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Gunnison in Early Days

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Gunnison and the river upon which it is located were named in honor of Captain John W. Gunnison, who was selected by the United States Government to survey a practicable railway route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, ordered Gunnison to follow the route over Cochetopa Pass, which had previously been recommended by John C. Fremont who, incidentally, felt that he should have been selected to make the survey. This brought Gunnison down the river which bears his name and his career ended shortly after leaving the river when a detachment of his party was unexpectedly ambushed by a party of Indians on the morning of October 26, 1853.

Settlement by white men on the site of Gunnison was made possible by Uncle Sam's treaty with the Utes, negotiated to secure the San Luis Valley for settlement. By this treaty of 1868 the Indians surrendered their land east of the 107th meridian in return for an annuity and the assurance that what was practically the entire western slope of Colorado should be their home as long as "rivers might run and grasses might grow."

Of the four Agencies established for the Utes, one was located in Cochetopa Park, blocking the way to the Gunnison country. Although the east line of the reservation had not been definitely located there was reason to believe that this one, known as the Los Pinos Agency, was on lands ceded in the treaty, but the Indians had objected to going farther. Their location was about thirty miles east of where Gunnison now stands and as determined by a subsequent survey the 107th meridian was farther west than Gunnison.

Human habitation by civilized men near the present site of the town of Gunnison began in 1871 by the erection of a permanent "cow camp" from which the cattle for the use of the Indian wards were herded. During the first year the camp was in charge of James P. Kelly. With the change in administration at the Los Pinos Agency in 1872, when General Charles Adams succeeded Rev. J. N. Trask as agent, Alonzo Hartman was placed in charge

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of the Gunnison cow camp with Kelly as his assistant and Herman Luders as "general manager." Luders was General Adams' private secretary and his connection with the cow camp was apparently the link between the agent and the camp. Sidney Jocknick, who had served a year as cook at the Agency, was transferred to the classification of "cowboy" and "promoted" to the cow camp. This had been his one ambition since his connection with the Agency.

In his book, *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado*, Jocknick says that Luders' function was to "keep tab on brands." Luders subsequently became secretary of the State Capitol Building Association. After four years with the Agency Hartman went into cattle-raising for himself and became one of the leading stockmen of the state.

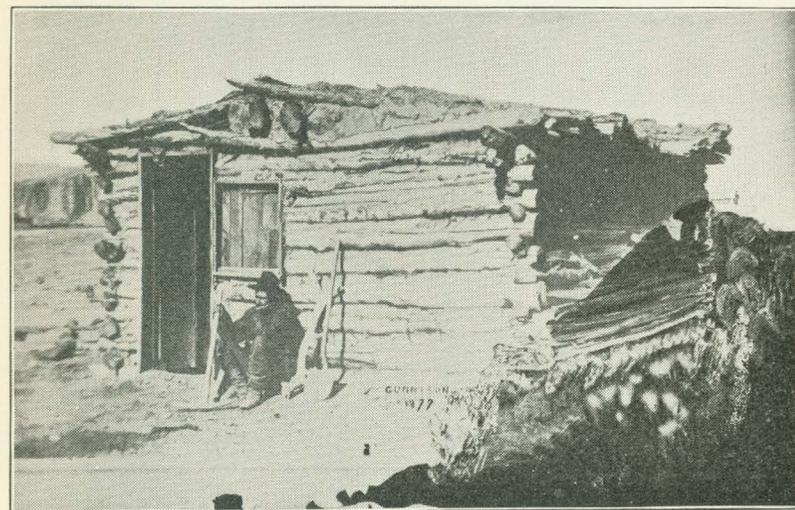
On December 30, 1873, five starving prospectors stumbled onto the cow camp by accident just as they were ready to admit defeat and lie down to die. Jocknick and Kelly were at the camp alone that winter and they killed "the fatted calf" (or cow) in honor of the occasion. Their visitors had been traveling for almost three weeks with practically no food and for the five days previous they had lived off the carcass of a half-starved coyote that they had killed. The names of only two of the five men have been preserved for us (Burk and Loutsenhizer) and so far as I know Colorado never heard of them again after they left the cow camp—rejoicing at their New Year's good fortune. But the early history of the Gunnison country is checkered with many a sadder tale.

During the "cow camp" days other men with visions of something more permanent were directing their interests toward the upper Gunnison Valley. Enthused over the glowing tales of the Gunnison country which he had gotten from Kit Carson, Beckwourth, Baker, La Fleur and numerous other old trappers and adventures, a "jack-of-all-trades" by the name of Sylvester Richardson, who was a restless adventurer from Wisconsin and had spent some time in the vicinity of Denver, joined a party of prospectors headed for the Gunnison country. Being a man who knew a little about everything he was able to tie up as geologist with a group of seasoned prospectors who had previously been in the country and located fissure veins of enormous size. The outfit was known as the Parsons Expedition of 1873.

During the summer Richardson saw a great deal of the country but the open valley at the vicinity of the junction of the Gunnison and Tomichi Rivers appealed to him so strongly that he determined to return and gather a colony of agriculturalists to take advantage of its wonderful opportunities. After much dis-

play of enthusiasm and a lot of hard work he succeeded in organizing a company with a capital stock of \$6,000, limited to sixty shares of \$100 each, no one person to hold more than two shares. Sylvester Richardson was elected president and Charles L. Beal and George Smith held the portfolios of secretary and treasurer, respectively. Arthur S. Niles was selected as the surveyor to lay out the homesteads. Thirty-one of these were platted, each a quarter of a mile wide and extending back a mile from the river.

The trip from Denver to the site selected on the Gunnison was fraught with many difficulties. After being on the road for but a single day they were overtaken by a terrible snow storm.



SYLVESTER RICHARDSON'S CABIN IN GUNNISON, 1877

Only the hardier ones reached the Western Slope, where they found themselves among the Indians. General Adams at the Los Pinos Agency offered them assistance and advice, but warned them to keep off the territory belonging by treaty to the Indians. In order to be certain of their location Niles surveyed a line in advance and found the site of their intended destination to be safely outside the 107th meridian.

On May 21, 1874, the party arrived at the Gunnison and began explorations with definite ideas in mind of establishing permanent homes. About twenty cabins were begun during the summer, but it is probable that work did not proceed very far on some of them as Ada C. Kansgen, Dean of Women at Western

State College, in an unpublished thesis on "The Geography of the Gunnison Country," quotes F. V. Hayden of the U. S. Geological Survey, who traversed the district in 1874, as saying: "There were a half dozen log cabins, most of them in an unfinished state, and without inhabitants. The only (white) persons we found living in the valley were the two men who have charge of the cattle for the Indians of the Los Pinos Agency. . . . Men from the Agency were busy cutting grass on the meadows (of the Tomichi Valley). The hay was made for the use of the Agency and the cattle camp. The cattle were allowed to run wild on the hills throughout the year and seemed to do well."

Beal and two or three others devoted some time the first season to agricultural experiments and marketed their crops at good prices to the Los Pinos Agency. A considerable number of the little colony caught the mining fever before the summer was over and abandoned the infant settlement. This is not surprising in view of the fact that Gunnison lay at the hub of a rich mineral area. This fact had been used as an argument in interesting the colonists. Few, if any, of the members remained in the new settlement during the first winter. The discovery of rich ores in various directions from Gunnison justified the belief that Gunnison would one day be an important commercial center; but temporarily the effect was to draw settlers away from the agricultural area.

In spite of discouragements Sylvester Richardson, "Professor" Richardson as he was called, never lost his faith. Within two years his indomitable faith had inspired the erection of a large saw mill on Mill Creek, a bridge across the Gunnison River and the opening of a coal mine on Ohio Creek. The Ouray excitement almost cleaned the Gunnison settlement out, but in June of 1876 the smelter activities of Lake City resulted in the leasing of the Mt. Carbon coal mine on Ohio Creek from Richardson, who had acquired it from the original owners, and the construction of a good road over which to freight the coal. The saw mill, likewise, moved to Lake City leaving the Gunnison community devoid of almost all activity with the exception of ranching.

In the spring of 1877 a full board of officers was appointed by Governor Routt for the new county of Gunnison, which the legislature had created. The first incumbents were Lyman Cheeny and W. W. Outcalt, as county commissioners; David Smith, county judge; George Yule, as sheriff; J. P. Kelly, treasurer; S. B. Harvey, county clerk; S. Richardson, surveyor. It was also in the same year that the enterprising little colony formed a town company and laid out the town of Gunnison, and Richardson built a house, the only building in the town for a year and a half.



PIONEERS OF GUNNISON

Upper, left to right: Alex Thomas and Lewis H. Easterly. Lower, left to right: Henry Crooks and Theodore Davis. (Photographs taken by C. E. Hagie in 1931.)

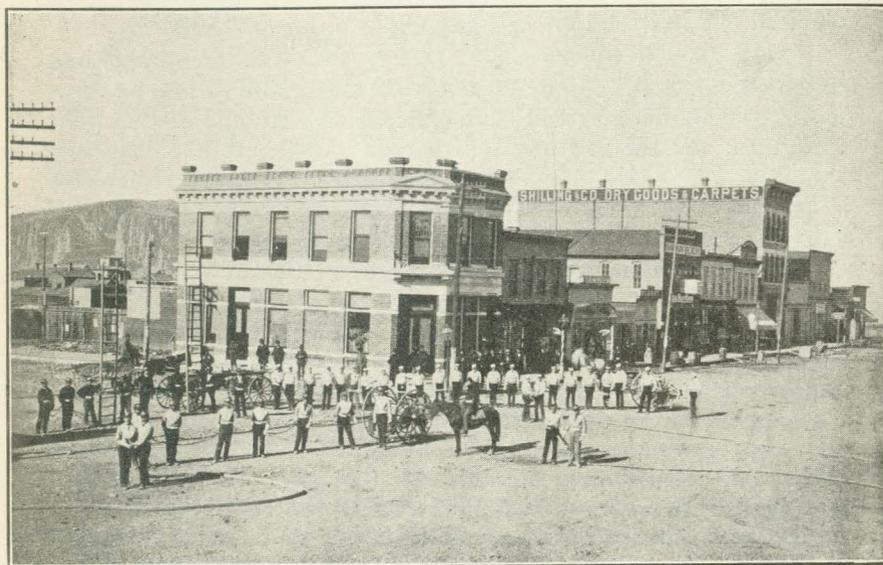
Due to a general lack of interest the original town company gave up the "ghost."

With the discovery of rich carbonates at the head of Quartz Creek and the North Tomichi, prospectors and miners swarmed all over the Gunnison country. On June 5, 1879, an entirely new Gunnison town organization was formed. This time the list included new names. In addition to Sylvester Richardson and Alonzo Hartman, Ex-Governor John Evans, Loudon Mullin and Henry C. Olney were members. Quoting from a special bulletin of the Colorado State Normal School of June 1, 1916, which sketches the period in question: "The town (Gunnison) was beautifully planned with wide streets and avenues; water for irrigation was put on the site. During the winter of 1879-80 a rupture in the town company took place; a part withdrew and made arrangements with the Denver and South Park railroad to pool about one thousand acres of land for town and railroad purposes. This was accomplished by the first of March, 1880, about two hundred acres being laid out and platted as the town site of West Gunnison. Richardson and Captain Loudon Mullin were the chief early promoters of West Gunnison, and Alonzo Hartman and others of East Gunnison. Richardson built the pioneer drug store in the fall of 1878, on what was later known as Wisconsin Avenue; the building served as church, office of the district clerk, law office, doctor's office, public school, and as a place for dancing and for public and political meetings. It was in this building that Miss Ida M. Gould, Gunnison's first public school teacher, held forth. Thousands came weekly. A correspondent, writing to the *Pueblo Chieftain* from Parlin's ranch, on May 17, 1880, says that on the day previous he counted two hundred fifty teams bound for Gunnison, Ruby, Gothic. 'One would think,' he says, 'that there must be an end to this procession, but the end is not yet, for far away on the Saguache road, there is a long line of white wagon covers.'"

In the hectic days of boom psychology two railway companies began a feverish race for the control of Gunnison's anticipated millions to be spent in transportation. These were the Denver and Rio Grande and the Denver and South Park systems. Previously the D. & R. G. had fought a battle with the Santa Fe for the control of the Royal Gorge. Eventually the Santa Fe relinquished the tracks and right of way to the Rio Grande. The latter company had then entered a friendly agreement of cooperation and mutual use of the tracks of the two systems, with the South Park, to Leadville and Gunnison. But the agreement was subsequently annulled and a battle of giants was on. The D. & R. G. undertook to build over the mountain at Marshall Pass

and the D. & S. P. tunneled through the continental divide under Alpine Pass, through rock that had already been displaced and broken down, necessitating the timbering of the bore for almost its entire length with redwood from California.

Against terrible odds in the securing of labor the two companies fought on. The D. & R. G. was again the victor and at 11:30 of August 8, 1881, the first passenger train pulled into Gunnison. The D. & S. P. did not run a train into Gunnison over their tracks until September 2d of the following year. Although the two roads struggled side by side for thirty years the South



GUNNISON'S FIRE DEPARTMENT, 1882

Park was handicapped by snowslides and higher cost of upkeep and eventually left the field to her hardier competitor.

During the rush days of 1880 two hundred houses were erected between May fifteenth and August fifteenth. The town was wide open—with everything that the term signifies, or did signify in the frontier days. Every kind of business sprang up and flourished. The Niehl and Fritz Brewery stood out as the big business at one extreme of the "necessities" scale with Stone and Phillips Grocery at the other. In between were livery barns, hotels, pool halls, sporting houses, clothiers, hardware stores and a school house, while a daily newspaper served the interests of all. Between 1880 and 1882 two banks were organized, stage lines were put into operation for freight, passenger and mail service

and eastern capitalists were vying with each other for a major "finger in the pie." Even English capital became interested in competition for control in various mining camps on the Western Slope.

A New York capitalist, E. A. Buck, editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, invested \$150,000 in Gunnison Valley enterprises. He connected the surrounding camps with 250 miles of private telegraph lines and owned and published the *Gunnison News Democrat*. Among his other holdings were the Bullion King Mine, and coal fields on Ohio Creek. Frank T. Palmer was his Gunnison manager. He was a liberal absentee citizen and among other gifts donated the first church bell to ring in the new "city."

A Missourian by the name of E. R. Moffet became interested in the Gunnison mining district in 1882 and, failing in an attempt to buy "The Silent Friend" mine, decided in August of that year to build a smelter at Gunnison to reduce the output of the surrounding mines. He erected the smelter in December of the same year, on the present site of Western State College, but the venture proved unprofitable and finally had to be abandoned.

In the same memorable year of 1882 Benjamin W. Lewis and other capitalists of St. Louis conceived the idea of making Gunnison, Colorado, the "Pittsburgh of the West." They bought four hundred acres of iron ore and fifteen hundred acres of coal fields in the county, but, aside from creating an immense boom in Gunnison property prices, nothing ever came of it of a permanent character except the building of a \$200,000 hotel, the La Veta, which still stands as a monument to the faith of the men who dreamed of making untold millions out of the exploitation of the natural resources of the Gunnison country. The hotel was opened in 1884 with the most gorgeous celebration imaginable. Mr. Lewis and his associates made one last attempt to capitalize on their dreams regarding Gunnison's potential possibilities by the erection of a smelter in the south part of town in 1886. Its ruins still stand as the cemetery of dead hopes.

In November of 1885 Professor Sylvester Richardson passed out of the Gunnison picture. He had lost his mushroom fortune in his various schemes of promotion and left for Utah to form one of the first gentile colonies in that state. Gunnison had evidently become too civilized for his restless, roving nature. It is said that his entire capital, at the time of leaving, consisted of three dollars in cash. In Utah he founded the town of Richardson and served it as postmaster for fourteen years.¹

¹According to information from the United States Post Office Department, the post office of Richardson, Utah, was established on September 15, 1886, and was discontinued June 30, 1908.

With the bursting of Gunnison's mining bubble the community gradually settled down to a sane, healthy condition. Stable institutions grew up, and in time they even became conservative. Today Gunnison is a typical college town, surrounded by prosperous ranches, a few small mines and the greatest wealth of beautiful scenery and sparkling trout streams of any community in a state noted for those attractions.

Archaeological Surveys

CARL E. GUTHE*

An archaeological survey is the logical first step in a study of the earlier civilizations of any region. Just as a business firm planning to invest funds in a corporation would make a survey of its assets and potentialities, so a research organization expecting to invest time and money in a study of the pre-history of a region should first devote its energies to an inventory of the archaeological assets and potentialities of the area under consideration.

In assembling data for the survey, it is advisable to concentrate upon such materials as may be obtained without excavation. There are two reasons for postponing intensive excavational activities. The first is that a satisfactory piece of work requires considerable time and a large amount of money. If the general archaeological problems involved are not understood, it is probable that both time and money will be wasted in investigating sites which have no scientific significance. The second reason for delaying excavation is that such work should be done by individuals who have been trained in interpreting the several kinds of evidence secured by exposing objects and by determining the relationships which they bear to one another and to the deposits in which they occur.

The sources from which the data for an archaeological survey may be drawn are books and manuscripts, private collections, and original research.

An almost unbelievable amount of information may be secured from libraries. The personal, popular, or scientific reports of journeys by individuals in a region during the early days of European occupation, while the native Americans still occupied the land, contain valuable details concerning the ways in which

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the Indians used the land and customs and habits which may have a direct bearing upon the interpretation of evidence found in deposits. Following the days of the pioneers and settlers, the Government sent representatives into the various parts of the country to make scientific explorations and to survey the land according to the custom of the European. These men, trained in accurate observation and in various forms of engineering, placed in their official records information concerning trails, village sites, and ruins which they encountered. In many states these early governmental records may be found in manuscript form in the state and county archives. Finally, there are the more recent professional archaeological publications dealing with the records of the immediate region under consideration and related areas, which must be studied and abstracted in order to afford the individuals conducting the survey a basic knowledge of the problems involved with the least amount of expense. A study of these scientific publications is analogous to the training received in school by means of which experiences may be secured vicariously.

The second major source of information for use in an archaeological survey is the group of private collections within the district. In practically every county in our country, it is possible to find one or more individuals who are interested in what is known as "Indian curios." Unfortunately, some of these collectors do not have materials which are of value historically, although they may have an emotional value to the owner, or a commercial value to that group of persons who buy and sell such objects. In order that these collections may have historical significance, it is necessary that each object have with it a record showing where, when, and by whom it was collected, and the conditions under which it was secured. Some collectors have supplemented the materials obtained in their vicinity with objects of doubtful historic value from other regions. To the archaeologist only the specimens actually found by the collector himself can have any historical significance. The owners of such collections, through a life-long, intimate acquaintance with the immediate region surrounding their homes, are better equipped than anyone else to study the Indian records of that vicinity. Each of them can render a unique service to the history of our country by gathering and properly recording the data concerning the remains of the Indian occupation of his neighborhood.

The third source of evidence for use in an archaeological survey is the field work itself. The primary purpose of a field reconnaissance is to secure accurate information regarding the Indian remains in such a way that a future review of the assets of the

region will be unnecessary. A knowledge of the kind of information required and of the probable types of evidence to be expected is an essential part of the equipment of the man doing such field work. Unless a trained man can be obtained, this aspect of the survey should not be undertaken without the guidance of experienced individuals in other organizations. In addition to this technical knowledge, the individual in charge of the reconnaissance should be able to make acquaintances easily and keep on good terms with the people living in the region which he studies.

The field reconnaissance may take one of several forms, depending partly upon the kind of country in which the work is done, and upon the organization sponsoring the survey. Sometimes a house-to-house canvass will reveal practically all of the Indian sites of the region. Again, a contact with local enthusiasts or a single individual who is well-known in a county or smaller division of the area may make possible a saving of time and effort. Or it may prove advisable to run survey lines much in the way civil engineers do. In the less inhabited regions, following river courses and other natural routes of travel may result in the discovery of most of the Indian localities.

It is not sufficient merely to secure the various kinds of data obtainable from these three sources. Some provision must be made for correlating the information and for analyzing it according to different criteria, many of them statistical. The survey must be administered by an organization, preferably already in existence, the personnel of which is sufficiently interested in the archaeology of the region to give to the survey the necessary facilities for its advancement. In various parts of the country, state departments of education, conservation, or history; universities; museums; and occasionally privately organized groups have undertaken such a survey. The facilities needed for the coordination of the data are an office force and technical staff equipped to handle correspondence; to create a system of records which makes possible the filing of information in available form; and to arrange archaeological specimens systematically, thereby creating confidence in the survey on the part of individuals interested in what it is doing. By means of compilations in the form of statistics, groups of materials and data, and carefully prepared charts showing distribution of various characters, the interpretation of the many kinds of information received from the three major sources may be demonstrated.

Such a survey cannot be completed within a few weeks or months. The State Historical Society of Iowa spent seven years

upon the preliminary survey of that state. The University of Michigan is publishing, after nine years of investigation, an archaeological atlas of Michigan. It is essential that the plan of procedure of an archaeological survey be considered carefully, and that definite arrangements regarding personnel and financial support be made to care for the work over a number of years.

The promotion of an archaeological survey is not a purely theoretical matter, since such enterprises are being carried forward by a variety of organizations in seventeen states of the union. Some of them are just beginning, others are already well under way, and Michigan, New York, and Ohio have published atlases.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike

LEROY R. HAFEN

Zebulon Montgomery Pike was bred to a military career. His father, Major Zebulon Pike, had served in the American Revolution and an ancestor, Captain John Pike, had distinguished himself in the early Indian wars of New Jersey colony.¹ Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born at Lambertton, now a part of Trenton, New Jersey, on January 5, 1779. His childhood was spent in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where he attended country school. Schoolmates later described him as a slender, fair-complexioned youth, rather retiring, except that when aroused he exhibited a vigorous fighting spirit.

While yet a boy Montgomery entered his father's company as a cadet, and at twenty was commissioned a first lieutenant.² From a companion officer, with whom he was intimately associated for eight months in 1800-1801, we get this description of the lieutenant at that time: "Pike was very gentlemanly in his deportment—manners agreeable and polished. . . . His appearance was military yet somewhat peculiar, he generally leaned or inclined his head on one side so that the tip of his Chapeau touched his right shoulder when on parade. His stature was about five feet eight inches, tolerably square and robust for his age,

¹*Naval Biography, consisting of Memoirs of the most distinguished officers of the American Navy; to which is annexed the Life of General Pike* (Cincinnati, 1815), p. 275. This biography of Pike is listed in the table of contents of the volume as coming from the *Analectic Magazine*. The volume by John M. Niles, *The Life of Oliver Hazard Perry* (Hartford, 1821), also reproduces, in the Appendix, the biography of Pike taken from the *Analectic Magazine*. See also, Henry Whiting, *Life of Zebulon Montgomery Pike* in Jared Sparks, *Library of American Biography*, second series, Vol. V (Boston, 1845).

²F. B. Heitman, *Historical Register of the United States Army*, I, 890.

which I think, must have been twenty years in 1800. His complexion was then ruddy, eyes blue, light hair, good features. His habits were in keeping with his character, uniformly abstemious and temperate; his attention to duty unremitted."³

During the summer of 1801 Lieutenant Pike obtained a furlough to visit Cincinnati, Ohio, and while on leave was married to Miss Clarissa Brown, daughter of General John Brown of Kentucky, a general who had served in the Revolutionary War. Several children were born of this union, only one of whom, a daughter, was to reach maturity. (She was to marry Symmes Harrison, a son of President William Henry Harrison.)

For several years Lieutenant Pike served with the frontier army in the Ohio country, restlessly awaiting an opportunity to distinguish himself. With a burning ambition for glory he fretted under routine and inactivity. An "all-ruling passion swayed him irresistibly to the profession of arms and the pursuits of military glory."⁴ At length, in 1805, a career of adventure and distinction opened for him. He was commissioned to explore the headwaters of the Mississippi.

Instructions from General Wilkinson directed the young lieutenant to explore the great river to its source, record the physical features and resources of the region, note the character and extent of the fur trade, and "spare no pains to conciliate the Indians and to attach them to the United States."⁵

Embarking with his little party of 20 men, Pike set out from St. Louis on August 9, 1805, with provisions for four months stored away in his seventy-foot keelboat. With sail and tow line as motive power, he ascended the river, making from 25 to 30 miles per day. By October 16th he had reached a point 233 miles above the Falls of St. Anthony. Here snow began to fall as winter weather set in. So Pike set about building huts and a stockade for shelter. He then left part of his men at these quarters and with the remainder set out with sleds and a canoe on December 10th for the source of the Mississippi. With two men harnessed abreast to each sled fair progress was made.

He reached what he thought to be the source of the Mississippi and, after visiting some British trading posts and holding councils with the Indians of the region, he began on February 18th, the return journey to the stockade. After reaching this point he waited for the breaking up of the ice and then embarked.

³Letter written May 20, 1845, by Gen. John R. Williams, reproduced in Elliott Coues, *The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, I, xxiv.

⁴*Naval Biography, op. cit.*, p. 278.

⁵Coues, *op. cit.*, p. 843.

Floating down the river, he reached St. Louis on the 30th of April.⁶

Lieutenant Pike was not to remain long among the settlements. His proven ability to cope with difficulties and hardships on the Mississippi expedition recommended him for a larger and more important project, a journey into the great Southwest. General Wilkinson again gave the instructions. Pike was to return certain Osage captives to their homes in present Kansas and then to continue westward to the head branches of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. He was to explore the country, establish peaceful relations with the Indians, and reconnoiter the Spanish settlements of New Mexico.

Pike's second exploring party consisted of twenty-three men, including the civilian volunteer, Dr. John H. Robinson, and the interpreter, A. F. ("Baroney") Vasquez.⁷ They left St. Louis by boat on July 15, 1806, and in August delivered the Osage captives to their old home.⁸ Here horses were procured and on September 1st Captain Pike (whose promotion to a captaincy occurred by routine on August 12th) moved westward. By the 25th the party had reached the "Pawnee Republic" on the Republican River. The day before they had been joined by a Pawnee who wore a scarlet coat, a Spanish medal and a medal of George Washington. These gave an indication of the various influences that were being brought to bear upon these Indians. At the village definite information was received pertaining to the recent Spanish expedition that had penetrated United States territory to this point.

The ever-watchful Spaniards had learned of projected American expeditions into the far West and had launched a counter movement. The boundary line between the possessions of the United States and Spain had not yet been drawn and Spain was anxious to ward off the incursions of an aggressive nation. The Spanish expedition had reached the Pawnee villages before Pike arrived. It had greatly impressed the Indians, being an imposing body of six hundred mounted troops with two thousand horses and mules—quite in contrast to Pike's small and poorly equipped party. The leader, Don Facundo Malgares, had given flags and medals to the Pawnees and had instructed them to turn back any Americans who attempted to penetrate beyond the Indian villages.

⁶Z. M. Pike, *An Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi and Through the Western Parts of Louisiana*, etc. (Philadelphia, 1810), p. 105.

⁷Antoine Francois Vasquez was a brother of Louis Vasquez, later to be the founder of Fort Vasquez in Colorado. Pike Vasquez, a son of the interpreter, became one of the pioneer merchants of Denver.

⁸For the summary of this expedition we follow Pike's *Account*.

When Pike reached the Pawnee villages the chief attempted to dissuade him from going farther west, indicating that he would use force to stop the Americans if necessary. Pike replied that he "had been sent out by our *great father* to explore the western country . . . and that the young warriors of his *great American Father were not women* to be turned back by words."⁹ A show of courage and determination melted the Indian resistance and Pike was enabled to continue his journey.

At the Big Bend of the Arkansas two canoes were made from cottonwood logs and buffalo skins, with which Lieutenant Wilkinson (son of the General) and five soldiers descended the river and returned to the States. Captain Pike and the remaining men continued up the river, following the south bank in the trail recently made by Malgares' troops. On November 12th the little party reached the present territory of Colorado and three days later caught their first view of the mountains. "When our small party arrived on the hill," says Pike, "they, with one accord, gave three *cheers* to the *Mexican mountains*." Pike was seeing the Front Range of the Rockies and the famous peak that was one day to bear his name.

Camp was made at the present site of Rocky Ford on the 17th and the site of Pueblo was reached on the 23d. Since a band of sixty threatening Indians were encountered it was decided to put up a defense. Pike records, under date of November 24th: "Early in the morning cut down 14 logs, and put up a breastwork, five feet high on three sides and the other was thrown on the river." Humble as was this little fortress, it was undoubtedly the first defensive structure erected by Americans in Colorado.

In the afternoon of the 24th Pike set out from the mouth of Fountain Creek with three companions to climb to the summit of "Highest Peak" (Pikes Peak). The third night thereafter was spent near the top of Cheyenne Mountain, where they "encamped in a cave, without blankets, victuals or water." From Pike's diary we quote:

"27th November, Thursday.—Arose hungry, dry, and extremely sore, from the inequality of the rocks, on which we had lain all night, but were amply compensated for toil by the sublimity of the prospects below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds, which appeared like the ocean in a storm; wave piled on wave and foaming, whilst the sky was perfectly clear where we were. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain; here we found the

⁹Pike's *Account*, p. 146.

snow middle deep; no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer which stood at 9° above 0 at the foot of the mountain, here fell to 4° below 0. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of 15 or 16 miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinical. This with the condition of my soldiers who had only light overalls on, and no stockings, and every way ill provided to endure the inclemency of the region; the bad prospect of killing any thing to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days, which it must occasion, determined us to return."¹⁰

Retracing his steps Pike reached the mouth of the Fountain on the 29th. His five-day excursion toward "Highest Peak" was rather unfruitful, but it no doubt helped to attach his name to the famous mountain.

On the last day of November, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, Pike and his little party turned westward again, continuing up the Arkansas to the mouth of the Royal Gorge. From this point Pike turned northward into South Park and after exploring this beautiful upland area he crossed over Trout Creek Pass to the Arkansas. After ascending the stream to the vicinity of Twin Lakes he returned. The men had been practically without food for two days when buffaloes were encountered in the vicinity of present Salida and eight of the animals were killed. Christmas day was therefore celebrated in semi-luxury. The further descent of the river was difficult. Sleds were made and were drawn over the ice by the men. Finally, on Pike's birthday, January 5th, the previous camp at the Canon City site was reoccupied.

Here Pike decided to build a blockhouse for defense and deposit, leave two men in charge of the horses and part of the baggage, and with the rest of the men cross the mountains on foot in search of the Red River. In conformity with this plan the march was resumed on January 14th, Grape Creek being followed to the southward. Although the packs for each man averaged seventy pounds, good progress was made during the first days. But the snow grew deeper and difficulties multiplied. The feet of some of the men were frozen and the food supply ran short. They crossed to the headwaters of the Huerfano and finally effected a passage over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains by way of

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 168-9. The temperature readings, as suggested by Mr. Lawrence Lewis, were by Reaumur's thermometer, which has freezing point at zero and boiling point at 80°. By Fahrenheit the readings would have been 52¼° and 23°, respectively.

Sand Hill, or Medano, Pass. Toward the winding thread of the Rio Grande the party moved, and after reaching the stream in the vicinity of present Alamosa, continued southward, seeking a place where timber could be had for building a boat with which to descend the river. Pike says he thought this stream was the Red River, but it proved to be the Rio Grande.

On the Conejos branch of the river, wood was found and here Pike decided to build a fort as a protection against the Indians, while a party went back to bring in the men whom he had left on the Arkansas and east of the Sangre de Cristo range. The fort, or stockade, was built of cottonwood logs and was thirty-six feet square and twelve feet high. Sharpened pickets projected over the wall. A ditch four feet wide was dug around the fort and filled with water. In this sturdy fortress Pike felt secure from attack.

On February 7th Dr. Robinson set out alone for Santa Fe. His pretended object was to collect a debt from Baptiste La Lande—who had been outfitted by William Morrison of Kaskaskia, Illinois, to carry on trade with New Mexico, but who had remained among the Spaniards and had made no return for the goods to Morrison. Robinson's real purpose, however, was to enter New Mexico under cover of collecting the debt and then obtain as much information as possible regarding the geography and resources of the country and the conditions there.

When the Doctor reached Santa Fe and the Spaniards learned that an American expedition was on their borders they were greatly concerned. They dispatched one hundred troops to notify Pike that he was intruding in Spanish territory and to bring him to the New Mexican capital. Being informed that he was on a branch of the Rio Grande instead of the Red River, Pike immediately hauled down the United States flag. He reports that from his fort he could have defied the Spaniards, but he considered it wiser to accept the Spanish invitation and accompany the troops to Santa Fe.

Upon reaching the New Mexican capital on March 3d, Captain Pike was brought to the Governor's palace, where he was informed that he would be taken to the Commandant General at Chihuahua. The next day he set out under escort and in thirty days reached the City of Chihuahua. He was brought before Salcedo and examined. The Captain was well treated while here, except that his papers were taken from him. These papers were destined to rest in the Spanish archives for one hundred years, then to be discovered by an American researcher, Dr. Herbert E.

Bolton. (They have since been returned to the United States and now repose in the archives of the War Department.)

After remaining almost four weeks in Chihuahua, Pike was escorted eastward through Texas and was finally released on the Louisiana border. "Language cannot express the gaiety of my heart," he writes, "when I once more [July 1, 1807] beheld the standard of my country waved aloft!"

In the meantime Pike's wife and parents had been anxiously awaiting some word regarding him. Finally, on July 15, 1807, Zebulon Pike, the Captain's father, addressed a letter to Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War, in which he said:

"Permit me to request the Honor of a few lines informing if Z. M. Pike received orders for His Government on His late exploring expedition, from The President, Yourself, or Genl Wilkinson, and if any or how late the last information or communications from Him. I need not mention how disagreeable a state of Suspense is, nor, to move your sympathy, to say more than that the anxiety and concern exhibited for His safety, by an affectionate Mother and Wife, is Great. By way of consolation to the former, I have thought proper to extend the probable Period of His return, untill this month; Mrs. Pike is now beginning to lose confidence in my opinion, consequently my consolating influence is daily lessening, and Her afflictions increasing—

"I decline in Strength as regular as Time paseth and How-
ever Painfull the reflection, It is by the Bounty of my Country
Life is rendered Tolerable.

"Be assured I write in Pain as well that I am

Your Very Obedt. Servt.,

ZEBN PIKE."

Secretary Dearborn wrote on the letter: "Tell him his son is safe and is probably at Natchitoches"¹¹—where Captain Pike actually was at the time.

From Natchitoches Captain Pike wrote a report to General Wilkinson and one to Secretary Dearborn, recounting briefly his route and his treatment by the Spaniards and indicating that despite the loss of certain of his papers he had skillfully secreted others and had secured a wealth of valuable information on the geography and resources of the region visited.

Upon returning to the United States, Captain Pike found himself somewhat involved, at least in popular conception, in the nefarious designs of Aaron Burr and General Wilkinson for an empire in the Southwest. There seems little doubt that in the

¹¹E. Coues, *Pike*, I, xxi.

mind of Wilkinson the Pike expedition was a part of that general scheme; but as to Pike's knowledge of that connection or design, conclusive evidence is lacking.¹² No part of his conduct while on the borders or in the territory of the Spanish dominion was incompatible with truly patriotic motives. The information he was able to gather in the course of his expedition was of value to his government. Pike's subsequent career is a permanent exhibit evidencing his genuine patriotism.

Some inferences being made, even in Congress, that Pike's Southwestern expedition had a connection with Burr's scheme, the Captain asked the Secretary of War for a statement. "I feel it a duty to myself; my family; and my profession;" writes the Captain, "to request of you a testimonial which may shut the mouth of Calumny—and strike dumb the voice of slander." Secretary Dearborn replied under date of February 24, 1808:

"Sir, In answer to your letter of the 22d instant, I can with pleasure observe, that although the two exploring expeditions you have performed, were not previously ordered by the president of the United States, there were frequent communications on the subject of each, between General Wilkinson and this department; of which the president of the United States was, from time to time, acquainted; and it will be no more than what justice requires, to say, that your conduct, in each of those expeditions, met the approbation of the president; and that the information you obtained and communicated to the executive, in relation to the source of the Mississippi and the natives in that quarter, and the country generally, as well on the Upper Mississippi, as that between the Arkansaw and the Missouri, and on the borders of the latter extensive river to its source, and the country adjacent, has been considered highly interesting, in a political, geographical and historical view. And you may rest assured, that your services are held in high estimation by the president of the United States; and if opinion of my own can afford you any satisfaction, I can very frankly declare that I consider the public much indebted to you for the enterprising, persevering and judicious manner, in which you have performed them."¹³

Immediately upon his return from the Southwest tour Captain Pike set about preparing his journal and notes for publication. The work was so far completed early in 1808 that he made arrangements with Conrad, Lucas & Co. of Philadelphia for the

¹²Dr. E. Coues, the editor of the Pike expeditions, considers the Pike journey into the Southwest as a part of the Burr-Wilkinson design. As to whether Pike was cognizant of this connection he does not venture a direct statement, but makes some inferences toward the conclusion that he was. See Coues' notes on pages lv, 499, 504, 563, 571.

¹³Pike's *Account*, Appendix to Part II, pp. 66-67.

publication. Pike was to pay the cost of printing the volume and allow the publishers 20 per cent on all sales.¹⁴

The volume, which was published in 1810, created much interest not only at home but abroad. A London edition of the book appeared in 1811 and this was followed by a translation in French in 1812, a Dutch edition in 1812-3, and a German edition in 1813.¹⁵ These foreign editions were not only a tribute to Major Pike, his book, and his service, but are also an evidence of the widespread desire then existing for information about the almost unknown Southwest.

On May 3, 1808, Pike had been commissioned Major of the Sixth Infantry. In the years immediately following he saw service in Missouri, Maryland, and Louisiana. Then promotion came, to the colonelcy of the 15th Infantry (July 6, 1812). The second war with England now was on and Colonel Pike was to play a brief but brilliant part in the conflict. His character and reputation at this time are well described by his military biographer, General Whiting, who writes:

"Probably no officer in the army, at that time, was held in higher estimation. This was not because he had seen much actual service, for he had hardly been in the presence of the enemy before the day on which he fell. It was on the promise, rather than the fulfilment, that the public mind rested his character for boldness and enterprise; and his fitness to direct and control men had been determined, to an extent that warranted much confidence, by his expeditions in the Northwest and the Southwest. He had there given such proofs of these qualities, as established a reputation in advance. He had exhibited, moreover, an indefatigable activity in the drill of his regiment, requiring of all under his command an unwearied devotion to duty, and an exact and prompt obedience to orders.

"His regiment became an example of zeal, discipline, and aptitude in movements; his men had an unbounded belief in his capacity, and his officers looked up to him with unusual respect and affection. He inspired that confidence in all under his orders, which is almost a certain evidence that it is merited."¹⁶

When General Henry Dearborn determined to attack York, Canada, in the spring of 1813, he decided to entrust the leadership of the troops to Pike—now a Brigadier General.

From Sackett's Harbor, at the east end of Lake Ontario, the

¹⁴Letter of Pike reproduced in E. Coues. *Pike*, p. lvi.

¹⁵Copies of all these editions are in the E. B. Morgan collection, in the State Historical Society library. In 1889 an edition of Pike's work was published by W. H. Lawrence & Co. at Denver, and in 1895 appeared Dr. Elliott Coues' elaborately-annotated edition in three volumes.

¹⁶Henry Whiting, *Life of Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, pp. 309-310.

American troops embarked in Commodore Chauncey's fourteen-vessel fleet and crossed the lake to York (present Toronto). The 1,700 American troops, all under immediate command of Brigadier General Pike, landed on the Canada shore before Fort York and began the assault on April 27, 1813. From one of Pike's companions, who was wounded at the General's side in the attack, we get this account of the battle:

"As soon as our force were all landed and collected, we were formed into platoons and marched in that order towards the enemy's works, flanked by the rifle corps. Our march was by the lake road in sections. . . . [The British troops tried to hold back the American advance, but in vain. Pike's troops pushed on.]

"The firing very soon ceased altogether, and we were expecting a flag of surrender at the very moment when a terrible explosion of the British magazine took place. . . . [General Sheaffe, despairing of being able to hold the fort, blew up the powder magazine to cover his retreat. Stones and timbers flew in all directions. It was a stone blown from the magazine that gave General Pike his death wound.]

"When the surgeons were carrying their wounded general and his aids from the field, our troops, which had just formed, gave a tremendous *huzza!* The General turned his head anxiously to enquire what that was for; a sergeant who accompanied him said: '*The British union-jack is coming down, general—the stars are going up!*'—he heaved a sigh of extasy and smiled even amidst the anguish. . . ."¹⁷ General Pike was carried on board the Commodore's ship, where a few hours later he died.

"Military history," says Dr. Coues, "hardly furnishes a closer parallel than that between the death of Pike before York and that of Wolfe before Quebec. Each led to the assault; each conquered; each fell in the arms of victory; each is said to have pillowed his head on the stricken colors of the defenders."¹⁸ And the likeness is the more impressive when we read in Pike's letter written to his father the day before embarking for York:

"I embark tomorrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbor, at the head of a column of 1,500 choice troops, on a secret expedition. If success attends my steps, honor and glory await my name—if defeat, still shall it be said we died like brave men, and conferred honor, even in death, on the AMERICAN NAME.

"Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, O my father? May Heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country. But if we are

¹⁷*Niles Register*, Supplement to Vol. V, pp. 56-60.

¹⁸E. Coues, *Pike*, p. c.

destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory." ¹⁹

General Pike's last letter, written to his wife the night before his tragic death, is a touching missive:

"My dear Clara—We are now standing on and off the harbor of York, which we shall attack at daylight in the morning. I shall dedicate these last moments to you, my love, and tomorrow throw all other ideas but my country to the winds. As yet, I know not if General Dearborn lands; he has acted honorably so far, and I feel great gratitude to the old gentleman; my sword and pen shall both be exerted to do him honor. I have no new injunction, no new charge to give you, nor no new idea to communicate; yet we love to commune with those we love, more especially when we conceive it may be the last time in this world. Should I fall, defend my memory, and only believe, had I lived, I would have aspired to deeds worthy of your husband. Remember me, with a father's love—a father's care, to our dear daughter; and believe me to be with the warmest sentiments of love and friendship,

Your

Montgomery." ²⁰

Following an elaborate military funeral, General Pike's remains were interred at Sackett's Harbor. He immediately became one of the outstanding heroes of the war. His regiment, the press, and the people generally were lavish in their demonstrations to do him honor. ²¹

could be made to take the place of machinery parts from St. Louis and Pittsburgh.

Early in 1860 plans for an iron foundry were formulated and construction was completed by July 4th. This plant was located in old Auraria (West Denver) on Blake Street, between Second and Third, and was near the present building of the Merchants Biscuit Company, and was owned and operated by Langford & Co. At that time material for making castings was scarce and the limited supply came from broken or misfit parts of



JAMES MCGINN, JR., BESIDE THE RUINS OF THE MARSHALL IRON FURNACE (MAY, 1931)

heavy stamp mill machinery, old stoves and other small parts of cast iron.

Joseph M. Marshall was the "Co." of the Langford foundry firm and the original discoverer of the exposures of coal deposits on South Boulder Creek, the previous year. Marshall had also noted in the same vicinity, concretions or nodules of hematite (oxide of iron), that occurred in the sandstone and shales and underlying the lime sheet.

With the supply of "scrap" iron now so diminished that

The First Iron Manufactory in Colorado

ALBERT B. SANFORD

We are disposed to associate the activities of Colorado pioneers with ox team caravans, Indian fights, sluicing gold dust from mountain gulches or crushing surface quartz in primitive arrastras or crude stamp mills. But let us call attention to another type of activity. We shall tell of the first iron foundry in Denver and of the first native iron produced from local ores. The essential elements for reduction were found conveniently grouped and the product was of such a quality that the finest castings

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. lxxxii.

²⁰This letter, never before republished so far as I know, was found by the writer in *Niles Register*, IX, p. 155 (Oct. 28, 1815).

²¹The sword carried by Gen. Pike at the time of his heroic death is now among the collections of the State Historical Society in the Colorado State Museum.

junk dealers and small boys of the period who had picked up every small bit of iron in dumps and alleys, reported that the available supply was exhausted, further operations of the foundry threatened to cease or be greatly curtailed. It was at the suggestion of Marshall that the firm make an effort to smelt iron from the South Boulder ore and, with this apparently the only possible source of supply, a furnace was erected near the foundry, and ore, lime rock and coal were hauled to Denver.

From the *Rocky Mountain News* of May 27, 1861, under the caption of "Iron Manufacture," we quote Mr. Byers: "Langford & Co., proprietors of the Denver Foundry, brought a 'pig' of 'Pikes Peak iron' to our office, a sample of some fourteen hundred pounds produced in their blast furnace a few days ago in a six hours' run. It was from native ore, yielding thirty-five to forty per cent of metallic iron of a very fine quality." After mention of the difficulties encountered in the use of surface coal, distance for transporting ore and fluxing elements, he further observed: "Now that it is demonstrated that iron sufficient to supply the wants of the country can be manufactured here cheaper than it can be imported from the states, we hope companies will be formed with sufficient capital to open and work our mines extensively."

About this time Langford & Co. cast a cannon,¹ the first that was ever made in the great mountain region. It was only a two-inch bore. It was first used in firing the national salute on July 4, 1861. When Denver was threatened by the Reynolds gang of Confederate "bushwhackers" who started from the South with the boast that they would take the country, this "artillery" was prepared as one of the instruments for their reception. Later, when Indians had murdered people within twenty miles of Denver and reports were spread that they were actually coming, the gun was mounted and made ready to defend the settlement.

In 1876 when Denver and all Colorado were celebrating the territory's admission to the Union, the old gun was taken to a spot now occupied by the City Hall and, manned by a specially picked "firing squad," helped proclaim the joy of the inhabitants. Now it rests in a corner of the War Relics department of the State Historical Society's collections.

It appears that Mr. Marshall withdrew from the firm of Langford & Co. and directed his efforts to the building of a blast furnace near the point previously mentioned on South Boulder. With the experience gained in numerous tests of what was not more

¹The casting of the cannon was done by John W. Nesmith, who in later years was president of the Colorado Iron Works in Denver.

than an experimental plant in Denver, Marshall seems to have succeeded, for we find in the *News* of July 1, 1864, the following:

"J. M. Marshall of the firm of Marshall & Co. left us a sample of 'pig iron' from his furnace on South Boulder. This was from the first blast of about a week ago and is of superior quality. The yield from the ore² averages about forty per cent."

Continuing, we read: "This is one of the most important manufacturing projects yet started in Colorado. It should supply every want in that line and a large share of the iron for the Pacific Railroad should be made here."

Within a few steps from a point where the Eldorado Springs road branches from the Denver-Boulder highway via Marshall, and along the north side of the ditch, stands a moss and fern-covered wall built of heavy sandstone blocks. This was the south end of the old Marshall iron smelting plant. It is almost hidden by trees and brush that have grown since the days it played an important part in the industrial activities of Colorado pioneers. Back of this wall and some twenty feet higher, runs the Goodhue irrigating canal with seepage through the crevices that gathers a little below and forms a rivulet.

Marshall built the ditch to this point, where sufficient volume operated an old-fashioned "overshot" waterwheel that furnished power for the blower and for other requirements. It was in later years and after the furnace had cooled for all time that the ditch was enlarged and extended eastward for irrigation.

Sitting on one of the projecting stones at the time of our recent visit, James McGinn, a native of the neighborhood, told of his father, who settled along South Boulder in 1859. When Marshall commenced operations the elder McGinn, with two brothers, burned charcoal at the mouth of the canon, some two miles west, and furnished the iron plant with this important ingredient for reduction.

According to Mr. McGinn, from stories his father related, the working out of the exact proportions of ore and fluxing materials, and keeping the stack from "freezing" were not the only problems that confronted Marshall and his employes, for many times they, with neighboring settlers, joined in defending

²Superficial examination of the apex of a hill about a half mile southeast of the village of Marshall, shows many of the nodules of ore lying on the surface and partially imbedded. They appear to be more plentiful in the shales, and weathering has gradually released them. From their appearance and technical description of "bog iron ore" it is reasonably certain that the nodules are of that variety. A very good specimen was obtained in an open cut and, with several samples of slag picked up at the furnace site, was brought to the State Museum.

their families and homes against invasions of hostile Indians who came from the plains.³

A merchantable cast iron was the sole product of the Marshall furnace that "blew out" after a few years of successful operation.

Colorado is proud of the great works at Pueblo, where they make "anything from a carpet tack to steel rails and great beams for modern buildings," but James M. Marshall's pioneer work on the hillside of a village that now bears his name should entitle him to a prominent place in our history. He was the "Tubal Cain" of Colorado.

Diary of a Freighting Trip From Kit Carson to Trinidad in 1870

P. G. SCOTT*

Left Atchison August 17 (1870) at 6:10 A. M. and arrived at [Kit] Carson at 7:30 on the 18th. Felt sick on the 17th and worse on the 18th. The country looks pretty well till near Lawrence. Stayed at Lawrence for 8½ hours and got acquainted with an Irish-American woman. Promised to call when I go back. Saw nothing of the country till next day and by that time we were past all farming. About 9:00 o'clock saw a herd of about fifty buffalo and continued seeing them now and then till after noon, when we saw no more. Nothing after that but prairie dogs. Saw lots of dugouts and lots of old ones. Saw Indians or Mexicans at one place piling wood and their oxen stampeded. The land is all alkali, having an appearance as if salt were sowed on it. In the buffalo range the prairie is literally covered with bones and carcasses in every stage of decay. There is actually nothing to describe about the route here, prairies with scarcely any grass, dugouts at every station. Saw two antelopes, some buffaloes, etc. Everyone carries a pistol apparently and when buffaloes crossed the track a great number were drawn to get a shot at them, and one man with a carbine, hit one we thought.

Slept in Music's store at Carson and thus saved \$1.00. Looked around in the morning and what piles of wagons, oxen and

*The gun owned and used by the elder McGinn in conflicts with the Indians was recently presented to the State Historical Society by Mr. McGinn, Jr., and bears two distinct notches and the mark, "Harpers Ferry 1846."

*See "Editorial Notes" elsewhere in this issue for a brief sketch of Mr. Scott and of the manuscripts from which this article is taken. Mr. Scott's article on John W. Prowers appeared in the Sept., 1930, issue of this magazine.—Ed.

Mexicans. Not one word of English can they speak. Was disappointed in getting out with Romaro, and went to hunt another train, but if I had not got a blacksmith to speak to them I would never have found where one of them was bound. There are quite a number of wooden houses, lots of tents, dugouts, etc., with plenty of saloons, drinking and gambling. These Mexicans are small, thin, dark, dirty, ragged, and generally ugly looking beings.

Great numbers of "prairie schooners," oxen, tents, etc., all around here like 100 gypsy encampments. No fancy cooking apparatus. I wonder how I will like it. I am going with Dolore Pathea. Got acquainted with Mr. L. F. Warder, Fort Union, New Mexico, and he says that if I had not had my passage paid he would have taken me with him and not charged me a "red." He gave me his address and told me to call if ever I went his way. I will have to stay here another night. Mr. — made the bargain for me and I pay \$10 and gave the half in advance.

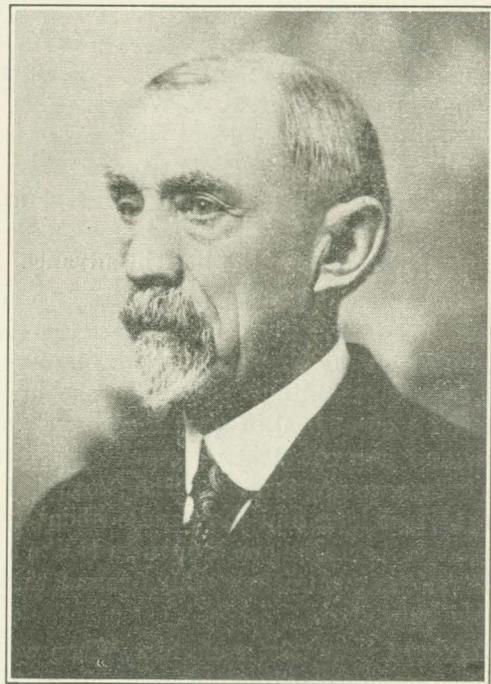
Started from Carson at 7 o'clock Saturday, August 20th, and in one-half hour came to a sandy bottom where there were several mule wagons stuck, but by dint of whipping and shouting they got through. In our train they put nine yoke of oxen to one wagon but it took a great deal of shouting in their own peculiar Mexican lingo, and a great deal of cracking of these terrible bullock whips before we got through. The "lash" of these whips is about 12 to 14 feet long and the handle about two feet with a buckskin "cracker" and the crack of them is like a pistol going off. These fellows can swing their whips round their heads and strike a terrible blow.

Quite cold; could wear winter clothes. When we got through the sand the oxen were turned out to graze about 9 A. M. They then proceeded to gather dry dung to make a fire with which to do some cooking—and such cooking. If I can partake of it I need never complain of being fastidious. I do not think these Mexicans ever wash, and the hand that piled up the dung for the fire and lit it was soon up to the wrists in the dough for the "cakes."

Dined at 11 o'clock on coffee, cakes, and fresh meat, cooked in a deep frying pan; each got some coffee in a tin cup and all hands sat round the frying pan and dipped their bread in the pan among the gravy, or rather water and red pepper, and picked the pieces of meat out with their not overclean hands. The old Mexican boss apologized to me for having no plates but on looking he said, "By gosh, yes, I've found one," and so I had it to

eat my meat off of, the old fellow rubbing it *clean* with his own hands.

The country round here—Carson—is a little rolling but is almost pure sand, grows a little short dry grass, almost too short for animals to get a bite at all, and a plant that looks like south-ernwood and which does not grow very high but is very plentiful. The water is mostly alkali and bad for stock. In the creeks there



P. G. SCOTT

is only a waterhole here and there. At Carson they have bored 1,200 feet and have not got pure water yet.

Sabbath, August 21st. Not much like Sabbath in this wilder-ness, and when they wake in camp it will be less like it. How I would like to be taken home for one day, but as that cannot be I must try to keep Sabbath on the plains. Camped last night at 8½ o'clock and had supper, which was like dinner, only as our camp was on a ridge of pure sand and a strong wind was blowing, it had quite a mixture of sand in it. I went to sleep in a wagon at 10 P. M. and some time in the night the old Mexican asked me if I would stay or go on with the wagon as they were going to

double for a two hours' trip through sand. I said I would go on. Soon I heard the whips crack and the shouting begin and be-tween sleeping and waking felt them going down hill and heard them stick, etc., for, it seemed to me, a long time, when the old man again put in his head and told me they were going back and asked if I would watch the wagon.

Got up at 5 A. M. and found the wagon I slept in one-half mile from the rest, fast in the sand. Found the rest of the wagons, with 22 more, by the dry bed of a stream with holes dug where water stands. This water is strongly alkali so I had a good wash, but a poor drink.

Monday, 22d. Started last night at 3½ P. M. to take the wagons over the next 3 miles. They put 11 teams to one wagon and by dint of a great deal of whipping the last one containing my bed was got through about 12 P. M. I got acquainted with an American on the camping ground and learned a few words of Spanish. I got my supper from him. They were waiting to re-cover five stray mules. For dinner we had cakes fried in gravy, some pork fried, water put in the gravy and *one cupful* of red pepper, making a mixture hot enough to excoriate the mouth of any one but a Mexican. I ate a little of it. Walked out here last night over the sand. I did not follow the road but took a straight course, being directed by the sight of the wagons, sometimes, and the cracking of the whips.

Got up this morning at 6½ A. M. and find we are camped on sand with sand as far as can be seen all round, with a very little dry grass, and while breakfast is cooking I write this. I see more pepper sauce preparing. While writing an old Mexican, belonging to a train which is camped beside us, came and looked over my shoulder. Last night I saw 14 yoke of oxen drawing one wagon.

Tuesday, 23rd. Started last night at 3 P. M. and were soon out of the sand when we had good roads but vegetation is much the same. It hardly ever rains here, "ergo" things cannot grow. Very dusty, so I rode most of the time till we camped for supper. Saw a few antelope. Stopped 2 hours, starting at 9 P. M. It was nice and cool so I walked, then I drove for the boss. At 1 A. M. a wheel broke. The boss stayed with the wagon and they hitched the oxen to the "sutler" wagon and I drove, walking all night. We got to water at 5 A. M., the cattle very tired, and men too. After all it is only stagnant holes in a kind of creek bed and is not good. I wish I had a good drink. Made 27 miles since 3 P. M. yesterday, going slow most of the time. I saw an old Mexican catching lice on his shirt; he came and sat down right

beside us and did it, taking his shirt off and going over it carefully. I also see a few scrubby trees by the water, the first I have seen within 200 miles of here.

Wednesday, 24th. Stayed in the same spot all night. Retired at 10 P. M. and slept till 7:30 A. M. Had breakfast at 10 A. M. Saw a new way of leave taking by embracing. The men were busy last night fixing the wheel, putting in new spokes. Positively nothing new. The wind blows a gale today and I wish we were off. Breast a little worse today and very bad cough. "Tell it not in Gath." I ate a piece of a prairie dog and half cooked at that, this for supper last night. The water is so alkaline at our last watering place that they think it has killed an ox belonging to a train which is camped beside us. They have been skinning it and have brought the meat in, going to eat it I suppose. Helped to "set" the tire on the wheel that was broken, a kind of a rough job.

Thursday, 25th. Started at 5 P. M. from our last camping ground, traveled 2 hours, had supper, then traveled 3 hours more. I drove part of the time. Camped for the night at 12 P. M. Started again in the morning and got to water at 12 M. Saw a few ducks in it. Had a wash. The water is salt. Two more trains camped beside us. The oxen when together number 106. Have had no breakfast so far, but got a piece of bread. Had an invitation from the old man to go to his place. We had a wood fire to cook supper last night, having brought some in a wagon. The very smell of the wood burning brought back old times to memory.

The men were busy with their cattle while I sat looking into the fire and thinking, not "building castles in the air," but looking at the ruins of those that had fallen as I thought, but caught myself rebuilding before I knew—vain work! Thinking of the time I used to sit by the fire in the sugarbush when Jane and I worked so hard to make sugar. Those times are gone never to return, never! To look back they seem to have been pleasant times, though I thought them hard enough then. I would love to see Canada again in health, and all the dear friends it contains. God grant that I may. Slept well last night. The country dry and barren as usual. I told the boss that I saw ducks, when he took his rifle and went out and shot one.

Friday, 26th. Got to the Arkansas River a little before sundown and camped beside Bent's Fort, an old Indian trading post. The fort is built of sundried brick, in a square with houses leaned up against the wall on the inside. The wall is about 10 feet high and the roofs of the shanties slope inward. The stables occupy

one side of the square. Several lines of stage cross here and there is a P. O. in which I put a letter. There is a large herd of horses and mules and 400 cattle belonging to Price who lives at the fort. In the inside there is a large yard where they run in the stage, etc. The roofs of the houses are made of poles covered with a thin stratum of clay and not calculated to hold out water I should think. They of the fort say it is 55 miles to Carson.

The river where we crossed it is in two branches, each as large as the Maitland at Codirich. It runs quite rapidly, is clear and has a fringe of trees along its banks most places and a narrow strip of green grass, behind which rise sand bluffs. The bed of the river is sandy and we stuck, of course, and after trying 20 yoke of oxen in vain, we got help, and by uncoupling the two wagons that are drawn behind each other we got through. As the water is quite deep the drivers had to strip to their work. Had a piece of melon, some green corn, and onions for supper, also tasted buckwheat mush without salt. Slept well, and got up at sunrise but do not feel very well today.

Saturday, 27th. Started last night near sundown and traveled 5 miles along the bank of the river. The land is barren right to the water's edge in most places, only a little dry grass. Camped near where there is a bridge across the river; a very common wooden affair. The man lives in a little flat roofed house with a kraal [corral] beside it. He charges \$1.00 toll for a wagon and when the stream is high it cannot be forded. He also has a great many cows. We saw a great many of them today with calves at foot. Our crowd cooked no dinner yesterday and some of us got our suppers at a neighboring camp. I do not know how the rest did. I retired at 9½ P. M. and slept well, though the wind blew hard and we had a little rain. I got up at 7 A. M., had breakfast and we started at 8 A. M. Saw glimpses of the river for two hours. I drove most of the forenoon as the old man was out hunting. We camped at 11:30 A. M. at a waterhole in a creek bed, but the water is too dirty to wash. Here we met the boss and had dinner. I feel a little better today. Saw Pikes Peak and Greenhorn Mountains very plain, looking the same as those I fancied I saw before.

Sabbath, 28th. I drove the oxen most of the afternoon. We traveled 18 miles yesterday. We came to a ranch, two miles from our camping ground, where there is a well. We drew water and drank and also filled our kegs. The water had not a very good taste, but it was clean and cool and on the whole was the best drink I have got since I left Lawrence. We camped at dark and I had a wash and supper and then retired about 9½ P. M. Did

not sleep very well till near day. Got up at 6 A. M. and found them hitching up. Started at 7 A. M. The land seems nearly as barren as ever but the bluffs begin to be partly covered with low bushy cedars. The road is very dusty and it is not possible to get out of it. Sabbath makes no difference to anyone here as far as I have seen yet. Traveled most of the day close to the sand bluffs, following the course of a creek bed. Camped at 11½ A. M. by the side of a salt creek and close to a ranch. Two hunters joined us in the forenoon. They and the boss went up to the ranch and brought back some curds, melons, and green corn, also a little meat. They could not wait till dinner was ready but fell to and ate the curds, corn, etc., as soon as they came back. It is rather amusing to see the effect the fresh meat has had on all hands but the old boss. I guess he has eaten too much carrion in his life to be so easily affected. I have a headache today. I wonder what the people in Canada, in my old home are doing. They will manage to keep Sabbath a little better than they do here.

Monday, August 28th. Camped at dark last night and had supper about 9 P. M. I retired near ten and slept well though it was quite cold. Got up at daylight and had a good wash and so had one of the hunters. Since yesterday noon the land is more rocky, the bluffs higher and more abrupt and covered with a denser growth of trees, mostly cedar. The lower land has greener grass and there are more dry watercourses. The road is much more uneven and looks as if it had been very wet some time ago. The look of the country has improved today. It is fully as rocky but the trees are in patches and strips in the plains and their short stems and round bushy tops reminds me of an old orchard; while perhaps a pile of rocks nearby answers for houses. Saw a shepherd's fire last night; heard the sheep bleat and the shepherd shouting and singing, and in this forenoon's travel we saw 4 large flocks of sheep. These men must have a very lonely time. I don't envy them a bit. This morning I saw the mountain at the foot of which Trinidad is situated. It is 2½ or 3 days distant and seems quite high. I wonder what *luck* lies at the foot of it for me.

Camped after 3½ hours' travel near a little shantie, but built of stone. I drove all forenoon, the boss being hunting. We drove the cattle to water at a hole beside a pile of rocks. We saw some rabbits and the boys killed one with a stone. Our gang seems fully as dirty, ill supplied with provisions, and careless about cooking as any I see. We often get only two meals per day, a piece of cake in the hand being the third. I feel the pain in my breast today pretty bad.

Tuesday, 30th. Drove the oxen all day yesterday, the boss being hunting. He and one of the men who joined us the other day brought in three antelope, nice and fat they were. Camped for supper and had some half-cooked antelope and started again and drove part of the night. After about an hour the boss drove and I went to sleep in the wagon and slept till day. Had more antelope for breakfast, started and drove 4½ hours. I got a sight of Trinidad. The boss pointed it out to me at the foot of a mountain and by the side of a stream. Killed a rattlesnake on the road and saw snow near the top of a mountain. Had an invitation from the boss to go to his place when I pleased and stay as long as I liked. As we came down into the valley we saw corn and wheat by the side of the river, the first I have seen since I left Lawrence. There are no fences that I can see. Gave the boss 50 cents with which he bought curds and they are busy eating them now. The land has been more destitute of grass today than it was yesterday. There are patches of wild sunflowers now right beside the grain but not half so large as I saw in Kansas near the Missouri River. Drove all forenoon and feel very much fagged. Still I am a good bit better than I was. Lots of mountains to right, left, and in front, peak rising beyond peak.

September 1st. [August 31st.] Our train camped near the banks of the Picketwire. I saw some Mexicans threshing wheat by driving sheep round on it while it is spread on a hard mud floor, the stack of loose wheat being built in the center. No farming without irrigation. The wheat is miserable looking and the corn more miserable still. A great deal of it will not be worth gathering. These Mexicans are a miserable looking set, living in miserable looking houses (mud) with poor crops. I believe they are content if they can keep the life in without attempting more. A few sheep and goats, a few asses, and sometimes a few cows, and stock cattle—that is the more wealthy—and we have the sum and substance of the Mexican wealth. There are a few low trees along the river; and, along the bottom, there are ditches for irrigation. I left the train 4½ miles below Trinidad and walked up. I found that Mr. Rice was not at home. I inquired about work and could have got heavy work but could hear of no light job. Finally I was directed to Mr. Sayers who lives in New Mexico. I went with him. Trinidad is built on the east bank of the Picketwire. The houses are nearly all built of doby, of one story and have a mean appearance. The people are nearly all Mexican, the Americans being nearly all business men or gamblers. Trinidad is at the foot of a peak called "The Devil's Tea Table." I got my trunk into Mr. Sayer's wagon and we started at near twelve

o'clock and traveled nearly all the way among the mountains, the Raton spur. We saw a few patches of grain and a few Mexican huts and then nothing but peak after peak, some quite high, others quite low and covered with grass. These mountains are covered mostly with pine trees, scrubby and pitchy, not being much use for anything as they are full of knots and won't split. A few willows and cottonwoods along the creeks and beautiful grass in the valleys make a few really beautiful spots. The grass being short makes them look like a shaven lawn, and with company I could have wished to spend a while in one of these romantic places.

September 4th. Came to Sayer's on the night of August 31st and did not feel very well next day. I did not do a great deal; helped him to fix a bed on the "bar" and found sawing and planing rather more than I was able for. Next day I went with Job Sayers to the Sugarete River to gather plums. We were gone nearly all day and got a good few but they are not yet ripe. I would have enjoyed myself very well if I had been gathering them for some one at home. . . .

There is almost no farming (hereabouts) and what is looks very poor and late. A little hay is cut in a place or two. There is no fence as every one herds their stock. Cattle and horses thrive well on the grass and hogs on the acorns. Mr. S. has 300 cattle kept by two Mexican herders. Some have several thousands and one man near this has 6,000 sheep. The other day I saw several Indians with their eyebrows, eyelids, cheeks, and the place laid bare by the parting of their hair painted red. The squaws look like the men, almost. All were well mounted and all had profuse decorations on themselves and horses. They looked wild. Several trains passed here today and among them L. F. Warder, who gave me another invitation to his place.

Wednesday, September 7th. Not much taking place but everything about the usual way. Trains passing and re-passing every day, oxen or mules. 340 soldiers passed here yesterday en-route for Fort Union. They were the hardest looking set of soldiers I ever saw, dirty and ragged, their toes sticking through their boots, etc. Their officers ordering them about very sharply and they very tired looking and travelworn. Some Mexicans came along today with asses and large packs of apples on the poor creatures' backs. The apples were very small and they charged very high for them. . . . [Soon after this Mr. Scott returned to Trinidad and the next year moved to Las Animas, where he was to make his permanent home.]