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## De Bourgmont's Expedition to the Padoucas in 1724, the First French Approach to Colorado<sup>1</sup>

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The first French expedition to approach the border of present Colorado was led by de Bourgmont in 1724. He visited and made peace with the Padoucas, a tribe that lived on the western plains and had for years traded with the Spaniards of New Mexico. These Indians have usually been referred to as Comanches, but their identity has not yet been definitely established.<sup>2</sup>

Previous to the de Bourgmont expedition, the French, having explored and claimed the Mississippi Valley in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, were expanding their domain westward. Reports on trade possibilities with the tribes of the Great Plains and of opportunities for commerce with the Spaniards of New Mexico were circulating in New France in the same year that New Orleans was founded (1718). The Spanish expedition of Villasur, in 1720, led from New Mexico to the region of present Kansas and Nebraska, was a warning to the French that the country west of Missouri would not long remain unoccupied.

The French made plans to push their sphere of influence far into the West, towards the Rocky Mountains and the New Mexico country. The first important move in this direction was to establish an alliance with the borderland Indians, the Padoucas, living in the disputed region of present western Kansas and eastern Colorado. The mission was undertaken by de Bourgmont.<sup>3</sup> This leader was a Frenchman who had served in Canada and Louisiana and lived for fifteen years in Missouri. When he received his commis-

\*Mr. Folmer, a native of Holland, lived in France for seven years. He came to America last year and is now a student of history at the University of Denver.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>A study of early French expansion into the Far West was suggested to me as a profitable field of research by Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen. While my study is far from finished, it may be of interest to present in translation a part of the journal of the de Bourgmont expedition. Dr. Hafen has given valuable assistance in the preparation of this paper.

<sup>2</sup>F. G. Hodge, in the *Handbook of American Indians*, classifies the Padoucas under the Comanches. See also, *An Introduction to Nebraska Archaeology*, by William D. Strong, in *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, Vol. 93, Number 10, p. 25. G. B. Grinnell, in his article, "Who Were the Padouca Indians?" in the *American Anthropologist*, July-September, 1920, p. 248, is convinced that the Padoucas were not Comanches, but probably Apaches. The Padoucas were a large nation that lived on the plains of western Kansas and perhaps of eastern Colorado in the early eighteenth century.

<sup>3</sup>Pierre Magry, *Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans L'Ouest et dans le Sud de L'Amérique Septentrionale*. (1614-1754), Paris, 1888. Maison Neuve et Ch. Leclerc. VI parte.



sion from the French king, Louis XV, on January 17, 1722, de Bourgmont was in France. His task was to establish a trading post on the Missouri and to make peace with the Padouca Indians, who were not only constantly at war with the Indians allied to the French, but whose hostility was a barrier against further French expansion towards the West.

For his former services in Canada and Louisiana, de Bourgmont, then called Mr. Bourgmont, had received the Cross of Saint Louis, but he was promised that should he succeed in his mission to the Padoucas, he would receive letters of nobility. Hence his name became "*de Bourgmont*." It also shows the interest the French government attached to this expedition. We found every indication that the French had the intention of opening an overland route from Illinois to New Mexico. For instance, de Bourgmont carried Spanish passports,<sup>4</sup> and in the speeches made by de Bourgmont to the Padoucas, and in their answers, frequent allusions are made to the establishment of a trade route from Illinois to the Spaniards, leading over the territory inhabited by the Padouca Indians. After the Mallet brothers returned from their successful journey to Santa Fe,<sup>5</sup> the governor of Louisiana, de Bienville, refers in a letter dated April 30, 1741,<sup>6</sup> to the previous attempt made by de Bourgmont to establish an overland route between New France and New Mexico.

As much as is possible two centuries later, we tried to retrace the steps of de Bourgmont's expedition from Fort Orleans on the Missouri to the Padoucas, by translating Magry's pages relating to de Bourgmont's journey across the wilderness and following it on the map.

Fort Orleans, the trading post which de Bourgmont established in 1723, was probably situated not far from the present Brunswick (Missouri) on the north bank of the Missouri River. On Sunday, June 25, 1724, a detachment of de Bourgmont's men left this post by water and, on July 3rd, de Bourgmont, accompanied by eight other Frenchmen and a hundred Missouri Indians and sixty-four Osage Indians, left by land. The two parties were to meet at the village of the Kansas Indians. On July 7th de Bourgmont's party camped at the Missouri River, opposite the Kansas village, and the next day it crossed the Missouri and was received by the Kansas Indians. From de Bourgmont's journal, we believe that this village was probably not far from the present Kansas City. Till the 24th, the French were delayed by the illness of the party traveling by water, and used the time in trading with the Kansas Indians, from whom de Bourgmont bought several Padoucas, kept in slavery by the Kansas Indians.

<sup>4</sup>Magry, *Découvertes*, 417.

<sup>5</sup>We shall give an account of the Mallet brothers another time.

<sup>6</sup>*Découvertes*, 466.

On Monday the 24th, de Bourgmont set forth for the Padoucas, accompanied by eighteen Frenchmen and a great number of Kansas and Missouri Indians. The Osages had abandoned de Bourgmont because of a fever which broke out while they were camping near the Kansas village. De Bourgmont caught this fever himself and, after a week's traveling, he had to give up his journey and return to Fort Orleans to await recovery. Yet, before returning on July 31st, he had sent one Frenchman, called Gaillard, to conduct two Padouca women and a Padouca boy, who had been slaves with the Kansas Indians and were bought by de Bourgmont, to their native village of the Padoucas. De Bourgmont was carried in a litter to the village of the Kansas Indians and from there transported in a pirogue back to Fort Orleans, where he arrived on August 5th. A month later, he received news of the Frenchman who had set out to return the Padouca slaves to their people and had reached their first village on August 25th. The news was favorable and de Bourgmont's gesture of freeing the Padouca slaves and having them conducted to their village had made a good impression on the Padoucas.

Even before being completely cured, de Bourgmont set out anew on September 20th, by water, for the village of the Kansas Indians. After having assembled several chiefs of the Kansas, Missouri, Othos and Ayoois Indians and some of their warriors, de Bourgmont traveled again westward on October 8th. Marching into present Kansas, the party crossed the Kansas River on the 11th of the same month, probably not far from the present site of Topeka, according to the distances mentioned in the journal of de Bourgmont. It was on October 18th that the Padouca camp was reached. Following de Bourgmont's journal on the map, we believe that he traveled as far west as present Ellsworth, Kansas.

We hope to be able some day to retrace the steps of de Bourgmont and his men more accurately, with the aid of his journal and the description of the scenery he gives and by traveling ourselves along his trail, if it would be possible to locate it exactly. From de Bourgmont's journal, we give here below a translation of the description of de Bourgmont's reception by the Padoucas. We translated as literally as possible, at the cost sometimes of the English language:

"October 18th.<sup>7</sup>

"We left at five o'clock in the morning; we marched till nine o'clock, when we found a little river, whose water was saltish. We found on the bank of this river a camp of the Padoucas; they left it about four days ago. We marched about half a league along this river, when we halted to dine. As soon as we had discharged our horses, we noticed the beginning of much smoke towards the West;

<sup>7</sup>Magry, *Découvertes*, 432 ff.



it was our two Frenchmen,<sup>8</sup> who came to meet us with eighty Padoucas and the Big Chief of their nation. Immediately we answered their signal; we put the prairie on fire. Half an hour later we saw the Padoucas with our two Frenchmen, who came towards us in full gallop on horseback, carrying their flag, which the French had brought them. Mr. de Bourgmont called the men to arms with our colors flying. First, at their arrival, we greeted them three times with our flag, and the Indians, who were with us, greeted them three times by throwing three times their robes above their heads. The Padoucas greeted us also and shook hands with everybody and afterwards Mr. de Bourgmont made them sit down and smoke the peace pipe, with great joy on both sides. Afterwards they put all us Frenchmen on their horses, one in front, one behind; they put also the Indians, who were with us, on horseback, taking us to their camp, which was at a distance of 3 leagues from the place we met them.<sup>9</sup> Mr. de Bourgmont ordered a halt at the distance of a pistol shot from their camp and had his tent put up and had the rifles stacked, with a sentry in front of the rifles, at the entrance of his tent. The Big Chief of the Padoucas began immediately, as we could see, to make arrangements in his camp and afterwards a large number of warriors came. They put a buffalo robe on the ground and put Mr. de Bourgmont with his son, accompanied by Mr. de Saint-Ange and Mr. Renaudiere on it. They carried them to the lodge<sup>10</sup> of the Big Chief of the Padoucas; there were fifteen to carry them. Afterwards they offered us a banquet with great rejoicing and as the night came, we retired to our camp. We did today 6 leagues; we marched steadily westward.

“October 19th.

“Mr. de Bourgmont has unpacked his merchandise at six o'clock in the morning and sorted out the different kinds, towit: one lot of rifles, one of sabres, one of pick-axes, one of axes, one lot of powder, one of bullets, one of red limbourg,<sup>11</sup> one of blue limbourg, one of mirrors, one of flamish knives, two more lots of knives of other make, one of shirts, one of scissors, one lot of combs, one of flint-stones, one of gun-worms, six lots of vermilion, one of awls, one of needles, another lot of kettles, one lot of large bells, one of small, one of large beads, one of small ones, one of brass wire, one of thick brass wire to make necklaces, another of rings, another of boxes of vermilion. After all this merchandise was displayed, Mr. de Bourgmont had all the Padouca chiefs called with the wisest

<sup>8</sup>De Bourgmont had sent these men in advance.

<sup>9</sup>We locate this meeting place and the camp of the Padoucas near the present site of Ellsworth, Kansas. See also an article called “Who Were the Padouca?” by George Bird Grinnell, in *American Anthropologist*, July-September, 1920, p. 248.

<sup>10</sup>We translate *cabane* as lodge. We cannot agree with Mr. Grinnell when he translates *cabanes* as “houses.” (See his article mentioned in footnote <sup>9</sup>). Though his arguments in favor of this translation are strong, they do not convince us.

<sup>11</sup>Limbourg blanket.

men of their village and their people, all of whom gathered in our camp. When they were assembled, a total of about two hundred, Mr. de Bourgmont stood in the midst of all these people, there where the merchandise was, with a large flag in his hand, and began to harangue the Padoucas, in the presence of the French who accompanied him and the Indians who were with him:

“‘My friends, I ask you to listen to the reasons for which I came to see you; it is to bring you the word of the King, my master, who is the Big Chief of all the nations, our allies, with whom we have acquaintance and who are the Missouries, the Osages, the Kanzes, the Othos, the Panimahas, whom you see with me and who are witness of this, so that hereafter you may live in alliance and at a good understanding with each other and that you visit each other and trade with each other, you will always be welcome, because when you come to the French, they will give you to eat and to smoke, as they give to the other nations, our allies. I tell you and warn you also, that I want and expect, without any refusal, that you will receive well all the nations I just mentioned, when they come to see you and that you will trade with them without either difficulty or dishonesty. I inform you also and I warn you, that when the French come to trade with you or want to travel to the Spaniards, not to give them any trouble or put any obstacle in their way. On the contrary, I desire that you let them pass and repass, come and go, and that you will serve them as guides in all what they need, against payment of your work.

“‘I promise you also that, if some of our allied nations make war on you, you have only to warn the French, they will defend you and they will redress your troubles.’

“‘At the same time, Mr. de Bourgmont presented the flag to the Big Chief of the Padoucas, and said to him:

“‘Here is this flag, which I give to you on behalf of the King, my master, who is the chief of all the nations, and I exorcise you and order you to keep it always as white as I gave it to you and when the French from now on come to see you, may they see it without spots. I want to say, my friends (speaking to the entire assembly), do not quarrel with any of our allies.’ After which, Mr. de Bourgmont said to them: ‘My friends, the merchandise which you see here exposed is for you all; you have only to take it; it is the King, our master, who gives it to you and who has expressly sent me to bring you his word and to give the flag to the Big Chief of the Padoucas.’

“‘The chief took the flag, which Mr. de Bourgmont gave him, and began to harangue in the following words:

“‘My Father, I accept the flag, which you give me on behalf of the King and on behalf of you; I assure you that I receive it with great pleasure. We have listened to your words; we all want



to obey you. For a long time we have desired to make peace with the French and henceforth we will go and see the French; we will bring horses there to trade with them and we will readily make peace with all the nations you just mentioned. We are very pleased about this Treaty and now, as they are witness, I am very pleased that they hear it and that they see it. Therefore, they can come to see us; we will go to them with the peace pipe and this will be very good. We will hunt, each one of us, in peace; it is already a long time that we have desired this, and therefore, my Father, we all promise you, in the name of our entire people, that we have heard your word, and that it is good.

“ ‘We are all happy, and we promise you not to make war on any nation you just mentioned; they have only to come to us, we will receive them as real brothers and allies; let them come whenever they want, they will be welcome. And you, my Father, we all promise that we will keep our word, and when the French will come to see us, we will receive them well and in case they want to go to the Spaniards to trade, we will guide them there. They are only at a distance of twelve marching days<sup>12</sup> from our village; every spring they come to see us, they bring us horses and bring us a few knives and a few awls and a few axes, but they are not like you, who gives us here a quantity of merchandise, such as we have never seen and we cannot return such presents.’

“ ‘Mr. de Bourgmont told them: ‘Take all the merchandise, the King presents it to you; for myself, I ask nothing of you.’ The Big Chief of the Padoucas harangued his people who were present, and told them: ‘Go, my children, see there merchandise which the Big French Chief gives to us all, let every one take from it.’ The Big Chief began to take his share and afterwards the other chiefs and the wisest, and after this the entire populace of the nation, who looked at the French and who asked permission to take some, but did not dare to; they were all stunned to see that merchandise was given for nothing. After they had taken away the merchandise which was given to them, the Big Chief began to harangue in the middle of his village. About an hour afterwards seven horses were brought to Mr. de Bourgmont as a present. The Big Chief of the Padoucas came to see Mr. de Bourgmont with twelve chiefs of his nation and several of his warriors; immediately he shook hands with Mr. de Bourgmont and began to embrace him. First, Mr. de Bourgmont made him sit down at his right, and the others in the proper order; immediately Mr. de Bourgmont made them all smoke from his big Peacepipe of great value. After they had all smoked, the Big Chief of the Padoucas rose and began to harangue in the following terms:

<sup>12</sup>This is about correct; 12 marching days at about 8 leagues a day is a little over 300 miles. From Taos to Ellsworth is about the same distance.

“ ‘My Father, I come to announce to you on behalf of our people that we are very happy to see you and the Frenchmen you have with you today in our village. Is it true that you are really men? The man and the woman you have bought from the hands of our enemies and whom you have sent back to us, had told many good things of you and had told me a long story about the French, but I would never have believed all that I saw today if you had not come yourself. Here, my Father, here is meat, which our women of our village bring to you and your warriors.’ Mr. de Bourgmont offered him the peace pipe, and about an hour afterwards the Padoucas returned to their lodges and we to our camp.

“ ‘October 20th.

“ ‘As soon as it was full daylight the Big Chief of the Padoucas, accompanied by ten or twelve war chiefs, came to see Mr. de Bourgmont. Mr. de Bourgmont made them sit down, then gave them the peace pipe. The chief of the Padoucas said to Mr. de Bourgmont: ‘My Father, I come to invite you and the most important Frenchmen to my lodge to banquet.’ Mr. de Bourgmont went to the tent of the Big Chief, accompanied by Mr. de Saint Ange and Mr. Renaudiere, where we ate meat which was prepared. There was buffalo meat cooked in a pan, and meat roasted in the sun, with cooked prunes, which were crushed with the stones and cooked in a pot; there were also other kinds of meats dried in the sun. After the banquet was finished, the Big Chief accompanied Mr. de Bourgmont to his camp, where he assembled more than two hundred Padouca warriors and a large number of women and children. The Big Chief stood in the midst of all these people and began his harangue in this way:

“ ‘You see here the French, whom the Big Spirit has sent to our village to make peace with us. This is done. He has given us his word and a large quantity of merchandise without asking us anything; therefore we believe him and we see very well that he does not want to deceive us. Go, you people, men and women, and get food for the French, our friends. There is the Big French Chief, who has established peace between us and our greatest enemies. Now we can hunt in peace and now we will go and visit those who made war on us and they will visit us; they will return to us our women and our children whom they took and who are slaves with them and we will give them horses. The Big French Chief has promised it to us and you saw him bring us two loads of merchandise, without asking us any payment; he brought us two<sup>13</sup> who fell ill. Therefore, my children (he said, talking to his people), we are now at peace. Go and take to your lodges all these men, our friends, whom the Big Chief<sup>14</sup> has taken with him and offer them

<sup>13</sup>Padoucas, slaves with the Kansas Indians.  
<sup>14</sup>De Bourgmont.



banquets.' They invited all the Indians whom Mr. de Bourgmont had taken with him, and of whom a part slept in their lodges. During our sojourn with them our soldiers also went with leave to banquet, a few at a time. They bestowed a thousand kindnesses on them and offered them their daughters.' Magry gives some more lengthy harangues of the Padouca chief and de Bourgmont, which we do not reproduce. A reference is found in one of the speeches to a party of Padouca warriors, which is leaving soon for New Mexico to buy horses from the Spaniards. There is thus every proof that the Padoucas were in close contact with the Spaniards.

On October 22nd, de Bourgmont left the Padoucas. The journal of the return voyage is very brief and without much interest. De Bourgmont reached Fort Orleans on the Missouri on the 5th of November by water, having thus accomplished his peace expedition to the western Indians. Had he not fallen ill on his first journey in July, he probably would have reached New Mexico without difficulty. Unhappily, the results of de Bourgmont's expedition did not live up to his high expectations. Two years later Fort Orleans became an abandoned post,<sup>15</sup> and it was some years before the work begun by de Bourgmont was carried to completion.

The Mallet brothers, fifteen years later, were the first Frenchmen, as far as we know, who succeeded in crossing the plains to New Mexico, but even they failed when they tried to repeat their journey in the autumn of 1741.<sup>16</sup> Expeditions by Pedro Vial and by Z. M. Pike were subsequently to be made before the overland route linking the Mississippi Valley with New Mexico was to become the Santa Fe Trail.

<sup>15</sup>Magry, *Découvertes*, 452.

<sup>16</sup>Magry, *Découvertes*, 472 ff. The Mallet brothers on their second journey served as guides to Andre Fabry de la Bruyere. Bruyere's journal of this second journey is full of interesting details and is more complete than the extract of the first and successful one. Magry found only the extract and published it also in Vol. VI of his *Découvertes*.



the Old Record Section of the Adjutant General's Office in Washington. It is now published for the first time so far as I know. The author of this report, Colonel Mansfield, was an unusually brilliant soldier, so I will tell of his career.

He was born in New Haven, Connecticut, December 22, 1803, and descended from one of the earliest settlers in that colony. The uncle, Col. Jared Mansfield, was the first Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy of the U. S. Military Academy and his cousin, George Dutton, graduated at the head of his class. Mansfield graduated second in his class on July 1, 1822, at the age of eighteen years, seven months and ten days. He was assigned to Topographical Engineers by virtue of his class standing and was put on duty preparing the defenses of New York, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida and Georgia. During our war with Mexico he served as Chief Engineer under General Zachary Taylor and he constructed and defended Fort Brown, Texas. He was brevetted Major for gallant and distinguished services in the defense of Fort Brown May 3 to 9, 1846; Lieutenant Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico, September 23, 1846, where he was painfully wounded in leading the assault on the Tannery Redoubt. He was brevetted Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 23, 1847, and it is claimed he planned the battle, and its success was partly due to his military acumen and prompt decisions at critical moments.

From 1848 to 1853 he served on the Board of Engineers, planning our coast defenses on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. On May 28, 1853, he was appointed Inspector General by the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who had learned of his suitability for this position by observing him during the War with Mexico. He inspected the Department of New Mexico in 1853; of California in 1854; of Texas in 1856; the Utah Army in 1857; the Departments of Oregon and California in 1858 and 1859 and the Department of Texas again in 1860 and 1861. During the last inspection he became aware that steps were being taken in Texas that would lead up to the war between the states, and appreciating the impending crisis, he hurried to Washington to communicate his observations to our War Department. Unfortunately, our Secretary of War, the arch traitor, James Buchanan Floyd, had just resigned under a cloud late in December, 1860, after first sending all the spare rifles and field artillery available to the southern states. His Adjutant General, Samuel Cooper, followed his footsteps and also resigned March 7, 1861, to step across the line and to occupy a similar position in the Confederate Army with the same rank. With such men at the head of the War Department, it is no wonder that his words of warning passed unheeded. Mansfield was appointed Brigadier

## Fort Massachusetts, First United States Military Post in Colorado

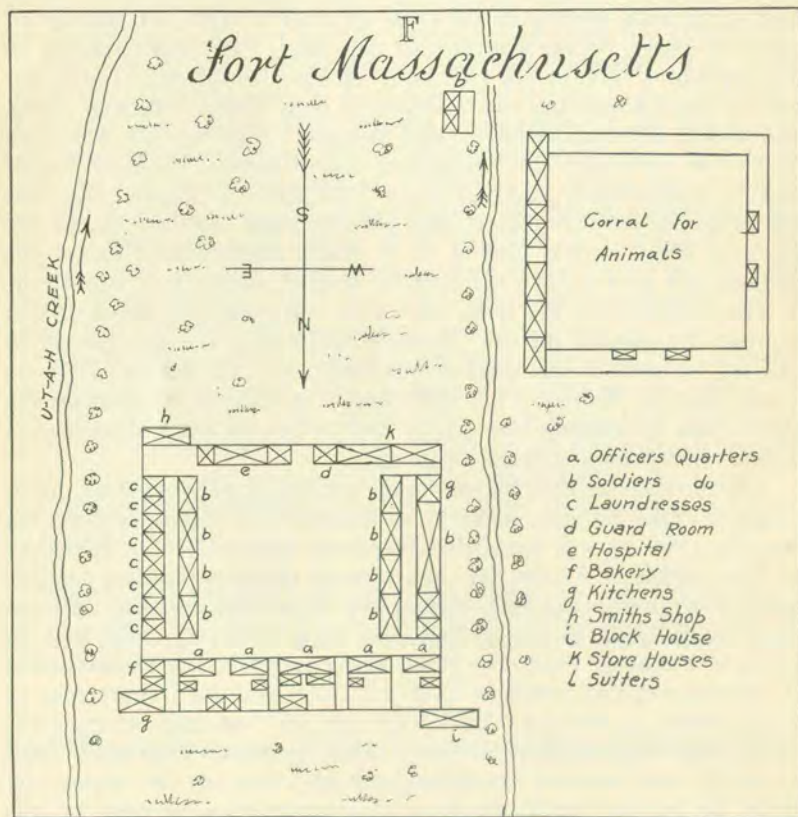
COL. M. L. CRIMMINS\*

Fort Massachusetts was located near the central part of the southern boundary of Colorado on the lowest branch of Sierra Blanca Mountains. It is in San Luis Park. It was established June 22, 1852, and its site was moved 6 miles farther south on June 24, 1858, and it was then called Fort Garland. This old army post was inspected in 1853 by Col. Joseph King Fenno Mansfield, Inspector General, U. S. Army, and I found his long-hand report in

\*Colonel Crimmins, of the United States Army, is located at Fort Bliss, Texas.—Ed.



General in the United States Army May 14, 1861. Ignorant politicians were demanding an "On to Richmond" movement while they were sitting in their homes. Mansfield's prudent advice was looked on with disfavor and part of his command was taken from him. He chafed under the unjust treatment and tried hard to be put on field service, like all true soldiers. When the Army of the Potomac returned from the Peninsula he was put in command of the Twelfth Army Corps, which he led into action at Antietam September 17,



COL. MANSFIELD'S SKETCH OF FORT MASSACHUSETTS

1862. He was on the extreme right in support of Hooker's Corps, which was visibly melting away. Mansfield's Corps were mostly raw troops and sustained a heavy fire from the defenders of Dunker Church. Seeing his men waver, he tried to inspire them with courage and pressed forward to where the battle was hottest. His towering figure and flowing white locks made him so conspicuous that the enemy concentrated their fire on him and he fell, pierced with

a minie ball, while his horse was pierced by three minie balls at the same time. Before he went to battle he wrote a friend about the disposition he wished made of his remains. He died the next morning and his last words were: "It is the Lord's will and it is all right." General Mansfield was a man who practiced kindness and was of a deep religious disposition. Through his munificence a school for girls was erected at Middletown, Connecticut. He lived a useful and a stainless life and he crowned it with an act of heroic devotion and died in the service of his country, satisfied that he had performed his duty.

The following is his report:

"Fort Massachusetts is situated in latitude 37° 30' north, in the valley of the San Louis 8000 feet above the sea and about 10 or 15 miles east of the canyon of the Rio Grande del Norte and directly north of the valley of Taos say 105 miles from Burgioni and 92 miles from the Don Fernandez de Taos. It is seated at the foot of the White Mountain which is perpetually snow-topped: and on Utah Creek at the mouth of a ravine out of which the creek flows a cool limpid stream. There is abundance of wood and in summer the grazing is good, but the warm season is short, and it is doubtful if corn will ripen here. The nearest settlement is 30 miles to the southward on the Coulubre [Culebre] River where there are about 25 families engaged in the planting of corn and wheat. The next settlements south are as follows on the Costille River 18 miles further, about 25 families, Colorado River 17 miles further about 50 families: at San Cristobal 13 miles further about 12 families: on the Rio Hondo 4 miles further about 80 families. At all of which corn, wheat, beans etc. grow. Thence 12 miles to Don Fernandez de Taos. The road throughout this whole distance is from 3 to 10 miles from the Rio Grande del Norte and the rivers crossed, run westward to that river. This road is good and passable for loaded wagons, with the exception of six steep and difficult hills between the rivers Colorado and Hondo which will require an appropriation by Congress of 6000 dollars. The design of this post was to keep the Utah Indians in check and it is calculated for Dragoons and Infantry. It was commenced in June 1852 and built under the direction and command of Major George A. H. Blake, U. S. 1st Dragoons, and the buildings are good and suitable as well as abundant. They are however placed too near the spur of the mountain for a good defense against an enterprising enemy. All supplies for this post come from the settlements at the south as far as Taos Valley, and Fort Union, which may be called 165 miles distant. In winter the snow falls here to the depth of four feet.

"My impressions are that this post would have been better located on the Calubre River, the most northern settlement in New Mexico, where access could be had to the Troops by the population



of the Valley, without the hazard of being cut off by the Indians. The home of the Utah Indians is here, and particularly in the west of the Rio Grande del Norte. A post therefore is necessary in this quarter, and this Valley may before long be a good route of communicating with the States in the summer season, and it probably is the best route of communicating between New Mexico and the Great Salt Lake and Northern California. For a plan of this post see F hereunto appended.<sup>1</sup>

The following is a biography of Major George Alexander Hamilton Blake, who built Fort Massachusetts. He was born in Pennsylvania and was appointed from that state a first lieutenant 2nd U. S. Dragoons June 11, 1836; Captain December 3, 1839; Major, 1st Dragoons July 25, 1850; Lieutenant Colonel May 13, 1861, and he was assigned to the 1st Cavalry August 3, 1861; Colonel February 15, 1862, and he retired December 15, 1870, and died October 27, 1884. He was brevetted major August 17, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the affair at San Augustine, Mexico, and Brigadier General March 13, 1865, for gallant and efficient service during the Gettysburg campaign. He was engaged against the Seminole Indians in actions at Fort Melton, Jupiter and other engagements in Florida in 1841. In the War with Mexico he took part in the battles of Cerro Gordo, defense of Puebla, battles of Contreras, Molina del Ray, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico. After the War with Mexico he served in Missouri, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington Territory until 1861, during which he fought hostile Apache and Navajo Indians with his squadron of the 1st Dragoons. During the Civil War he was engaged in the Seven Days' Fight, the Battle of Gaines Mill, Va., where he was wounded. He was then appointed Chief Commissary of Musters, Department of Virginia to April, 1863; Chief Commissary of Musters Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac to December, 1863. He was present at Aldie, Middletown, Upper-ville and the Battle of Gettysburg. He was on special duty in Washington in 1865 and 1866. He was in command of his regiment and post at Fort Vancouver when retired Dec. 15, 1870.

In the summer of 1853 Lieutenant E. F. Beale, while leading an expedition to California, visited Fort Massachusetts. The historian of the party was Gwinn Harris Heap, from whose book, *Central Route to the Pacific* (pp. 31-34), we quote the portion relating to this fort:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The Colonel Mansfield drawing is especially valuable. Heretofore we have not been certain of the ground plan or structure of the fort. Two sketches of the post were extant—one accompanying the Gunnison Railroad Survey report in 1853, and the other appearing in Dr. Peters' biography of Kit Carson. These differed so greatly that they brought only confusion. By comparing these with the Mansfield drawing, the Dr. Peters' sketch is shown to be substantially correct. Dr. Peters was surgeon at the fort in 1855 and took part in the campaign of that year against the Utes. See an account in the *Colorado Magazine*, IV, 49-58 (Peters' sketch is reproduced on page 53). The sketch in the Gunnison expedition report is a side view, dim and unrevealing.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup>This latter part of the article has been added by the Editor.

“After crossing Indian Creek, we halted a few minutes to make our toilets previous to our arrival at Fort Massachusetts; and, although our hunter had just ridden into camp with a haunch of fat venison behind his saddle, and our appetites, which were at all times excellent, had been sharpened by a long mountain ride without breakfast, we were too impatient to reach the fort to lose time in camping. We arrived there late in the afternoon, and received a warm and hospitable welcome from Major Blake, the officer in command, Lieutenants Jackson and Johnson, and Dr. Magruder. An incipient rain-storm made us feel sensible that we were still in the vicinity of the Sierra Mojada (or Wet Mountains), which well merit the name, for rain fell every day that we were in or near them; on the highest peaks in the form of snow, and lower down in hazy moisture, alternating with drenching showers. This humidity gives great fertility to this region, and the country bordering on the sides of these mountains, as well as the valleys within their recesses, are unequalled in loveliness and richness in vegetation. To the settler, they offer every inducement; and I have no doubt that in a few years this tract of country will vie with California or Australia in the number of immigrants it will invite to it. It is by far the most beautiful as well as the most fertile portion of New Mexico [a part of New Mexico from 1850 to 1861] and a remarkably level country unites it with the western frontier of the Atlantic States. As soon as this is thrown open to settlement, a continuous line of farms will be established, by which the agricultural and mineral wealth of this region will be developed. Communication will then be more rapid, and instead of the mail being, as it is now, thirty days in reaching Fort Massachusetts, it will be carried through in eight or ten.

“Messrs. Beale, Riggs, Rogers, and myself quartered at the Fort; the men encamped two miles below on Utah Creek, in a beautiful grove of cottonwoods. A tent was sent to them, and with fresh bread and meat they were soon rendered perfectly comfortable. There was excellent pasturage around their encampment, on which the mules soon forgot the hard marches they had made since leaving Westport. Day's travel, 25 miles; total distance from Westport to Fort Massachusetts, 693 miles.

“June 14. As it was found impossible to obtain here the men and animals that we required, and that it would be necessary to go to Taos, and perhaps to Santa Fe, for this purpose, Mr. Beale and Major Blake left for the former place on the morning after our arrival at the fort. Taos is about eighty, and Santa Fe about one hundred and forty miles to the southward.

“During our detention at Fort Massachusetts, I took frequent rides into the mountains on each side of it.



"This post is situated in a narrow gorge through which the Utah rushes until it joins the Trinchera, and is a quadrangular stockade of pine log pickets, inclosing comfortable quarters for one hundred and fifty men, cavalry and infantry. Lofty and precipitous mountains surround it on three sides; and although the situation may be suitable for a grazing farm on account of the pasturage, and the abundance of good timber may render this a convenient point for a military station, it is too far removed from the general track of Indians to be of much service in protecting the settlements in San Luis valley from their insults and ravages. The Utahs, who infest the Sahwatch mountains, enter San Luis valley by the Carnero and Coochatope Passes from the westward, and by those of Del Punche, Del Medino, and Del Mosque from the northward and northeastward, and a post established at the head of the valley of San Luis would be much more effective in keeping these marauders in check, as it would there be able to prevent, if necessary, their descending into the valley in large numbers, and completely cut off their retreat with their booty. The valley of the Sahwatch, so rich in pasturage, so well adapted to tillage, and so abundantly watered and timbered, appears to offer the best position for a fort, and it would be as accessible from Taos as the post on the Utah, although the distance would of course be greater.

"The cavalry at Fort Massachusetts numbered seventy-five men, of whom forty-five were mounted. Though their horses were excellently groomed and stabled, and kept in high condition on corn, at six dollars a bushel, they would soon break down on a march in pursuit of Indians mounted on horses fed on grass, and accustomed to gallop at half speed up or down the steepest hills. Corn-fed animals lose their strength when they are put on grass, and do not soon get accustomed to the change of diet. Of this fact the officers at the fort were perfectly sensible, and regretted that they were not better prepared for any sudden emergency.

"The weather during our stay at the fort was cool and bracing; wind generally from the southwest, with frequent showers of rain.

"Mr. Beale returned from the southern country late in the afternoon of this day, and brought with him a guide, and a Mexican *arriero* (muleteer); they were cousins, and both named Felipe Archilete. Jesus Garcia was discharged here, and Patrick Dolan, a soldier who had served out his time, hired in his place. Our party now numbered fourteen. . . .

"During Mr. Beale's absence, I replenished our provisions from the sutler's store, and had a small supply of biscuit baked; a bullock which I purchased from the quartermaster was cut up and jerked by the Delaware, and the mules were reshod, and a supply of spare shoes and nails obtained. They were completely rested, and in even better condition than when we started from Westport;

after a general overhauling of the camp equipage by the men, everything was put in order for resuming our journey, as soon as Mr. Beale should return."

Mr. Heap wrote a letter to Senator T. H. Benton from Fort Massachusetts on June 8, 1853. From it we quote two paragraphs:

"The fort is a well-built stockade of pine logs, ten feet in height, pointed at the end, and enclosing very comfortable quarters for one hundred and fifty men.

"There are no Mexicans settled here, the nearest being on the Culebre, about thirty miles below. The valley of San Luis is well watered by several fine streams, and affords very excellent pasturage. The *gama* grass grows in it luxuriantly, and wild oats and wheat attain a great height."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>The complete letter appears in the *St. Louis Evening News* of August 9, 1853. It was found and supplied by Elmer R. Burkey of Denver.



## *Out West*, a Pioneer Weekly and Monthly

LEVETTE JAY DAVIDSON\*

Each morning the *Colorado Springs Gazette* carries the following description at the head of its editorial column, "Founded March 23, 1872, by General William J. Palmer." But the "whole truth" in regard to the beginnings of this newspaper is less simple and more interesting than the above statement indicates. The pioneer journal of Colorado Springs, which first appeared on March 23, 1872, was named *Out West* and was "edited and published by J. E. Liller," although owned by General Palmer and his business associates. It is the purpose of this article to describe the *Out West* weekly, published in 1872, and also the monthly magazine of the same name, which followed in 1873.<sup>1</sup>

Each of the first three issues of the *Out West* weekly consisted of eight pages of cheap paper, folio size, of which the first two and the last two were covered with Colorado Springs and Denver advertisements set in four columns. The reading matter, three columns to the page, included several articles and editorials, one page of "News of the Week," and one page of "Gleanings" and "Useful Hints." The "Introductory" editorial, by J. E. Liller, who had arrived from England on December 31, 1871, first assured the reader that the journal would be devoted to the upbuilding of the community. It continued:

\*Dr. Davidson, Professor of Literature at the University of Denver, has contributed other interesting articles to previous issues of this magazine.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>The only known file of the weekly journal *Out West* is in the Coburn Library of Colorado College. This library also possesses the only known copies of the monthly *Out West*, with the exception of Vol. 1, No. 1, which is also in the Western Collection of the Denver Public Library. cf. McMurtrie and Allen, *Early Printing in Colorado*, 237-238.



Whilst, however, we propose that *Out West* shall thus be acceptable locally, we hope to conduct it in such a manner that it shall be valuable as a medium of information to those in other parts of this continent and in other parts of the world, who are in any way interested in the Rocky Mountain Section.

In our present number we publish the first of a Series of Letters From The Old Country By the Reverend Charles Kingsley, to be followed by similar Contributions every two or three weeks. The Letter which we now publish was written several weeks ago, in the expectation that *Out West* would make its appearance about the beginning of the year, but many circumstances have combined to cause delay. Next week we shall publish a second letter, which has just come to hand, on the subject of the Alabama Difficulty. Mr. Kingsley will write upon matters Social, Literary, Scientific, and Political, especially in their International Aspect, and we sincerely echo his wish that his valuable letters may increase peace and good will between the two great Nations to which they have special reference.

In the course of the year, we hope to be assisted by several other Writers of eminence and ability, whose contributions cannot fail to be of interest.

A Lady, of much experience both as a Traveller and a Writer, has promised a Series of Sketches of Mexico and the Mexicans in 1872 which will be of especial importance at the present time.

It thus appears that *Out West* was designed to serve as a journal of miscellaneous matter as well as a bearer of the news of the recently founded community of Colorado Springs.

The lady referred to was Rose Kingsley, daughter of the famous churchman and novelist, Charles Kingsley. She had come to Colorado Springs on November 1, 1871, in order to spend the winter with her brother Maurice, who was assistant treasurer of the Colorado Springs Company. In the published diary of her American experience, *South By West, Or Winter in the Rocky Mountains and Spring in Mexico* (London, 1874), Miss Kingsley tells many interesting things about this infant city in which she stayed until March 5. Then she departed for San Francisco and a trip with General and Mrs. Palmer through Mexico, before returning to England. Although her book was published anonymously—perhaps in deference to Victorian standards of feminine retirement—and although references are made to her friends by initials only, it is

easy to recognize the identity of the author and of "my brother M" and "Mr. P. and Mrs. P."

The promised letters from Charles Kingsley and from his daughter did appear, at intervals, in *Out West*. In addition to the contributions by Charles Kingsley in the first two numbers, another appeared in the twelfth, for June 20, 1872, entitled, "The Americans at Chester." After describing the enthusiasm of American tourists for the beauties of Chester Cathedral, Canon Kingsley eulogized England's past and America's future. In the issue of May 16, the editor devoted two and one-half columns to an article headed as follows: "Frederic Maurice, In Memoriam. Canon Kingsley has favored us with an early proof of an article from his pen, bearing the above title, and written for *Macmillan's Magazine* of the present month. Mr. Maurice's writings were so largely read, and his name so highly respected, in the United States, that the following extracts from the article cannot fail to be of greatest interest to many of our Eastern readers."

Rose Kingsley's first communication, "Mexico and the Mexicans in 1872, by Rosa Del Monte, No. 1, From Manzanillo to Colima," dated March, 1872, was printed in *Out West*, No. 11, June 13. This letter and also the second and third, which did not appear until November 14 and November 21, were reprinted in numbers one, two, and three of the monthly *Out West*, for July, August, and September, 1873. They were later incorporated in her book, *South by West*, as were two more letters which appeared in the later issues of the monthly. They, too, described Miss Kingsley's Mexican trip. Since they were spirited, vivid, and entertaining, they helped to give a literary flavor to Mr. Liller's weekly and monthly *Out West*.

But the Kingsleys were not the only contributors to the weekly journal during 1872. Number one also contained a three column article describing "Central Colorado" and a two column review of a London book by C. E. Spooner, entitled, "Narrow Gauge Railways." This book must have been of especial interest to the readers, for the town of Colorado Springs had been organized less than a year before by men who had been responsible for the building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which Miss Kingsley described as "the pioneer narrow gauge (three feet wide) railroad of the States, as well as the pioneer north and south road."<sup>2</sup> The extension of the narrow gauge tracks into other regions was then a live topic.

The second number, for April 6, 1872, includes an apology for omitting the previous week's paper, since the staff had been called upon "to issue a large Special Edition (for distribution over the states) for the officials of the Fountain Colony of Colorado." A

<sup>2</sup>*South by West*, 45.



communication "From Farms and Ranches, No. 1, Edgerton, Colorado," and signed "A. R. Bevan," concerns the suitability of Colorado as a locale for sheep raising. The writer tells of having spent the last seven years in New Zealand, and then recommends Colorado as the better country for the grazing of sheep.

Some of the headings for the many descriptive articles in later issues are "Amongst the Mountains,"<sup>3</sup> "Mining Matters,"<sup>4</sup> "Southward from Colorado,"<sup>5</sup> "The Denver and Rio Grand Railroad (From the Chicago Railroad Review)," "First Annual Report of the Fountain Colony,"<sup>6</sup> "Farming Matters," "Ordinances of the Town of Colorado Springs,"<sup>7</sup> and "Colorado Tonic Springs"<sup>8</sup>—a communication praising the virtues of the nearby mineral springs and signed "Galen."

The December 5 issue, Vol. I, No. 34, announces an important change in the policy of the journal, as follows:

To Our Readers. Since the establishment of *Out West*, we have endeavored to make it serve a two-fold purpose.

First: That of a Local Paper for the Town of Colorado Springs, in which it is published, and for the surrounding district.

Secondly, That of a Journal of general information concerning Colorado, and the Rocky Mountain Section generally, suitable especially for circulation amongst persons at a distance, desirous to be informed about the characteristics, resources, capabilities, progress, etc., of this section.

In order to serve this two-fold purpose, we have for some months past issued two editions of *Out West*—a Local Edition and a General Edition.

It seems to us that the time has now come when it will be well to dissociate the two objects. Colorado Springs and El Paso County generally have—even within the short space of time since the establishment of our paper—made such rapid progress that they ought to have a representative newspaper—distinctly and purely their own. We therefore propose to publish, from the beginning of 1873, a weekly journal especially devoted to their interests, to be entitled *The Colorado Springs Gazette, and El Paso County News*, which we shall seek to make a Local paper in the fullest sense of the word. . . .

<sup>3</sup>In No. 3, April 13, and many later numbers.

<sup>4</sup>In No. 4, April 20, and succeeding issues.

<sup>5</sup>In No. 5, April 27.

<sup>6</sup>In No. 18, August 1.

<sup>7</sup>Included in a "Local Supplement" for October 12, 1872.

<sup>8</sup>In No. 18, August 1.

As soon as we can complete the necessary arrangements (which we hope will be soon enough to enable us to issue a number during the month of January) we shall commence a new series of *Out West*, enlarged in size and to be published monthly. In this publication, we shall seek to present to our readers, whether at home or abroad, as faithful a picture as possible of the Territory of Colorado—its physical and climatic characteristics, its resources, its industries, its capabilities, its wants, its social life; indeed, all that belongs to it. . . .

Subscription—Gazette, \$3.00 per year; *Out West*, \$3.00; both, \$4.50.

This announcement was repeated in other December issues, including the last weekly *Out West*, number 36, for December 26, 1872. Volume one, number one, of the promised newspaper, the *Colorado Springs Gazette and El Paso County News*, appeared on January 4, 1873, as a four page, six column, regular size newspaper. Mr. Liller continued to edit the paper weekly until his death, March 28, 1875, which was commemorated in the issue for April 3. Under Mr. Liller's editorship it included a great deal of literary matter, some of it contributed poetry and sentimental fiction, some of it clipped from other newspapers and the magazines of the day. "A Trip to Salt Lake," by the editor, ran through the September and October numbers in 1873; this series resembled the descriptive articles in the weekly *Out West*.

The monthly magazine, *Out West*, new series, did not get started until July, 1873. The other numbers of this short-lived periodical are dated August, September, October, November, and—a double number—December, 1873, and January, 1874. Each issue was made up of twenty-four pages, large magazine size, with heavy paper cover—except the last, which contained thirty-two pages.<sup>9</sup> Since there were no advertisements and since the printing was well done, the magazine made a good appearance. It was described as "A Monthly Magazine of Original and Selected Articles, Bearing Principally on the Rocky Mountain Section, with a Summary of the News, \$3.00 per annum, 'Out West' Printing and Publishing Company, J. E. Liller, Editor."

Some idea of the scope of the magazine may be gained from the table of contents of number one. First came an article on "Stock Raising and the Land Laws," signed "Stockman"; then two and one-half pages on "Indian Legends," by William N. Byers. Rosa Del Monte's description, "Mexico and the Mexicans in 1872," was followed by a three page, unsigned discussion of "Colorado's Progress." A three page article entitled "Rounding-Up" is annotated

<sup>9</sup>The fourth issue is missing from the Colorado College file, but the total page number is given in the final issue as 152.



as "Correspondence of the *Daily Pueblo Chieftain*" and signed "Bach." In a somewhat humorous style "Bach" tells of the work of cattle outfits and of an outdoor church service held for the cowboys by a colored parson. A "Summary of the News" fills the last four pages.

Among the contributions to the second issue are the following: "The Indians of Colorado," a bitter recital of the damage done to the settlers by the Indians, signed "Fifty-Niner"; a humorous account of two prairie dog pets, "Jack and Jill," by "Soap-Weed"; a long, unsigned article on "Irrigation"; a character sketch of "Ouray," the famous Ute chief, by "H. A. W."; and a scholarly treatment of "The Summit Plateau and the Rocky Mountains," by General Palmer's distinguished associate, W. A. Bell, then a resident and a builder in Manitou. Dr. Bell had already published his book, *New Tracks in North America* (London, 1869, second edition, 1870), "a journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in the survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8." Another of his articles appeared in *Out West* for September, 1873.

Only a small part of the contents of the remaining issues of the monthly *Out West* can be mentioned here. Outstanding are an article on "Mines and Mining" by Rudolph Keek; "The Mexican Bull-Whacker," by "Juan"; "Old Inhabitants," a summary of Professor Cope's investigations into paleontology; "Irrigation at Salt Lake"; "Fragrant Flowers of Colorado," by E. L. Greene; "The Old Santa Fe Trail," by "N," descriptive of the way the railroad had supplanted but followed the old wagon trail; "Treaties with the Indians," by "H. A. W."; "The Coniferæ of the Rocky Mountains," by Thomas Meehan of Philadelphia; an unsigned, eight page history of the region of "San Juan"; and "Then and Now," the preface by Grace Greenwood to Eliza Greatorax's book of pencil and word sketches of Colorado Springs scenes, *Summer Etchings in Colorado* (N. Y., 1873).<sup>10</sup>

With the double issue, Vol. I, Nos. 6-7, for December, 1873-January, 1874, *Out West* seems to have ended its career. Whether its termination resulted from economic difficulties or from a feeling that such an organ was no longer needed for the promotion of the Colorado Springs settlement, is not known today. During its short existence it reached a high level of excellence for a territorial magazine.

Not much information is available concerning J. E. Liller, the man most directly concerned with these publications. Since he died at the age of thirty-four, only a little over three years after his

<sup>10</sup>These two women had spent the preceding summer together in the vicinity of Colorado Springs; Grace Greenwood corresponded for the *New York Times* and Eliza Greatorax was a popular artist of the day.

arrival in Colorado, he had but a short time in which to impress his personality upon the annals of his adopted country. He was born in Retford, Nottinghamshire, England; and had been a practical printer and an editor of papers before coming to America. His obituary notice further states that he not only edited the *Out West* and later the *Gazette*, but that he also corresponded with several Eastern papers. At the time of his death he was president of the El Paso County Building and Loan Association and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.<sup>11</sup>

In her book, Rose Kingsley included the following item for January 3, 1872, "Dr. B. asked me to drive the L.'s, who arrived from England three days ago, up to Manitou with Governor H.'s ponies."<sup>12</sup> Later in the book she described the more developed community of Colorado Springs in these words:

There are banks, admirable hotels . . . and a steam printing-office, where a first-rate weekly newspaper and monthly magazine, called *Out West*, bearing chiefly on the Rocky Mountain section, are published. These are conducted by an able English editor, whose enterprise and perseverance have succeeded in producing the most trustworthy, and at the same time most readable magazine, that ever appeared in a town barely two years old.<sup>13</sup>

In *The Book of Colorado Springs* there is a reproduction of a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Liller. Manly Dayton Ormes and Eleanor R. Ormes, the authors of this work, have the following to say about the Lillers:

Mr. J. E. Liller, an educated and polished literary man in England, was chosen by General Palmer to edit the paper of the new town, Colorado Springs. A building was put up for the purpose, at the northeast corner of Tejon and Huerfano, a two-story structure; on the first floor were the printing offices, back of which for awhile, Mr. and Mrs. Liller lived. . . . Mr. Liller not only wrote the paper, but set the type; Mrs. Liller assisted with local news. His end in '75 was most untimely from having taken by mistake a large dose of laudanum. Nine years later, the first separate grade school was named "Liller" for him. . . .

General Cameron, vice-president and general manager of Fountain Colony, said, April 6, '72: "The School is now being well conducted by Mrs. Liller, a highly educated and cultivated English lady."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>11</sup>See the memorial issue of the *Gazette*, April 3, 1875.

<sup>12</sup>*South By West*, 106.

<sup>13</sup>*Op. cit.*, 149.

<sup>14</sup>*The Book of Colorado Springs* (Colorado Springs, 1933), 119-120, and 135.



The career of the *Colorado Springs Gazette* after Mr. Liller's death is summarized as follows by McMurtrie and Allen:

. . . Henry McAllister succeeded him as editor, followed in the fall of the same year by Marcellin L. De Coursey, another member of the Colorado Springs Company. De Coursey resigned as editor on February 5, 1876, and was succeeded by H. A. Risley. The Gazette became a daily in 1878, and as a daily and weekly is still being published.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup>McMurtrie and Allen, *op. cit.*, 237. The Coburn Library of Colorado College possesses an almost complete file of the early volumes of the *Gazette*.



## An Adventure in Archaeology

MYRA WYETH LATHAM\*

Doubtless there are more favored fields for archaeological research within the boundaries of the Centennial State than that featured in this sketch, for Colorado is rich in that kind of interest, but this experience holds all the charm of an adventure and much of the savor of original research.

Indian hunting, as it is locally called, is a favorite pastime or hobby with many of the dwellers of the Arkansas Valley. This, in its simplest form, consists of locating a "blowout," or piece of ground where the light, sandy soil, loosened by cultivation, has blown away, leaving the hard clay sub-soil exposed, and there searching for arrow heads and other implements or ornaments of Indian handicraft. These are, for the most part, relics of the plains Indians and date, most likely, not more than a century back; but, occasionally, some lucky searcher chances upon an artifact of much remoter origin.

Circles of stones, said to indicate fireplaces, grinding stones and bits of broken pottery are plentiful in this region; while the canyons, with which the country abounds, have yielded treasures, long buried in hidden caves, of the Basket Maker Period, which antedates even that of the Cliff-dwellers.

Having had word of a place, some twenty miles from La Junta, said to be particularly rich in these mute reminders of vanished peoples, we set out with eager anticipation and a substantial lunch: my brother, two other men and myself, the lone woman of the party, and, for good measure, a companionable dog.

Leaving the towns and adjacent farm lands behind, we struck into a rough and arid region where Spanish Bayonet and a tall, spiny cactus of singularly sinister aspect flourished among the

rocks, and a sparse scattering of dwarf cedar were so many blackish blots upon the landscape. Never have I seen, at any season of the year, a sky of more translucent blue or flecked with fleecier wisps of clouds than that which canopied this bright mid-February landscape.

Let me touch, but briefly, upon our futile search for the place to which we had been directed; the false starts, the back trackings, the misinformation obtained at crossroads post offices; enough that we, eventually, found ourselves upon a narrow, rough and oft-times precarious road that bordered a broad, sandy river bed whose scant waters trickled over it in tiny streamlets. "The Purgatoire," said one of my companions. The natives, however, do not seem to relish the implication, for they prefer to call it the Picketwire. The country appeared wild and remote enough to suit our purpose. Canyon walls rose on either side, boulder strewn on the gentler slopes near the river but rising ever more precipitously till they met the rim rock that rose sheer to the brink.

Occasionally we glimpsed the long abandoned stone hut of some lone Mexican shepherd, seeming but a natural outcrop of that stony soil—dwarfed by the boulders about it.

Presently someone cried out that there was picture writing on some rocks by the roadside. An abrupt halt and eager piling out, and, sure enough, hieroglyphics; much weathered, to be sure, but many of them plainly discernable as human figures, quadrupeds of some sort, birds, turtles and dragon flies (presumably, since they could not well have been prophetic airplanes), as well as many other symbols less readily named. They were, properly speaking, petroglyphs, since they were cut into the rock, rather than painted upon it.

A little further examination of the rocks revealed a pleasant surprise. These gigantic boulders abounded in caves. The stones were composed, apparently, of substances of varying degrees of hardness, and the softer portions had weathered away, in the course of the ages, leaving cavities of every size, shape and description; some of them fantastic in the extreme.

Not at the outset were the more skeptical and hard-headed members of our party convinced that these caverns had ever served as human habitations. The walls appeared to be smoke-stained, certainly, but, it was contended, water darkened rocks like that; but partially buried stones, forming broken circles and showing unmistakable evidence of firing, were more convincing, and when my brother took a grinding stone from an obscure and lofty niche in the wall, there remained no doubting Thomas.

How many centuries had the crude implement lain hidden since a careful housewife had ground the family supply of meal and thriftily placed it there? A slight depression in a table-like

\*Mrs. Latham is now living in Fruitvale, Idaho.—Ed.



rock at the entrance to another cave held a stone implement differing from the usual mano, or grinding stone—cylindrical in shape, a little larger at one end than the other, and ground smooth all the way 'round.

A search, necessarily limited by the waning afternoon, failed to reveal anything more in the way of artifacts. All else that may have remained was buried beneath the dust and debris of ages. But the caves themselves were of the most fascinating variety. Some showed the action of mineral impregnated water which had fashioned dainty filigree decorations. The entire face of one wall was



A PART OF THE STONE WALL

covered with tiny sections like bric-a-brac shelves formed by lace-like partitions. None of the caves were very extensive, as they were formed in scattered boulders, though sometimes several of these grouped together contained adjacent chambers which may have belonged to one home, and they may, originally, have been extended by masonry, as I had noticed in one more recent instance where a shepherd had utilized a natural cave as a sheepfold and extended it with a stone wall.

In the walls of the caves proper were recesses of endless size, shape and variety, some mere cubbyholes, while others were large enough to store many bushels of grain. Some were shelf-like and may well have held the household supply of pottery. Still others suggested bunks. However used, these nooks must have been of great convenience to the mysterious stone age tenants.

During the homeward trip we stopped to explore, briefly, a likely looking canyon and discovered a stone wall which we believed

to be of prehistoric construction, but its ancient purpose was a riddle we could not solve. It had, obviously, once crossed the canyon. On one side it climbed from the canyon floor up the steep side to the rim rock, while on the other, perhaps forty or fifty feet extended from an outthrust point of rock at the top of the canyon. It was a stupendous piece of work and must have engaged the labor of a numerous people over a considerable period of time. Some five or six feet high in places, its original height could only be guessed at. Many of the stones were of such size that it seemed incredible that mere manpower could have placed them there.

A chance discovery of mine formed the basis of an interesting theory as to the possible purpose of the wall. The slender, bleached foreleg bone of an animal, deer or antelope, perhaps, or more likely, sheep, wedged so tightly between two stones that it was impossible to dislodge it. Its position suggested that the creature had sprung against the wall, perhaps in the frenzy of fear, and been trapped to become, quite possibly, the prey of some four-footed pursuer. "Game wall" leaped to my mind. Hadn't I read of them somewhere; barriers constructed by ancient men to halt the driven game that they might dispatch them with their primitive weapons? The canyon narrowed at this point, just above where it opened upon the river. Farther up, two or three smaller canyons joined it. The imagination can, readily, picture the close-spaced lines of half-clad savage men armed with clubs and spears, advancing down these several canyons, driving the fear-crazed, racing, leaping beasts before them; beating them back as they sought to break back through the line, forcing them ever closer to the fatal barrier and the savage slaughter.

Mayhap that was how it was, and then again, it may not be the solution at all; but at any rate, I have had the superlative fun of working out a theory of my own.



## Pioneer Life in Old Burlington, Forerunner of Longmont

ALONZO H. ALLEN\*

I was born February 8, 1860, at Columbus, Wisconsin, and came to Colorado in 1863. Needless to say, the trip across the plains in a "bull-train" was a long and a hazardous one, and many who started upon those trips did not finish them. Many people started upon the trip to "Golden Colorado" with inadequate trans-

\*Mr. Allen lives in Longmont today. He celebrated his Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1935. This story was obtained by James R. Harvey, field worker for the Historical Society.—Ed.



portation facilities, even for those days, and quite often there was not room in the wagons for all to ride at the same time, so that there were always some foot travelers taking their turn at walking. Some of these became very footsore and weary, sometimes to the extent that they would drop from the train. One of my brothers, Rodolphus, was one of these, and he did not arrive here until some time later, when he worked his way through on another train.

My first recollection was finding my father and an older half brother, William H. Dickens, living in a log cabin where they had located land on the South St. Vrain. They came here in 1859, and were engaged in grubbing out willows and hop vines, and in trying to cut wild hay with a scythe. At the time of our arrival the settle-



MR. AND MRS. ALONZO H. ALLEN  
(On the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary)  
—Courtesy of the Longmont Ledger.

ment in this locality was known as Burlington, located just south of the St. Vrain River, at the south edge of the present city of Longmont. The town of Burlington consisted mostly of one general store, operated by J. K. Manners. It was located on the west side of our present highway. The trail or stage road followed pretty much the course of our present highway, and came on north from Burlington through the prairie along what is now Longmont's main street.

In 1864 my father, A. N. Allen, contracted the mining fever, and did quite a bit of prospecting in the hills west of Burlington. He sank several prospect holes in the vicinity of what is now known as Allen's Park, the locality deriving its name from his activities there. At a point north of the present highway, a short distance this side of Allen's Park, can now be seen the remains of the stone fireplace which warmed the first cabin in which he lived while prospecting there. My half brother, William Dickens, stuck to the ranch and sold hay to the freighters and to the Overland Stage Company, which operated a line between Denver and Virginia Dale.

Before the removal of the town to higher ground in 1870, I recall that the following enterprises existed in Burlington: two general stores, one operated by J. K. Manners, and one by A. K. Baker. The latter was the father of Charlie Baker, who later became a Longmont merchant, and who last November observed his 90th birthday anniversary at his home, 730 Kimbark Street. Two blacksmith shops, one operated by Joe Hall, who later sold out to E. D. Crawford, and the other operated by E. B. Newman. One drug store, operated by Renzie Streeter and J. W. Turrell. This store occupied the ground floor of the Independent Hall building. The hall was used for dances, lodge meetings, and general gatherings. The building was moved to Longmont, and now stands at the southeast corner of the intersection of Third Avenue and Emery Street. A meat market was operated for a time by one "Frenchy" Van Zant, but due to the fact that wild meat was so plentiful there was not a great deal of need for a domesticated market. A saloon was operated by Ed Walker. There was also the Niwot road house, a building somewhat apart from the main settlement, located near Left Hand Creek, south of Burlington.

The first post office was in my father's cabin and the postmaster was known as "Old Man" Milner. I cannot recall his first name or initials. When the mail came in most of the people gathered at the office, and as the postmaster sorted the letters he would call out names thereon. If the recipient was in the crowd the letter would be thrown over the partition to him. My father's cabin was located on the west side of the road south of the St. Vrain River, and just west of the stone marker erected by the D. A. R. in 1928. The rest of the town was also upon the west side of the road, south of my father's house, with the school house almost as far south as Left Hand Creek.

In 1864 Bob Spotswood, superintendent of the Overland Stage Company, contracted with my mother to operate a "stagehouse" or hotel for the accommodation of passengers upon the stages, the drivers, barn men, and others connected with the company. Accordingly, a long, roomy board and "grout" building was erected on the east side of the road, just south of the bridge, and just south of opposite my father's cabin. It was built for service rather than beauty, but was comfortable enough. It was "home" to me during the years of my early childhood, and I have many happy memories of the days spent there.

One of my most cherished recollections is of the visit to our house or "home station" of General U. S. Grant, who, with his party, made a trip through the West in 1868. As I recall it, there were also in his party Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Colfax, and perhaps others. They traveled in two special coaches, and we knew in advance that they were coming. School was dismissed early that



day in order that we might all see the distinguished visitors, and I recall distinctly that on account of being a son of the hostess, General Grant honored me by some special notice. He picked me up and held me upon his lap while asking me quite a number of questions about how I liked it out in the wild West, etc. Maybe that is not exactly what he said, but it must have been something of the kind.

The old Burlington school in 1864-65 was a shanty 18x24 feet, boarded up and down, and battened; rough floor with wide cracks; a center aisle with rough benches on each side; no desks. The boys sat on one side, the girls on the other. A small table served for the teacher's desk; a dinner bell called us in. The school house stood upon a knoll one mile south of town. Our drinking water was packed from Left Hand in a tin pail. When the pail rusted out we were furnished with a cedar bucket and a long-handled cocoon shell dipper. Our first teacher, Mrs. Mary Kinney, and about 30 kids, waded through mud to get to school. The pupils, as I recall them, were: Doll, George, Mary and Charlie Allen; Elmer and Oscar Beckwith; Amy, Ella, Agnes and Arthur Greenley; Mary, Alice and Bill Taylor; Clara Peck; Albert Baker; Frank and Joe Manners; Mary and Chester Pennock; Robert, Ed, Guy, Margaret and Mary Duncan; Frank Goodwin; Amos and Allen Wright; Ella and Russell Slaughter; George and Arthur Coffman; Dexter, Bert and Ida Cloud; Frank Mack; Horace, George and Lucy Bliven.

In 1866-67 a larger building was put up by old man Cloud and son Dexter, located west of the stage road and near the corner where the road turned west to Rock Ledge or V Canyon. Our second teacher was Miss Mattie Manners. Many of the kids traveled to school in carts, spring wagons, and on horseback, coming from lower St. Vrain, Boulder Creek, above Pella and Left Hand Canyon. New arrivals included Charlie and Arthur Crawford, Will Andrews, Lottie and Elbert Coffman, Hub and Ida Black, Fred Belcher, Joel Parmalee, Nellie Loring, Will and Lettie Franklin. Our third teacher was Miss Jennie White. Then came H. E. Washburn, and later Miss Sampson. She was followed by Miss Merrill, later known as Mrs. Elmer Beckwith.

In 1869 a large bell was purchased for the school by the Burlington Ladies' Aid Society. It was brought to Cheyenne over the U. P. Railroad, and freighted to Burlington by ox teams. Elmer Beckwith and R. N. (Doll) Allen met the freight teams at the top of the hill—now the corner of Main and Third—and kept the bell ringing until it was unloaded at the school house. That night there was a big celebration and dance. The bell was hung up in the belfry, and in after years it was moved with the building to the top of the hill south of Left Hand, now known as Burlington School. When the Burlington District decided to build a new brick struc-

ture, the old landmark was moved to the farm of Mr. Rider, east of Longmont, on the Ninth Avenue road, where it is now used as a cow barn. I am told that some of the old blackboards are still in the building.

The land owned by Mr. Dickens and my father extended north and south from the north side of the St. Vrain to the south side of Left Hand Creek, and east one mile from the stage road, except for 160 acres owned by George Myers, and 160 acres owned by James Andrew. It was not long before they began to realize that bottom land was not just right for all kinds of grain, and they bought or traded for prairie lands—several quarter sections northwest of town, and 320 acres in Weld County. One 160-acre tract of unbroken prairie changed hands for just one work horse. This was the Reynolds' farm, now occupied by Mrs. Bob Haney, and considered one of the best farms in Boulder County. Many acres were broken up with two, and sometimes three, yokes of oxen on a prairie breaking plow. Bull-whackers were paid \$75.00 per month, board thrown in.

As meadows were improved, many tons of wild hay (some of it slough grass) were baled in home-made stamping presses and hauled by ox team to the mountain mining camps, and sometimes sold for \$140.00 per ton. Loose hay was hauled to the stage barns, to Boulder Creek, and to Church's Station on Rawhide Creek, 11 miles north of Denver; or north to Little Thompson swing station, which was some distance for bull teams to travel.

Dave Taylor started to build a log cabin not far west of Burlington, and had the logs up nearly ready for the roof, when three husky land-grabbers took a notion they wanted this particular piece of land, and proceeded to wreck everything. They had the last logs down to the foundation when Mr. Taylor happened to think those fellows had gone far enough. He stepped back of a cottonwood tree where he had left his old blunderbuss, and politely asked the men to get busy and lay up those logs, and to do a good job. Before night, the logs were in place and ready for the roof. Mr. Taylor had won out, and lived there for several years. Mr. Taylor raised a large patch of water melons and sold them in the mining camps for from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each, so it behooved a grower to watch them closely.

Much of the more innocent early day entertainment was in the form of dances, and no expense was spared to make these affairs as elaborate as possible. A Denver "orchestra" was often hired, consisting of a violin and an accordeon, and for their services the players were usually paid \$30.00 each, plus meals and transportation; the round trip fare to Denver by stage coach was around \$7.50. Before Independent Hall was built some of the dances were held at the stage house. At such times the partition would be removed



between the office and dining room in order to give enough space. When the hall was completed the dances were held there, and mother furnished the ball suppers—and such feeds as they were. Fresh oysters, coming in square quart cans, packed in damp sawdust; cold boiled ham; baker's bread and rolls direct from Denver; cakes, big and little, with always one pyramid cake on each table, tapering up from the size of a milk pan at the bottom to cup cake size at the top, frosted and sprinkled with small candies. Ball tickets, which included the price of the supper, cost \$4.00.

For regular meals to stage coach passengers mother was paid \$1.50. Maybe that sounds a little steep, but when you consider that flour cost \$25.00 per hundred pound sack, that eggs were \$2.00 a dozen, and butter often \$2.00 per pound, you can see that there was some expense to serving meals. The average meal would consist of a big bowl of good soup as a starter; the main course, served family style, having plenty of meat—usually beef, buffalo, antelope, or deer; vegetables, such as potatoes, squash, and beans cooked with plenty of salt pork; light bread; fruit, usually apples dried on strings; home-made pastries; coffee, or tea.

In 1865 mother had a two-story frame addition built upon the north end of the old house. On the ground floor were the office, dining room, living room, and two large double bedrooms, while upstairs were four bedrooms, large enough for two beds each. At that it was often necessary, in order to accommodate the guests, to spread blankets and buffalo robes on the floor of the dining room. At such times it was impossible to let them get to bed before the departure of the midnight coaches, and it was necessary to get them up before the tables could be set for breakfast. It is probably impossible for the present-day housewife to have much idea of the work required of my mother operating such an establishment without any of the more modern conveniences. At the time she was feeding the passengers, drivers, stock tenders and regular town boarders, she was using pitch pine wood for fuel in a large sheet iron range; dipping water from barrels that had been hauled from the river on sleds; doing her laundry out of doors, using wooden tubs and washboards; ironing with heavy cast flatirons; with no modern bathrooms, and with all outbuildings quite a distance from the house.

Yes, pioneer women had nice bonnets, but mostly they wore sun bonnets, calico dresses, gingham aprons, heavy leather shoes with flat heels, sometimes hoop skirts, bustles, hair rats, and rag garters. They had no time for finger waving, permanents, or hair dressing, paint or powder (except maybe some corn starch to cover sunburn and freckles), and painted finger nails were unknown.

Regarding the Indians around Burlington in the early days, most of the Indians were not very hostile, being content to beg from

the white settlers what they couldn't steal, and a state of mutual tolerance made it possible to get along with them without much trouble. I recall one time, though, when it was reported that a band of hostile Indians were coming. Everyone speeded (by ox team!) down to old Fort St. Vrain, but mother took time to remove her baking of bread from the oven before starting, saying it might come in handy before the Indians left the country. Next day all returned to find a band of Utes from Middle Park camped at a favorite spot on the flat one mile west of Burlington. On their way to the buffalo country each year they would sometimes come down Left Hand or V Canyon; at other times down St. Vrain or Little Thompson, missing Burlington by several miles. This band held a dog feast the next night, and the mothers of the kids who went out to watch the feast did not sleep until we returned. Mother gave one old squaw a large hat with a black feather. The old girl put it on and rode off like she was the chief. This particular band was much like almost every other band which went out to the plains after meat. The squaws and paposes were taken on the hunts, the squaws to do the skinning, cutting up and drying of the meat, pitching and taking down of tepees, rustling water and buffalo chips, tanning hides, and herding the ponies near the camp. The only time squaws rode the ponies was while on the trail and dragging the lodge poles loaded with camp equipment and paposes.

About November 29, 1864, Col. John M. Chivington led several hundred volunteers down to Sand Creek in Eastern Colorado, and wiped out the Indians which had been killing immigrants, burning trains, and running off or stealing their stock, mules, horses, and oxen. The campaign lasted 90 days, and among the volunteers from Burlington and St. Vrain valley were the following: William H. Dickens, A. J. Pennock, L. H. Dixon, George Beckwith, Dave Cronk, George Cronk, Alf Cushman, Wash Cushman, Chas. Gardner, Nute Gardner, Fee Belcher, L. Dewight, Dave Taylor, John Rice, Rufus Rice, Ben Milner, Jim Milner, Joe Milner, Boney Ward, Jim Mason, and Steve Mason.

Colts and Remington cap and ball revolvers and long barreled muzzle loading rifles were the chief firearms of the early settlers, and many of them were of almost uncanny accuracy. Then came into use the gun known as the Star, using paper shell and percussion cap. Then also came the Spencer rim fire copper shells, magazines in stock or breech of the gun, holding seven cartridges of about .50 calibre. There was also the Henry, holding 14 rim fire cartridges of .44 calibre; the Winchester, holding 16 .40 calibre rim fire cartridges; and the hard-kicking Springfield or Needle Gun, using 70 grains of powder and 500 grains of lead in a .50 calibre cartridge. One of these big Springfields was owned by



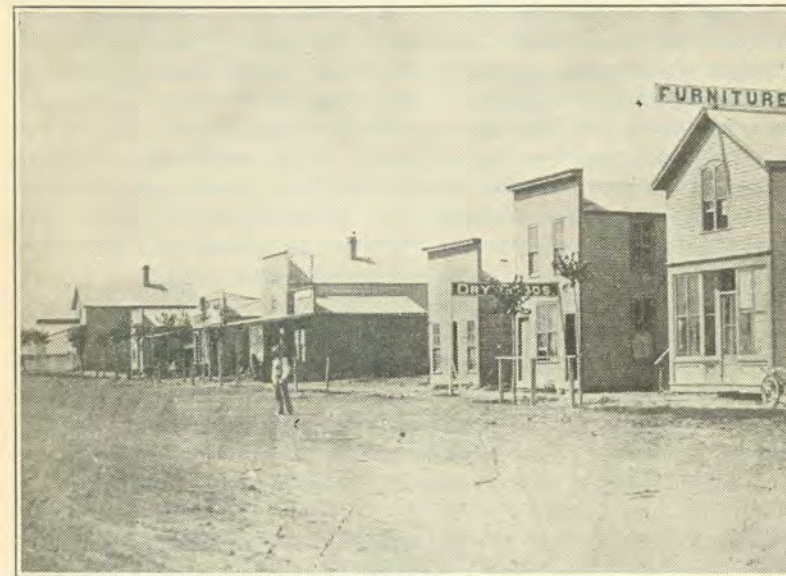
Judge J. H. Wells of Burlington. It later became the property of D. Allen, and was loaned to many hunters, so that it probably killed more buffalo than any other gun in the community at that time. When the buffalo were thinned out and when they became very wild, the old reliable .45 calibre Sharps center fire, using 105 grains of powder, was brought into use.

The Overland coaches were pulled by six horses, all matched in size and color—blacks, bays, grays, sorrels, and one of our coaches was pulled by a six of creams with white tails. They ranged in size from 1,250 pounds for the wheelers to 1,100 for swings and 1,000 for leaders. Every horse had his own genuine Concord harness and Concord collar, and every harness was cleaned with castile soap suds before it was hung up directly behind the horse to which it belonged. Bob Spotswood, making regular trips on the coaches or with team and buckboard, with the shoers and veterinarian, would travel from station to station and inspect every horse. The big Concord coaches would accommodate 22 passengers. There were four seats inside, each holding four passengers, eight passengers facing forward and eight backward. There was room for two passengers on the driver's seat, and for four above and back of the driver. There was a deep boot below the driver's feet which extended down to the running gears, and was used for mail bags, express packages and treasure box. At the back of the coach was a four foot platform where trunks were piled and covered with a large leather apron and buckled down with wide straps. I forgot to say that one of the seats next the driver was mostly reserved for the guard or messenger. The coach body hung in wide leather springs, connected to the sand board in front and back to the rear bolster, so there was little jolt but plenty of sway front and back, and rocking sideways.

All drivers were particular about who handled their lines or touched their silk-pointed whips. Upon one trip when Billy Updike was coming from Virginia Dale he had a nervous passenger up beside him who got in a hurry to reach the next station. The tenderfoot kept clucking or chirping to the horses, which paid no attention to him. Finally the passenger could not stand the slowness longer, and asked the driver to hand over his whip. This was more than Billy could stand, so he reached down into the tool box and brought up an extra king bolt and told the passenger to crawl down and get inside. A little farther on, Billy found a nice piece of rough road, and began to pour buckskin into the leaders. As soon as the passengers' heads began to hit the roof, Billy called down to keep their seats and he would get them through on time. The stage (sometimes called the "jerky") was seven inches, or gauge, narrower than the Overland Coach. It seated nine persons, and more

than four horses were never used except in the mountains or on muddy roads.

In the good old staging days, the main line ran from Atchison, Kansas, to Sacramento, California. Our side line came from the northwest, through Little Laramie, Wyoming, Virginia Dale, Colorado, through Laporte, Spring Canon, Mariano Modena on the Big Thompson; crossed the Little Thompson at Dick Blower's and the St. Vrain at old Pella, or on south into Burlington, then through Valmont to Golden City, and then to Denver. When Boulder Creek, Clear Creek, or South Platte were not too high the coaches



LONGMONT IN 1878

—Courtesy of the Longmont Ledger.

traveled by Buford's, Rock Creek, Rawhide, or Churches, and thence 11 miles south into Denver, and pulled up at the old Planter's Hotel at the foot of Fifteenth Street.

On our route there were 6-horse coaches. Burlington was sometimes called Half Way House—half way between Laporte and Denver. Ben Holliday bought out the line and later Wells-Fargo and Co. took over Holliday's holdings and restocked the line with even better horses, discarding small horses and all mules. Most of the old stage horses and mules were turned out to pasture near Virginia Dale, and I never heard of them being rounded up. While staging was booming there were many long strings of ox teams with big freight wagons with two or three trailers on the road. Also,



long strings of mule freighters—six, eight, or ten mules driven with one line, called a jerk line. Soldiers were traveling between Fort Russell and Denver.

Large herds of Longhorn cattle were trailed from Texas to northeastern Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. Small Texas cow ponies, used on the trail, could be bought for from \$15 to \$25 for the best ones. Needless to say, most all good cow ponies were scalded or had running sores from wether to hip, and they had to be turned out on the prairie for several months before they could be put to work in the roundups.

Regarding "bad men" around Burlington in the early days, none were as bad as painted. There was Warren Van Camp, who rode the ranges, and while it seems he did not actually steal stock, he would chase horses and cattle off of one range onto another one, and then take stock belonging to that range far away, and would finally show up with the missing stock and claim the reward offered by the owner for their return. Then there was "Dave" Cronk and his partner, who were batching in a shanty southeast of Burlington. Dave was washing their dishes, while his partner sat across the room cleaning a rifle. There was a shot, and Dave fell across the dishpan. Dave Cronk was buried on the ridge now known as Burlington cemetery, in about the first grave to be made there. Then came the story of the mysterious death of Henry Titus: In 1868 Mr. Titus was found dead on a sand bar in the St. Vrain River, near where Boulder Creek empties into it. A bullet hole in his head indicated he had been murdered, and a hired man by the name of Egbert was suspicioned; but no proof was found against him. It was thought that certain stockmen had been rustling cattle belonging to Mr. Titus, and when he got proof against them, instead of turning them over to the authorities, he had collected "hush" money. Paying hush money gets to be an old story, and the easiest way out might have been to kill the collector. If I remember right, Mr. Titus was buried on his ranch near his sand rock house, about three miles east of the Weld County line.

There was Bill Dubois, whose first appearance came as a stage coach robber near Virginia Dale. Mail pouches were cut open and rifled, and three men, Dubois, Theodore Smith and Ed Walker, were accused of the crime. They were lodged in the Boulder jail, and after being confined there for some time, were liberated, either because of lack of evidence or because of being proven innocent. At this treatment Dubois was very resentful and during his confinement he vowed that he would get revenge upon a written list of persons. It seems that one Ed Kinney headed the list; also upon the list were J. K. Manners, Justice of the Peace, John H. Wells, an attorney, and Wm. H. Dickens, Constable, all of whom had some part in the arrest and imprisonment of the suspects. Some time

later Dubois met Mr. Kinney and Wells just outside of Burlington and stopped them. Dubois took out his note book, glanced at it, and informed Kinney that he was at the head of the list. A shot rang out, the colt lunged backward, pulled Kinney out of the wagon and he fell upon his face in the grass. Dubois took another shot with deliberate aim to be sure of a complete job, and then galloped after Wells, who was lashing his team upon a dead run towards town. Overtaking Wells, Dubois made him stop while he again consulted his note book. After due consideration, Wells was told that he might drive on, as he was not next on the list, but that he would get him when his turn came. Needless to say, Wells lost no time in getting to Burlington to spread the alarm. After a gun fight, Dubois was killed and was taken back to Burlington, where he was picked up by his hair and his feet and carelessly thrown out upon the porch of the drug store. Here the body lay during the rest of the day and up into the evening, with his long black hair stringing and matted with blood from a terrible bullet hole in the head, making a very striking object lesson for all the boys who might have thought they had ambitions to become bad men. Bill Dubois was buried in the northwest corner of the Burlington cemetery. There is no marker at the grave.

One of the quaint and well known characters of early Burlington was known as old trapper Dowling. He had a cabin upon a knoll southwest of Burlington, now owned by John Iverson. Sometimes Dowling would shoe oxen, but his main job was to trap furbearing animals, mostly skunk—and when Dowling and his pack of hounds visited town, nearly everyone took a vacation.

Possibly it would be hard for many people to realize it now, but it seems that the St. Vrain used to be a river in fact as well as in name. As you gaze upon the small trickle of water which ordinarily makes its way down the course south of Longmont, you would scarcely believe that at one time a ferry boat was kept in readiness for use at such times as the raging St. Vrain should choose to inundate or wash out the bridges. This was, of course, in the days before man had made provision for utilizing just about all the water given to the stream by the mountain snows and rains. Before the numerous ditches and reservoirs were constructed to divert and take care of the flood waters as well as the normal flow, the annual spring melting of snow really taxed the capacity of the stream bed and all adjoining lowlands, and I have seen the St. Vrain so wide that its waters practically covered the low land just south of Longmont, which was the site of Burlington, and extended on south almost to Left Hand Creek. This was one circumstance which made it seem advisable to move to higher ground as soon as someone thought of building upon the present site of Longmont. At that time the river divided at a point a short distance west of the present



bridge; it was thus necessary to have two bridges, either one or both of which might be expected to wash out once or twice a year. These bridges were constructed largely of poles and heavy timber, and anchored by means of log cribs filled with stone.

The two forks of the river came together some distance east of the road, forming quite an island, which was the scene of much of the lumbering activity of the time. A high water finally filled up the south branch and covered the bridge, but I believe I could find some of the old bridge timbers today with a little digging. The lumbering (or logging) activity mentioned was conducted by Capt. Geo. W. Brown, and really came to be quite an industry. During the winter months large quantities of timber would be cut in the mountains, especially on the North Fork, and when the spring freshets made it possible, this would be floated down the river and caught in a boom on the south of the island. The timber would then be piled upon the island and worked up into ties and fence posts. A by-product of this industry was the burning of charcoal, for which purpose short lengths and odd pieces of timber were utilized, and converted into charcoal upon the island. This charcoal was sold mostly to blacksmiths, and it was about the only satisfactory fuel to be obtained until some blacksmith coal was shipped in from Trinidad, and sold here at \$20.00 per ton. There were a couple of sawmills in Left Hand and V Canyons, owned by Greer and Tiffin.

The first soft coal mine in this locality was a slope in the hill east of Erie, and was opened in 1871. Coal sold at the mine for \$3.00 per ton. I think Hank Briggs was manager, if not the owner. The coal was hauled to the surface in a mule-drawn car. When the car was unloaded it was given a kick and sent back down the slope, the mule following—sometimes, also with a kick. If you were lucky enough to be one of the first at the mine, you could get loaded and home before bed-time.

It might be well to tell something of how the early-day roads were surveyed, or laid out. There were no section lines, of course, and most roads were "staked out" with stakes placed several hundred yards apart, bearing little pieces of white rags at the top. At first most teamsters had their own ideas as to the best route to a given point, and for a time there were just about as many different trails as there were teamsters. Some cooperation was needed, however, on account of the fact that it was hard to cross gulches or streams with steep banks, so generally a common crossing place was decided upon, and the banks graded down to make "fording" as easy as possible. There was a ferry boat across Clear Creek, but only a "ford" across the South Platte at Denver until the bridge was built at the foot of F Street, afterward called Fifteenth street. The laying out of the "Gunbarrel" road will serve to show how important thoroughfares sometimes came into existence. While my

father and Mr. Lowe were prospecting in South Boulder canyon they cut a set of green house logs and moved them down to White Rock east of Valmont. But before they commenced building they took a trip north to the St. Vrain and decided upon a location near a large cottonwood tree that stood upon the south side of the stream, which became the location of Burlington. They reloaded the logs and pulled up on the divide where they could see the tree. Father, acting as bull-whacker, drove as straight toward the tree as possible. The heavily loaded wagon cut a deep rut, which was followed by other teamsters, so that a well defined road was the result. It was called "Gunbarrel" road on account of its straightness.

One of the important industries of most early-day communities was the grist mill. As father was a jack of all trades, especially a good carpenter, he was pressed into service in building the White Rock grist mill, the Left Hand sawmill, and the Pella grist mill. This latter mill, largey patronized by people of this community, was located upon the south side of the St. Vrain, one and one-half miles west of the Matt McCaslin farm, or southwest of Hygiene. The mill was owned by Joe Davis. The power was furnished by a big overshot water wheel. One of the stones, or burrs, and some of the ax-hewn timbers are still on the old mill site.

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## The Lost Locomotive

ALBERT B. SANFORD

Among the unsolved mysteries in Colorado's history is the disappearance of a standard gauge Kansas Pacific locomotive in the quicksands of Kiowa Creek, some thirty miles east of Denver, on the night of May 21, 1878. A sudden flood had destroyed the wooden bridge that crossed the usually dry channel a short time before a freight train was due, and owing to the bridge being the low point of a sag in the roadbed and the high speed of the train, the engine and most of the cars plunged into a swirling torrent of water before the engineer could have realized the situation.

Late on the afternoon of that day a storm gathered in the mountains west of Palmer Lake and moved rapidly to the east and along the crest of the divide. For over an hour one of the heaviest rains that the oldest settlers could remember continued along the head streams of Cherry, Box Elder, Kiowa and Bijou creeks.

Cherry Creek's drainage gathered a flood of near the proportions of that of 1864, and reached Denver about midnight. All bridges across the stream in the city were swept away within a few minutes after the first wave descended. Two lives were lost and great damage was done to property.



A section house was located on the Kansas Pacific at the Kiowa crossing. The roaring waters awakened the foreman, who rushed to the bridge in time to see it give way to the pressure of accumulated drift and disappear in the darkness.

According to his story, as he was hurrying for a red lantern to warn the night freight then past due, he saw the engine's headlight loom through the mist and a moment later disappear in the torrent with many cars following. The caboose and a few cars remained on the track, but the heavy engine, tender and main section of the train were swallowed up in the swirling waters and quicksand.

John Bacon, engineer, Frank Selden, his fireman, and John Piatt, a brakeman, went down with the engine. Bodies of Selden and Piatt were recovered next day about a mile and a half down stream, but that of the engineer was not found until four days later nearly ten miles below the scene of the wreck. Each of the bodies bore marks of wounds received in the crash, which made it appear almost certain that death was instantaneous. This was more clearly explained when investigation revealed that one of the cars nearest the engine was loaded with railroad iron.

C. W. Fisher was, at that time, Division Superintendent of the Kansas Pacific Railway. Upon his arrival at the scene of the wreck, he immediately began a temporary track around the gap and within a short time service was restored. Among other matters mentioned in his first report was, "Nearly all cars out of sight and engine completely buried."

A few days later and after burial of the victims of the wreck, search was begun for the missing engine. Long metallic rods were driven in the sands. In some places pits were started but soon abandoned because of the heavy underflow, and the location of the \$18,000 locomotive appeared hopeless, when it was estimated the bed rock formation was probably fifty feet below the channel of the Kiowa.

In these days of mineral exploration certain delicate instruments are employed to locate iron deposits. These instruments respond to the magnetic influences of the salts of iron and should be more susceptible to a large mass of metallic iron, such as a locomotive would contain. Perhaps such an experiment will some time be made at this long-forgotten point on the Kiowa and someone will locate the resting place of the old Kansas Pacific locomotive.