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

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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,<sup>1</sup> leaving little doubt that the brothers Mallet were the first French to reach New Mexico by way of land:

Monseigneur.

Last March arrived here<sup>2</sup> 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

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

<sup>1</sup>Margry, *Découvertes et Etablissements 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.

<sup>2</sup>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<sup>3</sup> where it had even fifty men in garrison, and the company counted on them to make an important trading post of it.

It<sup>4</sup> 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 Arkansas, did not 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 forty 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 description in their diary, where the routes are not marked, if we had not found some one<sup>5</sup> 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 foundations of a trade, which can become extremely important. It is true that this trade will offer great difficulties because of the distance; nevertheless when it will be possible to go by water it will not be more difficult to send a convoy there every year when the waters are high, than it is to go to Illinois.

In regard to the remainder of the distance to be made afoot, the horses, which are numerous in this country, will make a transport of merchandise practicable.

Furthermore it will not be impossible to engage the Spaniards to come and fetch the goods at a Trading Post, because it seems from one of the letters herewith,<sup>6</sup> that the people from Santa Fé will trade at the mines of Chihagua [Chihuahua] at a distance of two hundred leagues 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<sup>7</sup> even say that they<sup>8</sup> 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:<sup>9</sup>

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

<sup>3</sup>Ft. Orléans. It was located near Carrollton, Missouri, northwest of the railroad station Miami. On the history and location of this fort see: M. de Villiers, *La Découverte du Missouri et l'Histoire du Fort d'Orléans* (Paris: Champion, 1925); and G. J. Garraghan, *Chapters in Frontier History* (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.), pp. 85-93.

<sup>4</sup>The Company of the Indies.

<sup>5</sup>Reference to Fabry de la Bruyère to whom the brothers Mallet served as guides in 1741. Unhappily they did not succeed in reaching Santa Fé this second time but got lost while attempting to reach New Mexico by way of the Arkansas River.

<sup>6</sup>Reference to the letter of Father de Rebald, vicar of New Mexico, and given to the brothers Mallet for a French priest in Louisiana.

<sup>7</sup>The members of the Mallet expedition.

<sup>8</sup>The Spaniards of Santa Fé.

<sup>9</sup>H. E. Bolton, "French Intrusions into New Mexico," in *The Pacific Ocean in History*, by H. M. Stephens and H. E. Bolton. (New York: Macmillan, 1917), 399.

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 Jumanos or Panipiquees to make peace with the Comanches, recently their enemies, with the purpose of being able to introduce themselves by the Rio de Napestle,<sup>10</sup> 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 Bourgmont's<sup>11</sup> itinerary. As we have shown some time ago,<sup>12</sup> de Bourgmont chose in 1724 a direct route from Fort Orleans on the Missouri 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 Fe fifteen years before the Mallet brothers and would have established a more direct route than the latter's one.

The 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,<sup>13</sup> when they learned of their mistake, or were still with the Pawnees on the Niobrara River.<sup>14</sup>

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.

<sup>10</sup>The Arkansas River.

<sup>11</sup>We spell de Bourgmont's name with a *d* instead of a *t* on the authority of Baron de Villiers. See his book, *La Découverte du Missouri*, p. 41.

<sup>12</sup>Henri Folmer, "De Bourgmont's Expedition to the Padoucas in 1724," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XIV, 121-28.

<sup>13</sup>See W. D. Strong, "An Introduction to Nebraska Archeology," in *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, Vol. 93, no. 10, pp. 12-13. See also A. P. Nasatir, "An Account of Spanish Louisiana, 1785," in *The Missouri Hist. Rev.*, Vol. XXIV, July, 1930, n. 4.

<sup>14</sup>W. D. Strong, *op. cit.*, pp. 12-13. Miss Anna Wendels, in her Master of Arts Thesis, "French Interests in and Activities on the Spanish Border of Louisiana, 1717-1753," Berkeley, 1914, accepts the view that the Mallet party traveled as far as the Arikaras before returning to the Pawnees.

It is not quite possible to retrace exactly the route of the Mallet expedition, but we chose what appeared to us to be the most probable one, according to the abridged account of the journey. The abstract from the journal follows:<sup>15</sup>

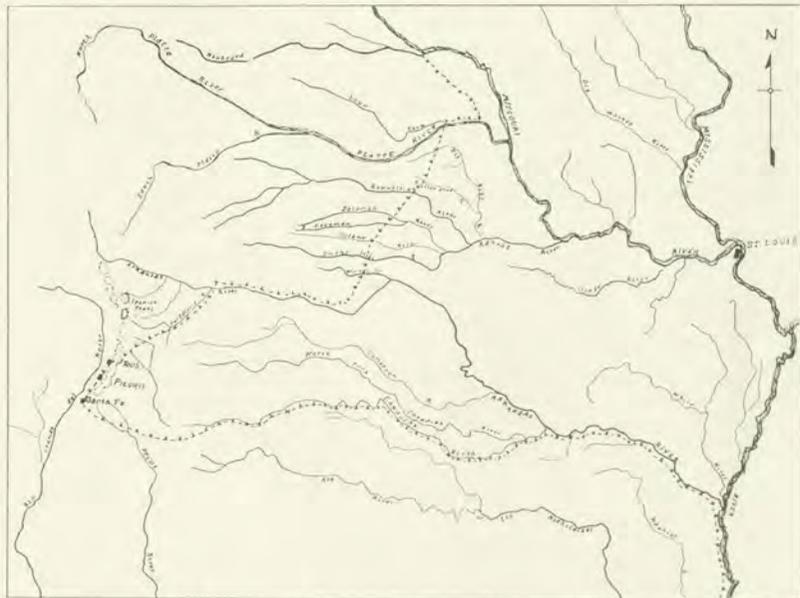
Voyage of the Mallet brothers with six other Frenchmen from the Panimahas River in Missouri to Santa Fé (1739-1740).

Abstract from the journal of this voyage, presented to Messr. de Bienville, Governor, and Salmon, Intendant of Louisiana.

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<sup>16</sup> is a hundred leagues.

By way of water on the Missouri River from there to the Kansas Indians,<sup>17</sup> eighty leagues.

From the Kansas Indians to the Octotatas,<sup>18</sup> a hundred leagues and from there to the place where the Panimahas<sup>19</sup> River flows into the Missouri, sixty leagues.



ROUTE OF THE MALLET EXPEDITION OF 1739

<sup>15</sup>Translated from Margry, *Découvertes*, etc., VI, 455 ff.

<sup>16</sup>See W. D. Strong, *op. cit.*, pp. 12-13. Also Villiers, *La Découverte du Missouri*, pp. 85 ff. The Missouri villages were at that time (1739) probably still at the same location, that is on the South bank of the Missouri River, where the latter carries the name of Tetsau Bend, between Frunty Island and Millers Island, opposite Fort Orleans.

<sup>17</sup>The Kansas Indians lived at the mouth of the Kansas, probably on the West bank of the Missouri and on the North bank of the Kansas River. See Strong, W. D., *op. cit.*, pp. 12-13.

<sup>18</sup>The Octotatas or Othos lived about that time in western Iowa on the Missouri River. See W. D. Strong, *op. cit.*, pp. 12-13, pp. 22-23. One hundred leagues or 250 miles North of the Kansas Indians would locate the Othos between the present sites of Omaha and Sioux City.

<sup>19</sup>The Panimaha River could be the name used by the French for the Niobrara River. The Panimaha village would then be situated in the neighborhood of the present site of Niobrara in Nebraska.

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 Ricaras Indians, who live at a distance of more than 150 leagues from the Panis. 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 second of June, they found a river which they called the Platte [Flat] River<sup>20</sup> and seeing that it did not deviate them 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<sup>21</sup> 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<sup>22</sup> 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 [White Hills] River.<sup>23</sup>

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 Fé.

The 18th, they passed the night on the bank of another river, which they crossed and they called it the Aimable [Friendly] River.<sup>24</sup> The 19th they found another river and crossed it, calling it the Rivière des Soucis [River of Worries].<sup>25</sup> The 20th they came to the Kansas River,<sup>26</sup> which shows approximately the route they took after leaving the Pawnee Indians. They crossed it and lost seven horses, loaded with merchandise. This river is deep and possesses a strong current. The 22nd they crossed still another river, which they called the Rivière à la Flèche [River of the Arrow].<sup>27</sup> The 23d they crossed still another river<sup>28</sup> and found again the barren prairies, where the only means to light a fire consisted of buffalo chips.

<sup>20</sup>Counting a distance of 5 days' travel or about a hundred miles from a point south of the Niobrara to a point on the Platte River, 70 miles east of the Loup fork, we seem to follow approximately the itinerary of the start of their journey. This route runs "almost parallel to the Missouri River." Admitting some mistakes in their mileage, we might assume that the party struck the Platte River between present Fremont and South Bend in Cass County.

<sup>21</sup>The Padouca or Loup River.

<sup>22</sup>If the Mallet party crossed the Loup River near its mouth, the neck of land formed by the juncture of the Loup and the Platte Rivers, and the Platte River on the 13th of June, the Costes River could be the name given to the Big Blue River. They could have spent the night of the 14th near present Osceola, a distance of about 25 miles from the mouth of the Loup River. They might have mistaken the direction in which the Big Blue runs. It is also possible that the party crossed the Platte River near present Grand Island on the 13th of June. This has been assumed by some students and would have given them an entirely different route from the one accepted by the present writer and followed here.

<sup>23</sup>Crossing the prairie for three days in southwestern direction, they could have reached the Republican River on the 17th, crossing it between the present sites of Superior and Red Cloud.

<sup>24</sup>This could be the name given to the White Rock Creek, crossing it near present Salem.

<sup>25</sup>Rivière des Soucis or North Fork of the Solomon River, crossing it near present Harlan.

<sup>26</sup>Name given to the South Fork of the Solomon River, crossing it near the present location of Stockton.

<sup>27</sup>Counting that they did lose much time while crossing the South Fork of the Solomon River at that season of the year, we might assume that Rivière de la Flèche was the name given to the Saine River, crossing it in Ellis or Trego County.

<sup>28</sup>This could be the Smoky Hill River, crossing it in Trego County.

The 24th, they discovered still another river<sup>20</sup> and from the 26th till the 30th included they found each day new rivers.<sup>21</sup> Finally, on the 30th they found on the bank of the last river<sup>21</sup> stones with Spanish inscriptions.

They had covered, according to their estimation, since they crossed overland from the Pani Indians 155 leagues, almost always going Westwards.<sup>22</sup>

They believe that this river<sup>23</sup> 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 came upon an Indian tribe, called Laitanes.<sup>24</sup> They offered a present to the tribe and received a few deer. They spent the night at a distance of a league 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 Indian, a slave with 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<sup>25</sup> 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 Spanish Mountains at a distance of more than 10 leagues and the 12th they passed the night on the first mountain.<sup>26</sup> 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],<sup>27</sup> but it is probably another branch of the Arkansas and at a distance of 21 leagues from there they reached the first Spanish post, a mission called Piquoris.<sup>28</sup>

The 15th, they found three Indians to whom they had given a letter for the commander of Taos, who sent them the next day very beautiful wheat bread. When they were at a distance of a league from the first post,<sup>29</sup> the commander and the priest came to

<sup>20</sup>Perhaps North Fork of Walnut Creek, crossing it somewhere above present Ness City.

<sup>21</sup>We must take into consideration that the rivers were swollen, because seven horses were drowned on the 20th in the South Fork of the Solomon River. Naturally each creek was called a river by the French. It is difficult to say which the six "rivers" were that the party crossed. The expedition reached the Arkansas River on the 30th, somewhere near present Garden City. It seems to us impossible at present to affirm with certainty which rivers or creeks the party passed between the 22nd and the 30th of June, and the above mentioned route is at best a conjecture.

<sup>22</sup>This was without doubt the Arkansas River.

<sup>23</sup>The distance is about correct, but naturally not the direction. The expedition had traveled in the direction Southwest and South, rather than West.

<sup>24</sup>The Arkansas, where they found the Spanish inscriptions.

<sup>25</sup>According to Margry, these Laitan Indians were called by Perrin du Lac, "Haitanes or Tetes Pelées" (bald headed). Dr. Hodge in "Handbook of American Indians" classifies the Laitanes as Ietan Indians, an indistinct name for several Western tribes, which "may mean Shosoni, Ute, or Comanche." In 5 days, without crossing rivers, they probably covered a distance of 100 miles. This would locate the Laitan village approximately near the present site of Lamar in Colorado.

<sup>26</sup>The French.

<sup>27</sup>The expedition must have touched the mountains near Raton Pass or Trinidad. Traveling from the 6th till the 12th at a good speed because of the Indian guide, they could have covered in six days the distance between Lamar and the mountains around Trinidad.

<sup>28</sup>This must have been a head branch of the Canadian River. The distance from Picuris is correct.

<sup>29</sup>Picuries in Spanish. See on this pueblo, C. W. Hackett, *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico* (Washington, D. C.: Carnegie Institute of Washington, 1937), III, pp. 374 and 403.

<sup>30</sup>The Mission of the Picuries. They must have reached the Picuries on the 19th or 20th of June in view of the distance.

meet them accompanied by a great number of people. They were very well received and according to their story, even with bells ringing. The 21st, they left the Picuries and reached at midday another mission called Sainte Croix (Santa Cruz).<sup>30</sup>

In the afternoon they passed another (mission) called La Cagnada and they passed the night in a town, called Sainte Marie,<sup>31</sup> where they were well received by the Spaniards.

The 22nd they arrived in Santa Fé after having covered a distance of 265 leagues from the Panimaha 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 waiting for the answer 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 answer of the Viceroy came, according to the report of these Canadians, they were asked to stay in New Mexico. They thought that the Spaniards 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.

Santa Fé, according to their 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. The garrison is composed of but eighty 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 convoy to Old Mexico. It seems, as one of the letters herewith included indicates, 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<sup>32</sup> 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 this tribe would be entirely ours if we had some post in the country.

The 1st of May, 1740, the discoverers, seven in number,

<sup>30</sup>On the passage of the French through this pueblo we found the following reference in the form of a letter by Fray Miquel de Manchero, dated May 10, 1744. (See: Hackett, *op. cit.*, III, pp. 400-1.)

"... and later they called it Cañada because in the year 1740 ten Frenchmen entered the kingdom by way of the mission of Taos. Because of having traveled on foot in thirty days, with an Indian as guide, from Cañada, a pueblo of New France to the kingdom of New Mexico, where they settled in this place, they called it Cañada. Eight of the said Frenchmen returned in the same way that they came, but two remained in the kingdom. One practiced his trade as a barber or surgeon, and the other, his companion, for his grace and merit in having instigated the Indians to a new uprising, was ordered by the Governor of the kingdom, Don Gaspar Domingo de Mendoza, to be hanged, which will serve as a warning."

This version about the change of the name of the mission sounds improbable because as we see later, the French mention a mission called La Cagnada, which they passed that very same afternoon.

The French account seems confused and it is probable that the two missions of Sainte Croix and La Cagnada were but one—the mission of Santa Cruz de La Cañada, north of Santa Fé.

<sup>31</sup>We do not know which town this Santa Maria could be. Santa Maria de Galisteo was situated twenty-two miles south of Santa Fé. On Galisteo see an article by L. B. Bloom in *New Mexico History Review*, X, 48 ff.

<sup>32</sup>See note 34.

Moreau 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 translation of this letter is given by C. W. Hackett:<sup>43</sup>

... 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 that court. 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 early part 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 hours, more or less, before he went to the torture, which was to have been 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 Senor Don José Carillo y Yeoma, and 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 suspended 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 Codallos 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.<sup>44</sup> The letter is translated by R. E. Twitchell in his collection of Spanish documents of New Mexico.<sup>45</sup> It is possible that Moreau or Morin changed his name to Juan de Alari, because these two names are used for the married Frenchman. Were there two Frenchmen married in Santa Fe at that time? Was the Luis Maria the same Moreau? It is not probable.<sup>46</sup>

<sup>43</sup>In his *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico, Nueva Vizcaya, and Approaches*, edited by C. W. Hackett, Washington, D. C., Carnegie Institute of Washington, 1937, III, 390-91.

<sup>44</sup>In the certificate given to the brothers Mallet by the commander of Santa Fé on their departure, Moreau is called Morin.

<sup>45</sup>R. E. Twitchell, *The Spanish Archives of New Mexico* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press, 1914), Vol. I, pp. 148-151.

<sup>46</sup>See A. F. Bandler in "Investigations in the Southwest, Final Report," part 1, p. 202, n., who speaks of Louis Maria as Louts Marie Colomb. See also the letter of Fray Menchero of May 10, 1744, mentioned here above, wherein one of the two, probably Juan de Alari, is called a "barber or surgeon" and "his companion for his grace and merit in having instigated the Indians to a new uprising, was ordered by the Governor of the Kingdom, Don Gaspar Domingo de Mendoza, to be hanged, which will serve as a warning."

The letter from Governor Codallos y Raball reads as follows:

... And since it is to be feared that if these Frenchmen insinuate themselves into this Kingdom, they may cause some uprising—as was attempted by a Frenchman named Luis Maria, who with eight of his own nation entered this Kingdom in the former year of 1742, coming by the same route of the Jicarilla to the Pueblo of Taos and for it was shot in the public square in this capital town of Santa Fé, in virtue of sentence by the superior government of this New Spain, and in said year seven of these nine Frenchmen returned to their country by a different route from that by which they came here. . . . One of them, named Juan de Alari, has remained in this said town, is married and has children, comporting himself honorably as a man of substance.

In the certificate issued by the commander of Santa Fe to the departing French in 1740 there is no mention made of Juan de Alari or Jean D'Alaire. The most probable version is perhaps that Moreau changed his name to Alari. Perhaps his Spanish wife's name was Alari. Luis Maria must then have come on his own, because the French documents speak only of eight Frenchmen. The Spanish mention nine Frenchmen, but the certificate mentions eight Frenchmen, Moreau included, and the French journal says very clearly, that seven left Santa Fe, "Moreau having married there." We admit, however, that the three names, Moreau or Morin, Juan de Alari and Luis Maria create some confusion, but it does not seem probable that all three belonged to the Mallet expedition.

We will follow, however, the remaining seven Frenchmen on their home voyage towards the Mississippi by way of the Canadian and Arkansas River. The French document continues as follows:

The second [of May, 1740], they reached a mission, called Pequos,<sup>47</sup> where they stayed two days. The fourth, they left from there and spent the night by a river of the same name.<sup>48</sup> They think that this river could be a branch of the Red River or the Arkansas River. They followed it the 5th and left it the 6th.<sup>49</sup> The 7th they met another river, running in the same direction as the first, and called it the river of the Jument [Mare].<sup>50</sup> They left 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 Fé.<sup>51</sup> They were then 35 or 40 leagues from this capital<sup>52</sup> and thought that one could ascend (this river) to this place where they could then return to perfect their discoveries.

<sup>47</sup>The ruins of the Pecos mission are situated on the Pecos River, 30 miles southeast of Santa Fé.

<sup>48</sup>The Pecos River, somewhere near San José or Riberra in San Miguel County.

<sup>49</sup>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 Gallinas River, calling the Gallinas River "la rivière du Jument."

<sup>50</sup>Rivière du Jument or river of the Mare.

<sup>51</sup>This third river must have been the Canadian River, reaching it not far upstream from the present place Canadian in San Miguel County. The party confused the Arkansas River with the Canadian River, but both ran in the same direction.

<sup>52</sup>This is about correct. "This capital" means naturally Santa Fé.

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 the route of the Pani Indians and from there to Illinois;<sup>53</sup> 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<sup>54</sup> 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 bagatelles. 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 fear overtook these 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 rested 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.<sup>55</sup>

This was done, though they had not more than two knives among these four. They had covered then 220 leagues by way of land since 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 covered the same distance. The 22d, they saw two beautiful river mouths, which could easily be the Pecos River and the Jument River,<sup>56</sup> which they crossed near Santa Fé. Finally, the 24th they were pleasantly surprised to find themselves on the Upper Arkansas. They had covered then 42 leagues by canoe. They found below the fork a cabin of Canadians,<sup>57</sup> 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<sup>58</sup> 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 Fé on May 1, 1740.<sup>59</sup> We translate this document here below:

<sup>53</sup>The separation into two groups must have taken place somewhere on the Canadian River in present Oldham County, Texas.

<sup>54</sup>See note 34.

<sup>55</sup>See map "The First Part of Capt. Pike's Chart" in the Coues 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 Sta. Fé in June 1740 left their horses here, and descended the Red River in bark Canoes." The place where they rested and built canoes was probably 45 leagues upstream, which would locate it near present Ada in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma.

<sup>56</sup>One of these rivers must have been the North Canadian.

<sup>57</sup>See Pike's map, n. 55. The French hunting camps are located above the "Post of Arkansas."

<sup>58</sup>On this fort see: Anna Lewis, *Along the Arkansas* (Dallas, Texas: The Southwest Press, 1932), pp. 14 ff and pp. 91 ff. Also see: B. F. French, *Hist. Mem. of Louisiana*, N. Y.: 1853, Vol. V, p. 34.

<sup>59</sup>Margry, *Découvertes*, VI, pp. 462 ff.

Copy of a certificate given in Santa Fé to seven Frenchmen by the general Jean Paez Hurtado, alcade major and captain of war in this capitol city of Santa Fé and its jurisdiction, lieutenant-governor and captain-general of this kingdom of New Mexico and its provinces.

I certify, as much as I am entitled to captain don Louis de Sant Denis, who commands the fort at the mouth of the Red River, and to all other governors and captains, judges and justices of the Very Christian King of France and to all officers, military or civilian, who might read this, that on the 24th of July of last year, 1739, there came to the city of Santa Fé eight Frenchmen, called Pierre and Paul Mallet, brothers, Phillippe Robitaille, Louis Morin,<sup>60</sup> Michel Beslot, Joseph Bellecourt and Manuel Gallien, creoles of Canada and New France, and Jean David of Europe, who were received in my presence by Mr. Dominique de Mendoza, Lieutenant-Colonel, Governor and Lieutenant-General of this Kingdom. Said Governor asking them from where they came and what their object was, whereupon said Paul<sup>61</sup> answered that they came from New France and that they had come with the plan to introduce a trade with the Spaniards of this kingdom because of the close union which exists between the two crowns of France and Spain; that after having examined them, said Governor sent their rifles to the guards and tried to find lodgings for them. Because there was no place in the palace, I took them to my house, where I lodged them all. A few days later I sent for their arms and ammunition and a few objects belonging to them, which they had saved while crossing a river, where they lost nine horses, laden with merchandise and their clothes. In spite of the fact that they were almost naked, according to their report, they were determined to discover this kingdom and establish communication between New Mexico and the colonies of New Orleans and Canada and notwithstanding all sorts of difficulties and dangers on the part of the wild tribes whom they met, they succeeded in visiting the Spaniards, by whom they were well received, being invited by them to eat in their houses and being lodged, while waiting nine months for the answer of the Archbishop, Viceroy of Mexico, don Jean Antoine Bizaron. During this time the Mallet brothers, who have stayed at my house and shared my table, have led a very regular and very christian life and having plans to return, I advised them, that in case they should obtain a royal cedula to trade with this kingdom, they bring on their return a certificate and a pass from the Governor, because otherwise they will expose themselves to the confiscation of their goods, which they should bring, and which will be considered contraband.

In behalf of which, etc. Made in Santa Fé, the 30th of April, 1740.

Signed: Jean Paez Hurtado.

Margry gives a copy of a letter,<sup>62</sup> written by a Spanish vicar in New Mexico to a French priest in Louisiana. We believe this letter is interesting enough to reproduce in full and so translate it as follows:

<sup>60</sup>This Louis Morin was probably the Moreau who stayed in Santa Fé, having married. There is no mention of the Luis Maria, or Louis Marie, whom the Spaniards accused of inciting the Indians of New Mexico to revolt.

<sup>61</sup>This seems to indicate that Paul Mallet was considered by the Spaniards as the leader of the party. Phillippe Robitaille and Michel Beslot or Breleau with the Mallet brothers, accompanied Fabry de la Bruyère on his unhappy expedition towards Santa Fé in 1741-42.

<sup>62</sup>Margry, *op. cit.*, Vol. VI, pp. 464 ff.

Project of trade relations between Louisiana and Santa Fé.

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

Upon this occasion, I write to you, Sir, concerning nine<sup>65</sup> Frenchmen who came from New-France, called Pierre and Paul brothers, La Rose,<sup>64</sup> Phillippe, Bellecourt, Petit Jean<sup>65</sup> Galliere et Moreau,<sup>65</sup> 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 office, 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 Piasters 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,<sup>67</sup> 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

<sup>65</sup>Father de Rebald says there were nine Frenchmen but he names only eight.

<sup>64</sup>The name La Rose is neither mentioned in the certificate given by the Spaniards to the French or in the extract from the journal, but was in the company of the Mallet brothers and Fabry de la Bruyère in 1742. (See Margry, *op. cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 481.)

<sup>65</sup>Petit Jean could have been the nickname for Jean David, mentioned in the certificate.

<sup>66</sup>See note 60 about Moreau or Morin.

<sup>67</sup>Le Page du Pratz, *Histoire de la Louisiane* (1758), Vol. II, p. 272.

them.<sup>68</sup> A number of these cases are still waiting for a careful investigation.

The attempt of Fabry de la Bruyere 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.<sup>69</sup>

<sup>68</sup>See: H. E. Bolton, *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*, University of California Publications in History, Vol. III, pp. 67 ff.

<sup>69</sup>See a letter by de Vandreuil to the minister, of May 8, 1751, *Archives Nationales Colonies*, C. 13, A. 35; 94-101, of which letter the Library of Congress possesses a copy, and the University of Denver has a photostatic copy.

## 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.

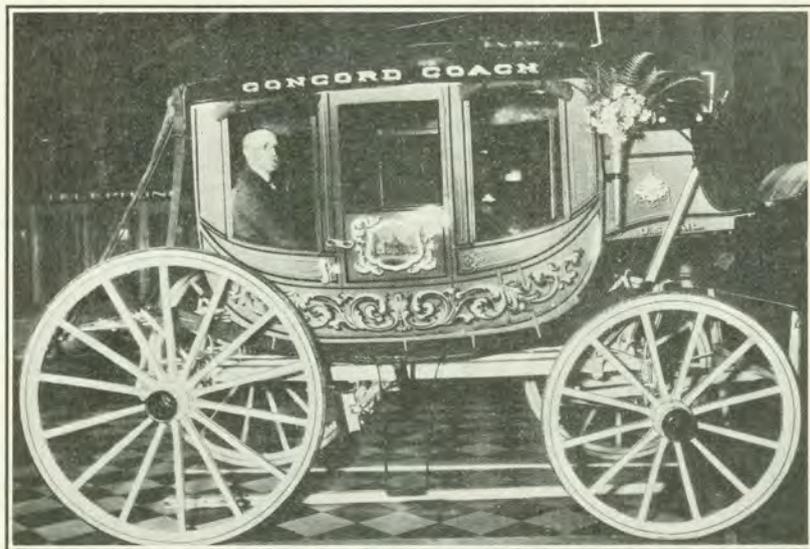
At this time Lewis Downing, Sr., retired after fifty-two years of wagon building. Mr. Downing died in 1873, aged 81, after living a life that was the exemplification of his precept:

\*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, to-day.—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.



EDWIN G. BURGUM IN CONCORD COACH

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.

In all branches of the trade the work was equally primitive, but as time went on they were fitted with the latest and best of machinery and were quite self sufficient in the matter of production.

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 Lucca, 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 wooly 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 Pecketts 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 Sweden, 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

To seat 12 inside.....	\$1,050.00
To seat 9 inside (Heavy) .....	975.00
To seat 9 inside (Medium).....	900.00
Two seats, 3 on a side or three seats, 2 on a side to seat 6 inside.....	775.00

Add

For deck seat on rear of coach.....	20.00
For packing body only.....	12.00
For packing coach complete.....	20.00

Deduct

If no brake.....	25.00
If no lamps.....	8.00
If no deck seat.....	20.00
If no ornamental paint.....	20.00

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

To seat 12 inside.....	\$1,050.00
To seat 9 inside.....	950.00

Add

For brake .....	25.00
For plush lining.....	25.00
For lamps .....	\$15.00 to 45.00

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.

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## 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 *haus-frau* 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

\*Miss Boyd, who came to Colorado in 1894, met Mrs. Murat at Palmer Lake, Colorado, and spent much time with her. They lived together in the same house for three winters.—Ed.

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.



KATRINA WOLF MURAT

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 geoses" 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 apiece. 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 to burn buildings and stacks and drive off the livestock.

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.

\*Mrs. Block is a member of the Territorial Daughters of Colorado and a daughter of Robert Hauck, Colorado pioneer and member of the Home Guards.—Ed.

The Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards were officered as follows:

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

Members of the Home Guard Company were as follows:

Bailey, John C.	Mayfield, Elijah
Belcher, Freeman	Mayfield, Thomas
Burchard, John	Matthews, George
Burbridge, Thomas	Mathison, David
Burbridge, Charles	McKissick, James
Burns, William	McKissick, William
Canaday, Ira	Mills, James
Canaday, Thomas	Mott, Frank
Clough, Hiram	Mohr, William
Coffin, George W.	Mulvihill, John
Coffin, Morse	Murie, David
Cornell, Albion	Norton, H. C.
Churches, John	Plumb, S. J.
Dailey, Dennis	Porter, C. P.
Elliott, John	Pratt, Barney
Ervin, David	Roberts, Edward
Fleming, A. J.	Roberts, H. N.
Gordon, Wm. H. H.	Scott, Holland
Grosclouse, Andrew, Sr.	Shobe, Rudolph
Grosclouse, Peter	Smith, Milo (Mike)
Hauck, Robert	Smith, Winton
Higgins, John	Stewart, Henry
Hiller, William	Taylor, James
Hodgson, David	Templeton, Andrew
Jones, Jr.	Thomas, Jay
Kelsey, Calvin	Titus, John A.
Lyons, Elisha	Wright, Henry
Lycan, William	Wisner, Jeducthan H.
Lycan, James	Williams, Steven B.

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 in on 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 haying time 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 Brush, his cousin Jared Conrey, and a Swede hired man were haying. 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.\*

\*In the year 1925, Mrs. Mary Duncan Perkins and the writer worked together to obtain the "Indian Fighters Pension" for a few of the survivors of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards, living at that time. We did not succeed, because the "Muster Roll" and other records of the company had been consumed by fire while in the possession of Mrs. John McKissick, wife of John McKissick, the Second Lieutenant, and successor of Elisha Duncan as Justice of the Peace of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valleys.

The above history of Fort Junction, and the list of officers and members of the Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards, were verified by Robert A. Duncan and Mrs. Mary Duncan Perkins, son and daughter of Elisha Duncan, Commissary Officer, and by George A. Hodgson, a son of David Hodgson, a member of the same company. The burning of the records of the company is confirmed by a letter from Miss Nettie McKissick of California, which is in possession of Mrs. Mary Duncan Perkins. The first records of the Federal Land Office were very carefully searched for verification by the writer.

## Ranching on the Colorado Plains Sixty-one Years Ago

From the Diary of S. L. CALDWELL

[Continued from the July number and concluded in this]

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 drove 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 went 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 size of 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 cottonwoods 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 gulch 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 atmosphere, 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 threatening.

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; a bald-headed eagle soared over the thicket, but I could get no shot. Spent the forenoon patching the seat of my breeches.

18th. A very quiet day, seemed like Sunday. Cool, with wind from the mountains. A. & H. talked over their army experiences, 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 Middlemist'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 rattlesnake 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 "erib" 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 Eccles' 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. Iliff's outfit camped by the ranche and spent the evening playing "poker" here. Had a house full of men all day; eight to dinner.

29th. Iliff's men left early in the morning. The main round-up stayed in camp in the tree gulch; a pretty sight, the cavayard 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. Culumbus 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; Piere, Washington, squaws, papooses, ponies, dog, etc.

June 1st. With MeV. 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, tomatoes, hot biscuits, butter, greens, iced milk, pie and cake.

3rd. Rode to Cedar Point with MeV. 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 ranche. 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 ranche; 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 Worcester 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 "cavayard" 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.

21st-24th. Lustow's man still here. Read "Our Mutual Friend."

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 "cavayard" 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 rash-

ness 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 splattered 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 ranche 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 quirting 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 brone 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 skirmishing 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 dammed 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 Rancho 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.