

**WHAT LIFE  
HAS TAUGHT ME**

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What life has taught me by E. L. Gallatin

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**E. L. GALLATIN**

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Respectfully yours  
E. L. Gallatin





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*BY*

**E. L. GALLATIN.**



JNO. FREDERIC,  
PRINTER. . . .  
DENVER, COLO.





## P R E F A C E.

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A book, without a title, would seem as odd as the sentiments expressed in this little book, and, strange to say, the writer never thought of a title until the young lady who is typewriting and correcting the mistakes, asked me what title I had selected for my book.

Well, a seventy-two year old amateur writer is liable to get out of line and fall short. I suppose a book without some name would be like a ship without a rudder, drifting and calling for a tow line of some friend to pull it in. But, friends, this little sketch is not expected to go beyond those who know the writer and will not be sold unless it might be to help some one who needs help, but I do not flatter myself that it would keep any one from starving.

I might call it, "My Opinions;" but who cares for our opinions? We all have them. Are they worth reading? I could call it, "My Experiences in the West." Such are yet galore. Old Father Wiggins at the Post Office can give them out by the yard, colored with hardships and narrow escapes from Indians. Captain Billy Wise is on tap at any time to be drawn out on long marches, starvation and eternal vigilance to save his scalp. Dave Cook, the pioneer detective and sheriff, is a living store-house of Western adventure. So a plain citizen that never held any office, or shouldered a musket has very little to attract attention in these days of mental strain that is upon our American people. They are fever-

ish and want sensation. The plain truth is not satisfying. To get the truth in any subject before them it must take the form of romance, well colored. They climb the ladder of life in leaps. If they fall in the attempt they get up and try it again and again, until old age comes to weaken their determination to become rich.

After some thought about titles which might fit the subject matter which is miscellaneous in its nature, I have decided to call it, "The Lessons of Life," or "What Life has Taught Me." If my friends or descendents can get here and there a thought that appeals to their judgment as being worthy of their consideration, I will be only too glad to have them use it. The thoughts, expressed in this book, are my honest convictions, though they may not accord with yours in any respect. A man or woman without some personal opinions is a blank and must pass as such until time rubs that one up to the standard by which he or she will be known by an individual personality.

## INTRODUCTION.

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When one writes a history of one's own life, it is supposed that that one must have something of more than ordinary interest to relate or must through some public capacity belong to History. This is not necessary, however, if the History is not forced upon the public. Then it is private property as any other effects that one may leave behind. I, for one, would be very happy to have a brief history of the lives of my own father and mother and of their parents but they left nothing of genealogy that can be traced even one generation.

My father was born in Pennsylvania and of Swiss parents. My mother was born in Kentucky, near, or in Lexington. She was of Scotch descent and her maiden name was Thompson. She was married to my father at Lexington, Kentucky, and they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, when it was a French village in the far west. My father rode on horse back across the country on a tour of inspection before moving the family and being satisfied returned and built what is known as a kiel boat, having a sharp or rounded prow with roof.

In this he stored all his worldly effects, with the family, and two men. They floated down the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi river and from there up to St. Louis. It was a tug of hardship. With a long rope two men on shore pulled this boat while one with a long pole kept it from the shore.

Steam boats were not in fashion at that time and rail roads only in the inventor's dream. Flat boats as