

"AN INDIAN CHRONICLE"

By Una Hogue.

All biographies, however unpretentious, are more or less fiction and imagination if they are interesting to the general public. The mere dates of birth and death, the early home, the later years of life do not furnish material to satisfy many. So, in telling of one whose early life is almost legend now, whose people have all departed to the Happy Hunting grounds, even the most trivial and common place affairs assume importance.

In the abstract we are all familiar with "the noble red man" or "the sneaking scout" but actual Indians, their lives and deeds are almost unknown to most of us.

In collecting material for this paper, all of the dates, which are uncertain, the names, details, bits of Indian lore, information more than half legend now, have come from the old times, from the Indians themselves, twenty years and more ago. No doubt some can disprove this date or that, or have heard a better version of some of the incidents; the data necessary is very unreliable and subject to change when ever it comes from a different source.

The Utes of western Colorado were at one time a powerful and intelligent nation consisting of four tribes. The late great chief of this people was Ouray, a man loved and respected, feared and hated more than any Indian of the West. He was tall and of imposing appearance--a thinker and a man of peace-- a diplomat and a leader, he was a type ideal in the Indian estimation. Nevertheless, his loyal subjects always spoke of him with their fine scorn as "Ouray, white man's friend"

Early in 1800 the Southern Utes were very powerful, but their number, gradually lessened until they had one important chief, an old man who belonged to Ouray's council.

Chipeta, daughter of this old Chief was born in 1830 near Ignacio. Before the little Chipeta had learned the art of tanning buckskin, parching corn, or preparing venison, her mother died, and she was left much to herself, since her father was away at council meetings.

When she was scarcely able to lift the earthen water-jars, she had taken charge of the family wick-e-up, where her ability to care for her sheep, her cattle and ponies became current talk. More than this, however, she was a beauty, not only from the Indian stand point but in the eyes of the critical white man, so that as a child of 14, she was the most sought after maiden of her tribe.

History tells us nothing of her acquaintance with Ouray,-- legend tells us less. And in this fact we see a remarkable trait of the red man. The Indian tale bearer is a respecter of persons, and he had little to say concerning his chief's courtship and subsequent marriage with the liveliest woman of the Southern tribe.

Perhaps Ouray learned of her thru the reports of her beauty, perhaps the old chief, her father, had much to do with her marriage, perhaps Chipeta, herself, for she was a most enterprising person. Whatever the reason, Chipeta became the second Squaw of Ouray, when she was about sixteen, or probably in 1846, and was taken from Ignacio to his headquarters, and council grounds at the old cantonment 10 miles above Montrose.

From 1846 until 1875 very few personal happenings are known concerning the Squaw Chipeta. At this time the Council of Ouray was composed of sub-chiefs from the different tribes. There were Wash, Atchee, Colorow, Charlie Mack, Shavano and Comanche.

To their many gatherings Chipeta surely must have been an interested, if an unseen, listener, for she came to know each of these chieftans very well, especially Comanche, the White River Ute, who was not only a man of wisdom but also very good to look upon--six feet two in his moccasins, he was one of the handsomest braves of his time. No wonder that Chipeta should have noticed him.

Early in 1879 a disturbance arose in the Ute nation. White River Colorow turned renegade, forsook his own tribe of the Uncompagnes and incited the White river Indians to the first preparations for the Meeker massacre.

We do not know that Ouray was informed of this atrocious plan, but in some way Chipeta learned of it. She anticipated the action of the white river Colorow and even as he was gathering his warriors for the massacre, had sent her own runner to secure exact news.

Forty-eight hours before the people of Meeker were attacked she had led her pony out of camp and unknown to anyone was on her way to Meeker. In the nick of time she reached there after riding 150 miles, and she conducted two white women, whom she had known, from their immediate danger to Durango.

This was in May, 1879. When she reached the Montrose cantonment her Indian servant had died, Ouray was ill, and the Govt. men strangely impatient. Her chief was scarcely able to conduct things in the old way, so that conditions were far from satisfactory. The Meeker affair had hardened the hearts of the army men towards the tribes.

Meanwhile Chipeta knowing the dangers of her nation, all too well tended her ponies, and sheep and watched her pumpkins yellowing into maturity. Before frost came, before any chief could be found--there was no heir--Ouray died, 33 years last fall. The royal family of Ouray was a thing of the past, and so Chipeta, still the pride of her race, the last representative of native authority, a handsome low-browed woman of 49, Chipeta of the black braids, stood in the entrance of the Ouray cabin one morning late in September, and defied the chiefs of four tribes, to pity her or help her with her ~~dear~~ dead.

Thirty-six hundred warriors faced the issue of war with the white men, without their mighty chief, and when the burial took place, where no white man knows, such a string of ponies, trappings, navajoes, the garments befitting a mighty brace, never before accompanied a chief to his final resting place.

In 1881 Gen. McKenzie gave a 12 hours notice for the Utes to leave the Uncompagne and Gunnison Valleys. Rebeliously they tore down their wick-e-ups, packed their ponies, and departed to the Uinta Mountains. This reserve was soon developed and in a night the mighty Ute nation had melted into a handful of sullen, and dependent Indians, who despised the work connected with agricultural pursuits.

In 1886 Chipeta became to Squaw of Comanche. In spite of misfortune she seems to have been marked out for domestic happiness. and for 22 years, she and Comanche lived on their Gov't portion, sold and traded ponies and cattle, and were well to do in their primitive way. Perhaps there is a thread of romance in the history of Chipeta which passes from the days when the young brave Comanche sat at the fires of Ouray, until she became his squaw.

And here we come to the Chipeta as we know her now--Chipeta the old Indian Woman who has survived her two chieftan husbands.

Independent she lives on the reservation and owns her own string of ponies. Her only living relatives are the younger Mountain Sheep, whose father was the cousin to Comanche, and Wash who is second cousin to Ouray.

In 1912 she passed through the Uncompaghe valley on her way home from Colorado Springs, and Durango, and I saw her for the first time and walked up to her pony and shook hands with this red-skinned woman of the west. She looked down at me and laughed, just the mellowest chuckle imaginable, and it seemed to me she must have found some of the goodness in this life which many, much better educated and cultured never receive.

She rode in the old Ute fashion on a queer wooden saddle piled high with blankets, her bridle was a horse hair hach-a-more which she had made herself-- her pony was a shaggy haired pinto. She alighted from her saddle and very quickly taking off the saddle and blankets, looked at us and said "Chipeta very tired-- travelled so many moons--" and before we could count them she opened both her hands, with fingers spread out to show the length of her journey then she stooped down and unrolling ~~the~~ her blankets, talked to us. Often she would never look up, only nod her head, and gesticulate with her hands, and once she became quite eloquent.

Chipeta is a short, heavily built woman, but straighter in posture than most old squaws. She wears a typical Indian garb, ~~xxxxx~~ the short skirt and long Navajo legging and moccasins, with the neckless of Elk teeth, and the buckskin money pouch. Her hair is black and thin and hangs unbanded about her shoulders. Although she is over eighty, only her eyes show her age and they are growing dim, no longer of that velvety blackness peculiar to the Indian race.

Chipete, beauth of the Southern Ute nation, squaw of Ouray, and Comanche, without a blood relation has passed thru her old camping ground for the last time, and the day is approaching when she will make her final trip to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"SKETCH ON LIFE OF SHAVANO"

By Una Hogue

Shavano was well known by the early settlers of this valley. He belonged to the Uncompaghere Utes, Ouray being the head Chief of all the tribes. Shavano was the war chief under him. He was also, the leader of the Uncompaghere band. His headquarters were on the western slope of this state, but he usually made two trips yearly to this part and often spent two or three months at a time.

He was a large, well built man, weighing about 180 pounds.

He entertained a straight warlike disposition toward the whites. His greatest concern was the welfare of his people, so much that he was oftentimes meddlesome. He was as true an Indian as ever lived. He was greatly opposed to giving up this country to the whites. He was vigilant and even maintained to his people that the country and every thing in it belonged to them and aside from the conviction that he had a right to appropriate everything he wanted, he had many favorable traits. He was frank and fearless in his utterances, and was considered a very honest Indian.

His real name was Tarboochaket, but he was never called that. The Robideauz fur traders gave him the name Chaveneaux, and when he was enrolled at the Los Pinos agency the name was written Shavano, this name means a blue flower, most probable the wild larkspur. The mountain Shavano was not named by the Indians, but by Hayden in his survey.

Shavano had three wives, one was a very pretty Indian girl of about twenty. Her name was Ceborow. Little is known of the others. He was very cruel to his wives. It is said he became angry at Ceborow and kicked her to death. He shot one of the others. He is only known to have had one child, a girl.

In 1868 the lives of the whites were endangered by a band of Indians under Shavano. The sub-agent had been holding back supplies sent for the Indians by the Government for three months. The Indian agent came and the whites all gathered to see the supplies given to the Indians. About three thousand Indians wrapped in blankets, came for their rations. The agent refused to issue them that day. Shavano and his band angered at this covered them with their guns, which they had hidden away under their blankets. The agent then willingly distributed the supplies.

At times he was peaceful and agreeable to the settlers. He often ate at the same table with them. Once when he was out in a severe snow storm he came to Papa's cabin and staid there five days.

There was a white boy, whom Shavano had taken a great ~~interest~~ fancy to, hurt. Shavano was a constant attendant at his bedside. Just before his death Shavano knelt and prayed the following prayer "May the Great Spirit that lives in the sun have mercy on his soul, that he may go to where our forefathers live in the Happy Hunting Grounds and be forever at home, and forever with his friends. In a little while he will go to the sun and see the Great Father of all the Utes." Shavano and six other Indians attended the funeral. After the last sad rites were concluded the Indians all rode past the grave with both hands extended in the air, a tribute of respect for the dead.

At Ouray's death Shavano was entitled to succeed him, but the Washington authorities were afraid of him and manipulated the affair by election. Unaccustomed to political intrigues, enough of the

of the head men were handled to throw the election to Sapinero, and during his administration Shavano had the most influence of any man in his tribe. Shavano's death occurred in 1885. He had become one of the medicine men, and was called upon to Doctor two Indian boys. Both boys died within a few days. There is as much rivalry among Indian Doctors as can be found in the profession anywhere in the world, and some one told Sarrup, the father of the boys, that Shavano had poisoned them. In a few days while the Indians were gathering at the agency for rations Shavano was standing in front of the trader's store telling how the reservation was shrinking and getting smaller all the time and the whites were crowding closer and closer upon them, when Sarrup rode up near and like a flash took out a revolver and mortally wounded him.