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Ryssby, the First Swedish Settlement in Colorado

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During the years 1869 to 1880 Swedish immigrants, chiefly from the old parish of Ryssby in the province of Smaland, came to the Colorado Territory to build new homes on the prairie at the eastern base of the Rockies. Eight families, some of whom had been neighbors in Sweden, were the first to come (1869-71).¹ These took adjoining homesteads in the Left Hand valley (Boulder County) about a mile south and six miles west of old Burlington.²

The new country presented a strange contrast to the tranquil beauty of blossoming meadows, the lakes and the forests of the homeland. But existence in Sweden had never been easy for these families. During the early sixties, Sweden had experienced "hard times." Relatives and friends already living in America had written that "America and opportunity are synonymous," and had encouraged the group from Smaland to settle close to the mountains where water was plentiful for irrigation.

Here near the foothills, despite the desolate appearance of a treeless area overgrown with coarse grasses, tall yucca and prolific sage and cactus, the newcomers felt that they had at last reached a land of promise. Give them time and they would transplant in this new soil a bit of the charm and beauty of the manors and the smaller *gards* lying close to the shores of the long Ryssby lake in Smaland. And their children would enjoy the advantages of an education they had been too poor to receive.

They bore good and substantial northern names, these families, and they soon pledged their whole-hearted allegiance to the United States of America. In the group of first comers were Aaron Peterson, Peter J. Johnson, Samuel Gummesson, Lars Johan Larson, Sven Magni, August Nelson, Sven J. Johnson and his younger brother, Bengt.

For Bengt Johnson, the youngest member of the group, the new country held perhaps fairer hopes than for the others. He had left his betrothed Charlotte in Sweden, but the young and

*Mrs. Kingdon, of Denver, is of Swedish extraction and has interested herself in the contribution of Swedish immigrants to the development of Western America.—Ed.

¹Others came in the years immediately following.

²Township 2 N, Range 70 W. The records in the U. S. Land Office at Denver show that these homesteads were filed upon in 1870 and 1871.

lovely Charlotte had promised Bengt she would join him in America whenever he would send for her.

Aaron Peterson, the oldest man among the newcomers, had left his family in Sweden. Sensing the hardships the immigrants would encounter in the serious tasks of pioneering, he looked often in the direction of the range. He thought of a Psalmist surrounded by hardships, gathering strength from the hills. So too, Aaron Peterson felt strength in his resolution, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," and in this resolution he became a spiritual leader among his neighbors.

Peter Johnson had come to Burlington (near Longmont) via Cheyenne in 1868. He had worked in Minnesota a year before coming farther west. "When I left Minnesota," he said, "I came down the Mississippi to Clinton, Iowa. From Omaha to Cheyenne my ticket was \$35.00, and from Cheyenne to Burlington I paid \$16.00 to ride on the top of a crowded stage. Six weeks the stage had been held up by Indians, and the passengers were glad to be crowded by extra guards with heavy guns."³ At St. Louis, a settlement on the Big Thompson, he had paid \$1.50 for a breakfast consisting of stale corn bread, salt pork, and coffee made from burnt corn.

Like others of the Ryssby immigrants, Peter Johnson worked on farms in the Boulder valley, and at the end of thirteen months he sent for his wife and three children in Sweden.

Home building in the settlement became the most important task of each family. Long before the sun rose at the far eastern edge of the prairie, men went with teams and heavy wagons into the mountains to fell trees, which they hewed into cabin logs. These with building stone and lumber from mountain sawmills were hauled over new trails and one by one, small, brave homes rose in the new settlement. In the western background the mountains rose clear and high above the prairie. Here was something reminiscent of the country they had left—something fresh and cool and rugged, and withal a challenge to courage and endurance.

One morning a child in the settlement heard the plaintive call of the mourning dove. He hurried to tell his mother, who stood motionless while she listened outside of their cabin.

"It is the cuckoo, *lille mor!*" cried the child joyfully.

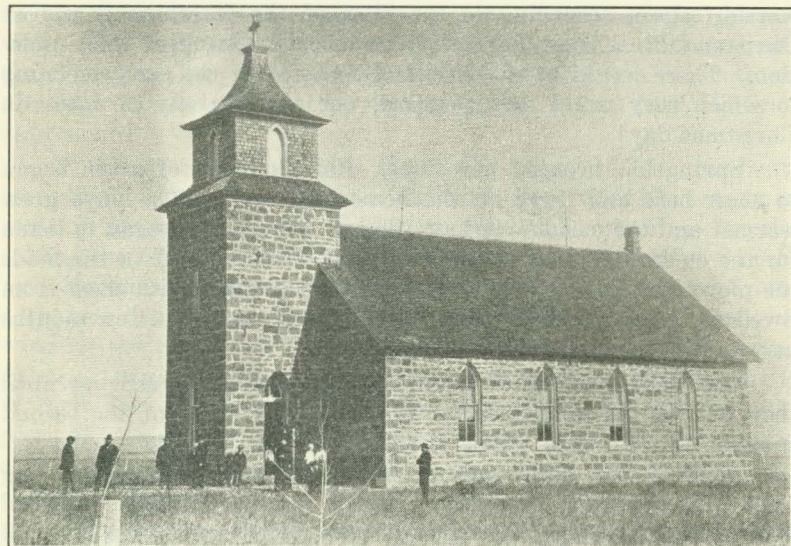
A surge of homesickness had swept over them both and they wept with longing for Smaland. The linden there would soon be in blossom and the woods and meadows would be full of violets and forget-me-nots and the little *sippor*—blue and gold and white. In the fields and meadows the cuckoo would call; above them the air would be filled with the day-long song of the lark. Long after

³*Niwot Weekly News*, February 14, 1913.

these two had discovered their mistake they loved the call of the dove, which never failed to awaken memories of Old Country associations.

The weekdays passed in rapid succession; the prairie sod was broken and crops were planted. Peter Johnson and his thrifty neighbors began work on an irrigation ditch⁴ eight miles beyond the settlement, with its source at the South St. Vrain.

By and by the first vivid green of wheat and oats appeared and the newcomers dared hope for sustenance from the soil. They planted potatoes and with crude equipment, often nothing better than bare hands, they helped their crops in their struggle for growth.



THE OLD RYSSBY CHURCH AS IT APPEARED WHEN COMPLETED IN 1882

But the irrigation ditch was presenting great difficulties. Unskilled in irrigation engineering, the builders failed to complete in time the ditch from which their fields were to have been watered.

Then followed weeks of unrelieved drouth, and in the shadow of mountains heavy with snow and near swelling streams the first crops parched and dwindled. The Ryssby families faced their first winter of low provisions in the new country.

Long before the first snows came the men left their barren

⁴What is now known as the "Swede ditch." Other irrigation ditches that serve the region are the James ditch, from the South St. Vrain, and the Lake, Holland, Table Mountain and Tollgate ditches from the Left Hand.

acres to seek a livelihood elsewhere, some in the Black Hawk Mines, others in the timber of the mountains. For the women of the settlement, the first winter stretched itself over long, cold weeks of poverty and homesickness. Without medical advice or help, mothers nursed sick children and while they worked through long days and weary nights they made courageous attempts at singing the songs that came without effort in the other country.

"It will be better in the spring!" they comforted each other.

Sundays were the most difficult for these Swedes, who had lived within walking distance of the parish church in Smaland. They longed to hear the church bells on Sunday mornings, to join the congregation in chanting the familiar psalms. They longed to worship again according to the rites of the forefathers, and as Christmas drew near they felt even more the sting of their isolation. There would be no cherished *Jul-otta* in the early morning to which they could look forward, nor the festivity of mass on Christmas day!

Springtime brought new hope. Faint patches of green began to show here and there on the homestead acres. The days grew warmer and the meadow larks returned. The colony began to listen for the cuckoo-like call of the mourning dove, and out in the fields the plowmen rehearsed the songs they had brought with them from Sweden. Bengt Johnson sang above the others. In a few months he would be sending for Charlotte.

The melting snows of the mountains swelled the streams until they flooded the lands nearby and when the crops of the second summer (1871) were either washed away or burned up, the settlers agreed they must capture water for irrigation by building reservoirs wherever possible.⁵ Entire families became absorbed with the construction of reservoirs and ditches and for a time all else seemed forgotten. Even the mail had not been fetched from Modoc (now Niwot) for several weeks and Bengt Johnson, who had sent to Smaland for his betrothed, was not aware that she had left Sweden—indeed, that she had already arrived in Denver and wondered why Bengt was not there to meet her.

The marriage of Bengt and Charlotte took place in Boulder and with a fair young bride in their midst the colony decided to make the occasion one of general celebration. Dressed in holiday clothes, although nothing better than Swedish homespun, they gathered at the home of Sven Johnson. His was the only frame house in the colony and seemed pretentious in comparison with the other small cabins or shacks. Here the hired man had spent

⁵Three or four privately owned reservoirs including one now known as "Swede Lake" were constructed by the Ryssby settlers.

the greater part of a day peeling potatoes—for such an occasion the potatoes must not be served in their jackets! But when the feasting began it soon became apparent there would still not be enough potatoes. It must be admitted, however, that sod potatoes were often no larger than walnuts.

A violin and a guitar were produced and the merry-making lasted far into the morning. When the group were not stepping the familiar folk dances of the old country, they sang their national songs and their folk songs, and were joyful to find they still remembered them. The wedding festivities ended, Bengt Johnson took his bride to her new home—a one-room shack on a treeless prairie.

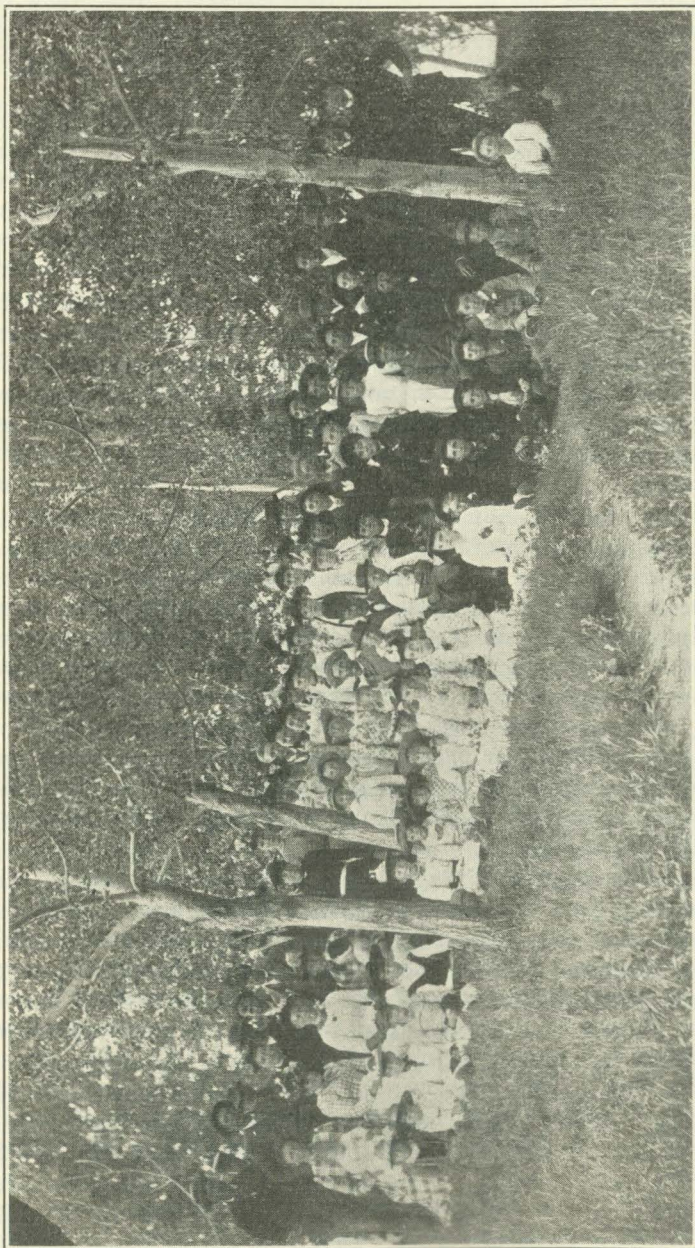
The inherent love of music inspired the colony to meet for group singing as often as possible during the winter. They gathered at Sven Johnson's home, where to the accompaniment of the violin they kept alive their hymns as well as their folk and national music. The cheer of these gatherings relieved the loneliness of winter months and another Christmas, less dismal than the first, approached.

This year Sven Johnson's hospitality found still another outlet. At the suggestion of Aaron Peterson, he invited the colony to come to his house at five o'clock on Christmas morning for the celebration of *Jul-otta*. Aaron Peterson's two resourceful daughters, Hulda⁶ and Sophie, transformed the Johnson front room into a chapel. They made triangular candle frames for the windows, winding the rough boards with fringed strips of the weekly newspaper. On each frame they fastened seven tallow candles, made in their own homes. A barrel hoop was decorated with the only piece of colored paper in the community and hung from the ceiling even as the candelabrum hung from the arched ceiling of the old church in Smaland.

Christmas morning brought every man, woman and child with their psalm books to this mass in Sven Johnson's home. In the solemn stillness of the early morning, Aaron Peterson read a psalm while his audience clung to the words as if they feared they might lose them before another day of worship. They sang their beloved hymn to Christmas morning, "Hail blessed morn by prophets holy words foretold," and at the close of the service, "Oh, thou blessed, Oh, thou holy." Few realized that the spirit of this first *Jul-otta* in the colony would live through the following years, outshading in significance the disappointments and failures of the first pioneering years.

Inspired by the Christmas service, the colony decided to meet every Sunday for worship in the same friendly home. A Sunday

⁶Mrs. Hulda Lamb of Longmont. Mrs. Lamb has supplied some of the domestic details of this story.



SWEDISH MID-SUMMER DAY PICNIC IN GROVE NEAR THE RYSSBY CHURCH (About 1890)

School was organized with an enrollment of six children. These were instructed by Peter Johnson's young daughter, Amanda, who later became an American school teacher.

In spite of the uphill struggle, more Swedes came to take homesteads in the settlement. Sven Johnson became a sort of promoter in the Ryssby settlement, operating a system of colonization in which he advanced money to young men and women in Sweden who wished to come to America. He secured employment for them on farms in the Boulder valley, receiving a part of their wages each month until the passage indebtedness had been paid.

"Tell your women folk," he wrote in his letters to friends in Smaland, "I will give them enough calico for a dress when they arrive in our midst!" The temptation of one hundred sixty acres of government land, to be had as a homestead or at \$1.25 per acre, and a new dress to boot was obviously too great for some to resist.

In 1873 the Ryssby settlement included in all fourteen families.⁷ With the increase of immigrants, the colony had by this time taken up two thousand acres of land. To minimize the expense of building individual fences, the homesteads were enclosed by a continuous rail fence representing a total length of nearly twelve miles. Section roads were unknown in the community but gates were placed at the trails most frequently used by the settlers. Within their fence, they felt a closer unity as well as a pride in having marked their land possession.

The crops looked unusually promising during the spring of 1873. Irrigation ventures were progressing somewhat and the wheat, oats and corn looked sturdy in their irregular rows. Then one day a strange cloud appeared, totally eclipsing the sun. Almost as suddenly as it had appeared the devastating cloud fell upon the tender crops, mowing them down to the roots. With a heavy-hearted attempt at making the most of this grim calamity, one man said to the others, "We can at least be thankful for one thing: the grasshoppers didn't get our potatoes under the ground!"

During the two years following (1874-75) the settlement crops met with the same disaster. Fields were re-seeded as often as three times, but no sooner did a little green appear above the earth than it was devoured by hungry grasshoppers.

The struggle with adversity which had tested the Swedish vigor from the beginning became a challenge to those who had come with visions of sturdy, comfortable homes surrounded with orchards and carefully cultivated fields. They were sorely tempted to leave their homesteads and go in search of greener pastures.

In 1875, however, the colony built a log school house on a piece of land donated by Sven Johnson. A school district (No. 26, Boul-

⁷Ryssby church register.

der County) had been organized by the settlement in 1873 and until the building of the school house, a day school giving English instruction had met a few months each year in Sven Johnson's front room.

With the building of the school house a community center was established and on Sundays the school house served as a church. Here the group singing continued and the participants learned new songs. In English broken with the dialect of Smaland they sang "America" and the folk songs of the South. The first wedding to take place in the school house was that of the Andrew Mossbergs. When hardships of the frontier took their toll of the colony the little school house became the scene of mutual sorrow.

In the fall of 1877 a young student pastor, the Reverend Mr. Frederick Lagerman, came from the Augustana College in Illinois to guide the spiritual destinies of the colony. He conducted services in the school house. He spoke brave words to the impoverished settlers and in January, 1878, they organized a congregation which they gave the beloved name, Ryssby.⁸ A confirmation class met every week in the school house and in the fall of the same year the class was ready for confirmation.

The grasshopper plague had disappeared and the following summer brought a bountiful wheat harvest. The only harvester in the community, owned by Samuel Gummeson and Bengt Johnson, ran incessantly through the day and most of the night. Entire families worked in the fields until the grain stood in shocks ready for threshing. The settlement saw the dawn of better times, and as a thank offering each family gave from its first real harvest whatever funds could be spared toward the building of a church.

Following an old Swedish custom, the settlement bought 160 acres of land, mentioned in the first church records as *Forsamlings landet*. This land was to be farmed by the congregation, each man contributing at least a day's work in planting crops or in the construction of a dam at the lake on the parish land.⁹ The income from this land, with an addition of \$300.00, constituted the minister's salary. The congregation also voted to furnish 1/2-ton seed wheat for the parish land and to give ten days' work on Table Mountain to pay water rent on the land for the year.

The Christmas of 1881 was celebrated in true holiday fashion. Mothers baked *Kringlor* and spicy cookies and cooked great kettles of rice for Christmas eve. Stockfish and *lingon* berries had been sent from Sweden and a silver spruce was brought down from the

⁸Charter members of the Ryssby church were: A. P. Anderson, J. H. Anderson, Samuel Gummeson, B. M. Johnson, S. J. Johnson, P. J. Johnson, A. P. Larson, L. J. Larson, August Nelson, Johannes Nelson, and Aaron Peterson.

⁹Ryssby church record, January 27, 1879. The record is written in Swedish.

mountains for the children's Christmas program in the school house. This program was directed by Amanda Johnson. Aaron Peterson had fashioned triangular and cross-shaped candle holders from which tallow candles illuminated the celebration of Christmas eve in the little log school house. In each cabin window candles were lighted twelve successive nights.

A church building was planned. At a business meeting held January 3, 1881, the following entry was recorded in the church minutes:

"Moved: to accept Hugo Anderson's gift of three acres of land for church grounds; to build the church of stone; to begin the hauling of stone the following week; to build a fence around the churchyard." At a previous meeting the fence specifications had been described as requiring: "2 cedar posts per rod; 5 bars 1 1/2 inch thick, 6 inches wide and 16 feet long." Abraham Anderson had given \$50.00 to insure his burial in the Ryssby churchyard and the congregation had voted to use this money to build the fence.

At another meeting (March, 1881) it was voted that Hugo Anderson be granted the right to buy 2 acres, 64 rods of the parish land for \$30.00, on which to build a reservoir.

On Reformation Day (October 31st) of 1881 the colony assembled to lay the cornerstone of the church. The stone was a gift of the Denver Augustana Congregation whose minister, Dr. Johannes Teleen, conducted the Reformation Day services.

John Mork was appointed chairman of a building committee whose efforts not only provided a church design but a plan for meeting the financial problems as well. During the following months, fathers and sons quarried rock from a sandstone ledge a mile or two west of the church. By Midsummer's Day of 1882 the church, resembling in architectural design the old parish church of Ryssby in Smaland, was ready for its dedication. On the evening of the same day, a service was held in the starlight at which time a bit of the adjoining prairie was also dedicated as a last resting place for members of the Ryssby settlement.

A bit of old Smaland had at last been planted in the new country! Once more the Swedes from old Ryssby answered the call to Sunday morning worship. Once again they gathered within a sturdy church to worship according to the rites of their fathers. The church records show many evidences of the congregation's pride in its church and parsonage, and the feeling of individual responsibility in matters of religious duty. At one meeting a church sexton (Nels P. Nelson) was elected whose duties specifically stated were: "to keep the church clean and scrubbed four times annually; to keep the church warm during services and to

see that doors are kept closed during the reading of the confessional." The sexton's salary was placed at \$20.00 per year. When the construction of buildings were considered, a bill of material was submitted in detail and final instructions were given "to do the work in good and fair order." A brick parsonage was built across the way from the church on a piece of ground given by Sven J. Johnson, thus providing a home for the settlement pastor.

Missionary pastors, notably Dr. T. N. Hasselquist and Dr. Olof Olson, came to Ryssby at different times from Illinois and services continued without interruption. Christenings and weddings and burials; *Jul-otta* with candle-lighted windows and a retelling of the Christmas story; Christmas day with its festive mass; the ushering in of the New Year, the celebration of mid-summer; Sunday services and week day services—inspiration and admonition; friendly handshakings and an exchange of old country and community news; the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of the whole colony met within the little church where all felt comfort and security.

Better homes were built, trees and orchards were planted and the prairie blossomed into a prosperous farming district. The youth of the colony grew into young manhood and womanhood. Some of them having finished their studies in the community schoolhouse attended high school at Longmont or Boulder. Some, following their desire for a higher education, went on through college. Others remained on the farms, where they sought to develop more efficient methods of agriculture and stock-raising. In no small measure have the descendants of the Ryssby colony contributed to the dignity and honor of his or her work, and to the welfare of their respective communities and the State.

With the coming of the automobile, the congregation gradually dwindled in numbers until the church was left deserted. For a quarter of a century all was quiet within the little church. The snows and winds of many seasons swept over the community, and during one of the summer storms a bolt of lightning helped to break the tower which lacked a firm foundation in its construction.

It seemed that the Ryssby church was destined to crumble in oblivion until the summer of 1924, when an interested group led by the Reverend Luther Stromquist of Longmont decided to repair its scars, and to summon once again the descendants of the Ryssby colony for mid-summer memorial service.

Hundreds of Swedes from many parts of the State, touched by the devotion of the Swedish colony to its little church, have answered the summons and the mid-summer gathering has become an annual event.¹⁰

¹⁰See "Editorial Notes" for mention of the Ryssby Church Record and of the historical marker recently erected in front of the old church.

Crossing the Plains in War Times

MRS. HALIE RILEY HODDER*

I went to Denver with my sister, Mrs. E. M. Ashley, in November, 1863, going to Atchison, Kansas, by steam car, and from there by coach to Denver, seven hundred miles. We changed horses every ten miles at the little stations on the way, and, riding nights as well as days, we made 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and reached Denver on the evening of the seventh day. There were no towns, or even settlements on the way, and Denver was a village.

I was to stay a year with my sister, but when the year came round there was no means of transportation to the States, as the Indians had destroyed the stations, captured the horses, and had made travel impossible, save by the few Government trains of wagons, well armed, that brought supplies to a few groups of soldiers stationed on the way, and to the fort near Denver. During 1864, we had the Indian scare, when for a night and a day we were all huddled in the one large brick building awaiting an attack (which was not made); and the flood in Cherry Creek, when we left our homes in boats, and went to higher land for three days.

Governor Evans allowed no one to start East until a hundred people wished to go, and then he sent an escort of 50 soldiers with the train of covered wagons and coaches.

It was February, 1865, when the train of eighteen wagons and four coaches were ready to start. Not an ounce of luggage was allowed on the over-full coaches, so sixty-five men and two women filled the Government wagons, returning to the States for more supplies.

When our train of eighteen wagons was ready, there was a delay with the coaches, but as it was considered safe for the first hundred miles, we were allowed to start a day ahead. A cousin of my father had come to Denver from Nevada, and volunteered to see me safely home. The other woman, Mrs. Sullivan, came from a mountain camp, and was going to her relatives in Nebraska. Cousin Josiah, she and I had one wagon. We had to carry our own provisions, as we could get none before reaching Kansas.

There were no roads across the plains, and no springs to the wagons, so we went bumping along. The horses were expected to walk thirty-three miles a day, and make a hundred miles in three days. This we did, and on the third evening reached Alkali Sta-

*Mrs. Hodder, who came to Denver as a young woman in 1863, wrote this interesting reminiscence primarily for her grandchildren. Through Mrs. Junius F. Brown of Denver, a close friend of Mrs. Hodder, a copy of this story came to the *Colorado Magazine* for publication. Mrs. Hodder lives in Newton, Mass., today.—Ed.

tion where the first group of soldiers were encamped. Each night we drove into a circle, with the wagons touching each other, and the horses inside the corral. The soldiers warned us to go no farther, as the telegraph lines were cut, and their last news from Julesburg was of a formidable uprising of several Indian tribes. We should remain beside their camp until our escort of soldiers came.

This the passengers thought wise to do, but at daylight our driver was hitching the horses to our wagon, and he said the boss of ten wagons had decided to move on. The boss said, "If the Indians attacked us, some one would be apt to escape, and it was as likely to be he as anyone." There was no help for us. We started, leaving eight wagons and half of the men at the station.

That day we passed O'Fallon's Bluffs, where even our intrepid drivers feared an ambush. The men were all required to walk beside the wagons, carrying their rifles, but no Indians appeared. We came to the American Rancho that day, where five men had stood at bay for three days, surrounded by Indians, until they were overcome by fire and smoke, and killed. Our first sight of an Indian on the trip was at this place. He was burned to a cinder.

In early evening we came to a small post of soldiers, who warned us that to go on meant certain death; but the drivers got some whiskey there, and said they would go five miles farther to a large adobe store, where they could buy canned goods.

That five miles was the worst of our trip. The drivers shouted and lashed their horses to a run. We could see nothing, and were thrown about in the wagon like baseballs. We couldn't hear each other speak, and of course we thought the Indians were all about us.

Before leaving Denver my cousin had provided me with a small revolver, and had taught me how to use it. It was loaded and I had taken it from the holster at my belt, so I presume I was ready to use it on myself if we were captured.

The big store was still standing, and three men were in it. They told us that four days before they had decided that they must give up all that they had in the store, and flee to Denver.

One man went to hitch their horses to a wagon, when a score of Indians sprang from hiding, and sent eight Minnie balls into his head and neck. Somehow the other two men got their comrade into the house, while the Indians were getting away with their horses, and there the poor man lay—the most terrible sight I have ever seen, with his head swelled almost to the width of his shoulders. Why he didn't die, I can't say. The other men couldn't leave him, but were expecting the return of the Indians any moment.

I can never forget how small the little circle of ten wagons looked that night, nor how our hearts sank when we saw a waving line on the darkened horizon, and thought the Indians were coming in force, and that our last hour was near.

We all went into the big store, made of adobe walls nearly a yard thick, and hard to destroy by any means that the Indians possessed. Setting fire to the doors and shooting into the windows was their form of attack.

The moving line came nearer in the darkness, and not until it was within a few rods did we discover that it was a train of wagons coming from the East. There were a hundred and thirteen wagons that encircled our little corral that night, and changed our fears to hope.

Among the men was a driver who had started from Missouri River with a train of eighteen wagons filled with Government stores. He said he had come nine miles west of Julesburg, when several hundred Indians pursued them, and the drivers took refuge in one of the old stage stations, from which they watched their horses taken away and the provisions scattered. They were seeking for fire-water, which they found, and then they began to break up the wagons to make wood for their camp-fires, and to burn the little station, which had but one door and few windows. They seemed to have no use for flour, so they opened the bags and poured the contents on the ground—when in Denver, the people were paying \$20 a hundred pounds for flour because of the difficulty and cost of transportation.

At night the fire-water circulated around the camp fire, and by two o'clock the guards stationed near the house fell asleep too. There was a tiny window at the back of the station which the Indians either didn't see or thought too small for a man's head to pass, so no guard was placed at the back of the house. A man can creep through a very small hole when his life is depending on it, and the eighteen men got thru, dropped to the ground, and crawled to the river, which was frozen, and thus escaped to Julesburg, from whence they went back to the States, while the head driver came on by this train to report to the Denver camp.

But for the timely arrival of this train, and the story of the driver, we would have finished our course the next day.

The long train left us next morning, and we waited for the escort. Mrs. Sullivan and I did what we could for the wounded man. I never learned how long he bore his agony.

The coaches and escort arrived that evening.

Colonel Shoup was a fine soldier who understood Indian warfare, and we felt safe while under his care. He was also a gentle-

man and a scholar, and he invited Cousin Josiah and me to ride in the ambulance days, and we had some merry times playing cards.

When we reached the station where the wagons had been burned, we saw the flour looking like snow on the desolate plains, and the ashes of the camp fires and at the door of the station. Evidently they had not discovered that the men had escaped.

Every morning Colonel Shoup made a scouting tour on his fine horse, looking for signs of Indians, which he never failed to find, as he told us afterward, showing that they followed us but were afraid to attack.

One night we had a terrific storm with incessant lightning and thunder, during which we could not hear each other speak. The big wagons rocked like cradles, and we expected them to upset every moment. Fireballs rolled along the ground with the noise of cannon. The horses and mules were badly frightened, and the corral became a pandemonium, but no one was hurt.

Later, we encountered a blizzard and came near perishing before we reached a miserable hotel on the outskirts of civilization, where other trains had found shelter, and where liquor flowed, and men became more terrible than the fireballs. That day remains in my memory as the worst of the trip, and Colonel Shoup looms as a guardian angel. We could not get a private room.

One morning Colonel Shoup came to tell us that we were now across the plains, and safe from Indians and that he had decided to take a short-cut through Nebraska with his men instead of going to St. Joseph, Mo., with the Government wagons and coaches. He invited us to leave our wagon and the train, and go with him, where we could have one of his wagons, for our mattresses and trunks, and use the ambulance days. His very agreeable company made this arrangement seem desirable, so we were transferred from our staunch waterproof-covered wagon, to a much inferior wagon drawn by mules, but the Colonel thought we could make the short-cut in a few days.

Before leaving the train we had reached Cottonwood station and camped there for the night beside a great pile of wood, which gave promise of a glorious campfire. There was so little wood to be found on the plains that it had been difficult to find enough to cook our two meals a day, so that night we reveled in fires all over the camp where groups of men gathered, told stories, and sang songs, and I felt that I was present at a real bivouac. The night was beautiful and the scene bewitching.

It was well that we all enjoyed this treat, for next morning an armed man appeared with authority to stop our train and collect \$50 for the wood we had burned.

The day we started on the short-cut through Nebraska it began to rain, and soon the canvas top of our wagon was saturated, and the rain came through in streams. There were no bridges on this short-cut route, and as we struggled through small streams, we got into deeper and deeper water, till our trunks and mattresses were afloat, and our few candles remaining were made useless.

Night came quickly in the February storm, and seemed like a pall of black velvet. Colonel Shoup was expecting to reach a large farm house, where we could get food and perhaps lodging, but we came to the bank of another stream, and he thought it was wise to measure its depth before driving into it. This was fortunate as he found it was twenty-two feet deep. There was no help for it, our train stopped. Our provisions were all gone, as we had expected to reach towns within the three weeks since we left Denver. We had eaten our last morsels for breakfast, but we had to sit or lie on our soaked mattresses, all through the dreary night, and listen to the poor mules make their hungry protests, as they gnawed at their empty feed boxes, and lamented to each other over the cruelty of their masters.

But even a black night comes to an end, and the sun rose in full glory next morning, and found our hungry train of men and beasts ready for breakfast, and in sight of the farmhouse, but with no means of crossing the stream. Colonel Shoup was equal to the emergency, however. His men took a wagon bed to serve as a boat to cross the narrow stream, and he went over to the farm and returned with a bag of flour and a fatted calf.

There were trees growing along the stream, and bushes near us on which were spread our beds and clothes to dry. A tent was set up and a floor of bushes and branches made, so the camp stove could be used—as the mud was very deep in the rich soil of Nebraska. The men also made a path of branches from the tent to our wagon, and two of them, clasping each other's wrists, made a chair for me to sit on and be carried to the scene of action.

I found everything ready in the tent, with the fatted calf sending forth savory odors, and the flour waiting for me to make biscuits for sixty starving men. We had a very merry time in preparing and eating the meal.

Colonel Shoup had with him a young man whom we called the Boston Exquisite, as through all our rough trip he kept himself immaculate in citizen clothes, while the other men were dressed as frontiersmen for service. After breakfast this gentleman announced that as tomorrow would be the 22d of February, he would go to the town of Beatrice, five miles beyond our Rubicon, and have a dance made ready for us in honor of Washington's birthday. Of course, we made much of his departure, as if he were starting for

Europe, and he entered the wagon bed ferry in high spirits, and passed the stream, but before landing he turned to lift his hat and bow, upsetting the ferry, and being immersed in the muddy water before he could struggle to the shore. It was so funny to see this exquisite dripping with muddy water that as soon as he was safe there arose such a shout of laughter from our side of the stream that the poor man was crestfallen at our heartlessness. He would not return but secured a buggy and went on to Beatrice.

The men chopped down a tree and made it fall across the stream so they had access to the friendly farmhouse. The water ran down rapidly all day until at sundown it measured but fourteen feet at the ford. Next morning it was but two feet deep at the ford and the labor of crossing began. The mules protested loudly over this indignity. The banks were steep and deep with mud. The mules would slide down to the stream and cross it, but could not be induced to climb the opposite bank. So a block and tackle was brought from the farmer's barn, and fastened to the wagon pole, and two span of horses at the other end dragged the mules and wagon up the slippery slope.

By this slow process the wagons were all taken across by the middle of the afternoon. Our wagon went last. Four mules were attached to it. When we reached the other bank the mules made no effort to attempt the impossible, but simply sank into the mud and were pulled up to the promised land, choking and braying.

Thus it was growing late when we reached Beatrice, and found our Boston friend immaculate and smiling, and ready for the celebration. He had persuaded the two hotels in the little village to join forces, and was anticipating a good time. So was I, and I may have been as disappointed as he, when the Colonel said we had been so delayed that we must use the remaining two hours of daylight to reach the next town. The Colonel offered to leave his horse for his Boston friend to follow next day, but he chose to come sadly on with our train.

One more peril beset our journey when we crossed a stream where quicksand was ready to swallow our train, as it had taken down two horses and a wagon a few days before. Colonel Shoup rode back and forth on a narrow space supposed to be safe, and then directed the soldiers with the teams.

Our wagon was the last to cross, and to make it lighter the driver and Cousin Josiah had gone in other wagons, leaving me to drive our wagon. Mrs. Sullivan was on her knees, believing that her time had come; but I was a good horsewoman and felt no fear. It was well that my father had taught me to drive spirited horses. A mule is different. One of these stepped from the safe path,

and the front wheel had reached the danger line before I succeeded in getting him back. When we reached the shore I found that every man had thrown off his coat, ready to rush to the rescue.

In twenty-six days from Denver we reached Atchison, Kansas, and stopped at the Massasoit House to rest, bathe, and don our traveling suits.

Ghost Towns—Tarryall and Hamilton

LEROY R. HAFEN

A mining rush often gives birth to mushroom towns that disappear almost as quickly as they rose. Placer mines are short-lived almost without exception; settlements built on placer gravel soon become ghost towns. Such was the fate of the two camps whose story is recounted briefly here.

Gold discoveries along Tarryall Creek in the summer of 1859 brought a rush to the northwest portion of South Park. The rich lodes that had been discovered in the Central City region, following the initial find of John H. Gregory on May 6, 1859, had already been taken up and gold-seekers had scattered in all directions to search for other rich deposits.

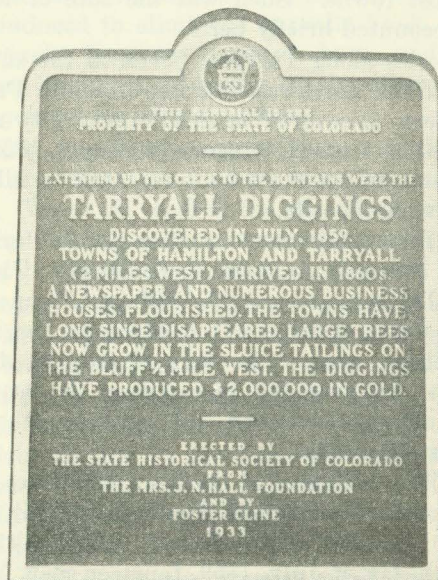
Among the first prospectors to enter South Park were W. M. Slaughter, J. B. Kennedy and Dr. J. L. Shank. This little party was set upon by Indians on June 26, 1859, and Kennedy and Shank were killed.¹ A party of miners from Gregory diggings organized a punitive expedition, went to the scene of the tragedy, and hunted for the offenders, but they did not succeed in locating the murderers. Indian dangers, however, did not keep other gold-seekers from prospecting the region.

Under the title, "History of the Tarryall Mines," the *Miner's Record*, published at the Tarryall diggings in 1861, gives the following account of the first gold discovery in that district:

"On the 13th day of July, 1859, fourteen men, W. J. Holman, E. Hamilton, W. J. Curtice, M. N. H. Spilliard, Thomas Cassady, A. D. Barness, Wm. Mitchem, Wm. Horseman, John Williams, James Merrill, C. Dale, T. Jenkins, John Aldrich and C. Chambers, set out from the Gregory mines to look for others. Following up Chicago creek, they crossed the Snowy Range at its head, and passing through the Buffalo Park, reached the Bayou Salado—now called Tarryall creek, on the 19th of July, and pitched their camp on the bank of the stream, just below where the main portion of Tarryall City now stands. Thus far no satisfactory prospects

¹*Rocky Mountain News*, July 9, 1859.

had been found, but near the camp mentioned, a hole was sunk and good 'color' obtained. Many of the party had become discouraged, and wished to turn back, but the new discoveries inspired confidence, and on the following day they followed up the stream and sunk a second hole just below the junction of the two main branches, in the middle of the gulch, on what is now known as the Bowers claim. Good pay was struck, 'and the company made preparations to tarry-all.' The different branches of the stream were prospected, with varying success, and Tarryall soon began to make a noise in the world. At Gregory and Denver, it was reported that 'pound diggings' had been found, 'on the head waters of the Colorado,' and it being the year of 'stampedes' a tremendous rush immediately commenced for the new El Dorado, and thousands entertained the belief that if they could only get here, in a few days their fortunes would be made.'



HISTORICAL MARKER AT TARRYALL DIGGINGS

The *Rocky Mountain News* at Denver thus reported the gold discoveries on Tarryall Creek in its issue of August 13, 1859: "About two weeks ago reports came in of rich discoveries in the South Park on the head waters of the Platte. Day after day, other and similar reports came of fabulous strikes. . . . Five days ago the rush began for the South Park; ever since a continual stream of miners have passed through our streets. Wagons, carts,

pack animals and footmen—all heading one way; all bound for the same destination—the head waters of the Platte." Mr. Campbell, one of the discoverers, thus described the gold found: "It is in scales nearly as large as water melon seeds, smooth, and very bright yellow, worth from 25 cents to \$1.30 each."²

The diggings were worked actively during the summer and fall of 1859 and favorable reports continued to appear in the Denver newspapers.³ The principal complaint was that the discoverers had staked all the good claims and none of value remained for the late comers. These latter dubbed the district "Graball."

In September, 1859, the miners got up a petition asking for the establishment of a mail route and a postoffice at "Tarry All."⁴ About 150 men spent the first winter in the camp, according to W. N. Byers, who continues: "Some did well but a majority did nothing. A pit in the richest part of the gulch, on a claim the owner of which had gone east—was the bank of deposit, from which the hard-up drew their means of subsistence. Long before spring it had received the euphonious name of 'whiskey hole' and the locality is so called to this day."⁵

With the spring of 1860 mining again flourished on Tarryall Creek. The new town of Hamilton, probably named for E. Hamilton, one of the original discoverers of the diggings, came into existence. We read in the *Rocky Mountain News* of June 13th: "This young city [Hamilton], laid out on the nearest suitable ground to the Tarryall mines, is growing beyond all precedent. It already has one wholesale provision store—that of St. Vrain and Easterday, one drug store, six groceries, three boarding houses, one meat market, two physicians, one lawyer, one hotel, two blacksmith shops, five stock ranches, one recorder's office, one justice of the peace, thirty-five buildings finished and thirty more under way. A saw mill is very much needed. This is fast work; when we passed over the site in April there was not a house up and a town had not been thought of, or at least spoken of."

In late June, 1860, young Irving Howbert accompanied his father, Reverend Howbert, to the Tarryall mines. He writes: "Monday afternoon our party drove into Hamilton, which then was the principal town of the South Park region. It was located on the western side of the Park along the north bank of the Tarryall branch of the South Platte River, just below Tarryall Gulch. This gulch is about six miles east of the Continental Divide. Hamilton, Tarryall, and the adjacent country, at that time had a population of about five thousand people. . . . A day or two after our

²*Ibid.*, Sept. 10, 1859.

³*Ibid.*, Aug. 20, Sept. 10, 17, 1859.

⁴*Ibid.*, Sept. 29, 1859.

⁵*Miner's Record*, July 27, 1861.

arrival, father started out seeking members of his denomination, with the view of establishing a mission at that point, as he had been instructed to do. He was so successful in his efforts that within a week or two he had found enough Methodists to make a fairly strong organization. Soon after this was perfected, it was decided to erect a church building which, necessarily, had to be made of logs, the only building material at hand. Subscription papers were circulated and sufficient money was secured in a few days to warrant beginning work on this primitive structure. . . .

"Hamilton, a long, narrow town with one principal street, was located on the edge of a pine forest and as it grew extended back into the timber. Our lot was on the edge of this forest, and on and around it were numerous tall white pine trees. It was from these that we cut logs with which to erect our house. . . .

"The main street of Hamilton was without sidewalks, although by common consent a space next to the row of houses was used for that purpose. It was not an uncommon sight to see a horse-man ride up to the front of a store and give his order through the open door without dismounting. Along this street there were many saloons, but very few stores. . . . I remember that one day while out on this street I saw a procession of forty or fifty burros coming from the south, driven by three Mexicans. Each burro had a sack of flour strapped on its back.

"Food supplies were fairly plentiful in Hamilton all that summer; moderately good beef was obtainable, and deer and antelope meat was abundant.⁶

"In the summer of '60 a number of very rich claims were opened, and the miners began to learn the locality, and eccentric windings of the 'pay streak' which is nothing more nor less than the old creek channel, and pursues a course irrespective of present elevations and depressions, running under hills and hollows, table lands and ancient forests of timber."⁷

United States mail service was brought to Hamilton and Tarryall in July, 1860, and a tri-weekly, four-horse stagecoach made regular trips to the towns.⁸

The mines continued to pay well in 1861. In fact, the outlook was so promising that W. N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, brought a printing press to the district, and established a newspaper, the *Miner's Record*. Here, as had been the case in Auraria-Denver, two rival towns faced each other across a creek.

⁶Irving Howbert, *Memories of a Lifetime in the Pike's Peak Region*, 23-34. Mr. Howbert was fourteen years old when he came to Hamilton in 1860. He lives in Colorado Springs today, an honored citizen and pioneer.

⁷*Miner's Record*, July 27, 1861.

⁸*Rocky Mountain News*, July 4, 25, 1860.

In Auraria-Denver Byers had demonstrated his fairness by building his printing office on stilts in the bed of Cherry Creek—for which neutrality he was later to suffer the loss of his establishment in the Cherry Creek flood of 1864. For the South Park venture he headed his paper "Tarryall Mines," and tried to laugh the rival towns out of their jealousies. In his first issue, July 4, 1861, he writes:

"Hamilton and Tarryall are ambitious rival cities, upon opposite sides of a brawling little river—about a rod wide—down which flows muddy water from the washings of some hundreds of miners in the gulches above. This river is not yet spanned by a submarine cable, or regular communication kept up by reliable steam ferries, as is the case between some points of our acquaintance East, whose pretensions are hardly greater. Consequently an 'irrepressible conflict' has arisen, and the interests of these cities would seem to a casual observer, to be as diverse and distinct, as are those of London and New York.

"Unfortunately the location of the *Miner's Record* is the bone of contention, and we are the unlucky atom threatened to be crushed between the 'nether millstones.' (Excuse us for mildly expressing the opinion that '*that little thing can't be did.*')" Byers then goes on with a clever dissertation about the rivalry and asserts that if the quarrel continues he will move his paper to the summit of the continental divide and draw everything up to it.

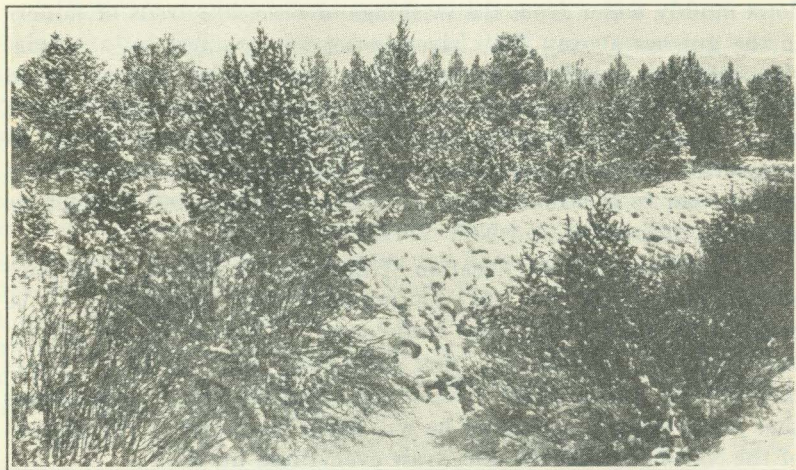
As reporter and newsgatherer, Mr. Byers made trips to Oro City (near present Leadville), Breckenridge, and all the surrounding mining districts, and reported his findings. These articles have become exceedingly valuable source material for the early history of the region.

Of mining on the Tarryall in 1861 the *Miner's Record* reports on July 27, 1861: "About three hundred men are now employed in the main gulch and its tributaries, and the hills and banks adjacent. The yield of gold runs all the way from two and a half to twenty-five dollars per day to the man. Thirteen hydraulics are in operation, and a great number of large and long sluices. Many of the claims are worked by ground sluicing. Some miners are still drifting, which was the favorite plan of working until this year, but is necessarily very imperfect. It is nothing unusual to find from one to five dollars to the pan, on the bed rock, but it lies deep, and a great deal of labor is required to reach it."

Even a private mint was established at the Tarryall mines in 1861. This was operated by John Parson [or Parsons] and manufactured gold coins in \$5 and \$2.50 denominations. An image of

a quartz stamp mill was shown in relief on one side of the Parson coins.⁹

The *Miner's Register*, a complete file of which is in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado, contained advertisements of various business houses in the twin towns, but these were comparatively few, and the editor had to rely upon support from establishments in Denver. The placer mines were already passing their heyday; the newspaper venture did not pay, and on Sept. 14, 1861, the paper suspended publication.



TREES GROWING IN THE OLD SLUICE TAILINGS AT TARRYALL DIGGINGS

During the years immediately following, mining declined in the district. By 1867, O. J. Hollister is writing of the prosperous first years: "In 1859 [the Tarryall diggings] were crowded with people. All the affluents of the creek were staked and claimed to their extreme sources. A plot was made of the town of Hamilton, which may be seen at the Hamilton post office, and is a right pretty map. A huge gambler's booth, running 20 tables, occupied the roomy plaza, and 500 people walked the streets seeking whom or what they might devour. All this has departed, and the town is dead to the waist, its seeming early promise having been broken to the hope."¹⁰

Some miners continued to work on the Tarryall for many years, and indeed, placers are being worked there today; but the towns have long since disappeared. When the railroad was built

⁹L. R. Hafen, "Currency, Coinage and Banking in Pioneer Colorado," in *Colorado Magazine*, X, 85.

¹⁰O. J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado*, 290.

into South Park in 1879, what little was left of Hamilton and Tarryall City moved to the railroad station of Como. Today it is with difficulty that one finds the sites of the vanished towns. Perhaps the most impressive present feature reminiscent of early mining in the district is the extensive piles of sluice tailings out of which now grows a thriving forest of tall firs and pines.

Early Day Marshals of Tin Cup

WILLIAM B. THOM*

The old town of Tin Cup, Colorado, which is today without a postoffice, school or voting precinct was, in 1884, one of Gunnison county's richest mining camps. It had its first great boom in 1880, when thousands of miners and gamblers centered there. Tin Cup became noted for the fatalities visited upon its marshals. When the rough element of the town named the mayor, council and marshal, it chose for the police department head F. B. Willis, or "Old Man" Willis, as he was known, and told him that the first man he attempted to arrest would be his last; that he was to see nothing and know nothing that took place; and that he was selected to give the camp an appearance of being orderly so that tenderfeet might be lured and fleeced. At least so runs the story. He neither arrested a man nor received a cent of pay during his term of office.

The next marshal was Tom Lahay, a brave and fearless man, whose term expired in 1882. Merely to show his authority he would sometimes round up four or five of a group of half-drunken miners or tinhorn gamblers, disarm them and start them for the calaboose, then release them at the door.

He was succeeded by Frank Emerson, a brave and popular miner, who had roughed it in the mountains for years and feared nothing. He had an enemy in an ex-marshal; they met in combat and Emerson was killed.

In 1882 Harry Rivers, typical mountaineer with the courage of a lion, became the marshal. Dance halls and gambling houses were running day and night. Rivers made an effort to control the disorderly classes. He frequently disarmed bad men and marched

*Mr. Thom came to Colorado in 1881 and lived for some years on the Western Slope, engaged as a newspaper man. He lives in New York City today. He revisited Colorado in September, 1928.—Ed.

them to the locker single-handed. One night he was called upon to arrest a saloonkeeper named Charles La Tourette, the worst man in the camp to deal with. A quarrel followed. Guns were drawn. Without a shot Rivers conquered La Tourette, and they started, arm in arm, for the jail. They had proceeded but a block or two when La Tourette pulled a gun from another pocket and shot Rivers dead.

A noted mountain character with whom Rivers had dealt was Jack Ward. His name was a terror to all whom he did not fancy. One day he brought a burro train into Tin Cup and soon got into a row with residents, miners and gamblers. In the pitched battle which ensued a hundred shots were fired. Rivers rushed to the scene. It was growing dark. Rivers singled out Ward. They exchanged shots, but Rivers nabbed Ward, who was locked up and later fined. It was Ward's first surrender. He reformed, went to preaching, and in 1884 occupied a pulpit in Glenwood Springs.

The next marshal bore the name Sam Micky. He accepted the post reluctantly, but courageously performed his duty. Men threatened him and he had narrow escapes. In the seven months following his election responsibility and excitement shattered his mind. He went insane and died in an Illinois asylum in a few weeks, bravely pacing his cell in the dream that he was still the marshal of Tin Cup.

Andy Jameson took the ill-fated star as chief. A few months after his appointment he met death in a quarrel with Will Taylor. This took place in 1883. After his trial and conviction Taylor went to the penitentiary at Canon City for five years.

About the year 1884 Dave Corsaut, pioneer, accepted the marshalship. He had been identified with the border history of Kansas in the days of John Brown, and his name and fame made him respected.

It may not be amiss to add that the Tin Cup district received that name when, in 1861, Fred Lottes, having discovered mineral deposits there, and having no gold miner's pan, used a tin drinking cup in which to wash out his prospects. The town of Tin Cup, first known as Virginia City, had in 1884 an estimated population of 1,200. Its pioneer newspaper, established in 1881, came out as the *Garfield Banner*.¹

¹A copy of this pioneer newspaper (issue of Sept. 24, 1881) was presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by J. H. Bailey as the gift of Herman D. Clark of Almont, Colorado.

Background of the International Boundary Line of 1819 Along the Arkansas River in Colorado

ELEANOR L. RICHIE*

When La Salle claimed the lands drained by the Mississippi and its western tributaries for Louis XIV on April 9, 1682, that portion of the state of Colorado which lies east of the Rocky Mountains was included as part of French Louisiana. At the same time, however, Spain had strong claims to Colorado east of the mountains at least as far north as the Arkansas, in addition to an undisputed right to the lands west of the range. Spanish explorations into present Kansas as early as 1541, the founding of New Mexico by Don Juan de Onate in 1598, continuous occupation of the Indian towns as far as Taos, and increasingly frequent expeditions northward after 1650 seemed valid evidence that southeastern Colorado as we know it today was Spanish territory.

Louisiana changed hands several times before the United States purchased title in 1803. It was a French domain until 1762 but was ceded to Spain on November 3rd of that year. In 1763 the cession of 1762 was restated. Louisiana east of the Mississippi went to Great Britain instead of Spain; and Spain ceded the Floridas, which later became involved in Louisiana boundary disputes, to England, not regaining them until 1783. West of the Mississippi, however, Louisiana was continuously in the possession of Spain until October 1, 1800. On the latter date Napoleon, then First Consul, obtained Louisiana from Spain in exchange for the Duchy of Tuscany. Only a short time elapsed before he realized his mistake in seeking an American empire, however, and Spain did not even surrender administration before Louisiana became the possession of the United States.

Robert Livingston and James Monroe went to Europe to obtain for the United States the Island of New Orleans and such portion of East and West Florida as the actual proprietor could be prevailed upon to part with. Instead of being forced to accept only part of the island, merely space upon which to build a commercial city, or no more than a right of deposit with the privilege of holding real estate—as they were prepared to do—the surprised commissioners found themselves buying a vast expanse of western wilds for the sum of fifteen million dollars. Napoleon had found his American possession dangerous, he needed to replenish his treasury, and he was determined to disappoint England in sus-

*Miss Richie, who took her Master's Degree in History at the University of Denver, contributed an article to the July, 1932, issue of this magazine on "General Mano Mocha of the Utes and Spanish Policy in Indian Relations."—Ed.

pected designs on the Mississippi. It was, therefore, Bonaparte's will that Louisiana be sold to the United States. The price was so low, in consideration of the necessity for a sale, that the American spokesmen could not do otherwise than accept the offer. Napoleon thereupon left to his ministers the settlement of details so unimportant to him as the boundaries of a territory he did not want. Consequently, with the purchase of Louisiana on April 30, 1803, the United States became involved in a series of territorial disputes with Spain which were not settled until 1819. The region between the Mississippi and the Rockies had not yet gained significance in the eyes of the American public, whose attention centered chiefly on the Florida question, the eastern boundary of Texas and the extension of the Louisiana boundary line to the Pacific. Nevertheless, records of negotiations preceding the agreement of 1819 reveal detailed discussion as to the northward extent of Spanish territory into what is now Colorado, and even beyond that state.

Livingston and Monroe had been unable to obtain a definite statement of the boundaries of Louisiana as claimed by France in 1803. The cession clause transferred to the United States the province of Louisiana "as fully and in the same manner" as France received it from Spain in 1800, and France had acquired it under highly ambiguous terms. Conflicting claims of the various nations to lands east of the Mississippi were generally well known, although many were not conceded; but west of the river the huge territory lay without specific boundary, and no satisfactory data was presented for determining the frontiers. When Marbois pointed out the obscurity of the western boundary to Napoleon he was told that if a difficulty did not already exist it might be well to put one there. In the course of time the United States exerted due efforts to make the most of its noble bargain, as Talleyrand predicted would be the case. In southeastern Colorado the rights of New Mexico were either denied or ignored on many occasions.¹

The Spanish province of New Mexico had been settled for eighty-four years when La Salle discovered the mouth of the Mississippi; its official records of administration covered three centuries by the time of the Louisiana Purchase by the United States. Spanish occupation had been unbroken except for a period of thirteen years following the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. Settlers surviving that massacre retreated only to El Paso and the reconquest of the upper Rio Grande was soon begun. Occupation was again accomplished by Governor Diego de Vargas in 1693, and by the end of the following year the Pueblo villages were under Spanish control as far as Taos. Population gradually increased, the Pueblos

¹Binger Hermann, *The Louisiana Purchase and Our Title West of the Rocky Mountains*, 28-33.

continued submissive, and the wild tribes on the frontiers came to fear and respect Spanish troops. Governor Chacon's report of 1799 gave the population of New Mexico as 18,826 whites, including the garrison at Santa Fe, and 9,732 civilized Indians.²

Although Taos was the most northern settlement of the province, Spanish military and trading activities beyond that point gave New Mexico a strong claim to jurisdiction as far as the Arkansas and a more doubtful right to lands extending to the Platte River. Recent research indicates that the expeditions preceding the founding of New Mexico did not penetrate Colorado. Nevertheless, when Coronado went in search of Quivira in 1541 and reached the locality of Wichita, Kansas, by a route south and east of Colorado, and when Humana y Leyba penetrated the north-eastern frontier of New Mexico in 1593, the Spanish crown fell heir to a general claim to regions north of New Mexico. Onate's trip to Quivira, by a similar route, in 1600 strengthened that claim. Customary activities in the regular course of New Mexican administration, after the province had been well established, gave Spain further reason to regard the southeastern Colorado territory as part of her New Mexico province.

About the middle of the 17th century Juan de Archuleta led an expedition to El Cuartelejo (The Far District or The Distant Quarter) in pursuit of Indians who had fled to that place from New Mexico, the site of the settlement being in present Kiowa County, Colorado, about sixty miles east of the city of Pueblo, according to Dr. A. B. Thomas' convincing analysis of the evidence on that point.³ In 1694 Governor Diego de Vargas, on returning to Santa Fe from Taos, made a detour into Ute Indian country which may have taken him into Colorado.⁴ When Uribarri went to El Cuartelejo in 1706 he traveled via Taos to the headwaters of the Purgatoire River, followed the foothills until crossing the Arkansas approximately at Pueblo and then marched eastward to his destination.⁵

Within a decade of Uribarri's expedition New Mexico was defending its northeastern reaches as an international boundary against the French, whose advance up the Missouri and the Platte stimulated Spanish expansion. In the spring of 1719 Governor Antonio Valverde y Cosio was ordered to reconnoiter the frontier as a result of the viceroy's having received exaggerated reports

²L. Bradford Prince, *Historical Sketches of New Mexico*, 227.

³A. B. Thomas, "The Massacre of the Villasur Expedition at the Forks of the Platte River, August 12, 1720," *Nebraska History*, Vol. VII, No. 3 (September, 1924), 73-76.

⁴H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 210, note 29. E. L. Richie, *Spanish Relations with the Yuta Indians, 1680-1822*, 16 (Thesis obtainable at library of University of Denver or of Colorado State Historical Society, Denver, Colorado).

⁵See also, A. B. Thomas, "Spanish Explorations into Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, I, 292.

from Los Adaes, the easternmost outpost of Texas, that a number of Frenchmen were marching to attack the mines near Santa Fe. In July, 1719, the viceroy learned that war had broken out between France and Spain and Valverde was warned to prepare the frontiers against invasion. The governor's expedition against the Utes and Comanches in the fall took him to the Arkansas in the vicinity of Las Animas, Colorado, and resulted in further indication of French invaders. An Indian who came to visit Valverde's camp with the El Cuartelejo settlement carried a gunshot wound and reported an attack of Jumanos, Pawnees and French on his people, who apparently dwelt on the South Platte River (Rio Jesus Maria). The governor's courier arrived in Mexico City with this intelligence about the same time that a messenger from the governor of Parral reported that six thousand Frenchmen were one hundred and seventy-five miles from Santa Fe. After due consultation among officials a garrison of twenty or twenty-five men was approved for El Cuartelejo and Valverde was directed to investigate French activities on the South Platte.

Accordingly Don Pedro de Villasur, Lieutenant General of New Mexico, set out from Santa Fe on June 16, 1720, with forty soldiers, some settlers and seventy Indians, marching for El Cuartelejo by the usual northeasterly route. Pushing on toward the South Platte, the Spanish force reached that stream after three hundred leagues of travel from Santa Fe, and then pressed on a number of leagues to what has been rather conclusively shown to be the junction of the North Fork (San Lorenzo) with the South Platte.⁶ The Pawnees were found to be encamped on the plain about eight leagues inland and Villasur approached to within about five leagues of the enemy. Resting their fate on the skill of their official interpreter, Jean de L'Archeveque, trader, Uribarri expeditionist, and co-assassin of La Salle, the Spaniards made camp while parleys went forward with the enemy Indians, who showed a Breton flag. After two days of negotiations Villasur grew uneasy and withdrew to the North Platte, making camp on the south bank of that stream. Somewhat reassured by the long retreat, the Spaniards slept through the night of August 11, 1720, while Pawnees crept in upon them among the tall grasses. At dawn, amidst the confusion of breaking camp and the frenzy of stampeding horses, forty-five Spaniards and Indian allies, mowed down by a rain of bullets and arrows, lost their lives at the site of North Platte, Nebraska, more than seven hundred and fifty miles⁷ northeast of the

⁶A second possible junction is that of the Loup with the Platte. A. B. Thomas rejects it as being too far from Santa Fe. For discussion of the Loup site, see: M. D. Shine, "In Favor of the Loup Site" and A. E. Sheldon, "Nebraska Historical Society Expedition," *Nebraska History*, Vol. VII, 83-87 and 89-95.

⁷A Spanish league was 2.5 to 2.6 miles.

New Mexican capital. Commander, priest and interpreter lay among the dead, but a few members of the hapless force escaped to carry the tale to the settlements.

With the arrival of the survivors, consternation reigned. Valverde, who was censured and later brought to trial because of the disaster to his lieutenant general, renewed his importunities for a garrison among the Jicarilla Indians on the northeastern border of his province. A treaty of peace signed between France and Spain in March, 1721, freed New Mexico from obligation to fight European wars at her far borders, however, and the Villasur expedition marks the high tide of northeastward expansion from New Mexico before Spain's acquisition of Louisiana in 1763.⁸ Thereafter, until the advent of American intruders in the early nineteenth century, frontier expeditions were directed against Indians.

We have a meager account of Bustamente y Tagle's excursion to the Arkansas in 1750. Governor Mendinueta's reports of 1772 and 1777, outlining his recommendations for the defense of the frontier, reveal the magnitude of New Mexico's problem and stir an appreciation of later accomplishments in border patrol. On March 26, 1772, Mendinueta wrote Viceroy Bucareli emphasizing the need of a *presidio* at Taos and recommending that the scattered agricultural settlers be prevailed upon to form towns, or *plazas*, as being more easily defended. With the scattered *haciendas*, New Mexico had no center and each little settlement was a separate frontier because they were "very remote from one another." The governor stated, "Incessant care is necessary which is kept up by reconnoitering the land (an activity which rarely produces the end desired) to see in time if the enemy are approaching." The Indians, being possessed of many horses, could make precipitous flight after a raid and pursuit was essential. Soldiers were augmented by settlers and Christian Indians, but precious time was always lost in rounding up the beasts of burden from pasture. It was necessary that "each man have at least three or four horses," because in order to apprehend the wandering barbarians it was "necessary to rove over different routes in which much time and supplies" were consumed. It happened many times that the Spaniards marched in less than three days seventy and eighty leagues without overtaking the raiders.⁹

Spain conquered half a world not by pouring out her manhood in an endless flow to the far corners of America put by exploitation of native labor, intermarriage of Spaniard and barbarian, and community activity in self-defense under the leadership of a hand-

⁸The source of this summary of Villasur's expedition is A. B. Thomas, "The Massacre of Villasur's Expedition," *op. cit.*

⁹A. B. Thomas (editor), "Governor Mendinueta's Proposals for the Defense of New Mexico, 1772-1778," *New Mexico Historical Review*.

ful of Spanish officers. Mendinueta's explanation of the customary occupations of settlers, Spaniards and Indians, gives the key to what might otherwise seem inexplicable patriotic fervor when settlers accompanied Villasur to disaster on the North Platte in 1720, and New Mexican civilians reconnoitered the Arkansas looking for Americans as late as 1819. Besides the care of the fields, the settlers aided invaded or menaced settlements, followed raiders when capture was believed possible, attended to gathering supplies for pursuing parties, equipped beasts of burden, and campaigned when the governor held it necessary, "without any stipend." When anything was accomplished against the wild tribes, it was done by the settlers, not the soldiers, according to an earlier commentator, Pedro Serrano, who reported on certain bad conditions in 1761. Militiamen, it was said, were selected not for military service but as cheap servants of the governor. One governor is reputed to have sold all the powder, and in another instance artillery was dismounted and the iron made into implements for Indian trade.¹⁰

Mendinueta's recommendations and his report on the seriousness of Comanche danger prefaced the success of Don Juan Bautista de Anza who was made governor in 1778. The Anza campaign against the Comanches in 1779 added laurels to the governor's California triumphs, gave New Mexico an alliance with the Utes and Comanches, and established a safety zone to the north of the settlements far into Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and West Texas. The actual campaign route took the Spanish force up the west side of the Sangre de Cristo range, through the San Luis Valley to about Salida, across the mountains to the headwaters of the Arkansas and down to Fountain Creek (Rio Almagre), the enemy chief being killed in the Greenhorn Mountains which bear his name.¹¹

The year 1787 witnessed an abortive attempt to establish a Spanish-Indian settlement on the Arkansas at a site in Colorado described as being near a spring and having good lands. New Mexican officials encouraged a Comanche tribe, the Jupes, in adopting a settled mode of life by supplying them with implements, materials, instructors and a plan for building a town. San Carlos de los Jupes was a hamlet of nineteen houses by October, 1787, and many more dwellings were under way. Seed and animals were furnished, but the Indians soon found superstitious motive for abandoning their strange new mode of life and in January, 1788, they left San Carlos. Anza's successor, Governor Concha, notified the Commandant General of the Interior Provinces of the desertion of San Carlos and the latter suggested sending Spanish families to the

settlement. Had the viceroy not vetoed this suggestion Spanish settlements might have been established in Colorado before the time of the Louisiana Purchase.¹²

If Spain's title as far north as the Arkansas River could be supported by so many instances of exploration, occupation and use, what could be said of her more ambitious assertions that Spanish lands extended to the Missouri?

New Mexicans, as we have noted, were familiar with the branches of the Platte, the Spanish name *Chato*, which was sometimes applied to that stream, having the same meaning as the French designation of the wide, shallow river. Most of Spain's activity in upper Louisiana between 1763 and 1800 emanated from St. Louis, however. Despite the fact that explorations of fur traders during the period when Louisiana was Spanish territory could not be regarded as valid evidence that the lands between the Arkansas and Missouri rivers should not be transferred as part of the original Louisiana province, such activities were brought into the discussions of 1818 and 1819. The Spanish Minister doubtless had in mind historical circumstances of the following nature.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the Spanish administrators actively sponsored fur trade in Louisiana, with St. Louis as a center, even though their major energies were devoted to military patrols of the Mississippi and protection of the settlements, due to fear of English invasion. A corollary project was the opening of communication between the various Spanish provinces. The skilled Pedro Vial, who had successfully explored two separate routes to Santa Fe from San Antonio in 1786 and 1788, was charged with the even heavier responsibility of breaking a path between New Mexico and St. Louis. Instructed by Governor Concha to leave via Pecos and march east to the Osage villages and then northeast to the Missouri River and St. Louis, Vial and two companions set out May 21, 1792. Although they suffered a month's delay en route, the explorers reached St. Louis and in the following summer, 1793, Vial made the return to Santa Fe. In making the round trip Vial traced a wide loop of exploration which threaded the wilderness from Pecos, northeast across western Oklahoma to the Arkansas, thence to the Kansas River and St. Louis; from St. Louis four hundred miles up the Missouri to about Nemaha, Nebraska, southwest across Kansas through the localities of Abilene and Dodge City, on across Texas to the Canadian, and by the Comanche trail to Pecos. The lone scout had pushed the northeastern extent of New Mexican expeditions to the borders of the United States.¹³

¹²A. B. Thomas, "A Comanche Pueblo on the Arkansas, 1787," *Colorado Magazine*, VI, 79-91.

¹³A. B. Thomas, "The First Santa Fe Expedition, 1792-1793," *Chronicles of Oklahoma*.

¹⁰H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 273, note 39.

¹¹A. B. Thomas, *Forgotten Frontiers*, 119-142.

In 1795, or shortly before, the Spaniards offered a prize of three thousand dollars to the first man who succeeded in reaching the Pacific by way of the Missouri. James Mackay and Jean Evans, serving the Spanish Missouri Company, planned a trip over the Rocky Mountains to the Far West. These two, with a party of thirty-three men, went as far as the Nebraska region in 1795, and Evans continued overland along the Missouri until being driven back by the Sioux. In 1796 Evans was again on the upper Missouri and reported keen rivalry between the Northwestern and Hudson's Bay fur companies. Mackay, who was making explorations among the Mandans about this time, was rewarded for his services by being appointed commandant of the post of St. Andre on the Missouri and was given extensive land grants.

Clamorgan, Loisel and Company, who had been dispatching agents to the Mandan villages and upper Missouri for some years, found British competition steadily increasing at the close of the eighteenth century. The English began to capture Ponca and Omaha Indian trade, and to establish posts in the Iowa country and on the Platte River as well. Clamorgan, therefore, petitioned Lieutenant Governor De Lassus of Louisiana for permission to build stations and forts along the Kansas and Platte Rivers at the close of 1800, renewing his requests for the hundred militiamen promised him in 1796.

Regis Loisel, who went on a two-year expedition at the opening of the nineteenth century, was stopped on the upper Missouri by the Sioux Indians. His post, Ft. au Cedres, was on an island near the northern boundary of Lyman county, South Dakota. An agent, Sabeau, was detailed to continue the exploration of the Missouri. While Spain held Louisiana it was not so important to know how far New Mexico extended into Colorado as it was to determine how to keep intruders from the southwestern settlements by preventing usurpation of Spanish power in upper Louisiana. Loisel made a study of routes into New Mexico and drew up a report. He stated that the Platte took its rise "but a short distance west of Santa Fe" and that although it was not navigable all the way, overland travel was open and easy to Americans. Foreigners could also reach New Mexico, so he believed, by way of the Yellowstone. Fear of invasion from Canada was equalled by dread of encroachment by Americans from the east, and Loisel urged that Indians along the routes to Santa Fe be won over to friendship for the Spaniards and influenced against Britishers and Americans.¹⁴

It is not surprising that Spain, with her power fast slipping in South and Central America, should cling tenaciously to a vision of

¹⁴A. P. Nasatir, "Anglo-Spanish Rivalry on the Upper Missouri," *Mississippi Historical Review*, XVI, 527.

Louisiana stretching from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, sweeping from the Gulf and Rio Grande to the northwesterly line of the Missouri. In presenting his sovereign's claims in 1818, Don Luis de Onis, the Spanish Minister in Washington, demanded this inland empire that Spain had administered for forty years, regardless of when or how fleetingly the claim to any particular territory had been established. Onis' resume of his country's possessions between the Mississippi and the mountains included her unquestioned title to Texas and New Mexico proper, her right to a frontier region between New Mexican settlements and the Arkansas River, her questionable claims beyond the Arkansas to the Platte, and her invalid demands for the Missouri. The New Mexico boundary question and Missouri River activities of Spanish traders were reviewed by Onis in a letter addressed to the American Secretary of State on January 5, 1818. It said:

"Long before [referring to the establishment of Texas, 1690] they [the Spaniards] had established themselves in New Mexico where they built the capital of Santa Fe, in thirty-nine degrees north latitude, and opened and worked mines in the neighborhood. From thence they spread themselves wide of the rivers that empty from north and south into the Missouri, communicating and trading with the Indian nations; so that from that time Spain considered all the territory lying to the east and north of New Mexico as far as the Mississippi and Missouri as her property."

Controverting certain French claims, the statement continued:

"The right which Spain always had to all the territories to the north and east of New Mexico, as far as the right bank of the Mississippi, is proved with equal certainty. All these territories, and the different branches, falls, and waters of the Mississippi, were always comprehended within the line of the Spanish dominion in that part of America from the earliest period of its discovery and conquest. Although the French penetrated several times from Mobile and Biloxi to different parts of that line, they never acquired any right to them. Their excursions were confined to trading or smuggling, or exploring the country."

Onis contended further that the French posts were trifling and temporary and that the Spaniards had carried on trade much earlier than the French, having visited "the Missouris, extending along the river of that name, Padorecas [Padoucas], beyond with the Latanes," and with several other tribes "as being within the domains of the crown of Spain."

After thus setting forth Spain's varied activities north of the Gulf and Rio Grande, the minister stated that His Majesty had decided to base claim solely on the state of possession Spain had acquired by the treaty of 1763, despite the fact that she had

“original and undisputable right to all the right bank of the Mississippi.” Admittedly indefinite as the boundary was, it must be from the Gulf through Natchitoches to the Missouri River, so Onis declared.¹⁵

The problem of the United States in establishing the western boundary of Louisiana, in accordance with American views, was one of interpretation of data and maps pertaining to French claims. A survey of early maps and documents reveals a consistent claim to the whole Mississippi drainage area, with the highland sources of the streams as the western boundary. Before the transfer of Louisiana to Spain in 1762 cartographers had added details showing the Rio del Norte (upper Rio Grande) and New Mexico as portions of the southwestern boundary.

La Salle declared Louisiana, on the west, to include the Mississippi (Colbert) and all the rivers that discharged therein. A map made by Tonty, La Salle's staunch companion, was lost but investigators have found no statement to indicate that the early explorers ever claimed country westward of the highland sources of the Mississippi streams. Franquelin's Great Map, drawn up by a young engineer of Quebec in 1684, showed the headwaters of the Mississippi as the western boundary. Louis XIV, in granting land to Sieur Antoine de Crozat, gave him a trade monopoly in Louisiana, that territory being described as bounded by New Mexico and inclusive of all rivers falling directly or indirectly into the Mississippi (St. Louis) as far north as the Missouri (St. Philip). Henry Moll, the English geographer, published a map in London about 1710, giving Old Mexico, New Mexico and the Rio del Norte as the southwestern boundary of Louisiana and the highlands at the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri as the northwest boundary. Nothing west of the Rockies was designated as Louisiana. Thomas Bowen's map, published sometime before 1762, had the Rio del Norte and the mountains as the western boundary.¹⁶

Thomas Jefferson's understanding of the extent of Louisiana was in accordance with the above data. In his letter of November 16, 1803, to Captain Meriwether Lewis he said:

“As the boundaries of interior Louisiana are the highlands enclosing all the waters which run into the Mississippi or Missouri, directly or indirectly, with a quarter breadth on the Gulf of Mexico, it becomes interesting to fix with precision the sources of these rivers so providing points in the contour of our new limits.”¹⁷

Acting in accordance with American acceptance of the French

¹⁵Luis de Onis to J. Q. Adams, January 5, 1818, *American State Papers, Foreign Relations*, IV, 455-459.

¹⁶Binger Hermann, *op cit.*, 12-15.

¹⁷Thomas Jefferson to M. Lewis, November 16, 1803, quoted by Hermann, p. 41.

claims, John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, replied to Onis' extravagant appropriation of the Missouri by a letter of January 16, 1818, proposing that the southwestern boundary of Louisiana be drawn at the Red River in Texas. Onis at once denounced the American demand as unjust and suggested settlement of the question by a commission. On March 12, 1818, Adams again wrote Onis reviewing American claims, citing La Salle's discovery, quoting maps and histories, and emphasizing the Crozat grant by Louis XIV which Onis had dismissed as the “act of a disordered imagination.” The American note also raised doubts as to the correctness of Onis' version of the New Mexican and Texan boundaries. It was there that Spain's formidable claims of possession by right of settlement, exploration and use came into conflict with French claims of ownership by right of discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi.¹⁸

Both Spanish Minister and American Secretary of State understood the strategy of insisting upon more land than was hoped for, and the last day of 1818 found the national spokesmen half a continent apart in their demands. Adams had told Hyde de Neuville, the French Minister, who had striven to serve as mediator, that the United States would never give up “one drop of the waters of the Mississippi.”¹⁹ Onis, on the other hand, notified Adams, by letter of January 1, 1819, that His Majesty would “agree that the boundary line between the two states shall extend from the source of the Missouri, westward to the Columbia and along the middle thereof to the Pacific.”²⁰

As financial claims, trade relations, and numerous other problems not discussed here were adjusted the need for artful diplomacy passed, and the negotiators soon were in position to discuss the real point at issue in the New Mexico boundary controversy. On January 25th Adams wrote Onis restating the Red River boundary, but he readily considered the Spanish reply of February 1st which presented the valid argument that Spain could not accept the Red River from mouth to source because that stream “rises at a few leagues from Santa Fe.” It seemed to Onis that, inasmuch as the United States had “no hostile intentions,” it must be a matter of indifference to them to accept the Arkansas instead of the Red as a boundary.

Adams' *projet* of February 6th relinquished claim to the source of the Red and proposed a line leaving that stream at its

¹⁸J. Q. Adams to L. de Onis, January 16, 1818, and L. de Onis to J. Q. Adams, January 24, 1818, also J. Q. Adams to L. de Onis, March 12, 1818, *American State Papers*, *op. cit.*, 463-464, 468-470.

¹⁹J. Q. Adams' *Diary*, November 17, 1818, in *American History Told by Contemporaries*, III, 483.

²⁰L. de Onis to J. Q. Adams, January 1, 1819, *American State Papers*, *op. cit.*, 615.

bend between 101° and 102° of longitude, running thence to the bend of the Arkansas, following the latter stream to 41° of latitude, and thence west to the Pacific. Onis' substitute line of February 9th left the Red at exactly 100° of longitude and followed the Arkansas to the 42nd parallel. The extension of the boundary to the Pacific was to be according to topography rather than straight along the parallel. The United States accepted the first two proposals as to leaving the Red at 100° of longitude and following the Arkansas to 42° of latitude, but stipulated that the 42nd parallel be followed to the Pacific without deviation.²¹

This final compromise was embodied in Article III of the treaty signed February 22, 1819, and the Colorado district south of the Arkansas was recognized in law as part of New Mexico, as it had been in practice for many years. On the other hand, a small area west of the Continental Divide—Middle Park and Blue River Valley—and east of the line extending north from the source of the Arkansas became United States soil.²² Spain ratified the treaty on October 24, 1820.

²¹*American State Papers, op. cit.*, 615-617.

²²L. R. Hafen, "Claims and Jurisdictions over the Territory of Colorado Prior to 1861," *Colorado Magazine*, IX, 99.

A further brief study of Colorado boundaries is Frederic L. Paxson's "The Boundaries of Colorado," *The University of Colorado Studies*, Vol. II, 87-94.

Letters of Friedrich Steinhauer

Translated from the German by KARL F. STEINHAUER

[Friedrich Steinhauer was born in Rockenhausen, Germany, May 22, 1835, and emigrated to America when fifteen years of age. In 1864 he came to Denver, Colorado, where he became a leading druggist. He was prominently identified with educational development here, serving many years on the Denver School Board and on the Board of Trustees of the School of Mines. He was a member of the Territorial legislature. Mr. Steinhauer was one of the founders of the East Denver Turnverein and was active in fostering German institutions and language. Two of the letters here reproduced exhibit his efforts toward the establishment of a German school. He died in Denver, August 30, 1903. The translations are by a grandson of the writer.—Ed.]

Denver, Colo. Ter., January 9th, 1866.

MESSRS. HOFFMAN AND MORWITZ:

Governor-elect Gilpin¹ of Colorado requested me to send his first message to some German newspaper, to engage interest in Colorado's German immigration, so I took the liberty of sending the same to you.

Despite my opinion that the message really contains little to make the present [conditions] attractive to emigrants, it is never-

¹In 1865 an attempt was made to achieve statehood for Colorado. A constitution was framed and a set of officers elected, with William Gilpin as Governor. But inasmuch as President Johnson refused to countenance the statehood proceedings the officials never were recognized by the federal authorities.—Ed.

theless certain that Colorado is a better place for a young man to secure his living and independence than any other state east of the Missouri River, and it is certain that Colorado, through the connection with the Pacific railroad, with its gold, silver, copper, and iron mines, is looking forward to a golden age.

Respectfully, I remain your most obedient servant,

FRIEDRICH STEINHAUER.

Denver, April 20, 1866.

TO THE FRONTIER SCHOOL-BOOK COMMISSION.

Gentlemen:

The German inhabitants of Denver City, Colorado Territory, established here a German school and asked me to procure the necessary books. In the magazine for Free Religious Life, of Philadelphia, I saw a catalog of German-English-American school books compiled under the supervision of the Turner society in America, which I laid before the directors of the German school association, whereupon they gave me full authority to order the following books. At present we might have about 30 pupils, among them many beginners.

30 First German readers; 30 Second German readers; 30 Third German readers; Writing tablets, 30 for each class; an Arithmetic book for the teacher only; an outline textbook for the instruction in geography and history for the teacher.

Should the Frontier [School Book Commission] from its experience in school matters consider it advantageous to add or delete something, may I ask that you do so at once, without writing. Send us the books as soon as possible as we are only waiting for the books, to start the school then. Should the books not yet have appeared in print, may I ask that you send us other suitable books in their place. I will send the money as soon as the bill comes to hand, or collect on delivery of books. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain with

Best wishes your humble servant

FRIEDRICH STEINHAUER.

P. S.—I am also hoping that a Rocky Mountain Turnverein may soon call to their brothers on the other side of the Missouri River their greeting "Good Luck." If you could send us the regulations of the Turner society there, would be obliged to you.

Many old Turners.

As reference I give you the name of my cousin, Joseph Land-schutz, Apothecary, No. 124 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send the books to the following address by express, Steinhauer and Walbrach, Denver City, Colorado Territory, care of Overland Stage Company, Atchison, Kansas.

Denver, July 27th, 1866.

TO THE FRONTIER SCHOOL BOOK COMMISSION.

Gentlemen: ,

The answer to my first letter dated April 20th was, in one month we will send sample copies, which however have not come to date. I wrote you about it again and got no answer, and being assailed on all sides about the books I telegraphed you on July 11th and it seems this received as much attention as the previous letter. To help us out of this uncertainty I request that if the books have been sent out when this letter comes to hand you advise me of such by telegraph at my expense, if not sent out I withdraw the order as I can buy books here which have come from Saint Louis and will serve us equally well. I will wait 9 or 10 days from the date of this letter, if no answer follows, I will buy the books here. I remain respectfully,

F. STEINHAUER.

N. B.—Also we have so far waited in vain for the regulations of the Turnbundes. The whole affair is from a business standpoint inexcusable neglect and from a social standpoint is short of courtesy and service, which gives one reason to deal anywhere besides a school commission.
