ed until they moved to Peoria.
d nurse. If someone was sick, jobbing, baking bread, doing the
r Saturday night baths. Aunt
ion. When the preaching got
ree rows of seats shouting and
minister would wait until Aunt
makes me happy to see her so
early as people could calculate,
with her second husband, Bill
gave in the Peoria Cemetery.
unt Jane, and many people
nunity tolerated him mainly
Bill went to live with an old
of a steep hill near Jmes. When
casket available, then dropped
with the body. When he finally
ured Bill in the wrong place.
erred, but the casket fell apart
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ot even given a funerai.
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the histories of these three
al cemetery grown up with
place of burial. I know that
serves as a repository of the

Peoria, Kansas

Reminiscences of Edward W. Wynkoop
1856-1858

Edited by
W. Charles Bennett, Jr.

INTRODUCTION

Edward Wanshear Wynkoop was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 19, 1836. In 1856 he moved to Kan­
sas where he was employed in the Pawnee Land Office, Lecompton, until 1858. He then he joined a group of
entrepreneurs, journeyed to the Rocky Mountains, and was one of the
founders of Denver, Colorado, where he remained until the
advent of the Civil War. He became a lieutenant in the First
Colorado Regiment of Infantry Volunteers, was soon promoted to
the position of senior captain of the regiment, and after
distinguishing himself at the battles of Apache Canyon and Glorieta
Pass, New Mexico, was promoted to major.

After duty in New Mexico, Wynkoop's command moved to Fort
Garland and then to Camp Weld, Colorado. In 1864 he was
assigned to the command of Fort Lyon, Colorado. There he came
into contact with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, became
convinced of the integrity and virtuosity of the Indian character,
and did all in his power to effect a peace between the United States
and the Indians. In September, 1864, he took principal chiefs of
both tribes to Denver to confer with military and Indian department
officials. He was relieved of the command of Fort Lyon on
November 2, 1864, and departed. Colonel John M. Chivington
attacked the Cheyennes and Arapahoes near Fort Lyon in a fight that
is often referred to as the "Sand Creek Massacre" soon after
Wynkoop departed the area. Wynkoop condemned the action, was
reassigned the command of Fort Lyon, and ordered to conduct an
investigation of the affair.

After the Sand Creek investigations Wynkoop was promoted to
brevet lieutenant colonel. He resigned his commission in 1866 after
serving as a special Indian agent, and was appointed agent for the
Upper Arkansas Agency, Kansas, by President Andrew Johnson.
Throughout his service as an Indian agent he was a consistent 
champion and defender of the Indians.

After the Battle of the Washita, November 27, 1868, Wynkoop 
charged the army with perpetrating a massacre similar to Sand 
Creek, and resigned his commission as Indian agent under protest.

Following his resignation, Wynkoop returned to Pennsylvania 
and engaged in a number of occupations. In 1870 he was a miner in 
the Black Hills, South Dakota. He was later appointed to positions 
in the Federal Government and the Territorial Government of New 
Mexico. Edward W. Wynkoop died September 11, 1891, in Santa 
Fe, New Mexico, at the age of fifty-five. He left a wife and five 
children, and was a respected citizen of New Mexico.

The following pages comprise the first part of Edward 
Wynkoop’s reminiscences, written in 1876 and entitled “On the 
Plains and In the Mountains - Reminiscences of Thirteen Years of an 
Eventful Life, Amid the Scenes of the Kansas Troubles, Among the 
Indians of the Plains, with the Hunters, Trappers and Gold Miners 
of the Rocky Mountains; and in the Service of the Rebellion, 
Comprising Campaigns in New Mexico, and during Indian 
Hostilities.” The manuscript was never finished, and today is housed 
in the State Historical Society of Colorado Manuscript Collection, 
Denver, Colorado, and the Museum of New Mexico History Division 
Manuscript Collection, Santa Fe, New Mexico. The two copies of 
the manuscript are slightly different in punctuation and 
capitalization, and this edited version is a composite of both, the 
closest to the proper form of today.

It is through the courtesy and generosity of the State Historical 
Society of Colorado and the Museum of New Mexico that a portion 
of Wynkoop’s reminiscences appear here.

W.C.B.

CHAPTER 1

Should this narrative ever be read by any other than my near 
personal friends and relatives, I have an apology to make for what 
must be inevitable in simply detailing the experiences of any one 
individual: viz.: the frequent occurrence of the personal pronoun 
“I.”

In the fall of 1856, not yet having arrived at manhood, I was a 
passenger on the steamer F. X. Aubrey,1 on the Missouri river bound 
for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. We found ourselves unable to reach
Ian agent he was a consistent...

November 27, 1868, Wynkoop returning to Pennsylvania. In 1876 he was a miner in the Territorial Government of New Mexico. He left a wife and five children of New Mexico.

The writer became an attaché [sic] of the U. S. Land Office then presided over by Gen. Wm. Brindle and had an opportunity of witnessing the frantic struggles of the Speculators in their endeavor to snatch up up the most valuable lands.

Governor Geary made his headquarters at Lecompton, then called the Capital, having with him as a body guard a detachment of U. S. Dragoons. I do not propose to give a history of the Kansas troubles or the administration of Gov. Geary, this being almost entirely a personal experiences narrative, suffice it to say that a short time after the Governor's arrival it seemed as though he was going to meet with entire success in quieting the turmoil, but subsequent events proved to the contrary.

He had been insulted when coming out of the Legislative Hall at Lecompton by an individual belonging to the Pro-Slavery party, who the day after was shot and killed during an altercation coming from the above cause by one of the Governor's Clerks, who succeeded in effecting his escape from the Territory. This renewed excitement, and the Governor supposing his life in danger left for Washington, but all this is a matter of history.

The Land Office to which I was attached was located at Lecompton which during the year 1857 was a lively place; a strange sight for anyone fresh from the East to step in and see our Chief, Gen. Brindle, standing at his desk with a Bowie Knife peeping from under one side of his coat tail and a Six shooter from the other, while all the attachés of the office were armed like Brigands. I recollect a young gentleman just arrived from Pennsylvania, who had been...
brought up in a pious family and was of Quaker descent, being horrified a few hours after his arrival to take a position in the Land Office at seeing me buckle on my weapons after Dinner before proceeding to the Office. "I should consider myself no better than a murderer," he exclaimed, "were I to go armed in that fashion; why do you do it?" I replied, "Never mind my boy, if you stay here long you will find out;" and truly in a few days I found my Quaker lad with a bigger pistol and a longer Bowie Knife strapped around him than any of us boasted. Poor fellow, he escaped the perils of Kansas to lay down his life afterward for his country at the Battle of Antietum.  

CHAPTER 2

During the year 1857 our Office was kept very busy with the hundreds of hardy settlers coming in to prove up their claims, and the trials of the many contested cases. Among the latter was the celebrated case between Gen. Jim Lane and Caius Jenkins, which subsequently caused the affray between those gentlemen and resulted in the death of Jenkins at the hands of Lane.  

In the course of time our office was removed temporarily to the little town of Paola, in south western Kansas, for the purpose of selling the lands of the Kaskaski, Peori, Piankisha, Wea and Miami Indians which were held in trust by the government. After being appraised these lands were sold to the bona-fide settlers at the appraised price, but the balance were knocked down to the highest bidder. These lands being situated close to the border of Missouri, the consequence was that here the contending factions, the Missourians and the free-state men of Kansas, were obliged to meet and intermingle. Many Missourians had come over and made settlement on these appraised lands, Paola for the time being became neutral ground as each settler was interested in procuring the certificate for his land. But many a private encounter took place, and at one time a general battle was imminent.

Honorable Robert J. Walker was then governor of Kansas, and thought it a good opportunity while these conflicting elements were harmonized for the time to make his appearance, and by kindly talking to them endeavor to throw oil upon the troubled waters.

A wagon was run up under one of the windows of the land office upon which the Governor stepped. The crowd assembled was composed of hundreds armed to the teeth, about equally divided between free-state and pro-slavery men. The Governor,
I was of Quaker descent, being

with the utmost kindness and considerable eloquence, addressed
them in a long speech which was listened to with respect. But just as
he retired through the window, a little individual belonging to the
free-state party and hailing from Ossawattamie named Foster
leaped upon the wagon and in an excited manner denounced
Governor Walker, the government of the United States, and things
generally, butting particularly at the Governor, and then retired
after creating considerable excitement. At this juncture Mr. Perrin,
a gentleman who accompanied the Governor, stepped through the
window and took his position upon the wagon. He said he did not
wish to make a speech, but the incidents that had just transpired
reminded him of a little story. There was at one time a farmer, he
continued, who owned a male goat. He was a little fellow, but very
pugnacious, and he strutted around the farmer’s barn-yard with the
utmost pomposity. The little fellow had butted everything that
came within his reach. He had butted the cows, he had butted the
dogs, he had butted the sheep, he had butted the farmer, and he had
butted the dairy-maid, and in each case came off victorious, and he
sighed for more worlds to conquer. He could find no opponent
worthy of his steel and he was melancholy, but after awhile an event
occurred in that country. A railroad was built and soon after a
locomotive was heard in the distance. Our Alexander the Great had
never seen a locomotive. He heared it far off. He listened. It
approached. He pricked up his ears; closer and closer it came. He
could see the smoke through the wood. Louder and louder roared
the monster, until with a shrill scream and roar it broke from the
woods into the clearing. Aha! thought the conquering hero, here is
the fellow I’ve been looking for, and with a bound over the fence he
took his position in the middle of the track, body braced and head
advanced. Along came thundering the monster, and when within
striking distance our little fellow gallantly charged it, when strange
to relate the monster continued on its course and our combative
friend found himself lying in a ditch as dead a hero as Julius Caesar.
The farmer from his house had witnessed the catastrophe and now
approached to where the defunct was lying. He gazed sadly at his
remains, shook his head, and in a mournful voice exclaimed “Aha!
my little fellow, I like your pluck but don’t your judgment.”

A diabolical yell from Mr. Foster’s friends. Pistols were flourished
and just as Mr. Perrin had his foot upon the window sill preparatory
to retiring, an excited individual with pistol in hand and on
horseback dashed his way through the crowd and shouted, “Is that
personal to Mr. Foster?” After a moment’s hesitation Mr. Perrin

37
replied, "Oh no, only personal to the ram," and made a flying leap through the window.

A scene of the wildest description immediately arose. Instinctively the two parties separated, Pro-Salver men drawn up on one side, Free-State men on the other, weapons in hand. The writer, not being interested in either side, looked on feeling somewhat like the old woman who saw her husband and the Bear fighting—but just at this moment with promptness, daring, and good judgement, Mr. Robt. Stevens, Commissioner of the Land Sales, leaped upon the wagon before a shot was fired, and shouted to the excited crowd to listen to him. Some attention was given, when in very few but emphatic words he said that having the authority as Commissioner to continue or adjourn these sales at will, he must certainly, if a blow was struck, would that moment close the office and stop the sales. Consequently those there anxious to procure titles for their land would be debarred for the present from the same, and might not procure them for a long time. It was a master stroke: every man there was a settler and had been waiting long and anxiously for his patent, and those who wished to sell not being able to do so without it. Hushed became the multitude; knives and pistols returned to their scabbards, and gradually the crowd dispersed.

CHAPTER 3

The Land Sales closed. We had an elephant on our hands; Gen. Brindle, the Receiver, had in his possession over Eight hundred thousand dollars in gold coin which it was necessary for him to transport to St. Louis and deposit in the Sub-Treasury. We were in the wilds of Kansas, three days travel from the nearest point on the Missouri River where we could take boat, and the whole intervening country overrun by marauding hands of both parties. The General had received numerous intimations to the effect that an attempt would be made to capture this treasure before it could reach a point of safety. Kansas City was the nearest steamboat landing, and it was generally supposed we would proceed directly thither, which supposition we did not contradict, and when ready for departure started one day about 3 P.M. out on the Kansas City road. Our outfit consisted of four wagons loaded with the gold, with half breed Indian drivers, the attaches of the Office and a guard, the whole numbering nineteen well armed men. We pursued this road until after dark, and then struck off at right angles on the open prairie,
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Office and a guard, the whole

We pursued this road until

angles on the open prairie,

taking a westerly course as near as we could judge for two hours,

then halted, unhitched the teams, stationed our sentinels, and

remained until 12 o'clock at which time we were aware the moon

would rise. When sufficiently light to see our course we continued

on, making Lecompton the objective point. While we were waiting

for the moon to rise an alarm was given by one of the guard to the

effect that there were a body of horsemen not far from us, that from

his post he could distinctly hear their voices. I remained in their

vicinity until they departed in an opposite direction to our camp, my

own opinion at the time was that they were some travelers who had

lost their way, but it afterwards turned out that they had been a

large party organized for the purpose of attacking us that night, and

had only been foiled by the strategy we employed by leaving the

road and traveling in a entirely different direction. In all

probability, the party whom I reconnoitered were scouts sent out

after it had been discovered we had left the road.

The General was succeeded by Gen. J. W. Denver;

in fact Governors came and went so rapidly that it became quit

bewildering, and apropos of the same, there was a darkey barber in

Lecompton named Sam, a slave owned by Judge Elmore13, one of

the Judges of the U.S. Court, who had been allowed by his master to

follow his profession. One day one of these transient governors

came into Sam’s shop for a shave, which he received in the most

approved style, and while arranging his toilet after the operation, he

remarked to Sam that he desired to open an account with him and

he might charge that shave. “Oh no, ‘scuse me Sar,” said Sam, “I

can’t to dat Sar.” “Why what do you mean?” angrily exclaimed the

Governor, “do you not know me?” Oh yes Governor. I knows you and

dat’s just de reason I can’t keep no ‘counts. You see Sar, you Gubnors

are in de habit of staying such a short time, and sometimes lebe in

such a bery great hurry, dat the thing is mighty usartain.”

Governor Denver was a gentleman of much ability backed by

an indomitable will, and under his administration affairs

commenced to assume a much better aspect. He finally succeeded in

CHAPTER 4

Gov. Robert J. Walker was succeeded by Gen. J. W. Denver;
restoring Law and Order, for which I do not think he has ever received the amount of credit he deserved.

But it is time for us to leave Kansas and journey westward. It was the original intention of the writer to skip rapidly over Kansas in this narrative, the dismal history of that Territory being known to almost every school boy, but a few personal reminiscences came trooping along, while writing, and he could not forbear to jot them down.

During the spring and summer of 1858 a rumor spread through Kansas to the effect that Gold had been discovered on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The story ran in this wise: that several Georgia gold miners on their way to California had halted at the mouth of Cherry creek, where Denver City now stands. In consequence of discovering indications of gold and that after prospecting and becoming convinced of the fact of its existence they gave up their original intention of proceeding to California and returned to Georgia for the purpose of organizing a party sufficiently large to afford protection against the Indians, also to procure provisions, tools, etc. The country referred to was only known at that time as the Pike's Peak region, so called from its vicinity to that peak of the Rocky Mountains. Governor Denver, then Governor of Kansas, took much interest in this matter, for although the new El Dorado was seven hundred miles distant with the desolate plains intervening, that whole country at the period mentioned was included within the boundaries of the Territory of Kansas. The Governor had in his office a large map, and he showed me where he had marked out a new territory, christening it Shoshonee; which territory took in a portion of Kansas, Nebraska and New Mexico, and to the best of my recollection, the boundaries which he had drawn were very nearly what now included the Territory of Colorado. The new gold country, in fact the whole plains of seven hundred miles in extent, was laid down on the map as Arapahoe County, Kansas.

At length an attempt was made to organize a party to proceed to Pike's Peak and make explorations. The effort proved successful; seventeen men were enrolled among which was the writer, and Governor Denver appointed County Officers from among the members of our expedition, with the object upon our arrival at the Rocky Mountains of organizing the County of Arapahoe, the only inhabitants of which were buffalo and Indians. The writer had the honor of receiving the commission of Sheriff. My duties I suppose were to keep the buffalo and Indians in order, a nice crowd to
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whole country, in fact the whole

that, was laid down on the map as

summon a jury from. Indeed, we were quite a party of officials; we

had a Probate Judge, County Commissioners and Sheriff. 17

Our party rendezvoused at Topeka, seventeen in all. We were

provisioned for one year and had concluded to take the Arkansas

eriver route for the reason that it was the beginning of fall, and that

being the most southern, was considered the most practicable route.

With many kind farewells, good wishes, and hearty cheers, we

drew out one bright afternoon 18 on the great Santa Fe trail,

directing our course towards the Arkansas River. Not one of the

party had ever crossed the Plains, and at that date such adventure

was supposed to be somewhat of a serious undertaking, and when

we cut loose from civilization we felt as though we had drifted out to

sea, an inexperienced crew. But we were all well mounted with the

exception of the drivers, and felt an excitement and exhilaration that

precluded any sense of disaster.

Our trip to the Mountains was like that of many others since,

and requires no particular detail. Buffalo and Indians were

abundant, and with one or two exceptions we failed to suffer for

want of water or grass. We passed through thousands of wild

Indians; the Kiowa, Camanche, Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes,

without any molestation on their part, and the nearest approach to

any trouble with them was on an occasion when they had right on

their side. Before reaching the plains while camped at Council

Grove, which was then the outpost of civilization, one of our party

exchanged a horse for a Mexican mule, with a Kaw Indian whose

tribe occupied a reservation there. Some three hundred miles west of

Council Grove we came upon a large band of Kiowa and Camanche

Indians, who sl'ing Ihe mute for which our comrade had traded,

claimed it as the property of one of the Kiowas, and stated that the

mule had been stolen from them by the Kaw Indians. The rider of

the animal was disinclined to deliver him up, and it became a

serious matter with us what should be done. Before starting we had

all subscribed to articles of agreement, among which was one that in

all vexed questions we would be governed by the voice of the

majority. A consultation was now held, a vote taken, and the

majority decided not to deliver over the animal. We stated what the

result of our counsel (sic) was to the Indians, and saw at once that it

was received with much displeasure; threatening gestures were

made, and other evidences indicated that we were liable to get into

trouble. However, we proceeded on our way without any further

demonstration on the part of the Indians, and saw no more of them

that night. The next morning a short time after we had broken
camp they caught up with us. Whether they followed with the intention of forcibly taking possession of the animal, or simply from the fact that they were traveling our way, it was impossible to tell. However, another demand was made upon us, and the same answer returned. That morning while traveling along an act of carelessness on my part came very near being a serious matter and might have resulted fatally to our whole party. An Indian rode up along side of me and proposed a race. I was well mounted and the challenge was no sooner given that accepted. But while at full speed and almost side by side, my horse being a little in the advance, the cock of the rifle which I carried across the saddle in front of me somehow came in contact with the pommel and the rifle was discharged. The ball in all probability must have passed directly in front or under the neck of the Indian's horse. At the crack of the piece a yell broke from the Indian, while almost simultaneously a shout arose from his people who were in the rear. As soon as I could check my horse I returned to where the Indian had already halted, and endeavored by signs to explain to him that the firing was the result of an accident. He seemed sensible enough to comprehend and intimated his satisfaction to me. In the meanwhile a large body of Indians were dashing up to us with frantic gestures and wild yells. Our train had come to a halt and I saw our party had closed in around the wagons. It was an exciting scene for a few moments and I own that I felt very uncomfortable as the Indians closed around us. My late opponent in the race shouted to them in a loud voice, and I saw that he was making the proper explanation. They seemed to be satisfied though I noticed many scowling looks cast upon me. The made way and I rode back to the train where I explained the circumstances, and we proceeded on our way. I made a present to my Indian friend to console him for his fright as well as to reward him for his intelligence and generosity. The Indians bore us company all day and camped near us that night, but at daylight the next morning they had disappeared and we saw no more of them. In thinking over this affair of the mule since, I have often wondered how we avoided a difficulty and retained the animal. The only account for it is that in my subsequent experiences with the wild Indians of the plains, I know for a fact that they are not the first to precipitate a war; and whenever Indian hostilities have taken place war has been forced upon them by the action of the whites. We were at peace with all the Plains Indians at that time, and I believe they thought that any endeavor on their part to take forcible possession of the animal would result in bloodshed, and in all probability bring on a war.
Whether they followed with the on of the animal, or simply from it way, it was impossible to tell. de upon us, and the same answer eling along an act of carelessness a serious matter and might have An Indian rode up along side of mounted and the challenge was while at full speed and almost in the advance, the cock of the ile in front of me somehow came rifle was discharged. The ball in rectly in front or under the neck of the piece a yell broke from the y a shout arose from his people could check my horse I returned to ed, and endeavored by signs to the result of an accident. He apprehended and intimated his a large body of Indians were es and wild yells. Our train had ad closed in around the wagons, ments and I own that I felt very around us. My late opponent in d voice, and I saw that he was y seemed to be satisfied though I upon me. The made way and I ned the circumstances, and we present to my Indian friend to reward him for his intelligence s company all day and camped at the next morning they had of them. In thinking over this n wondered how we avoided a The only account for it is that in e wild Indians of the plains, I e first to precipitate a war; and en place war has been forced s. We were at peace with all the believe they thought that any cible possession of the animal all probability bring on a war.

That we committed an act of great imprudence by not delivering up the mule I am well satisfied. The animal undoubtedly was theirs from the fact that they stated it was stolen from them by the Kaw Indians, and it was from those Indians we had procured it.

CHAPTER 5

Will anyone ever forget the first sight they caught of the Rocky Mountains? I never shall; it was on the thirty-fifth day after leaving Topeka, on a clear bright frosty morning. We had first come up on to a piece of table land, where there was one simultaneous cheer, which rang clear and hearty over those bleak plains, cheers from only seventeen throats, but no seventeen men ever gave such cheers before. We almost imagined they were carried back over seven hundred miles of desert to the ears of our anxious friends, for there before us, darting their snow capped points up into the clear blue sky were the three Spanish peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

How we gathered around and shook hands; how we congratulated one another; how we dragged the Medicine chest out of the wagons, can only be known and appreciated and felt by those who have been similarly situated. But those who came after us could not have had the same feelings; we belonged to the Pioneers, we supposed in our innocence that Columbus might have had the same feeling when he first caught sight of the new World; or DeSoto when the Father of Waters was made known to him. We did not stop to consider that many eyes before ours had gazed on the same spectacle, and anyone who had suggested such a thing at the time would have been immolated.

It was at a distance of about a hundred miles that we caught our first sight of the Spanish Peaks, and not until after a days further travel could we see the range of mountains above which these towered. The Peaks are three in number and grouped together. We were still anxious to behold what we considered our goal, viz.: Pikes Peak, which in our imagination stood sentry over treasures of untold wealth which laid there waiting for us to gather. It was after three or four days travel that the Peak arose in view. It lies some distance North of the Spanish Peaks; the sight of it did not create quite so much enthusiasm as at our first view of the Mountains, but it was with a quiet satisfaction we realized the fact of our being so near our destination. And now it was we began eagerly examining the sands.
of the river for any appearance of the tempting metal, and the wildest excitement was created. One day, while we were about going into camp, one of our party who had been in the advance came dashing back to us, his eyes blazing, his whole manner indicative of the utmost excitement, exclaiming: "Hold on boys, we need go no further, I have found here, right here in the river, whole bushels of gold." A thrill ran through the whole party and we hastened under his guidance to the bank of the river, threw ourselves from our horses and down on our knees. We examined the sands through the clear water, and sure enough there were myriads of shining particles, in quantities sufficient enough to be scooped up with a shovel. Oh! How our hearts beat, how we danced and sang and capered. What visions of the future beamed upon us, for there right before our very eyes lay a hundred times more wealth than would suffice for the most exorbitant desires of our whole party. But alas. What sound was that, that jarred on our nerves and made the blood turn to ice in our veins?

It was a discordant laugh from one of our number, and when we turned with looks of dismay toward him for explanation, he pronounced the single word "Mica." Did the reader ever hear of an individual who had invested his small capital in a lottery ticket, and when the grand prize of a hundred thousand dollars was announced as having been drawn by ticket number Ninety-nine, proceeded to examine his and found that was the number on it? And when he frantically rushed to claim his fortune and was asked to take a second look at his ticket found it was Sixty-six: no further comments necessary.

As for myself in those few moments of transport, perhaps I saw not far distant a Palace on Fifth Avenue, Cottages, a villa at Newport, the fastest Yacht, the best blooded horses in the Country, Magnificent banquets with gold plate and the best brands of Burgundy, a grand tour through Europe and now to drop from this height to the mud floor of a log cabin, a dinner of pork and beans; and all because I had my ticket upside down. If the Kiowas had attacked us that night they would have found some fighting men in camp.

We at last reached the mouth of the Fontaine qui Bouille, a stream that empties into the Arkansas river close to the base of the Mountains about twenty five miles south of Pikes Peak. Here we found some Mexicans and a couple of Americans who had gone into winter quarters; they had but recently come over from New Mexico. They told us that we could not reach the mouth of Cherry Creek where it was supposed the gold had been discovered until the spring,
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ave found some fighting men in
of the Fontaine qui Bouille\textsuperscript{8}, a
sas river close to the base of the
south of Pikes Peak. Here we
of Americans who had gone into
ly come over from New Mexico.
the mouth of Cherry Creek
been discovered until the spring,
on account of the divide which separated us from that point being
impassable in consequence of the snow. After consultation we
cluded to winter at the point we had reached, and immediately
ade preparations for erecting suitable shelter.

Close to the mouth of the Fontaine qui Bouille are the remains
of an old Spanish fort, which had stood there when this whole
country belonged to Mexico, and had been garrisoned by Spanish
soldiers. It had been built of adobes (sun-dried brick), and many
years ago the whole garrison had been massacred, with one
ption, by the Indians; their remains all lie buried in one
ommon grave in the centre of the plaza [sic]. A few years
sequent to our arrival at that point I saw in New Mexico the sole
ivior of that massacre, in the person of an old Mexican woman
early a hundred years of age, who had been a child at the time of
the occurrence. The place was called by the Mexicans La Pueblo\textsuperscript{9}
and the adobes notwithstanding their age were still in a good state of
ervation; it was with these that we concluded to build our
inter quarters and accordingly set to work about it. But before
hey were completed we suddenly made up our minds to attempt at
all hazards the passage of the divide\textsuperscript{10}, and endeavor to reach the
mouth of Cherry Creek, which feat we accomplished without the
peril we anticipated, and succeeded in making the point where
Denver City now stands, in safety to men and animals. In fact we
ad made the whole trip from Lecompton to our destination
without misfortune of any kind, with but one slight accident to one
of our men, who had placed his hand into a buffalo's mouth which
he supposed dead, for the purpose of cutting out his tongue, when
the mouth closed, crushing his hand.

POSTSCRIPT

When Wynkoop, Larimer, et al arrived at Cherry Creek they
found that two townsites had already been laid out. After some
deliberation Wynkoop and his two associates took possession of one
of the townsites, St. Charles, on the east side of Cherry Creek. It was
decided soon afterwards to rename the town (or "city" as many of
these early real estate speculations were called) "Denver City," after
Governor James Denver. Tradition has it that Wynkoop was
responsible for suggesting the name.

Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe
NOTES

'A side-wheeler named (compelled) for Frances Xavier Aubry, prominent merchant on the St. Louis-Santa Fe-Philadelphia overland trade route. The steamer called regularly at Kansas ports during the years 1850-1860.


John White Geary, the third territorial governor of Kansas Territory, served from September 9, 1856, to March 14, 1857.

After the designation of Leavenworth as the territorial seat of government in August, 1856, a United States Land Office was established. The first register was Eli Moore, of New York, and the first collector was Thomas G. Shearn, who, appeared at the time as Moore, lived little more than a year. The office had hardly opened for business when Shearn died. He was succeeded by General William Brooks. Branden was married to Webster's sister Emily, and Webster soon found employment in the Pawnee Land Office at the general level in Geary's department.


With the territorial legislature met in January, 1857, it immediately placed itself in opposition to the governor. A man angry in the delay of his receiving a commission as Ass't of Douglas County, William T. Sherwood, waited on Governor Geary, hoping to provoke Geary to action so that he could kill him in self-defense. However, Geary walked away from the confrontation without saying or doing anything, and Sherwood could not bring himself to kill the governor without any cause.

The house refused to consider Sherwood, and a public meeting was held February 14, 1857, when Sherwood and his friends attended, hoping to turn it into a riot. During this meeting Sherwood was killed in self-defense by John A. W. Jones, a secretary to Geary. Because of the incident Jones was forced to depart Kansas.

The legislature continued to oppose Geary's every act. His life was threatened repeatedly. Finally he was warned of the situation and departed for Washington in March, 1857.

David E. Morin, "No Property in the Late Course of the Governor, the Geary-Sherwood Affair Reconsidered," Kansas Historical Quarterly, v. 42, no 3 (Summer, 1926), pp. 227, 228, 239.

Handsome Peterkin, head clerk in the receiver's department.


James Henry Lane killed Cain Jenkins June 5, 1854, in an argument over a dog named chief bigfoot. Both men were prominent figures in the Free State movement. The conflict between Lane and Jenkins was perhaps the most famous land dispute which arose in Kansas. The claim in question was the NEs of sec. 36, Tp. 12, R. 18, and lay west of Lawrence adjoining the town.


This is a reference to the sale of lands of the Kaskaskia, Pottawatomie, Wea and Miami Indians to the United States by Treaty of 1854 which had been held in trust by the Federal Government since 1834.

The Kaskaskia, Pottawatomie, Wea Indians signed a treaty in Washington with George W. Magoon, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on May 30, 1854. This treaty was ratified August 5, and proclaimed on August 13, 1854. The Miami Indians also signed a treaty with the United States on June 6, 1854. These treaties were ratified August 4, 1854, and proclaimed the same day. Both treaties freed the greater part of their reserve lands, which was then sold.

Robert J. Walker, former secretary of the territorial government of Kansas, serving from May 27, 1857, to November 15, 1857.

Charles Foster, an attorney formerly of Springfield, Massachusetts. Foster, his wife Elizabeth, and his nephew Lawrence W. Foster all served in the Kansas Territorial Legislature.

Edwin O. Ferris was a brother-in-law of Governor Walker. Ferris had served as secretary of the National Democratic Committee. He was a member of the Iowa legislature from 1856 to 1858 and later moved to Kansas, where he became a successful lawyer.


James W. Riley. Fifth territorial governor, was appointed secretary of Kansas Territory in 1857. He served as governor from March 15, 1858, until October 16, 1858.

Joshua Hazen was a native of New York. He was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas in 1854, served until 1855, and was appointed in 1855 by President Abraham Lincoln to the Supreme Court of Kansas. He served until 1858 when he was appointed to the United States Supreme Court. He remained a judge until his death.

Years of travel and gold digging in the Rocky Mountains had finally inspired William Crown Russell, a former member of the Territorial Legislature, to organize a party in Georgia to prospect the Pike's Peak region in 1858. Russell's party camped on a little stream, Cherry Creek, near Denver, Colorado. Today, they would be called a gold rush, but to the Miners of Russell's era, they were simply a group of miners heading to the region to seek their fortune. They returned back with him a small sample of placer gold, and the miners in eastern Kansas newspapers were trumpeting a discovery the size of the Great Salt Lake.


In May, 1855, the Kansas Territorial Legislature had decided on the area where the gold fields were to be located. This decision was made in Topeka, and the news spread throughout the region. The northern part of Kansas was chosen for the various counties in the county administration.

The original boundaries of Arkansas County were described in detail in the legislative act of 1857. The county was bounded on the north by the 104th meridian, on the east by the Colorado River, on the south by the 37th parallel, and on the west by the 97th meridian. The county was named in honor of the state of Arkansas.

From the time of its formation in 1855, Arkansas County remained a county, and the land was granted to the people of Kansas. However, the size of Arkansas County varied throughout the region, and the county was eventually divided into several smaller counties. This division was made in 1867, when the county was divided into the counties of Oakley, Sumner, and Leavenworth.
In early September, 1858, Wynkoop attended a meeting in the Lecompton land office to organize a society to find a townsite somewhere along the base of the Rocky Mountain. It was thought that this type of enterprise would prove to be quite profitable in view of the discovery of gold in the area. A president and a security-measure were elected, and the society given the name "Colorado Town Site Association of Lecompton, Kansas Territory." Members of the organization each pledged five hundred dollars for outfitting an expedition. It was decided that the expedition would consist of twenty-five men, five wagons, and provisions for one year. According to the original plan, seventeen men were to be mounted, and eight were to be driven. The members of the expedition were to be well armed with rifles and revolvers, with two Sharp rifles kept in reserve.

After being informed of the intentions of the expedition, Governor Denver decided to make use of its members by appointing them to various positions in the county administration. On September 22, 1858, Denver issued commissions to the following men and appointed them to positions in the county government: H.P.A. Smith, probate judge; Edward W. Wynkoop, sheriff; Henry Rogers, chairman of supervisors; John H. S. Mathews, county attorney; John Larimer, treasurer; Joseph McCubbin and Lovell J. Wrencher, supervisors; and Hampton L. Bann, clerk of supervisors.

The primary purpose of the expedition was to lay out a townsite and sell lots. However, members of the party, acting on their own, also expected for gold.


The expedition departed for the Rocky Mountains on October 1, 1858.

"Known today as Fountain Creek, Fountain Creek empties into the Arkansas River at Pueblo, Colorado.

"There is no record of there ever having been any type of Spanish fortification in the area. This is probably a reference to "El Pueblo," an adobe trading post built in 1844 and 1845 by a group of mountain men and others who were involved in the Indian trade. The fort stood east and was on the north bank of the Arkansas River near the mouth of Fountain. El Pueblo was occupied until December 15, 1854, when a Ute and Jicarilla Apache war party swooped down from the mountains and attacked the fort, slaughtering fifteen men, wounding two more, and taking a woman and two children into captivity. Five bodies were buried in a common grave in the courtyard of the fort. After the attack the park fell into disrepair. Wynkoop and his associate probably camped in the ruins of this post.


"Unknown to Wynkoop and his companions, another party of eastern Kansans was on its way to the Cherry Creek area also with the intention of laying out a town. This party, which had departed from Lawrence, consisted of William H. H. Larimer, his adult son, and four others.

Larimer was born in Pennsylvania on October 31, 1806, and died in Lawrence on May 16, 1875. He was described as "a tall, arrogant ex-general of the Pennsylvania militia...devoted to the cause of temperance, interested in town-company speculation." He and the other members of his party drove a four-year waggon carrying a pack of goods, sack, window glass, tools (determining an improvement on a land claim), and a small supply of provisions.

On an evening walk near their camp, one of the members of the Larimer party observed a town stretching far south. When questioned, these men informed Larimer that another group of Kansans was encamped at the old fort.

Larimer, who had departed Lawrence October 2, 1858, was not unfamiliar with real estate manipulations. Neither were the members of Wynkoop's party, many of whom had worked in the land office in Lecompton. Larimer decided that it would be beneficial to both groups if they collaborated; he was well aware of the advantages of Lecompton party possessed by being officially sanctioned by Governor Denver. Larimer rode to Wynkoop's camp and persuaded him and the other members of the expedition to continue immediately to Cherry Creek, which they did, arriving November 10, 1858.

David Lavender, Briefs Fort (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1972), p. 382.