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The Early Diaries of William N. Byers (1850-1853)

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William N. Byers, founder and pioneer editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, probably contributed in more different ways and over a longer period of time to the development of Denver and Colorado than did any other of the founding fathers. Biographical sketches of Byers appeared during his lifetime in the numerous Colorado histories and encyclopedias then popular, but from them we learn only the bare outline of his early career.¹ Even when he wrote about himself in the *News* or in magazine articles, he described only those activities which followed his embarking for Denver.² It is, therefore, fortunate for us that he kept a diary from May 7, 1850, through December 31, 1853, as well as during some later periods. From these records we may glean interesting bits of evidence in regard to the young frontiersman who later on grew great with a growing city.

The early diaries, together with less extended ones for the years 1864 and 1865, have been given to the Denver Public Library by Mrs. W. F. Robinson, daughter of William N. Byers. These are the only ones now known, although he may have kept others. Included also in this collection are the two leather bound, lined notebooks into which Byers copied out, with various emendations, the diary entries covering his trip to Oregon in 1852. To these he gave the title, "Journal of a Journey from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the Willamette Valley, Oregon Territory, Commenced May 9, 1852, Finished October 4, 1852."³ Here it will be possible only to sum-

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¹cf. Vickers, *History of the City of Denver, Arapahoe County and Colorado* (1880), 339; Hall, *History of the State of Colorado* (1889-95), III, 130-137 and IV, 368-369. *Portrait and Biographical Record* (Chapman Pub. Co., 1898), 145-147; *The Mecca*, Oct. 7, 1899, pp. 4-5; Smiley, *History of Denver* (1901), 652-656; Byers, *Biographical History of Colorado* (1901), 187-190 (Sketch by Joseph D. Brown).

²cf. Files of the *Rocky Mountain News*, 1859-1878, covering Byers' period of management; *Harpers Monthly*, August, 1870; *The Commonwealth*, Denver, May and June, 1889; *Magazine of Western History*, April and May, 1889, and January, 1890.

³Chauncey Thomas published this *Journal*, together with an introduction and explanatory notes, in *The Trail*, V, 19, Nos. 2, 3, 4 (July, Aug., Sept., 1926). Mr. Thomas used the diaries and the journal while they were in possession of Frank S. Byers, now deceased. At that time Mr. Thomas wrote: "I am trying to locate Mr. Byers' diary of the trip he made from Omaha to Denver in 1859, with the printing outfit. It is missing from his son's, Frank Byers', collection of his father's diaries. Someone borrowed it years ago, and if that 'somebody' now has it, they will confer a great favor on all mankind by producing it so that it may be published."

marize the material in the early diaries, for there is too much to print in full. The pocketbooks for 1864 and '65 are less diaries than memoranda, containing little but personal expenses and business details, together with Byers' usual record of the weather.

The first entry in the earliest diary, for May 7, 1850, is as follows: "Left West Jefferson, Madison Co., Ohio, for the cool west, put up in Harmony."⁴ Then it was that William N. Byers set out from the farming country where he had been born, on February 22, 1831. His Scotch grandfather had emigrated to America from Ireland, "settling in Western Pennsylvania when that country was a wilderness. There his father was born, and, when one year old, was taken by his parents to the Scioto Valley, Ohio, where they were among the earliest settlers. His mother was of the well-known Brandenburg family, of German extraction, her ancestors being among the early settlers both of Pennsylvania and of Dayton, Ohio. Both families settled in Ohio about the year 1804" (Vickers). Now in 1850, nineteen-year-old William was accompanying his parents, who in turn were carrying on the tradition of their ancestors by venturing into the farther West.

Of William's experiences down to 1850, we are given glimpses by Jerome C. Smiley, who wrote in 1901, after many years of friendship with Byers:

The subject of this sketch spent his boyhood on his father's farm, attended the primitive district school of the neighborhood in his earlier years, and then entered the West Jefferson Academy where, with his other studies, he learned surveying. When he was about seventeen years old he was employed in hauling ties for the old Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati Railroad, his father having taken a contract to supply ties for a long stretch of that pioneer Ohio road, which passed through the home farm.

But like many other Pioneering Americans, the Byers family was again on the move in the spring of 1850, this time to cross the Mississippi, arriving at Muscatine, Iowa, on July 6.

Most of the entries made during this journey concern towns and rivers passed and the weather conditions, but there were interruptions to the westward trek in the form of sidetrips for looking over the country and for helping relatives with farm work. On May 16 he wrote, "Passed Pleasant Hill and Newton. Stopped at Uncle E. P. B's. Very warm"; on May 17, "Planting corn. Fine"; on May 18, "Crossed Little and Big Shawnee Creeks, Wabash and Erie Canal, and Wabash River at Williamsport. Visited Fall Creek Cascade (fall 60 feet). Stopped at Uncle E. Byers. Rain." Then, after a few more days of visiting and seeing the

⁴This diary book, covering the period from May 7, 1850, through October 4, 1852, and including his wanderings from the time he left Ohio until he arrived in Oregon, was kept in ink in a ruled ledger-type notebook six and one-half inches by seven and three-fourths, with pasteboard cover. He wrote in the date for each entry on the now somewhat faded and stained pages.

country near his uncle's farm, William took a trip through Illinois and into Wisconsin. He commented favorably on the country which he saw along the Illinois River at Henry. On June 1 he arrived at Madison, Wisconsin. On June 5 he "got to Chicago; went to the Theater." Then on June 11 he returned to his uncle's farm and prepared to resume on the next day the journey to Iowa.

After crossing the Mississippi River at Burlington on June 24, 1850, he arrived at Keokuk, some forty miles below, on the 26th, after he had "passed Montrose and in sight of Nauvoo and the great Mormon Temple." After going a short distance into Missouri, he returned to West Point, Iowa, and then circled west as far as Iowa City before reaching Muscatine on July 6. During the following week he took another excursion out into the state, but on the 14th, "Stopped at A. M. Brandenburg's. Warm." and "15—Cradling wheat. Warm." These mentions of his visits at a Byers farm in Indiana and at a Brandenburg one in Iowa suggest that other members of his father's family and of his mother's had by 1850 moved on west from the homesteads in Ohio.

Much of the following two weeks was spent "at Muscatine," "Loafing. Fine," or "Up Cedar River, looking at the country. Fine." On July 29, having been without a job for some time, he "started with Raymond and Co.'s Menagerie along with John Adair." The following days were spent at West Liberty, Iowa City, Washington, Brighton, and Fairfield. On August 4, "got back home," and on the 9th, "Loafing. Rain." The next two days were occupied "stacking grain. Warm." From the 13th to the 18th, he was at work digging a well at the home farm, near Muscatine. On the 19th, "Commenced another well," and "got to water in well," the next day.

He interrupted "walling the well" to spend the 23rd "at town getting peddling box made." But mowing took most of his time during the next two weeks, and he helped "Raising corn cribs and stables" and "moving house" during the second week of September. Having secured his peddling box at Muscatine on September 5th, he fixed his wagon on the 6th; loaded it with goods on the 13th and 14th; and on the 16th "Started peddling. Crossed Miss. River at Muscatine. Passed Illinois City. Fine." After ten days on the road, during which he went "Up Pope's Creek," "crossed Spoon River," "got to Union Town," "stayed with old acquaintances," "passed Knoxville and Galesburg," "Monmouth," "crossed Henderson Creek," and "passed Millersburg," he "got back to Muscatine," "got some more goods and got home." On October 1 he "started peddling again," making short trips during the next two weeks.

Then he turned to farm work; on the 14th, "Hired threshing machine," and on the 15th, "threshing wheat and oats." After a few days of "gathering corn" and "loafing," he again set off peddling, returning home on November 1st. From the fifth through the eighth he was "chopping wood." Then he loaded goods and was off again, recording on November 23, "Broke my wagon, got home. Fine"; and on the 25th, "Went out to the farm. Thunder, lightning, rain, and warm." After several days of loafing, Byers started peddling again on December 4, getting home two weeks later. On December 23, "started again, crossed Cedar, Jo Adair along. Cold." Byers did not return home again until the 31st, evidently spending Christmas on the road, although he made no mention of it. The most frequent items in the diary are those concerning the weather; in the early days it was a vital force to be reckoned with, especially by a farmer and peddlers.

During January, 1851, William continued his peddling trips, as far west as Montezuma, Iowa; but on February 8th, he wrote in his diary: "Closed out my stock of goods and quit peddling." After five months of experience he probably realized that he was getting nowhere. And yet he felt entitled to a vacation, for on the 10th he wrote, "Fixing to start out west on a hunting spree." On the 12th he passed Iowa City; on the 13th, Marengo, further upon the Iowa River; on the 14th, "Passed new and old Indian towns and burying grounds, and the Devil's Anvil. Snowy day"; then on the 15th he "stopped at Doctor Walker's," where he spent the 16th and 17th, "Preparing to start out hunting."

On February 18th, Byers recorded as follows: "Started up the River with Messrs. Brandenburg, Walker, and Gordon. Crossed Bear Creek and north fork of Iowa River. Met one company with seven deer and one bear. Fine." On the 19th he "Passed Panther and Long Island groves. Fine country. Camped in second Big Woods 40 miles from settlement. Rain." After further "Scouting around, looking at the country and catching coons," he made his way back to Doctor Walker's by the 28th, and "started for home" on March 1, reaching Muscatine on the 5th.

During the rest of March, through April, and down to the 19th of May, 1851, he lived at home, "in town" and "out to the farm," "fixing the ice house," "laying fence worm" and "building fence," "loafing," "planting fruit trees," "building spring house," "getting locust trees," "getting fence posts in the woods," "hauling rails," "building a double back-action reacting corn planter," "planting corn," "husking corn," and "planting locust seed." From April 3rd to the 7th, though, he was sick with the mumps.

On May 19, 1851, he tried a new occupation, "Started to Iowaville with a load of passengers." He delivered these at their destination, Iowaville, somewhere south of Birmingham, on the Des Moines River, which he found "the highest it was ever known." While there he "Visited Black Hawk's grave and last council ground." At Mount Pleasant, on the 27th, he "got three passengers for Iowa City"; but he must have transferred them to another driver, for he "got home again" the next day.

During June, July, August, and September, William helped with the work on the home farm, including "cutting and rafting house logs," "hewing rafters," "laying foundation for house," "raising house," and "driving shingles," as well as "plowing corn," "making hand rakers," "harvesting," "stacking grain," "threshing oats," and "mowing." On September 6, "Father let out his mill contract"; and thereafter for a month, William helped from time to time "leveling mill race."

Beginning on October 9, 1851, Byers engaged in a type of work that was to occupy much of his time for the next few years. The diary entry for that date is: "Started to Council Bluffs with M. G. Bumgardner and Co. on a surveying expedition." Camping out each night, they passed Oskaloosa, Indianola, Winterset, Indian Town, and across the West Nishnabotna to Cassidy's Camp, reaching their destination on October 18th, with the diary entry for that date reading, "Crossed to the east side of the river and went six miles north. Found corner R. 40 W.T. 75, N of 5th principal Meridian, our starting point and commenced operation. Ran five miles of line. Fine." But not all days were fine on this job; the entry of the 20th reads, "At work along the river, bad work. Moved camp. Teamster got lost; we lay on the prairie without fire. Snow squalls."

During the succeeding days they "ran" "tiers of sections" and "western intersections," moved their camp several times—from the Nishnabotany to Big Silver Creek, to Little Silver Creek, to Keg Creek, to Wick's Mill, to Kanessville, to the Missouri River. Byers "meandered" this river "in the Bluffs"—just across from the site of Omaha, which, although at that time not yet started, was to be his home from 1854 to 1859. On November 28, they "Called it a 'Finis.' Started for home. 20 miles, stopped at Taylor's." The next day they made 45 miles, but crossing rivers and camping out retarded them so that they did not reach Muscatine until December 6, having been away about two months. Then he spent a few days "Reviewing field notes with Mr. Bumgardner."

During the rest of the winter of 1851-1852, William helped with the building of the mill, the mill dam, the mill race, and the

water wheel. His concluding entry for 1851 reveals his continued interest in the weather and in agriculture, but also the fact that as a young man of twenty he was keeping track of world news—at a later date this was to become for him a major occupation. "So ends '51," he wrote, "noted as the 'wet season' in the states of Ind., Ill., Wis., Mo., Ia., and Minn. Streams highest ever known. Crops light. Also noted as the year of the Cuban revolution. Kossuth's liberation and triumphant reception in the U. S., etc." On April 7, 1852, he could record, "Saw mill started." Then the next day he was off again on another surveying trip. "Started for Council Bluffs with Mr. Bungardner and Co. Bad road, sloughed once, broke wagon. Crossed Iowa River at Fredonia. Passed Columbus City, made 23 miles and pitched camp on Long Creek. Fine." Evidently there were numerous towns and many emigrant trains in western Iowa in the spring of 1852, for on Sunday, April 11, they went "7 miles to Oskaloosa and camped. Went to church 3 times. Fine." On the 17th they reached Kaneshville and found "Thousands of emigrants here." Kaneshville was a Mormon settlement, later absorbed by Council Bluffs.

On the 19th of April, "Commenced surveying town, 76 N. Range 43 W. of 5th principl. Merid." On the 23rd, "Rain in the forenoon. Moved camp in evening to the Tabernacle on Pigeon Cr. Rain." One entry, that for the 25th, deviates from the usual records of work and weather to report, "Heard a dissertation upon Mormonism in the Tabernacle." On the 26th he commenced on "T 76 N. R. 44 W 5th Mer.," finishing it on the 29th. But a still greater departure is noted on May 3, "Quit work for Mr. Bungardner, went to Kaneshville, engaged passage to California with Messrs. Donnellan and Cannon, from Dubuque, Iowa. Cool." Instead of "Cool," one wishes Byers had written his motives for this sudden change and his plans for the trip along the California trail. But he was now twenty-one years old and evidently eager to see the far West and to attempt bigger things than farming, peddling, saw mill building, or surveying.

For the next five months Byers' diary was concerned with the western trip, which led to Oregon instead of California. The almost daily entries were crowded into the same notebook in which he had been keeping his diary since leaving Ohio, two years before. The announcement of the completion of his journey to the west coast, on October 4, 1852, was written on the inside of the back cover. Had he not already used up from time to time a number of pages in the middle of the book for the recording of the words to his favorite songs, he might have finished out the year 1852 in the same volume, but he had to start a new one on October 5. Byers' taste in music, like that of most of his generation, evi-

dently ran toward the sentimental; words for the following songs, among others, were copied: "The Fisherman's Bride," "The Dying Child's Appeal to Her Drunken Father," "Silver Moon," "Troubadour Serenade," "Bright Alphoretta," "The Drummer Boy," and "The Indian Hunter." They are dated from December 26, 1851, to April 3, 1852, at "Pleasant Hills, Iowa," or "Muscatine," the former probably the name of the home place.

Carefully copied in ink in two leather-bound pocket notebooks was the "Journal of a Journey." Its dedication is "To those of my friends and acquaintances who may think them sufficient interest to repay them for spending an otherwise idle hour in their perusal, the following lines are respectfully subscribed. 'Wandering Will.'" One hundred and seventeen pages, in volume one, take the story from May 9, 1852, through September 3, 1852. Volume two, extending from page 119 through 227, finishes the story down through October 4, 1852, and adds several pages devoted to reflections upon the trip, advice to those who expect to make it, and "My Impressions of Oregon." This revised edition of his diary shows Byers' attempt to prepare his rough material so that it could be read more easily and profitably by others. Usually copying verbatim the day-by-day entries, he supplied connectives, worked phrases into sentences, added explanations and descriptive details, omitted purely personal data such as "sick with bad cold," segregated in a table on pp. 185-216 the record of miles covered per day and the total distances from Muscatine to Oregon City, and sometimes dramatized the more exciting events.

His ability to remake factual diary items into vivid narratives is made evident by contrasting the original record from October 1, 1852, with the Journal retelling, both of which follows:

October 1. Ground white with snow and the storm still raging this morning, were nearly all day getting down Laurel Hill, the Cascades may justly be termed the terror and this Hill the terror of terrors to Emigrants, in the evening the storm abated, camped in the woods, Alder brouse.

October 1. Ugh! ground white with snow and still coming down like wrath and —. We breakfasted on hard bread and whortle berries and put out minus the best ox, which we left on the camp ground. We soon came to the descent of Laurel Hill, "a hill as is a hill," one that would do to show in the States, but people would never think of traveling up or down it. Now for the "modus operandi." Lock both hind wheels, fasten a tree behind the wagon, one fellow gets before the oxen with a good sized club and then prepare for grand and lofty tumbling or mighty fast sliding. A wagon just ahead went over at the rate of about forty revolutions per minute, scattering not death and destruction but grub and crockery ware on all sides. Fortunately the livestock in the way of the women and children had taken "walker's line" and while the men were repairing the wreck and picking up the fixings we could hear the little fellows crying with cold at the foot of the first descent. In about three miles we made the three descents, each a little worse than the other, and reached the foot of the hill.

Here we found a different climate. It had been raining but the sun was now shining, while we could see trees bending with snow almost over our heads. The Cascade Mountains may be termed the "terror" and Laurel Hill is the "terror of terrors" of the emigrants. We camped near a little creek and cut down elder trees for brouse for our cattle.

Other bits of good writing are to be found in the diary. Its contents, however, are too extensive to reproduce here. They are very much like the materials to be found in a number of overland journals now in print.⁵ On this trip William N. Byers gained a vast amount of experience and information which served him well in his later years as Denver pioneer settler and newspaper editor, publicity man for the Rocky Mountain West, surveyor and mountain climber, business man and citizen. Some of it he used in *A Hand Book to the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas*, which he and John H. Kellom published early in 1859, a month or two before Byers set out for Denver. In fact the route recommended in their book, on pages 33 to 48, is headed "Emigrants Guide Number One, From Omaha to the Nebraska and Kansas Gold Mines, and the South Pass. Compiled from the notes of William N. Byers, who traveled over the route in 1852." He had, however, not turned south to Cherry Creek, but had continued past Fort Laramie, crossed South Pass, gone by Fort Hall, down the Snake River, past Fort Boise, down the Grand Ronde River, along beside the Umatilla Indian Agency, across the Cascade Mountains, and on to Oregon City and the Columbia River settlements.

The diary which Byers began in Oregon City on October 5, 1852, was written in ink in a small pocket notebook, leather bound and lined. He continued it through the rest of 1852 and all of 1853, ending with the entry for December 31, 1853, "At Home," in Muscatine. At the end are some records of loans made to others or repaid to him, the words for several poems, including "Afton Water," "Old Folks at Home," and two love poems without titles, and several addresses of relatives, friends, and business firms. The names include M. W. Byers, C. B. McCullough, Stephen Knott, and Rev. Geo. Bumgardner of Muscatine, Iowa, John Byers and James S. Burnham, West Jefferson, Madison Co., Ohio, James Adair, Springfield, Ohio, Alex Byers, Dowagiac, Michigan, James Daley, Salt Lake City, and Joseph McMillan, Portland, O. T. The last named was a millwright. More intriguing are "Wm. N. Sims, Rochester, N. Y. medium; Pooler & Co., 202 Williams St., N. Y., publishers; and Messrs. Munn and Co., 128 Fulton St., N. Y., Pub. *Scientific American*."

During the first few weeks in Oregon, Byers looked up old acquaintances and worked at various jobs. On October 11, he was

⁵cf. those listed in Henry R. Wagner's *The Plains and the Rockies, a Bibliography of Original Narratives of Travel and Adventure, 1809-1865*, Revised ed., San Francisco, 1937.

"making rails for Mr. Child," and on the next day he "commenced work for Messrs. Allen and Harry at \$2.00 per day cutting saw logs. Fine day." On the 16th, however, he "Went down to Oregon City, found R. M. Brandenburg there. Cloudy with light showers." Although the October 22 entry was "nothing to do yet," he "commenced work for Mr. Miller" on the 25th "at the old saw mill," presumably in Oregon City, on the Willamette River. Here he labored until December 7. Then he "Commenced in the employ of Mr. Joseph Hunt, Deputy Surveyor. Rain." For ten days rain and snow kept them from "getting up the river." On the 12th and 13th, however, he was not idle, for there were "Spiritual rappings today" and "Spiritual rappings this evening again." On the 17th, "This morning I got started up the river in the steam propeller 'Washington,' cordelled through Rock Island rapids, made eleven miles and stopped at a farm house on the bank of the river."

Byers' river trip was further described on December 18, 1852: "Our little boat coughed and bellowed along, slipping through the eddies and willows. Passed Buteville, dined at Champoeg, entered the Yamhill river, ascended it six miles and just at dark arrived at La Fayette, having been two days making thirty-four miles. Here I found Mr. Hunt and Co. Snowed all day." Although they got in a few days of surveying west and south of Portland before the end of the year, the weather kept them in camp most of the time. On the 25th, Byers recorded, "Christmas, I believe, according to rule. Here we are hemmed in by snow banks, spending the holidays. Snowing snow. *Snow 30 inches deep*." On the 29th, "Started up the second tier of sections today. Ran three miles. Raining." This tier was on "T 4 S, R 5 West of Willamette Meridian." On the last day of the year he wrote: "So ends 1852, noted for the great emigration from the western states to Oregon and California. Myself an emigrant fixes it more firmly in my memory. The end of this year finds me far from home and friends, my dwelling place in the Coast Range Mountains with a tent the only shelter from the winter storms." But he was helping to prepare for these emigrants by surveying the township lines by which they would later describe their farms and town lots.

By January 17, 1853, they had finished Township 4 South and were starting to survey Township 3 S, Range 5, W. Willamette Meridian. They also completed Township 5 South and began work on Township 1 South of Range 4 West of Willamette Meridian by February 15th. Additional work included Township 1 South, Range 5, begun on March 3, and Township 2 South, Range 5, which they finished—and with it the contract—on March 16th. They went down the country to Portland on the 18th. In Oregon City they

worked "writing field notes" and "draughting" and "adjusting compasses" and "drawing maps" until April 18th; then they prepared to set out for the field again.

From April 18, 1853, until November 2, the diary is filled with notes on the various surveys completed, the weather encountered, and the scenery which occasionally struck William by its beauty. They worked north of Portland, along the Willamette and its branches, with Mr. Hunt in charge of one camp and a Mr. Ives in charge of another, surveying Township No. 2 North, Range 7 West; then on May 3 Byers noted: "Today we crossed the Columbia and pitched camp on the right bank of the Catapoodle two miles above the mouth. Mr. Ives commenced work in the afternoon. Andy cut his leg. Some showers. Cleared up in the evening." So started their survey of the land near the present Vancouver, Washington, included in Washington Territory when it was separated from the Oregon Territory in that same year of 1853.

Much of the country was mountainous, intersected by rivers and creeks, and heavily wooded. On May 27, Byers wrote: "Finished lines and meanders in Town, No. 5, North of Base line, Range No. 1, East of the Willamette Meridian. I think the worst work I ever done. (sic) Went down to St. Helens, camped." At times they ran out of provisions, neglected to stop work on Sunday, "received a letter from home," "saw an elk," and had "not a glimpse of sunshine but plenty of showers." On July 4, "Independence Day. Went down to the landing, raised a pole, had a dinner, orations, toast table, etc., altogether a very pleasant day." On the 9th they "Found a company of U. S. Soldiers," at the landing. Much time was spent on Township 11 and 12 N on Range 2 W. But work was preferred to loafing; according to the August 7 entry, "Sunday. Light showers in morning. Mr. Hunt went to 'The Landing.' Laying in camp—how tedious. Time drags along in these desolate woods; 'Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms,' etc."

Having finished this section of the survey, they changed location, with the diary entries reading: "August 24—This morning we are en route for Oregon City, down the Cowlits and up the Columbia. Camped near Coffin Rock. Pleasant day. 25—Ascending the Columbia, dined at St. Helens. Camped on Sanvies Island. Pleasant day. 26—Reached Portland at 12 p. m., dined, took passage on the Eagle for Oregon City. Landed at the foot of the Rapids and footed it over the hill to the City. Received two letters from Ameriky. Pleasant day. 27—Writing and loafing. Oregon City has improved rapidly during our four mos. absence." On August 31, however, they were going back down the Willamette and the Columbia, past St. Helens, and then up the Lake River and Vancouver Lake, where they started to work on September 5. On Sep-

tember 10, "Finished the first tier of sections T 3 N, R 1 E, and went back to Salmon River for provisions."

During the following week things did not go so well. "Stephen took sick with ague . . . Several of the company unwell. John takes the ague . . . Laying in camp. Nearly all sick . . . Laying by. The P boys came up from the Lake with medicine." It took the rest of September and the first five days of October for them to finish this location. Then they moved back by St. Helens and up the Catapoodle River for another month's work. Having "finished the meanders in T 5 N, R 1 W," on the 30th of October, they "Pony up the river to Portland where we arrive about 9 o'clock p. m. after a hard day's travel," on the 31st. On November 2, Byers "Settled with Mr. Hunt. Received a compass at \$250 and \$550 in cash balance on account." Thus ended his Oregon surveying. Before starting back for the States, he spent some nine days "on a short tour up the valley of the Willamette," much of the time in the rain.

Byers' account of his trip home by way of the California mines, across Central America, to New York, and then westward by railroad and stagecoach, is given below just as it was written by him from November 14 to December 31, 1853.

November 14—In the morning took the "Bells" for Portland. Arranged my business there and took the "Lot Whitcomb" for St. Helens, and there engaged passage on the "Columbia" for San Francisco. Pleasant day. 15—Morning foggy. About 8 A. M. we were under way—touched at Ranier, Oak Point and Astoria, and in the evening crossed the Columbia Bar and are out to sea.

Farewell to Oregon
Thy lofty mountains,
Thy interminable forests,
Thy noble rivers and magnificent waterfalls,
Thy green and pleasant plains and flowering hill sides,
I bid you all adieu.

Cloudy and cool. 16—"A life on the Ocean wave," how I detest it. This horrible sea-sickness. To our left we could see the coast and coast mountains, but so far off it appears like clouds. To the right a boundless waste of waters. The wind light but dead ahead. In the evening touched at Port Oxford. Cloudy and Cool. 17—Nothing new. Sail was spread for a few minutes this morning, with the wind in the east, but it soon shifted dead ahead again. 18—Head wind all day. In the evening we got in the neighborhood of the entrance to the bay, but were shut out by fog. Rainy. 19—Beat about all day in the fog without knowing where. Foggy. 20—Sunday. This morning found out we were a considerable distance below the harbor. About noon it cleared so that we found our way in and landed at San Francisco. Pleasant day.

21—Looking around over the city, with which I was agreeably disappointed. In the evening went to the San Francisco Theater. Pleasant day. 22—At 1 P. M. started on the steamer "Orient" for Sacramento City. Passed Benecia a little before dark. Fine day. 23—About 4 o'clock A. M. we arrived at Sacramento, distance 116 miles. Sacramento is a brisk pleasant place and a beautiful situation. Pleasant day. 24—Took stage for Colomo. Passed through Prairie City, Mormon Island, Salmon Falls, etc. In the evening got to Colomo,

50 miles. Fine day. 25—Staying at Colomo, a town nestled among the mountains. Here stands the "Old Mill" where gold was first discovered in California. Met with Mr. Cullen. Steady rain today with thunder and lightning. 26—Staying in Colomo. Rainy day. 27—At four o'clock A. M. we are again on the road for Sacramento where we arrived in the evening. Showery. 28—At 11 A. M. started for the Bay, arrived at San Francisco about 11 P. M. Fair day. 29—Loafing and looking at the sights about the city. 30—Secured ticket on the Sierra Nevada for New Orleans. In the evening at the theatre. Fair day.

December 1—At 12 m. we cast off and set sail. The "Winfield Scott" had about one hour start in a light breeze, fair. Fine day. 2—We got out of sight of land at 12 M. Passed the Scott to the landward 230 ms. Light wind and smooth sea. Fine day. 3—At 12 M. had made 240 miles in last 24 hours. Smooth. Sea gull around the ship. Fine day. 4—Sunday. At 12 M. had made 235 ms. in 24 hrs. An island to the eastward; two ships off our bows in the afternoon. Spoke two whalers. Fair day. 5—239 ms. last 24 hrs. Fair day. 6—Land to the east and high mountains. One of them a volcano from which a column of smoke is rising. A great number of porpoises around the ship in the afternoon. Made 225 miles. Fair day. 7—Lightening in the west this morning. Made 225 ms. Fair day. 8—Weather getting very warm. Temperature 83 degrees. Land and mountains in sight. Today made 223 ms. 9—Very warm, keeping near land. Made 225 ms. At 1 P. M. we are opposite Acapulco. 10—Last night we had a slight shower of rain which created quite a commotion among the sleepers on deck and many made a hasty retreat to "the regions below." Warm and clear. Made 221 ms. Land and mountains to the left. 11—Sunday. No land in sight. Made 205 ms. At noon were 530 miles from San Juan Del Sud. Clear but pleasantly cool. Crossed the Tehuantepec Gulf stream in the morning. 12—Clear but pleasantly cool. 209 ms. 13—High mountains in sight. Clear and warm. Made 205 ms. 14—At 1 o'clock A. M. we dropped anchor in the bay of San Juan Del Sud, 117 ms.

About daylight we landed, took breakfast, and mounted our mules for Virgin Bay. Travelled over a very picturesque country to the Bay, 12 ms. In the evening embark on the steamers "Central America" and "Ometepe" for San Juan de Nicaragua. At 11 P. M. we were off across Lake Nicaragua,—fine day. 15—About 8 A. M. we passed the Fort and village of San Carlos (97 ms) and entered "San Juan" River. Descended 8 ms. and lay by for another boat, descended 12 ms. in it to Castillo rapids, village and fort. In the evening we took the "Ebin Q. Hunt" for the bay. Pleasant day. 16—At 3 A. M. arrived at the bay and steamers where we embarked.

At 11½ A. M. we are under way for N. Y. on steamer "Northern Light." Were soon out of sight of land. Fine day. 17—Came within an ace of running on a Coral Reef. Made up to noon 258 ms. Fair day. 18—Sunday. Made 250 ms. Fair day with light showers in the evening. 19—This morning "Cuba" in sight. Coasting along the north side all day. Fair day but sea a little rough. Made 250 ms. 20—Wind from the north and in the evening a heavy swell on. Passed the light house on Florida reefs. Cool and cloudy. Made 231 ms. 21—Rough sea in the morning, but calmed down during the day. Cloudy and cool. 22—Smooth sea. Light, variable wind. Cloudy and pleasant. 23—In the evening we had a very severe gale and consequently a rough sea. Wind from the north with rain. 24—About two o'clock A. M. cleared up and calmed down. Very cold. 2 P. M. arrived at the City of New York, making the passage of 2100 ms. in 8 ds. and 2 hrs.

In the evening visited the "Crystal Palace." Weather cold. 25—Sunday and Christmas. Looking at the city. In the evening visited Banvardi's "Georama of the Holy Land," a very interesting exhibition; cold and clear. 26—In the morning visited "Barnums" mu-

seum where they played "Hot Corn." In the evening started for home by way of Erie. Travelled all night. Clear and cold. 27—Travelling through the Alleghany Mts. In the evening arrived at the break in the R. R. and had to stage it about 8 ms. through snow one foot deep. Cold and snowy. 28—At 2 o'clock A. M. arrived at Cleveland where we stopped until daylight. At 11 P. M. arrived at Chicago where we stopped. Cold and stormy. 29—At 8½ A. M. we were in the cars again and moving toward Rock Island. At 4 P. M. we arrived at Genesee, where we had to take stage at 11½ P. M. Arrived at Rocky Island where we had the privilege of sleeping on the floor. Cold and cloudy. 30—Crossed the river on the ice and at 9 A. M. left Davenport in the stage for Muscatine. Had a very cold ride and got through about 3 P. M. Got a buggy and went out home where I arrived about 6 P. M. Found all well. Cold day. 31—At home. Cold and stormy.

* * * * *

And so ends 1853, and the end finds me at home again after a long journey; 1853, noted for the Turko-Russian difficulties, the fitting out of the Japanese Expedition, the preliminary surveys of the Pacific Railroad, the good health of the overland emigrants to the Pacific etc. etc. . . .

Ouray Memorial Park Acquired by the State Historical Society

EDGAR C. McMECHEN

Since the last issue of the *Colorado Magazine* appeared the State Historical Society has acquired title to Chipeta Memorial Park, four miles south of Montrose, Colorado, for the purpose of establishing there a historical house museum to honor the memory of Chief Ouray of the Utes, one of the greatest Indians in American history.

In addition to Chipeta Park the Society, through the generosity of one of its members, has purchased two adjoining tracts of land needed for landscaping and as a protection against undesirable commercialization. In all, the Ouray Memorial Park includes approximately five acres.

Located on Ouray Memorial Park is the Chipeta Spring over which the Uncompahgre Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has erected a stone tepee; the granite shaft erected in memory of Ouray by the State of Colorado; and the graves of Ouray's wife, Chipeta, and her brother, Chief McCook of the Utes.

A small replica of the adobe house in which Ouray and Chipeta lived was erected last year in Ouray Memorial Park by the D. A. R. Eventually this will be rebuilt in its original size and refurnished as nearly as possible as it was while Ouray was alive. The Society is now interested in locating and obtaining as many of Ouray's personal belongings as possible, and any information as to where such relics may be located will be appreciated. Eventually

a museum building is to be erected, with quarters for a resident curator who will assist in gathering and preserving pioneer and Ute historical materials of the Western Slope.

To Chief Ouray, more than to any other individual, goes credit for having induced the Ute tribe to cede to the whites the area now embraced in the San Luis Valley, and the land on the Western Slope of Colorado. Had it not been for his undeviating friendship for the



CHIPETA

Photograph by Tom McKee in 1907

whites and his great natural intelligence and ability, Colorado history might well have been stained with one of the most disastrous Indian wars in the country.

No Indian ever occupied such unique position. He stood between his own tribe and the whites, often having been accused of treachery to his race. More than once his life was threatened by members of his tribe. After the Meeker and Thornburg massacres in 1879 his influence quelled the tumult and brought about the return of Mrs. N. C. Meeker, Josephine Meeker and Mrs. Price after they had been captives of the White River and Yampa Utes for several

weeks. Yet, during the negotiations, he stood unswervingly for a fair trial for the leaders of the massacres and thus aroused the suspicions and enmity of many of the whites who did not fully understand his unhappy position. No Indian chieftain ever before was placed in such a position as this.

In recognition of his services, he was chosen as one of sixteen outstanding builders of Colorado to be represented by stained glass



Left: CHIEF OURAY AND CHIPETA MONUMENT. Erected by the State of Colorado in 1926.

Right: CHIPETA TEPEE. Cement tepee over Chipeta Spring, erected by the Uncompahgre Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

windows in the dome of the Capitol Building in Denver. A county and town bear his name. Great credit also is due his able wife Chipeta, who stood by his side throughout the difficult times.

Ouray first came into prominence while a minor chief of the Tabeguache Utes, whose homeland was the San Luis Valley. He attracted the attention of Governor John Evans, Second Territorial Governor of Colorado, who had him appointed head chief at an annual salary of \$500.00. Later this salary was raised to \$1,000.00 per year. Governor Evans' grandson, Dr. John Evans, is president of the State Historical Society at this time.

The date of Ouray's birth is not known with certainty, but 1833 is most often quoted. He was born in Taos and raised in a Spanish family. His mother was a Ute, his father a Jicarilla Apache whose name is given variously as Guera Mora, or Guera Murah.

On the Los Pinos Agency in the Uncompahgre Valley Ouray's farm stood several miles below the Agency buildings. The government erected the house for him. Contemporary reports say that it was furnished with stoves, lamps, American furniture, with Brussels carpets on the floor. He drove about in state in a carriage with silver-mounted harness given him by Governor Edward McCook. His horses and mules were tended by Mexican or Indian herders. His fields were planted to grain and vegetables and cultivated by Indians of his tribe, who would work for him but not for any white man. Ouray at first was a member of the Catholic church, later leaving it to join the Methodist. He died on the Southern Ute Agency in 1880 and was buried there.

Last August the original adobe house in which Ouray and Chipeta lived was partially burned. Members of the D. A. R. at Montrose salvaged as many of the adobes as possible, together with the original roof beams. With these they built the replica that now stands in Ouray Memorial Park. It is about one-half the original size.

Credit for the creation of Chipeta Memorial Park belongs entirely to the Uncompahgre Chapter of the D. A. R. As Regent, Mrs. R. L. Seely of Montrose was instrumental in securing the land and, as Chairman of the Indian Committee of the Chapter, has been active in its development. In this work she has had the faithful support of all members of the Chapter and of the present Regent, Mrs. Mabel B. Hays.

Pioneering of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoyt Stevens

MRS. EMEROY GREENBURY*

Among the pioneers of Colorado Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoyt Stevens. Hoyt, as he was called, was the third of four children born of Columbus Stevens and Julia Ann Curtis Stevens, May 31, 1850, in Dunham, Quebec, Canada. His father was one of those who went to California in the gold rush of '49, returning later not much wealthier, but wiser. He died in 1854, well-to-do relatives taking up the responsibility of the education of the two Stevens daughters, the oldest and youngest of the four children.

*Mrs. Greenbury, of Colorado Springs, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Stevens.—Ed.

Edson, the brother, and Hoyt acquired a common school education in Dunham Academy. Hoyt afterwards went to a business college in St. Albans, Vermont. It was when returning from this school in a stagecoach that Hoyt met the girl who four years later became his wife, on his twenty-first birthday. She was just nineteen.

Mrs. Adee Fillebrown Stevens was the second daughter of D. W. and Hannah White Fillebrown; born in North Wayne, Maine, February 3, 1852. The Fillebrowns later moved to East Highgate, Vermont, where Adee was married to Hoyt Stevens. Her father was postmaster and ran the general store of the village, placing him in a position of influence and usefulness. Among his friends was John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer of that time. He often accompanied him on his trips, assisting him with writing newspaper articles, poems, and giving talks for the temperance cause. The mother, Mrs. Fillebrown, was considered the "angel of mercy" of the village, always ready and willing to help the sick or anyone in need.

The daughter, Adee, spent much of her time with her father, helping in the post office and the store, and writing letters for the unschooled, thus gaining a knowledge of business methods and manners, as well as a fine moral grounding under her father's influence. This stood her in good stead in the life ahead of her.

In the meantime, Hoyt had gone to Chicago, where he was agent for a time for the Wheeler & Wilson, and Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machines. Next, he was employed as shipping clerk by Lymen-Bridges Building Company. Later, he went into business for himself constructing Chicago's plank sidewalks, the only kind known at that time. He was in this business at the time of his marriage, May 31, 1871.

Boarding at the same place in Chicago were his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Channing Sweet. Their child, William E. Sweet, two years of age at this time, was to become a future governor of Colorado.

That fall, October 8, 1871, came the great Chicago fire. There were few who had much hope for the rebuilding of the city. Food, water, and lights were so scarce that the railroads afforded transportation to all who would and could leave the city. So the Stevens and Sweet families left for Denver.

It was the Kansas Pacific Railroad that brought them out from Chicago. Buffalo and antelope roamed the plains. Often the train had to stop to let herds of buffalo cross the tracks. Wild meat of all kinds was for sale at the butchers, and was the chief meat eaten, as cattle and sheep had not become plentiful as yet.

Not long after their arrival in Denver, they were persuaded by another future governor of Colorado, Alva Adams, to go to Colorado

Springs on the first train over the D. & R. G. tracks, completed October 27, 1871. Up to this time, stagecoaches ran from Denver to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Now Colorado Springs became the terminus of the stagecoach line.

Of course, a means of livelihood was uppermost in Hoyt Stevens' mind. There seemed a great need for grain for the horses and mules used in grading this railroad, so he immediately shipped a carload of it from Denver, selling it off from the rear of Alva Adams' hardware store. This was the beginning of the first grain business in Colorado Springs. It is still doing business under another name.

In 1861, Colorado City, now West Colorado Springs, had been made the capital of the territory. Owing to lack of accommodations, the legislature met there only once and adjourned to Denver.

Colorado Springs had been laid out in July, 1871.

An interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Stevens was that the mail sent to the post office at Colorado City was brought by horseback to Colorado Springs, and dumped into a soap box at a store on the corner of Cascade and Huerfano Streets, where everyone looked it over and took what belonged to him.

Water for all Colorado Springs' purposes in these days was hauled in barrels from Bear Creek Canon. A few wells were dug, but the grasshopper plague of 1875 proved that wells were not safe. This was the real cause of the City Fathers beginning plans for the city water system. Water was then piped from Bear Creek Canon. Water was also brought in by a ditch from Monument Creek north of the city for irrigation.

In February, 1872, satisfying the desire for a ranch, Mr. Stevens took up a homestead in what is now known as Eleven Mile Canon in South Park. The locating of this ranch took plenty of courage and perseverance. Hoyt had been told of it by someone in the Springs who had seen it, and Hoyt wanted it. So he set out with a party of men, all looking for something in their line: one, lumber for his mill; another, prospecting; another, also looking for a ranch. They went together as far as Florissant. There Hoyt, with one of the men, borrowed mules to ride, expecting to find the desired place in one day. But they became lost and had to sleep out with only saddle blankets for cover, though they had found an abandoned shack for shelter. Another day passed, still without success. The other man left and turned back. The second night out Hoyt, still determined, climbed the highest point he could find to get the lay of the land back to the camp at Florissant, for, having gone off with only a few biscuits in his pockets, he needed food before starting on another hunt.

In the morning he ran across his companion holding the bridle of his mule and in a state of more than anxious bewilderment. He was wonderfully pleased to see Hoyt, who now was sure of his way.

Reaching the camp, the owner of the mules refused to let Hoyt have another to start out again, so he left afoot and alone. Without a weapon of any kind, could he be blamed if there was a lurking fear of bears on his mind, for the mountains were full of wild animals? By dark, footsore, shoes completely worn out, and his clothes in shreds, he glimpsed the light of the ranch next to the one he was seeking. He was given food and a bed, and next day located and staked out his heart's desire, and returned to Colorado Springs for Adee.

Were it not for our boys who are now being made men of war in a few months' time, we would be more impressed by the job ahead of this boy and girl of twenty-one and twenty. Hoyt chopped down and dragged with one horse to the homesite the logs for their first home, which the two of them built. At first the house had a dirt roof, but later he made the shingles by splitting the logs. Here, the following July, their first child was born. Fred Park Stevens he was named, and he was the first white child born in this part of South Park. Emeroy Adee, now Mrs. Greenbury, and another baby girl who lived but a few months, were born in this pioneer home.

Many interesting stories of woman's courage, resourcefulness, patience, and fearlessness could be told of these four years, fifty miles from a store or post office, ten miles from the nearest neighbor, when women had to meet each other's needs in childbirth and other trials with no physicians available. Many a time her children have heard Mrs. Stevens quote, "Those that know nothing, fear nothing."

Ute Indians though friendly were present, and often she had the disconcerting experience of looking up when a shadow fell on the work in her hands, to see an Indian looking in at her and asking for food. They had little trouble with the Indians; however, two of their horses were run off. Hoyt and two other cowboys traced them to the Indian camp, and without much controversy, got them back. Bob Womack, the discoverer of gold in Cripple Creek, was one who "punched cattle" with Hoyt in the mountains.

Wildcats and other animals were a constant menace to their chickens. On one occasion, hearing a racket in the chicken house, Adee, at home alone with her two babies, left them in the cabin, and, snatching an old gun, she went out to investigate. There was a wildcat with one of her chickens in his mouth. She took careful aim and fired—but the gun failed to go off. Providence was looking after her, though, for just then a neighbor, Will Robins, came along while hunting. He dispatched the animal and congratulated her on

her narrow escape. (Will Robins was later killed by a bear.) With all her hardships, she always gave the impression, when recounting her experiences, that the time was a happy memory. Her indomitable courage and high ideals saw her through what would have floored her children and grand children. How she loved to think of the evenings, after the work was done and the babies asleep, they would go down to the river, a short way from the house, climb up on a huge rock and sing all the songs they knew. They never got over loving to sing those songs together.

On this ranch they raised cattle on shares, and made butter which, with the chickens and eggs, sold for good prices at the mining camps and towns near enough to be reached.

Money was a scarce article for these ranchers. Even though they did get seventy-five cents a pound for butter, and sixty cents a dozen for eggs, other groceries had to be gotten in town and paid for. On one of these trips to town (Colorado Springs), Adee took along for hand-work a crocheted bedspread, which had been begun for her hope-chest but never finished. A neighbor of Mrs. Sweet's, her sister-in-law, with whom she was visiting, greatly admired the work and wanted it. When asked if she would sell it and for what price, Adee immediately thought of the grocery bill of \$25.00, and gave that as her price. It was accepted and the work finished. The bill was paid before their return to the ranch. The receipted bill was her Christmas present to Hoyt not long after.

A lovely sequel to this is that Mr. Stevens learned fifteen years later that the spread was still in existence and in perfect condition, in the possession of the niece of the buyer. He persuaded her to sell it back to him and he gave it to Mrs. Stevens for a Christmas present.

On rare occasions boxes of tools, dry goods, notions, bolts of muslin and calico, yarn, etc., came from Mrs. Stevens' parents in Vermont. These were little less than gold mines to them. The tools enabled Hoyt to make all their furniture. One piece, a rocking chair, was the only piece of "store" furniture they owned. A rolling pin, potato masher, nutmeg grater, still in existence, were no tax for his ingenuity. As for Adee, she made for herself and family everything needful out of the materials available—even curtains at the one window. Gunnysacks sewed together served for both floor and carpet, and the creeping babies found their chief delight in sticking their fingers into the dirt through the holes in the sacks.

Already this section of the country was becoming known as a summer and health resort, and everyone who had a vacant room or a tent, or could serve meals was called upon to do so. Even in this mountain home Mrs. Stevens' cooking was becoming well known and served as a proving ground of her ability as a hostess and ca-

terer to the tourists and mine seekers who were coming up here in greater numbers to camp every summer.

But a ranch fifty miles from civilization, not being a good place to bring up children, the family returned to Colorado Springs in the fall of 1877. The ranch now lies under the lake formed by damming the South Platte River in Eleven Mile Canon, which helps to furnish Denver's water supply.

In 1878 and 1879, their next home, on South Tejon Street, was built. Here the next two children, Frank and Julie, were born. Continued additions to this home were needed to take care of the tourists and health seekers calling for room and board. Many came for the summer, and many spent the winter to escape more severe climates. It soon became apparent that a large home-like place was the great need in Colorado Springs, so, being urged by the business men of the town to build a larger place, the Alta Vista came into being, and Mrs. Stevens' ability and experience served her well in dividends of friends and business success.

During this time Mr. Stevens was engaged in the grain business, and the buying and selling of horses and mules, and freighting to and from the Leadville mining district over the Ute Pass, which was little better than an Indian trail. Mr. Stevens drove a four-horse team hitched to a lumber wagon and carried passengers to Leadville, returning with a load of ore. This finally developed into the livery business, in which Mr. F. L. Rouse was associated with him. They instituted the forerunner of the street car in Colorado Springs, a horse-drawn carriage with entrance in the rear and seats running lengthwise, called a herdic. These ran the length of Tejon Street and were considered a wonderful convenience. "Stevens and Rouse" furnished carriages for all occasions—weddings, funerals, picnics and excursions into the mountains. Many parties were taken to Pikes Peak by way of the Seven Lakes, the trip taking three days. They also ran a stagecoach between Colorado Springs and Canon City and carried the mail.

The recollection of this reminded Mr. Stevens of another interesting story. Early in the 1880s, the Rio Grand Railroad was built to Canon City. At this time the Santa Fe had come into La Junta and wanted to run a spur up to Denver. They leased the Rio Grande tracks with an eye to getting the right of way through the Royal Gorge. The time came when the Rio Grande wanted their tracks back, and saw no way by which to accomplish this except to just take possession—steal them, as it were. The Santa Fe had control of the telegraph, so the Rio Grande secured four horses and riders, one of them being Hoyt Stevens, who furnished the horses and secured the other riders. These men were to carry the messages to the men who were to take over the stations at midnight simulta-

neously at Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs, Dead Man's Canon and Canon City. Mr. Stevens had the section between Colorado Springs and Dead Man's Canon. The plan was successful. Both railroads had quite an army of men guarding the Gorge, but the Rio Grande won.

The Alta Vista was built through the winter of 1887-88 and was opened June 1, with Mrs. Stevens managing. Soon the time came when she needed assistance in this growing business, and Mr. Stevens sold out his other interests and took over the management of the place. The arrival of the youngest child, now Mrs. Florence Purdy, hastened the change of proprietors.

In October, 1892, they leased the hotel and went to California for a rest and a change for the family. The year 1896 saw them back in Colorado managing the Alta Vista again. The growth of Cripple Creek, in the meantime, had caused increased demands for accommodations, so Mr. Stevens immediately bought a hundred-foot lot to the south of the hotel and built the greater part of the present front. A little later another hundred feet to the north completed the front and added the garage. Other additions finally made a hotel of what was originally planned as a home-like boarding house. In the course of time, the first privately-owned electric lighting plant in the state was installed. Then followed the first refrigerating plant, the first electric elevator, and cooking by electricity. This is believed to be the first hotel west of the Mississippi to install the European plan.

Up to this time, mines had not taken much place in Mr. Stevens' interest, but soon Mr. George Picket (and, by the way, this is the same George Picket who, with his brother, discovered the now famous "Cave of the Winds" in Williams Canon) persuaded Mr. Stevens to buy a half interest in a mine at Ophir, Telluride County. This developed into the Carbonero Mining and Reduction Company, a venture that proved measurably successful.

The next thirty years were divided between California and Colorado, but their undivided devotion stayed with Colorado Springs. Any measure for the betterment of the city always met with their hearty co-operation.

In April, 1940, his dear wife passed away. Had she lived another year, she would have been here to help him celebrate the 70th anniversary of their wedding.¹

¹Since this story was written, Mr. Stevens has passed on, dying in 1944.—Ed.

The Story of the Indian Fort Near Granby, Colorado

E. M. HARMON*

The Arapaho and Cheyenne Indians of the plains were almost continuously at war with the northern Utes, who inhabited the mountains of Colorado. While the Western Indian did most of his fighting on horseback, in practically open country, there are evidences of a departure from this rule in Middle Park, and faint traces of defenses having been used in the timbered hills are yet to be seen, although many years have elapsed since they were made.

On the crest of a timbered knoll sloping down to the Fraser River a short distance from the town of Granby, there is what apparently must have been a fort at some time.

The side of the knoll away from the river is supported by a ledge of sandstone, forming a perpendicular wall or cliff some fifty or sixty feet in height, from the top of which a crescent-shaped barricade, composed of rocks and rotted logs, enclose a cleared space of less than half an acre in extent.

Numerous flint arrow and spear heads have been found in and about the enclosure; for a time it was supposed that a party of early trappers were responsible for this erection. One of the pioneer settlers, however, obtained the history of the fort from a Ute sub-chief named Antelope, whose great, great-grandfather, named Standing Bear, had helped in its erection and defense, and there secured his first scalp, although only eighteen years old at that time. Antelope was always friendly to the whites, and had numerous friends among them. He had learned to speak a little English and was rather proud of this accomplishment.

The pioneer settler, Mr. Emmet Mann of Caribou, Colorado, had made frequent fishing and hunting trips into the Park, prior to taking up permanent residence there, and had made Antelope's acquaintance and, upon several occasions, had loaned him his rifle and field glasses. These were always returned in good order, accompanied by a saddle of venison or hind quarter of an elk, and quite a bond of friendship was established between them.

It was on one of these trips that Emmet learned the story. He and a couple of friends had gone over the range and camped on the lower Strawberry Creek for a few days' fishing. Early the next morning as they were getting breakfast, they heard a clatter of hoofs and saw five Indians, arms held high in the air and yelling "How-How," riding rapidly into their camp. One of Emmet's companions, never having met an Indian before, thought they were about to be attacked, and grabbed up his rifle. Fortunately, Emmet saw the movement and prevented him from using the gun.

*Mr. Harmon was a pioneer of the Grand County area.—Ed.

Recognizing Antelope, Emmet invited them to dismount and have something to eat. The invitation was readily accepted, as the Indians were very fond of white man's grub, particularly sugar, coffee and bacon, which they called "hog-meat." They poured the bacon grease into their coffee and drank it that way. The sugar was carefully preserved, and eaten by itself at the end of the meal; after which each buck took his tin plate and cup down to the creek, washed them thoroughly and dried them with tufts of grass. The Indian has a sense of humor and, having observed Jim's action as they rode up, they now proceeded to have a little fun at his expense. Learning his name, they repeated it several times, and then, pointing a finger at him, would say, "Jim Parsons, Jim Parsons, him heap scare, him much 'fraid, him think Indian scalp quick." Nudging each other and grinning, another would take it up. This finally got Jim's goat and, turning to Emmet, he said, "You say the word, and I'll chuck every one of these sons of guns into the creek."

It seemed to delight the Indians more than ever, as Jim was rather small. He was keyed up to the proper pitch, and serious trouble might have ensued, but Antelope, realizing the teasing had gone far enough, put a stop to it with a few sharp words to his bucks, and shortly afterwards the Indians returned to their camp, a mile or two away.

The next day, Antelope visited the camp alone, bringing a nice piece of elk meat for the boys. Emmet gave him some fishhooks, tobacco and sugar and, describing the location of the fort, asked if he knew anything about it. Answering in the affirmative, he was persuaded to tell the story.

Gathering a handful of pebbles and placing four or five on the ground, an equal distance apart, he pointed to the first and said, "My father," to the next, "His father," and so on to the fourth, "Him Standing Bear, him help make fort."

It required considerable time and patience to obtain the complete story, as signs and objects were used in illustration of many details, but the following was finally evolved:

A small hunting party of Utes, with their families were camped in the edge of the timber at the foot of a knoll. They had killed a number of elk and a few buffalo. The squaws and children were busily engaged, jerking the meat and preparing the hides, when Standing Bear came tearing into camp and, in an excited voice, told them that a raiding band of Arapahos and Cheyennes was coming down Willow Creek. From the Laramie plains up through North Park and over Willow Creek Pass seemed to be a favorite route for raiding bands and, though the Utes were usually on the alert, they were sometimes caught off their guard.

Standing Bear, anxious to be admitted as a warrior into the tribe, and thinking much of the time about war, had decided to do a little scouting as well as hunting; so one morning at daylight, leaving the camp without anyone's knowledge, he rode up on the divide where he could have an extended view of Willow Creek for a number of miles. He had spotted a small band of elk down in the bottom lands a mile or two away, and was about to ride toward them, when the elk stopped feeding, threw up their heads and, wheeling, dashed away in fright. Watching to learn what had startled them, he saw a band of approximately forty Indians cautiously proceeding along the edge of the timber. Absence of squaws, dogs and lodge equipment assured him that it was a war party, and must be their hereditary enemies from the plains. Losing no time, he hastened back to the camp, almost running his pony to death.

Fortunately, the hunters had just come in with more meat, so the entire little band of fifteen or twenty were gathered together. The Utes, knowing every trail, could have dodged the enemy and easily escaped, but hampered with women and children, it was out of the question; their only alternative was to remain where they were and fight it out. Moving their camp to the crest of the knoll, they began preparations for defense. Fallen logs were hastily dragged together, loose rocks, of which there was an abundance, piled between and around the logs, the squaws and children working as earnestly as the men; so that, in the course of a couple of hours, a pretty fair baricade, some four or five feet in height, had been erected and they were ready for the attack.

The ponies had been driven back into the timber, scattered and abandoned. All the camp fires had been extinguished as soon as Standing Bear had reported the presence of the raiding party. The Indian, as a rule, builds a very small camp fire, and uses very small, dry sticks, causing the minimum of smoke; but, in drying meat, smudges are used under the racks from which the strips of meat are suspended, and it was this smoke that had first disclosed the location of the Utes' camp.

The Cheyennes and Arapahos were cautious and wary in their approach, and delayed attack until certain of the number of the Utes. The timber prevented the use of horses, and they had to attack on foot. Making use of trees, bushes and rocks, they gradually neared the fort.

Singing Bird, daughter of the sub-chief in charge of the hunting party, peeping through a crevice in the rocks, was the first to glimpse a Cheyenne, dodging from tree to tree. She motioned to Standing Bear and pointed out the tree behind which the warrior was hidden. Standing Bear watched intently, bow in readiness, and, when the Cheyenne tried to reach another tree closer to the

fort, sent an arrow into him. The Cheyenne emitted a screech as he fell, a shower of arrows hit the stockade, and the battle was on.

One of the Utes was the envied possessor of an old flintlock musket (the only gun on either side). He had exhausted all of his bullets in shooting elk, but had a small quantity of powder left and, as a substitute for bullets, used small round pebbles, with which he supplied himself when the lead ones gave out. The pebbles were quite effective at close range and, as the gun made a terrific noise each time it was fired, helped materially in standing off the numerous assaults, which continued until nightfall, when the attackers withdrew to the river. Realizing they could not defend themselves indefinitely, the Utes decided to send for aid.

Usually at that season, quite a number of Utes would visit the hot springs down on the Grand River, and camp there most of the summer, so the besieged were quite sure of obtaining help if they could get there. Smoke signals would not be seen, on account of the high intervening ridges, so their only chance was by messenger. Standing Bear was the only single man in the party and volunteered to make the attempt.

When it grew dark, he was lowered over the cliff and reached the timber without being seen. There was a bare possibility the Cheyennes had failed to gather all of the abandoned ponies, and he hoped to find one; otherwise, he would have to take a grave risk in attempting to steal one from the enemy's herd. Luck was with him, however, for he had gone but a short distance when his search was rewarded. Two ponies that had been overlooked by the Cheyennes were quietly cropping the grass in a little glade, and it required but a moment to catch them.

As he was about to mount, a Cheyenne, who was also looking for ponies, approaching and, mistaking him for one of their own party, asked if there were any more. Standing Bear, trusting to the darkness to hide his identity, said these two were all he could find, and requested the Cheyenne to take one of them. The unsuspecting fellow started to loop his lariat on the pony, when Standing Bear grasped him by the throat, preventing any outcry, and drove his knife into him. Taking the scalp of the dead Indian, he mounted one of the ponies and leading the other made his way by a circuitous route out of the timber. When certain of being beyond sight or hearing of the enemy, he rode as fast as the ponies could go, changing frequently; so, in a few hours, he reached the hot springs.

A larger number of the Utes than usual were in camp, and great excitement was caused by the news of the raid. Close to a hundred warriors were soon ready for the warpath, and accompanied Standing Bear to the scene of the fight, arriving shortly after the attack on the fort had been renewed. The Arapahos and

Cheyennes were taken by surprise, and a number of them killed before realizing that they had been attacked from the rear. Twelve or fifteen managed to reach their horses and, scattering, eluded the Utes, and eventually made their way back to the plains.

One Arapaho brave, in making his getaway, was seen by Standing Bear, who took after him alone. Their ponies were pretty evenly matched in speed, and the chase continued an hour or more. Several arrows had been exchanged but without effect, when suddenly the Arapaho's pony struck a badger hole, and pony and rider pitched end over end. The Arapaho was on his feet in an instant, and both bow strings twanged at the same moment. Still dazed by the fall, the Arapaho's arrow missed, but Standing Bear's reached its mark; too low, however, to prove immediately fatal. Their arrows were all spent and they resorted to their knives. Greatly weakened by the arrow, the Arapaho proved an easy victim and, with another scalp dangling at his belt, Standing Bear returned to the fort.

The raid was the most disastrous the plains Indians had ever undertaken, and proved a lesson they never forgot, so for many years the Utes were unmolested.

They were jubilant over their great victory, and a great scalp dance was held. There had been no fatalities on their side, and few slightly wounded; while they had secured the scalps of more than a score of the raiding party.

Standing Bear was a hero, he had taken two scalps single-handed and, in addition, had saved the hunting party. He was made a warrior with all due ceremony. The Ute maidens cast many admiring glances at him, but his affections were centered upon Singing Bird, and he was permitted to take her as his squaw shortly afterwards. In a few years he became a sub-chief, and eventually chief of a large band.

Frances Xavier Cabrini, Foundress of Queen of Heaven Institute

SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS*

Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini,¹ foundress of the Queen of Heaven Mother Cabrini Memorial School in Denver, was born at Sant'Angelo di Lodi (Lombardy), Italy, on July 15, 1850. While still a child she longed to be a missionary. At the age of thirteen

*Sister Lilliana Owens has contributed a number of articles to this magazine previously.—Ed.

¹For detailed information regarding the life of Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini see "Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini," translated from the Italian of Very Reverend Monsignor John Della Cioppa by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Cabrini High School, 701 Fort Washington Avenue, New York, N. Y., p. 3 *et seq.*; also, *Sanctity in America*, "Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini," by the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.

she revealed this desire to her sister Rose, fifteen years her senior, who said, "You are too small and not yet educated. How can you dare to dream of becoming a missionary?" The young girl said no more, but kept her radiant dream in her heart. At the age of eighteen she obtained her teacher's certificate. At this time she made two attempts to enter different religious communities, but was rejected on the basis of ill health and for other reasons. She was not dismayed by these rejections, but devoted her leisure time to the performance of works of charity. At the request of her parish priest, she taught catechism to neglected children and visited the sick. In 1872, at the age of twenty-two, she distinguished herself by assisting the victims of a smallpox epidemic. From 1872 until 1874 she taught in the public schools of Vidardo and gained a reputation among the civil authorities for ability, patience and kindness. She accepted a position of directress of a school for orphans at Codogno in 1874—never, however, forgetting her desire for missionary work.

The Most Reverend Dominic Gelmini, Bishop of Lodi, learned of her zeal and of her extraordinary intellectual and moral qualities. He summoned her and told her the time was ripe for her to found a community of sisters who would be entirely devoted to missionary work. Her obedience was complete. On November 14, 1880, she and her first companions took up their residence in the abandoned monastery which had formerly been the property of the Franciscans of Codogno. She soon placed a statue of the Sacred Heart over the house and on the door was placed this inscription, which has since become known throughout the world—"Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart."

At the time large numbers of Italians were emigrating to the United States where, without religious instruction in their own language, they were in danger of losing their faith in God. Appeals were made to her for help. In her prudence she exposed her plans to the then reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII.² She had previously told him of her great desire to work among the infidels of China. The Pope, mindful of the great needs of the Italians in the New World, especially in New York, considered her plan and gave her the following answer:³ "Not to the Orient but to the Occident. There you will find a great field of labor." Thus guided by the hand of Divine Providence, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini arrived in New York on March 31, 1889. Her spirit of faith and the knowledge that she was fulfilling a mission entrusted to her by Pope Leo XIII gave her the courage she needed to surmount the difficulties that were awaiting her in New York. She had previously been assured that she would find in New York an orphanage for

²See *Extension*, May, 1944, for a picture of Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini before Leo XIII. This picture is the work of Martin Gutzer.

³Cioppa, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

Italian children; instead she found *nothing* prepared, not even the quarters for her and her six missionary companions. The Archbishop who had asked her aid had changed his mind and went so far as to tell her to return to Italy. But full of faith in the words of the great Pope Leo XIII, she rose to her full height and replied: "Here the Holy Father has sent me and here I will stay."⁴ She took for herself the motto of the great Apostle Paul, "*Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat*"⁵—"I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." When she died twenty-eight years later she had founded in Europe and the two Americas sixty-seven houses—one for each year of her life. These included convents, schools, hospitals and orphanages. Igino Giordani said of her:⁶

She constructed islands of rest, havens against germs, cold, hunger and death; restful houses of prayer and schools ventilated with fresh air . . . and by all those buildings she put in circulation the wealth of the rich for the benefit of the poor. Mother Cabrini placed the education of the learned at the disposal of the uneducated, turned kindness to the relief of misery, and brought fresh air and sunlight for the destruction of typhoid and tuberculosis. She was a swift and determined agent for the Sacred Heart.

Don Guiseppa De Luca said that in the midst of her feverish activity "she seemed a portrait of peace."⁷

Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini studied carefully and inquired where the greater number of the Italians in the United States were settling. As soon as this information was an established fact with her, she followed in their wake to bring them the consolation of the word of God in their own mother tongue and the counsel and help of one who understood their sorrow and felt their humiliations.

In the summer of 1902 she sent Mother Umilia Campietta and Clemenza Boldrina to Denver, Colorado, to investigate the Italian situation there.⁸ Father Lepore was the pastor of the Italian parish at this time. The two sisters found a pitiable condition existing here⁹—boys and girls of fifteen to twenty years of age, who because of their bilingual difficulties were growing up without a knowledge of the existence of God. It is true Father Lepore was making a brave effort, but the burden was too much for him. He had hoped and prayed that God would send him help when he heard that two missionary sisters were visiting his parishioners. He hastened to them and requested them to come to his aid. His Excellency, Most Reverend Nicholas C. Matz, the Bishop of Denver at this time,¹⁰

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 13.

⁵Phil. 4:13.

⁶*L'Observatore Romano*, "La Madre Cabrini in America," Nov. 13, 1938, p. 3.

⁷*Parole Sparse della Beata Cabrini*, Istituti Grafico Tiberino, Roma, 1938, p. xlvii.

⁸Cioppa, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

⁹Foundations of the Mission in Denver, Colorado," unpublished manuscript in the archives of the Queen of Heaven, Mother Cabrini Memorial Institute, Denver, Colorado. This manuscript will hereinafter be cited as the A.Q.H.M.I.

¹⁰Denver has since then been raised to the dignity of an Archepiscopal See.

was consulted and was overjoyed that these religious women were willing and eager to undertake the care of these neglected people. He showed his appreciation of this in a letter to the Foundress, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, which began with these words: *Con Gaude magna*.¹¹

After mature consideration Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini accepted the Denver Mission. Preparations for the new foundation were begun at once, as it was deemed wise to have the Sisters for the beginning of the school year. A two-story house at the corner



BLESSED FRANCES XAVIER CABRINI

of Palmer Street and 34th Avenue was leased at \$45 a month. This is a small sum today, but at that time Mother Cabrini and her Sisters wondered how they could secure so large an amount. Besides this there was furniture and the necessities to be provided. The parish priest was unable to give them any financial aid as there was a debt on the parish building and his parishioners were direly poor. Some of the parents of these children promised to pay twenty-five cents a month for school tuition and that was all the support that they could give. From the offing it looked like an impossible under-

¹¹Manuscript account, A.Q.H.M.I., Denver, Colorado.

taking and the Sisters advised Mother Cabrini of the financial predicament of the place. She sent them all she could spare and told them to place their trust in Divine Providence and carry on.

By September, 1902, the first floor of the rented house was ready for use. Mother Cabrini was at this time engaged at the Novitiate House, but she was ever with them in spirit and kept in touch with them by frequent and encouraging correspondence, promising to come to Denver as soon as she could leave New York. The first community of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart to work in Denver were those who opened Our Lady of Mt. Carmel grade school and they were as follows: Mother Maddalena Martignelli, first superior, Sister Lucida Nocera, Sister Raphael Dazzini, Sister J. Berckmans Bogan, Sister Filomena Locantro, Sister Mercedes De Lorenzo, Sister Tarcisia Casonato, Sister Orsolina Bauer and Mother Luigina Albertini, who succeeded Mother Maddalena as superior. Later on, Sister Imelda Manale and Sister Rosario Colombo were missioned to Denver.¹²

Mother Frances Xavier came to Denver in October as she had promised she would do. She wished to share the privations of the Sisters in this new foundation, thus making them realize that she was back of them in every great movement they would make. Her first visit was to his Excellency, Most Reverend Nicholas C. Matz,¹³ who showed her every deference; next she visited the Jesuit Fathers, Pantanella and Gubitosi, who were such a great aid in the work of the foundation of the Denver Mission; after this she called to see the Italian Consul and prominent Italian families who had helped and befriended the Sisters. After these visits she donned her apron and set to work to improve conditions wherever improvements were necessary. In the meantime she studied the situation more closely. Through the medium of the press and conversation with the friends whom the Sisters had made, she heard of the needs of the mining camps and of the widows and orphans left without aid. Her heart was moved, her decision made. She would open an orphanage in Denver for the poor and the destitute. To decide was to act. The attic of the school was immediately fixed up and beds were either purchased or begged, and when the first poor mother came bringing her hungry, ragged little girls they found refuge there.¹⁴ That night the Sisters took some of their own petticoats and made dresses for their new charges. Soon others came, until the Sisters were forced to restrict their own lodgings to make room for them.

In the meantime the school at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which

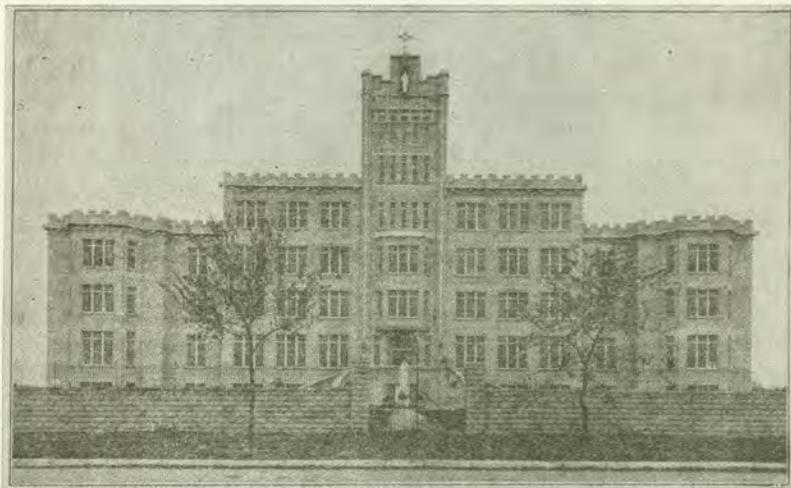
¹²Letter from Sister Mary Domitilla, M.S.S.H., Oct. 14, 1944, in the Machebeuf History files at St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

¹³See *Annals*, A.Q.H.M.I., Denver, Colorado.

¹⁴See *Annals of the Queen of Heaven Institute* in the A.Q.H.M.I., Denver, Colorado.

was dedicated on November 17, 1902,¹⁵ was progressing. Bishop Matz had taken a warm interest in it. He visited the school periodically and realizing the poverty of the house and school, gave Mother Cabrini a letter of recommendation with permission to solicit aid from friends.

By 1904 Mother Cabrini was aware that the attic was entirely too small and she realized that this house was not large enough to take care of the parish school, convent and her newly founded orphanage. She began at once to look around for a more suitable site and for a larger house. This search was not rewarded until 1905, when she decided to purchase the grounds at 4825 Federal Boulevard, where now stands the beautiful Queen of Heaven Mother Cabrini Memorial School.



QUEEN OF HEAVEN MOTHER CABRINI MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

Mother Cabrini remained in Denver and Colorado during the summer of 1905. From 1905 to 1912 she worked hard to buy other pieces of land adjacent to the one previously purchased. She wanted the orphans to have plenty of room and much fresh air. Her innate sense of business told her this mission undertaken purely for charity would succeed and expand. She was also busy selecting a site for what she planned to be a sanatorium for the convalescents of the Cabrini Hospital in Chicago. In 1910 she purchased a part of the site of Mt. St. Francis, the sanatorium of which she dreamed. In 1911 and 1912 she purchased the ground adjacent to this and in 1912 she chose the spot where the house now stands. This was

¹⁵*Travels of Mother Cabrini*, copyright 1944, chap. XIV, "On the Occasion of the Inauguration of the House in Denver," p. 229.

started in 1913 and completed in 1914. It was built with rock gathered from the mountain side.¹⁶ Her dream of a sanatorium did not materialize, but Mt. St. Francis did, and perhaps in a way that was dearer to her heart. Today Mt. St. Francis is a summer camp for the orphans at the Queen of Heaven Mother Cabrini Memorial Institute.

In 1906 the number of orphans had increased to such an extent that Mother Cabrini advised that a frame house be erected. This was to have a chapel, classrooms and dormitories for the children. The original house was to remain for the use of the Sisters. By September 8, 1906, this new structure was ready for occupancy. Six years later, this also became too small and Mother Cabrini began in 1912 to plan for the present large brick structure. She had learned to love Colorado¹⁷ and looked with especial fondness upon the Queen City of the Plains. She wanted the Denver institution to be one of the best schools. The plans for the new building were laid by her, but World War I broke out and for this reason the work on the building progressed very slowly. In the meantime, on December 22, 1917, at the age of sixty-seven, the "Saint of the Immigrants" died in a small room in the Columbus Hospital in Chicago. At the time of her death the Queen of Heaven Memorial Institute¹⁸ was as far as the second story. She never saw it except in blue print form; but nevertheless it stands in her memory, a monument of her achievements, a remembrance of her holiness.

The remains of this valiant woman rest beneath the high altar of the chapel in the Mother Cabrini High School, 701 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.¹⁹ The study of the Cause of Beatification began soon after her death. The ordinary process was opened on August 3, 1919, at Chicago, Illinois, and closed at Lodi, Italy, on April 5, 1929. The apostolic process began at Lodi on April 3, 1933, and was terminated in Chicago on September 27, 1933. The recognition of the body took place at West Park, New York, on October 3, 1933, in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, and was then translated to the Chapel of the Mother Cabrini High School in the city of New York.

There was a difficulty in the process of the beatification of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini. She died only sixteen years before and Canon law²⁰ prescribes that fifty years must elapse after the death of a servant of God before the examination into the heroism of his virtues is begun. On May 8, 1935, the Most Reverend Amletto

¹⁶See *Annals* in A.Q.H.M.I., Denver, Colorado.

¹⁷See *Travels*, *op. cit.*, p. 233 *et seq.* for her description of Denver in a letter written to the Sisters under date of November 18, 1902.

¹⁸This title was later changed to the Queen of Heaven, Mother Cabrini Memorial Institute in honor of its foundress.

¹⁹See *Sanctity in America*, by the Most Reverend Amletto Giovanni Cicognani, *op. cit.*

²⁰Canon 2101.

Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate of the United States, petitioned the Supreme Pontiff, Pius XI, to dispense from the prescription of Canon 2101 for the cause of Mother Cabrini. The august Pontiff, who had known Mother Cabrini personally, summoned Monsignor Natucci, Promoter of the General Faith, granted the dispensation and expressed the desire that the process of her canonization proceed rapidly "in view," as he said, "of the need of great spiritual currents."²¹

Frances Xavier Cabrini was declared Blessed on November 13, 1938. She is the first citizen of the United States officially pronounced Blessed in Heaven. The Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the Vatican Basilica by His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, the late Archbishop of Chicago, who had celebrated Mother Cabrini's funeral Mass twenty-one years before. On June 20, 1939, the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a decree providing for that Cause of Canonization of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini was signed on February 27, 1944.

The life story²² of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, foundress of the Queen of Heaven Memorial Institute in Denver, will be one of the first moving pictures made by the newly formed Jesse L. Lasky Production, Incorporated.²³

²¹*Travels, op. cit.*, p. xi.

²²Nello Vian's *Madre Cabrini* is at present being translated into English and brought up to date by Mother Mary Benedetta Miglionica, M.S.S.H., M.A.,

²³See *Denver Catholic Register*, "New Company to Make Film About Mother Cabrini," Dec. 17, 1944.

Addresses and Sermons by the most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, pp. 87-91, pp. 127-129, contains information about Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini. "The Weak Things of This World," pp. 87-91, is a sermon delivered by His Excellency at the tomb of Blessed Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini at the Mother Cabrini High School, New York, N. Y., on Nov. 13, 1938, immediately after her beatification.

what later became Costilla County. These brothers brought their families, their servants, perhaps a few Indian slaves, and plenty of sheep, for this was their main property. From actual records it is perhaps impossible to say which family built a particular part of the *plaza*, or square. But it seems to be very certain that the Vallejos themselves owned most of the dwellings and were the directing influence in the little settlement. These settlers were aware of the dangers of forays from Indian tribes, and planned their village accordingly. However, San Pablo seems to have been spared the experience of Indian raids.

Life became more secure, the surrounding country began to bring in more population, and the pioneering character or the desire for plenty of free range for their flocks, urged the Vallejos group to move on northward. Fifteen years, perhaps, after they came into the San Luis Valley, their migration started again, this time into the neighborhood of where the town of Walsenburg is located. Shortly after this, another group of brothers came and occupied houses and lands left by the Vallejos brothers.

This new group, whose descendants still form the bulk of the inhabitants of San Pablo, brought to the locality the name "Esquibel"—a very rare name anywhere else in this part of the state. Now the only evidence left to remind us of the Vallejos brothers is the creek, Los Vallejos, or some of the records of titles given by Beaubien to these hardy pioneers. But the *plaza* still keeps the original outline as formed by the settlers of the name of Vallejos.

Los Vallejos and San Pablo

LOUIS E. BERNAL

The little stream, Los Vallejos, a branch of the Culebra River in Costilla County, Colorado, is hardly known outside of the neighborhood by its own original name. Yet when we go back to the early settlements of southern Colorado we find this little stream supplying water for some of those pioneers. The name of the village on this creek seems to have no connection with the history of the stream, as the town is called San Pablo, and the creek Los Vallejos.

One name may be as old as the other, for in 1852 a group of families, including the Vallejos brothers, built the little town now known only as San Pablo. Several of these brothers, from Taos, New Mexico, under the guidance of Judge Beaubien, moved into

John Franklin Spalding, Bishop of Colorado*

SARAH GRISWOLD SPALDING

Letters of Bishop Spalding to his children continue.

[To his sons at Princeton.]

Central City, November 23, 1884.

My dear boys: You know the Teller House? How it did shake in the wind last night! I left Denver yesterday at 3 p. m. in a light snow storm. At Golden there was scarcely any snow. In the Canon none at all. But it is cold and windy. The sun shines out bright today. I baptize three children this noon, preach and celebrate Holy Communion. This evening I hold service at Bald Mountain. Were you ever there? I go home tomorrow. I think I will not make any more of those long journeys till next spring. I am tired of them and tired out.

I wrote you from Silverton something about books and reading. I trust you are taking my advice as to Bacon's *Essays* and De Augustinis and Brown's *Religio Medici* and *Urn Burial*. Such books will

*Continued from the preceding issue and concluded in this.—Ed.

be immensely helpful to you in giving elevation of style and thought. I hope that you are already pretty familiar with Shakespeare and also Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson and a few of the masterpieces of other poets. While referring to readings I suggest also in view of the fact that you will probably be public speakers that you read some of the greatest speeches of English, Irish and American eloquence. Most that I was able to get hold of, of this sort, was in the school reading and speaking when I was young. But in the Library you can find Burke and Pitt, Grattan, Sheridan, etc., etc. I almost fear you have too many plays and do not so study as to come up among the first. But you will gain all the time. Make yourselves at home at Mrs. B's and have all the fun there you would have at home. I fear you can't read this all. The pen is poor. Write to me.

In Central City the streets are one above another, the town being built on the side of the mountain. One dark night, as he came out of church, he walked in the wrong direction and fell into the street below, breaking his arm.

[To his eldest daughter, who had gone east with the family on account of the illness of their grandfather.]

June 4, 1885.

I want to whisper you a secret. It is a secret till next Tuesday night. The Committee, Forrester, Ross and Smiley, met last night to read the prize essays. They were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., and Miss Jean T. put in a poem that she wrote one afternoon under an inspiration. Yours was number 2. First, so that you get the medal. Miss B. will send it to you and write you and hand back to you the essay after Tuesday. It is, I think, doing pretty well for a sick, headachy girl of seventeen. All the girls will be glad, as they like you.

[To his daughters, aged 19 and 14.]

Crested Butte, August 19, 1886.

It is a long time, or rather it seems a long time, since I heard from you. To show that I am always thinking of you all, I write a few lines while resting after making a lot of calls. It is very cool here and rains a good deal every day. Denver, they say, is still warm and sultry for that altitude.

Tell the boys they must, I think, defer their European trip till after they graduate at the Seminary. We will by that time, I hope, be better off and the trip will be more improving to them. I hope they will both go to my old seminary as they did not go to my college. They will enjoy it. I have to start early tomorrow morning for Aspen. I rather dread the journey. But it is not so long nor probably so dangerous as it was from Ouray to Montrose. It is but thirteen days now before I hope to see you all in Denver. I will be down to the depot to meet you and Bertha [the Danish maid], will be ready to welcome you to Matthews' Hall. I wrote Mama yesterday and probably you will get this the same day as the letter of yesterday. The trains are much delayed. I read Howell's "Wedding Journey" and did not get interested in it much. I took a novel, *Down in the Mine*, I think it was, along but have not looked at it. I get no time to read on these trips. You must be having plenty of time to read. I hope you are enjoying solid and instructive reading—history, biography and general literature. Too many novels, religious or otherwise, are, I believe, harmful to both mind and heart. My Baccalaureate sermon has some good ideas. Did you read it? It is raining now and almost cold. A few moments ago, when I came in, it was sunny and warm. It is a regular Alpine climate. I will give each five cents if you will commit to memory Goldsmith's "Traveller." I think it is very pretty. Accept kisses for yourselves from your loving father.

[To his elder daughter.]

Prout's Neck, July 27, 1893.

Your delightful letter was received here last evening. I was so glad to get it. It is beautiful. It may induce me to go to see some of the things you liked at the Fair.

What I particularly liked about your letter was its utter unconsciousness of the financial crash which is happening outside. I trust that sort of trouble will never come near you; I am glad that you do not think about it or care. I do not see much Denver news, though last evening I got an awful sort of letter from Mr. ———. He thinks I ought to go on to Washington before returning and try to influence members of Congress in favor of legislation that will help Colorado. But I don't think I could do that.

I am glad that you keep busy with your painting and shall expect something fine from your pencil when I return next week.

And now extracts from his letters which will give some idea of his missionary journeys.

Saguache, July 24, 1876. We left Lake City Friday morning, Mr. Hoge and myself. We took dinner as usual on the grass, buying a quart of milk at a ranch house. We hoped to make sixty miles to "Hills" whom Mr. Hoge knew. He said he could do it all right as it was only a question of time, but it being a question of time, we had not time enough. It was nearly eight p. m., we were five miles from there. It was growing dark as a heavy shower was approaching. We came fortunately upon some people who were camping for the night. Mr. Hoge knew two of them. I had met one of them before. Our great coats sheltered us. We ate our supper in the rain with an umbrella over us and enjoyed some hot coffee our friends made for us with sugar in it. (Before we had gone without sugar.) A small cabin, unfinished, was near by. With the bedding Mr. Hoge had and some we borrowed we made ourselves comfortable for the night. We rather enjoyed sleeping on the ground with but a partial roof over us, but with plenty of quilts and blankets. We reached Mr. Hoddings' next day and stopped over night, making a nice little visit. Sunday morning we rose at five and came thirteen miles into town in grand season. Our services were well attended yesterday . . . We hold service again tonight. Today as in all places where there is no clergyman I made several calls.

Tomorrow we start again for Pleasant Valley, thence to Ula in Wet Mountain Valley, thence to Rosita Friday and to Canon Saturday. Thus I am rapidly nearing home. Lake City is one hundred and five miles west of here. I am very glad you are having such a good time fishing. I do not see how I can get to Bergen before Saturday.

Silverton, July 22, 1877. We went from Lake City to Argentinum in Burrow's Park last Monday. Then the next morning we left our buggy and mounted our horses, came up Cinnamon Gulch over the range to Animas Forks, thence to Mineral City, where we dined and thence down some twelve miles to Ouray. We were at Ouray two days and held three services. Ouray is in a grand amphitheatre of mountains which on all sides rise from a thousand to two thousand feet almost perpendicularly apparently. The Uncompahgre River flows through it, a beautiful and rapid stream. The valley is just large enough for a good sized town. Thursday after the Holy Communion we drove down to the Park six miles below where the Ute Indian Reservation begins and near to the hot springs. Mr. Hoge will have a hard field as Ouray is as yet in an immature stage of its growth. But as to its future there can probably not be much doubt.

Friday morning we left for Silverton by the Red Mountain and Cement Creek trail, a much better trail than that from Mineral City

to Ouray. We had no accident except once we lost the trail when it ran into a washout in the creek. A party soon overtaking us set us again in the path. We got here at seven p. m. We left Ouray at eight in the morning. The grandest scenery was around us on all sides. Grey Copper Falls at the head of Red Mountain Creek was the most grand and beautiful. Here we had to rise some two thousand feet in going a mile or two. The summit over which we passed is, I suppose, fully a mile higher than Ouray. From the summit to Silverton, the trail is good. No dangerous places. Yesterday we spent looking up church people and making arrangements for services. The people of this hotel received us cordially.

We held service last evening and morning and evening today. Full congregation and much interest. This is one of the loveliest situations I have ever seen. It is a beautifully grassy valley half a mile wide or more, the river flowing through it (the Animas) and Cement Creek coming in at this point. On all sides are very lofty and grand mountains belonging to the Snowy Range (the Uncompahgre). All these mountains seem to abound with minerals. Green and Co. have smelting works here. They are church people.

If there was only a good wagon road to this place from Del Norte or Lake City it would grow very rapidly. It is very difficult to make a road over such a range as this just east of us. But no doubt it will be done in time. Now people have to go on horseback in summer and in winter on snowshoes. Though some wagons have occasionally come in with great difficulty in summer, bringing in goods, supplies, machinery, etc., almost all transportation is done on the backs of those patient little burros. . . . Have the boys read any of Scott's novels or Plutarch's lives? I hope they will do so. Don't overdo in the matter of calls and visits. You must just simply rest.

Antelope Springs, July 10, 1880. We got here at three a. m., eighty miles from Alamosa, rather rough to be out two nights in succession and to have another night before us. I went to bed and slept soundly from 3:15 to 7:30 and feel well today though tired. Tonight I can sleep from twelve to four, having lost a day it will take till 10 or 11 to get to Silverton.

Silverton, July 12. I arrived here at 11:20 Sunday. We drove first to the school house to see if the congregation was assembled but there was nobody there, so I went to Judge Ford's where I am staying. They were so afraid that I could not get here for service that none was announced for the morning, so I had to be content with teaching the afternoon Sunday School and holding evening service. At the latter there was a very fine congregation, all the seats and all the standing room occupied. . . .

But I must tell you about my journey. We left Antelope Springs in the mail buckboard at 3:30 and got as far as Brewster's at twelve night. Brewster's is some ten or twelve miles east of the top of the pass and near to timberline. I was put into an unfinished chamber or garret with three beds, but had a bed to myself and slept soundly for two and a half hours. We were aroused at 3:30 for breakfast and started again at 4 a. m. Sunday morning. I hoped to be in Silverton by ten a. m., the regular time of arrival, but the day before there was a severe snow storm on the range following a long cold rain. Hence the road was unusually muddy and bad. The progress slow up the fearful hills and over the rocky and corduroy roads and the mule train was very poor and slow.

Silverton, July 22, 1883. It is raining outside now as it was when we came out of church. I like to hear it. I am at the hotel, have a big room on the ground floor with a door opening out on the front of the house. Just now it rains harder with hail, but I can see the blue sky over Mt. Kendall. The rainy season has set in evidently. It may

not be so pleasant riding twelve miles on horse back Wednesday down the trail to Ouray, but I have my rubber coat along. It is fifty-five miles from Antelope Springs to Silverton. We were seven and a half hours coming from Brewster's, 23 miles. It was very cold at so early an hour, but it was beautiful to see the sun when it came, tinging with red the mountain peaks long before it cast upon us its bright and warm beams. I was glad to have my heavy overcoat and the rubber blanket I bought in Denver.

Ophir, July 14. We left Silverton by the trail about 10:30 this morning and got so far—not quite half way. Parson Hoge hired a small mule for me to ride for twelve days, that is until we get around through Rico, San Miguel, Ouray, etc. Though I have ridden fifteen or twenty miles over a mountain trail, going up to over 12,000 feet altitude and had to walk over the rough places, I feel pretty well, though of course tired. We held service at the hotel tonight. At the service there were twenty men and two women present.

Rico, July 16. We got here about three p. m. yesterday, having ridden twenty or more miles in the rain. The scenery coming over from Silverton is remarkably fine. We crossed several snow banks and saw many acres of snow all around us. This is as primitive a town as I have been in. Mr. Hoge expected the new hotel would be finished, but it is not, so I am now living in the log cabin, the guest of Mr. Bissell, a pleasant young gentleman from Pittsburgh. I must describe this cabin. It is of logs, but has a door, a large fireplace and two windows. The floor is of earth, covered over thickly with sawdust. The beds are along one side of the one room and in one corner there is a tier of beds one above the other as in a ship's cabin. This is one of the best cabins here. Of course there are many frame houses, but the cabins preponderate. Living here is like camping out. All the plates, cups, etc., are of tin. There is very little crockery in the camp. Mr. Bissell and Mr. Meredith are famous cooks and Mr. Grady, the lawyer, washed the dishes. The beef is the finest I have seen in Colorado. The grass is fine below here and the cattle do not suffer as they do from drought on the plain. The bread is good, the ham and eggs, tea and coffee first class, better than I could get in any hotel. Friday night the rain had so saturated the earth roof of our cabin that it began to rain inside as well as out. Mr. Bissell nailed a window curtain against the wall over my head and let it slope over a chair to shed the water in case it should drip down in that place. He and Goudy moved their bed out into the middle of the room. Meredith was in a bunk over Judge Gregory's and he caught the drippings plentifully. A little after midnight I was awakened by the water coming into my face in spray from the saturated curtain. I moved my couch into a dryer place but it was effectual only for a time. I did not get much wet nor did I take cold. We had to go to the hotel for breakfast. It was resolved to change my quarters. Mr. B. moved my bed into the front office of the best house in the town, the headquarters of the smelting company, where two men from New York sleep on what they call a shake down, that is, a bed made on the floor, but here there is a floor and a roof overhead, though the house is yet unfinished.

Ouray, July 20. We got here at four p. m. today. Left Rico yesterday morning at nine, rode over forty miles, reached Hastings at 11 p. m., was in the saddle thirteen or fourteen hours, besides considerable exercise walking up hills too steep to ride. Today we have ridden some thirty miles around the western side of the Rocky Mountains coming up Uncompahgre Park. This nearly seventy miles has not tired me as much as the forty from Silverton to Rico. I am getting used to it.

Lake City, July 24. Till I got here I felt very far out of the world. Coming from Ouray where the trail divides to Mineral City and Lake there is a guide post with the inscription: "To Lake City and the

United States." Very suggestive, as it takes about as long for letters to reach these remote places as from New York to Liverpool. But here I am only thirty-eight hours to Denver and am in telegraphic communication. Thank God for bringing me so far on my way back again! I have ridden now one hundred miles on mule over the roughest country in Colorado. This will prepare me for my Gunnison trip in August. Coming down to timberline from Angereau (?) Mountains, crossing a wet, swampy place, my mule got in and would have gone out of sight into the mud had I not got off quickly and got pretty wet and well covered with mud myself, but I was not hurt nor the mule. I was rather sorry to leave Mr. Hoge and the mule at Ross's cabin, with whom I had traveled so long and so pleasantly.

Saguache. Left Lake City Tuesday at seven a. m. Got here at six a. m., all night on buckboard. The wonder is that we could sleep any and that one does not take cold, chilly and cold as it was, but I slept a little and took no cold. Got breakfast at the hotel and slept three hours. Will have service tonight and go on to Del Norte.

August 3. Had good congregations at Del Norte and Alamosa. We are now going over the Veta Pass.

Ouray, July 27, 1883. I came over the range safely day before yesterday. The road is good, that is, the trail; a wagon road is building along the side of the mountain. It is terrific to look over the lower side. If you throw a stone over I verily believe it would strike the ground one thousand feet below. The Bear Creek falls are as grand and fine as ever. I enjoyed the scenery as usual. But the horse rode hard and I got very tired. Yesterday I made a large number of calls.

[Afterwards when the road was built and he went over it in a stagecoach, the stage upset and he was thrown out and his arm broken. It was not set properly and when he returned to Denver after a week or two, it had to be broken and reset. He bore this with his usual fortitude and self-control.]

We leave here tomorrow morning up the valley through Howardsville, Eureka, Animas Forks, etc., for Lake City. Tomorrow night we hope to be at Argentum and to hold service there and Tuesday night to be in Lake City, where no doubt I shall get letters from you. I have had but one as yet, the good long letter you wrote July 9th. This rough life agrees with me very much. I get very tired but we stop two days or more in the chief places and have enough time to rest. It is delightfully cool up on these mountains. I pity you sweltering in the heat day and night. I hope you are having a good time. You [in Erie] are practically two or three days nearer to Denver than I am.

No letters seem to have been preserved describing his visits to the Indian Missions in Wyoming, in which, however, he was very much interested. One story is remembered about Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe. President Grant at one time sent him a present. When he did not respond at once, one of the officers who had brought it said to him: "Have you no message of thanks for this beautiful gift to send to the Great White Father in Washington?" The chief replied, "It is difficult for the Indian to speak words. The white man thanks with his head and the head has a tongue, but the Indian thanks with his heart and the heart has no tongue."

He became so absorbed in his work and many problems, that one does not often realize that he had a sense of humor. This letter from a former student at Wolfe Hall is worth quoting in this con-

nection. It was written to his oldest daughter after her father's death, by Lunnie G. Hall, Birmingham, Alabama.

I saw in our last night's paper where you had lost your dear father and Colorado its dear old Bishop and I just want to let you dear ones know how an old Wolfe Hall friend sympathizes with you in this time of sorrow. I so often think of those old happy days in Wolfe Hall when it was on the corner of Champa and 17th Street and I so well remember the night so many of us Wolfe Hall girls were confirmed by that dear father of yours and his talk to us that night. In one of the dear Bishop's talks to us he asked us to wear our hair low, that he did not want to bless the hair but our heads.

In his reminiscences he speaks of *his* father sometimes unbending and his children remember when their father in his turn unbent and on Thanksgiving Day played blind man's buff with them. His children also remember how his study rang with laughter when the clergymen came in to see him and how filled with tobacco smoke it was!

One of his clergy thus describes the study and its owner:

We young deacons assembled often in Matthews' Hall for lectures. The very lofty room lined with bookcases to the ceiling, holding many thousands of well chosen volumes, bespoke the learned theologian, the cultured student. When the Bishop entered, he would be a little restless, a little uncomfortable at first, but when he found an easy position, the hour passed as by magic. How we looked forward, week by week, to the time spent with our Father-in-God, whose richly stored mind could so fascinatingly reveal the treasures of the past for our instruction. Notable as were his achievements in finance, in scholarship, in administration, he was primarily a great missionary Bishop. He had seen his Jurisdiction develop from adventurous uncertainties to settled stability, and yet he was deeply conscious that the Christian ministry of priest or layman must remain adventurous and never settle down to a mere holding of ground already won to moving in a security, social or financial, without risk or hazard. He knew that the self-centered parish, the self-centered Diocese, will inevitably decay. And his great memory bids us all to work and pray and give to missions as he did himself.

The house which we have mentioned, in which the young rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, and his future wife had met, was afterwards bought by the church as a rectory and here for six years his son lived when he in his turn became the rector of that church, from which he was called in 1904, two years after his father's death, to be the Bishop of Salt Lake and Western Colorado, thus succeeding his father again. In 1902 the son became very ill with typhoid fever and the family came on from Denver. His youngest sister was living with him at the time. His father had not been well for some years, but the doctors did not think that he would be the worse for the trip. He was able to see his son in the hospital once and then he became critically ill and after a few days died in the house where he had first met his loyal and loving wife and among his many old friends, who were still devoted to him, and were carrying on that devotion to his son.¹

¹Bishop Spalding is buried in Riverside Cemetery, Denver.