

### REMINISCENCES OF UTAH AND COLORADO

Stories of Olden Days in Both States—Stirring Chapters From Leadville Life—"Charlie" Vivian and the Thrilling Effect of Singing "Ten Thousand Miles Away" on the Return from His Funeral.

**P**ROMINENT among the Coloradans at present enjoying in this city is Jeremiah Mahoney, minor, mine superintendent and mining expert, well and favorably known in Colorado for the past 27 years. He resided in Utah a good many years ago and when a mere boy worked in the Flagstaff mine at Alta, or in Little Cottonwood as it was then called in 1872 and 1873. Mr. Mahoney has a splendid memory and is full of anecdotes and what he says in the early days that he was here and after he went to Colorado will prove interesting reading.

In those days, when in Salt Lake he stopped at the Valley House, when that hostelry and the Townsend, were the swell hotels of the city. This was when the Ontario was little better than a prospect and before the Horn Silver or Silver King were struck. Alta was then the most important mining camp in the territory and only a few miners were working at Tintic and fever still at Bingham. Park City was known as Farley's canyon and Mercer as old Camp Floyd. That magnificent architectural pile, the Temple was then only 10 feet above the ground.

**EARLY DAYS IN UTAH.**  
"What were the conditions existing at that time between the Mormons and the Gentiles," asked the writer.  
"The conditions," said Mr. Mahoney, "were very pleasant, although the Gentiles were few, no animosity apparently existed between them, largely due to the fact that the miners having no particular religious convictions themselves did not concern themselves about the religion of others. I saw Brigham Young several times and was greatly impressed with his personality and noticed that he was possessed of a delicate mind. I heard him deliver an address in the Tabernacle, which, while devoid of ornamentation, was forceful and characteristic of plainness and directness of speech and thought. The subject matter of his address was morality in general, and he did not, upon that occasion, discuss a doctrinal question."

Leaving here Mr. Mahoney went to Colorado and became one of the pioneers of the San Juan and to Leadville in 1878; where he opened the O. K. mine on Fryer Hill; ran for secretary of state and also for the legislature on the Democratic ticket, campaigning through the state and having for his traveling companion no less a person than Myron W. Reed, the well known Congressional minister.

**HOW LEADVILLE GREW.**  
His reminiscences of Leadville's early days are highly entertaining. In the short space of two years it grew from a small mining camp to a city of 40,000 people, and became known as the toughest town on earth. Graduates from Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Yale, Harvard, Columbia and other universities chafed each other and Freiberg mining engineers were too numerous to mention. Some of them worked in mines and some tended bar, while others lived as best they could—which was pretty tough at times. Chestnut street and Harrison avenue were as

### TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

As Sung by Mr. Charles Vivian, Founder of the Elks, at the Salt Lake Theater a Quarter of a Century Ago.

Sing, oh! for a brave and valiant bark,  
And a brisk and lively breeze,  
A bully crew and a captain, too,  
To carry me over the seas,  
To carry me over the seas,  
To my true love so gay,  
She has taken a trip on a government ship,  
Ten thousand miles away.

#### CHORUS:

So blow the winds I oh!  
A roving I will go,  
I'll stay no more on England's shore,  
So let the music play;  
I start by the morning train,  
To cross the raging main,  
For I'm on the move to my own true love,  
Ten thousand miles away.

My true love she is beautiful,  
My true love she is young,  
Her eyes are blue as the violet's hue,  
And silvery sounds her tongue,  
And silvery sounds her tongue, my boys,  
But while I sing this lay,  
She is doing the grand in a distant land,  
Ten thousand miles away.

Oh! dark and dismal was the day,  
When last I saw my true,  
She'd a government band around her hand,  
And another one 'round her leg;  
And another one 'round her leg, my boys,  
As the big ship left the bay—  
Adoo, says she, remember me,  
Ten thousand miles away.

Oh! the sun may shine through an Eastern fog,  
And the rivers run bright and clear,  
The ocean's brine be turned to wine,  
And I may forget my beer;  
And I may forget my beer, my boys,  
And landlord's quarter day,  
But I'll never part from my own sweetheart,  
Ten thousand miles away.

**QUIETING EFFECT.**  
While Lynch law is never to be upheld, it must be said that Leadville was a much safer place after this event than at once and never came back.  
"Yes," continued Mr. Mahoney, "there were many quaint characters and men of national reputation there in those days, and he instanced a few. Among them was James M. Cavanaugh, a brilliant lawyer, who was the first representative in Congress from Minnesota, after statehood, who ran for Congress in Colorado in 1884 and was defeated, but was subsequently elected delegate from the territory of Montana, thus almost equaling the career of Gen. James Shields, who sat in the senate of the United States from Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri consecutively.

**A GOOD STORY.**  
A good story is told of Cavanaugh illustrating his quickness of thought while on his feet. It was during his Colorado campaign when statehood was one of the issues. Cavanaugh favored statehood, which at that time was unpopular. While making a speech one evening in Denver he said with great emphasis: "I believe in a state." There were murmurs of disapproval and some hisses. He repeated more emphatically than before: "I believe in a state," upon which there was an uproar and cries of "Put him out," etc. Cavanaugh nothing daunted stood his ground until the audience had become

quiet when he said: "I propose to stand here until I have said what I have to say and I ask in all fairness that you permit me to finish my sentence." Then he said: "I believe in a state of eternal damnation for the Republican party." It brought the house down and he was cheered to the echo.

**BACK IN HIS COFFIN.**  
Cavanaugh reached Leadville one October afternoon in 1879 and in just one week was on his way back, in his coffin, to Springfield, Mass., his last resting place. The treacherous climate of Leadville, 10,250 feet above sea level, had claimed another victim.

**CHARLIE VIVIAN.**  
One of the most interesting and lovable characters that ever came to Leadville was a man whose name has gone down in history and who will not be forgotten as long as the order of Elks continues to exist.  
He was an intimate friend of both Mr. Mahoney and the writer. Who he was is pretty generally known, and need not be retold here at any length. What he was is best known to those who knew him best while he lived and were with him when he died.

**A THOROUGH BOHEMIAN.**  
A brief synopsis of his career may not be out of place. Charles Algeon Sidney Vivian was the son of an Eng-

agement for the intermountain mining towns, but was instead, away back in the "sixties." For a time everything went well; money was plenty and salaries were good and the "ghost walked" with prompt regularity, but there followed periods, when there was nothing to do and it was hard to get pay when the work was done, and Vivian suffered with the rest.  
It didn't matter much to him though, whether he had a \$20 gold piece or "four bits" for two drinks of drinks and cigars were 25 cents each in Leadville then he was always the same genial, kindly hearted, fun-loving fellow who would divide his last dollar with a friend.

**AT THE TABOR.**  
He appeared on the boards of the Tabor Opera House; the Grand Central theater and at Wood's theater and no matter what part he took he performed it cleverly. In this connection what Mr. Mahoney says of him is worth repeating. He says: "I recall no actor of whom I have kinder remembrances than Charlie Vivian. He was not only pleasant and agreeable at all times and under all circumstances, but he was a ready wit, full of interesting anecdote and reminiscences, expressed in a taking and original manner and without the mechanism and artificiality which generally characterized men of that profession. He was generosity itself; borrowing, if necessary, from friends, to alleviate the distress of others. His death was the cause of universal mourning in Leadville, for no man of any profession was so general a favorite among all classes of people. If ever there was a cosmopolitan and lover of humanity regardless of national bounds or religious prejudices Charlie Vivian was that man."

The writer knew Charlie Vivian intimately, too, and with W. J. Shannon, Mahoney says the cause of universal mourning in Leadville, for no man of any profession was so general a favorite among all classes of people. If ever there was a cosmopolitan and lover of humanity regardless of national bounds or religious prejudices Charlie Vivian was that man.  
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**TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.**  
At his funeral there was a long string of carriages with some 30 of us preceded on horseback. We had a band, too, which on the way to Evergreen cemetery played the "Dead March in Saul." On our way back struck up "Ten thousand miles away," Vivian's favorite song, which he had sung to thousands before the footlights. It produced a thrilling effect. His remains reposed in Evergreen until 1889, when he was exhumed and laid to rest in the Elks plot of the Boston lodge, where a suitable monument was erected to his memory.

**SHOCKING TRAGEDY.**  
Another prominent character who was in Leadville at this time was Daniel McFarland, who had for years been associated with Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune. In the latter sixties he had become estranged from his wife, who had obtained a divorce from him. The name of A. D. Richardson, another newspaper man and war correspondent for the "Tribune," and who wrote "The Field," the "Langson" and "Beyond the Mississippi" and "A Personal History of U. S. Grant," was coupled with the divorce case, and caused widespread comment. On Nov. 26, 1885, McFarland walked into the editorial rooms of the Tribune and shot Richardson, who died in a few days. Before his death, however, he married Mrs. McFarland, the ceremony being performed by Henry Ward Beecher, whose action in the matter caused much criticism at the time. After Richardson's death his widow, Abby

**SANG IN SALT LAKE.**  
Charlie Vivian came to Leadville in 1879 with a company brought out by "Jack" Langrishe who furnished

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Sage Richardson, published several books and lectured in various parts of the country.

**SENSATIONAL TRIAL.**  
McFarland was tried for murder and his trial was the sensation of the day, some of the most famous lawyers in New York City being engaged in it. Public sympathy was with McFarland and he was acquitted. Nevertheless, it ruined him, and he became a pariah, wandering up and down on the face of the earth. He came to Leadville where the writer knew him. He was seedy and penniless and an old man but he plainly showed evidences of having been a brilliant man. He found friends, as did every one in those early days, who helped him. He was taken sick, was cared for at the Veteran hospital and buried by those who admired his ability and sympathized with his fate.

**HIS GRAVE IN LEADVILLE.**  
John Omohundro, or "Texas Jack," as he was called, who had been a scout on the frontier and withstood all manner of hardships, found his grave in Leadville. He had been the companion of "Buffalo Bill" in many an Indian skirmish. When on a trip to eastern cities in a blood-curling western drama, and "Buffalo Bill's" first theatrical venture, which proved a rank failure, Moriacchi, the famous danseuse, who had taken the leading part in the "Black Crook" and "White Fawn" at Nible's Garden, saw the long-haired, picturesque scout and married him. He died soon after they came to Leadville. His widow appeared for a long time on the boards of the Grand Central and drew large crowds.

**"WONDERLAND"—EVERGREEN.**  
Harry Norton, a well known newspaper man on the Pacific coast and who wrote one of the first books on the now famous Yellowstone Park, entitled "Wonderland," was another who had seen life in many phases and whose last resting place became Evergreen cemetery. Norton was an exception-

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