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A Pioneer in Colorado and Wyoming

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Assisted by MARGARET ISAAC

I.

Often in a family there is at least one member who collects and preserves family history and photographs. Mrs. Margaret Isaac of Denver is the member of her family who has been doing those things for a number of years. Mrs. Isaac, a native of Meeker, Colorado, is a graduate of the University of Denver, and has collected much Colorado history. She makes her home with her husband, Gerhard J. Isaac, and their two sons, John and David. Through Mrs. Isaac's intense interest in western history she encouraged her Great-aunt, Mrs. Amanda Hardin Brown, to relate her pioneering experiences for permanent preservation.

Amanda Hardin was the daughter of John Hardin, a native of Kentucky, who grew up in Missouri, on a farm. In 1847, when he was twenty-one years of age, he joined a party of traders and went overland to California. After working in the mines there for two years, he returned to the States by way of the Isthmus of Panama. On June 22, 1852, John Hardin married Sarah J. Hand. In 1864 he brought his family to Colorado. Amanda, fourth child of John and Sarah Hardin, told many incidents of her life to Mrs. Isaac, who wove them into a whole, and has made the story available for publication.—*Editor.*

I was born November 21, 1862, on my Father's farm, two and one-half miles from the little town of Bethany, in Harrison County, Missouri. In May 1864, Father sold our home, bought cattle and oxen to drive, and we started to Colorado where a few of our friends had already gone to make homes in the West. The Doctor said that our Mother had consumption, and that the high, dry air of the Rocky Mountains would help her. So Father, Mother, one brother, George, and two sisters, Frances and Mary, and I made our way across the plains, but of that journey I cannot remember.

We went to a little valley in the foothills where the Cache La Poudre River comes out of the high rock walls of the canyon. There the few families had settled close together for protection from the Indians.

It was a contented little band, though the pioneer women did not have very much in the way of household goods. In our little settlement of six families, only one woman had a clock and sewing machine. Most of them cooked on open fires in old stone fire places, and baked their bread and pies in Dutch ovens. Some of the women had brought old spinning wheels, but there was nothing to spin, for there were no sheep in this country. The people had brought only cows, a few chickens, cats, dogs, and all kinds of garden seeds, with which to start their new homes.

But the country, like all new places, had a lawless set of men. There were those who actually got rich by stealing from the government¹—mules, harness, and all kinds of supplies. The crimes, very often, were laid to the Indians. It was an easy time for the outlaws and thieves, for in the summer of 1865 the Indians were on the warpath, and the women and children of every family, except ours and one other, went to Denver for protection.

Our Mother was growing rapidly worse, and Father moved us to the little village of Laporte. Here there was one store, one blacksmith shop, and a few men married to Indian women. In August our Mother died, and left Father and us children alone in that then wild, desolate country. He took us back, for awhile, to the little valley in the foothills.

The women of the settlement were still in Denver, and the men were tense and nervous, always on the lookout for Indians. One evening Father saddled up a beautiful dapple-gray mare which he had, and went after the cows. He had not been gone long when we heard shots fired, and pretty soon the mare came galloping in alone. The men thought that the Indians had gotten him. They grabbed their guns, told one old man to stay with us children, and then they rushed out to find Father. But there was one man who was afraid, and he would not go on foot. By the time he had saddled a horse the others were out of sight. He was terribly excited. He put

¹ On Aug. 20, 1864, Lt. Col. William O. Collins, commanding troops on the Overland Mail and Telegraph line in the District of Nebraska, west of Julesburg, issued a special order which established a "permanent Post on the Cache la Poudre River near its outlet from the mountains in the vicinity of the junction of the mail line from Denver and the Overland Mail Route." This post was called Camp Collins, then Fort Collins. A Day Book kept by the commanding officer had various references to details being sent to retrieve government property, which had been stolen.—*Editor.*



AMANDA HARDIN BROWN

on Father's spurs, and lost them as he rode after the other men. They met Father coming home on foot. He had shot a rabbit, and the mare had gotten away from him.

A few days after this the women returned from Denver. There a house had burned, and they had lost all of their belongings, so they had to come back home.

That fall Father sold everything that we possessed, except one team of horses and a wagon, and he took us children on the long journey across the plains to Missouri. He took us to our people, and hired our Aunt to take care of us. He then returned to Colorado, and drove a freight team between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Denver for a year. Then he came back to our old home and married a young girl [Mahala Hand] eighteen years old, to be a mother to us four children.

I imagine that she was a child among us. My oldest sister was only six years younger than our step-mother, and was much more capable in managing my brother, sister, and me. She had always taken care of us, as our Mother had always been sickly. It was our sister who told us what was right, and who taught us our evening prayers. She is long since dead, but I still look back to the dear, old happy days of our sister's mother-love and care, and the happy times that we spent together.

After Father re-married, we lived for a time in Missouri, and in August 1867, there came to us a baby sister. That made a difference. I was no longer the baby. But we loved her and were very proud of her. She was a large strong child, and, as we grew up, she was my best comrade.

In the spring of 1868, Father bought cattle and fitted up teams for another trip to Colorado. But the Indians were killing so many people and stealing so much stock, that Father decided to winter over another year in Missouri. Then on May 1, 1869, we again started for Colorado. We crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat at Nebraska City, and while we were camped there, I saw the first and only steamboat which I have ever seen. At one small town we had to lay over and wait for other immigrants to make up a train, as the government would not let single teams travel alone. Several families joined us with herds of cattle. Some of them were going to Montana, and one family was going on that long overland trip to California. One young man came and asked Father to let him travel across the plains with us and help drive our cattle. (He went with us as far as Cheyenne.)

At night the wagons formed a circle, in which we camped for protection. Two men would stand guard until midnight, and then two others until daylight, so the Indians could not surprise us. Our mothers cooked our meals on campfires made of buffalo chips, which we children gathered for that purpose, as there was no wood. But the cooking was very easy, for the fare was very simple—mostly biscuits and corn bread, coffee, bacon or ham, and syrup. They did not have much time to put in on cooking, for we had to be traveling soon after sunup. And oh, those long hot days were terrible in the covered wagons! The cattle and oxen just crept along.

There were no bridges, and we had a hard time crossing the big streams. The worst was the Platte River. It was terribly high. Old Ft. Kearny was there then, and the soldiers had to put the people across the river, as they knew the ford and where the quick sands were. They had big double-bottomed government wagons, which were so large that the wagons of the immigrants looked like toys. They had six-mule teams on each wagon. The soldiers took all of our wagons to pieces and put them, and all of our goods, and all of the people in those big wagons, and we crossed the river. Our worst trouble was over, but when we got across the women had to unpack their boxes and spread all their clothing and bed clothes on the ground to dry.

We traveled along the Platte River for days. Beautiful flowers were growing there, and we saw large herds of buffalo and antelope. Then we came to the home of the rattlesnake. Too, we saw Indian graves on scaffolds. Father told us that we were at Alliance Bluffs.

We would travel for days and never see a soul, other than our own people. Then sometimes when we came to a stream of water there would be a few families trying to make homes. They were brave people to stay there. They did not have wood for building purposes, or even for fuel. Their homes were either dugouts in the ground or old sod houses, and they had only buffalo chips to burn. And there was the danger of the Indians and the cyclones! Those people had more courage than we pioneers who went on to the Rocky Mountains.

We traveled through the Bad Lands and came to Cheyenne. The town had only one street, and on it was a hotel, a few small buildings, and a railroad station and house, for the Union Pacific had just been built through the country. Here we camped while the men cut out our cattle from the herd. Then we parted company with our traveling companions, for they were going north to the Oregon Trail, and we were going south. We were only forty miles from our journey's end over on the Cache La Poudre River.

The river was terribly high and swift, and when we reached the little village of Laporte we crossed the river on an old wooden toll bridge, as there were no county roads or bridges in those days. This bridge was owned and operated by a

Frenchman,² who for many years was the saloon keeper in that village, and who had an Indian woman.

Soon after we crossed the river we came to the little burying ground. There we stopped, and went to see our Mother's grave. We found that while we were away, Father had had a white picket fence put around it. Then we got back in the wagon and went over Bingham Hill, and made camp by the river where one of our friends lived. It was the evening of the third of July, and we were only three miles from our old home in Pleasant Valley. Our horses knew that they were nearing home and that night they ran away and went there. Our friends in the little settlement did not wait for us to arrive, but early the next morning they drove over in buggies to see us. Oh, how happy we were to see them, and have that long journey over. And Father and we children were so glad to be back again in the Old Rocky Mountains.

There had been great changes while we were away. Ft. Collins had been abandoned, and many of the soldiers who had been mustered out had taken up homes near or at the little village of Laporte. The Post Doctor, Majors, and private soldiers had married and had families, and had settled here. There were also other new families settled along the river. And there was now a log school house in Laporte.

We located in Pleasant Valley where we had lived before. Father rented an old two-room log house with a dirt roof, and with an old stone fireplace, and one small window in each room. And dear me, how that old cabin leaked! We lived there for one-and-a-half years, and that fall another baby sister came to live with us.

That Christmas Eve, about midnight, the Indians made a raid on our little settlement and stole every horse. It was discovered, just as the Indians were making their get-away, by a few bachelors who were playing cards in one of the cabins. They roused the rest of the men, and they took their guns and started after the Indians on foot, for that was the only way they had to follow them. The men followed the Indians for three days, but they never recovered any of the horses.

²La Porte was the first settlement in Larimer County. In 1858, John B. Provost and Antoine Janis, with a group of French trappers and their Indian wives, came down from the trading post at Fort Laramie seeking a site for a new post. . . . John B. Provost operated a ferry here.—Ansel Watrous, *History of Larimer County*, p. 45.

While they were gone the women and children stayed in little groups in different homes. One woman and two small children stayed with our Mother and us children. The second night that the men were gone we heard loud noises which sounded like guns being fired, so, of course, we thought it was our men and the Indians. The neighbor woman wanted to take us children and hide on an island in the river which was surrounded by trees. But our Mother would not go, for it was cold and there was about a foot of snow on the ground. She said that we would freeze. Just imagine taking our little sister who was only two years old, and a baby sister three months old to that island! Our Mother was brave even if she was only a young girl. So we stayed by our fire, and after awhile, as we listened, we could hear wagons creaking in the snow. When they came nearer we discovered that it was a group of freighters, and what we had thought to be gun shots was the cracking of the drivers' whips at their oxen. How glad we were that they had come! It was such a relief to have those men camp by us even if they were strangers. We felt that we were protected.

Our little settlement was growing rapidly, and there were fifteen children of school age. So the men built a nice little, white frame school house in Pleasant Valley at the foot of a round hill. There were trees and a wild plum patch on one side of the school house.

Many are the happy memories which I have of my school days and the hours spent with our friends in Pleasant Valley. In winter the older children would tie a rope to the end of a ladder and we would all carry it to the top of the hill. Then all of us would get on, with two of the larger children in front to guide it, and ride down the hill. Oh, how fast we would ride!

Two girls of our age and size came with their parents to live at the water power sawmill below us on the river. We were companions and walked to school together. And when it was cold and the snow was deep, the men would let us ride home on the logs which they were hauling from the mountains with ox teams to saw into timber. In spring they drove railroad ties down the river. The boom was by our house, and we liked to watch them take the ties out of the river.

In summer we would wade to the island to play in the beautiful white sand. There were wonderful white sandstone



SCHOOL HOUSE IN PLEASANT VALLEY

cliffs back of our house, but we could not play up there because there were so many snakes of all kinds, especially blacksnakes and rattlesnakes.

The next summer (1870) after our return to Colorado we went to visit our Aunt in Blackhawk. We went in a wagon with an ox team, and camped along the way. We drove through the little town of Golden and wound around the mountain roads. Central City and Blackhawk were joined together, and the gulch ran through the middle of the town, which had just one street. The gulch was covered over so you could not see the water. It was poisoned from being used in the large smelters, for this was only a mining town, and they hauled water in water wagons and sold it for domestic use. The houses were built on the steep hillsides, and you could walk outdoors from upstairs and be on the ground. Another thing which looked strange to us was the women's clothes lines on the tops of their houses. We thought it was a wonderful trip.

That fall my oldest sister, Frances, married Henry Smith and went to live in the Cache La Poudre Canyon.³ Then the following spring Father became discontented and wanted to go farther in the mountains. And he went too! He and my brother-in-law went forty miles in the mountains from where we then lived, and Father took up a home. Then he came back to the valley and got Mother and the two little sisters. My brother, sister and I stayed with Frances while they went up to the new home and built a house. Then they came back for us children, the chickens and cows.

On May 1, 1871, we started to move. We children had to drive the cattle on foot, as we never had gotten any horses after the Indians took ours. We just had ox teams to drive. The cows would try to get away and go back to the valley, and Father and we children would run after them until we could not stand up. It took us two days to reach our new home. It was the most wonderful place, big high piles of granite rocks and beautiful pine and spruce trees all around our yard. There were wonderful springs coming out of the ground everywhere. The water was as soft as rain water, and cold and clear.

The home that Father took up had a little meadow with the Little Lone Pine Creek running through it. The grass was so green, and there were the most beautiful flowers every-

³ Frances Hardin Smith and Henry Smith were the parents of John R. Smith, who was born on his Grandfather Hardin's ranch in 1875. He was the father of Margaret Smith Isaac. He died in 1948. Mrs. John R. Smith is still living, making her home in Meeker, Colorado.

where—buttercups, anemone, blue iris, columbine, and many other varieties. We were miles above the wild plums and chokecherries, but there were worlds of wild gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries. And best of all, we were above the line where there were snakes, but there were wild fowl and animals of every kind. Elk, deer, and mountain sheep would come in sight of the house. And beautiful white swans would swim in the slough between the creek and the house. There were rabbits, ducks, and mountain grouse. And every rock pile was full of big fat ground hogs barking at you! Some red foxes made their home on our hillside and raised their young, and sometimes we would see bears and skunks here. At night the gray wolves would howl around our house and kill our dogs and calves, yet we hardly ever saw one during the day. Mountain lions would also come at night, but they too, were shy in daylight.

But in the daytime, we children were not afraid, and we would go out in the hills on foot to hunt for the cows and little calves, and we would explore the country in all directions. I loved the silent hills, and was never tired of playing among them, wading in the beautiful lakes, picking berries, and hunting crystals. Oh, the beauty and peace of those days spent in the silent hills, with God and Nature for our educator and guide. It is the most sacred and beautiful time of my life.

Our new home was a paradise in summer, but it was snowy and dreary in winter. Then I loved to lie in bed and listen to the wind blow. Oh, how terribly hard it would blow and drift the snow, and moan through the pine trees!

Father raised cattle and worked in the timber. He hauled poles, posts, and house logs to the people in the valley. It took him four days to make the trip. He would take his bed and grub box, and camp wherever night overtook him. If we children wanted to go to town, we went with him, camping and sleeping under the stars, and riding back with him on the running gear of the wagon. We told time by the stars at night and the sun by day, for we did not have a clock until I was sixteen years old, and neither did we have a sewing machine until then. We made all of our clothes by hand.

We were the first white children, and our Mother was the first white woman, to tread on the shores of the Lone Pine Creek and the shores of the beautiful lakes where now stands the famous resort, Red Feather, on Twin Lakes. So, of course,



ORIGINAL JOHN HARDIN RANCH, LONE PINE CREEK, LARIMER COUNTY, NEAR RED FEATHER LAKES

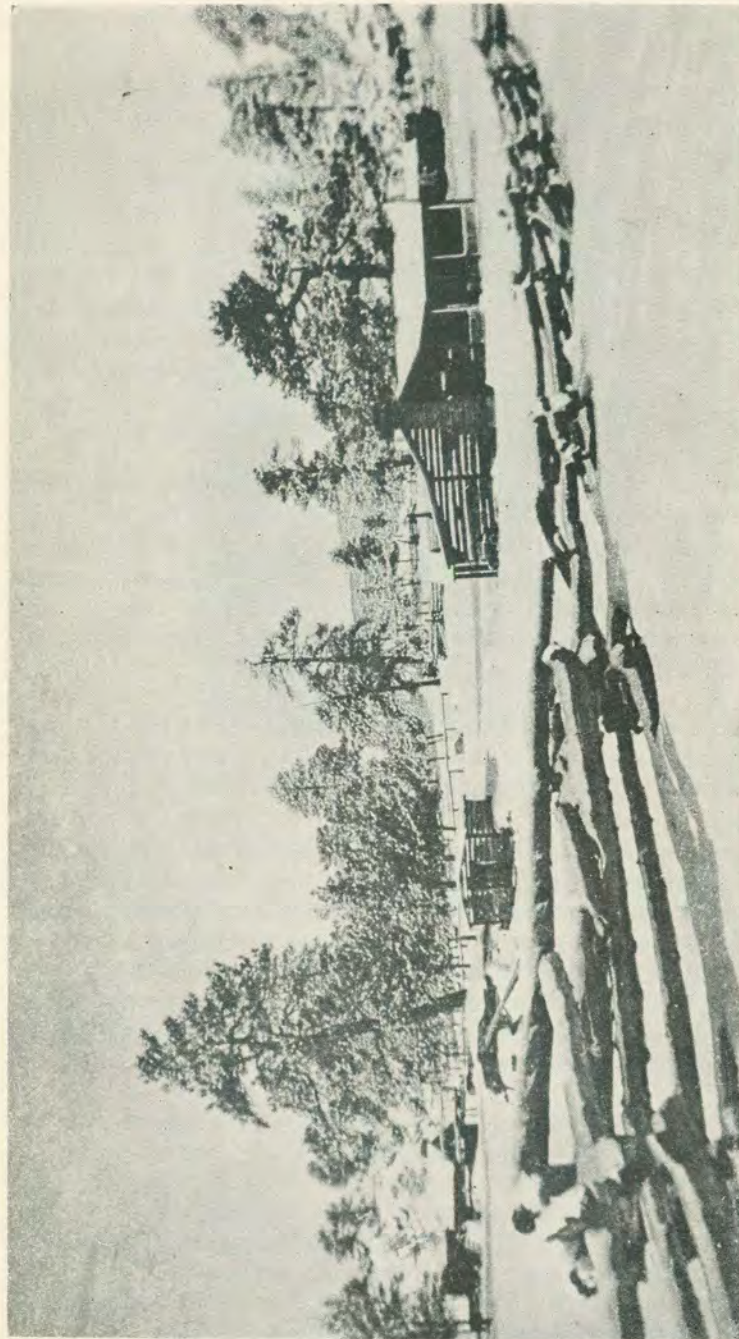
there was neither church nor school there. And we were eight miles from our nearest neighbor, a hunter, his wife and his daughter. The girl was our only companion, and though she was six years older than I was, we were very glad of her company. Her father kept two big dogs for trailing wild animals. One day when he was sick a big black bear came along by their cabin, and the girl took the dogs and treed the bear until her father could get out of bed, dress, and kill the bear. She was only fifteen years old, but that was the way of the pioneer life.

We were always a healthy bunch of youngsters. If, however, any of us did get sick the only medicine we had was sagebrush tea. We never had a doctor in the house, and we never needed one. We lived an outdoor life, and we had good mountain air, the best of water to drink, and all kinds of exercise.

We always got up early. I helped Father with the milking, and my sister older than I helped Mother get breakfast. When we were through milking and were turning the cows out through the bars, the sun would be coming up over the tops of the pines. The dew would still be on the grass and flowers, and I would wade in it with my bare feet. During the summer we often helped Father rake hay and put it in little shocks when he was short of help.

We had dreadful electrical storms in the mountains, and we children were terribly afraid. We had heard people say if you would get on a feather bed the lightning would not strike you, so my younger sister and I would get in the feather bed and cover up in it. During one storm the lightning struck a large pine tree near our house and tore it all to pieces.

One day in October of our first Fall in the mountains, when Father was going to the valley with a load of poles, he told me to get ready to go with him. He said that he was going to take me to my married sister, Frances. So I put what few clothes I had in a flour sack, while Father got his bed and grub box. We climbed on the load of poles, and Father started the oxen, but when we got about eight miles from home the wagon wheel broke down. Father had to unload the wagon so he could put a pole under the axle. Then we went on until way in the night before we stopped. Father spread the bedding on the ground, and we laid down for awhile under the stars. Then Father hitched up the oxen, and we went on to Sister's



HARDIN RANCH ON LONE PINE CREEK NEAR RED FEATHER LAKES (1949)
John Hardin built the fence single-handed. In later years it took two men to lift a log. The house is the original cabin, with rooms added as the years progressed.

in the Cache La Poudre Canyon. She and Henry, her husband, had just gotten up to get breakfast.

When I had been there about two weeks, Sister's first baby was born. She told me long afterwards that she did not have anyone to stay with her except Henry, and when he was outdoors working she needed someone in the house with her. She wanted me to keep up the fire for her. I was just nine years old, but I had been taught to work. Sister was only seventeen, and she was very sick, but she could tell me what to do. I could lift Baby around for her, wash his clothes, wait on her, and wash dishes and help my brother-in-law cook. I stayed with them until Christmas, when Father, Mother, and my sisters came for me. Sister, Henry, and Baby went home with us for a visit, and in March they went back to their home.

Then my brother-in-law sold his claim in the valley, and they came back up to our place and stayed until the men built a cabin for them near Father's home. Later a few other families who had been our neighbors in the valley came up near us and brought their cattle. The man who owned the saw mill down there also came up to the mountains, and brought his old mill with him.

There were still a lot of bears near our mountain home, and sometimes they would kill our cattle. One summer there was a wise old silver tip bear that killed cattle in the neighborhood all season. He killed twenty-one head for us, even four-year-old steers. The men set traps and tried to poison him, but he was too wise for them. So when spring came and the sun shone warm on the snow, the neighbors organized a hunt for Mr. Bear. The men went in pairs, and that night they got him. He was a monstrous animal. We all ate some of his meat, but I didn't like bear meat. But the cattle rustlers were worse than the bears and gray wolves, for they always picked the best and fattest cattle we had.

Being a born pioneer I loved all nature, and I was always happy wandering alone in the silent hills. There was lots of quartz rock, and I always liked to hunt for it and pan for gold. There never was any mineral of great value found there. But once in awhile there would be a big mining excitement, and people would flock in like flies, then go away. Finally the strike in the Black Hills came, and everybody went there. Father went with other men in the spring of 1876. He left us



AMANDA'S SISTERS AND BROTHER-IN-LAW, MARY HARDIN JOHNSON, HENRY SMITH, FRANCES SMITH

children and Mother at home. In May there came a terrible snowstorm. It fell two feet deep on the level, and broke down great branches in the pine trees. The snow was so heavy that the trees were bent to the ground, and they would snap and break off like kindling wood. We were sure stranded. Mother and I had to feed and take care of all the cattle, and we were forty miles from Ft. Collins, the nearest town. We sent to town for provisions by a neighbor man, but he could not get back for several days. In the meantime we ran out of flour and had to do without bread. We did, though, have potatoes, butter, milk, and eggs to live on until help came. Then it turned warm, and the snow melted so fast that everything was like a lake. There were floods in the valley, and the people in the little village of Laporte moved to the hills until the water went down. Oh, how glad we were when Father came home, but we children felt a little disappointed, because he did not like the Black Hills. We wanted to move to a new country.

That summer and fall two of our friends died, a boy and a girl. They were the first of our little band to be called Home. We buried them in Laporte, in the little burying ground where our Mother is buried. We missed them so much, for to young children it seems terrible to lose dear ones.

In June 1876, the Indians were troublesome. Everyone was excited and uneasy, and on June 25, Custer and his men were massacred. That threw a cloud over the country for awhile.

On the Fourth of July I went to my first dance. My brother, three neighbor girls, and three young men and I started from our homes at sunup to attend the celebration at the Forks Hotel,⁴ which was a new place just started. There were only three or four families there, eight girls and a few boys. Then at night the roundup boys came. It was not much of a celebration.

That fall we went to visit our people in Missouri. We were gone a whole year, and while we were there I went to school in the Double Oak school house, and joined the United Brethern Church and was baptized. We made the trip both ways with a horse team and wagon. There had been great changes in the country since we last crossed those plains. People had built houses and set out trees, and they raised and threshed grain in Kansas and Nebraska. But, of course, it was not all settled. There was much vacant land and desolate country, and there were still some old sod cabins.

The spring after our return from Missouri my brother went up to the Laramie River with some of the families from the valley who were hunting new range for their cattle.

Then when I was fifteen years old I thought that it was time to go out in the world and make my own way as my brother and sister had done. I thought that I was old enough and large enough, and I wanted to be independent. Besides my Mother had a growing family of her own, and I felt that I was not needed at home. I loved to keep house, and as all my life I had been taught to work, I knew how to do all kinds of housework. I was strong and knew how to manage, and could stand to work in hard places, so I got the biggest wages around there.

When I was not working out I made my home with my married sister, Frances, in Laporte, and I attended school in

⁴The Forks Hotel was built in 1875 at the fork in the road which led to the north and south forks of the Cache la Poudre River. . . . Besides being a place for travelers to stop for meals and overnight, it was a vacation place for many who spent a week or more there.—Jessie L. Clark, "Pioneer Hotels and Summer Resorts," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 3 (July, 1956), 211.

the old log school house, also Sunday School and Church. I went back to my Father's only to visit for a month or two at a time. Even when Sister moved to the mountains on Lone Pine Creek, I continued to live with her at different times until I was twenty-one years old. Many are the happy hours which I spent in Sister's little cabin, alone with her and the children, when my brother-in-law was away hauling timber to the valley. We would read to each other until late at night. One of us would read aloud while the other knit stockings for the children.

In Laporte there were as many Indian and half-breed children as white ones; several squaw men had their homes there. I had lots of good friends among the Indian children. We all went to dances together and had wonderful times. As civilization came in and the country settled up, the Indians drifted to the Pine Ridge Agency, and white people took their place.

Then the range was settled up, and the cattlemen went up in Wyoming and Nebraska and over to Meeker, Colorado. Our young men went with them, for they were cowboys. That lasted a few years. Then they would drift back home on horseback and spend the holidays, or sometimes some of them would stay two or three months before they rode back to the range to wherever they worked. Oh, what good times we had while they stayed—dances, shows, singing school and everything. And of course, church occasionally, but the cowboys did not attend church very regularly for they were roving beings. Oh, those old dances! As many as possible would get in a wagon with a four-horse team; it would be bitter cold with snow on the ground, and oh, how the wagon wheels would creak.

There came a change. The ways of the old settlers and the new people were not alike, and we all wanted to drift north to new country. So, as the young people of our crowd married, some of them went to Dakota, some to Nebraska, and some went over to Meeker, but most of them went to Wyoming, around Sheridan, Prairie Dog, Buffalo, and Powder River. But when I married, for all of my lifelong friends and sweethearts, I did not marry a cowboy, but to everyone's surprise, I married a blacksmith.

At that time Buffalo, Wyoming, was a new town just starting in a wild unsettled country. My sister, Mary, and her husband, Fred Johnson, and I decided we would go up there and make a new home.

(To be concluded)

The Leadville Muleskinner

By IVAN C. CRAWFORD*

Far across the valley Mt. Massive's snowy series of peaks glistened in the early morning sunshine. Around the northern corner of Brece Hill on the rather narrow road which passed for a main highway in the early days of this century, came an ore wagon drawn by four large horses and driven by a "muleskinner" perched high up on the driver's seat, whip and reins in hand and a large wad of choice chewing tobacco in his cheek.

With his right foot and leg he applied the brake, not enough to slide the wheels, just sufficient to keep down any acceleration of the heavily loaded wagon as it followed the grade out to the point where it turned sharply downward. At this point, by turning the front wheels against the frozen icy ruts, the wagon stopped and the driver climbed down to apply rough-locks to hold back the wagon, loaded with eight tons of ore, when the team started down the sharp grade.

The task completed, our muleskinner was about to climb back to his seat when a loud "Hello Bill" called his attention to a fellow driver who was on his way up the grade with a load of coal for the Highland Chief, a mine situated on the road farther around the corner of the hill.

Here two robust characters met on a near zero morning in the performance of routine duties, against a magnificent backdrop of which they were only dimly aware. Stopping on Brece Hill, with the high Sawatch Range to their west, the broad, snow-covered valley of the Arkansas River intervening between them and Mt. Massive, the city of Leadville at their feet and Jonny Hill immediately to their east, the two exchanged ribald pleasantries anent experiences of the previous

*Copyrighted by Ivan C. Crawford, 1958. Colonel Ivan C. Crawford, who served five years (1953-1958), as Director of the Colorado Water Conservation Board, was born and raised in Leadville. His father, Harvey Burton Crawford, walked into Leadville in 1879 and was one of twenty relatives—Nova Scotians—who were muleskinners in the Leadville area. Ivan C. Crawford attended grade school in Nova Scotia, High School in Leadville and holds the following degrees from the University of Colorado: B.S. Civil Engineering, C.E. and Honorary Doctor in Science. He served in the Colorado National Guard in World War I, and is a retired Colonel of the Engineers, Army A. of the United States. He has been Dean of Engineering at the Universities of Idaho, Kansas and Michigan, and Professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Colorado. He was appointed by President Eisenhower to the Board of Visitors of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.—*The Editor.*

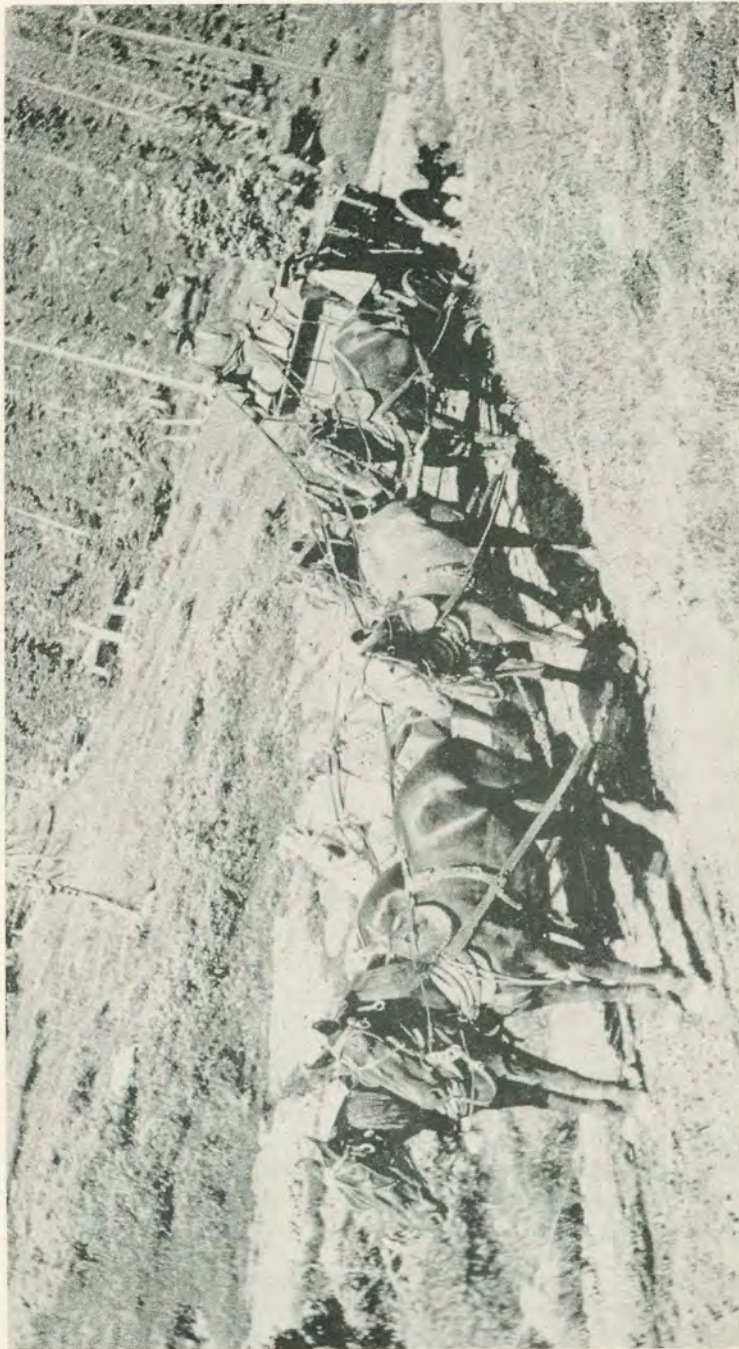
Saturday evening in the bright spots along lower Harrison Avenue and State Street, the demimonde of the bustling mining camp.

Finally, having carefully adjusted and made fast his rough-locks, the orehauler mounted his seat, unfurled the lash of his whip, gathered the reins in his hands and, with a cluck at his team, put the wagon in motion on its downward journey. The back wheels rolled up onto the square links of the rough-locks; the latter dug into the frozen ice and earth surface of the road and retarded the loaded juggernaut as it proceeded down hill, threatening every minute to break loose and rush forward rolling over horses and overturning. Foot on brake, reins and whip in hand, the driver, tense in every muscle, was ready to whip his team into a run for the bottom should one or both of the rough-locks break, an event which was more than just a possibility. Arriving at the bottom, he quickly dropped to the ground, knocked off the rough-locks, hung them on the sides of the wagon, remounted his seat, picked up the reins and whip, and with a lively string of profanity started toward town.

On the Santa Fe and other western trails, supplies were carried from Kansas City or other points of origin in wagon trains. Each unit of transportation was under the charge of a "bullwhacker" or freighter, and a group of wagons or train came under a wagon master. In the mining camps of the West, ore was hauled from the mines to the railroad switches, smelters and samplers by teams of horses, the drivers of which were colloquially known as muleskinners, although in the Leadville Mining District only horses were used in this business.

Descending loads of ore, on sharp grades, tended to crowd up on the wheelers, the horses next to the wagon, especially on the slick frozen roads of late fall and winter. Application of brakes would control the speed of the wagons on the unfrozen roads of spring, summer and fall, but the heavy wheelers holding back in the britchen guided the wagon and helped to keep it under control. Heavy horses performed this duty much better than lighter and more agile mules.

The captain of this unit of transportation, the "muleskinner," was necessarily a man of sturdy frame because much of the time he must shovel heavy loads and do it in a hurry.



BILLY MacCUTCHEON, MULESKINNER
MT. CHAMPION OUTFIT

Behind him in his professional forbears, the freighters, he had a long history of hard and dangerous living, of hard drinking and short outbursts of riotous living. Traditionally he was expected to be an artist in the use of swear words, and quite frequently lived up to the very heights of this tradition—although, generally, the use of those livid, descriptive terms was carried on without intentional blasphemy.

THE LOAD

The owners of ore-hauling outfits were paid by the ton for the ore transported from the mine to the railroad switch or smelter. The more tons carried per day per team, the happier the entrepreneur, although an owner would probably have thought such a term a fighting word if he had heard himself so designated.

Loads carried in the wagons varied with the condition of the roads (whether there were any uphill stretches), the pulling ability of the team, and the ability of the driver to coax the utmost out of his team. Some endeavored to persuade their teams by overuse of the whip, plus plenty of profanity. Other drivers accomplished the same result by skillful driving, rest periods at the proper times and places—and general good judgment. Usually the road was down hill with occasional short strips of slight uphill inclines. By sending two teams together, under such conditions, the drivers would be able to assist each other by “doubling” on the uphill stretches, that is, by putting all horses on one wagon, pulling it to the top of the hill and then repeating the process with the second wagon. Under average conditions and on hauls not requiring “doubling,” the load would normally vary between 15,000 and 17,000 pounds, that is, between 7½ and 8½ tons. Quite a tonnage even for today on heavy trucks! The wagon empty, without winter equipment of chains, would weigh over 3,000 pounds.

The daily four-trip haul from the Sixth Street shaft to the Rio Grande platforms at 12th and Poplar Streets, about one-half mile, called for loads of about six tons with a heavy two-horse team. The price paid by the mine owner for hauling this ore was fifty cents a ton. The team and the driver would, at this rate, bring to the team’s owner \$12.00 per day, three of which went to the muleskinner. It, however, took a rugged individual to measure up to such work, day after day, because

the muscular energy required equalled the shoveling of 48 tons of ore in addition to looking after the horses morning and night.

On the two-trip haul from the Little Ellen in Evans Gulch the pay load would average about 8 tons or a handling of 32 tons per day. Of course, if the ore-bins at the mine were high enough to permit the wagon to be driven under the front edge, some ore might be run into the wagon under the force of gravity, probably about half the wagon load. Ninety cents per ton was the cost of transportation.

The Continental Chief at the head of Iowa Gulch was a one-trip haul and as I remember, the price per ton for hauling was \$2.50. The load was usually not more than five or six tons. Shipments were made only in the summer and fall because the road became blocked with snow early in the winter, and there was not enough production to make it worth while to keep the road open.

Each loaded wagon was weighed and then the wagon weighed empty, and each wagon load was accompanied by a ticket given to the driver at the mine. The weight of the load was entered on the ticket by the weigh master and the team owner received his pay for the load transported as evidenced by the ticket.

A MULESKINNER'S DAY

The muleskinner did not work a fixed number of hours. Whether driving a team which he owned or driving for an orehauling contractor, he made a certain number of trips each day; one, two or four as described above. Of course, on infrequent occasions, due to a breakdown or because of snow-drifted roads, he would not be able to comply with the normal requirement.

He liked to do his day's work as early as possible. Four-thirty in the morning usually found him out of bed and on the way to the stables to feed, curry, and harness his team. Then came breakfast, followed by a return to the stable, the hooking up of his team and a start on the road by six o'clock.

Frequently on short hauls, the trips would be all completed and the team back in the barn by two or three o'clock, perhaps even a little earlier. This would be on days when the ore bins were full, enabling the wagons to be loaded by run-

ning the ore into the wagon bed. When the bins were not full the ore had to be shoveled into the wagons and this took time. At the smaller mines, the ore bins quite often were not elevated so that the ore would run into the wagon. Every ounce had to be shoveled.

With a half or two-thirds of the day's work accomplished, a stop was made for lunch. When in the hills, and away from town, the driver carried a lunch in a dinner pail. Oats were provided for the horses in nose bags, and frequently they were given a small amount of baled hay. In the winter time the lunch was often frozen and had to be thawed out on a shafthouse boiler.

Many times, due to accidents, waiting for railroad cars, and poor roads, the muleskinner would not get back to his stables until five or six o'clock in the evening. Horses were unharnessed, fed and curry combed, and then the driver was free to follow whatever pleasures he had in mind until four-thirty the next morning.

Because of the long hours and hard work, a husky physique was required. In return he enjoyed a free, outdoor life, carried on his work with little supervision, and was his own boss to a large degree. The opportunity to work with and to care for horses also meant much to a very large percentage of the men engaged in this calling.

For the more ambitious there was always the opportunity to purchase a team and go into the business of contracting. While a one-team outfit would not be able to handle the output from a major mine, it was usually kept busy helping the larger concerns.

THE TEAM

A four-horse team consisted of two wheelers who worked one on each side of the wagon tongue, and two leaders ahead of the wheelers who pulled on an iron rod extending underneath the wagon tongue back to the axle joining the front wheels. The wheel horses were large, weighing 1400 to 1600 pounds each; the leaders, smaller and more active, would tip the scales at from 1100 to 1300 pounds. In six-horse teams a swing-team pair of horses was inserted between the wheelers and the leaders. The leaders then pulled on a chain running from the iron rod of the swing team.

The wheelers were capable of exerting the greatest effort because they were larger and stronger than the leaders, albeit somewhat slower moving and clumsier. They had to back the wagon into place when necessary and they also had to exert the effort which guided it. The leaders also helped maneuver the wagon and had to be active in the wide sweeps when turns were made. On icy hills the wheelers held back by sitting in their britches while the leaders responded to pressure on their bits which said—"No pull, just keep the traces tight."

When harnessed and turned out of the barn in the morning, the horses of a well trained team would usually march to their correct places in front of the wagon. Sometimes one or more would insist on a little joke and lead the driver a little chase around the yard before lining up for the day's work.

Across the years come memories of Chub, a heavy set dappled-gray wheeler who was always ready for a joke, and especially at the end of the day when the last shovelful of ore had been thrown into the car and the team pointed toward home. With a playful peek at his team mate, he would raise his rump in the air and attempt to start all of his associates on a run toward the barn. Big Buck, his partner, was more sedate and managed usually to hold Chub in place. When the ore-hauler passed near Chub in unhitching the leaders, his hat frequently was lifted from his head by a flip of Chub's nostril. The leaders of this four—Mac and Duke—were a spirited pair who sometimes took off up the gulch in the morning instead of quietly taking their places ahead of Buck and Chub. Big Ed, the driver, would then start up the gulch with his wagon and the two wheelers. Within a few hundred yards, Duke and Mac would be found waiting for the rest of the outfit. Cussing gently, Big Ed would hitch the offenders to the whiffletrees which he had hooked on the side of the wagon, pat his favorites on their rumps, and make a second start for the mine.

Horses occasionally became sick, and where the illness appeared serious, they were frequently placed in Doc Ritchie's Hospital in the first block east of Harrison Avenue on Fourth Street. Doc Ritchie was a graduate veterinarian from Ontario, Canada. He spent the major part of his life doctoring horses in Leadville and finally became almost totally blind. He was a fine gentleman and a first class practitioner.

THE ORE WAGON

The ore wagon was composed of the four wheels, a reach connecting the front and rear axles, and bolsters, front and rear, above the axles on which the bed or body of the wagon sat. This body was eleven feet long, the box part, with an additional two feet at the rear for tail. The bed was three feet wide inside and nineteen inches high. Additional side boards increased the height to about three and one-half feet. Chains extended from one side to the other to hold the box together under the jostling of heavy loads. Hard wood, one inch in thickness, was used in its construction.

The iron tires on the wheels were two and one-half inches to three inches wide, and the wheels, felloes and spokes were of wood.

ROUGH-LOCKING

The most dangerous portion of the muleskinner's work was that of holding back a heavy load of ore on an icy hill.

The heavy wheelers (wheel team), each horse weighing 1500 pounds or more, and equipped with sharp steel calks on his shoes, were unable to perform this function on steep, icy hills. Assistance was necessary.

By rough-locking one or both of the rear wheels as the situation demanded, the driver could, in safety, let the heaviest loads down a steep grade. Rough-locking consisted of wrapping a chain with links square in cross-section about the rear wheel, fastening this chain to another which was connected with the front axle, then driving the wagon ahead until the chain wrapped around the wheel, and was underneath the portion of the wheel that would otherwise be in contact with the frozen, icy surface of the road. The load on the wheel forced the edge of the square links into the icy surface and effectively held the load back to the extent that all four horses were forced to exert considerable pull to move the wagon.

The skill exercised by the driver in estimating the length of chain necessary to exactly place the rough-lock under the wheel determined the success or lack of success of letting the load down the hill. If the rough-lock chain did not come exactly under the wheel, the load, horses and driver might all take a fast ride down the hill with serious injury to the entire outfit. The chain to the front axle would keep the wheel from turning—forcing it to act as the runner of a sled.

Sometimes the chain broke after the wagon started down the hill. In such a case the usual resort was to make a run

down the hill endeavoring to keep the load on the road. A curve at the bottom leading over a bridge was a real hazard and usually caused the wagon to miss the bridge and upset in the creek bed.

The writer once rode a wagon through such an experience when hauling ore from the Continental Chief Mine in Iowa Gulch. His father was driving the team. Everything was proceeding satisfactorily when suddenly, with a loud pop, the rough-lock broke and the race was on. The wheels on the left-hand side were off the bridge, the wagon turned over, partially burying the driver under the ore. The wheelers were skinned up in several places and the driver badly shaken, but no serious injuries resulted. The writer was riding on the rear of the wagon and jumped just as the wagon overturned.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS

Some ore-hauling outfits of the period 1900 to 1905 were Thompson's, Reid's, and Crawford's, the latter being located in California Gulch and formerly known as the Douglas outfit.

The muleskinners changed freely from one outfit to another. They took but little back-talk from the boss and if they were good drivers and workers they had no trouble in locating another job. Many of the unmarried ones were good double-fisted drinkers of hard liquor. During the week several drinks each day would be the rule, and in the winter time, on long hauls, a bottle was carried on the wagon. On Saturday nights they would take in the town, meaning thereby the saloons on Harrison Avenue and down in the redlight district on West 2nd Street. Those with families usually skipped these celebrations. Sunday was a day devoted to recovery, and Monday found the sinners on the road with their teams by six or six-thirty in the morning.

The writer remembers with nostalgia and with true admiration many of the muleskinners who worked for his father during this period; men who insisted on doing a full day's work and tried hard to make a little money for the employer. Particularly he recalls the little, energetic French-Canadian, Billy Saffin; the clear-voiced, blue-eyed Billy MacCutcheon; Swede Pete, as fine a man in many ways as ever landed in the Cloud City—his last name unknown; Big Ed Erskine, solid, substantial, a fine man with horses; and Joe Hill, the Missourian, an enthusiastic drinker who managed to turn in a good day's work every day and at the end of the month was lucky if his pay covered his food, lodging and liquor bills.

Cousin Jack Stories

By J. T. THOMPSON

The following stories were jotted down by J. T. Thompson of Denver, for his own pleasure, with no thought of publication. He has, however, consented to share them with the readers of *The Colorado Magazine*. Mr. Thompson was born in Central City in 1896, and has lived in Colorado all of his life, with the exception of four years. His Mother was brought to Colorado by her Cornish parents in 1868, and lived in the state until her death in 1956.

Mr. Thompson says, "During my young life I was associated with Cornish people almost continually since there was a considerable number of them in Central City. These people were quite active in civic and church work as were my people, so I was thrown with them a good bit. I jotted down some of the stories, only thinking that I would try to retain some of my memories."—*Editor*.

Soon after the discovery of gold in what is now Colorado there was a great influx of men from the eastern part of the United States, some of whom had some mining experience and some of whom had none. The inexperienced men in a great many instances either returned to their former homes or drifted into other lines of endeavor. These men were replaced and the original number increased by bona fide miners who, having heard of the discovery, flocked to the area in great numbers. These bona fide miners included a great many good miners from Cornwall, England, who had learned their trade in the tin mines of that district.

These Cornish miners brought with them their individual and unique mannerisms of speech and their unusual wit. Speech mannerisms included making an "h" sound at the beginning of words which had no "h" and leaving out the "h" sound where it should be. This mannerism is an English characteristic, and it is only natural that the Cornish people should use it in their speech. When used, however, in connection with other mannerisms it formed a unique manner of speech.

The Cornish people also had a habit of calling everyone to whom they spoke by some endearing term, such as "My Son," "My 'Andsom," "My Beautay," and the like. They also had the habit of adding the word "you" after a statement. For instance, if someone asked how they were, they would answer, "Some grand you." If asked about an inanimate object, they nearly always gave it a masculine or feminine gender; for example, if asked about a hoisting engine, they might reply, "Ee's some bloody 'ummer'." If they wanted to inquire about someone's health, they might phrase the question thus, "'Ow

are thee gettin' on then, My Son," using the word "thee" for "you." All in all, the speech of the Cornish miner was quite different and comical to people not familiar with it. Naturally it was much more amusing when heard than it is in the written form because of the inflections and nuances given.

A great many stories of the Cornish people, illustrating their speech, habits and wit, have been told, but are now being forgotten. A few of these stories are narrated here in an attempt to keep alive the memory of some of the people who had a part in the development of the State of Colorado.

"COUSIN JACKS"

"Cousin Jacks" got their name in a very logical manner in the mining camps. They were very good miners, having learned their trade in the tin mines in Cornwall. When one of them would migrate to this country and get a job in a mine, he would make such a good impression that the foreman often would say, "I wish I had more miners like you. Do you know of any that are out of a job?" The Cornishman usually did know of one or more, still in the Old Country, and thinking that possibly one of the same family would be more desirable would answer, "My cousin Jack be a very good miner and 'ee should like a new job."

The foreman would tell him to bring his "Cousin Jack" to work. Maybe the new man was no relation to the first miner, but just a good friend for whom he was trying to get a job, but this method was used so much that soon all Cornishmen were called "Cousin Jack."

Since all the men were called "Cousin Jack" it seemed natural that a Cornish woman be called "Cousin Jennie." This probably happened because the male donkey used so much around the mining camps was called a "Jack" and the female donkey was called a "Jennie."

THROW UP A ROCK

Some saloons in mining camps had a custom of offering a free drink to the first customer after opening in the morning. One very cold, snowy morning two "Cousin Jacks" arrived at the door of a saloon on their way to work in the mines. The bartender could not tell which one was first, so he gave them each a free drink. This drink seemed so fine after the cold walk from home that one of the two decided another would be very much in order, so he said, "My Son, I shall buy thee a

drink." After that the other was obligated to buy one, and so on. The more they drank the less attractive the balance of the walk to the mine seemed, particularly with a blizzard raging outdoors.

They began to debate whether they should go to work at all, but could arrive at no decision. Finally one had a bright idea as to how to settle it. He said, "Pardner, I'll tell thee what we'll do. We shall go out and throw up a rock and if 'ee stays up, we shall go to work."

FLAT FACE CHICKEN¹

Some of the "Cousin Jack" miners, in fact, most of them, contracted Miner's Consumption from their work. This disease is technically called "silicosis." The lungs fill with rock dust to the extent that the person affected cannot breathe sufficiently to permit him to exert himself to any extent. Due to this disease many miners were forced to quit work at 30 or 35 years of age.

In order to keep food on the table and shoes on the children's feet the women had to try to provide the livelihood. This the "Cousin Jennies" did by taking in washing, scrubbing floors, running a boarding house, etc. The incapacitated Cousin Jack husband of one of these boarding house mistresses always bemoaned the cost of the food and was forever trying ways and means to reduce this cost. A new saloon was opened in the mining camp in which they lived and the husband decided to go to the opening. The first thing that met his eye when he entered the saloon was a stuffed owl mounted on the back bar. He approached the bartender and said, "'Ere, My Son, 'ow much is that flat face chicken up there?" The bartender replied, "That's no flat face chicken, that's a howl." The Cousin Jack said, "I don't care 'ow hould ee is, ee's good enough for boarders."

PILCHARDS

Two Cousin Jacks met in a butcher shop. One of them was arguing with the butcher about the price of some fish. He thought he might get some moral assistance from the newcomer, so he asked, "'Ere, My 'Andsom, if mackerel is 10 cents apiece, 'ow much is 'alf dozen?" "I dono," replied his friend. "50 cents is 'ee." "No 'ee idnt 50 cents," said the first man.

¹For a variant of this story, see: Caroline Bancroft, "Cousin Jack Stories From Central City," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXI, No. 2 (March, 1944), 54.

"Well, 75 cents is 'ee," said the second man. "No, 'ee idnt 75 cents either. 'alf dozen mackerel at 10 cents apiece is 60 cents, that's what 'ee is," said the first man. The second man thought a while and then replied, "Mackerel—mackerel. Oh! I thought thee's talking about pilchards."²

ROCKS AND WINGS

One of our Cousin Jack friends leased a mine and shipped a quantity of ore to "The Sampling Works" in Black Hawk. He received his return in due time and was very disappointed in the amount of money indicated. He showed his disappointment by telling his friends that the Sampling Works manager was a crook and casting reflections on his ancestors, etc. One of the Cousin Jack friends took exception to his language and said, "'Ere, my Son, thee shouldn't talk that way about Mr. Blank, 'ees a good man. Wat'll thee do when thee meets 'im in 'eaven?" The Cousin Jack miner replied, "'eaven? If I do meet 'im in 'eaven I shall pick up a rock and bust the bloody wing of 'im."

HURTED WORTH A DOM

There was a premature blast in a mine which involved only one man. This man was not killed but was injured to the extent that he had to be hospitalized. Two Cousin Jacks were talking about the explosion, its causes, etc., and one of them said, almost as an afterthought, "I 'ear Tommie Blank was 'urt in the blast." The other replied, "Aw, 'ee wasn't 'urted worth a dom. 'ee only 'ad one eye blowed out."

MR. HAUGER

Most of the Cornish people were quite religious and were great workers for the church of their choice. A Cornish man named Auger was such a person. His church called a new minister to fill a vacancy and Mr. Auger was delegated to meet the new minister at the train and conduct him to the parsonage. At the last minute Mr. Auger realized that he was going to be a little late to meet the train. He contacted one of his Cousin Jack friends and asked him to meet the train and start conducting the minister to the parsonage and that he, Auger, would meet them en route.

The friend did as requested and when they met Mr. Auger, he introduced him to the new minister by saying, "Reverend

² A herring-like fish, known, when young, as sardines.

Brother Blank, I should like Thee to meet Brother Hauger 'oo is one of the good church workers." After that whenever Reverend Blank met Mr. Auger he would greet him as Mr. "Hauger." Although Mr. Auger himself added the "h" sound where he should not, he knew his name did not sound right when spoken by someone other than a Cousin Jack. He decided this defect should be corrected, so one day after Reverend Blank had addressed him in the usual manner, he said, "'ere, Brother Blank, my name is not 'Hauger,' it's 'Hauger'."

PICK FOR PICK

One of our good Cousin Jack friends won a duck at a raffle one day. He took the duck home and put it in a pen with a flock of chickens. Not knowing anything about a duck's method of eating, he was much surprised at feeding time to see the duck waddle along with his bill on the ground scooping up about three times as much grain as a chicken could. He felt that this was a very unfair procedure, so he picked up a stick and struck the duck across the side of the head, exclaiming, "Pick for pick, my beautay, no shovelin' goes 'ere."

GOOD WIND

One day a Cornishman, who claimed to be a miner but whose actions later proved he was not, got a job in a mine where he was not known. He was paired with an experienced miner to do "double jack drilling." This is where one miner holds and turns the drill while the other strikes the drill with a long-handled two-hand hammer. The men are supposed to alternate their duties as striking can be very arduous if continued too long, while holding and turning the drill is very light work. The newcomer started holding the drill and let the experienced man start striking. This continued indefinitely and the new man made no offer to rest the experienced man by striking for a while. Finally the experienced man got tired of this unfair procedure and said, "Thee've got good wind for turning."

THEY BLOODY OLD ARMS

This same new man, who apparently had "good wind for turning" and not much mining experience, then attempted to strike the drill with the two-hand hammer but missed the drill head and struck the wrist of the experienced man with the hammer, breaking his arm. The foreman then put the new man with another experienced man at the same work. After

a good long turn at holding the drill, he again attempted to strike and again broke his partner's arm. The foreman made another change with the same result.

The foreman then sent the new man to the mine superintendent with a complete report of the three accidents. The superintendent was quite put out and berated the new man, saying, "You asked me for a job as a miner and I gave you a job. I put you with good men and you break the arms of three of them because you do not know how to 'strike.' You are not a miner. What have you got to say for yourself?" The new man replied, "They bloody old arms is rotten."

LARGER EATER

An old Cousin Jack, noticing the large lunch a new partner put away at noon, remarked, "My 'andsom, I should much rather keep thee a week than a fortnight."

JURY DUTY

A Cornish man was called for jury duty on an important case and during the period of questioning by the attorneys the defense attorney did not seem satisfied. He finally asked, "My good man, do you feel that you can give my client a fair trial?" The Cornishman replied, "Yes, my son, I can. I always come to a case with this thought in my 'ead, if 'ee idn't guilty w'ots 'ee 'ere for?"

MINE EXAMINATION

A Cousin Jack was giving an expert opinion of the value of a certain mine during a court suit at one time and when asked if there was an existing ore vein in the mine shaft at its present extremity, he replied, "Not a Dom Bit and smaller as 'ee goes down."

News From the Town of Monument, 1874-79

By LLOYD McFARLING*

Monument Creek rises in the Rampart Range of the Rocky Mountains about sixty miles southwest of Denver. It emerges from the mountains just south of the Platte-Arkansas Divide at the town of Palmer Lake, and flows in a southeastern and southern direction until it empties into Fountain Creek within the city of Colorado Springs. From Palmer Lake to Colorado Springs the creek meanders along the eastern edge of a valley from one to six miles wide, bordered on the west by the Rampart Range and on the east by a rolling plateau somewhat higher than the valley level, partly covered by a pine forest known in early days as the Pineries but more recently called the Black Forest.

This valley was explored by the Long Expedition of 1820, the Dodge Expedition of 1835, and the Fremont Expedition of 1843. Dodge mapped the stream as *Fontaine Que Bouillait*, and Fremont called it the eastern fork of the *Fontaine-qui-Bouit*; but on the Preuss map, published with Fremont's report, it was designated as Monument Creek. The name was probably derived from the monument-like rocks found at several places in the valley.

Colorado City was founded in 1859, on Fountain Creek a little upstream from the mouth of the Monument, and became a part of Colorado Springs many years later.

In the early 1860's ranchers began to acquire land in the valley of Monument Creek. Some of this land was taken up under the Homestead Act of 1862, but most of it was purchased from the federal government under various laws at \$1.25 per acre. Most of the purchasers were land speculators who sold their holdings to bona fide settlers, later, at higher prices.

In 1870 a community called Monument existed on Monument Creek about five miles north of Colorado City. About two years later this community was called Edgerton-Monument, and after another two years it became known simply as Edgerton. The Monument of later years was about 13 miles

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farther north, in the east half of Section 15, Township 11 south, Range 67 west. The Denver and Rio Grande railroad was built through this half-section in the fall of 1871, and a station was established here which was at first called Henry's Station, or, locally, Dutch Henry's, after Henry Limbach.

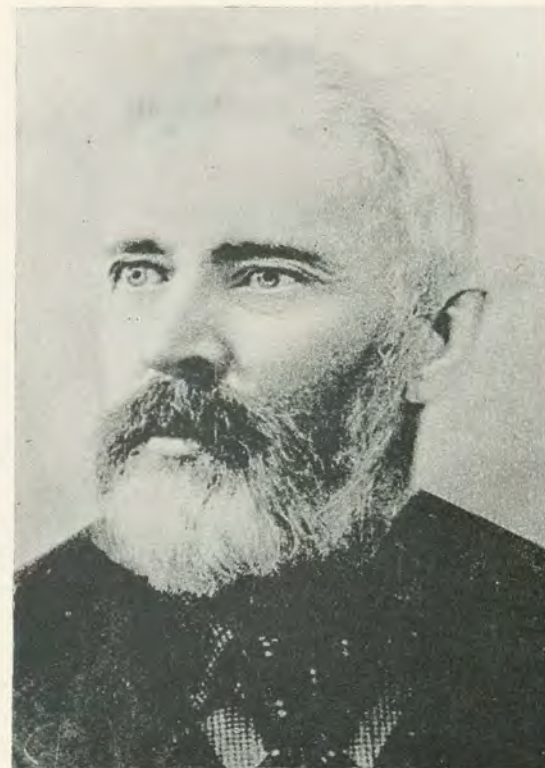
The site of the town was on land patented to Charles Adams on July 10, 1872. On March 4, 1872, before the date of the patent, Adams sold about 26 acres to Henry Limbach. On January 5, 1874, Charles Adams and Henry Limbach recorded a plat of the Town of Monument. About 60 acres were included in the plat.¹

The senior partner in this enterprise was widely known as General Charles Adams. He was born Karl Adam Schwanbeck in Germany about 1845, came to the United States as a young man, served in the Union army in the Civil War, and afterward was a cavalryman on the western plains. He was appointed brigadier general of the Colorado Militia in 1870. Later he was an Indian agent, a special agent in the Post Office Department, and minister to Bolivia. After the Ute outbreak in 1879 he distinguished himself by entering the territory of the Indians and persuading them to release their white captives. His home was in Manitou Springs for several years. He never lived in Monument, but owned property there until his death in 1895.

Across the half-section line to the west of Monument was the ranch of David McShane. This ranch had a stone house, still standing in 1957, and a circular fortification built of stone, which has been partially demolished. The two structures were connected by an underground passage, and were used as a fort by the nearby settlers during the Indian raids of 1868.

The town was located on a large hillside sloping up from the north bank of Monument Creek. A few hundred yards south was Dirty Woman Creek, named after an early day road ranch on the trail from Colorado City to Denver. To the north, west and southwest was a fine panoramic view of the Rampart Range.

¹ The patent to Charles Adams was recorded in Book K, p. 22; the deed to Henry Limbach in Book D, p. 135; and the plat in Plat Book A, p. 13, Office of Clerk and Recorder, El Paso County. On January 10, 1874, the Colorado Springs *Weekly Gazette* reported the filing of the plat and said there was already "quite a little community" at Monument.



DAVID McSHANE, EARLY RANCHER
MONUMENT AREA

Early in 1874 David McShane, Henry Limbach, James House, John M. Drew, Henry Guire, Jacob W. Carnahan and Allen G. Teachout incorporated the Monument Ditch Company, with \$10,000 capital stock, "for the purpose of constructing and maintaining a Ditch from Monument Creek to supply the Town of Monument and adjacent country with water for irrigation."² Later that summer Monument Colony advertised in the Colorado Springs *Weekly Gazette* that the town was all under ditch, had been laid out with wide avenues, had trees planted on all the streets and had already "a considerable population, and numerous social advantages." A similar advertisement in the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* in September announced an auction sale of lots on October 9. This advertisement was signed by A. F. Woodward and A. Poole.

² The articles of incorporation were filed January 12, 1874, in Book K, p. 49.

On October 2, 1874, Henry Limbach, Charles Adams, Charles Baker and A. F. Woodward recorded the plat of Addition No. 1 to the Town of Monument.³ In the same month the *Gazette* reported that the town had a population of about 100, several business houses, a good school, and three church organizations.⁴

More news from Monument appeared in the *Gazette* on January 30, 1875. A correspondent who wrote under the name "Potomac" reported that the town had an excellent hotel, real estate office, telegraph office, post office, millinery store, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, physician, saloon, grocery store, and two stores engaged in selling general merchandise. The county commissioners had "granted a public road" to Bijou Basin, and the route was about to be selected; while the Monument, Bergen Park and Fairplay Wagon Road Company contemplated building a toll road across the Rampart Range to South Park. Mrs. F. R. Ford operated the Monument House; A. F. Woodward was in the real estate, loan and insurance business; W. B. Walker had a large stock of dry goods and groceries; Henry Limbach, the postmaster, also had a good stock of goods; and Blachly, Dunlap and Company, in the general merchandise and commission business, had transacted \$20,000 worth of business during the past year. The Episcopalians had "engaged" a sufficient number of town lots to establish a church, boarding school and parsonage; the Presbyterians had an organization in the town; and the Methodists had erected a fine parsonage through the efforts of Rev. John L. Dyer.

Father Dyer, as he was called, was the author, later, of *The Snow-Shoe Itinerant*, in which he described his activities at Monument and other places in Colorado.⁵ At this time, according to a newspaper item, he presided over the Monument Circuit, which included charges at Blakely's Mill, Weir's Mill and Farmer's Mill. In his book Reverend Dyer described

³ Plat Book A, p. 27. This plat added about 80 acres of land north, east and south of the original town, but there was little actual development in the added territory. Some four years later Addition No. 2 was platted by Charles Adams and Henry Limbach, extending the western town limits to the right of way of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. This plat was dated March 1, 1878, but was not filed for record until October 23, 1879. Plat Book A, p. 12.

⁴ *Colorado Springs Weekly Gazette*, October 10, 1874. Wherever the word *Gazette* appears in this article it refers to the weekly edition of the Colorado Springs newspaper.

⁵ *The Snow-Shoe Itinerant, an Autobiography of the Rev. John L. Dyer, Familiarly Known as "Father Dyer," of the Colorado Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church*, was published by the author at Cincinnati in 1890.



FATHER JOHN L. DYER
PRESIDED OVER THE MONUMENT CIRCUIT

the building of the "fine parsonage" at Monument. It was a frame house, lathed and plastered, 16 by 24 feet, and cost over three hundred dollars. Before building this parsonage Reverend Dyer and his wife had lived in the back end of a bowling alley. At Monument he preached in the school house, and in a small church which had been built, apparently before the railway station was established, two and one-half miles from the town. Probably this was at Borst, or Borstville, the first station on the Rio Grande south of Monument.

On February 27, 1875, in a dispatch from Monument, the *Gazette* reported: "The four months' school taught this winter by Mr. Hutchinson was decidedly a success, as all who visited it will admit. The school closed on the 12th of February, for lack of funds in the treasury." On March 6 the same paper published a letter of miscellaneous news and social comment:

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Monument Ditch Company, held at this place last Monday, the capital stock of the company was reduced from \$10,000 to \$4,000. The Ditch is to be completed by the 15th of August next. . . .

Baseball and Quoit-Pitching form the regular Saturday afternoon amusements for the men of Monument and vicinity, while the ladies amuse themselves with Croquet. Those men who are too intellectual to be interested in games take in a cargo of benzine, and, perched on dry-goods boxes, make the Town "ring" with laughter at their own foolishness.

The experiment of getting out ties on the top of the mountain and sliding them down the sides of the hills has proved very successful here. Tomlinson Bros. and Ruggles are getting them down at the rate of 100 per day. Henry Limbach will have 15,000 ties upon the track the first of May.

During the summer of 1875 the *Gazette* reported that the proposed road across the mountains had been surveyed to a point in Bergen's Park, a distance of sixteen miles. Dr. Robertson from Iowa had located at Monument, and Dr. Wallihan and his wife would leave in a few days for San Juan. Father Dyer preached at Monument on July 4, and on the same day performed a marriage ceremony at the Borstville church. Business was good, the Monument House was filled with guests, and building lots were selling at from \$10 to \$50 each.

On November 6, 1875, the *Gazette* published a letter from a visiting correspondent, which described Monument at the end of its second summer as a platted town:

The town is regularly laid out into blocks and streets; water for irrigation purposes is supplied by a main ditch taken from the Monument creek, about a mile above the town. From the main ditch supply ditches run through each street, and furnish abundance of water for irrigating the land, and to supply the trees, a number of which have been set out at regular intervals through the town.⁶

There are about 25 buildings in the town, three of which are occupied by dealers in merchandise, one as a hotel and one as a blacksmith shop. The merchants of the place are Harry Limbach, A. T. Blachly and Mr. Walker. Mr. Blachly seems to be the moving spirit of the place and controls a very good custom. He is the successor to the firm of Blachly, Dunlap & Co., who were well known throughout this section of country. Mr. Blachly will now confine himself to the drug and grocery business, combined with that of produce commission merchant. He tells me he is continually shipping the principal produce of that section, potatoes, to the various towns on the line of the railway, and today I saw a large shipment made to the southern metropolis. Mr. Blachly is also

⁶ What became of this ditch is a minor mystery to the present writer. Apparently it was wholly or partially abandoned for in 1882 the Town of Monument incurred a bonded debt of \$2,500 in order to construct another ditch and two reservoirs for the purpose of irrigating the streets of Monument. A plat and description of this ditch was recorded in Book 60, pp. 35-36, on May 22, 1885. The ditch was frequently mentioned in the minutes of the board of trustees of the town during the next few years. It was for irrigation only—water for domestic use in Monument has always been obtained from wells.



—Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

REMAINS OF McSHANE FORTIFICATION

the agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company. J. J. Leach attends to the blacksmithing for the community, and Dr. Robertson looks after the inner man at the Monument House, a well kept hotel and within a stone's throw of the station. There are three religious societies working in the town, and the Baptists have a good sized church nearly completed.

Monument has many advantages, and is destined to become quite a village, if not more. It is situated right in the midst of the greatest potato country of this section; is on the line of the railway, and at the foot of a mountain pass into the South Park country, through which a trail has been made, and they expect to get a wagon road through by next summer.⁷ When this is completed it will greatly shorten the route to Manitou Park, Fairplay, and all that part of the country—but even "taters" alone are enough to make it a prosperous place. C.C.

Among the residents of the Monument community were Daniel Davidson and Francis M. Brown. A feud had developed

⁷ The Monument, Bergens Park and Fairplay Wagon Road Company was incorporated November 2, 1874, by A. Poole, Henry Guire, Henry Limbach, C. Bunker, E. Bemis, A. T. Blachly, A. F. Woodward, and O. B. Dunlap. News items indicate the road was surveyed, at least partly graded, and used in hauling ties from the mountains, but I do not find any evidence that it was completed across the mountains at this time. On October 20, 1879, the Monument, Manitou Park and Leadville Wagon Road Company was incorporated by William E. Taylor, Henry A. Taylor and Charles A. Taylor. On February 26, 1896, the Monument and West Creek Toll Road Company was incorporated by Charles M. Graff, Albert Lewin and George A. Smith. These three projected roads, according to the incorporation papers, were over substantially the same route, not much different from the location of the present (1957) Mount Herman Road from Monument to Woodland Park. The articles of incorporation were recorded, respectively, in Book K, p. 315; Book 32, p. 97; and File 3714; Office of Clerk and Recorder, El Paso County. Bergens Park was a valley on the western slope of the Rampart Range and not the Bergen Park mentioned on page 402 of *Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*.

between the two men, apparently as a result of a cattle transaction of some kind, and it was reported that one had accused the other of stealing cattle. On October 21, 1876, they met in Henry Limbach's store, and some words passed between them. Then Davidson drew a pistol and shot Brown twice. Brown died almost immediately. Davidson was arrested, indicted by the county grand jury, and held for trial at the next session of the district court. The trial was held in February, 1877; the defense was justifiable homicide. After a closely contested trial of several days, in which "some of the most eminent lawyers of the state" were engaged, the jury found Davidson guilty of manslaughter. His lawyers obtained a writ of supersedeas and he was released on a bond of \$5,000.⁸

Nearly three years of litigation and delay followed. Finally, on January 24, 1880, the *Gazette* reported that the case was on the docket of the district court at Denver. The commissioners of El Paso County had been to Denver in an effort to settle the case and prevent further expense. The district attorney had offered a motion to dismiss the charges, but the motion had been over-ruled by the judge. The district attorney then withdrew from the case, and the judge appointed special counsel for the prosecution. The trial began on February 13, and on February 21, the *Gazette* reported that Davidson had been found not guilty.

In the meantime life went on at Monument and a journalist who called himself *Vox* began reporting news—and views. In his first letter he wrote that Dr. Robertson, who had been leasing the Monument House, was going east, and that Mrs. Ford had again taken charge of the hotel. The proprietor of Blakely's Mill was thinking about shipping his lumber from Monument instead of Greenland. There was talk of a cheese factory being located in the town. And in the matter of religion Monument was "about on a par with other places of like magnitude, not much of the article on hand and but little demand for more."⁹

The next letter from *Vox* reported the result of a school election at Monument. It was the year in which women were allowed to vote, for the first time, in Colorado school elections. *Vox* gave the number of votes received by the various candi-

dates, and added that it was a curious sight to see women standing around the polls, and still stranger to see them running their horses at almost full speed through the town. He ended with the observation that there was nothing like getting used to things, "but the poor man's horse died just as he was getting used to living without feed."¹⁰

Two weeks later the *Gazette* published a letter from A. T. Blachly of Monument. Blachly found fault with the election figures reported by *Vox* and asserted that there had been no unseemly conduct on the part of the ladies of Monument at the school election. He described *Vox* as an old fogey and suggested that he add "*Mendax*" to his *nom de plume*.

Vox replied that he had been misinformed about the number of votes but that he was a witness to the other facts reported—and that Blachly was a would-be controller of public events in Monument who had no reputation in the community for veracity.

The ladies had the last word. On June 16 they published in the *Gazette*:

A CARD

We, the undersigned, the ladies who voted at the recent school election at Monument, in reply to the articles of your anonymous correspondent, "*Vox*," desire to state through your columns that any insinuation or charges therein that any of our number behaved in a disorderly or un-lady-like manner are utterly false and groundless. We desire to endorse fully as correct in every particular the account of the election given by Mr. A. T. Blachly in his rejoinder to "*Vox*'s" first article; and we wish to state particularly, that the lady candidate for treasurer was proposed by our Mrs. Ford in the first place; and a majority of the votes she received were given her by ladies.

Mrs. C. L. Baldrick	Mrs. H. E. Ford
Mrs. M. M. Holbrook	Miss Hattie Beecher
Mrs. C. E. Chaloner	Mrs. M. E. Brown

Mrs. E. J. Stagmann

According to the election figures reported by *Vox* and corrected by Blachly, there were 30 votes cast—seven by women—and Henry Guire was elected director and treasurer. Mrs. Chaloner received 9 votes, Mrs. Ford one, and Mrs. Williams one.

Vox did not write again—at least not under that name—and there was little news from Monument during the summer of 1877. On December 1 the *Gazette* quoted a letter from the

⁸ Colorado Springs *Weekly Gazette*, October 28, 1876, March 3, 1877, and May 26, 1877.

⁹ Colorado Springs *Weekly Gazette*, March 24, 1877.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, May 12, 1877.

Denver *Rocky Mountain News* which announced that R. J. Gwillim had purchased lots in Monument and was about to erect two buildings, one for a cheese factory and one for a general merchandise store and dwelling. Gwillim R. Gwillim had been operating a cheese factory at a place called Gwillimville, five miles east of Monument, where he had made forty-five tons of cheese during the past season.

The Monument cheese factory was finished during the winter and in operation in the summer of 1878. In August of that year, the *Gazette* reported that both of the Gwillim factories were in successful operation and that another factory had been built at Monument by "the Grangers," who expected to operate it next season. Probably this last allusion was to the Monument Cheese Factory and Mercantile Company.¹¹ Early in 1880 it was reported that this cheese factory had never commenced operation, and that Elliott and Mudge were making plans to convert it into a creamery.¹²

Monument's first newspaper, the *Weekly Mentor*, usually called the *Monument Mentor*, was started in March, 1878. It was edited by A. T. Blachly and printed by the Gazette Publishing Company in Colorado Springs. In announcing the first issue the *Gazette* said that it was the only paper published in El Paso County outside of Colorado Springs.

In September, 1878, a traveling journalist, who wrote under the name "Tenderfoot," visited the Divide and wrote about Monument and vicinity:

... At 11 o'clock a.m. we rode into the town of Monument. A description of this charming little village would be out of place with our pen, its beauties of location and scenery being too well known. With the true instinct of a newspaper man we found ourselves heading for the *Mentor* office, where we received a most cordial welcome from Mr. A. T. Blachly, ye editor. We gladly accepted the invitation to make his sanctum our headquarters, and after a short visit we passed across the street to the Monument Hotel where we found dinner in readiness.

¹¹ Incorporated April 8, 1878, by Henry Teachout, D. C. Guire, Josiah M. Guire, Joseph Guire and Alonzo Welty, with \$2,000 capital stock. Henry Guire, Allen Teachout and Charles E. Bemis were directors. The articles of incorporation were recorded in Book 25, p. 195.

¹² Elliott and Mudge started a store in Monument in the fall of 1879. In 1880 it was reported that J. W. Mudge intended to take a stock of goods to the Gunnison country—apparently he left the partnership at that time. R. C. Elliott operated a general merchandise business in Monument for many years and was active in town affairs, serving as trustee, mayor, clerk, treasurer, justice of the peace and police magistrate at various times. He died January 8, 1905, at the age of 66.

We were really surprised to find a hotel of this kind in a town the size of Monument. It is both large and well built, the rooms large and well ventilated. There are nineteen sleeping rooms all furnished in a tasty manner with the best of furniture and carpets. Aside from these is an elegant parlor and office of no mean pretensions, and adjoining the latter a cozy and comfortable reading room. Here a person can enjoy all the hotel privileges, together with the comforts of a home. The proprietor, Col. F. R. Ford, is from "way down in Maine," and as we heard a gentleman remark, "is a born landlord." His hearty greeting makes one feel at home immediately. The dining room and culinary departments have the personal supervision of Mrs. Ford, whom we found to be a lady with rare qualities for the position she occupies. From the windows of the house is afforded a fine view of the mountains, together with that of some of the curious natural rock formations for which the neighborhood is famous. Invalids and others desiring a quiet, comfortable home would find this place well suited to their wishes. The charges are extremely moderate, being only \$2.00 per day with a generous reduction by the week.

In the morning we started for Gwillimsville, five miles distant. . . . Here we found the large cheese factory of G. R. Gwillim & Bro. . . .

Mr. Gwillim will ship soon, a car load of 16,000 pounds to Cardiff, in South Wales. He is in receipt of an order for this amount, and will probably export large quantities in the future. . . . Returning to Monument we took a stroll through the town and looked at the various business houses.

G. R. Gwillim & Bro. have a fine store where they keep a large stock of general merchandise. Next to this is the Monument cheese factory, owned by the same gentlemen. The capacity of this is a little more than half that at Gwillimsville. H. Limbach keeps a store of general merchandise, and is the postmaster. There are several other stores, shops, etc., which we had not time to visit, but all seem to be doing an excellent business.¹³

Monument was headquarters for El Paso County voting precinct No. 3, which included a large rural area. In 1878 the Republican delegates to the county convention were E. Bemis, H. Schwanbeck and H. Teachout. They were instructed by the local caucus to present G. R. Gwillim's name to the convention as a candidate for county commissioner. At the convention Gwillim received 5 votes, C. R. Husted 23, W. T. Plum 6 and H. Bemis 6. The nomination of Husted was then made unanimous. The delegates to the Democratic convention that year were Don Simpson, James Bennett and Carl Agnew. The convention nominated David McShane by acclamation for county commissioner. Calvin R. Husted, a prominent saw mill operator from farther down Monument Creek, after whom the town of Husted was named, was elected. His opponent, David McShane, served in the same position at a later date.

¹³ Colorado Springs *Weekly Gazette*, September 21, 1878.

It was probably in 1878 that the people of Monument began calling their town the Coming Metropolis of Central Colorado. This optimistic description appeared in a quotation from the *Mentor* published in the *Gazette* on November 16, announcing the opening of Monument Academy with three teachers and fifteen pupils. The Academy was mentioned again in the *Gazette* on May 3, 1879, and more fully described on May 10:

Allusion has already been made by us to the projected academy at Monument. The history of the rise and progress of the school is as follows:—On the 4th of November 1878, a private school was opened with fifteen pupils in attendance, which number was increased to twenty-five before the close of the session. The reasons for this movement were found in necessity for instruction in a more advanced range of studies than are taught in the district schools of the state; the youth of the neighborhood were either obliged to content themselves with the ordinary routine or go away from home to advanced schools. The matter was discussed in all its bearings and finally it was decided to open a private school with a few classes, for one session at least. It was successful in its results, receiving the patronage and hearty recognition and support of the Divide section; so successful that the projectors were induced a few weeks since to incorporate it as a public institution.

Efforts are now being made to raise a sufficient amount of funds to erect a suitable building, and it is hoped that before the close of the year the projected enterprise will be completed. The trustees for the first year are: Charles A. Taylor, G. R. Gwillim, A. F. Woodward, J. F. Wood and A. T. Blachly. The officers are: C. A. Taylor, president; A. T. Blachly, secretary; and A. F. Woodward, treasurer.

Mr. Charles A. Taylor is principal, and Miss M. M. Holbrook and Mrs. J. T. Blachly assistants. The institution is under the control of the Presbyterian denomination, and its course of study arranged with especial reference to fitting pupils for the Colorado Springs college and embraces the usual range of academical studies. Careful attention is paid to the moral as well as the intellectual development of the pupils, and from the well known moral character of the population of Monument and the adjacent country it cannot fail in the future of being popular with parents who wish their sons and daughters while at school to be surrounded by elevating and ennobling influences. Board may be had at \$4 per week, and the rates of tuition are for English branches \$6 per quarter, languages, English and mathematics \$7.00.

Charles A. Taylor was the Presbyterian minister at Monument at this time. Mrs. J. T. Blachly was A. T. Blachly's mother. She was sixty-four years old, and a graduate of Oberlin College.

The *Mentor* was mentioned or quoted in the *Gazette* several times in 1879. Perhaps the most interesting quotation was the following, from the *Gazette* of March 15:

Referring to a series of articles in the Colorado Springs *Mountaineer* this winter directed largely to the abuse of myself and continuing week after week the statement that, while participating in the temperance movement here, I was at the same time engaged in the sale of liquor myself, I hereby challenge any of the vicious and lying correspondents of that paper to prove by the affidavit or affirmation of any responsible party before any officer empowered to administer oaths, or by the simple statement *in my presence*, that I have for some time previous to the commencement of the temperance movement in this place sold without a physician's prescription, a drop of liquor, or that I have sold *under any pretext*, a drop to any person known to be in the habit of drinking. I further brand the authors of any statements to the contrary as wilful and malicious slanderers and liars.

A. T. Blachly.

Commenting on this statement, the *Gazette* said that Blachly had always been a persistent and strong temperance advocate and "when the liquor men of Monument found the temperance revival was injuring their business, they attempted petty revenge by writing such articles. . . . For years Mr. Blachly has been an effective temperance worker, and, in fact, a worker for every other good cause in the county."

There was little direct information in the newspapers about the liquor business in Monument. A saloon was reported there in 1875 and the reference to benzine in the same year certainly had nothing to do with the petroleum industry. In 1879 the *Colorado State Business Directory* listed saloons at Monument operated by Robert Miller and J. F. Tiner & Company, while John Caylor conducted a business described as "bottled beer."

On the other hand temperance activities at Monument were reported several times in the *Gazette* in 1879. Early in August a non-treating pledge was signed by fifty men, not necessarily all residents of the town. Two or three weeks later there was a temperance meeting at which either a Murphy pledge or a non-treating pledge was signed by nearly every man present who had not already signed similar pledges. At the second town election in April, 1880, there was a contest between "temperance folks" and "whiskey men." The whiskey men won by a staggering majority of four votes. The correspondent who reported this catastrophe said the temperance men were sanguine that whiskey had gained its last triumph in the town. This hope was premature; Monument continued to tip the flowing bowl for many years.

In 1879 the Colorado Press Association met at Colorado Springs and elected A. T. Blachly corresponding secretary. On July 12 the *Gazette* published the following:

Mr. A. T. Blachly is at present editor of the Monument *Mentor*. He came to Colorado ten years ago, and has employed himself in a great variety of ways. He gradually arose from being a cow-puncher to working in a quartz mill, then he taught school, and after that kept a store. Again he changed his occupation, and became a telegraph operator. Now he is the proprietor of a drug store, is station agent, keeps the post office, runs the telegraph and edits the *Mentor*, which he established in 1878. He has worked at many trades and likes editing the best of all.

The *Weekly Mentor* discontinued publication early in 1880. In August of that year it was reported that Blachly, with his family and stock of drugs, was about to leave for South Arkansas, a town on the Arkansas River which later became Salida, Colorado. From Salida, Blachly went to Gunnison, where he operated a wholesale and retail drug business until 1885, then he took up a homestead at Delta, Colorado. He became cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank in Delta and was killed during a robbery of the bank on September 7, 1893.¹⁴

The Monument Academy continued to operate until at least the fall of 1881—perhaps longer—but not without financial difficulties. It was sustained partly by tuition payments and partly by contributions. For the season of 1880-81 twenty-two men of Monument and vicinity signed a promise to make up any deficiency that might exist after the tuitions were paid. The shortage amounted to twenty-one dollars for each subscriber. Four men failed to pay their promised share and suit was brought against them by R. C. Elliott, representing the academy. As Elliott was himself the only justice of the peace in the Monument precinct, he sued in the court of Justice A. B. Tubbs, who lived near Husted. Before the trial three more men paid up, leaving William C. Carver as the lone defendant. Judgment was rendered against Carver for \$21, plus 45¢ interest and \$2.20 costs; whereupon he appealed to the county court of El Paso County. The respective attorneys filed ten stipulations. Among other things they agreed:

1. That the plaintiff's place of business if it had any, was at the time of making the contract relied on, if a contract was made,

¹⁴ Letter dated January 8, 1938, from Lou Blachly, son of Arthur T. Blachly. The bank robbery was mentioned in *Pioneer Lawyer, A Story of the Western Slope of Colorado*, by Ula King Fairfield (Denver: printed by W. H. Kistler Stationery Co., 1946); and more fully described in *Sunset Slope*, by Wilson Rockwell (Denver: Big Mountain Press, 1956).

in the town of Monument, El Paso County, Colorado, and that said contract, if any, or paper relied on, was executed by the parties who signed it, in said town and that defendant Carver at that time resided therein.

Carver had moved to Douglas County prior to the suit before the justice of the peace, and the stipulations suggested in a vague way that he questioned both the legality of the contract—if it was a contract—and the jurisdiction of the justice.¹⁵

In 1879 the Town of Monument was incorporated. On April 26 a petition signed by thirty-one qualified electors was presented to the county court of El Paso County. The petition described the area to be incorporated and claimed it had 96 inhabitants. On May 5 the court appointed Henry Limbach, R. J. Gwillim, W. B. Walker, Charles Tiner and A. F. Woodward as commissioners to hold an election to decide for or against incorporation. At the election on June 2, seventeen men voted for, and three against incorporation. The notice of incorporation was published in the *Mentor* on June 7 and June 14. The county court docket contains the original petition seeking incorporation, and the tally list of voters at the election.¹⁶ These documents show that the following men were among the residents of Monument in early 1879:

G. B. Armstrong	A	F. B. Hanscom	AB
P. E. Bainter	B	W. E. Holbrook	AB
A. T. Blachly	AB	George W. Lampher(?)	A
F. C. Blachly	AB	Henry Limbach	AB
H. Cook	A	Carl Maier	A
George H. Curtis	A	Robert Miller	AB
Daniel Davidson	A	Gus Ross	A
E. F. Davis	B	Fred J. Stokes	A
O. B. Dunlap	A	Charles A. Taylor	AB
Joseph Eisenberg	A	Charles S. Tiner	AB
Charles D. Ford	AB	J. F. Tiner	AB
F. R. Ford	A	James Walker	AB
G. W. Frost	A	W. B. Walker	AB
F. W. Gallaher(?)	AB	George W. Walthew(?)	A
J. C. Goodell	A	C. Whittelsey	B
R. J. Gwillim	AB	A. F. Woodward	AB
Thomas Gwillim	AB	George W. Zimmerman	AB

A—signed petition

B—voted at election

(?)—spelling doubtful due to illegible handwriting.

¹⁵ Monument Academy vs. Wm. B. Walker, et al., El Paso County Court Docket No. 526, 1881. Neither the docket nor the register of actions contains the decision of the county judge.

¹⁶ In the Matter of the Incorporation of the Town of Monument, El Paso County Court Docket No. 355½, 1879. An incomplete transcript of the docket was filed for record May 11, 1881, in Book 39, pp. 53-58, Office of Clerk and Recorder, El Paso County.

The first meeting of the officers of the newly incorporated town was held July 3, 1879. The trustees were Henry Limbach, A. F. Woodward, Richard Gwillim, P. E. Bainter, F. B. Hanscom and Charles S. Tiner. Limbach was also mayor and Woodward was clerk and recorder. At an adjourned meeting on July 10, P. E. Bainter was appointed town treasurer.

Monument had been a town for some five years but there had been no local government. It was now a municipal corporation empowered to elect officers, enact ordinances, levy taxes, expend monies and contract debts.

The town continued to grow during the next decade, but not to the extent anticipated by its optimistic pioneers. According to the federal census its maximum population was 192 in 1920, and exactly the same in 1930. In 1950 the number of residents had dropped to 126. Since that year the growth of the community has been stimulated by the location of the United States Air Force Academy in Monument Valley a few miles south of the town.

Colorado's Hall of Fame

By LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON

Because of the many calls which we have had for the following out-of-print article written by the late Dr. Levette J. Davidson, which was published in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, No. 1 (January, 1950), we are reprinting it. Dr. Davidson was Professor of Literature at the University of Denver and a member of the Board of Directors of the State Historical Society for many years.—*Editor*.

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

In the Capitol dome sixteen life-size portraits in stained glass depict as many state builders who, after long and careful consideration, were thus officially honored. 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 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. 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 Board¹ 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 Biedman 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 Ed-

¹ Data concerning the actions of the Board of Capitol Managers is taken from the Records of the Board, now in possession of the Archives Division of the State Historical Society.—*Editor*.

brooke 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.

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 Leuders 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. . . .²

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

² Reprinted by the *Denver Republican*, Dec. 10, 1899.

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.³

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.⁴

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.⁵

Bela M. Hughes, lawyer, statesman and a leader in trans-

³ 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. Hafén, *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.

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

⁵ cf. E. C. McMechen, *Life of Governor Evans* (1924).

portation 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. 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.⁶

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."⁷

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

⁷ 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* (1929).

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 Mountains. 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 Hubert Bancroft in 1889, "recognized as the first American settler in Colorado."⁸

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.⁹

⁸ cf. Nollie Mumey, *Jim Baker* (1930).

⁹ cf. John S. Fisher, *A Builder of the West* (W. J. Palmer) (1939).

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 Managers 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 matters 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.

On August 11, 1903, the Denver *Republican* announced that the Capitol Board of Managers was "arranging to replace costly work destroyed by a tourist enemy of the great pioneer (Kit Carson)." 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 Columbine 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.¹⁰

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.¹¹

Charles J. Hughes, lawyer and United States Senator, also is honored as one of the substantial state builders, by a stained

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

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

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.¹²

Another window 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. Golrick and the photographer, W. H. Jackson; and such religious leaders as Bishop Machebeuf and Bishop Randall. But not all could be included; and which of those chosen should have been omitted?

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

Charles Autobees

By JANET LECOMPTE*

VIII (Cont'd)

News of the firing on Fort Sumter was published in the *Rocky Mountain News* on April 24, 1861. In Denver the sentiment was strongly, or at least publicly, Unionist, and soon all Confederate flags disappeared or were ripped down from their poles. Since the Federal government could spare no troops for Colorado, Governor Gilpin, in a move that may have saved the Union but certainly cost him his job, organized the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, using unauthorized drafts upon the Federal treasury. Then he set about collecting supplies for his soldiers, especially arms and ammunition for which the Confederates in Colorado were already offering high prices to be paid at secret rendezvous. While Gilpin's volunteers, his "pet lambs" as they were called, fretted with inactivity at Camp Weld near Denver, early in January came word that General H. H. Sibley and his Texans were on the march from Fort Bliss up the Rio Grande. The need for arms became desperate, especially since the Confederates were now massing somewhere in the foothills of the Wet Mountains and around Pueblo, buying up all the horses and guns they could lay hands on in the neighborhood.³²

So came into prominence an old six-pound mountain howitzer belonging to Charles Autobees, who was "thoroughly and unquestionably loyal" to the Union³³ but not above selling it to a Confederate for a good price—or so his neighbors suspected. The cannon had an interesting and controversial history. A. W. Archibald said it belonged to Fremont and was abandoned near Wagon Wheel Gap in the winter of 1848-9 when his fourth expedition ended in chilly disaster in the La Garita mountains. Tom Suaso, said Archibald, found it and took it to Fort Barclay in his wagon, where it remained until

*Copyright by Janet Lecompte, 1958. Janet Lecompte, of Colorado Springs, has been, for a long time, transcribing the Cragin notes and other materials relating to early Colorado. She was co-author with her mother, the late Dorothy Price Shaw, of an article entitled, "Huerfano Butte," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, No. 2 (April, 1950). She was author of "The Hardscrabble Settlement, 1844-1848," *idem.*, Vol. XXXI, No. 2 (April, 1954). Parts I and II of the Charles Autobees story were published in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 3 (July, 1957); Parts III and IV in Vol. XXXIV, No. 4 (October, 1957); Parts V and VI, in Vol. XXXV, No. 1 (January, 1958); Parts VII and VIII in Vol. XXXV, No. 2 (April, 1958).—*Editor.*

³² William Clarke Whitford, *Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War. The New Mexico Campaign in 1862* (Denver, 1906), p. 36f; Hall, *History of Colorado*, II, 257f.

³³ Certificate of Mark G. Bradford, Clerk of 3rd Judicial District Court, Pueblo, Sept. 25, 1868, *H. Exec. Doc. 89*, 42nd Cong., 3rd Sess. (Ser. 1565), 5.

1860.³⁴ On the other hand, George Simpson said it was the same "old iron six-pounder, purchased of Bent & St. Vrain, whose fort on the Arkansas had owed its immunity from hostile attack, on occasions, to its formidable appearance." Simpson said he and Joe Doyle bought it from Bent in 1848 and took it with them to their new post, Fort Barclay.³⁵ At any rate, in 1860, William Kroenig brought it up to his ranch on the Huerfano and finally gave it to Charley, who placed it on top of a corner cabin in his plaza. Jack Templeton thought that Charley made a present of it to Gilpin and his regiment,³⁶ but a contemporary account puts a different light upon Charley's motives. On January 17, 1862, U. S. Marshal Townsend and a detachment of troops were camped at the ranch of James H. Haynes, across the Arkansas from the mouth of the Huerfano:

Mr. Townsend was informed by Mr. Haynes that a neighbor of his had in his possession an iron six pounder, and the probabilities were that the secessionists who were rapidly leaving that section, would take it with them, but as it was still there, and the owner a Union man, he thought it advisable to secure it. At this suggestion Mr. H. and Marshal T., unaccompanied by any others went to the residence of the owner of the canon and Marshal Townsend called for the cannon, which instead of being buried as alleged, was simply covered over with a few corn stalks. The owner told the brave Marshal how much the cannon cost him in the States, that he had brought it out to frighten the Indians with, but if the government needed it, or it would be of service to the troops, he might have it for what it cost. The bargain was made . . . the cannon was taken. . . .³⁷

At Valverde, N. M., the Texans met and defeated some New Mexico and Colorado volunteers (among those killed was Marcelino Baca) on February 21, 1862, and proceeded to Santa Fe. In the meantime Gilpin's troops, released from boredom at Camp Weld, marched rapidly south through deep snow to cut off the Confederates before they reached the vital arsenal at Fort Union. On March 26, and 28, the First Colorado Volunteers met Sibley's vanguard in two battles at Glorieta Pass. With Major John M. Chivington at their head "fighting like a mad bull," the Pet Lambs whipped the Confederates and sent them limping back down the Rio Grande to Texas, all hope abandoned of taking not only Colorado, but Arizona and California as well.³⁸

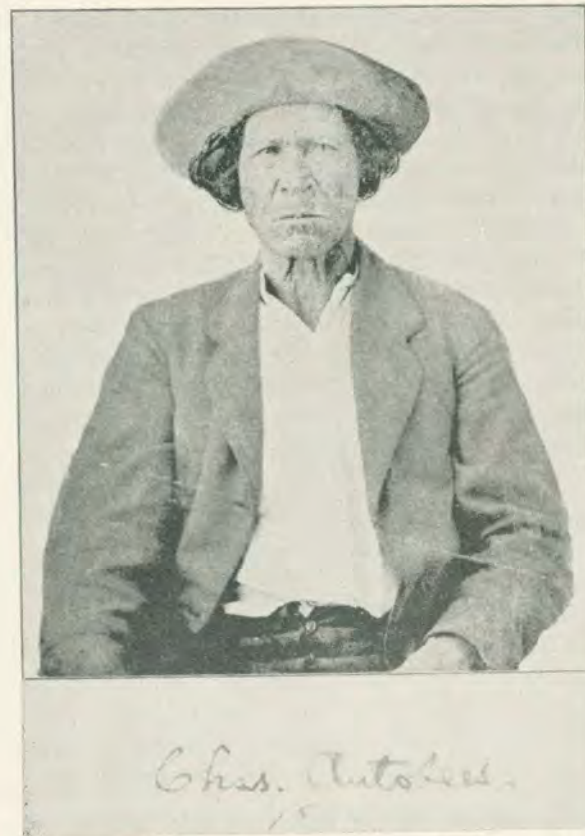
³⁴ A. W. Archibald, Trinidad, Colo., July 2, 1908, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN VIII-56, Cragin Collection.

³⁵ *Trinidad Daily News*, June 8, 1881, p. 1, c. 2.

³⁶ Jack Templeton, Denver, August 27, 1903, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN XVII-24f, Cragin Collection.

³⁷ *Rocky Mountain News* (Daily), Jan. 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4.

³⁸ Whitford, *op. cit.*



The Civil War fighting never got any closer to Colorado Territory than Chivington's famous rout at Apache Canon and Glorieta, but it was one of the causes of a terrible conflict between the people of Colorado and the local Indians. Since the Fort Laramie treaty of 1851, the United States had recognized the Cheyennes' and Arapahoes' right to all that part of what was later Colorado east of the mountains and north of the Arkansas.³⁹ When the white emigrants surged into the Indians' land in 1858 and 1859, wise men of both races realized that the Indians would have to relinquish not only their land but their nomadic way of life, dependent as it was upon the diminishing herds of buffalo. In the summer of 1860, William Bent gave up his thirty-year trade with the Cheyennes and sold his stone fort in Big Timber to the government. That fall, 350 soldiers were detailed to build Fort Wise (Fort Lyon) in

³⁹ Charles J. Kappler, *Indian Affairs. Laws and Treaties. S. Doc. 452, 57th Cong., 1st Sess. (Ser. 4254), 440f.*

Big Timber, using Bent's post as the commissary building.⁴⁰ On February 18, 1861, a treaty was concluded at Fort Wise between Agent A. G. Boone and Cheyenne chiefs Black Kettle, White Antelope, Lean Bear and Little Wolf, and Arapahoes' Left Hand, Little Raven, Storm, Shave-Head and Big Mouth. The Indians agreed to trade their great tract of land for a triangular piece along the Arkansas between Sandy Fork (Sand Creek) and a point five miles below the mouth of the Huerfano, extending south to the New Mexico line and then diagonally northeast along the west bank of the Purgatory to the Arkansas again. There had been no game seen on this land for four years, but it included some of the finest farm and grazing land in the territory. The Indians were to build houses, make farms in the bottom lands and graze cattle on the uplands, all with the help of United States agents.⁴¹

When the Civil War broke out in April, 1861, A. G. Boone, the honest, kindly agent whom the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had especially asked for after William Bent resigned,⁴² was accused of being a rebel by his political opposites,⁴³ and was removed from office. The new appointee, Samuel G. Colley, did not arrive from Wisconsin to replace Boone until the fall of 1861, and in the meantime Governor Gilpin sent Boone back to Fort Lyon (as Fort Wise was now called) to draw up an agreement with several thousand Comanches and Kiowas camped near the fort making "hostile demonstrations."⁴⁴

One of their hostilities left Charley Autobees a poorer man. On New Year's Eve, 1861, perhaps while the men at Autobees town were foggy with bibulous celebration, some Comanche Indians sneaked up to the ranch in the dark and stole eight head of what Charley later swore were the "best horses in the country." Two days later Charley "pursued" the thieves as far as Fort Lyon. The Comanche chiefs, still in consultation there with Boone, admitted that their people had stolen the horses, and they promised to see that the animals

⁴⁰ *Correspondence of John Sedgwick, Major General* (1903), Vol. II, 20f; Julia S. Lambert, "Plain Tales of the Plains," *The Trail*, Vol. VIII, No. 9 (February, 1916), 9.

⁴¹ Kappler, *op. cit.*, pp. 614-617.

⁴² *Rocky Mountain News* (Daily) Nov. 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 2.

⁴³ Letter of A. G. Boone to J. M. Francisco, Denver, July, 1861, Francisco Papers, Library, Colo. State Hist. Society, Denver.

⁴⁴ Rupert Norval Richardson, *The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement* (Glendale, Calif., 1933), pp. 275-9.

were returned to Charley. Some time later a single soldier from Fort Lyon appeared at Autobees' ranch leading a single horse, but the other seven, which Charley valued at \$150 apiece, were never seen again. In the summer of 1862, Charley made affidavits swearing to the loss of the stock and gave them to the new agent Colley.⁴⁵ Colley promised to take them to Washington in the spring of 1863, when he took some Comanche, Kiowa, Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs to visit the President. He told Charley he would present the affidavits to the Indian Department in person, but Charley heard no more about it.

The desperate experiment known as the Boone or Fort Wise treaty of 1861 with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes failed completely. The Civil War caused the removal of the two experienced and level-headed men who might have made it work—Boone, upon suspicion of being a rebel, and Gilpin for his unauthorized drafts on the national treasury. Samuel Colley soon lost the confidence of the Indians. They charged him with stealing their annuities⁴⁶; they said the white men at Fort Lyon stole their ponies, sold them liquor, demanded the use of their women, and infected them with small-pox, whooping-cough and erysipelas.⁴⁷ Because of these abuses the Indians refused to come into their agency at Fort Lyon, even to collect their annuities, or to work on the farm that was the backbone of the 1861 treaty. Without the Indians to help him, Colley was unwilling or unable to build his agency buildings on the reservation, or make the 250-acre farm until the spring of 1864—when it was too late.⁴⁸ And (as the vicious circle went round and round), with no farm to support them, Black Kettle and Left Hand could not persuade their people to leave the buffalo range for starvation on the gameless tract that was their reservation. So they repudiated the treaty and retired to their favorite hunting grounds between the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, far from the encroachments of the white men. Here, said the Indians, there were enough buffalo to last them a hundred years more.⁴⁹

⁴⁵ "Charles Autobees, Letter from the Acting Secretary of the Interior, relative to the claim of Charles Autobees, on account of depredations alleged to have been committed upon his property by Comanche, Arapahoe, and Cheyenne Indians," *H. Exec. Doc. 89*, 42nd Cong., 3rd Sess. (Ser. 1565), 1-5.

⁴⁶ *S. Report 156*, 39th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1279), appendix, 95f.

⁴⁷ *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1220), 401-2. This is the report of Special Agent H. T. Ketcham, who vaccinated the Indians at Fort Lyon in October, 1863, found them starving and diseased, but friendly and peaceful in spite of it.

⁴⁸ *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 1st Sess. (Ser. 1182), 239-246; *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1220), 393-5.

⁴⁹ *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 1st Sess. (Ser. 1182), 247-8.

In May, 1862, William Gilpin was replaced by Dr. John Evans. Evans was a scholarly man with a record of civic achievement in his home state of Illinois—but, as a contemporary saw him in June, 1864—

The Governor is a very fine man, but very timid and he is unfortunately smitten with the belief that they are to have an Indian war. He encourages sending all the reports of Indian troubles to the states, to enable him to get arms and soldiers.⁵⁰

Whether or not Evans' fear that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had joined the Sioux were justified, or his subsequent expedients were warranted, the result was that by the spring of 1864 the people of Colorado were waiting tensely for some incident to trigger a full-scale Indian war.

On March 11, 1864, just a month before the inevitable "incident" occurred, Charles Autobees was granted a franchise for a ferry over the Arkansas at Rocky Point, five miles above Bent's old fort. The franchise was for ten years with a three-year option to build a bridge there instead. The toll charges were to be the same as Charley's 1861 ferry at the mouth of the Huerfano.⁵¹

It is doubtful that Charley ever got his ferry into working order. For one thing the spring of 1864 was noted for its terrible floods, especially on the Arkansas where most of the ranches and farms in its bottoms were washed out.⁵² When John M. Chivington, then a Colonel and commander of the District of Colorado, came looking for Cheyennes and Kiowas in July, 1864, he was unable to cross the Arkansas to pursue them because there was no ferry.⁵³ By 1866, Charley had abandoned his location, for on February 5, 1866, William Craig was granted a bridge franchise at the same place.⁵⁴

⁵⁰ Nathaniel P. Hill to his wife, Denver, June 19, 1864, *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 4 (October, 1956), 249.

⁵¹ *Colorado General Laws*, 1864, p. 207.

⁵² *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1220), 95-7; Mrs. R. E. Hepburn and Mrs. R. B. Mitchell (daughters of P. K. Dotson, early rancher on the Fountain), Pueblo, Colo., Oct. 30, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN III-94, Cragin Collection.

⁵³ Chivington to Maj. C. S. Charlot, Ass't Adj't Gen'l Dept. of Kansas, July 5, 1864, *Rebellion Records*, Ser. I, Vol. XLI, Part II, 55.

⁵⁴ *Colorado General Laws*, 1866, pp. 141-2. I have found only one account of this ferry indicating Charley ever actually ran it, but the account is so full of mistakes that it is worthless: "At Fort Bent in 1861 Autobee put in a ferry across the Arkansas to connect the post with Las Animas [a town not founded until 1869] and the trail which led up the Purgatoire to Trinidad. This post was at Rocky Point, six miles up the river from the present site of Fort Lyon naval sanitarium. The cable was a heavy hawser which William Kroenig had freighted from Kansas City. There were not enough oxen in the country to stretch it across the river so at the suggestion of Curtis Cady, the post milk man, it remained idle until the winter ice came when it was run over and put up without much trouble and Charlie Autobee made a good thing out of it." "Frontier Sketches" (Denver) *Field and Farm*, May 18, 1912, Dawson Scrapbook VIII-229, Library, Colo. State Hist. Society.

If floods did not ruin Charley's ferry business, war with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes certainly did. On April 12, 1864, a command of soldiers prowling in the South Platte valley opened fire upon some Cheyenne Indians they were trying to disarm. Before word of this skirmish had gotten around, another body of troops shot and killed the Cheyenne Chief Lean Bear as he approached them alone and unarmed.⁵⁵ For the rest of the summer, companies of soldiers attacked Indians wherever they happened to find them, and the Indians burned stage stations, murdered ranchers, ravished their wives and captured their children. Overland mail routes were delayed and finally abandoned, all travel ceased, and by August, Colorado was cut off from the East entirely with only six weeks' supply of food left in Denver. Ranchers along the Platte and Arkansas abandoned their homes and went to the cities, or to improvised forts at various points.⁵⁶

On August 12, 1864, at the very height of the panic, Martine Chavez was herding Charley's horses at the mouth of the Apishapa, about twenty miles east of Charley's ranch, when a large band of Arapahoes and Cheyennes rode up. The Indians chased Chavez and his dog into a clump of bushes and then poked at them with spears. Finally they rode off, leaving the man and dog unharmed, but taking with them nineteen head of Charley's horses.⁵⁷

According to Charley's own figures, the Indians got away with \$2,340 worth of fine horses.⁵⁸ Among the thieves were undoubtedly Indians Charley knew personally, had traded with, or fought Utes with. Some of them were perhaps blood relations of Charley's squaw, Sycamore, who died the same month at his plaza.⁵⁹ Charley must have been furious at the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, but in his most violent rage he could not have approved a punishment of his old friends as cruel as that which he was soon to witness.

(To be continued)

⁵⁵ *S. Report 156*, 39th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1279), appendix, 59, 93.

⁵⁶ *H. Exec. Doc. 1*, 38th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1220), 360-68, 374, 380f. *passim*. For a description of the stockade and adobe portholed tower built at Pueblo during this panic, see *History of the Arkansas Valley, Colorado* (Chicago, 1881), p. 567.

⁵⁷ *H. Exec. Doc. 89*, 42nd Cong., 3d Sess. (Ser. 1565), 4.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, 3.

⁵⁹ Tom Autobees, Nov. 10, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN X-37, Cragin Collection.

W. Arthur Dier, Pioneer Teacher, Lawyer

In the July and October, 1957, issues we published excerpts from the diaries and journalistic writings of W. Arthur Dier, a pioneer Colorado lawyer, which had been loaned by his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Lowther (nee Katherine Dier), of Golden, Colo. Born in Montreal, Canada, in 1850, W. A. Dier moved to Illinois, where he attended the Illinois Industrial University (University of Illinois), and soon came West for his health. He worked on a summer surveying crew in Wyoming, taught school on Ralston Creek, Colorado, worked at Stewart's Reduction Works in Georgetown, and after studying law began to practice in Golden, Colorado. He was the first referee in water adjudication for the Colorado Districts of Clear Creek and its tributaries. During the years 1875-1878, Mr. Dier wrote irregularly, but always entertainingly, in his diary. Excerpts follow.—*Editor*.

Golden, Colo., May 7th 1875. We are having beautiful weather nowadays. It has opened out quite warm for so early in the season, the thermometer standing at 82° at two o'clock yesterday in the shade, and it has been nearly as warm for several days past. I spent a couple days last week with my friends in the country and had a very agreeable time. The grasshoppers have come out so numerous that they are much discouraged at the prospect before them, and true it is a hard one. As things look now, farmers are not likely to raise sufficient produce to supply their families with bread for the coming year. Since I wrote last the firm of White and Hughes has dissolved and Hughes has gone to Georgetown to live.

My position in the office is bettered by the change and much more responsible. White is the District Attorney for this Judicial District and his official duties require his presence away from home most of the time, so I have charge of the office and such local business as I can attend to, giving me practice and perhaps adding a little to my income.

I have had two or three letters from home in the last week and also received the initial number of *The Forrester* (Illinois) *Herald*, "a journal devoted to general news and local interests." Frank N. Tice, an old friend is editor.

Whitman Beebe, who was with me last summer, at Georgetown, and wife and son have moved to Iowa this week, intending to settle in Ackley, I believe. Thus we all get scattered away from the home nest, most of us never to return to it. It is a small minority of us that appreciates home until we have left it and have to buffet the storms of life alone. Then we learn, through costly experience, that childhood hours are the happiest of life and we look back on them, as the traveler on the desolate desert looks back to some green oasis that he has left far behind him, and to which he cannot return. And thus his memory is doubly dear to him.

Friday, May 14, 1875. I was twenty-five years old today. A quarter of a century has rolled around, and brought its hopes and fears, its changes and troubles, and still I struggle on in life. If I live as long as I have already lived I shall be quite aged and yet if I should live that long half my days are gone! The recurrence of these birthdays come with terrible rapidity as I grow older. . . .

Sunday, May 30th. The weather was warm, but otherwise pleasant. Been reading most of day; wrote a letter to sister Ella. . . . With a friend I took a stroll a short distance up Clear Creek Canon this afternoon. The season is now far enough advanced for everything to look beautiful. The mountain side is not entirely covered with granite and wherever soil is found, is carpeted with green grass and flowering shrubs, contrasting most beautifully with the gray of the granite. Scattered here and there are beautiful evergreens, which luckily have escaped the ruthless hand of the destroyer—man, a fate which many of their brethren, less fortunate, met with as evinced from their blackened stumps, mute witnesses of their enemies' presence. Man leaves his mark everywhere as a token of his presence.

Wednesday, June 30th—Time flies swiftly, how swiftly, we can hardly imagine. It has been a whole month since I wrote in my diary.

I have had several cases during the month and have made probably at least forty dollars. If I could do as well right along I would get along all right, but I may make nothing the next month. I was up in Bergen Park little over two weeks ago on one case and got beaten, but I think I shall carry it up on an appeal. I was there two days and spent part of time trout fishing but with ill success, indeed. White has been in the mountains at Georgetown, attending Court nearly the whole month. The weather for two weeks past has been very warm and sultry.

July 18, Sunday. Never saw such a rainy time in Colorado as we have had for this month of July. It has rained every day so far without exception. Some damage has been done to railroads but otherwise I think no harm has been done. The 99th anniversary of American Independence passed off quietly in Golden. We will have a red hot time the next one. I am supporting the dignity of a magistrate on my shoulders now. I was appointed a Justice of the Peace a week ago yesterday, by the County Commissioners in place of Harry N. Sales who has resigned and is going to Georgetown.

The office is a very good thing for a young lawyer to hold, both for the practice and the emoluments attending it. It lasts, however, only two months, but I shall try to get elected to it for another term if possible, and I have some hopes of it.

September 15, 1875. I was elected a Justice of the Peace yesterday for Golden precinct, by the Republican party. I "got away" with my opponent by a majority of 67 votes, which was pretty good considering that Golden is probably Democratic in its majority. I am not entirely foolish enough to believe that my popularity caused it, for I have been here too short a time to become acquainted with the mass of the people, but it was owing I have no doubt, mostly to the unpopularity of my opponent.

I hold my office for a year and perhaps by that time I will not need its benefits, as I do most certainly now need them. It will most likely be a living for me so that I can go on with my studies without depression from fear of starving. Times are getting somewhat better and Golden is looking up in consequence.

Saturday, October 23d, 1875. The weather is gradually growing cooler, though the middle of the day is pleasant enough. The leaves have turned into the sere and yellow state already, and have nearly dropped from their summer resting place. The District Court has been in session for the last two or three weeks and some very important cases are being litigated, among them the celebrated mining Pelican-Dives cases.

November 22, 1875. For several weeks past our Italian climate has been so only in name, for we have had a succession of cold, damp, snowy, foggy and otherwise disagreeable days, equal to anything I ever saw in Illinois. It has been pleasanter today with prospect for a continuance of pleasantness. A week ago I had a day or two's visit

from an old Illinois friend, by name, William T. Hunter, who has come to Colorado in search of health. From him I learn many things that I do not hear of either through my letters or newspapers. He thinks of spending the winter in the southern part of the Territory. Thanksgiving will soon be here. It will be a gala day for Golden if the weather continues fine. A firemen's tournament takes place on that day, and we look for a large crowd of people from all parts of the country. Some twelve or fifteen companies will test their mettle for prizes, the greatest speed being the object.

From letters received from home lately I hear that another member has been added to the family in the regular way. That makes seven of us now, all living too: four girls and three boys. "Blood will tell."

CHRISTMAS, 1875. Another Christmas has come to us, come with joy and happy reminders to some of us, and to others, myself among them, it has only been a day bringing up memories of other times, happy times, long past forever. In the past I looked forward to the day with bright anticipations, but now it is as other days to me, no more, no less. The fable of Santa Claus once upon a time, sounded sweet to my ears, but now I smile to myself when I hear parents telling the happy deceit to their children. But most of us are only children of a large growth, and are beguiled by deceits often as transparent as that of Santa Claus and his reindeer team.

New Year's, 1876. Hurrah for the Centennial year of American Independence. As it is the first may it not be the last by a great many, but may our great and happy Nation, so soon to celebrate its 100th birthday continue to advance in all that is essential to the welfare and strength of a great and free people, and may we of "The Centennial State"¹ reap the fruits that belong to our share of the prosperity of the Nation.

Six of the young men of Golden celebrated the day by a wine dinner at the Overland House. Three of them were hosts and three were guests. They were W. L. Boyce and Jim Ford, his guest; M. E. Clarran and D. E. Parks, his guest; and Jim Howe and myself, his guest. We had a magnificent *time*. We spent about three hours at the table toasting and discussing wines and other good things. We got away with over two dozen bottles during the afternoon and evening.

Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1876. A year ago today Uncle Whitcomb died. It seems a short year to me. Friday evening I went down to Denver and stood my examinations before the proper committee for admission to the bar of the Territory. It is what I long have dreamed of, and looked forward to as the boy looks forward to his 21st birthday. Yet now I have reached it there is nothing about it so grand after all. It is always thus; our anticipations are never realized, and never will be.

Golden, April 13, 1876. It is almost 3 months, since I wrote the last entry in my Journal. It has passed along swiftly, as the current of most lives run when busy with the cares of life. I was appointed Deputy District Clerk today by the Clerk of the 2d Judicial District of Colorado, Chase Withrow.

It will be a great help to me and I shall learn a great deal, too, in the legal line, the mode of procedure, etc. I gave a bond of 5000 dollars, with two old friends of my "early" days on Ralston as security. This with my Justice business will tend to keep me somewhat busy. I have been very successful so far in Colorado and hope to meet more success by doing right and attending to business.

Monday, July 24, 1876. Over three months since I have written herein. Everything moves so calmly like that writing in a journal and keeping a record of events would prove very tame. Everybody

¹W. Arthur Dier must have been very sure of the Territory becoming a State. It was not until July 1, 1876, that the people voted to accept the proposed Constitution. On the following August 1, the President issued an Executive Order announcing Colorado as a state.

nearly, is off in the mountains and Parks summering—hunting, fishing and all the et ceteras of camp life. I have been wanting to go, but have been unable to get away from office and duties. I hope to in August sometime, and will, if possible, take a trip to Georgetown and beyond—and tramp over scenes of two years and more ago, where I in company with a friend passed many happy days in roaming the mountainsides near Georgetown.

The Territory is now a State—has thrown off its swaddling clothes and donned the robes of manhood. The first day of this month the Constitution for the State of Colorado, framed last winter, was adopted by many thousand votes majority and now the Territory is a thing of the Past. In October we elect all the State Officers and then our career of self-government really begins—and I hope successfully. The political slates are being made up and there is no lack of names ready and willing to be sacrificed for office—such is the great and inordinate desire of the average American Citizen to occupy office and positions of honor. The Republican Standard bearers this year are Hayes and Wheeler.—Our next President and Vice-President.

Golden, November 28, 1876. The days are shortening and winter is coming on. We had our usual November snowstorm a day or two since. It is fast melting away, however. The "Centennial Year" is almost gone. The great exposition has been closed several days, almost weeks, and will soon only be known in history. The exciting topic of the day is the presidential election lately closed. The vote has been so close that though it took place three weeks ago today, the result is practically unknown. Fears are expressed by many that it will result in trouble, possibly another civil war, but I hope not. 184 electoral votes are conceded to Tilden, Democratic candidate, while the Republicans claim the remaining 185—a majority for Hayes. The South, as usual, is the present seat of the disturbance. Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina are each claimed by the opposing parties, and President Grant, apprehending difficulty, has ordered troops into each of them. If civil war is avoided, it will be owing mainly to the President's courage and determination in nipping treason in the bud. The republic's manner of electing its Chief Officer is almost, if not quite, a failure. Some other more practicable and efficient manner of electing the President should be devised by our solons. There is need of it. I was on the 10th of the present month appointed Clerk of the District Court of Jefferson County by Judge W. E. Beck, our newly elected Judge of this First Judicial District. I have qualified and entered upon the discharge of my duties. They are not, however, very arduous, dull times have discouraged litigants.

Golden, June 21, 1878. It is over a year and a half since I wrote last in my diary. Keeping a diary is a kind of sentimental nonsense anyway, and generally persisted in by poets and lovesick girls. I had about given it up and can reconcile myself to it only because it is valuable for future reference, where a minute record is made of transactions happening at the present time. A great many things have taken place since I wrote herein. Personally, one of the most important of these has been my marriage, to Miss Althea, daughter of Jesse Quaintance Esq. of this place. This took place last Dec. 23, 1877, six months ago. I am still in my official business and am gaining a little law practice and more confidence in myself. I have done well in the last two years in a financial view. Have bought and paid for my home, a neat house, costing me \$1200, but worth \$1500. I have other property besides, including 160 acres of land down in Nebraska, given me a year ago by my paternal ancestor in the first degree removed. Prospects have improved considerably in Golden since I wrote last. Business is better, though dull now, in mid-summer almost. Since Feb. I have been occupying an office in the New Court House, built by Jefferson County at an expense of \$30,000 and over.