

"Cotopaxi is the headquarters of a rich mining district; is situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded by high mountains, most of which contain valuable minerals, especially in silver and copper, galena and lead. The Arkansas River runs at the foot of the valley. It is a pretty lively railroad station, and is, by means of its favorable site, destined to become one of the best places in the Centennial State," the fact still stares us in the face that Cotopaxi contains in all but sixteen houses and a water tank.

For the present we will leave the colony at Cotopaxi and proceed to the farms. Proceeding up Oak Grove Creek we came to the first so-called farms. Here are three "farms" of 160 acres each. And we know of no instance where quality was so sacrificed to quantity as in the selection of these so-called farms. We do not exaggerate when we say that a beast could not subsist on these lands. This, a mean, narrow strip of land, extending a few yards on either side of the creek, which runs dry in winter and contains no water in summer except when the snow melts in the mountains above and suddenly comes down in a flood, terrible in its devastation, inundating the whole valley, sweeping everything before it and leaving deposits of sand, huge boulders and drift wood to tell of the remarkable action of water and the freaks of nature. The farm on this creek, which Mr. Schwarz describes as looking "like a flower-garden" (see page four of report), is either visionary with him or was swept away before we arrived. At least, we can assure you that there is not the faintest vestige of any such farm to-day.

A steep mountain range, 2,000 feet higher than even Cotopaxi, which is 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, strewn with gigantic rocks, separates the farms on Oak Grove Creek from those in the next mountain valley. Here are six so-called farms. These farms contain 160 acres each, and, after careful inquiry, we find that two-fifths of these lands are absolutely worthless, because the soil contains nothing but rock, and the other three-fifths can not be made available because they can not be irrigated, all the water in the creek (and that all is but a little) having been previously appropriated by two earlier settlers, and to bring water from the Lake of the Clouds (the nearest source of supply), at a distance of eight miles, could not be done for less than \$4,000. The next farms are three and a half miles further on, and are as worthless for farming purposes as all the other farms.

The total amount of land embraced in these farms is 1,780 acres, and there is not 100 acres of it that is fit for cultivation. As an illustration, we need only tell you that one of the colonists, who planted four bags of potatoes, gathered as a return fifteen bags of a poorer quality than what he planted, and this with the most favorable wet season that Colorado had for twenty years.

The question may be asked, Was this the fault of the land or the farmer? To this we answer, both. The land is as poor as we represent it. The farmer, who was probably an expert in Russia, is a mere novice in the art in Colorado.

The possession of the cleanest printed book can not make a man, ignorant of the alphabet, read. Nor are you a Paganini because you own a violin of his make. You can not preach a sermon simply because you stand in the pulpit, nor are you a carpenter because you own a chest of tools.

Instead of clerks and assistant clerks with which this colony, from their accounts and the logic of events is shown to have been burdened, there should have been practical Colorado farmers hired to teach and instruct these people in that art which it was intended they should learn. Practical Colorado men should have been consulted in the selection of lands for these refugees, instead of leaving it to a man who, however learned he may be in other matters, shows his ignorance of Colorado soil, climate and water supply in many instances in the report from which we have heretofore quoted.

What can be more ridiculous to a Colorado than the following, which we copy from the report of Mr. Schwarz (page 12): "In Colorado, in a tent, the tenderest babe and the most delicate invalid can live and sleep all the year round and derive benefit therefrom. As a consequence of these facts our colonists enjoy the best of health."

Gentlemen, we do not for a moment believe that even our brethren in the State of New York will credit such monstrous statements. And let us state to you and them that in our opinion, and from our observation, the houses of these refugees (upon which nothing was quite so lavishly bestowed as the Society's money) were built upon the theory that the delicate mother and the half-naked infant would in summer and winter require the balmy air of Colorado, wafted through creek and ravine, as it can only be wafted from the eternally snow-clad peaks of the Sanco de Christ Range.

What other property does this colony possess? Two plows make up the heading of "agricultural implements." Two plows for fourteen persons, whose "broad acres" number 1,780! Each family (except three) possessed a cow and calf—the quality of the cows being that they gave no milk. Then some of the colonists have barbed wire with which to surround their farms, which is like surrounding a poor chromo with a rich gilt frame. The clothing and provisions of the people are scanty in the extreme. The houses are so poorly constructed that on such a night as we saw them, the wind howling violently, the little shanty almost succumbs, the illy-constructed doors and windows, too small for their casements, admitting a constant draught of bitter cold air, the scarcity of blankets and bedclothing increasing the chances of sickness and death.

We can sit at our cheerful firesides with gown and slippers, a book and a pipe, and listen heedlessly to the roar of the tempest and the rain as it comes down in torrents, but if it ever becomes your sad lot to find yourselves reduced to poverty, driven into a foreign, gloomy, desolate country, with scarce a shred to your backs, your wives driven almost to distraction in their attempts to obey the natural instincts of mothers to shelter their children, you will then wonder how people can be so deaf, not to the instincts of Judaism, but the instincts of humanity, as to let a poor, deluded people, Jews at that, die from cold and starvation.

The instances of suffering among the colonists are numerous and pitiful. On one occasion the family of Morris Minkorsky was without food for two days; his wife was sick, and the Arkansas River was swollen to such an extent that it carried destruction in its terrible course. It was a question of life and death. Minkorsky plunged into the stream, and, after a desperate effort, in which no other man would venture, reached the opposite shore in safety. He secured the necessary provisions for his sick wife and brought them back with him.

The wife of Zolle Puisane has for eleven weeks lain sick in a miserable hut in the mountains, without medical attend-

ance or medicine; her husband has no work, and the people of Cotopaxi would not so much as give them credit for a sack of flour.

Three women are in a very delicate condition, and will be confined shortly. The cries and appeals of these poor creatures, as they contemplate the perils of childbirth—peril enough anywhere, but terrible beyond expression at Cotopaxi, where there is sickness and death in store for healthy persons, and where there is neither nurse, midwife, physician, medicine, or even food or clothing necessary for mother and child in such condition, are absolutely heartrending. These women must be cared for; they must either be properly attended to where they are or they must be removed to Denver temporarily, where our Hebrew Ladies' Relief Society will give them that kind attention which only one Jewish mother knows how to give another.

The lands being barren and not susceptible of cultivation, for the reasons herein given, there remains nothing for these refugees to do save here and there a day's employment in the zinc mine at Cotopaxi or an odd job for the Railroad Company. But at no time have all the men had occupation; at no time have they had steady employment, and if one earned a dollar to-day the unemployed would share that dollar with the family of the man who earned it.

The fact is not, as some suppose, that the Russian refugee is lazy and unwilling to work. How eager they are to work and provide for themselves is shown, among other instances, by the fact that two men, one of them just able to be out after two weeks' sickness, hired out to the Railroad to saw logs. These logs, probably eighteen inches thick, had to be carried down to the railroad track on the shoulders of these men and there sawed and piled up; for all of which these men were paid one cent per log, and realized together in one day \$1.30, and froze their fingers besides.

There is so much exaggeration in the report furnished by Mr. Schwarz to the H. E. A. S. that we are pleased to be able to quote something at least which approaches the truth. It meets our views, and we heartily indorse what is said on page thirteen of the report, which is as follows: "Your folks are first-class workers."

That's what I was pleased to hear about the laboring capacities of our people. There is no doubt that the refugees have shown that they are not that lazy mob for which they were taken. Under favorable circumstances they have done more than could be expected. Only one who knows what it means to break up virgin ground with a common shovel can appreciate the industrious efforts of the refugees.

"They have broken up the ground with a shovel; they have done the hardest part of the work required to make a wagon-bridge; they have filled the ditches with big rocks which they were compelled to cut and hew from the mountains; they went up to their throats in the swift Arkansas River to make a foot-bridge to enable them to reach their lands; they worked in dark, damp mines as good and as perseveringly as trained miners; they worked on the railroad, giving entire satisfaction to their employers; they carried lumber on their shoulders to speed the erection of their houses; they walked often twenty miles a day to chop wood in the forests for the purpose of putting fence posts around their farms. * * * With one word I can testify, and I fulfill a pleasant duty in doing so, that our Russian co-religionists, as a rule, can work, and willingly, if they are properly treated and understood."

We are at a loss to account for the expenditure of \$8,750 said to have been expended up to October 23, 1882. We can assure you that the New York Society, and, therefore, the refugees, have paid more than twice as much for what they received as an honest administration of the funds would warrant.

In conclusion, we would earnestly recommend that immediate relief, in the shape of clothing and provisions, be at once and without delay sent to the colony.

That some means be immediately devised for the care and treatment of the sick, and those about to be confined.

That we recommend to the H. E. A. S. of the United States the immediate removal of the colony to some other place—some place where their eagerness to farm will be rewarded by crops that will keep them alive and reward their labors. Then we can agree with Mr. Schwarz in the quotation from Cicero: "Nihil uberior, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, liberto dignius, agricultura." There is nothing nobler, nothing sweeter, nothing more becoming to a freeman than agriculture.

Respectfully submitted,
 GEORGE H. KOHN,
 LOUIS WIRKOWSKI,
 Committee.

DENVER, Jan. 30, 1883.

Report of the Committee from Denver, Col., Upon the Condition of the Colony of Russian Refugees at Cotopaxi, Col.

On the 8th of May, 1882, a colony, consisting of thirteen families, numbering fifty souls, arrived, after a five days' journey from New York, at Cotopaxi. From the 8th of May until the 28th of August, three families, numbering fourteen souls, arrived, so that at the latter date (one child having died soon after its arrival at Cotopaxi) the colony numbered sixty-three souls.

Happy to escape with their lives from Russia, they were ready, eager and willing to go anywhere in order once again to establish for themselves, their wives and their children, a home. It was one of those times when—

"Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die."

We have not at hand the records or correspondence of the Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society of the United States, that would inform us at whose suggestion or upon what investigation it was resolved to plant this colony at Cotopaxi. We know the colony came, and is now at Cotopaxi. One Julius Schwarz came with the colony as its "clerk," and subsequently the entire management was intrusted to him.

From all the information that we can gather at present, consisting of the report of Mr. Julius Schwarz to the President of the H. E. A. S. of the United States and the statements of the refugees, we conclude it was the intention of the Society to give each head of a family a house and the necessary furniture and cooking utensils, farming implements, seed, and 160 acres of land. It was the duty of him in whose charge the colony was placed to so provide for them.

How was it done? The houses, twelve in number, constructed of rough timber, were built at a cost of about \$230 each, and we can safely assure you and the H. E. A. S. of the United States, that any of the houses could have been built for \$100. But what strikes us as being a greater outrage upon the liberality and confidence of the H. E. A. S. of the United States, and therefore an imposition upon those who are intended to be the beneficiaries of their bounty, is the fact that these houses are constructed upon land claimed by the Cotopaxi Pacer Mining Co. as a town site, for which we are informed by Mr. E. L. Sattiel, the resident director of that company, the colonists have a forty-nine-years lease. Upon inquiry we find that no lease has ever been executed by the company to the colonists. This of itself is a fact pregnant with danger, and reflects sadly upon the management of the colony. If, perchance, the Town Site Co. should see fit to eject the refugees from their land, what would become of these sixty-three souls? Notwithstanding the glowing description of Cotopaxi, present and prospective, given by Mr. Schwarz in his report, wherein he says (page three):