Ed Schieffelin

In The Pacific Northwest in the 1850's.

Chalk Courchane

Edward Lawrence Schieffelin was an Indian scout and prospector who discovered silver in the Arizona Territory, which led to the founding of Tombstone, Arizona. He partnered with his brother Al and mining engineer Richard Gird in a handshake deal that produced millions of dollars in wealth for all three men. During the course of Tombstone's mining history, about U.S. $85,000,000 in silver was produced from its mines.

Ed Schieffelin was born in a coal-mining region of Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, on September 27, 1847 the son Clinton Emanuel Del Pela (1823-1884) and Jane Walker Schieffelin (1824-1916), of a prominent New York and Pennsylvania family. His great-grandfather Jacob Schieffelin, Sr., born in 1757, joined the Loyalist army and served as Henry Hamilton's secretary during the Revolutionary War. Schieffelin was captured in 1779 and held prisoner in Williamsburg, Virginia. He escaped to Canada, where in 1780 he was appointed a lieutenant in the Queen's Rangers by Henry Clinton. He spent time in Montreal and Detroit, before returning to New York, where in 1794 he founded a drug company with his brother Lawrence. This firm still exists as a liquor import house, Schieffelin & Somerset.

His siblings were:

1. Albert E. Schieffelin (1849-1885)
2. Elizabeth Jane Schieffelin (1851-1931) she married Ralph C. Guirado
3. Charlotte "Lottie" Schieffelin (1857-1894) she married Ed Dunham
4. Effingham L. "Eff" Schieffelin (1858-1929)

5. Charles Lyons Schieffelin (1862-1919) married Celia Frances Beagle in 1886, he was a iner, well known locally burned to death in his cabin.

6. Theodore Schieffelin (1867-1881) he married Rose Duke Guthrie (1866-1941) in 1898.

7. Jay L. Schieffelin (1870-1934) he married Emma R. Boyer (1871-1963)

https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/5768736/edward-lawrence-schieffelin

In January 1849, Jacob, Jr. traveled to California with his sons Alfred and Edward Girard on the ship *Morrison*. They arrived in September, but almost immediately booked passage home via Panama in November.

Jacob Schieffelin, Jr. traveled overland and joined his brother Clinton Emanuel Del Pela Schieffelin and settled in the Rogue Valley, Oregon Territory, in the mid-1850s to raise cattle, grain and children. The family maintained an interest in the mining activities in the area.

Ed Schieffelin had always it seemed to have had an obsession to travel the west looking for gold and silver. “The obsession probably began during his early childhood in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. When he was only five years old, his father, Clinton Schieffelin, became intrigued with the tales of wealth to be found in the seeking, and the boy was given the full treatment when he was at his most impressionable. At last when Clinton could no longer resist the lure of the gold fields, he joined forces with his brother-in-law, Joe Walker, and the two of them sailed for California early in 1852, coming through the Straits of Magellan. They moved in with the multitude mining along the Feather River, but the news of the extravagant discoveries at Jacksonville and Rogue River drew them on to Southern Oregon. In 1853 they bought a land claim along the Rogue and filed for a donation land claim near Jewett's Ferry on the river. The two men made a pretty good thing of mining and farming, and in 1857 Clinton's wife and children--six boys and two girls--crossed the plains and joined them in Oregon. The Schieffelins were an affectionate family who were deeply loyal to each other and had strong family ties. They became solid citizens of the valley and soon gained the respect and admiration of their neighbors.

Ed was not ten years old when he arrived in the West, but he soon began panning for gold on his own. His brothers shared his interest and joined him in his search from time to time, although their fever was not so acute as that which seized Ed. As a boy he regularly took pick, shovel and gold pan and wandered alone into the hills, following the ravines and gulches. He was always seeking color, and even when he was occupied with his farm chores he would stop to break quartz into pieces and then examine those pieces for gold. He tried his luck in every likely looking spot in the valley: Jackson Creek, Forest Creek, Grave Creek, Foots Creek, the Sterling Gulch, the Applegate River, the Illinois Valley and even the Umpqua country.

“He told the story of his first encounter with minerals, when he spent a day and a half panning for gold and accumulated a teaspoon of mica. His Uncle Joe found his efforts amusing and told he the value of his “fool’s gold.” The lad had no affinity for farming and stock-raising, but loved the mountains and acquired a desire to prospect; the sands of Rogue River and the adjacent mountains were prospected by him for gold, and before he was thirteen he knew every foot of the country for miles around and nearly every gulch and sidehill in the vicinity were marked by his prospect holes. At 12 he ran off to the Salmon River, Idaho strike but returned home when he was persuaded by a neighbor to do so. At age 17, Ed Schieffelin set out on his own as a prospector and miner. He began looking for gold and silver in about 1865. He spent six months building a flume to carry water from Rogue River to some placer ground he had discovered, but the first cleanup was so discouraging that he abandoned his workings. The Silver King: Ed Schieffelin, Prospector, Richard E. Moore, page 368.

By the time he was a young adult he had missed very few places in Oregon. He had sometimes joined up with experienced sourdoughs and had tested nearly every productive spot, including regions of the McKenzie and the Calapooia rivers. He had also gone south to try his luck in the famous gold lodes of California. Stories of the fabled lost gold mines--the Blue Bucket, Massacre Lake, and the Lost Dutchman--were as familiar to him as his primer, and by perseverance, study and experience he gained a background that few prospectors acquire.

When he was twenty-one (1869) he wrote in his journal: "I'm getting restless here (Rogue River) and want to go somewhere that holds wealth for the digging of it. I can't say that I care to be rich--it is not that. If I had a fortune I suppose I'd not keep it long. I like the excitement of being right up against the earth trying to find her gold." (His writing skill is exceptional, particularly at a time when most prospectors were illiterate, and many could only sign their names with an X.)”

From Oregon, he went east to Coeur d'Alene. “He began a roving existence which took him to Surprise Valley and the Pioche country in Nevada, the Salt Lake district in Utah, and back up to the Snake River and into the Boise Basin. His trek led into Idaho during the coldest time of the year. It would seem that if one were going to wade around muddy river banks at random, he might pick a more agreeable climate in the winter months than that found in Idaho. Perhaps he too drew this conclusion, because he soon left the area and headed south through Nevada to the Grand Canyon and on into Texas.

A short time afterward the great mining boom in Nevada attracted his attention, and after fulfilling every duty to the kind and indulgent parents who had allowed him full scope to follow the bent of his inclinations, he engaged his services to a stockman and started with a cattle outfit for Nevada. It was on this trail that he was initiated into the first degrees of Indian warfare, but nature was an open book to him; he had a practical mastery of her secrets, and the lessons were easily learned.

His persistence was remarkable in the face of the adverse fortune he encountered at almost every step. A miner spurred with a little less insistent lust for gold would have yielded to despair early in the game. Almost always he was flat broke. While he was in Utah he wrote that his funds had run out "and I sold my saddle mule and put my blankets on my back." He had to beg a stranger for the twenty-five cents fare to cross the Colorado River, and in Texas he chopped wood to get eating money. Eventually he became seriously ill and returned home, arriving with only $2.50 in his poke.

At the end of three weeks he was longing to go back to the creeks. He borrowed $100 from his father and set out for Arizona. By the time he reached southeastern California, the money was gone and his blankets were again on his back. He was obliged to find a job, and he worked for fourteen months as a teamster to save money enough to buy another outfit: a pair of mules, saddles, guns, food and mining equipment."

In Nevada, he secured employment in the mines, where he worked until he had learned to follow an ore body underground as well as on the surface; there is a vast difference which you will learn if you ever engage in mining. Having acquired the necessary craft as a miner, young Schieffelin, with the money thus earned, bought an outfit and started into the hills of Arizona and Nevada, generally with one or more partners, but he early learned to place more reliance in his own judgment than that of others, especially after having deferred to the opinions of men older than himself they were obliged to fight their way out of very close quarters, sometimes with the loss of a man or two and sometimes losing only their pack animals and outfit. After a few experiences of this kind he determined to travel alone; this he did for nearly ten years, and those [were] ten years of ceaseless work and travel through the wilds of Arizona." written by E. E. Bowles.

In 1876, David P. Lansing of Phoenix, Arizona, described Schieffelin as "about the strangest specimen of human flesh I ever saw. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall and had black hair that hung several inches below his shoulder and a beard that had not been trimmed or combed for so long a time that it was a mass of unkempt knots and mats. He wore clothing pieced and patched from deerskins, corduroy and flannel, and his hat was originally a slouch hat that had been pieced with rabbit skin until very little of the original felt remained."

A year later as a 30-year-old, Schieffelin moved to California to find gold. He surveyed the Grand Canyon area as well. Unsuccessful, he heard that a group of Hualapai Indians had enlisted as scouts for the U.S. Army, which was establishing a camp to counter the Chiricahua Apache threat and to secure the nearby border with Mexico. The Army established Camp Huachuca at the foot of the Huachuca Mountains in Pima County, Arizona Territory on March 3, 1877. Silver had already been discovered in some northern areas of Arizona Territory, but the southern portion had been under continued Apache attack.

"You'll find your tombstone over there instead of your fortune; you'd better stick with us, Ed," said the grizzled old captain of Arizona scouts Al Sieber to Edward Schieffelin, one of his best men. When friend and fellow army scout, civilian guide, Dan O'Leary learned what Schieffelin was up to, he is quoted as telling him, "The only rock you will find out there will be your own tombstone". Another account reported Schieffelin's friends told him, "Better take your coffin with you; you will find your tombstone there, and nothing else."

"That was along in the spring of 1876, and the scouts had for months been alternately dodging and fighting the Chiricahua Apaches. Schieffelin was a pioneer prospector, frontiersman, mountaineer and scout, at home on mountain, mesa or valley; a big, honest, open-hearted man, brave as a lion, standing six feet two and carrying his 195 pounds easily; strong-limbed, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, a good man to have at your back or shoulder in any kind of trouble. He was a prospector by nature and instinct, and had joined the scouts for the sole purpose of exploring that alleged garden of hell, Southeastern Arizona, from which the military arms of two nations had failed to expel Cochise and his murderous bands.

The scouts had dodged and fought their way back from the Dragoon and Mule mountains, down the San Pedro Valley, and were now on their way to the military post at Fort Huachuca to report. The captain had learned to like (as everybody did) that big, quiet, good-natured young fellow, Ed Schieffelin, who could laughingly draw his belt up another hole when rations were short, whose eyes never wavered between the sights of his rifle, and whose nerves never faltered although a horrible death in the form of hideous Chiricahuas might be lurking behind the next clump of mesquite, or the heap of boulders beyond. The scouts were on a spur of the Huachucas, and Schieffelin, with a powerful glass, was examining the ground over which they had passed, when he expressed the determination to leave the command and prospect the country, he having told the captain when passing the buttes between the Mule and Dragoon mountains that the country abounded in good mineral signs, and then the captain expressed his opinion as quoted above. But Ed carried out his determination, and time has proved both correct, for he found his fortune." written by E. E. Bowles. *The Ledge,* New Denver, British Columbia, July 22, 1897, page 3.

Schieffelin accompanied the scouts on a few trips into the back country while prospecting part-time. He finally decided to stay put and explore the hills east full-time. The hills east of the San Pedro River where he prospected could be dangerous. They were only about 12 miles from the hostile Chiricahua Apache Indians led by Cochise, Geronimo and Victorio that had established a stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains.

"Ignoring the copper carbonate found often in southeastern Arizona, gold and silver were the primary metals on Schieffelin's quest. It was outcrops of silver chloride that drew Schieffelin to the Tombstone Hills." Mine Tales: Edward Schieffelin was prospector, Tombstone founder, by William Ascarza Arizona Daily Star, Feb 7, 2016

Frederick Brunckow, a Prussian-born mining engineer, discovered silver in the hills of Cochise County in 1858. He built a cabin near the San Pedro River after finding a small silver deposit nearby. He hired three other white men and about a dozen Mexican miners. In September 1860, two of the white men were robbed and murdered at the cabin and Brunchow was found dead in the mine with a rock drill through him. The German cook blamed the Mexican workers for the murders. After Brunckow's death, ongoing conflict with native Indians prevented further development of the mines for several years. Brunckow's San Pedro mine influenced Ed Schieffelin to prospect the rocky outcropping northeast of the cabin. In 1876, Schieffelin and his party were attacked by Apaches, and a man named Lenox was killed. The cabin was the site of 22 murders during the frontier days.

"Previously employed as a guard for an assessment crew at the Brunckow Mine located 5 miles west of Tombstone, Schieffelin relied on his rifle as protection against Apaches while he used his field glasses to observe distant mountains for faults, synclines and other indicators of potential mineralization." Mine Tales: Edward Schieffelin was prospector, Tombstone founder, by William Ascarza Arizona Daily Star, Feb 7, 2016

In 1877, Schieffelin used Brunckow's cabin as a base of operations to survey the country. After many months, Ed was working the hills east of the San Pedro River when he found pieces of silver ore in a dry wash on a high plateau called Goose Flats. It took him several more months to find the source. When he located the vein, he estimated the vein to be 50 feet long and 12

inches wide. Schieffelin's claim was sited near Lenox's grave site, and when he filed his first mining claim on September 21, 1877, he fittingly named his stake "Tombstone". “Keeping with the prevailing theme, he would name additional claims “Graveyard No. 1” and “Graveyard No. 2.”

Flat broke, Schieffelin persuaded William Griffith to pay for the legal paperwork required to file a mining claim on September 3, 1877. Tucson did not have an assay office, and when they showed the sample ore to some local men, they thought it was worthless.

With only 30 cents in his pocket, Schieffelin set out to find his brother Al, whom he had not seen in four years. He believed Al was working the Silver King mine, about 180 miles to the north in central Arizona Territory near present-day Globe. But Schieffelin learned that Al had moved on to the McCracken Mine in Signal City, Arizona, another 300 miles. Schieffelin spent his 30 cents on tobacco and had to pause in his search for his brother to earn enough money to go on. He found a job as a hoist operator at the Champion silver mine, and for fourteen days hauled up a dozen tons of ore every night by cranking a hand windlass.

When Ed finally located his brother in February 1878, Al asked the foreman at the McCracken mine to look at brother Ed's ore specimens. The foreman thought the samples were mostly lead. Unconvinced, Schieffelin showed the samples to 20 or 30 others who had some expertise, and they all thought the ore worthless. Frustrated, Schieffelin threw his ore specimens out his brother's cabin door, as far as he could throw, but at the last minute held on to three of them. For the next four weeks he worked in the McCracken Mine, wielding a pick and shovel.

Ed learned about the McCracken Mine's recently arrived assayer, Richard Gird, who had a reputation as an expert. Taking his last three ore samples, Ed Schieffelin asked Gird if he thought they were worth assaying. Gird took a look and said he'd get back to Ed. Three days later, Al shook Ed out of his bunk and said Gird wanted to see him now. When they met, Gird told Ed that he valued the best of the ore samples at $2,000 a ton. Ed, Al Schieffelin and Richard Gird formed a partnership on the spot. Gird offered his expertise, connections, and a grubstake. They shook hands on their three-way deal, a gentlemen's agreement that was never put down on paper but that resulted in millions of dollars of wealth for all three men. When Richard resigned, his employer offered to make him general superintendent of the mine, but he refused.

Gird bought a second-hand blue spring wagon and loaded it with supplies, his assay equipment, and also bought a second mule that with Ed's mule could haul the wagon. Gird wanted time to wind up his affairs and to wait for spring and better weather, but Ed insisted they depart immediately. Al hesitated to leave his well-paid, $4.00 a day job as a miner. Ed and Gird didn't wait for him, but left that day. Al reconsidered and joined them that night. Reaching Arizona Territory, and despite reports of continued Apache raids and the murder of miners and ranchers in the area, the three men returned to Cochise County and set up camp at the Brunckow cabin. The deaths of several locals at the hands of the Apache Indians were testified to by the fresh graves near the cabin.

The three partners formed the Tombstone Gold and Silver Mining Company to hold title to their claims. Gird built a crude assay furnace in the cabin's fireplace. He found that Schieffelin's initial find of silver ore was valuable, but within a few weeks of mining the vein, Ed discovered it ended in a pinch about three feet deep. His brother Al and Gird were despondent but Ed was optimistic he could find more ore deposits. He continued his search for many more weeks until one day Al found Ed joyously exclaiming over another sample of float ore he had found.

Indifferently, Al told Ed he was a "lucky cuss," and that became the name of one of the richest mining claims in the Tombstone District. The ore samples assayed at $15,000 a ton. Ed shortly afterward identified another claim, the "Tough Nut" lode, rich in horn silver.

On June 14, 1879, Schieffelin showed up in Tucson driving the blue spring wagon carrying the first load of silver bullion valued at $18,744 (about $514,322 today)

When the first claims were filed, the initial settlement of tents and cabins was located at Watervale near the Lucky Cuss mine. By March 1879, about 100 residents occupied tents and shacks at Watervale. Former Territorial Governor Anson P.K. Safford offered financial backing for a cut of the men's mining claims, and Ed Schieffelin, his brother Al, and their partner Richard Gird formed the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company also taken in as a partner was Tucson merchant, John S. Vosburg. “Each partner assumed a separate task: Safford went East to raise cash, Vosburg superintended the construction of a water dam, a ditch to transport water, and a wagon road, Ed and Al employed men to begin work on the mines; and Gird went to San Francisco to oversee the construction of the stamp mill to process the ore. Ed was responsible for mining the ore but was dissatisfied with supervising men. Gird reassigned the work, and Ed went off prospecting again in November 1879 to New Mexico and Colorado. He did not return until February 1880.”

On March 5, 1879, U.S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor Solon M. Allis finished laying out a new town site on a mesa named Goose Flats at 4,539 feet to top of the Tough Nut mine, and large enough to hold a growing town. The town was named "Tombstone" after Schieffelin's initial mining claim. The shelters at Watervale were relocated to the new town site and a scattering of cabins and tents were quickly built for about 100 residents.

In late 1879, Tombstone had 40 cabins and 100 people, and lots on Allen Street sold for $5. By June 20, 1880 there were 3,000 people in the town and by late 1881 there was over 7,000 people in town and more gambling houses, saloons, and a larger graveyard and “red light” district than any town in the southwest. Population increased rapidly from that time, and in the 1890’s it had reached 15,000.


Ed Schieffelin

During the first few months of mining, the upper portion of the Tombstone mining district was accidentally discovered by Ed Williams and Jack Friday. Late one night, their mules broke loose and dragging their chain, left the miners' dry camp for water along an Indian trail. The men tracked the mules' chain trail all the way to the Schieffelin camp. Williams and Friday noticed a bright gleam where the iron had dragged across bare rock. They filed a claim for their find, but Al and Ed Schieffelin and Richard Gird contested their claim, asserting it violated their earlier claims. When the two parties finally resolved their arguments and counterclaims, they agreed to divide the ground. Williams and Friday took the higher end, which they called the Grand Central, and the Schieffelin company took the lower end, which they named the Contention in remembrance of the quarrel that led to its founding. Those two mines were eventually the most profitable mines in Tombstone. Some of the ore from the "Lucky Cuss", "Tough Nut", and the "Contention" mines assayed at around $15,000 to the ton. A year later in 1880, four town sites were thriving in the mining district. Tombstone, the largest, was near the Toughnut Mine; Richmond was one and a quarter mile southwest, and Charleston and Contention were on the San Pedro River, eight miles away.

Ed Schieffelin preferred prospecting to running a mine and he left Tombstone to find more ore. When he returned four months later, Gird had lined up buyers for their interest in the Contention, which they sold for $10,000 to J.H. White and S. Denson, who represented W.D. Dean of San Francisco. The sellers thought the $10,000 price was exorbitant. The Grand Central and Contention claims turned out to be the richest claims in the district, producing millions of dollars in bullion. The Schieffelin company also soon sold a half-interest in the Lucky Cuss, and the other half turned into a steady stream of money.

On March 13, 1879, Al and Ed Schieffelin sold their two-thirds interest in the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company, which owned the Tough Nut mine, for U.S. $1 million each to the Corbin brothers, Hamilton Distin of Philadelphia, and Simmons Squire of Boston. Safford became president of the new Tombstone Gold and Silver Milling and Mining Company with Richard Gird as superintendent. Ed moved on, but Al remained in Tombstone for some time longer. Gird later sold off his one-third interest for U.S. $1 million, doubling what the Schieffelins had been paid. Gird remained in the territory but Ed Schieffelin left to pursue other interests. “Ed came out of the Tombstone venture with about $385,000”

In a May, 14, 1879 issue of the Oregon Sentinel the editor wrote:

“Lucky Boys

"The friends of C. Schieffelin and family will be glad to learn that his three sons have struck it rich in Arizona and are on the high road to prosperity. [Ed had rounded up another brother and invited him to join the project.] The eldest, E.L., left here in 1873, and in 1878, after many vicissitudes, having been twice run out of the mountains by Apaches, discovered the Tombstone silver mine, eighty miles south of the San Pedro River, in the Pima District. Taking in with him his brother, A. E. Schieffelin, who arrived in 1877, and a man named Gird, they secured several claims on the ledge, one of which they sold for $7,500. Other claims they have bonded for $100,000 and have sold one quarter of their first location on the ledge for a ten-stamp mill,

which has just been put in running order. 'Effingham,' the youngest of the boys, went down last October, and is a sharer in the fund. The boys have sent a large amount of rich specimens to their parents, and their energy and pluck have evidently been well rewarded."

When Cochise County was formed in February 1881, Tombstone became the county seat. In 1881, early in Tombstone's rapid growth, Ed's brother Al built Schieffelin Hall as a theater, recital hall, and a meeting place for Tombstone citizens. His great-niece Mary Schieffelin Brady reopened it in 1964 and it remains an attraction in Tombstone. It is the largest standing adobe structure in the southwest United States.

At its height in the mid-1880s, Tombstone's population was officially about 7,000 miners, but some estimates figure in an additional 5–7,000 women and children, Chinese, Mexicans, and prostitutes. In the late 1880s, the silver mines reached the water table and the mines eventually filled with water. Tombstone's population faded, until tourism became its main attraction.

Ed had accumulated more than $1 million in wealth as a result of the silver boom. While he had maintained a casual appearance, including long hair and beard, he cleaned himself up. He traveled to New York City, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and other cities. He met many distinguished people. Ever restless, over the next 20 years Ed showed up at nearly every boom town in the West. "Ed was only thirty-two years old when he set out to see how the very rich do their thing. He patronized fashionable stores and ordered expensive hand-tailored suits. He seemed to be a little kinky for elegant, knee-high boots, and he preferred them with a high gloss. He was surely an impressive figure as he visited the big cities in the East--Washington, Chicago and New York. He stayed in the most cosmopolitan hotels and dined in the finest restaurants. He was an easy spender and became a popular celebrity. Although his biographers wrote that he soon became bored with high living, he appears to have devoted a couple of years to it, so he couldn't have found luxury all that unpleasant. Even a sourdough of the first water might enjoy a stint as Man of the Hour." ED SCHIEFFELIN THE FOUNDING OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA & THE STORY OF THE RED BLANKET MINE

"Mr. Edward L. Schieffelin, of Tombstone, Arizona, made a call at our office one day last week, and interested us with his vivid accounts of Western scenes and events. Mr. Schieffelin may be called the father as well as the sponsor of Tombstone, having discovered the valuable mines at that point and named the place. He informs us that he intends to go to Africa to hunt up the rich gold fields in that land. He was born in Charleston township, and in company with his uncle, Mr. Jacob Schieffelin, of Tioga, he has been visiting the place of his birth." "Local and Minor Matters," *The Agitator,* Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, August 2, 1881, page 3; http://truwe.sohs.org/files/schieffelin.html

Ed Schieffelin had made a practice of studying maps and believed there was a great "continental belt" of mineral wealth that extended from South America through Mexico, the United States, and British Columbia. During 1882, Ed prepared for what he planned to be a three-year survey of mineral wealth. He began the expedition with his brother Al and three others on a trip up the Yukon River. They commissioned construction of and fitted out a small, shallow-draft sternwheel steamer which they named the *New Packet*. Schieffelin prospected during the trip in Alaska and found some specks of gold. He was for a while convinced he had found the continental belt he had been searching for. But he was extremely discouraged by the Arctic cold he experienced, up to 50 F below zero (-46 C). He decided that mining in Alaska was a lost cause and he returned to the lower 48 states.

“A Prospecting Trip To Alaska - The S.F. *Bulletin* says Edward Schieffelin, a well-known Arizona prospector and frontiersman, has organized a party of five experienced men, himself included, to make a thorough prospecting tour of the valley of the Yukon River in Alaska. The party have ample means. A small light-draft sternwheel steamer has been built for river navigation, and will be taken on the deck of a schooner chartered for that purpose. The expedition will leave in a few days. Schieffelin believes that Alaska is within a mineral belt which extends through South America, Mexico, the United States and British Columbia as far north as prospectors have explored and, leaving Alaska unexplored, is disclosed again in Siberia. The party expect to be absent three years.

Oregon Sentinel, Jacksonville, June 3, 1882, page 3. The Sentinel editor seems to have been unaware of Schieffelin's Rogue Valley connections; http://truwe.sohs.org/files/schieffelin.html

“Ed Schieffelin, the founder of Tombstone, Arizona, who some months since went to Alaska on a prospecting tour, writes to the *Tucson Star* his experiences in that country. He ascended the Yukon about eight hundred miles by the course of the river and found placer diggings paying ten dollars per day to the man. As the party arrived late in the season extensive explorations were rendered impossible by the closing in of the Arctic winter.

"Personal," *The Times*, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1883, page 2; http://truwe.sohs.org/files/schieffelin.html

Barren Alaska. Return of the Schieffelin Mining Party Today.

The Expedition Practically a Failure--Some Gold Found, but Not in Paying Quantities--Drawbacks of Climate and Location.

The Schieffelin mining party, an account of whose prospecting in Alaska was very recently published in the Statesman, has returned to San Francisco on the Corwin, and the Report gives the following further account of their adventures:

"The party consists of Ed Schieffelin, originator and chief of the expedition; Eff. Schieffelin, brother of Ed.; Charles Farciot, engineer; Jack Young and Charles Sauerbrey, both of whom are well known in mining circles. Wednesday's account of the trip told of the party's prospects up to the winter of '82, leaving off just where they supposed they had discovered a rich vein in gulch 'May-be-so,' which they had had to abandon until the spring. The only difference between their reports now and then is the lack of hope--the only element upon which they had been sustained for a long time. In the spring that gulch and many others were prospected, resulting in a find of ore which, if in a California climate and of easy access, would yield great pay. But, taking the cold weather, the almost impassable mountains and the nearly perpetual snow into consideration, the gold found would not be considered "rich." A great many nuggets were found worth $1, but the veins discovered were very poor and not at all regular. In the eyes of the party, nearly all the members of which were interviewed at the Russ House this afternoon, the expedition was a failure, and must have cost Ed. Schieffelin at least $25,000."

Walla Walla Statesman, Walla Walla, Washington Territory, October 20, 1883, page 1; http://truwe.sohs.org/files/schieffelin.html

A Prospector's Opinion of Alaska.

Ed. Schieffelin, the veteran prospector, came off as soon as the *Corwin* had anchored. A reporter found him, and he cheerfully told some of the details of his trip. He says the country up there does not suit him, and, in his opinion, although there is plenty of gold there, it will never be a great mining country, as it is too cold and inaccessible. They found the precious metal in paying quantities about one thousand miles from the Yukon River, in a district that is full of springs. He thinks they averaged thirteen dollars a day while they worked, but that was not long. They found the place October 8, 1882, and on the 12th everything froze up solid and they skated all around the claim: The mercury in winter falls to fifty-five degrees, and often lower. There are only about three months that gold can be washed, from May to August. There is not so much timber as is generally supposed, and it is of poor quality. The members of his party, [Charles] Sauerbrey, [Charles O.] Farciot, and [Jack] Young, besides himself and his brother, all kept in excellent health. They were joined last June by other young men, George Spangenberg, Tom Reynolds, and John McGrew, who came overland with dogs, and all except Farciot came down on the *Corwin.* They joined the cutter at St. Michaels, at the mouth of the Yukon. The little steamer *New Racket* was sold, and Farciot, the engineer, remained with it. Schieffelin is not going back, and as yet has no plans. Schieffelin looks in the best possible health. He is stout and ruddy cheeked, with long brown hair reaching over his shoulders, and his brown beard, that has not seen a razor [in] many years, extends far down his picturesque and serviceable blue flannel shirt." San Francisco Bulletin, Iola Register, Iola, Kansas, November 9, 1883, page 8; ; http://truwe.sohs.org/files/schieffelin.html

"Schieffelin's Alaska experiences have long deserved a chronicler. He fitted out an expedition years ago and prospected over vast areas of that region. His little steamboat ascended the broad Yukon, and the party wintered in the interior. One man, since dead, Charles Farciot, remained behind when the steamer returned to prospect further. When he desired to return, he built one of the most remarkable little steam engines ever seen on the coast. It was made from a few pieces of pipe and some old cans picked up about the deserted Schieffelin camp, and his only tools were a file and a pocket knife, with a stone for a hammer. He put this rude little engine in the stern of a small rowboat left behind for his use and steamed 2,000 miles without an accident. The outfit was afterward on exhibition in San Francisco and excited the astonishment and indeed the profound admiration of the best machinists, who agreed in saying that Farciot's mechanical genius was of a very high order.-- New York Post. Greensburg Standard, Greensburg, Indiana, August 20, 1897, page 7

[Charles O. Farciot was born in Switzerland in 1840 and became a United States citizen in 1858. In the course of his life, Farciot learned enough to become a photographer and steamship engineer. After opening photography studios in Arizona, he met Edward Schieffelin, the founder of Tombstone, Arizona. Schieffelin, who was interested in searching for gold in the Yukon, took Farciot along as part of his gold prospecting party to Alaska in 1882. Discouraged by the harsh environment, Schieffelin left in 1883, but Farciot stayed behind to work as a steamship engineer on the Yukon River until at least 1886. Upon leaving Alaska, Farciot opened photograph studios in San Francisco. He took a collection of photographs documenting Edward Schieffelin's gold prospecting trip through Alaska via the Yukon River in 1882 and 1883. Views include many close portraits of Alaskan natives and their families; the towns of St. Michael, Nuklukayet, and Anvik; trading stations; Schieffelin and his dog sled team; and Fort Yukon missionaries interacting with Alaskan natives.] https://oac.cdlib.org/findaid/ark:/13030/c8jq1003/

In the meantime Mary Brown, a young lady from San Francisco, entered his life. A little time on his hands gave him an opportunity at last for romance. She was living with her young daughter at the time. Mary traveled to Albuquerque, New Mexico to meet Ed. They married in 1883 in La Junta, Colorado, and they spent part of the winter in Salt Lake City, Utah and the next year they settled in Alameda, California in 1884, where Ed purchased a mansion on 1511 Central

Avenue. In addition he bought a large home in Los Angeles that they shared with Ed's brother Al until Al died of consumption in 1885 and an orange orchard for his parents." "Ed's father died in Los Angeles in April 1884 from an accidental gunshot wound, and Ed and his wife moved to Los Angeles to help settle his mother in a smaller house. [Her daughter later became Mrs. Josephine Garrick. I believe she is Josephine Frances Swasez Brown Garrick. She was born in November 1866 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and died January 15, 1954 in Petaluma, California. She married twice: George Henry Swasez (1863-1885) in 1896 and then to Walter James Garrick (1863-1951 from England.) She had a daughter named Marian Josephine Swasez who was born and died in 1896. And a son named Theodore James Garrick (1905-1987).]

He sold the larger los Angeles home and then left on a prospecting trip to the Papago country, near Yuma, in southern Arizona. In Tucson he engaged George Marks and M. M. Rice to accompany him. Rice left the following description.

"Schieffelin exhibited a familiar trait in his character. He showed a disinclination to visit any discovery in which he was not an actual participant… Ed would take his canteen and pole pick and wander off into the hills, returning at nightfall, worn out and disgusted. In all our time together, he never brought into camp a mineral bearing specimen. At Sonita, we were guests of Don Carlos Servantes … who entertained us royally. Here Ed was in his element, he lounged in the shade of the vines, mused and slept, as he was inherently a sedentary individual … Schieffelin refrained from indulging in even the light wines for which Servantes was famous, not because he was fastidious in his taste or fanatical, but from a continuous lifetime of temperate habits." The Silver King: Ed Schieffelin, Prospector, Richard E. Moore, page 377.

From 1885 to 1895 not much of his life was recorded. "Ed purchased a ranch in Cornelius (Washington County), Oregon, in 1884, he his brothers Eff, Charles, and Jay, he most likely traveled to Oregon frequently to seem them during this ten-year period." The Silver King: Ed Schieffelin, Prospector, Richard E. Moore, page 377.

"Ed was at the high spot in his life. He was a big man, weighing 200 pounds or more, with curly dark hair and beard. A representative from the Bancroft Company of California, who interviewed him about the beginning of Tombstone, described him as "large, bronzed, with keen blue eyes . . . a physically perfect man." Marriage did not lessen his chronic gold fever. From time to time he made short trips in which he panned for gold, and he was continually planning his next expedition into big pay dirt country." ED SCHIEFFELIN THE FOUNDING OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA & THE STORY OF THE RED BLANKET MINE

Sometime in 1886, a representative of Hubert Howe Bancroft interviewed Ed Schieffelin for material to use in Bancroft's volume 17 "Works" on western North America, although 27 pages were taken down Bancroft only used a portion in his book that about Tombstone.

"Rich Finds. How the Famous Mining District of Tombstone Was Discovered. The Story of a Prospector. Mines That Have Yielded Millions in Silver. Gold in Alaska.
A tall, handsome man, with dancing blue eyes, a full brown beard and long hair falling over his shoulders, with his head covered by a big black sombrero, sat in the corridor of the Continental Hotel last night, smoking a cigar and watching the men who walked in and out. He wore a suit of brown and a gray cheviot shirt, thrown open at the throat; a silk handkerchief tied in a loose knot peeped out from under his bushy beard, and the wristbands of his cheviot shirt showed below the sleeves of his coat. His face was rosy, and when he stood up he was more than six feet high and broad-shouldered. He sauntered up to the hotel counter and chatted with clerk Hewes and spoke about the city being a dull place to strike on a rainy day. The register showed that he was Edward Schieffelin, of Los Angeles, Cal., and he said he had left home a week before, where the wheat was two feet high and the peach trees were in bloom. Edward Schieffelin discovered the famous Tombstone mining district and made a fortune. He is the biggest mine prospector in the West, and the mines he has discovered have yielded up more than $25,000,000 worth of silver ore. He came East just for a flying trip and will return to California next week.

The Discovery of Tombstone.

In speaking of the discovery of Tombstone he said: "I discovered the Tombstone mining district in the summer of '77. I had been looking for a successful find for fourteen years. I went into the Tombstone hills on the 5th of July, 1877, and I found silver ore on the surface. I found some very rich ledges--some of the ore was worth $15,000 a ton. I didn't dare to stay there, on account of the Apache Indians. They were very troublesome, and Cochise, who was then their chief, had his stronghold down the San Pedro River, nine miles from Tombstone. I went there from day to day to look at my find and made what we call a dry camp. I was busted when I made the find. One day in August I gathered up some of the ore that was worth $15,000 a ton and took it to Tucson, but the people wouldn't listen to me when I told them that the ore assayed $15,000 to every ton. So I went back to Tombstone all alone, without any money or any friends or any provisions, and lived on the game I killed with my rifle until the fall of '77. Then I left to hunt up my brother, who was mining at the McCracken mines, four hundred miles away, in the northern part of Arizona. There I met Dick Gird, who became my partner, and he and I and my brother got a wagon and some provisions and an assaying outfit and went back to Tombstone. We arrived there on the 25th of February, 1878. During my absence old Cochise died and his band scattered, and that made Tombstone comparatively safe. So we established a camp. Tombstone in the rough, just as I found it, was worth a clean half a million. In the spring of '78 parties came from San Francisco. We wanted money. So we sold them what was known as the Contention Mine for $10,000 cash. We sold it just as we located it, and I don't begin to know the millions of dollars it's yielded since.

Selling Out to Hamilton Disston.

"In the winter of '78 and the spring of '79 Dick Gird, my brother, ex-Governor Stafford of Arizona, and myself, organized the Tombstone Mill and Mining Company. Hamilton Disston and other Philadelphians became the purchasers of our interests. Disston made the dicker. He came out there and asked us to name our figure. We said $400,000 apiece and we got it on the spot. Disston just jumped at it. I was a rich man. A year before that I went to my home in Jackson County, Oregon, after having been absent seven years, and only had $2.50 in my pocket, and when I left home again I borrowed $100 from my father and told him I was going to locate a mine sure, and I did. I've been prospecting all my life, for twenty-five years steady, and I suppose I'll be prospecting till I die. I like it better than owning the richest mine in the country. After we sold out Dick Gird bought out a stock ranch, thirty miles from Los Angeles. There's forty thousand acres of it and he's got today one of the finest stock ranches in the country. It's known as the Chino ranch. My brother came to Philadelphia, lost a good deal of his money in speculation, and last March he came out to Los Angeles and died of consumption. The Eastern climate had ruined his health. I went to Los Angeles for a time.

How Tombstone Got Its Name.

"Before I discovered the Tombstone mines I stopped in the military camp at Huachuca. I was waiting for a party of scouts to go out, calculating to follow them through the mountains all summer. I was afraid to travel alone, on account of the Indians, but I went into the Tombstone country frequently, and when I'd come back after two or three days' prospecting the soldiers would ask me if I had found anything. I'd always tell them I hadn't, and one soldier kept telling me that if I didn't look out for the Indians I'd find my tombstone one day. I was impressed with what the soldier said, and so when I discovered the ore I just named the place Tombstone. Now it's the county seat of Cochise County. The county was named after the old Apache chief. When everybody was excited about the Tombstone mines the place had a population of about 9,000, but now it's down to about 5,000. The floating population has left.

Prospecting in Alaska.

"In 1882 I went to Alaska. I built a river steamer and fitted it with three years' stores. I went up the Yukon River 1,000 miles. I think the river is equal to the Mississippi. I spent two summers and one winter there. I found gold, but not in big quantities. It would pay a man about $15 a day to mine it. It's a very pretty coarse gold. It wouldn't pay to mine it, though, because the nearest point of supply is San Francisco, 4,000 miles away. It took sixteen months for me to get a letter from home. The only means of communication is through the Alaska Commercial Company. Once a year their steamer goes to the mouth of the river. I don't think gold and silver mine discoveries are anywhere near at an end in the West. The discoveries in the future will be what are called blind or cap ledges. A blind ledge is a ledge that don't crop to the surface. A cap ledge is a ledge where from four to twenty feet on the surface iron ore will be found and gold or silver underneath. I've spent lots of money prospecting, but I've got lots left. I don't invest my money in mines. I put it in government bonds. Prospecting isn't all luck.

Going it Alone.

"I made a mistake for years in following excitements. When I'd get to a mining camp I'd find I was just too late--that all the good finds had been located. So I started out to go it alone, and after two years I found Tombstone. I've often got blue and packed my blanket into camp dead broke. I've crossed the deserts of Nevada and Arizona in the broiling sun and through the snow, busted and hungry, but, by jingo, I never lost courage but once. I gave it up in '73, after an eighteen months' trip, but I went back to prospecting again. It's the only thing that suits me. When I was dead broke I used to take the first job I got and then got money enough to buy provisions and start out prospecting again. For two months at a time I have lived on my rifle. When I could kill a deer I had venison and when I couldn't kill a deer I went without. The feelings of a man who belongs in the mountains in the far West and comes to a big city are very funny. I could live in this hotel twenty years and not know a man as well as if I was to camp out with him one night. Out in the frontier now a settler never locks his cabin. If he ain't at home the visitor lifts the latch string and makes himself at home. It's all right. The visitor helps himself, cooks what he wants and stays till he's tired. Everything goes. Have a Henry Clay? Before I discovered Tombstone I used to smoke a black pipe. Funny things happen, don't they? -- Philadelphia Times. Evening Telegram, New York City, April 6, 1886, page 4

"An Old Gold Hunter. Something About Quartz Hunting in the Early Days.

The discoverer of one of the famous Tombstone mines sat looking out of one of the hotel kitchen windows yesterday. It was L. [Ed] Schieffelin, whom all old Colorado miners will remember. For 31 years Mr. Schieffelin has been looking for gold throughout the Western States, and in one instance at least made an important discovery. When a boy of 9 years he came West, going to the then little known Oregon. This was in 1857 [*sic*]. His youthful prospecting did not meet with particular favor from his father, and when 16 years old he cut loose from home and went about the placer diggings of Southern Oregon for five years. He had little luck placer mining and so, at the age of 21, he followed the quartz discoveries of Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Arizona and Eastern California, but always came upon the ground too late to find any claim of his own. He was in California Gulch when the first miniature boom struck it.

As early as February, 1877, he went to the silver mines of Ivanpah, Cal., and after 14 months of unsuccessful prospecting, having procured an outfit at San Bernardino, struck into the Wallapi country of Arizona, on the borders of the Grand Canyon. After a month's stay there he made two trips into the Tombstone country of Southern Arizona in company with the Wallapi government scouts. They kept in the valleys, however, and so, in spite of the roving Indians, he struck out alone in July, 1877, and made a discovery of a rich float quartz on the surface of a range of very low hills.

"For lack of means," said Mr. Schieffelin, "I only located one claim. I went to Tombstone [*sic*], but they wouldn't look at me. They had a soft enough thing of it then--government contracts. I had a brother somewhere in the country, and in the fall I started out to find him. which I did in the Owens district. We went back to the Tombstone district, together with a few others.
"We arrived at the claim early in February, 1878. During my absence, old Cochise, the Indian chief, had died, and in default of his leadership and daring, his followers withdrew to more

secluded retreats and left us in peaceful possession of the field. We now made eleven locations, and by the sale of the Contention for $10,000, we were enabled to do some development. We also got a $5,000 forfeit from some San Francisco capitalists to whom we bonded the remainder of the claim for $90,000. Ex-Governor Sanford, of Arizona, then made a proposition to put up a mill and take a fourth interest in it. This offer was accepted, and the mill was run from June 1, 1879 to March, 1880, and then we sold out for $600,000.

"That was my only real success. I have since spent a great deal of my time in Alaska, and consider the gold fields of the Yukon among the most promising in the world."
Herald Democrat, Leadville, Colorado, May 31, 1890, page 8

“One night when he was half asleep, he suddenly remembered a spot in Southern Oregon which he felt he had failed to probe sufficiently; he had not explored carefully enough at the bedrock level. The thought that he had overlooked a Big One began to nag him, and around 1890 he returned to the Rogue River Valley which he had always regarded as his home.

Having left the area twenty years before as a penniless miner with no apparent prospects, he returned in grand style wearing an elegant Stetson, city duds, fancy-stitched calfskin boots which came up over his knees and a $450 watch with tiny bells that chimed the hour and the quarter hour. He arrived in a deep blue thoroughbrace coach with leather springs and yellow running gear, drawn by four perfectly matched sorrels. The folk in Woodville had never seen anything quite so splendid, but when they recognized him as a longtime friend they gave him a warm welcome. He visited boyhood friends, fished in the river, and sat for portraits at Peter Britt's studio in Jacksonville.

At Woodville he hired Charlie Warren, a young man of eighteen with no permanent job, to be his teamster and campmaker. For $20 a month Charlie would do the cooking, tend the horses and the outfit, and do the driving. He would also receive a cut of any gold Ed discovered. They set forth in a seemingly aimless manner, prospecting here and there, all the way from Coquille down to California, over to Nevada and back to Roseburg. Several times Ed found strong indications of gold but he passed them by. He was looking for another bonanza, even though the odds against two rich strikes in one lifetime were not in his favor.”

“The first time I met Schieffelin, that most typical of western prospectors, was about six years ago [1891]. After hearing some of his picturesque prospector yarns I told him about the various treasure expeditions to Cocos Island and the legends which had caused these excitements. He seized upon the glittering tale of diamond-hilted swords, bags of doubloons and bars of gold with the faith of a child and at once offered to fit out a schooner for the islands and to pay my expenses as well as give me a third of the treasure if I would go along to repeat the legend as often as desired. He had prospected for almost everything, he said, except pirate treasures, and he wanted those diamond-hilted swords to "put in his parlor."

I did not know at that time the story about his parlor. Having bought a $7,000 house in the town of Alameda, he kept several tons of quartz in one corner, on top of which his old prospecting tools, burro's saddle and camp outfit reposed when not in use. I never heard what his wife

thought of this unique furniture, but there is no doubt that the diamond-hilted swords would have rested peacefully on the quartz pile, and it was with sincere regrets that I acknowledged to him my entire lack of faith in the picturesque Spanish legend of Cocos Island." *Greensburg Standard*, Greensburg, Indiana, August 20, 1897, page 7

"In September, 1896, after dismissing Charlie Warren temporarily, he returned to Alameda and made his last will and testament. He left half of his estate to his wife Mary and half to his brother Jay. His brother Charles and his wife were named co-executors of the estate. Early in the spring of 1897 he headed back to Oregon, and, picking up Charlie Warren, he decided to try his luck again in Douglas County. Schieffelin bought a ranch near his brothers Effingham (Eff) and Jacob (Jay) outside Woodville, now Rogue River, Oregon. He continued prospecting in the Canyonville area, where he searched for gold and silver.

Finding an unoccupied cabin in the hills, he moved in, having left his valuable horses and his wagon with a rancher who lived near the mouth of Days Creek. He gave Charlie Warren some time off to return to Rogue River to visit his parents, and he settled into the cabin alone."

"After a couple of weeks the rancher who was keeping his team became uneasy. Ed had said he'd be down for supplies at a specified time, and he failed to appear. When the local sheriff, Alex Orme, rode by the house, the farmer expressed his concern, and the sheriff, having a strong sense of foreboding, rode off at once to investigate. He found Ed Schieffelin dead, face down on the floor of the cabin.

He had been sitting at a table, breaking ore with a hammer, when he suddenly died--apparently from natural causes. The ore was later assayed at $2,000 a ton; it would [have] made its finder a fortune. The last entry in Ed's diary was "Struck it rich again, by God!" Ed's brother Eff figured that the chemicals he was using to make his assay caused his death.

Sheriff Orme wrapped him in a blue blanket--the only one in the cabin--and buried him under a tree not far from the doorway.

Charlie Warren said that Ed had traveled with two heavy wool blankets, one red and one blue. If his prospecting took him on an overnight trip, he always carried one of these blankets along. At his death the red blanket was not found in the cabin. Charlie deduced that the new strike was far enough away so that Ed had stayed overnight and had left the red blanket there, expecting to return. Wherever the red blanket would be found, there would be Ed's incredible rich last find--the Red Blanket Mine. Hundreds of hopeful prospectors have combed the hills around Canyonville, but, in true lost mine tradition, the fabulous treasure has never been found."

Excerpts from the last will of Ed Schieffelin:"I give my wife, Mary E. Schieffelin, all interests, both real and personal properties . . . in Alameda and Santa Clara counties, California. Also 15 $1000 University of Arizona bonds. All other properties, both real and personal . . . I give to my brother, Jay L. Schieffelin. I have no children, but should anyone at their own expense prove to the satisfaction of my executors . . . to be a child of mine, to each I give the sum of $50.

"It is my wish . . . to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from the city of Tombstone, Arizona, and a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim built over my grave . . . and

that none of my friends wear crepe. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in any cemetery or graveyard."

“When Ed’s wished were known, his brother, Charles, telegraphed them to Tombstone on May 17, 1897. Mayor Emanuel made all the funeral preparations and Colonel William Herring prepared to deliver the eulogy. Ed Schieffelin was laid to rest on Sunday May 23, 1897, with his wife, mother, brother and a huge crowd of friends present. They gave him the largest funeral in the camp’s history. Saloons, stores and offices closed and people came from all over the country to take a last look at the man who had found a Mountain of Silver worth $85,000,000. His body was dressed in his old red, flannel shirt and his faded prospector’s clothes. Beside him were placed his pick, shovel, the battered canteen he had carried the day he had made his strike.”

Ed Schieffelin was disinterred and shipped to Tombstone, where he was buried with his pick, shovel and canteen, just as he had requested. The pile of stone, his marker, is still there, three miles west of Tombstone, which like so many other boom towns has seen its glamor and glitter fade away. Yet Tombstone, "The Town Too Tough To Die," stands today as a living monument to Ed Schieffelin, who knew from the very first that one day he would make it big. Mary Schieffelin moved to New York City after her husband's death.

“Mr. Fate remembers the coming to this part of the country of Mr. Ed Schieffelin in about the year 1892 [*sic*]. Mr. Schieffelin was a very successful mining man from Arizona, where he had located the famous Tombstone mine, a placer [*sic*] property which Mr. Schieffelin had just sold for a very large sum of money. He could not resist the urge of the pick and shovel nor the lure of the miner's trail. So he went to Jacksonville, Oregon and picked up the lode or mineral belt which ran a little east of north through the southern part of the state and which gave great promise of becoming very valuable. He traced this lode through the southern part of the state to Douglas County, doing his last prospecting near Days Creek. These mineral lodes develop occasional pay streaks, ranging from moderate values to some of immense gold deposits. Mr. Schieffelin had followed the lode very carefully from Jacksonville, and was convinced there were good pay streaks to be located in this part of the country. He found that the lode which he was tracing runs through Coffee Creek and goes to the north in an east by northerly direction, towards the Bohemia district, one of the famous mining districts in the Pacific Coast country. This lode, he found after careful and thorough prospecting and development work, cuts across Days Creek and the headwaters of Myrtle Creek, continuing in a northerly direction across the headwaters of the South Umpqua and the North Umpqua, also the Calapooia to Bohemia.

He kept with him at all times a daily diary in which he made a careful and detailed record of his movements each day and the result of his work and findings. It was a very valuable book of facts.

Many mines (placer) have been located and worked out along this lode. In the past years there has been much activity and much gold taken out. At the time of his death, Mr. Schieffelin was working on Days Creek, about nine miles from the post office at Days Creek. He was found dead

by the mail carrier, at which time he was lying face down just outside of the door to his cabin. It was without any doubt a case of heart failure.

The peculiar thing is that the last entry written by Mr. Schieffelin in his diary and just a few hours before his death stated that he had "camped om the mountain the night before and that he had found a real prospect at last." Coming from him this statement meant something. With him was found a quantity of gold-bearing ore, very rich and [of] unusual promise.

The body was taken back to Tombstone for burial but the news had leaked out and miners from all sections began to flock in and start to prospect in the district, hoping to find what Mr. Schieffelin had discovered. Schieffelin was so well known in the mining world that any statement or opinion from him carried weight and the statement in his diary that he had discovered a good prospect was given much credence and caused a great excitement and a boom in the Days Creek mining area. Much prospecting work was done and money expended but to no avail, as the "find" was never located. His two brothers and a sister from Southern California came and made a very determined effort. They prospected, sunk shafts and spent a considerable amount of money. Their enthusiasm was not rewarded although they were very persistent. It seems they were devout Spiritualists and it was told that the Spirit World urged them on with promises of. success and very tempting pictures of the wealth they would find. However it was of no avail and after a time they also packed up and returned south.

Memories of the old diary statement survive to this day, and prospectors continue to go into that district and try to locate the "Schieffelin Prospect." Miners are firm in their belief that Ed Schieffelin did locate a good property just before his death. He was a man of vast mining experience and cool headed, nor was he to be stampeded by a mere symptom or a promise."
Remick Fate oral history, July 7, 1938, Douglas County (Oregon) Museum

A 25 feet tall monument representing the type of marker a miner makes in claiming a strike was erected near the spot of his original claim. The plaque on it reads, "Ed Shieffelin, died May 12, 1897, aged 49 years, 8 months. A dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind brother, and a true friend." The plaque on the gigantic miner's monument (with a sixteen foot base diameter and twenty-five foot height) reads: "Ed Shieffelin, died May 12, 1897, aged 49 years, 8 months. A dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind brother, and a true friend." https://tombstonevigilantes.com/a-little-history
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"Ed Shieffelin, died May 12, 1897, aged 49 years, 8 months. A dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind brother, and a true friend." https://tombstonevigilantes.com/a-little-history

Years before, Schieffelin had written, "I never wanted to be rich, I just wanted to get close to the earth and see mother nature's gold." Schieffelin Gulch Road in the Rogue Valley, Oregon is named after the family who homesteaded there.

There are widely varying estimates of the value of gold and silver mined during the course of Tombstone's history. In 1883, writer Patrick Hamilton estimated that during the first four years of activity the mines produced about $25,000,000 (approximately $686 million today). Other

estimates include $40 million to $85 million (about $1.14 billion to $2.42 billion today). Renewed mining is planned for the area.

The character actor Strother Martin played Schieffelin in the 1967 episode "Silver Tombstone" of the syndicated television series Death Valley Days. In the story line, after years of failure, Schieffelin is convinced that he is on the verge of a bonanza. He invites his brother to join him in the pending strike. Jamie Farr appears as Dick Gird.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_Schieffelin;