
resembling a teal, only larger. Haveran brought letters from
Mother and Father.

In the evening a cloud settled down upon us. The mist
drove by in sheets, while it must have gone below fifty degrees;
from the mountains. A. & H. talked over their army ex-
periences, especially the battle of Winchester, where Sheridan
won victory from defeat. Very interesting.

18th. A very quiet day, seemed like Sunday. Cool, with
wind from the mountains. A. & H. talked of the army ex-
periences, especially the battle of Winchester, where Sheridan
won victory from defeat. Very interesting.

Sunday, 19th. A. and H. left early for the North to meet
the round-up, and I am all alone again. I don't mind that, but
I do mind being imprisoned here by H. taking my saddle; a little
forethought would have provided him with one of his own, and
I might have gone where I chose.

I washed the dishes, took a warm bath and then wrote to a
friend; after that got dinner, applesauce, beans, rice, roast duck,
bread and tea. Spent the evening finishing my letters. Fine day.

20th. Fine day. Kept quiet; had a shot at ducks without
success; wrote a letter. Mice disturbed me at night by running
over me and rattling things generally, as we slept on the floor.

21st. Heavy storm from S. E. with fog and rain. Wrote a
letter. Pulled the table out into the middle of the floor and made
my bed on it with Haveran's trunk for a pillow; no trouble from
mice.

22nd. Shouldered my gun and started for Aleck Middle-
mist's; kept too far North and brought up at Lusto's wire fence;
traveled West and reached Aleck's about 4 o'clock; shot a rattles
nake with seven rattles, which I nearly stepped on, as he lay
curled up in the sun. Aleck and Earnest had driven to the
ranche in the forenoon, but of course found nobody there. Billy
Wilson came along and the boy who teams for Webster; the latter
slept here.

23rd. Still at Aleck's; cleaned out his spring for him; in
the afternoon 2,000 cattle from the Southern round-up came by,
mostly Earnest's. Aleck beat me at "crib" in the evening.

24th. Left for home after breakfast; very warm. Spent
the midday in the cedar gulches; took a refreshing bath in a
pond hole. Reached home, after a two hour walk, at 5 o'clock
just in time to escape a drenching shower. Found A. there, and
Haveran soon appeared with the mail. Papers from Will and Father, and a letter and paper from John N. Letter and filter from Wyatt. A. and H. returned Thursday night from a fruitless journey. They spent Sunday night at Duck Springs and reached Ecles’ Monday night, but found no one there, and only a little course hominy to eat, so they made a push for home and reached here half starved.

25th. A and H. started for the Bend to go and meet the Southern round-up; sent my letter of the 17th to Mother and a card to Wyatt. Drove the horses into the corral at night and kept them there.

Sunday, 26th. A very quiet day. Did nothing but read “Kenelm Chillingly.”

27th. Very warm day. Haveran returned from the Bend. Letter from Aunt Sarah. Finished “Kenelm Chillingly”; an impossible character who could only exist in the brain of a novelist.

28th. Northern round-up came by here; some fifty men, two hundred horses and 2,000 cattle. Hiff’s outfit camped by the ranch and spent the evening playing “poker” here. Had a house full of men all day; eight to dinner.

29th. Hiff’s men left early in the morning. The main round-up stayed in camp in the tree gulch; a pretty sight, the cayavary in the distance and the camp with its white tents, wagons, men and horses grouped around a water hole; dined with Earnest’s outfit; stew of fresh beef and potatoes, beans, bread coffee, peaches. Two fellows took tea with me. Made my first bread, successful. Haveran went north with Wetzel. Columbus gave me a fine shoulder of beef, a maverick, an unbranded yearling.

30th. A fellow hunting horses took dinner with me. Mr. McVeigh brought a load of provisions in the afternoon.

31st. Rode to the Bend with McVeigh. Met the Utes going to the Republican; Pierre, Washington, squaws, papooses, ponies, dog, etc.

June 1st. With McV. in his log cabin two miles from the Bend; fine situation. Rode to Cedar Point; very warm; ate lunch in one of the Beaver gulches by a delicious pool of water.

2nd. Took dinner at Touse’s; man from Maine, wife from Grand Menan; live in a neat house of railroad ties; feasted on chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, butter, greens, ice cream, pie and cake.

3rd. Rode to Cedar Point with McV. and walked home three hours; an hour later A. and Tom Matthews arrived having left a bunch of cattle up the creek; everything in confusion at the ranch. Haveran had been there and fed the Utes.

4th. Tom and I went after the cattle; I on a lame horse. He jumped away from me when I dismounted, and Tom lamed Dick trying to catch him.

5th. H. & T. went South and A. north. Alone again. Must have a horse of my own.

6th. Stayed quietly at the ranch; commenced a letter to Grandfather.

7th. Washed out my dirty clothes; in the afternoon walked up the creek. On my return, met an outfit driving up from the Southern round-up, Lustow’s and the Beaver cattle; got in the wagon and directed them to our camp, where they spent the night; cook was a Worceester man.

8th. Rode in the wagon to Lustow’s, where I stayed all day.

9th. Rode over to Aleck Middlemist’s on Lustow’s team. Helped brand his calves. All of us took a ride.

10th. Still at Aleck’s. A. K. Clark came along and said that A. would be back on Wednesday with his cattle. I decided to wait for him. A. and I mixed mud and covered his cellar.

11th. Very warm and hard work. Went out on one of his lively young horses and drove the others into the corral.

12th. A young fellow appeared early in the morning leading “Buckskin” and wanted me to ride over to Lustow’s to help A. with his cattle; had to carry over a big load of bedding for McWallace so had to walk all the way. Drove the cattle home in the afternoon. 31 head. Got there just in time to escape a severe shower. Pretty soon the same outfit that was here last Friday arrived with a drove of cattle from the South; all had supper in the house.

13th. Rode the lame horse with the “cayavard” to Lustow’s. Brought back the “dun” horse which we left there yesterday. At night A. flew into a towering rage because I did not bring his bedding from L’s, when he had not told me it was there. I simply ignored him and went to sleep. He had caught a young antelope, a beautiful creature.

14th. Rode to the Bend on the “dun”; very warm there. Got letter and postal from Father; also a large mail of papers from Father, Will and Ned. There was a big round-up there, of cattle. Let the antelope go, as we had no means of keeping it.

15th. Spent the day reading my papers.

16th. Rained heavily all day. Read papers.

17th. A. started for Hugo. Alone again.

18th and 19th. All alone. Started up the creek on the “dun,” but returned on account of his sore back.
20th. Fellow who has been working on Lustow’s wire fence walked over here. Dr. Ragsdale, man from OZ ranche, stopped for dinner.


25th. In the afternoon a man appeared from Brush’s new camp, twenty miles beyond Duck Springs. Dr. Ragsdale also came in his wagon, with two other men. Had to put the table out of doors to make room for our beds. Every afternoon, showers sweep down from the mountains, but usually go around to the South down Sandy.

26th. All my visitors left after breakfast. Took a sponge bath; Aleck M. appeared at noon hunting horses. Heavy showers in the afternoon. In the midst of it the “canyard” from the South came along. Robinson and Bert Lane came first and riding up informed me that they had had bad luck, as there was a dead man in the wagon. I thought at first of an accident to his horse, but when they told me he had been killed by young Frank, I was very much surprised. It seems that before the wagon started in the morning, these two got to fooling and then to quarreling, when Frank, in a fit of boyish temper leaped from his horse and struck the other over the temple with a billet of wood, knocking him senseless. When he came to, they assisted him into the wagon and offered to take him to Hugo, but he preferred to go to the “ranche.” He soon fell into a comatose state, and when they came to look at him after a few hours, he was dead. They unloaded the wagon at the ranche and placed the corpse in a blanket directly in front of our door, so that I had to step over it in going in and out. After supper, Robinson and George Flagg started for River Bend with the body.

The young murderer came in and drank some coffee and ate a little bread, but he was very sober, as well he might be. He had but little to say, though he tried to talk with me, but was treated with that instinctive aversion which all men feel to such as he. When Bert Lane came back from the cattle, he said that Frank had “skipped out,” saying that he was going to Deer Trail to give himself up, and that he did not care for himself but he knew it would kill the mothers of both. They were both from Nevada, Mo., and came out this spring. I never saw the victim, but Frank I had seen several times and had liked him on account of his pleasant ways; he was full of life and animal spirits and always laughing, whistling or talking, but he evidently had a very violent temper. In one day he had changed from a light hearted boy to a man with a life long burden of sorrow and repentance to carry on his mind. As he took his long ride to Deer Trail in the silent hours of the night, and as all the consequences of his rashness presented themselves to his mind, how he must have cursed his folly in gratifying a momentary freak of passion. A sad and terrible warning to all.

27th. Ed Wetzel, Ben and Bert Lane left for Lustanow’s. (Aleck Middlemist came over at noon; met the Utes returning.) Les Williams came down for branding iron, said Frank spent night at A. K. Clark’s.

28th. Geo. Flagg and Robinson came from Bend in wagon. Brought large mail; my “Pike” visitor came from Lake on foot; very hot day. All left in the afternoon. Killed three mice and a snake inside.

29th. Ben and co. stopped on their way to Hugo. Haveran also came up and spent the day; took back the “dun” and Dick, leaving little “Buck.” Tremendous thunder shower in the evening.

30th and July 1. Alone. Lame horse pulled picket pin and got away.

2nd. Hunted for horses morning and afternoon without success. Two men from Denver in a buckboard stopped here on their way to the Republican; one a Vermonter. A. & H. came with a bunch of cattle from Lake.

3rd. Hunted way up to the edge of the “divide” for the horses: intended to go up the creek but got up the South branch. Alone again.

4th. Footed it to Hell Creek and found horses. Man here from Culbertson to join Billy Wilson at Colorado Springs.

5th. Rode to Aleck’s for my rubber coat; met Lovell’s outfit on their way to Lustow’s; took dinner with them. A. & H. with Buck Gillan whom he has hired in place of Baxter. Judge Hawkins’ outfit here on the way up from Texas after turning cattle loose on Black Wolf.

6th. My 25th birthday. H. & I. rounded up and herded the range cattle; cut out the calves and branded in the afternoon.

Continued from memory. My diary came to an end on July 6th, my 25th birthday, and I left the Macmillan ranche on the head waters of the Arickaree to visit with my two Providence friends, John S. Tucker and his wife, who had located a ranche 14 miles south of Hugo; a few years later it was sold to the Hamp family, who had just arrived from England and still own the property.

I traveled light, with a slicker on the saddle and a change of underwear, socks and handkerchiefs tied in a roll with a comb and tooth brush, and a Smith & Wesson revolver in the hip pocket of my trousers.

The ranche house was a comfortable cottage with out-build-
ings; a spring of cold water gushed from a nearby bank and a spring house served to preserve perishable foods, helped by the shade of a big cottonwood tree; when fresh meat was needed, my friend John could sit on his front porch and shoot antelope which came in to drink. Close by were several pond holes deep enough for swimming, and the numerous water snakes never seemed to object to their nude companions.

In the previous March one of the worst blizzards ever known had raged with a great loss of cattle and sheep; the only way the Tuckers could get to their woodpile was to fasten a picket rope to one of the boys and then haul him back, and it took many hours of work to dig the horses out of their stalls, as the barn had drifted full of snow.

In those days, ranchmen fed everybody who came along, and we all pitched in and helped with the work.

The greatest novelty to a tenderfoot was dipping sheep to cure them of the scab; it was partly fun and partly good, hard work under a boiling sun. They were run through a tank filled with a solution of tobacco, which spattered into eyes and onto clothes, but the pond holes were close by.

The great event of that summer was a total eclipse of the sun, which none of us had ever seen before; the cattle were nervous and upset and the chickens went to roost, thinking that night had come; it was a novel interruption of our daily routine.

Nine miles away lived Brown and Dodd, two Boston men, who were very hospitable, and always had a bunch of eastern men visiting with them. They had lost about 2,000 head of sheep in the March blizzard.

In those days the sheep-sheds were rather small, and the loss came mostly from the sheep piling up on each other and dying from suffocation rather than freezing from cold.

In August my friends were making a trip to Colorado Springs, the nearest large town, and I went along with them, as I had never been there; little realizing that it would be my home for some 50 years in the future. We had a chuck wagon, ponies and a full camp outfit. We stopped one night at the sheep ranch of Col. Holt, a native of Portland, Maine. He built the large house on the corner of Cascade Avenue and St. Vrain Street.

The Springs was a small town, only seven years old, and I don’t recall much about it. The chief hotel was on the corner of Cascade Avenue and Kiowa Street; the plot of land, where the Antlers now stands was the camping ground of the freighters from Leadville; their campfires glowed brightly at night, and their many horses and mules and enormous wagons were a great novelty to a tenderfoot from the East. They hauled mining supplies up the Ute Pass over a rather winding road with steep grades and brought back silver ores to be shipped over the railroad.

My young broncho had never been off the Plains before, and had little use for town life. On a trip to Glen Eyrie, he disliked the stream over there, particularly as he had only seen running water after a cloudburst, and he thought the rustic bridges were traps to catch a poor wild brone off his guard. It took a lot of quirling and spurring with many twists and turns to get him over them.

The summit of Pike’s Peak loomed up above us, and I had no idea of ever reaching it; there was no wagon road, and it was reached only by trails, and there was nothing up there except the U. S. Signal Station, which was afterwards given up, as of no practical value in predicting the weather.

But my life has been full of the unexpected. A young fellow I met told me that he was taking supplies up to the Signal Station by burro train, and invited me to keep him company; so I “parked” my bronc at a barn and went along. We started the next morning up Bear Creek Canyon on the old wagon road to Seven Lakes, where we spent the night at the log hotel. The next forenoon we reached the Signal Station, where we unloaded the supplies, and came home by way of Ruxton’s Canyon and Manitou. After four months of riding the range, the change to a burro train was a novelty, and the weather was good all the way, and the far view hasn’t changed much in sixty years.

On my return from the Springs, I resumed ranch life with the Tuckers.

It was now getting on in the fall and the nights were getting cold, and the Tucker family and I were comfortably ensconced in the sitting room one evening when there came a step in the dark and a knock on the door, and there stood a cowboy sent out from the railroad to warn us that the Cheyennes had broken away from the Indian Territory and were raiding through eastern Colorado; this was before the day of the telephone.

By some mischance, my horse was the only one on picket, so I started out to round up the horses and bring the work team in to carry the family into Hugo. It was a moonlight night with fleecy clouds floating around, but I couldn’t find the herd anywhere. Once I was sure I saw a camp fire, but on skirrishing around it proved to be a white steer resting in the moonlight. So John Tucker offered to take my horse and go over to Brown and Dodds, as he knew the road, and they were his friends.
Then I was in for the most anxious night of my life, as I was caring for a woman, her twin daughters, a little boy and baby. The clock struck 10, then there were 11 hours before it struck 11, and 12 hours before it struck 12, and then 1, 2, 3, 4. I began to think the Indians had got John, though they don't attack at night, but he had had the same trouble we did about finding the work horses.

We put the family in the wagon and started for Hugo. The morning was chilly and misty, and suddenly two horsemen loomed up in the dim light, Indians we thought; as we approached, they scampered away; two buck antelope.

The Brown and Dodd outfit decided to fight the Indians off, if they came; their cook had served in the regular army, and he would be damned if he would run away from any blankety-blank Indians, so they built a small fort for protection.

We stayed in Hugo for several days; meantime the Cheyennes raided through eastern Colorado and killed people we knew in Cheyenne Wells. This was the last Indian trouble in Colorado outside the mountains; the Meeker massacre came later. The regular army got busy and headed off the Cheyennes in Wyoming on the Union Pacific R. R. and herded them back to the Indian Territory.

I now returned to the Macmillan Ranche up the Arickaree until November, when I went to Denver, and took the train for the East, and thought I was saying good-bye to Colorado for good. But I was mistaken, for I was back again in 1887, and finally it became my permanent home in 1890, a choice which I have never regretted.

POSTSCRIPT.

On my return home to Vassar College, where my father was president, I decided to study medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and after finishing my course there, I spent a year in Vienna. In January, 1887, when I was practicing in Providence, R. I., I was asked to bring a son of the Goddard family to Colorado, as I had already been there. I expected to be gone six weeks and remained a year and a half. In November, 1890, being alone in the world, I decided to make Colorado Springs my permanent home.