

Colorado's First Executive Mansion, 1863-1865, Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, Denver, Colo.
Library, S.H.S.C.

First Ladies of Colorado--- Margaret Gray Evans

(Governor John Evans—1862-1865)

By HELEN CANNON*

Mrs. John Evans, wife of the second territorial governor of Colorado, was Colorado's first First Lady, since Governor Gilpin, the state's first territorial governor, was a bachelor during the time he was governor. Also, the home that Governor Evans built and later enlarged at the corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets in Denver, and in which the family lived from 1863 until 1900, was Colorado's first executive mansion. Mrs. Evans was peculiarly fitted for her position as First Lady by heritage, training, and personal characteristics; and from the time of her arrival in Denver in November 1862, by stage-coach, until her death in September 1906, she was one of Colorado's and Denver's truly first ladies.

Margaret Patten Gray, the daughter and one of nine children of Samuel and Susan Gray, was born on August 21, 1830, in Bowdoinham, Maine. She was a Mayflower descendant through two Pilgrim Fathers: Richard Warren, the twelfth signer, and Francis Cooke, the seventeenth signer of the *Mayflower Compact*. She was also a Daughter of the American Revolution through her great-grandfather, Pardon Gray, who was a major in the Second Regiment of the American Revolutionary Army and a lieutenant colonel and governor's assistant in the state of Rhode Island. Samuel Gray, her father, was born in Rhode Island, graduated from Brown University, and shortly thereafter moved to Maine, where he became a highly respected and well-to-do lawyer and shipbuilder. He was a handsome and distinguished looking man with a cold and haughty manner, and proud of his family and ancestry, he taught *noblesse oblige* to his children. The fine old colonial home over which he ruled was marked by dignity, hospitality, efficiency, and plenty. Two of his sons became sea captains, plying their clipper ships to all parts of the world and bringing back to the New England homestead rare articles of furnishings, curios, and objects of art which made it a place of unusual interest. Susan Felton Gray, her mother, was born in Bowdoinham and married Samuel Gray at the age of seventeen. She was a woman of deep religious convictions who in her young womanhood had been baptized into the Methodist faith in the stream running through the Gray homestead meadow. In her home she

*Copyright by Helen Cannon, 1962. This is the second in a series of articles on First Ladies of Colorado being written by Miss Helen Cannon, Associate Professor of Home Economics, University of Colorado. Miss Cannon holds a B.S. degree from the University of Arkansas and an M.S. degree from Iowa State University. Her biography of Julia Pratte Gilpin was published in *The Colorado Magazine*, October, 1961.—Editor.



John Evans, II
MARGARET GRAY EVANS

was markedly a woman of prayer, and one of the fondest memories she bequeathed to her children was the often overheard words of her private devotions.

Margaret Gray's oldest sister, Cornelia, married Orrington Lunt of Bowdoinham in 1842, and in that same year they moved west to Chicago. He became a wealthy and prominent business man of that city and later of Evanston. Margaret was a frequent visitor in her sister's home where she met Dr. John Evans, a practicing physician and professor of medicine at Rush Medical College. At the time of their marriage in Bowdoinham on August 18, 1853, Dr. Evans was a widower of thirty-nine with a beautiful but delicate nine-year-old daughter, Josephine (born September 30, 1844), the only surviving child of his first marriage. In 1855, they moved from Chicago into their new and spacious home in Evanston, the site of the recently opened Methodist university, Northwestern, that he and his brother-in-law, Orrington Lunt, were instrumental in founding. Here their first children were born: William Gray ("Willie") on December 16, 1855, and Margaret ("Maggie") on October 3,

1857. Mrs. Evans adeptly entered into the intellectual and religious life of the university town named for her already distinguished husband. The Evanston interlude was probably the happiest and most satisfying period of her life, but her Puritan conscience and her New England upbringing would not permit her to be unrestrainedly happy. It was a time in which she earnestly strove to arrive at her own spiritual maturity and sought Divine guidance in disciplining and training Willie and Maggie. Also, the responsibility of being a step-mother, a task for which she felt incompetent, weighed heavily on her mind and heart.



Library, State Hist. Soc. Colo.
GOVERNOR JOHN EVANS

This pleasant life on the shore of Lake Michigan was short-lived. In the spring of 1862, President Lincoln offered the governorship of the Territory of Colorado to Dr. Evans and he accepted the offer. The Governor arrived in Denver to assume his duties on May 18, 1862, but because of the unsettled conditions he did not bring the family until November. However, Josephine did not join the family until late January, 1864, after completing her schooling at Wesleyan Academy in Wilbraham,



C. Phelps Dodge, Evergreen

MARGARET EVANS ("Little Maggie")

her room at the Tremont House, said her devotions, heard Willie's lessons, and hastened to join the Governor to do some last minute shopping for the new home. But it was not a usual day. This was the day the Governor's family was moving into Colorado's first executive mansion. Margaret Gray Evans was solemn that morning. There were memories of the pleasant home on the shore of Lake Michigan. And then there was little Maggie. "Had they been unjust to our precious little Maggie to leave her there alone? My own two rooms are small but comfortable, everything is very nice and clean and much more quiet and homelike than the Tremont. It is so much better for Willie, too. I am sure it is better for us to be here for a great variety of reasons."³ So ran the thoughts of the First Lady as the Evans family moved into their new home at the corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, and Margaret Gray Evans began her second experience in pioneering and building a

Massachusetts. The final parting from the Evanston home was made more difficult by the death in July of five-year-old Maggie¹ of scarlet fever. Governor and Mrs. Evans and William Gray, accompanied by Mrs. O. E. Willard,² made the trip from Atchison, Kansas, to Denver in a special chartered stage-coach, taking four days and five nights. They stopped at the stations along the way to eat and floored over the coach at night for sleeping. There was no danger from the Indians at that time though they saw a great many. On arrival in Denver on November 12, the family took residence at the Tremont House until a suitable home could be provided.

On Monday morning, April 27, 1863, Mrs. Evans arose at the usual time in

¹ According to Mrs. Evans's *Diary*, Margaret Evans ("Maggie") is buried in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, Illinois.

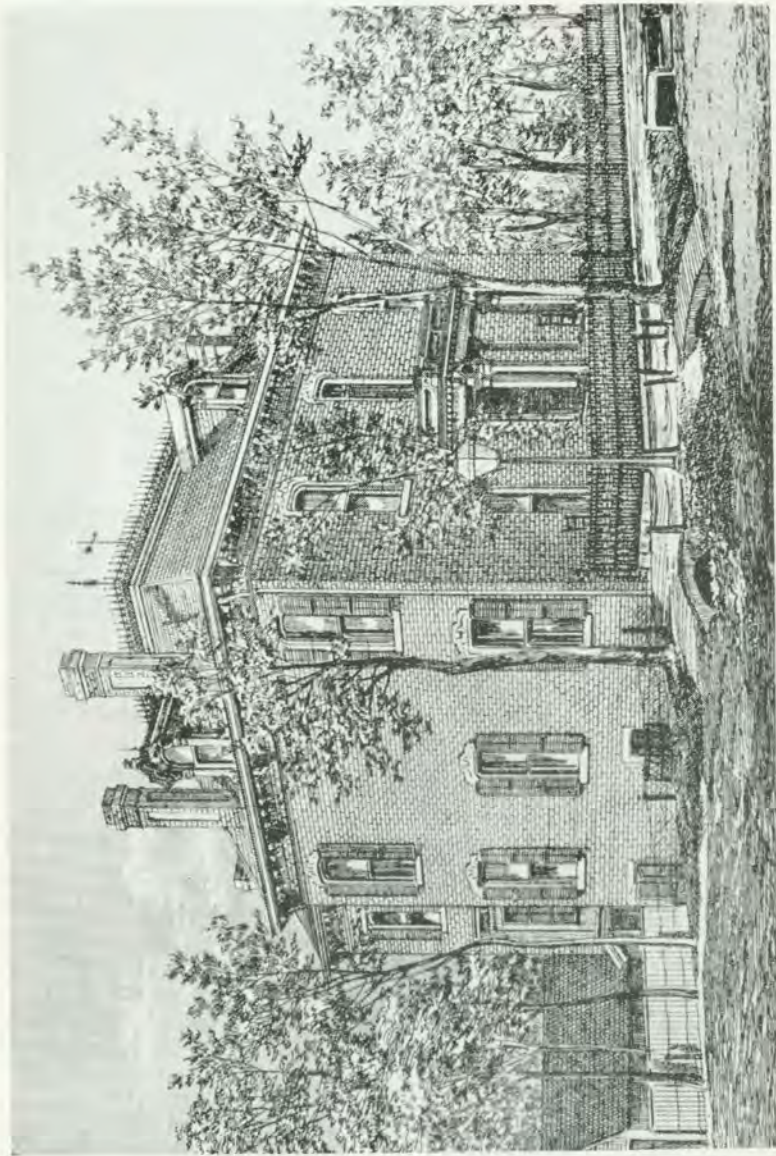
² Mrs. Willard was the wife of Reverend O. E. Willard, the first minister of the first established Methodist church in Denver.

³ Taken from the *Diary* of Margaret Gray Evans.

home on a new frontier. It was a simple story-and-half red brick trimmed in white, but no doubt this house, so different from the regulation low-roofed cabins of logs and rough timbers, was the cause of much talk and envy. The feature which seemed to draw the most comments was the library. Mrs. Evans was a great lover of books, particularly of books dealing with abstract thought, and her personal library had been brought across the plains in a prairie schooner. In this attractive book-lined and fire-lit room, Mrs. Evans during the next four decades pursued her studies, entertained small groups of friends, and held the countless committee meetings of the many religious, educational, and charitable organizations of which she was a member and often an enthusiastic and hard-working officer. Through the years she continued to add to her library well-chosen and valuable volumes.

In spite of this seemingly comfortable and pleasant situation, life for Margaret Gray Evans as Colorado's First Lady during the years 1862-1865, could not have been easy. Her husband was daily confronted with almost unsurmountable problems as he worked to organize the government, maintain order, raise troops for the cause of the Union, and prepare the Territory for statehood. The population of the Territory of Colorado was about 25,000, and of that number about 3,000 were living in Denver, one-half of which were floaters and prospectors. During his administration two disasters occurred which destroyed large sections of the town and valuable records: a fire on April 19, 1863, and one year later on May 20, 1864, the historic Cherry Creek flood. Also, since a large portion of everything used in Denver still had to be transported across the plains in wagons, it was not easy to provide food for the family and the many guests who found their way to the Governor's house. Then, there was the ever constant danger of attacks from the Indians, and during the Indian uprisings from 1864-1868, the lines of communication between Denver and the East were so seriously interrupted that the city was threatened with famine and all food and other supplies rose to almost fabulous prices. Regardless of these conditions, Mrs. Evans made several dangerous trips across the plains back East while she was First Lady. She returned to Evanston in 1863, for the birth of their son, Evan Elbert, on June 26, 1863, and again in June 1865, for the marriage of Josephine in the Evanston home to Samuel H. Elbert, then Secretary and later Governor of Colorado Territory. Earlier in 1865, she and Governor Evans accompanied by Josephine and her niece, Cornelia Gray Lunt, made the trip to Washington to attend the second inauguration of President Lincoln.

But if life on the frontier in the 1860's was strenuous and uncertain, it was also gay. The pioneers, with the aid of artificial spirits, were able to lay aside thought of impending



The Remodeled First Executive Mansion, 1873-1909, Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, Denver, Colo.

dangers and enter exuberantly into the diversions of the day. It was a carefree and unorganized social life and credit is given to the tall, handsome, dignified, and highly educated Mrs. John Evans and her small group of friends of similar tastes for organizing Denver society and setting its character and tone. Old-timers like to say that Denver society was born in the winter of 1864, when the Executive Mansion was opened for the first time to members of the Legislature of the Territory of Colorado, and Governor and Mrs. Evans began their long career of official entertaining. The session was avidly covered by the newspapers, and the *Commonwealth* took note and space to editorially congratulate and thank Mrs. Evans for her contribution to the social atmosphere of the assemblage and to the city of Denver:

On Thursday evening of last week, Mrs. Governor Evans entertained a houseful of guests, including members of the Legislature, in a most charming manner; and again on Thursday evening of the present week, the Executive residence was filled with friends of the Governor, and his most estimable lady and daughter.

Necessarily, upon the first occasion, black-coated gentlemen predominated, and yet the hours flew fleetly; but a more elegant and joyous company is rarely assembled, even in the gay capitals of the old States, than that which graced Mrs. Evans' parlors on last Thursday evening.

Upon these occasions, lively conversations, singing, most elegant performances upon the piano, delightful promenades to the music of the military band, and the discussion of more than bountiful repasts, occupied the time after the witching hour of midnight.

More than once, we have yielded to the modest request of the Governor's excellent lady, in withholding public mention of her name, but she will pardon us this time for thanking her for the character which she has given to these, her first general entertainments. The social influences were good and only good. We thank her more especially, that wines and other intoxicating drinks found no place upon her sumptuous tables. Her example, in this regard, will go far toward abolishing a custom, which used to obtain more generally in this city than at present.⁴

The character of this Denver home over which Margaret Gray Evans so graciously and charmingly presided for thirty-seven years to the delight of her family and friends and literally hundreds of distinguished guests was that of the hospitable and cultured but precise New England home of her girlhood. Throughout this long period, its character remained the same, and when it was abandoned as the family residence in 1900, the *Rocky Mountain News*, on June 25, noted: "The house was the scene of constant entertaining all of an elegant but sober Methodist pattern. No dancing or cards but many elaborate receptions. Mrs. Evans was always the grand dame, stately and dignified in her velvets and point laces."

⁴ *Commonwealth*, March 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 1.



Breakfast at the Evans Ranch, Summer of 1886
 Left to right: Cornelia Gray Lunt, Anne Evans, Mrs. John Evans, William Gray Evans, John Evans II (son of William Gray Evans). [Courtesy of C. Phelps Dodge, great-grandson of Orrington Lunt and a great-great-nephew of Margaret Gray Evans.]

Governor Evans resigned from the office of governorship on August 1, 1865. He served one year as Senator-elect in Washington working for statehood for Colorado, but resigned that office on September 1, 1866, and never again ran for public office. This was not, however, a withdrawal from service to his adopted state and city, and he continued to be a dedicated public servant though he turned his attention to building the Territory of Colorado and developing his personal business interests. Margaret Evans shared John Evans's optimism and faith in the future greatness of Colorado, and the next thirty years were the most eventful and active ones of her life as she served not only as her husband's chief counselor in all his business undertakings but as copartner in civic and educational projects of far-reaching value to Denver and the state, as well as being the initiator and executor of many of her own projects. She brought to these new tasks purposeful ambition, a vigorous mind, a Puritan conscience which forbade her to waste time, and a personal philosophy that "a New Englander must never be beaten."

During a part of this last phase of her life, Mrs. Evans lived abroad, traveling, studying, and improving her health. She was in Europe during the fall and winter of 1870-1871, and again from May 1875, until April 1877. She made her residence in London, but spent considerable time on the Continent; and Anne, their fourth and last child, was born in London on January 23, 1871. In between these two sojourns abroad, she supervised the remodeling of the Denver home into the attractive three-story house with a Mansard roof which became a show place and landmark of Denver. The house again served as the Executive Mansion during the governorship of the Evanses' son-in-law, Samuel H. Elbert (1873-1874). Josephine Evans Elbert had died on October 22, 1868, and Mrs. Evans acted as First Lady on many official and social functions. After the death of Governor Evans on July 3, 1897, Mrs. Evans retired from all social activities and remained active in only a few organizations. In 1900, she and Anne moved into a wing of the residence of her son, William Gray Evans, at 1310 Bannock Street. Space was provided for her library, and since she, like her mother, Susan Gray, was markedly a woman of prayer in her home, an alcove-chapel was built off of her bedroom for prayers and meditation. She died at home on the morning of September 7, 1906, at the age of seventy-four, and was buried beside Governor Evans in Riverside Cemetery.

From the time Mrs. Evans arrived in Denver in the fall of 1862, and busied herself with organizing a Soldiers' Aid Society, teaching Sunday School, and collecting the salary for the Methodist minister, it can safely be said that every worthwhile cause in the city of Denver during the rest of her lifetime found in her a sympathetic and generous supporter. But

she is probably best remembered in the annals of Denver's charitable and philanthropical institutions for those projects which occupied her chief attention during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. After their return from Europe in the spring of 1877, she and Governor Evans participated in the designing and building of two beautiful Gothic churches on the corner of now Thirteenth Avenue and Bannock Street. The first to be built, the Evans Memorial Chapel, was dedicated on October 10, 1878, to the memory of Josephine Evans Elbert and deeded as an outright gift to the Methodist Church of Colorado. Its larger and more stately adjoining companion, Grace Methodist Church, was dedicated ten years later on January 27, 1889. The Chapel, "the little jewel of a church," was moved in 1960 to the campus of the University of Denver for safe keeping, but Grace Church was demolished and its graceful, red sandstone, Gothic spiral of which Mrs. Evans was so justly proud was lost to the skyline of downtown Denver. The Denver Orphans' Home has been called Mrs. Evans's pet and particular charge. She was a founder and president of the first Board of Directors. She was also a charter member and first president of the Fortnightly Club, Denver's first women's literary club and likewise organized in 1881. As a member of the Board of Trustees of Colorado Seminary (University of Denver) from the time of its reactivation in 1880 until 1900, she exerted a strong influence on the policies of the second great Methodist university her husband was instrumental in founding. She was a patron of the Fine Arts Department of that institution, offering annual student prizes during the academic years of 1885-1892; and her gifts of well selected plaster casts of famous works of art formed the nucleus of their teaching collection. When the department was reorganized in 1892, as the Denver School of Fine Arts, she was elected president of the Board of Control. She was no less a valuable patron of the English Department. In June 1884, at the suggestion of Bishop Henry White Warren of the Methodist Church, she headed a committee of twenty women to raise \$30,000 for the establishment of a woman's chair in the University of Denver. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, a personal friend of Mrs. Evans, was the first incumbent of the Woman's Chair of *Belles-Lettres* from 1888-1891. In 1891, John Evans gave to the University property then appraised at \$100,000, to add to the endowment of the president's chair and the woman's chair in the University of Denver and Colorado Seminary, reserving for Mrs. Evans the right to name the Woman's Chair, and she requested that it be called the "Mary Lowe Dickinson Chair of *Belles-Lettres*." Besides Mrs. Dickinson, three other women occupied the chair before the title lapsed in 1923: Anna A. Fisher from 1891-1900; Etta L. Miller from 1900-1910; and Ida Kruse McFarlane from 1910-1923.

George W. Kassler: Colorado Pioneer

By PHILIP K. ALEXANDER, JR.

There has just come into the permanent keeping of the State Historical Society of Colorado a remarkable and extremely valuable collection of diaries, letters, photographs, and accounts kept by George W. Kassler, one of Colorado's well-known pioneers. These have been preserved over the many years by his descendants.

Inspired by the efforts of Philip K. Alexander, Jr., of Denver, great-grandson of George W. Kassler, various members of the family contributed numerous items to this collection, the bulk of which had been preserved by Edwin S. Kassler, Sr., of Denver, Colorado, and George W. Kassler of Santa Monica, California, son of Charles M. Kassler.

After assembling the collection, Philip K. Alexander, Jr., prepared a book-length manuscript based upon the various items. We are pleased to publish parts of this "book," in this and future issues of *The Colorado Magazine*.

Philip K. Alexander, Jr., great-grandson of George W. Kassler, was born in Denver on December 1, 1917. With the exception of several school years and war years, he has lived here continuously. He is a graduate of The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., and from Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire. During World War II, he served as a Captain with the 8th Air Force in England. For eighteen years he was associated with the International Trust Company, but resigned when that bank consolidated with the First National Bank, in order to devote more time to personal interests, including art, history, and natural history. Mr. Alexander is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Denver Zoological Foundation. His business hours are devoted to investments.

During the past year, with the encouragement and assistance of his wife, Gladys Barkalow Alexander, a descendant of pioneer Omaha families, Mr. Alexander collected the Kassler family papers and arranged them in perfect order. Through his influence this collection was recently presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by Edwin Stebbins Kassler, Sr., and the family of the late Charles Moffat Kassler.—*Editor*.

Preface

The purpose of this book is to permit George W. and Maria T. Kassler to tell their own story. Occasionally, a brief footnote has been appended to clarify a historical event for those unfamiliar with early Denver and Colorado history. The brief biographical sketch is based primarily on original documents in the collection, and also on newspaper articles and previously published reports, and is intended to serve only as background information to their own writings.

A limited number of reproductions of this work have been made so that each of the descendants may have the benefit of the information contained herein, and also, so that the memory of these two pioneers may be preserved in the hearts and minds of those who follow.

In copying the many documents a few minor errors may have been made, but the original spelling, punctuation, etc., was always followed. This being a private effort with the accompanying limitations on time and money, it was never intended to be a properly documented historical study. The

story is here, however, and that is all that is important. Should anyone wish to pursue the work further, the Kassler collection is now in the hands of The State Historical Society of Colorado and there the originals are always available for closer examination.

A Biographical Sketch (1836-1890)

George W. Kassler, who was born in Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York, on September 12, 1836, inherited a rich tradition of courage and strength from his forebears. His sister, Calista, writes:

"(Our) Great Grandfathers' names were John Kassler and Nicholas Pickard. The latter, Father of Grandmother Kassler, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. His wife with her two children was at home on their farm in Minden near Fort Plain, N. Y., the eldest a boy named George the other an infant named Mary, afterward (our) Grandmother. Her nearest neighbor was the wife of a Tory with whom she was very friendly about the time of the Cherry Valley massacre, Nov. 11, 1778, this neighbor having been advised by her Tory husband told (Great) Grandmother Pickard the Indians were rapidly approaching and to hide herself and her children where they could not find them. She immediately threw the spinning wheel in the bushes took her baby in her arms, a loaf of bread, pail of buttermilk just churned, a jack knife and with the boy George fled to the woods hiding in an old sap hut. A dog was there tied up, she did not know whether it was an Indian's or a white man's. Fearing it might bark and indicate their hiding place she killed it. Others followed her until fifteen were gathered there. The bread and milk did not last long. The Indians soon came along destroying everything they could find. Great Grandmother's house was burned with everything in it, also the wagon in plain sight from their hiding place. The chickens they killed and took the horse away with them. Not having been discovered those hid in the bushes hastened to Fort Plain for safety.

"During the war of 1812 Grandfather Kassler was in the army one night when ordered to picket duty. He was told by the man on duty the night before there were hogs around the camp. He informed the Captain his brother-in-law who instructed him if any came around that night to shoot one for dinner the next day. During the night one appeared and Grandfather shot it but an examination of the remains showed it to be an Indian disguised in hogs skin.

"Grandmother Mary Pickard the infant above referred to in due time became the wife (of) Phillip Kassler. They were married Feb. 23, 1799."

Abram, the son of Phillip and Mary Kassler, was born to them on May 26, 1802. He was a proprietor of a store and a painter of wagons. On September 14, 1830, in Hughsonville, New York, Abram married the daughter of a blacksmith, Nancy Shrader, and six years later, in Canajoharie, as above mentioned, they became the parents of George W. Kassler.



GEORGE W. KASSLER

Unfortunately, very little is known about the early years of George Washington Kassler. Various accounts do agree, however, that he attended schools in his native town until he reached the age of eleven, at which time he sacrificed a portion of his education while he worked part time in a store as a clerk. In 1851, at the age of fifteen he moved to Coopers-town, New York, again clerking in a store for a year before entering the Post Office where he remained until 1857.

The year 1857 was a year of destiny, for in that year the now twenty-one year old Kassler, carrying letters of recommendation, moved west in April to Omaha City, Nebraska Territory. Information is meagre as to what followed during the next three years. That he was already in business is indicated by the fact that he obtained employment in a banking house under L. R. Tuttle and A. U. Wyman, both of whom later became Treasurers of the United States. Also, in 1859, he was City Collector of taxes for Omaha as proven by his signature on a Tax Certificate which he issued to D. H. Moffat, Jr. whose bid of 98 cents for two feet of land was accepted by the City.

Perhaps the most important event which occurred during his few years in Omaha was his meeting and becoming a friend of David H. Moffat, Jr. Moffat, who was destined to become one of Colorado's most spectacular pioneer figures, certainly exercised considerable influence on the life of George W. Kassler. The friendship that began there bound the two men together in many business ventures and together they shared many of the exciting events that helped to develop this new western area.

On April 28, 1860, a small wagon train accompanied by a hack and buggy started out from Omaha across the plains to

Denver. One of the group of ten¹ who made up the party was Kassler, bound for the "Nebraska Gold Mines," this being a date prior to the establishment of Colorado Territory.

The diary which relates of this twenty-six day journey is noteworthy, more perhaps for what is left unsaid than for what is written. Kassler's humor and brief comments tend to make light of what must have been a rather arduous trip. One hardly pictures a pioneer as being just five and one-half feet tall and weighing in the neighborhood of 125 pounds. But Kassler was a business man and was looking for opportunity, not Indians.

Possibly part of this opportunity had already been arranged for. Within a month after he had arrived in Denver the firm of Turner and Hobbs² opened its doors as bankers and brokers on Ferry Street between Larimer and Market (McGaa) Streets. George W. Kassler was Cashier. This bank was the first in Denver. But in the summer of 1861, shortly after the first shots of the Civil War had been fired, the organization was closed and Turner and Hobbs returned east to look after other affairs.

It could not have been long after this that Kassler became an assistant to Major John S. Fillmore, a paymaster in the United States Army. How active he was in this capacity prior to June, 1862, is not certain. On the 19th of that month, however, he was a member of a party "escorted out of Denver by a section of two guns of the 9th Wis. Battery" and headed for Valverde and Fort Craig, New Mexico.³ Again his brief diary understates the nature and the hazards of the journey. At Camp Valverde and Fort Craig were Colorado and United States Troops who in March had defeated Confederate forces from Texas at La Gloriéta Pass, and had gone on to recapture Santa Fe. It was for these men that Fillmore carried pay.

Returning to Denver on September 13, 1862, Kassler shortly thereafter boarded a stagecoach and crossed the plains to St. Joseph, Missouri. Thence by rail he continued on to New York, visiting Cooperstown and St. Johnsville where his parents now lived.

Two important events occurred on this trip east. While there he visited Philadelphia and Washington. In the latter place he received the appointment "to a responsible position in the Branch U. S. Mint established in (Denver)." In Philadelphia he was instructed in his new duties.

¹ The party comprised: H. Z. Chapman, J. Frank Coffman and wife, Dr. T. J. Boylin, J. L. Smith, W. F. Wilder, Randall Shoaf, John Shoaf, Cap Coffman, and Geo. W. Kassler. The party had five mules, seven horses, three freight wagons, one hack, and a buggy.

² On April 11, 1860, the *Denver Daily News* announced that Turner & Hobbs of Independence, Missouri, "design establishing a first class banking house in this city. Their gentlemanly agent David Street Esq., is already here making preliminary arrangements."

³ The diary recording this journey follows the biographical sketch in this issue of *The Colorado Magazine*.

More important than this appointment, however, was the deep feeling of affection which sprang up within him for Maria T. Stebbins upon meeting her once again in New York. She was from Clinton, New York, and a member of one of the pioneer families of that place. So great was this emotion that while passing through Omaha, March 19, 1863, on his way back to Denver, he mailed to her a proposal of marriage. Thus began the series of letters in which George W. Kassler so aptly describes early Denver and his experiences there. The fire, the flood, the Indian troubles, and the growing city were all a part of his life, and all of this played against the backdrop of the Civil War.

Being a staunch Democrat he did not favor Abraham Lincoln with his vote. Later in life his views changed and he changed his party.

Back in Denver his association with the U. S. Mint was short-lived. In the summer of 1863, he signed the articles of co-partnership with David H. Moffat, Jr. and C. C. Woolworth of New York. The latter immediately began to purchase stock for the new business, and in January, 1864, Kassler resigned his position with the Mint to devote full time to the newly organized "George W. Kassler & Co."

The business card of the firm read:

"George W. Kassler & Co.,
Wholesale and retail dealers in
Books, Stationery, Periodicals,
Newspapers, etc. etc.
Tobaccos, Segars, Meerscham Pipes,
Notions, etc.
Blake Street, Corner of F St.,
Denver City, Colorado."

To this was added Fire & Accident Insurance. As an agency and according to an advertisement appearing in a business directory published in 1866, Kassler handled policies for the Home Insurance Co. of New York, the International Insurance Co. of New York, the Arctic Fire Insurance Co. of New York, the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn., and the Home Insurance Co. of New Haven, Conn.

The business was soundly financed and soundly managed, and was successful over the next ten years.

In the spring of 1865, Kassler "went in" again to New York State. The long and distant courtship was over. In St. James Church, in Clinton, Oneida County, on May 31, he and Maria Theresa Stebbins, were united in marriage by the Rev. Henry R. Pyne.

Many years later Mrs. George W. Kassler wrote "a story" about her first trip west, including the five-and-a-half-day stagecoach journey from Atchison, Kansas. Her faith in her new husband and his faith in this new country were of sufficient help to enable her to face the dangers and the sacrifices of her new life.

George and Maria's first son, Edwin Stebbins Kassler, was born in Denver, October 29, 1866. Before he was a year old he, too, had taken the long stagecoach ride out of the Territory and had ridden the "cars" to New York. Their second son, Charles Moffat Kassler, arrived January 26, 1870, and in 1871 both boys accompanied their mother on a visit east.

These infrequent trips were fortunate, for in each case they caused the writing of letters. Although George might accompany his family one way, his visits were necessarily of a briefer nature. Someone had to tend the store and it was during the lonely periods when his wife and boys were away that he wrote many letters.

In 1873, he was elected City Treasurer and filled one term.

On February 2, 1874, Governor Samuel H. Elbert appointed George W. Kassler to be Deputy Territorial Treasurer to act "for and during the absence of David H. Moffat, Jr."

On April 16, 1874, G. W. Kassler was elected Ass't. Cashier of the First National Bank of Denver, and it was this election that marked the beginning of a new endeavor for him. The G. W. Kassler & Co. business was gradually closed out. As C. C. Woolworth had written to him in February: "The day for large profits has long since been substituted for the day of close margins, large expenses, and heavy stock, and the best sale you can make will be the most advantageous for the concern." The insurance business was turned over to Messrs. Wanless & Patterson. From now on for the balance of his active business career he was to be associated with the First National.

In January, 1880, when David H. Moffat, Jr. became President of the bank which now had deposits of more than \$2,000,000.00, G. W. Kassler was promoted to Cashier. It was during this same month that he was reelected Secretary of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad Company with whom he had been associated since its beginning.

During these years and the few busy ones to follow, Kassler was making wise and profitable business investments in Denver and in the growing state. He was primarily interested in banking and real estate. Together with his friend, Dave Moffat, he erected the Moffat and Kassler Block on Lawrence Street. He also held interests in a few mining companies including the Henrietta Mine at Leadville. Being close to Moffat it was inevitable that he was actively interested in several railroads: The Denver & South Park, The Denver & New Orleans, the Denver, Utah and Pacific, and the railroad construction companies organized to build them. In these companies he served either as secretary or treasurer.

George W. Kassler was also active in many civic organizations. He had previously served as President on the Denver Board of Fire Underwriters and the Denver Board of Trade, and in 1882, became a member of the Board of Denver School

District No. 1, serving with that group until 1888.

It was also in 1882, that he resigned from The First National Bank upon its consolidation with the Merchants National Bank. Failing health has been reported as the cause.

From 1883 until 1889, he was a member of the Board of Capitol Managers and together with such men as Governor James P. Grant and ex-Governor Routt was responsible for the design and erection of the State Capitol in Denver.

Health slowly failed George W. Kassler. His story ended at his home on July 20, 1890.

As his wife, Maria T. Kassler, wrote: "The one whose footsteps I followed never lost faith in the future of Denver and gave his strength and money toward making it a desirable place for his descendants to live and carry on the good work."

The Diary of George W. Kassler Recording His Journey to New Mexico in the Summer of 1862 as Paymaster Clerk, U. S. Army

Denver, C.T. Thursday

July 19, 1862 (This evidently was intended for *June 19*)

The following party started for New Mexico:

Rev. J. H. Kehler, Chaplain, 1st Reg., 2nd Colorado Vols.

Maj. J. S. Fillmore, Paymaster, U.S.A., & Wife

(Married the day before starting.)⁴

G. W. Kassler, Paymaster Clerk

L. N. Tappan

Capt. Geo. West, 2nd Reg. Lt. Geo. Kimball, 2nd Reg.

Ed. McClintock, Hy Ford, Wm. Ford, Thos. Stinson, Henry—, Driver

Whittemore, Driver and Geo.— & Calvin—, Cooks

Were escorted out of Denver by a section of two guns of the 9th Wis. Battery-attached to the 2nd Reg. Col. Vols. Six guns fired when we separated with many friends and proceeded on our journey.⁵

Camped on the Platte eleven miles from Denver.

Our outfit is complete, consisting of a Coach—4 mules; Ambulance—2 horses; Mess Wagon—2 horses; and 4 saddle horses.

The table, for we have one, with a dozen camp stools, is provided with all the necessary's, as well as luxurys of the market, and the cooks understand their business.

20th, Friday—Drove eight miles beyond Coberly's⁶ 32 miles. Messenger came.

21, Saturday Drove 11 miles past Colorado [City]. Stopped at the latter place for lunch and went up to the noted soda springs. The water is very nice to drink and some day will be valuable and if at some future there should be a town here it may be a place of resort. The Springs are a great curiosity and well worth a visit. The scenery about

⁴ According to the *Daily Evening News*, June 19, 1862: "Married. At the residence of the bride's father, (the Rectory) in this city, on the evening of the 18th inst. by Rev. Mr. Kehler, Miss Bettie M. Kehler, daughter of the officiating clergyman, and Major J. S. Fillmore, Paymaster, U.S.A."

⁵ Grand Military Farewell.—One of the greatest and gayest affairs of the week passed off this noon, on the departure of Major Fillmore and company for New Mexico. Thirty or forty of the military at camp [Weld], with two cannon, escorted the outfit a few miles out of town, previous to which event, they all went through drill on F Street, above Larimer, and adjourned to the Metropolitan, guests of Major Fillmore. They all had a grand, good time of it there, and finally started out a few miles and fired complimentary salutes to the Major and his bride.—*Daily Evening News*, June 19, 1862.

⁶ The Coberly family came to Colorado in October, 1858, and settled in Sec. 33, Twp. 8 S., Range 69 West and Sec. 4, Twp. 9 S., R. 68 West and built the house that was later known as the Half-Way House.—Carroll H. Coberly, Wheat Ridge, Colo.

Colorado is grand, but it is not the proper place for the Capital of Colorado Ter.⁷

June 22, 1862, Sunday Drove 35 miles. Crossed Arkansas River at Pueblo. River very high, banks overflowed, some trouble in crossing, had to drive through water about a mile. Mosquitoes very lively.

June 23, Monday Drove 31 miles. Camped on Appache Ck. Kept Guard. No grass. Got 4 Artillery Horses at Hicklands⁸ lost by 1st Section, 9th Battery.

June 24, Tuesday Drove 35 miles. Camped on Apishpa Ck. Some grass. Geo. Moody with orders from Col. Leavenworth arrived at camp about midnight. Lost mail bag.

25 Wednesday Tom Stinson gone back after mail bag. Mule run away. Did not get started until 9- O'C. Drove 25 miles. Camped 8 miles from Grey's ranche. Plenty grass & water. Wrote home and to Dave Moffat.

Thursday, June 26 Drove 27 miles, crossed Ratoon Mountains. Camped on Red River.

P.S. Two men were killed at the above place where we camped the next [day] after we left by the Indians.

1862, Friday, June 27 Drove 45 miles, the first 25 without water. Started 5 A.M. camped for night 5 miles from Maxwell's. [Lucien B.] Maxwell has 40 square miles of land—about 8 or 10 miles under cultivation has splendid house. Grist mill and everything complete. Employs a couple hundred men, and has 50 peons and 100 families tenants on the place. 2,000 cattle 300 horses 14,000 sheep Kept Guard. Falling meteor.

Saturday, June 28/62 Drove 30 miles. Camped on Oc-ca-ta fine grass & water.

Sunday, June 29/62 Drove 18 miles to Fort Union. Good Quarters, etc.

Monday, June 30/62 Remained at Ft. Union. Don't go much on this Fort.

Tuesday, July 1st 1862 Left Ft. Union 11½ A.M. Drove 25 miles to Las Vegas, Population 1500, very few Americans. 5 miles from the Hot Springs⁹ called on Mrs. Dr. Boies, an American Lady. They live very finely, fine furniture, mirrors, pictures and a grand piano.

Wednesday, July 2 Drove 35 miles to San O za [San Jose?]

Thursday, July 3 Drove 45 miles to Santa Fe. Bot a Kid for supper.

Friday Santa Fe, July 4/62 Exchange Hotel Celebration of 4th.

Saturday, July 5th Fandango or dance, at the Hotel.

Sunday, July 6th Went to the old church here.

Monday, July 7th Mr. Kehler left on a coach for Ft. Craig. Mrs. Fillmore for the States, and Lt. Kimball to Ft. Union

Tuesday, 8th Left Santa Fe for Ft. Craig, 11½ O'C. Drove 15 miles to Penos Ranch.

July 9th Drove 35 miles took dinner at Algo-don-es (Means Cotton). Camped for night about two miles north of San Dio, a Pueblo Indian village. Passed today Pereas Ranch, beautiful place—several

⁷ Old Colorado City, located between present-day Manitou Springs and Colorado Springs, was named the first official capital of Colorado Territory. The second Territorial Legislature met there for only a few days, then adjourned to Denver. The old town is now a part of Colorado Springs.—*Editor*.

⁸ This undoubtedly refers to the Alexander (Zan) Hicklins who settled on the Vigil and St. Vrain Grant on the Greenhorn in 1859. Mrs. Hicklin was Estefana Bent, daughter of Charles Bent, first Territorial Governor of New Mexico. See: D. W. Working, "The Hicklins of the Greenhorn," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IV, No. 5 (December, 1927), 183.

⁹ Montezuma Hot Springs, 5.5 m. (from Las Vegas) and the Montezuma Hotel now used by the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Santa Fe as a Seminary for the training of priests. . . . The original castellike Montezuma Hotel . . . built in 1889. . . . accommodated a bathhouse that surrounded 23 springs and had a capacity of 1,000 baths daily.—*New Mexico Guide* (N. Y.: Hastings House, 1940), 236.

thousand acres under cultivation. Apple, Peach, and Appicot trees loaded with fruit, large vineyard, etc.

July 10th & 11th Drove to Paratto—Paid some officers & discharged soldiers there. Crossed the Rio Grande on Ferry boat. Man & horse fell overboard. Horse swum out. Man pulled back in boat.

12th, Friday Camped on Rio Grande.

Sunday, July 13- 14 & 15 To Camp Valverde¹⁰

14th Arrived at Camp Valverde, found the boys all in good spirits and like the camp much better than anticipated.

15th Went up to Fort Craig —miles to take a look at the Fort. Returned to Camp and commenced preparing papers for payment of the soldiers, have 6 or 8 clerk detached from the Reg't. Hard at work.

16th Report came in about dusk that 17 men who were out gathering Pie plant about 15 miles had been attacked by Indians and one killed, 2 or 3 more missing. 200 men started in a short time after the Indians. Paid some Officers today

17th Paid most of the Officers of the 1st Colorado today

18th Pd. Cos. H & B—moved to Fort.

19 Pd co A & C

Saturday, 20th Pd Cos. of 5th Infy and the Staff & Band—drew about four hundred Dfts.

21 Pd 2 cos. 5th Infy and Co F Col Vols. Kimball got here.

22nd Pd Cos D & I

23d Pd E & K

24 Pd Co G

25 Pd Fords Co

Friday, July 26 Lieut. Kimball and Mr. Tappan started for Denver

27 Fred Salomon¹¹ got in. Pd Capt Halls Co

31st Fillmore went out to Capt Tracy's camp to pay some of the 3rd Cavalry.

Aug 1st Took the rounds through the Hospital with Dr. Hamilton.¹² Man killed within three miles of the Fort. Number of Indians seen.

Sunday, Aug 4th Fillmore sent to camp 12 miles to pay Battery I attended the burial of one of Capt Ford's men, seen the grave of the Gallant McRae.¹³

Aug 7 Bill & High Ford & Spiegleburg started back.

Friday, August 15th, 1862 Left Fort Craig for Santa Fe. Staid over night at "San Antoinette" Grapes, etc. Lt. DeForest with us.

16 Staid at "Polvadero." Maj. Wynkoop, Capts. Sanborn, Dunning & Lt. Davidson there.

17 Staid at "Sabenell" Victors fine supper & breakfast.

Monday, 18, 1862 Camped for night in the Bosque at Paratto. Caught up with Capt. Ford's & "Dodds" Hall's Cos.¹⁴

19 Camped near and below Albuquerque.

20 Camped for dinner under a peach tree—desert of Grapes & Melons. Camped overnight at Berneleo—

21 Staid all night at San Felipe Indian Village. Crossed the river and went all over the town on the tops of the houses.

22nd Arrived at Santa Fe

¹⁰ At Valverde, on February 21, 1862, occurred the first severe engagement between the Union and the Confederate forces in the Southwest. . . . It was a desperate encounter.—W. C. Whitford, *Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War* (Denver: The State Historical Society.)

¹¹ Frederick Zadeck Salomon, better known as "Fred," was a native of Prussia. He and his brother, H. Z., opened the first general store of size in Denver, in 1860 they were in partnership with J. B. Doyle & Co.—*Editor*.

¹² Dr. John F. Hamilton was Surgeon of the First Colorado Regiment.

¹³ Captain Alexander McRae, Third Regular Cavalry, was killed in the Battle of Valverde. He refused to surrender.—Whitford, 65.

¹⁴ Capt. James H. Ford's Independent Company and Capt. Theodore H. Dodd's Independent Company were recruited in and around Cañon City.—Whitford, 43.

26 Tuesday Left Santa Fe. Staid over night at Kosceloskies.¹⁵ Two Indians stole a mule in sight of Pigeon's¹⁶ house on the road about half an hour before we came along. Visited the ruins of the old Pecos Church near Kosceloske's, also the ruins of quite a large village nearby, supposed to have been built by the Aztecs. No records or tradition of the church which is quite large, and evidently was fitted up in the finest style of its age.

27 Drove to Las Vegas. 45 miles.

28 Went up to the Hot Springs this morning, paid some of the men in the Hospital, seen Capt. Chambers, and to a Hot Spring bath. The Springs are fine. Water so warm could not hold my hand in it scarce a second. The scenery around the Springs is beautiful. Returned to Las Vegas to dinner and came on to Fort Union. Very glad to get so much nearer Colorado.

29 Are stopping with Mr. Webb of firm of Moore & Co, Sutlers, am indebted to Mr. Webb for many civilities. Indians stole 16,000 sheep within 8 or 10 miles from the Fort.

Tuesday, Sept 9th, '62 Camped for night at Boyce's¹⁷ on Huerfano. Col. Francisco¹⁸ & Gen Bowen also came there.

Wednesday, Sept. 10 Drove to Pueblo.

Sept 11th Drove to Bob Willis.

12 Drove to Coberly's. Met Mr. and Mrs. Payce & Co.

13 To Denver.

Letters of George W. Kassler to Maria Stebbins

Omaha City, N.T. (Nebraska Territory), March 19, 1863

My Dearest Maria,

I will call you so once though you may never give me the sweet privilege of doing so again. When I left you in New York, I little expected that in so short a time we would be separated by so long a distance. I reached home (St. Johnsville, N. Y.) on Saturday and had been there but a few hours when I received a telegram from Denver, directing me to start immediately for that place, by way of Leavenworth (Kansas) where I was to attend to some business.¹⁹ It was necessary for me to do so, and I left home on Tuesday. I fully expected to go to N.Y. City this week, when I hoped to communicate to you in person what I am now forced to by letter.

Since we first met in Cooperstown (N.Y.) I have respected and admired you, upon meeting you in New York this winter, I learned more fully how to appreciate the many noble qualities you possess.

¹⁵ Kozlowski's ranch, on a branch of the Pecos River, was owned by Martin Kozlowski, born in Warsaw, Poland. After coming to America he enlisted in the First Dragoons of the U.S.A. in 1853. He was mustered out in 1858 and settled on 600 acres of land in New Mexico. The Colorado Volunteers camped on his place, using his tavern as a hospital for two months following the battles in Apache Canon near Glorieta Pass.—*Editor*.

¹⁶ Pigeon's ranch was a convenient stopping place on the Santa Fe Trail between Las Vegas and Santa Fe. Its proprietor was Alexander Vallé, a Franco-American. The ranch was so-called from the peculiar style of dancing at parties of Vallé. Some fierce fighting between the Colorado Volunteers and Sibley's Confederates took place here.—Whitford, 85.

¹⁷ This probably was Boanerges R. Boyce, an early County Commissioner of Huerfano County, who farmed a large acreage on the Huerfano.—*Editor*.

¹⁸ John M. Francisco may have been campaigning as he was the Democratic nominee for Congress in the summer of 1862. He was well-known as the sutler at old Fort Massachusetts and as the founder of Francisco Plaza at what is now La Veta.—*Editor*.

¹⁹ On the trip east George W. Kassler carried with him on the stagecoach a considerable amount of currency, bullion, and gold dust consigned to various individuals and companies in New York and Philadelphia. At Atchison, Kansas, he turned over to the United States Express Company on October 1, 1862, materials valued at \$31,935.00. Original receipts now in the Kassler Collection show that the Express Company received from him the following: for Clark, Gruber & Co., currency valued at \$7,300 and bullion valued at \$9,764; for W. Hussey, gold dust valued at \$9,000; for G. W. Clayton, gold dust valued at \$800 and for Cass & Co., gold dust valued at \$4,071.—*Editor*.



MARIA THERESA STEBBINS KASSLER

and that feeling of respect, and admiration, deferred into the warmer one of love! May I hope that you reciprocate this feeling! That I do not love in vain! Must I remain in the far west with the same sad feeling of loneliness that has oppressed me for the last few years, or may I have the happy assurance that upon returning in one short year, I may claim your hand. That you will become my wife. I cannot offer you treasures of wealth, but I do offer a wealth of love, and a life that shall be devoted to your happiness.

I know it is a great deal to ask of a woman to leave parents, home, friends, and the luxuries of life for the far west, but no one loves without hope. *May I hope* that you will do all this, even for me, and it shall be my duty, and my pleasure to see that you never have cause to regret it. Write

me, Maria, say that you love me, and will become mine, and you will make me the happiest man in all the great west.

I arrived in Omaha yesterday after a tedious ride of one hundred and fifty miles by stage, and start in a few hours for Denver.

I have hurriedly and in a brief, plain way, stated my feelings. I could not wait until I arrived in Denver, before expressing them to you. I feel too anxious to learn my fate, to lose the few days in time that is gained by writing from here. May that feeling of love which prompts me to write you find an answering one in your heart.

Do write me soon, and that your answer to my humble petition will be favorable is the most fervent prayer of

Most Sincerely Yours

Geo. W. Kassler, Denver, Colorado

Denver, April 15th, 1863

Dear Maria

Your letter is received, to say that it gave me a great deal of pleasure, would but poorly express the satisfaction I felt on reading it, it is just what I might have expected, precisely what I would have desired, in reply to my perhaps, rather abrupt proposition. You may think it strange that I should derive any satisfaction, at receiving what, some might construe into a refusal, but which I do not wish to. Your letter leads me to, to me, two very important conclusions: first, that you have not bestowed your affections upon any one else, for I

have to high an opinion of you to think that if such had been the case, you would have failed to inform me; and secondly, that you do not look upon me with indifference. I hope I am correct in these conclusions, as from them I feel a great deal of hope.

Having left home at an early age, and lived some years in the eventful west, I have naturally seen some of the ups and downs of life, but I seldom look on the dark side of the picture, nor allow myself to have what is commonly termed the blues, preferring as in the present case to think that,

"The cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days."

As you say, we are comparatively strangers, and know but little of each others character or dispositions. It pleases me to learn that you feel the responsibility of the position I asked you to assume. It is the greatest that people can take upon themselves, yet how few consider it, but thinking only of the present, bestow scarce a thought upon the future, or that they are taking upon themselves obligations that are lifelong. These obligations, I fully realize, and I feel that you are not so much of a stranger to me, as I am to you, having thought of you often and before going east made up my mind to visit you. I heard in Cooperstown that you would probably spend the winter in New York, and at the earliest possible moment I called upon you there, and be assured I was not disappointed, but also assure you that it was only after due consideration on my part, that I wrote you my first letter.

Of my disposition and character, as you say, you know but little, having passed the last few years in the far west, but few of my eastern friends are conversant with either. I regret it because, I am neither afraid of the former, nor ashamed of the latter, and also because I have no one to say for me, what I dislike to say myself. My disposition I believe is the same as it ever was, the same here as in Cooperstown. Of my character I can only refer to the positions I have held since I left there, having been engaged both in Omaha and Denver in Banking Houses. Afterward in the Pay Masters Office, U.S.A., and while in Washington last winter I received the appointment to a responsible position in the Branch U.S. Mint established in this place, which will account for my trips to Washington and Philadelphia, at the latter place I was receiving instructions in my new duties, and at present I am busy in a Banking House here, relieving a friend while he makes a short visit east, and until the Mint opens. Such positions I believe are seldom given to persons of doubtful character or integrity, but of this I will say no more. *Only tell me that there is the slightest chance of my winning your love and I will hope on, hope ever.*

It seems really good to find myself in Denver once more, the rough mountains in the distance looked beautiful indeed, as I gradually approached them. It is also pleasant to get away from the rain and snow of the east. It has rained but once since I returned nor have we the dense fog so frequent in N.Y. to hide the sun until nine or ten O'clock. It is dry, warm and pleasant, the trees are beginning to show signs of life. The Ladies are talking of excursions to the Mountains and the Gentlemen gathering up their rods and flies, preparatory to an expedition to the streams in search of trout.

How I would enjoy a ride through the Park or over to Greenwood with you some of these fine days. I was disappointed enough at not being able to get to the city again, anticipating as I did a further enjoyment of those rides, and also of expressing to you more fully my feelings. You will remember that the last few times I saw you, was in the presence of others, having scarcely a moment that I could speak in, and expecting to return there in a short time I did not seek an opportunity as I otherwise would.

Sincerely Yours, George W. Kassler

Denver, C.T., May 13th, 1863

My dear Maria,

Your letter of the 30th was received today, and be assured it gave me much pleasure to hear from you again, and that you had been enjoying yourself so well. You will no doubt feel lonely enough when Kate goes home. How I would like to be there a few days while Charley Burch is in the city. If it were possible to go by telegraph I believe I would make the trip knowing I could enjoy myself so well. As it is I must be contented for a while with the remembrances of the pleasant times I did have there last winter. I have received several good scoldings for spending so much time in New York instead of going back to Cooperstown again, but as they do not know the attraction that kept me in the city I will have to excuse them and charge all of those scoldings up to you.

I cannot express how happy I am to learn that I was correct in the conclusions I came to in my last letter, and thank you kindly for telling me so. That I may be the fortunate one who now succeeds in winning your affections is now my greatest desire. That I should do so, seems to convey to my mind, ideas of more happiness than I deserve or dare expect.

We have indeed had a large fire since last I wrote you, and Denver looked desolate enough the next morning. Most of the buildings were of pine and the flames spread with such rapidity that the loss in goods, furniture, etc., was unusually large. A number of persons lost about everything they had in the world, yet unlike most any other place you could find no one around begging assistance. The theatre gave two entertainments for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire, quite a sum was realized but they could find no one to accept it. In less than a week thirty buildings were moved to or put up on the burnt district and business going ahead as usual. The contracts are given for six fine brick buildings in one block, also quite a number of others. The result as usual will prove beneficial to the town, although pretty severe on some individuals. Owing to the direction of the wind the PO Building in which I room was in no danger.²⁰

Tomorrow we are going to move, which will be anything but fun. That is Clark Gruber & Co. are going to move to their new Banking House and make way for the U S Mint,²¹ which will get in operation by the 1st of July. I hope to get out of the bank this month, so that I can take a trip up to the mountains before the Mint opens.

Cornelius Winslow and Jas Paul from Cooperstown arrived here a few days ago, as they started in March brought but little news, but it is quite pleasant to meet people out here that we have known in days gone by.

The glorious news that was received today that Richmond is taken seems to good to be true, having been so accustomed to hear that "all was quiet on the Potomac" the first news of that army moving was received with some doubt, but I am going to believe all the news we got today fearing that tomorrows dispatches will dispel

²⁰ The "Great Fire" broke out between two and three in the morning of April 19, 1863. Loss and damage were estimated at \$350,000.00 with little or no insurance.—P.K.A. Within a week after the fire, claim jumpers were trying to take over various lots, especially on Blake Street, where damaged buildings had been removed, or were being moved for new construction. The situation was so serious that the citizens called a public meeting and signed a petition relative to proposed measures. Among the signers was G. W. Kassler.—*Editor*.

²¹ Clark, Gruber & Co. established a Banking House and Mint in Denver in July, 1860. It was the forerunner of the present First National Bank. Passage of the act providing for a Branch Mint of the United States was not an easy accomplishment, though Clark, Gruber & Co. was willing to sell its mint. There were many opponents who felt that the Government with its depleted treasury, due to war conditions, should not attempt such a new venture. . . . A bill introduced on December 19, 1861, at last became effective on April 21, 1862, when signed by President Lincoln.—A. W. Spring, *The First National Bank of Denver* (Denver: Bradford-Robinson, 1960), 25. More than a year elapsed after the bill became a law before the U. S. Mint went into operation.—A.W.S.

the general good feeling that now beams out on every man's face. I am satisfied that the only way to obtain peace is by being victorious on the battlefield, therefore the quicker it can be fought out the better.

To you I suppose Denver seems almost out of the world. I thought so before coming out, but as soon as I had made the trip like every one else thought nothing of it. A person can travel along now so rapidly and comfortable that distance seems to be of no particular importance. Indeed I felt so little fatigued the afternoon of my arrival here, even after that *awful* ride in the *coach*, that I attended a party the same night and danced until three O'C the next morning. There happened to be a party that night and I could not resist the temptation to go where I could meet so many of my friends at once.

I will address this to NY City, but presume you will soon be at home in *Clinton*, where my thoughts will often be.

Remember me kindly to Mr & Mrs. Stowell and Kate.

George W. Kassler

Denver, C.T., June 10, 1863

Dear Maria,

Ere this reaches you, you will have returned to your home and are enjoying the changes from the city to the country, at this season of the year so desirable and more than doubly pleasant when it takes you home. I scarcely knew what place to call my home while east last winter. Mother objected most decidedly to my locating it in Denver or any where out of New York. When I spoke of coming back, I had to say Denver or the west instead of coming home.

A little of that rain I found so much fault with would be most welcome out here this afternoon. The wind has been on a great frolic, trying to outblow itself, and caused a circulation of dust that is anything but agreeable, forcing us to keep the windows and doors closed, and making it so very warm that the snow glistening on the top of the snowy range some sixty miles distant looks very inviting. The sun sets only to rise again, and dart its heating rays upon those mountain tops, and although nearly all of them have to take off their caps of snow and acknowledge his power, still one range of peaks, back, higher than the rest, set old Sol at defiance, and with all his power he cannot remove the white mantle, that constantly envelopes their summits.

I passed a very pleasant day last week, being one of a party of four Ladies and as many Gents who went up to Bear Creek, on a sort of fishing excursion and for a ride. I was the only one of the party who caught a trout, after wading the creek for two hours with the greatest patience and perseverance as I succeeded in getting only one little joker. Perhaps the less said about my success the better. The unkindest cut of all was in the Gentlemen's insisting that I had bought the fish. We had a nice dinner, a pleasant ride, and the trout live for another trial of skill with the fly.

Denver is rapidly recovering from the effects of the late fire, buildings are going up like magic, a great many people are coming in daily, numbers of families, and not a few contrabands or "the bone of contention." I think some of them will wish they were back in Missouri again, and a Master to take care of them. The Fourth of July is fast approaching. Will it be celebrated in the North, South, or both, or not at all? I hope it will never cease to be a holliday, but whatever may be done in the future, the past with its speeches, patriotic, if they were tedious, the rattling of the drums, cannon, fire-crackers, and torpedoes, with the *grand* display of fireworks in the evening that once so excited my boyish curiosity can never be forgotten.

I expect Mrs. Stowell will pass a pleasant summer in Cooperstown. I haven't seen Miss Howland to speak with her since I returned. She is still about and seems to be as active as ever. Her brother has enlisted in the 3d regiment Colorado Vols.

Our hopes and thoughts are now changed from Richmond to Vicksburg, perhaps before you receive this that stronghold may have fallen before our victorious troops, if so we can hardly tell the effect so important a capture may have upon the country.

I hope you will not be so busy relating your visit in New York, as to prevent your soon writing to me. It would also give me a great deal of pleasure to receive your photograph. I am going to send to Cooperstown for some of my "Carts on a visit," [*carte de visité*]²² should you care for it on their receipt will send you one of

Sincerely Yours,

Geo W Kassler

Denver, C.T., July 8th, 1863

Dear Maria,

Well you have got yourself into a pretty scrape, assisting to get up a festival, however from the very laudable object you have in view, you will no doubt feel repaid for the inconvenience and annoyances connected with those *af-fairs*. I am inclined to think you Ladies are more partial to those institutions, like the bustle and excitement of getting up and conducting them much better than the men, owing in a great measure, perhaps, to your possessing more patience in attending to and arranging little affairs belonging to a festival, which make it pleasant, attractive, and go so far toward bringing about the desired result, (a goodly number of dollars) and a nice social time. You mentioned the word Strawberry, that brings to my mind ideas of something delicious, enjoyed long ago, but now almost obliterated from memory. If myself and a few friends from Denver could be present on that occasion we would give you some substantial proofs of our love for that kind of fruit, and revel in a luxury of which we have long been deprived. They are commencing to raise them here in gardens, now grow wild, but there are plenty of Raspberries.

I wish you the best of success, and that you may soon have a church worthy of your efforts. The Episcopalians have held service here since the first year the country was settled in 1859, and have a very comfortable brick church, to which they are now putting an addition, there is also Presbyterian, Methodist, and Catholic service held here.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you during commencement week, as it is hardly possible, I will enclose my "fac-simile," send you two for one, paying interest on the one you sent me. I think yours is excellent and cannot thank you sufficiently for sending it to me.

The fourth passed very quietly here, nearly everyone who wished to celebrate went out of town. Denver appearing more like Sunday than a holliday, until about midnight, when the fearful cry of fire aroused us from our beds. This time it proved to be but a short distance from my rooms, but it was a "stilly night" and fortunately was confined to the building in which it originated, a carpenter shop, with a lot of fixtures, doors, sash, etc., for the Mint was burned, it will delay the work on the Mint a few weeks. I do not apprehend any danger from the Indians or their attempting to run that Institution. We have plenty of soldiers here to keep them at a respectable distance. The few who occasionally stroll in town are not at all troublesome.

I haven't been trout fishing since I wrote you, but took a trip up to the Mountains. The nearest point that one can reach the mountains from Denver is fifteen miles, and twenty-five miles further, over these hills to Central City, the centre of the principal mining region. I found it greatly improved since last visit, immense amounts of the precious metals are being dug out, and rough valueless looking rocks, are soon transformed into bars of gold much more inviting in appearance, than when in its original state.

²² A portrait photograph of a certain size originally was intended as a substitute for a visiting card.

I could not describe to you so that you could form an idea of how that country looks. One must see it and travel "O'er Crag and Peak" to appreciate its beauties. Bierstadt²³ the great artist and FitzHugh Ludlow were here a short time since, the former making sketches, and the latter items for a new book he is writing. They have gone on to Calafornia and will return this way next fall, a party was being formed to go to the top of "Longs Peak" supposed to be the highest in the range, but Mr. Bierstadt could not remain any longer at present, and the expedition is about given up. I am very much disappointed as I would have been one of the party and desired very much to make the trip.

The Quakers & citizens of Pennsylvania seem to have been rather rudely awakened from their fancied security, and are feeling in reality the dread effects of war. The best news I have heard was of Hookers removal. If they had only reinstated McClellan, I would feel more confident of a speedy conclusion of our troubles. No doubt my friend Caldwell is off again with the 7th. I will hear from him in due course of time.

It still continues pleasant, warm, I may say extremely so, we sometimes look with envious eyes to the showers they have in the Mountains.

Hoping Kate and Charley will visit you so that you may fully enjoy the "gala week"

I am Sincerely Yours
Geo W Kassler

Denver, C. T., Aug 10th, 1863

Dear Maria,

I feel that I should thank you for the frankness with which you express your feelings in your last letter. It is well to know the worst at once. The sweet dream of the last few months is broken. The bright hopes I had cherished of future happiness with you are dispelled, for the first time I feel I am unfortunate in living so far west, at a moment too when everything looked favorable, and where I feel bound in honor to remain, having within a short time made arrangements to go into business, signed the articles of co-partnership that will keep me here for five years, and the goods now being purchased by my partner in New York. That my feelings are unchanged you may rest assured, but I cannot write as I feel. I concede that your first duty is to your parents. I dare not take the responsibility of trying to persuade any woman to leave a good home and kind parents, to come away out here to live. My destiny is cast in the far west, unless she could come freely, and willing to trust her happiness entirely to me, it might be better to remain friends only. I trust you will ever look upon me as a friend, and that you ever be one to me. In the whirl and excitement of business and society I will endeavor to forget a portion of the past.

A celebrated writer says: "Human life is divided into two Phases, the first thirty-five years are those of hope, the last of recollection." I am still in the first phase.

I had the pleasure last week of being one of a very few friends who were honored with an invitation to the wedding of Mr. Bailey and Miss Adams, they were married at the residence of some relatives of the bride, about twenty-five miles from town, a beautiful place in the mountains. The ceremony passed off nicely, we partook of a bountiful repast, and then in consideration of its being so warm during the day, concluded to drive back by moonlight. Starting at twelve o'clock, I enjoyed one of the most delightful rides I ever had in

²³ A German artist, Albert Bierstadt, toured the Colorado Rockies by pack train, painting scenes as he went. In 1863, Editor Byers (*Rocky Mountain News*) accompanied him on some of his journeys. Bierstadt's "Storm in the Mountains," done near Georgetown, now hangs in the national Capitol.—LeRoy R. Hafen, *Colorado and Its People*, Vol. I, 260. Bierstadt later married Fitz Hugh Ludlow's widow.—Editor.

this country. The peculiar beauty of the scenery by moonlight, the mountains appearing so much higher, the ravines so much deeper than by day, at one place where we wound along the side of a steep hill, to look down from the carriage seemed like gazing into the bottomless pit, and would prove anything but pleasant to tumble down it.

I do not blame your brother for wanting to come west. How any young man can remain in one of those eastern towns, and be contented is a mystery to me, even if they do not like it well enough to remain, the trip would prove beneficial in many ways.

If agreeable, it would be a pleasure to me to continue to correspond. I will always be pleased to hear from you to hear that you are happy.

Your Friend
Geo W. Kassler

Denver, Nov. 7th, 1863

Dear Maria,

I was very much pleased to receive another letter from you, without thinking you had entirely forgotten me, I had come to the conclusion that my name was stricken from the rolls or rather list of your correspondents. We have had a beautiful siege of Winter weather, on the 20th of October it commenced snowing, and continued until some ten inches deep. Since then about six inches more has fallen, accompanied by extremely cold weather. Instead of Autumn with all its beauties, Stern Winter astonished us by his sudden and unusually early appearance. I think it was a more severe storm than we had during the whole of the seasons in 1860 & 61, there was about eight inches of snow in St. Louis, very likely you also had some of it, but now it is very pleasant again. The roads where the snow has melted look like huge serpents as they wind along towards the Mountains, with the clear white surface on either side, but I have had an "elegant sufficiency" enough to satisfy me for the whole season, and most decidedly prefer to look at the snow on the top of the range, than feel it beneath the feet every time a person steps out doors.

You must have found Cooperstown very much changed in appearance at least, as well as people. I found more of my friends and acquaintances than might reasonable have expected, and particularly wish I could have made a second visit then. I wanted very much to see Cornelia, in turning over the leaves of the book of Memory, I can find many in which she appears conspicuously. It is pleasant to talk over old times with one that you have been particularly intimate with.

I am becoming somewhat infected with what they call here the "Bannock Fever," that is a desire to go to some new mines, about eight hundred miles from here, in the Territory of Idaho. Should I do so will send out stock of goods in the spring, and take a coach myself, by way of "Salt Lake City," have always had a desire to see that Celebrated place, and I rather like the busy activity, and *go ahead aliveness* of a new country, to see men grapple with nature in all her wildness, build towns, cities, and open the way for New States, to be added to the great Union *that is to be*.

Not long ago we in Denver were glad to receive the News from the States weekly, by Coach, now we must have it in a minute. Our evening papers contain the telegraphic news printed in the N. Y. Papers of the same date. Truly, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Well I must close this very uninteresting epistle, so long as it brings a reply I am content, hoping it will come soon and thanking you for the renewed assurance of your friendship, I at least feel grateful for that, and remain

Truly Your Friend,
Geo W. Kassler



An Old Shaft House on Caribou Hill

The Caribou---A Forgotten Mine

By DUANE A. SMITH*

During the decade following the first gold discoveries in Colorado, the search for the elusive hidden wealth continued to dominate the territory's mining scene. While the Civil War and threatening Indian raids slowed the mining activity, it was not until the surface ore and easily-mined pockets were gone, necessitating new mining methods and more capital to successfully operate the mines, that stagnation appeared on the mining scene. Spurred on by the silver strikes at Georgetown and Silver Plume in 1864 and 1865, prospectors turned to searching for both metals. The remaining years of the 1860's, however, did not witness any major silver booms. In contrast the following ten years produced the discoveries in the San Juan region, at Caribou, Aspen, and the greatest of them all, Leadville. This was Colorado's silver decade.

Of all major silver camps and towns of this period, probably none has been as quickly forgotten as Caribou. Now a complete ghost town, Caribou for thirty-five years (from 1870 to 1905) was a thriving community and one of the leading mining centers in the northern part of the state. Located twenty-two miles west of Boulder and within four miles of the Continental Divide, the camp reached its peak during the 1870's. There were several important mines located on the surrounding hills, including the Seven-Thirty, Poorman, No Name and Native Silver; but the mine which dominated the camp was the Caribou.

The discovery of silver ore was made in August, 1869, by prospectors from Central City¹ who within an hour uncovered the lodes of the Caribou and Poorman. As winter was fast approaching, little was done to develop the mines except exploratory work. A crude road was cut through the timber to join the Black Hawk-to-Gold Hill wagon road and a cabin built on the future site of the town of Caribou. The partners (William Martin, George Lytle, Hugh McCammon, John Pickle, Harvey Mishler and Samuel Conger) had hoped to keep the news of their discovery quiet, but were unable to do so once spring arrived and they started to ship ore regularly.

*Duane A. Smith, a resident of Boulder, Colo., is working toward a Doctor's Degree in American History. His major field of study is frontier history. He has published the following articles: "The Confederate Cause in the Colorado Territory, 1861-65," in *Civil War History*, March, 1961; "The Army and Western Transportation," in *The 1959 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*; and "The Federal Army on the Great Plains, 1861-65," in *The Denver Westerners Roundup*, October, 1961. Mr. Smith received both his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Colorado. He was the winner of the Denver Westerners' 1959 Memorial Scholarship.—*Editor*.

¹ For a more detailed discussion of the legends and facts surrounding the discovery see Duane A. Smith, "Silver Camp Called Caribou" (unpublished Master's thesis, University of Colorado), chapter 1.

The exciting information was quickly printed in the Boulder and Central City newspapers and the rush started.

While all the activity and excitement swept about them, the five owners of the Caribou (Conger having sold his interest to the others in exchange for the Poorman) continued to work and develop their property. By October, 1870, the mine employed twenty-four men, including four of the original group. It was gaining attention for its wealth, especially after a report that fifteen tons per week had been taken out in a three-months period, netting over \$30,000.² Speculators were soon attracted to the new camp in the hope of finding quick wealth. The center of attraction was the Caribou and prominent among those interested in it were Abel D. Breed, wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, and his associate, Benjamin O. Cutter, an experienced mining expert from California. These gentlemen visited the mine and in September purchased the west half for \$50,000. A year later Breed purchased the other half of the Caribou, again consolidating it under one owner.

With the arrival of Breed much needed capital was made available to develop the mine successfully and profitably. The first project was the building of shaft houses over the various shafts in order to work the mine during the winter, as it was located at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. An engine was put in to pump water out of the mine, this being a problem that was becoming increasingly more serious as the levels and shafts went deeper. Still the Caribou was not working up to its capacity. The high cost of transporting ore to Black Hawk, which allowed only the best grades to be milled profitably, was probably the prime factor in this situation. To remedy this, Breed started construction of a mill at the site of present-day Nederland. While this work was being carried forward, the mine was developed in order to have ore ready for the mill. Construction started in early May, 1871, and under the guidance of Cutter it was placed in operation the following December.³ Despite numerous and trying delays due to defective casting and other weak parts, the mill, by the end of the next year, was able to operate three months without being closed for repairs.⁴ Breed could be justly proud of his accomplishment for it was one of the finest mills in the territory. With the mill in operation, Breed was ready to capitalize on the wealth of the Caribou. The year 1872 was a banner one for the mine. The drifts, winzes and cross-cuts were extended and by the end of the year there were eleven shafts on the property with the deepest, 329 feet. Still faced with the problem of water,

² Payroll of the Caribou Mine, Oct., 1870, Harold Martin Collection. *Central City Register*, Sept. 14, 1870, p. 3. Hereafter cited *CCR*.

³ *CCR* (Daily), May 19, 1871, p. 4, and *Caribou Post*, July 29, 1871, p. 3. Hereafter cited *CP*.

⁴ *Boulder County News*, Dec. 22, 1871. Hereafter cited *BCN*. It was reported that the whistle was heard in Boulder on the 18th when operation started. The first silver bricks reached Boulder on Feb. 10, 1872.

Breed started in early 1871, a tunnel from the northwest side of Caribou Hill with the plan of eventually intersecting the mine, thereby draining it. Three years later when they finally met, the shaft was lower than the point of intersection and the mine still had to be constantly pumped to continue work.

Being a promoter and speculator, Breed apparently developed his mine with hopes of selling it for a huge profit on his investment. The interest of foreign investors in American mines was high in the 1870's and ore from the Caribou was sent to England as early as December, 1870, to help convince "John" of the riches of the district and particularly of the mine. During the next two years English firms were reported to have purchased it, but none of these rumors materialized. In March, 1873, Breed was successful in his endeavor and the Caribou Mine, mill and tunnel were sold to the Mining Company Nederland for \$3,000,000.⁵ The price appeared high for a mine which up to that time had not produced nearly that amount. Breed, however (when the mine had been visited by Dutch mining experts), had cleverly opened various drifts and levels which displayed approximately 34,000 tons of ore of an average value of \$169.⁶ This, plus the known record of the mine, was apparently enough to convince the Dutch capitalists that the mine was a bargain.

Before leaving the scene, Breed planned and executed a grandiose exhibition of Caribou's wealth for the honor of President Grant. Grant visited Colorado during his western tour in 1873, and the President's party was scheduled to visit Central City on April 28. When the President alighted from his carriage to enter the Teller House, he found the walk paved with silver bricks from the Caribou Mine.⁷ It was a glittering display and Grant was somewhat skeptical of the genuineness of the bricks, but the *Central City Register*, April 30, reported that he finally accepted their authenticity.

While planning his silver display, Breed had also been busy in mining. When the company took possession a startling discovery was made—the enormous ore reserves there two months before were gone, having been removed in a frenzy of mining activity.⁸ Without this ore the Dutch were faced with a heavy burden but they started out bravely. New machinery was purchased for the mine and the mill and buildings were

⁵ *BCN*, May 2, 1873. Of this price, half went to Breed and associates in cash; the rest in stocks to Moses Anker who had sold the mine.

⁶ *Mining Review*, May 15, 1876, p. 278. Hereafter cited *MR*.

⁷ *CCR*, April 3, 1873, p. 3, and *Rocky Mountain News*, May 3, 1873, p. 4. There were apparently ten bricks worth \$12-\$13,000.

⁸ Breed is charged with stripping the mine of rich ore by the *MR*, May 15, 1876, p. 278. The scanty evidence available on this matter seems to support the charge. The *CCR*, April 9, 1873, p. 4, mentions that eight bricks, the product of less than one week's run, had been shipped through Central. The *BCN*, March 14 and 28, 1873, mentions shipments of from \$7,000 to \$10,000.

enlarged to meet the expected increase in demands by the new owners. Trouble soon developed—initially over the management of the Caribou; then there were charges and rumors of corruption and bribery among the officers of the company in America, and of conflicts between them and the Board of Directors in Holland.⁹ The American and Dutch stockholders quarreled over the way to work the property, with the Dutch refusing to furnish any capital to develop it, deciding rather to take out ore where and when found. With a large payroll and overhead, plus the demand of the stockholders for dividends, this policy might have appeared necessary but it proved to be a false economy. One observer predicted in April, 1875, "The good ore ground . . . is about played or worked out, and now they are thrown on their own resources so it will not be long before they are on the flat of their backs."¹⁰ His prediction was true. The years 1874 and 1875 were good ones for the Caribou with probably \$350,000 worth of bullion mined, but the ore reserves were disappearing and on December 3, 1875, the mine was closed by the miners and liens totaling \$22,610.03 filed against the company for back pay.

Charges and counter-charges flew as to who was to blame and, although the mine reopened, the situation was tense. By spring the miners' condition was so critical that they took over the mine and worked it to take out ore to pay their own wages and other mining debts. A visitor to Caribou during those tense days reported in the *Rocky Mountain News*, June 2, 1876:

No person employed not about the mine, or not known to be friendly to the party now in possession, is allowed around the mine, and extreme vigilance is exercised to prevent the agent of the Nederland company, Mr. Prince . . . (from) gaining admittance to the works, or getting information in regard thereto. On the outside of the building, over the mine, an ominous sign is displayed, bearing the inscription "Positively no admittance except to employees," on one end of which is a crude drawing of a skull and cross-bones, and on the other a gallows whereon is suspended the figure of a man, supposed to represent the fate of the person bold enough to disobey the injunction.

The Mining Company Nederland attempted to save its mine, but failed; the mine and mill were sold at a sheriff's auction in September, 1876, to Jerome B. Chaffee. Despite the charge (due to Chaffee's connection with law suits against the previous Caribou owners) that he was a mine butcher, Chaffee, with the help of the well-known and experienced mining man, Eben Smith, started the long process of bringing the Caribou back to its former prominence. The water which had almost flooded the mine was removed and the year 1877 was spent systematically developing the various levels in the mine and

⁹ Richard Harvey to John B. Moyle, Aug. 7 and Sept. 15, 1874, Richard Harvey's Copying Book, made available by Agnes W. Spring (also printed in 1958 *Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*). Harvey was foreman of the Caribou Mine, Jan. 20-November, 1874.

¹⁰ Harvey—L. S. Nyburg, April 13, 1875, Harvey was a very astute observer of the situation at Caribou.

in the process several rich silver pockets were struck.¹¹ For the first time in over a year, heavily laden wagons left the mine daily to wind their way down to the mill at Nederland.

As the Caribou Mine prospered so did its namesake, the town of Caribou. For the first five years of the decade Caribou was a thriving town, with a population at a peak of a little better than 1,000 inhabitants. The key to the situation was the mine and it was not an exaggeration to state, as the *Colorado Banner*, July 31, 1879, did, "It is useless to say that the Caribou Mine makes the town of Caribou. Shut down these works, and you drive a nail in the town's coffin." The years 1876-77 witnessed the low ebb of the mine and, consequently, poor years for the town. By late 1877, as the mine started to revive, the town's regeneration paralleled the mine's. By 1879, it once again had returned to its previous good times, while the mine had surpassed its past production and development.

Under the able guidance of Smith and Chaffee, the Caribou ran full force in 1878. By the spring of the following year, the mine represented one of the finest silver mines in the state and nation. It had seven shafts, thirteen levels, an excellent pump, hoisting machinery, and numerous well-constructed buildings above ground.¹² With his mine in this condition, Chaffee sold out in the spring to the Caribou Consolidated Mining Company, which was comprised principally of eastern stockholders. Smith continued to be employed as superintendent and work went on as usual. Some areas were leased but the company continued to employ around seventy to eighty men. The new owners, however, suffered a damaging setback when on September 14, a fire swept over Caribou Hill, burning the shaft house and destroying valuable machinery. The loss was estimated to be \$40,000.¹³ To keep the mine from flooding, Smith immediately constructed a temporary boiler and then started to rebuild the burned buildings. By the end of the year the Caribou was again producing, but the future was not as bright as it had been six months before. The loss of the company was reflected in the price of its stock which dropped from \$6.50 (before the fire) to a low of \$4.25 afterward.¹⁴

For the Caribou Mine the decade of the 1870's had ended on a sad note. During these years the mine had passed through a cycle of good and bad ownership and of exploitation and development, typical of many mines in the West. Breed was characteristic of the promoter type of individual who was drawn to the frontier by the magnet of quick wealth. While he helped the Caribou Mine and the region by providing capital

¹¹ *CCF*, March 17, 1877, p. 2; *BCN*, Nov. 3, 1877; and *Colorado Banner* (Boulder), May 24, 1877, p. 4.

¹² *RMN*, Oct. 2, 1878, p. 4; *Boulder Courier and News*, April 4, 1879; *Central City Register-Call*, May 30, 1879, p. 7.

¹³ *RMN*, Sept. 19, 1879, p. 8. The buildings were insured for \$10,000.

¹⁴ *RMN*, Aug. 7, p. 7, and Dec. 12, 1879, p. 7.

for mining and promotional activities, which aided in bringing Caribou into national prominence, Breed was basically for himself. This policy proved harmful to the mine in the long run. Chaffee and Smith, both experienced mining men, were able by careful mining practices to restore it to its former prominence. In contrast to their mining practices were those of the Mining Company Nederland which exploited the Caribou to its own ruin and almost that of the mine. Despite the various owners and the ups-and-downs suffered by them, the Caribou produced remarkably well during the decade. While exact figures are not known, probably between \$1,100,000 and \$1,300,000 worth of ore was mined during these years.

Labor unrest at the Caribou Mine was not unknown during the 1870's. As early as December, 1872, about forty Cornish miners struck for a reduction of the workday from ten to nine hours for day hands and nine to eight hours for the night shift. In 1874, some of the Caribou miners struck due to a reduction of wages but were unsuccessful. In 1879, miners of the Caribou and other mines struck and were successful in preventing the reduction of wages to \$2.25 per day.¹⁵ Probably the greatest disturbance during the decade developed when the Mining Company Nederland, in 1874, attempted to introduce Chinese labor into its mine and mill. Several weeks before the arrival of the "Celestials" the news leaked out and in spite of the company's contention that they were not going to work underground but around the shaft house, the miners did not take kindly to this innovation. The Chinese arrived at Nederland in the late afternoon of March 29; Caribou and Nederland citizens rose up in protest. A party of forty masked men, most of them armed, took possession of the Chinese camp and escorted its residents out of town.¹⁶ Another group was later reported on the way, but the company apparently thought better of the plan because no more was heard about this group or the use of Chinese labor.

The year 1880 opened a new decade for the Caribou Mine. Trouble appeared early for the mine's owners when miners of the Seven-Thirty Mine broke into the No. 6 Caribou shaft and built a fire of "noxious and offensive substances" which drifted through the mine and stopped work. Discontent, which had been smoldering for several years over claim and vein rights, became violent soon thereafter when Gilbert Lehmer (owner of the Seven-Thirty Mine), claiming that the Caribou was taking his ore, threatened to light the giant powder stored in his shaft and "blow them to hell." He actually took a crew of about thirty men and demolished two shaft houses which he

¹⁵ *BCN*, Feb. 27, 1872; *BCN*, Feb. 27, 1874; and *Boulder News and Courier*, July 25, 1879. Caribou had many Cornish miners working in its mines.

¹⁶ *BMN*, April 2, 1874, p. 4. *BCN*, March 29, April 8 and 17, May 1, 1874.

contended were built on his property.¹⁷ The matter was taken to court but the case was eventually dismissed. Following later trouble with the owners of the No Name Mine over surface boundaries, a crew of surveyors was hired by the prominent mine owners to locate the claim markers.

During all this trouble and for the next few years, the Caribou continued to produce as it had in 1879. In 1882, the main shaft passed the thousand-foot-level with lessors and company miners busy working on the various levels. The cost of mining, however, was increasing as the mine was descending and the *Rocky Mountain News*, March 14, 1882, reported it took five pumps to keep water out of it. After three prosperous years the mine was suddenly closed on January 1, 1883. It started again only to shut down a few weeks later. Apparently the causes were the rising cost of continued operation plus the heavy debt of the company, although it was charged that the Caribou was closed through manipulations of certain stockholders.¹⁸ Several months later the mine and mill were again sold at a sheriff's auction for \$62,730.41. The new owner was Robert G. Dun, Wall Street financier of Dun and Bradstreet fame, who had been president of the old Caribou Consolidated Mining Company. It was rumored that the mine would start operations again, but the pumps were stopped and water raced in, flooding shafts, levels and drifts, ending any immediate hopes of continued operation. The Caribou as a big silver producer was finished. Several abortive attempts were made during the remaining years of the century to reopen it to full-scale production, but the project was huge and expensive. It meant unwatering a mine over a thousand feet deep with sixteen levels, and repairing damaged and weakened timbers throughout the workings. The plummeting price of silver in the 1890's ended any hope that once again the mine would become the "Queen of Caribou Hill." The *Boulder Camera*, June 30, 1899, reported lessors were starting to work the Caribou dump. The Caribou had fallen a long way since the 1870's.

While the mine declined, the town also slipped into the downward trail to oblivion. By the late 1890's it was a mere shell of its once prosperous self. Officially Caribou existed until November, 1905, when a fire destroyed almost all of the last vestiges of the business and residential areas, but the closing of the Caribou Mine and the declining price of silver had marked the real end of the town years before.

During the early part of the twentieth century (until World War I) the Caribou was worked spasmodically, with

¹⁷ *Caribou Consolidated Mining Company and Joseph Irwin v. Gilbert Lehmer and Samuel Richards*, District Court, Boulder County, Colorado, 1148 (1880), Harold Martin interviews, July 19, 1960.

¹⁸ *Boulder Herald*, Feb. 21, 1883, p. 5.

most of the effort being concentrated on the dump in hopes of recovering low-grade ore, originally discarded. Starting with late 1916, it was the center of mining activity as the price of silver rose. Leased by Jack Clark, a leading Boulder County miner, the mine was operated successfully until the early 1920's, when it was again allowed to flood and mining declined. In the years that followed, World War II made its entry and exit, and the United States entered into the atomic era, but the Caribou remained inactive.

Faint stirrings were heard from the mine when the Consolidated Caribou Silver Mines Incorporated started to re-timber and enlarge the old Idaho Tunnel, which was located east of the mine, in August, 1946. The tunnel was continued forward into Caribou Hill and intersected the mine at the 500-foot level, and the old works were de-watered to a depth of 1,040 feet. In December, 1948, an article in *Look* magazine proclaimed to the whole country that uranium had been found in Caribou Hill. Caribou had suddenly caught up with the atomic age.

The ore had first been found in the Caribou dump and a pitchblende was discovered between the depths of 900 and 1,040 feet. The veins proved to be rich but, unfortunately, very small. The mine was lowered two levels to 1,240 feet and other veins uncovered, but with the same result.¹⁹ Silver was also found at these lower levels as well as a little gold and lead. Despite some internal difficulties, the mine remained in operation until 1957, when it was closed by order of the directors.²⁰ At the present time (1961) the mine is closed and part of the works flooded. According to Matthew Ollsen, general manager of the mining operations, the mine is on a stand-by basis and can be started after four to six weeks of unwatering.

Ninety-two years ago the Caribou Mine was discovered. Since that time it has gone through several cycles of boom and bust, of good owners and bad. Its history is not greatly different from that of other mines in Colorado with the exception that it was able to come back into prominence in the twentieth century and have a future which was not dependent upon its past record. The story of the Caribou is the heritage of the frontier. In its success and failure were reflected the hopes and disappointments of a generation of Americans who clustered around the mine, and helped to bring civilization to the Colorado frontier and the American West.

¹⁹ Interview with Matthew Ollsen, April 19, 1961. Mr. Ollsen has been general manager of the mining operations at Caribou since 1945.

²⁰ *Ibid.*

Pioneering in the 'Eighties

By EMMA DAUM AMICK*

I was born in or near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on April 8, 1868, the youngest of seven children. Later my family moved to Russell, Kansas, then some years later went to Independence, Kansas, in Montgomery County. Next we lived a few years in Elk City, Kansas, but moved back to Independence where my sister and I attended High School.

My father, John Daum, sold his business and went to Leadville, Colorado, where three of my brothers had been for some time. In February, 1882, the rest of the family joined him.

In July, 1884, my father, brother Henry, and I started from Leadville in a covered wagon for the White River Valley and Meeker by the way of Tennessee Pass to Red Cliff over Battle Mountain. We ferried across the Eagle River, part of the load at a time, and swam the horses across behind the ferry boat. We crossed a pass over what was called Bellyache Mountain. We thought it well named by the time we were over it.

At Dotsero we crossed the bridge over Grand River. It looked as if we were going straight up the mountains toward Carbonate Camp.¹ We took half the load as far as Willow Springs, a distance of about six miles. They were long miles. We then went back to Dotsero for the balance of the load. The rest of the way up to Carbonate Camp seemed just as steep as the first few miles were. The scenery was grand. To look off down into the deep canyon below and see tiny objects moving at times, was very fascinating.

When the people at Carbonate Camp sighted us, they all came to meet us, as they had seen nobody but the mail carrier for eight months. The only woman who had remained in the camp all winter was Mrs. Price, the postmaster's wife. They were all looking for some freighter to bring in supplies, as they were running low on food.

We thought we were on top of the world. There was a post office, saloon, and a number of other buildings, many unoccupied, as most of the population had left before being snowed in.

*This story, written by Emma Daum Amick, wife of Ewin Amick, of Meeker, Colorado, in 1934, was copied for the State Historical Society by her son, Arthur R. Amick, having been encouraged to do so by Mrs. Elinor Kingery and Mrs. Nancy Denious, Volunteers of the State Historical Society.—*Editor*.

¹ *Carbonate*, Garfield County. Founded in 1880, but now a ghost town. Carbonate was the outgrowth of a small blockhouse called Fort Defiance built by prospectors the year before to guard against Indian attacks. The name refers to the carbonate ore deposits in the vicinity, which led to settlement on the site. The town was the first seat of Garfield County, retaining the title for four months. In August, 1883, the decline of mining activities had led to the almost complete abandonment of the town, and the records were moved to the new seat at Glenwood Springs. A year later E. E. Winslow, who held a Government contract to make a daily mail delivery to Carbonate in addition to his regular route, discovered that only one inhabitant remained. Rather than make the long and difficult side trip to serve a one-man community, Winslow paid the lone resident \$100 to move. "Colorado Place Names," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVII, No. 4 (July, 1940), p. 128.

Mr. Price had made drawings of the camp when the snow covered all the buildings and only the stove pipes and trails dug out from the doors were visible. The people used snow shoes and skis to go out and cut wood, which they snaked into piles for fire wood. All the wood piles still had snow banks beneath them. Mr. Price's drawings were nicely done, and most interesting to look at. He had made his wife a work box and



MR. AND MRS. EWIN AMICK
Meeker, Colorado

bird cage out of cigar boxes cut in the smallest diamond-shaped pieces which were polished and glued on a foundation. They were beautiful. When asked if it did not take lots of patience, Mr. Price said anyone would have patience to mould bird shot if he had to spend a winter up there.

Next, we started down the mountains toward the South Fork Canyon of the White River. There were no roads, which made the going very steep, and very rocky for a long way, until we reached what we might call the White River plateau. Just before entering the South Fork Canyon, we had to ford the river many times. The stream was filled with boulders which

were difficult to avoid. At last we came to a steep hill, not very long, but which ended on the river bank with not much more room than a wagon length in which to turn.

A party before us had apparently attempted to let their wagon down by ropes tied to a tree at the top of the hill, but it had broken down; so, they had just packed their horses on through. Father and Henry cleared the road as best they could. It was difficult and dangerous to make so short a turn without going over. Henry made the attempt and succeeded. He threw his hat in the air and shouted, "Hurrah! We made it!"

That canyon echoed and re-echoed, and must have frightened most of the wild animals out of their haunts and hiding places; even the little squirrels scampered away.

Later, when we crossed the river again, the steep grade was on the opposite side of the river. After going up this bank a way, we struck solid rock upon which the horses could not get a foothold. We wedged rocks behind the wheels, for if the wagon went backward, it would have gone over the cliff into the water. The horses were then hooked to the end of the wagon tongue, so they could get a firm foothold.

I was told to get a *persuader* in the form of a switch, to use on the horses. They didn't need much persuading, as they were a good, steady-pulling team.

One evening when we were about to cross the river before dark, we saw just below us a bear under a tree. As we came closer, it disappeared, but we could see three little cubs up in the branches. They looked so cunning way up there at a safe distance. The crossing was a difficult one, and by the time the men rode back across, it was too dark to see the bears.

The next day we became stuck in a swampy place, and we were all day getting out, so our camp that night was not far from the one of the night before.

About a mile or a little more from the mouth of the canyon, we drove down the middle of the river bed, and followed it until we came out into the valley of the South Fork of the White River. It was a very hazardous ride. A little farther on, we met Charlie Smith, an old hunter and trapper who was well-known in the area.

With all our seeming hardships, we paused at times to note the beauty of "God's wonderful creations." The wild creatures we saw from time to time would pause to look at us, then disappear from sight.

On August 3, 1884, we landed at what is known as the old "LS Camp." We went on to Meeker, but came back, father locating on North Elk Creek next to the old Eugene Gilly place.

My brother, Henry, and I soon returned to Leadville by horseback over the old Ute trail. All the way I had just a saddle blanket cinched to my horse, and rode "sideways," which was the custom for women at that time. It was a wonderful trip.

We arrived in Leadville in time for the opening of the fall term of school.

Henry returned to White River to remain with father. and Andy Belott, who was located on Piceance Creek, went with him. The next summer Henry came back to Leadville, riding along the Meeker-New Castle Stage route, by the way of Glenwood Springs where a ferryboat was used to cross the Colorado River. He brought mother and me to the ranch on North Elk Creek where father was engaged in farming and stock raising.

Cattle prices at the time were nearly as low as at the present time (January, 1934). In those days nearly all produce was freighted by horses and wagons into Meeker via Rawlins, Wyoming. The prices were high. A few years later when the D. & R. G. Railroad was built, the town of Rifle came into existence. Then the stage line and freighters did their hauling between Rifle and Meeker.

At the time of the late Ute Indian War (1887), the Indians were camped a few miles above the mouth of Elk Creek on the hills above Big Beaver Creek. The sheriff and his posse attempted to arrest an Indian for breaking the game laws, and trouble began. The Indians packed up their squaws and families and started back to the reservation under cover of night. The Indians were then supposed to be on the warpath. The posse followed them down the river and some soldiers were sent in to help. They had a fight with the Indians some miles below Meeker. One man was killed and several slightly wounded, but the stories and excitement were highly exaggerated. Many of the citizens became panic stricken.²

Andrew and Lawrence Daum, two of my brothers in Leadville, heard of the outbreak. Thinking the worst, they took horses and started for the ranch. They rode all night and upon arriving at the ranch, found father and mother still there. They persuaded them to go to Meeker for protection and safety. After being there a day, we concluded there was no danger at the ranch. Since the stock and everything needed attention, we went back home and stayed there. We did see a lone Indian crossing above our place, in the hills, but supposedly he was just scouting around.

The boys wanted to go deer hunting. I went along. After we got into the hills, we separated. Andy and I took the lower trail. It being his first trip into the area, I led him to a "deer lick," where we found seven elk. Andy took a shot and killed

² Two white men died as a result of the fray and were buried with full military honors. Two others were wounded, and six horses were killed. No one knew how many Utes were killed, for nearly all the fighting was done under cover of junipers and rock. Wilson Rockwell, *The Utes A Forgotten People* (Denver: Sage Books, 1956), 186.

one, so we returned home in a short time. The other boys did not get in until late evening without anything. They wouldn't believe in our success until they saw the proof.

As soon as the war cry died out, I returned to Leadville with my brother, Lawrence, to visit my sisters. We rode from Elk Creek over the hills to New Castle and Glenwood Springs. We met Dr. Hughes who was returning from the Indian War. The next morning we rode to Gypsum, and reached there in time for me to catch the train for Leadville, Lawrence riding on through with the horses. At that time the D. & R. G. Railroad had been completed only as far as Gypsum.

A number of years ago, the game warden from Garfield County came over here to arrest some Indians for violating game laws. They were camped up in the Nine Mile section. The sheriff and a deputy went with him, and brought the Indians to Meeker. They pitched their tents and camped in the park in the center of town, driving their horses out to pasture. The townspeople seemed to delight in buying and taking toys to one little Indian boy about three or four years old. They also bought gay colored calico for dresses for the squaws, who were enjoying it all. The Indians put up a bear hide to pay for their defense. They were acquitted and turned loose. There was some dispute over possession of the bear hide, but the judge walked off with it.

The game warden was not satisfied with the decision, so he decided to take the Indians to Glenwood Springs for trial. The officers in Meeker refused to take them to another county, but the warden obtained other help and took the Indians, with all their camping outfits, and started for Glenwood Springs.

After going a way on the government road, the captives made a break across the hills, scattering their paraphernalia all over. One buck Indian was all the warden could hold. He was taken to Glenwood Springs, where he was so well treated that, when he was at last set free, he did not want to leave. He was enjoying his vacation immensely.

In later years, after the Meeker bank robbery,³ there were a great many letters of inquiry concerning the description of a young man, one of the three robbers killed at that time. These were written from people who feared he might be a relative. One wrote to Mr. Amick, who was then sheriff. She thought the young robber might be her son, as she had not heard of the latter since he left England as a boy, a few years before the robbery occurred.

³ On October 13, 1896, three horsemen, George Harris, George Bain and Jim Shirley, robbed the Meeker bank. All three were killed.—*Editor*.



Mrs. Robert Rhodes, President; Mrs. Virginia Razeo, Secy.-Treas.; Newstrom-Davis Con. Co.; Mrs. Viola P. Enz, Territorial Daughters Dedicate Plaque granddaughter of co-founder John Winterbottom

George Eichter

First Woolen Mill Site Marked

On December 8, thirty members of the Territorial Daughters of Colorado honored two of Colorado's early businessmen—John W. Smith and John Winterbottom—by dedicating a plaque at 2000 West Eighth Avenue, Denver, on the site of the first Woolen Mill in the Territory, built by the two partners, in 1870.

In a dedicatory talk, Arthur Gaeth, a commentator for KOA radio and television stations, outlined the highlights in the lives of John W. Smith and John Winterbottom.



JOHN WINTERBOTTOM



JOHN W. SMITH

Smith, a native of Pennsylvania, came to Colorado in June, 1860, bringing with him into the Territory not less than \$20,000. Before leaving Atchison, Kansas, he fitted out a train of ox and horse teams, which he loaded with merchandise, a quartz-mill, a planing-mill, and a small French portable buhr grist-mill. He built the American House and the Interocean Hotel in what is now West Denver, once called Smith's Addition. He was identified with ditch building, railroading, placer mining, and was president of a steam heating company and a construction company, in addition to other business activities. He was the father-in-law of Henry M. Porter, and grandfather of Mrs. James J. Waring of Denver.

John Winterbottom, born in England, became skilled in woolen milling. He married Sushannah Hinchclife in Glossop. They honeymooned on a sailing vessel which brought them to America. Winterbottom homesteaded in Missouri and later followed the gold rush to California in 1849, where he made more than \$100,000, before returning home. When the word of gold discoveries in the Pikes Peak region reached Missouri, he set out for Denver.

In 1870, before the first railway reached Denver, John W. Smith and John Winterbottom brought machinery to Cherry Creek and established a woolen mill just south of the remnants of old Camp Weld. The mill manufactured blankets, yarns, and coarse flannels and was prepared to turn out cassimeres and satinets, if required to do so. Sixteen hands were employed. Then dull times struck, followed by the 1873 panic. About 1875, the business closed down. Later the machinery was shipped to Utah, where some of it is said to be still in use.

The site of the old mill is now occupied by the Newstrom-Davis Construction Company which has operated at 2000 West Eighth Avenue since 1931. With the splendid cooperation of this company, the Territorial Daughters of Colorado placed a bronze plaque on the company's building and held a worthy dedication in the company's offices while zero weather prevailed outside.

Among those attending the ceremony was a granddaughter of Co-Founder John Winterbottom, Mrs. Viola P. Enz, who has long been interested and active in the preservation of Colorado's early history.

John Lawrence, "Father of Saguache"

Part IV

In 1861, John Lawrence located at Conejos, in the San Luis Valley, where he formed a partnership with J. B. Woodson. Six years later they went north to Saguache Creek, where they took up land and began ranching. During that year Saguache County was organized.

The journal which he began to keep on February 28, 1867, is now in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Extracts from it have been published in *The Colorado Magazine*, January, April, and July, 1961. Another extract follows.—*Editor*.

Sept. 7, 1867 I and the boys went to get watter into the *arolla*, when we got back we cut & bound up oats until noon. at noon there was quite a sprinkle of rain for the last six days the weather has been the nicest of the season. I cut some oats in the afternoon. Jose was cleaning up about the house.

Sept. 8 " Last night Woodson & family arrived about ten oclock at night. In the morning we had a general fix up. Gabriel & Moran & wife got in with big wagon a short time after, Samora & wife, Jeronimo & wife. Ant Jose Herrera & Nasario's wife came. John Evert & Bob came to grind their syth. Shortly after Russell & Harris & their wives came, but in due course of time they all left. Woodson & I ground one syth & put it up. The day was warm with light sprinkle of rain.

" 9 " Woodson & Juan were cutting oats. two of the boys were halling wood. I built the fireplace in Moran's room. the day was nice and warm.

" 10 " Woodson & Juan were cutting oats. the boys were binding until noon. I built the fireplace in the boys room. in the afternoon I & the boys went to get water into the *arolla*, but failed. The day was nice & warm. We had a light frost the night before.

Sept. 11, 1867 I & the boys were getting water into the *arolla*. Woodson, Juan & Gabriel were binding up oats in the afternoon all hands went to binding but as it rained enough to wet them, we had to quit.

" 12 " All hands were cutting & binding up oats. At noon we had to quit as there was no more ripe enough to cut. Woodson & family & I went down to Russells in the afternoon. the day was cloudy but warm.

Sept. 13 " I & Juan started up to Kerber's ranch to get some oak timber to fix wagon. We were gone the 14th & got home the 15th. We stoped two nights at Kerber's ranch. in coming home we came by Schulz's and got 18 lbs. of butter. in coming home I let Godfroy have one rool of butter, while gone the boys & Woodson were diging the well but the water came in so fast they had to stop the weather has been very nice.

" 16 " All hands commenced cutting wheat but found it too green & quit; then two of the boys went to halling stone

to wall the well. I got out spokes to fix the wagon wheel and took it down to Harris'es in the evening. The day was windy but warm. there was a light frost the night before.

" 17 " The boys went after a load of polls. I, Juan & Woodson were digging and walling the well. The day windy & cool.

Sept. 17 " The boys went after a load of polls. Woodson started down below but met Mears and Christy. he turned back with them. a short time after they came, the Padre Roli came. they all stayed & took dinner. after dinner they all except the priest went down below. he stayed until neer night & then went down to Godfroy's. Juan was peeling the biges. I fixed up the well. The day was fair but windy.

" 19 " All hands were working on my house and puting the biges on. The day windy but fair.

" 20 " All hands worked on the house. Woodson was fishing.

" 21 " All hands were working on the house. Woodson was fishing. I went down below in the evening. I got some powder, lead, caps & smok. tobacco from Harris & some shot from Young. The day was nice & warm. there was a light frost the night before. I got some beef from Godfroy.

" 22 " Juan & Gabriel went hunting, but killed nothing. Russell & wife came. and stayed all day. The day was nice and warm. Frost night before.

" 23 " All hands were cutting wheat & oats in the morning. Gabriel brought a load of wood. the ballance of us casterated & marked all the calves.

" 24 " All hands were working at the wheat & oats. the weather has been fine.

Sept. 25, 1867 We killed a beef in the morning. after that Juan & two of the boys were cutting the wheat I gave Juan on Longino's place the ballance of us were cuting wheat weather fine.

" 26 " All hands were cutting wheat. the weather is fine.

" 27 " All hands were cutting wheat. I went down below in the evening and got some hands for tomorrow. day warm & clear.

" 28 " In the morning six hands came and helped me cut wheat all day. day warm & clear.

" 22 " In the morning six hands came and helped me cut wheat all day. Day warm & clear.

" 28 " In the morning Juan went down below. I, Woodson & wife went up in the canon. We went in the carriage & were gone all day weather beautifull.

" 30 " Woodson & Juan were cutting oats all the ballance of us were cutting and binding wheat. Weather fine.

Oct. 1 " Work the same as the day before. about noon Isiah Young, Tom Ashley, John Proffitt, Luis Parritt and

another man came. They stayed until after dinner. Weather fine.

" 2 " All hands were to work in the oats. Juan was "played out" about noon. I then tuck his oat cutting. Weather fine.

" 3 " All hands were cutting & binding oats. Weather fine.

" 4 " We had thre extra hands and we were all working in the wheat. Weather fine.

" 5 " The same as day before.

" 6 " I, Woodson & his wife went down to Russell's in the carriage. Gabriel went hunting. The day was clear but windy.

" 7 " All hands were to work in the wheat. We finished cutting & binding it up. The day was very windy and cool.

" 8 " All hands were cutting oats all day. The day was also very windy and a little cold. The wind yesterday thrashed out about one-half of the oats that were standing & about one-fourth of Moran's wheat. Last night was the first hard freez of the season. yet it did not freeze all the oats.

" 9 " All hands were cutting oats all day. We got done all the grain in the afternoon. I comenced to make hay rack. Harris sent my horse home. Weather fine.

" 10 " The boys were binding oats all day. I finished the hay rack and went after a load of wood. I broke one wheel down. Weather fine.

" 11 " I tuck the wheel down below. I and Harris fixed it & set the tier. Russell would not do it as he was going off with family to pick berries. the boys got done binding all the grain. I brought home work bench & let Harris have a piece of beef. Weather fine. Stacked oats in afternoon.

Oct. 12, 1867 Woodson & I were stacking oats all day. the boys went after polls. weather fine.

Oct. 13 1867 In the morning Godfroy, Harris & their wives came & stayed all day. Brown was here also. Weather fine.

" 14 " Woodson & I were stacking oats, the boys were hauling wood. Andres picked the peas. Weather fine.

" 15 " I went in the morning after polls to fix the small ox wagon, in the afternoon I & Moran went to stacking his oats. Woodson went down below. Weather fine. the boys went for polls.

" 16 " Woodson & I finished stacking Moran's oats & comenced stacking the lower patch. the boys went with the two wagons after polls. weather fine.

" 17 " Were stacking oats. the boys went with both wagons for polls. weather fine.

" 18 " We got done stacking oats and commenced stacking wheat. The boys were hauling polls. The weather was fine.

" 19 " We were stacking wheat. the boys went for polls. weather fine.

" 20 " We went down below. the day was cool.

" 21 " 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th were spent by me & Woodson stacking wheat. & the boys were diging potatoes. on Monday last I bought Morans crop. I gave him for all the wheat, oats & potatoes he had on the place here, my old sorrel horse, saddle & bridle, fifty dollars in money, and am to pay Mears \$13.10, Harris \$11.00, Juan Manchego \$6.00, Woodson \$26.00 for fixing wagon \$10.00 & what he owes me being one dollar, in all \$67.18. I also gave him my share of the wheat he had on his place. Mears was here on friday and on Saturday Capt. Kerber & Mears was here. On friday the Herreras brought the cows home. The weather during the week was cool of morning, but warm during the day. We had a light sprinkle of rain on Wednesday evening.

" 27 " We went down below. Kerber & Mears went up to the Capt. ranche.

" 28 " We got done stacking. the boys were diging potatoes. San Juan's horses were here in the corn. light snow night before. first of the season.

" 29 " I went down below and got the wheels of the little wagon and some forks fixed. San Juan's drove of horses were here during the night before. they destroyed nearly all of the oats stack that I got from Moran. and done considerable damage in the corn. his cattle were in the corn during the day. The boys were diging potatoes.

" 30 " The boys were diging potatoes. Woodson & I were raising the stable the stable & hen house. I also tuck some wheat that I got of John Gradez to Godfroy's mill. San Juan's horses & cattle were in the corn night before and his cattle were in during the day.

Oct. 31, 1867 The boys were diging potatoes. Woodson & I were to work on the stable & hen house. San Juan's cattle were in the corn and his horses & cattle were at the oats & in the corn the night before. They just literally destroyed the stacks of oats. I tuck two of his horses & put them in the corral, then Woodson went down to see him, but he would not pay anything. Woodson then got Mears to come up & luck at the damage. Mears was of the opinion that the damage was about six hundred dollars.

Nov. 1, 1867 Franciseo Marqués came in the morning to work all day. He brought the cow and calf he had with him. he & the boys were cutting corn all day. Woodson & I were to work on the stable.

" 2 " We were all cutting & halling corn all day. The weather was nice during the past week though cool of nights & mornings.

" 3 " I went down below and got the flour at mill also a candle & some salt from Mears. I & Mrs. Woodson made four pare of buck gloves for Woodson & boys. the boys also brought

a load of wood. We also killed the wild black steer in the evening. this is the first Sunday we have ever worked since we have been on the ranch.

" 4 " We were all hands geting in the corn.

" 5 " At the same work. we got done. Jeronimo & Salvador helped us.

" 6 " We were fixing up the corn coral and chinking the stable me & Woodson went down below in the evening. boys halled wood.

" 7 " We were fixing up generally. I was making buck coat. the boys went for a load of wood. the threshing came in the evening.

" 8 " We threshed oats all day. the day was very windy.

" 9 " We were threshing oats all day. the day was so windy we could not clean up. they put my horse in to work. he ran off and played h--l. but went all wright before we tuck him out.

" 10 " I traded for a buckskin coat. we then went down below. I got Russell to set tier on small wagon, but as usual he spoiled it by dishing it rong way.

" 11th " We threshed wheat. 12th also when Meyer & Christy came. when Woodson let Meyer have all the oats we had to spare consiquently we threshed oats the 13th, 14th and on the 15th we comenced on the wheat again and worked at it the 16th. on the 15th Christy came with wagons & got the oats & also 80 bushels of wheat for Godfroy and two fanegos we owed him. I went below & stayed all night

Nov. 17 1867 I, Woodson & his family went down to Godfroys. Walter arived when we got there. We got (6 lbs) six pounds of butter from him. two of the thresher boys & some of the Mex. boys went down below. Dock tuck the black pony & went hunting.

" 18 " & 19th We were threshing wheat, on the 20th we finished by noon. in the afternoon we cleaned out the well and also the room for potatoes, the Threshers went from here to Godfroys, Jose Trujillo's three months were up today. the weather has been fine so far.

" 21 " The boys went to putting the potatoes into the room. I will start for Denver at noon.

I started for Denver at the time above mentioned and was gone until the 18th of March '68 on which day I got back here accompanied by Francisco Chaves. I stayed here thre days during which time I was fixing up wagons and loading up wheat. I then started for Conejos with two ox & two horse wagons. I got back here with the teams and with Woodson & his family, Moran & his family, and F. Chaves and his family on the 5th day of April '68. the following week being Samana Santa there was but little done except to fix up the houses & to get moved in. though on Wednesday the 8th I comenced

plowing with two plows. the next two days we did not work, but on Saturday I plowed all the forenoon with four plows and in the afternoon with three. I also sowed & harrowed in three fanegos of wheat. I sowed some peas on the thursday before.

April 12, 1868 It hailed & blustered nearly all day about noon James Fullerton & family came on their way down below, but as the day was so bad he left his family here. he & I then went down below with the team after some wheat he had there.

" 13 " It was so snowy & weat that we could do nothing. though the boys brought two loads of wood. Woodson went down to Commissioner Court. I was doing a general fix up business and I put up the stove.

" 14 " Comenced in the morning with two plows and plowed till noon & in the afternoon with four. We also opened the potatoes & throwed out a part of the frozen ones. in the evening Prudencio came.

" 15 " & 16th, 17th It was so cold & snowy that we could do nothing though on the 16th we killed the *chino* cow for beef. she was very fat. on the seventeenth James Fullerton came & got 15 fanegos of potatoes. we also plowed some in the afternoon.

" 18 " We were all hands plowing & sowing wheat.

" 19 " Woodson & I went down to Ashley's while we were gone John Evert came with Mrs. Godfroy, her mother & sister. I also tuck Mears' sacks home.

" 20, 21st, 22nd, & 23rd We were all hands plowing & sowing. On Wednesday the 22nd I finished sowing wheat being even twenty fanegos. On the 21st day Woodson went down below. he brought home a lot of papers & letters. he also informed me that Godfroy had got back the evening before also on the same day Mears came up. the 23rd I comenced to sowing oats. also on the same day the boys got done plowing all the ground on the north side of the *arolla*. & comenced on the south side the weather so far in this week has been fine. On 25th Woodson & Dulany started to Ft. Garland with potatoes.

April 24, 1868 We were plowing with the four plows until noon. I finished sowing & harrowin in the oats in the lower piece of ground. in the afternoon we run out the *aceques* on the wheat & oats. I also gave the men their hoes & spades. the day was fine but windy. I also sowed some turnips & rutabagoes.

" 25 " It snowed the night before & part of the time this morning, I tuck the plows down & got them sharpened. In going down I broke the carriage. the boys finished throwing out the frozen potatoes.

" 3 " Woodson got home last night a little after dark. he did not sell the potatoes.