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Early Cowboy Life in the Arkansas Valley

RUFUS PHILLIPS*

The life of a cowpuncher, in which I had a part, takes us back for fifty-two years. In fact, we must add ten years more for a beginning to the little story out of my own personal experience when a small lad in an Illinois town. Here our next door neighbor was a relative by the name of Todd, who when crossing the plains in 1850 had conceived the idea of engaging in the cattle business on the Great American Desert, and was now about ready to put his plans into execution. It was spring time in the year 1868 and he was preparing to start out with a fair sized company in covered wagons for the West, expecting to stop at Abilene, Kansas, and purchase cattle to be driven from there to Colorado, and this plan was carried out.

While preparations for this migration were in progress, the Todd neighborhood in the little town was naturally an attractive place for the youngsters of that vicinity. I, as one of them, had in some unaccountable way conceived a secret hope that by some hook or crook I might be permitted to go along, as Mr. Todd was an uncle of mine. This ambition was not dampened in the least when one of the Todd boys suggested that they might need me to help fight the Indians. Not finding much encouragement at home for an adventure of this kind, I had visions of going anyway by secreting myself like a stowaway somewhere in the outfit until they were too far out on the plains to send me back. Needless to say, this scheme could not be carried out, and therefore under all the circumstances it is easy to imagine some of the feelings I experienced when the string of wagons pulled out on a certain day, long to be remembered, and I was left behind. There was a determination in my heart, however, to follow when circumstances would permit, possibly in a covered wagon of my own.

This dream was realized nine years later, but not in a covered wagon. I boarded a Santa Fe train in response to a letter from Mr. Todd asking me to come out and learn the cattle business on his ranch in the Arkansas Valley of Colorado. Here was my golden

*Mr. Phillips, President of the First National Bank of La Junta, Colorado, presents here an interesting and valuable account from his personal experiences. —Ed.

opportunity, and so in June, 1877, I arrived at the Todd ranch at the age of 18, full of vim and vitality, ready and impatient to be initiated into the mysteries of punching cows.

The Todd ranch consisted of several thousand acres of land on both sides of the Arkansas River, and a range extending out from the river to the north for twenty-five or thirty miles. The right to this range, covering perhaps 500 square miles, was acquired by getting title to the land on which the various watering places, here and there, were located. The cattle were turned loose to shift for themselves on this vast grazing ground, where they would readily become "located," showing little disposition to wander away unless driven out by severe storms in the winter time.

The ranch on the river near Rocky Ford was the headquarters, or base of supplies, for carrying on the business. Here the land had been fenced, providing temporary pasture for saddle horses, or calves that were being weaned. The main corral, built of cottonwood or cedar posts, set upright in the ground, close together like a stockade, was located here, although there were other corrals and a camp house at each of the principal watering places.

The ranch houses, of which there were several, were built of adobe, or logs, with dirt roof. The stable, bunk houses and other buildings were of like material. The rancher of that day did not build for permanency, and had no thought of architectural beauty, for, like the Arab, he expected his sojourn to be short. He always selected a site for his buildings as near the river as possible, so as to get the benefit of the shade of the big cottonwood trees that lined the banks of the stream in great numbers.

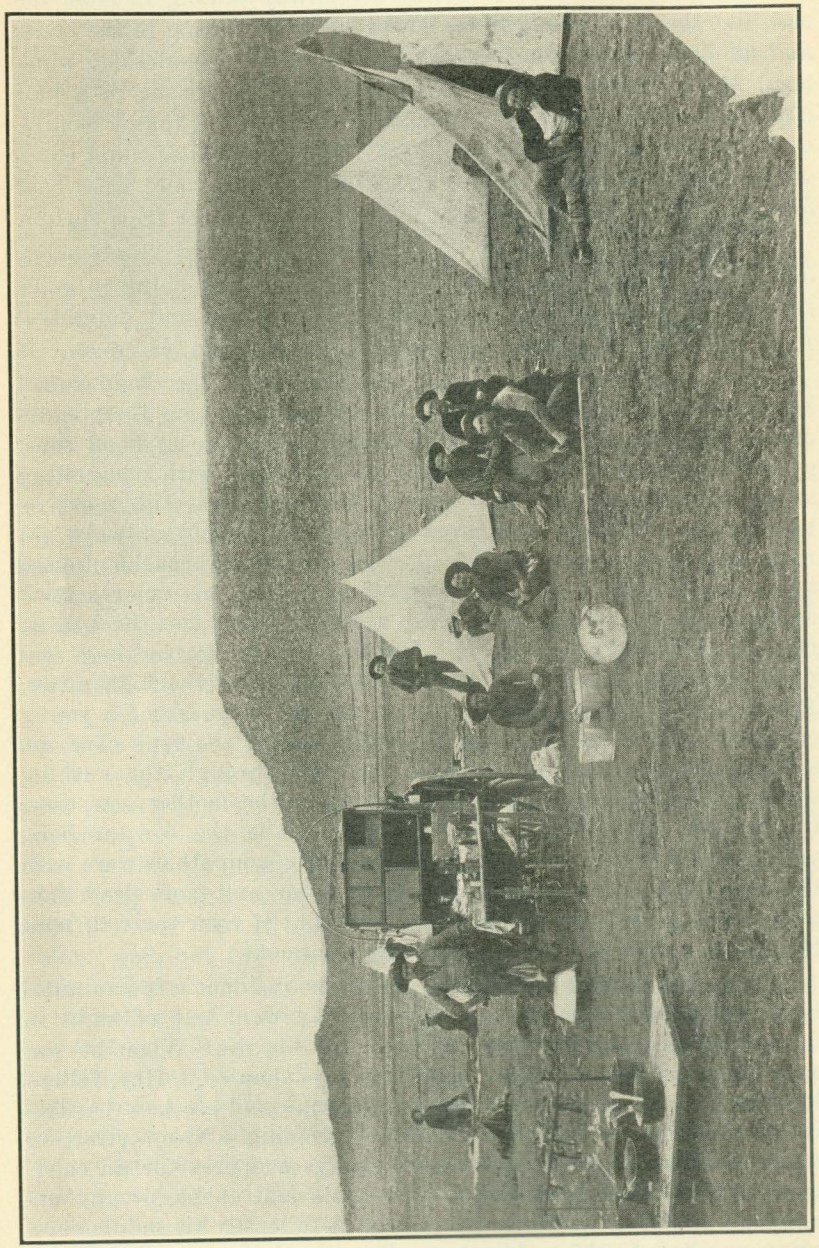
It was in a setting of this kind that I found the Todd home ranch, and while there may not have been much of beauty about the place, externally, it looked mighty good to me. There was plenty of beauty inside however, where the women held dominion, with many of the comforts of a home you might find in the East, and this was true of most of the ranch homes of the Arkansas Valley, with but few exceptions. There were musical instruments, books and periodicals, and an air of refinement that the uninitiated might not expect to find. In short there was about the entire place a charm and beauty that is hard to describe. The birds seemed to have always been there, building their nests among the wild grape vines and in the branches of the trees and among the willows along the river's edge. Mocking birds, with their song in the night, the orioles flashing among the foliage were there in great numbers, as well as that old friend of our childhood days, the robin redbreast.

There was a dense growth of cottonwood timber lining both sides of the river in those days, nearly all of which has now disappeared, affording shelter for a numerous bird population, which I imagine used the river course as a highway coming in from the east, like the early immigrants. There was good fishing in the river, and along the banks the beaver were found in considerable numbers. Great droves of antelope could be seen any time in a half day's ride and occasionally a small band would be found feeding in one of the pastures near the house. Hungry coyotes would catch young rabbits within a stone's throw of the house, and were bold enough to pick up a chicken that had ventured too far from shelter.

I found the routine of ranch life anything but monotonous, even in the winter time. There was always enough doing to make the life of a cowpuncher exceedingly interesting and delightful if he is a lover of nature, and likes to get out into the open.

The main corral was across the river from the Todd ranch house which necessitated fording the stream back and forth quite often. This was easy enough ordinarily, but not so at flood time, as in June and July when the river was bank full with the melting snows from the mountains. Then it was attended with more or less danger. Whether dangerous or not, the cowboys always got more or less diversion out of it. Occasionally a broncho unused to an aquatic life would give himself as well as his rider a good ducking, which usually furnished a lot of sport for the others. On one occasion, when taking a bunch of cattle across there was much difficulty in getting them started because of the high water. Finally one of the men threw a rope around the neck of a young calf, and with a half hitch of the other end of the rope over the saddle horn, he literally dragged the calf through the rushing water to the other side, closely followed by the mother cow, thus leading the other cattle into the water, while the cowpunchers, yelling like Indians, crowded them along. My sympathies were with the poor little calf, having no chance to swim, and more dead than alive when pulled out on the other side, but it soon revived, none the worse apparently for such rough treatment.

The cowpunchers got a laugh out of the incident a few minutes later when the horse of this same cowboy went out of sight in deep water leaving his rider to swim for his life. When he was near enough ashore to wade, one of the boys shouted, "Hey, fellers, let's drag the dam maverick out with a rope and see how he likes it." Of course, a cowpuncher, when crossing a deep river, or when there is danger of quicksand, always prepares for an emergency of this kind by taking off his boots and chaps, or any unnecessary clothing. Another precaution is to loosen his saddle rope, tying one end to the saddle horn, keeping the rope coiled in his right hand. Then if he should have to leave the horse in deep



COWBOYS IN CAMP

water, as often happens, he can slip off behind, hanging on to the rope and the horse will pull him out.

There are some horses, unused to the water, who will absolutely refuse to swim at first. I have seen one of them tiptoe on the bottom with his hind feet until standing erect, his head is barely above water, and then the last minute straighten up and swim out. In other cases, I have seen one horse swimming with his entire neck out of water, with a man on his back, while near him another horse would barely show his head above the surface. Certain horses, like some men, naturally, take to the water and so in the numerous trips of the Todd cowpunchers back and forth across the river, the aquatic tendencies of each would show up. I was one of those who always enjoyed the experience, but some of them did not.

The distance from the home ranch to the different watering places varied from 15 to 40 miles, and a very good trail led to each one of them. A trip over any one of these trails was always interesting, and never made in these days without seeing numerous antelope. These little animals have the habit, as is well known, of wanting to investigate anything they do not understand. They would come quite close at times and always insisted on running across our trail at a right angle just ahead of us. Sometimes a cowboy would take a shot or try to rope one of them. Frequently on these trips we would see a band of wild horses. Unlike the antelope, they do not have any curiosity whatever, their only thought being to get out of sight and far away as soon as possible.

As already stated there was no monotony in the life of a cowboy, for if on one of these trips there was no animal life in sight, the tricks a mirage might play would sometimes fill us with wonder and amazement. On a cloudless summer's day, when the heat of the sun has set the air aquiver with motion, anyone with a little imagination will suddenly find himself in fairyland peopled with forms of life, which the author of Alice in Wonderland would find it hard to imagine. And then lakes, hills, mountains and trees would appear, only to fade away while one gazed in wonder. I have seen the mirage of a lake, surrounded by trees and cattle, so real it would fool some thirsty old cow in a bunch we might be driving.

There were times, of course, when the ordinary routine would be forgotten, and all hands would go to the round-up, which occurred twice a year, spring and fall. The spring round-up was for the purpose of getting the cattle, scattered during the winter, and this was followed by the branding of calves. The beef cattle were gathered at the fall round-up to be shipped to market. The fall round-up was therefore a comparatively small or neighborhood

affair, while the spring round-up was the big event of the year, for in it all of the cattlemen of the entire valley united.

An association of the stockmen of the valley had been formed under the state statutes and this organization would fix the date and meeting place for the spring round-up to start, and elect a captain. When this had been done, each member of the stock association had not only the privilege, but it was his duty, to send a force of men in proportion to the number of his cattle to the round-up. He would, therefore, send an outfit, consisting of his quota of cowpunchers, one of whom had been selected as foreman by him, a bunch of saddle horses, six or eight for each man, and a chuck wagon in charge of a cook. The captain, with the different foremen as an advisory board, runs the round-up something like a general commands an army. In point of fact, a round-up is a small army, for there were at times as many as 500 men in the spring round-up of the Arkansas Valley, which would mean three or four thousand horses for their mounts, and fifty chuck wagons to feed them and carry beds.

The year of my advent as a cowpuncher, the spring round-up started from the Holly ranch, near the Kansas-Colorado state line in June. There was each year another round-up known as the southside, starting a month earlier from Point of Rocks on the Cimarron River in the Panhandle of Oklahoma, a hundred miles to the south. The cattle belonging in the north were gathered in this round-up by men sent for that purpose, and driven up and turned over to the round-up starting a month later on the Arkansas.

Very soon after my arrival at the Todd ranch, one of the Todd cowboys and I started down the river to join the round-up at the state line. A new experience on this trip was an introduction to the hospitality of the West, for we stopped at different ranches over night, or for meals along the way, where we seemingly were as welcome as one of the family. We found the round-up the third day, camping near the river on the Holly ranch over the state line in Kansas, and it presented a picture I will never forget. There were twenty-five or thirty chuck wagons along the river at a convenient distance apart, a camp fire burning at each one where the cooks were preparing the evening meal. There were some cowboys already eating supper at several of the different wagons, and it did not take us long to find the Todd chuck wagon, where we proceeded to make ourselves at home.

Very soon a bunch of the Todd cowboys came riding up, dismounting near the wagon, leaving their horses saddled and bridled with the bridle reins thrown down to the ground where the horses stood bunched together, making no attempt to leave. Each man then got a tin plate, knife, fork, tin cup and spoon, and proceeded

to help himself to whatever there was to eat, sitting down cross-legged, or standing up somewhere, plate in hand as he ate. There was coffee, baking powder biscuit, boiled potatoes, fried pork, canned corn, and stewed dried peaches. No butter or milk of any kind was to be seen, and in fact I learned later that milk and butter were a rarity even at the ranch homes. It was a common saying that the more cows a man had, the less milk you would find on the ranch. There were some exceptions, but if the average ranch had butter it was shipped in from Kansas, and the only milk was the condensed article in cans. It seemed to me that first night in a round-up camp that supper time lasted for two or three hours, as men were coming and going until dark and even later. Just how much later I never knew, for after a three-day horseback ride, I was glad enough when my partner suggested that we make down our bed and turn in. And so with nothing but the sky for a roof, and with plenty of noise and confusion all about, I was soon sound asleep.

I was awakened the next morning about daylight. Many of the men were moving about the camp and the camp was making preparations for the first day's work of this particular round-up. After getting breakfast and saddling a horse, the foreman took me over to the Todd horse wrangler and said, "Here, Bill, take this kid out to the caviyard and show him how to wrestle the cavayhos." As I did not know the difference between a cavayho and a coyote, this was all Greek to me, but I was not long in learning that a cavayho is a horse, and a caviyard a herd of horses. Both of these are the cowboy version of the two Spanish words *caballo,* horse, and *caballada,* a herd of them.

As a tenderfoot's first job is in the caviyard, so my first job was herding the Todd bunch of bronchos, which was not very hard to do as the horses of each outfit being acquainted, have a tendency to stay together and not mix with the others. Strange as it may seem, I found a real pleasure in this particular job, for I was naturally a lover of horses, and was more or less at home with the gentle kind.

I was not long in noticing many different types in size, color and general appearance among the Todd horses, and this applied even to a greater extent to all the horses in the entire round-up, which might be expected, belonging as they did to so many different outfits representing the entire Arkansas Valley. This is readily understood if we remember that some of the pioneer cattlemen bought their cow ponies from the Indians, who in turn had for generations made periodical horse stealing trips into Mexico. Many of these horses would get away from the Indians, and run wild, increase in great numbers, so that at the time of which I

write, thousands of these mustangs, as wild and almost as fierce when cornered as any wild animal you can imagine, ranged all over the western country. They were found usually in bands, of twenty or thirty, a single stallion always being the leader. He was the ruler of that particular band, mostly mares, and maintained his supremacy by fighting ability, fleetness of foot and horse sense. It was a beautiful sight to see one of these stallions standing alone out on a ridge silhouetted against the sky, his head high in the air, a mane nearly touching the ground, and a long tail streaming in the wind. And then more inspiring still, when he would dash off in a cloud of dust to give warning of approaching danger to his band. He not only gave warning, but accelerated the speed of any laggards by nipping them in the flank until the entire bunch were at a safe distance. The early ranchers soon learned that one evidence of the horse sense of these mustang stallions was their propensity to slip in occasionally and run off a gentle mare or two, which had been turned out to graze. In this way some pretty good blood became mixed with the mustang strain which would always show in later years.

The early cattlemen were not long in finding out that an eastern-bred horse was of little account in the cow country, not having the necessary staying qualities. And on the other hand, a real mustang had too many of the characteristics of a wild beast to make a good cow horse. I can say, however, to the credit of the mustang, whose ancestors, like the cattle, were brought here by the Spaniards, that when once domesticated he had no equal in the world in vitality, endurance, staying qualities, and horse sense, taking into account his size. The United States government found this out in the early Indian wars, when they saw a little mustang living on grass, carrying a big Indian, outdistance a United States cavalry horse fed on grain. As a result of this, the war department mounted their Indian fighters on horses bred up from the mustang in the later years of Indian warfare.

I was not long in learning, too, that there is as much difference in disposition and qualifications of the various horses as there was in their size, color and other characteristics. A horse that has been trained for cutting out is always prized very highly by his rider, who uses him for nothing else. To ride such a horse on a long day's circle would be like putting a highly-trained artisan at work digging a ditch.

The experienced cowpuncher also usually has a horse that is especially trained for roping. Such a horse will brace himself when an animal is lassoed and seems to know and understand every move of his rider. It is remarkable the weight a horse can support by the horn of the saddle, as in throwing or holding a

big steer, and the weight he can pull by the horn of the saddle is almost equal to the amount he can move with a collar and harness. Sometimes when the chuck wagon would get stalled in quicksand or mud, a couple of cowboys would tie their ropes to the end of the wagon tongue and then mounted on their horses with a half hitch of the rope around the saddle horn, pull as much of the load as the team in harness.

My apprenticeship as a horse wrangler did not last very long. Mr. Todd had told the foreman to give me as much actual work and experience as the time would permit in this particular round-up. He said also, that I was to have no special favors. What he wanted was for me to learn all I could regarding the business as rapidly as possible. He was wise enough to know that experience, the actual doing of anything, is the best teacher, and so my advancement was probably more rapid than the efficiency acquired would justify. However this may be, I was soon promoted to the day-herd of cattle, a job that did not appeal to me like horse herding, for there was more dust and drudgery. A herd of cattle, mostly Texas stock in those days, has no outstanding individuals like you will find in a bunch of horses. You had a personal acquaintance with some of the horses, at least those of your own mount. They could be petted and coaxed with a lump of sugar, but none of the cowpunchers ever tried to get very friendly with a Texas steer. Like a swarm of bees, there were no outstanding individuals in a herd of Texas cattle, but I will have to admit there were some exceptions. I recall very distinctly making the acquaintance of an old cow that first day, which I will always remember.

She evidently had visions of getting back to the home range for she persisted in leading out in advance of the others on the trail. She had been brought back into the herd by one of the cowboys several times, and when I noticed her again, she was quite a distance ahead, and one of the boys asked me to go and get her. I soon overtook the brute, but upon trying to head her off, she broke into a gallop and would have run over me if the horse, entirely on his own volition, had not gotten out of the way. We then had quite a merry chase, evidently much to the amusement of the other day-herders, for that old cow seemed to have a mind of her own and absolutely refused to go where I tried to drive her. After much tribulation I discovered that she was blind in one eye and the other eye was covered by a crumpled horn, shutting off her vision behind, like a blind on a bridle. The only way I could turn her was by riding ahead, well out of her way, where she could see me, then she would turn square about and run the other way. If she did not happen to go the right direction, it all had to be

done over again. I think in the end the cow would have won out, but some of the boys came to my relief, and with a man on either side and one behind, she was driven back into the herd. As she continued to cause more or less trouble each day, it was decided to take off the blind, the crumpled horn, upon reaching a corral where this could be done. After the dehorning process, she behaved very nicely, showing that what we thought pure cussedness was, as is often the case, in brutes as well as humans, only some physical defect that needed correction.

Each brand of cattle representing the different outfits stays in the day-herd until the round-up arrives in the vicinity of the home range, when they are cut out and driven to the nearest corral. Here the calves are branded and then all turned loose again after the round-up has moved on. It was interesting to note and try to learn the different brands. There was certainly variety enough in the branding of the cattle, as it was a common practice for one outfit to use several different brands. Sometimes a single Texas animal was literally covered with different brands, indicating a change of ownership, probably, for each one, although some of them were evidently tally brands. I presume at the time of this particular round-up there were more cattle in this part of Colorado bearing the Box V brand (which was an oblong box on the left side and a V on the flank) of John W. Prowers than any other. Occasionally a man would use his name as a brand. Mr. Todd's brand, for instance, was T O D on the right side, and the Holt outfit in northern Colorado branded H O L T on the left side.

I have referred to the monotony of day-herding, but night-herding, or standing guard, is more so. It is the duty of the day-herders to bunch their cattle up somewhere on level ground, not too far away or too near some other herd, just before dark. They then hold the herd as stationary as possible by riding around it until the cattle are "bedded," or in other words are beginning to lie down, after which they are relieved by the first guard.

The job of standing guard is distributed among all the men, the required number going in shifts of two or three hours each. The first shift beginning at dark, or the last shift before day in the morning, are always preferred, those in between being less desirable because they break into the night's rest. In favorable weather, a cowpuncher who is a good sport does not mind being called out at 12:00 or 1:00 o'clock to go on guard, but in stormy weather it is anything but pleasant to crawl out of a warm bed in the rain to stand guard for two or three hours. Any cowpuncher who does not have a slicker, or is unable to borrow one, is surely out of luck on such an occasion. In stormy weather the cattle are more restless and sometimes extra men have to be called out to

hold them as in the case of a driving rain or a stampede. As a general rule, and because it is the unexpected that happens, enough men are supposed to be on guard to take care of anything out of the ordinary that might occur. If the cattle are quiet, the men, usually four for an average herd, ride in pairs, all going around the same direction equidistant apart. If the cattle are restless as on a stormy night, the men ride around single file, all going the same direction, but if the night is extremely dark, they divide and go in opposite directions. Standing guard on a bright moonlight night is a real joy, and a starlit night is not bad, but trying to hold a restless herd during a storm in pitch darkness is anything but pleasant.

As the job of day-herding had not appealed to me like horse wrangling, I was glad of the day when I was first told to pick a horse for the circle drive. This means that the men selected to "ride the circle" start out in different groups immediately after breakfast, the territory each is to drive, or circle, having been designated by the captain the night before. The first group pick up the cattle close to the river where the round-up of the day before left off, and start with them to the meeting place, possibly 10 miles farther on. The next group circles out 5 or 6 miles, and the one the same distance beyond them, and so to the limit agreed upon. In like manner, some of the riders go beyond the meeting place and drive back, all of them converging like a fan at the place appointed for the round-up. Each group of riders as they come in turn their cattle into the day's round-up, then hunt their respective mess wagons for dinner. After the riders are all in and dinner is out of the way, nearly every one saddles a fresh horse for the afternoon's work. Most of this is done by the men and horses who do the cutting out, although of course those who hold the rounded-up cattle together, take care of the "cut" and different day herds, have plenty to do.

There is usually more or less excitement while the men are catching fresh horses to be saddled. Even the most gentle cow pony would consider it beneath his dignity to be caught in any other way than by having a lasso thrown over his head. In order to accomplish this, the horse wrangler drives his "caviyard" or a part of it, up near the mess wagon where an improvised corral has been made by stringing a couple of lariats to one of the wheels, or a tree, or a man might stand and hold them, while men at the other end of each rope stretch them out like a big broad letter V. The horses to be caught are driven into this flimsy rope affair, which seems to hold them as well as a high board fence, for a cow horse is as afraid as death of a rope barrier of that kind. One horse is then caught at a time, so as not to excite them more than necessary,

by tossing a rope over his head, and when he is led out, another cowboy gets his mount in the same way. When the fresh horses are being saddled, there may be a bucking contest or two, but if so it usually does not last very long. After this, the cutting out is done, although it may have started long before all of the men are remounted, which means that any cattle belonging to the different outfits are cut out and driven into their respective day herds. The foreman of each outfit with some chosen assistants does this work, cutting out the cattle in his brand and perhaps those of some neighbor who does not have a man in the round-up.

Sometimes so many cattle are brought in on the day's drive that they have to be divided into different bunches while the cutting out is done. Then after all of the cutting has been done, the remnant, which might still contain more cattle than have been cut out, is driven out where there is no danger of mixing with the day herds and turned loose.

I soon found that a round-up is run something like a military organization with the captain as commander-in-chief, and the foremen of the different outfits for his lieutenants. They usually met in council each night and laid out the plans for the next day, deciding where the camp should be, what territory the different men should work, just where the round-up of the next day was to meet, and anything else requiring a decision.

The life of a cowboy is attended with more or less danger and I presume herein lies one reason of its fascination for a young man. One moonlight night two of us were standing guard around a bunch of steers. The herd had quieted down early in the evening, most of the cattle lying down and the camp nearby was fast asleep. A two-year-old at the edge of the herd got up leisurely to stretch himself. In the operation a hind foot reaching out turned over a buffalo skull from under which a frightened rabbit jumped out like a ghost. The steer supposing the buffalo was coming to life gave a peculiar bellow, evidently a cry of alarm in cow language, which had the effect of bringing the entire herd to their feet in an instant. Heads and tails up, moving as though each one was on springs, bellowing out in one grand chorus the cry of alarm first sounded they bounded away like mad.

A peculiarity of stampeding cattle is that they crowd together on the first sound of alarm and move en masse like an avalanche. On this occasion they headed straight for the sleeping camp with a roar like a tornado. The snapping of their horns together, the bellowing, and the rumbling thunder of their hoofs on the dry ground made a sound I will never forget. Naturally the rumble of approaching danger brought the sleeping camp to its feet in the twinkling of an eye, but even then it is a wonder that some of

the men were not trampled to death. In the morning, however, when we took account of stock, the only damage visible in camp was an overturned mess wagon and various camp paraphernalia scattered about. Any damage to property or danger to life or limb in a stampede almost always occurs in the first ten or fifteen minutes. When the danger call is sounded, the first impulse of the cattle seems to be to huddle together and then make a wild dash to get away. After a run of a quarter or half mile, if there are no obstructions in the way, they begin to separate and when sufficiently scattered the cowboys have but little difficulty in getting them under control.

In this stampede the two men on night guard followed the cattle until they began to slow down and then got in the lead. The problem was to hold them back, keeping them together as much as possible. The men in camp were not long in getting dressed and mounted, and every man in the outfit was soon on the job getting the scattered cattle rounded up again. I presume it was not more than an hour and a half or two hours before they were back on the bedground again, and it was time for the new shift to go on guard. A rough count of the cattle was made next morning, disclosing quite a number missing. These, however, were found grazing contentedly but two or three miles away.

Strange as it may sound, another stampede in which I had a hand occurred in a corral. Five hundred wild, long-horn Texas steers had been put in a corral just after sundown. This was contrary to the wish and instructions of the owner of the cattle as the steers were being gathered for shipment and corralling them meant a decrease in weight. This bunch, however, was particularly wild and foxy; the men were tired out, having been standing guard in long shifts for several weeks, and the foreman thought there was less danger of losing any if corralled for that particular night. I presume it was not more than an hour later while some of the men were still eating supper when a crash and commotion at the corral, the camp being not far away, brought everybody to his feet. There was the usual bellowing, cracking of horns, and in this instance the crash of breaking timbers. The corral was built of cottonwood logs, something on the old style of pig pen construction, the double posts for each panel being bound together between each tier of logs with rawhide.

We never knew just what started the stampede, possibly a wolf or other animal. One of the men who happened to be close enough to see what was happening said that after the first commotion he next saw several steers being lifted bodily and thrown over the top of the corral at one corner. Then the fence began to give way and a mass of steers "upside down and every which way"

was pushed through like a jam of logs giving way in a freshet. The fence was but partially torn down, some of the top logs being broken, and probably not more than one-fourth of the steers went through. It was very clear to see from the number of bruised cattle and several broken legs that the 500 steers had made a mad dash in one direction, those caught in a corner being actually crowded through and up over the top by the pressure of those behind.

There are, of course, stampedes of different varieties and degrees, a peculiar kind being known as a "milling" of the herd. This means that the stampeding cattle run in a circle, being confined within the walls of a corral or enough cowboys surrounding them, if out in the open, are holding them together. If the leaders of those 500 steers just mentioned had not jammed in a corner, but gone racing along the fence and there was room enough, the stampede would have ended in a "mill."

The speed a milling herd running in a circle can develop is almost unbelievable. On one occasion 4,000 head of mixed yearlings, wild as deer, were corralled in order to cut out 500 head that had been sold to a cattle buyer. The big gate was thrown open and several men rode in to separate approximately one-eighth of the number from the rest. For some reason, which I never quite understood, the yearlings started a milling stampede, running like mad in a circle. Those on the outer rim are naturally running much faster than those nearer the center, while those in the center are being twisted and crowded together until some are actually being lifted off their feet. On this occasion some of those on the outer rim seeing a way of escape through the open gate headed that way, being followed by others. Out they went like the unwinding of a reel, and by the time some cowpuncher had presence of mind enough to close the gate the number wanted, 500 or more, were on the outside. These were then carefully counted, the surplus over 500 being brought back to the corral. The purchaser of the bunch told me later that unintentionally he had been given the pick of the entire 4,000 head. The explanation was simple enough for in the milling process the big stout fellows had been gyrated to the outer rim and were the first to find their way out of the gate.

Do not get the idea that any bunch of runaway or milling cattle is a stampede. Not by any means. I have seen a bunch of cattle break away in spite of all efforts to hold them and make a wild dash for a water hole. That is not a stampede, for the cattle are not scared in the least. They are using their heads as well as their feet to get somewhere they want to go. In a real stampede the cattle have lost what little sense they did have and are panic stricken, filled with fear, afraid of something they know not what, and are trying to get away from the fancied danger.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the cattle on these plains at the time of which I write were the wild Texas longhorns, the civilized strains of Hereford and Durham not having been introduced. Just as gentleness was gradually bred into the bronco horses, so the wildness and horns gradually disappeared from the Texas cattle, and stampedes such as I witnessed would hardly have been possible ten or fifteen years later.

Pioneer Days on the Big Thompson

LUCAS BRANDT*

I was born in Fairfield County, Ohio, June 27, 1845. Father moved to Indiana when I was four years old and there my childhood was spent. I entered the Union ranks in March, 1864, and served in the heavy artillery under General Banks. After receiving my discharge I returned to Indiana, but a restlessness was in my blood and I decided to go west. Accordingly, on March 11, 1867, I set out for Colorado.

I rode the Union Pacific as far as North Platte, but before reaching that point we had a little snowstorm experience at Central City, Nebraska. The storm had been so heavy that the train was held up for nine days. David H. Moffat was on this train. The snow had drifted and the mercury was 35 below. There was no way to clear the track except with section hands. We ate up all they had on the diner and after that sleighs came and took the passengers down to the stage station for their meals. Luckily there was plenty of wood near, the Pawnee Indians having brought in one hundred cords for the railroad company. I had an army blanket and a buffalo robe and faired pretty well during our forced stay.

After reaching North Platte I took the Wells Fargo stagecoach and reached Denver April 5th. The city was small and times were pretty dull. Blake Street and Fifteenth were then the main part of the city. I got a job with Joseph Rist, formerly of Pennsylvania, and went to work on a ranch on Bear Creek, a little south of Denver. After two months on the ranch I went to the mines in Gilpin County and worked there through July. Then I came to Rist's place on the Big Thompson, a little west of present Loveland. There were about twenty-five ranches on the Big Thompson when I came in 1867. They were producing hay, stock and potatoes. Ed Clark kept the stage station at the crossing of the Big Thompson.

*This interview with Mr. Brandt, outstanding pioneer of Loveland, Colorado, was taken by me in June, 1930. After being written out it was submitted to Mr. Brandt and was signed by him.—Ed.

I came to know Mariano Modena, the first settler on the Big Thompson, very well. He was a Mexican. He often said: "Me first white man on the creek." He married a Flathead squaw, Marie, whom he bought from Papa, a French trapper in the Wyoming region. Marie's little boy, Louis Papa (still living near Loveland), continued to live with his mother and Modena. Mariano came to Namaqua first in 1858, I think, and settled there in 1860. He did a little farming, had some cattle, and kept a trading post.

LUCAS BRANDT AND LOUIS PAPA AT NAMAQUA
(Courtesy of H. M. Dunning, Loveland.)

His wife had long black hair, which she kept in two long braids that reached down past her waist. Modena had known Kit Carson down in New Mexico and the next year, when Carson came by stage from Cheyenne on his way from Washington, he stopped over night at the stage station on the Big Thompson. Modena was very proud to be known by Carson and wanted us all to meet the noted scout. Kit Carson was a good looking man. On this trip he was dressed in a black suit and white shirt.

Mr. Rist contracted to supply hay to the stage stations in the fall of 1867. The wild hay on the bottomlands of the Big Thompson and the Cache la Poudre was cut, cured, and hauled to the mining camps and the stations. Under this contract with Wells Fargo, the hay was to be delivered to Little Thompson and Namaqua, Spring Canyon, and La Porte. We used ox teams and big wagons and hauled the loose hay. The hay racks were made of logs and the hay was tied down by means of a pole over the top of the load, fastened down with chains front and back. We managed to put on 2½ to 3 tons to the load and this was pulled by two yoke of oxen.

At the stage stations, which were on the line running from Denver to Salt Lake, they usually kept eight horses. On most runs they used four horses to the coach, but on some they employed six. It was the duty of the hostler at each station to have everything ready for a change of teams when the stage drove up. Hiram J. Tadder kept the place on the Big Thompson, on the north side of the river. Tadder suggested "Namaqua" to the Post Office Department as the name for the post office and it was adopted. He was commissioned postmaster. He soon went to the Sweetwater mines in Wyoming and turned his place over to Mr. Rist. I was assistant postmaster up to the time the office was discontinued in about 1878.

In the late fall of 1867, after hauling hay to the stage stations, I helped haul lumber to build the stage barn at Namaqua. It is still standing. The lumber was sawed over on Left Hand Creek. One man had a four-horse team and I had two yoke of oxen. I could haul as big a load as he could, but he made better time.

I rode a pony back to Bear Creek and helped Rist make a flume across Turkey Creek to carry water from Bear Creek. Mr. Rist had a saw mill above present Evergreen, where I did logging during the winter. There was no road down Bear Creek from Evergreen then, so the lumber had to be hauled up to Bergen Park and then down the Mount Vernon Canyon road.

In 1868 and 1869 C. D. Graham and I rented Rist's place on the Big Thompson. We batched it. Our principal crop was potatoes. We raised 2,400 bushels, dug pits four feet deep out in the field and kept the potatoes in them. We sold the potatoes at Cheyenne for 2¾ cents a pound, though we had paid 6 cents a pound for the seed. We also raised barley and oats. The grain we sold in Central City, hauling it up the road by way of Golden Gate to the north of Clear Creek and Golden. There were certainly some steep places on that road. We would have to double up teams going up and rough lock the wagons coming down the grades.

From 1870 to 1872 I was employed by Abram Rist, taking charge of his place at Namaqua. I went to Denver. George Hopkins and John H. Simpson had leased the Elephant Corral. Hopkins was city marshal from October, 1871, to March 1, 1872. There was a great deal of freighting from Denver to the mines at Central City, Fairplay, Breckenridge, etc., and the Elephant Corral did a thriving business. The corral covered half a block; wagons came in on Wazee Street and went out on Blake. There were sheds for the horses and mules around the outside and the wagons were put toward the center. Most of the outfits were four-mule teams.

OLD HOME OF MARIANO MODENA AT NAMAQUA
On Big Thompson River, three miles west of Loveland, Colorado.
(Courtesy of H. M. Dunning, Loveland.)

Joe Rist induced me to go back to Broadford, Pennsylvania, about fifty miles above Pittsburgh, where he was in partnership with H. C. Frick. A few months in the store convinced me that I would never be happy there, so I returned to Colorado.

Back on the Big Thompson again, I helped another Rist brother, George, build the Rist Ditch. I was superintendent of the ditch, the main part of which was completed in 1875. I bought land under the ditch and remained in the vicinity until 1882, when I moved to the new town of Loveland.

The Colorado Central Railroad had built to Loveland and really brought the town into existence. The road was a broad gauge, but had many turns in it. The Denver Pacific Railroad land grant reached west to above Loveland. David Barnes owned

the land of the present townsite and the Colorado Central obtained it from him. Barnes, who platted the town, might well be called the "Father of Loveland."

George W. Krauskop moved his store from old St. Louis, about one mile below Loveland, to the new town, becoming a pioneer merchant. Herzinger and Harter were also pioneers in the general merchandise field. The first bank of Loveland was organized with A. S. Benson as president. The Barnes Ditch brought the first water to town. We used cisterns at first for culinary water. The first waterworks system was put in while I was mayor of the city. Loveland grew fairly rapidly and the growth has been consistent. Wheat was our big crop before the coming of sugar beets. Our sugar factory, built by the Great Western Sugar Company in 1901, was the first one established in northern Colorado.

I have devoted some time to public office, having been City Councilman, Mayor, member of the School Board, County Assessor of Larimer County, and member of the State General Assembly. In October, 1874, I married Arabella Shallenberger, and to us were born three boys and one girl. After my wife's death (December 4, 1891) I married, in 1894, Nettie Waite, and to us have come two sons.

I have watched the valley of the Big Thompson become checkered with prosperous farms and dotted with homes. Irrigation ditches have supplied the life-giving water to make green the thirsty acres. Productive farms have increased, livestock has multiplied. Fruitful cherry orchards cover the landscape. Loveland has become a thriving little city. And it is a source of some satisfaction to me to know that in the great transformation wrought in this beautiful valley I have been permitted to play a humble part.

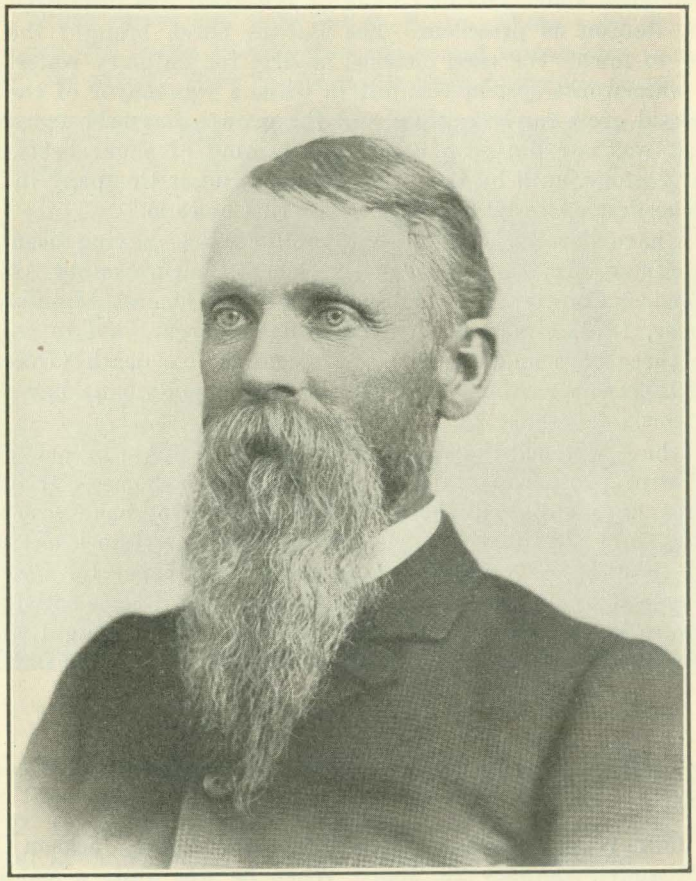
John W. Prowers, Bent County Pioneer

P. G. Scott*

John Wesley Prowers was born near Westport, Jackson County, Missouri, January 29, 1838. When he was quite a small boy his mother married John Vogel for her second husband. He was not kind to his stepson and the boy enjoyed only thirteen months attendance at the common school. After that he got his education in the college of "hard knocks." When he was eighteen years old he crossed the plains with Robert Miller, Indian Agent for the

*Mr. Scott, who kindly prepared this brief sketch, was himself a notable pioneer of the Arkansas Valley. He came to Colorado for his health in 1870. He taught school, rode the range, and then went into the banking business in 1876. He was for many years President of the Bent County Bank of Las Animas, Colorado. He was writing some additional sketches for the State Historical Society when death came suddenly on August 18, 1930.—Ed.

upper Arkansas, to Bent's New Fort (opposite where the Prowers station now stands on the Santa Fe). Miller's Agency at this time included the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, for which tribes, on the occasion referred to, he brought out large stores of annuity goods and employed Prowers as clerk. The distribution of these goods took place at Bent's New Fort and



JOHN W. PROWERS

occupied two months. It was at this time that Prowers entered the services of Col. William Bent, who was an Indian trader at the same post. He remained with Bent seven years, during which time he made ten trips across the plains in charge of wagon trains, bringing supplies from the Missouri River to the trading post. During the same period he made several trips to Fort Union, New Mexico, and one to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, making in all, twenty-two

round trips across the plains, twelve of which were on his own account.

After leaving Col. Bent, Prowers had charge of the Sutler Store of Mr. Windsor and his successor, Stewart & Shrewsbury, at Old Fort Lyon. From 1865 to 1870 Prowers did a good deal of freighting of Government Supplies from Leavenworth to Fort Union.

Mr. Prowers was married in 1861 to Amy, daughter of Chief Ochinee, of the Cheyenne tribe. In 1868 Mr. Prowers opened up his farm at Boggsville, where Mr. Tom Boggs had already made some improvements.

Upon the organization of Bent County, the county seat was located at Boggsville, and that became an important business point. Mr. Prowers was appointed by the Governor as one of the first commissioners of Bent County, and was afterward returned to the office by the people. In the fall of 1873, upon the founding of West Las Animas, he removed to this point and engaged with his brother-in-law, Mr. Hough, in the commission business and general merchandise, at which he continued until his death.

In 1873 he was chosen to represent the county in the Legislature, having by request come out as an Independent candidate. In 1880, Mr. Prowers was again elected to the General Assembly as a Representative of Bent County. He was a member of the committees on stock, irrigation and representative apportionment. He was the originator of the bill on apportionment, which, after a hard fight, became a law, just before the adjournment of the Legislature. Col. Jacobson gave it the title of the "Sliding Scale" bill, and it has been known as such ever since.

Mr. Prowers was well known far beyond the bounds of Bent County as a large and successful stock raiser and dealer. He paid much attention to the improvement of his herds. He was a firm believer in the Hereford stock and was one of the first to introduce it into this portion of the state. In 1871 he bought "Gentle the Twelfth" of Frederick William Stone, of Guelph, Canada. Her increase during the following ten years numbered fifty-seven head. Three met with accidents and died. The remaining fifty-four averaged her owner $200.00 per head; a sum total of $10,800.00. Mr. Prowers inclosed 80,000 acres of land in one body, and owned forty miles of river frontage, controlling 400,000 acres of range. The foundation of his general herd was cows shipped from Missouri, about the close of the Civil War. They were a good lot. Crossed with purebred Shorthorns, they produced an excellent lot of calves, but they were too tender for our winters on the range and were finally displaced by the Herefords as they stood the cold winters much better than the Shorthorns.

Mr. Prowers was a good handler of range cattle so that in the year 1882 he was offered $775,000.00 for his herds of range cattle and ranches.

In 1880 Prowers built a modern slaughter house at Las Animas. He bought up range cattle, killed them and shipped the meat east, some going as far as New York. It was a great convenience to people who had a few fat old cows or anything else on which they wanted to realize money. Prowers paid them cash and took the cattle to his slaughter house. This continued until the railroad company raised the freight on dressed meat so as to make the business prohibitive.

Mr. Prowers was a shrewd business man, keen at a bargain, but withal he was a fair dealer and honorable. As evidence of this trait in his character, the writer of this sketch had been working for Prowers on the range in summer and teaching school in winter, and as I had no special use for much money, I left my earnings all with Mr. Prowers. Later when I had an opportunity to use what money I had accumulated I called on Mr. Prowers, who without solicitation or a word of explanation, allowed me interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum for as long as the money had been in his hands.

As one of the several sidelights on the character of Mr. Prowers may be mentioned the cordial relations existing between him and his wife's people. They visited the Boggsville ranch frequently, were well entertained while there, and almost always had a good present to take along when they returned to the tribe. It was the duty of the writer of this sketch to fulfill Mr. Prowers' orders and I remember on two different occasions I was ordered to select a riding horse for one of Mrs. Prowers' relatives.

Mr. Prowers never joined a church so far as I know, but he lived to a great extent as a church member should live. He gave liberally to the support of the resident pastor of any denomination, and when there got to be more than one he gave to all alike.

Mr. Prowers was a devoted husband and father. He was very kind to his wife and their family and gave each of his children a good, liberal education. In fact he may be classed as a model in that respect.

In regard to my relations with Mr. Prowers, when the railroad from Kit Carson was extended to La Junta, it took away from Prowers & Hough their forwarding business, and that left me without a job. I had decided to go to the mountains with Leon LaFever, who at one time owned and managed a slaughter house alongside of that owned by Prowers. When I told Mr. Prowers of my decision he advised me against going with LaFever, and wound

up by saying that he had promised Thatcher that I would go into the Bent County Bank, and now "You are going to do it." I had all kinds of faith in Mr. Prowers' judgment, so I capitulated as gracefully as I could, went into the bank, June 1, 1876, and so far have never gotten away from it. Mr. Prowers was vice-president of the bank at that time, a position he occupied until his death.

John Wesley Prowers died February 14, 1884, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Hough, in Kansas City, where he had gone for treatment. In his passing, Bent County, as well as the whole state of Colorado, lost a good citizen and a splendid, far-sighted business man, whose friends were numbered by his acquaintance.

The Death of Ouray, Chief of the Utes

Mrs. C. W. Wiegel*

The death of Ouray, most famous chief of the Utes, occurred at a very critical time for the welfare of the people of Colorado. Certain treaties had been negotiated between the Government and the Ute tribes. Ouray had journeyed to the Southern Ute Agency for the conference at which he and his sub-chiefs were supposed to sign these treaties. The Utes had agreed to relinquish title to lands in the western part of the state and many white settlers were waiting to take possession. It was feared that if Ouray died before the treaties were signed there would be trouble with the sub-chiefs, as many of them were opposed to the relinquishment of their lands to the whites. In consequence of this condition of affairs, during the week of Ouray's illness state and national interest ran high and specials were sent out each day reporting his condition. However, in his last moments, Ouray instructed his subordinates to sign, and his wishes were complied with.

Quoting from the Denver Tribune Special from Southern Ute Agency, Ignacio, August 17, 1880: "Ouray, nominal chief of all the Utes, has arrived from Uncompahgre and is now in the hands of the agency doctor, suffering from a high fever . . . he lives in his tent surrounded by many anxious friends."

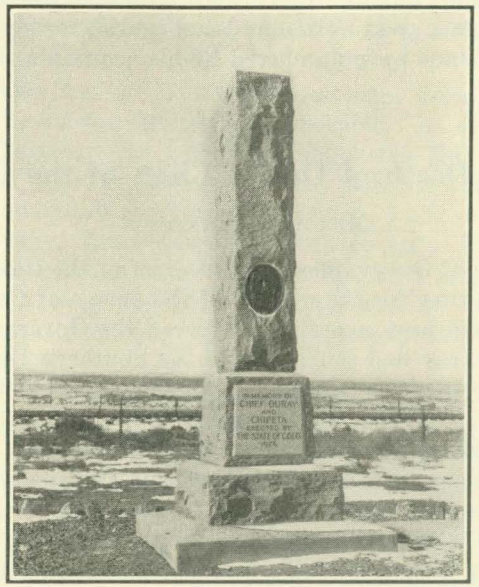
August 21st: "Ouray much worse and not expected to live. Interest in his condition nation wide." And on August 23rd, "Ouray is at the Southern Ute Agency sick with Bright's disease and will probably die before morning."

Special from Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, August 25, 1880: "The death of Ouray on the 24th inst. was a blow from which the

*Mrs. Wiegel has for a number of years been actively engaged in welfare work for the Utes of southwestern Colorado.—Ed.

Ute nation will never recover. The greatest Indian that ever lived is dead. And there is no one to fill his place. The Utes seem to realize they have suffered an irreparable loss."

Special from Southern Ute Agency of same date: "As I telegraphed you yesterday, Ouray, the great chief of the Utes, died. In one hour they had wrapped him in his blankets, tied him on one of his ponies, which was led by an Indian on horseback and followed by Chipeta and four other Indians, the procession moved



MONUMENT TO OURAY AND CHIPETA
Erected by the State of Colorado at Ouray's old home near Montrose, Colorado.

quietly down the Pine river, to some secret spot, unknown, where he was buried with all his belongings and five horses were sacrificed near his grave. It is well that Ouray died away from his comfortable home in the Uncompahgre valley, which was well furnished, as all his articles would have been burned and sacrificed to this strange superstition of the race.

"In the death of Ouray one of the historical characters of Colorado passes away. He has been featured for many years as the greatest Indian of his time and during his life has figured quite as prominently before the country as has any white man in the Rocky Mountains . . . a man of pure instincts, of keen perception, and apparently possessed very proper ideas of justice and right—the friend of the white man and the protector of the Indian, ever

boldly asserting the rights of his tribe and as continually doing all in his power to create favor for the whites with the Indians. . . . He dies as he has lived, in the mutual service of the Government and the Indians."

This spring, while scouting for Americana among some old book shops in Washington, D. C., the writer came across an old, out-of-print book published in 1883, written by Col. Richard I. Dodge of the Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., who had spent over thirty years of his life on the frontier in the service of the Army, and who, during that time, came in intimate, daily contact with the Indians at the posts where he was located. The book is dedicated to General William Tecumseh Sherman, who, in the introduction which he wrote to the book, vouched for the authenticity and trustworthiness of its contents.

Col. Dodge was camped on the Uncompahgre River during the summer of 1880, the year of Ouray's death. Excerpts from this book substantiate the above facts of the death and secret burial of Ouray at the Southern Ute Agency: "Among the Ute Indians, the death-bed scenes, the preparatory and funeral services, and the place and mode of burial, are even to this day [summer of 1880] profound secrets to all but themselves. . . . Mr. Berry, the Indian agent at Los Pinos, informs me that he has never himself witnessed, nor has he ever seen a white man who has witnessed, the funeral ceremonies of the Utes. . . . The Utes will not talk about their dead or their graves. . . . A few days after the above was written, Ouray, the head-chief of the Utes, started from his house, near which I was encamped, across the country, to meet the Indian Commissioners at the Southern Ute Agency. Soon after a runner came for the agency doctor; Ouray was very sick. In a week we heard he was dead. He was chief of the ten or twelve bands of Colorado Utes, commonly known as the confederated Utes; a man of great strength of character, power, and influence.

"Having been several times in Washington, he had adopted, as far as was possible with his surroundings, the habits of the white man. He lived in a house comfortably furnished, used a large easy-chair, took his meals at a table supplied with proper table furniture, and when visited by a guest whom he wished to honor, he brought out wine and cigars.

"For some years he had been in receipt of a salary of one thousand dollars a year from the United States Government, and he died probably the richest Indian in America. He died away from home at the agency of the Southern Utes, and they took charge of the body, and buried it after the Ute custom.

"An officer who was present writes me the following account: 'The Indians took sole charge of him during his sickness, not per-

mitting the whites to have anything to do with him. There were three white doctors present, but the Indian medicine man held his pow-wows so continuously that his white rivals could only occasionally get into the tent. All they were able to do was to diagnose the case (it was Bright's disease), and satisfy themselves that they could have done no good even had they been permitted to act. The funeral was conducted as that of any other (Ute) Indian, no ceremony, no pomp. When life was extinct, they wrapped the body in

CEREMONY AT OURAY'S GRAVE,
IGNACIO, COLORADO

a blanket, threw it across a horse, and accompanied by a few Uncompahgre Utes, it was in that way conveyed to the place of burial. The agent, some of the commissioners, officers, other whites and Mariano, a Mexican, who for four years past has lived in the most intimate relationship to Ouray (his private secretary), wanted to show their respect by going to the funeral, but they were ordered back by the Indians. No one whatever was permitted to accompany the burial party, and no one knew, nor could find out, the place of burial, until the question of the removal of the remains to the Uncompahgre was agitated. The Uncompahgre Indians were very

anxious that this should be done, and the Southern Utes making no objection, some of the burial party, two weeks after the burial, took some of the commissioners and officers to the spot. They found the body deposited in a natural cave, the entrance to which had been walled up with rocks. The body was found to be in such a state that the effort at removal was abandoned. There was no stone or mark to indicate the grave, nothing, except at a little distance the putrefying carcasses of five horses, that had been killed near the grave, for his service in the Happy Hunting Grounds.' ''

The remains of Chief Ouray were brought from the secret burial place near Ignacio and on May 24, 1925, were re-buried, with much ceremony, in the Indian cemetery on the Southern Ute reservation at Ignacio. On that date each year since that event, Utes from all the tribes in Colorado and Utah, have gathered at the grave and held memorial rites to their heroic dead. A simple headstone, made by the Indians themselves out of cement, marks the grave. It is the hope and desire of the Utes that the Government will erect a fitting monument at this place to the man who, by his great intelligence and his friendship for the whites often stood between the early settlers and certain annihilation.

This public burial of the old chief is a very convincing demonstration of the progress or the evolution from the old customs and superstitions which obtained fifty years ago among the Ute tribes. In recent years many of the sub-chiefs and others have been buried in a public way in the public cemetery; even Buckskin Charlie, the present chief of the Utes, has expressed the desire to be buried beside his old chief in the Indian cemetery.

Shortly after the re-burial of Chief Ouray, affidavits were secured by the writer from Buckskin Charlie, Price, McCook, Colorow, Naneese and other old Indians who were present during the sickness and death of Ouray and the same were published in the October, 1928, issue of the *Colorado Magazine,* the official publication of the State Historical Society of Colorado. These affidavits correspond in every particular with descriptions given by other eye witnesses.

Chief Buckskin Charlie testified on December 31, 1926: "He (Ouray) is now buried in our Indian cemetery at Ignacio, having been taken there from the cave south of Ignacio where we first buried him. . . . It will be very pleasing to me and my people if the white men of the Government see fit at any time to place a proper marker over his present grave in the Indian cemetery at Ignacio."

A Letter From a Colorado Mining Camp in 1860[1]

HIRAM A. JOHNSON[2]

New Nevada City, Rocky Mountains,
Editor Sentinel: July 18, 1860.

As there must still remain in the minds of many of your readers an exceedingly vague conception of the real merits and condition of this country, I take the liberty of addressing you this communication, which you can give a place in your paper, should you deem it worthy the perusal of your readers.

I have spent eight weeks in observation of this new Eldorado, during which time I have visited nearly all places of note in the mining region, and I claim, by this time, to have had at least a birdseye view of the country which has, by its golden prospects, allured so many from their quiet, happy homes in Illinois and elsewhere.

I am located in New Nevada Gulch, at the foot of Quartz Hill, at a midway point between Mountain City on the south and Nevada City on the north. Both are places of increasing prominence as trading posts for the miners, each boasting a very enterprising class of merchants, mechanics, and professional men, and are, apparently, doing well in their respective departments of business.

You are doubtless aware that last year's mining operations in this country were but the initiative of what is to follow this season; that, unlike California, the wealth of this country is lodged almost exclusively in gold-bearing quartz, which can only be developed by aptly constructed machinery, operated by persevering and skillful proprietors. And as there was but one small, imperfectly constructed mill put in operation last season, little more has hitherto been done in quartz crushing than to discover the presence of gold in paying quantities, in the various quartz lodes, conveniently near to the Coleman and Lefever mill.

But from last year's test of quartz, a large number of quartz mills have been induced hitherwards, and from the most reliable information that I am able to gather, I should say that there were at least 150 steam quartz mills erected, or in process of erection within an area of ten miles from this point, and about one-third that number are located in this gulch, at distances ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet apart. Of this number,

[1]This letter was written from New Nevada City, in present Gilpin County, to the *Whiteside Sentinel* of Morrison, Whiteside County, Illinois. The letter was furnished by Prof. Elmer Ellis of the University of Missouri.—Ed.

[2]Mr. Johnson, who was Henry M. Teller's law partner in Illinois, preceded Teller to Colorado and induced him to follow. They practiced law together in Central City until some time in the middle sixties, when Johnson established an office in New York to sell Colorado mines. Later he went to London and opened an office there. The panic of 1873 broke him financially and physically, and he lived only a few years thereafter. This data upon Johnson is given by Prof. Elmer Ellis, who is writing a biography of Senator H. M. Teller.—Ed.

but few have yet been put in operation, and some have already proved failures, and more must as soon as tested. Defects in the construction, and unskillful management are the causes. Mining, and the construction of good saving machinery are departments of industry and mechanism about which our people and artisans know very little; hence it is impossible that all machinery so hastily and imperfectly put up should meet the expectations of the adventurous who have risked their money in so hazardous an enterprise. But while of necessity, here as elsewhere, there must be some failures, I am happy to bear witness that some are realizing the most abundant success.

Among the quartz mills already introduced here, those manufactured by P. W. Gates & Co., of Chicago, and R. C. Totten, of St. Louis, stand justly pre-eminent, not only for the substantial manner in which their boilers, engines and stamping machinery is put up, but for their skillful combination of machinery for pulverizing the quartz and amalgamating the gold in a manner least wearing and injurious.

Each of the establishments above referred to has expended large sums of money to put itself in possession of the wants of the miners in this region, and by the substantial improvements that they are daily introducing, they deserve the patronage of all who are in want of quartz mill machinery. I should think the Gulches had been paying since I came here, on the average, $5.00 per day to the man. Patch diggings about the same. They occasionally find a streak of pay dirt, which affords a larger yield. Quartz from the Gunnell, Gregory, Bob Tail, Burris, Kansas, Monster Lincoln and other prominent lodes that are being thoroughly worked from a depth of 30 to 125 feet, pay from two hundred to six hundred dollars per cord. The Morrison Mining Company have their quartz mill nearly ready for operation, and we hope to know soon from actual experiment, whether we have made judicious selection of machinery, or whether we are like some others equally sanguine, predoomed to disappointment. Allow me to say, however, for the edification of my friends in Whiteside (and I know that I have some) that the subscriber has no fears as to success.

There are many new mining districts being opened, and among the number that have come within the observation of the writer is "Quartz Valley District," immediately adjoining the original Gregory District, and about two miles from this point. This district was first organized on the 24th of May last, and had at that time but one rude cabin within its limits. There are at this date one hundred and ten well-constructed houses erected, and over four hundred miners residing within the district; one large steam quartz mill already in successful operation, and three more are being

erected; and one saw mill cutting ten thousand feet of lumber every twenty-four hours, at $35 per thousand, netting the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Nuckles of Nebraska City, over $200 per diem.

This district comprises, in many respects, the most inviting territory of the mountains, and from the enterprise of its inhabitants, the rich opening of its leads, and its exceedingly beautiful, picturesque scenery, it promises to become the most busy, active district in all these busy mountains. A broad valley and gentle mountain slope, covered with the green carpet of nature, is to the mountaineer like an oasis in the desert, and from the rapid settlement that is going on in this district, I think it will soon become the Saratoga of the Rocky Mountains.

Among the number that have acquired valuable mining claims within said district, is our mutual friend, Charles Newcomer, Esq., from Mt. Morris, Ogle County, Illinois, who from his long experience as a Californian miner has been signally successful in the discovery of quartz leads.

But here, as everywhere else in a mining country, mere surface men, and surface work, can never succeed, and I am glad that it is a discriminating country. All who come here are not deserving of success. A man must have capital, work hard, and be exceedingly lucky, or come short of success. I tell you, of all the places I ever saw, this is entirely the worst place for the gentleman of leisure. Hard fisted, big hearted, bold, adventurous men may come here, hoping to better their circumstances, while others had better remain where they are, as their board will cost them entirely too much in this country.

The people of the Rocky Mountains share largely in sympathy with their friends in the states for the success of our several candidates, put in nomination for the Presidency, but have no sympathy or affinity for the untameable spirit of fanaticism and disunion which, more or less, characterizes the action of all political parties now extant. Strange as it may appear to you of the land of law and order, we have a staid, sober, reflective people, and removed as they are from the more busy scene of political action, and temporarily cut off from real participation, they do, and must, despise much of the plugism and the one idea available doctrine that marks and stains the political parties of the present day.

This Rocky Mountain country, with its two hundred thousand souls, has received just about as much legislative aid at Washington as the Fe Gee Islanders. No mail service for the next twelve months that can be relied upon; no extinguishment of the Indian title; no territorial organization, and, in fact, no sort of governmental recognition for the advancement of our interests here.

Political aggrandizement, agitation of the Slavery Question, and the carrying out of mere partisan views, exhaust our treasury—consume the time of those who sacrifice their valuable services at Washington for the good of their country, and leave us, poor pioneers in the west, devoid of legislation. So we are compelled to adopt the Squatter Sovereignty doctrine, making our own laws—each man a sovereign, for himself—and the whole community so organized and self-governed, is what I term in these Rocky Mountains, a consolidated sovereignty. So you find us at the present.

Hoping that your readers are enjoying good health and an abundant harvest, I remain,

Truly yours,

H. A. JOHNSON.

The Canyon of Lodore

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH*

Through a spur of the Uinta Mountains in the far northwestern corner of Colorado, wholly within the state, Green River has cut an exceptionally beautiful canyon, one of the finest of the whole region.

It has deep historic interest, too, from the fact that it was in this gorge that Major Powell, in his famous exploration of 1869, suffered the loss of one of his four boats—the No Name—almost at the start of his descent through the long line of magnificent canyons that lock the Green and the Colorado Rivers away from the world for more than a thousand miles.

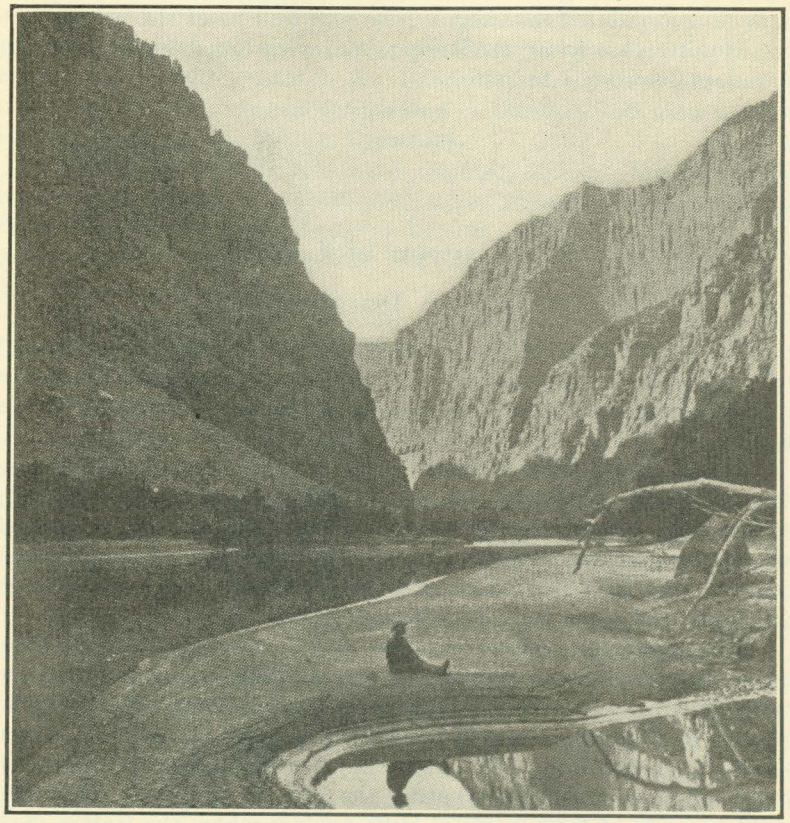
The particular rapids, or falls, for they are violent descents, where the wreck occurred are in two sections, the total distance being about three-quarters of a mile with a comparatively level stretch in between. In this level stretch there is, or was at the stage of water in May, 1869, a gravelly bar lying slightly above the water. Enormous boulders border the left, or east bank, while the right is a line of high, vertical cliffs against which the waters dash in their downward rush.

From the unfortunate mishap which was a handicap to the

*Mr. Dellenbaugh, well-known writer, artist and explorer, accompanied Major Powell on his famous Colorado-Green River expedition in 1871. The valuable book, *A Canyon Voyage*, by Mr. Dellenbaugh, recounts the experiences of the expedition. *Breaking the Wilderness, The Romance of the Colorado River* and *North Americans of Yesterday* are among the other works by the same author. A number of his volumes carry beautiful illustrations reproduced from his own paintings. Mr. Dellenbaugh's present home is at Cragsmoor, New York.

It is interesting, indeed, to have this article, written almost sixty years after the writer traversed the river canyons. The vigorous spirit of the explorer is reflected in his letter of August 11th, which followed the manuscript copy: "I hope to get in there again, and probably I shall. It would be fun to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary by going in again—not in a boat, however."—Ed.

progress of the expedition, the place was named Disaster Falls. To the canyon, Powell gave the name of Lodore, after Southey's poem, "How the Waters Come Down at Lodore," which he was fond of reciting as the party worked its way through the chasm. Robert Southey, poet laureate of England, knew nothing of course, about this great canyon in the new world for he died in 1843. His poem was descriptive of a small waterfall in England, a mere rivulet in



THE HEART OF LODORE
Frederick S. Dellenbaugh seated in the foreground. Photograph taken by E. O. Beaman in 1871.

comparison with the torrent of Green River plunging through this canyon namesake, but nevertheless it is a masterpiece of descriptive poetry.

In the 18½ miles of Lodore in Colorado the Green River falls 280 feet, most of the descent being concentrated in the central part. The declivity is greater than any other canyon of the series except

a portion of Cataract and the First Granite Gorge of the Grand Canyon.

One approaches this canyon with a view of the entrance for miles up the river in Brown's Park. The mountain range stretches directly across the river's course at a right angle, and the river attacks it squarely, immediately cleaving into the mighty rocks barring its progress, as if carving with an axe, forming a precipitous opening visible for a long distance. To this remarkable entrance Powell gave the highly appropriate name of Gate of Lodore. The red cliffs forming the gate shoot up to a height of 2,000 feet, or more, thoroughly majestic in their cyclopean proportions.

The height is maintained throughout the canyon with greater heights in the central part. Dunn's Cliff, the end of the Sierra Escalante, lifts up to 2,800 feet looking almost vertical from the water. This cliff was named by Powell, on his second descent, after "Billy Dunn" who, with the Howland brothers deserted in the Grand Canyon and were killed by the Shewits Indians in 1869.

The Canyon of Lodore begins a short distance below the mouth of Vermilion Creek and terminates at the mouth of the Yampa, in what Powell named Echo Park. The Yampa enters from the left in a deep canyon.

Major Powell's party of 1869 was not the first to penetrate this dangerous gorge in boats, though at the time it was believed to be, accounts of previous attempts then not having come to light. The first party of white men on record to enter Lodore—Indians did not navigate the canyons—was that of General William Henry Ashley of Missouri, one of the leading fur traders of the time. He was in search of beaver, then the magnet for western exploration. He left his name in black paint, ASHLEY, and date 1825, on the side of a huge rock lying on the east bank among many similar rocks at a ten-foot drop of the river to which Powell in consequence gave the name of Ashley Falls. This is in Red Canyon some miles above Lodore. It was long supposed that Ashley quit the river in Brown's Park and therefore did not go through Lodore but Prof. Harrison Dale in preparing his fine book on the Ashley-Smith Explorations found letters and documents which establish that Ashley did not stop in Brown's Park but descended through Lodore, through Whirlpool, through Split Mountain and on down the Uinta Basin to the mouth of the Duchesne (his Uinta) and even some miles below that.

Following him came a nameless crew in 1849 who were wrecked at Disaster Falls, where they left the river.

Close on the trail of this party came William L. Manly who describes his experiences in an interesting book, *Death Valley in '49*. Manly was a young man bound for the gathering of great

riches in California, who, arriving at Green River, Wyoming, weary and footsore resolved to choose an easier way down the Green in an abandoned scow he discovered. Two other equally sanguine and ignorant youths joined in this venture. Their scow soon was destroyed but they were game; they built a canoe and went on.

Reaching the Duchesne they came upon Wakar, the noted Ute chief called "Walker" by the whites. Wakar took a genuine interest in the youngsters. He begged them not to proceed down the river as it was very dangerous. They took his advice. They made their way out to Salt Lake where Manly continued to the land of golden dreams with a caravan that got lost in what was named, because of their difficulties and disasters, Death Valley.

The party that was wrecked in Lodore, just ahead of Manly, left a written note nailed to a tree giving information about themselves and their names. This Manly copied in his diary, but the diary was accidentally burned a little later, thus, so far as the writer knows, there is no record of these men unless it might be in the remarkable archives of the Mormon Church. The wrecked party would make for Salt Lake and the Mormons had settled there two years before.

After this, Lodore, apparently, was left to its primeval solitude, disturbed only by the roar of its rapids and the beating of the tempests, till Major John Wesley Powell came into the field. Powell, geologizing in 1867 in the parks of Colorado decided to study the geology of the canyons and incidentally clear up the prevailing mystery about them. It was believed by many that the river in places ran underground in the Grand Canyon. Few had ever been near the Grand Canyon, fewer still had ever seen it, so one speculation was as good as another and there were many. In these romantic tales Powell took no stock and went about studying conditions controlling river erosion in canyons, from his camps in Middle Park in 1868, partly the result of his examinations of the geology in the same region in 1867.

The final outcome was the start, in May, 1869, from Green River Station, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific, the only line west of Cheyenne, on his famous descent with nine companions in four boats. As mentioned above one boat, the No Name, was early lost at Disaster Falls in Lodore. The three men of that boat succeeded in reaching the gravelly bar lying between the two falls from which precarious situation they were with considerable difficulty rescued.

When all were safely ashore a desperate effort by the men was inaugurated to retrieve something valuable out of the cabin of part of the wreck which had grounded on the bar. Thinking they were risking their lives to recover some important instruments

Powell was about to commend their unselfish labor when the object of their strenuous exertions was laid on the beach. It was a keg of whiskey hitherto voyaging incognito.

The cause of this early discouraging disaster which considerably crippled the expedition near its start into the mystery of the canyons, was a singular depression in the river surface described as a "sag" at the very head of the upper Disaster Falls. This sag resulted apparently from a sudden checking of the speed of the current, on the sides, by the bottle neck character of the entrance to the first fall formed by the enormous boulders on the left side and the vertical cliffs on the right. The middle portion of the current was able to sweep down uninterruptedly, inducing a lowering of the middle surface of the river like a huge shallow saucer with side currents drawing in from all directions. It is clear that an object caught in this depression, even the edge of it, must go over the falls—there was no escape. At another stage of water, say a lower stage, this condition would not exist.

Powell, in the advance boat, quickly sensed the situation, hugged a point on the left projecting almost into the drawing currents, and swung into a wide backwater bay where there was no current at all. Signalling the following boats, all but one—the No Name—hugged the point also and safely entered the slack water, evading the trap. Despite all efforts on the part of the crew, the No Name was swiftly hurled to destruction. Striking a rock it was shattered. Striking a second it was disintegrated. The men were rescued as related above.

The steersman of the No Name, O. G. Howland, declared the major did not signal him. The major declared he did give the usual signals by swinging his hat. He told the writer later that there was no question about it. Perhaps Howland at the moment was looking towards the rapid whose din shattered the air and he did not see the signal. The difference engendered some degree of ill-feeling between Howland and Major Powell which persisted for a time. Possibly Powell, fresh from his command through the Civil War, may have spoken with severity about Howland's carelessness and certainly Howland deserved severe censure. He should unaided have perceived the danger for all knew they were navigating no mill pond.

This difference has been magnified by unfriendly critics to diminish the prestige of Major Powell, but without effect. To the writer's personal knowledge Powell was always kindly, considerate, and generous to his men and the writer was associated with him in trying circumstances. It has even been asserted that this difference was responsible for the later desertion by Howland and his brother Seneca, and Dunn, at the extremely dangerous rapid below

Diamond Creek, now known as Separation Rapid, but doubtless long continued and excessive exertion and nerve strain with insufficient and spoiled food together with the sudden re-appearance of gloomy, granite walls with the big Separation Rapid at the threshold portending another series of powerful pounding rapids such as they had fought through above, was the real cause of desertion. Several faltered, but they braced up. Powell declared he would go on if only one man stood by him—he could not go on alone with only one arm, of course. O. G. Howland flatly declared he would leave and take his chances in getting out to the settlements on the Virgin River. He was demoralized. Dunn said he would go too and he tried to persuade Hawkins to go, assuring him he "would perish in the river" if he went on.

Sumner argued with Howland, but Sumner said as he was not sure of his own argument he feared it was not convincing. Seneca Howland decided to stick to his brother and the three remained behind watching the others in two boats navigate the big rapid successfully. The third boat was left with them with the hope that they would come on, the party below waiting a couple of hours. The next day the boat party emerged from the canyon, and the deserters were murdered by the Shewits Indians on the plateau.

Sumner declared that O. G. Howland had come to consider the river a "holy terror" and it seems plain enough that his nerves had broken down. The names of these three were omitted from the honor roll on the Powell monument, quite rightly as they shamefully left Powell and the others to their fate, but they are recorded in his report; and Dunn has a cliff named in his honor.

Powell was not satisfied with the meagre results of this first expedition for he had not been able to carry out his plans. He was not interested in the spectacular, yet this first expedition—a private venture—was just that. Therefore he planned a second expedition, and this was a United States government affair but it is recorded in no government document. The only record of it is in *A Canyon Voyage* by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. The government report deals entirely with the first expedition, although the scientific material incorporated was collected by the second expedition.

Powell started the second time from Green River, Wyoming, in May, 1871, and he was soon fighting his way again through beautiful Lodore. The sag was avoided successfully, albeit one of the boats notwithstanding the advance knowledge got too far out and was obliged to make a strenuous effort to extricate itself while the rest of the party for several moments were filled with anxiety.

After Powell, in Lodore, came Nat Galloway, Julius Stone, the Kolb brothers and several others as well as a U. S. survey party constructing a new map of the river's meandering. Other parties

have launched their boats at Green River, Utah, which is far below Lodore.

Because of its beauty and grandeur Lodore should be set aside as a National Park. Not only is the main gorge superb with its pine trees reaching down to the water's edge, with its plunging rapids, at high water forming thrilling pictures, but every side canyon is picturesque. Waterfalls and grottoes are found in abundance. One which was named by the second Powell party Winnie's Grotto (after the little daughter of the geologist Steward who discovered it) is a remarkably beautiful place. It has a narrow entrance, barely twenty feet, which widens as one advances between walls 1,500 feet high, till it terminates in an amphitheatre 100 feet in diameter with a domed top. The walls are covered with mosses and ferns with thousands of diamond-like drops of clear water dripping down from everywhere. Above, a ribbon of blue sky; out and beyond a glimpse of yellow river; all about a delightful silence. This place alone is worthy of a visit to this canyon as well as to find out "How the Waters Come Down at Lodore."