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The Spanish Fort in Colorado, 1819

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There is abundant evidence concerning the fort the Spaniards from Santa Fe built to the northeast of Sangre de Cristo Pass in Colorado in 1819, and of the successful raid the Grand Pawnee Indians of Loup Fork (eastern Nebraska now) made against the Spaniards at the base of the Rocky Mountains that same year, but the long wanted link connecting these two events is so far missing. It may yet come to light in the Spanish records in Santa Fe or in Spain, showing that the fight the Pawnees had, and the fight that no doubt caused the abandoning of the Spanish fort, were the same battle. As things now stand all that is claimed here is a version of the Scotch verdict—"Probable but not proven."

Spain, jealous of her colonial empire, was ever alert to ward off foreign invasion. Z. M. Pike and other Americans had come unbidden to New Mexico in the first years of the nineteenth century and the ever-watchful Spaniards had become alarmed.

An unidentified foreigner visited New Mexico and wrote a report of the resources of the region and of the routes of possible invasion. These notes fell into the hands of Viceroy Venadito, who immediately ordered fortification of the vulnerable points of entry. One of these points was Sangre de Cristo Pass, in present southern Colorado.

Don Facundo Melgares, Governor of New Mexico, in compliance with orders received, "established a fort on the eastern side of this pass some time between May, 1819, . . . and October, 1819."[1] Dr. A. B. Thomas, of the University of Oklahoma, discovered Spanish documents relating to this fort and published some of them in 1929. Colorado historians then took up the task of locating the site of this fort.

Since the Spanish documents were indefinite as to the exact location of the site of the fort, Dr. L. R. Hafen, Historian of the State Historical Society of Colorado, set about to obtain data from other sources. He was familiar with Jacob Fowler's *Journal* which tells of this trader's journey to New Mexico by way of Sangre de

*Mr. Thomas, well known Colorado writer, contributed an article, "The Frontier is Gone," to the November, 1936, issue of this magazine.—Ed.

[1]A. B. Thomas, *An Anonymous Description of New Mexico, 1818* (reprint from the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII, 50-70), 20.

Cristo Pass. Fowler tells in his diary on February 3, 1822, of reaching and camping by a recently deserted Spanish fort.[2] Five miles further travel, he writes, brought him to the summit of the pass. A study of maps indicated that the old trail over the pass left the Huerfano River at the site of Badito. In the Walsenburg region Dr. Hafen interviewed pioneers and learned that they had some knowledge of a structure said to have been built by the Spaniards, but when, no one knew. Information was hazy and rumors had linked stories of buried treasure to the site. At various times during the past twenty-five years persons carrying maps said to have been obtained from Spain or Mexico had dug at the site.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Hudson of Gardner and Emmet King of Walsenburg, Dr. Hafen visited the site in 1934. Its location on the old trail and its distance from the summit of the pass coincided well with Fowler's account. All that remained of the structure were rows of stones that appeared to mark the outline wall of an enclosure, nearly triangular in form. Scrub oaks had grown up along much of the wall line and a number of holes had been dug by treasure seekers. The party found no relics. Some little distance above the fort site are what appear to be some graves. These have not been excavated.

These ruins are on the edge of a hill which rises about one hundred feet above the little valley through which Oak Creek flows. The site is about twenty-five miles west of Walsenburg.

While we have no record as to the abandonment of the Spanish fort we do have data in regard to an attack that took place there. Dr. Thomas writes:

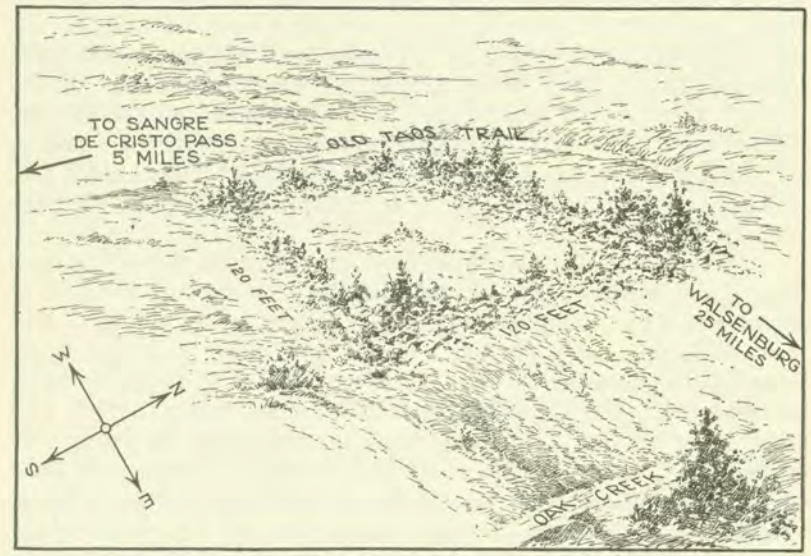
"Melgares' letter, dated Oct. 18, [1819] carried the details that five out of a reconnaissance party of six men had been killed near the fort by a band of one hundred men dressed as Indians who next attacked the post itself. The valiant ensign Don Jose Antonio Valenzuela, repulsed the charge with his small force but was unable to make a sally. Commenting on the incident, Melgares stated that though he did not believe the assault to be by the bandits of General Infante Venjamin O'Fallen [Americans] he had, nevertheless, sent three hundred *paisanos* armed to re-enforce the fort and punish any hostile Indians in the vicinity."[3]

The attacking party has not heretofore been identified. A recent search of the record of the Major Long expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1820 seems to offer a plausible connection. Before turning to this let us quote from "An Anonymous Description of New Mexico, 1818," a statement that may contain information of value:

[2]Elliott Coues (Ed.), *The Journal of Jacob Fowler*, etc., 98. Dr. Coues places this campsite at the southern end of the Wet Mountains, north of the Huerfano River. Dr. A. B. Thomas, *op. cit.*, 18, not having been on the ground, accepts Coues' location. But Dr. Hafen points out that this is an illogical location for a fort and in addition is too far from the summit of the pass to conform to the mileage given in the journal.

[3]Thomas, *op cit.*, 6.

"But when they [Indians] are at war they send parties at distances of five hundred or six hundred miles to burn a village or steal some horses. All these nations fight on horseback with the exception of the Pawnees, who always fight on foot and are considered as the bravest, and most ferocious, and the most redoubtable of the savages. They live principally on the Missouri. They are so enterprising that often they send from the banks of the Missouri warriors to the number of two hundred or three hundred, to go to pillage the Spaniards as far as the neighborhood of San Antonio, the capital of Texas, and return almost always laden with booty."[4]



SKETCH OF THE RUINS OF SANGRE DE CRISTO FORT

In the spring of 1820 Major Stephen H. Long set out from the Missouri River on his exploring tour to the Rocky Mountains. He visited the Pawnee Indians near the Loup Fork of the Platte and from them learned of raiding expeditions they had sent the year before to the Rocky Mountains.

Dr. Edwin James, historian of the Long expedition, writes thus of his visit to the Pawnees:

"We passed by and saluted the mansions of the chiefs, at each of which an American flag was hoisted, with the exception only of one that was passed unnoticed, owing to its being distinguished

[4]*Ibid.*, 15.

by a Spanish flag; which, however, was struck as soon as the cause of the procedure was understood. . . .

"I passed the night at the lodge of the Metiff chief, and in the evening was amused by the exhibition of another dancing party, who concluded by inviting the chief to partake of a feast, to be given on the following day, for the purpose of dispelling his grief for the loss of his brother, in the late contest with the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

"This severe battle was fought by ninety-three Pawnee Loup warriors, against a large body of Ietans, (Utes) Arrapahoes and Kiawas.

"The party was led by the most distinguished brave of the village, and half brother of the Metiff chief, but of unmixed blood, and a principal supporter of the influence of that chief. The party, who were all on foot, were on their way to capture horses, but they were badly armed for a contest, and had but twelve guns amongst them. They were proceeding cautiously along in the prairies between the head waters of the Arkansa and the Rio del Norte, when one party of their runners, or discoverers, came in with information that a great body of the enemy were ahead, and had not seen them; another party of runners soon came in with the same information. . . .

"The Grand Pawnees were more successful in war excursions during the winter. One of their parties encountered a party of Spaniards, who, my informant asserted, sought safety in flight. But it seems highly probable that a battle took place, and that many were killed; inasmuch as the victors returned with much clothing, merchandise, very handsome figured blankets, many horses, and some silver money. I was confirmed in this belief, by being subsequently informed that the party had certainly brought with them some scalps which were not those of Indians; and on passing through the village, I thought that some of the hair which streamed in the wind from numerous portions of human scalps, suspended on sticks from the roofs of the lodges, was taken from the heads of Spaniards. . . .[5]

"They had with them a young Spaniard, who interpreted Pawnee and French, by whose means we were able to communicate freely with them. . . .

"The Pawnees are expert horsemen, and delight in the exhibition of feats of skill and adroitness. Many of their horses are branded, but this is the case with such only as are taken in their predatory excursions against the Spaniards of New Mexico, or of the south-western Indians; the branded horses all come originally from the Spaniards. . . .

[5]Account of the Long Expedition reprinted in R. G. Thwaites', *Early Western Travels*, XV, 146-160.

"Some of the finest horses which we observed, were ornamented with gaudy trappings, and furniture of Spanish manufacture."[6]

It was a common occurrence for the Pawnees to raid far afield. On foot, with no baggage, and even no clothing but moccasins and gee string, armed usually with bow and arrows, the whole weighing less than ten pounds, hardy young warriors easily made horseback time, 40 to 50 miles a day, with the enormous advantage of almost no trail to betray them. They lived on abundant game, killed as wanted. The Spaniards and the Pawnees were far from being strangers.

In conclusion we may summarize. The Spaniards of Santa Fe erected a fort near Sangre De Cristo Pass in what is today southern Colorado, in 1819 or immediately before. This fort was the scene of a battle between the Spaniards and Indians in, or just before, October, 1819, in which the Spaniards suffered loss, and probably a serious defeat. Long, in 1820, found that the Pawnees had won a notable victory over the Spaniards at the base of the Rocky Mountains in late 1819. If these battles were the same, and they probably were, though the assumption lacks proof, as stated in the beginning of this article, then that battle is the connecting link between the Spanish and the Pawnee accounts.

[6]*Ibid.*, 206-208.

Denver's Pioneer Academy

SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS, S.L.*

In 1860 Colorado was detached from the Vicariate Apostolic east of the Rocky Mountains and placed under the care of Bishop Lamy, who sent the Very Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf to Denver. Father Machebeuf soon saw the need of a Catholic School. He understood well that the spiritual progress of his diocese depended, to some extent, on the education of the children. With this idea in view he bought a vacant building, had it moved to the lot beside the church and fitted it up for a day school under the guidance of a Miss Steel.[1]

In the meantime, encouraged by his loyal friend Bishop Lamy, he entered into correspondence with the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky regarding the possibilities of opening an academy for young ladies in the metropolis of Colorado. Reverend Mother General

*Sister Lilliana Owens, S.L., took her Master's and her Doctor's degrees at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri. She is now head of the History Department of St. Mary Academy.—Ed.

[1]Rev. W. J. Howlett, *The Life of Bishop Machebeuf*, 311.

Bowles granted the permission for a colony of three sisters to go from Santa Fe to Denver.[2]

Sister Joanna Walsh, Beatrice Maes and Ignacia Mora were the foundresses of the new institution in the "Queen City of the Plains." They left Santa Fe June 21, 1864, traveling overland through a country where Indians, coyotes and buffaloes roved at will. The trip was a long one, for Colorado and New Mexico are not small states and oxen have never been known to travel at a pace which did not suit their majestic indolence. The sisters reached Denver July 9, 1864, and were met by a Mrs. M. A. Perry, Mrs. Charles Marshall (an Episcopalian and mother of the local minister), and Mrs. William Maloney.[3] They were taken to the little house on California and Fourteenth Streets, known as the "White House." The small group set to work to make the house more convent-like and in a few months three other sisters were sent from Santa Fe to the Colorado mission. These were Sisters Ann Joseph Mattingly, Sister Luisa Romero and Sister Agatha Wall.

On July 22, 1864, Father Machebeuf sent the following letter to his sister in France:

". . . For the first time in its history four priests are together in Denver today . . . When our convent is opened I shall have a little more time. Our sisters belong to the Order of Loretto, founded in Kentucky by the holy priest under the direction of Bishop Flaget, whom you will remember, and in whose care I came to America. They have many flourishing houses in the states and three in New Mexico. We hope to have a good number of boarders."[4]

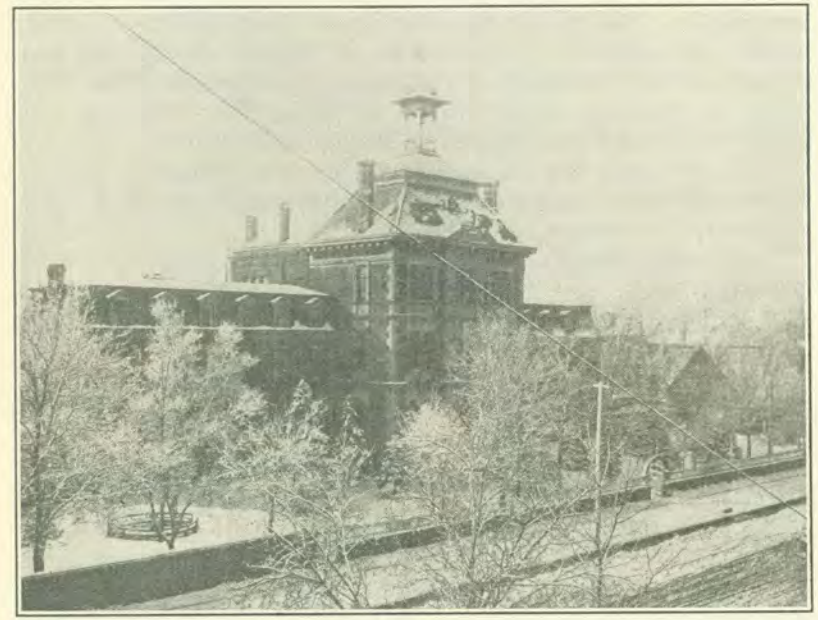
The sisters had entered the comfortless frame dwelling with no promise of success, save the promise that is held in the power of Mary's name. Often they stood upon the porch of the old *White House* and looked with unobstructed gaze upon the great vacancy between them and the next building, but with characteristic energy the little band set to work to make the best of the circumstances that were theirs. Soon struggling plants were making their way through the sandy soil, and while these plants were taking root the sisters were busy planting beautiful and Christ-like thoughts in the minds of the mountain girls. For the first time the simple children of this pioneer town learned the strength and courage to be found in the life of the Mother of Christ. The school prospered from the beginning. But the Cross, inevitable in the work of God, came five

[2]Up to date this is the only colony of Sisters of Loretto to be sent from a local house. Ordinarily they are missioned direct from the Mother House at Loretto, Kentucky. The distance from the Mother House and the difficulty of communication and travel were no doubt the reasons why this colony went from Santa Fe to Denver.

[3]See Sister M. Lilliana Owens, S.L., *The History of the Sisters of Loretto in the Trans-Mississippi West*, ch. VIII, in the St. Louis University Library, St. Louis, Missouri.

[4]A copy of this letter in French is in the Archives of the Denver Diocese.

years after the school had been opened, in the form of a fire which partially destroyed the building. The flames broke out while Bishop Machebeuf was saying Mass in the Sisters' chapel April 18, 1869. The sisters might have been discouraged at their loss had not the Bishop appealed to the public in behalf of the little community. The people generously responded and the sisters were not only able to repair the damaged section, but were able also to enlarge the building, and by 1872 a building suitable to the needs of the time was completed. In 1875[5a] St. Mary gave the first high school



OLD ST. MARY ACADEMY ON CALIFORNIA STREET, DENVER
Picture taken April 12, 1901

diploma in Denver to Jessie Forshee. Soon after graduation Miss Forshee entered the Loretto Society and became known as Sister Vitalis.

The unlooked-for accident and consequent business caused the Bishop to sacrifice a visit to France, but no sacrifice was too great for him to make for the pioneer Sisters whom he had so recently brought from Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was only the beginning of the many kindnesses shown to the Sisters of Loretto by Denver's first bishop. This little incident which happened in 1877 will, I hope, give the reader an insight into the character of this zealous

[5a]*Saimarac*, vol. I, Nov., 1930, p. 1, in the Archives of St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

missionary. The man who helped at the academy had left without notice the evening before and it was not discovered until the next morning that he had not provided the kindling for the kitchen stove. This delayed the breakfast and the sisters apologized to the bishop for the long delay, explaining the cause. The humble bishop, lame as he was, and in spite of the sisters' earnest pleadings, went into the back yard, cut an armful of kindling, and brought it into the kitchen.[5]

In 1886 the academy was in a flourishing condition. The number of boarders was eighty-five and there were one hundred twenty day pupils. The music class numbered ninety-five and the art teacher was kept busy.[6] The teachers of English showed their progressive spirit by issuing a school paper, *The Convent Echo*.[7] The paper appeared the first time on November 14, 1886, and contained the following message from Bishop Machebeuf:

"Good news! We are happy to learn that a monthly periodical will shortly be published under the direction of St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

"It will be called *The Convent Echo* and will contain interesting news, essays, etc., and different subjects prepared by the pupils of said academy and of other literary institutions that may be willing to send their contributions.

"Relying on the talents and experience of the Sisters of Loretto we earnestly recommend it to the young who wish to be instructed, edified and interested."[8]

Then came the civic expansion and railroads that reached out tentacles of iron, drawing into Colorado the wealth and prosperity of the East and the West, the North and the South. This naturally caused the town to grow into a city, throbbing with life and activity. The peace and quiet of Old St. Mary on California Street soon gave way to the noise and confusion of a downtown district. The sisters saw the busy world crowding in upon their sacred precincts, making peaceful school hours an impossibility. Soon they realized the old home which had served so well for nearly fifty years must be abandoned. Moreover, the old building which had been considered handsome in its day was no longer suitable to the demands of the modern school girl. Months were spent in trying to find a suitable location. The final selection was not exactly what Reverend Mother Praxedes Carty wanted but its nearness to the Immaculate Conception Cathedral, then in course of construction, caused her to consider and finally purchase the property at 1370

[5] *Memoirs* of Sister Dolorine Powers, S.L., in the Archives of Loretto Mother House, Loretto, Ky.

[6] *The Convent Echo*, St. Mary Academy, Denver, November 14, 1886, Vol. 1, No. 1.

[7] There is a copy of this old magazine in the Archives of Loretto Mother House. Hereinafter this archive will be cited as A.L.M.

[8] *The Convent Echo*, Nov. 14, 1886, Vol. 1, No. 1, in A.L.M.

Pennsylvania Street. The old Cathedral on Stout Street and old St. Mary on California had begun life together so it was fitting that the new Cathedral and the new St. Mary should stand near neighbors to each other.

The ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Mary Academy took place on the afternoon of January 18, 1911.[9] The Right Reverend Bishop Nicholas C. Matz officiated, assisted by Right Reverend Monsignor Richard Brady and twelve resident priests. It was a gala occasion in which the children of all the Catholic schools in the city participated. There were patriotic songs and music by the St. Vincent's Boys' Band.

The work of construction continued rapidly until the opening of the new building in September, 1911. It fell to the lot of Mother Pancratia Bonfils[10] to superintend the work on the new St. Mary and of moving into the building. Early the morning of September 11, 1911, two large moving vans arrived at the gate of old St. Mary to convey the furniture to the new academy on Capitol Hill. Many of the sisters had thought the moving from the noisy, smoky old St. Mary to the new academy would be joyous and romantic. But the romance soon gave way to the reality and the trials of those days are still vivid to those who endured them. Willing hearts and hands made the undertaking a success and school opened on the date set, September 15, 1911.[11]

The first faculty in the High School at new St. Mary consisted of Mother Pancratia Bonfils, superior, Sister Aimee Hynes, first assistant, Sister Dolorine Morrison, directress, Sister Vivian Edelen, Sister Bathildis Skees, Sister Gennara Hickey and Sister Edgar McCall. The first grammar school faculty was made up of Sister Fides de Lisle, Sister Aquinas Byrne and Sister Ositha Coming.[12] The music was taught by Sister Justine Buckley, Anastasia Maloney and Clarissa Jupe. French was taught in all the classes throughout the school by Mademoiselle Travers.

It was some time before the new chapel was completed. In the meantime the sisters went daily from the new Academy to the Cathedral for Mass. At last the beautiful domestic chapel in the Academy at 1370 Pennsylvania was ready for dedication. At nine thirty on the morning of December seventh the Right Reverend Nicholas C. Matz, assisted by about forty priests, blessed and dedicated it to Our Lady of Sorrows.[13]

The chemistry and physics laboratory of the new St. Mary were equipped in 1912 and in 1913 work was begun on the museum.

[9] The silver trowel, a gift of the contractors, was used by the bishop in setting the stone. This trowel bears the following inscription: "This trowel was used by Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz in laying the corner stone of the St. Mary's Academy the 18th of January, A.D. 1911," and is in the museum at St. Mary Academy.

[10] Mother Pancratia Bonfils was the cousin of the late Frederick Bonfils.

[11] *Annals of St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colo.*, hereinafter cited A.St.M.A.

[12] *Council Record Book*, in A.L.M.

[13] *Catholic Telegraph*, Dec. 14, 1912.

GRADUATING CLASSES AT ST. MARY ACADEMY
Upper: Class of 1936. Lower: Class of 1887

Large plate glass cases were purchased from the City Park Museum and the University of Colorado presented the academy with a collection of about four hundred animals and a number of botanical specimen.[14]

In the early summer of 1913 a Teacher's Institute was held at St. Mary for all the Religious Teachers of the Diocese of Denver. Over one hundred sisters were in attendance. Lectures were given by prominent priests and by professors from the State Normal School at Greeley, Colorado. The morning hours were devoted to lectures and the afternoons were given over to a series of instructive motion pictures. This was the second meeting of this kind held at St. Mary and incidentally the last. The sisters enjoyed and benefitted by the work but they felt that three days were too short a time to accomplish anything really worthwhile.

In October, 1913, the University of Colorado sent Professor W. A. Cook to visit and inspect the High School Department of St. Mary Academy.[15] It was the first time in the history of the school that one from another institution had inspected the school work and it was the first time Professor Cook had visited a convent school. He frankly admitted that he was agreeably surprised and favorably impressed with the work done by both teachers and pupils.

The year 1914 brought the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary Academy.[16] The celebration took place in the Cathedral in the presence of the Right Reverend Nicholas C. Matz. Right Reverend Monsignor Richard Brady, Vicar General, was the celebrant, Very Reverend J. J. Cronin, deacon, Reverend Henry R. McCabe, subdeacon, Reverend Edward J. Mannix, master of ceremonies, Reverend John J. Brown, S.J. and Revereend A. Gindling, C.SS.R., were deacons of honor. The sermon was delivered by Right Reverend Monsignor Hugh McMenamin.[17] After the religious ceremonies were completed the bishop and the clergy went to St. Mary where a banquet was served. As souvenirs each received a copy of *Loretto: Annals of the Century.*[18] Through the efforts of Monsignor Richard Brady[19] the Sisters at St. Mary received a special blessing from Pope Benedict XV.

What old St. Mary was to Denver in the frontier days the new St. Mary will continue to be to the "Queen City of the Plains." St. Mary is exclusively a day school for girls. The greatest care and attention are given to the moral and Christian training of the pupils.[20]

[14]This collection is carefully preserved today in the Museum Room at St. Mary Academy. Each piece of the collection is carefully marked.
[15]A.St.M.A.
[16]*Loretto Magazine*, June, 1914, copy in A.L.M.
[17]Then Reverend Hugh L. McMenamin.
[18]By Anna C. Minogue.
[19]Chaplain at Loretto Heights College, Loretto, Colorado.
[20]See St. Mary Academy *Syllabus.*

By way of contrast with the present curriculum we quote a course of study carried at the old St. Mary Academy in 1887:

"The sub-graduates of St. Mary Academy, Denver have just completed Roman History, Astronomy and Physical Geography, taking up instead Literature, Zoology and Geology.

"The graduates have completed Grecian History, Paradise Lost, Book 5, and Geometry Book 6. The remaining months of the year will be devoted to Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, Paradise Lost, Geometry and a general review of Literature and Physics."[21]

St. Mary Academy is accredited to the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, University of Denver, University of Colorado and Loretto Heights College.

[21] *The Convent Echo,* March, 1887, in A.L.M.

The Cornish Miners of Early Gilpin County

LYNN I. PERRIGO*

Reports of good mining attract miners from half way around the globe. This general rule was applicable to Colorado in the 1860s. Among the first "immigrants," those of '58 and '59, were many "veterans" of the rush to California ten years before.[1] In Gilpin County, the early center of "hard-rock" mining in Colorado, these pioneers were soon joined by many Cornish miners who had come from the Lake Superior region.[2] By the mid-sixties others were coming from Cornwall, England, to participate in the search for gold in the Rockies.[3] It is not possible to determine from the census reports the proportion of the local population that was Cornish by 1870, or at any later date, for these miners were merely classified as English-born with no differentiation being made for strictly English and Cornish origins. Nevertheless, since Cornishmen comprised a large proportion of the English and British-American residents of Gilpin County, it is significant that fifteen per cent of the local population in 1870 and about one-fourth in 1880 and 1890 were of English nativity.[4] Frank Young, pioneer banker of Central City, wrote in his later reminiscences that at that city in 1869 there were many "robust, stout-chested, pink-cheeked lads from the tin mines of Cornwall,"[5] and Ernest Morris, who came to Central City in 1885, said afterwards that it had then seemed to him that "the majority of the population was Cornish."[6]

Life in the early mining camps of Gilpin County was interesting and colorful in many ways because of the presence there of this and other foreign elements, but consideration must be given first to the contribution of the Cornishmen in the field of mining. During the Civil War Colorado experienced a speculative boom, but when this boom collapsed at the end of the war mining operations nearly ceased.[7] It was then discovered that little sound development of the mining properties had been made during the era of inflation, so some of the Eastern companies and the men of Gilpin County undertook to apply science and common sense to the business of mining in order to work out their own salvation.[8] While Professor N. P. Hill was developing a practical process in the plant at Black Hawk for the extraction of the gold from these "refractory" ores,[9] the Cornish miners were making smaller but significant contributions to the recovery of local mining. In the first place, since these were mainly "lode" mines, their successful operation required the skillful sinking of shafts and tracing of veins, a type of mining in which Cornishmen had had experience and were proving their ability.[10] These miners also devised useful mechanical aids, like the Cornish pump for removing water from the underground recesses.[11] In addition they introduced a plan of cooperative or lease mining which they called "tut-work" or "tribute pitch."[12] By this plan a miner contracted to work a portion of a

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[1]Mention of California miners appears in an editorial of the (Denver) *Rocky Mountain News*, April 23, 1859; correspondence, *id.*, Oct. 27, 1859; Willard Burnap, *One Man's Lifetime* (Fergus Falls, Minn: Burnap Estate, 1923), 165-7; Peter Westerlund, "Reminiscences of a Trip to Pike's Peak—1859," *Yearbook* of the Swedish Historical Society of America (1908), 35; H. J. Hawley, "Diary of Central City," entry of May 26, 1860; correspondence from G. M. Willing, *Daily Missouri Republican*, July 11, 1859; *et passim*.

[2]See M. O. Morris, *Rambles in the Rockies* (London: Smith-Elder, 1864), 124; letters from Central City, in H. S. Salt, *Life of James Thomson* (London: Reeves and Turner, 1889), 83. Also, interviews with Mrs. Frank Hall and Bennett Seymour, early residents of Central, and R. S. Harvey and Fred Rogers, sons of early residents (all at Denver, 1935-6).

[3]Interview at Denver, January 30, 1936, with R. S. Harvey, whose father came from Cornwall to Illinois and then to Colorado in 1861-2.

[4]Gilpin County population:

	Total	Foreign born	English and Brit.-Amer.	Eng. % of total	Eng. % of Foreign born
1870	5,490	1,751	818	15	46
1880	6,489	2,717	1,673	25	62
1890	5,867	2,431	1,368	23	56
1900	6,690	2,373	1,048	16	44

—U. S., *Census Reports; Ninth*, I, 347; *Tenth*, I, 499; *Eleventh*, I, 613; *Twelfth*, I, 739.

[5]*Echoes from Arcadia* (Denver: private, 1903), 87.

[6]Interview at Denver, Dec. 17, 1935.

[7]Cushman and Waterman, *The Gold Mines of Gilpin County, Historical, Descriptive and Statistical* (Central City: Register, 1876), 29-33.

[8]Bayard Taylor, *Colorado: A Summer Trip* (N. Y.: Putnam's, 1867), 59, 63, 68; A. K. McClure, *Three Thousand Miles Through the Rockies* (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1869), 92, 93.

[9]Cushman and Waterman, *Gold Mines*, 103-7; Frank Hall, *History of Colorado* (Chicago: Blakely, 1889-95), I, 443.

[10]Interviews with Mrs. Frank Hall, Mrs. Estelle Byrne, R. S. Harvey, C. H. Hanington, and Ernest Morris, all at Denver, 1935-6.

[11]Interview with C. H. Hanington at Denver, Dec. 19, 1935.

[12]*Ibid.*, and interview with R. S. Harvey at Denver, Jan. 30, 1936. Also see Young, *Echoes*, 93; Cushman and Waterman, *Gold Mines*, 35; Salt, *Thomson*, 83.

larger undeveloped property for ten or fifteen per cent share or royalty. Though cooperative in some respects, this system was essentially individualistic and stimulated the miners themselves to greater effort. By virtue of their enterprise and the other developments of the late sixties, mining in Gilpin County was soon on a paying basis,[13] and lease-mining continued in vogue in many of the mines throughout the succeeding decades.[14] During that time many of the Cornish miners became foremen, while some were enabled to quit laboring as miners and to set up business establishments.[15] Finally, because they were frugal and amiable as well as individualistic, these miners managed to live well and without complaint on their $2.50 daily wage and consequently seldom joined unions and engaged in strikes, all of which won them the gratitude and respect of their employers.[16]

GROUP OF EARLY GILPIN COUNTY MINERS ON THE BATES-HUNTER CLAIM

[13]The production of gold in Gilpin County reached its first peak in 1864, when it came near the two million dollar mark, but in 1866 it had fallen to about three-fourths million; yet by 1869 it was back near one and one-half million where it stayed until another upward trend set in during the boom of the late seventies. Cf. Frank Fossett, *Colorado: Its Gold and Silver Mines* (N. Y.: Crawford, 1879), 246, 247, 291; C. W. Henderson, *Mining in Colorado* (U. S. Gov't., 1926), 88-103.

[14]*Ibid.*, 12; advertisement, *Weekly Register-Call* (Central City), Nov. 1, 1895; locals, *Gilpin Observer* (Central City), March 30, July 13, 1899; descriptive comments on Gilpin County Map of 1906, in University of Colorado Historical Collections.

[15]Interviews with Ernest Morris and R. S. Harvey.

[16]Young, *Echoes*, 92, 93; editorial, *Daily Central City Register*, Aug. 30, 1871; Mrs. G. E. Tyler (daughter of H. M. Teller), "Early Central City" (Ms., Univ. of Colo. Hist. Coll.), 11.

At first the Cornish miners and their families naturally were socially handicapped at Central City because of their strange language and customs, but it was not long until they became an accepted and integral part of that society even though their language and customs still were distinctive.[17] Many of them could readily be singled out by their euphonious names, usually prefixed by Tre-, Pen-, or Pol-, as, for example, Trenoweth and Polglase.[18] They experienced difficulty in learning the English language, for they persistently misused pronouns and verb forms and dropped "hs" where they belonged while adding others where they did not belong. Some were later quoted as having said, "Ow art e gettin hon, you?" and "Her ain't a callin we," and once when one of the Cornish miners was thrown off his horse he was reported to have said, "Damme she I could ride she if it warn't for damme dinner pail."[19] Another distinguishing characteristic of these people was their clothes. When they "dressed up," the women liked to display purple velvet dresses and large hats bearing yellow plumes, and the men wore loose-fitting suits of coarse cloth, topped by "bowlers" (stiff hats).[20]

Regardless of these interesting characteristics the Cornish people were well liked by their American neighbors, and many were accepted in the "select" social clique at Central City.[21] All of the early and later residents of that place who were interviewed for this article, after relating some of the colorful aspects of association with the Cornish residents, added that they wanted it understood, however, that these people were "high class" in all respects. Further, it is noteworthy that the Cornish element did not tend to become segregated in one part of town until in later years, near 1900; instead, they lived in homes scattered among those of the other residents.[22] They were generally conceded, too, to have been good home-makers. The men worked early and late, before and after work, building and improving their houses,[23] while the women were excellent cooks who favored citron, jellies, raisins, currants, pastries, and saffron cake.[24] The latter was a bright yellow cake flavored and colored with saffron as a substitute for eggs.

[17]Interviews with Ernest Morris and Bennett E. Seymour, the latter at Central City, March 28, 1935.

[18]Young, *Echoes*, 10; interviews with R. S. Harvey and Ernest Morris.

[19]Interviews with Mrs. Frank Hall, Ernest Morris, and Eugene C. Stevens, all at Denver, Dec., 1935.

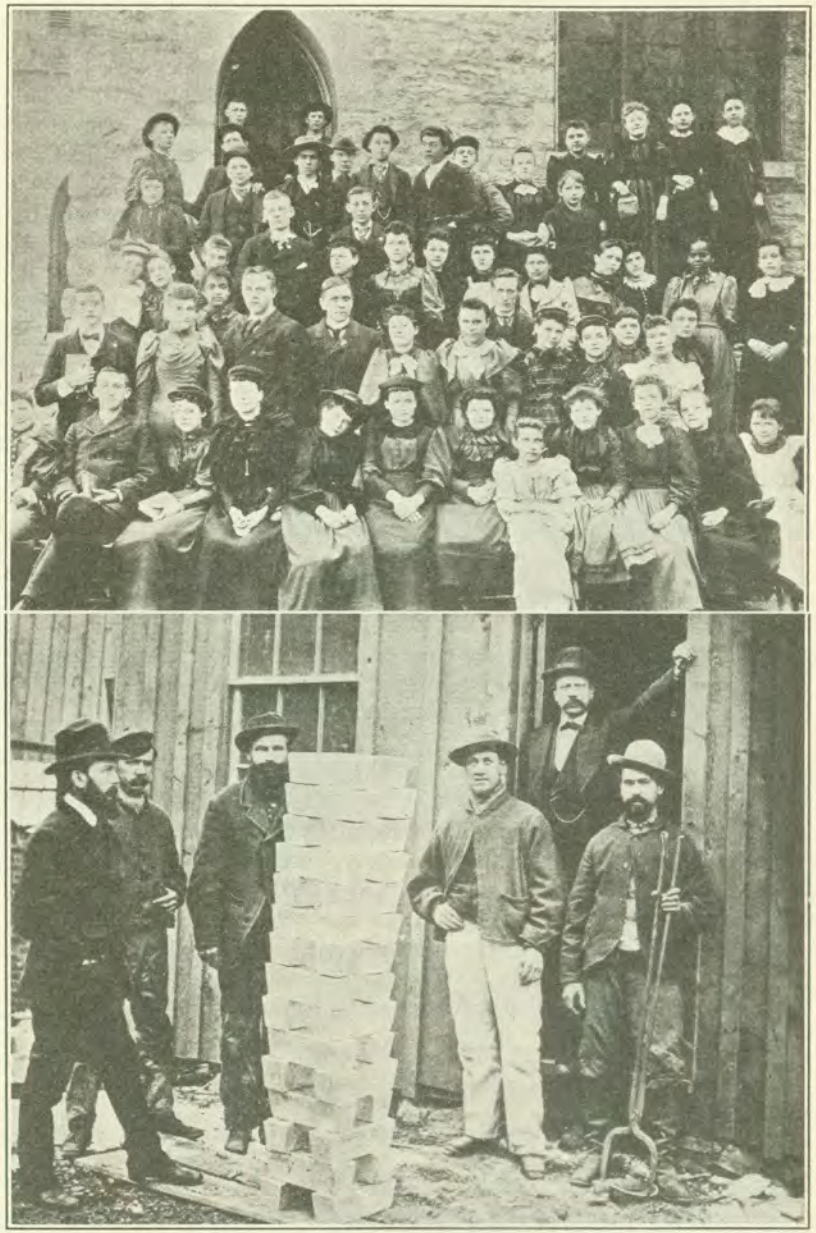
[20]Interviews with Mrs. Frank Hall, Mrs. John Best, R. S. Harvey, and Ernest Morris, all at Denver, 1935-6.

[21]Interviews with Mrs. Estelle Byrne, Mrs. John Best, Ernest Morris, and R. W. Hanington, all at Denver, 1935, and Robert Johnson at Central City, Aug. 31, 1935.

[22]Interviews with Mrs. Estelle Byrne, and Ernest Morris, at Denver, and Bennett E. Seymour and G. M. Laird, at Central City, 1935.

[23]Interview with E. D. Morgan, at Central City, March, 28, 1935.

[24]Interviews with Mrs. Estelle Byrne, Ernest Morris, R. W. Hanington, and R. S. Harvey; Tyler, "Early C. C.," 8; Mrs. F. C. Means, *A Bowlful of Stars* (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1934), 140. It is interesting to note the frequent purchases of saffron at 25c a box, recorded in the Daybook of the Hawley Merchandising Co., for 1894-5, 211, 274, *et passim* (Univ. of Colo. Hist. Coll.).



Upper: Group (Mostly Cornishmen) in Front of the Methodist Church at Central City

Lower: Miners and Mill Men Beside a Stack of Silver Bricks at Black Hawk

Most of the Cornishmen belonged to the Methodist Church, comprising nearly half of its membership. They were given to long, eloquent prayers, and the choir of that church was especially good because of its rich Cornish voices.[25] These miners also aided in the late sixties in the campaign for observance of the Sabbath,, for they would not, as a rule, work in the mines on Sunday.[26] The sons of Cornwall brought other interesting traits into the life of these mountain communities.[27] Because they liked to gather in groups and sing, it was not unusual in the evening to hear fifteen or twenty of them in a saloon blending their voices in the harmonious strains of "Trafalgar's Boy" or "The Wreck of the Arethusa."[28] Likewise, the sports of the Cornishmen provided entertainment for their fellow townsmen. They enjoyed matching their dogs in "coursing" (dog-racing) and frequently they gathered on Sunday afternoons to watch wrestling matches, "Cornish style," in which the contenders wore loose sack-like blouses made of canvas.[29]

Although these immigrants were well received by the American residents of the mountain towns, the Cornishmen did not always regard with favor the influx of miners from other foreign lands. It is true that the native residents openly made fun of the Cornish; they called them "Cousin Jacks" and "Cousin Jennies" and "saffron cake eaters," and some became very adept at imitating the peculiarities of the Cornish brogue.[30] But these people were not resentful of that and accepted it in good spirit; instead, they came into conflict first with the Irish and later with the Tyrolese who came to labor in the mines of Gilpin County. These clashes were essentially economic, though difference of religion may also have been a factor.[31]

During the decade of the sixties there was a heavy influx of Irish miners, so by 1870 more than 500 were living in this county.[32] There seemed to exist a "natural" antipathy between them and their Cornish competitors, and it did not take many drinks to pre-

[25]Interviews with Ernest Morris, R. W. Hanington, B. E. Seymour, Mrs. Frank Hall and Mrs. John Best; Tyler, "Early C. C.," 8; Frank Belford, "Early Day Reminiscences," *Weekly Register-Call*, July 29, 1932. Mrs. Raynolds, who directed the choir first at the M. E. and then at the Episcopal Church at Central in the 60s, often spent long hours coaching Cornishmen who had good voices so that they could take parts in the choir. Interview with J. F. Raynolds at Denver, Dec. 27, 1935.

[26]I. H. Beardsley, *Echoes from Peak and Plain* (Cincinnati: Curts and Jennings, 1898), 290.

[27]Mention of the Cornish lodge, the Sons of St. George, is not included above because it apparently was not organized at Central City until in the 1890s. Interviews with Ernest Morris and Robert Johnson; *Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville—A Concise Social and Business Review* (Pamphlet, Denver: about 1900), 22.

[28]Young, *Echoes*, 10; interviews with Ernest Morris and R. W. Hanington.

[29]Interviews with R. W. Hanington and R. S. Harvey.

[30]Interviews with Mrs. Frank Hall, R. W. Hanington, Ernest Morris, and R. S. Harvey.

[31]Most of the Cornish were Methodists, while both the Irish and Tyrolese were largely Catholics.

[32]The Irish-born population in 1870 was 511; in 1880, 378; in 1890, 190; in 1900, 129. *Op. cit. supra*, note 4.

cipitate a fight between members of the two groups.[33] However, by 1870 these rivals had "amalgamated fairly on better acquaintance" and the antagonism had largely given way to "friendly combat" in wrestling matches.[34] Thenceforth the Irish immigration to Gilpin County tapered off[35] and in its stead there appeared an influx first of Chinese and then of Austro-Italians. The Chinese established an extensive placer-mining camp below Black Hawk in the seventies, but their engagement in this type of mining meant that they were not in direct competition with the Cornish "hard-rock" miners.[36]

The next serious ethnic clash occurred when the Tyrolese miners began coming in large numbers. There were about 200 natives of Austria and Italy in Gilpin County in 1890, and over 500 by 1900;[37] and most of the Austrians and Italians were, properly speaking, Tyrolese miners of those nationalities.[38] They could live on a smaller income than the Cornishmen, so they were willing to work in the mines for lower wages.[39] The arrival of the vanguard of this immigration in the late eighties was regarded by some citizens of Gilpin County with considerable alarm, and the trend of the times contributed somewhat to this feeling of unrest. For one thing, mining in that vicinity was suffering a slump that had begun in 1886 and was to last until 1892.[40] Besides, most of the mines were then consolidated and in the hands of large corporations,[41] so the miner might readily be swayed by the suggestion that he was merely an exploited tool in the merciless hands of a monster.[42] In many respects the time was ripening for the unionization of the miner, but an attempt to organize a unit of the Knights of Labor at Central City in December, 1886, had been premature.[43] A year later the lack of employment for some resident miners began to be associated with the influx of the Tyrolese, and then the storm broke.

[33]Young, *Echoes*, 87; locals, *Daily Central City Register*, July 6, 1870; interviews with R. S. Harvey, Bennett E. Seymour, and J. F. Raynolds.

[34]Young, *Echoes*, 87.

[35]*Supra*, note 32.

[36]The Chinese settlement at Black Hawk began to attract attention in the early seventies. Territorial news in *Colorado Miner* (Georgetown), Aug. 5, 1873, and in *Denver Daily Times*, Feb. 25, 1874. By 1880 there were 124 Chinese in Gilpin County. U. S., *Tenth Census*, I, 382.

[37]In 1890 there were 189 Austrians and 112 Italians; in 1900, 396 Austrians and 156 Italians. U. S. *Census Reports, Eleventh*, I, 613; *Twelfth*, I, 739.

[38]Interviews with Fred Rogers and C. H. Hanington.

[39]Ernest Morris, in interview, recalled that at his father's grocery store Cornish miners with a family of four or five usually had a monthly bill of $40 to $50, but the Tyrolese families of the same size incurred one of only $20 to $30.

[40]Henderson, *Mining*, 88-103.

[41]Eleven consolidated mining properties were producing over half of the total yield in the county in 1890. U. S., *Eleventh Census, Mineral Industries*, 76.

[42]"To the Knights of Labor;"

"The grinding power that would crush the poor
Is scenting the coming fray,—
And the legions are gathering near and far
In battle's stern array;
And when it comes, as come it will,
The triumph of right we'll see,—
And as equal place, in the rough hard race,
The glorious boon will be."

—From G. S. Phelps, *Cloud City Chimes* (Leadville) (Denver: Reed, 1903).

[43]Locals, *Register-Call*, Dec. 28, 1886; interview with R. S. Harvey.

In this conflict one of Central's newspapers, *The Gilpin County Observer*, and an attorney, W. C. Fullerton, took up the cause of the unemployed miners and attacked A. N. Rogers, manager of the large Bobtail Consolidated, charging that he was purposely importing cheap mine labor; and the other newspaper, *The Daily Register-Call*, came to his defense. Early in January the editor of the *Observer* set forth his tenets as follows:

"We all, or nearly all, agree that money making is not the sole, not even the chief end of man. It looks unresonable [*sic*] to make anything that we cannot take with us when this 'fitful fever' is ended. . . . Character is all we take with us, and into that structure enters all thoughts, all acts, all aspirations. . . . Man is his brother's keeper in a certain sense. . . . Society must protect the weak from the encroachment of the strong, the poor from the result of their own folly, and the oppression of the rich. Individual and corporate greed must be restrained. . . . It is time that the public conscience were quickened on these momentous questions. . . . Men today do not thank you for charity—they often spurn it. What they want is their inalienable rights; the right to the just fruit of their labor; the right to be protected from all forms of oppression. . . . This they will have or revolution."[44]

The theme soon shifted from the general to the particular when an anonymous correspondent, "Billy the Kid," protested concerning the treatment of the Cornish miners and jestingly talked of having a duel with "Morg" Laird of the *Register-Call*, while W. C. Fullerton followed with the battle-cry that "The Dago must go."[45] Fullerton charged that manager Rogers of the Bobtail Mine was getting "Dago" miners through an immigration bureau and that the foremen then "docked" the wages of these miners 25c or 50c to pay for their steamship fare, so that their $2.25 daily wage really amounted only to $1.75 or $2.00, and he added that it "might be of vast importance for the miners to unite here and protect ourselves from being overrun by a horde of men who belong to the lowest class of the civilized world."[46] Fullerton called upon Rogers to defend his course, but the latter made no reply;[47] instead the *Register-Call* maintained his defense by pointing out that once the Cornish had come here and underbid American labor and now the same group "would deny to others the rights and privileges extended to them."[48] An "orderly onlooker," who wrote over the

[44]Editorial, Jan. 4, 1888.

[45]Communications and locals, *Observer*, Jan. 4 and 11, 1888.

[46]Commun., *ibid.*, Jan. 18 and 25, 1888.

[47]Commun., *ibid.*, Feb. 1, 1888; interview with Fred Rogers, son of A. N. Rogers.

[48]Commun. and locals, Feb. 3, 1888.

pseudonym of "Let Ergo Riley," charged that Fullerton was stirring up this difficulty for political reasons.[49] Further, he suggested that Rogers might not be importing the Italians, for perhaps they had merely "drifted in from the railroad camps."[50]

Discussion precipitated action. Twice late in January it was reported that groups of Tyrolese and Cornish miners had clashed at Black Hawk. Some shots had been fired into the air, but the only injuries that resulted came from well-applied fists.[51] Then Fullerton called a mass meeting of miners at Turner Hall in Central City to discuss the problem, and the *Observer* joyfully but prematurely reported that when some of the Tyrolese had heard of it they had left for "unknown parts."[52] At the meeting Fullerton submitted a series of resolutions condemning the employment of "treacherous and cruel" "Dagos," and a committee was chosen to investigate whether Rogers actually was paying these miners less than $2.25 a day.[53] Out of this meeting grew the later organization of a local chapter of the Knights of Labor, which tried to get local employers to refuse to hire the Tyrolese;[54] but when the investigating committee reported that Rogers was paying all miners in the Bobtail the same wages as formerly paid the Cornish and other miners, Fullerton's agitation lost its sting.[55]

This opposition of some of the resident miners was futile and the Tyrolese came in even greater numbers.[56] The controversy reverted from personal issues to its original impersonal generalizations.[57] As time passed, a short-lived prosperity visited this mining region again,[58] the Tyrolese demonstrated their ability at mining

[49]Commun., *Observer*, Feb. 1, 1888.

[50]Fred Rogers, in an interview, also maintained that his father had not abetted the immigration of the Tyrolese but had merely taken advantage of the opportunity to employ those that had come, for he found them to be very good miners.

[51]Locals and editorials, *Observer*, Jan. 18 and 25, 1888. Ernest Morris, in interview, said that there were no mob riots, merely some "kid fights."

[52]Locals, *Observer*, Jan. 25, 1888. In the same issue the editor announced that henceforth "nothing of a personal or offensive nature" would be published without its author's full name.

[53]Locals, *Observer*, Feb. 1, 1888; commun., *Register-Call*, Feb. 3, 1888.

[54]Commun., *Observer*, Feb. 8, 1888.

[55]*Ibid.*, and commun. from Fullerton, *id.*, Feb. 15, 1888. Then "Morg" Laird sent Fullerton "a very lovely Valentine." Ed., *ibid.*

[56]*Supra* note 37.

[57]Fullerton attacked the high prices of merchandise in relation to the wage standard of miners, and the editor of the *Observer* proclaimed the passing of the era of "Freedom of contract." Commun., *Observer*, Feb. 22, 1888; locals, *id.*, April 7, 1888. A. N. Rogers the storm center of this conflict, died in 1890. News item, *Register-Call*, March 7, 1890. Nevertheless, Fullerton and Laird, editor of the *Register-Call*, continued to spar politically until in 1899, when Laird sued Fullerton for libelous slander published in the *Observer* and then withdrew the charges after Fullerton had published an apology. Commun. and ed., *Gilpin Observer*, March 23, 1899.

[58]Production of gold and silver in Gilpin County yielded nearly $2,500,000 annually from 1892 to 1899, but after 1900 it declined steadily, reaching its lowest point of only about a hundred thousand dollars annually in the 1920s. Henderson, *Mining*, 88-103.

and their desire to become good citizens of these towns, they and the Cornish began to fraternize at work and play and their children at school, so the bases of conflict gradually vanished.[59] But when one of the pioneers of Central City returned to visit his former home in the late nineties he lamented that the place seemed cold and unfriendly, that its social "golden age" had passed.[60] As symbolic of this change he mentioned, among other things, that the old homebrew had given way to the "Chianti" of Italy and that names ending in "ini" appeared on store signs where once were the names Polglase or Trelawney.[61] But he had no way of knowing then that in a few more years Gilpin County mining itself was to be doomed to almost complete suspension and that its fall would bring the end of another era, irrespective of past Cornish, Irish, German, Chinese, Tyrolese, and even American achievements and memories.

Thus concludes the story of the Cornish miners of Gilpin County. They came early on the scene and contributed greatly in their own way to the development of mining in the Rockies. Their presence in the mountain towns also colored and vivified life there in many respects. While fraternizing happily with their neighbors of American nativity, they came into conflict with other alien elements in the local population. After their first tussles with the early Irish immigrants, these two groups developed a more amicable relationship, and then the Cornish largely supplanted the Irish in the mines until in the nineties. After a futile stand against the encroachment of the Tyrolese miners on this domain, the Cornish and Tyrolese learned also to respect the abilities and customs of each other and to work together during the final spurt of prosperous mining activity in that region. But when mining collapsed during the World War period, most of these people and the other residents of Gilpin County, as well, moved to Denver and elsewhere. There they continued to live and work in their new world, but not unmindful of a tradition and heritage conditioned in the little world of their fathers and mothers in the mountain ravines of Gilpin County.

[59]Interviews with Ernest Morris, Fred Rogers, and R. S. Harvey.

[60]Visit of F. C. Young and Joseph Standley at Central, locals, *Register-Call*, Jan. 14, 1898; Young, *Echoes*, 205, 206, 219.

[61]*Ibid.*, 10.

Sketches of Big Timber, Bent's Fort and Milk Fort in 1839

MATTHEW C. FIELD[1]

BIG TIMBER[2]

Within a day's travel or so of Bent's Fort, upon the Arkansas, we reached an oasis to which we had long been looking forward. For weeks we had been reveling in anticipation upon the charms of this delightful place known to the old traders as Big Timbers. When exhausted beneath the blazing heat of the prairies, the older travellers would tell us of Big Timber, of the ancient trees, the cool stream, the gushing spring, and the near neighborhood of Fort William [Bent], where we would meet the hospitality of Christian brothers.

From the dreary waste where we had encamped the night before, where a stagnant yellow pool furnished our drink, and the grass, closely cropped by the buffalo, left our poor animals starving through the night, we started, with the distant trees of Big Timber just in sight. The want of pasture for our poor, four-footed servants had broken their energies, so that our progress was slow in the extreme, but about two in the afternoon we arrived at the long promised land of rest and refreshment. Here the expedition with which we released horses and mules from harness and turned them loose upon the rich grass, and flung ourselves, some into the stream, some beneath the trees for slumber, displayed an alacrity surprising after our long hardship. Vast sunflower beds spread far and near around the spot, and tall carpets of juicy grass contrasted their emerald hue with the bright yellow of the sun-worshippers. A thick forest of venerable trees sheltered us from the heat, and beneath them wandered a stream yet cool from the mountain snow. From the bank a spring gushed, shooting its crystal waters far across the hurrying tide of this young tributary to the Arkansas. We saw the wild deer bounding from shore to shore and scarcely wetting a foot; and among the sun-flower beds the huge back of a

[1]Mr. Field was a regular correspondent for the *New Orleans Picayune*. In 1839 he made a trip to New Mexico over the Santa Fe Trail. A series of "Prairie Sketches," relating his experiences and observations on the trip, appeared in the *Picayune* in 1840. Three of these are reproduced here. They and others were copied from the file of the newspaper at New Orleans by our research worker, Elmer R. Burkey.

In 1843 Mr. Field accompanied Sir William D. Stewart and a party of health seekers on a trip to the Rocky Mountains. His "Prairie and Mountain Life" sketches of this trip appeared in the *Picayune* and in the *St. Louis Reveille*, which latter he helped to found. His health was temporarily improved by the trip, but upon his return the lung complaint recurred and he died of consumption in St. Louis in December, 1844. He had written considerable poetry under the name "Phazma." The notes appended hereto are by the editor of this magazine.—Ed.

[2]The sketch under this title appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune* of Oct. 11, 1840. The Big Timber was a well-known wooded strip on the Arkansas River, some miles below Bent's Fort.

buffalo here and there was seen, as the ponderous brute broke down the stalks before him while passing forward to a fresher pasture ground.

We were wearied down to the last gasp, and recklessly abandoning all ordinary precaution, we drank and bathed, and in the luxurious languor that followed we dropped beneath the trees and slept.

That night we had a glorious feast. We toasted our distant friends in hot coffee with as much exhilaration as we could have derived from the pure juice of the grape itself. The choicest meats of the cow were subjected to extra culinary touches, and there was not one among us who would have changed his seat upon the grass for a place at the most sumptuous board in Christendom.

Our late supper gave us no nightmares, and, having resolved to waste the next day in rest, we slept until the morning sunbeams kissed off the dew from our blankets, when, after a merry bath in the creek, we made short work of the poor cow's hump, which was sweet as sugar, while it cut like new cheese.

If any reader of this little sketch should ever visit Santa Fe, let him cut the Semirone [Cimarron] track and visit Fort William, just stopping one day to luxuriate at the little garden bower of the West, Big Timber.

FORT WILLIAM [BENT'S FORT][3]

A party of three or four hundred Comanches succeeded in robbing Fort William of a valuable stock of horses and mules a few months before the time of our visit.[4] Fort William was founded six years ago by William Bent, of St. Louis, after whom it is called.[5] To afford facilities in the extension of their mountain trade, and to lend them security against the Comanches and Pawnees, William Bent and his enterprising brothers commenced and completed this remarkable stronghold, far away upon the banks of the Arkansas, four hundred miles from an American settlement, and in the very heart of the great wilderness of the West. Although built of the simple prairie soil, made to hold together by a rude mud with straw and the plain grass itself, the strength and durability of the walls is surprising and extraordinary. Though Indians should come in swarms numerous as the buffalo, Fort William would prove impregnable, for the red devils would never dream of scaling the walls,

[3]The fort on the Arkansas, generally known as "Bent's Fort," was first called "Fort William," in honor of William Bent, principal founder. This sketch by Mr. Field appeared in the *Picayune* of July 12, 1840.

[4]Thomas J. Farnham, who visited Bent's Fort in July, 1839, says that the robbery occurred about the middle of June, 1839.—See T. J. Farnham, *Travels in the Great Western Plains*, etc., reprinted in R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 164.

[5]Farnham, *op. cit.*, 161, says the fort was erected in 1832. Other accounts—but not contemporary and not substantiated—give earlier dates for the founding. The date of establishment has not yet been definitely determined.

and if they should, their sure destruction would follow, for the building is surrounded with all the defensive capacities of a complete fortification. Round towers, pierced for cannon, command the sweep all around the building, the walls are not less than fifteen feet high, and the convenience to launch destruction through and from above them are numerous as need be. Two hundred men might be garrisoned conveniently in the fort, and three or four hundred animals can be shut up in the corral. Then there are the storerooms, the extensive wagon houses, in which to keep the enormous heavy wagons used twice a year to bring merchandise from the States, and to carry back the skins of the buffalo and the beaver. Besides which the great wall encloses numerous separations for domestic cattle, poultry, creatures of the prairie, caught and tamed, blacksmith and carpenter shops, etc., etc. Then the dwellings, the kitchens, the arrangements for comfort are all such as to strike the wanderer with the liveliest surprise, as though an "air built castle," had dropped to earth before him in the midst of the vast desert.[6]

To the hospitable courtesy of Robert Bent[7] we were indebted for several days courteous and really delightful entertainment. The fatted calf was killed for us and the hoarded luxuries of Fort William were produced. The tenants of the Fort were merry fellows, we were a set of youths well worthy to shake hands with them, and as such meetings, to the lonely sojourners in the desert, were indeed much like "angels' visits," the time was mutually appreciated, and by no means suffered to pass unimproved. Among many stirring incidents pertaining to this adventurous life, related to us while at the fort, Mr. Bent told us of the death of one of his men and the severe loss he had sustained by the Comanches a few months before.

The brothers were at the time absent on one of the upper forks of the Platte, trading with the Pawnees, and the fort numbered only twenty tenants. It was just at sultry noonday, when the full flood of heat and light poured over the scene, the voice of the wind was mute, the insect ceased to hum, the wave of the Arkansas to murmur, and midday rivaled the night in hushed and breathless

[6]Descriptions of this famous fort are numerous. Three others in addition to Mr. Field's, and written by visitors of 1839, are preserved. Those of Mr. Farnham *(op. cit.)* and of Dr. Wislizenus (in his *A Journey to the Rooky Mountains in the year 1839*, 141) are familiar to students, but that of E. W. Smith is not so well known. Mr. Smith, accompanying the traders Vasquez and Sublette, traveled up the Arkansas in 1839 and recorded in his diary on Sept. 3d: "Today we passed *Bent's Fort* which looks quite like a military fortification. It is constructed of mud bricks after the Spanish fashion, and is quite durable. Mr. Bent had seventy horses stolen from the fort this summer by a party of Comanchee Indians, nine in number. There was a party of these Indians consisting of three thousand lodges, a few miles distant."—"Journal of E. Willard Smith," in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, XIV, 258.

[7]Younger brother of William Bent.

repose. The huge gate of the fort swung wide upon its hinges, and the whole stock of valuable animals—swift horses for hunting buffalo, strong mules for labor, etc., under care of a single Spanish guard—grazed in confident security, at some distance, but within sight of the watchman on the battlement. Demonstrations of danger had been of late unusual at the fort, and a degree of carelessness had grown upon the inmates, which, combined with the rapid movement of the marauders, was the cause of the fatal result which followed.

Suddenly the dozing inmates of the fort were startled by the war shriek of three hundred Comanches, who appeared on the opposite bank of the Arkansas. This was exactly in the wrong place either to attack the fort or capture the stock; but the cunning Indians had skilfully laid their scheme. Almost at the same instant a faint cry reached the fort from the cattle guard, and before the alarmed tenants of the fortress had issued from the gates, all the animals were seen in full flight down the green bank, over the Arkansas, and away, driven before some twenty red devils on wild horses, while the hapless Spaniard who had been on duty was seen to stagger toward the fort, and fall with three barbed arrows quivering in his body. These twenty Comanches, on their swiftest horses, had cautiously gained a position unobserved from the fort, from whence they could pounce upon the stock; and at the instant that the wild yell was raised by the main body, this smaller band broke from their concealment, shot down the brave fellow who would not fly his post, and successfully drove the frightened animals across the shallow bed of the river, and then swiftly out of sight.

We were shown the three arrows plucked from the body of the dying Spaniard. The point of one of them had pierced from breast to back, and only after death was the murderous missile extracted. The iron point—the long tough stick—the feather, bound tightly in the slit with deer sinew—all were red with the victim's blood, and as sad mementos of the unlucky event, they were preserved within the fort.

Seventy-five valuable animals were thus swept away from the fort, and five minutes scarcely elapsed from the first cry of alarm until the receding Comanches disappeared with their booty in the far horizon. The men at the fort were left without an animal to mount in pursuit, and so like a swift stroke of lightning came the misfortune, that, save bringing in the dying Spaniard and closing the gates, not another action of the inmates followed the alarm.

PUEBLO DE LECHE (NEAR FORT BENT)[8]

The *Milk People* are a community residing in a mud fort on the Arkansas about four hundred miles this side of Santa Fe. They are composed of the dark-skinned, half Spanish, half Indian tribe, who inhabit Taos and the Department of Santa Fe, and there cannot exist in any nook or corner of the wide universe, a wilder, stranger, more formidable collection of human beings for a civilized eye to look upon. The pencil of old romance would fly from forest cave and daring freebooters, and find here in real life a scene more full of all the best ingredients for all its colors. A rude mud built fortification rises in the very center of a trackless wilderness hundreds of miles in extent, and a part of whose confines are even yet unknown, and here a knot of beings of so wild a race as to create in the beholder ideas of what men were long centuries ago, men

> "Who look not like the inhabitants of earth,
> And yet are on it,"

reside, unknown to the world, and seeming to claim neither knowledge nor kindred with any tribe or nation in existence.

Milk Fort is so termed from the number of goats possessed by its tenants, and the quantity of milk so procured, which is always sure sustenance when buffalo or other game cannot be found. In case the fort should be besieged by the wandering hordes of Indians, these milk people could exist a far greater length of time than the marauders could be content to remain in one spot. But of this there is no danger, for the men are brave and daring as the Comanches themselves, of whose wild nature, indeed, they seem to partake, and they could sally forth and battle successfully with any war party of ordinary numbers. They possess the fleetest horses, and sit them as though they had been cradled in the saddle, and to say they were would perhaps be but a literal fact, for the writer once saw a Mexican woman making a little naked infant cling and balance itself on a horse's back, with its arms and legs, while the animal was walked about by the bridle. The poor little innocent

[8]This article appeared in the *Picayune* of July 14, 1840. The short-lived pueblo or fort here referred to as "Pueblo de Leche," or Milk Pueblo, is described also by the three journalists mentioned in Note 6, above. Farnham, *op. cit.*, 173, writes: "Five miles above Fort William, we came to Fort El Puebla. It is constructed of adobes, and consists of a series of one-story houses built around a quadrangle, in the general style of those at Fort William. It belongs to a company of American and Mexican trappers, who, wearied with the service, have retired to this spot to spend the remainder of their days in raising grain, vegetables, horses, mules, etc., for the various trading establishments of this region."

Dr. Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, 141, says: "Four miles above [Bent's Fort], there is a second smaller fort, Peebles' Fort, occupied chiefly by French and Mexicans." Mr. Smith, *op. cit.*, 259, records on Sept. 4, 1839: "Today we passed a Spanish fort about two miles from Bent's. It is also built of mud, and inhabited by a few Spanish and French. They procure flour from Towse [Taos], a town in Mexico, eight days' travel from this place. They raise a small quantity of corn for their own use." Despite the discrepancies in distances given from Bent's Fort, the three descriptions undoubtedly refer to the same place.

creature could not yet walk, and its little fat fist grasped instinctively the horse's mane with ludicrous earnestness. The men of Milk Fort are also full as expert with the bow as the Indians, and, although provided with firearms they kill more buffalo with arrows than with ball.

How to describe this strange fort and its nondescript inhabitants is somewhat perplexing. There are about thirty houses, of small dimensions, all built compactly together in an oblong square, leaving a large space in the center, and the houses themselves forming the wall of the fort, into which there is but one entrance, through a large and very strong gate. Some of these houses have an upper story, and the rooms are generally square, twelve feet from wall to wall, more or less, with the fireplace in the corner, where it is found most convenient to construct the chimney up through the mud wall. These rooms are whitewashed and look enough like Christian apartments to surprise us, while we remember that they are constructed of mud, and, in the way of comfort, they are really desirable, being cool, like cellars, in warm weather, and in winter close and warm. The best way, perhaps, to convey an idea of the people will be just to describe our entrance through the great gate and the scene that then presented itself.[9]

Half a dozen boys and men ran and took our horses, pulled off the saddles and headgear with swiftness that excited our wonder, and in an instant our animals were haltered and led into a corner of the fort, where a feast of corn shucks were piled upon the ground before them. We looked around us, and the first thing that took our attention was the women suddenly appearing at every door and window in the place to look at the strangers. They were generally rather neat in their appearance, though the men, with scarcely an exception, exhibited the reverse. Their dress consisted of just three articles, a common domestic undergarment, a coarse petticoat, and a long narrow shawl thrown over the head. They were combed and seemed to take delight in showing off their raven hair to advantage. Most of them were blotched and disfigured with vermilion, their cheeks, nose, forehead, all horridly daubed with it, but some, who had taste enough to abstain from this vile Indian custom, were really pleasant looking females. They were all much taken with us, however, and crowded about us chattering Spanish in a manner most bewildering to American ears.

But the men held aloof from us, perhaps not liking the attention bestowed upon us by the women. They kept their eagle eyes bent upon us from under their dark brows, but did not rise from the ground, where they were chiefly lying outside the doors, smoking their clay and stone Indian made pipes. Dogs, goats, cats, tame

[9]This is the most extensive description of this pueblo or fort that the editor has found and hence is welcome data for Colorado history.

coons, tame antelopes, tame buffalo calves, kids and jackasses were about in all directions, and little children were on their backs kicking their heels and playing with the animals. A stout little rascal near us was bellowing "Madre! Madre!" to come and punish a juvenile buffalo who had hit him a butt and knocked him against the wall.

The men generally had beards at full length, and long hair flowing over their shoulders, which, together with their dark skin and piercing eyes, gave them a truly wild and ferocious appearance. They were armed also, some with, some without pistols, but not one was without his large knife; and as they lounged about the ground they were employed filing up arrow heads from bits of sheet iron, cutting and trimming the long sticks and fixing the delicate feather at the end.

We remained one night in this fort, that we might note all its singularities, though not without experiencing some awkward sensations relative to the black-looking fellows who were around us. We had been told, however, at Fort William that these men were not to be feared, being of peaceable character, and living entirely by hunting and trading now and then with friendly Indians. Once or twice a year they travel to Santa Fe, sell skins and buy necessaries. Just before night closed in, a confusion was heard, and a man with a tremendous voice called out for the corral to be cleared. Instantly there was a rush among the women to catch up the children and run with them into the houses, and the next moment the whole stock of horses and mules, "full of the pasture," the rich pasture of the prairie, was driven through the wide gateway into the center of the fort. Here was a scene! Before we knew it we were wedged in among the animals, and had no small work to extricate ourselves, for the stock completely filled the corral. The heavy gate was now securely barred and fastened, and we found ourselves secured for the night within the walls of *Pueblo de Leche.*

Pioneering in Southern Colorado

ELIAL JAY RICE*

I was born in Sullivan, Ashland County, Ohio, in December, 1822. I attended and was graduated from Hamilton University, New York. After teaching for several years in that state I returned to Ohio, where I founded the Savannah Seminary. Later I was superintendent of schools in Evansville, Indiana.

*A number of Mr. Rice's papers were recently presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by his daughter, Mrs. Elisha S. Bell of Denver. From these Mr. J. R. Harvey, through whom the gift was obtained, has extracted the following sketch of Mr. Rice's life and of his achievements in the Trinidad region. The material was written by Mr. Rice before 1872.—Ed.

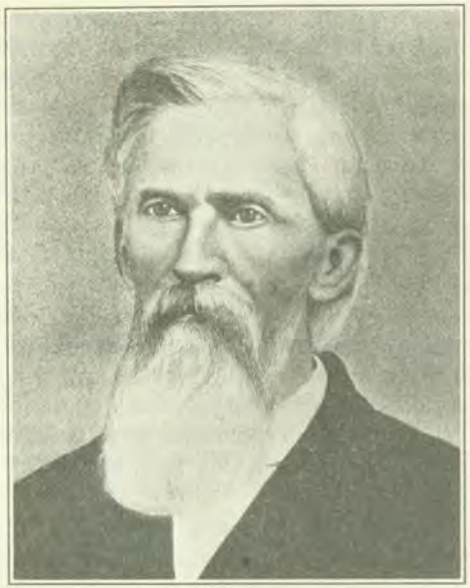
My health was always frail and I invariably wore out a climate in five years, that seeming to be the time limit that I could remain in one place. In 1866 I determined to try the climate of Colorado and, accompanied by my wife and child, set out in that direction. A temporary break in our western journey at Lawrence, Kansas, developed into a sojourn at that place, for I was elected first member on the faculty of the Kansas State University as "Professor of Belles Lettres, Mental and Moral Science and Acting President of the Faculty." I continued here until 1867, when I accepted the position of President of Baker University at Baldwin City, Kansas, where Mrs. Rice was elected to the Chair of Latin and French. We remained here for two years, then, my failing health again demanding a change, we decided to fulfill our earlier intentions, and again turn our faces westward. And so early in September, 1869, we set out en route to Colorado.

"Westward Ho" had become so common and the way so often described, that scarcely anything new could be said. Suffice it to say I never saw the country look more beautiful, just blossoming into its autumnal glory, or plainer signs of permanent prosperity then were constantly manifested as westward we moved. We stopped for the night at Ellsworth. Here a happy disappointment awaited us. Instead of the boisterous and dangerous place we expected to find from previous reports, we were ushered into a quiet, peaceable little town, not even a dog fight to disturb the harmony of the place.

We spent the night at the Anderson House. The proprietor, Mr. Edward, treated us well and gave us such accommodations as we needed for a reasonable compensation. We remember Ellsworth with pleasure. We reached Sheridan, Sept. 25, 1869, and more than comfortable quarters at the Perry House. Those cities of the plains grew up as if by magic, and passed away in the same manner. Ellsworth, I thought would become a permanent town. There was some farming country near to sustain it. One farm not far distant had raised 6,000 bushels of corn that year. As I surveyed this vast country I said to Mrs. Rice, "The plow will yet subdue all these wide extended plains and the Great American Desert will pass into fable and song."

Beyond Ellsworth the towns moved on as the end of the railroad moved, until the road reached Sand Creek, eighty-four miles west of this place. There, the country was susceptible of cultivation, and there the road branched. The north branch went on to Denver; the south branch struck off to the left, through a rich valley, to the Arkansas River, and then up the valley of the Rio las Animas to Trinidad and so on to Santa Fe. Sand Creek, I was confident, would grow up a permanent town. Kit Carson was of

some importance. Already Yankee enterprise was here and more coming. Intermediate towns between Ellsworth and Kit Carson would vanish, just as others had done before them—Coyote, Cheyenne and Monument. The last named town, one year before when I visited it, was full of life and business; now not even the prairie dog was to be seen. Conductor Thomas informed me that a few days after I was there he took it all off on one train.



REVEREND ELIAL JAY RICE

The road was being vigorously pushed on. A few weeks more and Sheridan, now so full of life and activity, would share the fate of Monument. Pond Creek, now just springing into life, would flourish for a day, and then go on to Kit Carson. The cool dry atmosphere here braced one up, and made one feel he was in almost a new world. It was a grand, good place to dispose of the chills. "Let him that shakes come to Colorado and shake no more."

Three days later (Sept. 28, 1869) we rolled out of Sheridan in a coach and eight, "horned horses," in splendid style. Sheridan was alive to see us go. We felt commingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Glad because we were anxious to reach our destined homes; sorry because, during the three days we spent in Sheridan, we formed many pleasant acquaintances, and shared unreservedly their extended hospitality. God bless them for their kindness to us.

One who has crossed the plains will remember the first night in camp. Nothing where it ought to be. Things abundant which are useless, and wanting things most useful. The cook cross; water bad; tea spoiled; bread seasoned with caraway. Whoever heard the like? Well, our household arrangements, after all, thanks to Sheridan friends, were tolerably complete. Supper over, all wanted to retire and sleep—outdoors, of course. Such fun! I may as well tell you now. We were joined at Sheridan by a lady from Michigan, and a gentleman from Germany. Six of our household, and seven Mexicans who could not speak a word of English, constituted our company. Ere morning dawned, most of the out-door sleepers came in-doors, and our German friend, who stood it out all night, declared he "could not do it again." As for myself, after all the rest were quietly tucked away, I wrapped my blanket around me and laid down on the broad bed to pleasant dreams, not forgetting, of course, to place my six-shooter under my head. But danger might have come and gone while I slept on unconscious. The last I heard was the howl of the prairie wolf, and my dreams were too peaceful to be remembered.

The next day, the wind blew a perfect gale. I have never seen it excelled. We travelled about fifteen miles. Camp life that night and ensuing nights was very similar to the first night out except that each brought a more perceptible degree of organization. Twenty days we were on the road and fifteen of them on the plains. It was a tedious journey and we all were glad to arrive at Trinidad safe and in better health than when we left Lawrence. The dry mountain atmosphere seemed to be good for me and I did not suffer as I did when I left Lawrence.

We liked it better than we expected. The people gave us a warm welcome. Society was better than we hoped for and the town was beautifully situated, nestled in among the Raton Mountains like a bird nest among the boughs of the grand old forest pine. The town was one of the important places in the Territory, and would probably become more and more important each year. If the Southwest branch of the Kansas Pacific should pass through Trinidad, it would make a large town. I decided to examine the pass through the mountains and to give Senator Ross all the facts, and then ask him to call the attention of the directors to it.

I was satisfied at once, from information already obtained that this was one of the healthiest countries in the world, and could not be excelled for stock raising. There was in my opinion, double the money in the business that there was in Kansas. Cattle lived and did well all winter on the herd. The cost of cutting and feeding hay was saved. The grama grass here grew better pasturing, and cured on the ground, and was as good as the best hay all winter

long. In the valley it would be necessary to irrigate if you wanted to raise grain, but up the mountain, rain was abundant. It was a good grain country where the land was susceptible of cultivation. Much of the country was mountainous and fit only for stock raising. There were canyons almost without number in the mountains, well watered, and valleys containing from sixty to three thousand acres of arable land, and a stock range for from five hundred to ten thousand cattle, that could be had for simply taking. The wind blew refreshing from the snowy peaks, and tempered the atmosphere, so that it was never very warm and not as cold as in Kansas. Corn grew well in the valleys, and even half way up the mountain side. I never saw finer wheat. Oats grew well and on the mountain potatoes did well, but they would not grow in the valleys. Garden vegetables grew to an enormous size.

The weather was very fine after our arrival, until Oct. 22, when it snowed some. The water was very good. The Las Animas River was a beautiful little stream, clear and pure. There was an abundance of water for irrigating and all other purposes. We had one flouring mill in town and another in process of erection. Also, one twelve miles below, a saw mill five miles above, and business enough for two or three more. The town was growing fast. In October, 1869, we had six stores, three physicians, three lawyers, and saloons in abundance. Our wants were hardware and stove and tin shop, with perhaps agricultural implements to some extent. Such an establishment would do well. A drug store, a cabinet shop, a dentist, a watch-tinker, and a thousand stockgrowers, and then this country would be well manned. Another deplorable lack was that of any Protestant church.

In Oct., 1869, a week after my arrival in Trinidad, I rented a room at the old U. S. Hotel, that occupied the corner of Main and Maple streets, and here preached the first Protestant sermon ever delivered in Trinidad. There were only thirteen native American families in Trinidad at this time. The next sermon I delivered in the U. S. Hotel; the 3rd, in a little house (near the present home of Dr. W. L. South) and the fourth in an adobe structure nearby with earth for a floor. Communion services being celebrated, mats were brought into use, on which to kneel. Among the Americans in Trinidad at that time were Joseph Davis, E. J. Hubbard, Frank G. Bloom and wife, J. A. Foster and wife, P. B. Sherman and wife, E. F. Mitchell and family, John Hough, the Riffenburg families, G. B. Cornell and wife, Dr. Lyons and A. W. Archibald. During the winter of 1869 the Methodist church was organized with the following as members: Rev. E. J. Rice, Mrs. E. J. Rice, Misses Sylvia [a niece] and Nettie Rice [now Mrs. Bell of Denver], and Mrs. McClelland.

In March, 1870, I noticed in a Kansas paper occasional mention of a colony for Kansas. I immediately wrote the *Journal* and called the attention of its readers to a country entirely unlike Kansas and yet in many respects superior to it. In this manner I hoped to draw new American families into our small settlement. The substance of my letter follows:

In March, 1870, Trinidad was only three years old. The population was eight hundred, one hundred of whom were Americans. We looked for a large increase in population that spring. There was a fine opening for a woolen factory and a man who really understood the business could have made a fortune in a few years.

FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH AND SCHOOL IN TRINIDAD
Left to right: Rev. E. J. Rice, Ida Taylor, John Taylor, Mary Prowers, Ida Hough, Teresina Carson, Sylvia Rice, Mrs. E. J. Rice, E. J. Rice, Jr., Elizabeth Burns, Susan Hall, Susie Hough, Mary Hough, Jeannette Rice.

A hardware store and a tin shop, drug store, cabinet maker, and last but not least, a newspaper was badly needed, a young man of good habits and small capital could do well. The climate was very fine; the winter, if we had any, was very mild. We had a day or two in December that looked like winter, but after that the sun shone almost uninterruptedly, with no rain and very little snow. There could be no healthier place in the world. It was good for invalids of almost every description. Trinidad was beautifully located among the Raton Mountains. This country was rightly named by Bayard Taylor, "The Switzerland of America."

At this time our little family was delighted at the birth of my son E. Jay Rice, Jr., born Nov. 18, 1869, who was the first American boy born in Trinidad. In 1870, having borrowed the money from D. L. Taylor, I purchased for $150.00 the lot upon which stood the little adobe church. At the same time I acquired all the property

between the court house and Second Street. Here I made plans to establish a Methodist University and to build a parsonage. In the meantime for over three years I held services in my home. We also held school here. Our residence became known as the Rice Institute, at the suggestion of E. J. Hubbard. While acting as pastor and school-master, I was also superintending the erection of the Methodist Church.

At this time (August, 1870) we were receiving the *Central Advocate* regularly each week and it was always more than a welcome visitor. It brought news from the home world which gladdened and encouraged our hearts, and reminded us that we were still within the limits of civilization. To a certain extent it took the place of other associations which had gathered around our hearth-stone in our Eastern home. We never saw a brother minister, save when our elder came round on his regular trips. So we were compelled to do our own work from Sabbath to Sabbath without the least expectation of help from abroad. God was with us and prospered us. Our little band of soldiers now numbered sixteen. Our Sabbath-school was well attended, and we were gradually growing strong and permanent.

We finally commenced to build a church, size 25 by 47 feet, with tower and spire. When completed and furnished it was to cost not less than four thousand dollars. It indeed cost a struggle to finance it, for none of our people were rich.

Trinidad was an important town and we felt it demanded a good church, and a good one must be built. It was not like a mining town which might or might not be permanent. It must, from the nature of its location, become the emporium of all this southern country. Business would concentrate there, and last but not least, it would probably become an important railroad town. An individual who had never traveled any of the Rocky Mountain valleys, would have been astonished at the fertility of the Las Animas valley and the world of wealth there was in these rugged mountains. The business of the town was good and fast increasing. The climate was mild in winter and cool and delightful in summer. The changes were the most gradual of any place I was ever in. Invalids were restored to health here with astonishing rapidity. The mountain breezes braced up and invigorated the constitution in a wonderful manner. There was room here for the emigrant, and we gladly welcome the industrious, godly man to our town and social and religious associations. Here was a field where one could work for God and himself too, could better his own worldly condition and do much for the cause of Christ.

[Rev. Rice's article closes with the above paragraph, written just before his death on April 7, 1872. On the day of his funeral

services every store in Trinidad was closed. His wife (who afterward became Mrs. Pearson), his daughter (now Mrs. Elisha S. Bell of Denver) and his infant son E. J. Rice, Jr., survived him.

Rev. Rice was a man of profound learning. He was conversant in nine different languages. One of his greatest delights was to organize classes for the purpose of teaching its members the theory of music. He was, in fact, the first to bring a piano to Trinidad. He was broad and liberal in his views, which fact made him exceedingly popular with all his acquaintances, and was a man of great benevolence. The Rice high school and the E. J. Rice Hose Company are named in his honor.—J. R. Harvey]

The Santa Fe Trail on the Cimarron in Colorado

MARGARET LONG*

The Daughters of the American Revolution have done a valuable piece of work in marking the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. No markers have been placed on the trail in Oklahoma.

There were two branches of the Santa Fe Trail in Colorado. The Bent's Fort, or Mountain branch, ascended the north side of the Arkansas River, following U. S. 50 and the Santa Fe Railroad, to La Junta, where it turned southwest and coincided pretty closely with U. S. 350 and the Santa Fe Railroad to Trinidad, and continued with the Santa Fe R. R. over Raton Pass. The above mentioned towns did not exist in the early days of the trail, but Bent's New Fort west of Lamar, and Bent's Old Fort east of La Junta, where stations on the trail. The trail markers on this branch are charted in the library of the Colorado State Historical Society. They are on the north and south highways and section line roads near U. S. 50, and beyond, on or near U. S. 350. At Trinidad there is one on Kit Carson Park and another on the state line where the railroad enters the mile long tunnel.

The Cimarron branch left the Arkansas River at various points in Kansas, crossed the Cimarron Desert, and all these trails united at the Lower Cimarron Spring in Kansas. From the Middle Cimarron Spring, at Point of Rocks, Kansas, the trail entered Colorado and ascended the north bank of the Cimarron River across Colorado. Leaving the Cimarron River in Oklahoma, it took a southwest course across Cimarron County and entered New Mexico between Mexhoma, Oklahoma, and Moses, New Mexico. The Cimar-

*Dr. Long has previously contributed articles on the Smoky Hill Trail and other trails to this magazine.—Ed.

ron and Bent's fort branches united in New Mexico, according to some authorities at Fort Union and according to others at Watrous.

The granite markers in Baca County are in a rather inaccessible region, devastated by the sand storms of the last few years. The best way to reach them is via Springfield, Walsh, and Midway. Mr. and Mrs. Efton Hottinger at the Midway Filling Station are interested in the trail history and can advise about visiting the monuments.

The first marker is on the state line in the northeast quarter of Sec. 10, T. 34 S., R. 41 W., and reads as follows:

SANTA FE TRAIL
1822-1872
Marked by the Daughters
of the
American Revolution
and the
State of Colorado
1908

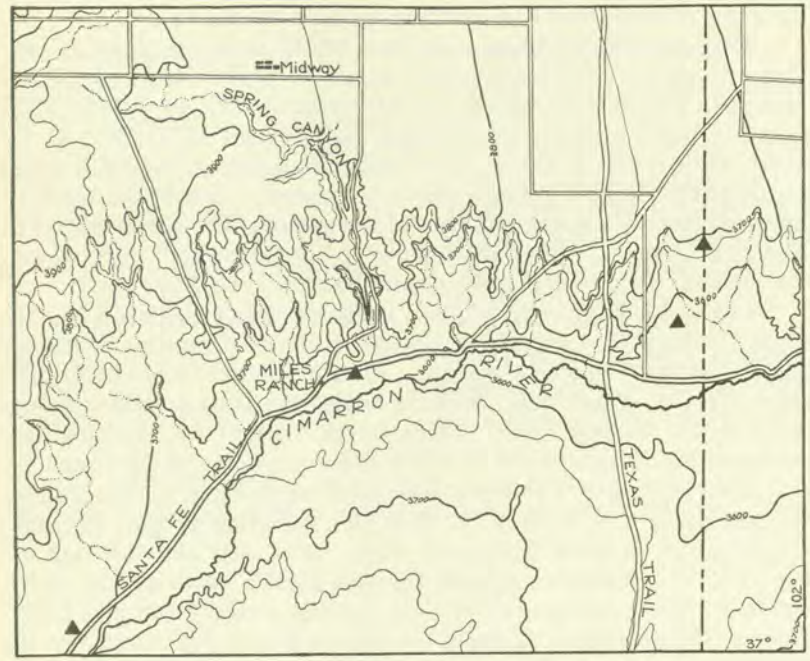
Eight miles east of Midway leave the graded road, which goes to Elkhart, Kansas, and go about two and a quarter miles south on a road on the Colorado-Kansas state line to this marker.

The second marker, dated 1909, is in the southeast quarter of Sec. 15, T. 34 S., R. 41 W. This marker, which has fallen over, is on the flat north of the Cimarron, and the Santa Fe Trail can be seen going west from it. It is reached by taking the right fork just north of marker No. 1. on the Kansas line, and going south and then west to the Springer Ranch. In 1827 the trail ran close to the Cimarron, as shown on Surveyor Brown's map, and passed near marker No. 2. The trail at marker No. 1, less than two miles northeast of No. 2, is shown on the Colorado land plats, and may be of a later date. According to local tradition there were wet weather and dry weather roads, which separated east of Point of Rocks at the Middle Cimarron Spring in Kansas and united east of marker No. 3. After a storm the wet sand along the river made a better roadbed than the adobe on the bluffs above.

The third marker, dated 1909, is about in the middle of Sec. 22, T. 34 S., R. 42 W., northeast of a group of trees at Miles Camp in the same section. It is five and a half miles south and a mile and a half east of the Midway filling station, but it is impossible to get through the "sand-blows" without a local guide. It can also be approached from the Holmes Ranch, a mile east of Midway. The general direction is south from the Horles Ranch, the road down the Cimarron Bluffs is badly washed out and below them

two sandy arroyos must be crossed. Beyond the arroyos the road turns west and then southwest to the top of a hill, on which the Wild Cat oil well is situated, and descends it to the Santa Fe trail marker on the flat near the river. The wind has swept the earth away from the base of this marker, and unless it is filled in the marker will eventually fall over.

The fourth marker, dated 1909, is about half a mile north of the Colorado-Oklahoma line, in the southeast quarter of Sec. 11, T. 35



MAP OF THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF COLORADO
Copied from the U. S. Geological Survey Map of 1892. The black triangles have been superimposed to indicate the locations of the Santa Fe Trail markers.

S., R. 43 W., on the Creaghe Ranch. This stone has fallen down as a result of floods in the Cimarron. The trail crossed the state line into Oklahoma about half a mile farther west, as shown on the land plats. Soon after entering Oklahoma the trail crossed the Cimarron River at Willow Bar, two or three miles south of the Creaghe Ranch.

At the cross roads, sixteen miles south of Walsh and five west of Midway, go south for ten miles to the state line, turn east for half a mile, crossing the vanished Santa Fe Trail, and immediately after turning south enter the Creaghe Ranch gate on the east side of the road. If the sand on the state line is too heavy to get

through, turn east through a gate one mile north of the state line and take an angling road to the Creaghe Ranch.

The main branch of the Cimarron River flows across the southeast corner of Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail ascended the river from Kansas to Oklahoma. Joseph C. Brown of the United States Surveying Expedition, 1825-1827, shows both the Santa Fe Trail and the Cimarron River passing directly from Kansas to Oklahoma, omitting Colorado. On the Brown map the river and trail are about five miles south of the Colorado-Oklahoma line, instead of the same distance north of the line, as they should be.

Flag Spring, Oklahoma, in Sec. 32, T. 5 N., R. 5 E. is the Upper Cimarron Spring of the Santa Fe Trail. It is so called because a flag was placed on the hilltop as a guide to water. The name Upper Cimarron Spring has been forgotten locally. It is about three miles south of the Cimarron River, and half a mile north of the Santa Fe Trail, which is preserved as a broad track a hundred feet wide south and east of the spring. The spring forms a beautiful pool of water surrounded by rock-covered hills where inscriptions have been carved, dating back to 1865 and earlier.

Oklahoma Highway No. 38, a continuation of Colorado No. 59 from Springfield, crosses the Cimarron River five miles south of the Colorado-Oklahoma state line. Half a mile south of the bridge leave No. 38, which goes to Boise City, and turn west for three miles to the Strong Ranch, there directions may be obtained for finding Flag Spring which is a few miles southeast of the ranch.

Cold Spring is five miles west of Flag Spring, on the James Ranch, Sec. 4, T. 4 N., R. 4 E. It is on a tributary to Cold Springs Creek, which is filled with good water holes near the junction of the two. This famous camping place is a mile north of the main Santa Fe Trail, which crossed Cold Springs Creek about two miles below. The sandstone cliffs at the James Ranch are covered with inscriptions.

"H. Papin 1830." "Dr. McClellan 1846," "S. M. Tuttle 1849," "J. Beatty 1850," are a few of the inscriptions.[1] A cross is cut in the rock beneath Dr. McClellan's name. There are also some Indian writings. The ranch is six miles west and seven north of Boise City, where directions for finding it can be obtained.

The desert over which the Cimarron branch of the Santa Fe Trail passed in Colorado is even more desolate now, after the sand storms of recent years, than it was in the days of the early use of the trail. But on an infrequent day when the wind is not blowing and filling the air with a haze of sand, the blue sky and white clouds above and the far horizons are just as alluring from an automobile as they were from a prairie schooner.

[1]See also part of an editorial in *Old Santa Fe*, III, 283-285, for additional inscriptions and a discussion.