

## Adventure Into the Past, A Search For Colorado's Mining Camps

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In 1926, when I came to Colorado from the East, I had never heard of a ghost town, but on one of my first mountain drives I was shown Central City and was told something of its history. I had always been interested in architecture, and the skeletal shell of the once booming town fascinated me. I liked the Victorian houses, set tidily along the streets; the few active stores flanked by many empty ones; the rusty mills, and the rows of deserted buildings perched high above Eureka Gulch. Central City was not entirely deserted, in fact it never has been; but so little of its former glory remained that the footsteps of those living in it echoed loudly on the board sidewalks, and at night only an occasional window showed a lighted interior.

The place was full of echoes, and memories, and history, and I felt strangely stirred by it. Here was a piece of the Old West, a tangible witness of Colorado's pioneering achievement. It was disappearing fast; it was important, it should be preserved; it challenged me. Someone should record it before it decayed or was "restored" to twentieth century needs. The place itself seemed to cry out for a pictorial rendering and I determined then and there to try my hand at it and to return in September to sketch the streets and individual buildings. Furthermore, I decided to return again and again until I had Central City on paper.

Almost as soon as I started sketching I realized that another decision had to be made. The place could not be recorded pictorially and historically at the same time, and realizing that others could interview "old timers" and delve into histories and newspapers, I decided to concentrate on the pictorial angle of the project for two reasons. First, many of the buildings were old and crumbling; some were in ruins; others might collapse in a good stiff gale. Therefore, if they were to be preserved in paint, they must be sketched as soon as possible. Second, many of them were being razed for firewood by those living nearby, and worse still, some were being renovated past all semblance of the original architecture. Therefore the pictorial record seemed of primary importance.

Of course, before I'd done much recording I became interested in the history of the place, and in talking to the old miners who looked over my shoulder as I worked, I realized that in spite of myself, I must do historical research as well.

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At first my efforts were limited to Central City, since I did not know of other towns of similar character; but as I learned more of Colorado and heard about Leadville, Ward, Gold Hill, and other places, my vacations began to be hunting trips, and each September I added more sketches to the pile of the year before.

In the summer of 1932 I was again working in Central City, and in the lobby of the Teller House found an old hotel register of the '80s in which the names of all the actors and troupes which had played at the Opera House were written. This gave me an idea. If all the old hotel registers were available, one could get a complete picture of the theatrical life of Central City, but unfortunately only two or three volumes could be found. Across the street however was the office of the *Register-Call*, the newspaper which had flourished since 1862 and which, in spite of Central City's destructive fire in 1874 had a complete file of the paper. The veteran editor, Mr. George Laird, was most cooperative and let me spend many days in his office reading the file from 1862 to 1915 and gleaning from it much more than theatrical items about Central.

So, since 1933 I have been deep in two parallel projects, the pictorial record of as many places as I could reach, and their historical record as well.

In 1933 I published a small booklet called *Ghost Cities of Colorado*, which included drawings of the three towns, Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville, with text composed largely of excerpts from the old newspapers. I planned a whole series of similar booklets, all called *Ghost Cities of Colorado*, but I soon learned that any town with one or more inhabitants refused to be listed as a "ghost town," and I had to look for new titles for the material. The second book was *Cloud Cities of Colorado*, dealing with Leadville, Breckenridge, Fairplay, Kokomo, and Robinson. A third booklet, *Gold Cities*, never appeared, for by 1935 I had discovered so many towns in need of recording that I suspended writing until the sketches might be as complete as possible; and from 1940 on, every possible vacation and summer weekend has been spent pursuing ghosts in the mountains. This search was aided by five University of Colorado Research grants which have enabled me to procure a student chauffeur to drive me on extended and unpredictable trips.

I first investigated places which people told me of—Leadville, Cripple Creek, Victor, Aspen, Ouray, Silverton, Telluride, Creede, St. Elmo, Ashcroft, and Tin Cup. These towns yielded such a wealth of material, both graphic and historical, that I became more and more fascinated by the subject and realized the necessity of making records before the old flavor was gone. With this urge I next consulted mining records. These proved extremely helpful

and introduced me to areas and towns of which I had never heard; and to each of these I went, either by auto or, as they became more remote and as roads disappeared, on foot or on horseback.

Old maps, early histories of Colorado, and mining reports were responsible for my discovering the location of Parrott City, Platoro, La Plata, and Horseshoe. National Forest maps have been of invaluable help in locating trails and roads and cabin sites and have often given information found nowhere else, such as the way to the Pie Plant mill and the proof of existing buildings at Lulu and Dutchtown.

On every trip old prospectors and early residents were questioned in order to verify information or to check on distances, road conditions and historical data. Every item thus gleaned was followed further even though it seemed worthless; every clue was traced even to the end of the trail. Except for a chance remark made by an old-timer I might never have known of North Star, Romley or Hancock.

If the place-name of a town sounded as if it pertained to mining or if its location was near timberline or in a mineral area I followed my hunch, and in this way discovered Turret and Vulcan.

For the sake of clarity the towns may be grouped in certain categories. First, mining towns that are still alive, like Aspen and Fairplay, which started as mining camps but depend for most of their present existence on other industries. They have a permanent population and contain some of the original buildings.

Second, towns which are partly ghost, such as Breckenridge and Telluride—where many of the former buildings both commercial and private still stand but are unoccupied, although a certain portion of the town is inhabited and is carrying on a normal life, the chief industry still being mining.

Third, mining towns which are true ghosts, completely deserted although their buildings still line the streets. Leavick, near Fairplay, and Bachelor, near Creede, are of this type.

Fourth, mining towns which have disappeared and whose sites only remain. Stunner, Irwin and Hamilton are in this class.

Towns have been recorded by the following method: first, by finding out all that could be learned through reading, asking questions, and writing to people now living in the town or near it; then, by going to the place and sketching it, making as many drawings as were necessary to capture it—sometimes two or three sufficing, sometimes fifty or more being needed. Often the trip to an inaccessible spot meant abandoning the car on a shelf road and hiking miles to timberline up an abandoned wagon track, even at times

walking precariously over the rotting logs of an old corduroy roadbed.

In making this pictorial record I have taken no liberties with the composition of the subjects sketched. Buildings are grouped as they actually appear; mountains are rendered as rocky or timbered, snow-capped or barren, just as I found them. Consequently the graphic record is an authentic one; but in order that the resulting sketch might be as artistic as possible, I walked around each subject seeking the best possible angle for pictorial delineation.



MAIN STREET OF APEX

Instead of photographs for the project I chose to do drawings and paintings, for through them I hoped to catch the mood and quality of the town portrayed and to see it, in the mind's eye, at the height of its development rather than merely in its present state of decay. In this way I have endeavored to endow the sketches with a sympathetic and dramatic interpretation of the subject rather than to give only a literal transcription.

All of the 1900 sketches (950 of which are completed and 950 to go), have been made in pencil outline, on the spot, or have been blocked in, in watercolor, and have been completed later on at home. This method of working was chosen for two reasons.

First, a sketch takes at least two hours to finish. Had I carried each one to completion as I drew it, I would have but a fraction of the present record; for there has never been sufficient time on

any trip to do all that I wished to do. Second, by completing the sketch away from its source I believe that I have produced a more artistic result than would have been possible on the spot. Working from this pictorial shorthand—just enough to jog the memory—has necessitated attention to design principles such as dark and light pattern, textural variety, simplification of areas and the elimination of needless detail, and emphasis upon essential passages—the whole producing a coordinated creative composition.

Finally, after returning from each place, I again look up historical and anecdotal information about it, using as sources old newspapers, diaries, manuscripts, scrapbooks, maps and photographs found in the State Historical Society collection, the University of Colorado collection, the Denver Public Library's Western History collection, the files of such newspapers as the *Gunnison News-Champion*, the *Central City Register-Call*, and the *Leadville Herald-Democrat*, and any other sources discoverable.

Within the past five years I have filed in fifty loose leaf volumes, notes on individual places, on general mining history, and on early Colorado history as it pertains to mining camps. Many places and scenes which did not lend themselves to artistic composition, but of which a record seemed necessary to complete the study, were photographed, such as a meadow, now the "site" of a former town, or a half-obliterated trail, once a main road over the range. Fifteen hundred small snapshots of this sort showing mining towns, buildings and terrain, and seventy-five enlargements of the best negatives made by Prof. Zell Mabee are now mounted and catalogued. The need for material close at hand led also to the collection of forty volumes of Colorado history, old maps, and a diary or two.

Even torn scraps of wallpaper, hanging in shreds from cabin walls have been collected for they help date a camp, or at least its most recent habitation. Some of my paper fragments are several layers in thickness and reveal at their frayed edges earlier patterns; and once I found a cabin whose walls were covered with calico tacked to the laths beneath.

The cemeteries, overgrown with grass or shadowed by pines, are another link in the story of the ghost towns. The first grave markers were of wood, with names and dates painted on them. Years of neglect, plus winds and snows have weathered the thin board to a non-descript brown; but now, the letters and dates stand out in relief, for the paint has protected the wood. By the seventies, marble stones were used, and upon seeing several of these in the windswept cemetery at Caribou, I began to wonder if all the mountain burying grounds had similar stones and inscriptions. A study of thirty cemeteries followed, and the photographic record of their

stones shows an amazing similarity of design. Furthermore, the inscriptions chiseled on their surfaces are not regional, but reflect the culture and taste of the pioneers and the eastern cities from which they came. Even these stones show the ravages of time, and more than once I have had to kneel in the long grass in front of one, in order to feel out the letters which said:

"Budded on earth to blossom in Heaven,"

or

"Remember friends as you pass by  
As you are now so once was I  
As I am now so you must be  
Prepare for death and follow me.

In the fall of 1945 the *Mining Journal* of Phoenix, Arizona, published my first article dealing with a ghost town and illustrated with one of my sketches. When the magazine was consolidated with the San Francisco *Mining World* the series was continued, and to date twenty-four articles have appeared. A similar article on "Irwin" was printed in the January, 1947, issue of the *Colorado Magazine*. An article, "Ghost Town Exploration," accompanied with color reproductions of four watercolors appeared in the July, 1949, issue of *Ford Times*.

So much for the mechanics of this project; now for the findings. Ten years after the California gold rush, the slogan was "Pike's Peak or Bust," and prospectors began stirring up the streambeds and tapping the rocks on the eastern side of the Continental Divide. Since this is not a history of Colorado but a report on the towns which made history it is unnecessary to discuss the initial strikes made in 1858 and '59 by Jackson, Gregory and Russell. But it is of interest to realize that mining in this state had booms at approximately ten year periods from the '60s through the early 1900s. Of parallel interest is the fact that metals were sought and mined in the following sequence: first gold, then silver, lead, zinc, concentrates, and now fluorspar and uranium.

Camps cannot always be classified according to the metal that was first mined in them, for often they grew up around a single mine or group of mines, all producing one metal, perhaps gold. The camp flourished until the ore played out. Then the miners left and the camp became dormant or deserted. Later on other prospectors came and found traces of another metal, perhaps silver, and another boom was on, until the silver crash of 1893. Again the camp slept until some other mineral was found in its mines or until it became a summer resort or a stock-raising center. During the years its population fluctuated with the boom, until today it may be a "dark town," as a present resident of Silver Plume told me only last summer, because its houses are owned by summer

tourists who spend but a brief season of the year in them and then board them up during the other nine months.

Mining methods were also responsible for the varying durations of the camps. The "rockers" and "long toms" of the '59ers caught most of the free gold but let much of the less precious metals escape down the streams. Prospectors in California Gulch in the '60s cursed the heavy black sand that clogged their sluice boxes, only to learn too late that it was lead carbonate rich in silver which they had been washing away.

The early sixties were rich years for the placer miners. These men followed up the streams searching for "color" and finding it, staked off claims, and began to pan the stream-beds and banks. Other miners left the streams to scramble up the mountain sides looking for "float" or exposed ore. This ore was also profitable, but by 1862 or '63 most of the easily obtained gold in the stream-beds or at the grass-roots had been found and shipped out by pack train.

Lode mining followed, the miners sinking shafts and tunnelling into the mountainsides searching for the veins. This ore when found was not pure but was combined with quartz and other minerals, and to extract the gold from it posed a problem. At first stamp mills were built to crush the ore and thus free the precious metal from the worthless rock. Black Hawk and Central City are quiet towns today but a letter written home by a prospector mentions the "noise of the stamps which could be heard four miles before reaching the towns."

The deeper the mines were developed the more varied and refractory the ore became, and other methods of extraction were needed. Smelters, chlorination, lixiviation, and reduction works were erected, each one equipped to cope by mechanical processes, with the complex ore bodies. In recent years improved methods have enabled companies to profitably re-work the dumps of old mines to recover valuable minerals from them, and to produce concentrates of the low grade ores as well. It is therefore evident that many a camp was deserted long before its paying ores were exhausted, simply because imperfect methods of milling failed to extract all the values obtainable.

Architecturally all camps followed the same pattern. First a tent city arose, followed by log cabins with square hewn timbers. Usually a sawmill was packed in at about this stage and with its advent frame structures of dressed lumber were built, including many with imposing false fronts. If the camp continued to flourish and promised permanence, brick and stone buildings were erected and it is these that one sees today—the courthouse at Fairplay, the

jail at Silver Plume and the schoolhouses at Central City, Georgetown, Leadville, Lake City, and Telluride.

Tents and log cabins are all much alike, and it was not until the miners and merchants began to build their homes and stores in the mountains that an architectural style was apparent. Just as they named their mines for their native states or cities they built in a style reminiscent of their recent homes insofar as they could duplicate them with the limited materials at their disposal.

Since the towns were built during Victorian times the architecture follows Victorian tendencies with Greek Revival and Gothic thrown in. Black Hawk and Central City are rich in elaborately carved barge-boards and gabled windows. Georgetown is New England transplanted, especially its carved wooden posts and picket fences. Wood was also used for sidewalks which were laid as soon as a camp could boast enough streets and buildings to warrant them, and many of them have lasted through the years, notably in parts of St. Elmo, Nevadaville, Tin Cup, Lake City, Silverton and Kokomo. When I first visited Robinson, its wooden walks were careening drunkenly into a marsh, and even now Black Hawk has a plank sidewalk laid over a flume. Pitkin's main street is flanked with board walks, and when I inquired as to what was left of Bachelor (near Creede), I learned that it could be located by its rotting wooden sidewalks which bordered a gully, once the chief thoroughfare.

In dating ghost towns the architecture of the existing buildings, or ruins, plays an important part. Many of the camps never progressed beyond the tent stage; others stopped with log cabins. Capitol City, although mostly frame, boasts one large brick mansion on the flat meadow, rimmed with the tremendous peaks of the San Juans.

One factor which makes for difficulty in tracing the history of the towns is fire. There is scarcely a camp or city that did not have one or more devastating conflagrations which leveled the place so that its present appearance is unlike its early panorama. All but six buildings in Central City were consumed in 1874 by a fire which broke out in a Chinese laundry. The Fire Company from Golden was telegraphed for and arrived by train, although its appearance was delayed by a slight accident. The train was steaming along so rapidly that when a fireman fell off, it could not stop for a mile and then had to back down and rescue the fire-fighter. Cripple Creek and Victor, Creede and Rosita, to mention but four, were all nearly razed by fire. Gold Hill early in its history had a severe fire, during which the inhabitants took to the mine tunnels for safety until the danger had passed.

I know of 270 ghost or semi-ghost mining towns of the state, 250 of which I have visited. All were established between 1859 and the early 1900s. The earliest to achieve both importance and permanence were Central City and Fairplay, founded in 1859. The '60s produced Breckenridge, Idaho Springs, Hahn's Peak, Gold Hill, Empire, Georgetown, Jamestown, and Montezuma. In the '70s Alma, Caribou, Lake City, Ouray, Nederland, Rosita, Silverton, Silver Plume, and Telluride (then called Columbia), were established. The year 1879 saw the birth of several important camps namely Leadville, Aspen, Irwin and Rico. During the '80s many others sprang up, including Pitkin, Ohio City, St. Elmo, Ophir, and Ironton. The big news of the '90s was Creede, Cripple Creek and Victor. In the 1900s Tiger and Tungsten were among those born.

My main interest has been that of recording these places before they disappeared or were metamorphosed into twentieth century patterns. Each trip has been an adventure and for the rest of this talk let us travel together into Colorado's past by looking at the sketches.

This was a house on the street called the "Casey" in Central City. In 1938 the house was empty and beginning to fall to pieces. The next time I looked for it, it was gone. Such an experience shows why I have felt compelled to make the pictorial record as quickly as possible. The church at Guston is another example.

In the '80s a small camp grew up near the Guston and other mines at the foot of Red Mountain (near Ouray) and in time a small church was built in an aspen grove. In 1940 when I first saw the church its interior was a wreck and its roof was full of gaping holes. In 1945 I returned to Guston and at once hiked down the trail to see what was left of the church. At first I could not find it. Then I spied the cupola above the trees but winds and the weight of snows had pushed the building awry so that it was leaning at a crazy angle over the edge of the hill which it surmounted.

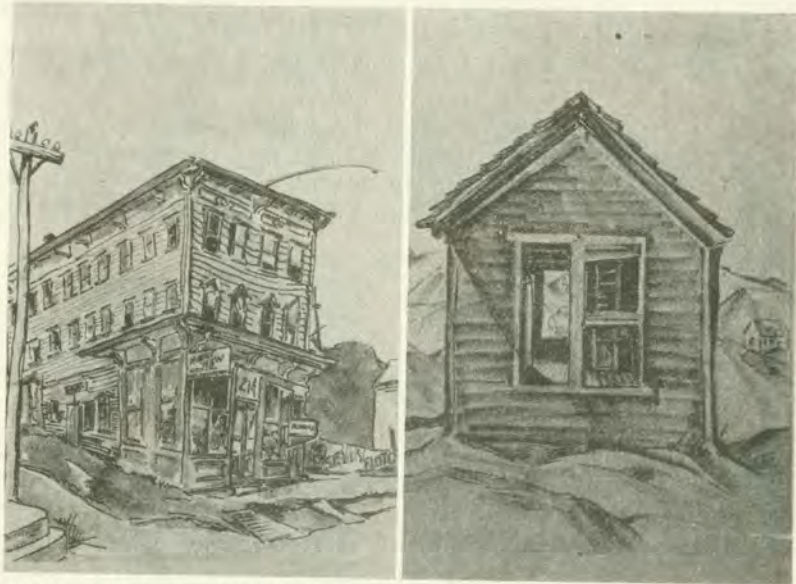
In 1932 I sketched the City Hotel in Silver Plume. I happened to be in the town a few years ago when the building was being razed and I made a watercolor of it with its gaunt skeleton framing the huge mine dumps behind it.

Another landmark which has disappeared is the old Central City postoffice with its two mail windows, one marked "Ladies" and the other "Gents Delivery." The old firehouse at Breckenridge with its tall hose-drying tower is also gone.

Sometimes in my quest I have stumbled on information as I did one morning when I told an old man that I was going to St. Elmo, "at the end of the road up Chalk Creek." "That's not the

end of the road," he drawled. "There's two towns beyond it and you can drive up the old railroad grade to both of them." So, I found Romley with its little railroad station and the big post office and Hancock, where only a handful of cabins and a watertank mark the site of a once active camp.

Alpine Street, Georgetown, has changed little since the '70s and '80s and the Cushman Block is still standing. The Cushman Opera House occupied the top floor of the building until the auditorium was considered to be unsafe for use. It was then made into a lodge hall.



MONTVIEW HOUSE, LEADVILLE; CABIN ON THE CASEY, CENTRAL CITY

The switchback road behind Georgetown, which leads to Green Lake, continues on up the mountain to Waldorf, a small ghost town above timberline. Beyond the husk of the town (elev. 11,666 ft.) twists the Argentine Pass trail—once a much traveled road to Montezuma and Breckenridge.

Montezuma is not a ghost town but Sts. John, two miles above it is, and today the wind whips around the old smelter stack and through the skeleton of the big mill and three story boarding house.

The Montview House in Leadville used to stand on the corner of State Street and Harrison Avenue. Pap Wyman's saloon occupied its main floor and many a person remembers the sign "Do Not Swear," which was painted across the face of the clock, and the Bible chained to the counter.

If you drive up Johnny Hill in Leadville to its top and look across the valley to the Mosquito Range you will see a faint zigzag trail—all that is left of Mosquito Pass over which so many pioneers laboriously struggled from South Park enroute to California Gulch.

On the Fairplay side of the range was Dudleyville, marked today by its empty, disintegrating smelter, set along the edge of the stream. Once when the mines on Mt. Cross were producing, their ores were processed in this building.

Quartzville is high on Mt. Cross. To reach it I climbed straight up the mountainside until I reached the power line which took electricity to the mines on top of the peak. I followed it along the barren shoulder of the mountain until I found a hollow filled with timber and the rotting cabin frames that had once been Quartzville.

The mountain cemeteries are full of memories too and the one at Buckskin Joe is typical. Its markers are blistered, bleached boards or weathered marble stones and in many cases young aspens and evergreens, growing on the graves, push out the rotting wooden fences which surround each plot.

Ashcroft was a typical ghost town when I first saw it in 1935. Grass grew high in the main street and the whole town looked dwarfed against the huge backdrop of the Elk Mountains.

Sometimes I follow a hunch and find a place about which I know nothing. Turret, not far from Salida, was such a place and along its deserted streets I found elaborately carved barge boards on several cabins—the only ones I have ever seen on log buildings.

Up close to the Wyoming line is Pearl, once a mining camp as its deserted smelter on the hillside testifies, but now it is ranch country. Wandering through the sagebrush at Pearl I stumbled onto a long stretch of crumbling wooden sidewalk and knew that I was on what was left of the main street. Also in North Park is the ghost of Teller City, up Jack Creek. Today it is only a mass of large, broken-down cabins hidden in trees.

In the Gunnison country are three small deserted camps, Iris, Chance, and Vulcan, all tucked away among rolling sagebrush hills and each at the end of a little-traveled dirt road.

Irwin, not far from Crested Butte, boomed from 1880 to 1882. Today rusting water hydrants line each side of a gully that was once the main street, and flattened piles of lumber mark the sites of cabins and stores.

Another town which has nearly disappeared is Marble, on the Crystal River. Mudslides have twice rushed through the heart of the business district and have washed away even substantial marble stores and residences. Eight miles above Marble is Crystal, a

beautifully situated little camp with one long street which leads off through the aspens to the old trail over Schofield Pass.

Carbonate, high on the Flattops above Glenwood Springs has only a few cabin frames left to mark its site, but when it was a new, boom town it was the seat of Garfield County.

Up Brush Creek, beyond Eagle is Fulford, an empty town with many buildings, including a hotel and a general store. A quarter of a mile away is Upper Town in which I found a cabin with a pool table and a square piano.

I was told that Holy Cross City, near Red Cliff in the Camp Hale army reservation, was going to become a bombing range and anxiously I requested permission to visit it before it might be demolished. To reach it meant a four-mile hike up an abandoned wagon road. Its mill, boarding house and miners' cabins were situated in the last patch of timber below the rock peaks where the shafthouses of the mines clung to the cliffs like woodpeckers.

In the early '90s Creede was one of the most sensational camps in the state. The narrow gulch where it was first built has been ravaged more than once by fire and cloudburst and today only a few cabins remain, pressed against the rocky canon walls. Even the present city of Creede is threatened periodically by floods which roar down Willow Creek and tear at the banks of the stream.

Spar City, further up the Rio Grande, looks much as it did in the '90s when ore was discovered in the mountains above it. On either side of its one long street are cabins; and its two-story dance-hall once contained a bar brought by freighters' teams all the way from Creede.

High in the mountains above the Rio Grande Reservoir is Bear-town. Only one cabin and part of an old toilet remain on the meadow where the camp once stood. Higher still in the mountains, at 12,000 ft. elevation is Carson, astride the Divide, a windy, deserted place full of shafthouses and mills and visited by violent mountain storms, for it is located on an iron dyke and attracts weather.

Capitol City, up Henson Creek above Lake City, is another ghost camp with few buildings left and only its big brick mansion at one end of town and its big frame school house at the other to mark the extent of the once active "city." Sherman, on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, sits literally in a stream bed, its empty cabins surrounded by sand and boulders brought down by a cloudburst.

High on Engineer Mountain is American Flats, where the Frank Hough and Palmetto mines were located. Last summer I went by jeep from Lake City over Engineer Pass past these properties and down the other side—past Mineral Point, down Pough-

keepsie Gulch, past the active Micky Breen mine to the Million Dollar Highway. Once on it, we whisked down to Ouray for lunch and then climbed all the way back again. Forty miles and twelve hours to make the trip!

Five miles from Ouray is the famous Camp Bird mine which made Thomas Walsh's fortune. Two miles above it, reached by a ledge road, is Sneffels, of which little is left except its mines and empty shafthouses silhouetted against the gaunt, sawtooth comb of the Uncompahgres. By airline across the mountains from the Camp Bird it is about five miles to Telluride, which is not a ghost town but a mining camp established in the '90s. High above it in Savage Basin are the Tomboy and Smuggler mines. From the narrow ledge road which climbs to these mines Telluride looks like a toy village.

Just out of sight from the Million Dollar Highway, behind a knob of rock, is Red Mountain Town. Its National Belle mine and shaft house dominate the flat on which the shells of old cabins and stores lie rotting. At the foot of Red Mountain Pass on the Silver-ton side a handful of cabins mark the site of Chattanooga. A snowslide and fire destroyed the rest of the town.

The last four pictures are of buildings that have recently disappeared. The Sunnyside Mill at Eureka is being dismantled and many of the other buildings in the town have been moved to Silver-ton. The Horsfal mine at Gold Hill was one of the first properties developed in that area. Until two years ago its shafthouse stood beside the road. Now it too is gone. The Fourth of July shafthouse at the foot of Arapahoe Peak was swaybacked and askew in 1942 when I first sketched it; three years later its roof crashed in under the weight of snow. Two weeks ago, in December, 1949, fire razed the mill of the Big Five property at Camp Francis, south of Ward. And so, one by one, the historic landmarks disappear.

The camps, towns, and sites I have mentioned and shown tonight are a sampling of the many places which I have visited and sketched. As long as there are more camps to visit and as long as I can hike or scramble to them I shall continue this record of Colorado's past.

## Colorado's Hall of Fame

LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON\*

What and where is Colorado's Hall of Fame? Thousands of tourists visit it annually, but comparatively few residents of the state realize that the dome of the Capitol in Denver houses what

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is the nearest equivalent to a Hall of Fame to be found anywhere in Colorado.

If you take the elevator to the third floor of the state-house you may view sixteen life-size portraits in stained glass, which depict as many state builders who, after long and careful consideration, were thus officially honored. If you prefer a closer view, you may ascend by stairway into the bell-shaped dome, where you can read the illustrious names.

"History is the essence of innumerable biographies," wrote Carlyle. The early history of Colorado might well be summed up in an account covering the lives of the fifteen men and one woman whose portraits were placed in the dome of the capitol building in 1900. The work was designed by artist John J. McClymont and executed by the Copeland Glass Company of Denver, under contract with the Board of Capitol Managers. Later generations have agreed that, in the main, the choices were just and wise.

On May 30, 1899, when the Capitol was nearing completion, Governor Charles S. Thomas called a meeting of the Board of Capitol Managers. Those present included the governor, as chairman, Charles J. Hughes, Jr., George W. Baxter and Herman Lueders, secretary. Absent, Otto Mears and George Tritch.<sup>1</sup>

One of the topics of discussion was the installation of sixteen circular windows above the third story in the Capitol dome, as suggested by Architect F. E. Edbrooke. It was proposed that "colored glass with emblems, as selected by the Board," be painted and built in. The Copeland Glass Company, to whom the Board had given an order the previous January, submitted a proposition at a cost of \$1706. It was rejected.

About two months later, on July 27, however, the Board moved to accept the bid of the Copeland Glass Company for sixteen circular windows in the dome at \$1600, the workmanship to be equal to the sample furnished by the Flanagan and Biedeman Company of Chicago, of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. A bond of \$800 was required and the work was to be completed December 31, 1899, with "damages for overtime at \$5 per day."

Since large paintings of the former governors of Colorado already were in the governor's private office, Architect Edbrooke suggested to the Board that Colorado pioneers, such as Kit Carson, and other pathfinders of the Columbine State, be pictured. These proposed portraits were to be placed in the niches reserved in the panels of the dome of the rotunda.

<sup>1</sup>Data concerning the actions of the Board of Capitol Managers is taken from the *Records* of the Board, by courtesy of Mr. James E. Merrick, in whose office in the Capitol they are preserved.

Realizing that it would be difficult to select only sixteen from the scores of deserving state builders and distinguished Colorado citizens, the Board of Capitol Managers asked Curator W. C. Ferril of the State Historical Society to prepare a list of persons prominent in Colorado history, literature, art, industry, and exploration.

The original list which Mr. Ferril compiled contained fifty names, ranging from James Pursley, who found gold on the Platte River in 1805, to Alice Eastwood, a writer on botanical subjects, and Aunt Clara Brown, the first Negro to settle in Colorado. Later he proposed fifty-eight additional names.

It is interesting to note that only four recommended on Curator Ferril's first list were included in the Board's final selection: William Gilpin, Kit Carson, W. J. Palmer, and John Evans.

On August 11, members of the Board, including Governor Thomas, Charles J. Hughes, Jr., George Baxter and Herman Lueders selected the following seven names for portraits in the dome windows: General Bela M. Hughes, Chief Ouray, Kit Carson, General J. W. Denver, Jim Baker, Ex-Governor Benjamin H. Eaton, and William N. Byers.

It was almost a year, however, before the additional nine names were agreed upon. During the intervening months the Board received numerous suggestions from Colorado citizens. Local newspapers discussed various portrait possibilities and interest was aroused in the matter throughout the state.

On October 30, 1899, letters were read at the Board meeting from M. M. Richardson, Morrison; Rose E. Meeker, Greeley; and E. L. Gallatin and Charles Hartzell, Denver. Each endorsed a favorite for a stained glass portrait. On motion of Otto Mears, seconded by Mr. Thatcher, the Board resolved to postpone the selection of additional names until the next meeting.

Friends of Prof. Horace M. Hale made an active effort to have his portrait selected as "the representative of the educational interests in the gallery of celebrities." Hale, it was said, was the founder of the educational system in Colorado. He began his teaching career in the Centennial state as a district school teacher and closed it as president of the State University. On November 17, Aaron Gove, superintendent of Denver schools, suggested the name of Horace M. Hale to the Board for consideration. His suggestion was "ordered filed."

On the same date the Board read a petition, signed by seventy-five residents of Silverton and vicinity, suggesting the name of Otto Mears for a dome portrait. Ordered filed. And, "after some discussion of the selection of additional names . . ." the Board "agreed to take the question up at the next meeting."

Said the *Denver Post* on November 12, 1899:

Seven of the sixteen subjects have been chosen. Out of the remaining number the women are to be represented by at least three, and the board feels great delicacy about choosing them. It is likely, therefore, that the task will be delegated to the Pioneer Ladies' Aid Society. A request has been made to Secretary Lueders by Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, secretary of the society, that the organization be allowed to select the female subjects for the galaxy of historical personages, and there is a good chance that the desire of the society will be granted.

On November 24, Mrs. Fanny Hardin personally appeared before the Board to request that the Pioneer Ladies' Aid Society have the privilege of naming some pioneer ladies for dome windows. Mrs. Hardin explained that "owing to the fact that the next regular meeting of the society would not be held until November 28, no names could be submitted at this time." Mrs. Hardin was asked by the Board to furnish a list of names at as early a day as possible.

Evidently a list was soon recommended, as the *Daily News* on Dec. 5, 1899, carried the following:

MRS. W. N. BYERS' DISCLAIMER TO  
THE PIONEER LADIES' AID SOCIETY

I see by the daily *News* that you have indorsed my name with four others, to be presented to the board of capitol managers, as being worthy a place among the portraits in the capitol dome. I thank you all, but decline the honor.

Mrs. Byers also said that she felt the household of Byers already was sufficiently represented "by the pioneer of journalism in Colorado"; as to the choice of a woman, she said, "there are so many equally deserving that to decide in anyone's favor would be an injustice and would create jealousy and hard feelings."

According to the *Daily News* of the above date, the name of Mrs. W. L. Cutler, the founder of the Pioneer Ladies' Aid Society, was said to have been acted upon favorably by the Board. For some reason, however, her name was later dropped. The only woman included in the final selection was Mrs. Frances Jacobs, deceased.

A favorite of the *Times* was Senator N. P. Hill. To quote:

WORTHY OF A WINDOW

The Board of Capitol managers is represented to be in something like a quandary in their efforts to decide who, in addition to those they have already agreed upon, shall be represented in the limited number of places the Capitol dome affords for portraits of Colorado pioneers and state builders. The *Times* suggests and urges, too, that in this interesting and appropriate adornment of the building, the portrait of Hon. Nathaniel P. Hill be given place . . . <sup>2</sup>

And the *Times* editor assured the Board that selecting Mr. Hill's portrait "would not arouse the disapprobation of other news-

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by the *Denver Republican*, Dec. 10, 1899, from the *Denver Times*.

paper worthies," as had been claimed by those opposing his selection.

Records of the Board show that suggestions continued to come in. On November 24, 1899, Scott J. Anthony named General John P. Slough and Colonel Sam F. Tappan; Mrs. Cyrus H. McLaughlin named C. H. McLaughlin; H. T. Sopris named Richard Sopris. All of these recommendations were "ordered filed." But on motion of Mr. Thatcher, seconded by Mr. Baxter, the names of William Gilpin and John Evans were unanimously selected to be added to the list of the seven previously accepted.

Late in December it was reported that a list of more than one hundred names was then before the Board; and, according to the *Republican* of Dec. 25, 1899, "The men who are most favorably spoken of for places in the dome are: Horace M. Hale, pioneer educator, and Otto Mears, pathfinder of the San Juan."

Oddly enough, neither name was included in the final selection, although later, Mears was honored by having his portrait placed in the Senate chamber. A plaque in honor of Hale's son, General Irving Hale, commander of the First Colorado Volunteers at Manila, was placed in the south entrance porch of the Capitol.

It was not until July 13, 1900, that the list of sixteen was completed. On that day the Board considered the following: Nathaniel P. Hill, Casimiro Barela, William J. Palmer, Alexander Majors, Richard G. Buckingham, John L. Dyer, and Frances Jacobs. On motion of Mr. Thatcher, seconded by Mr. Mears, "the foregoing names were selected unanimously."

Said the *Times* on December 21, 1900:

The work of putting the dome pictures in the capitol will be finished this week if the promises of the contractors are fulfilled. These pictures have been a source of worry to the capitol commission, and they will no doubt be pleased to see them in place. They may not be so well pleased with the criticism which is sure to follow, but that they can run away from. The consensus of opinion is that they have put in some pictures which should have been left out and left out some that should have been put in, but that is a pure matter of preference.

In 1901, a booklet published by the App Engraving Company of Denver, entitled *State Officials and Thirteenth General Assembly*, announced that "above the third story of the dome are sixteen circular leaded stained glass windows in each of which is a life-size portrait of a prominent citizen or pioneer of Colorado, framed in a wreath of wild Columbine, the state flower, with the name of each distinguished man beneath it. Standing beneath the dome one reads the names . . .

"In the strong, rugged faces is read the enterprise, energy and determination that led the tide of empire westward, that made the

magnificent structure a necessity, and has given to the state of Colorado all the elements of which great states are builded.”

Each one of the sixteen persons honored was outstanding in some phase of Colorado's development, as will be noted in the following brief sketches.<sup>3</sup>

William Gilpin, first governor of Colorado Territory, was a prophet of Western expansion and in his later years served as a Land Agent. Receiving his early education in England, he later attended the University of Pennsylvania and West Point. He fought in the Seminole War and also went with Fremont in 1843 to Oregon. He was a major in the Mexican War. He organized the first regiment of Colorado Volunteers of the Civil War.<sup>4</sup>

John Evans, doctor, educator, and financier was the second governor of Colorado Territory. He was responsible for bringing the first railway into Denver and drove the silver spike upon its completion. He also financed the South Park Railroad and the Denver, New Orleans Railroad. He was a founder of Northwestern University, in which he endowed a chair of mental and moral philosophy. The seat of the university was named Evanston in his honor. John Evans was an ardent Methodist and a leader in the establishment of the Colorado Seminary, which later became the University of Denver.<sup>5</sup>

Bela M. Hughes, lawyer, statesman, and a leader in transportation development in the West was an official of the Central Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express Company and later was associated with his cousin, Ben Holladay, when the company was known as the Overland Mail Company. Hughes began the practice of law in Denver in 1867. He was active in building the Denver Pacific.

William N. Byers, newspaper man and promoter of Colorado's natural and cultural resources, arrived in what is now Denver in 1859. On April 23 of that year, he published the first issue of the *Rocky Mountain News*. After engaging in publishing and printing for nearly twenty years, he sold the *News* and devoted his time to private business and to public interests until his death in 1903. He was appointed Denver's postmaster by President Lincoln in 1864 and later was interested in telegraph and tramway companies.

<sup>3</sup> Biographical sketches of nearly all of the persons honored may be found in one or more of the following Colorado histories and biographical dictionaries: Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado* (1889-1895); W. F. Stone, *History of Colorado* (1918-1919); J. H. Baker and L. R. Hafen, *History of Colorado* (1927); and William N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (1901). The biographical reference file in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado contains further data. Ten of the sixteen persons honored—Gilpin, Evans, Hill, Majors, Carson, Ouray, Baker, Denver, Palmer, and Eaton—are included in the *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1937). Sketches of Mears, Wolcott, Moffat, and Samuel D. Nicholson are also given in this work.

<sup>4</sup> cf. H. H. Bancroft, *History of the Life of William Gilpin* (1889).

<sup>5</sup> cf. E. C. McMechen, *Life of Governor Evans* (1924).

He was historian and secretary or president of almost every community organization, including the Denver Public Library, the Colorado State Historical Society, and the Mountain and Plain Festival.

Nathaniel P. Hill, a chemistry professor and ore smelting expert, became one of Colorado's outstanding United States Senators. He came to Colorado in 1864. After his third trip to the mining camps, Mr. Hill went to Wales to study the treatment of refractory ores, then of vital importance to Colorado miners. Mr. Hill built a reduction furnace in Blackhawk in 1867 and the Argo works north of Denver in 1878.

Alexander Majors, pioneer transportation genius, was a member of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. He directed the carrying of millions of dollars worth of freight over the western plains and mountains for the United States army and for pioneers. His company launched the Pony Express in 1860. Majors did not permit the men in his employ to use profane language nor to work on Sunday. He supplied each one with a Bible.<sup>6</sup>

Christopher (Kit) Carson, trapper, trader, Indian fighter, and scout, came west in 1826. He guided Colonel Fremont on one of his expeditions. He was in the service of the United States government many years and was largely instrumental in obtaining consent of the Indians in 1868 to give up a large part of the mountain area for mining purposes. He was called the “Daniel Boone of the West.”<sup>7</sup>

John L. Dyer, pioneer Methodist missionary preacher, arrived at Buckskin Joe, mining camp above Fairplay, in the summer of 1861. The weather never prevented him from keeping a preaching date, unless it was beyond human endurance. Accounts of his hazardous travels over the ranges in winter are vividly portrayed in his autobiography, *The Snow-Shoe Itinerant* (1890).

Ouray, Ute Chief, always was a friend of the white man, but he insisted that his people be treated fairly. The direct opposite of Colorow and Black Kettle, Chief Ouray assisted the Indian Commission when a treaty was made to cede a large area of Colorado to the United States. His wife, Chipeta, also was a friend of the whites. She was one of the first to give aid to the captives taken by the White River tribe of Utes after the murder of Agent Meeker and his employees at the White River Agency, in 1879.

Jim Baker, mountain man, interpreter, Indian fighter and story-teller, was one of the earliest frontiersmen in the Rocky Moun-

<sup>6</sup> cf. Col. Prentiss Ingraham, editor, *Seventy Years on the Frontier, Alexander Majors' Memoirs of a Lifetime on the Border* (1893).

<sup>7</sup> cf. DeWitt C. Peters, *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson* (1858); Edwin L. Sabin, *Kit Carson Days* (1914); and Stanley Vestal, *Kit Carson, the Happy Warrior of the Old West* (1928).

tains. With his Indian wife he lived for a time on Clear Creek near Denver. About 1873 he built a substantial cabin and settled near Snake river in Carbon county, Wyoming. Although Baker was not as well known nationally as his friends, Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, he was, according to Historian Bancroft in 1889, "recognized as the first American settler in Colorado."<sup>8</sup>

J. W. Denver, governor of Kansas Territory at the time of the discovery of gold on Cherry Creek, was never a Colorado resident, and his visits to the state were few. Land on the east side of Cherry Creek was surveyed by a party from Kansas in 1858 and was called "Denver City" in his honor. J. W. Denver fought in the Mexican War under General Scott, was Secretary of California, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Prior to his appointment as governor of Kansas, he fought a duel, in which his opponent, Edward Gilbert, an ex-Congressman, was killed.

Gen. William J. Palmer, railway builder and promoter, directed the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from Denver to Colorado Springs in 1871. He was largely responsible for the victory of this railroad over its rival, the Santa Fe, in obtaining possession of the Royal Gorge. Palmer was a principal founder of Colorado College and of Colorado Springs.<sup>9</sup>

Mrs. Frances Wisebart Jacobs, pioneer philanthropist, arrived in Central City in 1863, after crossing the plains in a covered wagon. Known as the "Mother of Charities" because she was a founder of the Ladies' Relief Society of Denver and was for many years secretary of "Organized Charities," she was associated with human relief from Denver's early days. She also organized Free Kindergartens.

Casimiro Barela, of Trinidad, was known as the "Perpetual Senator," as he served in Colorado's State Senate for twenty-five years. He came to Colorado from New Mexico in 1867 and was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876. He represented the Spanish-speaking element and was Consul at Denver for Mexico and Costa Rica. He became one of the best known livestock men in the state, with large herds and fine breeds.

Dr. R. G. Buckingham, a practicing physician and legislator, came to Denver in 1863. He was active in educational matters and, as a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1874, sponsored the establishment of the Institute for Deaf Mutes and Blind. He was named president of the Board of Directors and Manager of the Institute. He was mayor of Denver in 1876 and was one of the organizers of the Denver Medical Association. He organized I.O.O.F. lodges in the state and gave active cooperation in all mat-

<sup>8</sup> cf. Nolie Murney, *Jim Baker* (1930).

<sup>9</sup> cf. John S. Fisher, *A Builder of the West* [W. J. Palmer] (1939).

ters of public concern. He was a contemporary of Dr. F. J. Bancroft, also an eminent physician.

Benjamin H. Eaton, governor, pioneer irrigator and farmer of northern Colorado, came by ox-team to Denver in 1859. After mining and ranching in Colorado and New Mexico, he took up a homestead in 1863, about twelve miles west of the present town of Greeley. He constructed the first irrigation ditch from the Cache La Poudre and gradually increased his holdings to 25,000 acres. Later he cut up the land into small farms and operated them on a tenant basis. He was of great assistance to early Greeley colonists.

For a time the Capitol Board of Managers was relieved of concern relative to the dome portraits, but on August 11, 1903, it became necessary to repair the glass portrait of Kit Carson. They were, said the *Denver Republican*, "arranging to replace costly work destroyed by a tourist enemy of the great pioneer." The portrait, it was reported, "was broken by a Boston crank some days ago, who belongs to a society which befriends 'Poor Lo.' . . . using a stone as a weapon, (he) cracked the face of Kit Carson, on the ground that he was an enemy of the Red Men and that no state should do him honor. He was removed by friends who appeared to pay for the damage. When led away he announced his intention of returning and hanging a wreath of flowers about the portrait of Ouray . . ." There is no record of a return of the irate tourist. On second thought, he may have considered the wreath of glass Colum-bines sufficient.

After the turn of the century, discussion arose as to honoring additional Colorado statesmen and builders. A second "Hall of Fame" was established in the Senate Chamber, where from time to time stained glass memorial windows were installed.

One of these portraits is of Otto Mears, pathfinder and railway builder, who came to this country from Russia when he was ten years old. After serving three years in the Union Army, Mears reached Colorado in 1865. He already had gained much knowledge of the Indians in his service under Kit Carson against the Navajos. Later his friendship with Chief Ouray enabled Mears to be of great service to General Charles Adams and the government, in negotiating treaties. He lived at Conejos, Saguache and Ouray. In order to market his grain he built a toll road over Poncha pass, the first one in that area, and then gradually extended toll roads over various passes to push the frontier westward into the San Juan. Mears ran freighting teams, established mining camps, and later constructed railways. He was one of the members of the Board of Capitol Managers when the capitol was built and served for many years.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> cf. Sidney Joeknick, *Early Days of the Western Slope of Colorado and Campfire Chats with Otto Mears, the Pathfinder* (1913).

In 1909 a stained glass window was placed in the Senate Chamber with a likeness of John L. Routt, last Territorial and first State Governor of Colorado. Routt, one-time mayor of Denver, was a colonel in the Civil War and a friend of President U. S. Grant. He owned the Morning Star mine at Leadville and at one time had large livestock interests.

Edward O. Wolcott, lawyer in Georgetown and Denver, and United States Senator, also has been accorded a place of honor in the Senate chamber. Wolcott was especially proficient as an orator. He established a magnificent estate southeast of Denver called "Wolhurst." Thomas M. Patterson of the *News* was always his opponent.<sup>11</sup>

Charles J. Hughes, lawyer and United States Senator, also is honored as one of the substantial state builders, by a stained glass window portrait in the Senate. Hughes came to Denver in 1879 as a partner of General Bela M. Hughes. He specialized in mining and corporation law and at one time lectured on the evolution of mining laws to the Harvard Law School. From 1899 until the time of his death in 1911, he was a member of the Board of Capitol Managers.

In 1922, the State Legislature appropriated \$5,000 for a memorial window in the Senate Chamber to honor David H. Moffat, banker and railway builder. Moffat came from Omaha to Denver in March, 1860, and established a Book and Stationery store with C. C. Woolworth at Larimer and Eleventh Streets. He was associated with John Evans in building the Denver Pacific. He built the Moffat Railroad; the Moffat Tunnel, which he did not live to see, bears his name.<sup>12</sup>

Another window portrait pays homage to Samuel D. Nicholson, U. S. Senator and one-time mayor of Leadville. He was identified with mining interests for many years, was also an official of the Capitol Life Insurance Company and of the Holly Sugar Company.

Missing from the above list are such well-known early Colorado mining men as Green Russell, George Jackson, John H. Gregory, H. A. W. Tabor, Winfield Scott Stratton, and Tom Walsh; such statesmen as Henry M. Teller and Judge Belford; such scouts and Indian fighters as Jim Beckwourth, William Bent, Uncle Dick Wootton, John M. Chivington, and "Buffalo Bill" Cody; such business leaders as Irving Howbert, W. A. H. Loveland, John W. Iliff, A. E. Reynolds, and the Guggenheim brothers; such a martyr as N. C. Meeker; such authors or artists as Eugene Field, Helen Hunt Jackson, and J. D. Howland; such scientists and educators as Captain E. L. Berthoud, O. J. Goldrick, and the photographer W. H. Jackson; and such religious leaders as Bishop Machebeuf

<sup>11</sup> cf. T. F. Dawson, *Life and Character of Edward Oliver Wolcott* (1911).

<sup>12</sup> cf. E. C. McMechen, *The Moffat Tunnel of Colorado* (1927).

and Bishop Randall. But not all could be included; and which of those chosen should have been omitted?

Long before the inside of the dome of the capitol was decorated there was considerable talk relative to what decoration to place upon the very top of the building. In 1892 designs by a Mr. Guerin were made into two clay models and submitted to the Board of Managers. They were: "A draped figure symbolizing power" and "an allegorical figure, symbolizing the Genius of Civilization." They were rejected. Seven years later, according to the *Republican* of May 14, 1899, Governor Thomas was asked for his opinion relative to placing upon the state capitol dome a bronze statue of Colorado's handsomest woman.

"Of course, it's a good idea," said the governor, "but I do not care to shoulder the responsibility of making the selection. If the plan is adopted, however, I will appoint a committee to decide the question if I am asked to do so. Mr. Edbrooke has the matter in charge and possibly he may be induced to adopt such a plan." The *Republican* said further:

At the capitol yesterday there was much general discussion of the proposition and although each of the two state house employes of the gentler sex is laying wires to secure the honor of posing for the statue, opinion seems to be crystalizing in favor of Miss Della Rogers, the opera singer, who is a granddaughter of George Tritch of the board of Capitol managers . . .

But the plan, fortunately, was never carried into action.

It is interesting to speculate as to the proper choices if another portrait gallery were to be established in honor of Colorado builders during the first half of the twentieth century. Would there be general agreement upon Robert W. Speer, Ben B. Lindsey, William H. (Billy) Adams, Charles Boettcher, Anne Evans, Florence Sabin, Henry A. Buchtel, Emily Griffith, William H. Smiley? What writers, journalists, painters, sculptors, and musicians should be included? What other fields should be represented? As Kipling used to say, "But that is another story."

As suggested before, the early history of Colorado might be written by giving the biographies of such great personalities and leaders as those honored in the Capitol. But no space would be large enough for even listing the "forgotten millions" who really built our civilization, under the guidance of their more or less worthy leaders. For the future development of our growing commonwealth the solid virtues of the pioneers are still needed. Not everyone, we realize, can be a famous, public leader; but the careers of our pioneer state builders may well inspire each citizen to contribute according to his abilities and his opportunities to the enrichment of our commonwealth.

## Three Distinguished Figures of the Early Rocky Mountain News

ELLIS MEREDITH\*

### FOREWORD

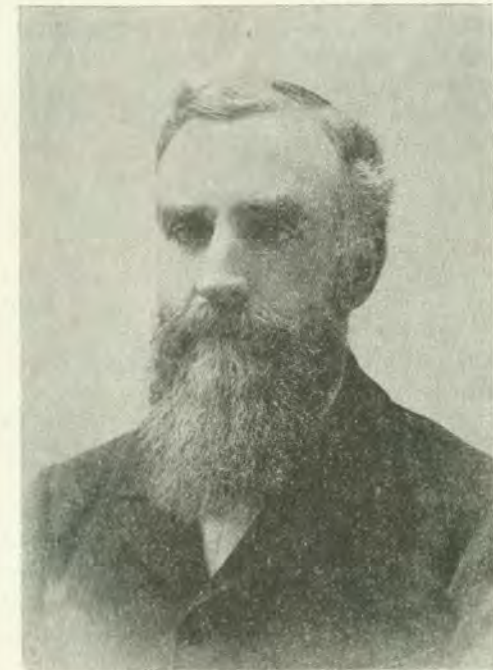
What follows is a series of thumb-nail sketches of three Irishmen who had a part in the early history of Colorado. In order of their birth, Frederick A. Meredith was born near Dublin in 1835; Thomas M. Patterson in County Carlow in 1840; both South of Ireland men and Protestants. The third, John Arkins, a typical Irishman, was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania; flashing blue eyes and raven black hair, a "broth av a lad," and a Roman Catholic. How they came together, in what now seems like the early days, "far away and long ago," deserves a place in the story of the state of their choice, where they lived and died. It is not a "saga," even in the limited sense of section 2, d, in Webster—"a detailed recital of events." It is a sketchy group of incidents, memories there is no one left to confirm, written by one who knew all three men well, and worked with them a few short, full years, from 1890 until 1896, on the *Rocky Mountain News*. I returned to that paper later, but that is another story. These were unusual men. The oldest, my father, was honored and respected; Patterson was greatly admired and venomously hated; but John Arkins was loved by all sorts of men, women and children. He alone could have written his life story. It is a distinct loss that there is no authentic biography of Patterson, a much greater man than his own generation realized. No one can know so well as I how feeble this effort seems to make these men come alive in the Colorado of today.

In taking up the story of these three men, and the *Rocky Mountain News*, it is natural to begin with the one I knew best, Frederick A. Meredith, my father. He was the seventh of ten children, eight years old when the family landed in New York, and twelve when his parents died. The older brother and sisters took over the younger children, but a lad verging on his teens was of an age to be on his own and was expected to remember that the boy is father of the man and govern himself accordingly. As this boy was much given to reading it seemed fitting to apprentice him to the publishing firm of Harper Brothers, who made him a first-class printer in the days when it was an art as well as a craft. Beside sorting "pi" (mixed type), washing the composing stone

\* Ellis Meredith, prominent Colorado newspaper woman of the turn of the century, lives in Washington, D. C., today. She has made previous contributions to this magazine.—Ed.

and other odd jobs he learned to write a legible hand, to spell, and never to use a plural verb with a singular noun. There are no illiterate printers.

Two stories of that time are significant. New York's "ole swimmin' hole" was the lower end of the Hudson river, often partly filled with timber. Fine to dive off of, but if swimming under water the swimmer came up, bumping his head on a plank and got scared his chances of reaching clear water were small. This boy was startled but not confused. He knew the direction he had come; what could be simpler than to turn and swim back? Even



FREDERICK A. MEREDITH

then, he was like that. He never lost his head, and his reactions were instantaneous. It was this trait that made him known to his fraternity later on as "the fastest make-up man in the United States."

The other story has to do with his spending money, the munificent sum of twenty-five cents a week. Part of it went for taffy, and the rest for whatever was the equivalent of the Alger tales of a later date. This was the Saturday "treat," but there came a night when the adventures of Dick Dead-Eye palled. He wanted something real. How about history? You can't read

*Harpers* for seven, or seventy years, without getting some ideas of literary values.

When he got his "Typo" card, he went West, having beat Greeley to that noble idea. For a time he "pitched type" next to the case of Joseph Medill, but not liking the Windy City, he left Chicago and went to Red Wing, Minnesota, which was then and still is a lovely town in a romantic setting. There he met Lucius Hubbard, later to be governor of the state, and they began the publication of the *Goodhue County Republican*, probably one of the first Republican newspapers in the country.

Sometime during the years in New York and Chicago a family of Irish immigrants named Arkins came to Red Wing. I think the mother was a widow with several children. The two oldest sons, John and Tom, got jobs on the new paper and presently became competent journeymen printers. The younger Arkins children went to school to Miss Emily R. Sorin until her marriage to Fred Meredith, after which John and Tom Arkins were in and out of the Meredith house with "copy" or "proofs," and regarded as part of the family.

It was too good to last. Considering the thousands of generations which have watched gathering war-clouds, it would be reasonable to think that the stormy skies of 1860 should have been warning enough, but if history teaches anything it is that it teaches nothing. Conditions remain much as "in the days of Noah." It is a good guess that the kaiser would not have fought had he known that we would. Neither would Hitler. This is water that has joined other streams over the dam.

In 1861 the South was much as it is depicted in *Gone With the Wind*. Some Southern graduates of Harvard and Yale may have had doubts, but the rank and file of well-to-do Southerners did not believe the North would fight. The North was equally sure that the South was not bent on war. Only six percent of the South owned slaves; why would ninety-four percent take up arms to maintain a system that militated against free labor? (These are the figures of Thomas Nelson Page.) All of which shows how little we understand our own kin or our neighbors.

When Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, both partners wanted to enlist, and when they drew straws, Hubbard got his wish and his partner helped him raise a regiment. Everyone knew those men would never see active service! So the Meredith family heeded the call of the West and joined the trek of the covered wagons, and arriving in Auraria, they camped in the old Elephant Corral. If it were possible to re-write history, the hero of this tale would have crossed Cherry Creek and joined forces with William N. Byers, publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and unpopular with the

believers in a wide-open town. It was their custom to lie in wait for him in the small hours after the paper went to press, but his faithful assistant, Joseph Wolff, used to change hats or coats with him so as to keep the enemy guessing. They didn't want to kill the wrong man. I have never quite forgiven my father for going north on the Salmon River rush, which turned out not to be worth a rush, when he could have remained, with much more comfort, in a land wild enough to satisfy anyone but Daniel Boone.

The ways of man are past finding out and civilization, such as it is, certainly nothing to brag about, is mainly due to women brought up on the "Whither thou goest I will go" plan, regardless of consequences. There were perils of the trail, especially when it faded out; perils of Indians of several hostile tribes, perils of robbers when the sheriff was head of the band; perils of a land without law, let alone gospel; no doctors, no sources of the most ordinary supplies, flour and beans; rarely a woman, save a not unfriendly squaw occasionally; supply trains stalled by avalanches of snow, and game unable to forage for itself for the same reason — only the pioneer knows the price of a new country. So, instead of being born in colorful Colorado I first saw the light in magnificent Montana.

Meanwhile the war that nobody thought possible was going wearily on and John Arkins had enlisted in the Fifth Minnesota. Did any other boy in his teens keep a diary from day to day, or carry about plays of Shakespeare, read until they were worn out and sometimes learned by heart? This at a time when the soldier boys were wont to sift out the gunpowder from their cartridges to make the belts lighter. A capital offense if discovered, but luckily that didn't happen. On July 4, 1863, the diary reads, "Glory hallelujah! Vicksburg has fallen!" John always meant to write a book to be called *Three Years Under a Musket*, the plain story of a private, the only drawback being that he was mustered out as a corporal. While he was generally called Colonel Arkins, he jeered at the unearned title, conferred first by Gov. James B. Grant and afterward by Governors who liked to have a decorative staff.

Probably he told me all his alarms and excursions after he was mustered out, but I only remember that they were warded off by his own arrangement of Hamlet, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough—hew them as we will." Just a matter of punctuation and Irish wit. I recall another example of the latter, when the country was much concerned as to the location for the World's Fair, with every place from Boston to San Francisco bidding for it. When a New York reporter asked him, "Colonel Arkins, where do you think the world's fair should be held?" And the whole country chuckled when he answered promptly, "Around the waist."

After years of many trials and plenty of error my mother, brother and I were shipped down the Missouri river at the time of the spring freshets, arriving at my grandfather's house in De-Soto, Missouri, two or three weeks later. When my father started on the same journey the passengers had to pry the boat off sand-bars every few miles, but with a payment of \$600 on a \$10,000 in gold purchase of his wheat-crop in his pocket "the future looked blooming and gay." With gold worth double in specie a comfortable future seemed assured, and my father had dreams of being admitted to the bar. He had been Justice of the Peace in Gallatin County when it was larger than all New England, with jurisdiction over cases up to \$5,000. My mother, who was fond of Tennyson, may have remembered Enid's song:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel . . .  
Smile and we smile the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile the lords of our own hands,  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Poetry makes no allowance for the canker-worm or the locust. A letter followed the slowed boat, saying the grasshoppers had not left a single spear of wheat. Exit the small fortune and the large dream. The boy who remembered his way out under the floating timber was father to the man who made his way to the office of the *Globe*, lord of his capable hands, and asked for a chance to "sub."

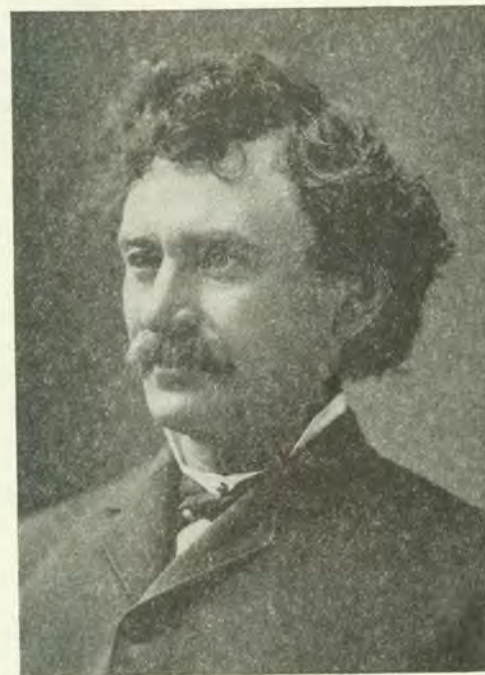
It wasn't a great while afterward that a tall, lanky boy, with a shock of curly black hair, walked into the composing room of that paper.

"When I saw Fred Meredith standing at a case," Arkins told me, "My troubles were at an end." The friendship begun in Red Wing took up where it had left off. When one is alone in a strange city, and his meals have been quite irregular for some time, the presence of an old friend brings a most comforting sense of reassurance. It meant a good deal to both of them.

California had its 49ers, and Colorado its "Pike's Peak or Bust" 59ers, but Leadville will never forget its 78ers. John Arkins had heard the West a-calling long before that, and by 1878 was working on the *Denver Tribune*, when he says the idea of starting a new paper in this booming camp took possession of him. He took every penny he had in the world and invested it in a press, type and other equipment, sent by pack-train, while he followed by stage. It was not entirely a leap in the dark. Arkins, Carlyle Channing Davis, better known as "Cad," and James M. Burnell were all employed by the old *Denver Tribune*, the forerunner of the *Republican*. Arkins was foreman of the composing room, and had brought the paper into the Typographical Union fold, not without

some difficulty. While he was converting the printers, just one of them, a woman whose name should go down to history, but that I don't remember it and have no means to get at the archives of the Union, stood by and helped get the paper out. The three men talked over the situation and sent Burnell to spy out the land, as the most conservative and least likely to get mining fever.

He must have reported favorably, for the others followed with what speed they could, and the *Leadville Chronicle*, an evening paper, appeared on the street Jan. 29, 1879, and sold out several editions. There had been no time to send out solicitors for subscrip-



JOHN ARKINS

tions, and it wasn't necessary. The town came in and subscribed. Arkins did the editorial and much of the other writing; "Cad" gathered news, and "Jim," otherwise Burnell, was business manager, all of them doing whatever was to be done. In connection with the paper there was a job office, run on the "what the traffic will bear" plan, and there being no competition it was a small silver mine in its own way. Arkins and Burnell had made enough to be willing to return to a mere mile above sea-level by the end of the year.



An altitude that reduces a cat's nine lives to a dubious one, and where it may snow any day from the first of August to the last of the next July is no place for an Irishman. There is an ungallant adage that "An Irishman would rather see his wife die than the sun shine on a Candlemass day." Enough is enough. Davis stayed, but his partners went back to Denver and bought the *Rocky Mountain News* from W. A. H. Loveland.

Davis changed the name of the paper to the *Herald Democrat*. The story of Dr. Rose Kidd Beere's adventures in Manila, recently published in this magazine, first appeared in the Leadville journal. "Cad" always came in to see his old partners, and we became warm friends. Two other friends of the Leadville days were frequent and always welcome visitors, "Parson Tom Uzzell" and Col. R. E. Goodell, father of the "Goodell girls" of Leadville, known to Denver as Mrs. James B. Grant, Mrs. A. A. Blow, Mrs. Zeph Hill, Mrs. J. D. Whitmore and Mrs. Harry Mitchell, whose *Way to a Man's Heart* is first on any list of cook-books.

In his book, *Olden Times in Colorado*, Davis tells of his attempt to forestall modern journalism by publishing a number of pictures of Leadville's most beautiful women. It was to be an "Extra," on heavy paper, done in the best style of the printer's art, and regardless of expense. When the secret leaked out, there was an appalled silence. How could Davis, the most gallant of men, have conceived an idea so frightfully indelicate, so devastatingly improper! Outraged husbands, indignant fathers and "trigger-happy" brothers descended on Davis, with arms, lawyers and a threat of an injunction and a boycott. He capitulated, and Colorado will never know how many American beauties it had in the Cloud City before the guests took over.

Eugene Grubb told me another Leadville story, of a later date, but in the Davis days. It concerned a Tenderfoot, who like "Ah Sin" had lost everything in "a game he did not understand," so he went to the one lone newspaper where anyone who knew the "upper" from the "lower case" was sure of a welcome. Few men could forego the prospective riches of a "claim" for a dull steady job. Shortly afterward there was a terrible avalanche and the Tenderfoot asked when a rescue party would set out, and when no one volunteered, he set out alone, outfitted as best the staff could manage. The impossible happens now and then. He found a gloomy bunch of men huddled round a cannon stove and as adamant as his employers when he talked of a rescue. But they gave him a hot meal, some blankets and told him to "sleep it off" in an adjoining room.

In the morning he was still set on besting the avalanche. "I had a dream," he said. "A woman with a big green apron told me the men were safe, and we'd know we were near when we heard a dog barking."

The men stared at him and at each other. Some of them may have been Cornishmen, who believe in dreams and "Tommy-knockers." "He couldn't know about the dog," one of them said. "Let's try it; no kid Tenderfoot can put it over on us." They got their tools, and started tunneling through the snow, and worked all that day and most of the next. When they heard a dog bark they worked furiously. The strange thing about this tale is that while the men were safe the dog had been carried away in the slide. But the rescuers had heard a dog bark, and the owner of the dog recognized the woman in the green apron. I'm sorry I never got "Cad" to verify this, but tell it as it was told to me, only not so well.

Meanwhile, Fred Meredith was pursuing his way as foreman of the composing room of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. A big German named Houser was business manager, and "Little Joe" MacCulloch was editor, one of the wisest and wittiest of a vanished species. In those days Saturday was pay-day pretty much everywhere, an occasion for rejoicing—unless there was a Sunday paper to be gotten out in time to catch the mails. This made Saturday something near a weekly catastrophe. But the Irish are ingenious, and have never been known to fear a fight, so my Irish parent had a "collogue" with the reigning powers, and they accepted his plan eagerly, with a doubtful "Can you put it over, Fred?" He thought he could; not all printers are keen about riotous living, and working with a short force made it hard for everyone, so when he put it up to the Chapel that thereafter they would be paid Monday and have their pay-envelope instead of a headache and a hangover to begin the week, while there was some grumbling, the plan was accepted, all the wives rejoicing.

The other St. Louis papers adopted the same rule, and shortly thereafter it became universal throughout the country.

Neither John Arkins or my father was much given to letter-writing, but they kept in touch, and in 1885 my father went to Denver where presently he became foreman of the composing room and, a year or so later, managing editor.

Denver was a sunshiny little town of about 60,000 people, growing fast and boasting the title, Queen City of the Plains. It was a wide-open town. The saloons, many of them with a "Ladies' Entrance," ran all night seven days a week. It looked like a good time for a moral crusade. Arkins agreed. "Go to it, Fred," he said. "Any man that can't go from midnight Saturday night to six Monday morning can take a bottle home, or maybe wake up to the fact that he needs a spell without the Demon Rum. Anyhow, it's good stuff to make talk and bring in subscribers. If we succeed in getting a Sunday closing ordinance it's a victory for the paper

and if we don't—well, I had three years losing battles now and then, but we won the war."

Neither man was what an old-fashioned evangelist would call "a laborer in the vineyard," but John Arkins, who was a Roman Catholic, and Fred Meredith, reared in the Methodist faith, were both of them always ready for the fight when it came to "good works."

This was a real crusade. Denver had a somewhat unusually good set of clergymen, and they rallied to the cause without regard to sect. They preached about it, and the shame it would be to the Queen City if it refused this slight concession to decency and reason. We heard about the bartender's son, who objected to "that strange man who comes around every ten days or so and gets bossy," and the bartenders themselves wrote letters begging that the good work be kept up, and they be allowed some of the privileges of ordinary men to get acquainted with their families. Some of them came in the dead of night since to favor the cause would lose them their jobs. There were public meetings, one that filled the old Tabor Opera House to the doors. It did make talk and bring in subscribers, and I do not remember which legislature passed the Sunday closing ordinance. In those dark days, before Home Rule, it was necessary to go to the legislature for even simple city regulations.

By 1891 the "Silent Partnership" of Thomas M. Patterson had become vocal, though he remained silent, for the most part. I have always remembered my first heart to heart talk with him. It was late Saturday afternoon in the Fall of 1892 and I happened to be alone in the tiny cubbyhole I shared with Tom Arkins, proof-reader, and Wilbur Steele, my cousin, the cartoonist of the paper. He took Tom Arkins' chair, and I had a feeling that I was going to be reproved, though I could remember nothing done or left undone. His first sentence set my mind at rest.

"Have you, by any chance," he said, "kept track of the Lizzie Borden trial?"

Then I understood; he had expected me to say that I thought the papers gave too much space to crime, and I wasn't interested in murders, which was the proper feminine attitude. I was so startled and relieved that I spoke frankly. "Yes," I said; "one of my jobs is going over the big eastern exchanges, and they have all played it up, so I could hardly have missed it. I haven't read it all, but enough to get a fair idea of the case."

He was pleased and showed it. "Do you think her guilty?" he asked.

For the moment I forgot I was talking to a man credited with being the greatest criminal lawyer in the West, and went on easily:

"She may be, but if I were on the jury I'd never convict her on the evidence so far. She is not an attractive character, but she has had to put up with a good deal. Maybe she had a motive, but no more opportunity than half a dozen other people. They just haven't made a case against her."

"Suppose you write something about it," he said. "Woman's point of view,—oh, just anything you like, take as much space as you need to get it over!" And that was "the beginning of a beautiful friendship," to use a modern cliché.

I have never thought that Patterson got the credit that was coming to him. He was a reserved, rather silent personage, and that is the right noun. Whether feared or loved or hated, he was always a personage. In a strongly Republican state he was twice elected to Congress on a Democratic ticket. When the name of Congress Park was changed nobody seemed to remember that it was Patterson who got that grant of land from Congress, still less did they know that the generous plot of land on which the old East Denver High School was erected was also due to his influence with Congress. Once when I heard a thoughtless young person berating him, Judge James B. Belford, who had no cause for special affection for Patterson, turned savagely on the speaker. Shaking a reproving finger, he said, "But for Tom Patterson, folks like you and me couldn't live in this city. He is the one man who has put up a continuous fight for the rights of common people, and kept it up, year after year. You can be thankful that he is a fighting man with the courage of his convictions!"

He was a gifted orator, but the finest speech I ever heard him make was no studied and prepared address but an unforgettable arraignment of England for the provision that any Irishman guilty of an infraction of the English rule should be taken to England for trial. It was down in the old Academy of Music, crammed to the doors with some of Denver's best speakers giving their best, but with the uneasy air of those who are waiting for something to happen. Patterson came in late, and was immediately sent to the front of the stage. He held a postal card on which had been written a threat and a warning to stay away from that meeting. His words came like a flow of lava — searing, elemental, not to be stopped, it brought the audience to their feet cheering. That is the gift of the natural orator, never to be acquired.

In the early days in Colorado, it was something of a distinction to be a Democrat, making it the more noteworthy that Patterson should have been elected to Congress and re-elected. James B. Grant was the first Democratic governor. Like C. S. Thomas, he had served in the Confederate army, and he might have said as Thomas did at a Memorial Day meeting, "I was as tall then as now—but not so

heavily built," which brought a gale of laughter, since Thomas was somewhat over-slender. Thomas was elected governor much later, when Bryan had made Democrats much more popular, but Alva Adams, also a Democrat, was elected purely "on his own" in 1886, and twice thereafter.

Until after the 1896 campaign Colorado was always set down by the pollsters of those days as "safe" for the Republican ticket, and it had many members who had more than local reputations, but it paid the penalty of success with feuds and factions. No holds were barred, and the polling place was not a haven where the well-meaning citizen could be sure his ballot would be counted, much less "execute a freeman's will as lightning does the will of God."

*The Political Campaigns of Colorado*, by R. G. Dill, was the frankest story of wholesale political corruption in that state until Clyde L. King published his revealing *History of the Government of Denver* in 1911. Denver gasped and waited to see suits for defamation of character brought by Denver's ruling corporations. It is a book that gives chapter and verse, date and ordinance. The reader may still love Denver after reading these volumes, but it will be "in spite of, rather than because of" its hectic history. However, most histories are written in blood and tears with an occasional muddy blot. Our business is to make the future redeem the past.

In the minds of a good many people Colorado was situated in the center of what Daniel Webster called "The Great American Desert," and like the Sahara was left white on the geographies of that day. The discovery of gold in 1859 cast a glow of its own eternal sunshine over the scene. The silver mines of Leadville gave an added lustre, and employment to many men. In the great world, much more remote then than now, there was a growing concern about money, and an almost hysterical alarm among the so-called "sound money" men over the views of those who liked money that made a sound if dropped. The Constitution gave Congress the exclusive right "to coin money" and "regulate the value thereof." So what? The ominous cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," was beginning to cast long shadows.

Cleveland, the first Democrat to be elected since the Civil War, took office in 1885, and was defeated in 1888 by Harrison. One of Cleveland's troubles was a "surplus," which had disappeared as the election year of 1892 approached. It was fairly evident that the Democratic party leaders were determined to renominate Cleveland, who had been as unsatisfactory to his party in the West in general and especially so in Colorado, as he was to the Republicans. His attempts to reduce tariffs had no special appeal in a non-industrial state, and he had antagonized most of

the prominent Democrats of Colorado. The tension increased as the convention drew nearer.

That was my first national political convention. Perhaps the dreary, dismal "Wigwam" where it met cast a gloom over the occasion. It was a huge, circular building, and its chief claim to fame was that Lincoln had been nominated there in 1860. Probably then the roof was rain-proof, but in June, 1892, it leaked like a sieve the night that the platform was to be taken up, and if disposed of in time, nominations would follow.

Ordinarily there is nothing very exciting about platforms. A cursory reading of those adopted since 1856 will prove this, but reveal nothing of the battles fought before their acceptance. The story of the Minority Reports would be interesting reading. In 1892 the minority report was to be presented by Thomas M. Patterson, admittedly one of the ablest men in the entire West. He was generally successful before a jury, but this time he knew the jury had been "fixed." The delegates listened respectfully, but after ten minutes the Gallery grew restive. It was growing damp there, in spite of many umbrellas, they didn't know what he was talking about, and anyhow, why not nominate Cleveland and go home? They made their views plain, in spite of the efforts of the chairman to preserve order. Patterson stood his ground for an hour, until the turmoil and the rain dripping through the roof convinced the men on the platform, and even Patterson, who was no "quitter," that it was useless to prolong the scene. He left the hall, and many others left with him.

Angry and resentful I kept my seat. The majority report was adopted without any burst of enthusiasm, and the nominating speech with its laudatory "We love him for the enemies he has made" was concluded with the usual applause. I wondered if that convention knew how many more had been added to that number during that convention. Back in my hotel I looked at my watch—one A.M., that meant midnight in Denver, and an excited scene in the editorial rooms. The morning papers told the world that "Patterson's paper bolts the Democratic ticket" and would support the Populist candidate, James B. Weaver. If Patterson didn't like it, nobody in Chicago knew it, though his real feelings would have made a sensational "beat" of the first water. When I got home I heard the story; but years later, meeting Frank Arkins, John Arkins' nephew, a handsome boy who was Telegraph editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1892, I got a much more circumstantial report which I will put down as nearly as I can in Frank's words.

"Times had been getting steadily worse, politically and every way," Frank said. "In our part of the country nobody wanted Cleveland, but there was no other candidate of the same importance

in the party. He got the nomination on a platter. As I recall it, the Republicans were not specially joyous over the renomination of Harrison. As for Weaver, nobody thought he had a chance except the lunatic fringe of his party, who could believe anything. Nobody goes crazy working for a man they think can't win.

"So, it was a grim party that met in the telegraph room that night. You know Uncle John. He stormed up and down and said, over and over: "This paper is never going to support Cleveland. I don't care if Patterson is a delegate to that convention. He'll probably get howled down when he brings in that minority report.

"Meredith said, mildly, though that wasn't the way he felt, 'You must remember, John, that Patterson has always been a Democrat. He served in the Union army, not so long as you did, John, but you have to remember he's always been a Democrat, and he's *not* a newspaper man in our sense, at least. He doesn't know that beside catching the mail.'

"Well, you know Uncle John; he came back with some Shakespeare about catching the tide that leads on to fortune. Then the wires began their clickety-click, Seaman taking it down, and I copying. Patterson was telling what had happened, and advising that the paper take a wait and see attitude. Uncle John broke in with words you could put on a wire but not over a telephone—I don't think we had long distance phones in 1892—makes it seem a long time ago, doesn't it? Anyhow, he said a daily paper would never get anywhere waiting for whatever is going to happen next. Making things happen is the newspaper job.'

"Then Patterson made a mistake. He was 'Cold Irish' all right, but the other two were the red-hot fighting type, that don't take anything that looks like an order. He demanded that nothing be done until he got home—some thirty-six hours off, according to train schedules. Your father didn't say anything, but looked at his watch, and Uncle John burned up the wires. The printable part of what he said was something like this.

"'You don't understand the situation here. I do and now is the time to act. You know this paper could never support Cleveland and our people wouldn't support it, if it did. The Omaha platform may be wild-eyed in spots, but folks know what it means, and they like it. As for Weaver, he served in the Union Army, that ought to give him the G.A.R. vote, and he was in Congress. This paper will announce tomorrow morning that it will support Weaver. Release your editorial, Fred, and tell 'em to spread our turn to Weaver all over the front page. Shut off the wire, Frank. We've just got time to make the mail!'

"So, Seaman shut down the key, with Patterson still protesting and begging for time and sending wires over the Western Union;

but after all, he was game. Nobody else ever knew what happened in that room—and they are all gone now—even Frank, gay, light-hearted Frank."

So I tell the tale as it was told me. Patterson didn't hurry back, but when he arrived he saw one of the pleasantest sights that can ever gladden the eyes of a publisher. With extra help in the business office there was a string of men waiting to subscribe that reached down into the next block. Suddenly, against his will, Patterson had achieved the greatest popularity he had ever known, and it was pleasant to be congratulated on his perspicacity by nearly all he met.

The paper gave Weaver unstinted support. Patterson liked verse, even when it was not exactly classical. I had written a parody on an old "spiritual" with a refrain of—

"Don't ye look to the right,  
Don't ye look to the left,  
But keep in the middle of the road."

It was run under the cartoon showing Weaver leading his hosts to victory, which appeared the next day. It was sung and whistled and is still quoted without the slightest memory of its political advent.

Weaver received 22 electoral votes, to the public surprise. In several states where the vote might be close, Democrats were instructed to vote for him, by way of defeating the Republican ticket. He carried the states of Colorado, Kansas, Idaho and Nevada, and one lone electoral vote in North Dakota and, wonder of wonders, one in Pennsylvania. It is possibilities of this kind that makes politics so interesting.

The fly in the ointment, so far as Colorado was concerned, was that support of the Populist ticket for the state was included. There was a coalition on state candidates, so that Lafe Pence was elected to Congress. He described himself as an "escaped Republican." The head of the ticket, Davis H. Waite, was practically unknown. He was a benign looking old gentleman, with a gift of speech and the same natural ability for an executive position that a shrimp has for mountain climbing. A discerning shrimp, after a look at the Rockies, would have given up. Waite never did, which speaks well for him but was disastrous for Colorado.

The next year, 1893, was the darkest Colorado has ever known. The closing of the India mints, for some occult reason only a few of us ever understood, included closing our mines, and the exodus from the state of thousands of men in search of work. Banks all over the state closed, twelve in one day in Denver, and we saw our first breadlines, and, thank God, our last lynching. The *Republican*

made it a first-page story. John Arkins said, "Why advertise our shame? Run it on an inside page, and don't spread it."

The one star of hope was the adoption of the equal suffrage referendum, which had been put in the constitution by a wise and great man, Judge Henry P. H. Bromwell, so that the question could be submitted at any general election. Even then it was generally supposed that an amendment was necessary, but J. Warner Mills saved us from that struggle, for which he deserves far more credit than he has ever received. Patterson wanted to bring the paper out for suffrage; his wife and daughters were ardent and effective suffragists, but Arkins was adamant. It was a wonderful example of tolerance that he let me go on writing suffrage articles over my own name.

But if 1893 was dark for Colorado, 1894 was a bleak and bitter year for the *Rocky Mountain News*, for T. M. Patterson and for me. Early in the spring the managing editor laid down his pen, and returned to his plow on his Missouri farm. (Subsequently, he bought a farm near Ft. Lupton, returning to the state in 1896.) All that winter John Arkins had been in steadily failing health. About the time my parents returned to Missouri, Arkins went there to Excelsior Springs; but it was too late. He came home in the late summer, knowing that the end was at hand, a mere wraith of himself, and glad to go where pain and suffering are unknown.

That funeral was something unique in Denver history. One of his many friends scattered all over the United States, wired me to arrange for a wreath of flowers, but there wasn't a flower to be had. The hothouses and shops were bare, their contents sent to the house on Broadway or the First Congregational Church, where Reverend Myron Reed and "Parson Tom" Uzzell conducted the last services. Many in the crowded congregation echoed Myron Reed's words: "When I came down the street this morning, I felt as if the world was mighty thinly populated." That seemed to sum it up. Take him for all in all, we mourned because we knew we should "not look upon his like again."

Dozens of stories ranging from the hilarious to the tragic were told about this friend of all who needed a friend. His Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the newsboys and bootblacks; his patience with the unfortunate, no matter how much they had only themselves to blame; his quick response to appeals from any old soldier, or to "Parson Tom" whose tabernacle was "beyond the tracks," where taking up a collection was mainly a matter of form, and his congregation were obviously miserable and quite probably sinners—he left the bookkeeping to the recording angel and gave without counting the cost or the change.

There was laughter when he brought in a starving dog and the janitor said, "He done sont me over to Tortoni's to git de boosum

ob a chicken fo' dat dawg—de boosum ob a chicken!" and I spread a newspaper before the hungriest canine that ever ate a chicken, at the end of the long, narrow office which, as secretary, I shared with my employer. I don't recall what happened, but eventually I am sure that dog found a happy home.

All these things were common knowledge, but there is another story that has never been told, though it is worth telling. This derelict, a dark, dour man, ragged and haggard, had none of the ear-marks of genius, let alone a poet. Arkins saw him as he was being ejected from a bar, got him a place to sleep, and a bath and a suit of clothes, a job, for he could write, and a front seat on the water-wagon.

"Yes, I know," he explained, "he doesn't look it, but he has a good education; the damn fool can write, real literary stuff, and better verses than you—if he'll only stay sober!" That was expecting too much. His reformation lasted over one, maybe two pay-days. It was a situation only Shakespeare could meet, and Arkins quoted grimly, "O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." I have always suspected that he got the suit out of the pawnshop, he put a ticket as far east as Emporia, Kansas, in the shaking hand of his penitent sinner at the station, and saw him safely on board an eastbound train. As a parting word he gave him a dressing down which had more effect than the dressing up.

The reason I think so is this. The man was so deaf he usually wrote out whatever he had to say. Coming into the office in Arkins' absence, he made some simple request with which I gladly complied. He wrote his thanks and I have been sorry I did not keep that note, for it was signed by a name which became familiar all over this country—Walt Mason. Since he too has gone across the Great Divide this incident can be told. Perhaps William Allen White finished the work of reclamation begun by John Arkins. One never knows.

Across the Plains and in Nevada City  
Journal of Jonah Girard Cisne\*

INTRODUCTION

Jonah Girard Cisne, son of Emanuel and Sarah Girard Cisne, was born near Antioch, Ohio, August 25, 1834. He was of French Huguenot descent. The founder of the American branch of the

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\*The journal of J. G. Cisne was presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by Mr. A. T. Cisne of Cisne, Wayne County, Illinois. The original journal is contained in two small notebooks, one (3x3¼ inches) written in pencil, the other (3½x5½ inches) in ink. The first contains only the account of the trip from Illinois to Colo.; the second copies the first and continues the story through three years in the mining area.

The Introduction, with its biographical sketch, was supplied by Mr. A. T. Cisne.—Ed.

family, Jean De Cessna, fled France during Huguenot persecution and settled in Pennsylvania. His descendants are scattered over the States and the spelling of the name has assumed a variety of forms as numerous as the variety of services of the clan to their country.

Jonah Girard Cisne left home a year before attaining his majority because he resented the domineering ways of an older brother, thereby forfeiting the horse and saddle that each son received at twenty-one.

Marietta was the family's metropolis and it was doubtless there that he received the impressions that led him to work for a time as a steamboat hand on the *Dan'l Boone*, which plied the Ohio River.

He bought a two-hundred-acre farm in Southern Illinois. In April, 1860, he started from Xenia, Illinois, via St. Louis, Hannibal, St. Joe and Atchison for the Pike's Peak Country. At Atchison he engaged passage on a wagon train for Nevada City for which he paid forty dollars. In the mining country he hoped to earn enough to finish paying for his farm and to build a home.

His records, kept with meticulous care, show that he bought and sold interests in many "lodes" and "tunnels" around Nevada City. There seems to have been no lack of work on his part, but like all other miners, some of his interests paid off and some did not. Old receipts show the amounts of coin and dust sent to Illinois via the Central Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express Company through 1860 and 1861.

Mr. Cisne left Colorado in the fall of '63 for Illinois. He married Sevilla Towns in '68 and built the home for which he had worked and which still stands, true after seventy-five years. The couple had five children, three boys and two girls. His time was devoted to farming, and the marketing of his timber and the building up of the homestead which is still in the family's hands. Mr. Cisne died in 1877.

Started to Pikespeak the 4th of April 1860 in company with Jonathan, Mahlon Naney, David Pettyjohn, M. Thomas, Wm. Griffith, and M. Symonds. Left Xenia<sup>1</sup> at half past eight o'clock Wednesday morning, got to St. Louis about 2 o'clock. Left there on the Hanible [Hannibal] City at 4 o'clock P. M. for Hanible [Hannibal, Missouri]; got there the 5th in the morning. Left there in about half an hour in company with David Pettyjohn and the Misonhammer Company, on the Hanible and Stjoe [St. Joseph] railroad, got to Stjoe half past five o'clock in the eve-

<sup>1</sup>Xenia, Clay County, Illinois, is about 85 miles east of St. Louis, Missouri.—Ed.

ning of the 5th, 206 miles from Hanible. Went on board of a boat and staid till morning, then started early down the Missouri river to Atchison a distance of 20 miles. Got there at 9 o'clock, A. M. the 6th, expense from Xenia to St. Louis 3 dollars, from there to Atchison 5 dollars.

Left Jonathan at St. Louis to sell his tobacco, and the balance of the company got separated from us there, and left there the evening of the 4th and went up the river to Leavensworth City. Jonathan staid till the evening of the 5th and went up the Missouri too, and overtook Symonds and the ballance of them at Leavensworth; then they all came up to Atchison together. Got there Tuesday the 11th in the afternoon. Symonds due.

Thomas went out in the country after the train the 12th. Bought our outfit the morning of the 13th and left there at noon the 13th of April. Expense while in Atchison, paid the Atchison house for board \$1.00, Jenson \$5., bought a little pistol of him. Bought one gun, Coat \$2.75, overpants 50 cts, flour \$2.10, powder 50 cts, paid \$40.00 for my passage from Atchison to Nevada City, paid to M. Symonds.

Went out about 8 miles to a widow woman and encamped Friday 13th. Saturday drove 12 miles to Howells, the man that wintered the team. 14th encamped to wait for the Misonhammer company, waited till Wednesday the 18th till noon, then the Xenia Company came to us and we went on with them. Got a pair of shoes in Henekuck, 6 miles from Howells went one mile farther and encamped on Grasshopper in the Indian Resurve, crossed Walnut Creek bridge the 19th, 7 miles from Grasshopper, and encamped on Little Muddy.

20th passed through Lineen on the Nimahaw river, encamped one mile from Lineen. Saturday 21st traveled 21 miles and encamped till Monday 23rd on Vermilion Creek. Monday 23rd seen the grave of Wm. Kirk from Franklin County, Ills. Got to Maryville on the Big Blue River about 3 o'clock P. M. Wrote home. Found the Misonhammer Company there waiting for us.

Started all together Tuesday 24th, encamped at 17 mile point that night. The 25th encamped one mile beyond Rock Crick in Nebraska. 26th saw the grave of Wm. Roland and encamped on Big Sandy. Seen two girls making gardens. The 27th we traveled 20 miles and encamped on Little Blue River. The 28th we traveled 15 miles up the River and encamped, a very windy day. 29th Sunday had the toothache. Seen the grave of H. Walker near the Blue River shore, died Oct. 1858.

Traveled 15 miles up the River and encamped 30th Monday. Seen the first wild wolf, went on up the river stoped and got dinner on the river bank, went up the river 1½ miles and seen

the grave of M. Ewing, a boy 3 or 4 years old from Pleasant View, Ills., Schuyler Co. Here left the Blue River, went 10 miles and encamped.

May 1st seen the first antelope. Seen the grave of A. G. Rean of Vernon County, Mo., died Sept. 24th/59. Traveled 20 miles and encamped about 10 Oc, at night on the Prairie. May 2nd started at half past 4 o'clock in the morning, traveled 9 miles before breakfast. Got to the Platt river at half past eight in the morning within 8½ miles of Fort Carney [Kearny]. Staid there until the next morning.

May 3rd started early, got to Carney about 9 o'clock. Staid there about two hours, seen Col. May. Traveled on up the river 12 miles and encamped at 17 mile point on the river bank.

4th started early in the morning. Seen the grave of John Snider. Traveled until 11 o'clock, and stopped till 5, then went on as far as Plum Creek and encamped. Seen Moore. 5th started early in the morning. Naney and myself waided over on an island to hunt, encamped at Willow Island. Rained in the Evening. Harden and Welker over took us.

6th Sunday a clear cool day. Started early, traveled 15 miles and encamped on the river bank, caught a skunk. 7th started early, passed Martin's train. Met a government train, took a sick man in our wagon to Cottonwood Springs, got there about 5 o'clock. Traveled about 20 miles and encamped a little below the Springs. It was cool and cloudy and next morning it was snowing and there 4 or 5 inches of snow on the ground.

Staid there till noon the 8th then we started, it was very windy. Passed Boxelder 5 miles above the Springs, went on 3 miles and encamped by a big cottonwood tree. Seen a beaver that a frenchman had caught. He lived near by where we encamped and had an Indian Squaw for a wife.

9th we passed the 12 mile slough, 4 miles above where we encamped the night before. Seen the Sue [Sioux] Indians there. Went on 5 miles farther and stopped for dinner. Went on 4 miles farther to Freemont's Slough. Seen some more Sue Indians, and a young man that had froze to death. He had been out in the bluffs hunting cattle. Seen three men digging his grave. He was an emigrant from Cass County, Iowa, his name was Painter, 19 years old, had no relations along. Went 3 miles farther and encamped at 5 o'clock.

10th started early, passed Freemonts Springs at 8 o'clock. Seen the bench neede poney. Took dinner near a blacksmith shop at OFallons Bluffs. Passed OFallons post office at 2 o'clock. Mailed a letter to Levi, went on 3 miles farther and encamped near some

emigrants that had lost their cattle. Naney shot at a large white wolf the next morning.

The 11th started early. A calm pleasant morning. Pettijohn and myself went out in the bluffs and got some snow, brought it to the wagon and melted it for dinner after traveling 10 miles. Went 10 miles in the afternoon and encamped 3 miles above Alkalie lake Station.

12th a calm clear morning. Passed Dimon Springs at 2 o'clock, the lower crossing 2½ miles above the Springs. Went on 2 miles farther and encamped, traveled 12 miles.

13th Sunday did not travel on account of rain and snow. Monday 14th a clear cold morning. Heard of the carts 15 miles behind. Passed by some Indians at noon. Naney got him a pair of mockisons. Thomas traded his gun to an Indian for a buffalo robe. Went on within<sup>2</sup> 2 miles of the upper crossing and encamped, traveled 18 miles.

Thursday 15th started early, a calm clear day. Passed by the Station as they was eating breakfast. Stopped for dinner by some Shiann [Cheyenne] Indians. Sold one yoke of cattle to an emigrant, traveled 15 miles and encamped.

16th a clear morning. Nanney and Lane went out in the bluffs hunting. Thomas and Griffith went over to the river hunting. Stopped 4 mi. below Lilions Springs for dinner. Seen the mountains there first, traveled 9 miles farther and encamped. Seen some Sue Indians at the Lilion Springs, 25 miles below Valley Station. Thomas killed one antelope.

17th a clear day. Started early traveled over considerable land, went about ten miles and stopped to dinner. Passed Valley Station at 4 o'clock, 6 miles from where we took dinner. Traveled about 4 miles and encamped near the river. Heard of the carts 6 miles behind.

18th seen some Shiann Indians. Butler made some of them mad, traveled about 22 miles and encamped about 1 mile below Bevir [Beaver] Creek. Met some Indian warriors, seen a man with a broken wagon, traveled 10 miles and stopped for dinner. Went on 6 miles farther to Bejier [Bijou] Creek and stopped about 4 o'clock. Seen some Stampeders encamped near us.

Sunday the 20th a clear pretty day. We did not drive. Washed some close and laid over till Monday. This Station is ¾ of a mile below the cut-off, 75 miles from Denver. Jonath wrote to Sara, and sent back to the post office by a Stampeder.

21st started early, went 12 miles to Bejie Creek and stopped and got dinner. In the after[noon] we went 6 miles and encamped

<sup>2</sup> Some pages of the journal, written in ink, are missing at this point, but fortunately the missing part is found in the penciled journal and is inserted here.—Ed.



on the same Creek. Went about 1½ miles after water. Seen Pikes Peak.

22nd Started early, met a train coming from Denver. Passed a Station 7 mi. At 9 o'clock met some stamperders, there [were] two families. This Station is near the Nebraska and Kansas line. We went about 3 miles and stopped for dinner. Drove 10 miles in the afternoon and encamped on a small creek. Butler slept with us.

23rd a pleasant morning. 30 miles from Denver. Started about 7 o'clock. Stopped at a spring for dinner. Some Indians come to us. Butler got a pair of mockisons. Drove about 15 miles and encamped on a bottom at a ranch. There was some Shiann Indians there. There was about 50 wagons. Started about 7 o'clock.

24th windy and a little cloudy.<sup>3</sup> Passed the toll gate about 11 o'clock, 8 miles from Denver. Went one mile and stopped for dinner. Started again at one, got to Denver at 4. Encamped on Cherry Creek, got lost from the wagon, found it about 10 o'clock at night.

25th left Denver about 8 o'clock went about 7 miles and took dinner, got to Golden City about 4 o'clock. Passed Golden Gate one mile above Golden City, went up the ravine 4 miles and encamped. Left Davis and Nelson Welker and R. Norden at Golden City.

26th got to Nevada City about dark. Staid all night with Symonds and went to the Old May Slys [?] for breakfast on Sunday morning. The 27th a very pleasant day, went to meeting. Monday 28th very cold and snowy. Ate 3 meals at Slys and slept there one night and paid him one dollar. F. Davis and myself went down to Mountain City and got some salt, pans, ceyen [?] and soda. Made a bargain with Davis to work his claim.

Tuesday 29th, a very pretty morning. Went to work that morning. Davis worked about two weeks in partnership with us and left us. We then worked the claim there ourselves and was to give him the one fifth. We worked it about two weeks on them terms and then bought him out. Give him \$175.00 in money and he started to the Blue River diggins. Sold our Kansas Claim to Henry Hardy, Albert Hardy, Wm Biggs, S. Darling and Wm. Moorhead the 12th of Sept. for \$1,000.00, got \$190.00 down. Got a letter from home and one from Levi the 8th of Sept.

Bought the two McGrew Claims at 40 dollars the 18th Sept., give our note due in eighteen months. Bought 66 feet of a claim of Wm. McColister for 40 dollars the 6th of October on the Monti Lode in Ills. Central District. Bought one set of house logs and one house lot in Nevada City for 19 dollars the 8th of October.

<sup>3</sup> We return to the journal written in ink.—Ed.

Sold 25 feet on the Sullivan Lode for \$250.00 to Harwoods, 50 dollars due the first of November 1860, and one hundred due the first of February 1861, and one hundred due the first of April '61.

Went to the Miners meeting at Central City. Shorsuck [?] and Monical started home, bought one hundred feet on the Shafer Lode for 3 dollars at Sheriff Sale. Joseph Benwire and Wm. McColister got hurt the 16th of August. October 20th traded the two Harwood one hundred dollars notes for a house and lot in Nevada City, got the Rubley money. Wm. McColister started home. Paid Elmo Vant [?] eight dollars for a pair of boots. Joseph Benwire quit boarding with us the 17th of October.

October 25th sold John S. Moore 50 feet on the Sullivan Lode for five hundred dollars, 50 dollars the first of Nov. and took the Quincy company for \$350.00 in notes, one due the 17th of Dec., one the 17th of Jan. '61, one the 17th of March, 1861, one \$25.00 dollar note on Sykes & Co. due the 15th of Jan. '61 and Moore's note for \$75.00 due the first of August 1861.

Oct. 26 snowed. Thomas started home November 5th, went to Fall River, staid all night and come back the 6th, the day of the Presidential Election. 7th snowed. Wrote to John Barnes. Took our Kansas Claim back the 5th of November, they had paid 196 dollars on it.

Nov. 8th. Sold 75 feet on the Sullivan Lode to Guile [?] for five hundred dollars, half down and the ballance the first of April '61.

Sold John S. Moore 50 feet on the Sullivan Lode the 9th day of October for 300 dollars, fifty dollars the first of Nov., and 125 dollars the first of Feb. 61, and 125 dollars the first of April '61.

Bought one ninth of the Nevada Tunnel 17th of Nov., paid \$170, bought it at Sheriff Sale.

Rented our cabin to C. Shields, C. A. Reynolds and J. Graves the 18th of Nov, for \$3.50 per month, received \$4.00 in advance.

Nov. 19th David Harton [?] started home.

Nov. 24th Took a draft on the Boston bank of F. R. Ford for his one hundred and 25 dollars note that we held and one of the Quincy Co. notes, one hundred dollars. Took the draft for \$150 and got the ballance in money. Got a letter from home. The old man Hess died the 3rd of Oct., 1860.

Nov. 30th Jonathan M. Wischauer and Judge Jones started home by stage. I moved in with Joseph Vandever same day. Johnson commenced work for us at \$1.25 cts. per day and us board him.

Dec. 14th Sold our Kansas Claim and tunnel interest to Williams and Tator [?] for 18 hundred dollars, 3 hundred to be paid the first of Jan. 61 and the ballance in seven equal monthly payments commencing the first day of Feb. 61.

Jan. 2nd. Johnson quit boarding.

Feb. 12th Sent Jonathan 70 dollars in gold coin by the C. O. C. & P. P. Express. [See accompanying illustration of the receipt.]

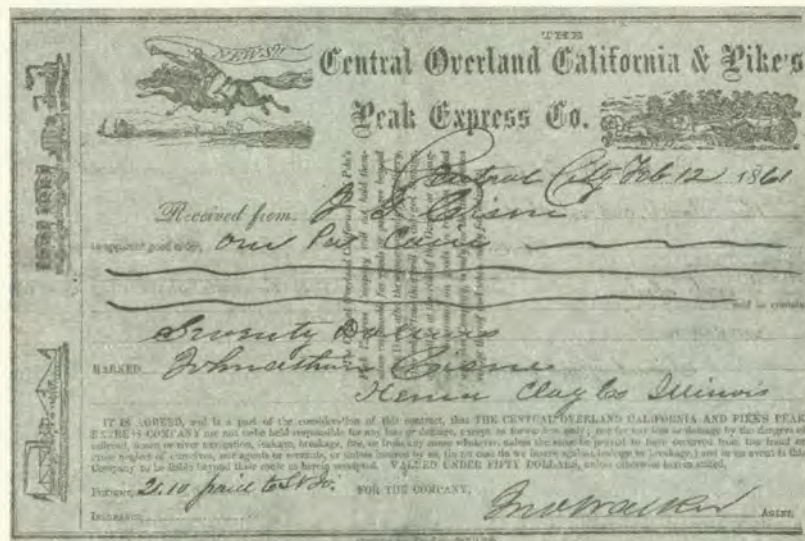
Feb. 23rd. Received the Ford draft. Settled with Joe Benwire.

Feb. 29th Went to Union District, came back the 2nd of March.

March 12th. J. V. went to Union District.

March 14 Sent Jonath. \$130 in dust by the C. O. C. & P. P. express.

March 23rd Sent Jonathan 50 dollars in dust by the C. O. C. express.



RECEIPT FOR CISNE'S GOLD SHIPMENT BY EXPRESS

March 23rd T. L. Strange died.

March 25th Received \$100 of the Quiney Company and \$20 of B. Burrows for acct. on Benwire.

April 2nd bought the Harwood notes, give 180 dollars in money and 20 dollars in rent [?]. Took the Harwood Claim back the 3rd of April 61. Made Guild a deed for 75 feet on the Sullivan lode the 13th of April 61.

April 11th Sold Morton 25 feet on the Sullivan Lode for four hundred dollars, three hundred down and the ballance in 60 days.

April 25th Sent Levi four hundred and thirty-eight dollars.

May 3rd Sold our tunnel interest for \$888.88.

May 4th Jonathan got to Nevada.

May 10th Went to Union District, came back the 12th.

June 6th, Jonathan's wagons got to Nevada.

June 24th Sold my interest in Nevada to Jonathan.

June 25th David and myself went to Union Dist.

June 26th Commenced work on the Ills. tunnell.

July 1st Went to Nevada for provisions.

July 3rd. Came back to Union.

July 4th Went to Silver Mountain.

July 9th Went to Nevada come back the 10th to Union.

July 11th 61. Commenced the Indian Prairie tunnel.

July 18th Quit work in Union.

July 20th Went to Nevada City.

Aug. 1st. went down to Golden Gate, came back the 3rd. Jonathan went down the 4th to trade for a span of mules, came back the 5th.

Aug. 11th I went down to the Valley for mules and harness. Got back the 12th.

Aug. 15th N. B. Russell and David made a start for the Valley. Mules got hurt, did not go.

Aug. 20th. Jonathan, David, Burt, Russell, Luncford and Geo. Lappan started home.

Sept. 10th traded for a note on McGlashon for \$131.50. Traded claims in Union District for it.

Sept. 30th B. Long and F. M. Session moved in with Joe, Van and me. Took the tunnell back the 9th of Oct. 61. Commenced work with J. W. Vandaveer the 5th of Oct. 61. John Hill started home the 21st of October 61.

Nov. 4th Nevada City burned.

Feb. 6th 1862. David Pettyjohn killed. Commenced work on the Sullivan Lode the 5th day of Oct. 1861, worked 130 days, quit the 27th of March 1862. Moved back to our old cabin the 3rd of April 1862. Commenced work for Symonds 3rd of April.

June 25th J. W. Van, Asbury Stine and Daniel Rieman started to the new mines.

Sept. 30th Benj. Long started home.

Oct. 12th Sent Levi 25 dollars.

Nov. 17th Commenced work for Noble.

Nov. 18th Nathan Childers started home. Sent Levi 50 dollars by Childers.

Dec. 5th, 1862. Total eclipse of the moon.

July 12th, 1863. Sent Levi \$20.00.

Started from Nevada, Col., Oct. 6th 1863 for Ills. Left Denver the 7th with James Akins, got to Xenia, the .... of Nov. Started to Ohio the 1st of Dec. 63. Leve started home the 4th of Jan. 64.

[The journal ends thus.]

## The Birth of the Colorado State Song

FRANK C. SPENCER\*

It was in the month of August of the year 1896. Mr. Arthur J. Fynn was then the Superintendent of the Alamosa public schools, while the writer held the same position in Monte Vista. It was at this time that there was formed a close friendship between us that lasted until his death.

We were both very much interested in the life of the Indians of the surrounding region and each summer during vacation visited some of the tribes or Pueblo villages of the Southwest.

These were the days before the advent of the automobile, so we generally rigged up an old spring wagon to carry the necessary supplies for the trip, with horses which could be ridden when the

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\*Dr. Spencer, long associated with Adams State College at Alamosa and other Colorado schools, now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. This interesting bit of personal recollection he sent to us on September 13, 1949.—Ed.

roads became trails. At that time the only road leading from the San Luis Valley across the Continental Divide into what was known as the San Juan Country was over the old Military, or Elwood pass, route which climbed the Alamosa River to the Divide, then descended the San Juan River on the western slope—a hair raising route at best.

This time there were four in our party as far as Pagosa Hot Springs. We were all day reaching the summit of the pass, a broad grassy meadow surrounded by a dense evergreen forest, known as Schinzel Flat, since two brothers of that name had been killed by a snowslide there.

It was near the setting of the sun when the meadow was flooded by a mellowed light. From our camp the whole area seemed covered by a carpet of brilliant-hue columbines, gentians, hare bells and blue bells, with the columbines above and outvying the rest. It was a scene of entrancing beauty. We stood for a long time entranced by the rare beauty of the view. It seemed to flash upon all of us that a song should be written in praise of this beautiful and stately flower. But who would write it? Mr. Fynn named the writer, then an amateur versifier. In turn I nominated him, and before he could object put the matter to a vote. Thus he was chosen, and he promised to think the matter over.

That was more than a half a century ago, but whenever I read the lines or hear the chorus of his song—

Tis the land where the Columbines grow,  
Overlooking the plains far below  
While the cool summer breeze in the evergreen trees,  
Softly sings where the Columbines grow.

this scene comes before me almost as vividly as if it were but yesterday. During the remainder of our journey Mr. Fynn mentioned his promise several times, indicating the matter was uppermost in his thoughts. During our close comradeship in the long after years the undertaking was brought up and discussed, but I was not aware that he was actually writing the song until it was published.

It is to be hoped that the good people of Colorado will never permit it to be changed, not only because it is a noble composition of exceptional merit by an author of real genius who was able to write both the words and music, but also because Doctor Fynn gave the best part of his life to the upbuilding of his adopted State in the public schools of Denver and his unselfish work as an official of the State Historical Society for many years.

To me personally it was a real pleasure and honor to have been so long associated with this outstanding and noble character, and I look back with pride to the small part I was able to play in the birth of the state song.

## Jimmy's Camp on the Cherokee Trail

DOROTHY PRICE SHAW\*

About 8½ miles east of the business district of Colorado Springs, in El Paso County, Colorado, there is a fine spring which never, even in periods of drought, has been dry. Around the spring was abundant grass, and pine and cottonwood trees. Close to the spring was a road, the ancient trail between the Arkansas and South Platte rivers along the base of the Colorado Rocky Mountains; the road connecting the trapping of the Upper Missouri and the trade of Santa Fe; the road from Fort Bridger to Taos; or from Fort Laramie to Bent's Fort. The spring and its surroundings was known as Jimmy's Camp; the road came to be called the Cherokee trail.

This name derives from a party of Cherokee Indians who set out from their reservation in Oklahoma in 1849 to go to the gold fields of California. They traveled along the Arkansas-Santa Fe trail route to present Pueblo, Colorado, up the Fountain to the mouth of Jimmy's Camp creek, up Jimmy's Camp creek to its head near Jimmy's Camp spring, then northeast across the prairie to the divide between South Platte and Arkansas valleys (a pine-covered ridge nowadays called the Black Forest) at the head of Black Squirrel Creek; passing over to the South Platte side of the divide at the head of the west branch of Kiowa Creek, and across to the head of Cherry Creek. They descended Cherry Creek to its junction with the South Platte, down that river, up the Cache la Poudre, northwestward to Bridger's Pass, and westward to a junction with the Oregon Trail; thence to California. Almost no part of the Cherokee's route was new. The Santa Fe and Oregon trails were deeply rutted by 1849-1850 and the trail between the Arkansas and South Platte rivers was the oldest of all, although wagons had not yet scarred it to any great extent. However, since the Arkansas-South Platte part of the trail had no name at this time, it was thereafter known for this party of Cherokees.

Unlike the great white man's trails, the Oregon and the Santa Fe, the Cherokee Trail was first used by the Indians. We know that before the middle of the 18th century the Crows and later the Cheyennes made frequent trips from their villages in present South Dakota and Wyoming, to procure horses from the Comanches.<sup>1</sup> The Horse Indians left us no journal of their route to the south, but we

\*Mrs. Shaw, a Regional Vice President of the State Historical Society, has done extensive research work on the early history of Colorado, especially of the Pikes Peak region.

<sup>1</sup>In 1742 Verendrye wrote that the Mandan Indians called the Black Hills of South Dakota "Hills of the Horse Indians."

may be sure that it was approximately the Cherokee Trail, for these reasons: It was the safest, most direct, level, and well timbered and watered route between the Arkansas and South Platte rivers. Closer to the mountains and foothills was a route taken by Long in 1820, later by the stage road, and at present by the automobile highway from Denver to Colorado Springs and Pueblo (U. S. 85). This road is full of dips and curves and is less direct than the old Cherokee Trail route would be, even though the old road by-passed Colorado Springs. The Plains Indians and trappers avoided the foothill route because the hostile Utes could spot them from mountain lookouts and swoop down in a surprise attack. The Cherokee Trail was far enough away from the mountains to prevent such attacks. East of the Cherokee Trail was what Long called the "Great American Desert." While hardly a desert, water and timber were scarce indeed. All these factors make us reasonably sure that it was the Cherokee Trail which was used by the early Indians, and by nearly all the white men that followed them.

The first white men to use the trail were probably Spanish traders from the settlements of northern New Mexico, who ranged northward perhaps as far as the Tongue River with goods to trade the Indians, well before (Hodge says 150 years before) the beginning of the 19th century.<sup>2</sup> By the first decade of the 19th century a number of Frenchmen and Americans had penetrated to New Mexico, some of them employees of the Missouri Trading Co., a group of St. Louis traders, who came from the Upper Missouri to New Mexico probably by way of the Cherokee Trail. Of these early Americans James Pursley and Baptiste Lalande were the best known, having been seen by Pike in New Mexico and given immortal fame in the journal of his explorations. Then came the trappers—Ezekiel Williams in 1811-1813, the Philibert company in 1814, the Chouteau-DeMunn party in 1815-1817. After the Santa Fe trade was firmly established in the 1820's the Cherokee Trail was the link between the Upper Missouri fur trade and Taos, the home of many trappers. The trail was used by parties of trappers who came to the mountains via the Arkansas River instead of along the Missouri River, especially by the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., an outgrowth of General Ashley's operations in the middle 1820s, whose territory included the South Platte, Green and Colorado rivers in Colorado and Utah. One of the earliest hints as to the use of the trail is to be found in F. F. Victor's *River of the West* (Hartford, 1870), 45f. William Sublette, partner of the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., took his trappers from Independence to the Wind River in 1829 via the Arkansas River and Cherokee Trail to the South Platte. In 1831 Kit Carson joined at Taos a party of Rocky

<sup>2</sup>F. W. Hodge, *Handbook of the American Indians* (Wash., 1907), I, 569.

Mountain Fur Co. trappers under Thomas Fitzpatrick, another partner, and traveled north to the South Platte. Many other instances of the use of the trail could be cited, but for lack of space.

Thus was the trail used for at least a century, probably two centuries, before it saw its period of greatest activity. In the spring of 1858 word got around the country that there was gold at the mouth of Cherry Creek. Immediately parties were organized in Kansas and as far away as Georgia to come to Colorado and look for the precious metal. The earliest parties went via the Arkansas, or Santa Fe Trail, and the Cherokee Trail to the diggings at the



HISTORICAL MARKER FOR JIMMY'S CAMP. ERECTED IN NOVEMBER, 1949.

mouth of Cherry Creek. By 1859 many parties went by way of the Oregon Trail and the South Platte, or along the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas River, but probably the largest number still took the Santa Fe-Cherokee Trail route. It is in the diaries and guide books of pioneers of 1858 and 1859 that Jimmy's Camp becomes prominent. It was one of the best camps on the whole long trek—abundant wood, good grass, and a spring of cold water—a welcome mecca for the tired greenhorns. And a fine spot to reflect on why it was called Jimmy's Camp. Even to the very earliest parties of gold-rushers Jimmy's Camp was known by that name. Probably the first of the gold-seekers to record the name was Au-

gustus Voorhees of the Lawrence party, who arrived at Jimmy's Camp on July 12, 1858, and wrote in his diary:

We got to what is called "Jim's Camp." There is a fine spring and lots of pine wood there. It is on the Cherokee trail, to California.<sup>3</sup>

Almost every party of gold-rushers spent a night at Jimmy's Camp. Luke Tierney says the Russell party, of which he was a member, had to march until 10 o'clock at night to reach Jimmy's Camp spring (Tierney did not mention it by name), the only spring the party had seen in over 500 miles.<sup>4</sup> David Kellogg came west in the fall of 1858. On October 28th he wrote in his diary:

Arrived at Jim's Camp and corraled on a hillside at a spring backed by some projecting ledges, a few pines and some bushes. It is said that a trader called Jim was murdered here by the Indians.<sup>5</sup>

F. W. Cragin was fascinated by the legend of poor Jimmy—how he was really killed and who he really was, and how the legend grew from simple, believable beginnings, to fantastic and unbelievable wealth of detail. The remainder of this paper is based on Mr. Cragin's own research. The legend of Jimmy's death was first told by Rufus B. Sage, a writer and adventurer traveling through the West, whose detailed and accurate description of what he saw and heard will forever enrich the history of the region. In the middle of September, 1842, Sage camped for four days on Jimmy's Camp creek, which he called Daugherty's creek:

Our place of stay was in sweet little valley enclosed by piny ridges. The entrance leading to it is through a defile of hills from whose rugged sides protrude vast piles of rock, that afford a pass of only fifty or a hundred yards in width. An abundance of grass greets the eye, arrayed in the loveliness of summer's verdancy, and blooming wild-flowers nod to the breeze as enchantingly as when the fostering hand of spring first awoke them to life and to beauty.

The creek derives its name from Daugherty, a trader who was murdered upon it several years since. At the time he was on his way to the Arkansas with a quantity of goods, accompanied by a Mexican. The latter, anxious to procure a few yards of calico that constituted a part of the freight, shot him in cold blood, and hastened to Taos with his ill-gotten gains, where he unblushingly boasted of his inhuman achievement.<sup>6</sup>

It is well to assert now that no later version of the death of Jimmy was any better authenticated than this one, and most of them could be discredited on the strength of their improbable details. Many of the later versions of the tale were based on this ac-

<sup>3</sup>LeRoy Hafen, "The Voorhees Diary," *Colorado Magazine*, XII, no. 2 (March, 1935).

<sup>4</sup>"The Luke Tierney Guidebook," LeRoy Hafen, *Southwest Historical Series*, IX, 103f.

<sup>5</sup>David Kellogg, "Across the Plains in 1858," *The Trail*, V, no. 7, (December, 1912).

<sup>6</sup>Rufus B. Sage, *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains* (Phila., 1855), 168.

count of Sage. Sage's book was first published in Philadelphia in 1846. Another edition was brought out the next year, and many authorized and unauthorized editions were published within the next two decades. The popularity of the book was tremendous, and undoubtedly it was read by many literate mountain men and pioneers, who may have passed on Sage's story as from their own knowledge. The only important thing which is not to be found in the Sage story is the first name, Jimmy, and the very fact that "Jimmy" survived and "Daugherty" passed away with Sage is enough to show that the legend was carried on by means other than Sage's book.

In 1846 Francis Parkman traveled south along the Cherokee Trail and spent a night at Jimmy's Camp. Parkman does not give the name of his camp in *The Oregon Trail*, but he does in the journal of his travels, the manuscript of which remained hidden in an old trunk until it was brought to light and published in 1947. Parkman says:

*Aug. 18th.* Nooned on Black Squirrel Creek after traversing a fine piece of pine woods. In the afternoon, a thunder-storm gathered upon the mountains. Pike's Peak and the rest were as black as ink. We caught the edge of the storm, but it had passed by the time we arrived at Jamie's Camp, where several little streams were tumbling down to the bottom in waterfalls.<sup>7</sup>

The next man to call Jimmy's Camp by more or less its present name was John Steele, a member of the Mormon Battalion that spent the winter of 1846-1847 at the mouth of the Fountain. In the spring Steele and his party started north on the Cherokee Trail, and, on May 26, 1847, "camped James Camp him that Jame's Peak was named for."<sup>8</sup> Steele made the same supposition which the editor of the Parkman journal made a century later—that Jimmy's Camp was named for Dr. Edwin James of Long's 1820 expedition, the first man known to have reached the top of Pikes Peak, and in honor of whom the famous mountain was for some years called "James Peak."

Among those who passed Jimmy's Camp and failed to mention it were Wislizenus and E. W. Smith in 1839, both of whose accounts of that part of the trail were very brief; Col. S. W. Kearny and P. St. George Cooke in 1845; and George F. Ruxton, who spent the winter of 1846-1847 at Pueblo and up Fountain Creek. As far as we know, then, Sage, Parkman and Steele are the only men to write about Jimmy's Camp until the gold rush.

The original from which most of the later versions of the Jimmy's Camp story have come is the account given by L. W. Cut-

<sup>7</sup>*The Journal of Francis Parkman*, ed. by Mason Wade (N.Y., 1947), II, 473.

<sup>8</sup>"Extracts from the Journal of John Steele," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, VI, (Jan., 1933), 13f.

ler, a newspaper man who came to Colorado in 1859 and subsequently wrote many "Frontier Sketches." His story of Jimmy's Camp, published in the *Inter-Ocean* (Denver) of January 7, 1882, follows:

This camp had a habitation and a name as early as 1833 or 1834—nearly half a century ago—when the Hudson Bay Company established here, on the very ground where will stand the Denver & New Orleans Depot, a trading post to sell trinkets and buy furs of the Indians and trappers. Once a year would a train of wagons come up the Arkansas valley, and then up the Fontaine qui Bouille, until they arrived at this beautiful spot where the water was pure and wood was in abundance, and where the hills to the north and the west sheltered them from the terrible hail storms that sometimes swept over the plains, and then camp for a trade. These wagons were in charge of a little dwarf Irishman named Jimmy Boyer. From him came the name "Jimmy's Camp." He built himself a snug log house in the shape of a fort, and on leaving it would remove all doors and windows, which he carried to his wagons to be used when he returned again. His mode of advertising his arrival from the East was to build a large signal-fire upon the most prominent point of ground, when the Indians would come from far and near to smoke with him the pipe of peace and make their yearly trade. When he had purchased all of their furs and buffalo robes, he would load his wagons and again wend his way to civilization.

Poor Jimmy! He came once too often. On this occasion he had scarcely built his fire ere a party of six guerrillas from Old Mexico pounced upon him and murdered him, and then carried away all his valuable goods. The Indians, coming into camp soon after and finding him murdered, pursued the murderers, and, on overtaking them, avenged his death by hanging the Mexicans by their toes to the limbs of trees. These are matters of history, as related to the writer by old Jim Beckwourth—the once celebrated mulatto scout and war-chief of the Blackfeet Indians. Beckwourth was in command of the warriors who did the execution. Several years later, Colonel Fremont visited the camp and found the wrecks of the wagons still remaining and the old log cabin yet intact. Beckwourth accompanied him to the place and showed him where Jimmy was buried. Over his grave was set a stone slab, lying flat on the ground, on which the Indians had carved in their crude way some figures representing one man with his throat cut, while six more were suspended by their toes to a limb.

Mrs. Alice Polk Hill gives the same story with slight variations in her *Tales of Colorado Pioneers*, in 1884. Frank Hall, in his *History of the State of Colorado* (1891), III, 341-42, gives the same general story, but makes it Jimmy Hayes instead of Jimmy Boyer, and has eleven Mexicans murder him, and the Indians hang them to eleven limbs of a tree.

Irving Howbert, who wrote many newspaper articles about the history of El Paso County and several about Jimmy's Camp, quoted Sage's version of the Jimmy story in the *Colorado Springs Evening and Sunday Telegraph*, March 26, 1922, then went on:

From other sources we learn that Daugherty's given name was James and that he was a member of Long's expedition, which explored this region in 1820. In the report of that expedition, a man of that name was mentioned. It seems that Jimmie Daugherty, as he was called, made his headquarters at Taos, N. M., and that along about 1834, he selected the place now known as "Jimmie's

Camp" as a location for a summer trading camp. Early in the summer of each year, he brought to that point a supply of articles suitable for trading to the Indians. He announced his arrival by a large bonfire on one of the highest adjacent hills, wood being plentiful in that locality. As the story goes, he usually remained at this camp about two months, or until he had disposed of his supply of goods, which consisted of calico, trinkets of all sorts and various other things that the Indians were likely to want for which he took in exchange furs, buffalo robes, tanned buckskin, bows and arrows, and such other articles of Indian manufacture as could be disposed of to the whites. He had been engaged in this trade six or eight years at the time he was killed.

To Cutler's account we have the specific objection, a small one, that the Hudson's Bay Co. had no posts or men in this region then or ever. As to James Daugherty being a member of Long's expedition, as Howbert said, we find only an "H. Daugherty," mentioned twice in the report of Long's expedition. The three above accounts all have two things not in the Sage story; that Jimmy made his home at Jimmy's Camp, and in two of the articles, built a house there; and that Jimmy summoned his trade by means of a bonfire. The first point we will take up later. The bonfire we will deal with now. It seems to us that if Jimmy did light his bonfire upon his arrival at the camp, he was very lucky to have lived to do so for six or eight years, as Howbert maintained. Along with the friendly Plains Indians he meant to attract would come not only the eleven wandering Mexican killers, but also bands of enemy Indians, ready to make a battlefield of Jimmy's Camp.

F. W. Cragin interviewed a few Colorado pioneers who added something new to the legend, though not to the probable truth about Jimmy. O. H. P. Baxter of Pueblo, Colorado, told Cragin in 1902 that on going from Denver to South Park via the Cherokee Trail in December, 1858, he saw at Jimmy's Camp a recent-looking grave with a board at the head of it bearing approximately the following inscription: "Jimmy ....., Froze to Death May 3, 1858." Mr. Baxter said he remembered the newness of the grave because some members of his party thought the grave was a blind, hiding a cache of goods, and they seriously discussed digging it up. Mr. Anthony Bott, another pioneer of 1858 independently recalls seeing the grave at Jimmy's Camp in that year and quoted, as part of the inscription on the headboard, the words "Jimmy" and "froze to death." Mr. Bott understood that the person buried there was one of Captain Marey's men.

An 1859er, A. M. Gass had this to say about presumably the same grave:

We nooned, today, at a spring of the coldest and best water that I have seen on the route. It is known as Jimmy's Spring, or Alexander's grave; a Missouri man, by the latter name, having been buried here on the twelfth of April, 1857.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup>"Diary of A. M. Gass," LeRoy Hafen, *Overland Routes to the Gold Fields*, in *Southwest Historical Series*, XI, 229f.



Those who know the landmarks on the Cherokee Trail will say that Gass was confusing "Alexander's grave" with "Fagan's grave," some twenty miles north of Jimmy's Camp on the divide. Fagan's grave was so-called because on May 1, 1858, a teamster with Col. Loring's company was frozen to death and buried on the Cherokee Trail on West Kiowa Creek. His grave was marked with a pile of stones, which is there to this day, and a wooden cross saying "Charles Michael Fagan—1858." It seems that by 1859 the cross had disappeared, or the inscription had weathered away, for, although the trail passed directly in front of the grave and nearby was a favorite camping spot, travelers called it "O'Falley's grave," "Thelan's Grove," and other distortions. But not Gass. When he reached Fagan's grave he mentioned it, and even spelled "Fagan" correctly. From this we may deduce that there actually was a man from Missouri named Alexander who was buried at Jimmy's Camp, perhaps on April 12, 1857, although it is odd that no other contemporaries mentioned that grave.

Taking the accounts of Baxter and Bott, and the much earlier one of A. M. Gass, it seems certain that there was a fresh grave at Jimmy's Camp in 1858 and 1859 which was probably the grave of the Mexican herdsman in Captain Marcy's command who was frozen to death while following Black Squirrel Creek south from Marcy's camp on the divide, attempting to round up strayed stock. His death was caused by the same blizzard which finished off Fagan, and still leaves A. M. Gass's date of April 12, 1857 unexplained. As to Baxter's and Bott's assertion that the grave was occupied by a "Jimmy," Mr. Cragin offers the explanation that the soldiers who buried the frozen man might facetiously have labeled his grave "Jimmy," not knowing his real Mexican name, or being unable to spell it. The name, "Jimmy's Camp," was undoubtedly known to the soldiers, for their commander, Col. Loring, records the name "Jimmy's Spring" in his journal entry of April 28, 1858, (the day before the beginning of the storm).

As a last link in the chain of legend, Cragin presents the story of Jacob Beard, interviewed in 1904 in El Paso, Texas. His father-in-law was George S. Simpson who came to Colorado in 1840 and helped establish Fort Pueblo (now Pueblo, Colorado), married a girl from Taos, and knew, and was known by, everyone in the region at that time. Mr. Beard had camped at Jimmy's Camp many times with Simpson, Kit Carson, and other old-timers, and heard the following story of Jimmy, whom he called Jimmy Dockerty, giving the name the full Irish *ch* sound:

Jimmy Dockerty went out to trade with the Indians (probably Arapaho); he was returning toward the south and camped at the spring now called Jimmy Camp. He had still on hand a bolt of *manta* (unbleached muslin). The Mexican who went with him

came back to Taos without Jimmy and having this piece of *manta*; and they questioned him as to where Jimmy was. He replied that the Indians had killed him; but Carson and Simpson and the other old traders and trappers always believed that the Mexican had killed Jimmy for the *manta*.

And so we make the full circle back to the original Sage account, for, point by point, Beard's story tallies closely with that of Sage. Possibly Beard or the person from whom Beard heard the story had read Sage, but it is more likely that Sage and Beard both got their tales from the same source.

Mr. Cragin was interested in the fact that a man named Daugherty was the first sutler of Fort Laramie after it had been bought by the government in 1849, and a Jim Daugherty was mentioned by Captain H. E. Palmer, a member of General Connor's Powder River expedition of 1865, as being a guide for that expedition, along with such famous men as James Bridger, John Richard, Nick Janisse, and Antoine Ledoux, who were "supposed to be thoroughly posted on this country, especially the region so near Fort Laramie . . ."<sup>10</sup> Mr. Cragin concludes that either Jim Daugherty was not killed by the Mexican but managed a strange and temporary disappearance from the country, or that there were two men by the name of Jim Daugherty in the West.

In the course of his investigation, Cragin was interested in finding out whether there was any basis for that part of the legend which claimed that Jimmy built a trading house at Jimmy's Camp. He concluded that no house was built there before 1860, and indeed it does seem likely that Sage, in his description of the place, would not have omitted the ruins of a trading house there. In 1903 Andrew C. (Jack) Wright, a pioneer of 1858, told Cragin that in May or June, 1860, he and Jersey Hinman started to take up Jimmy's Camp as a claim and made a foundation of logs south of the spring. The two men stayed there only a day and a half, then abandoned their foundation and their claim. In 1863 Amos Terrell (whom Cragin talked to in 1902) built a story-and-a-half log cabin for Marmaduke Green. After its completion Terrell and his wife lived in the house and Marmaduke Green boarded with them before his own marriage, when he and his wife took it over. In the museum of the El Paso County Pioneers Association is a copy of Alice Polk Hill's *Tales of the Colorado Pioneers* which was donated by R. C. Wright. In the margins of the book are many notes which were written by some one who had lived at Jimmy's Camp.<sup>11</sup> The notes in the margin of the chapter on Jimmy's Camp are especially interesting to us and read:

<sup>10</sup>*Transactions and Reports*, Nebraska State Historical Society, II.

<sup>11</sup>People who may have written notes, and are known to have lived at Jimmy's Camp, are: Mrs. A. A. Graham, 1253 Pearl St., Denver, and Mrs. Ruby Wash, of Denver.

Jimmy Camp was my Home for years.

We lived in the log house for a long time, seen lots of Indians.

We dug up Jimmy Bones. We dug up Jimmy Stone—Keep it in the House.

The last note, which we will not attempt to explain, is opposite the part of Mrs. Hill's narrative wherein the Indians returned from killing the Mexicans, buried Jimmy, and placed on his grave a stone carved with the picture of a man with his throat cut and over him assassins hanging by their toes.

The second house at Jimmy's Camp was a grout house built by Matt France and Mort Parsons in about 1870. In 1872 it was sold to James D. Lawson, and after that had many owners, among them E. W. Giddings, owner of Colorado Springs' first and still thriving department store. After 1870 a number of buildings were erected at Jimmy's Camp. By 1900 Jimmy's Camp and surrounding land had become a ranch and was owned by George W. Benedict, who sold it that year to J. L. McMahon, owner of the Alamo Hotel. McMahon converted it into a resort which he called "Richland," with accommodations for a number of lodgers. Later it became the property of the Banning-Lewis Ranches.

We shall now summarize the present knowledge we have about Jimmy's Camp, which is rather slight if we do not have recourse to the legend which has grown up in connection with it. It was a famous camping place at a spring on a very old trail, usually called the Cherokee Trail, sometimes known as the Divide Trail and to later settlers as the Jimmy's Camp Trail. Jimmy's Camp was probably named for a trader who was murdered by a Mexican at that spot sometime before 1842. The camp and trail were much used by Colorado's first permanent settlers, the 1858 gold-seekers, who in their diaries and guidebooks gave the location the permanent title of Jimmy's Camp. The location of Jimmy's Camp is about one mile south of the Cherokee Trail crossing of U. S. highway 24.

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