

# THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

VOL. IX

Denver, Colorado, July, 1932

No. 4

## The Mormon Settlement at Pueblo, Colorado, During the Mexican War

LEROY R. HAFEN and FRANK M. YOUNG\*

The largest white settlement in Colorado prior to the Pikes Peak gold rush of 1858-9 was founded by Mormons near present Pueblo in 1846. The settlement was shortlived, being incidental to the Mormon trek westward and to General Kearny's conquest of New Mexico and California, but it no doubt has interest for the citizens of Colorado and deserves a place in the history of our state.

During the winter of 1845-6 the Mormons were making preparations for their great migration westward from Nauvoo, Illinois. Oregon, California, Texas and British Columbia had been considered as possible places for settlement, but the Rocky Mountain region appeared to be their choice. The main body of the Mormons moved across Iowa during 1846 but did not continue farther until the following year. But one small group, some proselytes from Monroe County, Mississippi, did travel westward to the Rocky Mountains in 1846. These were destined to be the pioneers in the Colorado settlement here being discussed.

They were organized under William Crosby and planned to move westward and intercept the pioneer band of migrating Mormons on the Platte River. This little party, consisting of forty-three persons with nineteen wagons,<sup>1</sup> not only founded a settlement near present Pueblo, Colorado, but has the distinction of being the first Mormon party to travel from the Missouri River west to the vicinity of Fort Laramie, being almost a year in advance of the official "Pioneer Band." Fortunately, Elder John Brown, a member of the Mississippi party, wrote a journal of the journey, which is here published for the first time:<sup>2</sup>

"We were instructed by Prest. Young to leave our families here [in Mississippi] and take those families that were ready and

\*Mr. Young, a nephew of the famous Mormon leader Brigham Young, was for many years a school teacher in Utah. He lives in Denver today. Mr. Young procured from the archives of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City copies of valuable documents relating to the Mormons at Pueblo. These documents, which comprise data used in the following article, were kindly presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>Document History, in Mormon Church archives, Salt Lake City, p. 281.

<sup>2</sup>John Brown's Journal. The original is in the Mormon Church archives.

go west with them through Missouri and fall in with the companies from Nauvoo. In the Indian country we started out to the number of some fourteen families. I left home in Monroe County, Mississippi, on the 8th day of April [1846]. Wm. Crosby, D. M. Thomas, Wm. Lay, James Harrison, George W. Bankhead, and myself formed a mess. We had one wagon, calculating to return in the fall. We crossed the Mississippi River at the Iron Banks and traveled up through the state of Missouri to Independence, where we arrived on the 26th day of May, after traveling a distance from home of 640 miles. There was great excitement here; rumor said Ex-Governor Boggs had started to California and the 'Mormons' had intercepted him on the way and killed and robbed him and several companions, etc.<sup>3</sup>

"They tried to persuade us not to go on the plains on account of these 'Mormons,' but we told them that we were not afraid. Bros. Crow from Perry County, Illinois, Wm. Hutchner, and some Oregon emigrants joined us here; after that we had in all 25 wagons. Wm. Crosby was chosen captain of the company, with Robert Crow and John Holliday as his counselors. When we got out to the Indian country our Oregon friends found out they were in company with a lot of Mormons. They were a little uneasy and somewhat frightened and began to think that we did not travel fast enough for them. Finally they left us and the next day we passed them and left them in the rear. They were a little afraid to go on without us, not being strong enough; this repeated again. They at length traveled with us till we got to the Platte River, where we met a company of six men from Oregon, and when they saw these six men who had traveled the road alone they took courage, having 13 or 14 men in their company, and they left us again, and as we rested a day for repairs, we saw them no more. We had 19 wagons left and 24 men. The Fox Indians stole one yoke of oxen belonging to George Thirlkill.

"We traveled the Oregon road from Independence, Missouri, and expected when we got to the Platte River to have fallen in with the company from Nauvoo, or find their trail, but we found neither; nor could we hear anything of them. We supposed they had gone up the north side of the river<sup>4</sup> so we continued our journey up the river, though some of the company were very loath to go on. One night our cattle (being corralled close) took a stampede and the horses, staked close by, all broke loose, and of all the running and bellowing and rattling of bells I never heard the like.

<sup>3</sup>This was a false rumor, as Gov. Lilburn W. Boggs migrated to California in 1846 and lived there a number of years. He had issued the famous "extermination order" against the Mormons in Missouri in 1838. See W. A. Linn, *The Story of the Mormons*, 205.

<sup>4</sup>The Mormon Trail of the next year was along the north side of the Platte. This party of 1846 is following the regular Oregon Trail.

Men, women and children were almost frightened to death. We supposed the Pawnees were upon us, and one man was so certain of it that he fired his rifle in the midst of the fuss. Orders were given immediately not to fire, and in the meantime men were running in every direction to catch the horses.

"There was no damage done, excepting the breaking of a cow's leg, and knocking a provision box off the hind end of a wagon. On the 25th of June we got among the buffalo and laid in some meat. We were very much delighted with buffalo hunting. Our eyes never had beheld such a sight; the whole country was covered with them. On the 27th a buffalo calf came running into the train of wagons, the dogs, teamsters, and every one else took after it, running through the train several times. It finally got into the loose herd and the dogs driven out, it became contented. A Spaniard whom we had taken in a few days before caught it with a lasso and tied it up. But it killed itself in a few minutes. It made good veal.

"This Spaniard, whose name was Hosea [Jose], had started down the river in a boat with some traders. The river being low, they lodged in the sand. He was afraid to stop in the Pawnee country and turned back with us to the mountains. He was of great service to me in camp life, and helping to care for the animals. He also taught us how to approach a buffalo. At the crossing of the South Fork of the Platte we encountered a severe storm in the night. Five of us were sleeping in a tent which blew down. We tried in vain to pitch it again, the wind was so violent, and we had to find shelter in the wagon (seven of us together), and when morning came we were almost frozen. This was the 29th of June. Next day, June 30, we crossed the river, North [South] Platte, and July 1st we reached Ash Hollow.

"This day my Spaniard was bitten by a rattlesnake and was laid up a week or more. We camped near the brush in the hollow, after dark, not knowing we were so near the North Fork of the Platte. I came upon the 2nd watch at night. The first guard told us to keep a sharp lookout. The mules were very uneasy; one man discovered something near where a mule was staked and threw a bone at it, supposing it to be a dog, but it ran off like a man half bent. About this time I discovered a horse going loose across the corral, and I went and examined the rope, which was about six feet long. I felt the end of it and pronounced it cut. I immediately alarmed the camp and turned out all hands. We then found several horses cut loose and one mare and two colts were missing. We then kept everything close till morning, when search was made along a trail up the hollow in the sand, where the three animals had been driven off; nine moccasin tracks were found in the trail. We

moved down to the river and six men followed the trail that day, but could see nothing.

"We have met a company from California from which we learned that there were no 'Mormons' on the route ahead of us. There was considerable dissatisfaction in the camp and some were in favor of turning back; however, we went on. On the 6th of July we came to Chimney Rock. We stopped one day at Horse Creek and repaired wagons. Here an alarm of Indians was made, but none could be found. A few miles below Laramie we met with a Mr. John Reshaw.<sup>5</sup> He had some robes to trade and was camped in Goshen Hole. He said that he had heard the 'Mormons' were going up the South Fork of the Platte. We held a council and concluded to go no further west, but find a place for the company to winter on the east side of the mountains. Mr. Reshaw said that the head of Arkansas River was the best place, as there was some corn growing there, and it was near the Spanish country where the company could get supplies. He was going to Pueblo in a few days, with two ox teams, and as there was no road, and as he was acquainted with the route, we concluded to stop and go with him. Consequently, we moved over to his camp, and on the 10th of July we started for the Pueblo.<sup>6</sup>

"Mr. Reshaw proved faithful to us and rendered us all the assistance he could on the plains and among the Indians. We camped one night without water and fearing lest our cattle would stray off, we corralled them again, the first time since the big stampede. I was on watch and about 10 o'clock every animal was on a keen jump. All the horses pulled up stakes. One mule being nearby, I caught its rope and it was all I could do to hold it. I mounted its back and away we went after the band. I could not stop the mule or control it in any way and I thought if the Indians got our animals they would get me too, for the mule was bound to go with the bands. They ran about a quarter of a mile, and when they stopped I was with them. I caught several of their ropes and held them until others came to my assistance. We then drove all the animals back and herded them outside the corral.

<sup>5</sup>This is the "swarthy, black-eyed Frenchman," whom Francis Parkman visited some days before and called Richard. "His dress was rather singular; his black curling hair was parted in the middle of his head, and fell below his shoulders; he wore a tight frock of smoked deerskin, very gayly ornamented with figures worked in dyed porcupine quills. His moccasins and leggings were also gaudily adorned in the same manner; and the latter had in addition a line of long fringes reaching down the seams."—Francis Parkman, *The California and Oregon Trail* (Author's Edition, 1901), 93. Parkman met him again at Pueblo, *Ibid.*, 301. Reshaw's trading post was about seven miles below Fort Laramie.

<sup>6</sup>The Pueblo, or Fort Pueblo, was built by trappers and traders, prominent among whom were George Simpson and James P. Beckwourth. The year 1842 is usually given as the date of its founding, but a letter addressed to D. D. Mitchell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, by the Bent and St. Vrain Company and written from Bent's Fort on Jan. 1, 1842, complains of the unlicensed traders who had built houses and were operating on the Arkansas River at the mouth of Fountain Creek (site of present Pueblo, Colorado). The original of this letter is in the Indian Bureau archives in Washington, and a photostat copy is in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

"On the 19th of July, twelve Indians came into camp; they were Cheyennes. We made them a feast and gave them some presents. Next day we came to their village. They received us kindly and made us a feast which consisted of stewed buffalo meat. We traded some with them and they appeared well pleased with our visit.

"Two lodges of them traveled with us a few days. On the 24th of July we camped on Crow Creek and remained there one day. Some ten or twelve of us went out about four miles on a buffalo hunt, having seen a herd of animals the evening before, but it proved to be a band of wild horses. One Indian who went out with us mounted his fast horse and gave them a chase, but could not come up with them. We all scattered over the plain, which was literally covered with prickly pears. While thus scattered we were discovered by a large body of Indians who had not seen us before. They immediately rushed upon us—apparently with great fury. We tried to get together before they could reach us, but in vain. Some of our people were badly frightened, but it was useless to run, as the Indians were all mounted. Our Indian was quite a distance away but made for our company with all possible speed. He met his countrymen within 100 yards of us. We yet did not know whether they were hostile or not, but they soon reached out the hand for the usual 'How do do,' which was a very pleasing sight to us.

"This kind of approach for friendship was new to us. Mr. Reshaw was with us and I watched him all the time to see if he was alarmed, but he betrayed no fear. He was well acquainted with the chief, whose name in English was Slim Face;<sup>7</sup> his form very much resembled that of Andrew Jackson. A large circle was formed, the pipe was filled and a fire made, and thus a friendly smoke was indulged in, after which we returned to camp, accompanied by a large party of Indians. Next day the whole nation met us at Che [Cache] la Poudre with their lodges, women and children and we made them some presents and a feast and traded some with them, after which we moved to the South Fork of the Platte. We searched in vain for the trail of the Mormons, not knowing any of their moves.

"We crossed the South Fork on the 27th of July, a few miles below St. Vrain's Fork. Here we struck a wagon trail that led to Pueblo, made by the traders.<sup>8</sup>

"We reached Pueblo on the 7th of August. Here we found some six or eight Mountaineers in the fort with their families. They

<sup>7</sup>Slim Face was the first white man to visit the states, says G. B. Grinnell, in his *Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders*, 32. R. B. Sage met Slim Face on his way east in 1844. See Sage, *Rocky Mountain Life*, 354.

<sup>8</sup>The four fur trade posts on the South Platte, between present Greeley and Denver, were already deserted.

had Indian and Spanish women for wives. We were received very kindly by them and they seemed pleased to see us. We had now performed a journey of about 800 miles since leaving Independence.

"The day before we reached this (Pueblo) place, Messrs. Lay and Thirkill were pursuing a wounded deer in the brush when they were attacked by a grizzly bear. It knocked them both down before they knew it was about. Mr. Thirkill was bitten on the head, being cut severely in three places. We gathered to the place and succeeded in killing the bear.<sup>9</sup>

"News had reached this place that the 'Mormons' had stopped on the Missouri River and that 500 of them had joined the army and were on their way to New Mexico.

"We counseled the brethren in our company to prepare for winter and to build them some cabins in the form of a fort. The Mountaineers said they would let them have their supplies (corn) for their labor, etc. Those of us who had left our families in the South stopped at Pueblo until the 1st of September (1846). We organized the company into a branch and gave them such instructions and counsel as the spirit dictated, telling them to tarry here until they got word from the headquarters of the Church where to go.

"They were much disappointed at the turn of affairs, as they had expected to unite with the main body of the Church. We comforted them all we could and left our blessing with them when we took our departure for the East."<sup>10</sup>

Within a few days after their arrival at Fort Pueblo, the Mormons selected a site for their settlement—on the south side of the Arkansas some distance<sup>11</sup> below the fort—and began the erection of log cabins. Parkman thus describes the beginning of their settlement: "After half an hour's riding we saw the white wagons of the Mormons drawn up among the trees. Axes were sounding, trees were falling, and log huts going up along the edge of the woods and upon the adjoining meadow. As we came up the Mormons left their work and seated themselves on the timber around

<sup>9</sup>A few days later Francis Parkman met these Mormons at Fort Pueblo. He tells of the grizzly bear attack and thus describes the wounded man: ". . . a tall, shambling fellow, who stood with his hands in his pockets taking a leisurely survey of the premises before he entered. He wore brown homespun pantaloons much too short for his legs, and a pistol and bowie knife stuck in his belt. His head and one eye were enveloped in a huge bandage of white linen."—Parkman, *op. cit.*, 302.

<sup>10</sup>John Brown, William Crosby, J. D. Holliday, Gorge Bankhead and Daniel Thomas returned to Mississippi for their families. They were met at the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas by John D. Lee and Howard Egan, traveling westward to overtake the Mormon Battalion.—Lee's Journal, p. 4, in Document History, p. 281.

<sup>11</sup>We do not know the exact location of the Mormon Pueblo. Parkman, *op. cit.*, 303, says it was one-half mile from Fort Pueblo. On page 305, however, he speaks of "half an hour's riding" from Fort Pueblo to the Mormon settlement, which would indicate a distance greater than one-half mile. Other writers appear not to have given the distance.

us, when they began earnestly to discuss points of theology, . . ."<sup>12</sup> In addition to erecting houses the Mormon company planted some turnips, pumpkins, and melons. They obtained corn from Fort Pueblo in return for labor.<sup>13</sup>

Before winter set in the Mormon contingent on the Arkansas was considerably increased by detachments from the Mormon battalion in the Mexican War. This battalion of approximately 500 men had been recruited early in July, 1846, from the Mormons migrating across Iowa. The five infantry companies had been attached to Col. S. W. Kearny's "Army of the West" and had set out from Fort Leavenworth August 13th and 14th,<sup>14</sup> following along the Santa Fe Trail as a separate detachment, being some weeks behind Kearny's main army. A few Mormon families accompanied the battalion and some wives of the soldiers were employed as laundresses.

Upon reaching the Crossing of the Arkansas, it was decided to take the troops on the short route across the Cimarron Desert, and to have some of the families that had accompanied the troops go on up the Arkansas River to winter at the Pueblo. Captain Nelson Higgins with a small guard of soldiers accompanied the families, setting out on September 16th.<sup>15</sup> The sending of these families to Pueblo no doubt came as a result of the battalion's meeting William Crosby, John Brown and the three other men who were returning eastward from Pueblo. These men had apprised the battalion of the founding of the Mormon Pueblo on the upper Arkansas and this settlement no doubt appealed to the officers of the battalion as a suitable refuge for the families of the soldiers.

Captain Higgins moved his detachment up the Arkansas and in due time reached the Mormon Pueblo. After settling the families there he marched on to Santa Fe.<sup>16</sup>

A number of the men in the Mormon battalion, before reaching Santa Fe, had become weak and sick as a result of their long march on foot over the Santa Fe Trail. Lt. Col. P. St. George Cooke, who was to lead the battalion from Santa Fe to California via the Gila River route, reports as follows:

"On the 13th I assumed command, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, by virtue of your [Gen. S. W. Kearny's] appointment. Its aggregate present was 448. I found that their mules were en-

<sup>12</sup>Parkman, *op. cit.*, 305.

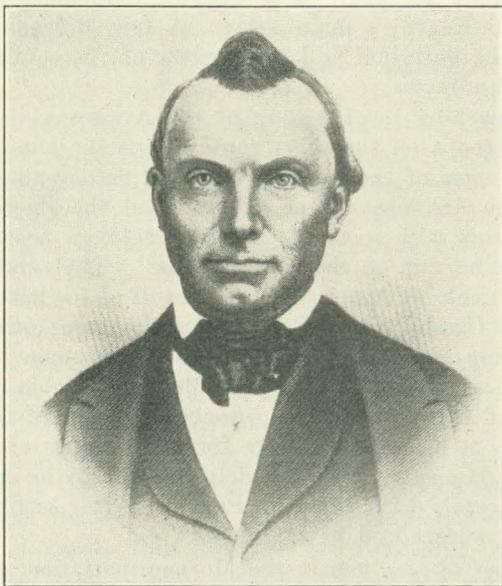
<sup>13</sup>Document History, 281.

<sup>14</sup>Andrew Jensen, *Church Chronology*, 30.

<sup>15</sup>We have been unable to determine the number of women and children in this detachment. D. Tyler in *A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War*, 158, lists the soldiers accompanying the party as follows: Corporal Gilbert Hunt, Dimick B. Huntington, Montgomery Button, John Tippets, Milton Kelley, Nicholas Kelley, Norman Sharp, James Brown, Harley Morey [Mowrey], Thomas Woolsey, and S. C. Shelton. On the way to Pueblo Mr. Sharp was accidentally shot and died.—*Ibid.*, 165.

<sup>16</sup>F. A. Golder, *The March of the Mormon Battalion from Council Bluffs to California*. Taken from the Journal of Henry Standage, 181.

tirely broken down, and that as many as sixty men had, from sickness and other causes, been transported in wagons much of the march; and that there were twenty-five women, besides many children. The assistant surgeon of the battalion, Dr. Sanderson, and the senior officer of the department, Dr. De Camp, reported on the cases of a very large number as subjects for discharge for disability. But the colonel commanding determined, under all the circumstances, to retain them in service, and ordered them to be sent to winter at 'Pueblo,' on the Arkansas River, above Bent's fort. There the Mormons have a temporary settlement, and there



JAMES BROWN

Captain of the Mormon Battalion at Pueblo, 1846-47

Mr. Smith had sent, from the crossing of the Arkansas, a party of ten, commanded by Captain Higgins, in charge of a large number of families, which had theretofore been attached to the Mormon battalion. This detachment had orders to join the battalion at Santa Fe. (They arrived after its march, and, I learned, obtained permission to return to the Pueblo.) About this time, I learned that you had left your wagons, in consequence of difficulties of the country; and was anxious, for the benefit of all, to disencumber the expedition of the twenty laundresses. Learning that the most of them wished to go with the detachment to the Arkansas, I ordered them all to be sent there. With a sufficient number of

able-bodied men (husbands of the women) to take care of it, the detachment amounted to eighty-six, and was placed under the command of Captain Brown.<sup>17</sup>

Captain Brown's detachment set out on the back trail from Santa Fe on October 18th "with twenty days' rations without bacon. Their beef consisted of broken down oxen which had been driven from the states. In the company there were twenty-seven sick persons unable to walk for whom no conveyance was furnished, save the baggage wagons, which were drawn by broken down oxen. Consequently the men who were well enough had to assist the oxen by pushing and pulling at the wagons. On the journey of the sick detachment from Santa Fe to Pueblo, Milton Smith of Company D died of intermittent fever, Oct. 22, 1846. Abner Chase of Company B died of chills and fever, Nov. 3, 1846."<sup>18</sup>

The company traveled via Raton Pass and struck the Arkansas River near Bent's Fort on Nov. 9th. Captain Brown went to the fort to secure sixty days' provisions.<sup>19</sup> After crossing to the north side of the river the company continued up the stream and on the 17th recrossed to the Mormon Pueblo on the south side.

"The greetings which occurred between comrades and old friends, husbands and wives, parents and children, when the two detachments met, was quite touching. . . . It was immediately agreed that eighteen rooms, fourteen feet square, should be erected for the winter quarters, and the men who were able to chop were dispatched to the woods to procure timbers for the houses, with the understanding that the first rooms finished should be allotted to the sick. The work of erecting the houses was pushed with all possible rapidity, but before they were finished sufficiently to shelter the sick from the piercing winds and cold mountain storms some had already succumbed."<sup>20</sup>

Captain Nelson Higgins, Quartermaster Shelton and seven privates arrived at the Pueblo from Santa Fe on Nov. 24th. This detachment was the one which in September had escorted certain of the Mormon battalion families up the Arkansas from the Cimarron Crossing and had been sent back to the Pueblo by Colonel Price, in command at Santa Fe. The Journal History records:

"Captain Brown, with his detachment, were at that time [Nov. 24th] engaged in building log cabins to winter in, also a log taber-

<sup>17</sup>"Report of Lieut. Col. P. St. George Cooke of His March from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to San Diego, Upper California," in *Ex. Doc. No. 41*, 30th Cong., 1st Sess., pp. 551-2. Five women only were permitted to stay with the main battalion. Cooke reports: "At the earnest request of two captains and three sergeants, their wives were permitted to accompany the [main] expedition; having their own wagons and mules and provisions."—*Ibid.*, 552.

<sup>18</sup>Journal History, in the Mormon Church archives.

<sup>19</sup>D. Tyler, *History of the Mormon Battalion*, 171. See also Journal History, *op. cit.* (Nov. 17, 1846).

<sup>20</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 171. John Perkins of Co. C died Nov. 19, and J. W. Richards, musician of Capt. Brown's company, died of quick consumption on Nov. 21st.—Journal History.

nacle or house of worship 20x30 feet, in which to hold meetings, etc. . . .

"Pueblo 1846. Saturday Dec. 5. Several of the houses erected by Captains Brown and Higgins companies at Pueblo were ready for occupancy. Though only rude cabins, the occupants found them much better than tents to live in. The Arkansas valley in which they were located was well adapted for winter quarters. What snow fell soon melted and there was good grazing for the animals. True, they had occasional windstorms, when the dust would be blown through the crevices of their houses, covering their food and everything else, but, though unpleasant and annoying, this was so slight an evil compared with what they had previously suffered from that they felt to bear it without complaining. The men and families, too, were tolerably well supplied with food, so that none needed to suffer from hunger. An occasional hunting expedition would result in securing a supply of venison which furnished a very acceptable change of diet. Most of the sick were also very much improved since getting rid of the drugs of the inhuman doctor (Dr. Sanderson). A few cases of sickness, however, still lingered on."

One more detachment of troops was yet to come to the Mormon Pueblo on the Arkansas. Before leaving the Rio Grande Valley for the march to California, Colonel Cooke found that a number of his men were "too sick and weak to carry their muskets and knapsacks and stand the journey through to California."<sup>21</sup>

"I resolved, then," writes Cooke, "to send back these fifty-eight men, with twenty-six days' rations, with one ox wagon, . . . The detachment went in command of a lieutenant [W. W. Willis], who received orders to report, for ultimate orders, to the officer commanding in the territory [Colonel Price]. . . . After these two weedings of the old, the feeble and sickly, from the battalion, lads and old grey-headed men still remained."<sup>22</sup>

Lieutenant Willis writes of the return march: "Active preparations now commenced to carry into effect the colonel's orders, and by 4 o'clock of the same day [Nov. 10, 1846] we had collected of invalids fifty-six, one big government wagon, four yoke of poor cattle, five days' rations and two dressed sheep, as food for the sick. Our loading for the one wagon consisted of the clothing, blankets, cooking utensils, tents and tent poles, muskets, equipage, and provisions, and all invalids who were unable to walk. With some difficulty I obtained a spade or two and a shovel, but was provided with no medicines or other necessaries for the sick except

<sup>21</sup>"Extracts from the Journal of Henry W. Bigler," in *Utah Hist. Quart.*, V, 42. See also the Henry Standage Journal in Golder, *op. cit.*, 182, and "Journal of Robert Bliss with the Mormon Battalion," in *Utah Hist. Quart.*, IV, 77.

<sup>22</sup>"Report of Lieut. Col. Cooke," *op. cit.*, 552-3.

the mutton before referred to, and only five days' rations, to travel near three hundred miles. Thus armed and equipped we commenced our lonesome march, retracing our steps to Santa Fe. . . . [The next day] we resumed our march, camping in the evening near some springs. One yoke of our oxen got mired in the mud. We took off the yoke, when one got out. The other we undertook to pull out with a rope and unfortunately broke his neck. Our team was now too weak for our load. In the night Brother John Green died, and we buried him by the side of Brother James Hampton.

"What to do for a team we did not know. This was a dark time, and many were the earnest petitions that went up to our God and Father for Divine aid.

"The next morning we found with our oxen a pair of splendid young steers, which was really cheering to us. We looked upon it as one of the providences of our Father in heaven. Thus provided for, we pursued our march. We traveled two days without further accident. . . .

"On my arrival at that place [Santa Fe], General Price, commander of the post, ordered me to Pueblo, on the Arkansas River. He also ordered Quartermaster McKissock to furnish us with the necessary provisions, mules, etc. I obtained from the quartermaster ten mules and pack saddles, ropes and other fixtures necessary for packing. With this outfit we had to perform a journey of about three hundred miles, over the mountains, and in the winter. Packing was a new business to us, and at first we were quite awkward."

[The party continued up the valley of the Rio Grande and at Turley's ranch on the Arroyo Hondo left a number of the sick who were unable to continue the journey.] "We continued our march from day to day, traveling through snow from two to four feet deep, with continued cold, piercing wind. The third day, about noon, we reached the summit of the mountain.<sup>23</sup> Before reaching the top, however, I had to detail a rear guard of the most able-bodied men, to aid and encourage those who began to lag, and felt unable to proceed farther, whilst with others I marched at the head of the column to break the road through enormous snow

<sup>23</sup>George F. Ruxton, the young English traveler, while making his way from New Mexico into southern Colorado, caught up with the Mormon soldiers at Turley's ranch. He writes: "There were some twelve or fifteen of them, raw-boned fanatics, with four or five pack-mules carrying their provisions, themselves on foot. They started several hours before me; but I overtook them before they crossed the mountains, straggling along, some seated on the top of the mules' packs, some sitting down every few hundred yards, and all looking tired and miserable."—Ruxton, *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains*, 88. Ruxton's feet being frost-bitten, he laid over two days at the settlement on the Rio Colorado, the most northern Mexican outpost. Of the weather encountered by himself and the Mormon detachment, he writes: "The cold of these regions is more intense than I ever remember to have experienced, not excepting even in Lower Canada."—*Ibid.*, 99. Both the Mormons and Ruxton traversed the east side of the San Luis Valley and crossed the range at Sangre de Cristo Pass.

banks. It was with the greatest exertion that we succeeded, and some were severely frost-bitten. When we got through the banks, to our inexpressible joy, we saw the valley of the Arkansas below, where the ground was bare. The drooping spirits of the men revived, and they soon descended to the plain below, where they were comparatively comfortable. From here the command had good weather and pleasant traveling to Pueblo, their destination for the remainder of the winter."<sup>24</sup>

Soon after reaching the Pueblo on December 20th, Lieutenant Willis continued on down the Arkansas to Bent's Fort, where Captain Enos, acting quartermaster, furnished him sixty days' rations and transportation for these supplies by ox team to Pueblo. Gilbert Hunt was sent back to Turley's ranch for the sick, and succeeded in bringing them to the Pueblo, arriving about the middle of January, 1847.

On January 15th the nine wagons bearing the sixty days' provisions from Bent's Fort arrived at the Mormon Pueblo. Supplies were now comparatively abundant.

"About this time the command commenced the practice of squad drills, in which the men became very proficient. Owing to rumors being circulated to the effect that the Mexicans and Indians intended to attack Pueblo, preparations for defense were made and Captain Brown also called upon the old settlers for assistance, which they promised to render. The people of Bent's Fort were also alarmed, lest the enemy might make a sudden raid upon them. Communication with Santa Fe had been cut off."<sup>25</sup>

The rumors were well founded. A wholesale attack upon Americans in the province had been planned and on January 19th the Pueblo Indians, led and encouraged by certain Mexican citizens, attacked and killed Charles Bent, governor of New Mexico, at his home in Taos, and killed certain other American officials there. Attacks were made at the Rio Mora and the Rio Colorado (branch of the Rio Grande) in which several Americans were killed, and a raid on Turley's ranch resulted in the death of Simon Turley and most of his men. The sick of Captain Willis' company who had been left at Turley's had been moved on to the Pueblo only a few days before the attack occurred. John Albert, who continued for many years as a respected pioneer of Colorado, made his escape from Turley's ranch and brought the news of the attack to the upper Arkansas.<sup>26</sup> Louy Simonds carried the news to Bent's Fort and to the murdered governor's brother, William Bent, then trading with the Indians at the Big Timbers on the

Arkansas. A party of traders and mountaineers at Bent's Fort organized and set out for New Mexico to avenge the governor's death.

Lewis H. Garrard, the young traveler and writer, who was at Bent's Fort at the time, reports: "A while before dusk, an express from the Arkansas Pueblo seventy miles above, arrived with the news that the United States detachment of volunteers stationed there were awaiting orders from Jackson, the superior in command. But the Captain (Jackson) [stationed at Bent's Fort] would not act without orders from Colonel Price at Santa Fe, at that time likely a prisoner. So the idea of aid in that quarter was reluctantly abandoned."<sup>27</sup> Thus the Mormon Battalion soldiers at Pueblo remained on the Arkansas. Colonel Price had an ample force of his own in Santa Fe, however, which quickly put down the insurrection and hanged its perpetrators.

After the excitement regarding the uprising subsided, matters went rather smoothly at the Mormon Pueblo. Drill exercises continued, Sunday services and week-day dances were held in the log church; hunting parties brought in venison and other game. J. G. Smith and a party went up the Fountain to the site of present Colorado Springs and examined the soda springs there.<sup>28</sup> Captain Brown and others made trips to Santa Fe for the soldiers' pay, instructions, etc.

Lieutenant Ruxton, who doubtless visited the Mormon settlement, gives this description:

"In the wide and well-timbered bottom of the Arkansas, the Mormons had erected a street of log shanties, in which to pass the inclement winter. These were built of rough logs of cottonwood, laid one above the other, the interstices filled with mud, and rendered impervious to wind or wet. At one end of the row of shanties was built the 'church' or temple—a long building of huge logs, in which the prayer meetings and holdings-forth took place. The band wintering on the Arkansas were a far better class than the generality of Mormons, and comprised many wealthy and respectable farmers from the western states, most of whom were accustomed to the life of woodmen, and were good hunters. Thus they were enabled to support their families upon the produce of their rifles, frequently sallying out to the nearest point of mountains with a wagon, which they would bring back loaded with buffalo, deer and elk meat, thereby saving the necessity of killing any of their stock of cattle, of which but few remained.

"The mountain hunters found this camp a profitable market for their meat and deer-skins, with which the Mormons were now

<sup>24</sup>Willis' account, quoted in Tyler, *op. cit.*, 191-4.

<sup>25</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 196.

<sup>26</sup>Ruxton, *op. cit.*, 135-145. See also H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 432.

<sup>27</sup>Lewis H. Garrard, *Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail* (Campbell edition), 122.

<sup>28</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 197.

compelled to clothe themselves, and resorted there for that purpose—to say nothing of the attraction of the many really beautiful Missourian girls who sported their tall graceful figures at the frequent fandangos. Dancing and preaching go hand in hand in Mormon doctrine, and the 'temple' was generally cleared for a hop two or three times during the week, a couple of fiddles doing the duty of orchestra."<sup>29</sup>

Ruxton tells of some mountaineers going to the Pueblo for a dance and having to listen to preaching by Captain Brown and Brother Dowdle before the dancing started.

The total number of Mormons who wintered at Pueblo cannot be determined exactly. Sergeant Tyler names eighty women and children who accompanied the Mormon battalion and says there were probably a few others whose names he did not remember.<sup>30</sup> Only five of these continued on to California, all the remainder going to Pueblo. The original pioneer party from Mississippi numbered forty-three. The soldiers in the detachments of Captains Higgins and Brown and Lieutenant Willis totaled, according to Colonel Cooke's figures, 154.<sup>31</sup> The entire Mormon settlement thus comprised about 275. During the winter nine deaths occurred among the Mormons at the Pueblo, seven children were born, and one marriage took place.<sup>32</sup> J. C. Smiley writes: "Although these people came as wayfarers and their winter quarters were temporary, theirs were the first American families that sojourned, and their cabins the first structures that sheltered American family life, within the bounds of Colorado."<sup>33</sup>

During the winter an express containing money and letters from the soldiers to their families and friends was carried by John H. Tippetts and Thomas Woolsey from Pueblo to Winter Quarters (present Florence, seven miles north of Omaha, Nebraska). Tippetts and Woolsey set out on muleback from the upper Arkansas on Dec. 23, 1846. They went up Fountain Creek, across the Divide and down the Platte River. Severe cold and great difficulties were encountered, but the men finally reached the Missouri River after fifty-two days' travel.<sup>34</sup>

When Brigham Young and his "Pioneer Band" reached a point on the North Platte opposite Fort Laramie, on June 1, 1847,

<sup>29</sup>G. F. Ruxton, *Life in the Far West*, 261-2.

<sup>30</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 125-6.

<sup>31</sup>The various diarists of the battalion's march and the Journal History in the Mormon archives in Salt Lake City give slightly varying figures.

<sup>32</sup>Those who died were: John Perkins, Musician J. W. Richards, Scott, Milton Kelley, Corporal Arnold Stevens, M. S. Blanchard, Molcher Oyler, Betsy Prescinda Huntington (infant) and an infant son of Capt. Jefferson Hunt. The births were: Malinda Catherine Kelley, Betsy Prescinda Huntington, Phebe Williams, a daughter to Mrs. Norman Sharp, a pair of twins (?) to Mrs. Jefferson Hunt, a child to Mrs. Nelson Higgins. The marriage was of John Chase and Almira Higgins (daughter of Captain Higgins).—Tyler, *op. cit.*, 125-6, 195-6, and the Journal History, *op. cit.*

<sup>33</sup>J. C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, 177.

<sup>34</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 200.

they learned that a small party of seventeen from Pueblo was at Fort Laramie awaiting them. Howard Egan, a captain in Young's party, records in his diary on June 1st: "Six wagons, which are a part of the Mississippi company that wintered at Pueblo, are here. They have been here two weeks, and they report that the remainder of their company were coming on with a detachment of the 'Mormon battalion,' who expect to be paid off and start for this point about the first of June. Two of the brethren came across the river to see us."<sup>35</sup> We do not know the date when this company left Pueblo. It joined the pioneer band and continued with it to the Salt Lake Valley.

According to Ruxton, a Mr. Chase (called Brand in the later editions of the story) with his children and grandchildren left the rest of the Mormons at Pueblo in April, 1847, and set out for Fort Laramie. Before reaching the South Platte they were attacked by Arapahoes. Two boys were killed and the whole party would have been annihilated but for the timely aid of some mountain men. Among the rescuers was La Bonte, who proved to be the old sweetheart of Chase's daughter, Mary. After reaching Fort Laramie the Chase family went down the river and returned to the States, where La Bonte and Mary were married.<sup>36</sup>

On June 2d President Young sent Apostle Amasa M. Lyman and three companions, including Woolsey and Tippetts of the winter express, from Fort Laramie to direct the rest of the Mormons at Pueblo on their march towards the Great Basin.

In the meantime, however, Captain Brown and Higgins had been to Santa Fe and had returned with orders to march the troops to California. Accordingly, on May 24, 1847, they had crossed the Arkansas and set out on their journey for Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail.<sup>37</sup> They followed the trapper trail northward, reaching the South Platte River on June 3d. Two days later they forded the stream, first raising their wagon boxes on blocks of wood to keep their loading dry.

Apostle Lyman and his party were met on Lodgepole Creek and on June 16th the detachment reached Fort Laramie. It continued westward from that historic post, traveling as rapidly as

<sup>35</sup>W. E. Egan, Ed., *Pioneering the West, 1846-1878. Major Howard Egan's Diary*, 62. See also *William Clayton's Journal*, 207. Under date of June 4th both diaries speak of this as "Brother Crow's Company" and give the names of its members. It comprised the Crow and Therkill families, Archibald Little, James Chesney and Lewis B. Myers. One diary appears to have copied from the other for both list sixteen names but say there were seventeen in the company. John Brown, whose journal of the trip of the Mormons from Mississippi has been printed in this article, was one of Young's pioneer band bound for the Salt Lake Valley, having gone back to Mississippi and returned in time to join Young's band.

<sup>36</sup>In writing this romantic story Ruxton admits that he colored it somewhat for dramatic effect.—Ruxton, *Life in the Far West*, pp. x and 266-86.

<sup>37</sup>It appears that two Mormon families remained at the Pueblo, but who they were or what became of them we do not know. See Indian Agent Fitzpatrick's Report from Fort Bent on Sept. 18, 1847, in *Sen. Ex. Doc. 1*, 30 Cong., 1 Sess., Appendix, 238-49.

possible in the hope of catching up with President Young's party. It did not succeed in this object, but reached the Salt Lake Valley on June 27th, three days behind the "Pioneer Band." Here the detachments of the Mormon Battalion which had wintered at Pueblo were mustered out and did not continue on to California.<sup>38</sup>

Nothing remains today of the Mormon Pueblo on the upper Arkansas. The log cabin quarters must have quickly disappeared—perhaps by fire—for the first permanent settlers in the region make no mention of them. Even the site of the soldiers' graves was soon obliterated by river floods.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>38</sup>Tyler, *op. cit.*, 198-202. Captain Brown became one of the principal founders of Ogden, Utah. See James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer* (Salt Lake City, 1900), 116.

<sup>39</sup>In 1880 Franklin D. Richards, a high official in the Mormon Church, came to Pueblo to find the grave of his brother, J. W. Richards, of Captain Brown's Company. He brought a plan of the settlement and cemetery drawn by Caratat Rowe, a member of the company. With Lewis Conley, an old resident of present Pueblo, Richards searched diligently for the burial place. Richards writes: "We spared nothing which could assist us in the effort to find the burial place of our dead, but without avail. Every trace was obliterated. The earthly tabernacles of our friends had been deposited within the sound of the never-ceasing Arkansas. Thrice during the long interval of time which had elapsed since the melancholy event, the turbulent river has inundated the surrounding country, each time changing its channel and has carried away upon its raging bosom the habitations of death and life. No hillock of any kind now marks the last resting place of the Battalion boys who died at Pueblo . . . The only result of this extra effort was to fully satisfy us that we had done everything in the matter which could be accomplished."—*The Contributor* (Salt Lake City) (1880), VII, 296-7.

crashes which began in New York and Philadelphia in 1873 and which were heard throughout the land, he elucidated the causes of that depression which, he said, it was generally agreed, was caused by "lack of confidence." He ended his lecture by the following significant statement: "The haste to get rich has been the curse of our time. But we have learned the value of foresight and of fru-

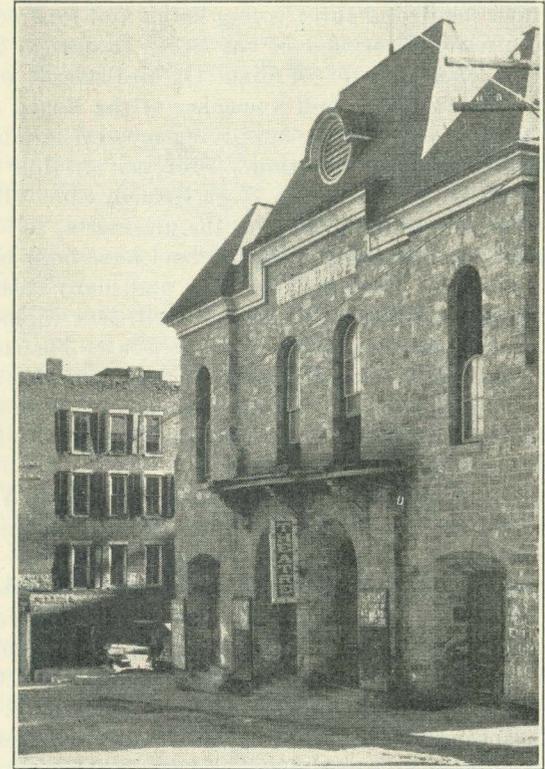
## The Central City Opera House in Education and Politics\*

ERNEST MORRIS

The spectacular story of the establishment and opening of the Central City Opera House has recently been fittingly told and its influence upon drama and music has been appropriately described. It may also be of interest to dwell upon some of the educational and political events which took place in that historic structure. In those days Central City was considered the cultural center of Colorado.

On September 13, 1878, "The auditorium of our beautiful Opera House," said the *Register-Call*, "was crowded with the intelligence of this section of the mountains to hear the greatest lecturer of the age. The reverend gentleman was introduced by Hon. Clinton Reed and stepping towards the foot lights was greeted with cheers." He was no other than that famous preacher of the Nineteenth Century—Henry Ward Beecher—who addressed the audience on "Hard Times." After describing the great financial

\*Last year the heirs of Peter McFarlane presented the famous Central City Opera House to Denver University. This summer the fine old structure, which stands for so much of pioneer Colorado's culture and integrity, is to have a grand reopening. Lillian Gish and an all-star cast, directed by Robert Edmond Jones will present *Camille*, July 16-23.—Ed.



CENTRAL CITY OPERA HOUSE

gality, so that we can tide over dark times. The hard times ought to have taught men to live low, if they are one time to live high."

There was only one high school in "The Little Kingdom of Gilpin" which was conducted in connection with the public school of Central City. It was attended by students not only from that municipality, but also from Black Hawk, Nevadaville, Russell Gulch and outlying districts. Beginning in June, 1891, the graduation exercises were held at the Opera House. Diplomas were conferred that year upon six graduates, all of whom participated with orations. The "closing exercises" were reinforced by recitations

and musical numbers by members of the other grades of the High School. The exercises were then regarded as the most important event in the educational field.

Forty years ago (on June 3, 1892) the famous Opera House was again the scene of "Closing Exercises" of the Central City High School. At that time the graduating class was deemed formidable enough so that orations were delivered only by members of that class, which comprised three young ladies and four young men, including the present President of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Two daughters of William O. McFarlane, one of the builders of the Opera House and a member of the Board of Education, played a prominent part in supplying musical numbers which were an inspiration to the occasion. Professor Arthur J. Fynn, who had previously taught in the High School, came all the way from Alamosa to deliver an address to the graduates.

Graduation exercises of the High School have been held in the Opera House annually from 1891 to 1918 and many distinguished sons and daughters of Gilpin County received their diplomas upon the stage of that classic structure. Each graduate has contributed an original essay, oration or address upon those eventful occasions, which were attended not only by the respective families of those who were awarded diplomas, but by all the citizens of the county who laid a claim to culture.

In the political field the Opera House has provided the platform upon which the candidates for office have made stirring appeals to the voters.

Beginning with the spirited campaign of 1878, political rallies were held in the Opera House. In the campaign of that year James B. Belford opposed Thomas M. Patterson for Congressman; and Frederick W. Pitkin opposed W. A. H. Loveland for Governor. There was a huge torchlight procession at Central City. Delegations with 700 torches filed into the Opera House to listen to Senator Teller, "who wound up the campaign with probably one of the finest efforts of his life," said the *Register-Call* of October 1st.

When James B. Belford, "The Red Headed Rooster of Central," returned from his campaign tour the enthusiasm of Gilpin County seemed unbounded. His homecoming reception was described thus:

"The immense multitude filed into the Opera House and filled the handsome edifice from pit to dome. Fair ladies filled the galleries . . . The moment Belford appeared upon the stage the house fairly shook with applause."

During the presidential campaign of 1880, Garfield and Arthur Clubs were formed in Gilpin County, including "The Boys in Blue of Central" and "The Boys in Blue of Nevadaville." On October

16, 1880, one of the principal meetings of the campaign took place at the Opera House. "That spacious edifice was filled with ladies and gentlemen anxious to hear the distinguished speakers." (Said the *Register-Call*.) These consisted of Charles H. Toll and Edward O. Wolcott. Mrs. William O. McFarlane presided at the piano with her usual grace and ease, and Mr. Wolcott "delivered the most brilliant and argumentative address ever delivered in this section of the state."

A few days later Congressman James B. Belford addressed an audience at Central City, which the local paper described as follows:

"The auditorium of the Opera House, having the largest seating capacity of any in Colorado, was completely filled and the aisles crowded from the proscenium to the vestibule, and the gallery and its aisles were thronged. The wealth, beauty, fashion and culture of the Mountains were assembled." All paid a fitting tribute to Judge Belford.

During the succeeding political campaigns the Opera House continued to be the center for political meetings and the most eminent aspirants for office addressed audiences from the platform of that historic structure. Among the famous political speakers who there thrilled the audiences were the following Coloradans who had become known to fame: Henry M. Teller, James B. Belford, Edward O. Wolcott, Thomas M. Bowen, Charles S. Thomas, Charles H. Toll, Lafe Pence, Alva Adams, Thomas M. Patterson, John F. Shafroth, Harper M. Orahoad and Thomas J. O'Donnell. Entertainment was usually provided at these political meetings by bands, glee clubs and orchestras.

During the campaigns of 1886, 1888 and 1890 the writer, then a schoolboy, had the privilege of listening to many political orators—Republicans, Democrats and Populists—in the Central City Opera House. Such indoor sport was at that time considered valuable both from the standpoint of education and of entertainment.

In connection with the coming rejuvenation and rededication of the famous Opera House, it is appropriate to observe that the venerable edifice has not only witnessed the great actors and musicians of the time when "The Little Kingdom of Gilpin" reached the zenith of its glory, but that the noted structure was also the center of educational and cultural activities as well as the political arena of our pioneers.

## The Valley of the Second Sons

(The Wet Mountain Valley)

CLARICE E. RICHARDS\*

It was known as the Wet Mountain Valley when in 1881 an asthmatic young Irishman came into it to visit friends and to find relief from wheezing. Falling under the spell of the country, he bought a small ranch high up on the slopes of the Sangre de Cristo, built himself a log cabin, and incidentally proved the magnet which drew innumerable younger sons to the West for reasons of health, recreation or morals.

From Canada, England, Australia and India they came—brilliant, charming, pleasure-seeking young sports, who hunted and fished by day and played the great American game of poker by night. A wild lot intoxicated by the freedom they suddenly attained, they cast all conventions to the wind, faced danger or privation with a smile, shot up a town in an excess of spirits, herded sheep or cattle, tended their ranches, which some of them bought, drank tea at five p. m. and Scotch between times, gave away a hay crop, if they had one, so the harvesting of it would not interfere with their pursuit of sport. When they were broke, or until the next remittance came, they cheerfully cut logs and hauled them to the little town at the end of the railroad, discussed the most abstruse subjects around their great fireplaces and were the undisputed lords of the realm of freedom.

The valley which locally bears their name lies south of the Arkansas River in Colorado, and southwest from Canon City. Bounded by the Wet Mountains on the east and the Sangre de Cristo on the west, it is a long trough of fertile meadow land between two nearly parallel ranges. The summits of the Wet Mountains rarely rise above 11,000 feet, but the pyramidal peaks of the Sangre de Cristo lift themselves 14,000 feet in a ridge or sierra. In the narrow, crenelated openings between the jagged points the snow lies deep and catches the Alpine glow as the sun rises or sets. To the early Spanish explorers they seemed a crown of thorns dripping with blood and by them were named *Sierras de Sangre de Cristo* (Blood of Christ Mountains).

It was a wild, unsettled country in which game of all kinds abounded and as the tales of the sport there reached England more and more of the younger sons drifted into the valley.

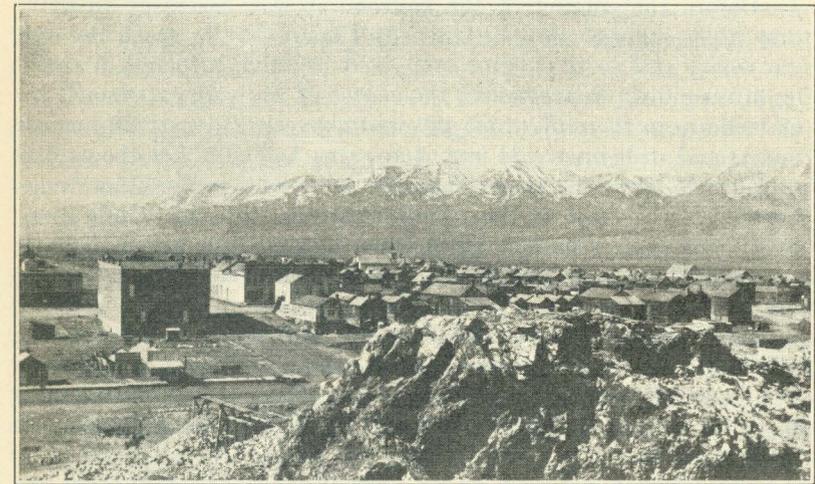
Our young Irishman cheerfully harbored them all, until he married a charming English girl after a whirlwind courtship and

\*Mrs. Richards is the author of that interesting volume of Colorado experience, *A Tenderfoot Bride*. She lives in Denver and at Ward, Colorado, today.—Ed.

endowed her with all his worldly goods, which consisted of \$10 and one cow; so they decided to finance the future by taking paying guests and advertised in the *London Churchman* for "young men to learn farming."

The response came in the arrival of more unattached and youthful bachelors. Two days a week they were allowed to hunt, the balance of the time they matriculated in agriculture.

On one occasion when some of them were shocking grain, they asked their instructor whether the heads of the wheat should be put up or down, to which he replied:



SILVER CLIFF, 1888

View taken from the cliff which gave the town its name. Sangre de Cristo Mountains in the background.

"I don't know as it makes any difference"—so all the grain was shocked upside down.

Another pupil had a lamb he called "Sow-Down" and as he was putting out young cabbage plants Sow-Down followed him. After working for hours and getting the last one in he turned to view the result; not a leaf remained, for Sow-Down had eaten off each one as soon as it was planted.

The surveys for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, prior to the coming of Ireland's resourceful son and the young Englishmen who followed him, had been tinged with adventure and English background, for as they were seeking a southern route for the Denver and Rio Grande two of the high officials<sup>1</sup>, one of whom was an Englishman, came into the valley early in the spring of

<sup>1</sup>General Wm. J. Palmer and Dr. W. A. Bell.

1870 and, fascinated by its beauty, took up a large tract of land by preemption with the idea of establishing a town, building a depot on their land and selling off town lots.

Ula was the first postoffice and in that primitive building were projected the first plans for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad in 1870 and 1872.

The main line was finally built farther to the north, but in 1880 one of these enthusiastic Britons<sup>2</sup> financed and built a narrow gauge road into the valley, at the same time building a cheese factory on his ranch in which he interested a number of his countrymen.

Before the coming of the railroad it was necessary to drive forty miles through Copper Gulch to Canon City to reach the outside world and so the region remained isolated, although a thriving mining town flourished in the center of the valley. Named for the rich ore in the cliff which towered above it, Silver Cliff became famous and wide open. It was at one time talked of for the capital of Colorado, then the mines began to peter out and another town, Westcliffe, was built at the terminus of the railroad a mile away and Silver Cliff became a ghost town with only a few optimistic miners remaining to live on in the hope of the mines "coming back."

About the time the mines of Silver Cliff began to fail the city fathers built a municipal water plant which increased the taxes to such an extent the people refused to pay them, so they moved most of the town to Westcliffe, even to the hotel, with the pictures still hanging on the walls.

The German colonists under Carl Wulsten had come into the valley in 1870 to engage in agriculture and while some were successful others eventually went to work for the young English bloods who were simply there for the sport the country afforded and never willingly neglected pleasure for business.

"The Bachelor's Rest" and adjoining ranches on the slopes above looked down upon the fields, mines and the town in the valley, but their owners all seemed immune from the fever of mining and the bacillus of business and resented any intrusion of commercial affairs into their unrestricted life of pleasure.

To the few ranchers in the valley these younger sons were a constant source of wonder and annoyance, for they thrived on excitement and the unexpected always followed in their wake, as when several of them went on a hunting trip to the other side of the range with the promise to signal to their friends below if the sport was good by building a huge bonfire at timberline. The sport was fine, the bonfire large, the sparks set fire to the forests below

<sup>2</sup>Dr. W. A. Bell.

and miles of timber were destroyed before the exasperated natives could put it out.

These were the events of the early years, for when mothers, aunts and cousins followed their wandering relatives, peace descended on the valley, as the younger sons settled down in homes where English customs prevailed, though somewhat curtailed because of circumstances and finances.

In a rambling log house lived a gracious woman, a born aristocrat and formerly a great belle of Sidney, Australia, waited upon by an old nurse, who served her as she would a queen, kept the house like a palace and brought up the four sons in the family, prepared their tea at five o'clock and dinner at eight, a state occasion for which all "dressed," though the menu might consist only of bacon and eggs.

Her mistress read much, rode horseback, entertained many guests and was just as much an English society woman when she died as though she had never left her own country. Americans may "go English," but the English rarely, if ever, "go American."

A sister of this unusual woman, the wife of a general in India, came to spend the summer in the valley, bringing nine of her twelve children with her. Being unaccustomed to the methods of travel in this country, she bought a section for each child from New York to the West and arrived nearly out of funds but very much impressed with the attention she received en route, which was probably due to the fact that the Pullman employes thought the entire royal family was traveling with them.

Accustomed to service, they expected to be served, until they learned the ways of the old-time cowpuncher, who never "served" anyone in his independent life. To one who knew them the following incident was only to have been expected.

The arrival of the train was the event of the day and groups of the inhabitants of Westcliffe waited around or sat on any barrel or box that promised a resting place. Two cowpunchers lounged against the baggage truck until it was taken away, when the door jamb supported them.

"What t'hell?" one asked as he watched the passengers alight from the little accommodation train.

The other's glance followed his and rested upon the perspiring conductor staggering through the door of a car laden down with suitcases, hat boxes, writing cases and other impedimenta, while the brakeman jerked various duffle-bags and boxes from under crates of chickens and battered milk cans.

"Oh, just some of them Lord's comin'," he answered indifferently. "When they goes visitin' they most generally brings

everything with them out of the castle but the cook stove. I reckon them that stays behind's got to have that or they'd take it, too. I've been seein' 'em come to the valley for ten years and kinda wondered what they'd do if the whole family left their range at once; seems like one Lord's got to have so much room. Looks like them two's goin' to stay awhile."

His friend seemed wholly absorbed in his contemplation of the two Englishmen, who looked about expectantly. One of them saw the cowpunchers and called impatiently.

"Here, you."

"Is that there Lord tryin' to attract my attention?" Jim asked with a drawl that Pete recognized as a danger signal.

"He does seem kinda set on speakin' to you; better go and see what he wants." And Pete grinned as Jim rose and sauntered over to the new arrivals. The one who had called spoke again.

"Here, you, take hold of the end of that box."

Jim's eyes hardened but his voice was gentle. He gave the man one steady look, then shifted his quid into the other cheek.

"Sorry," he said indifferently, "but I'm punchin' cows for the King of England and he don't like me to do no odd jobs on the side."

The lesson once learned and relations of equality established, the younger sons and the cowpunchers got on famously—adventurers all.

For many years they have been there, a part of old England transplanted to the untried soil of America, there to flourish or wither as fate decreed. Back and forth across the sea the shuttle of destiny wove into the fabric of the new world's history a virile pattern of endeavor on a background of inherited culture, throwing the threads of romance or necessity about the scions of Britain's aristocracy and drawing them over the ocean to the West, where under the most primitive conditions, and often in spite of the greatest hardships, England in the midst of America existed.

Little known, preferring to remain undisturbed in their insularity, they have lived, loved and died, but as they partook of all that this new country offered, so these charmingly irresponsible younger sons of the British nobility played a definite part in the romance of the West.

If at first they were objects of derision and ridicule, the Englishmen eventually won a firm place in the regard of the hard-working natives of the country, for they were always agreeable and courteous and furnished a colorful contrast to the drab existence of those who sought to wrest a livelihood from the soil. The younger sons were on a perpetual vacation, yet it did not unfit them for responsibility which many of them had to assume when, through

the death of the heir, the title came to them or if they were called upon to fill some high position later in life.

They thought of these Western states as great game preserves in which a domain might be had for the asking and with high hopes and little knowledge of what was before them they came to seek the promised land.

Some succeeded, others failed, and all experienced to some degree the trials of the pioneers, but were undaunted by them. Many are the tales told of their ranching activities, which generally ended in disaster unless some relative opportunely died and left them a legacy which averted it.

One group of Englishmen formed a company, bought large tracts of land which they stocked with blooded cattle and after a few years went broke. But when the handwriting on the wall was too plain to longer be ignored, they hitched up a four-horse team, drove to town, collected their friends and several cases of champagne, returned to their ranch, where a marvelous dinner awaited them, and collapsed in a blaze of glory.

That was essentially characteristic of them all and, while their cheerful disregard of business details would have driven an American executive insane, they felt to succeed or fail was all in the game.

Life to them was a game and if bad luck came it was unfortunate, but in the next deal fortune might favor them, so they smiled through and when the game ended they had played their hands as best they knew how and in strict accordance with the rules.

When I first saw it, the valley between parallel mountain ranges stretched lazily in the sunshine. Faint blue and purple shadows, which were ever changing, touched with opalescent colors, the delicate green slopes of the pasture lands frosted with silvery sage. On the sides of the mountains the shadows were deeper as they merged with the darker green of the pines through which rushing streams ran like snowy ribbons flowing down from the granite peaks above. From a slender black thread of railroad depended the Lilliputian town of Westcliffe, virile and progressive. Just a mile beyond, Silver Cliff stagnated under the summer sun with two parallel streets reaching toward the east, then combining with a dusty road which wound around the foot of the mountain like a sluggish snake seeking a hiding place. Intersected for a few short blocks by two streets, lined with unpainted and deserted houses, the town stared with sightless eyes at the great cliff which rises above it. An old man or woman appeared at an occasional door or window to blink out on the chance passerby, then vanished like vagrant ghosts upon whom day has suddenly come. A few antiquated cows wandered along silent streets, followed by in-

firm and bent herders who leaned heavily on crooked staffs. No children played in the weed-grown yards, no youths were seen upon the streets, for life and joyousness had fled this town upon which failure has set its seal and where the specter of the past dwells in uncontested possession.

On one corner, as though in mockery, a dilapidated building had a sign, "The Rustler," painted across the front in heavy black letters. On another, "The Enterprise Store," with cows grazing across its grass-grown threshold, which even the ghostly occupants of the abandoned houses had ceased to cross.

High up on the slopes a few of the English colony remain: most of the younger sons have returned to the mother country and no others have come to take their places, for civilization has usurped their playground and strung its barbed wire fences across it. The game and the old life of freedom have gone, yet its influence and atmosphere remain.

There are a number of ranches still where English books and magazines pile the tables and where tea is served at five p. m. in Royal Worcester cups adorned with a coat of arms. The men continue to come in from their ranch work to spend a leisurely hour chatting before finishing their chores, unhurried as young lords for whom time does not exist. They still "change" before dinner and are ready for dinner and whatever diversion it may afford. Often charades are on the program and rare histrionic ability is displayed in presenting a four-syllable word which evolves into a four-act play. It is still possible to go out for a stroll and meet the counterpart of Forbes-Robertson bringing in his cows and to have the wire gates opened with the grace of a Chesterfield, to see any menial task performed with unconscious dignity and no apology and sit down to a simple meal graciously offered and enlivened by true wit, to feel the romance of the past in the present and to realize that beneath all the irresponsibility and casualness of those younger sons lay rock-ribbed tradition and inheritance, the unchanged and unchangeable morale of England.

---

## Pioneer Experiences in Colorado

JOHN B. ARMOR\*

I came to Colorado in 1863, when I was eight years old. Our family had been living on a farm six miles west of Atchison, Kansas, when father decided to move us farther west. He had gone to Colorado in 1859, helping to locate the stations for the Russell,

\*Mr. Armor lives in Denver today. This article is the result of an interview had with him recently by LeRoy R. Hafen at the suggestion of Jacob V. Schaezel. After being written out from notes the story was read and approved by Mr. Armor.—Ed.

Majors and Waddell stage line. Then he had put up a stamp mill on Clear Creek just below Black Hawk.

Our outfit for the trip in 1863 consisted of a four-horse team with a freight wagon and a span of dapple grays hitched to an ambulance. The gray team father had bought from the commander at Fort Leavenworth, the commander selling it because the horses were inclined to run away at every opportunity. We traveled the Platte River route. On the way we met no buffaloes and the Indians we saw did not bother us. One event I especially remembered was a severe hailstorm near Antelope Station. Some hailstones were as big as hen's eggs and we had a terrible time to hold our teams.

Upon arriving at the frontier town of Denver the family remained behind while father continued on to Black Hawk. Soon we followed after, taking the stagecoach. We went by way of Golden Gate, to the north of present Golden, and down Guy Hill. Bill Updike drove the stage and he was a wonderful driver. He could take a four-horse whip and at its full length cut the wick of a lighted candle without putting out the light. I saw him do it.

Father operated the stamp mill at Black Hawk for several years. The stamps were all of iron. In winter we children had sport riding sleds down from Central City.

The family went to Ireland, to father's old home, in 1864 and remained over winter. I remember how news of Lincoln's assassination caused quite a furore. We returned to America and to Colorado in 1865. We lived near the corner of Lawrence and Sixteenth Street, Denver, where the Daniels and Fisher store now is.

Our place was across the street from the old Denver Theater. I remember going to the theater when the Langrishe troupe was playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Molly Haymen played Eva. Jim Steck, son of Amos Steck, was sweet on Molly and I remember how he cried at the death scene. We went to school at Eighteenth and Larimer. A Mr. Hatch was our teacher. We had entertainments on Friday afternoons, with recitations, songs, spelling matches, etc. I remember Ida and Hattie Hedges (both still living) were especially good singers. I was pretty good in geography. I could go to the blackboard and from memory draw a map of the United States, putting in the rivers, states, capitals of states, etc.

In 1866 father took us to Ireland again. We crossed the plains on the stagecoach. They had good matched teams. From Ireland we crossed to France and attended the Paris exposition. Upon returning to Denver in 1867 we moved into a house at Champa and Seventeenth (site of the Colorado National Bank), where we lived until 1873.

Father and John S. Jones had the contract for building the last forty miles of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. I spent the summer vacation of 1870 there. The government had furnished about thirty-five Spencer repeater rifles (seven shots), mostly carbines (the short rifles), and plenty of government ammunition for defense against the Indians. I had good practice shooting. I got up quite a menagerie, including three tame crows (caught in the nest when young), an eagle, two prairie dogs, some horny toads, etc. They hauled water from a water hole about two miles from camp for the construction gang. I went along and once brought back some water snakes to add to my collection.

Every day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, father distributed whisky to the men. Each man was entitled to a "jigger" of whisky (between one and two ounces) twice a day. I helped carry it around, about three gallons in demijohns. A few men would take their glass and throw the whisky over their shoulders. Others gave theirs to someone else; but most of them drank their allotment. One man got seven glasses twice a day and in addition he bought more whisky than his wages came to for the month. He had worked in a distillery all his life. I never saw him drunk. Father furnished good food, and the whisky created good will. He had the pick of the laboring men. General Palmer says father's men did at least 10 per cent more work than any other men on the line. Once one of the men gave my pet crows some whisky and their antics exceeded those of any drunken man I ever saw.

I went to St. Paul's College at Palmyra, Missouri, in 1872. The panic of 1873 hit father pretty hard and he lost most of his property. In 1876 I went to work in the mines at Central City.

At the time of the Leadville boom my brother and I outfitted to haul freight. We had one four-horse team and one two-mule team. We left Denver in late December, 1878. Our route was to Morrison and up Turkey Creek Canon. The dugway road through the canon was very narrow. It has been widened and improved since. The old road was along the same general route as the present highway to Baileys. We hauled some freight from Denver and finished loading at Grant, then the end of the South Park Railroad. The freight consisted of groceries, supplies, etc. The rate was from three to six cents per pound. Our route was over Kenosha Hill, through South Park and over Weston Pass.

Our first camp in South Park was at Bruebaker. We slept under the wagon. A big storm came on during the night. In the morning when we went in for breakfast they told us it was 26 degrees below zero. In the face of the storm we did not dare to drive on because we could not get stabling for our horses until we

reached Fairplay. Next morning it was clear and we started on, but the storm struck us at Jefferson and when we reached Fairplay it was still storming and was 24 below. We did not sleep in a house again until April. Sometimes we slept in the wagon; other times we stretched the wagon cover around the wagon and slept under the wagon. There were hundreds of freight teams and they kept the road open. But the road over Weston Pass was very difficult. The big freight outfits usually had a trailer that they could drop at difficult places. The teams were from two to ten horses or mules—mostly mules. Teams were coming in to Leadville from Colorado Springs and from the end of the South Park Railroad. Some outfits had several teams. McClellan and Spotswood and Wall and Witter ran stages.

The following summer we took three outfits of freight over to the Gunnison country from Leadville. We went to Salida, over Poncha Pass, Cochetopa Pass, and down to the Gunnison. At Cochetopa Pass, on June 1st, we had a snow of about fifteen inches. During the night someone disturbed the horses. I slipped on my boots, jammed my Colts .44 into my bootleg and started to run for the horses. My foot caught on a pole holding the tent and the hammer of the six-shooter snapped. The bullet went through my right foot and across the top of the left. I wrapped the wounds in a white silk handkerchief soaked with whisky. The men made me some crutches of small aspen poles. Morning and evening I would soak my feet in cold running water, where possible. I did not unwrap them for a week. The wounds healed without even festering.

Upon reaching Gunnison we came to Professor Richardson's log cabin. The Utes called him "Two Wagon Man," because he had brought in supplies to them through the snow, losing much of his outfit but getting through with two wagons, one loaded with bacon and the other with flour. The rush was just beginning to Gunnison. I recall only three or four houses and some tents at the townsite. A Mr. Kelly had a trading post there.

Ouray and some of his Indians were there. They had a horse race. I went to walk up to the horse that won. The Indian told me not to go near for the horse would bite a white man. I went anyway and the horse did not bite, much to the Indian's surprise. The Utes were strong for horse racing. About once a year the Utes met the Piutes from Utah and had races, betting heavily. One year the Piutes just about won the Utes clean. Chief Ouray, through Agent Thompson, sent east and got a good race horse. Ouray turned this horse out in the herd where he got shaggy and looked like the other ponies. When the Piutes came again Ouray had his pony beat the Piute horse just a little. The Piutes then got out

another horse and bet everything on it. Ouray had the boy let the horse have his head and he ran away from the Piute horse. The Piutes returned home riding double.

I stayed at Gunnison while my brother and Will and Walter Chamberlain went on to Hillerton and Virginia City with part of the load, the road being too bad to haul the entire load over it. I went with them the second trip. A forest fire almost caught us on this trip.

On the return trip from the Gunnison country we hauled hay from the Saguache region to Leadville. I made two more trips freighting from the end of the railroad in South Park to Leadville. Then I came home and was taken down with typhoid fever. I went to work in the mines at Alma soon after I recovered. While there I climbed Mount Lincoln from the west side, up the cliff.

---

## General Mano Mocha of the Utes and Spanish Policy in Indian Relations

ELEANOR RICHIE\*

Documentary history of the Ute Indians of Colorado begins with available records of the Spanish administration of New Mexico, for this branch of the Shoshoni were accustomed to winter in the Manitou Springs region and as far south as Taos, returning to the mountainous Western Slope territory when spring brought plains Indians into the districts of the Ute encampments in pursuit of game or in search of cooler locations. Throughout the year the dark mountain people<sup>1</sup> made forays against the Navajo tribes in the Southwest, harried the Jicarilla Apaches of northern New Mexico,<sup>2</sup> and made depredations on the Pueblo settlements. They were aided in such activities by the possession of ample supplies of horses, stolen, caught from stray herds, or bought from Spanish traders. These activities soon made the Utes objects of military concern, while rumors of minerals and the need for routes to other Spanish settlements brought exploratory parties into Ute country.

After an existence of about eight decades the Spanish settlements of the upper Rio Grande were abandoned temporarily in 1860, when the settlers who escaped death were driven to El Paso by the Pueblo revolt led by Pope. It fell to Antonio Otermin to serve as governor of the province from 1679 to 1683, during the

\*Miss Richie, a graduate student at Denver University, is writing her M.A. thesis on Spanish relations with the Utes.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>The Utes were smaller and darker than the plains Indians. The Cheyenne word for the Utes meant "the black people."—F. W. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, Part II, 876.

<sup>2</sup>The Jicarillas continued to reside in northern New Mexico and were put on reservations there by the United States.

period of the revolt, and it is he who is recorded, by both Hubert H. Bancroft and Ralph E. Twitchell, as being the first to open communication with the Utes. Further research of the archives of Mexico or Spain might reveal earlier records of these Indians, however, for, as Twitchell points out, the Santa Fe archives do not include the prerevolutionary documents. These papers were lost in the destruction of the uprising. Accordingly, the record starts with Governor Otermin, who was joined in his retreat to El Paso by Captain Seb. Herrera and Fern. Chavez, who witnessed the attack at Taos<sup>3</sup> when returning from the Yuta<sup>4</sup> country.

In 1693 the Yutas were included in the tribes listed by Field Marshal Francisco Marin when he made report on the various regions to Count Galve. His classification included the Yutas among those Indians who inhabited the country "from the Rio Conchos to New Mexico and from there to the Rio Tizon [Colorado River], the coast of the South Sea, and the provinces of Sonora and Sinaloa."<sup>5</sup>

In 1694 Governor de Vargas, having but recently reestablished the settlement at Santa Fe, set out to investigate conditions among the more northern Indian pueblos. Following a roundabout course on his return to Santa Fe, he passed through the Yuta territory and was attacked by a band of Yutas on a stream called the San Antonio, losing eight of his men.<sup>6</sup>

The eighteenth century record reveals the Yutas as secondary causes of trouble through their relations with other tribes, or of minor interest in connection with exploratory expeditions which led through their domain: such as Uribarri's trip to El Quartejejo in pursuit of the Pieuries, 1706; Valverde's expedition north against the Yutas and Comanches, 1719; Villasur's efforts against the French encroachment, 1720; Rivera's exploration to the Gunnison, 1765; and Escalante's investigations among the Moquis in 1775 and his exploration through Colorado and Utah in 1776. In the first decade of that century the Comanches appeared in the region of New Mexico, and for a period were allied with the Yutas in making attacks on the Jicarillas, Pueblo Indians and the Spanish settlements. The alliances had changed by about 1750, however, and the Yutas had become friends of the Jicarillas but bitter foes of the Comanches. Their reputation with the Spaniards in the following period was one of rather reliable friendship, marred only by thefts and petty depredations.

<sup>3</sup>"New Mexico Documents," Mss., 559-81, cited by H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 181.

<sup>4</sup>The earliest Spanish spelling of Utes was "Yuta"; other spellings are apparently based on the sound of the Spanish word, i.e., Utahs, Utaws, Yota, Youtas, Eutah, and others.—Hodge, *op. cit.*

<sup>5</sup>C. W. Hackett, *Historical Documents Relating to New Mexico*, II, 395.

<sup>6</sup>Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 210.

When Don Juan Bautista de Anza became governor of New Mexico in 1777, the pressing problem was the Indian policy to be followed in regard to the Apaches<sup>7</sup> of Western Texas and the Rio Grande and Gila districts, with the Navajo of Arizona, and with the Comanches on the north and northeast. Involved in the Comanche situation, of course, was the enmity toward them on the part of the Yutas. Alfred Barnaby Thomas gives the details of Anza's remarkably successful policy in *Forgotten Frontiers*. A document from the Spanish Archives in New Mexico, just translated by the present writer, gives evidence that the administrative devices evolved under Anza's sponsorship were being followed with the Yutas as late as 1810.<sup>8</sup>

Dr. Thomas gives the diary of Governor Anza's Colorado expedition against the Comanches in August and September of 1779. Crossing the Conejos River and passing through the San Luis Valley, he was joined by two hundred friendly Yutas and Apaches, with whom he proceeded across Poncha Pass to the Arkansas and into South Park. At Fountain Creek, near present Colorado Springs, the main Comanche band was routed. Two days later Chief Cuerno Verde, the Comanche "scourge," was encountered at the Wet Mountains near Greenhorn Peak, and there he was killed, together with his first-born son, his four principal chiefs, a medicine man, and ten others. Although the main body of the Yuta allies deserted after the first encounter and the remainder left the Spanish forces before the expedition reached Taos, their faithful friendship and assistance was not allowed to pass unremarked in 1786 when a final Comanche peace was being negotiated.

In July, 1785, four hundred Comanches, with three chiefs, sought amnesty at Taos, and were later joined by twenty-five more men with two chiefs. In October captives were returned and hostages given, but Anza announced that no universal peace could be promulgated until the Comanches united. As a result a conference was held at Casa de Palo on the Napestl, or Arkansas River, attended by representatives of all tribes of the Comanche except a few distant ones. Ecueraacapa,<sup>9</sup> also called Cota de Malla,<sup>10</sup> was chosen to arrange a satisfactory peace. This conference was followed by exchanges of gifts and messages between Ecueraacapa and Anza.

Rumors of the treaty spread rapidly as far as the Yutas, who came to fear that their enemies, the Comanches, might dictate

<sup>7</sup>"Apache" was a name frequently applied to all wild tribes except the Yuta.  
<sup>8</sup>Document No. 2304, as listed in R. E. Twitchell, *Spanish Archives of New Mexico*, II, 550. The original document is in the Spanish Archives at Santa Fe. A photostatic copy, in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado, was used in making the translation which is presented later in this article.

<sup>9</sup>Translated as "Leather Coat."

<sup>10</sup>Translated as "Iron Coat or Shirt."

Spanish policy as a result of the treaty. They at once dispatched two chiefs, Moara and Pinto, who reached Santa Fe on January 7, 1786, to make protest to Anza. Arguments were put forth against the peace and complaint made that the governor seemed to prefer unfaithful rebels to obedient and faithful friends. So great was the displeasure of the chiefs that they refused to smoke or accept presents for four hours, but Anza was skilful enough to placate the disgruntled Yutas and bring them to the point of regretting their opposition and asking inclusion in the deliberations. Thus it came about that the Yutas made peace with their Comanche foes, acting through the two chiefs above mentioned and through two others, Surdo and Yugopampe, who were at Taos.

Peace was negotiated at Pecos in February, 1786, with the attendance of both nations; and understandings were had respecting entry into Pecos, trade privileges, correction of commerce abuses by the Spanish and Pueblo traders, the tribes agreeing also to wage war on the Apaches either singly or in cooperation with Spanish troops.

At this same time a system of administrative detail was perfected and included in the peace negotiations. Before Anza went to treat with the authorized delegation of Comanches at Pecos he had made preliminary agreements with Ecueraacapa, who came to Santa Fe on February 5th. In private, Ecueraacapa was persuaded to be elevated over all other chiefs and assume control of national interests. He was assured by Anza that when the position was once achieved Spanish power would assist him, and Anza would decorate him with an insignia having the royal bust, to insure respect, such a medal being displayed to the chief. At the Pecos peace negotiations Anza delivered his staff of office to Ecueraacapa, "saying to him that as an insignia of authority, it was of the greatest value for him [Anza] for with it the king had conferred the government of that province upon him."<sup>11</sup> Ecueraacapa was to exhibit it before all his nation and have it shown in the *rancherías* of the absent tribes. This mission he delegated to his second in authority, and the staff was accordingly handed to Tosacondata, the Indian named by Ecueraacapa, to be returned to Anza after being displayed as directed. The plan was carried out with apparent success, and on July 14th Ecueraacapa rode into Santa Fe with good report. Anza then hung upon the Comanche his majesty's medal, also giving the chief a complete uniform and "another suit of color" so that the insignia might "be displayed with the greatest propriety and luster."<sup>12</sup> Some months later Ugarte, as Commandant General of the Interior Provinces, made provision

<sup>11</sup>Alfred B. Thomas, *Forgotten Frontiers*, 305.

<sup>12</sup>Thomas, *op. cit.*, 320.

for a gift of 200 pesos to Ecueraacapa and 100 pesos to Tosacondata in appreciation of their services.

The custom of establishing authority by the display of insignia of rank did not drop into disuse when the strong hand of Anza no longer controlled Indian policy in New Mexico. Pike, in a letter to General Wilkinson from the Pawnee Republic, October 2, 1806, gave an account of exchanging gifts and ceremonies with the chiefs of three hundred Osage. One of these chiefs, he stated, "Wore the grand Spanish medal."<sup>13</sup>

In the document of 1810 referred to above we find evidence of a rather faithful preservation of Anza's formalities in raising one chief into control over the affairs of his entire nation. The translation of the document follows:

"Sir Commandant General.

[Marginal Note]

"The Governor [of New Mexico], etc. gives notice of encounters which the Yutas and Xicarillas<sup>14</sup> had with the Comanches, Caiguas<sup>15</sup> and Cuampes<sup>16</sup> in which the Yuta general Mano Mocha [Maimed Hand] was killed, and others of both nations; and says he has arranged suitably for the election of a general of the Yutas.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In the month of October last [1809] there gathered in the neighborhoods of the towns of San Juan and Abiquiu some six hundred braves of the Yuta nation from the tribes of the General Mano Mocha, of Principal Indian Delgadito [The Small Lean One or possibly The Ingenious One], and The Coyote, Cuerna Ancha [Broad Horn], Dientecito [Dog Tooth], and other Indians of the type of the Payuchis<sup>17</sup> who are found dispersed through the regions of Navajo, Ojo del Espiritu Santo [Spring of the Holy Spirit], and Cerro de S. Antonio [Hill of San Antonio]; in which meeting they arranged to go on a buffalo hunt in union with the Xicarillas, to the Sierra de Almagre,<sup>18</sup> which they actually did, setting out on the march for said range as soon as they had discussed it.

"In the month of this December I was informed by the Alcalde [mayor] of Taos that said Yutas and Xicarillas being on the hunt were attacked by a band of Comanches, Caiguas and Cuampes who

<sup>13</sup>Z. M. Pike, *An Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi and through the Western Parts of Louisiana*, etc. (Phila., 1810), Appendix to Part II, 48.

<sup>14</sup>Early spelling of Jicarillas.

<sup>15</sup>Kiowas.

<sup>16</sup>Probably Pawnee Republicans, Dr. L. R. Hafen has concluded from his study of early Indians in Colorado territory.

<sup>17</sup>Pah-Utes of present Utah state.

<sup>18</sup>The Red Range, the Front Range in the Colorado Springs region. Rio Almagre was the Spanish name for present Fountain Creek, branch of the Arkansas.

were met, also united, in the vicinity of the Rio Napestl,<sup>19</sup> and although the band of said Comanches and Caiguas was smaller than that of the Yutas—as the latter informed me later—by reason of those on horse having been divided from those on foot, there were killed the said General Mano Mocha, el Delgadito, el Albo [The White One], and a brother of Panenina and a brave, six being wounded; but that they brought a Comanche and a Cuampe to death, causing eighteen badly wounded among the Comanches and Cuampes.

"As a result of the encounter referred to and its consequences, the Yutas developed resentment, complaining that although they were our friends we were friends of the Comanches and Caiguas, their irreconcilable enemies; the Principal Yuta, known as Coyote, intending for this reason—as this mayor and the Xicarillas informed me—to rise in rebellion together with the tribes of the Payuchis aforementioned. But having shown them, by means of the interpreter Manuel Mestas, that in addition to the fact that we never take part in their combats in emnity, we try in every way possible to prevent their being harmed when in our territory, it being really impossible to accomplish this when war is carried on outside and very distant from our settlements; they, convinced of their lack of reason by means of these reflections and others that seemed to me appropriate, were placated and refreshed, desisting from the project of rebelling and realizing their unfounded resentment.

"Great loss and disadvantage respecting peace with the said nation results from the death of said General Mano Mocha, inasmuch as he many times, through his powerful influence and good faith toward us, impeded the injuries and thefts which Yuta cupidity and greed have always planned to make in the Province even though there is peace.

"As this office stands vacant through the death of said general, I have decided that the interpreter shall go to the encampments of the Yutas to call the most outstanding ones to this city for me, where, with their consent, I shall select the one who seems to me most loyal and suitable for the position; and I shall turn over to him the medal, staff of office, and proper title to the end that such may be observed, used and venerated by those of his nation. And on opportune occasion I shall give you due information and advice regarding this for your higher wisdom and approval.

"May God etc.

<sup>19</sup>The Arkansas River. The meeting was probably near the foothills, as the document was corrected, after being first written, to show the encounter took place in the "Sierra."

“Santa Fe, March 21, 1810.

“To Brigadier, Don Nemesio Salcedo [Commandant General of the Interior Province, Chihuahua].”

The Yuta-Comanche peace established by Anza, which Thomas indicates lasted a full generation, had vanished by 1810, and history was repeating itself in almost identical complaints on the part of the Yutas in regard to Spanish friendship with Comanches, the Yutas' bitter enemies, the policy of dealing with a united nation through an outstanding and trustworthy chief had continued on in full operation, however.

Almost a century after Anza's governorship the United States had found no better method of treating with the Utes and holding them to their promises. In Chief Ouray, the American commissioners and Indian agents found another Mano Mocha who negotiated universal peace treaties and “impeded injuries and thefts” which individuals and factions among the Utes planned against the whites despite peaceful agreements to cessions and regulations which ate ever farther into the ancient home of the Utes and sapped strength from Ute character and customs through restriction and forced civilization.

Born at Taos of a Jicarilla Apache mother in 1833, Ouray spent his youth among the Mexicans as a shepherd, later joining his Ute father's tribe in western Colorado.<sup>20</sup> Thus he combined an understanding of his race with a knowledge of the Spanish language and Mexican Indian policy. To the influence he had gained among his people as a result of prowess and renown in his tribal life, he added a comprehension of the fate of the Red Man, always urging compliance and submission as the least tragic course for his nation, knowing full well that no white invader would interpret native resistance in the light of patriotic defense of ancient rights and domain. For the service rendered the whites as a result of this policy, Ouray was rewarded with gifts and esteem even as Ecueraacapa and Mano Mocha had been honored. In the early years he was interpreter at the Conejos Agency on a salary of \$500 a year; in 1863 he gave service in negotiating a land cession to the United States and establishing the Ute Reservation, later assisting in the distribution of supplies under the terms of the treaty; in 1867 he impeded the activities of Kaneache's war on the whites and gave warning to Fort Garland. In 1868, at the time of a new treaty, this outstanding Ute of the American period was appointed head chief over the confederated Utes of Colorado at a salary of \$1,000 a year. He was not powerful enough to prevent the Meeker Massacre by the White River Utes in 1879, but he did

<sup>20</sup>Irving Howbert, *Indians of the Pike's Peak Region*.

cooperate in the relief, investigation, and agreement to move the Utes from their mountains to Utah.<sup>21</sup>

In 1890 but one small reservation of Utes remained in Colorado, but even there we find that a head chief guided his people in wisdom in their dealings with the race which had superseded them. The tribes of the Southern Utes who were left undisturbed in Colorado were the Capote, Muachi, and Wiminuchi, each with a chief, but one Ignacio was head chief of all these tribes. The agent in 1890, D. Meston, reported that Ignacio's influence and example were of the best. There, as also in the case of Ouray, we find the Indian guiding his people away from white vices. “He discourages vices of every kind,” the agent stated, “and especially says that ‘he has no use for a Ute who will drink.’”<sup>22</sup>

With such characters as Mano Mocha, Ouray and Ignacio recorded for us, interested speculation arises as to others who have passed unremarked in the succession of Ute chiefs who exercised tragic wisdom in urging friendship with the white intruder.

<sup>21</sup>Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming*.

<sup>22</sup>*Report on Indians Taxed and not Taxed at the 11th Census* (Department of the Interior), 227.