

✱ Mix a pile of pan-cakes and fry them in
the grease, boil some coffee - and then go to eating.
At noon we do the same and at night, just
for a change have bacon, coffee and pan-cakes
now and then we have some stewed apples or
a piece of fresh meat - beef or veal.

Thus we live and move and have our
being - out here on the confines of civilization

— Where the Platte

Rolls o'er its golden sands

And sun-beams dance upon the mist

Like sprites from fairy lands.

The mornings here are delightful. I often arise early
just for the sake of seeing the sun-rise.

Comes from the East a trembling light

From the mountain tops adorning it
The peaks gulls in quivering
And the

Sore but the stream that beats that shore.

Or bell of kind, or wild-birds song,
Is heard no sound the wide world o'er -

As would the spell would linger long.

All all is ^{still} ~~peace~~ on vale and hill

On mountain tops and heather,

As if the peace of Eden still

Lingered on earth as ever.

Such is the morning but it soon passes
away — — — — — and when

July 28th 1859

{ Arizania - Kansas Territory.
Foot of the Rocky Mountains

Dear Parents.

I wrote you a long letter eleven days ago
and before this time it is probably on its way to you.
Being unemployed this morning (only for a little while
however,) I take the opportunity to pen another.

I have a letter now in my cabin that I in-
tend to send to Cousin John. So you will hear from
me in two letters about the same time. I can think
of no better way to fill up this sheet than by giving
you an insight into my style of life. To begin, I

am situated on the road to the mountains
of Arizona. As to the greater portion of
the Rocky Mountain Range. Sixty or seventy miles
to the south west, looming up above the other por-
tion of the range, notwithstanding the distance, stands
Pikes Peak. The next highest point is called, I
believe, White Mountain and near there, I am told
it was, that Fremont lost his party. Directly in

front of my door are the mountains that in the neighborhood of which are the gold mines. I can easily see the road that leads to Jackson's Diggings winding over a tall mountain - and yet they are 15 miles away. Still keeping your eye on the mountains you can plainly see, to the North West Longs Peak, and when I first arrived in Denver I could faintly see Larimer Peak.

Col Thom - H. Benton - speaking of the capture of his son-in-law - John C. Fremont - says, and places considerable stress on the fact, that on one of his expeditions he was not out sight of snow for eight months. Well, what of it? I can go to my cabin door any day and see whole acres of snow upon the summit of the Sun.

and probably snow can always be seen there from now to the end of time.

My shanty I said was built of logs. The cracks are chinked up with chips and the outside is ~~then~~ plastered with mud. The sunlight streams through in many places, yet it is comfortably tight. The roof is of logs covered first with straw and then with mud. It leaks only in a few

There is a chimney in one corner.

Inside the cabin is a rough board table made out from one side of the ~~it~~. Upon this are two tin kettles, two pans, two cups, two plates, a frying pan two knives and a broken fork. (Upon this table I am now writing - Our bed occupies one corner a pile of chips fills another and our provisions another of the shanty. One three legged stool is our only article of furniture. Hats, caps, boots, coats to hang the walls.

Here then I live. The place is not mine but belongs to a Dutchman (the Western for German). There is another one alongside, belonging to the same man, which I occupied until he was at the mountain camp here the morning during the great snow I had seen him track for the four weeks I have been here. We entered the place without his or ~~his~~ ^{his} license and consequently expected he would not like it. But he only asked us if the cabin leaked, said a few words and left us.

Our style of life is simple. We rise in the morning, kindle a fire, fry a slice or two of bacon

— the clouds have lost the hues
 That colored them at the dawning,
 And the flowers no more are wet with dew
 And shut the gates of morning. —

When wheeling upward in his car
 The God of day rejoices
 And hills and mountains top afar
 Hear Earth's ten thousand voices :

I shoulder, transit, rods and staff and walk
 4 or 5 miles to the end of the paper lots of
 Curran's there during the rest of the day, I
 took a driving stake or running angle

.. I got a ^{numerous} ~~numerous~~ ^{numerous}
 I ston myself away in one of the ~~numerous~~
 Prairie Dog holes that number open before me.

Since I have been here I have been able to
 read an Article entitled the "Philosophy of Sleep"
 Madame De Staels, "Influence of literature
 upon Society." "The Anatomy of Dumbness"
 Combes Constitution of man, "A treatise on self
 knowledge, Fosters Essays all bound together

in one volume of 500 or 600 pages.

I have also been able to gather some information
in regard to the war in Europe, and the other
day heard and read a long account of the voy-
age of the first Aerial Ship, Mr Blondin's
hardy walk over Niagara River, the Railroad
accident in Illinois and other matters necessary
to a full knowledge and ~~wide~~ insight into
the movements of this fast age

Yours truly

Joseph Raus Writing for

The Auraria Story

Auraria, K. T.
Arapahoe County
1859

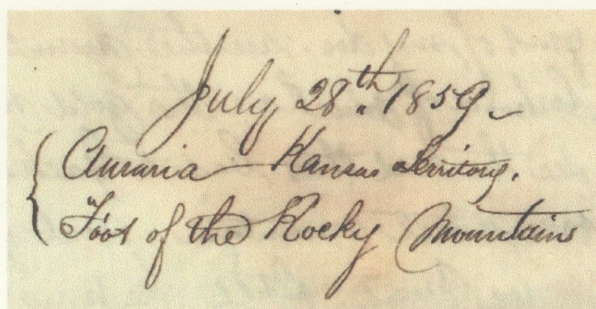


AURARIA K. T.



August 2, 1859 Auraria, K. T. To Mr. Joseph C. Whiting Rear of 26 Spring St.
Providence, Rhode Island With faint Paid 3 and black straightline type set handstamp
Pen notation No. 17 on a tattered stained envelop containing a wonderful letter.

A example of letter that has had a very hard life.



Mailed from Auraria August 2, 1859

Dear Parents

I wrote you a long letter eleven days ago and is on way to you. I can think of better way to fill up this sheet then by giving you an insight into my style of life. So begins living in a log cabin on the out skirts of Auraria is so situated on the road to the Mountains and from the door I can see the greater portion of the Rocky Mountain Range. Sixty or seventy miles to the South West, looming up above the others portion of the range not withstanding the distance stands Pikes Peak.

I can easily see the road that leads to Jackson's Diggings winding over a tall mountain - and yet it is 15 miles away still keeping you eye on the mountain you can plainly see to the north-west Longs Peak.

I shoulder a transit rods and staff and walk to the end of the paper lots of Auraria where during the rest of the day I work at driving stakes for naming angles and streets.

Your Truly Joseph Cave Whiting, Jr.

Young Mr. Whiting was surveying the Auraria Townsite

To Mr. Joseph Whiting
Rear of 26 Spring Street
Providence, R. I.

July 28th, 1859
Auraria, Kansas Territory
Foot of the Rocky Mountains

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Col. Thom H. Tenton -- speaking of the exploration of his son-in-law John C. Fremont - - - says, and places considerable stress on the fact in one of his expedition's he was not out of sight of snow for eight months. Well what of it as I can to my cabin door and see whole acres of snow on the summits.

==one and half lines missing

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-----missing lines

Same but the stream that beats the light or bell of kind to wild birds song.
I heard no sound the wide world or ----- missing lines

Or world the spell linger long All all is stil on the vale and hill
On mountain top and heather As if the peace oof Eden still
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Page 5

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Your truly Joseph Cav Whiting, Jr.