

Turning next to the literature of early western travel, we find that the earliest specific mention of this place is by Rufus H. Sage, in his "Scenes in the Rocky Mountains", a book that was first published in 1846, and is based on the journal of that writer's experiences in the Rocky Mountains and on the Plains from 1841 to 1844. In our chapter on "The Old Divide Trail" we have already seen that Sage, with four companions, journeyed southward ~~from Taos~~ over that trail, to Taos, in the autumn of 1842.

Under date of September 14, <sup>of that year,</sup> Sage records his arrival at a <sup>watercourse</sup> ~~spring~~ which he calls "Daugherty's creek", and which he makes some 30 miles south of "Blackfoot-camp" and some 14 south of Black Squirrel creek. This watercourse was evidently Jimmy Camp creek, and the old trail ~~which~~ brought Sage to it at Jimmy's Spring.

"Here", says Sage, "we remained for three or four days, to procure a further supply of provisions".....

They arrived late at night on the 14th, and staid and hunted in the Jimmy Camp region until the 19th.

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

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

"My excursions among the hills brought before me many interesting geological specimens, mostly such as characterize the Divide. I noticed two or three extensive beds of stone coal in the vicinity of the creek, with an abundance of nitre and other mineral salts.

"Having killed three fine [buffalo] cows during the five days we remained at this place, the scent of fresh meat attracted an old bear and her cub, which, in the expectation of a choice repast, were induced to pay us a night visit.

"We were quietly reposing at the time, nor dreamed of the ungainly



monsters within camp, till their harsh growls grated upon our ears and raised us each to a speedy consciousness. Instantly every rifle was clenched and levelled at the unwelcome intruders, and two discharges bespoke their warm reception. The bears, not fancying this new test of friendship, quickly withdrew and permitted us to resume our slumbers.

"Fitzpatrick and Van Dusen, two old mountaineers, passed our encampment, in the interim, on their way to the States. Having devoted a number of years to the business of trapping, few possess a more intimate knowledge of this country than they. The former of these gentlemen was on his return from Oregon with dispatches for the U. S. Government, and had acted as pilot for a party of emigrants to that territory during the previous summer. After conducting his charge to their place of destination, he and his companion had travelled thus far alone, — a distance of more than one thousand miles.

"Sept. 19th. Leaving Daugherty's creek, we resumed our ~~own~~ course, and reached the Arkansas the next day, about noon."

Having discovered that the creek was named for one Daugherty as well as for one Jimmy, it was but natural to infer that it was the namesake of one Jimmy Daugherty; and the present writer, after reading Sage's above account, was on the lookout for independent evidence that would couple these two names together, in connection with Jimmy's spring, camp or creek. Such confirmatory evidence was finally found in ~~the~~ ~~year~~ 1904. In the fall of that year, the writer met and interviewed the old Colorado-New Mexico pioneer, "Jake" Beard, formerly for many years resident at Trinidad, but then living at El Paso.

On being asked how Jimmy Camp got its name, Mr. Beard immediately replied, "It was named for Jimmy Dockerty" (pronouncing the ck somewhat like the German oh); in which ~~a~~ name I of course recognized the long sought Jimmy Daugherty.

Mr. Beard then gave me the following account of the matter. He prefaced by saying that he had camped at the place a number of times and in company with various mountaineers of the early period, including Kit Carson, George <sup>3</sup>A Simpson (Mr. Beard's father-in-law), and others; and from them he had heard the story of Jimmy Daugherty. He said:

"Jimmy ~~Daugherty's~~ Dockerty ~~Daugherty~~ went out to trade with the Indians (probably Arapahoes); he was returning toward the south and camped at the spring now called Jimmy Camp. He had still on hand a bolt of manta (unbleached muslin). The Mexican who went with him came back to Taos without Jimmy and having this piece of manta; and they questioned him as to where Jimmy was. He replied that the Indians had killed him; but Carson and Simpson and the other old trad-



ers and trappers always believed that the Mexican had killed Jimmy for the manta."

From all accounts, it would seem that Jimmy Daugherty's last trading excursion from Taos, was made in the thirties\*. While he never re-

\*This was before Mr. Simpson came to New Mexico; but doubtless, soon after his arrival in 1840, he was made familiar with the ~~circumstances~~ affair, which was then of recent occurrence.

(~~Save as a soldier in 1846, and as such perhaps unknown to his old mountaineer friends~~) turned to Taos, it is plain from Mr. Beard's testimony that the supposition that he had been murdered, was based only on his failure to return and on the return of the Mexican with the piece of manta. Of positive proof there was none; and against the hypothesis which ~~the~~ Jimmy's Taos friends adopted to account for his disappearance, may be set the possibility that he had some reason of his own for not returning, and skipped out for parts unknown, perhaps purposely sending back the Mexican with the manta ~~and the impression~~ and the story that ~~Jimmy had been killed by the Indians.~~ It is ~~also worthy~~ of note that when, in 1849, Fort Laramie was bought from the American Fur Company by the ~~the~~ Government, and became a United States military post, the first ~~settlers~~ <sup>settlers</sup> of that post were two men named Tutt and Daugherty; and it is still more significant that in General Connor's Powder river expedition of 1865, amongst several old mountaineer guides of the expedition, such as Jim Bridger (whose far western career dated back to 1822) and other such old-timers, there was one "Jim Daugherty," as we learn from Captain H. E. Palmer's account of that expedition, published in Volume II of the Transactions and Reports of the Nebraska State Historical Society\*.

\*L.C., page 205. The passage naming these old mountaineers, reads as follows: "Our guides, chief among whom were Maj. James Bridger, Nick Janisse, Jim Daugherty, Mich. Bouyer, John Recha [phonetic spelling of name of the Frenchman, Jean Richard], Antoine Ladue [Ladoux], and Bordeaux, were supposed to be thoroughly posted on this country, especially the region so near Fort Laramie, where they had been hundreds of times; but the treacherous Platte was too much for them. The spring flood that had just passed had washed away the crossing, and after ten hours' diligent searching not one of the cavalry escort could find a place to cross the river without swimming his horse and endangering his life". Capt. Palmer's paper also appears in Kansas Historical Collections.

Of course it is possible that there were two traders named ~~Jimmy~~ James Daugherty in the Far West in the days preceding settlement of the country; but it does not seem very probable.

~~Summarizing, it may be said,~~ ~~is a conclusion, that, it is possible only to say,~~ that Jimmy Camp creek was first named "Daugherty creek"; that the spring at which the Old Divide Trail reached the creek from the north, was called "Jimmy's Spring"; that the vicinity of this spring, affording good water, wood

Platte  
Company B. G. M. 1846  
The company was mustered in June 27, 1846,  
at Fort Union, N. M., and was mustered out  
at Fort Laramie, Aug. 15, 1849. (See p. 54 of  
the report of the expedition.)  
The company was commanded by Capt. W. S. Murphy.  
The company was composed of 100 men, and  
was the first company of the 1st Cavalry  
to be organized in the Territory.

Footnote

Footnote



and grass, was an approved and much used camping place on the trail, and sooner or later became therefore known as "Jimmy Camp"; that after Jimmy Camp had become a local name, the creek took the name of "Jimmy Camp creek", and the old name, "Daugherty's creek" was forgotten; and that all these names were given for a trader <sup>(Liberty) misnamed</sup> from Taos, named James Daugherty, who suddenly disappeared some time in the thirties, and was by his Mexican servant reported to have been killed (at Jimmy's Spring, it would seem) by Indians, but who was, by the mountain men of Taos, supposed to have been killed by the servant himself. Neither the servant's report nor the Taos mountain men's supposition tends to confirmation by the subsequent appearance of a James Daugherty in Wyoming, old and experienced enough in 1865 to be considered "thoroughly posted" on the country around Fort Laramie, where he "had been hundreds of times", and to be mentioned as one of the "chief" guides of Connor's expedition and classed with such old mountaineers as Jim Bridger, Nick Janisse, Bouyer, Richard, Ledoux and Bordeaux.

In 1903, Mr. Andrew C. Wright, a Colorado pioneer of 1858, better known as "Jack Wright", informed the writer that in May or June, 1860, he and Mr. Jersey Hinman started to take up the Jimmy Camp place as a claim, by making a foundation of logs, only a short distance south of the spring; but they remained there only about a day and a half. The "log or two" that Mr. Terrell thought he remembered seeing there in 1863, before he began building for Mr. Green, may have been a remnant of this Wright-Hinman foundation.

So far as known, the habitation built there by Mr. Terrell for Mr. Green in 1863, was the first house ever built at Jimmy Camp. It was a story and a half log cabin. After its completion, and prior to their location at what is now the town of Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Terrell kept house in it and boarded its owner, <sup>Marmaduke</sup> Mr. Green, who was then a single man. The second house built there was the grout house of Mr. Matt France, built by himself and his son-in-law, Mr. Mort Parsons in 1870 <sup>or the late sixties. About '72, France sold to James D. Lawson; and there have been several later</sup>. Since then, a number of buildings have been erected, chiefly by Mr. <sup>J. I.</sup> McMahon, the present owner, who bought the Jimmy Camp ranch from Mr. George W. Benedict in 1900; and Mr. and Mrs. McMahon have recently converted the place into a health and pleasure resort, which they call "Richland", with accommodations for a considerable number of lodgers or tenants.

In the hey-day of the cattle business, an annual "round-up" was held in the vicinity of Jimmy Camp, and was quite noted as "the Jimmy Camp round-up". The <sup>chief</sup> place where the cattle were collected and "cut out", however, was a little further east, at "Corral Bluffs", a place

owned — among them L. W. Biddings, founder of the Biddings Dry Goods business.



encircled on the ~~mountains~~ north, east and west by high ~~granite~~ sandstone bluffs in the form of an amphitheater, and known also as the "Big Corral". The Jimmy Camp round-up of 1875, Mr. Humphrey informs me, was bossed by Mr. A. V. Hunter, <sup>later</sup> ~~and~~ a well-known banker of Deadville, and one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Colorado. <sup>A. A. Hayes in his</sup> ~~in~~ Hayes', "New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail", <sup>thus</sup> ~~relates~~ as "The Tragedy of the Big Corral", an event connected with the great blizzard of 1878, which seems to have been a close competitor of the storm encountered in the same region by the expedition of Marcy and Loring ~~about~~ twenty years earlier:

"Not far from Colorado Springs is a gulch called the Big Corral, in which more than one thousand sheep were lost a year or two ago, having followed each other up to the brink, and fallen over into the deep snow. Nor did the Mexican herder ever return to tell the tale, for he shared their fate. It is with the snow-storm, indeed, that the dark side of the Colorado shepherd's life is associated, and the great tempest of 1878 left a sorrowful record behind it. It must be mentioned that sheds are an innovation, that some ranches have none even now, and that before they were built the sheep were exposed, even in the corrals, to the fury of the elements. Per contra, it should be said that no such storm as that of March, 1878, has been known since there were any sheep in this part of the country. On this occasion thousands and thousands of sheep perished. The snow was eleven feet deep in the corrals, and sheep were dug out alive after being buried for two and even three weeks!"

We will close our study of the history of Jimmy Camp, with an incident in the experience of Mr. Milo Slater at that place in 1864, dictated by that gentleman in 1903, at Denver, as a contribution to the present writer's historical collections:\*

*Footnote* \*Under the title, "An Anecdote of Jimmy Camp", advance publication of this incident was made in the Colorado Springs Gazette in 1904.

"It was in the month of September, '64, when a small detail of twenty men, belonging to the First Colorado Cavalry, were on the march from Pueblo to Denver. They had just finished a thirty days scout through the mountains and foothills after the famous Jim Reynolds gang of guerrillas. Having finished the job by taking part of them prisoners and driving the rest out of the country, they were returning to the Department Headquarters at Denver.

"It was an excessively dry season and there was practically no grass anywhere in the country, and our animals, horses and mules, had suffered greatly from want of food, and had been very considerably



weakened by having to live almost wholly on wild sunflowers.

"The first night out from Pueblo, we had camped at Terrell's ranch on Fountain creek, near where the railway station of Fountain now is. From that point we had the choice of two routes to Denver: the main travelled road [of the settlers], following up the Fountain to Colorado City, then over the old stage road [past "Red Rock ranch" and] crossing the divide at the head of Plum creek; or a rather more direct route [the Old Divide Trail] by way of Jimmy Camp and the head of Cherry creek.

"The officer in command of the detail, a certain lieutenant, had a lady acquaintance living on the head of Cherry creek, whom he thought it would be convenient to visit on this trip; and although the Jimmy Camp road was almost wholly unsettled between Terrell's ranch and the head of Cherry creek, he decided to take the Jimmy Camp road.

"From Terrell's ranch the road followed for several miles the summit of a long ridge, leading northward in an almost direct line for Jimmy Camp. We had been on the road but a short time in the morning when we discovered a small band of Indians, who were apparently scouting ~~xx~~ through the foothills to the east, and who, having discovered us, kept parallel with our command from one to two miles distant, showing themselves only at intervals among the low hills. Every man in the command, except the officer in charge, realized what it meant;—that an attack was contemplated on the settlers on the Fountain,—and suggested to the commanding officer the propriety and the duty of abandoning the route we were following, and turning down on to the Fontaine qui Bouille. The officer, however, maintained that the settlers were in no danger and that they were already warned by depredations which had been committed within a week previous on an emigrant train on the Arkansas river; and that our animals were in no condition to do duty; and insisted on pursuing the course originally decided upon.

"It was a beautiful day in the early Indian summer, and we reached Jimmy Camp about two o'clock in the afternoon and found the place wholly deserted, but also found the first grass we had seen in a month. It was growing thick and luxuriant in bunches of bushes covering about an acre or two of the rich soil in the little valley. These bushes were probably eight to ten feet high and would readily conceal, not only the horses and the mules, but a man on horseback as well.

"The commanding officer was delighted with the location for a camp, and instructed the orderly sergeant to detail one man for herd duty. As before remarked, every one else in the command realized the danger, and almost the entire party united in requesting the orderly sergeant to urge upon the commanding officer to station at least two pickets on the adjoining hills; but the suggestion was waived away with a smile



of indifference and the remark, 'If it should seem necessary, we could put out a ~~night guard~~ guard by nightfall'. That, of course, settled the matter, and his orders were carried out.

"After unsaddling the animals, the entire herd, consisting of twenty cavalry horses and about the same number of mules, was turned loose on the grass, and in ten minutes was ~~was~~ hidden from view, together with the herder. Preparations for dinner were at once made, and the men anticipating before or about nightfall, at once proceeded to clean ~~their~~ their ~~arms~~ arms and get ready. In these preparations nearly every gun and revolver in the entire party was soon taken to pieces and strewn on the blankets, while the men were busy scouring and oiling them, and the cooks busy with the dinner.

"'Crub pile' had not yet been called when we heard a yell. We had scarcely more than time to raise our heads until the entire herd of horses and mules came rushing from the brush through the camp, without the regular herder, but followed by eight or ten Indians all mounted on ponies; and instead of arms, each one swung a blanket or buffalo robe over his head, making such yells as only Indians can. Our debilitated horses and mules, an hour before scarcely able to carry a rider, came through the camp 'flickety split', every blessed one of them with his tail in the air. Camp kettles and frying pans were upset, dinner was spoiled, and scarcely a shot fired, and in three minutes our herd was literally out of sight, leaving only the solitary horse that the herder was riding.

"We were fortunate enough to find near by the old Marmaduke Green cabin, two ox-yokes and log chains; and a few head of cattle were grazing near by. The latter were soon driven in and yoked ~~to~~ and hitched to the one baggage wagon which we had, and our cavalry saddles and pack saddles were all loaded into the wagon, and, after eating the remnant of our dinner, we were soon on our way over the hills to Colorado City.

"Less than three months later, on the 29th of the following November, we had the gratification of recovering the lost animals in the herd of Indian horses which was captured at Sand creek at the time of the memorable 'massacre'. Jack Smith, the infamous half-breed, who was also captured there and suffered the death penalty at the hands of the infuriated soldiers, told in his boasting language, only an hour or two before his death, of having led the little party of Indians in their attack upon the soldiers at Jimmy Camp".