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## Blood On The Moon

By T. D. LIVINGSTON\*

In August 1878, a band of Ute Indians, Piah, Washington, and Captain Jack and others, went on the plains east of Denver on a buffalo hunt. They got into some trouble with a man named McLane<sup>1</sup> and killed him. The Indians then left there and started back to the White River Reservation, Colorado. On their way back they got some whiskey and got mean. Went into C. H. Hook's meadow that was fenced, tore the fence down and camped in the meadow. The stocktender tried to get them out. They said: "No, this Indians' land."

The stocktender then went to Hot Sulphur Springs and got Sheriff Marker. The Sheriff got a posse of eighteen men, went up to the stage station to get them out. This was near where the town of Fraser is now located, eighteen miles from Hot Sulphur Springs.

There was a man (Big Frank) in the bunch who previously had been in North Park prospecting with a party of seven. Colo-

\*In 1934 T. D. Livingston of Rawlins, Wyoming, wrote an eye-witness account of the Ute Indian troubles in Middle Park, Colorado, during the summer of 1878. He sent the story to Miss Mildred McIntosh of Slater, Colorado, the daughter of Robert McIntosh, pioneer ranchman, miner and merchant of the Hahn's Peak and Little Snake river areas. After the death of Miss McIntosh her papers passed into the hands of her sister, Mrs. Fred Boice of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who recently made this manuscript available to *The Colorado Magazine*.—The Editor.

<sup>1</sup>From Cheyenne Wells: Last Tuesday morning Joe McLane, a brother of Lewis McLane, Agent and Operator at the Kansas Pacific depot here, had his favorite horse stolen. He started out alone over the prairie to search for the missing animal. His suspicion fell on a party of 300 Ute Indians engaged in hunting buffalo and antelope and camped a few miles to the north near the old Cheyenne Wells on the Smoky Hill Trail, and McLane headed in that direction.—Denver *Daily Times*, July 31, 1878.

Joe's riderless horse, saddle covered with blood, returned yesterday A. M., and threw this little railroad community into the greatest excitement. His brother, with a party of cattlemen friends, started out immediately but up to this morning no trace has been found of the missing man.—*Ibid.*, August 1, 1878.

According to Elmer O. Davis, author of *First Five Years of the Railroad Era in Colorado*, p. 65, Lewis McLane from Cheyenne Wells wired Sheriff Cook at Denver that the Utes were guilty of the murder of his brother; that they had decamped; and that neighboring cattlemen were gathering to follow and punish them. They were asking for arms. On August 9, Lewis McLane arrived in Denver and advised Governor John L. Routt that the pursuit of the Utes had been abandoned. Lewis McLane put the following advertisement in the *Rocky Mountain News* on September 15, and it appeared for many weeks:

### To Whom It May Concern

The following is a list of clothing, etc., worn by Joseph N. McLane when murdered by Indians, July 30, 1878: Light colored broad brimmed slouch hat, low crown; light Scotch tweed pants, Cheviot shirt, button gaiters, sewed, silk cloak, socks, Cameo shirt studs, Cameo ring, round gold sleeve buttons, enamel letter "M", Smith and Weston's six shooter, calibre 44-100, front sight dented in center, pair small sized hinged field glasses, pistol belt, a common strap holster, worn, one small sized, cartridge box, United States plate gone. All persons are cautioned against trading for same, and if offered

row<sup>2</sup>, an Indian sub-chief, with his band killed six of these prospectors. Among those killed was this man's father and one brother. He told me if he ever saw one of those Indians that murdered his father he would kill him on sight.

When we arrived at the Indian camp<sup>3</sup> one of the first Indians to show up was one from the North Park murder camp. He<sup>4</sup> came out of the tepee with his gun in hand so this man<sup>5</sup> shot him right now. And this is what started the trouble. There were only three shots fired—two dead Indians<sup>6</sup> and Washington had a broken arm. There were a few squaws and five or six papoose in the bunch. After the shooting we disarmed them. We took twenty-four guns away from them. They began to get ready to move camp and we left for Hot Sulphur Springs. There were some of the Indians out hunting that we did not see. The two dead Indians were packed onto horses and carried away and buried. We never knew where.

Two days later about midnight a courier came rushing into the Springs and said the Indians had broke out in the lower end of Middle Park, a distance of some twenty-five miles. All was excitement. Everybody was up in arms. So again Marker, the Sheriff, got a posse together as quickly as possible. So down the river we went. When we got to Bill and Joe Coberly's ranch we found all the settlers gathered there. It had been raining most of the night. It was just breaking day as we rode up to the ranch. Women, men and children were all up. Breakfast was ready, so we had some flapjacks and coffee. They told us the Indians had killed old man Elliott up the Blue River five miles from Coberly's Ranch. We got to the Elliott Ranch a little after sunup. Mrs. Elliott, their son, Tom, and a hired boy some fourteen years old

to anyone, they will confer a great favor on me and public justice by having such Indian or Indians held until I can be telegraphed to and get there to identify property and make complaint against such Indian or Indians offering same.

(sic) Louis N. McLane  
Cheyenne Wells, Col.

The next year there followed the so-called Meeker Massacre Peace Conference at which 20 Ute Chiefs from White River reported to Chief Ouray at Los Pinos. Lewis N. McLane was at the meeting by permission of General Adams, to investigate the killing of his brother. According to the *Pueblo Chieftain*, Nov. 14, 1879: "The Chiefs were very dissatisfied with his presence and he went on to the town of Ouray at the request of the Commission."

The remains of Joe McLane were found March 31, 1881. —*Denver Republican*, April 4, 1881, p. 4.

The son of Lewis McLane, Jack McLane, was rodman for E. O. Davis, in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad from 1909 to 1911.—*The Editor*.

<sup>2</sup> "A great deal has been said about Colorow in Colorado history, much more, I think, than the subject deserves. He was not a hereditary chief, but merely the leader of a roving band of young Indians, many of whom were renegades."—Thomas F. Dawson, "Major Thompson, Chief Ouray and the Utes," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, May 1930, p. 118.

<sup>3</sup> According to the *Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 3, 1878, p. 4, c. 3, the Indians were camped on the premises known as the Junction ranch, owned by Johnson Turner.

<sup>4</sup> E. M. Harmon, a pioneer of Middle Park said: "... this Indian, we supposed was named Tabernash."—*Ibid.*, p. 185. Frank Byers said it was an Indian called "Johnny-hot-biscuit."—*The Editor*.

<sup>5</sup> E. M. Harmon called this man "Big Frank."—"Early Days in Middle Park," *Colorado Magazine*, XV, No. 5, September 1938, p. 183.

<sup>6</sup> Livingston and one of the newspaper reporters recorded the killing of two Indians.—*The Editor*.

had walked and sneaked through the brush and willows down the Blue River to the Coberly Ranch. They told us the Indians had shot Mr. Elliott from ambush. They could tell as they heard the report of the guns and saw Mr. Elliott fall. This was all they knew about it, but a bunch of us went up there and found this to be the case. After they had shot him they went back up the river some 400 yards (where they had left their horses). We trailed them by the moccasin tracks. We scoured the country all that day and found where the rest of the Indians had gone on down Grand River,<sup>7</sup> seeming to head for White River Reservation. We went back to the Coberly Ranch and had a council that night and decided to follow the Indians the next day. That night we put out pickets and the women baked bread and helped to prepare provisions to take with us.

There were twenty-six that volunteered to follow. David J. Cook was there at the Coberly Ranch on his vacation. He was at that time Sheriff in Denver. So we put him in as Captain. Early the next morning we were off for Indian scalps. We only took three days' rations with us, for we thought we would overtake them in that time or less. There were no roads, only a trail to follow. I was only a kid at that time so I was put in as head scout or lookout. On the morning of the third day, about 9 o'clock, we rounded a sharp curve in the trail and came in to a nice park. There was a campfire still burning. I made an examination of things. By that time Cook was there. He asked me what my report was. I told him the campfire was still burning and the Indians were undoubtedly not far away. Cook then called a halt and he did not think it advisable to go any farther, as we did not know the country and the Indians might ambush us and kill every man.

Captain Tom Dean, he was a captain in the Civil War, rode out to one side and says, "Gentlemen, I have sand enough to follow these Indians to Hell and if there is another man or men that has any sand ride out by me." W. N. Byers, Editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver, was there. He said, "Captain, I think I have as much sand as you have and will go with you."

Dean then says, "Anyone else got any sand?"

So there was ten of us rode out and sixteen went back.<sup>8</sup> Then came the job of dividing what little provisions we had left, for

<sup>7</sup> The name of the Grand River was changed to Colorado River by an act of the General Assembly of Colorado in 1921.

<sup>8</sup> Sheriff D. J. Cook arrived in the city yesterday at noon, after an absence of several weeks, the greater portion of which time was spent in Middle Park, on the trail of the band of Utes whose depredations have already been noticed in the *News*. The posse headed by Sheriff Cook were on the road eight days, during which time they did not succeed in catching up with the Utes. They followed them close to the Agency. Sheriff Cook is of the opinion that the Indians are very badly scared, and will not enter the park again unless invited. The sheriff's brown and sunburned from his trip, which was a very tedious one. His friends are glad to see him home again. *Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 15, 1878, p. 4, c. 2. (David J. Cook was the author of the well-known book entitled "Hands Up!"—*Editor*)



Photo by W. H. Jackson

WASHINGTON, UTE CHIEF

we only started with three days' rations and this was the third day. So not much to divide. We took our share and started on the trail. We followed them all that day, put out pickets that night. Next morning by sunup we were in the saddle again and at about eleven o'clock that morning we came to the top of a steep hill looking down on White River. At the bottom of the hill in forks of the river was an Indian camp.

The hills was brushy, covered with service and wild cherries. We could see the Indians at times, but they did not see us until we was about half way down. It was about a mile and a half down the hill. When we got to the camp not an Indian was in sight. The bucks caught some horses and as many as three tried to ride one horse. Squaws and papoose took to the brush. At this time we did not know how far it was to the Reservation, but it appeared to be only about four miles. When we got within about a half mile we were halted by one lone Indian. He came half way and stopped. Then we sent Mr. Byers out to talk to him as Mr. Byers could talk some Indian and the rest of us could not. The spokesman for the Indians assured Byers everything would be all right. So we rode into the Reservation. No sign of fear, but things looked spooky.



PIAH, UTE SUB-CHIEF

This was about 11 o'clock in the morning. We asked Mr. Meeker<sup>9</sup> for our dinner, as we had been short on rations. Dinner ready, we ate. Then the pow wow commenced. Talked until supper with no results.

Indians said, "We no want to fight."

I knew we did not, for we was over-powered—too many Indians. Probably 300 of the Redskins and only ten of us. After supper the pow wow started again and lasted until twelve that night. An agreement was made. Everything was settled. The Indians wanted their guns back we had taken from them some days before. We said, "Yes. You can have them if you will send along two Indians with us as we go back." So they did. This was the morning of the second day. But I had almost forgotten the night the agreement was reached, we smoked the Pipe of Peace. Now all the time we was at the Reservation not a squaw or papoose was ever seen by any of us. They had taken to the brush on the river, which is always the case. No squaws where there is fighting.

<sup>9</sup> Nathan C. Meeker was appointed Agent of the Utes of the White River Indian Agency on Feb. 6, 1878. . . . He arrived at his post on May 15, 1878. . . . The actual work of moving the agency was begun in July 1878 and continued into the spring of 1879, when several of the old buildings were removed to the new site. Marshall D. Mody, "The Meeker Massacre," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXX, No. 2, April 1953, 92-93.

This is all very fresh in my mind as this was my birthday—21 years old on the 13th of September.

At 11 o'clock on the 14th we was all ready to start for our home in Middle Park. Mr. Byers and I was the last to saddle and get on our way. I said to Mr. Byers, "That don't look good to me."

He says, "What?"

I says, "Those Indians, some twenty or twenty-five, all with lariats in their hands going in different directions among the horses."

Byers says, "What of it?"

I says, "I think they will get their horses up and follow us. They will take the trail over the hill while we are going on the wagon road, which is several miles longer than the trail, head us off in the Milk Creek Canon and kill us off."

Byers says, "Tommy, are you getting scared now?"

I says, "No. I am not scared, but I am going to get out of here soon as I can."

So I rode up to the next two and told them the same. They only laughed at me and said, "The Kid is getting scared."

So I finally got in the lead and started on a good high lope and the rest of them followed. When we camped that night we was sixty-five miles from the reservation. The two Indians that was coming after the guns was very much dissatisfied with the way we was riding. We got through the Milk Creek Canon just at sundown. As we got out of there into the open there was a bunch of antelope. I jumped off my horse, took a shot at them, and killed two at one shot. I cut the saddles off, tied them on our pack horse and started on. It was some five or six miles before we struck water, then we camped for the night. All tired, of course. The two Indians would not camp with us. They sat with us, but took their horses up the creek quite a distance and slept by themselves. This we could hardly understand. We thought of several things, but later on we knew why. There was a band of Indians of about sixty-five followed us. They aimed to cut us off in the Milk Creek Canon and dry gulch us all.

The next day we got to Steamboat Springs. I got a job as "Pony Express" mail carrier and never saw one of my pals since. W. N. Byers had quite an article in the *Rocky Mountain News*. Don't remember the exact date.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> An article entitled, "Cook's Conquest! Graphic History of the Ten Days' War," written by William N. Byers was printed in *The Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 22, 1878, p. 4 c. 5-8. Excerpts from it are printed here following Livingston's account.—Editor.

### Cook's Conquest!

#### Graphic History of the Ten Days' War

"O, Cook, thy arm was here;  
And not to us but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all!—When, without strategem,  
But in the plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss,  
On one part and on th' other? Take it, Cook,  
For it is none but there!"

(On September 5, a volunteer party was organized to pursue the Indians and set out under command of Major-General D. J. Cook of Denver, who had been sent over to investigate affairs. The party marched that afternoon seventeen miles down the Park and camped on the north side of Grand River, nearly opposite the mouth of the Blue River. William N. Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, relates that one family had come from that neighborhood to Hot Sulphur Springs for safety and accompanied the posse back home. On the way they met the funeral procession of Elliott en route for the Springs. Provisions had been taken for ten days, but at the first camp it was found the supply was "small and imperfect." According to Byers there was a "beggarly array of cooking utensils and table furniture; two little old coffee pots that leaked half way down, and two frying pans and ten tin cups for 25 men. Fortunately we were still in the settlements and a large coffee pot, a camp kettle, half a dozen tin plates and three or four cups were added to the outfit. A wagon transported equipment and supplies."—Editor.)

From Byers' account we quote:

September 6—Baggage was transferred to three pack animals. Recruits kept coming in. It was nearly eight o'clock when the march began, and 26 well-armed, mounted men fell into line. Forded the Grand and moved up the Blue to Elliott's cabin—the last house in the park. A pool of blood yet marked the spot where the old man fell and died, and the house, its contents and surroundings remained as the fatal rifle shots ended their history as a home.

Seventeen men were counted from the left to follow up the trail which led directly west from here up the mountains. Nine others continued up the Blue six miles to another trail over the range and followed that. At its beginning the main trail of the Indians was found. They had driven their band of horses over it but rain had fallen since. In a little meadow near the summit they had camped. . . . Soon after crossing the summit a fresher track of an Indian pony was found. It had been made whilst rain was falling. Further on the rain had been exceedingly heavy and the solitary rider had found a difficult journey through mud, swollen streams and the falling storm. He was the last of the rear guard on that trail. On the other or northerly trail, six or seven similarly fresh tracks were found soon after leaving the Elliott house. Some were made by loose animals and others by horses that were ridden—facts easily determined. These were the tracks of the party that remained behind the main body to kill Elliott. Their journey was not only in the rain, but in the night. The two trails came together in the valley of Sheephorn Creek, on the west slope of the mountains. Here the two divisions of scouts united late in the afternoon. The Indian rear guard had rested at the same place but made no camp. After dinner at half past 5 o'clock, the march was resumed. Grand River is visible to the right, in a deep and rugged canon.

The trail is high up on the side of the mountains, over steep slopes of broken volcanic rock, that so completely cover the ground that hardly a track is left. The horses labor painfully and progress is slow. About

dark the route turned up the mountain to the left to cross a divide to Piney River. Night increased the difficulty of travel and of keeping the trail. Often it was lost and only recovered by the most careful search. The slopes are thickly covered with scrubby cedars and pinon trees. Late at night camp was made in an opening on the mountain side, through which runs a little brook to the Piney. The surface was only a little less rocky than elsewhere. It was hard to find room for a man to straighten out on the ground and the slope was too steep to sleep comfortably. No fires were kindled because it was supposed that Indian spies were yet lingering in the rear. Guards were detailed and the others disposed themselves to sleep singly and in pairs as best they could. There was considerable tall coarse grass among the lava blocks, and some that was good, though the horses fared badly.

September 7—Breakfast at daylight and the march resumed whilst the frost still crisped the grass. The route was over the same rough pavement of basalt but daylight made a vast improvement. We were approaching the Piney gradually by a reverse grade up its course. In two or three miles we came down to its level in a pretty, grassy valley at the upper end of its lower canon. Here the Indian rear guard had come up with the main body. To avoid the lava beds the herd of horses had been driven over the top of the mountains from a point some miles back and here it came again, into the trail. From the Piney we followed up a steep rocky gulch that comes down from the west. Toward its head it widens out into a grassy valley and there are currants, cherries and other wild fruits along the stream.

#### Following the Trail

Crossing a low divide the trail leads down a long, narrow, grassy valley with easy grade. The lava is left at the summit, except scattered blocks and boulders that occur everywhere over the country in the drift. Shales and limestone appear and the crests of the bluffs are crowned with castellated rocks weathered into strange and fantastic forms. Toward the foot of the valley groves of cottonwood fringe the stream. Wild fruit is plentiful. A horse that had been stolen near the Springs was found, "stove up" in front and abandoned by the Indians. At length the little creek entered a canon and we wound around the side of a cedar-covered mountain on the right, to come out on the brink of the canon of Eagle River. The trail zigzags down the face of the cliff, where a torrent of water pours in seasons of rain, or melting snow. The descent was difficult and slow. At the foot of the mountain we turned to the right, along the river, in a narrow, rocky, but very picturesque valley, walled in by sandstone cliffs of immense height. The rock is mainly bright red, with enough maroon, yellow, grey and white to relieve the picture. Cedars and firs cling wherever they can find a foothold. We camped for noon in the canon, in the midst of abundant cherries and currants, and some of the party soon caught a great many very fine trout. The fish are large, and proved destructive to light tackle. We expected to find the Utes camped somewhere in the Eagle River valley, and in the afternoon moved forward with renewed caution. An advance guard of five men was kept from two to three miles ahead, and two men midway between that and the main body. Six or eight miles from where we entered the canon, its mouth was reached. Sandstone gives place to shales, the mountains diminish in height and become rounded, and the valley widens to a mile or more. The Eagle is a beautiful stream, a hundred feet wide and a foot deep at present. There is but little low bottom or meadowland along it, but a large area of second bottom which has good soil and is well adapted to grain. At present it is covered with sagebrush, some of which is as high as a man's head when he is on horseback. Toward the lower end of the valley the sage gives way in places to greasewood and alkali appears. There are indications of heavy rains and tremendous floods of water from the ravines that bring down immense quantities of drift wood and rock and plow deep chasms across the valley. There is doubtless good pasture on the

hill tops and high lands, back from the river, but there is very little in the valley or on the first hillslopes. Toward evening the mountains had given way to low hills on both sides, but lowest on the south. We camped near the river in a grove of cottonwoods, with a great abundance of currants, cherries and bull-berries. The latter grow upon large bushes that resemble somewhat iron-wood and somewhat the black haw, with grey or ash-colored leaves. The fruit is about the size of the common red garden currant, and not unlike it, but grows in pairs, one on each side of the leaf stem. It is bright red, translucent, and had a spicy-acid flavor. There is also a hawthorn with a black fruit, otherwise resembling the red haw. All the fruits named are abundant all along the Eagle—service and gooseberries also, but their season is over. More trout were caught in the evening, though it was almost sundown when we stopped.

#### The Camp At Rest

The picket guard was strong and divided into three watches. Although we had not found Indians the trail had freshened perceptibly.

September 8—We got off in good season. The valley narrows and becomes rocky and broken. Alkali and other salts are abundant in the soil of both valley and hills. Mountains crowd in low on the south, but high and rugged on the north. In a few miles we came to a mass of lava that had poured out from a steep ravine on the right, filling the valley to a depth of perhaps a hundred feet in the center of the outpour, and sloping off toward the further side and up and down the river. It has the freshest appearance of any volcanic action I have seen in the Rocky Mountains—looks like slag from a furnace, and, but for the fact that some vegetation is growing upon it, might be suspected of being still hot. When we came to the mouth of the gorge and looked up it the appearance was like that of a channel through which molten metal had flowed, with great masses embedded and hardened in its sides. The action appears to have been in a group of lofty sandstone peaks at the head of the gorge, only two or three miles away. It would doubtless be an interesting place to visit. Less than a mile below the lava dyke we reached Grand River, here, a magnificent stream, large enough and stately (if the word is allowable) enough to float the commerce of a state. We followed in the Indian trail and forded to the other side, a distance of 400 or 500 feet with water even, nearly all the way, midside to our horses.

There is a little park of 200 or 300 acres at the confluence of the rivers, containing some meadowland, several beautiful groves of cottonwoods and, in one of them the rotten remains of a log cabin. The Grand enters and exits through impassable canons and the entrance of the Eagle is but a shade better. It required some time to find where the Indian trail left the valley, but at length it was discovered climbing up the face of the mountain among the cedars on the north. And it was fresh. The force moved forward, leading their horses. Half way up, dissatisfaction manifested itself and the first expression was from a quarter where it should not have been and was least expected. It was proposed to boldly (?) turn back because we had crossed the line and were on the Indian reservation. But after a little talk the scheme was given up and all moved on as before. The climb was long and tedious, but at length we gained the summit and stood upon the verge of the Roan Plateau. We then advanced through a most beautiful and exceedingly fertile country, about half prairie and half timbered with luxuriant grass and weeds to our saddle skirts, the very ideal of a magnificent farming and pastoral region. At noon camp was made at some springs, and near it was the camp of Indians, occupied probably, the second night before. At this point they divided. Piah turned west with his people and horses, to go to the Uncompahgre Agency, and Washington, with a large number, kept on northwest toward the White River Agency. We followed the latter. The trail had not been used for years until now, and in the broad meadows it had nearly disappeared and was hard to

follow. In such places the Indian horses scattered widely, and the advance guard was pretty well occupied in determining the right road. Here it is a steady ascent toward the middle of the plateau and in the evening we came upon rock cropping out in the hillsides. The glades between continue rich and fertile. Lakes and ponds appear. The timber is spruce and fir, large and plentiful. The weather became windy and cold, causing serious discomfort.

#### Lack of Provisions

We camped near a lake in a little grove of spruce trees and made rousing fires. Provisions were running low. Canned supplies—a most foolish investment—had mainly disappeared on the second day, and we were entirely cleaned out on the third. Baking powder was all gone and bacon reduced to two inches square by half an inch thick for each ration. In short, it was plain that our ten days' stores would just round up in five days. The night was fiercely cold and everybody suffered.

September 9—Before daylight there were loud murmurs and a little later, retreat was openly talked. There were earnest discussions and some angry ones. General Cook announced that he was ready to go with the majority. Instead of a military rule, as was stipulated and agreed upon when the organization was formed, it had degenerated into squatter sovereignty and every man, except the general, was thus early his own captain. Arguments that we used affected [sic] nothing but harm.

That the Indians would construe turning back now as cowardice, that we had better stayed at home than to waste our time and wear out our horses in this manner, were like whistling to the wind. When all were rounded and in line the General (Cook) stated that he understood dissatisfaction existed and that some wanted to turn back. Those who desired to do so would advance twelve paces and he would go with the majority. More than half spurred to the front. The others announced that they would go on anyhow. Four men were in advance since early in the morning. They could not be left and there was a difference of opinion as to how they stood. The acting captain proposed that all go forward until they were overtaken, in order to give them a chance also to march twelve paces to the front. We soon came into a region sprinkled with lakes and ponds and populated by wild geese. The intervening ridges are partially covered with spruce timber and the balance is prairie with rather a short growth of vegetation and a tough, elastic sod. The Indian trail was badly lost and the force became scattered all through the woods in search of it. Some of them stumbled upon another camping place of the Indians. Up to this time there had been rain on all their trails. No rain had fallen since they had left here and the tracks looked fresh enough to smell of smoked buckskin. It was a perilous period, calculated to make the scalp lock stand erect. Where the trail gathered from the camp and concentrated, it was upon the brink of a sharp little descent, and beyond it could be traced across a wide grassy valley and over its rim at the further side. Over there our scouts were visible.

#### A Council of War

The captain dismounted and established headquarters on a rock, from which he announced that we would go no farther until we knew what we were going to do. In other words, he was plainly going back. He dispatched two orderlies after the men in advance. One or two others had moved leisurely on in the same direction, not knowing that the expedition was so near its dissolution. Snow was spitting, and the wind cold. A fire was started under the lee of some trees, and the passive ones threw themselves on the ground around it. Some of those who were determined to proceed demanded a division of supplies. The pack animals were unloaded. The division was soon made. "A short horse is soon carried."

The go-backs, sixteen, took two pack animals, two frying pans, the camp kettle, the bread pan, about twenty-five pounds of flour, five

pounds of bacon, tea and coffee enough for about three meals, and, as we afterwards discovered, all of the cups, plates, etc., that belonged to the outfit. The other party, ten, got one pack pony, one frying pan, one coffee pot, about sixteen pounds of flour, three pounds of bacon, and one day's supply of coffee, tea and salt. The parting was hurried and unceremonious. The big crowd took the back track, and four or five led down the hill and rode across the valley to overtake those in advance. They were waiting on a sunny hillside. In the valley was the first tributary of White River.

Assembled altogether we counted ten, namely, Thomas J. Dean, L. N. Cressy, Dr. Wm. Chamberlain, Guy E. Hudson, L. J. Livingston, L. J. Pollard, R. C. Warner, Aaron Kinsey, W. G. Mellen and your correspondent (William N. Byers). Riding three or four miles we camped for noon on the second tributary of White River, and near the highest part of the plateau. A snow bank faced us on the north, and the flat-topped mountain on which it rested is destitute of timber, both proving its high altitude. For a considerable distance the country is rocky (limestone and marble) and rough. Then we descended into a fertile region, the upper slopes of the White River drainage corresponding with the same belt on the Grand River side, passed over the day before. In fact, it is a richer and more beautiful region, with splendid and abundant timber, and rolling, fertile prairies. Late in the afternoon we passed another camping place of the Indians and also a hunting place recently abandoned. In the evening we turned down a valley into the timber and through that to a little grassy opening by a spring brook where we camped. We were out of sight from the trail and satisfied that no Indians suspected our presence in the country. No watch was kept, and all slept as best they could. The night was again cold.

September 10.—Ate the last of our flour and bacon for breakfast. After riding an hour we stopped to let our horses graze, their feed having been poor and insufficient during the night. The trail continued for some miles in the same beautiful country, and then turned directly north toward the river. The country changes rapidly and becomes rocky and comparatively barren. Timber is scrubby and short, and the surface is covered with brush and thorny shrubs. We find cherries again and service berries are very plentiful.

#### In The Indian Camp

At 10 o'clock we were on the crest of the mountain ridge of White river. The stream washes its foot. There, upon a little flat, was an Indian camp and a large band of horses—the same we had followed for five days. The mountain is covered with low chaparral, almost as high as a man's head when on foot. The trail descends by zigzags right and left. It is too steep to ride, and we were leading down. At one of the turns we came upon seven animals, one of which was recognized, and all suspected as stolen. It is more than half a mile down, and the Indians were under our sight all the time. The herd had been driven in to water, and was just being started out again. Men and boys were moving about among the horses. Two were gathering berries near the trail, and did not see us until we were almost upon them, when, after running a short distance, they hid in the brush. At the camp we were not discovered until within three hundred yards. The effect was magical. A stampede ensued. Those who could, seized horses, and, mounted two and three on a horse, sped away toward the Agency as fast as the animals could carry them. One who fell off in the dash through the river was left to his fate and the fishes. He raised a cloud of spray as he splashed through the water and hid in the willows and nettles. The squaws and children fled to the brush. When we reached the camp not a living occupant was to be seen. We forded the river and moved on leisurely toward the Agency, four miles distant. A mile from there we met a white man, Mr. Phelps, an employee at the agency, who said that consternation reigned supreme down there, and that he had come out to

see the size of the army that was coming and what it wanted. The four miles is through a narrow, brushy canon, with the river on our left and a rough, rocky and timbered mountain slope on the right. At its debouchure the valley widens to the right, and at its very head is the Agency—a square of low buildings on three sides with a close fence on the fourth, leaving an inside space of about one hundred yards diameter.

We came in sight of it at two or three hundred yards distance. The scene was one of lively animation and real barbaric splendor. A crowd of warriors that at first looked like two or three hundred, but actually numbered only about sixty, was drawn up in line, all mounted with guns in hand ready for use, and many in their war dresses of feathers and wampum. The first impression was that all were in their regimentals, but closer inspection revealed some in their birthday dress with the single addition of a breech clout. They were, perhaps, all ready for battle, but some a trifle out of fix for dress parade. They stood in line without moving. Probably fifty more on foot were grouped about the gate.

#### At The Agency

Suddenly there shot out from the crowd a man on horseback and without a gun. He dashed up to our front and presented his hand, hastily saying that Douglass, Yah-mo-ny, Jack and others had gone to Middle Park to talk to the white people and assure them of friendship. He was trembling with excitement, and his hand shook as though he had an ague. Then stalked through the gate the tall form of old Doctor, with a long pole, and a little American flag at the peak, his own last thought to avert impending danger, and under its shadow we ten filed into the parade ground. All fear was allayed. The Indians soon dismounted and flocked around to inquire where we came from, and what for. The Agent, Father Meeker, was twelve miles down the river, superintending work at the new agency location. A note, dispatched by an Indian boy on a fast horse, brought him up about the middle of the afternoon. Meanwhile, we had been assigned quarters, a place to store our equipment, and were divided between the Agent's house and the Post boarding house as guests. Mr. Post, chief clerk and business man of the Agency, told us the alarm came like a thunderclap. The camp we had surprised was Judge's. He had gone up the river with his squaw to gather berries and catch fish. Washington had arrived the evening before, and left his people and horses at Judge's camp, whilst he had come down to the agency with his stovepipe hat and broken arm. The first to arrive from the camp was Judge himself, and the Indians afterwards averred that he was pale with terror. He sung out—"Heap Americans come to kill 'em Utes—heap!" He couldn't tell whether there were ten or a hundred. The alarm spread. The warriors marshaled for battle or retreat. The squaws emptied their lodges, and hid their effects, their children and themselves in the willows and weeds of the river bottom. When the agent came a council was convened, and our errand was soon made known. We stated we came to recover stolen horses, and to learn the murderers of Elliott in order to demand their surrender. The talk was tedious but good humored and candid. The possession of stolen horses was admitted and their delivery to us tomorrow was promised. Piah was named as one of the murderers of Elliott, but all effort to procure the name of the other was unavailing. Many old grievances had to be gone over and explanations made. Both sides of the story of the killing of the Indian at Junction ranch was told. Also the particulars of Elliott's death.

Their theory of punishment is life for life, regardless of the guilt or innocence of the second victim. We tried to explain by argument and illustration the injustice of such a policy, and told them that with only one or two more such deplorable events as the last, the white men would come in such numbers that they would sweep away all the Utes. This

apparently set them to thinking, but they did not admit the correctness of our theory that only the guilty should be punished. It was plain to be seen that Washington<sup>11</sup> was an unwelcome guest. He had not been to the Agency for two years, and now he simply fled to it as a "city of refuge" for murderers, a "fence" for thieves and their plunder. He had brought them trouble and but a narrow escape from war. They had difficulty in learning the number and identity of his stolen horses, but were determined that they should be delivered up. The council adjourned at a late hour until the next morning. After supper Washington came, with Pah-witz as an interpreter, to have a talk but his courage failed, and we had no direct intercourse with him whatever.

#### Conference With the Chiefs

September 11.—The distinguished councillors were tardy in getting together, but we had little more to say, and were indifferent. They brought in the horses before noon, though there was trouble about the last one of the number. There was a couple of hours' talk without much to talk about. We stipulated that Washington, Colorado,<sup>12</sup> and Piah should not come with their followers about the white settlements, that none should intrude upon the premises of white men, that if horses were missing, believed to be stolen by the Utes, and descriptions of the same were sent to the Agent and the horses found among the Indians, they should be given up. All of which was agreed to. We explained to them that their place was on the reservation, the white man's off of it, and that neither had a right to encroach upon the other, which they admitted.

The location of the Agency has been described above. It has some peculiar features. The days are exceptionally pleasant. At night there is a strong wind out of the canon, beginning about sundown and lasting until half an hour after sunrise. And this is a regular thing every night, except perhaps, in rainy weather. It is always disagreeable, in cool weather very chilling, and in cold weather almost unendurable. Two miles down the valley it is not felt. Hence but few Indians camp at the Agency. They establish their villages two or three miles down the river. The soil is fertile. We had watermelons, corn, cucumbers, squashes, tomatoes and potatoes all grown there. The quality was excellent. But little progress is being made toward civilization. Three families live in houses. Four houses were built by the government for Indian families, and one of them is vacant. Four families have milk cows, which are taken care of with the Agent's and others' cows, by a white employe. Probably as many have gardens. One squaw is said to have two hundred bushels of potatoes, but the Agent says she would have had nothing if he had not taken care of the garden during most of the summer, when she and her husband were roaming about the country. A herd of sixteen hundred head of cattle belongs to the Agency. From this beeves are killed, from two to ten per week, yet the net increase is believed to be about two hundred and fifty per year. One hundred acres of land are being plowed at the new agency, to be planted with grain—mainly oats—next spring. The removal will be made next spring, and new buildings erected. There is considerable good cottonwood timber along the river, and most of the lumber cut thus far is from that timber. Pine logs have to be floated from twelve miles up the river, though a wagon road is now being opened to the pinery. There is a good steam

<sup>11</sup> . . . "Our ranch, just two miles east of Parker, was directly on the trail used by the Utes when they went down on the Republican to hunt, or east to fight the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. . . . At one time old Washington and his band were in camp near us when there came a heavy snowstorm. My brother was looking for cattle and found an old squaw all alone some distance from camp, nearly frozen. She was Washington's mother. My brother took her to camp and demanded (to know) why Washington did not care for her. His reply was, "Too old; no work. Heap no 'bueno.' What finally became of her we never knew."—Elizabeth J. Tallman, "Pioneer Experiences in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XIII, No. 4, July 1936, p. 147.

<sup>12</sup> White River Ute Chief . . . also known as Colorow, Bureau of Ethnology, Frederick Webb Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians* (Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., 1912), p. 325.

sawmill, in bad repair, which will be moved. Two reaping machines are rusting away, and innumerable implements are scattered about.

#### Father Meeker's Lazy Wards

The Agent says the Indians think that the white man was created to provide for and wait upon them. Yet he is hopeful and persevering, and if the condition of the Utes is capable of any improvement, Father Meeker is the man to accomplish it. Rations are issued once a week—twenty-five pounds of flour and other supplies in proportion—to the head of each family. The "buck" has to sign the issue roll, which he does by his mark (X), upon doing which he receives a plug of tobacco. If he is the head of two or three families he gets two or three plugs of tobacco and two or three allowances of flour, etc.—a practical premium by the government for polygamy. The squaws come after the provisions. The object of weekly issues is to keep them on the reservation—a most commendable one. Colorado (Colorow) and one or two others sign the issue roll by proxy. The old chief (thief) says there is no good in signing papers. If denied his rations and allowed to go hungry for a few weeks, he might change his opinion. Ninety-seven families drew rations the week before our visit. There is good coal near the Agency, lime, stone, and all the natural resources for making it a rich and productive country.

In the afternoon we set out for home, accompanied by two Indians, Mu-sis-ca and Un-kum-good, who were to go to the Springs for the Indian guns held there. In all our march we found them good fellows, anxious to learn, with a keen sense of humor, and they became favorites with everybody. Getting wood was the only camp work they did, and not much of that. They were always ready for their rations when cooked, but were as respectful, orderly and cleanly as any one. We marched twenty miles and camped on Milk creek, about the north line of the reservation. The country is rough and mountainous, much covered with scrubby timber, and abounding in wild fruit. We had recruited supplies at the Agency to last to Steamboat Springs, and were again comfortably provided.

September 12—Traveled over much the same description of country traversed yesterday. Camped for noon on Williams fork of Bear river and caught some trout for dinner. In the afternoon met N. M. Curtis and the delegation<sup>13</sup> who had been to Hot Sulphur Springs, and made mutual exchange of the results of our missions. Close in their rear two fires were burning that had been kindled by some one of his party who probably lagged behind for the purpose. We are now in white man's country, and I think the Indian believes it his solemn duty to burn and destroy its value for the white man as much as possible. There is nothing of the kind on the reservation.

In nearly a hundred miles travel over it we did not see five hundred acres of forest killed by fire. Upon the ceded land north of the reserve it is rare to see a green tree, and it is almost as bad in Middle Park. After meeting Curtis and party we struck north through the mountains for Hayden, and had a very rough and laborious journey, over mountains and through oak and other scrub, in a trackless region. Toward evening we got down into a more level and open district, and camped in a little green valley, by an alkali spring with sagebrush for fuel.

#### On The Way Home

September 13.—Un-kum-good this morning killed two antelope at one shot, just after we had broke camp and started on the march. The venison was a welcome addition to our bill of fare. Seven or eight miles brought us to Hayden where we were cordially received by Major

<sup>13</sup> This undoubtedly was intended to be U. M. Curtis instead of N. M. Curtis. Uriah M. Curtis was United States Interpreter for the Utes. The party with him evidently comprised Douglass, Yah-me-ny, Jack and others as previously mentioned.—Editor.

Thompson<sup>14</sup> and Mr. Smart. Thence we moved up Yampah—nooned at Sculptured Rock canon and in the evening reached Steamboat Springs. Here Mr. (J. H.) Crawford<sup>15</sup> took us all into his house, provided a sumptuous supper and fairly coerced us into sleeping under his roof and in beds. Mr. McIntyre, who is camping near, invited us to breakfast, and the two provided us bountifully for the remainder of the journey home. The Yampah country has been so frequently written up for the press that I do not deem it necessary to dwell on its description here. Of course settlers and visitors were alike gratified at our good report and more hopeful of a future of peace than they have ever been before.<sup>16</sup>

September 14.—We traveled up the Yampah fifteen miles, then up Morrison Creek to its head and over the mountain spur to Rock Creek, where we camped after dark.

September 15.—The horses were all turned loose last night and this morning two were missing. After several searches and a party had started back after them, they were found in some tall grass where they had been laying down. We got a late start and had a very tiresome ride—perhaps because it was the last. At Muddy river, that old stager, Jack Rand,<sup>17</sup> insisted upon our camping around his dinner table, which we did, of course, to the extensive depletion of his larder. About dark we reached the Springs and disbanded. Our ride was about 350 miles. The following is our report in brief:—

September 5.—Mustered in for 3 days or during the war—26.

September 15.—Killed .....	None
Wounded .....	None
Missing .....	16
Mustered Out .....	10

Respectfully submitted

Pah-Win-Ta-Second  
(William N. Byers)

<sup>14</sup> Major James B. Thompson was U. S. Special Indian Agent.

<sup>15</sup> Mr. and Mrs. James H. Crawford, with three small children, left Missouri in 1873 and settled in Middle Park in 1874 at Hot Sulphur Springs. Later in the summer Mr. Crawford visited the Yampa Valley and decided he wanted to make his home there. He built the first cabin at Steamboat Springs and moved his family there in July 1875. He was made postmaster at that place three years later.—Charles H. Leckenby, "The Founding of Steamboat Springs," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VI, No. 3, May 1929, pp. 92-98.

<sup>16</sup> The people of the Park had been worried over Indians for years. *The Rocky Mountain News*, May 7, 1876 said: "The people of Middle Park 'are erect on their ear' over the wanton destruction of game by friendly Indians and scalawag white men. Last fall Antelope's band of Utes took up their winter quarters in the western edge of the Park. In November there came a deep snow. In December the Indians surrounded the herd of buffalo and killed nearly all. Two trappers, Pratt and Warren, coming down from Whiteley's counted 45 dead buffalo from which only the hides, tallow and tongues had been taken.

<sup>17</sup> Jack Rand was one of the earliest pioneers in that area. Rand, Colorado was named for him. "Early Days in North Park, Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XIV, No. 6, p. 230.

# Colorado Cartography

By LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON\*

(This article is continued from the July issue which contained: Part I. The Spanish and French Contributions; and Part II. American Exploration and Map-Making.—*Editor*)

## III. Maps Made for Gold and Silver Miners

The next significant development in Colorado cartography resulted from the discovery of gold near the junction of Cherry Creek with the South Platte in 1858 and the Pikes Peak gold rush, which followed in 1859. Mining districts and mining camp towns sprang up, at first along the edge of the mountains, but soon in the gulches and valleys of the front ranges. Before the end of the century they could be found in the most remote corners of the region that became Colorado Territory in 1861 and Colorado State in 1876.

The first demand was for guidebooks, giving information and advice to prospective emigrants. These usually included a map showing the best routes from the Missouri River settlements to the new gold fields. Such maps were rather sketchy and not altogether reliable. Often they were prepared by champions of a particular route, perhaps one starting from some outfitting town which provided paid advertisements. For example, Omaha and Council Bluffs were favored in the *Handbook to the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas*, by Wm. N. Byers and Jno. H. Kellom (Chicago, 1859). As stated in Parker and Huyett, *The Illustrated Miner's Hand-Book and Guide to Pike's Peak, with a New and Reliable Map, Showing All the Routes, and the Gold Regions of Western Kansas and Nebraska* (Saint Louis, 1859): "Each route to the New Eldorado has its firm friends and its active enemies—their opinions depending principally upon the location of their residence and their interests. The Santa Fe or Arkansas river, and the Platte Valley or Fort Kearney, are the principal routes that will be traveled."

Conspicuous on the handbook maps are the new towns laid out in the "Gold Region," near Cherry Creek and the South Platte. Many of the settlements along the Missouri River from Kansas City to Sioux City are included. These are connected to the Rocky Mountain mining fields by dotted lines along named rivers and creeks, indicating the best routes, with the names of some towns in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. Usually, the old trapper forts in the areas farther west are given as additional landmarks. The difficulties of these map makers, the kind of information

presented, and some common errors, are suggested in the following quotations from the *Hand Book to Kansas Territory and the Rocky Mountains Gold Region*, by James Redpath and Richard J. Hinton:

All the towns are not included in this list, simply because it was impossible to find out the location and name of a vast number. Towns in Kansas spring up as fast as toads in a mud-puddle after a summer shower. . . .

Several towns have been laid out in the gold regions, near Cherry Creek and on the South Platte. The miners are scattered for a distance of 50 miles along the South Platte valley and its numerous branches (before discovery of Gregory Gulch) . . . Montana was laid out by the Lawrence Co. in Sept., '58. It is on the so. bank of the Platte, about 9 miles from the mouth of Cherry Cr. . . . Auraria—signifying *golden light*—is located at the mouth of Cherry Creek, on the west branch of the stream . . . It has too many rivals. Opposite to it are the cities (?) of St. Charles and Denver City . . . Denver City is an addition to St. Charles, tacked on to accommodate the speculative spirit of the officers appointed by Gov. Denver to take charge of Arapahoe Co., which comprises all the vast extent of country within the boundaries of Kansas lying west of the principal guide meridian [Sixth—about 97° 30']. The squatters seem determined to have *squatter sovereignty in extenso*, were indignant at the appointments, and paid no respect to them or their authority . . .

In addition to the towns laid out, there are several well-known Indian trading posts—Fort St. Vrain is the principal of them in the So. Platte valley, and Bent's Fort, owned by Col. Wm. Bent, a well-known trader in the Arkansas valley. There are some others whose names we do not know; they will doubtless all be nuclei for settlements which will grow up around them. . . .

The following are the names of different streams in the gold region:

Fish-pond Creek, Black Squirrel Creek, and Fountain qui Bouille, which form the head waters of Smoky Hill Fork. The Fountain qui Bouille rises within three miles of the base of Pike's Peak. Then there is Vaccus [sic] Fork, Thompson's Fork, Cache a la Poudre, Crow Creek, Beaver Creek, Quick-sand Creek, and Cherry Creek, most of which empty into the South Platte, some one or two running into the Arkansas . . . Cherry Creek is in Kansas, about 40 miles south of the Nebraska line.<sup>18</sup>

Other interesting place names found on these pioneer maps of the Pikes Peak gold rush include the following for towns: *Arapahoe City* (about two miles east of the present Golden), *Boulder City*, *Fountain City* (now a part of Pueblo), *Colona* (a predecessor of La Porte, in the Cache la Poudre Valley); the following for landmarks: *Jim's Camp* (supposedly named for a trapper murdered there by Indians—about nine miles east of present Colorado Springs), *Independence Camp* (in a grove of cottonwoods on the Fontaine qui Bouille Creek, where the Lawrence party camped on July 4, 1858), *Big Timbers* (a famous grove of cottonwood trees on the Arkansas River, a favorite resort for Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians and the site of Bent's New Fort), *Fort Massachusetts* (in the San Luis valley, replaced by Fort Garland in 1858), *Bub-*

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<sup>18</sup> Published by J. H. Colton, New York, 1859.

bling *Mineral Springs* (at present Manitou), *Bells Spring* (up the Arkansas River, in the mountain), *Thompsons Creek* (in the present Estes Park region), *Wet Mountain Valley*, the *Sah Watch Mountains*, and *Wanfana* (the best that Luke Tierney was able to do in recording *Huerfano Peak* and the settlement recently made there under the leadership of Charlie Autobe). Many of these maps of 1859 were based upon those of Fremont, of Lieutenant G. K. Warren, and of other explorers; but they concentrated upon the sites of the new gold discoveries and the country to be traversed in reaching them. Newly added were the names of settlements that had recently been established, as well as the local landmarks of the trapper era that were of use in guiding newcomers to the plains and the mountains.

Although the settlers in the various mining camps organized a territorial government in 1859, calling it Jefferson Territory, the United States Congress did not see fit to recognize it until February 28, 1861. The Congress then changed the name to Colorado, after a long debate over the relative merits of *Tahosa* (meaning "Dwellers on the Mountain Tops"), *Colona* (from Colon, the Spanish for Columbus), *Idahoe* (supposedly Indian for "gem of the mountains"), *Lula* (interpreted "Mountain Fairy"), *Yampa* (interpreted "Bear"), *San Juan*, *Franklin*, *Lafayette*, *Arapahoe*, and many others.<sup>19</sup> The first Territorial Legislature passed a bill on November 1, 1861, establishing seventeen counties, each with a temporary county seat. Only six of the county seats have retained this position, and the original seventeen counties were subsequently divided into the present sixty-three.

Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, in his interesting article "The Counties of Colorado: A History of Their Creation and the Origin of Their Names," summarizes as follows:

Thirty-six counties, over half of the total number, have been named in honor of men—explorers, pioneers, governors, generals, statesmen, prominent citizens, Indians, and Saints. Geography has left its impress in county names. Seventeen counties have taken the names of rivers or creeks, while nine are named from other physical and geographical features—lakes, pass, delta, butte, mesa, park, boulder, and summit. Seventeen names are of Spanish origin. Three of these are family names, two are names of Saints, and the remainder are common and descriptive words. Six counties have names of Indian origin. One county is named for its principal resource, while another has a literary origin.<sup>20</sup>

A glance at the map of Colorado will indicate the appropriateness of some of these names: *Delta County*, the location of the delta of the Uncompahgre River; *El Paso County*, using the Spanish term referring to Ute Pass, west of Colorado Springs; *Jefferson County*, retaining for this early-settled region the name first used

for the territory; *Kiowa County*, located where the Kiowa Indians once roamed; *Baca County*, honoring the pioneer Spanish family of this region; *Kit Carson County*, in memory of the great scout; *Mesa County*, for the tablelands, especially *Grand Mesa*; *Ouray County*, for the friendly Ute chieftain; and *Sedgwick County*, from the military post located in this area (1864-71), named after General John Sedgwick, who had fought Indians in Colorado in 1857 and 1860.

Soon after his appointment as the first Territorial Governor of Colorado, Colonel William Gilpin authorized an official map of Colorado, showing the new counties, the established towns, and the chief geographical features. This was "Drawn by Frederick J. Ebert, under direction of the Governor Wm. Gilpin," and published numerous times, including two or more issues by Jacob Monk (Philadelphia 1862 and 1865) and one or more by G. W. and C. B. Colton and Co. (New York, 1866). It is believed that this is the map responsible for renaming the old *Grand River* after the man who had explored it in 1853, Captain John W. Gunnison. The present upper Colorado River, called *Bunkara* here, has as one of its sources *Gilpin River*, a term which did not survive. In Middle Park there is indicated *Boiling Spring*; and *Grand City* nearby is probably the present *Hot Sulphur Springs*.

Numerous other maps of Colorado were issued during the 1860's as part of an ambitious program to lure miners, settlers, and investors to contribute to the expanding economy of the new territory. In 1864, for example, Edward Bliss, "Agent of the Colorado Emigration Office," published in New York a pamphlet entitled *A Brief History of the New Gold Regions of Colorado Territory, together with Hints and Suggestions to Intending Emigrants*. The accompanying map shows the "Over Land Stage Line" from Atchison to Denver, through "Buffalo Country." In London in 1869, R. E. Old published "under the auspices of the British and Colorado Mining Bureau," a similar work: *Colorado: United States, America: Its History, Geography, and Mining*. The folding map attached to the front cover of this sixty-four page booklet showed counties, towns, rivers, etc., together with railroads, some of them not yet built—such as the "Colorado Central Pacific R. R.," up through Empire and Georgetown. The "Silver Mining Region" included the towns of *Breckenridge*, *Parkville*, and *Lincoln*, only the first of which has survived.

Many of the mining companies, in connection with their stock promotion, issued prospectuses of their holdings, usually indicating on an elaborate map their developed and yet-to-be developed mining properties, located on good roads leading to population centers. An interesting example is the pamphlet entitled *Suffolk Gold Mining Co. of Colorado*, "Organized 1864, under Laws of the Common-

<sup>19</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, April 18, 1860.

<sup>20</sup> *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 2 (March, 1931), pp. 48-60.

wealth of Massachusetts. 100,000 Shares, \$5.00 each. Works in Gregory District, Gilpin County, Colorado." Boston, 1864. The frontispiece is a map showing the "Overland Stage Line" to Denver, along the Platte River, through "Sandy Country" and "Buffalo Country." Another map represents the "Central Gold Region of Colorado," with *Nevada*, *Central City* and the *Suffolk Gold Mine* in Gilpin County; *Arapahoe*, *Golden Gate*, *Golden City*, *Mount Vernon* and *Bradford* in Jefferson County; "*George Town*," *Idaho* and *Empire City* in Clear Creek County; and *Boulder City* in Boulder County. The same map appeared in another pamphlet put out the same year in New York, by the Rocky Mt. Gold Mining Company of Colorado.

Each new mining discovery resulted in new camps, in new mining companies, and in new promotional literature with attractive maps. Space permits the description of only one more. *The Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company*, "200,000 Shares, par value \$100," New York, 1879, is a twenty-three page prospectus containing a "Map of Mines on Freyer Hill, Leadville, Colorado," "Scale 150 ft. to 1 inch." On this folding map different groups of mines are shown in color: those in blue belong to the Chrysolite Silver Mining Co. and are named *Carboniferous*, *Chrysolite*, *Little Eva*, *Kit Karson*, *All Right*, *Fairview*, *Vulture*, *Colorado Chief*, *Pandora*, and *Solid Muldoon*; those in red belong to the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Co.—the *Winnemuck*, *Little Pittsburg*, *Dives*, and *New Discovery*; in yellow is *Little Chief*; and in black are "Underground Workings, showing full amount that has been excavated." Another map covers the "Working Plan of the Little Pittsburg Mine," with the work prior to May 1879 in pink and the work in May, in yellow.

From such prospectuses one can learn much about the patterns of mine naming as well as the location of now forgotten mining camps. The *Colorado Mining Directory*, by R. A. Corregan and D. F. Lingane, Denver, 1883, lists by counties all of the established mines. A study of this directory confirms the conclusions reached by George R. Stewart after a survey of the names attached to mines in California, in Idaho and in other western states.<sup>21</sup> They were usually derived from the names of owners, from the location, from home towns or states, from sentimental attachments, from good luck symbols or other superstitions, from chance objects associated with the discovery, and from the events leading to or dating the lucky strike.

#### IV. The Era of Railroad Building and of Scientific Surveys

In 1870 Colorado's first railway joined Denver to the trans-continental line at Cheyenne, Wyoming. In the decade following,

<sup>21</sup> *Names on the Land*, New York, 1945, pp. 317-318.

various roads built into and through Colorado, competing for the rich freight and passenger business developing out of the gold and silver mining camps in various parts of the mountains. Railroad maps accompanied the annual reports to stockholders, the time tables, and the highly colored advertising material designed to attract tourists.

The *First Annual Report of the Officers of the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Co.*, "presented Dec. 14, 1868," and printed in Chicago, 1869, even contained a folding map of "Denver, Colorado, Showing the Location of the Depot Grounds and the Right of Way of the Denver Pacific R. R. Through the City, 1868," as well as a map of the Denver Pacific R. R., labeled "Final Location with Prospective Connections, 1868." A solid line indicated the road from Cheyenne to Denver; dotted lines indicated projected roads: one to Pueblo and Trinidad, one to Boulder City, and two from Denver to Blackhawk and Georgetown (the Denver Central and Georgetown R. R. and the rival Colorado Central R. R.). Among the stations located on these as yet unbuilt lines were *La Porte*, *Camp Collins*, *Latham*, *Ft. Lupton*, *St. Vrain*, *Colorado City*, *Huntsville* (on Plum Creek), *Russelville* (on the plains southeast of Denver), *Idaho*, *Spanish Bar*, *Mill City*, *Empire*, *Alvarado*, and *Georgetown*. Also indicated were silver, gold, copper and iron regions, "Heavy Timber," and "Old Smoky Hill Stage Route." In order to raise money another pamphlet, with a folding map, was issued in the same year by the same company, with the title *Kansas Pacific R. R. Loan, Secured by 3,000,000 Acres in Colorado*.

During the 'seventies and on to the end of the century fierce competition led the railroads to issue many advertising folders as well as time tables with photographs of scenic wonders along their lines, vivid word pictures of the fine country that they made accessible, and maps that indicated their route as the shortest between much visited cities. One typical folder with map was issued in September, 1876, with the label "From the River to the Mountains, via The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Kansas City and Atchison to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver, Canon City, Cucharos, Trinidad, and all Points in Colorado." On its map the *Rosita Mines* were located just east of the *Sangre de Cristo* mountains; and wagon roads were shown over *Puncho Pass*, to *Del Norte* and on to "San Juan-Mining Country," with *Silverton* and *Ouray* included.

It was customary for a railroad company to create and name various towns along its right of way as a means of setting up agricultural or trading settlements on its own land, which it usually wished to sell, or as junction and railroad service points. In this and other ways, the railroads had a large share in filling up the map of Colorado, especially during the seventies and eighties.

*Colorado Springs*, for example, was a new city built out on the plains in 1871, by General William J. Palmer and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Part of its name was borrowed from the old town *Colorado City* and the other part from *Manitou Springs*, both of which were bypassed by the railroad. *Palmer Lake* was, of course, named in honor of General Palmer. *Greeley* established in 1870, was named in honor of the famous editor of the *New York Tribune*, who encouraged the formation of the Union Colony. The site was bought from the National Land Company, an agency developed by the Union Pacific Railroad to sell its holdings in Colorado. When the Moffat Tunnel was completed and a cutoff built from the old Denver and Salt Lake Railway to *Dotsero* on the Denver and Rio Grand Western R. R., in 1935, ingenuity was used in providing a name for the new station at the cutoff; it was called *Orestod*, *Dotsero* spelled backwards.

Pocket, folding maps and large wall maps of Colorado also began to appear in the 1870's. *Asher and Adam's Colorado*, 1873, for example, on a scale of twenty miles to the inch, showed five different railroads with their stations. Another folding map, in pasteboard covers, with the counties indicated in different colors, twelve miles to the inch, was entitled "Williams' Tourist Map of Colorado, San Juan Mines, and Routes of Travel to the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Rocky Mountains," New York, 1877. This one was "Engraved from Surveys by the Hayden U. S. Geological Expedition."

Among the more colorful names added to the Colorado map during the second half of the nineteenth century was *Cannibal Plateau*, northeast of *Lake City*, in Hinsdale County. Here, supposedly, Alfred Packer ate five of his companion prospectors, in 1874. *Dirty George Creek* and *Dough Spoon Creek* both flow into *Tongue Creek*, an affluent of the Gunnison River. *Calamity Mesa* is near *Montrose*; *Mendicant Ridge* is in Gunnison County; and *Currecanti Needle* was named after the Ute Indian who had managed the bear dances in that region. *Mount Democrat* was named by O. J. Hollister, in 1867; and it was so labeled on the Land Office Survey of 1883, although Hayden's map called it *Buckskin*, after the mining camp of Buckskin Joe, named for Joseph Higginbottom. Near *Silverton* (San Juan County) the new mining towns carried the following titles: *Burro Bridge*, *Eureka*, *Elk Park*, *Summit*, *Red Mountain*, *Ironton*, *Ouray*, and *Corkscrew*. on the other side of the San Miguel mountains were *Telluride*, *Ophir*, *Keystone*, and *Pandora*. Not far away *Disappointment Creek* flows into *Dolores River*.

Less imaginative were the names given to towns and creeks in agricultural Baca County, in southeastern Colorado. The 1894 map shows *Springfield*, *Atlanta*, *Decatur*, *Corinth*, *Minneapolis*, *Boston*,

*Brookfield*, and *Viena*; but most of these villages died out. The creeks are still called *Buffalo*, *Bear*, *Horse*, *Antelope*, *Sand*, *Plum*, *Two Butte* and *Arroyo*. But there is, also, a *Freezout Creek* and a part of the *Cimarron River*, as well as a *Sand Hill*.

While new mining districts were being opened and railroad extensions were being built, the United States Congress authorized an extensive "Geological and Geographic Survey of the Territories." Between 1873 and 1876 field work was done in Colorado under the direction of F. V. Hayden, United States geologist. His reports and those of his assistants describe the establishment of triangulation stations and barometric readings, and the making of topographical sketches, and the preparation of contour maps that covered practically all of the chief features of Colorado's terrain. They also attempted to record all of the geographical names in common use.

Hayden's work in Colorado culminated in the preparation of a large *Atlas of Colorado and Portions of Adjacent Territory*, published in 1877, by the Department of the Interior. In his letter of March 15, 1877, transmitting the *Ninth Annual Report of the Survey*, for 1875, to the Secretary of the Interior, Hayden wrote as follows: "When finished, Colorado will have a better map than any other State in the Union, and the work will be of such a character that it will never need to be done again." Local surveyors ever since have been able to base their supplemental work on the accurately located points in the Hayden maps. The 20-sheet *Atlas* contains: a map of primary triangulation, a general drainage map of the State, an economic map "colored to represent areas of arable, pasture, timber land, etc.," a general geological map of the State, a final topographical map of the State in six sheets, each covering "two and one-half degrees of Longitude and one and one-quarter degrees of Latitude," "on the scale of four miles to one inch, in contours two hundred feet apart in vertical distance," the final geological map in six sheets, "two sheets containing the general sections across the State, illustrating the geologic map," and "two sheets of panoramic views." It is a truly grand volume. In it one can check Colorado place names as they were at the time Colorado was admitted as a State, August 1876.

#### V. Later Developments

Although Hayden's *Atlas* was complete for its day, later mining discoveries led to further federal, state, and private surveys and mapping. For example, the *Atlas to Accompany Monograph XXXI on the Geology of the Aspen District, Colorado*, by Josiah Edward Spurr, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, 1898, contains 30 sheets, including "the Aspen Atlas Sheet, prepared from surveys made in 1893 and drawn on a scale of 1/62500, or very nearly a mile

to the inch, and four special maps, drawn on a scale of 1/9600, or 800 ft. to the inch . . . prepared from surveys made in 1891-93." In addition, "For the most important mining districts maps are published on a scale of 300 ft. to the inch," and "all geological maps and sections are approximately correct representations of the facts of nature, and can be made to approach accuracy in proportion to the opportunity given for detail, which is largely governed by the scale used."

Shown on the maps are the D. & R. G. and the A. T. & S. F. (Colo. Midland Div.) railroads running into *Aspen*, the *Molly Gibson Mine*, the *Little Annie Mine*, the *Montezuma Mine*, the town of *Ashcroft*, *Hayden Peak*, *Maroon Lake*, and the following creeks: *East and West Maroon*, *Castle*, *Snowmass*, *Willow*, *Roaring Fork*, *Difficult*, *Express*, *Conundrum*, *Pine*, *Hunter*, *Woody* and *Brush*.

Similar government publications described the various workings in the Leadville silver mining district, the Tenmile District in Eagle and Summit Counties, the Cripple Creek-Victor gold fields, etc. Not only were the names and locations of new towns given on the maps, but each of the more important mines was listed and keyed to its proper place.

Many popular folding maps of Colorado were issued by commercial companies after 1880, and many books about Colorado appeared with accompanying maps. Among the former were Rand, McNally & Co.'s *Sectional Map of Colorado*, Chicago 1881, and *Nell's Map of Colorado*, 1896. The latter claimed: "This is the only map published showing the wagon roads, mountain trails and passes as well as the railroads, and may be safely taken as a guide to traveler, wheelmen, hunters and prospectors."<sup>22</sup> Those who wanted elaborate descriptions of the various regions of Colorado could find guidance in such books as George A. Crofutt's *Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado: A Complete Encyclopedia of the State* (Omaha, 1881), with the "Condensed Authentic Description of Every City, Town, Village, Station, Post-Office, etc." Even more popular was Frank Fossett's *Colorado, Its Gold and Silver Mines, Farms and Stock Ranges, and Health and Pleasure Resorts. Tourist Guide to the Rocky Mountains* (New York, 1876, second edition, 1880), with its numerous maps and pictures.

With the coming of the automobile in the early years of the twentieth century there arose the need for detailed road maps. The Colorado Automobile Club was formed in 1902; the first Colorado Highway Commission in 1910. Both were concerned with the mapping and building of good roads, and their work was sup-

plemented after 1921 by the State Department of Highways. Various oil companies throughout the United States, as well as the automobile clubs and the highway departments, soon began to issue road maps that covered in great detail all of the many named and numbered routes that multiplied with great rapidity as did the number of automobiles and tourists. Colorado, with its great scenic attractions, soon became a vacation center; innumerable folders and maps covering its various regions were prepared for the guidance of its residents as well as visitors. On those maps even unincorporated villages and cross-road settlements were included, since they usually provided a gasoline filling station and an auto mechanic to help cars in distress. Resort areas proliferated, each with its cluster of old and new names. Long before mid-century no map of Colorado could hold all of the place names attached to man-made as well as natural features. Special maps for special purposes became the solution.

Today the Colorado State Highway Department issues annually for free distribution a fine colored map of the state's highway system; the Conoco Oil Company of Denver prepares for customers elaborate *Touraides* with sectional maps of Colorado; a *Sportsmen's Guide, with Detailed Maps* covers each section of Colorado; and the quadrangle maps of the U. S. Geological Survey are in great demand by mountain climbers and by prospectors for uranium and other ores. In addition there are maps covering the National Forests, maps prepared by the U. S. Bureau of Conservation, maps showing irrigation districts, county and township maps on which property for taxation or for sale can be located, etc., etc. Even the air is mapped and routes of travel charted for commercial and private planes.

Thus, the mapping of Colorado has progressed far beyond the crude drawings of Escalante's Indian guide or Jim Bridger's charcoal sketch on buckskin. Now, no single map could represent all that is known about Colorado geography, geology, resources, and the life of the people in relationship to various locations within the boundaries of the state. Now the question is, which kind of a map? Although the student of Colorado's cultural history will welcome each new cartographic development, he will return frequently to the old maps for the many interesting revelations they contain. Their place names are symbolic of the various stages in Colorado's development.

(Concluded.)

<sup>22</sup> An excellent relief map of Colorado, suitable for hanging in school rooms, was published in 1894, by James McConnell School Supplies, Denver. A copy of this and of many other Colorado maps are to be found in the map file of the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado. The maps in the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library have also been used in the present study.

## William A. Hamill

### Early Colorado Pioneer of Georgetown

BY KATHRYN DE PEW\*

Forty miles above Denver in the Colorado Rockies at the junction of the South and Middle branches of Clear Creek lies Georgetown nestled in a glacial valley at the foot of the ascent toward the Continental Divide and lofty Loveland Pass. Although Georgetown today is a dignified and quiet town of three hundred and thirty residents during the winter months with a slight increase in the summer, such was not always the case. During the territorial period of Colorado history and the early statehood period, Georgetown was the center of vast mining interests financed by capital obtained chiefly from English investors. At that time Georgetown grew in population and importance to become at one time the second largest city of Colorado. Among her esteemed citizens were those who exercised influence in mining circles, the field of law and politics. The mountains which provide such a dramatic backdrop for the town today as then, gave reluctantly of their wealth, but the men of the town engaged in mining pitted their resources and intelligence against the fusion which nature had provided in the making of the ore veins eons before.

Within and near Georgetown today are reminders of her mining empire in the form of mills which have long since ceased to function. On her mountain slopes one can see the almost perpendicular ore trails, tailing piles, and in a few instances the remains of mines perched in precarious positions high above the town. Hike in the timber above the town and if your eyes are keen enough and you look in the right places you can see the evidences of towns which once were and are no more as nature continues her task of covering up the scars which man has made on her surface.

Within the town along her streets are traces of the wealth and social graces for which the town was famous in the large and resplendent homes which serve as a reminder of the love these early mining men had for their families, along with their determination to prove to the doubting Easterner that the people of the West did not live in crude tents with dirt floors as many an Easterner assumed. One also sees evidence of the fine lodgings provided for the traveler in the best of Eastern and European tastes.

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WILLIAM A. HAMILL

One of the finest examples of the homes of the mining man, who had made good battling nature as well as men for a part of the wealth which the mountains contained, is the Hamill House which still stands today. This is a distinctive landmark of Georgetown when seen either from the level of the town itself or on the roads above the town. One senses a feeling of aristocracy about the house. Built in the style of Victorian architecture, ornate with gables and gingerbread trimming, the two-and-a-half story structure with the office building and stable at the rear of the yard, symbolizes the success of a man who came from the East to make his fortune.

The original two-story frame house which was eventually to be known as the Hamill House was begun in the year 1867 by J. W. Watson.<sup>1</sup> Watson was a miner and lumberman who reached Georgetown by the year 1866 when he laid claim to a mine on Brown Mountain known as the U. S. Silver Coin Lode.<sup>2</sup> Watson had married the sister of W. A. Hamill and it was through this relationship that Hamill eventually obtained the house due to a period of hard luck on the part of Watson. The latter left Georgetown for Salt

<sup>1</sup> *The Colorado Miner.* (Georgetown, Colo.), Aug. 8, 1867.

<sup>2</sup> *Georgetown Courier.* (Georgetown, Colo.), Feb. 26, 1880.

Lake in 1871.<sup>3</sup> In order to have some capital for his journey to Salt Lake, Watson let a trust deed on the house which was his residence to Benjamin T. Wells of Gilpin County for the sum of \$3,000.<sup>4</sup> According to the terms of the trust deed the total sum of the loan plus interest was to be repaid within a time limit of six months or the house was to be sold at public auction for the amount of the loan. Watson defaulted and, according to the terms of the trust deed, the house was sold at public auction to James Clark of Nevada, a small town above Central City, for the sum of \$3,882.50 on August 23, 1872.<sup>5</sup> In May of 1872 W. A. Hamill had purchased the interest of J. W. Watson in the house for \$105. He proceeded to purchase the trust deed on the house from its owner, James Clark, for \$4,308.84 and received a deed to the property on January 7, 1874.<sup>6</sup> From this time on the house was referred to as the Hamill House except for a period after 1914 when it was known as the Alpine Lodge.

W. A. Hamill established residence in the house prior to his legal ownership of the property. When Watson left for Salt Lake in 1871 Hamill and his wife were living in a small log cabin also on the property. W. A. Hamill's sister, Nancy Ann Hamill, being left alone in the house without any supplies or fuel, Hamill deemed it to be his duty to move into the house to take care of his sister's needs. This he did on April 15, 1871.<sup>7</sup> Hamill was criticized for his actions, but he defended his move by stating that he had sawed most of the lumber which went into the structure, he considered it his duty to look after his own in the form of property and to take care of his sister, who was alone.<sup>8</sup>

In 1874 when Hamill received legal control of the house it was merely a two-story frame building. From 1874 to 1882 Hamill made additions to the house and the property around it which today give the house its general appearance. During this time the house became a showplace of Georgetown and the state. Hamill spared no expense in making the house as modern as possible for those times.

Expensive furnishings were brought by freight from the East. The mirrors placed throughout the house over the fireplaces had diamond dusted backs which makes them as gorgeous and true in their reproductions today as they were then. Wallpaper dusted in gold and silver was placed on the ceiling of the parlor. But this

<sup>3</sup> This information is recorded in W. A. Hamill's handwriting on the back of an envelope containing the Trust Deed on the house. The Trust Deed is in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett of Georgetown, the daughter and son-in-law of the present owners of the house.

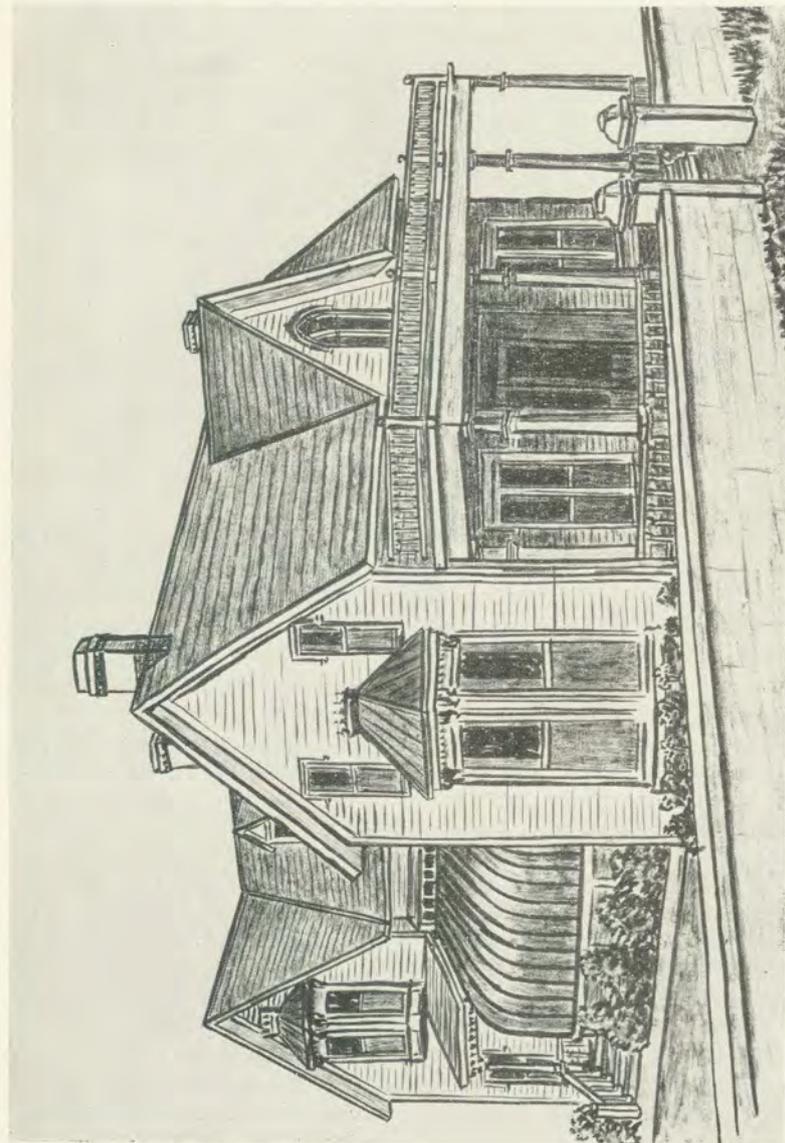
<sup>4</sup> The deeds and other papers relating to the ownership of the property are in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett of Georgetown, the daughter and son-in-law of the present owners of the house.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup> From the deeds on the property. This is also recorded on an envelope containing the Trust Deed in Hamill's handwriting.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*



HAMILL HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, COLO. (As it appears today, 1955)

was only the beginning. On the walls of the parlor Hamill had camel's hair wallpaper hung. In the library the walls were covered with an embossed paper which resembles leather in its texture. In the dining room where Hamill entertained some of the prominent Republicans of the territorial and statehood period, one finds hand-painted borders framed by lavish gold and silver trims. The floors, following the style of parquet floors today, are alternate strips of maple and walnut. This same pattern is followed on the paneling in the hall which connects the kitchen with the dining room. The fountain, made of castiron, and the little boy of pewter who stands on the top of the fountain are still in working order today. In 1881 Hamill began the construction of a conservatory, as a connecting room between the library and the dining room.<sup>9</sup> The glass which had to be curved in its manufacturing to fit the structure of the conservatory is still in fairly good condition. Many of the older residents of Georgetown tell of walking past the house in their childhood just to look into the conservatory to see Mr. Hamill and his wife being served breakfast. Although some of the exquisite and delicate chandeliers have been removed from a few rooms in the house, those which remain depict once again the care and taste with which Hamill furnished his home.

Still adding to the beauty of the house and its grounds, Hamill constructed a fountain in the yard in 1881 and planted ornamental trees.<sup>10</sup> In 1879 he began the construction of the office building at the rear of the yard to take care of his wide business interests in mines and his duties as a leading member of the Republican party in the state of Colorado.<sup>11</sup> Before the upper floors of the building were completed, the silver crash had come and with it, the destruction of the source of any value from the silver from which Georgetown drew its wealth and power. The beautiful suspended staircase which connects the three floors of the office building was never completed and stands as mute evidence of the impact of the silver crash upon the lives of the people of Georgetown. One can see the preparations which had been made on the railing of the staircase for trimming which was never put in place. The massive desk in the main room of the office building displays once again the lavish use of walnut and maple wood along with gold and silver trimming which one also finds throughout the house. As an example of the eye for detail which the Hamills had, even the doorknobs in the house were at one time plated with gold and the catches on the windows were plated with silver. The master bedroom, the only room in the house which does not have the original wallpaper, contains a marble fireplace of Carrara marble imported from

<sup>9</sup> *Daily Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colo.), July 17, 1881.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), June 2, 1881.

<sup>12</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Oct. 9, 1879.



UNCOMPLETED STAIRCASE, HAMILL'S OFFICE

Italy. To estimate in dollars the amount of money spent in the furnishing of this home is an impossibility. It is something which must be seen to be appreciated.

With the completion of the granite wall in 1881, which surrounds the yard on the east and south, from granite brought down from a quarry above Silver Plume, which Hamill owned, nothing more was added to the house or the grounds. The Hamills lived in the house continuously from the time W. A. Hamill moved in to take care of his sister in 1871 until 1914 when Hamill's son, H. T. Hamill, moved his family to Denver where they still reside.

The complete story of the man who helped to build and did finish the Hamill House begins in England where he was born on August 21, 1836.<sup>12</sup> From there as a young man he came to the United States, first to Pennsylvania and then, on to the Territory of Colorado following the Civil War. But the complete picture of Hamill as a person does not begin or end with the Hamill House. It in-

<sup>12</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Feb. 6, 1904.

cludes all those with whom he came in contact and the town of Georgetown itself. The money which William A. Hamill made in the mountains around Georgetown as a miner and a manager of mines was not hoarded selfishly by him as some people are inclined to suggest. He gave generously of his time and money to the advancement of Georgetown; he gave endlessly of his time and money to the activities of the Republican Party in which he became a leader and outstanding figure; and he also gave of his time and money to the advancement of the mining interests in Colorado for the general good of the State. The influence of this man also extended to the eastern states, and across the Atlantic Ocean to England where his abilities as an outstanding miner were recognized and praised by those who knew him.

When William A. Hamill arrived in the United States as a young man he took up employment in the office of a shipbuilder in Philadelphia.<sup>13</sup> From then until the time that he arrived in the Territory of Colorado; the first period of his life in the United States centers around the city of Philadelphia. It was there that he met and married Priscilla McKee on February 24, 1859.<sup>14</sup> Priscilla, coming from a wealthy Quaker family of Philadelphia, was accustomed to a comfortable and rich manner of living.<sup>15</sup> With the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, W. A. Hamill served for a brief period as a commissioned officer with the rank of first lieutenant and adjutant with the 156th Pennsylvania Voluntary Infantry.<sup>16</sup> This period of service began on October 23, 1862 and ended on February 27, 1863 when he was mustered out as a surplus officer.<sup>17</sup>

In July of 1865 W. A. Hamill arrived in Georgetown where he was employed by his brother-in-law, J. W. Watson.<sup>18</sup> His wife did not join him in Georgetown until 1867.<sup>19</sup> From 1867 until the death of Hamill on February 3, 1904 in Denver, Colorado of blood poisoning following an operation, Georgetown was his permanent home.<sup>20</sup> It was in Georgetown that he made his money in mines.

Starting out as a prospector Hamill gradually became the manager of some of the wealthiest and most famous mines in the region around Georgetown. Hamill is most generally associated with the famous Pelican-Dives controversy, but he also had

<sup>13</sup> *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colo.), Feb. 4, 1904.

<sup>14</sup> This information was obtained from the records of the War Department in the National Archives, Washington, D. C., from the files on the service of W. A. Hamill during the Civil War.

<sup>15</sup> Priscilla McKee was born in Newark, New Jersey, on September 20, 1836. She died at the family residence in Georgetown, Colo., on April 3, 1910.—*Georgetown Courier*. (Georgetown, Colo.), April 9, 1910.

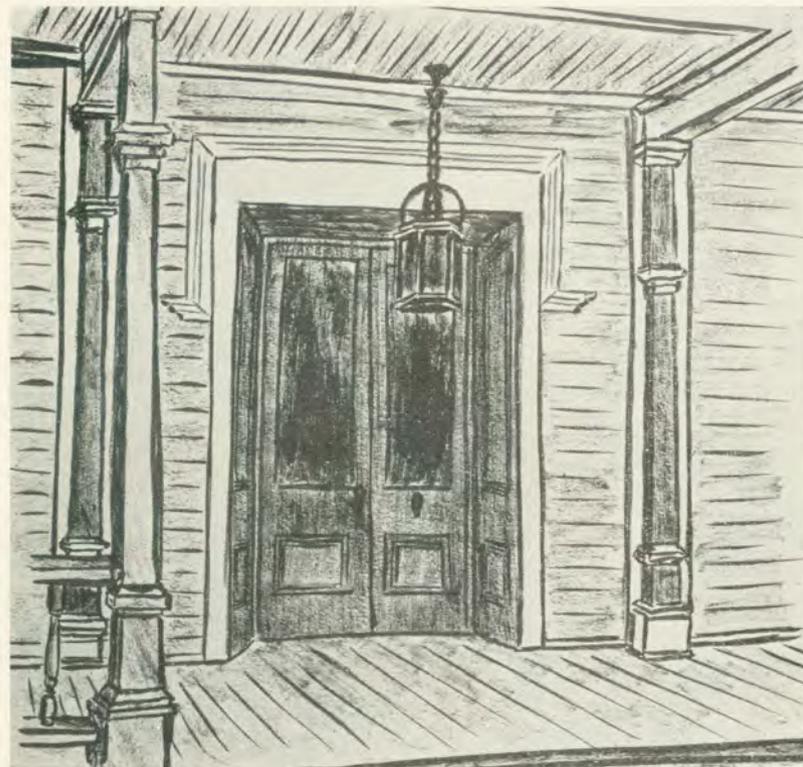
<sup>16</sup> This information was obtained from the records of the War Department in the National Archives, Washington, D. C.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Feb. 6, 1904.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, April 9, 1910.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1904.



FRONT DOOR, HAMILL HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, COLO.

an interest in the Terrible Mine. It was through the Terrible Mine that he became associated with Jerome B. Chaffee, the leader of the Republican Party in Colorado at that time. In 1877 W. A. Hamill and Jerome B. Chaffee formed a partnership in the Terrible Mine and other holdings known as the Consolidated Colorado United Mining Company. Hamill was named as the manager of the company and held one-third of its stocks.<sup>21</sup> In 1877 with the consolidation of the Pelican and Dives properties into the United Pelican and Dives Mining Company, Hamill emerged as a member of the board of trustee of the company.<sup>22</sup> By this time he was no longer doing the actual mining of the ore, but was serving as the manager of several mining companies which were formed with the help of English capital. The company with which he was principally associated was the Colorado United Mining Company. This company,

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, July 26, 1877.

<sup>22</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), December 27, 1877. Hamill sold the Pelican and West Dives mining properties which he owned to a New York mining company in 1880 for \$600,000. Information concerning this business transaction is found in the *Georgetown Courier* of March 4, 1880 and February 6, 1904.

backed by English investors, provided the capital to construct, in Colorado, the mills necessary for the reduction of the ore as it was taken from the mines. This was more feasible than shipping the raw ore to the East or abroad. As a manager of mines, Hamill had few equals. Many persons who worked for him held his knowledge of mining operations in the highest esteem.

In the numerous litigations of the mines which he owned, W. A. Hamill acquired an enviable reputation in the field of law. Without any formal legal training he tried all his own cases during the early period of his mining career. To do so he acquainted himself with a thorough knowledge of mining laws and decisions on past cases dealing with the disputed ownership of mines. It was during this period of litigation that he helped to develop the Apex Mining Law. He was regarded as an outstanding authority on mining laws in the State, even though he was not a member of the Colorado Bar Association.<sup>23</sup>

Since much of the early wealth of the Territory of Colorado and later of the State came from the mines the issue of the production of gold and silver could not be separated from politics. As a leader in the mining industry Hamill became involved in politics. As the silver issue grew in political importance so did the importance of W. A. Hamill in the Republican Party. Beginning in the year 1868 he took an active interest in the affairs of the party.<sup>24</sup> He served numerous times as a delegate to the state conventions from Clear Creek County. In 1876 he was elected to the state senate from Clear Creek County by a majority of 115 votes.<sup>25</sup> When Jerome B. Chaffee resigned as chairman of the State Committee in 1876 due to ill health, W. A. Hamill was elected to serve as chairman of this powerful committee in 1878.<sup>26</sup> In 1879 he resigned from this position following the election of 1878 much to the regret of the other Republican leaders in the state.<sup>27</sup> He was urged to accept the position once again in 1880 but he declined for business reasons.<sup>28</sup>

The regard and esteem in which he was held by the party is apparent by the honors which it wished to confer upon him. In 1880 he was suggested as a candidate for the governorship of Colorado.<sup>29</sup> When delegates were being considered for the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1881 his name was among those brought up for consideration along with those of Governor Pitkin and Willard Teller.<sup>30</sup> Hamill refusing to pull strings for himself as some of the other aspirants did, was not nominated. In 1883 when one of the United States Senate seats came up for appointment

<sup>23</sup> *Denver Journal of Commerce* (Denver, Colo.), January 13, 1883.

<sup>24</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Feb. 6, 1904.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, Aug. 15, 1878; Oct. 10, 1878.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, Sept. 25, 1879.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, July 1, 1880; August 19, 1880.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, July 1, 1880.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, May 6, 1880; May 20, 1880.



CHIMNEYS AT NORTHEAST CORNER HAMILL HOUSE

Hamill was among those given serious consideration for the post. He accepted the bid for appointment as one of the senators from Colorado, but was defeated by Thomas M. Bowen.<sup>31</sup> Hamill's defeat was attributed to the fact that he would not compromise his position on some of the basic issues. Past personal grudges, stemming from mining litigation, also were blamed for his failure to be elected by the committee. The silver question was increasing in importance. As Hamill was a known Blaine supporter some people questioned the advisability of sending him to the Senate. Nevertheless he continued to take an active part in the affairs of the Republican Party until the early 1890's.<sup>32</sup>

The recognition which this man brought to Georgetown did not begin nor end with his political importance. As a citizen he accepted his civic responsibilities with pride and generosity. The money which he made in the mines around Georgetown was freely

<sup>31</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Jan. 18, and Feb. 1, 1883.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1904.

given towards the development of the city. He contributed to the beautification of the city and the general welfare of her citizens. In 1882 he laid a granite sidewalk in front of the American House.<sup>33</sup> This was noted in the paper as being the first stone sidewalk laid in Georgetown. In 1880 when the fire department was considering the possibility of acquiring a fire bell for the city, Hamill offered to contribute the entire sum necessary for the casting and transportation of the bell from the East. His offer was accepted by the fire department and he personally paid the \$500 necessary for the bell.<sup>34</sup> In recognition of his public spirit the fire department passed a resolution stating that the bell should be engraved with the following inscription:

“Presented to the Town of Georgetown, Colorado, by William A. Hamill, April 15, A. D. 1880.”<sup>35</sup>

The 1200-pound bell was placed in the tower of the Alpine Hose House which the city had erected for the housing of the bell. It was ordered that the bell should be rung every day at noon as an accurate time signal.<sup>36</sup> The bell still hangs in the Alpine Hose House today. In commenting on the actions of W. A. Hamill in contributing the funds necessary for the bell, the *Georgetown Courier* said that if a few more citizens of Georgetown would display such a fine public spirit the town would be a better place in which to live.<sup>37</sup> During the same year the Catholic Church of Georgetown acquired a 1500-pound bell. The money for the purchase of the bell was contributed by four of Georgetown's citizens, among them, W. A. Hamill.<sup>38</sup> Unfortunately the Catholic Church and school of Georgetown were destroyed by fire.

Plans were also made in 1880 for the financing and building of a hospital for Georgetown. The hospital was primarily established for the care of the miners of the region, but anyone in need of its services would be cared for. A hospital fund raising organization was established by the leading mining companies of the area. W. A. Hamill was named as one of the trustees of the organization. As manager of the Pelican-Dives Mines, Hamill contributed \$100 toward the advancement of the cause.<sup>39</sup>

In 1881 Hamill began the construction of a two-story brick block for business buildings. This was known as the Hamill Block.<sup>40</sup> The First National Bank of Georgetown and Strousse's Clothing

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, Oct. 12, 1882.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, April 22, 1880.

<sup>35</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), April 22, 1880.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, May 20, 1880.

<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, April 22, 1880.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, June 10, 1880.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, August 12, 1880.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, April 21, 1881.

Store were two businesses which moved into the new buildings.<sup>41</sup> It was considered the finest block in Georgetown. A portion of the buildings are in existence today as the block was located across the street from the present site of Strousse Park. Although he did not erect the entire block Hamill made improvements to the buildings which were in the block just west of what was known as Frisk's Block.<sup>42</sup> This must have been the headquarters of the children of Georgetown at that time as it contained A. A. Walling's bakery and ice cream parlor.

In addition to investing his money in business property throughout Georgetown, Hamill purchased the Junction Ranch in Middle Park in 1883 for \$2,000.<sup>43</sup> There he raised cattle and placed the management of the ranch with his oldest son, W. A. Hamill, Jr. Even before the time that Mr. Hamill purchased this ranch he had been intensely interested in the construction of a wagon road between Georgetown and Middle Park over Berthoud Pass. In 1881 he helped organize the Georgetown and Middle Park Company to carry out this project. He was president of the company.<sup>44</sup> In addition to his cattle ranch in Middle Park he owned a farm near Denver from which fresh vegetables were brought up to Georgetown in the summer for household use.

The organizing ability and keen intelligence of Hamill were dramatically called to the attention of Georgetown and the residents of the Middle Park area during the uprising of the Utes at the White River Agency in 1879. W. A. Hamill, appointed as a Brigadier-General in the State Militia by Governor Pitkin, was called upon by the governor to see that the Utes who had rebelled against the encroachment of the whites in the White River Valley, did not advance into Middle Park. Headquarters were set up by the Militia in Georgetown and Hamill made a personal inspection of the situation by journeying to Middle Park. He ordered arms to be distributed among the men in preparation for any action which might result from the White River incident.<sup>45</sup> Nothing occurred but the people of Middle Park sent a note of thanks to W. A. Hamill for his quick action.<sup>46</sup> It is from his rank in the State Militia that W. A. Hamill is occasionally referred to as “General” Hamill.

W. A. Hamill was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, a life member of the Denver Club, and at one time was part owner of the *Denver Tribune*. *The Denver Tribune*, however, did not represent his only interest in newspapers. In 1877 he loaned J. S. Randall money necessary for the launching of the *Georgetown*

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, July 7, 1881; August 4, 1881.

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*, Feb. 3, 1881.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, Sept. 27, 1883.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, June 30, 1881.

<sup>45</sup> *Georgetown Courier* (Georgetown, Colo.), Oct. 2, 1879.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, Oct. 9, 1879.



OUTSIDE CONVENIENCE

*Courier.* Both men felt that Clear Creek County should have a Republican paper. The entire sum of the loan, plus interest, later was repaid by Randall.<sup>47</sup>

Hamill was active in the development of Colorado from a territory to full statehood. Although he preferred to remain out of the public limelight, his contributions can not now be overlooked. He was shrewd in his business dealings and in politics, but commanded the respect and admiration of all who truly knew him. His generosity was unlimited; his reputation in the field of mining was of the highest. At times his standards of personal integrity and honesty prevented him from acquiring high honors, but who can condemn a man for abiding by his personal convictions and remaining honest to himself?

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, Dec. 29, 1881.

The Hamill House in which he reared his family of four sons and a daughter still stands today as a fine example of the manner in which the successful Western mining man of his time lived.<sup>48</sup> His influence and prestige, however, were not limited to his house; they extended to the town of Georgetown and throughout the State of Colorado. As such it is only fitting that the dominant house still standing in Georgetown today should be the Hamill House.

<sup>48</sup> W. A. Hamill's children were: W. A. Hamill, Jr., Harry Hamill, Hockley T. Hamill (known as Tom Hamill), James N. Hamill, and Lillian Hamill Van Vechten. W. A. Hamill, Jr., was killed on the family ranch while still a young man; Hockley T. Hamill was associated with his father in the mining business, served as postmaster of Georgetown, and after moving to Denver was employed by the State Industrial Commission; James N. Hamill was an active figure in Colorado sport circles as a prize fight promoter. Hockley T. Hamill's widow, Katherine Haggert Hamill, resides in Littleton with her daughter, Dorothy, (Mrs. Frank Cowing).

## Uncle Green Was White

BY ELMA DILL RUSSELL SPENCER\*

Although the exploits of Green Russell and his party of early prospectors are well known to students of Colorado history, too little is known of the men themselves. Around Green Russell, particularly, inaccuracies and surmises have grown into accepted facts because undenied. Greatest among these fallacies was his relationship with the Cherokees.

When the Russell party<sup>1</sup> discovered gold on Cherry Creek in the summer of 1858, they inadvertently started a gold rush that opened up the country to prospectors and homeseekers alike, but they were not aware of it until later. Green Russell was the leader of thirteen valiant and adventuresome men, and two of his brothers, Oliver and Levi, the latter a doctor, were among the number.

In the autumn, after their discoveries, when the weather was getting too cold for prospecting, Green and Oliver returned to their homes in Georgia for more men and supplies. Dr. Russell remained on Cherry Creek to look after their claims and to erect a cabin, the first in what would become the townsite of Auraria, later to become a part of the great city of Denver.

In the spring of '59, when the brothers returned to Cherry Creek, the first news to greet them was of Gregory's discovery<sup>2</sup>

\* Elma Dill Russell Spencer of San Antonio, Texas, came as a child to Denver on a visit and cherishes a memory of meeting Jerome C. Smiley, historian. Her next visit was in 1921 when she came to Colorado as the bride of Judge R. F. Spencer of the Commission of Appeals of Texas. Mrs. Spencer has always been interested in family history and listened attentively to various members of the family, especially when they told stories of the "Russell Boys." During the past three years, Mrs. Russell has done intensive research on the Russell family and has followed the trails of the gold-searching expeditions from Georgia to Colorado. She has gathered much valuable data, too, in Texas. She states that there still are four children of Joseph Oliver Russell living in Menard, Texas.

<sup>1</sup> The famous thirteen of the Russell party were: William Green Russell, J. Oliver Russell, and Dr. Levi J. Russell (brothers), R. J. Pierce and James H. Pierce (cousins to each other and cousins of the Russells), Solomon Rowe (brother of Doctor Russell's wife), and Samuel Bates, all of Georgia; Jacob T. Masterson, Luke Tierney, and Theodore Herring, of Kansas; V. W. Young, of Iowa; William A. McFadding of North Carolina; and William McKimens, of Pennsylvania.—R. J. Pierce and Jacob T. Masterson, "Members of the Famous Russell Prospecting Party of 1858," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, No. 2, April 1950, 102-103. The three Russell brothers, W. G., J. O., and the Doctor, who as we have seen, organized the first company of Colorado gold-seekers, directed the building of the first habitation for white men on the site of Denver, and are entitled to take rank as the foremost of Colorado's pioneers.—Jerome B. Smiley, *History of Denver* (The Denver Times. The Times-Sun Pub. Co., Denver, 1901), p. 452.

<sup>2</sup> Of John Gregory, little is known. He was from Gordon County, Georgia, and left home in 1857 for Frazier River, on the Pacific, some four thousand miles from where he started. He drove a Government team from Leavenworth to Fort Laramie in 1858, where, by a succession of accidents, he was detained until the spring of 1859. Meanwhile he heard of the discovery of gold on the South Platte, and started on a prospecting tour along the base of the Mountains, south, early in January. (He discovered, near what is now Central City the first ledge gold of importance in that area). . . . The discovery was made on what is now (1867) Claim No. Five, on the 6th of May, 1859. . . . On the 8th of September following, Gregory left Denver for home with thirty thousand dollars worth of dust.—O. J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado* (Springfield, Mass. 1867), 59, 63.



WILLIAM GREEN RUSSELL

up Clear Creek a few days earlier. It was not long before the Russells made a strike there as well, not as spectacular as Gregory's, but large enough that more than nine hundred miners were soon employed, panning around \$35,000 of "dust" a week in the locality known ever since as Russell Gulch. Then the shortage of water for mining operations presented such a problem in all the "diggings" that Green Russell undertook to bring it in from Fall River, a distance of twelve miles. He organized a company to dig and own a large ditch, but found others had similar plans and claimed the water rights. After some delay the two concerns got together as the Consolidated Ditch Company with Russell, president. The project was completed in something more than a year, at a cost of \$100,000, and proved a great benefit.



DR. LEVI J. RUSSELL

Green Russell, as can be seen, was a well known figure in his day, but almost as familiar since has been a quaint picture of him that survived, copied from a crayon sketch by an unnamed artist. This could, however, have been the work of his brother, Dr. Levi Russell, who was skilled in drawing.<sup>3</sup> Even in this unstudied picture, Green looked the part of a leader with impressive forehead, well shaped nose, and eyes that looked back clear and direct. There was no mistaking his forcefulness, but in his appearance was the semblance of a dandy, too, with the flowing black tie, twisted mustachios, and most unusual "beard do." Unlike his contemporaries who wore their long beards fluttering in the breeze, Green's was confined in two neat braids and stuck in his shirt front! Some say the braids followed the Indian style, and thereon hangs this tale. What was the real connection between Green Russell and the Cherokees?

Whatever else may be known to historians about this famous pioneer, on the Indian heritage question much is confusion.

<sup>3</sup> William Green Russell—according to his daughter, Martha, the crayon portrait might have been made by Dr. Levi Russell, as he was skilled at sketching.



JOSEPH OLIVER RUSSELL

Somewhere there seems to have been an Indian in the stock pile, but who and where? Again and again it has been carelessly stated that "Green's wife was a Cherokee," and one early chronicler thought there might have been "a little Indian blood in Green Russell," he wasn't right sure. Now a recent writer who ought to know better, with total unconcern for facts, announces: "Russell was a professional prospector. Part Cherokee Indian. . . ." and so on. This was going too far—the next one would have him a full blood brave! It seemed high time a member of the family came to the rescue, so in this little story a great-niece of Green's takes up the challenge in defense of fact. As she knows and proposes to show, Uncle Green was not red, but "pure white!" At the same time she hopes to establish Aunt Susan's<sup>4</sup> claim of the one-eighth Cherokee instead of a full Indian heritage so frequently assigned her.

But before trying to dissipate any deep seated myths about the Russell lineage, it might be of interest to tell that what prompted this delving into a great uncle's past was that arresting

<sup>4</sup> Aunt Susan was Susan Willis, the wife of W. Green Russell.

old crayon sketch showing his amazing braided beard! It was first encountered in the Capitol when as a child the writer visited Denver, then over the years it was rediscovered in all manner of places and publications, from Smiley's incomparable *History of Denver* to pamphlets on the newsstand. The most notable copy is the more than life sized painting by Herndon Davis on the walls of the old Windsor Hotel bar, where it keeps company with likenesses of other famous men who may or may not have been frequenters of that historic hostelry. Dr. Russell's picture is beside his brother's, but Oliver got left out, even though he played as prominent a part in finding gold and founding a golden city as did the other two "Russell boys."

It was from Oliver's wife, my grandmother, that most of the recollections of the Russells' western ventures have been handed down, and it was from her, too, that the family history was learned. As she knew and told it, the Russells, of English descent, started in this country during Revolutionary days with Anthony, lately come as a surgeon in the British Navy. Some say he was closely related to Lord John Russell. Be that as it may, little was known of Anthony except he threw in with the American forces during the Revolution, and settled in Pennsylvania afterward. He was married and had one son and two daughters. The son, James, married Elizabeth Pierce of a Virginia and South Carolina family, and their sons were John, William Green, Joseph Oliver, and Levi Jasper<sup>5</sup> (later known to Colorado as Dr. L. J. Russell.) There were two daughters, as well. The Pierce and Russell families appear to have been very close, and two Pierce cousins, John and James, were in the original Colorado prospecting party of '58.

The James Russell family had lived first in South Carolina, where some of their children including Green,<sup>6</sup> were born, then they moved to Georgia and settled near Dahlonega, which became a center of mining activities after gold was found a few miles south of there in 1828. The best diggings turned out to be, unfortunately, on Cherokee lands. That same year Oliver was born, so he grew up with his brothers knowing about gold and what happens to the poor red man when his land becomes coveted by whites.

Since 1791 parts of Georgia had by treaty been the home of the Cherokee Nation, along with lands in North Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee allotted to them. With the discovery of gold their peace was at an end, their lives and property in jeopardy. From 1830 until the final cruel ejection in 1838, measures were being

<sup>5</sup> According to Martha Russell, Doctor Levi's middle name was Jasper. In later years, however, it appeared as "James."

<sup>6</sup> W. Green Russell was born in 1818. Jerome B. Smiley, *Ibid.*, Chapter XLV, p. 454.

enacted to dispossess them. It was a long and bitter struggle, with small odds for the Indians, and at last they were forcibly removed to the new lands assigned them across the Mississippi, later known as Indian Territory.<sup>7</sup>

The eviction of the Cherokees was one of the most tragic chapters in all human history, of an innocent people uprooted from their homes, and sent away to satisfy the greed of their neighbors. General Winfield Scott was in charge of the removal, using militia as well as Federal troops, and it has been said that the very Army officers appointed to herd them along the "Trail of Tears" ended by loving the Cherokees and hating their assignment. It was said, too, by James Pierce, that Green Russell, when only a lad of twenty or so, helped in the removal, an experience he could never have forgotten.

It would make a wonderful story right here to link up this experience with Green's courtship of the so-called "Cherokee" Susan Willis, but there are no facts known to this writer to support it, not even the date of their marriage. Unfortunately little has come down about this part of Green's life, but he seems always to have remained on friendly terms with the Cherokees, though not particularly on account of Susan. Her kinship with them was slight, according to her brother-in-law, Dr. Russell who said: "W. G. Russell's wife whose maiden name was Willis, was of Cherokee descent, her grandfather whose name was Daugherty, having been a half-blood Cherokee."<sup>8</sup> There it is, plainly stated: One-eighth Indian that made Susan; not a great deal, but enough that it gave her and her children later the right to take up land in the new Cherokee country, and enough to make them proud of a noble heritage.

Susan would only have been sixteen when the last of the Cherokees were forcibly removed from their Georgia homes, and the injustice of it must have made a lasting impression on the young girl. Her cousin, Frances McClure, also of part Cherokee extraction, married John Russell, Green's brother. Both girls would have been too young to remember the peaceful years when the Cherokees dwelt among them as neighbors, but they knew the tragic end, and had heard stories of the courage and kindness of these people, even under the white man's oppression. The Russell family held Susan and Frances in the highest esteem, and always they took pride in their Cherokee heritage, a pride no doubt shared by their husbands.

<sup>7</sup> Some of this Georgia tribe of Indians, by treaties in 1791 and 1798, gave up their lands in Georgia and moved beyond the Mississippi; there were three thousand of them down on the Arkansas river in 1817. In 1835, those remaining in Georgia, by treaty, exchanged their lands in that State for others in the Indian Territory, whither they were removed in 1838.—Jerome B. Smiley, *Ibid.*, Chapter XLV, p. 453 c. 1.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, Chap. XLV, p. 453 c. 1.

The Cherokees were a fine race, among the most advanced and intelligent of all the Indian people. They took easily to white ways, even to the white man's religion, and they admired his educational aims. One Cherokee, old Sequoia,<sup>9</sup> even figured out that the greatest difference between the two races was the white man's ability to put down his thoughts in writing for succeeding generations to read and profit by. Feeling this lack in his own people, Sequoia, himself unable to read or write, but a skilled engraver, set about laboriously to create a syllabary, translating sounds into symbols. It took years but these characters eighty-six in all, finally were made to express words corresponding to the spoken Cherokee language. Those who do not know the story of Sequoia's remarkable achievement in turning a whole unschooled nation into a literate one have missed a great human interest tale. It was nothing short of miraculous how soon they became a reading, thinking people, who, with the help of the missionaries, got a press made to publish their own newspaper in both languages and two kinds of alphabets, side by side. That was the remarkable achievement of the *Cherokee Phoenix* that came off the press at New Echota on February 21, 1828. That was the year, too, that spelled the Cherokees' doom, for it was the year a piece of gold ore was picked up near their nation.

Their unhappy and tragic exodus has been truly called a "Trail of Tears," and out of its miseries have grown legends of heroism, the greatest perhaps telling of Tsali,<sup>10</sup> and the resistance of those who would never leave their native valleys and hills, even though death was the price they paid. It is easy to see how such heroism increased the sympathy of those around them, and strengthened the ties of friendship. With the young Russells who had grown up in this environment, it is understandable that lifelong attachments resulted, both with those evicted and their relatives who managed to remain in Georgia. Nor were communications lost between the new Cherokee Nation and their friends left behind.

One bond shared by the Russells and these displaced Indians was their knowledge of mining learned in Georgia, and it was the most natural thing in the world that they should later have prospected for gold together in the West. It is easy to believe

<sup>9</sup> Sequoia (also Sequoyia)—inventor of Cherokee alphabet was born in the Cherokee town of Tuskigi, Tennessee, c 1760; died near San Fernando, Tarnaulipas, Mexico, in August 1843. . . . He was a craftsman in silverwork, an ingenious natural mechanic, and his inventive powers had scope for development in consequence of an accident that befell him in hunting and rendered him a cripple for life. In 1821 he submitted his syllabary to the chief men of the (Cherokee) Nation. Parts of the Bible were printed in Cherokee in 1824, and in 1828 *The Cherokee Phoenix* began to appear. Bureau of Ethnology, *Handbook of American Indians* (Smithsonian Institution, Wash., G. P. O. 1912), Vol. II, 510-511.

<sup>10</sup> Tsali, sometimes called "Charlie" lived on the borderline between North Carolina and Tennessee.—John P. Brown, *O. Frontiers* (Southern Publishers Inc., Kingston, Tenn.), p. 520. Also, Robert Sparks Walker, *Torchlight To The Cherokees* (Macmillan, N. Y., 1931), 328-329.

that the Russells were in their confidence and, as often hinted, information about gold in the Rockies came from the Cherokees. How early it came and through whom is the question. There was the Ralston<sup>11</sup> story, and Green's early trip to California, passing through the Rockies, and there were the trips made by the Russells to the new Cherokee country, and finally the joint party of white men from Georgia going in the spring of 1858 to meet Beck's Cherokees and prospect in Colorado. But it was the Indians who gave up before the goal was reached and went back. Out of the hundred and three men who came, only thirteen remained to find gold, and these men were white.

The Cherokee question keeps coming up in regard to the Russells and their mining ventures, but the tie-up was not on account of kinship especially. In spite of careless references like "Green's wife was a Cherokee," one-eighth was not enough Cherokee blood on her part to have produced this kind of association. Surely the cause can better be traced to another relationship between men, friendship; and theirs was a friendship that began in the crucible of the red man's trials. Some white men had not proved false, and in the tragic removal of the Cherokees they could remember kindness as well as persecution at the hands of neighbors who deplored the great injustice done them. The Russell family no doubt was one of the most trusted among their white connections.

If the Indians of the plains knew all along of the presence of gold in the Rockies as has been suspected, it was a secret jealously guarded, for this was their best and last hunting ground, and they did not want it further invaded by the whites. Some Cherokees, on the other hand, although they had learned their lesson about greed and gold, had been contaminated by the white man's lust for it. Perhaps because they had been deprived of the benefits of mining their own lands, they were anxious to make discoveries elsewhere, and for that reason had joined forces with the Georgia prospectors in '58.

There is no moral to this little tale, and it is unadorned! It is merely an assemblage of true facts brought to show that Green Russell was in no part red, just white! And in the case of his wife, to call attention to her status as regards the Cherokees. Historians seem not to have heeded fractions in heredity. It was so much simpler to say "Green's wife was a Cherokee," and so the whole relationship has been misrepresented.

At the end Green Russell's family did live for a while in the Indian Territory, and there he died, July 10, 1877. There, too,

<sup>11</sup> Ralston was a member of a California-bound Cherokee party that found gold on Ralston Creek (Colorado), in June, 1850. *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, XX, 190.

the "white" Green was buried at Briartown, on the Canadian, and probably among some Cherokees. But afterward Susan took her children back to Georgia and she lies buried in the old cemetery on their farm near Auraria, surrounded by Russell relatives, and not a Cherokee near.

The story is told and now this writer must disclaim any Indian heritage, however honorable, handed down by Russell forefathers. She cannot boast with Will Rogers, who proudly admitted to Cherokee blood, saying his ancestors didn't come over in the "Mayflower"—his Cherokee kin were waiting here to welcome the newcomers at Plymouth Rock! O, displaced shades of the Pilgrim Fathers; O, shades of the Cherokee chiefs!

# Rainmakers Of The 'Nineties

BY AGNES WRIGHT SPRING\*

WHO OWNS THOSE MIGHTY DROPS? WHAT MAKES IT RAIN? IS DR. KRICK INVADING DIVINE PROVINCES? DAN WON'T HIRE RAINMAKERS. COLORADO CONSIDERS GOING INTO RAIN MAKING. DR. KRICK OBJECTS TO SURVEY DEBUNKING RAINMAKING RESULTS. RAINMAKERS SNIPED AT UNFAIRLY BY HAW-HAWS. CLOUD-SEEDING CONTRACT SIGNED IN BACA COUNTY. WESTERNERS CONDEMN, ENDORSE CLOUD-SEEDING OPERATION.

These are among the headlines which have appeared in local newspapers during the past year or two. Such headlines, however, are not new in the field of historical research. Similar headlines appeared in Colorado's local newspapers sixty-four years ago. And although the *science* of rainmaking in the United States dates from only about 1946, more than half a century prior to that time rainmakers were busy in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Utah, Kansas, Texas<sup>1</sup> and California. Patents for artificial rainmaking were granted by the United States government in 1880 and in 1891.<sup>2</sup>

First to make big headlines as a "rain wizard" was Frank Melbourne, a tall, gaunt, scholarly-appearing young Irishman, who came west in 1891 from Ohio, with his brother, Will. They carried four nondescript gripsacks.

On August 27 of that year, the Melbournes were escorted by a committee from the Union Pacific railway depot at Cheyenne, Wyo., to the home of Frank Howard Jones, a civil engineer. Jones was then living in the house built by Richard Frewen, wealthy English cattleman of the 1880's. The committee, which had raised \$150 for the experiment in artificial rain production, comprised:

\* For many years, until the time of her death in 1953, I was a close friend of Mrs. Frank H. Jones of Cheyenne, whose husband was affectionately called "Rainwater" Jones by his neighbors. Mrs. Jones gave me much of the data used in this article including the original letters of the "Rain Wizard" Melbourne. —*Editor.*

<sup>1</sup> While Melbourne was making his first plans to experiment in Cheyenne, Wyo., a large party of men from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, headed by General Robert G. Dyrenforth, a patent and corporation lawyer of Washington, D. C., were busy "cloud bustin'" in Texas. Operations were begun in Texas on Aug. 10, 1891 at the Chicago ranch, twenty-five miles from Midland. About twenty-two tons of apparatus and materials were used, including explosive balloons, three large balloons for making observations, and more than one hundred cloth-covered kites. Cowboys of the "Staked Plains" were treated to a free exhibition of fireworks. Coyotes and antelope scattered in terror from the terrific cannonading. Ranchmen rejoiced at the copious rains that fell on the prairies of Llano Estacado to break a drought of long duration. Professor A. Macfarlane, physicist at the University of Texas, who was an "uninvited" observer of Dyrenforth's experiments gave an adverse report. See: *Rocky Mountain News*, August 29, 1891, p. 1 c. 5.

<sup>2</sup> General Daniel Ruggles of Fredericksburg, Va., obtained a patent pertaining to rain making in 1880. A similar patent was granted to L. Gathman of Chicago in 1891.—A. W. Spring, "The Rainmakers," *Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine*, April 11, 1948, p. 4 c. 1.



**Frank Melbourne, the Rain Wizard.**

C. P. Organ, rancher; Andrew Gilchrist, president of the Stock-growers National Bank; George W. Baxter, ex-governor of Wyoming and later a resident of Denver; E. S. R. Boughton, president of the Ione Cattle Company, and E. S. Ravenscraft, United States weather observer.

Melbourne, who claimed to have produced rain a dozen times during a season of terrible drouth in Australia, and recently in Ohio, immediately set up his headquarters in the coachman's room on the upper floor of the stable at the rear of the Jones residence.

In order to give the rainmaker uninterrupted access "to the outer ether," shingles were removed from the apex of the dormer window of the room. No especial effort apparently was made to spy on Melbourne's operations and a Cheyenne newspaper reporter said that "no lights were perceptible all night, no noise, nothing whatever, in fact, but deep and mysterious darkness prevailed."

Melbourne kept to himself except for an occasional meal with the Jones family. Evening of September 1 was the time limit set for the rain to appear.

On August 31 a few fleecy clouds flecked the sky, but Ravenscraft, the weather observer, reported that all indications pointed towards continued dry weather.

There was much discussion in Denver, Cheyenne and elsewhere as to the expected results of the work of the rainmaker. On the morning of the big day Ravenscraft still insisted that there was "little possibility of rain from natural causes."

Many eyes, however, were focused on the clear Cheyenne skies and about half past two in the afternoon, a gust of wind struck the little city. A downpour began. Soon eavespouts of houses gushed water; gutters overflowed.<sup>3</sup>

Cheyenne's rainmaking committee passed a resolution stating that the "result has been an unqualified success." Melbourne later in testimonials added that it was "a success beyond any cavil or dispute."

Despite this assurance from community leaders, many of the city contended it was beyond the bounds of reason that a plain, everyday sort of man, who cooped himself up in a stable, without machinery or any power directly apparent to the outside world, could exercise such control over the heavens simply through a little hole in the roof!

The Bond brothers, Fred and Frank, (later well-known business men of Cheyenne), were caught holding a long pole over that hole in an attempt to learn the rain king's secret. They had rags soaked in chemicals attached to their pole, but it is not clear what they had hoped to do.<sup>4</sup>

But no one, not even Frank Jones, obtained a glimpse of the mysterious "apparatus" used by Melbourne. The Cheyenne *Sun* elaborated on the fact that the operation of the "machine" seemed to tax Melbourne's physical powers to an extreme degree. One Denver newspaper carried a cartoon of him turning a crank.<sup>5</sup>

With a testimonial signed by thirty-eight leading Cheyenne citizens, including the mayor, Melbourne hurried to keep an appointment at Kelton, Utah. There he "inclosed himself" in the schoolhouse to fulfill an agreement with D. P. Tarpey, land agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

On September 15, the night of Melbourne's arrival at Kelton, the sun went down in a black cloud. The next day rain began to

<sup>3</sup> *The Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 2, 1891 reported one-half inch of rain in Cheyenne.

<sup>4</sup> Data obtained from Mrs. Frank H. Jones, Hayward, California.

<sup>5</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 8, 1891, p. 1.

fall at Promontory, forty miles eastward. The storm increased in intensity and worked west within two miles of Kelton where it veered to the north. Eleven-hundredths of an inch of rain were recorded at the Kelton railway station.

This storm was regarded by local residents as a phenomenon as there was no record of a storm in that vicinity ever having worked from east to west since the settlement of the country in 1850!

Tarpey paid Melbourne \$400 as agreed, although the actual rain at Kelton was slight. Referees F. H. MacDonald, railway agent, and J. W. Koegh, appointed to report on the test at Kelton, said that the town experienced a miniature cyclone while Melbourne was at work in his laboratory!

In the meantime the "rain king" received invitations to produce rain in Kansas, Colorado, and Texas. Accompanied by his brother and Frank H. Jones, he went to Goodland, Kansas where a public subscription of \$500 had been raised for "rainmaking" that would reach from fifty to 100 miles in all directions.

Two days before the party arrived at Goodland the regular equinoctial storm had visited western Kansas and the whole country was soaked. A forty-mile wind was blowing and the temperature had dropped.

Melbourne was willing to proceed but warned that the wind would carry the rain to the east and north of Goodland. Telegrams began to pour in to the committee from farmers protesting the contemplated experiment. They said that they had had enough rain. The committee remained silent.

The rain king climbed into the two-story "laboratory," which had been built for him on the county fair grounds at Goodland. His brother and Jones stood guard on the ground below. During the time stipulated in the contract, a light rain fell in Goodland and there was a heavy fall in several Kansas areas to the west.

When results of two more trials in adjoining counties proved similar, A. B. Montgomery, chairman of the local Goodland committee, ruled that Melbourne was entitled to his money.

Melbourne accepted the payment and temporarily disappeared. Enthusiasm for "rainmaking" was at a high pitch. Three firms were quickly organized: The Interstate Artificial Rain Company, the Swisher Rain Company and the Goodland Artificial Rain Company. They undertook to produce rain in Kansas, Texas, Mexico and as far west as California.<sup>6</sup>

Such a rash of rainmakers brought forth many skeptics. At Minden, Nebraska when one of the rainmakers failed to produce

rain, he was tied to a pole and doused with a fire hose by irate citizens. Then criticism was turned towards Melbourne. Since he no longer was in evidence it was generally supposed that he had sold his "secret" on how to produce artificial moisture to the Kansas operators.

In the late spring of 1892 when an article in the *New York Sun* implied that "charlatans and sharpers" were in the rainmaking business, Melbourne wrote to the Denver press to make it plain that he was not connected with the new operators. He said that he had kept his secret despite the reports that it had been sold or stolen.

About this time he went to Mexico to try an experiment, then returned to Cheyenne and during the summer of 1892 made his headquarters at the Frank Jones home. There he often sat on the front porch for hours and studied the clouds. He contracted with residents of Logan, Phillips and Sedgwick counties, Colorado, and Keith County, Nebraska, to produce at least .51 of an inch of rain at Holyoke, Julesburg and Fleming. His remuneration, in case rain fell, was to be 6 cents an acre for cultivated land. These attempts in eastern Colorado, however, did not produce enough rain to "quench the thirst of a grasshopper."<sup>7</sup>

About this time someone discovered that the dates which Melbourne had selected for his rainmaking were identical with those designated in the almanac of Irl R. Hicks of St. Louis, who made long range weather forecasts. Both Hicks and Melbourne missed the mark.

Disregarding poor results, many counties and companies continued to endeavor to dicker with Melbourne on contracts. But before the next rainy season Melbourne had removed himself from the Western horizon. He left behind one of his mysterious grip-sacks.

After failing to contact him, Frank Jones, in the presence of witnesses, opened the deserted luggage but found only some old clothes.

Two years later, according to Alvin T. Steinel,<sup>8</sup> Melbourne's body was found in a room in a Denver hotel. He was listed as a suicide.

For years thereafter, Frank Howard Jones of Cheyenne affectionately was called by his friends "Rainwater" Jones. And it was with the delightful family of "Rainwater" Jones that I made my home when I first went to Cheyenne to work. Mrs. Jones laughingly explained the nickname to me. Years passed and I thought no more about Melbourne.

<sup>7</sup> Alvin T. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado*, (State Board of Agriculture, 1926), p. 261.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> Martha B. Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rainmakers," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, No. 3, August 1938, pp. 306-324.

When the "science of rainmaking" began to take form in 1946, I queried Mrs. Jones, who was then living in California, to see if she could give me more information about the "rain wizard." Some three years later she ran across some old letters which her husband had kept, written to him by Melbourne. There also was a blank "Season's Contract" and some other data, which she graciously sent me.

A little pamphlet entitled, "Rain Production of Frank Melbourne During the Season of 1891," had the following introduction:

To the People of the Arid Regions.

Cheyenne, Wyo., April 5, 1892.

This pamphlet is intended, reviewing my demonstrations as Rain Producer during the season of 1891, beginning at Canton, O., May 7, to lay before the people of the Arid Regions, in a succinct form, the accounts of my work, by witnesses and from newspapers, and decisions by committees (selected by subscribers) in several localities. Hoping that they may enable others to judge for themselves as to my ability to support my pretensions in good measure, as if eye witnesses.

Here are given accounts of my attempts to demonstrate my ability to break drought, at Canton, O., from May 9th to August 15th; at Cheyenne, Wyo., altitude 6,040, September 1st; at Kelton, Utah, altitude 4,200, September 15th; at Goodland, Kansas, altitude 3,600, October 1st, 1891.

I am ready to enter into contract to produce sufficient rain for crops, in any part of the United States, on very reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited.

I wish to take this opportunity of stating that I have not sold or imparted to any party or parties the method of my work, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Very faithfully,  
Frank Melbourne,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

P. O. Box 353.

Then followed reproductions of newspaper clippings and testimonials. An envelope left with Mr. Jones bore the address of Mrs Melbourne as follows: "c-o Hon. C. B. Dutton, Cooredulla, Tenterfield, N. S. Wales, Australia."

Among the original letters were:

Box No. 381,  
Cheyenne, Wy.  
Frank Melbourne, Esq.,

Crawford, Neb.  
Oct. 9th, '91.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your favor of September 9th, referring to contract for making rain next season.

We agree with you that this arrangement belongs to a later time, but we are anxious to arrange with you a long time in advance, that you might enter into a contract elsewhere, which might prevent your making a contract for this section.

If the parties at Cheyenne make you a proposition we would like to combine with them, and the district between here and there, to make rain fall in this section, and it is possible that taking it up together we might be able to make you a proposition that you would be able to accept.

Will you please keep us advised of your negotiations with the Cheyenne parties, and of what they desire to have you do there, so that during the winter we may be able to complete negotiations.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) Charles J. Grable, Cashier  
THE STATE BANK

F. H. Jones,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Hotel Yoho

Canton, Ohio

December 8, 1891

Dear Jones,

Your letter of the 30 Nov. to hand. I waited a day or two before I answered so that I could let you know if the Kansas people did any business. The date of the proposition expired yesterday and they have not written. Montgomery wrote me about three weeks ago advising me to come to terms with the Kansas Company. I wrote him that I did not want to have anything to do with them, and that if he believed that those men could make rain, and if he thought the western Kansas people would not come to terms to return me the proposition I made them. He has never answered my letter.

I have written a copy of the Kansas testimonial and will send it to you. In your letter you mention 3 testimonials. I have only the Goodland one beside. . . . Hathaway has called here as he was passing to the east. He was talking to me about making some experiments in Mexico. He promised call here again on his way back.

Sorry that I cannot comply with your wishes but I cannot see the use of risking this year's work unless I am sure of the cash and it would be of no advantage to you. I remain truly yours

F. Melbourne

Canton, Ohio

January 2nd, 1892

Dear Jones

Your letters of the 23 and 26 December to hand. You ask me for a copy of McDonalds certificate, that I have forwarded to you some time ago. The copy of the Goodland *Republican* I am forwarding now.

That form of proposition that I wish to make to the Nebraska people will be similar to the one that I made to the Kansas people, that is that I supply rain sufficient for to produce good crops from say May 1st to September 1st over an area of two million acres for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars payments to be made as I go along because the first rains are as valuable to the farmers as the last ones, and an allowance to be made for any corners when sufficient rain does not fall.

I regret that there is not any provision in the Irrigation Law by which the counties can bond themselves for artificial rain. The lowest salary that I would care to bind myself to do the best I can, as you propose, would be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be paid by installments.

I do not think that I can procure a testimonial from McKinley as I do not know him well enough in any case he is laid up with La Grippe and it is not possible to have any from Australia as I never made the rain business known there, but I will look up two which I got from two doctors here when I first wrote to the government at Washington.

I am willing to pay five per cent on the money collected on the contract to Nebraska, according to proposition. I think I am furnishing you now with all you ask for.

Faithfully yours,  
Frank Melbourne

Canton, Ohio  
23d Jan. 1892

Dear Jones  
Your letter of the 19th instant received. I would not think of making a contract to furnish the Nebraska people with rain this year and not to receive any payment until August. I would sooner remain idle and it would pay better. Judging from the way the Kansas people have acted since I have been there I dont see that it would be safe to make a contract to furnish rain for a season unless I received payment as I go. If they have a dry Season in Nebraska they will be as anxious for rain as I will be for money and if the season is wet it would be difficult to get paid for rain. Would make contract if a satisfactory one could be procured.

Faithfully yours,  
F. Melbourne

Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico  
13 Feby 1892

Dear Jones.  
Your letters of Jan. 30 and Feby 6th to hand. In your letter of Jan 30 you mention that I should make a proposition to the people of Western Nebraska on the basis of the one you outlined. You can make up your mind that I will make no such proposition, no matter how good the security would be and even if I was satisfied that I could recover the money without doubt, because I do not believe in waiting four or five years for Judgement (sic), I would sooner go without the money. If the people are not satisfied to pay me as I go on with the work then no harm done. If people will not pay me for rain then I need not make rain. I can do something else and the world can go on just as if no rain had been made.

I have no contract as yet. I have only come here to make experiments. I have not made any contract with South Dakota nor am I likely to do so. I fancy they would pay \$200,000 but would like to keep the money back until the end of the season. I cannot make you any proposition as I have nothing substantial to work on. I hope you get the appointment to City Engineer. My opinion about the rain business is that we will not have any trouble to make terms with the people when they want rain, before then they will not be prepared to make contract that will be satisfactory on both sides. I have no doubt but we will have plenty of money out of it, soon. I remain Faithfuly yours

F. Melbourne

29/2/92  
Dear Jones: Hermosillo, Mexico  
Your letter of Feby 14 received. I did not get a chance to show my ability here yet on account of cloudy weather, but expect to get started by Tuesday 1st March. I will let you have account as soon as possible and would be glad if you get it in the press. I expect those Kansas men will not assist our business this year. I expected opposition this year from men of that description, but I don't see that they can hurt in the end. I expect there will not be any chance of a contract with Nebraska if there is a sign of a wet season, but I have no doubt but there will be plenty of dry places in America to keep me employed. I see by San Francisco paper that the Kansas men have been making contracts with the farmers there. The people here say that they have not much belief in the rain business.

I hope Mrs. Jones and babies are well. I hope you are busy.

Very faithfully,  
F. Melbourne

Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico  
17th March 1892

Dear Jones

I know that you were glad to hear of my success down here. I expect to leave here in about four days for the States. I intend to stop at El Paso as the people there was talking of having me to make an experiment there on my return. I do not know if they will have it made but I will stop there for a day or two in any case, to see what can be done, unless I change my mind. I have only made one experiment here and will not make any more as the people do not want any more made now. They say that they have rain enough until June. I will go from El Paso to Cheyenne if there is any encouragement for me to do so. Would be glad to hear from you while at El Paso. I expect just to receive a letter from you there if you write on receipt of this. I think I told you in my last that I had an encouraging letter from your correspondents in Nebraska. I think we might make some agreement with Western Nebraska and Southwest corner of South Dakota. I fancy I have written you twice since I received a letter from you.

Will showed me a letter he received from you and asked me to answer it. I thank you very much for the papers, and for having the news published. I hope you will get the appointment to City Engineer if we are not able to make contracts this year. We missed you very much not being along. It was hard on Will waiting so long. He often said that he wished Jones was along with us.

If I have difficulty in making a contract this year on account of those Kansas people, I have no doubt but I will overcome all obstacles (sic) in time, and make plenty of money for myself and friends. I think we should make some money this year in spite of all obstacles (sic).

The people in Southwest Dakota are very anxious to make a contract with me but they mention a very low figure. That newspaper man that is in correspondence with you from Nebraska seems a good man to have on our side. Hoping to be up your way soon. I remain

Faithfully yours  
F. Melbourne

La Grange, Wyoming  
March 10th

Frank H. Jones Esq.,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Dear Sir:

How is the subscription of funds in the Melbourne Rain Making business turning out? I hope that the required amount may be raised so that Melbourne may have a chance. In which I hope and trust that he may be successful. There was a subscription list at LaGrange, but I never knew it until after it was returned. Now if the required amount of funds has not yet been signed send me the necessary papers and I think that I can secure something like \$500.00 in this part of the country. Don't let the enterprise fail. Please to let me hear from you on this subject. Will you raise subscription from residents of Nebraska?

Truly yours,  
S. J. Robb

Canton, Ohio

June, 1892

Dear Jones

Your letter of the 5 instant to hand. I will not make any contract with Nebraska for next year unless on conditions that I receive payment monthly. I cannot see the fun of working from May until July without receiving any pay. I would be out of pocket and miss the chance of making a contract someplace else. I would sooner remain idle this year than work without being sure of the pay.

I cannot give you any instructions unless I can get terms like the above. I will not insure crop rains unless on the stile (sic) of the Kansas proposition via to make a reduction where the rain does not fall sufficient to give the required crops.

Grinnell, Kansas, June 28, 1892

Frank Melborne, Esq.,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Dear Sir: Let me know what you will come down here and furnish us a good rain for, inside of a week. I think probably the counties of Logan, Thomas, Sheridan and Gove in this state, would negotiate with you. I would be glad to have you submit us a proposition for one or two good rains.

Yours truly,  
A. H. Cox  
Long & Cox Real Estate Co.

Telegram to:

Wasco, Oregon May 21

Frank Melbourne

How much for one inch rain first fifteen days June answer  
W. M. Burnett

In ink on the back of the telegram appears the following answer:

W. M. Burnett

Five thousand dollars 1 inch rain, less amount pay in proportion—Round trip and travelling expenses for two guaranteed—

Next is the copy of a letter evidently made by Frank H. Jones for Melbourne:

To Platte County Board  
Columbus, Neb.

Grand Island, Neb.  
July 27, 1892

Gentlemen: I arrived here today from Cheyenne as I wired you I would and am ready to select a position to work from tomorrow and proceed with the proposed contract. As I wrote you this place selected will be with reference to the wind and country to be covered. I do not hold you to your contract if you are of the opinion that the drought is now broken, but I suppose you can decide this matter by noon tomorrow, and I will notify you when I proceed to work.

Very Respectfully,  
(Signed) Frank Melbourne  
(F. H. J.)

The next and last letter in the Jones collection reads:

Mr. Frank H. Jones,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Canton, O. March 15, '94

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 12th inst., in which you state the disappearance of my brother Frank at hand and contents carefully noted. I know nothing of his whereabouts, having heard nothing from him for six weeks or more.

Let me have the full particulars and oblige.

Very respectfully yours,  
Jno. S. Melbourne

# An Army Boy In Colorado

By W. HEATH ELDRIDGE\*

I was born at Fort Lyon,<sup>1</sup> Colorado, October 27, 1884. My father was Lieutenant Bogardus Eldridge, Company E, Tenth U. S. Infantry. According to Army records he was born at Selma, Alabama, May 3, 1853. He had lived most of the time at Huntsville, Alabama. My mother, Elizabeth White Hodges, was born at Locust Dale, the old Hodge's home near Annapolis, Maryland, on February 6, 1852.

I was named William Heath Eldridge after my grandfather, Dr. Eldridge,<sup>2</sup> who at the start of the Civil War was living in Huntsville, Alabama. He was loyal to the Federal Government. He turned his property over to his brother, John, and went to Boston with his family. There he lived with his brother-in-law, Commodore Parker (2), at the Boston, Massachusetts, Navy Yard. His two sons were named Bogardus and Foxall.

Dr. Eldridge's father was John Rolf Bolling Eldridge. Uncle Daingerfield Parker said he was dark and resembled an Indian as much as a white man could. 'And well he might, as he was a descendant of the Indian Princess Pocahontas and John Rolf.

My father's mother was Mary Jay Parker, the daughter of Commodore Foxall Alexander Parker (1st), U. S. Navy,<sup>3</sup> and she was born in Virginia around 1817. Her mother was Miss Bogardus, wife of Colonel Robert Bogardus. He was of Dutch descent from the original settlers of New Amsterdam, later New York. My

\* Mr. W. Heath Eldridge of Nutley, New Jersey, who recently recorded his memories of his boyhood in various army posts in pioneer Colorado, for his children and grandchildren, has given permission to have them printed in *The Colorado Magazine*.—Editor.

<sup>1</sup> Fort Lyon, Bent County. In 1853, Colonel William Bent, having abandoned his great trading post on the Arkansas River, moved downstream about forty miles and established a second post called Bent's New Fort. The following year, it was leased to the United States Army, and renamed Fort Fauntleroy, in honor of Colonel Fauntleroy of the old First Dragoons. In 1859, the post was purchased by the government and was named Fort Wise for Henry Alexander Wise, Governor of Virginia. When Virginia joined the Confederacy, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the fort was again renamed, this time in honor of General Nathaniel Lyon, the first Union general killed in the war. In 1866, the river cut away the bank, making the fort untenable; a new Fort Lyon was built about twenty miles up the river. The buildings were of stone, one story high, covered with earth, and inclosed a large plaza or parade ground.—'Place Names In Colorado,' *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 1, January 1941, pp. 30-31.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. W. H. Eldridge was commissioned Captain and Surgeon of one of the Negro regiments of infantry raised in Boston during the Civil War. He died on Dec. 9, 1885.

<sup>3</sup> Commodore Foxall Alexander Parker (1st) spent many years in the Navy on survey and mapmaking. It was interesting to find that he is mentioned by Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, as Lieutenant Parker serving on the *U. S. S. Frigate Congress* making measurements of ocean depths.

grandmother had four brothers: William Harway,<sup>4</sup> Foxall Alexander<sup>5</sup> (2), Daingerfield<sup>6</sup> and another who died in Naval service.

We should not neglect my grandmother's sister, Virginia Parker. She first married a Mr. Smith and after his death, Mr. William Wainright who was well off. She always remembered us on Christmas and on other occasions. She wrote many postal cards to my mother and many of the sentences ended in "wiggles" and were hard to read.

My father's grandmother was the sister of General William Heath, Chief of Staff for General George Washington. With the Scotch and Dutch ancestors Bogardus and Foxall were not dark. The Indian strain only showed in the way they walked. Foxall Eldridge died after attending the Naval Academy for a few years.

We had no living uncles on the Eldridge side, so we were in close touch with the Great Uncles on the Parker side. The family was known as the "Parkers from Virginia." They were also known as "The Navy Parkers." Later we got to know LeRoy Parker quite well. He treated us like a generous uncle. He said that my father had given him a silver dollar at one time when he was sixteen and he never forgot it. He spent many more than one silver dollar on us. Much later we met his brother, Robert Bogardus Parker.

My mother's father was Charles Hodges and his children whom we knew were Priscilla, Matilda, Mary, James, and John. Priscilla was the oldest Aunt and when her mother died, took care of raising the family. She had a school at Kittaning, Pennsylvania, and, also taught school near Annapolis. She also painted in oil.

At Locust Dale my mother learned to dance, ride a horse and to play the piano. She remembered that there were slaves on the farm when she was young and that they were liberated

<sup>4</sup> William Harway Parker resigned as Captain of the U. S. Navy at the beginning of the Civil War and joined the Confederate Navy. His book, *Adventures of a Naval Officer*, tells about it. He stated that after the Battle of Bull Run, in spite of the advantage to the South, he knew that they could not win. Later Captain Parker was Secretary of the Confederate Navy. His eyewitness account of the battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* was very interesting. He left Richmond with President Jefferson Davis after the city was captured by General Grant.

<sup>5</sup> Foxall Alexander Parker Jr., became a Commodore also, and once served on the "Old Ironsides." In 1848, he was ordered to Germany to reorganize its navy and spent a year there. He was offered the appointment of an Admiral but refused and returned to the United States. Later he became Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. He died during his term in 1878.

<sup>6</sup> Daingerfield Parker was in South America when the war broke out. He came North and joined the 3rd U. S. Infantry as a Second Lieutenant. In his booklet, *First Battle of Bull Run*, he states that he was with the detachment of troops that was ordered to hold its position to keep the Confederates from rushing to Washington. When his company withdrew toward Centerville, Va., he went to sleep on his feet and awoke marching with another unit. He had been on his feet without sleep for four days. Lieutenant Parker remained in the Regular Army and retired as Colonel of the 15th Infantry. Due to his Civil War service he was retired as a Brigadier General.

sooner than most. The descendants of one of the slaves was still living when this article was written (1954). His name was "Dick Richard Hawkins." When told that Dick and Richard were the same, he insisted that it was "Dick Richard."

The Naval Academy was only twelve miles away from my mother's home and she attended the Hops and Dances with Eliza Parker, the Superintendent's daughter. They became good friends. Eliza was known to be quite "wild" and my mother was with her a lot. In 1878 when Commodore Parker died, my father met my mother for the first time at the funeral. She had been invited to sit with the family at the services in the Academy Chapel.

Before joining the Army my father was preparing to be a doctor and was studying under his father, Dr. Eldridge. He went to Washington and called on President Grant and asked for an appointment. There was a vacancy for a "Civil Life" appointment. After passing the examination, father was appointed Second Lieutenant of Infantry, on August 31, 1876. He was assigned to Company E of the Tenth U. S. Infantry.

After some service against the Indians in Arizona, father became a Military Instructor at the University of Maryland. It was while there he had met my mother, but he did not think that the pay as Second Lieutenant was enough to be married on, so he waited. He was promoted to First Lieutenant on May 21, 1883 and was married at Ellicot City, Maryland, later the same year. He took my mother first to Fort Wayne, Michigan, and then to Fort Lyon, Colorado, where I was born. My brother, Charles Hodges Eldridge, and my sister, Mary Jay Eldridge, also were born there later.

The altitude and the alkali water did not agree with mother and the general rule was that she went east to Maryland at the end of two years. The water in Colorado had a tendency to turn her brown hair a drab color. In Maryland her hair resumed its natural shade. My first trip to Maryland was taken to Annapolis, when I was just six weeks old.

We visited Uncle Spence Howard and Aunt Mary Howard at "Willow Glen," in addition to my mother's home at Locust Dale. Dr. Eldridge was living in Annapolis then and when he saw me remarked: "What a long neck he has." I was named after him and called "Heath" in place of my first name William.

After I was baptized in old St. Anne's Church in Annapolis, in the fall of 1885, mother went back to Fort Lyon. We were in the same house we had lived in before. It was adobe with walls two feet thick. We had a tin lined bath tub in the house and the water was heated by a water back in the kitchen stove. My brother, Charles Hodges, was born in December and was named after my

mother's father. On May 14, 1888, my sister Mary Jay Eldridge also was born at Fort Lyon.

About a year later we moved to Fort Crawford, Colorado.<sup>7</sup> The Post was somewhere near Montrose and the elevation was more than a mile high. This was around the year 1889. I have a faint recollection of the Post. The officers' quarters were of one-story construction with the kitchen roof running down close to the high back yard fence.

At Fort Crawford I got into most of my trouble from climbing. One day I was discovered sitting on the ridge pole of the house. I had climbed the high fence to the kitchen roof and then to the ridge of the main roof. When I was removed from the roof I was put into the woodshed to wait until my father returned. Not liking this, I took the axe and started to break the glass in the woodshed window. My father used a switch.

I had a tricycle and rode on the wooden sidewalks of the post. One day while I was riding in a buckboard with an army driver, a flying piece of newspaper scared the mules. They swerved and I was thrown out. For several weeks I could not walk. If placed on the seat of the tricycle, however, I could ride it. In a couple of weeks I was able to walk again.

One day I walked over to the Post Hospital and one of the men showed me some prairie dogs he had there. The corps man picked one up to show me and it bit his finger badly. There were prairie dog villages around the Post in which the dogs always had one on guard. He would bark when we drove by. If he thought we were too close the sentinel and all of the others would dive into their holes.

We had a colored girl to cook and to act as nurse for Charles and me. She had a habit of taking oranges without asking and then hiding the rinds under the bed.

In the fall of 1890 my mother and her three children left the West for Annapolis again.

I remember the narrow gauge train coming out of a tunnel with snow hiding the tracks. The snow did not slow the train but

<sup>7</sup> Late in 1880 construction was begun on the barracks and quarters of what was soon to be known as the "Cantonment of the Uncompahgre." The new post was located about one-half mile southeast of the center of the tract of land that was eventually set aside as a military reservation, and which extended along both sides of the Uncompahgre River in a rectangular shape about six miles long, north and south, and a little more than two miles wide, east and west. . . . On December 15, 1886, General Orders No. 91, Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C., ordered that "By direction of the President the military post on the Uncompahgre River, in Colorado, now called 'Cantonment on the Uncompahgre,' will hereafter be known and designated as 'Fort Crawford,' in honor of the late Captain Emmet Crawford, 3d Cavalry, who died January 18, 1886, at Nacori, Mexico, of wounds received in an attack made on his command of Indian scouts by a force of Mexicans, while in pursuit of hostile Indians." Reports of the War Department show troops serving at the post were as follows: April 3, 1889, to December, 1890: Companies A and E, 10th Infantry (12 officers and 148 enlisted men), Captain Lacey, 10th Infantry, commanding.—Major John H. Nankivell, Inf., U. S. Army, "Fort Crawford, Colorado, 1880-1890," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XI, No. 2, March 1934, pp. 54-64.

muffled the sound of the wheels. This happened in one of the open spaces called "Parks" in Colorado. The track was narrow gauge and we went through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. Trains always stopped at the deepest part of the gorge, 3,000 feet down from the rim.

We traveled through Saint Louis and changed to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The B. & O. gave Army officers half-fare and we took advantage of it. At that time Cumberland was a lunch stop. The trip through the West Virginia mountains was rough and for once I was car sick and could not eat.

In Annapolis we visited Miss Marcia Beck, my mother's friend, on Main Street. We could see St. Anne's at Church Circle, and the Maryland Hotel across the street. I suspect we were paying guests. Main Street ran down to the harbor. The oyster boats tied up there. Coming from Baltimore, where mother often went for treatment from Dr. Chisholm, an eye specialist, we used to see the oystermen tonging for oysters. Oysters were left on the bottom of their small boats and on later trips the boys showed us how to open them with our knives and eat them on the spot. Oysters were large then; three filled a plate.

#### Fort Lewis

In April 1890 Company E of the Tenth and my father went to the Territory of Oklahoma for the opening for settlement. The troops were there to keep order and to prevent "Sooners" from



AT FORT LEWIS, COLORADO—1891  
W. Heath Eldridge, 1st Lt. Bogardus Eldridge,  
Mary J. Eldridge, Mrs. Eldridge, Charles H. Eldridge

beating the starting gun. All have read how the wagons and horse-men were lined up waiting for the starting gun . . . and when it was fired there was a wild rush and by evening the best locations had been picked out and construction of tent cities was begun. Some of the settlers had scouted ahead and knew where to go. The others did the best they could.

We had a photograph showing Company E in camp. There was always a shortage of officers in the Army and although Captain Sumner H. Lincoln was the company commander he was away most of the time on detached service. He was a Brevet Colonel from his Civil War service and was addressed as such. He was God Father to my brother Charles and he always had presents for us both when he returned from a trip. His home was in Cincinnati, Ohio. My father served as company commander most of the time.

In September 1890 we left Baltimore again for the West. My mother was always helped at Saint Louis in changing trains with her baggage and three children. The cars of the railway trains were all colors at Saint Louis. They always attracted us. It was like the lament of the homesick westerner who said, "Take me back to the land of the yellow cars." Car colors of the Eastern railroads were drab in comparison.

We traveled in a day coach to Kansas City and I must have been able to read some. I had a time table and kept asking the time from the conductor. I checked the stations with the time table.

At Kansas City we changed for a Pullman on the Santa Fe Railroad for Colorado. It was after eleven when we changed and we did not remember much. We were asleep on our feet.

The trip across Kansas was uneventful. The ground was flat and the gradual change in elevation was not noticed. I fell asleep in the afternoon and woke up half asleep, looking at the landscape. I noticed that the trees all leaned one way. I was told that this was caused by the prevailing winds from the southwest. Farmers had planted trees around their farms to act as wind breaks. Late that evening we arrived at Pueblo, Colorado. Here we got into the hotel hack and went to a hotel for the night.

The next day we took the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for Durango. At Alamosa we changed to the narrow gauge and arrived at Durango where my father met us. We went in an Army ambulance with four mules to Fort Lewis twelve miles away. It was up grade all the way through a valley. Fort Lewis<sup>8</sup> had an elevation

<sup>8</sup> Fort Lewis, La Plata County, was established in 1877, at the present site of Pagosa Springs. It was named for a Lieutenant Colonel Lewis—a descendant of Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (1804-1806)—who was killed during a Cheyenne Indian raid during that year. In 1880 the post was moved to a new site, about twelve miles southwest of present Durango, but was abandoned a few years later. In 1892, the deserted buildings were transformed into an Indian school for the children of the Southern Utes. . . . In 1910, the site was created the Fort Lewis School of Agriculture.—"Place Names In Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII No. 1, pp. 29-30.

of 7,500 feet. We crossed the bridge and drove into the Fort. It was built in the standard Army style around a square parade ground. The cottonwood trees were irrigated by a ditch of running water all around the parade ground. A wooden side walk bordered the ditch. My brother Charles, around four years of age, was quite "chubby" and often tripped and once he fell into the ditch.

We lived in a two-story double frame house on the northwest side of the Post. Our water was run by gravity from a reservoir on a hill north of the Post. Water from the reservoir was pumped from a dam on the La Plata River. Water for the irrigating ditches came from the same source. The entrance to the Post was over the bridge. The road passed by the stone carpenter shop and blacksmith shop, also the guard house.

At the end of October it started to snow and it snowed almost every day until March. By that time the snow fall had reached a height of five feet on the level. During the winter we were once snowed in for six weeks and cut off from Durango. After each snow fall it was the custom to break out the roads by riding six mules in single file. Then a snow plow was used, pulled by six mules to clear the roads.

Many times the "beautiful snow" was a menace to the Post buildings and the soldiers were called out to remove the snow at night to clear the roofs. The snow shoveled from the roof of our two-story house was so deep that a soldier could jump off the roof into the pile without injury. One night there were not enough men to go around to shovel and two one-story unoccupied barracks were crushed flat by the weight of the snow on the roofs. No one was hurt.

The garrison made the best of the heavy snow fall by skiing. The Norwegian Post carpenter knew how to make skis for all that could use them. I had a pair and I used them to go across the parade ground to the Post school. I found, however, that the frozen crust would hold me up without the skis. The experts slid down the hills and enjoyed themselves. I had one pole and just slid one foot after the other. I was taught to leave the skis outside on the porch and not to bring them into the house in order to prevent warping.

At school the boys cut tunnels in the snow that had been pushed from the roof. They made fine places to play. We had a soldier teacher and the school was run like the "Little Red School House." We even had McGuffey readers. Now they are only found in museums. At home Charles and I dug in the snow and went through the motions of clearing the walks. I found out that shoveling snow when too warmly dressed gave me a sore throat.

We had a cow and our soldier "Striker" did the milking. A "Striker" was an enlisted man who did extra work for an officer and was paid by the officer. In the British army they called him a "Batman." He ate his meals at our house and was excused from Guard Duty, etc. He brought in the coal and took out the ashes, too. He was glad to get extra pay as he only received \$13.00 a month. The enlisted men called a "Striker" a "Dog Robber" and sometimes a "Hand Shaker," alluding to the point that he robbed the family dog of food and shook hands for favors. One day a new recruit was offered the job. He refused, saying: "I don't want to be a dog shaker."

We had a good cook at Fort Lewis and ate hearty breakfasts. Our cow gave us plenty of milk and I often drank two glasses at a meal, ate two bowls of oatmeal, kidney stew and biscuits. Still I did not grow taller. We also had eggs from our chickens and generally ate two for breakfast.

At that time the people of Durango did not care for beef brains, kidney, tongue, heart or liver. Mother used to say that the above could be bought for twenty-five cents a set. We had fresh tongue baked with canned tomato sauce. Sometimes we had fresh heart baked and stuffed. Heart to me was like eating shoe uppers. I liked all the other meats. Once while we were in Durango shopping, I got into an elevator of a feed store and started it up, but I did not know how to stop it. The store owner ran out and stopped it. We bought our standard meat at the Post Commissary.

In the winter we played in the snow and pulled our sleds. One of the boys at the Post had a burro (Rocky Mountain canary). When he rode the burro he towed us on a sled.

Our cook took me to visit some of her friends at Fort Lewis. When she was talking I noticed a five cent piece on the mantle and quickly grabbed it. It was promptly taken away from me, and I received a lecture about other people's property. It was one of my first lessons and I didn't forget it.

We did a lot of walking around and I often visited the carpenter and blacksmith shops. The carpenter was busy with repairs and the blacksmith had horses and mules to shoe and wagons to repair. The carpenters and blacksmiths were soldiers and got extra pay for their work.

Colonel Sumner H. Lincoln's hobby was his camera. He used 4 x 5 dry plates and often took photographs of us. Film and film pack was not in common use at that time. One day when he returned from a trip, not being bashful, we asked what he had for us. He said, "A double barreled shotgun." And so he had. They were two red wooden guns operated by elastics and harmless. My mother, being afraid of guns, ruined them for us by cutting the

rubber cords. The Colonel was like an uncle to us. He was Charles' God Father and willed him \$100 when he died.

There must have been more than one Company at Fort Lewis at first, as there were a number of officers and their wives and families. There was Lieutenant Litell and his son, Barrett; also Lieutenant Robert Lee Bullard and young Lee Bullard and his brother. Barrett and I scrapped a lot, but it was mostly a wrestling match.

Charles and I did most of our traveling on the run, but the altitude of 7,500 feet was too much for my mother. She could not walk fast without getting out of breath. The only way we noticed the altitude was that a rapped nose bled easily. In the winter our eyelids seemed to stick together in the mornings. I wonder now if it was not a form of snow blindness.

No one was sick during the winter except from sore throat. Our throats were then swabbed with a long wire handled camel's hair brush with tincture of iron on it. The taste was terrible, but we got good results from it. Once my father had a bad case of tonsilitis and used a form of vapor apparatus to cure it. This was the only time we remember him being sick. In the summer my mother stepped on a loose board in the walk and was laid up for six weeks with a badly sprained ankle. She used a crutch to get around.

We had our pets, but due to the number of skunks, the domestic cat did not thrive. Our ice box was on the side porch and we would often surprise a skunk drinking water from the pan. We had to be careful and not try to pick them up in place of a cat. In the winter I remember my mother taking some butter from the ice box and breaking her knife trying to cut it.

Our first dog was a water Spaniel called "Curley." It is possible that he was black. Just as we got used to him, he disappeared. Our questions to our parents received no satisfactory answers. Possibly he had hydrophobia. Skunks were supposed to spread it. There was a current story of a cowboy who was bitten by a something during the night. He felt so sure that it was skunk bite that he died from the thought of it. The bite of a skunk was then thought to be fatal.

We were given a large rabbit after Curley's departure and he acted like a cat. When he was let into the house he would run to the parlor and jump to the seat of our horse hair sofa. One night he got out of his hutch and our Striker found him frozen to the ground.

When he was let into the house the following day he again tried to jump to the sofa as usual. He could not jump high enough. He tried several times with the same result. His hind

legs had been injured from the freezing and he went to rabbit heaven. Later on we had another Spaniel.

Our house at Fort Lewis was heated by Colorado soft coal. The kitchen range, stoves in the rooms and the fireplace in the parlor were used to heat the house.

I do not remember a bath tub at Fort Lewis, but do remember the night I backed into a hot oil stove after taking a bath. I carried the scar for a long time. The house was large and I was allowed to use a hammer and to make things from packing boxes in one room. My father was not good with the hammer. I watched him repair shade rollers and tack shades in place.

At certain times during the night we could hear the coyotes howl in the hills west of the Post. This is the only place that I remember hearing them.

The ancient Indians were mentioned at Fort Lewis as the ruins at Aztec, New Mexico, were not far away. Little was known to us then about Mesa Verde. The living Indians around Fort Lewis were members of the Ute Tribe and would often wander around the grounds. The men sold pine nuts, bead work and moccasins. The women were dressed like Gypsies. They would beg for a handful of coffee, rice or sugar and would make bags of their aprons and tie a string around each handful. This gave the women a lumpy appearance. Our mother was afraid of them and kept us in the house. We would look at the Indians with curious eyes through the window. We never bought much except the pine nuts. In the East they are called Indian nuts (pinon).

Speaking of coffee, my mother blended and roasted her own. She used a mixture of Java and Mocha. We had a wooden coffee grinder that we used. We got the coffee from the Post Commissary along with other staple groceries. We would give our order and a soldier with a little hand cart with two wheels would deliver it. Entries were made in a book, and the bill was paid monthly.

Once when the troops were away on their annual practice march and camping trip, a rumor went around that the Indians were going to attack. The Gatling gun with its cluster of barrels which fired .45 caliber rifle ammunition was made ready. Black powder cartridges were used. This scare was just a false alarm. Nothing happened. The returning troops received a royal welcome on their return to the Post. The band played "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

A picnic and outdoor dance were held by the officers and their wives in the late spring. A temporary platform was built and the floor covered with canvas. A Scottish Highlanders Piper band furnished the music. This was the first time that I had seen the

Highlanders in kilts. The Chaplain of the Post was quite active and I think he had a hand in obtaining the band.

My father was busy with his military duties and when the other companies left, he commanded Company E.<sup>9</sup> One day he took time off and took me with him on a buckboard trip and a picnic into the mountains. A buckboard was a flexible vehicle with one seat and was pulled by two mules. In the West there were always two animals hitched to a wagon or other vehicles. Often four mules were used, due to weight of the load or distance. The buckboard had a springy ash floor that took the place of springs. It was very popular as it could be driven off the road over rough ground.

We took our lunch along and drove up a primitive road into the hills. At one spot a small waterfall ran over the road. Wild roses were growing on the roadside. After lunch we started our drive back home and at an open spot we saw a coyote running parallel to us. He was about two hundred yards away. The coyote was curious about us. It was said in the West that coyotes often did this, but if you bent down to pick up a rifle the animal would disappear in a cloud of dust.

Near Durango we saw a mule pack train loaded with silver ore on the way to the Durango smelter. They came down the road in single file following a man riding a horse. They were loose and not tied to the one in front. The tall smelter stack was a land mark and when I visited Durango sixty years later, the smelter was still in use, but smelting uranium ore.

In the summer of 1891 the Army had completed plans to abandon Fort Lewis. The Utes were no longer a menace. Company E had departed for Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and our family was the last to leave. My father told the pumping engineer to fill up the reservoir before stopping the pumps, so we would have our water supply. He neglected to do this and the reservoir ran dry. We were forced to get our drinking water from the irrigation ditch in front of the house. The water all came from the same source anyway and we boiled our drinking water. The presence of small fish did no harm. Fort Lewis was abandoned in August to be used as an Indian school.<sup>10</sup>

The day of our departure arrived and we got into an Army ambulance pulled by four mules. We stayed all night in Durango,

<sup>9</sup> Bogardus Eldridge served at Fort Lyon from June 1884-March 1889; Fort Crawford, April 1889-August 1890; Fort Lewis, September 1890-September 1891. In 1897 he was a Captain in the 14th Infantry. He was killed in action with Co. H, 14th Infantry, on Oct. 2, 1899 at Bacoar, Luzon, Philippine Islands.

<sup>10</sup> In 1911 Fort Lewis Military Reservation and Indian School, at Hesperus. . . was transferred from Federal to State ownership and an agricultural and vocational high school was maintained until 1933. College courses have been offered since 1927, and exclusively since 1933. Until 1948 the College was a branch of Colorado Agricultural and Mechanical College at Fort Collins, but since that date it has been an independent institution.—*Colorado Year Book*, 1951-1955, p. 658.

possibly at the Hotel Strater. We had one room for all of us. It was a simple room with enough beds and was equipped with a wash basin and stand. Few hotels in that area had running water. There was a bath tub down the hall. Our room was illuminated by a single bare electric bulb. It was the first electric light I had noticed.

The next day we boarded the Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge train for Pueblo. The railway wound high in the mountains and dipped into New Mexico at one spot. We could look down as from a balloon and see horses and cattle in miniature grazing below us. In crossing the Continental Divide the railway reached an elevation of 10,015 feet. This section of the railway from Durango to Alamosa remained for years one of the best known first class narrow gauge lines in the United States. The train "San Juan" was abandoned in 1952.

At Alamosa we boarded the standard broad gauge train to Pueblo and again stopped over night in a hotel. From there we went on to New Mexico and the new life at Fort Stanton.

## Western Slope Recollections

BY CHARLES H. ADAMS\*

Perhaps you will accept my recollections of early Colorado happenings with the understanding that I have attempted to separate the chaff from the wheat and thereby give to your recorded history some local colorings not now visible.

While it is always pleasant to recount happenings from the past in which one is a member of the cast, yet I have long since realized that one must discount very considerably what is, nevertheless, purported to be "solid fact." For example, today I love a good "Western" movie, even though I know, and usually see, many situations about it that are just not true to life, yet I am thrilled in about the same way that my grandsons are thrilled, particularly when they "strap on" two guns, put on spurs and chaps, and become cowpokes within the confines of a few vacant lots. This is, of course, imagination.

One of my early heroes was a neighbor, Nate Johnson, who could keep a tin can rolling away from him with his two "six guns." I never saw him do this, but it was "said" that he could, and I did see him do wonderful shooting with one hand only. And I recall that as a boy I often mounted "Silver" and rode "on the dead run" past a tree, trying to hit the tree as I passed, in just the same way the "James boys" did in the stories my grandfather told me. Boys in the early days had to re-enact the life as it was lived around them, though on a small scale, when not in imagination.

At the end of the first World War, when I applied for a passport to the Orient and Europe, there was only one man still alive who could swear that I was born. The small log cabin, with a puncheon floor, was across the North Fork of the Gunnison River from the Colburn ranch and perhaps two miles from Paonia. Colburn became well known for his horticulture, as I presume your history will verify. At any rate, shortly thereafter, this cabin burned down. My mother saved only the two babies, two or three rifles, and a Weed sewing machine. Father was away in Gunnison at the time. The nearest neighbor, about a mile away, seeing the smoke and perhaps hearing the exploding ammunition, came furiously to the rescue, thinking that the Indians had raided the place. Mother was the first woman to enter the valley after or while the Indians were being moved to the reservation. I have always worshiped this woman—aside from the love I gave as my mother—because she could ride and shoot and could run the ranch

\* Mr. Charles H. Adams, formerly a resident of Delta County, and now living in Berkeley, California, has written this article upon request for *The Colorado Magazine*.—Editor.

—my father was later killed. And she was an educated person, having given up her teaching in Potsdam Normal School to marry father and come West. She was also a woman of great fortitude and strength of will—one of those pioneer women who were oblivious, almost, to pain. She had all of her teeth extracted at one time and took no anaesthetic. And so, let me reverse the reel to about the year 1880.

Samuel Wade and William Clark took up the land in 1881 in and around the present town of Paonia; Sam, on one side, and Bill, on the other.<sup>1</sup> They made the Wade and Clark Ditch, for themselves; the first ditch out of the river. Then there was set up the idea of the Paonia Ditch, which had five original owners, with its headgate at the town of Paonia, and which was to give water to the five ranches on the town side of the river. My father's ranch was the last on the ditch. Each one of the owners was to have 144 miner's inches of water. Subsequent ditches took all of the water from the river at low water time. About '96 or '98, John Wannemaker, who had a general store in Paonia, started the survey for the Duke Ditch, a high level ditch which now waters the uplands from the valley. Sam Wade was the first storekeeper in the town and, I presume, was the banker to many. I remember the large safe in the store, or perhaps just the name of the safe—Sam'l Wade. I seem to remember his first structure as made of posts set upright in the ground, rather than the usual type of log building.

Wade sold his ranch to Ed. Mathews from Montrose. Mathews ran his cattle on the Escalante. I should here pay tribute to a great woman, Mrs. Ed. Mathews, who liberally gave herself to the culture of the Valley. Mathews was one of the pioneers in the fruit drying business and in the cold storage of apples. Wade had planted, or rather, brought some ever-bearing cherry trees, which, under Mathews, became widely known and which bore fruit for approximately three months in season. Above the Clark ranch was the Hammond ranch and the Underwood ranch. Across the valley and behind the town was the Decker ranch. I understand that Mrs. Decker, now more than 90 years old, still runs her outfit. Across the river was the Hawkey ranch, the Babbin ranch, the Colburn ranch, and the Stratton ranch. Of course, there were others which I do not recall. I must mention Aaron Clough, one of the early "Mountain Men," who came to Colorado from the Northwest. He told me that he crossed the plateau, which is now watered by the Grand Coulee Dam,<sup>2</sup> 40 years before my birth. He predicted the development that is taking place today.

<sup>1</sup> W. A. Clark located the place where his family still reside. E. G. Wade located the ranch where Daniel Eikenberry now lives. Samuel Wade located the ranch now belonging to Merle A. Miller; a part of the town of Paonia now stands on the north portion of this ranch. George Root located the ranch where Weldon Hammond now lives. Joseph Wade located the A. L. Roberts ranch.—Ezra G. Wade, "Early Days at Paonia," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IV, No. 1, January 1927, p. 68.

<sup>2</sup> Completed in 1942 the dam is in the Columbia River, Washington state.

Delta once was about 35 miles from Paonia. The road through the "'Dobe Hills'" was bad and in rainy weather impassable. Colburn brought the first bicycle to Paonia and would ride to Delta from his ranch. This was about '96. There was a ferry at the mouth of Gunnison Canon, where the present steel bridge is now (1955) located, run by George Smith. My sister, later Mrs. Decker, was the first horsewoman across the bridge when finished. About one mile toward Paonia, after crossing the bridge, there was a mineral spring, heavy with sulphur and other minerals, and not far from this spring there was a vein of cannel coal about 12 or 15 inches thick, which would burn easily when lighted with a match. I have often wondered what has been done with this small vein, and if it were large enough for exploitation. The mineral water smelled a good deal like ammonium valerinate. Up the Gunnison River from the bridge about four miles, as I remember, or to the confluence of the North Fork, there were the remains of a cabin and nearby, on a large rock was carved the name "J. D. Lee, 1873," which name it was supposed belonged to the J. D. Lee of Mountain Meadow Massacre days. The sandstone formation of the river canon and the cannel coal vein suggested that there might be a fossil field in the hills. I found many small fossils there about 1893.

About this time (1893) in Delta, where I was attending school, and my mother was running the Smith Hotel, which was somewhat diagonally across the street from the Delta House, run by Perkins, the sheepman—or rather, by his wife, Mrs. Perkins—there happened a tragedy to my best friend, one Howard Blachly. His father, A. T. Blachly, was cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank in Delta. Four robbers, highwaymen—known as the McCarthy Gang<sup>3</sup>—held up the bank, and because Blachly was not fast enough for them, they shot him dead. One man held the horses in front while the others scooped all the money they could get into sacks, jumped on their horses and headed out of town toward the bridge over the Gunnison River. The Simpson hardware store was located just across the street from the bank. Young Ray Simpson, who was indeed quite a marksman, came to the door, saw what was going on, grabbed a rifle out of the customary rack behind the counter, and started shooting. He shot three of the robbers out of their saddles before the range was too great. The leader of the McCarthy Gang got away. Girardet, who was the sheriff, went after him, but the robber beat him to his hole-up in Utah.

This gang had what was known as "'Robbers' Roost'" in Utah, an almost impregnable sort of place, where the only inlet to their

<sup>3</sup> The McCarthy brothers must have had their hide-out somewhere in Escalante Canyon, as they stopped for supper on their way to Delta at the John Munger cattle ranch in the Escalante. They might have ridden in from Utah.—Ulla King Fairfield, "A Pioneer Lawyer and Some Dramatic Incidents of Delta History," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXIII, No. 1, January 1946, p. 34.

cattle ranch was up a small river bed. Mr. Colburn told me, years later, that he had been in this "Robbers' Roost," and that it would have taken a small army to get any fugitive there at that time. The townspeople gathered up the money from the street and returned it to the Bank, but they could not return Howard's father's life.

When I come to Colorado, I shall drive up to Paonia and perhaps stay at the Paonia Hotel, which my mother built, and have the pleasure of meeting some of my boyhood friends.

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(Walker Art Studio photo)

GROUND BREAKING FOR UTE INDIAN MUSEUM  
Chief Ouray State Historical Monument Montrose, Colorado

Mrs. R. L. Seeley, representing Montrose chapter D.A.R., turned the first spade of dirt when ground was broken, Sept. 6, 1955, for the Ute Indian Museum which the State Historical Society of Colorado is building on the Chief Ouray State Historical Monument at Montrose. P. C. Moshisky, of Montrose, vice president of the Historical Society for District 17, looks on. Also present were Attorney Earle Bryant, who gave the principal address; Rufus Stone, the contractor; George Lindfelt, Don Watson and Fred Sullivan, county commissioners; State Senator George Wilson; State Representative H. A. McNeil; Charles Malin, mayor of Montrose; John McGinn, city manager; Ira Foster, county clerk; and Frank Buskirk, postmaster.