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Rico, and the Creation of Dolores County

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Today a few houses mark the site of Rico, at one time the county seat of Dolores County and the location of Pioneer Mining District, one of the richest of the early carbonate mining fields. The glory of Rico lies in its past, for today Dolores County has become famous for its raising of beans as a result of its experiment with dry farming. The location of the seat of government has accompanied this economic shift, and thus the county business is now transacted in the western part of the county at Dove Creek rather than on the Dolores at Rico.

The history of Rico and the creation of Dolores County is typical of many similar incidents, but the telling of such incidents never grows old. The history of Rico is of particular interest to the historian, because the files of the *Dolores News* are so complete for the early days of the town that one can trace the complete metamorphosis from its records. The paper was begun when the site of Rico was only a mining camp, and from its pages we can secure the story of the creation of a mining district, the incorporation of a town, and the organization of a new county. This then is the story of Rico and Dolores County as told by the *Dolores News*, with occasional references to the *Solid Muldoon*, a Ouray publication, and the *La Plata Miner*, published in Silverton.

The story really begins with the creation of Ouray County on January 18, 1877. This was the first county to be created under statehood. It was taken chiefly from San Juan County, and its boundaries contained the headwaters of three important streams, the Uncompahgre, the Dolores, and the San Miguel.[1] Between the Uncompahgre Valley and those of the Dolores and San Miguel lie mountain peaks and ranges that even today are practically impenetrable and herein lies the story of the creation of first Dolores and then San Miguel Counties.

The first ten years of the history of what is now Dolores County is based partly on fact and partly on stories handed down.

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[1] *State Session Laws* (1877), p. 207.

The *Dolores News* collected these stories and in some of its earlier numbers reconstructed the story. The first persons who are supposed to have prospected in the area were A. W. Begole and Pony Whitmore, who in 1869 staked off a claim across the river from present day Rico. They soon abandoned it because of carbonic gas in the area.[2] One of the next settlers was Robert Darling, the surveyor in 1868 of the line between New Mexico and Colorado.[3] He is supposed to have built a cabin on the Dolores about 1870, and when other settlers came into the valley they found a note on his double log cabin calling attention to the fact that he had taken possession of 160 acres of land and that anyone trespassing would be prosecuted.[4] A few people trickled in during the 1870s, but during the winter only five or six persons would remain.

All this was changed abruptly in 1879 when the rich carbonate discovery was made in the area. The first announcement of the important find on the Dolores appeared in the *La Plata Miner* at Silverton. This paper announced on July 19, 1879, that there was a stampede for the carbonate fields near the head of the Dolores. It was reported that within the last two days, 200 people had left Silverton for the Dolores camp.[5] Since 1879 was the date of the carbonate boom in Gunnison County as well, the editor of the *La Plata Miner* said, "The difference between the Dolores and Tin Cup areas is that on the Dolores they are locating mines while in the Tin Cup area they are prospecting for town sites."[6]

The people around Howard's Fork of the upper San Miguel were also philosophical about a new discovery in their vicinity. A correspondent from Howard's Fork, writing in the *La Plata Miner*, admitted that the new Dolores discovery was a drawback for the time being, but that in the long run it would be beneficial. He continued, "Our lodes are as good as they ever were, and the carbonate excitement is certain to draw capital on this side of the range. The carbonates will bring roads, machinery, and capital to our neighborhood, and with these nearby, the Howard Fork will soon be booming."[7]

As the camp on the Dolores increased in size, various names for it were proposed. Some of these were Dolores City, Carbonateville, Doloresville, and Lead City, and it was not until some time had passed that the name Rico was bestowed. The next step was the printing of a newspaper. On August 21, 1879, appeared the

[2] *Dolores News* (Rico), Dec. 31, 1881, p. 2.
[3] This boundary line dispute was not fully settled until 1925.
[4] *Dolores News*, Aug. 21, 1879, p. 1. The note on the cabin was not dated. It said, "Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has a valid claim to occupancy and possession of 160 acres of land, of which the corners are set and market, and has complied with the law in such cases provided—and all persons are hereby warned not to trespass on said land. —R. C. Darling"
[5] *La Plata Miner* (Silverton), July 19, 1879, p. 1.
[6] *Ibid.*, July 26, 1879, p. 1.
[7] *Ibid.*, Sept. 13, 1879, p. 1.

first issue of the *Dolores News*, printed as yet in the offices of John Curry, editor of the *La Plata Miner*.[8]

Although Rico was located in southern Ouray County, there was only a faint communication line with the county seat at Ouray on the Uncompahgre. The people of Rico had three chief needs during the first year of its existence and the first of these was the need for some kind of government. Therefore, on July 17, 1879, the miners took matters in their own hands and drew up a constitution for the mining camp of the Pioneer Mining District.[9] Although this had been done many times in the early history of Colorado, it was rather unique in southwestern Colorado. The constitution was divided into two parts, the constitution proper and the by-laws. Certain articles follow:

RICO (W. H. JACKSON PHOTOGRAPH)

CONSTITUTION

Article I. This organization shall be named and known as the Pioneer Miners' Association.

Article III. This organization shall be for the purpose of enacting such local laws and regulations as may be deemed necessary for the benefit of the mass of miners in this mining district.

Article V. A qualification for membership shall be a direct ownership in a mine or mines or mining location.

Article VI. This organization shall reserve to itself the exclusive right to decide on qualifications of any person who may apply for a membership therein.

Article IX. Any persons applying for membership in this

[8] *Dolores News*, Aug. 21, 1879, p. 1.
[9] *Ibid.*

society can be elected only by a majority vote of the members present.

Article X. This constitution may be amended at any time by a ⅔ vote of members present at a regular meeting of the association.

BY-LAWS

Article V. Each and every member of the society is expected to act decorously under all circumstances.

Article VI. Political and religious discussions will be strictly prohibited.

Article VII. No member shall use profane or obnoxious language during any one of the meetings of this society.

Article IX. Applicants for admission shall send their names through some member of the society, to be adjudged an eligible member, and action shall be taken at the meeting before which the application is first made.

Article XI. Any member absenting himself without a valid excuse from two consecutive meetings shall be expelled for one month.

Article XIII. Any member found guilty of "salting" a mine or mines, erasing dates to gain priority or any other more than ordinary misdemeanor shall be expelled from the society and shall not be accepted as a member thereafter.

As the population increased and since Ouray County continued to exercise little authority, the people of Rico petitioned Ouray County for the right of incorporation. When no attention was forthcoming, Rico decided to take matters in its own hands. An election was held and on October 14, 1879, the announcement was made that by a majority of 93 out of 200 votes, incorporation had been approved. Two weeks later the first town officers were chosen.[10]

The first town regulations to be printed came out of "claim jumping." Some of the regulations in regard to town lots follow:[11]

Article II. We recognize lots to be 25 feet front by 100 feet deep.

Article III. Hereafter, all persons now claiming to own a lot or lots shall in order to hold the same with a good and valid title, erect on the same a structure or structures, a house not less than ten feet square, and seven and one-half feet in height . . . with a roof, door, window hole, chinked and daubed, if built of logs, or boarded if built of frame, and put in a habitable condition.

The next article provided that all people having lots must complete a structure within thirty days. This last article proved so objectionable (many owning lots were out of the country) that another meeting amended the first regulations by providing that all persons owning lots have recognized possession until May 1, 1880, and that all persons with buildings now in construction be given until December 21, 1879, to complete the same, and place on the lot $25.00 worth of improvements, and that all lots having $25.00 worth of improvements be allowed to remain until May 1, 1880.

[10] *Ibid.*, Oct. 14, 1879, p. 1.
[11] *Ibid.*, Dec. 13, 1879, p. 1.

The second great need was roads. When the 1879 rush came, there were only trails. One of these trails was from Silverton up Mineral Creek and over the divide to Howard's Fork via Ophir and Rock Point. From that point it crossed the range dividing the San Miguel Valley from the Dolores and followed the Dolores to Rico. To reach Rico from Ouray it was necessary to travel 75 miles. There was a good road from Ouray to Dallas (now Ridgway), over the Dallas Divide and up the San Miguel to Ophir. Then one encountered the same diffieult trail that marked the trail from Silverton. It was the need of a road from the upper San Miguel that caused the greatest irritation toward Ouray. An editorial in the *Dolores News* said, "If citizens of Ouray would club together and build a wagon road from Rio San Miguel over the mesa, up Howard's Fork and thence to the Dolores Valley, they would (1) show a commendable enterprise, (2) do themselves and the country a service, (3) help along business generally and give Rico a chance to know if it had an Alma Mater."[12]

There were several trails to Rico from the south. One of the first ones used was an old trail down the Dolores to connect with an old wagon road running up through Montezuma Valley between Lost Canyon and the Dolores. Another trail led to the Big Bend of the Dolores, near the site of the present town of Dolores.[13] From either of these points contacts could be made with Parrott City or Animas City (Durango had not yet been founded). Another trail to the south became a road and was known as McJunkin's road after a man by that name had moved a mill to Rico. McJunkin left the Animas River ten miles above Animas City and followed a wagon road to Manifees' ranch on the Mancos. Finding no further trail he took to the high mesa lands and found a natural road to within 15 miles of Rico. Citizens of Rico then helped build a road to that point.[14] However, good roads continued to be one of the crying needs of Rico and one of the points of contention with Ouray.

The third need during the first year was mail service. This was typical of most mountain towns during that time but was particularly aggravated in Rico because of the poor roads. The first mail service was through a contractor and came from Silverton via Ophir. This service proved so unsatisfactory that Rico became convinced that mail contractors were dishonest and in an editorial the *Dolores News* said, "Of the three terrors, Indians, Indian agents, and western mail contractors, the latter is wholly a terror, and some of them in particular are 'dead rank frauds'."[15] At

[12] *Ibid.*, Aug. 28, 1879, p. 2.
[13] The camp on the "big bend" of the Dolores was originally called Big Bend by its inhabitants. The site was moved two miles and renamed Dolores when the railroad was built. There is an interesting article on Dolores written by Ruth S. Clark, a Denver high school student, in *Colorado Magazine*, V, 60-63.
[14] *Dolores News*, Aug. 28, 1879, p. 1.
[15] *Ibid.*, Dec. 13, 1879, p. 2.

another time the paper said, "San Juan will yet send a delegation to hang or impeach fraudulent mail contractors."[16]

In December, 1879, after complaining about the news service by saying Rico had not received a mail from Silverton via Ophir, for over a month, Rico petitioned for mail from at least four directions. These were (1) a daily line from Parrott City to Rico, (2) a tri-weekly route from Placerville to Rico in order to get mail from Ouray, since all property transactions in Rico must be recorded in Ouray, (3) a route from Big Bend (Dolores Post Office) to Plainfield in the Grand River Valley of Utah to connect with the main line from Ouray to Salina, Utah, (4) a route from the mouth of the San Juan, running through the Montezuma Valley to connect with the route from Dolores Post Office to Plainfield.[17] The people of Rico at this time felt very strongly that Ouray was using its influence to prevent the establishing of any route except one from Ouray.

Thus, three crying needs during the first year laid the foundation for a future break with Ouray County and the creation of a separate county, with Rico as the county seat. During the next two years at least three other causes of conflict can be clearly traced. These were (1) the desire for better protection in case of a Ute outbreak, (2) the struggle between Ouray and Silverton to become the heart of the San Juan mining country, with the struggle becoming more bitter because of the personal antagonism between David Day of the *Solid Muldoon* and John Curry of the *La Plata Miner*, and (3) the rapid growth of the Rico area.

The Meeker massacre of 1879 had started the cry of "The Utes Must Go" to spread all over Colorado. The San Juan area was no exception. The desire to occupy the Ute lands was added to a sincere fear that the Utes might start a general uprising against the whites in Western Colorado. This fear was especially strong in Rico because of the presence of the Pi-Utes along the Colorado-Utah border. The terrain of that area made it easy for renegades, fugitives from justice, and others of that kind to join the Pi-Utes in occasional raids on the white settlements.[18] When the news of the Meeker massacre reached Rico via Lake City and Ouray, the people of Rico began to fear an uprising of the Southern Utes. An editorial in the *Dolores News* said, "The miners are fully capable of defending themselves, *but* they are unorganized, unarmed and without ammunition."[19] The editorial continued by calling for one or two companies of United States troops to be stationed near Rico. It was immediately after this that Rico voted for incorporation.

[16] *Ibid.*, Jan. 24, 1880, p. 2.
[17] *Ibid.*, Dec. 27, 1879, p. 1.
[18] There is an interesting account written in 1881 at Rico by Mrs. C. N. Cox dealing with the Indian troubles in the area. *Colorado Magazine*, XVI, pp. 30-34.
[19] *Dolores News*, Oct. 14, 1879, p. 1.

Governor Pitkin wrote Charles A. Mantz of Rico explaining that troops could not be sent to that town but that rifles would be distributed for Rico from the county seat, Ouray. This only angered Rico the more and the editor of the *Dolores News* said that Rico needed protection before Ouray. He continued by visualizing headlines such as, "Terrible Massacre by the Indians of the miners and prospectors in the valley of the Dolores."[20]

Silverton and Ouray had long been rivals and it was natural for Rico to support Silverton. Rico's support of Silverton can be explained by (1) the growing antagonism toward Ouray and (2) the fact that John Curry was editor of both the *La Plata Miner* in Silverton and the *Dolores News*. A typical Curry statement in one issue of his paper was, "Silverton people have no desire to belittle the merits or resources of rival towns. All our people desire is to have the people of Ouray and Lake City acknowledge the fact that Silverton is the metropolis of the San Juan."[21] David Day in his paper could be even more sarcastic. At one time he said, "The people over at Silverton are beginning to punch the sawdust out of the cracks and crawl out from under the stoves. This is a sure sign of spring." In the same issue of his paper he remarked that Silverton did not have enough agricultural land to set a hen.[22]

It did not take Rico long to enter the controversy. In one of its early editions, the *Dolores News* refuted the *Ouray Times* (a Ouray paper that preceded the *Solid Muldoon*) by saying that anyone heading for the San Juans would come to Silverton rather than Ouray.[23] Again the same paper commenting upon the completion of the Silverton and Grassy Hill toll road said that Silverton would now become the hub of every camp in the San Juan. Two issues later the *Dolores News* said, "Ouray town has nearly become without inhabitants. Reason: All have come over to the new town of Rico."[24]

David Day's *Solid Muldoon* began about the same time as the Rico boom. In his first issue he derided those people who were leaving for Rico and the carbonate mines by saying that the real source of wealth was in fissure veins with drilling and blasting rather than working with pick and shovel in the carbonate fields.[25]

When Day published his first paper, only a month after the first issue of the *Dolores News*, the latter paper was inclined to be tolerant toward the *Solid Muldoon*. On September 23, the *News* said of the Day publication, "This paper is a succsss in name as well as make-up. . . . The *News* welcomes the *Solid Muldoon* to the fra-

[20] *Ibid.*, Oct. 25, 1879, p. 1.
[21] *La Plata Miner*, Sept. 23, 1882, p. 3.
[22] *Solid Muldoon*, Mar. 12, 1880, p. 2.
[23] *Dolores News*, Aug. 28, 1879, p. 2.
[24] *Ibid.*, Sept. 4, 1879, p. 1, and Sept. 23, 1879, p. 2.
[25] *Solid Muldoon*, Sept. 12, 1879, p. 1.

ternity of newspaperdom and wishes it every success, outside of politics. . . .''[26]

This tolerance soon ceased, especially after Day began to attack some of the mining transactions of John Curry. On February 21, 1880, the *News* had this to say,

> We have complimented the *Muldoon* on its attacks on fraudulent companies, but when it assails John R. Curry, proprietor of the *News*, for the position he has taken . . . we think the *Muldoon* is not justified . . . as his (Curry's) position was in defense of a legitimate running company, purposed to operate in the locality where he resides, and the interests of which section he has at heart. We will not give our readers the personalities indulged in by either or both sides not having room, nor wishing to reprint a newspaper funeral.[27]

The complete break came about four months later. Day had written, ''This thing of the *Dolores News* advertising as being published in the 'greatest carbonate camp in the world' is entirely out of place. Exaggeration has done as much to cripple Rico as 'wild-cats,' but those who scorch their foundation must endure the blister.'' This brought a bitter reply in the June 20 edition of the *News*:

> Dave, you have taken the boat this time without oars. Heretofore the *News* has regarded the *Muldoon* with a due fairness, giving it credit for having accomplished some good, but if its course shall be to give everybody and everything hell, grounded or ungrounded, just as the editor's spirit actuates him, we shall not regard it as necessary to submit to anything like the above.[28]

Thus the rivalry between towns grew into a bitter personal rivalry in which Rico took an active part. Before long personal attacks were growing increasingly bitter. A typical Day statement in response to an attack upon him by the *Colorado Springs Gazette* was as follows,

> The *Colorado Springs Gazette* says we are wicked. Well, Brother Steele, when through the vicissitudes of time and fate you are thrown in contact with such veteran liars and unscrupulous scoundrels as John R. Curry . . . maybe your language will lose much of its present refinement.[29]

Curry was always more cautious. He had been having a verbal battle with the editor of the *Silver World* of Lake City. In December, 1879, he wrote, ''Let us bury the axe until the springtime comes, gentle Olney. The *Muldoon* man will be glad to act as chief mourner, if we can only find whiskey enough this side of his beloved Missouri to 'wind him up' for the occasion.''[30]

The last cause suggested for Rico's break with Ouray County lay in the rapid growth of the town on the Dolores. This usually

[26] *Dolores News*, Sept. 23, 1879, p. 2. It should be explained that the *Solid Muldoon* was a strong Democratic paper, while the *Dolores News* and *La Plata Miner* were just as strongly Republican.
[27] *Ibid.*, Feb. 21, 1880, p. 1.
[28] *Ibid.*, June 26, 1880, p. 1.
[29] *Solid Muldoon*, May 21, 1880, p. 2.
[30] *La Plata Miner*, Dec. 13, 1879, p. 2.

promotes a spirit of independence and the development of Rico proved no exception. The successive issues of the *Dolores News* attest to the rapid growth of the area. On January 24, 1880, town lots were selling for $5,000.00, on May 15, a new bank was chartered, and on July 10, the first smelter arrived in Rico. In May, coal was discovered about five miles north of Rico and this proved a big boon to the mining and smelting enterprises. This coal bed was a part of the La Plata field, and extended from near Pagosa Springs in Archuleta County westward through La Plata and Montezuma Counties, and then curved northward through Dolores and San Miguel Counties.[31] In 1882, as a part of this area, Rico produced 2,000 tons of coal. In 1890, Dolores County was reported as producing only 800 tons, and by 1900 the output was so negligible no reports were given.[32]

The value of the gold and silver produced in Rico reached its peak in 1890. In that year Dolores County ranked third among the counties of southwestern Colorado in the production of both gold and silver.[33]

Like all other frontier towns, Rico boasted of its potential population, and in April, 1880, a conservative estimate was that the population would soon be 25,000 or 30,000.[34] This optimism led to the chartering of many toll roads with capital coming from Rico inhabitants. Between 1879 and 1882, eight toll roads were chartered. Of these eight, only two ran north and one of these was a road chartered to run from Rico to the coal field north of the town. This seemed to indicate a shift in interest from Ouray to the La Plata area.

The rapid growth of the Dolores area also led to talk of a railroad, and once again the interest was toward the south. The first serious promise of a railroad came in 1880 when the Denver and Rio Grande spoke of a line to the Big Bend of the Dolores, with a connection from there to Rico. Plans were changed and in October, 1881, a survey had actually been completed to build a railroad from Hermosa Creek over the mesa to Rico. The road would connect with the Durango-Silverton extension of the Denver and Rio Grande and would follow a toll road that already had been built along Hermosa Creek.[35]

[31] Joseph H. Gardner, *Coal Field Between Durango, Colorado and Moner, New Mexico*, United States Geological Survey Bulletin, 362, pp. 352-363.
[32] *Mineral Resources* (1890), p. 180; *Mineral Resources* (1900), p. 190, publication of U. S. Bureau of Mines.
[33] Henderson, *Mining in Colorado*, pp. 88-93. This is also a publication of U. S. Bureau of Mines.
[34] *Dolores News*, Apr. 24, 1880, p. 1.
[35] *Ibid.*, Oct. 8, 1881, p. 1. It is interesting to note that when a railroad, the Rio Grande Southern, did eventually reach Rico there were connections with both the northern line of the Denver and Rio Grande at Ridgway and the southern branch at Durango.

Thus, the grounds for the creation of a new county had been well laid. It was about the middle of 1880 when agitation for the new county really began to gather momentum. In August of that year, the *Dolores News* wrote:

> The citizens of Rico are beginning to agitate the question of dividing Ouray County or making a new county out of portions of La Plata and Ouray Counties. There is an abundance of room for a new county with Rico as the county seat, and if the people are so fortunate on the Rio Dolores as to secure the representative in the next legislature the new county may be organized.[36]

In the election of November, 1880, A. W. Hudson was chosen the Republican candidate for state representative from Ouray and San Juan Counties. Incidentally, he was strongly opposed by David Day, an ardent Democrat. Hudson came out for the creation of a separate county from Ouray, and this brought more action in early 1881. In a bitter article on January 22, 1881, the *Dolores News* attacked the conditions that bound them to Ouray:

> When we have business to transact in relation to mining matters we must put our hard tack in our pockets and strike out through eighty miles of forest and the county won't even lend us an axe to blaze the trail. When you get to Ouray the citizens find out you are from Rico and they begin to bleed you. They will first steal your horse and then sympathize with you and tell you they are sorry you should be so treated in this hospitable town. They will charge you $30.00 a week for day board and when they have detained you as long as they think you will stand it, they recover your horse and charge you $5.00 a day for his board and $50.00 reward. You will then turn over the horse for damages, and start for home afoot. Before you get a mile out of town, a committee appointed for the purpose, knocks you down and takes away all the cash you have; after casting lots for your clothes you are allowed to go on your way.[37]

With Hudson's support for division, victory for Rico was practically certain. The real contest was whether the Howard's Fork area around Ophir and the San Miguel area around Columbia and Telluride would be given to the new county or kept in Ouray. When the residents of these areas forwarded a petition to the state legislature asking to remain with Ouray, Rico realized the area was lost to them. An editorial in the Rico paper said, "They (Ophir and San Miguel) think at the next session of the legislature they can cut loose from Ouray and form a county of their own in San Miguel. This is absurd. If Ophir does not want to remain sixty miles from a county seat it should follow Rico in the new county."[38] If this was the strategy of the San Miguel people it worked, because in 1883, San Miguel County was created.[39]

On February 19, 1881, the county of Dolores was created with the same size it now has, with its economy centering around one

[36] *Ibid.*, Aug. 21, 1880, p. 1.
[37] *Ibid.*, Jan. 22, 1881, p. 2.
[38] *Ibid.*
[39] *Colorado State Session Laws* (1883), p. 123.

carbonate field, Rico, and still largely isolated from the rest of the San Juan regions.[40] David Day, from his Ouray newspaper office waxed sarcastic about the new county. He said,

> The hoodlums of Rico should certainly be pleased with the efforts of Mr. Hudson, as that gentleman has secured for them a county that is all their own. The size is 10 x 12 and Rico the only precinct within the boundaries. On behalf of the citizens of Ouray and neighboring camps, we extend to Mr. Hudson our sincere thanks, and bid an affectionate adieu to the blanket lode camp. Ta-Ta.[41]

A week later Day had this to say about Hudson, "Even the *Solid Muldoon* has aught but kind words for the awfully awful Hudson."[42]

Much argument arose between the two counties as to the share of the debt that each should have, and how much Dolores must pay Ouray for the cost of transcribing official records that would henceforth pertain to Dolores. The debt for Dolores was eventually set at $7,747.44.[43] Before the controversy was settled it gave Day a chance for another good article, and he rose to new heights when he wrote, "Dolores must either pay the legal fee in cash or apply for annexation to La Plata or hitch on to Utah. Ouray wants no prodigal.

> Dearest Rico, thou has left us
> Departed from the Muldoon's hand
> But since the legislature has bereft us
> You can go and be d - - - - d."[44]

[40] *Ibid.*, (1881), p. 92.
[41] *Solid Muldoon*, Feb. 18, 1881, p. 3.
[42] *Ibid.*, Feb. 25, 1881, p. 3.
[43] *Dolores News*, Oct. 1, 1881, p. 1.
[44] *Solid Muldoon*, March. 25, 1881, p. 2.

The Meeker Massacre

MARSHALL D. MOODY*

In the history of Colorado the White River Ute War, of which the Meeker Massacre was a part, occurred in late September, 1879. It is significant because: it was the last great uprising of Indians in Colorado; it illustrated the inadequacy of Indian administration at the agency; the savage nature of the attack struck terror to the hearts of citizens of Colorado who feared that a general Indian uprising would break out; and because, as its result, there was a widespread removal of the Indians from Colorado and a considerable shifting of those that remained. The topic under consideration is the massacre at the agency. The presentation of this subject must, of necessity, describe three phases or stages of development

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which are: (1) events leading up to the massacre, (2) the massacre, and (3) the results of the uprising.

To begin let us first consider conditions at the White River Agency in the period which preceded the massacre. Nathan C. Meeker was appointed on February 6, 1878, to be agent to the Utes at White River Agency, Colorado. He was a man of high purpose, Utopian ideals, and Puritan principles, who had helped to found the community of Greeley and had been a long time correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Dunn says of him: "His reputation for honesty was excellent, but he prided himself on his practical qualities, and greatly overestimated his ability to civilize savages."[1] Despite his unquestionable character and good personal qualities, the fact was that he had slight understanding of the Indians and little ability to manage them.

Agent Meeker arrived at his post on May 15, 1878, and entered wholeheartedly into his duties. After some two months of residence he submitted, on July 29, 1878, an annual report for the agency. This report was, of course, largely based on documents of the office and on Agent Meeker's observations during the short time he had been at the agency. He reported that the Indians were opposed to agricultural work and that after planting they abandoned the fields to go off on hunting or other expeditions. Care of the crops was left to agency employees but, upon returning, the Indians claimed the proceeds of the fields. Meeker's reaction to this was as follows: "Of course this style of Indian farming has, under my administration, come to an end."[2]

Among other things for which the agent expressed his dislike, he reported that the Indians would work at practically nothing, that they refused to care for their herd of 1,500 head, that the Indians were allowed to trade annuity goods for ammunition at stores off of the reservation, that educational progress was lacking, and that health standards were too low.[3]

Not all of the first report by Agent Meeker was critical of the Indians. He found them peaceable, respecters of property rights, amiable, and of good appearance. They observed the marriage relation and polygamy was practiced only to a limited extent. In concluding the report Meeker stated, ". . . this agent is impressed with the idea that if proper methods can be hit upon they can be made to develop many useful and manly qualities and be elevated to a state of absolute independence."[4] This was the goal which he then set out to reach.

[1] Jacob Piatt Dunn, *Massacres of the Mountains* (New York, 1866), 690.
[2] Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report, 1878* (Washington, 1878), 19.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*

The first major act taken by Agent Meeker in his efforts to subdue, reform, and civilize the Indians was when he moved the agency from its old location to a new one in Powell's Valley, on White River, a distance of some fifteen miles. This act met strong opposition from the Utes because they had previously used Powell's Valley as a winter camp and because the best pasturage for their horses was to be found there. The valley contained an abundance of good agricultural land and was well suited to the agent's purpose but it was in direct opposition to the wishes of most of the Indians to go there. They had little or no desire to be farmers. The tribe was, at that time, divided into two opposing factions. One faction, under the leadership of Captain Jack, remained aloof, while the other, under the leadership of Douglass, reluctantly agreed to the move and went with the agency to Powell's Valley. Attempts to reconcile the differences of the two factions were never quite successful.

The actual work of moving the agency was begun in July, 1878, and continued into the spring of 1879, when several of the old buildings were removed to the new site. This virtually completed the establishment of the agency at the new location. It was found that an irrigation canal would be needed for successful farming and the Utes reluctantly agreed to spend $3,000 of their money for this purpose. No enthusiasm was shown for the project and only about 15 of the Indians worked well and consistently on the job. The same lack of enthusiasm was noted in the work of building fence, grubbing, and planting. Agent Meeker reported that "A great deal of talking and entreaty were required all the time; once in about a week all would stop work without apparent cause, though evidently in bad humor, but after a few days they would be at work again."[5] Though some progress was made by 1879, a large majority of the Utes continued to resist the agent's efforts to convert them to farmers.

Agent Meeker objected strongly to the Ute practice of roaming off the reservation in an area which he described as being as large as New England. Following the planting of the crops in the spring of 1879 a band of some one hundred started for the north. It was feared that these Indians would join in hostilities then going on in the Upper Missouri country and Agent Meeker appealed on June 7 to Major T. T. Thornburgh, commanding at Fort Steele, Wyoming, to intercept the band and see that they returned to the reservation. Major Thornburgh investigated and found no evidence that the Indians had committed depredations. He did find, however, that the Indians had killed much game and were using

[5] Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report, 1879* (Washington, 1879), 18.

the skins for trade. He reported that the Indians, instead of molesting miners, as had been reported, had presented them with game which they had killed in the hunt.[6]

On July 5, Agent Meeker sent Douglass and an employee of the agency, Mr. Dresser, in pursuit of the band that had gone north. They reached the band in four and a half days and persuaded them to return to the reservation. By July 15 most of the band had returned to the vicinity of Bear River near the trading stores. On his return Mr. Dresser, the agency employee, reported that the band had killed several hundred antelope and eighteen bison. He further reported that settlers were getting ready to attack the Indians and that if they had not left when they did bloodshed would have been sure to follow. He also stated that fires followed the Indians on their return for about a hundred miles and to within thirty miles of the agency. These fires were a source of deep concern to the settlers. On July 15 Meeker wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

> In many parts of Bear River Valley and all the way up to its head in Egeria Park the country is well burned over. At Hayden, where reside the families of Smarts and Thompson, the fires were so near the houses that the women, whose husbands were away, were on the watch two days and carried their household goods to a place of safety. The grass range on which their cows and cattle fed is destroyed. I have previously reported to you that the Indians are destroying timber everywhere; last winter something like 100 acres of beautiful cottonwood groves were burned close to the agency. Their object here is to get dry wood next winter. At the present time the timber on the mountains north and south is burning and one valley is filled with smoke. These fires are built to drive the deer to one place that they may be easily killed and thereby the destruction of pine, cedar and aspen is immense while the fire ruins the grass. . . .[7]

In reference to the fires, Governor Pitkin stated: "The Utes have burned more timber the last few weeks than the white settlers have cut in twenty years."[8]

The Indians resented the accusation that they had set fires that they had not right to set and Dunn points out that there was insufficient proof to show conclusively that they were guilty. His contention was: "The truth is that nearly all the fires were occasioned by the carelessness of white men in the tie camps, *ie* men who were cutting ties for the Denver, Rio Grande and South Fork railways. . . ."[9]

At the same time the controversy was raging over Indians being

[6] Major T. T. Thornburgh to the Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters of the Platte, Fort Omaha, Neb., U. S. Congress, 46th Cong., 2 sess. (1879-1880), *Senate Executive Document 31*, pp. 57-58.

[7] Meeker to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, July 15, 1879. Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Letters Received 1879, Colorado M 1509. National Archives Record Group 75. Hereafter referred to as B.I.A.,L.R.

[8] Governor Frederick W. Pitkin to E. J. Brooks, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, July 8, 1879. B.I.A., L.R. 1879, Colorado C 680.

[9] Dunn, *op. cit.*, 693.

off of the reservation, committing depredations, and setting fires, the Commissioner of the General Land Office wrote the following letter to Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior:

July 8, 1879

Hon C. Schurz
Secretary of the Interior
Sir,

I have the honor to inclose herewith, for the Honorable Secretary's information, a telegram dated 5th. inst. received from the Surveyor General of Colorado, stating that the Indians are keeping his surveyors out of north and western Colorado.

Very respectfully
Your Obd't Serv't.
J. A. Williamson
Commissioner[10]

In their account, which was written in November, 1879, Dawson and Skiff attribute some of the difficulty with the Utes to their habit of roving over an extensive territory and describe the resentment of the whites to this practice. They state:

> The origin of the difficulties with the Utes seems to have lain partially in the fact that this tribe, like the Cheyennes, could not content themselves upon their reservation. The country north of the Colorado Reservation is very desirable for farming and grazing purposes, and is thickly settled. For three or four years past the Indians have been in the habit of intruding into this district, as well as into North and Middle Parks, which practice has caused considerable annoyance to settlers, particularly on Snake, Bear and Grand Rivers.[11]

Following their return from the hunting expedition in the spring of 1879, the smouldering resentment and opposition of the Utes to the policy of Agent Meeker continued. In the summer he had had an 80 acre plot of land plowed, fenced and irrigated. During the time that this work was being done several Indians had moved their tents near the river and near the house of Johnson, an Indian who had been something of a model and favorite at the agency. When, in early September, Agent Meeker ordered the plowing to begin again these Indians objected, though he had previously told them that plowing would be resumed. In order to try to placate them Meeker offered to move their corral and set them up in another location. Their reply was that he could plow in another place which was farther away, covered by sage and greasewood, intersected by slues, and badly developing alkali. This area was, of course, impossible for agriculture and could not be accepted. Something of a deadlock between agent and Indians developed. Regardless of the attitude of the Indians Meeker maintained a stubborn attitude. He reported:

[10] B.I.A., L.R. 1879, Colorado L 614.

[11] Thomas F. Dawson and F. J. V. Skiff, *The Ute War: A History of the White River Massacre and the Privations and Hardships of the Captive White Women Among the Hostiles on Grand River* (Denver, 1879), 8.

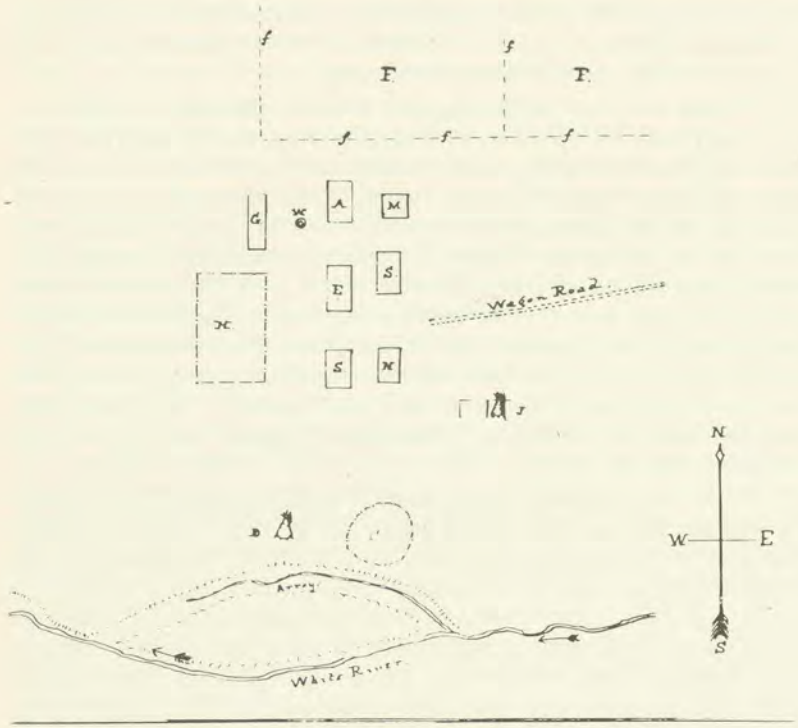
> They would listen to nothing I could say and seeing no help for it, since if they could drive me from one place they would quickly drive me from another, I ordered the plows to run as I had proposed. The first bed had been laid out and watered, 100 feet wide and a half mile long and when the plowman got to the upper end two Indians came out with guns and ordered him not to plow more. This was reported to me and I directed the plowing to proceed. When the plowman had made a few runs around the bed, he was fired upon from a small cluster of sage brush and the ball passed close to his person.[12]

This halted the plowing and Meeker appealed to Douglass without success. Thereupon, he sent a message to the faction opposing Douglass and, as a result, Jack and his followers came to the agency. The whole matter of plowing was then discussed at length and it was agreed that the plowing could go on. Plowing was resumed the next morning but some of the Indians again threatened vengeance and Jack was again sent for. After plowing most of the morning it was thought best to stop, as some of the employees of the agency had become quite scared. Another long council was held in the afternoon and it was again agreed that the land would be made available for plowing provided the agent would remove the corral, dig a well, help build a log house and give a stove to the Utes. To this he agreed. Agent Meeker concluded his report on this matter by stating: "Plowing will proceed, but whether unmolested I cannot say. This is a bad lot of Indians. They have had free rations so long and have been flattered and petted so much, that they think themselves lord of all."[13]

The question of plowing and proceeding with the plan of civilizing the Indians and forcing them into agriculture was not settled by the above mentioned council. A few days later Agent Meeker, who had been injured when a wagon fell on him, was assaulted by Johnson in the agent's house, forced out of doors and, except for the intervention of employees of the agency would have been seriously injured or perhaps killed. This was reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as follows:

> White River Agency, Col.
> September 10, 1879
>
> To E. A. Hayt,
> Commissioner, Washington, D. C.
>
> I have been assaulted by a leading Chief Johnson forced out of my house and injured badly but was rescued by employees. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter September eighth. His son shot at the plowman and the opposition to plowing is wide. Plowing stops. Life of self, family and employees not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope.
>
> N. C. Meeker
> Indian Agent[14]

[12] Meeker to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, September 8, 1879. B.I.A.,L.R. 1879, Colorado M 1866.
[13] *Ibid.*
[14] B.I.A.,L.R. 1879, Colorado M 1862.



GROUND PLAN OF WHITE RIVER AGENCY

On September 15, Agent Meeker was notified that the War Department had been requested to send troops for his protection and that upon their arrival the leaders in the disturbance were to be arrested.

A few days later it was learned that two Ute Indians, Jennett (or Bennett) and Chinaman had been identified as those who had set fire to citizen's houses outside of the reservation. Warrants were issued for them and Agent Meeker was instructed to arrest them and turn them over to the civil authorities. Agent Meeker, at this time, realized that control of the Indians without troops

would be impossible and on Sepember 26, advised the Commissioner of Indian Affairs: ". . . if soldiers arrest the Indians and go away, I must go with them. Soldiers must stay. . . ."[15]

When the Utes at the agency learned that troops had been requested and were on the way they became greatly alarmed and agitated. The sales of guns and ammunition were brisk at the stores for ten days or more. Captain Dodge of the Ninth Cavalry moved to break up the Indian stores and keep the Indians on the reservation. In the meantime, Major Thornburgh with his command had moved into the reservation. Because of the great alarm on the part of the Indians and their evident intention to fight if the troops advanced, it was proposed by Meeker that Thornburgh and five of his men meet the Indians and the agent at or near the agency for a council which was to be held on September 30. Such, then, was the state of affairs at White River Agency on the morning of September 29, 1879.

When the proposal for a council reached Major Thornburgh he replied that he would move his entire command within striking distance of the agency and then proceed with five men for the council. Meeker seemed to want to keep the advance of the troops secret and Jack did not learn of their presence until September 26. The Indians proposed on September 27 that the troops be left 50 miles distant from the agency, but this proposition was refused. When Thornburgh with his entire command of nearly 200 troops crossed the reservation line the Indians considered it an act of war and ambushed him in a canon on Milk Creek.[16] News of this attack was carried by Indian runners to the Ute camp near the agency.

During the morning of September 29 the whites at the agency were not aware of the attack on the troops at Milk Creek. The situation at the agency was very calm and at 1 o'clock P. M. Agent Meeker sent the following communication to Major Thornburgh by Wilmer E. Eskridge, the sawyer at the agency.

> Dear Sir: I expect to leave in the morning with Douglass and Serrick to meet you; things are peaceable, and Douglass flies the United States flag. If you have trouble in getting through the canon today, let me know in what force. We have been on guard three nights and shall be to-night, not because we know there is danger but because there may be.[17]

Douglass had been at the agency that morning and appeared to be in a more friendly mood. He had discussed sending his son Frederick to school with Miss Josephine Meeker, the daughter of the agent,

[15] Meeker to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, September 26, 1879. B.I.A.,L.R. 1879, Colorado M 1948.

[16] An account of the Thornburgh battle may be found in Elmer R. Burkey, "The Thornburgh Battle with the Utes on Milk Creek," *Colorado Magazine*, XIII (May 1936), 90-110.

[17] Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report 1879*, xxxii.

and had eaten some food the family had given to him. A number of other Indians had been around the agent's house, also, as it was their custom to stop there about meal time to get food.

After the noon meal the agency employees went about their duties. W. H. Post was putting up flour, Mrs. Meeker and Josephine washing dishes, Mrs. Price was washing clothes, and others were performing various tasks. Shortly after 1 o'clock twenty or twenty-five armed Indians came to the agency and commenced firing at the agent and employees. Most of the men were killed within a short time but Frank Dresser, Mrs. Meeker, Mrs. Price, Josephine Meeker and Mrs. Price's two children took refuge in the milk house. They remained there until nearly sun down, during which time shooting continued around the agency at intervals and the Indians set fire to several buildings. The smoke from these fires drifted into the milk house and its occupants were almost strangled. Because of this they watched for an opportunity to escape and while the Indians were busy carrying off goods and stores the women and Dresser ran from the milk house to the agent's house which, at that time, was undisturbed. They realized that the Utes would soon come there, so seizing an opportunity they ran across the street and into the field to the north. There the women were captured, but Dresser kept running. He did not escape, however. Mrs. Price was captured by three Uncompahgre Utes whose identity she did not know and marched down to the river bank where she was placed on a pile of blankets. Miss Josephine Meeker was taken captive by Pah-sone or Persune, who also took her to the river bank and placed her on a pile of blankets. Douglass attempted to take her away from Persune but was unsuccessful. Mrs. Meeker was captured by an Indian whose identity she did not know and taken to Douglass. On the way back past the agency she asked to go in and get some medicine, a book, blankets, and other things, to which Douglass agreed, provided she would bring out any money she had. She entered the house accompanied by an Indian, got the things and the money, amounting to thirty dollars, and returned. Twenty-six dollars in greenbacks was taken by Douglass and the remainder, in silver, was distributed among other Indians in the party. The medicine had been left behind because the chest was too heavy for the Indian to carry. After her capture, Mrs. Meeker saw the body of her husband and attempted to kiss him, but the looks of hate on the faces of her captors restrained her from doing so. Following the massacre, the Indians with the three women and Mrs. Price's two small children left the vicinity of the agency and rode for four or five miles to a small canon where they all dismounted. The Indians, who had been drinking steadily, amused themselves by pointing their guns at the women and saying they were soldiers.

Douglass mimicked the soldiers and made fun of the way the guard had been kept at the agency. After a short rest the party moved on about ten or twelve miles to Douglass' camp.

At this point it would be well to turn to the scene at the agency again to examine in more detail the findings there. General Wesley Merritt had arrived, after one of the greatest forced marches in history, to relieve Thornburgh's command on October 5 and on October 11 he reached the White River Agency. As his command came in view of the agency buildings there was a feeling of fearful anticipation and: "The view which greeted their anxious gaze was one not to be forgotten. White River gurgled quietly on and seemed to be the only living object left. There was not even a breeze

MRS. SHADRICK PRICE AND JOSEPHINE MEEKER

blowing to stir the tops of the trees which line the hill sides surrounding the beautiful Powell Bottom in which the agency was located. Everything was dead."[18] A horribly descriptive picture of the individual bodies found at the agency is given by Dawson and Skiff as follows:

> The Indian Agent, N. C. Meeker was found lying dead about two hundred yards from his headquarters, with one side of his head mashed. An iron chain, the size of which is commonly known as a log chain, was found encircled about his neck, and a piece of a flour barrel stave had been driven through his mouth. When found his body was in an entire state of nudity, and was lying on the back. A bullet hole through the head indicated plainly the cause of death. The dead body of Mr. W. H. Post, Father Meeker's assistant, was found between the buildings and the river, a bullet hole through the left ear and one under the ear. He, as well as

[18] Dawson and Skiff, *op. cit.*, 56.

> Father Meeker, was stripped entirely naked. Mr. Price, the agency blacksmith, was found dead with two bullet holes through his left breast. The Indians had taken all his clothing and he was found naked. Thompson's remains were found burned to a crisp. His gun was found by his side. E. E. Eskridge was found about two miles north of the agency. He was stripped to an entire state of nudity, and had his head mashed in as if he had been struck over the head with some heavy appliance. Eaton was found dead. He was stripped naked, and had a bundle of paper bags in his arms. His face was badly eaten by wolves. There was a bullet hole in his left breast. Frank Dresser was found badly burned.[19]

All of the buildings at the agency except the house that had been built for Johnson had been burned down and the site was one of utter desolation.

Those who were massacred and the jobs they held at the agency according to official sources were:[20]

Nathan C. Meeker, Agent	Wilmer E. Eskridge, Sawyer
William H. Post, Carpenter	Arthur L. Thompson, Laborer
Harry S. Dresser, Engineer	Frank G. Dresser, Laborer
Albert H. Woodbury, Blacksmith	Fred E. Shepard, Laborer
Shadrick Price, Farmer	George W. Eaton, Laborer

The body of Carl Goldstein, an itinerant Jew not in the employ of the agency, was found in a ditch some little distance from the buildings. The body of Julius Moore was also reported to have been found. It has been reported by Bancroft[21] and Stone[22] that Edwin L. Mansfield was among those killed. The fact is that Mansfield had been set by Agent Meeker with a message to Captain Dodge and so escaped the massacre. This is attested to by a telegram to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as follows:

> October 18, 1879
>
> Having been in the employ of N. C. Meeker since August eighteen seventy eight On account of having been sent with a dispatch to Captain Dodge on twenty-sixth ultimo I escaped the fate of balance of employees. I wait here for instructions if you have any to give.
>
> E. L. Mansfield[23]

Having learned that nothing could be done to relieve the agency, the Government turned its attention directly toward securing the release of the captive women and children who were being held at Douglass' camp. In order to accomplish this certain steps were taken. Ralph Meeker of New York, the son of the late agent, was "appointed a special agent of the Indian Office to proceed to the White River Agency in Colorado, to take charge of the Government property at that point, and to secure the money,

[19] *Ibid.*
[20] Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Roster of Agency Employees, 1879-1880, p. 65.
[21] Hubert Howe Bancroft, *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft* (San Francisco, 1890), XXV, 477 (footnote).
[22] Wilbur F. Stone, *History of Colorado* (Chicago, 1918), I, 106.
[23] Mansfield to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, October 18, 1879. B.I.A.,L.R. 1879, Colorado M 2091.

papers and effects of the late agent N. C. Meeker.''[24] He was to serve without compensation but was allowed $5.00 per diem for hotel expenses, meals and lodgings.

General Charles Adams, a special agent of the Post-Office Department, and former agent to the White River Utes in 1870-1871, was detailed to the Interior Department and appointed as special agent for the purpose of recovering the captives. He received notification of his appointment on October 14. General Adams first went to see Ouray at the Southern Ute Agency to secure his help and then proceeded to the camp of the hostiles, arriving there about October 21 with a few men and a messenger from Ouray. After considerable argument the Indians agreed to release the women and children whom they had held captive for 23 days. Shortly after their release the party was joined by Ralph Meeker who found them to be poorly clad, suffering, and in need of suitable clothing and care. He purchased the necessary clothing and aided the entire party to the best of his ability.

A Special Ute Commission created by authority of the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War to investigate the Ute uprising convened at Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, on November 12, 1879. Members of the commission were: Maj. Gen. Edward Hatch, U. S. A.; General Charles Adams of Colorado; Chief Ouray, of the Ute Nation; and, First Lt. Gustavus Valois, Ninth Cavalry, who served as recorder and legal adviser. This commission heard testimony given by Douglass, Johnson, So-wa-wick, and Colorado, Chiefs of the White River Utes; Mrs. S. F. Price; Mrs. A. D. Meeker; Joseph W. Brady, miller at Los Pinos Agency; Yanco and Wash, Uncompahgre Ute Captains; Miss Josephine Meeker; Henry Jim, a White River Ute who was a former interpreter for Agent Meeker; and, Captain Jack of the White River Utes.

From the testimony given by the Indians the commission was unable to determine which ones were guilty of participating in the massacre. Each Indian remained steadfast in denying any knowledge of who had participated nor could the women definitely identify the participants. It was brought out that the presence of the troops seemed to have been the thing that touched off the fighting. Douglass had mentioned this to Josephine Meeker during her captivity when he ''. . . said if the soldiers had not come and threatened the Indians with Fort Steele and the calaboose and threatened to kill other Indians at White River, the Agent and employees would not have been massacred.''[25]

The testimony revealed the cruel and degrading treatment which the white women received at the hands of the Utes. Stone

[24] Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, October 11, 1879. B.I.A.,L.R. 1879, Colorado I 2131.
[25] Dawson and Skiff, *op. cit.*, 111.

sums it up as follows: ''In the federal investigation of the massacre, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Meeker and Josie Meeker, the agent's wife and daughter, testified of the cruel treatment accorded them by Douglass, Pahson and other of the Indians. These chiefs repeatedly outraged the white women, confined them to the lodges, and in addition they were made the sport of the squaws and children of the band.''[26]

Another thing which had infuriated the Indians were some pictures which Douglass alleged were found by the Indians on Major Thornburgh's body just before the agency was attacked. These pictures were supposed to have shown the agent, Josephine Meeker, and others at the agency covered with blood from many wounds. Douglass stated that the pictures had been made by Agent Meeker and sent to Washington to show the prospective fate of himself and the others at the agency and to hurry the troops to come forward to fight the Indians. This story was corroborated by at least a dozen other Indians. Dunn states: ''Another influence said to have affected the Indians was the presence of some pictures on the bodies of the massacre victims. 'These,' the Indians said, 'had been sent to make bad feelings against them.' Whenever the subject was introduced they became furious.''[27] There is also reference to the pictures in Dawson and Skiff's account.[28]

After the testimony had been taken by the Special Ute Commission and as much of the story brought out as possible, it became evident that the commission was not able to determine who the guilty Indians were. It was then agreed that a party of Utes would be taken to Washington to testify before Congress. Arrangements were made and on January 15, 1880, the House of Representatives began hearing testimony of the following: General Charles Adams; William M. Leeds, ex-chief clerk of the Indian Office; E. A. Hayt, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Clinton B. Fiske, member of the Board of Indian Commissioners; S. A. Cherry, Lieutenant, Fifth Cavalry; Josephine Meeker; Governor Fred W. Pitkin of Colorado; James B. Thompson, ex-Indian Agent; William N. Byers, postmaster at Denver; Henry C. Olney, newspaper publisher; J. S. Payne, Captain, Fifth U. S. Cavalry; Ouray; Chipita, wife of Ouray; Jack; Sa-wa-wick; and, Henry James.[29] The results of this investigation added nothing of importance to the findings of the Special Commission. It was then realized that the identity of those Indians who committed the massacre would, in all probability, never be known.

[26] Stone, *op. cit.*, I, 107.
[27] Dunn, *op. cit.*, 712.
[28] Dawson and Skiff, *op. cit.*, 110.
[29] U. S. Congress, 46th Cong., 2 sess., 1879-1880. *House Miscellaneous Document 38* contains the testimony given by these individuals.

In order to resolve the impasse in the investigation a strong feeling had developed in the government to abolish the White River Agency and transfer the Indians formerly belonging to that agency to another one. There had been much sentiment on the part of the settlers for some time in favor of such action because of the rich mineral and agricultural lands within the White River Agency boundaries. The Government, however, hesitated to remove the Utes because Ouray, who had been of inestimable help to the Government in putting down the uprising, opposed the move. He finally, with great reluctance, gave his consent but stated "Ouray will never leave the great mountains."[30] His death on August 24, 1880, removed the last great barrier to removal. The Government, not being able to identify the guilty persons in the massacre, could not mete out punishment to individuals, but the rebellious White River Utes were assigned a new reservation in eastern Utah, known as the Uintah Reservation. The Southern Utes were allotted land in severalty on the Animas, Florida, and other streams in southern Colorado and the Los Pinos (Uncompahgre) Indians were put on a new reservation on Green River to the east of and adjoining Uintah Agency.

In looking at the whole problem surrounding the massacre, the following words of General Philip Henry Sheridan seem highly appropriate. "The outbreak of the Utes . . . was . . . occasioned by mismanagement and ignorance of the Indian character. Their agent, a good man but not a practical one, endeavored to put into force by ironclad methods industrial theories good enough, perhaps, for a partly civilized people, but unsuited to savages who as yet knew nothing but war and the chase."[31]

[30] Dunn, *op. cit.*, 714.
[31] Michael V. Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs of Philip Henry Sheridan* (New York, 1904), II, 536.

Boyhood in the Trinidad Region

JAMES K. HASTINGS*

On an August morning in 1875 a small boy of seven was trudging down a street in Denver, behind a prairie schooner drawn by four sturdy mules. I was that boy; and in the wagon besides the driver, Dan, was my family and some of their possessions. My job was to watch for and to pick up anything that might drop off the load. I remember that we passed through Colorado Springs and by the Garden of the Gods on our way south, and that when we came to Pueblo we took on to our already heavily loaded wagon a small machine for the planing mill that Father and his partners were

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running in the sleepy Mexican town of Trinidad in the southern part of the Territory. Below Pueblo we found that the graders had destroyed our road in making a grade for the Santa Fe railway.

I can remember that at night my two younger brothers and I slept on the ground under a wagon sheet stretched over the tongue, which was held in a horizontal position by the neck yoke. We slept soundly although we had seen Father kill a huge rattlesnake beside the road one day. When we children got thirsty those hot days and the water jug was empty, Father would cut each of us a piece of jerked buffalo meat to chew on. This was commonly sold in some of the markets, for the buffalo killers were still at work. The one highway marker on the roads then was the telegraph line, with its miles of poles all exactly alike stretching into the distance.

According to one of my father's diaries we arrived in Trinidad on August 31, 1875. At first we were domiciled in an adobe house with walls 24 inches thick, where heat and cold did not affect us much; but, as it was before the days of screened doors and windows, the flies from the livery stable across the street visited us.

For three years we children, along with the boys of the Mexican population, were sent to a parochial school conducted by the Sisters of Charity. They were good women, but the only ones of them that remain in my memory to this day were the devout old Mother Superior, who was of the salt of the earth, and a young sister named Beatrice with a peaches and cream complexion, with whom we small boys were all in love. This love for her continued until one dark night she broke all our hearts and that of the Mother Superior by climbing out of the convent window and running off to marry the man she loved. Speaking of romance in this latter day, we had it in that day too.

After the years we spent in this school we attended a public school the town set up in the top story of an abandoned brewery; but I did not get much of it, for I pitched over in a faint one afternoon when I stood up to recite, and was never allowed to go back. By this I lost out on the greatest event of those years, for the first phonograph ever heard of came to our town and up to the school to make a record. My older sister, Bertha, who was always ready to try anything once, attempted to sing one of the "Gospel Hymns," which were very popular then; and when it was reproduced, her childish treble and her breakdown in the middle of it brought down the house.

During these years Father built a house on a hill overlooking the town. It had a magnificent view but no water, and so we were dependent on the visits of the water wagon once a week. We had five water barrels and we had just one cool drink a week, when the wagon came. The water was stored in the only barrels to be had, which had been used to bring kerosene out to our town. Of course

they had been burned out, but that never took away the taste. A water system was put in some years later and a water line laid past our house, just as we were leaving.

During September of 1876—the year Colorado came in as a state and Custer made his ill-fated stand against the Sioux—we lost my small brother, John, from typhoid fever. Think if you can of fighting that wearing disease without ice or cool water. Doctors did not then believe in using cold water or sponging off a patient to reduce his temperature. My other brother, Louis, and I had it too. During John's sickness the old Mother Superior never failed to come to see him, though we were not of her faith. She had been teaching him Spanish during vacation. Likely he was the nearest she ever came to having a grandson.

TRINIDAD, ABOUT 1875

After the school in the top of the old brewery they built us an adobe schoolhouse of two rooms in the east end of town. Here we were taught by an elderly, much loved widow from California.

The planing mill that Father and his partners owned lay below the Commercial Street bridge over the Purgatoire or—as we called it in that day—Picketwire River. Most of the time this was only a creek that headed in the Ratons south of town, but when there was a cloudburst in the mountains it was a raging torrent. Then the planing mill caught its full force, and all lumber that happened to be in the yard took French leave.

The agriculture of the Mexicans of that day was as crude as could be imagined. There was no such thing as a grain harvester or a threshing machine. The grain was cut by hand, and after binding and stacking was spread around the stack for the sheep to tramp

out. The Mexican boys had trouble holding the small woolies to the tiresome task, and when they broke away there was much voluble profanity, that may have been Spanish. When the grain got to the mill after much winnowing, the first riddle was supposed to take out all the sheep manure. One wondered what price the miller should pay for the mixture of grain and fertilizer offered him. The baking of the bread after the grain was ground into flour illustrated more of the Bible, for it was done in an egg-shaped adobe oven set out in the yard and fired with a few handfuls of weeds or grass, as in the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus tells off "the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven."

Down near the parochial school was a small adobe house, the home of a cheap outlaw. (Let me pause here to say that the Border Mexicans of an unsavory reputation are not to be confused with the decent Mexicans of the interior of Mexico.) This desperado had committed some crime and retreated to his adobe castle. When the Law came for him, he would not come out, so they got a pick and dug him out, as per Matthew 24:43. His house was literally broken up. We boys were enjoying it all, as his wife, not caring for his troubles, was tearful over their soiling her cheap dance gowns.

Few today can imagine what progress the world has made in the past seventy years in control of infectious diseases. At one time there was an epidemic of smallpox in our town. The Mexicans knew nothing of the segregation of people having it and did hold some funerals in the Catholic church. It spread like wildfire, and the life of everyone not vaccinated was in danger.

No one can ever sneer at an "old maid"—so-called—in my presence without starting things. One, a Miss Turner, lived in her brother's family near us. She was always on call in sickness and in need. Once our mother heard that our grocers had got in a small shipment of quinces, and supposing that they were about all gone, sent me over with orders to get all they had. The grocer let me have only one box, and Mother made them into preserves. The next spring I had a baby sister, and our neighbors came over to care for us children. Every day she was there I found a glass of quince preserves in my dinner pail at school.

Miss Turner also made my clothes. They were well made, but the pants were so short in the leg that they did not suit me. One Saturday my mother took me to town with her and looked at some overalls for boys. How I did want them, but the fool clerk nearly upset the sale, for Mother noticed a watch pocket on the right hand side and asked him what that was for, and he answered, "To keep his tobacco in." I thought for a while that I was to continue in short pants, for she did hate the weed, but she relented and bought them.

Once when I was sent to town for groceries for dinner, I met on the Commercial Street bridge (our only bridge over the Picketwire) one hundred thousand sheep crossing on their way to the El Morro shearing pens. Do I need to tell you that dinner was late that day?

Once my sister and I were invited out to the back of Fisher's Peak for a week on a mountain ranch. It was there that I first heard the thunder roll like mammoth balls being tossed back and forth from one mountain peak to another. It was the grandest sound I ever heard. Perhaps Rip Van Winkle heard something similar in the Catskills long ago.

We went up on a mountaintop after red raspberries, and when a hard shower came up, all the rest of the group fled to the ranch house; but boylike I stayed on to get all the berries I could. While the others were gone, someone came into the other side of the patch; and while I spoke to him a time or two, he never answered, but kept sniffing at something. Finally, when the shower was over and the others came out, I showed them the track of a barefoot boy. They told me that my boy friend was a young black bear. Then it was that I wondered what I would have done if his old mammy had come around looking for her wandering son. He had been tearing up a rotting log to get the ants from it.

We enjoyed a most glorious week, but when we got back to town a more sinister picture was shown us. There on an old corral across from where we used to live were two gaunt timbers sticking out high up. The ground had been heavily trampled underneath. We learned that there had been a lynching of two men the night before.

The planing mill sold an order of doors, windows, and finish lumber for a fine ranch house in the southeastern corner of Colorado. A teamster with four good horses was to take it down. He urged Father to let me go along for company and to "chock" his wheels on the steep grades, and so I went. Some hills were so long that it took two or more rests to gain the top. One evening we pulled through a toll gate and went in to the toll house to one of the finest suppers I ever ate. At nights we always slept on the ground, and no matter what we had under us we always had a buffalo robe over us. At the ranch I saw my first man-killing horse. He had killed at least one man, and was confined in a small log cabin. I would not have kept him alive, though he had cost a large sum of money.

I used to love to visit one of the cattle ranches west of town. In the early spring the men would come in with one or two little dogies lashed on the front and rear of their big stock saddles to get them away from the panthers back in the hills. Later in the season came

branding, and from a perch high up on the corral fence this small boy saw and smelled it all. It consisted of the smell of dust kicked up, the smoke of the branding fire, the burning hair and hide, the sweaty horses, all joined with sarcastic remarks on some man's roping, the bawling of the cows, and the frantic bleat of the calf as the hot iron connected with his hide. Still later would come a rodeo, when the young broncs that had never yet felt the weight of a man's hand were brought in to be broken.

Once when out there I decided to come back home across the mountain, instead of by the longer road around it. When I got up into the gap I was thirsty from my climb, and relished the finding of a cool, bubbling spring under some pinions; but when I got down to drink from it, I found it was sulphur water. I could not drink the water when I smelled it, so tried holding my nose, but that did not work either.

I am proud to have lived in that faraway day and age and to have been a small part of it.

The Rise and Decline of Caribou

David H. Stratton*

Five years after Colorado's first paying silver mine was discovered above Georgetown on Sept. 14, 1864,[1] the Caribou lode, one of the first in the state to be patented, was found.[2] There are many accounts of the discovery of the lode, and in most of them Sam Conger is a prominent figure. It was, however, formally discovered by a company made up of George Lytle, William Martin, Harvey Mishler, Hugh McCammon, John Pickel, and Conger. Lytle named it the "Caribou" after the Caribou district in British Columbia where he had previously worked.[3]

The first structure at Caribou was a log cabin built by the Conger party in the early winter of 1869. By the next June news of the "strike" had reached the world outside the log cabin at the foot of snow-covered Arapahoe Peak, and others eager for a quick fortune began to flock in. July and August of 1870 saw several hundred men settled in tents and brush lean-tos under the trees in the valley east of Caribou Hill. Soon the noise of carpenters'

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[1]Charles W. Henderson, *Mining in Colorado* (Washington, 1926), 32.

[2]Percy S. Fritz, "Mining Districts of Boulder County, Colorado," unpublished doctoral dissertation at the University of Colorado, 145-46.

[3]Boulder County Records, Book H, 181; "Sam Conger, Mineral and Mine Finder," MSS LX—15, State Historical and Natural History Society, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Alice M. Weber, "George Lytle—Colorado Pioneer," MSS., University of Colorado Historical Collection—Also interview with Mr. Harold Martin, son of William Martin. Cited in op. cit., 145-49.

hammers signified that the log cabins, frame houses, stores, and hotels which would form the town of Caribou were rising up.[4]

In that same year Caribou City was organized by the members of the company which operated the Caribou mine. The new town recognized the officials of Boulder County, elected a local justice of the peace and a constable, and surveyed and laid out a town plot.[5] Although the town grew rapidly, it was well-built from the beginning, uncommonly so for a new mining camp. Most of the buildings were frame, but nearly all were substantial.[6] Perhaps this was a necessity. Old pictures of Caribou show props placed against the lee side of the buildings. These served as braces against the hurricane-like gales that swept over the crest of the mountains west of the city. Old-timers still call Caribou "the place where the wind was born."[7]

By the end of August, 1870, there were three stores, one saloon, and two boarding houses at "Cariboo" besides transportation facilities which included two hacks and express connections with Central City. July, 1870, saw about one hundred men in the district.[8] A report in September, 1870, said, "Seven fine large frame buildings have gone up in Caribou within the last week." The same source of information reported that the merchants of the town, three in number, averaged cash sales of two hundred dollars a day. Two saw mills were in operation but could not supply the demand for lumber. Flour sold at five dollars per hundred pounds, potatoes were three cents a pound, butter at fifty cents a pound, eggs were fifty cents per dozen, and hay at fifty dollars per ton.[9]

Four hundred or more prospectors roamed the nearby hills. A year later there were several boarding houses. To feed everyone tables had to be set three and four times.[10] In the Planter House dining room there was a demand for a third table.[11]

Many notable accomplishments for the mining town marked the year 1871. Besides boarding houses the greatest deficiency was lodging accommodations.[12] A group of Boulder businessmen saw the necessity for a wagon road to Caribou in that year. Financed by Major J. F. Butler, Anthony Arnett, Amos Widner, and others the road was constructed.[13] The shaft of the Caribou was sixty-five

[4]Frank Fossett, *Colorado* (Denver, 1876), 380-81.
[5]Wallihan and Bigney (Editors), *Rocky Mountain Directory and Colorado Gazetteer for 1871*, 415. Cited in Fritz, "Mining Districts," 165.
[6]O. L. Baskin (Publisher), *The History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* (Chicago, 1880), 428; *Boulder County News*, June 17, 1871.
[7]Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lee, Caribou pioneers, Oct. 15, 1951, in Boulder.
[8]*Boulder County News*, Aug. 31, 1870 and July 27, 1870.
[9]*Boulder County News*, Sept. 14, 1870.
[10]P. H. Van Diest, *The Grand Island Mining District*, 3-4. Cited in Fritz, "Mining Districts," 165.
[11]*Caribou Post*, Sept. 16, 1871.
[12]*Daily Central City Register*, Nov. 18, 1870.
[13]Baskin, *History of Clear Creek*, 393.

feet deep and three feet wide, and in the first part of the year the firm of "Pickle, Mishler, and company" was shipping ore to New Jersey for treatment.[14] Rich finds included the Trojan, the Boulder County, the No-Name, and others.[15]

Eighty buildings had been erected by the spring of 1871. Activity in all kinds of business was increasing, and "Quite an army of prospectors . . . [were] . . . preparing for the summer campaign, and new lodes [were] being discovered daily." Boarding houses and hotels had increased appreciably, and by late summer the town had a post office, a dry goods store, a drug store, a stage company, a brewery, three bakeries, five grocery stores, a milliner shop, a meat market, two large billiard halls, four saloons, a restaurant, two blacksmith shops, one livery stable, and a photograph gallery.[16]

A visitor from the East in the summer of 1871 commented that "Cariboo City" consisted of some two hundred and fifty houses. "The houses are frame, many two stories high, made of spruce and pine plank," he said. None of the buildings had been painted.[17]

A flurry of other events in that same summer serve to illustrate the town's phenomenal growth. Two hundred voters registered in the Caribou Precinct for the railroad bond election.[18] Collier and Hall of Central City established a weekly newspaper in that year. It lasted about three years.[19] Mr. Cutter, the Caribou mine superintendent, installed an engine in the shaft house to do the hoisting. The two saw mills near Caribou could not supply the grumbling carpenters who were having to wait for lumber. Black Hawk mills were attempting to alleviate the shortage.[20] Willie Logue, 14, a St. Louis boy, was working a promising prospect which he discovered east of Caribou. Later he made a rich find on the north side of Caribou Hill.[21] An editorial in the *Boulder County News* complained that the only thing from Boulder County in the Territorial Fair was a fine display of Caribou ore.[22] Sweet roasting ears, fresh from the stalk, red-ripe tomatoes, currants, raspberries, and "such delicious things as grow for human good" were available in abundance for everyone.[23]

When General Grant, then President, visited Colorado in 1872, he did not stop at Caribou, but he could hardly help noticing the

[14]*Boulder County News*, Feb. 22, 1871.
[15]A special edition of a compilation of articles on Caribou printed in the *Boulder Daily Camera* during the year 1944.
[16]*Boulder County News*, May 27 and Aug. 28, 1871.
[17]John H. Tice, *Over the Plains, and On the Mountains* (St. Louis, 1872), 110-11.
[18]*Caribou Post*, Sept. 2, 1871.
[19]Wallace Hayden Rex, Compiler, *Colorado Newspapers Bibliography 1859-1933* (Denver, 1939), 50.
[20]*Boulder County News*, July 1, 1871.
[21]Tice, *Over the Plains*, 125.
[22]*Boulder County News*, Sept. 22, 1871.
[23]*Caribou Post*, Aug. 5, 1871.

town's greatness. Visiting Central City, the General got down from his carriage in front of the Teller House and walked into the famous hotel on a walk of silver bricks from the Caribou mine.[24] And there were plenty more silver bricks where those came from, because mining matters were "lively" at Caribou during the summer of 1872. The supply of miners available was not great enough to meet the increasing demand. But day by day more and more of them were pouring in.[25] At least six hundred people were looking for food and lodging in the little valley at the foot of Caribou Hill.[26]

The "Crime of 1873" had little effect at Caribou the year it became law in the legislative halls in Washington. The miners probably gathered in the saloons and boarding houses and talked about meddling politicians. Some might even have looked upon it as an international conspiracy in silver demonetization, but after all A. D. Breed's sale of the Caribou mine to a Dutch company for $3,000,000[27] was more important to them than these far-away happenings.

Even the depression precipitated by the closing of Jay Cooke and Company and the consequent panic on the New York Stock Exchange in September of 1873 caused little immediate reaction at Caribou. "This camp was never before so prosperous as now," was the report coming into the county seat in Boulder in the spring of 1874. The "Caribouites" surveyed the great productiveness of the mines on the north side of Caribou Hill and decided they were yielding "more and richer silver than any area of the same extent anywhere else in the world." With an estimated population of a little less than a thousand the inhabitants ranked Caribou as the third mining camp in the Territory. Only Gilpin County and Georgetown preceded it, they claimed. Three things had contributed to the district's greatness. The first was the almost entire absence of litigation. Next was the richness and tractability of the ore. And last was the regular and invariable improvement of the veins as depth was gained. During the late summer, at least eight mines were in full operation.[28]

The most startling event of the year was the nitro-glycerine blast which killed Mr. A. Arnold, one of the owners of the Sherman mine. The whole town had been stunned by a thundering blast at about eleven o'clock on the night of October 10th. Luckily, all of the miners had just come out of the mine and gone home, but they were soon back bringing the rest of the town's population with them. Although black powder was commonly used in the mines, a

[24]Baskin, *History of Clear Creek*, 427.
[25]*Boulder County News*, July 19, 1872.
[26]R. O. Old, *Colorado, United States, America*, 89. Cited in Fritz, Mining Districts, 166.
[27]Special *Camera* edition, 1944.
[28]*Boulder County News*, May 1, 1874, Sept. 25, 1874, Aug. 14, 1874.

nitro-glycerine salesman had induced the owners of the Sherman to try some of his product. Placed in a jug in a corner of the shaft house, the volatile liquid exploded after one observer had noticed a smoky vapor rising out of the jug's mouth.[29] Some years later the Caribou was the first mine in Colorado to use dynamite, according to one report.[30]

In 1875, the year the Caribou mine reached its peak of production, the camp was in "a highly prosperous condition." At least three hundred miners worked the lodes on Caribou Hill, and the population had doubled in a twelve-months period. The Nederland Company, which operated the Caribou mine, alone had seventy miners working, most of them on contract.[31]

During the winter of 1875, snow fell almost continually for seventeen days and nights. Work went on as usual even though the temperature remained around six degrees below zero and the snow drifted five and six feet deep or over.[32] This happened nearly every winter, though. When it did, some of the miners took shovels to work with them so that they could clear a path before them. It was often necessary to add links of stove pipe to enable the chimneys to draw.[33] Spring was "backward" sometimes. It might be April and snow drifts would be five feet deep "on the level" with a house "coming through the snow that had not been seen for three months."[34] On occasion it was possible to pick flowers with one hand and make a snowball with the other.[35] The "elevator" at the Sherman House ran without an operator. It was the snow bank, level with the upstairs windows, through which the guests entered and departed.[36]

Caribou drew national and international attention with the display of ores sent to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. Because of the magnificence of these samples, the town became known as "the silver capital."[37] However, all was not well with the lodes on Caribou Hill. The failure of the Nederland Company had caused extensive unemployment, and much of the glory of the famous camp had faded, never to return again.

During most of the time from 1870 to 1910, eight to ten tons of ore was taken out of mines of Caribou daily, keeping the town before the eyes of mining circles. Following the trend of its most illustrious mine, Caribou struggled through the 1880s, took heart temporarily in the 1890s, and then faded out in the 1900s. In 1896

[29]*Boulder County News*, Oct. 16, 1874.
[30]Interview with Mr. Wesley Hetzer, another Caribou pioneer, Oct. 22, 1951, in Boulder.
[31]*Denver Daily Tribune*, Feb. 6, 1875.
[32]*Op. cit.*, June 22, 1875.
[33]Mrs. Jesse Yates, a Caribou pioneer, in the special *Camera* edition, 1944.
[34]*Boulder County News*, Apr. 5, 1872.
[35]Tice, *Over the Plains*, 110-116.
[36]*Boulder Daily Camera*, Oct. 29, 1937.
[37]Special *Camera* edition, 1944.

the population was about sixty, and there were still some businesses open. The town had daily postal and express and stage service. The mines had "virtually locked their doors," but some were still willing to predict that Caribou would "unlock its silver treasury, and recover its past greatness and prosperity," if silver should make a comeback and regain "its former just vocation as the people's medium of exchange."[38]

CARIBOU IN 1944

By 1898 the local school, which had been built in 1873 and was "one of the largest upgraded schools in the county" (enrollment of seventy-seven) in 1879, had closed, and by 1900 there was only one store, run by Dr. George and his wife.[39] Two men were working the Up-To-Date Mine, and the Eldora Mining Company was using three miners, but most of the old shaft houses were gone. Many of the buildings were falling under the pressure of the incessant gales.[40] About forty men were being employed in the various mines around Caribou in 1902. This was the most activity there in several years. Although the Caribou, the Poorman, and the Native Silver lay idle, a mile away at Cardinal the Boulder County Mine was producing "as never before in its history." Looking back on the

[38]J. Wilhelm, Hamm, Compiler and Editor, *The Boulder County Directory, 1896* (Boulder, 1896), 202.
[39]*The Boulder County Directory, 1898* (Denver, 1898), 177; *The Rocky Mountain News*, Aug. 20, 1873; *Boulder County News*, June 20, 1879.
[40]L. S. Allnatt, former resident of Caribou, in the special *Camera* edition, 1944.

Caribou's renowned record, one observer believed that it "would yet be a great silver camp were it not that the product of its mines has been borne down by politics and the logic of events." Few mines were successful at that time unless they produced metals other than silver.[41]

Only one, the Isabelle Mine, was in operation in 1906. It was an old story. The section was in a "great silver belt," but the mine had "no extensive development or production." The other Caribou mines, the No-Name, the Sherman, the Spencer, the Dun Group, and the Caribou itself were not being worked because most of them were owned by Easterners and foreigners, who had no inclination to engage in the mining business at that time.[42]

On the fiftieth anniversary of the Caribou silver discovery, a gala celebration took place in Boulder. It was Labor Day, 1919, when J. G. Clark led the "Silver Jubilee" parade which included pioneers of the 1869-70 silver rush and floats representing different types of transportation used when the discovery was made at Caribou. Silver bricks like the ones used to make a pathway at Central City for General Grant were on display. Only hulks of ghost-like buildings remained at the once thriving town of Caribou, but more than one hundred old-timers of Boulder County, many of whom had dug the rich ore of one of Colorado's most famous silver mines, registered for the celebration, and seventy-five of them attended the "Silver Jubilee" banquet held at Chautauqua Park.[43] Even those ghostly hulks at the foot of Caribou Hill lost their legal identity in 1928 when the death knell was sounded for "the silver capital." In that year Caribou and Lakewood became a part of the election precinct of Nederland, a town Caribou had created to smelter its ore.[44]

In 1880 the population of Caribou had officially been 549, in 1890 it was 169; it dropped to forty-four in 1900, the 1910 census recorded fifty-one, and in 1920 the population was forty-seven.[45] However, unofficial estimates give the town a peak population in the 1870s of between two and three thousand.[46]

Although John Goode, a nationally known criminal of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, maintained that he started his ill-famed career as a boy in Caribou and that it "had a motley population of the roughest elements," this does not necessarily characterize the town's social environment.[47] And even

[41]*Boulder Daily Camera*, Souvenir Ind. Edit., 1902, 76-77.
[42]*Report of Mines and Mineral Resources of Boulder County, Colorado, on the Line of the Colorado and Northwestern Railroad, 1906*, 27.
[43]*Boulder Daily Camera*, Sept. 2, 1919.
[44]Fritz, "Mining Districts," 156.
[45]U. S. Census Reports, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920.
[46]Special *Camera* edition, 1944.
[47]Thelma Roberts, *Red Hell (The Life Story of John Goode, Criminal)* (New York, 1934), 18.

though the *Boulder County News'* Caribou correspondent reported one week that he had been in "a snow storm, saw two fights, and heard three political speeches,"[48] that does not distinguish the town as extraordinarily iniquitous. It was probably no worse or no better than the scores of other similar mining towns of Colorado.

At least three problems did harass Caribou, however. The lack of smelting facilities hampered mining expansion and development, especially in the district's early history. In February, 1870, ore from the Caribou mine was being shipped to the Newark Reduction Works in New Jersey even though the freight for the long trip was thirty-one dollars per ton. It is true that Professor Hill's reduction works at Blackhawk, twenty miles away, provided some smelting facilities, but in July of 1870 the Newark concern was paying one hundred and seventy dollars more per ton for Caribou ore than Hill would pay.[49] Because of the abundance of high grade ore in the section, Hill insisted on buying ore "at his own price." The lower grades of ore were neglected because of this. By 1872 A. D. Breed had completed a reduction works below Caribou on the Middle Boulder Creek, but this did not afford much relief because it was kept busy by the abundant yields of the Caribou mine and the other lodes controlled by Breed. In 1871 there were seventy lodes within a one-half mile radius of the town. Fifty-six of them were paying well, and the rest of them would have done so, if reducing works had been available.[50]

In the summer of 1874 the outstanding need was still reducing facilities. The dumps were full of ore, but transportation to Black Hawk or Golden cost ten to fifteen dollars per ton and the shippers received about fifty per cent of what they thought the ore was worth.[51] Even in 1876 the Sherman mine sent ore to a Boston smelting works. Later, when the Denver, Boulder, and Western Railroad built to Cardinal, just below Caribou, the situation was alleviated somewhat.[52]

An indication of the amount of "lower grades" of ore, which Professor Hill had refused to accept for reducing, came in 1914 when the obvious value of these ores encouraged the installation of a one-hundred ton cyanidation mill at Caribou for the treatment of the dumps of the Poorman and Caribou mines. The mill started to work in 1915, changed to a flotation-concentration process soon afterwards, and then closed the same year.[53]

From the very beginning Caribou was constantly threatened by wind-driven fires. A visitor in 1871 told of a forest fire that was

[48]Baskin, *History of Clear Creek*, 428.
[49]*Boulder County News*, Feb. 22 and July 27, 1870.
[50]Tice, *Over the Plains*, 111-12.
[51]*Boulder County News*, Aug. 14, 1874.
[52]Special *Camera* edition, 1944.
[53]Henderson, *Mining in Colorado*, 39.

raging near the town as he was making his way up the smoke covered road that led to the camp. The next day it was still burning. Started mostly by negligent miners or prospectors, the act was an offense punishable under the law. In 1871 there were fifty-one indictments pending against firebugs in Boulder County alone.[54] The summer of that year Tucker's sawmill had been saved, but three prospectors' cabins were destroyed. The fire was attributed to prospectors burning off the leaves that concealed the blossom rock, careless smokers, or uncontrolled camp fires.[55]

The first of at least two disastrous fires swept over Caribou in the fall of 1879. It blazed out of the forest, mounted the crest of the mountains to the west, burned the western section of the town, skipped over the middle, and did extensive damage to the eastern side. The Caribou mine lost most of its buildings in the blaze. The business section, or middle part, of Caribou was saved by the "heroic work of the townspeople, aided by their newly established water works."[56] After this devastating fire the mines affected by it closed their operations until the burned shaft houses and equipment could be replaced.[57] The town itself never was fully rebuilt. Frank Marshall, an authority on Caribou, maintained that the fire was "supposedly started by campers who had left a camp fire west of town."[58]

Sam Lee, who came to Caribou in the 1890s, mentions another demolishing fire in what he thinks was the winter of 1899. According to Lee this fire, which he helped put out, began on the second floor of a store in the business district. The storekeeper had left some socks drying around a potbellied stove, and they caught on fire. Lee says about twenty houses burned in this conflagration.

Another fire in May, 1905 or 1906, nearly wiped out the town again. This time the big buildings in the business district, such as the Sherman House, went up in the smoke. The town's water system, which aided in extinguishing the 1879 fire, had not been kept in good repair and was of little use. Water mains and fire plugs had rusted away. The rumors were that someone had started the fire in a vacant house. At any rate, when the smoke cleared away, most of what had been the glory of old Caribou had disappeared.[59]

The mountain top cemetery north of old Caribou grimly testifies even today to the awfulness of another tragedy in 1879, a diphtheria epidemic. Many of the tombstones bear dates only one

[54]Tice, *Over the Plains*, 123.
[55]*Caribou Post*, July 22, 1871.
[56]Baskin, *History of Clear Creek*, 427; Also an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lee, Oct. 15, 1951, in Boulder.
[57]Forrest Crossen, an article on Caribou in the files of the *Boulder Daily Camera*, n. d.
[58]Special *Camera* edition, 1944. Mr. Marshall died in 1951 in Boulder.
[59]Special *Camera* edition, 1944; Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lee, Oct. 15, 1951, in Boulder.

or two days apart. The three children of the Samuel Richards family died July 5, 6, and 8, 1879. Only the epitaph on the lone tombstone for these three children can depict the sorrow that was in Caribou that summer. Its fading words read:

> Gone before us
> oh our children
> To the better land;
> Vainly wait we
> for others in
> Your places to stand.

Both young and old were taken by the epidemic, but most of those stricken seem to have been children. The two churches, Protestant and Catholic, were kept busy with funerals.[60] According to accounts, the disease was a vicious killer. There was practically nothing that the doctors could do; it merely had to wear itself out.[61]

But that was only one of the many epidemics that raged in Caribou. Sieges of an "obstetrical epidemic" and the "black leg" were "playing h—l in this county [Boulder County]" in the summer of 1870.[62] Periodic epidemics of scarlet fever took their tolls also.[63] Other contagious and infectious diseases Caribou had to guard against were typhoid, cerebrospinal meningitis, dysentery, "summer complaint of children, cholera, small pox, Erysipelas, measles, whooping cough, 'secret diseases'," and others.[64] An advertisement of a Boulder undertaker appearing in the *Sunshine Courier* on May 25, 1878, offered all the sorrow-soothing aids known to the morticians of that day. "A splendid Hearse with Mountain Brake, specially fitted for mountain travel, will attend funerals in the mountains when desired," it read.[65]

These three problems, especially the lack of smelting facilities and the destruction caused by fires, did much to decide the fate of Caribou. However, the greatest influence in the diminution of the town's population was the general decline of silver mining. As this trend became more pronounced, the miners and their families left for other mining areas in Colorado and the mining districts of the East, while some entered other professions. Today an eastern company is working several of the mines under Caribou Hill as a single operation, but the town is gone; only a few shaky buildings, crumbling foundations, and the hilltop cemetery where Caribou buried its dead remain to testify to the greatness of the mining camp that provided silver bricks on which a President trod.

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[60]Mrs. William J. Harris in the special *Camera* edition, 1944. Mrs. Harris was a Caribou resident in 1879.
[61]Special *Camera* edition, 1944.
[62]*Boulder County News*, Apr. 13, 1870.
[63]Interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lee, Oct. 15, 1951, and Mr. Wesley Hetzer, Oct. 22, 1951, in Boulder.
[64]*Boulder County News*, Jan. 19, 1877.
[65]Cited in Fritz, "Mining Districts," 207.

Ute Scalp Dance in Denver

JAMES W. COVINGTON*

A special Ute agency was established at Denver in 1871 to serve as a way station for Ute Indians en route to hunting grounds on the Great Plains and from one to another agency. This agency also served as a post for those Indians who would not go to the White River Reservation.

James B. Thompson, brother-in-law of Governor Edward McCook, was appointed the first and only agent of this agency, which lasted until 1875. Thompson had been McCook's private secretary, and was often employed as special observer to check upon the various Indian agents. He was well liked by the Utes; when a band would disagree with their agent, they would proceed to Denver and receive rations from Thompson.

The Special Agent at Denver needed all of the skill of a polished diplomat. He put drunken Indians in the Denver jail until they were sober, and he skillfully maneuvered many bands into making a hunting trip before they exhausted his rations.

One of the crises in Thompson's work came when a band of Utes wanted to stage a scalp dance in the middle of Denver. The agent seemed to think that now Denver was a big city and could not tolerate such "goings on." He gives this interesting account of the affair in the following letter to his superior in Washington:[1]

"July 16, 1873

"The Commissioner
of Indian Affairs
Washington, D. C.

"Sir:

"For your information as to the causes which led to my telegraphing you yesterday and today I have the honor to submit the following statement of facts. I wrote you July 10th of the report received by me of a fight between a portion of 'Pi-ah's' and his party at Denver, with a scalp which they claim was taken from an Arapahoe killed in the fight above referred to. Through some agency, unknown to me, it was arranged that a 'grand procession' of this band, bearing their ghostly trophy, should parade the streets of Denver on Saturday the 12th inst. Fearing that some disturbance might occur, and knowing that such display was not in accordance with the peaceful policy of the Department, I

*Prof. Covington, of the University of Florida, contributed to the October, 1951, issue of this magazine an article on "Federal Relations with the Colorado Utes."—Ed.

[1] Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, National Archives Letters Received: *Colorado 1873* T 29.

promptly put a stop to this affair. Mr. U. M. Curtis, who has been interpreter at this agency since the date of my appointment, then assumed the management and control of Indian Affairs here and persuaded the Utes to aid him in giving a series of war and scalp dances 'under canvas,' in the city, and also to parade the streets daily for a week in war attire. For the reasons already stated I also desired to prevent this entertainment, and for that purpose issued the following order to Mr. Curtis:

PIAH, UTE CHIEF

" 'Bureau of Ind. Affairs
Special Agency

" 'U. M. Curtis
Special Interpreter

" 'Denver C. T. Sir—For official reasons, I deem it best to discontinue any public exhibition by the Utes of Pi-ah's band of their trophies taken in the late fight with Arapahoes or any public celebration of their triumph, in or near Denver; and I desire you to communicate this decision to them without delay.

Very Respectfully
Your obt. servt.
James B. Thompson
U. S. Special Ind. Agt.'

"Mr. Curtis took no notice of this order, but set up his tent, posted his bills announcing a 'three days performance,' and made himself generally officious. Thereupon I suspended him from duty and after consulting with the United States attorney for this district I called upon the Mayor of Denver (having previously expressed to him in writing my views upon the impropriety of presenting the proposed exhibition) and obtained from him a written order to the city Marshal to prevent any pageant of this kind (a copy of this order is enclosed)—as contemplated. Giving myself no further concern in the matter and not desiring to make myself conspicuous or excite any commotion, I returned to my office, supposing that as a matter of course the Mayor's order would be enforced and the show quietly stopped. About three oclock P.M. I was startled by hearing the sounds of a brass band, pistol shots and shouts such as I knew could procede only from Indian lungs; upon going to the window I saw the Utes headed by U. M. Curtis and Mr. Beckwith (father of the late Unitarian minister here) and preceded by a brass band, marching down the street toward my office.[2] I descended quietly but very rapidly to the street and met the cavalcade in front of my office. The performance was closed at that point amid a volley of curses and threats from Mr. Curtis and his companions in the circus business. During the interview I made a further request of Mr. C. to stop the performance, at the same time reading to him the Mayor's order. His reply was that 'the Mayor and myself might go to hell, that the show would go on and he would like to see any man or men prevent it.' I then dispersed the Indians and sent them to their villages and turned my attention to preventing a recurrence of the affair. By the advice of the U. S. attorney I telegraphed you asking authority to call the United States Marshal to my assistance. I received your reply this afternoon and not being able to find the Governor (He having been suddenly called out of town) I informed the managers of the circus, of the term of your telegram and prevailed upon them to stay proceedings.

"In this matter, I have acted firmly and fearlessly because impelled by a sense of duty and property and sustained by public opinion—though I should have done the same without the latter support. I have demonstrated my authority over the Indians and they unanimously concurred [with] me since understanding my motives. I have prevented what I think would have been for this enlightened age and community a disgusting spectacle, and what I feared most of all, might have fostered enmity between the tribes: resulted in serious disturbances in our streets and increased the

[2] Although Thompson had his office in Denver, most of the Indians received their rations while encamped on the outskirts of the city.

chances of visits to our settlements from war parties of Plains Indians.

I have the honor to be
Very Respectfully
Your obt. servt.
James B. Thompson
U. S. Special Ind. Agt.

" 'Mayor's Office

" 'Denver Col. July 15, 1873

" 'To W. A. Smith
Marshal of Denver

" 'At the request of the U. S. Dist. Atty. together with Special Agt. Mr. Thompson that there be no conflict between the U. States and over Municipal authority I do hereby order you to prevent by such means as may be in your power the Exhibition under canvas or in procession of the Utes proposed to be made in the city.

Signed.
Francis M. Case, Mayor' "[3]

The *Rocky Mountain News* of July 16, 1873, has a long story under the heading "The Ute Circus; Thompson Checkmates Curtis' Indian Menagerie." A detailed account of the affair, running two and one-fourth columns, tells of the clash of opinion and authority, which, besides Agent Thompson and Interpreter Curtis, involved the Mayor, Marshal, and United States Attorney. The *News* reporter interviewed all the principals. Curtis said that he had spent $500 in providing the tent for the show and in making arrangements. Tickets had been sold and the tent was filled with spectators, but the performers dispersed and the ticket money had to be returned to the customers.

The next year a Ute scalp dance was held successfully at Sloans' Lake on the northwestern outskirts of Denver. A State Historical Society manuscript, given by Chauncey Thomas in 1936, tells of this "Last Scalp Dance in Denver":

"Yesterday my mother, Mrs. Flora Sumner Thomas, told me, as she had occasionally done before, of the Ute scalp dance she saw in Denver in the summer of 1874. This was probably the last scalp dance ever held in Denver.

"It seems that the Utes, perhaps about two hundred adults, were camped in Denver, when word came to them that some Sioux or Cheyennes were on the plains not far off, so the Utes went

[3] The supplemental data given below were supplied by the editor of this magazine.

hunting them, and got at least three, and brought back three red wet scalps.

"My father, 'W. R. Thomas of the News' as he was called for nearly half a century, came for my mother in a 'double carriage,' as a two-seater was then called, at their home, 266 South Fifteenth Street, now the southwest corner of Acoma and Thirteenth Avenue. On the way to the Ute celebration, they stopped and picked up her sister, Mrs. Wm. N. Byers, and another sister, then Miss Fan Sumner, later Mrs. Brent, of Los Angeles, California. Of the four grown ones in the carriage, three are long since dead, and my mother herself is now past eighty-six years. She was then twenty-four. I was in the carriage also, she told me, and Will, my brother, was about six months old. He was born in February, 1874, so that fixes the date about August, 1874. Being too young, I remember nothing of the matter.

"Mother said there were about a thousand white people there, watching the proceedings, and that it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when our carriage rolled up. She remembers well that old Colorow was within about twenty feet of the carriage, and that he was highly wrought up.

"Except this, I have never heard of the plan the Utes used on that occasion. She says they had a rope circle, perhaps seventy-five to one hundred feet in diameter, the Indians standing outside of it, each holding the rope with both hands, waving it up and down, hopping up and down themselves, grunting, and sometimes yelling, but not circling; perhaps about two hundred of them, both male and female, but no children holding the rope.

"Inside this rope circle were three very old squaws, dirty, repulsive old hags, each holding aloft a long pole, and on the tip of each pole was a fresh scalp, stretched to about the size of a dinner plate, and these old women were crow-hopping in characteristic fashion around inside the rope circle, chanting gutterally.

"The dance had been going on for some hours. It did not go on through the night, but was continued next day. The Utes were becoming more and more frantic, so the mayor of Denver prohibited it being held for a third day, as he feared the Indians might become so frenzied that they would cause serious trouble, even in Denver. How much whisky figured in the affair no one knows, but there were bootleggers in those days too."

Substantiation of the story is found in the *Rocky Mountain News* of July 15 and 16, 1874:

"The Utes, with the pious Piah at their head, held a scalp dance, last evening, near Sloan's Lake, over three bloody Cheyenne topknots, which dangled from three poles. The barbarous scene

was witnessed by a crowd of at least five hundred people, many of them ladies. The dance opened at 5 o'clock and was kept up until far into the night'' (July 15, 1874).

''The Utes resumed their hilarious scalp dance at early candle light last evening. Rolling carriages raised a dust between the city and the camp from five to ten o'clock. The crowd was large and heterogeneous—which is a big word. It was disgusting to notice, among the spectators, lots of ladies, prominent in church and society circles, straining for a sight of the reeking scalps, which they scanned as eagerly as if they had been new bonnets. Next Sunday these ladies will be railing at THE NEWS for disseminating reading matter that is calculated to vitiate the public taste'' (July 16, 1874).

Incidents in My Life as a Pioneer*

ELLEN COFFIN PENNOCK

My parents before me were pioneers, coming from Delaware County, New York, where I was born, to the prairies of Illinois when I was four years old. I well remember our home there under the shadow of the Old Catskill Mountains in New York State and much of that journey west. We went by way of the Erie Canal, crossing Lake Erie and making the circuit of Lakes Huron and Michigan by steamer, finally landing at what is now Kenosha, Wisconsin. From there we conveyed by covered wagon to the log cabin on the prairie, near Belvidere, Illinois, which was our home for many years.

The struggles of those early days with its trials and triumphs are still fresh in my memory. The passing years brought its joys and sorrows of family life in a new country, battling, with much hard work, sickness and death in a family of ten children who were deprived of a mother's love and care while we yet lived in the old log cabin.

* This article was written in 1907 and was read at a pioneer gathering at Longmont. It was sent to us by Mrs. Seletha A. Brown, who has previously contributed to the *Colorado Magazine*. Mrs. Brown copied the story from Mrs. Pennock's notebook, making only very minor changes in it. Mrs. Hugh Large, daughter of Mrs. Pennock, graciously made her mother's story available. Mrs. Brown sent this explanatory note:

"Ellen Coffin Pennock was born on January 6, 1841. She grew to be a tall, well-built woman with blue eyes and dark hair that greyed very slowly.

"She was the intellectual type of women, taking the best magazines of her day, *Godey's Ladies' Book*, and later *The Youth's Companion, Christian Advocate, Christian Herald*, and others. Even when she lived on the farm, she had season tickets to Chautauqua and urged all her family to attend.

"In 1903, ten years before her death, she established a full-tuition scholarship at Denver University which is perpetual. When some member of the family wants to use it, they have first to call, but beyond that it may go to whomever the scholarship committee deems worthy, although they usually consult members of the family, concerning the award.

"Mr. and Mrs. Porter Pennock had three children: Mrs. Carrie Sanborn of Arvada, Colorado; Dr. Vivian Pennock, now deceased; and Mrs. Lou Ellen Large of Longmont. They had eleven grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren."—Ed.

All too soon, was I required to meet the responsibilities of this life. I received my early education in the schools of that place, and for a few years I taught country schools in that vicinity.

In the fall of 1862, my brothers, Morse and George Coffin, wished me to come west. They had already been "out to Pike's Peak" as all this region was then called, for two or three years. My health was not good, and the boys strongly urged my coming west on that account, anticipating great benefit to be received from a journey across the plains. I was filled with enthusiasm *at once*, and having a good opportunity to come with friends from Rockford, Illinois, I resolved to venture.

There were six in our party that crossed the plains, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pennock and their ten year old son, Chester, and the wife and daughter of W. D. Pennock, who was already in the west. We had two good teams. One wagon was filled with our baggage; the other fitted up in good shape for the family to ride in. The backs of the seats were constructed with hinges to let down, making the foundation for our beds at night. We had every comfort and convenience for travel by team that one could well have.

I think we left Rockford about October 1st, but the exact date I have forgotten. We were two months on the way, including a stop of two weeks in Omaha visiting friends. The entire journey was an ideal one to me, and full of interest. I suppose we met with the usual number of accidents common to travelers, but the unpleasant part is now forgotten, while the joy and delight of the travel with its interesting experiences is very fresh in my memory.

The new scenes each day, the ever variable landscape, the streams we crossed, the towns and villages through which we passed, and the people we met were a continual source of interest to us.

Up to this time, I had never camped out. This experience was both novel and delightful, to build our camp fire by the roadside and cook our meals and feed our horses. Before our journey was one-half over, the frail girl who left the home in Illinois a few weeks before, could now walk ten miles or more on a stretch without going near the wagon.

While waiting in Omaha, we were joined by my brother, George, and his friend, Porter R. Pennock, who had crossed the plains to Omaha for the purpose of returning with us and to take back a load of freight. This was the first time I met the one who was to become in time so closely allied with my future life.

The journey up the Platte became more and more monotonous as we left the regions of civilizations, broken mostly by the ox teams of freight which we passed on their way from Omaha to Denver, or going back again. When we first saw the mountains

in the distance, our joy was unbounded for then we knew we were nearing our journey's end. At last the day came and we drew near the boys' ranch. We could see Morse on the roof of his cabin watching our approach and feeling as others feel when seeing someone from the far-away-home approaching. But we felt, I think, something like gypsies, having traveled so long we did not know how to stop. But I entered the home of the boys and as soon as possible, with their help, assumed the duties and tried to meet the responsibilities of Pioneer life.

The boys' house was built of logs and consisted of one room and a large fireplace. Soon two bedrooms were built on and then we thought we had things extra good. I cooked for them over the fireplace, hanging kettles on hooks over the fire and baking in a bake kettle. This bake kettle business, I remember, I did not like very well. It was a whole day's job to bake a panful of cookies and a few pumpkin pies, as only four cookies or one pie could be baked at one time. The lid had to be lifted and the hot coals removed often. (You pioneers know all about it.) If your hand should suddenly lose its grip, or someone jostled your elbow, down the lid would come and the coals more often land inside the kettle! The fronts of my dresses would be scorched, the toes of my shoes burned, and my face nearly blistered in the process.

But those great fireplaces were delightful in the evening, filling the room with light sufficient to see to read and write without the aid of candles, for that was before we had kerosene.

Our social life was, of course, quite limited, but we enjoyed greatly what we did have. While I lived with my brothers, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dickson were our nearest neighbors. I was almost a daily visitor at their house. The first Christmas I spent in Colorado we were entertained at their house and had a fine dinner. We often met for singing at each other's houses, generally doing so on Sunday p.m. if there were no preaching services to go to.

Before a school house was built, services were held at the home of Mrs. Greenley, now Mrs. Freeman Belcher, as her house was larger and more conveniently situated for a gathering than any other at that time. (The same house still stands on her farm about a mile south of Longmont and looks much as it did then.) The Rev. Charles King and O. P. McMains were both preachers here. Oliver Willard, brother of Frances Willard, would come out from Denver to hold quarterly meetings, a noble Christian man and much beloved by us all. He was the one who brought us the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. On the Sunday morning following that event, he mentioned it in his sermon and in his prayer while tears streamed down his face.

Our singing classes were conducted by different persons who had taught singing schools in the East. Later, Garret Clawson, who is still with us and a good singer yet, was our leader. Nearly everybody sang, in fact, most of the congregation belonged to the choir.

We would also meet for Sunday School when there was no preaching services, which was at that time conducted by Mr. Newton Gartner. As the school was almost wholly composed of adults, we would all be one class, he leading and asking questions to the school. Often some question would come up that would require a good deal of argument pro and con, and could not be settled at all to the satisfaction of some, then of course, it must needs be laid on the table.

Now and then there were parties, too. As girls were rather scarce, it was often quite a serious thing with the boys as to who should engage the girls first. I am certain to have known Morse and George to go to the mountains after their girls. It would generally take two or three days to make the rounds and all home again.

Only once did an Indian come to our cabin. One summer day I was busy ironing near the open door. Upon hearing a step, I was perfectly horrified to see an Indian right in the doorway. He stepped inside without an invitation and seated himself in a chair that stood just inside the door. He had the end of a lariat in his hand, the other end being around his pony's neck. We faced each other and I tried to show no fear, but my heart stool still for a moment. I looked anxiously to the field where the boys were at work half a mile away. But I kept my hot iron well in hand and went on with my work. Recovering myself, I tried to talk with him but would only receive a grunt in reply to my questions. He seemed to be afraid of my hot iron, keeping his eye on it and drawing away as I would go to the door when looking for the boys. I was very much relieved when he took his departure.

His next call was on Mrs. Dickson. He left the neighborhood as mysteriously as he came. All Indians were peaceable at that time, or at least we heard of no trouble as I now remember.

As the summer passed, I would sometimes have such a longing for my eastern home and friends there that I could hardly overcome the weakness, if it can be called such and prove myself a worthy pioneer. I was careful that the boys should not know how homesick I really was, but there were many days when I would begin to cry as soon as they left the house in the morning for the field and keep up my weeping until I saw them coming for dinner when I would wash my eyes so they would not know. The tears would begin again as soon as they were gone, and the early morning would find me unrefreshed, and my pillow wet with tears.

After I had kept house for the boys nearly a year, I finally decided I'd try my old occupation again if I could obtain a school. With this in view, Brother George and I went to Boulder City. We happened to go the day their summer school closed and they were having a picnic in a grove nearby. There we met the teacher and pupils, also many of the parents and the School Board. Notwithstanding their school having just closed, they hired me to begin again in one week. The outgoing teacher told me it was a very hard school, and I know she felt sorry for me, but I was full of courage and eager for the work I loved so well.

According to agreement, I was on hand a week later, the date being September 7, 1863. I saw at once that I should have need for all my courage. At the close of the first day I have this recorded in my diary of that date:

"The school is undisciplined, the school house dirty, window lights broken, blackboards nearly paintless, and almost every pupil has a different kind of book."

The population of Boulder City, at that time, was from 200 to 300, the school district numbering about 300. For my labor I was to receive $1.00 a day and board around. This boarding around was not altogether unpleasant, and was the usual way at that time. Considering the times and circumstances I enjoyed it. I found so many friends that I felt well paid for all the unpleasantness encountered.

The usual way was to stay a week in a place until the list was gone over, then begin again. Good Old Father Pound, of blessed memory, was one of the best friends I ever had. I was ever welcome in the family of Ephraim Pound, who kept a hotel there at that time, also Davis H. Nickols and his family showed me great kindness. My good friend, Hannah McIntosh, now Mrs. Wm. Carson, would keep in touch with my boarding around experiences and often invited me to her home when she thought I needed a change. In fact, I stayed with Hannah often and long, and a friendship was formed that has never grown less as the years have passed. The teacher seemed to feel free to act at her own pleasure in these matters, so it often happened that my stay would be shortened in one place and extended in others.

Before the school had opened many days, the children and I cleaned the school house, boys and girls remaining after school one p.m. to do the work. At first I had about 25 pupils and our relations were very harmonious. As the winter months drew on, more large boys came in until the school increased to 40 or 50. Some of those boys were older and larger than I was, and harder to manage than the Hottentots of Africa. The memory of that winter with its labors still makes me tired whenever I think of it, but I

resolved to be brave and happy under the difficulties and do the best I could. The school continued until about April 1st, when I bade adieu to Boulder and my friends there for a time, and returned to my brothers on the ranch.

About his time my brother George returned from a visit in Illinois, bringing a wife with him. I was there at the old cabin on the creek to give my new sister a welcome to our western home and our pioneer life.

One month later, on May 1, 1864, on Sunday morning, Porter and I were married at the boys' cabin by the Rev. Charles King. Our wedding trip was the four miles to church at Burlington, where we were greeted by some of the old settlers who are with us today. They told me that I was the first bride on the creek, at least the first in our vicinity. Our wedding guests were the relatives on both sides who were in Colorado and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dickson.

We began our housekeeping at once in a house that stood on the corner of the bluff beyond Left Hand Creek, just west of the present Burlington school, on the farm now owned by Freeman Belcher, a short distance west of the road now going south from Longmont.

Our house was built of logs, mostly, and was covered with dirt. We had five rooms in all which were cool and comfortable. I think there was never another little palace of the same size that contained more real happiness and contentment.

When it rained, our dirt roof troubled us some, especially when it came in the night. I remember one night when it washed through the roof and we had to get up and move our beds from place to place to keep out of the rain. In the morning, the floor was covered with mud. But this never happened again, for the boys covered the roof with boards the very next day.

Our furniture consisted mostly of homemade articles, but Porter had been down to Omaha for supplies previous to our marriage, so that we started out with a few things considered "extras" at that time. I had a little cook stove, dishes, three chairs and plenty of good things to eat. Our bedsteads, tables, lounge, and some chairs were all of his own make. My part of the furnishings, such as bedding and household linen, was not quite so plentiful as the girls have at present when they begin housekeeping, but I think I had the happy faculty of utilizing a little to good advantage. I remember I had one linen tablecloth, one side dark and the other side a light color. I'd use the side out that was most suitable for the occasion. Flour sacks when bleached and fringed all around and laundried nicely made very good table and stand cloths, and one of my calico dresses made a very pretty lounge cover.

As these incidents of which I write were transpiring during our Civil War, all articles of every description were very high here as all transportation was done by freighting from the Missouri River with teams. The railroad did not extend west of Boone, Iowa, at that time.

The grasshoppers, too, were taking everything we had in the way of vegetation. For three years in succession they took about everything raised. Our lovely gardens would disappear in a night and our wheat fields in as short a time.

The first calico dress I bought after I was married, cost 65 cents a yard, and bleached muslin I paid 90 cents a yard for. At one time we paid 70 cents a pound for lard, and 18 cents a pound for potatoes about as large as walnuts; sugar 75 cents a pound; flour $20.00 a sack; canned fruit $1.00 a can; and $1.00 a pound for butter was commonplace.

But we also got a big price for anything we had to sell. I remember of making and selling a few pounds of butter for $1.50 a pound. Then we had hay, stock, chickens, and eggs that paid for our living.

During the summer of '64, we'd hear more and more of Indian troubles. We knew if there was a general outbreak we'd be in great danger. We would hear of depredations down the Platte coming nearer and nearer until the danger was on every hand. Finally, volunteers for 100 days' service were called to fight the Indians. Many of our boys on the creek responded. There were not men enough left on the creek to care for the crops, or to have protected our homes if Indians came.

One day, we received word from the Fort at Valmont that we must hasten there *at once* as the Indians were coming that night to kill all the settlers on the St. Vrain and Left Hand Creeks. A Frenchman who had an Indian wife who knew all their plans had warned the whites.

Porter jumped on a horse to ride with haste down the creek to warn others while I, nearly wild with terror, made ready to leave. And this is the way I did it:

I took a large dry goods box we had, and packed in it everything I thought the Indians would be apt to burn or carry off, bedding, clothing, books, etc., until the box was full. This was to be taken with us to the fort!

Mr. Kinney's people were our nearest neighbor on the west. After getting their own things ready, Mary came down to help me. (The old settlers will remember our good friend Mary Kinney, she afterwards married Lorenzo Dwight and moved to California. Mary was our first school teacher.)

Mary advised our carrying things out of the house and hiding them in a dense thicket of sunflowers nearby, "as they did at their place." We went at it and lugged and tugged everything we could lift out in the very center of that thicket. The stove, table, and empty bedsteads were about all that was left in the house. We even emptied the pans of milk out on the ground to hide the pans.

Now when Porter returned with George and his wife to go to the fort with us, it was nearly dark and we girls were in a great mental terror for fear the Indians would come before we could get away. All were hungry, too, but I had not once thought of preparing food to take with us, or that we should ever need to eat again. It being necessary that we should have some nourishment, we hurriedly stirred up some pancakes and baked them, taking them in our hands to eat as every dish was carried out in the sunflowers.

It was sundown when we drove away over the bluff to the old Gunbarrel Road on our way to the fort. The corral was full of unmilked cows, and we questioned if we'd ever see the little home again. We reached the Fort about midnight, and crowded in with others. The inside was filled with women and children, while soldiers and our men were outside. When we arrived there, we were told that messengers had been sent to tell us *not to come* as the Indians had learned that the settlers had been warned and they had consequently given up their plan for the present. The messengers were Morse Coffin and Lorenzo Dwight, both soldiers in the Indian Service. They had come another way from the one we had gone and so had missed us. When they arrived at Mr. Kinney's and our place and found the corrals full of unmilked, lowing cows, they thought they'd milk them but could find neither pail or pans, so all they could do was milk in the swill pails and empty the milk on the ground.

The next morning we went to Boulder for our breakfast, and later in the day we started back home again where we arrived at night, weary enough, the house and larder empty as we had left it!

I had forgotten to say that Dear Mary, on the sly, opened her pocket to show me a little bottle containing a white powder marked "strychnine."

"If we are taken prisoners," she said, giving me a determined look, indicating what she would do in such a case.

Now I thought this a very wise forethought and determined I'd keep close to Mary.

This was my only experience in fleeing to the fort to escape being massacred by the Indians. The Indian troubles continued in different parts of the Territory during the fall of '64 and the winter following. Also during the spring and summer of '65. The Battle of Sand Creek had taken place in which our boys were

engaged and some had fallen. But the 100 days for which they had enlisted were ended and most of them returned home for New Year's, having served 30 days overtime. Porter and I had a gathering at our house as a welcome to them.

In the spring of '65 Porter sold his interest in the ranch to his partner, Lorenzo Dwight, and we moved down the creek on my brother's ranch. In June of that year, our first child was born, Carrie, now Mrs. Sanborn. She was born in a house now used as a granary on my brother Morse's farm. My brother George's daughter, Gertrude, now Mrs. Seckner, and my Carrie were the first babies born in our vicinity on the creek.

The grasshoppers took everything that year, slick and clean. We had nothing to harvest! Porter began freighting to the mountains, buying up chickens, eggs, and butter, chiefly, and selling in the mountains. But that was a hard season for everybody on the creek.

Indian troubles continued, especially down the Platte, but all the way between here and the Missouri River. Ranches were burned and the settlers murdered or taken prisoners.

That fall we decided to go back to the States. I had become so afraid that I was anxious to get to a place where we could feel safe. About October 1st, we started. There were in our party, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dickson; George, wife and baby; Charlie and Newton Gardner, and a few others from our vicinity besides Porter, our four months old baby and myself, all going with teams.

When we reached Fort Lupton, we were stopped until enough teams came along to make a long train and as many as fifty men with firearms in each train. This was for protection from the Indians. In that way we traveled, just missing them all the way, leaving this morning where they'd come tonight, and passing where they'd just left; buildings still burning, people massacred or taken prisoners, and stock driven away. One day we passed where some dead Indians were lying a short distance from the roadside.

We were always glad to get to some station where soldiers were stationed, but we did not feel entirely safe until we reached Omaha. There we stopped a few days to visit with friends and recruit, then continued to Boone, Iowa. There we left our teams with some farmers, boarded the cars for the old Illinois home where we arrived 24 hours later.

Our plan had been to spend the winter in visiting the home folks, and return to Colorado in the spring, but I thought Father's house was good enough and I would stay there for a while, at least until all Indian troubles were over. The men returned to Colorado in the spring, Porter to settle up all business affairs and return to Illinois in the fall, which he did.

We bought a farm near Belvidere and lived there in DeKalb County until the fall of 1874. On account of ill health and the love for Colorado, which had never left us, we sold out all interests there and returned to Colorado *for good*, begging admittance again to the fold, no more to wander, to spend our remaining days in beautiful Longmont, with its glorious sunshine and its health-giving atmosphere, where life is gladness, laughter's in the streams, music and beauty are everywhere.

Longmont! which had sprung up in our absence, settled with men and women of push and intelligence, who helped to convert these prairies once covered with cactus and sagebrush into fields of productiveness, this wilderness to blossom as the rose, to them all honor be given.

H. J. Hawley's Diary, Russell Gulch in 1860

Edited by LYNN I. PERRIGO*

On March 1, 1860, H. J. Hawley of Argyle, Wisconsin, started a diary in which he made daily entries until the end of December in 1861.[1] In that time he crossed the Great Plains to the gold mines in Colorado, where he first prospected and then engaged in placer and lode mining during the time covered by the diary.

Later, since his trial of mining was not proving lucrative, he found it necessary to supplement his income by keeping books for business firms. After eight years he finally gave up mining and went in debt to obtain half interest in a grocery store. The firm of Lake and Hawley flourished and was followed by a change in partnership to Hawley and Manville.

From 1878 until his death in 1923, Hawley headed his own merchandising company, which became one of the leading business establishments at Central City. Before he and his family moved to Denver, in 1890, he was also active in many civic endeavors at Central City. At various times he served as city alderman, county commissioner, and member of the city school board, and he was also prominent in local Masonic functions.[2]

Back in Wisconsin in 1860 there had seemed to be little opportunity for a young man approaching his twenty-first birthday. Thus he became interested when an uncle, Lewis Sargent, who had

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[1] The original of this diary was borrowed by the late Dr. James F. Willard, then Head of the Department of History at the University of Colorado, who had a copy made for preservation in the University Historical Collections. These selections have been taken from that copy.

[2] This biographical sketch is drawn from *Portrait and Biographical Record of Denver and Vicinity, Colorado* (Chicago, 1898), pages 459-60, Hawley's statements in his diary, and an interview, March 28, 1935, with Bennett Seymour who was associated in business with Hawley at Central City from 1874 to 1923.

been lured to California in vain eleven years previously, now invited him to join a company headed for the recently discovered gold mines in Colorado. As Hawley put it, in his entry of March 19, "I am getting tired of this staying at home without making anything—so I . . . went to Uncle Lewis Sargent's—and the subject of 'Pikes Peak' soon came up—which I soon got interested [in] and somewhat excited in thinking of a land which milk and honey flow in but had not much idea of going."[3] Nevertheless, the idea grew on him, and by April 4 he was on his way west. The group which his uncle had enlisted was comprised of these two and five other friends and relatives, including some picked up at Omaha. In addition three other companies from his neighborhood left at about the same time and often were seen along the way.[4]

That part of Hawley's diary describing the trip across the plains has been published in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*.[5] His account will be picked up here shortly before the place where that publication took leave of him—at the foot of the Rockies in Colorado. Although he made daily entries, only those which are the more interesting and significant, continuing through the year 1860, will be included here. His errors in spelling and punctuation have not been corrected, except that where obviously he meant to start a new sentence a space has been left to indicate that.

Hawley's comments are disappointing in that he wrote no general description of the mines and of life in the mining camps. On the other hand, his personal notes record graphically the discouragement, hardship, and danger of placer mining in the era when the placers already were playing out and the camps were being forced to readjust to deep mining.[6] They reveal, too, the understandable paucity of social and recreational activities, with some indication of the recreation which was afforded. Although occasionally some "rough stuff" came within his observation, there is a surprisingly low incidence of quarrels, fights, shootings, and hangings, contrary to the traditional notion of the "Wild West."[7]

[3] Also, on Monday, April 2, he recorded: "I went up to Mr. Mullins this morning after a little school which I did not get but got good promises for tomorrow as it would be election day."

[4] Those with Hawley included, besides his uncle Lewis Sargent, Levi Cross, Seth Hamilton, W. N. Simons, J. Hopkins, and H. Plumbark. Entry of April 26. The other "companies" on the road were spoken of as Shellengers, "Knotts & Co.," and "Aldersons Company." Entries of April 4, April 10, April 16, April 23, *et passim*.

[5] With my introduction and editorial notes, in the issue for March, 1936, pages 319-342.

[6] Even in the first season the gold in the surface sand and rock was soon exhausted. This left only that which was embedded in crystalline rock, which had to be crushed by stamp mills. This called for capital, and that in turn led to the organization of companies, which brought in the mills and employed miners as day laborers. However, since the new era had promise of greater stability, the camps of 1859 became "cities" by 1860. Henry Villard, *The Past and Present of the Pike's Peak Gold Regions*, 1860 (Princeton University Press, 1932), pages 47-75.

[7] On this subject Hawley's observations are substantiated by other evidence. See my "Law and Order in Early Colorado Mining Camps," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XXVIII (June, 1941), 41-62.

The selections from his journal follow:

May 21st [1860] Monday. Started early having a different road to travel over today being in the Mountains soon reached Golden City[8] did not stop but went on and soon came to Golden Gate (every thing has the name of gold but I have not seen any yet) where we had to pay toll on the road After leaving the gate we travled up a canon seven miles when we found ourselves at the top of a high mountain where we took dinner after which we went down the Mountain that was so steep that I expected to see the whole apparatus go *end* over *end*. There were rocks in the road as big as a hoss (a great road to pay toll on), which we lifted the wagons over. Camped early and tired only travling 15 *miles* Anything but a Mountain road.

May 22d Tuesday. Up bright and early cold enough to freeze eggs which is not very *pleasant*. Got a start and traveled up a hill perpendicular four miles, a big story, but almost true. Came to what is called the Four Mile House and then went down a hill similar to the one we came up—only not quite so much so, and before I knew it we were at the celebrated gold mines Gregory's Gulch which is quite a sight[9] found a Number washing dirt in the gulch that looked very rich we camped half way up the gulch and sent our teams back to the valley on a ranch so are ready now to make our fortunes or be found trying. There are a few Quarts Mills running which crush the quarts that are raised from Lodes on the Mountain side. only one Steam Mill here the rest water Mills situated on Clear Creek (North). Some of the boys left to find work retired quite late thinking of a far distant home. The end of our journey—*10 miles*.

May 23 Wednesday.[10] All up bright and early this A.M. and with our Pick, Pan, and shovel started for a little prospecting tour went over a high mountain passed what is called Missouri Flats, Illinois Gulch and around by Nevada Gulch we found hundreds of men working in the gulches all making the ready dust and wanting to sell out—the latter not much credit to the country after seeing all we wished to for one day returned to camp. P.M. Uncle Lewis and myself went around to see some of the Mills which he thinks can be improved with a slight expense as he is an engineer. In looking over my journal I find that we have traveled twenty days and a distance of six hundred and sixty seven miles since leaving Omaha making in all thirty six days travel, and

[8] Population 1,014 in 1860. *Eighth Census of the United States, Population*, page 548.

[9] Named after John Gregory, who made the original discovery there on May 6, 1859, and thus stimulated the gold rushes of 1859 and 1860.

[10] On this date the *Rocky Mountain News* published a letter from its Mountain City correspondent, who wrote: "The country in every ravine and town is filled with covered wagons and tents and everywhere it seems to be alive with human beings."

ten hundred and fifty eight miles since leaving home or Argyle, Wisconsin. We are camped in Mountain City[11] which is composed of a few very respectable log buildings and a few not so respectable. but a few ladis here but *heap* of bachelors some of them rather rough customers as every mining country can boast of — Sunday and churches are not known here in the Mountains— therefore if I am rather rough in my style it will or must be excused.

May 24th Thursday. Snowing quite hard this A.M. therefore we did not get a very early start. We traveled over Mountains and across gulches until we reached Russels Gulch which looked more like gold mining than any-thing that we have seen. There are a few excellent claims in this gulch I should judge as there were not many that wanted to sell and they held their claims very high we looked at several but did not indulge.

RUSSELL GULCH

May 25th Friday. This fine A.M. found us up early and soon were on the trail for South Clear Creek eight miles from Gregory. Passing up Spring Gulch, over Missouri Flatts across Illinois Gulch, Golden Gulch, Leavenworth Gulch and Russels Gulch we came to the head of Virginia Gulch which we followed down near three Miles and arrived at Clear Creek took our lunch on the bank of the living stream after which we proceeded up the creek where there was considerable of mining going on passed by Chicago and Soda Gulches any amount of men wanted to sell out therefore

[11] The reported population of this and neighboring towns in 1860 was: Mountain City, 840; Central City, 598; Nevada Gulch, 870; and Eureka Gulch, 160. *Eighth Census, Population*, page 548. In 1864 Mountain City was incorporated in Central City. Locals, *Daily Miners' Register* (Central City), March 12, 1864.

we concluded that they were not paying very big passed on up by spanish bar which was paying very well after going up some four Miles we came on to Knotts & Co who we had not seen since leaving Omaha. After having a hearty shake of hands a look around we started for the wagon below spanish Bar where we had a fine supper exchanged a few stories Knotts to lector me a little and then retired Cross Uncle Lewis and my-self sleeping in an old cabin without any door or chinking.

May 26th Saturday. We find it a little frosty this A.M. as we did not bring our coats with us. After breakfast we started for camp again Knotts with us which we reached at noon. P. M. we went up Eureakee Gulch dug two or three prospect holes without getting a color which is rather discouraging to Knotts and Uncle Lewis as they are use to prospecting in Calafernia where gold was plenty— Retired early a little tired of prospecting.

May 27th Sunday. I concluded to take a little rest by way of staying in the wagon for the first time since leaving home— The rest started out to see what they could got back at 2 o'clock. There was meeting not far from where we are camped but I was a little too late therefore was not there this time. Muslin was around in the way most of the day. I read a little during the day.

May 28th Monday. Wind blew very hard, most of the night and is snowing very hard this A.M. and continued to all day which prevented us from leaving the camp very far— Hopkins has the ague down on the country. Teams are coming in every day the Mountains sides and gulches are completly covered with tents and wagons some of the pilgrims feel rather '*blue.*'

May 29th Tuesday. Cleared off fine. We all started out again travled over a Mountain three miles or less high which took the breath away from us a little as the air is much lighter than what it is at the Missouri River on account of being several thousand feet higher. Went down Russels Gulch three or four miles talked of bying a claim but did not. Got back at noon—and Knotts started back for Clear Creek. I am well satisfied with my days work and walk.

May 30th Wednesday. Uncle Lewis, and I started in another direction this A.M. Went up north Clear Creek quite a distance and then climbed a Mountain almost perpendicular where we saw very good signs of a lod (Blossom rock) and we went to work sinking a hole and worked faithful for eight hours without finding anything but hard rock. Got back to the wagon. almost gave up. Cross bargained for a claim in Illinois Gulch. Rained hard P.M.

May 31st Thursday. Clear and fine this A.M. We started to get a deed to the claim that Cross bought when we found it had

another owner therefore we started another direction went up by a beautiful lake situated on a high Mountain at the head of Lake Gulch and intended as a reservoy for the ditch which is not completed.[12] We followed down Lake Gulch to it Mouth which is Russels Gulch and down below pleasant Vally where there is considerable of mining going on we looked at some claims but made no arrangments for them got back to the camp late walked 15 Miles. This ends the last day of May and a hard end it is.

June 1st Friday. A fine A.M. We went down to Russels Gulch this A.M. again and prospected a claim which was a very little encouraging came back and went up Wills Gulch and panned out some dirt and got a color. Got back to camp P.M. Hopkins left for the States without making '*Any red*' My old friend (The tooth ache) gave me a call this evening.

June 2d Saturday. Started early this A.M. for the top of a high Mountain on the south side of Russels Gulch Met Daniel Wetty (Knotts Pardner) who went with us we dug for a quarts Lode with a result similar to what we have had. I am getting a little disgusted with prospecting at this rate, came across one of my Miniral Point schoolmates in returning too camp who was Wm. Curry had a fine chat about the good old school days.

June 3d Sunday. A beautiful A.M. Old Sol favors us this A.M. with his warm reflecting rays that are welcomed these cool mornings. Curry and Noble were at the camp before we had breakfast. Wetty went back to Clear Creek and Knotts came over. I read and sleeped most of the day— evening I took a walk down by the toll gate, Teams are still coming.

June 4th Monday. There was a 'Gent' came to us this A.M. and wanted to sell us a claim over in Lump Gulch eight Miles from Gregory which would prospect 25cts per pan. So Uncle Lewis and myself started quite early traveled up the long Mountain which we came to get here until we arrived at the Four Mile House and then we took north passing by two beautiful lakes and over a passable road we soon reached the celebrated gulch which we were disapointed in, for we could hardly raise the color—therefore we told Mr Man we were not buying claims today which made him feel rather blue—as he thought he had us about '*sold*' We were soon retracing our steps as it was getting late in the afternoon stoping at a beautiful Mountain spring we ate our lunch— after which we soon reached camp where we found Knotts and

[12] Lake Gulch, adjoined Russell Gulch on the east. The Consolidated Ditch Co. was organized in 1859 to bring water to these mines from the headwaters of Fall River, and work was progressing on the ditch in June of 1860. Samuel Cushman, and J. P. Waterman, *The Gold Mines of Gilpin County, Historical, Descriptive and Statistical* (Central City: Register, 1876), 23; O. J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado* (Springfield: Bowles, 1867), 124; letters and news items, *Rocky Mountain News*, September 3, November 3 and 17, 1859, April 4, 1860.

Cross who had been around without finding anything. Walking sixteen Miles over these Mountains is anything but fun.

June 5th Tuesday. Went to Hinkley's Express office this A.M. and got a letter from Louisa which was quite acceptable as I had not heard from home since leaving it. The letter only cost a '*quarter.*'

We ran around until noon looking at a silver Lode also quarts Lodes both look very well only Uncle Lewis pronounces the silver mostly lead or mineral. P.M. I wrote two letters one too Theodore, a brother, and one to Ransom Sargent, a cousin,

Theatre at Hadlys Hall in the evening which is a log building close by camp.[13]

June 6th Wednesday.[14] A splendid A.M. the weather clear warm and balmy. We talked a little of buying a claim in Russels Gulch and walked over one or two high Mountains did not see anything but huge rocks. P.M. I mailed my letters and stayed at camp. I saw Mr Hoyland from Argyle today he arrived last evening and I judge is a little homesick.

Saw a number of Gents from Fayetts Wis. who came to this forsaken country to make their everlasting fortunes (out of pocket I am afraid). There are from four to five Steam Mills coming in every day and are being set up in most all the gulches improvments are going on rapidly.

June 7th Thursday. This fine A.M. We concluded to take our packs, which consited of Grub for two days, Blankets, Pick, Shovel and pan, and start for a gulch which had never been prospected any— went out by the Four Mile House and most too the lakes where we found a gulch that had never known the pick— stoping and laying down our packs we went to work sinking a hole Cross, and I diging, and Uncle Lewis paning worked hard most all day without finding a color and came to the conclusion that other men were sensible in passing by without diging so we started across lots for the wagons or camp we soon reached Missouri Gulch five miles from Gregory where we found a fine waterfall of twenty feet that I undertook to slide down and found my-self rolling down in double quick time which was not very pleasant for me but fun for the rest. We soon reached north Clear Creek and arrived at the camp some time after night.

June 8th Friday. We bought a claim on Russels Gulch this A.M. which we are to pay $100 for giving a wagon down and the

[13] The second floor of Hadley's log cabin at Mountain City was used as a theatre, and that June, a troupe including M'lle Haidee and the Wakeley Sisters was playing there. News items and correspondence, *Rocky Mountain News*, June 6, August 29, September 12, 19 and 26, 1860; Hal Sayr, "Early Central City Theatricals," *Colorado Magazine*, VI (January, 1929), 48.

[14] On this date the *Rocky Mountain News* reported that twenty wagons were leaving for the states.

balance after all expenses are paid.[15] Cross went after Knotts'es team which is over to South Clear Creek. did not come back. Cloudy all day and raind very hard P.M. David Shockly, John Souls, S. Rogers were at the camp also Hoyland the latter three talk of going home to see their '*Sallys.*'

June 9th Saturday. Uncle Lewis, Rogers and I went down to our claim this A.M. and prepard to build a cabin in the way of diging a *foundation* and cutting a few logs. Prospected the claim a little and got a good color P.M. returned back to Gregory which is five miles from the claim.

June 10th Sunday. I went over to Shocklys camp. Saw Hoyland who is bound for home. Cross got back with the team Newton and Wetty came with him both Knottses pardners the latter talks of going to America soon. Most of the men run thin sluces all the week and clean up on Sunday therefore the most of the business is done Sunday.

June 11th Monday. We started this A.M. bag and bagage for our New home which suits me for I am getting tired of climbing these Mountains without finding anything on account of the team not going very true we were sevn hours going five Miles went backwards most of the way. We concluded not to build a cabin but fix up our tent which we did Uncle Lewis sleeps in the wagon and the others in the tent all retired early.

June 12th Tuesday. Up early this A.M. warm and pleasant, Cross and Knotts went to making sluces and Uncle Lewis and I went to diging a drain ditch which has to be done before working our claim on account of water. We paid twelve cents a foot for lumber, to make the Sluices with. I found it every-thing but fun standing in cold water ankle deep all day with the hot sun pouring down on us. All this for a little gold.

June 13th Wednesday. All went to work. I find it not very agreeable Rogers came down to see Knotts about a little trouble between him and Souls, he stayed all night with us and I gave Knotts the name of Professor. Give me the old home instead of being in water ankle deep in the Rocky Mountains. Hoyland started home *yesterday.*

June 14th Thursday. Feel rather old this A.M. I do not know how Uncle Lewis feels as he pitches in without any complaint. Knotts went up to Mountain City with Rodgers and settled the

[15] Russell Gulch, sometimes Russel's Gulch, where Hawley stayed until March 27, 1861, was about two miles southwest of Mountain City. It was named after William and Oliver Russell of Georgia, who discovered gold and settled there on June 1, 1859. On June 18 the miners organized the Russell District and adopted laws governing their claims. In 1860 the census takers reported a population of 480. Percy S. Fritz, *Colorado, The Centennial State* (New York: Prentice Hall, 1941), 105, 118; Thomas M. Marshall, *Early Records of Gilpin County, Colorado* (Boulder: University of Colorado, 1920), map frontispiece and pages 48-9; *Eighth Census, Population,* 548.

trouble without any difficulty the rest worked as usual. Wash Hail John Poxton and Jo Furgeson passed here this afternoon they are all from Wyota Wis.

June 15th Friday. The Sluces were finished today which are 100 feet long all of them having long riffles in except the one to throw dirt in. We will now have more help in the water. Newton came over from Clear Creek after Knotts. Any amount of men working above us teams coming and going all the time from and to the States. it would not take a very large amount to start me but such thoughts must be banished.

June 16th Saturday. A fine day Knotts went over to Clear Creek with Newton. Three of us worked on the ditch but we make slow progress. I am glad to see the end of the week come if the times are blue quit work early.

June 17th Sunday. A beautiful A.M. and Day. I went up to the P.O. where I found all the men in the Mountains waiting for letters each one taking his regular turn. Mine came in the course of time without receiving a letter. I took dinner with David Shockly and then returned home. Newton came over instead of Knotts.

June 18th Monday. All went to work on the ditch and got along fine with it— Hale and Furgeson's teams passed here today going over to Lump Gulch— which I do not go much on. Any amount of teams passing and occasionly a quarts Mill. Retired early.

June 19th Tuesday. I jumped a claim this A.M. Uncle Lewis went to hunt Knotts'es team found them on a ranch—All worked as usual— lots of Men are commencing work below us therefore we have company enough.

June 20th Wednesday. Finished the ditch today which is two hundred feet long and from one to ten feet deep it cost us $60. P.M. we Set our sluces and run through considerabl dirt got a good prospect which is more encouraging than diging ditches.

June 21st Thursday. I went up to Mountain City this A.M. after a Sluce fork which I paid $5.50 and letters which I did not get. I got back at noon— washed dirt all day did not get a peck of '*dust.*' Fine day & cold night.

June 22d Friday. Knotts came over late last evening and returned this A.M. I shoveled dirt in the sluce all day which is any-thing but easy work. Knotts staked me off a quarts lode claim in Virginia District. Hands are very scarce wages $2.50 per day No coin to be had nothing but the ready dust and not much of that.

June 23d Saturday. Nothing happened A.M. worthy of note all worked as usual. P.M. two men got into a quarrel about

jumping a claim drawed revolvers but did not pull trigures therefore no one was hurt. Knotts came over from Clear Creek after Newton both returned in the evening. Don't know how much we make as we have no scales to weigh on. Retired early.

June 24th Sunday. On account of no where to go and not wanting to do any-thing we did not get up very early. I read a very little during the day in Pilgrims Progress and the Bible. P.M. I went down the gulch until I came to North Clear Creek. Saw Foothunter and others from Fayetts *Wis* got back at dark — walked about 5 miles.

June 25th Monday. This fournoon we set our sluces up which we have to do as fast as we work out our claim. Cross went away to help a 'Gent' make sluces. All the rest worked as usual. Newton and Knotts returned late last night therefore there are five of us in Co-partnership. Feet wet all day.

June 26th Tuesday. I started this A.M. to buy a shovel & Handle which I found by going up to the mouth of Lake Gulch. Paid $3.00 for them. I went on a mile farther and got the claim which I jumped recorded. Got back and worked P.M. as usual — Cross went to the Valley with Knotts'es team as feed is poor here in the Mountains. Claims below us are being worked. Rained P.M.

June 27th Wednesday. A beautiful A.M. everything passed off fine until noon with our sluce boxes when the men below us made a dam across our ditch causing the water to back up on us so that we could not work— We all went down to tear the damn down or be found trying but we had no trouble and we were all soon back at work. P.M. it rained and hailed very hard. I understand by old Mountaineers that the rainy season has just commenced, which will last sometime.

June 28th Thursday. Rained very hard for an hour or more this A.M. but didn't hinder us from doing a very good days work without receiving very much profit. Cross got back this evening he was at Denver and reports times livly there. It hailed very hard just at sun down covering the ground three inches deep.

June 29th Friday. All went fine today five of us worked making board and that is about all. Cloudy P.M. and sprinkled a little. I did some washing as we have to do our own washing as there is not woman in hearing which I do not admire very much. Had the rheumatism for the first caused by working in the water so much.

June 30th Saturday. A splendid A.M. Newton went over to Clear Creek after his wagon. Uncle Lewis dug a well— Cross and Knotts shoveled into the sluce, and I kept the tailings cleared away. So we were all busy at somthing a number of teams are leaving for the States every day and a number coming in. Raind.

July 1st Sunday. The first day of the month and the first day of the week came in beautiful. I finished reading Pilgrims Progress and read the bible a little. P.M. I went up on a high mountain where I got a splendid view of the plains, thirty Miles distance, and, the snowy range fifteen miles distance and is covered with snow the year round. here I had a splendid chance to think of the good old home. I got just in time to save my-self from resving a good ducking for it rained very hard for a short time.

July 2d Monday. A beautiful A.M. not a cloud to be seen — we heard a little noise last night from our neighbors below which was caused by whisky— I judge. We run the sclus as usual today Knotts not very well therefore did not work. Cloudy P.M. and rained which we hardly ever stop for as we are wet most of the time any way.

July 3d Tuesday. Every thing passed off pleasantly today— the Sun shone most of the time— did not rain any. I stood in the water more or less, which makes it very uncomfortable as the weather is quite warm and the water very cold. Knotts a little better— I think we are making board.

July 4th Wednesday. A rather dull 4th as I did not go anywhere but worked as usual. The day is fine Uncle Lewis went up to Lake Gulch to see a quarts Mill which has latly got in operation as his business out here is to see about bring a mill here. he likes the Mills very well but thinks there can be some improvements made on them. There is not much noise about the 4th. . . .

July 10th Tuesday. Cloudy all day and rained very hard — Took us until noon to dig our sluces out, got them placed & ran through a pile of dirt. On account of being in the water so much I feel quite unwell but not so but what I can work. There are some Ladies camped near us that helps to drive dull care away. Rained very hard the forepart of the night. Retired early.

July 11th Wednesday. The Sun shines warm & pleasant this A.M. Cloudy most of the time. I offered my interest in the claims for $25 could not find a purchaser Knotts offered me 25 cts. which is rather high for said claims. Uncle Lewis thinks we will get our money back. Rained quite hard.

July 12th Thursday. Very warm. Uncle Lewis not very well — The rest of us went to work cleaning out the ditches which the rain of yesterday filled up. We got everything all right by noon and worked a short time when it commenced raining and continued too all the Afternoon filling up the ditches, pits, carrying off sluces & *c c* which is very encouraging.

July 13th Friday. Quite warm. We got every thing straited up by noon & as we did yesterday— just got to slucing when one of the finest & hardest rains that it has been my lot to witness this summer, made its apperance washing every thing away which it came in contact. Some of the boys look rather blue, therefore I kept on the bright side but it was like tearing out an eye. Gold mining is anything but fun.

July 14th Saturday. This A.M. we hardly know where to commence for our digings are in rather a precarious situation, but pitched in got the sluces up & our pit partly cleaned out by noon. P.M. Knotts and Cross concluded that there were better mines south on over the snowy range, therefore Cross & Newtons started for the vally after the horses to go a prospecting which I think is a wise plan if they make nothing. I went up to Mountain City P.O. did not get any-thing. Uncle Lewis and Knotts worked in the claim. Rained. . . .

Aug. 1st Wednesday. Our neighbors below sold out this Morning for a fine sum to Man who knows a little more than the common run I guess he will not know quite so much after working his claim a-while. We are in hopes to sell out before many day's. I am on the sick list today Uncle Lewis and Newton Sluced a short time and got six dollars & thirty cents. Rained hard.

Aug. 2d Thursday. I feel rather unwell this A.M. the rest sluced a part of the day. Frank Elder was here to see if the prospectors had returned. There were two different men here to buy which is encouraging. Uncle Lewis went up to see what they had to purchase with. Frank stayed with us all night. I feel a little better. Raind during the day.

Aug 3d Friday. I hired Frank to work in my place today. We have the good fortune to sell out for what we called four hundred dollars in wagons oxen, Rifles, revolver and Sugar also a little coin. All is well that ends well I am out of the gulch which suits me but we have to wait a short time for part of our pay. If I had a little more I would leave the mountains.

Aug 4th Saturday. I made out the papers this A.M. but we do not give possession until Monday. Frank worked three forths of the day & went up to Mountain city. We have taken out $48 this week. Rained. . . .

Aug 8th Wednesday. Although far from home and deprived from socity here in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains I enjoy myself to a considerable extent. The Mountains sceneries are interesting and there is something new to be seen most evry day. The People here are from all parts of the States and the most of them have differnt habits especialy the Southerners. I hear nothing about politics but here as evry body is for mony and not for office but

unless the mines yield better I think there will be a few office seekers before long. . . .

Aug. 12th Sunday. Is a day which is not respected any more than any other by a large class of the miners as they sluce all the week & clean up on Sunday I. E. take the 'gold dust' out and pan & retort it ready for circulation. A great many gone by after raspberries. I had a fine mess for supper. read a little. Being alone most of the day my thoughts wander to a far distant home but it is know use a writing. . . .

Aug 18th Saturday. Today we are preparing for America We soon got our bagage in the wagons and bid farwell well to our old stamping ground and went up to the Lake where we camped for the night. Knotts went over to Clear Creek & I went up to the head of Grahams Gulch and saw John & George Schellenger got back quite late and sleeped in the wagon as I have done all summer.

Aug 19th Sunday. Now comes the tug of war whether I must go home or stay in the Mountains— Uncle Lewis offers to take me free of charge which is a better offer than I will get again but I have not got quite enough '*dust*'—I bought the oxen and wagon from the company paid $75 and bid them good by— Uncle Lewis Knotts & Cross Newton is going to stop in Gregory District and I took my team and went up to Schellengers. This has been a business day with me but I could not very well avoid it. Raind.

Aug 20th Monday. I hired out a short time at $1.50 per day and board to John, and George the latter and my-self went to work in the Iowa Lode close by the cabin there is no crevice in sight. John ran around and did not do any-thing. I find it much better working in dry ground than working in wet. I went out to see my cattle in the evening on a Moutain. Raind.

Aug. 21st Tuesday. George & I went to work in the lode. We have not much of a crevice yet. John went to see about getting work for his team to do which he accomplished. P.M. I went to drawing quarts with one team, and John took my cattle and drawed lumber from a Saw Mill upon a high Mountain to timber up shafts with. I drawed quarts from the Virginia Lode— in Virginia District to Roundes'es Mill in Russels Gulch and District. Quarts is on pounus rock which is found in lodes verrying from three inches up to six feet in width also verrying in richness— the gold is obtained by the aid of quarts Mills which run by steam and contain from six to twenty four Stamps—weighing from four to eight hundred each— this country is well supplied with Mills which I will notice more in the future. In the evening I fixed my bed which consists of Rocky Mountain feathers, Pine boughs, raind. . . .

Aug 26th Sunday. Weather warm and pleasant— I wrote two letters one to Mr John Saxton and one to Mr Hiram Hunnel.

John & George went to meeting. John J. Smith was here in the evening and night we had quite a long argument on religion as he terms himself a kind of an infidel. Business most as livly as any day. . . .

Sept 1st Saturday. Clear and warm, there was quite a Miners Meeting in the gulch today in regard to holding claims.[16] John went down to the office but did not get me a any letters. We had a Lady dine with us today which was quite flattering here in the wilderness. George did not do much of any thing. . . .

Sept 16th Sunday. A romantic scene occured near the cabin this A.M. 'Vis' a woman drawed a revolver on a man and would of shot him if the thing had of gone off but it was no go she tried the second time. John and I went and found the oxen. I wrote a long letter home. Our neighbors below fired over a hundred shots from revolvers during the evening. So much fer a Sunday.

Sept 17th Monday. We all went to work on the lode this A.M. except John who made a door to the cabin. I think of going to work on my own hook drawing quarts with my cattle. Contentment is happiness but it can not be derived from working by the day. A Comitee formed a resolution to hang a Lady and gentleman tonight but up to bed time no-body was hung. Weather fine.

Sept 18th Tuesday. Pistols firing and men a shouting all night no one hurt or hung this A.M. Cloudy, cold and dissagreeable all day I drawed quarts. Mr Mot Jones stayed with us tonight Nothing exciting going on today. Very cold at night. . . .

Oct 7th Sunday. A splendid day. If I could be at home this A.M. I think I could enjoy My-self more than it is possible to do out here for churches, good socity, and Morals are strangers to this country Every body came out here to make money therefore Sunday is the business day Stores are open, Mills are a clashing away pounding out the 'dust' and the gulches are lind with men runing the dirt through the sluces and this is the way we got our mony. John & I went ovr to the office as usual I got no letters. I read most of the day. Smith over. In the evening went over to see Kendal.

Oct 8th Monday. The weather as fine as a person can wish I drawed quarts in the place of George and he worked in my place on the discovery I got done at noon P.M. I built a place to put hay in No excitment.

Oct 9th Tuesday. We all went over to the new discovry this A.M. Named it the La Fayette Co. Lode and staked it off. We have a Georgian to work with us who professes to be a lawyer. I went up on the patch digings and saw Mathews and Vandeventer. John and Kendal went to find another lead. George and I went home early. Weather warm.

[16] A comprehensive set of laws was adopted on July 28, but that is the last such action reported in Marshall, *op. cit.*, pages 53-68.

Oct 10th Wednesday. John went after the oxen and one could not be found. George & I went back to the Lafayette and worked a short time when the water drove us out and we gave it up for the present. I drawed poles to finish my hay yard banked up the cabin and hunted for the lost ox without success. The Boys got returns from their quarts which paid $100 per cord. Smith here at noon and night.

Oct 11th Thursday. Today we helped John to fix up the wagon for Denver as we intend to buy our winter provisions there. John went after the ox again and gave him up for lost. Made some stools fixed the Table & prepared to live as bachelers ought to. Warm. . . .

Nov 14th Wednesday. A beautiful A.M. Snow five inches deep on the level— we have four hands hired one on the Topecia [Topeka] and three for the Kent Co. John over on the Kent—[17] George sick and I worked on the Topecia. There is some excitment about the New Mexico mines and great many are leaving for that part which is about 400 Miles South. We got the Presidential election returns from the Missouri River in fifty-Six hours a distance of six hundred miles Abe Lincoln of Illinois is supposed to be the President of the United States— no doubt but what they have had exciting times as Douglass and Beckenridge were also running for the chair. We know or care but very little about politics in this country therefore I do not keep posted as I should or ought to. Retired late. Eve beautiful. . . .

Nov 20th Tuesday. Snow four inches deep this A.M.—and quiet—cold all passed off well on the working line. We engaged two different Mills to do our crushing so as to give them a fair test. Nothing to do with the team so we set the driver to choping wood. Cut my toe most off.

Nov 21st Wednesday. The boys and Grim went over to help raise the cabin on the Kent Co—We intend to board our hands It took Alex and myself until noon to get the snow out of the Topecia. I went after the cattle at noon to draw quarts to Davies's Mill for us and the Free Port Mill also commenced drawing. The weather resembles the Wisconsin winters.

Nov 22d Thurday. It snows regular evry third day therefore it is snowing today. Grim drove my team to draw quarts got about done. John stayed at home—The rest in the Topecia all day. Read the Ancient History in the evening. Wind blowing.

Nov 23d Friday. This A.M. puts me in mind of the storm on the plains. As the wind is blowing a huricane carrying snow gravel and good size sticks with it and it is very cold. We did not think of

[17] The Topeka and Kent County mines are mentioned frequently hereafter. The Topeka was on a hillside north of Russell Gulch, while the Kent County was on Quartz Hill south of Nevadaville and about a mile from Hawley's cabin. Frank Fossett, *Colorado, Its Gold and Silver Mines* (New York; Crawford, 1879), 324 and sketch opposite 324; Donald C. Kemp, *Colorado's Little Kingdom*, (Sage Books, 1949), Plates 24 and 33 and page 99.

going out doors as it is hardly safe Several stoped in to warm. John made out to go to the P. O. in the evening I sent a paper home. At dark there was hardly any snow to be seen as it had all blowed away. Read a little & sleeped a little. . . .

Nov 27th Tuesday. We got returns from our quarts today Davis Mill got $45.60 and the Free Port Mill $109.40 each had ten cords and the same kind after paying for crushing we came out in debt but we are going to try it again if the Kent does as well we will keep trying. All worked as usual. . . .

Dec 8th Saturday. I did not sleep much on Account of the tooth ache all night and continued to until noon when I went to a Dr to have it extracted and in so doing he broke it off also loosing another so that I am in rather a precarious situation as far as eating and comfort is concerned— went down to the office and got four letters one of them for my-self directed in Johns name written by Mother and the first that I have receivd since last July. Clear & warm all day. . . .

Dec 17th Monday. Went over on the Kent where I found twelve hands putting in the times Most any way. Smith was over to the cabin Most of the day after nothing and stayed all night not knowing whether the hands were provided for or not I did not do much of anything. John not able to do ay-thing. Commecd a letter to Louisa.

Dec 18th Tuesday. I went after the cattle to take provisions Over on the Kent Co The Mill finished crushing the Topecia quarts which only paid $75.10 per cord we had 4¼ cords We gave the claim up. Went down to the city & got some flour & c for the claim and took it to the Kent Co Snowing.

Dec 19th Wednesday. I acted the woman while by ironing as the wind blows so that it is almost impossible to get out—Moderated a little P. M. And I went over on the Kent Co and settled up with Smith found that our expenses up to date have been $470.90 with no income yet. that is the way the mony goes. I find this a hard way of living.

Dec 20th Thursday. George and I got up a fine lot of wood A. M. P.M. I went over to see how the boys were doing found them doing about as they pleased. from there to Missouri City and then to Central City to see a Set of blacksmith tools and then to Mountain City P. O. got home a little tired. Wind blew very *hard*. . . .

Dec 24th Monday. I started this A. M. to open the Boon Lode[18] J. Kendal furnished a hand and we are to sink a shaft between claims got a good start. George over on the Kent. John in the house as his foot is not any better. Rathr dull for Christmas Eve.

[18] The Boone lode was in Gregory Gulch near Mountain City. Entries of March 13 and April 7, Hawley's Diary.

Dec 25th Tuesday. A beautiful A. M. Not much said about Christmas Most every body working as usual George took $60 worth of provisions over on the Kent County. I worked hard on the Boon. Had the tooth ache for a Christmas gift.

Dec 26th Wednesday. Christmas did not agree with me from the way I feel this A.M. but I worked as usual—We got out some fine looking quarts. After I quit work I went down to Central City to have some reording done but was to late. So I went home and after Tea went down to Pullmans Mill after the money from the Kent Co quarts which I did not get and the Gentleman and My-self changed opinions and I bid him good night.[19] The day warm, clear & pleasant.

Dec 27th Thursday. Warm and fine this A. M. John and I went down to Pullmans Mill found him cool & quiet got the returnes from the quarts which were $90 per cord had 2¼ cords went on down to the Boon and worked turned very cold P. M. John gave me a sentence in the Bible to read correctly which I did. . . .

Dec 31st Monday. This being the last day of another year I have been thinking about my success since leaving home which is anything but encouraging for I might of stayed at home and enjoyed the blessings of good Socity—fond Parents—Sister and Brothers—also of improving my mental faculties far more than I have yet done but forgetting the endearments of home I have enjoyed my self too a considerable extint—as I always had a desire to learn the ways of the world by expereinice rather than by study and I find a trip one thousand miles west is quit a start for a new beginner during the trip I had the pleasure of seeing men from most all parts of the U. S. I find that the men from the Northern States act—talk and their habits are some what alike—while men from the Southern States are not alike in their habits or do not resemble the Northerns in the least—I could soon tell a Georgian—or a Missourian from each other—much eaiser than I could distinguish one tribe of indians from another.

At the end of my journy I found my-self in the Rocky Mountains where I have since been seeking for riches with thousands of others. Mining is the foundation of this part of the Mountains and such I have been doing so far without ay success—but I intend to try it another year or more. The day has been warm and pleasant all passed off as usual. Good by A. D. */60.*

[19] Several times in the preceding two months, in entries omitted here, he mentioned Pullman's Mill, and once, on December 13, he bought provisions of Pullman and Lyon. George M. Pullman was among the miners in Russell Gulch in the 1860s and for a time was in partnership with James E. Lyon. However, the legend that he got the idea for the Pullman car while sleeping in a miner's bunk has been discredited by the *Pullman News*. See Kemp, *op. cit.*, 97-9.

I Remember Doctor Beshoar, Pioneer

JENNIE R. AULTMAN*

Among the old pioneers of southern Colorado none occupy a more prominent place in my memory than Dr. Michael Beshoar. He was born in Mifflintown, Pennsylvania, February 25, 1833. He studied medicine in the University of Michigan, whence he graduated with the class of 1853. A few years later he was a chief surgeon in the Confederate Army.

Following the close of the Civil War Dr. Beshoar moved to Pueblo, Colorado, where he operated the first drug store between Denver and Santa Fe, New Mexico. He founded the *Pueblo Chieftain* in 1868, which paper still has a large circulation. In 1867 he moved to Trinidad, where he lived and practised his profession until his death in 1907.

He was a member of the Colorado legislature in 1876, while Colorado was still a Territory.

Dr. Michael Beshoar was not only a good physician, but a good friend, and his ministrations as a physician and kindly deeds of service will ever linger in the memories of the old pioneers of this community.

He founded the Las Animas county "Early Settlers Association" and was its president, which position he retained until his death. He had been city and county physician, besides holding political positions in both the city of Trinidad, and Las Animas County.

A deed that will ever remain a monument to his memory was his gift of the large tract of land whereon Mt. San Raphael Hospital stands. Many persons both American and Spanish have lived because of his charitable kindnesses. A friend to every one he met, he brought a good many people from beds of sickness back to life, knowing their financial inability to pay for his services.

The old *Trinidad Advertiser*, no longer in existence, was founded by Dr. Beshoar in 1882.

What a thrill it was to me as a little girl to listen as he, our family physician, related anecdotes of the early days, some previous to my own birth, at which he was the attending physician. He was held in high esteem by my family always, so much so that when he passed away on September 5, 1907, my father, an old man then, felt he had lost the anchor for his declining years.

It may well be said of Dr. Michael Beshoar that those who knew him best were those who loved him best.

* Mrs. Aultman lives in Trinidad today.—Ed.