

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXIX

Denver, Colorado, October, 1952

Number 4

Fort St. Vrain

LEROY R. HAFEN

As a supplement to their famous Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, the Bent and St. Vrain Company established on the South Platte the fur trade post of Fort St. Vrain. The river valley from the mouth of Platte Canyon, above Denver, to the vicinity of Beaver Creek (site of present Brush), was prized Indian country, the special homeland of the Arapahoes and a region frequented by the Cheyennes and Sioux and occasionally visited by the Crows, Pawnees, Shoshones, and Blackfeet. This valley was good territory for trade with the Indians and to it the white fur men came with their blankets, beads, and trinkets to barter with the natives.

As the demand and price for beaver skins declined in the 1830s the economic base of the fur trade of the area had shifted from beaver pelts to buffalo robes. Whereas the pelts had been procured by white trapping, the robes were "made" by the Indians and were obtained through trade with them.

To handle the traffic a number of trading posts sprang up in the West. The most famous of these in the Southwest was Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. The role of this notable institution is reserved for discussion at another time. From that principal fort, Bent and St. Vrain had been sending trading agents to the South Platte region for a number of years before they established a regular post in the area.

Louis Vasquez and Andrew W. Sublette, who were operating in the South Platte district during the early 1830s, were the first to build an adobe fort as a trade center and depot in the area.¹ The advantages thus gained induced other traders to make their competition more effective by building similar posts. Three additional trading posts, or forts, were erected along the South Platte in 1837. These were: Fort Lupton, built by Lancaster P. Lupton;²

¹See the articles on Louis Vasquez and A. W. Sublette in the *Colorado Magazine*, X, 14-21 and 179-84. Vasquez and Sublette were given a trading license by William Clark in 1835.

²See L. R. Hafen, "Old Fort Lupton and Its Founder," in the *Colorado Magazine*, VI, 220-26.

Fort Jackson, by Sarpy and Fraeb,³ and Fort St. Vrain (first known as Fort Lookout), by Bent and St. Vrain. Our present concern is with the last named post. It was located on the east side of the South Platte, near the edge of the bluff overlooking the river bottom. The fort was about six miles northwest of present Platteville and about one and one-half miles below the mouth of the St. Vrain fork of the Platte.

Contemporary data about this fort and its competitors during the first years are very fugitive and fragmentary. But let us assemble the references available.

In 1836 Robert Newell was employed by Bent and St. Vrain and reached Bent's Fort in July. That fall he accompanied William Bent to the South Platte and then was given barter goods and was directed to trade with the Cheyennes throughout the winter. He returned to the Arkansas in the spring of 1837 and settled his accounts.

In May I left the South Fork platte, [writes Newell] returned to the arkansas fort Settled with Bent & St.vrain returned to the platte with animals delivered up my winters trade made preparations to leave the mountains in a few days all was ready we left Sublette & Vasques fort on the 19th of may our party now consists of three P thompson myself and a man we engaged to assist us in packing our little baggage Sublette & Vasques fort is about 12 miles from the mountain near longs peak.⁴

Apparently, when he left the South Platte in May to go with Philip Thompson to the Green River country, Fort Vasquez was the only trading post on the South Platte.

Bent and St. Vrain's adobe fort must have been erected in the summer and fall of 1837. The earliest document we have found that names this post is a receipt to "Frab and Sarpie" for \$32, signed by Bent and St. Vrain, and dated "Fort Lookout, April 11, 1838."⁵

The one-year trading license issued by William Clark to Bent and St. Vrain on July 26, 1838, listed the following places for trade with the Indians: "At Fort William [Bent] on the North side of the Arkansas River 40 miles north of the Spanish Peaks . . . At Fort Lookout, on the South Fork of the River Platte, about 15 miles east of the Rocky Mountains, and twelve miles above the junction of the Cache la Poudre with the Platte; . . ."⁶ The similar

³L. R. Hafen, "Fort Jackson and the Early Fur Trade on the South Platte," in the *Colorado Magazine*, V, 9-17.

⁴Memorandum of Robert Newell's Travels in the territory of Missouri, manuscript in the library of the University of Oregon at Eugene, pages 41-42.

⁵This receipt is in the Chouteau-Maffit Collection (Cal. no. 726), at the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. Weather conditions would not have permitted the erection of an adobe fort in 1838, prior to April 11.

⁶Statement of licenses granted by William Clark, in Indian Affairs files, National Archives, Washington, D.C. The preceding license issued to Bent and St. Vrain, on November 8, 1836, was for two years and listed as places for trade: "Fort William on the north side of the Arkansas River, . . . at a point on the Fork of the river Platte . . . 12 miles above the junction of the Cache la Poudre with the Platte . . ." It names no fort as being in existence at this point on the South Platte in the fall of 1836.

license of July 30, 1839, also listed Fort William and Fort Lookout as authorized places for trade by Bent and St. Vrain.

The volume of trade on the South Platte was not sufficient to support four trading posts, so most of them were shortlived; and even the last survivor was not maintained the year round after the middle 1840s.

The first to be given up was Fort Jackson. In July, 1838, Sarpy and Fraeb sold the post and all its contents to Bent and St. Vrain. The transfer was effected in October, as reported by Abel Baker, Jr. He wrote to his former employers as follows from "Fort Lookout April 1st, 1839."

Your favor of the 25th July last came duly to hand pr Mr. Wm Bent Oct 3rd last upon receipt of which I delivered Messrs. Bent St Vrain & Co. Fort Jackson, with its merchandise Peltries Live Stock, utensils etc etc with an inventory of the same . . .⁷

The South Platte forts were visited in 1839 by a number of travelers, one of whom has given us some data about the posts. This visitor was F. A. Wislizenus, a German doctor from St. Louis, who had followed the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall and was returning to the States by way of Fort Davy Crockett and the forts on the South Platte. Writing in German, he spelled the names of the three occupied forts as he pronounced them: "Penn's [Bent's] and St. Vrain's fort, Vasquez and Sublette's and Lobdon's [Lupton's] fort." "The construction," he continued, "is the customary one; the outer walls are of half-baked brick. There is much rivalry and enmity between the three forts."⁸

Robert Shortess and a part of the original T. J. Farnham Company, heading for Oregon, spent six weeks at Bent and St. Vrain's fort on the South Platte in the fall of 1839. Shortess, in the account of his journey, does not describe the fort, but merely reports: "There were at that time three forts within 10 miles on the South Platte, viz.: Lubton's, Sublette and Vasquez', Bent and St. Vrain's."⁹

Fort Vasquez was sold by Vasquez and Sublette in 1840 or 1841, to Lock and Randolph, who abandoned the post in 1842.¹⁰

On his first far western expedition J. C. Fremont, on July 9, 1842, reached the camp of Baptiste Charbonneau,¹¹ the son of Sacajawea, the famous Bird Woman who accompanied Lewis and

⁷*Colorado Magazine*, V, 16.

⁸The edition in English is F. A. Wislizenus, *A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1839* (St. Louis, 1912), 137.

⁹Robert Shortess, *Transactions of the Twenty-fourth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1896*, 32-107.

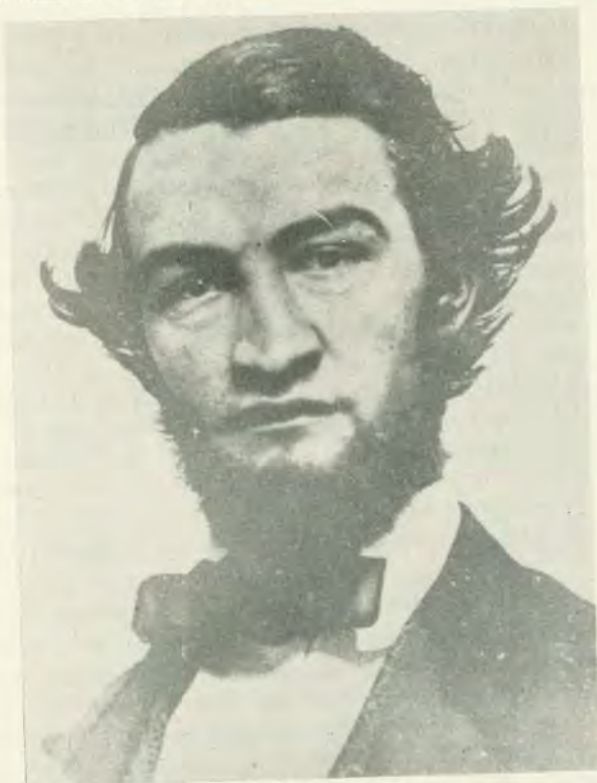
¹⁰Letter of Robert Campbell to W. L. Sublette, dated May 23, 1842, in the Sublette Collection, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. Also [Rufus B. Sage], *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains and in Oregon, California, etc.* (Philadelphia, 1846), 208.

¹¹For a biographical sketch of Charbonneau see Ann W. Hafen, "Baptiste Charbonneau, Son of Bird Woman," in the *Denver Westerners' 1949 Brand Book* (Denver, 1950), 39-66.

Clark on their epic journey to the mouth of the Columbia in 1805. Charbonneau was an employee of Bent and St. Vrain and was boating furs down the South Platte River from their fort.

Upon reaching Fort St. Vrain the next day Fremont wrote a good description of the country, but did not describe the post. He added:

At the fort we found Mr. [Marcellin] St. Vrain, who received us with much kindness and hospitality. Maxwell had spent the last two or three years between this post and the village of Taos; and here he was at home, and among his friends. Spaniards frequently come over in search of employment; and several came in shortly after our arrival. They usually obtain about six dollars a month, generally paid to them in goods. They are very useful in camp, in taking care of horses and mules; and I engaged one, who proved to be an active, laborious man, and was of very considerable service to me.¹²



MARCELLIN ST. VRAIN

From a tintype given to the Society by Mrs. H. L. Lubers.

Rufus B. Sage, a New Englander who was traveling in the Rocky Mountain region with a view to writing a book about his

¹²J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, etc. (Washington, 1845), 31.

travels and observations, visited Bent and St. Vrain's fort in September, 1842. The name of the post had been changed from Fort Lookout to Fort George, presumably in honor of George Bent, one of the Bent brothers. Sage writes:

Twelve miles below Fort Lancaster [Lupton] we passed Fort George [St. Vrain], a large trading post kept by Bent and St. Vrain. Its size rather exceeds that of Fort Platte, previously described; it is built, however, after the same fashion—as, in fact, are all the regular trading posts in the country. At this time, fifteen or twenty men were stationed there, under the command of Mr. Marsalina St. Vrain.¹³

On his second western expedition Fremont spent July 4, 1843, at Fort St. Vrain. With him was William Gilpin, later to become the first governor of Colorado. Gilpin subsequently told of their celebration of Independence Day. They raised the flag, fired a salute from Fremont's howitzer, and served cake and ice cream. The fruit cake had been made by Senator Benton's niece at St. Louis, milk came from the goats at the fort; and snow for the freezing from Longs Peak.¹⁴

In the Fremont party was a good journalist, Theodore Talbot, who has given us our first description of the fort:

About noon we reached "Fort George" or as it is more commonly called "St. Vrain's Fort." Here we were hospitably received by Marcellin St. Vrain, Bourgeois or principal officer, James Barry, Clerk and Mr. Ward,¹⁵ Chief trader. We encamped opposite the main entrance. The Fort is built on an elevated level near the river. It is built of "Adobes", or unburnt bricks and is quadrangular, with bastions at the alternate angles so arranged as to sweep the four faces of the walls. The main entrance is guarded by heavy gates and above by a tower. There is a small wicket in one of the bastions occasionally used when trading. The interior or court is surrounded by houses one story high, on one side is the "Korall" or pen for the cattle and horses. The wall is built sufficiently above the houses to make a good breast-work to their roofs. An Arapahoe war party on their way to the "Youtas" arrived at the Fort this evening, so for safety we placed out animals in the Fort korall.¹⁶

The rapid decline of the fur trade and the effects on trading posts are indicated in these letters of Solomon Sublette written from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, May 5, 1844:

Trade in this country was very high last winter I do not think that there will be one of them clear expences there was more goods in the country than there was robes to trade them even at the high prices they were given.¹⁷

. . . it was remarkable pleasant winter we had more snow last month than we had all winter Messrs Bent St. Vrain & Co. are

¹³Sage, *op. cit.*, 208.

¹⁴Will C. Ferril's interview with Gilpin, published in the *Rocky Mountain Herald* (Denver), July 5, 1913; also found in Dawson's Scrapbooks (State Historical Society library), III, 131.

¹⁵This was either Seth Ward or Elijah Barney Ward. Both of these men came into the West at about the same time, in the middle 1830s, and had interesting careers here.

¹⁶C. H. Carey (Ed.), *The Journal of Theodore Talbot*, etc. (Portland, Oregon, 1931), 23.

¹⁷Letter written to William L. Sublette, found in the Sublette Collection, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

going to take all of their robes down in waggon they are of the opinion that boats cannot get down this season. Buffalo was very scarce last season & Indians made but few robes there was not more than 280 packs made on the South fork and not much more on the Arkansas there was a plenty of goods for the robes and they paid a high price. The Chiennes are at preasen down near the crossing of the Arkansas and there is no Buffalo on this side of there when I left the South Fork there was no Buffalo nearer then Beaver Creek the Indians threatens to kell all the young Buffalo that the whites attempt to take down for they say that the Buffalo are all a following the calves to the States [white traders had taken some buffalo calves down to St. Louis].

I shall leave here in the morning for the South fork with M St Vrain they have avacuated their Fort on the Platte in the Summer and only intend to keep it up in the winter.¹⁸

A month later Solomon wrote from the South Platte that he was going to the mountains to try to catch some bighorn sheep and antelopes for his brother, William, and continued: "I am in company of M. St. Vrain, Ward and Shavano¹⁹ who are in the same business as myself."²⁰

It would appear that Marcellin St. Vrain was back at the fort, temporarily at least, in the winter of 1845, for he wrote from "Fort George, Mar. 3, 1845" to Antoine Leroux at Taos, New Mexico: "If you will have the kindness to let Mr. Andrew Sublette have a mule on my account I will be much obliged to you and will settle with you for the same. Yours truly, M. St. Vrain."²¹

When Colonel Stephen W. Kearny led his Dragoons to the mountains in the summer of 1845 he found Fort St. Vrain unoccupied. Captain P. St. George Cooke, of the military party, reported that in moving up the South Platte above the mouth of the Cache la Poudre they passed the "ruins of several adobe trading posts."²²

Francis Parkman's tour of 1846 into the West is described in his classic *Oregon Trail*. Of his visit to Fort St. Vrain he wrote:

At noon we rested under the walls of a large fort, built in these solitudes some years since by M. St. Vrain. It is now abandoned and fast falling into ruin. The walls of unbaked bricks were cracked from top to bottom. Our horses recoiled in terror from the neglected entrance, where the heavy gates were torn from their hinges and flung down. The area within was overgrown with weeds, and the long ranges of apartments once occupied by the motley concourse of traders, Canadians, and squaws, were now miserably dilapidated. Twelve miles farther on, near the spot where we encamped, were the remains of another fort, standing in melancholy desertion and neglect.²³

¹⁸Letter of May 5 to Andrew Sublette, Sublette Collection, *ibid*.

¹⁹This was probably Baptiste Charbonneau, an employee of Bent and St. Vrain at this time.

²⁰Solomon Sublette's letter of June 6, 1844, dated at Fort Lancaster [Lupton], in Sublette Collection, *ibid*.

²¹Sublette Collection, Missouri Historical Society. On the note Leroux wrote: "I have not given Sublette a mule as I have none here at the present."

²²P. St. George Cooke, *Scenes and Adventures in the Army* (Philadelphia, 1857), 403.

²³In chapter 20, Parkman's *Oregon Trail*.

The Colorado goldseekers of 1858-59 who followed the Platte River trail noted the ruins of the old trading posts beside the river. Jake Gilfillin recorded in his diary on October 21, 1858:

Had breakfast early, and started ahead on my horse to make the old fort. Rode eight miles and saw in advance the low, broken walls of old Fort St. Vrain. Soon we were by it, and I was the first to ride into the square through one of the ruined gateways. It is built of adobes, or sun dried bricks; the walls in places twelve feet high; in other places fallen down. Inside, the buildings stand all round the walls. At the northeast and southwest corners, there are circular towers, built some twenty feet high for watch towers. The whole is built in the form of a square; located on a point of high table land that runs into a bend of the river and fronting a bold bluff on the opposite shore, and is, I think, a very judiciously selected site for observation, strength, security and convenience, and has been a safe stronghold against Indians. It is now tenantless. There is considerable timber in the vicinity and plenty of good grazing.²⁴

Samuel S. Curtis, prominent Denver pioneer, wrote from the mouth of Cherry Creek November 24, 1858:

Fort St. Vrain is about 50 miles below here. It is a well built adobe fort, about 100 feet square, with buttresses on the South East and North West corners. About seven miles South of it there is another fort, and one about six miles this side of that. They are all about the same size, and appear to have been abandoned about the same time.²⁵

Mr. S. Davis, one of the '59ers, recorded in his diary on June 20, 1859:

Went on and camped at St. Vrain's fort. It is an old mud fort. No one lives here at the present time and has not for years. The roof has been torn off and the fort is going to Ruin very fast.²⁶

The post was visited the same year by Rev. W. H. Goode, enroute to his ministerial assignment. He reports:

A reach of forty miles brings us to old St. Vrain's Fort, near which we had a quiet Sabbath. I inquired its history from a white man, whom I found seated in his lodge with his two squaws and a lot of papooses. He says it was built by Colonel Bent, for trading purposes. St. Vrain became his partner, and it took his name, thus distinguishing it from two forts on the Arkansas that bear the same name of Bent, "Old" and "New." On Monday morning we examined it. It covers an area of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet square, walls and buildings of adobe, walls from ten to fifteen feet high, sufficient to garrison two hundred men. Projections at the corners—I forget the military name—with port-holes to rake the walls with a shot. Has been a place of considerable strength, now abandoned and in decay. Adobe

²⁴Printed in the *Rocky Mountain News* of April 10, 1872.

²⁵*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, January 22, 1859. M. D. Downs, writing of his recent trip to the mines, says that he reached St. Vrain's Fort on October 30, 1858, and continues: "This was built by, and belongs to, and is used by, traders, and was never occupied by troops. The building is about 200 feet long and 150 feet wide, and divided into several compartments. The roof is in ruins, but the walls, built of cement and gravel, intermixed with deer's hair, appear durable and solid."—Printed in W. N. Byers and J. H. Kellom, *Hand Book to the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas*, etc. (Chicago, 1859), 75-76.

²⁶*New Mexico Historical Review*, VI, 394.

formed from this soil resists the weather better than any I have seen elsewhere.²⁷

Land claims in the vicinity of Fort St. Vrain were taken up in the summer of 1859. In the fall the settlers, in typical pioneer fashion, organized a Claim Club to authenticate their land holdings. Then they platted "St. Vrain City" near the fort.²⁸ When W. D. Anthony, Colorado pioneer, passed the place in June, 1860, the town consisted of three frame houses.²⁹

When Weld County (one of the original seventeen counties of Colorado Territory) was organized in 1861, the town of St. Vrain was designated the County Seat. The place did not prosper. Colony towns founded in the early seventies quickly outstripped it. It lost its post office to Platteville.³⁰ The old adobe fort was not put to use nor protected, so it continued to deteriorate.

Governor Alva Adams and the well known historian, Dr. Elliott Coues, visited the ruins of Fort St. Vrain June 29, 1898. They were accompanied by a *Rocky Mountain News* reporter, who wrote in his paper (June 30) some description of the Fort. He said the walls had evidently been ten to twelve feet high, that there were gateways on the east and south sides, that the base of the north wall was nearly intact, that the west wall was about half gone, and the south wall had largely disappeared. A round tower stood at the southwest corner, and several portholes were still to be seen in the crumbling walls.

On April 13, 1903, F. W. Cragin, of Colorado Springs, and J. S. Snook, Weld County Superintendent of Schools, visited the ruins. Mr. Cragin, avid researcher in Western history, especially regarding the Fur Trade period, took measurements of the post, and wrote the following excellent description of what he saw at the site. This description is preserved in the Cragin Collection of historical materials at the Pioneer Museum at Colorado Springs, and was graciously made available to the writer for inclusion in this article.

Total length of fort proper (exclusive of the bastions, which would, if included, somewhat increase these dimensions), 128 ft. nearly north to south; total width of fort proper, 106 ft. nearly east and west. Supposed front of the fort looks a few degrees to the south of east. There have been two bastions, one on the S.W. and one on the N.E. corners; that of the N.E. corner is now reduced

²⁷W. H. Goode, *Outposts of Zion* (Cincinnati, 1864), 418-19. Irving Howbert, who passed the fort in 1860, later gave this reminiscent description: "The high walls of Fort St. Vrain were built of sun-dried bricks, with buildings of the same material constructed around the inner side."—Irving Howbert, *Memories of a Lifetime in the Pike's Peak Region* (New York, 1925), 16.

²⁸The St. Vrain County (Nebraska) Claim Club Records are in the Court-house of Weld County, Greeley, Colorado. The State Historical Society of Colorado has a typed copy of these records.

²⁹Anthony's diary, in the library of the State Historical Society at the State Museum, Denver.

³⁰"George A. Hodgson's Reminiscences of Early Weld County," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XII, 70.

to a mere semicircular faint rise of ground, representing the melted down remnant of such of the adobes as have not been removed from this bastion for building by the settlers of 1858 and later; but of the base of the S.W. bastion, a portion 3¼ ft. high remains, and this shows a diameter of 19 ft. from exterior to exterior. The thickest preserved portions of the adobe walls of the fort are 2 ft. thick. The highest remaining parts of the wall are about 6 ft. high, viz., parts of the south and east walls, near the southeast corner. The west wall stands 2 or 3 ft. high in places. The north wall stands about a foot high on its south face, but its north face has been broken down to a slope by weathering. Besides the south remnant of the east wall, there is a north remnant 3 or 4 ft. high of that wall, and these two east wall remnants are separated by a gap which seems to represent the former great doorway or gate of the fort. Mr. Snook thinks that the fort stands on section 25, Tp.4N., R. 67 W.

Within the fort, and not far from the southwest bastion, there is a well or cistern; which seems to have had somewhat the form of a cistern at the top, and to have been walled with a poor lime (or possibly ash) mortar, now soft and badly decayed. This well is largely filled by caving in, but still has a depth of about five ft.

The imbedded and very rotten remnants of palisades or posts in a partial row running east and west within the fort, parallel with the south wall, and about 12 or 13 feet from it, seem to indicate a row of rooms of that depth along that end of the fort; and a slight ridge of dirt about 24 ft. south of the north wall may indicate a former wall separating off a large room or rooms along that side of the fort's interior. There are also some indications of former adobe walls along the east and west sides of the fort's interior; viz. in elevations and depressions of the dirt. But this is obscured by the dust and debris which has settled to a considerable thickness all over the interior of the fort, especially near the outerwalls of it.

In the interior, about 30 ft. south of the north main wall and about midway of the width of the fort, is an old adobe fire-place or hearth, baked red by fire, and having still considerable ashes. It represents apparently a former double fire-place and chimney; or possibly an old forge. All that now remains of it is two partial beds or hearth-floors of (mostly soft and decomposed) red adobe.

Outside of the fort proper, parallel with and about 15 ft. north of its north wall, is a ridge of earth a foot or two high. Digging into this, Mr. Snook found old and soft adobes, laid up apparently in the form of a wall some two ft. wide, the faces and corners remaining as square as when they first came out of the gang-molds, but laid up (unlike the walls of the fort itself) without mortar, that is, laid in close contact with each other. They may have been placed there as an extra supply of adobes for repairs or later building when the fort was built; as old Sybille stated to Mr. Francis W. Hammitt that adobes found in mounds, near the fort commonly called "Ft. Vasquez" by early settlers, had been placed in mounds at time of building of Ft. Vasquez and covered over thickly with clay, so as to keep them dry and well preserved for future use. Or the old wall of compactly placed adobes may possibly represent an outer inclosure, adjoining the fort, made either contemporaneously with the building of the fort itself or for stock-ranch purposes.

Mr. Francis W. Hammitt states that Mr. R. L. Lumry of Ft. Collins, Colo., was living, in about '58, '59, '60, or '61, in a small house built adjoining Ft. St. Vrain; was ranching there, and used the fort as a corral.

Fort St. Vrain stands on a somewhat westwardly projecting point of land, or brow on the east side of the South Fork of Platte river,

which here runs north-easterly, passing the fort at a distance of about a half mile northeast of it. It is so situated as to overlook the main bottom-land on north, west, and south. It is perhaps about a mile below a point opposite the mouth of St. Vrain creek. The bottom land is in part rather sparingly timbered with cottonwood. On the opposite, that is west, side of the river, are low bluffs, consisting mainly of yellowish-brown sandstone. The highest point of these bluffs is known as "Wildcat mound," and is a little west of north from the fort. It is a convenient guide to any one seeking the vicinity of the fort, from any of the easterly directions. Long's Peak bears somewhat south of true west from the fort.

The mortar used between the adobes is simply mud, in part of the same color as the adobes themselves and in part of a somewhat more reddish color.



DEDICATION OF FORT ST. VRAIN MONUMENT, 1911

Pioneers, left to right: Chas. W. Burbridge, Oliver Howard, ——— Robinson, Elijah Markley, Mrs. Mary Sopris, Mrs. Isaac Miller, Judge Hammitt, R. Coffin, T. G. Macy, David Birkle, Henry Daniels, George H. Young, J. Max Clark

There was some appreciation for the fort's historical importance. In 1911 the Centennial State Chapter (Greeley), Daughters of the American Revolution, erected a monument on the site.³¹ The person featured for honors at the dedication was Mary St. Vrain Sopris, the daughter of Marcellin St. Vrain, major domo of the fort throughout most of its active years. Mrs. Sopris is recorded as having been born at the fort on March 10, 1848.³² This would have been during a temporary winter occupancy of the post.

³¹*Greeley Tribune*, June 22, 1911; *Rocky Mountain News*, June 22, 1911; Dawson Scrapbooks, III, 129.

³²She married John Skelley at Mora, New Mexico, in 1867, and had two children—William Robert and Cora. Later she married E. B. Sopris at Trinidad, Colorado. She died in Denver on February 14, 1916.—W. R. Sopris, "My Grandmother, Mrs. Marcellin St. Vrain," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XXII, 63-64.

Marcellin St. Vrain, who was usually in charge of the fort, appeared to have dropped out of sight; and what became of him had, to students of the fur trade period, been a mystery. So it was a delightful surprise when Paul A. St. Vrain, a son of Marcellin, presented and published his father's story in 1944.³³ Marcellin's sudden disappearance from the West is thus explained by the family. While Marcellin was engaged in a friendly wrestling match with an Indian, the latter suffered an injury from which he died. The Indian's relatives did not look upon the death as accidental, so Marcellin was advised to leave at once for the States. He did so.

Marcellin, who was born October 14, 1815, at Spanish Lake, Missouri, had come out West with his elder brother, Ceran, in the 1830s. In 1840 he had married Royal ("Red"), reported to be a sister of Red Cloud of the Sioux. She bore him three children—Felix, Charles, and Mary. Some time after the fatal wrestling match and his precipitate flight, Marcellin returned to the West and took his two small sons back to Missouri. The baby girl remained with her mother, who later married W. A. Bransford, an associate of Ceran St. Vrain.³⁴

In Missouri Marcellin St. Vrain married Elizabeth Jones Murphy on June 26, 1849. They settled in Ralls County, Missouri, and there reared a family of ten children. He established the first flour mill in the county and operated it until his death, on March 4, 1871. His Missouri wife died December 4, 1880.³⁵

We now present the story of a tragedy that is said to have occurred at Fort St. Vrain. The story appears rather fantastic and we have found no contemporary records or accounts to substantiate it. It was written by Marshall Cook, a well known pioneer who came to Colorado in the gold rush and was one of the founders in 1858 of Arapahoe City, located on Clear Creek, about two miles east of Golden. He says the story was told him by Chief Friday of the Arapahoes. Friday was the educated Indian whom Thomas Fitzpatrick, famous fur man and Western guide, had found as a boy and took back to be educated in white man schools. Upon reaching manhood, Friday returned to his Arapaho people. He finally went to the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming.

Here is the story as written by Marshall Cook and contained in his extensive long-hand manuscript which was given to me for the State Historical Society in September, 1932, by Cook's daughter, Mrs. H. A. Clingenpeel of Johnstown, Colorado.

The St. Vrain brothers built Fort St. Vrain at the great Bend of the Platte on the south and east side, after the plan of all Mexican haciendas, a thick high wall with watch towers at the diagonal

³³[P. A. St. Vrain], *Genealogy of the Family of De Lassus and Saint Vrain* (40 pp.) [1944].

³⁴See W. R. Sopris, *op. cit.*

³⁵P. A. St. Vrain, *op. cit.*

corners for the protection of the wall and Fort. The tower being two story high with port holes through the walls and a fire place on the inside for the comfort of the watch man in cold weather. The walls of the fort composed a part of the building which was built on the inside of the main walls the center of these inclosures was used to corral the stock belonging to the post in times of danger, and also with a well to furnish water in case of a seige and with an underground passage that was connected with the main building by a trap door the out side opening of the passage way was concealed by placing some split timber over the entrance, with a light coat of earth over, could be displaced from the inside to allow a party to escape under cover of darkness of night, in case they were about to be over powered by a foe superior in numbers. And huge gate for the admittance of the stock which was always when occupied kept locked. If many of these old Forts could talk what a history would have been revealed, especially Fort St. Vrain as before stated built by the St. Vrains—and occupied by them as a trading post while trading with the numerous tribes of Indians that frequented this part of the plains until a difficulty arose between the St Vrain and the Arapahoe Indians From what the writer could learn from an old Indian a Sub Chief known among the early settlers of the Platte, Thompson, and the Poudre rivers, by the name of old Friday who visited the Fort annaly until the last outbreak along the platte, at the time remembered by all the first settler of Northern Colorado When Wm. Brush was killed in Summer of 1868, when Friday disappeared all of a sudden to join the main body of his tribe. During his annal visit to the Fort he would paint his face black come and sit on the old walls and mourn and cry in a most deplorable manner. At times he would rend his excuses for clothing asunder and rave like a maniac and at other he would swey his body from side to side and howl like a wolf in the most agonizing lamentations. From him the writer learned the caus of his great sorrow. While the St. Vrain were trading at the old Fort that bears their name, they had occasion to go to St. Louis to dispose of their robes and peltries preparatory to purchasing another stock of goods, leaving a squaw and child with some of his country men and some Mexicans and some halfbreeds to look after the post during their absence thinking no harm would befall this little band of adventurers as all the men were on friendly terms with the Indians in the vicinity. the St. Vrain felt well at ease and all went well till about the time that they were expected to return when a large party of Arapahoes assenbld near the post to await their return, when some of the Arapahoes discovered that the Squaw and child belonged to some other tribe that was a common enemy of theirs. The head chieves of Arapahoes called a council of the braves, in which it was decided to kill and scalp the Squaw and her pappoos to avenge some real or immaginary wrong received at the hands of the Squaws relatives and consequently next day they carried out the decission and expression of council by comeing into the post pretending friendship with their weapons concealed under their robes and blankets over powering the men and Seizing the woman and dispatched her babe immediately using Friday words. "Kill em quick." St. Vrain's men buried their body inside of the post. The Arapahoes continued to stay in the vicinity of the Fort awaiting the St. Vrains return thinking they had done no harm by killing one or two of their common enemy had not taken into consideration that the child was near and dear as likewise the mother to one of the St. Vrain, who upon his arrival soon asser-tained the Sad State of affairs, and as quick decided to have revenge. he kept his own secrecies until he had his plans well matured and not till the day of his revenge did he let his men know his intentions and according to customary rule after returning from the east with a stock of goods, invited all his customers to partake of a feast. In due time the feast was prepared but part of it in a very different

manner to what had been on previous occasion, he had the brass cannon that had accompanied the daring Frenchman on all occasion placed in one the watch towers and well shotted for action, with nothing to do when all was in readiness but to apply the match which should be the signal for human carnage to commence. He had provided plenty of amunition at hand and assigned the piece to his regular gunner to command. his party was about 75 strong of ablebodied men that were eager to wreak vengeance on the Indians for wrongs received at their hands all well armed to be placed in a secure position at the proper time with order to fire into the Indians at a given signal. He had procured a fine fat Elk started a fire in the center of the fort and had the elk barbecued. The Savory oder of



MRS. MARCELLIN ST. VRAIN

elk while cooking attracted the unsuspecting savages to gather around the post but was not permitted to enter it When all was about in rediness one of the young Indian on the out side of the post was sent to gather all the Indians old and young camped in the vicinity of the Fort to partake of the feast the Indians soon collected congratulating themselves on a sumptious repast. When St. Vrain appeared before the gate stated to them that as it was a social feast and none would be admitted with their fire arms. No one better understood the Indian nature or had more capacity to act on it that St. Vrain. Notwithstanding through the imprudence of the Squaw the Indians killed her and the child St. Vrain was very particular to send the Indians word that one Squaw and pappoose was not much and for them all to come and be merry (For he intended soon some of them shall die) and also that he wished to be friendly in particular with those of the tribe that had slain his squaw and child. At an early hour as

above stated they gather around the post, when all had assembled about the post and everything in readiness he opened wide the gates so they could enter quick which they lost no time in doing, little thinking of the death and devastation that awaited them. He extended them a cordial welcome and invited them, as they gathered around the feast which had been divided after it was sufficiently cooked and placed on Boxes and end gates of wagon boxes to help themselves these rude table were placed ranging with the cannon so that a raking shot would kill nearly the whole assemblage at the first fire. After all were in the gates were casually closed and secured and so perfect was the stratagem that not the least suspicion was suspected on the part of the Indians all being ready when the death signal was given to fire. When the smoke had sufficiently cleared away it was seen that more than $\frac{1}{2}$ of reds had fallen. The cannon had mowed a road through the living map of human being over fifty feet wide killing or crippling all in its scope the devastating fire of the small arms nearly completing the work of destruction. So sudden was the surprise and so terrifying the shock that those of the Indian that had escaped the first fire was so paralyzed as seemingly to be unable to move a hand or foot. by the time they began to recover from their lethargy the trappers and teamsters employees of St. Vrain poured another deadly fire into the Indians, which fully aroused them to their situation and was thrown into the wildest confusion. then a hurried Scramble commenced to see who could scale the walls. a few of the most active only succeeded in getting over. among those that made their escape was Friday leaving his whole family to be numbered among the dead. the slaughter was kept up until all was killed the most of the Squaws and children fell in the first fire the second finished the remainder. St. Vrain immediately cast the bodies into the well until it was full, piled the remainder in one corner of the corral covered the pools of blood with the dry manure that had accumulated in the corral part of the fort. While some corralled the stock others loaded the wagons and they vacated the post During the night and traveled day and night until they cross the divide at the head of cherry creek, and did not waste much time until they reached Bents Fort, where they found Bent and a large party of trappers and santa Fe trader, which they accompanied into New Mexico. Friday and his companions lost no time till they mounted their ponies and set out for the main village of the arapahoes which was at the mouth Beaver Creek, some 80 or 90 miles distance down the platte. after relating what had happened to his party and resting for the night, returned with a large party of warriors under the head chief to the Fort. To their chagrin the post was vacated. Friday found part of his family in the pile and part in the well. With the assistance of his friends and his comrade they collected the bodies of their friends and relatives and conveyed them to the north side of platte river and buried them on a point of land about a mile west of B. H. Hows house and sheep ranch, where they rested in peace until the winter of 1869 and 70 when in constructing the Julesburg Railroad bed the bones were unearthed by John M. Hows and contractor on that part of the road. And thus ends the early history of old Fort St. Vrain, and a fatal and mournful event on the part of the Arapahoes. These Indians were the beings of Self provoked destruction, a cold blooded murder committed on their part on a harmless Squaw and child, and for no reason only that they belonged to another tribe, an enemy.³⁰

In 1951 the present owner of the land surrounding the Fort St. Vrain site undertook extensive leveling operations in the vicinity. Unfortunately, he removed two to three feet of the surface

³⁰According to Mrs. Clingenpeel the manuscript was written by her father in the 1880s.

earth from the site, leaving undisturbed only the central part which supports the large granite monument erected in 1911. Had the removed earth been carefully examined, such relics as ox shoes, nails, etc., would undoubtedly have been found. The leveling machine was drug behind a tractor and there was little opportunity to see small relics that may have been in the ground.

The man who did the actual excavation and leveling was interviewed by the present writer at a ranch adjoining the fort on September 16, 1952. He said that he found no evidence of the existence of a well within the original enclosure nor of a passageway leading downward and then out through the bank to the river bottom. He saw no relics in the removed surface earth.

An examination of a considerable section of the site on September 16, 1952, by Robert O'Connell and the writer, using a World War II metal detector, failed to reveal anything significant.

The Rocky Mountain Chautauqua

FRANK McDONOUGH, JR.*

During the summer of 1948 workmen removed the last vestige of the Rocky Mountain Chautauqua from its site in Glen Park, Palmer Lake. The old auditorium, with its gigantic timbers, its tier upon tier of seats, its old-fashioned oil lamp chandeliers, its stages upon whose boards many famous Coloradans had trod, became a thing of the past. When the ground level had been reached in the process of wrecking I searched with others for souvenirs or any items of interest which we might find.

I wish now that I had started earlier in my search, and had been more careful in the process. But the fragments of historic literature which I did find enables me to fix certain dates which heretofore have been uncertain in the minds of many of the old residents. The Chautauqua programs of 1888 and a complete program of a dramatic event in 1910 very definitely pointed the way to fixing the beginning and the end of the Chautauqua as an institution, and one can also fix the pattern of educational and cultural programs which were carried on over a period of twenty-five summers. Inasmuch as my father, the late Judge Frank McDonough, Sr., sought the health giving qualities of Glen Park in 1892 in which year we first came to the Glen, and inasmuch as I became Secretary of the Chautauqua at the end of my sophomore year at Dartmouth College in 1904, I feel that I have some qualifications

*Mr. McDonough, a Denver attorney and resident of Palmer Lake, has contributed to previous issues of our magazine.—Ed.

for writing the history of the Chautauqua institution, but I offer this brief history as being what it is—an intermixture of written records and personal recollection.

I hope I shall not be tempted at any time to indulge in extravagant effusions of the early comers to Palmer Lake. I found a Palmer Lake year book of 1894 among the debris of the old Auditorium, and I find this reference to the old D. & R. G. eating house at Palmer Lake, which I quote purely as a matter of curiosity:

The coffee and tempting viands that have passed over this counter are remembered by epicures and tourists throughout Christendom as the palatables par excellence of pleasant journeys.

More apropos of my subject, and not quite so extravagant in its language is a reference to the Chautauqua:

This great "College of the People" holds its annual assemblies here, which is a valuable adjunct to the enjoyment of this summer resort. Instead of the merest idleness of usual summer outings, sitting about and killing time and becoming restless, dissatisfied with the forced "donothingness" of the situation, here is a resort where absolute rest of body, change of living and swinging in hammocks, etc., can be varied by intellectual feasts, fine concerts, lectures and readings, whenever one feels in the humor for such a treat. The meeting of the Chautauqua Assembly here assures the presence of the most cultured society and gives opportunity for the formation of friendships of lifelong value.

One summer morning in the year 1885 a tall, gaunt, brown bearded, and very thin gentleman descended from the D. & R. G. narrow gauge, and slowly found his way across the mesa upon which the town of Palmer Lake is situated, to the mouth of North Monument Canon and the residence of Dr. W. Finley Thompson. He was Rev. Forrest M. Priestly, who had come from Princeton, Illinois, in search of health. Garbed in black, with Prince Albert coat, which he always wore, cheeks sunken, skin tight across his high intellectual forehead, he wore the typical tubercular look of angular dejection and weakness. But the light of hope and faith flamed in his kindly eyes. Dr. Thompson had much to sell to those who came—climate and land. Among other places he drove Mr. Priestly across the canon to a triangular tract which he owned bounded by the north and south Monument Creeks, with the mountain to the west. Projecting from the larger mountain was a small hill, now known as Lookout, which served to form a heavily wooded glen, and Priestly became enamored of it all. He may not have used the exact words of Brigham Young, but in his heart and his mind he said "this is the place." He immediately closed an option with Dr. Thompson for the tract, and naming it Glen Park, selected a site in the most sheltered nook of the Glen upon which he erected a tent. Physically weak, his mind nevertheless was full of plans for the place of his choice. He rapidly gained strength in the invigorating at-

mosphere and before the summer was past he had tramped over every nook and cranny of the Glen, discovered numerous springs insuring an ample water supply, realized that the drainage facilities were perfect for a large colony of people, and conceived the platting of the place, the founding of a cultural center, and the formation of a holding company for the purpose of holding title, selling lots, and attracting residents.

Through Dr. Thompson, Priestly became acquainted with S. K. Hooper, of the Rio Grande, who not only was always alert for new business for his railroad, but who also became enthusiastic over the location and the plans. During the winter of 1885-6 his



AUDITORIUM AND TENT COTTAGES AT GEN PARK, 1907

plans materialized and The Rocky Mountain Chautauqua was formed and also the holding company known as The Glen Park Association. Purchase of the land was completed from Thompson and the project was launched.

Many names, familiar to early day Coloradans appear on the roster of officials of the Chautauqua and as officers of the Association. Judge R. H. Gilmore was the first president of both institutions. F. A. Williams was Vice President, H. B. Chamberlin was Secretary, and his brother A. W. Chamberlin was Treasurer. Among the first Directors were Granville Malcom, Jacob M. Murphey, Dr. Jerome B. Cory, Priestly and Judge Gilmore. Dr. W. Finley Thompson was "sanitary superintendent." In the activities of the Chautauqua Rev. William H. Brodhead was Superintendent of the Art Department; Prof. Charles M. Carter was Art Master; Prof.

W. J. Whiteman (father of Paul Whiteman) was Musical Director; his wife, Mrs. Effie Whiteman, was soloist, and Miss Alice Loomis, pianist. The Committee of Assembly and the Advisory Board of Assembly were composed of ministers of all denominations, many of them leaders of the early religious and cultural life of the State. Among them were Rev. Henry A. Buechel, afterwards to become Chancellor of the University of Denver; Rev. Dean H. Marvin Hart of St. Johns Cathedral, Denver; the Rev. Myron W. Reed and Dean A. C. Peek, both afterward to become famous for their mission work in Denver; Dr. T. M. Hopkins, Dr. Robert Cameron, Dr. G. De La Matryr, and the Reverends G. A. Brandelie, J. B. Gregg, John C. Hay, George W. Rose, P. A. Heilman, H. F. Wallace and I. B. Self.

During the summer of 1886 meetings, more or less informal, were held out of doors. There were songfests, evening vespers, Sunday services, and camp fire gatherings. But the physical work of construction was feverishly carried on during the Spring, Summer and far into the Winter. A tent city sprang up. A tier of roadways was constructed north and south along the side of the mountain, with connecting links according to the terrain. These five main roads still exist, and although the interconnecting links are easy of access to the modern automobile, one wonders how horses fared pulling heavily laden wagons up the steep grades. The work of construction must have been feverish that summer because the accomplishment was great. A complete plant for the holding of a permanent Chautauqua institution was constructed. According to a contemporary pamphlet the structures were as follows: "The Auditorium is a plain, substantial structure, capable of seating 500 people. Its acoustic properties are complete, and it is arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, so there is no seat in the building from which the speaker cannot be seen." "The Dining Hall, in size 30x60 feet, with its cool veranda, is always a welcome sight to the climber on his return from an appetizing trip." "The Verano Lodge, containing furnished rooms is used in connection with the dining hall in caring for guests." "The Music Hall, with a capacity of 150, is intended for rehearsals, class exercises, and other assemblies not suitable for the large audience room." "Pagoda summer houses and spring houses have been erected in various parts of the grounds. Resting benches will be found in shady places, inviting the weary to a place of repose."

A Town brochure of the early nineties referred to Glen Park as "a quaint Alpine village clinging to the mountainside." Indeed it was, and still is, but with the exception of the spring and summer houses, the other structures were architectural atrocities not in keeping either with the Alpine setting, nor with the many beautiful

cottages which were erected by private owners. The Auditorium was built upon a hillside and was so constructed that the whole rear side could be lifted on hinges and thus with spectators sitting upon the rise of ground in back the capacity actually was nearer 700 than 500.

With the building of the "Little Log Church" in Palmer Lake proper, and the assembly halls of the Methodist Conference in Pine Crest, the Auditorium fell into disuse and became such a fire hazard that it was torn down in 1948 and the proceeds from the fine timbers were given to the Church. The dining hall was wrecked for its materials just before the first World War, and the Verano Lodge burned about the same time. The Music Hall passed into private hands and was converted into a cottage. The last use of the Lodge and Dining Hall to my knowledge was when the University of Denver football team trained here in September of 1908—their first "big time" team, by the way.

It might be of interest to note the cost of board, room and transportation as taken from the Chautauqua Assembly program of 1903. I believe these figures were rather the standard during the Nineties and the following decade. The Kinnikinnick (Dining Hall) advertised "meal tickets of 21 meals for \$6.00. Breakfast or supper 25 cents, Dinner 50 cents. Room (at Verano Lodge) and board (at dining hall) \$8.50." But these were "stylish" prices because Mrs. R. E. Marrow had a wide spread reputation for excellent cooking. The Y. W. C. A. summer "rest Home" furnished "Board and room at \$3.50 per week." The Manly Home, under the direction of Miss Fanny Manly of Denver, and the "Netherwood" owned by Miss Emma Netherwood, a Denver school teacher, provided rooms at \$2.50 to \$4.00 per week. Single admissions to the Chautauqua were twenty-five cents, "week tickets, \$1.00," single season tickets were \$2.50, and the whole family could purchase season family tickets at \$7.50. A 10x12 furnished "house tent" was priced at \$4.00 per week, and one 14x16, fully furnished at \$5.00 per week. Tent Cottages, an invention of Mr. Priestly, having board floors, shingled roofs, porches, and canvas sides, fully furnished, including fireplace, rented for \$35.00 per season of three months for the 12x16 size, and \$45.00 per season for the 14x21 size. However, the most inviting prices to meet the eye were the advertised railroad rates of the Rio Grande and Santa Fe railroads. Round trips from Denver to Glen Park, "including Hack Ride from Palmer Lake to Glen Park, \$2.25." You saved twenty cents if you walked both ways from the station and did not avail yourself of the "hacks of the T. A. Hanks Livery Co." Overnight round trips from Denver were \$1.50, but "twenty-ride" tickets, good at any time could be purchased for \$15.00. True, "hack rides" were

afterwards raised to twenty-five cents by Mr. Hanks, until Mr. Otto Shrull started an independent hack line with one way prices at fifteen cents. The "hack war" lasted for several years, and I remember well many a free ride, given I presume by one or the other of the warring factions as a matter of good public relations.

A gate was set up across the road entering Glen Park, and no one was allowed to enter the Park without admission tickets. However, cottages which had been erected in time came into the ownership of some people who had no particular interest in the Chautauqua nor cultural pursuits; the townspeople felt that they should have free access to any part of the incorporated town; and so bad blood arose and the "gate war" was on. Unknown parties chopped down the gate during the night, it was rebuilt, and then the process was repeated. It was finally settled by doing away with the gate altogether.

The Glen Park Chautauqua and the one at Boulder must not be confused with the later institutions which traveled from place to place and made their presence known in small towns by banner bedecked streets and a carnival atmosphere. Many of these traveling institutions were excellent, but many others acquired unsavory reputations. The original Chautauqua Institution was established in 1873 at Lake Chautauqua and within a few years half a hundred similar institutions became affiliated with it scattered in summer communities from coast to coast. The basic principals were those of a summer university for adult education, and the furtherance of the study of music, art, drama, current problems, religious study groups, secular nature study, and lectures. With this fine and popular institution the Chautauquas at Glen Park and at Boulder were affiliated.

The program of the second session of the Rocky Mountain Chautauqua commenced on July 10, 1888, and continued in daily session through July 20. July 11 was "Lawyers' Day," July 14 "Temperance Day," and the last day was "Recognition Day." A typical program was that of July 12:

9:00 Boys and Girls Meeting.

9:00 The School of Art—At Annex.

10:00 Normal Class—At Aspen Grove Springs.

11:00 Platform Lecture—At Auditorium.

"Art in Decoration and Dress," by Prof. Charles M. Carter, Illustrated with paintings and drawings.

2:00 Lecture. "The Work and Reward of Sunday School Teaching" by Rev. Samuel B. Barnitz, D. D.

2:00 The School of Art—At the Annex.

3:00 Normal Class—At the Auditorium.

4:00 Platform Lecture.

The Origin and History of Mountains. With Illustrations from the Rockies.

(At five o'clock the Lecturer will conduct his audience to Lookout Point and there explain the geology of the foothills of Colorado, as shown by the rocks around Glen Park. Bring field and opera glasses with you).

By Prof. Arthur Lakes.

7:00 Recitation and service of song.

By Mrs. Ida Serven, the Singing Reader.

8:00 Platform Lecture.

"Shakespeare: Who was the Author?" by Hon. George R. Peck, of Kansas.

On the initial day the opening address was given by Hon. Alva Adams, Governor of the State of Colorado. A lecture on "London and Rome" was given by Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, D.D. At one session the topic of the Platform Lecture was "Christianity and Socialism" by Rev. E. Trumbull Lee—and that was in 1888! Temperance Day was especially interesting, not only by reason of the topics discussed but because of the many prominent Coloradans who participated. Hon. J. Warner Mills, author of Mills Annotated Statutes, gave an address on "Labor's Interests Best Promoted by Prohibitory Laws." Mrs. C. D. Thompson, President of the State W. C. T. U., spoke on "The Work of the W. C. T. U." John Hipp, first graduate of the University of Denver Law School and candidate for President on the Prohibition ticket, gave a short address, as did "Parson" Rev. Thomas A. Uzzell. Rev. Hillary A. Gobin, President of Baker University, appeared on several programs, as did Rev. W. O. Thompson, President of Longmont College. On the day before Recognition Day the evening lecture was given by Senator Nathaniel P. Hill, which was treated by all as the climax to the regular programs. Recognition Day was apparently graduation day. There was a processional through arches and presentation of diplomas, an "oration" by Rev. David H. Moore, D.D., Chancellor of the University of Denver.

That very well set the pattern of the sessions of the Chautauqua for the first several years of its existence. Rather staid and mid-Victorian in its general nature, and yet they were happy folks, gathered around their camp fires in the evenings, going on their jaunts around the Glen, singing in the great out-of-doors at their Vesper Services. How well I remember groups of from twenty-five to fifty people, winding their tortuous way on the trail around Lookout, then back through the forest and up over the hump and down into the Glen. Such jaunts took from an hour to two hours to cover trails which a good healthy boy of today might make in fifteen minutes. But they studied as they went, studied the trees and the flowers, and especially in the early season, the then rare

Columbine. And the alpenstocks! Each lady, and each gentleman perforce carried a stick, usually higher than their heads and usually with a knotty bulge at the top. Some of these were works of home made carving art; others, which could be purchased in Manitou, were supreme in style—highly varnished, “engraved” with the words “souvenir of Colorado,” and many having a small wooden bucket hanging by a chain, with which, no doubt to cool one’s thirst when one came to a cooling mountain stream. There is no doubt however, that the tortuousness of the occasions was accentuated by the dress of the ladies—fragile high buttoned shoes, long sweeping skirts, and perhaps, over corsetted figures. In those days slacks were unknown.

Later, however, the programs broadened and were not quite so stilted. More and more the Chautauquans took to the great out of doors. The daily walks soon became “excursions,” many of them by “hack.” These excursions took them to Perry Park to study the rock formations which many considered much finer than the ones in the Garden of the Gods; to Woodland Park, along which road there are many balanced rocks and freak formations; to the “Courts” scene of Dr. Thompson’s “suburban” home; to “Elephant Rock and the Black Forest, and up North and South Monument Canyons. I remember one excursion to Black Forest which Dr. J. B. Kinley conducted. Dr. Kinley had made a deep study of the fauna and flora of the Schwartz Wald of Germany, and according to his lectures the character of the soil, the topography, the flora and the fauna of the two forests were identical, except for the fact that all of the larger trees in Black Forest had been cut to supply ties for the construction of the Rio Grande and Santa Fe railroads.

Daily nature studies became a regular part of the program and for many years this course was conducted by Prof. E. Bethel of the University of Denver. Prof. George Cannon, who for many years taught at East High School, Denver, also conducted extensive geological and botanical study tours, as well as studies of the heavens at night. The Professor, who will be well remembered by many years of East High graduates, was a gigantic man and had to be “carried” to the scenes of his lectures in a special buggy provided by the Hanks Livery Service. He was a most lovable character.

Gradually the summer sessions extended to a period of six weeks, the daily courses being not quite so intensified, more stress being put upon hikes and excursions. Athletic events such as tennis and golf tournaments were held. A definite pattern finally was determined—lectures, debates, and similar activities on Tuesday nights, concerts and entertainers on Thursdays, and musicals or dramatics on Saturday nights. Many famous and nationally

known characters appeared on the programs. Prof. John W. Wetzel of Yale University gave an address on “Rufus Choate”; Judge Ben. B. Lindsey gave an address on August 2, 1903, on “The Man, The Judge and The Boy,” this at a time when his Juvenile Court work was beginning to receive national recognition. Mrs. Mabel W. (Mrs. J. Stanley) Edwards taught classes in Del Sarte and elocution, and later was instructor in dramatics. She was succeeded as instructor in dramatics by Miss Harriette Karcher, who for many years produced two outstanding dramatic evenings during a season, using local talent for her casts. Miss Anna Tedmon of Fort Collins acted in the same capacity for several years. Prof. Bertrand Lyons of Denver taught elocution and declamation. Joe Newman, that popular Colorado master of fun and entertainment, really got his start at the Chautauqua, and was a favorite for more than a decade. Miss Greta Rost, who afterwards became nationally famous as a concert coloratura soprano, was also a great favorite on the Auditorium stage. To continue the list would be to prolong unduly this article, and undoubtedly I have failed to mention many popular and well known artists who participated over the years.

In 1901, immediately after the close of the Chautauqua session, the State Y. M. C. A. “Bible School and Conference” was held for a period of ten days. This became an annual affair immediately following the Chautauqua sessions, and continued for several years until it was moved permanently to Estes Park, where it is now held. Other organizations utilized the Chautauqua facilities for state or national conventions. In 1903 the National Convention of the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority was held in Glen Park, and that same year the State convention of P. E. O. met in the Auditorium.

A most interesting feature was held from July 5 to July 21, 1887. That was the “First Hebrew Summer School.” The “Announcement and Prospectus” which I have before me stated, “We hope that our Western scholars will avail themselves of this rare opportunity . . . and assist in making this experimental effort of bringing the ripest facilities of modern scholarship into the shadow of the Rockies a success.” Three courses were given. The Beginners Class in Hebrew was designed for students preparing for the ministry, clergymen, and others. The advanced class was for those who had some knowledge of Hebrew, and the course consisted of readings “in Genesis with selections, and Deuteronomy with selections.” The third course consisted of fifteen lectures by the Rev. Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., Principal of the Augustana Theological (Lutheran) Seminary of Rock Island, Illinois. Some of the topics sound rather heavy to the layman: “The Angelology of the Old Testament”; “Doctrine of Man in the Old Testament”;

“Pentateuch Criticism”; and three lectures on the “Messianic Psalms.” The summer school was under the direction of Rev. J. G. Cowden, Dean of the Hebrew Department of the Colorado Sunday School Assembly.

The turn of the century saw the dawn of changing times. The purely academic courses were dropped one by one. Was the present restlessness of humanity beginning to stir? More and more the entertainment features were stressed and the academic faded from lack of interest. At this time Dr. Priestly felt that he should be relieved of active direction, and Mr. Charles F. Carnine became Secretary in charge. The property of the old Glen Park Association was taken over by a group whose officers and directors were as follows: Frank McDonough, Sr., President, Harold W. Moore, Vice President, J. Stanley Edwards, Secy.-Treas., Forrest M. Priestly, Granville Malecom, Dr. J. B. Kinley and Lester McLean. In 1903, Dr. Priestly passed away and the motivating force was gone. Shortly thereafter Mr. Carnine decided to enter the practice of law in Denver and I was elected as Secretary of the Chautauqua and resident secretary of the holding company.

I assumed my duties while still an undergraduate at Dartmouth, and I continued in that capacity until after my graduation from the College of Law of the University of Denver. I came at the beginning of a transition period. I continued until that transition became complete, the transition period which brought to an end practically all of the “permanent” Chautauquas across the country. Many factors were involved, some local and other national and world-wide.

When I assumed my duties, in addition to the many permanent cottages in Glen Park, the company owned eighty-five “house tents,” thirty-five tent cottages, and seven small cabins. The furnishings were of the crudest nature—beds with rope springs, stoves of the old camp stove type, chairs of the commonest kitchen variety, and all of these together with the dishes and the “camp silver” had taken a beating from use and misuse from thousands of tourists over the years. The new company and Chautauqua officials in an effort to keep the institution alive poured their own personal monies “down a rat hole” for a period of several years, until at last the institution became hopelessly involved in debt to them. Visitors no longer wanted to live the tent life. Visitors no longer wanted to listen to staid lectures and stilted declamations. Visitors no longer wanted to come to one place and spend the whole summer. The movies had come! The automobile had made its advent!

And so the era of transition became complete. The day of the movie was here. Radio and later television were soon to follow. New roads enabled folks to get into their automobiles and seek new fron-

tiers; they could go hither and yon according to their wish; new and far distant scenic vistas were opened to them and the fishing streams of the wilds were a mere hour or two away.

And so the Rocky Mountain Chautauqua gave way to progress, but the scene remains as beautiful and wild as ever. Nor has the cultural influence completely passed. Many well known families make this place their summer home—the families of James H. Blood, Harry V. Kepner, J. Stanley Edwards, H. M. Williamson, and the Cory family, Dr. James Stenhouse, Frank McDonough, Sr., and many others—even unto the fourth and fifth generations.

Buying and Jumping A Claim in Tarryall Gulch in 1860

By WILLIAM H. HEDGES. Summarized and with Introduction
and Notes by RICHARD C. SCHWARZMAN*

INTRODUCTION. Though most people are familiar with the territorial expansion of the United States, the settlement of the trans-Mississippi West remains at least partially beclouded. Settlement in the early 1850s was restricted to a relatively narrow belt of land along the great arteries of transportation, the rivers, in the east, and to the borders of the Pacific Ocean in the west. The great interior region was not regarded as a particularly advantageous place for settlement. Two major factors were responsible for a change. The first, the religious persecution of the Mormons which led them to migrate to Salt Lake in the 1840s. The second, the desire for the mineral wealth of the area. Gold was, quite naturally, one of the prime motivating forces in the second type of migration. In 1859 and 1860 the area that offered this particular type of attraction was Colorado. The migrants at first were few, but soon reached great proportions.

If one had been checking the wagons traveling along the Platte River Trail in May of 1860, he might have noticed one wagon which traveled only six out of the seven days in every week. This jerky progress was not due to any physical cause, but rather to the five men who were joining in this shift of humanity from one section of the country to another. The day they rested was, of course, Sunday; and the fact that they would do so even though their minds were inflamed with the desire for gold, spoke well for their character. At a time when many men lost all sense of judgment,

*Mr. Schwarzman, of Los Angeles, gives us here a part of Mr. Hedges' Reminiscences. These were edited by Mr. Schwarzman and submitted as a Master's Thesis in History.—Ed.

and even risked their lives in their desperate desire to reach the location of a new gold strike, these men calmly devoted time to observing the Sabbath. The tale of one of these five men has come down to us today, and provides an interesting side-light on the history of that time.

William Hawkins Hedges was a short, wiry, red-head, who, though religious, was not one who allowed himself to be trampled upon. He was born on June 29, 1833, in Jamestown, New York; the eldest of the three children of Elias Sears Hedges. Married in 1858 to Myra Clarke, he took his new bride to Sidney, Iowa, a small town only a few miles from the Missouri River. His profession at this time was surveying and civil engineering,¹ but as the rumors of the riches of the Colorado mines began to seep eastward, his mind was turned from his profession to the acquisition of wealth, and he determined to seek his fortune there. As a result of this change of purpose, he left his wife and their new born son with his father, and with a friend, Charles Dewey, and three other companions, embarked upon this expedition. They left Sidney on the second of May, 1860, and turned their mule team westward. Their goal was the eastern wall of the Rocky Mountains; their desire, gold!

After a reasonably uneventful trip, they arrived at the town of Denver on the first of June and departed a few days later for the South Park region, where, report had it, there had been a good strike at a place called Tarryall. In Denver, Hedges and Dewey had separated from their traveling companions and had joined with an A. K. Blinn for their journey into the mountains. They arrived on the ninth of June, 1860, at Tarryall, at which point this portion of Hedges' narrative commences.²

Since our arrival at Tarryall, we had given considerable attention to the mining going on up in the Gulch. We had learned that the claims in the upper end of the Gulch were much richer than those at the lower end. Most of the claims, but not all, had their sluices set and were taking out gold. We saw for a certainty that Tarryall was not a fake discovery, but a rich Gulch.

In the course of our observations we had noticed one claim about half way down the Gulch, that had no sluice boxes and only one man leisurely working on it "stripping"³ off the black surface dirt in which no gold is found. Talking with this man he seemed to have about the worst case of homesickness of anyone we had met and was not a bit enthusiastic over his prospects with his claim.

¹Biographical information on Hedges was secured from his grandson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Hedges, of Chicago, Illinois.

²The portion of the original manuscript reproduced here constitutes a part of the fourth chapter. The first three chapters relate the journey overland to the mining area, and describe, in some detail, the happenings on the way.

³Older placer deposits are sometimes covered with a layer of topsoil. This layer contains little or no gold, and is usually removed before any mining is done.

"Just got a letter from home last night," said he, "I must start for home at once, and will sell my claim for one half the lowest valuation any one in the Gulch will put on it, won't you buy it? Big chance for you." We answered that we wanted a claim badly enough, but we could not muster \$300 among us, to say nothing of \$3,000.

While we three were at dinner by ourselves we carefully considered the matter and decided to make him an offer of everything



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. HEDGES

we could rake and scrape together for his claim; our mules, covered wagon, tent, our watches, almost all our six months' store of provisions,⁴ and two hundred dollars in cash.

We realized it was a poor offer, but it was all we had, and rather to our surprise he accepted it, with the stipulation that no one should be told how much cash was in the trade. The usual

⁴Having left with six months' provisions from the Missouri River, they could only have had five months' provisions left by this time.

papers⁵ were drawn up and signed, and by night we found ourselves the owners of a claim right in the middle of the famous Tarryall Gulch.

We filed our ownership papers with the Gulch Recorder,⁶ with the date of our purchase in due form, were recognized as having bought that claim, and began our mining experiences in Tarryall Gulch.

The supply of water in the gulch was rather scant for the use of all the claims, and as the upper end of the gulch took the water first, the miners up there controlled the supply to the lower half; and they had done so in a way quite unnecessary and injurious to the lower claims.

Soon after we got our claim, there was some danger of serious difficulty between the upper and lower ends of the gulch on this account; and, although our claim, being in the middle of the gulch, was very little affected, we joined the miners of the lower end in a preemptory demand on the upper end for certain changes in the delivery of the water to the lower claims. Fortunately the demand was agreed to and trouble averted. This affair made a friend to us of every man below us in the gulch.

The owner of the claim next below us was a grizzled old gold miner, born and raised in the mountains of North Carolina. As a young man he had begun digging for gold in his own mountains, and in many other places as well, and had followed it all his life.⁷

He had been in the gold mines of California and Australia.⁸ He had made a fortune and lost or squandered it and now here he was in Tarryall Gulch. He was generous to a friend, relentless to an enemy, and known to be handy with a gun if his person or his rights were at all in jeopardy.

He was a stickler for fair play, and as we found, a desirable man to have for a friend in a time of trouble or danger. For some reason he had from the first been very friendly, or as he expressed it, he had "taken a shine to you-uns right soon."

The first thing to be thought of was getting the lumber to make our sluice boxes. There was not a sawmill within seven or eight

⁵The usual papers called for an adequate description of the property, and the signature of two disinterested parties attesting to the transfer of property. See Thomas M. Marshall, "Mining Districts in Colorado," *American Historical Review*, XXV, No. 3, (April, 1920).

⁶A fee of one dollar was generally charged for filing papers of this sort. Marshall, *op. cit.*, 1.

⁷This person is unidentified, as are most of the other people with whom Hedges came in contact in Tarryall Gulch. The mining records of this early period have apparently been destroyed, though some of a later period are available in the Library of the Colorado State Historical Society. Without knowing the exact location of Hedges' claim, it is impossible to determine who owned the claims on either side of him.

⁸The rush to Australia took place in 1857. See W. P. Morrell, *The Gold Rushes* (New York, 1941), 260 ff.

hundred miles,⁹ and we had to have boards twelve and fourteen inches wide and twelve, fourteen and sixteen feet long. The only way to get such lumber was by going up on the mountain side above our cabin and cutting down trees large enough for our purpose and cutting off logs of the required length.

These logs we then rolled onto a kind of platform so arranged that one man could stand on top of the log and another on the ground underneath it, and between them work a big long saw up and down, and slowly with untold labor, patience and effort saw the log up into the needed boards. Of all my personal experiences in the labor world, this making a sawmill of myself was certainly the most trying. When the boards were all sawed out, we carried them down onto the claim and began making and setting our sluices,¹⁰ which took us a little over two weeks. In the bottom of each box were two "rifles"¹¹ to catch the gold.

Then with high hopes and expectations we started washing the dirt through the sluice; one or two of us with pick and shovel digging it up and throwing it into the sluice, while another one worked along the sluice keeping it stirred up with a sluice fork,¹² washing the dirt off the larger stones in the gravel and throwing them out of the box.

We had been working the claim nearly three weeks, and had been running the sluice three or four days, when one afternoon three men came walking along the path by the side of the gulch and turned in down onto the claim.

One of the men inquired with a great deal of profanity and much show of indignation, "What business we had working that claim?" I replied, "We bought the claim from the former owner and have the right to work it." "Owner," he exclaimed, "Why I am the owner." "Who did you buy it of?" I told him the name. "Well," he said, "that was my hired man¹³ that I left to take care of the claim while I was away."

During this talk, my North Carolina friend was leaning over his sluice box close by, an interested listener, closely watching the fellow. We produced our purchase papers but were told they were

⁹In this statement Hedges is incorrect. In *The Trail*, II, No. 10 (March, 1910), appears an article by Irving W. Stanton, titled "Early Days in Colorado," in which he states that in late June, 1860, a sawmill was in operation on Cherry Creek, only 65 miles away.

¹⁰Sluices were built in sections of about 12 to 14 feet, with 8 or 10 inch sides and tapered so that the lower end of one such section would fit snugly into the upper end of the next below it. See Anne Haussler Rambo, "A Study of Placer Mining in California," (Master's Thesis, Occidental College, Los Angeles, California, 1928), 32.

¹¹Ridges in the bottom to catch the heavy gold and let the lighter materials flow on. See Rambo, *op. cit.*

¹²A two or three pronged fork used to stir up material in the sluice so that the water would act upon it.

¹³Many men when they arrived in Colorado and found nothing profitable to do, hired out to others who already owned claims. Often they worked for a few weeks, long enough to get money to outfit themselves, and then went prospecting for their own gain.

no good. With the three men, we went over to the Gulch Recorder's office and examined the records, only to find that the claim was really in this man's name, and had never been transferred on the Recorder's books to any other name.

When through looking over the records, the man turned to us saying, "Now you see the claim is mine. I want you to say what you are going to do about it. Are you going to give it up peaceably?" I replied that it was all so sudden and so serious a matter to us, that we must have a little time to consider it; but that we would say in the morning. With a very belligerent manner and tapping the butt of his revolver as he addressed me he said, "You tenderfoot, don't you go onto that claim working it again, for it will be bad for your health if you do."

Without making any reply we turned and left them.

Arriving at our cabin we looked at each others' anxious faces and felt that we were nearly discouraged. We were sure we were being robbed, but did not know just how, nor see any way to prevent it.

While we were thus, as it were, groping in the dark, our North Carolina friend came in to talk it over with us. He gave us the benefit of his wide experience in mining by showing us a way out of our predicament. He said that he had always known the man from whom we had bought the claim as being the owner, but had thought that there was something wrong when we got the claim so cheaply.

He said, also, that he had seen this type of trick worked before. One partner, whose name is on the books as being the owner, goes off from the claim for a while and the other works the claim. If anyone shows an interest in the claim the man sells it to them and leaves. Then the original owner returns and throws the new owner off the claim.

The one mistake that these men had made, however, was that they did not return to the claim in time. Mining law the world over says that if a man leaves his claim for two weeks without working it and keeping the bed-rock drain open, his claim can be jumped and held by anyone. If the party losing a claim in this way wants to start any gunplay, he must make it a fair fight, in which case the party doing the jumping has got to fight quick or be shot down.

We had been working the claim for three weeks now and therefore the time limit had run out. It was the only way we could prevent having to give up and get out.¹⁴

Well, having the thing thus laid bare to us we were not very long in making up our minds. It was a plain swindle and everything

¹⁴Hedges' fuller account reproduces this conversation in detail and attempts to write in dialect which is difficult to read.

we had in the world was right there. So, we told our friend that as we were altogether in the right, and were the victims of a conspiracy, we would jump the claim good and early in the morning.

That night before we turned in, our revolvers were carefully cleaned, oiled and reloaded; and our belt knives made as keen as razors. We were up with the first streak of day, took a hasty breakfast, buckled on our belt-rigs, and were down on the claim in possession when the first rays of the sun touched the tops of the mountains. The men in the lower part of the gulch were also out unusually early, and we noticed that about all wore their belt-rigs.

For some unknown reason the claimants we were expecting did not seem to be on watch as to the possibility of our going onto the claim again, in view of their threat of the day before. At all events, the morning was well advanced and we were actually at work—Charley and I down in the pit throwing dirt up into the sluice, and Blinn tending the sluice boxes a little below us, when we saw our three visitors coming hastily down the path, their manner plainly showing their surprise at seeing us at work on the claim, where in view of our papers having been proved worthless, they evidently had considered their victory already won. Plainly the idea that a tenderfoot would have the temerity to make any effort to hold the claim had not entered into their calculations.

As they turned from the path to come across the claim to where we were, Charley and I stopped shoveling and leaning on our long handled shovels, hitched our revolvers and knives around handy and loosened them in their sheaths. We had already prepared a place in the further corner of the pit, where, partly shielded by the sluice box, we could quickly scramble up to their level, if they made any such demand on us as to come up and fight it out. It was our plan to begin shooting as soon as we were above the sluice box, and Blinn was to do the same.

Coming quickly to the edge of the pit, the leader asked with a string of oaths, what we were on his claim for after being shown our purchase papers were no good. I replied that we did not care anything about the papers; that he had been away from his claim and we on it, working, for nearly three weeks, and we held it this morning as a jumped claim. When I said this his hand dropped to the butt of his big revolver, and I thought he was going to take us at a disadvantage in the pit.

But on the instant, before he could draw on us, or I could make a move, I heard a cool, drawling, challenging kind of voice saying, "No shootin' in a hole," and glancing over my shoulder I saw our North Carolina friend, about thirty feet away, leaning carelessly over his sluice box, his left hand holding the box and his cocked revolver in his right hand. With a slight shake of his

head our friend repeated, "No shootin' in a hole," adding, "Yeou know what minin' law is."

The fellow looked beyond our friend and saw that all the near sluices below us had stopped work, and were evidently most interested observers. He saw it would not do to shoot us down in the hole, too many witnesses who evidently were in sympathy with us. We expected his next words to us would be the demand to come up out of the hole and fight it out. Three of them and three of us. We were keyed up for quick action and if he had spoken the words, we should have been on a level with him and firing inside of half a minute. However, he did not "call us," but instead began to curse and threaten us as we leaned on our long handled shovels watching him.

When out of breath and words, he stopped a little, I told him that wind was cheap, and he could amuse himself in that way as long or as much as he wished for all we cared; but that if it came to a revolver argument, we should do our full share in that and a little more; that we calculated to hold the claim, or to hold six feet of dirt right up there on the mountain side; also that if we went up there we would sure take some of the present company with us.

This kind of talk from a tenderfoot was evidently a surprise to him. He stared at us a moment, then saying something to his companions, they turned and left the claim, taking the path up the gulch. We watched them and saw them stop at one of the upper claims, and begin talking to some miners up there. They soon had fifteen or twenty men gathered about them, and from the excited gestures of our visitors pointing down the gulch, it was evident they were trying to get up a crowd to come down and deal with us.

Evidently our Carolina friend thought so too, and he must have given some kind of signal, for directly men began to move up from the lower claims, and very soon there were thirty or forty miners gathered near our claim, apparently ready to take a hand in our interest if there was any interference from others.

This quiet kind of notice evidently had its effect, for the group about our visitors slowly melted away leaving them alone. Our friends went back to their work, and that was the end of the effort to take the claim from us. We continued to work it faithfully until late in the mining season.¹⁵ Within a month we got down to bed-rock in three of four places, only to be disappointed in the results. Sixteen dollars was the largest return we ever got for a day's sluicing, three of us working hard right near the bed-rock.

¹⁵Actually Hedges did not work every day on the claim. In the fifth chapter of his manuscript he describes various experiences he had while prospecting in the South Park region, and across Boreas Pass in the Breckenridge District. He states that these trips often consumed three or four days, if not more, and it is likely that his two partners also went on similar explorations, which means that at times there were only two or perhaps one man left working the claim.

On all the other claims it was pay dirt all the way down, after stripping off the black soil, and getting into the wash gravel.¹⁶ The big returns on the best claims above us, of two hundred dollars for two men sluicing a day, were gotten in the three-foot layer just above bed-rock; and we could not understand why it was not in some degree the same with us.

After a while we learned that the lower fifteen to twenty feet of the claim next above and joining onto us, was considered by the owner as hardly worth working; the same condition applied to the upper fifteen or twenty feet of the claim next to us on the lower side of our claim. However, we kept our counsel, letting no one know what our returns were, and dug on in the forlorn hope that there was yet some place in our claim where we might "strike it rich."

But the hope was never realized, and when late in the mining season we determined to start for home, we sold for fifty dollars the little strip of ground not dug over, remaining at one side of the claim, together with all the sluice boxes that had cost such severe labor.

As we left Tarryall behind us and started out across the South Park, both Charley and myself were silent and depressed. The contrast between our present stripped condition and our arrival in Tarryall a few months before, with a fine span of mules, a strong covered wagon, and a good tent with everything needed for a complete camping outfit, was almost too much for our philosophy. But we had the satisfaction of knowing we were with the great majority, for, as it had been in all gold discovery excitements, nine out of every ten who dared the trail, came back far poorer than they went.¹⁷

¹⁶A term applied to the gravel that underlay the topsoil and was thought to contain gold.

¹⁷The manuscript continues by relating the experiences that befell Hedges while prospecting and on his journey back to Sidney, Iowa. The last chapter is chiefly concerned with this trip and the Indians encountered enroute. When taken as a whole, the manuscript is quite accurate in most of its details and is generally better than average for impressions of people and places visited.

The Chinese in Colorado

PATRICIA K. OURADA*

Quite a large number of the Celestials have arrived among us of late, enticed by the golden romance that has filled the world. Scarcely a ship arrives that does not bring an increase to this worthy integer of our population. The China boys will yet vote at

*Miss Ourada prepared this paper while attending the University of Colorado.—Ed.

the same polls, study at the same schools and bow at the same altar as our own countrymen.¹

By 1880 John Chinaman, the once picturesque novelty of the Far West, was the conspicuous figure in America against whom every anti-foreign sentiment was hurled. "The Chinese must go" became a chant that was heard in the halls of Congress and voiced by legislators from California to Colorado. "The Chinese must go" became the issue of concern in every political gathering and every labor meeting in the nation. The people of the East, thoroughly imbued with the principle of free immigration, bitterly contested the eager western congressmen in their fight to save America from the ruin that might follow in the wake of the "pig-tailed" Celestials.

With the election of James A. Garfield in 1880, hope of inclusive Chinese restrictions faded for the West. Garfield had been accused of having advocated through the Morey letter the use of cheap coolie labor in competition with white labor, saying "it was the right of capital to buy labor whenever it saw fit."² While it is true that Chinese immigration into this country was founded upon and protected by a treaty conceived and perfected by a Republican administration, and while the Democratic West pointed a condemning finger at candidate Garfield, the question of his guilt in the Morey issue is highly debatable. The feelings of the West concerning the Morey letter and the election of Garfield were expressed from the floor of the Senate by Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado, when he said,

The whole Republican party rose up "en masse" and vowed that their candidate had never written that letter, and that if he had, they would have repudiated him. In my judgment he would not have carried a single State in this Union if that charge had been made good, and he ought not to have carried a single State.³

The assurance of protection for the tycoon builders of the West that came with the election of Garfield was short lived, for after his assassination in the same year as his inauguration, the Californian representatives in Congress again became active on labor issues with the foremost one being Chinese exclusion. After President Arthur vetoed an exclusion bill that had been introduced by Senator Miller of California and his colleagues from the West, Congress on April 9, 1882, passed a bill which forbade the naturalization of Chinese already in this country and excluded further Chinese laborers from immigrating to the United States for a period of ten years. Once again Senator Teller of Colorado went on record as favoring the bill.⁴ Senator Teller's obvious dislike for the

¹Daily Alta Californian, May 12, 1852; quoted in Mary E. Coolidge, *Chinese Immigration*, 15.

²Rocky Mountain News, Oct. 29, 1880.

³Congressional Record, 1st Sess., 47th Congress, Vol. 13, p. 1645.

⁴Senator Teller's speech is found in the *Congressional Record*, volume 13, Part II, p. 1644, 47th Congress, 1st Session.

Chinese was undoubtedly fostered by conditions that existed in his home state of Colorado.

The Chinese had been attracted to the United States by the golden romance of the West, beginning with the rush of the forty-niners to California. By 1851 it was estimated that 25,000 Chinese had arrived, while unprecedented immigration of the Celestials came in 1852, with 18,400 arriving in that single year.⁵ These Chinese came for the most part without their families and for the sole purpose of making a fortune in gold and then returning to their homeland.

For cheap labor the Chinese coolie had no equal. The trans-continental railroad project provided a major opportunity to demonstrate the working qualities of Chinese labor in large numbers. The Central Pacific railroad was practically the only road to benefit from Chinese labor to any extent. The Chinese coolie was used to lay the track that would join with the Union Pacific line from the East, thus spanning the nation and uniting East and West.

Chinese, who had been attracted to America by the opportunities in the gold fields of California, soon made their way into other parts of the Far West, as new mining camps developed. As far as the records show, there were no Chinese in Colorado in 1860. According to the United States Census Report of 1870, there were seven Chinamen within the state.⁶ It seems correct to presume that this census was made either at the close of 1869 or early in 1870, for the *Boulder County News* of November 2, 1870, announced that there were forty-two Chinese in the city of Denver.

These early Chinese in the state were considered in the light of great curiosity for they were strikingly different in appearance from the average western folk. All Chinese wore the same style of clothing and except when in gala dress, must have made dingy-looking creatures. The Chinese usually wore wide cotton pantaloons of a blackish color, barely reaching to his ankles. His equally wide and shapeless blouse of the same material fell to his knees and fitted close up to his neck. It overlapped down the front and was fastened with loops or brass buttons. In cold weather he wore a sleeveless coat of quilted material. The laborers in the mines and fields wore a wide umbrella-shaped hat made of split bamboo or grass. The wealthy Chinese wore clothing of flowery silks when waiting on customers in his store or when at home.

The Chinese women wore blouses and trousers similar to those worn by the men, only they were of a fine material and usually girdled with a brightly colored sash. They frequently wore jewelry and always carried a fan to hide their face from the gaze of the

⁵A. McLeod, *Pigtails and Gold Dust*, 24.

⁶L. R. Hafen, *Colorado and Its People*, Vol. II, 115. See also *9th Census of the U. S.*; Dept. of Interior; vol. 1, 95-96.

foreigner. They devoted a great deal of time and care to their hair, which was arranged in knots and adorned with artificial flowers. The Chinese women used paints and rouges and although they used no more powder than did the American woman, it was always as white as flour.

Most striking to the Westerner was the Chinaman's shaven head and long, dangling queue. Usually, instead of tucking his queue under his hat, it was allowed to trail down his back, often reaching to his knees. This pigtail was as precious to the Celestial as his life. It was his badge of respect and loss of it would place him in a dubious position in the eyes of his countrymen and would fill him with a dread as to the reception that was awaiting him when he joined his ancestors.

Colorado was no exception in recognizing the benefits of the cheap labor offered by the influx of the Chinese, and on February 11, 1870, a joint resolution was passed by the state legislature. The preamble stated that immigration of Chinese labor to Colorado was calculated to hasten the development and early prosperity of the Territory by supplying the demand for cheap labor. It was, therefore, resolved that such immigration should be encouraged by legislation that would guarantee the immigrants security of their property and person.⁷

Upon the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, many Chinese found themselves no longer bound by contract, and free to pursue their own fortune. One of the first such Celestials to arrive in Colorado was Chin Lin Sou, who had been in charge of the first gang of Chinese coolies that came to America to work on the railroad in 1859. Chin found employment bossing a gang of three hundred coolies in the placer operations for Warren Thomas, pioneer real estate man in Gregory Gulch, a mile and a half below Black Hawk. Chin prospered and brought his wife from China to Gilpin County. In 1873 a daughter, Lilly Chin, was born to the family. She had the distinction of being the first Chinese person born in Colorado.⁸

It was in that same year that Chin Lin Sou was hired by the Cameron Brothers of Clear Creek, about three miles below Central City, as overseer of the Chinese who were working the Cameron placer mines. In 1872 Alexander Cameron had made the hard trip to California to contract for Chinese to work on his mine.⁹

About ninety-seven percent of the early Chinese who came to the United States came by way of "assisted passage" secured for them by one of the Six Companies that formed the great Chinese Empire of the Pacific Coast. Upon arrival in the United States the

⁷*Congressional Record*, 1st Sess., 50th Cong., p. 8253.

⁸*Denver Post*, June 25, 1937.

⁹*Boulder County News*, Sept. 20, 1872.

Company secured work for coolie gangs agreeing to pay the coolies so much per month while the Company secured a profit of sixty-five percent on each Coolie. The Chinaman left security at home, most often a wife or daughter, to be used as the Company agents saw fit if the Celestial failed in his contract. It is generally accepted that Abraham Lincoln's administration ended slavery in the United States; yet, there existed an unrecognized slavery of contract coolie labor in our western states for many years.

On June 7, 1873, the first installment of forty-five contracted Celestials arrived at the Cameron mine. Their contract with Alexander and Robert Cameron was for a stipulated time at \$35.00 a month without board. They were nearly all old Californians and miners of five to ten years experience.¹⁰ A second installment of Chinese, about forty in number, arrived from Evanston, Wyoming, under Ah Say, an employee of the Union Pacific Railroad. This group leased several hundred feet of ground from the Camerons and went to work with mining apparatus purchased in Denver. In September of 1873 another contingent of seventeen coolies came by way of the Colorado Central to Black Hawk to work at the Cameron Placer, and again, as further evidence of Cameron's success in his California journey, thirty Chinese arrived early in January of 1874 to reinforce Camerontown.¹¹

Not all of the Chinese filtered into Colorado by way of the Pacific Coast. Many coolie gangs had been sold into contracts with the Spanish for use on their plantations on the islands in the Caribbean. Upon gaining their freedom after their contract services had expired, the Celestials often began to work their way across the country in hopes of someday reaching the golden West. One such squadron of eighteen Chinese came to the Cameron mines in 1874. They had worked for two years "mong de cotton and de cane" of Louisiana and had come to the West to try their luck at mining.¹²

As early as 1852 there was racial discrimination being practiced on the West Coast against the strange, yellow hordes that came from the Orient. In 1868, Anson Burlingame and a Chinese mission were enthusiastically received in Washington. The immediate result of this meeting was the conclusion on July 4, 1868, of a reciprocal treaty between the United States and China, whereby citizens of either country would be free of religious persecution, privileged to maintain their own schools and granted the right of residence or travel in the other's country according to the concessions granted to the most favored nation. The Preamble to this declaration from which the American people as well as our govern-

¹⁰*Daily Central City Register*, July 19, 1873.

¹¹*Weekly Central City Register*, Jan. 14, 1874.

¹²*Ibid.*, February 25, 1874.

ment soon receded by discriminating against the race and class the treaty sought to protect, reads:

The United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from one country to the other for the purpose of curiosity, of trade or as permanent residents.¹³

Before 1868 the abuse of the Chinese in the West was sporadic. It seems to have been confined largely to the adventurous and hoodlum elements of the towns. Yet, the idea that a Chinaman had no rights which a white man was bound to respect was being developed and recognized. From the year of the Burlingame treaty on, however, Chinese attacks were closely associated with political campaigns and a widespread movement from within to meet the growing demands of the white working class.

First anti-Chinese feeling to flare up inside Colorado occurred in March of 1874 when one hundred and sixty Chinese laborers were brought into the Caribou mine by the Nederland Company. Before the men had gone to work they were visited by an unlawful band of fifty disguised men who ordered them away with threats. Following this notorious demonstration, a special meeting of the Nederland Board of Trustees was called in pursuance of a petition of the townspeople. At this meeting a series of resolutions were enacted which assured the community that the guilty would be apprehended and punished and that there would never be a recurrence of such an outrage in the community.¹⁴

In 1879 Leadville boasted of having representatives of every nation on earth, except the Chinese, residing within the town. Its citizens boasted "John Chinaman is not allowed by the miners to enter the city limits." Legend has it that when one "pig-tailed Celestial" tried to enter the community, the poor fellow was set adrift on the mountain in a blinding snowstorm, minus his queue and blankets. He is supposed to have perished before he reached the range.¹⁵ According to General Bearce, a prominent Leadville citizen, the reason for the unpopularity of the Chinese in his city was the fear of the competition the Chinese would give white labor. Mr. Bearce expressed in his interview with the press the sentiments of other towns, as well as Leadville's, when he said,

Why at Alpine a couple of Chinamen came into town and rented a house and were going to open a washee house. When the fact was discovered, the miners waited on the pig-tails, put them into a wagon and pointed their noses Denverward, and told them to go! They were not allowed in either Lake or Chaffee counties.¹⁶

¹³Wen Hwan Ma, *American Policy Toward China*, 41. See also, *Senate Documents*, vol. 47, 61st Congress, 2nd Session, "Treaties, Conventions," etc., 1776-1909, p. 234-235.

¹⁴*Boulder County News*, April 10, 1874.

¹⁵*Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 24, 1879, p. 3, c. 1-2.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, Oct. 29, 1880, p. 8, c. 3.

In the same year as the trouble in the Nederland Company, there was a disturbance at the Como Coal Mines at Caribou, when all white men were discharged from the mines, and their places were filled with a crowd of Chinese. This displacement was undoubtedly made solely because the Chinese contracted labor was cheaper than the Italian miners. When this change took place a howl of protest came from all parts of the state. The Italians, having heard that the workmen of Colorado were going to stand together and resist the ruin of labor, refused to allow the Orientals to go to work. Dave Cook was employed to head a band of Republican fighting men, all hired by him, and to go as commander of his private army to the mines. Cook's orders were to shoot any white miners who had been displaced by the Chinese should they resist the Celestial labor.

The major argument voiced in opposition to Chinese in Colorado and in other western states was that they were injurious competitors of white labor. The Chinese learned quickly and as Chinese immigration increased, they were found in ever greater numbers in every occupation. Here in the state as elsewhere, most of the Chinese were at first engaged in mining, and so it was in the mines that first opposition to the Celestials showed itself.

One of the most exciting events of the '70s in relation to the local Chinese problem occurred in Central City in 1874, when a Chinese "washee house" caught fire. The fire spread rapidly through the wooden buildings and houses of the town. The city lacked a water system and the volunteer bucket brigade quickly lost control of the blaze and had to summon help from the community of Golden. The emergency aid crew was delayed enroute when one of its members had to be retrieved after he fell from the relief train as it rounded a sharp curve. When the Golden force arrived, much of Central City was a smoldering ruin.

A riot almost ensued when it was rumored that the fire had started during the performance of an ancient fire ritual in the Chinese laundry shop. The excitement subsided when the fire was attributed to a defective chimney flue; however, the tradition still persists that a joss stick played the part of Mrs. O'Leary's cow in the Central City fire. The community was rebuilt and, as a safeguard against a recurrence of the tragedy of 1874, was built largely of brick and stone.¹⁷

The Chinese had spread epidemic-like from California into the adjoining states and territories until every western city had its Chinatown. Denver was no exception. Its Chinatown, as every other, was symbolical of the Far East. Every Chinatown was the

¹⁷W.P.A., *Ghost Towns of Colorado*, 47-48.

scene of mystery, intrigue and plot. The Celestial Empires were picturesque stages for human drama, where mysterious yellow hordes congregated under their yellow dragon banner, hoping to emerge with golden fortunes. How unhappy and disappointed these luckless people must have been when instead of the promised pot of gold, they found only resentment, bitterness and misunderstanding.

It was in May of 1870 that Hong Lee, the first "peculiar Chinese," arrived in Denver.¹⁸ Within five months there were forty-two Chinese, twenty-nine men and thirteen women, in the city. These were located in thirteen small houses between Wazee and Wiwata streets. By 1880 the Chinese question was beginning to affect Denver. It was estimated that there were at least four hundred Chinese in the city and the number continued to increase with each train that arrived from the West. Of the number in the town, the greater share of them were found in the neighborhood of Wazee street—"Hop Alley," as Denver's Chinatown came to be called.

For the Celestial, who moved into the Chinatowns of America, trade seemed to be his ambition and choice over other occupations. While the daily cost of living for the Chinese in Denver was only ten to twenty cents, they refused their patronage to anyone but the Chinese merchants. Their daily diet consisted almost entirely of rice, tea and fish, which had been brought from China by way of the Six Companies in San Francisco. Food was not the only commodity sent to America from the homeland, every article of clothing, every bit of household furnishings, usually nothing more than straw mattings, came directly from China.

Some of the earlier Chinese went so far as to bring their own "pre-fabricated" homes with them to this country.¹⁹ Is it any wonder that the average frontiersman felt aggravated with the Chinese at this bold display of clanishness? The merchant class in every Chinatown profited not only from the business of his own people but to an often greater extent from his white patrons. Nowhere else in America could one find such exquisite material as the silken bolts in the Chinese merchant shops. Many a miner recklessly laid golden nuggets on the counter in return for a silk sash or a dainty fan for the hard working frontier woman who had given up the frills of the East to come into the Far West to help establish a home.

Beside the merchantmen in Chinatown could be found the restaurant owners, who attracted flocks of curious visitors to their establishments all eager for a taste of their many strange concoctions. Many Chinese found employment as cooks and servants in private

¹⁸*Boulder County News*, Nov. 2, 1870.
¹⁹*Rocky Mountain News*, Oct. 29, 1880.

homes where they were kindly received and where their services were greatly appreciated.

The greatest share of the laundry done in the city of Denver was performed in the Chinese "washee houses" along Hop Alley. As early as 1850 the first Chinese laundry establishments had been opened in San Francisco. Where laundry had been done by white labor at a cost of twenty dollars per dozen articles, the Chinese moved in, reducing the cost to two dollars. The greatest expense of a Chinese laundry was the rent and water bill. The washhouse was usually a shack-like place. Here John Chinaman would wash in the back of his shop, dry the linens on the roof and iron in public view. He always ironed at tables in front close to the street, where the curious passers-by could stop and watch him if they pleased. And watch him they did! The Chinese laundryman used a type of iron foreign to this country. It was an iron saucepan in which by some mysterious agency a charcoal fire was kept burning. With his mouth filled with water from a mug near by and the saucepan in hand, the laundryman would seize a garment, commence to eject a water spray from his mouth over the garment and with his iron would press wherever he had dampened it. Despite the indelicacy employed in the ironing process, it was generally agreed that the Chinese laundrymen were unexcelled in their trade.

Chinatown barber shops were numerous and usually located in basement rooms of other business houses. The Chinese barber did not advertise his trade with our familiar striped pole but instead his sign was a four-legged green frame with four balls on top of each leg. These contraptions resembled the wash basin stands found in the interior of the shop.

The keepers of the trades that have been mentioned were for the most part hard working men, who minded their own affairs and should never have provoked a rebuke from the townspeople of Denver. However, while Hop Alley proved always a source of amusement for the visitor, it was a place of sickness, vice and filth to those who knew it.

Probably the single most debasing factor found in any Chinatown in the country was the Chinaman's craving for opium. In 1880 there were seventeen opium dens in Denver. Of these, twelve were situated along Hop Alley.²⁰ Here, the Chinese would congregate at the close of the day seeking solace in the lulling fumes of opium. If this practice with its resulting wretchedness had been confined to the Chinese alone, but little concern would probably have been expressed. Soon, however, these "joints" began to be frequented more and more by white men and women. The habit and its deadly re-

²⁰*Rocky Mountain News*, March 28, 1880, p. 8, c. 3.

sults became so extensive as to attract the attention of municipal authorities, and police raids on these dens were not infrequent.

When the Chinese began to arrive in America, the professional Chinese gambler made his appearance, and it was not long before every city in the West, where Chinese lived, became a nest of gambling dens and lottery companies. Most of these dens were operated behind closely guarded doors from which any suspicious movements outside would be quickly conveyed to the players within. Before anyone could descend upon the den, the occupants had disappeared through a maze of secret passages leading into adjoining buildings or into the street.

Still another human outrage flourished in the heart of Denver's Chinatown. Most of the Chinese women who came to the United States were sold into slavery before they ever left China shores. Many of these slave girls were poor girls, trained to lewdness from childhood. Upon their arrival here, they were put to work in houses of prostitution in return for passage money, board and clothing for a specified period of time, or until, no longer wanted by their master, they would be auctioned in an open market to the highest bidder.²¹

A bitter campaign to clean up Hop Alley's opium dens, gambling joints, houses of prostitution and secret passages was staged by the *Rocky Mountain News*.²² While it might not have been this anti-Chinese drive that was responsible for the Denver riot that reduced Hop Alley to shambles, certainly by that incident the objectives of the paper's denunciations were fulfilled. The cause of the famous Denver riot of October 31, 1880, presents a controversial issue. Anti-Chinese feeling had reached a fever pitch in Denver during the political campaigning for the November election, and it is not surprising that feelings gave way into open violence.

The cause revealed by federal government publications recounts a brawl that began in a saloon on Wazee Street, when a game between two Chinese was broken up by a couple of drunken white men. In a moment the saloon was in an uproar and the commotion had attracted a great crowd of on-lookers.²³ The other story, appearing in the *Rocky Mountain News* the morning after the tragedy, asserts that the riot began Sunday morning in a Chinese laundry shop when the washee man demanded ten cents more for the wash than his white customer was willing to pay. Upon refusal of payment, the Celestial slashed the white man across the face with a knife. As the injured man ran from the shop, he attracted the attention of passersby and in a matter of minutes a crowd had gathered. The China-

²¹*Daily Denver Tribune*, June 1, 1874, "A Chinese Romance."

²²*Rocky Mountain News*, March 28, 1880, Oct. 21, 1880, and Oct. 31, 1880.

²³*Executive Documents*, op. cit., p. 335. See also Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, vol. 3, pp. 25-28.

man fired a gun at the crowd and that action brought the people en masse.

Although the exact cause of the riot is somewhat obscure, the disgraceful events of that day in Denver's history will never be forgotten. At the time of the riot there were only fifteen men on the police force in Denver; and they were without a chief. Officer Hickey had been suspended from office because of a political brawl a few days before the riot occurred.²⁴ Mayor Sopris was on hand soon after the crowd appeared, and having called out the fire department, ordered the mob to disperse or be drenched. The crowd became antagonistic and upon receiving the promised drenching broke loose in a destructive rampage that lasted into the night and did not cease until every Chinese laundry shop and business house and the greater share of Chinese homes were destroyed. At the peak of the outbreak local authorities found themselves helpless to stem the uprising and the city was turned over to Governor Pitkin. A light artillery battery and the Governor's Guard were sent to the scene.

Meanwhile, General David Cook, along with the sheriff and a one hundred man posse rounded up about one hundred and eighty-five Chinese and locked them safely in jail, where they remained for three days.²⁵ After the fray, in which one Chinaman, Look Young, had been killed, several white men seriously wounded, and the destruction of Denver's Chinatown completed, correspondence was carried on between the Chinese Embassy in Washington and the American State Department, in an attempt on the part of the Chinese to secure indemnification. The Chinese Embassy was assured that the federal government was not responsible for the unfortunate incident, but felt certain the city of Denver would make reparation for the damage inflicted upon Chinese persons and their property.²⁶

With the passing of the international negotiations and the final payment of the indemnity by Denver,²⁷ the Chinese, instead of being terrified into leaving the city, began to rebuild Hop Alley. The population of Denver's Chinatown increased steadily and by 1890 there were 1,447 residents of Colorado who had been born in China; over 600 were residing in the Chinese district of Denver.

At the approach of the new decade there is further evidence of more trouble within Denver's Chinatown. The three associations of Mongolians, the Hop Was, See Yaps and Hoek Saws, located in Hop Alley, began tong warfare.²⁸ The "tong" associations were combinations to carry out quarrels, to uphold the interests of private

²⁴*Executive Documents*, op. cit., p. 334.

²⁵The same Dave Cook used at the Como Mines.

²⁶*Executive Documents*, op. cit., p. 319.

²⁷*Denver Tribune*, November 30, 1880.

²⁸*Denver Republican*, December 12, 1892.

member and to make money by levying protection fees on brothels and gambling houses. The "tong" warfare was limited to the Chinese district and involved only Chinese clans. So, while Denver's Chinatown in the 1890s was the scene of much real bloodshed and hatreds, the rest of the city of Denver was not molested.

With the passage in 1892 of the final Chinese Exclusion Act by our federal government, further immigration of most classes of Chinese into this country was halted. While the remaining Chinese endeavored to retain their ancient traditions and rituals, local legislation and civic minded townspeople sought to thoroughly Americanize John Chinaman, while still refusing to grant to him the privileges that go to make one desire to be an American.

In 1940 Denver's Chinatown "fell" before the advance of an army of "social betterment." The city building department ordered the razing of the buildings in the once lively Chinatown. In the days of persecution of the conspicuous "pigtailed" foreigners, John Chinaman's accomplishments were forgotten, his usefulness in the mines, on the railroads, in the kitchen belonged to days long past. He had become an object of scorn because he continued to worship his idols, refused to accept Western clothing, and supplied capital in its gigantic enterprises to develop the West with a source of willing cheap labor. Despite the bitterness toward the Chinese, America has come to accept the fact that the dreams of our empire builders were realized in part through the efforts of the Chinese coolie. Today, within the state, Chinese restaurants and a few remaining hand laundry shops are the only surviving remnants of the glory that was China's when under her dragon banner the Celestials sought fulfillment of golden dreams in the cities and mines of Colorado and the Far West.

With all her common sense and abilities, Aunt Thompson could exert no restraint on my turbulent nature. About a year after mother's passing away, I commenced to be a serious problem to my father. An Eastern college man, although wise in many ways, he was too tender and kindhearted to control a girl of my temperament. Even the faintest suggestion of a big stick wielded at the proper time, hurt his gentle soul. Nevertheless, it would have been a helpful initiation to an inflammable thunderbolt, dictatorially charging over all obstructions. I was a child possessing the energy of young wild things in the open, developing as a nature-child, and occupied chiefly with outdoors work and play on a cattle ranch in a primitive west. I was about as responsive to father's idea of "rule by love alone" as a fragment of granite on a winter morning. Father realized that he must attempt to tame or control this girl-child of his who was, by instinct, a cross between a Texas cowpuncher and a Ute Indian.

The time had come for me to be put in school, and under some shadow of discipline. It was fortunate that we had such an understanding friend, Tim Kinney, and at Mr. Kinney's suggestion, Father decided to send me to a Catholic convent in Salt Lake City, Utah. I took to the idea like a duck to water. It would be another new and thrilling adventure. A journey on the railroad would be included and I would have my first glimpse of a city. I could scarcely wait for the time to come when I should start. The hundred mile trip by buckboard and team from the ranch to the railroad was old and tame stuff, but now I was to be whirled away on a new pilgrimage of investigation which carried a special glamour.

Father and Aunt Thompson gave me wise counsel. They told me exactly what to do on the train. She gave me special and detailed instructions regarding the behaviour of a "lady" while traveling. I remember how primly I sat in my seat with my lips pressed firmly together, looking neither to the right nor left, as viewing with wonder and interest the scenes of the outdoors that appeared to flow past the car windows.

In due time I arrived in Salt Lake City, where I was met at the station by the Sisters regularly assigned to that duty. We bundled into a carriage, and were driven to the convent by Pat, the gardener. I stared with amazement at the crowded city streets, the towering buildings, and the horse cars pulling their human freight up and down through the traffic. The pavements and the store windows displayed a variety of articles exceeding anything I had ever imagined. And finally, I saw the brick building set against smooth lawns, shapely trees, and with front and sides almost completely covered with Boston ivy. When our coach came to a halt, I was quietly ushered into a spacious waiting room to be approved by the

"Queen Ann" of Brown's Park*

ANN BASSETT WILLIS

After mother passed away, Aunt Thompson kept house for us. She and "Long-horn" her husband, moved over from their ranch, and we took their cattle on Bassett range. She was a woman of excellent character and unusual capabilities. A registered nurse, she had originally come west with her mother to nurse her half-brother. He had received arrow wounds while scouting for Thornberg's troops. When he recovered, she stayed on as an army nurse. She married Long-horn Thompson, and they came into Brown's Park after the arrival of my family.

*This is the third installment, the others appearing in the issues of April and July, 1952.—Ed.

Sister Superior, a dignified woman from whom radiated the authority and responsibility given into her hands for the guidance and sheltering of just such little girls as I.

I was tabulated and turned out among four hundred girls of every age and size, from tots to twenties. I had not realized there could be so many girls in just one world, and all of them apparently doing something that fitted into a part of this great pageant that seemed to be put on for my special entertainment. I felt something like Alice in Wonderland, finding myself surrounded by so many mysteries, where every possible wish was gratified without the trouble of thinking for one's self.

Every action was prearranged, even the play was planned. The orderly and clean grounds had a tennis court and a croquet plot, with rackets and mallets neatly laid out, and a young, soft-voiced sister to instruct and supervise. Our clothing was beautifully pressed and placed ready to wear. I was more than a little proud of myself, done up in a new uniform, without a trace of fertilizer to detract from its spotlessness. And what thrilling sensations I experienced listening for those innumerable bells to ring!

For me that school was the ever-changing dress rehearsal of an amusing drama, becoming more exciting with every change. Be it Benediction, Mass, or class, it was all absorbing entertainment, thoroughly enjoyed and eagerly looked forward to. I went floating around in a maze of fun, regularly pranced off to a quiet dining hall, where we were served with mountains of wholesome food, to be eaten leisurely while listening to strains of soft music. That music was like the stirring of birdwings in the air about us. True, there were some lines to be gone over, and classroom exercises, all of which I took in my stride, and swallowed as a routine part of this never-ending show.

At the slightest symptoms of illness or fatigue we were gently whisked away to another part of this endless building, to the infirmary. There you were tucked into a snowy bed and carefully watched over by one of those faithful "Sisters," who administered to every need. It was wonderful to loll there and be served with a tray at meal time. I had never heard of such care. The contrast to my ranch life was overwhelming.

When at home, if one got droopy, they were dosed with sagebrush tea and castor oil, then turned loose to fend for themselves. With disdain and contempt for any suggestion of ill health, I would trot out to the corral, rope a bronco, pull him this way and that to wear him down a bit before trying to put on the blindfold and anchor the saddle. Then to go to it and top him off, sometimes getting well "topped off" myself. In that case I scrambled up, brushed off some (not too much) dust from my person, and set off to round up

the drifting horse and saddle. Catching him, I'd start all over again, until that particular brone was "broke" to be ridden without spills. In my experience of living on a ranch one had to think fast to dodge flying feet and flaying horns, and to avoid getting kicked in the belly by a wild calf at branding time. A fella sure had to have the right caliber of insides to ignore cuts and bruises, or now and then a fractured bone. That was my real life, to be lived in earnest. My convent experiences were a delightful interlude, during which I went sailing around on clouds of beauty and ease.

Not until twenty years later did I realize that I was being disciplined and educated for the finer things of life by those masterful sisters, who are adroit in the shaping and building of a child's character and future. Had I been managed in any other way, and for a moment realized this was control in its strictest sense, I would have snorted like a wild mustang and bolted for the home range. This introduction to training was so skillful it never occurred to me that I was being schooled, and I was eager to return each year to absorb more of the luxuries. With a deep sense of obligation I wanted to please those kind sisters, and did everything expected of me. I swaggered home triumphant, for I had won a medal for good conduct. The cowboys shook their heads, and declared "you must of mavericked it." Through the years of my lumpy career, wherever I see a Catholic sister of any order I experience a wave of genuine gratitude for those holy women and the goodness of their earnest lives. They tried patiently to heave some brand of improvement on a child, who, by the most elastic kind of imagination, could not be called "sweet little girl."

On an earlier page I referred to Slippery Jim. He fills a definite and important niche in all memories of those old days on the Bassett Ranch. He came to live with us when I was a baby, and stuck.

Being a left-over Guerrilla of the Civil War, he probably was well fitted to cope with the twin job of making a hand around the ranch and simultaneously attempting to reconstruct my indecorous conduct.

Slippery was tall, well over six feet, his long body topped by a sandy-haired head that prominently displayed a hooked nose. A thin mustache straggled across the upper lip of a firm mouth that rarely smiled. He had a notably clean appearance, but there was nothing of humor or geniality in his expression. He had a deep sense of responsibility, and stood for back talk from nobody. But even when he was speaking with force, I did not fear him, for I understood he did not mean half of what he was saying.

Nothing slipped by Slippery. He would fix me with a cold eye. Then he would slice a generous quid of "Horse Shoe" plug, lick the

razor sharp blade of his hunting knife, and calmly give forth regarding some supposedly secret escapade of my own. He would pour out words with force and effective irony.

Finally a perfect kick-off came, with a big scoop for Slippery. I suddenly became bored with the annoying white tribe, their failure to understand my needs, and their narrowing restrictions. I decided to go Indian, for keeps. It was a most unfortunate circumstance that this urge came over me at the same time Father was expecting boyhood friends from Herkimer County, New York, to visit him.

The entire household was in a great flurry at prospect of entertaining such distinguished guests. They neglected to inform me of the date of expected arrival. Not knowing of this would not have greatly altered my plans, though the announcement might have caused me to postpone the drastic change for a few days, and have prevented that terribly unpleasant sensation I later felt at the pit of my stomach. Also, Father would have been spared the unhappy embarrassment openly betrayed when I rambled nonchalantly into our living room all done up in war paint and eagle feathers. Completely Indian from long braids to beaded moccasins, I was unexpectedly facing Father's friends, the immaculate Doctor Nicholas Senn and Major General Otis of *Los Angeles Times* fame. Father gave me one despairing glance, and his face was suddenly a mask done in red.

Judge Conway collected his wits, and exhibited sufficient self-control to say: "This is Miss Ann. She will conduct our horse-back trips to places we will want to visit while you are here." From the distressed expressions of utter dismay creeping over the notables' faces, they were ready to take flight, if any more of such primitives were liable to appear.

Right then I wanted to clutch anything that moved swiftly, for in popped my sister, Josephine, all perked up in starched gingham and ruffles, to announce dinner.

Judge Conway gave me a shove and off we went to endure that unending meal, with no possible escape. I felt mighty small sitting there beside the towering Major, and trying to look as I hoped an Indian Chief would look if he were ever caught red-handed in the act of lifting a white's "top piece." At the moment, my crime seemed as great.

The morning's sequence left me fairly smoking to commit a dire deed, for it was very evident to me that the subtle old Judge had a hole card up his sleeve and that he was determined to cure me of that Indian dream for all time. He smugly suggested an after dinner rest and then a horseback ride to see Lodore Canyon at sunset, all the time keeping watchful eyes on me.

To complete the picture, the Judge was very careful to see that "Lo-the-poor-Indian" rode bare back with the grotesque long feather headdress dangling over the horse at every movement. The bare-back stunt did not cool me off any, and I got a hunch.

Doctor Senn became deeply engrossed in his observation of the general landscape as we rode slowly over the hills. The Major was busy complimenting himself on his splendid horsemanship and his perfect understanding of horses. I had time to think, while the tenderfeet ogled that perfect sunset. Twilight settled over the ridges, and soon we must be on our homeward ride.

Major Otis was laboriously climbing on his mount just when my toe got out of control and really made things interesting. That unruly toe stuck itself right into old Gussie's flank with a nasty jab. The gentle Gussie came unbuttoned, and went down across the meadow, bucking and kicking. The Major was left flattened out on the sand like a flap jack.

My worthy act for the day was accomplished, and I loped off to gather Gussie. The old horse was not fooled by my honeyed talk, and he eyed me with suspicion when I reached for the bridle reins.

Doctor Senn fumbled over the Major and pronounced him free from any physical injuries, so we started on the homeward journey with the Major in wonderment over the true meaning of Gussie's homicidal tendency. My brother Sam met us at the corral, and got the story of the accident. He gave me a critical look and whispered, "Get out of the way and forget to show up while we have company."

Experience warned me of the inevitable punishment ahead. Slippery would be lurking somewhere in the shadows, and grab me at the very first opportunity to flay me with one of his scathing lectures. I hid out until daylight, then he nabbed me when I sneaked into the kitchen for a hand-out.

I was caught, and followed him to his work, wishing he would forget about yesterday's pranks. Not a chance.

Slippery picked up speed in the old familiar way and began. "When I was a boy back in old Kaintucky, I hated stinking Injins. Pshaw, it aint human, an you aint going to be no Injin Chief no-how. That was alright for you to make play with when you was a little cuss, but what I cain't see is, why in tarnation you ever did want to be a lousy Injin. I helped with your rasin', of course it's nothin' to be proud of. When you got in from school tother day you was lookin' plumb lady-like, now you look like somethin' chased out of the brush. You shore are a disappointment to me. I'm to blame some, I reckon, for the way you are. When you was nothin' but a yearlin' I kept your Ma from lickin' you, and you was needin' it too. I aint

forgot the time you got that bunch of kids down sick with the grip by havin' them take their shoes off an stand in the mud and water for hours at a time makin' them believe they had heel flies. You had them pore kids sniffin' and snuffin' and as red as beets, an you all dirtied up and as husky as a young mule!"

He paused to exhale a deep, sighing breath, then went on. "Heel-flies, nawthin'" he exclaimed, his voice oozing disgust. "It was only one of your streaks of meanness, scarin' them with that stuff. An' I lied to your pore Ma, tellin' her how you was reely sick too, so she wouldn't give you a lickin'. I did get some good outa that, though, for you didn't dast kick an' bite when I had to hold your nose and pour castor ile down you, an' then scrub your dirty paws."

"Why in thunder do we try to get you eddicated for, anyhow? he demanded of me belligerently. Look at you now, out here in that disgustin' garb, helpin' to keep a wire fence straight in the' buildin'. Aint no job for a girl, and a wire fence is a plumb no-good thing anyhow, plumb pizen to critters—and humans too. Here you are, comin' fifteen, an' wearin' over-hauls. If there is anything I hate to see, it's a gal in them things. Why, that kind of an outfit is just for sheepherders an' squaw-men." By that time he was glaring at me.

When I remained silent, trying to seem indifferent to his outpouring of angry disapproval, he went on with a final outburst of enraged criticism. "I was so ashamed of you yesterday in that turrible riggin'. And I know you was in a mood to do somethin' awful mean. I says to Miz Thompson, that youngun can't behave herself one minnit! Just look at Beth Brown and Wilda Mae, all dressed up and smellin' as sweet as posies. Them is the gals that is goin' to get the pick of the fellers, an' you'll be one of them old maids, goin' round as sour as a pickle. I was set on you gettin' one of th' good men around here, an' marry. But 'taint no use, all you can see is cattle an' hosses!" When the last sentence had exploded, Slippery lifted a gaunt hand to brush drops of perspiration from his forehead. "Fetch me my tobacker," he commanded, his voice pitched on a lower note, "it's in my coat pocket, hangin' on that limb there. I'm a-going to set again this cedar and do some whittlin'. My old bones is tired."

I could see my self-appointed "guardian angel" and censor was weakening. Perking up, I said, "Slippery, you should say 'please' when you ask for something."

He said: "See here, Ann Bassett, don't give me any of your back talk, I won't have no smart elecks in our family. Now get on your horse an' go to the Pablo place and stay there while your Pa's big friends are here. An' say, while your're about it, don't forget to wire the bull pasture gate, and drive the cows away from the

bog holes, an' run in the saddle horses. A body can't depend on the boys no more, with all them pretty gals around the ranch. Come to think of it, I always did get you to do such things." He eyed me with a faint hint of leniency.

I was trying to gain sympathy and said: "Slippery, there is no food at the Pablo, and you know it." Slippery did not allow himself to be impressed. He said: "Go on up there, you can catch some frogs outa the pond and fry their legs. I'll tell Sam and Wilda to take you some biscuits. Them two is sure going to be a match. Sam is tall an' good lookin', and so is Wilda with her yellow-bird hair, and them pretty slim laigs. She walks like a deer, an' sings, too. Yes-sir-ee, that girl sings like a meadowlark. An they're sure in love. Now, when I was a boy back in Kaintucky—" He paused, shrugged his shoulders, and concluded briskly, "Shucks, I was just a boy in Kaintucky, that's all."

This was the usual conclusion to one of Slippery's outbursts, and indicated that, for the time, his disciplinary mood was ended.

To give him a jolt, I chirped up, "Is that what you call being in love? I noticed Sam and Wilda acting droopy, and I had thought about reminding father to give them a pill of assafostida gum to perk them up a bit." I assumed a disgusted expression. Then I added, with a disdainful toss of my head, "This thing you call 'love' is too complicated for me to want to tackle. And where do you get the idea that I want a husband? Being side-hobbled to any man doesn't seem a bit exciting to me! Of course," I granted generously, "men are sometimes fun, and they are handy to have around, but I like them better grazing in herds. I don't intend to cut one out to put my brand on. I have a *purpose in life*, and it hasn't got anything to do with falling in love and getting married. And now, just where did you get the idea that I don't intend to go on and be an Indian? I'm on my way this minute, to Pablo Springs to carry out your orders. G'bye."

Slippery fairly bounced up. "I tell you, that's a helluva idea you got! I give you up."

But he didn't. The harmless old pirate kept right on with the same energy thundering his advice and criticism at me. But he wouldn't have changed me one jot, and secretly he knew that. He prided himself on being an expert on "child raisin'." And he actually beamed with exultation when he would boast, "I cut that young-un's teeth on porcupine quills, and she aint never been sick a day in her life."

Slippery only became discouraged and gave up his long-winded lectures at the age of ninety-six.

Several times I returned to the Sister's School in Salt Lake City. Then came a more drastic change in my life—I was sent to the select "Miss Potter's School for Girls" in the exclusive suburbs of Boston.

I departed from home with confidence, anticipating a further enjoyable experience. I found myself in a place so strange it might as well have been located in a foreign land. Not only strange, but at times unbearably disagreeable. Endless months dragged past in a restricted social atmosphere of quaint gentility and—baked beans. My imagination could never have pictured such a situation. I was stifled. My inner turbulence lacked even the relief of proper exercise.

I had been sitting straddle of horses and guiding them unaided since the age of three. I couldn't remember when I had not sat my saddle with ease and security. With nothing but a hackamore to keep the horse straight, I was riding races on a quarter-mile track before I was six. A wild barbarian who knew nothing about "correct style" must be taught horsemanship by a competent instructor. The school employed a riding "Mawstah" to teach the girls correct positions in the saddle and how to post. One morning about a dozen of us were lined up for inspection before taking off for a decorous canter over chosen bridle paths. Everything appeared ship-shape. But there was rebellion in my soul, revolt that demanded action.

The "Mawstah" walked back a few yards for some words with one of the stable boys. That was my Heaven-given chance to air "ronickie" dun out a little. I was perched like a monkey on a stick, atop of a locoed old sabine gelding with one glass eye. I threw my right leg up over the side saddle and raked his flanks. Then uttering a wild yell that must have scared him half to death, I put him through several range stunts while the girls screamed with glee.

The outraged "Mawstah" came on the run, giving off a stream of sarcasm meant for me. He grabbed for my bridle reins at the same time ordering me sharply to "Dismount."

He got nowhere reaching for my bridle. I was completely "r'iled up" by that time. I swung the horse about, with a prancing and rearing he had probably never before even attempted. Leaning from my saddle, I exclaimed vehemently, "Go to hell, you repulsive, little, monkeyfaced skunk!"

His eyes almost popping from his head with shock, he turned and ran for the school office to report the scandalous event.

Our riding lesson was promptly cancelled for that day.

And I was brought before the stony-faced faculty, on the carpet, with all the girls of my riding class also there to testify to my use of profane language.

Not one of them could remember a word that I had said!

Indeed, they had not heard anything out of the ordinary.

Even so, it looked as if I were to be expelled from that perfumed institution of learning. I had obeyed all written and oral rules with meticulous care. Nothing had even been hinted against making a horse kick the gravel as he jumped out and sat down a few times, and not a thing wrong about that where I came from, but in Boston it apparently was regarded as an unforgivable crime, something completely unheard of.

My uncle came from Cleveland to talk matters over with the authorities, also to confer with sympathetic understanding with me. I was duly reinstated—and continued to take my riding lessons to the end of the term.

I did not return to Boston, however. The same uncle arranged for me to continue my schooling in his home city, the following year. My schooldays went on for several more years, interspersed with long summer vacations in Brown's Park.

In the 1870s Indians had not yet been put on reservations, a "Subjugated People." They were still free to roam over meadows which had been their home for centuries. Utes, with a few of the Sioux Tribe, were living in Brown's Park when the white settlers came. Their rights were unquestioned by the colonists, who "tendered unto Indians the thinks that belonged to Indians," thus avoiding racial disagreement. When whites were being massacred sixty miles to the Eastward (a tragedy brought about largely by their bigotry and hypocritical fanaticism) the Brown's Parkers felt no uneasiness. Chief Maracisco had assured them they would not be molested, and they were not. They did not practice intolerance, nor belittle the cleverness and knowledge of a people who had survived for generations while wresting their living from the natural resources of that country.

From our Indian friends we learned many helpful lessons. They taught us the use of medicinal herbs, the art of lying on game trails to select the fat, desirable meat. And, most important, how to make "jerkey." Another valuable lesson was in the use of marrow in tanning skins, to make them soft and unshrinkable. We learned how to insure comfort when sleeping on the ground, by making a slight depression in the earth and covering this with leaves and bits of bark.

One of the Utes said of mother: "Bassett's squaw all-time talk, maybe so Magpie." I am glad to remember that "Magpie" whom they regarded as their "Great White Squaw and heap good friend,"

never let them down. Never did she fail to respect their dignity and human rights.

How wonderful if one could wipe out the false recording of "clatter-boned, goose-quill wranglers," disguised as honest historians, who have too often taken over a subject wholly unfamiliar to them, setting in motion waves of misrepresentation regarding the American Indian.

How many of these tales depict the trials and tribulations endured by the Utes when subjected to the dominion of the Government Agent, Meeker? His plowing up of the race track which the Indians had made? This man, supposed to be representing a free government, where personal liberty is placed high, was determined to force these hunters of deer and tanners of buckskin to raise "tame" hay for their ponies, when the hills were covered with a rich growth of bluestem. The Indians well knew that was better feed for horses than any tame hay ever produced. Meeker's coercion appeared senseless.

In later years when agents were sent out from Washington to take charge of the wild game and police the Indians, they seemed like foreigners. Their ways were strange, not only to the Indians, but to the whites who were living in neighborly fashion with the red people. The restrictions that were imposed appeared totally uncalled for. Wild game was plentiful. We took only what we needed and used that without wastefulness. To the eastward, on the more accessible ranges, it is true that game was lavishly slaughtered by white-faced "market" hunters, to be sold in great quantities, without regard to the preservation of our game species. That was not true in the region of Brown's Park.

When the game wardens came to take the Indians from their hunting grounds, as they did on Little Snake River, about forty miles distant, word was sent among the Utes to "get rid of the meat" if they had any.

This message was carried by white folks, the friends of the Indians. And when the game-smellers came, there was no meat to be found. The wardens were disappointed and angered at the failure of their mission. They scattered the equipment and supplies belonging to the Indians. They were arrogant and overbearing. Many times have I wondered, would the wardens have been so bold had the Indian men been in camp?

But, of course, they were brave men, these whites, backed by the strong arm of the Law, shaking a threatening fist instead of extending a hand from the Great White Father in Washington. A

Ute squaw subjected to the rough treatment attempted to defend her family and personal property. When she protested a brutal attack on a young boy, these brave Americans shot and killed her. After shooting the woman, they hung the boy by his hands and emptied their guns into his body. Through such representatives was the Law sent to the Indians of Western Colorado.

The eloquent evidence of the manner through which this arm of the law operated, was not a true representation of our form of Government. It was the act of crackpots, moving in the shelter of misplaced power. Perhaps they had listened to the tales of other uninformed persons and were too stupid or too lazy to obtain factual information for themselves. They certainly had no comprehension of the words fairness and justice.

The Snake River slaughter of Indians was stopped by the timely arrival of Henry Templeton, a resident of that section, a man of understanding and decisive character. He courageously interfered with the perpetrators of law-protected villany, and later played an active role in securing the dismissal from the Service of these misfit agents.

Circumstances entirely disassociated from the game law enforcement put me on the scene during one of the resultant incidents. That summer Beth Brown was at the Bassett Ranch. She was a city girl who so loved ranch life that she spent her vacations cowgirling with our outfit. She became a good hand with stock, too. Father had sold Jim Norvel a bunch of cattle, and these were to be delivered at the Thompson Ranch on Little Snake River. When Sam Bassett set out with the herd, Beth and I accompanied him. Arrived at the Thompson's, Sam went on to Big Gulch with the cattle, but Beth and I remained to look after the extra saddle horses until he returned. And that was the time the Government game wardens had chosen to start the row with the Utes over the killing of deer out of season.

After their raid, these extraordinary government executives came to the Thompson Ranch. And never again do I want to witness such yellow cowardice as those men exhibited in their attempt to make a hasty getaway, leaving the ranch families to face the irate Indians alone. I was exceedingly keen to have the culprits turned over to the fighting braves, who got on their trail. A more level-headed majority ruled otherwise. And Mrs. Thompson took charge of the rescue of the game wardens. Aunty Thompson took her ever-ready shotgun, her two babies and her blind mother, and driving her swift team of mules, gave the cowering agents free-wheeling to

safety in the little town of Maybell. They rode in the wagon box, concealed beneath a thick covering of hay.

They had argued unsuccessfully with Beth to induce her to go with them. She had insisted upon returning to the Bassett Ranch with me, though the mere sight of an Indian would give poor Beth the shivers. I knew that after the wardens had retreated to the Thompson Ranch for shelter, it was no place for See-a-baka's white papoose. Slapping on our saddles with all speed, we lit out for Brown's Park, over the Boone Trail, thirty-three miles to go, through hills scattered thickly with Utes on the war path, sending up their alarming signal fires as they prepared for their scalp harvest. I hadn't much fear in passing near these fires, for I was confident the sharp trained eyes of the Indians would recognize the pinto horse and its girl rider. I had many friends among these redmen, but I was less sure of the safety of my companion.

As we rode, I instructed Beth what to do if by chance we were run down and her capture was attempted. If we saw any approaching Indians, she was to bolt for the cedars and hide herself. She was to remain perfectly still until the afternoon of the next day, then slip through broken country to the Bassett Ranch, with out trying to find me. Such an attempt would certainly lead smack into trouble.

It was growing dark when we reached the top of the divide, too dark to see any distance. We suddenly heard horses' hoofs running towards us down the slope of a hill. Beth instantly ducked into the timber, while I rode out to meet the clattering horses. They proved to be merely a bunch of range animals, running out to meet and look us over, then race off again, as such often did.

I rode back to the place where Beth had slid into hiding. I called and whistled and went round and round among the dark cedars receiving no reply. At last, I decided to tie up, and bed down until morning. My horse didn't take to that, for he had smelled out the hiding place of his pard, Beth's horse. I gave him his head and he found her. She had heard me calling, but had feared it was some trick of the Indians, so did not answer, but crept deeper into her hiding place, until convinced that it was really I, trying to find her. Also, that I was alone, without Indian companions.

We proceeded on toward home and had gone about five miles when we heard a horse coming behind us. From the regular hoof beats, without a stop, I knew that horse was being ridden. I got off and put my ear to the ground to be sure of it. That time we hid together. The horseman passed us without pausing, and when he was near, we could hear the squeaking of new leather.

He was going our way, so we followed for about a quarter of a mile. The horse fell into a tired lope, that lagged more and more. I was sure the unseen rider was not an Indian, for in those days they had no leather stock saddles. Turning aside into the shadow of a near cliff wall, we whistled to him.

When he replied to the signal and came close to us, we were considerably surprised to recognize Walt Nisbet, a grocery salesman from Denver, who had been in our country taking orders for a firm in that city. Walt and his companion had been traveling in a buggy on the Templeton Mesa, when they were overtaken by Aunty Thompson and her load of terrified government officials. When Nisbet learned of the dangerous trip Beth was making with me, he unhitched his team, saddled one of them and hied it to the Thompson Ranch as fast as he could go. He was without weapon, and the wardens refused to give him one of their guns. But that did not deter him.

He reached the ranch about dark, his horse spent from its ten-mile race. When he spied horses grazing near the corral he decided to secure a fresh mount. He selected one with saddle marks on its back, for somebody had told Walt that was an indication of a gentle animal. However, in that case, the marks were misleading. He got Bill Snort, an outlaw none of the cowboys could stay on. The horse had gotten his marks when he threw off a bronco buster and ran around on the range for a week, before the peeler caught him and could get the saddle off.

We kept him in the cavy for a bed-horse because he was so easy to handle, if no one tried to ride him. Just when Nisbet hit the saddle the Utes opened fire on him and Bill Snort let loose. He was a tough buckner. But with bullets flying around him Nisbet had to stick. He was lucky to be off balance, when one shot passed through the cantle of the saddle and landed in the fork, and another ripped off a part of his jacket while he was desperately clinging to some part of the gear. He took a terrific roughing, but he did not let fighting Indians nor a frantically bucking horse check him. He came in hot pursuit of Beth.

They had met several times that summer, and each was much impressed by the other. When they recognized each other, Walt sprang from the saddle and they went into a clinch, absolutely forgetting anything but themselves. While they stayed in an ecstatic daze, muttering what sounded to me like sticky nonsense, I walked over to inspect poor Bill Snort. As I did so, his wobbling legs relaxed, and he toppled over dead. His strong heart had given out.

I removed the saddle sadly and hung it on a cedar. I had known Bill Snort a long time, and had considerable respect for his cunning. It was really an impressive spectacle to watch him unseat self-confident brone busters who took every advantage of him with ropes, bits and spurs. He won over every trick and contraption they could contrive, leaving them on the ground to wonder how they got off.

I felt no great elation over Nisbet and his narrow escape, although he was a daring young fellow who had exhibited a lump of real nerve in braving all odds against him to find Beth. Of course, I did admire him for that courage, even if he had used the poorest of judgment by running into an almost certain gunfight, minus a shooting iron.

Beth and I had eaten nothing since a five o'clock breakfast the morning before. Going at a fast jolt had got me edgy and I let out a frosty link of words to untangle the cooing pigeons. I advised them to hop on Beth's horse and be moving, if we wanted to beat the Utes to the Bassett Ranch in time for breakfast. It was eight miles to chuck, and quite evident that Beth and Walter intended to go double in future, so they just as well start right away.

Father enthused over Nisbet's bravery and his fortunate escape from Indian gunfire. Commonplace human affairs were exciting to father, when he approved. He was an incurable romantic, and did not care a whoop about the loss of Bill Snort, when there was a love-knot to be tied.

A couple of thick steaks and ten hours sleep transformed my flustered self to something like normal. Father wrote a report and sent our depositions to the Indian Department. Within a few weeks Beth and I were called to testify before the Indian Affairs Committee, at Washington, D. C., and again to repeat the same testimony before a committee representing the Indian Department in Denver.

Complete destruction of the Thompson ranch buildings and several casualties suffered by the settlers resulted from this unforgivable blundering of officials, who should have exercised judgment instead of giving free rein to their own self conceit and ignorance.

After the investigation was completed, which took several months, the Washington agents who committed the heinous crime against the Indians were dismissed from government service. The incident couldn't so readily be dismissed from memory. It marked a still further widening of the gulf between redmen and white.

(To Be Continued)

In the Pike's Peak Gold Rush of 1859

DIARY OF E. DUNSHA STEELE*

LEAVING WISCONSIN

1859—May 17th—5th Camp—6th Day. We are four miles from the Mississippi River. Our Camp is in a deep ravine near the ruins of a Lead smelting Furnace among the Bluffs some five miles from the river.

Six days since we started from Arena; the weather has been fine and we have traveled thus far without the occurrence of any very remarkable incidents.

I have resolved to try my fortune in a hazardous journey to the reputed Gold fields of Pike's Peak. I have little faith in the adventure, so far as obtaining gold is concerned; but hope to find some new field of enterprise in which to mend my broken fortunes. Here, while the sunlight fades away in the west—seated on the ground by the camp-fire—I commence my Journal.

My Partners for the journey are my Uncle Sam'l F. Steele, and Solomon and Charles Hatch. We are provided with a wagon and team of four yoke of Oxen. My Brother John and wife, who are travelling with us, have a light wagon drawn by one yoke of Oxen. On our way here, we fell in with a company from Crop Plains—near Madison—consisting of Messrs. Riley and wife, Hill, Arland, Iliff, North and others: also Messrs. Waite and Co., from Arena and D. Waite and wife, Richmond Barnes and Arnold from West Point, Columbia Co. These are all in Camp to-night and present a very speculative picture. Some are engaged in the culinary department, some are cleaning their guns, casting shot &c. while rehearsing the marvellous stories they have heard from *reliable* sources respecting Pikes Peak; while others are out keeping a vigilant eye upon the cattle that are grazing upon the surrounding hills. D. Waite and Barnes have Drums and Richmond a Fife; and at intervals furnish the Camp with tolerable good martial music.

*This diary, with minor omissions, was copied and submitted by Mrs. Myrtle S. Nord of Longmont, Colorado. Mrs. Nord writes:

"Mr. Steele's exquisitely written diary is now in possession of his only living son, J. D. Steele, who still lives on the homesteaded land north of Boulder on which the family took claim in 1867. This claim was taken shortly after the untimely death of E. Dunsha Steele, who died only two weeks after he had brought his family west.

"Understandably, the diary has always been highly prized by his three children, Matina Steele Smith, Edward Steele and J. D. Steele. Each letter is beautifully shaded, and each episode composed in a most literary style, despite the fact that it was written under the adverse conditions that existed as the wagon train made its way west to the shining mountains.

"The diary, which is copied verbatim, reflects the patience and the determination so characteristic of the pioneers who settled the Pike's Peak territory."—Ed.

May 18th—6th Camp—7th Day. Left Camp at an early hour this morning—soon reached the river at Dunlieth and crossed over to Dubuque. Here the Train—consisting of twenty-three wagons—was driven into the principal business street, and it was understood that we would remain here several hours, as most of the Train wished to purchase their supplies here, rather than run the risk of high prices at Council Bluffs and Omaha.

My Company obtained a supply of Bacon, Groceries, Medicines, cooking utensils &c. for the journey. I here procured a Fife to play in the West Point Band, hoping thereby to modify the anticipated tediousness of travelling. The weather is pleasant to-night—all are very busy in the various camp duties, and arranging the newly purchased goods in the wagons.

IN IOWA

May 19th—7th Camp—8th Day. Did not leave very early this morning—some of the Stock having strayed off during the night. All were found in a short time except a cow belonging to Waite of Arena. The Train moved slowly on, having been increased in number by the addition of Mr. Ballard and Co. of Minnesota—one wagon and a cart drawn by a large white Bull. Part of Waite's company returned this evening with the lost cow. Having gone back found her in charge of a man who claimed pay and prof of property—but they brought her away without process.

May 20th—8th Camp—9th Day. The train was in motion early this morning, the day being cool and pleasant. About four o'clock a violent rain-storm came upon us, in the midst of which we reached the Makoqueta River near the village of Monticello. Here we "camped" for the night. The rain continued to fall until dark making it very uncomfortable attending to the camp-work. Some of the cattle got lost in the bushes and had to be looked for. Cooking had to be done in the rain if at all—wood was not very plenty. Tents were pitched on wet ground, and to-night we begin to experience some of the difficulties of camp life.

May 22nd—8th Camp—11th Day. This day being Sunday, we remained at Camp.

May 23rd—8th Camp—12th Day. Left our camp early this morning, but after going about a mile my Brother's wagon broke down which delayed us until nearly noon to repair. The rest of the Train went slowly on and we overtook them in the course of the day. To-day we met a mule wagon on the cover of which was inscribed "*From Cherry Creek. Pike's Peak all a Humbug.*" We also met several other parties who said they had been to Pike's peak or on the Plains. Passed Cascade—a beautiful village on a stream of the same

name—and late in the afternoon crossed the Wapsipinicon River at Anamosa. Here we found a tolerable good camping place: and some of the Train proposed to encamp as the road from here passed through a grove for several miles, and then across a high prairie destitute of water. Others thought it was too early to camp and insisted on going on and running the risk of finding a place to camp. Even myself and partners disagreed. D. Waite & Co. positively refused to go any further. There had been no regulations made and no understanding between the persons who composed the Train; consequently there was no way to settle the dispute but for each one to follow their own inclinations as far as practicable. So the train went on.

Night came on, and a storm of wind and rain almost overturned the wagons and at last we were compelled to stop at a frog-pond by the road side. Some turned their Oxen loose while others tied them to their wagons . . .

May 26th—12th Camp—15th Day. About a mile from camp this morning we came to a narrow low marsh on the Prairie, in which most of the teams stuck fast, the wagons sinking down to the axels in the mire. After a great deal of difficulty the wagons were all got over in safety. Some of the wagons were hauled out by thirteen yoke of Oxen. A Blacksmith by the name of Jarves, of Wisconsin, having a heavy load of Blacksmith tools; adopted a novel way of getting some of the heavy articles across. Placing them upon his Bellows he attached a team to it and thus drew it across the marsh. We have not traveled over five miles today—the road being very bad. Tonight we are camped in a grove.

May 27th—13th Camp—16th Day. To-night we are about seven miles from Merengo. During the last five days we have met about fifty teams returning which had started for Pike's Peak, but hearing discouraging accounts from there, turned back. Some said they had been to Council Bluffs, others only to Ft. Desmoines. They generally act and talk as though they thought we were very foolish for going on and we say the same of them for turning back.

May 28th—14th Camp—17th Day. After proceeding a short distance this morning we were met by some returning Emigrants who informed us that the recent rains had raised the Iowa River so that it would be impossible to cross with loaded wagons—they having with exceeding great difficulty just crossed empty. They also told us that there was "no gold at Pike's Peak" therefore we had better turn back and not attempt to cross the River. They seemed to be very much discouraged and consequently in bad humor. And when some of our Train told them "there *was* gold at Pike's Peak" and that we *would* try and cross the river, they seemed to consider it very uncourteous conduct, and amid oaths, jeers and laughter, the

two crowds seperated. Proceeding onward we soon reached the river and sure enough found the entire bottom about eighty rods wide, entirely overflowed to the Bridge against the opposite bank. The Train halted while Sol. Hatch and myself went ahead to recon- oiter. We found the water waist deep a good part of the way, the road crooked and narrow with deep ditches on each side. Setting up stakes to mark the line of the road we returned and reported the rout passable. The wagons were then driven across two at a time, a person going before to keep the road; and in this manner all were got over in safety. Here is the village of Marengo. Both men and teams being very tired with the extra labors of the day it was thought best to camp, and, driving a little distance from the village near the woods we established our Camp. We met some twenty re- turning emigrants to-day.

May 29th—14th Camp—18th Day. Last evening we got out the music and marched through the village affording pastime to ourselves and great diversion to the inhabitants. Today being Sun- day we remained in Camp. Several parties came to visit us. Some seeming to regard us with as much curiosity as if we had been in- dians. This evening, hearing there was to be preaching in the place, some dozen of us went, and found that we constituted a larger part of the congregation. Have spent a very quiet pleasant day . . .

June 2nd—18th Camp—22nd Day. On approaching Skunk river this morning we found ourselves confronted by a marsh ex- tending to the bridge over the river a distance of about half a mile.

Some returning emigrants who had just come across advised us to go down the river some distance and cross at a ferry. It was determined however to cross here. The Train halted and parties went forward to ascertain the most practicable route. The wagons were then driven forward, some taking one course and some another. But one after [the other] stuck fast in the thick mire, the wagons sinking down to the axels. The wagons were thus left while all hands combined to take one wagon at a time across, employing as many teams as could be used advantageously. And by much lifting at the wheels, screaming, swearing and beating of the cattle, the wagons were all got safely across by a little after noon.

June 3rd—19th Camp—23rd Day. To-day we reached Ft. Des- moines. We have met a large number of returning Emigrants— Stampiders, as they are called—who generally seem satisfied that Pike's Peak gold is a Humbug . . .

June 15th—29th Camp—35th Day. Our Train now consists of D. Waite Co. (two wagons), Potter & Co. of Platteville, Wis. (one wagon), My Brother (one wagon), and my company (one wagon). Left camp early this morning, and began to descend into the great Missouri Vally—in sight of Council Bluff City and the great Bot-

tom. The flat was dotted with hundreds of the tents and wagons of Emegrants reminding one of a great Millitary Encampment. Passes through the City—our music playing as has been our usual custom in passing through towns—and drove out upon the flat where we encamped. Presently, the Crop Plains Company drove into camp, having driven through Missouri and overtaken us at this place.

We have at last got through Iowa. The journey has been long and toilsome, abounding with many curious incidents which it has been impossable to describe in a hurriedly written Journal. We have met thousands of returning emegrants who had started for Pike's Peak. Some thought the excitement was got up by the fron- tier towms for speculation and in connection with this idea we heard that the emegrants had burned Plattsmouth, Omaha and Council Bluffs and had committed many horrid acts such as shoot- ing, hanging and drowning to these persons who had been spread- ing false reports respecting Pike's Peak. But very few of those we met had been through to the mountains. These said there was some gold there but the mines would not pay. Their opportunities for knowing much about it seemed to have been very limited, they having only been there a few days at most.

It is not surprising then that those who have traveled against this tide should be somewhat discouraged especially those who left home with the expectation of realizing a fortune. My three partners some days since made up their minds that if they did not hear more encouraging news upon reaching here they would return home. We heard upon reaching here that Waite & Co. had crossed the river yesterday for California.

June 16th—36th day, Council Bluffs. Today my Brother, Uncle and Sol Hatch and others, crossed the river to Omaha City. Went to the Nebraska State House to obtain information about the land sales which we understand are to take place in July.

Tonight it is understood that D. Waite & Co., all of the Crop Plains Co. (except the wagon of Riley, Iliff and Dean who have started for California today) My Brother and my Company will start tomorrow for Glenwood thence to cross the river at Plattsmouth for Kansas. We are not all agreed to this move but yeald to ma- jority's. A number of Paunees were in camp today.

June 17th—37th Day, Council Bluffs. This morning about the time the Train was ready to start, proposals were made between my brother and a Mr. North of the Crop Plains Company to join teams and go to California. This arraignment would prevent the rest of the Company from leaving here to-day. Consequently, we drove to the foot of the Bluffs, a short distance below the city and camped. Here an old lady living near by, visited our camp and learning our intentions of abandoning our trip to the "Peak" ad-

vised us to go on and pay no attention to the stories of Stampedeers, saying also that she had a sone there, G. W. Foster, from whom she had recently received a letter giving an account of some rich gold discoveries being made there. Least we should doubt she went home and sent us the letter, which I copied for future reference. [The copy of the letter was not made in the diary.]

June 18th—38th Day, Council Bluffs. Still at camp, discussing the propriety of going on to the Peak. The news from there is beginning to be more favorable.

June 19th—39th Day, Council Bluffs. It is generally understood that we will cross the river tomorrow and resume our journey to Pike's Peak. All the Company appear more encouraged—as for myself, having started, I have still insisted on going on—and if my company does not break up, I hope to reach the Rocky Mountains.

The crowd of Stampedeers still continues, outnumbering those who are going on, probably five to one.

IN NEBRASKA

June 20th—30th Camp—40th Day. Left our camp early this morning and were soon crossing the muddy waters of the Missouri. Stopped awhile at Omaha—made some additional purchases—and *Now for Pike's Peak again.*

June 21st—31st Camp—41st Day. This day we traveled about twenty-five miles across high Prairie. A little before sunset came in sight of the Plains stretching away to the West, as far as the eye could reach, perfectly level—

A little before we reached camp tonight we met a number of Paunees, mostly Squaws. I noticed one Indian, bourne on a litter behind a Poney, who, we understood, had been wounded a few days before in a fight with the Sioux.

While we were arrainging our camp and attending to our evening work, the Indians continued to come in parties of from ten to twenty going towards Omaha. They all stoped a while at camp to beg for something to eat and everything else they supposed we had. One wanted gunpowder, another tobacco &c. One old Indian told us he had been to Washington and exhibited a medal given him by the President. About dark two Indians, an old man and his son, came along and asked permission to sleep under our wagon. Thinking they might perhaps disturb things in the wagon—there being no camp guard—we invited them to sleep in our tent—

ON THE PLAINS

June 22nd—32nd Camp—42nd Day. The two Indians who staid with us waited for breakfast and then after many expressions of gratitude went on towards Omaha.

About noon we passed a large camp of Paunees near the village of Fremont, preparing, as we were informed, for an expedition against the Sioux.

June 23rd—33rd Camp—43rd Day. Today we have travelled about twenty miles. We are camped on the bank of the river intending to cross over and go up on the south side. This is Shin's Ferry.

June 24th—34th Camp—44th Day. This morning we were ferried across one channel of the river and landed upon a large island. We could not cross the other channel on account of rappid's caused by high wind and moving quick sand. During the day some fifty wagons have arrived on the island, among the rest our Crop Plains Co., which has been making an excursion towards Sioux City. They say they are now going to the Peak certain.

Our camp tonight presents an interesting picture. What a crowd in pursuit of gold or wild adventure! Here too are some who have come down the Platte in a little skiff from the mountains and report no gold. Tomorrow they will float on down the stream while the crowd goes on. Here are two men who have come on foot from the mountains. They have suffered much from toil and hunger, and are working for the ferrymen to obtain means to reach home.

June 25th—45th Day. We remain at camp, still being unable to cross the stream.

June 26th—35th Camp—46th Day. This day we crossed the main channel of the river, travled up about two miles and stoped for the night.

June 27th—36th Camp—47th Day. Last night there was a violent rain and wind storm. Today we came about eight miles and are camped at Elm Creek, several miles from the river.

June 28th—37th Camp—48th Day. We started this morning expecting to reach a stream called Clear Creek by noon, but took the wrong track, which lead us over broken sandy ridges destitute of water.

June 29th—38th Camp—49th Day. Left camp this morning at sunrise. Found a little water for the cattle about nine o'clock where we stoped and got breakfast. At two o'clock this afternoon we reached the river and camped to recuperate the teams which are about tired out.

June 30th—39th Camp—50th Day. This day we traveled about 20 miles passed clay bluffs. The day has been very hot. We are camped on the bank of the river.

July 1st—40th Camp—51 Day. This day we traveled about twenty-five miles. Road level except some low sand banks. Weather hot.

July 2nd—41st Camp—52nd Day. Traveled about twenty miles. Camped about two miles from the river from which we have to carry water for culinary purposes. There is not much grass here and the ground indicates the presence of Alkali. The day has been very warm and the Musquitoes are becoming very trouble some.

July 3rd—42nd Camp—53rd Day. This afternoon we saw some buffaloes, the first we have seen on the rout yeat. We passed where one had been shot and obtained some of the meat. The weather being very hot, we camped about two o'clock at a small Alkaline spring near the river and two miles from Ft. Karney.

July 4th—43rd Camp—54th Day. This being *Independence day*, we concluded to give vent to our patriotism by resting the teams a little. Richmond and Barnes have been quite unwell since we left Council Bluffs; and being somewhat discouraged with the prospect of making "a fortune" at "the Peak," have concluded to return home. My brother's wife who has been sick for some time is no longer able to travel. D. Waite and wife and Arnold have concluded to stop here too. They will probably all turn back—

July 5th—44th Camp—55th Day. This morning about ten o'clock we bade adieu to our friends and proceeded on our journey. Between Shin's Ferry and Karney we did not meet many Stampedeers as they mostly went down on the north side of the river; but we are now meeting hundreds every day, who generally advise us to turn back. Our camp tonight is at a bend in the river called seventeen mile point. We expect to remain here several days and hunt Buffalo.

July 6th—56th Day. At camp. Arland Hill and others went out and killed a Buffalo. The day has been very hot. The water of the river as very warm but is the best we can get.

July 7th—57th Day. Today we killed two Buffaloes and brought them into camp.

July 8th—45th Camp—58th Day. This morning we prepared and "jerked" some Buffalo meat. About 2 o'clock struck tent and went on. This was the hottest day I ever saw. The Oxen's feet were burned and cracked with traveling on the hot sands.

July 9th—46th Camp—59th Day. Traveled about 20 miles. Some of the Oxen being lame we have driven them loose.

July 10th—47th Camp—60th day. This being Sunday and the Oxen being lame and tired we have only come about miles. The weather continues very hot. Tonight we are camped on the bank of the River.

July 11th—48th Camp—61st Day. This day we traveled about eighteen miles. Tonight we are camped at the river a mile west of Cottonwood Springs.

July 12th—49th Camp—62nd Day. Some rain fell this morning. The Crop Plains Co. has concluded to return home, leaving my three partners and myself with our solitary wagon to persue the journey alone.

July 13th—50th Camp—63rd Day. Our road today ran some four or five miles from the river. Weather very warm. At noon could find no water. A little after dark we reached Fremont's Springs. A company from Dodgeville, Wis. vis Smith, Sillers, Wiggerton Alexander, Duncan & Wilson—three wagons—camped with us tonight.

July 14th—51st Camp—64th Day. Passed O'Fallon's Bluffs—saw some Sioux Indians. Tonight we are camped on the bank of the south Platte.

July 15th—52nd Camp—65th Day. Traveled about 20 miles. The weather is not so hot as it has been for some days past. So far up the Platte we have found wood on the river bank and islands, but here we find nothing but willows.

July 16th—53rd Camp—66th Day. This day we travelled about 22 miles passed Indian trading post at a point where California road crosses the river—two miles above which we made our camp on the high bank of the river.

July 17th—67th Day (Sunday). Concluded not to travel today. This evening Mr. S. S. Wilson of Dodgeville died in camp. He had for some time had poor health and started on this journey with the hope of recovering his health. But here his journey has ended.

July 18th—68th Day. Remained at Camp. Some boards were obtained at the Station below, of which a rude coffin was made and the body of poor Wilson consigned to the earth on the rivers bank. A little before sunset we went on intending to travel all night on account of the hot days.

July 19th—54th Camp—69th Day. Last night we stoped by a violent thunderstorm and halted until daylight, when we drove on about 2 hours and camped for the day.

July 20th—55th Camp—70th Day. Traveled all last night and camped today about noon, the road sandy and hilly.

July 21st—56th Camp—71st Day. Traveled again last night along river bottom and over high sand Bluffs. Halted this morning until afternoon, then drove on until dark and camped.

July 22nd—57th Camp—72nd Day. Last night did not travel, the days being cooler. Today we have traveled some 20 miles. Our

camp as usual is at the river and willows and "Buffalo chips" supply our camp fires.

July 23rd—58th Camp—73rd Day. Traveled about 20 miles. Passed a camp of Shians [Cheyennes] on Beaver Creek and a mile or two beyond camped at the river.

July 24th—74th Day.—Remained at Camp, it being Sunday. Were visited by Shian Indians, also by a distinguished Sioux called Red Plume.

July 25th—59th Camp—75th Day. Left camp today about 2 o'clock, traveled about eight miles and camped an hour before sunset on account of a shower.

July 26th—60th Camp—76th Day. Crossed Bijou Creek. Ascended a high sandy plain some twelve miles across. (*Obtained first view of the Rocky Mountains about 4 o'clock this afternoon.*) At sunset descended to the river and camped in a grove called Fremont's Orchard.

July 27th—61st Camp—77th Day. Traveled all day on a level sandy plain. Camped at the river.

July 28th—62nd Camp—78th Day. Traveled today on a hard level plain, the mountains in full view and the snow on their summits plainly visible.

July 29th—63rd Camp—79th Day. Today we passed the ruins of Fort St. Vrain, Went on up the river to within a short distance of Ft. Lupton (an old ruin) and camped some distance from the river.

July 30th—64th Camp—80th Day. Traveled up the river until noon, then returned to Ft. Lupton and crossed the river and camped.

July 31st—81st Day (Sunday). Remained at Camp. The weather is very pleasant and here we find the best camping place we have seen since we left home.

August 1st—65th Camp—82nd Day. Traveled from Ft. Lupton across the plains a distance of about 25 miles to within a few miles of the mountains and camped on Boulder Creek. And now we are at the mountains. We have had a long and tedious journey. Our road for the last five hundred miles has been smooth and level with the exception of a few low sand hills. The Platte river has supplied us with water being the best we could obtain. And that, we found always muddy and very warm. For more than one hundred and fifty miles we found no wood—willows and Buffalo "chips" supplied our camp fires. Of the persons who have turned back discouraged, "Stampeded" as it is called; we have met about fifteen thousand. A large number like us have come through determined to give Pike's Peak a fair trial.

Whether we have acted wisely remains yet to be determined. But here we are at the base of the Rocky Mountains about one hundred miles to the south of us is Pikes Peak and a little to the north west is Longs Peak—

Our journey being now ended we will make arrangements at once to go into the mountains, examine the gold mines and fix upon our future course of action.

AT THE MOUNTAINS

August 31st, 1859. The first two weeks of the past month we spent looking around, prospecting for gold &c. making several excursions into the mountains for that purpose. It was at last decided to move to Gold Hill, a mining locality twelve miles back in the mountains from Boulder City. This was accomplished on the 15th or 16th.

After being here a few days, My uncle and I settled with our two partners, who have purchased a Quartz claim and are working by themselves. On the 20th My Uncle and I purchased a one-third interest in a Quartz claim from J. D. Scott and the other partners being McCasline and Blore. We paid one hundred Dollars down and agreed to pay nineteen hundred more as fast as it is made out of the claim. This claim is on the Horsefall Lode.

At present, it is worked by eight hands who take out about one hundred and fifty dollars per week. We have worked but a few days in the mine yet—have built a cabin in which I expect to stay all winter. The weather has been very fine all this month, but yesterday it rained all day and last night snow fell upon the highest peaks of the range.