

## Prologue To Colorado Territory

By J. L. FRAZIER\*

A century ago, on February 28, 1861, President James Buchanan signed the act of Congress establishing the Territory of Colorado, and in doing so he settled the dust created by the multifarious governmental activities in what is now the State of Colorado. A gold discovery in the Pikes Peak region in 1858 provided the cause for the migration of fortune seekers to that area, and with the accumulation of population came the demand for organized government and its accompanying provisions for justice and legal protection.

Before 1861, and the creation of Colorado Territory, the land was divided into four territories established by the federal government. Because of this, Boulder was in Nebraska Territory, Conejos in New Mexico, Breckenridge in Utah, and Denver in Kansas. The administration of government by any one of these legislatures over a single self-contained economic unit, divided by four territories, was difficult. To complicate this matter, much of the area east of the main range of the Rocky Mountains was Indian Territory by virtue of the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1851 with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians.<sup>1</sup>

It was within this Indian land that gold was discovered. Arapahoe County, the western terminus of the Territory of Kansas, had been established in August, 1855, but it never had been organized. However, among the 1858-westbound adventurers were newly appointed Arapahoe County officers selected by Governor James W. Denver to administer the government of the county. On November 16, 1858, these officers arrived at the mouth of Cherry Creek,<sup>2</sup> but they were ten days too late for on November 6, the pioneers of the Pikes Peak gold fields had held their first general election. Also, before the officers' arrival, their sponsor, Governor Denver, had resigned his position effective October 10, 1858.

On November 6, about thirty-five of the probably less than

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<sup>1</sup> Charles J. Kappler (ed.), *Indian Affairs: Laws and Treaties* (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1904), 595-596.

<sup>2</sup> Herman S. Davis (ed.), *Reminiscences of General William Larimer and of his son William H. H. Larimer* (Lancaster, Pa.: The New Era Printing Company, 1918), 78.

two hundred pioneers, a great number of whom had been forced out of the hills by heavy snows, elected Hiram J. Graham from Pacific City, Iowa, as their representative to Washington, D. C. Apparently he had no opposition. In this same election, the electors commissioned A. J. Smith to represent them as a delegate from Arapahoe County in the Kansas Legislature where he was recognized as the official representative from Arapahoe County.<sup>3</sup>

Armed with a petition to Congress for the creation of a territory of the Pikes Peak region, Hiram Graham headed for Washington two days after the election. Elected with a total vote of about thirty-five, he became the first spokesman for the gold seekers of the mountains. William M. Slaughter, a judge of the first election, wrote in his diary:

Just think that within two weeks after the arrival of a few dozen Americans in a wilderness, they set to work to elect a delegate to the United States Congress and ask to be set apart as a new Territory.<sup>4</sup>

About two months later, liaison officer Graham arrived at the nation's troubled capital. Several days before his appearance, Representative Schuyler Colfax of Illinois introduced a bill "for the organization of the Territory of Colona," that is, the Pikes Peak region.<sup>5</sup> After being read twice and ordered to be printed, the "Colona" bill was given the axe by referral to the House Committee on Territories. It appears that no action or report was made by the committee on this bill.

Graham, not accorded the status as an official delegate from a territory, was unofficially recognized as the spokesman of the Pikes Peak region. He had but one mission and that was the creation of a new territory for his people. Soon after his arrival in mid-January, 1859, he secured the assistance of Senator James S. Green of Missouri, chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories. On January 27, 1859, Senator Green presented the petition "praying for the organization of a new Territory to be composed of the western part of Kansas, the southeastern part of Utah, and southwestern Nebraska." The petition was referred without discussion to the Committee on Territories.

Confronted with failure in the Senate, Graham carried his efforts to the House of Representatives where he received the support of Alexander H. Stephens. Stephens, a ninety-seven-pound representative from Georgia, later became the vice-president of the Confederate States of America. He favored the organization of the territory, and as the chairman of the House Committee on Territories he was able to present a bill "providing for a temporary government for the Territory of Jefferson." After an attempt to change the name to "Osage,"

the House, on February 16, tabled the Jefferson bill after it had dealt the same fate to bills for territorial organization for Arizona and Dakota.<sup>6</sup>

Although Graham remained in Washington until the end of the session, that vote tabling the bill ended any hope that the pioneers of the mountains would be afforded territorial government for the time. His failure, in part, was due to the increasing seriousness of the slavery question in regard to new territories, and friction in the political parties which tended to deter unified action. The death of the bill was not solely due to southern sentiments, for the North had majorities in both the House and Senate as well as in both Committees on Territories.

Meanwhile, the Kansas Territorial Legislature recognized the importance of the activity at the western end of its territory. Arapahoe County, a white elephant dormant for four years, suddenly bristled with activity. The legislature suddenly disposed of Arapahoe County by carving five new counties—Fremont, El Paso, Oro, Montana, and Broderick—out of the same area. The act provided for boards of commissioners to administer the government of the counties,<sup>7</sup> but it appears that they, like those officers appointed by Governor Denver, did not organize their respective counties or perform their duties.

Regardless of this act, the settlers of the region, whether because of ignorance of the five-county act or in defiance of it, elected their own county officers on March 28, 1859. The 774 ballots cast was a marked increase over the thirty-five that sent Graham to Washington.

The elected officers in this first attempt to establish local civil government in western Kansas, however, were legally denied the exercise of their duties, for Arapahoe County no longer existed. The entire question as to the legality of Arapahoe County or the other five was raised since this area was under Indian title provided by the Fort Laramie Treaty mentioned earlier.

Confronted with the news of the defeat of their first attempt at territorial recognition, the settlers and fortune seekers, fortified by greatly increased numbers due to the great gold rush in the spring of 1859, began the preliminary groundwork for the establishment of an independent government.

It appears that the first suggestion of such a government came from the forerunner of Pueblo, Fountain City, when on April 7, 1859, the settlers unanimously declared themselves in favor of the formation of a new state. Four days later, a similar

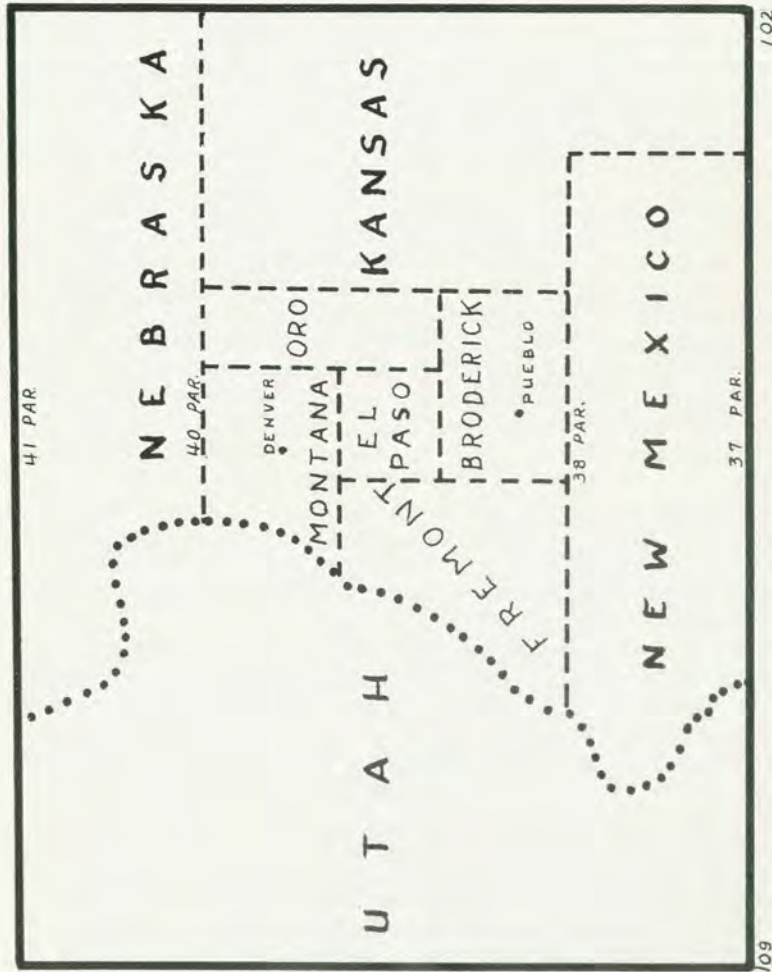
<sup>3</sup> L. R. Hafen, "Steps to Statehood in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. III, No. 3 (August, 1926), 97.

<sup>4</sup> Ovando J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado* (Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles and Company, 1867), 18.

<sup>5</sup> Hafen, "Steps to Statehood," 97.

<sup>6</sup> Leroy R. Hafen, *Colorado and Its People* (Lewis Historical Publishing Company, Inc., 1948), 200.

<sup>7</sup> *An Act establishing and organizing the Counties of Montana, El Paso, Oro, Broderick, and Fremont*, MSS II-24, State Historical Society of Colorado Library, Denver.



The Division of Arapahoe County by the Five-County Act of the Kansas Legislature. Taken from O. B. Gurn's Map of Colorado, 1859

call was issued in Auraria and Denver City. A public meeting held by the Cherry Creek town approved the resolution for a convention to examine the propriety of forming an independent state or territory. On April 15, a number of delegates congregated at "Uncle Dick" Wootton's store in Auraria.<sup>8</sup> Out of this convention came the resolution for the creation of the State of Jefferson. It proclaimed the boundaries of the proposed state to encompass an area nearly twice the size of present Colorado.

A committee appointed by the convention prepared an address to the people of the area to explain the circumstances of the proposed state and to also appeal for their support. "Government of some kind we must have," the committee asserted, "and the question narrows itself to this: Shall it be the government of the knife and the revolver, or shall we unite in forming . . . a new and independent state?"<sup>9</sup>

Two days after the appeal was issued, elections were held during which delegates were selected from the precincts established by the preliminary meeting of April 15. These elections were concluded in spite of the rapidly spreading rumors that gold in great deposits had been discovered in areas not too distant from Denver.

Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, arrived in Denver on June 6, 1859, amidst the excitement and enthusiasm precipitated by the news of gold discoveries on Chicago Creek and Gregory's Gulch near what later became Central City. Greeley also discovered that it was on that day the delegates to the constitution convention for the State of Jefferson convened at the Denver House. Later in the day, Greeley added prestige to the convention when he addressed the citizens and advocated that they form a state government. But on the second day, the permanent officers and many of the delegates concluded that the lately developed circumstances, in particular, the gold discoveries, precluded a continuation of the convention. Consequently, President S. W. Wagoner, after the appointment of committee members who were to prepare preliminary reports for a constitution during the recess, adjourned the confabulations until August 1, 1859.<sup>10</sup> The machinations of government had been set in motion.

But the months of June and July had a devastating effect on those pioneers that supported the establishment of an independent state. The anticipated "second wave" of émigrés in great numbers did not materialize. Many of the transient population that flowed down the road of least resistance toward richness found that gold was not easy to find or mine, and no small number abandoned the mines and began the pilgrimage

<sup>8</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, April 23, 1859.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, May 7, 1859.

<sup>10</sup> Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, Vol. 1 (Chicago: The Lewis Publishing Company, 1913), 335-336.

back to the East. Others prepared to do likewise before the winter set in.<sup>11</sup>

When the population did not increase as was expected, a revision of attitude toward a state government occurred in many instances. The burden of state government maintenance, it was argued, would be too great for the existing population. A territorial government, however, would be greatly aided by the federal government for it would pay the salaries of territorial officers. Advocates for state government resounded that if a territory, the Pikes Peakers would be subjected to "the caprices of sordid politicians sent to rule over them."

When the convention reconvened on August 1, the majority of the six days of sessions was consumed in discussions on whether a state or territorial government should be established. The schism was resolved when it was decided to draft a State Constitution and a memorial to Congress for the creation of a territory. The choice was to be determined by plebiscite on September 7.<sup>12</sup> On that day, the pioneers rejected the state proposition 2,007 to 1,649, as reported in the *Rocky Mountain News*, September 17, 1859. Editor William N. Byers, a strong supporter of state government, observed that not over one-fourth of the miners in the mountains voted.

The selection of a territorial form of government was immediately followed on September 24, when, apparently without prior advertisement, a mass meeting was held at the Cherry Creek settlements to prepare for organizing a territorial government. Out of this meeting came a circular letter to the pioneers that emphasized the necessity of forming a provisional government. Pursuant to the call of this mass meeting, an election was held on October 3, to select a territorial delegate to represent them at Washington, D. C. This election, unauthorized by any written law effecting the area, elected a territorial delegate to Congress a week before the pioneers met to form a territorial constitution.

A major political struggle emerged during the election between two of the seven aspirants for the position of delegate—Mr. Beverly D. Williams and Dr. George M. Willing. The recklessly conducted election promoted a great deal of ballot-box stuffing, and a Board of Canvassers, on close examination of the ballots, concluded that nearly two thousand of them were fraudulent. A large number of these bogus ballots were for Willing, and as a result, Williams, not the doctor, was presented the certification of election.<sup>13</sup> Dr. Willing, in thorough discordance with the end result, proceeded to Washington as did Williams, where both of them were refused official recognition. Mr. Williams, however, was admitted to the floor

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> Hafen, *Colorado*, 207.

<sup>13</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, October 20, 1859.

of the House of Representatives with the privilege of presenting petitions and memorials.

On the same day that the delegate to Congress was elected, the settlers of the mountains managed to muddle their political affiliations by electing a complement of Arapahoe County officers. The local politicians had completely ignored the fact that the county officially no longer existed. On October 6, 1859, the *Rocky Mountain News* reverberated:

Here we go, a regular triple-headed government machine. . . . We hang on the outskirts of Kansas . . . we have just elected a delegate to the United States Congress from the "Territory of Jefferson," and ere long we will have in full blast a provisional government. . . . This last we hope may succeed, and swallow up the delectable uncertainty of law now existing; where one man claims he lives in Arapahoe county, whilst his neighbor asserts that he is in Montana [Montana County, Kansas Territory], where one man acknowledges Kansas law and another says he is on Indian land where no law can reach.

The convention for the creation of a territorial constitution was in session for only three days beginning October 10. Its job was relatively easy for the constitution that evolved from the conference was essentially the same, with refinements and condensations, as the constitution for the State of Jefferson formulated in August. The boundaries established for the ambitious State of Jefferson were retained for the territory.

During the convention H. P. A. Smith protested the organization of a provisional government and claimed that the area was under the jurisdiction of Kansas Territory. The act, therefore, was illegal. In answer to Smith's condemnation, the nominees selected by the provisional convention for officers—R. W. Steele, Governor; L. W. Bliss, Secretary; George W. Cook, Treasurer; C. R. Bissell, Auditor; R. J. Frazier, Attorney General; A. J. Allison, Chief Justice; J. N. Odell and E. Fitzgerald, Associate Justices; O. B. Totten, Clerk of the Supreme Court; J. L. Merrick, Marshal; and, H. H. McAfee, Superintendent of Public Education—appealed to the electors in the



BEVERLY D. WILLIAMS

*Rocky Mountain News*, October 20, 1859, during which they gave several reasons why the provisional territorial government was essential and necessary. They emphasized that there were no courts; there was no protection of life or property

except lynch law; and the laws of Kansas did not extend over the region known as Indian Lands referred to in Section 19 of the Organic Act of Kansas. This latter point is supported by a survey taken the following month during which the engineer, Captain J. N. Macomb, adjusted the southwestern corner of Kansas at the 103° meridian on the 37th parallel.<sup>14</sup> The present western boundary of Kansas is the 102° meridian.



BOUNDARIES OF JEFFERSON TERRITORY  
(The broken lines indicate the territorial divisions in 1859, and also the present State of Colorado)

On October 24, the intrepid settlers again marched to the polls. The constitution was approved; the provisional government's legislators from the various districts were elected; and, the political aspirants, sponsored by the constitutional convention, nearly swept the field. An Independent Territorial ticket, a spontaneous opposition faction, managed to secure only one office when Samuel McLean defeated Reuben J. Frazier for the attorney generalship by nearly two to one.<sup>15</sup>

On November 7, 1859, the Provisional Legislature con-

<sup>14</sup> United States Army Engineering Department, *Report on the Exploring Expedition from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Junction of the Grand and Green Rivers in 1859* (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1876), 7-8.  
<sup>15</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, November 10, 1859.

vened at Denver. Its thirty-one day session was consumed by establishing the duties, wages, and other miscellany necessary for the function of the bicameral government. An extra session held January 23-25, adopted civil and criminal codes for the protection of the citizens.

The Territory of Jefferson was off to a grand start. Even before the first act was proposed by the legislature of 1859, refutation of the legality of the government was apparent. The day following the opening of the session, Kansas adherents elected Richard Sopris as a delegate to the Kansas Legislature from Arapahoe County, even though it had been abolished nearly a year before. Sopris, however, was recognized as a representative from the defunct county and took his seat in that legislature.<sup>16</sup>

During the first session of the paper government's legislature, a crisis emerged when that body passed a poll tax as a revenue measure. The necessity of finances to run the government was apparent, but it met a formidable foe when over six hundred miners pledged themselves to resist any tax collection by the Provisional Government. On December 23, a letter in the *Rocky Mountain News* summed up the miners' attitude toward the government:

The Laws cannot be enforced here [Mountain City]; the man who tries it will find as many opponents as there are miners in the mountains, and the one who comes to collect taxes here will get a far greater display of bullets than dollars.

Hostility toward the government for its attempt to financially maintain itself, a large number of citizens who did not recognize the government, and the absence of the governor who had gone to Omaha for the winter greatly jeopardized the future success of the Territory of Jefferson.

While things were not going well in the territory, Delegate Williams and Dr. Willing were at work in the nation's capital. In February, 1860, the first memorial that asked for the recognition of the Territory of Jefferson as a legal government was presented to the President and Congress of the United States. Five days later, President Buchanan transmitted nearly eight more petitions to the House and Senate.<sup>17</sup> Congress, however, was indisposed to the creation of any new territories, and the request met the same fate as Graham's had a year before.

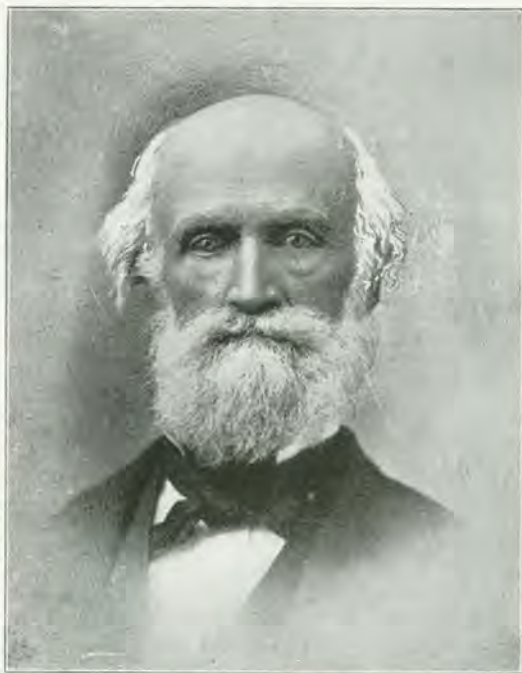
Williams continued to fight for a partial recognition for Jefferson Territory. In a verbal bout, he was notified that the Fort Laramie Treaty precluded any survey of the land. The remark was made to the effect that the intruders into the Pikes Peak region would be removed by the United States if the Indians requested it. Prior to this, Senator Stephen A. Douglas tried to seal the fate of the pioneers by thundering

<sup>16</sup> Hafen, *Colorado*, 209.

<sup>17</sup> Ella C. Johnson, "The Territory of Jefferson" (unpublished Master's thesis, University of Denver, 1926), 30.

in the Senate that every man in the Pikes Peak region was in violation of the law and each of them had incurred a penalty of one thousand dollars and six months' imprisonment for violation of the Indian intercourse law. Williams recognized this as "a serious charge . . . against the people."<sup>18</sup> He intimated at a later date that any attempt to remove the pioneers would be resisted.

Williams' stint at the federal capital city was not entirely



GOVERNOR ROBERT W. STEELE

futile. Working for the extinguishment of the Indian title within the boundaries of the Territory of Jefferson, he was influential enough to have an appropriations act approved for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians for a cession of their lands south of the Platte River, east of the Rocky Mountains. This was in June, 1860. Nine months later, in February, 1861, the treaty was concluded with the Indians who ceded all of their holdings to the United States government with the exception of a six hundred-square-

<sup>18</sup> *Letters Received by the Office of Indian Affairs, 1824-81: Upper Arkansas Agency, 1855-64*, B. D. Williams to A. G. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, May 18, 1860, pp. 475-477. Microfilm copy, The State Historical Society of Colorado Library, Denver.

mile tract in the area of Eads, Colorado. Congress ratified the treaty on August 6, 1861.<sup>19</sup>

Delegate Williams' contribution was not as great as he would have had it, but even this small success was infinitely greater than that of the Provisional Government of the Territory of Jefferson. It began its decline during the first session of its legislature, but even before this its very foundation was being undermined on the local level by the spontaneous development of numerous claim clubs and mining district governments. As extra-legal as Jefferson Territory itself, these organizations established officers which governed the area in which the organization functioned. As protective associations, they represented an orderly solution to disagreements in areas denied the usual agencies of law and order.<sup>20</sup> They gave security and gained the primary loyalty of the people, thus weakening the authority of the larger, general government.

The inability and sluggishness of the government of Jefferson Territory during 1860 gave rise to these claim clubs, miners' and people's courts, and popular tribunals. The diminished authority and prestige of the general government, as well as the examples of the mining district governments, prompted the citizens of Denver to proclaim their own independent city government subservient only to the Constitution of the United States. Before the summer was out, other holes began appearing in the fabric of the territorial government. In August, 1860, a meeting at W. A. H. Loveland's Hall in Golden passed a resolution for the creation of a state government. The next month, the "United Mining District" cropped up. The "Mount Vernon District" was conceived during the same month and proclaimed its sovereignty. In October, a judicial district, called "Idaho Territory," was adopted at Central City.<sup>21</sup> None of these, however, was able to supersede the little authority possessed by the Territory of Jefferson.

The second general assembly of the Provisional Legislature convened at Denver on November 12, 1860, but the hand of doom was present. The newly elected members neglected to attend the sessions; a quorum was almost as difficult to retain as it was to obtain. Finally, after fifteen days of little results, the assembly adjourned to Golden City. Since the legislators were not paid for their services, Golden, aspiring to be the capital city, offered the members a meeting hall rent free, free firewood and lights. Free transportation from Denver to Golden was offered to them, but one legislator stated that they

<sup>19</sup> Kapper, *Indian Affairs*, 807-809.

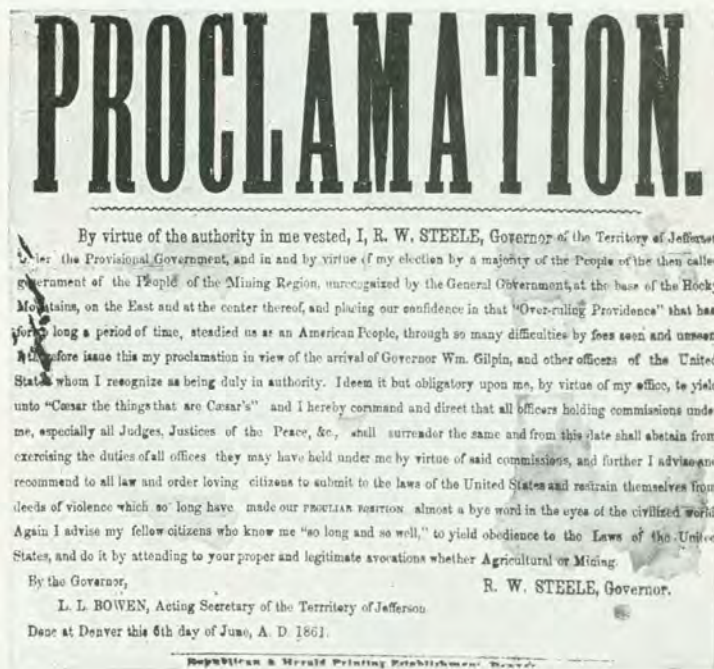
<sup>20</sup> George L. Anderson, "The El Paso Claim Club," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XIII, No. 2 (March, 1936), 42.

<sup>21</sup> Hafen, *Colorado*, 217-220.

need not incur any expenses on his account, so he walked to Golden.<sup>22</sup>

It was hoped that by moving the session hall closer to the mountains a greater attendance and participation by those legislators in the mining camps would be achieved. But even these moves did not solve the problem. This second and last general assembly of the Territory of Jefferson gave the *coup de grace* to its provisional government when it abrogated the tax measure and abolished the salaries of the officers.

While the assembly was disengaging itself from what little authority it held, the United States Congress, infiltrated with threats of secession, once again considered the question of a territorial organization for the Pikes Peak pioneers. On De-



Proclamation of Abdication of Jefferson Territory

ember 12, 1860, Representative Galusha A. Grow, chairman of the House Committee on Territories, asked the House for the privilege of submitting a bill for the organization of a new territory. Two days, December 19-20, were recommended for consideration of the bill, but when the time arrived, Mr. Grow asked for a postponement.

<sup>22</sup> Alice Polk Hill, *Colorado Pioneers in Picture and Story* (Denver: Brock-Haffner Press, 1915), 73.

In the meantime, the Senate considered a similar bill which had been introduced during the previous session. In January, 1861, the Senate changed the name of the suggested territory from "Colorado" to "Idaho," but on February 4, Senator Henry Wilson, at the suggestion of B. D. Williams, proposed a change of name back to "Colorado," which was finally adopted.

This bill for the creation of the Territory of Colorado was submitted to the House where it was approved with minor changes. On February 26, the Senate gave its stamp of approval to these changes and submitted it to President Buchanan. On February 28, 1861, the President signed into law that for which the Coloradoans had been striving over two years.

The Territory of Jefferson continued to exist in name until William Gilpin, appointed as governor of Colorado Territory by the new president, Abraham Lincoln, arrived in Denver. On June 6, 1861, Governor Steele of Jefferson Territory abdicated his position to the first territorial governor of Colorado.

Jefferson Territory, and all of those minor government organizations existing contemporarily with it, were illegal, but Jefferson functioned, to a certain degree, in an area that no government would consider under its jurisdiction. Originated in necessity, it "served a useful purpose and died an honorable death after a not unhonorable life."<sup>23</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Frederick L. Paxson, "The Territory of Jefferson: A Spontaneous Commonwealth," *The University of Colorado Studies*, 111 (Boulder: University of Colorado Press, 1906), 17.

## Diary of George W. Hardesty

Edited by RICHARD H. LOUDEN\*

George Washington Hardesty was born in Germantown, Missouri, in 1850, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Hardesty. In 1878, the Hardestys gave up their farm and orchard holdings in Missouri and made the trip by wagon to Colorado over the mountain route of the Santa Fe trail. It is this trip and subsequent experiences in Colorado, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory of Oklahoma with which the following diary of George Hardesty is concerned. After working for a short time on the extension of the A. T. & S. F. railroad, he tried his hand at freighting, and then investigated Colorado's gold camps. In 1879, he filed on a homestead in Long Canyon, just across the Colorado line in New Mexico Territory. Long Canyon is a northern tributary of the Dry Cimarron Canyon, through which Hardesty hauled freight to the Indian Territory in 1878. It was here in Long Canyon that he established his ranch headquarters and began running cattle and horses branded H A Y. In 1900, he changed this brand to H Y.

In 1885, he married Nancy Elizabeth Schmidt, who was born near Springfield, Illinois, in 1869, and who came as a small girl with her mother to Trinidad, Colorado. Eight children were born of this marriage: Frank Ulysses, born 1886, died in infancy; Mary Alice (Potts), 1888, now living at Yucaipa, Calif.; George E., born 1890, now living on his ranch north of Colorado Springs; Jennie Lynn (Grigsby), born 1892, died 1920; Madeline Paine (David), born 1894, died 1946; Eveline Beatrice, born 1896, died at the age of four; Emma Veatrice (Adams), born 1902, now living at Folsom, N. M.; and William Lee, born 1904, now living on the old home ranch in Long Canyon, east of Folsom, N. M.

George W. Hardesty died in 1926, and his wife, Nancy, died in 1944.—R.W.L.

The Diary is being reproduced just as written, without correction of spelling and punctuation.—A.W.S.

June 1 [1878] Myrtie slept late this morning all were out of the tent but her. Just after breakfast I looked in and found her wide awake, sitting up in bed, trying to put her shoes on. There are a great many sod houses through this region mostly covered with hay. The inhabitants burn corn stalks for fuel. The people are planting some timber. This will be a beautiful country within a quarter of a century if the inhabitants do their duty in planting trees.

passed through McPherson Centre in the afternoon wheat perfectly

\* Richard H. Loudon, who is engaged in ranching with his father and brother-in-law near Branson, Colorado, is a graduate of Trinidad Junior College, attended the University of Colorado, and is a Journalism graduate of the University of Missouri. Mr. Loudon's interest in western history began in his boyhood with his study of archeology. He is married and has a son, Mack, ten years old. Richard H. Loudon is one of the enthusiastic boosters of the Friends of Historical Trinidad, is president of the Southern Colorado Livestock Association, and a member of the nominating committee of the Cowboy Hall of Fame for Colorado.—*Editor.*

splendid in McPherson Co. McP is apparently a live town camped a few miles west of town stopped late I went out after dark to try to find a house to get some water did not find any so we had to do without save a little we had along in a canteen which was very warm.

Sunday June 2 Three men passed us this morning going to Rush co. Kas. from Ill. I saw a Jack Rabbit for the first one I ever saw. stopped for the night in the edge of Rice co.

June 3 passed through Lyons County seat of Rice co and stopped at night in the western part of the co a great deal of fine land in this co considerable sand in the western portion. grass good all over this region some buffalo grass mixed with common prairie grass saw several Jack Rabbits today they have a very peculiar hop in running as if they were lame.

3 Passed through Ellinwood and Great Bend co seat of Barton co and Larned all three the livest towns I have seen lately Barton is a fine agricultural county

5 Passed through Pawnee co [This entry marked out]

4 A few miles East of Garfield two men met us. they were in a buggy driving in a gallop as they passed they told us that there was small pox in Garfield and to be careful. which warning was scarcely necessary. there was only one case however and that rather out of town

5 Met six wagons from Col going to Texas they told us we would be sorry we ever went to the mountains that they could not make a living there.

June 6 met several parties from Col all gave a doleful account of that part of the country Saw 3 antelope today the first. Hart<sup>2</sup> shot at them he said at one thousand yds or over probably 2 or 3 miles saw several mirages also the first seen beautiful lakes groves camped between Ft Dodge & Dodge City no settlement there except in town

June 8 passed through Dodge City. a right lively looking place noted for its ruffians and desperadoes that infest the place men with broad brim hats and large pistols at their sides crowded the streets. A little distance west of town there is a prairie dog village extending for probably a mile along the road the little fellows would come out of their dens and bark like any other dog only in a higher key. Saw a goodly number of owls but no rattle snakes which according to accounts are members of the firm

June 10 Hart & Mc<sup>3</sup> left camp early in the morning on an antelope hunt did not get in until we had stopped for the night killed one which was divided among several camps all bound for Col. saw a very large jack rabbit sitting in a few feet of the wagon had just got hold of a gun when sport saw it and gave immediate chase despite my remonstrances a bound and it was out of sight, when all sorts of evil wishes were indulged in among others one was that I would turn to a lion turn on Sport and tear him into small fragments met 3 men beating their way back from Col. gave them something to eat at their request about bed time when we were getting up our mules for the night a man halloed from the river and asked what kind of a landing we had there and immediately headed for shore determined to land be the landing as it might be it proved to be a rather elderly man homeward bound from Col dead broke floating down the Ark in a small skiff which the June rise enabled him to do gave him supper breakfast and something to take a long for dinner

<sup>1</sup> He seems to have become confused with the dates at this point, repeating the date of the 3rd, and does not get back to the proper dating until June 10th. This is assuming that the succeeding entry, dated the 5th and then marked out should be kept and should read, "Passed through Pawnee County". This would have been logical progress along the route.

<sup>2</sup> Surviving members of the Hardesty Family do not know who "Hart" was, nor do they remember him as any member of the family.

<sup>3</sup> The "Mc" referred to here is also an unremembered person in the party.





GEORGE W. HARDESTY  
In Colorado, 1880

June 11 saw a drove of probably 20 or 30 wild horses that had been caught and hobbled men were riding around them which we were told they would do 2 or 3 times a day until they were pretty well tamed H fell in with a man and his wife going to Col from Joplin Mo. Had a considerable storm in the afternoon some rain and a good deal of wind

June 12 More wagons from Col also more bad news passed through Sargeant last station in Kansas which consisted of a cattle ranche kept by a man by the name of Hardesty I believe he owned about 6000 cattle he was living in the best sod house we have yet seen covered with shingles doors & windows faced in good style etc crossed the line into Col a little before night camped in the river

valley mosquitoes annoyed us very much that is the balance of the party as for myself they were probably around me but I didn't know anything about it at the time as it generally takes something of more importance than a few hundred mosquitoes to disturb me when I fall to sleep

13 Hart went out this morning on a hunt saw eight antelope killed none however. Father killed a Jack Rabbit. it had the full allowance of ears. Killed another J R in the afternoon. saw a man camped on the river on his way from the Pan Handle Texas to Col. had three wagons trailed together and worked four horses and one yoke of cattle to them camped on an irrigation ditch which is ten miles long.

14 We concluded to lay over today. work hunt and let our horses rest Hart and I went out a few miles saw 3 or 4 antelope. Killed one Hart was riding a rather skittish mule blind in one eye. while I was on a 3 year old mule that was considered very docile I told Hart it was no use to try to carry the antelope on his mule. that I had the very one for the biz. brought him up laid the game on his back and such jumping as was then witnessed if he did not throw the bloody thing sky high it was at least started in that direction and it took both of us to hold him. we next brought up the other one shaded her good eye tied the antelope on the saddle with a larriet so tight that she could not possibly get it off unless the saddle came too. when lo the mule walked off as peaceably as could be expected under the circumstances. another tramp called for dinner & got it had a heavy rain storm at night 3 or 4 inches of water fell

15 Rained nearly all day and night which was not exactly what we expected to experience in dry Colo. a man by the name of McMillen and his wife who has a ranch 2 miles east of camp came to see us to-day they were very talkative and very anxious to have people settle in their neighborhood in order to have a school P. O. etc some large valleys along here nearly all subject to irrigation

16 Too muddy to travel so Hart & I went out on a hunt stayed all day saw probably 25 antelope shot neale dozen times Killed none however

17 Pulled ou at noon—traveled only a few miles and camped ay dark in the edge of timber nearly at nite a half a mile from the river the most timber we have seen for some time.

18 Experienced a heavy rain hail wind and thunder storm in the afternoon let up just in time

The mountains were first seen on 20

23 Started down the line of the A.T. & S.F. RR. new extension the snow capped mountains being in plain view on the right of us. considerable wind and some rain in the afternoon found a railroad camp on Tent Creek 17 miles out where we stopped for the night a good spring here Heavy vein but some alkali in it some of the party affected by it Mother had a hard chill in the morning pretty sick all day

24 of June to 15 of July been working on Rail Road and too busy to keep a diary

To Sept 8 1878

Worked on R R altogether about two months

Stopped in Trinidad about Aug 10

June 8 1879 hauled hay for some time distance 40 miles had to pass over the summit of the Raton Mountains

Father<sup>4</sup> upset his wagon about Feb and was so crippled in one arm that he has not been able to work any to the present time June 8

<sup>4</sup> William Lee Hardesty was a veteran of both the Mexican and Civil War. He served as a Captain during the Mexican War; and as First-Lieutenant in the Union Army, he was the commanding officer of Company "E", 1st Cavalry, Missouri State Militia. After spending a few years in Colorado and New Mexico, he moved on to California where he died.

Myrtie was taken sick with diptheria in October and after two weeks illness died

Hauled 24000 lbs. some for Taylor Doss & Owen<sup>5</sup> to North western Indian Territory 120 miles east of Trinidad Cadet Figuet an old acquaintance from Rockville Mo helped to haul part of it. one trip down he killed 2 antelop and 1 one. also killed a dozen or two jack and cotton tailed rabbits. a beautiful stock country on the route down the dry Cimarron 75 miles down a deep canon width from a few yards to 3 or 4 miles.

Located in this canon are several large stock owners notable among them are the Hall Bros.<sup>6</sup> formally of Texas owning I believe 16000 head of cattle Dave Poole a Mo man noted for his operations here during the war of 61 to 5 is also located in this canon engaged in the cattle business Taylor Doss and Owen have 12000 head of cattle besides a large number of sheep and horses

First trip down Father stalled at the crossing of the careth<sup>7</sup> and some Mexican and Indian buffalo hunters returning from their annual hunt came up and could not cross except where our wagon was swamped. hitched on a lot of cattle and after unloading a portion of the load much halloooing and breaking the wagon tongue succeeded in getting the wagon out.

Then commenced the fun they (the Indians & Mexicans would double team on their wagons (or carroz they call them) then station them selves on the opposite bank while one of their number would bring the wagon down and start the team up the bank when they would all begin to whip and halloo about one driver to each ox in the team

They had been pretty successful and were pretty well loaded with buffalo beef and hides some of the Indians had used bows and arrows. some guns and others lances in killing the buffalo the spears and arrows were tinged with blood showing that they had done some bloody work

On one trip as we were returning we met 42 Indian men and two squaws going down on a buffalo hunt. they were all horse back and were driving about a dozen loose ponies pack animals along with them for the purpose of carrying the product of the hunt back to winter quarters. they had their lodge poles (some 20 feet in length) fastened to the sides of the horses the squaws were riding with one end dragging on the ground they were painted and somewhat gaudily arrayed in red blankets etc

As far as I have seen of southern Col and Northern New Mexico I would judge it to be a pretty good stock country though at times the severe storms that some times occur here are pretty hard on sheep. All kinds of stock that is the grass eater family live here during the whole year with out feed other than that they do procure on the boundless range grass in this region growing pretty thick on the ground but generally very short from 2 to 4 inches in height. there are places called vegas flat swampy places where the grass

<sup>5</sup> This firm of Taylor, Doss & Owen was comprised of three prominent pioneer citizens of early day Trinidad, Colorado. Dan Taylor, who came to Trinidad in 1862, was one of its leading citizens and business men for many years, serving as mayor and being instrumental in many civic improvements. Sam Doss was a cattleman from Texas who had ranching interests near Trinchera, Colorado. Dr. Thomas E. Owen was the first Mayor of Trinidad. He later established a ranch on the south slopes of Johnson Mesa near the south entrance to Trinchera Pass, a route established by Charlie Goodnight in order to avoid Uncle Dick Wootton's toll gate. The ranching venture established by Taylor, Doss & Owen was located in the Oklahoma Panhandle.

<sup>6</sup> The Hall brothers established the Cross L ranch on the Cimarron with headquarters about three miles below the junction of Long Canyon with the Cimarron.

<sup>7</sup> This reference to the "Careth crossing" undoubtedly refers to a crossing of the Cimarron near its junction with Carrizo Creek which is just a couple of miles below Kenton, Oklahoma. Carrizo Creek is still often referred to as "the Carreese."

attains sufficient hight to make hay. and such grass makes a better quality of hay than the prairie grass of the states farther east. there are some good agricultural lands in this region especially in the valley of the Purgatoire and other streams. though generally lands have to be irrigated to produce well. in some portions however, wheat oats and potatoes are successfully raised without irrigation.

The above named articles grow here to perfection are of excellent quality and large yield

The grass in all this region dries up in the fall and makes a good substitute for hay generally keeping stock in pretty fair condition all winter though snow sometimes falls to a depth of several inches but it soon melts off the southern hill sides and blows off the ground in other spots thus giving stock a chance to live while the snow lays on which is generally only a few days. There is plenty of excellent timber in the mountains pine and cedar. The water here is generally good especially in the mountain streams though out from the mountains it is often strongly impregnated with alkali. The people here (about one half are Mexicans) generally live in adobe houses that is houses made of sun dried brick and often covered with dirt. though a great many are covered with shingles and finished in good style. occasionally there are large buildings made of adobe business houses 2 or 3 stories high Church building etc. The Mexicans where they profess religion at all are I believe generally adherents of the Catholic faith they speak a language peculiarly their own a sort of mixture of the pure castillian and the native Indian tongue. A great many of them are industrious though I think the great mass of them are rather shiftless. The women generally wear a shawl as a covering for the head. they both men and women are of low stature are very dark complexioned being descendants of Spanish and Indians.

Of game here there are antelope deer (both black and white tailed) Turkey squirrel ducks bear, rabbits etc. I have counted as many as 62 antelope in one herd. There are fish in the mountain streams tolerably plenty of Trout I have been told.

Trinidad is situated at the mouth of the Raton Pass and is appropriately called the "Gate City" has about 3000 inhabitants one railroad the A. T. & S. F. Three flouring mills two water and one steam mill excellent water power here though steam power is cheap coal being delivered here for 25 to 25¢ (sic) per ton of excellent quality. there are veins of coal in the immediate neighborhood from 3 to 7 feet in thickness which are now being pretty extensively worked furnishing coal for the Kansas market and coke for the mining region northwest of here. The A. T. & S. F. R. R. here enters the Raton pass 15 miles from here is the famous raton tunnel which is now being made. in the mean time the cars are run over the top of the mountain by means of a switch back something like this [crude diagram of switchbacks]

30 miles south of Trinidad is Otero present terminus of the A. T. & S. F. R R town three months old nearly 100 business houses a good many saloons pretty well patronized counted ninety three in one and 42 in another next door one night when I had dropped in through curiosity

In March mother was taken worse and after about 10 days sickness died. I was away from home during her last sickness and death heard of her death in time to get home to attend her funeral by travelling all night the last night. a few days after mothers death Alice went to St. Louis to live with Emma during the summer

June 29 [1879] started to Lake City San Juan country. with Father Hart and the Figuet family. with 3 wagons first day out traveled about 7 or 8 miles and camped in a very pretty canon with plenty grass water and wood

30 June to 3 July passed over the Sangre de Christo range of mountains through the Abeyta pass At the mouth of the pass stands

grand old Abeyta Baldy mountain. and at intervals through ou the pass are some of the prettiest groves of timber I ever saw spruce pine and quaking asp. a stream of water runs down each side of the pass just as clear as water ever gets I suppose. Stopped at a milk ranch and got some butter milk which was extra mucho bueno camped in the south east side of the pass next morning Abeyta Baldy obscured the sun until about 8 A M Will Figuet started out a head hobbling along and found a mountain lion track which created considerable excitement in camp at first some thought it was a bear track some one thing and some an other all agreed that it was not a dog track and all finally settled down that it was a mountain lion. by the way the reason Will was hobbling that morning 2 or 3 days before he undertook to get in my wagon while it was moving caught his foot under the front wheel and smashed a toe nail entirely off. at noon July 3 saw a bear track in the mud at the side of the creek

One branch of the Denver and Rio Grande R R runs through this pass, and here is one of the greatest feats of engineering skill on this continent the little Giant (narrow gauge R R) runs bravely up the canon until, probably within a mile of the top when it seems to take a scare at the hight and abruptness of ascent) (which no rail road machinery can climb) and turns short around to the left, crosses the creek and starts back parallel with with [sic] the road again runs back 1½ miles going probably 2 or 3 hundred yards in distance and 500 feet in hight, turns around a mountain goes up a little higher and hurrah it is on top of the Sangre de Christo Mountains did not see how the descent is mad on the west side of the mountains

Camped for the night 2 miles above Garland a former terminus of the D & R G. RR all deserted now except one or two families torn down and moved to Alamosa present terminus of the R R 30 or 40 miles distance

Fort Garland about 6 or 8 miles farther down the R. R. passed through Placer today—a small mining town did not see any of the miners but saw the effects of washing dirt for gold in the creek water. it was very muddy for several miles down the creek.

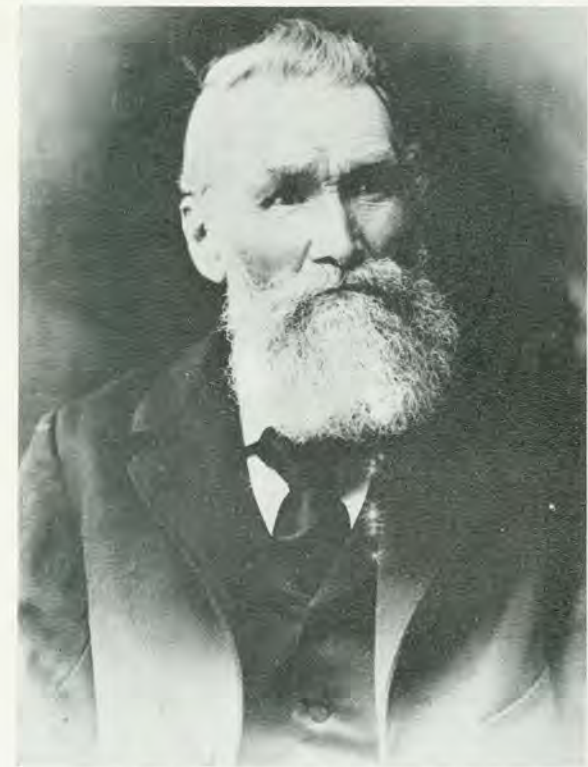
July 4/79 got up pretty early this morning could hear the cannon booming plainly at Fort Garland ushering in the Glorious day. some of the party remarked that some body had been shipping almanacs away out here. Whilst I indulged in some hearty yells for Uncle Sam arrived at the fort about 10 A M saw but few people there some soldiers off to one side shooting at a mark. evidently they had up their best flag to day. it was a new one and very large it looked very pretty floating there with the grand old mountains in the background I felt somewhat enthused and began singing Star Spangled Banner long may it wave much to the disgust of the balance of the party I suppose probably not because of the nature of the song as the execution of it.

went out about six or seven miles on the wrong road and camped for the night.

Hart and I thought that being as this was the 4th we would put on some extra style so we took out a bedstead put a feather bed on it and slept in a regular civilized style under three heavy bed quilts which amount of covering is required here to sleep comfortably in the summer time

July 5 got up this morning pretty early again Hart and I wondering how the balance of the party could sleep on the cold ground. they allowing that we were putting on a good deal of style all at once got on the right road this morning and traveled about 12 miles some pretty heavy sand and stopped for noon I saw a young rabbit at an old deserted stable took my pocket pistol killed it and another by shooting five shots had to run nearly a mile to overtake the wagons. a little farther on saw another rabbit Will and I got after him with our pistols and after shooting 5 times and hitting him 3 times I

captured it camped for the night 6 miles from Alamosa at a spring out in a flat sandy country where there was but little vegetation save an endless expanse of sage brush, some grass around the spring the water had thrown up sand until it had formed a mound several feet high and was running out at the very top of it. A great many Jack Rabbits here Hart Det & I got after them with our pistols did not get any, but had lots of fun Det finally got his shot gun out and killed one. some old deserted buildings here evidently an old Stage



WILLIAM LEE HARDESTY, 1895  
Father of George W. Hardesty

Stand threatened rain so we all slept in one of them The R R here from Ft Garland to Alamosa about 30 miles is as straight as an arrow

July 6 Sunday. Had a very good road to Alamosa This morning when within about a half a mile of town saw a group of men and boys under a tree with others continually coming and going could not tell what the excitement was about until quite close where we discovered two men hanging to the tree<sup>s</sup> by the neck *deal dead dead*. they had been hung the night before. by a mob for murder. It was the first sight of the kind I had ever seen and it made me feel badly all day. Mrs. Figuet said it made her about half sick the balance of the day

<sup>s</sup>"A rowdy wide-open settlement frequented by gamblers, prospectors, and railroad construction huskies, the town (Alamosa) saw many lynchings, and a large cottonwood tree on the river provided a convenient scaffold." *Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State* (New York: Hastings House, 1948. Fifth printing, 137.)

while we were looking on two photographers came to the scene to get a picture of the hanging men. some of the men present swung them around so that the artist could get a good view talking in the meanwhile about them with as little feeling apparently as if they were fat hogs hanging there and they were inspecting the qualities of them they were taken down about noon put in rough pine boxes and hauled away to be buried by the town I suppose. Crossed the Rio Grande on the rail road bridge the first time any of us had ever seen this famous river except father. found it very low on account of the extreme dry weather prevailing here no rain here for several months. and crops through out all this country suffering for want of water to irrigate them

Found Alamosa a pretty fair looking town for a terminus town did not see very much of it however as it was Sunday and we did not stay in town but a short time notwithstanding it is Sunday we found I believe nearly all the business same as on other days and blacksmith shops in full blast. Saw a China woman<sup>9</sup> here the [first] one I ever saw She was dressed in a sort of loose sack on here body her lower extremities covered by something that looked like mens breeches except they were much larger or looser rather She wore a bonnet on her head. and the daintiest little shoes and walked very awkwardly Talked with several men about the business prospect at Lake City and other points west All agreed that times were very hard every where too many men all over the west for the business that is to be done. Started up the Rio Grande traveled 14 miles where we found very good grass and water. grass generally pretty scarce along here the best grass land along the river being fenced up by stock men as far as seen do not like this country as well as the country east of the mountains especially for stock raising

July 7 Traveled to day 12 miles camped within 4 miles of Del Norte. which is Mexican for "Of the North"

July 8 Drove into Del Norte this morning and found it to be one of the prettiest locations for a town yet seen. being situated at the gate of the mountains where the Rio Grande leaves the mountains evidently it has been a place of considerable importance though presenting a rather dull appearance now because of the many uninhabited buildings and the great number of old foundations where houses have been torn down. met and conversed with a man who had been on a rampage around among the different mining camps of the state. when asked where he thought the best mining town was he said he did not consider any of them best as he had soured on mining altogether and said there was entirely too many men in the mines for the work there is to do. he told us that we could catch all the trout we wanted as soon as we got above Del Norte. and that if we could manage some way to catch our flour we would be all right. he had been pretty much all over the west in the last twelve years and said he liked Washington Territory better than any other portion of the country travelled 12 miles farther up the Rio Grande valley and stopped for the night plenty wood water and grass three of the most desirable things a traveller can have good health excepted. stopped some time before night and after a little shower of rain had passed over we all sallied out to the river to get each of us a load of trout did not succeed as well as anticipated not catching any thing but a few little fish called chubs. the water in the river is as clear as crystal I almost wished I could have a regular old Mo shakes so that could get into the water when the fever came on. I imagined it would feel so good

<sup>9</sup>In "Early Days in Alamosa," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 2 (March, 1931), 45, Frank Spencer says: "It is not to be wondered at that many died with their boots on. One of the most notorious of these lawless characters was a woman, China Pete, a Mongolian, who in the guise of a storekeeper hatched up more deviltry than any man." It is not impossible that Hardesty saw China Pete on the street in Alamosa.— Editor.

July 9 started up the R G valley or canon rather and traveled 10 or 12 miles amid some of the finest scenery yet seen saw a party of pleasure seekers fishing in the river they had on gumboots and were wading about in the water. noticed one woman rather tidily dressed with straw hat short dress and rubber boots they were catching a few fish. stopped for noon each one getting a piece of bread and meat our fish hooks and breaking for the river enmasse in about an hour and a half all gathered in to camp had a reckoning up with the following results one trout a 3 pounder two duckings. Hart and Mrs Figuet both falling in the water where it was about two feet in depth. the river has a great fall here and looks real pretty leaping over the rocks with the rocks looming up on either side covered with pine and quaking asp trees the river is probably 50 to 100 feet wide here. or more perhaps from a few inches to 2 or 3 feet deep had another shower after noon

July 10 An hours drive this morning brought us through the toll gate where we had to ante up a dollar and a half for each wagon and to Wagon Wheel Gap where there is a store and hotel Hot Springs 1½ miles distant. noticed several tourists at the Hotel Magnificent scenery here drove until 3 PM before we could grass for our stock and put up for the night Hart Det & I started out to kill several deer a bear or two and a mountain lion having been told there was plenty of them here after climbing over the mountains until night we returned to camp not having seen anything in the way of game saw some beautiful groves of timber though. and had some sport rolling rocks down the mountain sides

July 11 drove a mile or two when old Charley getting too lame to travel any farther today we went into camp at a strong sulphur spring. water pretty warm a Hotel & bath house here Det and I lit out for the mountains again having had some fresh encouragement took us about two hours hard work to get up where we expected to find game and was too near tired out hunt much clumb up to the top of a very high peak only a few feet in diameter and built a little monument about four feet high and left our names there this is on the Lake City road a mile above the Silverton Junction made my head swim considerably could hardly bear to stand upright on the peak and look downward could see for many miles each way and see mountain after mountain covered with timber and some snow though there is not so much snow this summer as usual. could see a lake up the valley on the Lake City road apparently about 3 miles above camp saw one of Barlow & Sandersons fine 4 horse stages whirling along down the valley below us so far down that it looked like a boy's play cart returned to camp by a different route passed through a fine body of timber, trees tall and straight and nearly as large 40 or 50 feet from the ground as at the butt saw two squirls and I killed one with my pocket pistol heard a deer running through the brush but did not get to see it. saw its tracks passed down a long deep ravine over old dead logs so thick in places that we could scarcely get through Det falling down several times and myself once or twice. got to camp nearly sundown somewhat tired and very hungry Has been very smoky for several days caused by the imense forest fires raging throughout the mountains has cleared up greatly the last 2 or 3 days since the rainy season began

July 12 drove to the lake seen yesterday and found it to be 6 or 7 miles distant instead of 2 or 3 lake about a mile long and 200 to 400 feet wide shallow at the edges and water not very good got after a squirrel and had an exciting time throwing rocks & shooting pistols I finally brought him down with a shotgun stopped for noon at the lake road getting rougher have had a splendid road until today almost every one gives discouraging reports about the times at Lake City. had considerable frost this morning and some ice in a bucket. cold enough to thaw out boots before putting on. it is noon and all

are asleep except Father and I he is reading and I am writing. the stage has just passed with 4 spanking greys attached going at break-neck speed the air is pure to day and the rough old mountains look very beautiful with their crags and peaks pointing so high up towards the sky clouds are gathering will probably rain this evening drove 6 or 8 miles after noon and camped on a beautiful mountain stream no rain mustered up all the guns & pistols in camp and took to the woods. saw no game except a few squirrels & rabbits. Saw plenty of fresh deer sign

July 13 pretty cold last night—everyone complaining of the cold this morning. I waded the creek twice yesterday and have seldom been in water that felt so cold as that did and this the middle



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. HARDESTY  
George, Jennie, and Alice Hardesty in Trinidad, 1893

of July too. concluded to lay by  $\frac{1}{2}$  day and kill a lot of deer. Well I have had my round. the other boys have not yet come in I saw one fine buck but did not get a shot at him. saw a good many squirrels but would not shoot at them for fear of scaring away larger game, but could scarcely restrain myself from doing so when I got to camp found that Father & Mrs Figuet had done a considerable washing A half an hour later Hart came into camp carrying a fawn he had also killed a large doe and left it in the woods I went with him to help carry her in. scared up a large buck and Hart shot at him twice with a pistol and thought he hit him once as he was very close. he killed the other two with a pistol. another fawn ran within 30 feet of me and I shot at it 4 times with my pocket pistol breaking a shoulder or front leg the first shot Det shot at it as it was running like a streak. and got away. carried the doe to camp, held a consultation and concluded to go fishing the balance of the evening. two miles below were some falls in the creek nearly one hundred feet down which is the head of navigation for fish in clear creek. I caught 15 Hart 5 and Will one all trout from 5 to 9 inches in length no large ones up this high now because of the low stage of the water

July 14 Passed over the Back Bone of the Continent to day stopped on the very top a few minutes Will asked Father why he did not crow. when he flopped his arms and halloed—*like an owl*. stopped for the night about two hours by sun when as usual all made a break for the woods Hart & Will each shooting at without effect. I saw one deer and killed two mountain rabbits almost twice as large as the Mo rabbit and of a rich brownish color. they have very large feet which they seem to spread open when running. also saw a mountain grouse they are somewhat larger than the prairie chickens of Mo & Kan good grass here in the mountains and plenty of the best water in the world splendid place for summer dairing but too much snow in winter to keep stock without feed though a few miles lower down stock lives all winter on the range. excellent timber all through here

July 15 passed over another range of mountains to day had 3 or 4 miles of corduroy road. which is made by placing poles crosswise on the road this kind of road is necessary because of the springy spongy nature of the ground notwithstanding the road was far upon the mountain side. Mrs Figuet saw two deer while walking ahead of the wagons. Camped for the night 8 miles from Lake City all took an unsuccessful hunt. I got upon a pretty high peak where I could see the mountains for many miles around this is a very rough country and the grandest scenery yet seen saw the Uncompagne peak *the highest* one I believe in the U S saw more snow than usual. found excellent grass though we had been told by many persons that there was no grass at all in this neighborhood in fact some parties told us there was no grass any where in the mountains rained some today.

July 16 started down hill to town and traveled down down down seemed as if we were going to the bottom were brought upstanding at a toll gate 4 miles from town where we had to fork over 700 for 3 wagons and one led mule after having quite a lengthy conversation with the gate keeper (who was quite a communicative gentleman) and Mrs Figuet warming her feet we started again downward 2 or 3 miles out from town saw 3 men at work prospecting the first men I ever saw digging for gold or silver a little farther down saw several men at work mining. arrived at town at 8 A M There are 3 smelters or reduction works here, though there is but one running this season the other 2 I believe are closed or tied up by law suits there are several good mines inoperative from the same cause. Found the town terrible dull almost all were disheartened especially Will Figuet he said he wished it wasn't me" and was in favor of striking out again right away in any direction just so as to get away from Lake

City. it has the appearance of having been a right lively place bu there are a great many empty houses here now, the town having gone ahead of the mines though the people here seem to have great confidence in the future of this place they say there is not a particle of doubt but there is a great amount of mineral here. only awaiting capital to develop it the lake fork of the Gunnison river runs through town a beautiful stream and affords excellent water power, a portion of the smelter works being run by water power said to be a great many trout in it a few miles below town they are worth 30 cts per lb here

July 17 went down the river 4 miles to find better grass & to catch some fish. fish did not bite worth a cent I caught 2 & Father 2 Figuets started to Canon City late in the evening An Englishman and two Ladies that camped near us one night above Del Norte passed our camp. stopped awhile were very friendly & talkative. in fact I believe the people generally here in the San Juan are more sociable than in the Eastern portion of the state at least this is my impression A great many people left here last spring and went to Leadville silver Cliff and the Gunnison country

Sunday July 20 Lake City duller than ever to day the only excitement was some little boys 2 to 6 years old playing in a deserted house when a woman came in on them swearing like a sailer at them for breaking into the house. one of the little fellows came over to camp and said "she give us h-ll didn't she" nearly all the business houses are open to day Two men camped near us this evening they were prospectors Just in from the Silver City & Leadville country one of them had been prospecting 4 years without much success said he would stick to it 25 years yet. if he did not strike something rich sooner had been to the Black Hills Montana He liked the country up that way very well only there was rather too much winter there. rained a heavy shower afternoon and during the night our selves & the two prospectors slept in a deserted house to protect our selves from the rain.

July 21 Hart & I started out to the mountains after some wood. drove out 2 miles got along slowly because of the steepness of the mountain road. saw we could not get our loads and back, so went into camp. I took a mule and went back to town after some provisions and blankets rain again got into camp some time after dark pretty well out of breath, climbing up the steep road so steep that an empty wagon makes a good load for a team

22 3 of the horses gone had a 2 hours hunt for them found them ½ mile from camp in splendid grass. went 1½ miles farther up the mountain pass and found a good place to get wood got out two very large loads all downhill to town rained considerably Gov Pitkins arrived in town at a late hour been expected for some time ample preparations were made to give him a hospitable reception Mr Pitkins guards were out in full force starched up in good style swords & guns brightened up until they fairly dazzled the eyes reception speech by one of the townsmen reply by Mr. Pitkins wound up with a grand ball which was well attended by the elite of the town

To 26 Been hauling wood nothing of any importance occurring only that one night some body stole the hobbles off of all our horses. raining about every day

27 camped out 3 or 4 miles from town last night where we got our wood. in order to get good grass rained some during the night enough to make us scratch out of bed and stretch up our wagon sheet A deer with a little bell on came into camp this morning it was very sociable and perfectly gentle getting on our bed and smelling about our grub outfit no house within a mile or so that we have seen

Aug 1 Hart & I started to Alamosa for a load of groceries for Callaway Bros Capitol City. A few miles out of town we got after some mountain rabbits ("Snow Shoes" they call them. because of

their broad & hairy feet which enables them to run over the snow) and killed three after firing near a dozen shots with our pistols. saw a great many squirrels & I killed one with my pocket pistol

Aug 3 passed through Wagon Wheel Gap saw several tourists outfits here the scenery around this place while not so grand as in some portions of Colo is very beautiful and just such a place as one would like to spend a season recreating there is a hotel here and hot springs also camped a mile below "the Gap" and tried to catch some fish with no success the water being muddy caused by a heavy [rain] above to day Just at dark two men and a boy drove up and asked if we could not give them a bite to eat and some coffee as they were belated and would not be able to get as far as they expected to 8 miles up the river. we told them yes and they went into camp and got supper and breakfast with us Hart swapped a pistol for a gun with one of them

Aug 4 I killed a rabbit and caught two trout so we have been pretty well supplied with fresh meat. Got some milk 3 quarts, at a ranch (it was the kind of milk generally known as "blu John") stopped 2 or 3 hours before night on account of grass. held a consultation and came to the conclusion that the milk would be clabbered and consequently good by supper time after a little farther deliberation concluded to look at it and see just how much there was, then thought there would be no harm to try it to see how blu John tasted you know well when we got through tasting it there was none left to clabber

Aug 7 Drove into Alamosa. could not get freight to day. had horses shod. Saw a crowd of one or two hundred men gathered in the street. went to see what the excitement was about. it was a badger and dog fight. old grey haired men young bloods roughs & boys all eager to see how the fight would terminate some of them rushing about excitedly with money in their hands offering to bet on the contestants the badger whipped out several dogs. saw some young men running over the top of a hotel immediately over the crowd with a

(Here the diary ends.)

## Colorado Forestry Fifty Years Ago

By P. T. COOLIDGE

Through the courtesy of Mr. Fred R. Johnson, a retired official of the United States Forest Service, and a member of the State Historical Society, we have obtained this article by Mr. P. T. Coolidge which contains entertaining glimpses of the life of a forester during the past half-century. Mr. Johnson says of the author: "Philip T. Coolidge, who reminisces about his experiences in Colorado from 1906 to 1912, is a consulting forester in Bangor, Maine. Mr. Coolidge is a graduate of Harvard University and of Yale Forest School. He is one of the four life members of the Colorado State Forestry Association still on our rolls and is actively interested in our present Association." —*Editor.*

When I arrived in Wyoming in August, 1906, it was only forty-six years after the Colorado gold rush of 1860, and only fourteen years after the Johnson County War of 1892, yet the gun-toting days were over.

Since 1906, the changes in fifty-four years have been mostly physical—autos and auto roads, filling stations, and other buildings better, generally. Yet even in 1906, Denver was a neat, attractive city with but little external wood construction. Since then there has been less change in social customs, but I can tell of a few episodes like those of the rough pioneer years. Even great nations have twice resorted to shooting affairs in that period.

My boss in Wyoming, "Paw" (as his grandchildren called him), W. E. Jackson, asked where I was from. "Boston," I said. "Haw, haw," he said. "This isn't much like Boston. Come over and have a glass of beer."

At that time I didn't appreciate Wyoming beer any more than the alkali water.

One of my first jobs was to take pictures of the first telephone line on a National Forest then under construction to the Tongue River tie camp. Most of that fall I scaled logs and marked timber for cutting in the big sale to the McShane Timber Company. The marking required but little brains: we marked the trees down to eleven inches, alive or dead, pine or spruce. Eleven inches was the smallest size considered suitable for ties. Where the trees were scattered we were permitted discretion to leave some larger ones standing.

I thought that scaling was a job below the ability of a college graduate, but after a bit I was glad to have had the experience, because wherever I went I found that I had done more scaling than anyone else. My boss, Frank Kueny, head ranger, added our scale books every night. After making a couple of mistakes, I pulled myself together and said, "That is no way to exhibit higher education."

Frank found no further errors in my books. In the summer

of 1940, I found him at Dayton, Wyoming, and we had a great visit talking about our good crew of 1906.

In November, 1906, I was transferred from the Big Horn to the Medicine Bow National Forest. Working from a camp on the Devil's Gate Creek, a crew of several foresters marked timber for the big sale to the Carbon Timber Company. It was a fine crew. The timber was better and we were allowed to use our judgment as foresters as to what trees to mark. There were the late Bob Stuart, later Chief Forester of the U. S. Forest Service, John Keach, "Cap" Galarneau, and Harry



MARKING TIMBER IN 1910 FOR L. K. SMITH SALE

Brown, and still living John E. Barton, later State Forester of Kentucky, and Russell Pond. We played several hands of stud poker each evening to determine (1) who would get the water, (2) who would cut the wood, and (3) who would build the fire in the morning, etc.

It was snappy cold that November, at elevation of 9,000 feet, with the thermometer 24° below zero one morning. Bill Weigle had charge of the work, and Paul Redington, later District Forester at Denver, made us an inspection visit. Thanksgiving Day we all went to a masked ball at a ranch in the valley behind Sheep Mountain. One nice girl got me highly excited because she had been tipped off to tell me that she was a Wellesley College graduate.

After completion of the Medicine Bow work, I received orders, just before Christmas, to go to Flagstaff, Arizona. There I found friends to join for the holiday, but another wire soon came saying that the first was a mistake, and ordering my return to Wyoming. Two of us made a quick trip to the Grand Canyon before I left Arizona sunshine.

I went east in the spring of 1907, to finish my forestry course. In July, I returned west to the old San Juan National Forest with my office at Monte Vista, Colorado. Here I had much more responsibility than in Wyoming, having charge of all the timber work—writing contracts, inspecting, and marking trees to be cut. Most of the first summer I cruised timber near Pagosa Springs and Edith, where a big sale of western yellow pine or Ponderosa pine, as it is now called, was contemplated. The San Juans are beautiful, although the mountains east of the Silverton country are less well-known by tourists.

When the San Juan National Forest was divided in the summer of 1908, I stayed on the Rio Grande side. There I had much to do in the Wagon Wheel Gap and Creede country, also a beautiful region. We had sales for coal mine props of spruce burned fifteen years before, when N. C. Creede was said to have put a match to it because it bothered his prospecting.

Surveys in the mountains were often poor. We had arguments as to whether a certain timber sale under consideration some miles northwest of Creede was actually located on the Rio Grande Forest, or on the Cochetopa, or even on a State section.

One sawmill man wanted to buy National Forest stumpage. As our general policy was not to sell to a man who owned timber himself, I asked him why he didn't cut his own forty. He said that he had had it surveyed three times, and each time it was located differently. He thought that cutting it in three different places was about enough.

One is inclined to remember the humorous anecdotes. Riding out of Creede one morning I caught up with two cow-puncher friends. One, pretty drunk, offered me a swig from his pint, which I promptly accepted. Then he took a six-shooter from his saddle horn and swung it around on his finger. I could only keep riding beside him until the other puncher told him to put the gun up before he got into trouble. I saw then that it was not loaded, but they circulated a story that he had pulled a gun on me to make me drink.

In those good old days there was a passenger train from Alamosa up to Creede in the morning, back in the afternoon. A feud developed between the old conductor, Phenev, and the section foreman at the Gap, Triplett, which ended by Triplett's shooting Phenev in the shoulder at the Creede station. Triplett was sentenced for six months for assault, but his jailer allowed him to "take the air" once in a while, and after a few weeks he skipped. Such was justice in Colorado—fifty years ago—fair enough under the circumstances.

In the summer of 1908, the owners of the Asiatic and Pass Me By mines, located far up in the headwaters of the Alamosa, were charged by the government with trespass, having cut

about 400 cords of spruce on their unperfected placer claims. On the way to investigate, I met a ranger friend who warned me that the old man Carpenter, the principal local owner, would shoot me. Nevertheless, I got on with Mr. Carpenter very well. He claimed that when he had completed the tunnel under his lode claims on Prospect Mountain, a stream of water would gush out, with which he could wash his placer claims. He had persuaded the State to build a gravel road to the Asiatic, and the ore was good enough to enable his charming daughter to sell stock in the East. The government lost the case, and the Carpenters were awarded their patents.

On the Rio Grande Forest we had a sheepman, Loren Sylvester, who had strong ideas how to get ahead in this world. He let his large flocks go wherever he pleased. If he got caught off his allotted range, he paid the customary grazing fee; if he did not get caught, he had the grass in any event. Finally Uncle Sam got tired of this arrangement, and sent the Chief of Grazing for the District, Jesse Nelson, to stiffen requirements.

After preliminary skirmish, Sylvester asked: "Where were you raised?"

Nelson, "I was raised in the East."

Sylvester, "That is the trouble with the Forest Service. They send out these Eastern tenderfeet, who don't understand the conditions, and make a mess of things."

Then Nelson gave him the works and told him how he had punched cattle from Montana to Texas, and had been employed by Buffalo Bill and by other well-known Westerners.

I had a pleasant visit with Sylvester in Monte Vista in 1948. He remarked that his grandfather came from Bath, Maine, and I said to myself: "I might have guessed it. If you did not act like a Maine man in the old days, I'll eat my hat."

In the summer of 1909, I had the pleasure of helping Carl Bates, from the District office, to select the location of the experimental area to study run-off and erosion problems. We tried Cumbres Pass at first, but Bates finally selected the two tributary ravines near Wagon Wheel Gap.

In the fall of 1909, I went to Colorado College at Colorado Springs, as Assistant Professor under Professor Walter ("Joe") Morrill. Later he was well-known and highly respected as State Forester and head of the forestry school at Colorado Agricultural and Mechanical College (now Colorado State University) at Fort Collins, where he served for many years. He was a good friend and an excellent man to work with.

I found that teaching required me to be thoroughly posted myself, and that it was a real opportunity. The School of Forestry had several thousand acres of timber and ranch land which had been donated by General William J. Palmer. This land was twenty-eight miles out of Colorado Springs, at Manitou Park. A neat hotel, bungalow style, had been built on the



property a few years previous. In the spring of 1910, we found that we were losing most of our calves to rustlers from our herd of nearly 200 head. One of these rustlers was a typical beefy Englishman, whose brand was SEP. Ours was CSF, and you may perceive how easily ours could be changed to SEP, with a branding iron.

Under the circumstances Morrill had to fire the ranch boss, and we acquired a new boss and a "lady" cook. She certainly was a lady because she kicked open the door to announce the fact. The ranch hands did not like the new boss, and some shirking began. Morrill told me all that he could learn of the trouble was that the new cook had called the new boss a bad name, and the latter had called for the police. You did not call for the police in those days in Colorado unless you wanted to be considered a sissy—you settled matters directly with your adversary. But by this time we were questioning the reality of "academic calm."

In 1910, I succeeded Morrill as Head of the Forestry School of Colorado College. This made me a member of the Colorado Conservation Commission. I wrote at one time to Rev. W. G. M. Stone, the secretary, a fine old gentleman, about the date of a meeting. He did not know, but added that if our Governor had had the obligation to appoint thirty-six members of a Christian Church and had appointed eighteen Christians and eighteen heathen, he could not have done better. That was in the period when the states' rights controversy was fanned into flame by the politicians. At that time also, under the Taft administration, the greater liberality in handing out lands under the mining and homestead acts was conspicuous. The weak Federal policy, however, was not related to the states' rights issue except in so far as the Federal administration had diverted from President Theodore Roosevelt's strong policies.

As a member of the Conservation Commission, I knew Governor Elias Ammons, a fine, keen man, but I confess to have enjoyed teasing him about the state's failure to follow a strong conservation policy in matters which were its definite concern. An excellent speaker, the Governor could shoot out ideas like chain lightning.

The College in 1912 sold its open range land and the hotel to a Nebraska stockman, but retained the timberlands. The Forest School managed this fine tract of timber, selling the mature trees to loggers, and providing instruction to its students. In 1933, Colorado College decided to close its Forest School. Shortly thereafter the Manitou Park Research Center, a branch of the Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, was located close by. This Station, operated by the U. S. Forest Service in cooperation with Colorado State University, has conducted many valuable tests in watershed and range management on this area. For some forty years therefore

the 6,000 acres of timberland were accorded good forestry practice under private ownership.

It was the custom each year to take students to some part of the state to study lumbering methods, and it was on one of these trips, at Fraser, that I met the Colorado Forestry and Horticultural Association's active and amiable trustee and former president, Fred R. Johnson.

The School gave short courses for rangers, and these were very successful. In fact, to my regret afterwards, this success took me from the West in 1912, to become Head of the new Ranger School of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse. But the West has a grip on one's imagination, and I return now whenever I can. Even today, life seems freer there than in the East. You can get many things done in the West without being accused of treading on someone's toes.

The handful of men who studied under Morrill and myself, and later, under Terry, have done well, and it has been a pleasure to keep in contact with them.

Since I began this article some months ago, Mr. Jess Smith, Supervisor of the Pike National Forest, has kindly loaned me his record of the Manitou Park Forest. Certain matters in this are worth noting, although occurring both before and after my own experience.

I should note first that Manitou Park comprises probably the best of the great area of western yellow pine lands at the head of the South Platte. Moderate topography renders the locality particularly attractive for both recreation and economic uses.

The first settler in the Park was one Bergen in 1861. Then an English physician, Dr. William A. Bell, began purchase in 1872. In a year or two he built a hotel, which burned in 1897.

Dr. Bell arranged lumber operations from 1880 to 1896 or 1897. The sawmill is said to have had capacity of 70,000 board feet in twenty-four hours, and it is said that some seventy million feet were cut altogether, but part of this was cut in trespass on adjoining government lands. Rails and a narrow-gauge wood-burning locomotive were hauled up Ute Pass by teams (before the Colorado Midland Railway). Some eight or nine miles of logging or lumber railroad were built in the Manitou Park Valley, though the spur never extended south of Woodland Park. The grading must have been very slight, for my only memory of the whole affair is a vague tale that some sheriff told the lumbermen to return the locomotive, to which the reply was, "Come and get it." I believe the Denver & Rio Grande finally got it back.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that a school of forestry, endowed with such an excellent outdoor laboratory, could not weather the depression. Both the Forestry School and Colorado

College as a whole, since its founding in 1874, offered educational opportunities much needed in southern Colorado. Fortunately the College itself, with much-expanded facilities since my day, one of the largest endowed colleges in the state, will continue successfully to meet the hopes of its graduates.

## Colorado's Official Animal

On May 1, 1961, Governor Steve McNichols signed into law Senate Bill 294, making the Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep (*Ovis canadensis*), the official state animal of Colorado.

Largest of the eighteen kinds of mountain sheep which live in North America, this species is stockily built—a male will stand 41 inches at the shoulder and weigh 300 pounds. A female of comparative size will stand about 35 inches at the shoulder and weigh 130 pounds.

Both sexes possess horns which are not shed. The horns of the female are short and slightly curving, while the ram has magnificent horns characterized by a flat spiral. His horns usually are angular rather than round, and are marked by five transverse wrinkles.

Colorado chose this animal because the Bighorn is symbolic of Colorado's rugged Rockies, and because it is among the most prized trophy animals in North America.

Seventy per cent of Colorado's fifty-two herds of Bighorns live on the eastern slope in protective rocky country, where plenty of winter food and mild weather are to be found.

*Colo. Game and Fish Department: Andrews*



## John Lawrence, "Father of Saguache"

### PART III

Through the generosity of Mrs. Celia Vigil Rusk Abernathy of Santa Fe, New Mexico, nine "journals" kept by John Lawrence, an outstanding pioneer of the San Luis Valley, were presented to the State Historical Society. *The Colorado Magazine* began publication of the first journal in the January, 1961, issue. The first entry was February 28, 1867.

The journal is being published as written with variations in spellings just as Lawrence recorded his daily work and the names of the persons with whom he worked, or came in contact. In 1861, John Lawrence located at Conejos, in the San Luis Valley, where he formed a partnership with J. B. Woodson. Six years later they went north to Saguache Creek, where they took up land and began ranching. At that time there were few white settlers above the Rio Grande del Norte River in Conejos County. During that year Saguache County was organized.—*Editor*.

July 23, 1867 I was plowing corn all day, until late in the evening, when I went down below, and got four letters, 1 from Godfroy, 1 from [J. B.] Woodson, 1 from Bourey, and 1 from Christy. Gabriel [Woodson] was hoeing corn all day. Guadeloupe [Barela] told me he had, lacking thirty, adobe for five thousand. Jose Trujillo left today he just completed three months. The day was cloudy, & rained on all sides, but not here,

"24" I was plowing & Hoeing corn all day. the day was cloudy.

"25" Dito

"26" I finished plowing & hoeing the corn, I went down to Godfroy's in the afternoon. we had quite a talk about politics. day warm. Major Head<sup>1</sup> was there. they had a narrow escape in crossing the Rio Grande.

"27" The day was passed principally in doing nothing. I went fishing & caught twelve. Gabriel went fishing & hunting, he caught some fish, but kill nothing. Day warm.

<sup>1</sup> In the spring of 1854, a colony led by Lafayette Head was planted on the Conejos river at Guadalupe, nearly opposite the present town of Conejos in the county bearing the same name. Head was a leader worthy of mention. He came to New Mexico with Colonel Price's regiment during the Mexican War . . . was made Indian agent at Abiquiu. . . . The settlement on the Conejos could not be dislodged, although the Indians attacked a few weeks after the first men arrived. It became the base for numerous plazas soon after established. —Francis T. Cheetham, "The Early Settlements of Southern Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. V, No. 1 (February, 1928), 7. According to "Conejos County," CWA Doc. 349/30, p. 115, in the Library, State Historical Society of Colorado, "In 1857 . . . a flour mill was built by Major Lafayette Head to replace the hand-made mortars and stones which were the only means of grinding grains. A pair of stones from St. Louis, Mo., were freighted in from Santa Fe and water for power was taken from the Conejos river through Head's Mill Ditch which is recorded as the second appropriation taken from the Conejos river. . . . In 1857-58, Major Head built a large residence of the ancient, enclosed plaza type and here maintained his office as U. S. Agent for the Ute Indians. His establishment was regional hostelry for military and other government officers and others."

"28" I went down below. I had Beral make me a crank for grndstone. I helped him finish his house. the day was very warm but cloudy.

"29" I sent the boys after a load of polls to cover house. the got back a little after noon. I cut out the windows & doors in the three east rooms. I also sett two hens, on fifteen & thirteen eggs respectively. The day was very warm, and we had quite a nice shower of rain in afternoon. wheat all headed out *beautifully*, oats heading out nicely, corn tosseling, & potatoes all in bloom, beans & such all wright prospects flatering, and I dont give a d-m-n. for no man, except the *old* man.

"30" The boys went & got an other load of polls. I was puting roof on house the fore part of day. I went down below in afternoon & got horse shod. I stayed late waiting for mail, but it didn't come. I start tomorrow morning for Conejos accompanied by [E. R.] Harris.<sup>2</sup> the day warm & cloudy

"31" I started to Conejos, and I was gone August 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th & 6th I found that the political business was badly mixed up in Conejos & came home. the boys were chinking & daubing house while I was gone. Moran halled some polls, during my absence for his house, he having got back the day I started.

Aug. 7, 1867 Moran has gone after load of polls. Gabriel was daubing house. Prudencio was here in the morning. he went around with me to luck at the crops. he pronounced them the best on the river. the day was warm with beautiful shower in afternoon.

"7" Moran went after an other load of polls. Gabriel was covering house. Grasshoppers came in thick in the afternoon, being the first we seen for the season. I went down to Godfroys & stayed all night

Au. 9, 1867 John Ebert started to Conejos with mule team he was accompanied by Beral. I also started on horseback for Ft. Garland & Culebra<sup>3</sup> but when I got near el Carnero,<sup>4</sup> I met Harris and S. Suaso. they gave me letters & information to the effect that it was unnecessary for me to go, so I turned back. Moran went after load of polls, he had bad luck. he broak all the spokes out of one wheel. and also one

<sup>2</sup>E. R. Harris later served Saguache County as Deputy County Clerk.

<sup>3</sup>According to Cheetham, "The Early Settlements of Southern Colorado," 5-6: "During the summer of 1851 a colony started a plaza on the Culebra near the present town of San Luis in Colorado. Most of the people came from Taos and were induced to go there by Charles Beaubien, the then owner of the Sangre de Cristo Grant, which included the lands now embraced in Costilla County and a portion of Taos County, New Mexico." In *Colorado, Its Resources, Parks and Prospects*, by William Blackmore, published in 1869, the maps show the following settlements: Lower Culebra, San Luis de Culebra, and Upper Culebra, on the Culebra River.

<sup>4</sup>Carnero, Saguache County. The name of this ghost town is a Spanish word meaning "sheep" or "mutton," probably referring to the sheep-raising industry carried on in the vicinity. The town itself, however, was once a mining camp of considerable importance. "Colorado Place Names," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVII, No. 4 (July, 1940), 129.

bow. he came home & left the wagon in the mountains. the Grasshoppers have gained greatly through the day.

"10" I, Moran & Gabriel went up and got more water into the *arolla* [*arroya*]. on our return to the house we found that miriads of Grasshoppers had arived, we went around during the afternoon and found that the crops were black with them. serious apprihensions of dainger are entertained.

"11" I the morning I went down below, and when I got as far as Godfroy's Ranch, I met 4 wimen & 8 men coming up on a visit. I turned back with them and tuck them around to see the crops. and it with no small amt. of pride that I can say that the pronounced it the *best* & the largest in the San Luis Valley. I gave them a bachelor Ranchman's dinner. I then went down with them & went to Youngs & got some tobacco. The Grasshopper have increased, and damage is very preceptible on the lower ranches. day still & warm.

"12" I went with Moran with the big wagon after the wagon that was brok down in mountains got back all wright brining broken wagon & load of polls (Prudencio's son brought the big wagon home last night.) the boys were daubing house all day. The Grasshoppers are thicker than ever and I now can see damage in the wheat and oats. plenty of indians came in today also Uray [Ouray].<sup>5</sup> day still & warm with signes of rain.

"13" Moran & I went down to Godfroys. the election polls was opened at his house all wright. the people all came up & voted all wright. there was no excitement except a small contest between Prudencio & Nasario [Gallegos] as county commissioners. during my absence Gabriel told me that an indian came & skulked around until he found the house alone. he then went around behind the house and broke a paine of glass out & stole a loaf of bread. Grasshoppers plenty.

"15" Moran & I finished raising his house by noon. Juan came in the morning. him & Gabriel were hawling stone for my house. I went down below after Baral's hand saw & square in the afternoon. Fred Walsen<sup>6</sup> came a little wile after I went down. I went & had quite a talk with him. I stayed until near sun down.

"16" Moran was working on his house. I sawed the door & windo out & helped him put on the roof. in the afternoon I was putting the foundation of my house down. Gabriel was geting water into the *aceque* in the forenoon. in the afternoon

<sup>5</sup>In October, 1863, the Utes met Governor John Evans at Conejos, and agreed to a treaty whereby they accepted the Western Slope as a reservation. By the terms of the treaty they were to receive \$20,000 annually in goods and provisions. Chief Ouray, their leader, counseled peace. When John Lawrence was settling on Saguache Creek, the Utes received their annuities near Del Norte. Later an agency was established for them on Los Pinos Creek west of Cochetopa Pass.—*Editor*.

<sup>6</sup>As mentioned in a footnote previously, Fred Walsen was a pioneer, German merchant who later helped to establish Walsenburg, Colo.

he & Andres brought a load of stone. day was fine with plenty of Grasshoppers.

"Aug. 7 1867 Juan, Rafael & Salvador came in the morning and helped me all day to lay the foundation of my house. we got it done & one round of adobes on. we had to carry the water from the *arolla*. day warm & dry with plenty of Grasshoppers. Andresito told me that about seven head of the cattle had got into the wheat for the first time.

"18" I went down blow & was at Youngs nearly all day. in going down I went to Uray's camp & had quite a talk with him.

"19" In the morning Juan came up & helped me to kill a steer for beef. we soon got through, when I gave Juan a piece, and he went home. the boys spent the ballance of the day in cutting it up and drying it. Harris sent & got a piece weighing 23 lbs. about noon Rafael came and I gave him enough for two days work. Jose came with Rafael and told me he wanted to come back to work. I told him to come and that I would give him what I had been paying for two months more. I then went down in the evening to see if the mail had come. I took down about thirty pounds of beef to [Nathan] Russeil<sup>1</sup> to pay him for a sheep I had got when I first came out. the mail did not come so I got home late at night. the day: warm & cloudy with plenty of grasshoppers.

"20" In the morning Juan, Salvador, Masario, Rafael, Francisco Marques & Jose Trujillo came. (the last to work by the month,) to help me: and we raised my house nine rounds high. I gave Francisco enough beef to pay him for one days work. day as above mentioned. I went down below late in the evening when Godfroy & Russell came. the brought the mail. Beral came with them. I got a letter from Woodson & one from Christy:

"21" I & Moran went down below. I to get my big horse & cradle, and also to trade my old horse to the Herreras. (I didn't trade.) Moran to help count the votes & make out the returns of the last election. the boys were daubing house while I was gone. We had a light shower in the evening. the grasshoppers were not so thick today

"22" All hands of us were up until noon geting water into the *arolla* & *aceque*. in the afternoon the boys were daubing house. I was writing letters & nocking around. Grasshoppers geting thiner. we had a light shower in a *driziling* shape in the afternoon.

"23" The boys were daubing the house all day. I was making out the assessment returns. and went down to Harris with them in the afternoon. I also tuck down some letters. I stoped at Godfroys as I came back. he told me his w--e had left him. few Grasshoppers.

Aug. 24 1867 We spent the day in a general cleaning up. boath in cleaning the yard. and in washing. it rained about half of the forenoon and there was quite a shower in the afternoon. Russell & Harris went by in the forenoon. with ox wagon. they had their wives and an other woman along. they were going to pick buerries. they wont be back until tomorrow. there was quite a shower yesterday in the afternoon. The Grasshoppers are getting quite scarce.

"25" This morning all hands except Andres (who was with the stock) went down below. I tuck the big bay & the old sorl down and brought the little wagon home. it was the first time ever the old sorl was in harness. he worked well. I got some window sash from Beral. and the flour Godfroy owed me. I also brought my cradle & other traps. I got back *before noon*. about one oclock Russell and his outfit got back, they stoped and got dinner. There was quite a fall of hale in the afternoon. Very few Grasshoppers.

"26" In the morning we all started after *biges*<sup>7</sup> for my house. we made two trips with one wagon and got ten down. Moran helped me light rain in the afternoon.

"27" The boys started after load of polls to the mountains. they got back late on account of being delayed by it raining all day.

"28" The boys were putting durt on the house in the forenoon Moran & Gabriel brought a load of wood. I went down to the Post Office in forenoon and got a letter from Woodson in which he said that he would arive today. I got back early. Woodson Santiago Manchego & C. D. Hendren got here about two oclock. they were well pleased with the crops. day cloudy.

"29" We hitched Hendrens horses to Woodsons carriage and went down below and passed the day. Hendren picked out a clame<sup>8</sup> and made a contract with Herreras to build him two rooms. 20 by 16 feet each. it rained in the afternoon and midling hard, the night before.

"30" Woodson, Manchego & Hendren started very early for Conejos also Moran & Gabriel started with big wagon & four yoke of cattle for Conejos. they went by Godfroys where they tuck Berals tool chest, and other traps along for him. Juan Manchego & wife also went along. I went as far as Godfroys with them. I payed Isiah Young his tobacco Jose was pealing *biges* today was the first appearance of clear weather for some days.

<sup>7</sup>Twice Lawrence refers to "*biges*" and once to "*viges*." He evidently means "*vigas*" or beams for his house.

<sup>8</sup>In the earliest settlement days of the Valley, before the great land survey of 1873 (Hayden) was made, the settlers claimed their lands either by grants from the Spanish Government or Mexican, or else by what is now termed "Squatters' rights." Then after the survey was made, these claimants went to the nearest Land Office and entered their application to prove up on their lands.—CWA Doc. 367/10, p. 61 in Library, State Historical Society of Colorado.

"31" Jose was peeling *viges*. I was very sick the night before & consequently done nothing all day. the day was cloudy and cold.

Sept. 1," I went down below. Maj. Head & Maj. Calhun got back from their trip from the Punche [Poncha] Pass & Canon City where they had been loocking out a line for the Southren R.R.<sup>9</sup> Maj. C. run out Russels & Godfroys Base lines.

Sep. 2, 1867 I fixed up the rakes and done a general fix up business. Jose & Andresito were sick last night so the boys done nothing today. John Evert and Bob Morrison were here to grind their scyths. I lent them one cradle. The day was cloudy and cold all day. it rained a little in the evening.

"3" The boys were putting the adobes close to the house to have them handy when we rais. I was cutting the polls to go over the windows. & doors. I went down below about sundown for hands. but did not get enough, so I put off until the next day. Gov. [Alexander C.] Hunt, the surveyoer Gen. and some other men with their families got in from Denver. they are having a general hunting, fishing, & pleasure trip and live in camp style.

"4" I put the boys to finish puting the adobes close the house & making *acequecito* caught twelve trout and tuck them down along with some potatoes to Gov. Hunt. I also got hands to help me rais house on tomorrow.

"5" In the morning. Ant. Jose. Herrera, Samora, Jeronimo [Gallegos], and another man came and we raised my house eight rounds high.

"6" I was fixing up cradles to cut the oats cut & bound up some. about the middle of the afternoon Gov. Hunt came & stoped awhile with me. I gave him some eggs. In the evening I went down below with litter & to get the sack I lent the Gov. his party caught about sixty pounds of trout. he gave me two cans of peaches some meal & a piece of beef. Mears got in this evening.

(To be continued)

<sup>9</sup>They may have been doing some preliminary work for Governor A. C. Hunt. According to Albert B. Sanford. "The Old South Park Railroad," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. V, No. 5 (October, 1928), 171: "In 1868 Governor Hunt surveyed a road (railroad) from Denver to Santa Fe, via the Platte Canyon, South Park, Trout Creek Pass, Arkansas River, Poncho Pass, the Rio Grande and on south. This was called 'The Denver, South Park & Rio Grande Railroad'."

## The Haydee Star Company

By LILLIAN DE LA TORRE<sup>1</sup>

Stranded!

That fatal word has rung the death-knell of many a company of strolling actors.

In October, 1859, that was the situation which confronted the three beautiful Haydee Sisters.

Only two months previously they had taken the trail to the gold frontier with high hopes, plodding five long weeks by ox-cart across the prairies. With actor-manager Colonel Charles R. Thorne, his leading-man son William, and the rest, the "Thorne Star Company" had played six nights at the Apollo Theatre to delighted Denver audiences.

Then Colonel Thorne, with William, had suddenly bolted, leaving the rest of the company flat.

M'lle. Haydee, dark-eyed and iron-willed, took stock of the position. She had many assets that Colonel Thorne could not carry away with him. She had youth, beauty, talent, popularity. She had a theatre. She had the sets and properties that Colonel Thorne left behind. In utility actor Sam Hunter she had a versatile stage technician. The ladies of the company, her sisters Louisa and Flora (Brown) Wakely, remained beside her, and so did the troupe's "walking gentleman," young Jared Carter, and the juvenile comic, the Colonel's second son, Tom. The three girls had a managing stage mama, and most important they had a breadwinning step-papa whose income need not depend on the stage. Papa Wakely, a pioneer in the new art of photography, was all ready to set up a studio in their house opposite the theatre, where he would make and sell ambrotypes, that is to say, photographs printed on leather, suitable for mailing. His "card" appeared in the very next issue of the *Rocky Mountain News*, on October 20, 1859, together with a free puff by Editor Byers, ever enthusiastic for the finer things on the frontier:

G. Wakely, a talented artist from Chicago, Ill.,<sup>2</sup> has opened an Ambrotype Gallery opposite the Theatre on Larimer street, in Denver. See card elsewhere.

The Wakely family was in Denver to stay. The girls determined to keep the Apollo Theatre open under new management—that of M'lle. Haydee and Sisters. Within a week of the Colonel's flitting, they were ready for the opening night of the Haydee Star Company at the Apollo, on October 20, 1859.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright © by Lillian de la Torre, 1961. This is the second installment of Miss de la Torre's account of the first Denver theatre, based upon a chapter of her forthcoming biography of the Haydee Sisters, *Gold Dust at her Feet*. The first installment, "The Theatre Comes to Denver," appeared in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXXVII, No. 4 (October, 1960), 285-296.

<sup>2</sup> George Wakely plied his trade in Chicago in 1856-1858, see *Chicago Photographers 1847 through 1900 as listed in Chicago Directories* (Chicago: Chicago Historical Society, 1958) sub. Wakely, G. D.



Deprived of their leading actors, the little company chose to play it safe by presenting three one-act comedies with small casts: *Cox and Box*,<sup>3</sup> *Betsy Baker*,<sup>4</sup> and *Lovers of Switzerland*.<sup>5</sup> Flora sang, M'lle. Haydee danced; Sam and Tom Jared romped through the misadventures of Box and Cox and their double-dealing landlord; no doubt the miners were enchanted with Haydee's charm as Betsy Baker, the pretty laundress. But it was all very light weight; Colonel Thorne's abilities were sorely missed.

However, the company kept on playing, and the faithful *Rocky Mountain News* kept on loyally puffing the performances. That same day, October 20, Mr. Byers was urging everybody to attend Sam Hunter's benefit performance on Saturday to see his "unequaled delineations of human nature." Later he assured the public, after Tom's benefit on October 26, that "Tom is a rising star."

Even with a good press, however, the tide was setting against the Haydee Star Company. Two days after Sam's benefit, on Monday, October 24, after enjoying a brief four days of theatrical monopoly, Haydee was confronted with new and powerful competition when Jim Reed, proprietor of the Cibola Saloon on the Auraria side, opened his doors with a rip-roaring, black-face minstrel show.

The old-time minstrel show was then at the height of its popularity, with its burnt-cork comedians in preposterous paper collars, and its gentlemanly interlocutor ready to introduce every kind of song and dance and vaudeville turn between jokes. Reed had in his troupe jolly Buzz Caven, the best fiddler around; A. O. McGrew, the famous Wheelbarrow Man; Irish comic Jim McGargill and Dutch comic J. C. Spencer; and a high-stepping gal named Betsy, whose "Lucy Long Dance," tripped to the tune of that name, was, said the *Rocky Mountain News* admiringly on January 11, 1860, "'longer' than ever." With such a roster of talent, the Cibolas were a force to be reckoned with.

To reckon with them, Haydee's decimated company was pretty ineffectual. It looked as if the Cibolas were due to win in a walk. But Haydee would not give up. She looked around for replacements, and literally, says Hal Sayre,<sup>6</sup> picked them up in the streets. "Hosts of volunteers" were induced to support Sam at his benefit, and soon "an imposing array of talented volunteers" were preparing to enact *Still Waters Run*

<sup>3</sup> A farce in one act by John M. Morton and F. C. Burnand. For the use of rare copies of this and other plays by Morton I am indebted to Dr. Franklin C. Vaughn of Denver.

<sup>4</sup> "Or, Too Attentive by Half," a farce by John M. Morton.

<sup>5</sup> Unknown. Is this T. H. Bayly's farce, *Swiss Cottage*, which the Thorne Star Company had performed on October 4, now retitled to sound like a new attraction? Strolling actors often had a cavalier way of juggling titles.

<sup>6</sup> Hal Sayre, "Early Central City Theatricals," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VI, No. 2 (March, 1929), 48.

<sup>7</sup> A melodrama by Tom Taylor.

<sup>8</sup> A farce by G. A. & Beckett.

*Deep* and *The Siamese Twins*<sup>8</sup> on October 29, for the benefit of Miss Louisa.

It is interesting to note that the spotlight seekers M'lle. Haydee picked up for this event were mostly prominent politicians who, according to the *Rocky Mountain News* for October 20, had just spouted from the same platform at Apollo Hall while founding the new "State of Jefferson" on October 10.

Among the imposing array were J. C. Moore, a silver-tongued Southerner soon to be elected Denver's first mayor; Dr. Drake McDowell, of a well-known St. Louis medical family; Judge H. P. A. Smith, whose favorite role was Iago; O. B. Totten, who promised to recite from *Richard III*; and Mr. Sanders, who consented to appear in "a favorite farce," an odd spot for the well-known squaw man and mountain scout.

While the politicians were rehearsing for *Still Waters*, the Haydee Sisters extended their operations. On Friday night, October 28, they announced, they would sponsor a "select ball" at the Apollo. "Let lovers of the amusement attend," said the *Rocky Mountain News* with some reserve.

Among those who attended was Tom Thorne. Tom had been faithful to the Haydee Sisters when his father and brother deserted the company. Now, suddenly, he fell from grace. According to a bit of gossip that traveled back to St. Louis, one of the Miss Wakely's "took the liberty of slapping Tom Thorne, Esq., in the face during the mazy dance."<sup>9</sup>

It was not revealed what Tom said or did to deserve the blow; but it was the end of him with the Haydee Star Company. For a while he hung around Denver playing billiards and reading books from the new circulating library, hoping perhaps to be forgiven. Then he drifted off to San Francisco, where he married an actress; and then to Hong Kong, where on August 5, 1864, he died of Asiatic cholera.<sup>11</sup> Exit Tom Thorne.

Twenty-four hours after the select ball, there was a new vexation. Louisa's benefit had to be postponed because Mr. Oscar Totten was indisposed (which in an amateur actor may mean ill, drunk, out of town, or just in a fit of stage fright or the sulks).

Haydee saw clearly that all her efforts with amateurs and walking gentlemen were not enough. To hold her audience against the charms of Cibola Hall, she needed a commanding actor of professional stature. Where could she find such an artist on this wild frontier?

<sup>9</sup> Dean G. Nichols, *Pioneer Theatres of Denver, Colorado*, Dissertation, University of Michigan, 1938. Typescript, p. 20.

<sup>10</sup> Melvin Schoberlin, *From Candles to Footlights* (Denver: The Old West Publishing Company, 1941), 274. Cf. T. Allston Brown, *History of the American Stage* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1871), 361.

<sup>11</sup> T. Allston Brown, *loc. cit.*

Just in the nick of time, down from the gulches came the answer to Haydee's problem, an answer with an Irish brogue on his tongue and the map of Ireland on his honest face—Mike Dougherty, the Irish comedian. Mike had been acting with Haydee at Leavenworth the previous spring<sup>12</sup> when the gold fever swept him up and carried him off ahead of the rest. He had uncovered the Mike Dougherty lode near Central City that summer. Now there was snow in the gulches, and Mike was back in Denver. On November 3, Haydee was able to put a jubilant "card" in the paper:

APOLLO THEATER.—Mil'e [sic] Haydee and Sisters, take great pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Denver and Auraria that they have effected an engagement with the distinguished Low Comedian and Vocalist, Mr. M. J. Dougherty, for six nights only, whose eccentric comicalities have created the greatest sensation in St. Louis, Pittsburg [sic], and all the Western Theatres. He will make his first appearance here on Tuesday evening, Nov. 8th. For programme see bills of the day.

N. B.—Free list suspended during his engagement, except the public press.

On November 8, the house was packed to see the new comedian perform in *Perfection*<sup>13</sup> and *The Omnibus*<sup>14</sup> and to hear him sing his favorite song of "Paddy's Wedding." His droll brogue and his funny faces brought down the house.

On Saturday, November 19, the company gave their new attraction a benefit performance. Mr. Byers gave it a boost on November 17:

Next week Mr. Dougherty retires to the pit, we mean his pit in Russell's gulch; where he has been industriously gathering gold the past summer. Give him a *stunner* before he leaves.

Of course he didn't leave. There was easier gold to be had at the Apollo box office. The other members of the company hastened to stage their benefits while Dougherty was with them to attract the golden shower. Flora got in early, on November 12, when she favored the audience with several choice ballads and a double polka with the charming *danseuse*, her older sister Haydee. On November 26, "several talented gentlemen of our city" supported M'lle. Haydee for her benefit in *The Factory Girl*, or *All That Glitters Is Not Gold*.<sup>15</sup>

Sam Hunter's admirers outdid Haydee's, for the next week they tendered him a complimentary benefit, which is to say that they paid the expenses, the box-office gross, instead of just the net, going to Sam. He excelled himself, said Mr. Byers; playing title roles in *Michael Erle*, *the Maniac*<sup>16</sup> and *Bombastes Furioso*.<sup>17</sup>

Even the Cibola Minstrels wanted to get into Dougherty's

<sup>12</sup> Leavenworth *Daily Times*, April 2, 1859, p. 3, col. 1.

<sup>13</sup> "Or, The Maid of Munster," a comedy by T. H. Bayly.

<sup>14</sup> "Or, A Convenient Distance," a farce by Isaac Pocock.

<sup>15</sup> A comic drama by J. M. and Thomas Morton.

<sup>16</sup> "Or, the Fyre Lass of Lichfield," a drama by T. E. Wilkes.

<sup>17</sup> A musical burletta by W. B. Rhodes.



MIKE DOUGHERTY

act. They offered him their hall and their services for a complimentary benefit. Mike was delighted to accept the offer. He and Sam Hunter decided to make the occasion their first appearance in black-face; Mike would even render a grand banjo solo.

"On the occasion of Dougherty's benefit," reported the *Missouri Democrat*, "the band formed a procession in the afternoon through the Cherry Creek cities, in an old fashion wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen, with large placards and flags waving, and proclaiming the aforegoing animals 'Dougherty's own bull team,' which catch aided not a little in packing

the hall that night as thick as they could hang from hooks from the roof."<sup>18</sup>

\* \* \* \*

In the meantime, however, great things had been happening at the Apollo—nothing less than the performance of the first original play to be written and performed on the gold frontier. I cannot say what spell red-haired Miss Louisa had cast over the Denver City amateurs when they played *Still Waters Run Deep* for her benefit; but she certainly had bewitched them somehow, probably just by being kind and gentle and good as she always was. She had no right to another benefit so soon; it was Jared's turn; but it was for Louisa that the new play was written and staged, just the same. On December 1, the *Rocky Mountain News* announced the great event thus:

APOLLO THEATRE.—Miss L. Wakely takes a benefit at this popular house on the evening of Wednesday, December 7th, on which occasion will be presented a new and original tragedy, written by a gentleman of this city, and entitled "Skataro, the Mountain Chieftain," the principal scenes of which are laid at this place, and in the mountains adjacent. It illustrates true to life, Indian characters, and the stirring adventures of the early pioneers of this country.

This exciting drama brought before the playgoers of the

<sup>18</sup> Schoberlin, *From Candles to Footlights*, 29.

gold frontier, and also into the lives of the Haydee Sisters, two extraordinary young men who had played heroic real-life parts in the stirring adventures of those "early days" just twelve months before.

Albert B. Steinberger and Edward Wanshear Wynkoop came to the gold diggings ahead of the rush. Ned Wynkoop was sent out from Kansas by Governor James W. Denver to be the first sheriff of Arapahoe County. Family tradition has it that it was he who gave the Governor's name to the city. In character he was daring, humane, and resolute; in appearance he was striking, six feet four inches tall and handsome in a dangerous-looking way, with his fierce moustaches and haughty, ice-blue eyes.

Albert Steinberger arrived without fanfare. It was only fifteen years later that he showed his unusual mettle. when he made himself white king of the South Sea Island of Samoa.<sup>19</sup>

When the City of Denver was founded in November, 1858, Ned and Al were chosen to hurry back to the settlements and carry the news. Their hairbreadth adventures on that daring winter journey must be passed over here. Escaping Indians and wolves, freezing and drowning, they finally arrived at Omaha in early January, 1859. There they were asked to write up their experiences for publication, and they did so. They left out the narrow escapes. What had impressed them most was the beauty of the mountains, and the fascination of the mountain men they met there.

They had crossed over the ranges in waist-deep snow to look down into South Park, "a most beautiful and romantic valley, meandered by streams . . . on the west . . . bounded by a great snowy ridge or range."<sup>20</sup>

They went on enthusiastically:

This section of the country has long been the chosen abode of many hardy, intrepid mountaineers; men who have grown old in experience, and become celebrated as Indian interpreters and guides. Around their cheering lodge-fires they tell the tales of their perils and their hardships, in the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, and on the great plains.

John Smith—whom the Indians call Tashonahata, or White Blanket—the celebrated Cheyenne interpreter—and said to be the only one living—has dwelt thirty years in the mountains. His experience extends over a vast area of country, from the head waters of the Missouri and the North Pass, to the confines of Mexico. This hardy pioneer and intelligent gentleman now dwells among the settlers of the South Platte, who all profit by his experience and knowledge.

William McGaa, better known as Jack Jones, long in the confidence of the Crow nation, the friend and associate of Jim Beckworth, the white chief of the Crows, is now permanently located at the mouth of Cherry creek. His fearlessness as an explorer and guide, and his well known hospitality,

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 274-275.

<sup>20</sup> William N. Byers and Jno. H. Kellom, *A Hand Book of the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas* (Chicago: D. B. Cooke & Co., New York: Derby and Jackson, 1859) (facsimile), 88.

have secured for him, among the settlers, an army of friends.

Antoine Jeniss, of wide celebrity for many years, is now encamped at the mouth of Thompson creek, with a large outfit and stock of provisions. Toil and privation have not damped the ardor of this *Prince of Mountaineers*. For years he has ridden, smoked, fought, and traded with the Utah Indians, who but seldom leave the fastnesses of their mountain home. Now, the same country he will penetrate at the head of a chosen party, and the result of his next spring's explorations may be looked for as one of the most important expeditions ever undertaken, looking, as it does, to a most complete examination of that great interior mountain region, where the golden fountain is believed to exist.

We are very truly yours, &c.

EDWARD W. WYNKOOP,  
ALBERT B. STEINBERGER.<sup>21</sup>

Albert Steinberger returned to the country of the mountain men in late spring, arriving in Denver with his mother and three brothers on May 31, 1859.<sup>22</sup> Ned Wynkoop, with his older brother George, led a party of pilgrims out of LeCompton, Kansas, in April,<sup>23</sup> and must have arrived, like Al, about the end of May.<sup>24</sup> Summer was spent panning gold; Ned had placer claims on Clear Creek, and they paid.<sup>25</sup>

When winter set in, the two young men were in Denver, where they whiled away tedium at the Apollo. Lovely Miss Louisa seems to have inspired them. For her sake Albert Steinberger marshalled his memories and dashed off *Skatara, the Mountain Chieftain*.

In this dramatic work, the writer tailored the leading roles to the measure of himself and his handsome friend, Ned; wrote in some ladies for the Haydee Sisters to play; enlisted friends and relations for the supporting cast; and put his play in rehearsal.

The Haydee Star Company must have had trouble with its final rehearsals, when on Monday, December 5, the mercury froze in the thermometers as the temperature plunged to forty-five degrees below zero. The one pot-bellied stove in the Apollo Hall cannot have helped much. But by Wednesday night the worst was over; the temperature was rising; and an audience, smelling like a tan-yard in buckskins, buffalo robes, fur hats, and mittens, gathered at the Apollo to see the Haydee Star Company enact, for Miss Louisa's benefit, the first Colorado play.

The twelve candles are lighted along the stage front, the green curtains part, and out steps, in full war paint and feathers—SKATARA, THE MOUNTAIN CHIEFTAIN—other-

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, 90-92.

<sup>22</sup> H. E. Bromwell, *Fifty-niners Directory; Colorado Argonauts of 1858-59*. Typescript at the Denver Public Library, Western History Division.

<sup>23</sup> LeRoy R. Hafen, editor, *Colorado Gold Rush* (Glendale, Calif.: the Arthur H. Clark Company, 1941), 271.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, 360.

<sup>25</sup> Edward Estill Wynkoop, "Life of Edward Wanshear Wynkoop," *Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society*, Vol. XIII, (Topeka, 1915), 73.

wise Albert B. Steinberger, the author himself. He declaims the Prologue:

"Far, amid the highlands of the west,  
Where brightly sinks the god of day to rest,  
Where mountains rear aloft their sombre front,  
And dark vales echo to the stirring hunt;  
Where roaring torrents plunge their rocky way,  
Upon the plains to seek the warmth of day . . .  
Great stirring centre of the land they don  
So proudly now; the State of Jefferson."

As the audience, though probably baffled by this odd rhetoric, cheers patriotically for the new State of Jefferson, the author bows and withdraws. Behind the scenes, Ned Wynkoop is ready for the play to begin, costumed in the fringed buckskins of a mountain man. He folds his long program and stuffs it into his "possibles" sack.

Later he will paste it into his scrapbook, where, somewhat mutilated, it survives to this day.<sup>26</sup>

On Wednesday Evening December 7, will be presented  
STEINBERGER'S Local Tragedy, in four acts.

SKATARA,  
or the  
Mountain Chieftain.

Skatara, war chief of the Utahs.....	A. B. Steinberger.
Agarantara, chief of the Utah nation.....	Dr. McDowell.
Hardicamp, a mountaineer.....	E. W. Wynkoop.
Recardo, Mexican half-breed.....	O. B. Totten.
Ralph Delany, leader of the expedition against the Utah nation.....	J. C. Moore.
Mark Malcolm, captain under Delany.....	J. A. Steinberger.
Geo. Whitmore, governor of the state of Jefferson.....	Geo. Wynkoop.
Capt. Standfast, captain of Denver Guards.....	J. W. Carter.
Terry O'Neal, servant to Gov. Whitmore.....	James McGargill.

Here Ned's program (literally) breaks off.

That incomplete program, with the fragmentary prologue that has been quoted from the *Rocky Mountain News* for December 1, 1859, is all the direct information we have about this, the first Colorado play.

Nevertheless, by adding to this scanty evidence all that we know about the author, the actors, and the taste of the audience, perhaps we may reconstruct Steinberger's tragedy with a fair hope of success.

Al Steinberger had certainly listened to the tales of the mountain men to some purpose. From them, and from his reading, he must have framed the impressions he was to weave into his portrait of the red warrior, Skatara, the Mountain Chieftain.

The prototype of Skatara is easy to perceive in Walkara (1808?-1855), the Hawk of the Mountains, the great Ute guerilla leader whose epic slave raids and horse-stealing forays were

<sup>26</sup> At the Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe, N. M.

already legendary, and whose private war on the Mormons kept Utah in a ferment in 1854-1855. Details might be drawn, too, from other Utes like Tierra Blanca, who massacred the folk of the Pueblo in 1854, or Big Elk, whose Yampa Utes had had to be put down by the military several years earlier.<sup>27</sup>

Naturally the author would choose the Utes. They were not in the least like the prosaic, dirt-encrusted Arapahoes that the miners could see any day hanging around Wootton's store

begging for "zucker." The Utes roamed free and romantic on the other side of the range. Now and then they would become troublesome, scalping some luckless prospectors or running off some horses, but that only added an agreeable spice of danger to the dish.

From the mountain men, Steinberger had heard tales of the Utes. Antoine Janis spoke of them from a twenty years' acquaintance. If, as Hafen thinks, John Smith was the original of Ruxton's Killbuck,<sup>28</sup> then he was a Ute squaw man, and had an inside story to tell. McGaa must have been full of information about Walkara, for his friend



EDWARD WANSHEAR WYNKOOP, 1861

Beckwourth rode with the desert Napoleon in his horse-stealing days.<sup>29</sup>

No doubt the writer fattened up the leading character that he planned to perform with the eloquence of many popular "noble savages" like the Last of the Mohicans, Wacousta the

<sup>27</sup> For these Ute leaders, see Paul Dayton Bailey, *Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains* (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1954), *passim*.

<sup>28</sup> George Frederick Ruxton, *Life in the Far West*, ed. LeRoy R. Hafen (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1951), 241-244 and *passim*.

<sup>29</sup> Bailey, *op. cit.*, 32-39.

Lion of the Forest, Oolaita the Si-oux Maiden, Metamora the Last of the Wampanoags, and twenty more like them.<sup>30</sup>

If Steinberger played the Indian "heavy," there is little doubt who played the romantic hero. It had to be Ned Wynkoop, the tallest and handsomest of the company, and a first-rate actor besides (as his subsequent acting career will prove). Probably Janis, whom the two young men had so much admired, was their model for the character of Hardicamp, a Mountaineer. No doubt the portrait was enriched from observation of Smith and McGaa, and from books like R. D. Bonner's *Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth* and Ruxton's *Life in the Rocky Mountains*.

Starting with these two leading characters, inventing suitable parts for the Haydee Sisters,<sup>31</sup> and recalling popular contemporary Indian novels and plays, the imagination perceives the probable trend of the plot of *Skatara*:

*The Governor's beautiful daughter (Miss Louisa) is captured by the Utah war chief. With her he carries off her pert French maid (Miss Flora) and the Governor's comical Irish servant, Terry O'Neal.*

In Terry O'Neal, it is clear, Steinberger had hopefully written a fine fat comic part for Mike Dougherty; but Mike disappointed him. He and Sam Hunter were mixed up with the Cibola Minstrels just then, getting ready for their debut in black-face. They both chose to sit this one out. The Cibolas rallied round, however, and loaned their Irish comic, Jim McGargill, for the part. He must have had a rollicking time with it. Terry would be "a foine broth av a braggadocio bhoy," boasting loudly of what "him and his shillelagh" would do to "ony ugly spalpeen av an Injun." The scene may be imagined. Here is Terry brandishing his shillelagh and boasting, till he suddenly gets a funny feeling, looks over his shoulder, does a classic "double take," realizes that a real Indian is scowling down on him, and his mop of red hair stands straight up on his head—thanks to that useful property which was then so popular, a "fright wig," worked by a string.

But to return to our imaginary synopsis:

*Among the Utahs the white captives encounter Recardo, the Mexican half-breed, a low, sly varmint just suited to the talents of O. B. Totten, who specialized in that other low, sly varmint, Richard III. Recardo is up to no good. The captured whites also meet two nobler figures, Hardicamp, the mountain*

<sup>30</sup> See Arthur Hobson Quinn, *A History of the American Drama* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1923), 269-275.

<sup>31</sup> Thirty-seven years later, Louisa reminisced to a reporter from the *Daily Denver Times*, and showed him the truncated program of *Skatara*. In his article (Dec. 31, 1896, p. 12, col. 5) he mixed things up. He had understood Louisa to say that she played in *Skatara* under her maiden name of Kendall; which is nonsense. Her maiden name was Brown (or Wakely, for her step-father). She may have mentioned, in another connection, a Denver actress named Mollie Kendall, who joined the Langrishe troupe in 1861 (Schoberlin, *op. cit.*, 59), and retired in 1862, to marry a Mr. Gilman (Edward Bliss, "Denver to Salt Lake by Overland Stage," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 5, September, 1931), 192-193. It is not totally impossible that Miss Kendall did join the cast of *Skatara*, but there is no evidence to make it probable.

*man, and his adoring, dark-eyed Indian maiden (M'lle Hay-dee).*

*The military men set off in pursuit. But in the end it will be handsome Hardicamp who saves the Governor's daughter from a fate worse than death, in hand-to-hand combat with his former friend, Skatara, the Utah war chief.*

*Deserted by Hardicamp, now in love with the white beauty, the Utah maiden throws herself to death from Indian Leap, and Hardicamp, remorseful, expires on her lifeless form.*

*The Governor of the State of Jefferson restores his daughter to the arms of her fiance' (young Carter as Capt. Standfast, for choice), pronounces some fine sentiments about peace with the Indians, and bows as the curtains close.*

Such must have been the general shape of the first Colorado play. It would be pleasant to report that it was a howling success; but the fact is that even Editor Byers could not bring himself to howl. Booster as he was for the Haydee Sisters, the drama, and the State of Jefferson, he nevertheless silently concluded, it appears, that the less said about *Skatara*, the better. There was no review. Nevertheless, though unencouraged, the troupe staged the tragedy once more before Christmas.

In January, the irrepressible Mike Dougherty turned the tragedy into a burlesque, and on January 11, the *Rocky Mountain News* admitted: "'Skatara, the Mountain Chief,' not proving the success anticipated, has been remodeled by a 'Pike's Peaker', and put upon the boards under the name of 'Skatterer, the Mountain Thief,' with much better success."

\* \* \* \*

Still and all, Louisa had had her second benefit, and pocketed the proceeds; the amateurs had had a high old time in their war paint and gaudy uniforms; and Christmas was coming.

To the three London-born actresses, Christmas meant just one thing—the traditional English Christmas pantomime. They determined to stage one for the Pikes Peak miners.

"A Christmas Pantomime . . ." announced the *Rocky Mountain News* on December 21, 1859.

"We understand that it is the intention of the M'lle Hay-dee and sisters to produce a pantomime on Christmas eve, introducing the time-honored characters of 'Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantomimic.' Mr. Hunter is busy preparing the necessary tricks and transforming apparatus. M'lle Haydee will personate Harlequin, her sister Flora, Columbine, with Dougherty and Hunter as Clown and Pantomimic. No expense will be spared . . ."

It was a staggering undertaking for a tiny company in a makeshift frontier theatre; but with characteristic courage Haydee and Sam tackled it.

It is unlikely that Sam was able to manage such disappearance effects as the "bristle trap" and the "star trap," both of which were essentially holes in the stage floor arranged,

either with stiff bristles or with pie-slices of leather, so as to be invisible until the Demon King suddenly leaped on the center—and disappeared through the floor. The customers in the saloon below the stage were busy drinking, dining, or playing billiards; they would not have taken kindly to a Demon King suddenly landing among them. For disappearances, Sam would have to fall back on the “roll-out,” a loose flap at the bottom of the painted canvas scenery.



LOUISA WAKELY WYNKOOP

On Christmas Eve the weather was mild and pleasant, and a good crowd gathered to see *The Gold Seekers*.<sup>32</sup> The pantomime, performed for the benefit of “the young and fascinating favorite Miss Flora,” as the faithful Byers called her, was such a success that it had to be repeated twice in Christmas

Quick changes would be easier. A hinged panel could be painted on both sides, hooked back, and suddenly let drop to change from palace to hovel. Actors could go from youth to age by wearing two costumes at once, and dropping the top one when the magic moment came.

The subject matter of Haydee’s pantomime, of course, must be GOLD. There was that old California gold rush play that had been revived in Leavenworth, “for the benefit of the gold fever,”<sup>32</sup> while Haydee was rehearsing for her debut there. Probably she would re-tailor it to fit her small company and the Denver scene.

week. With that third performance, M’lle. Haydee and Sisters closed their first Denver season.

As the three girls saw the Old Year out, they must have been well satisfied with what it had brought them. They had crossed the plains to the gold frontier, and had had a hand in the opening of the first Colorado theatre. They had survived desertion; they had recruited new actors; they had performed the first original Colorado play, and the first Christmas pantomime. Now they looked forward to the New Year of 1860, when they would take the Haydee Star Company on the road.

<sup>32</sup> Leavenworth *Daily Times*, Mar. 23, 1859, p. 3, col. 1.

<sup>33</sup> Possibly to be identified with *The Gold Seekers*, or, *The Outcasts of Anzaca*, or, *The Dying Gift*, by Henry P. Grattan (Melvin Schoberlin, *From Candles to Footlights*, M.A. thesis, Colorado State College of Education, Greeley, Colo., 1939, typescript, Appendix B, List of Plays).

## Pioneering On The St. Vrain

By ZERELDA CARTER GILMORE

Zerelda Carter was born in Iowa in 1855, and moved to Missouri with her family when she was an infant. When she was six years old, her father, J. C. Carter, brought the family to Colorado, where they pioneered on the St. Vrain. Because of the illness of Mrs. Carter, the family returned to Missouri in 1868.

In 1872, Zerelda Carter married Willis P. Gilmore in Missouri. Four years later they joined a wagon train headed towards Montana. They were driving horses and mules, and arrived in the Gallatin Valley in September, 1872. There they farmed and raised cattle until 1890.

Mrs. Cora E. Van Deusen of Hamilton, Montana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, says, "Mother gave birth to eleven children. We all grew up except a girl and boy, both of whom died of scarlet fever in the Gallatin Valley at the ages of two and four. Mother also raised one of my father's nephews—which made twelve of us.

"In 1890, Mother and Father decided to seek a warmer climate. With wagons and teams they drove to Boise Valley in Idaho. In that fertile, fruit-growing section they lived ten years, then followed an urge to return to Montana. This time they settled in the Bitter Root Valley at Hamilton where they lived out their lives.

"It was my great privilege to stay with them during their last eight years, and to do what little I could to help them during the last rough end of their long trail. My father died in 1934. He was nearing eighty-seven. Mother died in her eighty-fourth year in 1939.

"Mother always wanted to return to Colorado. She had not wanted to leave there, and she always longed to go back. I am sure that when her soul took flight it went straight to Colorado to the old rock ledge on the St. Vrain, of which she so often spoke. She kept no diary but her mind was always keen and alert up to the last days of her life. Although she was a young child when her family went to Colorado, she recalled the trip and the life there, and I think relived it, for so many of her sentences written in her reminiscences were in the present tense. She wrote this manuscript during her seventies."  
—Editor.

J. C. Carter, my father, made a trip (from Missouri) to Colorado in the year 1860, to look at the country with the intentions of moving west if everything was satisfactory. He started in early spring and spent the summer. Denver was a small town. After looking around he heard of a place he thought would suit him. He went thirty-five miles north of Denver to the St. Vrain River. He took up a piece of land, built a cabin, and did all the work he could. He returned in the fall, well pleased with what he had found. He brought beets of enormous size and very large potatoes. Some very fine wild fruit was put in alcohol for samples. He thought Colorado a good country, worth going to, even if it was a hard trip and a long way to travel.

J. C. Carter began to prepare for this trip in the winter of 1860. When spring came with its nice, warm weather, he was ready to start. His party consisted of J. C. Carter, his wife, Elizabeth Carter, and two children, Zerelda (myself), and George Carter, Ellen Morton, his niece, and Sheldon

Matthews, his wife's brother, and a young man named Allen Davis. A doctor told Matthews and Davis they had consumption and a change of climate might make them well.

We left Green Castle, Sullivan County, Missouri, in the early part of April, 1861. We had two yoke of oxen on one wagon, and one yoke of oxen with one yoke of cows on the other wagon. I said, "Father, why do we have to have oxen? I don't like them. They are so slow." He said, "The Indians won't steal our oxen and leave us in the desert to perish for water."

In a few years I knew why father said chickens were scarce. They were not to be had so they took a box of six hens and a rooster on one wagon. They took a great many necessaries for they were going where they could not get them.

There were several wagons after they got started, and more came in every day, until we got to the Missouri River. It wasn't many days until we were out of settlement. The country was so dry and hot. There was so little water. But we could haul water and it was good.

The first Indian that made a great impression on us was a boy. He and some others came to camp. The boy had his bow and arrow. Some birds were flying up high in the air. When they got just right, he shot. They turned. He shot again. Two birds fell and all done so quickly. The men began to talk what good shots the Indians were. Father knew in after years.

We were a long way out on the plain where there was not a stick of wood, no timber of any kind. It was a job to gather buffalo chips. They were scarce. It was a task to get enough to cook with. The driest of them made a hot fire. We went a long ways from camp sometimes to gather them. We had not seen any Indians for a long time.

One day we camped where there was a hill practically straight up and down. At the bottom there was a little stream. Out we children went, down the buffalo hill. It was very steep. When we got to the bottom something went hoosh! hoosh! We looked up. There were Indians' heads peeping at us. The children began to scream and try to go up the steep hill, but would fall and roll down the hill until they were all worn out. One of the largest girls got up to camp. The men came out. There was no more trouble with the children. They never left camp again.

We had been on the road so long we were getting all worn out. The days were so hot. Yes, very hot. Our oxen went so slowly, but every day counted a little. All we saw were Indians. Every day lots of them. They were peaceable, but they annoyed us. They were begging all the time. They wanted something to eat or something we had.

One morning a party of Indians came to our wagons. A young warrior wanted to trade ponies for Cousin Ellen.

Father said, "No! Me no trade." Then the warrior said, "Me give you one, two, three, four, five ponies for her. Heap good horses."

Father replied, "Me no trade! No trade!" The Indian understood, and after awhile he left.

Cousin Ellen heard them and was very frightened. Not one Indian ever saw her face again. She watched, and when she saw Indians coming, she hid in the wagon with her face covered. Ellen was very pretty. She was thirteen years old.

We reached the South Platte. There was a small settlement there. Mr. Raney, who was with our party, said he was going to stop. We all were so fond of Mrs. Raney that we didn't want them to stop. My father tried to influence Mr. Raney to go on with the train. The Raney's did not seem to understand they had so little protection from the Indians in the settlement. Mr. Raney said, "This is good enough for me." So they pulled for the settlement and five other wagons with them.

We were in sight of the mountains. We could see Long's Peak a little plainer every night. Our train all went the Denver road. We branched off and traveled alone. No settlement. We never saw a person. We just kept going on and on. Then we came to a nice river. Not one person or house to be seen. It looked pretty lonesome. A great rock ledge came into view. It ran north and south. We wanted to camp there for dinner, and the boys said they wanted to examine the holes in the rock. They said, "It looks like wild animals live there."

Father said, "You can do that some other day." We drove around the ledge and went west. Very soon father drove into and crossed a nice meadow. The grass was very tall, and there was a log cabin! Father drove up to the cabin. "This is my place and our home. Yes, this is our home."

After weeks and months of traveling west we could stand in the yard by the house and still look west. Long's Peak stood there in all her glory with her beautiful tall snow-capped ridges and clear blue sky, making a pleasing scene.

We were all tired and worn out. This home looked good to us, even though it was the roughest looking cabin—a fireplace to cook on, one little window, a dirt floor, no door. That night the men got lots of wood and water. A spring was very close. They made a big fire and we sat by the firelight and made our beds on the floor. We had a pleasant evening. Mother brought some candles she had in a box. We had a box we had never used. She had her candle molds with her for future use.

We went to bed for a good night's sleep, but about midnight when all was quite still there came a noise. What was that? The dog was acting as though he was going to be eaten up. Father got up and stirred the fire. And into the cabin the dog dashed. When all was still again the boys got up and

peeked out the door. The boys said, "John, put on another log. Mother, light the candle."

They kept a fire that night. The dog never ventured out. We thought it might be a bear, but when morning came and they could see the tracks, they decided it was a mountain lion.

The first thing in the morning father went to work taking the side boards off the wagon bed to make us a door. Father soon had a good door made. We felt safer. The candle light and the fire had saved us.

Many months passed since we put in our first night on the St. Vrain, during which we had many lonesome days, for there was not a neighbor woman in the valley. The only inhabitants were men. They were fine neighbors, all nice men, very kind and accommodating. Two of them were the Weese brothers, cattlemen. We did wish we had more neighbors like them.

I know mother must have gotten very lonesome, but she never said much. She tried to keep her courage up and ours, too. I sometimes think. It was not long until father and the boys had built us a nice cabin with windows and doors, a fireplace, and a good floor. He built a nice, big cellar, a milk house—all out of logs. We put up lots of hay. We had to mow it with a scythe. We raised potatoes enough to do us through the winter. It was a good thing, for potatoes were scarce. They sold for a dollar a pound.

Father and mother had a daughter born to them December 11, 1861. They named her Mary Jane Carter. I believe she was the first white child born on the St. Vrain River.

Father took a load of hay to Denver. He got \$60.00 for the hay. He gave \$50.00 for fifty pounds of flour. They would not sell more than one sack of flour to a person.

We lived mostly on potatoes and wild meat. We had milk and that was a great help. The winter was cold but our cabin was warm.

A year or more passed away, and then one summer our community settled up almost in a month. Houses were built. It was not so lonesome then. A good many families came. But settlers had their troubles. The Indians were a constant terror to the whites. They came in the night and took what they wanted. They wouldn't let a white man keep a horse in the valley. They stole every one that was brought there. It was so far to Denver if we needed anything, but the oxen were the standby for they were always there. One night father got up. He was always very cautious. He went to the window. The moon was shining. There were Indians at his corral where his oxen and cows were shut up. They were very quiet; not one sound. They looked over in the corral, and one of them rode around the corral to the others. There were twelve altogether. They talked awhile, then rode off very quietly. It taught father



to be on the watch, but it didn't do any good to be watchful. The Indians had the advantage.

Father got out logs for a big barn. He kept his pony out in the brush, chained and locked with a padlock to a big tree. There were wild animals around there. One of the neighbors came for the evening. He wanted to see father. He knocked. When father opened the door there was a scream outside. Then it screamed again.

Father said, "Something has been following you."

The neighbor said, "Yes, I know." He stayed all night. In the morning the men got Mr. Swallow, the bear hunter, and his dog. They followed the tracks for two miles, and killed a large panther.

The summer went by, and with the passing of autumn father took typhoid fever. It kept us worried for a long time. Doctor Goodwin, who had come west during the summer for his health, settled five miles from us. He helped us out. He got father up, and while father was gaining his strength, the boys kept the work up. They were getting bigger and stronger. Then winter came.

I hated the long nights for I had to make the candles for the light and it took so many. We sat a good deal by the light of the pitch wood. We had no mail route. It was about thirty-five miles to the nearest post office—Denver City. The oxen went so slow, and very little mail did we get.

Allen Davis and Sheldon Matthews took a load of hay to Denver and a load of vegetables. Hay was \$65.00 per ton. The boys paid \$55.00 for a fifty pound sack of flour. The merchant was not going to let them have any flour. He said that there was not enough flour to keep the women and children in the country and town from starving until spring.

The boys then told the merchant there were three children, a woman, and a sick man where they lived. Then the merchant let them have flour saying, "This is for the sick and the children." The merchant said to the boys, "You can hunt. That is better than starving."

When Uncle Sheldon came home and told mother he said, "Lizzy, our hopes are in the jackrabbits."

"Yes, brother, and that won't be too bad. John has just found out that the rabbits come to the haystack and feed every night. They are eating the hay from our stock and are going to starve the stock."

The jackrabbits came in great numbers. They were easy to get. Father killed eight of the big, white beauties. They were white as snow and very good eating. No, we didn't starve. We had potatoes and other vegetables. Mr. Swallow brought us a quarter of a grizzly bear and we had milk. Vegetables with rabbit and bear made a nice roast, so we got through the winter. Lots of people didn't have that much.

Mother said, "What is bothering me most, Sheldon, is getting the cooking done, for the fireplace is made to throw out heat. It is so hot around the fireplace that it just cooks our heads. It makes us so sick. John said this morning that he was going to surprise his cooks some of these days. I know it couldn't be very soon."

I wondered what father had meant.

*The winter of 1863.*

It was windy and cold with lots of snow. Father gained very slowly. His food was not strengthening enough. We had no sweets of any kind. Sugar was never thought of. There was no coffee. Lots of hot water. Mother and father very seldom ate any bread. There was none on the table. When my brother would cry for bread, mother would find some for us. There would be a little biscuit on our plate. There was no flour for the older people; it was out of the question. The only substitute was parched corn. We had but little of that. Seed corn could not be gotten at planting time.

Oh! My! How I hated to parch the corn. It made my head ache. It just baked my brain to be near the fire, it was so hot. Every day it got worse. I used to think sometimes that I would be glad when the corn was gone. Everything that we ate was cooked over the fireplace.

There was no tallow for candles. None to be had. The cattlemen furnished us, but the market was too good, and it was soon gone. We lived by the light the pitch wood made in the fireplace. The evenings were so long and lonesome. My brother George begged father to play the fiddle all the time. If father stopped for a rest, the next thing would be, "Pa, I want to dance." We both danced to father's music.

My eyes would get full of sand, and there were dark shadows everywhere, but I never wanted to go to bed.

*Summer of 1863.*

We had good weather; beautiful days. Father did a lot of improving. We all worked to make life more pleasant. One day I was standing close to the house. I saw father come a running to the house, and take down his gun. He walked away very fast toward the river. I was all excited and went to mother, but she had not seen him. She said there might be wild game near, as the antelope came to the river to get water when the cattle were there. On the north side of the river there was a meadow of native hay. After awhile father came back, put up his gun and went to the pasture. He got a yoke of oxen and was hitching them up when George and I went to him.

"Can't we go for a ride?" George asked.

"Climb in," father said. "Zerelda, you go and get my ox whip. Do you know mine?"

"Yes, I guess I do," I answered.

Father told me where his whip hung, but I did not think it made any difference, but I found out. I got a whipping for getting Dick Latham's whip. Father said he could not use Dick's whip, it was too heavy. This was the first and only whipping my father ever gave me, and it was only two lashes.

We moved slowly. We crossed the river. It was very rocky in the ford, but was nice going through the meadow. George was very excited over the little calves everywhere. We crossed the meadow and followed the road that went to the mountains where we got our house logs. The sagebrush was large and thick. Father drove out and turned around, and there lay two antelope. He carried them to the road and loaded them. Then we were homeward bound. Father began to urge the oxen to go a little faster, and he kept urging them until he got them to trotting pretty lively. He was raising the whip when I looked in the direction that he was looking. I got on my knees. I could see heads coming through the sagebrush.

Father said, "Children, sit down and hold to the wagon bed and don't move for I'm going to make the oxen run." He sure used the whip on them.

When I looked again, I could see it was Indians. They were coming fast. It was a race. The old oxen moved faster across that meadow than they ever did again. The Indians were gaining on us all the time. We could see them plainly and were sure they were Indians. Father kept whipping the oxen. Down the river bank we went. The wagon almost bounced us out; the rocks were so rough, and father kept the oxen running. We were almost home. Then we couldn't see the Indians for the brush and timber on the river bank. We were sure glad for once.

We had had a good scare, and it lasted a long time. George never wanted the oxen to trot again. He never bothered father about going along for a ride, no matter where he went. The antelope was good, and we needed it for food was scarce in those days.

Those red men just haunted me. I could see them all the time. Mother let me churn and try to do things to forget them. We had good sale for all our butter and eggs. Mr. Ramsey came once a week and got them. He paid a good price and took them to Denver.

#### *The fall and winter of 1863.*

It was long and cold. The snow was very deep. There was lots of wind. Father's barn was good. It had big, double lumber doors, and he kept them locked night and day. The Indians couldn't get our horses. No one was so well defended against the Indian raids as he was.

Sometimes the wind blew all day from Long's Peak. We could see the beauty of the peak, and we also knew what it

could do. We often had those wind storms both winter and summer. They were very disagreeable. The men never tried to work, but just stayed in the house all day. We could hardly walk in the wind. It took the roof off the neighbor's house. Father and the hired man went to help fix it. One good thing, it did not rain during those wind storms.

You will remember Allen Davis coming west with J. C. Carter, and of him having lung trouble. He had gotten well. He had been out to work for some months. One night after twelve o'clock someone called, "John." Father knew his voice, so got up and let him in. Father said, "What is the matter, Allen?"

Allen said, "I am going back to Missouri. I made that vow if I ever got out alive when the cattle had me surrounded. For hours they came so close I could feel their breath, but they did not strike me. I kept them back with rocks. I got to a boulder patch and stayed there and when it began to get a little dark, I threw my hat and coat to them. And while they were examining them, I laid down on my face and began to slide backwards, slowly edging backward for a long ways. After while I got out of their sight because I was on a downhill grade. Then, when I stood up I was lost in the darkness for I did not know the country, but here I am."

His clothes were in rags from sliding on the rough ground. "I am going to start back east soon," he stated. He said that he was not afraid of Indians, but hundreds of wild cattle were something different. He thought there was no chance for his life.

We felt badly about Allen going back to Missouri.<sup>1</sup> He was our fisherman. They never would let me go fishing because of the Indians. But when Allen was there he took his gun, and then we went fishing. We got lots of fish, lots of nice trout. Now I had to say good-bye to fishing.

Mother had the erysipelas and was very sick. Father had Doctor Goodwin come down from Central City. It was a long ways, more than fifty miles. Mother got better, and we were in good spirits; so were the Indians. They were stealing lots of horses from the settlers, but we did not lose any.

The spring of 1864 was late and cold. Father came back from a trip to Denver, and he gave us a surprise. It was what we needed most. It was a cook stove—a great comfort. We had cooked for three years on the fireplace. Now the men could sit by the fireplace while we cooked without getting our heads hot and having headaches all the time.

Father and mother had a son born on March 14, 1864. They named him John W. Carter.

With the spring came troubles. One of the neighbor women

<sup>1</sup>I saw Allen Davis when he was in his seventies. He was married, and well and strong.—*Author.*

took sick. Her husband came to father to help him out. Could he spare Ellen Morton? She was father's youngest sister's child. Her parents were both dead. She lived with us.

Father could not refuse him. She had been there a few days, when one night after dark, a man came and told her that her Uncle John Carter had sent for her and that her aunt was very sick. She went with him. It was two days before father heard of it. They thought that she had been stolen. They followed a wagon train that they thought she might be in, but they never found her. We never heard of her.

My father seeded a good many acres that spring. He planted lots of sugar cane. Father had made a sugar cane mill to grind the cane so we could have some sweets. We churned every two days. Mother made a good-sized cheese besides butter. She got from ten to twelve dollars for a cheese.

The settlers got together and built a school house for the community. It was of plain board with just plain benches. They hired a teacher. Our school commenced early. We had three months of school. The teacher boarded around—a week with a family. There were ten children in the school. A Sunday School was organized, and a prize was offered to the one that memorized the most verses. I memorized the Book of John, the Baptist, and got the prize. The men organized a debating society and bought a library of books. Their debates were on Sunday afternoon. We all enjoyed Sunday.

The settlers were getting afraid of the Indians, so they built a fort near Boulder City.<sup>2</sup> That was twelve miles from us. The Indians were killing lots of people, and were getting worse all the time. The governor called for men for one hundred days' service.<sup>3</sup> My father enlisted. That made it hard on us. A man not physically strong enough for service came and offered Uncle Sheldon his help on the place to finish harvesting our crop. The Indians were killing the drivers and destroying the freight. It looked like the people might starve, as there was not enough raised to carry them over the winter. Those were dark days for us all.

One afternoon about four o'clock a man came running and said, "Mrs. Carter, take your children and go to the fort."

Mother asked why. Then he said, "The Indians are organized in parties coming up the river. They are going to kill all in this settlement."

"Is John coming home tonight?" Mother wanted to know.

Mr. Styles said, "No. They won't let a man leave the fort."

<sup>2</sup> Early in the spring of 1864, the settlers organized a "Home Guard" company called the "Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards." They built Fort Junction at the confluence of the Boulder and St. Vrain rivers for protection of their families.—Augusta Hauck Block, "Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards and Fort Junction," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVI, No. 5 (September, 1939), 186-191.

<sup>3</sup> In August, 1864, Governor John Evans called for volunteers for the "One Hundred Days" regiment to fight Indians. These men were led by Colonel John M. Chivington.—*Editor*.

They are working them all. You had better hurry." And off he ran.

Uncle Sheldon was out working. Mother got him and the team of horses. We threw some bedding in the wagon and something to eat, and started for the fort. When we got out into the foothills it became dark. It was so dark Uncle Sheldon could not tell which road to take, so we were lost. After a while we saw a light. Uncle walked and picked the way while mother drove. We came to the light. There was a lone woman in the house. Her husband was at the fort. We stopped there for the night. Later a woman and three children came in. They had wandered all over the hills. The woman had worried until she was out of her mind. When they asked her what her name was, she said, "I don't know." She talked Indians all the time. All night she could see the Indians. She kept everybody busy.

The whole settlement along the St. Vrain had the same scare. Some took their money and jewelry and put them in buckets and buried them. After the scare they could not remember where they put them. Those who had no horses, gathered in a big log house, with their arms and ammunition. They put in the night watching, but the Indians did not come high up on the St. Vrain. They did their killing on the Platte where Mr. and Mrs. Raney had stopped.

Harvesting the sugar cane fell to mother and me. Father had gone with the army—the Hundred Days Men.<sup>4</sup> We were a long time—many days a stripping the sugar cane; then we cut it. Uncle Sheldon hauled it to the mill. My brother George drove the horses to grind the cane. Boiling the juice into syrup was a tiring job. It took so long, but the thought of something sweet kept up our courage. We had lots of syrup and some to sell. George said, "We will have all the candy we can eat once more." \* \* \* \* \*

Zerelda Carter Gilmore recorded in her memoirs that her father took part in the Sand Creek fight on November 29, 1864. She said there were Indian women in the camp but that the soldiers did not shoot them, "until the women began shooting the soldiers with poisoned arrows."

She said that John Carter began his return home from the army the day before Christmas, 1864, but was taken sick with erysipelas. During the long illness which followed, a friend, Bill Burnett, helped take care of him and worked his farm. After her father's recovery, the family experienced a flood on the St. Vrain, as did many of their neighbors. Zerelda walked two and a half miles to school, eager to get an education. Her grandfather, William P. Matthews, was killed by lightning, and her Uncle Sheldon died from tuberculosis. Her father later rented his farm and took his family back to Missouri, where Mrs. Carter died on February 11, 1869. Zerelda never forgot those early years on the St. Vrain in Colorado.—*Editor*.

<sup>4</sup> John C. Carter enrolled August 19, 1864, in Company D, Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, commanded by Captain David Nichols. He was honorably discharged on Jan. 3, 1865, at Denver, Colorado. He died on May 30, 1903.—*Letter from Veterans Administration*, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C., Feb. 1, 1961, to Mrs. Cora E. Van Deusen, Hamilton, Montana.