THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XV | Denver, Colo., September, 1938 | No. 5

Seventy Years Ago—Recollections of a Trip Through the Colorado Mountains with the Colfax Party in 1868

As Told by Mrs. Frank Hall to LeRoy R. Hafen*

In July, 1868, Schuyler Colfax was nominated for Vice-President of the United States. He didn't want it, but Blaine and others thought he was in their way, so they forced the nomination. He had been Speaker of the House and was said to be the best Speaker Congress ever had, even though he held the position during the difficult time of the Civil War. After his nomination he planned a vacation trip to Colorado, where his half-sister, Mrs. Daniel Witter, lived. It was considered undignified for the candidates to have anything to do with the campaign, so Colfax and Grant both decided to take trips to Colorado. Colfax was then forty-five and General Grant was forty-six. I thought they were old enough to die.

My cousin Carrie Matthews was a half-sister of Mr. Colfax and he sort of took us under his wing. He was also a close friend of my father. So when he decided to take the vacation trip, he said to father:

"Well, Jim, why can't Sue go with us to Colorado?" And, oh, how my heart beat! I was so afraid my father would say no. But father did not hesitate much. I was then nineteen and I guess he thought this would be a good trip for me. He said to me: "Now, you have the opportunity of your life; if you don't make good, you won't have another chance." But I had a good many chances, so I think I made good.

As a little girl, I had called Mr. Colfax "Uncle Schuyler," but after I became a young lady he objected and insisted that I call him "Cousin Schuyler."

Mr. Colfax had a home in South Bend. Some of my happiest childhood days were spent in his library. We lived in Michigan, and we went over to Chicago to improve our wardrobes for the trip. No one was respectable then without point lace handkerchiefs, and grosgrain silk dresses. It took about fourteen or fifteen yards for a dress and it cost six dollars per yard. Our petticoats had deep

*Mrs. Hall, widow of the early Colorado historian, lives in Denver today.—Ed.

flounces and ruffles of solid embroidery. For luggage I had an alligator bag—the first alligator skin bag that was brought out here. We did our shopping at Marshall-Fields.

Governor Bross, who was to be a member of our party, lived then where the Fine Arts Building is now. He had been Lieutenant Governor of Illinois and was publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*. The Brosses gave us a luncheon. At this time there was just a driveway between Michigan Avenue and the lake.

Our party was made up of Mr. Colfax, his mother, stepfather and half-sister Carrie, Lieutenant Governor Bross, Sam Bowles of the *Springfield Republican* and his daughter Sally, Ellen Wade (niece of Senator Wade of Ohio), Will Todd (secretary to Mr. Colfax) and I.

From Chicago we had a private car. It was the one made for President Lincoln and had a little organ in it, and the seats were along the sides, so we could dance. We had a beautiful time among ourselves. There were ten in the party. The car was very heavy and they wouldn't take it across the ferry at Omaha and there was no bridge across the Missouri River then. So we had to be transferred.

Colfax used to ask his sister and me to go on all kinds of trips. He would say, "Now, if you girls won't bother me with your baggage, you can go along." So we learned to travel light, but we were well dressed. We had to have good traveling dresses because, at nearly every station of any size, there would be a crowd out to hear Mr. Colfax make a speech. Oh, we made so many trips and met so many people, always the very best people. When we got to Omaha, Governor Sanders and the whole Capitol administration crowd were out to meet us and it was just like a reception.

From there we came to Cheyenne and I remember we didn't have a dining car—they didn't have them then, you know. We got off at North Platte and had dinner or supper fixed for us, and the same all the way through.

From Cheyenne we went on to about the end of the track. We were at the ceremony of driving the spike connecting the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. This was at Crestone, near Sherman Hill. Governor Bross helped drive the spike.

After returning to Cheyenne we took the Concord stagecoach for Denver. It was a twenty-four hour trip. A coach swings and sways and you soon get pretty tired of it. We rode all day and all night. Along in the night, somebody suggested that we stop and have something to eat. They didn't serve all night at the stations, but someone remarked that Mr. Colfax, being such a diplomat, could get the woman to prepare a meal. He was a widower and very popular. He approached the woman and said, "Couldn't you get us something to eat?" At first she was pretty cross, but she finally agreed to serve us. That was on the St. Vrain. Not so very many years ago, I was up in Longmont, visiting, and this woman heard I was there. She came to see me, and was so delighted. She didn't know me, of course, but knew I was of the Colfax party that she had given the breakfast to back in 1868.

MISS SUE MATTHEWS (MRS. FRANK HALL)
(From a tintype made about the time of her first trip to Colorado)

The stage company changed teams every ten miles. For the last relay, coming into Denver, the company reserved its finest team, of six perfectly matched dapple grays. The same team had carried General Grant's party out of Denver the day before.

When we arrived in Denver there was, of course, a big crowd at Wells-Fargo Express Company. Miss Wade, Mr. Colfax's mother, sister, step-father and I all stayed with the Daniel Witters. There weren't many hotels here then. Here is where I first met Frank Hall, whom I was later to marry. It was one Sunday afternoon. Mr. Colfax called upstairs: "You girls have got to get dressed and come down, because the Governor is going to call."

That was on Seventh and Larimer streets. The Witters had a very pretty home there. I said, "I am not going." But I was younger than the other girls, so they made me the goat. The others said, "You will have to go, we don't feel like it." They said they would come down afterwards and help out. I was tired. I thought, "The old codger, what on earth does he want?" But whenever Mr. Colfax made a request I tried to comply, so I behaved as well as I knew how to, for I always had a great reverence for him.

Frank Hall was Secretary of the Territory then. He was Acting Governor whenever Governor Hunt was away, and that was most of the time. The Governors never stayed in Colorado much. They would go back to Washington. Governor McCook and all those men stayed in Washington as much as they could.

When I came down the stairs, there was Mr. Hall. It was the first time I ever met him. I thought he was terribly old. But I changed my mind later. He was sixteen years older than I.

Governor Hunt and others made up a party to take us into the mountains. We went first to Idaho Springs and had lunch at the Beebee House, and then we went on up to Empire and camped. That was a great novelty for us; and we stayed, I think, one or two nights. We came back to Central City and stayed with the Briggs', the people who owned the old Gregory diggings. They were the first ones to sell a mine for a big price. They were from South Bend.

On returning from Empire we came back to Denver and a larger mountain trip was planned, into the South Park region. In addition to our party from the East, there was Governor Hunt and family, ex-Governor and Mrs. Evans and their two boys, Will and Evan (Will was about fourteen and had a new beaded buckskin suit), Major D. C. Oakes (Indian Agent), Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Witter and others. Mrs. Witter had her six-months-old baby along. The baby had colic all the time and she yelled so we couldn't sleep. Governor Hunt said, "Give me that child, I'll stop its noise." So he gave it a dose of whiskey and you can rest assured that quieted her. They named her for Ellen Wade, who became engaged to Colfax on this trip. You know she lives in Denver today; is a land attorney—Ellen Colfax Witter.

On this trip we went to South Park by way of Turkey Creek and Baileys. We stopped the first night at Slatz's, and they put us up, because it was raining so hard we couldn't camp out. Our party was well provided with carriages, saddle horses and camp equipment, including tents and blankets. Mr. Witter and Governor Hunt fairly outdid themselves in preparing for us. Four of us girls rode saddle horses; Carrie Matthews and I were used to riding. We rode about three hundred miles on this trip. We used side saddles, of course. They would have had a fit if we had ridden like

they do now. We had long skirts, but hemmed them up so they weren't so long. In those days riding skirts almost dragged the ground, and occasionally the horse would catch his hind feet in them. They were really very dangerous.

Sam Bowles, Governor Bross and General Lord went around by Georgetown and Breckenridge and reached South Park before we did. In his book, *A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado,* Mr. Bowles tells of seeing our party come across South Park:

"Before noon, six miles away, we caught sight of our companions from Denver, coming over the hill,—some on horseback, some in light carriages, and the rest in wagons with the baggage. They looked like one of the patriarchal families of Old Testament times, sons and daughters, servants and asses, moving from one country to another, in obedience to high commandment; and as if representatives of another tribe, we rode out to greet and welcome them to our goodly land. We propitiated their stomachs with our treasured big trout; and after lunch upon the open prairie, the grand caravan moved on, in somewhat disorderly array."

From Montgomery we took a climb to the top of Mount Lincoln.

From South Park we crossed over to the Arkansas. Granite and the other towns had a large number of prospectors and placer miners. At Granite they took us to their sluice boxes and showed us how placer mining was done. They "cleaned up" and showed us a considerable amount of gold, some of which had no doubt been saved up for our benefit.

We had great fun camping. We had tents but, when it rained hard, the water ran right through them. Sometimes our beds were made with the blankets right on the ground and it was so hard we couldn't sleep. Once W. R. Thomas, a *Rocky Mountain News* reporter who was along, and Colonel Sayre made beds for us girls by cutting pine boughs and laying them on the ground. Some of the boughs were too large. I would lie on one side until I got tired and sore, then would turn. I said I couldn't sit on a perch all night; I would fall off.

Governor Hunt was a great hand at making flap-jacks. He would put them on the skillet and turn them over by just flipping them up in the air. They dared me to try to do it. Of course I took the dare. But mine came down in a sand pile and nobody wanted to eat it.

On this trip I took whooping cough. Mr. Colfax said, "If I had known you hadn't got over your childish diseases, I wouldn't have brought you along." I had another difficulty. Mr. Thomas gave me a horse that wasn't used to women. It kicked me and I had to ride in a carriage for a day. I was very much humiliated.

While we were in the Twin Lakes region a courier came from Acting Governor Hall at Denver, saying the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were on a rampage, and for us not to return by way of Colorado City, as we had planned. The Indians killed six people and we would have been there that day if we had not got the word from Mr. Hall.

Mr. Colfax and Governor Bross had gone over to Oro City (predecessor of Leadville) to make a speech. Colfax had brought a message from President Lincoln for the miners. He didn't make a campaign speech. Colorado being a Territory, her citizens couldn't vote for President and Vice-President, anyway.

The night the message came about the Indians we were pretty scared. There were so many women in the party and scarcely any firearms. And some of the men didn't know how to fire anything except a match. But guards were set. D. C. Oakes was one of the guards. He was Indian Agent and knew what to do and all about it. But in the night one of the guards got hungry and came to the mess chest to get something to eat. The lid to the chest dropped and made a noise like a pistol shot. You should have seen us all shell out, scantily clothed, with our hair hanging down our backs. We huddled together, thinking the Indians were upon us, expecting every minute to see them creeping from behind the trees. But there was no attack and we soon settled down again.

The next day a group of miners came over from Oro City and escorted us back to South Park. Just after we stopped for lunch, after entering South Park, we saw Indians circling around. The men said, "There are the Indians now," and they had all the wagons backed in together, so that in case of attack they could put the women within the circle for protection. Mr. Colfax said, "If the Indians do come, I'm going to kill you girls." But I knew he couldn't shoot and I said, "I think I would rather take my chances with the Indians." He was no shot—didn't know one end of a gun from the other. However, the Indians turned out to be friendly Utes who had come to take the place of the miners and escort us back to Denver. They all sat around and smoked the pipe of peace. We were glad we were not men, because they had to take that old dirty pipe in their mouths.

That night Governor Hunt bought a beef for the Indians and they barbequed it right there. He also gave them sugar, which they liked very much. The worst of it, he got them to sing—you know that chant—and we couldn't get them to stop. They wanted to entertain us.

Chief Washington took a great fancy to me. I don't see why, because Sally Bowles had blonde hair and I had black hair, and Indians, as gentlemen, were supposed to prefer blondes. Well, anyway, I was practically a prisoner. They wouldn't let me go out of camp because he was so attentive. He tried to trade horses for me. He offered four. They offer only one for their own squaws. It got so I had no privileges; I couldn't do anything. With the country wild, it was such a pleasure to wander around, but the rest of them could go and I couldn't. Governor Hunt and the others finally told him: "That white squaw belongs to Great Father and, if anything happens to her, Great Father will send many soldiers here and wipe you out."

I don't know why I had such attraction for Indians. There was one, Buck, they called him, had just come there and he and his wife would follow me around. When I was on horseback, if I was separated from the others, they would come up and give me everything; give me choke cherries, pick berries and fruit all the time. They were wonderfully dressed, had most beautiful buckskin, all beaded. Most of the squaws wore blankets; all the older ones had blankets.

One night while they were smoking the peace pipe, I noticed one buck with an old army coat on, no trousers, and a plug hat. Nobody knew where he got the outfit, but somebody had given it to him. I would have loved to have a picture of him. He had his hair braided, down on each side. I think his was an officer's coat, because it had tails, and he didn't think it was necessary to wear a blanket when he was dressed up with that coat on.

Part of the Indians came all the way back with us to Denver. I think there were twenty-five in all. Of course, Governor Hunt had to feed them. They would eat as long as they could hold it—they never saved anything. They were especially fond of biscuits and sugar.

On arriving back in Denver we must have looked a sight. One of the wheels of ex-Governor Evans' carriage had broken and they substituted a pole dragging on the ground. We had been two weeks without conveniences. I thought we would never get cleaned up.

On the evening following our return to Denver, Governor and Mrs. Hunt gave an elaborate reception. All the elite of the city were there and they were surprisingly well dressed. The Hunt home was in the center of present Lincoln Park. That park should have been called "Hunt Park."

When we took the stage for return to Cheyenne, the Indian danger had not subsided. So they sent an escort of soldiers along with us. I remember how a clump of bushes or some projecting rocks would frequently look like Indians lying in wait for us.

Three marriages resulted from our Colorado trip—Colfax and Nell Wade, O. J. Hollister and my cousin Carrie Matthews, and

Mr. Hall and I. But I was not married until later. Colfax and Miss Wade were married in the fall of this year. That winter I went to Washington for the inauguration and stayed with the Colfaxes. It was the first trip I had taken alone, but I had no trouble.

We attended the Inauguration Ball. It was in a new building that wasn't finished yet, but was the only one large enough to hold the crowd. We were the whole push, for we belonged to the Presidential party.

Nellie Grant and I were about the same age. And Fred Grant was there, but he never came to the front much. He never would have got through West Point if he hadn't been General Grant's son.

At the Inaugural Ball, General Grant said to Colfax, "Who have you got with you?" and he said, "My niece and my cousin." "They are beautiful," said President Grant. So I felt pretty good at having gotten a new dress and done my best.

Everybody came to the Colfax house that winter. Mr. Colfax was always genial and met people more than half way. The morning after the inauguration, Horace Greeley came in and he was just raging; he had lost his hat the night before at the Inaugural Ball. Anna Dickinson was in trouble; she had lectured the night before and he had given her a $500 bill and, when she got over to the house, she had stuck it in her pocket and lost it. Clara Barton used to come to the house. Mrs. Logan, wife of General Logan, was especially nice to me, recognizing my inexperience and always helping me meet the situation at the various functions where we met.

That year I went with the Senatorial party to see the driving of the golden spike connecting the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads at Great Salt Lake. But that is another story.

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills*

ANDY ADAMS

Man's association with cattle goes far back of all written history or reliable tradition. In myth and legend we find our knowledge of his first herd of cows. That branch of the Aryan people, now in the southern portion of Asia, preserve a myth in which the drifting clouds were supposed to be the cows of the gods, driven to and from their feeding grounds. Carrying this belief with them, our ancestors wandered from the tablelands of Persia and took possession of the woods, plains, valleys, rivers, sunny vales and snowy mountains of primeval Europe. Then the old folk-tale was

*This article, by the late Andy Adams, famous cowboy writer, was among the manuscripts from his estate that were presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by the writer's nephew, Andy T. Adams of Denver.—Ed.

modified. In its present form, the father of Frost Giants, in the rude forests of Scandinavia, lived on the milk of a cow, which for food licked the rocks of a mountain, as they were covered with salt hoar frost. Where she licked the stone, a man by degrees grew out of the rock—a good man, who became the father of gods, through his son Bor, for Bor married a giantess and became the father of Odin, the principal Scandinavian deity in pagan days.

So it is. Man, in his progress, has surrounded himself with the animals he has reclaimed and domesticated. We know nothing of man in an age so remote that he had no cattle. The rearing of vast herds on the plains of our Southwest was only the turning of man to his most ancient industry. The history of what was done there may be a repetition of what man did in his primitive days on the plains of Central Asia. Who knows? And for this reason, the management of cattle has a fascination in it for all who have an interest in the evolutions of the customs and surroundings of man here in America today.

Why should the cowboy appeal to and interest those outside his sphere in life? Because he is our nearest approach to the primal man, the incarnation of the herdsman of old, or the shepherd on the plains of Bethlehem. Most of our social traits are the result of instincts and habits, formed in remote ages and strange lands. Therefore the range man of the West, rough, barbarous and strong, will figure in our literature, and his life will awaken many heart-throbs, for, by heredity, we are all barbarians. The lapdog of a princess, or American lady for that matter, still turns around before lying down, as did his ancestors, the wolf, in hollowing out a bed in the dry leaves, thousands of years ago. The veneer of civilization may modify, but it never eradicates, for the ictus in our blood harks back to savagery. This is easily proven in cattle life, as the sons of proud families, in both Europe and America, took to the range and developed into lovable vagabonds, throwing off the civilization of ages in a single decade.

Cattle have been divided into two primary groups, the humped cattle or zebus of India and Africa, and the straight-backed animals found everywhere. By many naturalists these groups have been regarded as mere races of the same species, and it is a well ascertained fact that the offspring arising from the crossing of humped and unhumped cattle are completely fertile. This is the test in differentiating species, as nature permits of a single cross, and then draws the line of barrenness. Under this test, the American bison is established as a separate species, and all efforts to found a new race, half cattle and half buffalo, have proven futile. Some of our foremost naturalists, for many years, contended that they were the same species, until a western hunter came forward with the discovery that

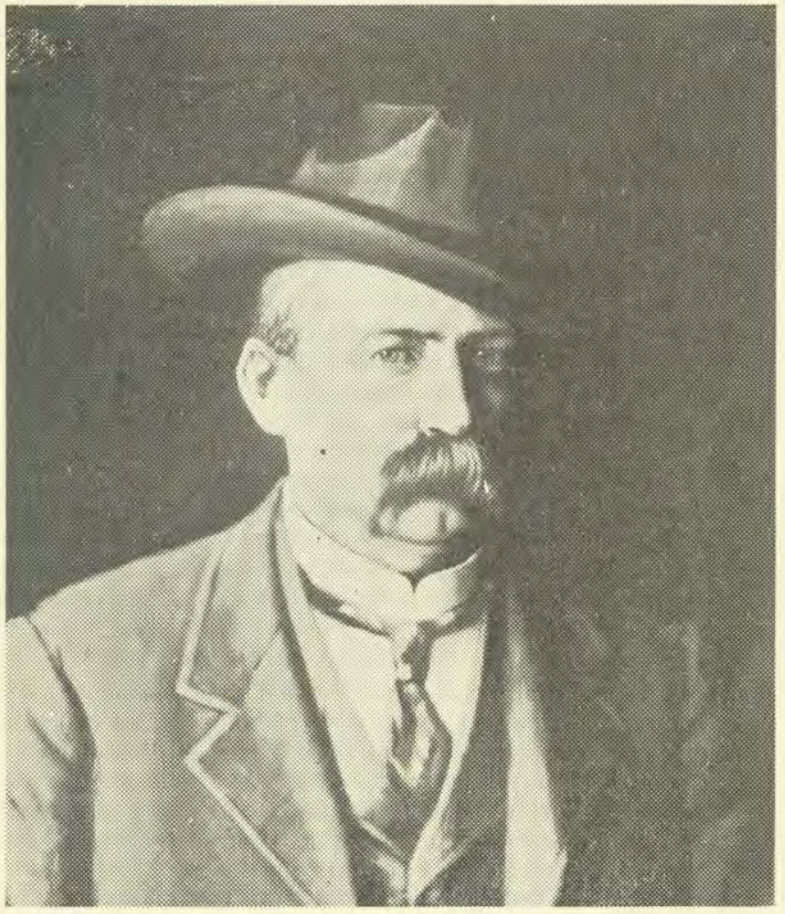
the American bison had one rib more than his bovine brother, the ox. The anatomy of the Shetland pony and the English Shire horse, of the African and American cattle, are identical, and while efforts of breeders of the latter have almost transformed the species in color, conformity and limb, even dispensing with horns, yet they are unable to add to or dispense with a single bone. Nature again draws the line, and man bows in obedience.

Oxen appear to have been among the earliest of domesticated animals. If not the first, they were undoubtedly the most important agent in the growth of early civilization. They are mentioned in the oldest written records of the Hebrew and Hindu peoples, and are figured on Egyptian monuments, raised two thousand years before the Christian era, while the remains of domesticated specimens have been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings, along with the stone implements and other records of Neolithic man. For a long period oxen formed, as they still do among many Central African tribes, the favorite medium of exchange between people and countries. After the introduction of a metal coinage into ancient Greece, the former method of exchange was commemorated, by stamping the image of the ox on the new money.

The value attached to cattle in ancient times, and their influence on that age, is further shown by the bull figuring among the signs of the zodiac; in their worship by the early Egyptians under the title of Apis; in the veneration which was paid to them by the Hindus, according to whose sacred legends it was the first animal created by the three divinities, who were directed by the supreme Deity, to furnish the earth with animated beings; and in the important part they were made to play in Greek and Roman mythology. The Hindus were not allowed to shed the blood of the ox, and the Egyptian could only do so in sacrificing to their gods. Both Jews and Hindus were forbidden, in their sacred writings, to muzzle the ox when treading out the corn; and to destroy it, wantonly, was considered among the Romans a public crime, punishable with exile.

Pages might be written of the important part played by cattle in the early civilization of the world. How the wrath of kings was appeased by presents of oxen, how the indemnities of war were liquidated, frequently stripping the vanquished nation bare of its cattle, in order to satisfy the greed of the victorious. Kings, princes and mighty generals, captured in war, were ransomed with herds, or put to the sword in case the price of indemnity was impossible. With the advent of the centuries, we catch a glimpse of this form in the adventuresome Spaniard, the progress of the years being marked by the difference in the medium of exchange, humanity remaining the same, when the Inca of Peru

stripped the silver and gold from his temples and palaces to satisfy the greed of his conquerors. Going back to Biblical times, the children of Israel, before the last plague was laid upon the Egyptians, stipulated that their cattle, also in bondage, should be liberated with themselves. It is a characteristic of all primal



ANDY ADAMS
(From an old cut kindly supplied by Andy T. Adams)

people, their dependence on, and great love for the cattle of the fields, the two being inseparable, in present life and in ancient history.

No other animals respond to kindness like cattle. Among the semi-barbarous tribes of South Africa, a certain breed, known as *Blackleys,* have been trained to watch the flocks like shepherds,

protecting them from straying beyond fixed limits, and guarding them from the attacks of wild beasts. These cattle are also trained to fight, and are said to rush into battle with the spirit of a war-horse, proving themselves the premier cavalry animal in the world. Responsive to the word of the soldier, with lowered horn, no animal of the equine race could withstand their onslaught, when their efforts were supplemented by the lances of their riders. In the northern provinces of India, where the humped species are used for riding, the better class of cattle are said to carry a traveler at the rate of six miles an hour, or, if necessary, one hundred miles between sun and sun.

The use of an ox, as a saddle animal, recalls an incident which came under my observation. On the trail, one spring we lay for nearly a week waterbound with a freshet in Red River. During the delay of high water, herd after herd arrived, until there was within striking distance of the old ford fully fifty thousand cattle and over two hundred men. Every day, not less than one hundred well mounted horsemen gathered at the crossing, noting the condition of the river and to exchange the chronicles of the day. Every one was impatient to cross, as the cattle were congesting on the Texas side, the close proximity of the herds making the risk dangerous in case of a stampede by night. Instead of the freshet falling, it gradually rose, overflowing the banks and lower bottoms, while driftwood and other debris was borne downstream with the onrushing flood, the waters being fully three hundred yards wide. Frequently, large trees floated by, swirling and turning as the angry currents toyed with the flotsam of the flood, while the muddy river itself rolled on, disputing our advance.

Across the stream stood a general store, and, like forbidden fruit to children, every man amongst us wanted to cross and price its wares. Scarcely a day passed but some daring lad would attempt to swim the river on his horse, and in every case was forced to return to the Texas side. Frequently, half a dozen would make the effort together, first awaiting an opportunity until the channel was fairly free of driftwood; but the eddying currents caught men and horses and ducked them like toys, both swimming for their lives to regain the nearest friendly shore, and often landing fully a mile below the entrance of the ford.

Matters ran along this way for five or six days, none of which were allowed to pass without some daring spirit making the attempt to reach that store, so near and yet so far, when one evening a freighter drove up. His team consisted of ten yoke of oxen, drawing a lead and two trail wagons, behind the rear one of which was led a good saddle horse. On the arrival of this wayfarer of the plains, there were an unusual number of men present from the different

herds, and speculation ran high as to what this freighter would do. He camped within sight of the crossing, quietly unyoking his team, belling several of them, and finally tied a large black wheel ox to the wagon. After picketing his horse and making things snug for the night, he led his big wheeler down to the ford, hastily made a halter out of the rope and, without inquiry of the hundred or more men present, mounted his ox bareback and put into the river. We admired his nerve, though we doubted his discretion, and I feel positive that every rascal amongst us, who had met defeat in those waters, secretly wished them to rebuff the freighter. But, guided by the word of his master, that big black ox swam like a swan, picked his way through the driftwood, breasted and quartered the swift currents, and finally, to our unanimous disgust, landed safe and sound on the farther bank.

The teamster lazily dismounted, turned the ox loose to graze, went up to the store and almost immediately returned, leading his mount well upstream before re-entering the river. On the return trip they encountered some dangerous driftwood, but the voice of the master reached us, cautiously talking to his ox and, when the crisis safely passed, shamed by our envy, we shouted encouragement. The teamster waved his hand in reply, landing shortly afterward, squarely in the entrance to the ford, and we greeted him as a victor. Curiosity, however, ran high as to his errand across the river at such a risk and, as there was no visible reasons, our inquisitiveness was aroused. Men whispered to one another and, as the freighter led his ox up the bank and turned him loose, a foreman of one of the herds detained him long enough to ask, "Say, pardner, what in the name of common sense did you swim that river for, anyhow?"

"Why, I was out of tobacco," innocently replied the teamster; "Any of you boys care to smoke?"

The point I wish to make from this incident is this: In physical courage that freighter had no advantage over those trail men, as the latter were known for their daring, and all credit must be given the ox. With the seventeen herds that lay waterbound on this occasion, there were fully two thousand picked horses, and no lack of riders to dare the flood, but it remained for an ox to force the passage, and doing it as easily as one might walk from church to home. The ox, and not the rider, deserved the credit of the feat.

In America, the ox has always been recognized as a pioneer. In the almost constant exodus of people westward, his place stands undisputed. Subsisting on the country, twice as reliable for long journeys as a horse or mule, our pioneer fathers learned to rely on the ox in establishing a home in the wilderness. Our government recognized the ox, in transporting its army supplies, and the man

who owned the ox train was given the preference. Before there were any railroads west of the Missouri River, the government had occasion to yearly transport, from its supply depot at Omaha, to a military distributing headquarters at Salt Lake, immense army supplies. A man by the name of Russell bid on the contract and, in enumerating his facilities, informed the authorities that he controlled forty thousand oxen. That was his strongest claim for the contract, which was immediately awarded him. The quartermaster knew that the ox could go through mud and mire, through heat and cold, and, if he intrusted the freight to Russell, that the soldier on the frontier would be fed. It might be of passing interest to state that the carrying of these army supplies was through an Indian country, and while Russell armed his drivers, he also gave each one of them a Bible, and instructed his overseers to observe the Sabbath day. In a Masonic lodge at Leadville, this state, one of those Bibles is today, a treasured relic.[1]

In showing the pioneer character of the ox, the days of '49, and a history of the old Santa Fe trail might be cited. Flushed with the excitement of gold during the former exodus, the emigrant hurried his teams, and the old trail was marked by the skeletons of horses and mules; but the slow plodding ox went through to his intended destination. Reluctantly turning from these famous western trails, the humor and pathos of life was frequently seen in the close relationship of the ox and his owner.

An instance comes to mind of a Texas pioneer, whose hospitality I have often enjoyed, and who recalls with pleasure, his early struggles in establishing a home in the Lone Star state. Emigrating from Mississippi, his bridal trip was made with a yoke of oxen to Texas, bringing with them little but the fortitude of stout hearts and a Negro slave. They first settled in what is now one of the oldest counties in that state and, after taking up land and building his cabin, the ox team was used in plowing up the rich prairies. One day the Negro man unhitched from the plow, and, as the oxen were thirsty, they hastened to the river for their noonday drink. Carelessly allowing the team to precede their driver, instead of entering the water at their accustomed drinking place, the unyoked oxen plunged over the bank, became entangled in some vines, floundered into a deep pool and were drowned. Remorse over his carelessness almost drove the poor darkey insane, and, when he reported the accident to his master, his eyes were flooded with tears. "Mars' Jim," said the Negro, "Buck's dead."

The owner was mildly astonished, having left the field but shortly before, but, seeing the uncontrollable grief of his man, in

[1]This Bible is now among the State Historical Society's collections in the State Museum, Denver.—Ed.

mollifying tones, said to the cringing darkey: "Very well, Hannibal, we'll have to make a crop then with one ox."

"But Mars' Jim, Berry's dead too. Both—both—drowned," sobbed the Negro.

"Well, you black rascal, why didn't you say so," demanded the master.

"Mars' Jim, Ah's afraid you couldn't stand it," replied the darkey, raising his eyes and concluding, "all at once."

I can sympathize with that Negro. As a boy, I early mastered the knack of driving oxen. An innate laziness was one of the marked characteristics of my youth, and my father, conscious of my dilatory ways, always assigned me a yoke of cattle during plow time, they being about suited to my gait and action. It was heartbreaking to a tired, hungry boy to trudge home from the fields beside a yoke of oxen at meal time, while my older brothers jauntily rode past me on mules and horses. One day I was plowing new ground—this was in Indiana, a timbered country—the plow had kicked me repeatedly that morning, throwing me from the landside across the furrow, as it struck a root or stump, until at noontime I was worn out and ill tempered. This yoke of oxen, with which I was plowing, had a habit, when hurrying home to their dinner, of hauling off, that is, not walking upright side by side, but leaning outward. This forenoon they had been very unruly, not responding with alacrity when the plow struck a hidden root, and the plowboy, whom poets sing about, was jerked two ways at once. There was something out of harmony that day—a rift in the lute somewhere—between a stout yoke of oxen, new ground, and a hungry, barefooted plowboy, and at noontime I decided to break that yoke of cattle from hauling off when going home. Accordingly when the horn blew for dinner, I unhitched with remarkable quickness, and having provided myself with an extra chain, as the oxen placidly stood in the furrow, I took it around their bodies, chaining them closely together.

All went well for a time. As long as the oxen walked erectly the chain was no restraint. But as I left the clearing and made a tack for home, that yoke of cattle fell to hauling off—and stopped. They did more. Each emitted a blood-curdling bellow and stood transfixed, quivering with fear, while the chains proved their metal by holding their united weight. Never before had I found myself in such a predicament. With fear and trembling, I admonished those oxen to walk uprightly. I pulled their tails, and still they fell apart, for what could a fourteen-year-old boy do in a physical contest with an eighteen-hundred-pound ox, for reason having fled, at that stage, the contest was reduced to one of brawn. To further disturb my perplexity my brothers rode up, laughed at me in my

dilemma, and passed on, leaving me to work out the embarrassing situation.

Again left to myself, there seemed no hope. The oxen were frantic and beyond appeal, the chain could be neither broken nor unhooked, and I was at my rope's end. Report, however, had reached my father at the stable, and with an occasional bellow of the oxen, making my location certain, I saw him coming, trimming a whip as he came, and which there could be no doubt was intended for me. Parenthetically—well, it is hardly necessary to mention that Scotch Presbyterians are rather strict in bringing up their boys. But in such an instance, the brain works quickly, and the thought flashed into my mind to unyoke the team, which was done with alertness, when the oxen, in a brief struggle, freed the chain. Taking the yoke on my shoulder, I escaped through the woods, and thus missed a well merited punishment.

The relationship of the cow to the rural family is a tender tie. City-bred people may not understand it, yet it affects mankind from the highest to the lowest. In the agricultural regions, the cow stands closely to every member of the family, but more especially to the housewife and mother. To properly appreciate the cow in any household she should first be enjoyed and then missed. Aside from her contribution to the table, the cow is indispensable in a family where there are young and growing children. This attachment, once formed, no environment in after life can ever shake it. A number of our presidents, coming of humble origin, have kept a cow at the White House. The milkman may have been honest and the town pump dry, yet a president of this republic wanted his *own* cow. No higher test of the simplicity of our democracy can be sighted, than that the first citizen of our common country should love and keep a cow.

Next to the ox the cow was a blessing to the pioneer. Her influence on the reclamation of a continent, from savagery to civilization, is immeasurable. At the rear of every wagon, ever heading westward, there was led or followed the cow. In the settlement of every new country, the pioneer and his cow were found side by side. Under this heading, an incident may be told, not for its humor, but to show the sacrifice that early settlers were willing to make that their cow might not want. Among the pioneers in Indiana were a man and wife by the name of Mason. They reached that state, when it was a wilderness, late in the fall, barely having time to build a cabin before winter set in. By dint of exertion, the man cut enough wild hay on the marshes to winter one animal, sending his oxen back to the settlement, but keeping their cow with them. The following spring proved a late one, the supply of hay was exhausted, with none to be had, and the cow was compelled to forage in the woods for sustenance. One night that spring a late April snow fell, burying every blade of grass, and the man hurried into the woods the next morning in search of his cow. Finding her in a fainting condition, he beat a path through the soft snow and nursed her homeward—to an empty stable. To save the cow was imperative. But what was to be done? The wife bethought herself of the hay that filled their only mattress, and which was gladly given that the life of their cow might be saved. In supplementing this meager supply, the man cut boughs of linden and maple, for browsing, and the cow's life was saved until the storm passed and the grass once more sustained her. To Mason and his wife it was a severe trial, but their cow was saved. In substituting for the hay in the mattress, the man cut willow twigs and refilled it. But every morning as he arose he would rub the welts made by the coarser twigs, remarking to his wife, "Martha, I long to be moving again."

It takes a pioneer to fully appreciate these incidents. The relating of the trials and tribulations to a second generation is one of the chief consolations of our early settlers, and the question necessarily intrudes: Do we properly appreciate the luxury of the present and pay deserving tribute to the pioneer?

Having attested to the yeoman's love for a cow, let us look into the higher walks of life, not even confining ourselves to one country or continent, as that affection is age-old and world-wide. It is related of that famous German, General Von Moltke, that on one occasion a conference of the heads of the different departments of the imperial army of Germany had met at his country seat to discuss an important measure. If I mistake not, Prince Bismarck, the iron chancellor of the German federation, was present, as it was an important meeting. In the midst of the conference a stableman rushed into the room and, in the simplicity of his heart, unconscious of the dignitaries present, shouted with gladness, "Master, the red heifer has calved!"

A scene, simple as it was great, followed. Von Moltke arose and courteously said, "Excuse me, comrades, I must first go and see the new calf." And the first military genius of his age, the then head of the imperial armies of Prussia, followed his servant out of the room and into the presence of his cow and her new-born calf. Simplicity is one of the hallmarks of every true and great man, and this incident from the life of General Von Moltke is no exception.

Cattle are the embodiment of innocence and strength. Man is a creature of environment, absorbing into his nature alike from the earth, air, the animals and objects that surround his daily life. The effect of pastoral life on a people, grounding them in simple ways and strengthening the moral fibers of their natures, if given expression, would fill a volume. The writing of the 23rd Psalm was

no literary accident. When its author drew the parallel between the divine and earthly shepherd, it required no effort on his part to express the comparison. Unconscious that his song would remain among the imperishable literature of all ages, the simile was as easily expressed as a child would in finding voice in its mother's tongue.

I doubt if many people fully understand what the prophet meant when he said: "And the pastures of the shepherds shall mourn, and the top of Carmel shall wither." But had they undergone a Texas drouth, they would understand—a two or three years' drouth, when birdlife forsakes a country, where the very pastures dry up, and in moving the flocks from one section to another for sustenance the rear is marked by the dead and dying, the plaintive bleatings of the perishing lambs dinning the ears of the shepherds for years afterwards. Or, if that picture is not supplementary to the text, become a drawer of water at a well, where a thousand famishing cattle have congregated, their piteous appeals for a drink rising in one continuous moan day after day, night after night, month after month. Where, in the struggle for existence, the strong trample to death the weak, and where shifts of men stand ready to assist, by rope and pulley, in raising the water when the wind fails the mill. One must undergo these trials to fully appreciate what the prophet meant, when the pastures of the shepherds mourn.

There is nothing new in the simple life. Those who lived near to nature always grew to be moral and physical giants. David was called from his flock to rule on Israel's throne. As a class, I have never met men who grew to such statures and having such simple natures as the old-time Texas cowman. As boys they were reared in the saddle, slept on the ground by campfires, lived around a wagon ten months of the year, and grew to man's estate a distinct type of men. In all ages the poets recognized this truth, and one of them, in speaking of America, said:

The wanderers of the earth turned to her—outcasts of the older lands.
With a promise and hope in their pleading, and she reached them pitying hands.
And she cried to the old-world cities that drowse by the eastern main:
"Send me your weary, house-worn broods and I'll send you men again."
Lo, here in my wind-swept reaches, by my marshalled peaks of snow,
Is room for a larger reaping than your o'ertilled fields can grow.

Seed of the main seed springing to stature and strength in my sun,
Free with a limitless freedom no battles of men have won.
For men, like the grain in the cornfields, grow small in the huddled crowd.
And weak for the breath of spaces where a soul may speak aloud;
For hills, like stairways to heaven, shaming the level track,
And sick of the clang of pavements and the marts of the trafficking pack.
Greatness is born of greatness, and breath of a breath profound;
The old Antaean fable of strength renewed from the ground
Was human truth for ages; since the hour of the Eden-birth
That man among men was strongest who stood with his feet on the earth!

This opportunity is a great temptation to say something of the range cattle industry of the West. It was the climax of all pastoral days from "In the beginning" to the present hour. When the children of Israel stipulated that their cattle should be freed from bondage, with themselves, their numbers were a mere pittance compared to the holdings of such states as Illinois or Texas. I question if the numbers in that exodus would compare with the cattle that passed over the old Texas and Montana trail in a single year, the marketable output of one state alone. In one of my books a character is attributed with saying that the Californian's love for a horse was only equalled by the Texan's love for a cow. One may deplore the necessity of repeating, but that statement accents a truth worthy of a passing consideration.

Owing to the arid nature of the country, the Texas pioneer led a pastoral life, surrounding himself with herds and flocks, which multiplied and increased as the years rolled on. The avarice of modern times was unknown to him and, though monarch of all he surveyed, covetousness was foreign to his nature. Dispensing a hospitality that literally knew no bounds, admitted of no comparison, unless we hark back across the centuries to the tents of Abraham, when unaware the latter entertained the angels.

When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
And the horizon of the plain is blurred,
I watch on gradual slope and foothill crest
The dark line of the herd.
And something primal through my being thrills,
For that line met the night when life began!

And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
Have kept the trail with man.
Till their calm eyes their greater iliads hold:
The wonder look, the dumb reproof and pain,
Have followed him since Abram's herds of old
Darkened the Asian plain.

How High Are Colorado Peaks?

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

"How high is Pikes Peak?" It is easy enough to smile patronizingly, look in a book and murmur in a bored sort of way, "Fourteen thousand so-un-so." Also, that Mount Massive is sixteen feet lower than Mount Elbert. Now when it comes to saying that one Colorado mountain is one foot higher than some other mountain, that is getting it down very fine, somewhat like saying certainly how many inches it is through the earth from Denver to Peking. But how high are the Colorado mountains?

Geographic heights are rated as so many feet above sea-level. But what is sea-level? Also where? "Mean sea-level for fifty years at Blackwell's Island, New York Harbor"[1] is not a sufficient answer. Sea-level at the poles is, in round numbers, some thirteen miles nearer the center of the earth than is sea-level at the equator. If Pikes Peak is measured from sea-level at New Orleans and from sea-level at Boston, the difference will be disconcerting to one who longs to know how high the peak is. The difference would be perhaps a mile or more. And what is the so-called center of the earth? That would not be difficult to say if the earth were a sphere, but it is not. As near as we can tell, the earth is shaped like a hard-boiled egg, pressed on two sides, where the poles are, and due to this indescribable shape it is called a special name, all its own, "Geoid," or "earth shaped."

Now just what is sea-level? No one knows exactly, but apparently the middle of the Pacific ocean is farther above sea-level than is the summit of Pikes Peak. And just to make things interesting, certain measurements, the best ones we can make, anyway, indicate if not prove that there are so-called "hills" of water in all oceans, due, some think, to heat and cold and currents.

Now if the summit of Pikes Peak is below the middle of the Pacific ocean surface, how high is it above sea-level? Measuring

[1]According to the United States Topographical Survey, all mountains in the United States, including Alaska, are measured from mean sea-level at Blackwell's Island, New York harbor.

heights by sea-level is a good deal like measuring things with a rubber band. In my short residence of sixty-six years within sight of Old Pikes, I have noticed official changes in the relative heights of the Colorado peaks. They cannot all be right. And just how high are they? And are some higher than others at different times?

This brings up another question—Do they stand still? Do the peaks rise and fall from inches to some feet at various times? And do the summits sway, like the tops of masts on vessels at anchor in a harbor that is not glass-still? I think so. We can measure the swaying, due to wind, sun heat and all that, of the tops of skyscrapers, because they are small, so why assume, without one iota of proof, that the tops of the peaks stand rigid? The chances are a thousand to one that they do not stand rigid, but do rise and fall and sway here and there, due, in case of the peaks, mostly to astronomical attractions. Also, the Rockies are probably rising as fast as they ever have, and far from the same rate in different places among them.

It is said that there is a tide in the granite as in sea water, and some have estimated this stone tide at about nine inches in Colorado. Experienced miners, in Aspen especially, many years ago, expected more cave-ins during certain positions of the moon and sun than at other times. And these seemed to occur as expected. Which bears out, in a way, the theory of a tide in the granite, as in the oceans. Now, if this is so, how does it all affect the peaks?

So when some soul from Missouri like me wants to know how high Pikes Peak is or just why Mount Massive is a few feet lower than Mount Elbert and why both of them are higher than Evans or Longs, let him who would answer produce something more convincing than five digits on a piece of paper. How did they get there? Who put them there? And how did they do it? And what do they know about it? Also, what is the human and instrumental error when it comes down to one foot a thousand miles from any sea shore?

Anyway, how high is Pikes Peak? High above what? And why?

Early Days in Middle Park

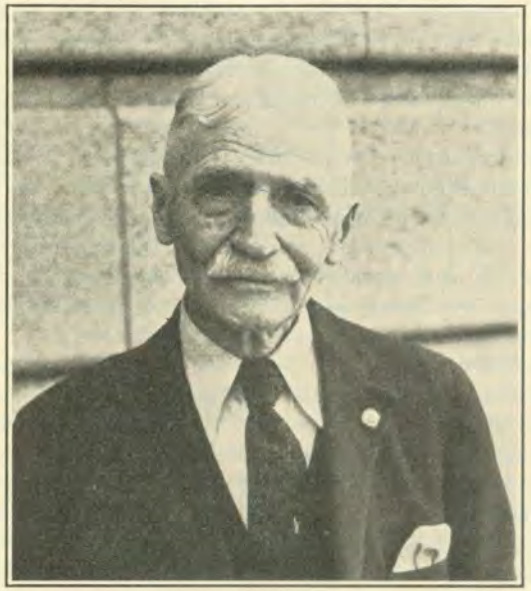
E. M. Harmon*

Prior to 1879, in which year the Meeker and Thornburgh massacres occurred, Middle Park was sparsely settled. A few hardy pioneers had taken up some natural meadows along the Grand, Fraser, William's Fork and Blue rivers, and one or two on the Troublesome and

*Mr. Harmon, Middle Park pioneer, lives in Denver today.—Ed.

Muddy creeks. There were no bridges, with the exception of the Rollins Toll Bridge at Hot Sulphur Springs, the only village in the park at that time. The Ute Indians were friendly, with the possible exception of one old sub-chief named Colorow, who controlled a small band of restless young bucks and made himself as disagreeable as possible to the white man.

In the spring and summer small parties would visit the Springs and do more or less trading. Horse racing seemed to be their chief amusement, and as they were very good judges of the running qualities of pony stock, and shrewd in the bargain, frequently they made pretty good winnings.



E. M. HARMON
(Recent photograph)

One chief in particular, named Antelope, brought three of his best trained running ponies to town one summer. They were ridden by squaws, each of which carried a papoose on her back.

Antelope ridiculed the white man's horses, and boasted that any of his "squaws ponies" could beat them easily, and invited them to take their pick.

The whites figured that an Indian would never let a squaw, under any circumstance, ride a race horse and fell into the trap Antelope had laid for them. It so happened that the pony they picked was the fastest and best trained of the lot, and the Indians made a pretty good cleanup on the race, which their pony easily won.

As a result, a fishing and hunting party from Caribou returned minus their tent, blankets, and in fact the entire outfit, excepting guns, shortly afterwards, relating a harrowing tale of their own camp catching fire while they were out hunting and everything being destroyed.

The Indian does not believe in the white man's medicine, unless it has immediate and violent effect, and some rather rough jokes were played on him for this reason. John H. Stokes, who had a general store at the Springs, gave a seidlitz powder to a buck one day, who complained of being "heap sick." Its mildness was disappointing, and shaking his head he muttered, "No wano, no wano." Stokes said, "I'll fix you this time!" He dissolved a double dose, but without mixing them to effervesce. He handed first one glass and then the other. The effect was immediate, and violent enough to satisfy most anybody. The poor buck swelled up, gasping for breath; his hands clawed the air and his eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets. Stokes was scared, as he thought the fellow would surely burst, but he finally got his breath and with a grateful look shouted, "Heap wano."

General William Hammil, of Georgetown, sent in three cases of Springfield rifles (needle guns) and two thousand rounds of cartridges when Indian trouble threatened.

C. H. Hook, besides owning the stage line, had a general store and I was clerking for him. We distributed two cases of the guns around among those having no rifles of their own, and slid the remaining case of twenty under a billiard table in the rear of the store. This billiard table was a source of considerable revenue, as it was in operation practically from the time the store opened in the morning at six o'clock until it closed at midnight. Twenty-five cents was the regulation charge; cushion carom, balk-line, etc., were unknown to us at that time, so it did not take long to play the old-fashioned four ball game. The billiard table also served me as a bed, as I slept in the store. When we had a good supply of quilts on hand I had a most sumptuous bed, but as they were sold, it got slimmer and slimmer, and one night I had to make out with only a table cover.

In anticipation of an Indian attack, the county clerk placed the records of the county in a zinc-covered trunk and buried them, as a precaution in case the town was burned. Guards were stationed at night, and we heard that the same precaution was taken over the range at Empire and Georgetown.

One night about nine o'clock one of the boys reported a signal fire on Elk Mountain, which he said was answered on Mount Bross. Both fires were in such a position that they could not be seen from the town. All was excitement, as there were still a number without guns. We decided to distribute the remaining case. I grabbed the

rope handle at one end of the case and yanked it out from under the billiard table in record time, and unscrewed the lid. The guns were secured in the case by wooden cleats at either end, but in the excitement I hadn't time to unscrew these. Jumping up on the edges, I stooped over just enough to grasp the stocks of two guns and then straightened up. Every muscle in legs, back and arms must have functioned, for the cleats tore loose, the heads of the screws tearing through the soft pine, and remaining still embedded in the end of the case.

Guards were posted as usual that night and there was no further alarm, and it is doubtful if there was an Indian within a hundred miles.

Two companies of mounted infantry (U. S. Regulars) were sent to the park, and encamped on the Grand River about ten miles west of the Springs, and we had no further Indian scares. These troops were withdrawn after a few months, and the settlers returned to their homes.

Eventually the Indians were established on a reservation in Utah, very few if any visiting Middle Park again.

Homesteaders began to arrive, and soon all the natural meadow along the streams was taken. The Moffat Railroad entering the park caused small towns to spring up, and now the U. S. 40 Highway traverses it from east to west. Most of the old landmarks have disappeared. But few of the old timers remain who knew the park when snowshoes in winter, and saddle ponies in fall and spring, were the only means of travel.

The romance of the Indian has departed. The hardships mostly forgotten, and the simple pleasures of those early days also are gone, but they linger in the memory, to be forcefully recalled by an old-fashioned tune on a fiddle, coming over the radio.

AT GRAND LAKE

When the pancake is on the griddle
And the trout is in the pan,
With a cup of real camp coffee
To cheer the inner man,
A feeling of contentment
Makes you glad you've cast your lot
With a few of us "Old Timers"
In this dear delightful spot.

When the venison is roasting
And the grouse stew's piping hot,
Appetite a king would envy,
Indigestion? reckon not.
Could our outing last forever,
City cares be all forgot,
We would wish to linger always
In this dear delightful spot.

At the junction of Rollins and Berthoud pass toll roads, where the town of Tabernash is now located, a rancher fenced a part of the natural meadow, intending to cut the hay for the few head of stock that he possessed. But about the time the grass was ready to cut (this was in 1879) a small party of Utes rode up, and turned their ponies into the meadow, and when the ranchman protested, told him, "One sleep, you go." Realizing that he was powerless, he went to the Springs and appealed to the sheriff. They later assembled a small posse and proceeding to the ranch, ordered the Indians off of the place, and told them not to trouble the ranchman any more.

The Indians were angry and sullen as they saddled their ponies and started away. One of them, in an apparently uncontrollable fit of temper, attempted to pull his gun from its holster, and undoubtedly would have begun shooting, when one of the posse, named Big Frank, shot and killed him. This Indian, we supposed, was named Tabernash. The Indians at once demanded that Big Frank be turned over to them for punishment, and an argument ensued. Frank was in proper humor for a scrap, and riding to one side remarked that he could lick the red devils single handed and told the sheriff to tell them to "come and get me." The Indians, however, did not want him that way; they wanted him disarmed and bound; but that of course was out of the question. After a little more argument they rode away, circled south of the Springs to the Williams Fork, and early next morning shot and killed a ranchman by the name of Elliott as he came out of his cabin for an armful of firewood. They then struck out for the Agency. A party of twenty-five men set out in pursuit, but failed to overtake them, and for some reason nineteen turned back when some distance from the reservation. The remaining six went in. One of these told me that when they rode into sight, the Indians camped along the river were thrown into a panic, some darting into the brush, others into the river, two or three scrambled to get on one pony, all hastening to the Agency. Before reaching there, however, Indians appeared from all sides and the six white men had an escort of two or three hundred Indians.

Those who had murdered Mr. Elliott could not be found or

identified, and after the Agent had been informed of all the circumstances, the six started on their return. Two or three stolen horses were turned over to them and an Indian was sent along as guide and escort. They asked this guide why Elliott had been killed. The reply was, "Injun good Injun, he no know he be killed, white man shoot um. White man good man, he no know he be killed, Injun shoot um, all same"—an eye for an eye.

About this time a friend of mine was hunting on the Bear River, and was warned to leave that part of the country, one of the Indians telling him, "Better you go—pretty soon big fight, bad Injun might shoot."

My friend lost no time in starting back. He had purchased a horse from the Indians, which got away, but one of them caught it and rode over twenty miles to restore it to him. This seemed surprising, as they were then preparing for the Meeker Massacre, which occurred shortly afterward. When the trouble arose, the settlers west of the Gore Range brought their families to the Springs for safety. Among these families were J. H. Crawford of Steamboat Springs, and Albert Smart of Hayden, who remained until peace was finally restored.

Turquoise Among the Indians and a Colorado Turquoise Mine

Mr. and Mrs. James Rose Harvey

Turquoise, from the dawn of civilization to the present day, has played an important role among primitive peoples. It has found a variety of uses, both religious and ornamental; has always been held in high esteem and has often been invested with marvelous powers.

Its extensive use by ancient tribes may be attributed to the fact that it is a comparatively soft mineral, but slightly harder than glass, and so lends itself to primitive methods of shaping that would make no impression on a harder material. Then, too, turquoise occurs always upon or near the surface so that it was easily located and worked with the crudest of tools.

Also the color of turquoise, ranging from the blue of the sky to the green of the water, appealed to uncivilized peoples, fitting their religious ideas and constantly suggesting symbolical application.[1]

[1]Joseph E. Pogue, in National Academy of Sciences, Volume XII, Third memoir, pp. 7 and 68.

Precious stones have played an interesting part in the history of mankind. With the first development of a desire for ornamentation, primitive peoples may have been attracted by bright colored minerals found in the beds of streams; this later developed into attempts to obtain less evident and more inaccessible minerals hidden in rocks. Strings of bright colored beads probably formed the earliest jewelry that delighted the vanity of ancient man. Following this development of taste for color, turquoise came into its earliest use. The green shades were prized long before blue tones were appreciated.

Turquoise, once known, soon was fashioned into rough beads and crude pendants with comparative ease, due to its moderate hardness.

Cabeza De Vaca was the first to note the use of turquoise among the Indian tribes of the Southwest. When he was near the Pacific Coast, he was given presents of turquoise by the Indians. Among the Sierra Madre, about ninety miles east of the Yaqui River in Sonora, he found Indians owning turquoises and, inquiring their source, was informed that they were obtained in the distant north in exchange for parrot plumes.[2]

Aztecs of old Mexico, at the time of the Spanish conquest under Cortez, employed turquoises and "chalchihuitt," an allied or similar stone of greenish hue, in many of their ceremonies. Spaniards, lured by tales of fabulous wealth, penetrated into the present region of New Mexico and Arizona, where they found turquoise held in high esteem at that time, and recent excavations in pueblos and cliff dwellings reveal a wealth of turquoise ornaments.

Toward the close of the 16th century, when the Spanish established their first successful Spanish Colony in New Mexico under Juan De Onate, Spaniards are said to have soon discovered deposits of precious metals and of "charchihuites" which "were sought after principally by the Indians and used by them as ornaments, and by whom they were valued above all other earthly things."[3]

In 1539, Fray Marcos De Niza penetrated northward into present New Mexico in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola." He found the natives prizing turquoise as ornaments and using it as a medium of exchange. Nearing Cibola, he reached a village on the edge of the desert where natives wore turquoises suspended from the ears and nostrils.[4]

Of Cibola, Niza says the people "have Emeralds and other jewels, although they esteeme none so much as turqueses, wherewith they adorne the walles of the porches of their houses, and their

[2]*The Journey of Alvar Nunez Cabeza De Vaca* (Bandelier translation), 156, 157, 176.
[3]W. W. H. Davis, *Spanish Conquest of New Mexico*, 271.
[4]*The Journey of Alvar Nunez Cabeza De Vaca*, 206, 208, 211, 214, 216.

apparell and vessels, and they use them instead of money through all the Countrey.''[5]

Castaneda, who accompanied Coronado to Cibola, reported of Culiacan, ''They worship idols and make presents to the devil of their goods and riches, consisting of cloth and turquoises.''[6] He reported, also, that certain classes of women were decorated with bracelets of fine turquoise.

Still further evidence of the esteem in which turquoise was held by the earlier Indian tribes is given in Mendoza's letter to the King, April 17, 1540. He reports of one of the tribes of Cibola, ''They wear their hair on each side done up in a sort of twist which leaves the ears outside, in which they hang many turquoises, as well as on their necks and on the wrists of their arms. * * * They have turquoises in quantity.''[7]

Touching on the offerings of turquoise for religious purposes by the people of Cibola, Sucesco says: ''Their rites and sacrifices are somewhat idolatrous, but water is what they worship most, to which they offer small painted sticks and feathers and yellow powder made of flowers, and usually this offering is made to springs. Sometimes, also, they offer such turquoises as they have, although poor ones.''[8]

Evidently, all the earliest Indian tribes knew and prized turquoise. If they possessed none in their own locality, they bartered with more fortunate tribes for its possession.

According to Bandelier, the Seri of Sonora exchanged iridescent shells from the Gulf of California for the turquoise of the Zuni; and the Opata gave parrot skins and plumes to the people of the Zuni in exchange for turquoise and turquoise ornaments.[9]

The Apache, between the years 1630 and 1680, were accustomed to come to the pueblo of Pecos to trade in turquoise.[10]

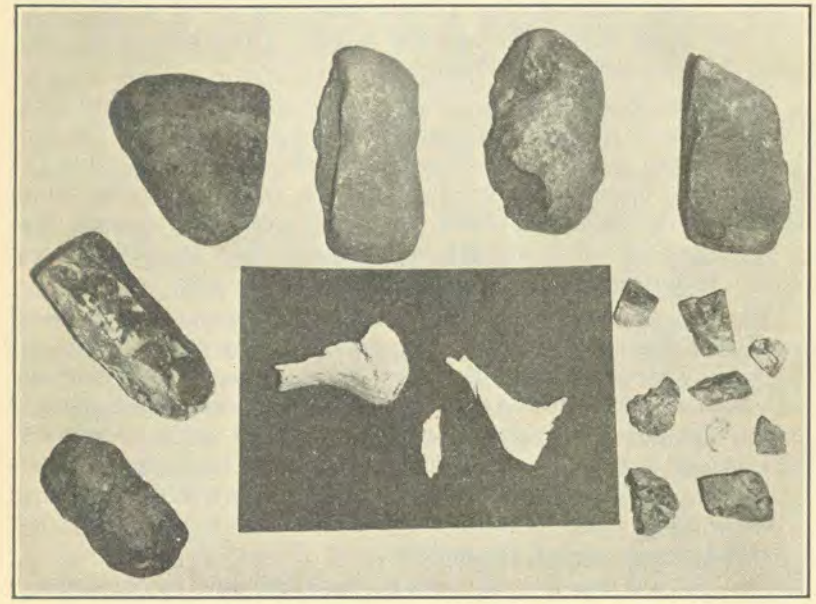
Turquoise beads and ear pendants abound in the ruins of northwest New Mexico and southwestern Colorado. In 1899, George H. Pepper found many turquoise carvings and some imperfect Mosaics in the ruins in the Mancos Canyon near the southwestern corner of Colorado. Also, in 1896, he found the most important series of turquoise objects yet found in that country in the ancient Pueblo Bonito of Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. Mosaics and carvings, beads, pendants in great quantity and variety were found in burial ruins and accompanying skeletons of the former inhabitants.[11]

Turquoise occurs at comparatively few places on the globe, and seems to be confined almost exclusively to arid and barren regions.

[5]*Ibid.*, 228.
[6]*The Journey of Coronado* (G. P. Winship, Ed.), 84.
[7]*Ibid.*, 153.
[8]*Ibid.*, 200.
[9]A. F. Bandelier, *Final Report of Investigation Among the Indians of the Southwest*, Part I (1890), pp. 39, 63.
[10]Agustin de Vetancurt, *Teatro Mexicano Mexico Report, 1870-1*, Vol. III, 323.
[11]George F. Kunz, in *Twenty-first Annual Report of U. S. Geological Survey, 1899-1900*, Part VI, 456.

There are very few, if any, occurrences now known where traces of prehistoric mining have not been found.

The principal deposit of turquoise in Colorado is near La Jara, Conejos County, in the south-central part of the state. Turquoise deposits have also been reported to occur at Villagrove, Saguache County, about twenty-five miles south of Salida; and in the Holy Cross mining district, thirty-five miles from Leadville.[12] But the largest and best known deposit is that situated thirteen miles south, 60° east of La Jara, in a small outlying hill or mesa, one and one-



PREHISTORIC STONE AND BONE TOOLS FOUND IN THE COLORADO TURQUOISE MINE

half miles west of the Rio Grande River. Discovery of this deposit was made in 1890 by Pervine King and his son, Charles, who did not consider it of much value at that time. It was not until 1900 that they realized that there was a demand for the turquoises among the Indian tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, who bought them and fashioned them into beads and other ornaments for their own use. Later, tourists who came through the country were attracted by the beauty of these gems and bought them for settings for rings, pins, and bracelets.

In 1900, the Kings staked their claims, twelve in number, and worked the assessments on them. Then the Colorado Turquoise

[12]George F. Kunz, *Mineral Resources of the U. S., U. S. Geological Survey for 1888*, p. 582.

Mining Company was formed and incorporated by some of the leading men of the valley. By this company, the locality was considerably exploited by a series of pits, shafts and tunnels. In 1909, the mine was leased by several individuals who established a lapidary shop in Colorado Springs to handle the output.[13] Finally the property was taken over by Charles King and his immediate family, who are now operating the mines at a nice profit.[14]

At present there are twelve persons employed, and the production is from 4,000 to 5,000 carats of excellent quality turquoise a month. These specimens run from a carat, the size of a split pea, up to 100 carats in size, two by three inches. There have been some mined that ran as high as 400 carats.

The price is based on the quality of the stones. The better ones bring fifty cents a carat, with less for the poorer grades. The Indians, who are the largest buyers, prefer the solid colors; that is, the light blue, or robin egg blue to blue-green, while the tourist trade demands darker colors in which the matrix permeates through the turquoise, which makes a much better design than the solid colors and is a better guaranty of the genuineness of the gem.

Here, as in every other known deposit of turquoise, has been found abundant evidence of mining carried on by ancient peoples. The mine shows evidences of having been worked by the ancient Indians in a very crude and superficial way. Evidently these ancient peoples obtained the turquoise by knocking it out of the rocks with stone mauls, axes and hammers. These mining hammers, a large number of which were discovered by the manager, Mr. King, are typical mining stone hammers, large and roughly hewn with an imperfect groove around the middle.

The Indians seemed, also, to have dug or burrowed, excavations being made at random. The La Jara ancient workings are made up of catacombs reaching hundreds of yards into the mountain side. Deer horns and elk horns were presumably used as picks, for a number of these were discovered in the old diggings. It seems incredible that the ancient Indians, with crude, simple, primitive tools, could have penetrated to such a depth into the mountain.

Mr. King was running a tunnel beneath the old workings, when a hidden tunnel overhead suddenly opened and implements and bones came tumbling from the ceiling. Pieces of deer horns, stone hammers, and parts of human skulls were included in the deposit. These interesting relics were presented to the Colorado State Historical Society by Mr. King, and are now on display at the State Museum.

[13]D. B. Sterrett, *Mineral Resources of the U. S., U. S. Geological Survey for 1909*, p. 781.

[14]Visit to the mine, and interviews with Mr. King, by the writers, in 1937.

Every turquoise deposit gives mute evidence of the fact that the Indian thus worked the turquoise mines of our own Southwest at a number of places before the Spanish arrived.[15] That some of these considerably antedate the discovery of America is shown by many thousands of turquoise beads and pendants found in Pueblo Bonito, dating from about 900 to 1100 A. D. Antedating the last at least 1,000 years are the turquoise pendants from the late Basket Maker village of Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Today, as in ancient times, the turquoise is in wide use among the Indian tribes of America; it forms one of their most cherished possessions, for ceremonial as well as ornamental purposes. Few religious rites take place without it among Pueblo tribes: the robes of their priests abound with it; they use it for ear pendants, finger rings, Mosaics, bracelets, and beads which are made by rubbing the material with sandstone and polishing with a finer material, then perforating through by a bow-drill tipped with a fragment of quartz or flint. Hence the workmanship is crude and the piece seldom symmetrical or highly polished.

The Navajo, also, are clever silversmiths and the turquoise is their favorite stone for setting in various pieces of jewelry. Turquoise passes as currency among the Navajo and has also religious significance, for it is used in two of their most important ceremonies, the Mountain Chant and the Night Chant.[16] The Utes prize it highly, as do the Navajo.

Many are the superstitious beliefs connected with the turquoise. The Zuni believe that the perfect blue turquoise is male; the off-color, female. Blue with them is the color of heaven; green, that of earth. Among the Pueblo Indians, it is known as the stone that stole its color from the sky.[17] The Hopi believe that turquoise brings good fortune. They adorn many of their fetiches with it, to insure good luck in the chase, and they employ it in many of their ceremonials, such as the famed Snake Dance.

The Apache believed that a small turquoise bead affixed to a gun or bow made the weapon shoot accurately. They believed it had some relation to the bringing of rain and could always be found at the end of the rainbow, after a storm, by diligently searching in the damp earth. Turquoise was a most important emblem of the Apache medicine man's efficacy, without which he could not exercise his medical functions.[18]

The Navajo believe that turquoise brings good fortune to the wearer and insures the favor of the gods. Thrown into the river

[15]S. H. Ball, *Historical Notes on Gem Mining, Economic Geology*, XXVI, 727-728.

[16]Washington Matthews, "The Mountain Chant: a Navajo Ceremony," in *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 385-467.

[17]Charles F. Lummis, *Pueblo Indian Folk Stories*, 10.

[18]John G. Bourke, "The Medicine Men of the Apache," *Ninth Annual Report Bureau of American Ethnology, 1887-8.*

with the accompaniment of a prayer to the rain god, it is supposed to induce rain. Many turquoises were offered to the wind to appease it and make it stop blowing so that rain might result, for the Indians say that, when the wind is blowing, it is searching for turquoises. They believe that a turquoise carved in the shape of a horse will enable the owner to come into the possession of many horses.[19]

The Zuni prize it highly. Their impersonators literally clothe themselves with turquoise necklaces; they cover his whole chest and frequently his whole back, the number he wears being limited only by his capacity for borrowing. Sometimes he wears necklaces valued at well over a thousand dollars.[20]

Turquoise is the Zuni savings bank. After the sale of wool in the spring, a Zuni man liquidates his debts and invests the balance in turquoise. Extravagant young men buy motor cars, but the thrifty Zuni buys turquoise, which does not suffer depreciation.

The present-day Indian, deprived of the turquoise deposits by the white man, now obtain their materials through barter with other Indians or by purchase from white traders. However, they still cling to the family turquoises handed down by their fathers, and to the beautiful beliefs and legends connected with them. These family gems they prize highly and will part with only under dire stress. Recently, at the trading post on the Navajo reservation, the trader remarked to the writers: "The Navajo are pawning their jewelry. Times are indeed hard when a Navajo will part with his family turquoises."

[19]Washington Matthews, *Navajo Legends* (N. Y. 1897), 163.
[20]*47th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1929-30,* p. 871.