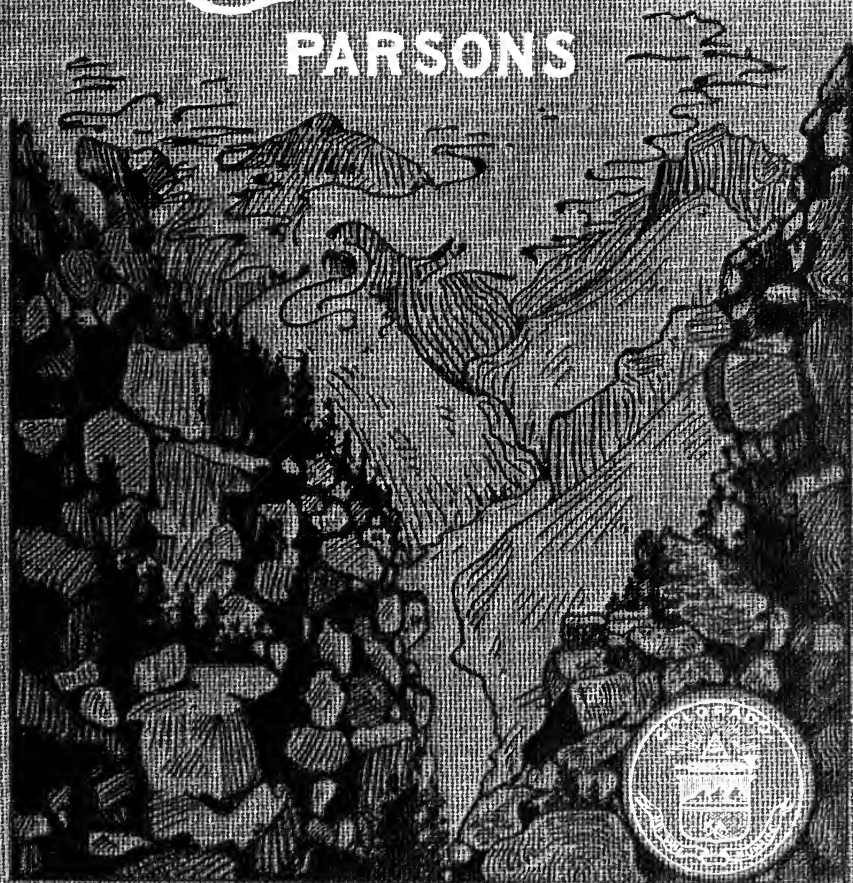


# THE MAKING *of* COLORADO

PARSONS




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LONG'S PEAK, FROM TOP OF MOUNT MEEKER

THE  
MAKING OF COLORADO

*A HISTORICAL SKETCH*

BY

EUGENE PARSONS

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE WASHINGTON: A CHARACTER SKETCH,"  
"TENNYSON'S LIFE AND POETRY," ETC.

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## PREFACE

COLORADO has had a stirring history—one verging upon the romantic. When it was known as a part of the Louisiana Territory, it was first explored by Captain Pike; then by Major Long, Colonel Fremont, and Captain Gunnison. The first permanent settlement by white Americans was made on the banks of Cherry Creek in 1858. Soon after the rush to Pike's Peak a territorial government was organized, and fifteen years later Colorado was admitted to the sisterhood of American commonwealths as the Centennial State.

In the half-century of its eventful history Colorado has forged to the front in the annals of the nation. No other western state, save California, has been so prominent in the public eye. The fame of its mountains and its mines is world-wide.

In 1857 there were a few score of trappers in the Rockies and ranchers on the plains; in 1907 the state had a population of 700,000. Some of the features of its history the author has endeavored to present comprehensively and concisely. He can honestly say that he has loved the truth and

sought it diligently in the journals of the old explorers and in the records of more recent times. His wish is that this little volume may help the boys and girls of Colorado to become more familiar with its picturesque past, also to realize something of the progress made along industrial lines in this imperial state.

Colorado has been called the Switzerland of America. It is the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of sightseers every summer. In preparing the later chapters of this book the writer has tried to supply information for this class. For the average reader the work may serve as an introduction to the elaborate histories written by Hall and Smiley.

It has been the author's good fortune to talk with some of the makers of Colorado's history. From the reminiscences of the old pioneers he has gleaned many interesting details and vivid pictures of life in Colorado Territory. He cannot mention by name all the individuals to whom he is under obligation. For suggestions and courtesies he expresses his thanks especially to Mr. William C. Ferril of the State Historical Society; Mr. Charles R. Dudley of the Denver Public Library; Professor George L. Cannon of the East Denver High School; Mr. John T. Burns, former Secretary of the Colorado State Commercial Association; Mr. Charles

J. Downey of the *Daily Mining Record*; to Mr. Gaines M. Allen, and to Mr. Oliver P. Wiggins—all of Denver.

Major S. K. Hooper and Mr. T. E. Fisher kindly furnished views of striking scenes along the Denver and Rio Grande Railway and the Colorado and Southern.

DENVER, 1908.



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## INTRODUCTORY

O COLORADO, land of gold,  
Thy everlasting mountains hold  
Their heads aloft with crown of snow,  
As Fremont saw them long ago.

Through vistas of the far-off years  
I see the trains of pioneers.  
Their schooners headed for Pike's Peak;  
The shining grains of gold they seek.

The decades pass; fair cities rise  
Where tepees' smoke curled to the skies.  
Iron horses quiver o'er the rails  
Where bison thundered down their trails.

Thy beetling crags and cañons grand,  
By ozone-laden breezes fanned;  
The metals hidden in the rocks;  
The valleys ranged by herds and flocks;

The sunshine bathing hill and plain,  
Made fruitful by the snow and rain—  
These make thy name known far abroad,  
O Colorado, blessed by God!



# The Making of Colorado

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## CHAPTER I

### THE CENTENNIAL STATE

COLORADO is the central state of the West beyond the Mississippi. In shape it is nearly a parallelogram. Its breadth is two hundred seventy-six miles, and the length from east to west of its southern boundary is three hundred eighty-seven miles. It is one of the larger commonwealths of the Union. Only four other states—Texas, California, Montana, and Nevada—exceed it in size. Its area is greater than that of all New England with Virginia thrown in, and equal to that of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware combined. The state is nearly twice as large as Illinois. One of its counties, Las Animas, is almost as large as Connecticut, and the area of Routt County nearly equals that of New Jersey.

Colorado has three natural divisions—plains, mountains, and plateaus.

The surface of the state is very uneven. In the eastern part near the Kansas line the altitude is

from three thousand to four thousand feet above sea level. In the mountain ranges are many peaks over fourteen thousand feet, or nearly three miles, high. Colorado has the highest average elevation of all the states—six thousand eight hundred feet.

The eastern third of the state is composed of rolling steppes and plains. The absence of timber is noticeable, except along the rivers, which are lined with cottonwoods and willows. There are scattering clumps of pines on the high knolls of the Divide, the watershed between the Arkansas and Platte rivers. The Divide is the highest ridge on the great plains extending from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Its elevation at Palmer Lake and other places is over seven thousand feet. From this range of hills the watercourses flow north into the Platte, and south into the Arkansas. For a distance of from fifteen to twenty-five miles eastward from the foothills or hogback the country is broken. Then there is a treeless expanse sloping gradually toward Kansas and Nebraska. While there are slight depressions and elevations here and there, the land is for the most part level.

The middle third of the state is mountainous. Several ranges of the Rockies, which form a part of the Cordilleran system, traverse the state and attain here their greatest altitude. The most



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS

eastern chain of mountains is the Front Range, also named the Colorado Range. It enters the state from Wyoming, and extends southward to Pike's Peak. The famous Cripple Creek mining

district is near its southern termination. Prominent among the lofty heights of this range are Long's Peak, Gray's, Evans, Torrey, and Pike's, all over fourteen thousand feet high. The portion of the range north of Estes Park is sometimes called the Medicine Bow Mountains. The Platte and Grand rivers rise in the Front Range.

West of the Front Range is the Park Range, which enters the state from Wyoming and runs south to the Arkansas Hills, some twenty miles or more west of Cripple Creek. Leadville lies in the valley west of these mountains, which have several peaks over fourteen thousand feet in height. Among them are Sherman, Sheridan, Lincoln, Bross, and Quandary. The headwaters of the Yampa River are in this range.

The Sawatch Range is a high, massive chain beginning with the Mount of the Holy Cross and running south into the northern part of Saguache County. It is parallel to the Park Range and about sixteen miles west of it. The Sawatch Range is part of the backbone of the Rockies, or the Continental Divide. The streams on the western slope empty into the Pacific, and those on the eastern slope into the Atlantic. The range contains some noted peaks with an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet—the Mount of the Holy Cross, Elbert, La Plata, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, An-



tero, Shavano, and Massive. The last named is the highest known mountain in Colorado. The sources of the Gunnison River are in the Sawatch Mountains.

Farther south is the Sangre de Cristo Range, which stretches from the Arkansas River into New Mexico. The southern portion, to the east of the San Luis Park, is sometimes called the Culebra Range. Running parallel to the Sangre de Cristo Range, some twenty miles to the east, are the Wet Mountains, in Fremont and Custer counties. Three peaks in the Sangre Mountains have an altitude exceeding fourteen thousand feet—Crestone, Humboldt, and the crest of Sierra Blanca.

West of the San Luis Park rise the San Juan Mountains, running in a northwesterly direction. This range, which is sometimes called the Alps of America, forms the southern part of the Continental Divide. On the eastern slope are the headwaters of the Rio Grande, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. On the western slope are the sources of the Rio San Juan, which empties into the Colorado River in southern Utah. The range contains many high peaks—Eolus, Simpson, Stewart, San Luis, Handies, Red Cloud, Uncompahgre, and Sneffels, all of them over fourteen thousand feet in height.

The San Miguel Mountains are an outlying

group of the San Juan. They contain some very high peaks, Lizard Head and Wilson being over fourteen thousand feet high. Farther north are the Elk Mountains. Of these Maroon and Castle have an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet.

Some of the short ranges in the state have not



WOODLAND IN ESTES PARK

been mentioned; and there are solitary mountains, like the Spanish Peaks on the southern border of Huerfano County.

The western third of the state is broken into hills and bluffs, extensive valleys, and broad plateaus. The higher mesas are wooded. The surface descends toward the Utah line, and much of it is desert. There are immense tracts of deso-

late country, almost bare of vegetation or growing only sagebrush.

The mountain parks are striking features in Colorado's physical structure. Between the Front and Park ranges and north of a cross range is a series of high mountain basins collectively named North Park. It has an average elevation of eight thousand feet, and an area of two thousand five hundred square miles, mostly in Larimer County. It is a wilderness of groves and grazing lands, diversified by streams and tiny ponds. It is the home of deer, bear, mountain lions, and other wild animals.

Middle Park is hemmed in on all sides by the high ranges of Grand County. It has an area of three thousand square miles and an elevation of from seven to nine thousand feet. This park is celebrated for its striking scenery and its hot sulphur springs.

South Park, in Park County, lies between Leadville and Cripple Creek. It is fifty miles long and ten miles wide, with an elevation of from eight to ten thousand feet. In its sheltered valleys countless herds and flocks feed on the luxuriant grasses. The fertile soil produces grains, potatoes, and other crops. Within the park are mineral springs.

Between the San Juan and Sangre de Cristo

ranges is the great San Luis Park, eight thousand square miles in extent. Its surface is nearly level and has an altitude varying from seven to eight thousand feet. It was once the bed of a fresh-water lake, sixty miles wide and more than a hundred miles long. This valley is a fertile agricultural region.

Estes, Egeria, Animas, and other natural parks are small valleys of various elevations and many scenic attractions.

The mountain lakes of Colorado are little sheets of water found at altitudes of nine and ten thousand feet. They are fed by the perpetual snows of the surrounding ranges.

Colorado's principal rivers are the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, San Juan, Dolores, Gunnison, Grand, White, and Yampa. None of these waterways is navigable. The Kansas River extends two arms, the Smoky Hill and the Republican, into eastern Colorado.

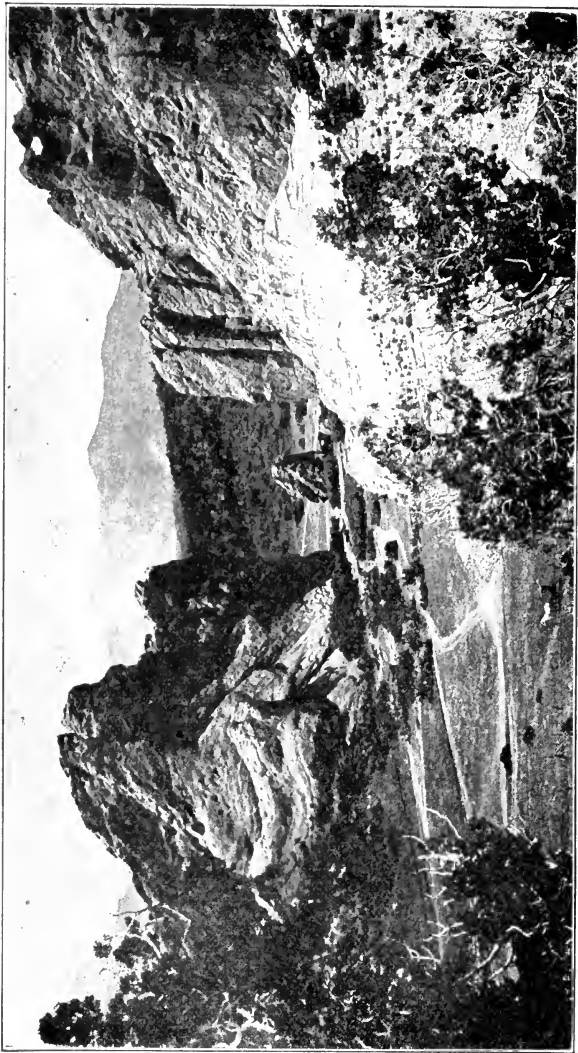
Colorado is the heir of all the ages. Millions of years before the elevation of the Rockies, her granite rocks were formed. It is of this granite bed rock that the Capitol and the United States Mint in Denver are constructed.

Time passed, a long time, which we cannot estimate in years. There came an era when most of the continent was submerged. The Mississippi

valley was a vast inland sea, and the Rocky Mountain region an archipelago of large islands.

Another era came, known as the Age of Reptiles. Huge saurians disported in the waters and were the lords of creation. In this period of geological time the "Red Beds" were formed. The red sandstones from the quarries near Lyons and Fort Collins are used extensively in the buildings of Denver and other cities. The red rocks in the Garden of the Gods belong to this far-off period.

In this and later times there were monsters of the deep, and still greater animals dragged their unwieldy bodies over the land. It was the time of the Dinosaurs. These strange creatures were both carnivorous and herbivorous. Some of them dwelt on land, and others lived in the water. Some walked upright, and some crawled about on all fours. They fed on water plants and browsed on the abundant herbage growing along the reedy margins of lakes and rivers. They were sluggish reptiles of enormous proportions, having some resemblance to the crocodiles of the present. The skeleton of one of them, excavated at Morrison, has a length of eighty feet. Its ribs are ten feet long and four inches thick. Resting on its tail and two hind legs, the animal could rear its head some thirty feet in the air. There were smaller



ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS  
Pike's Peak in the Background

species that were more active, armed with claws and sharp teeth.

One queer specimen of a reptile called a Stegosaur was covered with a sort of armor formed of great plates of bone. It had a small head and a long heavy tail. The latter served as a third limb in sustaining the weight of the body, and also as a weapon of defense, for tall spines covered it. This lizard-beast had short fore legs and very long hind legs, which with the long tail gave its back a highly arched appearance. Its length was from twenty-five to thirty feet, and it must have been a formidable animal to encounter.

The western sea was for a long time the habitat of Mososaurs, or swimming lizards with long serpentine forms. They had paddle-shaped feet, powerful tails, and massive jaws having sharp teeth with which they could capture slippery prey. With these murderous sea-serpents swam turtles a dozen feet long that had heads a full yard in length, and voracious fishes with teeth like spikes prowled in the shallow waters.

In this interesting period of geological history the beds of cream-colored sandstone were formed in the foothills. This sandstone is split into slabs that are much used for pavements in Denver. Between the rock strata are bands of fire-clay that is used in the manufacture of brick, tile, pottery,

and crucibles. The white sandstone of which the Denver Public Library is built was taken from deposits of this period, formed along Turkey Creek west of Pueblo. Building material also is obtained from the beds of limestone, some of them forty feet thick, in the hogback.

At the time of which we are speaking sharks from fifty to one hundred feet long swam in the Colorado seas, crocodiles wallowed in the mud along the shores, and the islands were inhabited by birds with teeth. One strange flying creature, the Pterodactyl, had batlike wings that measured twenty-five feet from tip to tip. Another bird of bulky figure could swim and dive, but not fly. The deposits of this period furnish a superior brick-clay, from which bright-colored bricks are made.

In an epoch called the Laramie there were swamps in places where deep waters had rolled for ages. The climate was a great deal hotter than it is now in Colorado. There were forests of willow, oak, poplar, myrtle, and laurel. Semi-tropical trees like those of California and southern Texas flourished in the country north of Denver. Species of palm, magnolia, fig, and other fruit trees grew in profusion.

The hot, moist climate was favorable to the growth of dense woods. Of the decaying vegeta-



tion were formed the layers of coal that underlie the surface of nearly one fifth of Colorado. The coal-bearing formations in some sections being fifteen hundred feet thick, the forest growths of tens of thousands of years were necessary to produce the veins of coal.

The Laramie and two succeeding epochs mark the close of the Middle Ages of geological time. Most extraordinary animals and reptiles, some of them of tremendous size, lived then. One land animal, the Triceratops, was twenty-five feet long and had a horned head that was all out of proportion to its clumsy body. The skulls of the largest specimens existing at the time of the formation of the Denver sandstones were from six to eight feet long; and there was a bird-footed Dinosaur about the size of a kangaroo.

Meanwhile the seas and lakes were drained of salt water, and the land area increased considerably. The predatory reptilian monsters of earlier ages came to an end. They were adapted to the elements in which they had their being, and when conditions changed they passed away. Other forms of animal life succeeded them in the Age of Mammals. Then mastodons stalked through the forests. Elephants, rhinoceroses, camels, and tigers had their habitat in Colorado, and all were of gigantic size.

Then came the elevation of the sea bottom and islands of a former time into mountain ranges. There were mighty convulsions of nature. There was one uplift after another. The period of mountain-making lasted a long while, and took place at least a million years ago. The earth's crust was broken and tilted; the strata were folded and crumpled up. Volcanoes poured forth floods of lava that rolled down the slopes westward and eastward. Rhyolite tuff is an eruptive rock much used for buildings in Denver.

As time passed, enormous masses of debris were washed from the mountainsides and ridges into the valleys and plains. A thousand feet or more of horizontal strata were removed from above the present site of Denver. The channels of mountain streams were gradually deepened into cañons. Wind, water, and other agencies are still producing similar changes in the mountain region.

In the upheavals of the past the strata of the rocks were exposed, with the result that ore deposits and veins of minerals were formed near fissures and in surface placers, where in the fullness of time they were discovered by man. In a half century gold, silver, copper, zinc, and lead have been extracted to the value of more than a billion dollars.

But greater even than this prodigious treasure is the agricultural wealth of the Centennial State.

The plains and valleys have a soil of wonderful fertility. Before the possibilities of farming by irrigation were known, east Colorado was included in the "Great American Desert." Now two and a half million acres of arid waste have by artificial watering become productive of greater riches than the metalliferous mines. Colorado's crops of hay, alfalfa, wheat, oats, and sugar beets harvested in 1906 were valued at \$28,000,000, or several millions more than the output of its gold mines during that year.

## CHAPTER II

### EARLY INHABITANTS—CLIFF DWELLERS AND INDIANS

A STRANGE people lived in Colorado long ago. Centuries before America was discovered by Columbus, the Southwest was inhabited by a race of men somewhat civilized. Their skeletons, their rude stone implements, their architectural remains have been found in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. They appear to have had the same general characteristics as the peoples found by Cortez in Old Mexico and Pizarro in Peru.

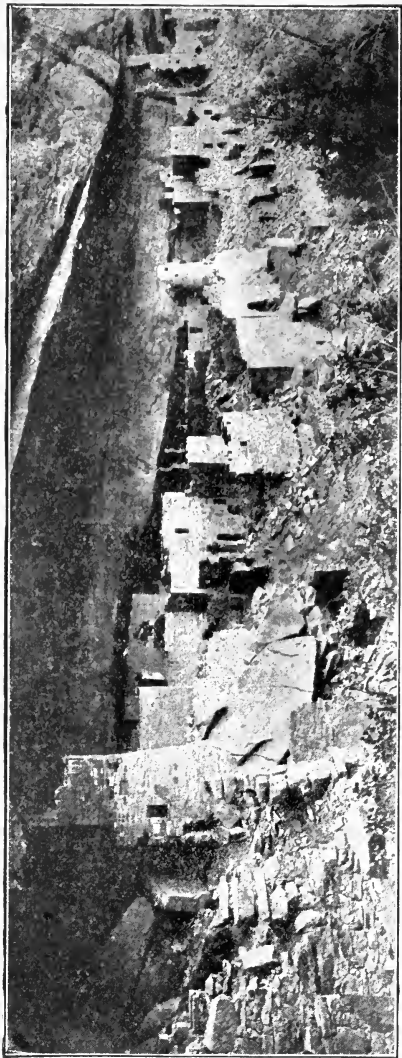
In various parts of western and southwestern Colorado are the ruins of habitations and rock shelters dating back to a prehistoric period. They abound in the Mesa Verde of Montezuma County; they are scattered here and there in the San Juan country, some being in the neighborhood of Pagosa Springs; and they are found as far north as the Shavano valley near Montrose. The time of their occupation may be roughly conjectured to have been from five hundred to one thousand years ago.

Little is known of these early inhabitants of

Colorado, for they left no literature. Some traditions concerning them are current among their descendants, the Pueblos and Zuñis of New Mexico and the Mokis of Arizona; also a few legends about them survive in the memories of the Utes, the Navajoes, and other tribes of Indians.

The signs and inscriptions on the cliffs in Shavano valley and Mancos Cañon, southwest of Durango, are similar to the pictured records of the Indians. They are as queer as the cryptograms of Egypt, or the cuneiforms of Assyria. Some of the hieroglyphics have been deciphered by archæologists. The drawings of weapons, animals, and strangely-clad men and women are interpreted as stories of journeys, contests, and other events. As yet only a beginning has been made along the lines of linguistic investigation, although quite full descriptions of the cliff homes of this primitive people have been given by Jackson and Nordenskjold.

Many interesting remains known as cliff dwellings have been found in what was formerly the Southern Ute Reservation. By an act of Congress in 1906 the region including Mancos Cañon was set apart as a government preserve, called the Mesa Verde National Park. It is situated in the southwestern corner of Colorado, and, with the rim, embraces some three hundred square miles or more.



CLIFF PALACE IN THE MESA VERDE

Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Ry.

These early inhabitants are called Cliff Dwellers because they made their homes in the cliffs which formed the sides of the many cañons of the country. They fashioned their houses out of hewn limestone and sandstone; some were built in the form of a square; others were circular. The rooms in the stone structures found in Mancos Cañon are small, and it has been conjectured that the people who lived in them were undersized.

In some places cave dwellings were hollowed out to a distance of fifty feet or more from the entrance. These were large enough to accommodate at least four or five families. The inmates seem to have climbed up to them by difficult pathways where holes had been cut in the cliff for the hands, or to have entered by means of ladders, which were drawn up afterward in order to prevent the entrance of Indian foes. There was no access to the caverns from above.

These cavelike recesses were fortresses, places of defense and refuge in time of war. Here, when the men were away fighting, the women and children were secure from attack. Supplies of food and drink were stored in caches within the caves, so the inmates could stand a long siege.

There were watch towers where sentinels were posted to give notice of the approach of their enemies. These round towers were generally

from five to twenty feet high, and from ten to sixteen feet in diameter. The walls were from twelve to sixteen inches thick. The men probably entered the towers by means of rope ladders.

Like the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, this



A UTE BRAVE

earth-burrowing race was a peaceful, gentle people when not molested. The Cliff Dwellers raised crops, for corn and beans have been found in the vacant apartments of their cave lodges. They farmed by irrigation in the valleys, having ditches and reservoirs for storing water. Though not hunters like the Indians, they at least made braided-

rope snares to catch deer and mountain sheep.

The primitive inhabitants of this region were farmers, with settled abodes. They were far superior to the Utes, who were nomads and are nomads in disposition to this day. They had



stone implements and dishes made of fine clay. Fragments of their crockery have survived, and sculptured figures chipped by them out of the rock have been found.

It may be fairly supposed that the Cliff Dwellers were relatives of the Aztecs; and they were fire-worshippers, like the ancient Mexicans. In one of the interior rooms of a cliff village was a place that contained the sacred fire, which was never allowed to go out. The apartment was circular in form, and evidently was used for the practice of religious rites, and also as a council hall. An *estufa*, the Spaniards call this inner chamber. The Cliff Dwellers worshiped the sun as God. On some cliffs are rude pictures of the sun god.

These people left behind them not only monuments of massive masonry, but evidences of successful work in surgery and dentistry. They knew something of astronomy. The decorations on the pottery buried with their dead are unique. This picture-writing conveyed a meaning to their descendants. Perhaps the persons singled out as worthy of having painted pottery buried with them were officials, or men who had achieved distinction. No unlettered savages could do what was done by these early inhabitants of the Southwest.

In the deserted rooms of the cliff dwellings visitors have picked up fragments of hide, pieces

of cord, bags containing salt, and wooden bows and arrows, bone awls, stone axes and hammers, and other implements. Among the articles for domestic use which have been discovered are needles, knives, and spoons of bone; baskets of reed and willow; water jars, jugs, pitchers, mugs, etc. Pieces of cotton cloth and of yucca fiber cloth, fringed buckskin garments and yucca sandals have been found. While no metal tools have as yet been brought to light, some scholars believe that this ancient people had them.

Possibly the Cliff Dwellers of Mancos Cañon and adjacent localities came from Utah, where many old ruins are extant. In some instances the people were smoked out of their Utah dwellings by fire, and had to seek other quarters. It may be that a volcanic eruption drove them elsewhere.

In the summer of 1874 the first notable discovery of Colorado cliff dwellings was made in the Mesa Verde by William H. Jackson and his companions, members of Hayden's geological surveying party.

The Mesa Verde extends north and south about twenty, and east and west about forty miles. Cañons with cliff walls that are sheer perpendicular penetrate the mesa, running in every direction. It is only here and there that the adventurous climber can work his way up the wooded slopes of the escarpment. The cañon in which the discov-

eries were made is about two hundred yards wide, and a shallow stream meanders through it, fringed by willows and thorn bushes interlaced with grapevines. Here the party found heaps of broken pottery scattered about, and they kept on looking, hoping to find the remains of buildings. Jackson writes in his journal:

“Our camp for the night was among the stunted piñons and cedar immediately at the foot of the escarpment of the mesa; its steep slopes and perpendicular faces rising nearly one thousand feet above us. Quantities of broken pottery were strewn across the trail, to the edge of the stream, and as ruins of some sort generally followed, close attention was paid to the surroundings; but, with the exception of a small square inclosure of rough slabs of stone, set in the earth endwise, and indicating, possibly, a grave, nothing was found to reward our search. Just as the sun was sinking behind the western walls of the cañon, one of the party descried far up the cliff what appeared to be a house, with a square wall, and apertures indicating two stories, but so far up that only the very sharpest eyes could define anything satisfactorily.

\* \* \*

“All hands started up, but only two persevered to the end. The first five hundred feet of ascent were over a long, steep slope of *débris* overgrown with

cedar; then came alternate perpendiculars and slopes. Immediately below the house was a nearly perpendicular ascent of one hundred feet, that puzzled us for a while, and which we were only able to surmount by finding cracks and crevices into which fingers and toes could be inserted. From the little ledges occasionally found, and by stepping upon each other's shoulders, and grasping tufts of yucca, one would draw himself up to another shelf, and then, by letting down a stick of cedar, or a hand, would assist the other. Soon we reached a slope, smooth and steep, in which there had been cut a series of steps, now weathered away into a series of undulating hummocks, by which it was easy to ascend, and without them, almost an impossibility. Another short, steep slope, and we were under the ledge upon which was our house.

\* \* \*

“The house stood upon a narrow ledge, which formed the floor, and was overhung by the rocks of the cliff. The depth of this ledge was about ten [feet] by twenty in length, and the vertical space between ledge and overhanging rock some fifteen feet.

\* \* \*

“The house itself, perched up in its little crevice like a swallow's nest, consisted of two stories, with a total height of about twelve feet, leaving a space of two or three feet between the top of the walls and

the overhanging rock. We could not determine satisfactorily whether any other roof had ever existed or whether the walls ran up higher and joined the rock, but we incline to the first supposition. The ground-plan showed a front room about six by nine feet in dimensions, and back of it two smaller ones, the face of the rock forming their back walls. These were each about five by seven feet square. The left hand of the two back rooms projected beyond the front room in an L. The cedar beams, which had divided the house into two floors, were gone, with the exception of a few splintered pieces and ends remaining in the wall, just enough to show what they were made of. We had some little doubt as to whether the back rooms were divided in the same way, nothing remaining to prove the fact, excepting holes in the walls, at the same height as the beams in the other portion. In the lower front room are two apertures, one serving as a door, and opening out upon the esplanade, about twenty by thirty inches in size, the lower sill twenty-four inches from the floor; and the other a small outlook, about twelve inches square, up near the ceiling, and looking over the cañon beneath. In the upper story, a window corresponding in size, shape, and position to the door below, commands an extended view down the cañon.

“Ruins of half a dozen lesser houses were found near by, but all in such exposed situations as to be quite dilapidated. Some had been crushed by the overhanging wall falling upon them, and others had lost their foothold and tumbled down the precipice.

\* \* \*

“Scratched into the face of the cliff which contains these houses are various inscriptions. . . . As they are not cut in very deeply, and in some places mere scratches, it is very doubtful whether they are contemporaneous with the houses themselves.”

Since Jackson and Holmes explored the ruins in Mancos Cañon, other travelers have penetrated branch cañons of this region, which was once well peopled. They have examined hundreds of villages, or groups of houses that were occupied by clans in that distant past. One December day in 1888 Alfred and Richard Wetherill, ranchers from the neighborhood to the north of the reservation, were looking for some lost cattle. While riding through the labyrinth of cañons, the two men suddenly came upon a massive pile of walls and towers. The crumbling heap had an appearance so grand and imposing that it has been named the “Cliff Palace.” Not far from this place they found another majestic monument, now called the

“Spruce Tree House.” These remarkable remains were described by the Swedish traveler Nordenskjöld, who also explored the cliff villages in Wetherill Mesa and Chapin’s Mesa.

In the summer of 1907, Dr. A. J. Fynn of Denver discovered in Spruce Tree Cañon a portion of a structure six stories high. It was very artistically built of blocks of stone, regularly cut, and contained at least forty rooms. It was given the name, “Peabody House,” in honor of Mrs. W. S. Peabody. Another member of the same exploring party, Professor E. S. Hewitt, discovered a cliff ruin that was christened the “Red House,” because of the red sandstone about it. Among other finds in the vicinity was that of a ceremonial stone, picked up near a room of worship. This circular room was on a lower floor, and could be entered only through an opening in the top. These discoveries aid the imagination in picturing the life of the town-building people who once resided on this lofty plateau.

The Cliff Dwellers could not hold their own against the onslaughts of hostile Indian tribes. With all their skill, they did not make so good weapons as did their enemies; and just as the red men have gone down before the advancing march of the whites with their firearms and artillery, so did this earlier race fall before the bow and arrows

and the tomahawk of the ancestors of the Utes and Apaches. Like the former inhabitants of Old Mexico, they were agriculturists, not fighters, and they made only an ineffectual resistance to their enemies. To this day may be seen the mounds on the hills that were formerly fortified, with lookout points here and there where guards were stationed to give warning. All in vain. It was a case of the survival of the strongest rather than the fittest.

That the Cliff Dwellers of Colorado and the Pueblos of the Great Plateau in the Southwest formed one people, seems altogether likely. The Pueblos, who lived in underground villages, numbered millions in the eleventh century. The Navajoes and other savage tribes fought them and slew many. Suddenly most of the early inhabitants of the broad expanse of country north of Mexico vanished. Perhaps there had come an urgent call from Montezuma for help.

The aborigines, or red men, as they are generally called, had roamed over the country west of the Missouri River for ages before the coming of Europeans to the New World. We do not know how long they had been here or who their ancestors were. They were for the most part tribes of the Shoshonean stock, and they wandered at will from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The seven tribes of the Utes occupied the valleys



and mesas of the Rocky Mountains. They sometimes traversed the plains to the east of the Rockies, usually camping along the Platte and Arkansas rivers or their tributaries. They also inhabited the western portions of Colorado. Tribes of Utes and Pah-Utes dwelt, too, in Utah.

That part of Colorado east of the Front Range and north of the Arkansas River was the home of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. The Kiowas and Comanches roamed over the country south of the Arkansas. The four tribes mentioned did not confine their wanderings to these regions. Bands of Cheyennes frequently strayed northward into Wyoming, or eastward into Nebraska. The Arapahoes made occasional raids into the mountains for the ponies and scalps of the Utes. The Colorado Kiowas often journeyed by easy stages southward across the plains of New Mexico into Texas. The Indians of all these tribes were nomads. They moved about from place to place where they found good pasturage for their horses. They depended for their livelihood chiefly upon the chase, and went where game was plentiful.

The Navajoes and Apaches were later arrivals than the Utes in what are now the Rocky Mountain states. They belong to another Indian family, the Athapascan of British America. They were a bold, warlike people. In the sixteenth century

the Spaniards found the Navajoes on the Rio San Juan in both Colorado and New Mexico. The Apaches had no fixed habitations, but roamed over the entire region from the Rio Grande to the Rio Gila.

The Navajoes were more of a pastoral people than some of the other tribes; they had their flocks and herds. In southwestern Colorado they came in contact with the Utes, and intermittently fought with them for the possession of the grazing lands in the valleys along the streams.

From time to time bands of Plains Indians, belonging to tribes of Pawnees, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Kickapoos, followed the course of the Platte or the Arkansas westward almost into the mountains, and engaged in bloody conflicts with the Colorado tribes. So the West was a great battle ground for hostile savages.

It is probable that the early inhabitants of this region all had a common origin, which is lost in the mists of a faraway past. The Pueblos and Mokis of to-day are called Indians, and their ancestors, like the Aztecs of Old Mexico, were of the same race as the red men. However, as centuries passed, they came to differ from the wild Indians in some important respects.

The Pueblos and their cousins the Cliff Dwellers had permanent abodes, while their distant relatives

of the wild tribes roamed over a wide stretch of country. They were peaceful farmers, while the Utes and Arapahoes were hunters and nomads, who engaged in predatory warfare with their neighbors. They built houses, while the savages lived in tepees and wickiups. They wore clothes, while the roving red men went nearly naked, except in the most inclement weather. They were industrious and accumulated property, while the copper-colored denizens of the wilderness were lazy and improvident. In consequence, the sun-worshipping Cliff Dwellers reached a higher plane of culture than did the warring bands of nomadic Indians that fought them and at last all but exterminated them. The Utes and Arapahoes made no progress, while the builders of the cliff dwellings, like the peoples whom the Spanish found in Mexico and Peru, were on the road to civilization. Among the Pueblos one man had one wife, while the wild Indians were polygamists.

As late as the sixties bison, bear, deer, and other game animals abounded on the western plains, and the encroachments of the whites on the red men's hunting-grounds led to massacres and wars, which will be described in later chapters of the book.

## CHAPTER III

### PIKE

COLORADO'S history begins with the Rocky Mountain expedition of Captain Pike in 1806-7. At that time New Spain extended far to the north of Old Mexico; it included a strip of what is now southern Colorado and the western slope. The remaining part of the state, from the Arkansas River north to Wyoming, belonged to the Territory of Louisiana, which the United States had purchased from France in 1803.

Since the time of Coronado the Spaniards had made a number of expeditions across the Buffalo Plains into Kansas and Nebraska. In the eighteenth century several Spanish explorers found their way into southwestern Colorado. A party under Padre Escalante set out from Santa Fé in July, 1776, and reached the San Juan country. They bestowed upon the streams they crossed the names of Piedra, Florida, Las Animas, and Dolores. They traveled northward to the Gunnison River, which had been visited by Rivera in 1761. Then they pursued their course by a circuitous route northwest to White River and passed into Utah. Other

Spanish adventurers made tours through southern Colorado.

Escalante's object was to find a route from Santa Fé to the upper coast of California, then a part of Hispania Nova. The others were searching for the precious metals. They made some unimportant discoveries of gold and silver mines, which were never developed by them to any extent. They established no missions and founded no permanent settlements within the present limits of the Centennial State.

Escalante left some descriptions of the country through which he journeyed, and doubtless there are records in Spanish of the travels of other daring spirits who set foot on the soil of Colorado, but Pike's "Journal" was the first published account of the Rocky Mountains known to Americans. One adventurer, James Pursley (or Purcell) of Kentucky, is said to have wandered among the



LIEUTENANT PIKE

Plains Indians and crossed the Snowy Range between the Platte and Grand rivers about the year 1805. Perhaps other citizens of the United States had ventured into the wilds of what is now the Centennial State. If so, they kept no diaries that have been printed. Therefore, we may say that Colorado's history begins with the expedition made by Zebulon Montgomery Pike a century ago.

The fame of this courageous soldier and explorer is as enduring as that of Lewis and Clark, who spanned the American continent in 1804-5. Pike was born near Trenton, New Jersey, January 5, 1779. He came of military stock. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary War and later served in the army as a major. The son was not long in school; he became a cadet in the ranks as soon as he was able to bear arms, when but fifteen years old. At the age of twenty years he was a lieutenant; in 1806 he became captain; in 1808, major; in 1812, colonel; and in 1813, brigadier-general.

The Lewis and Clark expedition was made under the auspices of the general government. Pike's expeditions were military enterprises. He was accompanied by soldiers, and he was in frequent communication with General Wilkinson and the Secretary of War. The objects of his expeditions were both geographical and political. The West

was then unknown and unexplored, save by Lewis and Clark. The War Department, as well as President Jefferson, desired information concerning the recently acquired Louisiana Territory.

Lieutenant Pike was only twenty-six years old when he was chosen to lead an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi. He set sail from St. Louis with twenty soldiers, on the afternoon of August 9, 1805. He was directed to ascend the Mississippi to its source, charting the course of the river, noting its tributaries, locating rapids, falls, and so forth, and describing the character of the country on both sides. He was to visit the Indian nations and make treaties with them, using his best efforts to prevent intertribal wars, and he was to bring the British traders to book in the Northwest (now Minnesota). The voyage was successfully accomplished. The party were back in St. Louis April 30, 1806, after an absence of eight months and twenty-two days.

Immediately after his return from this arduous journey, Pike was urged by his commander to undertake another. On the second expedition he was sent to explore the headwaters of the Arkansas and Red rivers, and to assert the authority of the United States government over the tribes of savages. It is probable that he was instructed to ascertain more definitely the boundary between our country

and the northern provinces of New Spain. Perhaps, in addition, he was expected to try to enter Spanish territory and inform his superior officer as to the land and people. His tour was to be one of exploration for geographical knowledge, and he was to report concerning encroachments by the Spaniards on the south.

Pike was chosen to conduct this difficult and dangerous enterprise because of his superior qualifications. His Mississippi voyage had shown him to be eminently fitted for the undertaking. He was a soldier of fortune, who recked little of hardships and privations; these were forgotten in the quest of information that would be useful to his country.

On July 15, 1806, Pike set sail from St. Louis up the Missouri River. He was accompanied by a surgeon, an interpreter, and twenty-one soldiers. Fifteen of the soldiers had been with him on his Mississippi expedition. He was charged with the mission of returning fifty-one Indian captives to their relatives in the villages on the Osage River.

After accompanying the Osage captives to their homes in western Missouri, the exploring party struck across the prairies to the Pawnee Republic on the Republican River, near the northern boundary of Kansas. The chief told him that a force of Spanish soldiers under Lieutenant Malgares had lately visited them. The Spaniards had heard



in advance of Pike's expedition, and had set out with the intention of intercepting the party. Fortunately for Pike, they mistimed the visit and returned a few weeks before his coming.

Marching southwest, Pike and his little band traversed the plains to the Arkansas (or Arkansaw, as he spelled it). On October 28 the company separated, Lieutenant Wilkinson with five soldiers sailing down the river and Pike with fifteen soldiers going up stream. Pike's route was not far from what is now the line of the Santa Fé Railway to the present site of Pueblo. Game was abundant on the plains, and the party killed deer, elk, antelope, and buffalo, for their subsistence.

Several times they encountered large bands of Pawnees, and it is remarkable that there was no bloodshed. One day they met an unsuccessful war party returning home. Pike put on a bold front, but was obliged to submit to insolence from the braves before he was rid of them.

The little band traveled along the south bank of the Arkansas, and on the afternoon of November 15 they reached a point near the confluence of the Purgatory River with the Arkansas. "Here the mountains are first seen," is marked on Pike's map. He was riding a little ahead of the party when he got his first glimpse of the mountain that bears his name. By air line he was more than a

hundred miles from the great "White Mountain," whose outlines were faintly distinguished to the northwest. In his journal Pike says it appeared like a small blue cloud. A half hour later the Front and Sangre de Cristo ranges appeared in full view, and when his men came up they gave vent to their feelings with "three cheers to the Mexican Mountains."

The explorers pushed forward, and a week later arrived at the present site of Pueblo. After building a breastwork for defense, the leader left here the greater number of the party, and, with three companions, made a side-trip northward, with the view of ascending "to the high point of the blue mountain," which he believed "would be one day's march, in order from its pinnacle to lay down the various branches and positions of the country."

In the thin air of Colorado far-off objects seem near, and Pike found the distance much greater than he had expected. On November 24 the little party proceeded twelve miles. "We marched at one o'clock with an idea of arriving at the foot of the mountain," Pike writes, "but found ourselves obliged to take up our night's lodging under a single cedar, which we found in the prairie, without water and extremely cold. Our party besides myself consisted of Dr. Robinson, and Privates Miller and Brown."

The next day he “marched early, with an expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to encamp at its base, after passing over many small hills covered with cedars and pitch pines.” That day he covered a distance of twenty-two miles, as he figured it, in the hilly country along Turkey Creek.

In the morning of the 26th the four men began the ascent of the mountain. “Found it very difficult,” the journal goes on, “being obliged to climb up rocks sometimes almost perpendicular; and, after marching all day, we encamped in a cave, without blankets, victuals, or water. We had a fine clear sky, whilst it was snowing at the bottom.”

The men passed a miserable night, but Pike was determined to scale the peak. The day’s experiences are thus described in his journal:

“Arose hungry, dry, and extremely sore, from the inequality of the rocks, on which we had lain all night, but were amply compensated for toil by the sublimity of the prospects below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds, which appeared like the ocean in a storm; wave piled on wave and foaming, whilst the sky was perfectly clear where we were. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain; here we found the snow

middle deep; no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer, which stood at nine degrees above zero at the foot of the mountain, here fell to four degrees below zero. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, whence I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle. This with the condition of my soldiers who had only light overalls on, and no stockings, and every way ill provided to endure the inclemency of the region; the bad prospect of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days, which it must occasion, determined us to return."

There is a group of mountains to the south and southwest of Pike's Peak, and it is a question as to which one of them Pike ascended. Cheyenne Mountain lay directly in his path, but he may have climbed Mount Rosa or some other peak in this part of the Front Range.

Although he made a determined effort, Pike failed to set foot on the Grand Peak. However, he immortalized his name by making the attempt. On the 29th he and his companions rejoined the

main party at the Pueblo breastworks, after an absence of more than five days.

The next morning it was snowing hard, yet the company set out, undismayed. They found it hard marching in the rugged and hilly country along the river. Their progress was slow, and



BIGHORN RAM

they suffered much from the cold. On December 2 the temperature fell to seventeen degrees below zero. The men had no thick winter clothing, and they underwent frightful hardships. Their shoes were worn out, and they had to cut up buffalo hides for moccasins. The horses, too, were in poor condition, with sore backs, on which magpies and crows alighted to peck the bloody flesh.

The following day Pike took observations and tried to measure the altitude of the great mountain to the north. He was wide of the mark in estimating its elevation to be 18,581 feet. Scientists of our day have found the altitude of Pike's Peak to be 14,107 feet above sea level.

Pike declared that this towering summit was never out of his sight in his wanderings, except while he was in a valley, from November 14 to January 27. According to his own statement, he was not the first man to be impressed by the greatness of this monarch among mountains. It was a landmark to the Indian nations for hundreds of miles around. The Spaniards of New Mexico looked upon it with admiration, and it was the goal of their travels to the northwest. But to Pike belongs the honor of making it known to Americans; he gave it a place in history, a habitation and a name. In this sense, the rugged sentinel of the plains was discovered by him in 1806.

On December 5 the party camped near the entrance of the chasm known as the Royal Gorge. They were now in the shadow of the Rockies. Winter had come, and it would have been the part of prudence to build a log blockhouse and stay here till spring. Cæsar, in his campaigns in ancient Gaul and Britain, always interrupted military operations for three months in winter. Pike was

not so sensible as the Roman commander, or else he had a special reason for exposing himself and his men to the rigors of a winter march in the mountains. It may be that he was acting in accordance with oral instructions given by Wilkinson, who is supposed to have been involved in Aaron Burr's conspiracy to found an empire in the Southwest; if such was the case, Pike's course is accounted for.

None of the party was used to mountaineering; and Pike had no experienced guide. The men lacked not only clothing but other supplies needful for a long jaunt through the pathless wilds. The leader must have remembered vividly the sufferings of himself and companions the previous winter on the upper Mississippi. He certainly ought to have known better than to continue his march at that season of the year.

Pike was not the only hero in the little band of explorers who braved the horrors of that terrible winter in the Rocky Mountains. They all shared the hardships and difficulties; and not a man flinched or murmured, except once. The annals of exploration contain the records of no more faithful and courageous men.

Pike's impatience to be moving would not permit his lying still in camp. So on the party went. After scouting several days in the vicinity of what

is now Cañon City, they started up Oil Creek toward South Park on December 10. Three days later they crossed the Park Range, the dividing ridge between the Arkansan and Missourian waters. They were then at an elevation of over nine thousand feet.

On the 14th they broke up camp at the head of Eleven Mile Cañon, in South Park, and followed up the Platte, which was frozen over. In the course of their wanderings in the next few days they found traces of abandoned Indian camps. On the 17th they reached the headwaters of the Platte.

The snow was deep and the cold intense, but Pike resolutely pressed forward. Without knowing the trails, which were hidden beneath the snow, the explorers picked their way through the maze of unexplored mountains. Finally they got through the Park Range by Trout Creek Pass. Again they struck the Arkansas River, "which here was about twenty-five yards wide, ran with great rapidity, and was full of rocks." Pike then supposed it to be Red River.

From a point near Buena Vista the company ascended the Arkansas, and camped under the shadow of Mount Harvard of the Sawatch Range. The next day Pike with two men set out for a prominent point of the range, where he sighted the



sources of the Arkansas River to the west of Leadville. He was then on a sharp spur southeast of Twin Lakes. This was the most northern point reached by the expedition. At no time did Pike cross the Continental Divide.

Now he turned about and descended the Arkansas. The men were benumbed with cold and half starved, going nearly two days without food. Fortunately for them, a small herd of mountain bison were wintering in the fastnesses near Brown's Cañon. The hunters killed eight buffaloes and got an ample supply of meat. This saved the party from starvation.

In their ignorance of passes and trails the explorers blundered along, taking the most round-about and difficult route. On December 24 they halted a little distance north of Salida. Here they spent a cheerless Christmas in camp.

On the following afternoon the explorers marched some seven miles to the north end of the Sangre de Cristo Range. Thence they continued down the Arkansas River by a very rough route. They had an awful time of it, struggling over rocks and precipices. The men made sleds and hauled the loads taken from the backs of the exhausted horses. They averaged only about ten miles a day.

When occasion called for self-sacrifice, Pike was ready to give up comforts for others. One night

he slept out in the snow, his tent being occupied by sick men.

On New Year's Day the foremost of the scattered band approached the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. This day one of the hunters shot a bighorn ram. The next day the party found marching exceedingly difficult, and made a distance of only one mile. The horses lost their footing and had bad falls down the steep slopes. One was hurt so severely that it was shot.

The way over the steep cliffs and rocks beside the Royal Gorge was so difficult that the party kept to the river. It was frequently necessary to cut roads on the slippery ice and thus go around precipices. At times the men covered the track with earth, to avoid slipping.

On January 5, 1807, Pike finally escaped from the gorge, and he was surprised to find himself at his old camp near the present site of Cañon City. Till now he had fancied that he was on Red River, whose sources he had been instructed to discover. It was with chagrin he learned that he had only traveled around in a circle. This was the captain's birthday. "Most fervently did I hope never to pass another so miserably," he jotted down in his journal.

Three days passed before all the stragglers arrived. A rude blockhouse was built on the north



ROYAL GORGE, GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS

Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Ry.

bank of the Arkansas, and after a short rest the explorers were off again. Two men were left in the camp in charge of baggage and the broken-

down horses. Pike and the others set out on foot, each carrying a load of about seventy pounds, consisting of arms, tools, provisions, and presents for the Indians. This terrible trip should never have been attempted in the dead of winter with the poor outfit at Pike's command.

On the 14th the little party started southward on a further search for the elusive Red River. They plodded on through almost impassable mountains. They stumbled along through the main ridge of the Wet Mountains; then the trail led the freezing, starving explorers through the Wet Mountain valley.

In crossing a creek near the edge of the Sangre de Cristo Range, some of the soldiers got their feet wet. That night was bitter cold, the thermometer being  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  below zero. In the morning two of the men were unable to walk, so badly frostbitten were their feet. The poor fellows were left behind, with a supply of provisions and ammunition, while the others continued on their itinerary. "We parted, but not without tears," says Pike. He urged the two men to hold out bravely, and promised to send relief as soon as possible.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the weakened soldiers continued the march. They floundered in the snow and had to lean upon stout walking-sticks. Two of the party could not bear their

packs, and the burdens were divided among the others. A blinding snowstorm overtook them, and they had nothing to eat. They were now in a desperate plight. With death staring them in the face, the leader was discouraged for the first time in the expedition.

Still they kept on. One private while toiling through the snow said it was "more than human nature could bear to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry burdens only fit for horses." The captain allowed this complaint to pass unnoticed for the moment, but after the hunters had slain a buffalo and the company had "feasted sumptuously," he gave the lad a severe reprimand.

Another lad, Hugh Menaugh, was utterly exhausted by the fearful march and was left behind. The remaining eleven adventurers dragged themselves across the Sangre de Cristo Range. On January 28 they were so fortunate as to strike a brook flowing westward. They followed the stream, whose course ran through the Sand Hill Pass. More dead than alive, they emerged into the San Luis valley.

The worst was now over. Proceeding by easy stages along the base of Sierra Blanca, Pike came to the Rio Grande del Norte near the present site of Alamosa. Going down a stream which he

supposed to be Red River, he camped on the south bank of the Rio Conejos and erected a stockade of cottonwood logs. Pike's journeyings in Louisiana Territory were at an end; he was now on Spanish soil.

On February 7 Dr. Robinson set out alone, on foot, for Santa Fé. Ostensibly, his object was to collect a merchant's account; in reality, he was a spy. The Spaniards so considered him, and not long afterward they sent dragoons to arrest the American explorers, whom they looked upon as invaders. Pike was treated with consideration, yet he was a prisoner. The ragged men made a sorry appearance when presented to the governor at Santa Fé. Pike was questioned, and then escorted to the city of Chihuahua for further examination by General Salcedo, who seized his journals. He was forbidden to write notes, but he managed to keep a secret record, concealing his papers in the gun barrels of his soldiers. His Mexican tour lasted four months. On July 1, 1807, he found himself at Natchitoches in Louisiana. Six years afterward he met a soldier's death, leading the assault on York (now Toronto), Canada.

A squad of Spanish cavalry was despatched for the poor fellows who had been left behind. Some of them were crippled for life. Several members

of the expedition accompanied Pike through Texas; a number were detained for a while in Mexico. Eventually they were all returned to the United States. Their names are worthy of remembrance. Besides Dr. Robinson and Interpreter Vasquez, the party included Sergeant William E. Meek, Corporal Jeremiah R. Jackson, and eleven privates: John Brown, Jacob Carter, Thomas Dougherty, William Gordon, Hugh Menaugh, Theodore Miller, John Mountjoy, Alexander Roy, Patrick Smith, John Sparks, and Freegifte Stouk.

In September, 1906, a centennial celebration of the discovery of Pike's Peak was held at Colorado Springs. In Antlers Park of that city a massive boulder from the peak that bears his name was placed as a fitting monument to commemorate the achievements of the illustrious explorer.

By a rare piece of good fortune, a century after Pike's detention among the Spaniards his letters and journals were discovered among some old papers in the archives of Chihuahua.

## CHAPTER IV

### LONG

OTHER adventurous spirits followed Pike across the plains and through the mountains. They felt the lure of the wilds, and roughed it with grizzlies and savages. They hunted and trapped; they traded with Indians, and some of them were scalped by Indians. So the knowledge of the West grew from more to more.

But there was a curiosity to learn more of the animal and vegetable life of the plains and mountains. The publication of Pike's journal served only to increase the desire for knowledge of the country and the natives. So the expedition under Stephen H. Long was organized in 1819, under the auspices of the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, who wished to learn something of the resources of Louisiana, especially its agricultural possibilities. The objects in view were to explore the Missouri and other rivers in the territory beyond the Mississippi, to make scientific researches, and to ascertain the number and character of the tribes of savages.

The exploring party set out from Pittsburgh on



May 5, 1819. Besides the crew of the United States steamboat on which the party sailed, there were nine members of the expedition—Major Long, Major Biddle, Lieutenant Graham, Cadet Swift, four naturalists, and one painter.

After a leisurely voyage down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, they landed at St. Louis. From this outfitting point they took their departure on June 21, sailing up the turbid Missouri. At Fort Osage a detachment left the main party and made an overland trip through Kansas and Nebraska, visiting the encampments of various Indian nations. The others moved up the river in the steamboat to old Council Bluffs, where they established themselves in winter quarters. In the winter they held councils with the Pawnees, Sioux, Omahas, and other bands of red men.

Major Long being absent in the East, the expedition did not proceed until June 6, 1820. The company of explorers then consisted of a score, including six privates of the army—a larger party than Pike's, and better equipped for the work before them. They expected to have trouble with redskins, and every man was armed to the teeth. The soldiers had rifles, and the others were provided with either rifles or muskets; most of the party had pistols, and they all carried tomahawks and long knives suspended at their belts.

The explorers were mounted on horses and mules, and there were eight pack-horses loaded with baggage. They took a large supply of provisions, ammunition, instruments and presents for the Indians. The latter articles were beads, trinkets, notions, vermilion, and tobacco, with which to purchase the good will of savages encountered.

On the march across the plains, the cavalcade stopped at the Pawnee village in Nebraska.

"Your heart must be strong," said a chief, "to go upon so hazardous a journey. May the Master of Life be your protector!"

He added that he would tell his young men, who were going on the warpath, to smoke the peace pipe with them.

Here Major Long engaged two Frenchmen residing among the Pawnees to accompany the expedition as guides. Both had been on the headwaters of the Platte and the Arkansas, hunting and trapping beaver.

A ride of twenty-five miles in a southerly direction brought the party to the Platte. On the way they passed several communities of prairie dogs. They found traces of immense herds of buffalo, but the animals had lately left for fresh pastures. Only a solitary bison was seen, and four horsemen gave chase without overtaking it. Antelope were numerous, but the wary creatures took to flight

and outdistanced the fastest horses. However, two pronghorns were secured by strategy.

The antelope possesses an unconquerable inquisitiveness, of which the hunter takes advantage. The man lies down on the ground and raises a cap or handkerchief on a ramrod. The animal sees this strange object, and approaches, wavering between fear and curiosity, until near enough to be shot.

On the explorers went, westward up the Platte. In the middle of the day the heat was so intense that they halted and pitched their tents for shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. At night the horses were tethered out to feed on the grass, and a cordon of sentries were on duty to guard against the attacks and depredations of any redskins that might be skulking in the vicinity.

At a point about two hundred miles from the Missouri the party encamped on a spot where a battle had been fought, or there had been a massacre. The ground was strewn with bones, and the men picked up a number of human skulls.

The explorers found the scenery rather monotonous in the Platte country. Beyond the ranges of gravelly hills on both sides of the bottom lands were extended plains having an elevation of from fifty to one hundred feet above the river and "presenting the aspect of hopeless and irreclaimable

sterility." The wide, shallow stream was studded with green islands, on which grew willows, cottonwoods, and other underbrush. No forests were to be seen anywhere, and the grass was parched. In the report of the expedition we read: "The monotony of a vast unbroken plain, like that in which we had now traveled nearly one hundred fifty miles, is little less tiresome to the eye and fatiguing to the spirit than the dreary solitude of the ocean."

A thunder storm came up and revived the drooping plants along the way. On the following day the cavalcade moved over a flower-dotted prairie. The supply of fresh meat being low, several hunting-parties were sent out in different directions to search for game. The hunters killed one bison, two antelopes, and a hare. During the night some thin strips of steak were dried over a slow fire. Jerked buffalo was henceforth a staple article of food and much prized.

On coming to the forks of the Platte, the explorers found timber more abundant. Some of the men out hunting observed three beavers cutting down a large cottonwood. When the tree was nearly ready to fall, one of the animals swam out into the river a little way and gazed intently at the top. Seeing it begin to sway, he gave warning to the other two, which were still gnawing away at the

cottonwood, by slapping his tail upon the surface of the water, and they hastily ran from the falling tree.

After fording the north fork of the Platte, the party ascended a high swell of ground and were astonished to find the broad expanse of tableland alive with buffalo. At least ten thousand burst on their sight in an instant. The scene was a lively one. Some of the bulls were



A BUFFALO OF THE PLAINS

rolling their massive forms on the soft earth, while others were pawing the dust into the air. Here and there two bison could be seen engaged in combat, either in sport or in dead earnest. Some individuals were going to their drinking-place.

The explorers enjoyed the novel spectacle till dusk and retired. In the morning not one of the noble animals was to be seen.

Proceeding on their way up the South Platte, the explorers noticed that the valley above the forks became more narrow and the hills more abrupt. Viewed from the river bottom, the landscape seemed like a transcript of Alpine scenery, on a small scale.

They had no sooner crossed to the south bank than they observed the beautiful white primrose peeping from the grass and prickly pears growing in profusion. Along the river they saw some dead trees in which, resting on the top of the trunks, were the nests of bald eagles.

As they journeyed farther up stream, they found blacktails and pronghorns plentiful. They could see vast herds of bison, blackening the surface of the country. The officers of the expedition restrained the delighted hunters from slaughtering more wild game than they needed for food. The men picked out the fattest cows, and preferred their flesh to that of elk and deer. The fat of bison they declared to be richer and sweeter than that of the ox.

“We found,” the report says, “a constant source of amusement in observing the unsightly figure, the cumbrous gait, and impolitic movements

of the bison; we were often delighted by the beauty and fleetness of the antelope, and the social comfort and neatness of the prairie dog.”

While the explorers were crossing extensive tracts of naked sand, the intense reflection of light and heat made their eyes sore. The brilliant sunshine and the rare atmosphere produced a distorted vision, so that they often supposed antelopes in the distance to be mounted Indians. There were other effects of mirage, such as the looming of wolves to the proportions of horses, or bison seeming to stand in a glassy pool of water that was only vapor rising from the plain.

One day, when they were not far from Fort Morgan, the party passed through a dreary plain of coarse sand, where the cactus reigned sole monarch. In the transparent air the planet Venus was distinctly visible at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was near the zenith in a clear sky of a deep and beautiful azure.

On the morning of June 30 they were cheered by a distant view of the Rocky Mountains. For some time the travelers were uncertain whether they saw snow-capped mountains or banks of cumulus clouds glittering in the sun's rays. In the evening the grand outlines of the Front Range were imprinted in rugged contour upon the luminous margin of the sky. The most prominent peak in sight

was the one that has been named in honor of Long.

There was little vegetation in the plain through which the party passed; acres and acres appeared to be almost barren, with the least shade of green, the sunflowers and grasses being now entirely withered and brown. Countless ant-heaps rose from twelve to eighteen inches above the level surface, all having a uniform reddish aspect.

The ensuing day the party traveled twenty-seven miles directly toward the base of the mountains, which toward evening appeared to be no nearer than in the morning. The range stretched from north to south like an immense wall, occupying all that portion of the horizon lying to the northwest, west, and southwest. The course of the travelers now inclined to the south, from the point where the Cache a la Poudre empties into the Platte.

On July 2 a heavy rain fell in the afternoon, and the temperature dropped from 89° at noon to 60° at sunset.

The party hoped to celebrate the Fourth of July on the Rocky Mountains, which they supposed to be only about twenty miles away. On the fifth day they camped near the mouth of Vermilion Creek, which is probably the Cherry Creek of to-day. Dr. Edwin James with three companions waded the river and set out with high hopes of



walking to the mountains before noon. The rocky battlements of the foothills appeared to the travelers about five miles distant. To them belongs the honor of being the first white men to traverse the present site of Denver; at least, they were the first who left any definite record of their roving near the place where the city now stands.

James and his party walked nearly eight miles, and the mountains seemed to be almost as far off as when they started. They had neglected to take any dinner with them, and found themselves tired and faint. Giving up the idea of reaching the peaks, they wheeled about and started back toward the encampment. On the way one of them shot two curlews, and without loss of time the hungry men roasted the birds and devoured them.

Moving in a southwesterly direction, Major Long and his party marched to the head of Platte Cañon. The Platte was here about four feet deep and the current exceedingly swift. One man who ventured in was quickly swept off his feet in the rocky bed of the river. With a rope in his teeth, a soldier swam the foaming stream. One end of the line was made fast on one bank, and the other on the opposite side. Even with this aid it was with extreme difficulty that the men in crossing kept their feet, in the swirling eddies. Soon after sunrise the detachment were all safely landed

on the west side of the stream. Once across the sandstone hogback, they plunged into the hills at the foot of the mountains.

Deceived by the apparent nearness of the Front Range, they expected to be able to climb the most lofty pinnacles and return the same day. Having separated into two parties, a number started in the direction where Mount Evans stands, ringed by the azure world, with its crown of snow gleaming in unsullied whiteness. At nightfall they found themselves scarcely at the base of the mountain.

The design of the party had been to cross the first range of mountains and gain the valley of the Platte beyond, but this they were unable to accomplish. After climbing successively to the summit of several ridges, which they had supposed to be the top of the mountain, they still found others beyond higher and more rugged. They therefore relinquished the intention of crossing and began to look for the best way to descend to the bed of the river, which lay on their left hand. Here they halted to rest for a few moments, and exposed a thermometer in the shade of a large rock. The mercury fell to  $72^{\circ}$ ; in camp, at the same hour, it stood at  $86^{\circ}$ . They were so much elevated above the river that, although they could see it plainly, it appeared like a small brook of two or three yards

in width, white with foam and spray caused by the impetuosity of its current and the roughness of its channel. They could distinguish two principal branches of the Platte, one coming from the northwest, the other from the south. A little below the confluence of these branches the river turns abruptly to the southeast, bursting through a chasm in a vast mural precipice of naked columnar rocks.

About noon the party abandoned all expectation of gaining the mountain-top, and they began the descent, which they found fully as fatiguing as the upward climb had been. They took a route toward the river, hoping to travel along its bed. So steep was its declivity that they were often obliged to lower one another down precipices.

Clambering over the rocks sharpened their appetites, but they were too thirsty to eat. There was no water on that part of the mountain, and they really suffered for want of it. Several men partook of some ripe currants growing on the slope; these, being juiceless, only aggravated their thirst and caused a violent headache. A few delicious raspberries were found and eaten.

After crossing a long and rugged tract that was rendered almost impassable by boulders and fragments fallen from above, the panting men came at length to a spring of cold water. In the shade

of a narrow ravine they sat down to rest and dine on the few scraps of food left.

Here one of the party was taken sick and could not stand. A companion set out alone for camp, to get medicine. On reaching camp late in the afternoon, he found several others of the mountain-climbers who were ill, though not disabled. Meanwhile the sick man rallied and was able to walk a little. Assisted by his comrades, he trudged slowly down the incline and reached camp at a late hour of the night. The relief party sought for him in vain.

Two others of the expedition entered the mountains on the south side of the fork and scaled a steep height, only to find their horizon bounded by another towering majestically above them. Facing about, they contemplated with admiration a panorama of beauty and sublimity. Far to the east the interminable prairie stretched out like a map, threaded by the meandering rivers and creeks.

Together again, the exploring party resumed their journey on the 9th, traveling up Plum Creek, across which some beavers had built dams of willows and cottonwoods. In their wanderings a detachment came to enormous masses of sandstone, which appeared to be the colossal ruins of a castle, with columns, porticoes and arches.

Thence they passed on to the ridge dividing the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansas.

On the Divide they gathered specimens of the purple columbine, which has since become the state flower of Colorado. Till then the existence of this splendid flower among the flora of the United States was not known.

Pursuing a bison trail for some distance the explorers first observed clusters of shrubby cactus growing to a height of six or eight feet. The surface of the plant was covered with a terrific armature of thorns and spines, and its branches bore purple flowers.

Their course now led the company down Monument Creek. Advancing through romantic scenery, they traversed the present site of Colorado Springs. Major Long, with the main body of the expedition, camped by the Fontaine Qui Bouille, while Dr. James, with several men, left for a three days' excursion to Pike's Peak. The detachment camped near the boiling spring of Manitou. In the bottom of the mineral springs that they discovered were beads and other ornaments which the red men had thrown in as presents and sacrifices to the Great Manitou, whom they worshiped.

On the afternoon of July 13, James, with three companions, set out to surmount the peak that had proved the despair of Captain Pike. The French guide assured him that though many attempts had been made by Indians and hunters to

climb to the top, none had ever proved successful. Each man carried a blanket, ten or twelve pounds of bison meat, three grills of parched cornmeal, and a small kettle.

The ascent was extremely difficult, and the climbers were many times fearful of being hurled



TIMBER LINE, PIKE'S PEAK

over precipices. Night overtook them as they toiled up the mountainside. At the point at which they halted the ground was so slanting that they placed a pole against two trees to prevent them, while they slept, from rolling down into the brook in the ravine.

At daybreak they continued the ascent, leaving their coats and blankets hanging in a tree. As the forenoon wore away with the height still far beyond them the men realized the impossibility of scaling it and returning to their camp that day. But they resolved to keep on and to spend the night wherever darkness overtook them.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they gained the pinnacle. Dr. James found it not a cone but an area of ten or fifteen acres of uneven ground, with patches of snow and ice between the rocks. The mercury sank to  $42^{\circ}$  on the summit, while in the encampment it was  $96^{\circ}$  at noon.

“From the summit of the peak,” James writes, “the view toward the north, west and southwest is diversified with innumerable mountains, all white with snow; and on some of the more distant it appears to extend down to their bases. . . . To the east lay the great plain, rising as it receded until in the distant horizon it appeared to mingle with the sky.”

There is now a government trail leading from Manitou to the top of the peak, a distance of ten miles. It is steady upgrade, an average of eight hundred feet to the mile. Those who on foot have climbed up the trail to the summit can appreciate the feat of endurance on the part of James and his comrades. In honor of his achievement Major

Long called the mountain James's Peak, and for many years it was so known. Another mountain in the Front Range now bears the name of the intrepid explorer who first scaled the topmost crag of this grand peak. As early as 1840 Pike's Peak was so christened by trappers and plainsmen, and this name gradually supplanted that given it by Long. In 1890 a rack and pinion railroad was completed by which passengers are carried up without fatigue or suffering.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of July 14 Dr. James and his men began the descent, and had not gone far below the timber line when night was upon them. They were now in imminent danger of falling over precipices if they proceeded in the dark, so they halted on the first spot of level ground they reached. Hungry and weary, they laid themselves down to sleep, after kindling a fire. The night was freezing cold, and they missed their blankets.

They were up at the first flush of dawn and had traveled three hours when they saw a dense column of smoke rising from the ravine where they had first camped. They had not put out their fire, and it had spread over several acres. Reaching the spot, they found that their clothes and blankets had been burnt up and the few fragments of bison meat left of their supplies had been half



consumed. They broke their long fast and then continued the descent, arriving at the boiling spring a little after noon.

Here they drank freely of the exhilarating waters and ate a substantial dinner of venison. At nightfall the detachment rejoined the main party's encampment on Fountain Creek. In the vicinity a small owl was captured in a burrow dug either by itself or by a prairie dog. Not far away a hunter shot a grizzly bear without killing it. Afterward they found grizzlies far out on the plains.

The cavalcade got in motion on July 16 and rode twenty-eight miles without dismounting from their horses. It was a calm, sultry day, the temperature ranging from 90° to 100° in the shade. There was not a drop of water in any of the ravines that they traversed, and they suffered greatly from the heat and from thirst. Late in the afternoon they arrived at the precipice that divides the barren plain from the valley of the "Arkansaw," as Long spelled it.

Winding their way down to the meeting of Fountain Creek and the Arkansas, they camped within the present limits of Pueblo. They sought in vain for any traces of the cottonwood stockade erected by Pike's party in November, 1806.

The following day Captain Bell, with a small party, ascended the Arkansas to the mountains, where they found several mineral springs near the

present site of Cañon City. These have received the name of Bell's Springs. Here the exhausted men lay down to sleep under the open sky.

In the morning they made an excursion to the entrance of the Royal Gorge, then designated in the language of hunters as "the place where the Arkansas comes out of the mountains." There is no record of their finding the wooden breastwork that was erected near here by Pike's soldiers.

They reported the upper Arkansas valley, now famous for gardening and fruit-growing, as having "a meager and gravelly soil." "Above the rocky bluffs on each side," the account says, "spreads a dreary expanse of almost naked sand, intermixed with clay enough to prevent its drifting with the wind, but not enough to give it fertility. It is arid and sterile, bearing only a few dwarfish cedars, and must forever remain desolate."

Major Long now thought it necessary for the expedition to return. For some time they had been on short rations. The supply of sea biscuit that they had taken with them was nearly gone, and but a small quantity of parched maize remained. They had used up all the salt, and the little sugar, tea and coffee left were reserved for hospital supplies. The explorers were at times in sore straits for food. They were obliged to depend upon hunting for subsistence, and game was scarce about the moun-

tains. Much as they longed to explore the Rockies, an immediate departure was necessary.

On July 19 the travelers headed their horses toward the rising sun. Regretfully they turned their backs on Pike's Peak, whose snowy crest was visible ten days later at a distance of one hundred thirty miles.

Before reaching the Colorado line the party was divided, Captain Bell with eleven men going down the Arkansas, while Major Long with nine men struck across the country southward in search of the Red River that Captain Pike had failed to find.

It was a long, tedious journey through New Mexico to the Canadian River, and thence eastward to Fort Smith in western Arkansas, where they arrived on September 13, 1820. Captain Bell's party, after many mishaps and sufferings, had reached this rendezvous before them. Here the half-famished explorers rested and recuperated before proceeding on their way to the States.

During an itinerary of more than fifteen hundred miles on the plains they had never once heard the dreaded whoop of the Indian foe. Fortunately for them, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and other bands of savages were absent from their usual haunts, on a warlike expedition in the South.

## CHAPTER V

### FREMONT

LONG did not penetrate the mountains; his exploring party only skirted the base of the Front Range. To John Charles Fremont belongs the credit of leading several expeditions through the Rockies and making known routes of travel which might be followed by emigrants journeying from the plains to the coast. Because of these eminent services he has been called the "Pathfinder."

Lieutenant Fremont, afterward captain and colonel, is one of the most picturesque characters figuring in the romantic annals of Rocky Mountain exploration. He was undaunted by perils, and recked little of hardships and privations. He found the keenest enjoyment in the free life of the explorer. He was impressed by the majesty of the mountains, and the excitement of danger added zest to the rough experiences through which he passed.

For a third of a century trappers had wandered through the chains of the Rockies in search of beaver streams, taking little interest in the geography of the mountain region. Fremont crossed

the ranges, explored the passes, and voyaged through one of the cañons. It was his privilege to give names to a number of the lakes, streams, ridges, defiles, and other striking features of the country traversed by him. He brought back plants growing on the Continental Divide, and the reports of his explorations gave to Americans an enlarged knowledge of the western world.

Before Fremont's expeditions this far western country was a land of wonders and mysteries; the vague reports of Indians and the tales of earlier voyageurs gave rise to extravagant notions concerning it. These enterprises were set on foot to clear up some of the mystery of the unmapped wilderness. While on his explorations Fremont was accompanied by frontiersmen who were acquainted with the country, and he carried a set of scientific instruments with which to take bearings and to measure the elevations of the mountains. In his second expedition he traveled over the great interior basin between the Sierras and the western Rockies. Here was a tract more than a thousand miles wide that was a blank in geography until he journeyed thither and described it. To his hands was committed the task of opening the gates of our Pacific empire.

Fremont's expeditions were not merely excursions of a geographer; they were made in the in-

terests of western expansion. The first one, in 1842, was intended to pave the way for emigration to Oregon Territory. At that time little had been done to develop the vast section that was once a part of the dominions of France.

In 1842 a thousand adventurers crossed the prairies and wended their way westward through the mountains. Some drove ox-carts; others took their families and household goods in covered wagons drawn by horses or mules. Braving the perils and privations of the wilderness, they made homes for themselves on the Columbia River and in other parts of the Far West.

It was a pet scheme of Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri to make a highway across the continent and plant settlements along the principal rivers from the Missouri to the coast. With prophetic eye he saw a time when argosies should sail the Pacific, bearing the rich commerce of Asia and America.

Lieutenant Fremont, who had had experience in surveying and mapping Iowa and Minnesota, was chosen to conduct the proposed expedition. He was then in his thirtieth year, a man of hardy constitution, brave, and resourceful in danger. He had married Miss Jessie Benton, and it was through his father-in-law's influence that he secured the coveted post of leader.

From St. Louis Fremont and his men sailed up the Missouri to Chouteau's Landing, in eastern Kansas; a short stop was made, and the final arrangements for the expedition completed. On June 10, 1842, the explorers set out westward to cross the ocean of prairie.

The party consisted of twenty-nine persons—most of them Creole and Canadian voyageurs, who had been in the employ of fur companies in the West. Charles Preuss, a topographer, was Fremont's assistant and companion. Lucien Maxwell was hunter, and Kit Carson, the hero of the prairies and the mountains, was the guide of the expedition. Two youths of St. Louis, Henry Brant and Randolph Benton, accompanied the expedition.

Eight men drove mule teams; the others were mounted on horses. All were armed with carbines or rifles, for the journey was expected to be fully as hazardous as Long's.

It was the leader's custom to halt the company an hour or two before sunset. The wagons were disposed in a circle so as to form a sort of barricade. Within this area, some eighty yards in diameter, the tents were pitched. The horses and mules were hobbled or picketed and turned loose to graze near the camp. After eight o'clock a mounted guard of three men kept watch, being relieved at intervals of two hours.

For several weeks the route lay chiefly along the Kansas and Platte rivers. The daily ride was usually no more than twenty or twenty-five miles. Clouds of bothersome gnats followed the animals, and mosquitoes annoyed the men. The monotony of the march was occasionally broken by the sight of Indians, and bison in immense numbers swarmed over the plains. Fremont gives a graphic description of the monarch of the prairies:

“In the sight of such a mass of life, the traveler feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. Indians and buffalo make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration.”

The voyageurs now had buffalo beef to their heart's content. At any time of the night some members of the party might have been seen roasting pieces of delicate flesh on sticks around the fire, and the guard were never without company. In



the darkness wolves could be heard barking and howling, not far from camp.

In many spots the prairie was yellow with sunflowers, and the air fragrant with the odor of the wild rose.

The national holiday was observed with a feast of fruit-cake, preserves, the choicest buffalo meat served in various ways, and coffee. Several Cheyennes shared Fremont's hospitality and indulged freely in "red fire-water," which made an Indian lad drunk.

On July 5 the company had reached a point not far from the northeast corner of Colorado. Here they separated, the leader with Maxwell and two other men going up the South Platte, while Carson and Lambert with the main party continued on the overland journey to Fort Laramie, where Fremont was to join them about the 16th. The Cheyennes decided to accompany the leader, as their village lay up the river.

On this excursion Fremont and his companions set forth on horseback, with one led horse and a pack-mule to carry provisions and the slight baggage of the little party. They took no tent; at night they rolled themselves in their blankets and slept soundly under the stars. The red men lay in the grass near the fire. Fremont's course was southwest up the Platte valley, which was thickly

dotted with bright blossoms. He observed that "flowers of deep warm colors seem most to love the sandy soil." Like Long, he got the impression that the country was dry and barren. Herds of buffalo and an occasional drove of wild horses gave life to the dreary landscape. At midday the men found it unendurably hot and halted on the bank of the river or sought the shade of a wooded island. On July 7 the thermometer stood at 103° in the shade.

On they journeyed, through the low and undulating country. One day Fremont noticed some dark-looking objects among the hills, which were at first supposed to be buffaloes coming to water. Soon, group after group of Indians darted into view, riding rapidly toward them. The little party made for the timber, but before they could gain the river, between two and three hundred naked savages swooped down upon them. Fremont and his men paused, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns. An encounter seemed imminent, and they resolved to sell their lives dearly. In a few seconds the redskins who were leading the charge would have rolled in the dust. Just as Maxwell was about to fire he recognized the foremost warrior, and shouted to him in the Indian tongue: "You're a fool! Don't you know me?"

The brave showed surprise at hearing his own

language. Swerving his horse a little, he passed the white men like an arrow. Instantly Fremont wheeled and rode up to him, when the savage gave him his hand, exclaiming, "Arapahoe!"

Maxwell had resided as a trader among the Arapahoes, and they knew him. The chief said he and his men were hunting buffalo, and presently there galloped up, riding astride, a troop of women whose duty it was to assist in cutting up the meat. Scores of wolflike dogs followed.

Soon after this meeting between the Indians and the white men a herd of buffalo was sighted. Separating into two parties, in an extended line the Arapahoes bore down on the bison and began the slaughter with spears and guns. As Fremont rode on toward their village, which was near by, Indian after Indian came dropping along, his pony laden with meat. He found one hundred twenty-five lodges scattered about near the river. A little apart were twenty tepees of Cheyennes.

The white men were hospitably entertained by the chiefs, and Maxwell was given a bundle of dried meat, a very acceptable present. Dinner over, their host, with a red man's curiosity, asked the object of their journey. Fremont frankly answered that he was simply on a visit to see the country, preparatory to the establishment of military posts on the way to the mountains. This

was a piece of unwelcome news, to which the Indians listened with grave courtesy. The pipe was passed around, and each man present took a whiff in silence. Before putting it in his mouth, each sachem turned the stem upward, with a quick glance, as in offering to the Great Spirit.

At dusk the whites set out and rode three miles up the river. A fire was kindled, and they roasted some buffalo meat. Their camp that night was six or seven miles northeast of the present site of Brush.

The next day they caught the first faint glimpse of the Rockies, about one hundred miles distant. There was a slight mist in the morning, and they could just make out the snowy summit of Long's Peak, which appeared like a small cloud near the horizon. "I was pleased," says Fremont, "to find that among the traders the name of 'Long's Peak' had been adopted and become familiar in the country."

For a considerable distance Fremont had traversed Long's route near the river—the route afterward followed by the overland stages and the Union Pacific Railroad. After a fatiguing ride of forty-five miles, the little party reached St. Vrain's Fort late in the evening of July 10. This fur-trading station was situated on the right bank of the Platte, about forty miles east of Long's Peak.

Fremont found the elevation of the place to be five thousand four hundred feet. He saw but little snow on the southern slopes of the neighboring mountains, where a forest fire was raging south of the peak.

Fort Laramie, about one hundred twenty-five miles to the northwest, was now his destination. He started on the morning of July 12, and the valley road near the Platte "resembled a garden in the splendor of fields of varied flowers, which filled the air with fragrance." Journeying northward, the band halted at midday on the bank of the Cache a la Poudre, which Fremont describes as "a very beautiful mountain stream, about one hundred feet wide, flowing with a full swift current over a rocky bed." He says: "We halted under the shade of some cottonwoods, with which the stream is wooded scatteringly." His camp was a few miles south of where Windsor is to-day. Thence the party had a long march over a parched desert. An exclusive meat diet creates much thirst, and the men suffered for want of water. The horses, too, were distressed.

Fremont was a careful observer, and he noticed that the soil was good. The barrenness of the country he rightly concluded was due almost entirely to the extreme dryness of the climate.

About sundown, on July 13, the party came to a

beautiful creek with grassy banks, and were delighted to find themselves in a hunter's paradise. One of a herd of buffalo feeding near by was killed for their supper.

Northward the explorers pursued their course through a country that was bleak and ashen-hued, except along the creeks. On the 15th they arrived at the junction of the Laramie and North Platte. Here was a trading-post named Fort Platte. Like St. Vrain's, it had thick, strong earthen walls; on the side toward the river it was open. A few hundred yards beyond was the large post of the American Fur Company, called Fort Laramie. A short distance away the newcomers found Kit Carson and the other members of the expedition encamped on the bank of the Laramie River, with its clear, cool water making a pleasant contrast to the muddy waters of the Platte.

Fort Laramie was built in Mexican fashion. It was an imposing quadrangular structure with clay walls fifteen feet high, surrounded by a wooden palisade. Each apartment had a door and window opening on the interior court or plaza. There was a large public entrance beneath a square tower with loopholes; a second, smaller, entrance was a sort of postern gate. The traders living here had squaws for wives. They bought buffalo robes and other skins of the Indians, who took in exchange

blankets, guns, powder, lead, vermilion, tobacco, beads, looking-glasses, and other articles.

Fremont was told that the country to the west was swarming with war parties of Sioux and other Indians. In view of the dangers ahead, it was thought advisable to leave young Benton and Brant at the fort.

Setting out from Fort Laramie on July 21, the party explored South Pass, by which route hosts of gold-seekers passed on their way to California in 1849 and later. While they were in the Wind River Mountains, in western Wyoming, the leader with several companions ascended a peak that has been named in his honor Fremont's Peak. Its elevation is thirteen thousand seven hundred ninety feet. On the loftiest crag he hoisted the American flag.

The party now turned their faces homeward, and Fremont with six men ventured to descend the North Platte. They had a perilous voyage through the cañon, in an india-rubber boat twenty feet long and five feet broad. The cliffs towered above them, a sheer precipice four hundred feet high. In places the channel was so narrow that the men could touch the walls on both sides; boulders had fallen into the stream, and the water rushed by them with tremendous violence. The light craft sustained shock after shock, and leaped the cataracts like a waterbird.

Singing a Canadian boat song, the little company dashed through the gloomy chasm, when suddenly the boat struck a concealed rock and whirled over in a twinkling. The next instant the men were swimming, or clinging to projections of the rocky shore. Books, boxes, and articles of clothing were floating in the boiling stream. So strong was the current that the case of heavy instruments remained on the surface. With signs making themselves understood by one another (for the roar of waters drowned their words), they righted the boat and recovered a few blankets, some journals, and a circle. One gun was saved. Everything else on board was lost.

On the last day of August the daring voyageurs were again in Fort Laramie, and a month later they gained the settlements along the Missouri River. On October 10 they halted at the mouth of the Kansas, just four months after they had set out from Chouteau's trading-post. Then they dropped down stream to St. Louis, the voyage occupying seven days.

Fremont's second expedition outfitted in May, 1843, at Westport. This outpost on the border of civilization was long ago swallowed up in the flourishing metropolis of Kansas City. Mrs. Fremont relates that while her husband was on the frontier making preparations for the long journey,

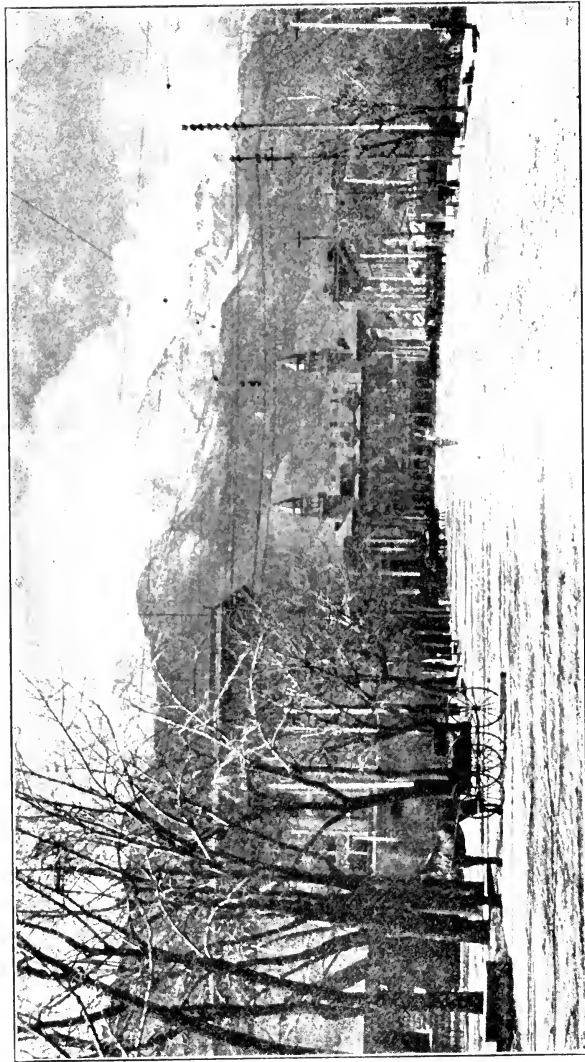


an order of recall came from his superior officer in Washington. Immediately she despatched a messenger with a letter, urging the lieutenant to start without delay. Some time afterward the young wife wrote to the commanding officer, saying she had not forwarded the order. In those days there were no telegraph lines in the West, and it was too late to prevent the expedition.

On May 29 a party of two-score started up the Kansas River. It was a motley company, composed largely of men who served with Fremont on his former expedition. They were all armed with carbines or rifles, and the party had a howitzer to use in case they should be attacked by large bands of hostile Indians. There were twelve carts drawn by mule teams, and a light covered wagon carried the instruments. All except the teamsters were mounted on mules or horses.

The frontiersmen of the party were striking figures in their picturesque costumes—slouched broad-brimmed hats, blue flannel shirts, short blouses, buckskin leggings, and moccasins. They were weatherbeaten men, speaking English, French, German, and Spanish. Two Delaware Indians were engaged as hunters, and Thomas Fitzpatrick, an old plainsman and mountaineer, acted as guide.

Moving up the valley of the Kansas River by a winding road, the explorers made the forks on



PIKE'S PEAK, SEEN FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

Courtesy of Denver & Rio Grande Ry.

June 8. Their route was then along the Republican River through a timbered country, well watered and fertile. On the 16th the expedition was divided, Fremont going ahead with a party of fifteen men, while Fitzpatrick followed with twenty-five men in charge of the baggage wagons.

A fortnight later the party crossed a range of high hills and "found ourselves," Fremont says, "overlooking a broad and misty valley, where, about ten miles distant, and one thousand feet below us, the South fork of the Platte was rolling magnificently along, swollen with the waters of the melting snows. It was in strong and refreshing contrast with the parched country from which we had just issued." The elevation here was four thousand feet above the sea.

The next day the explorers camped at the mouth of Bijou Creek, in sight of Long's Peak, clad with glittering snow. A three-days' journey brought them to St. Vrain's Fort, on Independence Day. Traveling up the Platte ten miles, they came to Lupton's trading-post and stock ranch. Farther up stream they found an Arapahoe village of one hundred sixty lodges in a beautiful valley. When not far from the present site of Denver they surprised a grizzly bear sauntering along the river. Raising himself upon his hind legs, Bruin took a deliberate view of the strangers, then hastily

scrambled down the bank and swam to the opposite side of the stream. The party bivouacked for the night near Cherry Creek.

On the 8th they journeyed up the Platte in plain view of the foothills, which Fremont supposed to be eight or ten miles distant. He describes this out range as "a dark corniced line, in clear contrast with the great snowy chain which, immediately beyond, rose glittering five thousand feet above them." In the morning he got a glimpse of Pike's Peak, about seventy-five miles to the south.

The following day his route took him over the Divide, with its green spots of luxuriant grass. "This is a piny elevation into which the prairies are gathered and from which the waters flow, in almost every direction, to the Arkansas, Platte, and Kansas rivers; the latter stream having here its remotest sources." The topmost ridge he found to be seven thousand five hundred feet above sea level. From this elevation the Spanish Peaks could be seen. On the summit were several rock-built natural forts, difficult of approach in front and protected by a precipice in the rear.

The valley or basin south of the Divide was radiant with flowers, purple, scarlet, yellow, and white. Fremont thought the soil was excellent, and the country admirably adapted for agriculture,

and stock raising. The myth of the "Great American Desert," however, was not exploded for a score of years afterward.

Turning to the southwest, the party reached the wagon-road to the settlements in the Arkansas valley. Down Boiling Spring Creek (Fontaine Qui Bouille) they journeyed on June 14 to the Mexican settlement at Pueblo. Here were a number of Frenchmen and Americans who had married Spanish women from the valley of Taos. They occupied themselves with farming, stock raising, and trading with the Indians. Fremont was disappointed in his expectation of procuring supplies here, but he was glad to meet Kit Carson, whom he sent to Bent's Fort for mules. From this point, some seventy-five miles to the east on the Arkansas River, Carson was to cut across the country to St. Vrain's with what animals he could procure.

On the 16th Fremont rode up Fountain Creek, intending to visit the springs from which the stream takes its name. At the north base of Pike's Peak he came suddenly upon a large smooth rock, where several springs were boiling and foaming. Passing on through a narrow thicket, he stepped upon a white rock whence the water bubbled up. A deer was drinking at the spring, and it bounded off up the mountainside. An analysis of the white

crust with which the water had covered the rock showed it to be chiefly carbonate of lime.

Fremont had now surveyed to their sources some of the plains streams that feed the Arkansas and the South Platte rivers. On his homeward march he hoped to explore the headwaters of the Platte in the mountains. On the morning of June 23 he joined Carson and Fitzpatrick at St. Vrain's.

Once more the expedition was divided. Fitzpatrick with twenty-five men was sent northward by the Oregon trail to Fort Hall in Idaho, where he was to await the arrival of Fremont. The other party included, besides the leader, Carson, Preuss, and a dozen others. Fremont tried in vain to find a trapper who could guide them from Long's Peak through the ranges to the plains of the western slope. But the race of trappers who formerly lived in the recesses of Colorado's mountains had almost disappeared; they had been murdered by Indians or had gone to Wyoming and Idaho. Having no guide, the party took another route.

Leaving St. Vrain's on the 26th, they passed up the Poudre River for several days, then skirted the Front Range into southern Wyoming. Fremont was delighted with the pleasant weather and the beautiful country with its magnificent flora. "The slopes and broad ravines were absolutely covered with fields of flowers of the most exquisitely beauti-

ful colors." He found mountain sage abundant; this bush, called artemisia, grows from three to six feet in height. On August 14 the band forded the North Platte and halted on the left bank, two hundred miles from St. Vrain's Fort.

The next day they were busy drying buffalo flesh for the long journey before them in a region nearly destitute of game. Scaffolds were erected, fires built, and the beef cut up into thin slices. While thus engaged the party were thrown into a sudden tumult by the charge of about seventy mounted redskins. The guard saw one of the warriors just in time, and gave warning. With a yell the savages rode down the hill, coming to an abrupt halt when they saw the whites drawn up ready to receive them with a howitzer shot. Signs for peace were made, the pipe went round, and presents were bestowed. The Indians proved to be a war party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes returning from an unsuccessful expedition against the Shoshones. They had a lot of horses that they had stolen from the whites at Fort Bridger in northeastern Utah. They said they had mistaken the explorers for a band of hostile Indians.

The party crossed the Continental Divide through South Pass, at an elevation of seven thousand four hundred ninety feet. They found the trail well beaten by the wagons of Oregon emigrants. Fre-

mont estimated the distance of the pass from the mouth of the Kansas River, by the ordinary traveling route, at nine hundred sixty-two miles; from the mouth of the Platte, eight hundred eighty-two miles; and about fourteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Oregon.

From this halfway point between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean the explorers entered Mexican territory, occasionally running across parties of emigrants from the States. After a journey of seventeen hundred miles they finally got to Salt Lake, on September 8. Fremont and four companions were the first white men to explore this great inland sea. From Salt Lake the company proceeded northward to Fort Hall on the Snake River. This trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company Fremont estimated to be one thousand three hundred twenty-three miles from Westport via Fort Laramie.

From Fort Hall the lieutenant with less than thirty men headed northward, pursuing the course of the Snake River to the valley of the Columbia. Carson with the main party being left at the Dalles, Fremont sailed down the river to Fort Vancouver on the coast. This was the western termination of the expedition. Here he obtained supplies for the homeward journey, and on November 10 he started upon his return. He rejoined the main



party, and two weeks later they set out southward on a "voyage" of discovery and exploration.

It was a tedious trip across the desert expanse of the Great Interior Basin of Nevada, but the horrors of the midwinter journey through the Sierras are beyond description. Fortunately for Carson and a number of the other men, they had parted company with the main company, having decided to go back to New Mexico.

Fremont took observations and calculated pretty accurately where the end of the proposed route would land them. Captain Sutter's ranch was his objective point. The mountains ahead looked dreary, but the party pressed forward. The howitzer became such an incumbrance that it was left behind, in the snow, on January 29, 1844. Provisions were becoming fearfully scant, and at times the company were reduced to the extremity of want. The hungry men were ill protected, and shivered in the icy blasts. Some nights they had no shelter; then, covering the snow with boughs, they would spread blankets on them and lie down to unpleasant dreams. Horses and mules floundered in the deep drifts, and the adventurous plodders were obliged to break roads through the inhospitable wilderness. The glare of the snow made them nearly blind, and they wore black silk handkerchiefs over their faces to relieve their eyes. Some of

the men were almost crazed by their sufferings. On March 6 the advance party got to Sutter's ranch in the Sacramento valley.

After a fortnight's rest they resumed the homeward line of march. The procession moved southward to a pass at the head of the San Joaquin River, then in a southeasterly direction to the Spanish Trail between Santa Fé and Los Angeles. They had to be constantly on their guard against marauding savages, who stole stock and killed one man. For some time the route lay through the Colorado desert, then they traversed Utah and entered Colorado, going up Grand River. The valley was alive with buffalo, and they frequently met parties of Indians who were on the warpath. One day they witnessed a hot battle between five hundred Utes and Arapahoes.

On June 20 they entered the rugged mountains of the Park Range. "In the afternoon," Fremont writes, "we continued our road—occasionally through open pines, with a very gradual ascent. We surprised a herd of buffalo, enjoying the shade at a small lake among the pines; and they made the dry branches crack, as they broke through the woods. In a ride of about three quarters of an hour, and having ascended perhaps eight hundred feet, we reached the *summit of the dividing ridge.*" This pass has since been named Fremont Pass; its

altitude is eleven thousand three hundred twenty feet.

The explorers were then in sight of the springs and small branches which form the headwaters of the Arkansas River. After a week of difficult traveling, following buffalo trails, they emerged from the mountains into the Arkansas valley. The cavalcade moved rapidly down the river, stopping at the Mexican-American settlement near the mouth of the Fontaine Qui Bouille. On July 1 they arrived at Bent's Fort. Thence they continued their easterly course, arriving at St. Louis on August 6, 1844, after an absence of fourteen months, having traveled some six thousand five hundred miles.

In 1845 the Pathfinder, whose name had become known in two continents through his services to geography, was promoted to a captaincy. On August 6 he set out, from Bent's Fort, on his third expedition. His well-equipped party of nearly sixty men proceeded up the Arkansas, passed on through western Colorado into Utah, and thence across the central basin. In the spring of 1846 they found themselves in California. War broke out between the United States and Mexico, and the exploring party was merged in a battalion that did its part valiantly in adding an immense domain to our country.

On October 14, 1848, Fremont started from St. Louis on a fourth expedition across the continent. It was not made under the auspices of the government, but was financed by himself and Benton. Some public-spirited citizens of St. Louis, who were interested in the project of a national road to the Pacific, aided in the preparations and contributed to the expense fund. With thirty-three men and one hundred twenty mules, Fremont crossed the plains to Bent's Fort. Thence the company made their way to the upper waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, and in December they were battling against snow and ice, trying to effect a passage through the San Juan Range.

The cold was intense, and the mountain trails were impassable. They were encamped nearly twelve thousand feet above sea level. Here a blizzard overtook them, and they could go no farther. One by one the mules froze. Several of the explorers were frostbitten, and one man in his despair lay down in the trail and froze; others starved. The party grew discouraged, and became scattered in the blinding snowstorm. They beat a road with mauls, but soon it became impossible to advance. By this time the animals had all succumbed to the severe cold.

It was a desperate situation, and Fremont decided to send a small party on foot to the Spanish

settlements in New Mexico for provisions and for mules to transport the baggage to Taos. It was a forlorn hope, and failed. Sixteen days elapsed, and there was scarcely anything left in camp to eat. The Utes, Apaches, Comanches, and other tribes were then at war with the United States, and Fremont feared the little band had been cut off by Indians. With four comrades he started forth to look for succor, and on the sixth day he found three of the famished men; one had died of hunger, and the rest were on the verge of starvation. Finally the weak, emaciated travelers reached the home of Kit Carson at Taos, where they were kindly cared for. A relief party with horses and supplies was immediately sent back for the remaining explorers.

Meantime, one by one the poor fellows gave out and died. They lost all hope of obtaining relief, and thought it best for the party to break up; perchance some of them might have the luck to kill game. They did get a grouse here and there, and so they were kept alive till a deer was shot. This afforded only a temporary relief. Slowly and painfully they dragged themselves along; when a man's strength failed so that he could travel no farther, the others kindled a fire for him and pushed on, leaving him to die alone. When the relief party came up with the handful of survivors, "they all cried together like children."

It was an ill-starred enterprise, and Fremont laid the blame upon the guide, Bill Williams. This old trapper had passed many years in the mountains and knew them as well as any one, but at that time of year snow had filled the trails and hidden the marks by which Indians and mountaineers find their way. Williams blundered, as might have been expected. The party pursued a tortuous course, making unnecessarily slow progress, till ruin overtook them.

A man of less Spartan mold than Fremont would have been crushed by the disaster with which he had met. He was stripped of almost everything but life. One third of the men who had started out with him had miserably perished or were hopelessly ill. All the animals were lost, and much of his equipment was scattered over the mountain slopes. Yet his indomitable spirit was not broken. Carson and others helped him refit, and the army officers stationed in that section extended every aid in their power. Another start was made at Santa Fé and in a hundred days he was in the Sacramento valley. Here a new career opened before him. California was admitted to the Union as a state, and Fremont was chosen a United States senator.

In the interests of a Pacific railway, he organized and led another expedition, in 1853. Starting in



KIT CARSON

September, this party crossed the plains, and continued up the Arkansas to the Sangre de Cristo Range, which they crossed through the Sand Hill Pass, following in the footsteps of Captain Pike. Their route took them through the San Juan country, in the southwestern part of Colorado, which was now United States territory. This

time Fremont succeeded in finding passes where he believed steel tracks could be laid, and within a generation the Denver and Rio Grande Railway was constructed through the inhospitable mountains of the San Juan.

The members of the expedition found the Utes very troublesome, and once the Indians threatened to attack them, when Fremont defied the warriors. An exhibition of shooting with Colt's revolvers scared them, and an encounter was narrowly averted. Supplies ran exceedingly low, and the party were finally reduced to the disagreeable necessity of killing their horses for food. Each man took an oath that he would never eat a comrade. They burnt off the prickles of cactus and ate the pulp. For fifty days they eked out a wretched existence, while traveling westward from Grand River to the valleys beyond the first range of the Wasatch Mountains. After horrible sufferings, they arrived (February 8) at Parawan, where the Mormons succored them. The enfeebled party rested and continued their journey, reaching San Francisco on May 1, 1854.

In his five expeditions Fremont traveled more than twenty thousand miles, exploring the wilds of the West and seeking routes for transcontinental travel. He lived to see his ideas more than realized in the building of the great western railways.

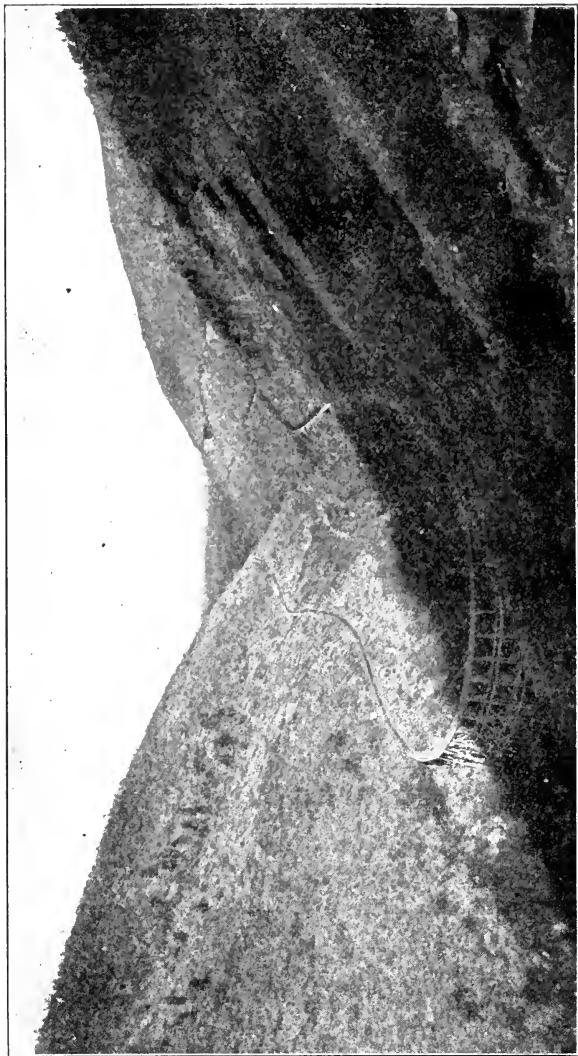


## CHAPTER VI

### GUNNISON

CAPTAIN John W. Gunnison was as brave a man as ever gave up his life in the exploration of the West. In the spring of 1853 he was sent by the Secretary of War at the head of an expedition whose object was to find a practicable route for a railroad from St. Louis to the Pacific coast. Captain Gunnison, Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith and several scientists and topographers made up the exploring party. They outfitted at St. Louis in June and traveled by stage to the Kansas frontier. On the 20th Captain Morris, with a detachment of thirty soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, joined them as an escort. The cavalcade consisted of an ambulance carriage, a light vehicle for instruments, and sixteen wagons, each drawn by a six-mule team.

Following the Kansas River and Smoky Hill route, Captain Gunnison and his party traversed the valleys and rolling prairies of the Sunflower State. Striking across the country southward in eastern Colorado, they came to Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas River. They found its adobe walls in



LA VETA PASS

Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Ry.

ruins. Bent had abandoned the fort and destroyed it a year before. For a long time it had been a rendezvous for trappers and freighters.

Fording the river, the company marched to the mouth of the Apishapa. From this point they directed their course toward the Spanish Peaks. They were now in territory that had been recently annexed to the United States as a result of the Mexican War.

On August 6 Gunnison reached a settlement of half a dozen New Mexican families in the valley of the Greenhorn River. Here he engaged as guide a Spanish mountaineer who was familiar with the country westward to the Pacific, having been a trapper, trader, and Indian fighter.

Up the Huerfano they proceeded by a pathway of bright flowers to the Sangre de Cristo Pass. Captain Morris and his men went in advance of the exploring party and prepared a road for the wagons on the mountain slopes and through the serrated pinnacles of the Sierra Blanca. The altitude of the highest point passed by the wagons was nine thousand three hundred ninety-two feet.

It is through this depression, by which Gunnison passed with the wagons of the party, that the Denver & Rio Grande Railway was constructed by a tortuous course on the mountain flanks. It is now known as Le Veta Pass, in the Culebra Range.

He observed no evidences of snowslides or avalanches about the pass.

Leaving camp on August 15, Gunnison took a side-trip through the San Luis valley to Taos, in New Mexico. During the first day's ride he and his companions occasionally saw columns of smoke in the distance: with signal fires the Indians of the neighborhood were making known, to those farther on, the presence of strangers. He found but little grass in the broad valley, where cactus, prickly pears, and sagebrush were growing in profusion. The Indian-bred mules which the men rode fed that night on standing wheat, of which the kernels were still soft.

On the 23d the company left Fort Massachusetts in the sheltered valley under Sierra Blanca. This log fort was afterward dismantled and succeeded by Fort Garland. Northward they proceeded, winding their way among the immense hills formed by the wind blowing the loose sand. These dunes with wavy outlines rise to a height of seven hundred or eight hundred feet. They were seen in 1807 by Captain Pike and "appeared exactly like the sea in a storm, except in color."

Avoiding the thickest patches of sage, the party traveled along the northern edge of the San Luis Park toward the Cochetopa Pass. The magnificent mountain masses to the east and west

aroused their enthusiasm. In Captain Gunnison's journal we read:

“The sharp edges and needle forms of the Sierra Blanca, rising three thousand feet above the valley, attract much admiration at our camp to-night; and the promising opening in the Sierra San Juan, to the southwest, which allured Colonel Fremont to the disaster of 1848-9, attracts its full share of attention and comment, some of the gentlemen of our party having participated in that misfortune.”

At the head of the San Luis valley the party ascended the Cochetopa Pass, which divides the waters of the Arkansas from those of the Rio Grande del Norte. The trail being too narrow for wagons, the men working under Captain Morris had to cut a road over the ridge. The Sawatch Mountains towered to the north, and to the northwest rose the Elk Mountains. Thither the explorers wended their way through the country that has been named Gunnison County in honor of the explorer.

As they advanced into the mountainous country, they found the nights freezing cold, although the September days were pleasant. The men noticed that they felt the cold less than in a moist climate. Grouse and sage hens were common, and big game abounded. The explorers were now in the summer hunting-grounds of the Ute Indians.

It was anything but easy going over some of the

steep trails, where wheeled vehicles had never been before. It was often necessary to blaze a new trail, to cut down trees in the path, or to remove boulders. One especially difficult passage was a rapid descent of about four fifths of a mile to a stream nearly one thousand feet below. The road was stony, and the wagons, with locked wheels, thumped against the stones and grated upon the pebbles at an ever accelerating pace down the steep incline. At one point as they passed obliquely over a ridge, the men had to hold them with ropes to keep them from overturning. In ascending slanting hills it was necessary to double up teams.

Notwithstanding their exhausting labors, the members of the expedition found a continual source of satisfaction in the wild beauty of the Rockies. Forgetting their weariness, they took keen delight in contemplating the rugged scenery that confronted them. All kept in good health, being invigorated by the bracing atmosphere. Captain Gunnison says:

“The agreeable and exhilarating effect of the pure mountain air of these elevated regions, ever a fruitful theme of eloquence among trappers and voyagers, exhibits itself among our men in almost constant boisterous mirth. But violent physical exertion soon puts them out of breath; and our



BLACK CAÑON OF THE GUNNISON RIVER

Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Ry.

animals, in climbing hills, unless often halted to breathe, soon become exhausted and stop from

the weight of their loads, but after a few minutes' rest move on with renewed vigor and strength."

The party traversed for some distance the valley of the river that has been named in honor of Gunnison, but they did not enter the precipitous gorge west of Sapinero, which is sometimes called "Black Cañon." This is said to be the grandest cañon in Colorado. They halted at the portals of the gloomy chasm, which the Indians declared to be inaccessible to man.

At that point Gunnison turned aside and chose a route through the more open country to the south. Proceeding westward to the present site of Montrose, he traveled northward to Delta. The explorers were struck by the absence of vegetation in the Uncompahgre valley, and Lieutenant Beckwith describes it as a barren waste, unfitted for habitation except by Indians. Little rain having fallen during their wanderings on the western slope, except in the mountains, they found only cactus and sage growing away from the rivers.

The Gunnison was then called Blue River. This stream, at the season of melting snow, was greatly swollen. "At every step," writes Beckwith, "we see evidences of the great volumes of water which, at such times, roll forward in its channel or spread out over its bottom, in the deep channels now dry, and islands now part of the mainland, covered



with huge trees cast up and left by the angry stream.”

The explorers' course along Grand River, west of the junction of this stream with the Gunnison, was through striking scenery. “From one position a majestic shaft stood out clear against the sky; and chimney rocks were almost hourly presented,” as they rode along, “with piles occasionally resembling ruins of immense churches and dwellings, and one or two on eminences resembling the ruins of mighty cities of adobe buildings.”

Gunnison thought it a desolate country near the state line.

Following the Spanish trail westward, he explored the country as far as the Sevier River, in Utah, where he met his tragic death. So far the red men had given the travelers little trouble, and no special alarm was felt when a detachment set out on October 25 to explore Sevier Lake. The party consisted of Gunnison and four companions and an escort of seven soldiers. For a long period the explorers had been among wild Indians who had not molested them, and the men lay down to sleep with a feeling of almost perfect security.

Guards were on duty all night. The men were up at daybreak and sat down to breakfast before sunrise. While they were eating, a large band of Pah-Utes crept up under cover of the thick bushes,

within twenty-five yards of the camp fires. With frightful yells the savages poured a volley of rifle balls and a shower of arrows into the camp.

Instantly all was confusion. The surprised soldiers paid little attention to the order, "Seize your arms." Captain Gunnison stepped from his tent and called out to the redskins that he was their friend. The shooting continued, and he fell, pierced by fifteen arrows.

Four of the party mounted horses and succeeded in getting away. One of these rode till his horse gave out, then he ran on foot fourteen miles till he reached his comrades who had remained with Captain Morris. Weak and exhausted, he reeled breathless among them and told the tale of the terrible disaster.

Captain Morris and his men saddled up and rode to the scene of the bloody massacre. The Indians had disappeared. The surviving members of the expedition paid the last duty to the mutilated remains of their late companions.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE RUSH TO PIKE'S PEAK

THE discovery of gold in California led men to look for it in the Rocky Mountains. Before that, trappers and hunters had seen the glistening grains in creek beds, but these men were not miners and gave the matter no serious thought.

In 1850 a party of Cherokees from Indian Territory prospected Cherry Creek and the Poudre, finding quartz studded with gold. They kept up the search, and in the spring of 1858 a band of thirty came with William Green Russell and eight other Georgians to hunt for gold mines and placers. Two parties of Jayhawkers (who had somehow heard rumors of gold finds in the South Platte River) joined them on the journey up the Arkansas, and in June the united company exceeded one hundred persons.

They traveled in a very leisurely manner, and, wherever the sands in the beds of streams they crossed looked promising, they stopped and washed out colors. The Georgians had done some mining in California, and they determined to make a thorough examination of the placers in the "Pike's

Peak country." They found free gold in Fountain Creek, but not in paying quantities. So they pushed on northward, past Pike's Peak, and prospected Cherry Creek, the Platte, and the Poudre, getting but little gold dust.

From time to time members of the expedition became discouraged and set out for Kansas. In the latter part of June the party camped at the mouth of Cherry Creek. Here the Cherokees abandoned the quest and, with four white men, went back home. The glittering prize was not for them.

The little company of prospectors, numbering only thirteen, worked southward and prospected the tributaries of the Platte in the southwestern corner of what is now Arapahoe County. At last their persistence was rewarded. About the middle of July they made a rich strike in Dry Creek, only a mile or so south of the present site of Denver. In a short time they had washed out several hundred dollars' worth of the shining flakes. This was the first important discovery of gold in Colorado.

In May, 1858, Captain R. B. Marcy's command, while on the march from Fort Union to Fort Bridger, camped at the confluence of the Platte and Cherry Creek. Here a teamster washed out a small amount of gold dust. Soon afterward he was discharged and went to St. Louis; he told of

the find, starting the hegira of Missourians to the locality.

Parties carried the news of these discoveries to Kansas and Nebraska, and ere long hundreds of fresh immigrants had arrived on the scene, and pitched their tents on the banks of Cherry Creek. Most of the campers did not stay long, but scattered to the foothills and mountains, turning up the sands and gravels. They supposed the free gold in the streams had drifted from deposits and veins higher up, and they sought for these veins. In the course of the season upward of a thousand men made their way to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains between Fort Laramie and the Spanish Peaks. At one time or another the majority of this floating population made a shorter or longer stop near the mouth of Cherry Creek. This point became the principal rendezvous and base of supplies for the prospectors and miners. So a town grew up here.

Meanwhile numerous finds (or, rather, "prospects") were made, and a group of mining-camps sprang up at the foot of the Rockies. Snows fell in the latter part of September and put a stop to work in some of the gulches. Full of hope, the gold-hunters returned home, or stayed at the forks of the Platte, awaiting the spring. Winter was coming on, and it was time to provide for themselves some shelter besides tents. So they set to

work, in October and November, to build cabins of cottonwood logs. The camp thus built up was the beginning of Denver.

Reports of the gold discoveries, greatly exaggerated, were carried back to the States, causing the wildest excitement. On January 5, 1859, some men arrived in Omaha, bringing several quills full of gold dust from the placers of the Pike's Peak country. The section thus vaguely known included, roughly speaking, Pueblo (or Fountain City), Boulder, and the intervening area. The name of Colorado had not yet been thought of, so the historic mountain seventy-five miles south of the diggings came to stand for the whole gold region roundabout.

The reason is not hard to find. In the summer of 1858 a company of men from Lawrence, Kansas, camped for two months in the Garden of the Gods. Some digging was done on the slopes of Pike's Peak, and a little gold washed out. From this time the name of the peak was given to the newly discovered gold-mining district of the Front Range.

The following spring witnessed a great rush of gold-seekers to Pike's Peak. There were a hundred thousand of them, and the mighty landmark of the plains was their Ultima Thule. Cherry Creek was not so well known; if any of the Fifty-miners had heard of this stream, they probably

supposed it flowed fast by the rugged sentinel of the out range.

The influx of gold-hunters to the Pike's Peak country may be likened to the rush to the Black Hills in 1876. A tide of men streamed up the valleys of the Platte and the Arkansas and across the plains between these rivers. Some came on foot, some in stages, and others rode in conveyances drawn by mules or horses. The trip from Omaha to Denver consumed six or seven weeks, if the driver had no bad luck. But many of the pilgrims never saw Denver. They headed their prairie schooners straight for Pike's Peak. The snowy crest of this majestic mountain could be seen from far out on the plains, and it attracted the adventurers. On one canvas top was scrawled: "Pike's Peak or Bust, also Cherry Creek." The idea was used by many of the newcomers, the legend being slightly varied, in accordance with the whim of the individual. On one wagon cover it ran as follows:

### PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST

My name it is Joe Bowers

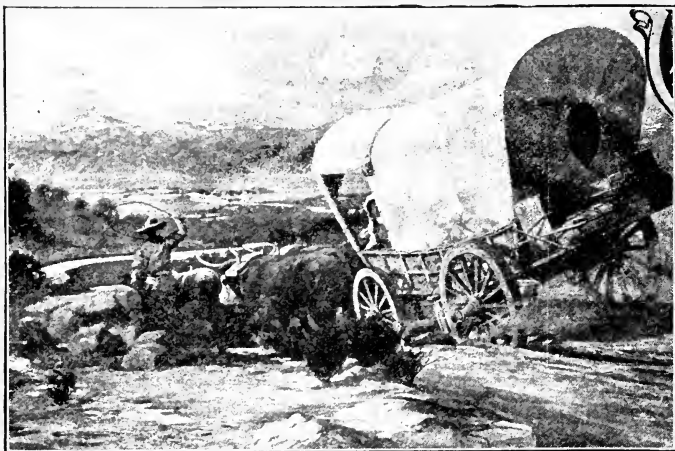
I have a brother Ike

I'm all the way from Missouri

And on the road to Pike

Busted by Gum!!!

Most of these fortune-seekers had had no practical experience at mining; they had simply caught the gold fever and joined the procession of schooners traveling westward across the prairies. Many of them never got near the glittering pinnacle that was their beacon-star; they perished of hunger and thirst



THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER OF A PIONEER

on the way, and their bones whitened the plains. Here and there could be seen a broken-down schooner with the grim label, "Busted, by Thunder!"

A host of the immigrants hailed from Indiana, Illinois, and other states of the Middle West. They did not know how far it was to the land of gold. They had not made provision for so long a journey;



and, when they wandered away from the rivers, they and their animals suffered for lack of water. Sometimes a man had the misfortune to lose a horse, tempted to join a passing herd of wild horses. These mishaps were among the many that overtook them.

There were three principal routes to the gold country: the Arkansas, the Platte, and the Smoky Hill. The latter trail, between the Kansas and Republican rivers, traversed a "region of barren desert and waterless sand hills." The pilgrims were misled as to distances in the rarefied atmosphere of the plains, and before some of them gained their destination they underwent untold agonies from the pangs of hunger and the tortures of thirst. The line of travel west of Fort Wallace got the name of "Starvation Trail."

Even when the horses and mules were in good condition, six or seven weeks were required for the trip across the seven hundred miles of arid waste between the Missouri and the Rockies. When supplies of food gave out, the travelers lived on game; some of them subsisted for days on prickly pears. The creeks and rivers were not bridged and had to be forded; sometimes they were so swollen as to be utterly impassable. The banks were steep and often miry; and there were no blacksmith shops where broken wagons could be mended.

The lone wayfarer, though not often in danger from Indians, lived in almost constant dread of them; and when the immigrants moved in caravans the Arabs of the American Desert hovered about the trails, lying in wait to steal oxen and horses.

These were some of the hardships and perils that the pioneers faced on the way to Colorado, in 1859 and 1860, for the "rush" lasted two years.

The gold-seekers who did reach Pike's Peak were quickly disillusioned. They fancied nuggets of the yellow metal were scattered about on the mountainsides. They believed the soil was full of shining particles and that the streams rolled down golden sands. The Münchhausen stories they had heard were absurd lies.

After they arrived at Colorado City they learned to their surprise and sorrow that the gold diggings were seventy-five miles or more to the northwest. Some of them wended their way thither, only to be disappointed and disheartened.

The rush was followed by an eastward stampede of disgruntled "Pike's Peakers," who turned back, sadder, though not always wiser, men. The height of the gold boom was over by June, and the homeward movement of discouraged adventurers was well under way. They were a sorry lot of fellows, who "looked as if they were under a deep convic-

tion of sin." Many immigrants, meeting them on the way, were caught in the ebb-tide and never got anywhere near the Rockies. Tens of thousands returned in the summer and autumn of 1859.

Those who did press on to the gold fields had to endure hardships and put up with sore privations. Thousands upon thousands lost their all and disappeared forever, or drifted elsewhere. Some met with success in following the will-o'-the-wisp of fortune; they made their pile, and stayed to help build up a prosperous commonwealth. The Fifty-niners laid the foundations of Colorado's greatness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DENVER

IN THE month of June, 1858, a large party of Georgians and Kansans prospected Fountain Creek and other streams as far north as the Poudre. Here and there they washed out a little "pay dirt," but no valuable deposits of placer gold were discovered. In consequence, many members of the expedition turned back, disappointed; they expected to find "lumps of gold like hailstones all over the surface."

On the first of July the remnant of the gold-seekers, then camped near the mouth of Cherry Creek, were reduced to a baker's dozen. These had the good fortune soon afterward to strike some rich diggings in a neighboring creek, and they were encouraged to continue prospecting.

Later in the summer other bands of adventurers, brought thither by the golden lure, pitched their tents at the confluence of the Platte and Cherry Creek. This being the most central point, a camp of miners and prospectors grew up here, and in September it had become a permanent settlement. In October the parties who had been prospecting in the foothills and at the base of the Rockies re-

turned to this rendezvous and began building houses on the west bank of Cherry Creek. This was the nucleus of a city destined to become the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain states and territories.

A crude sort of shelter was already standing there. It was a tepee rather than a house, and had been erected the previous winter by an Indian trader named John S. Smith. In October, 1858, a log cabin was built beside it, and ere long there was an "Indian Row" of cabins. By the end of autumn scores of settlers had put up houses and stores. This budding village on the west bank of Cherry Creek was called Auraria, after a town in Georgia.

Meanwhile a number of citizens from Lawrence, Kansas, laid out a town on the east side of Cherry Creek. The site occupied a section of land south of the Platte River. It was then known as St. Charles. In November a company of enterprising men from Leavenworth, Kansas, arrived. Seeing the advantages of the location, they began to build the town, which till then had existed only on paper, and changed the name to Denver, in honor of General James W. Denver, who was then governor of Kansas Territory. At that time Kansas extended to the Rockies, and the western slope was included in Utah Territory.

One of the prominent men of the Leavenworth party, General George W. Larimer, built the first

house on the east bank of the creek. It was a log cabin twenty feet long by sixteen wide, with a turf roof. It stood not far from the site of the present



JAMES W. DENVER

City Hall. Larimer Street was named for him, and Lawrence Street for another Kansas member of the town company. Late in the fall the second house

was constructed near by in Fifteenth Street. Not long afterward a store was opened; then a tin-shop.

On Christmas Day came the noted frontiersman, Richens L. Wootton, with six wagonloads of goods, which were placed on sale in the third trading-establishment of the infant city. "Uncle Dick" threw in his fortunes with Auraria, which then had some fifty houses ready and occupied.

At that time more than a score of cabins had been erected on the east side of Cherry Creek, mostly in Blake and Larimer streets. They were built of round cottonwood logs, and had only one story, with no floors and not a glass window. All the pioneer cabins of that period had mud-and-brush roofs. This is all there was then of what is now East Denver.

Already there was a trading-rivalry between Denver and Auraria. The latter was in the lead, but as the weeks passed, one after another of the business men of "Indian Row" crossed the creek and joined the Denver town company. Among them were Andrew J. Williams, a New Yorker, and Charles H. Blake, for whom Blake Street was named. Early in 1859 these two men put up the first hotel of the place. It was a log building with a canvas roof; some thirty feet wide, and about a hundred feet long, of one story. In those days it was called the "Denver House."

The weather was mild, and building went on, almost uninterrupted, through the months of January and February. By March about one hundred fifty houses had been erected in Auraria, and nearly as many had been built or begun on the site of "Denver City," as it was called at first.

In the spring of 1859 Auraria received an addition of twenty settlers who had founded "Montana City" in the previous fall. Their log huts were moved, and no trace remains of the little village that was located on the Platte in what is now South Denver. The original houses of the pioneer settlers in Auraria also have disappeared in the march of progress. Railroad tracks now occupy the ground where stood "Indian Row," near Twelfth and Wewatta streets.

The first child born in the new town of Denver was William D. McGaa, whose birth occurred March 3, 1859. He was the son of William McGaa and an Arapahoe woman. In 1907 this half-breed was living in South Dakota, a prosperous business man.

In April the advance trains of prairie schooners arrived from the States. Tens of thousands of Pike's Peakers followed in May and June, and Denver suddenly became an important city. The Auraria settlement also grew with amazing rapidity.

In the summer of 1858 the whites in Colorado



were numbered by hundreds. Twelve months later the population had increased to upward of twenty thousand. The year-old settlement on the banks of Cherry Creek had between two and three thousand inhabitants. It was the chief center of population and a distributing-point for the mining-camps. Golden became a secondary center.

Among the newcomers to Cherry Creek was William N. Byers, who established the first Colorado newspaper, the *Rocky Mountain News*. The initial number appeared April 23, 1859, two days after his arrival. On the same day was printed the first and only issue of the *Cherry Creek Pioneer*. The *News* was for some years a weekly; it became an important factor in exploiting the resources of the gold region.

In April the first load of lumber arrived in town



TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH,  
DENVER

from a sawmill built in the Plum Creek pineries. Henceforth frame dwellings and stores took the place of tents and log cabins.

It was a red-letter day in Denver's early history when the first stage reached the frontier town, on May 7, 1859. Far out on the overland trail a swirling mass of yellow dust could be seen. The moving cloud drew nearer, and a crowd of red-shirted miners gathered to watch the strange sight. Presently two Concord coaches, each drawn by six galloping mules, rolled up and were greeted by a tumultuous shout and a lively fusillade of revolver shots. Denver was now in touch with civilization, for the stage carried letters and papers back and forth between this western outpost and the home country "back east." The lumbering, rocking vehicle was a welcome institution.

The first trip of the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express was made over the route via Fort Riley, passing over the Divide between the Republican and Solomon's forks of Kansas River to its source, westward across the heads of Beaver and Kiowa creeks, and striking Cherry Creek about twenty miles above its mouth. The length of the road at first was six hundred eighty-seven miles, which was shortened some twenty miles. The second trip was made in nineteen days, the coaches arriving at Denver on May 12. In August the time

consumed by the trip was about seven days. The fare from Leavenworth to Denver was one hundred dollars, meals included.

Gold-seekers now came by stage as well as in ox-carts and schooners. Once on the ground, they began the quest for the golden fleece. Multitudes



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, DENVER

flocked to the diggings near Colorado City, Boulder, Golden, Chicago Creek, and Gregory Gulch. They had great expectations. They were in feverish haste to become rich. Claims were staked and almost immediately abandoned. Men tramped the hills and prospected in creek beds. Getting only meager returns, they gave up the search in disgust and made their way to Denver.

It was not long before these disappointed adventurers were out on the plains, headed eastward, some of them on foot and others riding in schooners. Soon the tide of "Go Backs" was swelled to tens of thousands. To the immigrants that they met they proclaimed the flat failure of their quest for gold. In strong language they denounced the "Pike's Peak hoax," and thousands upon thousands turned back when in sight of the mountains.

But there was something real back of all this running to and fro. Genuine finds were made in the gulches, and sensible men took the view that there were seams of valuable minerals far up in the granite mountains; the specks of gold panned out of the sand and gravel had been washed down from veins and deposits at higher altitudes. Prospecting continued, and there were rumors of many discoveries of gold mines.

The excitement brought newspaper men from the East. Horace Greeley, Albert D. Richardson, and Henry Villard visited Gregory's Diggings and other camps. These veracious correspondents investigated and became convinced of the richness of the Clear Creek and Gilpin mining country. With his own hands Greeley dug up some shovelfuls of soil, from which he washed a goodly number of "colors"; and his enthusiasm rose to the boiling-point.

The story is told that a miner had shot a gun-load of golden grains into the hole before the famous *Tribune* editor dipped his shovel into the ground. Whether this is true or not, Greeley truthfully reported what he saw, and his realistic descriptions of the gold fields did something to check the stampede eastward. He addressed a mass-meeting in the barroom of the Denver House. There were more than two hundred in the mixed audience, and his words carried weight with the bearded-faced adventurers who had come to seek their fortune in the ranges of Colorado.

The report of Greeley, Richardson, and Villard appeared in the *News* and was spread broadcast over the land. The publication of their letters in eastern papers enlightened the public and had the effect of counteracting the dismal opinions of the "Go Backs." It was largely through Greeley's influence that the confidence of the people was restored.

The better class of miners and prospectors were unshaken in their belief that here was a great mining-country. They concluded to stay and cast in their lot with the new commonwealth, which had the promise of a golden future.

The need of a home government was felt, and a constitutional convention was held at Denver in August. By vote of a majority of the inhabitants

a new territory named Jefferson was organized in November. It embraced an area much larger than the Colorado of to-day, taking in big slices of Nebraska, Wyoming, and Utah.

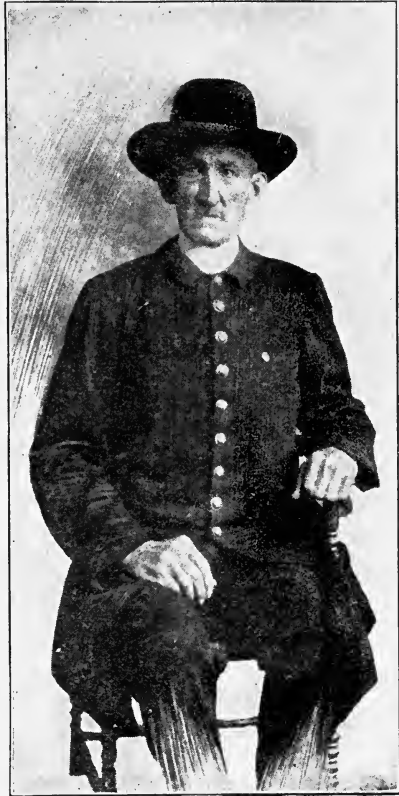
Meanwhile Denver was growing beyond the wildest expectations of its founders. It was a base of supplies for Colorado City, Boulder, Golden, and the newer settlements of the gold district—Central City, Georgetown, Breckenridge, Idaho Springs, Black Hawk, and other places. The City of the Plains, as it came to be called, did a vast business as a distributing center for the mountain towns and camps. Gold dust to the value of more than six hundred thousand dollars had been taken out of the earth in the Pike's Peak mining-region, and capital from the East was pouring into the lap of the young community situated on the banks of Cherry Creek. Denver then had less than three thousand permanent residents, and yet the optimistic editor of the *News* declared that he expected to see it a city of a hundred thousand souls, a railway center between the Atlantic and Pacific. Mr. Byers lived to see it the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain states, with a population of more than one hundred thousand.

Before Denver was a year old a professor from St. Louis arrived, driving an ox-cart. His first task was to get the few women and children to-

gether and organize a Sunday school. Then he opened a day school. Not long afterward religious services were held in Goldrick's schoolhouse. It was in 1860 that the first church was started, the one that afterward became Trinity Methodist Church. The public school system was established in 1861, and from that time intellectual progress has kept pace with the material in the City of Lights.

Among those who lived at a little distance from early

Denver was Jim Baker, who took up a homestead on Clear Creek in 1860. This old-time trapper and Rocky Mountain guide belongs in the same class with Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. It is



OLIVER PREBLE WIGGINS  
("Old Scout" Wiggins)

said that Baker was the first white American settler in Colorado. Another man who figures prominently in the annals of the West is "Old Scout" Wiggins, who was a member of Fremont's first and second expeditions. At the ripe age of eighty-five years, he survives hale and hearty, the oldest of the pioneers who have seen Denver grow up from a cluster of log cabins into a great city.

After maintaining a separate existence for nearly a year and a half, the two cities of Auraria and Denver, recognizing their best interests to be identical, decided that they ought to be consolidated. It was a pleasant April evening in 1860 when the citizens of the Cherry Creek twins met on the Larimer Street bridge and ratified the bond of union. Auraria was thenceforth known as West Denver. In course of time settlers built on the wooded hill north of the Platte, and this division of the city was called North Denver. Like Chicago, Denver has a North Side, a South Side, and a West Side. She has also an East Side.

As in other mixing-towns, there was a rough element here of gamblers and desperadoes, but the majority of the inhabitants were of the well-to-do class, law-abiding, industrious, and ambitious. They came from all parts of the East and the Middle West. The best blood, brain, and brawn of the nation went into the making of the Rocky Moun-



tain commonwealth which had organized itself into a territory named in honor of the distinguished author of the Declaration of Independence.

The winter of 1859-60 was mild and pleasant, and mining operations went on about the same as in the fall. The majority worked for low wages, but they were buoyed up by the thought of making a "strike" some day. "Nearly all were young men, full of virile strength and sustained by lively imaginings of cherished dreams to be fulfilled; there were college graduates, sons of wealthy families reared in luxury, the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the povertystricken uniting in one common brotherhood reduced to a common level, each firmly resolved never to go back home till he had 'made his pile.' "

While mining was the great industry of this new country, gardening, farming, and stock-raising were carried on successfully in the plains around Denver. Here and there a miner or a plainsman was killed by Indians, but as yet the red men had given the pioneers no great trouble. They were inveterate beggars and plunderers rather than fighters.

In the spring of 1860 there was another furore of emigration. The trains of wagons stretched across the plains in an almost unbroken line. The incoming tide represented in the main a good class



BROWN PALACE HOTEL, DENVER

of people. Some tarried in Denver, but most of the newcomers struck out for the mines. New discoveries were made, and countless placers and lodes were worked. In many localities the yellow metal was found in paying quantities; the yield for 1860 exceeded two million dollars. If not a Golconda, the mining-region of the Front Range and South Park was at least not a humbug, as some of the disgruntled Fifty-niners had represented. Still, a considerable number of the pilgrims, after trying their luck, returned to the States or drifted to other parts of the West. There were a few who did not expect to make a fortune in one summer. They were willing to rough it. These stayed and swelled the population.

In 1860 a census was taken, and Jefferson Territory was found to contain some forty-eight thou-

of people. Some tarried in Denver, but most of the newcomers struck out for the mines. New discoveries were made, and countless placers and lodes were worked. In many localities the yellow metal was found in paying quantities; the yield for 1860 exceeded two million dollars. If not a Golconda, the mining-region of the Front Range

sand souls. No exact estimate can be given of the number of people in the Pike's Peak mining-region, otherwise known as "Arapahoe County, Kansas."

On February 28, 1861, the Territory of Colorado was organized by act of Congress, with the boundaries of the present state. Forthwith the provisional government of the so-called Territory of Jefferson came to an end. President Lincoln appointed the first territorial governor, William Gilpin, who had accompanied Fremont's second expedition and fought in the Mexican War. The Territorial Legislature, composed of representatives from thirteen counties, met in Denver on September 9.

During the next four years the country was in the throes of civil war. There was little emigration to the West, and Colorado's growth was almost at a standstill.

Two memorable calamities mark this period of disasters and troubles of various kinds that weighed on men's spirits in the dark days when the fate of the Union seemed to be hanging in the balance. On the morning of April 19, 1863, the business portion of East Denver was devastated by fire. A more appalling catastrophe was the flood of May 19, 1864.

People had carelessly erected their homes and stores in the dry bed of Cherry Creek and on the



AUDITORIUM, DENVER

Meeting-place of the National Democratic Convention of 1908.

low land near by. Melting snows had raised the stream, but no danger was feared. A cloudburst over Plum and Cherry creeks suddenly filled the channel in the night, and families were aroused from sleep to find their dwellings inundated. A mighty torrent of water, spreading like a tidal wave, swept trees, driftwood, wrecked buildings, animals, and human beings down the roaring current with resistless fury. Among the buildings in the path of the muddy billows were the City Hall, the office of the *News*, and the Methodist Church.

The surging waters overflowed the bottoms till the valley of the Platte looked like an inland sea.

A terrific gale was blowing and added to the horrors of the situation. A dozen or more persons were drowned, and the property loss was upward of a million dollars. Some barely escaped with their lives, losing everything they had, even the lots on which their houses had stood. The flood had the effect of wiping out sectional jealousy and rivalry. Henceforth Denver east of Cherry Creek forged ahead; people preferred to settle on the higher ground.

In 1863 placer mining came to an end in most of the Colorado diggings; the gulches and creek beds had been denuded of free gold. The miners, not knowing how to extract the gold in refractory ores, left the mining-camps in great numbers.

Those were the times that tried the hearts of men. Famine prices were paid for necessaries, and many felt the pinch of want. "The period between 1864 and 1868 was the darkest in the history of the Territory," says Byers, "and the people, from this and other blighting causes, including the Civil War, trouble with Indians on the plains, scarcity of supplies and of money, were in despair." With the establishment of smelters, in 1868, mining interests revived, and Colorado and its capital entered upon a new era of prosperity.

A newspaper man from the East who visited

Denver in 1869 called it "a western Chicago." While commending the business men of the place, he characterized them as having "a brusque and rapid way."

In 1871 the population was estimated at ten thousand.



OFFICE OF THE DAILY MINING  
RECORD, DENVER

The inhabitants were ambitious and energetic. They were all confident that the Queen City would some day be a metropolis. The railroad had come, and street-cars were running in the principal thoroughfares. There were many fine buildings. The stores and hotels were mostly of brick in the business part of town. Adobe

cabins were scarce, except in the bottoms and here and there along Cherry Creek. Elsewhere were substantial wooden houses, the homes of refined people. The streets were broad, with shade trees, and there were plank sidewalks in which were many pine knots that had a way of hunting the toes

of pedestrians. At night the business streets were lighted with gas, and places of amusement were much in evidence. Even then Denver was known as the "Paris of America."

Some of the points in Denver's history during its first decade may be enumerated. The first jail was a log cabin on the West Side, rented for the purpose; prisoners were first confined in it about January 1, 1862. The first telegraph line entering the city was completed October 10, 1863. The first national bank was organized April 17, 1865. The Platte was bridged in 1865, near the mouth of Cherry Creek; the river then flowed some twenty rods south of its present course. A volunteer fire department was organized in 1866.

As the cattle industry grew in the territory, Denver became a great livestock market. Later it developed into a packing-house center, and the seat of various manufactures. For many years it has been the most important mart for mining machinery in the United States.

The Queen City was eighteen years old when Colorado was admitted as a state, in 1876. The log-cabin village had then been transformed into a flourishing town with a world-wide reputation. Its population had more than doubled during the second wave of immigration, in the early seventies. Thenceforth it grew by leaps and bounds. It

gained three hundred per cent. in a single decade, jumping from 35,629 in 1880 to 106,713 in 1890. The Federal Census gave Denver 133,859 inhabitants in 1900.

Up to 1902 Denver was included in Arapahoe County; in that year it became the "City and County of Denver," with an area of  $59\frac{1}{4}$  square miles.

According to a government census bulletin, Denver in 1906 was the twenty-fifth city of the Union in point of population, having 151,920 souls, or nearly one fourth of Colorado's total population. In 1908, at the close of the first half century of its eventful history, it had 180,000 residents. This progressive, beautiful city of fifty years' growth has become the greatest business center between Kansas City and San Francisco. It is the mining metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region.

Paris is not France, and Denver is not Colorado; yet so closely are the interests of city and commonwealth identified that it is scarcely possible to think of one without the other.



## CHAPTER IX

### COLORADO IN THE CIVIL WAR

THE Territory of Colorado was scarcely born, when the country was plunged into a fratricidal conflict. The long struggle over the extension of slavery was brought to a crisis by the secession of the Southern States and the firing on Fort Sumter.

Before Governor Gilpin's arrival in Denver, a mass meeting was held and public-spirited speakers voiced the sentiment of the assembly in favor of a nation one and indivisible. The chairman wired to President Lincoln this patriotic dispatch:

“The eyes of the whole world are upon you; the sympathies of the American people are with you; and may the God of battles sustain the Stars and Stripes!”

When the newly appointed governor reached Denver, May 20, an enthusiastic reception was held. “We accept you,” said Judge Bennet, introducing His Excellency, “as Governor of Colorado under the palladium of the Union and the principles of the Constitution.”

At the opening of hostilities there was a strong southern element in Colorado, and many of those



WILLIAM GILPIN  
FIRST GOVERNOR OF COLORADO TERRITORY

whose sympathies were with the South hastily departed to join the Confederate Army. Thousands of Union men also returned to their former homes in the States and enlisted.

A considerable number of disloyal men remained in the territory, and the governor took active steps to checkmate their plottings. He raised a regiment and equipped the soldiers as best he could with arms and other military supplies. The officer in command of the First Colorado regiment was Colonel John P. Slough; his subordinates were Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel F. Tappan and Major John M. Chivington.

The first important service of the raw troops was to break up a band of secessionists who had planned to plunder the banks and business houses of Denver. The head of the conspiracy, a Texan named McKee, was taken prisoner, with about forty of his followers.

In January, 1862, came the belated news of a contemplated campaign against New Mexico and Colorado. Back of this movement was a project on the part of southern leaders to seize the whole Far West for the newly established republic, which had Jefferson Davis at its head. Once they had obtained possession of the forts and chief cities of these two territories, it would be an easy matter, they believed, to overrun and hold Utah, Oregon,

and California. There being no navy on the Pacific coast, they had high hopes of winning all the country west of the Continental Divide for a "Western Confederacy." But for the Colorado soldiers this military enterprise might have succeeded.

In December, 1861, General Henry H. Sibley, formerly a major in the United States Army, assumed command of the Confederate forces of Texas and New Mexico. These troops of mounted infantry numbered nearly thirty-five hundred men, and they were a courageous lot of fighters. This army of invaders usually went by the name of "Sibley's Brigade," and the larger division of it was made up of fierce Texan Rangers. These have been described as a desperate lot of fellows, many of them half savage and some of them outlaws. Each man was mounted on a wiry mustang. He carried a lasso, and was armed to the teeth, having a rifle, a brace of revolvers, a bowie knife, and a tomahawk. A broad-brimmed sombrero overtopped his flowing locks and swarthy features.

At that time Colonel Edward R. S. Canby was in command of the Federal soldiers of the department of New Mexico. He had only a few regiments of regulars and militia to repel the advance of the Texan brigade. Among them was Captain Theodore Dodd's Independent company of volunteers from Cañon City. The redoubtable

Kit Carson led one battalion of the New Mexicans. Canby had a larger force than Sibley's, but the untrained militia (more than a thousand strong) could not be depended upon, and he met defeat in the hot engagement at Valverde on February 21, 1862. The Colorado volunteers behaved like veterans, while the undisciplined New Mexicans fled in terror, leaving the Pike's Peakers to bear the brunt of the fighting. For hours the latter valiantly stood their ground until they were nearly overwhelmed by the furious charges of the Texans. Then Canby gave the order to abandon the field. The Federal army retired up the Rio Grande valley, allowing the Confederates to occupy Albuquerque and Santa Fé.

Already the First Colorado had been ordered to reinforce Canby. So, leaving Camp Weld near Denver, on February 22, they began the march southward. The snow was nearly a foot deep, and they encountered snowstorms and sandstorms on the way, yet they pushed on, making from forty to fifty miles a day. Near the present site of Trinidad they were joined by the companies from Fort Wise (afterward christened Fort Lyon), under Lieutenant-Colonel Tappan. Before this they had learned of Canby's disaster at Valverde and were urged to hasten to his relief.

Throwing aside unnecessary baggage, the two

columns followed the Santa Fé stage route southward, making as good time as they could through the rough country.

At the close of March 8 the wearied soldiers were preparing to bivouac on the southern slope of the Raton Mountains, when a courier dashed into camp. He brought a message from Major Gabriel R. Paul, commander at Fort Union, begging the Coloradoans to march with all possible haste to the fort. The little garrison was expecting an immediate attack by Sibley, and no time was to be lost.

The volunteers had already had a hard day, trudging thirty-seven miles, up hill and down, through mountainous country; yet they expressed willingness to keep on. After a short rest they set out, carrying only their arms and blankets, and made a forced march of thirty miles in the night. At daybreak they were obliged to halt from sheer exhaustion. In twenty-four hours they had covered sixty-seven miles. Nearly all of them were on foot. Only the most hardy, resolute men could have performed this extraordinary feat of endurance. Another disagreeable day was now before them, for they were assailed on the road by a mountain windstorm, which pelted and blinded them with sand, dirt, and snow. Finally the advance companies reached Fort Union on March 10.

The Coloradoans were joyfully welcomed, and their coming was most timely, for the force of eight hundred regulars and volunteers under Paul was insufficient for the defense of the fort. Fort Union was a supply depot, and the officer in command intended to blow up the arms and ammunition that he could not take with him, thus preventing the enemy from securing these coveted spoils of war, valued at a quarter of a million dollars. The territory was panicstricken, and the militia had dispersed. The New Mexico volunteers were deserting in large numbers; they were afraid of the formidable-looking Rangers.

The regiment remained at Fort Union ten days, recuperating and drilling. They were equipped with clothing and arms from the government stores. Then Colonel Slough announced his intention of acting on the aggressive, and, with the forces of infantry and cavalry available, he set out, March 22, for Santa Fé. Besides his own men of the First Colorado regiment, he had with him Captain James Ford's Independent company of Colorado volunteers and two light batteries of four guns each. The combined force numbered thirteen hundred men. They were determined to meet and attack the Texans.

On the 25th a detachment of four hundred eighteen men under Chivington was sent ahead to

surprise and expel the enemy from Santa Fé, if possible. Captains Wyncoop, Downing, Anthony, Cook, Howland, Walker, and Lord accompanied him. Part of the men were mounted.

The old Santa Fé trail pursues its winding way by many a detour from Fort Union to the "City of Holy Faith," a distance of seventy-five miles in a southwesterly direction. It runs through a mountainous country, and for some ten miles the trail passes through Apache Cañon, a grim defile flanked by almost perpendicular walls of rock a thousand feet high.

On the afternoon of the 26th the Federals surprised the Confederate advance at the mouth of Apache Cañon, and Major Chivington gave battle. The Texans under Major Pyron halted at once and unfurled their red flag with the lone star. Inured as they were to Indian warfare, they could not stand the impetuous onset of the Pike's Peakers. After a sharp skirmish, the Texan battery fell back, with the horsemen in hot pursuit, and the infantry leaping over the rocks like mountain sheep. As they dashed forward with swords and revolvers drawn, the cavalymen looked like so many flying demons.

"Nothing like lead or iron," says one of the Texans, "seemed to stop them, for we were pouring it into them from every side like hail. We ex-



pected to shoot the last one before they reached us, but luck was against us, and after fighting hand to hand with them, and our comrades being shot and cut down every moment, we were obliged to surrender.”

The enemy were driven from the field, although they had artillery, while the Colorado batteries were with Slough in the rear. The Federals had between twenty and thirty killed and wounded. The intrepid Chivington galloped about on horseback in the thickest of the fray, through a storm of bullets that whistled harmlessly by him, although his gigantic figure was an easy target for the Texan sharpshooters. From thirty to forty Confederates were killed, and forty-three wounded. Nearly a hundred were captured.

While the foe suffered severe losses, the engagement was indecisive. Another skirmish took place two days later. Part of the time the fighting was hottest near Pigeon's Ranch, and this is the name by which the battle is generally known. The action of March 26 and that of the 28th are by some writers regarded as one battle, which is called Glorieta from La Glorieta Pass, in which the engagements of Apache Cañon and Pigeon's Ranch occurred.

In the second encounter Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Scurry, the leader of the Confederates,

forced the attack. He had about eleven hundred soldiers, and a battery of three guns. Scurry was an able leader, and he skillfully marshaled his columns. He mingled everywhere with his men, sharing in the dangers of the terrible battle. It was indeed a fearful struggle, and more than once Slough's battalion was driven back by the determined Rangers. Slough had about eight hundred men, and opposed to him were more than a thousand. The engagement lasted seven hours without a pause.

The day was saved by Chivington's attack in the rear. With about one third of the command he was ordered to march to the western end of La Glorieta Pass. There was no road over the rocky, wooded slopes, but a loyal New Mexican officer named Chaves offered to show a way. Chivington's force of one hundred twenty regulars and three hundred seventy volunteers was led up a precipitous ascent to a bluff overlooking the enemy's camp. The toilsome march had consumed over five hours, and another hour was spent in surveying the situation and noting the position of the wagons a thousand feet below. In single file they started down the steep, narrow path. They lowered themselves over the face of the cliff by means of ropes and straps. Down the slope they slid, crawled, and leaped.

Getting nearer the base, the men yelled and whooped like wild Indians, frightening the teamsters and few remaining guards. They charged at double-quick, drove back the Texans, spiked the cannon, and burned seventy-three wagons loaded with provisions, arms, powder, and other stores. Only one man in the expedition was hurt. The Coloradoans captured a number of Rangers and bayoneted upward of six hundred mules and horses in the corral, thus compelling the Southerners to go home on foot.

This bold exploit of Chivington's men caused Scurry to retreat just as he supposed victory to be in his grasp. Colonel Slough had given his troops the order to abandon their position and return to camp. The soldiers on both sides had fought nearly the whole day without stopping to eat or drink, and they were all worn out. Soon after five o'clock an ambulance bearing a flag of truce was driven down the road from the west. A Confederate officer stepped out and asked for an armistice until the dead could be buried and the wounded cared for. His request was granted by Colonel Slough, who had not yet learned of the crushing disaster inflicted by Chivington. This flank movement decided the issue in the Gettysburg of the Southwest. Scurry had probably heard the noise of the firing and the explosions, and sus-

pected the trouble. His men were almost without ammunition, and had to cease fighting.

Having accomplished their purpose, Chivington's detachment ascended the slopes and retraced their steps, in the darkness, over the heights back to camp, thus avoiding a possible encounter with the enemy in the pass.

The casualties on the Union side in the fight of March 28 were about forty killed and more than fifty wounded. "Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing in the two days' encounter will reach one hundred fifty," wrote Governor Connelly on March 30. The Confederate loss was twice as great. The number of their casualties, though not exactly known, exceeded three hundred killed and wounded. "The bloodiest battle of the war," a historian of the South calls the engagement.

At the expiration of the armistice, which was extended till March 30, Slough expected Scurry to renew the engagement, but the Texans retreated as fast as they could. He had orders from Canby not to follow them. He was thus prevented from inflicting still further punishment on the fleeing enemy.

Without ammunition and supplies, the Sibley expedition came to an inglorious end. The demoralized Confederates beat a precipitate retreat

back to Texas, and Sibley's dream of conquest faded into thin air. In dead and wounded, sick, prisoners, and missing, he left behind him fully one half of his original force.

The Pike's Peakers had proved more than a match for the Texan Rangers, and Chivington had become a hero. The Colorado regiment, raised by the energetic efforts of Governor Gilpin, turned the scale and "broke the far left wing of the Rebellion." By the valor of these heroic men New Mexico was saved to the Union, and the attempt to conquer Colorado failed.

So anxious was Sibley to get out of the country, that he buried near Albuquerque the few brass howitzers he had left. The guns were afterward dug up, and four of them were placed in the war relic museum in the Colorado capitol.

On April 15 there was a slight skirmish at Peralta, in which four Colorado volunteers were slain. During the New Mexico campaign, lasting nearly three months, the casualties of Colorado soldiers were fifty-six dead and ninety-one wounded.

The two independent companies, recruited from the southern counties of the territory by order of Gilpin, formed the nucleus of the Second Colorado regiment, which had an interesting history. Colonel J. H. Leavenworth raised six companies of

volunteer infantry, and later two other companies were organized. These eight companies, together with the Coloradoans who served under Canby in New Mexico, composed the Second Colorado regiment, which ultimately became the Second Colorado Cavalry. From time to time detachments were sent out against hostile Indians and to quell civil disturbances. In 1864 this mounted regiment was assigned to duty in Missouri, where scattered bands were engaged in running down Confederate bushwhackers. It was a difficult and dangerous kind of fighting that they had to perform.

In the fall of 1864 the Second Colorado Cavalry rendered efficient service with other Federal squadrons in checking the advance of General Sterling Price, who marched up from Arkansas at the head of sixteen thousand men, intending to conquer Missouri. The First Colorado battery also took part in the battles of this campaign, which resulted in Price's retreat into Arkansas. In the winter of 1864-5 the regiment was called upon to fight Comanches and other tribes of hostile savages in the district of the Arkansas River. After making a creditable record the Second regiment was mustered out at Fort Riley, June 15, 1865, and at Fort Leavenworth in October, 1865.

In the sanguinary battle near the Little Blue

River several officers and privates of the Colorado Second fell fighting against Price's veterans. In the cemetery near the battlefield lie the remains of Captain S. W. Waggoner and his brave comrades, who gave up their lives for their country. A marble shaft has been erected near their graves.

The Colorado Third, which was never a full regiment, distinguished itself in many a hard-fought encounter. The infantry volunteers composing it were recruited in 1862 by order of Governor Evans, and were disbanded at the close of the war.

The members of the Third Colorado Cavalry were mustered out December 28, 1864, the term of their enlistment, one hundred days, having expired. They donned the blue for a campaign against the plains Indians and, with a detachment of the First Colorado, took part in the fight at Sand Creek.

After waiting more than a generation, the State of Colorado erected a monument in honor of her brave citizen-soldiers who fought and died to save the Union. The dedication of this appropriate memorial, standing in front of the Capitol, took place October 9, 1907.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SAND CREEK FIGHT

THE Cheyennes and Arapahoes occupied the plains north of the Arkansas River in Colorado and Kansas. As Indians go, these tribes were better than the average. It is but simple justice to them to say that they were not so bad as they have sometimes been painted. Often they refrained from deeds of violence and treachery when white men were in their power.

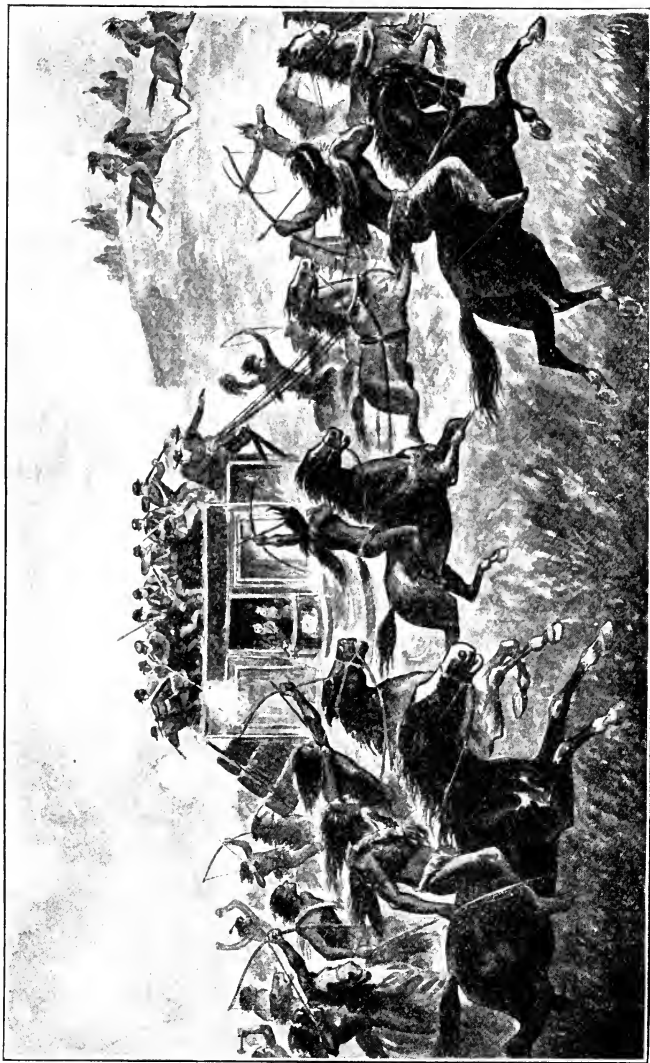
Cautiousness has always been a characteristic of the red man, and this trait frequently led the Indians to avoid clashes with parties of armed emigrants on their way to Oregon and California in the forties and fifties. But when a multitude of civilized men took up their abode in the Pike's Peak region, trouble was bound to come. The interests of the red race and the white conflicted; each wanted a monopoly of the country. In the early days, when trappers and adventurers were comparatively few, they were tolerated and allowed to continue at their avocations. But when settlers came by tens of thousands, encroaching upon the hunting-grounds of the Indian, he found



it harder to live in his accustomed way. With the supply of game diminishing, the savage tried to make up for the loss by stealing cattle and horses from the paleface.

The trouble between the two races was deep-seated; the struggle for existence lay at the bottom of it. Both were selfish and unfair. Every man on the frontier being a law to himself, each side retaliated. If the savage was cruel to his victims, the white man was at times guilty of gross injustice. While many of the copper-skinned nomads were peaceably disposed toward the palefaces, they had their grievances; having suffered wrongs at the hands of traders and plainmen, they dealt out vengeance upon some other white man who was innocent. Such was the situation just before the Civil War.

The red man saw a great tide of human beings rolling toward the setting sun, innumerable prairie schooners with occupants who had come to dispossess him of the land of his fathers. He foresaw the outcome, and made up his mind not to give up his heritage without a struggle. Under the circumstances outrages and depredations by the Indians were to be expected. The wonder is that there were not more acts of rapine and bloodshed. Had the redskins been as bloodthirsty as some have imagined them to



AN ATTACK ON A MAIL COACH

be, they could have wiped out the white population.

Matters reached a crisis at the time of the Civil War. The United States troops were withdrawn from the frontier; they were needed to fight for the Union. This was the red man's opportunity, and he seized it. A conflict was precipitated, and in the end the stronger side triumphed.

In 1861 the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were persuaded to cede their lands to the government, a large tract upon the Arkansas being set apart for a reservation. They had no sooner deeded away their ancestral domain than they regretted their act. A considerable portion of the tribes never joined in or consented to the treaty, and they were unwilling to be confined to the limits of the reservation. Here was a bone of contention between the two races.

On a basis of mutual respect and appreciation, a common understanding might have been reached without war. Contemptuous toleration, if not abuse, was generally the portion of the Indian, who, on his part, knew nothing of the principle concerning "the greatest good of the greatest number."

The natives were subjected to nameless indignities by plainsmen and miners. Ruffians invaded their tepees and insulted the squaws. The untutored red man was cheated by traders; he was

given villainous whiskey in return for valuable robes and pelts. There was no redress for these injuries when the chiefs made complaints. They bore with patience the insults and frauds of a superior race, but they brooded over their wrongs in silence and bided their time. Being poorly supplied with firearms and ponies, they could make no effectual resistance, and it was the part of prudence to avoid or postpone a collision with the whites. Meanwhile they nursed their grievances and prepared for an uprising by purchasing or stealing guns and ammunition.

Trouble was brewing not only among the Colorado tribes, but among the different Indian nations from Texas to Minnesota. They discussed their wrongs around the council fires. For ages the tribes had warred upon one another; now they agreed to bury the hatchet and to unite in a common cause against the white people. As a preliminary, they stole horses and mules from soldiers, settlers, and immigrants. Though goaded to reprisals, they waited and plotted.

Petty outrages, such as the stealing of stock and other property of ranchers, were committed time and again and were allowed to go unpunished in many instances; so the roving warriors grew more bold and insolent. In 1862 the Sioux of the plains and Minnesota broke out into open hostility, and

many of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes joined them. Those of Colorado were sullen and resentful, but held aloof. In 1863 some of them, aggravated beyond endurance, declared openly for war, while the cooler and wiser heads among the older men counseled patience. Traders who understood the Indian dialects listened to the boasts and ominous mutterings of the younger bucks, and reports of a conspiracy against the whites were spread abroad. Time passed, and it was rumored far and near that the Comanches, Kiowas, and other tribes of plains Indians were preparing for a general outbreak. Coloradoans feared that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes would swoop down upon them, and many false reports were circulated, increasing disquietude. Finally matters reached a crisis.

In 1864 a coalition was formed by most of the tribes occupying the country between Mexico and British Columbia; its purpose was to expel or exterminate the white population. A reign of terror ensued. Detachments of soldiers were attacked; ranchers were murdered, and their homes burnt; scores of immigrants were slain while journeying westward in the valley of the South Platte; overland stages were fired upon by redskins in ambush, passengers were killed, and the mails strewn over the prairie. Other barbarities that

cannot be described were perpetrated. "By the beginning of autumn the whole plains region was aflame."

Nothing effective was done by the military to prevent or punish these outrages. The officers in command at the forts and other posts had not enough troops to intimidate the warriors, who moved about in bodies of hundreds and even thousands. The majority of the braves were now armed with muskets and revolvers, and they were sometimes bold enough to fight in the open. One of the expeditions sent out against them was under Lieutenant Eayre, who had one hundred cavalymen and two howitzers. On the Smoky Hill the company encountered four hundred Cheyennes, who made a desperate charge, rushing up to the mouth of the cannon. Twenty-five or thirty of them were killed before the band was beaten back.

Something had to be done to put a stop to these raids and atrocities of armed savages. In this emergency the militia was ordered out, and, with the Hon. Henry M. Teller in command, patrolled the stage route between Julesburg and Denver. The military being too few to cow the fighting Indians into submission, the Coloradoans themselves were obliged to raise a regiment. A call was issued for volunteers to serve one hundred days; the men came from the shops and offices, the mines and the

fields, eager for the fray. The dashing Chivington, now a colonel, was placed at their head. In September they took the field against the hostiles, determined to deliver a crushing blow before winter.

In the summer Governor Evans had sent messengers to the plains tribes of the territory, directing the friendly Indians to rendezvous at Forts Lyon, Laramie, and Collins for safety and protection. A proclamation made by the governor stated that all who did not respond to his call would be punished. Not many came in, except Friday's band of one hundred seventy-five Arapahoes, who took up their residence at Camp Collins.

Evans appealed to Washington in vain. No government troops were available. "We have none to spare, you must protect yourselves," wrote General S. R. Curtis, the commander of the western department. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs at the capital favored a policy of conciliation, while the Coloradoans believed severity was necessary.

All the while the situation was becoming more critical and complicated. Little Raven was head chief of the southern Arapahoes, and Black Kettle head chief of the southern Cheyennes. There is evidence tending to show that they were both involved in the league against the whites at the very time they were making professions of friendship.

One day in early autumn three Cheyennes came to Fort Lyon, bearing a letter from some of their chiefs. It was written by a half-breed named George Bent and was addressed to Major S. G. Colley, the Indian Agent for the Cheyennes and Arapahoës. The letter ran as follows:

CHEYENNE VILLAGE, August 29, 1864.

SIR: We received a letter from Bent, wishing us to make peace. We held a council in regard to it; all came to the conclusion to make peace with you, providing you make peace with the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoës, Apaches, and Sioux. We are going to send a messenger to the Kiowas and to the other nations about our going to make peace with you. We heard that you have some prisoners at Denver; we have some prisoners of yours which we are willing to give up, providing you give up yours. There are three war parties out yet, and two of Arapahoës; they have been out some time and expected soon. When we held this council there were a few Arapahoës and Sioux present. We want true news from you in return. (That is, a letter.)

BLACK KETTLE AND OTHER CHIEFS.

Major E. W. Wyncoop was at that time commandant of the post. He was extremely anxious to effect the release of the white prisoners, and took the risk of encountering a force of warriors much larger than his own. The Indians were encamped at a place called Bunch of Timbers, on the Smoky Hill, about one hundred forty miles



northeast of Fort Lyon. If the red men really desired to make peace with their white brothers, he was willing to meet them half-way. At the head of one hundred twenty-seven mounted men, with two howitzers, he marched to the rendezvous.

The Indians were drawn up in line of battle and prepared to fight. Presently Wyncoop's little detachment was surrounded by six hundred armed braves. Some of them were insolent and threatening, and the officer realized that he was in extreme danger. Putting on a bold front, he stated his mission to the chiefs and cut short the parley. He assured them that he had no authority to make a treaty of peace, but he invited them to accompany him to Denver for a conference with the governor, promising them protection and a safe return. Then he withdrew to a strong position and remained three days. Black Kettle and Left Hand, an Arapahoe chief, showed their good faith by delivering up four prisoners. These were a sixteen-year-old girl named Laura Roper and three young children. The captives stated that the Indians had treated them well. One, a boy about eight years old, said he was willing to stay with his captors.

Acting on Wyncoop's assurances, seven chiefs accompanied him to Denver. On September 28 they met Governor Evans in a council at Camp Weld. Black Kettle, White Antelope, and Bull

Bear represented the Cheyennes; the Arapahoe chiefs present were Heap Buffalo, No-ta-ne, Neva, and Boisee (or Bosse). Several citizens and some army officers attended the meeting, and John Smith, the Indian trader, acted as interpreter.

The chiefs in their regalia made an imposing appearance. They first shook hands with everybody in the room, and the pipe was passed from one to another. The first to speak was Black Kettle, who made an eloquent speech. He stated that since receiving Governor Evans's proclamation of June 27, he had done everything in his power to promote peace. As soon as he was able to gather his people together, they had held a council and secured the services of Bent, who had written a letter for them. Afterward the chief had followed Wyncoop to Fort Lyon and trusted himself in the hands of the soldiers, so anxious was he to see the governor in the hope of making a treaty of peace. He concluded with a touch of poetry:

“We have come with our eyes shut, following his handful of men, like coming through the fire. All we ask is that we may have peace with the whites; we want to hold you by the hand. You are our father; we have been traveling through a cloud; the sky has been dark ever since the war began. These braves who are with me are willing to do what I say. We want to take good tidings home

to our people, that they may sleep in peace. I want you to give all the chiefs of the soldiers here to understand that we are for peace, and that we have made peace, that we may not be mistaken for enemies." He added: "We must live near the buffalo or starve."

Black Kettle and other chiefs denied that they had made an alliance with the Sioux. In the discussion that followed they positively stated that the whites were the aggressors and had started the war, forcing the Indians to fight. They protested that the stealing and murdering had been done by the bands of Sioux and other tribes; at the same time they admitted that fighting had been done and some depredations committed by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Several chiefs expressed themselves on one point or another. "It was like going through a strong blast of fire," exclaimed White Antelope, "for Major Wyncoop's soldiers to come to our camp, and it was the same for us to come to see you." He referred with pride to the medal that he had received from the Great Father at Washington, President Buchanan.

Governor Evans reproached the chiefs for not meeting him when he went to the head of the Republican River for a council. "The time is near at hand when the plains will swarm with United

States soldiers," he observed threateningly. He evaded the question of attacks made by troops on the Indians, but insisted with emphasis that the braves must show their sincerity by aiding the military in punishing the hostiles. He asserted that, war having begun, it was no longer in his power to make peace. Henceforth the red men must deal with the military authorities and make such arrangements as they could with the officers in regard to protection and subsistence. All who were disposed to be friendly should come to the posts; the others would be hunted and punished.

By this time the conversation had become broken and desultory, every chief having something to say, and the statements made by the Indians did not always agree. Then Colonel Chivington got up and made a terse, blunt speech, which was at once a warning and a threat.

"I am not a big war chief," he began, "but all the soldiers in this country are at my command. My rule of fighting white men or Indians is, to fight them until they lay down their arms and submit to military authority. You are nearer Major Wyncoop than any one else, and you can go to him when you get ready to do that."

The conference was over, and it looked as though nothing would come of it. It had, however, served to clear the air, and the chiefs seemed to think it

satisfactory, although no conclusion had been reached. A treaty of peace was out of the question, for General Curtis telegraphed from Fort Leavenworth that no terms must be made without his directions. All that remained for the red men was to do as Major Wyncoop ordered. They appeared willing to submit to his authority, being anxious for peace.

Acting upon the advice given, Black Kettle brought in several hundred Cheyennes of his band to Fort Lyon, and Little Raven came with a small number of Arapahoes. There were some six hundred Indians all told. They complied with Wyncoop's orders, and it was understood that they were to be protected by the troops. Later, in November, Major Scott Anthony assumed command at the fort, and he directed the Indians to hunt buffalo in the vicinity of Sand Creek, or Big Sandy Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas; he could furnish them with provisions no longer. There was some friction between him and them, but no open outbreak; he seems to have had a poor opinion of the red men, and they mistrusted him. Although dissatisfied with the change of commander of the post, fearing it boded them no good, they had no fears that their families would be disturbed.

On their part, these Arapahoes and Cheyennes

refrained from depredations, and the ranchers of the Arkansas valley harvested their crops in safety; all through October and November solitary travelers passed back and forth on the road between Denver and Fort Lyon and were not molested. Previously travel through this country had been unsafe except for large parties well armed or with an escort of soldiers.

Meanwhile Governor Evans reported to Major Colley that he had declined to make peace with the Arapahoes and Cheyennes because they were at war against the government and peace could be made only by the War Department. He then went to Washington, and Chivington had a free hand.

It was the belief of General Curtis that the red men needed more punishment before there was any more peace talk. "I want no peace till Indians suffer more," he telegraphed on September 28, the day of the council at Camp Weld. "I fear the agent of the Interior Department will be ready to make presents too soon. It is better to chastise before giving anything but a little tobacco to talk over." Chivington seems to have held the same view, and he set out with his battalion to punish the "bad Indians." He resolved to strike them a blow they would never forget.

John M. Chivington was a man of more than

ordinary abilities, intellectual and physical. He had to a high degree the qualities of a successful officer. He won the attachment and admiration of his soldiers and subordinates. More than six feet in height, he was of magnificent physique. Although not trained in military affairs, he had in him the making of a leader. He was brave without being rash. This masterful man, then in the prime of life, apparently had a brilliant future before him.

There was no unanimity among the Indians in regard to the contemplated uprising. The chiefs and the influential Arapahoes and Cheyennes opposed it; a majority of the bands whose chiefs had talked with the governor wanted peace, but a number of the young men could not be restrained and were still fighting. It took time to recall them all from the warpath.

Chivington knew this when he set out on his punitive expedition. He seems to have thought that on general principles the Indians needed further chastisement; they were to be whipped into submission. The one-hundred-day volunteers had enlisted for the sole purpose of suppressing the disturbances on the plains, and they were chafing because of inactivity. So he took the field, marching first to Fort Lyon for reinforcements. Major Anthony fell in with his idea and placed at his dis-

posal all the regulars of the First Colorado and the New Mexico volunteers that could be spared from the post. These detachments increased the regiment to nine or ten hundred men. Major Anthony had been anxious to have a brush with the Indians, but had not dared to attack them with his small force.

Colonel Chivington's command arrived at Fort Lyon on the morning of November 28, 1864, after a long march through deep snow. They rested all day, and in the evening they started with three days' cooked provisions and two hundred rounds of ammunition. Before setting out on the expedition against Black Kettle's camp, or while on the way, Lieutenants Cramer and Cannon protested against attacking a band of friendly Indians who were resting in fancied security, relying upon the assurances of safety given by Wyncoop and Anthony. Chivington retorted hotly that men in sympathy with the Indians had better get out of the United States service. Captain Soule and other officers remonstrated with him, but in vain.

Colonel Chivington had kept his destination a secret, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in camp on Sand Creek, about forty miles northeast of Fort Lyon, knew nothing of his movements and intentions. By a forced march in the night his regiment of mounted men reached the neighborhood of the



Indian village at daybreak on the 29th and surrounded it. There were one hundred thirty tepees of Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes and eight lodges of Arapahoes under Chief Left Hand. The encampment consisted of some one hundred fifty warriors and four hundred fifty old men, squaws, and children. Their exact number is not known.

Before the troops reached the camp, in the bend of the creek, an old squaw heard the rumbling of the artillery and the tramp of the approaching squadrons. She thought a herd of buffalo was coming, and tried to rouse some of the braves, but they doubted her story. They had made no preparations for defense and were completely surprised.

In the glimmering dawn Chivington halted his troops in the bed of the stream, which was then nearly dry. Then he addressed them with a few words. "Men, strip for action," he said. "I don't tell you to kill all ages and regardless of sex, but look back on the plains of the Platte, where your mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters have been slain, their blood saturating the sands of the Platte." Then he gave the command to attack the slumbering camp.

It was about sunrise when the columns approached the village from different directions on the opposite banks of the creek. The First Colo-

rado leading, the troops charged upon the place with yells, firing their guns.

The first soldier killed was Private George Pierce, of Company F. He chanced to see John Smith, who had been trading at the village, run from a tepee during the volley and start toward the troops. Some of the men fired at him, and Pierce tried to rescue him. Spurring his mount forward at full speed, he dashed ahead of the line. In the excitement the horse became unruly and ran away, carrying his rider through the lower end of the encampment. Suddenly steed and man fell together in a heap. Pierce sprang up and ran a short distance; there was a puff of smoke from an Indian gun, and he dropped. The same moment the rifles of Lieutenant Wilson's battalion spoke, and soon afterward was heard the cracking of carbines on the opposite bank. The fight had begun in deadly earnest.

The men of the Third Colorado needed no urging; they were burning to avenge the Hungate murders, and rushed toward the lodges, firing as the startled Indians ran out singly or in groups. A chief and several Cheyennes were killed while running toward the troops with both hands raised, as though begging the cavalymen to spare their lives. Paying no attention to these gestures, the volunteers fell upon them in a frenzy of uncon-

trollable fury. Helpless old men, as well as bucks, were cut down in an indiscriminate slaughter. Most of the women and children huddled together in fright, and nearly every one was shot down in cold blood. Others fled.

In the meantime the two pieces of artillery were brought up and placed in position. The cavalry were around on the different hills firing at the Indians, who had left the village and taken to the creek bed. The howitzers opened fire with grape and canister on the warriors under the banks, changing their position as the red men moved farther up the creek. Meanwhile the regulars and volunteers with rifles and muskets got in their deadly work, shooting at a distance of fifty yards or less.

The soldiers were so maddened that the officers could not restrain them. In their vengeful ferocity they committed many hideous barbarities on the slain. They scalped and mutilated dead squaws and fallen braves, and even knocked in the skulls of boys and girls of a tender age.

It would have been an easy matter to take the women and children captive, but Chivington had given orders to take no prisoners. It seems to have been his wish and intention to annihilate the camp.

Of the six hundred or more inhabitants of the

village perhaps one half escaped. The warriors, between one hundred and two hundred in number, did not form in line of battle, but fled promiscuously to the creek. Their herd of horses had been cut off before the charge, and they were at the disadvantage of fighting on foot, while their assailants mounted or dismounted as suited their convenience.

Being pursued along the creek, the Indians kept up a running fight for three or four miles. At first they dug holes in the sandy bank, which afforded them some protection from the leaden missiles. Time and again they were dislodged from these pits by shells. For a while they made a desperate resistance, sometimes bravely charging until they had emptied their weapons; they killed ten and wounded about forty men. The surviving braves scattered, every one looking out for himself and fleeing from the battlefield wherever there chanced to be a gap in the ranks. Their muzzle-loaders and squirrel rifles could not do so destructive work as the firearms of the soldiers, and ammunition was scarce.

Black Kettle with a handful of his people succeeded in breaking through the lines and escaped. The Arapahoe chief, Left Hand, had already been slain. White Antelope was made a target for the soldiers as he came running out to meet them at the

beginning of the fight. Holding up his hands, with palms outward in token of peaceable intentions, he cried: "Stop! stop!" His words, spoken in English, were drowned in the whooping and hallooing. Folding his arms, he stood still for an instant, within fifteen or twenty paces of the advancing column; then he fell, pierced with bullets. He met his fate without flinching, and a few minutes later his scalp was taken.

The firing continued from sunrise until about two o'clock in the afternoon. From start to finish the fight was an unequal one. The troops outnumbered the warriors five or six to one. Setting at naught the recognized rules of civilized warfare, regulars and volunteers kept up the butchery as long as any Indians were in sight. "No Indian, old or young, male or female, was spared," says Lieutenant Cramer. James Beckwourth, who was present, declared "there were all sexes, warriors, women, and children, and all ages, from one week old up to eighty years." There were upward of three hundred fifty women and children in the village at dawn, and only five or six were taken prisoners.

The total number of the slain was variously estimated at from one hundred to five hundred. Chivington reported that between four hundred and five hundred persons were killed. Probably three

hundred, or about one half of the village, is nearer the correct estimate. The survivors lost almost everything they possessed. The volunteers returned from the expedition laden with plunder; many of them led ponies covered with buffalo robes, blankets, and other trophies.

In his telegrams Chivington greatly magnified the details of the "famous victory," and he afterward referred to it as "the glorious field of Sand Creek."

In a letter to his brother, penned December 1, Major Anthony wrote:

"We have just had, day before yesterday, an Indian fight. We nearly annihilated Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes and Left Hand's Arapahoes. . . . I never saw more bravery displayed by any set of people on the face of the earth than by those Indians. They would charge on a whole company singly, determined to kill some one before killed themselves."

On his return to Denver, the "conquering hero" received a royal welcome. The citizens called the "battle" a brilliant exploit. On December 21, Chivington issued a Complimentary Order, in which he pronounced it a victory "unparalleled in the history of Indian warfare."

The massacre sent a thrill of horror through the land. Many Easterners could scarcely credit the

shocking particulars until it was proved beyond a doubt that the soldiers had acted with fiendish malignity. Chivington was unsparingly condemned. He was censured by Congress, but the legislature of Colorado thanked him.

The government felt disgraced by the Sand Creek affair, and in reparation provided for donations of land to the widows and orphans of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes who had been killed in the sanguinary affray. Also, the property taken from the village was liberally paid for. The remnants of the tribes were assigned another reservation, but were in the meantime allowed to range the country between the South Platte and the Arkansas, away from the traveled routes.

As time passed and men's passions cooled, Chivington got more of blame and less of praise for the part he took in the sickening tragedy. Although public indignation subsided to some extent, he was under a cloud all his life. The old pioneers generally stood by him.

There was some color of justification for his act, it has been claimed in his defense, in the fact that the Indians were not all non-combatants. A small party of young braves who had been on the warpath had just returned to the village; two or three fresh scalps of murdered whites were found in the lodges, together with some older scalps.

Chivington assumed the camp to be hostile. Believing the only effective way of dealing with redskins was with powder and ball, he acted accordingly, and his course was generally approved by Westerners who were familiar with Indian warfare. If squaws and papposes happened to be in the way of flying bullets, so much the worse for them.

There were those who looked at the matter in a different light. To deal out destruction to hostiles and friendlies alike, was a miscarriage of justice such as General Curtis had never ordered. While Governor Evans thought the Arapahoes and Cheyennes should be whipped into subjection, this was overdoing the punishment; he had expressly directed to discriminate between the peaceable and the warlike. "Any man," he said, "who kills a hostile Indian is a patriot, but there are Indians who are friendly, and to kill one of these will involve us in greater difficulties. It is important, therefore, to fight only the hostile, and no one will be restrained from this."

Chivington went on the warpath after the Indian fashion. This is the more to be wondered at because he had been a minister of the gospel. If he hoped to gain promotion by winning a victory, he was disappointed. He resorted to the tactics of savages in surprising the camp and letting loose



the exasperated soldiers upon the sleeping red men who were there to hunt buffalo, as the commandant at Fort Lyon had advised. The act was regarded by his superiors as a stain on his record, and his military career was cut short. What he considered a splendid achievement, some of his brother officers denounced as a blunder and an outrage.

The consequences of the Sand Creek massacre were far-reaching and deplorable, as we shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE BATTLE OF BEECHER ISLAND

AFTER the Chivington massacre the infuriated Cheyennes threw down the gauntlet of war in open defiance of the United States government. Their old-time allies, the Arapahoes, were with them; the Kiowas and Comanches also went on the war-path; the Sioux and other northern tribes had already been fighting.

Indians who had long been loyal to the government were now between two fires. The hostiles threatened to make war on them unless they joined the league against the whites, and they were liable to be brought to book by the military if any of the young men showed signs of becoming restive and ugly. Suspicion bred distrust on both sides. In nearly all the bands the turbulent spirits had control.

Those who had been wavering concluded to fight. The wrong done Black Kettle and his camp was what turned the scale. The accumulated mass of discontent and smouldering resentment needed but a spark to cause it to burst into a blaze.

The day after the Sand Creek fight Major Anthony said it would "put a stop to the Indian war," but it proved to be only the prelude of a long series of horrors. For a while there had been a lull in hostilities. Now a fierce warfare ensued, in which the worst passions of the red men were aroused to deeds of diabolical ferocity. While avoiding open attacks on large bodies of cavalry, they wreaked a terrible retribution on small detachments and on ranchers, freighters, and immigrants.

The flames of farmhouses lit up the midnight skies, and the owners had to flee. Those who risked the trip from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains took their lives in their hands. Caravans along the Platte and the Smoky Hill were annihilated, although in some instances the parties of immigrants stood off the hordes of Indians. Only large companies, heavily armed, ventured to make the perilous journey across the plains. Mail coaches were attacked and riddled with bullets. Time and again drivers and passengers were murdered and scalped. The stage was an arsenal of weapons, enough guns and revolvers being loaded to fire fifty times; in consequence, the red men called it a "fire-box." All the stage stations on the line between Julesburg and Denver, except Hollen Godfrey's, were burnt, and most of the inmates killed or wounded.

In the winter of 1864-5 overland communication was interrupted for weeks in succession; goods and provisions were stolen; in the spring the Denverites were at times without the necessaries of life, and famine was staring them in the face. Indian raids were common day and night, and settlers of western Kansas and eastern Colorado never knew when they were secure. Panic and consternation prevailed everywhere.

In the early years of the Civil War there were secession agents among the Indians, stirring up revolt against the authority of our government. This was the chief cause of the onslaught of the Sioux in Minnesota. Now the plains tribes had a grievance, and the war in the States gave them a favorable opportunity to rise and glut their vengeance, even if they could not recover their lands. With but few exceptions, all the northern and southern bands were engaged in "pernicious activity." For months the military could do little to stop the merciless and destructive warfare.

With the surrender of Lee at Appomattox the fearful struggle between the North and South was ended. Now there were plenty of soldiers to fight the redskins, and regiments were hurried to the frontier. To the Indians it seemed that the boys in blue were as numerous as the leaves of the forest. But the savages moved about with celerity and

managed to elude pursuit. A hard campaign was waged against them, and yet little was accomplished, although a force of eight thousand men was put into the field to crush the uprising.

The results were fearful to contemplate. Hundreds of soldiers lost their lives, and a great number of border settlers and plains travelers were slain. Scarcely a score of Indians were killed in the skirmishes with the troops. Just how many were shot by frontiersmen and freighters is not known, probably not very many.

The redskin is stealthy and wary; he seldom gives his opponent a chance to reach him with powder and lead. The wild Indians of the West, like the Bedouins of the Arabian Desert, were expert horsemen and used their ponies for a shield. Clutching the mane of his steed, with one heel thrown over the withers, a warrior would ride at full speed with only a foot exposed. At times his head would appear in sight, though scarcely long enough to serve as a target. Circling around his foes, he fired under or over the neck of his pony and was off like the wind, returning as soon as he could load again. So the casualties of the red men were comparatively few.

In the summer of 1862 the roving bands of Sioux, Ogallalas, and other northern tribes gave the whites a great deal of trouble along the Platte, where there

was a stream of travel to and from the settlements in Colorado. In 1865 there was a much more formidable array of hostiles along the main-traveled routes of Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado. An immense amount of property was stolen and destroyed. No precautions availed to save stock from the prowling Indians. The war cost the government thirty million dollars, and in the beginning of autumn there appeared to be no prospect of peace. Therefore, other tactics were tried.

Generals Harney and Sanborn and other peace commissioners were sent to make treaties with the hostile tribes, and thus end a useless and expensive conflict, in which the lives of several hundred plainsmen and soldiers had been sacrificed. To placate the red men, their old friends, Kit Carson and William Bent, were appointed members of the commission. In October a council was held with the Arapahoes and Cheyennes on the Little Arkansas, and the matter of terms was talked over amicably, hard as it was for Black Kettle and the other chiefs to bear the rankling memories of Sand Creek.

“We are willing, as representatives of the President,” said General Sanborn, “to restore all the property lost at Sand Creek, or its value. So heartily do we repudiate the actions of our soldiers, that we are willing to give the chiefs in their own

right three hundred and twenty acres of land, to hold as their own forever, and to each of the children and squaws who lost husbands or parents, we are also willing to give one hundred sixty acres of land as their own, to keep as long as they live. We are also willing that they receive all money and annuities that are due them, although they have been at war with the United States." He believed the interests of whites and Indians required that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes be located on another reservation, south of the Arkansas.

"It will be a very hard thing to leave the country that God gave us on the Arkansas," said Little Raven, head chief of the southern Arapahoes. "Our friends are buried there, and we hate to leave these grounds." He added that his people were ready to make peace, but wished to wait till spring before treating about the land. "The Indians did nothing to the whites," he observed with flashing eye, "until the affair at Sand Creek, but that was too bad to stand, and they had to go to war."

"Although wrongs have been done me, I live in hopes," declared Black Kettle in his speech. He stated that the Cheyennes were in dire distress, and they desired the privilege of crossing the Arkansas to hunt buffalo—game being scarce on the proposed reservation.

At the close of the conference Little Raven,

speaking for the Arapahoes, asked that the traders be given the right to sell firearms and ammunition to them. "I want guns and powder," he exclaimed with emphasis.

After a long conference a sort of understanding was reached, and a peace was patched up that lasted for a short season.

The members of the Peace Commission heard some plain talk in the council with the Kiowas. Their chief, Little Mountain, asserted their claim to all the country from the North Platte to Texas. He insisted that the whites were intruders on this their ancient domain; the Kiowa had always owned it; all the creeks and rivers, all the deer and buffalo were given him by the Great Spirit. "I want a big land for my people to roam over," he continued; "don't want to stay long in one place, but want to move about from place to place."

This was the burden of a passionate monologue made by Eagle Drinking, a Comanche chief. "I would like this country let alone," said he, "for myself and my friends, the Kiowas, to roam over."

In the end the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were induced to relinquish their reservation around Fort Lyon and accept another, partly in southern Kansas and partly in Indian Territory. The Kiowas also gave up their country in southeastern Colorado.

For a year or so peace prevailed. Then war



was renewed by the Sioux on the North Platte. Its influence was felt among the Indians on the Arkansas. Some of the northern Cheyennes, as was their custom, visited the Cheyennes in southern Kansas. Border settlers and freighters on the Santa Fé Trail became nervous and afraid; the commanders at forts and military posts grew anxious; trifles were noticed, and construed as hostile purposes on the part of the red men.

The establishment by the government of a line of military posts on the road to Montana was one cause of dissension that led to an outbreak. The Indians asserted that this would drive the game out of their hunting grounds. While opposing the extension of the road, in the latter half of 1866, they are known to have killed five officers, ninety-one privates, and fifty-eight citizens, besides wounding many more.

The close of the year was made memorable by one of the saddest tragedies connected with our Indian history. On December 21, 1866, a large force of Sioux under Red Cloud swooped down upon a party of soldiers and laborers within a few miles of Fort Phil Kearny and killed ninety-four men; not one of the ill-fated band was left to tell the tale. Colonel Fetterman was in command, and this disaster is known as the Fetterman massacre.

The troops were provoked to retaliate, and on April 19 a command burnt a peaceful Cheyenne village in western Kansas. The Cheyennes flew to arms, and a bloody war followed, costing the lives of over three hundred soldiers and citizens. All through the summer the hostiles hovered along the Union Pacific Railroad and impeded its construction. They foresaw that the iron horse would be an effective agent in their subjugation. At times there was severe fighting, and matters assumed so alarming an aspect that General Phil Sheridan was sent to take command of the troops. In the summer of 1868 he made his headquarters at Fort Hays, the western terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway.

The war dragged its slow length along. The field of operations covered an immense territory, and much time was consumed in concentrating troops, which would gather only in time to learn that the bands of warriors had betaken themselves elsewhere. Expeditions were sent out under Generals Hancock and Custer to various points in Kansas and Nebraska, while General Frank Hall, then Acting Governor of Colorado, raised a force of volunteers to guard the territory. The Indians scattered and united, as occasion required. Not burdened by artillery and baggage, they could move faster than the troops, and kept out of their

way. The process of wearing the redskins out was a slow one, and extremely costly.

Notwithstanding the dangers of life in the West, the incoming tide of settlers grew larger and larger. People would not be deterred from coming by the terrible experiences of others. The stage stations were rebuilt and occupied by newcomers. Ranchers braved the risks incidental to their calling; neighbors worked in squads, taking their guns into the field. In this way some of the crops were put in and harvested.

Time and again the expeditions of Federal troops failed. Their efforts to find marauding redskins were futile. So a corps of fifty scouts were enlisted, and Colonel George A. Forsyth was placed at their head. They were all picked frontiersmen, familiar with the country. Many of them were old soldiers, having seen service in the Civil War. A better body of fighters could



COL. GEORGE A. FORSYTH

scarcely be found in the whole world. They were mounted on the finest horses that could be obtained. They carried in their haversacks only a limited quantity of rations, and had no superfluous baggage. Leader and men were admirably fitted for the pursuit of hostile savages. Once on the trail, there was to be no pause until they were in striking distance of the redskins, who generally had no trouble in outdistancing the regular army.

In September Forsyth and his daring scouts were detailed for duty on the Republican River. After following the trail of Indians for several days, they camped on the evening of the 16th near a little island in the Arickaree fork of the river. They were just across the eastern border of Colorado, in what is now Yuma County, not far from Beecher. The stream was only a wide sand-bed, down which flowed a thread of water two inches deep. The island was twenty yards wide and nearly one hundred yards long. The gravelly soil was partly covered with a low growth of bushes. Game had been scarce in the hunting-grounds of the Republican country, and the detachment had rations for only one day more.

At dawn the guard gave the alarm, "Indians!" Instantly every man sprang to his feet and grasped his rifle. Up dashed six yelling redskins, waving buffalo robes, rattling bells, and firing guns, in

the hope of stampeding the horses. In this they failed; the men clung fast to the lariats of their mounts, and only seven animals got away.

Then came the order to saddle up. Scarcely had it been obeyed when the watchful guide, Sharpe Grover, exclaimed in astonishment: "O heavens, look at the Indians!" Over the hills and from every direction poured swarms of mounted warriors, adorned with eagles' feathers and in full war paint. Whooping and yelling, the excited braves bore down upon the little detachment that they had surrounded.

Forsyth realized that they were trapped, and he ordered the scouts to take up their position on the island. Here they would have the advantage of fighting under cover of the bushes, while the Indians would be obliged to charge across the sandy watercourse. "Tie your horses to the bushes in a circle, throw yourselves upon the ground behind them, and make the best fight of your lives," rang out the words of the valiant leader. In the midst of a galling fire from the redskins his orders were obeyed.

Three sharpshooters lay down in the grass at the north end of the island; the others in a circle dropped behind the barricade of animals and opened a steady, well-directed fire upon the nearest braves. Hundreds of redskins were in sight, and

many of them were armed with repeating rifles. They had secured breechloaders, and knew how to use them. After the fight thousands of empty shells of Spencer and Henry rifles were found on the ground occupied by the Indians.

The foremost warriors threw themselves from their horses and crawled up within easy firing distance, picking off men and horses. Some of them were so near the scouts could hear them talk; they could swear in forceful English. In the terrific fire of these sharpshooters every one of the horses was shot down, and more than a score of the scouts were killed or wounded.

Forsyth was hit by a Minie ball, but he continued in command. "Fire slowly," he directed, "aim well, keep yourselves covered, don't throw away a single cartridge." Lying propped on his elbow, he saw everything going on and bore the intense pain of his wound without a murmur. Another bullet shattered his leg between the knee and ankle. The surgeon, Dr. Moores, while bending over the colonel, was struck in the temple and mortally wounded. A few minutes later Forsyth received a scalp wound.

Meanwhile the command had been busy with their knives, digging in the sand and throwing up a breastwork of mounds. As they took aim and fired at the advancing savages they had the satis-

faction of seeing many a warrior bite the dust or drag himself off wounded.

Two hours of this hot work passed. The men shielded themselves as best they could, and did so effective shooting that their assailants became angry and derisive. They cursed the whites for skulking like wolves and dared them to come out in the open and fight like men. The hills were thronged with squaws, chanting war songs and nerving the bucks for battle. The medicine men rode around just outside the ring of braves, beating drums and encouraging the young men to fight courageously. The Indians outnumbered the men in the rifle-pits twenty to one, and yet they could not silence the fire of the little party. Every one of the scouts in condition to fight was fighting, loading and firing, while their fallen comrades lay near them bleeding and dying. Stout hearts were needed for this work, but a worse trial was before the brave band.

Shortly after nine o'clock a portion of the redskins drew off. The entire fighting force was upward of a thousand braves, composed principally of Arapahoes, Brulés, Sioux, Cheyennes, and "Dog Soldiers." Of the Dog Soldiers, the banditti of the plains, there were about one hundred twenty, and they had been kept in reserve for a final charge. With them were some two hundred other Indians, selected for their prowess and their magnificent

physique. This body of superb warriors was headed by the war chief, Roman Nose. This able leader was chief of a northern band of Arapahoes, numbering more than a hundred lodges. In the fall of 1864 they were under the care of the agent at Fort Laramie, and for a while they were hunting on the Cache a la Poudre. They remained friendly some time after the Sand Creek affair, then they cast in their lot with the belligerents.

Roman Nose was a splendid-looking Indian. Over six feet tall and straight as an arrow, he had a perfect figure. The bronze muscles of his arms stood out like a blacksmith's, and were as strong. He had watched the military maneuvers of our cavalry and was an adept in handling large bodies of mounted braves. As a war chief he easily divided the honors with the noted Red Cloud.

Retiring to a gully out of rifle range, Roman Nose formed the three hundred braves in battle line. They had stripped nearly naked and were hideously painted. At the word of command they started their horses into a swift trot, while the skirmishers near the island pressed closer and delivered a fire so searching and continuous that the beleaguered men dared not expose a hand or head.

On the phalanx came, six ranks deep, with a front of about sixty warriors. They were superbly mounted and moved forward with precision, ex-



pecting to ride down and annihilate the handful of men, now hardly more than thirty effective fighters. It was a splendid sight when they swept into view at the peal of an artillery bugle.

Roman Nose rode a large chestnut horse that went careering five paces ahead of the line. A crimson sash was knotted around his waist, and his feet were encased in buckskin moccasins. His head was crowned with a great war-bonnet of eagles' feathers, and herons' plumes trailed behind him in the wind. He shook his clinched fist in defiance at the small company of scouts and uttered a few impassioned words in hearing of the warriors.

The hills and bluffs a little back from the river's bank were covered with women and children confident of victory. He glanced at them an instant as a chorus of wild cries went up. Then the assaulting column of horsemen, brandishing their guns, broke into a gallop.

Roman Nose led the charge proudly and grandly, holding his rifle with his left hand. Suddenly he threw his head back and, with the open palm of his right hand, he struck his mouth, emitting a loud war-whoop that was caught up by hundreds of braves. Instantly it was answered by yells of exultation from the hills, and the air palpitated with the awful din of shouts.

Though disabled by his wounds, the gallant

Forsyth made ready for the impetuous attack. All the weapons were loaded. The guns and revolvers of the dead and wounded men were placed near the best shots in the besieged party, who lay behind the rampart and coolly awaited the approach of the yelling warriors. The fire of the dismounted Indians was slackened for fear of hitting their own braves as they drew near to the island.

“Now!” called out Forsyth. “*Now!*” repeated Grover and Lieutenant Beecher. Undaunted, the savages hurled themselves forward, while the scouts, springing to their knees, cast their eyes along the barrels of their rifles and each singled out an Indian for a target. The sharp reports of more than thirty guns rang out simultaneously.

Down tumble the dusky riders, horses stumble, the line falters. The deadly fire of the scouts throws the savage horde into confusion. Roman Nose rallies them, and they make another charge. The steeds plunge into the river bed and almost halt as their hoofs sink into the moist sand. This is the scouts’ opportunity, and another hail of leaden missiles strikes the chests and heads of the foremost Indians. The red men reel and fall; the advance is checked; the wounded lurch sideways from their ponies, and their comrades bear their bodies to the rear. Riding here and there among the demoralized riflemen, the chief forms

the fighters into line, and they dash forward again and again. The parapet blazes forth destruction.

In the fifth charge Roman Nose goes down, and his blood reddens the sand of the river bed. The chief medicine man bravely leads the left wing of Indian riflemen forward to the island, and they ride up to the very foot of the entrenchments. He is shot down within ten feet of the scouts. A ringing cheer goes up from the whites as he falls. The final volley is too much for the warriors, who lie in heaps, men and horses meeting the last summons together; the survivors break and scatter beyond rifle range; they go whirling back, dazed and beaten, while the air is filled with the wails of squaws and old men mourning for the great war chief and the brave medicine man laid low in death.

The fall of Roman Nose was what saved the little band of whites from the doom of utter extinction. Without a leader, the warriors' courage failed at the last moment; they shrank from a hand-to-hand encounter with the desperate men in the rifle-pits.

The day was won, but at what a cost! Twenty-three of the heroes were dead or wounded. Among the slain was the trusty Lieutenant Beecher, after whom the island has since been named.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the mounted warriors made a furious rush, and another at sun-

set; neither was so daring and impetuous as the charges led by Roman Nose. Each time the attacking party was repulsed just before reaching the foot of the island. This was the last attempt to carry the island by storm; the Indians dared not approach the parapet belching flame and smoke. Their plan now was to starve out the determined defenders. This expectation was not realized.

That night two good scouts, familiar with the plains, volunteered to try to make their way through the cordon of Indians and proceed on foot to Fort Wallace for relief. With a compass and map, they started on the long tramp of ninety miles through a desert country thickly infested by their watchful enemies. Traveling by night and hiding by day, they covered the ground in safety, reaching the post four days later.

In the night following the fight a welcome rain fell, and the wounded on the island were rendered less feverish. Saddles were piled up to strengthen the earthworks. The besieged men got a scant supply of water by digging a few feet below the surface. They had nothing to eat except horse and mule meat, and they cut off large steaks to be buried in the loose soil. The one surgeon of the party lay unconscious on the ground, with a bullet in the brain, and there was no one to dress the wounds of Forsyth and his suffering comrades.

The following day dismounted warriors at a safe distance kept up a desultory fire, while the women chanted death songs for the unreturning braves. At dark the skirmishers drew off, having done little damage to the besieged frontiersmen, who were now well protected. On the night of September 18 two more scouts were sent out; in a short time they were driven back.

Forsyth and his party remained on the defensive another day. The Indians annoyed them on all sides and tried to draw their fire, with the hope that the whites would exhaust their supply of ammunition. The scouts were too knowing to fall into this trap; they made every cartridge count. As a last resort the Indians used a white flag and endeavored to hold a parley with the commander, but in vain. The main body of redskins now withdrew, and under cover of darkness two men set forth with a despatch to the commandant at Fort Wallace. As they did not return, the little band were hopeful of succor.

Day after day passed, and the discomforts of the situation told on the wounded and famished men. The stench of the decaying animals in a short time became intolerable. Rather than eat the putrid flesh, some of the soldiers endured the cravings of hunger. Though suffering intensely, Forsyth never despaired; he believed it was only a matter

of a few days when relief would come. With one voice the survivors who had escaped hurt declared that they would stay and die together, if need be, rather than desert their helpless companions. By this time eight were dead, and twenty disabled by wounds. The others, though faint and weak, were undaunted to the last.

On the morning of September 25 the sun rose bright. The warriors had disappeared. Some dark moving figures faintly showed in the horizon of the solitary plain. To the joy of the weary watchers, these proved to be United States troops. There were tears in the glaring eyes of the suffering men when the detachment of cavalry under Colonel Carpenter rode up. The courage and spirit of the heroic scouts had pulled them through.

Near by were discovered the bodies of seventeen Indians; the others had been removed in the battle. The numerous pools of dark and clotted blood soaking the sand showed where the warriors had gone down, stubbornly and valorously fighting. At least seventy-five had been sent to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The number of their wounded has never been learned.

On August 7, 1868, Black Kettle with the remnant of his braves—about forty half-clad, sullen

savages—rode up to Fort Hays, claiming to be good Indians. A powwow was held, the pipe of peace was smoked, and Black Kettle made a speech. With dramatic gestures he poured forth professions of friendship and described the miserable plight of the blanket Indians of his band. He was a grand specimen of physical manhood, and despite his rags made an impressive appearance.

“Black Kettle loves his white soldier brothers,” he said. “Six moons have come and gone, and there has been no rain; the wind blows hot from the south all day and all night; the ground is hot and cracked open; the grass is burned up; the buffalo wallows are all dry; the streams are dry, and game is scarce. Black Kettle is poor, and his band is hungry. He asks the white soldiers for his braves and their squaws and papposes. The Sioux have gone on the warpath, but Black Kettle will not follow their trail. All other Indians may take the war trail, but Black Kettle will forever keep friendship with his white brothers.”

The braves sitting in a circle showed their approval of his words with affirmative nods and grunts. Then the officers present shook hands with the chief and congratulated him on his speech. When the performance was over, the commissary department dealt out bacon, flour, beans, and

coffee to the delighted warriors. That evening they had a royal feast. In the morning they had disappeared.

A week or so later a treaty was ratified between the government and prominent chiefs of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes.



CURLEY, GENERAL CUSTER'S  
SCOUT

When they received their annuity goods Major Wyncoop, the Indian agent, yielded to Little Raven's demand for arms and ammunition. Already Black Kettle was off on his last raid, and ere long the other braves went on the warpath.

General Custer was sent after them. He was placed in command of a regi-

ment of raw recruits, pitted against "the best light cavalry in the world." He spent three weeks at Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River, training his men in riding, and shooting with the rifle; then he started southward for a winter campaign



against the hostiles. The war parties had settled down in their villages in the valley of the Washita River. With the help of some Osage scouts Custer located them. The cavalry, eight hundred strong, set out in a blinding snowstorm, and after a toilsome night march they surprised Black Kettle's camp on the morning of November 27, at daybreak.

The four columns surrounded and attacked the village on all sides. The tall white lodges stood in a heavy timber. The Indians were caught napping, but fought with desperation,



CHIEF RED CLOUD

seeking cover behind trees and under the banks of the river. Black Kettle and more than a hundred warriors were cut down in the first onset. The squadrons were then attacked by bands of Kiowas and other tribes encamped near by, and the battle raged nearly all day. Besides Black Kettle, fifteen chiefs were found among the slain. Fifty-three squaws and children were captured.

By a bold stroke of diplomacy Custer seized Lone Wolf and Satanta, the celebrated Kiowa chief whose fiery eloquence had won for him the sobriquet "Orator of the Plains." Through the influence of these two chiefs the Kiowas came in and settled on their reservation around Fort Cobb in the Indian Territory.

It took five years more of fighting to bring the Cheyennes and Arapahoes to terms. Then, chastised and humbled, the remnants of these Colorado tribes were placed on a reservation in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

## CHAPTER XII

### TROUBLES WITH THE UTES

FROM time immemorial the Utes (or Utahs) had lived in the mountains of Colorado and Utah. The latter state was named after them.

The Utes desired the mountains for themselves. They resented intrusion, either by white men or by plains Indians. Here and there a trapper of the early days mixed with the tribesmen of the Rockies and formed friendships with them. Even then he was not secure. Familiar as he was with their customs and habits, he incurred the risk of being murdered. A considerable number of the traders who ventured into the Rocky Mountains sooner or later lost their lives, either by treachery or by violence, at the hands of the red men.

No amount of intercourse with savages gives a white man perfect knowledge of them. Their ways of thinking are different from ours, and even the most experienced "squaw man" could not always foretell what his red friends might do next.

In the early fifties the seven principal bands of Utes in the central and western portions of Colorado numbered some ten thousand. A half cen-



OURAY, CHIEF OF THE UTES

tury later they had been reduced to about twenty-six hundred, including those on the Uinta and Green River reservations in northeastern Utah.

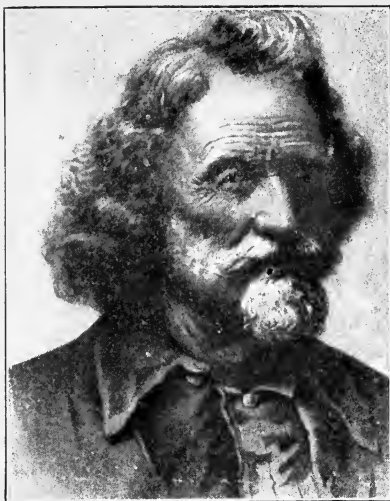
The Colorado Utes waged a relentless warfare against the Navajoes of New Mexico. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes of the plains

were their inveterate enemies, and made frequent incursions into the mountain parks and fastnesses for ponies and scalps. The Utes retaliated by making raids upon their hostile neighbors, sometimes going as far eastward as the Kansas line.

While many Ute Indians were peaceably inclined toward the whites, some of them were so ruffianly that they got the name of "Thugs of the Rocky Mountains." Not all of them deserved to be so called. They certainly were not guilty of some of the outrages laid at their doors. There were renegade white men who committed depredations and

murders. The Arapahoes frequently penetrated the mountains, and doubtless they perpetrated a number of the crimes with which the Utes were charged.

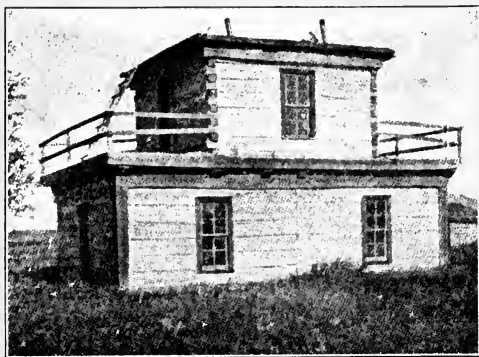
For one thing, it is not true that the Indians set fire to the mountain forests and destroyed millions of dollars'



JIM BAKER

worth of timber. Nearly all of the forest fires of 1879 were caused by the carelessness of white men. Reports of other malicious acts were either exaggerated or untrue. At the same time it is a fact that some of the redskins when drunk were a source of terror to the settlers in the mountain valleys and on the plains. The traders who sold them the "fire-water" should be held partly accountable for the evil deeds done by the intoxicated Indians. Whites also were unscrupulous enough to sell Indians firearms and ammunition, thus putting it in the power of the red man to harm settlers and immigrants.

Ouray (The Arrow) was the ablest Ute chief known to history. His record is an exceedingly creditable one. He ruled his people, the Tabequaches, with a rod of iron, but he had their interests at heart, and they deferred to his superior judgment. This chief realized the superlative folly of measuring arms with the United States



JIM BAKER'S FORTLIKE HOME

troops. Time and again in the Ute councils his voice was raised against war upon the whites. His influence extended far beyond his own band, and he was sometimes called "Head Chief of the Ute Nation." However, his authority was not recognized by some of the southern Utes. "Colorado owes so much to this Indian statesman that the debt bids fair to remain uncanceled."

Of a very different type was Chief Canache, whose band had its reservation in the Cochetopa Hills. His braves had the reputation of being bad men.

Some, not all, of the White River Utes were about as rough and quarrelsome as any of the red men with whom our nation has had trouble. Jim Baker, who erected a log house in northwestern Colorado in the early forties, found them very bothersome neighbors. He built a lookout station above his cabin, where he could observe the coming of hostiles and prepare for them. He had many a brush with redskins, and more than one narrow escape from destruction. The White Rivers were certainly as wild and fierce in the seventies as in the forties. They had the roaming habits of their ancestors, and were not disposed to stay on their reservation.

It should be said that there were Utes who behaved fairly well. Occasionally a chief could be found who had visited Washington and received a medal from the President, or a three-dollar watch. They knew the power of the United States government, and they hesitated to defy the authority of Uncle Sam. Piaah, chief of the Middle Park band, was a clever man in his way, and, among other commendable qualities was his good-will toward the whites. Chief Washington was a cunning, ugly scamp. Colorow was a big, blustering bully. Jack (sometimes called "Captain" Jack) was probably not so bad as he has been painted. Chief Medicine Man Johnson was a despicable, treacher-

ous specimen of a redskin. Douglass was, perhaps, the cleverest and meanest of them all. His eloquence gave him great influence in councils. He voiced the general sentiment of the Utes when he said: "White man work; Indian no work, but hunt."

Treaties and agreements with the Utes had been broken right and left by the United States, and the Indians had been badly treated by individuals who had trespassed on their lands. Soon after the discovery of gold, the valleys and gulches of the Rocky Mountains swarmed with prospectors and miners. Although the Indian title to the land had not been extinguished, the gold-hunters settled down upon the Ute heritage. The whites were warned off and, in some instances, fired upon by the Utes. The miners paid the Indians back in their own coin. "When they came prowling around our camp," said one, "we shot them down like wolves."

The government tried to smooth matters and prevent an open rupture by distributing presents among the wards of the nation. In 1863 the Tabequaches ceded a part of their lands in central Colorado, where the mining-camps were located. There was no serious difficulty with this tribe.

In 1868 Governor Hunt, Kit Carson, and N. G. Taylor arranged a treaty with the southern Utes, who were induced to relinquish a part of their



ancient domain. A broad strip in the southwest part of the territory was to be theirs forever; it extended as far east and north as Pagosa Springs. At that time the various Ute reservations on the western slope included, roughly speaking, about two elevenths of Colorado.

Again and again did miners and herders intrude upon the reservations in the San Juan country, and the patience of the Utes was sorely tried. Ouray was a firm friend of the whites, and he counseled the dissatisfied bucks to be peaceable, notwithstanding the injustice done them. The government used his influence in the control of unruly warriors, and paid him one thousand dollars a year for it.

Ours is a big government, and many things are neglected by it. The claims of white men, as well as those of red men, have to wait. Commissioners and Indian agents made promises, but Congress was slow in providing appropriations. The Ute, not knowing how affairs are managed at Washington, could not understand the delays occasioned by red tape. When years passed before he received the money due him, he thought deception was being practiced upon him. Under the circumstances the patience and forbearance of the untutored savage was remarkable.

By the terms of the Brunot Treaty of 1873 the

Utes were to receive annually the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Years passed, and not one dollar was appropriated by Congress. Naturally the tribesmen felt that they had been imposed upon. Valuable mining-land had been secured from them at a nominal price, and it looked like broken faith for Uncle Sam to run behind in his payments.

Meanwhile the Indians suffered for lack of the necessaries of life. By the chase the warriors supported their families, and the order requiring them to remain on the reservation cut them off from the best hunting-grounds. Though they continued peaceable, their patience was sorely tried. They were sensitive about the agreement, and resented the intrusion of squatters. There were disputes, too, over the boundaries of the reservations.

In the winter of 1875-6 affairs assumed a dangerous aspect, and the Legislative Assembly of Colorado Territory presented a memorial to Congress, calling the attention of that body to the grievances of the Utes, and asking that the payment be made, "in justice to the Utes, who have faithfully kept their portion of the contract, and have ever endeavored to live on friendly terms with the whites; in justice to the citizens of the United States residing in that section of Colorado, whose

lives and property are imperiled; and, finally, in justice to our common country, whose honor should be maintained inviolate, even in so small a matter as a treaty with a tribe of savages.”

The matter was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, and there it rested. Payment was delayed for years. In the meantime placer gold was found in the Ute Reservation, and citizens staked out claims in defiance of Ouray's protest. Near by the mining-camp was a choice piece of agricultural land, on which ranchers settled without so much as asking leave of the Indians who owned it. Already there were mutterings of an impending storm, and soon afterward the cry resounded through Colorado, “The Utes must go!” White men were pushing westward, and they wished that the Indians might be ousted so they could develop the country. It was by an unexpected train of events that they obtained their wish.

In the spring of 1878 Nathan C. Meeker, familiarly known as “Father Meeker,” was appointed agent for the White River Utes. He had taken an active part in the founding of Union Colony at Greeley, and was a highly respected man. Unfortunately, he had never had any experience in dealing with Indians, and the White River Utes were hard to manage.

Meeker was a benevolent old gentleman who

wished well to everybody. It was his aim to make the Indians self-supporting. He tried to teach them how to garden and farm. He wanted to educate and Christianize them. The Indian nature changes slowly, and he was in a hurry to civilize them.

It is a pity that Father Meeker made his experiment on the wrong class of Indians. He certainly meant well, and entered upon his self-imposed labors with enthusiasm. He made the blunder of supposing that he could improve them against their will. The Utes had not emerged from the hunter state, and were unwilling to learn to work. They were not disposed to travel the white man's road. They did not appreciate the agent's labors in their behalf. Like Marcus Whitman of Oregon, Meeker was a victim of misplaced confidence. It was a mistake to send him to that agency.

The bucks strongly objected to Meeker's program of field work; they preferred loafing, hunting, and horse-racing. There were some eight or ten men and youths from Greeley whom the agent had engaged to do blacksmithing, ditching, plowing, and other outdoor labors that he could not induce the warriors to do. The latter were fond of horse-racing, and were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement when Meeker set men to plowing a part of the land used for a race-track. They grumbled,

but the work went on until a bullet whizzed near the driver's ears. Then the agent in alarm complained to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

There were two factions among the White River Utes, and Meeker sided with first one and then the other. So the friction increased.

Before a year had passed Chief Jack demanded Meeker's removal. Other Utes had disagreements with the agent. One day Medicine Man Johnson in a fit of anger assaulted Meeker in the latter's house. The old man probably would have been killed but for the timely arrival of the white employees of the agency.

This was early in September, 1879. The agent telegraphed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that his life was in danger, and asked for soldiers to protect him from the rebellious savages. Governor Pitkin also was called upon for aid.

On September 24 Major T. T. Thornburgh, commandant at Fort Steele in southern Wyoming, started for the Ute agency. He had with him one hundred sixty men, mostly cavalry. On the way they were met by Jack and Colorow with ten braves. The chiefs denied the charge that the Indians had been acting badly; they proposed that Thornburgh with an escort of five men accompany them to the agency and investigate before the command was permitted to enter the reservation. Remem-

bering the fate of Canby, he was afraid to trust himself with them, and halted two days near the northern edge of the reservation.

On the morning of the 29th the three companies continued their march to Red Cañon, a narrow ravine in the northern part of Rio Blanco County, about twenty-five miles northeast of the agency. Where the winding trail crosses Milk Creek they fell into an ambush. The road here is hemmed in on either side by two ranges of bluffs, and on these the warriors, numbering more than two hundred fifty, had intrenched themselves. They had dug out loopholes, and were not only concealed but shielded from the fire of the cavalymen. It was a complete trap.

The troops had just forded the stream, and the thirty-three wagons of the supply train were a quarter of a mile in the rear. Lieutenant Cherry discovered the presence of Indians on a ridge, and with fifteen men he approached within two hundred yards, intending to ask for a parley. He waved his hat, and was answered with a murderous volley.

The fight had now begun in real earnest, and the supply train was stampeded. No redskins were in sight, but the reports of Winchesters and Sharp's rifles rang out in all directions. The hostiles were posted in several advantageous positions on both sides of the cañon, and they poured a cross fire into

the advancing column. They were desperate, and the skirmish was a sharp one.

A horde of savages rushed down from the heights and cut off the wagon train. Seeing this move, Major Thornburgh at the head of twenty mounted men wheeled and attacked them; exposed to a galling fire from the bluffs, he gallantly dashed forward to his death. The surviving soldiers valiantly fought their way back to the wagons and began fortifying, using wagons and boxes as a breastwork. Thornburgh was struck by five or six balls, and died immediately. Eleven of his followers were killed, and forty wounded. The fallen commander's scalp was the only one taken. During the fight twenty-three Utes were killed and several wounded. Some sixteen more were killed in the course of the next few days.

Under cover of darkness, the scout, Joe Rankin, set out on horseback for relief. He made a wonderful ride, covering the one hundred sixty miles to Rawlins in twenty-eight hours. On the second night of the siege another courier was sent out with despatches. For six days the beleaguered troops stubbornly held their ground, until Colonel Wesley Merritt's force of six hundred men arrived and raised the dreadful siege. On the day after the ambushade the hostiles had vainly tried to dislodge the brave soldiers from their breastwork by set-

ting fire to the dry grass and sagebrush to the windward of their position. No water could be obtained, but the men fought the flames heroically and smothered them with sacks and blankets. Their plight was pitiable in the extreme when succor came. The veteran Indian fighter, Colonel Merritt, was so affected by the sight of the dead and wounded that he wept like a child. Others gave way to tears. The redskins suddenly vanished.

On the day of the attack on the agency Meeker telegraphed Washington: "Indians propose to fight if troops advance." He had communicated with Captain Dodge, who was at Steamboat Springs with a company of colored cavalry, and he expected Thornburgh to bring the command within striking distance before any consultation with the red men should be held. His idea seems to have been to overawe them with a show of force.

This was the last straw. The Utes believed Meeker was their enemy. He would not comply when they asked him to keep the troops outside the reservation until a conference could be held. Possibly it would have been better if Thornburgh and Meeker had yielded to this demand of the chiefs. They mistrusted the agent and decided to checkmate his moves.

Douglass and a score or so of warriors were



camped near the agency. An Indian mounted upon a fleet pony brought them word of the ambushade. They kept the news a secret and prepared for action. A buck sneaked in and stole the agency rifles. Whiskey had been procured somewhere, and the drunken savages suddenly fell upon the whites without warning. It was about half-past one in the afternoon, and the employees of the agency were busy as usual, suspecting nothing till the firing began. Meeker and his assistants were slain in cold blood before they could lay hands on any weapons to defend themselves. Only one escaped, the bearer of messages for Thornburgh; this man had left a short time before the massacre. There were, besides, three freighters and two traders in the vicinity who met death. In all, the victims of the red men's vengeance numbered at least fifteen or sixteen.

The agency buildings were pillaged and burned. Mrs. Meeker, her daughter Josephine, and Mrs. Price hid in an adobe building used for a milk-house. While the Indians were busy taking out goods, the ladies tried to escape to the sagebrush. They were seen; a wild yell arose as the bucks rushed after them. A volley was fired to frighten the fleeing women. A stray ball hit Mrs. Meeker, inflicting a slight flesh wound, and she fell to the ground.

“Come to me,” called out a brave to Miss Mecker. “No shoot you.”

“No kill white squaw,” another assured Mrs. Price, who was afraid of being burned. Her two young children and the women were taken prisoners and kept in captivity until October 21. While unharmed, they underwent many hardships and privations.

At the time Ouray with his band was on a hunting expedition. As soon as he heard of the uprising he sent a letter to the White River chiefs, telling them to stop fighting. The vindictive Utes, having got rid of their obnoxious agent, were ready for peace. The captives were given up, but the tribesmen would not surrender the men guilty of the attack on Thornburgh and the massacre of the agency people. They were never punished.

Now the cry went up with redoubled energy, “The Utes must go!” The final outcome of the trouble was the removal of the White River bands to the Uinta Reservation, in 1881. Ouray had repeatedly declared that he would never leave the mountains, but the death of the old chief in 1880 made the way clear for the removal of the Tabequaches and Uncompahgres to a new reservation on Green River in Utah.

History repeats itself. As the tide of emigration rolled westward a century ago, the tribes of

Ohio and Indiana had to move on. Then the red men of the Mississippi valley were ousted, to make way for the palefaces who coveted their lands. The day of doom at last came for the plains savages. Within the memory of living men the Indians of Colorado were forced to leave their hunting-grounds.

There is a pathetic side to it, and yet this migration of a lower race had to be. The red men were not a class fitted to survive. Human nature being what it is, the Indian had to go under. The aborigines have gone, but their names cling to streams and mountains, to towns and counties of our commonwealth. Yampa, Saguache, Manitou, Arapahoe and other expressive names remind us of a people who once lived here, but are gone forever.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE MINES OF COLORADO

FOR many years Colorado has led all the states in the production of the precious metals. Since 1900 its output of gold and silver has been upward of one third or one fourth of the total annual product of the mines of the United States. The industry is widespread; in twenty-four out of Colorado's fifty-nine counties the mining of precious metals is carried on extensively. Hollister writes:

“It was the commercial collapse of 1857, that set many adventurous spirits in the then West peering into the obscurity beyond them for a new field of enterprise. A party of Cherokee Indians, traveling overland to California in 1852, via the Arkansas River and along the eastern base of the Sierra Madre to the North Platte at Fort Laramie, by some means found gold in the banks of Ralston Creek, a small affluent of the Vasquez Fork of the South Platte, emptying into it near its mouth; and each year thereafter parties of Cherokees had gone out and prospected the streams in the vicinity of what is now Denver City. At last they were successful; they obtained a few dollars' worth of the

glittering dust, which they carried home late in 1857, exhibiting it freely as they passed through Nebraska and Kansas.

“The report of a new land of gold in the West spread like an epidemic through the country drained by the Missouri River, and soon traveled far beyond. These Indians appear to have gone home and told their story on the confines of the Gulf of Mexico, for Georgians were among the first to seek the new gold country.

“On the 9th of February, 1858, W. G. Russell, with a party of nine men, left the State of Georgia with a view of prospecting the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre along the heads of the South Platte, from Pike’s Peak to the Black Hills. They arrived on the head of Cherry Creek about the 1st of June. They prospected Cherry Creek, the Platte, and its affluents as far north as Cache a la Poudre, without finding anything satisfactory. They returned to the Platte, and about five miles up a small creek which puts into the Platte seven miles south of the mouth of Cherry Creek, a fine prospect one evening rewarded their labors and enlivened their hopes. They dug large holes in the wet sand, put their ‘rockers’ down in them, and dipping in water with cups washed out in a few days several hundred dollars’ worth of gold. As soon as they got to work, some of the party re-

turned to Kansas with the news. Pike's Peak was the nearest notable natural object, and so the new gold field—the Dorado of many feverish dreams—took its name from that.”

The coming of Green Russell in 1858 gave a marked impetus to the quest of treasure-trove in



THE GREAT MINING-DISTRICTS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN COLORADO

Colorado, although no gold to amount to anything was found in the Rocky Mountains before the spring of the following year.

To George A. Jackson, a Missourian who had been to California, belongs the distinction of making the first important discovery of placer gold,

near the present site of Idaho Springs, in Clear Creek County. While prospecting at the mouth of Chicago Creek in January, 1859, he made what he considered a valuable find.

When winter was over Jackson returned at the head of a party of twenty-two men, who washed out nineteen hundred dollars' worth of gold dust during the first week of May.

About the same time numerous other parties set out and prospected the streams and gulches in the mountainous country some thirty or thirty-five miles west of Denver. Among them was John H. Gregory of Georgia, who was "grubstaked" by David K. Wall, then a recent arrival in Golden. With two men Gregory journeyed to the gulch that bears his name, where he had seen indications of gold in the winter. On May 6 they shoveled away the ice and snow, and Gregory dug up a panful of dirt. It panned out four dollars' worth of colors. That night he could not sleep—he was so dazed and excited by his good luck. He and his companions staked out claims, and in three days they had gold amounting to nearly one thousand dollars.

Gregory was now a rich man. He sold his claims for twenty-one thousand dollars and forthwith engaged at prospecting for others at two hundred dollars a day. The gold-bearing lode

that he discovered afterward yielded millions of dollars. Gilpin County, where Gregory Gulch is located, has been from that time a great producer of the precious metals; its mines have been credited with nearly ninety millions' worth. Clear Creek County, the scene of Jackson's operations, has passed the ninety-million mark. These pioneer miners builded better than they knew.

The reports of the discoveries traveled fast and far, causing a rush to Jackson's Diggings and Gregory Gulch. An immense army of men invaded the Rockies, searching for the golden fleece.

Mining-camps sprang up in the valleys and on the mountainsides. A party exploring in the foothills and outlying spurs of the Front Range founded a colony that grew into the town of Boulder. Another crowd of gold-seekers established Fairplay. Black Hawk, Central City, and other towns had their rise at that time; they were at first only collections of canvas tents and covered wagons. Some of them were deserted as soon as the gullies and arroyos in the vicinity were denuded of auriferous soil.

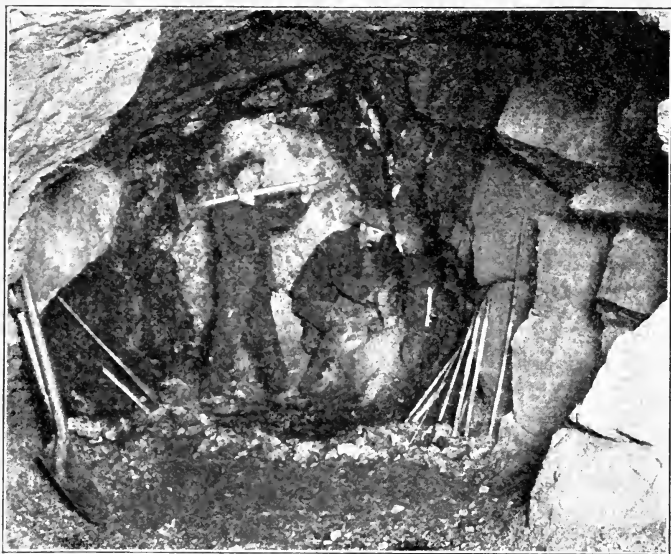
Fate now smiled on Green Russell, who "struck it rich" in the gulch named after him. Others made their fortunes out of the gold-bearing gravel of Gilpin County.

The free gold cleaned up from Colorado's placers



in 1858 was only a trifle; in 1859 it amounted to more than six hundred thousand dollars' worth. During the next four years over nine millions' worth was obtained. Placer mining was becoming less lucrative, and the mining industry was on the wane until the era of lode-shaft mining began in 1868. Up to that year the total yield of Colorado gold did not amount to thirty million dollars, while that of Nevada was estimated at one hundred millions, and the product of California's mines aggregated nine hundred millions. As gold was at a high premium in 1864, these estimates probably are over the mark.

It was a simple process, that of obtaining the gold dust mixed with sand and gravel, in the days of primitive mining. Where there was a running stream, a sluice box was used, or the pan. The heavy particles of gold remained at the bottom when the dirt had been washed away. These shining grains had been disintegrated and worn away from veins in the mountainsides. While the principal uplift of the Rockies took place later than that of the Appalachian Mountains, it occurred long ago, very long ago. The mineral zones of the hills and mountains are bisected by gold-bearing lodes and veins that are gradually worn away by the action of floods and freshets in arroyos. For hundreds of thousands of years erosion has gone on, and the



DOWN IN A GOLD MINE

minute particles of gold have been liberated and deposited in the crevices of rocks or along the beds of streams. It was this gold, which had been accumulating during the ages, that the early miners gathered in

In course of time, as the gulches became "slicked out," prospectors were led to seek the veins higher up whence the free gold had come. Quartz-mining developed naturally from placer mining. The quantity of the yellow metal found on the surface of auriferous ground was but a drop in the

bucket compared with the gold ore in the rock-ribbed hills and mountains.

Gold nuggets or lumps of gold are now seldom found; the metal as it occurs in lodes is usually mixed with baser minerals, or it is imbedded in solid rock and has to be extracted by smelting or milling processes. The building of smelters in 1868 gave a wonderful impetus to "lead" or lode mining in Colorado. The outcropping veins were followed underground, tunnels were dug, shafts sunk, the rock was drilled and blasted, and the broken pieces of ore hauled to the surface, thence to be transported by pack-mules or in wagons to the smelter. So, when the gold in gulches had become exhausted, the bowels of the mountains were made to yield up their precious treasure hidden from sight.

At first stamp mills or arrastras were used to grind up masses of rock containing free gold. Later various methods were employed in extracting the yellow metal in refractory ores. Then smelting establishments were erected. The opening of the first smelter, at Black Hawk in 1868, was an epoch-making event in Colorado's history.

Already silver had been mined to some extent in the country around Georgetown and Silver Plume. Improved machinery was used in developing deep mines. So the mining industry grew. As yet there

were no railways in the territory, and so great was the cost of transportation that only the richest ores could be handled to advantage.

Smiley says: "The gold-district of Colorado, that is, the region in which gold is found in its original place in the rocks, is about three hundred miles long by one hundred wide, all in the center and western mountainous part of the state. Twenty counties rank as regular gold-producers. The silver distribution is all within the same area, but is not so general over it as the gold, the white metal seeming to have had a disposition to concentrate in extraordinary richness in certain localities. Much of the gold and silver ore carries lead and copper in varying quantities."

The advent of the Union Pacific to Denver in 1870 and the building of various other railroads thereafter in the heart of the territory gave a mighty uplift to the mining industry.

The reputed rich finds of gold and silver in the "San Juan Country" caused a rush to this productive region in the early seventies. Camps were established at Ouray and Silverton. Placer claims were staked out by hundreds and lode claims by thousands. The development of these properties, though some of them were exceedingly valuable, was slow before the completion of railways to the southwestern part of Colorado. For a score of

years San Juan and the adjoining counties have yielded up an enormous production of silver, gold, lead, and copper.

As long ago as 1859 the pioneer gold-seekers found their way to Lake County. From California Gulch and other fields in this section more than ten million dollars' worth of gold was taken before 1865. Then there was a decline.

Many of the men who came to the Pike's Peak country had had no experience at mining, and they went at it in a haphazard, wasteful way. From working placer beds they turned their attention to lodes and veins. Here, as elsewhere, rich ore pockets were found only to be abandoned before the miner had gone deep enough to determine whether there were any pay streaks or not. Some miners had to give up for lack of capital or on account of the scarcity of water. Others lost their all through blunders.

As the years passed, the need was felt for scientific training, and the School of Mines was founded at Golden. Here students are thoroughly grounded in geology, metallurgy, and allied subjects pertaining to mining. This technical institution, established in 1874 by legislative enactment, is the pride of the state; it has played an important part in promoting the mineral industry.

In the seventies the United States Geological

Surveying parties, under the direction of Professor F. V. Hayden, did a good work in making known the topographical and geological features of the Rocky Mountains. The published reports contain a wealth of information. Afterward Emmons, Lakes, and other geologists made more careful researches, which have been of inestimable service to prospectors. The mining engineer, the chemist, and the electrician all have had a share in making a success of present-day mining.

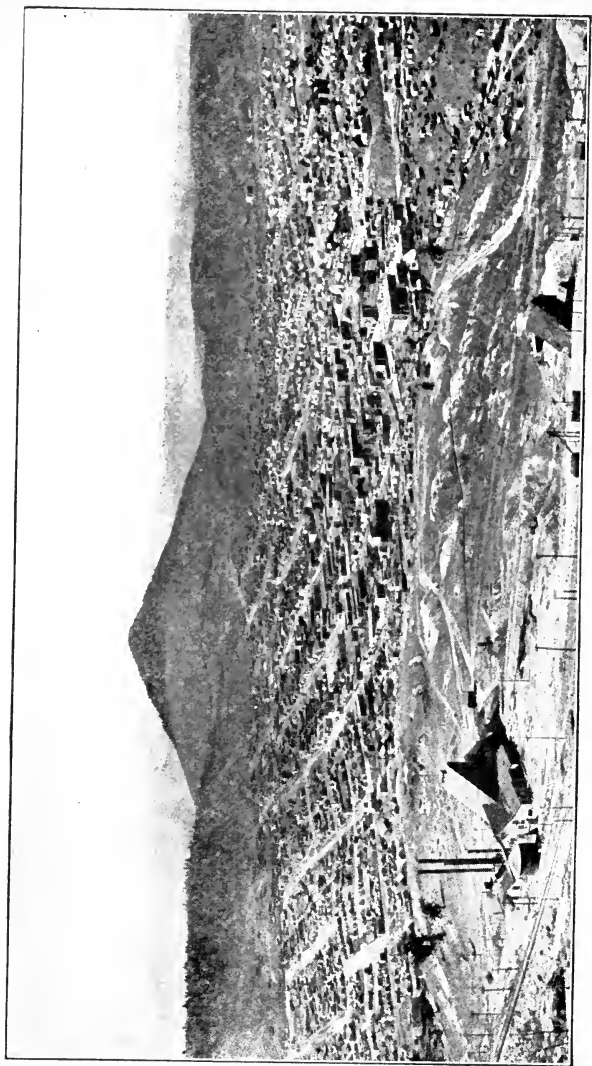
It was not till 1874 that the value of lead-silver ores was discovered. That year marks the opening of a new era in the mining industry of Colorado. The abundance of lead carbonates carrying silver caused a boom in the almost deserted California Gulch. A populous city sprang up that was named Leadville from the argentiferous lead ores found here. In a short time it became known as one of the greatest mining camps in the world. After the falling-off in the production of the Comstock in Nevada, it became the most important silver-producer in the whole West. In 1890 it had given the nation nearly one hundred fifty million dollars' worth of gold and silver.

Leadville nestles at the western base of the Mosquito Range, on the upper edge of a gently-sloping mesa. Nearly two miles above sea level, it commands a fine view of the Arkansas valley and

of the Sawatch Mountains. The Mount of the Holy Cross overshadows it, and thirty miles to the north is Gore's Range (named in honor of a British nobleman who came to the Rockies on a hunting expedition in 1856).

For many years the "Carbonate City" has been an important smelting center. Here is located one of the largest smelters in the world. The slump in silver in 1893 was followed by a period of depression, but the enterprising citizens turned their attention to gold, lead, and zinc. The silver-lead deposits are found at no great depth on the western slope of the Mosquito Range; they were formed in the geological age before the mountain upheaval at the close of the Cretaceous period. In 1900 the city had a population of over twelve thousand.

With the rise of Leadville the day of small things in mining was past. Areas bearing free gold had been gleaned almost to the last ounce; the gold pan and the crude appliances of the pioneer were cast aside. Placer mining gave way to the search for lead-silver ores. Lake County stands next to Teller as an ore-producing county. The annual product has varied from ten to fifteen million dollars. The principal value of the ores is in silver, lead, and zinc rather than in gold. The bulk of Colorado's supply of zinc comes from this county.



CRIPPLE CREEK



The neighboring mining region of Aspen, in Pitkin County, is related to that of Leadville. Silver mining has been the great industry of this camp. Ouray, San Juan, and Mineral counties have also been large producers of the white metal. During a period of eighteen years (1877-94) Colorado's output of silver exceeded that of its gold. It fairly earned the name, sometimes applied to Nevada, of the "Silver State."

Mineral County has a unique history. Prior to 1890 it was an unknown section; the railroad came in 1891; in the winter of 1891-2 it was the scene of the wildest excitement, caused by the big shipment of high-grade ores from Creede; early in 1893 it was created a county. The ore of this region is a fine-grained amethystine quartz, carrying gold, silver, lead, and zinc. The main deposits occur in strong fissure veins.

Ouray is the banner mining county in the southwestern part of the state. It was originally a part of the Ute Reservation, and the mining camp that grew up in 1876 was named in honor of the noble Indian chief. In 1877 the county was created. The completion of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway from Montrose to Ouray in 1887 was followed by a period of activity in mining, chiefly in gold.

For a number of years in the past decade San

Miguel County has almost equaled Ouray in the production of gold and silver. Its output of the white metal in 1905-7 exceeded that of Ouray County. Telluride is the supplying and distributing point for the gold and silver area of the San Miguel Mountains. This district now ranks third as a producer of gold, yielding over three million dollars' worth in 1907.

The Cripple Creek mining district lies to the southwest of Pike's Peak, in Teller County. While it includes about one hundred thirty square miles, the noted mines are congregated in the hills and valleys within an area six miles square. In 1890 it was a cow pasture; now it is the most important gold camp in the United States. The story of its rise reads more like a romance than history. During the past ten years its output has varied from twelve to eighteen millions a year, or nearly two thirds of the aggregate of Colorado's gold. It is a veritable Golconda. There are a hundred different mines here, some of them having shafts more than fifteen hundred feet deep. The fame of Cripple Creek has been made by such mines as the Portland, El Paso, Stratton's Independence, Findlay, Elkton, Vindicator, Strong, Gold Coin, Mary McKinney, and Isabella.

The district is divided into a dozen settlements; of these, Cripple Creek and Victor are leading

centers, and they are in almost every sense metropolitan. The altitude of Cripple Creek is over nine thousand feet; the temperature falls to the freezing-point almost every night in July. In 1900 the town had a population of ten thousand.



UNITED STATES MINT AT DENVER

For half a century Colorado has been a contributor to the world's store of the precious metals. During the fifty years from 1858 to 1907, the output of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc aggregated more than a billion dollars' worth. This estimate is not based upon inflated reports, but upon the carefully compiled figures of the State

Bureau of Mines. The production of gold in this period is in round numbers four hundred twenty-five million dollars' worth, and that of silver is slightly less. Two thirds of the eight hundred odd millions has come from the bonanza camps of Leadville and Cripple Creek.

In 1900 there were 40,000 men engaged in the mining industry of Colorado; of these over one third were working in the Leadville and Cripple Creek districts. There are more than a hundred mining camps in the state. With all the inventions and mechanical appliances that have come into vogue of late years, and with the increased knowledge of experts who have made a life study of mining, there is still a large element of uncertainty in underground enterprises; nevertheless, mining comes much nearer being a science to-day than it was a decade ago.

The gold production of the world in 1906 was four hundred million dollars' worth. Of this total the Transvaal produced nearly one hundred twenty millions. The United States ranked second among the gold-producing countries, yielding ninety-six millions. Of this grand total Colorado's share was nearly one fourth.

Denver is the leading mining center of the West. It is the greatest ore market of the Rocky Mountain States. Here are the large smelters. The



PANNING GOLD

Queen City has more mining offices than Salt Lake or San Francisco. Besides the laborers in the mills and the employees of the United States Mint, there is an army of men who get their living directly or indirectly from the mines—capitalists, promoters, assayers, engineers, and others.

Colorado has other mineral resources of untold value—lead, copper, zinc, iron, coal, marble, and building stone.

One fourth of the total output of lead in the United States is produced by Colorado. It is obtained by the smelting of ores carrying gold and silver. The yield of the past thirty-five years amounts to one hundred forty million dollars' worth.

Copper has been obtained to the value of twenty-two millions, and the output of zinc has brought the mine-owners nearly as much during the past five years. In Pitkin, Saguache, and other counties are large deposits of iron of superior quality. The Leadville manganiferous ores are shipped to the mills of South Chicago and to the steel works of Pueblo. The output of manganiferous iron in 1906 was worth half a million dollars.

Colorado stands fifth in rank of the coal-producing states. Her coal fields embrace territory to the extent of eighteen thousand square miles. Every variety of coal is found, but the area of anthracite is small. Only a beginning has been made in developing the quarries of the Centennial State, which are rich in lava stones, sandstones, granite, and marble. The search for the golden fleece still goes on. The ore bodies of the Rockies are far from being exhausted. For a long time to come the ledges and quarries will yield up riches beyond the wildest dreams of the Fifty-niners.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE RAILROADS OF COLORADO

THE building of the first transcontinental railroad was followed by the construction of a branch line from Cheyenne to Denver. It was opened June 15, 1870, and in August the Kansas Pacific was finished to the Queen City. September saw the Colorado Central built to Golden. These were the beginnings of railroad building in Colorado Territory. In 1871 the Denver and Rio Grande Company was at work laying tracks to connect Denver with the towns of the plains and mountains. The task of conquering the Rockies had begun.

In 1872 the Colorado Central was extended to Black Hawk; then to Central City. In 1877 a road was constructed to Georgetown. Afterward these lines and others were merged into the Colorado and Southern System.

Meanwhile the surveyors of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, following in the footsteps of Captain John W. Gunnison, marked out a route along the historic Sante Fé trail; and in 1876 the road was finished to Pueblo. In 1882 the Burlington Missouri entered Denver.

On the plains grading was comparatively easy. The building of mountain roads was a different matter; the construction engineers of the Denver and Rio Grande encountered tremendous obstacles, and it taxed their ingenuity to the utmost to overcome them. Beginning with the line from Denver to Colorado Springs, in 1871, the Rio Grande has grown into a great system including branch lines in Colorado and Utah, a great deal of it being in mountainous country. The "Scenic Line" passes over ranges two miles high, and threads its way through cañons a half mile deep. In many places distances have been lessened by driving tunnels through the mountains; the one under Tennessee Pass, twenty-five hundred feet long, saves a climb of four hundred feet.

It is a fact worthy of note that the surveyors and the advance guard of workmen were not harassed by Indians, as were the laborers on the Union Pacific in the sixties. There was no interference to speak of by the Utes. However much the red man was opposed to it, he seemed to realize that his feeble resistance would not avail to arrest the onward progress of the iron horse.

Rome was not built in a day. More than thirty years were consumed in constructing the main lines and branches of the Rio Grande System. For hundreds of miles where the grades were steep

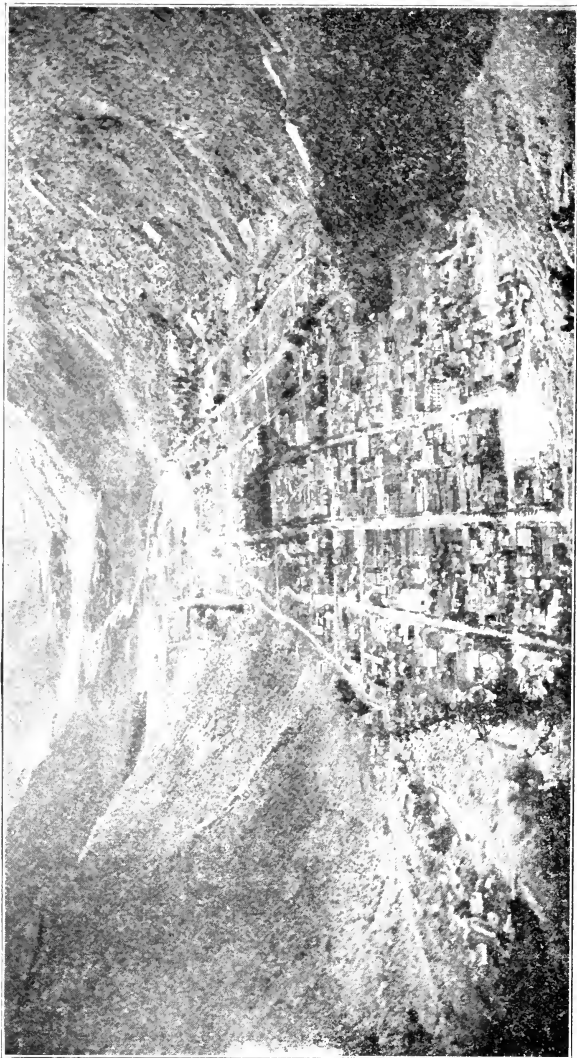


the tracks were narrow gage. The undertaking was a tremendous one. In marking out the routes the construction engineers turned to account the explorations of Fremont and Gunnison.

In the meantime the Colorado and Southern and the Midland were engaged in extending their roads through the picturesque backbone of the continent. In some cases they followed the Indian trails through the defiles of the mountains. Lastly, the Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific, commonly called "The Moffat Road," was started. These railways are in the heart of the Rockies, and climb stupendous heights. It required "a power of work" to span chasms with bridges and blast roadbeds out of the sides of the cliffs.

The Cordilleran Range in Colorado is literally humped like a camel. The states to the north have no such mountains. Nowhere else on this continent, except in Alaska and Mexico, are there peaks so high as Massive and Elbert. The transcontinental lines to the north and south found passes in Wyoming, Montana, and New Mexico ranging from seven thousand to nine thousand feet in height, and the stations in the Sierras are no higher. In Colorado the railways ascend to many points above the clouds.

It is no easy matter to build mountain railroads. The expenditures for bridges, trestles, tunnels,



GEORGETOWN, FROM LEAVENWORTH PEAK

Courtesy Colorado & Southern Ry.

loops, etc., are simply enormous. A well-known case in point is the far-famed Georgetown Loop, on the Colorado and Southern. As a railway of standard gage can rise only a certain number of feet in a mile, the line of track circles about in a serpentine trail, gradually rising higher and higher between Georgetown and Silver Plume. To make the ascent of seven hundred feet and a distance of only one mile by wagon road, the train climbs around and around four and one tenth miles of rail, crossing Clear Creek eighteen times. The track on the high bridge is seventy-five feet above the track under the bridge. The steepest grade is one hundred ninety-five feet to the mile. The Loop cost from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a mile. At Alpine Pass, where the Southern surmounts the dome of the Continent, the cost of the track was about \$50,000 a mile. The average expenditure of some thirty miles or more of the Moffat Road has been estimated at \$125,000 a mile. Owing to the construction difficulties met in the Animas Cañon, the outlay for a mile of track north of Rockwood aggregated about \$140,000.

The Rio Grande crosses and recrosses the Continental Divide, making grades of two hundred eleven feet to the mile, which is the limit for a standard gage road. From Antonito to Chama the track winds around the mountains, doubling

upon itself, until it makes a distance of sixty-four miles. The air line between these two points is about thirty-five miles. Instead of curving around a mountain summit, it is sometimes better to tunnel through it and make a short cut to the other side. Thus Toltec Tunnel was driven through the granite for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. So solid is the rock that no props are needed to uphold the mass above. As the train rolls out of the tunnel, it passes directly upon a bridge set in the wall of stone, and this firm balcony of masonry is all that keeps the passenger coaches from falling fifteen hundred feet.

Another instance of marvelous engineering skill is the hanging bridge in Royal Gorge, where the cañon is too narrow for both road and river. By means of huge iron braces fastened to the walls of the chasm (fifty feet wide at this point) an iron bridge is held in suspension, and strong iron bars depending therefrom hold the track in place at the base of a cliff two thousand six hundred feet high. Through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison River the road is built for miles on a shelf blasted out of the rocky wall.

A daring piece of work was the building of the first mile north of Rockwood in the Animas Cañon. The wall in this defile of natural masonry was smooth and vertical for almost a thousand feet

from its base. "From that height were seen hanging spider-web-like ropes, down which men, seeming not much larger than ants, were slowly descending, while others, perched upon narrow shelves in the face of the cliff, or in trifling niches from which their only egress was by dangling ropes, sighted through their theodolites from one ledge to the other, and directed where to place the dabs of paint indicating the intended roadbed. Similarly suspended, the workmen followed the engineers, drilling holes for blasting, and tumbling down loose fragments, until they had won a foothold for working in a less extraordinary manner. Ten months of steady labor were spent on this cañon-cutting—months of work on the brink of yawning abysses and in the midst of falling rocks—yet not one serious accident occurred.

"Often it seemed as though another hair's breadth or a straw's weight would have sent me headlong over the edge," said the chief engineer. The shelf of the roadbed was thus made, midway between the top and bottom of the red granite precipice, about five hundred feet above the river.

The Ophir Loop in the San Miguel Mountains is an intricate maze of meandering lines and abrupt curves. Up the ascent of Marshall Pass, on the serrated crest of North America, the train, with



UTE PASS PALISADES, NEAR MANITOU

two powerful engines attached, climbs grades of two hundred eleven feet to the mile until the ridge of the Saguache Range is attained, at a height of more than two miles. Here the traveler gets a

remarkable view of majestic mountains in all directions. To the west is the Pacific slope, and to the east is the Atlantic slope in the valley of the Arkansas.

Hagerman Pass, on the Midland, reaches a still higher point. To the east, between Hagerman and Leadville, is Busk Tunnel, two miles long, cut two thousand feet below the mountain-top. A little to the north is Hell Gate, which presented almost insuperable obstacles to the construction engineer. With the utmost difficulty the material was transported, on the backs of burros, up the steep mountain trails. Men were lowered by ropes over the brows of cliffs two thousand feet high, and there, dangling like painters near the roof of a skyscraper, they blasted a roadbed out of the rocky front of the gorge. In Hell Gate Loop the train goes around fourteen miles to make a descent of only half a mile. The steep grades require three heavy locomotives to haul freight trains.

The Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, usually called the Short Line, stands in a class by itself. It was purposely constructed on high mountain-slopes, rather than in ravines and valleys, in order that the largest number of scenic attractions might be obtained. On the Short Line the traveler looks down into Cheyenne Cañon and other gorges; he gazes across stretches of country

with wondrous heights and depths in every direction.

Some details of construction are given to show the difficulty of building a mountain railroad. For a large part of the way the roadbed was cut out of the granite on the east and south sides of Pike's Peak. The track is forty-five miles long, while the air line between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek is nineteen miles. The bends and windings back and forth make up the extra distance. There are spiral curves and horseshoe curves by the score, spanning the yawning abysses and twisting around the mountains. One of the most difficult engineering achievements on the line was effected between Duffield and St. Peter's Dome, three miles of track being laid to gain a distance of sixteen hundred feet and an elevation of five hundred forty feet.

From Fountain Creek near Manitou the road follows the Front Range of the Rockies to Summit, a distance of nine miles by air line, with an elevation of almost four thousand feet. Because of the rugged and precipitous character of the country the construction engineer found it necessary to develop twenty-one miles of line between the two points nine miles apart. He ran about one hundred miles of preliminary lines in locating the best line for the route.

Less difficulty was encountered in the undulating



surface of the western half of the line. Nine tunnels were bored through granite and hard rock formations, the longest tunnel being five hundred thirty-two feet. While the roadbed was being built immense masses of rock slid down the slope upon it, greatly hindering the work. The highest point on the line is Hoosier Pass, which affords a magnificent panorama of mountains and valleys. The two-and-a-half hours' ride over this high railway presents a series of views of unexcelled beauty and sublimity.

The Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific is said to be the highest railway in North America. It makes a short cut from Denver to Salt Lake, traversing Middle Park and portions of northwestern Colorado. In the ranges of Colorado the roadbed is hewn away from the crags a great deal of the way; in the distance of thirty-five miles are twenty-nine tunnels. Sixty-six miles west of Denver trains pass through a tunnel over two and a half miles long at an altitude of almost ten thousand feet. In other places immense snow sheds serve to protect the track, or it would be buried in snow forty feet deep. The road crosses the Divide at an elevation of over eleven thousand feet, the highest point reached by a standard gage railroad in this country. It passes through some of the grandest scenery in the world.



CROSSING THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE IN COLORADO

Courtesy Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Ry.

The fame of Pike's Peak has gone to the ends of the earth, and associated with its greatness is the Cog Wheel Route, by which name the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway is best known. It was built in 1889-90 to enable people to scale the peak without undergoing the fatigue of climbing up the trail. It is nine miles long, and in this distance it overcomes an elevation of over seven thousand feet. In the middle of the track are the two Abt rack rails forming a ladder of notched teeth, to which the cog-wheel clings. These rails are made of the best Bessemer steel, and are eighty inches long. The roadbed, from fifteen to twenty-two

feet wide, is for the most part of solid rock, and the track is firmly anchored. The track is standard gage, like that on Mount Washington. The locomotive pushes the car up and precedes it going down.

A similar undertaking was the building of the tourist line on the flanks of Gray's Peak to the top of Mount McClellan, which is a near neighbor of Torrey and Mount Evans. The Argentine Central Railway was opened for traffic in the summer of 1906. It traverses the crest of the Continental Divide, and snow-crowned pinnacles meet the traveler's gaze on every hand. Long's, Pike's, Blanca, the Mount of the Holy Cross, and other lofty peaks in the different ranges of the Rockies may be seen. The locomotive is specially constructed for the purpose, its pulling power being double that of the ordinary engine of the same weight.

## CHAPTER XV

### IRRIGATION IN COLORADO

EGYPT is the gift of the Nile. It is equally true that agriculture in Colorado is the gift of its rivers, which bring down from the mountains the waters that make fruitful the plains and valleys. Before 1870 there was no farming to speak of in Colorado. There was some gardening in the mountain valleys and stock raising on the plains, but agriculture was chiefly of the pastoral kind until the Union Colony at Greeley attacked in earnest the problem of irrigation. The founding of this colony in 1870 was the beginning of a new epoch in Colorado's history. The conquest of the Great American Desert was at hand.

Hitherto attempts at artificial watering of crops had been made on a small scale, but the methods employed were crude and results were small, though encouraging. Nathan C. Meeker, the founder of Union Colony, had great faith in irrigation, with little practical knowledge of the subject, and his fellow colonists also were in the dark as to the amount of water needed and the means of getting it. "As to irrigation," Father Meeker

wrote in the *Greeley Tribune* (November 23, 1870), "all of our people think it makes farming a scientific instead of an uncertain pursuit." Some of them were not so hopeful as Mr. Meeker, yet they went ahead and after many blunders and failures they made irrigation a success.

Italy's experiments in irrigation helped the colony more than Utah's; the task was too big for the individual and had to be undertaken by the community. One ditch after another was constructed, not only in the Poudre valley, but elsewhere in the Centennial State. So great were the engineering difficulties in some instances that state aid or corporate capital was required for the building of canals and dams, the spanning of ravines with pipes and flumes, and for other expensive works, such as the cutting of tunnels through the rock.

As a result of the beginnings made by the Greeley farmers, a vast system of irrigation has grown up in the desert east of the Rockies. In the last decade the area of irrigated lands has been greatly extended, not only in the Poudre valley and the vicinity of Denver but in other parts of Colorado. At present the acreage under irrigation is greater than that in any other state, California ranking next. It is a noteworthy fact that of the total area of irrigated lands in the United States in 1902 Colorado had nearly one fifth.

The inroads already made on arid Colorado have brought the means of a livelihood to thousands of families. When the Gunnison Tunnel shall have been brought to successful completion, in 1909, a host of settlers will be provided with farms in the Uncompahgre valley. This is a government enterprise, but in other parts of the state private capital has been subscribed for the reclamation of barren ground, and in a few years there will be an increase of tens of thousands of irrigated farms. These openings have already attracted many home-seekers from eastern states and from foreign countries.

Like other Rocky Mountain states, Colorado has a dry climate. Its rainfall is deficient, being about one half of what prevails in the states on the Atlantic coast. In the farming regions of eastern Colorado the rainfall varies from six to fifteen inches per annum. In the Poudre valley the average rainfall is from eleven to twelve inches, two thirds of it falling in the months from April to August inclusive.

The mountains rob the plains of moisture. On the top of Pike's Peak the yearly precipitation, in the shape of snow and rain, is nearly forty inches, while at Denver it is fifteen inches. The mountain snows melt in springtime and swell the waters of the South Platte and Arkansas rivers, thus

producing occasional floods in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. This enormous waste of water can be prevented by storing it in reservoirs in the Rocky Mountain region, to be used for irrigating the prairies now insufficiently watered.

In the rain belt or the "Divide" (as the country east of Palmer Lake is called) there is often enough rainfall for raising good crops, but it is not to be depended upon regularly, one season and another. A wet year is apt to be followed by a year of drought. Farmers of the Divide are now realizing the advantages of irrigation, although it is less necessary for successful agriculture here than in other sections of eastern Colorado.

It is also to be remembered that the fall of rain and snow is unevenly distributed. Much of the precipitation comes suddenly in cloudbursts, so called, which swell dry creek beds into torrents. Soon the overflow of water disappears and is for the most part lost, unless saved by the forethought and devices of man. Some system of irrigation (with reservoirs, canals, dams, and ditches) is necessary to meet the conditions of the case.

To irrigation is largely due the development of the regions once supposed to be a wilderness almost as sterile as Sahara. It transforms the sagebrush plain into fields of wheat and potatoes. It makes the prairie tenfold more valuable for grazing.

It covers arid slopes with a luxuriant growth of alfalfa, which is by far the best forage for horses and cattle. It brings forth gardens and orchards, which are in some places more profitable even than field crops. In a word, irrigation makes farming a



IRRIGATING GRAIN, NEAR GREELEY

success in these arid wastes, for without it immense areas would be barren—not because the soil is unfertile, but because water is scarce. Irrigation makes possible scientific agriculture in place of the old-time haphazard style of farming.

In a sense farming is a success in the little mountain valleys adjacent to streams, where the eleva-



tion is not too high (from four thousand to six thousand feet). However, these green oases do not raise enough vegetables and grains for home consumption. The bulk of the farm products of Colorado comes from irrigated tracts in the extensive plains or parks watered by rivers and their tributaries.

The water supply of the state comes chiefly from the six principal streams—the South Platte River, in northeastern Colorado; the Arkansas River, in southeastern Colorado; the Rio Grande and San Juan rivers in the south, and the Grand and Green rivers in the west. The Green River divides into two main branches—the Yampa River in Routt County and the White River in Rio Blanco County. There are, therefore, six drainage basins in Colorado, or seven, if the White River country be considered one.

The South Platte drainage basin includes irrigated tracts in fourteen counties—roughly speaking, the northeast quarter of the state. The Platte basin embraces Denver and other populous cities, and it contains the richest farming communities in Colorado. Indeed, there are no better agricultural sections to be found anywhere in the United States than those around Greeley and Longmont.

The headwaters of the South Platte River are in the mountains of the Park Range near Leadville.

In its northward course it is fed by numerous streams rising in the Front Range. Reservoirs have been built in the mountains and foothills, and on the plains. There is still some waste of water, and if it were more carefully husbanded, larger areas of fertile land could be cultivated.

“The most completely developed of the reservoir systems is probably that on the Cache a la Poudre River, a tributary of the South Platte. . . . Water is held in the layers of sand and gravel which have been deposited at various depths beneath the surface of the plains. Investigations indicate that this supply is large, and that considerable areas of valuable land, located at too great an elevation to be irrigated by gravity diversion of water, will ultimately be reclaimed by utilizing the underflow.”

In 1900 the drainage basin of the Arkansas River included over one hundred eighty-five thousand square miles. The headwaters of the Arkansas are high up in the Park Range, north of Buena Vista. In the spring it is swelled by the waters of its tributaries, Fountain Creek, the St. Charles, and other rivers of the plains. In summer the supply of water is insufficient for the land under ditch, and a shortage of crops results. The remedy lies in building more reservoirs, in which water may be stored against the dry months' sun to come. Bessemer

ditch waters thirty thousand acres of mesa lands near Pueblo. Here fruits and vegetables, as well as field crops, are successfully cultivated.

“The average size of the farms in the Upper Arkansas valley is very small, the majority of them ranging from five to twenty acres. This land is chiefly in orchards and the average value per acre is the highest in the state. Where the valley broadens, the canals become more extensive and important, and the farms increase in size. Vast fields of alfalfa stretch for miles along the big ditches, producing winter forage and affording late fall pasturage for herds of cattle and sheep that graze on the free range in the spring and summer. The acreage in wheat, oats, and corn is large, and the yields are uniformly good. This valley is especially adapted to the raising of sugar beets, and the industry is growing in importance.”

The Rio Grande basin has an area of over seventy-five hundred square miles, lying to the south and east of the Continental Divide. The Rio Grande, rising in the San Juan Mountains, flows in a southeasterly direction through the San Luis Park or valley. The farmers here depend chiefly upon artesian wells for irrigation, but the supply of artesian water is often insufficient, and it is not so well handled as is water from a gravity ditch. The southern part of the valley is not so well provided

with water as is the central. Near the state line the Rio Grande has a low channel in summer.

The San Juan basin lies southwest of the San Juan Mountains. The rich valley lands in Archuleta and La Plata counties are supplied with water by ditches from the San Juan River and its tributaries, the Pinos, Las Animas, and La Plata rivers. The area irrigated in the San Juan valley, while not yet large, is growing.

The Grand River basin drains an extensive area of plateaus and valleys in western Colorado. The sources of the Grand River are in the mountains in the central part of the state. It has several tributaries—Eagle River, the Roaring Fork, the Gunnison, and the Dolores. Much of the country is rough, but there are many small valleys in the Rockies that are under ditch, with an ample supply of water. There are no reservoirs, however, and at times water is scarce.

The Uncompahgre valley, in the vicinity of Montrose, is irrigated from the Uncompahgre and Cimarron rivers. The country that Captain Gunnison considered a barren waste now brings forth grains and fruits in abundance. Large sections of excellent farming lands in the valley are now sparsely populated because of the lack of water. The Gunnison Tunnel, when completed, will solve the problem of getting water.

A comparatively small district of the Montezuma valley, lying north of the Ute reservation, is under irrigation. Its climate, like that of the productive valley northeast of Durango, is almost ideal, and the soil is exceedingly fertile. As yet there are no reservoirs, the water being conveyed only a short distance from the Dolores River by means of ditches and flumes. Early in the season streams are high; in July water is low. By artificial storage abundance of water would be available for agricultural purposes. A project is under way to construct a reservoir which will irrigate twenty thousand acres in the upper part of the valley.

In the Grand River valley, west of Palisade, there are some large irrigation ditches, which supply water in abundance to farms and orchards near Grand River. Although alfalfa, beets and other crops are raised successfully, the region is best known as a fruit country. "Water is furnished to bench lands along the Grand River by a number of pumping plants. These benches rise terracelike above the valley of the stream and lie between the valley and the plateau. Several pumping plants now in successful operation at Grand Junction are operated by water power."

The Green River basin has a narrow strip of irrigated lands along the river in the western part of Routt County. The valley of the Yampa River

is watered by ditches constructed by farmers and ranchmen. A large part of Routt County away from the river is uncultivated. The irrigated area is small. The irrigated portion of the White River country, in Rio Blanco County, is slight, owing to the nature of the country and the lack of transportation facilities. There is a considerable volume of water in White River, and projects are under way for the extension of irrigation ditches. At present the region is chiefly a grazing country.

Since 1880 twenty thousand miles of main irrigating canals have been constructed in the Centennial State, at a cost of fifteen million dollars. Under these canals twenty-eight thousand farms, with an acreage of two and a half millions, are being cultivated. An additional four million acres might be cultivated by means of supplemental reservoirs.

The advantages of irrigation farming are now generally recognized, not only in the arid states of the West, but in the humid East and South. When water is abundant, irrigation is far ahead of rainfall for cereals, forage, fruits, and vegetables. The increased production soon brings back the original outlay for canals and other works. The weather here favors the growth of abundant crops, with the element of moisture under control as it is in agriculture by irrigation. There is a gain not only in quantity but in quality.

## CHAPTER XVI .

### AGRICULTURE IN COLORADO

WHILE mining is the distinguishing industry of Colorado, it is not the chief source of wealth. Of late years the soil of the plains and mountain valleys has produced more treasure annually than the mines.

When Captain Pike crossed the plains a century ago, he described the region between the Missouri River and the Rockies as being "incapable of cultivation." Later, Major Long and Dr. James traversed the semi-arid portion of the Louisiana Territory and declared it to be an uninhabitable wilderness. The route of their expedition was traced on a map, on which the most fertile part of the West is marked "Great American Desert." This so-called desert extended from Texas to South Dakota, and included the eastern part of Colorado. An agricultural country of unbounded possibilities was characterized by these early explorers as the perpetual abode of desolation. The error was perpetuated in the school geographies, and the result was a mistaken notion that retarded the settlement of the West for many years.

The discovery of gold brought the Pike's Peakers by tens of thousands, and some of them began gardening and farming in a small way. Bumper crops of grain and vegetables of mammoth proportions were raised in the river bottoms, which were irrigated with little trouble. Then ditches were dug to water the uplands. The "barren waste" was found to be wonderfully productive. The melted snow in the running streams was made to do duty in place of rain.

In 1866 at least fifty thousand acres were under cultivation. At that time the Surveyor-General estimated that there were two and a half million acres of arable land in the territory. Forty years have passed, and now there are said to be over twenty-two million acres of arable land. These constitute one third of the area of the state.

Of the sixty-six odd millions of acres in Colorado, less than three millions are under actual cultivation. Limited as is the area available for agriculture, it is forging to the front as a farming state. Longmont is famous for its "thousand waves of wheat." The Rocky Ford melons and the Greeley potatoes are known throughout the country, if not all over the world. The Grand valley pears and apples are peerless among fruits. Elberta peaches are as luscious as those of the



Michigan Peach Belt, and the Montrose honey has no superior anywhere.

Geographers have had to revise their earlier notions of the semi-arid district that was formerly labeled "The Great American Desert." For one thing, it is not true that Colorado is a rainless country. Gannett says: "The plains to the east of the mountains and the plateaus to the west have an annual rainfall of less than twenty inches, decreasing in some localities, especially in the western part, to ten inches or even less. In the mountains the rainfall is greater, exceeding thirty inches. The distribution of rainfall throughout the year is peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region; instead of falling mainly in the winter time, as is the case on the Pacific coast, the summer is the rainy season, and instead of long storms the rain comes in the form of showers. At Denver five sixths of the annual precipitation falls from May to October, inclusive, and in other parts of the State the proportion in these months is from two thirds to nine tenths of the total annual precipitation. The cause of this phenomenon is that in winter the ranges bordering the Pacific (this ocean being the source of precipitation for the entire western country) take practically all the moisture from the vapor-laden winds coming off that ocean, while in summer, owing to the fact that these ranges are

relatively warmer, a part of the moisture is carried over to the interior country.”

Most of the fertile land of Colorado is found in the valleys (so called), of which there are more than a dozen of some prominence. The third of the state east of the mountains would be naturally described as plains or prairies; yet it embraces in the north the South Platte valley and the Poudre valley. The Arkansas valley occupies a stretch of country two hundred miles long, in southeastern Colorado; it is watered by the Arkansas River and its tributaries. To the southwest lie the Wet Mountain, Huerfano, and Stonewall valleys, hemmed in by the Rockies. The San Luis valley is enclosed by mountains in southern Colorado. South of the San Juan Range is the San Juan valley, which borders on the northwest the Animas valley near Durango. In Montezuma county is the great Montezuma valley or park, with the Ute Reservation to the south. Farther north are Gypsum, the Paradox (or Shenandoah), the Uncompahgre, the North Fork, the Eagle River, and the Grand River valleys. In northwest Colorado, which is a broken country better adapted to grazing than crops, are the valleys of the Green River, the Bear River, and the White River (in Rio Blanco County).

Besides the valleys already named are others not

so large. Nestling in the mountains are emerald meadows that look like oases in the wilderness. These fertile garden spots, sheltered by the Rockies, grow vegetables in profusion, to say nothing of fruits and the cereals. Some of these mountain meadows or basins may be a half-mile wide and several miles long, including ranches of from forty to three hundred acres of highly productive land that is usually planted to alfalfa, wheat, oats, and garden truck. The mountain-slopes, too, are far far from being valueless, agriculturally speaking. Cattle, horses, sheep, and goats feed on high elevations. They find, however, only scattering patches of verdure, the best soil having been washed by erosion into the valleys and cañons.

The Platte valley is known chiefly as a grazing country, because of the abundance of the nutritious grama or buffalo grass. It was once the feeding-ground of enormous herds of bison. Then came the days of the cattle kings and cowboys. With the disappearance of the open range the vast ranches, covered by thousands of cattle, were cut up into small farms, and irrigation made general farming possible. In some sections stock raising is still the paramount interest. The grama grass makes the best beef in the world; but, because of its scarcity, it is supplemented by beet tops and alfalfa (especially in winter).

The climate is conducive to stock growing. Colorado is a land of sunshine; three hundred days of the year are sunny, and the air is dry. A majority of the winters are mild. On both sides of the Platte River water is plentifully supplied to farms by canals and laterals. The soil is rich and brings forth excellent crops of alfalfa, wheat, barley, potatoes, and sugar beets. As irrigation has been extended, settlers have poured into Weld, Morgan, Logan, Washington, and other counties. They are for the most part Americans, intelligent and well-to-do, and there is room for many more. While they still fatten cattle and sheep for the market, conditions are favorable for intensive farming. More fruit might be grown, and honey bees might be kept with profit.

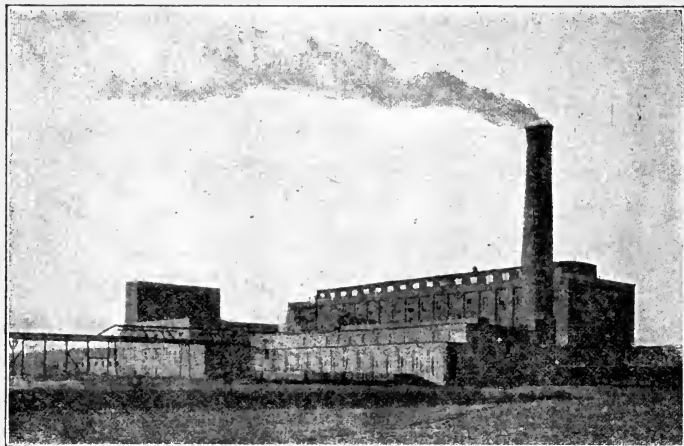
The Poudre valley is more thickly populated than the Platte between La Salle and Julesburg. When Father Meeker and the Union colonists came to Greeley in the spring of 1870, settlers in the valley were few and far between. The site of the "Forest City" was then a cactus plain, the home of prairie dogs and wolves. Only a mile or so from town, antelopes came down to the river to drink, and herds of buffalo could be found not far away on the plains. However, Meeker saw the opportunities for farming successfully if the country were irrigated. "The whole region,"

he wrote in the *Greeley Tribune* (November 30, 1870), "from the Cache la Poudre south to Denver is perhaps the best watered and the most desirable locality for all purposes—fruit, farming, or stock raising—in America."

Time has justified the faith of the colonists and proved the wisdom of their selection; the Poudre valley is indeed the garden spot of Colorado. While it is not a great fruit country, large crops of beets, cabbages, and onions are raised. Wheat is a staple; when not injured by hailstorms, it yields from thirty to sixty bushels an acre. The nights are too cold to admit of the growing of corn. Alfalfa, with three crops or cuttings a season, has been the salvation of the country. It is valuable not only for forage but as a fertilizer. Its roots run deep into the soil and bring up nourishment from a depth of ten or fifteen feet. Its luxuriant stubble, when plowed under in the rotation of crops, enriches the land and makes the following crop an exceptional one. Alfalfa, sometimes called *lucerne*, was introduced in the early sixties. It had previously been grown in South America, Mexico, Utah, and California; the Mexicans seem to have been chiefly instrumental in making it a common crop throughout the states and territories of the Southwest.

The Greeley country is most noted for potatoes.

The potato belt embraces a district that is, roughly speaking, about twenty miles square. It includes on the east the towns of La Salle, Evans, Kersey, Greeley, Eaton, and Ault; and on the west, Fort Collins and Loveland. There is something in the



BEET-SUGAR FACTORY AT LONGMONT

soil and air that makes potatoes flourish around Greeley. They do well in other parts of Colorado, but nowhere else are they raised so extensively. Potato fields of from thirty to sixty acres may often be seen in Pleasant valley, and a quarter-section is not unknown. The yield runs from two hundred to five hundred bushels an acre on good ground.

Potatoes do best on alfalfa land. White Pearls

and Ohios are the kinds most commonly planted. Pioneer agriculturists of Colorado got as high as one hundred bushels an acre with natural rainfall, but by artificial watering the crop is doubled and trebled. As to quality, the Greeley potato is said to be the finest in the world; its dimensions are phenomenal, tubers being sometimes four by six inches. Two dozen have been known to make a bushel. The crop in the Poudre valley varies from four to five million bushels a year. The harvesting of the potatoes consumes five or six weeks in autumn, and some ten thousand extra workers are needed then.

In the sixties there was a small settlement around Fort Collins. It was only a military post or camp, not a fort. The town was laid out in 1871 and has grown to be a flourishing city, with a large sugar-beet plant. The beet crop is perhaps the best. Beet pulp has turned out to be a first-class food for fattening pigs and lambs. Wheat, alfalfa, and fruit are raised with marked success. Similar conditions prevail in the neighborhood of Longmont and Loveland. Sheltered by the foothills, these sections surpass Greeley in growing apples, pears, cherries, and other fruits. Honey, too, is a valuable product. Wheat and barley yield big crops.

The Divide or rain belt east of Palmer Lake used

to be considered a good farming country before irrigation had wrought a marvelous transformation in arid Colorado. It still has good crops in some years, but it is more of a dairy country than one adapted to the growing of grain. The ground is rolling and much of it wooded. Around Elbert is a potato belt, some twenty miles long and ten wide. The potatoes are of fine quality; the farmers furnish seed for the Greeley ranchers.

The watercourses of this region are dry the greater part of the year, and yet irrigation might be practised to a slight extent. Storms come up suddenly, and the creeks are raging torrents for several hours; a part of the flood could be saved and stored for use when needed. An inch of water added now and then would make a vast difference in the yield of grain, potatoes, or hay. Old settlers declare there is more rain now than there was thirty years ago. The precipitation varies from twelve to seventeen inches. In Lincoln, Kit Carson, and Cheyenne counties, "dry farming" has lately been something of a success. The Campbell system of soil culture is coming into vogue with promising results. The Divide is sparsely populated.

The Arkansas valley is larger even than that of the Platte. It is a stretch of open country two hundred miles long, containing between one million



and two million acres, of which some four hundred thousand acres are improved and cultivated. The mild climate makes it better adapted to corn than most other parts of the Centennial State. The yield of wheat in some places almost equals that of the wheat belt around Longmont, and other cereals do well. Potatoes, tomatoes, and other vegetables are successfully grown. Otero County is famed for its cantaloupes. In the orchards around Florence and Cañon City apples, peaches, grapes and other fruits flourish. The Arkansas valley is renowned for its sugar beets, and it rivals northern Colorado as a stock country. Pueblo, the Pittsburgh of the West, is fast becoming a livestock center. The pork-packing industry is growing.

The San Luis Park is the largest of the upland valleys of Colorado. It is two hundred miles long and from forty to seventy miles wide, having an area greater than that of Connecticut. Its altitude is about seven thousand five hundred feet above sea level. The temperature here in summer is cooler than that of the Platte valley, in northern Colorado. The three counties—Saguache, Costilla, and Conejos—which make up the San Luis valley, are thinly settled, averaging perhaps three inhabitants to the square mile.

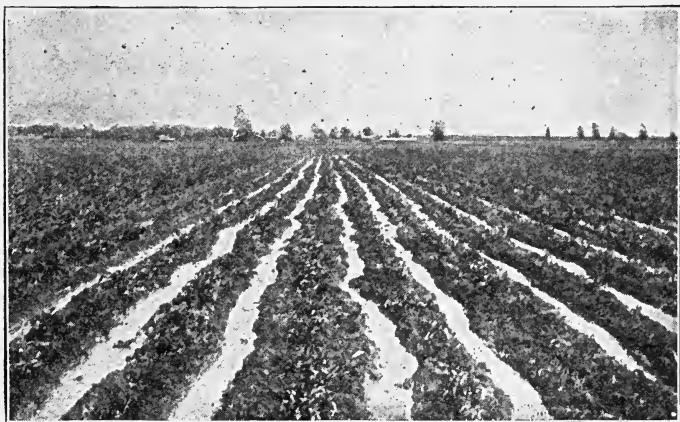
Leaving the foothills (where one may run across

deer and bear), the traveler finds himself in the historic town of Garland, with its one-story adobe houses. Ranches stretch away on all sides, the land being level or gently sloping. It is mostly pasture, or sagebrush, with no living thing in sight for miles and miles except rabbits and prairie dogs. If irrigated, it would be highly productive, for the ground is rich.

The valley was formerly a vast lake, and the sediment washed down from the mountains forms the soil, of varying thickness. Not more than half of the arable land is cultivated. Along the rivers and their tributaries water is easily and inexpensively obtained for irrigation, but there are wide expanses of fine farming land not easily irrigated except by the reservoir system. On some ranches artesian wells afford abundant supplies of water. The wells are of varying depth, from fifty to four hundred feet; the water is absolutely pure, being filtered in running through deep layers of sand and gravel. Often the artesian water supply is insufficient for irrigating a forty-acre tract. From all sources in the Rio Grande Drainage basin water was artificially applied to three hundred thousand acres in 1902.

Where water is plentiful in the San Luis valley, nature is lavish of the fruits of the earth. Old residents tell of extraordinary crops of oats, barley,

wheat, and potatoes. There are two crops of alfalfa, each cutting three tons to the acre. Sugar beets grow abundantly. Peas are a great feed crop; lambs and pigs are turned loose into the fields and do the harvesting. Hogs are raised and fattened here more cheaply than in the corn districts



A BEET FIELD NEAR FORT COLLINS

of Kansas and Nebraska. Stock raising bids fair to become the leading industry.

The Animas valley lies northeast of Durango. It is fifteen miles long and its width is two miles or less. Where the land may be irrigated by river water, it produces good crops of timothy, alfalfa, wheat, and oats. In the sheltered slopes and basins are orchards where apples, pears, apricots,

prunes, cherries, currants, and berries are grown successfully. As in the San Luis valley, the season is too short for melons and vegetables. Fall Creek valley and other agricultural regions of limited extent are found in the La Plata Mountains. To the south is the great San Juan valley, which is well adapted to general farming and stock raising.

The Montezuma valley is the most favored part of southwestern Colorado. Owing to the lack of reservoirs, the artificial water supply is small. Experiments made in the irrigated country around Cortez show the land to be especially valuable for the growing of grain and fruit. The district is an excellent one for sugar beets. An area of twelve thousand acres was under cultivation in 1907. Extensive tracts of sagebrush lands might be reclaimed at no great expense; above eighty thousand acres are uncultivated for lack of irrigation canals and reservoirs. In addition to its other natural advantages, the Montezuma valley has plenty of timber and fine building stone.

The Uncompahgre valley was thrown open for settlement in 1881, the Indians having been removed to another reservation. The famous chief Ouray recognized the agricultural possibilities of this valley, which includes about one hundred fifty thousand acres in Montrose and Delta counties. Although the Utes called it the Valley of Foun-

tains, the white settlers soon began to suffer for lack of water, and many of them abandoned their claims. It is sparsely populated away from the rivers. Captain Gunnison traversed the valley in 1853, and he reported it unfit for cultivation. It has since been amply demonstrated that the soil is exceedingly fertile. Unlike prairie sod, the sagebrush land is easily plowed after it is cleared of grease-wood, and the task of removing the latter is one of slight difficulty.

The average altitude of this region is about fifty-five hundred feet. The one thing lacking is water, for there is little rain on the western slope, ten inches or less. In other respects the climate is nearly perfect. Almost ideal conditions prevail for general farming and fruit growing where enough water is present. Large crops of wheat, oats, and alfalfa are raised. The valley is famous for its garden products and its small fruits. It is also a magnificent country for cattle and sheep, which find pasture on the high plateaus and timbered hills.

In 1901 Mr. A. L. Fellows with a party of surveyors explored the Gunnison River Cañon, and he satisfied himself that a tunnel could be driven through the granite ridge of the Mesa Verde and thus abundant supplies of water could be brought to the valley, whose elevation is lower than the river. As an engineering feat the Gunnison Tunnel

is unique among the irrigation projects of the United States government. It was begun in 1905, and nearly completed in the fall of 1908. The tunnel is about six miles long, and it penetrates the mesa at a depth of twenty-one hundred feet. Through this natural barrier the water of the Gunnison River is diverted into the Uncompahgre valley, reclaiming one hundred thousand acres. The tract of arid land thus irrigated is about nine miles wide and thirty miles long. The exit of the tunnel is eight miles from Montrose. The cost of this irrigation enterprise was over two million dollars.

The valley of the Grand River extends from Palisade westward to the state line. It is from twenty-five to thirty miles long, and fifteen miles wide (or less in places). While the Grand valley has a great reputation for its fruit, it is admirably adapted to general farming. Sugar beets are raised extensively for the sugar factory at Grand Junction. The most valuable crops of the section are apples and peaches, which rank among the best in the world. The valley was first settled in the fall of 1881, after the removal of the Utes to Utah. The people are almost entirely Americans, from Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Southern States.

Delta and Paonia are the centers of fruit-growing

sections as famous as the Grand Junction or the Fruita districts. The country is ideal for fruit growing. In appearance and flavor the apples, pears, peaches, prunes, grapes, and apricots equal those of California.

Northwestern Colorado is rich in natural resources, which have been only partly developed for lack of transportation facilities. It is thinly settled. Only a small fraction of the arable area is under cultivation. At present it is chiefly a pastoral country, but ranchers are pouring into the Snake River valley and other portions suited for agriculture. Here is an empire that the railroad will open to civilization.

Sugar beets are now the banner crop of Colorado, outstripping alfalfa and wheat. Within a decade the beet-sugar industry has grown into prodigious magnitude. Colorado leads all the states of the Union in the production of beet sugar, making enough sugar for its own population and for the people of Kansas and Iowa.

## CHAPTER XVII

### CONSTITUTION AND CAPITOL

BY THE Treaty of Fort Laramie, 1851, it was stipulated that the part of Colorado east of the Rockies and north of the Arkansas River should belong to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. In 1861 the Indian title was extinguished by the Treaty of Fort Wise. Two years before this the pioneer settlers organized themselves into a provisional government and named the country the Territory of Jefferson, whose limits comprehended a larger area than Colorado has to-day. At the same time the Pike's Peak region was by most of the inhabitants outside of Denver considered a part of Kansas, and it was known as Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory.

The old order of things passed away February 28, 1861, when the Territory of Colorado was organized out of parts of Utah, New Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska, with an area of 103,948 square miles. The name is from the Spanish, meaning "colored red." The number of inhabitants was estimated to be from 50,000 to 60,000. Colorado had then, as now, a large floating popu-





THE STATE CAPITOL AT DENVER

lation. The United States marshal who took the census in the summer of 1861 found only 25,331 persons. According to the United States census of 1870, there were in that year 39,864 permanent residents in the territory; so there was no substantial increase during the first decade of its history. It is likely that some miners in the mountains were missed in both censuses.

On March 22, 1861, President Lincoln appointed William Gilpin of Missouri territorial governor. Gilpin had traveled extensively through the Rocky Mountain country, and had great faith in its future. He had also distinguished himself in the Mexican War. He was a man of affairs, although

a dreamer. One of his pet schemes was that of building a railroad from Denver to Alaska. To his credit it should be said that he was a strong Union man, and took an active part in crushing out the Rebellion in the Southwest. In a year he was succeeded by John Evans, of Evanston, Illinois.

In 1861 there were only thirteen counties in Colorado Territory—Boulder, Weld, Larimer, Arapahoe, Douglas, Pueblo, Gilpin, Clear Creek, Summit, Park, Lake, Conejos, and Costilla.

The first session of the Legislature was held at Denver in the fall of 1861; it lasted fifty-nine days. The second session began July 7, 1862, at Colorado City. The Assembly met there only four days, then adjourned to meet in Denver the following week. The third session was begun at Golden on February 1, 1864; soon afterward the Legislature adjourned to Denver. Although the seat of government remained at Denver, the Assembly convened at Golden for several years; the last meeting there was in December, 1867, when it adjourned to Denver. The eighth session was held in the City of the Plains. So there were three territorial capitals in the period of seven years. From that time Denver was the permanent capital of the territory, and later became that of the state.

After repeated efforts to secure statehood, Colorado was admitted to the Union August 1, 1876. It acquired the nickname of the "Centennial State," because that year was the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The first State Legislature met November 1, 1876.

Colorado was the thirty-eighth state. At the time of its admission it was divided into twenty-six counties—Arapahoe, Bent, Boulder, Clear Creek, Conejos, Costilla, Douglas, El Paso, Elbert, Fremont, Gilpin, Grand, Huerfano, Hinsdale, Jefferson, Lake, La Plata, Larimer, Las Animas, Park, Pueblo, Rio Grande, Saguache, San Juan, Summit, and Weld. From time to time other counties were created; in 1902 there were fifty-nine.

In 1876 the principal towns were Denver, Golden, Boulder, Black Hawk, Georgetown, Breckenridge, Idaho Springs, Greeley, Colorado City, Colorado Springs, Central City, Fairplay, Fort Collins, Longmont, Las Animas, Cañon City, Pueblo, and Trinidad. Other places that have achieved prominence are Loveland, Fort Morgan, Brush, Sterling, La Junta, Rocky Ford, Florence, Walsenburg, Buena Vista, Alamosa, Durango, Silverton, Ouray, Montrose, Telluride, Aspen, Leadville, Gunnison, Salida, Grand Junction, Glenwood Springs, Goldfield, Victor, and Cripple Creek.

The population of Colorado in 1880 was 194,327; in 1890 it had increased to 412,198; and in 1900 it was 539,700. It is the most populous of the Rocky Mountain States. In 1908 the number of inhabitants was estimated at 700,000.

By the Constitution of 1876, which is still in



THE COLUMBINE  
Colorado's State Flower

force, the General Assembly consists of two legislative bodies. There are thirty-five members of the Senate, elected for four years; one half of them retire every two years. There are sixty-five members of the House of Representatives, elected for two years. All citizens of the United States who are twenty-five years of age and residents for one

year in the district for which they seek election are eligible to either House. The sessions are biennial and last ninety days. Legislators receive seven dollars a day, besides mileage, during the session.

The Legislature meets on the first Wednesday of January after election.

State elections are held on the first Tuesday in October of even years. A six-months' residence in the state is a prerequisite to voting. In 1893 the people voted to extend the right of suffrage to women. Women are eligible to school-district offices.

The governor is elected for two years. His term of office begins in January, on the opening day of the Legislature. His salary is five thousand dollars a year. The other state officials are elected for two years.

The state sends two Senators and three Representatives to the Federal Congress.

In 1861 the first Assembly of Colorado Territory passed a resolution relative to a territorial seal, which later, in becoming the state seal, was slightly changed. The first General Assembly in 1877 passed the following act:

Section 1. That the seal of the State shall be two and one half inches in diameter, with the following device inscribed thereon: An heraldic shield, bearing in chief, or upon the upper portion of the same, upon a red ground, three snow-capped mountains; above, surrounding clouds; upon the lower part thereof, upon a golden ground, a miner's badge, as prescribed by the rules of heraldry; as a crest above the shield, the eye of God, being golden rays proceeding from

the lines of a triangle; below the crest and above the shield, as a scroll, the Roman fasces, bearing upon a band of red, white and blue, the words, "Union and Constitution"; below the whole, this motto: "Nil sine Numine"; the whole to be surrounded by the words "State of Colorado," and the figures "1876."

The bundle of fasces suggests the sentiment: "United, we stand; divided, we fall." The three snow-crowned mountains represent the principal Colorado ranges. The Latin motto means, "Nothing without Divinity."

In 1890 the children of the commonwealth took part in choosing the blue Rocky Mountain columbine (*Aquilegia cœrulea*) for the state flower. The beautiful conifer named blue spruce, which grows extensively in the Rockies, is the state tree. The third Friday in April is Arbor Day. Flag Day was first celebrated in Denver June 14, 1894.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### STATE AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

IT is the province of the state to care for the helpless and unfortunate. The state restrains the vicious and confines the criminal. It also builds and sustains schools and libraries for the uplifting of the community.

Colorado's State Home for Dependent and Neglected Children was established by act of the Legislature in 1895. It is situated in South Denver. The headquarters of the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection are in Denver.

The Institute for the Blind and Mute dates back to 1874. The State Legislature has liberally provided for the school, which is located at Colorado Springs. The Deaf Mute Institute is open to persons between the ages of four and twenty-two; it is free only to Coloradoans.

In 1879 the State Legislature established the Asylum for the Insane. The buildings, in Pueblo, are commodious and comfortable.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, near Monte Vista, was founded in 1889. The site of one hundred twenty acres was donated by citizens of the town.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY, BOULDER

The Industrial School for Boys was opened, at Golden, in June, 1882. The object is to reclaim and educate lads who have started on the downward road. They are kept at work and receive instruction in manual training. The school has been highly successful in building up the character of the inmates and in fitting them to be useful in life.

The State Industrial School for Girls is a similar institution, intended to reform wayward girls and make them self-respecting members of society. It was founded in 1887, and is located at Morrison.



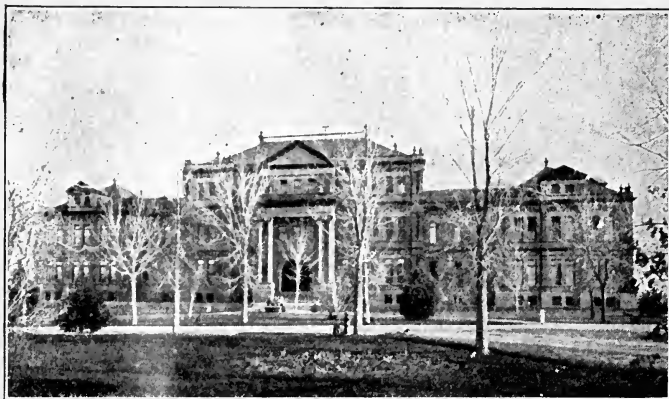


GUGGENHEIM HALL, COLORADO SCHOOL OF MINES

The Penitentiary is at Cañon City, where it was established by act of the Territorial Legislature in 1868. In connection with it is maintained the State Reformatory, at Buena Vista, for men and boys convicted of their first criminal offenses. The idea is to separate them from hardened characters, and to give them a chance to turn over a new leaf.

Colorado has expended generous sums upon its State University, which was opened in 1877, at Boulder. The public-spirited citizens of the place had donated the site, and on it stood a solitary

brick building, erected at a cost of forty thousand dollars. In 1907 there were fourteen buildings, modern in their appointments and finely equipped. At the start there were forty-four students and two instructors. In 1907-8 the enrollment was nearly a thousand; the professors, lecturers, and assist-



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, GREELEY

ants numbered one hundred five. The number of degrees conferred by the university up to that year was one thousand seventeen. This institution has played an important part in developing higher education in the West. Its influence extends far beyond the limits of the commonwealth. The Chautauquas are held here in summer.

In 1874 the territory founded another institution

that is justly famed, the School of Mines, at Golden. For a score of years it suffered for want of funds; later it was aided by private munificence, and has grown into a strong school. It has turned out students well grounded in the technical details of mining, and has been a potent factor in the development of the mineral industry in the Rocky Mountains. It offers courses in practical chemistry, engineering, mining, metallurgy, and geology.

The State Normal School was opened, at Greeley, in 1890. About five thousand students have attended the institution, which up to 1907 had graduated eleven hundred sixty-seven men and women. Among these were many who had taken college and high-school courses. By pursuing the courses in pedagogy they have grown to larger stature of manhood and womanhood; they have acquired skill in imparting knowledge. The influence of the Normal School has been felt throughout the state; it has resulted in improving the methods of instruction, and in adding dignity to the teacher's calling. The school has a faculty of thirty specialists. The library contains thirty thousand volumes.

The State Agricultural College at Fort Collins ranks foremost among the schools intended to place farming on a scientific footing. Here agri-



MC CLELLAND PUBLIC LIBRARY, PUEBLO

culture and horticulture are thoroughly studied. Experiments are made in cultivating plants, in growing crops, and in raising stock. Success in farming now depends as much upon head work as hand work. A grounding in the principles of botany, chemistry, and other practical subjects affords an invaluable preparation for the everyday labors of the ranch. The professors of the Agricultural College have traveled through the state, holding Farmers' Institutes; to these must be attributed in part the recent advance in agriculture and horticulture for which Colorado is known not only throughout this country but all over the world.

The State Board of Horticulture, organized in

1880, has been active in promoting fruit culture and forestry.

The Public Library of Denver grew out of the Mercantile Library conducted by the Chamber of Commerce. It was steadily augmented, and in 1893 its name was changed to that of City Library. In April, 1907, the cornerstone of the new building was laid. Of the total cost, over three hundred thousand dollars, Andrew Carnegie donated two hundred thousand dollars. In 1908 the library had a collection of more than a hundred thousand volumes, besides several thousand pamphlets.

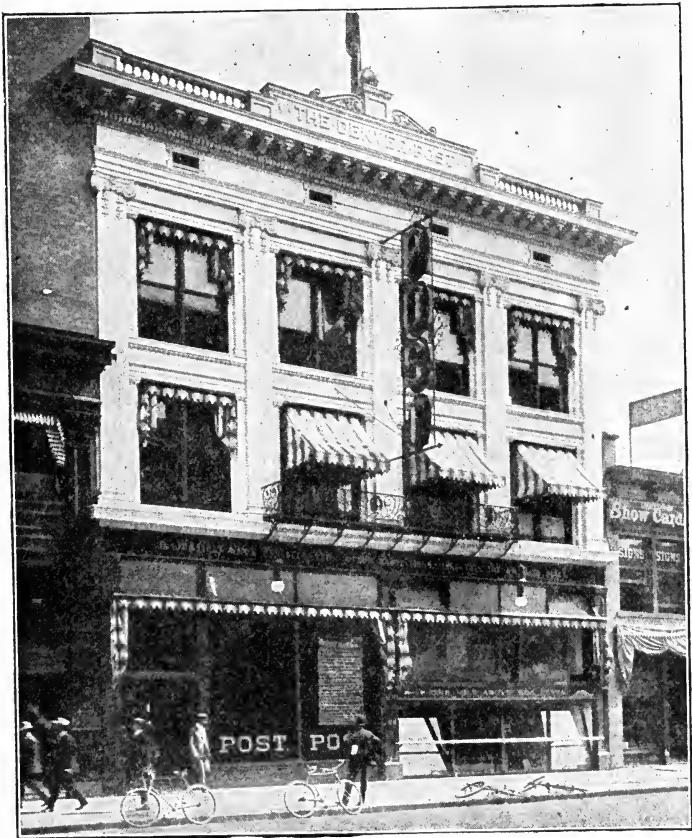
Pueblo is not wholly given over to steel works and smelters. The city has a well-appointed Public Library, named after a generous citizen, Andrew McClelland. In 1907 it contained twenty-five thousand books. The library was built of Colorado limestone, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. It was opened in January, 1904.

## CHAPTER XIX

### EDUCATION IN COLORADO

IN THE caravans that crossed the plains in 1859 and the early sixties were numerous college graduates, and a large proportion of them remained. Some of them stayed in Denver; others penetrated the wilds of the Rockies in search of gold. As time passed, their booklore was partially forgotten, but the traditions of culture clung to them. They prized knowledge for its own sake, and wished the rising generation to have the advantages that they themselves had left behind in the States. So the movement to found schools of advanced education met with a ready response.

In the dark days of the Civil War were laid the foundations of the institution that is now the University of Denver. The echoes of the cannonading around Atlanta had hardly died away before Colorado Seminary was opened at Denver under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was "the pioneer school of higher learning in this State." In 1880 the University of Denver was organized. In 1907 it had a faculty of forty professors and assistants; there were twelve



OFFICE OF THE DENVER POST

buildings; all the properties and endowments amounted to seven hundred fifty thousand dollars. In the quarter-century between 1882 and 1907 the institution conferred over fifteen hundred degrees.

The collegiate departments and the observatory are located at University Park; the departments of medicine, dentistry, law, music, and the Saturday College for teachers are in Denver.

Conspicuous among the Roman Catholic schools is the Loretto Academy, which dates back to 1864. The Jesuit College was opened in 1887.

Wolfe Hall, in Denver, was established by the Episcopalians. It is a boarding school for girls. Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, was established by the Congregationalists in 1874. The Colorado Woman's College, at Montclair, was built by the Baptists in 1891-2. Westminster University, founded by the Presbyterians in the early nineties, was opened in the fall of 1907. The panic of 1893, due to the demonetization of silver, arrested the progress of the enterprise, as was the case at Montclair. Westminster is situated near Denver, and is called the "Princeton of the West."

The Young Men's Christian Association is, in a sense, an educational institution; its members have the privileges of entering classes and attending lectures. The new building in Denver was finished in the fall of 1907; its cost was three hundred sixty thousand dollars.

The national government supports an Indian school at Grand Junction.



In 1859 the first school kept in the territory was opened in "a small log cabin covered with poles, brush, and dirt." The organized public school system of Colorado had its beginning in 1861. Before this Denver had three private schools. Boulder had a public school in 1860.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, DENVER

During the first decade of the territory's history educational work advanced slowly. The population consisted for the most part of men without families. There were few children to attend school in the mining towns or in the settlements on the Divide and in the Arkansas valley.

Of Colorado's forty thousand people in 1870 less than seven thousand were of school age, and only

half of these were in the public schools. Nearly five hundred boys and girls attended private schools. There were one hundred ten public schools in the territory that year. At that time Denver, Central City, Black Hawk, and several other towns had graded schools. There was not as yet a high school in the territory, although some of the high-school branches were taught in Denver, Cañon City, and other towns.

Central City boasted of a two-story stone school building, with cherry and iron furniture, but it was an exception in 1870. Denver had then only one schoolhouse; the other two schools were held in rented quarters that were more or less unsuitable for the purpose. More than a score of the schoolhouses in the territory were log structures; others were frame buildings or adobe. The exterior was unsightly, and the interior uninviting. They were poorly furnished and uncomfortable. They were usually supplied with pine benches, a stove, a broom, and a water pail. Occasionally a small, almost useless, blackboard could be seen; rarer yet were such helps as charts, maps, and dictionaries. There was no uniformity of text-books. The pupils brought the books they had used in the East—Sanders's spellers, McGuffey's readers, Mitchell's geographies, and Ray's or Robinson's arithmetics.

In the pioneer days and later men teachers were

in the majority. Examinations were generally oral and by no means easy. "I don't see but you ask as hard questions as they do in the States," remarked one applicant for a certificate. As a rule the instructors were capable and conscientious; almost without exception they realized the nobility and responsibility of their position. But they were seldom engaged for a longer term than three or four months. Educational interests suffered more or less until Colorado had trained teachers and a normal school.

Schools were kept open from four to nine months in a year. Here and there a schoolmaster boarded around, but this was out of the question in some of the sparsely settled country districts, where a permanent boarding place was necessary. If a teacher was a married man, he sometimes put up a tent near the schoolhouse and lived there. Instructors received from thirty to one hundred seventy-five dollars a month. In the early days of placer mining those in the mountain towns were paid in gold dust, which was the money of the country.

The frontier period lasted well into the seventies, and in certain sections for a long time after Colorado had been admitted as a state. Although a grant of three million acres was made for the support of public schools, these were by no means



A COLORADO PANTHER

common on the plains. The story is told of an isolated rancher who was the only resident in the district. He elected himself director and engaged his eldest daughter to teach the younger children of the family.

The district was not invariably two miles square. The boundary on one side might be a mile from the schoolhouse; on the other side it might extend indefinitely. The children rode horses or burros four or five miles to school. These animals were staked out to feed on the open prairie; when one broke loose, his owner had a long tramp home that evening.

Now and then a blizzard made a memorable episode in the history of some school in north-eastern Colorado. The forenoon might be calm and bright; in the afternoon clouds would swiftly gather. Suddenly, almost without warning, the storm struck the schoolhouse like a sledge hammer. School was abruptly dismissed; teacher and pupils made their way home as quickly as possible through the blinding snow, keeping together lest they be lost. A period of bitter cold followed, and maybe there was no school again for a week.

Sometimes the monotony of school would be broken by the sight of a band of Indians straggling past in single file, braves, squaws and pappooses riding ponies on a slow walk. These nomads wandered through Colorado pretty much as they pleased until 1880.

In the schools of the mountain regions attendance was irregular in the winter season, for the roads and trails were frequently blocked by deep snow. Pupils walking a distance were often tardy. Sometimes they encountered wild animals. It is related that a boy of thirteen years on the way to school one morning came face to face with a large cougar that took refuge in a tree. Perched on a limb a dozen feet from the ground, the creature growled and glared at him. Without any other weapon than a big jack knife, the boy approached,

not realizing his danger. The knife with open blade was tied fast to a pole, and he jabbed it into the side of the snarling brute, which sprang to the ground. The plucky lad then despatched the mountain lion with a few blows over its head.

“Why are you so late, Johnny?” the teacher asked of a pupil who appeared at school long after ten o’clock.

“Oh, teacher,” the boy breathlessly exclaimed, “a bear treed me. It just passed by the schoolhouse and went up the trail.”

Glancing out of the window, the schoolma’am saw Bruin ambling up the slope, and Johnny’s tardiness was excused.

Since 1870 Colorado has made satisfactory progress in education. In that year colonies were founded at Greeley and in the Wet Mountain valley. The next year another colony was located at Longmont. These settlers and a host of others brought their families, and more schools were necessary. The twenty-one counties of 1870 had 68 schoolhouses and 132 teachers. The fifty-nine counties of 1906 had 2,010 schoolhouses, and the total enrollment of pupils was 144,007; there were 91 high schools, with an attendance of 10,392. The teachers numbered 4,600, of whom 2,722 were in graded schools.

# GOVERNORS OF COLORADO

## TERRITORIAL

1	WILLIAM GILPIN . . . . .	1861-1862
2	JOHN EVANS . . . . .	1862-1865
3	ALEXANDER CUMMINGS . . . . .	1865-1867
4	A. CAMERON HUNT . . . . .	1867-1869
5	EDWARD McCOOK . . . . .	1869-1873
6	SAMUEL H. ELBERT . . . . .	1873-1874
7	EDWARD McCOOK . . . . .	1874-1875
8	JOHN L. ROUTT . . . . .	1875-1876

## STATE

1	JOHN L. ROUTT . . . . .	1876-1879
2	FREDERICK W. PITKIN . . . . .	1879-1882
3	JAMES B. GRANT . . . . .	1883-1885
4	BENJAMIN H. EATON . . . . .	1885-1887
5	ALVA ADAMS . . . . .	1887-1889
6	JOB A. COOPER . . . . .	1889-1891
7	JOHN L. ROUTT . . . . .	1891-1893
8	DAVID A. WAITE . . . . .	1893-1895
9	ALBERT W. McINTYRE . . . . .	1895-1897
10	ALVA ADAMS . . . . .	1897-1899
11	CHARLES S. THOMAS . . . . .	1899-1901
12	JAMES B. ORMAN . . . . .	1901-1903
13	JAMES H. PEABODY . . . . .	1903-1905
14	ALVA ADAMS (sixty-six days) . . . . .	1905
15	JAMES H. PEABODY (one day) . . . . .	1905
16	JESSE F. McDONALD . . . . .	1905-1907
17	HENRY A. BUCHEL . . . . .	1907-

## NOTABLE COLORADO DATES

- 1806 Pike's expedition to the Rocky Mountains.
- 1820 Long's expedition.
- 1842 Fremont's first expedition.
- 1853 Gunnison's expedition.
- 1858 Discovery of gold and founding of Denver.
- 1860 Discovery of silver
- 1861 Colorado Territory organized, with thirteen counties and a population of 25,331; capital at Colorado City.
- 1862 Capital changed to Golden.
- 1864 A majority of Colorado voters oppose statehood
- 1867 Capital changed to Denver.
- 1868 Smelter opened at Black Hawk.
- 1870 Two railroads built to Denver.
- 1874 Discovery of cliff dwellings.
- 1876 Colorado admitted as a state.
- 1881 Grand River valley opened for settlement.
- 1890 Gold discovered at Cripple Creek.
- 1891 Pike's Peak railroad opened.
- 1902 Arapahoe County divided into Adams, Arapahoe, and Denver counties.
- 1904 Gunnison Tunnel begun.
- 1905 Adams inaugurated January 10; election contest follows, and on March 16 the Legislature declares Peabody elected; the next day he resigns, and is succeeded by Lieutenant Governor McDonald.
- 1906 Pike centennial celebration.
- 1907 Cripple Creek Drainage Canal begun.







