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## The Elusive Figure of John H. Gregory, Discoverer of the First Gold Lode in Colorado

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John H. Gregory<sup>1</sup> has been eulogized for his bravery, enterprise and resourcefulness<sup>2</sup> and damned for his laziness and ignorance.<sup>3</sup> Eighty-four years have elapsed since that memorable day of May 6, 1859, when he and Wilkes Defrees climbed up about 200 feet on the side of Gregory Hill between present Central City and Black Hawk, dug up a pan of dirt from beneath the snow-covered pine needles and aspen leaves, took it down to the junction of Bobtail and Gregory gulches and washed out four dollars worth of gold.<sup>4</sup> But those eighty-four years have only served to obscure the man, not to clarify him.

What he was before he came to Colorado (except for his being a Georgia miner) and where he went to after he left, still remains a mystery.<sup>5</sup> Even what he looked like rests on the purely imaginative painting of him in the group of distinguished Colorado pioneers to be seen hanging in the Pioneer Room of the State Museum, Denver. No known photograph of him exists. We have only two descriptions of his physical appearance: that given by W. N. Byers to Thomas F. Dawson in an interview printed in the *Denver Republican* in 1886 (nearly thirty years afterward) and Henry Villard's recollection of Gregory in 1899 (forty years later), designed for Villard's memoirs.

\*Miss Bancroft, literary critic and writer of Denver, wrote this paper in connection with a graduate course in the History Department at the University of Denver.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>Eugene Parsons in *The Trail*, Vol. XX, No. 4 (Sept., 1927), p. 3, calls his lead article of the issue, "John Hamilton Gregory," but the records of Gilpin County, the early historians and the later established historians never call him other than John H. Gregory.

<sup>2</sup>W. N. Byers in *Rocky Mountain News*, May 28, 1859; A. D. Richardson in *Boston Journal*, July 20, 1859 (Photostat copy in possession of author).

<sup>3</sup>Samuel Cushman and J. P. Waterman, *The Gold Mines of Gilpin County* (Central City: Register Steam Printing House, 1876), 9.

<sup>4</sup>Ovando J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado* (Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Co., 1867), 62, and Jerome C. Smiley, *History of Denver* (Denver: Times-Sun Publishing Company, 1901), Chapter XXVIII, give the height of their climb up the hill as "about 300 feet," although in the opinion of this author, the distance to the now caved-in shaft which was sunk on the Discovery Claim No. 5 would be closer to 200 feet.

<sup>5</sup>The report of Horace Greeley, A. D. Richardson and Henry Villard in *Extra* edition of the *Rocky Mountain News*, June 11, 1859, says only that he was from Gordon County, Georgia, and that he found the "lead" which consisted of burnt quartz, resembling the Georgia mines in which he had previously worked. The State Historical Society of Georgia is unable to supply data regarding him.

Dawson quoted Byers as saying, "He was a light complected man, with peculiar shaggy hair and eyebrows, small eyes and the wrinkled skin of his class. He was a rickety specimen generally and dressed as a beggar."<sup>6</sup> Villard recalled that Gregory was "a slight, wiry red-haired and full-whiskered Georgian."<sup>7</sup>

Of these two descriptions, Villard's, meager as it is, is probably the more accurate. Byers was inclined to prejudicial statements, being influenced by his own violent likes and dislikes.<sup>8</sup> He began by being most complimentary about Gregory in print for a couple of years and by including the Georgian in his own activities. But some change took place and Byers turned to a violently unflattering view of Gregory which makes one suspect that his portrayal of Gregory's looks is exaggerated.

In any case, Gregory's actual features and his detailed appearance must be forever lost to history unless some enterprising student locates his Georgia family and turns up some heirloom photographs.<sup>9</sup>

But enough evidence does exist to arrive at a more concrete idea of his character and activities than the contradictory opinions offered so far. The records of Gilpin County go back to 1859. They are hard to read; they are ill preserved and some of them have been either misplaced or lost. Nevertheless those torn, water-soaked, ink-faded pages of the original mining districts—Gregory, Central, Enterprise, Nevada, Eureka, Illinois Central, Russell, Lake and Pleasant Valley, in which Gregory mined or did business—carry many a dramatic story and sharp illumination, if the research worker has the patience to study them. Gregory's activities stand out plainly here.

Also the diversity of opinion among historians can be weighed in the light of each particular author's bias and with consideration

<sup>6</sup>*The Denver Republican*, July 6, 1886, in "Thomas Dawson Scrapbooks," Vol. IV, 105. Interview with W. N. Byers.

<sup>7</sup>*Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900*. (New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1904. 2 vols.), I, 121.

<sup>8</sup>Interview with Edgar C. McMechen, well-known Colorado historian, January, 1943.

<sup>9</sup>James Harvey, Assistant Curator of History of the State Historical Society, made a trip to Georgia following up a clue given by W. A. Gaydon in the *Colorado Magazine* (Vol. XV, 58, "Recollections of the Families of Gregory and Russell, Colorado's Pioneer Prospectors"). In this article Gaydon said that in his childhood he had known John Gregory's wife and children in Dawson and Lumpkin Counties, Georgia. He said that Gregory had been killed gold-mining in the West and had never returned to Georgia. Despite the difference in counties, Harvey felt the clue was likely enough to pursue. (Our John Gregory came from Gordon County, which is separated from Dawson County by Pickens County. However, all three are in the mountainous northwest portion of the state.) Harvey found the family mentioned by Gaydon and was able to purchase their family Bible and several letters written in different hands for Gregory from California in the early days of the gold rush there. But unfortunately for Colorado research, this Gregory died in 1853 (according to the family Bible), six years before our Gregory came to Colorado. Also, this John Gregory could not write and we have the actual evidence that our John H. Gregory could.

Another recent treatment which supplies new details of Gregory is *Pay Dirt*, by Glenn Chesney Quiett (New York: Appleton-Century, 1936). Quiett says Gregory was 5 ft. 10 in., 40 years old, and that he had been born in Alabama but worked in the mines around Dahlonega, Ga., before coming West. Quiett may have had access to a newspaper interview of early times, unknown to us in Colorado.

of the time he was writing. It is safe to assume that the closer in time and space the author is to the event described, the more accurate will be his account. A good example of this truth is in the case of Henry Villard. He wrote three accounts of his trips to the Gregory Diggings, one in 1859, one in 1860, and one about 1899, and all three of them differ—not materially, but still they do differ.

Writing in 1859, he describes his May trip as a visit "to the various diggings in the various parts of the mountains"—to the Boulder, Twelve Mile and Jefferson Diggings, then by "riding along the foot of the mountains for twenty miles in a southerly direction" and up Clear Creek, to the Gregory Diggings for apparently a few days, over the mountains to the Jackson Diggings in South Clear Creek, and so back to Denver.<sup>10</sup>

Writing in 1860, he sets out only "to the Gregory Mines" and says he "spent nearly a week in the Gregory Gulch on that occasion, during which we visited every lead and claim then worked."<sup>11</sup> By 1899, his mule (the mule remains constant in all three accounts!) heads directly for Gregory, himself:

"I asked my way to Gregory's camp, introduced myself, and begged a place to lie down for the night. He complied at once and assigned me a corner of his tent. My animal required no care, as he had had plenty of grass and water on the way, and, after picketing him I spread my blankets and was asleep in a moment. . . I spent nearly a week in Gregory Gulch enjoying the hospitality of the miners."<sup>12</sup>

These three excerpts give an idea of the pitfalls that await the student in this field. Within a month after the discovery, Gregory had been presumably seen and interviewed by four accredited journalists that we know of. These journalists were well known in their fields and three of them had national standing. W. N. Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, who came over from Jackson's diggings and camped on the present site of Central City, was the first to see Gregory. His interview was a fortnight after the discovery, on May 20,<sup>13</sup> although later he claimed the date as May 19.<sup>14</sup> Henry Villard, of the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, who had been in Denver from May 7 until probably May 15, then arrived in the Gulch next. Villard had come via Arapahoe (two miles east of Golden) and must have interviewed Gregory about May 22.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>10</sup>*Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, June 18, 1859 (Photostat in possession of author).

<sup>11</sup>Henry Villard, *The Past and Present of the Pikes Peak Gold Regions* (1860). Reprinted 1932, Princeton University Press, with introduction and notes by LeRoy R. Hafen, 37 and 40.

<sup>12</sup>*Memoirs of Henry Villard*, Vol. 1, 120, 121. (The date, 1899, is the year Villard presented the Colorado Historical Society with a typescript of the three Colorado chapters—7, 8, 9. These were not published in book form until 1904.)

<sup>13</sup>W. N. Byers in the *Rocky Mountain News*, June 11, 1859.

<sup>14</sup>Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, I, 191-192.

<sup>15</sup>*Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, June 18, 1859.

Both returned to Denver and made second trips to the Gregory Diggings. Byers entered the mountains again by the first of the month to take part in the gold mining business as investor and organizer.<sup>16</sup> It was he who had first placed Gregory's name in print and who now nominated Gregory as delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, to be held in Denver, June 6. During his several days in Denver, Byers had written for the May 28 issue of the *Rocky Mountain News* the following:

"Near the mouth of this stream the first vein of gold-bearing quartz was discovered by J. H. Gregory of Georgia on the 6th of May; and much credit is due him for persevering under difficulties, having to encounter snow and subsist on what he could shoot with his rifle for two weeks."<sup>17</sup>

". . . The next two claims are owned by J. H. Gregory, working four men using a long sluice and making a little over \$100 a day. On the 23rd inst. we washed one pan of dirt from this claim which yielded \$5.60."<sup>17</sup>

Villard returned to Gregory Gulch on June 8, accompanying Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, and A. D. Richardson of the *Boston Journal*, all of whom may have missed Gregory at the miners' mass meeting on June 8 (since as a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention which was held June 6 and 7 in Denver, Gregory might not have returned in time). Certainly only one of them, A. D. Richardson, added anything to what Villard had already sent off the previous week, and that description of Gregory appeared only after Richardson had made a second trip to the Diggings in late June.<sup>18</sup> On the occasion of the June 7th trip, there appeared only a short biography of Gregory, duplicating

<sup>16</sup>*Rocky Mountain News*, May 28, 1859. Notice of the organization of the Mammoth Quartz Lead Mining Company on May 24, with W. N. Byers, president, and John H. Gregory, one of the members. *Rocky Mountain News*, June 11, 1859. Notice of citizens meeting at Gregory Diggings on June 1 to elect delegates to the State Constitutional Convention mentions W. N. Byers being appointed by the chair one of a committee of five to nominate delegates.

<sup>17</sup>A complete article could be written on weighing the various stories in regard to the discovery. Hollister and Smiley both say that Gregory had been up alone in the North Fork of Clear Creek, found gold, nearly perished in a snowstorm, and returned to Arapahoe. Here a party of nine was made up, with six friends and a stranger; the exact names being given by Henry Villard in his first dispatch about the Gregory Diggings. Fifteen men are listed as working amicably together in groups of three or four on shares. Then a sixteenth is named this way: "Sam C. G. Jones, a well-known Eastern railroad builder, is also working a lead and has thus far realized from \$1 to \$1.50 a pan." Jones was probably not of the original party that started from Arapahoe, but drifted in, the first man there after the news began to leak out. Certainly Gregory and part of the original nine were grubstaked by David K. Wall of Golden, whose verbatim statement of Gregory's coming to him after having nothing but venison to eat for ten days and telling of his discovery of gold near the base of what is now known as Black Hawk Mountain is given by Smiley in his *History of Colorado*, I, 252. Various historians have listed William Kendall and Wilkes Defrees as being with Gregory on his first trip and Dr. Joseph Casto in a letter to the *Sons of Colorado Magazine* (Vol. II, No. 8, January, 1908, p. 19) claimed he was Gregory's companion. But in our view, Hollister, Wall in Smiley, and this half reference of Byers are irrefutable.

<sup>18</sup>The *Boston Journal*, July 20, 1859 (Photostat of author's).

Villard's material but bringing the story up to date, which was included in the report signed by all three journalists. This famous report appeared first in an extra edition of the *Rocky Mountain News* of June 11, 1859, and was dated Gregory's Diggings, June 9, 1859.

Thursday morning after the mass meeting, the date of this report, the three journalists left the Diggings for Denver at ten o'clock. They had spent the night in a tent called the Mountain Hotel in Mountain City, and were anxious to get back. They pushed on, finally reaching Denver Friday at 7:00 a. m. After such a hard ride, they rested most of Friday, sent off their dispatches East and prepared the aforementioned report, which the *News* printed on Saturday.<sup>19</sup>

Since nearly all knowledge of Gregory stems from this early account (the Villard dispatch although written the week previous did not appear until June 18 in Cincinnati), a verbatim reproduction follows:

John H. Gregory (from Gordon County, Georgia) left last season en route for Frazier River, was detained by a succession of accidents at Ft. Laramie and wintered there. Meanwhile, heard of discoveries of gold on South Platte, and started on a prospecting tour on the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains early in January.<sup>20</sup> Prospected in almost every valley, from Cache la Poudre to Pikes Peak,<sup>21</sup> tracing many streams to their sources. Early in May arrived at Clear Creek, at the foot of the mountains 30 miles southeast of this place.<sup>22</sup> There he fell in with the Defrees and Ziegler Indiana Companies and William Fouts of Missouri. We all started up Clear Creek prospecting. Arrived in this vicinity May 6; the ice and snow prevented us from prospecting far below the surface, but the first pan of surface dirt on the original Gregory claim, yielded \$4. Encouraged by this success we all staked out claims, found the "lead" consisting of burnt quartz, resembling the Georgia mines, in which I had previously worked. Snow and ice prevented the regular working of the lead until May 16. From then until the 23rd, I worked five days with two hands, result \$972. Soon after I sold my claims for \$21,000, the parties buying, to pay me, after deducting their expenses all they take from their claims, to the amount of \$500 per week, until the whole is paid. Since that time I have been prospecting for other parties at

<sup>19</sup>A. D. Richardson in the *Boston Journal*, June 27, 1859.

<sup>20</sup>The Villard dispatch, previously mentioned as having been written the week before (by internal evidence) was actually dated June 6, Denver City (the day Greeley and Richardson arrived). It says Gregory left Ft. Laramie "early in February" (*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 18, 1859).

<sup>21</sup>The Villard dispatch, phrased almost identically, says "the Pike's Peak region," meaning the little towns of Auraria, Denver City, Arapahoe, etc. (*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 18, 1859). Villard was probably more correct on both these latter points. But he was not infallible. Even after his second trip to the Diggings, he was still calling Gregory Gulch "Ralston's Fork." (*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 24, 1859. All Villard and Richardson dispatch citations are from photostats in possession of author.)

<sup>22</sup>The Villard dispatch reads "March" instead of "May." (*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 18, 1859.)

about \$200 per day. Have struck another lead on the opposite side of the valley, from which I washed \$14 out of a single pan."<sup>22</sup>

Villard's account, appearing the next week, while more verbose, added little to the personal picture of the man after whom the diggings were named, except the item that John H. Gregory "worked on a claim four days with three hired hands, that have arrived in the meanwhile, raising \$1,100." Villard makes it clear that at this time, probably May 21 or 22, Gregory was the only miner at work in the gulch who had "hired hands." We, therefore, get the idea that Gregory was the first to appreciate that the newly found deposits presented a business enterprise that could be made to pay on an employer-employee basis.

Richardson, after a fortnight's stay in Denver, went back to the mountains the end of the month and wrote two more dispatches, which appeared in the July 20 issue of the *Boston Journal*. These were dated Gregory's Diggings, Rocky Mountains, June 29, and Denver City, Kansas Territory, June 30.<sup>24</sup> The latter says:

"Mr. Gregory, the discoverer of these diggings, showed me a specimen of quartz which was very rich. . . Mr. Gregory had just sold a claim 600 feet by 50 to J. Emerson of Logan County, Ohio. This, for *forty thousand dollars*, to receive  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the gross yield of the claim until the whole amount should be paid. . . Mr. Gregory is an enterprising, noisy, uneducated man, who found himself near this region by accident, but whose previous experience in the Georgia Mines enabled him to discover these diggings, and has since proved very lucrative."

That same day, July 20, 1859, another dispatch "From the Mines" appeared in the *Missouri Republican*,<sup>25</sup> part of which ran:

Like flies about a horse, they continue swarming about that one locality in spite of all repulses, hoping continually to find some place or other left whereupon to settle and "suck".

A few days of active but resultless prospecting generally exhausts their vigor, and then they commence pestering the fortunate miners with their requests to assist them in prospecting, put them on paying leads, stake out claims, etc. The universal center of this kind of bother is the pioneer of the valley, Gregory. From early daybreak

<sup>22</sup>To the meticulous historian, the many discrepancies and contradictions in the Gregory story are maddening. Greeley, at this period, was the greatest editor in America and presumably, although all three journalists signed the report, Greeley wrote it. Certainly the preamble and conclusion sound like his moralistic style. But why, if he did write it, would he change from third to first person without explanation in the middle of this interview with Gregory? It is the hypothesis of this writer that Greeley never saw Gregory, but one of the two younger men, realizing that the report would be valueless without up-to-date news of the discoverer, rushed around and got an interview with Gregory, after he got back from the convention, or perhaps here in Denver. (The Gilpin County recordings have nothing for Gregory between June 3 and June 13, but two for each of those days.) This interview was then incorporated hastily in the report, tacked on to a condensed version of Villard's previous findings. How else account for the errors and changed style?

<sup>23</sup>Photostat copy.

<sup>24</sup>For the use of this and all following quotations from Midwest newspapers, I am indebted to LeRoy R. Hafen, having had access to his personal file of typed copies of excerpts bearing on the Pikes Peak gold rush.

until sunset he is beset by perfect swarms of claimants for similar favors. At all times he can be seen surrounded by dozens of bores, that would take the last particle of patience out of any other human being than the good natured Gregory. His coat tail and hands are hardly ever under his control, and yet he never gives a repulsive answer to any of the innumerable questions put to him nor does he fail to comply with a request, if it is at all in his power to do so.

By August 26, the Denver City correspondence of the same paper was saying . . . "to the writer's own personal . . . Mr. John H. Gregory, the pioneer miner, sent \$5,000 worth of dust to his family in Georgia."

By September 14, the *Missouri Republican's* correspondent, writing from Mountain City, Gregory Diggings, on August 28, was describing the falling off of miners and residents, due to stampedes elsewhere and the difficulties of crushing ore. There was plenty of elbow room in the gulch, and the correspondent added:

"Most of the claims which had been disposed of during the prosperous day reverted to the original owners; Gregory, among others, had to take back the claims sold for \$40,000."

But the *Gold Reporter* (published in Mountain City) on September 17 was saying, "By September 1, Gridley and Henderson had paid Gregory \$14,502 of the \$21,000 owed."

The *St. Joseph Journal* for October 1, 1859, ran this account:

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. John Gregory of Georgia, the original discoverer of the celebrated "Gregory Diggings", at Pikes Peak, accompanied by about 18 or 20 others, with five wagons and teams, arrived in this city direct from the mines . . . he left his Diggings in the mountains on the 8th inst. and had consequently been just 18 days in coming through . . . We had a conversation with Mr. Gregory whom we found to be a very pleasant gentleman. Mr. Gregory being just in out of the mines and off the plains dressed in his pioneer garb, of course does not present the appearance of a dancing master, but a gentleman is not always known by his dress . . .

We were shown by Mr. Gregory various specimens of gold, to the amount of \$200. One specimen of gulch, or melted gold worth \$18, he panned out of a branch off of a claim for which, he informed us, he was afterwards offered \$10,000 . . .

Mr. Gregory has come in for the purpose of fitting up a couple of quartz mills, with which he thinks, when properly running, he can make \$2,000 per day in his Diggings. During his sojourn in our city he will visit our foundries to see if he can get the casting done here. Mr. Gregory is stopping at Allen's Hotel and will remain in town some days. He is undecided whether to take his dust to Philadelphia or to a mint near his old home in Georgia. He will not return to the mines before February.

So closes the year 1859 as far as contemporary journalistic accounts of Gregory are concerned. But the Gilpin County records contain further clues and confirmations of the man's character and abilities.<sup>26</sup> Inasmuch as the writer of this paper has filed in the

<sup>26</sup>For generous access and use of the vault in the Gilpin County Court House, I am indebted to Clifford Parsons, Recorder. For industrious helpfulness in locating court cases and decrees in chancery, I am indebted to Percy Alsdorf.

Library of the State Historical Society and in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library a typescript compilation of the verbatim findings about Gregory taken from the Gregory District claim books, Recorder's volumes, court cases and decrees in chancery, complete details will not be given here.<sup>27</sup>

In general, the records confirm what the journalistic accounts have already stated or implied. First of all, John Gregory was extremely shrewd. It is a surprise to have Richardson say he was "uneducated," for all the records show a definite familiarity with the rudiments of contract law in transactions in which Gregory was involved. Other more cultivated men neglected to be specific about agreements. But in any agreement with Gregory, the scale was definitely stated as "a dollar a pennyweight" or "\$20 per ounce gold," "provided the gold was well retorted," and that in the event they failed to make these payments they were "to give peaceable possession with all the implements with which the claim was worked to said Gregory."<sup>28</sup>

As a specific example of Gregory's shrewdness, the case of No. 2 Claim on the Fisk Lode might be cited. (The Fisk mine was one of the biggest of the group on Gregory and Bobtail hills, whose total production up to 1915 was 35 million dollars.)<sup>29</sup> On July 11, 1859, Gregory loaned E. E. Ropes \$20.53, taking a lien on the claim and giving Ropes a month to redeem it. On August 13, Gregory foreclosed and sold the claim to N. S. Allebaugh of Black Hawk "for value received."<sup>30</sup> Although the amount is not specified, the reader must suspect, after studying Gregory's many business dealings, that he made a sizeable profit.

His friendliness was commented upon by the journalists. This is born out by the records. Gregory hardly ever did anything alone (which is probably the reason so many people later claimed to have been with him on his preliminary survey trip up the North Fork of Clear Creek, prior to the official discovery trip of May 6). He seems always to have preferred a partner. In August of 1859, he built and operated a rude quartz mill with R. T. Reese.<sup>31</sup>

In order to get ore to run through their mill, they paid \$7,000 for a pile of headings and tailings from the sluice that Amos Gridley

<sup>27</sup>The compilation also includes a typescript of all the present known material on Gregory (with the exception of the Villard and Richardson photostats). In the case of later writings, unless new material has been introduced, the typescript is not verbatim, but gives indication of what earlier accounts have served as sources. There is also on file a 10,000 word graduate paper from which this article is condensed. It is the earnest wish of this writer that with the many clues given in the compilation and longer paper, some historian may finally solve the mystery of John H. Gregory.

<sup>28</sup>Gregory District Records, Vol. A, pp. 1, 2, 14, 141.

<sup>29</sup>Gilpin County Metal Mining Association figures supplied by Percy Alsdorf.

<sup>30</sup>Gregory District Records. Vol. B, p. 151. N. S. Allebaugh is the father of Lincoln Allebaugh, who was born in Black Hawk in 1863 and still resides there. His memory is a gold mine to research workers.

<sup>31</sup>Hollister, *op. cit.*, 63.

and E. W. Henderson were running on the claims Gregory had sold them, May 28, for \$21,000.<sup>32</sup> After running this mill about a month they sold it to C. N. Smith<sup>33</sup> and prepared to leave the gulch for the winter. Before departing, however, Gregory filed on a series of claims near the Gregory, Fisk, and Foote and Simmons leads, all specifying "not to be worked this season" and all in partnership with R. T. Reese or James Emerson.<sup>34</sup>

Perhaps activity impresses the research worker as his most conspicuous characteristic. The records hold proof of his discovery of the Gregory, Bates, and Gregory Second lodes and inferential proof for his discovery of the Illinois Lode on Quartz Hill.<sup>35</sup> In regard to all these lodes, frequent sales and transactions are recorded, involving sums from \$50 and \$100 to \$2,500 and \$5,000 (not to mention the \$40,000 sale described by Richardson, on which the Emerson brothers later defaulted).

Further proof of his activity during the summer was given by W. N. Byers when he wrote: "About fifteen miles from Gregory's Diggings, N.N.W., A. D. Gambell, late of West Union, Ohio, has discovered a rich quartz lead. . . We are assured by Mr. Gregory that he has found a number of other leads in going to and from the Gambell lead."<sup>36</sup> Certainly he was as busy as a bird dog all season until he left September 8, 1859!

Where Gregory spent the winter, we don't know. Whether he had his new quartz mill built some place in Nebraska or Missouri, as was suggested by the item from the *St. Joseph Journal*, or whether he went farther East for it, we don't know. But early in the spring he was back again, according to the plans he had outlined.

On March 7, 1860, the *Rocky Mountain News* said: "John H. Gregory and Company arrived on the 4th instant, 17 men, 1 woman, 5 wagons, 18 horses, mules and oxen, 42 days from St. Joseph via Platte Route. Brought one quartz mill, and two wagonloads of butter and building hardware. Mr. Gregory is looking well after his Eastern trip. He has left for the mountains to resume business in his gold mines."

Why did Gregory bring butter? Undoubtedly because he knew that it was an item that could be sold immediately and at the greatest profit. Everything about Gregory so far has indicated a native acumen for business dealings. And who was the lone woman

<sup>32</sup>Hollister, *op. cit.*, 64.

<sup>33</sup>Enterprise District Records, September 22, 1859. (Actual volume is misplaced or lost.)

<sup>34</sup>Gregory District Records. Vol. B, pp. 248, 274, 287, 288.

<sup>35</sup>Gregory is frequently credited with two of these discoveries, very occasionally for the Bates, and only once for the Illinois, i. e., in "Historical Colorado," by Katherine Hodges, *Magazine of American History*, Vol. XV, January-June, 1886, p. 443.

<sup>36</sup>*Rocky Mountain News*, June 18, 1859.

in this company? Probably some wife of one of the men of the company who was prepared to act as cook and laundress. We don't know where Gregory assembled this company, but we do know that he brought along a Willis Gregory, probably a brother or some relative, who mined unsuccessfully about the district for some years<sup>37</sup> and died June 5, 1865, aged 48 years.<sup>38</sup>

The records of Gregory District immediately begin again to carry their namesake's activities. During March he filed on a mill and water site with C. W. Fisk for \$1,000, sold a house and lot at Gregory Point to A. T. Randall for \$275. In April, Gregory and Fisk filed on a ditch for water rights for their quartz mill in North Clear Creek and fought an ejection damage suit in regard to their mill claim.<sup>39</sup>

And so it went all during the spring. He sold claims, both gulch claims and lode claims, another house and lot and entered into some complicated business dealings about the Bates Lode.<sup>40</sup> Hollister says, writing in 1867, of Gregory's activities during 1860:

"Gregory came in with a party and a quartz mill, which he erected in a few days, ran awhile taking out two hundred dollars a day and sold out for six times its cost. John H. Gregory not only knew how to find mines but it appears he knew how to sell out at the right time."<sup>41</sup>

No recordings occurred between May 10 and July 2, 1860, and it is safe to assume that Gregory had cleaned up his immediate business responsibilities to go off on a prospecting trip. He probably spent most of that summer scouring Colorado for another big strike. It would be quite in keeping with his restless activity. We do know that on June 6 he was off on a prospecting tour, because that night he camped with three other Georgians at Bergen's Junction (now Bergen Park on Route 40) near Irving W. Stanton, who with three other greenhorns was also out looking for gold. Mr. Stanton recalled:

They were very friendly and told us they were on their way to a new discovery on the west side of the Arkansas River below the Twin Lakes and invited us to join them but said they could not assure us a claim. The chances, however, were favorable and they said that was a pretty good country to prospect.

The next morning bright and early, we mounted our horses and accompanied them. Soon after leaving camp we overtook Green Russell and his companion but they did not join us. It was said that Gregory and Russell were not on the most friendly terms, but I

<sup>37</sup>On June 11, 1860, he filed with five other men on an unproductive lead called the La Crosse County, in the name of C. P. Symes and Company, on the top of the mountain on the south side of North Clear Creek.

<sup>38</sup>Gravestone in Bald Mountain Cemetery.

<sup>39</sup>Gregory District Records. Vol. A<sup>2</sup>, pp. 376, 384, 389, 394, 417.

<sup>40</sup>Gregory District Records. Vol. C, pp. 13, 14, 66, 67, 72, 89.

<sup>41</sup>Hollister, *op. cit.*, 109. (I could find no recording for the sale of this quartz mill. Undoubtedly the sale did occur, but since the mill site was in Enterprise District, the recording is probably in the misplaced volume mentioned previously.)

do not speak advisedly of this.<sup>42</sup> The following morning we reached South Park. . . The next day we reached the new "find" at the head of Cache Creek and called Lost Canyon Gulch. It was full of Georgians, everything was staked and no chance of claim except by purchase. We bade our Georgian friends good-bye and headed for California Gulch.

I never met John H. Gregory again, and think he returned to Georgia that fall or winter. He appeared to me a generous, kindly disposed man, but was very profane, talked loud and a great deal. Green Russell was the opposite of Gregory, mild and gentle in manner and speech. These two men were so closely identified and connected with the discovery of gold here that we thought ourselves fortunate to meet them.<sup>43</sup>

The most interesting recording of all occurred that autumn, on October 2, 1860. Gregory assigned his interest in the Bates Lode to Henry Chapeze "for a valuable consideration." This assignment was written crosswise of the original recording in the book and is signed personally by Gregory instead of the recorder. It is a large, dashing hand with the tail of the "y" extending over two and a half inches. A graphologist would say that the writing exhibited great physical vitality, a high degree of emotionalism and a desire to play to the gallery.<sup>44</sup>

By October 27, he was headed home and we have this item from the *Omaha Nebraskan* of that date:

"Mr. Gregory, the discoverer of the famous Gregory's gold diggings, was in the city yesterday on his way to Georgia. He expressed the belief that the Rocky Mountains contain inexhaustible treasures and that ages after the present generation shall have passed away, millions of dollars of gold will be taken from that region."

Once again he disappears in the South and East. Where he spent the winter of 1860-1861, we do not know. But by April 3, he was back in Colorado again and W. N. Byers was writing:

We had the pleasure of again taking by the hand our old friend John H. Gregory, the discoverer of the Gregory mines. He has just returned from his home in Alabama to spend another season in our mines, and is looking as hale and hearty as two years ago when we first met him in a brush camp, beside his new discovery. He is accompanied by a Mr. Bean of Alabama. They made the trip from St.

<sup>42</sup>This dislike was true. Apparently the unfriendliness dated from previous acquaintanceship in Georgia because, according to Katherine Hodges' article, "Historical Colorado," *op. cit.*, 443, late in the winter of '59 Gregory arrived on the scene from Ft. Laramie and became the guest of Dr. Levi J. Russell in his hospitable cabin at Auraria (Levi was one of the brothers of Green). The dislike between the two discoverers showed itself in suits filed by Russell against Gregory, and Gregory against Russell in 1861 and 1862.

<sup>43</sup>Irving W. Stanton, "Early Days in Colorado," in *The Trail*, Vol. II, No. 10, pp. 5-16.

<sup>44</sup>Gregory District Records, Vol. C, p. 13.

Joseph in twenty-four days, and pushed on for Mountain City this morning.<sup>45</sup>

That spring and summer there were fewer recordings. But on April 21 he collected the last payment on Claim No. 6 Gregory Lead and gave a deed to E. W. Henderson for the total sum received of \$7,500.00.<sup>46</sup> He made various other sales and instituted two suits to collect defaulted payments. Finally, on October 14, 1861, E. W. Henderson having paid a total of \$8,250.00 for Claim No. 5 Gregory Lead (the Discovery Claim), he received a deed. With that transaction, Gregory's name disappears from the Gregory District recordings.<sup>47</sup>

But the man, himself, was not gone from Colorado. His name still appeared involved in litigation. Space does not permit details, but suffice it to say that in the fall of 1861 and from February 8, 1862, on, Gregory was attempting to collect money due him.

Careful study of these cases shows that Gregory was seemingly in court with his lawyer on February 8, 1862,<sup>48</sup> that he bought a second mortgage on W. G. Russell's mill from R. H. Sapp February 22, and that in March he sued Russell on continuance.<sup>49</sup> These matters could conceivably have been handled by his lawyer, C. C. Post, through correspondence, but it is more reasonable to infer that Gregory, himself, was in the district at this time.

However, no record of any activity of Gregory's appears in the district between November 18, 1861, and February 8, 1862, and it must have been during those three months that he made his annual trip home. Otherwise, how can we account for Byers' item on March 28 in Denver?

"J. H. Gregory, the pioneer gold finder, favored us with a call yesterday, he returns looking as hopeful as ever."<sup>50</sup>

More than likely, the last week in March, Gregory made a business trip down to Denver from Central City and mentioned having been home for the winter. Also inferentially, Byers misunderstood that Gregory's return to Colorado from the East had taken place some seven weeks or so prior and wrote the item as if Gregory had just returned that day.

Other court cases show that he was in full possession of the Discovery Claim of the Illinois Lode on April 16, 1862,<sup>51</sup> that he

<sup>45</sup>*Rocky Mountain News*, April 3, 1861. Had Gregory changed his home in the meantime from Georgia to Alabama, as this item indicates? Or did Byers make an error in reporting?

<sup>46</sup>Gregory District Records, Vol. E, p. 317. The difference in this amount and what should be a half of \$21,000 (the agreed sale price for the two claims) was undoubtedly an adjustment for the tallings which Gregory and Reese had purchased back from Henderson.

<sup>47</sup>Gregory District Records, Vol. F, p. 216.

<sup>48</sup>Gregory District Court Case No. 115, 1862. John H. Gregory vs. James E. Lyon.

<sup>49</sup>Gregory District Court Case No. 100, 1861. John H. Gregory vs. William G. Russell, et al.

<sup>50</sup>*Rocky Mountain News*, March 28, 1862.

<sup>51</sup>Decrees in Chancery, Vol. I.

had two miners, George Brunk and William C. Stone, working for him that spring,<sup>52</sup> and that in June, Gregory and his partner, Richard H. Sapp, "made a verbal contract" with Augustine G. Langford and Joseph M. Marshall to furnish some machinery for the water mill the partners were then operating on the Consolidated Ditch on Quartz Hill. Gregory and Sapp "promised to pay promptly. On the 30th of June, 1862, they paid \$50."<sup>53</sup>

At this point Gregory disappears from the annals of Colorado. Testimony would seem to show that he was personally in business with Sapp most of the summer, certainly June and July. But on September 3, 1862, William Cozens returned to the plaintiffs a sheriff's summons with "J. H. Gregory not found" marked on the back.

Where did Gregory go between July and September 3, 1862? Nobody knows. A variety of ends have been ascribed to him and a variety of explanations have been made for his disappearance. O. J. Hollister wrote in his *Black Hawk Mining Journal*, November 30 1863: "Mr. Gregory is now supposed to be at his home in Georgia as poor as ever he was before he made his discovery. . . . Of a harum scarum disposition, money passed through his fingers as water through a sieve." Fossett says, "He was an inveterate gambler and finally brought up in Montana, where he died poor, some time prior to 1865."<sup>54</sup> Smiley says, "Another story current here in Denver a couple of years after his final departure from the Clear Creek country, was that in the winter of 1861-62 he disappeared from a hotel in Illinois, and was not seen or heard of again by anyone who knew him."<sup>55</sup> Parsons says, ". . . then he went back to Georgia. He was never seen in Colorado again. In 1861-65 Colorado Territory was no place for Southerners."<sup>56</sup> Stone says, "Not much is known of his later history. He returned home, drifted to Texas and disappeared. We have not even a photograph in his honor. There are those who think Gilpin County should have been named Gregory County."<sup>57</sup>

Well, Gilpin County, whether it should have been named Gregory County or not, felt some nervousness in the spring of 1863 during the court term. The only time in all the cases I examined

<sup>52</sup>Gregory District Court Case No. 259. George Brunk vs. John H. Gregory and Richard Sapp. Filed November Term, 1862.

<sup>53</sup>Gregory District Court Case No. 260. William C. Stone vs. John H. Gregory and R. H. Sapp. Filed November 7, 1862. Judgment for plaintiff, April 6, 1863.

<sup>54</sup>Gregory District Court Case No. 363. Langford and Company vs. John H. Gregory and Richard Sapp. Filed January 27, 1863. Judgment for plaintiffs, March 30, 1863.

<sup>55</sup>Frank Fossett, *Colorado* (Denver: Daily Tribune Steam Printing House, 1878), 211.

<sup>56</sup>Jerome C. Smiley, *History of Denver* (Denver: Times-Sun Publishing Company, 1901), 261. The same version is also given in *Bancroft Mss. No. 450* in the Colorado Historical Society Library, an interview with A. A. Bradford of Pueblo in 1884, who had come to Denver in 1860.

<sup>57</sup>Eugene Parsons, "John Hamilton Gregory," *The Trail*, XX, No. 4, p. 3.

<sup>58</sup>Wilbur Fiske Stone, *History of Colorado* (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, 1918), I, 246.

that I ever saw a written judgment rendered by more than a foreman of the jury was in the case of No. 362, Langford and Company vs. John H. Gregory and Richard Sapp. When Gregory "was not found," and after the case had been advertised in the *Miners' Register* and the quartz mill was finally given to Langford, the jury must have felt the solemnity of the occasion. The verdict was signed on the back by twelve good men and true, each in his own characteristic handwriting, viz., M. B. Presley, foreman, D. W. Chilton, Robert E. Benson, Martin Lewis, J. H. Reese, M. Sedgwick, E. S. Perry, Chase Withrow, W. J. Howard, William G. Shute, T. J. Oyler, and R. P. Roy.

The spring court term of 1863 in Gilpin County was indeed ironic. While the court was awarding Gregory's and Sapp's quartz mill to Langford and Company one week, it gave Russell's quartz mill to Gregory the next, on April 8. It awarded a judgment of \$253.00 to Stone against Gregory and Sapp and it gave William Green Russell some placer claims in Russell Gulch which belonged to Christopher Cook, John H. Gregory and Richard Sapp. These were later put up for sheriff's sale, sold to Samuel Wilson for \$104 and final report made by Sheriff William Cozens on October 6, 1863. On July 7, 1863, C. C. Post signed receipt for \$347.45 as Gregory's solicitor for the sale of Russell's quartz mill at public auction.

Whether Post took his money to pay Gregory's share of Stone's decision, we do not know. Whether Post was in correspondence with Gregory in 1863, we do not know. But by the May term of the District Court in 1864, Gregory was considered gone forever. Volume One of the Decrees in Chancery gives a long account of the awarding of Gregory's Illinois Lode claim (known as Discovery Claim) on Quartz Hill in Illinois Central District to Patrick F. Tobin.

So had the mighty fallen—a discovery claim taken away from the discoverer of the whole county by a decree in chancery "on this day, the 25th day of May, A. D. 1864"!

Many detractors of the man began to appear in the 'seventies and were added to through the years. George A. Jackson, William N. Byers, Thomas F. Dawson, Samuel Cushman and J. P. Waterman all contributed their quota to his being stupid, illiterate, lazy and unbalanced.

He was far from stupid. We know from Hollister that Gregory must have had considerable education in mining law and mining procedure, since it was he and Dr. Joseph Casto who drew up the

first rules for the Gregory Mining District.<sup>58</sup> These rules later became laws, and were copied by the other mining districts and were finally incorporated into Colorado statutes. We also know from the wording of his contracts in the 1859 records that he had a fair knowledge of business.

It is, of course, a complete falsehood that he could not read nor write. The Gilpin County records refute that statement. But it is undoubtedly true that he had had very little formal schooling and probably murdered the Queen's English in conversation. (We have already presented Richardson's testimony in June, 1859, that "Mr. Gregory is an enterprising, noisy, uneducated man," and Stanton's recollection of July, 1860, that "he appeared to me a generous, kindly disposed man but was very profane, talked loud and a great deal.")

As for his being lazy, obviously he disliked routine or continued physical labor at one job. But anyone who exhibited as much initiative and activity as Gregory would hardly be called lazy.

As for his being unbalanced or "crazy," as Byers later called him,<sup>59</sup> it seems probable that he was very moody, given to fits of dejection or high elation, but any more serious charge is merely silly.

No; despite detractors, personally I should have liked John Gregory, and I'm sorry the bulk of his story is lost. He may have been what is called a "character." But I would have admired the unbounded courage that took him prospecting alone in our Colorado mountains from February to May (except for short stops at Auraria and Arapahoe) and eating often only what he could shoot with a rifle.

I would have warmed to his friendliness and enthusiasms, his loyalty to his family in immediately sending them home \$5,000 and in going to visit them each winter, and to his unselfish exuberance at finding gold because "My wife will be a lady and my children will be educated!"<sup>60</sup>

And if I were given just one adjective to describe him, after examining all the known material about him, I would choose the first adjective ever used about him in print, A. D. Richardson's "enterprising." Indeed, this paper might well be called, instead of "elusive,"—The Enterprising Figure of John H. Gregory.

<sup>58</sup>Hollister, *op. cit.*, 75. (Hollister may have known Gregory personally, since Hollister started his newspaper in Black Hawk in November, 1863, and we know the historian had been in Colorado since July, 1861, when he joined up with the first Colorado regiment, although not serving the whole period until they were mustered out February 28, 1863.)

<sup>59</sup>*Denver Republican*, July 6, 1886. Interview with W. N. Byers by Thomas F. Dawson.

<sup>60</sup>W. N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (Chicago: Century Publishing Company, 1901), I, 36.

## The Visit of General Grant's Party to Georgetown and Central City in 1868

Letter of GEORGE T. CLARK\*

Office of Wells, Fargo & Company  
Stage Department

Central City, Colorado, July 23d 1868

My Dear Kate [his wife]:

I have but little to write you at this time but will give you an account of a trip which I have just taken.

Yesterday morning I received a dispatch from Mr. Cotterill, Supt. of W. F. & Co., to provide a dinner for Genl. Grant and party of seven who would be up on the coach. I at once went down to Eugenia and gave the order. Bill Updike drove up and got here at one o'clock in the midst of a fearful rain storm. Mr. Cotterill requested me to go through with the party to Georgetown and show them up. The party consisted of Genl. Grant, Genl. Sherman, Genl. Sheridan, Genl. Dent, Master U. S. Grant Jr., M. M. DeLano, and Mr. Cotterill. We left Central at 2 p. m. in the midst of a heavy storm. We stopped a short time at Idaho and got through to Georgetown at 6 p. m. I had telegraphed ahead to the Barton House to have supper ready and rooms for the guests. We were greeted on our arrival with firing of guns, and every flag in town was displayed. As the whole thing was thrown upon me I had to do all of the honors of the occasion by introducing the people. We got a little rest. I then took them down to the Furnaces and showed them around town. We then went back to the Barton House and got our evening grub. After tea in the midst of the rain the ladies commenced to pour in and the whole house was soon filled. In a short time up came a band of music and about 500 in a crowd and yelled for the Generals to come out. I then had to take them up on to the Balcony of the house and introduce them to the crowd. After this was over and a few words said by Genl. Sherman we went down stairs and had a little singing. I got to bed about one a. m. and this morning came to Idaho gave them good Baths & a good breakfast and then started for Central. Got in town at 10 a. m. and found the whole of our Bank full side walks & house tops. I then had to

\*Mr. Clark, who came to Colorado in 1860, was mayor of Denver in 1865-66 and was the first cashier of the First National Bank of Denver. He died November 6, 1888. The diary of his trip across the plains in 1860 was published in the July, 1929, issue of this magazine.

The original of the letter published here was recently given to the State Historical Society by Mrs. Fannie Clark Wigginton of Denver, the above-mentioned daughter of Mr. Clark.—Ed.

introduce them individually to the Callers which took me a half an hour. And then put them on Coach and away they went to Denver.

Of Genl. Grant, I can only say that I like his looks very much. He is a plain simple straightforward man, says nothing—nor can you draw him out at all. Sherman was sharp and active as usual. Sheridan seemed to fire [or fill] the eye of all as a keen wise eyed fighting man. Genl. Dent is of no particular account. We have had the great men of the nation with us, they were pleased to death with all they saw and went on their way rejoicing. I never expect to see them or any other men like them together in my day. They came here in the worst time that they could have come. It rained pretty much all of the time and they did not have much of a chance to see the mountains but they say they shall come again—but of course that is very uncertain. The Democrats of course have made a great many dirty flings at Genl. Grant even in his short stay with us. I trust he will pay them back next November.

It has been such a horrible rainy time to work that I have got along slow with the house, but trust I will have it done after awhile. I have not heard from you since I sent that last \$200 draft. Did you get it? Your last letter was dated on the 13th. Mr. Town came and asked me the full name of our little Fannie a few days ago. I could not spell the Dell part of it to save my life but finally wrote it Fannie Adell Clark. Is this right? Mr. Chaffee is in Denver but has not got up here yet. Your Father went through to Georgetown today. Well I can think of nothing more to write you tonight. My regards to all, and as ever, with my love and kisses for you and our little one I am

Truly  
George."

## Swimming a Trail Herd Across the Arkansas River in 1886

J. R. BOULDIN\*

It is now many years since I followed a trail herd of longhorns from Texas to Montana, going across Colorado. Let me relate here one incident on my first trip, in 1886. I was then thirteen years old and was employed by the Lee Scott Cattle Company. I was horse wrangler for James May, the trail boss in charge of our herd.

When we reached the Arkansas River at Trail City in May, 1886, the river was said to be higher than it had been for years. We

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\*Mr. Bouldin now lives in Douglas, Arizona. He has written the manuscript for a book on his early experiences.—Ed.

camped back several miles from the river the evening we arrived. The boss took a couple of the men along, myself included, to see how the river looked. I well knew I would have to do my bit on the morrow. The boss, Mr. May, proving himself a good general and a splendid leader, gave all instructions that night. I wish to state for the benefit of the present generation that the best time to cross a herd of cattle over dangerous water is before sunrise, between daylight and sunrise, because the sun's reflection on the water blinds the cattle and turns them back.

The next morning when we started he said, "Get forty head of your remunda. I will be with you. The boys can bring the remainder on with the cattle. You and I will keep three or four hundred yards ahead of the lead steers with our bunch of horses and will wait for the leaders to come up. When they do, we will push the horses in and swim over with them, keeping out of their way and to one side." The horse is the king of animals and other animals follow and look up to him.

Mr. May and I arrived at the river about four hundred yards ahead of the lead steers. There was debris of all descriptions coming down, long lines of brush and rubbish was afloat, large trees, fences, chicken houses, and two four-room houses floated by.

The boss was mounted on his private saddler, a big black of eleven or twelve hundred pounds. I was mounted on a little dark dun Spanish pony of seven or eight hundred pounds, that I called "Gigantito," or little giant in English.

He looked down at me and said, "Button, can your horse swim?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"How do you know?"

"I used to swim the Canadian when it would be high." Then I said, "Can your horse swim?"

He said, "I think so." He looked at me and said, "Son, are you afraid to take this river as we have planned?"

I said, "No, sir," and Oh, how I lied!

We pushed the horses into swimming water, which was six hundred yards wide. Some of the lead steers were swimming among the horses. I looked over at the boss, who was in the lead. He beckoned me to come on. A horse with a man on him will swim faster and truer than a horse unencumbered, who lets the waves float him on. The waves were in places four or five feet high at least. My little Spanish pony was taking them and floating up and down on them like a duck or boat. Looking ahead I noticed the big black the boss was mounted on ploughed through those waves like a battleship at sea. I glanced back and the string of swimming

cattle were coming and the lead about half way across. As we landed on the shore on the north side we looked back. There came a yell from the south side. The boss pointed back and said:

"Great heaven, son, look yonder." Close to the line of swimming cattle was a monster tree and lodged against it was a little three room house with a woman on the roof holding in her arms a baby.

The boss said, "Look after these cattle and I will send you help."

He started back and three of the boys were urging their horses to the rescue when the house and tree floated through the line of swimming cattle, turning part of them back to the south side. The remainder swam to the north shore. As the boys swam by the floating house the woman would not budge. One of them turned his swimming horse loose and climbed up on the roof, but the woman refused to give her baby to him. The second one turned his horse loose and climbed up, took the baby from her; the other one held her, while the third swam by and took the baby and swam to the north side, leaving the other two men on the roof of the swaying, careening house top and holding the frantic woman, who said she could swim and was trying to get to her baby. By this time the boss, James May, came swimming by close enough for the two men by main strength to hand her down to him, who grabbed her waist and started back to the north shore. But the now completely terror-stricken woman grabbed the saddle, then got the bridle reins and pulled the horse over on his side twice. All the time May was struggling with her. Before he could get the reins from her she pulled the horse over and under the water. When they came to the surface May, in desperation, struck her a hard blow on the chin and she went out. Putting his arm around her, the other guiding the now overburdened horse, the gallant thoroughbred made it to the north shore with his four hundred pound pack. The boys rubbed her neck and back and worked her arms and quickly had her standing on her feet. Jack Duffy, the Irish comedian, stepped up and said:

"Everything is all right, lady, and here is your baby." The lady clasped her baby to her bosom and broke into sobs.

The rest of the day was taken up getting the other portion of the herd over. The woman's pitiful story was soon told, how the water washed her husband and two other children off the house top as it careened over. The boss turned her over to the local authorities and the story of the incident thereof, and the herd moved on.

## Memoirs of Marian Russell<sup>1</sup>

MRS. HAL RUSSELL

The two weeks' delay at Pawnee Rock made us late in reaching Fort Union. Biting winds gnawed at the open prairies and the frenzied snow had begun to surge up the dry arroyas before we came to the fort, patterned in black against a snowy background. How glad we were to see that tall stockade before us.

Fort Union had been established only the year before, in 1851.<sup>2</sup> It was thirty miles north of Las Vegas and was headquarters of the Ninth Military Department. The establishment of Fort Union was the first effective military measure taken against the Indians of this region. The fort became the base for United States troops during the long period required to Americanize New Mexico. My own life story from this date of 1852 has been interwoven with the history of the old fort.

Fort Union was built in the form of a square. The officers' quarters were constructed of logs, adobe and stone, and were on the east and west sides of the square. The barracks were constructed of adobe and were to the rear of the officers' quarters. The store buildings and stables were on the north and they too were of adobe. Outside, east of the square, and entirely separate therefrom was the hospital, then the very best hospital in all the West. About three-quarters of a mile to the northwest were four buildings constituting the great arsenal, in which were kept for so many years the military stores for the whole army operating in the Southwest.

In the center of the parade ground stood a band stand, and on the north and south of it were two wells from which the water supply of the garrison was secured. This supply was augmented by a spring about half a mile west. During the Civil War breastworks of earth were thrown up around the fort, and a tunnel connected it with the spring. Entrance was on the south side of the square.

The Cimarron Trail over which we had come skirted the fort on the west side. On this side also were the buildings of traders, freighters and other civilians. John Dent, brother of the famous Julia Dent, wife of General U. S. Grant, was post trader there for many years. All trails from the Missouri River to the Southwest converged at Fort Union, as it was headquarters and general depot for this region.

<sup>1</sup>Continued from the May issue. The editorial notes are by E. C. McMechen.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup>This celebrated fort was located about 100 miles northeast of Santa Fe. The First Colorado Volunteers made a remarkable march from Denver to Fort Union in eighteen days during the winter of 1862, where they outfitted preceding the Battle of Glorieta Pass.

At Fort Union our little cavalcade rested for many days before continuing its way to Santa Fe. Tired mules were turned out to graze upon the prairie. Freight was unloaded and the horse herd turned into the corral. The army officers came out to look over the horses and to choose mounts.

Our camp was outside the gates, but we came and went much as we liked. I remember two friendly Indians who sat at the gate by the hour, playing mumble-peg on a blanket spread in the sun.

While we were camped there Indians attacked the stage station, located about two miles from the fort. This happened in the night and the noise of troops leaving the fort woke us. Mother helped us dress and we hurried inside the stockade. Shivering with the cold, Will and I stood watching the flames of the burning station leap into the sky. The troops did not return until the next day. Two of the stocktenders had been scalped, they said, and all the horses stolen. The stables were burned to the ground.

After a time our wagons struck the trail again, as there were supplies to be delivered at Santa Fe; and the long road to Sutter's Fort still lay ahead. With gay, brave hearts we set out for Santa Fe on a cold December morning. I am still glad, when I think of it, that we did not know what lay before us. Sitting well-bundled beside mother on the spring seat, I saw the long white snake that was our caravan wiggling along behind us. The laughter of children was clear as Alpine bells; the frozen ground rang beneath the great wheels. We who walk life's highway are very stupid. We know so much about philosophy and politics, but of whence we came and whither we go we know nothing. God, in His infinite wisdom, keeps the rainbow bright above a trail that winds ever into darkness.

So we came at last to Santa Fe, the Santa Fe of our dreams, to find a small, mud town set among low red hills. Little adobe huts were built close to narrow, crooked streets, houses so small that our huge wagons towered over them. Dark-faced women peered at us from low doorways. Flea-bitten curs and brown babies sunned themselves on the sheltered side of 'dobe walls. Santa Fe in 1852 was a small Mexican village asleep in the sun. We were conducted to our places in the Plaza; wagon after wagon fell into position there. Bedlam seemed let loose and the women and children were not permitted out of the wagons until after the mules and horses were loosed and corralled. Freight was unloaded at the customs house on the northeast corner of the Plaza. The drivers were over-eager to sign up and draw their wages. They began to wash and comb and hunt through wagons for clean shirts and handkerchiefs.

As evening progressed young señoritas in crimson skirts, their black, mane-light hair caught up with great combs, began drifting languorously by. Tall vaqueroes in sashes and peaked hats strolled

among the wagons. Mother resented them and tried several times to shoo them away. She said she had become used to Indians but knew she never would get used to Mexicans. Out across the town I saw two slender cupolas rising from a gracious adobe church. They seemed to point away from the dust and the squalor to the high blue sky. The cold air smelled a bit of dust and sweating mules, and of cooking that drifted in from the houses that lined the Plaza.

As darkness came on, Santa Fe seemed to throw off some of her day-time lassitude. Lights glowed in saloon and pool-hall; from a dance hall came the tinkle of guitar and mandolin. A fandango was getting under way. Mingled with musical feminine laughter was the clink of caballero spurs. We slept, or tried to sleep, in the empty wagon that night. But the noise and confusion of the Plaza after the quiet nights on the trail kept us awake. Pierre was not asleep under the wagon and we missed the comfort of his presence.

Captain Aubry was killed in Santa Fe two years later on the same day that he returned from a California trip.<sup>3</sup> Many were the tales told over camp fires of Captain Aubry's courage and prowess. One was the story of his famous ride from Central Plaza in Santa Fe to the courthouse steps in Independence, Missouri, made on a bet that he could make the trip in six days.<sup>4</sup> And make it he did, to fall from his horse in exhaustion at the close of the sixth day. After all these years my heart swells with pride when I think of that dauntless spirit whom once I called friend. He had held me in his arms by a flickering fireside; he had put into my heart a bit of his own courage and kindness. I like to believe that somewhere in some other and better land he is still leading caravans along rainbow trails.

With visions of Sutter's Fort in our minds, we continued our journey. One evening, as we drew near Albuquerque, we came to camp at a large ranch house by the wayside. Just across the road Colonel E. V. Sumner and a detachment of soldiers were encamped, their white tents in precise rows. That evening a Mexican boy who was employed at the ranch came to visit us. He stayed around our tent, talking and playing with Will until bedtime. Then, after he had gone, mother discovered that a small work-basket in which she had secreted her money and jewelry was gone. Early the next

<sup>3</sup>Aubry was stabbed to death in a Santa Fe saloon by Col. Richard H. Weightman, as a result of a quarrel over a criticism of Aubry's explorations printed in Weightman's newspaper. Weightman threw a glass of brandy in Aubry's eyes and stabbed him while the latter was blinded. Weightman claimed that he killed in self-defense. Col. Weightman was a distinguished soldier, West Pointer, an officer in Doniphan's Expedition during the Mexican War. He served as Congressman from New Mexico, 1851-52, and was killed at the Battle of Wilson's Creek during the Civil War, while attached to General Sterling Price's command. See Ralph Emerson Twitchell, *The Military Occupation of New Mexico*, 381-394.

<sup>4</sup>This famous ride was made from Santa Fe to Independence in 5 days and 16 hours, starting September 12 and ending September 17, 1848. See Ralph P. Bieber, *Southwest Historical Series*, VII, 47.

morning she carried her grievance to the new wagon-master, who suspected the Mexican lad at once. The lad, upon being accused, admitted the theft but said that one of the Summer soldiers had taken the basket away from him. He declared that he had followed the soldier, who had dug a hole under the tent in which he lived and had buried the basket there. Col. Sumner, when appealed to, summoned the guilty soldier to his tent and held him there while search was made. The basket and part of the jewelry were found. The jewelry had no great value, as it was all in old, yellow gold, family heirlooms. No part of the money was ever discovered. I was too young to realize what the loss of that money meant to mother, but I do remember the shadow that settled on her bright face as we journeyed on to Albuquerque. She was alone and young in a strange land. Two little children are not much of an asset. Captain Aubry, upon whom she might have leaned, had started upon the first of his California trips.

During the ride to Albuquerque she was silent, but when the caravan reached there she told us that we would stay for a time. She let both Will and me accompany her on her hunt for a house. A man came one evening and mother sold him a large brooch and a pair of great old earrings that had belonged to Aunt Mary Rice. The tears rolled down her white, set face. Many years after, I stumbled upon the brooch in a pawn shop in Santa Fe. What a story it might tell had it ears and a tongue.

Mother rented an old adobe house on the outskirts of Albuquerque and began taking in military boarders. The town was very old even in 1852. It had been founded by the Spanish in 1706 and had been named in honor of the Duke of Alburquerque.<sup>5</sup> The houses were the typical low mud huts the Mexican builds everywhere. There came a morning when Pierre carried our luggage into the little house and deposited it upon the earthen floor. He stood looking at mother a moment, turning his black hat around and around in his hands, then without a word, he left us standing there. When the wagon train pulled out of sight over the western hills the little place looked more desolate than ever. Sometimes while asleep a surge of that heart-breaking desolation comes again upon me and I am always so glad to wake and find it only a dream.

Mother had set brave hands to the plough and there was no turning back. We went to work with a will and were soon busy cleaning and calcimining our first adobe home. How many mud palaces were to be ours in the years that followed. At first we had five military boarders. They paid \$40.00 each per month for board, but occasionally some or all would be gone on long scouting expedi-

<sup>5</sup>Don Francisco Fernandez, Duke of Alburquerque, was the 34th Viceroy of New Spain. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, I, 421, 422. The first r has been dropped in modern spelling.

tions, as they were Indian scouts, white men who knew well the Indian country and the ways of the red man.

Our boarding house we kept clean. The table, set in the living room, was long and covered with a yellow patterned oil cloth. Mother found that she must learn to cook many new dishes. In addition to the ever-present potatoes, gravy and dried apple pie, we served mutton and goat meat, Indian beans or frijoles. The meat was always served red-hot with chili. One dish our boarders craved was boiled whole wheat, mixed generously with red pepper pods and cubes of goat meat. For breakfast, we often had atole, a mush made from the blue meal of Indian corn.

One day in that memorable year I was sent down to the little Albuquerque store on an errand. As I passed the door of the Overland Stage Station I saw a young white woman sitting there, a baby in her lap. I could never pass a baby by, so I sidled along the bench and offered my fingers for the baby's inspection. The woman did not seem to see me. I do not now believe she realized that she held a little red-headed baby in her arms. She would have been beautiful if it had not been for the horror that lay in her eyes. She had red hair, soft, short and dark, like the plumage of some bird. Her stooped and slender figure was attired in faded blue calico. She was like some beautiful bright thing broken and bruised. Suddenly I wanted to cry and I slipped away looking back at her over my shoulder, but she never once looked at me.

That evening one of the soldier-scouts told us about her. He said she was a Mrs. Adeline Wilson. That she had been born in Alton, Illinois, in 1837, and had come with her father and mother to Texas when she was a child. She had lost both parents in an Indian massacre there and, having thus been left an orphan, had worked for her room and board until she was sixteen years of age, when she met and married a young Texan by the name of Wilson. Happiness had come to the little red-headed orphan at last.

Two years after their marriage, twin sons were born to the Wilsons. When the twins were two years of age the little family joined a wagon train enroute to California. When the wagon train had reached the plains of Indian Territory, young Mr. Wilson quarreled with the Captain leading the caravan and decided to turn back to Texas. He was warned that it was dangerous to leave the company, but he did so. That lone wagon was attacked by the Indians and twenty-two year old Mrs. Wilson saw her husband and her little sons scalped and killed before her eyes. She was taken prisoner. The Indians had quarreled among themselves as to whose belt should be adorned by her long red hair. All day they drove her ahead of them like a sheep to the slaughter. That night in camp she managed to sever her long braids from her head, and by so

doing perhaps saved her life. By the evening of the second day she was so exhausted that she knew she would soon die if help did not come. As darkness came on, she stumbled ahead of her captors down the bank of a little stream. Pine and wild plum trees formed a thicket there and, directly in her path, stood an old hollow log. Much as a wounded animal creeps off to die alone, Mrs. Wilson managed to creep into the hollow log. She fell asleep at once. Perhaps the Indians knew what she had done and did not really care. Perhaps they hunted for her in vain. She never knew, because she lay and slept while red wood-ants crawled upon and stung her tender flesh. In the early morning hours the coyotes came to howl. When at last she wakened and crawled from her hiding place the Indians had gone.

She ate of the wild red plums, drank of the clear creek water and, because life is strong within us when we are twenty, she sought and tried to follow the Albuquerque Trail. Her unborn child stirred within her and she feared another night at the mercy of the wild prairie wolves. Yet another night she spent, crouching under the overhanging bank of the little stream. She heard the padded footfalls of the wolves, the beating of her own heart. What thoughts were hers as she crouched there we can only guess. Next morning a party of Mexicans enroute to the Navaho Reservation came upon her. They were kind and brought her to Albuquerque, but the new little baby was born on the way. That had happened three months before and money enough had been collected to send her to her girlhood home in Texas. Thus it was that she had waited that day at the Overland Stage Station. I thought of her sad eyes and of the little twins who had tasted of the red man's cruelty. In my child heart I registered my first black mark against the Indian.

Our adobe house sat most impolitely with its back to the street. Neither door nor window graced that long front side. Its floor and flat roof were of hard sun-baked earth. Sometimes, when the scouts were gone on reconnoitering expeditions, we were alone, and it was on one such night that an attempt was made to break into our home by tunneling under a wall while we slept. Mother made a sort of burglar alarm by tying her silver teaspoons together and hanging them from the latch string. Will and I were sent to bed, but mother spent the remainder of the night in a chair, an old rifle across her lap. Next morning we found footprints in the great heap of soft earth they had dugged outside. One of the scouts returning next day said a large man with shoes, a smaller barefooted man, and a burro had trodden there.

The life we lived in Indian country in those days was not much like life in New Mexico now. Those early-day Mexicans did not resemble our present day Spanish-Americans in whose veins flows

so much Anglo-Saxon blood. They were pure Spanish and Indian, and often the Indian predominated; a class of people as colorful as the land in which they lived.

This Indian country was a land of vast spaces and long silences, a desert land of red bluffs and brilliant flowering cactus. The hot sun poured down. At long intervals the wagon-trains appeared creeping like ants along the wide trails, while Indians on painted ponies watched with bitter eyes the coming of the white man.

Most of those early day Mexicans were clean, much cleaner than the Indians. Their houses of mud—mud roof, mud floors and mud walls—were someway clean. The hard trampled floor was sprinkled with water and often covered with willow and grass mats. Their rugs were used only as bed-coverings. The women usually plastered the inner walls of the houses with a kind of homemade whitewash that they called "jaspe." It was very white and lovely but came off readily when touched. For this reason they loved to buy a few yards of bright-colored cretonne and tack it around the parts of the wall which got the hardest usage. This gave the effect of wainscoting. Sometimes they colored the white "jaspe" with the powdered red dirt of the canons, making a thick, red mud which they applied to the outer walls of the huts. This gave the soft, terra cotta red hue that the artists at Taos use in their pictures.

Those Mexicans were almost without exception Catholic, as it was the sainted Catholic Fathers who brought civilization to New Mexico. In a carefully arranged niche in their snowy walls above the cretonne strip could always be found a small statue of the Christ-child and Virgin, before which often a candle burned.

A single bed in a corner would be heaped high with warm, hand-woven blankets, or what we call Navaho rugs. As bed time came each member of the family provided himself or herself with a blanket from the bed and, rolled up Indian-fashion, sought slumber on the earthen floor. Always the bed with its corn husk mattress and a remaining blanket was left for papa and mama.

The Mexicans always kept a small herd of sheep and of goats, hence the woolen blankets. Blankets made from the long silky fibers of the Angora goats make the loveliest rugs known.

The diet of deer and antelope meat was supplemented with mutton and goat meat. They cooked pinto beans with red pepper. They made flat little cakes and baked them on top of their stoves or in the ashes on the hearth, as stoves were a luxury in the land. These cakes they called tortillas, and they were delicious. Their little garden patches boasted always a bit of the blue corn, from which they made the breakfast atole; some pinto beans, red peppers and many kinds of squash and gourds.

The Mexicans loved bright colors, and red geraniums bloomed in their windows. The men wore brightly colored shirts and broad sashes, or wide leather belts; but the women wrapped themselves from head to heel in somber black. They wore Spanish shawls, deep-fringed and very lovely. Sometimes today it seems to me the sexes have changed places.

Outside of each little hut was a little mud oven, shaped like a bee hive. The Mexican women are, perhaps, the best bread bakers in the world, and many a savory loaf have I eaten from those outside ovens. The oven itself serves a double purpose. When not in use as a food receptacle it is used as sleeping quarters by the army of mangy curs that infest every Mexican domicile.

Mexicans are inordinately fond of and very, very kind to their children and were always so pleased at any attention or kindness shown the youngsters.

I think that after our rather frightening experience at Albuquerque mother was always a little afraid, so when one of the scouts suggested that she move to Santa Fe, where he was soon to be stationed, she gladly assented. In the spring of 1854 we moved to Santa Fe and mother leased a large adobe house on the Central Plaza. That adobe house, our first home in Santa Fe, was in later years torn down and the New Mexico Art Museum erected in its place. We soon had our house filled with military boarders and these paid at the princely rate of \$45.00 per month.

The house that is today pointed out to tourists as the oldest house in Santa Fe was in the year of 1854 occupied by the family of one Dometrico Perez. Perez was an educated Spaniard, the son of a former Territorial Governor of New Mexico.<sup>6</sup>

In the northern part of old Santa Fe were two large stone structures, then unfinished. To my knowledge, they have never been finished. They were to have been governmental headquarters, but Congress failed for over thirty years to make the needed appropriation.

The Church of San Miguel, the oldest church in America, even then was decaying with age. Its cracked and tottering walls were supported by lovely hand-carved beams. This historical old church had been built about two hundred and fifty years before our arrival. Many years before, it had been partially destroyed in some sort of a religious uprising. In 1880, I am told, an attempt was made to restore it. But that had not happened in that year of 1854, and the children in Santa Fe were never permitted inside its tottering walls. The ordinary Catholic services were always held in the Cathedral of San Francisco. Only the priests went to San Miguel for Mass.

<sup>6</sup>Col. Albino Perez, who preceded Governor Armijo. He was killed and beheaded by the Pueblo Indians in their revolt of 1837. *Ibid.* 11, 60, 62.

I remember that once a priest died and his funeral was held in old San Miguel. Only the other priests and the nuns attended that service.

The old San Francisco Cathedral was built in the shape of a cross. The present cathedral was built around the walls of the old one. After the new walls were in place the old walls were carefully removed. The right wing of that cross belonged to the nuns and to the girl students. The left wing to Father Lamy<sup>7</sup> and his swarm of little brown boys. Between the two wings was the high, narrow altar, mystic in its loveliness. In the back, over the arched entrance, was the choir loft. Winding upward to that loft was a quaint wooden staircase, hand-carved and very beautiful and graceful. The nuns told us the story of the stairway. It is a legend now, a legend that you always hear in Santa Fe. The legend says:

Years ago, when the cathedral was built, the space for the stairway was so limited that the carpenters who built the cathedral refused even to try to build a stairway there. Therefore, the good sisters made a novena, which is a series of prayers, asking God that some way a stairway might be placed for them there, they needed it so badly.

Finally, one day an old beggar appeared at the Cathedral asking for food. The sisters fed him, and he told them that he was a carpenter out of work; that if they had anything that he could do for them he would gladly do it. Of course they thought at once of the stairway and asked him if he could build one in such a little space. He nodded his white head and set to work. The sisters gave him an order on the Santa Fe lumber yard and told him to get what materials he needed there. Again he nodded silently.

In the course of a few days a marvelous stairway took form beneath his skilled old fingers and at last it stood completed, a marvel of grace and beauty. Delighted, the sisters sought the old man to reward him for his work, but he had gone and was never heard of again. When they went to the lumber company to pay for their materials they were assured that no one had purchased lumber for the stairway there. Examination by experts shows that no nails, screws or metal of any kind has been used in its construction. Not only that, but an assortment of many costly and rare woods has been used, woods totally unknown to early day New Mexico.

So the stairway stands today after centuries of use, showing no sign of wear in all its fragile beauty. Of course the sisters know that their prayers were answered and that the old beggar was really St. Joseph, he who had practiced his trade along the shores of the Galilean Sea long, long ago.

<sup>7</sup>The Rt. Rev. John B. Lamy reached Santa Fe in the fall of 1851, and was elevated to the archbishopric in 1875. *Ibid.*, II, 329, 342.

A few years ago a little book fell into my hands. It was beautifully and wonderfully written by Willa Cather, and was entitled *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. While Miss Cather refers to the old Archbishop as Father Jean La Tour, we who knew him in the old days called him Bishop Lamy. Miss Cather's Father Vallient we called Father Vicario. I remember Father Vicario's grief when he was sent from Santa Fe to become first Bishop at Denver, Colorado, and how grieved we all were at his departure.<sup>8</sup>

Father Lamy was very saintly and good. We often saw his earnest young face bent over a book in his study window, often heard him speaking earnestly to some dark-skinned convert. The Mexicans all over the territory worshipped Father Lamy. His spirituality and devout faith controlled that mass of seething humanity that could, perhaps, have been controlled in no other way. At dawn the bell sounded for Mass and we saw him come to stand for a moment on the steps of the little church, while from crooked alleys and narrow streets his people poured out. Shambling, furtive-eyed men and black-shawled women came, and he raised his hands and blessed them. His love-inspired prayers laid hold of their simple hearts and kept them at the altar of his church. That lovely altar meant much to the Indians and the Mexicans—worship and adoration and mystery. The human heart has always felt but never been able to understand the mystery of salvation. Father Lamy understood that and he kept alive the mystery and the beauty of God's love in little Santa Fe. One cannot write of early New Mexico history without writing reverently of the Catholic Church—not if one would be just. Yet, for my own part, I have never been able to unite with any church. God for me has ever been the spirit of love and kindness one finds in the human heart, a thing quite separate from church and creed.

It was in the year 1852 that Father Lamy induced six Loretto sisters to leave the mother convent in Kentucky and establish a school for girls in illiterate Santa Fe. The story of their pilgrimage is a story of heartache and pain. One died of the cholera and was buried in Independence. Another became sick and had to return.

The school that the sisters established enrolled one hundred little girls that first year; ninety-five little Mexican girls and five white girls. The five white girls were Barbara Price, Lizzie Enders, Captain Lewis' two daughters and myself. Of this enrollment, ninety-nine were Catholic. The sisters called me rebukingly, albeit lovingly, "their little heretic."

Mother Magdalena was the first Mother Superior in Santa Fe

<sup>8</sup>The vicario, or vicar-general here mentioned was Father Joseph P. Machebeuf, who built the first Catholic church in Colorado and became the first bishop of Denver. For the story of his career see Rev. J. W. Howlett's *Life of Bishop Machebeuf* (Pueblo, 1908).

and she was, I verily believe, the most loved sister I have ever known. We all adored her and vied with one another for her favor. Sister Joanna was my personal teacher and I enjoyed her tender guidance. Later she was sent to Denver to establish St. Mary's Academy.

During my second year at the Academy, Father Lamy's niece came out to Santa Fe and entered the cloister there. We called her Sister Louisa. Many of the sisters were very dignified and severe, but Sister Louisa was always gentle and kind. She used to permit me to slip my little hands up under her veil and feel of her soft, clipped hair.

Our uniforms at the academy were a bit varied. For everyday we wore dark purplish ones. On feast days we had better, black ones, and on holidays we blossomed out in rosy pink. All were made alike, however, and were rather full, and about ankle length. Even today I can close my eyes and see one hundred little girls, round-faced and brown-faced, neatly dressed alike in long, full dresses.

I will always remember how the good sisters struggled to instill into our little hearts a bit of civilized culture. They so planned our lessons that we learned poise and self-reliance along with readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. Textbooks were sometimes laid aside and our lessons went on with marvelous ease and quietness.

I remember with a smile our autograph albums. Mine was red velvet with gilt lettering beneath two snowy hands, clasped beneath a garland of yellow roses. The sisters told us that an autograph album was the place to write lofty sentiments. Turning through my little album today I find in Father Lamy's lovely writing: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; and on the next page is a childish scrawl, saying:

"Cows like pumpkins,  
Calves like squash.  
I like you,  
I do, by Gosh." Signed, Lizzie Enters.

Oh, Lizzie, was it in vain that Sister Joanna added precept upon precept, trying to make "perfect ladies" out of us?

Father Lamy had a small farm situated about six miles from Santa Fe. When we missed him from chapel the sisters told us that he had gone to it. They said that he would not forget to pray for us while there, and always we looked for showers of blessings. I think Father Lamy loved solitude and peace, because he was always so rested and refreshed when he returned.

Just outside of Santa Fe was Rosario Chapel. The entire student body marched out there on Corpus Christus day. The sisters

trained us beautifully for a pageant. We were all dressed to represent something, some Bible character mostly. I was to be the Queen of Sheba that day and wore on my head the solid gold crown belonging to the statue of the Virgin Mary. It was a bit too small, but Mother Magdalina made it larger by increasing the opening in the back. It was of real gold and grew very heavy before the pageant was over; and, in the meantime, there was the poor virgin standing disconsolate and bareheaded.

The sisters lined us up just outside the Cathedral, where we were to wait for the bell to chime one clear note. That note was to be the signal for Father Lamy to lead out his little army of boys. While we stood there so primly in pairs waiting, an old deaf-and-dumb fruit peddler came and tried to shake us all by the hand—one hundred little girls. Father Lamy came and led him tenderly away.

We were taught in the academy to do sewing and bead work. The material for Father Lamy's rich and lovely robes was always brought by wagon-train from Leavenworth. The sisters made them by hand, and they always saved the little left-over bits for the sewing class. Sometimes we made little pin cushions and needlebooks out of these left-overs from Father Lamy's robes. Not long ago I ran across, in an old trunk, a little needlebook I had made from the Father's robe material more than eighty years ago. I marveled at the little, even stitches my seven-year-old fingers had set therein. A grand-daughter, who wears today the black robes of a Benedictine sister, asked for the little book. She wanted a souvenir of the old Archbishop. So it rests today in a Catholic museum among other mementoes of that long ago time.

Sometimes, while we sewed or did our bead work, the presiding sister would tell us Bible stories. I think that the stories told by the gentle nuns are the sweetest and best stories that little children can ever hear.

Behind the church of San Miguel was the boys' school that Will attended. He, too, was called a "little heretic." Many a time did Father Lamy send him home in disgrace for lack of reverence and respect to the religious creed taught there. While this school was across the river from the academy it was not so very far away and often, at recess, the boys would come swarming out to climb upon the adobe wall and call to us girls across the river. This was against rules, but boys and girls have defied rules all their lives when those rules forbade them to see anything of each other. In those days Will, who loved little girls, said he hated Father Lamy's school and it was not until later years that the seed planted in his rebellious heart took root and bore fruit. It never did in mine. I shall die a "little heretic."

Fronting Santa Fe's Central Plaza on the north was the Governors' Palace, a one-story structure surrounding an inner court. Governors' Palace looked as though it might have been transplanted from medieval ages. It had been the residence of Territorial governors for many years. One end was strongly barred and bolted and was used for a jail. One evening a political prisoner held there smiled and called to me as I passed on my way home from school. He sat just inside the barred doorway, an unlighted cigarette in his hand. Perhaps he was lonesome and longed to talk to someone so much that even a child would do. I lingered a moment as he tried to entertain me. I remember he even sang softly "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother I," and showed me his great silver watch. He told me he had a child whose braids were as long and as shining as mine were and that they were the color of gold—pure yellow gold. His eyes were blue and lonesome; his voice was soft and gentle. I went away to tell mother. That night something awful happened. I have been told that something often happened to political prisoners in old Santa Fe. Someone came softly through the warm darkness—came close to the bars of the door and shot my prisoner through the heart. I was the first one to find him next morning when I came bearing gifts—two warm, cinnamon cookies. He sat still in his chair by the door, the unlighted cigarette on the floor close to the tips of his relaxed fingers. I did not see his face, I saw only the clotted blood-stains on his shirt. It was said that he had been killed to prevent his betrayal of state secrets. We never knew. The old Governors' Palace at Santa Fe holds close in thick old walls many age-old secrets.

It was in this old, old palace that Lew Wallace, while he was Governor of New Mexico, found time to write *Ben Hur*. Perhaps the thick old walls whispered to Lew Wallace of lovely ladies and daring deeds.

The Governors' Palace has been turned into an historical museum now and there, if you will look, you will find many old and beautiful relics of the days when Santa Fe was "The Fairest City on the Old Trail."

Will and I learned to play a fascinating game with the little Mexican and Indian children on the dusty streets. We played it with sticks and dried beans. It was called ka-nu-te, and was, I believe, something on the order of the American shell game. We both became adept and I have never seen a fakir practicing the shell game that I have not felt an urge to beat him at his own game. I won the Indian children's gay red beads and always had to sit on them to keep them from stealing them back. The little Mexicans would cry over the loss of their trinkets and I usually gave them back. Ka-nu-te was a sample of the old saying, "the motions of

the hand are quicker than the eye." My hands flew fast among the sticks and the beans. One day mother came upon me sitting on a strand of shells and beads, too engrossed with the beans and sticks to see her approach. My sole adventure in gambling came to an abrupt halt.

Very near Santa Fe was old Fort Marcy, built by the army under the supervision of Colonel Price many years before. It had been used as a burial ground during the Mexican War. Mexico had been subject to one revolution after another at amazingly short intervals during the twenty-five years following her independence, and Santa Fe, remote from the seat of government and ecclesiastical authority, had suffered many evils, the invariable result of such a situation. Fort Marcy had been in ruins many years, but an old two-story building stood there, and inside that building was another smaller one that was supposed to have been used by sharpshooters during the Mexican War. Erosion had uncovered a few old bones, bleached and bare, from the graves on the hillside and, with the savagery of children, we had gathered them up and played a game of our own manufacture, called "Steal the Dead Man's Bones." I have wondered often since how many children have remembrance of such a fantastic thing.

One old lady in Santa Fe had a nineteen-year-old son buried in Fort Marcy. He had been a drummer boy in the Mexican War. After serving through the war he had come home, had been bitten by a mad dog and had died of hydrophobia. The loss of her only child had unhinged Mrs. Sutton's mind. She was a town character, loved and laughed at. She went daily to place flowers or some mute offering of love on her son's grave. She had erected a little shelter of rocks there and sometimes on dark nights she would place a lighted lantern. Often I accompanied her. She seemed to like having me and always called me "Sis." The children called her "Be-at San Tannie," as they all loved her.

Mrs. Sutton had been made the butt of a rather practical joke. Shortly after her son's death, when her heart was torn with grief, an old Mexican woman had knocked at San Tannie's door. She held a dark infant in her arms. She informed Mrs. Sutton that the baby was her dead son's child and would she please raise it for her, as the unmarried mother was a mere child herself. Mrs. Sutton scarcely believed it, but after all, one never knows. So she raised the dark baby as her own. The coming years revealed that the woman had not spoken the truth, because the lad was all old Mexico Mexican and was always getting into trouble, which meant more grief to Mrs. Sutton, who had grown to love him. Finally, between grief and despair, she became mildly insane. She was a Methodist and her only consolation seemed to be in reading her Bible and

singing old Methodist hymns; however, she was decidedly anti-Catholic, and all that was needed to start her off on a long-winded Methodist sermon was to say something about the Holy Catholic Church.

As the years went by she became more and more senile and finally the sisters put one over on her and had her baptized into the Catholic Church anyway. They took excellent care of her and she never knew she was a Catholic; that is, until the night of her death, when the mists seemed to clear from her tired old mind. She raised up in bed, looked at the cross around her neck and at the priest stooping over her bed. She cast the crucifix away from her, pushed the priest aside, walked to the open window and leaped to her death.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

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## A Labor Exchange of the Nineties\*

PERSIFOR M. COOKE

About two years after the market collapse of 1893, while men were still out of employment, a movement was promoted in Denver through booklets printed, I think, in Philadelphia, to encourage cooperation to exchange the results of voluntary labor.

To this end, what might be called a bookkeeping device was installed, whereby each worker was given a time check covering the hours used in producing a commodity. This time check could be used to obtain a portion of the result of his own or another's labor. These time checks were issued on a decimal system similar to that of United States currency; that is, in 5, 10, 25, and 50 fractions of the unit, and of one, five, ten, and twenty multiples of the unit.

A vacant store room was rented on Champa Street at about the site of the present Davis & Shaw furniture store. I do not remember whether the owner accepted some of our checks in payment of rent or not, but I think so. Some of us who were interested in the project did put up a little United States money to start it off, but not much. To this store room friends brought such things as they had to dispose of, pieces of furniture, products of their gardens, other food, and outgrown clothing, and accepted our "checks" for

\*Some time ago, L. R. Kendrick, member of our Board of Directors, gave the Society six interesting pieces of paper currency based on "Capitalization of Labor." On one side these notes have the picture of a "Labor Exchange" train pulling cars of "Plenty" on a track from which is being cleared gold and silver and the "legal tender toll gate" that block progress of the train. On the other side is the denomination of the note, a representation of the world and of justice, and this in print: "CAPITALIZATION OF LABOR. Balance due Bearer in Labor or the Products of Labor by LABOR EXCHANGE, Branch 158, Denver, Colo. 1897 [one note of 1896 has a somewhat different design]." The notes are signed by Persifor M. Cooke, President. Mr. Kendrick got in touch with Mr. Cooke, who still lives in Denver, and the result was the brief article published herewith.—Ed.

them. Later they gave work of one kind or another to unemployed, using these checks as payment, and these last picked up what they could find at our store with the checks.

The owner of an idle brickyard permitted us to use his yard and we put some idle men to work making bricks and using the Labor Exchange checks to pay the workers. We needed coal to burn the bricks and found the owner of a lignite coal mine willing to put men to work getting out coal in exchange for checks. Eventually the bricks were sold through accepting back our checks in payment.

I can't say that this affair was operated very efficiently or vigorously, but it did help a few through a bad period, and I came to believe that in more competent hands, the idea had a good deal to commend it.

As the opportunity for employment through the old channels, paid for with United States money, increased, those participating in the Exchange drifted away, and it died a natural death, and most of those who held the checks at the last took their loss and destroyed the "checks."