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The Voorhees Diary of the Lawrence Party's Trip to Pike's Peak, 1858

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[There is presented herewith a recently acquired and very important document of Colorado history. It is perhaps the only diary extant detailing a trip to the region of present Colorado in the summer of 1858. Some of the '58ers later wrote important reminiscences, but discrepancies among these only emphasize the value of a contemporary record such as the one here published.

Two prospecting companies, famous in Colorado history, made the journey to the Pike's Peak country to search for gold during the summer of 1858. The first was made up of Georgians and of Cherokee Indians and is known as the "Russell Party." It journeyed up the Arkansas River and reached present Colorado in May. Some two weeks behind the Russell Party came a group of Kansans from Lawrence and vicinity. This has come to be known as the "Lawrence Party." To this group, Augustus Voorhees attached himself.

Voorhees came of German-Dutch stock and was born in New York State on December 14, 1828. He moved to Wisconsin in 1846, and to Kansas, ten years later. Here he engaged in farming and in coal mining. He joined the Lawrence Party enroute to the Colorado region and his diary gives us the itinerary of that journey. In the fall of 1858, he returned to Eastern Kansas with other members of the Lawrence Party. He enlisted in the Fifth Kansas Cavalry during the Civil War and served for three years; after which he returned to Wisconsin. In 1890, he removed to Kansas and resided there until his death in 1905. He was the father of seven children—four of whom are living today.

The diary here published was located and procured for the State Historical Society of Colorado by Elmer R. Burkey, who is working on the Society's Professional Project under the FERA. The diary was generously given to the Society for permanent preservation by the children of Voorhees. It is written with ink on worn and yellow sheets of paper, eight by ten inches in size. The journal is faithfully reproduced.]

A. Voorhees's Journal, kept on his journey to the Rocky Mountains in search of gold in 1858, left the Coal bank may 31, started on foot, overtook the train at bluff Creek, walked 35 miles.¹

June 1 left Camp with 10 waggons; drove to Council Grove² 15 miles, found some very fine streams today but little timber and fine prairie. Council grove is built in a mud hole but 10 or 15 houses. Saw two buffalo Calves today, the guard fell asleep and the Cattle ran into the woods, road quite rough with many flint stones on the banks of the ravines.

June 2 Drove to Diamond springs³ which is the best I have seen in kansas. it throws out five barrells of watter to the minute. it is Clear and Cold, but little timber there.

J. 3 to lost spring 15 miles it is on the prairie, no timber in sight, found none today, prairie very fine, saw two or three antelope, met a party of soldiers returning from mixico escorting a party of officers and their famalys home.

June 4 our Cattle ran or were driven of by the indians this morning, found them in a hollow five miles off, Drove 16 miles to the Cotton wood⁴ found no timber today but little on the Cotton wood but fine prairie, another team Came into the train today.

J. 5 remained in Camp today. Captain holmes Came in today. We now have 9 nine ox teams 2 horse teames and one mule team⁵

¹The main body of the Lawrence Party had set out from Lawrence, seventy-one miles northeast of Bluff Creek. J. C. Smiley in his *History of Denver*, 185, follows F. M. Cobb (manuscript in State Historical Society Library) in saying that the party left Lawrence on May 19th. In *Wilder's Annals*, 236, it is reported that twenty men left Lawrence for the Rocky Mountain gold region on May 21, 1858. W. B. Parsons, in an article appearing in the *Kansas Magazine*, I, 552 (June, 1872), says that a party of forty-two men left Lawrence on the morning of May 21, 1858. The *Herald of Freedom* of May 29, 1858, says that a party left Lawrence on May 24th, and were to be joined by others at Council Grove. W. J. Boyer, in his letter of February 8, 1899 (manuscript in the State Historical Society Library), says the party set out on May 28th. The log of the road from Lawrence to Bluff Creek, as given by William B. Parsons, one of the Lawrence Party, is as follows: Lawrence to Yate's Crossing, 6 miles; to Camp Creek, 16; to 110 Mile Creek, 16; to Burlingame, 6; to Dragoon Creek, 6; to Bluff Creek, 21.—William B. Parsons, *The New Gold Mines of Western Kansas*, etc. (Cincinnati, Ohio, 1859), 44.

²The "Coal bank," place of beginning of Voorhees' journey, was eight miles northeast of Burlingame and apparently at or in the vicinity of present Carbondale, Osage County.

³This famous station was so named because of the council with the Osage Indians held here in August, 1825. At this grove, the westernmost with hardwood timber, the traveler usually laid in a supply of extra ox bows, axletrees, etc.

⁴Discovered on August 11, 1825, by Benjamin Jones, a hunter with the Government surveyors of the Santa Fe Trail, and named by George C. Sibley. See Sibley's account of the incident reprinted in A. B. Hulbert, *Southwest on the Turquoise Trail*, 113. Parsons, *op. cit.*, says the Santa Fe Mail Company had a station at this point.

⁵Mr Parsons reports a trading post at Cottonwood Creek.—W. B. Parsons, *The New Gold Mines of Western Kansas*. A. E. Raymond reached this point April 29, 1859, and records in his diary (manuscript in State Historical Society of Colorado Library): "Here is a U. S. Mail Station. There is but one house here."

⁶F. M. Cobb, *op. cit.*, says that Ross Hutchings and John Easter had a pair of mules.

50 head of Cattle 46 men two women and one Child⁶ eight loose horses. the boys Caught a few small fish today, fine water in the Cotton wood.

J. 6 Drove 24 miles to turkey Creek found no wood. Saw lots of antelope and buffalo carcasses, fine prairie.

7 Drove 21 miles to the little arkansas saw several herd of buffalo, one was killed, got but little meat, it was to far from the road. but little timber on the river and but little watter, the banks are quite high. they are building a bridge here, the timber is Cotton wood and box elder.

8 Drove 15 miles to little Cow Creek saw thousands of buffalo, one Came up the opposite bank of the river this morning, it met the mail train and Crossed over. a horseman put after him and killed him. I went off the road and killed a Cow but she was to poor to eat. Camped on the east bank of the Creek.

⁶The women were Mrs. James H. Holmes and Mrs. Robert Middleton. The child belonged to the Middletons. The Middletons and two men had joined the party at Dragoon Creek, some six miles west of Burlingame. They were on their way from Illinois to Utah and had been turned aside by the prospect of a Mormon War.—W. B. Parsons, in *Kansas Magazine*, I, 554.

In response to an inquiry from Mr. Will C. Ferril, then Curator of the State Historical Society of Colorado, Mr. J. T. Younker wrote a letter from Aransas Pass, Texas, under date of October 14, 1898, in which he gives the following:

"List of members of the Lawrence, Kansas, party of '58ers.

I give the list in part in messes:

1st wagon & mess—	J. H. Tierney (Elected Captain) William Prentiss, Peter M. Halsey, William McAlister.
2 " " "	George W. Smith (Captain of the night guard), William Persons, A. J. Bowen, Robert Peebles.
3 " " "	John Easter, Roswell Hutchins, William Mills.
4 " " "	Jack C. Turner, "Pap" Maywood, (Christian name not known).
5 " " "	George Peck, John D. Miller, Augustus Voorhees, William Copley.
6 " " "	Charles Nichols, Adnah French, John A. Churchill, Charles Runyon, _____ Cross.
7 " " "	Josiah Hinman, J. T. Younker, Howard Hunt, William Boyer.
8 " " "	A. F. Bercauw, A. C. Wright, F. M. Cobb, "Nick" William Smith.
9 " " "	Robert Middleton, Wife and Child and two young men—names unknown to me.
10 " " "	Charles [James H.] Holmes—(first name may not be correct) and wife and Albert Archibald.
11 " " "	William Regan, Joseph Brown, William Hartley, James White, Giles Blood, _____ McKay and William Chadsey.

"Note. The latter persons may not all have been in one mess. [If they were in two wagons, as is possible, the number of wagons would then tally with the number (12) given by Voorhees.] McKay's first name unknown to me—my recollection is that our party muster roll all told was 47, including recruits on the way. If correct this list is two names short counting the two unknown young men with Middleton, J. T. Younker."

[A list prepared by John Easter and J. D. Miller on October 5, 1898, while visiting the rooms of the State Historical Society of Colorado, gives the following names in addition to the Younker list: "Mark Wright, _____ Blackman, Old man Spaulding and two young men." J. C. Smiley in his *History of Denver*, 186, lists George Howard as a member of the party. Mr. Younker in a letter of October 25, 1898, to J. D. Miller, asks: "Who was the fellow we called 'Coon Skin'? Was he not still another accession to our party?" W. J. Boyer, in a letter of February 8, 1899, says that there were forty-eight members in the party and tells of an eccentric person whom they "dubbed 'Coon Skin' by reason of his cap," and who from some soft white rock obtained near Pike's Peak carved a pipe and gave it to Mr. Boyer. This pipe and the letters here referred to are in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado.]



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE

9 it rained last night looked rainy drove one mile to big cow [Creek]. Camped on the east bank on the bottom. it rained all the after noon and all night. some of the boys went out hunting, killed one buffalo, ten miles from Camp, one man got lost in the rain, did not Come in that night.

10 moved Camp up on the hill out of the water, the Creek raised 12 feet last night. put a rope across, and drew our Clothes over, and 8 of us swam over, and then went to hunt our lost man, did not find him. I killed another Cow one other one was killed but were so far from Camp that we did not get any meat, but the touns water fell 3 feet today.

11 water still to high to Cross, did not hunt today. yesterday there Came a herd of buffalo near our Camp and the Cattle followed them 5 miles before they stopped. there Came 7 araphoes and one kaw to our Camp today. they brought a letter from our lost man, who turned up at a Camp of hunters 18 miles ahead of us; gave them some Coffee and Crackers.

12 left Camp and fixed a new Crossing one mile above and got over at noon. eat dinner and Drove 13 miles to plumb buttes, which is a high sand bluff, Coverd with scrubby plumb sprouts.



LAWRENCE PARTY OF GOLDSEEKERS IN 1858.

think there is no water there in dry weather. the boys killed 4 buffalo this afternoon near the road.

13 left Camp at 4 o'clock and drove to the big bend 7 miles and got breakfast. no timber but small brush then drove to the walnutt and Camped at Allison's trading post⁷ and stoped for sunday; had a Call from some Cheyennes and arapahoes who are Camped up the river; saw seven tame buffaloes.

14 the mail met us this morning.⁸ Drove to pawne fork 25 miles. passed the indian village of two hundred lodges and 800 warriors, Cheyennes arapahoes with some Camanches and apaches about 2000 men women and Children. they Came out in swarmes to beg and trade mockasins and buffalo robes. I bought a pair of mockasins for my old neck handkerchief. [John D.] miller

⁷David Kellogg reached this point October 1, 1858. He records in his diary: "Bill Allison, a one-armed plainsman, has a stockade here and trades with the Indians."—"Across the Plains in 1858, Diary of Daniel [David] Kellogg" in *The Trail* (Denver, Colorado), Vol. V, number 7.

Raymond, *op. cit.*, reports that Allison's Ranch was "built of Poles enclosed with Sod. The roof is nearly flat one story high. The Stone Walls and Sods enclose about an Acre of Land. This affords a strong protection against Indians. Here is a Mail Station, Store, Tavern, Corn & Hay, etc."—Raymond's diary, *op. cit.*, May 5, 1859.

⁸This was the mail running monthly between Independence and Santa Fe.—L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail*, 73.

got a robe for an old blanket. we passed pawne rock,⁹ it is sandstone. it is Cut full of names. found no water today. walnutt is a fine stream, Camped on pawnee fork it is a fine stream, saw no buffaloes today. found some ripe mulberries on the river this morning. fine timber on the walnutt. sent one letter to anne and one to Uncle by the mail.

15 remained in Camp untill 5 o'clock, then drove all night. got to Coon Creek 30 miles at 5 o'clock in the morning; found no water, the whole distance. we took the Cutt off which is to the north of the river road which turns to the left 4 or 5 miles west of the pawne fork, which road it is necessary to travel in the dry season, as there is no water on the Cut off untill we strike the river sixty five miles. the river road is 20 or 30 miles longer. we found plenty of water on Coon Creek but it soon goes dry.

16 remained in in Camp until one o'clock and then drove to White Creek 20 miles not much water, but good grass, got there at midnight.

17 Drove to the river 15 miles, the river at this place is about 80 rods wide with one to three feet of water; the Current is very swift, the bottom is quick sand. Camped on the [Arkansas] river no timber except here and there a tree. the water is as muddy as the missouri river, the beaver Cut off the young timber.

18 Drove 15 miles today; Camped on the river. a party of Californyans of 5 men on there way home. they Came on mules by the way of santefee. I sent one letter to father and one to mr leonard. passed fort sumner¹⁰ which is built of sods.

19 Drove 15 miles, Camped on the river. passed the ford on the santefee road,¹¹ saw some teams Crossing, they Cross with half of a load at a time we do not Cross. we met a party of Cheyennes who are Camped above us still no wood.

20 Drove 20 miles we men would have laid over today, but the indians Came in to Camp so thick we found they would eat us out of house and home if we laid still. we passed them there

⁹Raymond records: "We passed the Pawnee Rocks which is visible 10 miles in advance of the Emigrant which presents a bold and a majestic front. This is one ml. from the Arkansas River."

¹⁰This Fort was established by Col. E. V. Sumner, August 8, 1850. It was located at a crossing of the Arkansas in Ford County, six or eight miles from present Dodge City. It was built of sod. The soldiers called it Fort Sod, sometimes Fort Sodom. It was known as Camp Mackay (for Col. A. Mackay) until June 25, 1851, when the name was changed to Fort Atkinson. It was abandoned September 22, 1853; was temporarily reoccupied in June, 1854, and permanently abandoned October 2, 1854.—Extracts from the Diary of Captain Lambert Bowman Wolf (Edited by George A. Root), *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, I, 199.

A. E. Raymond, who passed the ruins of the fort May 10, 1859, writes in his diary: "Saw the remains of an old Arkansas Fort. It was made of Prairie Sods, three feet wide at the bottom and two at the top, being about four feet in height in places. It was on the Banks of the River and covered about one acre of land. It was build (I suppose) to protect the Santa Fe Trader from the depredations of the Indians years ago."

¹¹The main route of the Santa Fe Trail crossed at this point, or a little above; the mountain branch of the trail continued up the river to Bent's Fort.

were 100 lodges mostly old men squaws and Children. Peek bought a pony for seven and a half Dollars.

21 remained in Camp all day and kept sunday.

22 Drove 20 Camped on the bank of the river still no timber and no water except in the river, no grass except on the bottom.

23 Drove 18 miles. Camped on the river still no timber. I found a small spring in a ravine of Clear watter. we got one antelope today it is fine eating. the Country is getting rough.

24 Drove 20 miles Camped on the river, met three Camanches, there is a Camp up the river. I killed a prarie dod our mess got a large rabbit which is fine eating.

25 Drove 20 miles. Camped on the river. found a fine spring at noon, which is the first Clear Cold water since we left lost spring. the Country is getting more broken, with more timber on the river, and few trees in the ravines.

26 Drove 20 miles found plenty of wood for sunday saw several antelope, Crossed sandy fork,¹² there is no water in it except what runs through the sand.

27 remained in Camp and kept the saboth, one of the men Caught a fawn, had a visit from two apaches from bents fort.

28 Drove ten miles to bents fort.¹³ Camped near it. the fort is built on a bluff near the river is built of sand stone 100 feet wide and 200 long, with 13 roms inside with a large yard inside, the walls are 16 feet high, the roms are Coverd with timber and gravle, with a breast work around the top, with port holes for Cannon of which they have two pieces. the river is very rapid at this place.

29 Drove 20 miles, Camped on the river, got an antelope today. got a glimpse of spanish peak¹⁴ in new mexico. it is a peak of the raitoon [Raton] mountains it looks like a thunder Cloud.

30 Drove 15 miles. Camped on the river. bents old fort¹⁵ it is in ruins, it was built of adobe, got a deer today. Could distinguish snow on spanish peak, and got sight of the rocky mountains.

¹²This is the Sand Creek on which occurred Chivington's notorious affair with the Indians in November, 1864.

¹³This is Bent's New Fort, built by William Bent in 1853 (Grinnell). Voorhees gives us one of our best descriptions of the post. William Larimer, who passed the fort in the fall of 1858, says that it covered about an acre of ground, cost \$10,000 to build, and had a howitzer at each corner.—Larimer *Reminiscences*, 68, 84. Raymond, *op. cit.*, says the fort "covered over a half acre of ground. The walls were about fifteen feet high containing sixteen rooms." See also Ralph P. Bieber (Ed.), "Diary of a Journey to the Pike's Peak Gold Mines in 1859," in *Miss. Valley Hist. Rev.*, XIV, 367. This is the diary of Dr. G. M. Willing.

¹⁴These are the Spanish Peaks, or the Huajatolla, west of present Walsenburg, Colorado. They were landmarks on the Santa Fe Trail.

¹⁵This is Bent's Fort, famous in the history of the Southwest. It was deserted and partially destroyed in 1849. Discussion of the fort is reserved for a subsequent issue of this magazine.

July 1 Drove 16 miles. Camped on the river, found some gold in the river sand today, passed the dry bed of a lake with some salt on the bottom. passed some high bluffs with plain indications of Coal. the sage bush made its appearance today. it makes fine wood grows from 2 to 10 feet high.

2 Drove 20 miles. Camped on the river, found a new variety of Cactus, it grows like a deers horns, the flowers resemble the rose. killed several large rattle snakes. I skinned two.



AUGUSTUS VOORHEES

3 Drove 18 miles. Camped on the river, had a heavey hail and thunder storms from pikes peak. passd Waurfrano [Huerfano] which is on the south side of the river. Pueblo De san Carlos¹⁶ is five miles above us, at the mouth of the for tanka bouy [Fontaine qui Bouille, or Fountain Creek] it was Destroyed by the indians two years ago there is nothing there now.

4 left the river this morning. Crossed the bluffs and struck the Creek 15 miles above the old town and Camped, struck the road from taos to fort bridger,¹⁷ the stream is very swift.

¹⁶"The Pueblo," established by the trappers in 1842 or before, was at the site of the modern city of Pueblo. The inhabitants were massacred by the Indians on Christmas Day, 1854. See L. R. Hafen, "The Fort Pueblo Massacre," etc., in *Colorado Magazine*, IV, 49-58. The Lawrence Party did not continue up the river to the mouth of Fountain Creek, so they did not see the ruins of the old fort.

¹⁷The old trappers' trail.

5 Drove 15 miles, Camped on the Creek, met two teams returning home Discouraged.¹⁸ they hunted 5 or 6 days and left. they say there is ninety men looking for the stuff. killed one deer and one turkey and upset one waggon today.

6 Drove 10 miles. Camped on the Creek. part of the men went to the mountain to prospect, we mean to stow here and make a regular search for diggings, we are Camped three miles from the foot of the range, of which pikes peak is the highest which is Covered with snow in sight.

7 remained in Camp today waiting for the hunters to Come in. they found not much signs of gold. they killed some deer and antelope, and saw some bear tracks.

8 drove 12 miles, we left the Cherokee trail¹⁹ to the right, and followed the Creek to the foot of the mountain. we found fine grass and good water and rocks in plenty. miller Cooked 4 days provisions to go to pikes peak.

9 we started in the morning, followed up the Creek valley 3 miles, and found three soda fountains or boiling fountains.²⁰ they are quite sour and resemble Congress water. they boil up very strong. we also found a log shanty there. we Climbed up the mountain all day, found some hard Climbing and large rocks. I killed one sage hen which we roasted for supper. we made our Camp between two rocks and built a large fire. we had a light shower in the night. they had a heavy hail storm at the Camp. we Crept under the rocks.

10 started early and went to the foot of the main peak and left our blankets, and went on up, we had a heavey hail storm, which kept us three hours under the rock. the mountain was coverd with hail. we got to the top at three o'clock, but it was so Cloudy we Could not see the Country beyond.²¹ we Cut our names on a stick and p[ut] it in a pyramid of stones that we piled up. the top is levle 25 or 30 acres, nothing but small rock tumbled to gather. we started down at 4 o'clock, it was so Cloudy that we Could see nothing below us. we Could not find the way to our packs, and we stoped at the first timber which was pick pine, and found a rock to shelter us from the wind and rain. we built up a great fire and stoped for the night. it was so Cold we did not sleep much without our blankets. we were one mile from the top. it blew very hard all night.

¹⁸These were probably members of the Russell Party.

¹⁹The Cherokee Trail leading north from the Arkansas and intercepting the Oregon Trail near Fort Bridger, was made by a party of Cherokees bound for California in 1849.

²⁰These are the famous springs at Manitou that give the name to Fountain Creek.

²¹This was the second ascent of Pike's Peak. Dr. James, of the Major Long expedition, had reached the summit in July, 1820.

11 the fog blew off in the morning so that we Could find our packs, and we started for home. the mountains are Coverd with Spruce, the fire has burnt the most of them dead. the red rasp-berey and strawbereys are quite thick. some of them are ripe and some are in blossom. the fog was so thick that we Could not see much as we Came down. we found some quarts rock and some creystal quarts. we Came into Camp at 4 o'clock. we see some buffalo tracks in the mountains that were made last spring; we also saw a few mountain sheep tracks and deer track.

12 we broke up Camp and struck east for the old road we got to what is Called jims Camp.²² there is a fine spring and lots of pine wood there. it is on the Cherokee trail, to Calaforny, there we found that the party above us had gone back, when they Came to the place where we left the road they stoped and sent some horsemen up to our Camp, and they followed us and took dinner with us. we sent three men with them to their Camp, and they Concluded to join us at our old Camp, and prospect the mountains together. they found some gold on Cherry Creek, but it was so fine they Could not seperate it from the sand, and not enough to make it pay. there were 56 men of them, some Cherokees and some from mo [Missouri] and ga [Georgia] some old mineirs.²³

[William B. Parsons, another member of the Lawrence Party, returned to Eastern Kansas in the fall of 1858, and in December issued what is perhaps the first Pike's Peak Guidebook. The log of the route by way of the Arkansas as given in this rare pamphlet, *The New Gold Mines of Western Kansas*, etc., is reproduced, here-with.]

SANTA FE ROUTE, LAWRENCE TO—

	Miles		Miles	
Yate's Crossing.....	6	"142"	4	83
Camp Creek.....	16	Council Grove.....	4	87
[Kansas City to		Diamond Spring.....	16[15]	103
"110"—80 miles]		Lost Spring.....	16	119
"110"	16	Cottonwood Cr'k.....	20	139
Burlingame	6	Turkey Creek.....	25	164
Dragoon Creek.....	6	Little Arkansas.....	15	179
Bluff Creek.....	21	Little Cow Creek.....	13	192
Elm Creek.....	8	Cow Creek.....	2	194

²²This is nine miles east of Colorado Springs, on Jimmy Camp Creek. David Kellogg reached this point in October, 1858. He records in his diary: "Arrived at Jim's Camp and corralled on a hill side at a spring backed by projecting ledges, a few pines and some bushes. It is said that a trader called Jim was murdered here by Indians. The little stream here must be the headwaters of the Kaw as it flows easterly; if so I can almost drink the Kaw River dry at this point."—Kellogg's diary, *op cit*.

²³This was the main body of the Russell Party. The diary ends here. If Mr. Voorhees kept a further record, the journal has not come to light.

SANTA FE ROUTE, LAWRENCE TO—

	Miles		Miles
Plum Buttes.....	12	206	Huerfano.....40[50] 583
Arkansas.....	13	219	Font. qui Bouille.....15 598
Walnut Creek.....	5	224	Road Cross. Fontaine
Ash Creek.....	22[20]	244	q. Bouille.....18 616
Pawnee Fork.....	6	250	Jim's Camp.....15 631
Coon Creek.....	33	283	Brush Corral.....12 643
Whitewater.....	20	303	O'Falley's Grave.....12 655
Arkansas.....	23	326	Head Cherry Cr'k.....14 669
Cross, Santa Fe tr.....	27	353	Crossing.....35 704
Bent's Fort.....	150	503	Mines.....6 710
Bent's Old Fort.....	40[35]	543	

[Mr. Parsons' description of the "Southern Route" as given in his guidebook is an excellent supplement to the Voorhees diary and is republished here.]

SOUTHERN ROUTE.—Commencing at Lawrence, the road runs off toward the southwest, crossing the Wakarusa at Yates' crossing, six miles from the city; thence, passing through Clinton and Twin Mound, to Camp Creek, sixteen miles; thence, to 110 Creek, sixteen miles farther. At this point we strike the Santa Fe road, one hundred miles from Kansas City. Cross the creek, and good camping places will be found on the west side. And here, in starting, let me mention the rule—*Always cross a creek before camping*. The streams rise so rapidly upon the plains that a slight shower at night might prevent crossing in the morning, but would be no hindrance to travel on the prairie beyond. Six miles from "110" is Switzer Creek and the flourishing town of Burlingame. Thence to Dragoon Creek is six miles more. Wood, water and grass will be found on the west side of the creek, and south of the road. After a good day's drive we reach Bluff Creek, twenty-one miles from Dragoon, and find wood, water and grass. Eight miles farther takes us to Elm Creek, four miles to "142" and four miles more to Council Grove.²⁴ This place is on the Neosho River—has long been a place for traders to rendezvous—been lighted by the council fires of many years—and may now be considered as the outpost of civilization in this direction; for, although houses will be found at various points beyond, this is the last post office, and the last store at which a full assortment can be found. Supposing that the emigrant is a member of a company, as before hinted, this is the place to fully organize, if it has not been done before. [Here follows advice on the organization and conduct of a company.]

²⁴The mileage and the creeks given in this vicinity do not check with those given in the map prepared by the Kansas State Historical Committee and published in the *Eighteenth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Historical Society*.

The next station beyond Council Grove is Diamond Spring Creek, fifteen miles. At this place the Santa Fe Mail Company have a station. Water is furnished by a beautiful and very large spring, from which the creek derives its name, which will be found inside of the stone corral, and about one hundred yards below the house. Passing along over a dry and timberless prairie, you will arrive at Lost Spring, sixteen miles from Diamond. The spring itself is rather difficult to find. A large basin will be noticed—the ravines defiling toward the northwest. Upon entering the basin turn to the right, and the spring will be found on the lowest ground, under a bluff thirty feet high. There is no wood here, but buffalo chips are plenty, which answer the the purposes of fuel very well.

From Lost Spring the distance is twenty miles to Cottonwood Creek, where is wood, water, and grass, and a trading post. Buffalo also begin to appear. Twenty-five miles, without wood, and with very little water in holes along the road, brings us to Turkey Creek. There are several small creeks near to each other, and the writer was puzzled to know which was Turkey Creek. However, it makes but little difference, as the water in all is about the same, being stagnant, and no wood on either. Fifteen miles farther west is the Little Arkansas—the first stream on the road that is dignified by the name of “River.” The crossing of this stream was very bad in June, 1858, and always must be. A bridge was in process of erection when the writer passed, and will probably be finished before the spring of 1859. A trading post will be found here; running water, wood and grass, and buffalo, in abundance. Little Cow Creek is thirteen miles farther on, and Cow Creek two miles farther still. A moderate supply of wood will be found on both creeks, and generally water in both. Plum Buttes, twelve miles from Cow Creek, can be easily recognized, being prominent, and plentifully inscribed with names and dates. No wood, and a very little stagnant water.

After traveling thirteen miles farther we reach the Arkansas River, and find wood and water in abundance. Five miles up the river is Allison’s ranche, at the junction of Walnut Creek and the Arkansas. Mr. Allison has a strong house and corral, built of logs set endways in the ground, forming a safe defense against the Indians. Arapahoes and Cheyennes will begin to show themselves; all will present papers, from which you will learn that “the bearer is a Cheyenne Chief, intelligent and brave, and earnestly desires a little flour, sugar, and coffee.”

The best advice that I can give in regard to intercourse is, to treat them well invariably. If they come in bands of three or four, feed them—or if in bands of two or three hundred, feed their chief

men. Watch them constantly, or they will steal everything you have. Trade with them freely if you need their mocassins, robes or belts; but keep your arms in good order, and always ready for use. Be kind, and yet cautious, and you will have no trouble with them.

It is twenty miles from Walnut to Ash Creek, at which place there is wood, but the water cannot be depended upon, as it becomes dry early in the season. Six miles will bring us to Pawnee Fork, where is plenty of wood and water. At this place the emigrant will do well to fill his canteen (as indeed he always ought to do), and his water cask, as water is scarce for a long distance beyond.

After leaving Pawnee Fork four miles behind, two roads will be found—one following the river, and the other leading across the prairie, cutting off some forty miles distance. The “cut-off” can be safely taken any time before the first of July; after that time it would be dangerous, on account of the scarcity of the water. From Pawnee Fork the distance to the next water—Coon Creek—is thirty-three miles, better traveled in the night if the weather is warm. There is no wood at Coon Creek. From Coon Creek to Whitewater (a very small amount of water) is twenty miles; thence, to the Arkansas again, twenty-three miles. After striking the Arkansas, no dependence can be placed on finding wood until we reach Bent’s Fort. There is a little timber in places, and some driftwood, but it does not occur at right intervals for camps. Whenever you *do* find wood, put some in your wagons, or swing it under them.

No particular directions can be given in relation to camps upon the Arkansas. The road is at a distance from the river varying from half a mile to two miles; and the assistant wagon master should have a horse, and never fail to attend to the selection of camps. The only circumstance that will govern the choice of camps will be the supply of grass, as water can be obtained at one point nearly as well as at another. The prairies are very sterile—nothing growing in many places except cactus and sage brush; and if a train finds a tract of green grass on some bottom, or in some turn of the river, as early as three or four o’clock in any day, they had much better camp than proceed with the chance of their stock suffering.

From the point above mentioned, where the road a second time strikes the river, to the point where the Santa Fe Trail crosses the river, is twenty-seven miles—the ruins of Fort Atkinson being near the road. At this point we leave the Santa Fe Trail, keeping upon the north side of the river. The distance thence to Bent’s Fort is one hundred and fifty miles, the route being of the character already mentioned. Bent’s Fort is situated at the “Big Timbers,”

and near the corner where New Mexico "jogs in" to Kansas.²⁵ It is built of stone, in a rectangular shape, about 125 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 14 feet high; has two entrances—one upon the north, and one upon the east side; and is altogether a strong fortification for the purposes for which it was erected. From Bent's Fort to Bent's Old Fort the distance is thirty-five miles; wood, water and grass being moderately abundant. The mountains on the southwest are the Raton, and on the right, Pike's Peak.

The road continues upon the river fifty miles farther, and then leaves it, bearing to the right. Fifteen miles from the Arkansas it strikes the Fontaine qui Bouille Creek, at a beautiful grove of cottonwoods called Independence Camp. The last named creek has its source in the canons beneath Pike's Peak, and flows south into the Arkansas River, at an average distance of twelve miles from the base of the mountains. The highest elevation in the northwest, from the last mentioned camp, will be recognized as Pike's Peak. The road follows up the stream eighteen miles, and then leaves it, and bears to the right fifteen miles to Jim's Camp, which is fifteen miles east from Pike's Peak. At this place will be found a good supply of wood and very fine water. From Jim's Camp the distance is twelve miles to "Brush Corral," or the entrance of the "Pinery." The corral will be easily found. It was built by Col. Loring [Capt. Marcy], of the United States army, who led a detachment destined for Utah over the route in May, 1858.²⁶ The next camping place is O'Falley's Grave,²⁷ twelve miles distant, the whole way being through the pinery, and marked by the various camping places of Colonel Loring—broken wagons and dead animals, all of which attest the difficulties of his march. O'Falley's grave is in an amphitheater of hills and rocks—a peaceful valley, watered by a beautiful stream. O'Falley was one of the victims of Col. Loring's march.

From O'Falley's Grave to the head of Cherry Creek the road is still through the pinery, fourteen miles; thence, thirty-five miles—water all the way to the Cherry Creek diggings. Cross the creek at the first road that leads across. After traveling two miles you will reach the Platte, which, followed up five miles, will bring you to the "diggings."

²⁵When New Mexico Territory was created, in 1850, her boundary east of the continental divide was run along the 38th parallel. Thus it remained until 1861, when Colorado Territory was created and the boundary between the two Territories was placed on the 37th parallel, as at present. See L. R. Hafen, "Status of the San Luis Valley, 1850-1861," in the *Colorado Magazine*, III, 46-50.

²⁶R. B. Marcy, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border*, 251-63. Captain Marcy encountered a severe blizzard at the head of Squirrel Creek. One of his men and some of his animals perished and he was compelled to leave behind some of his wagons and equipment.

²⁷Dr. Willing, in Bieber, *op. cit.*, 373, tells of passing the grave of "a man named Fagan, who froze to death last May."

Two Rock Pictures and Their Probable Connection With the "Pied Piper" Myth of the Indians

ALBERT B. REAGAN*

While doing archaeological work in the Ashley-Dry Fork Region, north of Vernal, Utah, under a grant from the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico, the writer came upon the two pictographic groups described below.

The first, P73, is on the west face of a large boulder, on the north side of Dry Fork Creek, about a half mile north of the Elmer Lind residence, ten miles northwest of Vernal. It is a mile south-east of another pictographic group, and one hundred and fifty feet northeast of Cave 8, of the Vernal group of anciently inhabited caves, the successive people who occupied it probably having made the glyphs. It represents men driving various animals up a cliff-space, even a turtle being shown. Most of the beasts represented are mountain sheep and mountain goats. On the left of the picture there is a maze scene, the purport of which is problematical.

The surface on which these glyphs are pecked is a slab-sheet which is less than two inches in thickness. The crumbling off of the bottom of the slab has already destroyed some of the figures. Its lower part should be reinforced by cement to preserve it; and, if possible, some means should be resorted to to prevent this sheet from sheering off the boulder, thus destroying its previous records. It should also be added that "civilized" men have written their names right among these pictures. Some measure should be taken to stop such practices before the glyphs are irreparably vandalized.

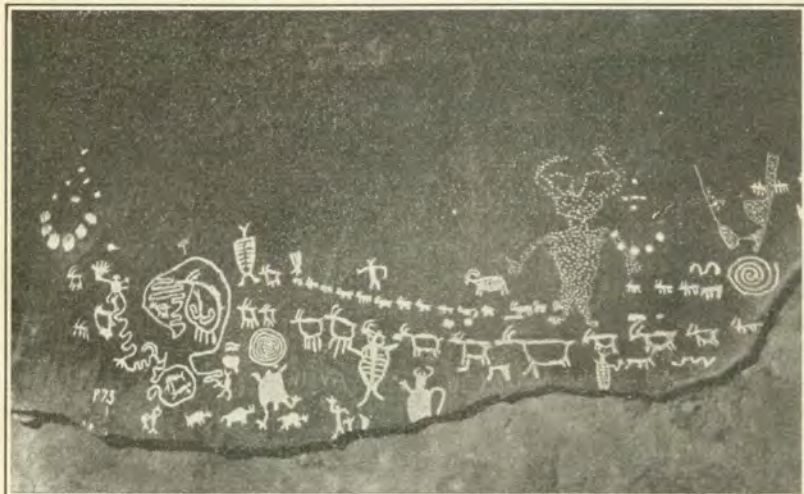
The animal scene here has its figures deeply incised. They are superimposed over two other drawings of different ages, probably representing two older cultures. In other words, three stages of culture may be represented here.

The oldest drawing is wholly made of fine holes that were made by drilling with a tiny drill. In this drawing the figures of two men can be discerned. Other scattered drill-holes, in patches, show that the whole face of the boulder was likely covered with drill-hole figures which time has removed. The intermediate set of glyphs were of the square-shouldered type of drawings, now represented on the rock face by the deeper chiselings of the eyes and mouth and accompanying ear-pendants of each head. The animal

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group is incised right over that of the finely-made drill-hole type, clearly showing the succession.

The second group, P88A, which is fifteen feet long by twenty-nine feet high, is on the main mesa wall. It is one-fourth of a mile down Ashley Creek Canyon, due east of pictographic group P73, above. It, too, is 250 feet above the valley floor and its base is twenty feet above the table-top of the adjacent talus slope.



Upper: Pictograph P73, on Dry Fork Creek.
Lower: Pictograph P88A, in Ashley Creek Canyon.

The conspicuous person in this group is a man carrying a very large drum on the face of which is a drawing of the sun, and from which there is suspended a tassel-coil. This drummer is further made conspicuous by the way he has his hair done up in side bobs, one of which projects strongly outward over each ear, and by his wearing of large rattles which are suspended from his legs near his ankles. The other musicians of the group are diminutive flute players, one of whom is humpbacked. The latter, who is far out to the left, is not represented as holding the flute in his hands. The other flute player is situated more centrally in the lower group and is characterized by having four tassels floating backward from his head. The flute, which is represented as having five holes, is held in his hands as he is playing it. Another humpbacked man is shown at the extreme left, but there is nothing to indicate that he is playing a flute. This is the first time in this northern Utah region that we have found flute players represented as standing up. At all other places where they are depicted, both in this region and in the Southwest¹, they are shown as lying on their backs.² However, they are shown as humpbacked, as were those chiseled on the rocks of northeastern Arizona.

Eight other men are shown in this scene. One has very big feet and hands; and another has a very elaborate head ornament which projects upward and outward from above each ear. This latter person is also represented as shedding immense tears. He is probably the overseer of the underworld and is grieved at the loss of the beasts from his domain, as is brought out in the myth below. The man with the big hands and feet has a comb headdress. The others are wearing their hair in side bobs like those worn by the drummer, though more or less modified. One man in the middle foreground and two others at the extreme right are carrying captured heads, probably for sacrificial purposes. High up on the rock wall there is a concentric coil drawing which is ten inches in diameter. A closed concentric circle is shown, and zigzag lightning is represented as shooting out in six different directions from a common center. The latter drawing probably represents the six cardinal directions, from the Indians' point of view. (As the last two groups were too high to be chalked in they do not show in the photograph.)

Besides several unidentifiable beasts, one can make out an owl, probably a duck, mountain goats, mountain sheep, coyotes, and snakes.

¹Notice the flute player lying on his back in pictographic group 35 in the writer's article in the May 20, 1931, issue of *El Palacio*.

²See A. V. Kidder and S. J. Guernsey "Archeological Investigations in Northeastern Arizona." *Bull. 65, Bur. Amer. Ethn.*, 195, and fig. 96 (Washington, 1919).

The animal scene of each of these groups represents a different culture age. The side-bobbed hair in P88A would seem to show that its actors were probably Basket Makers, while P73 is a scene of the Head Hunting (Morss's Fremont³) culture stage of Pueblo II period in this region and was probably made after this people had absorbed the Basket Makers and had expelled the Uintah (Judd's Willard-Beaver⁴) Pueblos from the region.

The writer's first thought was that the two scenes represented animal drives where animals were being driven into traps or boxed canyons where they could be more easily slaughtered. The flute players leading the beasts in P88A (the part that exhibited them in P73 has now been probably broken from the slab on which the drawings were made) then called up ceremonies that he had seen acted out when he was in charge of Jemez Pueblo, New Mexico, thirty-five years ago. This caused him to conclude that each ceremony probably represents, or is suggestive of, the myth of bringing the beasts up from the earth-shelf beneath us to this earth-shelf, or some similar myth, as he saw it acted out in a dance pageant there, once as a part of a flute ceremony and once as a part of the animal dance, and as he has been informed that other village Indians of the Southwest act it out.

The myth, on which this dance pageant seems to be based, as told the writer by the then governor, Augustine Peecos, is as follows:

In the long, very long ago the earth was peopled with human beings as it is now, and in addition some of the present animals were also human beings. There were no animals, fish, or birds upon the earth then; they were all created but were in their first home in the heart of the earth, from which man had been driven on account of his wickedness.

For a long time the people lived on the earth without the beasts, fish and birds. They had corn and fruit to live on, but soon found that it is not healthful to live without meat.

One day the chief of all the people of earth called the people together and said: "We must bring the animals, fish and birds to our earth-shelf," as he designated the earth's surface, "since we are forbidden to live where they dwell."

"We will try and bring them here," said all the people.

Otter tried to dig down to the underworld. He dug and dug till he struck a rock of great size and had to return.

Then Beaver tried; but try as hard as he could he only dug in a circle, so came back to where he started.

³Noel Morss, "The Ancient Culture of the Fremont River in Utah," *Papers, Peabody, Mus., Amer. Arch. and Eth.*, XXII, No. 3 (1931).

⁴Neil M. Judd, "Archeological Observations North of the Rio Colorado," *Bull. 82, Bur. Amer. Eth.*, 1-40 and 69-75 (Washington, 1926).

Then Badger tried. He dug and dug till he could see the light from the world below, then also returned.

"Now," said the brave chief of the Flute Clan, who loved the people and wanted to do them good, "I will go down through the hole that Badger has made and will then climb down the sky roof to where the things of that earth-shelf live." So he started to climb through the hole, taking his flute with him.

For three whole days he climbed down. Then before him there was a beautiful land. There was an abundance of soft green grass, much more than on this earth-shelf. There were groves of beautiful trees and sweet flowers of every color. There were animals and birds everywhere, and the streams were filled with fish.

At once he realized that the people of earth had lost a paradise through their wickedness. But what was done was done. So he set about to carry out the purpose for which he had come.

Just at twilight he placed the flute to his lips and played the sweetest music that was ever heard. No sooner had he sounded the first note than all the beasts and birds began to come from everywhere. They filled the great valleys and even climbed over the mountain tops, carrying whatever they could on their backs, even great jars in which innumerable fish swam about, and they followed at his heels as he crossed the great stretch of land and climbed up the walled roof of that underworld. Up, up he climbed and they followed. Up through the great hole he climbed as he continued to play the sweet music and through it they all started to follow.

But the people of that underworld heard the noise and rushed from their homes, exclaiming: "The birds! The beasts! Everything is getting away!"

Quickly they scaled the walls of their sky and closed the hole before many of the creatures of that underworld escaped. The flute player, however, had done his work well, for the innumerable creatures we have he brought to this earth-shelf.

The myth chiseled on the rocks here seems to show that the people of Ashley and Dry Fork valleys were related to, if not the progenitors of, at least a part of the present southwestern peoples who possess the oral myth relating to this same mythical event. The "flute player" inscriptions on the rocks of northeastern Arizona and elsewhere probably indicate that this myth traveled toward the southwest.

Colorado as Seen by a Home Missionary, 1863-1868

COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ*

In 1863 the Reverend William Crawford of Massachusetts, an Andover graduate, came out to Colorado as a missionary and field agent for the American Home Missionary Society, one of the oldest and most important missionary organizations in this country and, at that time, the chief home missionary agency of the Congregational Church. Mr. Crawford was not the first minister of the gospel or missionary to visit the Pike's Peak country, but he was the first one sent there by his society. His first duty was to preach and to organize a church; naturally his letters and reports were concerned primarily with his problems, failures, and achievements as a home missionary. But he was interested also in locating other ministers of his denomination in important camps and towns in the Rocky Mountain region. If the officers of the American Home Missionary Society were to act wisely and promptly in sending out other men, they must be furnished with specific and accurate information about material as well as spiritual affairs. They must know about the establishment of towns and their prospects; they must be informed about mining activities, business opportunities, living conditions, the climate, and Indian relations. The future of Colorado depended on these points. As the society's first representative in the region, it was incumbent on Mr. Crawford to supply as much of that information as he could. Hence, much space in his missionary reports was devoted to mundane matters.

At least twenty-eight of these reports are to be found in the papers of the American Home Missionary Society, which are now in the custody of the Chicago Theological Seminary. From these letters, most of which were written at Central City, I have taken several extracts to illustrate the way in which they throw light on conditions in Colorado during the five years, 1863 to 1868, in which Mr. Crawford lived in this territory. My arrangement of these materials is topical rather than chronological.

The first letter from Colorado naturally contained an account of the trip across the plains. On June 30, 1863, less than a week after his arrival in Denver, Mr. Crawford wrote as follows:

"From Omaha to Denver I came by coach—six days and nights of constant traveling. No other conveyance offered except by the slow trains. I stopped over Sabbath at Julesburg—200 miles east of Denver. The ride was not so bad in reality as in anticipa-

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tion. Fare \$75.00 and for meals by the way 75 cents each. Should another missionary come out, it would be a matter of both comfort and economy for him to get a basket of provisions before leaving the river. The Stage Co. allow passengers to carry only 25 pounds of baggage except at an extra cost of 30 or 40 cents per pound. I think, however, that provisions are excepted. The quickest and cheapest route is by Atchison instead of Omaha. Going by Omaha saves about 75 miles of staging. In warm weather, when the air on the boat is close and hot, this might be no great saving. The best stations for resting, on the road, are Fort Kearney, Julesburg, and Spring Hill. Stopping at any one of them would not be a positive good but only the 'lesser of two evils.' At Fort Kearney there would be an opportunity to preach on the Sabbath.

"Baggage is brought through by teams at from 5 to 7 cents per pound. Mine has not yet arrived. My expenses thus far, with rigid economy, have amounted to about \$150.00. They would have been higher had I not obtained a pass from Hannibal to Omaha by courtesy of Col. Hayward.

"Coming through by some light wagon would be preferable to the coach. A better way still would be . . . to buy a wagon and horses, as both would sell readily for more than the original cost (I mean for a family) . . ."

In a letter of April 29, 1864, he referred again to travel by stage coach:

"The coach from Atchison to Denver is now crowded continually and many have to wait a long time at Atchison. Anyone coming from New York would do well to see Mr. Holliday, the proprietor, and to telegraph to Atchison for a seat. It is better to come by Atchison than Omaha, because the passengers from Omaha must wait at Fort Kearney till there is an empty seat in the Atchison coach, which may be some weeks. The fare from the river to Denver is now \$100.00."

In the summer of 1865 Mr. Crawford visited the East in the interest of the Colorado mission field. He returned with three additional helpers, Messrs. Goodrich, Thompson, and Mellis. Again in the letters we find information about the overland journey to Denver. The following extract is taken from a report of November 17, 1865:

"Our expenses in coming out were much larger than we anticipated—I had a letter from the Butterfield Overland Dispatch Co. stating that their coaches would carry passengers from Atchison to Denver for \$100.00 and allow 100 pounds of baggage. When we reached Atchison, however, we found that the coaches were poor affairs, that only 25 pounds of baggage were allowed, and 50 cents a pound charged for extra baggage, and that the trip would occupy

from ten to fifteen days. As meals would cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each it was plain to see that the expense would be very great before we reached Denver. Add to this that the Indians had just attacked and burned one coach and that passengers who had been turned back were then at Atchison, trying in vain to recover their money from the Butterfield company, and you will see that it would have been very unwise to go by that route. What we did was to take a Holliday coach, going through in 5½ days, fare \$150.00 and baggage over 25 pounds at 50 cents per pound. Of course your missionaries had a heavy bill to pay before they got through."

The terminus of the stage lines was Denver. Our missionary did not find it a pleasant place when he first arrived in the summer of 1863. On July 13 of that year he wrote:

"And now a word about Denver. I spent last Sabbath week there, and several days following, attending, in the meantime, the first general S. S. convention held in the territory. Perhaps I ought not to try to give a description of Denver, as this is a 'year of drought.' The country for miles around, the river bottoms only excepted, is as dry and bare (almost) as if the fire had passed over it. The air is hot and stifling, and the dust so thick that a man cannot keep himself in respectable order. It cannot be said *there* that 'cleanliness is akin to piety.' The only trees are a few scattered cottonwoods, 'the most worthless of fair-sized trees.' I preached for Mr. Day [Presbyterian minister] in the morning, and was strongly tempted to give out that hymn of Watts:

Lord, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy.

"Yet some of the Denverites think they have found the best spot on earth. Poor, deluded mortals! The population of the place is now about four thousand. Much of the society is good, business is brisk, and many of the buildings really fine for so young a city. It will probably retain the commanding position it has already gained."

Somewhat more complimentary were the references to Denver seven months later. After a visit to that rising metropolis in February, 1864, Mr. Crawford wrote (Feb. 11, 1864):

"Denver has improved very much since my visit last July. The ground swept by the fire a year ago has been built up with substantial and elegant brick blocks, the occupants of which seem to be doing a thriving business. The U. S. mint is finished—an ornament to the city, but a burden to the government . . . Denver

is fast becoming a stylish place, and a rough pioneer preacher would not meet the demand."

The letter from which the above extract was taken was written in Golden, a place which had little charm for our informant. Golden's only advantage, he wrote, "seems to be a rather pleasant location. There are no mines, and but little arable land to give it importance. Nominally it is the capital of the Territory, but the legislature which met here last week showed their estimate of the place by adjourning to Denver." He predicted that it would soon be nothing but a decayed city "consisting of a stage station and a few scattered families." Two years later he was much more hopeful about the future of "Golden City" and in a letter of April 2, 1866, recommended to the American Home Missionary Society that it station a minister there. The reason he gave for the promise of better things was the discovery of mines of iron and oil springs in the vicinity.

Idaho Springs was characterized in a letter of August 7, 1863, as "a place which has seen better days, and is likely to see better days again. It is a beautiful 'bar'—a bed of smooth drift extending across the valley—and the mountain scenery is unusually fine. The population is about 200. . . . The town is now drooping for want of capital. The gulch mining pays well, and the lodes give a good 'prospect.' There are some medicinal springs near by, which may yet make the place a resort for invalids."

Mr. Crawford made his headquarters at Central City. In one of his early reports he gave the following description of that great mining camp and its environs (July 13, 1863):

"The three places, Black Hawk, Central City and Nevada, are one continuous settlement extending along the narrow gulches about three miles, having three centers where population is denser than at other points. Mountain City between Central City and Black Hawk was originally the place of principal importance but is now under eclipse. The lodes and quartz mills are at Black Hawk and Nevada while the best stores, hotels, theatres, saloons, etc., are at Central City. Black Hawk has the advantage of the best water power, and the best class of people, and is, in my opinion, the most promising place of the three. Nevada is the least aristocratic in character and pretensions. Just at present its prospects are better than for some time past, owing to the influx of capital from the East. The only attractions which any of these places can present is the opportunity to make money, or to do good. The soil is barren, utterly so, quite unlike the mountain regions of New England. The pines in this immediate vicinity have all been swept off by fire or cut down for fuel. A few little poplars, starting up in *their* place, are all the green objects one can see, unless it be in the gulches

which have not been dug for gold, where one can get a cheerful green by looking *aslant the grass*, and not directly down upon it. There is some compensation to be found in the flowers, which are really abundant and beautiful. The sides of the mountains are riddled with shafts, tunnels, and 'prospect holes.' The buildings are mostly of the first growth, about half of them of logs, and half frame buildings. There are few dwellings which can make any pretensions of elegance. Very few intend to make a permanent residence here. They mean to get their 'pile,' they say, and then go back to 'the states.' Hence they prefer to build a shanty rather than a more expensive house. There are some, however, who intend to make a *home* here, and the number is increasing. There will doubtless be a constant and, perhaps, rapid increase of population for a long time to come, but it will be, to a large extent, a *floating* population, as it has been from the first. The number now here, in a circle of four miles diameter, taking Central City as the center, is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. With my not very sanguine temperament, I should *guess* there were six thousand. There are a great many cultivated and pious people, and a great many who are *not*. The places of business are generally open on the Sabbath, and many of the mills in full blast. A change of public opinion for the better is now taking place. Violence and bloodshed are not common. There has been a great improvement, the people tell me, within a year. There is room for more."

Returning to the question of the character of the people at Central City, Mr. Crawford wrote in a letter of September 18, 1863:

"Perhaps there are some who think our society is so rude and wicked that there is no living here in comfort. Wicked enough, and rough enough it is, but not wholly so. In few places will one meet with more well-informed and cultivated people, or with pleasanter families. Our people demand and can appreciate good preaching. Many of them have been accustomed to the best."

Naturally these letters contain many references to costs and living conditions. Our missionary had to live; he was dependent upon his Society for the difference between his expenses and his receipts from the people among whom he labored. In a letter of August 7, 1863, he suggested places to which other missionaries might be sent, and added this comment:

"Whenever you send men to Colorado, you will have to pay a large portion of their support. We cannot live here on a small salary, and the people cannot pay us a large one. The money is not in the hands of Christians, and we cannot get it from others."

In November, 1863, after he had been six months in Colorado, Mr. Crawford wrote:

"I am boarding myself, or 'baching it,' as the phrase is. I do this partly from choice, partly for the sake of economy.

"Table board is now eight dollars a week. Flour is \$15.00 a sack, that is \$30.00 a barrel; butter 75 to 85 cents per pound; eggs \$1.50 per dozen; potatoes 12½ cents per pound; milk 30 cents per quart; hay \$120 to \$125 per ton; and other things in proportion. Interest is from five to fifteen per cent a month. You will see it is rather hard to live if one has money, and very hard if one has not. The rise in provisions is due partly to a heavy fall of snow and partly to a rise in freights. We expect that prices will keep up to about the present rates until spring."

One year later, November 16, 1864, he reported that:

"The cost of living is enormously high—Flour is \$25.00 a sack (\$50.00 per barrel), butter \$2.00 per pound, eggs \$2.00 per dozen, potatoes 15 cents per pound, table board from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week, pine wood \$12.00 per cord and other things in proportion."

Conditions grew worse instead of better for those who had to buy their food as is indicated by the following comment in a letter of November 17, 1865:

"The past season has been a bad one for farmers as well as miners. The crops were principally consumed by the grasshoppers which seem to have rivalled the locusts of the East. As a natural consequence provisions are held at a high figure. The cost of living has not been so great since I have been here as it is today—I have been driven to boarding myself for the sake of economy. Don't publish it, however, as I never want to receive so much commiseration again as I did after you had published a former letter."

The high prices of 1864 and 1865 were due in part to the increase in freight rates across the plains because of the Indian disturbances of those years. The mere mention of the "Sand Creek Massacre" of November, 1864, should be sufficient to suggest the general situation. The Reverend Mr. Crawford's comments on the Indian problem are interesting and illustrative of the frontier viewpoint. He wrote as follows on September 25, 1864:

"Of the Indian troubles which for some time have interrupted our communications with the states, you are doubtless already well informed. The coaches running between Denver and the River [Missouri] were taken off about six weeks ago, but will be put on again this week. It is said that the proprietor exaggerated the real danger in order to secure the new mail contract on more favorable terms; and this, though we would not vouch for its truth, is a very credible report to us who know how the affairs of the 'Overland Stage Co.' are usually conducted. At any rate that company will be the gainers by our misfortunes. Not only will they receive a larger remuneration for carrying the mail, but for every traveler

who passes over their line they will receive one hundred and fifty dollars, instead of one hundred dollars as heretofore.

"We are now at open war with nearly all the Indians on the plains—the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Kiowas, the Arapahoes, the Comanches, etc. General Curtis with a considerable force is marching toward their homes, supposed to be on the Blue River, while a regiment of one hundred days men are at Denver, awaiting orders, and independent companies are out on the plains. The Indians avoid open battles, and only fall upon little parties of emigrants, and unprotected ranches. The loss they have occasioned in property and life cannot well be estimated. A gentleman who has just come through from the River, thinks that as many as seventy-five persons have been killed. Denver has several times been thrown into consternation by the report that the Indians were advancing upon the city. Martial law was in force for several days, and fortifications were commenced. The alarm has now subsided and business has returned to its usual channels. The usual emigration of families to the states, before winter sets in, has begun. They travel entirely in large trains for mutual protection.

"Probably our friends at the East, who have not heard from us for several weeks, may be concerned for our safety. Let them be assured that we can defend ourselves against any attack which may be made. But we do not apprehend any attack. We may have alarms and preparations, but we do not anticipate anything more serious.

"There is but one sentiment in regard to the final disposition which shall be made of the Indians: 'Let them be exterminated, men, women, and children together.' They are regarded as a race accursed, like the ancient Canaanites, and like them, devoted of the Almighty to utter destruction. Of course, I do not myself share in such views; at the same time my feelings have greatly changed since I studied the character of the *ideal* Indian in the works of Cooper, Irving and other *novelists*. We who have seen live Indians know that, as a whole, they are a filthy, lazy, treacherous, revengeful race of vagabonds. It would be difficult for us to shed many tears over their wrongs. Nor can we entertain any strong hope of their being reclaimed from the savage state and brought under the blessings of the Gospel. 'Nurture will not stick' upon them. The grace of God may indeed be sufficient for them; and yet, humanly speaking, there seems to be no better destiny in store for them, than to fade away before the white man."

As might be expected, these letters written from one of the greatest of the Colorado mining camps contain many references to prospecting, to veins, lodes, and processes, and to the capital so necessary to the successful prosecution of a costly business. The

letters of 1863 reflect a depression in mining because of lack of capital and the shifting of interest to rival camps in Idaho—a region then so vast as to include our Wyoming and Montana as well as the present state of Idaho. But in 1864 the Crawford letters indicate that the Clear Creek and Gregory camps had taken a new lease on life. For example, this optimistic note is sounded in a letter of February 13, 1864:

"Notwithstanding the stampede to Bannock, our prospects are better than ever before. Large stock companies formed in the East will commence operations in the spring and with processes far superior to those hitherto employed. Probably four times as much gold will be saved as heretofore, at the same expense. The value of mining property has been quadrupled during the last six months. Capitalists who wish to make sure investments with large returns would do well to look at our lodes. . . ."

It might appear that this man of the cloth had become a Colorado "booster," but he was well aware of the way in which his work as a preacher would be affected by the mining excitement of the time and place as is shown by these sentences taken from a report of April 12, 1864:

"The fever of speculation now runs very high. A large amount of mining property is bonded for sale in the New York market, and a large amount has already been sold. The mountains have been prospected anew, and many very rich lodes discovered. The recorder's office is crowded every day by those who are entering new claims, and looking up their old, and, hitherto, worthless, property. How long the excitement will continue it is impossible to say. The mines are so rich and extensive, and so much capital has already been invested, that we do not look for any serious and damaging reaction, such as has occurred in the history of most of the western states.

"Of course, the excitement is unfavorable to the progress of spiritual religion. Those who live in the quiet towns of New England, do not know what we have to contend with. All minds are so occupied with the one idea of getting rich, that there is no room for religion."

What about the climate of Colorado? Obviously it had been described to Mr. Crawford before his arrival as "ideal," or "very fine," or as "good for sick people," for in one of his first letters (July 13, 1863), he made this observation:

"The climate does not meet the representations which have been made of it. Sickness and death are here as well as elsewhere. A reliable physician in Central City tells me that there have been more cases of lung disease this last spring than he ever knew elsewhere, five to one. This may have been epidemic. Consumptives

and those who have heart disease should not come here. Rheumatism is common in the mountains and fever and erysipelas both here and in Denver. Now I am not saying that the climate is worse here than in other places, but only that I doubt whether it has that salubrity which has been claimed for it."

It would be unfortunate if I gave the impression by these extracts from Mr. Crawford's letters that his interests were mainly secular. He was first of all a missionary and a preacher. He organized the first Congregational Church in Colorado at Central City and he was the missionary pastor of this church until he left the Territory in 1868. He organized the Congregational Church in Boulder, now the oldest church of that denomination in the state. He was also instrumental in founding the first Congregational Church in Denver, and through his efforts three other Congregational ministers came to Colorado in 1865. He was frankly interested in furthering the interests of his own denomination, as well as those of Christianity in general, in the Rocky Mountain region. It was a period of strong denominational rivalry on the frontiers. Each of the major Protestant religious bodies was striving to establish itself in as many of the promising new western towns as possible. The result, of course, was duplication of effort and the planting of too many small struggling churches in the western states and territories. In his zeal for his own denomination, Mr. Crawford was exemplifying a point of view and methods that were usual among religious leaders of the period. In this respect he was probably not different from his fellow ministers of other creeds and faiths. Moreover, he believed that it would be good for the West to come under "the good old New England influences." The planting of Congregational churches would be one method of achieving that result. Two extracts from the letters will suffice to illustrate the point of view here set forth and the importunate nature of appeals to the authorities of the American Home Missionary Society. The first is from a letter of April 12, 1864:

"I cannot too strongly urge upon you to send some more men *at once*. When I say *at once* I mean it. Don't wait for warmer weather. The traveling is as good now as it ever will be, and the necessity is urgent so far as the interests of our denomination are concerned. The openings are probably better now than they will be for some time to come."

About a month later (May 19, 1864), he again implored his Society to send reinforcements:

"We are expecting two or three Presbyterian ministers every day—one for Black Hawk, and one for Central City. Rev. Mr. Willard of Denver, presiding elder of that district, has just gone East for a reinforcement of Methodist ministers. I cannot too strongly

urge you to obtain some more ministers for us at once. . . . I hope you will do all that you possibly can for us. Give us four new ministers *now* and we will secure Colorado for New England, but omit this opportunity and we can make no promises."

In January, 1868, Mr. Crawford closed his work at Central City and returned to New England. His successor, Reverend E. P. Tenney, after a few years in Colorado became the second president of Colorado College.

Detained at Virginia Dale by Indians

LETTER OF SCHUYLER COLFAX

[During the summer of 1865 Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the national House of Representatives, made a stagecoach trip to Colorado and to the Pacific Coast. In Colorado he was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Daniel Witter. Mr. Witter had come to the Pike's Peak country in 1859 and was a member of the first General Assembly of Colorado. He brought his wife to Denver in 1862.

When Speaker Colfax reached Virginia Dale, famous station on the overland stage line to California, he was detained by an Indian uprising. The short letter here published was written with lead pencil on a leaf from a notebook. It is included in a collection of Witter papers presented to the State Historical Society by Miss Ellen Witter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Witter and niece of Schuyler Colfax.]

Virginia Dale¹ 100 miles from Denver
a beautiful spot in the mountains

Sunday 7 A. M. June 4, '65

Dear Daniel [Witter]

We shall lay over here a day or two. We have authenticated reports from the West that two men have been killed at Sage Creek, 15 miles West of the North Platte; & the stock of the Stage Co. run off by the Indians as far as Bridgers Pass, 33 miles. There are flying but as yet unconfirmed reports that there are 500 to 700 Indians up there. Mr. Spotswood the Division Agent on that line has gone out from Ft. Halleck with 35 soldiers to prospect. If we reach Ft. Bridger will telegraph you if wire is up. But we may have to drive one team through the disturbed country, laying over at night & to feed & rest; & may be a good while on the road. Don't alarm mother, but if you don't hear from me in a fortnight send her this with my love to all.

Yrs very truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX

¹Through the efforts of the State Historical Society and The Fort Collins Pioneer Society a historical marker has been erected in commemoration of the Virginia Dale station and was dedicated on February 22, 1935.—Ed.

George A. Hodgson's Reminiscences of Early Weld County

As Assembled and Prepared by H. N. HAYNES*

I was born at Arena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, March 2, 1861, and am a son of David H. and Christine Hyde Hodgson. My father, attracted by rumors of rich mines, made a trip to Colorado in 1859, where he remained about a year. In April, 1863, the family migrated to Colorado. I recall my father telling me that in his earlier trip he visited both California Gulch and the Clear Creek valley, where placer mining—then termed gulch mining—was in vogue.

In 1863 when the family moved to Colorado they were accompanied by two brothers named Smith and their families. Being farmers, they settled a little northwest of what is now Platteville, between old forts Vasquez and St. Vrain. My father took up first a squatter's right, so-called, later a government homestead and preemption.

I lived on my father's homestead from 1863 until about 1879. For several years the post office was at Fort St. Vrain. Later it was changed to Platteville, when the Denver Pacific Railroad was constructed from Cheyenne, first to Evans and later to Platteville, about 1870. This moved the post office about five miles.

Judge Hammett, afterwards Probate Judge of Weld County, was a neighbor of ours; he was an elder in the Methodist Church and my first school teacher and first Sunday School teacher. The school house was a little log building, with a dirt floor. I first attended school when about six years old; since that time I remember quite well what happened in Weld County and elsewhere in Northern Colorado. The school house was about one-fourth mile from Fort Vasquez. Within ten miles, the white population consisted of about ten pioneer families; all the children attended Hammett's school.

I learned to ride horseback when I was big enough to tie a knot in the horse's mane, stick my bare foot into it and climb up. The men were trained horsemen. I rode the range by the time I was fourteen years old. My father, the Smiths and other neighbors had milch cows which they had brought from Wisconsin. Later they had range cattle. My father's herd got its start from the cows

*Mr. Haynes was born in Wisconsin, educated at Colby College, Maine, and has practiced law at Greeley, Colorado, for more than fifty years, specializing in irrigation law. By participating in the development of the county, and through study, he has come to be known as an authority on the history of northeastern Colorado.—Ed.

brought from Wisconsin. There was fine pasturage then on the open range.

I remember that about 1865, some 500 Arapahoes camped about a mile from my father's ranch. Their chief was named Friday.¹ These Indians were the nearest neighbors except the Smiths. The neighborhood had no trouble with these Indians.

George S. Hill and John M. Brush had ranches near the present village of Hillsboro, Johnstown and Milliken. Mr. Hill was a partner of Bruce F. Johnson, a well-known stockman of Northern Colorado. John M. Brush was a brother of Hon. J. L. Brush, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado. The firm of Johnson & Hill originally had the 2 cattle brand. Later, when they dissolved partnership, Johnson added another 2, making his brand 22; while Hill continued to own the old 2 brand. The Hillsboro neighborhood was the nearest settlement to the Hodgson neighborhood in those early years.

I recall the time when Wm. W. Brush, brother of John M. and Jared L., was killed by Indians, in 1868. His death occurred at a point on the South Platte River near what is now termed Eagle's Nest, near the present headgate of the Bijou canal. That fall some young men came down from the mines to help in haying and remained during the cold winter weather. About fifteen Sioux Indians under Chief Swiftbird, were in the Hodgson neighborhood and practiced shooting at a target with these young men. A. Lumry ran a small store at Fort St. Vrain, and was postmaster there. He had some guns and cartridges to sell, and the young men got their cartridges from him. When the Indians arrived, the white boys were shooting at a target. The Indians had guns they had obtained from John P. Lower, a locksmith of Denver; they had been allowed to buy guns as a result of some understanding or truce. On the arrival of the Indians at the school house north of Fort Vasquez, they had a little contest with the white boys to see who could win in shooting at a target.

A day or two later, these boys heard of the murder of Wm. Brush and two hired men at a point just north of what is now Kuner, across the South Platte from the mouth of Crow Creek. I was only a small boy, but seven years old. What I know I learned from my father, my schoolmates and these young men. Within a short time after getting the news of the murder, all the white men within a range of fifty miles were organized into a posse of about one hundred men on horseback, who went up and down the river to avenge the murder. My father was one of them.

¹For a biographical sketch of this interesting Indian see Hafen and Ghent, *Broken Hand*, 269-82.—Ed.

They told me that when they caught up with the Indians they were camped near the mouth of Box Elder Creek. Swiftbird was riding a pacing horse that could outspeed any horse the white men had at a running gait; this is why it took them some time to catch up with the Indians. When they came up with them, Chief Swiftbird was riding out ahead of the Indian band, not knowing that these white men were so near. A youth by the name of Marion Adair snapped a gun at Swiftbird three times—I still have that gun. It appears that in the evening before, young Adair had unloaded his gun and in his excitement in the morning had forgotten to load it. Fortunately, Swiftbird did not kill him. The posse then followed the Indians down the Platte. The white men rode up on the bluff on the south side of the river and killed some three or four Indians as they were crossing the Platte in the quicksand, and took possession of the Indian camp. The great body of Indians got away.

The information of the murder of Brush came through Elbridge Gerry, who had a ranch out in the Crow Creek country, living with two Indian wives. Gerry was frequently at Evans. It was through him the Hodgson neighborhood learned of the massacre of Brush and two hired men by the very Sioux Indians that had had their target practice. It appears that Brush had been at the lower end of Gerry's place, putting up hay with two hired men; they took dinner with Gerry and then left on a hay-rack to haul some hay, when they were killed by the Indians.

The large posse organized included people as far distant as what is now Longmont, and along the different creeks, viz.: Cache la Poudre, Little Thompson, Big Thompson, St. Vrain, and even from Boulder Creek. (It will be noted that the statement refers to people all along the creeks. There were no upland ditches in those days. The large ditch known as the Cache la Poudre Irrigation Ditch, or Greeley No. 2 Canal, was the first large irrigating ditch to irrigate uplands in Colorado; its upper end was constructed in 1870.)

The posse was made up of ranchmen, who were inexperienced horsemen, but the Indians had fleeter horses, and the party was unable to kill more than three or four as above stated. (By the way, Elbridge Gerry was a descendant of Vice President Gerry.)

I remember another Indian scare, two or three years before the Brush murder. The neighborhood learned of some Sioux and Cheyenne Indians being on the warpath. The result was, the neighborhood left their homes in the night and went clear up to the Planters House in Denver. This was before I attended school. Gerry notified us of the danger at that time.

On another occasion when Gerry warned the neighborhood of danger from Indians, the families went to old Fort Lupton, where I first saw the body of a dead man, being one who had been killed by the Indians. My father hauled the body with an ox team. Some soldiers came across the river to speak to my father while he was going back to the ranch for some supplies. The soldiers found the man dead among some sun-flowers; then my father and the soldiers loaded the body into the wagon and brought it to Fort Lupton.

The Indians did not molest Gerry because one of Gerry's Indian wives was a sister of Red Cloud, a chieftain of the Sioux; but Gerry was good enough to warn white men when they were in danger. Sometimes he came himself; sometimes he sent word.

After the death of Elbridge Gerry, his youngest son, called Buster, was mysteriously killed near the same place where Brush was murdered. The oldest son of Gerry was named Jeff; I used to play with Jeff and Seff Gerry. These Gerry boys were half-breeds and looked very much like Indians. Buster was an unusually big man.

We came in contact frequently with certain Indians, some peaceable, some not.

My uncle Nathan Hodgson and some neighbors participated in the Battle of Sand Creek under Colonel Chivington. Bill McDermott, who came with us from Wisconsin, was killed in that battle. My uncle Nathan, after being mustered out on his 100 days' enlistment, went back to Wisconsin.

I believe it was the 1st and 3rd Cavalry of Colorado that fought at Sand Creek. The Hungate family had been killed and the women taken captive; the Indians had been burning men at the stake and their wives were brought out where they could see them burn. These horrors had a tendency to increase the enlistment.

An unusual flood in the Platte River in May, 1864, washed away the then Denver town hall, including a safe containing records lost in the quicksand and never found. Just before that flood, my father had hauled a load of hay to Denver, and he returned by boat. Though I was then but three years old, my father coming in a boat, together with his talking about it later, firmly fixed the incident on my memory.

During the '60s, with no upland ditches to furnish return water, the Platte would continue dry for long stretches with little water in it except during the May and June floods and some occasional cloud bursts or heavy storms. The only ditches then in use were small ones to flood hay lands and to raise garden stuff on the bottoms.

It was customary for all ranchmen to have revolvers for fear of Indian troubles. I recall my father had a six-shooter in his pocket when he was digging with a shovel the old Hughes and Cook ditch and his own Hodgson ditch.

I recall there was an old fort at the site of the present city of Fort Morgan. This old fort was abandoned early in the '70s. I was told one of the first telegraph wires from the east came to this fort, and that the message of the death of Lincoln was received there before it reached Denver. This was before either the Denver Pacific or the Kansas Pacific railroads had reached Denver. After the fort was abandoned, my father got some of the smooth telegraph wire and fenced in a little garden at his home. I believe I have some of the wire yet.

During the decade of the '70s Weld County contained an area of about two-thirds that of the state of Connecticut. The stock industry, prominent in the '60s, increased during the next decade. I rode the range from the foothills to Julesburg and from Wyoming to the head of Bijou Creek in what is now Elbert County. I remember well many of the owners of large herds of cattle in those days: Fine P. Ernest, John W. Iliff, Dennis Sullivan, Theodore S. Wheeler of Denver, W. C. Stover, N. H. Meldrum, Abner Loomis, John Arthur, Mr. Scribner and Mr. Mendinhal of Fort Collins, Bruce F. Johnson, Jared L. Brush, in early years and later, Wyatt brothers, Eugene R. Thayer, S. D. Hunter, the Gale brothers of Greeley, Andy McMullin of Evans, B. C. Twombly of Fort Lupton. Johnson established his 22 ranch across the river from Merino; Iliff had a large ranch on the Platte River northeast of Sterling near the present town of Iliff. I have seen thousands of cattle driven up from Texas during this decade.

During the '70s two round-ups were had each year; one known as the chief round-up, in June; the other, the beef round-up in September and October. In the June round-up the calves received the brand of their known mothers. Stray calves were known as mavericks. How many received brands not justified, the Lord only knows. It was noteworthy that many herds increased very rapidly. One man, known as "Rawhide Church," who lived somewhere near Golden, was said to have had a yoke of oxen humorously reported as having had as many as 20 calves a year.

My chief activity during the early '70s was in riding the range and looking after my father's cattle. In the winter months I attended school.

During the years of unusual drouth and consequent scanty grass, cattle were driven from Eastern Colorado into North Park. I recall helping to take my father's herd there one summer. Cattle

were frequently driven long distances to get sufficient feed. In 1879 and 1880, two Frenchmen drove their cattle from Weld County to the present site of Rapid City, Montana, in order to get sufficient feed. One of them, Lonjeve, homesteaded the quarter section where Rapid City was later founded. One year the Wyatt brothers drove their cattle as far north as Running Creek, near the Northern Wyoming line.

From 1877 to 1880, mining took a great impetus from the discovery of the Leadville carbonates. This had much to do with the rapid growth of Denver. Charles Boettcher, who had been a clerk in the hardware store of his brother Herman Boettcher at Greeley, laid the foundations of his present fortune in arranging transportation with teams of mules and horses and heavy wagons from Denver to Leadville.

I recall there was an old fort at the present site of Fort Morgan as far back as the '60s. This fort was abandoned about 1871. There were some Indian troubles in the '60s, and one especially in the neighborhood of what came to be called "Fort Wicked." This was a homestead building belonging to Mr. Godfrey, who took up a homestead some distance south of what is now Merino, and near Johnson's 22 ranch.

On one occasion Mr. Godfrey, George Pingrey, Wes Mullin and Godfrey's family fought Indians for about three days and nights. Mrs. Godfrey and the two Godfrey girls were in the home. During the night one of the girls (who afterwards married Mullin) got away on horseback and went either to Fort Morgan or Julesburg to get assistance from soldiers, who returned with her to aid, but found the Indians had been driven off before they arrived. The women in the home melted the lead, moulded the bullets and loaded the guns for the men to shoot during this exciting three days and nights. This episode gave the Godfrey homestead the designation of "Fort Wicked."²

I was well acquainted with George Pingrey, as I rode the range with him for many years. He was with me at my ranch in his latter years. He died at the age of about 103. I had many chats with him about old times, which of course has refreshed my recollection. At one time he was shot in the cheek by Indians; he rode into camp with the arrow sticking in the side of his jaw; one of the men pulled it out when he leaped down from his horse. Later he had a steel brace from that point to his teeth; he wore a heavy beard to hide the scar. He was a scout at the Battle of Sand Creek. He talked with me about his experiences perhaps more than with anyone else. From him I had many tales of his

²The site has been marked by the State Historical Society in cooperation with the Sterling Chamber of Commerce.—Ed.

fighters with Indians; of his riding one horse and leading another, coming alone from Minnesota to Colorado. He had a very unusual pioneer life. He was an Indian scout, and was a soldier in the Civil War, in the 1st Colorado Regiment. Pingree Hill and Pingree Park are named for him. He was the first to bring logs down the Poudre as far as Greeley. Coe and Carter and one Stewart contracted such logging.

As before noted, the chief industry of Northern Colorado during the '70s was stock raising, supplemented by mining in the Clear Creek valley. In the early '70s were constructed the canals known as the Greeley No. 2 and Greeley No. 3, the Larimer County No. 2, the Sterling No. 1 and the old Buffalo Ditch near Merino, afterwards extended to be the Pawnee Canal. In the later '70s more large irrigating ditches had their inception, viz.: the Larimer and Weld, the Loveland and Greeley, the Evans No. 2 and the "High Line" near Denver. Many of these were financed by what is known as the "English Co.," i. e., the Colorado Mortgage & Investment Company of London, Ltd., of which Mr. Duff, later Mr. Bell and still later, Mr. Gilmore were managers.

I recall the unusual flood in the Platte River in April, 1876. The river was a mile wide near Platteville. It washed away many buildings in Denver. As a special incident of that flood, I recall that when another man and I drove our cattle down to drink at the river, we landed one of two boxes we saw floating. When we opened it, we found it contained a corpse of a man buried, dressed in his everyday clothes, with his boots on, his hands at his sides and his head resting on a folded broad brimmed Beaver hat. The indications were that he may have been killed and hurriedly buried near the bank of the river in a box or coffin made of rough lumber.

In addition to herds of cattle there were thousands of buffalo on the range in Northeastern Colorado during this decade. Buffalo meat was commonly sold at all the meat markets at the rate of about one cent per pound. Venison was also common. Mr. Koogler, a Greeley tanner, tanned hundreds of buffalo hides.

At times as many as 100 antelopes could be seen in one herd. There were also many white-tailed deer along the creeks in those days. "Buffalo chips" were a common source of fuel used by the cattle men in their round-ups; also by homesteaders during the winter.

In 1872 my father, brother and I took a hunting and fishing trip into Estes Park, which then had no inhabitants; but many mountain sheep, elk and black-tailed deer were found. We had

difficulty in getting into the Park, as there were no roads or even trails.

The irrigation and agricultural development in the '80s destroyed many old trails. Before farming began under the Larimer and Weld canal, the "Gun Barrel Road" was used in traveling between Greeley and Fort Collins. The play of the sunlight on the plains, with dark patches due to shadows of the clouds, with the foothills in the west, made that drive of much scenic beauty.

During the '70s the chief mills were the Mason & Hottel of Fort Collins and the Johnson and Kennedy at Greeley, both of which (rebuilt) are now owned by the Colorado Milling and Elevator Co. I remember hauling wheat to be ground at the Johnson and Kennedy mill. There was also the Denio Mill at Longmont. The first mills I ever knew of were at St. Luis (now Loveland), and at White Rock near what is now Valmont. These old mills, including one at Evans for a short time, were very small and crude. The farmers would take their grain to these mills and bring back flour resulting therefrom, less of course, the toll.

In these early days there were no amusement resorts in Northern Colorado outside of Denver, where the resorts were of somewhat unsavory reputation.

Among the ranchmen and in the smaller hamlets and villages, the chief sports among the men were rough athletic contests, riding bucking broncos, shooting at targets, etc., besides some gambling with cards and dice. During cold weather, dances would occur, now at the house of one ranchman and now at another, which would be attended by people who would drive for 20 to 30 miles. The heads of households would bring their entire families. The children would play in one room while the adults would dance, chiefly square dances and reels like the Old Virginia reel. The host of the evening would generally furnish a keg of beer, but anything savoring of a rough house or drunkenness was extremely rare if it ever occurred. Moreover, at the different school houses, spelling bees occurred occasionally, when young people from different school houses would vie with each other as to who were the best spellers. In Greeley, among whose early settlers were many college graduates, lyceums, debates, lectures and readings from Shakespeare, Browning and other poets were a source of entertainment. Occasionally a traveling reader would invade the territory and recite selections, including Poe's "Raven." Of course these were like entertainments among the elite of Denver in those days.

In smaller towns and country places, doubtless, the women had many quilting bees, tea parties and the like with which I was not very familiar, being chiefly out on the range.