

# Charles Autobees

By JANET LECOMPTE\*

## I.

Uncle Charley Autobees, the veritable oldest inhabitant<sup>1</sup>, was in town on last Tuesday. He is a relic of the ancient days—was here when the ocean laved the foot of Pike's Peak, which was then an insignificant hill; has seen the Arkansas at its various stages of development since it was a brook, and still lives to tell of his thousands of adventures in those early days when he "was monarch of all he surveyed" and a great deal that he only hunted and trapped over.—*Colorado Chieftain*, April 1, 1869.

Charles Autobees was "a big powerful fellow afraid of nothing and smart enough to take care of himself."<sup>2</sup> He was over six feet tall, of "fine physique" and "commanding presence."<sup>3</sup> He had a loud, rough voice; the Cheyenne Indians called him "Hoarse Voice."<sup>4</sup> He had the thin lips, heavy nose, high cheekbones and dark skin of an Indian,<sup>5</sup> and one man who knew him well said he was a half-breed.<sup>6</sup> His face was "scarred and bronzed, framed by flowing locks of jet-black hair."<sup>7</sup> When he died, at the age of seventy, "his figure was as upright and straight as though he were in the prime of life, and his voice was as strong, powerful and commanding as when he first crossed the plains."<sup>8</sup> Nor was he all brawn and no brain. He was "a man of force, but uneducated;" he had "administrative ability,"<sup>9</sup> and he was "a pretty smart man."<sup>10</sup>

The origins of Charles Autobees are tangled beyond comprehension. His father, no one seems to doubt, was Francois Autobees, a St. Louis Frenchman who drowned while logging in the St.

\* Copyright, Janet S. Lecompte, 1957. Janet Shaw Lecompte has been working for a long period upon the Cragin notes and other materials relating to early Colorado. She was co-author with her mother, the late Dorothy Price Shaw, of an article entitled, "Huerfano Butte," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 27, No. 2 (April, 1950). She was author of "The Hardscrabble Settlement, 1844-1848," *idem.*, Vol. 31, No. 2 (April, 1954).—*Editor*.

<sup>1</sup> The oldest Colorado inhabitant at that time is not of record.—*Editor*.

<sup>2</sup> "Frontier Sketches," (Denver) *Field and Farm*, May 18, 1912, Dawson Scrapbook, VIII, 229, library, Colorado State Historical Society, Denver, Colo.

<sup>3</sup> *Denver Daily Republican*, June 20, 1882, Dawson Scrapbook, I, 373, Library, Colorado State Historical Society.

<sup>4</sup> Letter of George Bent to Geo. B. Grinnell, Oct. 20, 1902, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, reference courtesy of David Lavender.

<sup>5</sup> The photograph of Charles Autobees shown here is probably a copy of a tintype taken at Pueblo in about 1864 by Stephen S. Smith, Pueblo's first photographer. (J. F. Smith, Pueblo, Colo., July 18, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, record of interview in Early Far West Notebook XVII, 9, Cragin Collection, Pioneers' Museum, Colorado Springs, Colo.) The copy used here is from the Cragin Collection, and the identification under the picture is in F. W. Cragin's handwriting. There is another copy in the Colorado State Historical Society Library. [For a detailed description of the Cragin Collection see *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 25, No. 4, July, 1948, 166-178.—*Editor*.]

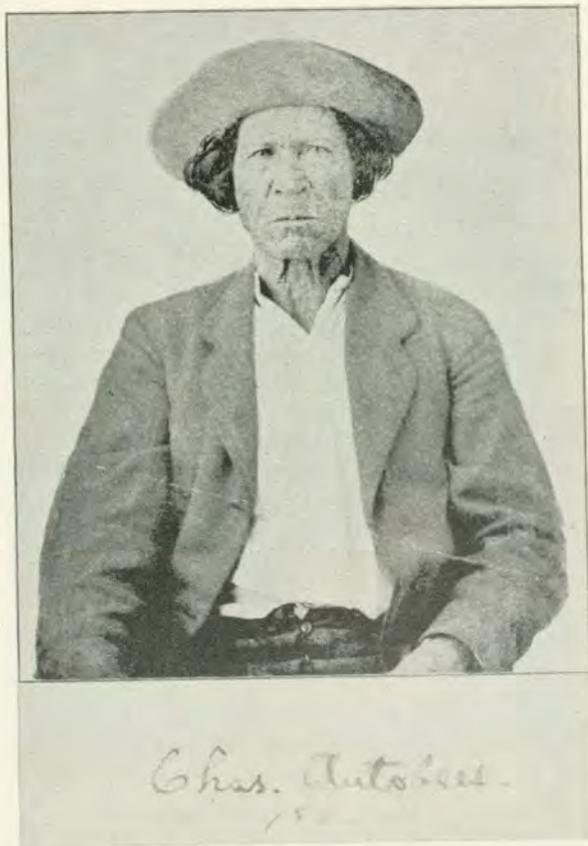
<sup>6</sup> Wilbur F. Stone, Pueblo, Colo., March 5, 1874, to Hon. Willis Drummond, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., in the Records of the General Land Office, Colorado Private Land Claim No. 17 (Vigil and St. Vrain grant), National Archives, Washington, D. C.

<sup>7</sup> [A. A. Bradford] "An Historical Rocky-Mountain Outpost," *Lippincott's Magazine* (December, 1880), 401-2.

<sup>8</sup> *Pueblo Chieftain* (weekly), June 22, 1882, p. 4, c. 2.

<sup>9</sup> O. H. P. Baxter, Pueblo, Colo., July 17, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN XVII-2, Cragin Collection.

<sup>10</sup> Mrs. A. A. Bradford, Pueblo, Oct. 23, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN III-83, Cragin Collection.



Lawrence river when Charles was three years old.<sup>11</sup> But his mother is described as: 1. An Englishwoman from Nova Scotia whose first name was Sarah and whose last name was something that sounded like "Issman" to Charley's illiterate son Tom,<sup>12</sup> (and it was probably "Meehan" as Tom's literate descendants say);<sup>13</sup> 2. An Irishwoman whose last name was Meehan;<sup>14</sup> 3. A mulatto;<sup>15</sup> and 4. An Indian.<sup>16</sup> On the two occasions when Charles himself was required to state his mother's name—at his marriage and at the baptism of his son—he gave two entirely different names: Serafina Feyta<sup>17</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Tom Autobees, Avondale, Colo., Nov. 10, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN X-39, Cragin Collection.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> Joseph Autobees to Rev. John Sierra, S. F., Nov. 11, 1956, Pueblo, Colo., interview reported to me through the courtesy of Father Sierra.

<sup>14</sup> Andrew J. "Jack" Templeton, Denver, Colo., August 27, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN XVII-24f, Cragin Collection.

<sup>15</sup> O. H. P. Baxter, *loc. cit.* Cragin Collection.

<sup>16</sup> Wilbur F. Stone, Pueblo, Sept. 14, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN N-19, Cragin Collection.

<sup>17</sup> Taos Parish Matrimonial Records, 1833-1845, 197, Chancery, Santa Fe.

and Carlota Rist (the "Rist" being my own transcription of this all but illegible word from the baptismal records).<sup>18</sup> At these same two occasions, Charley gave two somewhat different names for his father: Francisco Ortibi, and Juan Ortivi. The difference in the first names, not the last names, is the curious thing here, for Charley's name was spelled a dozen different ways throughout his life. Charley himself, his forebears and most of his descendants, were illiterate and unable to spell their own names, so the name was spelled phonetically: Audeby, Autebees, Ortibi, Otterby, Oterbies, Ortubiz, and many other variations. Towards the end of his life his neighbors at Pueblo, Colorado, decided that Charley's last name should be spelled Autobees or Autobee, and so it was henceforth spelled, in the newspapers and in legal documents. But when Charley's estate was finally distributed, his only literate heirs, two grandsons, signed their names on the settlement receipt, "Charles Autobees" and "Antonio Ortibis."<sup>19</sup>

Charles Autobees was born at St. Louis in 1812.<sup>20</sup> In 1823, after the death of Charley's father, his mother (the Nova Scotian this time) had another son, Tom, by an Irishman named Tobin, or Toben, or Tobens (Tom Tobin was illiterate, too).<sup>21</sup> When Tom Tobin was an old man, he referred to Charles Autobees as his stepbrother, suggesting no blood relationship between them.<sup>22</sup> But when he was a young man, in 1844 and again in 1848, he said he was the son of Francisco Ortivis and Maria Serafina Abeyta or Abeita—which is to say, Charley's full brother (allowing that Serafina Feyta and Maria Serafina Abeyta are one and the same woman).<sup>23</sup> But men who knew Tom Tobin or Charles Autobees or both, seem to agree that they had the same mother,<sup>24</sup> but none of them agree as to who she was.

Like many another St. Louis boy of that era, Charles Autobees went up the Missouri with a trapping brigade at an early age, found life in the wilderness attractive, and never returned to the States to live. In 1828, one story goes, he tore down a Whig liberty pole

<sup>18</sup> Taos Parish Baptismal Records, 1847-1850, 200, Chancery, Santa Fe.

<sup>19</sup> Administration papers, Charles Autobees, County Clerk's Office, Pueblo, Colo.

<sup>20</sup> On January 16, 1873, Charles Autobees testified that he was sixty years old. Testimony taken before Register of the Pueblo Land Office, now with Records of the General Land Office, Colorado Private Land Claim No. 17, National Archives, Washington, D. C. Tom Autobees agreed with this date: Tom Autobees, Avondale, Colo., Nov. 7, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN II-21. But other sources say Charley was born either in 1802 (*Denver Daily Republican*, June 20, 1882, Dawson Scrapbook I-373, Colorado State Historical Society); or 1809 (*Denver Tribune*, Feb. 9, 1879, p. 4, c. 1.)

<sup>21</sup> Edgar L. Hewett, "Tom Tobin," *Colorado Magazine*, XXIII, no. 5 (Sept., 1946), 211.

<sup>22</sup> Letter of Thomas T. Tobens, Fort Garland, Colo., Dec. 26, 1900, to Hon. Geo. L. Shoup, Washington, D. C., Colorado State Historical Society Library, Denver.

<sup>23</sup> Taos Parish Matrimonial Records, 1833-1845, 272; Taos Parish Baptismal Records, 1847-1850, 128, both at the Chancery, Santa Fe.

<sup>24</sup> O. H. P. Baxter, *loc. cit.*; A. J. "Jack" Templeton, *loc. cit.* and Tobin's grandson, Kit Carson III, verbal statement to Kenneth Englert, Colorado Springs.

erected at Fourth and Chestnut streets in St. Louis and to escape punishment he left town with some trappers.<sup>25</sup> A better source says he first went up the Missouri in 1825, trapped for seven years at the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and as far south as Arizona's Petrified Forest and the Gila river, "during which time he never saw bread."<sup>26</sup> Others of Charley's friends say merely that he came west sometime in the 1830's.<sup>27</sup>

Tom Autobees, Charley's youngest son born in 1849, is the only source for events of Charley's trapping days, and unfortunately Tom had a poor memory for dates and names. For instance, Tom says his father joined an American Fur Company brigade at St. Louis in 1828, in company with "Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Laforey, Beauvais, Bordeau, Chas. Nadeau, Chat Dubray, and old Charlefof, and Tom Tobin, A. G. Boone, Carlos Beaubien, Joseph Barnoy (generally nicknamed Levanway) and others . . ."<sup>28</sup> An examination (undertaken in the footnotes) of all these names, shows that many of the men on Tom's list could not have left St. Louis in 1828 with Charles Autobees. Some of them were associated with Charley later

<sup>25</sup> "Frontier Sketches," (Denver) *Field and Farm*, May 18, 1912, Dawson Scrapbook, VIII-229, Colorado State Historical Society Library.

<sup>26</sup> A. J. "Jack" Templeton, *loc. cit.* Templeton lived at Charley's ranch in 1859-1860 and his memory of Charley is remarkably clear and accurate, and checks very well with known facts.

<sup>27</sup> [A. A. Bradford] "An Historical Rocky-Mountain Outpost," *op. cit.*, says he first came to the Rocky Mountains as an American Fur Co. trapper in 1836; Wilbur F. Stone, letter of Mar. 5, 1874, to Hon. Willis Drummond, cited above, says, in the thirties; Josiah F. Smith (Pueblo, July 18, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN XVII-13, Cragin Collection) says about 1835.

<sup>28</sup> Tom Autobees to F. W. Cragin, Avondale, Colo., Nov. 7, 1907, EFWN II-21, Cragin Collection.

*Bridger* was successively a brigade leader for, and a partner in, Smith, Jackson and Sublette, or the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., the American Fur Company's chief competition in the Rocky Mountains in the late 1820's and early 1830's, and so would not have worked for the Upper Missouri outfit of the American Fur Co. See J. Cecil Alter, *James Bridger* (Salt Lake, 1925).

*Carson* did not trap out of St. Louis, but out of Taos. See Blanche C. Grant, ed., *Kit Carson's Own Story* (Taos, 1926).

*Laforey*—An Antoine Laforet was an American Fur Co. trapper in 1830, 1831, and 1833, according to the American Fur Co. account books in the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, as reported to me by Barbara Kell. Later, as we shall see, a Laforet was Charley's neighbor in Rio Colorado (Red River), N. M.

*Beauvais* was a Sioux trader for Bent, St. Vrain & Co. in 1846 (Garrard, *Wah-to-Yah*, Southwest Historical Series VI-58) and kept a Sioux trading post above Fort Laramie in the 1850's, according to many emigrant diaries of that period.

*Bordeau(x)* was factor at Fort Laramie in the 1840's and 1850's. (Fremont, Parkman, Bryant, Stansbury, etc., all mention him.)

*Chas. Nadeau* was an American Fur Co. trapper in 1831, and again in 1837-9. Accounts, American Fur Co., Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Barbara Kell.

*Chat Dubray*. There were Dubreils in the fur trade ever since the one who accompanied Hunt in his journey to Astoria. Chat Dubray was an early settler of LaPorte, Colo. 1859, an Arapahoe interpreter (Dubra) in early Denver *Rocky Mountain News* (weekly), Vol. 1, no. 3, May 14, 1859, and later a butcher on the Rosebud reservation. (F. K. Bivens, Whiterocks, Utah, Aug. 30, 1902, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN V-2, Cragin Collection.)

*Charlefof(x)*, Jean-Baptiste, was a Canadian Frenchman with an interesting set of adventures in California in 1837 (Bancroft, *Works*, XIX, 758; XX, 495, 518f) and at a trading post at Embudo, N. M., during the 1840's. He was a companion and friend of Charley Autobees in the 1850's, built probably the first house on the site of Trinidad, Colo., in 1860, and died on Autobees' ranch in the late 1860's. *Colorado Gazetteer* for 1871 (Denver, 1870), 397; Miguel Beshoar, *All About Trinidad and Las Animas County, Colorado* . . . (Denver, 1882).

*Tom Tobin* was too young to have accompanied his brother on these trips.

*A. G. Boone* was a trapper in the 1820's and could have been along on this first trip up the Missouri in 1828, but in the early 1830's he was involved in the Menominee war and other doings in Michigan and Wisconsin. H. W. Jones,

in his life, or were famous trappers like Bridger and Carson and were probably thrown into the list for flavor either by Tom or by his interviewer, F. W. Cragin. Only a few of the names could be found in a cursory examination of some of the records of the Upper Missouri outfit of the American Fur Company for that period, by Miss Barbara Kell of the Missouri Historical Society. A thorough examination would undoubtedly bring more to light. A list of American Fur Company employees on the upper Missouri river in 1830 and 1831 does not mention Charles Autobees, nor any other men on Tom's list.<sup>29</sup> The only men on the upper Missouri with a name like "Autobees" was Pierre Ortubise, a half-breed drunken boatman at Fort Tecumseh,<sup>30</sup> a guide for Maximilian in 1833,<sup>31</sup> and very possibly a relative of Charley's.

Tom forgot dates and names, but he remembered some of his father's tales. Tom tells us that the second brigade in which Autobees served left St. Louis in 1831, with a Captain Weiser at the head of it. There were thirty-five men, including Levanway, Jim Beckwith, Charles Carbonneau, Charles Nadeau, and Pete Simmons, a Dutchman who always fought Indians with a pipe in his mouth.<sup>32</sup> In the winter of 1831 and 1832 the brigade camped near the Flathead and Nez Perce villages on the Salmon and Bitterroot rivers in present Idaho. Autobees and Charles Nadeau both took Flathead squaws, and in due time there was born to Autobees' squaw a little girl whom Nadeau christened Eliza. One night when Eliza was three months old, Autobees and Nadeau were on horse-guard at the winter camp, standing outside their lodges which their squaws had built close together.

*Colonel Boone's Life. A Sketch of the Old Hero's Life by One Who Knows the Truth.* (Privately printed [by his son-in-law], 1884.) Charley undoubtedly knew Col. Boone best when Boone lived two miles away from Charley in the 1860's.

*Charles Beaubien* was a member of various trapping parties during the 1820's and 1830's, but invariably out of Taos, where he lived after 1826 (New Mexican Archives Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe). He was a famous man in New Mexico, a lifelong resident of Taos, and Charley knew him as did everyone else in the region, but probably not until Charley's trapping days were over.

*Joseph Barnoy, "Levanway."* He is probably the old Frenchman who worked on Francisco's and Daigre's ranch on the upper Huerfano in the 1860's, and whose name was given in Huerfano County Records as Joseph Livernois. As frequently happened, F. W. Cragin was attempting to transcribe the way Tom Autobees, who spoke Spanish and English, pronounced the French word "Livernois" and ended up with the phonetic "Levanway." "Barnoy" might be another of Tom's attempts to pronounce "Livernois." Levanway lived at Autobees' ranch in the late 1850's. Tom tells this story about him: Levanway and Portelance were "nor'westers" (trappers for the Northwest Fur Co. which was amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1821). They left Montreal, went to the land of the Esquimaux where they spent a winter. In the spring they tried to get back to Montreal, but they ended up instead on the headwaters of the Missouri, and trapped from that time on for the American Fur Co. (Tom Autobees, Nov. 9, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN II-70f.) A Joseph Portelance lived at Taos in the 1840's, and with Montgomey started a Mexican-Ute war in 1844, by the senseless murder of some of these Indians. (*The Colorado Magazine*, XI, no. 6, 226.) Levanway died at Walsenburg, Colo., in July, 1882. (Tom Autobees, July 9, 1907, EFWN II-70.)

<sup>29</sup> *Collections*, South Dakota Historical Society, Vol. IX (1918), pp. 234-249.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 155f.

<sup>31</sup> Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXII and XXIV, *passim*.

<sup>32</sup> To continue the examination of names Tom puts into his account of Charles Autobees' adventures on the upper Missouri:

Suddenly Autobees heard a sound like a stick hitting the taut skin-covering of the lodge. Turning to Nadeau he asked, "Did you throw a stick at the tent?"

"No," said Nadeau.

Autobees was alarmed. He went into his lodge and built a fire, and the baby woke up and cried—these are details he remembered about this tense night as he sat in the lodge and waited for daylight.

At dawn he sent out his Indian brother-in-law to scout. The boy ran back crying that he had seen a hundred Blackfeet, led by a chief named Nick-oose. The trappers prepared for a fight, and then they and their Flathead allies went out to meet the enemy on the broad plain beside the Salmon river. While the battle raged, a few Blackfeet sneaked into the trappers' camp, ransacked their lodges, stealing from Charley's lodge his broad-brimmed hat and two kegs of rum. As it turned out, those two kegs of rum saved Charley's life.

During the fight Levanway got shot in the eye, which made Pete Simmons so angry he burst out laughing every time he saw an Indian killed ("he was full of fun and didn't care for nothing," said Tom Autobees). Finally the Blackfoot chief was killed, and the mourning cries of "Nick-oose! Nick-oose!" could be heard all over the battlefield. At the end of the day the fight petered out into darkness. Many Blackfeet were left lying on the plain, and the trappers and their Indian allies considered themselves the victors.

But years later when Autobees, Jim Beckwith and others were reminiscing about this Salmon river fight at Charles Carbonneau's trading post on the Arkansas river, called "The Wolf Den,"<sup>33</sup> a strange Frenchman present began to ask questions about the fight. When they told him there had been a hundred Blackfeet, the stranger shook his head, saying, "No, not a hundred."

Autobees and Beckwith got hot at his bald contradiction, but the stranger said, "Hold on! Keep cool! Let me tell you, and then

*Jim Beckwith*, famous mulatto free-trapper and Crow chief during the 1830's, whose ghost-written autobiography, T. D. Bonner, *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth* (N. Y., 1856), indicates Jim was an American Fur Co. trapper, living with the Crows at this time, and while Charley probably knew him on the Upper Missouri, he probably did not leave St. Louis with him, and he also knew him in the early days of Colorado Territory, notably when they were together at Sand Creek in 1864.

*Charles Carbonneau* may have been one of the descendants of the famous Toussaint Charbonneau whose half-breed son by Sacajawea worked for the Bents in the early days of the fort. G. B. Grinnell, "Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders," *Collections*, Kansas State Historical Society, Vol. XV (1923), 35f.

*Pete Simmons*—A Peter Simonds is listed on the 1847-1850 roster of Pierre Chouteau & Co., successors to the American Fur Co. on the Missouri. Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, courtesy of Barbara Kell.

*Captain Weiser*. There was a "Wisor" with the Upper Missouri outfit of the American Fur Company in 1834, no relation, apparently to the Peter Weiser for whom Oregon's Weiser river is named. Stella Drumm, library, Missouri Historical Society, to the librarian, Oregon Historical Society, letter in the files of the latter society.

<sup>33</sup>Tom Autobees says this post was across the Arkansas from Nepesta, Colo., but according to G. B. Grinnell, whose source was George Bent, Wolf Den creek was the old name for Haynes creek, which enters the Arkansas opposite the mouth of the Huerfano, about ten miles upstream from Nepesta. Grinnell, "Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders," *op. cit.*, sketch map in back.

you can see if I know." He described the battle accurately (he had probably been a trader in the Blackfoot camp, though Tom does not say so). Then he told them that the Nick-oose band had been only a small part of the Blackfeet nearby. The marauders who stole Charley's two kegs of rum brought the liquor back to the Blackfoot camp, and divided it up among the main body of Indians, and they all got drunk. If the trappers had known this, and followed the defeated Nick-oose band back to their camp, they could have wiped out the whole she-bang. And on the other hand, had the Indians not stolen the rum, there would have been no white men left to tell the story.<sup>34</sup>

After the Salmon river fight, continues Tom Autobees, the trappers remained at the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, spending the winters at the Flathead and Nez Perce villages. In 1834 Autobees, Nadeau and others came south to the frontier Mexican village of Taos, where they bought trade goods to take back to the Upper Missouri. While they were staying at Taos somebody stole all Charley's horses. The other trappers returned north, but without his horses Charley could not accompany them. He stayed in New Mexico and went to work for Simeon Turley at the distillery on the Rio Hondo, a few miles north of Taos.<sup>35</sup>

At this point in Charles Autobees' biography we are faced with two mutually contradictory propositions: 1. Charley worked for Charles and William Bent on the upper Arkansas river in what is now Colorado, in or before 1834; 2. Charley never laid eyes on the upper Arkansas river until 1837. Of the two propositions, the latter is more likely to be valid, for it is supported by the sworn statement of Charley himself. At Pueblo in 1873, when he was sixty years old, of sound mind and memory, Charley said he first came to "this country" in 1837; he stated he had been acquainted with "that locality," referring to the Greenhorn fork of the St. Charles river which enters the Arkansas from the south about six miles below Pueblo, since 1837.<sup>36</sup>

But it was hard for some people to believe that Charley was not present at such an important event as the building of Bent's Fort. His obituary says he "assisted in the building of Bent's old fort, near where Fort Lyon now stands."<sup>37</sup> Until recently historians

<sup>34</sup>Tom Autobees, Nov. 9, 1907, EFWN II-71f, Cragin Collection.

<sup>35</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>36</sup>Testimony of Charles Autobees taken before Irving W. Stanton, Register, Pueblo land office, Jan. 16, 1873, in re claim of Estefana Hicklin, Records, General Land Office, Colo. Private Land Claim No. 17, National Archives, Washington, D. C.

<sup>37</sup>*Pueblo Chieftain* (weekly), June 22, 1882, p. 4, c. 2. Among other errors this article makes, it says: ". . . he [Autobees] first crossed the plains in 1842 with Kit Carson and his company of trappers, and since which time Colorado has been his home," none of which is true, and we may conclude that the article was not based on information deriving from his close friends or relatives. It is just possible that the article might have meant that Autobees assisted at the building of Bent's New Fort in Big Timber in 1853, which was near Fort Lyon, but in that case it would hardly have been worth mentioning, in a short article. However, Charley was at Big Timber in the spring of 1853, as we shall see later.

claimed that the fort took four years to build, from 1828 to 1832. These dates were based chiefly upon the testimony of George Bent, William Bent's half-breed son, born in 1843, interviewed sixty years later, and by that time not the least interested in the correctness of his dates. Then in 1954, Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, Cresswell Taylor, and David Lavender, each writing independently about the founding of the fort and using contemporary sources, proved beyond doubt that George Bent's dates were wrong and that the fort was built not earlier than 1833, not later than 1834.<sup>38</sup> So, if Charley left the Upper Missouri in 1834 and reached Taos in 1834, as Tom Auto-bees says, his stay on the Arkansas was just long enough to put some finishing touches on the big adobe fort, already standing and in use, before going on to Taos.

George Bent, in letters to and interviews with both George B. Grinnell and George E. Hyde, gives Charles Autobees a much longer tenure with the Bents. Grinnell says:

Charles Autobee was employed by the Bents as a beaver trapper in the years prior to the building of Bent's Fort. He once told George Bent that he was in the Bent stockade on the day when Bull Hump visited the place searching for the Cheyennes. This was in 1828.<sup>39</sup>

The first part of this could be true in any event, since the Bents were trappers on the Upper Missouri before they became traders on the Arkansas, and part of Charley's service on the Upper Missouri could well have been in the employ of Charles Bent before 1829, when Bent turned Santa Fe trader.

But the story about the Bent stockade, a little picket post that William Bent used to trade with the Cheyennes before he built the big adobe post, needs to be examined. Most of the available information about this little stockade comes from George Bent, and most of it is so confused as to be worthless. George Bent locates the post: 1. At the mouth of the Purgatory river,<sup>40</sup> 2. At the mouth of the Huerfano river;<sup>41</sup> 3. At the mouth of the Fountain river, where the city of Pueblo now stands;<sup>42</sup> 4. On the Arkansas above Pueblo;<sup>43</sup> and other points in between. The date the post was erected and in operation ranges with equal freedom in George Bent's references from 1826 to 1834. Having established George Bent's fallibility as a witness, let us quote the Bull Hump story:

<sup>38</sup> Hafen, "When Was Bent's Fort Built?" *Colorado Magazine* XXXI, no. 2; Taylor, "Charles Bent Has Built A Fort," *Bulletin*, Missouri Historical Society, Vol. XI, no. 1; Lavender, *Bent's Fort* (N. Y., 1954).

<sup>39</sup> "Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders," *op. cit.*, 38.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

<sup>41</sup> Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes* (Norman, Okla., 1956), 39.

<sup>42</sup> George E. Hyde, Ms. life of George Bent, Chap. II, p. 12, Western History Dept., Denver Public Library, Denver, Colo.

<sup>43</sup> Letter of George Bent, Colony, Okla., Dec. 4, 1905, to F. W. Cragin, Colorado Springs, now in Cragin Collection, Hall, Smiley, Coues, etc., copied *History of the Arkansas Valley, Colo.* (1881) in interpreting "above Pueblo" to mean half-way between Pueblo and the mountains, a place where no post for trade with the Plains Indians could possibly be located because of the proximity of the fierce and hostile mountain Utes.

Bull Hump of the Comanches came north in 1826 or 1827, hunting for the Cheyennes, and stopped at Bent's Stockade on Fountain river right where the city of Pueblo now stands. Charlie Autobee was working as a beaver-trapper for my uncle and my father at that time, and forty-six years ago he told me this story of Bull Hump's war party. My father used to tell the story too. A party of Cheyennes had been out hunting for the Utes and Apaches and were visiting at the stockade when Bull Hump and his party approached. My father used to tell us how he hid these Cheyennes among the trade-goods when the Comanches appeared, as he knew the Comanches would kill them. Bull Hump, however, saw the fresh moccasin-tracks of these Cheyennes around the stockade and asked where the Cheyennes were. My father told him the Cheyennes had gone north a little while before to a Cheyenne village on the South Platte. Bull Hump then left the stockade and went up to the Platte. On the South Platte the Comanches found a Cheyenne camp of about one hundred lodges. They thought all the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were camped here close together, so they were afraid to make an attack. They waited until after dark, then slipped into the camp and cut loose a large number of horses. With this herd they started south, riding hard, for they feared that a big body of Cheyennes and Arapahoes would soon be after them. Many of these horses had been stolen from Comanches by the Cheyennes, and Bull Hump must have felt tickled at getting them back.<sup>44</sup>

This is only one version. George Bent had other versions, with other dates and other locations of the picket post. Sometimes he even set the scene at the big adobe fort instead of the stockade.<sup>45</sup> But he stuck to his story through all the variations, that it was Charles Autobees who told him about Bull Hump's war party, and who witnessed the whole incident.

Tom Autobees also had something to say about Bent's picket post, but he did not connect his father with it. Tom's uncle, Guadalupe Avila, told Tom that he made the adobes for Gantt's post at the mouth of Chico creek which comes into the Arkansas from the north five miles below Pueblo. He and Dominguez Madrild, both of Taos, were hired in Taos, and began making adobes on the Arkansas in May, 1833, at which time William Bent had a little log trading post three miles below, or east, of Chico creek.<sup>46</sup> It is possible that Charles Autobees heard the story of Bull Hump's war party from his brother-in-law Avila, who would have been close at hand when it happened.

Sometime during the thirties, perhaps while trapping on the Upper Missouri, Charles Autobees took a Cheyenne wife named

<sup>44</sup> George E. Hyde, Ms. life of George Bent, Chap. II, p. 12, Western History Dept., Denver Public Library.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, Chap. I, 9; Chap. III, 15; Letter of George Bent to George E. Hyde, April 10, 1905, Western History Dept., Denver Public Library; Grinnell, "Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders," 39.

<sup>46</sup> Tom Autobees, Nov. 8, 1907, EFWN II-68f, Cragin Collection. In another reference Tom assigns another location to Bent's picket post: "The location of the Bent's picket fort of 1833, 3 mi. below Gantt's fort (both on N. side Ark. river) was about 2 miles above the mouth of Chico. Gantt's fort was pretty close to the river; Bent's picket post was further from the river, back in the river flat." (Nov. 10, 1907, EFWN X-38).

Picking Bones Woman, by whom he had a son, John Ortebee or Otterby. G. B. Grinnell interviewed Picking Bones Woman in the early 1900's, when she was very old and living on the Southern Cheyenne reservation at Colony, Oklahoma. Her son, John Ortebee, also lived on the reservation then, and was employed off and on by the Indian Service.<sup>47</sup> When Charley began to live at Taos he left Picking Bones Woman with her tribe, but her son John is probably the Juan de Dios Autobeas who lived with the Autobeas family at Rio Colorado [Red River, a village twenty miles north of Taos], in the 1850's and on the Huerfano later. He was licensed as a vintner in Taos county in 1858, by which time he must have reached his majority and therefore was born sometime before 1837.<sup>48</sup> In 1868 Juan de Dios was a Justice of the Peace for Pueblo county, Colorado,<sup>49</sup> and in 1873 he is listed as tax delinquent in Pueblo county.<sup>50</sup> We hear no more of him after that. Perhaps he returned to his Cheyenne people at that time and spent the rest of his life in Oklahoma. At any rate, he was not a legitimate heir of Charles Autobeas, for no John or Juan is listed among Charley's heirs.<sup>51</sup>

Tom Autobeas says his father came to Taos in 1834, went to work for Simeon Turley at his mill near the village of Arroyo Hondo on the Rio Hondo, and there met and married Serafina Avila (Abila).<sup>52</sup> They had five children who survived infancy: Mariano, born 1837; José Maria (Joseph), born 1842; Francequita (Frances), born 1845; Manuelita, born 1846; and Tomas (Tom), born 1849.<sup>53</sup> Serafina Abila was the daughter of Juan de Jesus Abila and Maria Antonia Pacheco of Abiquiu, N. M., who were both dead at the time of her marriage. The ceremony was performed on November 28, 1842, probably after the birth of their second son, José Maria, by the priest of Taos, Antonio José Martinez. Sponsors were the priest's brother Pascual Martinez, and Maria Teodora Gallegos; witnesses were Antonio Martinez and Juan Bautista Medina.<sup>54</sup> Serafina shared Charley's joys and sorrows until her death, caused by a

<sup>47</sup> Grinnell, *The Cheyenne Indians* (New Haven, 1923), Vol. I, pp. 11, 152. *Idem.*, "Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders," 39. However, in a letter to Grinnell dated Oct. 20, 1902, Bent said, "[Charles Autobeas] had several sons John Otterbee married Picking Bones at Huerfano and this is John Otterbees father, so Old Charley Autabee is his grandfather." Southwest Museum library, Highland Park, Los Angeles, Calif., copied for me by Ella Robinson, librarian.

<sup>48</sup> Taos (N. M.) county record, Book AA, "Licencias concedidas . . ."

<sup>49</sup> Pueblo (Colo.) county records, Book I, p. 536.

<sup>50</sup> [Pueblo] *Colorado Chieftain*, March 6, 1873, p. 2, c. 5.

<sup>51</sup> Administration papers, estate of Charles Autobeas, Pueblo (Colo.) County Clerk's Office.

<sup>52</sup> Tom Autobeas, Nov. 9, 1907, EFWN II-76.

<sup>53</sup> Tom Autobeas, Nov. 7, 1907, EFWN II-21. I have examined the baptismal records of the Taos church from 1837 to 1850 (now in the chancery at Santa Fe), and have discovered no other baptisms recorded for the Charles Autobeas children than that of "José Tomas," son of Carlos Ortivis and Maria Serafina Abila of Plaza de Dolores (Arroyo Hondo), baptized by Padre Antonio José Martinez on July 4, 1849, when he was 8 days old. Paternal grandparents were Juan Ortivi and Carlota Rist (?), and maternal grandparents were Juan de Jesus Abila and Maria Antonia Pacheco. Taos Parish Baptismal Records, 1847-1850, 200.

<sup>54</sup> Taos Parish Matrimonial Records, 1833-1845, 197. Chancery, Santa Fe.

"dropsical condition," nearly thirty years later. Her obituary gives us the only fragmentary description we have of her: "She formed many acquaintances who respected her for her goodness of heart and many social qualities."<sup>55</sup>

<sup>55</sup> [Pueblo] *Colorado Chieftain*, Nov. 23, 1871, p. 3, c. 3.

## II

From the time when he first arrived at Taos, between 1834 and 1836, until January, 1847, Charles Autobeas worked for Simeon Turley, the leading purveyor of the vicious whiskey that made Taos famous. Turley was a native of the Booneslick area of central Missouri. When he was 21 years old, Turley went to Santa Fe with a wagonload of goods in the caravan that left Independence in May, 1827.<sup>1</sup> In 1830 he left his Missouri home forever and settled at Taos where he opened a store to sell his goods.<sup>2</sup> In the spring of 1831 he moved to the Rio Hondo, twelve miles north of Taos, and began the operation of his distillery.<sup>3</sup> On the banks of the Rio Hondo he had a farm to grow the wheat and corn he used in his product and a grist mill to refine it. At first he sold whiskey locally, at Taos and Santa Fe, and to the Indian traders who bought their supplies at Taos. As the thirties progressed, trade with Indians along the North and South Platte and the Arkansas began to expand, and the rendezvous system of meeting the Indians once a year at a designated spot gave way to trading with them all the year around at chains of trading posts. To these posts Turley sent Charles Autobeas with whiskey to trade for beaver skins, buffalo robes, and drafts on St. Louis banks. Autobeas transported the liquor in barrels containing about 4½ gallons of whiskey apiece, tied on the backs of mules. The first contemporary reference we have to Charles Autobeas is a memo that the firm of Sarpy and Fraeb, proprietors of Fort Jackson on the South Platte, had paid from its outfit the amount of \$13 to "Charles Ottabeas" some time before March 1, 1838, the date of the memo.<sup>4</sup>

In the winter of 1841 and 1842 Autobeas was at Fort Lupton, another of the South Platte forts that did business with Simeon

<sup>1</sup> *Missouri Intelligencer*, May 24, 1827, p. 2, c. 4, courtesy of Lester F. Turley of El Monte, Calif., to whom I am indebted for the use of his manuscript on the life of Simeon Turley containing many references to Charles Autobeas from the Turley papers, Missouri Historical Society, and other sources.

<sup>2</sup> Turley to Manuel Alvarez, Jan. 28, 1841, Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., courtesy of Lester F. Turley.

<sup>3</sup> Job F. Dye, *Recollections of a Pioneer, 1830-1852* . . . (Los Angeles, 1951), p. 17.

<sup>4</sup> This document bears the names of other men associated with Autobeas at various times: John H. Albert, Labonté, and Henry "Bier" (see below). "Memo of Amount paid from the outfit of Messrs. S. & F. up to March 1st, 1838, in Goods." P. Choteau Maffitt Collection, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Mo.

Turley. There, according to Tom Autobees, Charley was a witness to a duel between Rube Herring and Henry Beer in which Beer was killed.<sup>5</sup>

During the 1840's Turley's business changed somewhat. In 1841 Turley's biggest competitors, Roland and Workman, left Taos for California. While they were engaged in selling out their stock of whiskey at half price, Turley could sell none of his own at a profit so he turned to ranching. From that time on he dealt not only in whiskey, robes, pelts and specie, but in corn, wheat, and cattle.<sup>6</sup> In the winter of 1843 and 1844 Charles Autobees was sent to Fort Lupton (also called Fort Lancaster for its proprietor, Lancaster P. Lupton), with flour, corn, and whiskey, which he traded for livestock:

Fort Lancaster Jany. 28th 1844

Rich O. Wilson Bot of S. Turley per C. Ortubiz

147 lbs flour @ \$12 a faneaga	\$14.70
One Sack corn pr Stiles	14.00
16 Galls. whiskey @ 4.00 per Gall.	64.00

\$92.70

Received of L. P. Lupton 5 cows @ 12.00	\$60.00
2 steers @ \$10.00	20.00
3 calves @ \$4.00	12.00

In all amounting to ninety two dollars in payment of the above.

his  
Charles x Ortibiz<sup>7</sup>  
mark

In 1842 Simeon Turley started a branch store or depot in the Pueblo on the Arkansas at the mouth of the Fountain river. Fort Pueblo was an adobe trading post established in the spring of 1842 by George Simpson, Joseph Doyle, and Alexander Barclay, all former employees of the Bents. From the mill at Arroyo Hondo Autobees was sent up the San Luis valley, over the Sangre de Cristo pass onto the eastern slope of the mountains (the Taos trail route) with mule pack trains bound for Fort Pueblo. There he left the whiskey, to be sold at the fort by Turley's man whose name, Tom Autobees thinks, was Green, or to be taken north to the forts on the South

<sup>5</sup> Tom Autobees, Nov. 10, 1907, EFWN X-36. Tom says this Herring-Beer duel was the result of a Fourth of July celebration at the fort, and gives no year for it, but the duel between Herring and Beer is described by Rufus Sage, *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains* (Phila., 1843), 161, and dated the winter of 1841-2. Tom has apparently gotten the Herring-Beer duel mixed up with another that occurred on July 4, 1843, at Fort Lupton, mentioned by J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition* . . . (Washington, D. C., 1845), 120.

<sup>6</sup> Simeon Turley, Taos, April 18, 1841, to Jesse B. Turley, Arrow Rock, Mo. Turley papers, Missouri Historical Society, courtesy of Lester F. Turley, El Monte, Calif.

<sup>7</sup> P. Choteau Maffit Collection, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

and North Platte. At Pueblo Autobees loaded up the wagon Turley kept there with the season's trade and traveled east with it to Independence, Mo.<sup>8</sup> At other times Autobees took Turley's wagons east in the caravans that traveled the Santa Fe trail. A letter from Simeon Turley at Taos to his brother Jesse in Arrow Rock, Mo., dated April 18, 1843, was sent "care of Mr. Charles Ortubese." The letter said that Simeon's wagon was at Robert Fisher's fort on the Arkansas (this was Fort Pueblo—Fisher had an interest in the post),<sup>9</sup> and from that place Jesse would receive buffalo robes and beaver, while from the distillery at Rio Hondo Turley would send, by Charles Autobees presumably, buffalo robes, beaver, and \$600 in silver.<sup>10</sup>

Autobees went east in the spring of 1845 and returned to New Mexico in August with a wagon of Turley's goods, valued at \$759.48, which he introduced to the customs house at Santa Fe on August 30, 1845.<sup>11</sup> He probably traveled in the same caravan as James J. Webb, although Webb does not mention Autobees in his long account of the journey. Webb's wagons left Independence early in June and went along the Santa Fe trail to the Cimarron crossing. There the caravan took the route along the Arkansas river to Bent's Fort instead of the shorter Cimarron branch of the trail, in order to avoid some Texan guerillas who were threatening trains along the Cimarron road. At Bent's Fort six men were detached from the caravan and sent ahead to Santa Fe over the Taos trail. Among the men sent ahead was "Tom Otobus," who, in spite of his youth, became the guide and captain of the little company, indicating his thorough knowledge of the country. This seems to be the first time Charley's half-brother Tom, later known as Tom Tobin, is mentioned in a contemporary reference, other than the record of his marriage in 1844,<sup>12</sup> although he had been in New Mexico, probably living at Arroyo Hondo with Charley, since 1837.<sup>13</sup> At Rio Colorado

<sup>8</sup> Tom Autobees, July 29, 1908, EFWN IV-11; Nov. 9, 1907, EFWN II-51f, Cragin Collection.

<sup>9</sup> Those who say Fisher had an interest in the fort are Mrs. George Simpson, El Paso, Texas, Oct. 31, 1904, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN I-11; Mrs. Felipe Ledoux, Las Vegas, N. M., to F. W. Cragin, June 17, 1908, EFWN VIII-1.

<sup>10</sup> Turley Papers, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, courtesy of Lester F. Turley.

<sup>11</sup> Customs' receipt, Ritch Collection, No. 226, Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.

<sup>12</sup> "Tomas Ortivi, hijo de Franco Ortivi y Ma Serafina Abelta" married Maria Pascuela Vernal of Plaza de Dolores (Arroyo Hondo) on Nov. 3, 1844. Taos Parish Matrimonial records, 1833-1845, 272. Charles Autobees was neither sponsor nor witness to this marriage, but "Carlos Ortivis" and "Ma Serafina Abila" were godparents to Tom's son José Narciso, born and baptized in September, 1848. Baptismal records, 1847-1850, Taos Parish, 128.

<sup>13</sup> By Tom Tobin's own account, as reported in Edgar L. Hewett's "Tom Tobin," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXIII, no. 5 (Sept. 1946), 211. "Tomas Ortibi" is mentioned in an anonymous document entitled "List of Naturalized Foreigners Resident at Taos and Lo Demora [Mora, N. M.] on September 20th, 1845," in the New Mexican Archives, Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, copy in the Cragin Collection. Charles Autobees is not mentioned in this list but a "Juan Bta. Ortibi" is, who might be Charley with the wrong first name. If Juan Bautista Oribi is

Tom thought he saw Indians, but they turned out to be Mexicans, among whom was Tom's brother-in-law. When the six men reached Arroyo Hondo, Webb says, "We left Tom at Turley's and proceeded direct to Santa Fe." In the meantime, the wagons had left Bent's Fort and rolled up the Timpas, over Raton Pass to Santa Fe, where Webb entered his goods at customs 83 days after leaving Independence,<sup>14</sup> or at about the same time that Charley entered Turley's wagon.

In 1846 Charles and Tom Autobees were among those placed in possession of a grant of public land. It was the policy of Manuel Armijo, governor of New Mexico from 1837 to 1844 and off and on during 1845 and 1846, to make grants of public lands to his friends, his political supporters, and, it seems, to anyone who asked for one. Armijo justified his distribution of the public domain by the fact that the land he granted, however fertile and irrigable, rich in minerals or timber, had to be defended constantly and at the risk of one's life from the Navajos on the west, the Utes on the north, and the Comanches and Apaches on the east, as well as the Texans, whose threats of invasions frightened Armijo more than attacks of Indians. Armijo hoped that by settling these frontier lands with hardy men who farmed with guns in their hands, he could protect the little frontier villages and save his own militia and the troops which the citizens were forever being called upon to furnish, from that endless and hopeless duty.<sup>15</sup>

On December 31, 1845, Juan Carlos Santistevan, for himself and four *companeros* (whose names were not given in the petition), all of Dolores (Arroyo Hondo), made petition to Armijo, stating that he and his friends had no land to cultivate, that they had found a suitable tract with plenty of water, that the land was vacant and its cultivation would hurt no one else, in fact, would tend to protect the people of Rio Colorado a league (2.63 miles) to the north and San Cristobal somewhat farther than a league to the south. The petition was signed by Santistevan in Santa Fe, and the grant was

not Charley, we are faced with questions as to whether he had moved temporarily from Taos County (for other residents of Arroyo Hondo were included in the list), or whether he was simply overlooked, or whether he never became a naturalized Mexican citizen. I have not found any naturalization papers for Charles Autobees through inquiries to the Henry E. Huntington Library, or in the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, where the New Mexican Archives (the remainder of them) now repose.

Another list of Americans living in Taos (which included Arroyo Hondo and as far north as Rio Colorado) as of January 30, 1841, was made out by Charles Bent for the use of Manuel Alvarez, American Consul at Santa Fe. In this list neither Charles nor Tom Autobees appear. List enclosed with a letter of Bent, Jan. 30, 1841, to Alvarez, Benj. Read Collection, Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe.

<sup>14</sup> J. J. Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade*, Southwest Historical Series, I, 130f.

<sup>15</sup> Armijo acted within the provisions of the National Colonization Law of January, 1823, and other laws governing the granting of the public domain of Mexico, presented in translation by Elias Breyvoort, New Mexico, *Her Natural Resources and Attractions*, etc. (Santa Fe, 1874). However, Armijo ignored the Mexican law when it pleased him to do so, as we shall see in connection with another grant.

made the same day by Armijo, indicating, perhaps, that the petitioner had talked to Armijo first and gotten his approval before submitting the petition. Armijo's endorsement on the petition was a few scribbled words to the prefect of Rio Arriba county, in which the land was located, ordering him to see if the land was vacant, and if so, to instruct the nearest *alcalde* (Justice of the Peace, mayor, and judge, rolled into one) to place the applicants in possession of the land.

On January 3, 1846, the prefect of Rio Arriba county, Diego Lucero, wrote the *alcalde* of Dolores to place the petitioners in possession of the land if it were vacant, on condition that the petitioners promise to enclose their cultivated land with fences, but keep open the roads, common pastures and watering places within the grant, and that at all times they keep arms sufficient for their defense. On March 20, the *alcalde* of Dolores, Juan Lorenzo Martinez (to use his own description, comical in its official translation):

... proceeded to the tract, and finding the same uncultivated and unoccupied, took the petitioners by the hand, and leading them very slowly and in full legal form, in virtue of holding competent authority, I placed them in possession of the land they pray for for cultivation, they being without land in fee, doing so in the name of God and of the high authority of our wise Mexican laws, which are sufficient to grant the public domain, to the end that idleness be banished and agriculture be encouraged. Wherefore they, at the instant they received their liberal donation and were favored in this manner, they shouted with joy, saying huzza for the renowned sovereignty of the Mexican nation! And, in this joy, they plucked up grass and cast stones, as being lawful proprietors of the land . . .<sup>16</sup>

The *alcalde* was supposed to measure the land and place mounds at the boundary corners, but "owing to the very inclement day and the much thicket which impeded the cord" he omitted this requirement, so the boundaries of the grant remained forever vague: on the north by the Rio Colorado, on the south by San Cristobal creek, on the east by the mountains, on the west by the rocky bluffs of the Rio Grande. (A rough estimate of the area covered by the grant would be 50,000 acres.) When the grant was made it was known simply as "land at *La Lama*" ("La Lama," meaning "mud" and being the name of a little creek within the grant). Later the grant was filed in the Surveyor General's office as the Cebolla ("onion") Grant, using the name of another little stream on the land.<sup>17</sup>

The other grantees were José Manuel Garcia, Julian Santistevan, Carlos Ortivis and Tomas Ortivis, whose names are omitted

<sup>16</sup> "Claim of Juan Carlos Santistevan *et al.*," (New Mexico, no. 61), *N. Exec. Doc.* 296, 42nd Cong. 2nd Sess. (Ser. 1520.)

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

from the petition and subsequent papers and are first made public in the act of possession, dated March 20, 1846, part of which is quoted above. On this same day, March 20, 1846, Governor Armijo ordered Justice Valdez, the *alcalde* of Taos, to hear a cause in his *alcalde* court between "Ortubise" and Lucero. The only available source of information about this lawsuit is the letters of Charles Bent at Taos to Manuel Alvarez, American consul at Santa Fe, and Bent does not say what the suit was about, nor which "Ortubise" was involved. Two circumstances suggest that the suit was connected with the land grant: One, the suit was brought on the very day the Autobees took possession of their land; and two, the defendant Lucero probably owned land whose boundaries could have conflicted with those of the grant. Bent says that Juan Manuel Lucero was Padre Antonio José Martínez's brother-in-law, and that Padre Martínez and his family owned a great deal of good land at San Cristobal, between Arroyo Hondo and Red River.<sup>18</sup>

The lawsuit attracted the ardent attention of Charles Bent and Padre Martínez, whose quarrel had been carried on with the most ruthless enthusiasm on both sides ever since the founding of Bent's Fort. Martínez looked upon the fort, squatting just across the river from the Mexican border, as an American threat to the security of New Mexico.<sup>19</sup> When Governor Armijo, in the early 1840's, granted to the owners of Bent's Fort and their close friends three tracts of land totaling over six million acres, all illegally on the north-eastern frontier of New Mexico, the Padre exploded. He accused Charles Bent, a foreigner, of owning part of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, and in 1844 he got the grant suspended for a few months, but the Departmental Assembly declared that Bent had no interest in the grant and the suspension was lifted.<sup>20</sup>

So this suit, whose subject was unimportant enough to be tried in the *alcalde* court, became a battlefield for the two Titans of Taos. The suit commenced, and the sheriff Stephen Louis Lee (friend and partner of Bent) selected Cornelio Vigil as the *hombre buena*, or arbitrator who took the place of a jury in the *alcalde* courts of New Mexico. The next day Lucero objected to Vigil on the grounds that he was related to Justice Valdez (Vigil was the uncle of Valdez's wife, and also of Charles Bent's wife). Then, on March 26, Lucero

appeared at the Justice's court with a "representation" annulling the March 20 decree of the governor ordering Valdez to hear the case. Wrote Bent, "this representation is dated the 20th inst. and presinted today. you will se the rascality of this at first sight . . ." On this occasion Lucero brought with him his brother-in-law, Padre Martínez. The Justice told the priest he could not be admitted to the court to defend Lucero. One word led to another until finally the Justice told the Padre that his place was in the church and that he must hold his tongue or leave the office. "The priest submitted, or possibly he should have been kicked out of the office," says Bent. Lucero left the same day for Santa Fe, to make a representation to the governor, and Bent asks Alvarez whether Justice Valdez should leave at once to make his own representation to the Governor, or wait until Lucero has had his say. "It is not only Valdess that is interested in having a stop to Mr. Priest meddling, we are all interested."<sup>21</sup>

Bent's next letter, dated April 1, says that "Lee and Ortibise leave today for the United States by way of Sangre de Cristo Pass."<sup>22</sup> On May 1, Bent writes that the priest asked that the case be tried before the Justice of Arroyo Seco instead of Justice Valdez of Taos. But the prefect ignored the priest's request and sent the case back to be tried before Valdez. "I think Ortibise will gane the sute. and posibly the Priest will go to jail if he is insolent," says Bent, in his last gleeful words about the suit.<sup>23</sup>

(To Be Continued)

<sup>18</sup> Bent to Alvarez, Mar. 30, 1845, Benj. Read Collection, Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe.

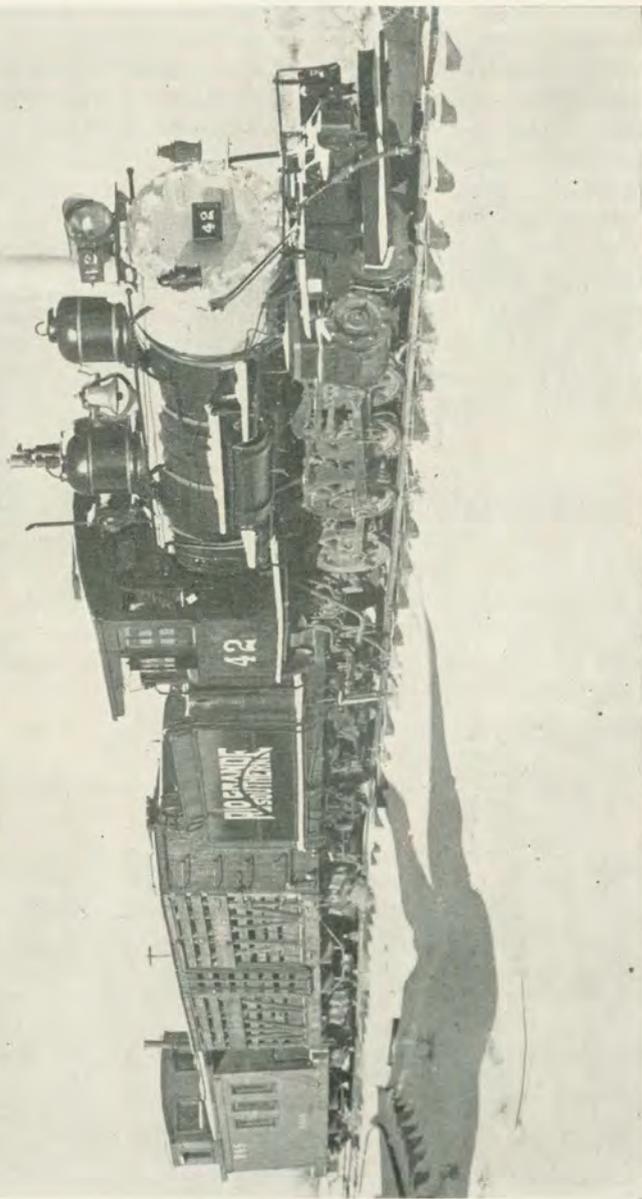
<sup>19</sup> Report of Padre Martínez to Santa Anna, Nov. 28, 1843, Read Collection, Museum of New Mexico, translated in W. A. Keleher, *Turmoil in New Mexico* (Santa Fe, 1952), 67.

<sup>20</sup> *Transcript of Record*, U. S. vs. Maxwell Land Grant Co. et al., U. S. Supreme Court, Oct. term, 1886, no. 974, p. 20. The priest's fears were well founded; Charles Bent had a quarter interest in the Beaubien & Miranda grant (*Transcript of Record*, Maxwell Land Grant & Railway Co. vs. Guadalupe Thompson et al., Supreme Court, Territory of New Mexico, July term, 1894, 5-6); a sixth interest in the Beaubien and Lee grant (Sangre de Cristo), which neither Bent nor his heirs ever claimed, and which may have been fraudulently recorded, (Taos county records, Book A-6, 268), and a sixth interest in the Vigil & St. Vrain grant (Huerfano county, Colo., records, Book A, 257).

<sup>21</sup> Bent to Alvarez, Taos, March 26, 1846, Benj. Read Collection, Museum of New Mexico.

<sup>22</sup> Bent to Alvarez, Taos, April 1, 1846, Read Collection.

<sup>23</sup> Bent to Alvarez, Taos, May 1, 1846, Read Collection.



ON DISPLAY AT NARROW GAUGE MUSEUM ALAMOSA, COLORADO  
 Engine 42—Built 1887—Last steam locomotive to operate on RGS RR (1953)  
 Stock Car ex-RGS 7302 (built 1907 for C & S Ry.)  
 Caboose 0404 built at Ridgway 1902 by RGS RR.

## Railway Equipment as Historic Exhibits

During the last session of the Colorado General Assembly there was much debate over whether or not to place the figure of a skier on the Colorado automobile license plate. Various suggestions were offered for license designs, but no one, in so far as we know, mentioned the one thing which might represent Colorado's historic development—the Iron Horse, a railway engine.

Today, in almost every section of Colorado some sort of railway equipment is on display as a historic exhibit. Narrow gauge engines, cabooses, gondolas, private cars, "Galloping Geese," and cog engines are being preserved through the efforts of so-called "railway fans," and others interested in early railways, especially the narrow gauge railways.

Through the courtesy of R. W. Richardson of the Narrow Gauge Museum, Alamosa, Colorado, we are able to publish the following list of such equipment:

### Alamosa: At Narrow Gauge Museum

Engine 316, 2-8-0 type, built for D & RG, July 1881 as "Cumbres" No. 406.

Engine 42, 2-8-0 type, built for D & RG in 1887 as No. 420 and sold in 1916 to Rio Grande Southern RR becoming No. 42.

Engine 318, 2-8-0 type, built 1896 for Florence and Cripple Creek RR, as their No. 8 "Goldfield," sold to D & RG 1917 becoming No. 428; in 1924, No. 318.

Engine 20, 4-6-0 type, built 1899 for F & CC as "Portland," sold 1916 to RGS RR, retaining No. 20. (Was used in film "Ticket to Tomahawk.")

Former D & RG, D & RGW caboose 0500, built in 1880.

RGS caboose 0404 built in 1902.

One each, stock, box, and refrigerator car, originally built 1907-1909 for Colorado & Southern Ry, later owned by RGS RR.

One D & RG, D & RGW gondola built in 1903.

RGS box car 01789, built in 1887 for D & RG, sold to Otto Mears in 1891, for RGS RR. Oldest freight car in the state.

RGS "Galloping Goose" No. 2 motor car, built 1931, first successful "Goose."

Section men's push car from Silverton, Gladstone & Northerly RR.

Five motor section men's cars from RGS RR.

In Cole Park: Engine 169, 4-6-0 type, built in 1883 for D & RG.

Private car B-1, one car of the three-car "President's Train" used on the narrow gauge lines. Built about 1918 from an earlier car.

**Boulder:** Engine 30, type 2-8-0, built 1898 for Colorado and Northwestern RR, later Denver, Boulder & Western No. 30, then Colorado & Southern No. 74, and finally Rio Grande Southern RR No. 74.

Caboose 0400 or 0401, RGS RR. Built originally for D & RG, sold to RGS in 1891.

Coach 280, D & RGW, built in 1887 for D & RG, required for use on the Silverton train.



OLD SMOKE AND CINDERS, NO. 60, IDAHO SPRINGS  
DENVER & RIO GRANDE ENGINE NO. 315, DURANGO

- Central City:** Engine No. 71, 2-8-0 type, ex-C & S RR, built in 1897 as No. 9 of the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf RR.  
Gondola 4319, built in 1902.  
Combination baggage-coach No. 20, date built unknown. C & S RR.
- Cheyenne Mt. Zoo:** Manitou & Pikes Peak RR, "cog engine" No. 2.
- Colorado Springs:** Engine 168, 4-6-0 type, built in 1883 for D & RG.
- Craig:** "Marcia" private standard gauge car built for David Moffat, builder of the Denver & Salt Lake RR, later D & RGW. Chamber of Commerce office.
- Divide:** (Near here on US 24) Another of the Fort Collins cars, owned by Jim Stitzel of Flint, Michigan.
- Dolores:** "Gallopig Goose" No. 5, built 1933, located in city park.
- Durango:** Engine 315, ex-F & CC 3, sold to D & RG in 1917, becoming No. 425. In Brookside Park.  
B-3 Business car, observation car for the three-car "President's Train" which was used on road many years on D & RG system. Built in 1882. This is located at Perin's Peak Trailer Camp, owned by ex-car foreman.
- Golden:** D & RGW caboose 0578, stored temporarily at Mines Field by Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.  
RGS 021 outfit car, originally Business Car "Montezuma" or "Rico" of that road, and before that an old car of the D & RG obtained in 1892. Also property of the Railroad Club.  
Birney type, street car, standard gauge, formerly on Fort Collins Municipal Ry., number unknown, Railroad Club property.  
Denver & Intermountain RR standard gauge interurban trolley car No. 25, also Railroad Club property.
- Gunnison:** Engine 268, type 2-8-0, built in 1882 for D & RG. In the park.
- Idaho Springs:** Engine No. 60, 2-8-0 type, ex-C & S RR, built in 1886 for Utah & Northern, sold to the Union Pacific's Denver, Leadville & Gunnison in 1889, receiving No. 263 until C & S renumbered.  
Coach 70, C & S RR built in 1896.
- La Junta:** Engine No. 1024, Santa Fe RR.
- Lake City:** D & RGW caboose 0588, built about 1901.
- Manitou Springs:** Manitou & Pikes Peak RR, "cog engine" No. 1.
- Montrose:** Engine 278, built in 1882 for D & RG. Type 2-8-0.  
Caboose 0577, coupled to above engine, built in 1886 for D & RG. Both located in vacant lot on US 50, at north side of town.
- Ouray:** D & RGW caboose 0575, built about 1882. Used by Chamber of Commerce.
- Rico-Poncha Springs:** "Gallopig Geese" No. 6 and No. 7 are owned by the Brinkerhoff Bros. of Rico, dismantlers. Not on display for that reason, but being retained.
- Ridgway:** An RGS caboose, refrigerator car and ex-coach are being used for housing, but are property of a Milwaukee man who has not yet moved them away.
- Salida:** Engine 40, type 0-4-0T "saddletanker," two-foot gauge, given to city by sole owner, the Koppers Co. (from closed creosoting plant there).
- Silver Plume:** Colorado & Southern caboose No. 1006, built in 1882 for Denver, South Park & Pacific RR.
- Silverton:** "Stinker" narrow gauge rail bus owned by the Sunnyside Mine at Eureka when operating and used by them over rails of the Silverton Northern RR to Silverton. Displayed at Service station on main street.
- Telluride:** "Gallopig Goose" motor car No. 4, built by RGS at Ridgway, 1932, located on the main street.

## Nathaniel P. Hill Takes Ore to Swansea, Wales

Through the graciousness of Mrs. Alexander Barbour of Denver, granddaughter of Nathaniel P. Hill, the readers of *The Colorado Magazine*, have become well acquainted with Mr. Hill through his delightful letters to his wife, Alice Hale Hill, which have been published in the October, 1956, January and April, 1957, issues of *The Colorado Magazine*.

Nathaniel P. Hill, Professor of Chemistry of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, was employed by Eastern capitalists to investigate mining properties in Colorado Territory in 1864. Professor Hill soon decided to concentrate his efforts on the Central Mining District of Gilpin County, in which he found rich ores.

From the beginning of lode mining in Colorado in 1859 up to the time of Professor Hill's visits in 1864 and the spring of 1865, most of the mining had been upon surface or decomposed ores. The gold contents, being free milling, had been treated in stamp mills for several years. As the miners went deeper the character of the ore changed to sulphides, which were not amenable to stamp mill treatment, and the miners were sore pressed as to what to do with the new material encountered. As a result of conferences with the miners, Mr. Hill agreed to take several tons of these ores to Swansea, Wales. He selected ores from the Bobtail Mine<sup>1</sup> in Gilpin County. These ores were teamed across the plains to the Missouri River, hauled on a steamer down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and from there shipped over to Swansea. Mr. Hill personally accompanied the shipment, arriving in Great Britain in March, 1866.<sup>2</sup>

Although much of his time was devoted to the business of interesting capitalists in a company which he proposed to form, and in learning as much as he could about the smelting processes at Swansea, Mr. Hill and a Providence, R.I., friend, Charlie Lippitt, did considerable touring in the London area and in Paris.

Some readers may wonder why we are publishing letters describing Great Britain and Paris in a magazine primarily devoted to the history of the West. We feel that the story of the beginning of the first, continuously successful smelting of precious ores in Colorado, would not be complete without these glimpses into the daily life of Mr. Hill, while he was laying the foundation of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company. This company began actual smelting operations at Black Hawk in 1867. According to *The Mining American*, July 8, 1916: "The establishment of the Boston and Colorado Company's smelter was the beginning of a new era in mining . . . it may be said that Professor Hill exercised a controlling influence on the whole Rocky Mountain country; yes, he helped shape the destiny of a nation. Specifically, he mastered the problem of treating ores that are termed 'refractory.'"

With regret we bring this series of letters to a close. We have no more. After his return from Swansea, Professor Hill established his home in

<sup>1</sup>The Bobtail Lode was discovered in July, 1859, [Nevada Gulch], by three brothers named Cotton . . . These men were wont to haul the decomposed quartz, usually termed "pay dirt," down to the Gregory Creek, on a rough sled with a bobtailed ox, hence the name. —In a letter written on Jan. 11, 1864, George W. Lane, Superintendent of the U.S. Branch Mint at Denver, Colorado Territory, wrote: "I unhesitatingly say that in mineral wealth the Bobtail Lode ranks in the first class, and is, perhaps, the first lode in the Territory as to value." On April 20, 1864, the Bobtail Gold Mining Company of Gilpin County, was incorporated under the general mining laws of the State of New York. A consolidation gave this company more than one-half of the developed Bobtail Lode, or 433 1/3 feet out of 800—the remaining 366 2/3 feet was owned by a number of persons and was worked as five distinct mines, each of them so profitable to the owners that (with perhaps a single exception) they could not be induced to sell.—*Colorado Mining Reports*, Vol. 2, No. 8, pp. 5-6, in Western History Collection, Denver Public Library.

<sup>2</sup>Jesse D. Hale, "The First Successful Smelter in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XIII, No. 5 (September 1936), 161-167.

Colorado, and through the years became one of its most outstanding citizens. In addition to Mr. Hill's letters, the Society has received from Mrs. Barbour photographs of the N. P. Hill mansion in early Denver, clippings, note books and other materials pertaining to the Hill family. Also, from a greatniece, Miss Alice Hale, of Denver, we have received an album of photographs and clippings pertaining to the Argo Smelter, one of Mr. Hill's projects. Miss Hale's father, Jesse D. Hale, who came to Colorado in 1878, was long associated with Mr. Hill in business. As time permits we may be able to weave this material into articles for future issues of *The Colorado Magazine*.—Editor.

Morley's Hotel London

Friday Mch 16th 1866

My dear wife

According to the plan which I communicated to you in my letter from Liverpool, we left that place on Wednesday at 9 A.M. and reached London at 2:30. We concluded to go to Morley's Hotel as a central and respectable position for headquarters. Both of the boarding houses to which Prof. Caswell referred me have been abandoned by their former occupants and we are unable to find either Mrs. Lehoimes or Mrs. Ridgely. Moreover we think the advantages of being at this house for the present, fully make up for the extra cost. One seems alone and lost in this great city at first. We have not seen a familiar face since we struck the shores of England. The ride by rail from Liverpool was delightful. The country for the whole distance seemed like a beautiful lawn.

We passed a succession of splendid villas and country seats. I should think that almost every foot of land between the two cities was under the highest state of cultivation. It was a clear, mild spring day and the fields were already quite green. I wished every moment of the time that you were with me. With your fondness for railroad travel you would have been enraptured with this ride.

We have used our time well since we reached London. I made several business calls on Thursday with reference to Messrs. Randall and Almy's<sup>3</sup> business, but as the gentlemen whose aid and cooperation we expect are not quite ready to engage actively it has given me the time for the two days mostly for sight seeing. The gentlemen to whom Mr. Randall gave me letters are very frank, open hearted men, and I have no doubt my relations with them will be very pleasant. I have not presented any of my other letters yet except one to Geo. Dent given me by Mr. Pratt. I found him very cordial. He took our address and I have no doubt we will receive some attention from him. Tomorrow I shall call on Mr. Sabine<sup>4</sup> to whom I have a

<sup>3</sup>J. G. Randall, born in New York, March 4, 1832, arrived in Colorado, July 1859. A firm, Harrison & Randall mined in Illinois Gulch and Missouri Flats during the summer of that year. Thomas J. Almy, born in Rhode Island, April 7, 1836, arrived in Colorado on May 28, 1859.—Henrietta E. Bromwell, "Fiftyminers' Directory." (Typewritten.) According to the *Rocky Mountain News*, Oct. 31, 1861: "Almy's mill, twelve stamps, in six days cleaned up \$547.20—Items from Nevada quartz mills."

<sup>4</sup>Sir Edward Sabine, English astronomer and geodist, was president of the Royal Society, 1861-1871. The establishment of magnetic observatories in various parts of British territory all over the globe was accomplished mainly on his representations.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 19, (Chicago: Ency. Brit. Pub. Co.), 790.

letter from Prof. Caswell and also on Prof. Percy with a letter from Prof. Brush. I shall not call on the several gentlemen with whom I expect to talk business until Mr. Goddard advises it.

Our work of yesterday after business was to visit St. Paul's [Cathedral] and in evening Drury Lane Theatre. In the former "Institution" I did not discern anything *new*. In the latter we saw the "Merchant of Venice" very cleverly acted. We went not for the acting but to see the theatre and some of the London style. We took a seat in a fashionable part of the house & wore our business suits which we found was a mistake or rather an error of necessity as Poole had not yet completed my dress suit. The ladies and gentlemen were all in full dress and the whole aspect was very gay. They have a sensible way here of commencing the play at 7 and closing before 10. I did not see a pretty face in the entire audience. I have come to the conclusion that female beauty is a non article in London.

Today has been entirely devoted to sight seeing. We took the boat in the Thames after breakfast at Charing Cross and sailed up to London Bridge. This is a much quicker way of getting from one point to another on the river than on the omnibuses. The boats run with great rapidity. In going to the same neighborhood yesterday we rode on top of the Omnibus. We passed through the Strand, through Temple Bar into Fleet Street, passing St. Paul's at Ludgate Hill, through Cheapside, Cornhill and Leadenhall Street to our destination, passing the Bank of England, Exchange &c on the way. This whole ride gave us a fine opportunity to see the shops of London, all retail stores.

Today the sail up the river gave us opportunity to see all the bridges except Westminster and to get a river view of the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, St. Paul's and several other noted buildings. We went from London Bridge where we landed, directly to the Tower which is quite near. Here again I longed to have you with me. With your information pertaining to the history of England, you would have enjoyed it exceedingly. I do not expect to see anything of greater interest while I am in London. I was astonished at the number of relics of every period since the 11th century which are gathered there. I cannot in this letter give you any description of what I saw there. You doubtless know more of the history of the Tower and of the fearful events with which its annals are replete than I could tell you, but if you could look upon that gloomy archway, The Traitors' Gate, and reflect upon the number of illustrious captives who have gone through it to sigh away a lifetime, if you could see the room where Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots were imprisoned and from which they were led to the execution, the cell unchanged to this day bearing

upon the walls the inscriptions which Dudley and other noted prisoners made with their own hands, the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for 12 years and the cell in which he slept during the whole period that he was writing his history, the axe with which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded and the last fatal block showing many blows of the executioner's axe, the spot on the green on which the scaffold was erected on which most of the victims suffered—the exact positions of the four posts being marked by four stones—the torture room and the hundreds of other relics to remind one of the dread scenes it has witnessed, you would be more deeply impressed than you could be by merely reading about them.

I would attempt some description of the different objects which I saw if I had not a guidebook to the town, which is more full and complete than any letter I could write. The interesting modern feature of the Tower is the jewel room, in which is exhibited several millions of pounds in value of gold and jewels. The Crown of Queen Victoria which cost about \$1,000,000 is there. It has not been worn since her coronation on account of its weight. On the opening of parliament it is carried by an attendant. The royal sceptre made of gold and diamonds and the baptismal fount used at the christening of the royal children, very massive and heavy &c.

After leaving the Tower we went to the Thames Tunnel nearby. We walked through and back. You know enough about the tunnel. We closed the day by a visit to St. James's Park, the *outside* of Buckingham Palace and Hyde Park. At the latter place we spent the last two hours of daylight in looking at the equipages near the entrance at the great gate on Piccadilly. It was a wonderful display. We did not see less than a thousand ladies on horseback and the number of carriages with full livery was legion. This park contains 400 acres and the drives are the finest in the world. On a fine afternoon it is the place to see the aristocracy of London. We may have time tomorrow to ramble on pleasure. Next week I may have very little. If I ever come to London again you shall come, if it is possible. I have taken such a dislike to the Atlantic, (I don't know as it hurts the ocean any), that if I get safely home I will remain on that side unless something very important occurs to bring me over again. I shall have a letter from you by the next steamer due tomorrow or Sunday. I long to hear from you. It seems longer already than the whole summer I was absent in Colorado. I must close with love to all our friends and the most earnest hope that you and the children are well and prosperous.

Your affectionate husband  
N. P. Hill

My dear wife

London Mch 17th 8 P.M. 1866

I have finished another day's hard work and will devote a few moments near its close to writing you. It is a wearing place upon a stranger situated as I am. I have business to which I must give much thought and my best energies and any time which may be left after business I feel I must devote to the thousand objects of interest in and around London. It takes more time to accomplish anything here than any place I ever was in. The distances are great. Places which are very near together are two or three miles apart. The people are slow. They expect to take a month to accomplish what we can accomplish in a week at home. Still I am making progress with fair prospect of accomplishing what I came for. Since I wrote you last I have given most of my time to business, preparing a prospectus &c and hence have not seen much to write about. Yesterday being Sunday I went over to Spurgeon's Tabernacle in the morning but was disappointed as Spurgeon<sup>5</sup> was absent. Not to be foiled I went again in the evening. Charlie<sup>6</sup> went to St. Paul's. It was a wonderful sight. Their usual audience of 6,000 people was there. About 5,000 can be seated. The building is immense. Two tiers of galleries very deep extend round the four sides of the room. The pulpit or rather platform is on the level of the first gallery. It was an impressive sight to view that audience from the position I occupied near the platform. They sang simple tunes and the whole congregation joined under the lead of a man with powerful voice who stood in front of the pulpit on an inferior platform. I should judge at least 2,000 strong voices joined in the singing. It was grand beyond description. Spurgeon is a preacher something after the Beecher style, with less of refinement and culture than Beecher. His manner is very earnest and his illustrations very pointed. I can easily see how he could get up a great interest among the masses of the people and enlarge the membership of his church by several hundreds at a time. You know he is a dissenter and bitterly opposed to the cold formalities of the established church. The character of the services and the order of the exercises were precisely the same as in our church.

Today I went down to Leadenhall St. where my business takes me nearly every day. To get there we pass through the oldest and most interesting parts of London on account of associations. Starting from our hotel which is on Trafalgar Square we first go through the Strand, then Fleet Street which with the numerous courts and lanes leading off of it possesses great interest. In passing from the Strand to Fleet St. we go through Temple Bar the only one of the original gates to the Old City of London which is left.

<sup>5</sup> Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-1892), an English Nonconformist divine, was of the Baptist faith.

<sup>6</sup> Charles Lippitt of Providence, Rhode Island.

Passing through Fleet St. we enter Ludgate Hill which brings us to St. Paul's. Passing St. Paul's we enter Cheapside through which we reach Cornhill and continuing on in the same line Leadenhall St. This whole line of streets you will easily find on the map. I am getting as familiar with it as with our own Westminster. Today about 3 after business Charley and I started for a walk. We continued on through Leadenhall St. until we entered Whitechapel. Our object was to see the poor parts of London. The streets leading off Whitechapel are the abode of the poorest class of London. We traced our way through them until we were satisfied and disgusted and were glad to return to a better phase of humanity. We next employed ourselves for a couple of hours in hunting up some of the old landmarks of London in the neighborhood of Fleet St. We first went into Old Bailey and visited the Newgate Prison and the Criminal Court rooms. On the site of Newgate Prison parts of which itself date back several hundred years, originally stood one of the gates of Old London, it was built in the eleven hundreds and in fourteen hundred- and it was torn down and the gate built called therefore New Gate, whence the name of the street. We next hunted up the *site* of the Devil's Tavern where Ben Jonson is said to have spent many joyous hours also the Mitre (1546) which was the place where Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith used to meet. The Rainbow, a famous Tavern, is on Fleet St. We went into the house No. 8 Bolt Court where Dr. Johnson lived. Just off Fleet St. are many of the Inns of Court where lawyers congregate. The most celebrated of them is the large cluster of buildings constituting what is called the Temple. It comprises several squares and rows and is entered through a narrow court from Fleet St. In 1187 as far back as any thing is known of it, it was overthrown & it then was occupied by law students. The Temple Church the essential parts of which are still preserved as they were originally is a fine specimen of architecture. It is over 700 years old.

We are going, next Sunday, there to church to see the interior. Some of the original statuary is said to be fine. Night coming as we started for our hotel. As we passed through Temple Bar which is merely a heavy arched gateway in a wall about 11 feet thick, designed by Wren in 1672, we saw the place where the heads of decapitated criminals were stuck as a terror to evil doers. The day has been well spent. The first thing I did this morning was to call at the Union Bank of London certain of a letter from you as I saw by the paper that the *Cuba's* mail was distributed yesterday. The pleasantest event of the day was the receipt of your long and affectionate letter. In answer to some of the questions I would say when Mr. Churchill sends you the \$1,000 you can send him the note for 13,000 on the bank of which I have credited him with \$12,000.

One-half of the \$1,000 belongs to Abbe.<sup>7</sup> If he knows it has been paid, you will have to send it to him. If not, leave it till I get home. I will send Mr. Churchill the dates &c. Mrs. Mead's suggestions about purchases, I have no doubt, are very good for a lady but how can I buy you shoes and such articles without your measure. I will buy you gloves. The best ("Jovinis") cost here 3/ per pair or 75 cts. in gold. I will also buy you some jewelry perhaps a watch. If you were here I would be in favor of making quite extensive purchases. I quite agree with Mrs. Mead about Eng. ladies. I have not seen a pretty or interesting face since I left Boston. If I could only have you here to enjoy the thousands of interesting objects with me I would like to remain all summer.

But you are not here and I have much to look after home so the day my business is complete I start for home. I have got my dress coat and we are invited to dine tomorrow at a Mr. Buchanan's. I did not intend what I said about the Bible to be reproof. It would be the most useless thing I could carry as I have been no place without one. I will not close this until tomorrow night as it will then be in time for wd. steamer. I look often at the photographs. Wish I had as good a one of you. I pass thousands of beautiful things exhibited in the windows and wish you were here to select some. I would cheerfully pay for them. As it is, I will do the best I can and buy you some nice things.

Your loving husband—N. P. Hill

My dear wife

London Mch 23d 1866

I have very little of interest to report as the result of my labor for the past three days. The evening of the day I wrote my last letter we went to dine at Mr. Buchanan's. We met a very pleasant family and were very cordially received. There were two gentlemen & their wives there as guests besides Charlie and me. At six we were invited out to tea which consisted of some crumbs and a very small cup of very black tea. At 9 came what they call dinner, very substantial, very good in its way, very English dinner. We finished at 12 and started for a 3 mile ramble home. We were fortunate in meeting a cab which delivered us safely through rain and mud at our hotel. Wed. & Thursday were entirely devoted to business. Thursday evening Charley and I went out to Wardsworth, a little out of London, to dine at a Mr. Goddard's where we saw considerable style, aristocracy & fuss. How much of the aristocracy was real and how much show I am not quite certain about. Charlie had the daughter all to himself and I devoted my attention to the mother. You may tell Mrs. Lippitt that it was the first symptom of interest for the young ladies which I have seen in her son since

<sup>7</sup> William Abbe of Boston accompanied N. P. Hill on his trip from Colorado to the East in November 1864.

we left Boston. Miss G— is a round specimen of a beef-fed girl. After dinner we went to hear Mr. Bellew read. The reading was highly praised but I think I have heard better nearer at home. At 10 P.M. we had tea and tea here means tea and nothing else, and at 11 took the train which carried us within ½ mile of our hotel.

Yesterday I had a very pleasant call on Mr. Moran,<sup>8</sup> Sec'y of Legation. He gave us many good suggestions and also a ticket to the House of Commons. We went last evening as it is the last opportunity. The House has adjourned for two weeks, Easter Holyday. We were very fortunate for there was a very spirited discussion between Gladstone,<sup>9</sup> Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Disraeli<sup>10</sup> and several other distinguished members of the House of Lords & Commons, on the Reform Bill. The session here does not commence till 5 P.M. and usually holds till 12 and sometimes till morning. We were well paid for going. One thing strikes an American as strange, the members all sit with their hats on taking them off only when they rise.

This morning we got up at 5:30 to go to see the great boat race between Cambridge and Oxford Universities which comes off every year at this time. The race commenced at 7:30 on account of the tide but the hour makes but little difference for thousands of ladies and gentlemen young and old go to see it. There was an immense gathering this morning. The river Thames was thickly lined the whole distances with carriages, pedestrians, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback. It was a very gay spectacle. I saw the whole, rode eight miles in the cars each way and got back to the hotel at 9. There are many things in London which I have yet to see but I must attend to my business engagements first and then hope to devote some time to the museums' objects of interest. I have not heard from you but once but will certainly have a letter by the next Cunard Steamer which will be here tomorrow or Monday. I have not changed my plans about returning.

Expect to leave about May 1st. Next week will determine the results of my attempts to negotiate for Mr. Almy, Randall, &c. I am very sorry to say that I lost your letter from my pocket somewhere in the streets. I do not care for the loss of the directions for I obtained from a gentleman engaged in trade in San Francisco more valuable information about where to go. Write to me till the last week in Apr. but send nothing which it is important I should get after Apr. 15th.

Your loving husband  
Kiss Crawford and sweet little Bell for me. N. P. Hill

<sup>8</sup> There is a possibility that this was Edward Moran who became a pupil of the Royal Academy of London in 1862. American born, he was the brother of Thomas Moran, world-renowned artist.

<sup>9</sup> William E. Gladstone (1809-1898), became Prime Minister of England in 1868.

<sup>10</sup> Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881), was an outstanding British politician and author, and one-time Prime Minister.

My dear wife

London Mch 29th 1866

Your letter of the 11th which left Boston by the *Cuba* on the 14th did not reach me until yesterday. The *Cuba* was detained nearly two days off Halifax by fog. You were a good wife (of which I have had other proofs) to write such a long full letter. I was glad to hear that every thing pertaining to my private business was in a satisfactory condition particularly that Mr. Baxter had stepped up to the Captain's office and settled. That proved to be a good investment. Your praises of Mr. Swain are quite at variance with the views taken by Mrs. Lippitt in her letter to Charlie of the same date. She says that Mr. Swain was invited to take some part in Dr. Hall's funeral but declined, saying he thought Mr. Hall was a good man but it would not be proper for him to take part at his funeral. I hope our good minister will influence you as much spiritually as he has seemed to do politically, and it would seem to come more in his line. In reply to what Mr. Bryan wrote to Dr. Caswell I wish you would say to him (Dr. C.) as confidential from me that I do not think well of any of my negotiations with Mr. [James E.] Lyons, unless it be simply to sell ores for cash. Any arrangement looking to the future I will not consider as safe & wise. I have thus far been engaged exclusively upon business for the New Bedford gentleman and have not investigated processes yet. I will go to Swansea next week and will write Dr. Caswell as soon as I have seen anything of interest to him in connection with Colorado mines. I am pretty well assured that they are not using any process than which is adapted to our case, & I am moreover more fully convinced that the view I have taken for the past six months is sound, viz., that the best mode of treating our ores is to put them through a preliminary process of smelting, by which they are run into a "regulus," which will contain all the copper, gold and silver in a concentrated form. This "regulus" can then be sent to New York, Swansea or any place where it can be worked cheapest. If I am not able to learn anything of importance in regard to the manipulation of the ore, I will be able to see the several firms and the most approved forms for furnaces. I shall get as thoroughly informed as possible in regard to furnaces and I have but little fear about the treatment of the ores. You may also say to Prof. Caswell I spent an hour very pleasantly with Gen. Sabine and found him a very sociable and kind old gentleman. He invited me to dine with some members of the Royal Soc.<sup>11</sup> at their next meeting, April 18, and attend the meeting of the Society after dinner. I am under many obligations to Prof. C. for his letter of introduction. The Gen.

<sup>11</sup> The Royal Society, founded in 1660, is the most important scientific body in Great Britain.—Karl Baedeker, *London And Its Environs*. (London: George Allen, 1951), 96.

inquired very particularly after Prof. & Mrs. Caswell and expressed for them a warm feeling of friendship.

I think I shall have to correct some views which from your letter I think you entertain. You evidently think I am in a constant paroxysm of delight. When you come I doubt if you enjoy it much more than you do your own home. It is a big town, that is so, but you only see a small part of it at any time. There are some big things in it like St. Paul's &c but St. Paul's looks much finer the other side of the Atlantic. It has immense size and fine proportions but it is very dirty. Are you aware that one-half of the whole surface is as black as stove pipe with the accumulated dirt of centuries, and the other half is extremely dingy. The only objects in London which are really worthy of much notice are those which derive their interest from their age and historical associations. If my object here was sight-seeing and you were here to enjoy it with me, I could spend a month very happily, but devoting the best part of the day to business, and crowding pleasure seeking into the morning and evening, one soon tires and wants rest.

In regard to making purchases it would seem as if you thought my means were inexhaustible. They do not give away things of value in London I can assure you. Charlie and I question very often whether we do not pay as much for what we buy here as in New York. It takes a great deal of time to shop particularly when you do not know what you want nor where to go for it. You must not forget that I came here to work and am paid for it, and not for pleasure or shopping. I am making the most of my time and seeing a great deal of London & its surroundings, but what I do in this way is entirely subordinate to business engagements. Once more, my dear wife, I am afraid you feel a little discontented at being obliged to remain at home, as well as a little too ambitious. I wish my duty kept me at home, I am much happier there than anywhere else if I have plenty to do. To hang around home idle I could not stand. But if my work was there I would be most happy. One thing I feel determined upon and that is hereafter when I am away from home I must manage to have you with me more. I would feel at home and contented anywhere if you were with me. Otherwise, I am impatient to get back to Providence and never happy away.

Your views about the advantages of traveling, getting large views, intelligence &c are a good deal inflated. Your life has not been exactly "narrowed down to a point." The advantages you have had for reading and associating with intelligent people are something to be thankful for. You know more about England now than I shall after my visit is over, for you have read so much about it. I do not find any fault with you for wishing to travel and see

the world but I have no doubt the anticipation of it would give you more pleasure than the reality. Still I know you are unusually fond of traveling and I am very glad of it for I mean that it shall be the means of affording you much pleasure in the future. If you could only be with me what is now simply labor of duty would become a great pleasure. We can well afford to make sacrifices for Crawford and Bell. If they prove what we hope they will, they will give us more happiness than could be derived from anything else in the world. You had better leave all consideration of a summer boarding place until I get home. There will be time enough then.

I have answered your questions about Mr. Abbe's interest in the \$1,000. Perhaps you can defer doing aught about it till I get home, by writing him that it is paid, but as you do not know about our business and I am to be home so soon you would rather leave it until I get back. He cannot take offense at that, can he? I shall only write you once a week hereafter and expect a long letter from you. Your suggestion about postage is a good one. I do not prepay my letters for you pay at that end in currency. If I prepay them it is the same in gold. So much in answer to your letter and the reflections growing out of it.

I will give you a brief account of what we have done since my last. The most interesting place we have visited is Hampton Court Palace. We have also visited the National Gallery of Paintings, Museum of Geology, several theatres, concerts &c.

March 30th 1866 I was obliged to leave off abruptly yesterday as two men whom we had employed to go with us to the "Hells" of London came for us. I will tell you what we saw and then describe our visit to Hampton C. afterwards. The men we employed were two well known detectives, who know every den in London and who are known as we afterwards found by the denizens thereof. We had sufficient guarantee that we would be perfectly safe in their hands. It is well in visiting London to see both sides. We go to Hyde Park to see wealth and aristocracy and we would have a one-sided view if we did not see the dens of iniquity which cover no small proportion of the territory of the City of London. We started at 8:30 P.M. and did not return until after midnight. I shall never forget the sight. The first hours were spent in visiting the noted places where the thieves of London congregate. Our guides never asked for admission, but entered where they pleased. We went to some places where the well dressed aristocratic thieves meet and also to the places where only the lowest and most wretched vagabonds gather together to drink and gamble, & revel.

We left our cab after a 4-mile ride from the hotel in the district lying between Whitechapel and London docks. They took us through

miles of dark alleys and narrow lanes. It seemed as if we were in a perfect labyrinth. The houses which consisted of low two-story dingy brick buildings lining each side of a lane just wide enough for a cart to pass, was all closed and the windows closely covered with shutters. The only light we had to guide us was here and there a feeble street lamp. Our guide would say, "Here is a house where two of the most noted burglars of London can be seen." They would open the door and walk in and we followed. The entrance was into a bar room in all cases, then we would traverse some long narrow passages and enter a room where there would be twenty or more men and half as many wretched looking women. The face of each man was the embodiment of wickedness. They were drinking, smoking, playing cards, and swearing, the women rather taking the lead.

They would scrutinize us closely without seeming to notice us. As we passed out we would hear such remarks as these, "Somebody has found something," meaning somebody has stolen something and we were after the thief. We visited the house where the notorious prize fighters gather and saw numberless bullet-headed men with one eye and the man who conducts all the business of getting up prize fights between the champions of different countries. We were glad to get away from some of the places and would involuntarily look behind a little after we left.

We visited one place which they called a soup house, where it is said the meat used is principally horse & cat. If some of the meat we saw was not cat it must have been rabbit. It was filthy beyond description. We next went to some of the abodes of poverty. They are too terrible to describe. The evening labor was closed by calls at some of the most noted dance houses, where you can see twenty or thirty objects having the form of women and as many drunken sailors illustrating the very lowest stages of degradation. They looked at us as if they were surprised but they were too low down to be otherwise affected. Their beastly dance went on just as if we were not there. If any of them looked ugly at seeing persons who came from curiosity to stare at them, all that was required was to order a bottle of gin and pass it around. This our guide did several times. I presume you have heard enough of this subject and if you have any questions about the propriety of going, I can assure you nobody's morals were ever corrupted by going to such places, and once going will serve for a life time.

The day we went to Hampton was one of the finest of the season and we enjoyed it very much. The Palace and gardens are some 15 miles up the Thames. It was built [1514] by Card. Wolsey<sup>12</sup> as you are aware. The place was selected by the most eminent

<sup>12</sup> Thomas Wolsey (c1475-1530), English cardinal and statesman, has been said to have been the originator of the divorce scheme.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, (Chicago: Ency. Brit. Pub. Co.), Vol. 23, p. 701.

Doctors of the time as having the most healthy soil and purest water within 20 miles of London. The principal parts were built in 1575. I cannot undertake to describe the palace with its vast number of rooms and elegant apartments. It covers 8 acres of ground and has many points of architectural beauty. The historical events of which it was the scene are well known to you. It was here where Henry, the Eighth, held many of his banquets and marriages. The room called "Great Hall," which he used for a theatre is very magnificent. There are many things here to remind you of the sad fate of his wives. From the time of Henry Eighth to George, the Second, the palace was constantly used as a royal residence and many royal births, marriages & deaths took place within its walls. There is much to be seen there to remind you of those times. Almost the entire furniture of some of the rooms has been preserved, particularly the furniture of the bed chambers. The principal objects, however, exhibited within the palace are pictures, of which there are about 1,000. We glanced hastily at these commencing at the King's grand stair case, taking the different rooms in the following order: King's 1st presence chamber, King's 2d presence chamber, the audience chamber, King's drawing room, William Third's bedroom, King's dressing room, King's writing closet. These are all on the side of the Palace toward the river. Then Queen Mary's closet, Queen's gallery 200 picture, Queen's bedroom, Queen's dressing room, Queen's audience room, Prince of Wales presence chamber, ditto bedroom, ditto drawing room, public dining room, Queen's private chapel, private dining room, Queen's private chamber, &c. &c. &c. Some of the paintings are very fine, but according to my taste most of them are very inferior. The gardens and grounds are beautiful and of great extent.

8 o'clock P.M. This is Good Friday—a day observed by the holding of service in all the churches and by the complete suspension of all business. As nothing could be seen or done in London we set the day apart for a visit to the Crystal Palace at Lydenham. We did not go out till nearly noon and have just returned. It was a day such as we occasionally have the last part of May, a perfect day.—The parks and gardens are very extensive and beautifully arranged, the fountains are said to be the finest in the world. It would take many hours to describe what we saw in the palace, and we did not see a tenth part of what was there. The structure itself is marvelous. It cost seven & a half millions of dollars including the improvements to the grounds. There were 70,000 tickets taken today at the gates and yet there was not much of a crowd. Trains run every 10 minutes all day. Every branch of art and every industrial pursuit is illustrated. At 3 P.M. there was a grand sacred concert in which the best singers in London took part. It was a fine perform-

ance and heard by 15,000 people of which about two-thirds were seated. They have had concerts in the Palace in which 5,000 singers and instrumentalists took part at once. To appreciate the Palace you must see it. When will that be?

I can use no more time at present in the very unsatisfactory occupation of trying to give you an idea of what I see. I must wait until I can tell you. You will be more interested I know in hearing that I have engaged my passage in the *Scotia* which sails on the 21st of Apr. The prospect is I shall be able to discharge my business and spend a few days in Paris besides, before that time.

I do not have to close this until tomorrow and I will leave a little space to give you the latest news. Good night, my precious wife. As I retire thoughts of you and the children exclude all others.

Sat Apr 31st 5 P.M. We have news from New York to the 21st by the arrival of the *Java* at Crookhaven. Tomorrow we will have our letters and we look forward to it with much pleasure.

This evening we dine at the home of J. S. Morgan,<sup>13</sup> a wealthy banker and successor to Peabody.<sup>14</sup> He lives at Hyde Park and we shall see some of the best London society. Tomorrow we dine at Doctor Percy's, one of the most prominent scientific men in London, and the leading metallurgist of the world. I take it that it is very common to go out to dine on Sunday as Mr. Morgan's invitation was for Sunday first and changed on account of our engagement at Dr. Percy's.

My business looks very promising just at present. I think I will accomplish what I came to London for. I spent two hours shopping today and picked up two or three nice little articles for you. Give much love to all at your father's and my kindest regards to Dr. & Mrs. Caswell. Take good care of the children and your precious self.

Your affectionate husband  
N. P. Hill

My very dear wife

Swansea [Wales] Apr. 3 1866

We left London at 9:15 this morning and reached this place at 4 P.M. We improved the hours of daylight by walking about the town, a place of about the size of Providence. It seems to be a filthy, crowded, smoky, dingy town. It is situated on a bay, or rather an

<sup>13</sup> Junius Spencer Morgan (1813-1890), father of John Pierpont Morgan, was a partner of George Peabody and the founder of the house of J. S. Morgan Co. in London. J. P. Morgan was agent and attorney in New York for George Peabody and Co. of London, and afterwards for its successor, J. S. Morgan & Co., of which he became the head.—*Idem.*, Vol. 15, 802.

<sup>14</sup> George Peabody (1795-1869), was born in the part of Danvers, Mass., now called Peabody. He began business in a dry goods store in the District of Columbia. At the retirement of his partner, Elisha Riggs, in 1830, Peabody found himself at the head of one of the largest mercantile concerns in the world. About 1837 he established himself in London as merchant and money-broker at Wandford Court. He became known for his great philanthropy. Among his gifts were 700,000 pounds to the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund to promote education in the Southern states; and five hundred thousand pounds for the erection of dwelling houses for the working-classes in London. He declined the offer of a baronetcy from Queen Victoria.—*Idem.*, Vol. 17, 412.

expansion of the Severn River near its mouth. There are high hills around the city absolutely destitute of vegetation. Everything of the vegetable kind is killed by the fumes from the numerous smelting works in the city and all around it. The hotel at which we have put up is as uncomfortable place as you can imagine. It is surrounded by narrow dirty streets. The windows are small and somewhat in need of a good washing. Everything in the house looks as if it might be improved in the same way. We have seen but little of Swansea yet. I may add more about it before I close my letter. For the present I will go back to London.

My last letter brought me up to Sunday. After breakfast I was reading the paper by the coffee room fire when I was touched on the arm and looking around saw the familiar face of W. W. Keen. He had been away for two years and had just come here from Rome. It was very pleasant to meet him. We also had a call from Eaton Atkins' younger brother. I went to the Temple Church with Keen and had a long talk with him. He is a good fellow and one who I think has kept clear of all the vices of which 99 out of 100 young men who travel in Europe become the victim. He sails for America by the *Scotia* on the 21st, and if we do not have to delay our departure one week we will have his company.

At 3 P.M. Sunday we went to Prof. Percy's as we were invited to do. He took us to the Zoological Gardens. No persons are admitted on that day except those who are taxed to support it and Regent's Park. The company was very select and yet very large. I saw more stylish looking English ladies than I have seen before which is not saying much. At six we went to his house to dine and had a very pleasant time. Dr. and Mrs. Percy and a young lady, whose name I do not remember, and a Mr. Liversy who had crossed the Atlantic 22 times, Charlie and I made up the company. His waiter was the finest looking man I have seen in London, grey hair, little bald and reminded me strongly of Mr. Baker but about 20 years younger. I mention it because Charlie & I were both struck at his appearance. I found Mrs. P. a very genial, friendly lady of about 45. She took much interest in knowing what I was going to buy for you and offered to help me, told me where I could buy poplins &c. She expressed so much fondness for children (of which she has none) that I showed her the photographs of C. & Bell. She was delighted with them and made me promise I would give them to her before I left London. We both felt well pleased with the evenings performance. In answer to your inquiry I will inform you that on this occasion, as on the following evening, and as several previous evenings we were dressed in our latest style dress coats, pants and vests, patent leather boots. And felt "*Au fait.*" I will put them on when I go home to show how I looked, in true lady fashion.

Yesterday the morning was devoted to business and the afternoon to the examination of the British Museum, but the most import-

ant event of the day was the dinner at Mr. Morgan's. I will not give you any account of the Museum. It is too vast and extensive. The number of specimens of ancient works of art is immense particularly in the line of sculpture. Some of the ancient works of nature are to be seen there, too, such as the bones of the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, pterodactyle, megetherium &c. Mr. Morgan formerly lived in Boston and was a partner of J. M. Beebe. He came here 12 yrs. ago either in the employ of Peabodie, the wealthy banker, or as his partner, and is now a man of large wealth himself. Mr. Caswell probably knows them, as he seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with her brother. Two of the daughters are now traveling in the States.

We went at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  P.M. according to invitation, but were rather early as we found. In a little while a Mr. Hoffin was announced and what less distinguished celebrity should make his appearance than Carrington Hoffin. Soon after Alex. Duncan and a Mrs. Hague came which completed the party. The only members of the family were Mr. and Mrs. M. and daughter of about 20. Mrs. M. and daughter are both fine looking and very stylish. They were richly dressed. The house is elegantly furnished being filled with fine paintings and statuary. There were in the parlor three of the finest marble statues I have yet seen. I had the pleasure of waiting on Miss M. to dinner and did my prettiest. I was amused on entering the dining room to see three men waiters dressed in, I don't know what to call it, — Knee britches, buckles, velvet coats & shirts &c. It took an hour to dispose of dinner and then as is always the custom here the gentlemen rise and the ladies leave the room. Generally you are expected to drink as much wine as you can carry. There was little drunk in this case and in about half an hour coffee was brought in after which we returned to the drawing room, played a game of whist, shook hands, backed out of the room and made for the hotel.

We passed a very pleasant evening for notwithstanding there was a good deal of form and ceremony they were very sociable and seemed desirous that we should enjoy the evening. Mr. Duncan was exceedingly friendly and asked us several times to let him know when we returned to London. I have no doubt we will be invited to his house. He will sail for America also on the 21st.

I must bid you good night, dear wife. How much I would give to have you with me tonight. We are in a dismal place and know no one yet, to make it bad as possible it is raining. The happy day when I can have your company to keep my spirits up after the day's work is done is yet a little way in the future.

Friday morning Apr. 6th

We have spent two very profitable days in Swansea. Wed. was spent principally at the Copper works where they also treat silver

and gold ores. I have made the acquaintance of one man<sup>15</sup> who I think will be worth more to me than all the other men and things I have seen in Eng. Yesterday was spent in visiting and exploring a large coal mine. They employ in the mine 1,000 men and 52 horses which are left in the mine from year to year. There are several miles of railway and five steam engines with immense fires to create draught for ventilation all at depths varying from 500 to 900 feet. Today I am going to devote entirely to discussing plans for operation in Colorado, with the chemist at the largest establishment here. This evening we return to London. We do not go to Cornwall for several days yet.

The specimens which I brought with me from Randall's and Almy's mine and which have been experimented on here have created a great excitement with the smelters. After knowing all the circumstances, the price of labor, and cost of transportation they pronounce the mine worth \$2,000,000. The samples were taken at random, but were richer they say than any sent here before. I feel much more confident of the great value of our mines than ever. It is true the difference between cost of treating ores here and in Colorado is very great but the difference in the value of our ores and those worked here is much greater.

Your letter of the 18th, No. 3 was received last Monday in London. I am glad that Mr. Churchill became awakened to a sense of duty. When I saw him in New York he did not think that there was anything due me. Your question in regard to Mr. Padelford I cannot answer. I have considered him a perfectly safe man. It is not possible that he would jeopardize any considerable part of his property. I believe in addition to his owning a large property he is honest and will not cheat a creditor. Unless there was very strong evidence against him of course, I would not think of presenting the note. I think that it will be all right unless men and things have changed much since I left. The note you took of the Tool Co. is all right if the stock holders are individually responsible which they are probably not. The concern may be perfectly bankrupt and yet be owned by the richest men in Prov[idence]. I would much rather have you deposit money received in my absence in the bank. It is quite out of your line to buy paper. It is dangerous for the shrewdest business men. As for Mr. Jackson's opinion it is very good if he was a buyer,

<sup>15</sup>This man may have been Dr. Richard Pearce, who came to America as a metallurgist for the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, in 1872, and brought a group of men who had worked with him in Swansea and in Cornwall. It was largely upon the suggestion of Dr. Pearce that the German process being used in Swansea for the separation of the silver from the matte, was put into effect in Black Hawk. Dr. Pearce was a graduate of the Royal School of Mines of London. The most important mineral with a Colorado name is pearceite, named in 1896, for Dr. Richard Pearce of Denver, whose keen interest in mineralogy and connection with one of the large smelting and refining works of Colorado have made him known both to scientific men and to those interested in the development of the mining industries of the Rocky Mountain region. See *The American Journal of Science*, ser. 4, II, 17-23 (1896).

but as he is the seller I would not give a straw for it. If he is like other brokers he would sell you the note which he is least willing to hold. The note of the Lincoln silver mine was excellent for in that case the stockholders are individually liable as the capital is not paid up. I appreciate your cautions about taking care of myself in the mines. They are prompted by a loving heart, but they are not needed as I cannot be more careful. My love for you is motive enough and makes me over cautious. I will close this tomorrow morning in London. Farewell my good and loving wife . . .

Sat. eve Apr 7th London

We came over here last night and all day I have been very busy. The results of the visit to Swansea are very beneficial and I closed up on the part of Messrs. Randall and Almy Inc. business which I could not so well do before. The prospect is that my journey will be a very profitable one. Tonight at 8 we start for Paris. Will be there early in the morning and will try to see Mr. and Mrs. Lacy if they are there and your Aunt and some others. I cannot spend more than four days for I go from there to Aix La Chapelle<sup>16</sup> to see the most complete process for dressing ores that is in use. I am obliged to close hastily to be in time for the mail. The steamer which takes this left Liverpool this morning but the mail leaves here 12 hours later and overtakes the steamer at Queenstown. So you hear from me up to the latest hour. I bought something today for £5 which I think will please you. Tell Crawford that I bought something for him, too.

Ever your true and affectionate husband, N. P. Hill

My dear wife

London Apr 14th 1866. 4 P. M.

It is just a week since we went to Paris and during that time I did not write a line in my book nor a letter. The time was entirely taken up in examining some of the principal objects of the city and in studying the manners, customs, social life &c of the people. A perfect contrast than that which exists between Paris and London cannot be imagined. Paris is gay, bright, cheerful. The streets are beautifully paved and kept scrupulously clean. The ladies study dress and certainly must be the most tastefully and handsomely dressed people in the world. The whole world of Paris is in the streets. You can walk many miles on the Boulevards where the sidewalks are as wide as Westminster St. and find the outer edge of the walk under the trees and the inner edge under the awnings lined with people, men and women, drinking wine or beer or coffee, or smoking their cigars, furnished from the restaurants within. In front of nearly every restaurant are settees and tables. There are thousands of persons there from all parts of the world, living in

<sup>16</sup> Now the city of Aachen in W. Germany, on the Belgian border.

idleness with the utmost freedom from all restraints. There is no place, I presume, where there are so many ruined and unfitted for the practical duties of life, for there is no place where vice is so genteel and respectable. The foolish people of America send their sons there to be educated. What an education it is they get, I could infer from the little I saw of Am. med students.

The hotels are very fine. The only entrance is through an arched passage leading into a large central court. This court is entirely roofed with glass and around the exterior and upon the grand staircases are orange trees in bloom. This feature is a great improvement upon our New York hotels. The carriages drive into the court and are out of the crowd of the street. We stayed at the Grand Hotel du Louvre. I found your Aunt A. and saw her three times. Of old acquaintances I met William Bullock, George Miller, Lyman Dwight. We met other Americans whom we had not seen before. Bell Borland & husband are not in Paris at present. I heard many times of Miss Viall of Prov. She made a reputation of the quality of it I have nothing to say (private). Americans are generally liked in Paris. They learn easily and in about a week are usually ahead of the Parisians, themselves. They assist much in keeping the evening (schools?) full. I was in a flurry all the time I was in Paris by the orders you sent me. You know my aversion to shopping, and in a place like Paris where the whole store is in the window, you get so bewildered by the multitude of handsome things that's enough to make a man insane. Nevertheless I wanted like a good husband to obey my wife and so I spent all the money I had, which was limited then borrowed some of Charley and wound up with disgust. The shopkeepers are a set of thieves. I bought one object at the manufacturers for \$7 which they asked me \$23 for at the stores of the Boulevards.

If I could have had your taste and judgment of values I could have bought more. This is a very short account of what two active fellows can do in a city like Paris in six days, but I have no time to write more and besides when you are reading this I shall probably be half way across the Atlantic.

In a few days after that I will tell you all you want to know of what I have seen. I am almost confident now that we will sail one week from today, the 21st inst. by the *Scotia*. We may be prevented and not sail till the next Sat. I have been busy today and have only time to mail this before the closing of the mail. We did not get here until 8 this morning. I received your letter No. 4 this morning. It had been here nearly a week. I did not order it sent to Paris for our movements were so uncertain. I was afraid I might miss it. I expect another by the *Australasia* tomorrow. The vessel has arivd at Queenstown. Love to all our friends. I am very anxious to see you and the children. God hasten the day and protect us all till we meet again.

Your loving, N. P. Hill

## Loving Proposed Expedition Against Indians and Denver

Mr. Fred R. Cotten of Weatherford, Texas, recently forwarded to The State Historical Society of Colorado photostatic copies of the two letters reproduced below, written by Oliver Loving.

Loving, a well-known Texas cattleman, had been delivering cattle to the "Pikes Peak" area (Denver) in the early months of the Civil War. Returning to his home in Texas, he became convinced that an expedition sent into the present-day Colorado area would (1) destroy the Indians who had been pillaging on the Texas frontier; (2) destroy or damage "Yankee" supplies and out-posts; and (3) be able to release Southern political prisoners held in Denver.

Loving was doubtless unaware that at the time of his writing (April 16, 1862), the Confederate forces were retreating from their decisive defeat by the Colorado Volunteers at La Glorieta in New Mexico less than three weeks before (March 28, 1862). If the fact of the Confederate defeat had been known to him, these letters would probably never have been written.

Oliver Loving did, however, return to the Colorado region, not in the role of a military leader, but rather as a peaceful cattle trader. In 1866, after the end of the Civil War, Loving and Charles Goodnight joined herds twenty-five miles south of Belknap, Texas, and with eighteen armed men started to drive 2,000 head of cattle to Colorado. The steers were sold at Fort Sumner for \$12,000, but Loving continued north with seven hundred cows and calves which he sold to John W. Hiff, the Colorado "Cattle Baron," in the vicinity of Denver.—*Editor.*

Gov. F. R. Lubbock

(1862?)

Dr Sir I am an old frontiers man, and have time and again taken a hand in the pursuit of Indians depredating on the frontier

For the last year I have been absent trading to Pikes Peak with cattle and passing to that country I ascertained that the general rendezvous of the Indians who depredate upon the frontier of Texas is upon the Arkansas River say 350 or 400 miles from here. As I returned home some two months since I saw a large number of Comanches with some four or five thousand horses that have been stolen from Texas. These Indians are fed by the U.S. Posts at Fort Adams on the Arkansas and Fort Bent, and the Indians are paid by the U.S. Troops occupying these posts for all the scalps taken from Texas. They are perfectly friendly with the U.S. Troops and in fact with all except Texans.

I am satisfied that we will not have any rest from these Indians until we go to their general rendezvous and destroy them. I am satisfied that with a few companies of men great good can be done by an expedition against them. I had a talk with Col. Norris of the Texas Frontier Regiment a few days since. I want his cooperation in the expedition.

Now I propose this to raise say three or four companies of men for the expedition to act in conjunction with Col. Norris or under his command if that be more desirable in an expedition. I propose

Weatherford April 16th, 1862

F R Lubbock  
Governor, State of Texas  
Austin

Sir The petition herewith enclosed was

drawn by a friend, who though correct in the main erred in a few particulars.

In the first place I left this State for Pike's Peak, Kansas, with a drove of beef cattle on the 17th day of August, 1860, and was absent until the 9th day of August 1861, having spent the entire time at and in the vicinity the above named place. Fort Adams is now known as Fort Leonard,<sup>2</sup> and Fort Bent is known as Fort Wise<sup>3</sup> . . . . . [mutilated] Three of my friends who went on [with] me, returned home about 10 days sin[c]e way of New Mexico, and state that [t] the Forts have very few men and a good supply commissary stores, and that the Indians are now acting very much as they were when I passed through the Country on my way home—lying around the Forts, herding & recruiting their stolen property and then trading it off to the Yankees, or if the property is not stolen it is certainly very mysteriously acquired and I believe the greater portion of it goes from the Frontier of Texas—I saw full four thousand head of horses and mules and most of them good animals, and my friends who have just returned think they saw at least five thousand horses and mules; very few of the mules have the Spanish brand on them. Joel McKee,<sup>4</sup> a citizen of Palo Pinto County and about sixty other persons are now in Jail at Denver City and I fully believe that if an army could reach that section of Country in time to return before the dead of next winter that much good could be effected.

I have the honor to [be] your very  
Obdt Servt  
Oliver Loving

<sup>2</sup> The writer is evidently referring to Fort Larned, the site of which is located in present-day Kansas. Fort Larned was established in October, 1859, on the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River to protect travelers on the Santa Fe Trail. See: *The Aeread*, Fort Hays State College, Kansas, Vol. V, No. 1, Winter, 1934, pp. 3-4.

<sup>3</sup> In 1853, Colonel William Bent, having abandoned his great trading post on the Arkansas River, moved downstream about forty miles and established a second post, called Bent's New Fort. The following year, it was leased to the United States Army, and renamed Fort Fauntleroy, in honor of Colonel Fauntleroy of the old First Dragoons. In 1859, the post was purchased by the government, and was named Fort Wise for Henry Alexander Wise, Governor of Virginia. When Virginia joined the Confederacy, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the fort was again renamed, this time in honor of General Nathaniel Lyon, the first Union general killed in the war. In 1866, the river cut away the bank, making the fort untenable; a new Fort Lyon was built about twenty miles up the river." *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 1 (January, 1941), pp. 30-31.

<sup>4</sup> According to the *Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 30, 1861: "Yesterday, U.S. Marshal Townsend arrested Martin Ralley, Robert J. Reed, and Capt. McKee,— and placed them in the Larimer Street prison. This morning, John Sowers was also arrested by the Marshal. We are not informed of the specific charges upon which these arrests are made, but presume they are for treasonable acts or utterances. All the parties confined are known to be rank secessionists, and some of them were preparing to leave for the South on an expedition against the Indians (?)."

not only to break up and destroy this encampment of Indians, but I propose also to take the U.S. Posts in the neighborhood of these Indians; a thing that can be easily done, because the troops stationed at the Posts have been ordered off to the assistance of the Federal troops in New Mexico, beside there is a large amount of military store, and property of various kinds at these Posts which we could take and destroy. Now I am aware that the present contest with the Yankee foe overshadows everything else, but this is a matter that concerns peculiarly the people of the Texas frontier. I propose that these men that I raise shall go into the Confederate or States' Service as you may desire, and I propose that they will go without a dollars pay from the Government if matters are so that they cannot be paid by the Government, and the reason I ask your interposition in the matter at all is because it is almost impossible to control men in such an expedition without their being governed by State or Confederate authority. I only want the matter so fixed that the expedition can be governed and controled.

Now I do not know that this matter is in your power, if it is in any way so that I can acquire the expedition under the management of Col. Norris if it be necessary I would be satisfied.

I am perfectly confident of the success of the enterprise if the assistance of the government can be obtained. I could also with the expedition go to Denver City the capital of Pikes Peak and release some sixty or seventy prisoners now in jail there on account of their Southern principles and in my judgment I could exterminate the Indians who have for so many years depredated on this frontier.

I desire to start about the first of June. In the talk I had with Col. Norris I thought he was disposed to listen to the suggestions, and he is now preparing to make an expedition. I hope this matter will receive your very best reflection and that you may be able to assist in the matter- in other words give me authority to raise the men or if that cannot be done then assist in any way that can be done to effect the object sought.

Respectfully &  
Oliver Loving

The undersigned<sup>1</sup> are well acquainted with Oliver Loving and they have no hesitation in stating that he is perfectly reliable and any statement he may make is entitled to credence and we recommend him as a suitable person to carry out the above enterprise.

- |                               |                 |                               |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| F. W. Fauntleroy, Dist. Atty. | R. W. Pollars   | Chef                          |
| J. H. Prince                  | R. J. McKenzie  | Justice of Palo Pinto County, |
| R. J. Shelton                 | Robert Carson   | Texas                         |
| O. N. Keeler                  | I. L. L. McCall | J. C. Carpenter               |
| N. W. Battle                  |                 | District Court P. Pinto Tex   |

<sup>1</sup> According to Fred R. Cotten the men who signed were "leading citizens of the area."

The State of Texas }  
County of Parker }

I John H Prince Clerk of the County Court  
of Parker County do hereby certify that  
[Oliver] Loving whose name appears to  
the fore[going] letter is well known to me

as a high . . . . . respectable, responsible gentleman of good  
[mor]als and sound Southern principles, having known Mr. Loving  
for about seven years.

Witness my hand and Official seal on  
this the 16th day of April 1862

John H. Prince  
Co Clk Parker Co Texas

(Source:) Indian Depredations, Texas State Library

## Bent's Fort in 1846

By EDGELEY W. TODD\*

Interest in Bent's Fort, the most important stronghold of United States expansion into the Southwest, has always been great. Recently David Lavender's book-length study of the Bents and the trading empire that they and St. Vrain controlled has focused attention anew upon this post on the Arkansas River in southern Colorado.<sup>1</sup> The recent excavation of the foundations of the fort, as reported in newspapers and in a recent issue of *The Colorado Magazine*,<sup>2</sup> has furnished new evidence concerning the actual physical layout of the fort, and provided much information about its construction.

An item of exceptional interest which gives another description of Bent's Old Fort as it appeared to a contemporary observer one hundred years ago seems to have been overlooked by research workers until now. Who this observer was has not been determined; but unlike many travellers who visited the fort and left us either no description at all or only generalized ones, he took pains to record his impressions in detail. His description of the fort was printed in the *Saint Louis Reveille*<sup>3</sup> on May 17, 1846.

St. Louis newspapers of that era and during the preceding decades are full of references to enterprises in the trans-Mississippi

country—to explorations, fur trading activities, the Santa Fe trade, emigration to California and the Oregon Territory, and similar undertakings—as expansion, glorified with the name of Manifest Destiny, moved westward. What gave special relevance to a description of Bent's Fort in May of 1846, however, was the fact of war with Mexico. That this was foremost in the minds of the editors, Charles Keemle and Joseph M. Field, is evident from editorial remarks prefacing the article: "Fort William, or Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas," they wrote, "—the boundary line between our Indian territory and New Mexico—is a point which is destined to become of deep importance, as events are urging; and the following accurate description of it, with the neighboring country, must possess much interest at the present moment."

Just how urgent these events were the editors did not spell out. But newspaper readers in 1846 would not have needed special briefing. An illustration of why they would not is furnished by a striking coincidence. The same issue of the *Reveille* that carried the article on Bent's Fort also carried a special news item reprinted "From our Extra of 12 o'clock last night." This in essence was an announcement of the opening of the Mexican War, which Congress had declared only five days before, on May 12, 1846. Of the numerous events and territorial ambitions that had led up to that decision, one decisive action precipitating hostilities was the crossing of the Nueces River by Mexican General Arista in the preceding April. The Americans regarded this movement as an invasion of their territory in Texas, and President Polk urged Congress to act. He signed the proclamation of war on May 13.

General Zachary Taylor in the meantime was already poised on the lower Rio Grande with an army. Even before Congress declared war, he had pushed the Mexicans back across the Rio Grande. After the declaration he led his army against the Mexican coastal city of Matamoros at the mouth of the river. It was this attack that was announced in the *Reveille* on May 17—in a column alongside the final part of the Bent's Fort article. Headlines read: "GLORIOUS NEWS!!! The Mexican Hawks Defeated! Victory of General Taylor! 700 of the Enemy Slain!! Matamoros in Ashes!!!" A column of news reported this stroke in detail.

With events of this character taking place on our southern border, it is not strange that the *Reveille* editors regarded Bent's Fort as "a point which is destined to become of deep importance" or that they should have considered a description of it of peculiar interest to their readers "at the present moment."

That the author of the article also viewed Bent's Fort in terms of the conflict with Mexico—and indeed slanted it in that direc-

\* Edgeley W. Todd, Associate Professor of English, Colorado State University, at Fort Collins, Colo., has here contributed an item of more than ordinary interest relating to Bent's Old Fort. The anonymous author may have been an Indian trader at the fort.—*Editor*.

<sup>1</sup> David Lavender, *Bent's Fort* (Garden City, 1954).

<sup>2</sup> Herbert W. Dick, "The Excavation of Bent's Fort," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 33, No. 3 (July, 1956), 181-196.

<sup>3</sup> In 1934, Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, then editor of *The Colorado Magazine*, printed in its pages a number of news items pertaining to Bent's Fort that had originally appeared in the *Saint Louis Reveille* in 1844 and 1845. (See *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 11, 223-227.) He did not, however, include this item. Neither is this *Reveille* item included in Lavender's bibliography.

tion—is clear from his emphasis upon the military aspects of the fort: its ability to withstand siege, the impenetrability of its walls, its armaments, its capacity to stand off “any force that can be brought against it in this country.” He was especially emphatic about one paramount consideration, namely the nearness of the fort to the Mexican line: “. . . what gives it [the Arkansas River, which flowed but a few hundred feet from the fort] . . . consequence is its being the boundary line between the American and New Mexican possessions, which latter are on the west [actually south] or opposite side from us, and within short cannon shot range” [italics supplied]. He was clearly alert to the strategic location of the fort in 1846.

This was, in fact, the year the late Bernard DeVoto has so aptly called “the year of decision.”<sup>4</sup> Affairs of great moment were taking place all over the West. Fremont was maneuvering on the Pacific coast and would seize Upper California in the autumn. The Mormon Saints were on the march across the plains to establish an empire in the Salt Lake basin. The members of the so-called Donner party, representative Americans looking for a new place in the sun, were rolling along the Platte, heading for their rendezvous with destiny in the frigid defiles of the Sierra Nevada. The long-pending Oregon boundary dispute with Great Britain was to come to a peaceful settlement in June. And above all, as part of the planned attack against Mexico and her possessions, the Army of the West—some 1600 dragoons and volunteers commanded by Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny—was to start that same June from Fort Leavenworth down the Santa Fe trail on the long trek that would ultimately lead to the subduing of New Mexico and the conquest of California, with a stop-over in late July at Bent’s Fort to pick up supplies and recondition men and horses after the torturing heat and drought of the plains.

Other visitors would also see the fort this summer of 1846. George Frederick Ruxton, young Lewis Garrard, and Francis Parkman all converged upon Bent’s post on the Arkansas and left literary records of their visits: Ruxton in two books, *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains* and *Life in the Far West*, Garrard in his sprightly *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail*, and Parkman in his classic *The California and Oregon Trail* (later simply titled *The Oregon Trail*). Any one of them could have written the account printed below but probably didn’t.

The *Reveille* article gives another impression of some of these events and experiences. History records the role that Bent’s Fort was playing in actions that were to render decisive changes in the drama that was being enacted on our western borders. To realize

<sup>4</sup> *The Year of Decision, 1846* (Boston, 1943).

some of these implications is to add another level of meaning to the words of the anonymous writer who took time to describe Bent’s Fort in the crucial spring of 1846.

What follows duplicates in full the text as printed originally in the *Saint Louis Reveille*:

#### BENT’S FORT—THE RENDEZVOUS.<sup>5</sup>

Fort William, or Bent’s Fort, on the Arkansas—the boundary line between our Indian territory and New Mexico—is a point which is destined to become of deep importance, as events are urging; and the following accurate description of it, with the neighboring country, must possess much interest at the present moment. The writer is a most intelligent friend of ours, now at the fort, and the letter, from which we extract, has been received within a short time by a mutual acquaintance.

#### DESCRIPTION OF BENT’S FORT.

(Furnished for the *Reveille*.)

This establishment is constructed of what is termed in New Mexico *adobes*—a sun-dried brick, which becomes hard and firm, and durable. They are 18 inches long, 9 inches wide, and 4 inches thick. They are not made with as much precision as our brick, but when put up, make a wall that is strong and passable. The fort is an oblong, the wall about twenty feet in height [*sic*], and sufficiently thick to resist all attempts with small arms. At the angles are round towers, commanding the outside of the walls; so with some swivels, and a couple of six-pounder brass pieces which we have, the place can be defended against any force that can be brought against it in this country. The area enclosed within the walls would probably comprise over an acre, which is subdivided by high walls; so, in case of a siege, all the horses, mules, cattle, wagons, &c., can be secured and protected inside the walls. Round the inside of the wall of the fort *proper*, are the storehouses, shops for blacksmith, gunsmith and carpenters, men’s quarters, private rooms for gentlemen, dining room, kitchen, &c. Over the dining room, and perched on the very top, overlooking all the buildings, is my sanctum. The buildings have flat roofs, covered with *adobes*, and rendered perfectly tight, affording a pleasant promenade, with a view of a vast extent of surrounding prairie, meandered by the river, with a back view of the Rocky Mountains—the Spanish Peak[s] and Pikes Peak, towering amid the clouds and glittering in the sunshine. To judge from a distant view of these mountain piles, they are not much removed from chaos. They would seem to have been left rough hewn by their projector, and stand as a knolled and rugged frame to a beautiful landscape picture. Time seems to add to the asperities of these mountains instead of softening them away, and there they will stand, with their jagged sides, as long as time may last—the same black, dreary-looking landmarks for unborn travellers to steer by.

Our style of living is superior to that of ordinary Indian traders, having abundance of substantial. Flour, corn, beans and whisky we get

<sup>5</sup> From a photostat furnished by the Newberry Library, Chicago. Since the present article was written and submitted for publication, Dr. Nolie Mume’s book entitled, *Old Forts and Trading Posts of the West. Bent’s Old Fort and Bent’s New Fort on the Arkansas River, Vol. I*, (Denver: Aircraft Press, 1956), has been published. Part of the *Reveille* item has been used therein on pages 35-36.—Editor.

from the Spanish settlements. Milk, poultry, butter, eggs, &c., are kind of indigenous affairs. All we lack is *murphys* [potatoes], which we shall try to raise the coming season.

There were twelve cows kept at the fort to furnish milk for the winter, and now there are thirty that could be put in requisition, if necessary. The company keep a large stock of cattle, employing Mexicans to herd them. These men can be had for from six to eight dollars per month, payable in goods, at an advance, on an average, of five hundred per cent. They are good workers, and attentive to their business, which is all that can be said in their favor. To show you how very choice they are in names, I will introduce you to Maria Jesus Arriano, our cow-herd; a more sinister-looking, dirty scamp you could never wish to meet with. They are all a poor, cowardly, despicable, thievish, gambling set—but little removed from the Indian, and only fit to drudge, break wild horses and mules, and herd cattle and sheep in this world, and be —— in the next; which latter fate inevitably awaits them, unless they speedily reform, of which, at present, there are no hopes.

Bent's Fort is on the main branch of the Arkansas river, eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, and one hundred and thirty to its source in the mountains. Though dignified with the soubriquet of river, the stream here is, in reality, only a creek, being no more, in ordinary stages of water, than thirty or forty yards wide; but what gives it more consequence is its being the boundary line between the American and New Mexican possessions, which latter are on the west [south] or opposite side from us, and within short cannon shot range. The country far about is a wilderness, and must ever remain so, from the scarcity of timber and general sterility of soil; which, however, though light and sandy, produces a sufficiency of herbage for the sustenance of vast herds of gregarious animals roaming the plains, and will always afford a home for such Indian nations as live by the chase. Around us are the most powerful and warlike Indian tribes on the continent—the Comanches, the Kiawas, the Arrapahos, the Yutas, the Cheyennes, the Apaches and the Pawnees—all buffalo-eaters, and all great scamps. St. Louis being in north latitude  $38^{\circ} 37' 28''$ , makes us, according to Lieut. Fremont's observations,  $35' 28''$  south, and  $14^{\circ}$  of longitude west of you. I suppose there is no great difference in the seasons or temperature, except that here we are not subject to the sudden changes which are experienced with you, and are blessed with a pure and exhilarating atmosphere. The coldest and most piercing winds come from the northeast, and (as much of an antithesis as it may seem) the warmest and softest winds from the north-west, sweeping from the very top of the snow-clad mountains. The climate is salubrious—delightful.

## W. Arthur Dier, Pioneer Teacher and Lawyer

Through the courtesy of Mrs. W. H. Lowther (nee Katherine Dier) of Golden, Colorado, we publish the following excerpts from the Diaries and journalistic writings of her father, W. Arthur Dier, a pioneer Colorado lawyer.

Born in Montreal, Canada in 1850, W. A. Dier moved to Illinois, where he attended the Illinois Industrial University (University of Illinois). Coming West in 1873, young Dier obtained work with a surveying crew in Wyoming Territory. There he experienced an Indian attack, and also, a visit from a friendly Sioux sub-chief. A few months later Mr. Dier began teaching a country school on Ralston Creek in Colorado Territory. Later he went to Georgetown and then to Golden, where he decided to make his home.

He studied law, was appointed clerk of the court of the first judicial district, and in 1875, he was admitted to practice law in Colorado. He served as district attorney and county and city attorney for many years. He was intimately acquainted with practically all of the big cases in the first judicial district for half a century. He was prominent in Republican circles.

On Dec. 23, 1877, W. Arthur Dier married Miss Althea Quaintance. They were the parents of one son, John Q., and two daughters, Katherine and Caroline.

Judge Dier died on November 12, 1925.—*Editor.*

Cheyenne, W.T. April 14th 1873. It is almost a year since I made the last entry in my diary. Many things unlooked for have taken place in that time. One of them perhaps, is my being here. When I made my last entry I did not expect to be away out here in sight of the Rocky Mountains, when I made my next one. Many causes have operated to place me here. Chief among them was the state of my health.

A little review of my life since last I wrote will be interesting both to me and my future readers if ever I should have any. These notes will interest me in the future . . . I have been intending for the last two or three years to come to the Far West in order to test the efficacy of the dry, mountain air in my case. But chiefly through a want of the means I have always been unable to undertake the journey. But this spring my school earnings took away that difficulty and so I determined to come.

I left home Tuesday, April 8th, and arrived in Cheyenne the following Thursday after a safe and pleasant journey of over one thousand miles . . . I am stopping at present with Wm. Farrell, an old friend, until I find employment of some kind by which I may pay my way . . . I am feeling quite well physically, but want of something to do to employ my thoughts and attention keep me in an anxious and depressed state of feeling . . . The monotony of a daily life broken only by the arrival and departure of trains on the great Union Pacific Railway, where the telegraphic wire which passes over our heads and the iron rails which stretch out in unbroken lines

beyond our vision, from sea to sea, are the only links which bind us to the great world of civilization beyond. But a good time cometh in the future.

April 21st 1873. I am still at Cheyenne although not doing anything, yet hoping that I will be rewarded soon for my patience by a good position. The weather has been very pleasant for the past week. I am feeling pretty well, and would be perfectly contented



JUDGE WILLIAM A. DIER

if I was only employed at something. I received a letter from home Saturday. They are all well and busy at their several employments. I wrote home the same day and yesterday to the *Forreston (Ill.) Journal*, which makes the second letter to the same paper. They are descriptive of the impressions of places, people &c.

I had quite a ride this afternoon. Through the influence of a friend I obtained a seat in the cabin of an engine and rode up to Sherman, which is about 33 miles above. There is an awful heavy grade all the way from here. Sherman is the highest railroad station on the continent. Its elevation above the sea is about 8,830 feet—

some 2,500 higher than this place or nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. The town is very small, merely of the railroad employees. From this point a most beautiful view of the main range of the Rocky Mountains is had. The mountains appear near, though I suppose over a hundred miles away.

The day is a raw, blustering one and not very inviting to outdoor pleasures. President Grant went through today coming from Denver and going home via the U.P.R.R. I did not even take the trouble to go up to the Depot to see his royal majesty! He earns his fifty thousand dollars a year in a very easy manner.

Wm's. wife left for home Sunday. I suppose she is very near old Forreston now (3 P.M.). I wrote to Grandpa and also home on Sunday. I got a letter from home Saturday. They are all well. I am not feeling exceedingly active myself today. I must have gotten a cold.

May 2d 1873. Well I guess I will settle down as a resident of Cheyenne. I have recently made arrangements to clerk for Mr. E. H. Leibey, proprietor of a grocery store. I do not know that this will be permanent or not as far as I am concerned, for I do not like that kind of business. Perhaps it will be a stepping stone to something better after I get more acquainted here.

I got a copy of the *Forreston Journal* today. It had "Our Western Letter" written from Cheyenne by "W.A.D." I dont see why it didnt come sooner.

May 5th 1873. We had a splendid rain last night, the first in a long while. Rain is a very infrequent visitor to this altitude, I am told. I wrote a letter today to Whit Beebe, brother-in-law, in answer to one received from him yesterday. I am going to try and have him come out here this summer if possible.

I commenced work today for E. H. Leibey, grocer of this place. It is a new business to me, but as far as I can tell from today's experience think I shall get along and like it as well as teaching, though of course it is not my ideal of a business for life by any means. I wish to do my duty and help myself.

May 9th, Friday. This is a splendid day overhead, but very sloppy under foot. When the people of this burg got up yesterday morning, they found 15 to 18 inches of snow lying about on the ground! That for nearly the middle of May we consider doing pretty well.

I find it quite lonesome lying around the store busy but a very little part of the time. Still it is better than being idle by a great deal. I hope—health improving, after a while to obtain a more congenial life work. I certainly would not clerk longer than I could get out of it.

May 14th Wednesday. This is a very warm, pleasant day. It is beginning to look a good deal like summer. This is my birthday. Another year has passed and spite of all my forebodings I am still upon the Earth. Last birthday I thought I might never see another one, but I have. I have not had a letter from home for nearly three weeks. I wish they would write oftener. I expected one today sure but it did not come. Business is very dull and merchants and their clerks have very little to do but idle around and joke each other about trade.

Cheyenne June 2nd '73. Summer is at last here I think, after all the rain and cool weather of the last month. I have not been feeling so well for a few days. I got a cold a week ago and I think that is the reason. Got a letter from home last Friday. They are all well. I don't think confinement in the store is the best thing in the world for my health. I wish I could get into something less confining. Wrote the *Journal* Saturday. Haven't wrote before for a month. Times are very dull here and not much of a prospect for better.

Thursday, June 26th 1873. The weather is extremely warm for this locality, though we have cool nights so that tired humanity can rest well then. Well I am resting for awhile. I have left the store and am going out with a surveying party. We expected to start today, but things have turned up so we can not start until Monday. My object in going out is principally to try the effect of camp life upon my health. The party was full when I applied, but Mr. Caton, the foreman, generously allowed me to go with him and gives me my board for the little extra work that there may be which I can do and perhaps there will be a vacancy.

"In Camp" Wyo Ter July 2nd '73. Here we are, away out in the wilderness of the plains. We are situated at present about 40 or 50 miles northeast of Cheyenne. We went into camp in Cheyenne Saturday last and staid until Monday when we pulled out and arrived here this afternoon. There is considerable game about, and the boys are chasing them (antelopes) continually. Tomorrow the work commences in earnest. I am in hopes that some of the party will give out so that I can get something to do. As it is I will help around and hunt game for the party provided I have any luck killing it. Camp life seems to agree with me pretty well so far. We are well armed and do not apprehend any danger from any source. The novelty of camplife is wearing away but still there is an interesting excitement in it. The outdoor life gives us hearty appetites and we will probably become fat as pigs if it continues to agree with us.

July 5th 1873. We are still in the same place and shall be probably for another week. I have been feeling rather unwell for a day

or two, with something like billiousness I think. I hope to be better shortly. It would never do to be sick so far from Physicians' help. Our cook who is an old hunter and trapper thinks that the Indians are liable to come down on us at any time. But we are always prepared for any such an emergency.

In camp, July 11th 1873. We have removed our camp to the place where we are now since last I wrote. Our cook went into Cheyenne yesterday morning and I am alone and doing the cooking while he is absent. It is very lonesome to me to be alone, except having the dogs, all day. And though we heard that a party of Indians had left their reservation<sup>1</sup> about 60 miles from here, a few days ago, on the war-path, still I don't feel very much fear. I keep a good look out though in case anything should happen. Cook will be back tomorrow. I sent several letters in, one home.

In Camp, July 13th '73. Well, it has come at last. We were attacked by a party of Indians last night between nine and ten o'clock. They came up within a few rods of camp and commenced firing and yelling. We had just turned in for the night and some of the boys had gotten to sleep, but every one was on his feet inside of a minute and then the battle commenced. It lasted but a few minutes and then the redskins fled. We have no means of knowing how many there were of them, but I think not over six or eight. Luckily none of us were hurt. This is exciting but still I don't like it. I will go back to Cheyenne, before long if things do not quiet down. We did expect, somewhat, an attack for the boys saw 3 or 4 Indians during the day. I almost shudder when I think of the risk I may have run, in staying at camp alone all day. I don't think I will do so any more if I can help myself. This is the first time I ever was under fire and the feeling is anything but an agreeable one. I hope we hit some of the rascals but still it was so dark that it was a difficult matter to see well enough to take aim. I hope they will give us a wider range hereafter.

In Camp,<sup>2</sup> July 17th/73. We moved again yesterday and are in a much pleasanter locality than any we have been in yet. There's a little creek and a grove of trees and we are among them, making it shady and cool. The birds are numerous and sing nicely all day. We are also more nearly in the region of wild animals. It is a hilly, and somewhat mountainous country and wild cats, mountain lions &c are plenty. Unless attacked they as a general thing will not disturb a man. We have not seen any more Indians, since I last

<sup>1</sup> Evidently the Red Cloud Agency of the Sioux Indians in northwestern Nebraska.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the camp was in Chugwater Valley which was noted for its birds and trees. Unruly young Indians made frequent forays along the Chug in the early 1870's on horse-stealing raids.

wrote, but have been very watchful nevertheless. I shall stay here a while longer if the Indians do not bother us again.

In Camp July 19th 1873. A friend, or rather an acquaintance, a herder, whose ranch was near our first camp, came into camp last night, borrowed a rifle to shoot an antelope he said, and a few minutes after a shot was heard a few hundred yards from camp. He came in though without his antelope, and before long it was whispered about among the boys that the "antelope" was a half-breed Indian, with whom the herder had had a fuss, and that his body lay up among the rocks. Such is life among frontier men in this land of ours.

We are camped on the Indian trail to the south. I hope none will come along while we are here.

In Camp, July 26th 1873. We have moved again since I last wrote. We are in a very rough and broken country now. This will be the farthest east that we will be. There are after this township is surveyed three more remaining. We shall be through with this contract in 4 or 5 weeks. Then Caton & Poland have another contract for surveying a portion of land near Ft. Bridger some 400 miles west in the extreme western part of the Territory. I hardly think I will be likely to go up there with them. I certainly will not, if I get a favorable answer from Colorado to schools otherwise I may go with them. Poland went into town yesterday. I sent a letter home and also one to the *Forreston Journal*.

Friday, August 1st 1873. Poland returned to camp yesterday bringing me five letters and two *Journals*, most of them were home letters. I was much surprised to get one from Whitman Beebe from Ft. Kearney, Neb. He has been taking a trip that far to the westward, for the purpose of seeing the country and perhaps locate somewhere if he liked it.

Our party has lost some of the "old boys". "Johnny" and "Bob" got in a huff Monday and "bucked," so Caton took them into town and got a couple of new men. *Work* was delayed three days by this. Caton brought out a stack of papers and magazines, and so we are made happy by having a chance to read once more. We had the heaviest rainstorm this afternoon that I have seen in Wyoming. Thunder and lightning were plenty also.

Saturday Aug 16th. We are located on the banks of Horse Creek at present. Our work will be finished in about a week from next Tuesday. Owing to changes in the U.S. Surveying Dept. we are unable to obtain another contract this fall and so this contract will end our work for this summer.

This kind of a life has improved my health greatly and I have been thinking of trying to get a position on some of the ranches

scattered through the country, instead of going to Colorado to teach or clerk. A week ago today, the cook and myself had a call from Whirlwind, one of the small chiefs of the Sioux Indians. He was very friendly and invited us to go hunting with him for buffalo this fall.

Sunday Aug 25th 1873. This is our last day in camp. Tomorrow we start for Cheyenne, which we arrive at Tuesday next. I am not sorry, though I would like well enough to spend 2 months more in camp life more for my health than anything else. I have not decided what I may do after this trip is ended.

There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction in camp for quite a while. There has never been a real head to the party since it came out and each one gives his orders and does as he wishes. When such a course prevails, of course we can expect only trouble and disorderly conduct.

Cheyenne, Saturday Aug. 30. I think I will leave town tomorrow afternoon for Denver. There is nothing open here that I can see at present. Mr. Connell, roadmaster, on the U.P.R.R. at Ogden, promised to look out for a position up the road for me and telegraph me at Denver next week if he was successful in obtaining one for me. I hardly know whether I can rely much on this or not. If I was certain he would find me a situation I would stay here and not go down to Denver. I have found Mr. Poland not so much of a gentleman as I thought him to be. He borrowed my little revolver and told me he had lost it gambling, but I found he had given it away here in town. It was not the value that I thought of, but the revolver was a little keepsake that I thought much of and I think more of its loss on that account.

Boulder City, Col. Sept 3d. I came up here last night from Denver, but there is nothing to be done here at all. I wished I had not come for it is only spending money for nothing. I'm almost discouraged about the prospect, and wish I had gone home before this. There is some grand and beautiful scenery around this section.

Denver, Col. Sept 7th 1873. Thursday morning I returned to Golden City<sup>3</sup> from Boulder and after making some inquiries started out into the country. I succeeded in engaging a school near the mountains about 4 miles from Golden. I am to get \$50 per month and teach six months commencing about the last of this month. Golden is a nice little city situated at the mouth of Clear Creek Cañon, right at the base of the mountains. I shall have a few weeks now to loaf and look around me. I shall stay here part of the time

<sup>3</sup>Golden City was established as a temporary camp near the mouth of Clear Creek in the fall of 1858 by James Saunders and George W. Jackson. The town was established in June, 1859, by the Boston Company, headed by George West. It was named in honor of Tom Golden. From 1862 to 1867 it was the capital of Colorado Territory.—"Place Names in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 2 (March, 1941), 63-64.

and part at Golden. I sent a letter home yesterday descriptive of my travels and "trials" lately.

Denver, Sept 13th 1873. I got a letter from home today and answered it. The people at Forrester are enjoying their usual health. John Kennedy, poor old friend, is dead. Gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Let my last end be like his!

I have been having a literary feast the last week among old author friends. I have followed Charles Reade through lunatic asylums and other iniquities of bonnie England. Been with Wayne Reid in the "Everglades" of Florida. Had hair-breadth escapes from Indians and many other adventures too numerous to mention. Then I have conversed with Mrs. H. B. Stowe's excentric [*sic*] New Englanders, her girl of the period, and many other characters.

Golden, Col. Sept. 20th 1873. I came up here from Denver last night. My winter's work commences next Monday a week. I shall be glad to get to work, although I dread the beginning somewhat. It is very costly, this idleness of mine. I have spent \$90 within a month and pretty near down to "bed-rock" as the saying is for those near bankruptcy. I shall do my best and hope to win a good character as a thorough teacher.

Today I have been wandering around. Visited the coal mines near town, also the gold mines. These latter are unimportant, only a few men surface mining in the bed of Clear Creek. They make wages and I guess not much more. I am a little lonely tonight.

Sept 29 1873. Ralston<sup>4</sup> School House, Col. My first day's school in Colorado has just closed. I had 14 children at school today. They are mostly young and a very orderly well-behaved set of pupils. I expect more in the course of a few days. I hope to do my best this winter and might as well settle down to work in earnest for there is a long term of work ahead. I hope I will be successful as a teacher because I want to go higher in the ranks if I make teaching a profession. . . .

Oct. 10th 1873. I have just finished my first two weeks of school. It goes very well. I like the school and the pupils all very well. They are easily governed and seem to want to learn. Nearly all recite good lessons and show that they know what they are at school for. I have enrolled at present 27 pupils. I expect a number more next week. I sent a letter to the *Journal* this morning and also one to Emma D. I have written to W. Beebe and heard from home since I last wrote. I have been occupying leisure time lately reading Dickens' inimitable "Pickwick Papers." It is very enjoyable. Sam Weller is a masterpiece of character.

<sup>4</sup>Ralston Creek, a branch of Clear Creek, was named for Lewis Ralston, a member of a party of goldseekers, who discovered gold on the creek in June, 1850.—*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XV, No. 3 (May, 1938), 106.

Ralston School. Oct 22nd 1873. I received a letter from Whitman, brother-in-law. He gave me news of considerable importance. The fact is, they have thrust upon me the responsible title of Uncle. It sits illy upon my shoulders but I suppose I will get used to it after awhile. Ella has a little boy of her own. It was born the 13th of the present month. Both are getting along well. The rest are all as well as usual. As for me in Colorado, I am hearty as a buck. The weather is a little cool. We had a little snow storm last night, the first of the season.

Ralston School. Nov. 10th. Weather mild and beautiful, like the Indian Summer in Illinois. I was over to Denver Saturday and got some liquid slating for my school room and spent yesterday, Sunday, much to my shame be it said, in putting it on.

I went over horseback and was rather lame and sore yesterday. It is 12 miles from here. I have not heard from home for some time but expect to soon. I wrote articles for *Golden Globe* and *Forrester Journal*<sup>5</sup> last week. I have been teaching now six weeks. I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in Denver and was invited to come down and spend Christmas with them.

Ralston Creek. Dec. 3d. The weather has been a little winterish lately and in consequence school has been rather slimly attended. During the week past I have received several letters from home and have answered them. I wrote to Uncle Stephen at Del Norte, this Territory, but I am not sure of it reaching him. School affairs still prosper, being quite the reverse of my experience at Pecatonica, Ill. I wrote a letter to the *Journal*<sup>6</sup> Saturday. My health is very good this Fall, and I hope for a good degree of health by continuing in the Territory. *Au Revoir*.

Christmas. 1873. Christmas has been here, but is now almost gone again. The year 1873 will soon be known only in history. Today seemed very little like a holiday. We had a few visitors and a good dinner and that is Christmas for us. I should have enjoyed being at home today much. We have no school tomorrow, Friday, so I have two holidays this week.

I received a letter from friend, J. W. Clinton, editor of the *Polo [Ill.] Press* inviting correspondence for the *Press*. I sent him an initial letter last Saturday. So now I am correspondent for two news-

<sup>5</sup>"*Golden City, Col. Nov. 26, 1873. Western Correspondence. Game is very plenty in Colorado this season. Buffalo are very numerous east of us. They have approached nearer than they have for many years. Parties are being made up all around us to hunt them, both for pleasure and profit. Deer and mountain sheep on the range and antelope on the plains are also very plenty. . . .*" *Forrester [Ill.] Weekly Journal*, Dec. 6, 1873.

<sup>6</sup>"Dec. 20, 1873. Western Correspondence. Times are said to be very tight in Colorado. *The Greeley Tribune* says that sacks of flour are used as a sort of legal tender in that town. All sorts of mercantile houses have them piled up and stored away, having taken them in exchange for articles which they deal in. Hay is the next commodity in active circulation and Buffalo meat comes next on the list. The last is very plenty and sells from 2 to 3 cents per pound, according to quality. . . ." *Forrester Weekly Journal*.

papers. I also sent the *Journal* a letter this week. I am busy now drafting an amendment to the school law, to be presented for action upon, to the Territorial Legislature soon to meet. It refers principally to the manner now in use for assessing, collecting and apportioning school money, and attempts to correct some abuses in the present law, by providing a new and better (I think) one. The school money of each county is "pooled" and apportioned to the number of persons between 5 and 21 years. By my plan, each district taxes itself for the necessary funds and uses its own money. The taxes are collected in the ordinary manner as other taxes are. By this means, one district is not taxed for the benefit of another as now often happens, and a small district does not help support a large one. The wind is blowing a hurricane tonight from the mountains, and the old house rattles.

"New Years." Jan. 1st, 1874. The year 1873 died last night a natural death and has passed into the history of the past, soon by most of us to be forgotten, only when memory draws us back in recollection to some of its scenes. It has been a year replete with important events to all, and especially to him who writes these reflections upon the past. A year ago I hardly expected to be in Colorado, or in fact anywhere else, unless perhaps under the "sod," in an eternal sleep, by Jan. 1st, 1874. But it is otherwise. I have broken loose from the parental roof and bidden it an eternal farewell, as regards ever making it a permanent home again, and have cast my lot afar off among entire strangers, to hew out for myself a name, a character and a local habitation. I am well satisfied with my progress throughout the past year, and have bright hopes for the future.

I am enjoying a comparatively good degree of health, taking into consideration my sedentary life and confinement in school duties. I have come among strangers and have been successful in gaining their confidence. I have endeavored to discharge my duties in such a manner that their confidence in me, once gained would not be shaken or destroyed. I hope to do even better and to gain a place in their midst by *doing my duty well always*. I have gained character, and reliance in myself, by intercourse with the world which is worth to me all the trouble and difficulties I have met with since leaving home. And though many times my faith in the world's people has been greatly weakened, and I have almost taken upon myself the character and sentiments of a cynic, yet, still I have been enabled to find friends among strangers, friends in whom I have faith and whom I honor and regard most kindly. The world has among its inhabitants, *many*, who are overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the assertions of cynics and critics to the contrary notwithstanding . . .

Thursday, Jan. 15th, 1874. The winter is passing swiftly by and soon will be over. It has been a very pleasant season so far, so different from Illinois winters. Today was an exceedingly mild one for the season. We have had but little snow so far, hardly enough to speak about. I have just finished a second letter to the *Ogle County Press*, taking as my subject, our Governor's late message. I have received several letters from home in the last week or two. I sent an application, a few days ago, to the Board of Education, of Idaho City,<sup>7</sup> for their public school, but have received as yet no answer. Tomorrow I shall have completed four months of this term's work, leaving yet two more.

Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1874. I went up into the mountains Friday night on a visit to Mr. Songer, a friend of mine and father of one of my pupils, and have just returned. I had a very pleasant visit, though made somewhat disagreeable, by a "drizzling" snowstorm yesterday. They live back about six miles from here, and the road to them winds up the sides of the mountains, in the ascent, for about a mile and a quarter and in that distance ascends about 1,000 or 1,200 feet above the level of our Ralston Valley. The ascent is very toilsome, and the inexperienced are very glad when the summit is finally reached. We reached our destination at half-past six, having been two and one-half hours making the trip. While coming back I made it in two hours. I found Mr. and Mrs. Songer to be a good sort of people, kind and hospitable, as most of Colorado people are. He is an old pioneer in the Territory, has been a miner and has been in nearly every mining camp in the Territory.

He has a great, old fashioned, fireplace in his house, and sitting "the clean-winged hearth about," and watching the flames disappear up the "roaring chimneys mouth," reminded one of olden times, when in a half-circle around the old fire place the long winter evenings were passed, while, "Nuts from brown October's wood" and apples and cider went around. Altogether I had an enjoyable visit.

The 17th of February, 1874. Weather mild and beautiful. Pre-eminently Colorado in every respect. I am busy writing and making inquiries for a Spring situation to teach. I have written to several County Superintendents and have not received answers not having been to town lately. I hope to get a position in a graded school, but may be disappointed in that. If I do not get such a position, I will probably be able to obtain a country school for the Spring. I have written several letters home during the last week, including one to

<sup>7</sup> Present-day Idaho Springs has been known at various times as Sacramento City, Idaho City, Idaho or Idahoe. Surveyed in 1860, the town sprang up at Jackson's Diggings where George A. Jackson discovered gold early in 1859.—"Place Names in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 5 (September, 1941), 186.

the *Press* and one to the *Journal*. I am thinking of writing to some prominent Eastern paper for the post of "Col. Correspondent."

Ralston, March 2nd 1874. I have two weeks more of school. I shall be sorry when school is out for this has been one of the pleasantest winters I ever passed. I am making all inquiries possible to secure another school and hope to be successful. I have heard of a good school at Georgetown or rather near there, to which I have forwarded an application. This district would be glad to retain me if they were able to bear the expense. Mr. Haines said the other day that they only wished they had the power to keep me three years. That encourages me. I have received several home letters lately; one contained a photograph of brother Clarendon which I did not recognize.

March 13th 1874. I have just closed my term's work of school in Ralston. I feel real sad and gloomy at the prospect of leaving my pleasant school and friends to roam again amongst strangers. We had a little exercise of speaking and compositions at the close. I shall probably leave next week just as soon as I get my business matters settled. . . . It is one of the saddest things in teaching to be always making friends and then remove.

Ralston, Sunday 22d. I went up to Georgetown Wednesday and got back Friday night. I think I shall be successful in obtaining a school there for which I made application. I had a very pleasant time there with Sup't of Schools, C.F. Bridges. I found him to be a very agreeable gentleman. He took me through [J.O.] Stewart's reduction mills for crushing ore, and explained the whole process. The Board of Education to whom I made application promised to let me hear from them shortly. Meanwhile I shall quietly recruit at Mr. Haines' on Ralston, till I hear from them. The weather is beautiful.

(Note: Three days after his trip to Georgetown, W. A. Dier wrote the following letter which was published in *The Ogle County Press*, Polo, Illinois, April 4, 1874.—*Editor*)

Golden City, Co., March 25th, 1874. Colorado Correspondence.

Up Clear Creek Canon.

*Editor Press*:—I took a trip up to Georgetown last week and was well repaid for my time and trouble in the sight and scenes of the journey. Taking the narrow-gauge route, which leads through Clear Creek Canon, I had chance of seeing what is called the grandest scenery in Colorado. The road is built only to Floyd Hill, 22 miles west of Golden City, but is to be extended to Georgetown as soon as possible. The fare for the 22 miles already built is \$3.00, nearly 14 cents per mile. What think ye of that, you who grumble because you have to pay 4 cents per mile? The Colorado Central, though well built and well managed, is a terror to weak-nerved and timid people. The road winds up the canon, now on this side, now on that, clinging to the mountain's side, and sometimes the road-bed is built up from the bed of the creek where the mountains are too steep for the road to be hewn from the sides. On the whole road there is not one hundred yards of straight track and sometimes the curves are so sharp

that the train takes the shape of a half-circle having a very small radius. The maximum grade on the road is 250 feet to the mile, while the average is 200. The engines being quite small, the train generally consists of no more than half a dozen cars, and even then their strength is taxed to the utmost. At the side of the track the turbid, foaming, little river rushes along over huge boulders which seem to attempt to stem its tide, but only increase its anger the more. Here and there are miniature cataracts which add to the beauty and wildness of the stream. On each side of the creek the mountains rise up to a height of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. These were at one time covered with a species of pine, (*pinus contortus*), but the ax of the woodman has converted all of it accessible into lumber for the use of the railroad, and now nothing remains but the blackened stumps which disfigure the landscape instead of adding to its beauty. Many points on the road have characteristic names given them, such as Devil's Gap, Hell's Gate, Death's Door and many more equally appropriate and suggestive of the infernal regions. To illustrate the sharpness of the curves a story is told of a conductor who, standing on the platform of the rear car, was in the habit of borrowing a chew of tobacco from the engineer seated in the cab of his engine. This finally grew monotonous to the engineer, who upon one of these occasions, gave an extra jerk to the train and the conductor, losing his balance, fell through Hell's Gate into the hands of the devil. Thus the tale runs, but of course you can not expect your correspondent to vouch for its truthfulness. About half way up the canon is the Beaver Creek Station where the train stops for dinner. Here, also, is an immense pavilion where, in the summer time, crowds resort in the Sunday excursion trains to trip the light fantastic toe in the dizzy whirl of the dance. No scruples are manifested at thus breaking the Sabbath, in this land where Sunday is a day of pleasure and recreation rather than one of rest and worship. Reaching the forks of the creek the road branches; the north branch running to Black Hawk and Central while the south runs to Floyd Hill. Our train takes the latter route and we soon reach its terminus after a ride of two hours. Here an old-fashioned coach awaits us, and, after paying \$2.50, we step in for a ride to Georgetown, 17 miles distant.

Coach and Six.

Six horses are attached to the lumbering old coach and yet they rarely get out of a walk, so rough is the road and so great the ascent. Riding in a coach begets familiarity, and so our six inside travelers are soon socially discussing the prospects of the country, mines &c., for nearly all are interested in our mines or other industries. Here, also, people's natures are well brought out. Some are crabbed and sullen, others are all gas and small talk, while others are pleasing and affable. Coming down we had a young sprig of an army officer inside, full of bursting of bigotry and conceit, and whose whole talk—the rest of us could talk only in monosyllables—was of himself and his wonderful exploits in field and camp. Such are disgustingly familiar, and all are glad to reach their journey's end if for nothing more than to escape their rodomontade.

Four miles above Floyd's Hill we come to the pleasant little village of Idaho Springs, now becoming quite a noted resort for invalids who find in the waters of the mineral springs located here, life-giving qualities. First-class accommodations can be had at reasonable prices, and I would advise all who seek a restoration of health to try a season here, being satisfied that there is no better locality in the Territory. Jogging along we pass several hamlets which were once the center of a busy population, years ago, when the placer mines of Colorado were prosperous. Evidences of those times can be seen all along the creek, in the deserted mills and flumes and worked-over ground of long ago. The once-celebrated Spanish bar has now but a few huts near it, whose occupants depend on other industries for their support. Finally, after a ride of several hours, turning a sharp point of the mountain, the mining town of Georgetown bursts upon the view.—W. A. Dier

(To be concluded in October issue)