

Copies of LETTERS WRITTEN By MY MATERNAL
GRANDFATHER to his FATHER.

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Train Apr. 15/81. (1881)

My Dear Father.

Thus far I have come (i.e. to my train) in safety. I do not know where we are. We reach Indianapolis at 1-P.M. We made a very rapid run to Pittsburgh, where Fred Lewis met me, and I spent the evening with him, finding two classmates at the depot at midnight to see me off. I turned in and slept well till 6.30. Rose a little after 7, and was just going out on the platform when I met a Princeton 77 man. I was greeting him when I saw he was just recovering from a spree. Soon I saw the whole situation. The man was a man named Slemmons who took Maclean Prize, was a Lynde Debater & Valedictorian, but while attempting to be a Christian, he had an intense passion for drink. I knew him well in college, and he had reformed, and was 2 years in Princeton Sem. During the past few weeks he has been drinking, and had gone to a town in Ohio. His sister had followed him and brought him to Columbus last night where he was uncontrollable and she kept him in a Hotel all night. They had just come on our train, and there was work for me at once. He introduced me in grandiloquent style to his sister, and I led him off, and got him seated. Then for a couple of hours I watched him, until they changed cars. He wanted to get off at stations, and I was at my wits end to trick him into obedience. His sister was a pleasant looking young lady, and I did most sincerely pity her. She was taking him to Chicago, where they will arrive at 8 P.M. - a long and painful journey for her. It was a sorrow to me to see so strong a mind wasted by drink. I do hope and pray he may yet successfully reform. His sister was very politely grateful, recognizing my intention in volunteering assistance, and not considering it intrusion.

I have made no attempt to do anything in the way of work. I have abundant food for thought. This new venture I consider as serious not sad: it involves much in the present and still more in the future, and I must enter upon it thoughtfully, and there are some questions to be decided and resolutions to be made. For example - Will B - Huston & Tull are playing cards now, they wanted me to make a fourth, but my present view is to answer no to this, as also to smoking. Many such things must meet me. I trust I may be led aright, or rather may be willing to follow aright for the guidance is sure. I was reading in Philippians yesterday and came to Chap. 1. V 20. It was a fitting motto for me.

There is nothing to note in surveyor surroundings.

Tell Miss Gertie I will send my picture.

Give my warmest regards to my many kind friends. I am sure I most highly appreciate all their kind words, and treasure the thought that their prayers follow me. Love to you all - all the family.

Your affectionate son

Will.

To Rev. John W. Dulles D.D.
Phila.

Keep my letters.

Denver
April 18th 1881

My Dear Father:

It is quite late but I want to write a line as I shall be very busy tomorrow. I wrote briefly from Kansas City. On Sunday at 9.30 we left Kansas City for Denver. I at last concluded to go, and am not yet sure as to the correctness of my decision. The two days since have been monotonous and yet varied. It is monotonous to ride all day through one state, and yet it was constantly changing. I must be brief. The day passed in a very unsatisfactory way, though I read my Bible, studied my SS Lesson and read the Presbyterian which you had put in my satchel. At the close of the evening, we four Tull, Huston, Billin & I went into the State Room and I read some portions from the New Testament. But it was not Sunday, and there were evidences of the West bank of the Mississippi. At about 10 P.M. we had an accident which might have been serious. A switch was open and our engine went ploughing over the ties of the track. We had reason to be thankful that we were going slowly, and only the engine and mail car went off, giving us a jolting, but hurting no one. It delayed us five hours, and hence we are late tonight. It was one of the times when we realize how near death we may be, and I am thankful to have come thus far in safety. We met Mr. Butler tonight. Tomorrow we will attend to our business here, and hope to leave for Poncha tomorrow. I shall see Elder and may go to Leadville to be in his office for a month and learn the ropes. It would be expensive but would pay in the long run.

We are all well and in good spirits. Very glad to receive a telegram from Perit on my arrival. We have two large rooms, and a double bed for each of us.

Excuse my writing so hurriedly, but I am tired, and have no chance for writing. Now Goodnight. You may be sure my warmest affection turns to you at home. Much love to all.

Your affectionate Son

Will.

Rev. J. W. Dulles D.D.
Phila.

Poncha Springs
 Wednesday Ap'l. 20, 1881
 11 A.M.

My Dear Father.

Let me continue my narrative. Yesterday morning we were about early, and I had a very busy day; it was quite warm, and my heavy clothes were rather uncomfortable. I accomplished a good day's work, purchasing books and seeing some business men and being sworn in as attorney in the Supreme Court here. It was also a very expensive day & my purse is low. My box is at Canon City, awaiting orders, which I will send today. My trunk is here O.K. A young man (lawyer) in Denver was very kind to me yesterday, aiding me in my arrangements. I also arranged to act as agent for R. G. Dun's Collection Agency in Bonanza. I may not be able to secure an appointment as notary for six months.

We left Denver at 6.30 P.M. by narrow gauge Denver & Rio Grande R.R., South to Pueblo, and then Westward to Canon City, and again N.W. to this point. The cars went very rapidly, and around the sharp mountain curves it was very shaky, and as I had an upper berth I slept miserably. We were routed out at 4 A.M. to change cars for a six mile ride from Sth Arkansas to Poncha. We had a good breakfast, and I am now writing in Billins' office over the store. They have comfortable quarters here, and the town is a very pretty little town, in a valley surrounded by high peaks covered with snow. I have had a long talk with Kenneth Falmestock. As Fred Darrach said of him, "he has more principle in his little finger than most people in their whole body". He is a sterling fellow, and is much liked and respected here.

I thought I had seen and knew something about Western life & influences, but it exceeds my ideas, and I do indeed dread Bonanza, for it is one of the worst places in Colorado, and as far as I can learn, devoid of any religious worship. I do not know exactly when to go over there. Kenneth wants me to stay over Sunday, and I am inclined to do so, as it will give me a few days rest, and also an opportunity to go to church. It seems strange, very strange to think of being away from church privileges. No wonder our young men are ruined by coming West. I cannot picture the way in which the temptations here have impressed me. You know much about the world, and yet I think I could tell you of things I have seen and heard in the past week, of temptations about the young men of this land which would surprise you. The spirit of "free thought" (?) is very strong, and those of us who hope to stand firm, and do service for the Master need Divine strength. I shall be alone, humanly speaking in Bonanza, and I shall feel solitary. I hope and trust I shall find the Holy Spirit with me to aid me in all I do. People say this is a serious step for me to move out here. They cannot in any degree know how serious it is. I hope it will prove beneficial to me, but there are enormous risks involved, and I dare not

close my eyes to them. Kenneth seems to feel as I think I shall, that permanent living in this country would not do, but this is a question for the future.

I am well, except my being tired through lack of sleep last night. Mr. Butler, I find, was on the steamer when we all went to Boston & Mt. Desert some years ago, and remembered me.

I saw Miss Lena Law in Denver yesterday. She has been there for six months. She inquired specially after you and Lena Heatly.

I have a large number of letters to write, but somehow cannot start of them.

I also saw Grayson McArthur and several other friends of mine. Recd. letter today from John. It was very welcome. I am ashamed as I recall how much disorder I left at home. Let my things be crowded away in that long box.

There are now here in this store building from West Phila. Percy & Aubrey Huston, Fred Darrach (as genial as ever), Will Billin, Monte Tull & I - quite a crowd.

Will billin is going to "stock" the stores here, and form a corporation, and I think it will be a good thing, but I hear that the store is open here on part of Sunday, and if so (Ken. F says so) I would not want any stock in it. I shall not be in any hurry to invest at any rate. I must close now. I do not think this letter is of public interest. You can communicate the news items.

I must try and separate my soliloquies and my journal. Much love to all. My kind regards to friends. They are too many to name. I hope to receive a letter from you soon.

Love to all at 602 & Aunt Lilly and Nannie.

Your affectionate Son

Will.

Rev. J. W. Dulles D.D.

Bonanza, Apr. 24, 1881

My Dear Father:

Here I am at last & how shall I convey to you my first impressions of this place, which for a time is to be my home. Perhaps my narrative had better precede my reflections. On Friday night Billin announced his intention of coming over from Poncha on Saturday morning and as there were several coming over, I decided to come, though I had intended to enjoy a quiet Sunday in Poncha.

So at 8 A.M. yesterday, Billin, Percy Huston, Tull, Butler & I got into an open wagon with backless seats for a 40 mile ride to this town. I cannot describe the ride. We went West until we crossed a divide and then south along the San Luis Valley, a broad rolling plain with the grand snowy peaks of the Sangre de Christo Range on the East, stretching away to the southern horizon. Then we turned to the West and travelled up Kerber Creek until nearly here when we turned North for a mile and drove into Bonanza. The road was good except in places along Kerber Creek and we reached here about 7.30 P.M. We drove to the store of Billin Huston & Co. and found Ned Cattell & Armstrong on hand, and soon after arriving we went to the "Windsor Hotel" & had our supper, a very comfortable meal. Butler & I arranged for a room there together, and then returned to the store. Here we talked about the place, and met some men. The news of the place was not very enjoyable; it consisted chiefly of tales of walking through the streets at night with your revolver in front of you, expecting every man to say "Hands up". Of course such stories are overdrawn, but after seeing almost all the mining camps in Colorado I have no hesitation in saying that I think this town about as badly situated, and as devoid of good qualities as any I have seen. About 10, Butler & I went to our "lhotel" (?). It was an unfinished building, and went into a Bar Room, and the proprietor took us to our room. We went outdoors, and up some stairs to the second floor, then along a little unfinished passageway to a room. It was about 12 x 10 ft., with a window boarded up - no glass about - and the walls made of boards cut from the tree, so that they did not fit, and your next door neighbor was within full sight. A candle served for light, and after my usual devotions I was soon in bed and asleep. With the morning I awoke and was soon dressed and having again read my Bible, and committed myself to the care of our Heavenly Father, went downstairs and in the yard (so to speak) washed my hands & face in icy water, and went in to breakfast. Then I went out on the street, and how can I tell you of this Sunday morning. The stores are all open. Billins included; if he is ashamed of his conduct, he should close his store. I intend to narrate the facts of my life in this country. I inquired for church work and found none, and could not hear of any Sabbath keeping Christian in the town. I feel indeed alone as far as human help is considered. Tull is the only one who in anyway holds his own. Darrach & Fahnstock do nobly in Poncha. D. will not work in the store on Sunday, but he & F. both go to Church & SS. Tull & I have now climbed up the side of one of the hills surrounding the town, and here where the sound of the carpenters' hammers falls on my ear as they work away on this day of rest, I am leaning my book on

a rock and writing this letter to you. Oh, how I long for a church or for some Christian fellowship. This town is a miserably situated place - a hole - right in a mountain gulch, stretching along the gulch for a couple of miles, with rough log cabins perched on every conceivable spot. It cannot, from natural causes, be a large place - nor is there any "boom" here in mines - in fact, in a business sense, I do not see a fine outlook, certainly none of the glowing visions spoken of. But tomorrow is business day, & I will look around. This day is Sunday, and had I not a clearly defined purpose, I would be very homesick, as it is I am church sick today, for I do not know what to do. If Nineveh was much worse than this, I do not wonder Jonah did not want to go there. I have a little Tarshish feeling myself. What can I do for the Master? "A missionary was here about a month ago", so they say, and no telling when he will be here again. It is desolate - no room to read or write in, no Christian life. My Bible has grown more precious to me, & I trust to gain a stronger sense of the fellowship with Christ. It is sad to see the evil effect the West has on our Eastern young men. The greed of gain is ruinous, especially where there is no civilization or religion to restrain it. Here the world, and all its ills, runs riot. Vanity Fair! And all is vanity. I cannot imagine myself content to live here beyond necessity, and the future is a great question to me. But I must not leave a false impression; I shall give this a good fair trial and may succeed; but only good success will keep me here. Billin & Butler are off over the mountains examining mines.

I found letters here from Joe & Nannie - one is astray. I recd. yours at Poncha yesterday.

They are very welcome. I also recd. Easter cards from Miss Jones & Miss Poor - a thoughtful remembrance.

Please write and advise me about Sunday work. What can I judiciously undertake? Some one here lectures, a free lecture, on "Manhood" tonight. I may go, though I presume it is unchristian. I also see some children about & shall probably try and find a place to meet them. But I must be prudent. Now Goodbye, dear Father. Pray that I may hold fast. Much love to all & kind regards to my friends. I wish I could name them all.

Your loving Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Rev. J. W. Dulles D.D.
Phila.

No. 4

P.S. Can you send me about 50 Sunbeams or Visitors in case I can use them? I want to watch a chance.

Will.

Fahnestock & Darrach wish
to be remembered to you

Poncha Springs,
April 30th 1881

My Dear Father:

Again I am in Poncha and am very glad to be here, for it is a pleasant place, and quite homelike, whereas Bonanza is decidedly the reverse. I came over yesterday - partly on business, and partly because I was not well in B. I have written to Perit of an investment which I made, and he either has or can inform you about it. I am more and more convinced that it is a good thing. I could not complete the arrangements when 40 miles from a bank and telegraph office, and so on Thursday thought I would come over here. On Thursday night I was quite unwell, headache and sleepless, and when I got up yesterday I determined to come over here. The ride was long and tiresome over the mountain roads in an open wagon, with backless seats as when I went to Bonanza, and I was well tired out when I arrived. After tea I had a very pleasant talk with Fred Darrach & Kenneth Fahnestock and then went to my room. This was a real pleasure, a neat little room with a lamp (instead of a miserable candle) with plenty of water, and a good bed. You may be sure I slept well, and feel more comfortable this morning than I could have felt in Bonanza. I am still a little under the weather, but hope to "brace up" soon, and in any case there is a good Doctor here, a Christian young man, graduate of Yale College & Harvard Medical.

I do not like Bonanza from a health point of view, (nor very much from any other); a good many persons are sick there, and the water will give trouble I am afraid. When there I drink well water and not creek water; but in a narrow gulch with no drainage a well 20 feet from the creek might be as bad as the creek. I shall remain here a few days, and anticipate great pleasure in going to church tomorrow. I have found one man in Bonanza who thinks there should be a church, and yesterday in the stage found a man who was interested in Christian work. It is a peculiar and decided pleasure to meet such people out here, for they are very, very scarce.

As to business, Bonanza is dead, as a man in the stage said yesterday, when a traveller to B asked about the place in passing "They will have the funeral tomorrow". Nine lawyers advertise in the daily paper, and there are about fifteen there. I would not care much how many there were, if I could imagine law business, but there is really nothing doing in the town, and I cannot imagine law work. Consequently, I have not taken any office, and save the rent, which would be from \$20 to \$40 per month. As I have said, and as I wrote to Perit, the town has far outgrown the mines, and the men are hanging around the streets, and loitering in saloons and dance houses, instead of developing the mines, and offering inducements to eastern capital. There is no money in town, and even the gamblers are said to be living off each other. In spite of this situation the miners or rather prospectors ask enormous prices for "prospect holes".

One incident of this week may be interesting. Mine-jumping is a regular practice here, and there are men who are almost professional "jumpers". A claim (one of the best in B) was jumped a week ago. This means that about a dozen men, when no one was at the mine, went and took possession and began to work it. When the owners learned of it, as a man said "Fighters were in demand at \$20 per day". On Monday morning the County Sheriff armed with proper writs, and accompanied by a dozen or more armed men, went to the mine but the jumpers had a stockade built and defied the majesty of the law, and the rifles of the posse. Under such circumstances, a fight is a usual result, but our Sheriff was evidently mild, and withdrew his force. Then an ex-constable, famous in B as fearing nothing, took the papers, and went to the mine. He demanded admittance, remarking "This is no Sheriff, I mean business", and they opened up and stacked arms, and were marched down by this one man to the calaboose (prison). They tell a great many stories about this man when he was marshall, and he is evidently dreaded by the roughs.

I received a letter from Perit this morning and one from Joe, and Mackinnon Pen from John. Please thank John and tell him to collect from Perit.

I wish I could see you all. I am, I think contented here, and at any rate will accomplish my purpose in coming before returning, though I earnestly hope, and now deem it possible, that six months or a year may see me again living in Phila. I get along well with the people here, and do not anticipate making any enemies, but they are not so intensely attractive as to make one desire to act the role of Ruth toward them.

I shall watch my health, and not stay in Bonanza if I think there is any real risk. I do not like to admit being unwell, nor do I think I am, but am convinced that my life for the past few years has been a little too fully occupied and it will be prudent now to move slowly. I miss all my employments in Phila, and think them all over, especially do I miss my Sunday School work. What are they doing? I have had no word, nor have I had a chance to write to them. Our own church and your S.S., the Young People's meetings, the superintendents Assoc. I shall be glad to hear about them all; and in the home, how is your own health? Dear Lena & Heatly - Charles' plans - John's dissipations, all these are things I want to know. I am glad to hear good news from Julia and the children. I want to write to Julia soon, but my letters to you occupy my time.

I must now close, as dinner is ready. Address me at Bonanza, P.O. Box 225 (this not necessary). My love to all. How is Grandmother; love to them all there and at Spruce St.

Your loving Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Rev. John W. Dulles D.D.
Phila, Pa.

Bonanza
May 8th 1881

My Dear Father.

I am just home from church! Does it sound strange to you? It does to me. I sent a card to tell you this, and now in a few minutes before dinner commence my letter to you. Let me tell of our church today. Yesterday Revd. Mr. Titesworth (Presby) came to town, and I soon met him, and went with him to call upon a number of people and say there would be service today at 11 A.M. A building was secured, a vacant tent-roofed building 12½ ft x 25 ft, and then at 4 P.M. a carpenter and I borrowed some rough lumber, and boxes, and spent some time in arranging the seats. Of course, this was most primitive and quite in accordance with the stories of the frontier. At a little before M, I went to the place and found half a dozen plain looking miners singing "What a friend we have in Jesus", and I soon joined in. Then another hymn, and we waited till the regular hour. As we opened there were fifteen or twenty in the room on the four inch planks which served as seats, and soon others came until we had about forty in the room, quite filling it up. We sang from the Sankey Book, and I served as precentor - no easy task at this altitude. The sermon was from the text "I am the Good Shepherd" &c in John. It was from the text in more than one sense, but in spite of decided weakness, it was pleasant to hear Gospel truth.

After the Benediction, all who felt interested in S.S. work were asked to remain, and more than a dozen did so, whereupon a S.S. was organized, to meet today at 3 P.M.

I am thankful to say I was not made Superintendent, while at the same time I half wish I had been because I want the school to be Presbyterian. But there are so many reasons why I do not want such a position, and feel unfit for it that it was a real pleasure to have two other men nominated, and see one of them elected. This man is a Mr. Philipps a lawyer - an ex-Methodist preacher, who preached till 3 years ago, when his health gave way, and has since been working in Presby. Church and S.S. I have not yet figured out his character - he is the leading lawyer I think in the town. At a mention by Rev. Titesworth of a Presby. Church, some one called out, "We don't want a Presbyterian Sunday School". I did not say anything but shall push hard to have a Presby. S.S.

There was a good sprinkling of ladies at church, and about a dozen men and women said they were ready for S.S. work. We meet at 3 to go on with our organization. Thank you very much for Visitors and Sunbeams - which arrived last night, just in time for today.

We shall want an organ very much at once, as well as Sunday School papers &c. What can be done for us? I do not know how many we will have in the school - can tell in a few Sundays.

Such is my Sunday today - much better than two weeks ago. A little lamp started in a dark place. God grant it may shine brightly to His own glory!

I want to do my part in this work wherever I am placed, and am ready for anything in S.S. - but somehow I feel a little indisposed to going very fast in this; perhaps I am growing lazy.

And now let me thank you all for letters. Nataline for hers which was very welcome. I did not return from Poncha until Thursday, and found a grand pile of mail matter awaiting me. I was very sorry to hear of Nannie's sickness - glad it is over, and to receive a letter from her. So also from Joe and Perit. I am sorry Joe is down, hope he may yet pick up.

As I have said I returned here on Thursday, with Billin & Elder who came down from Leadville to visit The Noni Lodes.

On Friday morning Billin, Butler, Elder & I started out over the range for "Tuttle Creek" where the mine is. They call it five miles. I call it good seven, over a rough trail, and even that we lost, and spent a half hour or more hunting our way around in the woods. When we reached the "divide" or summit, a heavy snow-storm set in, and we had hard snow for an hour or so, except when we were in the gulches, and the snow became rain. It was pretty cold, but we finally reached the miners cabin, and built a fire. The walk was my first long walk, and I felt pretty tired when through, - the effect of the light air is terrible, it so completely enervates you, and makes each foot seem to weigh a ton as you climb these rough rocky hills. I will not describe the mine - it looks very well, and there are several men now at work on it. I did not dream of coming back that day, but at about Six P.M. we decided to return, and our climb and tramp was again before us. It was a good three hours walk, and I felt a little afraid to undertake it, but did so and we got into camp all right at about 9 P.M. by moonlight. My feet were a little rubbed, and on Saturday I felt pretty tired, but soon got over that, and am entirely rested today. But I do not like this high altitude (slight tautology), and am a little uncertain about its desirability as a home on that account, as well as on account of the water. I shall give it a good trial. If I get sick, I shall go again to Poncha, where I can be comfortable. I do not anticipate being sick, but have a slight indisposition with nothing specially characteristic about it which I do not like. However the future will answer this problem.

As to an office I am about decided. Let me give an idea of the "lay" of the town.

(map)

By this rough lining you can see how we are situated. I spend my time and write &c in Billin Huston & Co.'s store. You can see my comforts, when I say my only chance to sit in a chair is at my meals. Now I sit on an empty lemon box and write on the counter.

This week B. H. & Co. move to the store marked A. There is about 10 ft x 25 back of the building (marked B) which is vacant, and I shall probably build on it a small one story building with two rooms - one for an office and one for sleeping and private consultation. The arrangement at present is to spend about \$100 and for me to pay about \$50, charging it off against rent at the rate of \$10 per month.

This will be as good and as cheap as anything I can do.

I am now boarding with a crowd (Cattell, Armstrong, Tull and Butler with others) where we pay for the articles and \$1.00 a week each for cooking - much like a college club, and at a total expense of about \$5 per week. If I built as I propose, my living will cost about \$30 per month, which is very cheap out here.

Of course I will have incidentals in "housekeeping" - for example, light, stove, fuel (all the year) and such things - my blankets will serve for a bed for a time at least.

This will doubtless be my future arrangements, but no one can predict in this land. I must make some money, but cannot imagine how to do so. I think I shall go out and sort ore, or some such thing. I might make a dollar a day at that. It is now nearly time for our Sunday School meeting, and I must be moving. How I wish it was toward Haddington. I cannot yet feel that this is my home, nor that this is to be my permanent field of work. I am here because Providence guided me here, and shall be ready for any further change, or to remain here as is best. I must close. Much love to all. There is nothing here to attract my affection or deep interest, these both turn to home. Glad to hear good news of Julia & "Sophy". My warm regards to friends - Mr. Huey, Rollins, Goodman and many others - Mr. Field.

Your affectionate Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. J. W. Dulles

Bonanza
May 8th 1881

My Dear Father:

Let me add to my letter which is already long a few lines as to our S.S. today. On my way to the building, I passed a gambling house, and there was a hard fight in progress. The men were gambling and some dispute arose, when out came a "gun" (alias pistol) and soon it was lively; fortunately the "guns" would not go off, and so it was "club-muskets", and there were several heads badly cut with pistol handles, chairs, &c. It was a suitable introduction to Sunday School.

When we reached there, there were 19 present - 10 adults and 9 children. Mr. Philipps (Supt.) made some very excellent remarks on the seriousness and importance of the project, then they elected me Assistant Superintendent, and appointed an Executive Com. There were several ladies; and three men were Ex-Superintendents. It was quite encouraging, and we spent a pleasant hour. Mr. Philipps urged upon the children to bring new scholars next Sunday - he proposed to ask them next Sunday how many each one brought. He came near getting caught. He said that for one they should hold up right hand; two, left, and three raise one foot, for four he hesitated, then said a shake of the head.

I took a record of those present to be preserved. Mr. Philipps will probably organize a men's Bible Class, and a good deal of Supt's work will fall on me. I shall try and keep clear of whatever anyone else can do, and Mr. P. is able to do most of the work.

The work is enormous. Let me mention one case.

Going over to Poncha a man showed me a letter with a two-cent stamp, which he was to mail in Denver. The letter was from a man here to a Mother in Denver, telling of a son here. He is a bright intelligent lad of 16 (I do not know him) and is dancing in one of the dance houses here. The Mother has searched for him all around and does not know where he is. A man here is watching him, but does not tell the Mother where he is for fear he will go out of reach. There are many such cases, and as I have said the baldness of sin here is simply infernal.

There is no sin which makes men ashamed. There were earnest words spoken, and fervent prayers offered at our S.S. meeting today. I was silent, but to use a plain expression - it meant business. To win the young men, this is the chief thing. It makes one's heart sick to see and know the sin. Profanity is so mild a sin here that no one notices it, and it is absolutely impossible to avoid continual contact with it. It is fearful, and there is no consolation in anything here except the communion which the believer can have with God. It may be I am here to learn this lesson, and I trust I may learn it more fully each day. I do not deny being lonesome, decidedly so at times. I am essentially "gregarious", and greatly miss my friends,

and especially my home. But do not consider me as weeping. I keep in good spirits, and go about in reasonable good humor. My greatest lack is the lack of opportunity to be alone. This I cannot gain.

I received letters today from Perit, John Scott, Mr. Kennedy and a card from you.

Again much love to all. One thing I nearly forgot to speak of specially.

We need everything in S.S. Can some Leaves be sent us from any source at once; so as regards any other supplies. The papers (Visitors etc) were very timely. Can any money be raised for us? I need not speak of our want.

I only wish I could let my friends look in on our rough room, few earnest workers, small group of bright children and then go out along the street and see the hideous forms of sin staring you in the face. Could they see these things, their hearts would be touched. We need money and the prayers of God's peoples.

Your loving Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. J. W. Dulles D.D.
Philada.

Bonanza
May 13th, 1881

My dear Father:

Several days have passed since I wrote to you, and have been full of incidents although entirely devoid of pecuniary profit. The town is defunct, and I have serious question as to when it will revive. The great thing here now is the running of the smelter, which "blew in" on Monday, and "blew out" last night. The question is whether the ores produced here can be treated and turned into bullion in the camp. Every new mining district in this state shows some peculiarity of mineral, and the first question is to know how to treat them. Must it be roasted to drive off sulphur, antimony &c. - what fluxes are needed? lead, iron, lime &c?

These are very important matters, and the anticipation of the town centers largely in the question about the smelter's success. They say it is succeeding quite well, but I scarcely believe it from the facts I hear, and I have heard some damaging things about the few mines (not prospect holes) here.

An assayer here, a very reliable man, who should know, said he had serious doubts whether there was really good mineral or good mines here; he intends to move, and spoke a little of Silverton, where I thought of going before.

Do not think I am running down my "home" (?) I simply state the facts; yesterday I had a talk with a lawyer here, who is said to be very busy; and he took the same view that I do, and seemed to find little encouragement in the outlook.

As to health I am also uncertain. I am not sick, and yet am not in my usual health, but there is no use in discussing this; one thing is certain, I will not run any health risks out here.

I put in a good day's work yesterday helping Cattell and Armstrong arrange stock; they have bought out a firm here and are moving their store. I was glad to have a day's work. You cannot imagine the contrast of my life here with my life in Phila. Here nothing to engage my time or study (except my law books, and little chance for them), while in Phila. every moment was full of plans, and I miss it very very much.

I like to be lazy, but in my own way, and this enforced idleness is disgusting.

We are planning in Sunday School matters, and I find chances for Christian work, but glad as I am to do this I am not a minister, but a lawyer, and need some law work for financial results. I would not care if I felt that there was law work in the town, I am willing to compete with anyone out here; but I do not see the work for anyone. I do not regret my coming out a particle, the month has been rich in experience which I shall never forget, and I presume the idleness, which I fret under is really a good thing, and my slight indisposit may be only an evidence of my need of rest.

In any case, I rejoice in the chances I have had to stand for the Master. I shall write to Julia and recount the incidents of yesterday. I did not anticipate that I would ever come as near a minister's office as I did yesterday - when I conducted a funeral service. I do hope and pray that the death in the camp may make some men think of their own future. I must close. I may take an office tomorrow with a surveyor here.

Much love to all.

Your affectionate Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. John W. Dulles D.D.
Philadelphia

Bonanza
May 13/1881

My Dear Julia:

I have been wanting to write to you "to answer your letter (?)", but my letters to Father, and Perit, have filled my time for writing, and exhausted my fund of narrative and business. Now I shall divert one of my journal letters and send you a little account of my doings.

I have just written to Father and then made a fire (it is midday), and soon the room where I am will be comfortable. It freezes here every night, and as I have to wash out of doors, I imagine I am using sandsoap when a piece of ice scratches my face. But such is "life on the frontier", and this is frontier, if there be such a place.

One incident has crowned this week: I alluded to it in my letter to Father, and that was my being called upon to conduct funeral services over the body of a young man of 24 who died here in camp. Amid the Godlessness and sin of a mining camp, death comes as a swift messenger from God. They say that "if a man 'hands in his checks' out here, he does so quickly", and this young man was sick and unconscious for less than two days; congestive chills being the assigned cause of death. The mother lives in Nebraska, and his 2 brothers (one is postmaster) and a married sister were here.

Yesterday morning the men who were friends of the family came to me and asked me to conduct services. Strange indeed it seemed, but there is no minister, and so I consented to undertake this new duty, hoping that some word might be good seed for the living. I asked Mr. Phillips, whom I have mentioned as Superintendent of the SS here, to assist me, and we divided the service. The hour was five, and as I walked with my Bible, in which I had marked a number of passages for reading, to the place, it seemed strange to see the quiet look on many faces, Sunday clothes, and an evident desire to show all respect in the presence of the dead.

The house was an ordinary logcabin, the coffin hurriedly made, and very plain, a few ladies in the room, and a large group of men around the door.

The ladies first sang "We shall sleep, but not forever", and then I stepped to the doorway, and read the selections "I am the resurrection and the life" and others. Mr. Philips then offered prayer, and I followed with a few remarks. I did not feel disposed to say anything, it is so hard in the presence of death and sorrow, but I felt that this was an unusual chance to cast a few grains of seed into the hearts of these rough men. My endeavor was to be brief and simple, and not to seem to address them as "sinners above others". I merely alluded to Elijah when God revealed Himself to him on Horeb, not in the wind, earthquake, or fire, but in the still small voice, and comparing our own position. We do not pause in the noisy turmoil of the world to

hear God, but when death comes near, then in the quiet of the presence of death the still small voice speaks through the silent voice of the dead. Then I sought to make them feel that death is real, and certain for all, adding the comforting truth that if we are in Christ we shall all awake once more in joy. I used a simile, which may be old but is new to me. At night in the home we all sit around the fire, until one by one the members of the family seek their rooms and close their eyes in sleep; but those who still remain, it may be busy with the day's work, do not regard the ones who sleep as lost, for they know that with the morning light, all will arise to the new duties of a new day. The comparison is most simple and natural, when we apply it to the dear ones whom we place in the grave, as we anticipate the glory of the resurrection morn.

Then we sang a hymn while the friends came in and took the last look at the face of the dead.

I wish I could picture the crowd; the friends whom I have mentioned in Sunday clothes, down to the roughest looking miner in his course clothes, and yet a kind look on every face. Then the coffin was closed and carried out, placed on a rough wagon, and the driver stood beside it, and Mr. Philips & I walked behind it, while the pall bearers walked alongside, then came a few wagons and a number of men on foot. Along the main street we walked, and up the hill, then along a newly graded road, till by a sharp steep turn up the hillside we were at the "cemetery", where five others are buried. I cannot give an adequate idea of this; it is on the steep hillside and almost a mass of rocks, an unskillfully dug grave around which we stood, as the words "Dust to dust" were spoken, and the earth fell upon the coffin. Then all was over and we walked to our homes.

A novel and striking experience for me, and one I do not care to repeat: one does not know what he may have to do in this strange country.

This incident has taken more space than I anticipated and I must go to my dinner.

How I would like to see you and dear little Harriet, and the little baby. Much love to you all.

Your loving Brother

Will

Mrs. Perit Dulles
Phila.

Let this be kept with my letters.

W.

Poncha Springs
May 22, 1881.

My Dear Nataline:-

I have not had a good opportunity to write and answer your very acceptable letter. Thank you for it. Now I shall send one of my journal letters to you. Father will soon be starting for General Assembly.

When I last wrote I was quite sick, and am not yet entirely well, though I think I shall soon be all right again. But occasionally I would have been very glad if a certain "little girl" whom I know had been near enough to wait on me, but that was not possible, and so I was content in my situation.

There is really no news in this quiet town. I went to the Sunday School here this afternoon, and helped a little with the music. They had 60 present, quite a good attendance.

There was an arrival in town this week which made some stir. A Mr. Pitt Cooke from Washington had been east and "taken to himself a wife". On Thursday they reached here, and several of the fellows who had known him went to South Arkansas (5 miles) with a three seated wagon, and four horses, to meet them. It made quite a fine turnout, and when they returned they drove up in fine style.

Then this morning, as I was sitting at my room door, three men were starting off for a ride. One was mounted and another one started to get on his horse; it was what we call a "broncho", or indian pony, having a bad habit of "bucking". As soon as the man was on his back he commenced, he would give a jump in the air, and land with all four feet stiff under him, and together at the same time haunching his back up like a camel's. After repeating this several times, he lay down and rolled over, and soon the man was off, not hurt at all. The horse ran away. One of the men on horse back went after him, and soon overtook him, and leaned over to seize the rein; just as he did this, his saddlegirth broke, and over he went in the road. It was a very dangerous position but he was not hurt. This was Sunday morning. They only have church here in the evening. Today has been a lovely day, and the trees and grass (not much of this) are fine and green. I may go over to Bonanza this week, but am not certain. Shall send cards letting you all know my plans. They are at present very indefinite.

I am looking for a telegram from Father, on a question about which I wrote early in the week. It is nearly supper time. I wish I were just home from Haddington and would sit down with you to tea. This is a short letter, but as I have said there is no news. So with much love to you and Heatly, and all at our home.

Your affectionate Brother

Will.

Miss Dulles
4037 Chestnut St.
Phila.

Poncha Springs
Chaffee Co. Colo.
June 8th 1881

My Dear Father:-

It has been longer than it should have been since I last sent you an account of my doings. Perit has received frequent letters, and has doubtless kept you posted on all essential points. Everything here moves on in regular course. Perit, as well as you, write to ask about "robbery in Poncha", and I see an account in several eastern papers of such an occurrence. The facts are true enough except that "Poncha Springs" should read "Pagosa Springs". I had a long talk last night with one of the men who was in the stage and "held up" and was robbed, while a man held a brace of Colts No. 45 revolvers at his head.

It makes a good story to tell or report for a newspaper, but I have no desire for any such experience.

I came very near going off on an interesting and somewhat hazardous trip today. Ken Fahnestock had business which made it necessary for him to go over to the Indian (Utes) Reservation, and wanted me to go with him. I could have gone with little or no expense, but remained here for my own business reasons.

He goes to Gunnison and then on to Ouray, about 150 or 200 miles of staging, and will be gone about two weeks. I wanted very much to go with him.

I am deeply interested in the news from West Phila: how much has occurred in my short absence!

I was expecially sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Rollins: it must be a very severe blow to Mr. R. and the children; and she will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

I saw occasional notices in the Denver papers about General Assembly - am sorry they are worrying about the Board of Pub. I had supposed you would beat the Assembly. And Nataline is having her eyes investigated, and may have to wear glasses. I wish I could see her, and Heatly. I received the copy of Revised Testament, and have been much interested in looking it over. It is much talked of here, and various opinions expressed. I received also a book from Nannie, "Kept for the Master's Use", and am very much obliged to her for it. Also recd. \$5 from John on a/c Infant School.

As to myself and my plans:

I had a very pleasant talk today with a lawyer from Boston who has been out here some time, and he holds the same views that I hold about practice out here.

Law in a mining camp is speculative, and hazardous, and scarcely legitimate law work, but I shall leave this until later in my letter.

Will Billin is up in the mountains today. We expect his Mother and sister here on Saturday.

The men here had a good laugh at my expense the other night.

There is a prospector here named Jim Kenny, a rather typical character, rough and profane, has "killed his man", but is a good-hearted man. I count him as a friend of mine, and think he would willingly do me any favor. But he incessantly jokes me, accuses me of all manner of wrong doing, and refers all badness to me. He has more genuine Irish humor than anyone I ever met; for instance, he silenced a talkative tenderfoot one day by saying "Oh, you are happier than if you had more sense".

He thought he would have a joke with me, and so made an arrangement with the town marshall, agreeing to treat all hands, if he would arrest me. I scarcely knew the Marshall and one evening about 9 P.M. I walked into Billin Huston & Co's store, and there were half a dozen men standing around. As soon as I was near the Marshall, he seized me by the arms and locking them behind my back, amid a volley of jokes, walked me out of the store; the crowd following. They took me to one of the saloons in town, and insisted on my treating; failing to gain this Kenney kept his promise and treated the room, urging me to take every imaginable drink. All hands enjoyed the joke, and they were welcome to their laugh.

Now I shall give you my views upon the business outlook.

As I began to say earlier in my letter, law work in a mining camp is merely small law, and speculative. The actual capitalist, and owner does not live in the camp; he has a manager there. There may be small contests between prospectors &c. but, if the suit is of any account, the owner will select some lawyer, and generally takes someone at a center, such as Denver or Pueblo. Then too most of the mining suits go into the U.S. Courts, having headquarters in Denver.

If a man strikes a mining camp at a time when it has its "boom", he will probably do well; but "booms" are scarce, and I know of none in the State just now. In a word, I am about convinced that, except in a speculative sense, law in a mining camp is not specially profitable.

The natural conclusion from this in my own case would be not to settle in a mining camp. If not, then there is only one other choice out here, and that is to settle in a large place such as Denver. There is no middle ground here and such a town as Poncha would not yield a month's income in a whole year. In considering such a place as Denver, it is very hard to tell what advantages there would be. There is the general impression of greater chance in the West, and it seems in a

measure true, but it involves the idea of permanency in the State. This I do not want to accept nor entirely repel. I certainly do not want to live here, and I have not yet met a man of refinement out here who did want to stay permanently. All anticipate returning when they are "fixed" (as the term is).

There is a great deal that is farcical in the idea that men once out here would not return - pride and love of money are the chief reasons why they do not return in many cases.

It is an open question whether one large city, where I am unknown, is a better location than one where I am known.

Then, too, living out here is very expensive, and I find my money in Perit's hands is about gone.

Again I have letters from Haddington, and about it. These perplex me somewhat. You know how serious an obstacle it was to my coming out, and yet we decided that it must yield, and I have studiously avoided giving them any idea of a return on my part, and have also left the choice of my successor entirely to them. I hear they have none & Mr. Dickey seems not to see anyone to get. (I have not heard from him for some weeks). I had a short letter from Mrs. Culley out there, and she spoke of Mr. D as disheartened. He has all my work, it seems, as well as his own to do.

Now, were I settled, and definitely at work, I would not let this have as much weight in my decision as it now has, but I am not settled, and though I am 2000 miles away, there is no concealing the fact that I am again under the necessity of deciding where my life work is to be done.

In this situation, my religious duty must be an important factor, though not paramount to my business. Wherever I can find business success, I trust I can do good, but just at present the question of business success is an open one. I have been hoping to learn from you about Mr. D and his work.

There are, it seems to me, three chief things for me to consider - Business prospects, Health and Christian work.

Pleasure and comforts are not of first importance.

I deeply regret (in one sense) my not meeting success in Bonanza and mainly because it involves the necessity of considering my plans again; I had hoped to be for a time at least settled, and that you would be relieved of any anxiety about me. But facts are facts, and here I am spending money with no return, and must soon make some move, and be at regular work.

Though quite comfortable here, my life is very irksome.

(Just at this point in walks Will Fine, looking browned and hearty.)

I am ready and anxious to do what is best, and hope and pray that I may be guided aright, but I do not now see my way clear. I might settle in Denver, but I do not know.

Necessity will compel something soon, for, as they say out here, I am about "dead-broke".

I must close, with much love to all,

Your affectionate Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. John W. Dulles D.D.
#4037 Chestnut St.
Phila, Pa.

Poncha Springs
Chaffee Co.
June 13th, 1881.

My Dear Father:

I received last night a letter from you, and one from Perit of June 7th, and also from Joe.

The letters from Allen I return with this. Since I last wrote I have changed my plan of living. Ken Fahnestock, Fred Darrach, Dr. Fisk and a Mr. Loney have rented a pleasant ranch in the town, and arranged to board with a neighbor, a German lady.

Mrs. Billin & Emily B arrived last night and are boarding with this same German lady, a Mrs. Williamson. I concluded to join them, and rent a room in the house and live and board with the party. They have a pleasant little sitting room in the Ranch where I am now writing, with a very pleasant breeze blowing in the open window. We have good homelike food, and it costs me \$12 per week instead of \$13.

Had I regular work to do, I would be extremely comfortable: as it is, I manage to keep busy, but am not really accomplishing anything. I am, however, in very good health, and am doubtless gaining strength. I may have a large claim in Bonanza sent to me from Denver for collection, and, if so, will go over there for a few days and collect it.

I must go in a few minutes to the Church. There is a funeral and the pastor wants me to help with the music.

A friend of Dr. Fisk's, a very pleasant young man, has been here for ten days: he knows your name. He is a Mr. Curtis, son of Revd. Curtis of Canandaigua (?) N.Y.

There has also been here for a few days a young man named Willcox from Phila. whom I met in Florida, and who knows our family at 1602.

It is impossible to get away from the ties of society and acquaintance.

There is some satisfaction in the feeling that those who thus know our family cannot say anything evil about us.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Cresson's death. How many there have been since I came away!

It makes me dread being away so far, lest the messenger come nearer. It is a blessed thing to be able to know that we are all under the watchful eye of our Heavenly Father.

You speak in your letter of my reference to Gunnison. Will Fine is City Surveyor in G. City - County Surveyor of G. Co. - and U. S. Surveyor. He was here a few days ago, and from what he says I do not feel much inclined to go there to settle. I am now anxious to receive answers to my letters to you and Perit, sent about a week ago. But I must go to the funeral. Give much love to all.

Your affectionate Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. J. W. Dulles D.D.
Phila, Pa.

Poncha Springs
June 21st, 1881

My Dear Father:-

I was very glad to receive your letter of the 14th. for I have been seriously considering my plans. Certainly I cannot afford to remain here in Poncha: in fact the money phase of my position is the most serious one. Had I the means, I would plan somewhat differently from what I must now do. The same mail which brought your letter brought one also from Mr. Dickey: they seem to be somewhat at a loss what to do, and Mr. D has evidently not abandoned his expectation of my return, and still hopes I will be there again. I have not yet fully decided about my conduct, but at present everything seems to point to my return, and that very soon. Until I am actually in Phila. once more, I think it well not to speak of my plans.

Let them be matured by us, and when acted upon people will find out soon enough. The mail is about closed.

Goodbye - much love

Your affectionate Son

Wm. Dulles Jr.

Revd. John W. Dulles D.D.
Phila.

Poncha Springs
Chaffee Co. Colo.
June 25th, 1881.

My Dear Father:

I am very glad you were able to go to Toronto, for you must have enjoyed the convention, and it should be a pleasant trip. So too, I trust Perit's visit to Atlantic City will have proved beneficial to him, and Julia and the children. I am decidedly self involved just now. My mind is fully decided that it is best for me to return East at once, and when there arrange my plans once more. As you know, it is no light matter to change one's plans in life, and it is no pleasant thing for me to give up my hopes for my life in this country. But the inevitable must be faced, and I shall do so.

I shall have much to tell you when I am again with you, and one person out here will play a large part in my remarks. I cannot say certainly what day I shall be with you again, but my room can, I suppose, be ready for me, and when I arrive you will probably know me.