

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXII

Denver, Colorado, May, 1945

No. 3

Reminiscences of Early Pueblo

JAMES OWEN*

Law and order in the cattle and frontier town of Pueblo in the '70s and '80s, when I was a boy there, was sometimes enforced by vigilantes. People took pride in not locking their doors. One of my earliest recollections is that of a man named White who was captured after stealing a silver watch and \$10 from a room in a hotel. He was very promptly strung up on a telegraph pole. A few years later a posse visited the county jail where two alleged cattle thieves were imprisoned. It was very early in the morning and the two prisoners, named Febus and McGrew, were taken out and hanged to a large limb on an old cottonwood tree. With boyish curiosity I was one of the first on the ground next morning while the men were still hanging. The first official hanging in Pueblo was that of a Mexican who had killed a man. The sheriff erected a scaffold near the graveyard and the whole town turned out to see the execution. I witnessed it all from underneath the seat in an express wagon. The Mexican's name was Nunez. Later the law was changed and the hangings took place at the state penitentiary. Now we have the gas chamber.

Occasionally the cowboys would come in off the range and fill up on liquor, ride up and down the wooden sidewalks with their horses and in through the swinging doors of the saloons, letting off a few shots and whoops to intimidate the timid citizens. I watched this a number of times from the vantage point of a cottonwood tree. After the steel works were built, on paydays we occasionally had a rough time. One of the best fights I ever saw was between the town marshal and a big husky steelworker. The steelworker was big and strong, but the marshal was gritty. The marshal did not want to use his gun so they fought rough and tumble for half an hour; the citizens were kept from interfering by the marshal, who wanted to handle the affair himself. He finally knocked the steelworker out by bumping his head on the ground,

*Mr. Owen, born in Iowa in 1872, spent his youth in Pueblo, where his father was a practicing physician. He was educated in the Pueblo public schools and at the University of Kansas. After taking his law degree in 1895, he began practice in Pueblo, but soon moved to Cripple Creek. In 1913 he removed to Denver, where he has since resided. He has had a distinguished career in the law, in mining and banking activities, and in public service.—Ed.

and dragged him off to the calaboose. We occasionally had a gun battle in which somebody was killed and if it was a fair fight no one was ever arrested, let alone convicted. A lot of men packed guns and practiced being quick on the draw.

I remember very well the battles for the possession of right-of-way through the Royal Gorge near Canon City. General Palmer's men of the Rio Grande were largely recruited from the gunmen of Pueblo. They were led by a gunfighter named Pat Desmond. The Santa Fe crowd, as I recall, was supported by the courts, but Palmer's men were in possession and refused to yield. The Santa Fe withdrew and never got beyond Canon City. We occasionally had a camp meeting in Pueblo and I can recall one revivalist who was a great exhorter and got a great many emotional people and women hysterical. It kept up for a couple of weeks, when a posse got together and tore the tent down and escorted the revivalist out of town.

The town of Pueblo was at one time composed of three towns—Pueblo proper, central Pueblo south and west of Main street; South Pueblo, including the Mesa, and farther out at the steel works was a separate town of Bessemer. There was a good deal of rivalry and feeling between the various towns; gangs of boys from the north side and the south side would occasionally meet in battle along the river, starting in with fists and sometimes ending with stones and clubs. Sometimes their elders would have a battle with guns and knives in the old "Bucket of Blood" saloon and dance hall on South Union Avenue in Central Pueblo. This rivalry was later continued in the aftermaths of baseball games between the north side high school and the south side high school. Whichever side lost was "robbed," hence a fight.

There was a real battle in Central Pueblo between the squatters, or settlers, on land owned by W. S. Jackson of Colorado Springs when he attempted to evict them. This resulted in some casualties and much hard feeling. Finally it was compromised.

My father, a doctor, had a small house at the outskirts of town which was used for smallpox cases, mostly Mexicans. This was taken over by the county and was called the "Pest House." He also started a small hospital in a frame house in Central Pueblo which had no conveniences; running water was only a pipe with a faucet in the yard. Toilet necessities were a shaky two-seater on the end of the lot. I will never forget my first trip to this hospital with two railroad men who had been scalded in their engine by a burst boiler in a collision. We met them at the station with a hack and took them to a room in this house. I have never forgotten the sight. I am under the impression that one of them recovered. Later, of course, we had a Catholic hospital and a Protestant hos-

pital, but the best hospital came with the old C. C. & I. (now the C. F. & I) out at the steel works, where a very fine hospital was built and Dr. Corwin was placed in charge. This was a model for all hospitals in Colorado.

Pueblo had quite a little social life, parties and balls, to which people went in the clothes that they had; an occasional silk dress brought overland from the east, but the men were dressed if they had their shoes shined, and the bootblacks did a flourishing business before a party, as the alkali dust was usually pretty thick. There were only a few sidewalks and no sprinkling. The first sprinkling wagon to drive up Santa Fe Avenue was an event, in the late '70s. The women of the town mostly did their own work with a Mexican washwoman to do the family wash once a week and scrub the kitchen floor. The best barber in town was a Negro by the name of John Mumford and he was kept busy most of the time, but especially on Saturdays, when the whole town turned up for a weekly shave and sometimes a haircut. (I mean the males.)

Thatcher Brothers early started a bank in connection with their general store. From it has grown the great Thatcher banking interests of today. Two Jewish families had the chief clothing stores, one Neusbaum, now White & Davis, the other Bergman, which I believe is still continued by a descendant.

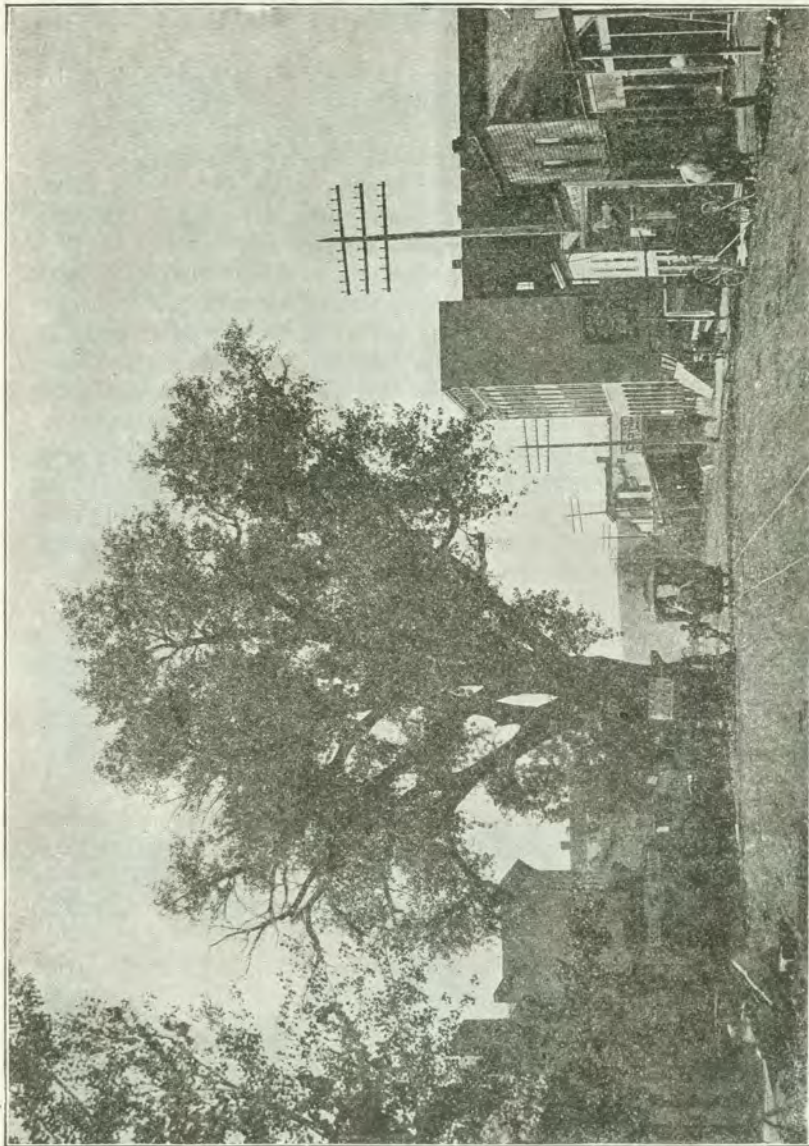
One of the Thatcher Brothers, Henry Thatcher, was a prominent lawyer and became one of the first Supreme Court judges of the state after it was admitted in 1876. He had one son, Will Thatcher, who was the first Pueblo boy to go away to college. Will died while in his junior year at Yale. He was the first one to bring the game of tennis to Pueblo, and the John Thatchers built the first tennis court.

Robert Pitkin, for many years and now a lawyer of Denver, son of Governor Pitkin, was the first Pueblo boy to graduate from college, graduating at Yale in the class of '85, AB; '88, LLB. As I recall, I was the second Pueblo boy to go to college. I entered in 1889.

Thatcher Brothers had a big adobe warehouse on Fifth street with walls about four feet thick, no windows.

The first butcher was John Wheelock. He had a section of a big cottonwood tree for a chopping block; at first no refrigerator; the meat used to hang on hooks covered with mosquito netting or cheese cloth. Livers and hearts used to be given away. He had a little slaughter house at the edge of town. Later Robert Grant built a larger slaughter house. Robert Grant became a big cattle man and was prominent in southern Colorado affairs.

John Jenner ran a grocery store. Sol Arkus had a small grocery and fruit stand, mostly lemons and oranges, occasionally



THE BIG TREE (HANGMAN'S TREE) ON SOUTH UNION AVENUE, PUEBLO

apples and grapes. Bartels had a general merchandise store. Bartels was the uncle of the late Gustav Bartels, a lawyer of Denver.

Wilson had a drygoods store; later Paul Wilson had quite an extensive store on Main Street. Business up to this time had been confined almost entirely to Santa Fe Avenue.

A man by the name of Rice had a small stationery store. He later became Secretary of State. The store was taken over by Charles Wall, who added books. At one time he had a circulating library. The number of books was very limited. I think I read most of them.

There were two hotels in the '70s—one the Commercial House, run by the Copperthwait family, and the Lindell Hotel, run by Col. Breed. Breed was an enormously fat man, weighed over 300 pounds. He had served in the Union army and always insisted on heading all the parades. He rode horseback and had to be hoisted on his horse—the biggest that could be found to carry his weight. He made a very imposing figure in his uniform with his sword sticking out almost at right angles.

In '79 or '80 Numa Vidal built the Numa Hotel, corner Fifth and Santa Fe. The facing brick was pressed brick from Philadelphia, the first pressed brick structure in Pueblo. Vidal provided good French cooking and good accommodations. It was quite a step forward for a frontier town. Henry Vidal, the lawyer of Denver, is his nephew.

Later Mahlon Thatcher imported this same Philadelphia brick for his mansion, still standing in the northern part of town. I understand at the present time it is used as a Red Cross headquarters. Most of the houses in Pueblo up to this time were either adobe or frame, with some fired brick of poor quality.

The first school of any importance was adobe, with two rooms, on the site where the present Centennial High School now stands. An 8-room brick building was built there in the late '70s and then removed to make way for the present high school building. J. C. McClung was superintendent of schools for many years in Pueblo. My first teacher was Lena Sater—a wonderful teacher and woman.

Barlow & Sanderson were still running stages in the '70s. They had old Concord stages and four dappled gray horses which were kept in perfect condition. The stages ran to Salida, Buena Vista and Wet Mountain Valley, as I recall, and later to Leadville when the boom was on.

J. R. DeRemer, later of Denver, built a roller skating rink on Main Street, which was converted into an opera house. The first opera house, however, was Chillcott's Hall on the corner of Sixth and Santa Fe. I there saw my first play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-

room;” also heard Black Tom play the piano. Chillcott lived in a small adobe house on the corner of Sixth and Santa Fe for many years; he later built a large brick house at the edge of town which became the first insane asylum for Colorado. Dr. Thombs, I believe, was the first superintendent. He continued in this job for many years. George M. Chillcott was a Congressman and later, by appointment for a short term, United States Senator. He owned 10,000 acres or more of dry land extending east from Pueblo.

A very interesting character was John Arthur, the blacksmith. He was an Irishman with a brogue and very successful at his trade. I recall that he helped my father manufacture a saw to saw off bony growth. He later built a three- or four-story building, 25 feet by 70, on the corner of his lot at First Street and Santa Fe, which was known as “Arthur’s Castle.” He was for many years city alderman and his witty sayings were much relished by the townspeople.

Much of the social life centered around the volunteer fire companies. As I recall, at one time there were four different hose companies—two on the south side named after J. B. Orman and Charlie Carlisle, who were railroad contractors and had donated liberally to the purchase of equipment. Orman was afterwards governor of Colorado. The two hose companies on the north side changed their names from time to time depending upon the liberality of various sponsors. The hook and ladder company was named after J. Q. Richmond, who practiced law for many years later in Denver. We sometimes had state firemen’s tournaments. Our hook and ladder company was usually tops, largely due to the fact that we had a little chap, Tommy Ziegler, who could climb a ladder faster than anyone else. He was small, muscular and quick. For many years he was a druggist.

Another drugstore was run first by Robert Sales and then taken over by Risso Bros. who were in business for fifty years and the firm was still in existence the last I knew. As a boy I helped them make seidlitz powders.

When the town of South Pueblo was laid out on a piece of land taken up by a man named Olin, what became the main business street, Union Avenue, had almost in its center the famous “big tree.” This was a cottonwood, three or four hundred years old, about eight or ten feet in diameter. It was a landmark used as a camping place by the Indians and early travelers. It obtained some fame as a hangman’s tree, its big, strong branches being very suitable for that purpose. In the early ’80s there was an agitation to cut the tree down as it obstructed traffic and the entrance to the stores in front of it. The new and progressive citizens were for it, the old timers wanted to keep it for sentimental reasons. The new

citizens finally prevailed and the tree was cut down. A cross section of it stood for many years at the old Rio Grande station, about a quarter of a mile south of the present station.

Pueblo’s first artist was Joseph Hitchins, who painted wonderful mountain and plain landscapes. It was said one of his pictures was purchased for the Altman collection in New York at a price of \$10,000. I took lessons from him; I have always doubted the purchase price, as he was always hard up. After the state was admitted he painted a picture showing the admission of the state, with a landscape background and faces and figures of the prominent office holders and citizens, some considerable number. This picture hangs in the Supreme Court Library at the Capitol. The landscape part was not so bad, but the faces were poorly done, as I recall.

Pueblo early showed an interest in music. One or two pianos were in town, brought across the plains by wagon or early railroad freight. They were big, square things. My sister commenced taking music lessons at an early age. Her first teacher, so I recall, was Mrs. Donegan—Irish name, but she was German and had studied in Germany—quite competent. The next music teacher was a Mrs. Julia King. She later was a teacher in Denver and became prominent in musical circles.

In the early ’80s John Chase and his wife came to Pueblo and taught both instrumental and vocal music. Chase was a big, handsome fellow and had a flair for opera. He organized an amateur opera company composed of the best talent from Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, and they gave performances in all three cities. My sister was one of the leading sopranos.

Wells Brothers started a music company along in the early ’80s and a piano was almost a necessity for every well-to-do home. I do not know whether or not those Wells are related to the founders of the Wells Music Company of Denver.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Company was brought into Pueblo in about ’87 or ’88. I will never forget Jay Gould making the first trip and his famous statement with a gesture, putting his finger on the map at the location of Pueblo and saying that Pueblo would be the “Pittsburgh of the West.” That perhaps is nearer realization today than ever before.

Another never to be forgotten railroad war was between the Denver & Rio Grande and the Denver and New Orleans road, afterwards the Colorado & Southern. The D. & N. O. built a line running from Denver and east of Colorado Springs and then down to Pueblo, a little longer road than the Rio Grande, but a broad gauge road. There was great competition for business and at one time the fare between Denver and Pueblo was 25 cents a round trip. The

D. & R. G. was originally a narrow gauge railroad, as that was the type favored by General Palmer for mountain roads. Of course most of the connecting roads were broad gauge and this put the D. & R. G. at a disadvantage so that they were compelled to put a third rail which broadened their gauge so they could take standard cars.

A carpenter by the name of Jesse Andrus, one of the first carpenters in Pueblo, built the first telephone. This was a line from his shop next door to our house on 5th Street to his home. He also ran an extension from his shop to our house next door. This was due to my limited services in helping him string wire and my great interest in the invention. This telephone consisted of a thin copper wire and small receivers with a thin tin diaphragm and a battery. It was two or three years later before any regular telephone was installed in Pueblo.

The first photographer in Pueblo was a man named Clark, who took tintypes and later more modern pictures. He was followed by J. M. Mealey, who took some fairly good photographs for the time.

John M. Waldron was one of the first District Attorneys. The district then included Colorado Springs, as well as Pueblo and the whole territory east to the state line. Judge Thomas Player was one of the first state district judges. He was a bachelor and a very good judge, too. Judge Bradford was one of the early Territorial judges and was considered a man of remarkable memory, being able to give page and volume number and quote verbatim the decisions of any court. While his memory was good for law, it was short on everything else. He would go around with his shoes unlaced, his pants flap unbuttoned, his Prince Albert coat unbuttoned, his shirt and clothes all covered with drippings from his food. His wife and family, try as hard as they might, could not keep him in order. His son Tom was for many years justice of the peace in Pueblo.

One of the first justices of the peace was Josiah Smith. He was a great character. Lived on the east side, across the Fountain River. Smith was a tall, lanky, dark man with a limited education but a very keen knowledge of human nature and believed in substantial justice from a practical standpoint. When he gave a decision it usually stuck and there were few appeals.

The first Women's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Pueblo by my mother and a Mrs. E. S. Owen, who was a tiny woman and usually was called the "little Mrs. Owen." They also organized a mission down near the redlight district and took care of all the bums and unfortunates they could find, with an occasional bright spot of success to offset the large number of failures. They also carried on religious services at the county jail every Sunday

afternoon. They had one "brand from the burning" who studied for the ministry and became quite a famous Presbyterian minister.

The various religions early started churches. Although they had few members they were very diligent. The Methodists had a small adobe church on the corner of 7th and Main. Later in the '80s they built a large brick church on the corner of 9th and Main. The Episcopalians early had a small church which they kept for many years on the corner of 7th and Santa Fe. The Catholics early had a substantial brick church. They also had Loretto Academy for girls and a hospital. The Baptists built a good stone church along in the early '80s. The Presbyterians also built a big brick church about the same time. The Christians had a small brick church along in the '80s and there were others later, so that the community was well supplied with religious teachings. However, the saloons and bawdy houses still continued to flourish in large numbers.

C. E. Robb and F. H. Sutherland were the two first dentists. Sutherland was afterwards in Cripple Creek and then in Denver. He lived to be a very old man although he came to Colorado for tuberculosis. The story is told they stopped the stage and laid him by the side of the road to die, but he managed to get into Pueblo.

The Stockgrowers Bank was started in the early '70s by M. H. Fitch. Amy Bradford was cashier. Later the bank was taken over by George Hobson, who left a large estate when he died in the late '80s.

One of the first postmasters was "Bob" Ingersol.

T. C. McCarthy was one of the first painters. Later he was an undertaker and was state senator for two or three terms

George Sweeney was one of the first undertakers. He was a brother-in-law of Governor Peabody. He lived with Father and Mother Peabody on 5th Street, next door to us. The Peabodys were New Englanders and very thrifty; made their own candle-sticks.

Among the early mayors were John M. Keeling, who first ran a livery stable, then became the superintendent of the waterworks after they were established; J. Q. Richmond, lawyer, mentioned heretofore; and Col. I. W. Stanton; also Oliver Hazard Perry Baxter (the only man with three initials in Pueblo), named after the commodore. Baxter was a brother-in-law to John Thatcheer. He owned the grist mill which was on the present site of the Post Office Building on 5th and Main Streets. The mill was run by water power supplied by a ditch taken out of the Arkansas. Mrs. Baxter had the first gaited saddle horse ever brought to Pueblo. Baxter was a large man and very popular.

George Gallup had a harness and saddle shop. His saddles afterwards became famous throughout the West. Many of them were works of art.

Charles E. Otero, a Spanish-American, was the first watch-maker, shop afterwards developed into the first jewelry store. He was distinguished in the eyes of us young boys as the leader of the hook and ladder team.

One of the early furniture stores was Hagus & Pryor, established in the early '80s. F. M. Pryor soon became the proprietor. Pryor was later state senator.

Among the early wholesale and supply houses were Henkle & Duke, McCord & Bragdon, Jos. S. Thompson (paper, baskets, bagging, etc.), also Dunbaugh Bros.

Lannon Brothers started a foundry early.

A man by the name of Foote had an insurance office.

John M. Downen was among the early real estate men.

The *Pueblo Chieftain* was the only newspaper, run by Capt. John L. Lambert, who was editor and manager. Later Gus Withers became business manager. In the early days the paper had a circulation of about three or four hundred in the town and perhaps about the same number throughout southern and western Colorado. I carried it for a time in the late '70s and early '80s; started delivery about 4 o'clock in the morning. When Garfield was assassinated I sold papers for as high as 25 cents apiece. The paper was owned by Lambert until his death, some time in the late '90s. John L. Lockin started the *Pueblo Opinion*, a weekly newspaper, some time in the '80s. Its editorials and sayings were much quoted, although poor Lockin had a hard time to make both ends meet—it was only the job work that kept him going. The paper was still going, however, when I returned to Pueblo in '95.

Among the early lawyers were Charles E. Gast. Associated with him was his brother. They had an office in a little frame house on the corner of 5th and Santa Fe. Robert Gast, of Pueblo, is his son. On the death of the brother, Gast went into partnership with John M. Waldron. They were together a few years, when the firm was dissolved (too much talent). They were attorneys for the C. F. & L., Santa Fe, and other large interests. Upon dissolution of the firm, Waldron later associated with Thos. H. Divine. Gast was alone for some time; in the latter part of the '80s, Henry A. Dubbs became associated with him. Dubbs later practiced law in Denver for many years. Other early lawyers were D. F. Urmy, Judge Elwell, Judge Salisbury, Joel F. Stone, Judge Vorhies (who was principal of the Centennial High School when I attended, later he became District Judge); Judge Hallett (who was U. S. District Judge and held court in Pueblo, and had a little white frame house near the corner of 8th and Main); also a J. H. P. Vorhies, who came in the early '80s; Jos. Hart, once justice of the peace; and a few others whose names I do not now recall.

In the middle '80s the boom started and lawyers and doctors flocked in. Additions to the town were laid out in every direction. Among others, Donald Fletcher came down from Denver and laid out one of the largest ones on the east side, called "Fletcher's Heights." My father had a more modest one adjoining, called "Owen's Heights."

The boom commenced to peter out in the early '90s and when the panic of '93 struck, everything went flat and a lot of professional men were stranded there without means to get away. When I came back from college in 1895, things were very dull. There was a large number of lawyers struggling for a living. I was there only a short time; then went to Cripple Creek where things were booming.

I might add that John D. Miller had one of the early grocery stores. Bennett had the first tin shop—repairing and new ware, later stoves and some hardware. The first general hardware store was the Pueblo Hardware Company, owned by the Thatchers and run by George Nash. George Holmes had a hardware store in South Pueblo; later run by the Adamses, Governor Alva Adams at the head. Later Alva Adams started a small bank in South Pueblo.

Mary York (Cozens), Pioneer Woman in Gregory Diggings

MAYME G. STURM*

In the year 1829 the shrubbery on the grounds surrounding Windsor Castle was attacked by a strange blight with which the English gardeners could not cope. An expert gardener was summoned from Ireland and he and his wife took up residence in a cottage on the royal grounds, where he worked with great success. So he might have been retained as head gardener for the remainder of his life, but England was not to the liking of his wife. She was a girl of Catholic faith, who would not tolerate the people of the Mother Country because of their attitude toward her country and the people of her belief. In fact, she hated her surroundings so intensely she could think of nothing more terrible happening to her than to have her expected child born on English soil.

So it came to pass that Mary York was born near Windsor Castle on March 17, 1830. Her mother's unending bitterness over this circumstance influenced her entire life. As soon as possible, the family returned to the old home in Ireland where, a few years later, a son was born to the Yorks.

*Mrs. Sturm, who now lives near Empire, Colorado, was a life-long friend of the Cozens family. The story is given as told to Mrs. Sturm by Mary, Sarah, and William Cozens, children of Mrs. Mary York Cozens.—Ed.

When Mary was nearly twelve her parents took their children and sailed for Canada. Mr. York died enroute and was buried at sea. The widow reached the land they had chosen as their future home, heart-broken, and survived but three months. Because of their strong adherence to the Catholic church it may be presumed that the little boy found refuge in some orphanage of this faith and was educated there. In later life the boy went to New York, married and had two daughters, one of whom became an accomplished musician.

Mary was a healthy, strong girl carefully trained by her mother in all the ways of good housekeeping, fully instructed in the tenets of her faith to the point of considering this above all else. The deepest hatred of all things English and a bitter resentment of her birth in this land had been indelibly instilled. Evidently there were no relatives near, and recent acquaintances placed the girl in a private home as family servant. Here Mary began life on her own, faithful to all her mother's teachings in all her duties to her employers and her church. Beyond this she had little schooling and little of worldly goods.

Her experience as an orphan servant with no one to look after her interests intensified her hatred of England and left her only her religion to comfort and sustain her through the years of hard work, few privileges, and very little pay beyond her keep. Carefully, she saved every shilling that she might go to New York City. Employment as a house servant was the only field open to her. Thus she worked in this city some years before going to Baltimore. After working for several families with unpleasant associations, she was employed by a family named McGee.

The McGees talked always of the West—California and the land of gold. They offered to take Mary with them as servant and helper on the journey, and gave glowing accounts of the chances she would have to improve her fortunes. Mary was glad to accompany them. This woman had been as kind to her as any for whom she had worked and the man had paid little attention to her. Anything would be better than remaining a servant always, because the Yorks had been prosperous enough and her mother a woman above average.

The McGees were well outfitted, and traveling through the populated regions of the eastern states was not an unpleasant experience. The couple were congenial. Each day gave but few tasks. The service of camping was not as exacting as housekeeping and cooking had been in the homes of her former employers, so Mary was enjoying herself. All seemed to bear out the expectations of adventure into a new land and life.

When the settlements became fewer and the journey between them longer the relations of the party began to change. The man

and wife quarreled often at night. Mary was busy or too far away to hear what was said, but could hear voices raised in anger. This change puzzled the young woman. She listened to the loud talking while seemingly occupied with tasks at a distance and, little by little, learned that the man had a definite plan in taking her West to the new camps of men and few women. The wife opposed his purpose and was determined to protect the young woman, who knew only virtue and duty to her employers and her God.

As the journey took them farther from contact with people, the man began to annoy Mary by his attentions to her, at first guarded, then bolder and bolder as distances increased. The quarreling between man and wife was now violent and no longer in secret. Day by day Mary's position became worse and worse. She repulsed the man every time he came near her and hardly dared to close her eyes in sleep except when the woman was near her. The journey became terrifying as both women realized that Mary was to be prepared by her betrayer for the life he intended her to lead and to garner harvest for him. Mary prayed as she had never prayed before. The man turned against his wife. She evidently feared him, was now cowed, and offered little interference. Mary could not tolerate the thought of what was before her and resolved to die rather than submit. At last they saw the Platte River stretching across the plain. Here they were to camp for a few days. Mary knew the meaning of this pause away from all other human beings. The water offered her the thing she sought, the means of escape, even though suicide was the unpardonable sin.

She made several trips to the river's bank for water for camp needs and each time walked a little farther. One day she saw a dense clump of willows not too far away and to these she ran and hid among them. She crawled to the edge of the stream and looked into its waters, still fighting between her Catholic conscience and its promptings against self-destruction and her determination not to yield her virtue. She was startled to see a man in a red flannel shirt near the edge of the willow clump as he leaned down to dip water from the stream. She cried out in amazement and relief. The stranger quickly got to his feet, surprised to hear the sound of a woman's voice.

It did not take long to answer his questions as to what she was doing in this lonely place, and to accept the protection he offered her. He told Mary York that he was John H. Gregory,¹ of Georgia; that he had a small party of men with him encamped beyond the bend in the stream, and that they were going to the mountains. He assured her of safety if she would go with them. Mary knew her

¹Discoverer of the first gold lode in Colorado. See *Colorado Magazine*, XV, 81-83.

prayers were answered. She had no fear as she joined the party of men, who welcomed her and treated her with every respect. Later, she learned that McGee had looked for her along the the stream and found her tracks to the bank. He evidently thought she had drowned herself, so he soon moved on.

Mary found her savior all she could wish for in kindness and respectful treatment. This never varied in all her associations with him on this journey or in Gregory Diggings, where the party arrived May 7, 1860. Mary York was one of the first white women who came to the famous diggings. Here she worked for the men, cooked for them, and washed their clothes.

Many men came to the mountains, and all treated her with high regard. But for her, life remained just work and prayer. Then she met William Zane Cozens of "Up state in New York," who became an important personage in the Little Kingdom of Gilpin from the time of his arrival and its most noted sheriff. To this stalwart man she gave her whole heart. Father Machebeuf united them in marriage December 30, 1860, in Central City.² Mr. and Mrs. Billy Cozens went to housekeeping in a two-story house, well up the same street where stands the Teller House. Years later they moved to a little white house on the north mountain, away from everyone, because Mrs. Cozens liked people no better than Mary York had done. Four children were born to this marriage. One son, Alexis, was carried on a pillow for the one year of his life. He is buried in Central City.

Billy Cozens, six feet two inches in height, was a perfect specimen of manhood. He had the strength of will as well as body to handle the ruffian, even the criminal, without a gun. He had a genial disposition, was comrade to his fellow men of all classes, so was not only the respected, even feared, sheriff, but the most popular man of his time.

In 1872, the Cozens family made their first trip "across the range" into Middle Park as a pleasure trip to view this country of which they had heard so much, and to afford Mr. Cozens some good hunting and fishing. They liked this locality. It was green and beautiful. The Fraser River abounded in trout, and game was plentiful. Again they went to Middle Park in the summer for another outing. Mrs. Cozens liked the solitude.

Mr. Cozens prospered in Central City, joined the Masonic Lodge, attended all public or civic gatherings and grew in prominence and popularity.

Among the early-day forms of amusement was the traveling shooting gallery. One such layout arrived in Central City and was

²See *Colorado Magazine*, XVIII, 182-183.

well patronized. Men paid to try their skill and were satisfied to receive a prize instead of cash reward. Billy Cozens naturally followed the crowd to the shooting gallery and tried his hand at shooting. For some unknown reason he did not shoot well, but enjoyed the event with the good-natured crowd. When the evening was over he had won two prizes—two large framed chromos, popular oil print copies of famous paintings. He carried these home to the little white house on the hill. When he had counted his remaining change he found that the chromos had cost him seventy-six dollars. This was too much for his wife. She resolved that, for the good of her husband and family, they must move away from civilization. This small woman ruled her stalwart husband and children with an iron hand. Her will was law. Accordingly, she began her arrangements for their move to the wilderness, Middle Park.

Early in the summer of 1876, the Cozens family once more arrived at the chosen spot, the valley just below where the Vasquez empties into the Fraser River. Here they built a cabin and began clearing the willow bottoms to afford meadowland for their horses and cows. Travelers crossing the range were glad to reach the Cozens cabin and obtain good food, mostly trout and game, expertly prepared by the capable Mrs. Cozens. Pasture or hay was to be had for the teams. Without design or effort on the part of the owners the Cozens ranch became the popular stopping place beyond the west foot of the range. This necessitated the erection of larger buildings. To the log quarters of the pioneer family a frame building was erected in front of the original three rooms. This building is one and one-half stories high and has six bedrooms upstairs; a parlor, where hang the chromos, a large bedroom and a smaller one, and a connecting hall on the first floor. This was the first plastered house in this region. Soon, only ladies could occupy the bedrooms, while the men were lodged in the haymow of the big log barn that sheltered the travelers' teams as well as the ranch stock of heavy work horses, good saddle horses and fine milk cows. These were fed on the rich grasses of the pasture land so that the cows produced abundance of milk, thick cream and golden butter. Now came sportsmen from afar to spend the whole summer, year after year, hunting, fishing or just idling in this sportsman's paradise. More buildings were added and hired help was required for the kitchen and the care of stock. Mr. Cozens acquired the land on both sides of the lane, comprising the valley from just below the Vasquez to the ranch of Capt. C. D. Gaskill, near the present town of Fraser.

Through the years Mr. Cozens spent forty thousand dollars clearing and improving the ranch. All this was earned right here largely through travel. He was ever the genial host, welcoming the

guest and directing his comfort. When the mail was carried over Berthoud Pass the Cozens ranch was the first post office.

A tall tower was built near the house for the purpose of pumping water to the top and providing pressure for household purposes. The pump was never installed. The main floor was converted into a Cozens chapel, and here the traveling missionary said mass for all the Catholics that could come. The basement afforded cool storage for milk and all provisions.



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM COZENS AND SON WILL

As the children grew older they were sent "out" to school; Will to Jesuit Fathers at St. Mary's, Kansas, and Mary and Sarah to the sister's schools. However, the mother would not consent to her children seeking religious vocations. Mrs. Cozens reared her children as she had been reared—to work well and faithfully, to pray always and to shun people. They met many in business but made few acquaintances and fewer friends.

When death took Billy Cozens, the guest business was discontinued. Mrs. Cozens and her children lived quietly in the old home they loved. After her death Will, Mary and Sarah were free to live as they wished. It was too late. They realized their long years of isolation had made the people regard them as queer, though they were far from it; so they continued the same quiet existence until death took Sarah and Mary. Will then went to the Jesuits at Regis College, where he lived among his books till death took the last of

this family. He had spent his life in study, reading ponderous volumes of references and scientific information until he possessed a marvelous education, of which he made no practical use.

Mrs. Cozens gave the Jesuit Fathers a tract of land across the river from the home, on condition that they build a summer camp there. This they did. The family had the privilege of attending daily devotions in their chapel for one month out of each year. At last all the ranch was deeded to the Jesuit Fathers of Regis College. "Maryvale" is marked in white stones on the face of the bluff overlooking the pine-enclosed cemetery where rests the pioneer family.

The inscriptions on the headstones read:

WILLIAM ZANE COZENS

Born July 2, 1830

Died Jan. 17, 1904

MARY YORK COZENS

Born May 17, 1830

Died Mar. 15, 1909

MARY COZENS

Born Nov. 15, 1864

Died Dec. 8, 1928

SARAH COZENS

Born Nov. 22, 1866

Died Aug. 8, 1928

WILLIAM COZENS

Born May 18, 1862

Died Oct. 30, 1937

The door of the first cabin, bearing scars of many an arrow and bullet, is still in use on one of the cabins of the Jesuit camp, one of the first ones to the right as one crosses the Fraser River over the old bridge.

Food Facts of 1859*

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Thanksgiving and Christmas tables in Denver in 1859 were provided with fresh vegetables and turkey, as the result of the diligence of the community's first gardeners and the steady aim of hunters, who brought in wild birds from the Long's Peak area.

The first vegetable gardens in Denver (Cherry Creek, Kansas Territory), were planted in the spring of 1859, and the first radishes, onions, and peas made headlines side by side with the new gold strikes in the mountain gulches nearby.

Chief Food Propagandist in those days was the Editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, who knew nothing about vitamins and calories, but who did realize the value of fresh vegetables in the diet, and proceeded to give them space in his news sheet.

*Data obtained from *Rocky Mountain News*, Volume 1, on file in vault of Library of Colorado Historical Society, Denver.

Steaks selling from 8c to 15c a pound and ice being put up in a local pond, also came in for their share of publicity.

In order to obtain fresh vegetables in the beginning it was necessary to take a hoe and dig in, just as our modern Victory gardeners have done.

On May 7, 1859, it was reported that:

"D. K. Wall, of Indiana, has left at our office (the News) a large supply of garden seed for sale. All ye that wish fresh vegetables walk up and select your packages at 25 cents each."

By May 28, "Uncle Jake" Smith had finished planting twelve acres of corn and his earlier crops such as peas, onions, and the like were up several inches.

About two weeks later, on June 11, radishes made headlines.

"On Sunday last," said the Editor, "friend Pollock laid upon our table the first radishes of the season and we believe the first produced in this country. They were certainly as fine as grow in any country."

In that same issue appeared an advertisement which read: "Garden Seeds and Quicksilver for Sale." Presumably they were not to be used for the same purpose.

All foodstuffs including such things as flour, cornmeal, bacon, potatoes, rice, and similar things were hauled in by freight outfits from New Mexico or from the Missouri River and much of the meat used was killed by hunters on the plains nearby.

Wary dealers were careful to protect themselves when advertising the prices, using such statements as this: "July 9, 1859. Rates subject to material fluctuations from week to week, owing to increases and demand or supply."

Some of the prices as quoted follow: Flour (States), \$14 @ 16 per 100 lbs.; flour, Mexican, \$10 @ 15 per 100 lbs.; potatoes, 25c per lb.; rice, 25c per lb.; butter, 75c per lb.; fresh beef, 15c per lb.; venison, \$1 per quarter; milk, 10c per quart; molasses, \$2.50 per gallon; whiskey, \$3.00 per gallon; bacon sides and ham, 35c; cheese, 50c.

In mid-July, D. K. Wall & Co. of Golden City were said to have "a garden that will compare with anything of the kind we have found in the States. Peas, beans, onions, squashes, cucumbers, beets (ready to gather) . . . a large plot of melons and evergreen sweet corn which will soon be ready for delivery."

By August 13, the market in Denver was reported to be "well supplied with garden vegetables of as fine growth and quality as can be found in the old settlements of the States."

Shortly after this, William Dunn arrived with watermelons, muskmelons, cabbages, squashes and other things from his extensive farms on the Arkansas, southeast of Pikes Peak. His onions were of "enormous size."

Not to be outdone, Messrs. Ross & Co. a week later visited the newspaper office and left "some monster vegetables, grown on their farm on Clear Creek, near the Boulder road, and four miles from this place (Auraria)."

As winter approached, the Editor reminded housekeepers that they should lose no time in laying in their winter supply of potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beets and parsnips, which he said could be procured from Dunn.

Just before Christmas, the said William Dunn received a lot of fresh pork from the Kroenig farm on the Huerfano, 135 miles south of Denver, said to be "the best that has ever come to this market."

Again the Editor warned about putting in a supply "of vegetable food for winter."

And why so concerned about the food supply? Well, earlier in the year—on May 7—there had appeared this item:

"Every day we meet men arriving from the States by the Smoky Hill Route—most of them in a famishing condition. A few days ago a man arrived at Russellville, and reported that his companions—nine in number—had given up and lain down on the prairies some miles distant. A relief party was sent out, who found one of the number dead from actual starvation, and two others so far gone that they died soon after reaching the settlement."

The end of the Smoky Hill trail, as you may know, is marked by a bronze plaque at the intersection of Colfax and Broadway.

Denver, in 1859, had a slight milk shortage according to an item which read: "Some unprincipled scamp, not having the fear of our devil and the city dads before his eyes, has got in the habit of milking our cow—the same old brindle cow whose milk, etc."

About that time the Union Bakery started a free delivery, twice a day, to its customers, announcing: "We have a cart by which our customers will be supplied at their residences with any articles in our line." The City Bakery advertised it would take in exchange for its products—"gold dust, flour, dried apples, etc."

Some of the vegetables raised in 1859 were combined with vinegar and appeared on the market in barrels as pickled cucumbers, pickled tomatoes, and sauerkraut.

During the autumn the meat list of beef and venison was extended by "bear meat, 30 to 50 cents per pound, turkeys, very large

and fat, one to two dollars each, grouse and ducks, 50 cents per pair."

The turkeys and grouse were reported to have been brought in by a hunting expedition near Longs peak.

With winter well established, Messrs. Kershaw & Co. began to put up ice from the lake in Auraria at the rate of 200 tons a day. The blocks were cut by a horse-drawn plough. Twelve men were kept busy with hooks guiding the ice to an inclined plane, then to a platform and to another plane into the ice house. The rate of performance was six blocks per minute.

During the winter months many supply trains reached Colorado in anticipation of the big gold rush in the spring and to take care of the people already in the settlements.

One party, led by John H. Gregory, arrived on March 17, 1860, with "one quartz mill and *two wagon loads of butter* and building hardware." This party had been on the road from St. Joseph for 42 days!

On March 14, the local editor renewed the garden campaign by saying: "Spring is advancing rapidly. Gardeners are preparing their hot-beds for early planting. Grasshoppers may be seen any day along the river bottom."

So much for a panoramic view of Denver's first year of gardens—necessity gardens, if you wish, for it is certain they were necessary to keep the frontier folk healthier and better fed.

Karakul Fur in Colorado

LURENE S. STEWART*

When I gave the Karakul fur (Persian Lamb) exhibit to the State Museum recently, you requested further information. Accordingly, I give the following recollections and additional data.

My father, Joseph F. Simonson, bred and raised these sheep from sometime in 1910 (first importation to America was in 1909) to about 1921 or 1922. Half of the original importation was bought by the Middlewater Cattle Company, Middlewater, Texas, and taken to Governor Frank Lowden's ranch, which at this time was under my father's supervision. In November, 1916, (Thanksgiving week) father brought about 100 head of the finest of this herd to Fort Collins, Colorado. During the intervening years new blood was added from the latest importations.

*Mrs. Stewart gave the State Historical Society the examples of Karakul skins, blanket, and coat referred to in this article, and pictures of the Karakul sheep. These make an interesting exhibit, which is now on display at the State Museum. Mrs. Stewart lives in Pueblo today.—Ed.

The coat in the exhibit was made of skins from sheep we raised, and I think the first to be made in America, in about the year 1911.

The rug (one of two) was made of sheared Karakul fur (which straightens out and changes color as the sheep mature) about the same time the coat was made. My father personally took the wool to the Navajo Indians at Shiprock, New Mexico, and they wove it into two rugs. These have been in constant use until a few months ago.

The skins in the exhibit represent baby lambs—the unborn satin finish, the very tight one-day-old, and the loose three-to-four-days old. I remember well helping mother take care of twenty-three of these baby lambs in our kitchen for several days during a three-day blizzard, getting up every two hours at night and feeding them warm milk, with spoons for the weaker ones and bottles with nipples for the stronger. The snow during this blizzard drifted to within two to three feet of the roof of a very long open shed and these sheep were so hardy that they fought their way to the top of the snow, only their little noses sticking out. My father and the hired man took picks and shovels and dug them out, and our loss was negligible.

The little lambs made beautiful pets. One of mine in particular, by the name of Topsy, would let no one feed her on the bottle except me, and would answer no voice calling her except mine, and what a sight she was skipping and high jumping from the fetterita patch north of our house responding joyously to my call so we could show her to some passerby wanting to see "those fur sheep," her broad flat tail flopping up and down and her head high in the air! And speaking of their tails, I cannot give you any exact measurements, but they extended from hip to hip and hung down to the leg joint and beyond and were five to seven inches in thickness (this may be too conservative, for I am just guessing from memory). It must be remembered that these sheep in their native haunts live on the fat stored in their tails the same as camels rely on their humps during winter months or famine seasons. I also remember herding our sheep out on the prairie a good part of one summer—when a high school boy got too homesick to stay longer from town and home—reposing in the shadow of my saddle pony while they grazed close by.

Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Frank Lowden (Illinois) and William Jennings Bryan made possible the money and influence for the first importation, and the first and finest buck ever imported was called "Teddy" in honor of Mr. Roosevelt. Teddy was in the herd bought by the Company, of which my father was a part, and father exhibited Teddy's first-born lamb in this country at the Omaha Stock Show in 1911.

I also knew Dr. C. C. Young, the importer. He adopted the name "Young" after coming to America, as his Russian name was almost impossible to pronounce—sorry I have forgotten it. He visited us many times in Texas on the ranch. We visited him once at his then home seventeen miles from El Paso, and he visited us at least twice in Colorado that I remember. He was about five feet ten inches tall, weighed around 165 to 170 I would guess; light hair, red cheeks and very fair skin; nervous and sensitive, often walking up and down a room as he talked. He was a very wonderful musician, and all "by ear." He knew no piano notes and yet could play anything he ever heard, had the loveliest hands, with long slender fingers. I feel that I can still hear his bell-like



KARAKUL SHEEP ON PASTURE, 1911

tones, and when his throat was not bothering too much, he would sing for us (finally had cancer of the throat). His voice was as lovely as his playing. He had been discovered by the Czar's music scouts when he was a very small peasant boy, was taken to St. Petersburg, where he was in the Boys' Choir at the Czar's Court. Of course this also gave him his chance for a fine education and the means whereby he learned of the Karakul sheep (sacred sheep), putting him in position to finally make importations to America.

When my father brought these sheep to Fort Collins in 1916, he got some land, about 25 or 30 acres above Fort Collins, a few miles from Livermore. He looked after them most of the time, but would get different men to help him from time to time, and one of these men, a Eugene Ray, wrote a full page article about the sheep, my father, and our wonder dog Jack, which the *Denver*

Post featured on June 15, 1924 (page 8 of section 3). The experiences that Mr. Ray wrote about took place in the summer of 1917. When my Dad would be alone with the sheep I often got into our Model T Ford and took supplies up from Fort Collins to him. Incidentally, he gave me one buck and two ewes for having helped care for them during the years, and when his health no longer permitted him to care for them, we sold all but my buck and two ewes and their increases, which at that time was around 7 or 8 head (in our large back yard in Fort Collins). We hoped to pasture them on some nearby farm, but the farms around close were too small, so before long we sold them, too, closing a most interesting experience for all of us, and perhaps what might have been an important item in Colorado's fur and wool production.

My father always called Colorado his home (born in Illinois) bicycling here from Illinois as a very young man in 1894, returning on a stretcher with tuberculosis in 1896 with his young bride of six months, going first to Canon City. When he was able to be around he went to Victor and Cripple Creek during the mining boom, and built a great many miners' "shacks" in the gulches around both places. He passed away in Colorado in 1935.

The Old Arapahoe School, Denver

AUGUSTA HAUCK BLOCK*

The first school in Denver, taught by Professor O. J. Goldrick, opened on October 3, 1859. It was held in a rented log cabin in Auraria (West Denver of today). Private schools were begun the next year by Indiana Sopris and Lydia M. Ring. In 1862 free public schools were established in Denver. These were held in rented quarters during the early years. One school was held in the old "Baptist Dugout" on the corner of Curtis and G (now 16th) streets, one in a store building on Blake near F (15th), and another in a building on the site of the Windsor Hotel.

As the need for better school facilities grew more urgent a movement was started for building a good school house. In August, 1868, meetings were held to consider the problem. The President of the School Board reported that Amos Steck, distinguished pioneer, had donated lots 23, 24, and 25 in Block 77, East Denver, valued at \$1500, upon which to erect the proposed building.

Nothing further was done until June 10, 1870, when the Board purchased lots 21 and 22, in Block 77, East Denver, on one side of the Steck lots, for \$1050. Then on January 11, 1871, the Board

*Mrs. Block, a former President of the Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado, was a student at the old Arapahoe School.—Ed.

purchased lots 26, 27, and 28 on the other side of the Steck lots for \$2250.

On May 27, 1871, it was decided to build the school house. The Board adopted the plans presented by G. P. Randall, architect, who estimated the cost at \$30,000.

Proposals for the erection of the building were received and the successful bidder was Edward Stein. A contract was let to him on April 27, 1872, at \$38,850. The corner stone was laid June 24, 1872, and on April 2, 1873, the handsome structure was completed.



ARAPAHOE SCHOOL IN 1874

The Board of Directors in 1873, when the school was opened, were as follows: President, Dr. F. J. Bancroft; Secretary, Frederick Steinhauer; Treasurer, D. J. Martin; and Superintendent, F. C. Garbutt.

The new three-story building, which stood on Arapahoe Street, was called the "Arapahoe School," the name being derived from the Arapahoe tribe of Indians, who had been kind to the white people.

The new school house was to serve as a high school and also for lower classes. In those days the first reader class was called number Nine, the second reader class was number Eight, third reader class was number Seven, the fourth reader class was number Six, and the fifth reader class was number Five. The four classes in

High School were numbered as follows: Freshmen, number Four; Sophomore, number Three; Junior, number Two; and Senior, number One. In 1875, when Mr. Aaron Gove became Superintendent, he arranged the lower classes into the "Grade" system, which is continued at the present time.

A large bell was installed, which rang at 8:40 A.M. for five minutes, and a second bell at 9:00 A.M. for a few minutes. In the afternoon, the first bell rang at 1:10 P.M. and the second at 1:25 to 1:30 P.M. The business men objected to the big bell, so in 1886, a "new fangled" bell, which was called an "Electric bell," was installed. The old bell was placed on the lawn of the new High School on Stout Street. Later it was moved to the new High School lawn on East Colfax.

Superintendent of East Denver schools, F. C. Garbutt, A.B., opened the new Arapahoe School in June, 1873. The teachers under him in the High School were as follows: Mr. J. H. Freeman, Miss A. M. Overton, Miss Estelle Freeman, Mr. Wm. F. Bennecke (German teacher), and Mrs. A. C. Folkman (French teacher). Mr. Frank H. Damrosch was director of music in all of the Denver schools. He resigned in 1885 for the purpose of engaging in professional work in New York City.

The city of Denver grew fast—and so did the school population; so a new high school had to be built.

The contract for a new high school building, to be erected on Stout Street, between 18th and 19th streets, was let to C. D. McPhee and Co., and was to be completed by June, 1881, and was occupied about January, 1882, in an unfinished condition.

In 1882, when the High School Department had been moved to the new High School building, the Arapahoe School became a Grade school. As Denver's business district expanded, the Arapahoe School was soon in the center of it. So the School Board sold the Arapahoe School property on May 20, 1890, and the school was discontinued.

Among out-standing pupils who attended the old Arapahoe School were the following:

Homer Lea, acknowledged a military genius of his age. High military officer in China, and author of important books.

Irving Hale, High School class of 1877; U. S. Military Academy, 1884; General in the Spanish American war.

Robert W. Steele, Lawyer and District Attorney.

Joseph Hutchinson, winner of Woodbury medal, Caller at the Mining Exchange, later Governor of Idaho.

Frances Belford Wayne, Journalist.

Flora Bishop Stevens, Journalist.

Harry L. Baldwin, High School class of 1878; Princeton 1884; U. S. Geological Survey.

Alice Eastwood, Academy of Science, California; Teacher of botany in the High School for many years.

Kate P. Mace, Department clerk, County Court of Arapahoe County.

Elias M. Ammons, Governor of Colorado; Stock grower and farmer.

Edward Durbin, Manager of Durbin Dental and Surgical Depot.

John Hipp, Attorney and candidate on the Prohibition ticket for Governor and for President.

Helen M. Brown, Philadelphia School of Design; National School of Elocution.

Earl M. Cranston, University of Denver, 1885; and Cincinnati School of Law, 1887.

Joshua W. Hart, Cambridge University, England, 1886; Journalist.

Clarence (Clare) Hatton, Dramatics; Actor.

Marie L. Warnecke Barnes, German Teacher.

Helen F. Cooper, Woman's State Medical College.

John Cory, Assistant Superintendent of Denver Schools.

Mabel Cory Costigan, Office of Price Administration, and the wife of the late Senator E. P. Costigan.

Willis B. Herr, Sheffield Scientific School, 1886; and Columbia Law School.

Cora E. Everett, Boston School of Expression, 1888; teacher of elocution.

John E. Field, Sheffield Scientific School, 1888; Mining Engineer.

William Borst and Charles Borst, Educators.

William C. Shepherd, Publisher and Editor of Denver Post.

Chauncey Thomas, Journalist.

Following is the list of Denver High School classes which graduated from the old Arapahoe School:

CLASS OF 1877

Mortimer P. Arnold	Seraphine Epstein
Irving Hale	Frank S. Woodbury
Robert W. Steele	Flora E. Bishop
Mary L. Peabody	

CLASS OF 1878

Harry L Baldwin	M. Adella Condit
Hattie C. Arnold	Ada P. Lockwood
Josephine Williams	

CLASS OF 1879

Ezra M. Cornell	M. Jessie Cooper
Frank H. Dimock	Mary Crater
William Holt	Alice Eastwood
Clarence Phillips	Luella Herbert
Lillian U. Arnold	Kate P. Mace
Nellie C. Brown	Florence E. McCune
M. Grace Brown	Carrie E. Oatman
Emily F. Thompson	

CLASS OF 1880

Elias M. Ammons	Lina E. Bartels
Louis Bartels	Helen M. Brown
Charles M. Clinton	Elizabeth B. Gillette
Edward A. Durbin	Annie N. Haskell
John Hipp	Luella E. Henderson
George Sinsabaugh	Mary E. Herr
Jerome A. Vickers	Kate P. Lennon
Julia Alderman	Lizzie A. White
Elizabeth D. Mace	Martha A. Morrison
Eva J. McBroom	Celia A. Osgood
Emma A. McGowan	M. Alice Ramstein
Emily H. Miles	Fannie A. Simonton

CLASS OF 1881

Hiram P. Bennet	Laura L. Baxter
Earl M. Cranston	Mary A. Clark
Alfred G. Ebert	Martha E. Cline
Worthen Hood	Minnie F. Clinton
Edward B. Morgan	Jess L. Coby
Robert J. Pitkin	Kate G. Eastwood
Sidney Schroder	Fannie B. Eppstein
James F. Wanless	J. Adelle Gillette
Joseph B. Warner	Lottie Haskins
Georgia A. Skinner	

CLASS OF 1882

Frank L. Beardsley	Lizette L. Tomlison
Edwin H. Davis	Clara M. Beardsley
Francis J. Hangs	Carrie L. Crandall
Joshua W. Hart	Olive Dickinson
Willis B. Herr	Cora E. Everett
William P. Macon	Etta B. McClelland
Albert Sechrist	Mary H. Mills

A reception for persons who attended the old Arapahoe School was given at the State Museum on March 17, 1945. The hosts

were members of the Historical Presidents' Council, an organization composed of Presidents and Junior Past Presidents of historical groups in Denver. Mrs. Sarah Steck Mundhenk, President of the Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado, was in charge of arrangements and presided.

Former students of the Arapahoe School who attended the reception and registered, were the following:

William R. Welsh, 1617 Bellaire Street, Denver.
 Ella Fisher Emery, 860 Detroit Street, Denver.
 Louise A. Fisher, 860 Detroit Street, Denver.
 Dr. Martha A. Morrison, 1112 Pearl Street, Denver.
 Katherine Baldwin Stoddard, 1238 Logan Street, Denver.
 Ada Brown Talbot, 3420 Downing Street, Denver.
 Florence Smith Conesny, 1736 Krameria Street, Denver.
 Harry S. Hyatt, 1215 California Street, Denver.
 J. Alex Davidson, 1600 Albion Street, Denver.
 Lulu Bailey Keiser, 2320 Court Place, Denver.
 Mary Butler Brown, 2717 Vallejo Street, Denver.
 Grace E. Butler Tarbell, 1748 High Street, Denver.
 Anise Sarwash Burbridge, 1355 Pearl Street, Denver.
 Vassie W. Ingersoll, 87 South Logan Street, Denver.
 Augusta Hauck Block, 4200 Hooker Street, Denver.
 Bertha Stockdorf, 1415 Corona Street, Denver.
 Thomas J. Shreve, 611 Knox Court, Denver.
 Joseph H. Block, 4200 Hooker Street, Denver.
 Pearl Wheeler Dorr, 609 East Colfax, Denver.
 Harry F. Steck, 125 East Girard Street, Englewood, Colorado.
 Thomas T. Lundy, 3246 Newton Street, Denver.
 David Lees, 2170 South Humboldt Street, Denver.
 Jennie K. Donaldson Guyer, 1616 Washington Street, Denver.
 L. C. Reitze, 1453 Birch Street, Denver.
 Florence Street Weicker, 1960 Locust Street, Denver.
 Louise Hauck Brohm, 1215 Josephine Street, Denver.
 Berenice Patten Kirby, 697 Grant Street, Denver.
 Clara Milheim Wheeler, Brown Palace Hotel, Denver.
 Mabel Cory Costigan, 1642 Detroit Street, Denver.
 Lona Kaufman Fischer, 11th Avenue Hotel, Denver.
 Mrs. John Hipp, 1255 Columbine Street, Denver.
 Fred W. Standart, 2025 East 7th Avenue, Denver.
 Louise Perrin, Indian Hills, Colorado.
 Mary Brubaker Hastings, 749 Pennsylvania Street, Denver.
 Dr. William O. Brubaker, 1210 Clayton Street, Denver.
 Grace Lane Tollard.
 Carrie Heitler Freedman, 3735 East 7th Avenue, Denver.

Henry Sarwash, 4360 Wolff Street, Denver.

Emma Nichols Eyser, 1995 South Williams Street, Denver.

Also, Mrs. Mabel K. Hamlin, daughter of Mrs. Martha E. Kellie, who, as Martha Elissa Hannun, taught in the old Arapahoe school from 1875 to 1880.

A Statement Regarding the Formation of the St. Charles and Denver Town Companies

WILLIAM MCGAA

[In January, 1945, Mrs. Jessie McGaa Craven and her son came from their home at Wanblee, South Dakota, to Denver to attend the National Western Stock Show and to visit the State Museum. Mrs. Craven, daughter of the Denver pioneer, William McGaa, brought to the State Historical Society a precious early document, probably the only extant paper written by her father. It gives interesting information about the founders and founding of Denver.

William McGaa was a trader among the Indians at the site of Denver when the pioneer prospectors decided to found a town at the mouth of Cherry Creek in the fall of 1858. McGaa and another trader, John Smith, had married Indian women and exercised great influence in the tribes. Hence the town fathers of 1858 took special care to enlist these men as members of the original town companies.

As indicated in the document reproduced below, McGaa participated in the formation of the St. Charles Town Company and then in the Denver Town Company. Later he moved to La Porte, west of present Fort Collins, and there wrote this statement and made an assignment to Michael Jones in an effort to recover property at the mouth of Cherry Creek.

Mrs. Craven's older brother, William Denver McGaa, was the first child born in Denver.—Editor.]

To whom it May Concern :

Know all men my these presents, That on the 24th day of September Eighteen hundred and Fifty Eight, I was Residing Three miles from the mouth of Cherry Creek on the South bank, or South Side of the South Platte River when a Committe of Seven Men came to my Residence and Made Known to me their business, the names Respectively of said men were as follows, Viz.—Adnah French, Charles Nichols, T. C. Dickson, John A. Churchill, Wm. M. Smith, Frank M. Cobb, Wm. Hartley, and John S. Smith who was my neighbor, during our conversation, entered my premises and was admitted the Eighth Member of said Committee when the following

propositions were made me to the best of my belief and as follows— That said Committee had prospected for Gold on Cherry Creek, Platte River, and the tributaries of the Platte, and had found Gold and other precious metals in abundance. So much so that they considered themselves justified in laying out a City or Town on the North East Side of Cherry Creek as they had no doubts whatever that as soon as their new and Rich Discoveries were made Known an Overwhelming Immigration would pour into the New Eldorado, and that in their opinion, a City or Town should immediately be Surveyed and laid out into Streets, Blocks, Lots, Etc. to meet the wants of the Expected parties that would wish to make for themselves a new home in the Mountain region.

[page 2] Their proposition to me was, was it my opinion would it or would it not prove a profitable investment. Knowing the facts I approved of it in the Affirmative. The next question asked me would I become a member of said Town Company, to use My Influence, Means, and Endeavours to further the Interest of Said Company. I pledged myself to do all in my power as a Member of said Company to do all as far as laid in my power to sustain, uphold, and work for the Interest of Said Town Company. Then I was admitted a Member of said Company, and immediately made arrangements for the purpose of drafting Constitution and Bye Laws, for our guidance and government afterwards. On the same day the above Committe with my assistance formed a Constitution, Charles Nichols acting as Secretary, we also made our Bye Laws Each article of Said Constitution was passed seperately and approved by vote, Bye Laws, same as constitution, Everything meeting the full approval and approbation of all concerned. We each and all of the above named parties, Myself included, Signed said Constitution and the name of Said Town was Named St. Charles, on the Evening of Sept. 24th—1858, in the Lodge of Wm McGaa on Platte River South Side and Three Miles from the Mouth of Cherry Creek.

[page 3] We adjourned to meet on the next day on Business of Importance concerning Town Co—Maters. We met in the Camp of Nichols Cobb Dickson and Co. and it was arranged between the parties conserved that we Survey Two $\frac{1}{4}$ quarter Sections, or 320 acres of the Public Domain for Town purposes. Wm. Hartley as a Member of Said St. Charles Town Co. agreed without any remuneration to survey Said Land—with the assistance of the Members, Said Land was Surveyed on the 25th of September, 1858, consisting of Three hundred and Twenty acres of Land, of which Said with assistances of the Members Laid said land off into Streets, Lots and Blocks, as soon as survey was finished. it was then agreed between all the parties or Members of said St. Charles Town Company, that on the morning 26th Sept. 1858 Wm. McGaa, Jno S. Smith and

Charles Nichols, Should Remain, or Reside on the land belonging to said St. Charles Town Company, and that the Remaining members should Start for Ohamah in N. Ter. for the purpose of procuring provisions that said McGaa, Smith and Nichols should Build or cause to be built a cabin on Each quarter Section for the purpose of holding and securing said land for Town site purposes Said cabins—or Houses were built and by Jno S. Smith and Wm. McGaa in the fall of said year 1858 and occupied by Said Smith & McG.

[page 4] Previous to Building cabins or Houses Said Wm. Hartley surveyed and laid out into Streets, Lots and Blocks the following described property. Commencing at a point one hundred and Sixty Rods more or less from the Mouth of Cherry Creek on the East Side of Said Creek—Running due East Three hundred and Twenty Rods thence due North Three Hundred and Twenty Rods—Thence west Three Hundred and Twenty Rods— to place of beginning Survey finished—agreed that McGaa—Nichols and Jno. S. Smith act as agents for Town Company members in their absence. Constitution provided that without a Majority or a Two third vote said Constitution could not be altered or amended or no other members could or should be admitted without a Two third a vote of all Members, Books closed on admitting any members until return of the absent members from Omaha & Lawrence, in Neb.-& Kan. Territories, that shortly after the departure of said members to the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska a party numbering twelve men more or less commissioned by Gov. - Denver then Gov. of Kansas arrived on Said Town Site of St. Charles their object was as they told me was to locate Arrapahoe County by order of Gov. Denver. Gen. Larimer-Hickory Roger, Chas. Lawrence H. P. A. Smith were (were) Commissioners. H-P. A. Smith acting as Judge of Probate, Ed Winkopp as Sherriff, said commissioners, [page 5] Judge of Probate, Sheriff and other officers met at my residence in company with others and informed me that if I would not interest them in the St. Charles Town Company, that as they had the power to Locate Arapahoe county that they would consider my Claim Right and Title to the Town site of St. Charles Null and Void—and my agency. for said Company amounted to nothing in their estimation, that if I would not Interest said Commissioners appointed by Gov. Denver, they would eject me tare down my cabins, give orders for me to leave the country, and threats also that Endangered the Life of Myself and family—Therefore a Committee was appointed comprised of Wm. Parkinson Captain Bassett. Theo Parkenson, Chas Lawrence and Hickory Rojers, who came from said Commissioners wishing to Know my determination, telling me also that my associates in the St. Charles Town Company who had gone to the States never would Return, and when I asked them the Reason they told me Jemison and Jim Lane would take care of them. Under those

threats—and ignorant of the Town Matter, I was coaxed into a new Reorganization, and agreed through wrong Misrepresentation, to take in 31 more Members, with the former 9 included making the number of members 40—and a new name was substituted for St. Charles [page 6] and passed by vote—as The Denver City Town Company—A new Constitution was formed New Bye-Laws made, Said constitution and Bye Laws was approved by the New members of the company. I voted in the negative, Surveyors were appointed to survey 2 miles Square. the survey was made and the money paid for the work, a Fraction of Land in the Bottom, Known as Cotton wood point was, considered as my property amounting to 72 acres more or less and adjoining the Wm. Parkinson Claim Said 72 acres more or less, was at that time considered my property by the new organization of members for my own use, my heirs and assigns for Ever. A few months afterward the Town improving the New organization Monopolized my Interest in said fraction of 72 acres more or less, and made an addition without paying me any Remuneration for the same, Said property belongs to me individual, having given no transfer to the Denver City Town Company Neither have I sold, transfered, or Quit Claimed any part or parcel of said property to any Company—party—or parties whatever

I also certify that I had no authority whatever from the St. Charles Town Co. Members in Reorganizing a New Company Known as the Denver City Town Co. that through threats and the influence of ardent spirits, I acquiesced in the conspiracy to form a new organization contrary in every shape and form to the constitution of the St. Charles Town Company

Signed Wm. McGaa

Know all Men By These Presents—

That I Wm. McGaa have this day entered into an article of agreement with Michael Jones this Twenty First day of December in the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and Sixty Four—

The above article of agreement made and entered into by and Wm. McGaa of the Town of Laporte, Territory of Colorado of the first part and Michael Jones of said place of the second part witnesseth, that I Wm. McGaa agree to deed-transfer, and quit Claim all *My* Right, Title and Interest to Michael Jones of the Second part the one half of my Fractional Property, in what is now known as Denver City and consisting of 72 acres more or less, Situated and laying as what (what) was known in Eighteen hundred & Fifty Eight the Cotton wood Point, and now Embracing F Street in Said Denver City, the Said Michael Jones to have and to hold the same for his own use and behoof his heirs and assigns for Ever. —

Also I deed transfer and quit claim the undivided half of one hundred and sixty acres of land Situated in what is Known as West

Denver (Auraria) and Three hundred and Twenty acres Measurement from what was Known as the McGaa & Smith Ferry Landing to the said Michael Jones of Second part, said M-Jones to have and to hold the Said Property for his own use and behoof his heirs and assigns forever.

For Records of Said property they are Recorded in the Book of the Club claim organization—of Auraria in the year of our Lord 1859—Chas. Dahter Sec.

Now the considerations of the above obligations are Such that if the Said Michael Jones fail to procure and obtain for me my Interest in Said Fraction of Seventy Two Acres, and My Interest in specified One hundred and Sixty acres, then this agreement shall be null and void—otherwise to Remain in full force—as

Witness My hand and Seal this Third day of December—Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Six.

(Signed) William McGaa Seal

Attest

James Huner (Signed) (Seal)

Frederick Smith (Signed) (Seal)

John Franklin Spalding, Bishop of Colorado*

SARAH GRISWOLD SPALDING

After short rectorates in Maine and Rhode Island, John Franklin Spalding became rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pennsylvania, and for the first time in his life, except for his seminary days, lived west of New England. He made at once a tremendous impression in Erie. He was very tall and handsome and full of energy and enthusiasm. He revived the old parish of St. Paul's, built a beautiful new stone church, quadrupled the Sunday School and built four missions in different sections of the city. But what was destined to become of the most importance in his life was his marriage to an Erie girl.

There was living in Erie at this time a young woman, pretty, vivacious, very well educated, the daughter of the leading banker of the city, who was also the chief elder in the Presbyterian Church there. One night she went to a reception at the home of a friend who lived in a pleasant house just back of St. Paul's Church. She was having rather a stupid time when she saw the new Episcopal minister. She said to a friend, "He looks interesting and as if he might have something worth while to talk about, I wish you would

*Continued from the preceding issue.—Ed.

introduce me." This her friend did, and they met for the first time. In three weeks they were engaged to be married. This caused a great stir, not only in St. Paul's parish, where young women wondered why their rector should have had to go outside the fold to find himself a wife, but in the Presbyterian circles, where marrying an Episcopal minister was next door to marrying a Papist. Although her parents agreed to the match, her older sister never quite forgave her in her heart. She said one day to one of their children, "If you children are saved, it will be because of the Presbyterian blood in your veins," and again she exclaimed, "if only your mother had not married your father, you would all be good Presbyterians." Her uncle absolutely refused to come into her house after her marriage or enter the church, although it was almost next door to his own house. However, she was married from her father's house in 1864, during the Civil War, when it was very hard to get materials for her trousseau. Her daughters have recently given her white silk wedding dress, heavy ribbed silk, veil, slippers, and a photograph of the bride in the wedding dress to the Historical Museum in Erie, where they were most gladly received.

The young bride had studied Greek and Latin, French and Italian, but she knew nothing of housekeeping. Her husband, who, as we have seen, had had no real home and had since his boyhood lived in boarding houses, knew even less. Fortunately, her father had given her a house directly opposite his own, so that whenever she got into trouble, as she frequently did in those early days, she could run over to her mother's for help and advice. She must have been helped to understand her husband by a letter which she received from an old friend, a retired naval officer. He told her that she must realize that she was marrying a man much older than herself (there was a difference of twelve years in their ages), devoted to his profession, a student and a scholar, who had never had a home of his own and had been brought up in a very different way from herself, and the success of their marriage would depend very much upon her sympathy and her imagination. At all events the marriage did turn out to be a very happy one.

During their brief courtship, he seems not only to have called frequently upon her, reading poetry and other books to her, but between times he wrote to her. These letters his daughters came across recently and they were much impressed by this correspondence, in which the young lover told her of his own shortcomings, his shyness and bashfulness and timidity, his tendency to self-repression and his deep reserve, and how he recognized in her all the things which he himself lacked, and how necessary it was for them to have absolute confidence in each other, to share their thoughts and experiences and to believe entirely in their deep love for each other. In spite of the

twelve years' difference in their ages, there was always a deep companionship between them and a lively interest in whatever each was doing.

Their first child, a son, was born nearly a year after their marriage, and his mother often wondered how he ever lived to grow up, for she thought that there never had been as ignorant a young mother as she was; in those days there were not the aids to young mothers that there are nowadays, and the mother and baby had to learn by the trial and error method. He was followed the next year by another boy and in another seventeen months by a little girl. Then after about three years a third son was born and fourteen months after a little girl. So that within eight years there were five children. In spite of this large family, their mother had learned not only to take care of them, of her husband, of their house, but also to do church work, for by this time she had become an ardent member of her husband's church.

And then into this happy family and church life a bombshell struck. Without any warning of what was to come, he received a telegram saying that he had been elected Bishop of Colorado and Wyoming, with oversight over Arizona and New Mexico—all unknown country to him in the far-away West, away from all his friends and interests. Here he was in a city of which he could say in a letter to his wife years after to give his love to everyone in Erie, for "I do not believe there is a person in Erie I do not love," and this love was reciprocated so that no one ever really took his place in the love and faithful memories of his old parishioners. For the first time in his life he had a home of his own, a devoted wife and a growing family. What a wrench to leave all this for an unknown land and unknown conditions and work! In a letter to a classmate of his at the seminary he wrote: "I cannot express the comfort brought me in this trying time by such letters as yours from a dear old friend. . . . What shall I do? You tell me in your letter and all my church principles lead me to agree in the considerations you present. But I feel very unfit, unworthy and incompetent. The only course seems to be to go forward, trusting Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always," and "My grace is sufficient for thee."

With his devotion to the Church he had entered with such serious study and convictions, the decision to go was a foregone conclusion. Many questions arose: should he go alone and let his family follow him, or should they all go together even though there might be difficulties in the way of taking a family of which the oldest was but eight and the youngest fourteen months? Finally it was decided that all should go out together, and in February, 1874, but three months after his election, they started out. There were, of course, at that time, sleeping cars, but no dining cars, and the fam-

ily, augmented by two colored women, a cook and a nurse, carried with them a clothes basket full of food. Indeed, for many years in their biennial visits back to the grandparents' home in Erie, the big basket full of food had to be taken with them. The trip at that time took about four days and nights.

When they arrived in Denver, they were treated most heartily. One of the clergymen of the district said he was not sure whether the new Bishop had five children under eight or eight under five! The following is a note written by the mother of the five to her parents and sister in Erie just after their arrival: "I must stop and put in a few words to tell you how perfectly delightful this house is. I can't describe it now for I have not time. The parlor is furnished *beautifully*, lace curtains, a lovely Brussels carpet and deep chairs of a fashionable shade—a kind of yellow brown. The dining room with a new carpet on and the table beautifully set. My own things look like new, my bed all made up and the children's opening out of it all *so* nicely fixed. Several ladies were here, but they have all considerably gone home and the children are running wild over the house. Several rooms upstairs are furnished too. Now I must stop and fix up something for supper. I do wish you could see how nicely we are fixed. All send love." This was the old Bishop's House, 410 Champa Street, between 16th and 17th, where Kistler's store is now.

It may be interesting to describe this old Bishop's House. It was a two-story red brick house with a Mansard roof and no porches. The front door opened into a wide hall which ran the length of the building. On the right was, first, the Bishop's study, then the family sitting room with a closet in which were put the games, coats, hats, etc., each child having his own hook, and a large bay window in which geraniums and other plants grew throughout the winter on wire stands, the kind popular in Victorian times; back of this was the parents' bedroom with the crib for the youngest at its foot and then the bathroom with its tin tub. All these rooms opened into each other and also in the hall. To the left of the hall were the parlor, dining room and kitchen, also opening into each other. The parlor was furnished with the walnut chairs and sofa mentioned in the letter, the backs of which were carved with a woman's head projecting from an ornate design; they were upholstered in a yellowish colored rep, which lasted throughout the Bishop's twenty-eight years, and were then given to Wolfe Hall, the church school for girls. The height of the ceilings downstairs was about fifteen feet and the upstairs only eight. Upstairs were the bedrooms, a sink in which the wash water could be poured and fresh water to fill the pitchers for the wash-stands in every room, and a playroom in which the boys had a printing press and a scroll saw. The oldest boy made

calling cards for the girls next door, and he also made many things for his parents' Christmas presents, for example a clock, and a paper knife which is still in existence. The front room on the right above the study was occupied by a Sister of the Church, who helped in the missionary life of the city, Sister Eliza. She got her own meals outside. The children went to her room only occasionally, when they were asked. The house had a furnace which the boys as they grew older looked after, but the house was very cold in winter and later a large steam radiator, connected with the school next door, was put in, with a large marble top on which the children used to sit to get warm. Outside there was a very large back yard, in which the boys made a cave and cooked meals, and a front yard in grass, upon which afterwards were built several one-story stores, for the house was only half a block away from the principal business street. Along the street in front ran little irrigating ditches, on which the children loved to sail chips of wood as boats, and along the street ran a horse car. The population of Denver at this time was about 20,000.

However many misgivings they may have had in coming to this new work and this new country, they soon became reconciled and in later years nothing would have induced the mother of this family to move back to Erie. After her parents and sister had come out to visit her, she was terribly homesick, but after she had been back to visit them, she came back perfectly satisfied and from that time on had no regrets about living in the West.

As for the new Bishop, he had so much to do he had no time for regrets and as, like his father before him, he was a tremendous worker, he threw himself into his new job with energy and enthusiasm and wisdom.

In a little compilation about his father, his second son wrote: "A man of great physical strength and energy, in addition to faith, hope and earnest religious convictions, he increased the number of his clergy in Colorado during his episcopate of twenty-eight years from seven to ninety-three; the number of communicants increased from 500 to 5,150; the number of church buildings from seven to one hundred, and the appraised value of church property, including institutions, increased from \$30,000 to \$1,150,000, excluding mortgages."

He carried on the work in the vast region assigned to him with untiring energy and vigor, riding on horseback or in stage coaches and wagons where there were no railways, holding services in buildings of all kinds, even in saloons and gambling halls where there were no churches; one gambler who passed his hat for offerings enforced a demand for an increased contribution from a quarter to a dollar, at the point of his revolver.

The result of his vigorous work was to build up a diocese ranked as fifth in strength in the country and to establish it on such a firm financial basis that it was said of him that if he had not been a bishop, he had the necessary qualifications to fit him to become treasurer of the United States. He was also noted for his scholarly attainments and one of his books, *The Best Mode of Working a Parish*, is used as a text book in two theological seminaries.

At the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Bishop, he received letters of congratulation from bishops and clergy in every diocese in the United States and many from England.

Bishop Boyd Vincent of Southern Ohio said of him in a memorial sermon: "If looking back at his whole ministry, we were to try to sum it all up in a single word, that word would be—'Accomplishment'."

Instead of being at home to watch his children grow and to help his wife in bringing them up, he was now away from home for weeks at a time, and when at home, had to catch up with a great mass of business and correspondence, so that he was really a stranger to his children, and their discipline and life had to be managed by the mother almost entirely, but she was perfectly competent to do this and at the same time visit the strangers and sick who were continually coming to Denver; to help her husband start St. Luke's Hospital, in which she was always vitally interested; to exercise hospitality to the clergy and their wives; to be ready at any time to offer them meals or a bed, or both; and to make the children's clothes, even suits for the boys.

The outward accomplishments of the Bishop's work can be read in pamphlets and articles, so I shall quote from some of his letters. He and his wife corresponded practically daily and this had to compensate him for the loss of the home life which for a few years in Erie had meant so much to him.

These are some of the letters he wrote his wife:

Del Norte, Colorado, July 14, 1876

I received your letter this morning and need not say how delighted I was to hear from you. We got in about one a. m. from Fort Garland. I had a very nice time there. I forget whether I wrote you that I visited the Blackmores, the English family I spoke of, and spent Wednesday night there. In the evening we drove over to San Luis, about three miles, a Mexican village built in Mexican style. There I baptized two children. It is very pleasant to visit these cultivated English people at their homes. They have such a faculty of making things comfortable about them. They bring with them a few good articles of furniture, some fine engravings, a painting or two, photographs, etc. For mats they have bear skins, deer skins, buffalo robes, etc., and on the lounges, easy chairs, etc. The Blackmore's house is an old adobe, one story house, the roof flat and made of earth. The dining room floor is of earth also, covered with carpet. The parlor ceiling is of brush placed over the timbers, straw covering

the brush and earth covering that. And yet it is one of the nicest parlors or sitting rooms you ever saw. They were very much pleased at my visit and gave us a most cordial welcome. I wish you could be with me. I am nicely quartered.

July 16, 1876

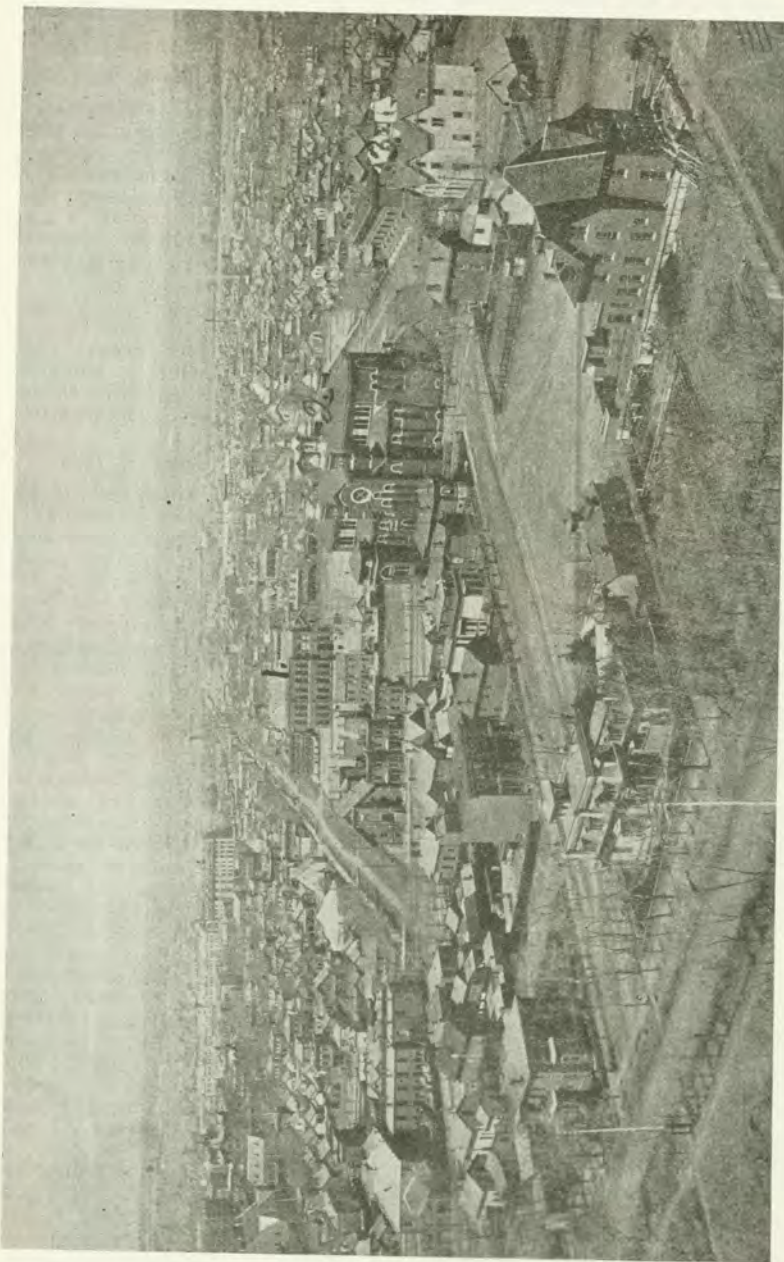
I must write today for tomorrow morning we expect to start early for Lake City and I shall have no opportunity to write again for two or three days. It may be three or four days possibly before you can hear from me again as the mails are less frequent from Lake City than from here. We made calls all day yesterday, walking long distances. It was work necessary to be done. In spite of all, I am better than when I left Denver and I believe the trip will do me good. I wish you could be with me and enjoy this fine climate and magnificent scenery, but the traveling might be rather hard for you * * * I think that you arranged matters at home in the best manner possible. I hope that you will be entirely without anxiety and devote yourself to rest and pleasure with the children (at Bear Creek). You are all the time in my thoughts. Nothing in the world is so much to me as you are. So do all you can to make your vacation beneficial physically and in every way. * * * Kiss each of the dear children for me * * *. With all love.

Hillarton, August 25, 1880

So I came to Hillarton after all. Finding that I would have to go back to Gunnison again to get out by the way I came over the Marshall Pass to South Arkansas, I determined to go by the Alpine where I can take a buckboard for a few miles and connect at Hortense with the St. P. and P. Ry. To come here was not over ten miles out of my way and only takes a day longer. So I got a pony of Mr. Irwin, who used to be in the market of Denver, for two days * * * and rode over to Virginia City, fifteen miles this morning and down here two miles further, having luckily found a chance, or Mr. Mills (hardware man of Denver) finding one for me, to send my valise over to Alpine. So I hold service here tonight and leave at six in the morning for Alpine, eighteen or twenty miles, so as to get here at noon. The mail carrier will then take the horse to Pitkin tomorrow night. I was greatly pleased with my Pitkin service. The hall which is large was filled. There must have been at least one hundred and seventy-five, mostly men. As there were no prayer books we used hymns and chants. There were plenty of Moody and Sankey Gospel hymns as there usually are everywhere and fortunately they have Rock of Ages, I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord, Nearer My God to Thee, All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name, Jesus, Lover of My Soul, etc., etc. So we had very good singing and a spirited service. I preached with ease and animation, extempore, as I am learning to do now, most of my preaching on this trip, in fact all this side of Leadville, has been extempore. The people paid my bill, which is not always done. Yesterday was St. Bartholomew's Day so I proposed to call the church at Pitkin, St. Bartholomew. It is a pretty place, quite large for its age—a year old—has probably one thousand people but is now very dull. The ride this morning took me far above timberline, affording a magnificent view of the mountains and valleys. I saw Virginia City and Hillarton from afar in a very pretty valley. Virginia City is not especially well situated but Hillarton is indeed lovely for situation. I don't think I have ever seen in the mountains so charming a site for a town. But the altitude is too high for winter, the snows being too deep.

Denver, August 6, 1881

Back after a trip full of business and things to settle, etc. Home doesn't seem much like home without you. To come back and not find you is desolate enough. It makes me homesick. My room was



PANORAMA OF DENVER, 1882
 1, East Denver High School (first wing) ; 2, St. John's Cathedral; 3, Second Jarvis Hall

all ready and nice but I was awake a long time thinking of you and the children. But I have no time for homesickness. Work, work, work will occupy me till you come—

Silverton, July 22, 1883

I am very anxious for the house (Matthews Hall, the second Bishop's house, on Glenarm and 20th) to suit you. You are so good and true that you deserve everything from me and it grieves me to think how poor a husband I am and how unworthy of you and all your goodness. Don't worry about me. The two months will quickly pass and I pray and trust God will bring us all together again—a united and happy family.

The second Bishop's House was built about 1882 near the new Cathedral, about a mile northeast of the old one. It was a large three story red brick house with a porch in front and one at the side opening out of the Bishop's study, so that the clergy could enter it directly without having to go through the house. Back of the study was another library with books for the theological library. The house was called Matthews' Hall, because built partly with money a Mr. Matthews had given for a theological school, which the Bishop administered, using a part of the house for this purpose. There were on the second floor eight good sized rooms and one bath-room. The third floor was left unfinished until the boys came home from college and then two bed rooms were finished off and a long room down one whole side of the house, which housed more books for the clergy and all the pamphlets, catalogues, convocation and convention reports, etc. There was a small stage at one end, where the Sunday School classes, conducted by the daughters, staged plays and entertainments. The house was a pleasant one, with fire places in most of the rooms and enough spare room to entertain almost continuously clergymen and even whole families of clergymen on their way to new parishes somewhere in the diocese. There were large grounds and even a tennis court. At one time the youngest children built what they called a candy-kitchen with a water-proof roof made of straightened out and unsoldered cans. On the site of Matthews Hall now stand the School of Commerce of the Denver University and St. Andrew's Church and clergy house. The room which was called the guest room was furnished with the big walnut bed in which Bishop Randall, Bishop Spalding's predecessor, had died and the marble-topped bureau, washstand and table. His books not only filled the walls of his study to the ceiling, with a high ladder to reach the ones on the top shelves, but he had also collected a large library for the theological students. In his will he left all his books to the Diocese after his children had taken the ones they wanted.

Letters of Bishop Spalding to his wife continued:

Durango, July 18, 1883.

I shall expect to hear from you at Silverton and then at Ouray and again at Denver about August 2nd or 3rd. I do wish you could be with me. There are so many things to talk over and I do love you and would have you with me always if it were possible. No need of sending things to be mended, I can get along nicely till the last of September. Lovingly your husband.

Silverton, July 22, 1883.

Your letter came last night as I expected and desired it should and it gave me great pleasure tho of course I was very sorry to hear that W. was ill. The boys both studied hard and needed rest. Perhaps they have played too hard. It is not likely that the moving of the things into Wolfe Hall hurt them as it was exercise they rather needed and they were about a month at it. There were no very heavy things to lift and carry. I don't imagine they think they injured themselves in any way. The vacation will do them good and I hope they will be prepared to enter upon their college work with vigor and strong confidence of success. . . .

This morning was pleasant. A good congregation. Miss Orr had got home with her parents from the trout lakes in time last night to have a practice. They had a very nice choir ready as I supposed. But this morning no choir appeared. I explained the service for some ten minutes waiting for them but they did not come. I was greatly disappointed to have to read the Canticles but we sang the hymns, Mr. Roberts playing the organ for us. We had a good congregation and there were ten communicants. . . . One never knows what these mountain towns will be. This is a prosperous place now but the church people of the present may be all away in a few years and none in these places. I do not worry about it. It may all turn out for the best. . . .

I am to be at Ouray Wednesday night and till Monday and thence to Alamosa, Del Norte, Saguache and Villa Grove and home again August 9th and I think shall then remain at home a week or ten days preparatory to going to Laramie, Rawlins, the Shoshone Agency and Evanston, from which trip I hope to be at home the evening of September 4th. Then I shall have two or three short visitations to make and leave for the east so as to be at the Consecration of the Cathedral at Omaha Sept. 20 if it be not postponed.

Leadville, June 17, 1884.

I am spending most of each day calling. It is like old days in Erie. I am quite sure I could work up a grand parish here. The days are as nearly perfect as to weather as possible, sunny and warm. But the nights are very cold, this house is frame and very cold. It is not very pleasant. Here in the parlor it is comfortable enough. It is now almost four p. m. I don't think I will call much more today. I get tired. I have had a horse and sleigh yesterday and today with Rev. Mr. White, the English clergyman, who has been here two or three years, to drive.

Here are a few letters to his children:

[To his oldest son, aged 8.]

Camden, Maine, July 24, 1873.

You improve writing so fast that I will write this letter to you. Yesterday I went up to Hope. See if you can find it on the map in Colton's Atlas. I saw many old friends who used to be school-mates twenty-five or six years ago and some who went to school to me longer ago than that. . . . You must go on improving in writing. I am sorry you could not stay down at Uncle William's. But never mind, in a

year or two you will learn to take care of yourself better. I think you are a very good boy. I like to have my boys lively and smart. As you grow older I have no fear that we can trust you anywhere. I am well and strong. This sea air is good and I like it very much.

[To the same son, aged 9.]

Santa Fe, New Mexico, June 13, 1874.

I am going to write you this letter. I will write it plain so that you can read every word. I am glad to hear that you are all so good. . . .

This is like a foreign country. The houses are nearly all one story high, flat roof, one room deep and long enough for several rooms. The better houses are built around a court, called a *placita*. In this court there is often a garden and trees, shade trees and fruit trees growing. The rooms are all around the court or *placita*. In some houses the only entrance is from the street into each of the rooms. In some the doors all open from the *placita*.

These houses are all built of *adobe*, that is, sun-dried bricks and generally plastered over with the same kind of mud of which the bricks are made and sometimes painted or colored with some kind of wash, mostly yellow up half as high as the windows. The flat roofs are also made of earth, poles are put across close together and then earth is piled on till it is about a foot thick all over the top. On the top of the roofs the grass grows, if there is sufficient rain. The roof is generally made to project over the front of the house about six feet, a row of wooden columns supports it. This is called the portal and makes a nice shady place to sit.

Most of the houses have earth floors on the level with the street. The fences around the gardens behind the house are made of adobe brick. The Mexicans plough with a crooked stick and have carts with wooden wheels made of planks(?) and have all sorts of primitive contrivances. But this is a beautiful country.

I can write no more now. Be sure and read this all yourself.

[To his second son, aged nearly 7.]

Cimarron, New Mexico, June 18, 1874.

I wrote to F. the other day from Santa Fe and now I will write to you from Cimarron. This place is entirely different from all other towns in New Mexico. The houses are built in the American and English manner, but mostly of one story or a story and a half, with pointed gables, and frequently a gable over the front door when the same is on the side of the house fronting on the street and the house is double. There are a lot of Indians about here. They have a camp nearby. This reminds me to tell you about the Pueblo Indians.

I visited a town of theirs on Monday last, nine miles from Santa Fe. The Pueblos always lived in towns or villages and are more civilized than other Indians like the Apaches about here or the Utes in Colorado. They are cultivators of the soil and are quite as good farmers as the Mexicans. Their houses are built of *adobe*, that is, sun-dried bricks such as the Israelites made in Egypt, straw being mixed in the clay. They are two or more stories high, the upper stories being narrower so that there are two or more ascents by means of ladders. They always enter their houses by going up a ladder to the second story or the third, etc.

I saw some Indians, men, women and children making flower pots and other things of pottery which they ornament with paint very beautifully. I saw an Indian ploughing with a yoke of oxen. The plow was made of wood such as was used by the ancient Egyptians. You will see pictures of them in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.

and such as many Mexicans still use. The yoke was tied to the oxen's horns with thongs made of buffalo hides—a thong fastens the long pole of the plough to the yoke. I am afraid you cannot read a longer letter so I stop. I will tell you the rest. Try to read this all yourself. [Postal card to his youngest daughter, aged 4½.]

Aug. 15, 1877.

My darling little daughter. Mama says you are a good little girl. I thought you would be and I am glad. Are you going to school to Miss Lowry too? Your papa is going away tomorrow and is very busy and can't write much.

Have you got any new dolls? I suppose you have lots of them. Tell the other children I got their letters and was glad to hear from them. Denver is beautiful. The lawn is much finer now than no children run over it. Wolfe Hall yard is very green. From your own papa who loves his little darling daughter.

[To his youngest daughter, aged 5¼.]

I think you will get the doll from Paris and I hope to find one for your sister too. I have no time to write more. Good-bye my dear little daughter and all of you. Your loving father.

[These two dolls are now in the children's department of the Denver Public Library, one was dressed in tan and plum and had long braided hair (real hair which the child was very proud of) the other had a blue and buff dress and light hair. Both had bisque heads and kid bodies.]

[To the same daughter 13 years old on vacation in Erie.]

Aspen, Colorado.

Don't think because I have written to all the rest that I forget you or am going to slight you. I have time while resting this morning to write you a little short letter. But I don't know what exactly to write, except to say that I hope you are having a good, jolly, time at Erie, playing out of doors and romping as much as a nice little lady like yourself can romp. Next year at Wolfe Hall you will study very hard and you must lay up a good stock of health. If you read any, read Goldsmith's Deserted Village. It is a very beautiful poem worth learning by heart. How long would it take you to commit it to memory? This is a very pretty place surrounded by mountains. It is on level ground beside the Roaring Fork of the Grand River. How nice it is for you all to be together this summer. Whom do you find to play with? The boys ought to take you and your sister out rowing, or is mama afraid to let you and them go out on the lake.

With much love to my darling child from her father.

(To be continued.)