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## Journal of the Vargas Expedition into Colorado, 1694\*

J. MANUEL ESPINOSA†

### INTRODUCTION

In the last half of the seventeenth century (c. 1664-1680) Juan de Archuleta led a small military expedition northeast from New Mexico to bring back some Taos Indians who had fled to a spot in eastern Colorado afterwards known as El Cuartelejo—what to our present knowledge was the first recorded European expedition to penetrate into the region which is now the state of Colorado.<sup>1</sup> The documentary evidence on this expedition is at present scant, and the route followed is conjectural. After the Archuleta expedition it is generally stated that the next recorded Spanish expedition to enter what is now Colorado was the one led by Ulibarri to El Cuartelejo in 1706.<sup>2</sup>

However, the original unpublished campaign journals of Governor Vargas of New Mexico for the year 1694, which were not available to earlier students in their entirety, record an expedition led by Governor Vargas north from Santa Fe in the year 1694 which traveled through southern Colorado. The expedition spent several days north of the present New Mexico-Colorado line. Furthermore, the Vargas documents contain interesting evidence of earlier Spanish expeditions from New Mexico into southern Colorado. They indicate, by mention of geographical landmarks by name, that southern Colorado was familiar ground to New

\*In this article, based on photostatic copies of the original documents, I have exhausted all of the existing documentary material on the subject. It supersedes, and evaluates with more exactness, the matter contained in my earlier article on the same subject entitled, "Governor Vargas in Colorado," in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, XI (April, 1936), 179-187. The previous article was based on typewritten transcripts in the *Bolton Collection*, Bancroft Library, Berkeley, made from the original duplicate manuscript documents as preserved in the Archivo General de la Nación, Mexico City, *Historia*, tomo 39. In the present study photostats of the original duplicate and triplicate manuscript copies of Vargas' campaign journal and related documents for the year 1694 were used: Archivo General de Indias, Seville, *Audiencia de Guadalajara*, legajo 140, in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and the Coronado Library, Albuquerque, and *Historia*, tomo 39, in the Coronado Library. The original copy of Vargas' journal for this period preserved in the Santa Fe Archives, Santa Fe, was also consulted, but it is badly damaged in places, and in this case missing fragments rendered it inadequate.

†Dr. Espinosa is a professor of history at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>Alfred B. Thomas, "Spanish Expeditions into Colorado," in *The Colorado Magazine*, I (November, 1924), 291-292; *id.*, *After Coronado, Spanish Exploration Northeast of New Mexico, 1696-1727* (Norman, 1935), 53, 261.

<sup>2</sup>Thomas, *After Coronado*, 16, 59-80. Vargas' expedition northeast of Santa Fe in pursuit of Picuries Indians in 1696 probably reached only into northeastern New Mexico.



Mexican frontiersmen of the Upper Rio Grande during the period preceding the Pueblo Revolt of 1680—they were then already opening up what in the eighteenth century came to be the most traveled routes from New Mexico into Colorado. These facts are revealed in the original account of Vargas' journey from Taos northward to the Ute country July 6 to 10, 1694, as translated below,<sup>3</sup> and in the summaries which follow.

ENTRIES IN VARGAS' CAMPAIGN JOURNAL,  
JULY 6-10, 1694.

The smoke signals of the said rebels increase in all directions.

On said day, the sixth of the present month of July, they increased greatly in all the mountains that surrounded said valley and pueblo of Taos. It was apparent that all the rebel nations were gathered there, and it was not known where each one was located. They thought that if they attacked us their victory was certain, with their augmented forces, so I decided, knowing the character of the road out, as previously described and referred to on the day of the entry into said valley and pueblo, that it was impossible, with the load of the pack animals, besides the supplies taken by the soldiers and settlers, without taking a very great risk, and the danger of total annihilation. And so seeking a way out, even though it should be a dilatorious route, one which would leave the enemy foiled thinking we would take only the same road on which we came, the older natives of the land who were on the expedition told me not to be alarmed. They said that if I was willing to take a long and round-about route, they would direct me and the expedition through a region whereby the Villa of Santa Fe would be succored with the food which Our Lord had deigned to give us, and we would be freed from the risk which we have undergone

<sup>3</sup>My own translation from the journal entries as contained in *Audiencia de Guadalajara*, legajo 140. All proper names are spelled in their original form.

This expedition, which took place during the reconquest of New Mexico by Don Diego de Vargas, was accidental in origin. The first objective in the reconquest, the reoccupation of the walled city of Santa Fe, had been realized on December 29, 1693. (I wish to correct here my error in setting down the date as January 1, 1694, in my "Governor Vargas in Colorado," *op. cit.*) This was significant, for Santa Fe became the base of operations from which all New Mexico was eventually reconquered for Spain. Meanwhile, Vargas and his colony were to all intents and purposes stranded on a barren island, for although they were safely entrenched within the walls of Santa Fe food was dangerously scarce and all beyond was hostile. Of twenty-odd surrounding Indian pueblos only four were the allies of the Spaniards: Pecos, Santa Ana, Sia, and San Felipe. These had remained faithful to their promise of 1692. The hostile natives of the other pueblos had barricaded themselves on the mesas and on the rims of the canyons.

On June 2, 1694, Vargas wrote a letter to the viceroy in which he said that the Spanish colonists at Santa Fe, over 1,100 persons, were destitute. The grain shortage was critical. Continued hostilities prevented the people from planting their fields, so they still depended upon what they were able to pilfer from the granaries of the surrounding Indian pueblos and what was sent up from Mexico. (*Audiencia de Guadalajara*, legajo 140.) Toward the end of June, Father Farfan arrived at Santa Fe with his long delayed colony of sixty-one and a half families from Mexico. (Vargas' journal, June 23, 1694, *ibid.*) Not seventy families, as H. H. Bancroft erroneously states in his *History of Arizona and New Mexico* (San Francisco, 1889), 206.) This meant more reinforcements but it also meant additional mouths to feed, so with both of these ideas in mind Vargas decided to embark immediately upon a campaign to crush the rebellious nations of Jemez and Santo Domingo. The little army was assembled, but the Rio Grande was found running dangerously high so the expedition was temporarily postponed.

In view of this delay and the pressing need of feeding the colony, Vargas decided upon a trip to the Tano and Tewa pueblos, thence to Picurries, for the purpose of stocking up with maize from their abandoned granaries. If necessary he was prepared to go even as far as Taos. As it turned out he went even farther north, into southern Colorado, before the expedition was completed. (An account of the course of events from June 30, the day the expedition started, to July 6, is found in my "Governor Vargas in Colorado," *op. cit.*)



RETRATO DEL SR. D. DIEGO-DE VARGAS ZAPATA Y LUJAN  
Marqués de la Nava de Barcinas  
(From José Pérez Balsera, *Laudemus viros gloriosos et parentes  
nostros in generatione sua* (Madrid, 1931).



in said place up to the present moment; that in this way we could trust in His Divine Mercy. I answered them that I was willing, that I trusted in His Divine Will, and that I left to Him the success of the enterprise, and to them the service of guiding me by the route they designated; and that my only concern was the safety of the members of the expedition, and not the shortness of distance.

And so it was decided that the departure should be by way of the land of the Yuttas, a nation which is very friendly toward the Spaniards, and who felt their loss and withdrawal at the time of the uprising in this kingdom. And on knowing that they are again established here, it will be to their advantage from the increased trade in goods from the lands which they enter and trade in. And also by making that circuit, and coming out at the mouth of the Tzama River,<sup>4</sup> buffalo would be found which would help provide food for the people, along with the toasted corn. And so, due to these circumstances, we were obliged to take this distant road. For these urgent reasons I, said governor and captain general, decided to delay the return to the Villa, knowing that it was secure, especially since the enemy who could invade and occupy it was following me, I being in their territory.

And so, for the safety of my people, and in order that my departure would not be known, at the same time tricking them in their calculations with regard to the route I should take, so that even should some of them discover us, the most distant would be unaware, I ordered that loading and preparations for the departure begin at ten o'clock in the evening. That this be accomplished, at six o'clock in the evening I ordered that the horses be brought, in order to change the guard, and that the night horses be prepared, and that all the beasts be saddled, loaded, and armed, and that each one be ready at his post in order to begin loading at ten. The leaders and military officers were present. They said that it was so decided and that it was what should be done, and they carried out what was ordered of them.

Signed with me, said governor and captain general, and my secretary of war and government. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luxan Ponce de Leon—Antonio Jorge—Diego Arias de Quiros—Antonio Valverde. Before me, Alfonso Rael de Aguilar, secretary of war and government.

In fulfillment of said order said governor mounts his horse to encourage his people.

On the evening of said day, the sixth of the present month of July of this year, noticing that the hour designated by me, said governor and captain general, in the above order, had arrived, and in order to facilitate the care and precision necessary on the part of the people, the loading of the food being such a task, I mounted my horse with the leaders and military officers, and they and I hurried the preparations. The camp was ready to leave at about one o'clock at night, on Wednesday, the seventh, the present month of July of this year, and I, said governor and captain general, left said place and took the road leading to the land of the Yuttas, taking Mathias Luxan as interpreter and also accompanied on the expedition by the *regidor* and captain Lazaro de Misquia, for he was the one who proposed the route, and was the arbiter in the conference held the day previous. We had scarcely gone half a league when, passing alongside of the road leading into the mountains occupied by them, the rebel enemy Taos raised a low fire, which is their night signal, giving us to understand that they were following the camp. As a protective measure, I ordered that the vanguard consist of forty soldiers led by Field Captain Joan de Olgin, and that it be followed by the whole train, camp and food supplies. In the fighting force went the squadron guarding the royal banner, with me, accompanied by a guard as a flying squadron, and the militia company, and in the rear came Campaign Captain Eusebio

<sup>4</sup>The Chama River; also spelled "Zama" in these documents.

de Vargas with his squadron of thirty soldiers as guard for the horses and mules under his charge. And also, accompanying me were the military leaders with Sergeant Joan Ruis de Caceres. The march proceeded in this order.

Having traveled two leagues to the river which is called the Aroyo Hondo,<sup>5</sup> after passing it we entered the road that leads into the hills and mountainous regions, which offered a certain amount of safety, because the hills of the region were clear of large trees, with some torrent beds which gave relief to the camp. It being ten o'clock in the morning, and having traveled about five or six leagues, some smokes were seen in said mountain which we were skirting and leaving to our right. After a short while and distance we came upon fresh tracks which indicated that a large troop of Indians had come down from the mountains. Captain Joan de Olgin notified me of this. The camp was brought to a halt, and those whose horses were tired changed mounts. Continuing the march through a deep and mountainous gorge, it was discovered that the enemy was in ambush. And it was the will of Our Lord that having taken the precaution of following the tracks, the said captain and his squad engaged in battle, and the enemy withdrew as best they could, escaping by way of the breaks in the mountains which were in their favor because of their steepness. Five of them were killed and one badly wounded, and because of the repeated volleys which the soldiers fired at them as they fled, many must have been badly wounded. Two were captured alive, one severely wounded. Through persons who knew their language, among them Sergeant Joan Ruis de Caceres, I asked them various questions. They said they were natives of Taos, and that every night their governor Pacheco had thirty Indians spying on me; that last night, after we had begun to load they came, and that they had followed me, and that is why they made the fire mentioned. Their governor Pacheco, having been notified by others that we had taken this road, had ordered eighty young braves with their war captains to ambush me, as had been done, and kill me. One of them said that all the people of the rebel Taos, Tewas, and Picuries were near the mountain road which I descended, and that Don Joan de Ye was alive but that he was tied. After he made these statements I asked the reverend father missionary, one of the chaplains of the army, Fray Joan de Alpuente, to prepare them before their execution. I ordered Sergeant Major Antonio Jorge, the captain of the presidio, to designate soldiers to shoot them until they were dead. This having been done we continued the march as far as the Colorado River, and selecting the most suitable place to make camp, I ordered the expedition to stop there. We had marched ten long leagues, and the sun had already set by the time the whole camp arrived.

In testimony whereof, I signed with the military leaders and my secretary of war and government. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luxan Ponce de Leon—Antonio Jorge—Diego Arias de Quiros—Antonio Valverde. Before me, Alfonso Rael de Aguilar, secretary of war and government.

Said governor reached the Culebra River and with the camp spends the night on its bank.

On the eighth of the present month of July of this year, I, said governor and captain general, called upon the interpreters of this expedition, and they informed me that the mountains that run along the edge of the Rio Colorado are inhabited by the Apaches del Acho, and that the Yutta nation, which we are looking for, does not countenance them in their land, for which reason I should flee from this place, which is also the farthest point to which the rebel Taos Indians, who still have sentinels and spies watching us, come out on the trail of the buffalo, the dung of which has been found in different parts, as along the descents from the mountain to the river.

<sup>5</sup>Aroyo Hondo.



And in order that the Yuttas, whom we are seeking, may know of our arrival in the kingdom of New Mexico and the Villa of Santa Fe, I ordered that large smoke signals be raised, and I marched on with the camp to the Culebra River, it being nine long leagues distance, and all country of extended valleys and many arroyos with groves of trees. It is evident, from the dung which was found, that the buffalo pastures here. Having reached the Culebra River at six o'clock in the evening I pitched camp in order to spend the night with my men on its bank.

In testimony of said march I signed this with the military leaders and my secretary of war and government. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luxan Ponce de Leon—Antonio Jorge—Diego Arias de Quiros—Antonio Valverde. Before me, Alfonso Rael de Aguilar, secretary of war and government.

Said governor and captain general passes on to the Río del Norte, turning around and going six leagues where he stopped to inspect the ford.

On the ninth of the present month of July of this year, having traveled about four leagues to the left, we reached the Río del Norte.<sup>6</sup> Some of the men who were good swimmers entered in order to locate a ford. It was seen that it had none, and that the current was swift,

which was very disappointing, for it would be necessary to use rafts to cross. After the entire camp had arrived, I, said governor and captain general, called a halt, and started unloading. Since it was scarcely midday, I ordered some soldiers to accompany an Indian, who was in the service of Maestre de Campo and Ordinary Alcalde Lorenzo Madrid, who said that he knew a road out which would save us much distance, for he was a Tewa of the pueblo of San Juan, whose natives often traveled by way of the mouth of the Zama River, which was the way out. The interpreters were not familiar with this route, which led far into the interior of the lands of the Yutta nation, and they hoped that on finding the latter, they would lead us out. It was an act of Divine Providence that on this occasion this Indian of much intelligence knew well the said road. And so from this place onward he served as guide.

In looking for a ford in the river, at a distance of slightly less than two leagues it was discovered that two branches of the river emptied there. And following along a meadow and islet of beautiful pasture land, at the bottom of a little mountain slope the river was forded. Here it was very wide, and due to the emptying of the two branches the current of the river was slowed up, and so even though it was deep it was passable. The muleteers took the load across in two trips, because of the necessity of carrying a *tercio* on each mule. It was successfully crossed. I spent that night on said meadow and islet with the joy and assurance of having found said ford, which was the worry which generally oppressed the spirit of all.

In testimony of this march, I signed this with said military leaders and my secretary of war and government. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luxan Ponce de Leon—Antonio Jorge—Diego Arias de Quiros—Antonio de Valverde. Before me, Alfonso Rael de Aguilar, secretary of war and government.

Said governor crossed the said Del Norte River without misfortune.

On the tenth day of the present month of July of this year, the aforementioned ford of the Río del Norte discovered and inspected, I, said governor and captain

general, crossed it with the squadron of the royal banner. The setting up of brushwood which was necessary on the embankments as well as the banks to assure the descent both at the entrance and departure of said river, was a very difficult task for the soldiers. There was no other way to cross it, because it was flanked by steep inclines,

<sup>6</sup>The Río Grande.



ROUTE OF THE VARGAS EXPEDITION INTO COLORADO



veritable walls. And so in this fashion the obstacle was overcome and the crossing facilitated and made feasible. We passed on a distance of four leagues to the San Antonio River, named after the mountain facing it, and in its meadow, it being good pasture land, we made camp in order to spend the night there with the said forces. We arrived, with the joy of not having suffered any misfortune, at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

I signed it as testimony of said march, with the said military leaders and my secretary of war and government. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luxan Ponce de Leon—Antonio Jorge—Diego Arias de Quiros—Antonio de Valverde. Before me, Alfonso Rael de Aguilar, secretary of war and government.

NOTE: A summary of the itinerary from July 10 to July 16 (the date of the safe arrival of the expedition back at Santa Fe) follows:<sup>7</sup>

July 10. After making camp, over eighty of the men went to hunt elk in the San Antonio Mountains and buffalo in a broad meadow two leagues away, where a herd of over 500 buffalo was seen.

July 11. The day was spent at the same place, resting and hunting.

July 12. Just before dawn the camp was suddenly attacked by Utes armed with bows and arrows and war clubs. The Spaniards were taken completely by surprise, and six were wounded before the alarm brought resistance. After eight Utes had been killed, the others fled across the river.<sup>8</sup> From there they waved a buckskin as a flag of peace, and cried out "Anche paiche," meaning in their language "My friend and brother." Then they recrossed the river and mingled peacefully as though nothing had occurred. They were given gifts of maize, dried meat, a horse and numerous European trifles. There were about three hundred of them counting the women. Their apologetic explanation of the reason for their raid was quite plausible. They pointed out how before the revolt of 1680 they had been the friends of the Spaniards, but had always been the enemies of the Tewas, Tanos, Picuries, Jemez, and Keres. During the period of pueblo independence these rebels had often come to this region to hunt buffalo disguised as Spaniards, mounted, and with leather jackets, leather hats, firearms, and even a bugle, all of which they had taken from the Spaniards at the time of the revolt. Whenever they went on these excursions the Utes had attacked them, hence the recent misfortune, a result of mistaken identity. The expedition departed with manifestations of friendship on both sides, and the Utes were invited to Santa Fe to trade with the Spaniards as had been their custom prior to 1680.

At about one P. M. the expedition departed. After traveling two leagues a point was reached where the river turned toward the direction of the road designated by the Indian guide. Camped here.

July 13. Traveled six to seven leagues to the right, along the narrows of the river where there was a mountain also named San Antonio, because "a dicho río baja por una barranca a mano izquierda." Rested here from noon until three P. M. Went on to camp at a small water hole.

July 14. The Indian guide said that the Río de el Ojo Caliente would be reached today, it being about nine or ten long leagues distant. It was reached at four P. M. Camped here.

July 15. Traveled all morning. After traveling 10 to 11 leagues the mouth of the Chama River was reached, as also the Río del Norte. San Juan pueblo was three leagues distant. After resting among the trees along the Chama River, the expedition came out of the canyon and grove along the river and went on to the ford and

<sup>7</sup>From the journal entries, July 10-16, 1694, and the report from Vargas to the Count of Galve, viceroy of New Spain, Santa Fe, September 1, 1694, in *Audiencia de Guadalajara*, legajo 140.

<sup>8</sup>Bancroft is incorrect in his statement that the attack was made on the night of the twelfth. (H. H. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 210.) He is again in error when he states that eight Spaniards were killed, instead of eight Utes, *ibid.*

crossing of the Río del Norte in view of San Juan pueblo, where the river divides into two branches. The expedition was now 10 leagues from Santa Fe. At six P. M. they camped near the edge of the Río del Norte.

July 16. Arrived at Santa Fe by way of Jacona and Tesuque, the latter three leagues from Santa Fe. The expedition, which lasted seventeen days, had traveled 120 leagues.

## CONCLUSIONS

By comparing these day-to-day reports from Vargas' official campaign journal with the accompanying map, based on detailed government topographical maps prepared by the United States Geological Survey, the following facts present themselves.

First of all, the distance as recorded from Colorado Creek to Culebra Creek, combined with the failure to mention Costilla Creek, raises the question, did Vargas reach the Culebra, or only Costilla Creek erroneously believed to be the Culebra? The distance recorded from Colorado Creek to the Culebra falls short of the actual distance by approximately two leagues.<sup>9</sup> This question, I believe, carries no weight because of other more convincing evidence. Firstly, I believe that what appears at first sight as a slight discrepancy in distances and accuracy when attempting to follow with exactness the route between Colorado Creek and the Culebra is explainable in the present character of Costilla Creek, which would make it most likely that the creek was dry, a factor which seems more plausible; in every other respect the account is substantially accurate. Secondly, and more important, the distances covered and the landmarks mentioned in the journal from July 10 to 16 describe accurately and unmistakably, day by day, the route from the mouth of the Culebra southward to Santa Fe. The evidence checks unmistakably with the map. The easiest way to chart this out is by checking back on the route from the mouth of the Chama River north to the mouth of the Culebra. The description of the route between these two points, I believe, shows beyond question that Vargas and his expedition passed through a portion of the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado. The journal entries and the map speak for themselves.

This being the case, the expedition is of interest and importance from a number of other aspects as well.

1. The journal entry for July 8 contains the first known reference to the Apaches del Acho. The reference to them by name, however, indicates previous knowledge of the tribe. Twelve years later Juan de Ulibarri refers to the "Achos" among the Apache groups which lived in the same region when he passed through on his way to El Cuartelejo.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup>A league is the equivalent of about two to three miles.

<sup>10</sup>Cf. "Diary of Ulibarri", in Thomas, *After Coronado*, 63. Are these Apaches del Acho the "Acha" of Castañeda's account of the Coronado expedition, whom Bandelier identified with the Picuries? Cf. F. W. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (2 v., Washington, D. C., 1907-10), II, 245.



2. Vargas' route between Taos and Culebra Creek was approximately the same one later followed by Governor Anza on his way back from the Comanche country in 1779.<sup>11</sup> And the Vargas route between Santa Fe and the vicinity of the present Antonito, Colorado, closely follows a trail in great part still in use.

3. Casual reference to Culebra Creek, San Antonio Creek, and the San Antonio mountains by name, indicate previous familiarity with the region on the part of New Mexican Spaniards of the pre-1680 period.

4. The mention of Franciscan missionaries on the expedition, as noted in the journal entries for July 3, 6-7, is the first recorded evidence of Catholic priests on the soil of the present state of Colorado, and in all likelihood the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered there.<sup>12</sup>

5. The record of having seen a herd of over 500 buffalo in a broad meadow two leagues from the encampment on the edge of San Antonio Creek, and facing the mountain of the same name, is of interest.<sup>13</sup> This, the first San Antonio mountain mentioned in the diary, is well within the present boundaries of Colorado, and is not to be confused with San Antonio Peak, indicated on the map, and in the journal also, which is farther south. The former, as mentioned in the journal, checks with mountains indicated on the map which fringe the San Luis Valley west of the Rio Grande from a point about five miles south of the mouth of Culebra Creek.

<sup>11</sup>Compare with the diary of Anza's expedition against the Comanches in Thomas, *Forgotten Frontiers* (Norman, 1932), 137, and Anza's map, *ibid.*, frontispiece.

<sup>12</sup>The missionary mentioned by name in the July 6-7 entries ("one of the chaplains of the army"), is Fray Juan de Alpuente. Mention is also made of Fray Francisco de Farfan as being present on the expedition, in Vargas' journal, July 3, 1694, *loc. cit.* To date there is insufficient evidence to establish with certainty the presence of Catholic missionaries on Colorado soil prior to 1694.

<sup>13</sup>In his report to the viceroy written September 1, 1694, Vargas describes the place in glowing terms as a magnificent *vega* along a beautiful river, on the other side of which was a little mountain and a spacious valley covered with buffalo, which was the main sustenance of the Utes, who permitted no one to enter this land of theirs. Vargas to Galve, September 1, 1694, *op cit.*

land about four miles down the Platte from the settlement. The ranch was sold to the Riverside Cemetery in 1876, and four Morrison brothers have found their final resting place there. These letters, written to relatives in Wisconsin, give graphic pictures of conditions and events.—Martha A. Morrison.]

Denver, Sept. 16th, 1860.

My Dear Brother: . . . Thus far, since the receipt of your letter we have been continually short of money. The expense of setting up the quartz mill has far exceeded our expectations and two months in which we expected to be realizing something, it has not made a cent, but has been a bill of expense. It is now in a shape, I trust, to pay. In fact, since it started the last time, two weeks since, it has done well and will, we trust, continue. As soon as possible you shall have the amount.

By the time you receive this, you will no doubt have seen David and learned all the news from this region. George Butler will probably arrive the last of the month. They have probably satisfied themselves with Pike's Peak and will be contented to remain at home. A man with small means stands a poor show of making a pile in one season. Still, I think there is money to be made but only by remaining here until it comes.

Henry and family have finally got settled in shape to live. Our house is now finished which with a little more furniture will be very comfortable and convenient. Mr. Farrand and family are at the mill in the mountains, well situated and intend remaining the winter at that place. They all safely arrived in the region, having stood the journey over the plains well.

Our first year's experience in farming here is nearly finished and has proved quite successful. There is no doubt in regard to raising grain or vegetables as successfully as in Wisconsin. The good land is very limited in quantity, however.

Another season of emigration has poured in upon us and returned again. They came with the delusion that a pile could be made in one season, they have returned wiser if not better men. I have come to the conclusion of late that I know very little of this country. What will be its future character is in the unknown future. It certainly does not occupy that position which we all expected it would have attained at this time. Still there has been a great improvement. An immense amount of wealth has been brought to the country, and should the country go up, it will be one of the grandest failures the world ever knew. I believe there is quartz enough to sustain this region for years and perhaps for centuries. All I ask is, to keep the ball rolling and I will be content.

## Letters from Colorado, 1860-63\*

SIDNEY B. MORRISON

[The Morrison brothers, Drs. John H. and Sidney B., came to Denver in the fall of 1859 to investigate the reports of the country. Dr. John H. returned to Wisconsin for his family, while Sidney remained and filed a pre-emption claim on a quarter section of

\*These letters were submitted by Dr. Martha A. Morrison, of Denver, who is a niece of the writer, and are published with the permission of his son, C. B. Morrison of Fresno, California.—Ed.



Our place is infested with hoards of villains of the blackest dye, murderers, thieves and blacklegs of all kinds. It appears to be an asylum for renegades and outlaws from all the surrounding regions. Nearly every day we hear of depredations being committed. Men are found murdered on the highway, others are robbed, while thefts of stock are of frequent occurrence. An old gentleman that came through with us last fall was, a few days since, murdered in his house and the house burned. A vigilance committee in town commenced punishing the rascals in right good earnest; they strung up a few, no one knew why or wherefore, but lately have heard no more of the matter, perhaps they are gathering strength, or items for a new onslaught. But what better can we expect in a community without laws? We are neither in the Union or out of it. We are not sufficiently a territory to have laws, neither so far from it as to have the privilege of making our own laws with the power to enforce them. With what shameful neglect were we treated by that august body at Washington & also by the great father J. B. [James Buchanan].

Tomorrow my sister Charlotte and I start for a visit to the friends in the mountains. She has never been up. I think the trip will do her for this season for the road in places is perfectly terrific, especially the big hill, as they call it, where the road is dug down the side of a mountain almost perpendicularly, and on the lower side of which is a deep gulch into which many a luckless wagon has found its way and been crushed to a thousand pieces. Our mill is located about two miles from the celebrated Gregory's diggings, and forty-five miles from here. I was surprised upon visiting the mountains the first time to find so much activity in business. Every gulch has the appearance of a city of itself. Scores of mills all around you are pounding away, every man is busily engaged. Piles of dirt, all over the mountainside show where the quartz is found, presenting much the appearance of a prairie-dog town on an enlarged scale. In the bottom of the gulches throughout the whole length, miners are busily engaged in washing out the gold in sluices and rockers. The last scene is about wound up, the claims are mostly washed out to the bedrock and this season will probably finish them in all the principal gulches near Gregory's.

*. . . I trust you will not show my letters to the curious public.* This region is no longer in doubt or unknown. Every paper is full of accounts, more ample and explicit than anything I can say of it.

Sincerely yours, S. B. Morrison.

[Written to his brother A. M. Morrison of Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin.]

Leavenworth Gulch, C. T., Feb. 17th, '61

Mr. J. F. Morrison

Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Dear cousin: I am not much in a writing mood today, but as I have deferred the act so long for the same reason, I will at least make a commencement now. Since last you heard from me I have changed my quarters, from the pleasant valley of the Platte to these rugged mountain heights. A change far from being an improvement in many respects. But you know my nature is subject to frequent changes. Accordingly I left my brother J. H. to take care of the ranch (or more properly speaking left the ranch to take care of him), and came myself to this Gulch to sympathize with my partner in his ill success in quartz washing. I wished to know whether indeed it was such uphill business to make money in the mountains as he appeared to make of it. My conclusion is that it is a perfect lottery, many are losing where few are making anything. Still, it is the prevailing opinion that quartz mining will pay next summer; all that we need is a sufficient quantity of paying quartz; this we expect to find by going deep enough. The deepest shaft in this gulch is about ninety-six feet. Not deep enough you are aware to test the resources of these hills. We are all big with hope that a better time is not far distant.

I have been in the mountains since the middle of December, two months, and must confess that I like the climate in the valley far the best. The weather is not so very cold here but the wind blows continually from the snowy range, sometimes a perfect hurricane, which you know is not pleasant. Could I see the gold coming out in paying quantities or more to gratify the eye or the stomach, I presume I should like the country better. As it is, the valley is more congenial to my feelings. We must have made five or six thousand dollars on the ranch last season, the surplus of which after supplying seed, improvement &c. on the place has been swallowed up in this Gulch. All that remains to show for it is a mill, a few claims and a few holes in the ground. Next year we expect to make much more on the ranch and in the mountains here expect of course big things. . . .

I did at one time have some notions of secession but the great bluster of South Carolina about that time disgusted me with such a course. The times here are a little the hardest that I ever saw. Everything fairly grinds. The great struggle is to get something to eat, to live through till spring, until the water comes to set the mills in motion and the emigration comes in with money to purchase claims and operate with.

Perhaps you have heard of the disappearance of Brookens. He went out with a hunting party sometime about the last of



November and has not been seen since by his friends. He was imprudent in leaving the camp one snowy, blustering day and the supposition is that he lost his way and perished in the cold. The party went on the next day, all but one brave lad who, actuated by feelings of humanity remained alone three days in that mountain wilderness, searching for the lost one. He then crossed twenty-five miles of plains where, he remarked, the foot of white man never trod before, till he reached the river, then followed up the stream till he found some old friends of Brookens. He then returned with one of the friends and made another search for some trace but in vain. The newly fallen snow precluded any idea of success.

Our place for the past two days has been the scene of great excitement and hurried preparations for a tramp, which culminated yesterday in the departure of fifty or sixty men for new diggings of fabulous richness. The new gulch is 110 miles distant across the snowy range; it was discovered last fall by a party of twelve men, three remained to protect the claims, while the others left to return in the spring. Along came 30 Irishmen and passed their own laws and drove the white men out; the latter, re-enforced, are returning to return the compliment to the gallant sons of Erin. One of the men just from there says they have made from 1½ ounces to 6 ounces a day per man. That is from \$25. to \$100. per day—and what is still encouraging there is ground enough to furnish two hundred men.

These items he swears to be true and offers his body a willing sacrifice if it be not so. Five of our family have gone, including my illustrious partner. He became excited at once and his usually cool blood was soon up to fever heat. I talked to him with tears in my eyes, recalled to his mind the many plausible stories that have ended in humbug, the fact that only a few of the claims in the richest gulches ever pay and that his chance to make a good thing was only one in a hundred. He knew it all but still felt that it was a rich thing and as the time drew near for the party to start he came to me with such an anxious, imploring look that I advised him to go. The truth was I did not wish to shoulder the responsibility of the establishment here. All that knew of it were excited to the first degree with one exception, your humble servant. He probably thinks too *little of gold*, or too *much* of his little body to trust it in the snows of the range at this season of the year.

The day is delightful. As sunny and warm as the days of spring. May we have many such right speedily. For the past two months the weather has been cold and blustering, much more so than last winter. But recently we have had now and then a fine day, reminding us of the near approach of spring.

Should Mr. Farrand's gold hunting enterprise result in an inflow to the wealth of the firm of a few thousand, you may expect to see me in your parts during the next season. I should like very much to visit Wisconsin again, but must I suppose content myself with hearing occasionally, until Dame Fortune shall smile upon us more lavishly. The secession excitement has but little developments, but we do hope it will terminate all right. I am sorry to see a disposition on some leading Republicans to compromise or make concessions and all that. I believe in standing to your principles as long as you believe they are right even if it splits the Union through the middle. I prefer one-half the Union governed by honest men with right principles to all creation without them.

Direct your letters to Denver City with the name of this Territory, whatever Congress is pleased to call it.

Remember me to all the friends, S. B. Morrison.

Denver City, Sept. 25th, '63

Dear sister Fanny: While I thank you for your favor of the first instant, I must ask your pardon for not writing, but you know my carelessness in that respect. Apologies are unnecessary.

I am glad to know that you received the albums, as I had some fears of their ever reaching you. It was late in the evening when I purchased them and as I wished to start early the next morning, it was necessary to express them that night. The office was closed, but I succeeded in getting in at a back door, and in finding one clerk more courteous than the rest, who permitted me to leave the package on the desk, without receipt. So I wrote the address with a pencil, trusting to Providence for their safe passage. They were unlike and as there is no accounting for tastes I thought each one might be suited, and hope it has been so.

I am sorry that your health has been so poor all summer. Why don't you leave that sickly place and come to this salubrious clime where sickness is almost unknown. You remember how miserable I was when I left your place. A few weeks of mountain air fully restored me to health and strength.

I am sorry your onions have not had better care. Ours are ripe and will probably measure two or three hundred bushels. Such a dry time I never dreamed of. No rain or snow of any consequence for one whole year. The stock has had to live on dry grass all summer and will have to all winter—a hard show certainly.

We have rented our place and given possession. The Doctor is living in town. I am out of business and shall leave Monday next on another winter campaign. It is true I found plenty to do, and as you surmise have settled down into my old ways. But you



see this is broken up now and I shall probably go adrift in a few days.

There is nothing of interest going on. Our territory is as quiet as any of the older states, and so thoroughly Union and Administration that the opposition element fail to make political affairs interesting or exciting. The burnt part of Denver is looming up from the ashes more beautiful, symmetrical and magnificent than before. In accordance with city regulations the buildings are fire proof and give to the place fine and city-like appearance. A University is nearly completed, several churches are being built and private houses by the hundred.

Assure my friends of my constant love and regard for others, and I will remain

Yours truly, S. B. Morrison

[To his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fanny A. Morrison, of Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin.]

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## Points of Antiquity from Twelve States

VICTOR F. LOTRICH

Since the event of the discovery of a fluted blade in association with extinct bison bones in 1926 the problem of the antiquity of man in America has become one of leading importance.<sup>1</sup> The type has a longitudinal groove on either side, with secondary chipping along the edges, and as such is remarkable in its workmanship. It was named for the locality in which it was found and is known as the Folsom point. Another point, showing highly developed craftsmanship, comparable to the Folsom type, but without the longitudinal grooves, was named the Yuma point because of the locality of its most frequent occurrence.<sup>2</sup> A study was made of the types and sub-types as to shape and base, and the above two complexes were linked together on typological grounds.<sup>3</sup> They have been considered more or less in conjunction ever since. This has led to numerous discussions among the anthropologists and archaeologists as to which was the earlier. However, it is a question that will remain highly controversial in its nature until definite material in undisputed situ is found.

But the fact remains that the stimulation to American archaeology, created by these points and their indications of antiquity, has been tremendous. To the anthropologist it means extending

the time of man's entry into the Americas backward several centuries, and he is confronted thereby with a new series of problems. The paleontologist and geologist have an added incentive toward a closer scrutiny of the age of various formations. But to the common layman or amateur archaeologist the problem is somewhat different. For just the mere fact of possessing one of these remarkable flaked implements causes them to continue diligent search. They continually unearth new material, explore new areas, and from their very scattering finds bring into concentration the vital questions involved. That is, the problems of distribution and relationship of types. This in turn calls for a note of clarity and this has been done somewhat by the naming of various types not conforming strictly to the original Folsom or Yuma points.<sup>4</sup> It is our firm belief that the terms Folsom-like, Folsomoid, Yuma-like and adjectives affixed to Folsom or Yuma are very confusing and tend toward a complexity that is unwarranted. It is a great deal easier, besides being comprehensive, to name the types according to locality. This is readily seen if we take into account the related finds that bear on the antiquity of man, as is evidenced by such names as the Pinto type,<sup>5</sup> a point dissimilar to any in the Southwest, Gypsum Cave type,<sup>6</sup> found in a cave with sloth, Silver Lake and Mohave Lake types,<sup>7</sup> found around the rims of an old lake. Although we have presented a case for nomenclature, it is not the purpose of this paper to give names to the accompanying illustrated points. That task we leave to the local workers, in the regions concerned, who will have more material upon which to base their conclusions. For we must use caution and not rush toward a complexity of names, but rather give names where reasonable differences exist, and where a knowledge of the exact conditions is ready at hand for study. A study of the illustrated plate will reveal the fact that the blades shown do not all fall readily into two classifications. Some may even have no claim toward antiquity, although outward indications give them certain resemblances to the classic types.

The status of Folsom and Yuma blades is a short story. The only definite site of the "Folsom complex" was uncovered at the Lindenmeier site in northern Colorado. The strata of occupation presents evidence of a workshop and it also gives an indication of the animals utilized by the people who occupied the ground. The estimated age of the site is somewhere about thirteen thousand

<sup>1</sup>V. F. Lotrich, "Comparison of a Blade with Two Folsom Fragments," *Colorado Magazine*, XV (1938), 15-17.

<sup>2</sup>E. W. Crozer Campbell and W. H. Campbell, "The Pinto Basin Type," *Southwest Museum Papers*, No. 9 (1935), 42-44.

<sup>3</sup>M. R. Harrington, "Gypsum Cave, Nevada," *Southwest Museum Papers*, No. 8 (1933), 42, 105-120, 176.

<sup>4</sup>Symposium "The Archaeology of Pleistocene Lake Mohave," *Southwest Museum Papers*, No. 11 (1937), 80-84.

<sup>1</sup>J. D. Figgins, "The Antiquity of Man in America," *Natural History*, XXVII (1927), 229-239.

<sup>2</sup>E. B. Renaud, "Yuma and Folsom Artifacts (new material)," *Proceedings, Colorado Museum of Natural History*, II (1932).

<sup>3</sup>E. B. Renaud, "The First Thousand Yuma-Folsom Artifacts," (University of Denver Department of Anthropology) October, 1934.



years ago.<sup>8</sup> But besides the original Folsom discovery and the Lindenmeier excavation, points have been found in association with extinct animals in various localities, such as those with the mammoth bones at Dent, Colorado,<sup>9</sup> and those with extinct bison in Custer County, Nebraska.<sup>10</sup> On the other hand, without benefit of any significant association, Folsom, Yuma, and related points have been found in practically every state in the Union.<sup>11</sup> The range extends into Canada.<sup>12</sup> Erosion, the plow, excavation of pits, and the wind, the last particularly in the Great Plains province, have brought to the surface the flaked stones. As a result thousands of specimens are now reposing in many individual museums, collectors' cases, and in lowly cigar boxes.

Frank C. Cross, of Denver, Colorado, has had during the past few years correspondence with a number of collectors, farmers, etc., with a result that he has gathered together a number of fluted points from a dozen states. This collection is now in the permanent possession of the Colorado Historical Society, and is illustrated herewith, with an exception. Numbers 3, 12, and 15, under heading of Colorado, were found by Harry Gillmore, a farmer of Nepesta, Colorado, and donated by him.

The primary importance of the collection lies in the fact that it brings together a series of related points from a wide area. This brings to attention very forcibly their similarities. The point from Wyoming, illustrated in the plate, is a typical Folsom type. Number 1, under the heading of Colorado in the plate, is a typical Yuma type. Keeping these two in mind, and comparing the rest with these, we find the following points present. All the blades are lanceolate shaped with more or less parallel edges and conform in this respect to the typology of the types as set forth by Dr. Renaud.<sup>13</sup> Many of them show the Folsom longitudinal grooving, which varies in length along the different blades. The specimen from Georgia is remarkable in the fact that the longest groove is 9.4 cm long. This type has been found in several localities in Georgia.<sup>14</sup> The point from Massachusetts, and so far as we know, this is the first one reported from there, conforms strictly to the Folsom type. This extends the range to include that state. The bases show a wide range of form, but here again we find conformity in Dr. Renaud's typology. Most of the blades are smoothed along the basal edges, and degrees of patination are present. The

<sup>8</sup>F. H. H. Roberts, Jr., "Additional Information on the Folsom Complex," *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, Vol. 95, No. 10 (1936).

<sup>9</sup>J. D. Figgins, "A Further Contribution to the Antiquity of Man in America," *Proceedings, Colorado Museum of Natural History*, XII (1933).

<sup>10</sup>C. B. Schultz, "The First Americans," *Natural History*, XLII (1938), 348.

<sup>11</sup>H. E. Fischel, "Folsom and Yuma Culture Finds," *American Antiquity*, IV (1939), 232-258.

<sup>12</sup>E. B. Howard, "Folsom and Yuma Points From Saskatchewan," *American Antiquity*, IV (1939), 277-279.

<sup>13</sup>Renaud, *op. cit.*, note No. 3.

<sup>14</sup>A. R. Kelly, "A Preliminary Report on Archaeological Explorations at Macon, Georgia," *Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin* 119 (1938), 6-7.

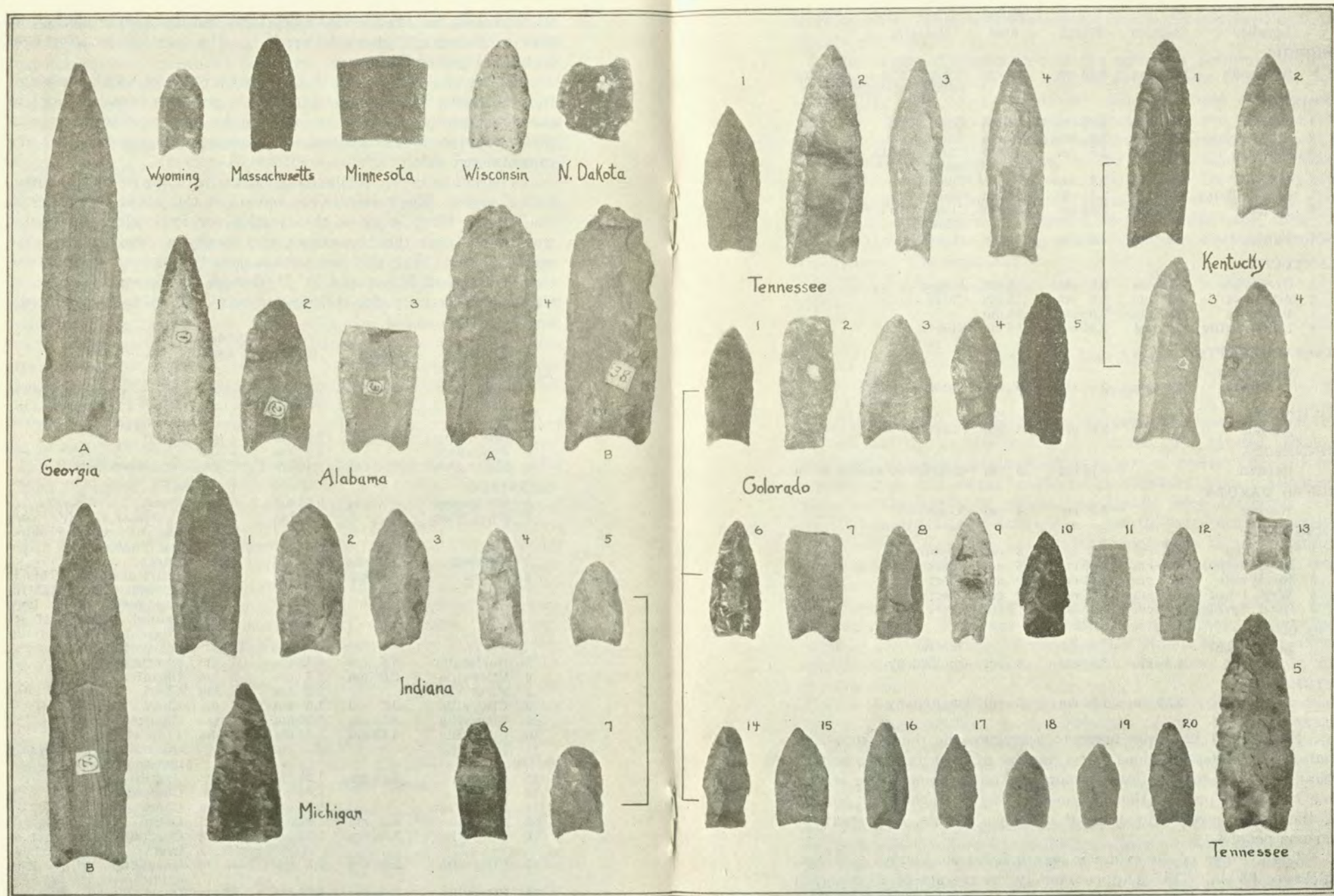
workmanship on the blades varies from the fine ripple flaking, as seen in Number 7 under Colorado, to the very crude efforts on Number 1 under Tennessee.

Under Alabama, Number 4, we find a blade in which the longitudinal groove was taken out, figure A, and this revealed flaws in the tip, thereby causing the blade to be discarded without completion, unless it was utilized as a scraper. Figure B shows the uncompleted side.

The enumeration following gives the states involved in alphabetical order. The numbers correspond to the penned numbers in the plate. First is given the location, or area where the point was found, next the dimensions, and finally a description of the material used. For this last we are greatly indebted to the Colorado Bureau of Mines and R. D. George, Professor Emeritus of Colorado University, for their generous aid and time in the identification of the stones.

	Locality	Length	Width	Thickness	Material
ALABAMA					
1	Samson	8.55 cm	2.6 cm	.75 cm	Chert, nearly a cairngorn. A cairngorn stone is a crystallized quartz.
2	Scottsboro	5.9 cm	3.05 cm	.7 cm	Chert
3	Scottsboro		3.2 cm	.5 cm	Chert
4	Holly Pond	6 cm	2.45 cm	.7 cm	Metamorphic silt
COLORADO					
1	Burlington	4.9 cm	2.05 cm	.55 cm	Chert
2	First View		2.3 cm	.8 cm	Vesicular rhyolite, very fine texture and showing vitrification
3	Nepesta	3.85 cm	2.45 cm	.55 cm	Chert
4	Cortez	3.65 cm	1.65 cm	.65 cm	Pearl obsidian (This is an extremely doubtful specimen. It is here figured, because of its original inclusion in the collection)
5	Burlington	6.5 cm	2.15 cm	1.1 cm	Quartzite
6	Utleyville	3.8 cm	1.7 cm	.8 cm	Obsidian
7	First View		2.5 cm	.5 cm	Chert
8	Utleyville	3.7 cm	1.6 cm	.6 cm	Chert
9	Utleyville	4.15 cm	1.55 cm	.4 cm	Opalized chert
10	Utleyville	4.55 cm	2.15 cm	.7 cm	Pink chert
11	Utleyville		2 cm	.65 cm	Quartzite—very highly metamorphosed
12	Nepesta	3.75 cm	1.55 cm	.55 cm	Argillite
13	Campo		1.95 cm	.45 cm	Chalcedony
14	First View		2.5 cm	.5 cm	Chert
15	Nepesta	3.2 cm	1.85 cm	.4 cm	Oolite
16	Utleyville	3.45 cm	1.55 cm	.6 cm	Quartzite with a lot of iron
17	Utleyville	3.1 cm	1.3 cm	.45 cm	Quartzite with iron oxide
18	Utleyville	3.2 cm	1.85 cm	.25 cm	Chert
19	Utleyville	2.65 cm	1.4 cm	.45 cm	Quartzite
20	Utleyville	3.4 cm	1.5 cm	.5 cm	Quartzite





POINTS FROM  
(Reduced in varying scales.)

TWELVE STATES  
Correct measurements given in table.)



	Locality	Length	Width	Thick- ness	Material
GEORGIA					
	Savannah	15.1 cm	3.45 cm	.85 cm	Quartzite showing streaks of black sand
INDIANA					
1	Culver	4.1 cm	3.05 cm	.75 cm	Chert
2	Spencer	6.2 cm	2.9 cm	.6 cm	Chert
3	Culver	5.9 cm	2.6 cm	.45 cm	Chert with opalized seams
4	Odon	4.9 cm	1.8 cm	.6 cm	Chert
5	Center Point	3.35 cm	2.1 cm	.55 cm	Chert
6	Medora	5.05 cm	2.25 cm	.5 cm	Chert with a few sponge spicules
7	Fairland	3.1 cm	2.2 cm	.7 cm	Chert
KENTUCKY					
1	Greenville	8.45 cm	2.5 cm	.85 cm	Jasper
2	Adolphus	6.5 cm	2.6 cm	.75 cm	Chert
3	Unknown	7.65 cm	2.5 cm	.65 cm	
4	Hopkinsville	6.1 cm	2.45 cm	.95 cm	Chert
MASSACHUSETTS					
	Greenwich Village	4.9 cm	2 cm	.4 cm	Opalized chert
MICHIGAN					
	Adrian		3.5 cm	.8 cm	Chert
MINNESOTA					
	Barnum		3.75 cm	.5 cm	Quartzite—almost silica
NORTH DAKOTA					
	Werner		3.2 cm	.4 cm	Agate
TENNESSEE					
1	Unknown	7.6 cm	2.5 cm	.8 cm	Rhyolite
2	Lawrenceburg	8.75 cm	3.25 cm	.8 cm	Chert
3	Readyville	8.1 cm	2.35 cm	.9 cm	Chert
4	West Point	8.35 cm	2.5 cm	1 cm	Chert
5	Good Springs	8.9 cm	3.2 cm	.75 cm	Chert
WISCONSIN					
	Lake Koshkonong	4.5 cm	2.4 cm	.6 cm	Chalcedony
WYOMING					
	Jackson	3.35 cm	1.95 cm	.3 cm	Chalcedony

No attempt has been made to segregate the points into Folsom or Yuma classifications, for a number of them fall into neither readily. Until such a time as more is known about these border line types, we present them all as a group that shows a portion of the range covered by the yet unknown people, or it may be various peoples.

The average of the group is length 5.464 cm., width 2.35 cm., thickness .63 cm. This is approximately the average of all reported measurements.<sup>15</sup> The prevailing material used in their manufac-

<sup>15</sup>Fischel, *op. cit.*, Note No. 11.

ture is chert. This, with chalcedony, was commonly used in fluted points generally.<sup>16</sup>

The study of distribution of the points of antiquity with its accompanying discovery of related types, puts into the foreground the need for the discovery and excavation of pure sites and the unearthing of skeletal remains. They are vitally necessary if we are to unravel the pertinent problems of geology, anthropology, and archaeology caused by the blades' existence. An answer to the problem of the origin of corn, for example, may well be indicated in some strata. Corn, that amazing cereal, upon which the civilizations of America were founded—the Inca, the Mayan, the Aztec, the Pueblos of the Southwest, and other numerous tribes of the continent.

<sup>16</sup>Renaud, *op. cit.*, Note No. 3.



## Recollections of Early Colorado

AS TOLD BY BENNETT E. SEYMOUR TO MARY GRACE WALL\*

On that summer day in 1863, with the North and South deadlocked in the throes of civil strife, father, mother, my sister and I set out from Clayton County, Iowa, on our journey to this wondrous land of Colorado. With shining eyes and bounding heart I, a small boy of ten, eagerly climbed over the wheel to the driver's high seat to sit beside my father. I was very proud of our wagon. It was not the usual canvas-covered conveyance, but boasted of a thin light lumber top, with a small window in each side and a door in front. In the rear the table served as a door, held in place by grooves, the legs projecting outward. The body of the wagon extended out over the wheels far enough to enable my sister and me to sleep crosswise, while our parents slept lengthwise. The supplies, bedding, clothing, etc., were kept in the bottom, and a cow was tied behind to give milk.

During the long ten weeks that followed, I would often walk alongside the oxen with our driver, whip in hand, proudly feeling that I was taking a man's part in the westward drive to "Pikes Peak" (then the general term for Colorado). The journey was a tiresome one, but the Indians were not on the warpath so it was at least safe. There were very few accommodations. Food was

plentiful but water was scarce. When we needed a bath—well, there was the Platte River.

After we crossed Iowa we followed the Platte River route through Nebraska and northern Colorado to Denver (a small town of perhaps 1,000 people), then through South Park and over Weston Pass to California Gulch.

This rich placer mining district was to be our future home. At first glimpse it did not present a very inviting appearance, but my mind was filled with the thrilling expectation of actually living amidst miners and cowboys, so I could only think and see "adventure."

Mother soon established a boarding house and I spent most of my time helping her with the chores. I was constantly discovering something different from my life in the East. The occasional visits of friendly Indians who stopped to camp and barter never failed to excite me. One day I was somewhat startled by the appearance of Chief Colorow of the Ute tribe at my father's own dinner table. I soon learned, however, that the chief meant no harm and was merely interested in consuming an enormous amount of my mother's culinary delicacies.

Isolated during the winter, our settlement once ran so short of food that a committee, of which my father was a member, visited the various homes to take account of their provisions. Flour and sugar, at one dollar per pound, were precious commodities, and our supply of the former soon became exhausted. One of my mother's boarders, Billy Young, proved himself a true hero by traveling on snow shoes over Mosquito Range to Buckskin Joe, a mining camp, and returning with a fifty-pound sack of flour on his back.

The sudden death, in August, 1865, of my father struck a bitter, crushing blow upon our heretofore happy home. After the funeral, utterly miserable and alone, my mother, my sister and I journeyed back to Iowa on a professional freight train to visit our relatives. Their kind sympathies proved the correct tonic for our grief stricken spirits and we returned to Colorado in the spring of 1866, with renewed hopes. This time we made a dangerous trip, since the Indians were on the warpath. Traveling in a large wagon train, we camped in circles every night. Fortunately, we were not molested, but fear of a surprise attack lurked constantly in the minds of all of us and captains and guards were daily appointed to protect the party.

Returning again to California Gulch, I secured a position with Charles Nathrop, who had a grocery and market in a log building, in the back part of which we batched and slept. Now thirteen years of age, I was sometimes left to run the store while Mr.

\*Miss Wall is a pupil at Cathedral High School, Denver.—Ed.



Nathrop was attending to business at his cattle ranch about forty miles down the Arkansas Valley.

On one occasion I was sent on a pony, leading another pony, to the salt works in South Park for salt, two bags of which were packed on the spare pony. I had to give up my saddle and ride bareback a distance of some forty-five miles with only one stopping place on the way ("Weston's"), where I stayed the first night. The next day I rode the bareback pony and led the other a distance of thirty miles over Weston Pass without seeing anyone in the entire distance.

There was no church or school in California Gulch in the early years, so the only education I received had been obtained from my father during the evenings, by the light of a candle or the glow of the fireplace.

My mother, having married again, had moved to Nevadaville in Gilpin county, where I joined her in December, 1866. Here there was an excellent grammar school and also a church and Sunday School which I attended regularly. During the winter of 1867 I walked daily to Central City to attend an Episcopal church school for one term.

Possessing an adventurous spirit I soon grew tired of the somewhat limited study of the three "R's" and began to search for an outlet for my latent energy. Nevadaville stamp mills and mines, rich in gold and other minerals, had a magnetic attraction for me and during the next five or six years I worked at many different jobs in several of the richest mines.

In May, 1874, while at work on the American Flag Mine, I was attracted by clouds of smoke down the gulch and soon learned that Central City was on fire. Fearful and excited, I ran about a mile to the grocery store of Hawley & Manville, where I helped the clerks carry out goods as long as they could safely do so. Every building on Main Street was destroyed with the exception of one built of brick and stone in which was the stock of groceries owned by Rowarth and Lake. This stock was at once purchased by Hawley & Manville, who soon afterward employed me, thus changing my career from that of a manual laborer at the mines to that of a grocery clerk.

In March, 1880, the grocery firm was incorporated under the name of The Hawley Merchandise Company, Mr. Hawley becoming the president and I the secretary and treasurer. We conducted a large and profitable business for many years, but, with the decrease in the population of the town, it gradually dwindled, until its dissolution in 1938.

On Easter day, March 28, 1875, occurred one of the happiest events in my life—my marriage to Mary J. Atkinson, a native of Wisconsin who had come to Colorado a year before my arrival.

The ceremony, performed by Reverend Father Byrne in the Episcopal church, was very simple. There was no great cathedral, no expensive hot-house lilies, but nature was magnificent in the glory of a Colorado spring and contributed fittingly to complete the joy of our union.

We immediately established our home in Central City and lived there until 1923, when we moved to Denver. Of our seven children, five died in infancy and the other two in manhood. With their mother they are now at rest in Baldmountain Cemetery near Nevadaville.

Two years after my wife's death, I married Mrs. Sarah Clark, the widow of John J. Clark, for many years a well-known business man of Gilpin County.

Aside from my business affairs, I was active in the social and political functions of Central City, then a thriving mining center. As county commissioner for six years, mayor and alderman for four, food commissioner during the World War, member of the school board and captain of a national guard troop, I enjoyed many pleasant experiences and fortunately did not have to cope with an excess of trying problems. Since I was a prohibitionist, I encountered my greatest difficulties in trying to enforce temperance. I introduced several prohibition bills, and strove to rid the town of its filthy saloons but at all times I was overruled.

As a cultural diversion during this period I sang with the Cornish and Welsh miners in some of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas and witnessed backstage performances of such renowned stars as Harry Richmond, Lawrence Barrett, Emma Abbott, George B. Waldron and Jack Langrish and wife. I recall an amusing incident that happened during a vaudeville act of a German comedian named Thompson. Barney, the janitor of the theatre, appeared in the aisle to fix one of the seats. A drunken rowdy in the balcony started yelling, "Oh, Barney, Oh, Barney!" Angered at being so rudely interrupted in the midst of his act, Thompson vociferated with a thick German accent, "Mister, one fool mit a time, please." This remark created quite a sensation in the audience and was loudly applauded. Needless to say, the offender was properly "squealed."

Among the many social events of the town the most unusual and most celebrated was the annual Fireman's Day, inaugurated after the fire of '74. Even now, I can clearly remember the noisy excitement of the festivities, especially the races of the men in fire trucks down Main Street to connect hoses to hydrants, or climb ladders; the foot racing of the men themselves, and the colorful and impressive demonstrations of the latest fire prevention methods and apparatus.

The drilling contests on the Fourth of July were always red-



letter events attracting large crowds of both competitors and spectators. Piles of rocks were hauled into the town. Since the manipulation of one drill required two men, they all "paired off" and each pair drilled a hole in a rock. Whoever drilled the farthest within a certain period of time received a prize.

Now at the age of eighty-five, I look back upon a busy, as well as interesting life. Since I have always been quite a churchman, I recall with most satisfaction the church activities of my life, especially my connection of nearly sixty years with St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Central City, during which time I served as a member of the vestry and of the choir, superintendent of the Church School and lay reader. I am still the treasurer.

I am not very active in the business world now but occasionally I write fire insurance policies (an occupation I began in 1883). I love to travel and have recently completed an extensive pleasure trip through the East and South. I drive my own car, frequently visiting my old home in Central City.

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## John Q. A. Rollins, Colorado Builder

JOHN Q. A. ROLLINS, JR.\*

John Quincy Adams Rollins, who played a prominent part among the early builders of Colorado, came of a long line of pioneers. The first recorded ancestor in America was James Rollins, who came to New England in 1632 and settled at Ipswich, Massachusetts. The eighth generation thereafter brings us to the subject of this sketch. John Q. A. Rollins, son of John A. Rollins, was born at Gilmanton, New Hampshire, June 16, 1816. His mother was a woman of much strength of character and the son consequently received the strict religious training of the time. He was also favored by a good common school education, adapted to the active business life which he later led. He was early initiated into the conduct of practical business as farming, milling, mercantile pursuits, and other branches, beginning his engagement in these at the age of twelve years. This early practical education, conferred by wise parents, was a great benefit to Mr. Rollins during a remarkably active business life. He experienced the extremes of varying fortune, but his spirit was always buoyant. Always hopeful and energetic, he quickly recovered from any business adversity.

\*Mr. J. Q. A. Rollins, Jr., lives in New York today. Upon a visit to Denver last year he promised to prepare a sketch of his father's life and to send to the State Historical Society of Colorado some photographs, papers and mementos of his remarkable career. The biographical sketch follows. The papers are mentioned elsewhere, under "Editorial Notes."—Ed.

Made self-reliant by his early education and thorough business training, at the age of eighteen Mr. Rollins left his home in Moultonboro, New Hampshire, to try his independent fortune, and arrived in the city of Boston in 1834. He found employment with Curtis Guild, wholesale grocer, No. 28 Merchants Row, near old Faneuil Hall. The young man Rollins proved so capable that within one year he was intrusted with the charge of the receiving and disbursing of all the goods of the store, at that time one of the largest wholesale establishments of the kind in Boston.

But a young man of his restless, adventurous turn of mind could not stay contentedly in a Boston store, so, in the latter part of 1835, he determined to go West and, with carpet bag in hand, took a boat to New York and Albany, thence to Schenectady over the first railroad westward; thence by canal, part of the time working his way on the "Tow Path" to Buffalo, thence to Detroit by steamer, thence to Chicago on foot, making forty-five miles a day, and glorying in beating the stages and boats into the young city. His first experience there was an attack of the measles so severe that he would have died but for—as he expressed it—a cast iron will and constitution to match. His next experience was being robbed of \$60 and an old watch, all his earthly possessions. But nothing daunted. He got possession of the ground between the Clark and Randolph street bridges, by the river bank, 400 feet for \$200 and sold soon after to Dyer & Chapin for \$400. Quick sale, and large profits, but now the property is worth millions.

Feeling that he now had ample capital to operate on, he took up a quarter section of land on the west side of the north branch of the Chicago River, running nearly to the forks of the north and south branches, on which land he cut 200 tons of hay the first year and sold the same with part of the land to Mr. Clybourn for \$2000. He abandoned the rest of the land, as it was then nothing but a mud hole and thought to be worthless, though now all built over with the most costly buildings of Chicago. This speculator's next venture was in land again, in company with Mr. Dyer, at one time Mayor of Chicago. Turnover was fast, the properties were sold for a considerable sum.

Mr. Rollins now went into partnership with R. S. Maloney and his brothers, M. S. and Plummer, and took up about 2,000 acres of the best land in Illinois at Belvedere. This fine estate was put in control of Mr. Rollins, the whole of which was fenced and 500 acres broken and put into crops in the spring of 1836. Here he concluded to make his home and, in April of that year, was married to Louisa Burnett, who was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, on August 15, 1813. He represents her as one of the purest Christian women that ever lived; and this testimony to her character and worth is borne out by all who ever knew her. She died



at Rollinsville, Colorado, March 6, 1880, having been nearly fifty years a member of the Presbyterian Church and having performed all life's duties in the most faithful manner, making a happy life for her husband and family and dying in perfect Christian trust.

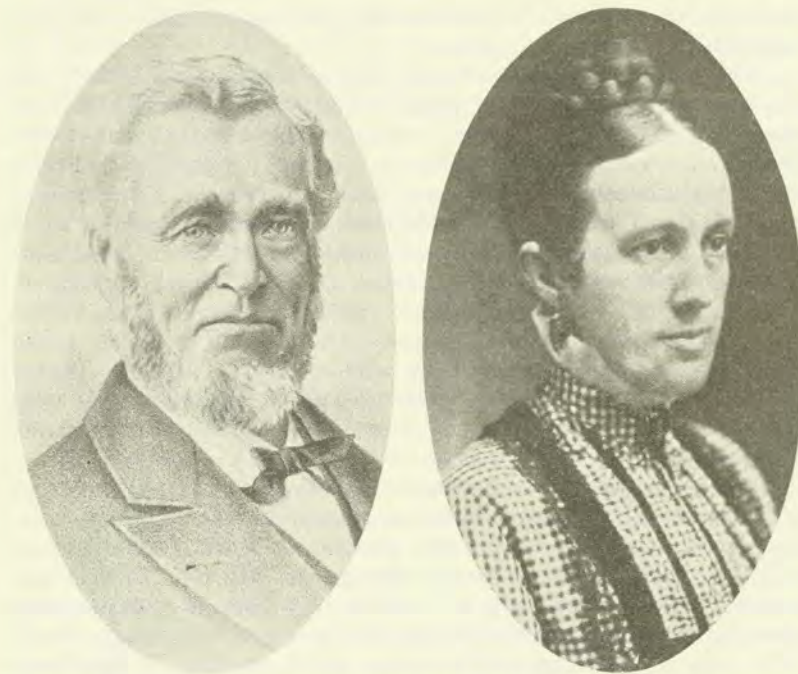
At Belvedere, Mr. Rollins soon divided the big farm with the Maloneys, and he, led by his restless, enterprising spirit, engaged in trading in merchandise and in stock-driving over nearly the whole state of Illinois, having branch trading houses extending from Belvedere to Chicago, where he did a large wholesale business with Messrs. Barrett, King & Company, E. Hempsted and other firms. Besides this, he ran a large number of teams to the Wisconsin pineries, hauling most of the surplus products of Boone County, as well as that of his own 1000-acre farm, to the pineries for sale, exchanging it for sawed lumber. This he rafted down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, from two to six million feet annually, for about ten years, selling it at Dubuque, Galena, Rock Island, Keokuk, Alton and St. Louis. He sold many a million feet to the old St. Louis lumber dealers.

The extent of his business operations at this time may be inferred from the statement that in one spring he had 500 men employed in running lumber and logs on the rivers, and at the same time carried on his large farm at Belvedere, where his family resided; and also continued his business as cattle drover, and conductor of stage lines, also mining operations at Galena, Dubuque and other points. Without too much particularizing, it may be stated in general that Mr. Rollins was one of the most active men who led in the settlement of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado; the perfect type of a bold, pushing, organizing, civilizing frontiersman. Not only has he been a pioneer of the states named, but in 1865, he took a hundred Mormons to Utah, with a train of thirty-nine teams loaded with goods for Salt Lake City merchants.

In the spring of 1860, Mr. Rollins caught the Pikes Peak gold fever, and outfitting at his Belvedere farm with nineteen teams started for Colorado in company with Colonel James McNassar. At Omaha they added machinery and supplies and increased their train to thirty wagons, leaving about the middle of July, bound for the land of gold, silver not thought of then. The incidents of the journey across the great plains, trading with the Indians and contact with fellow pilgrim gold seekers seem to have made a deep impression on Mr. Rollins' mind as he related them later with much zest.

Arriving at Denver late in the season, the partners divided their goods and Mr. Rollins sent a part of his to a new town which he and others started at the junction of the Platte and Cache la Poudre rivers, and part to Gold Dirt, Gilpin County, where he

set up a quartz mill in the winter 1860-61. This was a six-stamper, completed in February, and the first week's run resulted in a clean-up of \$1,475, from six cords of ore taken from his own claims on the famous Gold Dirt Lode. This encouraged him to enlarge his mill to sixteen stamps and buy all the claims he could get hold of at Gold Dirt. Here he continued to mine and mill the ores, and trade in mines and mills, until 1864, when he went to New York and was there one of the moving spirits in the organization of the Hope, Eagle, Perigo and Rollins Mining Companies, in each of



JOHN Q. A. ROLLINS AND MRS. EMMA CHAPIN CLARK ROLLINS  
(in 1881)

which he had large stock interests. (Samples of ores from some of these mines are on display at the State Museum.) The New York stockholders had an eye only to speculation in the stock of these companies, and when the opportunity for this ceased, the companies went to pieces, followed by the sale of all their property for debts contracted by inexperienced or reckless managers, and for taxes, which meant death to mining companies that did not mean business.

Knowing better than any other man the intrinsic value of the Gold Dirt Mines, Mr. Rollins never lost sight of the district, but



watched and as fast as mining companies or discouraged individuals abandoned claims, he re-located them under the law of 1872, which required a certain amount of annual work, or forfeiture of right. He proved his staying power by remaining on the ground, while others wandered off, following every fresh mining excitement. He stated that he had expended above \$30,000 of his own money in the purchase, re-location and improvement of mining in this district, so that, in 1879, he became the owner of 20,000 linear feet of gold bearing veins, 300 acres of placer gold-mining claims, and 2,000 acres of farming land, all in and around the Gold Dirt district, and his residence at Rollinsville, the value of the farm crop here being about \$8,000 annually.

This immense estate in lands and mines was made the basis of a great mining enterprise organized in New York by Mr. Rollins personally. The capital stock of the company was fixed at \$5,000,000, divided into 200,000 shares. Later Mr. Rollins, in 1879, sold to gentlemen in New York and Middletown, Connecticut, one-half of all his stock for \$250,000, this money serving as a working capital for putting mines, mills and placers in good condition for paying dividends, all being done under his own superintendency. Some of the mines in which Mr. Rollins was interested are as follows: Comstock Lode, Ophir Lode, Virginia Lode, Crown Point Lode, Savage Lode, Colorado Lode, Perigo (3 entries) Lode, New York Lode, White Pine Lode, Silver Lode, Waterman Lode, Tonawanda Lode, Wallace Lode, Benton Lode, Detroit Lode, Baker Lode, Phillips Lode (Park County) and others.

Since his arrival in Colorado, Mr. Rollins was also engaged in a number of important business enterprises besides those mentioned. He was at one time the partner of D. A. Butterfield of early overland stage and freight line fame. He put \$75,000 into the business of "Butterfield and Rollins," of Denver, most of which was lost. He also put \$60,000 into the salt works, in South Park. (The large iron boiling kettle now on the lower floor of the State Museum is from these works.) Over \$400,000 was taken out of the Phillips property in South Park. He also was among the first road builders of Colorado, being the projector and constructor of the toll wagon road from Rollinsville over the Continental Divide at Rollins Pass and on into Hot Sulphur Springs in Middle Park. He was also at one time half-owner, and kept in repair, the old toll road from Denver by way of Golden to Black Hawk and Central City, in Gilpin County. Besides this he expended over \$20,000 in building free roads in and about Gilpin County, for the benefit of the country.

At the time of the excitement attendant on the building up of the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Mr. Rollins was on hand to take advantage of it, and built a large \$30,000 hotel there. This

enterprise was intended for the benefit of a brother, but was not fortunate, owing to the removal of the machine shops of the Union Pacific Railroad to Laramie City.

Mr. Rollins' experience on the frontiers of the West gave him an intimate knowledge of the Indian character, and often brought him and his men into conflict with the red devils, as he called them, who he saw commit many atrocities. He was in the neighborhood at the time of the massacre on the Little Blue in 1864, when the savages killed and mutilated, in the most shocking manner, about forty white men, women and children, and he helped bury some of the poor unfortunate settlers. The next spring, when the Indian War had spread all over the plains and into Montana and Utah, Mr. Rollins was called to Salt Lake to look after a train of thirty-nine wagons he had sent there laden with goods for the Salt Lake merchants. During this perilous journey he had some contests with Indians and many narrow escapes and was a witness to the falling of many a soldier and settler before the merciless savages. As instances of their barbarous cruelty he mentioned seeing two teamsters or immigrants tied to their wagon, and all the goods that could not be carried away were piled about their victims and set on fire, burning the two men at the stake. A little further on were found an old woman and child bound up in a feather bed, which was on fire. They were both burnt to death. After the settlement of his business in Salt Lake City, he found that all travel and communication eastward had been cut off by the Indian War; but determined to return, he set off on foot for Denver across the wide, unsettled country, with only one man for a companion. He afterwards said that only a protecting Providence preserved his life and kept him to his journey's end.

In 1881, Mr. Rollins married a second time. His marriage ventures were most fortunate as his second wife, Mrs. Emma Chapin Clark, was one of the most gentle, patient, kind and thoughtful of women. Their married life was most happy. The second Mrs. Rollins, also a Colorado pioneer, died in New York City December 31, 1938, at the grand age of 96 years.

The following story of an event in Mr. Rollins' life, taken from the *New York Sun* of June 25, 1873, indicates very well his character for dash and enterprise:

#### "A WONDERFUL BILLIARD MATCH

"The Ashes of Thirty-two Hours in Colorado Territory—How Mr. John Quincy Adams Rollins made \$11,000, and how Mr. Charles A. Cook lost the money.

"Boulder City, Colorado, June 10, 1873.—To-day I met Mr. John Quincy Adams Rollins. He was trotting past Mitchell's coal



mine on his way to Denver. Mr. Rollins is a tall, broad gentleman, with pleasing face and manners, and iron grey hair. He looks like a son of toil. He was dressed in ministerial black, and wore a white shirt, with common china buttons in place of studs. Mr. Rollins is pretty well off. He sold a gold mine once for \$250,000 and has succeeded in keeping the money. He is celebrated throughout the territory as the man who made \$11,000 at a game of billiards.

#### "HOW HE MADE IT

"In 1866 Mr. Rollins turned up in Denver. That city was filled with men who won fortunes at various pursuits one day and lost them the next. About two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Rollins dropped into a billiard room over Brendlinger's cigar store, at the intersection of Blake and F streets. The room was filled with amateurs and professionals. Among the former was Charles A. Cook, at that time a banker, and since then, strange to say, one of the wealthiest men in the Territory. Cook and Rollins entered into conversation. After exhausting the subjects of real estate and mining, the talk ran upon billiards. Cook appeared to have considerable confidence in his own skill, and laughed at Rollins when the latter said that he could beat him. This excited Rollins' indignation, and he finally asserted that he could give Cook twenty points in a hundred and lay him out. Cook said that he couldn't do it for \$400 a game, and Rollins thought that he could. So a match was then and there arranged, playing to begin immediately. Rollins was to give Cook twenty points in a game of one hundred. The stakes were to be \$400 a side and the games were to follow each other until one of the parties was exhausted. The man who squealed first was to forfeit \$1,000. The men agreed to settle all disputes among themselves, and thus avoid the necessity for a referee or umpire. They kept the run of the games by chalking them upon the floor. The match was played on a carom table.

#### "THE FIRST NINE HOURS

"All the preliminaries having been arranged, both gentlemen drew off their coats and selected their cues. They began playing at three P. M. Rollins took the lead from the start. Cook seemed to be having unusually bad luck. The balls broke horribly, and unfortunate kisses robbed him of many a carom. But he showed remarkable coolness. His misfortunes did not faze him for an instant. Every shot was made with a firmness and deliberation that deserved success. Darkness came on. Lamps and cigars were lighted, and the game continued. A rumor of what was going on spread over the city, and the saloon was crowded with spectators. Everybody examined the marks on the floor. There was a perfect

nest of tallies for Rollins, and but few chalks for his antagonist. Nine and ten o'clock passed, and still they were at it. The money was steadily oozing from Cook's pocket into that of Rollins. The lookers-on watched the game with interest, and the lights danced within their figured shades, bringing into clear view the eager countenances of the players.

#### "THE STRUGGLE IN THE MORNING

"At midnight the spell was broken. Rollins showed signs of fatigue and Cook began to win. So elated was the latter that he proposed to raise the stakes from \$400 to \$800 a side. Rollins assented. The interest in the game was redoubled. The room was packed, and scores of persons were glued together about the doors. Cook continued to win until an hour before daylight, when Rollins got his second wind. The wheel of fortune began to run the other way. Cook's bad luck returned. He struggled like a man in the slough of despond, but it was of no use. The chalk marks ran up against him in spite of every effort.

#### "DENVER EXCITED

"All day long the game continued. The city became excited. Some men closed their places of business for the purpose of watching the playing. Occasionally the banker made a brilliant spurt, and seemed to surprise even himself, but the steady run of luck was dead against him. The players were the centre of all eyes. Intense personal interest had eaten up their desire for sleep, but their haggard countenances bore witness to the fearful strain upon their nerves. At noon Rollins was several thousand dollars ahead. But he did not relax his cautiousness. Every thrust was based upon a deliberate reckoning. He would calculate upon the positions of the balls while chalking his cue, and all his energies were bent upon leaving them in a bad place for his adversary. Cook played more like a Frenchman. He aimed at direct results, and made some surprising runs. During the afternoon he pulled up considerably, and his tally began to make a respectable appearance, but after the lamps were lighted in the evening fortune again deserted him, and he began to go to the bottom.

#### "THE ASHES OF THIRTY-TWO HOURS

"Thirty-two hours had gone by. The players looked like ghosts. They were as white as the points of their cues. Cook had lost \$12,000, but he was pluck to the last. At the end of each game he had spotted the balls as if he were sure of winning in the end, but fate and the terms of the match were against him. Rollins



had dragged his weary feet about the table until nature was exhausted. An hour before midnight he threw up his cue, forfeiting \$1,000, but winning \$11,000. The worn-out players shook hands and went to bed. Neither of them ever made any effort to renew the match, and it is reasonable to suppose that both were satisfied."

The foregoing imperfect sketch can serve but as a hint to a life full to overflowing with boldly conceived business enterprises and with startling border events that deserve a permanent place in the pioneer annals of Colorado.

Of the many generous, manly deeds that marked the career of Mr. Rollins, there is one that he received more satisfaction from than any other act of his life. He took the occasion, in 1865, when he had plenty of money, to visit the old home in Moultonboro, New Hampshire, where his aged parents still lived, and there bought for them an old favorite farm of 240 acres, formerly owned by them, thus securing them a loved and beautiful home.

Mr. Rollins died in Denver June 20, 1894, a Pioneer of Colorado and from a family of Pioneers of America.

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