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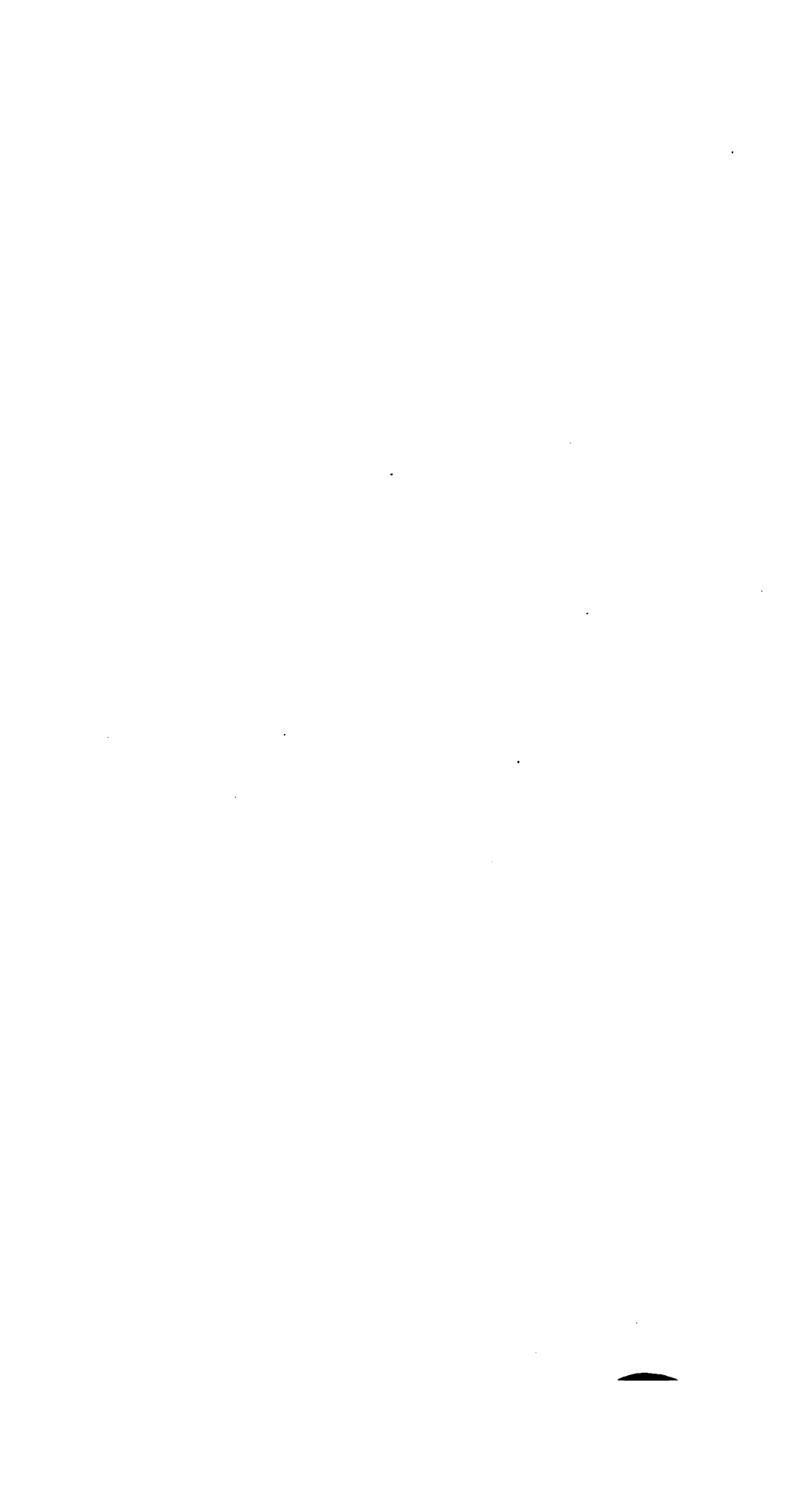
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THE ANNALS OF IOWA

A HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

VOLUME NINETEEN—THIRD SERIES

EDITED BY
EDGAR R. HARLAN
CURATOR

PUBLISHED BY THE
HISTORICAL, MEMORIAL AND ART
DEPARTMENT OF IOWA
DES MOINES
1933-1935

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THE STATUTE LAWS
OF THE
TERRITORY OF IOWA,

**ENACTED AT THE FIRST SESSION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
OF SAID TERRITORY, HELD AT BURLINGTON, A. D. 1838-'39.**

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY,

DU BUQUE
RUSSELL & REEVES, PRINTERS.
1839.
(See page 9 of the following article.)

43 ANNALS OF IOWA

VOL. XIX, No. 1

DES MOINES, IOWA, JULY, 1933

THIRD SERIES

THE BEGINNINGS OF PRINTING IN IOWA

By DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE

The honor of establishing the first press in what is now the state of Iowa must be awarded to John King, who was responsible for the first printing at Dubuque in 1836. King was not a practical printer himself. He had come to the village of Dubuque in 1834 and decided soon thereafter that this was a fertile field for a newspaper. So he returned to Ohio in the fall of 1835 to procure equipment and enlist technical assistance. At Chillicothe he contracted for the services of William Cary Jones, an experienced printer, and the two proceeded to Cincinnati, where a Washington hand press and an assortment of types were purchased. Another printer, Andrew Keesecker, of Galena, Illinois, was also employed. The equipment of this pioneer office was shipped by boat to Dubuque, where it was set up and used to print the *Du Buque Visitor*,¹ the first issue of this weekly appearing May 11, 1836.

Iowa had originally been a part of the vast Province of Louisiana which had been successively under French, Spanish, again French, and finally United States sovereignty. Missouri Territory was given jurisdiction over this area in 1812, but lost this in 1820 on its admission to statehood. From that date until 1834 Iowa was a "no man's land" so far as the exercise of governmental authority was concerned, but this was of small consequence because there were few white people resident there.

On June 28, 1834, the area was assigned to Michigan Territory and a few months later Dubuque and Des Moines counties were created, both embracing a very large area. Dubuque was the leading community, largely because of the lead mines located there and its accessibility by water, and boasted a population of nearly a thousand souls. Wisconsin Territory was created

¹David C. Mott, *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Ser., Vol. XVI, p. 177; John C. Parish, "Three Men and a Press," *The Palimpsest*, Vol. I, pp. 50-60.

Another version of the story is that the press was removed from St. Paul in 1855 to Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, and used in printing the *Sauk Rapids Frontiersman*. It was used by several other papers and in 1897 was moved to Lindstrom and used to print a Swedish newspaper. A press, claimed to be the original press used by John King in Iowa, is today in the Minnesota Historical Society, sharing honors with its sister in the South Dakota Masonic Museum of Sioux Falls. The authenticity of this press is vouched for by Frank Moore, formerly pressroom foreman of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*.⁶

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"We respectfully invite original communications from our literary friends, at home and abroad, upon all subjects of interest and importance; and shall ourselves spare no pains to make the paper, in all its departments, acceptable and useful to its readers. To persons abroad, who think of emigrating to this finest country in the world, we think it cannot but be a desirable medium of information.

"With these remarks, we present our paper to the public, and return our thanks for the liberal patronage already afforded, and promised, to our hazardous enterprise; and at the same time beg leave to state, that there is yet room and to spare, on our subscription list and in our advertising columns, which we shall be glad to fill."

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If we consider the *Visitor* and *News* as one publication, the second Dubuque paper was the *Miners' Express*, established August 1, 1841, by Lewis A. Thomas. In 1842 he sold the paper to

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July 3, 1836, and the land which is now Iowa came within the boundaries of this new territory, which chose for its capital first Belmont (within the present limits of Wisconsin) and, second, Burlington (now in Iowa)—Dubuque's rival. Iowa Territory was created in 1838, Burlington becoming the capital of this new state in the making, and so continued until 1841, when Iowa City was chosen as the seat of government.

To return to the infant *Du Buque Visitor*, its first date line designated the place of publication as Du Buque (Lead Mines), Wisconsin Territory, May 11, 1836, though at that time the town was a part of Michigan Territory. The act establishing Wisconsin Territory had, however, been passed, although it was not to become effective until July 3, 1836. The enterprising publisher was thus anticipating the approaching political sovereignty of this frontier town.

John King's two assistants and even his printing press had interesting histories. William Cary Jones was hired for the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars "with suitable board and lodging during one year" to act as foreman of the printing office and general editorial assistant. He later edited and published a paper in New Orleans and practiced law in San Francisco, where he died about 1880. During the Civil War he served as a captain in the Union Army and was captured and held prisoner at Selma, Alabama. While in prison he printed a paper by hand on the walls of one of the rooms.²

Andrew Keesecker remained in Dubuque most of the time from his arrival there with King until his death in 1870 while he was working at the case in the print shop of the *Dubuque Herald*. Keesecker was a member of the *Du Buque Visitor* staff until the paper changed its name in the summer of 1837. He was later co-publisher of the *Dubuque Miner's Express* most of the time from 1842 till 1854. In 1847 he introduced the press to Andrew, Iowa, when he established the *Western Democrat* there, continuing it until 1849. He became co-publisher of the *Dubuque Herald* in 1860 and remained with that paper until his death.³

²See Parish, *op. cit.* Perhaps William Cary Jones was the same W. C. Jones who published the Lexington, Kentucky, *North American Literary and Political Register* in 1826. In 1854 the *Rock Bottom*, printed at Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), Iowa, for Florence, Nebraska, was published by W. C. Jones.

³For a poem in memory of Andrew Keesecker, who died while working at the case on the *Dubuque Herald*, see *Fourteenth Annual Session of the Wisconsin Editorial Association*, 1870 (Madison, Wis., 1870), pp. 29-31.

Keesecker had a considerable reputation as a typesetter, being able to compose an editorial as he set it up in type without bothering to reduce it to manuscript, and he also acted as pressman in printing the first issues of the *Du Buque Visitor*. Once he engaged in a typesetting contest with A. P. Wood, another Dubuque printer. A printer's devil acted as umpire, and the two men were to set up the Lord's Prayer. The winner was to announce his success by saying "Amen." Keesecker finished first, but he stuttered so badly that Wood also completed his work and was able to announce its completion while Keesecker was still stammering with excitement. The umpire finally awarded the decision to Keesecker.⁴

The first Iowa press was a Washington hand model, made in Cincinnati by Charles Mallet. For six years it was used in Dubuque, and then it was sold and removed to Lancaster, in western Wisconsin, where the *Grant County Herald* was published on it.⁵ In a few years J. M. Goodhue bought the press and, after printing with it a while at Lancaster, carried it by ox team up the Mississippi on the ice to St. Paul. Here he used it in printing the first Minnesota newspaper, the *Minnesota Pioneer*. So far it had printed the first papers in two states, and the *Grant County Herald* was the first publication in the western part of Wisconsin.

Two stories are told concerning the history of the press after it reached St. Paul. One story is that it was taken westward in 1858 by ox team across the prairies to the Sioux Falls settlement in South Dakota, where it printed the *Dakota Democrat*, the first newspaper in that state. In 1862 a band of Sioux Indians raided and burned the town, destroying the press in the fire. Its twisted and warped remains are still preserved in the Masonic Museum at Sioux Falls as a memento of the first paper in South Dakota, and of the first papers in Iowa and Minnesota as well. This story is supported by the statements of Samuel J. Albright of St. Paul, who operated the press there and later in Sioux Falls, and who insisted that the Dakota press was the same one which had begun its wanderings in Ohio and then came through Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota to Dakota.

⁴Parish, *op. cit.*

⁵Douglas C. McMurtrie, *Early Printing in Wisconsin*, pp. 54, 95.

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Andrew Keesecker and D. S. Wilson. George Greene became the publisher in 1845, and three years later he was succeeded by the pioneer Andrew Keesecker in partnership with Harrison Holt. There were various other owners, but Keesecker remained associated with the *Miners' Express* until it was absorbed by the *Dubuque Herald* in 1854.

The third paper was the *Iowa Transcript*, founded by H. H. Houghton in May, 1843. Before its suspension in 1845, when the office was moved to Rock Island, the paper was owned by Royal Cooper, W. W. Hamilton, Henry Wharton, and Orlando McCraney. The *Dubuque Tribune* was established early in 1847 by A. P. Wood. W. A. Adams and A. W. Hackley became the publishers in 1854, and Hackley was sole owner and editor the following year. In 1857 the *Tribune* acquired the *Dubuque Republican*, begun two years earlier, and the combined papers continued as the *Tribune* until about 1860. The *Democratic Telegraph* was another early Dubuque paper, established in 1848 by Orlando McCraney and continued until 1852, part of the time with editorial assistance from W. W. Coriell. In 1852 it was absorbed by the *Tribune*, and the materials were taken to Fairfield.

Iowa, it will be remembered, was a part of Wisconsin Territory at the time that printing began at Dubuque. The Wisconsin territorial legislature was in special session at Burlington in June, 1838, when the act which created Iowa Territory was passed. The first session of the territorial legislature of Iowa met at Burlington in November, 1838, and the earliest printed document of the new government which is now extant was printed in connection with that session. This interesting document will be noted below, in connection with the establishment of the press at Burlington. But the Dubuque firm of Russell & Reeves, already mentioned as publishers of the *Iowa News* in John King's pioneer printing establishment, received appointment as official printers for the Iowa Territorial Council. Thus the *Journal of the Council of the First Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa*, "begun and held at the city of Burlington, on the twelfth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight," appeared with the imprint "DuBuque: Russell & Reeves, Printers. 1839." It contained 226 pages. In the same year this firm

also printed *The Statute Laws of the Territory of Iowa*, enacted at the first session of the territorial legislature—a book of 597 pages. (See frontispiece for reproduction of its title page.)

In 1841 part of the territorial printing was again done at Dubuque when the journal of the *House of Representatives of the Third Legislative Assembly* was published with the imprint: "Dubuque: W. W. Coriell, Printer. 1841." This was done during a period of suspension for Coriell's *Iowa News*. The journals of the House of Representatives for the Fourth and Sixth legislative assemblies were also printed at Dubuque, in 1842 and 1844 respectively, by Wilson and Keesecker, of the *Miners' Express*. Their successor with the *Miners' Express*, George Greene, did the last of the territorial printing which was done at Dubuque when he issued the Council journal for the Eighth Assembly, in 1846. It was also George Greene who "Printed at the Office of the Miners' Express, Dubuque, August, 1846," an interesting *Masonic Oration, delivered by S. Hempstead, Esq., on St. John's Day, June 24, 1846*.

Dubuque is on the Mississippi just opposite the dividing line between Wisconsin and Illinois, but the next printing point in Iowa was Montrose, also on the Mississippi, but in the extreme southeastern corner of the state. Montrose was only just laid out and was a town in the making rather than an established community when Dr. Isaac Galland, later famous for his Mormon activities, established the *Western Adventurer and Herald of the Upper Mississippi* on June 28, 1837. The motive for its establishment was real estate development, and as it was issued in answer to no real demand, its life was short. It suspended about a year later.

Dr. Galland had purchased Thomas Gregg's *Carthaginian* and brought it and Mr. Gregg from Carthage, Illinois, to publish the new paper. The prospectus published in the first number of the *Western Adventurer* announced: "The 'Carthaginian' published at Carthage, Illinois, has been discontinued. In the month of June next will be commenced by the same Editor and publisher, at Montrose, (late Fort Des Moines) Wisconsin Territory, (Head of the Des Moines Rapids of the Mississippi) a new paper with the above title [Western Adventurer]. It will be devoted to a history and description of the Western country.

Terms. The *Western Adventurer* will be published Weekly on a large Double Medium sheet, (about the same as the Alton Observer, and the Louisville City Gazette,) printed with good type, and making weekly 28 columns of matter, at Three Dollars per annum, in advance, or Four Dollars if payment be delayed six months."

The first number of the *Western Adventurer* also carried proposals for two other publications to be issued at Montrose by Gregg and Galland. These were *The Western Emigrants' Magazine*, and *Historian of Times in the West*, "A New Monthly Periodical about to be commenced at Montrose, (late Fort Des Moines) Wisconsin Territory," and *Chronicles of the North American Savages*. Gregg was to edit the *Emigrants' Magazine*, which was to be "printed on a Double Mediant Sheet, of good quality, in the Octavo form, making a yearly volume of about 200 large pages of three columns [*sic*] each, with a title page and Index at the close of the year." Galland announced himself as editor of the *Chronicles*, to be "published monthly, in pamphlet form, containing sixteen octavo pages to each number." Both these publications seem to have been temporarily issued at Carthage⁸ before Galland moved the press to Montrose, and according to the first number of the *Western Adventurer*, the *Chronicles* "were published some time since at Cincinnati."⁹

After the *Western Adventurer* was suspended in 1838, no paper was published at Montrose until 1847, when Dr. Galland established the *Iowa Advocate and Half-Breed Journal* on August 16, continuing it as late as December of 1847. Thereafter no papers were issued at Montrose during the early period.

Burlington, a few miles above Montrose on the Mississippi, acquired a press about the same time as Montrose. The printer

⁸R. L. Rusk, *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1926), v. 1, p. 202, says the *Chronicles* first appeared at Carthage in May, 1835, and that the *Emigrants' Magazine* was begun there in May, 1837.

⁹After his Iowa venture, Dr. Galland is known in connection with the *New Citizen*, an anti-Masonic paper issued at Nauvoo, Illinois, which he edited in 1846 for Samuel Slocum.

Thomas Gregg had published the *Carthaginian* in 1836 and 1837 before moving to Iowa, and he afterwards returned to Illinois to publish a series of papers at Warsaw: the *Message*, in 1843 and 1844; the *Signal*, from 1847 to 1853; and the *Temperance Crusader*, in 1854. In 1845 he returned to Iowa long enough to publish the *Iowa Morning Star* at Keokuk for a few weeks. He edited the Plymouth, Illinois, *Locomotive* in 1857, and the Hamilton, Illinois, *Representative* from 1859 to 1862. From 1873 to 1875 he published *Gregg's Dollar Monthly* and *Old Settler's Memorial* from 1873 to 1875 at Hamilton and Plymouth. In 1876 and 1877 he published the *Dollar Rural Messenger* at Hamilton and Plymouth, Illinois, and at Keokuk, Iowa. See Franklin W. Scott, *Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879* (Springfield, Ill., 1910), pp. 45, 195, 286, 348.

was James Clarke, a man with antecedent experience in pioneer newspaper publishing. He had been the territorial printer of Wisconsin and had established the *Belmont Gazette* at Belmont when the capital was moved to that isolated spot for one legislative session. He was assisted in this enterprise by John B. Russell, who was later to help John King found the first Iowa newspaper. On July 10, 1837, after it had been decided that the next session of the Wisconsin territorial legislature should be held at Burlington, Clarke began the *Wisconsin Territorial Gazette and Burlington Advertiser*. Cyrus S. Jacobs edited the paper until April, 1838. On June 12, 1838, on the erection of Iowa Territory, Clarke changed the name of his paper to *Iowa Territorial Gazette*, and John H. McKenny became his assistant. They continued the paper together until 1842, when Bernhart Henn and James M. Morgan became the owners. Clarke in 1845 became the third and last territorial governor of Iowa. In 1845 and again from 1848 until his death in July 1850, Clarke was associated with the *Territorial Gazette*. As the *Burlington Gazette*, this paper is still published and is the oldest in Iowa.

Burlington's second paper was the *Iowa Patriot*, established June 6, 1839, by James G. Edwards, previously a publisher at Jacksonville, Illinois, and Fort Madison, Iowa. In September, 1839, the *Iowa Patriot* became the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot*, which at the end of 1844 became the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. Burlington's third independent paper, the *Burlington Telegraph*, established in 1850 by James M. Morgan and John H. McKenny, was absorbed by the *Hawk-Eye* in 1855, and the combined paper is still being issued as the *Hawk-Eye*.

As the temporary seat of the territorial governments first of Wisconsin and then of Iowa, Burlington was quite naturally the first place in Iowa at which official documents were printed. In fact, the first Iowa printing other than newspapers, so far as existing evidence shows, was done at Burlington. James Clarke, in his capacity as official Wisconsin printer, issued there the *Acts Passed at the First and Second Sessions of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wisconsin* with the imprint: "Burlington, W. T. James Clarke, Printer to the Legislative Assembly. 1838." The library of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, at Madison, contains one of the few surviving copies of

this rare volume. The Wisconsin legislature, as has been indicated, met at Burlington in the winter of 1837-38, and again for a special session in June, 1838. The acts of these sessions were printed at Burlington in 1839, but by James G. Edwards, founder of the *Iowa Patriot*. The journals of later sessions of the Wisconsin territorial legislature disclose that Edwards had some difficulty in collecting payment for this work.¹⁰

Soon after the establishment of the territory of Iowa, printers at Burlington were busied with printing for the newly created government. The first session of the Iowa territorial legislature met in November, 1838. In his excellent "Bibliography of the Iowa Territorial Documents" Thomas J. Fitzpatrick lists the printing ordered by the first session of the Council.¹¹ On November 13, 1838, the Council "Resolved, That fifty copies of the law of Congress organizing the Territory of Iowa, be printed for the use of the Council." Of this document, no surviving copy has been found.

On the same date the Council also "Resolved, that five hundred copies of the Governor's Message be printed for the use of the Council, to be paid for out of the contingent fund." No existing copy of this message was of record until early in 1933, when I had the good fortune to discover a copy in the Iowa Masonic Library, at Cedar Rapids. As the earliest extant printed public document of Iowa, it is reproduced herewith.

The governor's message was printed in the form of a broadside about 15¼ by 20½ inches, but with no imprint. However, we can assume that it was printed by James Clarke and John H. McKenny, publishers of the *Territorial Gazette* at Burlington, to whom the new Council seems to have entrusted its printing. For on November 15, 1838, the Council "Resolved, That Messrs. Clarke and M'Kinney [*sic*], publishers of the *Territorial Gazette*, be employed to print on slips, daily copies of the Journal of the proceedings of the Council for the use of the members." None of these ephemeral daily journal slips of this session seems to have survived.

The *Journal of the House of Representatives* of this first ses-

¹⁰*Journal of the House of Representatives*, first session of the second legislative assembly of Wisconsin (Madison, 1838), pp. 127-128; same, second session of the second legislative assembly (Mineral Point, 1839), pp. 258-259. The fault lay partly with Edwards, who had been unable to complete the work on time.

¹¹Fitzpatrick, pp. 258-259.

Bride and the Lamb's Wife, during 1842 and 1843. This became the *Buffalo Ensign*, discontinued in about two years.¹⁵

The second Davenport paper had been established before the suspension of the *Sun*. This was the *Davenport Gazette*, founded August 26, 1841, by Alfred Sanders. He was a native of Ohio who had toured the upper Mississippi in 1840 and decided on Davenport as a fine situation for a new paper. When he returned to Iowa in 1841 he brought with him as an assistant Levi Davis, who had worked with him in Ohio on the *Dayton Journal* when both were boys. They brought with them a printing outfit worth \$700. It was transported by water to Davenport, and in landing the press it was dropped into the river. This accident was afterwards referred to as a fortuitous baptism for the new venture.¹⁶ Davis purchased an interest in the paper in 1854, which passed to Addison H. Sanders in 1857. In 1862 the new Sanders partner gave up his interest and entered the Union Army. His older brother, the founder of the paper, sold out later in the year and retired. The paper was continued until 1887, when it was merged with the *Davenport Democrat*.

Alfred Sanders shared in the widely distributed public printing favors of the territorial days. The *Journal of the Council of the Fifth Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa* was issued with the imprint "Davenport: Alfred Sanders, Printer. 1843." *Introductory Lecture delivered in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Upper Mississippi Session of 1847-50*, by Dr. John F. Sanford, carried the imprint: "Davenport: Sanders & Davis, printers. 1849."

Davenport's third paper was the *Democratic Banner*, established in 1848 by Alexander Montgomery. Theodore Guelch began *Der Demokrat* in 1851, and the *Davenport Bee* was begun in 1854 by De Witt Carey. Nathaniel Hawthorne Parker founded the *Davenport Commercial* in 1854, and the *Iowa State Democrat* was established in 1855 by James T. Hildreth, David N. Richardson, and George R. West.

Muscatine, then known as Bloomington, was the sixth town in Iowa to have a press. A printer by the name of James T. Campbell as early as the summer of 1838 had proposed establishing

¹⁵*Op. cit.*, and Mott, p. 211.

¹⁶*Davenport Democrat*, *Half-Century Edition*, *loc. cit.*

1847, when he sold it to George H. Williams, who changed its name to the *Iowa Statesman*. This became the *Plain Dealer* in 1852 and was published until 1897. The *Journal of the House of Representatives, of the Seventh Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa* was published with the imprint "Fort Madison: Printed by R. Wilson Albright. 1845." Five years later *Strictures on Dr. I. Galland's Pamphlet, entitled, "Villainy Exposed"* by D. W. Kilbourne was issued with the imprint "Fort Madison: Printed at the Statesman Office, 1850."

The fifth printing point in Iowa was Davenport. Here was published on August 4, 1838, the initial number of the *Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News* by Andrew Logan, a printer from Beaver, Pennsylvania.¹³ There were eleven projected Iowa towns clamoring for a newspaper at the time that Logan moved to the state, and he was somewhat put to it to decide whether Davenport or Rockingham, slightly to the south, was the more likely spot for a new publication. Both towns offered inducements, but Davenport finally won by promising the printer several free lots and a subscription list of 500. This number probably represented more than enough papers for every citizen of the town, and it is said that Colonel George Davenport, for whom the new settlement was named, and Antoine Le Claire each took fifty subscriptions to help guarantee the existence of the *Iowa Sun*. Andrew Logan was assisted in printing the paper by his sons, August, aged twelve, and Andrew, aged eight. "Although the new community did well by the new paper, the editor awoke to the attractions and independence of the farmer's life, took up a claim six miles from the city out Allen's Grove way and discontinued his paper in 1842."¹⁴ Logan sold his materials to the firm of Henkle and McClelland, of Buffalo, south of Davenport on the Mississippi. They were the first printers there and issued a Mormon publication known as *The*

¹³Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 210, gives August 4 as the date of establishment. According to him, files of the *Iowa Sun*, beginning with that date, are in the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa at Des Moines. The *Davenport Democrat, Half-Century Edition*, sec. 1, p. 3, col. 1, gives the date of establishment of the *Iowa Sun* as August 15, 1838.

¹⁴*Davenport Democrat, Half-Century Edition, loc. cit.* This article, the source of considerable information concerning Logan and the first Davenport paper, is based on a series of articles by David N. Richardson, founder and publisher of the *Davenport Democrat* for many years, which appeared in the *Democrat* in 1879. Richardson wrote this series at the request of the historical department of the Davenport Academy of Sciences.

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¹⁶*Davenport Democrat*, *Half-Century Edition*, *loc. cit.*

here in October of that year a paper to be known as the *Iowa Banner*,¹⁷ but there is no indication that he was successful in his venture. The next attempt was made two years later. On October 23, 1840, William Crum and W. D. Bailey began at Bloomington the *Iowa Standard*. By April, 1841, Crum became sole owner; the paper was then discontinued and the plant taken to Iowa City, where Crum began the first paper in that town.

Four days after the *Standard* was begun, Thomas Hughes and John B. Russell founded a second Bloomington paper, the *Herald*, first issued on October 27, 1840. Hughes left Muscatine for Iowa City and the *Iowa Capital Reporter* in 1841. Russell was the Wisconsin printer who had published the *Iowa News* at Dubuque from 1837 to 1840. The public printing followed him from Dubuque; the journals of the Third and Fourth territorial assemblies were published there, the former with the imprint: "Bloomington: Russell & Hughes, printers. 1841," and the latter: "Bloomington: Jno. B. Russell, printer. 1842." Russell later became publisher of the *Keokuk Dispatch*.

Iowa City became the seventh printing town in Iowa with the establishment of William Crum's *Iowa City Standard* on June 10, 1841. Iowa City had been selected by the territorial legislature as the new capital, and it naturally became a mecca for printers because of its official position. It was also the first Iowa town not located on the banks of the Mississippi to have a press. A. P. Wood became editor of the *Standard* in 1842. In 1846 it was purchased from Crum by Silas Foster, who made Easton

¹⁷The *Iowa Territorial Gazette and Burlington Advertiser* of August 25, 1838, carried the following notice:

"Prospectus of the 'Iowa Banner.'

"A weekly newspaper to be published in Bloomington, Muscatine County, Iowa Territory; to be devoted to General Politics, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Humour, Sentiment, Poetry, &c. &c. &c.

"The subscriber, being fully aware of the many difficulties to be overcome, in establishing a Press in so young a village as Bloomington, has ventured to submit this prospectus to the public, believing it to be the only proper method of ascertaining the sentiments of those from whom he expects support.

"The 'Banner' will be conducted upon the broad and independent principles of free discussion, which the laws and institutions of our glorious country have guaranteed to every citizen. To be brief, we will only add, that it is our intention to publish just such a paper, as the wants and interests of the people of Iowa Territory require; abstaining from partizan vulgarity, and using our best exertions to render unto each subscriber an equivalent for that which he gives us.

"The first number of the 'Banner' will be issued on the 1st Saturday in October next by which time, it is hoped, all prospectuses containing signatures will be returned to the subscriber.

"The Banner will be printed upon a fine Super-Royal sheet, with beautiful new type, at Three Dollars per year, to be paid invariably on the receipt of the first number.

"James T. Campbell.

"Bloomington, I. T. August 8, 1838."

Morris editor. It was temporarily suspended in 1848, but was revived by Dr. S. M. Ballard, who changed the name to *Iowa City Republican*.

Two other papers were established at the new capital in 1841. Dr. Nathaniel Jackson began the *Iowa City Argus* in the latter part of July, and the *Iowa Capital Reporter* was founded December 4, 1841, by Verplanck Van Antwerp and Thomas Hughes. The *Reports of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Iowa*, July term, 1841, were published with the imprint "Iowa City: Printed by Van Antwerp & Hughes," and this firm also printed the territorial laws enacted at the session of December, 1841. Jesse Williams became Hughes's partner in 1843, and together they printed part of the public documents in that year, sharing the work with William Crum.

The editorship of the *Iowa Capital Reporter* seems to have been a fair guarantee of trouble, for its first three editors were all involved in quarrels ending with blows. Van Antwerp made various attacks in the columns of his paper on Bainbridge, a Democratic member of the territorial Council, denouncing him as a "hybrid politician." A discussion over the Miners' Bank of Dubuque brought forth more verbal attacks, and one morning in February, 1842, Bainbridge called Van Antwerp to account for his words. According to one story, Bainbridge struck the editor over the hat and head with his cane, seized a pistol which Van Antwerp tried to draw, and struck him in the face with such force as to draw blood. Van Antwerp gave another version of the affair in his account, by which he did not come off so badly. Jesse Williams, Van Antwerp's successor, continued the attacks on the bank and directed his attention to George H. Walworth, chairman of the investigating committee. They came to blows in the library of the Capitol, and poor Williams was getting the worst of it and bleeding freely when the fight was stopped by Stull, secretary of the territory, who objected to blood getting on a carpet which he had recently purchased. In 1846 A. H. and G. D. Palmer became owners of the *Reporter*, and one of them ran foul of Mr. Nelson King, a member of the first state legislature, in an investigation directed against corruption in the legislature. The *Reporter* made considerable fun of some ungrammatical statements of King's, and although he was disposed

to forget the matter, his wife urged him to action. When he encountered one of the Palmers in the Capitol he undertook to give him a thrashing and finally produced a loaded pistol. Friends intervened before any blood could be shed and the carpets in any way damaged.¹⁸

Keosauqua, in southeastern Iowa on the Des Moines River, was the eighth town to have a press. Jesse M. Shepherd and J. L. T. Mitchell set up the *Iowa Democrat and Des Moines River Intelligencer* at Keosauqua in 1843 to serve that rapidly developing section of the country. The next spring James Shepherd, father of Jesse, and financial backer of the new paper, bought out Mitchell. Mitchell then established the *Keosauqua Border Pioneer*, which lasted only a short time. The *Journal of the House of Representatives, of the Eighth Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa* was published with the imprint "Keosauqua: Printed by J. and J. M. Shepherd. 1846."

Keokuk, at the juncture of the Des Moines River and the Mississippi, in the very southeastern tip of the state, had the ninth press. The *Iowa Morning Star and Keokuk Commercial Advertiser* was begun in April, 1845, by Thomas Gregg, who had been printer of the first paper at Montrose, a short distance above Keokuk. The *Morning Star* lasted, however, for only a few weeks.

In January, 1846, William Pattee's *Keokuk Iowa Argus* was started on its short life, and in 1847 the town's first paper of any permanence was begun when J. W. and R. B. Ogden established the *Keokuk Register*. Keokuk's fourth paper was the *Keokuk Dispatch*, established in 1848 by John B. Russell, formerly of the Dubuque *Iowa News* and the *Bloomington* (Muscatine) *Herald*, and Reuben L. Doyle. This firm published the *Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, at the fifth grand annual communication . . . June 6th, A. L. 5848, A. D. 1848*, with the imprint: "Keokuk: Russell & Doyle, Printers. 1848."

Andrew, about twenty-five miles south of Dubuque, had the next press, when Andrew Keesecker, pioneer printer from Dubuque, established the *Western Democrat* in 1847, with M. H. Clark as editor. Ansel Briggs became the owner in 1849, and

¹⁸Parish, "Perils of a Pioneer Editor," gives the details of all these difficulties of the various *Iowa Capitol Reporter* editors.

the journal of the Senate, for the second session of the Iowa state assembly, was printed at Andrew in 1849 "at the Jackson County Democrat Office."

Fairfield was the next and eleventh town to have printing. A. R. Sparks, Ezra Brown, and R. B. Pope began the *Iowa Sentinel* there in June, 1847. Two years later there was a rival publication, the *Fairfield Weekly Ledger*, established by Orlando McCraney. The *Sentinel* expired in 1856, but the *Ledger* is still being published.

Fairfield was followed in 1848 by Ottumwa, also in the south-east part of the state. The *Des Moines Courier* was established there on August 8, 1848, by J. H. D. Street and Richard H. Warden; it is continued today as the *Ottumwa Courier*. The arrival of Ottumwa's first press caused a great furor. The entire male population of the town and farmers from eight and ten miles around came to view the new wonder. On the day of the *Courier's* first issue there was so large a crowd around the printing office that the light was shut out and it was almost impossible for Mr. Warden to work.¹⁹

In 1846 Iowa had become a state and there was a rapid expansion immediately thereafter. The thirteenth printing site in what was now a state rather than a territory was at the extreme western boundary, on the banks of the Missouri where it separated Iowa from Nebraska. Omaha in Nebraska was then a small settlement and Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, Iowa, was the metropolis of the region. It was at Kanesville on February 7, 1849, that Orson Hyde started the *Frontier Guardian*, a Mormon publication.²⁰ The paper was to have been established earlier, but circumstances prevented. The first issue announced:

"The 'Guardian,' so long looked for and so long delayed, is now before the public. On our part, we were ready to have issued at the time proposed in our prospectus. But the printer, whom we engaged in St. Louis last fall, was detained there by ill health of his family until the winter sat in with all severity, and rendered a journey to this place almost impracticable. He, how-

¹⁹Glenn B. Meagher and Harry B. Munsell, *Ottumwa, Yesterday and Today*, Ottumwa, Iowa, 1928.

²⁰Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 208, and all the other authorities are vague on the date of establishment and later history of the *Frontier Guardian*. A detailed study of this paper, based upon the original files in the Historian's office of the Church of Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City, is given in McMurtrie, "The First Printing at Council Bluffs," in *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 3-11.

ever, has arrived, and his face was skinned by frost and cold. But his health is good and face getting smooth again. We trust, now, that we shall be able to proceed without further interruption or delay. Send in your subscriptions, therefore, from all quarters, and your business shall be done with fidelity and dispatch."

The equipment for the *Frontier Guardian* had come from Cincinnati, and the printer with the skinned face was John Gooch, Jr. The paper was issued fortnightly until March 4, 1852, when it became a weekly and passed into the hands of Jacob Dawson.²¹ M. H. Hathaway was now printer of the *Frontier Guardian*, to whose title Dawson added "*and Iowa Sentinel*." In November, 1852, A. C. Ford became the owner, with Hathaway continuing as printer. The paper was continued as late as May of 1853.

Two historical documents of considerable interest were products of Orson Hyde's press at Kanesville. The *Constitution of the State of Deseret* carried the imprint: "Kanesville. Published by Orson Hyde, 1849." Two years earlier the first Mormon immigrants had reached Utah, and although that territory became officially United States property six months later, no laws had been enacted for its government. The Mormons took matters into their own hands, organized the State of Deseret with Brigham Young as governor, and printed at Kanesville their first constitution. The second known document was a printed broadside giving the rules of order of the Beloit Company, a group of emigrants chiefly from the southern part of Wisconsin who were headed for California, issued with the date, "Kanesville, May 7th, 1850," and the imprint: "Frontier Guardian, Print."²²

The *Guardian* had a rival in May, 1851, when Alman W. Babbit established the *Kanesville Bugle*, which in 1852 passed into the hands of Joseph E. Johnson and Daniel W. Carpenter.

²¹Mott, *loc. cit.*, quotes various authorities for his statement that Hyde discontinued the *Guardian* in 1852, removing most of the materials to Utah. Hyde did not take the printing outfit with him to Utah, for when Jacob Dawson took over the *Guardian* in March, 1852, he purchased the office from Hyde, giving a mortgage in which the purchase price was stated to be \$1,153.92. The equipment included "one Imperial printing press (Cincinnati make); two new chases; one long book chase, two job chases, fifteen pairs cases, two double stands for cases, one cast iron roller mold, one imposing stick and frame, five large and two small composing sticks, one inking apparatus, one bank and two tables, five brass galleys," with rules, furniture, and news and job types. The original mortgage is quoted by J. Sterling Morton, *Illustrated History of Nebraska*, p. 849.

²²These two Kanesville imprints are described in McMurtrie, "Two Early Issues of the Council Bluffs Press," *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Ser., Vol. XVIII, 1981, pp. 88-86.

The name of the town was changed in 1853 and the same year the paper became the *Council Bluffs Bugle*.

Des Moines, future capital of the state, also acquired a press in 1849. Barlow Granger & Co. began the *Iowa Star* at what was then called Fort Des Moines on July 26, 1849; it continued for over half a century. Two short-lived papers, the *Fort Des Moines Gazette*, published by Lampson P. Sherman, and the *Iowa State Journal*, published by Peter Myers & Co., were begun in 1850 and 1851 respectively, but when Fort Des Moines became simply Des Moines and the capital of the state, there was only one paper being issued there. This was the *Iowa Citizen*, begun in February, 1856, by Thomas H. Sypherd. It is continued today as the *Des Moines Register*. The *Iowa Star*, then the *Iowa Statesman*, was being published across the river in East Des Moines during 1856 and 1857, but in the latter year it was returned to its original place of publication.

The only other Iowa town to have a press before 1850 was Mount Pleasant, in the southeastern part of the state. D. M. Kelsey began the *Iowa Freeman* there in 1849. Samuel Luke Howe became editor in 1850, and the paper was changed to the *Iowa True Democrat*, being suspended in 1852. It was followed by the *Mount Pleasant Observer*, established by G. G. Galloway in 1856.

During the first fourteen years of Iowa's printing history the press and all that it signified clung rather tenaciously to settlements on the Mississippi River, and particularly to the southeastern part of the state, below Davenport. The removal of the seat of government to Iowa City and later to Des Moines compelled the press to move inland, and the Mormon migrations brought it to Council Bluffs. In Iowa, as elsewhere in new communities, the press, through the pioneer newspapers, contributed to moulding a new state. Aside from newspapers, the Iowa press of the early years was concerned almost exclusively with utilitarian matters. Communications were so far developed that for the cultural products of the press the population of pioneer Iowa could call on the more developed publishing centers to the east of them for what was required.

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The most important single source on Iowa printing history is undoubtedly Mott's detailed study of the early newspapers. This is supplemented by Fitzpatrick's fine *Bibliography of the Iowa Territorial Documents*, which is based in part on the work of Miss Steele. Mr. Parish's two articles give interesting side lights on the history of the press.

A PRISONER OF WAR

The ANNALS during its existence has published several diaries of Union soldiers, but none that dealt so nearly exclusively on life in Confederate prisons, nor revealed so vividly the feelings of those who suffered at the hands of their captors, as this one of Lieutenant Luther Washington Jackson here presented. This diary in its original form was recently sent to this department by the author's niece, Miss Emily Seamans of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. It came to Miss Seamans from her aunt, Mrs. Margaret (Hitchcock) Jackson, the widow of Lieutenant Jackson. As Lieutenant and Mrs. Jackson had no descendants, Miss Seamans thought it appropriate that the original should repose with the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa, as further intimate history of one of Iowa's noted Civil War regiments.

We have obtained but little information concerning Lieutenant Jackson except that his marriage with Margaret Hitchcock occurred April 2, 1846, supposedly at West Troy (now Watervliet), New York, and that their home for years was at Geneva, New York. It is thought they removed to Dubuque not many years before the Civil War. Lieutenant Jackson was thirty-nine years old at his enlistment, and gave his residence as Dubuque, and nativity New York. We have not found what his vocation was, but his diary, written in a good legible hand, and frequently containing literary allusions, gives evidence of a good education.

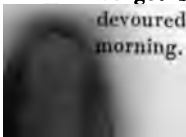
He was appointed second lieutenant of Company H, Twelfth Iowa Infantry, November 5, 1861, and was mustered the same day. On November 28 they left by train for Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, where they remained in instruction and drill until January 27, 1862, less than two months. They were then hurried to the front, and February 15 were in action at Fort Donelson. They remained there until March 12. They were conveyed by steamboat to Pittsburg Landing, which they reached March 21. On April 6, a little over four months after they left home, they were suddenly in the midst of one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Owing to the absence of both the captain and the first lieutenant, the command of the company

devolved on Lieutenant Jackson. Now let him tell the story. We have followed his writing, even as to his style of capitals and punctuation.—Editor.

Sunday, April 6, 1862. Pittsburg Landing Tenn (Shiloh) About ½ after 7 this morning we heard a fierce cannonading and heavy rolling of musketry. the enemy under Beauregard Bragg Harder & Polk had attacked us in force—60,000. We marched out & fell in with the 2nd, 7 & 14th Iowa vets & marched to a position about 2 miles out. the enemy had got 1 mile or 1½ miles inside of our lines. we took our position—which we were ordered to hold—in sight of the enemy. at about 11 o'clock A. M. the 4th Louisiana were discovered by myself, & T Clendenen & Chas Collins Co E advancing through the brush. our boys lay down ready for them. They were recd with a volley which staggered them. our boys (the left wing) charged upon them & they ran. we killed & wounded several, they ran so that we could not catch them. I commanded our company. Capt. Playter staid in camp & Lieut Fishel came a few rods & ret. we maintained our position until about 5 o'clock, when the enemy was driving in our left—we were ordered to fall back, & as we were falling back in good order saw the enemy driving the 23d Missouri & 14th Iowa. we halted and fired at them, & after a few volleys they broke & ran. as they did that, the enemy having flanked us on the right, came up in our rear. those in front turned & we were exposed to a fire on 3 sides. Col Wood was wounded in the calf of his leg & through the hand. Genl Prentiss held up a white flag as we were surrounded by a force of 20,000 & it was impossible to cut out way out, and we surrendered. A Lieut took my sword & pistol but promised to give them to me next morning. I haven't seen him since. I was detailed by Dr Lyle to take care of Col Woods & was on the way to get some help to carry the Col off to a safe place when Col Brewer who commanded the escort who guarded us to Corinth forced me into the ranks & I saw the Col no more. we marched about 2 miles & halted for the night in a corn field. a terrible thunder storm arose in the night but I had made a raise of a pr blankets & a coverlet, so Lt O'Neill & myself lay under it & kept dry.

Monday, April 7, 1862. At sunrise this morning we were marched off for Corinth, about 20 miles over a muddy road. we were tired but were put through without anything to eat & arrived at Corinth about 5 o'clock P M—went onto the cars for Memphis. nothing to eat, and we were not allowed to go to a hotel to buy our supper. it began to rain, rained all night. we were comfortable in the cars

Tuesday morning, April 8. started in the morning for Memphis. Nothing to eat yet! we arrived at Memphis about dusk & were marched to a large hall (exchange) in the "Western Hotel" about 10 o'clock we got some mouldy crackers & a raw ham, & a pail of coffee. we devoured it with a relish as we had had nothing to eat since Sunday morning. large crowd.



Memphis, Wednesday Mornng Apr 9 1862 We arose this morning & a few of us went to a hotel and got our breakfast. shortly after we marched to the cars & started for Mobile at Memphis while in the cars we sang Star Spangled Banner, Red white & blue, America & other songs. Many a one wept in the crowd. there are many union men in Memphis—lots of bread, cake pies & boquets were handed into the cars to us. large crowds at Grenada. we ran slowly all day & lay up most of the night, large crowds every where.

Thursday, Apr 10 ran all day & all night & arrived at Jackson Miss large crowds

Friday Morning Apl 11, 1862 arrived at Jackson Miss and left for Meridian on the R. R. for Mobile & arrived at Meridian. large crowds cavalry &c

Saturday Morning Apl 12 1862 arrd at Meridian, due east of Jackson on the R. R. for Mobile early this morning—lay there a few hours & started for Mobile arrived at Mobile at about 11 P M & went on board Str James Battle for Montgomery.

Sunday April 13, 1862 slept last night on Str James Battle we left Mobile at 2 P. M., ran all day & all night—splendid moonlight.

Monday Apl 14 1862 ran all day & all night large crowds

Tuesday Morning Apl 15, 1862 Arrived at Selma where Genl Prentiss & all the Cols, Majors & Captains left for Talladega, Ala. the Lieuts keeping on to Montgomery. ran on all day & all night—except lying to fix wheel of boat

Wednesday Morning April 16/62 Arrived at Montgomery this Morning & marched to a Cotton shed where we have about 200 of 12th Regt—28 of Co H—lay here all day. went down town this afternoon with a guard, went to the river to have a swim 40 of us guarded by 200 men

Thursday April 17 1862 Lay here all day, singing and playing eucher, playing ball &c Strawberries 50c qt

Montgomery Ala Friday April 18 1862 Beautiful day. kept in close confinement not allowed to go to town at all. long Editorials on the subject. not allowed to buy a paper short of 50 cts ea. got soft bread today, 2½ loaves for 21 men for 1 days rations—(no potatoes) other things in proportion. Moon late lay awake looking at moonlight thought of Home, wife—wanted to fly, but couldn't

Saturday April 19 1862 Cotton shed—Montgomery, Alabama. Fine day. had to remain inside all day. rec permission to write home—open letter. Sent a letter to my wife, hope it will reach her. She must be anxious abt me.

Sunday April 20 1862 Showery all day—ruined most of the time a cold, chilling rain. did not attend Divine worship—very cold at night—an awfully dull dreary day. wished I was home with my wife pouring out a cup of good coffee for me—but no wife & no coffee. I hope they will exchange us before long. Rained at night, probably will all night 2 weeks today since I was taken.

Monday April 21 1862 very very cold—wear blanket all day, rained all night last night, almost frozen. got a tin plate today. we are *not* provided with plate, cup knife & fork & spoon as our prisoners are. the boys are building coal fires on the ground. Can't get any papers. Sky clear this evening—beautiful rainbow

Tuesday April 22 1862 Sun rose clear. cold day. boys play ball, pitching quoits & reading won't allow ladies to come in any more. they send a guard with every washerwoman, & cigar pedler—what for I don't know, they can't tell us anything to help us. Provost Marshal promised us full rations. a beautiful day. had promise of Shakespeare or Bryant from Rev Mr ——— hope I will get it. boys running, singing, jumping playing ball &c &c nothing seems to affect their spirits. people bring in pamphlets, Harper, Atlantic, Eclectic, Knickerbocker &c for us to read. plenty of visitors—gentlemen from Montgomery. not allowed to go out yet—all right—it may be our turn some day.

Wednesday April 23 1862 Beautiful day, not allowed to go out. had sweet potatoes for dinner, first vegetables since I entered here we had to buy them. people seem afraid to allow us to talk to or see any of the inhabitants of this town. some say we will entice the "niggers" to leave. Some of the messes had strawberries today. alas! I had no money & could not get any. can only get out to go to the well for water so we go pretty often.

Thursday April 24 1862 Another beautiful day. Strawberries & onions & sweet potatoes. I had no strawberries. Uncle Sam had no pay day for us before we left, so we have no funds. I wish I could see a good Northern paper once. Got fresh beef today. wonder if my wife knows where I am. Saw green peas today. weather like June in Du-buque, trees beautiful green, but not allowed outside to roam among the trees—all right—some day it will be my turn. so mote it be, rumors of our being sent to Norfolk or Richmond to be exchanged. No Shakespeare yet!! strawberries 30c qt.

Friday April 25 1862 Beautiful day. built table out of plank. cloudy toward night—dark night double guard

Saturday April 26 1862 Rained very hard last night. Cloudy & looks like rain this morning Shut down on papers again, afraid to have us talk to any one outside, or get any news. the aspect of things generally don't please them I guess, so they vent their ill humor on us—all right—every dog has his day. rumors that New Orleans is taken. I hope so. not allowed out yet.

Sunday April 27 1862 Montgomery, Ala. Cotton shed Prison Dull & cloudy, chilly and looks like rain. Three weeks ago today I was taken prisoner after a hard day's fight. the time has passed swiftly away, but not as pleasantly as it might. I wish I could be at home today—but I cannot. I hope to be before 3 weeks more roll around. how often I think of home and friends now a days, how much I prize them. It so falls out, that that which we have, we prize not to its worth whilst we

enjoy it, but, being lacked & lost, then we rack the value, then we see the virtue that possession would not show us while twas ours" how true that is. I feel today as though if I were only with my wife, I would never leave home again, but I know I would be in haste to join my regiment again. I do not wish to leave the service until this war is closed & the rebels conquered—they have not furnished us with a plate, knife & fork, spoon or cup, & not a blanket or coverlet. great of the Southern Confederacy—Stupendous humbug. well Sunday is over and I must go to bed

Monday April 28 1862 Cloudy not so cold as yesterday. no papers. poor souls, do they think anything we might read would help us or hurt them. New Orleans is ours!! Hurrah! we did get a paper *somehow*. Mobile will be ours before long. 3 cheers for every body. I can live a week on half rations cheerfully now. Uncle Sam is going it strong, now let us whip them at Corinth & I can stay 2 months longer patiently.

Tuesday April 29 1862 Beautiful morning. Crust coffee as usual and cold pork, short of bread. the commissariat of the Southn Confed must be poorly supplied. "it grows small by degrees & beautifully less." wonder how much they lost at New Orleans. poor fellows, they haven't enough to eat now, what will they do if we take their supplies. famine—but they all say they will die in the ditch the last man of them. Pshaw! what a nation of Braggarts, not worth fighting for—blow, brag and swell all the time—the most ignorant, conceited set of people on the face of the globe, not one in five can read or write. My Ministerial friend who promised Shakespeare I don't suppose dare bring it to me. even our good Doctor who has lived here 30 years has been forced to resign and his life made unbearable because they thought he had too much Sympathy for sick Yankees—the Heathens, it will surely come back to them some day, God hasten the day.

Apr 30 1862 Montgomery Ala Julius Ward of Co II Died at Hospital today of typhoid fever. Two weeks ago we arrived here, pretty hard two weeks. I wish I could hear from home, Can't get a paper. hear news that we were to be exchanged. Buell & Beauregard had made an arrangement to exchange prisoners. hope so. heard to night that Bombardment of Mobile forts had commenced. hope it is so too. Heavy Shower, heaviest one since we came here. our roof is tight thank Providence. how it does pour. they make the guards stand right out in it. How long before we will be on our way North mush & molasses again. What mush!!

Thursday May 1st 1862 May Day come around again & here I am in a cotton shed, Prisoner of War. The people are terribly afraid of Gun Boats. recommend the sinking of log pens filled with stones in the river!!! asking why 3 or 500 negroes!! are not set at work immediately!! why don't they go to work themselves. they are a poor poor set. it rained all night last night, but this is a beautifully clear day, bright and cool, like our May days at home. don't hear from wife yet. I hope she has rec my letters. boys are all making pipes and mugs out of Clay.

rumors of exchanging us are flying about, also that Prentiss is to be exchanged for Buckner, then again that it is only the wounded who are to be exchanged. we ought all to be exchanged soon, but New Orleans is ours & Mobile will be within 10 days. they will have to move us from here before long. I hope when we do move, it will be to exchange us. I wish our Government knew how we were treated. Sad day. Lieut Bliss of 2nd Michigan Battery was shot by a Guard for getting a canteen of milk. It wont be forgotten. He was one of the best fellows I ever knew, from Detroit. Murder of Lieut Bliss We will remember May day of 1862 as the day on which Lieut Wm Strong Bliss of the 2nd Mich Battery was shot down by his guard, Murdered in cold blood. he said "you are not going to shoot me for getting my milk are you?" no response, but a shot. his blood calls for Vengeance. "Remember the Murder of Bliss," let that be our War Cry.

Friday, May 2nd 1862 Last night they had 2 cannon planted in front of our shed for fear we would take vengeance on them for the murder of Bliss If we only had had arms we would have done it. he is to be buried this morning at 9 o'clock. I pity his wife & child. a day or two ago he was talking to me about his wife and child now in Massachusetts. his Mess are allowed to attend his funeral. our boys have Sworn vengeance & will have it today we bought some sweet potatoes for coffee, we will try it, slice them up & brown very dark they say it makes good coffee. the women and children are leaving Mobile & coming up here. the Gun Boats will soon be here too. the report is that Genl Prentiss & all the officers from Selma are coming here on the way to Atlanta or Macon Georgia. lost my Canteen today in the same well at which poor Bliss got shot. will try to get it tomorrow. this has been a beautiful day & this evening the new moon shines out clear & bright.

Saturday May 3 1862 A beautiful Morning. we have been favored with very pleasant weather since we came here. today the people of Montgomery hold a meeting to be addressed by Yancey. they are in a scare. you ought to see the spears all around us, rich looking weapons they are, not very dangerous. I wonder if they will resolve at the meeting to keep the gunboats from Coming here, perhaps they will. they are all going to die in their tracks, but I find they generally make so many tracks that they can't find time to die. poor folks, poor people. this has been a beautiful day. heard that Julius Ward was dead, died at the Hospital. in the list of deaths published by the Montgomery Advertiser, the prisoners who die are mentioned as follows 21st Yankee Prisoner 25 Yankee Prisoner. they wont mention the name nor send us any word of their death! How cruel & mean that is, how different from the treatment their prisoners get from us at Chicago. they only give the sick in the Hospital Coarse corn bread (meal not sifted) & cold water. the sick boys try to get back here, as they are better treated here. this people are so mean in their revenges forgetful that we have over 20,000 of their folks in our hands & one regiment taken at Island No 10 was from this place or near it.

Sunday May 4 1862 Prisoner of War in Cotton shed Montgomery, Alabama 4 weeks to day since I was taken, a very short 4 weeks after all. I had hoped to have been exchanged by this time. we hear rumors of being exchanged every day, but we do not & cannot know anything about it. we have had no preaching since we came here. these pious Secesh Ministers don't preach to prisoners. our Ministers in the North preach to our prisoners, also give them books &c & Uncle Sam gives them full rations & cups, plates, knives & forks & spoons. our day must surely come. even my ministerial friend who promised me a Byron or Shakespeare has not been in since. I suppose he dare not come. what a reign of terror, what a Burlesque on Freedom. thank God we are not afraid to talk even here. they dare not hurt us, they get beaten in an argument & when they blow we beat them even in that. we find it hard work to do that; but we are used to hard work. when they talk about one of their men whipping 5 of ours we offer to take 4 men right here in the yard & whip 12 of theirs shut the gate & no one touch them, but the 4 we pick. they have never yet dared to accept the challenge. our boys back them down every time. they can't make much out of us. This is a beautiful day. My wife is now in church in Chicago praying for her husband who is in the hands of the Philistines. I hope she knows where I am, & is not alarmed about me. "I wish I was in Dixie" the boys sing that now with "empressment". I guess they are there now. we all seem to believe so. I shall be glad when we get out of Dixie, or at least be in it where our troops are. I hope Stanton, Halleck or Buell will hasten the day of our exchange. Just heard a Sermon from Lieut Winslow of Ill and a powerful prayer from Lieut Stokes of 18th Wisconsin, both were ministers. Bro Stokes prayed to God to crush this wicked rebellion and cut off all traitors from the face of the earth. Some "Secesh" who were stnading by did not seem pleased. sorry, but they must stay away from us if they don't wish to hear from us. they can't shut our mouths. they certainly don't fill themselves with food, poor devils. I wish I was at Corinth again with our regiment, to pay back some of the treatment to which we have been subjected. Poor Julius Ward. I only heard (he died Apl 30/62 at Hospital) today that he was dead. I never would have known any thing about it if I hadn't asked the Surgeon to send me a list of the death at the Hospital. he fought well at Pittsburgh. his brother was shot through both legs & was left on the field. I saw him with a guard over him. Poor W. H. Collins is very sick & I fear he will not live long. how sad it is to die & be buried here by & among these heathen. "Yankee prisoners" are not buried with much ceremony. this day closes pleasantly. today I found my canteen which I lost in the well where Bliss was shot. I am glad I found it as I wished to take it home as a "Mcemento". beautiful Moon balmy air. Good night wife & now to sleep

Monday May 5 1862 Sun rises clear. Air cool. Some of the boys had no breakfast this morning. the rations yesterday were too small the rations are "growing beautifully less". the "Confeds" say that if

our blockade is kept up much longer we wont get much to eat for they haven't much. Great confederacy they really believe that they have as many prisoners as we have. wont we tell the North how we have been treated down here—I think we will. the boys have to spend all their money to get enough to eat as for me, I only had 35c when I came here & I haven't had one cent for two weeks, but I get along some how on the rations I get. I occasionally get an extra cup of sugar or rice—it helps out. we don't work very hard & light food is better for us it is probably for that reason that we get light food, of course it is, Great Confederacy!!! Just got news that we were exchanged & to leave here this week hope it is so. W Henry Collins leaves for the Hospital to day. it is rumored that we are to go to Richmond & Norfolk via Macon Geo—Hurrah for home if so. I will see my wife within two weeks, but we can put so little confidence in what they say that we hardly believe the news. Our rations are reduced to 12 oz bread pr day of 24 hours, and half of that coarse corn bread—corn and cob ground together & some days a kind of black bean called here pea, which they feed to their cattle. our beef has an "ancient and fish like smell." we make our corn bread into mush when we have molasses & manage to eat it in that way. the Month of May promises to be an eventful month. today there are rumors of fight at Corinth if so I know we will drive them also we must conquer in Virginia. I think the Anaconda is crushing them slowly but effectively

Tuesday May 6th 1862 Still a prisoner. the sun rose clear. the day cool and calm. what a beautiful morning for a ride. I wish I had Kitty to take my wife a ride this morning. as I went to the well this morning for water I saw the houses on the high ground in Montgomery embowered in trees. it was a beautiful sight—the white houses and green trees—then I felt what it was to have a guard following you with a loaded gun ready and willing to shoot if you made a mis-step. I did long to take a stroll among those beautiful trees. there are many beautiful groves around here but we can't go to them. "Every prospect pleases & only man is vile" rumors that we have whipped them at Corinth, but I can't believe it yet. also rumors that they have evacuated Corinth no knowing what is true. I have my fears that we are not exchanged, but they are only going to move us into Georgia because it is a safer place to keep us. we don't believe a word they say and I will only believe in an exchange when I am inside of our lines. we are driving them at Corinth according to their own papers beautiful moon again—good night wife & now to my "pallet of straw" John W Ward went to Hospital

Wednesday May 7 1862 3 weeks to day since we came here Sun rose clear again, morning cool. ever since we have been here the days and early evenings have been warm but the nights and mornings cool & sometimes cold. Can't get any thing about Corinth. I know they are getting beaten there, or we would hear from it. 12 Surgeons left here for Corinth yesterday, showing that it was expected to be a bloody

fight. I am sure we will conquer. God can't & wont let such a people as this triumph. lie all lie, from highest to lowest. Another beautiful day. how beautiful and green every thing is outside of these 4 brick walls—the river so silvery & calm & the banks such a living green. groves of pine with dark foliage is in such contrast with the Cane brake & Cotton wood. we only have short glimpses of such scenes, but how much they make us think of home—home, when will I see it? these skies are clear & this grass is green but give me old Iowa thank God she is Free. no ones life is in danger there for opinion's sake. how different here, no one dare show us the least kindness, but he is suspected & put under surveillance. No news that we are to know, but I know we are beating them at Corinth. their very silence shows it. rumors of our going tomorrow, but where? Some say to Macon Georgia, some say to be exchanged. I feel no confidence in any of it, but resign myself to fate, knowing that if I am not exchanged it will be for some good reason. Almost Sundown, how balmy the air is, how contented we all seem. loaf of bread from a friend—all right—how much I wish I could ramble through the groves I see from here with my wife. what wouldn't I give to see her. Good night.

Thursday May 8 1862 Sun again rose clear. very warm at noon. what beautiful weather we are having here now. this morning a large body of secesh troops came up from Mobile on the way to Corinth. that will be a most bloody battle, if it has not been decided before this. nothing yet from there. last night there seemed to be a great moving of R R trains around us. today the guards are armed with spears, showing that their guns have gone to Corinth. today we lost one man by death John F. Koch of Co E 12th Regt. he is the first one we have had die inside the Cotton Shed, & the 2nd we have lost from the Regiment since we were taken prisoners. how sad it is to see him die here, how my heart bled for his friends when I looked to see him draw his last breath. poor fellow, he is out of prison. he died in defense of his country as much as though he had been killed by the bullet at Pittsburgh. peace to his ashes. the moon rises beautifully, the air is balmy & stars bright. after taking my usual walk around the "Cotton yard" so as to get up an inclination to sleep & now to bed. good night wife good night.

Friday May 9 1862 weather a little chilly, sky cloudy. about 11 o'clock I went to the river to get a swim, while there a shower came up, but we enjoyed it. rumors of an attack on Fort Morgan near Mobile. hope it is so. our guards almost all are armed with pikes. no more wheat bread to day, all coarse corn bread, awful stuff. Some troops arrived here from Mobile to Chattanooga & they hadn't food enough here for them and us too. Oh what a Confederacy!! boys playing cricket. I am glad to see the boys so lively. no "Secesh" can crush them. how they do despise these pike men & shot gun rangers. it has been cloudy all day & looks as though it might rain to night. How anxious I am to hear from Corinth, but it wont do any good to feel

anxious. I must take my evening walk. I have taken my vesper walk. I wish I were going home to my spouse. Good bye wife—Good night. now for my pine plank & blanket.

Saturday May 10 1862 It seems strange that none of us can hear from home. I wrote my wife from Memphis & from Montgomery, but no answer. can it be possible that she has never received either of my letters? if so, what must she think has become of me, how great her anxiety must be. I pity her. When I get to any place where a dispatch will reach her, my first business will be to send to her. it's a chilly, cloudy day, raw and looks like rain. Are they fighting at Corinth? how much we long for some news from there, but no papers. sometimes we do get one some how. the soldiers from here are all going down the river to obstruct the navigation so that Gun boats will not get up here, poor fools. the Gun boats will be here if they think it enough worth their while to come. they fear those Gun boats, they think they are some terrible monster flying the air, running over land & rushing through the water. it is amusing to hear the "butternuts" talk about them. this is the most ignorant people on the earth especially the "Conscripts". all who are between the age of 18 & 35 who have not volunteered. they make them come in now any how. they are moving their Cotton from here over the river. some here don't want their cotton burned. those who are the most anxious to burn cotton haven't a bale or a pound. great patriots!! tremendous blowers! Some there are though, who are willing to burn their cotton & will do so, but they are few. the rest who will do it, will do it because they are compelled to do so by the "Confed" Government. there is a perfect reign of terror here. to be suspected of having sympathy for a prisoner, or of any lingering longing for the "good old times" two or three years ago, had better get away as soon as possible & yet when our Gun Boats come near it is astonishing!! how many Union Men are found! always have been Union Men, but didn't express their opinions, oh no!, what a set of liars. a most despicable people. it is rumored that at noon to day our gun boats will have been Bombarding Fort Morgan, Mobile bay 48 hours. by this time they must have taken it. this has been a beautiful day the moon now is $3/4$ full in the South & will pour a flood of light this evening. dear! dear! how I wish I could be home these nights. does my wife know where I am? I trust she does. it can't be these heathen would be so cruel as not to forward our letters home. this is Saturday night again and yet we are prisoners. to morrow will be five weeks since we were taken. how short these weeks have seemed, yet they have been long enough. when will our Uncle Sam exchange us? soon I hope or must we linger out months longer in this doleful captivity. I wish our deliverance would come as unexpectedly as our captivity did. we give it up & now wait patiently & listlessly until they tell us to get ready to go home. we don't hope any more we only wait. we will wait & wait & sometime we will pay these rebels for all we have suffered here How bright the moon is, but I must go to bed.

it is a hard bed, but it is the best I have got, so good night wife & pleasant dreams—good night.

Sunday, May 11th 1862 Five weeks ago to day I was taken prisoner. it don't seem five weeks, but it is. must five weeks more pass before I can see friends again? I hope not. It is very warm & very bright to day. this morning I went to the well. how fresh & green everything looked. then I felt what it was to be a prisoner. If I were home I should be getting [ready] fur church this beautiful Sabbath morning. My wife is getting ready even now, I suppose. Dear wife, I wish I could be with you. I shall prize such privileges more after this. It don't seem like Sunday here. boys don't seem to be religiously inclined to day at all. our rations are growing less every day. we can *live* on what we get, but that is about all. where will we be next Sabbath, on the way home, or to a new prison, or in this one still. I don't wish to leave here till we are exchanged. we can't get a better place, airy and light & roomy, but it is confinement still. in one week we might be in Norfolk or Memphis. No news yet from Corinth. rumors of success sometimes on one side & some times on the other. "Hope tells us a flattering tale" may it be true. what a difference between this Sunday and the one five weeks ago. Then I escaped a hundred deaths. he was so near me several times that the wind of the bullet touched my ears. he was nearer me than I hope to have him ever again. then we were killing our fellow Creatures & they were killing us. To day—how different all is Calm. there is no great difference in the days—both alike were bright, sunny & warm. then all was action to day all is quiet—then I was free, to day I am a prisoner how I wish this week would take us home. this week is big with events Corinth will be lost or won this week. thousands now alive & well, will sleep their last sleep. heard a sermon from Rev Lieut Winslow 58 Illinois just had a treat—Blackberries. my friend Nickerson bought a 5 cent cup of blackberries, ripe at that & we two ate them up. they were delicious. fruits ripe early here. the Moon is almost full & looks down upon me with a brilliancy which I only saw at Dubuque. "Roll on silver moon", before you fill your hours again May I be with my dear little wife. James Evans went to the Hospital to day, but we mustn't leave him behind. & now to bed. Good night wife good night.

Monday, May 12 1862 The Sun rose clear again this morning. it is cool but by noon it will be very hot, but we are in the shade & if there is any breeze we don't feel the heat much. the day has passed as most of the other days have in reading, dozing, playing Euchre &c &c. this evening in taking my usual vesper walk, the sweet Moonlight inviting me to enjoy it. the moon is bright but the air is misty so that she don't seem so bright as my old Iowa moon. I can't get to sleep until late in the night it is so light & these light nights when the moon is full make me so homesick. when will I see my dear wife? good night, good night.

Tuesday May 13 1862 Sun again rose clear. weather cool until about 10 o'clock, when it gets hot. we are glad to be under our shed. our

rations are getting less every day. we don't get any wheat bread now. the Confederacy must be getting low in the provision line. another pleasant day, a little cloudy toward evening promising a Shower, which promise was not fulfilled, so it is hot & sultry yet. day passed as usual reading, dozing, playing Euchre &c &c. how monotonous our life is. we hear to day that Norfolk, Pensacola & Mobile are ours. I hope it is so. they are getting hemmed in pretty effectually. tried to get out to take a walk, but couldn't. just had a good swim in the river, water delightful. the Alabama has a swift current & it wouldn't take long to run down to Mobile. I wish I had a chance. went to the well for water. the cold round moon shines deeply down. how bright she is. I look & look & long to be at home, but I can't be, so now to my plank, good night.

Wednesday, May 14, 1862 Four weeks ago since we entered the Cotton yard. dull, dreary four weeks. will I have to stay here four weeks longer? Ah! Uncle Sam! you don't do right in not having prisoners exchanged sooner. Sun again rose clear this morning. we have been fortunate in having such pleasant weather since we came here. had it been Cold & stormy I don't know what some of us would have done. the "Secesh" won't furnish us with any blankets, quilts or anything else. how some of the boys would have lived if they hadn't made pipes out of the clay found in digging a well inside the yard, I can't imagine. they sold pipes to the guards & visitors I had a lovely breakfast this morning a crust of bread & a cup of crust coffee. rich fare, but it is all they have & yet Capt Long (Capt of the Guard) was bragging of their resources. Pshaw! brag all the time & lie too. Henry L. Richardson went to the Hospital & Ed Richardson went as nurse to take care of him. this makes 4 at the Hospital now W H Collins, John W Ward, James Evans H L Richardson Lieut Wayne of 3rd Iowa went to Hospital to day. Our rations are reduced to half rations, & poor at that. we almost starve, but we don't have to work very hard & so we live on it John H. Byrnes went to Hospital Jas Crosby went as nurse Nothing from Corinth yet. beautiful weather—rather warm but pleasant. Moon full & shines out with her full brilliance. good night

Thursday, May 15 1862 Sun rose as usual. day warm, everything stagnant & dull. rations decreasing every day. Molasses 2.00 gal, sugar 35c lb. we don't get much of either you may be sure. I hope we will get Richmond this week & Corinth too. how dull it is here. I am getting tired of it—the same monotonous unvarying round of employments, mostly reading & wishing to get away. the same clear sky & bright sun day by day, only to day there was a promise of a shower, which we did not get. I wish we had, it would have been a change. the moon is not shining yet. it is not likely to rise before 9 or 10 o'clock, so good night.

Friday May 16 1862 Today is "Fast day" in the "Confed." it may do them good to pray, but I don't think God will help them much. we are having successes every where now. I wish we could take Richmond

& Corinth, it might end the war. I am anxious to get home. I wish I could know whether my wife knows I am here or not. it makes me anxious all the while. the Suspense she must be in is terrible. Sun again clear to day. I wish it would rain. our rations are growing less to day we only got 11 lbs of damp corn bread to last 24 Hours for 21 men, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb apiece. pretty poor fare, but we can support life on it, & when we get out let our Govmt & people know all about our treatment here. it looks like a shower coming. here it is. how grateful we are for this rain. the air is so much purer for it. the day has been dull as usual. green peas came in today. those who had a little money had peas. I had none, but I looked at them. the evening comes on beautifully. the air is so pure & balmy since the shower. Nothing from Corinth yet. I must go to my plank good night.

Saturday May 17 1862 Another week almost gone. I had hoped to have heard of the fall of Corinth & Richmond this week, but do not. perhaps I will next week, I hope so. this day passed as all the rest do without incident & I go to bed disgusted.

Sunday May 18 1862 Six weeks ago to day I was taken prisoner. the weeks roll round soon. It doesn't seem six weeks, it don't seem more than two. I hoped to have been exchanged before this, but we are still here. Our Government don't do right to leave us here to linger out a miserable existence when they have so many prisoners to exchange us for. if they care so little for us they had better disband their forces. we fought all day & held a position we were order to hold until ordered to fall back which we did, but the order came too late. we were surrounded. we fought one battle as we were falling back. we did not keep on, but halted & rescued the 23rd Missouri & 18 Wisconsin from destruction & drove the 8th Louisiana & the Mississippi Tigers back & then as we were going forward found that we were surrounded by 20,000 men who came up while we were fighting. we saved the whole army from total rout, but we are left to starve in a Southern Cotton shed. I am mad to-day. I want to get out. heard a sermon to day from Lieut Stokes of the 18th Wisconsin. these good Southern Christians can preach to Heathen but they haven't preached once to us yet. we don't care, but it shows their Christian character in such a glorious light. Devils, poor Devils. this is the most insignificant people I ever heard of. If I ever get out I hope to be permitted to pay them back for all our indignities & discomforts. God grant that the day may come soon. This is a pleasant day, cool & pleasant. A shower about noon which cooled the air. this day has passed lazily away & it is bed time. I am sick & so go to bed early. Good night wife. Lieut I I Marks Co I 12th Iowa went to Hospital to day.

Monday May 19 1862 Bright & beautiful day. Some of the boys got up a petition to the "Secesh" asking for a Parol promising not to take up arms against them until exchanged, I refused to sign it. I wont ask any such favor of them. none of Co H signed it. it will do no good only give them a chance to crow over us. they can't crow over

me in that way. I just had a good swim in the Alabama. the water was delightful. Nothing from Corinth yet, nor from Richmond. they "go slow" truly, but I hope they may "be sure". Evening comes on mildly & calmly, & so I go to sleep. Good night, good night.

Tuesday May 20 1862 Again the Sun rises Clear & the air is cool. will it ever be cloudy? I wish I could wake up once in a cloudy morning, yet it is fortunate that the weather has been as warm as it has been since we came here. I guess it is best as it is. warm quiet day. today Secesh Sergeants came in & took a description of all the boys, suppose for the purpose of comparison with the rolls at Washington, so as to facilitate an Exchange or Parol. I hope so. the poor boys don't get much to eat. We may have to stay here, that is, the officers, but they may not. we will gladly do so if the boys can get away. to-day Elijah Overocker of Co F 12th Iowa died at Hospital he was a fine boy. rumor that 700 prisoners are down here on a boat on the way to be parolled. they are said to be our Tuscaloosa boys. I mean to try to see them. this evening has been spent in discussing the propriety of accepting a "Parol" in case it is offered. I would take it, if it were offered to me by the Secesh, but I would be here a year before I would ask them for one. what balmy evenings we have twilight does not linger as long here as with us. it grows dark much more suddenly after sundown. Good night. I must go to bed.

Wednesday, May 21 1862 Five weeks ago today we entered this Cotton shed as prisoners. we are here yet. how long we will have to stay I don't know, perhaps two months longer. well I can bear it, but it does seem that Uncle Sam might spare some of those Secesh prisoners "up North" for us. I guess he will. the sun rose clear again this morning we have been up every morning since we have been in here before sunrise to roll call, so of coarse we cant help seeing the sun rise. I will try to get to see the boys on the Steam boat if I can. It may be a lie, like every thing else they tell us. Lieuts Merrell & Nickerson went to Hospital to day Jas Evans ret'd from Hospital to day. it seems that our boys from Tuscaloosa are here. Some are yet on the Steamer & others in a large foundry on the other side of the town. in the morning I will try to send a note to our boys who are there. Just had a good bath in the Alabama. it looks like rain. I hope we will have a shower. Good night.

Thursday May 22 1862 At last a Cloudy morning, Cool & comfortable. it did not rain here last night, but rained around us. it looks now like rain. great deal of talk about sending the boys off on Parole & keeping the officers here. I would be willing to stay here if the boys could get away home, but I hope our stay will be brief. there is a good deal of sickness here, the Hospital is full. it didn't rain after all. the sun came out about 10 o'clock & shone steadily and fervidly all day. the boys were called out this afternoon & their descriptive roll compared. they will probably leave before long, in fact any minute. we are to remain, how long I don't know, but not long I hope. We wont

ask for a Parole. nothing from Corinth yet. Halleck seems to be steadily advancing and now the Evening shades appear & I must take my vesper walk & retire to my pine plank couch Good night.

Friday May 23rd 1862 Sun again rises Clear and lovely. the mornings and Evenings here are lovely, but at mid day it is very warm. this afternoon it looked like rain & about 5 o'clock we had a "powerful" shower. it was refreshing. this afternoon the Provost Marshal told us that the privates were to leave to-morrow for Atlanta en route for Knoxville. The Commissioned & non-Commissioned officers were to go to Macon Georgia on Monday or Tuesday, it will be a change. I hope they will let us go around Macon & take more exercise, but who knows, we may stay here. I am incredulous when they tell me any thing. it is raining & cool so I must go to bed. no news. good night. Johnny Ludlen takes a letter to my wife. good night, good night.

Saturday May 24 1862 Another Cloudy Morning. about 8 o'clock it rained hard, with thunder & lightning. reports of heavy skirmishing at Corinth. cloudy & rainy all day. boys all left to day on cars for Atlanta to be paroled. the Lieutenants, Sergeants & Corporals left behind to go on Monday. Ed Richardson, H Richardson John W Ward, Jas S Crosby I H Byrnes came from the Hospital but too late to have their descriptive roll made & so have to wait to go with us. I hope the boys will have a pleasant time & tight cars as it rains now. Dow & Elwell—vs T Clendenin ha ha! all right. how lonely it seems without the boys. over 500 left to night. rainy & cold—good night.

Sunday May 25 1862 Seven weeks ago since we were taken prisoners. cloudy, dull chilly day, lonely too, for we miss the boys. we had our "descriptions" taken yesterday afternoon. perhaps they mean to parole us at Atlanta or Macon, perhaps Exchange us, as Senator Wilson has offered a bill in our Congress to allow of Exchanges. So the Provost Marshal told me. we expect preaching to day from Lieut Winslow 58 Ill. Seven weeks!! well it don't seem so long. they have flown rapidly. How long Uncle Sam? how long must we stay? not another seven weeks I hope. My dear wife is in church to day probably praying for her captive Husband if she knows whether he is alive or not. when will [we] see a peaceful Sabbath that I can spend in church? Lieut Winslow did preach a good Sermon & after dinner we were all formed in 2 ranks & roll called to see if they had the descriptive list of all. there were about 200 Commissioned & Non-Commissioned officers. we hear that the Cols, Majors & Captains who were sent to Talladega & then to Selma are here on a boat. if so they will go when we do. about 350 Commissioned & non-Commissioned officers, with us about 550 officers & Non-Commissioned do, they say!! that parole will be offered us & if we refuse we can stay in prison in Georgia. if offered to me I think I will take it. this has been a dull, cloudy, chilly day, lonely because the boys are gone. it seems as though we had met with a sad loss, they were so lively & gay. Miss Eliza Tooley, Mrs Tooley & Mrs Firden sent me peas & biscuit. dull, cloudy, chilly, gloomy day &

evening threatening rain. *they say* we will leave here to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock. hope so, anything for a change. Good bye, wife, good night, and now to bed.

Monday May 26th 1862 cloudy & chilly. at last I am gratified by seeing some cloudy mornings. I am satisfied. give me clear ones while I remain South. I had permission to go to the Hospital this morning to see Lieuts Merrell, Wayne, Marks & Nickerson. I must see how they are. I have just been to the Hospital. Wayne & Nickerson will probably go with us to-morrow morning. Just as I was going in to the Hospital, the Provost Marshal gave me *two* letters from my dear wife. How glad I was, what a surprise! the only letters that have come from the North to prisoners. it was quite an event. every body wished to hear from the North. I was glad to hear that my wife knew where I was. now I am contented. how great must have been her anxiety. the boys of the 12th flatter me. I was glad to hear that my baggage had gone home. Capt Playter was very kind to do it, but I knew he would do so. I hope I will see my wife soon. The Provost Marshal says that he has no doubt that there will be an exchange made before long my visit to the Hospital has done me a heap of good. Lieut Wm Hall Montgomery lent me \$2.00 May 26/62 Lieut Marks is sick, very sick & will have to be left behind. I wrote to his wife to-day, enclosed to my wife for her to forward. Merrell cannot go with us either. we hear now that we wont go to-morrow morning so good night. I am so glad to hear from my wife.

Tuesday, May 27 1862 This morning is one of the most charming ones I ever saw, bright & cool. how I would like to take a buggy ride out by Stewart's with my wife. we are here after all. we may go to-night & we may not. I shall wait now till we go. The privates went this morning, those that were left behind from the Hospital. all of Co H excepting the Sergeants, & Corporals are gone now. our folks will now hear from us soon (Tom Clendenin is here all right—Dorr) J. B. D. is within our lines by this time. I wish I could get another letter I wrote by hand of Mr Van Meter to my wife. I hope she will get it soon & it will relieve her. Imagine my surprise to day about noon to see Dick Verdenbergh & Capt Haw of "Curtis' Horse" who told me that he was captured May 6 at Paris Ky. he says Maj Shaffer was killed also Lieut Wheeler, of Dubuque. he informed me that Frank Goodrich & Frank Doyle were killed on the fight at Shiloh Monday. sorry to hear it. Dick looks natural Geo Edwards went back on account of a headache & so escaped. the papers speak highly of 12th Regt several of Belmont prisoners came here Capt Crabb & Adjt Bowler of 7th Iowa are here just came from Tuscaloosa. I think they must intend to parol or exchange us from concentrating so many here. the Genls, Cols, Majors & Captains are expected up from Selma every hour. all to go to Macon, so they say. it seems barbarous to take civilians, Union men prisoners. We have about 30 just from Tuscaloosa, taken from East Tennessee. Soldiers expect such things, but to arrest peaceable

union men & condemn them to a weary confinement is wrong. our Govt ought to take all prominent "Secesh" in the South & send them North. Just heard from Nutting, Ben Clark saw him at Tuscaloosa & another man Myre in the Hospital saw him in the Hospital at Tuscaloosa. he said that he lay all night under a log Sunday night & in the morning followed the Secesh, who were running away from him, because he says he was afraid our folks would shoot him & if they didn't shoot him they would run over him, so he followed the Secesh off. Ben Clark tried every way to hear something of him, but cannot. I think he is dead, died at Tuscaloosa. what a fool he was. Good night, now to bed.

Wednesday May 28/62 Six weeks to day since I arrived in this Cotton shed. it has passed "wondrous quick." we expect to leave here to day for Macon. they lie so that I don't much believe we will. now we hear that we will start Friday morning 6 o'clock how it will be I don't know. "What do youns come down here to fight weuns for?" they all talk just like niggers. this has been a beautiful day. I have been listening to Bob Hilton's account of his escape from Tuscaloosa & re-capture, it was rich. Bob & several others came here hand cuffed, but he had a key & unlocked them after he got in here, all right. I hope our boys are within our lines by this time. Good night good night. now to bed.

Thursday May 29 1862 Another beautiful morning, had boiled eggs this morning for breakfast. Dick Vendenbergh, Capt Haw & Adjt Boler of 7th Iowa Duncan & self bot them. last night I sat up till 10 o'clock listening to Judge Meek's account of their persecutions & sufferings in East Tennessee. James Evans went to Hospital today. Judge Meek was a member of the Tenn Legislature from near Knoxville. their sufferings were terrible. our Government ought to take prominent Secesh in the cities they take & send them north. Judge Meek was arrested & demanded a hearing but never could find out what charges they had against him. he & some 20 more are here political prisoners. the Secesh burn property, take Horses, cattle &c from Union men, turn their women & children out of doors, shoot down the men without the least provocation. what a terrible retribution is due them. I hope it will be paid. we owe them a little ourselves for what they have made us suffer. our day will come some time never mind. just heard from the Hospital that Lieut L. H. Merrell of Co B 12th Iowa died this morning & that Lieut I. I. Marks of Co I 12th Regt died this afternoon, both typhoid fever. How sad it is. I am so glad I went to see them the other day. they say we must go to Macon to-morrow morning 5 o'clock. we had to send Jim Evans to the Hospital to day, also David Moreland was detailed as nurse at the Hospital. I sent down his shirt & Drawers by a Guard. Poor Nickerson we had to leave him, Nickerson, Jim Evans & Dick Moreland left behind at the Hospital. Poor R F Nutting died on the boat coming roud from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery. he died about the 20th of May /62 & was buried on the river bank. we go to-morrow morning & we are all getting ready.

Friday May 30 1862 We are off for Macon, left about 7 A. M. saw ripe plums, blkberries & blk raspberries, also moss covering the trees on the road. the soil is wretched, red sand, hardly raises corn. Some large corn fields. How little of the land is cleared. I thought I should see a cultivated state but the most of it is covered with underbrush. the capitol & the town look beautifully in the distance. it is a charming day. we are put in regular "nigger Cars" all right—all right. we pass through forests of pine, beech, maple &c &c so green & so cool looking we have a long ride before us, for they don't rush cars through as we do in our country. Reached Auburn about 60 miles from Montgomery at 3 o'clock. 60 miles in 8 hours! the wheat, oat & rye crop is very poor so poor that in Iowa it would be ploughed under, no farmer thinking it worth while to cut it, it wouldn't pay. at Auburn they have a fine Seminary, but on an exposed situation, without trees it looks so bare, but it is a fine large brick building. Auburn is a pleasant rambling place. every place is full of Conscripts. their families must suffer. we rode through some beautiful woods of noble oaks pines, maple & beech. The pine groves are fragrant & it is a very pleasant fragrance too, but the soil is very very poor. corn looks poor, not $\frac{1}{4}$ of a crop as a general thing. all their crops seem to be a failure except the crop of "butternuts" & Grey backs not to forget *body guards*. the Conscript act raises every one in the country between 15 & 45, all *have* to come or be shot. this is a very warm day, but our cars are pretty open so we don't suffer much. we arrived at Columbus about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 P M 95 miles in 12 hours!! we changed cars, exchange very much for the better. we shook off the dust of Alabama from our shoes the meanest people in the world are Alabamians. the boys who were at Tuscaloosa & Cahaba all complain of their hard treatment. as soon as we got into Georgia we noticed the difference in the people.

Saturday May 31 1862 we arrived at Macon about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in the morning. we stood in the hot sun a long time by orders of Capt Troy for whom there is a hot place below. finally we marched to the Fair ground a beauty place. we stood a long time in the hot sun. I was seized with a severe headache which added to my d—used me up for the day. What a change this is from the old Cotton shed! beautiful groves for us to lie around in & wander through. the people of Macon are very kind & good to prisoners. preaching every Sunday, things sent in &c &c. how different from the people of Montgomery what a poor set the Alabumians are I have been sick all day & have not been able to enjoy the groves &c, but I can see others doing so. this afternoon I took some opium to check my d—— but took too much for it checked it too suddenly & I suffered a most excruciating pain in the bowels which lasted about an hour after which I felt much better, & went to sleep. we found Charley Sumbards & the Non Comm'd officers of Cos I & G which we left at Memphis they all complain of treatment &c in Alabama, but here they have been well cared for. the citizens donate pants, shoes &c to those boys who needed them & if a man dies

4 are allowed to go to the grave with him & a funeral sermon preached. How different from Montgomery. There you couldn't find out who died & if an officer died he was hurried in the ground & no one could see him at all. I am down on all Alabamians.

Sunday June 1. 1862 Eight weeks to day since I was taken. what a beautiful day this is & what a beautiful place to spend it in, groves, springs and buildings, everything comfortable a very pleasant change from Montgomery I am still suffering from d——. I lie still all the time, hoping to be better soon.

(Lieut. E. F. Jackson died at Macon, Georgia, Monday, June 9, 1862, at 10 A. M. The longed for exchange papers and promotion papers arrived at the prison a day or two after his death.—Editor.)

HOW NORTHWESTERN IOWA APPEARED IN 1820

St. Louis, Missouri, Aug. 23, 1820.—Appeared in town on Saturday, 19th, Col. Morgan, Captain Kearney and Captain Pentland of the United States Army. These gentlemen, together with Captain Magee, left the Council Bluffs¹ about six weeks ago and went to the Falls of St. Anthony. They describe the country between the Bluffs and the Falls as eminently beautiful, the prairies predominating, but covered with grass and weeds, indicating a rich soil, the face of the country undulating, the streams of water clear and rapid, and occasionally lakes of living water of several miles circumference, embosomed in groves of timber and edged with grass, and presenting the most delightful appearance. They saw immense herds of buffaloes and elks, sometimes several thousand in a gang. . . . They confirm the accounts of the fine gardens and crops at the Council Bluffs. Mr. Calhoun deserved well of the country for having instituted this system of cropping and gardening. It adds to the health, comfort and cheerfulness of the men, and gives a certain sustenance to these remote posts.—*Boston Weekly Messenger*, Boston, Mass., September 28, 1820. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

¹Later called Fort Calhoun, on the west side of the Missouri River and some ten miles north of the present city of Omaha.—Editor.

NEW CHICAGO

By H. E. PERKINS

The first settlement in the eastern part of Ringgold County to reach the distinction of being called a town, was named Athens, the same as the township in which it was situated. It was also called Athens Center. And at some time during the life of the settlement it was nicknamed New Chicago. This name, it is said, was given to it by one of its citizens who had formerly lived near Chicago, Illinois. On January 13, 1873, the post office in the Merritt settlement which was known as Cross, was discontinued, and on July 16 of the same year it was re-established under the same name at New Chicago, with Fred A. Brown as postmaster. Certainly the place was well supplied with names, whatever else it may have lacked. In after years, the name by which it was most familiarly known was its nickname, New Chicago.

The buildings were on both sides of the road running east and west between the southeast quarter of Section 11, and the northeast quarter of Section 14, and just east of the road which ran north and south near the middle of Section 11, in Athens Township. It was a mile and a half west of the Decatur County line. There were no fences on either side of the road, and in fact, it was only occasionally that a fence was to be found anywhere in that part of the country.

The town was situated on a high, gently rolling prairie, covered with a luxuriant growth of native prairie grass and the famous blue grass of southern Iowa, while a beautiful and fertile farming region reached around it in every direction as far as the eye could see. It had its greatest growth in 1875, and was at its best from that year until 1879. During these years it was made up as follows: John Miller, farm home; F. A. Brown, post office; George I. Maxfield, farm home; C. S. Palmer, residence; Bud Noble, general store; John Hartnagle, blacksmith shop; Dr. L. P. Thayer, physician; F. S. Rhodes, general store; Mrs. Margaret Scott, residence; Capt. T. E. Scott, shoe shop; Camp Brothers, physicians and drug store. The nearest railroad

point was Leon, twenty miles to the northeast, and as there was no other town for a considerable distance in any direction, New Chicago became an excellent trading center for the rapidly increasing number of settlers who were coming in to occupy this fertile land in the eastern part of Ringgold and western part of Decatur counties. Most of the merchandise for the stores was brought overland from Leon, to which place the railroad had been built in 1871. Prior to that time the nearest railroad point was Ottumwa, and hogs and cattle were often driven to that place to market.

In the immediate vicinity of New Chicago, one of the first settlers was John Miller, who came here from Illinois in 1865, and bought 120 acres of land on the east side of Section 11. Near the southwest corner of the place was a small plank cabin into which Mr. Miller and his family moved. They began at once to improve the place, and had been doing a general farming and stock raising business for several years before anything was done toward locating a town in that vicinity. Will Hale, who was born February 1, 1875, in the old Miller home, was probably the first child born in New Chicago. He was a son of John Hale, who was Mrs. Miller's son by a former marriage.

In the fall of 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Guild and their families came in covered wagons from near Atalissa, Muscatine County, Iowa. Both oxen and horses were used to haul the loads. Upon their arrival in Ringgold County they rented a place south of Lesanville where they made their home during the winter. The next few months after their arrival here were spent in looking over the land in this part of the county with a view to buying farms and making homes for themselves and their families. There were seven children in the family of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brown, as follows: Edward, Elizabeth (Mrs. W. M. Meroney), William K., Mary (Mrs. C. S. Palmer), Albert M., Robert Lewis, and Hattie. In the family of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Guild there were six children, as follows: S. H., David L., Charles, William, Flora, and Mary.

On November 8, 1866, David J. Jones and wife sold the northeast quarter of Section 14-68-28 to William H. Galloway, and about a year later Mr. Galloway sold 70 acres off the west side

of the quarter to his son, William A. Galloway. The Galloway family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Galloway and their two sons, William A. and John Tilford Galloway. They built two log cabins on the north end of the farm, one of them near the northwest corner and the other one about forty rods east of it. The east building was a little larger than the west one. It had a clapboard roof and was occupied by the Galloway family. It was this farm that Mr. Brown and the Guild family decided to buy. Mr. Brown bought sixty-nine acres off the west side of the quarter on February 13, 1868. On February 25, S. H. Guild bought forty-one acres and on August 29, of the same year, John M. Guild bought fifty acres off the east side of the quarter. After selling out, Mr. Galloway moved to what was later known as the W. H. Gray farm northwest of New Chicago. Being a shoemaker, he worked at his trade as well as farmed for several years, and finally moved to Oregon. John Tilford Galloway married Sarah Merritt, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Merritt.

Mr. Guild and his family remained here until about 1872, and then returned to Muscatine County. Some time later George I. Maxfield bought several acres of land where the east log cabin stood. He was a single man when he came here, but about 1873 he married a young lady by the name of Miss Robinson, whose home was in the Happy Hollow neighborhood southeast of Tuskeego, and they began housekeeping in the log cabin which had formerly been the home of the Guild family.

In the spring of 1869, Mr. Brown and his family moved into their new, two-room log cabin, which was on the northwest corner of the farm. The unfinished attic or "loft" was used as a bedroom for the children, and as there was no stairway to the upper room as provided in the houses of the present day, access to it was gained by means of a ladder. The cabin had a clapboard roof. There was no fireplace, but stoves were used for heating and cooking purposes. In this building the Brown family spent their first years in New Chicago. Some time later a frame dwelling house was erected on the same site, taking the place of the less commodious log cabin, which had served its purpose so well as long as it was used. Soon after coming here, Mr. Brown planted a quantity of maple seed, and in a few years

had a beautiful maple grove around his house. Shortly after Mr. Brown bought the farm, he took his family down to see their new home. Their daughter Elizabeth, who was then in her "teens," was a very interested observer of everything about the place. However, she was not familiar with log cabins, especially those in an uncompleted state. So after looking around for some time and seeing the two log cabins which at that time had not been roofed, she asked her father if those buildings were corn cribs. She was somewhat surprised when informed that they were dwelling houses and that one of them would soon be her home.

In 1873, when the post office was moved over from Merritt Station, three and one-half miles to the southwest, where it had been established in 1856 with William J. Merritt as postmaster, F. A. Brown was appointed the first postmaster of the new town for the reason that there was no one else in the neighborhood who would accept the position. He did not want the job, but took it simply because he felt it to be his duty. During the summer of 1876, a Mr. Gill, who had been carrying the mail on the star route through this section of the country for two years, decided to retire from the business, and Mr. Brown's son, Lew, was appointed carrier to fill the vacancy. The route was from Mount Ayr to Decatur City, a distance of thirty miles. A one-way trip was made each day over the route, for which the carrier received a salary of \$400 per year. Going east after reaching the Decatur County line, the star route over which the mail was carried, went in a northeasterly direction, crossing Grand River about three miles west of Decatur City, at Talley's Mill, where there was a ford. This was a good crossing during the greater part of the year. But often in the spring, when all the streams became swollen due to the heavy rains, the ford could not be used, and the river was crossed at the Woodmansee bridge. This was known as the north route.

The next arrivals in the new town were C. S. Palmer, his brother Arch, and their mother. Their home originally was in Ohio. From that state they emigrated to Durant, Cedar County, Iowa, where they made their home for some time. From the latter place they came to Ringgold County about the year 1870, and decided to locate in New Chicago. A lot was secured about

fifteen rods east of the post office, where they built a frame residence and made their home. C. S. Palmer, familiarly known as Claud, soon became one of the influential men of the community. Being genial, industrious and well educated, his talents were always in demand. He farmed, clerked in the stores, and taught school, continuing in the latter profession most of the time until he was elected county recorder of Ringgold County, in 1894. A few years after coming here he married F. A. Brown's daughter, Mary. Arch Palmer, after a short stay here, returned to his old home in Cedar County. His mother continued to make her home in Ringgold County, and died about six miles south of Mount Ayr some years later.

According to the most reliable information obtainable at the present time, it seems that the first business house to be erected in the new town, was a one-story frame store building about 16x24 feet in size. It was built in the fall of 1875 by Bud Noble, who had just arrived with his son James. The building was located on the north side of the road, about two rods west of John Miller's farm home. As soon as it was completed, Mr. Noble put in a stock of goods and at once engaged in the mercantile business. While the stock of goods was not large, it was soon found to be a great convenience to the people of the neighborhood, who up to that time were obliged to go many miles over the hilly roads to do their trading. The store had a good patronage from the very beginning, some of the customers coming many miles to trade here; and farmers coming to get their mail could exchange their butter, eggs, poultry, etc., for supplies at the store. Mr. Noble continued in business here until the fall of 1879.

In the fall of 1875, soon after Bud Noble's building was put up, John Hartnagle came from Naperville, near Chicago, Illinois, and built a blacksmith shop a few rods west of the Noble store. Having come from near Chicago, he is credited with having given the town its nickname, New Chicago. Mr. Hartnagle boarded at the home of John Miller while engaged in business here. The shop was sixteen feet wide, twenty-five feet long, and was equipped for doing a general blacksmith and woodworking business. In 1878 J. F. Scott went into the shop to learn the trade and continued working for the proprietor as long as he remained in New Chicago, and for about three years after the

shop was moved to Kellerton. John Burgess also worked here. In the fall of 1879, the shop was moved to Kellerton and placed on Lot 17, Block 17, just west of the alley. Some time later J. F. Scott became the owner of the building, which he was still using as a blacksmith shop in 1931. Mr. Hartnagle continued in the blacksmithing business in Kellerton for a number of years, and finally moved to Decatur County. He was married to Miss Lois Green, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Green. They were the parents of four children: Ruth, who married L. G. Clum of Lamoni, and had one daughter; Tena, who married Dr. E. Shaffer of Delta, Colorado, and had one daughter; Addie H., who died about the first of May, 1905, at the age of twelve years; and Chester H., who was born in Kellerton in 1893, married Miss Elsie Ferrand of Des Moines, and since 1919 has been manager of the Chamberlain Hotel in Des Moines. John Hartnagle, who had been living in Decatur County for a number of years, died the last of April, 1905, at Leon, Iowa, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery at Woodland.

Dr. L. P. Thayer was the first physician to come to New Chicago, and immediately showed his faith in the new town by erecting a store building. It was located just east of George Maxfield's residence on the south side of the road, and in it the doctor had his office. The building was a story and a half high and had a square front similar to most of the business houses of that day. A window over the front door admitted light to the room upstairs. When F. S. Rhodes came about 1875, he rented the store building of the doctor and put in a stock of goods. He had been a captain in the Confederate Army and came from some place in the South, bringing with him what he called a bankrupt stock of goods, and began selling them at auction. Business proved to be good and Mr. Rhodes added more goods to his stock from time to time, and continued in the mercantile business here until the fall of 1879. His stock consisted of dry goods, groceries, hardware, and in fact everything usually kept in a general country store of that day.

The Thayer building was moved to Kellerton in 1879 or 1880 and placed on Lot 8, Block 14, facing Decatur Street. It was later sold to Joe Euritt, who used it as a residence. In 1901 it was moved away to make room for the Ringgold County Savings

Bank. The *Kellerton Globe* of April 25, 1901, says: "The workmen began digging the drain and excavating for the foundation of the new bank building the first of the week. Joe Euritt moved his building into the street several days ago, and yesterday Shaner & Davenport hitched their engine to part of it and hauled it across the track, which attracted considerable attention." Mr. Rhodes built the first store in Kellerton, in 1879. It was a large, two-story building twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long, at the corner of Decatur and Fifth streets, where he continued in business for several years. He went from here to Argona, Kansas, then to Little Rock, Arkansas, and finally to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He married Capt. T. E. Scott's daughter, Mrs. Al Cole. While Mr. Rhodes was running the store at New Chicago he lost a \$20 gold piece in the yard. Although a thorough search was made he was unable to find it. In 1920 it was plowed up by Ivan Daniels, who was farming the land that year.

Mrs. Margaret Scott, daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. E. Scott came here in 1876, and built a two-room dwelling 14x22 feet in size about five rods west of John Hartnagle's blacksmith shop, the lumber having been hauled from Leon. With Mrs. Scott were her five children: Jack F., Andrew, Roberta (Mrs. R. L. Brown), Harry, and Joe, all of whom made their home with her until the fall of 1879, when the house was moved to Kellerton and placed on Lot 3, Block 16, on the west side of Ringgold Street. Mrs. Scott was born February 10, 1837, at Clarksville, Ohio, and died at her home in Kellerton, May 8, 1910. At the time this was written in 1931, the original building was still being used as the residence of her son, Joe Scott. The old building even at this time was in a good state of repair and appeared to be good for many more years of use.

Among the early residents of Athens Township were Captain and Mrs. Thomas E. Scott and their four married children: Joseph L., John A., Margaret (Mrs. James Scott), and Ruth (Mrs. Al Cole, who was later married to F. S. Rhodes). James Scott, who married Margaret, was not related to the other Scotts. Captain Scott and his wife at one time lived in Ohio and Indiana, going from there to Miami County, Kansas, before locating in Iowa. During the Civil War he was a member of Co. A, 116th

Indiana Volunteers. He was a member of William McDonald Post, No. 435, G. A. R., at Kellerton. In the spring of 1875, Mrs. Scott and her son John A. Scott, arrived from Kansas and stopped at the home of M. V. Davis, with whom they were acquainted, on the southwest quarter of Section 20, Athens Township. In July of the same year Captain Scott arrived, accompanied by the other three children and their families. Shortly after his arrival here, Captain Scott and his wife moved to a farm in Sections 21 and 28, which belonged to their daughter, Mrs. Al Cole. Mr. Cole was a railroad man and had been investing his money in Ringgold County farm land.

In 1877, Captain Scott built a shop about 12x16 feet in size on the north side of the road about fifteen rods east of the corner in New Chicago, where he worked at his trade of making and repairing boots and shoes, and did a flourishing business as long as the town remained. While Captain Scott's family continued to live on the farm after he built his shop in New Chicago, he was prepared to "keep back" at his shop, and often did so for several days at a time rather than make the trip from the farm to the shop every day.

In the fall of 1879, Captain Scott moved to Kellerton, where he built a small, two-room frame house one story high on the east side of Ringgold Street, Lot 16, Block 17. Here he continued to make and repair boots and shoes as he had been doing in New Chicago for several years. He was the first mayor of Kellerton, having been appointed to that office at the time the town was incorporated in January, 1882, and served until the first regular election, which was held the following March. He also held the office of justice of the peace for many years. Being a strong advocate of temperance and a man of deep religious convictions, he gave freely of his time and talent to these causes, and cheerfully responded whenever called upon to deliver a temperance lecture or preach a sermon, not only in Kellerton but in the country school houses for miles around. For many years he was a member of the Methodist church, but in later life became a Universalist. During the latter part of June, 1894, he became too feeble to live alone, and was taken to the home of his son, J. L. Scott, on the opposite side of the street, where his long and active life came to a close July 12, 1894. The building which

had been his home, office and shop since 1879, and is well remembered by many of the older citizens on account of its having been painted red, was entirely destroyed by fire on April 1, 1904, as was also the livery barn just north of it. Mrs. Scott died May 1, 1879, while they were making their home on the farm south of town. Both are buried in Egly Cemetery.

Dr. Matt (Americus) Camp came here and erected a two-story frame building on the south side of the road opposite John Miller's house, in 1875. A short time later he was joined by his brother, Dr. Marsh (Marshall) Camp. Their former home had been in Wayne County, Iowa. They attended the State University at Iowa City, and both graduated from the Medical Department of that institution before locating in New Chicago. A stock of drugs was put in and they did a thriving business, as there was no other drug store in this part of the country, and the two brothers were associated together in business for a number of years. While in New Chicago they were joined by their sisters, Carrie, Laura (Mrs. R. Emerson), Delia, Ida, and Flora (Mrs. John Manning). Camp Brothers not only built up a good business in the drug line, but by their pleasant and accommodating manner as well as skill in the practice of their profession, soon had a lucrative practice. They remained here until 1880, when the store building was removed to Kellerton and placed on the northeast corner of Block 17, and facing Decatur Street. Some years later it was moved farther south in the same block to make room for another building, and was later destroyed by fire. Dr. Marsh Camp was born December 28, 1835, and married Miss Arabella Hays, May 23, 1880. They were the parents of two children, Cora and Carroll. Mrs. Camp died March 9, 1897. On September 5, 1898, he married Miss Harriet A. Shields, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Shields, of Decatur County, Iowa. He died at his home in Decatur City, Iowa, August 14, 1914. Dr. A. Camp was born January 4, 1850, in Pike County, Illinois, and came to Iowa when quite young. He was killed in an automobile accident three or four miles northeast of Kellerton, December 17, 1916. He was not married. Doctors Marsh and Matt Camp are both buried in Kellerton Cemetery.

In the early days of New Chicago and for some time before the settlement was started, there was no schoolhouse in that

part of the county. But that did not cause the pioneers to neglect the education of their children, and for several years school was held in the home in John Scott, one mile east of the corner, and later at the home of Frederick Beck, a half mile south of Mr. Scott's.


In August, 1870, lumber was hauled from Leon and a small, one-room schoolhouse about 20x24 feet in size was built three-quarters of a mile east of the corner on the south side of the road, and was called the Scott schoolhouse. The seats were of the homemade variety, having been constructed by the carpenter who built the schoolhouse. There was a row of seats next to the walls, while others were arranged back of the stove, which was near the center of the room. There were usually about thirty pupils in the school. The building was about twenty rods west of the creek. In this building the people of the community gathered for preaching services, Sunday school, spelling school, literary society, and all kinds of public meetings. It was a busy place during the life of New Chicago.

Among the teachers who presided over the school up to 1879, were the following: Miss Harriet Tipton, whose home was southwest of Tuskeego, and who taught about 1866; Mrs. Lizzie Faulkner, of the Wions neighborhood; Miss Lucinda Scott, a sister of John Scott; Miss Flora Guild, a daughter of John M. Guild; Albert Beard, Arthur L. Lesan, and George M. Lesan, of Lesanville; Miss Tina Moffitt, who later married Rev. Charles Watson; Miss Estella Hatch; Miss Laura Camp, who married Richard Emerson; John Drake and Ed French. In 1876 the Scott schoolhouse was moved to the present site of the school known as Cornstalk College, in District No. 6.

During the summer months, Sunday school was held in the schoolhouse. It was usually well attended, not only by the residents of the community, but also by some who came from a considerable distance. John M. Guild and John Scott were the superintendents. The former was an exhorter and often expounded the scripture to the people on Sundays when there was no other preaching service. While the preaching services were not regular, the Rev. Charles Watson, of Decatur City, came occasionally and preached to the people, and now and then an itinerant preacher would occupy the pulpit. The services were gener-

ally well attended. Rev. Charles Watson married Miss Tina Moffitt, one of New Chicago's school teachers, and it is reported that he died in Missouri about 1896. Occasionally some of the boys failed to go into the schoolhouse when Sunday school was called and a special program would be given out doors, which was not altogether appropriate for Sunday and had no connection with the lesson of the day. On one occasion a McDowell boy accused Bill Brown of having said something derogatory to his, McDowell's, character. Brown denied the accusation, and immediately an attempt was made to settle the question with their fists. As soon as the fight got well under way, John Higgins jumped into the ring to help McDowell. This angered Ed Brown, who immediately took part in the fracas by pounding Higgins in order to help his brother, Bill Brown. A furious fight ensued, and the longer they fought the farther away seemed the settlement. Finally, when Bill Foster, a powerful, raw-boned six footer, weighing about 200 pounds, thinking the fight had gone far enough, stepped into the ring and stopped the battle. The next morning the sheriff came over and arrested the boys and took them to Mount Ayr, where they were tried and fined \$20 each. The strange part of it was that Bill Foster, the peacemaker, who risked getting beat up himself by going in and stopping the fight, was fined \$20, the same as the boys who did the fighting.

Early in the history of the settlement, a literary society was organized, and meetings were held at the schoolhouse every Thursday evening during the winter. The country being sparsely settled, and gatherings of this kind where the people could get together for social and intellectual improvement being few and far between, the meetings of the literary society drew the people from the surrounding country for miles around. Neither the raging storms which often covered the ground with snow to a depth of several feet, nor the icy winds which swept with terrific force across the bleak prairies of southern Iowa, seemed to be able to chill the enthusiasm of the members of the society or their guests, and it was very seldom that the house was not filled to capacity on the nights when the meetings were held. The debates waxed warm at times and many questions were discussed and settled during the years that the settlement



flourished. In after years, many of those who took part in these discussions were called to fill positions of honor and distinction in business and professional life in widely separated sections of our country.

While New Chicago was not large, there were a good many young people of both sexes living here or within a short distance of the settlement. The principal sport of the boys was playing baseball, their diamond being located a few rods northwest of John Hartnagle's blacksmith shop. Naturally, a great deal of time was spent in playing, as there was very little else to do in the way of sport. The boys were husky young pioneers. They were full of life, and since there were few other amusements to occupy their time they became very proficient in their favorite game, and during the season a great many match games were played on the home field as well as in the surrounding country. The name of the team was the Chicago White Sox. Among those who played in the team were the following: Bill Brown, Barney Stingley, Frank Higgins, Jack Scott, Andy Scott, Lew Brown, Lyman Stingley, Tom Higgins, Truman Green, Perry Davenport, and several others whose names could not be recalled. On one occasion the Chicago White Sox challenged the Rough and Readys, whose home field was about six miles southwest of New Chicago, and the game was played on neutral ground near the home of the latter nine. The weight of the White Sox boys ranged from 115 to 135 pounds, while that of the Rough and Readys was from 175 to 190 pounds. Soon after the game was called a drizzling rain set in and continued all afternoon. Needless to say, the game also continued—for three hours or more. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 42 to 41 in favor of the Rough and Readys, according to the report of the scorekeeper. Of course the White Sox felt somewhat disheartened when notified of their defeat. But a little later when they figured up the score themselves and found that the scorekeeper had made a mistake and that in reality it had been a tie game, 42 to 42, their spirits improved and it was a very cheerful bunch of boys by the time they reached New Chicago that night.

New Chicago, with its post office, stores, blacksmith shop, etc., was a convenient meeting place for the settlers in this part of

the country, and judging from the amount of business done here, it was thoroughly appreciated by all. For several years it was the center of business and social life for this locality—a place where the incoming settlers from various parts of the country could meet, become acquainted, and discuss the questions of the day. As there were no telegraph and telephone lines at this time and newspapers were not very plentiful, about the only way the people had of spreading the news was to meet in town and swap stories. The preaching services, spelling schools, husking bees, quilting parties, literaries, and other similar events, were welcome occasions, and the bonds of friendship drew the people of the neighborhood closer together each year. But when the railroad was extended from Leon to Mount Ayr in the fall of 1879, and the new town of Kellerton was laid out one mile to the north with the railroad running through the center of it from east to west, there was no further use for the post office at New Chicago, and both the Cross post office and star route were immediately discontinued. Some of the buildings were moved bodily while others were torn down and rebuilt in Kellerton. F. A. Brown and his family were among the first to move, and he was appointed the first postmaster of Kellerton on November 24, 1879, his commission being signed by D. M. Key, Postmaster General.

ANOTHER SUN

The Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News is the name of a new paper published on Iowa Territory. Boy, put the Iowa Sun down on our exchange list. We exchange with all the Suns—The New York Sun, the Baltimore Sun, the Cincinnati Sun, the Iowa Sun, and the London Sun; and all these Suns exchange with the New Orleans Sun, which is our Sun, and which, like all other Suns is a good son. Success to you all, my sons.—[Davenport] *Iowa Sun*. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

JAMES MADISON BROADWELL—A GENEALOGICAL NOTE¹

BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

On the morning of July 24, 1845, James G. Edwards,² editor of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*, second oldest newspaper in Iowa, gave notice in his paper that James M. Broadwell had purchased an interest in the *Hawk-Eye* and hereafter would be known as the junior editor. This new associate of Edwards' published his declaration of policy above the senior partner's announcement, and so began a financial alliance which had had its roots in Jacksonville, Illinois, many years earlier. Mr. Edwards, in his notice of the new editorial and financial arrangement, wrote that he had "known him [Broadwell] from his youth up," and that he had "served a faithful apprentice of seven years in this office, and is fully competent to discharge all the duties that will devolve on him as sharer in our responsibilities."³

Edwards had good reason to understand Broadwell's capabilities thoroughly, for the two had lived together as if they were blood kin and had known all the tribulations of printing a Whig newspaper, thoroughly imbued with temperance and Congregationalism, in a series of frontier communities possessing no excess of polish or culture. Despite this close and apparently congenial relationship, Edwards had rarely spoken in print of Broadwell, so that little has been known of the career and ancestry of this newspaper printer and editorial writer who labored and worked in Illinois and Iowa during the period from 1837

¹This genealogical note has been made possible only through the cooperation of the Genealogical Division of the New York Public Library; Mr. Paul M. Angle, of the Illinois State Historical Society; my good friend, Mr. Frank J. Heintz, of Jacksonville, Illinois; Dr. J. G. Ames, acting-president of Illinois College; and members of the Broadwell family, among them, Miss Hattie Broadwell, of San Francisco, Mrs. William B. Shaw, of Chandlerville, Illinois, and Mrs. Anna B. Davidson, of Merion, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Davidson generously placed the results of many years research at my disposal and for this I am, indeed, grateful. I am also indebted to my friend and colleague, Dr. Charles M. Thomas, for many suggestions and for much pertinent advice.

²*Vid. Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*. Vol. XXIII, No. 3, October 1930, for Jordan's "The Life and Work of James Gardiner Edwards." Also reprinted as a separate. The pagination hereafter used will refer to the separate.

³*Ibid.*, pp. 31-32.

to 1851. Until now James Madison Broadwell has been more or less a shadowy figure, appearing only now and again in newspaper history, and remembered by Burlington residents, in the main, only as an old man with a plaid shawl wrapped about his shoulders.

James Madison Broadwell possessed an interesting background, although it seems reasonable to suppose that he knew less of his ancestry than is now well embalmed in a series of historical and genealogical studies dealing with the Morse and Lindsley families in America. He was born near the mouth of the Illinois River, in Calhoun County, on June 27, 1821, and was one of triplets, all boys and all named for presidents of the United States—James Madison, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson. These were the first three children who issued from Baxter Broadwell and Mary Lindsley. Baxter Broadwell, descended from the Puritans of New England and the blue Presbyterians of New Jersey, was born at Morristown, New Jersey, in the year 1788, served in the War of 1812, taught school in or near Cincinnati for some six years, and then married, at Mount Carmel, in 1817, Mary Lindsley, descended from the famous New England family of that name. She was a native of Morristown and preserved the legend of General Washington taking communion in the old Presbyterian church there, during the heavy winter of 1779-80, only after he had been assured by the pastor that the table was the "Lord's table," and not a Presbyterian table.⁴ After their marriage, Baxter and Mary Broadwell started westward, living among the pioneers of the Little Miami valley for a time, and in 1818, the year of Illinois' entrance into the Union, arriving in Calhoun County. The trip had been made by keel boat which was then the popular mode of traveling. One story has it that they stopped somewhere along the Ohio and their three sons were born, but the evidence leads me to believe it more reasonable that the boys were born in Calhoun County sometime after the journey westward by water had been completed. However, the actual place of birth

⁴From the obituary, February 24, 1892, appearing in the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*, and undoubtedly written by Dr. William Salter.

is a moot point, and later it may be established more precisely where the triplets were born. Broadwell himself seemed to think his place of birth was Calhoun County. From this county, Baxter and Mary, with their children, moved to Morgan County where the father secured a large farm near Morgan City. His death occurred in the year 1833, and Mrs. Broadwell died in 1837.⁵ Immediately upon the death of his mother, James M. Broadwell was bound in apprenticeship to James G. Edwards, then editor of the *Illinois Patriot*, at Jacksonville.

Edwards, inspired by the tales of a missionary from the West⁶ and wishing to become independent, had left Boston, where he had been engaged in the printing concern of Wells and Lilly, to establish this newspaper at Jacksonville. His sheet, devoted to the interests of the Whig party, to religion, and to temperance, was attractive apparently neither to the citizens nor to the printers who set type for him. The citizens gave the paper so little support that Edwards was willing to sell it, in the spring of 1838, to Josiah M. Lucas; the printers quit because they were given too many articles on temperance to put into type. Edwards writes a pathetic account of these troubles. An apprentice, bound to him for seven years, must not have been unwelcome to this editor harassed by pecuniary difficulties and by labor troubles. Broadwell was about sixteen years old when he began work for the not altogether flourishing Edwards. Broadwell probably received much of his typographic knowledge at a case presided over by Mrs. Edwards, for we have records that she did much of this kind of work, being a fairly skilled typesetter. Broadwell, after the failure of the *Illinois Patriot*, moved with Edwards to Fort Madison and, as a seventeen-year-old boy, assisted in printing the *Fort Madison Patriot*, the first number of which was pulled on March 24, 1838. During this time he was making his home with the Edwards' and went with them to Burlington where, on December 13, 1838, was issued the *Burlington Patriot*, the immediate demise of which is only too well known to the genealogist of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. Then

⁵Mrs. Shaw, in her outline, differs as to these dates, but I believe the ones here set down are correct.

⁶Jordan, *op. cit.*, pp. 9-10.

came another attempt to found a successful newspaper. The *Iowa Patriot* appeared on June 6, 1839, issued from a two-story frame house which stood at the corner of Washington and Water streets, Burlington. Here Mrs. Edwards, George Paul, George Edwards, a brother of James and once a property owner of Burlington, and Broadwell set the type.⁷ The press was run by Williamson, an Irishman. At this time Broadwell was about eighteen years of age and apparently had had no formal education whatsoever. The print shop had been his only school. Edwards' luck was changing and he was able to continue his paper, eventually altering its title to the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. In the year 1844, at the expiration of his seven years of apprenticeship, Broadwell entered Illinois College at Jacksonville.⁸ He was a member of the same class as Dr. G. R. Henry, of whom Dr. Irving Cutter, dean of Northwestern University Medical School, has written such an interesting and informative sketch. Returning to Burlington in 1845, Broadwell, finding Edwards in need of money and faced with a loss of editorial prestige, arranged for the business alliance indicated at the beginning of this article. This relationship continued until June, 1851, the year of Edwards' death. The paper then passed into other hands. On November 16, 1853, Broadwell, then about thirty-two years of age, married Edwards' widow. Mrs. Broadwell lived until July 13, 1886, and James M. Broadwell until February 23, 1892, when he died at St. Francis Hospital in Burlington. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. William Salter, pastor of the Congregational church and a friend of Broadwell's since 1843.

Broadwell was descended from two interesting and well-known families in America, the Lindsleys⁹ and the Morses, as well as the Broadwell strain.

Anthony Morse,¹⁰ a shoemaker, whose date of birth is un-

⁷*Ibid.*, pp. 22-23.

⁸Extract from letter of Dr. Ames to Mrs. Shaw (September 13, 1932): " . . . permit me to say that our records show that Mr. James M. Broadwell was a student at Illinois College in the year 1844-45, and that he died sometime in the early 90's." Two brothers of Broadwell, George Washington Broadwell and Norman M. Broadwell, also attended this college.

⁹Also spelled Lindley and Lindsly, but all spellings refer to the same family.

¹⁰Spooner, Walter W. (ed.), *Historic Families of America*. New York, 1907, Vol. I, p. 860; and Caldwell, Lucy Morse, *A Chapter in the Genealogy of the Morse Family*. New York, 1931, p. 5.

known, emigrated from Marlborough, England, on the ship "James," which sailed April 5, 1635. He was made a freeman of the Colony of Massachusetts on May 25, 1636. His home was in Newbury where he died, October 12, 1686, and was buried. His will is on file at Salem. His son, Robert Morse,¹¹ "Taylour," probably was born in England, but his date of coming to America is uncertain. It seems that he first settled in Boston (probably before 1644, although there is a difference of opinion here), and then in Newbury, and finally, in 1667 moved to Elizabethtown, New Jersey. He had taken the oath of allegiance on February 19, 1665. Sometime in the year 1654, he had taken Ann Lewis for his second wife. He, together with his brother and seventy-six other gentlemen, constituted the "Elizabethtown Associates," an organization formed under authority by Indian deed and a patent, granted in 1664, by Governor Richard Nicholls, of New York and New Jersey. This association claimed 500 acres between the Passaic and Raritan rivers. On September 26, 1681, he gave the deed for a tract of land on the Elizabeth River to his son-in-law, William Broadwell,¹² who had married his daughter, Mary Morse, born in Newbury, September 19, 1659.

This marriage occurred August 25, 1677. She was his second wife. By occupation Broadwell was a cordwainer, an owner of 148 acres of land near Elizabethtown, purchased October 30, 1678, as well as other lands. His sawmill was one of the landmarks of the day. He died early in 1689, and his estate was valued at £67.9.1. From this William and Mary there issued William Broadwell (1682-1746), who was buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at Elizabethtown. This William Broadwell married Jane ——— and from them issued William Broadwell (b. ?—d. ?)^{12a} who married Mary Hand, a probable descendant

¹¹Morse, Rev. Abner, *Memorial of the Morses*. Boston, 1850, p. 135; also, Morse, J. Howard, and Leavitt, Emily W., *Morse Genealogy*, p. 5; also, Lord, Henry Dutch, *Memorial of the Family of Morse*. Boston, 1896, p. 42.

¹²*Id.* Hatfield, Rev. Edwin F., *History of Elizabeth, N. J.* New York, 1868, pp. 252-53.

^{12a}The dates of the birth and death of this William Broadwell are uncertain, but the proof of this relationship is found in the following citations kindly compiled by Edgar R. Harlan, curator of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa:

"Josiah Broadwell was born July 14, 1795, in Morris County, N. J. His father, Simeon Broadwell, was a brother to Moses Broadwell, represented in this book. A cousin to MOSES AND SIMEON—BAXTER BROADWELL—was the father

from the Hands of Southampton, Long Island. This Broadwell served in the Revolution, but there does not seem to be much further information. From this William and Mary there issued Baxter Broadwell, the father of James Madison Broadwell.

Baxter, as before indicated, had married Mary Lindsley, a descendant of Francis Lindsley,¹³ brother of John Lindsley,¹⁴ who came to America about 1645, and who died in Guilford, Connecticut, about 1689. Francis Lindsley was born in 1600, came to America in 1650, settled in Newark in 1666, and died in the year 1704. It seems incredible that he should have lived to the age of 104 years, but the records do indicate this longevity. His son was John Lindsley,¹⁵ born in Newark in the year 1668 and died October 27, 1749. He wedded Elizabeth Freeman Ford sometime prior to 1742. He was a fence viewer of Morristown, New Jersey, in the years 1696-97, was constable in 1700, and an overseer of the poor in 1716. He may have had a wife

of Judge Norman M. Broadwell, of Springfield . . .—*Sangamon County, Ill.*, by Powers, p. 142.

"Moses Broadwell was born November 14, 1704, near Elizabethtown, N. J. Jane Broadwell was born February 6, 1707, in the same neighborhood, and was Moses' second cousin. They were married November 5, 1788 . . .—Powers' *Sangamon Co., Ill.*, p. 142.

Will of Josiah Broadwell, in which he mentions sons, Simeon and Moses: "1774, Jan. 4. *Broadwell, Josiah*, of Morristown, Morris Co.; will of. Wife, Sarah, 50 pounds out of personal estate, and the use of my plantation, and the interest of such part of my estate as I give to my daughters, Chloe and Esther, till they are 18. Sons, Hezekiah, Samuel and SIMEON, plantation where I live. Sons, MOSES and Jacob, 100 pounds each, when they are 21. My forge may be sold. Daughter, Mary, 10 pounds. Daughters, Chloe and Esther, 50 pounds each. Executors—friend, Capt. Samuel Mills, Timothy Mills, Jr., Ezekial Cheever. Proved Feb. 2, 1774. Lib. L., p. 102"—*New Jersey Colonial Documents*, 1st series, v. 34, p. 66.

Baxter Broadwell's parents were William and Mary Hand Broadwell. And since Baxter was a cousin to Moses and Simeon, sons of Josiah Broadwell, William Broadwell and Josiah Broadwell were brothers.

Will of William Broadwell in which he mentions his sons, William and Josiah: "1745, May 9. *BROADWELL, WILLIAM*, of Elizabeth Town, Essex Co.; will of. Wife, Jane, plantation at Connecticut Farms. Sons—*JOSIAH, WILLIAM* and Henry, all under age. Daughters—Mary Darling, Susannah Day, Jane, Ann, and Hester Broadwell, last three under age. Saw mill on and near Plissack River in Essex and Morris Counties; land in Morris Co.; land in Elizabeth Town, joining lands of Benjamin Trotter, Nath'l Bonnell, Peter Willcock, John Magee, Jonathan Allen and John Chandler. Executors—sons Josiah and William. Witnesses—Jeremiah Ludlam, William Jones, John Pierson. Proved March 29, 1745. Lib. D., p. 372"—*New Jersey Colonial Documents*, 1st series, vol. 30, p. 62. (Note—date at beginning of will is later than date when proved.)

¹³The best treatment of the Lindsley family is to be found in Lindly, John M., *History of the Lindley Family in America*. Winfield, Iowa, 1925, Vols. I and II.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. I is devoted to John Lindsley and his descendants.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 189 *et seq.*

previous to his marriage to Elizabeth Ford. However, there issued from this John and Elizabeth a son, Daniel Lindsley,¹⁶ born in Morristown in the year 1700 and dying August 14, 1777. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church of Morristown as early as July 5, 1754. In the year 1769 it is recorded that he gave £3 to further the endowment of the College of New Jersey. In 1740 he was one of the two surveyors of the highways. In 1733 he was married to Grace Kitchell who died September 12, 1777, aged sixty-eight years and six months. The bill of mortality gives the cause of both deaths as dysentery.

From this Daniel and Grace there issued Joseph Lindsley,¹⁷ born in Morristown on June 7, 1736, and dying on October 8, 1822. Joseph was one of the leading men in Morris County, New Jersey, a major of the militia and a captain of engineers in the Revolutionary War, an elder in the First Presbyterian church, a head carpenter, and a powder maker. In the opinion of some students his eyesight was impaired in an accident occurring in Ford's powder mill, a mill erected between May 11 and June 10, 1776, and credited with making much of the powder used in the Revolution. It is known that the provincial government loaned Colonel Ford, the owner of the mill, £2,000, without interest, to help defray the building expenses. Lindsley was wedded to Mary Gardiner, of Morristown, on November 1, 1781. She was born in the year 1750 and died April 4, 1828. From this Joseph and Mary there issued Mary Lindsley, born February 20, 1789, the wife of Baxter Broadwell and the mother of James Madison Broadwell.

It is unfortunate that the Broadwell genealogy cannot be worked out more completely, but the information we do possess gives us a fair knowledge of James Madison Broadwell's ancestry; at least, this sketch may serve as an introductory note for a more intensive and exhaustive examination than I have been able to make. Of one thing we now are certain—this asso-

¹⁶*Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 71; 101-2.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 183-200.

ciate of Edwards' is no longer a newspaper editor whose background has not been worked out to some degree.

LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY.

Morse-Broadwell-Lindsley Chart

Anthony Morse m. ————
d. 1686

Robert Morse m. (2) Ann Lewis
m. 1654

William Broadwell m. (2) Mary Morse
d. 1689 b. 1659

William Broadwell m. Jane ————
1682-1745/6

Hester
Josiah w. dated 1774 m. Sarah
Mary
Susannah
Henry
Jane
Ann
William m. Mary Hand

Hezekiah
Samuel m. 1775 Mary Lindsley
Simeon m. 1778 Rachel Lindsley
Moses b. 1764 m. Jane Broadwell (2)
cousin dau. of a Wm. B.
Jacob
Mary
Chloe
Esther

Francis Lindsley m. ————
1690-1704

John Lindsley m. Elizabeth Ford
1688-1749

Daniel Lindsley m. Grace Kitchell
1700-1777 d. 1777

Ebenezer
William
Baxter Broadwell
1788-1833

married Mary Lindsley dau. of Joseph Lindsley m. Mary Gardiner
1789-1837 1736-1822 1750-1828

James Madison Broadwell
1821-1892

Chart outlined by Mrs. Bertha Baker, Librarian Historical Library.

A DUBUQUE COUNTY IMMIGRANT FROM THE GRAND DUTCHY OF LUXEMBURG

BY ELIZABETH NENNIG

Peter John Nennig is a well known pioneer and former trader. During the eighty-seven years of his life he has crossed the Atlantic Ocean five times, attended the World's Fair in Chicago, met Father De Smet, S. J., apostle of the Flathead Indians, in Europe, and visited with members of the deputation who accompanied the missionary from St. Louis to Montana a half century ago.

Uncle Peter is an interesting story teller, despite his eighty-seven years. But to get him to talk you must let him tell it in the Luxemburg language, "the only one good for stories," he claims. However, if you discuss business affairs, he is all English. His prayerbook is German, and if he talks to Dad about things he wishes to keep private he uses French.

When I asked him one day what he wanted me to remember most, he said: "Stick to your religion whatever your tribulations. Never omit your daily prayers no matter what difficulties you have. Everybody has his share of trouble and no one escapes a certain amount. And don't let yourself be persuaded against your better judgment. Nor let yourself be unduly influenced by others. Too many good people have lost their life's savings by trusting glib tongued swindlers and promoters of this and that."

This born philosopher was quite active in his days. He was a trader, a dealer in poultry. With his team he made the rounds of the farms in Key West, LaMotte, Garryowen and Bernard, and, of course, the Dubuque market. He was employed on Mississippi steamers; was a baker for four years; farmed in Dubuque County, in South Dakota and in Canada; drove a team of horses to the Black Hills, South Dakota; attended the World's Fair in Chicago; was with the Flatheads on the Indian Reservation in Montana, and made a trip to Florida. He told me he went as far south as the railroad would take him, to Fort Meyer, Florida, and as far north as the railroad went, to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada.

That is not all. In the last fifty-seven years he crossed the

Atlantic Ocean five times, in 1873, 1876, 1878, and twice in 1892. His curiosity ever urged him on to visit new places and see new things, "a bad habit," he said with a twinkle in his eyes, referring to the proverbial rolling stone that gathers no moss.

He is a great reader and remembers history. What I write as his amanuensis, is only part of what he told me. Permit me to place the narrative in the first person. Now Uncle Peter is speaking:

I was born on the Buchholz farm near Syren, a village in Luxemburg, Europe, on January 1, 1845, and was baptised Peter John. That was the year before Iowa became a state. My father was Nicholas Nennig, and my mother was Mary Catherine Sadler of Duedelange, Luxemburg. Father was born across the frontier in 1770 and worked on French farms in the days when Robespierre was feeding nobility and priests to the guillotine, turning France topsy turvy. Seldom did he see a priest and then only in disguise, he told me. Finally father married and settled in Wies, across the Luxemburg border. He became an innkeeper. During the wars of 1810-15, when the armies of Napoleon traversed the country, he was mayor of Mondorf, today a city well patronized on account of its medicinal springs. Father was kept busy making accommodations for the soldiery, but he got along well because he spoke both French and German.

One of these soldiers who passed through Mondorf on his way to Russia was Mr. Poiret of Oetrang who later became the father-in-law of one of my brothers. This Poiret was one of an army of 400,000 who marched to Russia to return defeated and discouraged, just 40,000 strong. What an ending! Poiret's saddle pistols, dated 1810, served in the bloody task to cover the retreat over the Beresina, a Russian river. They remained in the Poiret-Lorang family, and were brought to Dubuque in 1922, when my nephew visited in Luxemburg.

In 1820 father bought the Buchholz farm, which formed part of the property of the Abbey of St. Maximin at Treves, in ancient days. Father had ten children and died at the age of eighty-two. In his younger days he kept school in his home, teaching older boys French. He was a lover of trees, planted the hills of the farm with firs, evergreens, and in his old days was proud of his mighty forest. The Buchholz farm is also known for its variety of splendid cherry trees, fifty feet and higher. [I saw these trees with my own eyes in 1920 when I was over there.—E. N.]

My first job was sheepherding. We had a hundred head. I preferred this work to books, but my younger brother was a regular bookworm. He died in his young days, a professor of languages at the University of Liege, Belgium.

From 1867 to 1873 I was custodian at the seminary in Luxemburg. Among other important people I had the good fortune to meet Father

Peter De Smet, S. J., who lectured on the Flathead and Sioux Indians in America; also Father Kauder, a native of Luxemburg, who had been a missionary among the Montana Indians.

Why did I come to America? Why did so many people of the grand duchy come to the United States? It was not because of religious troubles, nor was it on account of wars. We emigrated because of economic conditions, which were decidedly unfavorable in Luxemburg in those days.

The years after the German-Franco War ushered in an era of over-production and were followed by years of deflation, bank failures, bad crops, and general unemployment. For these reasons close to 8,000 people emigrated from Luxemburg to the United States from 1870 to 1880. And from 1830 to 1870 some 15,000 had found a new home in this country. They wrote to their kin in the old country, praising land and people in the states of New York, Ohio, Kansas, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, but especially Iowa. News from Iowa appeared in our newspapers. One of these journals carried a splendid account of the dedication of St. Mary's Church, Dubuque, in February, 1867. Twenty-nine years before, in 1838, Mr. J. B. Noel had been the first emigrant from Luxemburg to cross the Mississippi and settle in Jackson County. That county in 1885 numbered 275 families from my country, and Dubuque County 450 families. More than 30,000 of my countrymen had settled in the Middle West before 1888. They brought with them close to \$6,000,000 and owned 545,000 acres of land. More than 1,000 fought in the Civil War.

I suppose that is enough explanation why I emigrated to the United States in 1873. The "Nevada" was a combination sail and steamboat. I came at the wrong time. Hard times had hit this country. General Grant had just been inaugurated again. Baltimore was visited by a conflagration that burned over ten acres of ground. New York had a financial panic. In 1874 the reds made a communistic demonstration. In the same year another conflagration in Chicago destroyed over 1,000 buildings. There was no market for farm products and consequently little work in the cities. My trade (I was a baker) was at a standstill. I recrossed the Atlantic in 1876 and worked as a baker, "garcon," in Metz. We worked day and night, providing the garrison with bread and buns. For two years I stuck it out and returned to America late in 1878. That winter I worked in a paint factory in St. Louis, also in a slaughterhouse, and later on Mississippi steamers, loading and unloading freight. Many of the deck hands lost their meager earnings to thieves who plied their trade when we slept.

Shortly after South Dakota opened to settlers I went there. For six years I farmed in Jerauld County. Dakota was then still a territory. I applied for and received my second citizenship paper in 1886, and swore off allegiance to a ruler whose subject I had never been. Luxemburg is an independent grand duchy. Perhaps a few words of history will explain things.

Long before the Roman conquest the country of Luxemburg was inhabited by Celts, a branch of the Trevirs. The Romans conquered the country in 53, B. C., and by way of fortified camps held it, calling it Ardenna, till 496 when it became a part of the empire of Charles the Great. The ruins of one of these camps are near the Buchholz farm. Christianity was preached in Luxemburg by St. Willibrord, apostle and bishop of the Friesians. He came from Ireland and is buried in his abbey-church, which later became a basilica, in Echternach, Luxemburg. His burial place is visited by thousands of pilgrims on Tuesday after Pentecost Sunday.

From 963 to 1247 the country was ruled by native counts and by those of Limburg. One of these was also King of Bohemia, called John the Blind, who died a hero's death in the battle of Crecy, when the English defeated the French.

It was in those days when the abbot of the abbey at Luxemburg city opened the first schools. From 1443 till 1506 Luxemburg was ruled by the house of Burgundy. From 1506 to 1714 it was under Spanish rule. In the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659 the first dismembering of Luxemburg occurred. The southern part of the country was annexed by France.

From 1714 to 1795 the fortress and country of Luxemburg were under Austrian rule. In that year the fortress succumbed to the siege of the French. They enlarged the fortifications and made this stronghold the "Gibraltar of the North." The French rule lasted till 1814. With the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig and the entry of the allies in Paris, the fortress of Luxemburg was forced to surrender, after having driven off the attacking Hessians. Luxemburg was subjected to a second dismembering. Germany annexed all of the Luxemburg territory on the east side of the Moselle, Sauer and Our rivers, with some 50,000 population.

For a time Luxemburg was under Holland rule; together with Belgium the three countries were known as the Netherlands. Belgium, by revolution, won its independence in 1831, and seized the western part of Luxemburg, which is twice the size of the present grand duchy. Thus Luxemburg was dismembered for the third time by its "friends."

In 1867 the powers convened in London, ordered the fortress which had been under a German military governor since 1815, dismantled and solemnly guaranteed the country's independence. Since then the country has had its own rulers. Before the World War Luxemburg was a member of the German customs union; after the war it entered a customs union with Belgium. It is too small a country to assume the expense of collecting customs at its borders. It has an area of 639,000 acres. [Dubuque County numbers 391,000 acres.—E. N.]

Luxemburg was not able to have its own consuls in the United States till quite recently. This delay may be the reason for the ridiculous legend in the papers "Luxemburg, German." Luxemburg had many foreign rulers since the days of the Romans, but its independence since 1867 entitles it to the designation, Luxemburg, Europe, no more, no

less. County officials, census officers and newspaper editors ought to know that much.

Hard times, deflation and the lone bachelor life forced me to give up farming in South Dakota and I returned to Dubuque County in 1887. Four years later I drove by team to the Black Hills, South Dakota. This forest of evergreens is visible at a distance of seventy miles.

During the summer of 1892 I made another trip to the old country and in the following year attended the World's Fair in Chicago. I was more than anxious to see the Chicago fair, because I had missed the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, the year when I returned to Europe for the first time. Luxemburg firms were well represented at the Chicago fair, where the display of rose cultures from Limpertsberg captured first prizes.

In 1893 I was in Saskatchewan, Canada. While there I had the pleasure to see a young friend from Dubuque, who is today a well known priest, professor, and historian. Several years later I drove to the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. I met members of the deputation who had gone to St. Louis half a century before to beg for the services of Father Peter De Smet, S. J. I could not talk with them because they spoke only the Sioux language.

Having been in Florida in 1914 I can truthfully claim that I traversed the country as far north and as far south as the railroads would take me.

I always returned to Dubuque County no matter what other places I visited. Nowhere else have I found a better place to live and no better people to do business with. For thirty-five years I made my home at the N. Loes farm in Key West when I was not on the road attending to trade. My route included Key West, LaMotte, Garryowen, Bernard, and of course the Dubuque market. On Saturdays I was aided by a number of boys. Two of them became priests, two physicians, three morticians, one an efficiency expert and one a postal inspector.

The writer asked Uncle how old the name Nennig might be. He said, it was a peculiar name and seldom seen in the States. He had not been able to trace it further than five generations. In the Middle Ages when names were Latinized his name read Nennius. A writer by that name lived in England in the ninth century and compiled a "Historia Britonum," legendary stories of the arrival of the Angles and Saxons on English soil.

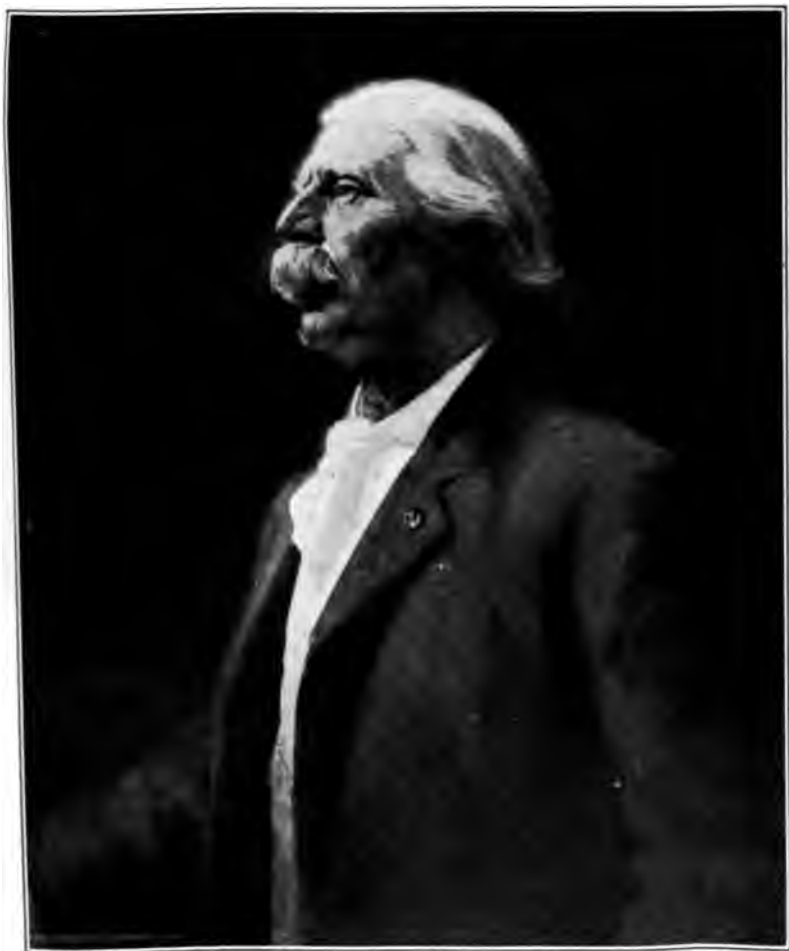
Another Nennius, a high Roman official in the second century, built a summer villa on the Moselle, a few miles from Treves, the "Northern Rome." The settlement in later centuries became the town of Nennig, well known today for its wonderful Roman mosaic floor, which Uncle urges those who visit Europe not to overlook.

ANNALS OF IOWA

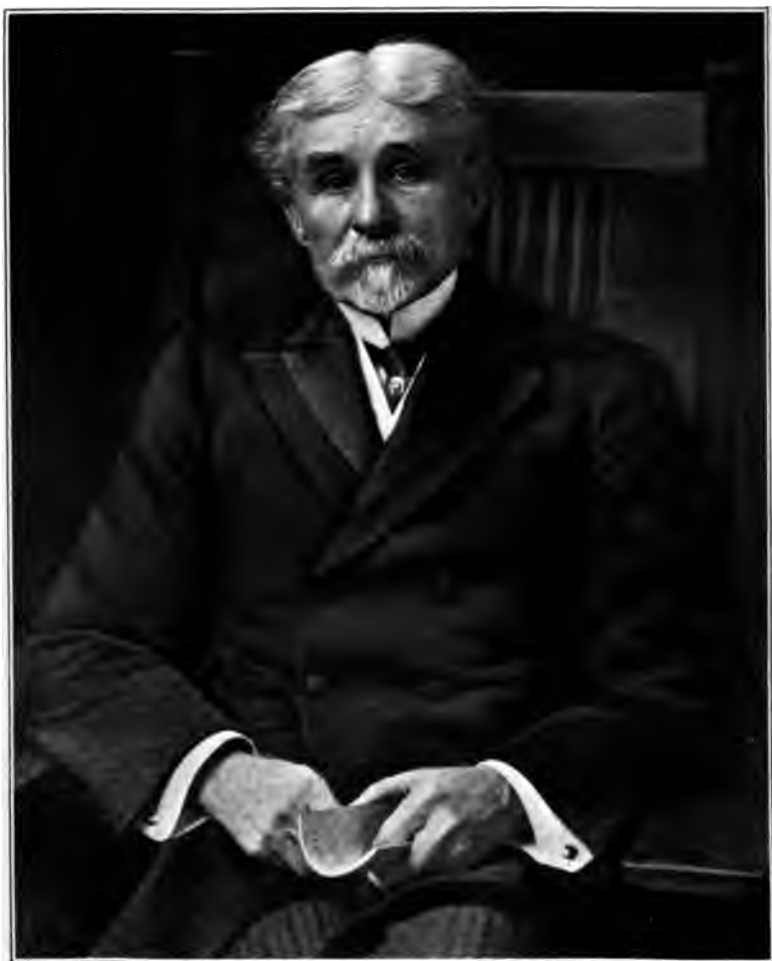
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

SMAUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL BYERS was born at Pulaski, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, July 23, 1838, and died in Los Angeles, California, May 24, 1933. His ashes are to be deposited beside those of his wife at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He removed with his parents, James M. and Parmela (Marshall) Byers, to Oskaloosa in 1852. There he attended school, later took up the study of law and on June 16, 1861, was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Iowa. On June 24, 1861, when at Newton he enlisted as a private and was made first corporal in Company B, Fifth Iowa Infantry, was promoted to quartermaster sergeant July 15, 1862, and to first lieutenant and adjutant April 23, 1863. He was wounded at Champion Hill, was captured at Mission Ridge November 24, 1863, and for the next sixteen months was incarcerated in six different Confederate prisons, one being Libby Prison. He escaped three times, only to be recaptured. While in prison he wrote his poem, "The March to the Sea," which gave Sherman's famous campaign a name. His fourth escape was from Columbia, South Carolina, when he reached the Union lines, was soon placed on General Sherman's staff, and was sent to carry the first news of the Carolina victories to General Grant and President Lincoln. He was offered a captaincy in the regular army, but declined, and devoted himself for a time to recovering his health. About this time Governor Stone brevetted him as major. President Grant appointed him in 1869 consul to Zurich, Switzerland, and after fifteen years' service there President Arthur promoted him to consul general to Italy. President Cleveland displaced him, and President Harrison appointed him consul to Saint Gall, Switzerland, and soon promoted him to consul general of Switzerland. Early in Cleveland's second administration he was again relieved, when after twenty years consular service he returned to Oskaloosa and in about 1894 removed to Des Moines where he remained until 1915 after which he made his home in Los Angeles. After completing his consular service he devoted most of his time to literary pursuits. His principal publications are *Sixteen Months in Rebel Prisons*, 1868; *Switzerland and the Swiss*, 1875; *The Happy Isles*, 1884; *Iowa in War Times*, 1888; *The March to the Sea* (epic), 1896; *Twenty Years in Europe*, 1900; *With Fire and Sword*, 1911; *A Layman's Life of Jesus*, 1912; *Complete Poems*, 1914; *The Bells of Capistrano*, 1917; *The Pony Express and Other Poems*, 1925; and many magazine articles and poems published in newspapers. Critics generally regard his *With Fire and Sword* as the best of his prose writings. But it was as a poet that he was best known.



SAMUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL BYERS
Iowa soldier, poet, diplomat. From a portrait in oil by Charles A. Cumming,
1906, in the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.



JAMES DEPEW EDMUNDSON

Iowa pioneer, self taught scholar, capitalist, philanthropist. From a steel engraving made about 1911.

"The Song of Iowa" written by him was made the official state song by the Thirty-fourth General Assembly, 1911. His public service in Europe gave him opportunities to meet noted people especially in London, in the cities of Switzerland, and in Rome. He became able to converse in French, Italian, and German, thus adding to his usefulness in his official positions. He became a collector of paintings and other works of art, and presented portions of his collections to Penn College, Oskaloosa, and to the Des Moines Women's clubs. No sketch of the colorful career of this faithful public official and accomplished man of letters would be quite complete without including in the picture his friendship with the late James Depew Edmundson, whose death is also noted in this section of the ANNALS. They met as neighbor boys in Oskaloosa in 1854, became intimate friends then and so remained for over seventy-eight years, and died within thirty-six days of each other, each a few months over ninety-four years old, and each in full possession of his cultured intellectual faculties.

JAMES DEPEW EDMUNDSON was born in Des Moines County, Iowa, about six miles north of Burlington, November 23, 1838, and died in Des Moines April 18, 1933. Burial was in Walnut Hill Cemetery, Council Bluffs. His parents were William and Priscilla (Depew) Edmundson. Soon after his birth the family removed to Burlington, and later, to Fairfield. Leaving the family there in 1843 the father went into what is now Mahaska County, and in 1844 was designated by the Territorial Assembly to act as sheriff and have charge of organizing the county. In 1845, the mother having died, the two children, James Depew and William, Jr., joined their father at Oskaloosa. Here the former grew up, attended public school, worked at whatever was available, physical labor, clerking in stores, etc., until 1857 when he went on foot to Newton to visit an uncle. He remained there two years, attending school and clerking in stores. In 1859 he returned to Oskaloosa and began the study of law with Williams & SeEVERS. During the Eighth General Assembly, which met in Des Moines in January, 1860, he served as a page, or messenger. In 1860 he was admitted to the bar and the following winter taught school at Rose Hill, Mahaska County. During the summer of 1861 he rode horseback over southwestern Iowa, and located in Glenwood for the practice of law with William Hale as a partner. From 1863 to 1866 he was deputy provost marshal and assistant assessor and deputy collector of internal revenue for all of southwestern Iowa. In 1866 he removed to Council Bluffs and became the partner of D. C. Bloomer, the firm being Bloomer & Edmundson, and their lines of business, law, real estate and insurance. From 1867 to 1869 the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and the Burlington & Missouri River (afterward the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy) railroads reached Council Bluffs. Land in that section of the state was cheap, but advancing. Mr. Edmundson cared but little for the practice of law, but was a natural financier. In 1879 he quit the partnership with Mr. Bloomer and devoted his time to dealing in real estate. He

soon became the agent of many non-resident land owners, selling, leasing, paying taxes and acting as legal representative. He knew land values, was reliable and alert, and soon began investing on his own account, and thus laid the foundation for his large fortune. In 1882 he organized the Citizens State Bank and became its president. He was also an organizer and a director of the State Savings Bank of Council Bluffs. In 1897 he purchased a controlling interest in the First National Bank of Council Bluffs and became its president. In 1900 he retired from active business and removed to Des Moines. During his later years he lived principally among his books. In the late 1890's he traveled extensively in this country and in Europe. Although not a college graduate, he was an unusually cultured man. He was a lover of the best in art and in literature, and his extensive private library evidenced it. He had a life-long interest in and gift for the correct use of the English language, and had a reputation as a philologist. His acquaintance with early Iowa history was extensive and accurate. He had many rare friendships, among them being the one with Major S. H. M. Byers, the poet, which began when they were boys together in Oskaloosa. His vivid memory carried all these things to the last few hours of his life. His benefactions were large. He gave over \$250,000 to the Jennie Edmundson Memorial Hospital, Council Bluffs, named in memory of the wife of his youth. His last will provides for the conditional establishment of a \$600,000 memorial art museum in Des Moines.

ROBERT GORDON COUSINS was born on his father's farm in Section 1, Red Oak Township, Cedar County, Iowa, January 31, 1859, and died at the University Hospital, Iowa City, June 19, 1933. Burial was at Red Grove Cemetery, Cedar County. His parents were James and Mary (Dallas) Cousins. He worked on his father's farm, attended country school, and in 1880 was graduated in civil engineering with the degree of B. C. E. from Cornell College, Mount Vernon. In 1904 Cornell gave him the honorary degree of LL. D. He studied law a few months with Col. Charles A. Clark of Cedar Rapids and was admitted to the bar in 1882 and for the following ten years was actively engaged at Tipton in the practice of law. In 1885 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-first General Assembly, and was elected by the members of the House one of the managers to conduct the prosecution of articles of impeachment of John L. Brown, auditor of state, before the Senate. In 1888 he was a presidential elector, elected on the Republican ticket. He was county attorney of Cedar County in 1889 and 1890. In 1892 he was elected member of Congress from the Fifth District, and was re-elected each two years thereafter for seven times, serving sixteen years, or inclusively from the Fifty-third to the Sixtieth Congress. After his first nomination he always obtained his nomination unanimously. He declined to be a candidate after the Sixtieth Congress, 1907-09. At that time he was chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Soon after retiring from Congress he suffered almost total blindness for a few years, but partially recovered. In those years

and the following ones, with the exception of an occasional delivery of a lecture, he took little active part in affairs. During the World War he delivered a large number of liberty loan speeches over Iowa for which he received a medal from the Treasury Department. The later few years of his life he was inactive. Most critics regard Mr. Cousins as having been the most accomplished orator Iowa public life has produced. Early in his congressional career he took high rank among American orators. His speech in Congress on the sinking of the Battleship Maine and one in criticism of Minister Bayard at the Court of St. James, London, caused him to be called before the most prominent political clubs and societies in the country. Among his notable lectures were "Lincoln and the Great Commander," "Alexander Hamilton," "The Making and Unmaking of the Constitution," "Thomas Brackett Reed," and "The Immortality of Virtue." Mr. Cousins was not a frequent speaker in Congress or elsewhere. He did not excell in extemporaneous speech, nor in debate. But in the prime of his life and given an important theme and a favorable opportunity his utterances arose to the dignity of classics. As his friend W. R. Boyd has said he "possessed all the equipment, natural and acquired, of a great orator. In form, an Apollo; a voice like the tones of a great organ, 'most strangely sweet'; 'his stature molded with a perfect grace'; a mind enriched with all that the best literature of all times could give to one capable of the keenest appreciation; a memory which caught and held everything worth while; a wit as keen as that of Burns; . . . small wonder that he could charm and hold spellbound any audience, anywhere and upon almost any theme."

JOSEPH WILLIAM BETTENDORF was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, October 10, 1864, and died in Bettendorf, Iowa, May 16, 1933. The body was entombed in the Bettendorf mausoleum at Oakdale Cemetery, Davenport. His parents were Michael and Catherine (Reck) Bettendorf. The family removed to Peru, Illinois, in 1873. There Joseph W. attended school. He was an apprentice in the office of the *Peru Herald* from 1880 to 1882, was a department store clerk from 1882 to 1884, and was a machinist in the Peru Plow Company works during 1885 and 1886. In the latter year he joined with an older brother, W. P. Bettendorf, in organizing the Bettendorf Metal Wheel Company, and they began manufacturing wheels for agricultural machinery, he acting as machinist and later as superintendent. In 1893 they organized the Bettendorf Axle Company, with J. W. Bettendorf as secretary, manufacturing steel gear wagons. This developed into one of the largest foundry plants in the Middle West. The firm gradually turned to the invention and manufacturing of railway car parts, and ultimately to building complete railway cars. By 1902 the business had outgrown their plant and they removed up the river to the suburbs of Davenport and founded and built up the present town of Bettendorf. The older brother, who was the inventor of many of their devices, died in 1910 and J. W. Bet-

tendorf became president of the company, which continued to prosper until it became the largest manufacturing concern in the Davenport industrial area, in normal times employing over 2,000 men. At the time of his death J. W. Bettendorf was not only president of this great organization, but was president and director of six other local manufacturing concerns, and a director of six additional large companies in the Tri-cities. He was not only a great business executive, but a generous and public spirited citizen.

ALICE H. MENDENHALL was born in South English, Iowa, February 24, 1858, and died in a hospital in Sigourney March 11, 1933. Burial was at South English. Her parents were Dr. Allen Heald and Rebecca (Neill) Heald. She attended public school at South English and was graduated from Penn College in 1881. Her career as a teacher began at South English when she was sixteen years old. She taught in Pleasant Plain Academy, later was a high school principal in Fairfield schools, and was county superintendent of Jefferson County during 1890 to 1895. In 1892 she was appointed a member of the State Educational Board of Examiners, and served four years. In 1894 she was married to Chester Mendenhall, and soon thereafter they established their home at South English. But one child, William, was born to them, and he died in infancy. Some years later Mrs. Mendenhall studied in the University of Chicago and from it received the A. B. degree June 11, 1912, the A. M. March 17, 1914, and the D. B. degree June 9, 1914. In fulfilling requirements in the University she wrote a thesis, "Some Social Aspects of the Society of Friends in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," which was published by that society and distributed in many countries. She had a birthright in the Society of Friends (Quakers) and retained a belief in their doctrines. As a representative of the Society of Friends, she attended in 1921 a peace conference in England, and visited and spoke in many places there and in Ireland. She was a woman of rare intelligence. Her interests centered mainly in religion, literature, and education. She was a successful teacher and was a lecturer on many subjects. During the 1928 presidential campaign she was sent by the Republican National Committee into several states on speaking tours in support of Herbert Hoover.

LUTHER ALBERTUS BREWER was born at Welsh Run, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, December 17, 1858, and died in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, May 6, 1933. Burial was in Oak Hill Cemetery, Cedar Rapids. His parents were Jacob and Kate Brewer. He received the degree of A. B. from Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1883, and of A. M. from the same college in 1886. In 1884 he removed to Cedar Rapids and in 1887 became city editor of the *Cedar Rapids Republican*. From 1894 to 1898 he was state oil inspector. Retaining connection with the *Republican*, he became part owner, and finally sole owner August 1, 1913, selling it in 1922. For several years he was president of the Torch Press, a job printing company. He was prominent politically for several years, was

delegate at large to the Republican national conventions of 1912 and 1916. He was a lover of the fine arts of good printing and engraving, as well as of good literature, and was a collector of first editions, rare bindings, and of engravings. His collection of the writings of Leigh Hunt, the English poet and essayist, drew more than national attention from book lovers. He wrote and published several delightful brochures on literary subjects, and in 1910 published a *History of Linn County*.

HARRY OTIS WEAVER was born in Marshall Township, Louisa County, Iowa, April 20, 1866, and died in Wapello May 27, 1933. Burial was in the Wapello Cemetery. His parents were Erastus and Mary (Marshall) Weaver. His boyhood was spent on his father's farm and in attendance of public school at the nearby village of Cairo. He attended the Eastern Iowa Normal School at Columbus Junction for one year, taught a term of school in Muscatine County, and attended the State University of Iowa for six years, obtaining his A. B. degree in 1891 and LL. B. in 1892. Soon thereafter he opened a law office in Wapello and devoted most of his life to that profession. He was elected representative in 1893, was re-elected two years later, and served in the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth general assemblies. Beginning in 1893 he was for ten years the First District member of the Republican State Central Committee. There were then political campaigns each year. For two of these years he was state chairman, 1899 and 1900. In 1902 he was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt collector of internal revenue for the Fourth Revenue District with headquarters at Burlington, which position he held for eleven years. In 1920 he was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention. He was a delegate from the First Congressional District to the convention in 1924, and again a delegate at large to the convention in 1928. For many years Mr. Weaver was the owner and operator of large real estate holdings. At one time he owned one of the best Shorthorn herds in Iowa. On December 12, 1917, he became a director of the State Department of Agriculture, which body in 1923 became the State Fair Board, and served continuously in that position for fifteen years. To all these public functions he brought talent, industry, and the spirit of co-operation. He was one of the most affable of men, cheery and optimistic. His acquaintance was large and his friends were innumerable.

FRANK S. PAYNE was born near Mount Pleasant, Iowa, August 16, 1869, and died in Centerville April 13, 1933. Burial was in Oakland Cemetery, Centerville. His parents were Charles W. and Margaret (Patton) Payne. He grew up in the farm home of his parents, attended country school, was graduated in liberal arts from Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, in 1892 and in law from Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1894. He was admitted to the bar in Iowa the same year and began practice in Centerville. In 1899 he was elected representative, was re-elected in 1901 and served in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth general assemblies. He soon became so engrossed in law prac-

tice and gradually in his extensive business interests that, although he was frequently urged to accept important political honors, he declined, but never lost interest in politics. In 1924 he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention. In 1902 he became president of the Citizens Electric Light and Gas Company. The company acquired the local horse car line, developed it into an electric line and gradually extended traction and electric lines over much of southern Iowa. In 1916 the business became the Southern Utilities Company. In his later years Mr. Payne was vice president and general counsel of the company, which grew to operate over twenty-five counties and in 120 towns. He was largely instrumental in 1924 in effecting the consolidation of three banks in Centerville which formed the Centerville National of which he became president. He was president of the Pure Ice Company, and of the Centerville Clay Products Company. For many years he was local counsel for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. His many-sided tastes and talents and his social instincts led him into many activities and services for individuals as well as for his city and state.

HELEN LOUISE SHAW was born at Langworthy, Jones County, Iowa, June 8, 1855, and died at Viareggio, Italy, August 19, 1932. Burial was at Florence, Italy. Her parents were Colonel William T. and Helen Crane Shaw. She was educated at Lee Seminary (Dubuque), Iowa College (Grinnell) which she attended in 1871-72, and Northwestern University, Chicago. She became proficient in French, German and Italian languages. She made her home in Anamosa the most of her life where she was a leader in many civic activities. She founded the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and her leadership and efforts were largely responsible for the erection of the local Public Library building and establishment of the library. She traveled extensively, making many trips to Europe and in 1912 went around the world. At one time she owned the original Shaw home at Steuben, Maine, where her father was born, and took up her residence there where she spent many summers. Before our country entered the World War she furnished materials and assisted friends in getting supplies for the Queen's Hospital at Rome. After this country joined the Allies all her time was given to Red Cross work. She was chairman of the Jones County Red Cross Association. Throughout her life she devoted much time to art and has left a number of original paintings and excellent copies of pictures by eminent artists. She spent considerable time in Europe and in 1920 took up her residence in Italy.

WILLIAM S. BAIRD was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, June 3, 1863, and died in the city of his birth May 12, 1933. Burial was in Fairview Cemetery, Council Bluffs. His father was the Rev. Samuel Baird, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the mother, Matilda Hanks (Akers) Baird. He was graduated from Council Bluffs High School in 1880 and from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1884. For

a few years in his young manhood he was a cattle rancher in Nebraska. He was admitted to the bar in Wheeler County, Nebraska, in 1887 and practiced there five years, the last two years being county attorney. In 1892 he returned to Council Bluffs and engaged in the practice of law there where he achieved success in his profession. For many years he was vice president and trust officer of the State Savings Bank of that city. He was active in promoting and organizing the Council Bluffs Public Library and was one of its trustees. He was elected senator in 1920, and was twice re-elected, serving inclusively from the Thirty-ninth to the Forty-fourth general assemblies. In the last three assemblies he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He was known as a conservative in business and in legislation, was a Republican politically, was a man of great industry and courage, and a real leader in his city and in the Senate.

THOMAS FRANCIS GRIFFIN was born in Howard County, Iowa, near Cresco April 19, 1865, and died in Sioux City April 21, 1933. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery, Sioux City. His parents were Thomas and Rose Griffin. He attended school in the locality of his birth, taught several terms of school, and was graduated in law from the University of Notre Dame in June, 1888. He was admitted to the bar in August of the same year and began practice in Sioux City, which he continued for forty-five years, or to nearly the time of his death, achieving an honored position in his profession. He served Woodbury County as county attorney in 1893 and 1894. In 1912 he was elected representative and was three times re-elected, serving in the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth general assemblies. On retiring from the legislature in 1920 he was chosen city attorney for Sioux City and served two years. He was a Republican in politics. He was state deputy for Iowa of the Knights of Columbus during 1911 and 1912.

TIMOTHY P. HARRINGTON was born at New Digging, Lafayette County, Wisconsin, December 17, 1867, and died in Algona, Iowa, May 17, 1933. His parents were John P. and Margaret (O'Leary) Harrington. The family removed to Wright County, Iowa, in 1882. Timothy attended public school both in Wisconsin and in Iowa. He was a student in Clarion High School, took a course in a business college in Cedar Rapids, and was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1899. He was admitted to the bar the same year and entered practice at Algona in partnership with L. J. Dickinson as Harrington & Dickinson, which partnership remained unbroken, although after Mr. Dickinson entered Congress in 1919 Mr. Harrington carried on the business alone. He gained a reputation for legal ability and had an extensive practice. He was a member of the Algona School Board for twenty-eight years, had been secretary of the Algona Library Board from its beginning, was city attorney for two years, was county attorney from January 1, 1903, for four years, and was elected

representative in 1916, was re-elected in 1918, and served in the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth general assemblies. He was chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of the Thirty-eighth and won a fine reputation as a legislator.

WILLIAM LARRABEE, JR., was born at Clermont, Iowa, December 11, 1870, and died at Clermont April 1, 1933. His parents were William and Anna (Appleman) Larrabee. He attended the public schools of Clermont, was graduated from the State University of Iowa in liberal arts in 1893, and in law in 1896. His entire life was spent at Clermont. For many years he maintained a law office there, and also devoted much time to local banking and to his farming and other property interests. He enlisted May 18, 1898, as a private in Company G, Fifty-second Iowa Infantry, and was promoted June 17, 1898, to captain and commissary of subsistence of volunteers of the Spanish-American War. He was a member of the local school board of Clermont for several years. In 1901 he was elected representative, and again in 1908, 1910 and 1912, serving in the Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-fifth general assemblies.

WILLIAM BEELER SEELEY was born in Harrison Township, Lee County, Iowa, March 4, 1862, and died at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, April 15, 1933. Burial was in Sharon Cemetery, Lee County. His parents were Eli and Martha (Beeler) Seeley. He acquired his education in country school, village school at Primrose, Elliott's Business College, Burlington, and the Law Department of the State University of Iowa from which he was graduated in 1886. He then became associated with his father in extensive agricultural, real estate and banking interests. His home was on the farm where he was born until 1900 when he removed to Mount Pleasant, but continued in the same lines of business throughout his life, was connected officially with several banks in that section, and was an extensive raiser of pure bred livestock. In 1906 he was elected senator and served in the Thirty-second and Thirty-third general assemblies. He was on the Board of Trustees of the Mount Pleasant Public Library, on the School Board, the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan College, and for some years, on the Board of Trustees of Parsons College. He possessed to an uncommon degree the confidence and respect of the public wherever he was known.

JOHN R. WEBER was born in Springfield, Illinois, and died in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a son of George R. Weber, a native of Baltimore, who settled in Illinois in 1835, and was for some time publisher of the *Illinois State Register*, one of the leading Democratic newspapers of the state. His father also entered the Mexican War under Colonel Baker, a friend of Lincoln. John R. Weber knew Lincoln and Douglas and many of the public men in Springfield. At the time of his death he left a manuscript entitled "A Boyhood Impression of Lincoln." He frequently wrote articles on the

early history of Illinois for the Illinois Historical Society, and for other publications. He was also connected with newspapers of his father and brothers for many years. For the past thirty years Mr. Weber resided in Clinton and Cedar Rapids. He was a scholarly gentleman and frequently spoke before clubs on the history of the early days in Illinois and concerning many of the associates of Lincoln and Douglas whom he had known as a boy and young man.—B. L. W.

AMOS NORRIS ALBERSON was born at Orange, Ashland County, Ohio, September 4, 1849, and died in Monrovia, California, August 17, 1931. Burial was at Washington, Iowa. When he was sixteen years old, his father, James Alberson, advanced him money so that he and a partner bought 1,350 sheep and drove them to southeastern Iowa. The next year he was owner and herder of 1,700 sheep, but disease destroyed the flock and he returned to Ohio and took an apprenticeship as a plasterer. In 1872 he returned to Iowa and located at Washington where for several years he was a plasterer and building contractor. In 1881 he entered the grocery business, which he did not relinquish until he retired from business in 1920. After 1926 he made his home in California. He was a member of the Washington School Board for fifteen years, was a member of the Official Board of the Washington Methodist Episcopal church for thirty-five years and was church chorister seventeen years. Although a Democrat in a strong Republican county, he was elected representative in 1897, served in the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, and in 1899 was elected senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of D. J. Palmer who had been appointed railroad commissioner, and served in the Twenty-eighth General Assembly. He was mayor of Washington from 1901 to 1905, and again in 1921 to 1925. But the public activity that likely appealed to him most was his service in the Masonic order. He filled practically all the many positions in the local lodge, and all the important ones in the state bodies, being grand master in 1921-22. He was not only proficient in the work, but in his life he exemplified the exalted doctrines of the order.

E. O. HELGASON was born in Mason City, Iowa, November 7, 1872, and died at Armstrong, Emmet County, March 22, 1933. He was with his parents in their removal in 1879 to a farm in Seneca Township, Kossuth County. He attended public school in the country, took a course in a business college, was a student two years in Iowa State College, Ames, and taught school for two years. He was three years with his brothers who were levee contractors along the Mississippi River in Louisiana. In 1900 he located on a farm near Armstrong and in 1915 removed to the town of Armstrong. He held several township offices, was secretary of Seneca Township School Board eight years, and was a director of Armstrong Consolidated School District eleven years. He was elected representative in 1927 to fill a vacancy during the session of the Forty-second General Assembly, and was re-elected to the

Forty-third and Forty-fourth assemblies. Politically he was a Republican and an active and useful citizen and legislator.

JOHN L. BROWN was born near Rose Hill, Mahaska County, Iowa, May 25, 1861, and died at Rose Hill May 17, 1931. Burial was in Jackson Cemetery, one half mile west of Rose Hill. His parents were Jonathan and Elizabeth (Reed) Brown, who were early settlers in that locality. He was educated in rural public schools of that neighborhood. In 1884 he engaged in the trade of a mason, and in 1901 entered the hardware and furniture business in Rose Hill. For many years of his later life he was a breeder of barred Plymouth Rock chickens, winning many premiums and trophies. He was a great lover of hounds and of the fox hunt. In 1912 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-fifth General Assembly. He was a Democrat in politics.

G. A. JUSTICE was born on a farm in Linn County, Iowa, near Marion, December 31, 1857, and died at Defiance, Shelby County, March 18, 1933. Burial was at Harlan. His parents, John and Margaret (Allsworth) Justice removed to Jones County in 1865. The son received his education in common schools, augmented by one year in Mechanicsville High School. In 1881 he removed to near Panama, Shelby County, where he engaged in farming and stock raising. He later removed to Defiance. He was a member of the Shelby County Board of Supervisors during the years 1907 to 1911 inclusive. In 1918 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1920, serving in the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth general assemblies.

ISAAC N. SNOOK was born in Union County, Pennsylvania, February 20, 1848, and died in Pleasant Ridge Township, Lee County, Iowa, November 2, 1931. His parents, J. C. and Jane (Cornelius) Snook, removed with their family to Pleasant Ridge Township in 1853, and that continued to be Isaac's home during the rest of his life. He grew to manhood on his father's farm and received his education in near by schools. He was engaged in agricultural pursuits all his life. He ran a threshing machine during the fall seasons for over fifty years, was at one time president of the State Threshers' Association and a director in the national association. He was a justice of the peace for sixteen years, and held several township offices. In 1922 he was elected senator and served in the Fortieth and Forty-first general assemblies.

HENRY LUSK WILSON was born in Crystal Township, Tama County, Iowa, July 12, 1858, and died at a hospital in Des Moines October 12, 1932. Burial was at Osage. His parents were West and Margaret Drynan Wilson. He received his education in district schools in the vicinity of his birth and in Traer High School. He early entered dealing in live stock, operating at three or four different places, but finally in 1883 he located at Osage. Throughout his active life farming and dealing in live stock were his principal lines of business. In early life he acted

with the Democratic party, and running on that ticket, was elected sheriff in 1890, and was twice re-elected, serving three terms. Disagreeing with his party over free silver in 1896, he became a Republican. He served for a few years on the Osage City Council, from 1903 to 1907 was associate editor of the *Mitchell County Press*, and in 1912 was elected representative, was re-elected two years later and served in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh general assemblies.

LEONARD E. STANLEY was born near Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio, April 7, 1853, and died in Corning, Iowa, August 1, 1932. Burial was in Walnut Grove Cemetery, Corning. His parents were Moses and Hannah (Gruwell) Stanley. The family removed to Johnson County, Iowa, in 1853, to Oskaloosa in 1860, and to Warren County in 1864. As Leonard grew up he alternated between working on his father's farm and attending public school. In 1872 he accompanied a brother to Grant Township, Adams County, and commenced school-teaching, which vocation he followed for twelve years. He also farmed in that locality. In 1898 he was elected clerk of the District Court of Adams County, and was re-elected two years later, holding that position four years. In 1916 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-seventh General Assembly. He also acted as a justice of the peace. He was of Quaker parentage, and was a Republican in politics.

JOHN H. JUDD was born near Burlington, Iowa, in 1860 and died in Des Moines January 14, 1933. Burial was in Bethel Cemetery, Chariton. Left an orphan at the age of fourteen, he removed to Lucas County and made his home with relatives. He spent most of his life as a farmer, but also worked as a carpenter. He was a member of the Lucas County Inheritance Tax Appraisal Board for sixteen years, and was also for some time secretary and treasurer of the Lucas County Taxpayers' League. He took great interest in public matters, was for years prominent locally as a Democrat and was elected senator in November, 1932, making his campaign on a policy of tax reduction. His untimely death occurred only one week after the opening of the session of the Forty-fifth General Assembly.

JOSEPH WALLACE was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, January 26, 1854, and died in Long Beach, California, March 12, 1933. The family emigrated to the United States in 1862 and located in Marshall County, Iowa. Joseph obtained his schooling in that vicinity and followed the teaching profession for several years, first at Union, Hardin County, and later at Waseca, Minnesota. In 1879 he returned to Union and engaged in farming and cattle feeding. He served some years as a member of the Board of Supervisors of Hardin County, and in 1897 was elected senator and served in the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth general assemblies.

CHARLES C. SMITH was born near Roxbury, Lincolnshire, England, February 1, 1854, and died in Griswold, Iowa, March 11, 1933. He migrated to the United States in 1874, stopped for a short time in Nebraska, but within a few months located in Pleasant Township, Cass County, Iowa, where he took employment as a farm hand. In a few years he became owner of a farm of his own. By industry and good management he attained to a position of prosperity and influence in his community. He served for eighteen years as school treasurer, for two years as township trustee, for six years, 1909 to 1914, as a member of Cass County Board of Supervisors, and in 1914 was elected representative and served in the Thirty-sixth General Assembly. In 1922 he retired from active farming, locating in Griswold.

BOYD FRANCIS READ was born on a farm near New Virginia, Warren County, Iowa, December 25, 1865, and died in a hospital in Iowa City, April 21, 1933. Burial was in the New Virginia Cemetery. His parents were J. B. and Emily Read. He was educated in the public schools of New Virginia, supplemented by two winter terms in Simpson College. He followed the vocation of farmer. For several years he was a member of the local school board. In 1928 he was elected representative and served in the Forty-third General Assembly.

HENRY NASSAU NEWELL was born in Middlesex County, Ontario, Canada, November 8, 1855, and died in LeMars, Iowa, July 21, 1932. His education was secured in rural schools in his native neighborhood. He worked on farms in his youth and in 1877 removed to Minnesota, but in 1879 purchased a farm in Stanton Township, Plymouth County, Iowa, where he spent most of his active life. He held several minor public positions and in 1908 was elected representative and two years later was re-elected, serving in the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth general assemblies. A Republican politically.

ELMER F. LEACH was born on a farm in Henry County, Iowa, April 21, 1865, and died in Mount Pleasant July 25, 1932. His parents were James M. and Nancy (Campbell) Leach. He attended rural public school and later Howe's Academy at Mount Pleasant. He followed the vocation of farming and live stock raising. Besides holding local offices he was elected representative in 1910 and served in the Thirty-fourth General Assembly. A Democrat in politics.



William Savage

1833-1908

Van Buren County, Iowa, diarist and self-taught painter
of Iowa birds from 1855 to 1908.

ANNALS OF IOWA

VOL. XIX, No. 2 DES MOINES, IOWA, OCTOBER, 1933 THIRD SERIES

WILLIAM SAVAGE

IOWA PIONEER, DIARIST, AND PAINTER OF BIRDS

In the summer of 1903 Charles Aldrich, founder of the Historical Department of Iowa, in a tour of Van Buren County with this writer, met and formed an intimate acquaintance with William Savage, of Cedar Township, that county. In the *Register and Leader*, of Des Moines, for July 22, 1903, in an interview with Mr. Aldrich, it is stated:

"William Savage, a farmer, makes a specialty of painting birds in water colors. He has a remarkable collection of three or four hundred birds (painted) that seem to me to be as good as those of John James Audubon. Savage is sixty years old, and knows as much of woodcraft as Thoreau or John Burroughs. His collection is one the state certainly ought to own."

Mr. Savage kept a diary, and Mr. Aldrich at the time examined extensive portions of it. He was acquainted with the region in New York to which Mr. Savage immigrated from England, namely, Cayuga County, and from which Mr. Savage came in 1855 to Cedar Township. It is of Mr. Savage's daily experiences in that home from the time he moved into it until his death, July 8, 1908. Mr. Savage was by birthright a Quaker, and as such was of the Salem, Henry County, settlement.

In 1907 Mr. Aldrich selected this writer as his assistant curator of the Historical Department, and after his death, March 8, 1908, by Governor Carroll's appointment the assistant became Mr. Aldrich's successor in office, and by consecutive elections by the Board of Trustees has so remained from that time.

By negotiations with Mr. Savage, and thereafter with the administrator of his estate, the entire Savage collections came to the Historical Department in 1917.

David C. Mott came to the Historical Department in 1919. Besides his original contributions Mr. Mott has made through the ANNALS OF IOWA, he has put into form for printing the Savage diary, up to October 25, 1858. It is presented herewith. Besides Mr. Mott having resided in Iowa since 1862, and by his practice of a newspaper man of twenty-five years, is sensitive to the value as historical material of the minds and morals of "short and simple annals of the poor." In his judgment in his present task of editing the Savage diary he is especially strengthened through his being, like William Savage, a Friend by birthright, and

remains in the daily usage in his own home of the Friend's manner of speech, which is the speech of his own and Savage's ancestral folk, albeit both he and Mrs. Mott are now Methodists. Correct usage by Savage of the peculiar Quaker idiom in his diary up to the time he dropped it, therefore is presented as both consistent and correct.

Mr. Savage was neighbor to this writer, to his pioneer forbears, and was a personal and intimate friend and associate in the writer's earliest leanings toward his Historical Department work. Of much of the matter after 1870 which Mr. Savage notes the writer and all his neighbors knew. The Savage neighborhood was defined by the distance he could walk with a gun or trap, to meeting or to trade, and the direction was by that choice, or modification upon a sensitive soul that the weather, the "sign" and sounds of the woods impel.

William Savage's identity deserves to be preserved among those of his name, who even already are well known in scientific annals, and who share not only his name, but direct or close collateral kinship. In time, if the family remains true to type, confusion of individual Savages is as certain of such distraction to the general scientific students as now students of Iowa political history are confused among the names of Dodge, Mason, Wilson and Clark.

EDGAR R. HARLAN.

William Savage was a man of far more than ordinary abilities, but was so unpretentious as not to claim distinction. A diary he kept for years is so rich in material relating to pioneer conditions in southeastern Iowa in the 1850's that we are here reproducing portions of it. It is written briefly, tells of his everyday life, and helps one to catch real glimpses of how people subsisted then—how they made their homes in the woods, how they began farming, how they secured their food, how they laid the foundations of society—when he was not trying to show that, but simply keeping a record of his own work.

In March, 1929, Carl Sandberg called at the Historical Building to enquire for source materials. We had shortly before published in the ANNALS the Civil War portion of the Benjamin F. Pearson diaries (Vol. XV, No's 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1925-27). He asked for the printed copy, and we inquired whether as student and writer it and similar materials were useful. His response was a letter dated March 28, 1929, as follows:

The ANNALS which you mailed me did arrive. I am very glad to have

this basic human material and I appreciate your readiness to let me have them. I shall retain all of them for my library except No. 3 of Vol. III which you indicate as out of print. I shall make notes from this and return it to you shortly.

The Pearson diary has basic material. One could write extensively on the historical derivations to be made from such papers. They should be published in a separate volume, available to any one working in source material giving true impressions of men in the ranks during war time. There has been too much about the exploits of heroes and not enough about drudgery, fun and philosophy of the "high private in the rear rank." Having been one myself in the Spanish [War with Spain], I have keener appreciation of this need. The diary should be gathered into one volume by all means.

It is in the course of finding and preserving more of the record of the "drudgery, fun and philosophy of 'the high private in the rear rank'" of the valiant home founder on the Iowa frontier that we offer the "log book" of William Savage's humble life.

He was born in England in 1833,¹ was apprenticed to the tailor's trade, and came with an uncle, William Savage, to America in 1847. He stayed a few years in New York state in the neighborhood of Venice and Ledyard, villages a short distance south of Auburn, where he worked principally on farms. It was not until 1855 that he removed to Iowa.

Preceding his diary Mr. Savage at a later time wrote the following introduction to the dairy:

"About July 10, 1847, I left Uncle William's shop and went to William Carman's, Hector, Tompkins County, New York, to work on a farm. Received my board, cloth for a fine coat, some coarse pants and socks, etc. Came home to Uncle Samuel's about Christmas, did chores and went to school. In 1848 worked for Abram Reynolds for 28 cents per day. [He was then fifteen years old.] Uncle Samuel Savage died May 26, 1848. In winter did chores for Long Tom Mosher and went to school. Spring of 1849 worked for Job Young for 37½ cents per day. In winter did chores for Elery Howland and went to school. Spring of 1850 worked for Francis Armisted one month for \$7.00 and seven months at \$8.00. Winter did chores for B. F. Chase and went to school and in the spring

¹See "Notable Death" section of ANNALS OF IOWA, Vol. VIII, p. 557, October, 1908.

of 1851 worked for him one month for \$9.00 and seven months for \$10.00. Next winter stayed at A. Harris', chopped some wood and went to school.

"On Fourth Day,² Fifth Month 5, 1852, I commenced work for Cyrenus Wheeler, Jr.; worked Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh days at five shillings per day. Received \$2.50. Then the next Second and Third and Fifth and Sixth days for Job Young at five shillings per day, the next Second Day for three shillings, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth days for five shillings per day, Seventh Day for three. Then the next Second, Third and Fourth days for Hannah Savage at four shillings per day, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh days for Job Young at three shillings per day, ending 30th of Fifth Month."

His record continues in a similar way, working for Hannah Savage, John Wetzel or Job Young for five shillings a day until July 8, when he says: "On Sixth Day I next commenced haying at Job Young's at \$1.00 per day." He worked for different persons, nearly always at haying and at the same wages, until August 24 he "threshed for Cyrenus Wheeler, Jr. and received six shillings." A little later on in September, "The next Fourth and half of Fifth days, for John Wetzel and received ninety-four cents." A little later found him sawing wood at four shillings per day, and one half day he received, instead of two shillings, he called it, "twenty-five cents." He was working nearly every day, and if not for one wage, then a lower one.

"Ninth Month 25, a part of Second Day for Ben T. Chase for 31 cents; next day, one hour, 6 cents; all the next day for 62 cents. The next Sixth Day for Hannah Savage for 4 shillings, and Seventh Day for Charles H. Teter and received 62 cents. Tenth Month 2 finished cutting his corn."

The next year, except a few weeks in the winter was largely occupied by working at day labor on farms—splitting wood, chopping wood, making garden, grafting fruit trees, plowing, hoeing corn, etc., mostly at 5 shilling per day. For haying, mowing and harvesting grain he received \$1.00 per day. On August 28 he "took 11 cords of wood to split and pile for

²Mr. Savage was reared among members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) and in his early diaries he uses their style as to dates.

William Kendall for 3 shillings per cord." Then followed threshing oats at \$1.00 per day, and cutting corn at 5 shillings per day. Toward fall of 1853 he husked corn at 5 shillings per day, and "made a vest for Henry Reynolds for 6 shillings, a vest and a pair of pants for John Fox for \$1.25 and a fine black coat for Elson Teter for \$3.00."

During January, 1854, he chopped 10 cords of wood for Giles Landon, did more tailoring work, and drew a figure of Cyrenus Wheeler's model grass and grain harvester for \$1.50. Trimmed nursery stock and grape vines at 6 shillings per day. His work varied but little from the previous year except he mentions that one day in April he killed a mink and sold the skin for \$1.50, the first evidence shown in his writing of his later great interest in trapping. In May he was picking stone from the field and dragging, and planting corn.

January, 1855, finds him chopping wood at 4 shillings per cord for David Armistead and for others. That spring he caught several minks while chopping, selling the skins at Auburn. This summer he did a small amount of farming for himself, but was most of the time working for wages. He notes he attended an occasional wedding among his acquaintances, but does not mention his own marriage, which likely occurred about this time.

Late in September, 1855, he notes they began packing their goods for their removal to Iowa. On October 2 he "bid farewell to Venice and Ledyard, started for Auburn, arrived there about ten o'clock, left there for Iowa at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes. Bought a ticket through to Chicago for \$32.12, paid \$1.00 for extra baggage." Had to wait at Detroit from 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. and reached Chicago about 10:00 the next morning. There had to wait until 10:00 in the evening. "Then finally started for Burlington. Got into that city at 8 o'clock next morning. Took the stage for Salem about 10:00 (after much tribulation). Arrived there about an hour after sun down."

"Stayed at Dr. Shriner's Sixth Day night. Seventh Day morning I walked down to Uncle William's and found them all comfortably sitting around the stove and were some surprised when I stepped in. Seventh Day, at Uncle William's.

Second Day John and Charley Holmes went to Burlington after my goods. I did chores. Third Day, also did chores and picked a load of corn, Fourth Day dug potatoes, Fifth Day threshed buckwheat, Sixth Day unpacked my large boxes and found all safe and sound, Seventh Day went down to the timber and got a load of wood. Second Day cut pair of pants and drew a load of manure. Third Day we went to hunt for John Russell's cattle and cut down small trees—crotches for Uncle William's cattle shed; Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh days worked on shed and drew wood, and went to J. Russell's vendue. Second Day went to Salem and hired a room for \$2.50 per month. Third and Fourth days helped John with shed. Fifth Day John and I got a load of wood for me and took it to town. Sixth Day we took our goods to Salem and commenced housekeeping, and Seventh Day put things to rights."

On October 29, 1855, he went to work for Job Simpson at tailoring in Salem. For the next three weeks he tells of different pieces of tailoring he did, principally on coats, reaching up to November 17. Then he says, "Lost a correct account from this time for two or three months, but worked for Simpson on and off up to Second Month 23 and earned of him \$43.44. Took part in store and house rent, \$30.82 and received in cash \$12.62. Was sick with inflammatory fever about six weeks. After that took two coats to make for Dick Spurrier for \$4.00 in trade. Made one pair of pants for Thomas Siveter, Jr., \$1.00. Did mending for Dr. T. Siveter, received \$2.25. Then on Second Month 11 David Burden and I went to William Lyon's to hire his farm to work on shares. He not being at home we went again in a few days and talked it over, he to board us and we to have one-third of all we raised. He then agreed to meet us at Salem before the first of March, but did not come. I waited until the morning of the 4th, then started west towards my own land in search of a house, or a part of one, to live in until I could build one for myself. Went to John Turnham's to get warm, and from there to Henry Sneath's. He being in the woods at work, told his wife my business. She said that if I could do no better we might come into their house with them for a few weeks, and accordingly

in Third Month 7 I hired Samuel Siveter to take one load of goods down to his father's barn and one load and ourselves down to Henry Sneath's. Paid him \$1.50 for the remainder of the month."

The land which Mr. Savage acquired and was now, March, 1856, preparing to make his home was near the northeast corner of Van Buren County. It was the east half of the northeast quarter of section 11, Cedar Township, one mile from the north line of the county, and one mile from the east line. Jefferson County was adjacent on the north, and Henry County on the east. The land was six miles west and two north from Salem. The north end of the tract reached to within a few rods of Big Cedar Creek. Nearly the whole tract was covered with heavy timber. Cedar Township had been surveyed nearly nineteen years earlier. Deputy Surveyor E. F. Lucas ran the lines between July 19 and 27, 1837. In his notes on Cedar Township Surveyor Lucas says:

"I may add by way of a general description of this township that nothing past common appears upon the face of the country. It mostly consists of prairie skirted on the north with first rate timber, and on a general view all will be valuable for farming. Water appears scarce on the south boundary, but on the north Big Cedar Creek passes along the whole boundary and is remarkable for its fine mill sites and a sufficiency of water to propel machinery. Limestone ledges of rock have been discovered in abundance along its banks."

The surveyor's notes also mention that at that time, 1837, they found twelve actual settlers in the township, and several other claims staked out. On the Big Cedar about half a mile west of where Mr. Savage later secured his land was a saw and grist mill in an advanced state of construction, and near there was a "large wigwam surrounded with a beautiful sugar grove." At this point Big Cedar was 90 links (about 60 feet) wide.

Into this environment this young man of not quite twenty-three years, with his wife and baby, is to build their home and wrest a living from nature. His training of a few years in farm work among the woods and hills and stones in New York state will be useful. His industry, his powers of observation,

his adaptability, his quick mastery of many trades, his ardent love of nature fit him for his place and work. We shall now closely follow his notes.

This month (March, 1856) was cold, stormy and quite wintry; did not do much toward building. Went down to Sigler's mill several times to pick out slabs and engage lumber for home. Hired Uriah Leick Odel to haul slabs one day. He hauled four loads; paid him \$1.00. Went to Salem several times, bought mattock, spade, sash, glass, nails, etc.

Third Month 29. Cut down brush and cleared a place for house, and commenced making brush fence around about ten acres. Made a vest for James B. Sneath, 75 cts. Was at work hacking brush for two or three weeks. Went to Salem several times. Stephen Young came to Iowa prospecting about the middle of Fourth Month. Hired Captain F. Killebrew to haul slabs one day, hauled six loads, paid him \$1.00.

Fourth Month 25. Went grubbing at Jonas Spray's three and a half days on Henry Sneath's account. Had Sneath in return to help put up my house. Commenced said house Fifth Month 2. Also William Stevens commenced plowing my land the same day and he finished it the 4th. Paid him \$6.00 for 4 acres. Had H. Sneath $3\frac{3}{4}$ days more than I worked for him. Paid him \$3.40 in cash and \$2.75 in work. Paid him 60 cts. for corn for W. Stevens' horses.

Fifth Month 12. Went to Zear's mill after more sheeting; could not find any that suited me, then went to Sigler's mill and bought some more that they were just sawing. The 13th Finess Killebrew hauled sheeting and more slabs. Then had H. Sneath to finish the house. The next three days, laying floor and fixing. Fetched Walter³ from Sneath's. The next week, fixing house, grubbing, etc.

Fifth Month 26. Planted corn for F. Killebrew; 27th, commenced planting my corn. Planting my corn on the 28th, 29th and 30th. Went to Salem with F. Killebrew after a load of goods from Dr. Siveter's. I came back with him.

Sixth Month 1, 1856. Walked to Salem again and came home with Anna⁴ on Second Day.

4th. Finess Killebrew hauled 13 slabs and I bought 50 pounds of flour.

5th. Finished planting my corn.

6th. Made brush fence around calf pasture.

8th. Went to Uncle William's and to Salem next day.

9th. Bought a cow with a bull calf two weeks old for \$30 of Dr. Siveter. David Siveter and Thomas Savage and I drove her home.

10th. I went part way home with the boys. The 11th and 12th grubbing corn. Supervisor came and gave me notice to work on the road Sixth and Seventh days of this week.

17th. Grubbing corn. Assessor came. Taxed the land at \$3.00 an acre and the cow at \$20.00.

³Their little son.

⁴His wife.

- 18th. Made north door to the house.
- 19th. Went to Hillsboro to trade.
- 20th. Also the 21st, worked on road aforesaid.
- 23rd. Hoed corn and hauled water.
- 24th. Hoeing corn, and filled mattress.
- 25th. Hoed corn, went to mill, and hauled water.
- 26th. Hoed corn.
- 27th. Went after tomato plants to H. Sneath's, and cabbage plants to W. Weaver's.
- 28th. Set out plants and hoed corn, also hoed corn next day.
- Seventh Month 2, 1856. Finished hoeing and grubbing my corn. Rain and thunder.
- 5th. Building milk house.
- 7th. Fixing brush fence, and hoeing garden.
- 8th. Went to mill, and chopped a saw log for Meshack Sigler. Next day threw the rock up together at the schoolhouse for the well.
- 10th. Quarrying rock for school well.
- 11th. Digging and boring in said well at \$1.25 per day.
- 12th. Harvesting at William Weaver's, also the next Second Day, the 14th, cradling for W. Weaver at \$1.25 per day.
- 15th. Haying for F. Killebrew.
- 16th. Went down to Sigler's mill to raise a bent under the bridge; was there $\frac{3}{4}$ of the day and then worked for F. Killebrew.
- 17th. Commenced cradling Captain Killebrew's wheat. The next day and $\frac{3}{4}$ of the next, worked at the same and finished it.
- 20th. Sunday, went to H. Sneath's. They gave us a pair of young pigeons and a tabby gray kitten.
- 21st. Cradled wheat for Morgan Paine, \$1.25.
- 22nd. Cradled for William Weaver.
- 23rd. Cradled for Captain Killebrew, and the 24th and $\frac{3}{4}$ of the 25th for W. Weaver harvesting at the same price.
- 26th. Seventh Day, went to Salem and brought home my pictures.
- 28th. Rain.
- 29th. Went to school meeting and made milk house door.
- 30th. Rain, paint a bird. Went to Sigler's mill and picked out slabs.
- 31st. Stacked Captain's (Killebrew's) wheat.
- Eighth Month 1, 1856. Mowed weeds.
- 2nd. Seventh Day, rainy.
- 4th. Went to election and coming home killed my first wild turkey—killed two.
- 5th. Cocked up weeds.
- 6th. In the house. Anna went to Salem.
- 7th. Worked on brush fence, also the next day, and killed a turkey.
- 9th. Seventh Day, worked on fence.
- 11th. Stacked hay, weeds, and grubbed some. Also 12th and 13th worked on brush fence.
- 14th. Hunting, and went to Cornelison's.

15th. Grubbing, and went to the creek after water with F. Killebrew. His wagon broke down. Took the remainder of the day to fix it up and haul said water.

16th. Seventh Day, quarrying rock and picking grapes.

18th. Went to Morgan Paine's. He gave me three small chickens and a black kitten. Quarrying rock. Rainy.

19th. Quarrying stone and cutting road to the quarry.

20th. Went to Sneath's after onions, planted there on shares, and finished cutting said road.

21st. Went to mill, and quarrying stone.

22nd. Rainy and went to Hillsboro. Also Dr. Siveter and Lydia came and made us a visit.

23rd. Seventh Day, F. Killebrew hauled slabs half a day. Went hunting the other half.

25th. Making hogpen, and went prospecting for water with Mr. Gill.

26th. Went after pigs, and grubbed some.

27th. Picked grapes, and killed five turkeys.

28th. Fetched home the little pigs that got out, and quarried stone.

29th. Went to mill and bought 53 pounds of flour, 3¼ cts. per pound. Sick the rest of the day.

30th. Seventh Day, went to Jackson Lee's for a half gallon of whiskey. Could not get any there. Went to John Turnham's and got it there for 35 cts.

Ninth Month 1, 1856. Second Day, quarrying stone.

2nd. Had F. Killibrew hauling said stone.

3rd. Worked on brush fence.

4th. Rainy, and in the house.

5th. Anna and self went to Uncle William's. Rode as far as the steam mill with F. Killebrew and walked the rest of the way there. Came home in the evening.

6th. Seventh Day, went to H. Sneath's after a letter from J. Wetsel. Second and half of Third days, quarrying stone.

9th. Afternoon David Siveter came. Anna went home with him and stayed till Sixth Day afternoon. I was grubbing and keeping house while she was away. Half of Seventh Day was hunting. John and Thomas S. came in the evening and stayed till Second Day morning, then I went part way home with them. The remainder of the day and Third Day, worked on stone.

17th. Fourth Day, Finess Killebrew hauled rock to the well in the branch till about two o'clock, then went to the creek after a barrel of water. Killed a turkey.

18th. Went to the creek hunting. Coming home I killed a turkey and took it to Salem and sold it for 30 cents. Stayed at Dr. Siveter's all night and got home next day noon. After noon and all the next day battening up the cracks inside the house.

22nd. Second Day, commenced cutting up my corn. The next three days worked on the same, and finished it, thirteen shocks in all.

26th. Commenced cutting four acres of buckwheat for David Cornelison.

27th. Seventh Day, threshed for F. Killebrew. Half the next Second Day, worked on buckwheat. Rainy. Third Day, finished it.

Tenth Month 1, 1856. Rainy.

2nd. Cleaning off dirt in stone quarry.

3rd. Had F. Killebrew to help quarry stone.

4th. Seventh Day, hauled water, finished the stone and went hunting.

6th. Went to town meeting about a tax for a railroad. Killed two turkeys, and to school meeting in afternoon. They voted me in president of the school board to fill the place of David Cornelison.

7th. Had F. Killebrew to haul stone for chimney. Settled with him.

8th. Worked on little well. Went to Hillsboro to the justice of the peace to get sworn in.

9th. Worked on said well and finished it Sixth Day afternoon when it began to rain and rained all next day. Worked in the house sewing for Dr. Siveter.

12th. First Day, went to Sneath's after pieplant roots. The calf got out and the cow went off with him.

13th. Went to hunt them and found them in Carter bottom. Had considerable trouble driving them home. Commenced digging hole west of house.

14th. Finished digging said hole by noon, then went to William Weaver's after stone hammer.

15th. Went down to the mill. Afternoon, worked on the school well.

16th. Commenced building a chimney; had F. Killebrew to help. At noon Weaver fetched away his hammer. Afternoon went to Hillsboro to borrow one, but could not get one.

17th. In morning went up on the prairie and finally got a loan of Solomon Gill and in the afternoon and all Seventh Day worked on chimney. David Siveter and Thomas Savage came here and stayed till Monday. They brought me a puppy three weeks old. We call him Watch. Got one the day before of Wisdom Stanley. Call her Rose. She is six weeks old.

20th. Second Day, work on chimney a little while, then it came on rainy and I worked on the hearth. The next four days worked on chimney.

25th. Seventh Day, went to Weaver's, took off the roof of his house. Came home and laid hearth.

27th. Captain [Killebrew] and I worked on chimney.

28th. Worked on chimney alone.

29th. Went to Salem. Stayed there all night. Took a coat to make for Job Simpson.

Seventh Month 2, 1856. First Day morning took it home and received \$2.00. Took coat and pants to make for Daniel Siveter.

3rd. Came home from Salem and half of that day and all of Third and Fourth days daubing house and packing wood.

6th. Stormy, also the 7th. Was in the house tailoring.

8th. Seventh Day, went to the prairie to buy some lard. Got 3 pounds of William Hopper, 25 cents.

10th. Went with Solomon Gill to Waldrop's [?] after a steer; received 35 cents. Next three days, tailoring and daubing the house.

14th. Went to Salem. Took a turkey and David Siveter's coat and pants. Stayed there and sewed for Dr. Siveter and came home that evening with Samuel Siveter and Anna went home with him to Quarterly meeting.

15th. Went to Weaver's after a spade and worked at daubing the house.

16th. First Day. Anna came home.

17th. Went to Salem with two turkeys. Had a tooth pulled out at Dr. Shriner's.

18th. Chopped and hauled wood for Captain [Killebrew] and self.

19th. Picked corn for Captain. Next three days were stormy and I made Captain's coat.

24th. Second Day, picked corn at Killebrew's, also did same next three days.

28th. Went to mill, also chopped wood for self.

29th. Hauled it, and chopped for Captain.

Twelfth Month 1, 1856. Second Day, went to mill and went deer hunting.

2nd. Stormy, and work in the house.

3rd. Made brush pen for Dick, calf.

4th. Help kill nine hogs at Sigler's.

5th. Went up to I. Conley's to help butcher on S. Gill's account, but the weather being extremely cold they quit and I came home and built a brush house for my hogs.

6th. Seventh Day, finished said house and split some stakes.

8th. Fix calf pen gap, and mend Anna's shoes.

9th. Hunting around, and mend my boots.

10th. Mended my coat. Stormy.

11th. Helped Captain kill a pig, then went on deer drive.

12th. Cut out coat for Morgan Paine.

13th. Chopped wood and hauled it for Captain and self.

15th. Second Day, went deer driving.

16th. Went to mill. From there, went to Salem in the evening with I. Potter.

18th. Went to James Steadman's. Had the dog of my gun fixed, 50 cents. Stayed at Dr. Siveter's all night and came home next day.

20th. Seventh Day, carried up wood.

22nd. Choring.

23rd. Went hunting and up to Weaver's.

24th. Chopping wood on Dr. Siveter's land.

25th. Christmas. Went to Sneath's to dine.

26th. Went to Sigler's, picking corn.

27th. Seventh Day, stormy. Made Walter's shoes.

29th. Helped William Weaver kill eight hogs.

30th. Went to Captain Killebrew's. He had gone away. Came back and Weaver brought two hogs to my house, one 38 and the other 109 pounds, at 4 cents per pound. Then Captain and I hauled one load of wood apiece.

31st. Went to A. Runyon's store, and then to Hillsboro to get pair of boots for me and pair shoes for Anna. Came home and finished my vest and fixed pants.

First Month 1, 1857. Anna and I went to Uncle William's. There saw the marriage of David Burden and Rosa Savage, our cousin. Came home.

2nd. Went to Captain's and cut up some of one of my pigs, and carried wood.

5th. Second Day, went to mill with grist of corn.

6th. Went to work for Morgan Paine. Went to blacksmith's shop. Hauled self a load of wood. The balance of the day hauling his corn fodder.

7th. Went to mill and to coal bank, then hauled fodder all for M. P.

8th. Helped Captain kill three hogs.

9th. Cut and hauled wood for Captain and self.

10th. For M. Paine, hauled one load of wood, one load of coal, then finished his fodder and built a pen around it.

11th. Sunday. Samuel Siveter came here.

12th. Went hunting.

13th. Went to work for Meshack Sigler. Sam and Anna went to H. Sneath's.

14th. Sam and I went to cut wood for self and Captain.

15th. We went hunting on north side of the creek.

16th. We started for Salem. Went to north side of the creek and fell in with five deer. Sam and I each fired at a separate deer twice. Mine fell on the second shot, but Sam's made off, evidently severely wounded. His shot barrel was loaded with turkey shot, mine with large bullets and buckshot.

17th. Seventh Day, took four quarters of my deer to Salem and sold them for \$4.50.

19th. Returned from Salem.

20th. Went to F. Killebrew's and hauled one load of wood apiece.

21st. Making pair of pants for David Siveter.

22nd. Chopping wood for Captain and self.

23rd. The same and we hauled three loads apiece.

24th. Seventh Day, went to Cox's coal bank with David's pants. Sent them to Salem by L. Brown, then went up on the prairie after bake oven. Did not get any.

26th. Went to mill with corn. Got it ground, also ground my ax.

27th. Third Day. Worked for E. Ingraham.

28th. Help O. M. Wells kill four hogs. The next three days, was sick and did not do much.

Second Month, 2, 1857. Second Day, went to mill and chopped some wood for self.

3rd. Chopped wood for self and captain, and he hauled.

5th. Worked for E. Ingraham, 75c.

6th. The same.

7th. Seventh Day, stormy, and tinkering in the house.

9th. Helped Captain kill one hog.

10th. Went to Hillsboro.

11th. Chopped wood for Captain and self. The next three days worked for E. Ingraham at the mill.

16th. Second Day. Cut a road to the schoolhouse.

17th. Went to Captain's to borrow flour and cut brush.

18th. Made broom and went to mill.

19th. Hunting and cut some wood.

20th. Cut a little wood for Captain, and hunting.

21st. Seventh Day. Hunt and went to mill. Got some corn meal.

23rd. Worked for Solomon Gill making sugar troughs.

24th. Commenced painting a hawk.⁵

25th. Chopped wood.

26th. Tapping sugar trees for S. Gill.

27th. Went to Hillsboro.

28th. Went to mill and ground drawing knife. Made ax handle.

Third Month 2, 1857. Second Day. Work on brush fence.

3rd. Went to Glasgow to James Anderson's sale and bought two trace chains, 45c.

4th. Worked for E. Ingraham and David Siveter came here.

5th. Chopped wood at home.

6th. Captain hauled it.

7th. Seventh Day. Hunting.

9th. Hunting and went to Captain's. The next two days I was chopping and hauling wood.

12th. Went to Hillsboro, to the Carter bottom land sale and C. Bruington auction.

13th. Working on brush fence, and made Walter a cap and mend Anna's shoes.

14th. Seventh Day, Anna went to Salem. I went down to the creek hunting and killed a possum. Stayed all night at Killebrew's.

16th. Went up on prairie to A. Runyon's store and in said store both my young dogs, Rose and Watch, got poisoned.

17th. Third Day. Went to Hillsboro.

18th. Went to mill and to John Stanley's and on the prairie.

19th. Went to Uncle William's, stayed there all night.

20th. Went to Salem. Stayed with D. Burden all night.

21st. Seventh Day, back to Uncle William's and John and Thomas came home with me.

⁵First mention in the diary of the painting of some 400 specimens of birds and 18 small mammals of the "Savage neighborhood," which constitute the Savage Collection in the Historical Department.

- 23rd.* Mend John's boot. Rainy day.
- 24th.* Went to the bottom to look after my cow. Killed three ducks.
- 25th.* Went to mill and got 52 pounds flour, and mended my boots.
- 26th.* Went to the other side of creek after one dead duck. Half soled my other boot.
- 27th.* Went to the creek bottom and killed two ducks. Worked on brush fence.
- 28th.* Seventh Day, work on fence and made sap trough.
- 30th.* Went to mill and settled with E. Ingraham, ground my ax, then worked on fence.
- 31st.* Went to F. Killebrew's and helped make a harrow.
- Fourth Month. 1, 1857.* Fourth Day, went after my cow and then went with Captain after his, then soled and mended Anna's shoes.
- 2nd.* Went to Captain's and worked on said harrow. Made a pair of pants for Andrew J. Stanley for \$1.00.
- 4th.* Seventh Day, grubbing at home.
- 6th.* Went to election of town officers.
- 7th.* Mend Eliz Killebrew's shoes. She and Jane came here to practice writing. Then I went to Hillsboro.
- 8th.* Went up on prairie to I. Conley's for onion seed. Made salt lick and grubbed some.
- 9th.* Work on brush fence.
- 10th.* Went to creek bottom, shot one duck, and then grubbed some.
- 11th.* Seventh Day, went to R. D. Sneath's sale and bought a bake oven, 50 cents.
- 13th.* Went to Wells's, bought 14 pounds of soap. Helped with Cap's heifer.
- 14th.* Chopping for Wells, 75 cents.
- 15th.* Carry wood and went to mill. Bought 62 pounds flour.
- 16th.* Chopped for O. M. Wells.
- 17th.* Down on creek bottom. Shot two ducks. John and Thomas came here.
- 18th.* Seventh Day, fixed Thomas' boot, 25 cents.
- 20th.* Went up to Mrs. Stanley's and got another puppy, call him Watch. Came home and work on brush fence. Old cow went off and did not come home at night. Commenced making Captain's coat.
- 21st.* Went to hunt cow, did not find her. Work on said coat.
- 22nd.* Hunting cow and heard of her by S. Gill. Help M. Payne get his cow out of a slough, but she died in the night.
- 23rd.* In the morning I helped M. Payne skin his dead cow, then he and I went down to the bottom and found my cow lying down and could not get up. We went to the Captain's and got help and raised her up, drove her to Captain's and left her there.
- 24th.* Attended to my cow and grubbed some.
- 25th.* Seventh Day, attended to the cow and went to the mill and to O. M. Wells's. He wrote an order for some money from the upper district came home and grubbed balance of day.

27th. Helped up the cow and grubbed.

28th. Also the same.

29th. Raised the cow up, but she being very weak fell very heavily, and it appeared to have hurt her very much. Then we concluded to leave her lying down, turn her over once a day, feed her well, and not lift her again until she gets stronger.

30th. Built a shed over the cow. Went to mill, and grubbed some.

Fifth Month, 1, 1857, went to the creek and shot a duck. Rainy. Then grubbed some.

2nd. Seventh Day, grubbing.

4th. Grubbed. Went to school meeting.

5th. Clearing, and went to help M. Payne lift his bull out of a slough.

6th. M. Paine and I skinned I Conley's cow for the hide. Grubbed balance of day and the next.

8th. M. Payne commenced plowing my old ground. I grubbed and dug with him.

9th. Seventh Day, he finished it and I commenced planting my corn.

11th. Planting corn. My poor old cow died. We skinned her and the calf. It was unborn.

12th. Planted corn.

13th. Went to creek bottom with Captain [Killebrew]. A. M. to Daniel Barger's with his presidential papers. From there to William E. Taylor's and partly traded my yearling bull calf and \$5.00 to him for a cow three years old.

14th. W. E. T. came here and we went to the creek bottom to hunt Dick. Did not find him, but he offered me the heifer for Dick and \$5.00 and we made the trade. I was to take Dick to his house when I found him.

15th. Filling up pantry floor. Dug up piece of ground in field and made Walter's shoes.

16th. Seventh Day, found Dick and took him up to W. E. Taylor's.

18th. Planting corn.

19th. Finished planting corn on old ground.

20th. Went to Daniel Barger's to buy some wheat at \$1.00 per bushel. David Burden and Rosa, his wife, and Edward Simkins came here to see us.

21st. Planting corn for M. Payne. He took my wheat home in the evening.

22nd. Took said wheat to mill and shot a good mess of fish.

23rd. Seventh Day. Grubbed. Cut a coat for James Davis and one for Mr. Magee, 60 cents. Anna went to Salem and David Siveter came here.

25th. Grubbing.

26th. Fixed my calf pen gap and prepared new ground for Captain to plow.

28th. Went to W. E. Taylor's after my cow, and Captain came and plowed said ground.

29th. Helped Captain replant his corn.

30th. Seventh Day, went to town. Sold cow and calf skins for \$2.70,

and my share of the Conley cow hide 81 cents. Half soled Ely Killebrew's shoes.

Sixth Month, 1, 1857. Planting corn for M. Payne.

2nd. A. M. finished his corn. Uncle William, Aunt Mary and Tom came here and I went part way home with them.

3rd. M. Payne and I planted my new piece of ground.

4th. Grubbed water mellon patch and planted it, and some beans, and cut out a pair of pants for Captain Killebrew.

5th. Fixed brush fence, and fishing.

6th. Seventh Day, on brush fence.

8th. Second Day, Went to school meeting in A. M., in P. M. helped M. Payne replant his broom corn.

9th. Helped M. Payne again.

10th. Helped Cap grubworm and replant his corn.

11th. Work on Cap's coat.

12th. On Cap's coat and half day haul water.

13th. Seventh Day, went to Hillsboro, also hoed corn.

15th. Cut off a log and fixed up a gap in brush fence. Finished my pants and hoed some corn. Supervisor came and warned me out on the road.

16th. Sticking peas and hoeing corn.

17th. Rainy. Hoed corn.

19th. Work on roads yesterday and today, from T. McCreadie's south.

20th. Hoed corn and went to mill to get some bran.

21st. First Day, went to Uncle William's.

22nd. To Salem, and from thence home.

23rd. Hoed corn.

25th. Anna went to Salem with Captain. I went to Captain's with her to carry her basket. Then hoed corn.

26th. Hoed corn.

27th. Finished hoeing my corn at ten o'clock, then made a shaving horse and bench, and fixed brush fence.

28th. First Day, service berry day.

29th. Sowed $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres of buckwheat on Captain's field on shares. I find seed and have half, and fix brush fence.

30th. Hoed, pulled beans, picked service berries.

Seventh Month 1, 1857. Fourth Day, hoed corn. David Siveter came here and brought Anna home from Salem, then he and I went to Carter bottom to pick berries.

2nd. Hooped my barrel. Wrote two letters for Mrs. Sneath, one to her son and one to H. Sneath's brother. Also commenced making hen house.

3rd. A. M. Cap and I hauled water. P. M. work on said house.

4th. Seventh Day, finished said house and went berry picking.

6th. Made door to said house. Went to mill, hoed some corn.

7th. Hoed corn and went to mill again to get some bran.

8th. Hoed corn.

9th. Hauled water and finished hoeing my corn the second time.

10th, also 11th. work for M. Payne making brush fence around his horse pasture.

13th. Second Day, mended my boots, poled the beans, and cut out a coat for M. Payne, 25 cents.

14th. Commenced digging the cistern.

15th. Went to Salem to pay Dr. Siveter \$15.00 due for Hannah cow.

16th, also Sixth Day, dug in cistern and sowed turnip seed on Captain's land, also the same next day.

18th. Seventh Day, Anna went to town with M. Payne and family. I dug some and went to mill. Weather very hot and dry.

20th. Finished digging cistern and commenced walling it up.

21st. At the same.

22nd. Finished it, and sowed some turnips.

23rd. Hauled water and mend my boots.

24th. Harvesting for Wm. Morris, reed. \$1.00.

25th. Seventh Day, harvesting for M. Payne, \$1.25 per day.

27th. Commenced harvesting Cap's wheat. At same 28th, 29th and 30th.

31st. Harvesting for M. Paine.

Eighth Mo. 1, 1857. Seventh Day, harvesting for M. Payne at \$1.25 or an equivalent in wheat.

3rd. Harvesting for M. Payne at same rate.

4th. Hauled two barrels of water. Killed a turkey, the first this season. Helped Cap kill a sheep.

5th. Stacked Cap's wheat.

6th. Killed two turkeys and went to hunt a bee tree with Cap. Did not find it. Also went up to David Cornelison's to make an arrow point. He not being at home, came back without.

7th. Cut a tree down in the branch and commenced hewing eaves troughs. There came a good rain, the first for three months. Went out in the evening and killed turkey at roost.

8th. Went to Salem on horseback with Cap. Rained very hard that day and night.

9th. First Day, David Siveter came here and killed two turkeys.

10th. Cap and I went to the creek hunting a bee tree, and not finding one, I work on calf pasture fence.

11th. Went to Cap's to help him tramp out some wheat. It being too wet we did not do it until afternoon. John and Tom came here hunting their ox. William Weaver came here and invited Anna and me to the infair of his son William's wedding which took place the day before.

12th. Work on trough, and went to Cap's after lime, and finished calf pasture fence.

13th. Stacking wheat for M. Payne.

14th. Stack wheat half day, then it rained and I went hunting. Five of my chickens killed by a weasel last night. Four large ones and their mother killed previous to that.

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15th. Seventh Day, last night set two traps, and this morning had one skunk and one weasel. Went hunting today.

17th. Went to mill and got some bran. Hunted some. Went to M. Payne's and raked up some wheat and grubbed some.

18th. Watched in Cap's wheat stubble and killed a turkey. Work on eaves trough. Went down to the creek at night and killed a turkey at roost.

19th. Plastered the fireplace. Mended my boots.

20th. Finished long trough.

21st. Mend Walter's shoes. Cut two aspens on Cap's land for short troughs and made them.

22nd. Seventh Day, grubbed some. Cap hauled said troughs.

24th. Went to Salem with Cap and bought 50 pounds flour at \$2.50 per hundred.

25th. Grub. Picked some plums.

26th. Helped Cap unmix his sheep, then picked more plums and grubbed.

27th. Grubbed.

28th. Went to camp meeting with Cap to put up his tent.

29th. Hewed troughs and hunting.

30th. First Day, went to camp meeting and back at night. Anna and I did Cap's chores while he and his family attended said meeting.

31st. Hunting with H. Sneath. I killed one turkey.

Ninth Mo. 1, 1857. Burned brush and picked plums.

2nd. Built a top on chimney and went to Wells's.

3rd. Rainy. Went to Wells's again to enquire the price of his hogs and calves; hogs 4 cts. per pound, calves \$4.00 per head. Went hunting.

4th. Putting eaves troughs up on north side of house.

5th. Seventh Day, wrote a letter to John Wetsal. Next day David Siveter came here and went hunting. I killed two turkeys and he one.

7th, also Third Day. I worked for O. M. Wells chopping a new road, 75 cts. per day.

9th. Sick.

10th, also 11th, worked for O. M. Wells.

12th. Samuel Siveter came here. Went to M. Payne's after my calf that broke out a day or two ago. Bought a heifer calf of M. Payne for \$4.00. Samuel and I intended to go to Salem but the rain prevented, and I helped Captain kill a sheep.

13th. First Day, Samuel and I went to Salem and David gave me a Shanghai rooster, then in the evening I went to Uncle William's.

14th. Took a squirrel hunt with John and I returned home.

15th, also Fourth Day, chopping for O. M. Wells.

17th. Threshing for M. Payne.

18th. Went to thresh, but rain prevented.

19th. Seventh Day, cut out my pants, cut forks for cow shed, and split some rails.

21st. Rainy and went hunting.

22nd. Went to thresh, but they did not come. In the afternoon, worked for M. Payne making fence.

23rd. Threshed for M. Payne.

24th. Chopping for O. M. Wells.

25th. Threshed for F. Killebrew.

26th. Unwell. Finished my ticking pants.

27th. First Day, the first frost. Ninth Month 27.

28th, also *29th* and *30th*, chopping for O. M. Wells at 75 cents per day.

Tenth Month 1, 1857, chopped for O. M. Wells.

2nd. Rainy. Fetched home two calves, Dick and Pets, that I bought of Wells, each \$4.00.

3rd. Seventh Day, hunting, and made a dog house. Also helped M. Payne kill a sheep. Went to sin[g]ing school at night—upper school.

5th. Raining. Went to mill with M. Payne. Got of him one bushel and a half of wheat, then made some rail fence by the bars and sewed some.

6th. Cut out a pair of pants for James Barton, 25 cents. Made a pig pen, and commenced cutting up my corn.

7th. Set two or three posts in cow shed, and Cap and I ground our corn knives, then I cut corn.

8th. Went to mill after my grist, not ground yet, then cut up corn, and helped S. Gill kill a cow that he bought of M. Payne, \$20.00.

9th. Went to mill twice and cut up corn. Weather—days very warm and nights very cool. Walter took sick with ague.

10th. Seventh Day, took home some borrowed flour to Wells's and waited for Wells to fetch my pig home, but he did not, then cut some corn.

12th. Work on road between Weaver's and Stanley's corner. Work for M. Payne, 59 cents, and my tax, 33 cents.

13th. Third Day. Cut up corn.

14th. Mowed the buckwheat on Cap's land.

15th. Wells brought my pig home. Rainy. I sewed some. Dick, calf, got out. I could not find him.

16th. Went to Hillsboro and got some medicine for Walter. Took 3¼ pounds butter to store and traded for goods, then cut corn.

17th. Cut corn.

18th. First Day, morning, caught a coon in steel trap in my corn field.

19th. Finished putting up my corn, 18 shocks, and found Dick calf at old man Baley's.

20th. Tremendous hard frost. [October 20]

21st. Yesterday and today, cut corn for M. Payne.

22nd. Rainy. Killed a partridge. Made a last and cut out a pair of shoes for Walter G. Savage.

23rd. Cutting up corn for O. M. Wells.

24th. Seventh Day, set up two-thirds of my buckwheat, and went to see the shooting match.

26th. Went to M. Payne's and to mill with some wheat and with him to the lower steam mill.

27th. Finished setting up my buckwheat and made a fork handle.

28th, also 29th, worked for M. Payne on his house. He is going to raise it and put a new roof on it.

30th. Went to Hillsboro for some worm medicine for Walter. Also helped M. Payne put his rafters up.

31st. Mowed grass for O. M. Wells.

Eleventh Month 1, 1857. First Day.

2nd. Commenced threshing our buckwheat.

3rd. Pulling turnips, threshing buckwheat.

4th. Finished threshing said buckwheat.

5th. Rainy. Sqled Anna's shoes, and hunting. Killed one turkey at roost.

6th. Help O. M. Wells kill a fat cow. Came home and cut wood.

7th. Hauled wood and pumpkins and went to Uncle William's.

8th. First Day, went to Salem.

9th. Returned to Uncle William's and from there home.

10th. Borrowed Wells's fanning mill and cleaned up some of our buckwheat. Snowed that night.

11th. Built a pen to put said wheat in. It would not hold, then put it in Walter's box. Snowy. I fetched my calves home from M. Payne's.

12th. Chopped some wood, hunted, split rails.

13th. Finished our buckwheat. I had 53 patent bucketfuls for my half off an acre and a quarter. Cap hauled me a load of wood, and I went with him to John Coburn's after two shoats of his.

14th. Seventh Day, chopped and hauled a load of poles for wood, and one load of wood and rails, and set two posts in calf shed.

16th. Hunting some and worked on shed.

17th. Went to M. Payne's and borrowed 20 nails, and grubbed some. Afternoon went to Cap's and divided our turnips. I had about 26 bushels and some not pulled yet. Buried mine.

18th. Buried one bushel of potatoes. I had of Thomas McCreadie for cutting Jim Barton's pants. Set in rainy and I went to Wells's to borrow some sacks to take some buckwheat to mill.

19th. Went to M. P. to get the cattle, but did not. Then cut a pattern of Dr. Siveter's coat. Went to mill with seven bushels of buckwheat and brought home a load of poles.

21st. Seventh Day, chopped some wood and went hunting.

23rd. Worked on my pants and in the evening watched in Wells's cornfield and shot a spike buck, wounding him in the ham. He went into Cap's field and lay all night. Next morning I tracked him up and found him just north of Cap's house. He then jumped up and I shot him again and he rolled over the fence. He ran a piece and lay down, got up again and ran to the creek and crossed at the island. I then found him on the other side, shot him again and then Watch caught him. We killed him and dragged him home. Then I went to work on McCreadie's coat.

25th also 26th. At the same and finished it, then cut and hauled a load of wood with M. Payne's oxen.

27th. Went to Salem with Tom Lewis, took three quarters of venison

and sold it for \$3.18. Did [not] come again till Seventh Day morning. Then cleaned out the schoolhouse.

30th. Second Day, went to mill with some corn and got it ground and went to Thom Mcreadie's and got half a bushel of potatoes for cutting a pair of sleeves for him. Went to creek bottom with James Spray to hunt his heifer.

Twelfth Month 1, 1857. Went to Mr. Payne's and helped kill a pig, then to mill with two bushels of wheat. Got it ground. Then Tom L. and I hauled a load of wood. I took some sacks to Wells's.

2nd. Wells came here to change said sacks, his being down at the mill with my buckwheat in. Went down and changed them. He fetched one bag of buckwheat flour home for me. I commenced making Dr. Siveter's coat.

3rd. Helped M. Payne gather a load of corn up in Sigler's field till noon, then worked on Dr.'s coat.

4th. and Seventh Day on said coat and finished it.

6th. First Day, went to H. Sneath's to tell him that his steer was at D. Barger's.

7th. Chopped wood in forenoon. Afternoon, rainy, and cut out Alex Martin's coat.

8th. Sewed on said coat.

9th. Helped M. Paine get a load of wood and a load of fodder, then he and I got a load of wood for self.

10th. Went to store and got some canvas for and worked on said coat.

11th. Worked on said coat.

12th. Seventh Day. Finished said coat and cut out a coat for Nicholas Boley, 50 cents.

14th. Second Day. Made Walter pair shoes.

15th. Started to Salem with T. Lewis and M. Paine. The road being very muddy, the oxen stalled. Tom and I unloaded the coal on side of the road and came home with empty wagon. Paine went to Salem with the steers.

16th. Went to Hillsboro to pay my part for the harrow teeth Cap and I bought, but Squire Newbold was not at home. I did not pay. P. M. finished my pants.

17th. Kill my sow pig, and cut out a coat for George Martin.

18th. Rainy. Grubbed. Cut some hand sled runners and went hunting.

19th. Seventh Day, went hunting. Went to Hillsboro and found Cap was not sued, so paid Dr. J. B. Allen 80 cents on aforesaid harrow. Then Tom L. and I hauled one load of wood.

21st. Sneath, Cap, Wells and I had a deer drive, but killed nothing.

22nd. Grubbed some and fixed rail fence by hen roost. At night I wounded a deer.

23rd. Cap and I hunted for it and could not find it, then we hauled wood. I shot two hogs for M. Paine.

24th. Went to mill, and nailed slabs on calf shed.

25th. Christmas day. Hunting. Shot common partridge.

26th. Tom and I hunted. Caught a young fox squirrel and gave it to Tom. Killed a possum and a rabbit. Tom roasted the rabbit in the woods. I chopped a load of wood.

27th. First Day, John and Thomas came here to invite Anna and me to Mary's wedding.

28th. Second Day. Went part way home with the boys. Came home and hauled a load of wood. I cut out a coat for West Runyon.

29th. Fourth and part of Fifth Day making said coat.

First Month 1, 1858. Anna and I went to Uncle William's, saw Edward Simkins and Mary Savage married.

2nd. Seventh Day, came home. I went to Cap's after Walter and commenced cutting a coat for Samuel Morris.

4th. Help O. M. Wells kill five hogs.

5th. Cap and I hauled a load of wood.

6th. Went to mill. Took 3 bushels of wheat and 2 of buckwheat and 1½ of corn. Came home and sewed.

7th. Sewing.

8th. Help M. Paine kill four hogs.

9th. Seventh Day, Captain hauled one load of wood and David Siveter came and I tried his rifle.

11th. Second Day. I went to Salem with David and took Doctor's coat.

12th, also Fourth day, sewed for Dr. at his house. Went to Uncle William's that night.

14th. He cut some patterns for me that morning and I came home.

15th. Sixth Day. Split 37 rails and chopped a load of wood.

16th. Seventh Day, Cap hauled it and I chopped for him and hunted with West Oldacre and Dave and William Barger for deer. Heard a Canada Jay, the first this spring, First Month 17.

18th. Fix eaves troughs, and went to Cap's after auger.

19th. Split rails and chopped wood.

20th. Grubbed some. Thomas Lefevere and James Lucas came here. I went as far as Sneath's house with them to show them the road.

21st. Help O. M. Wells kill a beef cow. I took a hind quarter weighing 134 pounds at 5 cents — \$6.70.

22nd. Chopping wood.

23rd. Seventh Day, putting up eaves troughs, and went to T. McCreddie's.

25th. Second Day. Went to Sigler's mill. There were five persons baptized.

26th. Went to Gill's. Came home and tied up seed corn, and made broom. Went with T. Lewis to make oxbow bender.

27th. Went deer driving with West Oldacre. Killed none. Fix shed.

28th. Went to Wells's to borrow an auger. Then measured Hen Hopper for a coat and cut it out.

29th. and 30th, making his coat.

Second Mo. 1, 1858. Second Day, went to Hillsboro. Sold 5 dozen eggs. Two pounds sugar and ¾ pound coffee.

2nd. Hauled one load of wood with M. Paine's oxen. Running deer.
3rd. and *4th.* chopping and making rails for O. M. Wells, 75 cents per day.

5th. Soling my boots and making ax handle.

6th. Seventh Day, chopping wood and hunting.

8th. Took the clock to pieces. Went to Hillsboro after Dr. Allen for Cap's daughter Parthene, then cleaned clock.

9th. Made a hand sled. At night I watch my field. At 20 minutes before 8 o'clock I shot a young buck killing him on the spot. 50 f.^s

11th. Cut some aspen poles and Cap'n hauled me a load of wood. I chopped 40 poles for rails.

10th. Went to Cap's and chopped some wood for self.

12th. Cap and I killed two rabbits. I helped him cut wood, and cut a load for self.

13th. Seventh Day, Tom Lewis and I went hunting.

15th. Stormy.

16th. Help Cap kill a hog. Hauled some wood for self.

17th. Cap hauled two loads wood. I chopped for him and hunted.

18th. Chopped for Cap and it snowed.

19th. Had M. Payne's oxen and hauled three loads of wood and rails and two loads of fodder.

20th. Fish Hayes, Tom L. and I went hunting. Fish shot a doe deer and gave Tom and me a forequarter apiece.

21st. First Day, we fetched the deer home and Tom Savage came here.

22nd. I mended his boot and hunted.

23rd. Went to mill, and to Hoppers and got a pair of socks, \$1.00, one pound white yarn, \$1.00 in pay for making Hen's coat.

24th. Went part way home with Tom and chopped some wood.

25th. Hauled some wood and fodder and help Tom Lewis put tongue and roller in the sled.

26th. Finished the sled and helped Tom get a load of wood. I chopped some wood and poles for fence.

27th. Hunting. Shot a red-tailed buzzard on the nest.

28th. First Day, Thomas Siveter brought a pair of pants for me to make.

Third Month 1, 1858. Hauling wood with M. Paine's oxen, and commenced making Tom's pants.

2nd. Finished them.

3rd. Went to Salem with Tom's pants and stayed all night.

4th. In the evening I went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

5th. Came home, made hog pen, and helped Cap'n put some glass in at schoolhouse and cut some wood there.

6th. Seventh Day, Cap helped me kill my fat hog. I then hauled a load of wood with the oxen.

^sMr. Savage having been born in England and acquainted in his youth with the symbols of the British monetary system here used the sign of the British pound sterling, as at the instant it carried in his mind the sound of "pound."

8th. Commenced making Tom Lewis's pants. That night I watched my field and 20 minutes before 8 o'clock four deer came into the field. I shot at one 43 yards. It was so dark I could see no more of him then.

9th. Went out in the morning and by the fence in the field I found the deer lying dead, shot through the heart, a young buck. In afternoon went to Mr. Paine's. Also mended my boots.

10th. Took Uncle William a hind quarter of said deer. Coming home I broke through the ice at Warner ford, my gun in one hand and a cane in the other. I got out with a good soaking about from my arms down. Saw the first wild geese. Shot a partridge and a duck.

11th. Had M. P.'s oxen. Hauled one load of wood and two loads of fodder.

12th. Made box and put $5\frac{1}{4}$ bushels buckwheat in it.

13th. Seventh Day. Went to creek bottom and to Runyon's sugar camp. Came home and mended Anna's shoes. Fixed lady calf's head to her foot and turned her out.

14th. Went to Sigler's and returned their candlemoulds. In afternoon chopped wood.

15th. Rainy. Cut out and sewed on Tom L.'s coat.

16th. Went to mill with T. L. and B. Weaver Creek very high. Sewed on said coat. Old cow and three calves strayed off.

17th. Went to creek bottom to hunt them. Were not there, but found them up at Runyon's.

18th. Went to Cap's and O. M. Wells and I appraised two stray heifers, then went to creek bottom and dug up some gooseberry bushes and set them out.

19th. Seventh Day, went to Hillsboro to take oath to said strays and then went to mill.

20th. M. Paine and I went to Jonathan Hoskins' for some young apple trees. Dug some up and left them, then went part way home with John and Tom S.

21st. Help Cap kill two hogs, and went after my wedge at Wells's.

22nd. Went to Glasgow with Cap. Took ten dozen eggs, each 4 cents, and 17 pounds paper rags, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and traded for groceries. Brought home 25 apple trees and 6 cherry trees from J. Hoskins, and 5 for Wells.

23rd. Seventh Day, hunting. Killed two ducks. Set out some of my trees.

24th. Also 30th, worked for O. M. Wells hand threshing and grubbing in his wheat field.

25th. Went to mill, got my grist, came home and fixed my dip net. Tom. L. and I went fishing and caught a few.

Fourth Month 1, 1858. Grubbing at home and ground my mattock.

2nd. Grubbed and helped Cap mark his hogs.

3rd. Grubbed. Packed away the meat. Killed four ducks, fix hen's nest, shelled some corn.

4th. First Day, went to Uncle William's and Anna and I came home.

5th. Grubbed, packed away the meat, and took Wells's borrowed flour home.

- 6th. Grubbing for Jonathan Hoskins to pay for apple trees.
7th. Rainy. Put some stalks on hen house.
8th. Went to Hillsboro with M. P. and came home and hauled a load of wood with his cattle.
9th. Tom and I went fishing, came home and fixed my boot, and went hunting.
10th. Seventh Day, fixed Anna's and Walter's shoes. Big Cedar Creek very high and washed away Sigler's dam.
11th. Set five apple trees and six cherry trees, then helped Tom L. make brush fence around a cow pasture on M. P.'s farm. Rainy.
12th. A snow. I finished Tom's coat.
14th. Also 15th, work on pasture brush fence.
16th. Commenced making garden. Sadly too wet. Sowed two rows of peas, some lettuce and cabbage seed, and grub.
17th. Took some corn to mill, got it ground, caught some fish in a dip net, and shot one duck.
18th. First Day, Thomas Siveter brought a pair of pants for me to make.
19th. Went with Anna to Cap's to make soap. Sewed some, and went to Jim Elarton's mill and took three bushels wheat with M. P. and caught some fish.
20th. Made soap. Finished Tom's pants.
21st. Went to Salem with said pants, and took a coat and pants to make for David Siveter. Stayed at Uncle William's that night.
22nd. Came home by the two bridges on account of high water, then took our meat out to dry it.
23rd. Hauled my corn out of the field, and hauled one load of wood. Cool and frosty nights.
24th. Seventh Day, killed two ducks at Weaver's ford. Watch fetched one out; the other being on the shore, he would not. L. and R. Wells and I crossed on Gill's raft and went round after it.
26th. Grubbed at home.
27th. Went to Cook's mill with M. P.'s oxen. Came home and commenced making David Siveter's coat.
28th, also 29th, worked at the same, and his vest and pants.
30th. At the same.
Fifth Month 1, 1858. Seventh Day, finished D. Siveter's clothes. In afternoon David and Thomas Savage came here and we went hunting and fishing.
3rd. Second Day. Rainy. I mended Tom's boots and Uncle's shoes, and went fishing.
4th. Tom and David went home, and took Dr.'s clothes.
5th. Went to Thomas McCreddie's to get some potatoes, and to J. Hoskins' to change some more eggs for Poland eggs, then went to Caleb Giberson's house raising, and husked some corn.
6th. Husked corn.
7th. Work on cow shed.

8th. Seventh Day. Went to Salem with M. Paine. Went home with Tom Savage and stayed all night.

9th. First Day, came home.

10th. Went to mill with Tom Lewis. I went to T. McCreddie's. Got 1 bushel potatoes, 25 cents, and grubbed some.

11th, also 12th, grubbed and burned brush at home.

13th. Grubbed for Jonathan Hoskins. Paid for my apple trees.

14th, and 15th, worked on Daniel Barger's coat, and cut a pair of pants for David Siveter. This is a very wet spring so far, and very late rainy now.

17th. Second Day, cow hunting.

18th. Finished D. Barger's coat, and coat and pants for Walter G. Savage. Cow stayed out all night again.

19th. Tom L. and I went fishing A. M. In P. M. M. Paine and I commenced on my cow pasture fence.

20th. Tom L. and I finished it, and cropped the left ear of my four calves and turned them out, and made a poker to put on the cow and put her in the pasture.

21st. Made pair of pants for David Siveter, and caught some fish.

22nd. Attended the law suit between M. Sigler and M. Paine, but gave notice of an appeal to a higher court and paid the costs.

23rd. First Day, painted a black-capped sparrow, and went to Salem with David Siveter's pants. Stayed all night.

24th. Bought pair pants and shoes. Took vest to make for David and went to Uncle William's. It being very rainy, stayed there all night.

25th. Came home by the bridge. Creek very high. Went fishing.

26th. Anna and I went to Jane Killebrew's quilting.

27th. Went on prairie after old cow and calves, then fishing and work on shed.

28th. Put fodder on shed. Came another hard storm. Lightning killed William Hopper's ox. I went fishing.

29th. Seventh Day, went to Hillsboro trading. Worked on David's vest, and fishing.

31st. Second Day. Work on D.'s vest.

Sixth Month 1, 1858. Finished the vest. Tom Lewis commenced plowing my ground.

2nd. Rainy. I filed my saw and ground cold chisel, and fished.

3rd. I went and helped dig a grave for P. W. Bennett's child (half an hour old). Thomas Savage and H. Sneath and his wife came here.

4th. Mending pair boots for Tom, and fished.

5th. Seventh Day, went part way. He came back on account of high water. In afternoon he tried another route and got home. M. Paine plowed two rounds in field. It being too wet he quit. I shelled corn. Cow got out but came back at night. I chopped some poles.

7th. Plowed some ground.

8th. Rainy. Cut out my pants. Went to Sigler mill to wait for M. Paine to take my meal home. He did not come. I fished.

9th. Nearly made said pants.

10th. About 4 o'clock in the morning M. Paine came here and called me up. I went to Salem to fetch Aunt Polly Garretson, M. P.'s wife being sick. Before we returned she gave birth to a son. Finished my pants, mowed some weeds, and commenced a piece of rail fence south of the house.

11th. Work on said fence. Morgan Paine sold his south 40 acres to a Mr. Brothers.

12th. Seventh Day, help M. P. plow my new ground.

14th. Work on fence. Also I commenced planting corn, Sixth Month 14.

15th. Planting corn.

16th. Went to hunt M. P.'s oxen. Found Pod, but Bolly hid in the brush and I could not find him. Afternoon Samuel Siveter came here and we went service berrying down to the creek. Planted some corn.

17th. Again hunted Paine's oxen, harrowed my new ground and planted some.

18th, also 19th, planted corn and potatoes.

21st. Second Day. Finished planting my corn.

22nd. Carry rails and make fence west of house.

23rd. Forenoon, sick. Afternoon, work on rail fence.

24th. Anna and I went up to M. Paine's. Then I worked on my fence by the bars. That night Cook's flour mill was burned, supposed by incendiary. Also Sigler's buggy top cut in pieces, seat taken away, one spoke cut in two, one wheel taken off lumber wagon and big cable rope taken away. Old Burras suspected of the fire.

26th. Seventh Day, went to mill and then work on rail fence north. John and Thomas came and went home Sunday.

28th. Finished said fence, and spade garden.

29th. Third Day. Commence hosing corn.

30th. Fourth Day, hoeing corn.

Seventh Month 1, 1858. Fifth Day, hoeing corn.

2nd. Fishing and went to M. Paine's and to mill. Carried home some flour.

3rd. Seventh Day, went to S. Gill's shop, and I. Conly fixed my steel-yard poise and made me an arrow spike. I hoed corn.

5th. Harvesting for Job Davis, \$1.00.

6th. Went to mill with Tom Lewis. We fetched home my wheat box, barrel, and shovel plow. I helped Tom load up a big cupboard. Hoed corn.

7th. Had Paine's oxen and put in my buckwheat and hoed corn.

8th. Morgan Paine moved his family to Salem. I worked on the road from N. Boley's to Sigler's mill, from thence up new road. W. F. Barger, Supervisor.

10th. Seventh Day, rainy. I went to Isaac Conley's to get some more rye straw. Hoed corn and fixed brush fence.

12th. Had Will and Harman Giberson to help me hoe corn.

13th. Hoed corn.

- 14th. Helped Caleb Giberson hoe corn.
15th. Commenced haying for O. M. Wells.
16th. Hoeing corn, poled beans, and sowed turnip seed.
17th. Seventh Day, rainy. Finished my straw hat. Went to D. Barger's for some rutabaga seed.
19th. Haying for O. M. Wells.
20th. Very rainy. Mend my pants and boots. Commenced hat for Walter G. Hoed melon patch.
21st. Went to Wells's. Ground our scythes and the boys and I went swimming. Came home and finished Walter's hat. At night skunk killed bob hen and five chicks.
22nd. Watch killed three skunks in brush fence. I trapped one old one at night. Rainy.
23rd. Shelled some corn and went to mill with Cap. Helped him catch and kill a sheep, and tried to catch another.
24th. Seventh Day, trying to catch one of Cap's sheep till noon, and could not. P. M., went to Hillsboro on Kid and traded eggs and lard for drygoods.
26th. Hoed corn and sowed turnips. Caught a cat fish, 2½ pounds.
27th. Rainy. Put rockers on chair, and hunted.
28th. Went to Wells's and went fishing. Hoed some and sowed turnips. Rained heavy that night.
29th. Went to creek.
30th, also 31st. Haying for O. M. Wells.
Eighth Month, 1858. First Day.
2nd. Rainy. Mend my boot and went to creek.
3rd. Made Walter a pair of shoes and went to creek.
4th, and 5th, and 6th. Haying for O. M. Wells, 75 cents per day.
7th. Seventh Day, fix my boot and went to creek hunting. Tom Savage came here and brought a brindle puppy for Wells, two months old.
9th. Through haying.
14th. Seventh Day. From the 10th to the 14th noon, threshing and haying for O. M. Wells. Very hot all this week. Rain this afternoon.
16th, also 17th, 18th and 19th. Haying for O. M. Wells.
20th. Went to Hillsboro and bought \$1.70 in goods at Dr. Allen's store on Wells's account.
21st. Seventh Day, at home. Fixed the stand, and hunting and went to Uncle William's and from there to the M. E. Camp meeting one mile west of Salem. Stayed until 23rd.
24th. Mowed weeds in corn field. Old cow broke out.
25th, also 26th, hunting cow. Could not hear of her.
27th. Went to trial of John Jolly, Benjamin Weaver, William Stanley, James Stanley, and Joseph Runyon, taken with a state's warrant for throwing eggs into the Masterson Schoolhouse, District No. 2, during a temperance lecture, tried before William Morris, J. P., fined, John Jolly, \$20; Benjamin Weaver, \$15; Joseph Runyon, \$10; James Stanley, \$8, and costs equally divided. William Stanley was acquitted. Going up to

said trial I heard of my cow. She was up at Frederic Endersby's. Went that evening to get her home. Drove her to Rock Creek and she ran away from me. David Seveter came.

28th. Seventh Day, David and I went to Endersby's. Cow was not there. We examined every gang of cattle we could see on the open prairie, but in vain. We then went to Fisher Haise's to wait for the cattle to come up in the evening. In about two hours we heard a bell, and again we went on the prairie, found her in a big gang of cattle, and got her out after some extra running and dodging. We then drove her as far as I. Conley's. There she hid in brush. We passed her by and went home. Then Anna and I went and found her again. Could not coax her. I. Conley helped us drive her home. Then I put a solid poker on her and went to rest.

30th. Went to Wells's with some corn, got some butter, moved the stove and set up lye leach.

31st. Mowing hungarian grass for Captain K.

Ninth Month 1, 1858. Mowed weeds in corn.

2nd. Went to Cap's. Saw Mathew B. Sparks and Sarah Jane Killebrew married. Stayed there all day.

3rd. Worked on the road north of Sigler's mill, and hunting.

4th. Seventh Day, hunting.

6th. A. M., work on schoolhouse well. P. M., went to town meeting. Voted antitax.

7th. Mowing weeds in corn.

8th. Rainy all day. Hunting.

9th. Work on my ticking pants, and gather hazelnuts.

10th. Chopped one log of hickory tree by road, then Arthur Bennett and I tried to find a line between him and me. Went to Wells's. He paid me \$10.50 in cash for haying.

11th. Seventh Day, split some rails and Leonidus Wells and I hunting.

13th. Shell some corn and took it to mill. Fix fence and commence a new one north of field.

14th. A little while working on fence. Rainy.

15th. Hunting and work on fence.

16th. Went to Salem. Came home same day.

*Friday, Sep. 17.*⁷ John Albert Savage, born 9:15 A. M., our second son. Had Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Brothers, Mrs. Killebrew, and Dr. J. B. Allen.

Saturday, Sep. 18. Kill first turkey of the season. Went to Uncle William's. Had Mr. P. W. Bennett's team. Aunt Mary could not come. Brought home a sow pig Uncle gave me. Got out the same night.

Sep. 20. Went to Cap's. Sent by him to Fairfield for flour. Got 100 pounds, \$3.00. I mowed grass for P. W. Bennett, and his wife took care of Anna.

Sep. 21. Picked some seed corn, and in house.

⁷At this point in the diary Mr. Savage discontinues the use of Friends' style as to dates, etc., and uses the language generally prevalent in his locality.

- Sep. 22.* I went to Cap's and to creek. Commenced cutting up my corn.
- Sep. 23.* Hunting and cutting corn.
- Sep. 24.* In house and gathered seed corn, and some to grind.
- Sat. Sep. 25.* Cut corn and hunted.
- Sep. 27.* Corn cutting and in house.
- Sep. 28.* Cut corn.
- Sep. 29.* Fixed pig pen and went to Jacob Runyon's after Mary pig. Fixed fence and cut corn.
- Sep. 30.* Cut corn and fixed corn field fence.
- Oct. 1, 1858.* Tried to borrow a log chain to haul brush with Caleb Giberson's cattle, but could not get any. Mary pig and old cow got out. I cut some corn.
- Sat. Oct. 2.* Went to Hillsboro to trade 4 dozen eggs. Tom Savage came here.
- Oct. 4.* Mended a pair of shoes for Tom, and went part way home with him. I shot a duck and two squirrels.
- Oct. 5.* Hauling brush with said cattle, and fixed part of a fence.
- Oct. 6.* Rained. I fixed my shoe. The cattle ran away and caught the hook in my shoe tore one side of the sole off. Got some white oak bark for Anna, and hunting. Old cow out again.
- Oct. 7.* Anna very sick. Took cold and it settled inwardly. I was in the house all day.
- Oct. 8.* In house, and went to hunt a squirrel for Anna. Shot my second turkey this season. Got one squirrel, got some bark, and cut some corn.
- Sat., Oct. 9.* In house, and finished cutting corn, 24 shocks. Shot one prairie chicken in cherry tree.
- Oct. 11.* Went up on prairie to hunt old cow. Did not find her. Went to Thadeus Clark's, heard cow was north in timber.
- Oct. 12.* Rainy. Went to Cap's after my tools. Shell some corn and took it to mill and got it ground, then went to J. Runyon's and fetched Mary pig home again.
- Oct. 13.* Found cow on summer creek bottom, but could not drive her home. Then mowed some buckwheat.
- Oct. 14.* Went to T. Clark's to see if cow had come up. Had not, so I cut corn for Cap.
- Oct. 15.* Cut corn for Cap, and at night I went to Bennett's cotillion party.
- Sat., Oct. 16.* A. M., cut corn for Cap. P. M., went to school meeting and to T. Clark's.
- Oct. 18.* Rainy. Fixed cradle and hunting with Leonidus Wells.
- Oct. 19.* Finished cutting my buckwheat, and went to Job Davis' sale and brought old cow home. T. Clark had her in a lot.
- Oct. 20.* Cutting corn for Cap Killebrew $\frac{3}{4}$ of day.
- Oct. 21.* Went to Hillsboro, traded one dozen eggs for box of matches, and took an oilcloth cloak to make for Dr. James Boyd Allen. Also made hog pen.

Oct. 22. P. W. Bennett and I went north side of creek and mowed some grass to cover sheds. Set up my buckwheat. Gave Giberson notice that I should open the road on my east line.

Oct. 23. Went to mill and helped Bennett's drive a cow into their stable.

Sun., Oct. 24. John and Tom came here.

Oct. 25. Helped Bennett kill said cow. I mended John's boots at night. We went cooning. John and Tom went home. We killed two opossums.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST JUDGE OF IOWA

The first court ever held in Iowa was presided over by David Irvin. He was a native of Albemarle County, Virginia, and commenced the practice of law in that state, at Harrisonburg. He was a young man of much promise, and in 1834 was appointed by President Jackson, judge to officiate in that portion of what was then Michigan which lay west of the lakes. His district embraced the country extending west to the Missouri and White Earth rivers, and north to the northern boundary of the United States.

In 1836 the Territory of Wisconsin was organized and embraced all this country; and of the three Judges appointed for the new territory Irvin became one, and the district to which he was assigned embraced all that part of the territory which was west of the Mississippi River, and he came to Burlington and made it his home till the Territory of Iowa was organized. He then went back to Wisconsin, and by successive appointments he retained the judgeship there till that territory became a state. In 1848 that territory assuming a state government, his office expired and he removed to Texas where he resided till his death.

When Judge Irvin first came west it was comparatively one vast wilderness. At the time he took up his residence in Burlington, the place contained scarcely three hundred inhabitants, and there were only about ten thousand whites within the present limits of Iowa.—C. Negus in the *Dollar Monthly and Old Settlers Memorial*, Vol. 3, No. 6, p. 5, in Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

AN ORIGINAL STUDY OF MESQUAKIE (FOX) LIFE

For a number of years Des Moines schools had taught Indian Life in a more or less desultory manner. Always dissatisfied with their inferior and inadequate aids, they were not satisfied with methods and results. With the beginning of the school year of 1927, Superintendent John W. Studebaker directed his assistant, Miss Bessie Bacon Goodrich, to consult with the curator of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa looking toward a plan with a definite course of study of Indian Life. This resulted in a selected group of teachers reading under Curator Harlan's direction for a number of months. He arranged a council of five of the oldest and most intelligent of the Mesquakie (or Fox) Indians from the so-called reservation in Tama county. George Young Bear, a full-blooded Mesquakie Indian, well trained in the Indian ways, graduate from Haskell Institute, served as interpreter.

The teachers continued their studies and interest in Indian Life and the following September an "Indian Life School" was conducted by Mr. Harlan assisted by Dr. Melvin Randolph Gilmore, then of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City, in which Young Bear and Jim Poweshiek who had been present at the council, took part. A stenographic report of the school was made by Mrs. Harriett Card of the Historical Department staff, after the Indians became accustomed to talking with this group of teachers. The record of the council was compiled by Halla M. Rhode of the Department and George Young Bear. After it had been compiled, it was interpreted to Young Bear who acted as head of the council. He carefully corrected it. It was then re-written, and again interpreted to and approved by Young Bear. The original notes of the record of these meetings with the Mesquakie Indians are here published for the first time. It is believed to be a contribution of equal value with the demonstration made before the Des Moines, 1929, meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Like that,¹ it purports to reveal only one method of imparting

¹See ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, Vol. XVIII, No. 6, October, 1932.

to pupils in our schools through the teaching fraternity the facts available of Indian life, as these facts are in a present state of vanishment into our social culture and civilization.

COUNCIL OF MESQUAKIE INDIANS WITH DES MOINES
TEACHERS

On the morning of February 18, 1928, the selected group of Des Moines teachers headed by Miss Bessie Bacon Goodrich who had been studying under Mr. Harlan's direction, met in his office at the Historical Building for his instructions before their council with the Masquakie Indians. Curator Harlan with his keen insight and understanding of these Indians skillfully directed the teachers so that the Indian friends would feel comfortable in their presence and the information sought would be forthcoming easily.

At 12:30 P. M. February 18, 1928, the conference adjourned to Mr. Harlan's acreage near Altoona, where the party of Indians was found awaiting us in the wickiup. A tepee also had been set up to serve as a council lodge. It had been made warm by strewing straw on the ground on which blankets were spread, and in it the teachers were seated "Indian fashion."

Mr. Harlan brought Young Bear in, the oldest son of the last chief, Push e ton e qua, deceased, and Young Bear's son, George, who were presented to Miss Goodrich and her party of teachers.

Young Bear made a fire in the tepee. The party watched to see the methods used by an Indian to start a fire.

Mr. Harlan and Young Bear then invited half of the party at a time into the Indian wickiup for an Indian dinner. The wickiup was very cozy with straw and blankets on the ground and a fire in the center. The meal was cooked by the Indians on the open fire. It consisted of pork chops, dried "squaw" corn and beans, (all boiled together in an iron kettle), boiled squash, canned peaches, "squaw" bread and coffee.

The Indian party consisted of two men, Young Bear, sixty years, Fox; Shaw a ta, fifty-nine years, Fox; and three women, Qua ta che (Anna Kaasataak), seventy-two years, Fox; Wa so se a, eighty-five years old, Sauk; and Susie Eagle, Fox, a

young woman who cooked and served the meals, and Mr. Harlan's white friends. George Young Bear, interpreter, is a graduate of Haskell Institute.

The Indians explained to the teachers how the foods were prepared. In preparing corn the kernels were taken whole from the cob. Anciently they used, and now they prefer to use, a fresh water clam-shell—a muscle shell. When they have no shell they use a spoon, never a knife as white people do. By running the edge of the shell between the rows, the green kernels are “shelled” from the cob. Then it had been dried.

The pumpkin had been sliced through, forming rings. The rinds had been pared off, and the flesh, or pumpkin rings, were hung on a pole and dried; these half-dried, tough rings were braided, then the drying was continued until it was perfectly sundried.

Teachers: How do you make the bread?

Susie: Take some flour, put it in a wooden bowl, put a little baking powder and salt in the flour, and enough water to make a dough, make it into round, flat cakes, and fry in lard. The cakes are patted flat in the hands, pierced two or three times with the point of a knife, and then fried in deep fat to a golden brown.

It was explained that in the old days bread made from flour was not known, but that this was learned from the white man. The peaches and coffee had, of course, been bought as a concession to white tastes.

After dinner the party went up to the house and the conference continued.

Mr. Harlan: Young Bear, these friends have been teaching white boys and girls, first, how white people lived in the time my grandfather lived in Iowa in the earliest settlements. Now they wish to teach the same children how the Indians lived who were still here at and earlier than that time. Young Bear, you and I are about the same age, and we wish to talk about the Indians at the place, the time and earlier than our grandfathers when they were neighbors and friends.

Young Bear: Game was so plentiful they did not have to go but a short distance from the home. As game grew scarcer, they sent out scouts. They went on hunts when they gave a favorable report.

Mr. Harlan: When they went on hunts, did all your people go?

Young Bear: Some stayed at home to look after things. The game from the hunt was divided with the ones who stayed at home.

Mr. Harlan: Do just the Indian men go hunting?

Young Bear: The women are very useful on a hunting party. They dress the game, prepare the hides, and keep the clothing in repair.

Mr. Harlan: How is the meat prepared?

Young Bear: There are different ways of preparing the meat. Stick it on sticks around the fire; or have four forked stakes with sticks laid across in the forks, and lay the meat on that, above the fire. Thus it cooks and dries. A third way—slice it thin, lay it on poles and dry in sun.

Mr. Harlan: How were the skins tanned?

Young Bear: The women do all the work about the camp. They get the water and wood. They cook and prepare the game. They make the clothes. Wa so se a knows how to tan the skins, for she tanned them, and will answer.

Wa so se a: Take a deer skin and wrap around a pole that has been driven slantingly in the ground. With an edged tool scrape off all the hair. Hang up to dry on framework. Shape a stick with an edge, scrape the dried skin with this until it is soft. Take the brains of any animal, put in a vessel, add as much water as brains, dip the dry skins up and down in this mixture until it is soaked. Hang it up and let it slightly dry, beat with stick until soft, continue doing so until dry. The skin will become white and ready to use.

To tan the skin we make a pit one or two feet deep with a small and shallow hole beside it. Put a framework of sticks over the pit, almost like a little wickiup, then stretch the skin over this. Put the wood of the sumac or a vine (name unknown) and set it afire; the smoke will brown the tanned skin. When one side is brown turn over and brown the other side. Feed the fire through the small hole at the side.

Mr. Harlan: Were the men's clothes made of this?

Wa so se a: The shirt, the leggings and moccasins were made of this, and for the women a skirt and blouse and moc-

casins. If any was left it was saved and made into something else.

Mr. Harlan: Did they make the children's clothes from this?

Young Bear: They made everything from this for every one. They even made dolls and balls for the children to play with.

Mr. Harlan: Would they make clothes for the very young baby?

Wa so se a: They pick the softest skin for the little baby. When it is first born they have ready the soft lint from the cat tail flag, and line the skin with this and lay the new-born baby in it and wrap the skin around it.

Mr. Harlan: How soon do they begin making clothes for the children?

Young Bear: They make them right away, and some of the clothes are made before the baby is born.

Mr. Harlan: If any one was taken sick on a hunt, what did they do?

Young Bear: They seldom took sick; but if they did, they would send back to the main village for the medicine man. He would come and take care of the sick man until he was able to go back to the village.

Mr. Harlan: Were there ever any babies born on a hunting expedition?

Young Bear: Yes, because the women went with the men on these hunts. I was born while my folks were on a hunt on Coon River.

Mr. Harlan: Did they send for the medicine man when the babies were born?

Young Bear: No, the women were taken care of by their women friends who understood how to care for them.

Mr. Harlan: Did the Indians use much color in their ornaments?

Young Bear: Yes, they had color.

Mr. Harlan: What was their favorite color?

Young Bear: Yellow and black. They used yellow leggings with black stripes.

Mr. Harlan: What other colors did they have for ornaments?

Young Bear: Red, blue, purple, black, green and yellow. I used to mix colors to get tints. They got their blue, red and yellow paint from clay. They came to where Des Moines now is for red clay. The Indians liked colors. They painted their faces. Now they have given it up, because the white people paint their faces.

Mr. Harlan: Did a boy or girl wear the same designs as ornaments?

Young Bear: (He misunderstood the question). You distinguish a boy or girl by the clothes they wear. A boy would never wear skirts, and a girl would never wear leggings.

Mr. Harlan: In the designs of the ornaments of the tribe would there be any that a boy should wear and a girl should not?

Young Bear: No, the design would be the same.

Mr. Harlan: In a group of children, some of them Mesquakie, some Sioux, some Chippewa, could you tell the tribe of each?

Young Bear: Yes.

Mr. Harlan: Could the clans be distinguished?

Young Bear: No, but each clan has a mark used on the grave of the dead to distinguish the clan.

Mr. Harlan: Could they not wear these designs on the clothes of the living?

Young Bear: No, that would not be proper. These symbols are sacred and used only for the dead.

Mr. Harlan: Besides paint and porcupine quills, what did they use for ornaments?

Young Bear: There are a great many things that can be used for ornaments. The most highly valued are those hardest to obtain.

Mr. Harlan: Does a child under ten years of age use ornaments?

Young Bear: They do not have to be of a certain age. Sometimes very small babes have many ornaments. This shows the mother's love for a child. The more a mother loves her babe the prettier the things she gets for him. We owe our lives to our mothers. From the very beginning the love of the mother for her child is so great that she cares for him, and that carries

through all the child's life. This is why all the Indian men respect the women. We would not be what we are if it had not been for the love of our mothers. Men are taught to respect women more highly than anything else.

Mr. Harlan: Do they have any kind of music in the tribe?

Young Bear: There are many different kinds of music. The Indian shows his feelings by music.

Mr. Harlan: Could the songs of different tribes be distinguished from each other?

Young Bear: Each tribe has its own songs, different from every other tribe.

Mr. Harlan: Do the songs have words, or just syllables?

Young Bear: Both. Some have words, some syllables. Some that have words have stories in connection with them.

Mr. Harlan: Can you play a song on the flute that has words, then sing it, and afterward tell the story?

Here Young Bear played a love song, Frank Shawata and Young Bear sang it, and Young Bear told the story of it: A maiden who all her life had looked down on folks, grew older and all the young men passed her by. She seemed far away from every one, so she sang this song.

Mr. Harlan asked about the word "far away."

Young Bear: They did not use such a word in this song, but instead used a comparison. It was as if the maiden was in a high tree, away from every one. It tells how she grew too old to attract any man and how she looked down and saw she was never happy.

Mr. Harlan: We were camping near Vinton one time with some of our Indian friends, including Ruth Poweshiek and her baby Richard. One day Richard grew very fretful, and Sam Slick, the son of Wa so se a, a very large man weighing perhaps 250 pounds, took the baby and, rocking him in his arms back and forth sang an Indian lullaby, and soon the baby was asleep. I am wondering if Qua ta che would feel like singing this song for us?

Qua-ta-che (after a long silence): I was trying to think of the lullaby Sam Slick sang at Vinton, but I cannot sing it because all my friends are gone and I am alone.

Young Bear then sang the Mule Dance, and during the song Qua ta che imitated the mule.

Mr. Harlan: Has the song words?

Young Bear: No, only syllables.

Mr. Harlan: Some have words, and some songs only syllables. However, when I go to Dr. Medbury's church, and I hear his trained choir, often I cannot understand what they say, and yet I feel the meaning of the words in music. Can we not get a feeling from this music of our Indian friends, though we cannot understand their words or syllables?

Are the children taught these songs?

Young Bear: Yes.

Mr. Harlan: Are there any special songs that the children are taught?

Young Bear: No. They learn the ones they are interested in.

Mr. Harlan: How did the children get their training?

Shawata: Each child is taught to obey his parents, and when they talk the child is to listen and try to learn.

Mr. Harlan: Does the child have any way of learning besides this?

Shawata: Yes, there are certain men in the tribe who know more about one subject than any other, such as hunting, religion, etc. Each man calls all the children together for an evening and instructs them. Some evenings the family of one lodge visits another. The older people do all the talking. They tell the stories, the legends, and tales of the old days. They devote the whole evening to one subject where they tell legends. The children are supposed to listen, and not interrupt in any way.

Mr. Harlan: How long does this keep up?

Young Bear: Sometimes half of the night, sometimes all night, sometimes only a short time. It depends on their hosts. The host would suggest that they quit talking, or he would suggest something else, and that means that the talk should end. The visitors understand this and they go back to their own wickiup.

Mr. Harlan: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he weary of thee, and so hate thee?"

Young Bear: Indians are seldom in want, because they can

go anywhere and find food. The plants can be found everywhere. If you go to the streams you can find fish. When hard times come, they know they can take care of themselves.

Mr. Harlan: Do you remember any of the legends you heard in your childhood?

Young Bear: Yes, I can remember a great many.

Mr. Harlan: Once when I was trapping with you, you tried to tell me a legend of a man leaning on his spear. Can you remember the story and tell it to us?

Young Bear: Yes, I will tell it the best I know how.

Once upon a time there was a small boy who lived with his grandfather. One day he went to a great dance where there were many Indians dancing. Out at the edge of the yard he saw a warrior leaning on a large bow, with a spear point in one end. He wore a buffalo robe, held on him by basswood string. The boy admired him so much that he wanted to look just like him, so he went back to the wickiup and asked his grandfather for a large bow with a spearpoint on one end. His grandfather promised him the bow, then the boy asked for a buffalo robe; his grandfather also promised him the robe. Then the boy asked for a basswood string, then the grandfather understood what the boy wanted. So he told his grandchild, "Grandchild, I understand just what you want. You want to look just like the great warrior. You cannot look like him just by asking for a buffalo robe and bow. There are so many things and so many rules that you must follow, in order to gain the things that you have made up your mind to be." And the boy understood. So he gave his promise that he will observe and follow whatever his grandfather tells him to. From then on he obeyed his grandfather. He was taught to be good to every one, and he was made to fast, and all through his life he was taught to seek what is right. He was very careful to do what he was told by his grandfather, and so one day while he was out alone he was spoken to by the spirit, and he knew that he was blessed, and had received his reward. So he went back to the wickiup and told his grandfather. His grandfather understood that he had received his reward. From then on he became the greatest warrior. He led all their war parties. He was leader of all the warriors. He even went out sometimes

single-handed and took the villages. There was one time he came upon a great dance lodge of another tribe, and as he peeped in he saw a circle of great warriors. As he stood leaning on his bow at the door he looked through the circle of warriors and saw that there wasn't a single one that he could not overcome. He knew he was greater than any of them. However, in the middle of the circle he saw one warrior that he was not sure of. He felt that warrior might be greater. When the warrior saw him they whispered that here was a great warrior, and that they would fight him, but as they danced up to him they were all afraid. One warrior was not afraid. He took the pipe and the tomahawk; he danced the pipe dance. He circled around, flourishing the tomahawk, and offering the pipe to his friends. He danced around the circle once, twice, three times; each time he passed our great warrior. Finally, the fourth time he flourished the tomahawk at the warrior; the warrior seized it and killed him, and the rest of the warriors ran. He killed as many as he could catch; the warriors who escaped looked back. They saw he was alone, and came back. When he saw them coming he saw he must hide, which he did. The warriors searched the lodge the rest of the night, and all through the next day. There was a black dog curled up asleep beneath a bench, and the warrior was beneath it. However, a few of the warriors tried to chase the dog away, but he would not move. That night the warrior made his escape. While he was under the dog he changed himself to a snake, for he had the power to change himself to anything he wished.

Mr. Harlan asked the teachers if they had any questions.

A teacher: He spoke of the boy wanting to be good and wanting to do good, yet he became a great warrior. Is it their idea that to do good one must be a warrior?

Young Bear: All the children are taught to do things that are right, and to do good to every one, and when it becomes time for them to defend their homes they are never afraid. They must at times defend themselves, as well as the women and children, and also their hunting grounds. So these men become our great warriors.

A teacher: Why did they fast?

Young Bear: Every child had to fast. Fasting means some-

times punishment, sometimes it is not for punishment. If a child is very ambitious, he must show the Great Spirit by fasting. All through childhood the parents teach the child to observe a certain rule, and the child is taught to respect the older people. Children should not mock any one, especially old people. It is not right to laugh at them, but to pity them. Therefore, each child is carefully watched. If he does anything that is not right, or breaks any of the rules, he is made to fast from one to several days. When a child wishes to become great, he must learn it through fasting. In this way some fast for several days at a time, until he receives the blessing. We understand many of the things that we cannot see. In this way (through fasting) we receive the understanding. The Great Spirit teaches those that are earnest. Many of our ceremonies have their beginnings through those who fast. That is why, to this day, we are able to have all the ceremonies and receive the reward of the fuller life from the Great Spirit. We see the future through those who fast, and we all believe. It was once said that a certain man received his blessing, and he was made to see the future. He foretold that men will live to go swiftly over the ground, to fly, and to live in the water as the fish. When that time comes man will think that he is greater than the Great Spirit. When that time comes man will think he knows more than God. Children will marry. Children will preach in the churches, and tell their old folks what to do. When that time comes the end of all things is close at hand. That is why people should hold fast to the religion they know is right. There are two roads, one narrow, which leads to God, the other wide, that leads to the Devil.

RECESS

The films, "Story of Mesquakie Life on Reservation at Tama," which has been collected by the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa during a period of five years were shown. After this the Indians and teachers were given a chicken feast by Mr. Harlan, and the conference adjourned to meet again at some future time.

Read to Young Bear February 29, 1928, and approved by him.



J. Ellen Foster

From a photograph by John Buell, Geneseo, Illinois.

JUDITH ELLEN FOSTER

BY DAVID C. MOTT

During the 1880's J. Ellen Foster was Iowa's most prominent woman. A half century ought to be enough time to elapse so that an unbiased estimate could be made of her. There is no disputing the fact that she greatly impressed public opinion in the state during that decade, and she deserves a permanent place in the list of Iowa's notable people.

Judith Ellen Foster was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, November 3, 1840. Her parents were Jotham and Judith (Delano) Horton, both of Puritan ancestry. Her father was for thirty years a Methodist minister, in his early career with the Methodist Episcopal church, but being too radically anti-slavery for the then governing authority of that church, he resigned from it and entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists. Both parents were devotedly religious, and rigidly followed the lines of duty as they understood them. The daughter was educated in public school and in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Linea, New York. Her parents died almost before she reached womanhood. She spent some time with a sister in Boston, and for some years taught school. Guided by the influence of her parental home in which she spent her early years, as well as by her natural impulses, she was devotedly religious. Church and Sunday school work appealed to her and she soon became active in these lines and did much mission and relief work among the poor. These things came to her naturally because of the abundance of her sympathies.

Being in Chicago in mission work she met in 1869 a young lawyer, E. C. Foster, of Clinton, Iowa, to whom she was married some time during the same year. Mr. Foster had been admitted to the bar in Michigan in 1867, and at Clinton in 1869 when he removed to that city.¹

Mr. and Mrs. Foster established their home at Clinton, he continuing his law practice and she helping him in office work. She became interested in the study of law, and being encour-

¹*Hist. of Clinton Co., Iowa*, Western Hist. Co., Chgo., 1879, p. 436.

aged and aided by Mr. Foster, she was admitted to the bar at Clinton in 1872,² occasionally helped her husband in the trial of cases, and was thought to be the first woman in Iowa who was actually engaged in practice. She was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Iowa October 20, 1875,³ being the fourth woman admitted to practice before that tribunal.⁴

Their domestic life was happy. Two children were born into their home. They were active in church and Sunday school work and Mrs. Foster's inclination toward mission work led her to help among the unfortunate. Clinton at that time was a great lumbering town, rafting and milling lumber. That brought into its life a large number of rather rough and freedom-loving transient frontiersmen. The government enumeration of 1870 found Clinton to have a population of 6,129, and Lyons, on its immediate north, 4,088. The towns were new, business was booming, and conditions those of the frontier.

The one condition that at this time entered largely into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Foster was that of the saloon question. Iowa at this time had a prohibition law which had been amended to allow the sale of ale, wine and beer as beverages, and cities and towns were authorized to levy special taxes on places where intoxicants were sold. The code of 1873 strengthened the law by prohibiting the sale of these beverages to minors, intoxicated persons, and persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated.⁵ In a growing young city with its regulations of law and order not very well established, where a very large proportion of the people drank, and where the saloons were numerous and competing for business, it was natural that law violations on the part of the saloon keeper would be frequent, and also that many cases of suffering resulted among families of those who drank to excess. It was natural that Mr. Foster should be retained in damage cases against saloon keepers, and it was but natural that Mrs. Foster should help him in the prosecutions, and natural that she should join in rescue work among the poor, be active in the Ladies' Temper-

²*Who's Who in Am.*, 1908-09, p. 656.

³Records in the office of clerk of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

⁴For the first three women admitted, see footnote, *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, XVI, p. 468.

⁵See *Iowa, Its History and Its Foremost Citizens*, by Johnson Brigham, 1916, Vol. I, p. 217.

ance Aid Society of Clinton, and join with the crusaders in their visits to the saloons in their attempts to persuade drinkers to reform and dealers to shut up shop.

As a protest against drinking conditions in those years and in an effort to check or eradicate them, there grew up several great temperance movements or organizations, among them the Sons of Temperance, the Washingtonian Society, the Good Templars, the Blue Ribbon Movement, the Crusaders, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. There were many eloquent lecturers against the use of strong drink. Series of meetings were frequently held in towns and cities, some of them partaking of the quality of religious revival meetings. Some of the lecturers were reformed drunkards. John B. Gough and Francis Murphy were among the more noted.

In a town where the saloon business was popularly approved, its interests were rather jealously defended, as indicated by the following newspaper clipping: "Our saloon keepers are naturally disgusted at the manner in which the courts treat their rights."⁶

The activities of the women and their organizations is evident from the following quotation: "The Ladies' Temperance Aid Society of Clinton have petitioned the council to strictly prohibit the sale of all liquors within the city. The petition bearing 1200 names, men and women, was referred, and we presume the license of dealers in ale, beer and native wine will be set at a good high figure."⁷

In Clinton the city council began to get busy, thinking, perhaps, to balance the budget, or to keep down the number of drinking places, as appears in the following: "Liquor licenses in Clinton have just been advanced from \$50 to \$100 per year."⁸

Saloons seem to have been quite popular in Lyons, as shown by the following: "Up to the present time thirty-eight government licenses have been taken out by saloon keepers of Lyons since May 1st."⁹

The Crusaders, women who went in groups to the saloons

⁶*Lyons Mirror*, as reprinted in the *DeWitt Observer*, May 1, 1874.

⁷*Ibid.*, May 1, 1874.

⁸*Ibid.*, May 8, 1874.

⁹*Lyons Advertiser*, as reprinted in the *DeWitt Observer*, May 22, 1874.

to hold meetings and pray and speak, evidently caused sympathy for the cigar makers: "We suppose the Crusaders of this section will be gratified to learn that their operations have caused the discharge of some thirty cigar makers in Lyons. Their trade has been greatly injured, in fact, it has been almost ruined, while the sale of beer and wine has been but little affected so far."¹⁰

As a reflection of the atmosphere of the times and the movements of emotions, the following is along the same subject: "A German saloon keeper in Maquoketa says: 'Ven I goes to mine bed I sleeps not goot. I dream in mine head dat I hears dem vimens braying and singing in mine ears dot Jesus loves me. Dot bothers me so I got right straight up and valk on the floor and take anudder glass of beer.'"¹¹

As illustrative of attempted prosecutions, witness the following: "Last week Mrs. Foran, through her attorneys, Corning & Grohe, commenced suit against Wm. Defreest on three counts—selling liquor, exposing for sale, and keeping a nuisance—before Justice Mathews of Clinton. Defreest crossed the Mississippi and is dwelling with friends in Fulton. Compromise is talked of, but had not been arrived at yesterday. Meanwhile the saloon is closed."¹²

That Mr. and Mrs. Foster were identified with temperance agitation is evidenced by the following news item: "We had the pleasure of meeting Judge Darling and E. C. Foster, and their ladies, of Clinton, in DeWitt Sunday evening."¹³ J. S. Darling, a lawyer of Clinton, delivered a temperance lecture at DeWitt on this occasion.

Prosecutions were evidently being attempted as shown by the following interesting item: "A big crop of indictments against liquor sellers is looked for as a part of the result of the labors of the grand jury now sitting at the Court House. Many men of the county have been cited to tell what they know of the traffic, and where they got their little habituais. Times have changed somewhat with witnesses; some ten years ago a similar summons—or expectation of it—sent several of

¹⁰*Ibid.*, May 22, 1874.

¹¹*Delmar Clipper-Journal*, as reprinted in the *DeWitt Observer*, May 22, 1874.

¹²*Lyons Mirror*, as reprinted in *DeWitt Observer*, May 22, 1874.

¹³*DeWitt Observer*, May 22, 1874.

our business men to Illinois for a few days, but now they report to the Court House. Philosophers must account for the change, and decide whether it is an encouraging one or not.”¹⁴

Up to this time, June, 1874, we have no evidence that Mrs. Foster had appeared on the platform in general addresses. She had been a Sunday school teacher since before she reached womanhood, had been a mission worker, and a worker in women’s temperance societies of various cities, and doubtless had acquired the habit of thinking while before an audience. Besides, she had a good education and had had some experience in the practice of law in association with her husband. So we are not surprised at finding in the *DeWitt Observer* of June 5, 1874, the following announcement: “One of the best temperance lectures we ever listened to was delivered in the M. E. Church last Sabbath evening by Mrs. Foster of Clinton. The house was filled to overflowing. The audience was delighted with the lecture.”

In the *DeWitt Observer* of August 7, 1874, in news copied from the *Lyons Mirror* we find a communication signed “G” which reads as follows: “We have an Elizabeth Cady Stanton in our midst. Last Sabbath evening I went to Clinton to hear Mrs. Foster lecture on temperance. The several congregations combined filled the church to its utmost capacity. She gave one of the best addresses upon this subject I ever heard. It really appears to me she is equal to any lady orator in the United States.”

In its issue of August 14, 1874, the *DeWitt Observer*, in items quoted from the *Wheatland News*, has the following: “At a meeting of the Wheatland Temperance Society last evening a vote was passed that Mrs. E. C. Foster of Clinton be invited to deliver a temperance address to our citizens at the next meeting of the society. Mrs. Foster, whose heart is in the great work of temperance reform, is one of the most talented and entertaining lecturers among the women of our country.”

The subsequent number of the *Wheatland News*, as reproduced by the *DeWitt Observer*, says of the lecture: “A good audience gathered at the hall last evening to hear Mrs. E. C. Foster. We have not space to give an extended notice of her

¹⁴*Lyons Mirror*, as reprinted in the *DeWitt Observer*, June 5, 1874.

lecture. It could scarcely be called a temperance lecture. It was an earnest and impressive pleading in behalf of the victims of the rum traffic. She spoke like a woman whose heart was burdened with the overwhelming weight of the cause she advocated. Her words were earnest, truthful, burning, eloquent."

Thus it appears Mrs. Foster had attained a local reputation as a very effective and eloquent temperance orator, and was in demand in her section of the state. The spirit of reform was growing, and the liquor dealers, accustomed to having things pretty much their own way, were alarmed. At such times there are often irresponsible and radical persons sympathizing with one side or the other, and lawlessness is in danger of occurring. In its issue of October 2, 1874, the *DeWitt Observer* records this act of arson and its comment: "The residence of Mrs. Foster, the temperance lecturer of Clinton, was burned down one night last week. It is laid at the door of the saloon keepers. This is no new mode of warfare with them."

We have been able to find but little further comment on that ruthless event. In one of her speeches appearing in the papers ten years later Mrs. Foster alludes to it saying they lost everything in the house, even to precious keepsakes of their children. We were not able to discover that the vandals were detected or prosecuted. But she was not long suppressed. It heralded her name to the public and helped give her more than a state-wide reputation.

In the next month, November, 1874, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized at a meeting in Cedar Rapids and Mrs. Foster was elected corresponding secretary of the state organization. She was also selected as one of the delegates to the national meeting in Cleveland. It was then that she met Miss Frances E. Willard who was at the head of the national Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The two became great friends and Miss Willard urged Mrs. Foster to go on the platform and devote herself to the cause of prohibition. It took but little persuading. She was made superintendent of the department of legislation of the national organization.

On her way home from attending the Cleveland convention she stopped in Chicago and was called upon to speak briefly

at a temperance meeting. According to the *DeWitt Observer* of November 27, the *Chicago Journal* said of it: "Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Clinton, Iowa, made a most impressive speech of ten minutes, expressing herself with sense and kindness. Her oratory was admirable, her manner simple, earnest and effective. Her friends predict a career in the best sense for this pleasing, level-headed attorney from Iowa."

In its issue of December 4, 1874, the *DeWitt Observer* quotes the *Clinton Daily Herald* as saying: "Mrs. J. Ellen Foster spoke to the largest audience she ever addressed at Iowa City last Sunday evening and on Monday afternoon she lectured before the Law Department of the State University."

Mrs. Foster was now fully entered on her public life. She was busy the next few years organizing local branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union over Iowa, speaking in churches as well as in public buildings, everywhere denouncing the rum power and advocating prohibition. The years of the 1870's were years of agitation on that question.

At a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in Burlington in October, 1878, Mrs. Foster proposed an amendment to the Constitution of Iowa prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The idea was soon endorsed by the State Temperance Alliance and other temperance organizations, and taken up by the politicians.¹⁵

The following from the *Muscatine Journal* as quoted in the *Burlington Gazette* of December 3, 1879, gives a mental picture of her as a speaker at that time: "Last Friday evening Mrs. Foster spoke at Wilton on the subject of the 'Constitutional Amendment.' She is a very clear and forcible speaker; her manner remarkably easy and winning. She is a fine looking woman, and the first impression of her audience is at once prepossessing. She spoke two hours. Objectors to her position will find their match when they attempt to answer her. Trained as a lawyer, she is enabled to present her thoughts in a very convincing manner."

Mrs. Foster was now superintendent of temperance legislation for the state organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The goal was a constitutional amendment. In

^{15A} *History of the People of Iowa*, by Cyrenus Cole, p. 417.

1880 the General Assembly adopted a joint resolution proposing a prohibition amendment and the assembly of 1882 agreed to the proposed amendment and fixed June 27 of that year as the date when it should be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors. During the continuous struggle Mrs. Foster was very much in evidence at the sessions of the legislature and before the people. She was a leader among those who believed that prohibition was the way to control the liquor business, and constitutional prohibition at that.

"In the foreground of this long contest from 1846 to 1882 were Hiram Price, John Mahin, Benjamin F. Gue, Charles C. Nourse and James F. Wilson; also a group of women led by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Mary J. Aldrich, Mrs. L. D. Carhart, Mrs. Florence Miller, Mrs. Martha C. Callanan, Mrs. Marion H. Dunham and others."¹⁶

The amendment was adopted by a majority of 29,759 votes. One month after the adoption of the amendment by the people the State Temperance Alliance held a great convention in Des Moines, July 27, 1882, attended by delegates from nearly all the counties of the state. Former State Senator Aaron Kimball of Cresco presided and B. F. Wright of Charles City was secretary. There was naturally much jubilation. A committee was appointed to examine into and report to the convention the legal status of the liquor traffic of the state, in view of the prohibitory amendment having recently been adopted, and to suggest what additional legislation was necessary, if any, for a successful enforcement of the amendment. The committee was J. A. Harvey, C. C. Nourse, William Phillips, H. W. Maxwell, and J. Ellen Foster. An address to the saloon keepers of the state was issued, signed by D. R. Lucas, S. N. Fellows, J. P. Pinkham, J. Ellen Foster and Mary J. Aldrich. It called on the liquor dealers to observe and obey the law as embodied in the amendment. It suggested a special session of the legislature, but did not urge it. Mrs. Foster was a star speaker at this convention and was received with great applause.¹⁷

In April, 1883, the Supreme Court rendered a decision declaring the amendment had not been legally submitted to the

¹⁶*Iowa, Its History and Its Foremost Citizens*, by Johnson Brigham, Vol. I, p. 218.

¹⁷*Iowa State Register*, July 28, 1882.

electors, and that it had not become a part of the Constitution. Then came a contest for statutory prohibition. The Republican party was the dominant political party in Iowa in those days. It met in a great state convention on June 27, 1883, just one year from the day the prohibition amendment had been adopted by the people. It was apparent the temperance people had captured the convention. However, it moved with a spirit of tolerance. Hon. John A. Kasson was temporary chairman and Col. David B. Henderson, permanent chairman. The platform declared: "We accept the result of that election * * * as the verdict of the people in favor of constitutional and statutory prohibition," and proceeded to pledge the party to the enactment of a prohibitory law by the next General Assembly.

If Mrs. Foster had been non-partisan up to this time, she thought there remained no reason for her now to remain so, and from that time on she was ardently Republican. Prohibition being in her mind the chief public issue, the one nearest her heart and the one to which she was devoting her life, and the Republican party having championed that cause even in the face of political danger, and as the Democratic party was favoring license, it was but natural for her to make that decision.

The State Temperance Alliance called a convention to meet at Des Moines on January 23 and 24, 1884. It was very largely attended. Hon. Henry O. Pratt, a former congressman from Charles City but at that time a prominent preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, presided. Resolutions were adopted commending Governor Sherman in his "unequivocal and manly stand * * * on the prohibition question," and expressing confidence that the General Assembly, which was then in session, would promptly meet the wishes of the people as expressed in the adoption of the prohibitory amendment. Many able speakers addressed the convention, among them being Attorney General A. J. Baker, Rev. H. O. Pratt, Bishop John F. Hurst of the M. E. Church, Rev. Henry Wallace, Dr. George F. Magoun, and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, and none with more favor than Mrs. Foster. Concerning this convention the Iowa State Register in its issue of January 25 said editorially:

"Observers who are veteran in attendance of Iowa meetings say that this was the intellectual equal of any which has been held in the state." The General Assembly, which was in session at this time, enacted a prohibitory law before its adjournment, although the measure passed the House by a bare majority.

Mrs. Foster by this time had become an open advocate for the Republican party, and in doing so there was broken in 1888 that close personal friendship and co-operative relations between her and Miss Frances E. Willard. The policy of the latter was to support what was known as the "Third Party," or the Prohibition party. Mrs. Foster, believing prohibition was now within the grasp of the people of Iowa, and with the leading political party supporting it, thought she ought personally to support and help strengthen that party. She advised, however, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to become non-partisan as an organization, urging the members to exercise their individual judgments politically. This caused a division of the W. C. T. U. into two rival organizations, Mrs. Foster becoming president of the non-partisan division.

During the 1884 political campaign Mrs. Foster was in great demand as a speaker, not only in Iowa, but made many addresses in other states, speaking under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. She was in especial demand in the western states. She was an admirer of Mr. Blaine, who was the nominee that year. For the next ten years she delivered hundreds of addresses, speaking in all parts of the United States, frequently on politics, but oftener on temperance, on which she spoke in many churches, as well as in public halls.

In 1888 she organized and became president of the Woman's National Republican Association and did effective work for the party. In 1892 she revived the association, and in the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis that year she was called to the platform before that great assembly and presented the cause of the woman's association. While not devoting time to the cause of woman suffrage, yet her speeches for temperance, for prohibition, and her political addresses helped greatly in making woman conscious of herself politically.

Some time in the 1880's Mr. and Mrs. Foster removed to Washington, D. C., he receiving an appointment in the United States Treasury Department. Mrs. Foster, however, continued to frequently deliver addresses in Iowa, both on temperance and on politics. In 1887 she had a trip of several weeks in Europe. Because of her reputation as a mission worker President McKinley appointed her to inspect sanitation in soldiers' barracks during the Spanish-American War and recommend improvements. She accompanied the Taft Commission to the Philippines in 1900 to study conditions of women and children there, and took a trip around the world, continuing her study especially in China and India. In 1902 Secretary Hay appointed her a representative of the United States to the International Red Cross Conference at St. Petersburg. In 1906 President Roosevelt appointed her to study conditions of woman and child workers throughout the nation. In 1908 she was appointed a special agent of the United States Department of Justice to inspect the prisons both federal and state with respect to the condition of women prisoners. In this latest of her public duties she visited Iowa in the performance of her work. Her death occurred in Washington, August 11, 1910, and burial was at Lowell, Massachusetts.

Thus ended the life of one of America's noted women, one who by her residence in and service for Iowa honored the state.

The noted reformer, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Massachusetts, said of her: "Mrs. J. Ellen Foster's name is inseparably associated with this reform [temperance] in all parts of our land. For many years she has toiled with unflagging interest in this great movement for a higher civilization."¹⁸

Senator Dolliver once said of her: "She will find an enthusiastic audience wherever she goes. When she returned from her trip around the world I advised her to go on the platform again and share the lessons she had learned with the people. Mrs. Foster is not in the slightest degree mannish, neither is she womanish. She is herself in love with the subject she presents. Her hearers are carried away with her eloquence and forget whether she is a man or a woman."¹⁹

¹⁸William B. Allison collection of private letters in the Historical, Memorial and Art Department on Iowa.

¹⁹*Register and Tribune*, August 12, 1910.

At the time of her death the *Register and Leader* gave editorially the following just estimate of her: "Mrs. Foster was an interesting and forceful woman and tremendously in earnest upon the temperance question. In her day, Iowans were either her loyal friends or her bitter enemies, because she was on the firing line of a bitter struggle. She came in for much unkind criticism because she was a new woman in old-fashioned times, but posterity must be kinder to her than her own generation, because she deserves it."

EDITOR HAS TOO MANY CALLERS

We have of late found it almost impossible to get sufficient time by ourselves to write a respectable portion of editorial. Our friends have recently taken such a wonderful liking to us, that they appear determined that we shall never feel sorrow because of solitude. This is certainly very kind in them, but it is not exactly justice to our subscribers, nor to ourselves, to take from us that time which should be devoted to the duties of our station. We are at all suitable times very glad to see our friends, but in candor we must say that there is a proper time for everything, and we should think, not exactly in place to visit an editor when he is engaged in his editorial duties.—*Warsaw Signal*. In *Bloomington* [now Muscatine, Ia.] *Herald*, Feb. 11, 1842. In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

TRAVELING TO THE MIDDLE WEST IN 1838

Dr. Henry B. Young of Burlington, Iowa, for over fifty years a practicing physician, lately presented to the Historical Department a copy of a diary his father, Dr. John A. Young, wrote during a trip he made from Chillicothe, Ohio, to Monmouth, Illinois, where he established a medical practice which he successfully conducted for thirty-five years. Dr. John A. Young was born in Chillicothe February 1, 1812, and was the only child of William and Mary McKnight Young. The father owned a tanyard and the son in due time mastered the tanner's trade, then went to Philadelphia where he spent a year in converting tanned hides into commercial leather. In those days that was all done by hand, and was a real art. Having finished acquiring the trade he returned home and in 1836 visited a maternal uncle in Xenia, Ohio. This uncle, wealthy and childless, offered to bear the expense of a medical education for the young man if he would abandon his plans for a business career. After due consideration he did so and in 1838 he was graduated from Miami Medical College at Cincinnati. In the fall of that year he began his journey to Monmouth as the following diary relates.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 4th, 1838. Started from Ceasars Creek for Monmouth, Ill. Was detained at the bridge until the 5th at 2 P. M. Took an outside seat . . . to Cin¹ there being 9 inside. Had . . . hero along who was continually dunning the people for clocks which he said they had purchased of him. Cold night. Arrived in Cin at 6 A. M. Saw Dr. Perkins Heard part of a lecture by Prof. Drake. Saw Rives McDowell. Took passage in great haste on board the Dolphin for St. Louis. Got aground in backing out at 1 o'clock and stuck till morning. A young lady aboard resembling Miss Beth A. French. Dr. De Chine strange genius. Big start off again at 9 A. M. 7th. 8th 4 P M stuck again on a . . . just below Warsaw. —passed us on the way up and the Swiftsure down.

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Our boat appears to be too large drawing too much water. I am sorry I had not taken a smaller boat to Louisville and then another down, but fortune is against me on this trip. (8 P. M. Cloudy and dark, slight falling of snow) The day has been generally clear and fair, but cold.

¹Dr. Young's style of abbreviations, punctuation, etc., is followed.—Editor.

Wrote to my father and M. Thompson enclosing to the latter a letter from I. Wills of Chil— Have not become acquainted with the ladies yet. Saturday. Lay all last night on the bar. The steamer Thames coming up pulled us off. The Empire was also fast. 9 o'clock Taking in the loading which we put out last night. Cold and clear with a slight skiff of snow on the ground Fast again at 12 M. near Vevay.

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Stayed about one hour. Past Madison 4 P. M. Fine looking little town from the river, stopt but did not land. Past Hanover. We had a strong head wind all day nothing large moves considering the stage of the water wind ceased and making fine headway. Had a confab with the ladies pretty fine ones I think. The single one not only looks speaks like Miss Bell. Is quite lively and is also a *Corncracker* living about 20 miles from Lexington. Her name I have not yet learned. Sent Mr. Thompson's letter ashore by Mr. Armstrong to be mailed. The young lady's name above alluded to is Mary Ellis. Put ashore about 29 miles below Madison fearing to run in the night. Sunday morning. See entirely across the river at this place although there was no appearance of it in the evening—very cold.

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Off at 8 after running about an hour descried the Savannah aground on what is called the "Grass flats" 18 miles above Louisville. Here the Captain refused to porceed any further and put in for winter quarters or a rise of water. Fortunately there was a small trading boat lying near, this was engaged to carry us down to Louis— It had no name and we called it the "Chicken thief." Fine time with the ladies as we were all huddled together— Landed at 2 P. M. Here I was detained 3 days waiting for another boat. Fine town visited the "Medical Institute" Heard Cott— Cooke and Caldwell. Cooke is a perfect drone. Caldwell not so good as I had expected. The edifice will be fine when finished. Visited Virgil McKnight and left my trunk and box in his care to be forwarded to St. Louis. Visited the Theatre, saw Booth as Cassius in Julius Ceasar, good performance. Theatre but small. Saw Booth the following evening in Richard—

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Wednesday. Took passage back to Cin where I arrived on Thursday at 6. A. M. Saw Dr. P., again Heard Harrison & McDowell. In the afternoon took passage home in the stage. Arrived there safely on the following morning just before daylight and surprised them all as they supposed me in the Miss. Remained there until the next Tuesday afternoon when I mounted "Tom" to take it by land. That evening went to Dayton Miss F. M. G. and D. were both there. Called in company with I. Hean to see but found the house deserted. Called again alone about 8 P. M.

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They are still absent. Left my *card* on the table and left early next

morning without seeing them. *Rather it had been otherwise.* Wednesday—Very cold. Went as far as Eaton only on account of having to roughen my horse. Arrived in Indianapolis on Saturday at noon. Nothing doing here smoking cigars and talking some state politics. The Legislature had adjourned for the holidays like other *boys*. Left Ind—— Sunday 23d noon and rode to Brownsburgh 15 miles. very cold Next day went to Crawfordsville. This is quite a fine little town. Tuesday 25th Arrived at Independence. Nothing doing here worth note Friday. Went out to the “*Grand Prairie*” to hunt Chickens Got two and two “fox squirrels” Sunday we had a Methodist quarterly meeting.

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Wednesday Jan 2nd 1839. Started west and went as far as Danville Ill The weather so far has been quite mild.

Thursday 3rd Only made 25 miles to Sidney Could have gone some farther before night But was compelled to stay there or ride 13 miles farther it being that distance to the next house. Slim looking chance here for either man or horse. The town is composed of 3 or 4 houses just in the point of a small grove Fared tolerably well however considering all things. Landlord a Kentuckian. Two physicians were there. Hard cases. Friday 4th Passed through Urbana county seat of *Champaign*—Poor place—Perhaps a dozen houses.—Stayed all night at Mount pleasant. Hard looking chance—Three or four houses Fared tolerably well Landlord a Virginian. Saturday 5th Passed through Le Roy

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Arrived at Bloomington about 2 P. M. Pretty fine looking little town Saw Haines. he *blowed* considerably about the Ladies. Said he was corresponding with a Lady in Xenia but mentioned no names. Stayed there till Sunday 10 A. M. Sunday 6th Travelled 21 miles to Mackinaw—Stayed all night with an English man Good stabling but the dirtiest kind of eating myself. Monday 7th Started for Peoria distant 20 miles Crossed the last of the *Grand Prairie* which I have been traversing ever since leaving Danville. From this last place to Sidney I had 5 or 6 miles prairie. From Sidney to Urbana 12 miles all prairie and not a house. From here to Robinsons 12 miles the same. From thence to Mount pleasant 13 miles the same. From thence to Le Roy 10 miles the same—From thence to

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Bloomington 15 miles the same. At each of these places there is Groves but the road does not in any case pass through them more than from one to three miles. The timber in these groves is tolerable good consisting of white oak black oak, hickory, some cherry, ash, etc. Arrived in Peoria 12½ and fed Fine looking place Considerable *Lake* opposite the town Went 16 m—— farther to Franklin prairie and stayed all night with a Yankee.

Tuesday 8th Passed through several small prairies of from 2 to 5 miles in width and stopped in Knoxville for the night. Fine looking

little town Saw there a "New Light Yankee" one of the "Thousand and one Society" men a "Grahamite" to the hub Had some argument with him whether man was a *carnivorous* animal

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Wednesday 9th Arrived at Monmouth

It is uncertain just when the young doctor began his practice, curiously enough his journal being silent on that subject. His trunk and box were still in storage in Louisville. Undated and in the back of this old diary or memorandum book is the following announcement: "Dr. John A. Young respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Monmouth and vicinity. His office is in the drug store of McCallan & Bruce, where he may at all times be found, except when professionally employed." It is supposed that he was in great need of supplies, because ten weeks after his arrival he makes a trip to St. Louis making a record of it in the journal as follows:

March 26th 1839 Started from Monmouth for St. Louis. Arrived at Oquawka or the Yellow Bank at noon distant 18 miles. All prairie excepting one point of a grove until we came upon the river timber which in this place is about three miles in extent. The *Yellow Banks* are so called from a reddish yellow clay and a yellow sand which compose the bluffs. The whole country as far back as the timber extends is quite sandy; in the town it drifts about like snow getting into everything. Spent the afternoon in lounging about the bank looking for a boat. The wind is high and the river quite rough.

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There are about ten or fifteen Indians encamped on the opposite shore. They are of the Winnebago tribe. Four of them in attempting to cross in a canoe were upset about the middle of the river. Their comrades however hastened to their rescue and took in three, the fourth clung to the canoe and floated down about a quarter of a mile before he was taken out. They then went above town and set fire to the woods to dry themselves. Rather a dirty greasy set. Were very anxious to get more whiskey but could not get any. Had quite a young Papoose put up in a new style to me but one that I believe is quite common. It is similar to the plates in the *Family Magazine*.

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This night all being very sleepy we let a boat pass down before we could get out to hail it. Wednesday 27th A very fine day and quite warm. After breakfast we took a walk up the river and saw the indians break up their camp and start. They are on their return home from a

visit up the Missouri where they went last fall to hunt. There is five canoe loads. Saw the remains of several lodges and one *grave*. Went down on the beach and looked for carnelians as they are quite plenty—found one or two quite fine ones This day very warm—Steamer Gypsy passed up. Saw plenty of *Musquitoes*. There being five or six of us by this time waiting for a passage we took turns watching. No boat however came down.

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This day two Indians came over in a canoe with some turkies ducks and fur to sell They were Saucks and were from Keokuks camp which they said was about two miles below. One of them is a Fine looking old man called Parmaho. He was taken with Black Hawk. Cunning old fellow in a trade.

Thursday 28th Cloudy and raining. Two more Indians and a boy came over I asked them if they were *Saucks* they shook thier heads and answered *Kowakie Fox* About 12 M the Brazil (?) came down with two Keels in tow loaded with lead ore and boat full of passengers. We all got passes however but no berths.

Page 14

All hands up at daylight and got under way. Weather fair and more moderate. When we arrived at the head of the rapids all the passengers were put aboard the two *Keels* so as to make the boat as light as possible. All passed over safely. The rapids were about 12 miles in extent and the channel quite crooked. Got on board again at *Keokuk*. This town was once the residence of the *great Civil chief*. Saw a number of indians here, Landed a short time at Warsaw opposite the mouth of the *Des Moines*. a great part of Fort Des Moines is still standing. It is on the Ill. side The Des Moines is the boundary line between Missouri and Iowa.

Page 15

We now have Missouri on our right and Ills on our left. The country on either side has been generally flat and subject to inundation. At noon we stopped at Quincy. We made quite a "*grand entree*" The Steward and one or two others performed on the Clarinet and bass horn and attracted quite a crowd. Quincy is situated on a very high bluff which is cut into a great many deep ravines. Notwithstanding all this however it is quite a beautiful place and speaks well for the spirit of the citizens as it requires an immense labour to grade thier streets and level the lot

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As is my custom when I have time I ran over the whole town They have quite a large and splendid hotel here one that would be an honour to a city. They also have a fine court house. Here I saw ten or twelve wagon loads of Mormons crossing the river from MO. I was told that from ten to twenty wagons had crossed daily for the last two weeks. I believe they have all agreed to leave Mo. and seek a home somewhere else. Those that I saw said they did not know where they should go.

There is nothing remarkable in their appearance in any way either in dress or looks. In this I was disappointed.

Here we unloaded one of our Keels and left it. Got under way about 4 P. M. Got a few *apples* the first I have seen since leaving home.

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About dark we passed Marion City on the Mo. side. This is the town that was laid out by the Rev. Ely of Phila. and where he has a college. Poor looking place and will never be anything else as half the town and more is sometimes under water.

Landed again at Hannibal 12 or 14 miles below M. It looked quite picturesque and fine by moonlight whilst our small band played up some fine tunes. Soon got under weigh again and I retired to the cabin. Sunday 31st. Last night verified the old adage "better to be born lucky than to be born rich" as by some chance unknown to me I got a *berth*. Whilst many who were worth thousands lay on the floor. some had left at Quincy and the clerk in mistake put me down to the vacancy although there were others who had prior claims. I however said nothing but "turned in" and had a good nights rest. Last night we left our other *Keel* at Louisiana and we now "go ahead" finely.

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About 9 A M passed the mouth of the Illinois. That side has now become quite a bluff with tremendous rocks frowning like the battlements of some old castle. The river all the way down has been very full of islands and "Towheads" but here I think they become larger. Landed a few minutes at Alton. This is another fine town and also on a bluff bank. The state Penitentiary is here. Not a very good one I should think.

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About 1 passed the mouth of the Missouri The water of this river has a singular reddish yellow appearance and the line can plainly be seen for miles down on the MO. side after some distance the whole Miss— assumes that appearance slightly, At 2 passed the wreck of steamer which was sunk last fall. They were engaged in raising her freight with a "diving bell." This is the first I have ever seen and we passed this at such a distance and such a rate that I could see but little of it. About 3½ we rounded to at the great city of St. Louis and in a few minutes I went on land to hunt lodgings and look for M. T. Lind.

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In my perambulations I passed the Catholic Cathedral and finding the door open and the priests at the altar I passed in. This is a splendid edifice and is richly furnished in the interior. I think it quite as fine as St. Johns in Phila. perhaps finer. I remained until service was ended and the people had generally retired when I took a more particular survey of the place. There are some fine paintings. Went to the City Hotel and found it kept by Laysham formerly of Dayton, O. one of the bar keepers from Circleville by the name of Boyer and the other one of Colts

old bar keepers. Finding myself among Buckeyes I took lodging here. Arrived at Mon—— Friday night April 12th.

Here the diary ends. Further knowledge of this St. Louis trip is gained from the expense account, set down in detail: Total cash on starting, \$94.43 $\frac{3}{4}$ [notice the $\frac{3}{4}$ cents]; fare to Oquawka [stage], \$1.00; fare to St. Louis, \$10.00; shaving twice and hair cut, 50 cts.; beer, apples, 50 cts.; freight and cartage (trunk and box from Louisville), \$3.25; hat, \$6.00; books, \$7.50; wallet, 75 cts.; glass mortar \$1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$; stethoscope, \$1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$; 2 doz. handkerchiefs, \$1.50; pencil points, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.; drugs, \$37.10; theater, \$2.25; mending watch, 50 cts.; bill at hotel, \$9.50; porter, 25 cts.

The memorandum book is then devoted to miscellaneous items. Under date of July 20, 1839, he credits a patron with 2 loads of wood, another with a load of wood and a load of rails. On August 30, 1843, one is credited with 2 doz. chickens, \$1.50. Another on November 1, 1850, turned in oats at 18 cents per bushel; another on November 22, 1850, 117 lbs. beef at 3 cts, \$3.51, and so it ran for several years, showing money was scarce but produce abundant, and indicating the struggle the pioneer small town and country doctor had to make for existence.

In the winter of 1840–41 Dr. Young spent some time at the Medical Institute in Louisville in post graduate work, and in the spring of 1841 married Miss Isabella Wallace of Xenia, Ohio, and brought her to Monmouth where they raised their family and where he had a successful practice extending over a third of a century.

A HISTORY OF THE DES MOINES POST OFFICE

BY ILDA M. HAMMER

FOREWORD

The writer obtained a complete list of the postmasters from Mr. Huffman; a statement of the receipts of the post office since 1880, and of the various Congressional appropriations concerning the post office through the kindness of our representative, Hon. C. C. Dowell; some later figures and data were supplied through the courtesy of Mr. John Ryan, assistant postmaster; and several years ago Major W. H. Fleming was kind enough to help very materially in the search for data, and to add some very interesting personal reminiscences. To all of these, the writer wishes to express her appreciation.

Few persons who see or transact business in the present post-office building on the river front, ever stop to think of what the beginnings of the Des Moines post office may have been, or of the rapid growth which has attended it.

The post office was established at Fort Des Moines in 1845, and was known as Raccoon River¹ until June 1, 1846, when the name Fort Des Moines was given it. Josiah Smart, who was the Indian interpreter for the military authorities at the Fort, was appointed as the first postmaster, but declined to accept the appointment, and Dr. Thomas K. Brooks filled the place March 2, 1846, as the first regular postmaster. Dr. Brooks had his office in the old Indian Agency House, which was situated where the Tuttle stone packing house was in 1909, in South Des Moines. Later Dr. Brooks removed the office to his own home in Thomas Addition, on Court Avenue. At the close of the year (1846) Dr. Brooks resigned, and Phineas M. Casady succeeded him in office on December 31, 1846.^{1a}

Mr. Casady moved the post office to his own law office on Second Street and the Rock Island tracks, where Green's Foundry used to be. The mail was not very heavy at that time, for it is said of Mr. Casady that he used to carry it in his hat, and distribute it to the parties to whom it was directed, "lifting the post office from his head" in order to find the letters.²

¹*U. S. Official Register*, 1847.

^{1a}Porter, Will. *Annals of Polk County and the City of Des Moines*, p. 709-10.

²Turrill, H. B. *Historical Reminiscences of the City of Des Moines*, p.23.

In this connection it is interesting to note that at the semi-centennial of Polk County in 1896, Judge Casady conducted a reproduction of distribution as it had been done a half century before. Letters were distributed to the following persons, among others: Hoyt Sherman, Col. Griffiths, George C. Tidrick, E. R. Clapp, Isaac Cooper, Byron Rice, and P. M. Casady. Back postage was due on many of the letters. Isaac Cooper owed twenty-five cents, as was common in the early days. We are told that on this occasion the letters were brought to Judge Casady in a pair of saddle bags by Isaac Warfel, who carried mail into Des Moines in 1846.

Robert L. Tidrick, Mr. Casady's law partner, succeeded him as postmaster October 26, 1848, and the post office remained where it was in the law office, until the appointment of Hoyt Sherman June 26, 1849. Mr. Sherman, with his own funds, built a frame building to be used exclusively as a post office on West Second and Vine streets.³

Up until this time, postage rates were five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof, for not over three hundred miles; for a greater distance, the rate was ten cents. Envelopes had not been introduced, and it was a part of one's education to learn how to fold a letter so that one could find a suitable place on which to write the address. It was not necessary at this time, either, to prepay the postage. This change occurred during the term of Wesley Redhead, who was appointed February 11, 1853; at about the same time, the rate was reduced to three cents per half ounce.

During Mr. Redhead's term of office, in 1857, three and one-half tons of mail were received weekly; about 38,000 letters were received and dispatched every quarter; the post office contained 576 boxes and 80 drawers. Mr. Redhead kept the office in the Sherman Block, on Third and Court Avenue.⁴ In 1857 the name of the office was changed to Des Moines.

John Teesdale succeeded Wesley Redhead May 6, 1861, and held office until April 17, 1867. The following schedule of postal arrangements was in effect during Mr. Teesdale's term:

³Hussey, *Tacitus, Beginnings*, p. 68; *Des Moines Register and Leader*, April 25, 1909.

⁴Turrill, 99.

Eastern via Chicago & Davenport arrives at 6 A. M.⁵
Eastern via Chicago and Davenport closes at 7 P. M.
Southern via Oskaloosa and Keokuk arrives at 9 A. M.
Southern via Oskaloosa and Keokuk closes at 2 P. M.
Western via Adel arrives at 4 P. M.
Western via Adel closes at 7 P. M.
Winterset arrives at 4 P. M.
Winterset closes at 7 P. M.
Ft. Dodge except Sundays and Mondays arrives at 5 P. M.
Ft. Dodge except Fridays and Saturdays closes at 7 P. M.
Xenia Thursdays and Saturdays arrives at 6 P. M.
Xenia Mondays and Wednesdays closes at 7 P. M.
Boonesboro Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays arrives at 4 P. M.
Boonesboro Sundays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, closes at 7 P. M.
Newark and Vandalia Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, arrives at 6 P. M.
Newark and Vandalia Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, closes at 7 P. M.
Indianola (via Summerset) Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, arrives at 12 M.
Indianola (via Summerset) Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, closes at 1 P. M.
Indianola (via Hartford) Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, arrives at 6 P. M.
Indianola (via Hartford) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, closes at 7 P. M.
Nevada Tuesdays and Saturdays arrives at 6 P. M.
Nevada Sundays and Thursdays closes at 7 P. M.
New Jefferson Sundays arrives at 4 P. M.
New Jefferson Sundays and Wednesdays closes at 7 P. M.
No mails to connect with the Rail Roads depart on Saturdays.
No mails to connect from the Rail Roads arrive on Mondays.
Office opened, except Sunday, from 8 A. M. until 7½ P. M.
Office opened on Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M.

J. Teesdale, P. M.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 11, 1864.

⁵In this schedule we follow the exact wording and style used as appears in its publication in the *Daily State Register* (Des Moines), January 17, 1864.

Business had increased to quite an extent by 1867, at the close of Mr. Teesdale's appointment. About 6,000 letters were received weekly for distribution, and the sale of postage stamps amounted to \$12,000 annually. During the year 1866 about \$13,000 of money orders had been paid, with as great an amount issued.⁶ The office contained over 1,000 boxes, and 125 drawers.

It was during Mr. Teesdale's term also that a congressional act of July 28, 1866, authorized and appropriated the sum of \$15,000 for a site, and an Act of March 2, 1867, the sum of \$85,000 for a building, to be used as a post office and court house. We now know this building as the "Old Federal Building."

Under Mr. Tichenor, who was appointed April 18, 1867, the post office was located in a frame building in the rear of the Sherman Block. In 1868 plans were announced for the proposed new building under the congressional acts above mentioned, and acts of July 20, 1868, and of April 20, 1870, authorized respectively the sums of \$89,008.00 and \$24,575.00 for continuation. The building was only about half completed under this first contract, and during the appointment of James S. Clarkson (July 28, 1871—March 3, 1879) nothing additional was done.⁷

While John Beckwith, who succeeded Mr. Clarkson March 4, 1879, was in office, two additional stories and a wing were put up, under authority of acts of August 7, 1883, July 7, 1884, March 3, 1885, and June 30, 1886, which authorized a total of \$330,000 for repairs and additional rooms.⁸

Col. Wm. H. Merritt assumed the duties of postmaster August 13, 1886. His appointment by President Cleveland was bitterly denounced in the *Iowa State Register* (Republican) "as a gross violation of the civil service laws on the part of President Cleveland."⁹ The editor asserted that he had no objection whatever to Col. Merritt as a man, and did not doubt but that he would serve as well as had his predecessor, Mr. Beckwith; but, he declared, he *did* object to the removal of Mr.

⁶*Daily State Register* (Des Moines), April 26, 1867.

⁷From data furnished by Hon. C. C. Dowell.

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹*Iowa State Register* (Des Moines), August 13, 1886.

Beckwith on no other grounds than that he was a Republican, while Col. Merritt was a Democrat. However, in spite of his politics, the postal business gradually increased under Col. Merritt's administration, as well as under that of Isaac Brandt, who took office June 30, 1890, and served until July 25, 1894.

As the close of Mr. Brandt's term drew near, a bitter contest was waged between two aspirants for the next appointment. Joseph Eiboeck, publisher of the *Anzeiger*, a German weekly, and acknowledged leader of the German Democrats of the state, and Edward H. Hunter were the two contestants. Mr. Hunter received the appointment, to the general dissatisfaction of Republicans, as expressed in the *Iowa State Register*. Mr. Hunter was accused of being a fearless "manipulator of machines and combines," while Mr. Eiboeck was lauded as an "upright and fearless fighter for the Democrats."¹⁰ The editor goes on to say that this is not the first time that the administration has "duped" the German vote, of which Mr. Eiboeck is the honored representative, and that it is evident that Mr. Hunter did some clever manipulating and "wire-pulling" in Washington.

Lewis Schooler was postmaster from September 18, 1898, to December 9, 1902. June 6, 1902, an act was passed providing a limit of \$150,000 for the site for a new post office, and February 18, 1904, during John McKay's term (December 10, 1902—March 18, 1907) an additional sum for site was appropriated.¹¹

An Act of June 30, 1906, provided a limit of \$500,000 for building, which amount was appropriated in the acts of June 30, 1906, March 4, 1907, and March 4, 1909. The new building on the river front was completed during Joseph I. Myerly's incumbency (March 19, 1907—May 31, 1911) at a total cost of \$488,016.67.¹²

Louis C. Kurtz was appointed postmaster June 1, 1911, and served in that capacity until June 30, 1915. During this time, the post-office business was constantly increasing, and new departments were added. The total receipts for the year preceding Mr. Kurtz's appointment were \$784,538.82; for the year 1914 they were \$1,086,173.61—almost fifty per cent increase.

¹⁰*Iowa State Register*, July 24, 1894.

¹¹From data furnished by Hon. C. C. Dowell.

¹²*Ibid.*

In the same time the amount of newspapers handled increased from 12,960,968 pounds a year to 16,662,262 pounds—tribute to the publishing industry of Des Moines. The money order department showed a gain of from 77,022 orders, amounting to \$684,408.65, to 93,180 orders, amounting to \$753,900.00. During Mr. Kurtz's administration, the Postal Savings Bank was inaugurated, and between September 15, 1911, and June 30, 1915, 1,982 accounts, with deposits totaling \$269,198.00 were opened. The Parcel Post System was inaugurated in Des Moines June 1, 1913, and at the close of Mr. Kurtz's term of office 10,000 parcels per day, on an average, were being dispatched, and 2,146 (average) parcels per day were being received.

July 1, 1915, George A. Huffman was appointed as Mr. Kurtz's successor, and served in that capacity until 1924. During that time, many changes were effected in the postal service, great strides were made in the efficiency with which that service was rendered, and postal receipts were almost tripled. By 1924, the Des Moines post office was selling more stamps per capita than any other office in the United States; Des Moines had become the twenty-eighth among leading cities in the country in postal business; an average of forty-six tons of second class (periodical publications) matter was handled daily; and the Des Moines office had become the central accounting office for all third and fourth class post offices in Iowa, handling an annual pay roll of about four and one-half million dollars for Iowa rural carriers.¹³

As the end of Mr. Huffman's second term drew near, in 1924, three candidates appeared for his position—William C. Harbach, Irvin M. Lieser, and Z. C. Thornburg. The report of the civil service commission gave Mr. Harbach the highest rating, and for this reason Senator Cummins recommended him for the position, in spite of the opposition of the junior senator, Mr. Brookhart. Senator Brookhart warned his colleague that if Mr. Harbach's name were presented to the Senate, he would invoke the personal privilege rule, and trust to the Senate to sustain him. Mr. Brookhart's opposition to Mr. Harbach dated from the Polk County Republican Conven-

¹³*Des Moines Tribune*, July 1, 1924.

tion early that spring, when Mr. Harbach had opposed the nomination of Mr. Brookhart.¹⁴

President Coolidge sent Mr. Harbach's name to the Senate May 2, and the Senate in executive session May 19 sustained Senator Brookhart's objection.¹⁵ Senator Cummins later recommended Mr. Z. C. Thornburg, who had been given the second highest rating by the commission. The junior Senator had no objection to Mr. Thornburg, and the latter became postmaster July 1, 1924.

The Des Moines post office by this time was ranked in the \$3,000,000 class. Since 1922¹⁶ there had been talk of an addition to accommodate its expanding business. It was hoped that one of the changes made during Mr. Thornburg's term would be the enlargement of the post office to cover the entire ground owned by the government (the north half of the block between First and Second streets, and Walnut Street and Court Avenue).¹⁷

Mr. Thornburg lived less than a year after he was appointed, and on May 18, 1925, Edwin J. Frisk, the present postmaster, assumed his duties, although he did not receive formal appointment until the following year.¹⁸ Receipts continued to increase, until they amounted to \$3,176,064.69 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926.¹⁹ A movement was set on foot in December, 1925, to secure an appropriation for an addition to the post office. Agitation continued, but it was not until August 10, 1930, as a result of a survey ordered by the Treasury Department, that postal department inspectors recommended the purchase of the south half of the block on which the present building stands. This property was owned by several different concerns—the Hubbel estate, the Bankers Life Company, the H and H Cleaner Company, Tone Brothers, and the Brown Camp Company. March 4, 1931, a bill was approved appropriating \$775,000 for the site and building.²⁰ Negotiations were begun, and an agreement was soon reached

¹⁴*Des Moines Daily Capital*, April 28, 1924.

¹⁵*Des Moines Register*, May 20, 1924.

¹⁶*Des Moines Daily Capital*, December 22, 1922.

¹⁷*Des Moines Tribune*, July 1, 1924.

¹⁸*Des Moines Register*, January 27, 1926.

¹⁹From figures furnished by Mr. John Ryan, Assistant Postmaster.

²⁰*U. S. Stat. at Large*, 71st. Congress, Sess. III, Vol. 46, Pt. I, Ch. 522.

with the Hubbell estate, the Bankers Life Company, and the H and H Cleaner Company. The government felt that the price asked by the Brown Camp Company, and Tone Brothers was too high, and on September 22, 1931, an order was issued for the condemnation of the property.

Federal Judge Charles A. Dewey appointed six Iowa men to serve as a condemnation jury. They were: Frank F. Everest, Council Bluffs; L. A. Jester, Des Moines; J. E. Espy, Ottumwa; W. A. Lawrenson, Des Moines; Anson Marston, Ames; George W. Graeser, Des Moines. George Warner, Newton, and Henry Negus, Iowa City, were alternates.²¹ The condemnation action was filed October 21, naming three defendants—Tone Brothers, Brown Camp Company, and C. C. Taft Company lessees of Brown Camp Company.

The report of the condemnation jury, filed December 3, 1931, allowed a total of \$370,000 for the purchase of the condemned property. This amount was divided as follows: Tone Brothers, \$128,000; Brown Camp Company, \$180,000; and C. C. Taft Company, \$62,000.²² These figures proved to be acceptable to both the government and the owners of the land, and on February 5, 1932, payment was made by the government.²³ The above figures, added to the \$120,750 agreed upon as the purchase price of the remainder of the half block, brought the total payment for site up to \$490,750, leaving \$284,250 of the appropriation (\$775,000) to be used for building purposes.

Wetherell and Harrison, Architects, drew the plans for the proposed addition. For the present, these include an extension back of the present building, which, at some future date, will be joined to an extension on Court Avenue similar in size and architecture to the present structure.²⁴ The building, when completed, will face the river front. It was expected that work would be begun in 1932, but it was delayed. Bids are now being received by the government; September 6, 1933, is the last date on which they may be submitted. It is hoped that this fall will see the beginning of work.

Under Mr. Frisk's administration, many improvements have

²¹*Des Moines Register*, October 22, 1931.

²²*Ibid.*, December 4, 1931.

²³From data furnished by Mr. John Ryan.

²⁴From the architect's drawings, through the courtesy of Mr. John Ryan.

been made in the mail service available to Des Moines. Six named substations help to relieve the load of the central office. One of these, in Highland Park, erected in 1929, was the first post office in Des Moines to have all steel equipment. In 1930 a substation was opened in the old Federal Building. Before that, a new station had been established on Grand Avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets, and the University Place station had been housed in new and enlarged quarters. Courtesy boxes have been installed for the convenience of motorists. Miniature post offices have been established in the lobbies of several down town office buildings, where the mail is distributed by the postman and called for by the tenants, thereby saving the time formerly required for delivery to each office. The air mail service has been introduced, and has become an increasingly used facility.

In 1927, 440 persons were in the employ of the postal department in Des Moines. Thirty-six trucks were used to handle mail daily—eleven of them delivered and collected parcel post, and the others hauled mail between the post offices and the various railroad stations. In the same year the Des Moines office handled 89,507,072 outgoing letters and circulars, 4,954,287 pieces of parcel post, and 34,133,622 pounds of second class matter, all printed in Des Moines.²⁵

The following figures indicate the tremendous increase in Des Moines' postal business in the past fifty years:

<i>Fiscal Year</i>	<i>Gross Receipts</i>
1880	\$ 47,406.81
1885	93,308.83
1890	124,381.87
1895	184,904.79
1900	294,938.43
1905	467,361.73
1910	764,067.37
1915	1,119,932.90
1920	2,008,808.07
1925	2,874,780.82
1930	3,609,129.55 ²⁶

²⁵*Des Moines Tribune*, January 28, 1928.

²⁶From figures furnished by the Auditor for the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., and by Mr. John Ryan of Des Moines.

The year 1930 was a banner one for the Des Moines post office in many respects:

1. The total receipts for that year were the largest to date.
2. Seven months of that year showed receipts exceeding \$300,000.
3. Every month showed an increase over the corresponding month of the preceding year.
4. The best previous monthly total of receipts (\$332,169.63 in March, 1929) was broken twice—in December (\$364,960.88) and in March (\$366,020.31).
5. Des Moines led all the larger cities of the country in per centage of gain in three different months.
6. Des Moines was the lowest of forty-five larger cities in per centage of clerk hire to receipts.
7. Des Moines was the lowest in the same group in per centage of city delivery cost to receipts.²⁷

Since 1930, receipts have declined considerably, amounting to \$2,523,711.02 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1933; probably increased postal rates and the depression account for this decrease. It is almost certainly true that when general business conditions improve, the Des Moines post office will again show a corresponding improvement.

READY MADE CLOTHING

The subscriber has just received from New York a large assortment of clothing, consisting in part of blue, black, brown and olive dress and frock coats; blue, black, brown and fancy colored pants; brown linen and gloss frock coats and roundabouts; Irish linen shirts, white and brown linen pantaloons; black, blue, velvet and fancy vests, for sale by E. Lockwood. Advertisement in the (Dubuque) *Iowa News*, July 15, 1837. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

²⁷*Des Moines Tribune*, July 1, 1930, and February 5, 1931.

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

WILLIAM SQUIRE KENYON was born in Elyria, Ohio, June 10, 1869, and died at Sebasco, Maine, September 9, 1933. Burial was at Fort Dodge, Iowa. His parents were the Rev. Fergus L. and Hattie A. (Squire) Kenyon. The family removed to Iowa City in 1878, the father becoming pastor of the Congregational Church at that place. William received his education in public school, in Iowa (now Grinnell) College, and in the State University of Iowa, being graduated from the Law Department of that institution in 1891. He entered practice of the law at Fort Dodge having for a time a partnership with Captain J. O. A. Yeoman, and also with J. F. Duncombe. He served for five years as county attorney of Webster County, 1892-96, and as a judge of the Eleventh Judicial District for two years, 1900-02. He again applied himself to his professional practice, becoming a member of the firm of Kenyon, Kelleher & O'Connor. He was general attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad Company for three years, 1906-09. From March, 1910, to April, 1911, he was assistant to the attorney general of the United States, which place he resigned in April, 1911, to become United States senator. Senator Dolliver had died October 15, 1910, and Lafayette Young had been appointed to fill the vacancy until there should be an election. The Thirty-fourth General Assembly convened January 9, 1911, and on January 23 balloted in joint session for senator but did not elect until the last day of the session, April 12, when Mr. Kenyon was chosen. This was for the remainder of the Dolliver term which only reached to March 3, 1913, which required an election by the Thirty-fifth General Assembly. A law enacted in 1907 provided that when United States senators were to be elected their nominations should be submitted at a state-wide primary along with candidates for state offices. Mr. Kenyon was nominated in the primary of June, 1912, his only Republican opponent being Mr. Young. Daniel W. Hamilton was nominated by the Democrats. When the General Assembly met in January, 1913, it elected Mr. Kenyon. In the 1918 primary Mr. Kenyon was renominated without opposition, and won in the general election over his Democratic opponent, Dr. Charles Rollin Keyes. His service in the Senate was ended by his resignation February 24, 1922, when President Harding appointed him judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit. In March, 1929, President Hoover appointed him a member of the Law Enforcement Commission, popularly known as the Wickersham commission. This appointment was a recognition of Judge Kenyon's outstanding character, but it brought him much hard labor when he already was sufficiently

burdened. While assistant United States attorney general he had charge for the Interstate Commerce Commission of cases arising under the Hepburn rate act. While on the Circuit Court he wrote a decision in the Teapot Dome oil lease case condemning the transaction, and while in the Senate became leader of the so-called farm block contending for measures to better agricultural conditions. These were a few of the many important things he did which marked him as a real friend of the people. He was an idealist, though practical, and was one of the finest characters in American public life. The pregnant language of former Governor N. E. Kendall at the funeral is literally the voice of the people: "He came out . . . unspoiled and unsoiled." He maintained his home at Fort Dodge, though in late years he had a summer home at Sebasco on the coast of Maine.

GILBERT N. HAUGEN was born near Orfordville, Rock County, Wisconsin, April 21, 1859, and died in Northwood, Iowa, July 18, 1933. His parents were Nels and Carrie Haugen, natives of Norway. He spent his early years on his father's farm and in attending public school. At fourteen years of age he began his own support, becoming a farm hand in Winneshiek County, Iowa. For a time he attended Breckenridge College at Decorah, and later the Academic and Commercial College, Janesville, Wisconsin. At the age of eighteen he purchased a farm of 160 acres in Worth County. Besides farming he engaged in the implement and furniture business at Kensett. In 1887 he was elected treasurer of Worth County and removed to Northwood and was twice re-elected, serving six years. In 1893 he was elected representative, was re-elected in 1895, and served in the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth general assemblies, being chairman of Private Corporations Committee during the Twenty-sixth. In August, 1898, he received the Republican nomination for congressman from the Fourth District in a convention that required 366 ballots to nominate. At the beginning of the balloting the then Congressman Thomas Updegraff and James E. Blythe were the leading contestants, but neither was able to obtain a majority. He was elected in November and was regularly renominated by his party and re-elected each two years for sixteen more congresses, making seventeen in all, or thirty-four years of continuous membership, the longest in the history of the House, and after receiving the eighteenth party nomination was finally defeated at the polls in 1932 by Fred Biermann, his Democratic opponent. On entering Congress in 1899 Col. D. B. Henderson had just reached the speakership and Mr. Haugen was given membership on the Committee on Agriculture and Committee on War Claims. The membership on the Committee on Agriculture he retained throughout the seventeen congresses, and when the Republicans regained control in the House in 1919 he became chairman of that committee, only to relinquish it when the Democrats regained the majority in the House in 1931. Mr. Haugen was the joint author with Senator McNary of the famous McNary-Haugen bill, and was the author of more legislation relative to

agriculture than any other one man in Congress during his time. He was highly regarded by the membership of the House regardless of party lines. When Mr. Haugen was in the office of county treasurer at Northwood he became interested in banking and for years was president of banks at Northwood and Kensett. He also added largely to his land properties both in northern Iowa and in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

JAMES CUTLER MILLIMAN was born in Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York, January 28, 1847, and died in Santa Monica, California, July 21, 1933. His parents were Francis and Emily (Hunt) Milliman. Owing to the death of his mother he went when nine years old to live on a farm where for four years he worked for his board and clothes. Later he received small wages. In March, 1864, he tried to enlist in the Union Army but was rejected because of his youth, but in September of the same year he was accepted and became a member of Company E, Forty-sixth New York Volunteer Infantry. At the siege of Petersburg he was shot through the elbow, which necessitated the amputation of his arm. He received his discharge December 28, 1864, and in January, 1865, he with his father and four brothers removed to Harrison Township, Harrison County, Iowa. The next two years he spent as a student in the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, and the following two years teaching school in Harrison County. The fall of 1868 he was elected county recorder, running on the Republican ticket, and served in that position eight years. In September, 1876, he with A. L. Harvey established the Harrison County Bank at Logan. April 1, 1879, he sold his interest in the bank and for the next four years he gave his time principally to real estate business, except for one year he was at Council Bluffs in a wholesale farm machinery enterprise. In 1884 he joined with Almon Stern in Logan in real estate, abstract, brokerage, and insurance business, which connection continued until 1907. In 1893 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-fifth General Assembly. In 1897 he was elected lieutenant governor, and was re-elected two years later, serving the four years of Governor's Shaw's administration. Among his many activities was his work as an auctioneer, for years crying farm sales. For many years he was active in the Grand Army of the Republic and was commander of the Department of Iowa for the year 1908-09. He served several terms as mayor of Logan. His loyalty to his community was shown in a great many ways, one being the gift to the town of a wooded tract of thirty acres, known as Milliman Hill. Although his declining years were spent in California, he retained his citizenship at Logan, voting by absent ballot.

EDWARD MICHAEL CARR was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, June 28, 1850, and died in Manchester, Iowa, July 21, 1933. The body was placed in the private mausoleum in Oakland Cemetery, Manchester. His parents were John and Anna (Kane) Carr. In 1856 the family removed to near Lamont, Buchanan County, Iowa. He attended public

schools in that locality and Independence High School, taught rural common schools, and then entered the Law School of the State University of Iowa from which he was graduated in 1872. He began practice in Manchester and continued it until about two years before his death, or for fifty-nine years, attaining honored distinction in his profession. In 1875 he purchased an interest in the *Manchester Democrat* and was one of its editors throughout the remainder of his life. He assisted in organizing the First National Bank of Manchester, was president for three years of the Oneida and Manchester Railroad, and was connected with many business concerns of his home city. For several years in early life he was a member of the Iowa National Guard, being commissioned captain of Company C, Fourth Infantry, on March 18, 1877, and commissioned judge advocate with the rank of major May 19, 1879. He actively supported the Democratic party. In 1896 he was permanent chairman of the state convention that selected delegates to the national convention. He was secretary of the state committee in 1896 and 1897, and was also a member of the committee from 1896 to 1902. In 1904 he was a delegate at large to the national convention, and was chairman of the delegation. In 1906 he was nominated by his party for justice of the Supreme Court of the state. He served as postmaster at Manchester from March, 1915, to March, 1922, when he voluntarily resigned. Among the varied activities of this useful citizen was his help in the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Backbone State Park near Manchester.

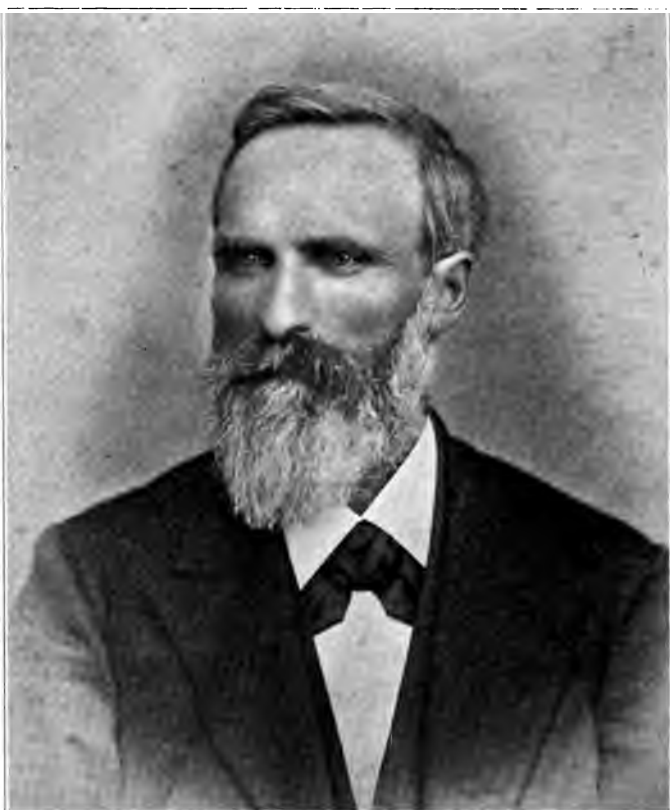
GEORGE H. WOODSON was born of slave parents in Wytheville, Virginia, December 15, 1865. He died in Des Moines, Iowa, July 7, 1933, and was buried in Glendale Cemetery, Des Moines, with both masonic and military honors. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary War and his father was killed in the Civil War. His mother also having died in his infancy, he was reared by an aunt, Mrs. T. Sheffey, by whom he was sent to Petersburg Normal University at Petersburg, Virginia, which graduated him with the A. B. degree in 1890. Soon thereafter he enlisted and served for three years in the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry. After his honorable discharge he entered the Law College of Howard University, Washington, D. C., where he received his LL.B. degree in 1896. He came to Iowa thereafter and located at the mining town of Muchakinoek, Mahaska County, then the largest Negro community in the state. About 1900 this community was abandoned when he located for a while in Oskaloosa, then followed the mining community to Buxton, Monroe County. When this community was abandoned about 1918, he removed to Des Moines where he remained in the practice with the exception of about ten years that he was deputy collector of U. S. customs. While residing in Mahaska County he was made vice president of the Mahaska County Bar Association and was also nominated by the Republican party as county attorney. While residing in Monroe County he was nominated by the Republicans as candidate for state representative, being the only Negro ever nominated for either of these offices in Iowa. In 1926 Presi-

dent Coolidge appointed him chairman of an all-Negro commission to investigate and report on economic conditions in the Virgin Islands, which duty he very creditably performed. He organized in Des Moines the Iowa Negro Bar Association in 1901 and the National Negro Bar Association in 1925, of both of which he was the first president.

ALBERT BOYNTON STORMS was born at Lima, Washtenaw County, Michigan, April 1, 1860, and died in Berea, Ohio, July 1, 1933. His parents were Irving and Mary (Boynton) Storms. He was graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of A. B. in 1884, and of A. M. in 1893. He was ordained a minister by the Methodist Episcopal church in 1884 and held pastorates at Franklin, Michigan; Hudson, Michigan; Detroit, Michigan; Madison, Wisconsin; and at First Church, Des Moines, Iowa, the latter being from 1900 to 1903. In 1903 he was chosen president of Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Ames, remaining in that position until 1910. Returning to the ministry he was pastor at Indianapolis, Indiana, and followed that by being district superintendent at Indianapolis. In 1918 he became president of Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, and retained that position until his death. He was a noted pulpit orator, an able educator and the author of several books and many magazine articles.

ALFRED MARTIN HAGGARD was born near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 11, 1851, and died at Pine Bluff, Colorado, June 20, 1933. He was graduated from Oskaloosa College with the degree of A. B. in 1879 and of A. M. in 1889. He was president of Oskaloosa College from 1889 to 1892, was secretary of Iowa Christian Convention from 1893 to 1898, dean of the Bible College, Drake University, from 1899 to 1910, and professor of Christian evidences at the same institution from 1910 to 1916. Besides his work as an educator, he studied divinity and as early as 1870 became a minister in the Disciples of Christ church and, interspersed with his teaching, was pastor and preacher at the following locations in Iowa: Eddyville, DeSoto, Oskaloosa, and Colfax, besides at Washington, Illinois. At one time he was secretary of the Iowa Christian Missionary Society, was a field worker for the Anti-saloon League, and by ability and fine personality exerted a real influence in his several fields.

CLARENCE L. ELY was born in Maquoketa, Iowa, April 10, 1886, and died there July 17, 1933. Burial was in Sacred Heart Cemetery, Maquoketa. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Ely. He was graduated from Maquoketa High School in 1903 and from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1908. From 1910 to 1912 he was secretary to Congressman I. S. Pepper. In 1912 he entered the law office of G. L. Johnson of Maquoketa. The same year he was elected county attorney of Jackson County and continued in that office three terms, or until January, 1919. The fall of 1926 he was elected judge of the Seventh Judicial District, in which position he was serving when he died. He was a Democrat in politics.



ORLANDO C. HOWE

County judge of Dickinson County, 1857-62; district attorney Fourth Judicial District, 1859-63; captain Co. L, Ninth Ia. Vol. Cav., 1863-64; county judge Jasper County, 1865-66; resident professor of law, State University of Iowa, 1875-80.

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JUDGE ORLANDO C. HOWE SOMEWHAT OF HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

BY F. I. HERRIOTT
Professor in Drake University

"For it is man's nature which makes him trustworthy, not wealth."—Aristotle.

"... the pioneers of northwestern Iowa will always have in their hearts a warm place for the memory of Orlando C. Howe."

—Iowa State Bar Association.¹

Orlando Cutter Howe was among the notable pioneers of northwestern Iowa, and one of the first settlers of Spirit Lake, in Dickinson County. He was attracted to the region by the reported beauty of the environs of Mde-Mini-Wakan.² He remained there for only six years, 1857–1863; but in those few years his character and capacity, his courage and consideration for others won and held public confidence, and left many vivid memories in the minds of the pioneers of our state's frontier of a fine man and citizen, of an earnest, upright public official, and of a neighbor who would instantly put forth his utmost in behalf of family, friends and fellows in a common cause or crisis.

In the course of sundry searches for data relative to the origins and events of the Spirit Lake Massacre between March 8 and 15, 1857, when the entire settlement was destroyed, I received from the daughters of Judge Howe, Mrs. W. H.

¹*Proceedings Iowa State Bar Association, Sixth Annual Meeting, held at Iowa City, July 17, 18, 1900. Report of the Committee on Legal Biography, p. 92.*

²The Sioux designation, "Lake of the Spirit Water." See F. I. Herriott, "Origins of the Indian Massacre between the Okobojis, March 8, 1857," *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third Series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 342–346.

(Helen Howe) Cooke, and Mrs. E. F. (Evelyn Howe) Porter, resident in Lynn Haven, Florida, a considerable number of letters of Judge Howe's written for the most part to Mrs. Howe between 1849 and 1865. With them were not a few others addressed to him by various correspondents, together with sundry documents, legal instruments relative to matters at Spirit Lake, and the original drafts of addresses, articles, or lectures. I was generously given permission to use them at discretion and to make such disposal of them as seemed appropriate. Their contents in the main were such that it seemed to me that they should be deposited with the Historical Department of Iowa where they now are. Many of them afford interesting glimpses of pioneer conditions and procedure. They also afford valuable data about events just preceding and following the Massacre of the settlers between the Okobojis—the most dramatic event in the entire history of Iowa's relations to the Red Men.³ His letters to Mrs. Howe written from Arkansas, while in service in the Union Army in 1864, give us first hand information about men and measures in that section of the war zone in the Civil War.

In consequence of the decision to publish some of the letters among Judge Howe's papers, the editor of the ANNALS asked me to prepare the biographical sketch which follows. It is but little more than a summary of the major facts in his life which closed Thursday, August 24, 1899, at Topeka, Kansas, at the age of seventy-four years, eight months and five days.

PART I—BIOGRAPHY

I

Orlando C. Howe was among the thousands of New Englanders who came into Iowa, and particularly into northern Iowa, in the middle years of the '50s of the nineteenth century, and played such a noteworthy part in the formation of the state's industrial, political and social institutions. He was born in Williamstown, Vermont, on December 19, 1824, the son of John Deloss Howe and Sarah Cutter Howe. About 1834 his

³See F. I. Herriott, "The Aftermath of the Spirit Lake Massacre of March 8-15, 1837," *Ibid.*, pp. 610-613.

parents moved to and settled in Alden in Erie County, New York.⁴

His schooling begun in Williamstown was continued in the common school of Alden and then in the Academy of Aurora, which sustained an enviable reputation. His ambition focussed on the legal profession and he was fortunate in securing the privilege of studying in the law offices of Shumway & Williams, a well-known firm in Buffalo. Mr. Horatio Shumway had been a member of the General Assembly of New York at Albany, and Mr. Charles H. S. Williams was district attorney of Erie County.⁵ After his admission to the bar he remained with the firm in the capacity of assistant prosecuting attorney, until he decided to come west in 1855. The training he got under his patrons in Buffalo gave him a good grounding in the principles and the practice of the common law, then but little modified by legislation, that made him fit and ready for the rapid professional and official promotion which came to him soon after he arrived in Iowa.

Meantime, in 1849, the young man had met, loved, wooed and won and married Maria Wheelock of Lancaster, New York, a young lady of marked ability and staunch character. At the time of their courtship Miss Wheelock was a teacher in the public schools of Buffalo. Characterizing two of the first women resident in Spirit Lake after the Massacre, Mr. R. A. Smith, a contemporary and later the historian of Dickinson County, thus records his recollections and his judgment:

Mrs. Howe was the more scholarly . . . having been a teacher in Buffalo. In addition to her literary attainments she possessed a rare fund of general information, and what is still more rare, a remarkable versatility of character, which enabled her to adapt herself to surroundings without fuss or friction. She was equally at home with the sturdy pioneers by whom she was surrounded as she would have been in the environments of polite society.⁶

For the following fifty years Mrs. Howe realized for her

⁴Unless otherwise stated the narrative is based on the following general sources: (a) Mr. and Mrs. Howe's letters deposited in the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa; (b) the biographical sketch prepared for the Iowa State Bar Association by Judge George W. Wakefield of Sioux City, chairman of its Committee on Legal Biography, the data for which was gathered by Mr. R. A. Smith of Spirit Lake, Ia.—*Proc. Ia. St. Bar Assoc. for 1900*, pp. 89-92; and (c) R. A. Smith's *History of Dickinson County, Ia.*, 1902.

⁵Perry Smith (Ed) *History of Buffalo and Erie County*, Vol. II, p. 461; Vol. I, p. 348.

⁶Smith, *Op. Cit.*, p. 415.

husband, children, and neighbors the ideals of Ruth, daughter of Naomi: whither he went she went also; where he found lodgment she abided; and his people became hers—through fire and flood, sunshine and storm, sacrifice and war, Maria Wheelock proved ever helpmate and inspiration through the stress of the waxing years. In the letters which follow her devotion and worth were clearly appreciated.

The ordinary slowness of advancement and return for a young lawyer in an old community probably caused the young husband to think favorably of Horace Greeley's advice to "go west." Whatever the general cause, the immediate consideration was the glowing reports about the beauty of "the Iowa country," and the illimitable opportunities for large and rapid returns on small capital investments soon coerced him. The exact date of his departure is not certain, but it was some time in the late fall of 1855, for his first letter speaks of snow at Galena and near Dubuque. His decision must have been rather sudden or he would have started earlier in the year in order to make his journey at a more agreeable and favorable time for making his preliminary surveys to discover the relative merits of this and that region for permanent tenure.

In his first letter to Mrs. Howe, written at Dubuque, he gives a vivid picture of the push and rush of that westward movement into Iowa in pioneer days. He was as optimistic as the ancient hunters seeking the golden fleece. He apparently inclined to go into Minnesota at the outset, but for some reason, not disclosed, turned southward. With his mind's eye he saw quick returns in investments in virgin farm lands, and town sites and city lots were equal to gold mines, if he could secure the capital to obtain them. Fort Dodge and Sioux City came within consideration no less than Mankato, Minnesota, and Iowa Falls. He suggests much of the picture in three sentences: "Every [thing] whirls fast in this country. It most makes me dizzy—railroads and railroad schemes are so thick that no one can keep track of them."

Iowa Falls in north Hardin County seems to have attracted him especially, and it is not quite clear why he decided to remain in Newton, in Jasper County, about sixty miles almost

⁷⁰O. C. Howe to Mrs. Howe, written at Dubuque without date, *post*.

straight south of the region he preferred. It is not certain when he first arrived in Newton, but probably in the forepart or middle of December, 1855.

Mr. Howe was not one to loiter in idleness, doless, waiting for something to happen to his liking. If law clients did not appear, he looked about for work as a teacher. Soon he was giving lectures to the "Newton Literary Society." The nature of the subjects dealt with, whether law or literature or philosophy, does not appear in his letters.⁸

It was significant of later developments in his career, and a perfect illustration of the easy-going and rapid way of things in the democracy on the frontier when he was offered January 10, 1856, a nomination for the county judgeship of Jasper County by a group of Know-Nothings who had asked him for the loan of his room at his boarding place to hold their caucus. He evidently had made a decidedly favorable impression in the conduct of a lawsuit, notwithstanding the decision was adverse to his client. Further, his participation was hardly technically permissible because he was not admitted to practice in Iowa until April 28, 1856.⁹

Within the year a serious movement was started and promoted by his friend, George E. Spencer, to secure his election as judge of the Eleventh Judicial District comprising Poweshiek, Mahaska, Jasper, Marion, Polk, Warren, Dallas and Madison counties.¹⁰ Somewhat of his strength may easily be inferred from the letter of M. M. Crocker, a rising young Democratic attorney of Des Moines, who, although a Proslavery Democrat, was formally working for the nomination of James Williamson of Des Moines, but who saw that the latter probably could not win it and he, Crocker, saw that Howe held the key to the situation, and he preferred Howe to the other candidate foremost in the field. To what extent Mr. Howe personally encouraged his friend Spencer's plans, cannot be stated; but his journey to the Okobojis in February and the consequences to him personally of the Massacre in March nullified Spencer and Crocker's program. William M. Stone

⁸*Ibid.*, written at Newton, Jan. 22, 1856.

⁹Certificate of clerk of court of Jasper County, in O. C. Howe papers.

¹⁰Laws of Iowa, Sixth General Assembly, Chap. 2.

of Knoxville was nominated and elected judge of the Eleventh District.¹¹

Mrs. Howe and their daughter "Linnie" came to Newton in April, 1856, and soon two of Mr. Howe's brothers-in-law, Messrs. B. F. Parmenter and Robert U. Wheelock—the latter two also on the lookout for good investments. In the early fall months they heard of the beauty of the lake country in northwestern Iowa, and decided to go up to survey the region. They went via Fort Des Moines, thence up the Des Moines River to Boonsboro, Fort Dodge, Dakota City, arriving at the Okobojis on the edge of the winter (November). They stopped with Joel Howe.¹² Their first view of the lakes decided them to make it their home. They returned to Newton to gather their possessions and return.

It was while on that first trip that Mr. Howe in one of his scouting trips to the west and north of Spirit Lake came upon Inkpaduta and his band of outlaw Sioux at Black Loon Lake, Jackson County, Minnesota, whence he and his band soon departed, going down the valley of the Little Sioux to Smithland where occurred the clash between the settlers and Inkpaduta's band when the firearms of the latter were taken from them in the midst of their hunting, with fatal consequences four months later.¹³

¹¹George E. Spencer to O. C. Howe, Iowa City, Iowa, Dec. 26, 1856; M. M. Crocker to O. C. Howe, Fort Des Moines, Jan. 11, 1857.

George E. Spencer, a native of New York, was just twenty years of age when he came to Iowa in 1856, and he was an interesting character. He was able, energetic, and enthusiastic, not to say aggressive in crowding forward with his plans, promoting them with incessant and irrepressible optimism. He was a typical western land boomer. Mr. Smith gives a perfect illustration of some of his daring and ingenuity in "constructive imagination" in connection with the founding of the town of Spencer, county seat of Clay County, its growth exceeding in speed "the dreams of avarice." *Op. Cit.*, pp. 150-151. Later he had a notable career in the Union Army, rising from a captain to brigadier general for gallantry in the field. From 1868 to 1879 he was United States senator from Alabama.—*Biographical Congressional Directory*.

Since writing the paragraph in the text I have received additional letters from Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Cooke, among them letters from George E. Spencer which disclose that Mr. Howe was informed of Mr. Spencer's active canvassing in his (O. C. H.'s) behalf.

M. M. Crocker was a brilliant lawyer of Fort Des Moines, one of the foremost advocates in the state at the outbreak of the Civil War. He had been a West Point cadet, but could not complete his military training because of the death of his father, Col. James G. Crocker, and his mother's urgent needs. He was among the first to join the Union Army—the 2nd Iowa Infantry—and rose rapidly to a brigadier generalship. The fine work of the Crocker Iowa Brigade won applause from Generals Sherman and Grant. Pulmonary tuberculosis brought his brilliant career to an untimely close Aug. 26, 1865.—Byers' *Iowa in War Times*, pp. 434-38.

¹²O. C. Howe to Mrs. O. C. H., Ft. Dodge, Mar. 22, 1857. The Joel Howe named was no relative of O. C. H.

¹³Smith, *Op. Cit.*, pp. 49-50.

II

Orlando C. Howe and his partners, his two brothers-in-law, were either very alert and energetic men in business matters, or they were anxious to get back to the lakes to secure the advantageous tracts sought before other incoming settlers could preempt them, for they left Newton with wagons loaded with equipment and provisions on February 20, arriving in Fort Des Moines on the 24th. At Boonsboro he wrote Mrs. Howe that reports from the lake region said that "no Sioux" were about "so do not let Indians trouble you at all."¹⁴

They arrived at Castner's place in southeast Palo Alto County on March 5, utterly worn with the struggle against winds and snow, their oxen limping. The next day a severe storm prevented departure and held them for several days. Finally on the afternoon of Monday, March 16, they came into the Lake Region. Their oxen got stuck in the snowdrift three miles from their destination. They noticed no signs of life in or about the five cabins, no smoke arising from chimneys, no stock animals in sight. They began to fear that some untoward event had happened. They had been warned by Major William Williams at Fort Dodge not to go forward, for serious rumors of Sioux on the warpath had come to him. But with the usual American assurance they thought the Fates would protect them.

Leaving their oxen, they loaded a hand sled with bedding and provisions and made their way to Joel Howe's cabin where they had stayed in November preceding. They had not made much progress before they felt certain that matters were not right and when they reached the cabin no one of the family appeared, and all was chaos, household utensils, clothing and bedding being scattered in utter confusion.

Leaving Messrs. Parmenter and Snyder, Mr. Howe and Robert Wheelock started for the Thatcher cabin about a mile away on the north. There they found matters worse and discovered moccasin tracks. They needed no more evidence to convince them that the settlement had been wiped out by the Indians. Despite their weariness they decided the next morn-

¹⁴O. C. Howe to Mrs. O. C. H., Boonsboro, Feb. 27, 1857.

ing to return to Fort Dodge at once to report the catastrophe and confer with its citizens as to plans for relief and rescue of any who might have escaped the ruthless foes.¹⁵

Their experiences during the next four weeks—their report to Major Williams and the people of Fort Dodge, the organization of the Relief Expedition, and the frightful sufferings endured by the three companies going and returning, in which Mr. Howe and his partners suffered intolerably with their companions in the expedition, I have set forth in considerable detail in preceding pages.¹⁶

In the awful perplexities and decisions Major Williams and his men had to make, one of the members who lived to be one of its historians, Mr. Rodney A. Smith, informs us:

Mr. Howe was a member of Company A, and it was on him more than any other that Major Williams relied for information and advice; . . . After the work of burying the dead had been completed . . . he was persistently in favor of returning by the same route they came up, which was by the way of Emmet and Estherville. Had his advice been heeded much suffering would have been avoided and two valuable lives saved. He with six others, remained in camp during that terrific storm which has since become historic, and then succeeded in reaching Fort Dodge without suffering any particular inconvenience.¹⁷

Mr. Howe endured sufferings, frozen feet and exhaustion from exposure, during those four weeks of intermittent rain and snow and incessant winds and blizzards, from which he never fully recovered. The memories of the hideous wreckage and mutilated bodies of women and children he saw in the cabins on the shores of the Okobojis, ever after haunted his dreams. His daughters inform me that he never wanted the subject mentioned in his presence in the family circle; and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to prepare the memoir of his experiences with the Massacre for a reunion at Spirit Lake in 1895 of some of the survivors of the Relief Expedition which was published some fifteen years after his death.¹⁸

¹⁵O. C. Howe to Mrs. O. C. H., Fort Dodge, March 22, 1857.

¹⁶F. I. Herriott, "The Aftermath of the Spirit Lake Massacre," *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third Series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 438-70.

¹⁷*Proc. Ia. St. Bar Assoc., Op. Cit.*, pp. 90-91; Smith, *Op. Cit.*, pp. 90-91. Capt. J. C. Johnson of Webster City and Wm. E. Buckholder of Fort Dodge were the two men who lost their lives, referred to by Mr. Smith.

¹⁸Mrs. E. F. (Evelyn H.) Porter, and Mrs. W. H. (Helen) H. Cooke to F. I. Herriott, Nov. 14, 1932, and Dec. 12, 1933, (MSS.).

III

Mr. Howe always displayed marked determination and persistence in pushing forward in any ordinary undertaking in which he was interested. Notwithstanding the horrors of the devastating catastrophe between the Okobojis that came near to being fatal in his own case, Mr. Howe was not deterred from going ahead with his plans. He returned to Newton but he and his business associates were back at the Lakes in the latter part of May, and by June they had selected a town site which they called Spirit Lake and began the necessary preliminary towards the organization of Dickinson County.¹⁹ Mrs. Howe with their three-year-old daughter came on August 6, the first women to arrive after the Massacre.²⁰

At the election on the first Tuesday in August Mr. Howe was elected county judge for a term of four years: and it was a decided tribute to his reputation, and his ability and character. Under the Code of 1851 the county judge exercised all of the legislative and administrative powers of the old county commissioners, and since the late '60s, now performed by the Board of Supervisors. In the popular parlance of the hustings they were dubbed "The County Kings."²¹

But his official honors were not confined to his local bailiwick. Under the act of the Seventh General Assembly (Chapter 94) the Fourth Judicial District was created, comprising twenty-two counties in northwest Iowa, approximately a fourth of the state in area.²² The election of the judge and district attorney occurred on the second Tuesday in October, 1858, and Asahel W. Hubbard of Sioux City was elected judge and Orlando C. Howe of Spirit Lake, district attorney, each

¹⁹The original proprietors of Spirit Lake were O. C. Howe, B. F. Parmenter, R. U. Wheelock, and George E. Spencer. Their plans were interesting. They selected a site that they thought could also serve as the "county seat" town. Then they platted the town site which was "to be held in common" for the general use of the community. Thereafter they were individually to select their claims on the adjacent or nearby tracts.—Smith, *Op. Cit.*, p. 158.

²⁰Smith, *Op. cit.*, p. 178.

²¹*Ibid.*, pp. 169-70.

²²The range of Judge Howe's circuit or district may best be realized by the mere listing of the counties comprehended within the Fourth Judicial District, beginning with the southernmost counties and proceeding northward and eastward:

Harrison and Shelby, Monona and Crawford, Woodbury and Ida, Sac and Buena Vista, Cherokee and Plymouth, Clay and O'Brien, Sioux and Buncombe (now Lyon), Osceola and Dickinson, Emmet and Palo Alto, Pocahontas and Calhoun, Kossuth and Humboldt.

for a term of four years. Under the terms of Section 32, Chapter 101, of the Acts of the Seventh General Assembly a county judge was allowed to act as attorney for his county in legal matters—and thus there was no inconsistency in his holding the two offices simultaneously—the duties of county judge at the outset did not call for much more than ministerial and administrative functions. Somewhat of the nature and range of his duties while on circuit is suggested in the following lines taken from Judge Wakefield's sketch for the State Bar Association:

At that time the district embraced nearly one fourth of the area of the entire state. His family remained at the Lakes while he travelled the circuit. There were no railroads in this part of the state at that time, and trips across the desolate prairie were not picnics. As prosecuting attorney he was both successful and popular.²³

References to local events or persons in the weekly press of northwestern Iowa, between 1858 and 1863, were both meagre and infrequent. Mr. F. M. Zieback, editor of *The Sioux City Register* of August 11, 1859, refers in favorable terms to District Attorney Howe, and he was not given to favorable comment upon Republican office-holders. During the summer months of 1859 the people of Woodbury County were in a violent controversy over an alleged bogus issue of county warrants. The county records and seals had been seized and taken into the country to parts unknown. Purchasers of the warrants were asking that they be honored and demanding a writ of mandamus. Judge Test of Indiana argued the petition and Mr. John A. Kasson of Des Moines resisted for the county. The writ was denied, as was also an injunction. Proceedings in quo warranto were pending and the contestants "next endeavored to dismiss the quo warranto from court . . . The relator, John L. Campbell, was allowed to withdraw . . . but our worthy District Attorney felt that the public interests were deeply involved in the determination of the cause and wisely insisted upon the right of the state to continue the prosecution—which was conceded by the court * * * * *” The conclusion was a victory for the county and Mr. Zieback adds "clearly proves that *the people have some rights.*"

So far as the volumes of the decisions of Iowa's Supreme

²³*Proc. Ia. St. Bar Assoc., Op. Cit.*, p. 91.

Court disclose no cases with which Judge Howe was officially connected either as district attorney, or any of his acts as county judge were appealed. This may mean either or both of two things: first, that litigation, especially criminal prosecutions, was not numerous or serious; and second, that he succeeded in securing decrees or rulings or verdicts that were conclusive.

He was, as I have already shown in some detail, with his business partners and others almost incessantly involved in harrassing litigation with Dr. John S. Prescott and his partisans over land and other transactions that kept the otherwise law-abiding community at Spirit Lake in an uproar, at one time producing an incipient civil war wherein "the army of occupation" aided one side in resisting a court injunction which the sheriff was attempting to enforce. But in that bitter controversy, he appears to have been throughout and in the conclusion in the right.²⁴

IV

The course of things for Judge Howe was again rudely disturbed by the horrible outbreak of the Sioux between the Yellow Medicine and the Blue Earth rivers in August, 1862, the attack being conceived and carried forward by Little Crow and Inkpadata, each an outlaw chief of the Wahpakute band, a catastrophe exceeding in its devastation of life any previous or subsequent event in the long struggle of the Red Men with the whites, and due largely, to the failure of the national government to capture and punish Inkpadata for his attack upon the Spirit Lake settlement in March, 1857.²⁵

In the earlier part of 1861 Mrs. Howe records that she was with her husband on circuit at Onawa, when the word came of the attack on Fort Sumpter. Judge Hubbard adjourned court and they started on their journey to Spirit Lake. They encountered a number of young southern army officers who had resigned their commissions and were returning south to join the Confederate Army. They told the Howes that they, the settlers, would soon have enough to occupy their attention,

²⁴F. I. Herriott, "The Aftermath of the Spirit Lake Massacre," *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third Series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 615-17.

²⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 601-04.

namely, the threatening conduct of the Sioux, signs of their malevolent purposes were increasing all round the horizon, and that the settlers would have little time to deal with the secessionists. Mrs. Howe records that a squad of soldiers stationed at the Lakes while on a march were fired on by the Indians a few days before they reached the Lakes. Those soldiers appeared to have been national troops. The intermittent forays of the Sioux on marauding expeditions kept the pioneers in a constant state of dread, although outwardly they assumed that there was no serious danger.²⁶

Suddenly one day in August, probably between the 20th and the 25th of August, 1862, Judge Howe rushed into his home and shouted: "They are at it again!" and told Mrs. Howe that Springfield in Jackson County, Minnesota, had been destroyed by the Sioux, and that he was going with his neighbors to ascertain what the actual facts were and what measures were necessary for defense. Despite frantic appeals to stay at home to avoid danger, Judge Howe again showed the stern stuff of which his character was compounded by resisting the plea of one he held dearest and hurrying forth into the dark shadows of unpredictable dangers, realizing that the best defense is a daring offensive, if but one knows the terrain and the dangers therein.²⁷

The belligerent Sioux, although they spread terror far and wide, and their attacks upon the settlements in southwestern Minnesota came near, they did not reach Spirit Lake. But its residents suffered all of the agonies and terrors of anticipation. Moreover, as Mrs. Howe's brief memoir reveals with terrible particulars, the men saw some of the hideous work of the Sioux, and Mrs. Howe came into painful but helpful relations with one of the poor victims.²⁸

The general terror produced by the Sioux outbreak in 1862 was so disturbing that it constrained Judge Howe to decide to leave Spirit Lake region, the peace of mind of his wife

²⁶Mrs. M. W. Howe, "A Memory of the Minnesota Indian Massacre," *post*.
Captain Wm. H. Ingham probably refers to those soldiers mentioned by Mrs. Howe in his report to Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood in September, 1862, concerning conditions on the northwestern frontier after the Sioux outbreak, and his measures for defense, contained in his "The Iowa Northern Border Brigade of 1862-3," ANNALS OF IOWA (Third Series), Vol. V., p. 492.

²⁷Mrs. Howe, *Op. Cit.*

²⁸*Ibid.*

and relatives probably being the controlling consideration with him. He sold his holdings and returned to Newton, Jasper County, in the spring of 1863.²⁹

He at once entered into active legal practice. It was not long before he was again an influential factor in local politics. He is reported to have attended the Republican State Convention in Des Moines on July 17, 1863, convened to select their candidate for governor. He had an important part in securing the dramatic nomination of his old successful rival, Judge William M. Stone, for governor by a sudden *coup* that astounded Messrs. Fitz Henry Warren and Elijah Sells, the two major candidates, by its unexpectedness and sweeping success.³⁰

V

But neither the legal practice nor politics held first place in Judge Howe's heart and mind that summer and fall. The awful struggle the nation was waging with the seceding Southern States and the call for more men in the ranks of the Union Army controlled; and he finally decided that he should not resist President Lincoln's call for more men. On June 4 Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood commissioned Judge Howe a second lieutenant in the Eighth Iowa Cavalry and on the 5th of June he was mustered in at Davenport. He was with that regiment until November 30 when he was transferred to the Ninth Iowa Cavalry as captain of Company L, Gov. Kirkwood issuing the commission.

The regiment rendezvoused at Camp Roberts near Davenport; thence it was ordered to the famous Camp Jackson near St. Louis; and thence to Jefferson Barracks where the regiment underwent a course of training that brought it to a state of discipline that won from General Davidson, chief of the cavalry in the department, the commendation that the Ninth Iowa Cavalry was "the best mounted regiment he had

²⁹Smith, *Op. Cit.*, p. 259.

³⁰*Proc. Ia. St. Bar Assoc., Op. Cit.*, p. 91. Judge Wakefield's sketch states that Judge Howe was a member of that "historic convention." If so he must have been an alternate, for his name is not listed among the reported delegates given in the *Iowa State Register* July 18, 1863. His brother-in-law, B. F. Parmenter, was a delegate from Dickinson County. Mr. R. A. Smith gave Judge Wakefield his data for his sketch and he could speak definitely from personal knowledge gained from acquaintance with Messrs. Howe and Parmenter.

Letter of R. A. Smith to Mrs. O. C. Howe in Judge Howe's correspondence.

seen during his nineteen years of service as a cavalry officer in the Regular Army."³¹

In the forepart of 1864 the Ninth was engaged chiefly in scouting and guard duty, among other diversions, chasing the notorious Quantrell. In May it was ordered to proceed to Devall's Bluff on the White River, about midway between Helena on the Mississippi and Little Rock on the Arkansas River. Captain Howe's letters home will be best appreciated if read in the light of the following taken from a summary of Major S. H. M. Byers' *Iowa In War Times*:

The Ninth Cavalry entered the service very late and was stationed in Arkansas, where it remained till the close of the war without seeing a battle. This regiment, nearly 1200 strong, was in fact one of the finest commands in the Union forces. * * * During the whole service . . . its headquarters were at Devall's Bluff. * * * From this base in all sorts of weather, over the worst roads on the continent, and often miles and miles of almost bottomless swamps, the Ninth Cavalry was forever making scouts and little raids. To every point of the compass from Little Rock, by day or by night, the command would be hurried off on some fruitless expedition, some chase after bands that had just departed, or to protect some point that had just been abandoned. * * *

It was a pity that this great, fine regiment of veteran soldiers and competent officers should have to spend its energies in ways that produced so little of results. * * * These movements were so monotonous . . . as not to be sufficiently interesting in their history to repeat. The command did the duty that lay before it, and did it well; more than this can be said of no regiment.³²

At the outset the Ninth Cavalry seems to have given the public an adverse impression of demoralization. Captain Howe notes it candidly, and all through his letters one is struck by his generous appraisal of officers and men and of other regiments when he refers to them. Thus, writing from Benton Barracks (Feb. 15):

. . . we are far from being a "pet" regiment. On the contrary we are generally reported as "demoralized," but this is entirely false as I do not believe any Cavalry Regiment as new as this is in better discipline, or better instructed.

I think the trouble is that some of the officers grumbled at what they thought some swindling operations respecting our fuel & that you know

³¹Col. George W. Crossley, "Historical Sketch Ninth Regiment Iowa Volunteer Cavalry," *Roster and Record of Iowa Soldiers*, Vol. IV, p. 1644.

³²Byers', *Op. Cit.*, pp. 295-96.

will never do. Our colonel [M. M. Trumbull] is a trump (if you know what that is) (and a right bower too). There is not a man but what likes him and though he will enforce discipline, he is kind to the men.

and again on April 14:

By the way, I get along decently with the men and, though lenient as the other officers say to a fault, yet we have a fair discipline & I control the company easily, while some have considerable difficulty. R. can do nothing with them except through fear & but little anyway & Moore can only coax & succeeds fairly for that way.

Writing from Devall's Bluff under date of June 26 he gives us a brief summary of his company's doings in pursuit of Shelby after a wearisome march without results:

The men feel disappointed about the matter as they bore the march in the hopes of a fight & . . . for one I am willing to wait my time & meanwhile do such duty as I am called on for. My company has had a very hard time, having been scouting twelve days, but Company E has been out ten days longer. I *never* fail to go when L. goes, & though we have had no chance to get much glory, yet the bushwhackers have learned that the "Grey Horse Company" as they call us are not to be trifled with. On this last scout my men were recognized by that title.³³

Captain Howe might have quoted very appropriately those telling lines of Milton

They also serve who only stand and wait.

His letters to Mrs. Howe from the southern camps, like those written from Newton, Fort Dodge, and the Okobojs in 1856-1857, were unadorned rhetoric, direct, simple, full of affection, but without gush or sentimentality. He gave her glimpses of the men in camp, and of the country into which their marches took them, and infrequent comment upon brother officers—seldom adverse in character. There is no egotistical assertion, or ostentatious display of personal virtues. There is no petty complaining about the dull routine to which, day after day, his men and regiment were subject. One sentence in his letter of August 31, 1863, displays effectively his quiet modesty of disposition, his honesty and sense of public obligation, always disclosed in his private and public relations. He was anxious to return home, and hoping for the days to pass rapidly so that he could decently ask for a furlough.

³³Judge Howe's letters to Mrs. Howe from which the foregoing extracts have been taken are given in subsequent sections.

Matters affecting Mrs. Howe's convenience and welfare were urgent and distressed him. He was ill, more or less, to an extent that would have lead many another to make it a justification for seeking such release from camp duties. But, he says half regretfully, "My health is improving. It is doubtful whether I am entitled to a furlough."

The letters of the men of his company to their home folks in Newton and Prairie City or thereabouts evidently carried back from the camp some favorable opinions of Capt. Howe's treatment of his company. Some of them evidently came to the ears of the anxious wife at home and she joyfully relayed them in substance to her husband enduring the monotony of camp life, the routine of drill and guard duty and fruitless scouting forays. (July 23, 1863.)

In one letter, October 5, 1863, we may note clear signs of his depleted nervous system and low level of strength. He had heard that Mrs. Howe, disturbed by reports of his serious illness, had hastily started south to find his camp, and if she could not take him back to Newton, then to care for him in hospital or where found. He was frantic with anxiety at the dread possibilities if she had imprudently started. The low condition of the family finances, the dangers of such a long trip under the conditions to her personally, and the almost certain official antagonism to her coming into camp, or hospital, were among the causes of his unhappy feelings. Happily he had been misinformed.

At the outset his health was fairly good but in the hot summer months the lack of wholesome water and the miasma of the swamps and low regions through which they marched and anon camped, brought him low. It is a marvel the entire troop was not laid low. For four to five months he was suffering intermittently from fever and dysentery which finally confined him to the hospital. His condition not improving he was discharged December 6, 1864. From the contents of Mrs. Howe's last letter to him of December 5, 1864, he was sent up the Mississippi and placed in the army hospital at Davenport, in very serious condition.

How long he remained in Davenport, or the precise date of Captain Howe's return to Newton cannot be stated; but in

a letter written years later Mrs. Howe states that he was in a very feeble condition physically and mentally. Few of his old comrades and neighbors expected him to live. The daughters, sixty-nine years after, recalled gratefully the generous, unremitting consideration and help extended their mother in her weeks of anxious care while waiting for his return to health by old friends and neighbors in Newton. To their neighborly concern and aid was due in no small part his final recovery of a fair degree of health, although he never was a strong man again.³⁴

The esteem in which their captain was held, and the affection of the members of Company L for him, which continued green and constant throughout the intervening years were signalized definitely twenty-eight years after he left the ranks on the occasion of the reunion of his old regiment in Des Moines on August 26, 1892. Captain Howe on account of his health could not make the journey from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where he was then residing, to Des Moines. About September 10 he received the following letter which he treasured among his correspondence and papers.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 8, 1892.

Capt. O. C. Howe,
Madison [Medicine] Lodge,
Kansas.

Dear Comrade:

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I have the honor to inform you that we, the boys of Co. L, 9th Iowa Cav., at the reunion at Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 26, 1892, presented you with a cane as a slight token of the regard and esteem with which you are ever held by us comrades.

Yours very resp.

Comrade J. G. Bain.

Des Moines, Iowa.

P. S. I forward the cane by express to your address—please call at the express office for it.

Your boy, James.

That letter and the token it accompanied are among "the testimonies" that as a Roman proverb has it, "are to be weighed, not counted." They are seldom given *pro forma*: they are the issue of good will and affection born of comrade-

³⁴Mrs. E. H. Porter to F. I. Herriott, Nov. 14, 1932.

ship in danger and trial. By no means the least interesting bit of evidence of the fact here adverted to is the signature of the writer of the letter of notification to the postscript—"Your boy, James." James G. Bain was the bugler of the company: He was only fourteen years when he enlisted; and his admiration of and affection for his "Captain," continued, his widow informs me, warm and vigorous to the last. Such shafts come out of the blue. They abolish gloom and make one forget weary nerves and nagging worries.

VI

Captain Howe was no sooner able to be out and go about than he returned to the practice of law. On October 10, 1865, he was elected county judge of Jasper County, his term ending January 1, 1868. By the new law creating the Board of Supervisors which displaced the county judge system inaugurated by the Code of 1851, the "County Kings" went out of office in 1866. From that date until the fall of 1875 Judge Howe continued in the practice of law at Newton.

During his practice of law at Newton after the cessation of his office of county judge in 1866 Judge Howe seems to have been an office lawyer, a counselor rather than a court room advocate. We may infer this from the fact that he was engaged in few of the cases appealed from the District Court of Jasper County between 1866 and 1875 when he went to Iowa City. In the three cases in which his name appears, he was successful in two, securing affirmation, and suffering reversal in the other.

In 1875 Judge Howe's ability and character as a lawyer and judge received signal recognition. The regents of the State University of Iowa asked him to be the resident professor of law in the Law School, which chair he held until the close of the spring term of 1880. Among his predecessors were William G. Hammond and William E. Miller. The law curriculum at that time required but one year of residence of the student as a prerequisite for graduation. Judge Howe's lectures dealt with Common Law Pleading and Practice, Code and Statutory Pleading, with Criminal Law, Municipal Law and Equity Jurisprudence. Besides Chancellor Hammond, among the lecturers were Judges Austin Adams, John F. Dillon and

James M. Love, and John F. Duncombe and Lewis W. Ross, who served during Judge Howe's stewardship.

Judge Howe did not have the prestige of Judges Dillon and Love because of their distinguished career on the state and federal benches, and he did not have the notable ability of Chancellor Hammond in literary and didactic exposition. But tradition and recollections indicate he was well versed in the basic maxims and principles of the law, and his varied experience as a public official—as county judge of Dickinson and Jasper counties, as district attorney of twenty-two counties for four years, and in the Union Army—gave him a fund of practical knowledge that always keeps an instructor's feet on the ground and holds his mind's eye within the circuit of common sense and the feasible.

Among Judge Howe's lectures (in MS.) to his law classes various titles are suggestive. They fall under two general heads:

1. On the Criminal Law, such as the "History of the Criminal Law"; "Sorcery and Witchcraft in Criminal Law"; "Corporal Punishment in the Schools"; and "The Lawyer's Responsibility in Criminal Cases." The latter given to the class of 1877 was reprinted at the request of the class;

2. On the lawyer's logical methods or procedure in arriving at his conclusions, such as the use of "Descrimination," "Imagination," "Perception and Observation."

They are clear-cut expositions, the argument and the narrative varied with literary and historical allusions.

Judge Howe was hampered constantly by the impairment of his health due to the harrowing experiences endured in his connection with the Spirit Lake Massacre and Relief Expedition of 1857 and his almost fatal illness in the Army. It left him with a nervous system always near the point of unstable equilibrium which could easily be disturbed. This latter fact was but little appreciated by students who sometimes witnessed his nervous tension in dealing with disturbing questions or with inquiries put for digressive purposes.

Some of the recollections of his stewardship are strikingly shown in the following letter from one of his students, former

Governor George W. Clarke of Adel, a member of the class of 1878:

Judge Howe was a man of very pleasing personality, mild-mannered, clear and earnest in the exposition of his subjects, interested in the students, patient in answering their questions, however irrelevant and even absurd they might now and then appear to be, careful never to in the slightest degree, expose the want of point to the question or failure to grasp the subject under consideration.

Judge Howe was competent, well-grounded in the subjects he taught, clear in his exposition of them. I am sure that every student of his classes has ever held him in most agreeable and happy memory as a man, lawyer, teacher and friend.³⁵

Judge Howe concluded his professorship at the Law School of the University with the spring term of 1880. His decision was due apparently to two serious considerations: compensation for such instructional work was not extravagant, and his financial needs were not easily met with the then authorized appropriations, and the general practice of his profession offered more attractive inducements; and his general health, not good at any time, was adversely affected by the continuous close confinement to the routine work of the school.

VII

In 1881 Judge Howe moved to Anthony, the county seat of Harper County on the southern border of Kansas and entered practice with James McFee. Two years later illness caused a cessation of work and he moved to Medicine Lodge, the county seat town of Barber County, adjacent on the west, where he resided for the next sixteen years. Almost immediately he was accorded another demonstration of the impression made by his abilities and character upon associates and the public. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Barber County for the years 1885-86.³⁶ Familiars with the precincts and runways of politics know that party leaders and the average voter are not thus giving honors for accidental or mere sentimental reasons; they discern and appreciate ability and capacity for public service and they expect returns.

In two letters to Mr. Charles Aldrich, founder of the Historical Department, who had written asking for his recollec-

³⁵Hon. Geo. W. Clarke to F. I. Herriott, December 4, 1933.

³⁶*Barber County Index*, August 30, 1899.

tions of his experiences in early Iowa, Mr. Howe informed him that he had not been able on account of illness to do any work between August, 1895, and January, 1896; and that it was usual for him to suffer a serious relapse of health in the summer months of that decade.³⁷ His illness in 1895 was induced by efforts to prepare the address later mentioned, which he could not deliver on account of precarious health.

In the months of August and September, 1899, Judge Howe's physical condition became precarious. His nervous instability became very alarming. It was in major part due to the weakness of his age, for he had passed his three score and ten by nearly five years. He was so ill that his physician and family persuaded him that he could best secure rest for his unruly nerves and much needed sleep in the quiet of a sanitarium.

A few days later, on August 17, he and his attendant were standing in front of the railroad station at Topeka awaiting the coming of their train when Judge Howe saw a number of plains Indians in all of their barbaric regalia coming towards him into the open area of the station. The sight of them produced a violent shock to his then hypersensitive mind and nerves.

Instantly there came rushing back before his mind's eye the horrors of the Indian Massacre on the shores of the Oko-bojis that he came upon in the darksome shadows of Monday night of March 16, 1857. The memories of the hideous wreckage, of the mutilated bodies of the children, and women and men stark and lifeless in the cabins, on the shores of Mde-Mini-Wakan had ever been a terror of his sleeping and waking hours; and their ruthless, sudden onset in the then enfeebled condition of his body and mind produced a mental catastrophe. His mental controls broke. Violent maniacal disorder took possession of him. Although he was rushed to the sanitarium and given the best of medical attention, within a week his life went out and his harrassed and tired nerves and weary mind ceased their troubling.³⁸ Verily, the sable sisters had dipped their shears in "the blackest ink of Fate," before they cut the threads of life for Orlando C. Howe.

³⁷O. C. Howe to Charles Aldrich, August 17, 1895; March 10, 1896, MSS in Historical Department.

³⁸Mrs. E. H. Porter to F. I. Herriott, November 14, 1932.

VIII

In conclusion it is neither pedantic nor ungracious to say that Judge Orlando C. Howe, during his day and generation, was not among those who strutted across the stage of life's theatre in high-heeled cothurnus. His was not the role of the great and mighty among jurists and statesmen, whose utterances echo and reverberate in the corridors of time; nor was he among the great and dominant leaders in life's vast battlefields. He did not leave any great signposts along the highways, such as great legal arguments, or famous judicial rulings, or erudite treatises in various fields of jurisprudence. Nevertheless, Judge Howe was of the type of citizens who make the bulwarks of a sound public order and on whom strong states stand secure against the winds of disorder.

Within that most important circuit of life, his domestic circle, Judge Howe was ever what the good citizen should be. Concern for wife and children was always foremost with him; he was considerate, constant and in all matters of grave import, faithful and foresighted. With business associates honesty and kindness stand forth. He accorded men the fair presumptions of the law and was far from captious or contentious; but when his rights were grossly infringed he would be forthright and valiant in contending for them.

In times when danger and terror loomed near he was a leader in attack and fearless and loyal to the last ounce of his strength. Although he had suffered irretrievably in connection with the Indian outbreaks in 1857 and 1862, and might have easily plead his age (almost 39 years) and depleted health, he answered his country's call in 1863 and all but lost his life.

His early letters indicate clearly that, while he hoped to succeed in the practice of the law, he was alert, and almost aggressive in his interest in business ventures and real estate investments. He might have reaped substantial returns, for his eye was keen and correct in discerning profitable fields for speculation. But his success in such ventures was sadly thwarted by catastrophes—Indian massacres and Civil War—which were in no way predictable by the ordinary citizen within the common reckonings of business. The disturbances

of his health level probably lessened his powers of steady persistence in application and concentration in carrying through plans and coercing the many various elements that must be focused in achieving success in the struggles in the commercial world.

In all of his letters, running over the ten years within which most of them were written, one can find no disagreeable or ugly lines. He is active and earnest and insistent, often, in pushing matters; but the forked tongue of envy or jealousy or suspicion nowhere displays itself. Further, all of his letters are characterized by a simple rhetoric, plain, direct statement, with no effort at striking effects or attempts to impress the reader with his literary gymnastics. Here and there one encounters a reference that indicates his familiarity with the classics, or with the current literature of polite circles; but there are no ostentatious exhibits.

Judge Howe, had he not been distracted by exacting business cares and ill health, might have succeeded in a literary career. He had an effective style, concise, lucid, straightforward. In his law and literary lectures he shows a familiarity with and draws on his wide reading in history and the classical and best English literature. His scholastic interests were early appreciated as indicated by the fact that he was elected a member of the State Historical Society at Iowa City on December 7, 1858. His certificate of membership is signed by Dr. M. B. Cochran, Corresponding Secretary, and are among the papers which he preserved.

His interest in life and history, and in the law was philosophical, as may be seen in his MS lectures on "Progress," on "The course of Civilization," on "Liberty," on "Puritans and Puritanism." His account of the "Discovery of the Spirit Lake Massacre" which he prepared to deliver at the dedication of the monument to the victims of the Spirit Lake Massacre and commemorating the heroism of the members of the Relief Expedition in July, 1895, is a stirring, vivid narrative, as may be seen in preceding pages of the ANNALS.³⁹

Judge Howe was a man who easily won and held the confidence of his companions and fellow citizens, and to whom they readily committed grave trusts. Otherwise, it is diffi-

³⁹ANNALS OF IOWA (Third Series), Vol. XI, pp. 408-24.

cult to account for his frequent elevation to offices of high import almost instantly after his appearance within the community by associates and neighbors, in one case before he had attained the necessary legal status prerequisite to election; and each time the office to which he was elected was not a petty nor a minor office but one of major public concern and high in public esteem. We may concur with Aristotle that "it is man's nature which makes him trustworthy, not wealth."

[To be continued]

TROOPS AT THE COUNCIL BLUFFS¹

(Extract from a letter from Council Bluffs, June 24, 1820.)

I am glad the fact authorizes me to state that the troops at this post are restored to perfect health. There are not in both corps thirty men on the sick report, nor is there a single case of serious indisposition.

The diseases with which the men were afflicted last winter may be attributed to several causes. My opinion is that the most prominent ones were unavoidable fatigues and exposures in ascending the river during summer and autumn, heavy labor in constructing barracks, and being quartered in green, damp rooms, and the intense cold of last winter. No sooner did the spring open and the earliest vegetables come, than the bowed down patient shook off his loathsome visitor, stood erect and was able to speed his course with the rapidity of the noble stream that fertilizes this garden of the western world.

The great and universal rise of the Missouri has driven us from our winter position. Almost the whole of the bottom lands are inundated. The flood is greater than is recollected by the oldest Indian. The Platte is also in flood, and we tremble for Boon's Lick settlements and all the lower country. Our earliest planted gardens and a field of 60 acres of corn are deluged. Our prospects are not, however, much blighted as our late planted gardens, 200 acres of corn, 100 in beans, and 30 of potatoes exhibit the most promising appearance.—*Boston Weekly Magazine*, Boston, Mass., Aug. 24, 1820. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

¹This is the original Council Bluffs, located on the west bank of the Missouri River some ten miles north of the present city of Omaha. It was later called Fort Calhoun.—Editor of Annals.

THE KNOW NOTHING PARTY IN DES MOINES COUNTY

BY L. O. LEONARD

At the request of his children Professor Nathan R. Leonard, for many years head of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy in the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, in 1908 wrote a brief sketch of his early life in Des Moines County, Iowa, and some of his experiences while teaching in Yellow Springs College, at Kossuth.

In this sketch is an account of the founding of the Know Nothing political party in Des Moines County. As this account may prove to be a bit of interesting political history of those early days it is sent to you for such disposition as you may wish to give it. It reads:

"In politics my father and all his people were Whigs. About 1850 the slavery question created serious divisions in this party. Father was somewhat conservative, but grandfather and Uncle Aaron openly espoused the ideas of the progressive leaders of the day. Father was surreptitiously, I may say, captured about the year 1854, by the Know Nothing party, a capture for which I was partly responsible.

"Without his knowledge, or grandfather's I had joined the new party which was then strictly a secret organization. Having a retentive memory, it was but a short time until I knew by heart the ritual of the order, the tedious and grandiloquent formularies for the initiation and instruction of members, and all the rest of it, and was made a sort of factotum for the organization in that part of the country.

"Plans were soon set on foot for a growth which would sweep our whole community into the new party. In ways too tedious to mention we got a man who stood well in the esteem of such as my father, father-in-law, and others in the community who thought they were themselves the leaders of the public sentiment, and had these agents of ours interview them cautiously and ply them with the stock arguments of the day in favor of the new party or society.

"More easily than we had expected, they were won over, and agreed to become members of the party if, when properly enlightened, they considered it the right thing to do.

"I remember well their initiation. It took place in the old brick Academy building which is still standing at Kossuth. The candidates were admitted into a little entry room. There was a large class of them, as many as the room would hold by close packing. Father, father-in-law and other leading men were amongst them. After waiting a suitable length of time the factotum appeared, attended by a young man to hold a candle for him. You can imagine how those grave old men looked when they saw that young chap appear in that role. However they felt, they maintained a sort of quizzical silence as they were gravely advised as to some of the leading principles of the order, but none of its secrets. They were then told that if with this presentation of outlines they still desired initiation the formal ceremony would proceed in the adjoining room. If not they were at liberty to retire and keep to themselves, as in honor bound, all that had thus far been divulged to them.

"It was a critical moment. At first it seemed possible that they would rise up in rebellion, but the situation had some philosophical as well as comical features, and they finally concluded that they were in for it whatever it was, and bowed in acquiescence to the solemn exhortation to prove themselves worthy to be countrymen of Washington and the immortal heroes of the Revolution. So they were taken in.

"At the next election, men nominated in secret councils of the party, and not publicly proclaimed as candidates, were triumphantly elected, making a clean sweep of the county.

"That victory was an astonishment to the outsiders. Grandfather was not in the secret, and was the implacable enemy of secret societies, but he never said a word to me about it. He was wise enough to see what it would lead to, and was satisfied.

"What transpired in our county was transpiring everywhere. The new party grew like Jonah's gourd, but it was formed of such incongruous materials that its continued existence was impossible.

WILLIAM SAVAGE,
IOWA PIONEER, DIARIST, AND PAINTER OF BIRDS

[Continued from the October, 1933, number]

October 26, 1858. Cut out Dr. Allen's cloak and sewed on it, and packed wood.

27th. Finished said cloak and worked on my pants. Rain.

28th. Pack wood and went to Cap's and got some molasses, and went to the timber and chopped a load of wood.

29th. Went to Hillsboro. Took Dr. Allen's cloak. L. and R. Wells came here and changed chickens.

30th. Went to mill and had Bennett's team to haul a load of wood, and hunting. Rain every day this week.

31st. Sunday. Chopped said load of wood and went to Salem.

November 1, 1858. Sewed some for Dr. Siveter (30 cts.) and S. and D. and I went to Frazier's sorghum works.

2nd. Sam S. and I went to Dr. Shriner's and to Steadman's cutlery.

3rd. Sewing all day for Dr. Siveter (75 cts.).

4th. Went from there to Uncle William's and helped lay cellar floor with stone.

5th. Underpinned Uncle's house with rock, and we killed two hogs.

6th. John and I hunted. I kill one prairie chicken and come home. Rain all this week.

7th. Sunday, hunting cow bell the cow lost on the 2nd. No find. Cleaned clock.

8th. Hunted bell and found it in brush fence. Put clock together and husked some corn.

9th. Shelled corn and hunted Bennett's horses and went to mill. Tom Siveter came here. First snow fell today.

10th. Hunting and Tom went home in evening.

11th. Went to mill, got my meal and commenced making Dr. S's pants.

12th. Help Wells undress two sheep some dogs killed early in the morning, then helped Cap kill a fat cow, and went back to Wells's and set trap.

13th. Went to Wells's and hunted till noon. Came home and sewed on Dr.'s pants.

14th. Sunday, snow an inch deep. Foddered cow second time this fall.

15th. Went around Stanley's and Weaver's field to Wells's.

16th. Sewing on Dr.'s pants.

17th. Finished said pants and made a shot pouch for David Siveter out of my coon skin, and went to Wells's and to Cap's after Anna.

18th. Harry Brothers and I ground our axes at Gill's, cut out my vest and went hunting.

19th. Cut two coats for Jack and Jim Bennett and cut some wood. A. Bennett hauled it.

20th. Work on schoolhouse free gratis.

21st. Sunday, paint a bird I killed four weeks ago.

22nd. Shelled some corn and took it to mill. Went to McCreadie's and to Sigler's field, and to Bennett's after Anna.

23rd. P. W. Bennett and I went to creek to get some peg timber, then he and I went to making shoes for his wife and girls.

24th. At the same.

25th. One half day at the same and a half day hunting hogs and mending Mr. Loomis' coat.

26th. Husking corn for said Loomis. Took a bushel basket for pay.

27th. Rain all day. Finished said coat and kill a hog, weighed 71½.

28th. Sunday.

29th. Went to Wells's, dug up some small peach trees he gave me, then I went to mill.

30th. Chopped and split rails for self.

December 1, 1858. Cord bed. Put handle in ax, shelled corn and went to mill.

2nd. Went to Salem and took Dr.'s pants and Dave's pouch. Stayed there all night. It snowed deep.

3rd. Went to Uncle William's, ate dinner, and came home by two bridges.

4th. Chopped wood.

5th. Sunday, went to Brothers'.

6th. Help O. M. Wells kill a beef and three hogs.

7th. Very cold. Fix my shoe and get some wood.

8th. Went to Josiah Bailey's. He paid me 30 cents for cutting a coat. Came home and shelled some corn.

9th. Took corn to mill and went to chop wood for self. I cut my left foot badly on big joint of small toe.

10th. Feed and cut wood.

11th. Shot two hogs for P. W. Bennett and he packed my wood.

12th. Sunday, David Siveter came here and brought pair of pants for me to make. L. and R. Wells came and we went to the creek, they to skate.

13th. Help O. M. Wells kill six hogs, then came home and cut out Dave's pants.

14th. Making Dave's pants.

15th. Had Cap Killebrew hauling wood and rails all day. He and I settled accounts even.

16th. In morning, help P. W. Bennett fix his boots. In evening, finished said pants.

17th. Kill a pig. Work on my vest and fix my shoe. Samuel Siveter came here.

18th. I fix the wadding in Sam's coat. Put my shoe on cut foot first time.

19th. Sunday, painting on cardinal grossbeak I caught in steel trap in my field.

20th. Hunted up the cattle and then went to Conley's and bought bottle of liniment, 25 cts. From there, up on prairie hunting. Rain and snow. Kill a possum.

21st. Commenced making Walter's sled. Uncle William and cousin John came with cattle to haul me some wood. Hauled one load and broke their sled roller. Then we commenced making a new tongue and roller. Finished it in morning.

22nd. I mended boots and shoes while they hauled wood and rails.

23rd. They went home. I mended Tom's boots and Aunt Mary's shoes.

24th. Shelled corn and took it to mill. Mend one shoe and got wood.

25th. Christmas. Went to Uncle William's. Took his boots and shoes. John and I hunted and I soled two boots.

26th. Sunday, stayed at Uncle William's.

27th. Came home and split some rails at home.



Charles Aldrich (left) and William Savage
on the premises of Mr. Savage.

"Wednesday. Hoed in cane; O. plowed it. Trap 1 brown thrush, 1 robin, and one blue jay. Mr. Ed Harlan of Keosauqua and Mr. Aldrich from Des Moines here to look at bird pictures."—William Savage Diary, July 13, 1903.

28th. Commenced building fence around feed lot, and worked in house.

29th. Went to Wells's. Leonidas and I strapped his skates. Stayed there all day. Got 5¾ lbs. tallow. Saw two wild geese fly south and turn east. Rained at night.

30th. Snowed finely. I made Walter's sled, and dog bell collar.

31st. A. C. Bennett and I went deer hunting. We each wounded a deer and lost them.

January 1, 1859. A. C. Bennett, Tom and I hunted. Killed nothing.

2nd. Sunday, Tom went home. He took Bounce dog with him. I went a piece with him.

3rd. Help A. C. Bennett kill a hog, and I shelled corn.

4th. Took corn to mill, and Anna and I killed two hogs.

5th. Cut up hogs, and fetched home my meal. Killed an opossum.

6th. Too cold to do anything but feed and make fire.

7th. The same.

8th. Work on L. Wells's wammus.¹

9th. Sunday, H. Sneath and his wife here (to protracted meeting).

10th. Helped Bennett kill hogs.

11th. Killed two more hogs for Bennett and two for self.

12th. A. C. Bennett and I went to Rome with said hogs. I sold two for \$5.25.

13th. Commenced making last.

14th. Finished last and fixed one shoe and commenced the other.

15th. Finished my shoes and got up some wood.

16th. Sunday.

17th. Went to Wells's and told him about the taxes, and from thence to Weaver's. They not at home. Got up some wood and then went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

18th. Went to Salem and paid my interest all up to Dr. Siveter. Sewed some for the Dr.

19th. Sewed some and went back to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

20th. Came home and got some wood.

21st. Very cold. I shelled corn. G. and W. Watson took it to mill for me, and waited and got it ground.

22nd. Intense cold. Chopped and split eighteen rails and poles and some wood.

23rd. Sunday.

24th. Threshed my buckwheat.

25th. Cut brush and cut out Walter's pants.

26th. Mend shoes at Bennett's half the day, then cut out Walter's coat.

27th. Fixed to go to Keosauqua. Rained so hard we did not go. I tracked a mink from my field to Wells's pasture and lost it on account the light snow and rain. Then sewed on said coat.

¹Wammus, an undercoat or jacket, usually with a short skirt.

28th. Went to Wells's and gave him money to pay my taxes. Then cut out Dr. Siveter's vest.

29th. Cut off brush in field.

30th. Sunday.

31st. Cut brush and went to creek bottom and set two steel traps.

February 1, 1859. Went to traps, and shelled corn and to mill. Finished Walter's coat.

2nd. Anna and I and the two boys went to Uncle William's. Left them there and I came back the same day.

3rd. Had a very bad cold. Sewed some on Dr. Siveter's vest and helped Harny Brothers kill some woods chickens.²

4th. Very cold. To trap, and stayed to Bennett's most of the time.

5th. Cold. Fed cattle and went to Bennett's.

6th. Sunday, to trap. Had a large mink in steel trap.

7th. Went to Uncle William's after Anna. Thawed and was very muddy.

8th. Stayed at Uncle William's. Snowed.

9th. Very cold, but we started and came home. Crossed at Warner ford and Carter bottom cutoff.

10th. Went to mill and got some meal. Sewed some.

11th. Sewing, and to the trap.

12th. To Bennett's, and pack wood.

13th. Sunday. Harny Brothers and wife came here.

14th. P. W. Bennett and I went to Bonaparte. I bought a sack of salt, \$1.60.

15th. To trap. Kill a possum, shell corn and went to mill.

16th. Got wood, sewed, went to trap.

17th. Finished Dr. Siveter's vest and got wood. Went to mill. Got my mail.

18th. Saw first wild geese. Went to Salem with Dr.'s vest. Heard blue birds. Stayed all night.

19th. Went to Uncle William's and stayed that night.

20th. Sunday. Came home. John S. was here.

21st. Mend John's and Thomas' boots, and went part way home with John and saw wild ducks. Anna sold mink skin, 75 cents.

22nd. Anna and I went to Sneath's. I stayed till noon, then went by creek and got my traps.

23rd. Mend my pants, split some rails south side of field, and set my traps below Sigler's mill.

24th. To trap and to Sneath's after Anna. While there it snowed so hard she could not come home. I came home.

25th. I started for Weaver's. Lem B. said he was not at home. I stayed there most of the day.

²Domestic chickens frequently take to the woods.—J. A. S. (This and subsequent notes thus initialed is by John Albert Savage, born September 17, 1858, to William, the diarist, and Anna, his wife. See *ante* for that date, ANNALS, XIX, p. 112. Any other footnotes are by E. R. Harlan, unless by neither of these, when they will be accredited to the source by name.—E. R. Harlan.)

26th. Mending my shoes.

27th. Sunday. Sneath brought Anna with his and Jim's wives on his ox sled on their way to meeting.

28th. Shell corn and took it to mill, and to trap.

March 1, 1859. Rainy. Went on prairie chicken hunting and killed one. Saw meadow larks. Went to mill and got my corn meal. Bennett and I went over the creek and got some grass.

2nd. To trap and Samuel Siveter came here and we went to mill. Then I fixed his coat.

3rd. To trap and shelled corn. H. Giberson came and told me Mayberry Killebrew was very sick. Anna and I went there. He was dead. Died about noon. I went to Hillsboro for them. We stayed all night.

4th. Came home and fed and went back and stayed all that day.

5th. Mayberry buried at the Spencer graveyard. I drove Captain's team. Roads very muddy. Cap and family went to William Morris' and we stayed at Cap's house till Sunday evening when they came home.

7th. Heavy rain. Went to creek and got my steel trap. Was afraid the creek would rise over it as it did over my two-springed ones, which are five feet under water. Put a back in Dr. Allen's cloak.

8th. Went to Sneath's for milk and to bottom and to trap. Caught a mink in deadfall.³

9th. To trap and chop some poles for rails.

10th. To trap. Shot first duck this spring. Shot prairie chicken and a fox squirrel, and chopped poles.

11th. To trap. Got wood and went to Wells's and got my receipt. Took Dr. Allen's cloak for him to take to Hillsboro.

12th. Trap caught a possum. Went to mill, and to Loomis'. Got a small basket for fixing his coat. Mrs. McCreddie paid me \$1.00 cash. Tom Savage came here. I shelled some corn and we took it to mill and got it ground.

13th. Sunday, to trap. A possum in deadfall. I shot three ducks.

14th. Trap, and went home with Thomas. Stayed all night.

15th. Went to William Deacon's to get some black, white, and red current and gooseberry slips, then back to Uncle William's and helped fix the well and put a curb on. Stayed all night.

16th. Came home and set out said slips.

17th. To trap and got my large trap by taking off one spring and letting the chain remain in creek. Rained and finally turned to snowing furiously, and a very cold wind.

18th. H. Sneath came with his cattle and took a sack of corn to mill for me. He and I ground my ax, and got our corn ground.

19th. Went to Cap's and to Wells's and to Sneath's for milk. Wrote a letter for Mrs. Sneath.

20th. Sunday.

21st. Chopping brush for H. Sneath for one bushel seed corn.

³A trap, set commonly with figure four triggers so rigged under a log that falling, it crushes the animal.

22nd. For the same, he agrees to come and plow my field after he has done his own.

23rd. The same.

24th. Husk my corn and built part of the fence on south side of the field.

25th. Also next day grubbing for Sneath as before stated.

27th. Sunday. Kill two ducks.

28th. Cut pair pants for A. C. Bennett, fixed shoes and sewed in house. Stormy.

29th. Got wood, and went to Sneath's. They not at home. Went to Gill's shop. Found Sneath there. Told him I took my sack to his house.

30th. Went again to Sneath's and picked out my seed corn. Got wood.

31st. Went to Uncle William's and from there to Salem. Stayed all night at Dr. Siveter's.

April 1, 1859. Back to Uncle William's and fixed Tom's boot, and then home.

2nd. Got wood and sewed some, and moved the stove. John Savage came and I fixed his boot and went fishing, first time this spring. Caught two suckers.

3rd. Sunday. Kill one duck.

4th. Chopping poles and shelled corn and went to mill twice.

5th. Chopped poles, and cut out a coat for Hen Hopper.

6th. Splitting rails and dykes [or stakes.—J. A. S.] for O. M. Wells, 50 cts. per day. Same next day.

8th. Lem Bennett cut brush for me to pay for Arthur's pants, and I hunted in the evening.

9th. Piled brush, and went to Hillsboro and to Wells's.

10th. Sunday. Fixed my boot.

11th. Cut out a coat for L. McGee. P. M., work for O. M. Wells chopping.

12th. For the same in the stoop and making garden fence.

13th. The same.

14th. At home. Shelled corn and went to mill. Caught a good mess of fish.

15th. Got wood and went to Wells's. Stayed there chatting till afternoon. Bought $8\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. soap of him. Chopped south side.

16th. I went to Uncle William's. Shot one duck and one turkey going.

17th. Sunday. Came home in evening and John with me.

18th. I mended a pair of boots for Uncle William. John went duck hunting. Kill two. C. Giberson sent for Anna, his wife being sick. I work on fence.

19th. Went to Hillsboro, bought one gallon molasses, 60 cts. P. M., worked on south fence.

20th. Not well. Burnt some brush in field.

23rd. Cut poles and commenced making garden. Sowed parsnips, beets, carrots and lettuce.

24th. Sunday. Kill two ducks.

25th. Cut brush, work on fence, and sowed grass seed.

26th. Fishing, came a tremendous hail, rain, thunder and lightning storm.

27th. Shell corn and put it aloft.

28th. Work on fence. Thomas Savage came here and we went fishing.

29th. Rainy. Fishing.

30th. Finished said fence, and Tom and I went fishing with Cap.

May 1, 1859. Sunday. Tom went home.

2nd. Fishing for Solomon Gill to partly pay him for making a hoe for me. Went in creek with Frazier's Co. seining. We caught thirty. Then work on fence.

3rd. Cut poles, shelled corn and went to mill. Caught eight fish, sold them for 10 cts.

4th. Went to McCreddie's, bought 7 lbs. pork. Went to Gill's with Jonathan Hoskins and got my hoe. Then worked on fence north.

5th. Making garden and fishing.

6th. Finished fence round shed yard.

7th. A. M. on fence. P. M., rainy, and fished.

8th. Sunday. We went to Carter bottom and dug flower roots, and I caught a good mess of fish.

9th. Fixed brush fence around pasture and work on pole fence.

10th. Burnt brush in yard and went to Sneath's to see how they prospered with their work. Set in there and helped plant Jim's corn and mark out Sneath's.

11th. Worked for Sneath.

12th. I carried our harrow to Sneath's for 25 cts. P. M., worked for Sneath.

13th. Worked for Sneath. Finished his old corn ground.

14th. Sneath came here with team and commenced plowing my ground.

15th. Sunday. Rain at night.

16th. Fix my boot, shelled corn and made hoe handle.

17th. Sneath came and tried plowing. It was too wet and we quit.

18th. Also 19th, plowing.

20th. Commenced marking out my ground.

21st. Finished marking out and I commenced planting.

22nd. Sunday. Pile preached here.

23rd. Sneath and I planting my corn.

24th. Rainy, but we finished planting my corn and went and chopped and split rails for Sneath.

25th. At the same.

26th. Rainy. Got most of my corn in the house.

27th. Making rails.

- 28th. Cutting and burning brush for Sneath.
- 29th. Sunday. Aunt Hannah died.
- 30th. Rain. Went to mill, got some corn ground, and caught fish. Made a bar and cut out Anna's shoes. Set out cabbage and tomato plants.
- 31st. Plant beans, dug a piece of ground and plant 14 potatoes Tom bought.
- June 1, 1859. Old cow had heifer calf, Birdie. I helped O. M. Wells plant corn.
- 2nd. Also the 3rd and 4th, Planting, hoeing and fencing for Wells.
- 5th. Sunday.
- 6th. Cut poles and went to mill.
- 7th. Picked my corn with a fork and replant. It was covered too deep. Sam Siveter just called here. Rainy.
- 8th. Forking my corn.
- 9th. Finished my corn. Fix brush fence, east P. M. cut poles.
- 10th. Work on road south of Andrew Simon's.
- 11th. Work on road.
- 12th. Sunday. Went in creek swimming first time.
- 13th. Rain. Shelled corn and went to mill and got it ground. Went to S. Gill's and had fire shovel fixed and two [h]arrow spikes, and chopped sprouts and gave him some six-weeks [seed] corn for pay.
- 14th. Had P. W. Bennett plowing my new ground. I fetched the harrow from Cap's and we harrowed and marked it out. I planted a few rows. At night came a terrible storm.
- 15th. Cut out a coat for George Stanley, mowed weeds and set out tobacco plants. I went to Cap's.
- 16th. Went to Cap's with Anna and then fixed brush fence. Cut some poles. Rainy.
- 17th. Got wood, then went to Salem. Stayed all night.
- 18th. Traded some in town and went to Uncle William's. Rainy. We boys went fishing.
- 19th. Sunday. Bought 125 sweet potato sets. Brought a coat to make for Dr. Siveter.
- 20th. Set out sweet potatoes and cut out Dr.'s coat and planted corn.
- 21st. Went to Bonaparte with Cap, sold feathers (duck and chicken) for \$2.25 and bought six yards of cottonade and thread and two pairs of shoes for \$3.00. Caught a few fish.
- 22nd. Finished planting my new piece of corn and went to mill. Caught a good mess of fish and sewed on Dr.'s coat.
- 23rd. Had Cap's mare and plowed corn.
- 24th. The same. Rainy. P. M., went to Gill's shop and got ring and plow fixed.
- 25th. Finished Dr.'s coat.
- 26th. Sunday. Went to Salem with said coat.
- 27th. Sewing for Dr. and came home in evening.
- 28th. Worked on pole fence and hoed my sorgo some.

29th. Rainy. Worked on my pants. Got all my corn in house.

30th. Hog got in field. Mend my pants and went to mill, and hoed corn.

July 1, 1859. Hoe corn and garden.

2nd. Rainy. Finished my blue pants. Thomas Savage came here.

3rd. Thomas and I went to Wells's and then to the creek.

4th. Tom fished homewards and I hoed sorgo for old Cap.

5th. Hoed my sorgo and corn.

7th. Had Cap's mare to plow corn.

8th. Plowed part of day. Not well. Anna took mare home.

9th. Went to mill with Bennett's mare. Caught some fish. Went to Wells's and to Sneath's. Got some sage to dry.

10th. Sunday. We all went down to the creek.

11th, also the 12th, hoed corn.

14th. Rainy. Hoed some and helped Bennett kill a sheep.

15th, also 16th, harvesting for Wells. Hottest days.

17th. Sunday. Hunting some.

18th. Worked for Wells $\frac{1}{4}$ day and then hoed corn at home. A heavy storm at night blew my corn down badly.

19th. Went with Wayne Watson to cut a bee tree on Rock Creek. He had a bucket full of honey. I hunted the rest of the day.

20th, also 21st and 22nd, mowing, haying and stacking for O. M. Wells.

23rd. Haying and hoeing for O. M. Wells, all for 75 cts. per day.

24th. Sunday. H. Brothers and wife here.

25th. Haying for O. M. Wells.

26th. Went to Salem, and from there to Uncle William's after a letter from Sarah Merritt.

27th, also 28th, and half of 29th haying for Wells, other half of 29th hoeing at home.

30th. Rainy. Fix my boots and pants.

31st. Sunday.

August 1, 1859. Shelled corn, went to mill and hoed corn at home.

2nd. Hoed in my new piece of corn. Rain at night.

3rd. Thomas Lefevere died. Rain. Cut out and sewed on Dr. Siveter's pants. David Siveter came here.

4th. He and I went to Scrabble Point turkey hunting. I killed my first one this season.

5th. Cut poles.

6th. Finished hoeing my new piece of corn.

7th. Sunday. Bee hunting.

8th, also the 9th. Stacking wheat at Wells's.

10th. Stacked hay for Wells a half day, the other half cut out Leonidas' coat.

11th, also 12th, sewing on same.

13th. Finished it, and cut out vest and sewed on Rufus Wells's coat.

14th. Sunday. Bee hunting. Found two trees. One I mark W. H., the [first] I had the pleasure of marking.

15th. Mowing for Sneath.

16th. One half day for same, other half sewed, went to creek bottom, and made a bee hive.

17th. Wells, L. R. and I went and cut my bee tree. Had about 50 lbs. of honey. Hived the bees. Came home and Anna and I and the boys went to Sneath's. They stayed all night and I came home.

18th. We went to Salem with Sneath and his family. On the road going the oxen broke the fore axletree. We rigged up with a pole and went to town and he had a new one made, \$2.50. I bought a sack of flour, \$2.85; Anna, dress, \$1.12½. I came home with Sneath and Anna stayed in Salem.

19th. Sewing.

20th. Sewed on two coats and went to mill. L. Wells came and stayed all night here.

21st. Sunday. He and I went bee hunting. I found two, and he one.

22nd. We went and cut said trees. Of my first, 60 lbs.; L. Wells, 20; my next, 8. The one who found the tree had the bees.

23rd. Divided our honey, and I cut brush and made fence.

24th. Cut poles and made fence.

25th. The same. Thomas Savage came here.

26th. Tom and I went down the branch to pick grapes. Watch treed some turkeys. I went to the house, got my gun and shot one turkey and one partridge. P. M., we picked some grapes.

27th. Very rainy, so that we could not go to camp meeting.

28th. Sunday. Tom and I went to Uncle William's and from there to camp meeting. I stayed at Dr. Siveter's all night.

29th. To camp meeting. Then David Siveter took Anna and the boys to camp ground and we rode home with Cap Killebrew.

30th. In A. M. I chopped brush and in P. M. Sam'l Siveter came. He and I went to Scrabble Point and stayed all night at Mr. James's. Had supper and breakfast. Sam paid 50 cts.

31st. Then went to George Sears's. Sam brought home a cow they lent him, Sears going to Ohio next day. Afternoon I cut poles and wood and went to Cap's.

September 1, 1859. Help Cap mow and stack part of his Hungarian grass in return for his mare.

2nd. Finished Dr. Siveter's pants. Sick at night.

3rd. Not well all day.

4th. Sunday. Better. Sneath and wife here.

5th. Went to Sneath's after Anna's shoes. They not at home. I hunted some. Hogs got in my cornfield. Second time I worked on fence.

6th. Help Cap stack his hay, and he hauled one load of wood for me. I work on fence.

7th. On said fence.

8th. At the same, finish north string.

9th. Rainy. Cut out and sewed Dr. Siveter's vest.

10th. Work on fence.

11th. Sunday. Stopped gap in fence. Went to Uncle William's all night.

12th. Went to Salem, sewed there in the afternoon. At night Thomas and David Siveter and I went to Wesleyan camp meeting.

13th. Went back to Uncle William's, from there to Sneath's and thence home.

14th. Went to mill and on other side of creek hunting. David Burden came here and he and I went to Wells's and to Sneath's and to Carter bottom hunting his ox Luke.

15th. A. M., on fence. P. M., went to Uncle William's to tell Dave I heard of his ox at Killebrew's.

16th. He came home with me and it was not there then. I picked some seed corn.

17th. Dave went home without his ox. I mended Anna's shoes and worked on my fence.

18th. Sunday. Paint a bird D. B. shot, resembling a moor hen, its name unknown.

19th. Rainy. Mend my pants and went to Well's' and picked elderberries.

20th. Finished said fence and wrote a letter for Mrs. Sneath.

21st. Commenced cutting my corn, one shock, it was too green. Then went over to creek to see my bees. Two stands at work well and one nothing in it. Sat up all night at Sigler's with the sick.

22nd. Sleepy. Got wood, shot three squirrels and carried rails down to gap to make hogpen.

23rd. Work for Cap quarrying and hunting rock, and cut and hauled a load of wood.

24th. Chopped wood afternoon. Had Cap's team and hauled two loads.

25th. Sunday. Went to Nicholas Boley's; they not at home, came back as far as Brothers'. Stayed there till middle of afternoon and came home and wrote a letter to John R. Wetsel. Rainy all day.

26th. Chopped wood and bladed sorgo for Cap.

27th. Shelled corn, took it to mill and cut corn, four shocks.

28th. Cut seven shocks corn.

29th. Cut six shocks.

30th. To Wells's and to Cap's twice. One of my shoats died. Buried it, and cut three shocks.

October 1, 1859. Cut five shocks.

2nd. Sunday. Shot four quails for W. D. Sigler and two squirrels, and we went to Wells's. He paid me \$3.75 in cash. Mrs. Sigler died.

3rd. Anna and I went to the funeral. Anna stayed at house and I went to graveyard. I cut a few hills of corn.

4th. Cut pants for West Runyan, and cut five shocks of corn.

5th. Cut five shocks.

6th. A sharp frost. Hunting and shelled corn and took it to mill. Cut two shocks.

7th. Thunder shower. Put up four shocks and finished, forty-two in all. Dug sweet potatoes and went to mill.

8th. Dug Irish potatoes, then shelled beans and made hogpen. H. Sneath and Samuel Siveter came here. I went down to creek bottom to see Sam's land.

9th. Sunday. Anna and I went to Uncle William's with Cap's team, and back at night.

10th. Work for Cap making molasses.

11th. Cut up my cane and Cap hauled it. Worked for Cap and called the day even.

12th. Boiled my juice and some of Wells's.

15th. Shot one prairie chicken. Received of Cap six gallons molasses, two due me. David Siveter came here. I not well.

16th. Sunday. I sick. David went home.

17th. Not well. Bennett and I went to Cap's. He helped me carry my molasses home and I mowed south fence corners. Then came the first snow squall.

18th. Better. Went down to Sneath's to see how they were. Kill three squirrels and one prairie chicken in field.

19th. To Cap's and got said two gallons of molasses. Shell corn and take it to mill. Fix side board and put rounds in ladder and clean out cistern.

20th. Cutting up and binding my fodder. Stack it up.

21st. Went to Cap's. Paid him borrowed powder, and to Wells's. Shot one hog. Got some beets and horse-radish leaves. Wheeled some manure.

22nd. Wheeling manure.

23rd. Sunday. Went over creek twice. Got my two bee hives.

24th. Cut out a coat for old Loomis. Went to Wells's to borrow his trowel, and daub some on house.

25th. Daubing house.

26th. Wheeled one load of lime and two of sand and plastered inside of house.

27th. Shelled corn and took to mill, then cut forks and fix eaves troughs.

28th. Went to creek and got white oak bark⁴ for John. Kill one partridge. Took Wells's trowel home, and to Cap's and got my single-tree and clevice.

29th. Went on to prairie. Kill no chickens. Then went to Sigler's mill to the sale of bridge timber. I bought 1 long bar, 11 nuts and 11 caps for 35 cts. and sold the caps for 10 cts. to John Watson.

30th. Sunday. Went to N. Boley's. Not at home, then went to Widow C. Stanley's, stayed all day, shot prairie chicken.

31st. Cleaned one clock. Got wood and carry water. P. M., chopped in woods.

⁴Inner bark of the white oak made an astringent tea or poultice, applied in various maladies.—J. A. S.

- November 1, 1859.* Cut wood. Kill one prairie chicken.
- 2nd.* A. C. Bennett and I hauled two loads of sand for them and one load of wood for self.
- 3rd.* Went to Uncle William's to ask John to apply for our school. Back at night.
- 4th.* Went to Captain's sale. I acted as clerk &c 36 cts. Bought big pot and taffy, \$1.00.
- 5th.* Cut out vest for Cap. Cleaned out hole. Sewed on Dr. Siveter's vest. At night I watched T. McCreadie's field.
- 6th.* Sunday. Anna and I went to Daniel Burger's on visit.
- 7th.* Not well. Went to Watson's mill. Got a bird John shot.
- 8th.* Unwell. Drew off said bird.
- 9th.* Better. Shelled corn.
- 10th.* Painted said bird. Jack Bennett took my corn to mill. At night Anna and I went to Bennett's party.
- 11th.* Sewed some and went to bed. At night came snow one inch deep.
- 12th.* Foddered cattle first time. Very cold. Carry water and did chores.
- 13th.* Sunday. At home.
- 14th.* On prairie hunting.
- 15th.* Chopped a load of wood. In P.M. A. C. Bennett hauled it for me.
- 16th.* Sewed some on Dr. Siveter's vest.
- 17th.* Finished said vest.
- 18th.* Helped P. W. Bennett tend his plasterer, Sam Pope.
- 19th.* Went to William C. Morris' and traded Lady heifer for three calves and a new ox yoke.
- 20th.* Sunday. To meeting. Jasper Boley buried.
- 21st.* James L. Davis and I took Lady to William C. Morris' and brought said three heifer calves back.
- 22nd.* Fix Dick's poker and the brush fence around calf lot, split four rails and chopped some wood.
- 23rd.* Husked and shelled some corn. Went to Job Davis' and helped him unload corn, then he hauled one load of wood for me. Went to mill and carried two boards up from creek.
- 24th.* Went as far as Sneath's. Rained. Stayed to dinner, then went to Salem. Rained very hard. Stayed at D. Shriner's all night.
- 25th.* Went to Dr. Siveter's. Dr. and I hunted some, then I sewed in house.
- 26th.* Sewed for Dr. till 2 o'clock, traded in Salem and went as far as Uncle William's and stayed all night.
- 27th.* Sunday. Kill prairie chicken and came home.
- 28th.* Cut out a coat for John Mac Davis and cut a pair of shoes for Walter.
- 29th.* Made said shoes.
- 30th.* Anna and I went on prairie to W. C. Morris' to get a bill of

Anna's wages written out legally. He advised me to write on east and get it written out there according to New York laws. Dr. Siveter came here and stayed all night.

December 1, 1859. Very cold. Husked and shelled corn, took it to mill and got it ground.

2nd. Lousy calf died. Chopped wood for self. Had Job Davis' one-horse team and hauled one load.

3rd. Partly cut a coat for James Carter, and helped Bennett kill two hogs. Cut out Jacob Runyan's coat.

4th. Sunday. Bennett and wife and Anna and I went to Jacob Davis'.

5th. Cut out a coat for James L. Davis.

6th. Work on Runyon coat and pack wood.

7th. The same, and cut two small sacks for W. C. Morris' boys.

8th. A. C. Bennett and I hauled barrel of water for them and a load of wood for self. Work on said coat.

10th. Finished said coat and went up to Morris' to post a stray calf that came there.

11th. Sunday. All went to Wells's.

12th. Cut out Wells's coat and sewed on it.

13th. At the same.

14th. At the same, and husked and shelled corn.

15th. Sent corn to Bonaparte mills by Bennett. Finished said coat and cut out R. Wells' coat.

16th. Sew on said coat. Eve at Bennett's party.

17th. Finished said coat.

18th. Sunday. One small steel trap missing out at Bennett's field. Chopped one load of wood and sewed some on J. Carter's coat.

19th. A. C. Bennett and I hauled a load of wood and I sewed.

20th. On said coat.

21st. Finished it and cut out a coat for Bennett.

22nd. Sewing some and chopped wood. A. C. Bennett hauled one load.

23rd. Help O. M. Wells kill a beef.

24th. Finished P. W. Bennett's coat.

25th. Christmas. Sunday. Anna and I went to Sneath's to dine.

26th. Hoop wash tub, shot a hawk, and chased a turkey.

27th. P. W. Bennett and I hauled two loads of wood. I commenced M. Sigler's coat.

29th. Finished said coat. Thomas Savage came here.

30th. Awful cold. Tom and I went to Bennett's and stayed all day.

31st. A. C. Bennett and I hauled one load of wood. I hauled up and husked fodder and cut wood at house and went home with Tom.

January 1, 1860. Sunday. At Uncle William's. Monday hunted some and came home.

3rd. Cut out M. Sigler's vest and hauled a load of ice with Bennett's team.

4th. Made said vest.

5th. Took it home and A. C. Bennett and I hauled a load of wood.
6th. Went to Runyon's to get two sheep. Did not get them. It rained all day. Then went to Sigler's mill and cut off my iron bar.

7th. Went again to I. Runyon's and brought home said sheep as pay for making his coat. Thomas S. came here and I fix John's boots.

9th. Monday. Went to Sneath's and brought home a pig, \$2.00 in work. Then went to B. I. Livers' and Farmer's sheep lawsuit. Livers victorious.

10th. Shell corn.

11th. Went to mill twice with Bennett's mare.

12th. Fix my shoes with legs.

13th. A. C. Bennett and I hauled a load of wood and I sewed in house.

14th. Help Job Davis move his stable and crib.

15th. Sunday. David Siveter here. He and I went hunting and he went home.

16th. I killed three hogs at home.

17th. Help O. M. Wells kill seven hogs.

18th. P. W. Bennett and I hauled two loads of wood for him and two for self, then he and I kill my three hogs.

19th. Fix corn box and put Sandy and Ann pig in pen. Cut up hogs and went to Brothers'.

20th. Made my wammus.

21st. Made my pants.

22nd. Sunday. Hunting. Carry home a plank I got out of the creek.

23rd. Husked corn. Fix my brown coat, and A. C. B.'s shoes and made broom.

24th. Started for Salem. Went a little beyond Wells's and it rained and I came back and split some rails.

25th. Went to Salem. Saw a bluebird. Traded in town. Blackman and I fix my gun.

26th. Snow eight inches deep. Sewed for Dr. and came home.

27th. Chopped wood. P. W. B. [Bennett] and I hauled one load, then I hauled one, and one load of fodder.

28th. Went with Job and Mack Davis on north side of creek to catch three hogs with Watch. Then Mack and I went to I. Conley's to borrow his swine. Fix bureau.

29th. Sunday. L. Wells here. We went to Stanley's field and to creek.

30th. To Stanley's field. Cut a maul stick and to creek. Set two steel traps. Made maul and fix John's and Anna's shoes.

31st. Intense cold. Cut out a coat for I. Conley, cut wood and fed.

February 1, 1860. Took bar of iron to I. Conley's and got an ox staple and ring made and hook put on log chain. Went to Job Davis' and ground my ax.

2nd. Took staple and ring to W. C. Morris'. I killed four prairie chickens.

3rd. Dressed Birdie calf with sulphur and grease. Chopped wood, and to trap.

4th. Split some rails and trim brush in branch and hauled a load of wood, B.'s team.

5th. Sunday. L. and R. Wells and I went to the creek and got my two steel traps.

6th. Had Bennett's team and hauled three loads of wood.

7th. Bennett and I went to mill and got our grinding. I cut stove wood, and went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

8th. Went up on prairie east and to John's school and then home and carried rails to make fence by branch.

9th. Mighty cold. Mended my overcoat. Went to Sigler's after money. He not at home.

10th. Work for Sneath.

11th. The same, cutting brush, part pay for a pig.

12th. Sunday. Sneath and family here.

13th. For Sneath, making brush fence.

14th. Cut wood for self and work on fence by branch.

15th. Bennett's and I hauled three loads of wood for them and two for self.

16th. Split 51 rails for self on Dr.'s land.

17th. Split 34 rails and cut some wood.

18th. Split 24 rails and cut wood.

19th. Sunday. N. Boley and wife here, and Jacob Syphers and family here (a protracted meeting at the Rock House).

20th. Went up to I. Conley's. He not at home. I fixed my iron wedge, then put a window in south door, and split eight rails and cut wood.

21st. Split thirty-two rails and cut wood. Saw wild duck and flock of pigeons.⁵

22nd. Rainy. Cut stick for ax handle.

23rd. Went to creek and got some elm bark, then went to I. Conley's and got Dr. S. and my tax receipt. Went to prairie and killed eight prairie chickens.

24th. Killed one prairie chicken on fence by home. Made handle for meat ax, and went to schoolhouse. Kate had a calf, Bally. Went to Bennett's party at night.

25th. Had Bennett's team and hauled fourteen loads of wood. Marth Sneath here two nights.

26th. Sunday. I went to creek and to Bennett's.

27th. Hung up meat in pantry to smoke. One sheep had a lamb.

28th. Cut wood and split 15 rails. Bennett and I went to Job Davis' and ground my two axes.

29th. Cut wood and split 30 rails and dressed calf skin.

March 1, 1860. Split 67 rails and cut some wood.

⁵This was the wild pigeon, *ectopistes migratorious*.

2nd. Went to Salem and traded some. Stayed at Dr. Siveter's all night.

3rd. Sewing for Dr. Siveter all day. Went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

4th. Sunday. Came home. Found Thomas Savage here.

5th. I mended Lem Bennett's boots and Thomas' boots and went to creek. Shot a c[common] partridge.

6th. Rainy. Went to creek. Weather cleared off and I went to Job Davis' and helped him trim apple trees.

7th. The same.

8th. Went to Solomon Gill's shop. He made me an iron wedge, 50 cts., and seven harrow teeth, 35 cts. I blowed and struck and furnished the iron.⁶

9th. Mended S. Gill's shoes, 10 cts., and went on prairie to Samuel Carter's.

10th. Making 115 rails for Solomon Gill, 75 cts.

11th. Sunday. Shot my first duck this spring at Carter's bottom.

12th. Work for Henry Sneath cutting brush. Finished paying for Ann, pig.

13th. Split 55 rails, 48 of them out of a drift log on Carter Island, and carried them up the bank.

14th. Shot one prairie chicken, split 28 rails and shot two ducks.

15th. Split 40 rails and chopped wood.

16th. Shot two prairie chickens. Went to trap. Caught a fox squirrel. Grubbed up butternut roots and fixed brush fence around pasture.

17th. Shot one prairie chicken and split 69 rails.

18th. Sunday. We all went down to the creek.

19th. Made mat for Dr. T. Siveter and went to mill with Mack Davis.

20th. Cut wood and split 40 rails.

21st. Killed two ducks and grubbed.

22nd. Went to Salem, traded some and went to Dr. Siveter's and stayed all night.

23rd. Sewed some for Dr., went to Uncle William's and then home.

24th. Got my ox yoke from Job Davis's, made keys and holes in bows, and went hunting.

25th. Sunday. Anna, John and I went to Uncle William's on Bennett's mare Eliz and back at night.

26th. Cut vest and pants for Thomas McCreddie, 50 cts. Went to Job Davis'. Then grubbed for self.

27th. Yoked up Dick and Peter, and grubbed.

28th. Went to creek bottom. Kill two ducks. P.M., grafted apple trees for Job Davis. Set 28 scions.

29th. Grubbing. Grafted three trees, yellow harvest, for self by the house.

⁶Frontier blacksmiths often afforded the customer opportunity to operate the smith's bellows and to assist him by wielding a supplemental hammer, for doing which something was deducted from his bill, and a further deduction was allowed when he furnished his own stock.

30th. Commenced making garden and grub.

31st. A. [Anna] planted onions and I grubbed and went to creek bottom. In the evening rain and thunder.

April 1, 1860. Sunday. Hunting in A. M. Kill a pigeon, a squirrel and two ducks. L. and R. Wells here.

2nd. Portrayed one of said ducks. If it is a duck, it resembles a coot. Grubbed some.

3rd. Put two hoops on washtub and write a letter for Mrs. Sneath and grubbed.

4th. Grubbing. John and Cyrus Garrettson came here. We hunted the cattle and found them, then we yoked up Dick and Peter and they took them home to put in their team to plow. Saw a wild turkey in my field.

5th. James Carter came here with his team and wagon and hauled rails all day and finished paying for the making of his coat.

6th. Went to Job Davis' after saw, and then grubbed.

7th. Grubbed and burned brush. P. M. kill two ducks.

8th. Easter Sunday. Samuel Siveter, L. and R. Wells and I shot some fish on riffle in Big Cedar. I kill one common partridge.

9th. Cut out vest for Walter G. Dug parsnips. Grubbed. Thomas Siveter came here.

10th. Made pair pants for Thomas, 75 cts.

11th. Cut out a coat for Solomon Gill. Helped chain half around Dr. Siveter's north 80 acres with Dr., Thomas, Samuel and David Siveter. I killed eight fish on Carter Island. Cut out a vest for S. Gill.

12th. Carried off my corn and J. Mack Davis commences plowing my ground. I dug garden and planted four rows of potatoes, and commenced making rail fence east side of field.

13th. On said fence and made John A. S. [Savage] a pair of shoes.

14th. Went to Bennett's, had their horses, and to Job Davis', had his wagon, then we all went to Salem. Traded some, went to Dr. Shriner's and to Dr. Siveter's, and then to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

15th. Sunday. Stayed there till P. M. Brought one bushel potatoes and my plow, &c., home. Thomas and John Savage came here Saturday. John went home, Thomas stayed till we came home.

16th. Fixed Tom's boot and cut out a coat for Thurman Elarton and grub some.

17th. Tom went home. I went part way with him and killed seven ducks. Sewed some on S. Gill's coat and grubbed.

18th, also 19th, planting corn for H. Sneath.

20th. Went to Croton on Des Moines River fishing with Garens and Wayne Watson, Job Davis, Benjamin Weaver and Leonidas Wells.

21st. Fishing.

22nd. Sunday. Came home. Did not catch many fish.

23rd. Grubbed, and P. W. Bennett and I put a new side on my harrow.

24th. Went to mill and grub.

25th. Harrowing for P. W. Bennett $\frac{3}{4}$ day and $\frac{1}{4}$ day for self.

26th. Finished harrowing my piece, then Len B. and I marked it out one way, and I grubbed.

27th. Planting corn for Job Davis.

28th. Plant for Job $\frac{1}{2}$ day and $\frac{1}{2}$ day J. Mack Davis and I marked out my ground the other way with Job's horses.

29th. Sunday. I kill one turkey. Then Job Davis, Sam Davis, William Barger, Frank Lucas and I went to Warner ford. I kill one duck and four fish.

30th. Job Davis helped me plant corn, and we commenced making a seine.

May 1, 1860. Finished planting my old ground corn. Left eleven rows, south side, for sorgo, and a patch of potatoes on west side.

2nd. Cut brush and put around spring, and grub some and knit on sein.

3rd. Went to Salem and back at night.

4th. Also the 5th., plant corn for P. W. Bennett.

8th. P. W. Bennett helped me grub.

9th. Bennett and I grubbed and burned brush.

10th, also the 11th, grubbed.

12th. Grubbed. David Siveter and Isaac Pigeon came here.

13th. Sunday. We went to the creek and in the evening they went home.

14th. Grub, and went to Vega Post Office.⁷

15th. Grubbed.

16th. Burning brush and chopping poles.

17th. Cut poles and Lem and I hauled some roots to the house.

18th. Hunt horses. Lem and I hauled roots and Lem commenced plowing. H. Sneath came with his cattle and hauled six loads of rails, I with him in afternoon.

19th. Lem B. and I plowed on my new ground.

20th. Sunday. I portrayed a black-throated orchard oriole. Anna went to Wells's, then the boys, L. and R. and I went to the Carter bottom.

21st. Lem B. and I finished plowing my new ground, and I took Bricen Mickey's plow home. Bennett went to town, then I had the horses and harrowed said new ground.

22nd. Cut out a coat for Jacob Syphers, then had Eliz mare and marked off said ground. Then we planted watermelons, muskmelons, sweet corn and cucumbers, and I burnt a piece of brush fence.

⁷This was a country post office established in 1851 near the northwest corner of Salem Township, Henry County. Joseph M. Frame was postmaster until the late 1860's when George Chapman assumed the duties. In 1877 it was removed two or three miles northwest to the northeast corner of section 35, Round Prairie Township, Jefferson County, though Mr. Chapman continued as postmaster until 1891 when he was succeeded by Abel Trueblood, and he by Nathan O. Elliott in 1895. It was discontinued in about 1900. Authorities: *U. S. Official Register*, and early Iowa maps.

23rd. Made a piece of pole fence and planted corn.

24th. Finished planting my new piece of corn and potatoes. Hilled up 44 sweet potato hills.

25th. Warned out on road to work. Lem G. Bennett worked in my place and I mended his shoes. P. W. B. [Bennett] and I went to Jonathan Hoskin's. I got 125 sweet potato plants, 25 cts., and set them out in the evening.

26th. Work on road. Thomas McCreadie paid me 90 cents.

27th. Sunday. We all went to Nicholas Boley's. P. M., I went to Job Davis' and we finished our seine.

28th. Sewing on S. Gill's coat. P. M., Thomas Savage came here. He, Anna and self went to Carter bottom gooseberrying.

29th. Thomas went home and I sewed on Gill's coat.

30th. Went to Salem. Took 14¼ lbs. butter @ 8 cts. Sewed for Dr. Siveter that day. Stayed all night.

31st. Sewed some, then went to Uncle William's and got some tomato plants. And then home, and sewed on David Siveter's pants. He brought two pairs on Wednesday.

June 1, 1860. Sewing on said pants.

2nd. Finished said pants and Sol Gill's coat. A heavy thunder storm this evening and a tremendous rain.

3rd. Sunday. Went to Salem with David's pants. Came home in P. M. Samuel came with me.

4th. Samuel went on north side of the creek. I hoed in my corn.

5th, also 6th, help Bennetts replant and hoe corn.

7th. Replant my corn, and fix brush fence, then fix boot and shoe.

8th. Cut pair of pants for Mac Davis and fix my shovel plow. Went to Carter bottom, found Bennett's horses and plowed my corn.

9th. Hunting B.'s horses till noon. Called at Sneath's and at Wells's. I went to Bennett's party.

10th. Sunday. Wells and I bee hunting, and then P. W. B. and I horse hunting. Did not find them.

11th. Lem B. and I went to Salem bridge, found the horses, then I plowed in my corn. Heavy rain at night.

12th. Shell corn, spade garden, went to mill and caught some fish, and drew a branch of skunk wood.⁸

13th. W. B. and I went to Carter bottom, got two horses and plowed corn.

14th. Lem and I went after the horses. I plowed corn and broke my big clevice. Went to Widow Stanley's and got Bennett's clevice and plowed more.

15th. Hunt horses, and finished plowing my corn in about an hour, and then plowed my sorgo.

16th. Hoed corn. Anna went to Hillsboro, took 13¾ lbs. butter. Bought her a pair of shoes and a pound of coffee.

⁸Or skunk hazel. The pungent sumac—*rhus*.

17th. Sunday. Painted ground work for two birds, and Anna and I went to Carter bottom.

18th. Hoed corn at home in A. M. and plowed corn for Bennetts in P. M.

19th. Plowed corn for Bennetts.

20th. Hoeing my corn.

21st. Shot a weasel in new field, and hoed my corn, and fixed Lem B.'s boot.

22nd. Finished hoeing my new piece of corn and hoed in old ground. Wrote a letter to J. R. Wetsel and went swimming.

23rd. Worked in old ground.

24th. Sunday. Bee hunting.

25th. Hoeing.

26th. Finished hoeing my corn and potatoes at 9 o'clock and poled beans, cut out a coat for Harrison Bub Gill, put cuffs on Sol Gill's coat, &c., and went to John Turnham's and bought $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon whiskey, 30 cts.

27th. Went east to creek picking gooseberries, and to Wells's, then cleaned out spring.

28th. Rain. Cut out my ticking pants and went to Gill's blacksmith shop and got an open ring, a link for a chain, a small hoe, and two heel wedges⁹ and two scythes fixed, 45 cts. Went to Wells's. Rain very heavy.

29th. Went to Carter bottom and got some foxglove roots and caught some fish. Made a bee box, set out beets, and work on fence.

30th. Work on said fence. Thomas Siveter came here. Rains hard and we went swimming.

July 1, 1860. Sunday. Went as far as Sneath's with T. Siveter, and back with Sneath. I to Wells's and he to meeting, then Job Davis and the boys and I went bee hunting and swimming.

2nd. Hunting old cow. A man here to take the census, stock \$100, land \$616. Sewed on tick pants and mend my shoe. Went to creek and got a bolt of wood for shingles and fastened it to the bank. Then went to Demo' meeting.

3rd. Very hot. Had Bennett's team and borrowed A. Simon's wagon and hauled six loads of rails and wood and said bolt of wood.

4th. Rufus Wells and I celebrated this day hunting and swimming. I shot an orchard oriole, a common partridge, and a redheaded woodpecker.

5th. Work on rail fence. E. and Anna and I went on north side of creek gooseberrying.

6th. Drew orchard oriole, and work on said fence and cutting out the brush.

7th. On said fence, and cut pair of pants for Mack Davis.

8th. Sunday. Painted said oriole and went on north side of creek.

9th. Commenced harvesting. Bound wheat for Job Davis half day, other half went to mill, and fixed my pants.

10th. Went up on prairie to William Morris' and got work there

⁹Devised for tightening handle-rings of a scythe, or cradle snath or handle.

harvesting. Pitched hay an hour and a half, then William commenced cutting his wheat and I bound wheat. The same the 11th.

12th. Cut H. Morris' wheat.

13th. For H. and William Morris in wheat and oats.

14th. Mowing for William C. Morris. Earned of him \$5.00.

15th. Sunday. Tom Lewis and Joel Garretson came here and we went swimming.

16th. Went up on prairie. Came home and got my scythe and mowed grass $\frac{1}{2}$ day for Arthur Frazier. Received 50 cts.

17th. Help Alexander Morris bind wheat three hours, received 25 cts., then went on to George Morris' and bound wheat for him. Did same 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st until noon, at \$1.00 per day. Earned this week \$4.75.

22nd. Sunday. At home.

23rd. Went up on prairie and mowed grass in forenoon, and in afternoon plowed corn.

24th. Plowed corn and shocked hay.

25th, also 26th, plowed corn.

27th. Plowed corn. In afternoon tore down an old fence, and hauled hay into the barn.

28th. Plowed corn in forenoon, all for W. C. Morris, 50 cts. per day. Earned this week \$2.75. In afternoon brought home a buck sheep W. C. M. gave us for taking care of his heifer, Lady.

29th. Sunday Had Bennett's horses and Simon's wagon and we all went to Uncle William's, and back at night.

30th. Rainy. Hunted and shelled corn and took it to mill and got it ground.

31st. Painted a flag for the Demo' party at Jacob Sypher's.

August 1, 1860. Went to Salem and sold 17 lbs. butter, 10 cts. in trade. Went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

2nd. Came home, dug up a turnip patch and sowed turnips.

3rd. Hunting and blackberrying. Shot at on the wing and think I killed two young turkeys, but lost both of them. Rainy.

4th. Went to Salem. Saw them raise a Lincoln pole and heard two speeches, one from Senator Harlan and one from a Wilson from Fairfield. Coming home I found an Indian ax. Great excitement about presidential election.

5th. Sunday. Rainy. L. and R. Wells here, and H. Sneath and wife here. Boys and I went to creek.

6th. Cut weeds in fence corners. After noon helped Bennetts wind up dirt out of their well.

7th. Went blackberrying, pick a milk bucket nearly full, and hunted bees.

8th. Went to Weaver's grubbing, frolic and party at night at Jack Shriner's house.

9th. Clean out well in branch, hoop a bucket, mend my pants, and go to Uncle William's.

10th. John and T. and I went to creek and got some sand, went swimming, then I built a small chimney in kitchen for Uncle William, and hunted.

11th. Took my wool to Salem, bought a molasses barrel, 75 cts., then back to Uncle W.'s and from thence home. David Siveter here and we went hunting.

12th. Sunday. David and I hunting.

13th. David and I hunting in forenoon. Kill in all two squirrels, one quail, one common partridge and one rabbit. David went home. I cut out Dr. Siveter's vest.

14th. Picked blackberries and grapes and sewed on vest.

15th. Birdie heifer got into cornfield. Dogged her out and fixed the fence, and fixed the brush fence around the pasture, and sewed on vest.

16th. Finished said vest. Anna went to Sneath's. I cut a summer coat for self. Went to Carter bottom with O. M. Wells and a cattle buyer to look at my steers. They were too small for him.

17th. Went to creek bottom picking grapes. Met Wells and chat with him, then sewed on my coat.

18th. Hunt bees and sewed some.

19th. Sunday. William F. Barger, L. and R. Wells and I went bee hunting. Anna went to Wells's. I made a mole trap and caught one in flower bed.

20th. Sewing and went to Wells's and got some of my salt.

21st. Finished my coat.

22nd. Shelled $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of corn and went to Job Davis' and borrowed his wagon bed.

23rd. Went to Salem with Bennett and wife. Took Dr. Siveter's vest, and brought home my barrels and rolls. Paid \$1.00.

24th. Sent said corn to Bonaparte mills by Lem Bennett. I mended my shoes. Afternoon shot and saved my first wild turkey this season. Caught Ann pig in Bennett's cornfield and put her out.

25th. Went to M. E. camp meeting with Rufus Wells. We went to Uncle William's at night.

26th. Sunday. Rufus, Thomas, Aunt Mary and I went to camp meeting at night. R. went home and T. and I went back to Uncle William's.

27th. Thomas came home with me. We picked cherries, &c. I made bowstring.

28th. Thomas and I hunted and fished. I shot one squirrel and one turkey and we caught fourteen fish. Afternoon, Thomas Siveter here. He, Tom and I went to creek swimming.

29th. Fix brush fence, and bent broomcorn tops. Thomas Savage went home. Thomas Siveter and I went swimming. P. M., I fixed my shoes and went to creek and shot a fish, weight $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and we swam.

30th. Grub some. T. Siveter and I went to Job Davis' and ground my ax and mattock and went to Wells's after my steelyards. Thomas went home. I fixed my pants and commenced digging hole under floor.

31st. Grub an hour or two in morning (midday too hot, nights very

cool) and dug in said hole. Picked some seed corn. Hunting. Cut up one shock of corn. In the night C. Giberson came after Anna, his wife being sick. Had a son.

September 1, 1860. Wrote a letter to John Wetsel. Nailed some boards overhead. Fixed fence and picked hazelnuts.

2nd. Sunday. Went to Simon's and to Runyon's to look for my sheep. Came home. Rufus Wells here. He and I hunted some. Bennett put my sheep in his pasture and in evening we separated them.

3rd. Went to Salem. Took 9¼ lbs. butter, traded out. Came home at night.

4th. Cut up seven shocks of corn.

5th. Rainy. Gathered seed corn and hung it up. Afternoon, cut three shocks of corn.

6th. Very hot. Cut three shocks. Partly traded with Frazier for a colt pony. In the morning I withdrew.

7th. Cut four shocks.

8th. Cut one shock. Went to Glasgow. Demo' pole raising, two speeches.

9th. Sunday. Hunting. Leonidas Wells hunted. Found me at Hopper branch. Then O. M., L. and R. Wells and self went to C. Creek hunting cedar trees. I got twenty-four very small ones.

10th. Cut six shocks of corn.

11th. Cut five shocks and hunted some.

12th. Cut two shocks and it rained the remainder of the day.

13th. Cut corn; and the forks and poles, five shocks.

14th. Work on road nearly one half day. Finished my road tax, \$2.46—6/10, then cut half a shock of corn and it rained.

15th. Cut corn and the forks and poles, two and a half shocks.

16th. Sunday. L. Wells and I went to Cook's burned mill, and I shot one duck and one pigeon.

17th. Shot one pigeon and cut five shocks.

18th. Cut corn, five shocks. Finished cutting my corn 4th hour p. m. Forty-eight shocks in all.

19th. Hunting. Saw sand-hill cranes. Shot three partridges and cut up and topped broom corn and shelled off some seed. Fixed fence where Bally broke out and Dick broke his poker.

20th. Fixed said poker and bladed some sorgo. Afternoon cut up corn for O. M. Wells to pay up the difference between us, 21 cts.

21st. Grubbed some and bladed cane, and hunted.

22nd. Hunted old cow and went up on prairie to see about getting my cane made up. Widow C. Stanley agrees to make it for one third, I to find wood. Then went as far as Oldacre's, and then home. Fix my cap and cut a pattern of it.

23rd. Sunday. Wrote a letter to Mother, went to class meeting and dug our sweet potatoes.

24th. Went to Simon's and borrowed their wagon, unloaded it and hauled two barrels of water. P. M., bladed cane.

25th. Bladed cane. Saw wild geese going south. Finished my cane.
26th. Helped Job Davis strip his cane. At night a heavy rain.
27th. Helped Job strip cane. Cut wood and cut up cane.
28th. Bound up the rest of my blades and cut up and topped my cane.
29th. Mack Davis and I hauled my cane to Stanley's with Job's team and Simon's wagon, and then we went up on the prairie to William Morris'. I shot one quail.

30th. Sunday. Rainy. I made one shoe for John A.

October 1, 1860. Made the other shoe and commenced shelling corn. Then went and cut up and topped the rest of Job E. Davis' cane.

2nd. Job and I went and helped William Stanley repair his mill cog, the second roller, &c., gratis.

3rd. Fix my cow yard fence that Dick knocked down. Then shelled some corn. David Siveter came here with team. I went to Salem with them and David and I went hunting. Stayed at Dr.'s all night.

4th. Traded some and went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

5th. Came home. P. M., went to Job Davis' and Mack and I hauled one load of wood up to Stanley's. I stacked my blades.

6th. Went to mill, took some corn. Cut out a coat for Lewis Sigler, then dug potatoes and Mack D and I went to Stanley's and got our molasses.

7th. Sunday. R. Wells and I went to the creek north and then home and to Wells's. L. and R. and I went to creek east.

8th. Dug potatoes and mend Thomas Siveter's pants.

9th. Dug potatoes and cut a pair of pants for John Hen Mastersen. Samuel here. I work on mending T. Siveter's coat. Helped Samuel fix his wagon to haul rock. In the night Watch treed a skunk up a jack oak by the house. About 2 o'clock I got up and struck a light but could not see where it was.

10th. Shot said skunk and finished Thomas' coat, then went to John Turnham's. I shot one common partridge, one quail and one turkey.

11th. First frost I saw this fall. Cut out and sewed on Dr. Siveter's coat and dressed skins.

12th. Sharp frost. Sewed on said coat. Kill two rabbits and one possum that Watch treed. Shot one prairie chicken on corn shock, the first this fall.

13th. Freeze. Sewing. Went to Rock House meeting. There saw William Coltrane, Brice Mickey, and William, Josephine and Caroline Sigler taken in as M. E. members. The latter three were sprinkled. Finished said coat.

14th. Sunday. Hunting. Shot one squirrel.

15th. Fixed J. Wesley Runyon's coat.

16th. Fixed Samuel Siveter's coat and chopped wood on north side of creek. Samuel hauled one load, then worked on pair of pants for Davis Siveter.

17th. Hunt two hours, then sewed on said pants.

18th. Finished said pants. Went to Wells's and Sneath's. Borrowed 3¼ lbs. flour of Sneath.

19th. Went to Keosauqua. Delegation went in the hickory wagon with L. and R. Wells, W. E. Taylor, T. Clarke, B. Weaver, William, James and Newton Stanley, L. J. and T. Walker, L. and A. Bennett, back at night.

20th. Hunt cows and trim some brush. Went to Wells's. Picked up some crab apples and Leo and I went hunting.

21st. Sunday. Anna and I went west side of branch and picked out a spot for a house and went to Samuel Siveter's well. I sewed some on wammus and traced out my west line between Knowles and me.

22nd. Dug potatoes. Samuel Siveter came here. He and I went to Carter bottom and caught their heifer and took her to Salem. Saw the Salem men bring in a horse thief from Luray, Missouri. His name, Frank Arnold, of Salem. Stole a span of horses of William Crew. Was at his trial [preliminary] at night. He was bound over to court, \$1,000 bond.

23rd. Came home and shelled corn.

24th. O. M. Wells and I went to Bonaparte to mill with said corn and got home in the night.

25th. Hunt cows, dig out spring and cut poles and put around it, and dig potatoes. Shot one prairie chicken in field. Have to hunt cows every evening now.

26th. Rain. Finished fixing David Siveter's coat and Samuel's pants, and finished digging potatoes.

27th. Rainy. Foddered calves second time. Grubbed some. Went south of Hillsboro, shot five quails. Hunt for cows and did not find them.

28th. Sunday. Hunt cows. Found them near Samuel's well. Carried poles and made hog pen.

29th. Bennett and I went to Keosauqua to get my papers of naturalization. Judge Sloan would not issue any. Left Lem at Bratton's grove and I came home.

30th. Grub, and bury my potatoes.

31st. Grub. Went to Hillsboro. Got a letter from Smith & Co., Keosauqua.

November 1, 1860. Cut out another pair of shoes for John A. Rainy and cold.

2nd. Rainy. Made said shoes, and knit on quail net.

3rd. A. M., hunting. Kill one turkey. P. M., carry wood and fix so as to go to Salem.

4th. Sunday. Went to Uncle William's. Stayed all night.

5th. Snow. Went to Salem with my butter and eggs, \$1.07 worth. Traded it out, and 62 cents more. Went back to Uncle William's and then home.

6th. Burned brush and grubbed.

7th. Fixed my shoe and grubbed.

8th. Snow on ground. I grubbed.

9th. Grubbed. Trapped seven quails and shot one turkey that Watch treed northwest of school house.

10th. Hunt cows and grubbed some and burned brush.

11th. Sunday. To Wells's to meeting and to mill. There Meshack Sigler baptized by pouring. Sold Dick and Peter for \$32.50 to Job E. Davis.

12th. Went to Gill's, to Wells's and to Sneath's to borrow a wagon. Got Sneath's and Job Davis' horses and hauled three loads of wood. Trapped four quails.

13th. Grub and burn brush. Trapped seven quails.

14th. Went to John Turnham's after my jug. Bought one half gallon whiskey, 30 cts., one quart for Wells. Cut out a coat for A. Martin, 30cts.

15th. Shelled corn. Anna and I went to the spring to wash. I grub and burn brush.

16th. Grub and burn.

17th. Grub. Kill a rabbit and one fox squirrel.

18th. Sunday. Hunted.

19th. Went to Wells's. Sent letter to John R. Wetsel.

Hooping my quail net.

20th. Grub.

21st. Grub. At night watch Sigler's field on the 20th and 21st.

22nd. Snow all day. Made last for Walter.

23rd. Cut out coats for William and Harmon Giberson. Take pay in work. Cut out pair shoes for Walter. Awfully cold. Snow two inches deep. Giberson boys brought home my small steel trap, the one I lost in Bennett's field the Sunday before Christmas last. Said they found it very near their house about that time.

24th. Sewed some on said shoes, and Mrs. Bennett and I made some shoe wax.

25th. Sunday. Hunting for sign.¹⁰

27th. Fix my gray pants. Shot one crow and one owl.

28th. Went to Job E. Davis' and to Wells's, then cut road to some wood and Mac D. and I hauled one load.

29th. Gathered corn for Job and Mac Davis.

30th. Went to Salem and bought a pair of boots, \$3.75, then to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

December 1, 1860. Came home. Carried one half bushel apples he gave me. Dr. and David Siveter here. David and I went to north side of creek. Found them hunting the lines.

2nd. Sunday. Snowed fast nearly all day. Hunted some.

3rd. Snow four inches deep. Knit on quail net and wrote a letter for Mrs. Sneath to T. L. Deacon, Liberty, Amite County, Mississippi.

¹⁰A trapper's term implying evidence of quarry, as the scratching or dusting of birds, their feathers on the ground or on shrubs, their tracks; or those of animals in the dust, snow, or mud, and the like.

26th. Made said shoes and cut out a coat for George Martin.

4th. I cut a coat for Frank Runyon, then cut one for Joseph and agreed to make it for \$2.00. Commenced sewing on said coat.

5th, also the 6th, sewing on the same.

7th. Finished said coat.

8th. Chopping wood in my timber and partly cutting a road to it.

9th. Sunday. Went to Uncle William's. Took two roosters and his Mo. seed corn. Snows all day.

10th. Came home. Brought two roosters back. J. Runyon here with Frank's coat to make. Mack Davis and I hauled three loads of wood. At 10 o'clock, eve, Samuel Richard Savage born. Had Mrs. Bennett.

11th. Went to Sneath's, got my steelyards. Did housework and sewed some on Frank R.'s coat.

12th. Mrs. Sneath here washing. Mrs. B. here. I waited on Mrs. Sneath. Eliz' Davis here.

13th. Cut a coat for James H. Gill and a pair of sleeves for his father, 40 cts. chd. Got Mrs. Sneath her dinner, &c. Got in clothes. I did not sew any.

14th. Mrs. B. and Mrs. Sneath here. She ironed said clothes. Wesley Runyon brought a forequarter of beef here, 113 lbs. at 3 cts. per lb. Went to Bennett's after barrel and saw and then cut up beef.

15th. I sewed some. Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Sneath here. Got dinner and washed up. Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Simon and her daughter here.

16th. Sunday. Quite a number of ladies here. Watch bit Mrs. Simon's arm. H. Sneath here.

17th. Mrs. Bennett here. I finished Frank Runyon's coat and went to Job Davis'.

18th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood. Rainy. Made two brooms and partly fixed a coat for Mack Davis.

19th. Mrs. Sneath here washing. I waited on her and finished Mack's coat, 40 cts.

20th. Hung out, and went to Hillsboro with Job Davis to post stray heifer (a red roan yearling). Newbold not at home. Came home. Shot seven quails. Did chores, then in evening we went up to William C. Morris' and did up the business.

21st. Very cold. Not very well. Went to Job's field. Shot at a turkey flying and missed it. Took out skins and cut some wood at the schoolhouse for Sneath.

22nd. Did chores and went to Job's field and shot six quails.

23rd. Sunday. Hauled some poles from clearing and made a shed for Bally. H. Sneath and wife here to dinner.

24th. Mend a pair of pants for Mac Davis, 20 cts., and chopped some wood for self. Snowed like fury.

25th. Christmas. Mack and I hauled a load of wood, then I went hunting. Kill one rabbit and two quails. Fell in with L. Wells and we hunted together. He killed one quail and I shot one quail. Snow nearly knee deep. Turkeys in my field this day.

26th. Mrs. Sneath here washing. Waited on her and shelled a sack of corn.

27th. Took said corn up to Bennett's. Then I went to Salem and sold 21 quails, 52½ cts. to J. W. Olds. Traded it out (booked). Came back at night. Kill one quail. Some of my cattle in the field and some in the sheep yard. Put them all right again.

28th. Rainy. Fix brush fence where said cattle broke in, then mended Anna's and John A.'s shoes.

29th. Chopped wood in my timber.

30th. Sunday. Mrs. Wells here, R. and Leo also.

31st. Cut out a coat for David Boley. Received 25 cts. Then Mack D. and I hauled one load of wood. I went to Bennett's and got my two sacks of meal they took to mill for me. I measured O. Perry Taylor for a coat, and chop wood and fix to go to Uncle William's.

January 1, 1861. Went to Uncle William's. Shot one common partridge. Stayed till half past ten at night and then came home.

2nd. Cut out a coat for James Boley, Jr., at I. Conley's, charged 25 cts. Also cut a coat for O. P. Taylor, charged 30 cts. Mrs. Sneath here washing. I carried some poles to sheep pen.

3rd. Made ax handle and finished a pen for sheep. Trap two quails.

4th. Chopped some wood for self and made hogs a shed. Trap one quail.

5th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood.

6th. Sunday. Hunting. Kill two squirrels. Discover the tumbler of my gun lock is fractured. Came home and cleaned the lock.

7th. Mend a pair of boots for A. C. Bennett and he agrees to haul two loads of wood for pay. I partly hung my ax.

8th. Fix a pair of pants for Mack D., 10 cents, then went to Wells's and took back their meal, 23½ lbs. Went on to H. Sneath's. He going to Mount Pleasant soon, I left my gun for him to take to be repaired. Trap one quail.

9th. A. C. Bennett and I hauled said two loads of wood, and I partly cut out my cat-fur cap.

10th. Sewing on said cap, mend mitten, &c.

11th. Kill one hog. H. Sneath came here, he helped me, then I wrote three estray notices for him.

12th. Cut up said hog, weighed 179 lbs., salted the meat, and trimmed some brush.

13th. Sunday. Went to Wells's. The boys and I went east to creek. My old sheep had a lamb.

14th. Finished my cat-skin cap and dressed some skins.

15th. Went to McCreadie's field and in a big branch set three traps for mink.

16th. To trap. Quite a heavy snow. I knit on qail net.

17th. To trap and took some of Mrs. Wells's borrowed lard home.

18th. Chopped a load of wood in timber.

19th. Went to Job's, and from there to Gill's timber. Found them there cutting logs on shares. Then Mack and I hauled two loads wood and went up to William C. Morris' and stayed all night. Received \$2.00.

20th. Sunday. Came home and to trap. Caught one mink and brought traps home.

21st. Took Mrs. Wells's lard home, and to Gill's timber and got some butternut bark and doctored sick sheep. Two quail.

22nd. Went on north side of creek, then cut some wood.

23rd. On north side of creek hunting sign, and chopped some wood, P. M., snowing, work on trap and quail net. Assessor, Mr. Davidson, here.

24th. Very cold. Fix my old coat. Dr. Siveter here.

25th. On north side of creek and set two big steel traps on the creek.

26th. To trap. Brought them home. Then Mack Davis and I went to Salem. I took 21 eggs and traded for coffee, and home at night.

27th. Sunday. Lent Leo' Wells my two big steel traps till Tuesday morning. He set them for turkeys in their field, then he and I went on creek east hunting for sign. Found plenty.

28th. A. M., chopped some wood in Dr.'s timber. P. M., commenced making a box trap.

29th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood, then went to creek east and set three traps.

30th. To trap, and fix my ticking pants.

31st. To trap, and went to school from noon to recess, and partly fixed my vest.

February 1, 1861. Helped Sol Gill make a sled. He agrees to haul wood for me for pay.

2nd. To trap, and to Sneath's, then home. Sent by Watsons for my gun at Mount Pleasant.

3rd. Sunday. Rufus Wells here. We went to Gill's shop.

4th. To trap and then to William C. Morris's court. Jonathan Anderson sued a Mr. Miller for rent. Jury's verdict, \$28.00 in favor of defendant, and plaintiff pay costs.

5th. Sent letter to John Wetsel. Chopped wood. In evening Isaac Watson brought my gun to schoolhouse. Repairing a new tumbler cost \$1.50.

6th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood. To trap, caught one possum.

7th. Fixed my mittens and shelled some corn. Very cold.

8th. To trap. Caught one possum, and then chopped some wood.

9th. Lem Bennett and I hauled two loads wood for self, and to trap. A thaw.

10th. Sunday. Rainy. A big thaw. Went to creek and got my two steel traps. Stayed at Wells's all day.

11th. Went to Sigler's mill. Creek very high, first time this year. Hunted some and came home. Fixed my boot and put my left to rights.

12th. Went up on prairie to W. C. Morris' and to Jonathan Anderson's. Did no business with either of them. Shot two prairie chickens.

13th. Opened potato hole and got them in the cellar. Some frozen. Sorted them.

14th. Went to Job Davis'. Mack did not kill hogs. Then went to Gill's shop and got an open ring, a frow, a wedge, and my mattock fixed, 40 cts.

15th. Went to schoolhouse and carried and chopped some wood for the school. Then mended Anna's shoes.

16th. I went to Sneath's. Anna and boys went to Bennett's. I rode home with Sneath.

17th. Sunday. Went to Wells's. L. and R. and J. and Frank Runyon and I went to creek. Came home and skin a cat.

18th. Went up on prairie with Job and Mack Davis. Got one sheep of Jacob Runyon. Mack hauled it home for me. In evening it jumped out and I tracked it nearly back. Runyon put it in with theirs and I left it for a few days.

19th. Went on prairie. Kill nothing.

20th. Hauling fodder till noon. Then went to creek north.

21st. We went to Bennett's, saw Hiram Steward and Esther L. Bennett married by Mr. Williamson at 3 o'clock, 30 min. P. M.

22nd. Saw wild ducks and blue birds, first time this year. Went to creek and set three traps. Weather very mild. Joseph Frazier here. I sold one mink, 75 cts., two possums, 15 cts.

23rd. Went to Davis', then to Gill's after Mack. He and I ground my ax and mattock and his ax, then went to trap. Creek very high—covered one steel trap. Carried some roots, &c.

24th. Sunday. We all went to Wells's and stayed all day. I went to trap.

25th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood. I went to Runyon's and carried said sheep home, and to trap. Cut some brush and put in ditch by old road.

26th. Fixed brush fence around pasture. Chopped stove wood and husked corn. Preparing to go to Salem. About noon David Siveter came here, brought a fine coat and pair pants for me to make for Samuel Siveter. He went home on account of the creeks being high. I went to school, it being the last day.

27th. To trap, and sewing on said coat.

28th. William and H. Giberson came here and helped me chop brush to pay for cutting their coats.

[To be continued]

AN ORIGINAL STUDY OF MESQUAKIE (FOX) LIFE

II

Following the council of Mesquakie Indians with Des Moines teachers which was held February 18, 1928, the interest of schools and teachers in the Mesquakie Indians of Iowa continued. So many questions came into the Historical Department to be answered on this group of Indians that an Indian Life School was attempted by Curator Harlan as an effort to put into the hand of teachers in Iowa schools, such direct and first hand aid to their teaching of pioneer and Indian Life as he could. Meetings were held on the banks of a small stream on a wooded plot near Altoona, Iowa, with no accessories or advantages for the teachers that the Indians did not need in such a camping place as they make in their usual proceeding in 1928 their occasional hunting and trapping trips. There was no heat except such as they provided for Indians' needs, and no illuminants except the moon, which was near full, no seats except the natural sward whose irregularities formed the arrangement of persons participating as either audience or management. The curve of the brook and the pitch of the ground toward it formed the natural stage and auditorium of the Indians' choice.

***** Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.*****—Bryant.

INDIAN LIFE SCHOOL

(Talk between Dr. Melvin R. Gilmore¹ and E. R. Harlan on the one part and Young Bear and Jim Poweshiek on the other, George Young Bear, interpreter. Stenographic record and transcript by Harriet King Card.)

Tuesday evening, August 28, 1928.

Mr. Harlan: I want to tell Young Bear through George, the occasion of this meeting.²

¹See Who's Who in America for 1928, page 868, for Dr. Gilmore.

²The end of each of these paragraphs indicates a pause during which George Young Bear interpreted the words of Mr. Harlan or of Dr. Gilmore into Indian, or the words of Young Bear or of Jim Poweshiek into English.

For some time there have been from one to a dozen of those who teach our children in the Des Moines city schools coming to the Historical Building, or otherwise asking our assistance in their preparation to teach these children Indian Life. It occurred to me that there might be an arrangement for a few teachers to hear the Indians' answers to their questions, and in other ways to get acquainted with you and your way of living; for that reason only was this series of meetings planned.

From the fact that there are about two and a half million white people in Iowa and but three hundred and eighty of the Sac and Fox tribe that in 1846 and earlier occupied the lands where we are now, it seems like the white people ought in some way to arrange to become better acquainted with you and your ancient ways. This is meant to help you show your white friends, who may be here during the week and Sunday and Monday, that it is not at all impossible to meet and get acquainted with you.

The books that we study tell us what lands, now in the state of Iowa, you inhabited a hundred years ago. If our books have it right, in about 1810 to 1820 there were a number of tribes that we ought to know more about. They are your own, the Sioux, Winnebagoes, Iowas, Omahas, and Pottawatamies. But we can learn this also from you. I thought that during this week we might have a talk about each of those different ones. Let us tell you what our books teach us, and then hear you tell us what you know of these different tribes.

Now, I would like to hear your thoughts about this plan. What do you think of it? Would it be agreeable to you and your people, and can we make of it a benefit to both your people and to our own?

Young Bear: My friends, as I look upon the face of each one of you I realize that our race will soon be no more in the future, because the conditions of our homes are changing. Each year we can see the difference as the new generations come. There is a great deal of change. We are losing our customs, habits, and many of our arts are past and gone. The government is educating our people, sending our children to school, and when these children come back to our homes they are not as we have taught them. They learn things from the books, therefore their habits are formed and they go out

into the world more like the white people, and so all these things will be all past in a few more years, and those of you who are interested in us, I hope that some good will be accomplished between us, and toward the understanding of our people and your people, and so any questions that you may ask will be welcome, and we will attempt to answer the best we can.

Mr. Harlan: I propose that this group of teachers have the benefit, as you do too, of Dr. Gilmore's being with us. I want to introduce Dr. Gilmore to you as being the truest man in regard to the Indians and other races that it has been my pleasure ever to meet. Not only is he true and just, but he was born in Nebraska, and as a boy and as a student in the colleges he perfected himself in his knowledge of the Indians' use of plants and plant life. He has associated with, lived with and respected the Indians of other tribes and languages. During the week he will be able to ask questions and to answer questions which will contribute to this very good purpose that you and I would like to see brought about.

Then I propose that those of us who are here and find you willing to give us whatever information that you feel we ought to have—I propose that anything we ask of you should be a question which, if you were to ask us, would seem to us to be fair and right. That is, we would like to know, for instance, all about the way you conduct your family. But we will not ask you any question that we would not want you to ask us about our family. Whatever is said tonight will be in the spirit that will help us to understand your ways. We will write it down, and then tomorrow evening that question will be asked of you and of Dr. Gilmore. We will see that it is all right, and, if answered, will be a contribution to the knowledge of these folks who teach Indian Life.

If it is a question that would not be right to ask about my children or my wife, then you and Dr. Gilmore will pay no attention to that question, and no one will inquire any further about it. I know from my association with you and your people that white people are often not very tactful about the way they try to inquire into your way of living. This body, and every one that is in this group will be just as nice and just as respectful of you as they would expect you to be re-

spectful of them. With that arrangement we believe it will be a happy experience.

Now, we recognize that you, Young Bear, being around sixty years old, who, when you first remember, were in your father Push e ton e qua's house, that you, as a boy must have learned from him or from some one else, a good deal the same as my children have learned from their teachers in school. You must have learned the things that made you a good man, and Jim Poweshiek, over seventy years old—say sixty-five years ago, when he was five years old—he must have been taught such things as made him a good man. I wish you would teach us how, a hundred years ago, the Indian boy or girl got his knowledge. How were they taught these lessons?

Young Bear: We all know that to seek knowledge is one of the hardest tasks for any one to take, and so it is with us, and tonight there are probably more people than this that would like to hear just the things we are talking about, but they have no time. And so it is with us. Sometimes there may be a council, there may be some knowledge that has been acquired by our old people—would be taught to our people, and they are called together to one lodge. There may be a few that would go, and so the human being is almost the same everywhere. And in the teaching of our customs and habits and our legends and the stories and ceremonial rites, the record has been made. But we find everywhere the books that you read—the books that have been recorded of the habits of our people—were made long before the white people settled this country. The travelers and explorers and traders would come through the village and stay for a day and go away and write their records. Of course the people today depend on those records. They learn about the Indians only from those records. The records even that are these days made by the men who came on in our own reservation—they are made often by men that went out from Washington to learn our sacred ceremonials, about our customs and our rituals, our beliefs—they come out to learn these and to make record of them, and of course they often do not meet the right kind of our people. We have various classes of Indians. Some live just according to their own way, and of course they will do anything, when some white man comes along they expect to be compensated

by the white man, and so the white men are misinformed, but if the white man would go to the thinking Indian, the Indian who tries to do what is right—they cannot, by giving money or presents—they cannot get the information, and so the records that you get are something entirely wrong. Your people have been misinformed. And so it is with our children. We are teaching things that our parents taught us, and there are many ways that they are teaching it. We teach the lesson through experience and through talks, and through showing how to do things, and so we live throughout the course of our lives. Each thing has to be taught during the certain age from the very beginning. Year after year things are taught to us until the knowledge that we have in our old age has become thorough.

Any question that any one wishes to ask will be answered, and the question asking anything I do not know, I will admit that I do not know. Of course, Mr. Harlan knows me well, and I always tell him what I know.

Mr. Harlan: Let me ask Young Bear to go back in his own recollection to when he was a little boy, and tell us of some one who showed him something that has been good for him all his life. Tell us the name of the person and the circumstance under which he learned that lesson.

Young Bear: It is hard to remember certain things that make us good later on in life, because the things that are taught to us are taught to us little by little, from year to year, and so we cannot remember certain ones or names, but, however, later on in life we remember them and we think about them.

As I remember in early childhood, the right and wrong was taught to me by my parents. They showed me what was right and what was wrong. They taught me not to do what was bad, and so one of these things was not to take the things that belonged to some one else. Stealing has been taught to us as being one of the worst evils to be done by any one, and the life that is taught to us is that if any one takes the road that is not right he will not have life—he will not live long, but the one who keeps his life clean will live long and will be looked upon by the Great Spirit.

Kindness is another thing that is taught to us—to be kind

to all living things; to be kind to the poor, and to be kind to every one, and so if we see any one who is old and feeble and tottering along we should not laugh, we should not mock him; if we see any one crippled, we should not say anything, but favor him and feel kind toward him.

To make friends wherever we go is another thing. We were taught to respect every one and to be friendly, and so one of the things that is taught to us is to be free with everything that we have. In those days food was regarded as one of the greatest gifts any one could give; and so the food, if we have food, if we have plenty we should not think only of ourselves, but of our people first, and so we should give—give—and always give as much as we can. If we see any one, if we see old people in a lodge by themselves, having a hard time, we should go over with food and enter their lodge. We should give them the things that will make them comfortable. And so the custom was, in the old days, that whenever a family is sick and cannot get their own food and cannot make their own things, that it was up to the people to help them, not for pay, but just kindness, to help one another. If the old people who live in a house by themselves, they should be helped. And so it was the duty of every young man who was able to do anything, it was to help the old people and give them food or whatever they needed. In this way the Great Spirit blesses the young people, and it is because of this they live long. Why is it that a young man helps his old people? It is because the thing that has been taught to us is that the Great Spirit blesses and makes those young people live long, those who help the old people. The old people when they live to be of old age, they do not live to an old age because they have taken care of themselves, but they are blessed by the Great Spirit, and so the young man who helps them are those blessed by the Great Spirit.

We should not say things that are not so. To lie to one another is an evil thing, and we should not lie to one another, and when we say the things that are true we should not be ashamed to tell one another the truth. Be true to one another, be true to your friends, be true to every one, because the one who lies is not the one who is looked upon by the

Great Spirit, but truth is the thing that the Great Spirit wishes to have, and he blesses the children who tell the truth.

So there are a great many things as we grow old—things the old people were taught by their parents to teach their children to lead the life that is full of kindness and love. And they were taught to go out to hunt, so they came upon white men's homesteads everywhere, and as they went by a schoolhouse all of the children came out. They came and threw rocks, sticks, and threw everything at the horses and at our people, and so our old people supposed white people teach their children in their schoolhouses to throw at people. They teach the things different than the Indians teach, and we don't want our children to be taught those things.

Mr. Harlan: I wonder if we can, all of us, now, consider what Young Bear could tell us tomorrow evening that would apply to our own job, as teaching our children, or teaching our pupils in school; and so if any one has queries, write them out, and if you come in the evening Dr. Gilmore will arrange them so the queries will bring out whatever our Indian friends can give us of their own culture in the direction that the queries point. I wish we could have Dr. Gilmore tell us, and George interpret it, so Young Bear and Jim will understand.

Dr. Gilmore: It occurs to me that the teachers might leave their queries today, and tomorrow it will be easier and more economical in time.

Mr. Harlan: Dr. Gilmore, I am anxious that these Indians learn what other Indians you have visited and studied, so that whenever the name is mentioned among them they will see that your learning comes from their own relations or with those not related to you. I want them to know you.

Mr. Gilmore: Well, Mr. Harlan said I was born in Nebraska—in eastern Nebraska, in the Omaha country. I was used to seeing the Omahas and Pawnees when I was a small boy—saw them traveling from their homes to trading posts at Elk Horn. I was acquainted with the Indians, and saw them as friends. It was after I was in college that I first came to know the Omahas well. I was teaching in a college in Nebraska near Lincoln, and was at the same time doing graduate work in the University of Nebraska, when I went on an experimental

trip on the Omaha reservation. I got acquainted with them then, and learned a number of interesting things from them about their native plants and their uses, and also of their old time agriculture. When I came back to the University I was talking of the interesting things I learned from the Omahas, it was suggested that I make that my special study. Then I made a special inquiry into the Omahas' use of plants, and from that to other tribes of the Missouri region.

I then extended my study to the Pawnees, the Poncas, the Sioux, the Mandans and others. I was curator of the State Historical Society of Nebraska. Some years after that I went to North Dakota as curator of that state, and got acquainted with the Aricaras, the Mandans, and as I had been well acquainted with the Pawnees, I went down into Oklahoma to make a study of them. While I was still in Nebraska their chief visited that state. He was then eighty-three years old. He said he wanted to visit his homeland before he died, so I took him out along the Platte River. He showed me where he was born, his old village scenes and many things of old time life. On the way back to Lincoln he said to me one day, "I have in mind to give you a Pawnee name." He considered for some time, and mentioned two names he had in mind. He spoke up again and said, "I have now made up my mind." And when he returned home he made a declaration of the name, and so I have always felt acquainted with the Pawnees and the Aricaras—since they are of the same stock. When I went to North Dakota the Aricaras felt especially friendly to me because I bore a Pawnee name.

I have gone to all these people in a friendly way, acknowledging them as my teachers. They have been very kind to me, and have taught me what I know. It is by their teaching that I am able to teach white people Indian lore, especially of the Poncas and the Aricaras. They are people of superior culture. Yet the white people have not learned so much about them as they have about some other tribes. The Mandans for instance are better known. Yet the Mandans and other tribes learned from the Aricaras and the Pawnees. It was these people who came from the Southwest, and taught the other tribes, and so they have been glad for me to record their knowl-

edge. They have felt slighted that the people that they themselves taught before white men came, have come to be considered by white people to be of superior culture, when in reality they borrowed their culture from them. For that reason the Aricaras especially have been very desirous for me to get all of the information I can before it is too late, because the old people have died, and the young people of the tribes are not learning things alone of their own tribes.

I have learned from these people, not only what I started out to do—their knowledge of native plants, and of their agriculture, but also of the native animals and birds and mammals, and their knowledge of geography, their systems of teaching the children, their educational system, how their children acquire their education, and everything of interest that concerns the old-time people. To me there is a strange ignorance in white people. It seems to me that the white people know more of the native peoples of foreign lands than they do of our own people here. So I have tried to lead white people to know some of the beautiful things that there are in America, and something of the worth of the life and teachings of the races that are native to this country.

In my association with these tribes, and more especially with the Pawnees and the Aricaras, they have often said that they do not feel me to be a stranger. They feel as though I am one of them, and I have been invited to take part with them in their sacred rituals. I have been through these societies, taking part in the rituals, and have made record of these things. They are not printed yet, but a good deal of the work that I have done in plants has been printed by the Bureau of American Ethnology, in the Thirty-third Annual Report,³ and many of these other things that I have learned from them I have not yet published.

After several years in the service of the state of North Dakota I was called to the Museum of the American Indian in New York, and have since then been in field work with the tribes. I have got acquainted with the Iroquois, and have some interesting information from them.

³*Thirty-third Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1911-12, page 39. Also see Dr. Gilmore's articles in the *ANNALS OF IOWA*, "Folklore concerning the Meadow Lark," Vol. XIII, p. 137; "The Ground Bean and the Bean Mouse and their Economic Relations," Vol. XII, pp. 606-09.

Mr. Harlan: Would you like to ask Dr. Gilmore anything about these different things, or the people he was acquainted with?

Young Bear: I have listened to my friend's talk, and every word that he uttered is true. I believe in everything he said, but of course I do not understand or do not know anything about the people he spoke of. However, I know several tribes, and the people that we understand—there are several of us that understand each other—we have the same customs, habits and beliefs—we are almost the same, and also are friendly to these tribes, and every one of these tribes we have visited and become acquainted with, but our friend and the people he spoke about—I do not know anything about those people.

Mr. Harlan: I believe you can all see, you, Young Bear, and Jim, and Dr. Gilmore, how much those of us sitting by can learn. If, as you talk to one another before us during the week, Young Bear should inquire of Dr. Gilmore about the customs of the Pawnees or the Aricaras or any other, and will let us hear the question and answer, and if you, Dr. Gilmore, should ask of Young Bear and his people any thing of interest here in the meeting, we can have as much benefit as you two do. That is my thought of what a school is. It need never be called a school, and yet we are all learning very, very much. Because Dr. Gilmore has paid special attention to the plants, I am going to suggest that if Dr. Gilmore can spare the time, perhaps Thursday morning, he and Young Bear can spend some time looking at the native plants in this region which Dr. Gilmore is interested in, and he can explain the plants to Young Bear as he understands them and has learned from other people.

Dr. Gilmore: And Young Bear can tell me things from his people that I do not know.

It may be well to say that these tribes that I have been speaking of—I was speaking of two interesting stocks—our Indians here are of another stock—I do not know a word they are saying, because I have not worked with any of the tribes that speak Algonquin—I spoke of two tribes of the Cadoan stock, and several other tribes that I mentioned, that are entirely different from the Siouan stock, and both entirely different from the Algonquin, with different customs and different

blood, just as there are different divisions of the white race. For instance, Slavonic, Teutonic and Celtic. There are more than fifty, nearly sixty different Indian stocks, and these different stocks comprise more than two hundred languages. For instance, each one of these stocks may have contributed to the number of Kiowa as only one stock, and many of the others may have from several up to two dozen languages—languages related to each other, yet not intelligible to each other, as there are Germans and Swedes and Hollanders, and each of these languages may have several dialects, just as you know the Germans and Swedes and several in Norway. So I mention that there are several tribes of these stocks, but Young Bear was not acquainted with these other people. I have never been thrown with any of the people of his stock except a little boy with the Chippewas—there was one in North Dakota—and that is all I know of the Algonquin, except also a little boy of the Pottawattamies. My acquaintance has been mostly Cadogan and Siouan and Iroquois. The Iroquois is a great stock of New York and Canada, and the Cherokee in the South.

Mr. Harlan [to George Young Bear]: Will you tell your father what Dr. Gilmore has just said of the diversity of the stocks?

Dr. Gilmore: There are many different stocks in America, just as there are in Europe, of the white people.

Mr. Harlan: Now, I want Young Bear to learn from Miss Mershon how it is you go about teaching Indian Life?

Miss Mershon: I am afraid we never had much success doing it. We have so little material we can use. Just exactly how do you mean?

Mr. Harlan: When a class comes to you and you have a study of Indian Life. Just what do you do?

Miss Mershon: At the beginning of the work I generally try to find out what they would like to know, and make a list. And then, of course, during the last semester's work⁴ I knew much more about it myself. That has to be true when we have no texts. When the children of the third grade, seven or eight years old, have no texts, and we find out what they want

⁴The semester's work referred to was done after the Council of the Indians and teachers was held, a report of which is published in the first division of this article.

to know—for instance, about the houses, I generally talk about our own homes first, and then about the Indians' homes.

Mr. Harlan: George, explain that to your father. Now then, if you are giving to them the information they want to know about the Indians' houses or homes, what have you in the shape of a book?

Miss Mershon: That's what I have been anticipating. We have had nothing to go on. I felt better equipped to teach after I was out here last spring than ever before.

Dr. Gilmore: Are you acquainted with the Hand Book of the American Indian published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, sometimes referred to as the Encyclopedia?

Miss Mershon: Yes, I go to that, but it must all come from the teacher. The teacher has only what she can get from books. We have nothing definite on Indians in our own locality.

Mr. Harlan: George, will you make that plain to Young Bear. Now in that line Dr. Gilmore has studies and notes, and I believe a manuscript which, when it is published, ought to supply you, Miss Mershon, and any one in your situation, substantially what you are seeking, and my part in the matter here would be to have Dr. Gilmore acquainted with that problem, even more, perhaps, than he is, and that he connect that with our own Indian resources of this state. This is the object and all the object I have. Tell your folks, too, George, so we can make all minds alike.

Young Bear, our books tell us that in the earliest time, the earliest people, learning, education, was gained from the wisest men in just talks this way. Even the Nazarene taught those who believed him, blessed them, and taught his faith in just conversations, sometimes with no more people about than are here, and that has been studied for thousands of years afterwards. And so your people, in talking around your fires in winter have done this. Without any pretense at all this evening we have had an interchange of thoughts of the different races and different languages, and have talked of the different problems that we all have. I wish we could recollect with what seriousness, and I would say success, we have met in this little party in this way.

Now, we understand that all these people that Dr. Gilmore has mentioned are races in the world's history who have had

similar problems and similar experiences. Among the experiences of each one have been spiritual experiences, through, for instance, the art of music. I would like to have some music by Jim on his flute. Just enough of it so that each evening the rest of the week we can get together on the experiences or the enjoyment of it. I want Young Bear and Jim to understand this idea. Jim, did you bring your flute?

Jim: Yes.

Mr. Harlan: Will you get it? Later in the week I hope Dr. Gilmore will give to you all the thoughts he gave to me today, about this. And while Jim is getting ready I wish our friends would reflect just a little upon the fact that these sounds that we hear today will not be the same as from our violins or saxophones. I have always felt like we can associate the notes of the flute with the notes of the doves or the whippoorwills, or any sound in nature, as he will play it for us. If I am mistaken about that, Dr. Gilmore will correct me at a later time.

George Young Bear: He is playing a certain class of music—songs, and he wishes to know if any one cares to hear any particular song. He knows different kinds of songs—songs he played, and there are two particular songs that he has always played. The two are love songs, and the meaning of these love songs he always tries to explain. Some people are interested in these songs, and they want to know them, and he has mentioned two or three of his friends that he has tried to teach.

Dr. Gilmore: I was going to suggest that Indians have different kinds of instruments for different classes of music—there are different classes. I mention sentimental songs, and there are songs for other purposes, as other races have ballads, and other types of songs. Indians have victory songs, songs of war, and songs in relation to all phases of life, and so they have different instruments for different emotions. The flute is for sentimental songs and love songs.

Mr. Harlan: Let me ask that he play some one song, some one melody, until we get it in our own natures, to see if we cannot get it this week. Let's stick to one until we get the spirit of it? What is the song about?

(Jim plays on his flute; the teachers applaud.)

Jim: The origin of this song is unknown. Our own people have sung this song for generations, and it tells of a certain couple. It is a young man and a young woman who were very much in love with each other, and of course eventually married. They had a lodge of their own and they were very happy. They lived together for some years, and finally there was some difficulty between them. They began to quarrel, and began to find fault with each other. They were very unhappy. They began to worry over the future. Finally the young woman became so unhappy and so dissatisfied with her lodge that she decided at last to leave, to go out alone, and become of her whatever may happen to her. And so she goes out—left her home with a heavy heart, worried and saddened, and so she sings this song. The title of it is "I am going away."

Mr. Harlan: Can you sing it, Jim?

George: He said he would try to sing it—of course he is not much of a singer.

Mr. Harlan: I am going to say this. That if Young Bear and Jim will sing this tomorrow night, and these folks will try to learn it, Dr. Gilmore and I will try it.

Dr. Gilmore: You are promising too much.


Mr. Harlan: Well, anyway, nothing would please me better than to have some one try to sing it. What is "Ni be no"?

George: It means "I am going away."

Jim plays his flute, then sings the song "Ni be no."

Mr. Harlan: Well, I think that song might be treated as the end of the evening. I can't see why we cannot get a great deal of good out of this experience and this exchange of thought. So far as I know this is the only record ever made of a Mesquakie conference as an aid to the teaching of Indian Life by white teachers in schools. Whether one song or a dozen makes no particular difference until the music and the meaning of it is understood by the pupils being taught. I would like to have Miss Rhode or Mrs. Card make a record of your criticism or particular questions as to the value to you of this method. I want also to canvass the subject of the comfort of the evening. By tomorrow evening Dr. Gilmore will have some additional ideas, all within proper scope, and if you miss it, it will, I think, be to abuse an opportunity.

[To be continued]



ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

JOHN LOOMIS STEVENS was born in Northfield, Vermont, May 19, 1850, and died in Ames, Iowa, October 23, 1933. Burial was in the Ames Cemetery. His parents were John Loomis Stevens and Harriet E. (Tucker) Stevens. The family removed to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1863, and later to Belle Plaine. John Loomis, Jr., attended primary school and academy in Northfield, and public school in Cedar Rapids and Belle Plaine. On the opening of the State Agricultural College at Ames in 1868 he entered the freshman class and was graduated in 1872 in the first class of that institution, and received the B. S. degree. He read law with Frank G. Clark of Belle Plaine and was admitted to the bar at Vinton in 1873. In November of that year he began practice at Ames in partnership with Daniel McCarthy. He served Ames as city recorder, then as city attorney, and in 1878 was elected district attorney for the Eleventh Judicial District composed of Boone, Story, Marshall, Webster, Hamilton, Hardin, Wright and Franklin counties and was re-elected four years later, serving until January 1, 1887. He was thus one of the last district attorneys under the old plan that preceded county attorneys. The fall of 1886 he was elected judge of the Eleventh District, was re-elected in 1890, but resigned in 1893 and entered private practice in Boone, removing to that city. Besides his distinguished career as a lawyer he led in many business enterprises, such as the Ames-Nevada telephone line in 1881, the Boone County and the Boone and Marshalltown telephone companies, the Ames and College Railway Company, and the Boone Brick and Tile Company, being president at some time of the most of these concerns. He was a Tenth District delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1900, as well as of the Republican National Convention of June 18, 1912. However, he was delegate at large to the Progressive National Convention of August 5, 1912, and became the national committeeman for Iowa of the Progressive party, and was also nominated September 4, 1912, as the candidate of the Progressive party for governor. During the world war Judge Stevens was Boone County chairman in the third and fourth liberty loan drives. Soon after the world war he again made Ames his home. He induced Theodore Roosevelt to present some souvenirs of his expeditions to the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

EDWARD PAYSON HEIZER was born in Kossuth, a former town near the present town of Mediapolis, Iowa, June 20, 1855, and died in a hospital in Sioux City November 8, 1933. Burial was in Logan Park Cemetery,

Sioux City. His parents were James C. and Margaret (Blair) Heizer. The family removed to Galesburg, Illinois, in 1870, and Edward P. became a student in Knox College from which he was graduated in liberal arts. He then entered the law school of the State University of Iowa and finished his course there in 1878. He taught school in western Missouri and eastern Kansas a few years, then in the early 1880's he did his first newspaper work by joining the staff of the *Burlington Hawkeye*. From the *Hawkeye* he went to the *Bloomfield Republican* where he did editorial work. In 1883 he went to Sioux City and became an editorial writer on the *Sioux City Journal* of which George D. Perkins was editor. Mr. Perkins was much engrossed in political matters and his assistant more and more took over editorial work. When Mr. Perkins became a candidate for Congress Mr. Heizer was his campaign manager, and the eight years he was absent in Congress Mr. Heizer ably sustained the reputation of the *Journal*. Indeed he himself became a figure and a factor in party conventions and in state politics. In 1898 he was appointed postmaster at Sioux City and served until 1902. Shortly thereafter he went to the *Omaha Bee* and substituted as editor for Edward Rosewater for some time, and also was at Lincoln as editor and part owner of the *Lincoln Star*, but soon returned and established a beautiful farm home in Perry Creek valley, north of Sioux City, where he spent his declining years. He was an able and accomplished writer. As one of his friends has said "he possessed the technique of appropriate phraseology." He contributed many notable articles, and was many times called on for assistance as a writer by the National Republican Committee, as well as the State Committee in drafting platforms or in preparing literature. Knox College, as one of its distinguished alumni, awarded him the degree of doctor of literature. He was affiliated with the conservative wing of his party and had close friendships not only with Mr. Perkins, but with Gear, Blythe, Shaw and others.

THOMAS P. HOLLOWELL was born in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, April 18, 1878, and died in Fort Madison October 20, 1933. His parents, Thomas P. and Nettie (Charles) Hollowell, removed their family to Fort Madison in 1882 where Mr. Hollowell became a guard in the State Penitentiary, and later became deputy warden, in which position he remained until his death a few years later. Thomas P., Jr., obtained his education in the different grades of the public schools of Fort Madison, and added a course in Johnson's Business College in the same city. In 1898 he enlisted in the Iowa National Guard and served in the Spanish American War. In 1899 he entered the United States mail service as a letter carrier and March 6, 1906, was appointed postmaster at Fort Madison, serving until April, 1914. During this time, following the Spanish American War, Mr. Hollowell retained connection with the Iowa National Guard. He became a lieutenant of Company A, Fifty-fourth Regiment, captain in 1906, and major in 1909, retiring in 1914. Before leaving the post office in 1914 he had become principal owner of the *Gem City*, a daily and weekly

newspaper of Fort Madison and assisted by his wife Miriam (Stewart) Hollowell, had also been its editor for some three years, and continued to be until November 17 when it was sold to and absorbed by the *Fort Madison Democrat*. In July, 1917, he enlisted in the motor battalion of the One Hundred and Ninth Ammunition train, Thirty-fourth Division, U. S. Army. He served with that unit in France, remaining with the Army of Occupation in Germany until 1919. Returning home he assisted in the reorganization of the Iowa National Guard. In 1920 he became secretary to Governor Harding, but on August 16, 1920, he was appointed warden of the State Penitentiary at Fort Madison and served until he resigned because of failing health in August, 1933. As a warden he was conservative, and succeeded in giving a good administration.

GILLUM S. TOLIVER was born in Owen County, Indiana, February 11, 1840, and died in Jefferson, Iowa, October 24, 1933. His parents, Isom and Matilda (Reynolds) Toliver, removed their family by covered wagon first, in 1848 to Missouri, later to Arkansas, then back to Illinois, and finally to Greene County, Iowa, in 1854, and located on land six miles southeast of the present city of Jefferson. Gillum S. had attended school a few months in the various places of the family's abode, and attended a few winter terms of country school in Greene County, taught one term in Wapello County and studied a few months in Western College, Linn County. On September 28, 1861, he enlisted in Company H, Tenth Iowa Infantry, registering from Rippey (Old Rippey). However, he was discharged in about a year because of disability. He entered the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, the fall of 1862 where he pursued the liberal arts course two years, and began a law course at Ann Arbor, Michigan, when during his absence he was appointed county surveyor of Greene County. He returned home and served in that position from 1864 to 1867. However, in 1865 he was admitted to the bar. He served as county treasurer in 1868 and 1869. The fall of 1869 he was elected representative and served in the Thirteenth General Assembly. In 1870 he formed a law partnership with John J. Russell as Russell & Toliver, which was continued until Mr. Russell's death in 1901. During those years they acquired a large general practice. Mr. Toliver's work was described by a local historian as being "characterized by continuity and thoroughness." At the time of his death he was the dean of the bar of Greene County, and was thought to be the only survivor of those who served in the General Assembly as early as the Thirteenth, 1870.

THOMAS W. DRUMM was born in Fore, Ireland, July 12, 1871, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, October 24, 1933. Burial was in Catholic Glendale Cemetery. His parents were Thomas and Mary (Cullen) Drumm. He came to the United States in 1888 and lived with an uncle on a farm near Rockwell, Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, did farm work, and also worked in a country store. Entering St. Joseph's College (now Columbia College) at Dubuque, he received from it his B. A. degree in 1898. He

then studied in Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, and was ordained a priest in 1901. Then for two years he served as curate to churches at Rockwell and at Monti, Buchanan County. Entering the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., in less than a year he was called to New York for mission work and from there to the Dubuque diocese for mission work. For twelve years he conducted missions and gave lectures. In 1915 he became pastor of St. Patrick's church in Cedar Rapids, and in 1919 was consecrated bishop of Des Moines. He was president of the Board of Trustees of Des Moines Catholic College, a fourth degree Knight of Columbus and a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters. During the time he was bishop of Des Moines he made extensive improvements on the cathedral property, erected a new rectory, developed new parishes and cultivated and made better understanding between Catholics and non-Catholics. The Passionist order located their monastery on the Merle Hay road near Des Moines during his tenure of office. He was noted for his interest in relief and social work, and combined a missionary spirit with good administrative ability.

JOSEPH SCHUYLER LONG was born in Marshalltown, Iowa, January 1, 1869, and died at his home at the Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, October 30, 1933. Burial was in Riverside Cemetery, Marshalltown. His parents were William and Lucy Catherine Perry Long. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Marshalltown. Childhood injuries and meningitis deprived him of his hearing when he was about twelve years old, but he retained his speech perfectly throughout his life. As a student he entered the Iowa School for the Deaf and was graduated in 1883 in the first graduating class of that institution. The fall of the same year he entered Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., completed the course with honors and received the degree of B. A. In 1889 he became an instructor in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf and boys' athletic director, remaining there eleven years, and in 1901 accepted the position of a teacher in the Iowa School for the Deaf, the following year was made active principal, and in 1908 principal, and remained so to be until his death. From 1901 to 1923 he edited *The Iowa Hawkeye*, a small paper published by the school. He contributed many professional papers, especially to the *American Annals of the Deaf*. For ten years or more he was on the staff of the *Council Bluffs Nonpareil* as a proof reader, as a writer of special articles, and sometimes as an editorial writer. In 1909 he published *Out of the Silence*, a book of verse, and in 1910 *The Sign Language*.

AUGUST HENRY BERGMAN was born on a farm eight miles north of Newton, Iowa, and died in Newton November 2, 1933. Burial was at Newton Union Cemetery. His parents were William and Louisa Bergman. He was graduated from rural public school and in 1890 from Capital City Commercial College, Des Moines. The same year he engaged in the implement business in Newton. In 1893 he became a partner in

the manufacturing of the Parsons band cutter and self feeder Co. In 1900 he entered the washing machine manufacturing business and became president of the One Minute Manufacturing Company, now the One Minute Washer Company. He was also interested in banking and in 1925 was made president of the then First National Bank of Newton. He was the owner of several farms in Jasper County. His large business activities and responsibilities did not prevent him from having an interest in civic affairs. In 1922 he was elected senator and was re-elected in 1926, and served inclusively from the Fortieth to the Forty-third general assemblies. He soon attained large influence in the assembly. He introduced the first bill, which became a law, creating the gasoline tax. The subjects to which he gave most attention were roads, banking and agriculture. During his last two sessions he was chairman of the Committee on Banks and Banking. He was prominently mentioned in connection with the governorship in 1930, but had commenced a campaign for re-election to the Senate when he was stricken with paralysis, which eventually took his life.

ORSON GIDEON REEVE was born in New Lyme, Ashtabula County, Ohio, July 4, 1846, and died in Hampton, Iowa, May 3, 1932. His parents were James Baldwin Reeve and Adaline (Riggs) Reeve. The family removed to Franklin County, Iowa, in 1853, Mr. Reeve having preceded them in the fall of 1852, becoming the first white settler of the county. The homestead was established about six miles southeast of the present town of Hampton, in what is now Reeve Township. Orson G. was reared in the farm home of his parents. He enlisted in Company G, Eighth Iowa Cavalry, June 15, 1863, underwent two years of arduous military service and was mustered out at Macon, Georgia, August 13, 1865. Returning home, he became a farmer, which vocation he continued in Reeve Township until 1913, when he retired and removed to Hampton. During his residence on the farm he held several township offices and in 1912 was elected representative to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Frank A. Thayer, and served during the latter portion of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly.

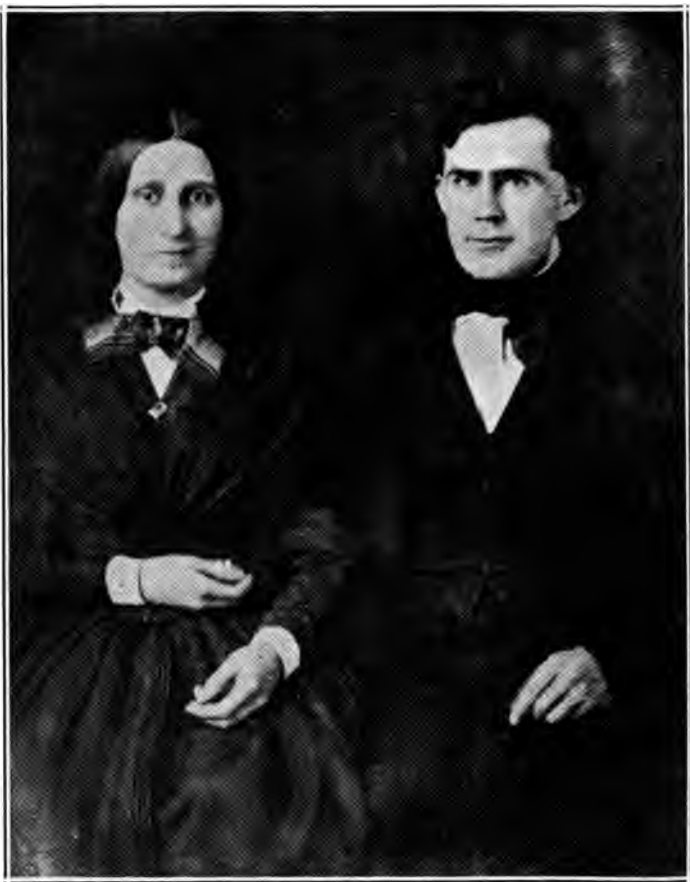
ROBERT H. SPENCE was born in Henry County, Illinois, April 15, 1852, and died at Mount Ayr, Iowa, October 7, 1933. At the age of nineteen he was with his parents as they removed to Ringgold County, Iowa. His boyhood was spent in the country and he early began teaching country schools. He was graduated from the College of Law of the State University of Iowa in 1875 and the same year began practice at Mount Ayr which he continued until a few weeks before his death. During that fifty-eight years he was in turn associated in partnership with R. F. Askern, I. W. Keller, R. C. Henry, Albert I. Smith, and for the last twenty years with H. C. Beard. For four years, 1889-92, he was county attorney of Ringgold County. He was active in state politics, but not a candidate for office. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in

1896. For seven years, 1898-1904, he was a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and was chairman of that committee for four years, 1901-04.

HENRY FREDERICK WICKHAM was born in Shrewton, Wiltshire, England, October 26, 1866, and died in Iowa City, Iowa, November 16, 1933. Burial was in Oakland Cemetery, Iowa City. He was with his parents, George and Sarah (Light) Wickham in their removal to Iowa City in 1871. He attended Iowa City High School three years and the State University of Iowa from 1887 to 1891. His major studies were zoology and botany. In 1894 he received from the University the degree of Master of Science. From 1891 to 1903 he was an instructor and associate professor in the University, and from 1903 to 1933 he was professor of entomology. His knowledge of insects brought him recognition from the United States Department of Agriculture. For several summers he assisted that department in its field work, a part of the time being technical assistant in the biological survey in different parts of the country. His entire educational career was at the State University of Iowa.

EMANUEL J. HINES was born on a farm near Anamosa, Iowa, February 4, 1883, and died in Toledo, Iowa, November 8, 1933. Burial was at Anamosa. His parents were John W. and Jennie E. Hines. About the time he became twenty-one years old he left the farm, removed to Anamosa and engaged in the meat and grocery business. Several years afterward he removed to Ouslow and followed the same line of business there until in 1912 he was nominated by the Democratic party for county auditor of Jones County, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1914, 1916, and 1918, but during the last year of his fourth term he resigned to become secretary of the State Board of Control. He took over the duties of that office March 1, 1920, and relinquished it March 15, 1931, to become superintendent of the State Juvenile Home at Toledo, which he did April 1 of the same year. His administration of his duties in these several positions was marked by efficiency and integrity.

BRUCE REESE MILLS was born in Bushnell, Illinois, January 28, 1867, and died in Woodbine, Iowa, October 1, 1933. He was with his parents when they removed in 1870 to Logan, Iowa. His education was acquired in the public schools at Logan. In 1897 he removed to Woodbine where he entered the livestock and real estate business. During his residence there he was for a time a member of the town council, and was school treasurer. In 1907 he was appointed postmaster at Woodbine, was re-appointed four years later and served until 1916. In 1918 he was elected representative, was re-elected in 1920, and served in the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth general assemblies. In 1925 he was again appointed postmaster, was re-appointed four years later, and served until September 30, 1933, thus serving under seven presidents, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt.



WILLIAM SALTER AND MARY ANN (MACKINTIRE) SALTER
From a daguerrotype loaned by George B. Salter, Burlington,
made about the time of their marriage in 1846.

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THIRD SERIES

WILLIAM SALTER'S LETTERS TO MARY ANN MACKINTIRE 1845-1846

BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

INTRODUCTION

On Wednesday, June 11, 1845, William Salter, preacher, left Maquoketa, Territory of Iowa, for a visit to New York.¹ This was his first vacation since his arrival on the frontier two years previously. He had come, fresh from Andover Theological Seminary, imbued with high hopes for the success of his labors; he was returning disillusioned and disappointed. The subject of his ministry, Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, had not found a generous reception in the hearts of a "whole community . . . filled up with families who are Universalists or ignorant persons [and] who have never been brought up to respect the Sabbath or attend public worship."² A "torrent of abuse" had been the only reward for his faithfulness in administering to men who quarreled over land titles, drank prodigiously, and gambled on the Mississippi steamboats. For two years he had been forced to travel on foot and horseback through Jackson County, preaching wherever he could gather a few of the faithful or coerce a few of the unregenerates. He had lived in a log house and his study had been a portion of the main room partitioned off by a swaying curtain. The prospect of leaving unleavened Iowa to experience again the delight of paved streets with omnibuses running to schedule, to browse in the libraries of New York University and Union

¹ *Ibid.*, the indexes to the ANNALS OF IOWA for many references. The *Dictionary of American Biography* will also contain a sketch.

² This and subsequent direct quotations are taken from the letters here printed, and I therefore omit any further citations.

Theological Seminary, where he had attended classes, and to talk with educated people must have brought eager anticipation to this twenty-four year old Congregational pastor. He was anxious, too, for the sight of Mary Ann Mackintire, only daughter of Eliab Parker Mackintire, prominent Boston merchant. He hoped to make this girl his wife. If she would accept him, he desired to announce their engagement before he returned to Iowa.

From Galena, Illinois, he went by stage to Chicago, and then across the Lakes to Detroit where he arrived on June 21. On July 2 he was safe in his father's New York home and was warmly greeted by his brother Benjamin. For twenty-eight days Rev. Salter remained in the East, and when he left, about July 30, he carried both Mary Ann's promise to marry him and her daguerreotype. On August 16, the journey from New York was ended and again Preacher Salter, bachelor, was at his pastoral duties in Maquoketa.

II

William Salter's first sojourn in the West had extended from October 24, 1843, to June 11, 1845. In this period he saw Iowa for the first time, was ordained at Denmark, November 5, 1843, organized churches at Andrew and Maquoketa, and began the saddle period of his ministry. Then came his return to New York and Boston. His second period in the West was from August 16, 1845, to July 6, 1846, when he left to be married. He had now grown accustomed, in a measure, to the frontier, for Iowa was close on the line of settlement in the 1840's and he was preparing himself to say, "I shall aim to show that the West will be just what others make it, and that they which will work the hardest and do most for it shall have it. Prayer and pain will save the West and the country is worth it." There is something here of the dignity of the frontier, a something which no man could have uttered had he not first experienced it. William Salter, perhaps unknown to himself, was succumbing to the spirit of enterprise, strength, and determinism of Lubberland. From youth he had been taught that slavery was an abomination in the sight of both God and man. So well did he learn this lesson that he always was ready to attack that system wherever it showed itself. He

ran a station on the underground railroad and he preached of the evils of Negro servitude many times. In this second period of his life on the frontier he wrote with evident satisfaction, "There is one interesting thing about Iowa, to wit: that it is the only part of the country west of the Father of Waters which is *free* . . ." Here is the thesis for his volume, *Iowa—The First Free State of the Louisiana Purchase*, published sixty years later. He early learned that in the West a man's measure was taken on the basis of his personal worth rather than upon any academic or professional training. "People distinguish," he said, "between a black coat and a fine man." His parishioners wanted a preacher to visit them in their log cabins and sod houses and to talk "direct and plain." An ornate sermon was an unsuccessful one. A minister who was only a scholar was almost worse than none at all. Here lies one of the minor tragedies of Rev. Salter's ministerial career. He had been bred to books, and he loved them. He perhaps loved the quiet of his study even more than he loved his parish work. "I would much rather be in my study," he said, "but the work, [of visiting] though humble, is great." His duties as a clergyman frequently intruded upon his duties as a scholar. It is perhaps safe to say that, in one sense, he felt more at home in the role of historiographer than of preacher. This applies to his entire career.

He had much to confound him in the West where everything went by noise. Bilious fever and ague stole the few members of his congregation. As he sat beside the sick and dying he sometimes jotted down the cause and course of the disease, complaining of the lack of judicious medical treatment. Consumption is given again and again as the cause of death and "death by drink" is frequently recorded. Children and young people especially felt the hand of death on this Iowa frontier. In one list of eleven deaths, Rev. Salter records that six of them were of children under three years of age. When a general court was in session, the meeting house, when time for service came, remained empty. And he found it inadvisable to schedule a meeting at the same time as a land sale. His deacons were not always pillars of the church, and so the church excommunicated them. It is little wonder that he wrote, "In so new a country, where so many other interests absorb the minds of

men, the objects in which we are engaged are very much slighted."

Although William Salter was willing to go where Providence should send him, he, at times, wondered if Jackson County was the appointed place for him to round out his life. Perhaps Providence would, in its infinite wisdom, direct him to a more fruitful field. In 1843 when the members of the Iowa Band, after praying, had selected their fields of ministry, Rev. Horace Hutchinson, recently married, had chosen Burlington. Now, two years later, he was ill with consumption, and his congregation was falling away. How long Rev. Hutchinson could keep this parish, no one knew, but everyone saw that it would not be a great length before he would have to give in to the disease. Then Mr. Badger, of the American Home Missionary Society, learned of the sad state of affairs in Burlington and, when Rev. Salter went East in 1845, approached him with the idea of going to Burlington when the Congregational pulpit there should become vacant. Although Burlington was an important and growing town of about 2500 persons in 1845, possessed of more culture and social life than the majority of Iowa river towns in the forties, it was not an altogether attractive parish, and Rev. Salter wrote aptly when he said of the Congregational prospects, "The church is feeble. The house of worship unfinished. A deacon and leading man in the church is a political newspaper editor and has not much influence and is not highly esteemed as a Christian." By January, 1846, Rev. Hutchinson's health again failed and he gave up the thought of continuing his ministry in Burlington. Immediately Albert Shackford of the Burlington congregation wrote Rev. Salter inviting him to Burlington with a view to settling there. This was not a formal call, but only an invitation for Rev. Salter to come and acquaint himself with the situation. The news brought by Mr. Shackford's letter troubled the young preacher. He was building a small brick study where he could prepare his sermons free from the interruptions of lovable, yet noisy, children, and where he might store his letters safe from curious eyes. He felt hardship and privation to be part of his duty. Yet the thought of Burlington with its elements of southern society and its larger sphere of usefulness intrigued him. But he would not go unless he felt it to be the Lord's will

and unless the church would give him a unanimous call. On February 24, 1846, he, wrapped in a buffalo robe and seated in an open wagon, left Maquoketa for Burlington. Driving through a heavy snow, he reached Davenport that same evening. From Davenport a sleigh took him to Bloomington (now Muscatine) where he failed to meet the Burlington stage. There he stayed from Friday until the following Tuesday when the stage finally got through. On Wednesday morning, February 30, he arrived in Burlington to find Rev. Hutchinson dying. On Saturday, March 7, at ten minutes past three in the afternoon he died, and Burlington was left without a Congregational pastor. On March 16, Rev. Salter received a unanimous invitation to become Rev. Hutchinson's successor. However, nothing was said about salary, and Mr. Salter left on the steamer Lynx wondering if Burlington Congregationalists could raise \$150 for them to add to the \$300 which they hoped the American Home Missionary Society might pay. If he was able to write seriously, "The cause in Burlington will require an unremitting study and protracted effort in order to make advancement," he was also able to write humorously, "Everything in the West goes by noise. This is a high pressure boat. I was amused to see the mulattoes rattle every plate they put on the breakfast table this morning. At one table some of the passengers are earnestly engaged in card playing. Here sits your friend *solus*. . ."

In Maquoketa, on March 25, he decided to accept the call and go to Burlington. This decision disturbed many of his friends in Jackson County, even causing an excommunicated parishioner to urge his remaining. On Sunday afternoon, April 5, he preached his farewell sermon from I Corinthians 2:2, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He preached in the morning from John 6:28-29 and in the evening from II Kings 2:2. In his farewell, he said in part:³

"I therefore take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men. If any of you die in your sins, it will not be because I have not warned you of the way of death,

³ Fortunately, I have found a fragment, apparently the conclusion, of this farewell sermon, and I include it here; unfortunately, the introduction and body of the sermon appear to be lost.

and urged you to choose life. I have endeavored to keep back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, Testifying to one and all repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord J[esus] C[hrist].

“And now behold I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Brethren, I do not leave you without a struggle. It has been in my heart to live and die with you. I could willingly have laboured with you in the work of the ministry that I might have built up here a goodly ch[urch] of Christ, and led you to Heaven. But in the Providence of God I am called to leave these quiet scenes, and this promising community, and my beloved friends, that I may enter upon more weighty responsibilities and engage in severer labors. But I can never forget you. I can never forget that here I have spent nearly two years and a half of my ministry, that here with you I set up the standard of Christ and Him Crucified, and that here with you I have toiled and wept and prayed. The trials I have passed through with you will I trust never cease to exert a chastening influence over my spirit. I have been with you in every good work. I have labored to secure the purity of the public morals. I have aimed to discourage and repress the pursuits of vanity and folly. I have endeavored to promote the Education of your youth. I have been with you in your days of darkness and stood by the beds of sickness and death. I have followed the remains of eleven persons to the narrow house on yonder hill, and administered to weeping friends the consolations of the Gospel. Two years ago this month we buried the first corpse in that graveyard, and already it has become a congregation of the dead. More than twenty now rest there in the sleep of death. How is that congregation increasing? Alas they wait for our coming. Children are there, waiting for their parents, and parents for their children. Brothers for Sisters, and Sisters for Brothers. My bones may not lay among them, though God only knows—yet from some spot of earth I must rise to meet them at the last day—O that we may meet in peace, to be forever with the Lord. But I forbear. I shall hope to meet you again on the Earth, to hear of your welfare and rejoice in your prosperity. Nothing will afford me greater

joy than to hear that you walk in the truth—that this ch[urch] is growing in numbers and graces, and that this community is enjoying in all its interests the smile of Heaven.

“Brethren Farewell—Remember the words that I have spoken to you. The subject of my ministry has been J[esus] C[hrist] and Him Crucified. Be of good comfort.”

On April 11 he was lodged in the home of J. G. Edwards in Burlington, being unable to live with H. W. Starr which he desired. He was not installed as pastor until December 30, 1846. May was spent in settling himself, writing sermons, visiting members of his congregation, and preparing for his wedding. The Mexican War was filling the minds of Burlington residents much to the annoyance of Rev. Salter who disapproved of the principles involved and so took frequent occasion to discourse on the evils of war and the benefits of peace. At the same time he was looking for a house suitable for a minister and his wife. In June he went up the Mississippi on the steamer *Tempest* to attend an associational meeting at Dubuque. While in Dubuque plans were discussed for the establishment of a college to be sponsored by the Congregational ministers and to be known as “Iowa College.” Davenport was settled upon as the proper location, even though the society there “is very uncongenial to a literary institution of the character we wish to establish.” Burlington was chosen as the next meeting place of the association, a decision due perhaps to Rev. Salter’s influence. When he returned, on the *Fortune*, he found the roof of his church nearly completed. As he rode through the country he noticed the grain turning golden, saw the bountiful crop of wheat, and the heavy-laden blackberry bushes. He traveled across the Illinois prairies to Galesburg, found that plans were being made for the establishment of a college (now Knox) there, and coming home broke a piece of harness, was two minutes late for the Shockoquon ferry, and missing it, had to wait eighteen hours amid the mosquitoes before the Mississippi could be crossed. On July 6, the steamer *Atlas* carried him on the first leg on his trip to the East and his wedding. He was feeling unwell on the trip and in New York took down with that old enemy of the frontiersman, the fever and ague. His health permitted him, however, to leave his

father's home the last of July, and he was married in the Winthrop Church, on Union Street, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, August 25, 1846, to the girl whose daguerreotype he had taken West with him in 1845.

III

Dr. Salter's early ministry in Iowa may be divided into four periods, each of which is in itself worthy of examination. The first is from 1843 to 1845, the second from 1845 to 1846 (the period just discussed), the third from 1845 to the Civil War, and the fourth comprises the Civil War period. Until recently no adequate or sufficient first-hand information has been available upon which to build an accurate, true account of these chronological periods. Now, however, I have access to original source material covering each. This material is being edited gradually with proper historical introductions and footnotes. For the period from 1845 to 1846 there is the following collection of letters, comprising the correspondence of Dr. Salter to Miss Mackintire. I have transcribed and edited them, removing, in the main, those sentiments which even today are personal and which contribute nothing historically. Omissions have been carefully indicated and, as usual, square brackets indicate material added by the editor. Footnotes perform their customary task of identifying persons, places, and events.

The source material for the first period (1843-1845) comprises a closely written diary of some 130 manuscript pages. This will eventually appear in the ANNALS OF IOWA. The third period overlapping the second by one year, as it does, unfortunately is not revealed by Dr. Salter himself, but indirectly in a long series of hundreds of letters written to Dr. Salter by his father-in-law, Eliab Parker Mackintire, of Boston and Charlestown. Dr. Salter, however, again contributes to the Civil War period in a joint diary and account book which lists, in detail, the author's work and adventures as a member of the Christian Commission. Supplementary to all these periods is a quantity of notes, observations, sermons, lectures, account and cost books. These all are holographic.

It is hoped that the editing and subsequent printing of the

pertinent portions of this collection will throw additional light upon the history of Iowa for the period covered, will alter the traditional notions concerning the lives, works, and other activities of the members of the Iowa Band, and will reveal Dr. Salter in a clearer focus than those who have previously written of his work have been able to obtain.

Lake Michigan. August 8, 1845.

My dear friend:

How are you this rainy, foggy day! . . . Few objects are calculated to affect our minds with exalted conceptions of the Great Supreme as vast bodies of water. . . .

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. August 9.

I am now, my dear M., comfortably settled in the study of Brother Chapin of this place, and I gladly resume my pen to converse with you. I intended to have written out my letter in the steamboat but was hindered by unexpected interruption. My last¹ told you of my progress as far as Detroit. You will be interested in hearing of my subsequent adventures. We have been favored with delightful weather. The lake has been very calm. The first evening after we left Detroit, I was requested to preach, and at the hour appointed a very attentive congregation to the number of eighty, assembled in the cabin,² and I spoke to them "Of Him in whose hands our breath is".³ The next evening we had an address by Rev. Mr. Kinney, of Whitewater, Wis., with devotional exercises on the subject of education. I found on board two other clergymen, one a Methodist from Ireland, and the other a Lutheran from Germany. With the latter I became much acquainted, and I must give some account of him. I noticed a man with unshaved face, and from that fact formed rather an unfavorable opinion of him, but I soon after found him with a Greek testament, and introduced conversation with him. I could not speak German, and he could not talk English, so we were likely to continue ignorant of one another, but as an interest in him had been awakened in me, I felt unwilling to give him up, so proposed to talk Latin. I held several hours talk in Latin with him, and learned the following, among other interesting facts. He was educated in Halle University, under the best instructors as Knapp and Gesenines [?]. Has been in the ministry of the Lutheran church twelve years, and came to America last year, and a few months since buried his wife. This affliction seems to have unsettled his mind, and to have led him to embrace some strange views in

¹ Apparently, this letter is not extant.

² Of the Steamer New Orleans.

³ The exact date was August 6, and he spoke from Daniel 5:23. But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy Lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

religion—viz. Mark 16:17-18; John 14:12; James 5:14-15.⁴ These passages seem to have led him to think that the prayer of faith would have saved his wife. He told me in his own simple Latin that he prayed for his wife and called the physician, but of no avail—his prayers were not of faith, and his wife was taken away. Hence his conclusion that he has not faith. Now he is determined to seek after faith, to seek God until he finds him. He is coming into the New World to live away from men in solitude. I dwelt as well as I could to explain the true nature of faith, as being simple confidence in God, a belief that he will do what He says, (anything more than this being superstitious is a belief in something besides and beyond that which has a foundation, viz., the derivation of the word in the Lexicon) but the poor German's mind was fully made up and I could not convince him. We talked on many subjects, and I found him possessed of many high and generous sentiments. I need not assure you how much I enjoyed this adventure. My heart went forth spontaneously in sympathy with this stranger yet brother of the human race. I was very happy to confer a favor on him in getting a reduction made in the price of his paper. He took me warmly by the hand and his eye beamed with feelings of gratitude and good will. I found that many of our passengers were on their way to the copper country on Lake Superior, among them was a son of a professor Olmstead of New Haven who projects a tour from the west end of the lake to the waters of the Mississippi. He seems to be a young man of promise, and is enthusiastic in his devotion to geological studies. He presented me with a copy of the last edition of his father's school philosophy. You have heard of Mackinaw. You have looked at it on the map. I trust another year your eyes will see it. The shores of Michigan are generally low and sandy. This island possesses high rocky bluffs. At the south end is a little village and over it on the bluff is the U. S. garrison. The whitewashed walls and barracks, contrasting with the green of land and water, make a picturesque appearance. Here we saw a few Indians, and half-breeds who presented a degraded specimen of what intemperance and the vices of civilization will do for the savage. I ascended the bluffs, north was a corner of Lake Superior, southeast was Lake Huron, southwest was Lake Michigan. These immense lakes . . . will be covered with fleets. As the bays of New England are lined with the sails, so must these waters bear on their bosoms thousands of vessels and multitudes of interested men. (O my country, what a destiny is thine, and as I am linked with all the past as the men of the Mayflower and of Bunker Hill lived and toiled and died for me, and I enjoy the benefits of their labors, so the

⁴ Mark 16:17-18. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

John 14:12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believed on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

James 5:14-15. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

millions of future time may be blessed through the humble efforts which God may enable me to put forth in laying now the foundation of many generations.) When I visited a garrison of troops, over the instruments of death, I cannot but mourn that the day has not yet come when nations will learn war no more, and I cannot but lift up the desires of my heart that the Prince of Peace may become the Prince of the Kings of the Earth. I arrived here last evening at seven o'clock, four days from Buffalo. I called at a bookstore and found a gentleman who was seven years ago with me in the University of New York. We were then preparing for the ministry. I was thinking of something else. We have not seen each other since. Both our plans in life have been changed, and we meet in a place which had then but just begun to have a name. I have a few old friends here. I had proposed to have gone West as far as Madison today, but it being a little uncertain about my being able to get through before Sabbath morning, I shall remain here until Monday when I leave for Galena where I hope to arrive on Wednesday afternoon. I am invited to preach three times tomorrow, twice in the Presbyterian and once in the Congregational church.⁵ Rev. Mr. Chapin, who has kindly invited me to his home, was in the class before me in the New York Theological Seminary. He is a lovely man, a finished scholar, and much beloved by his church. I happened to preach here two years ago and preached the only good sermon I ever wrote, as a consequence I have the reputation of being something of a preacher here. Hence I am called on to deliver myself tomorrow, and you may expect my reputation after tomorrow will be "done for" in Milwaukee. . . . You will believe me when I tell you that I do mean to study this winter and to prepare some sermons that I shall not be ashamed to preach and which you will not be sorry to have me, if the Lord will help me.

The Presbyterian and Congregational churches here are perfectly harmonious, about the only difference between them is that one is on this side and the other on the other side of the river. The geographical and other questions than those of "ism" decide to which church anyone will go. . . . Mr. White of the Congregational church ranks among the first of the ministers in Wisconsin. He is a clear-headed, sound, and acceptable preacher. There have been several warm days this week. . . .

One of my fellow passengers, Judge Doty of New York, is on a very melancholy journey. A son-in-law of his, a clergyman, left home in May, attended the Old School General Assembly at Cincinnati, and started on a journey up the Mississippi and down by the lakes. He was last heard from at Madison, Iowa, early in June. There are some circumstances which have occasioned the fear that there has been foul play somewhere. Judge Doty is on a tour of inquiry and search. . . .

⁵ In the Milwaukee Presbyterian Church he preached from Psalms 90:9, For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told; and from I Peter 4:10, As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God, on August 10. In the Congregational Church he preached from John 1:29. The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

I feel more and more a confidence in the Divine Government that God will do what is best for me in relation to the field of my labors. My desire is that I may never do anything else but stand and see the Salvation of God. When He calls, I know he will sustain me, but woe be unto me if I lean to my own understanding. . . . I am sometimes afraid that in my letters I may be betrayed into some extravagance of expression of my feelings which a dignified Christian man would not approve. In this I really desire to write nothing which in after life we might not review with conscientious satisfaction and approbation. . . . Mrs. Chapin is a lady of cultivated mind and of great dignity of character. She was from Berkshire Co., Mass. . . . Good evening, my M., quiet and pleasant sleep, divine aid in your devotions in the closet and in the house of God be yours, a holy, useful quiet life. My love to your parents and to George. Adieu.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, August 16, 1845.

My dear Mary:

O what a change in eighteen days from you to this study and this log cabin. I had hoped to have made you out a long letter this evening, but how little do we know what is before us. I arrived here this afternoon and found that the kind family in which I board had this morning buried their beloved and only son. That bright little boy whom I left two months ago the hope of his parents and in health and vigor now sleeps beneath the clods of the prairie.⁶ He was a promising child of six years of age, one of our most interesting Sabbath School Scholars and perhaps the last of all the children in the neighborhood whom we should have been willing to give up. I sat down and wept with these afflicted parents. It is a severe stroke, and as I have spent nearly two years in the family, I could not but make their sorrow my own.

My last left me at Milwaukee. I had the benefit of Bro. Chapin's criticisms after preaching which I must have you compare with yours. He says my style needs simplicity, and a conversational, every day air, is too stately and wants more action in delivery. I came to Janesville on Rock River, 65 miles on Monday. The twenty miles from the Lake the country is heavily timbered and broken, after which are the most beautiful prairies. At Janesville, I found an old friend, Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley with whom I spent a very pleasant night. He was a New York student. I found him boarding in a very pleasant family and in most comfortable quarters. He complains of his "hard field," as does everybody. The ministers in Milwaukee, perhaps one of the most eligible places in the West, tell me they are not by any means on a bed of roses. Rev. Bulkley has a lively and cultivated imagination, I expect has read more than he has mastered, has a fine library. He is gathering a small church and doing good. The next day I came to Wiota [?] a little mining village where I found lodging in the garret of a log cabin in which were

⁶ The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw.

five beds "some" on the floor. Wednesday at 2 p. m. I reached Galena and enjoyed the hospitality of Brother Kent. Mr. K. is a pioneer of the Upper Mississippi, he came to Galena 16 years ago, held on under great and many discouragements and has now an active, flourishing church of 225 members. Thursday morning, I came by steamboat to Dubuque whence by stage to this place today. Br. Holbrook corresponds with the Ladies of Park st. church who assist in his support. He is a very animated interesting writer. I should be glad, if in some way, you could get hold of his letters. He has recently engaged the ladies to make up a box of articles to be sold at a fair in Dubuque for the benefit of his meeting house. He is the missionary who makes "plea for the West" in the August number of the *Home Missionary*. . . . He is a man of great ardor and zeal and perhaps colors a little too highly, so that you may sometimes receive what he says *cum parvo grano salis*. . . .

This is Iowa. The chance is great when I think of what I have proposed to you. That you should leave the best of homes and the best of land to be the wife of a humble missionary. I'm so humble and weak I almost tremble at my presumption. You thank God in your prayers that you were born in this age of the world, and yet you are willing to put yourself five centuries back and be as those who two hundred years ago settled in New England. But this is a great work, and I trust is of God. Blessed be His name. If He has put it into my heart to be willing to endure privations and hardships here. Men and history may both blunder as to the use of our lives, but if God sees our efforts to be of some avail we shall have the plaudits of Him whose smile is better than that of ten thousand worlds. And He who puts us into this ministry will sustain us in it. God will not give.

Sabbath evening.

When my candle expired last night, not wishing to disturb the family, I retired. I have just been looking through Payson's⁷ life to see if I could have his sanction to taking up my pen this evening. First, as was natural, I examined chapter 12 (Tract Society edition) but no light in the matter, then chapter 17, but nothing there. At last, I found something to the purpose on page 159, and now I am *in medias res*. Payson's has been a favorite memoir of mine. He was a minister *in earnest*. I was about saying last night that God will not give us willing heart to come and labor here and then desert us but will give more grace as our day may require. Let me have your feeling about this Sabbath writing. My conscience commends this use of it. . . . We had a delightful shower this morning which in some measure refreshed the parched earth, a beautiful day. In consequence of my late arrival yesterday and a Methodist camp meeting four miles off . . . my congregation was very small today. This afternoon I took my text in Romans 1:10,⁸ gave a report of what were

⁷ Asa Cumming, *A Memoir of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D. Late Pastor of the Second Church in Portland*. There are several editions. Mr. Salter was using the one of the American Tract Society, New York (183?).

⁸ Romans 1:10. Making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you.

said and done in the Western Convention at Detroit. There has been a good deal of sickness through the country this summer. There has been oppressively warm weather here. I feel anxious to hear of your health and of your mother's. . . . The exact condition of matters in Burlington as far as I can learn as follows: Br. Hutchinson⁹ is their stated supply. His year is up next November. In consequence of ill health, he has now a summer recess. The church is feeble. Their house of worship unfinished. A deacon and leading man in the church is a political newspaper editor and has not much influence and is not highly esteemed as a Christian.¹⁰ An Old School Presbyterian minister is soon expected there. Burlington is an important and growing town of 2500 inhabitants. The case is only presented to me through the A. H. M. S. In case of failure of Brother Hutchinson's health, then they would like to have me go there. But the church will have a mind of its own, and I am told feels its own importance very fully. In Burlington there is much of Kentucky and Southern society and influence. I rode in the stage with one of Mr. Adam's¹¹ congregation yesterday. He says they are expecting Mrs. Adams to return with him to Davenport. Rumors in Andover and elsewhere said that she was a Miss Gould. You have seen Brother Alden¹² no doubt. For remember that one good turn deserves another. Let me hear how he is getting along. I have been talking mostly this evening with this bereaved family. Mrs. Shaw is a member of my church and a woman of very lovely quiet, meek and amiable spirit. Their three surviving children have the whooping cough and summer complaint, the same disease which carried off her son. It seems as though she could hardly restrain her grief. She mourns, but does not complain. How near death seems in that home whence one has just been taken out to his long home. The little boy was laid out in my study. I seem to hear the angel's whisper as he warns me that soon he may bear his commission to me. God help me to live with a conscience void of offense toward God and man, that at any time I may be prepared to give up my account. A preparation to live is the best preparation to die.

This is a beautiful evening. The full orb'd moon walks the Heavens queen of the night. . . . As I am so lately from you I probably think more of the privations of this country than I shall after I shall have in a few weeks become fairly introduced again into the harness. Many of my people receive me with very warm hearts. Mr. Shaw's little boy wanted to hear me preach again. Three men who were sometimes in my congregation and whom I saw but a short time before I went away are now in their graves. How loud the admonition to be faithful. . . . O,

⁹ Rev. Horace Hutchinson, a member of the Iowa Band.

¹⁰ James Gardiner Edwards, editor of the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot*. A file of this newspaper, the property of the Burlington Public Library, has for some years been housed in the vaults of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. These files were presented to the library through the efforts of Mr. Salter. For an itemized list of this collection see: *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, Vol. VII, p. 314.

¹¹ Rev. Ephraim Adams, a member of the Iowa Band and author of *The Iowa Band* (New and Revised edition) Boston, 1868.

¹² Rev. Ebenezer Alden, a member of the Iowa Band. *Vid.* *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, Vol. VI, pp. 576, 584, 585, 589, 590, 598.

how delightful to acknowledge God in all our ways. How correct the sentiment of the noble Robert Hall¹³ in those two (I had almost said) best sentences in the English language, which I have often studied and which I know you will love to study: "God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions, is continually growing more extended and refulgent by having transferred to it new elements of beauty and goodness, by attaching to itself as a centre whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. *It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinate to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.*" This God is our God. . . . Your daguerreotype is before me. . . .

Yours most affectionately,
Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Saturday evening, August 23, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

. . . Your rich, precious (O, for a new language) letter from Oxford, mailed the 6th., reached me Wednesday afternoon. I could hardly repress my feelings. I wanted to get on the wide prairie and give thanks. . . . These things and death and sickness in this family, and some sickness in the country made me feel I cannot tell how bad until I got your letter. And then we are five weeks apart, i. e. before we can write and get an answer. . . . The Eastern Mail comes here twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. . . . I think if you and I could get hold of Uncle Sam together he would be apt to make tracks powerful fast for one while. . . . This evening at sunset I went and visited the grave of the little boy whose death I mentioned in my last. Over his new made grave and with a sense of my own mentality I had great joy in looking up and dedicating anew my life to God and in supplicating upon you his blessing. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Monday. August, 25, 1845.

Good morning, my dearest friend. How are you this pleasant morning? Did you enjoy a pleasant Sabbath? We had a beautiful day here. At 10 a. m. our Sabbath School met. Our superintendent was absent from sickness, many of the children sick, but few of our teachers realize their responsibilities, only 15 scholars were present. I promised a copy of the New England Primer (from your donation) to all the children who would be punctually present on the four Sabbaths of the next month. I hope this will serve to provide a large attendance, and prepare the way for doing good. At 11 a. m. I preached a funeral sermon for the death of Mr. Shaw's child. The house was crowded, a complete jam, about seventy present, and many at the doors and windows. My congregation very

¹³ Robert Hall (1764-1831) an English Baptist divine whose fame rests mainly on the tradition of his pulpit oratory. *Vid. Dictionary of National Biography.*

serious and attentive. It might startle you in the course of the service to hear a child cry or to see a mother unable to quiet her child, go out with it. *But you will soon get used to these things.* It can't be helped in a new country. I always tell parents to come to meeting and bring their little ones with them. I have a little choir and tolerable singing for the backwoods. In the afternoon I resumed the account of my "journey", told them, among other things, of my visit to the Sabbath School¹⁴ in Massachusetts which had sent us such beautiful Library Books. I have then made two sermons of my "prosperous journey". My people think I have seen and done great things. And the *least of all* has been told them. Poor blind mortals. They will open their eyes one of these days. The Methodist Circuit Preacher was here at 6 p. m. and organized a class of ten members. They are disposed to be sectarian and push a little with their horns. . . .

Dr. Alexander¹⁵ of Princeton in the *New York Observer* (under signature of A. A.) is one of the most heavenly writers I have ever met with. He excells all men in facility and appropriateness in introducing the language of the Bible on every subject. I heard him preach several years ago on the sufferings of Christ. His style is very simple and tender. The truths of the Bible seem to be in him as an ever gushing well of water. His delight is in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

Wednesday evening. August 27.

I have been sitting an hour trying to read the life of Evarts,¹⁶ but with my eyes half the time looking down the road for the stage . . . anxiously anticipating information of you. . . . And now the stage comes. Hurrah! Hurrah! (But, my son, don't disturb the neighborhood.) . . . I walk over to the post office and with the most consummate equanimity of speech and countenance ask for my letter. "nothing for you." . . .

The Methodist Preacher last Sabbath evening told us the death of Christ accomplished two objects. 1—it took away the sin of the world, i. e., the sin of Adam, then the death of Christ was the reason Adam did not die the very day in which he sinned, and *thus infants are saved!* 2—it took away the sins of the world. We are impelled to join the church because we are more likely to be converted in the church than out of it, the church being an hospital where there are physicians to doctor the sick. And all these preachers, in the eyes of many, just as good as you and better too. Has not this, my Mary, a great tendency to exalt a man and make him think more highly of himself than he ought to think? One of the severest trials of ministers in such a field as this arises from the fact that most of the people, on account of being used to such preaching, as I have given you a specimen of, make no kind of requisition upon a minister to study and divide the word of truth. Great occasion, it is

¹⁴ The Winthrop Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

¹⁵ Dr. Archibald Alexander (April 17, 1772–October 22, 1851) the first professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. *Vid. Dictionary of American Biography.*

¹⁶ E. C. Tracy, *Memoir of the Life of Jeremiah Evarts.* New York. 1845.

proverbially said, make great men. He must be a dull preacher who can preach well before an educated and enlightened congregation who will estimate what is said. O the difficulty of studying to preach well when there is no immediate purpose to do so. There is but one collegiately educated man in this country, and he does not come to meeting more than half a dozen times in the year. If it be the glory of the Gospel as of old that it is preached to the poor, it has that glory here. It is not an ignoble enterprise to elevate the unenlightened. I met a little boy today and asked him why he was not to Sabbath School last Sabbath. "I dirtied my clothes," he replied, "and could not come." "I am sorry," I said, "you will get these clean and come next Sabbath, won't you?" "Yes, sir, if I can get a cap, I'll be sure to come." We had an interesting prayer meeting this evening, about thirty present. We are suffering delay in not getting brick for our Academy¹⁷ as soon as we had anticipated. The brick makers are expecting to burn their kiln in a fortnight after which we expect to go right on and get upon building. I have thought some of having a study built this fall which may answer another year as an addition to *our* house.

Though there are many troubling things in this new country, it is after all a glorious work and one in which I would not change places with "15/16ths" of the ministers of New England. The future is all bright. I feel confident that if I can hold on the Lord will give me in ten years a flourishing church and large congregation. This country is rapidly filling up. Many strange faces have come in during my absence. Among others a merchant with a small stock of goods from Springfield, Mass. But we come here not because the field is inviting and easy, but because it is hard, expecting to endure self-denials and not repining at any privations, if so be we may save souls and extend the name of Christ, building not on others' foundations. I rejoice in feeling assured that these are your feelings. I believe I have no other desire than to be in the highest possible degree useful. I desire to be the child of Providence. God probably knows better than I do where I can be most useful. I want to feel that the best way to prepare for future usefulness is to do the best you can in present circumstances. I feel renewed strength and confidence in having your prayers. . . .

Maquoketa. August 30. Saturday afternoon.

. . . As my horse is lame and I have been disappointed in getting another I must go afoot to Andrew. It is most 6 o'clock. In my next I will write particularly of the many interesting things you speak of. I am afraid there will be a long space between your receiving my Detroit and Milwaukee papers. If I have any time Monday morning, I will fill

¹⁷ Rev. Salter saw the need of a school in Maquoketa and persuaded members of his congregation to donate land, material, and labor. Meanwhile, Rev. Salter collected \$300 from friends and relatives in the East. The Academy was incorporated by act of the legislative assembly, January 15, 1848. The building was completed in 1848, and Rev. George F. Magoun, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Galena, delivered the address. Eventually, the property was turned over to the public school system of Maquoketa.

out this sheet. Goodbye, my Mary, the thoughts of you will make my walk short. . . .

I am yours,
Wm. Salter.

I got about one half mile on my way and met one of my church here who had compassion on me and engaged to go up to attend meeting at Andrew tomorrow and carry me, so I returned and have the pleasure of talking with you. . . . My health has been very good though the warm weather be somewhat enervating. We have an abundance of wild plums and delicious melons. . . .

Your Wm.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1845.

My dear Mary:

Saturday evening has come again and I have half a sermon to write. Other multiplicity of cares this week have prevented my taking up my pen "toyowards", hitherto, so that now I must be hurried when I ought to have time to express my best thanks for your two letters. (am I not rich?) received this week, those of August 18th. and 25th., and the last received tonight in ten days after it was mailed. I guess Uncle Sam has profited by our threatened chastisements and begins to find out that the route between No. 7 Union street and this prairie is of the first importance. You write of many interesting matters which perhaps I ought to talk over first, but I presume to opine that you will want to know what I have been doing the last week. Last Sabbath morning I rode to Andrew and preached in the courthouse (a log building) to a small congregation of forty, but some of the excellent of the earth are in that church. I have two families in it who for much worth and devotion to the cause of Christ are not excelled in Iowa. They come regularly six miles to meeting, really hunger for the bread of life. I cut a little account of one of them from an Iowa paper and send it to you in a transcript the last mail. Some of your friends may be interested in seeing from it that the people are not all "heathen" in the Far West. The other family named "Young" are pure gold in the ore, plain, honest, and good from Pennsylvania. Mrs. Young was brought up in Mr. Duffield's¹⁸ church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who, by the way, was a very faithful, useful pastor. He is now in Detroit. You will be delighted to attend prayers in this beloved family. Here all the children sing and unite with Mrs. Y., children and all, in calling upon the name of the Lord. I preached twice. The Sabbath School has declined during my absence owing to sickness and other causes, and I was requested to form the whole congregation into a Bible class which was done. We are to study "the Romans". I have one very intelligent and gentlemanly lawyer in my congregation there from Virginia.

¹⁸ Rev. George Duffield (July 4, 1794-June 26, 1868), for thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Detroit, author of many theological books, and of the hymn, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." *Vid. Dictionary of American Biography.*

. . . I commenced early in the week a sermon on Josh. 24:15,¹⁹ but could not make it go. Yesterday I took up Psalms 144:12,²⁰ . . . My subject is education. It should be thorough, preparatory to usefulness in life, and to another state of existence, and the whole applied to our Academy here which is commended to the prayers and generous benefactions of my people. My text in the p. m. is what Christ said to Matthew. What a text for your pulpit. Almost equal to Isaiah 53:1.²¹ But about my journey in the p. m.—I rode to Deacon Cotton's²² and found my appointment had not been sufficiently circulated to get a congregation. Mrs. Cotton had just returned from the East (western New York) bringing her mother with her, aged eighty years. The old lady endured the fatigues of her journey remarkably well. She was one of the first settlers on what was called the Holland Purchase in Western New York. Her husband in 1802 erected the first frame barn on the purchase. Men came to the raising of it a distance of thirty miles. How wonderful the growth of our country. Monday morning I borrowed a horse and rode to Bellevue, found most of my friends having the ague. Rev. Mr. Smith who has gone there this summer, a Bangor theological student, has the ague, and the family in which he boarded being sick, he has gone into the country to stay, so that I did not see him. He must have a hard time. Bellevue is one of the most abandoned places I was ever in—a most dreadful population. The only evidence I have that I have preached the truth among them is that they hate me. I can assure you that it is very trying to know how to get along with wicked men here. I treat them kindly and take trouble to gain their confidence, that if by any means I may save them until I feel that necessity is laid upon me to repair their vices when a torrent of abuse is the only reward of my faithfulness. I have had much of this experience. The leading physician of this country is of this character. Once he was polite and affable, but reproof has wounded him and now he never passes me without curling his lip in scorn. Living among such men one is able to appreciate and unite in the prayer [of] Psalms 26:9.²³ . . .

Sabbath evening.

If the "evening and the morning" are the first day of the week then the second day of the week has come. . . . I have had a pleasant Sabbath, a beautiful day, a house full of people, and some attentive hearers. . . .

¹⁹ Joshua 24:15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your father served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

²⁰ Psalms 144:12. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

²¹ Isaiah 53:1. Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

²² Samuel Cotton, a descendent of John Cotton, Puritan preacher. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, New York. *Ibid.* Salter's, *Sixty Years*. p. 263.

²³ Psalms 26:9. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men.

Judge Wilson²⁴ of the district court for this part of the country came along here with his wife (who is a member of the church in Dubuque) just before the hour of meeting on his way to hold court in a county below. He and his wife came into meeting in the course of the services, after which they got their dinner and went on their journey, a pretty example for a judge's family? I had 30 at the monthly concert this evening.

I am in hopes of getting out a good sermon one of these weeks on the text "My Kingdom is not of this world." . . . I spent last Monday night with Mr. Magoun²⁵ at Galena. He has nobly and enthusiastically thrown himself upon the rising current of education in the West. He promises to be one of the most awful men of the country. We talked nearly the whole night about everything. Preliminary measures are on foot for getting up the new church in Galena. It will consist of some choice spirits and will afford a most desirable field of usefulness. They will be very particular about their minister. He ought to be first rate. . . . I went to Dubuque on Tuesday and entered at the land sales 80 acres of land for the gentleman I board with who is unfortunately in some pecuniary trouble.²⁶ I did it entirely to relieve him and have no advantage from it. I had a very hard horse and finding myself sore from riding, I came directly home on Wednesday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. September 12, Friday afternoon.

My dear Mary:

The wind has been blowing very severely all day, and the heavens are brewing a storm. I have had but little success in my studies. Many things discourage me among my own people. I have too much reason to complain that they all seek their own, rather than to help one another, and to advance the cause of Christ. Then, when all that love the Saviour ought to love one another and strive together for the faith of the Gospel there exist alienations and divisions. In reading the fifth [chapter] of Matthew, I was led to think that if I would require my people before coming to meeting to be reconciled to their brethren (verse 23-24)²⁷ I should have a very thin congregation. Contention about lands and one thing and another distract our community very much. I asked a very intelligent gentleman who was here this week and who has purchased some property in the neighborhood from Cincinnati, if he would not move his family out soon. No, said he, I think I must wait until you get a little further along. Isn't that encouraging? . . .

²⁴ Supreme Court Justice Thomas S. Wilson. *Vid.* Edward H. Stiles, *Recollections and Sketches of Notable Lawyers and Public Men of Early Iowa*, Des Moines, 1916, pp. 45, 571.

²⁵ Rev. George F. Magoun was the author of *Asa Turner and His Times*, Boston, 1889; and was the first president of Iowa College. *Vid.* *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, Vols. III, pp. 63, 86, 92; VI, p. 357; VII, pp. 68, 370-371; VIII, p. 190.

²⁶ Mr. Shaw.

²⁷ Matthew 5:23-24. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Is Mars indeed the God of War and does he indicate the approach of that dreadful scourge upon our land. I pray not, and yet I watch with fearful anxiety the belligerent on the South West. Who does not hang his head to own himself an American who looking at the course our government has taken to perpetuate and extend slavery. I tremble for my country, said an infidel, in view of the commissions of slavery, when I remember that God is just. And has not the Christian who believes God governs among the nations, removes the fears. There are few evils to be so dreaded as war. What a commentary upon the little Christianity in our land is the existence of so much desire for war. I am going to *fire a charge* on the subject as soon as I can "make ready".

I suppose some of your friends will have to study their geography to find out where Iowa and especially Maquoketa is. You must make them all interested in this land, and tell them you will find something for them to do here. There is one interesting thing about Iowa, to wit: that it is the only part of the country West of the Father of Waters which is *free*, thus affording both a more promising field of labor and a more desirable home to all that believe that the Messiah's kingdom "shall break in pieces the oppressor". Psalms 72:4.²⁸ It is washed by that river of which that prophetic observer of our country's progress, Jeremiah Evarts, said nearly twenty years ago, "that in a hundred years, it will be more traveled than any other thoroughfare in the world." Still as I have often told you—our work is one of self-denial. By the way, I saw in Evart's life, pages 195 and 196, his observations on the difficulties of planting religion in a destitute portion of Tennessee through which he traveled. They apply very nearly to this country. New difficulties are discouraging and yet they are the very reason why we must labor and toil here. The greater the difficulties, the louder the call to self-denying effort. . . .

I have two very excellent ladies here Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Shaw, women of intelligence, good sense, and worth. . . . But I feel that our good efforts must be in behalf of the rising generation. If we can be instrumental in establishing our Academy aright, we shall not have lived in vain. In relation to the education of our public schools, strenuous efforts will be needed to have it of a Christian character, and if this cannot be accomplished, we shall have to abandon those schools and walk in our own way. You know and I know the importance of French education. We want mothers to build up the church and to save the state. In all these enterprises I shall feel strong in your cooperation. . . .

I have had no opportunity to preach my Western sermon since I saw you. I preached it once in Buffalo and in New York. I shall get up a new sermon on the subject for this latitude next month. I am also plotting a sermon on the original condition of man. Do you think the Garden of Eden was located on a prairie? If not, you may have your eyes opened on the subject another year. . . .

²⁸ Psalms 72:4. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

I really get fatigued in preaching. I believe it is my business as it is my enjoyment. Monday I generally spend reading papers, on little things. Though I look at newspapers as matters of the greatest importance. They are of wonderful power in controlling public sentiment. I want they should be under a Christian influence. There are few objects of greater moments to my view than the reformation of the press. I hope we shall be able to do something in this case one of these days. I am very thankful for papers from you. . . . My relatives were all from Portsmouth and New Hampshire where the family has been for several generations. There was a Dr. Salter, clergyman, in Mansfield, it seems, 60 years ago after whom Dr. Storrs was named, but I know nothing of his family. Those whose names were in the *Puritan* you sent me, I know nothing of. . . .

Most affectionately yours,
Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. September 20, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

I have much to write you. . . . It is now Saturday night and nearly 11 o'clock. I have had a week of joy and grief. I want to go over all with you, but I have not time. Last Sabbath I preached three times to a small congregation, Monday a. m. I visited a little, and then set my face toward Cascade. On my way I visited Mr. Alexander's family. They are an excellent family, Scotch Presbyterian. The girls have attended the Romish school in Dubuque because there was no other school in the country. I could not but think of you as I was reminded by my preaching in the neighborhood last winter when I had one of the girls to ride to meeting a mile and a half on my horse behind me. I passed through a settlement of Irish Papists where is a log church and school and resident priest. I believe this is one instance of the executing of the plan formed in Europe to Romanize the West of which you have seen notices. I had a delightful visit at Cascade, spent Tuesday there. We talked and sang together. . . .

I found some new cases of sickness on my return home. We are called to mourn a very distressing death in this village. Though I might have mentioned that while at Cascade, I heard of the death by lockjaw of Mr. Alexander, the father of the family I have spoken of above. He died in Dubuque very suddenly. He has left a large family. The other death was that of Mrs. Plato on yesterday morning. She was a widow lady, sister of Mrs. Hall. There were many extremely melancholy circumstances in her decease. I hardly dare to write of them. I was completely unnerved yesterday so that I could do nothing. I was with her when she breathed her last. She was sick but five days, taken with rather a severe bilious fever, but the immediate cause of her death was unquestionably injudicious medical treatment. Her funeral is to be attended tomorrow. I have been engaged all day in preparing a sermon from Romans 14:8.²⁹

²⁹ Romans 14:8. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefor, or die, we are the Lord's.

She was a very useful woman in my little society here, one of the kindest friends I had had. She was very active and intelligent, a good Sabbath School Teacher. The Lord seems to have no mercy on us. Taking away the best of our Society. Not that I mourn, for this I would never do, but it does seem to be a dark cloud in the prospects of this country. Mrs. P was expecting here in a fortnight from the East a son and a sister. Her heart was set on seeing them. But inexorable death would not wait. It is most twelve and I have not time for reflection. . . . Goodnight.

Sabbath eve.

The soft light of setting day seems kindly propitious to my thoughts of the precious one far away. All is peaceful and serene. I trust it is the emblem of the peace of my soul. I had a large congregation this morning, about one hundred, a sad service it was to me. I trust I shall be made better by it. In preaching this afternoon from Luke 21:34-35³⁰ I could not but illustrate the state of mind in which we ought *always* to live by the fact that Mr. Crosby mentions in his sermon on your grandfather's³¹ death, that a few hours before his death he said, "Seventy and seven years have I been waiting for this crisis." By the help of Heaven's grace, let us so live. . . .

I must go and visit a sick man and then to prayer meeting, after which I will write a few lines if I can get out of this preaching strain.

It has got to be past midnight . . . and the bedside of a sick man is a poor place whence to write you. But I am in a good school. The lesson I learn tonight will come in play perhaps when you want a little nursing. My patient is a Rhode Islander. A sketch of his history may add a short chapter to your idea of the motley mixture of society in the West. He fell out with some of his family at home, and came here where he has been engaged like a true Yankee in all kinds of business to get a living by his wits, keeping school, talking, and trading. He is irritable and cross and has made himself obnoxious to many of our people. He is a Unitarian, he has a severe attack of bilious fever. I am doing the best I can for him, but I find myself a poor nurse. . . .

You understand from what Mr. Bridges told you the relation of the A. H. M. S. to churches in the West. The Society does not direct or dictate either to church or minister. It advises. The church at Burlington probably feel very independent and high-minded. I have never preached to them. My conduct in relation to the whole matter will be, as I know you will wish it to be, directed, I trust, by that Latin motto which we fell in with at the McLean Asylum. I have Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. The light of my candle is about dim enough to tell you my cloudy views of his speculation. But as I write for your comprehension, I had better wait for the light of day and for a time when my mind has turned from the labor of preaching. My portfolio is I believe

³⁰ Luke 21:34-35. And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

³¹ Amos Tufts.

perfectly a sanctum. I have all confidence that the family I board with are not busy bodies. I have a lock and key to it. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. September 25, 1845.

My dearest friend:

I have been in vain trying to write a sermon this week. . . . There are troubles in the community. You never know what to expect or rather what not to expect in so new a country. When you begin to think that the prospects of society are good they are perhaps well clouded over in half a day. I have a sore trial with one of my elders, he has been behaving very bad, and we shall probably have to cut him off. I had a pretty good attendance at prayer meeting last evening. . . .

You ask about ministers around me. Mr. Kent is a dull preacher, always writes, but can make a very fervent appeal and tell a rousing story for the West. I. D. Stevens of Platteville, W. T., 60 miles north east of this, is now in the East. The West has a competent advocate in him. He was for many years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. among the Indians at Mackinaw and St. Peters. Rev. Mr. Wells, chaplain at Prairie Du Chien, would charm any congregation with the felicity of his style and the grace of his address. J. J. Hill in Clayton co. is of rather a heavy, slow cast of mind, but Mrs. Hill is all soul and goes ahead. You know of Mr. Holbrook as a forceful animated preacher, a vigorous writer and devoted to his work. Brother Boal of Marion, I have never heard. He, however, has a good reputation. Brother Turner has a well-balanced mind and preaches good plain sermons. Brother Emerson is a very zealous animated preacher, unfortunately sings a little when excited, I mean has a singing tone. He labors at Albany, Illinois and in Dewitt, 20 miles east of me. Brother Adams preaches a serious, sober, dignified and instructive sermon. Brother Robbins is a plain, clear and interesting preacher. In the South, Rev. D. Lane is in my opinion, head and shoulders above his brethren. I think he always writes. He has a discriminating strong mind, is of the highest moral excellence, and commends himself as a man of God and minister of Christ to every man's conscience. I had a letter from him last week in which he informs me that he is going East very soon for his wife's sake. She has the dropsey and is considered dangerous. He hopes that "home" and the sea air may benefit Mrs. L. . . .

Saturday afternoon. September 27.

I had just mended my quill when I was interrupted by a call from the new Methodist preacher who has just arrived on the circuit. . . . Our association is at Davenport October 21. I shall probably preach in Dubuque Oct. 12. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[To be continued]

JUDGE ORLANDO C. HOWE
SOMEWHAT OF HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

BY F. I. HERRIOTT
Professor in Drake University

[Continued]

PART II—CORRESPONDENCE—1855—1863

I

Orlando C. Howe's letters to Mrs. Howe were with few exceptions matter-of-fact in narrative, free from all flippancy or smartness, and with no attempts at rhetorical finesse or flare. They give us accounts of business trips with descriptions of scenery that attracted him which he thinks will interest those in the home circle. Inquiries about the domestic needs and perplexities and observations upon the common serious concerns of daily life abound. Now and then, but rarely, he comments upon matters and men within his business connections or professional circuit. Throughout, his letters are remarkably free from animadversion, or any adverse reflections upon business competitors or professional associates. They relate none of the common current gossip that constitutes so much of the daily conversation of ordinary mortals.

Here and there he indulges in mild facetiousness. In his first letter written from Iowa, penned at Dubuque, sometime in November, 1855, he hits off effectively the mushroom growth of new towns on the frontier, and the fantastic creations and expectations of western land boomers:

Now, Maria, I am mad. While eating my breakfast somebody stole my town; for on looking on the map for 1856!! (folks get early starts out this way) I find two cities at the south bend [of the Minnesota River] Mankato City and South Bend City, probably started by some enterprising capitalist like myself, perhaps not so rich in money as I am, but having a few spare \$¼ instead of halves, but having more energy, he worked while I dreamed and wished over the stove at home.

Captain Howe's letters from barracks or camp while in

service with the Ninth Iowa Cavalry in Missouri and Arkansas, were of the same general character—earnest in purpose, serious in narrative, direct and simple in style. As they constitute a clearly marked group they will be characterized later.

Mrs. Howe's letters are like her husband's, direct in expression and concerned with the prosaic every-day affairs of her family and connections. She sees the humor in the doings of those roundabout; but she does not forget that life is always a serious matter when children and health, income and education are to be insured.



MARIA WHEELOCK HOWE
(Mrs. Orlando C. Howe).
From a tintype furnished by her daughter,
Mrs. Evelyn H. Porter, Lynn Haven, Florida.

The letters of Mr. and Mrs. Howe give us two sets of contemporary pictures that are of present-day interest:

First, Mr. Howe's letters enable us to see somewhat of the industrial conditions in Iowa just before the panic of 1857 prostrated business enterprise, and Mrs. Howe's letters show us some of the depression and distress in New York that preceded the panic which impelled the Howes to leave their old

ing, been more and more convinced of the advantages of the place, and think all of my estimates of the value of the farm next fall have been too low. But if I go on the farm I shall soon have an office and school in some of the villages and make money in land business. You can have no idea how easily and surely money can be made here with a small capital. If father would come out here with a few hundred dollars in money or warrants we could get *rich* in a year or two, and the security would, in my opinion, be as good as mortgages on any farm in Alden [N. Y.]. If I find no other way of speculating I shall enter a few *thousand* acres of land on time, at the moderate interest of 40% and upwards, and shall only lose, in case of failure, a few years' hard labor. I have not found a man of ordinary intelligence who has invested \$200 in land business, and been in it two years, who is worth less than \$2,000, and from that to \$10,000. *All* make money.

Excuse my apparent exclusiveness of thought about money. I *cannot* bear to think and write about the folks at home, most of all you and Linnie. Write to Newton, Jasper County, Iowa.

O. C. Howe.

Newton, January 24, '56.

My dear Wife:

No letter from you yet, but hope for one today, but dread disappointment, and then what news it may bring after so long an absence, for the time is long. If you are lonesome you still hear from me often, and long before this know that I am settled for the winter. But Maria, it is only for the winter. If another place presents as good inducements for immediate business, and should be a better country than this, I shall leave in the spring.

I can hardly give up beautiful Hardin County, and especially around Iowa Falls, and have found nothing to equal it, either in beauty or advantages, but if there we go I shall necessarily work on a farm next summer. I yesterday sent for $\frac{1}{2}$ a section of land to be entered on time in Greene or Carroll County. This adds 320 acres to my landed interest. I owe for this last *farm* \$560. If I should not be able to pay for it in one year it will go back, and my note will be canceled, so that all the risk is the loss of \$10.00 sent to begin with. I'll risk it.

The weather is milder. It is now fair winter weather. You have doubtless read terrible stories about people freezing to death on the prairies. They are all true, and half do not reach you. The mercury has been 30 below zero near here, when it is much further south than you are. But anything like such a winter was never before known here. It is just as cold as far south as Missouri. I think it has been *colder* here than in the northern part of the state and in Minnesota. The cold is the excuse why I have done so little this winter. No work was to be done. No one would work at buildings, and usually much is left to be done during the pleasant winters.

I have written to Kate. While in Iowa Falls I wrote you a detailed

the vast majority of the average citizenship of the two decades comprehended in the letters, to wit—1850–1860.

The correspondence of Judge Howe, received from the daughters and deposited in the Historical Department, relates to five general periods:

1—Letters written in New York by him or by members of his family, prior to his coming to Iowa in 1855, several by Maria Wheelock, then a teacher in the public schools of Buffalo, later his wife;

2—Letters written from Iowa by Mr. Howe to Mrs. Howe, incident to his coming to Iowa and settling in Newton, in Jasper County;

3—Letters written chiefly by Mr. Howe preceding and following the Indian Massacre at Spirit Lake, between 1856 and 1858;

4—Letters written between 1858 and the Sioux outbreak of 1862 which caused him to remove with his family from Spirit Lake to Newton; and

5—Letters by Captain Howe while in Missouri and Arkansas with the Ninth Iowa Cavalry during the Civil War, 1863–1864, to Mrs. Howe, and various letters of Mrs. Howe to Captain Howe.

Many more letters might have been available but for their destruction by rain, in whole or in part, or their dispersion in one of the storms that so frequently in recent years have devastated various sections of Florida. Several of those in possession have some portions obliterated, and some pages are missing in others.

With the foregoing there is a considerable number of letters written by Judge's Howe's father and mother, and his sisters and brothers- and sisters-in-law, before and after their removal from New York to Iowa; but only a few of them are reproduced in what follows.

The letters which follow relate mainly to three periods, namely:

First, Mr. Howe's experiences in Iowa in 1855–56, giving his first impressions of the state and its landscapes, and descriptions of its life in the rush of the middle years of the '50s;

Second, the doings of Mr. Howe and his partners in forwarding their Spirit Lake venture and their experiences after

discovering the victims of Inkpaduta's attack upon the settlement on the shores of the Obobojsis; and,

Third, the correspondence of Captain and Mrs. Howe while the former was in service as captain of Company L of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry in Missouri and Arkansas in 1863-1864.

II

Mr. Howe left his family in Alden, New York, sometime in the middle or latter part of October, or possibly in the forepart of November, 1855. The first letter that we have was written at Dubuque, Iowa, on the evening of the first day of his arrival, but the date of the month is not stated.

From various items in Mrs. Howe's letters it seems clear that she was engaged in teaching school at the same time that she was attending to her household duties. The letters of the sisters of Mr. Howe indicate that they were all more or less engaged in studies, learning German, among other scholarly pursuits.

The full names, addresses, occupations, and connections of various persons referred to in Mrs. Howe's letters penned in Alden, New York, before she departed for Iowa, other than the brothers and sisters of Mr. and Mrs. Howe, have not been traced, nor any attempt made to show them.

Dubuque, Iowa, [1855]. Wednesday, 9½ P. M.

My dear Wife:

Here I am in Iowa at last. Have just arrived and not seen anything for it is as dark as the "Lancaster Ride from Institute Night." A stirring city this. I am at the Peaselee House, cheap house comparatively, though nothing is cheap in this state. Do you know what I-O-W-A-H means in Indian? A book here tells me it is "I have found the happy land."⁴⁰ The ride today after getting a few miles from Chicago is through a most beautiful and rich country. The houses look very few and scattered but are of fine appearance. Some places appear like

⁴⁰ Mr. Howe apparently had just read the first edition of *Iowa As It Is in 1855: A Gazetteer for Citizens and a Handbook for Emigrants, etc.*, by N. Howe Parker, wherein he was informed:

"A home can be had by the poorest, with prudence and economy. *No place in the wide world can offer greater inducements to the immigrant than Iowa; but he must look at it as it is* [Italics by Parker] * * * He may fancy Iowa a garden, and, roaming over its prairies, gather flowers from its rich soil, and exclaim with the Indian, in ecstasies of delight, 'I-o-wah!'—'I have found the beautiful land!' but it will never make him rich, nor create him a happy home, without toil and labor."—p. 68.

The local poets and romanticists have a sorry controversy with the prosaic realists who dwell in the matter-of-fact. The latter insist that the true meaning of "Iowa" was either "This is the place," or "The Crossing" or "Dirty noses" or "Dusty Faces."

elegant country seats in the midst of the most fertile land. Every[thing] whirls fast in this country. It most makes me dizzy, railroads and railroad schemes are so thick that no one can keep track of them. Four distinct routes are projected (and all commenced but one), that lead from the Mississippi to the Missouri.

I made up my mind when leaving Buffalo and seeing the number of persons going to "look up a home in Iowa or Minnesota" that I would preempt a farm as soon as I could get back a hundred miles or so from the river and find plenty of timber. I do not believe there are twenty lots in market in the state that have good timber on them, and in the extreme northwest counties squatter claims cover every good location of timber and can be bought for from \$50.00 to \$10,000.00 a claim of 320 acres. Pretty profitable squatting that.

The towns in the country that were just heard of last year have from 500 to 1500 inhabitants. Sioux City was started last year by some one who guessed out my idea of a great place at the mouth of the Great Sioux on the Missouri and went there. "Eligible city lots near the wharf contiguous to the market and on the college square, and containing from $\frac{1}{8}$ to a whole acre can be bought for from \$50.00 to \$1,000.00, one half down, the rest in one year." The railroad from Dubuque *will be built* there in a few years. "Good timber claims can be bought reasonably within a few miles, and plenty of the best of prairie at government price, and north and northwest it is supposed that some vacant timber may be found that can be claimed but is not in market."

All the lumber except oak for this city has to be brought from St. Louis, transportation from 1 to 2 dollars a hundred. Think of buying pine and then paying "2 cents a pound" for taking it home, rather expensive I guess. You had better send Linnie⁴¹ along with a handful of Katie's shingles.⁴²

You may remember that I spoke of Fort Dodge on the Des Moines as a good site. It is some 180 miles west of here, and the railroad is going through it. Last winter there was a fort there, now some 30 houses and the old fort full of settlers, 2 stores, a blacksmith shop, government land office, &c. The houses are logs or built of oak boards hauled 30 miles from the nearest mill where they were thirty dollars a thousand. You must know that I mean by now, three months ago probably the city has doubled two or three times since then.

I have received a good deal of information from a man living in Sandusky who has been looking up land on a large scale. Last May they hired a surveyor and his team took a tent and provisions and started paying their surveyor ten dollars a day for him and team, and boarded both.

They traveled through 20 counties in the middle and northern part of the state, and bought over 20,000 acres of land best of prairie but did not find forty acres of timber in the whole tract visited that was not

⁴¹ Evelyn Howe, now Mrs. Ezra F. Porter of Lynn Haven, Florida, older daughter of Judge Howe.

⁴² Refers either to Katherine Howe, or Katherine Wheelock.

bought or claimed. Their land is worth double what they paid for it, and within two years they can, I don't doubt, sell most of it at that and a greater advance. I rode from Chicago with him and kept him busy talking. He is a fine man, plainly one of the "first citizens" and gave me more useful information than I could have found by a month of travel.

I will tell you of an instance he gave of the way they are settling the northern part of Iowa. A man moved from Pennsylvania *last spring* or fall, I forget which, and found a place in Howard County 15 miles from any house that he liked, (I mean he liked the location, not the house) and built a house of sod and roofed it with hay cut in prairie. The day after it was done three men called for meals and lodging, so he turned tavern keeper. He paid \$200 for his 160 acres and paid \$2.25 per acre for breaking up 50 acres. When my informant was there last spring, he was breaking and planting corn and potatoes in the sod. This fall he was there again, he had a good block tavern and neighbors all around had been selling off his crops as fast as he could harvest, had received after paying everything, labor, land, and all, \$300 profit. I have no doubt he will do better next year. This was without counting his tavern proceeds, only his crops.

The emigration is beyond all precedent. The cars are full of men coming on in the spring.

I have not found what to do. I know of a place where there is probably timber to be claimed (that is, put stakes at the corners of the claim). It is in the southern part of Minnesota, 150 miles from the river, and a railroad is doubtless to be built in that region. If I could make a claim this winter it would be worth next spring more than double a winter's wages, and I think of going that way, and if settlements extend near enough to make traveling safe I shall try it. If not, I shall start a school or something else and wait till spring. If I get time I will write more before putting this in the office.

Thursday before daylight.

I am most ready for starting. The place I have selected is near the south bend of the Minnesota River about 40 miles from the Iowa line, and 150 above, that is, south of St. Paul. I am *confidentially* informed that a railroad will run from here to the south bend in less than five years. I hope to find a place 20 or 30 miles from settlements, and if so I will stake as good a claim as I can and pay for it when it comes into market, or sell part for enough to purchase the rest.

Don't be alarmed about my taking you into the woods to live. I am in doubt whether to find a school now and teach one quarter and get you here before looking [for] my location, or to look it up, then go to some town in the spring, start a school for you and sisters while I play gentleman and watch the claim. Without joking, I think I can make more money and easier within a year by settling than either schools or law, but don't want to travel in the winter north, though there is but little snow at any time there.

What I want is to be near by in spring. Now, Maria, I am mad.

While eating breakfast somebody stole my town; for on look[ing] at the map for 1856!! (folks get early starts out this way) I find two cities at the south bend, Mankato City and South Bend City, probably started by some enterprising capitalist like myself, perhaps not so rich in money as I am, but having a few spare \$¼ instead of halves, but having more energy, he worked while I *dreamed* and *wished* over the stove at home.

My informant's information was three months old, so useless here. Now the western people sha'n't steal my ideas in this way. I'll start. Don't be scared again. I sha'n't go far. I'll work my way in the settlements and as soon as winter breaks up will try to hit near where the railroad I speak of will cross the road from Superior City on Lake Superior to Saint Paul, will when extended southwest reach somewhere on the Pacific or Missouri or somewhere else. The last railroad is sure to be built, for the last named place is to be a great city.

Now as soon as you read this rhapsody or whatever you call it, just write me a letter directed "West Union, Fayette County, Iowa." I shall remain near that place long enough to get a letter from you, perhaps two or three. Kiss dear Linnie for me. Don't let her forget me. Read my letter to our folks. I think of you all the time but have no regrets at leaving, and am full of hope. May our God protect thee and all ours.

Orlando C. Howe.

P. S. The great defect of Northern Iowa is want of timber. The great west a thousand miles beyond have the same. All the roads projected from Wisconsin westward will find transportation of timber enough to pay all expenses.

The informant, I have found, is Rice Harper of Sandusky, Ohio. He is some acquainted with Mr. Estabrook. He came to Alden with Dr. Bronson when Eliza was buried. He appears to be a fine man and though a "speculator" will do more to build up the country than most men.

My pet city at the mouth of the Sioux River that you have heard me project so often, has a rival, "Sergeant's Bluffs," a few miles below. I don't think a very great city will grow up this century in that region, but enough to form a good sized city and enrich the proprietors.

O. C. H.

The following is a fragment of a letter of Mrs. Howe, the first pages of which are lost. It is not quite clear whether it was written before or after she had received her first letter from Mr. Howe.

[Alden N. Y.!]]

The weather has been so horrible that the scholars were very unsteady last week and the week before. I dunned them Thursday and have received 12 dollars up to last night so that you see, we are well provided with funds. I wish to bring with me in the spring (if I have money enough to pay transportation) six chairs and one rocking chair, one table, one stand, one bedstead and if I could possibly get a cheap bureau to

pack clothes in instead of box it would cost but little more to bring and be indescribably convenient.

If I can sell the looking-glass I will, if not, may be it could be sold after we got there if we wished it. Mr. Maples returned two or three weeks ago. He liked the country but thinks he cannot stand the huts and want of barns and conveniences. Likes Wisconsin better, but thinks Iowa is the place to make money. Says he spoke to the minister at Clinton about your coming there; and living and teaching together. He (the minister) thought it would be a fine place for a school, but I do not like his description of the place at all. Mr. Maples says before he went this winter he intended if he moved in the spring to take only a little furniture and that the best; now he says all, everything you will need to use if you can possibly pay transportation, if you do not have place for it it will sell so as to pay well.

I spoke with your father about (that apple butter). We concluded that the trouble and expense would be too much to bring it, and so use it to save butter this winter and take a couple bushels extra dried apples. They will dry for me next week racks twice full, (I will prepare them in the evening going down there with all hands).

James is a very good boy this winter and very useful. Lavinia is just as usual, always kind; she says she has no brother in the world so near to her by any approach as yourself, and would rather go with me than be left with all the others, poor girl she will miss us very much.

I have not seen any of Henry's⁴³ people nor heard from them since you left. Winspear⁴⁴ and all the family of five children and one very extensive wife were her New Years. I have been at mothers once, on Christmas. Robert⁴⁵ came after me the night before.

Linnie says she don't like cow horses, they have such slow legs. In regard to bringing roots and shrubs, never fear but that I will bring all we can pay for.

I wish I knew something about what it will cost to get there. What if I don't have money enough, what is to be done then? I hope I shall and had supposed it certain until in your last letter you say it cost you three times what you expected. Did it cost you over fifty dollars to go there? I don't think I shall have any more, perhaps not that. Tell me how it costs a great deal to live, and my wood bill will be some.

* * *

Write me all the particulars of places and people of yourself, and your employment, your board, mending, and everything in connection with your prospects, dark or bright as they may be. Have they any Sabbath where you are, and if so how do they keep it? Or does the hurry and whirl of speculation and improvement confine thought to this life only and the things "that perish with the using"? When you think

⁴³ John Henry Schuneman.

⁴⁴ John Winspear, husband of Katherine Wheelock; later residents of Webster City, Iowa.

⁴⁵ Robert Wheelock, brother of Mrs. Howe.

of home my dear husband is it sometimes with the prayer that He in whose hand are the appointed times, will bring us all together in health and love? Does absence make your home still dearer? Or, does your heart wander with your footsteps? I trust not, I do not fear it, and believe that when we meet, we will be better prepared to live lovingly, bearing and forbearing tenderly with one another, having learned how necessary we are to each other's happiness. Good-bye for the present.
Wife.

The first sheets of the letter which follows contained letters from Mr. Howe's sisters, Mary and Sarah, who later came to Spirit Lake and became respectively Mrs. Alfred Arthur, and Mrs. David Weaver, but omitted here.

[Alden, N. Y.], Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1855.

My Dear Husband:

This is quite a family letter you see, the girls commencing what the old ladies must finish. I am glad that you are so well pleased with the "far west" for to me it seems as if you were almost there. It is Friday night just after the scholars are gone and before Linnie has been brought home from your mother's. I am tired for the girls are very wild and sometimes I am discouraged with them and think I will let them act just as they please and learn or not without caring for their interest any more.

It seems a long two weeks since you went away but I know spring will come by and by and Linnie is very impatient to see her new log house. James had a letter from home a few days ago. Catherine is very unwell with a troublesome cough and very low spirited, she does not think she will ever be better, but I cannot think of such a probability. I suppose your next letter will give a description of your new home if that can be home to you without wife and baby.

Be particular in your description of houses, inhabitants, and scenery, so that I may become acquainted with the place, through your eyes. Bob Kelly called here last night and left an order with me for five dollars worth of goods from Sander's store. He said he had no money, he could not raise any and all his whining stories as usual, I took it to your father who said he would have Sanders——so much on your account at the store. He said he would keep me agoing in groceries or orders of any kind at [the] store *if there was any more coming to* [torn off].

I told him it was a very small part of your account against him but would not tell him how much it was for fear he would stop doing altogether.

Your father wants to know what the account is. Do you know? I have not looked for it. There has been no money sent by mail yet, and so Van Buren has not been paid but he does not seem troubled at all.

I must finish this for the post tonight. Take care of yourself and do not worry about us at home. Write often and tell the particulars.

Your Wife.

Orlando C. Howe,
 Newton, Iowa Falls,
 Jasper, Co. Hardin Co. Iowa.

[Alden N. Y.] Dec. 20th, 1855.

My Husband:

It is Sunday afternoon and the snow so deep there is no going to church today, it lies in great drifts all around. I find upon a survey that my stationery is in a dilapidated condition, no paper, no pen, but will write today with such materials as are on hand since I do not feel that greatest want of time. Jimmy has gone home to stay a few days. I expect him back New Year's Day with his mother, who is better than formerly. I received your letter yesterday after waiting many anxious days in vain. If it will not cost too much I will try and bring a post office up with me in the spring for the accommodation of friends left behind. It was a long time without a letter almost two weeks but when it came at last it was two, both letters coming in, in the same mail. Things move on here about as usual, dull very, and lonesome, but I do not wish you here, oh, no, no, no. I feel that we have stayed here too long already, where a poor man can do nothing unless * * * Last week Mr. Grimes brought that long expected crock of butter for which I paid 25 cts. a pound. How much in Iowa? The weather was very fine until last Wednesday but now it is ferocious, so cold and windy. I hope you will soon find something to do that suits you but I do not mean to worry about you as long as you write you are well, and employment so plenty. I am sure you will earn as much as you could here for there is no law business at all this winter and if you had not gone in the fall I do not think you would in the spring.

Corlett sent a letter with notice of trial in the Johnson suit. I gave it to your father who sent it to Parmenter, was it right? Robert says if you will send him your account against Eggleston and Pat Smith with their assignment he will certainly collect them both or any other accounts that are left unsettled. He will do it I think. Mr. Case (I don't know what one) saw Robert a few days ago and asked when you were coming back, he said he wondered you did not see him before you left, that he had a note of 20 dollars which had been due sometime he had always felt as if you would pay it he said and never wanted to press it, and now he supposed he was safe enough for your father was on the note. I think you had better write to him.

Robert wishes very much to go to Iowa and I sometimes think it would be better for Mother to let him go and see what he could do, but don't know and will not say anything about it.

Aside from the trial of leaving friends I do not in the least shrink from the prospect of hardship, I know that although of a different kind they cannot be worse than we have suffered here. Of a kind more apparent to the stranger's eye perhaps, but without the bitterness of the continually disappointed, and hearts forever wearied by a necessary strife for food and clothing. Oh, no, I do not dread it, the prospect is full of joy. I am so tired of being where the necessity to do is so great and the ability so limited.

Alden, January 2, [1856].

My dear Husband:

Yesterday I wrote a few lines to you promising both you and myself a long letter today, but today, has brought with it the sick headache so that although now four o'clock I have just got up. I was very sorry to hear that you have not heard from home. Truly your heart has wandered with your footsteps. I know that you have suffered much from anxiety and suspense. Before this you have I hope received letters informing that we were well and have been so through the winter. My eyes are about as usual, very weak and painful in the evening, no worse than last winter I think. Eveline is well, and grows fast; she does not improve much in morals or deportment, but physically is in excellent condition. Your mother pronounces her uncommonly good, rather mischievous sometimes but very good. I have written you so many letters none of which you have received that I don't know what to say in this without going over as it were with all the others. I have no doubt that your preemption of a farm was the best thing you could do for the future, and the best for the present probably. Although attended with many hardships, I cannot say that I fear them much, of a different kind from those we have endured but not attended with such heartbreaking, courage-deadening hopelessness.

I have never regretted the decision to go to Iowa and if you can live through the winter, have no doubt it was better to go when you did than to have waited until spring. Alden is duller than ever, positively nothing doing here, no law business, no blacksmithing, nothing at all. Your father wishes much to go and I know he wants to go with us but mother leans strongly towards Galva. They had a letter from there yesterday. Babcock and Kate are both in school.⁴⁶ He has let the job of building a new house on his village lot to be finished the first of April, a very pretty plan, two stories high and 18 by 22 on the inside. Expects to do the inside work himself. Kate writes that she is happy with her husband, in fact their letters seem to be each a laudatory panegyric of the other.

I do not know what kind of a farmer you will make, nor what kind of a farmer's wife I will be, but we have long wanted a farm to own as a dependence in sickness, or hard times of any kind. I shall not certainly like living four miles from neighbors, and hope if you succeed in getting the adjoining farm you will sell it to some good family man. Lavinia⁴⁷ is almost insane in regard to going with me, but I do not think it best and discourage it entirely. She wants to know if you could get her a school within a few miles. She went home yesterday after her money, has had not a cent yet. Robert⁴⁸ wishes much to go west but says little about it. Unless something unforeseen prevents Sarah will go as far as Kate's with me in the spring, that is, if you think it best for me to come that way, for I am coming the very next day after school is out. In my

⁴⁶ B. F. Babcock and Katherine Howe, later married and residents of Webster City, Iowa.

⁴⁷ Lavinia Wheelock, wife of B. F. Parmenter, later of Spirit Lake, Iowa. She is usually referred to as "Vine" in the letters which follow.

⁴⁸ Robert B. Wheelock came west and was with Mr. Howe in the journey to the Lakes when they discovered massacred settlers.

last letter I asked a great many questions many of which related to our new home and many to yourself, your victuals, clothes, health, employment, and things too numerous to mention. Answer all which you have not answered in past letters, you do not know how much I am interested in the minutia. Had you any money left to live on? Are you all ragged? How are your frozen parts? What are you doing and what are your wages? If you can make enough to pay expenses of your board this winter, your father says it is more than you could have done here. How much did it cost to Dubuque from here? How much from there to Hardin County? Oh, if you had only been where we could have exchanged letters regularly and often it would not have been so hard, but I do not allow myself to think much about these things. I feel enough without thought. For days after you left it seemed as if each five o'clock train would surely bring you home and when at last the reality of the separation was pressed home it came so heavy, and so cold, so death like, it was dreadful. Linnie has not forgotten you, and is very much pleased with the description of the house always excepting the hay top which she insists the cows will eat all up. I am glad that you think of two rooms, it will be much better in the end if a little harder to build, I shall bring paper for the walls with me, and with carpets and Linnie I think we shall find it very comfortable and tidy inside, and we will cover up the outside with vines, (now for business).

Bob Kelly gave me an order on Sanders for five dollars the week after you went off and said if there was any more due you he would keep me in orders, but that is the last of it. There was no money came by mail after you left. Bob's brother says if you will send him the transferred account against Pat Smith, Eggleston or anybody else he will certainly collect them for me (try him, do). . . . Linnie is sleepy and cross.

Newton, January 10, 1856.

My dear Wife:

I do not like to write so often without having anything to write respecting being in business. I have found no employment yet. I have been to several school districts but either there is no schoolhouse or it is not warm enough this cold winter, and hardly any one will work this weather. I have worked southward to find it some warmer, but it is really colder than in Hardin County.

I tried a lawsuit yesterday and got beat. Received no blame and considerable praise.

This town is larger than Lancaster [N. Y.] but has no schoolhouse. There are two select schools kept in small rooms. I intend to try to get up a class in elocution, but don't know [how] well I shall succeed.

There is a fine opening for me as a lawyer if it was not for my old complaint, want of capital. I do not like the country as well as further north, and I have found no place that promises to be so good a point for school-teaching as Iowa Falls will be in a year.

I am in a fit of the blues almost today by imagining every possible evil as having befallen you or Linnie . . .

After writing so far this morning I was interrupted by some men who wanted to use the room by themselves. It turned out to be a caucus preparatory to the April election. Before I could find a place to write the mail left, so this can not go until tomorrow. A deputation from the caucus requested me to accept the nomination for *judge*, provided I was eligible and would run on a Know-Nothing ticket. Unfortunately, I shall want two months of residence to make me eligible. I am sorry, as I think I could easily carry the county, the party being in the majority, and *timber* for judges scarce.

This dissipated the blues, but on commencing writing to you how plain I see your image. I am *homesick*, no mistake about it, and should start tomorrow for Iowa Falls (70 miles) to get a letter which I hope to find there from you, if a sense of duty did not compel me to try a course of lectures next week.

A strange state is Iowa, employment so easy to get, but still I can't get any. The simple fact is the cold weather has paralyzed everything. Nobody *can* work. Most of the mechanics refuse to work. Everybody is too independent to work in cold weather, and I have found but two buildings to work in, and I am as adverse as the rest to outdoor work. All waiting for spring. That word spring; that is to bring my loved ones to me if some great evil does not befall us, but perhaps you have already written that my description of the hardships has so terrified you that you wish to wait. If so I can stand [it], I suppose. Don't know, though.

Saturday Morning, January 11, 1856.

Well, this morning write to me at Jasper, Newton County, Iowa, also to Iowa Falls, Hardin County. I may stay here long enough to get a letter, as the prospect is fair for forming a class in elocution.

May God protect all at home, and bring our little family together again.

Your Husband,
Orlando C. Howe.

[Alden N Y] January 12th, 1856.

My dear Husband:

It is Sabbath afternoon and such a depth of snow on the ground as I hope never to see again in New York.

Your father came up on the pony this morning and had a hard time getting here. He says the snow is 2 and a half feet everywhere. We had only two mails last week, one on Monday, the other yesterday. The wind has blown tremendously all the past week, and the thermometer stood 23 dgs. below zero. Before last Sabbath it had never been to zero this winter. We are all well and have been since you left. I was alarmed upon reading that you were frost bitten, not so much from the fear of injury from those bites, but it made me think you were not careful about exposing yourself and I fear some cold snowstorm will find you bewildered on the prairie, a terrible situation in which it would be very wrong to place yourself. I was glad to learn that you were settled, where you are

so much pleased with the country and the people. I have no doubt I shall like them both as well as Alden society or scenery, better I hope.

Do not be ensnared by the spirit of speculation into taking up or buying more land than you can pay for. We leave Alden to avoid incurring debts we cannot pay, and it would be a sad thing to go so far, only to become more involved than here, with no better prospect of extricating yourself. Do not think I am only a croaker, seeing the difficulty, and not the way to surmount it, but remember I am used only to the day of small things, and such large figures frighten me, acres by the hundred, and bushels by the thousand, are a novelty among my thoughts accustomed as you know, to measure land by the foot and potatoes by the half peck.

Are there no houses between your farm and the village? How far to the next house, or as you call them, hut? Where do you live? With whom? What kind of creatures are they? Where did they come from? Where are the settlers principally from? Are they married generally or not? are there any children there, and if so do they learn to speak English? How do the people live and look? What do you have to eat, and what are you doing? What are you going down the river for? I want to know all these things and dozens more. You see I mean to keep track of you, and not find the slab house occupied by some lady with whom I am unacquainted. As to the hardships I say again I do not fear them, although they will be of a different description from those expected. I do think it will be frightfully lonely living on a prairie, four miles from houses one way and I don't know how far the others, yet more agreeable than living away from you. If you bargain for that other 160 acres I hope you will sell it to some one who will live on it. The idea of farming is hardly what we intended but I have no doubt it is the best thing at present prices, and prospects, but how can you get money to buy seed, farming tools, pay for breaking, building, and all these things? To say nothing of provisions through the summer. The last was a hard job here. I do think Robert and Henry⁴⁹ ought to come with me in the spring. It appears to be just the kind of place we wanted to find, new and growing, and I am quite delighted with the thought of coming to you, only that terrible distance from neighbors frightens me, no wonder. Where will you get the slabs to make the house? And, how in the world can you make a hay roof? I think if we have two rooms plastered we shall be very comfortable. I will bring paper to paper the walls, one room at least, and then we will have a fine yard around it and the sides covered with vines. I don't like the thought of sodding it winters. I think it would be like a cellar, damp and unhealthy, perhaps not. I wish it was built and Linnie and I were in it. I dare not think of the long, long time before spring. The mind recoils from the prospect, but each day will come I know with its own cares and blessings and be no harder than the previous ones. It is a very long time between your letters, I wish you would write oftener if you can. I would have written without

⁴⁹ Robert B. Wheelock and Henry Schuneman. Mr. Schuneman married Euphenia Wheelock in 1849 and they came to Spirit Lake in 1859. Mr. S. died in Boone, Iowa, August 4, 1908.

waiting but did not know but you had moved. Now I have [put] every thing into this and have nothing left for the other letter. Linnie does not forget her Pa. Vine wants to come with me in the spring but I do not want her. Perhaps Sarah will come as far as Kate's. Write to Kate, she wishes you would. I think your father⁵⁰ will go west within a year. He has written to [Babeock] to look [for] him a small farm near their village, he says Alden never was so dull.

M. H.

I wish you would set the house up from the ground if you can. Mr. Heudee says Mr. Brewer says building so near the ground is the first and only cause of sickness at the west.

Vine has not got her money yet. Winspear, wife and all the children were here New Year's day. They brought me one crock of apple butter which we were eating, and it hardly seems as if I could bring it without so much risk of losing if it was alone or of spoiling other things if packed with them. Do you have any apples or apple sauce, what do you have?

Newton, January 22, 1856.

My dear Wife:

No news from you yet but I live in hope. Have had an opportunity to send to Iowa Falls and Eldora, so if any letters are there I shall get them in about two weeks. I have found work for the rest of the winter, and might do very well here permanently. I have had some talk of going into law and "banking" and land agency business, and might do so if I could be sure that the person who wishes to be a partner could raise sufficient capital, that is \$500 which would make a good start. On that if I had that amount alone I could easily clear from \$1000 to two or three times that amount. The difficulty here would be to get a place to live in. Such a house as the old shell you are in would rent here for \$400 a year.

I do not think that this is as good place to live in as Hardin County will soon be, nor will the country improve so fast but it is older and more settled, though one or two years will make Iowa Falls a more desirable place for you than here. The people there are New York and New England people. I pay \$4.00 per week for board.

Have given a lecture before the "Newton Literary Society," and have obtained some reputation as a lawyer. There is no one in the county to compete with me in that business, although it is more than supplied with lawyers, and some are men of promise and ability, but lack study and practice.

Schools will not pay quite well enough to make up for the high price of board. If I should conclude to live here it would throw away my "prairie home" in Hardin County without any pay, and I have, since coming here and looking over the state, and seeing how places are grow-

⁵⁰ James D. Howe, later resident of Webster City, Iowa.

ing, been more and more convinced of the advantages of the place, and think all of my estimates of the value of the farm next fall have been too low. But if I go on the farm I shall soon have an office and school in some of the villages and make money in land business. You can have no idea how easily and surely money can be made here with a small capital. If father would come out here with a few hundred dollars in money or warrants we could get *rich* in a year or two, and the security would, in my opinion, be as good as mortgages on any farm in Alden [N. Y.]. If I find no other way of speculating I shall enter a few *thousand* acres of land on time, at the moderate interest of 40% and upwards, and shall only lose, in case of failure, a few years' hard labor. I have not found a man of ordinary intelligence who has invested \$200 in land business, and been in it two years, who is worth less than \$2,000, and from that to \$10,000. *All* make money.

Excuse my apparent exclusiveness of thought about money. I *cannot bear* to think and write about the folks at home, most of all you and Linnie. Write to Newton, Jasper County, Iowa.

O. C. Howe.

Newton, January 24, '56.

My dear Wife:

No letter from you yet, but hope for one today, but dread disappointment, and then what news it may bring after so long an absence, for the time is long. If you are lonesome you still hear from me often, and long before this know that I am settled for the winter. But Maria, it is only for the winter. If another place presents as good inducements for immediate business, and should be a better country than this, I shall leave in the spring.

I can hardly give up beautiful Hardin County, and especially around Iowa Falls, and have found nothing to equal it, either in beauty or advantages, but if there we go I shall necessarily work on a farm next summer. I yesterday sent for $\frac{1}{2}$ a section of land to be entered on time in Greene or Carroll County. This adds 320 acres to my landed interest. I owe for this last *farm* \$560. If I should not be able to pay for it in one year it will go back, and my note will be canceled, so that all the risk is the loss of \$10.00 sent to begin with. I'll risk it.

The weather is milder. It is now fair winter weather. You have doubtless read terrible stories about people freezing to death on the prairies. They are all true, and half do not reach you. The mercury has been 30 below zero near here, when it is much further south than you are. But anything like such a winter was never before known here. It is just as cold as far south as Missouri. I think it has been *colder* here than in the northern part of the state and in Minnesota. The cold is the excuse why I have done so little this winter. No work was to be done. No one would work at buildings, and usually much is left to be done during the pleasant winters.

I have written to Kate. While in Iowa Falls I wrote you a detailed

account of some incidents relative to the climate as far as it had affected me, but had no chance to send the letters till they were worn out in my pocket. I will repeat them here.

While there a Mr. Shaw and an old gentleman and myself hired a teamster to take us on the prairie to make our preemptions. We did not get started till late and I saw a storm was coming, but thought we could go five or six miles and back without any trouble. We first came to the old man's preemption, when he left us to go back across the prairie, while we went on to finish ours. Shaw led off for his a mile or so, when I noticed that our driver looked rather queer, he soon began to complain that there was danger of freezing on the prairie, the storm having come on so that we could not see a very great distance, but I had a compass and felt safe. Shaw soon became slightly puzzled in his route, which so alarmed our driver that he (Shaw) concluded to give up going to his claim, and told me to strike off for mine, and he got in the sleigh with the driver.

Looking at the compass I started directly into the wind, but soon looking around saw there was something wrong in the sleigh, so I concluded to humor the fears of the driver, and changed my course for the timber about three miles off and on our way home. Looking round again and Shaw was calling and motioning to me, so I waited for them to come up, when I found the driver was freezing. I pointed Shaw the direction to the timber, told him to lay on the whip while I took care of the driver, who soon became in a pretty bad state. I kept rubbing him, pounding and arousing him, but just before reaching timber he had become faint, or insensible, so as to lie in the bottom of the sleigh. But the horses were on the full run, and we reached timber and soon aroused him. I think fifteen minutes longer and he certainly would have frozen to death. He was a large, robust man, and more warmly clothed than either of us. I froze my ear very little while attending him, but neither Shaw nor myself thought it at all an uncomfortable day, but fear and want of resolution was the main trouble. I wonder there are not more deaths from cold than there are.

I will tomorrow or next day give you another instance of exposure wherein I did not come off quite so well. Do not be alarmed, I have quite recovered from the frost bites I wrote about some time ago, excepting that there is still on my mind a warning not to go on the prairie in a winter storm.

But I must work now, for traveling, lying still, and speculating has emptied my pocket, and the chances are that I shall keep it empty for some time, that is, if I find entering land on time so promising a spec.

When I hear how many of our folks have been affected with western mania by my rhapsodies, then I shall know what to do. If Henry and Bob or John⁵¹ or Father have concluded to come, we will make a rush. Tell Father that if emigration is as great next summer as it was last,

⁵¹ John T. Wheelock, brother of Mrs. Howe.

he could come here with \$500, spend the summer with us, and so invest it as to make it worth four or five times as much.

Love to all. Good-bye. Kiss Linnie. Does she talk about me? Will she forget me? I know there is *one* at home who will not.

O. C. Howe.

Newton, January 28, 1856.

My dear Wife:

At last I have heard from home by Father's letter, and expect tomorrow to receive yours, and in a day or two a host that you have sent to Iowa Falls, as I have ordered them remailed to this place. What a feast when they all come!

If you *could* know all my feelings while alone among strangers, then you could imagine how I hope and fear for every mail that arrives.

I went to church yesterday. It was in a private house, the society will have their house finished as soon as the weather is warm enough for plastering. It is Old School Presbyterian. There are also societies of N. S. Presbyterians, and "Free" Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples, and Methodists. The last have a church.

Village lots here are as high as in Buffalo, though there is no water power and no natural advantage in this point over any other in the state. But county seats will necessarily be flourishing business places in this country. Father writes as though he might leave Alden, and I have strong hopes that he will come up in the spring. I will go into any sure business that he likes, if he will come, but have sent him word that I want to start a law office with him. He would be at the head of the profession in a week's study of "The Code of Iowa," if those I have met are good specimens, but all make money. I have seen none of two years' standing but who have something laid up, principally by speculating. But *every* kind of business pays well. Farming next to speculating. Vine, Sarah and Mary^{51a} could in a few years earn a farm, a house, and a husband, all by school-teaching. If Father comes I think Iowa Falls or some of the villages near my place will be as good points as any, but am not particular as to a hundred or two miles in a location for our headquarters. My boss has gone to Franklin County to locate a county seat by order of the state. There are three commissioners to decide upon the point, and a fellow clerk here is anxiously expecting his return, so as to know whether his land there is the favored spot. This clerk has been here seven months, with a capital of \$500, and has now over \$4,000. Pretty fair, is it not! If his land is selected for county seat he will call it about \$15,000 addition to his property.

If Father should come and go into law and land business with me (and farm it too so as to make sure of a living) and emigration be as large as the last five years, I would not ask to be insured \$10,000 between us in three years. Indeed, I should hate now to work for the sum of \$5,000 for three years, and agree not to earn any more in that time.

^{51a} Sarah and Mary Howe, sisters of O. C. H.

The only ones who fail are those that allow sharpers to cheat them outrageously. All are doing big business here. I have seen no such thing as a cent here, a few three-cents I had went for half dimes, but I have seen but two or three instances of half dimes being used in this county. Dimes and bits ($12\frac{1}{2}$) are the coppers, and quarters and halves and gold dollars are the small change.

To show what a face I have got I will mention that I was at the hotel a week before any one had seen any money of mine, and I could stay any where without money till it was earned. But perhaps if there was *nothing* in my pocket, that assurance would be wanting. Are you tired of my writing so much about money matters? You would have the fever too if every day some acquaintance should speak of a sale by which hundreds had been gained in a few months.

I did not get the 320 acres I wrote about, but have a thing in view for which I am going to risk about \$25.00 next May, and expect to make several hundred on it by September.

If Bob or Henry will not come here in the spring tell them to send a little money to me to enter land on time for them. The fees are from \$5.00 to \$10.00 for 160 acres. I shall pay the \$10.00 for mine, as I can by that secure a personal selection by an acquaintance whom I can trust. Tell them to send \$10.00 or \$20.00 apiece, and give me a written consent to sign their name to a note, or I will give my note for the land, just as they wish. If at the end of the year they do not want the land, *the notes are canceled*, so nothing but the ten is risked. But I promised to write some more personal instances and narratives, so here goes.

On Christmas the stage driver from the west told us at the tavern at Iowa Falls that he had seen a large drove of elk on the road. Mr. Larkin,⁵² who is a fine old hunter, started for a Mr. Yates of Illinois, who had been slaying the deer awhile, and was going back next day, but he came up and council of war was held, and two sleighs were found with teams to carry three each, and so those who could get rifles soon engaged places, but I was out, as I could find nothing but a shot gun. At last it was thought that a good horse and a light but reckless rider would be wanted to run the elk down. That was my only chance, so I offered at once, and was of course elected by several *pounds under* all others. We started about 2 a. m., mercury ten below zero, but clear, rode ten miles and breakfasted, then started, struck the trail eight miles off and followed more than 25 miles and came in sight of the elk about noon. More than fifty of them, looked like a drove of mules or young cattle.

To my great satisfaction the owner of the riding horse concluded to ride himself, so I stayed in one sleigh while the horseman and Larkin and Yates went at 'em. In less than two hours they had nearly a dozen down, while we followed to pick them up. Found eight of them, and it was time to quit. So we loaded up the two sleighs and started for the grove where we breakfasted. Thinking that we were about twelve miles

⁵² James R. Larkin.

off as we had come partly towards it, we followed till dark, and soon mistook a stream for another, and got puzzled, and at last gave up that we were lost. As not one knew anything about the country, so we concluded to unload the elk, take some direct course by the stars. We came to the best estimate we could as to our whereabouts, and started east by south, knowing that if we were right we should find timber in two or three miles, if wrong, in forty miles! But that was better than a chance of 400! After going a mile or two we saw timber on the north, and reached our breakfasting tavern before midnight. The next day Yates and Larkin went after the live elk and we got the killed ones, and then broke down so we could not start again. At night the hunters did not come, and we were alarmed, especially a son of Mr. Larkin. The morning was stormy and cold, but we had a compass, and we felt compelled to hunt up the hunters, so we took their track and followed it some forty miles, till it turned and then struck for the tavern, 25 miles off in a straight line, and reached it and found the hunters there with seven more elk. Every one of us were frozen, but none seriously, and all felt thankful for our escape, and wondered at our rashness. But the elk were different game from Alden sporting, some would weigh over 500 apiece! Think of fifteen shot in two days, making two large sleigh loads of beef. But you don't catch me on the prairie again this winter away from houses.

I meant to write a different kind of a letter but will send again. I saw two or three children at meeting about Linnie's age, but none like darling Linnie. When shall I see her again? If my wife and child were here it would be easy working. How I long for spring. And will it bring us all together again? And shall we not have other friends, Father, Mother, and our sisters, all four of them, Robert, Henry, your mother, why will they not all come? For Iowa will make a happy home for all. Work, and leaving off some of the comforts of life for a year or two, and then comfort, independence, competence and even wealth for all. God bring us together in peace.

O. C. Howe.

[Alden, N. Y.] Monday Feb. 10th, [1856].

Dear Husband:

While one is at the black board working a long algebraical problem I commence a letter to you, intending to finish it as soon as possible. We have had no mail here for 9 days, previous to Saturday.

Such piles of snow were never seen in Alden as line every fence and hide the houses.

(This is as far as I could write in school.) This morning's mail brought me this very welcome letter long looked for but not so long as you had looked in vain for news from home.

It has more than doubled the trials of the winter to be unable to exchange letters but, I have had the best of it I know. With such horrid accounts of freezing I was sometimes almost terrified for fear you would

be or were among the frozen ones, and it seems by your letter you were very near freezing. How could you be so careless when only in search of land. That other time when hunting I should expect of course you would get it until you were an icicle. But your game was worth something to be sure. An account of the hunt was published so that your father read it last week. I did not see the paper. We are all well and school goes off every well, and if the scholars all pay I shall have considerable money, a good many will leave at the end of this quarter but I shall keep one month more, and that will bring it to the last days of March and I hope to start very soon after. Your Father wants very much to go west and with us, but I don't think he can sell his place so as to go in the spring. He does not think he can and says he has not — to go with without selling, it is very dull here, nothing doing. I am very anxious to get away and feel as if I could hardly wait the time out but now I begin to count it by weeks instead of months and that seems much better. Mr. Maxon says he saw a friend from New York City who had just returned from Iowa west of Dubuque, near where you have located. He said New York people were fools and was going to close up his business as fast as possible and start for Iowa as soon as possible. I was very glad to hear that there would be some one nearer than the village, for until your letter to your father I thought we should be alone on the prairie, but better alone with each other than separated. I have not seen John or Henry's family since you were here. I wish you would write to Henry urging him to come up. I think he would. Vine wants to come very much but I think it is not best now, in fact she could not for want of money. Do tell me what it will cost for Linnie and me to get there? I have asked so many times in letters unrecieved that it seems as if I never would know. You must have written letters we have not received, a number I think. I will send this half sheet now and another this week. I wish you would write twice a week if the letters were short they would be so comfortable. Linnie is waiting to write to her Pa. Yours always,

Maria.

Newton, February 14, 1856.

My dear Wife:

I have received nothing since those two letters that came at one time with Linnie's enclosed in one of them. How glad I was to hear at last from you. The mail comes here from the east three times a week, but today there was nothing farther east than Iowa City. The railroad from Davenport was blocked up two days with snow.

I can not definitely conclude where I am to locate in the spring, till I hear from Father as to whether he is to come or not. Here I can have a salary of about \$400 a year, but board is \$4.00 a week and till within a week I have only had enough to pay for my board. Rents are very high, still I think we could get along well here, and I am in office being deputy recorder and treasurer of Jasper County.

Dr. Ault,⁵³ my principal, and a Mr. Preston⁵⁴ of Illinois and another person have just laid out a new town joining this and are trying to locate the courthouse upon it. If they succeed they will realize a large fortune, and there is considerable talk about removing the capital of the state here. I think Newton stands as good a chance as any other place.

The Dr. and Preston are also laying a town about nine miles from here, and I can get good employment there and probably make more for a few years than here. It would also be a first rate place for Father.

I can get 20 or 30 acres of land near the village there for \$20 or \$30 an acre and have time to pay for it in work in the office or a store or something, for the founders are friends of mine and seem to value my services. I can probably do something, in the meantime speculating but must wait till I get you here before letting a dime go for anything unnecessary. It will cost about \$30.00 apiece for you and Levinia to reach Galva with Linnie, and I can not bear the thought that you should come alone. I hope Father will be coming too. It will be a great disappointment to me if he does not come here early in the spring. John T. would make a fortune anywhere here in a short time, and I hope some time that he will come. I am sorry that Mother thinks more of Illinois than Iowa for it is certain that they would do better here than at Galva⁵⁵ and would find it equally comfortable and Father and I could do so much better together than alone, either in farming or in law business or blacksmithing.

I hear that land is rising in price about Iowa Falls and do not want to give up my home there. You say that you have written for a description of the farm and many other matters. I have not yet received the letters. The "farm" is nearly as rolling as the Ferris farm, it has two or three sink holes on it, but not to hurt it in the least. There are neighbors about three miles off and will be several near by before we can get there. The nearest timber is about 2½ miles off. You have probably seen a rough draft of the township that I sent Father.

If I had the means to purchase timber and prairie adjoining and stock a farm it would be a sufficient fortune to me for farming here is not much like work after the land is fenced and broken up. Land is high here, prairie in this county is from 2½ to 40 dollars an acre, according to quality and location.

If Father or Robert comes probably some considerable time will be taken up for a year or two in traveling in the western part of the state and in Nebraska. I would like to send some money next week to have some land entered for me on time in Monona County, may send for 160 or 320 acres. The 160 acres joining me in Hardin County is for Father so you need not wish me to sell it, even if I am able to get it. I am glad to see you so resolute about enduring the hardships of Iowa life and think you will be agreeably disappointed in many respects.

⁵³ Dr. A. T. Ault.

⁵⁴ Probably Edwin D. Preston who came to Jasper County in 1855 and engaged in surveying.

⁵⁵ Galva, in Henry County, Illinois.

I think Levinia had better come and Sarah too *and all the rest*. Schools could be got for all.

I will meet you in Galva and you will need to send me *several* letters for five or six weeks before starting to let me know when to come after you. I have not heard from Katie yet. You know how I wish to see you all. Kiss Linnie for me.

Your husband,
O. C. Howe.

The letters which follow were written on the same sheet of paper by the parents of Mr. Howe, the first one by John D. Howe, and the second by Sarah F. Howe. They came west in 1858 with John Henry Schuneman and Eupehemia Wheelock Schuneman, and settled in Spirit Lake.

Alden [N. Y.], Feb 17, 1856.

Yesterday was a comfortable wintry day but snowed some and last evening just at dark mother and myself went up to your house, wind in the south, warm and soft balmy air but we had not been there more than 20 minutes before the wind chopped round suddenly to the north and blew hard and the snow flew merrily and through the night grew colder and more cold and to day as severe a day as we have had this winter, so that we are all at home trying to keep warm and do not think of going to church it is so boisterous. Such a winter, that respectable individual, the oldest inhabitant, never knew before. No business doing anywhere. No work in the shop. The farmer has all that he can do to get wood and take care of his stock. Roads almost completely blocked up. Railroad cars don't run scarcely at all on our road or on some others. It has cost much more than their receipts to try to keep them open. It has been for 2 or 3 times that we have not had a mail from three to 9 days at a time and today the prospect is that the track may be filled as bad as ever. So it goes, and I sometimes think that I should like to live where there was no snow at all, at all. We have all enjoyed comfortable health so far except bad colds. Maria stands it better than we supposed she could as the winter has been. Mr. Vandervent keeps a supply of wood but says that he would not draw for any body else for \$3.00 per cord but says I am bound to keep her in wood and shall do so. * * * As to our town meeting not much said as yet, but there are symptoms that things are working among the fusion as Fullerton and Durkee and Slater, Jacobs, Brake and others are together some. Who they are intending to support for town officers has not transpired. E. H. Ewell wants to be the candidate of the American party for supervisor but whether he will get the nomination I don't know, but he is as usual anxious. As it respects my coming or rather going west all is very uncertain as I cannot go without selling to raise money to go with and I do not know of any chance of selling. You wrote in your last to Maria that you thought you should make a strike soon. All I can say is strike as you

have nothing to lose and may gain and if anything turns up so that I can help you by and by I will do so, but I do not see any better way for you than to keep the ball in motion. You wrote to Kate you say and now write to Ira and Rosalia lest they should find fault.⁵⁶

L. P. Jacobs inquired a day or two ago for your address, what his object was I do not know, but you must remember that he is like the Indian's White Man, very uncertain. Many inquiries concerning you and when you are coming back are made, but I have but one answer, that is, I do not know. When the mail will go out is uncertain as it continues blowing hard.

(Sig.) J. D. Howe.

Orlando, your father has left room for me to write some and I will try you need not fear of being forgotten by us I think more about you than I do the girls on account of your being alone and from your wife and child but they will not suffer as long as we can stir and Linnie is happy with us days and then goes home nights to comfort her mother she generally wants something to carry to her dear ma and she is put in mind of you often and says she is going west and will cook prairie hens for her poor pa she thinks she can't go without granpa and granma go. We have all felt better about you after we learned you was in some business this winter for it has been so cold and hard. I should [have] worried all the time if you had not fare, I was afraid you would see very hard times and it seems you did when out preempting and hunting I do hope you will be more careful in time to come and try to preserve your health we got a letter from Ira and Rosalia last week were well and anxious to hear from you have not heard from Katie since the fore part of January it seems lonely to have you and Kate both gone at once but hope it is for the best I hope you will succeed in getting along and do better than you could here but we know but little what is before us we must do what we can and trust in God. I hope you will have your dear wife and child in the spring to comfort you be assured you are ever in our minds and pray for your prosperity.

[Sig] S. F. Howe.

Feby. 21st. The prospect is for a mail to go out tonight C. Dodge was buried this afternoon.

Newton, February 22, 1856.

My dear Wife:

I send you a few lines in haste as I am about starting on a trip stumping for moving the county seat. I have been to one place with Dr. Ault and we give 'em some, I reckon. There is not much chance in succeeding in the effort.

You have probably received my last, in which I spoke of the various employments offering to me. None will pay very well, but can make

⁵⁶ Kattie Howe later Mrs. B. F. Babcock. Ira was Ira Tremaine, husband of Rosalie Howe, sister or daughter of J. D. Howe, writer of the letter quoted, all later residents of Webster City, Iowa.

something out of most. I have failed of receiving anything since your first two from you, but have seen by the papers that the R Roads are blocked up with snow.

If we conclude to stop here or near here it will be best to ship goods to Burlington rather than Davenport, as I can get from here to Burlington with a team in two days and come back with a load in three.

Ault and Preston have made me a good offer in building a village out in the country. I can take an undivided $\frac{1}{3}$ with them of 80, 160, or 240 acres of a most beautiful location for a village, and directly on a coal bank of superior quality.

Price about \$18 an acre on good time, and I can pay for my share by selling village lots, and have considerable left, besides reserving the coal. It is my opinion that a large manufacturing town must some time or other spring up there. Write oftener.

In haste,

O. C. Howe.

Newton, March 8, 1856.

My dear Wife:

I received your letter dated February 28 last night, and am sorry to find you are sick. You do not tell *how sick*, only I find by the letter that Linnie is not at home, but at Mother's. I am glad that you are out of school and are coming here *so soon*, for I am homesick, too. I am tired of fighting my way alone, though I do not mean to have you help do the *fighting*, but intend to become peaceable and let all matters go easy, though Fillmore's nomination may set me agoing again. By the way, that nomination takes remarkably well here with the true Americans, and will draw from every other party a strong vote.

About our county seat matter. The county judge has decided not to order an election, but I am going to get a mandamus from the district judge and put the matter through. My friends are sometimes astonished at my way of finding the way to do legal matters. There are several practicing attorneys here, but only one has any great amount of knowledge. John T.⁵⁷ is a much better lawyer than most of them, including the prosecuting attorney. Law business will pay soon, but at present not more than enough to make a living. Circumstances have prevented my speculating yet, and I shall want all I can get hold of to get you and the furniture here. Can you raise \$30? If not, can you sell furniture enough to raise it? Unless you can, write and I will send some to you, for I do not think you and Linnie can come for less than that to Galva and be prepared for slight accidents and detentions. The fare will be \$14 to Chicago, and perhaps \$6 to Galva, making \$20. Linnie goes free, and I think that if Sarah is with you she can come at half price by coming as servant and nurse for Linnie, but I am not certain as to that. At Chicago you will stay all night, and I think you had better stop at

⁵⁷ A New York lawyer referred to in O. C. H.'s letter, Feb. 14, 1856. *Ante.*

the Matteson House, price \$2.00 a day. Then take the "Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Rail Road" to Galva.

I shall go to Ft. Desmoine the 16th of March, as I have business there, and I shall then get admitted to practice, and I want you to start as soon after that time as you think a letter can reach me, and then you will get to Galva a day before me.

I now think you had better get Father to send the furniture as soon as possible to me at Newton, directed in care of "Salsbury, Daniels & Co. Iowa City." I shall not be at the expense of getting a team to go for them till I hear they have arrived. Ask Father to get a receipt from some forwarder in Buffalo and send it by you. I think you had better send as little furniture as you can get along with. I suppose you will not be able to get the cheap bureau you wrote about. I wish I was able to send the money for it, but cannot yet.

I wish you could be able to start by the 24th if you get this in time to send a letter to me by the 17th, giving seven days for a letter to reach me.

Write a letter every day for four days at least, sending the date you intend starting, and do come as soon as you can.

I am writing in the dark and must wait for a light.

Monday morning.

Have no time to write now. Good-by.

O. C. Howe.

Newton, March 15, '56.

My dear Wife:

I received from the west last night your long letter of the 24th of February, it having been missent. I will try and see if the postmaster will send this east today, although it is not the day for the through mail.

I see that you were sick at the time, but hope that you are better now, for the journey to Galva will be tedious. I do hope Sarah will come with you, and wish Schuneman would send his family along, and then come himself as soon as he can sell. If he were here I think that we should all conclude to go to the Missouri River.

Don't be afraid of my going into too wild a place, but the whole of Iowa is nearly alike, the northern part newer, but settled by Eastern people, and having more schools, churches, better houses, &c than the southern. I think Sioux City (at the mouth of the Big Sioux River) one of the best places to commence in that now offers, but shall not go there unless Father or Schuneman go with us. It being on the Missouri where steamboats land, it is not so far from all the conveniences of civilization as the interior of the state. Were you and one of the other home families here, I would think it best to go this spring, but now think it best to postpone till fall, when we will take a pleasure journey there to see how it will work.

A friend, Mr. Spencer of New York City,⁵⁸ who has been here a few

⁵⁸ George E. Spencer, see footnote 11, *ante*.

weeks, says he will go there and put us up a house if we will move there in the summer.

I can do very well here, and you may perhaps like it as being so far south. The weather this winter has been very cold, but the old residents say that it never has been so before.

Do be careful on your journey and not expose yourself to accident. Take good care of Linnie. I wrote that Sarah can come at one half fare if she would condescend to be Linnie's nurse for the trip. Linnie will come free probably. I sent you the rate of fare (\$14 to Chicago and 5 or 6 to Galva). I see that you and Father have thought that twenty would be enough, but the ten extra will be needed, as there are numerous expenses you will find unavoidable. You will be compelled to stop over night at Chicago.

How I long to see you. How much I fear accidents, all imaginable trouble for you is haunting me. You can only tell by your own feelings my solicitude. I can only hope for the best. The time is soon to come. I shall expect a letter by next Tuesday telling me when you start.

Good-by till Monday.

Yours in hope and love,
Orlando.

Love to all.

Newton, March 17, '56.

My dear Wife:

I did not get a letter from you Saturday and as usual am hoping for the next mail Tuesday. I fear that your letter telling me when you start will not reach me in time but you must not be disappointed if I should be delayed two or three days in getting to Galva. I guess Kate and Frank⁵⁹ will see that you are taken care of till I get there.

In my last I wrote you something about Sioux City. I do not know whether you would take from the letter that I was intending to go and settle or not. What I meant is that I shall take several trips in different directions in speculating tours as soon as I can get any one of our acquaintances to go with me, and if it *should* turn up that I find a good place to start a large town may think it best to move there but not unless you are willing.

I have had good health all the time except two days past and am well again. I think it a healthy state except on the bottom lands on the rivers.

I see by the letters that Father and Sarah have written that Father will come as soon as he can sell. I hope he will find a purchaser soon and think he will before summer is out. What a settlement we could start with [if] those would come soon.

But even if we are here alone, I think we can be happy, here or anywhere in the state. You can hardly imagine how much I think of you and Linnie, all the time you are before me. Father's family I think about most. It is hard at times living here alone and you have no idea

⁵⁹ Kate Wheelock, wife of B. F. Parmenter.

how disagreeable hotel life in Iowa is. We will soon be together and soon keeping house, then what a pleasure it will be to have a home. I am sorry I did not send ten dollars home to you and would now were I sure you would receive this before starting. Probably tomorrow I shall know when you start and hope that it will be necessary for me to go the day after. If so you will not get this.

Good-bye till we meet.

Your husband,
Orlando C. Howe.

Newton, March 19, 1856.

My dear Wife:

Again much disappointed as last night's mail brought me no letter. I am afraid that some of you are sick and do not write though I lay the fault to the mails. It troubles me to think you may start before I get word as to the day. I will direct this to Father as well as you, as probably you will be on the way before this reaches Alden.

Am in good health and my greatest trouble is being away from my friends but hope soon that we shall meet.

The weather is fine now, but everybody complains that it is a very backward spring. The frost is not out of the ground but it does not break up in the mud as in New York. The roads are dusty on top while it is thawing below.

I suppose that this letter ought to be addressed to the folks at home as Maria, Linnie and Sarah are probably on the way. Mary, you must write often as most of the "foreign correspondence" will rest on you. If you will write once a day to each of the families abroad, I will consent to take my turn with the rest. You must write to me once a week anyway.

O. C. Howe.

Newton, April 1, 1856.

Brother Lester,
Wife and Daughter, if there:

At last I have word that Maria is to start the 7th of April, and I intended then to change my proposition that I wrote you, and go for her, but I *can not* very well leave till after the 18th, and perhaps not then. Besides, if Maria can afford the hardship of another journey alone, the expense to take me there and back is quite an item, not much less than \$40.00, which at this time we shall need to commence house-keeping with. I have made no arrangements yet about a house, as I can not tell when the furniture will come, but think we had better go to housekeeping *without it* rather than wait. I am sorry they were shipped to Burlington, as I wished they would go rather to Iowa City. I send \$5.00 and will keep sending every mail till there is enough. If you can raise enough to start with \$20 for here, do it, and if by borrowing I will send the amount back. I shall not start till I hear from you that Maria

is there. The route here is by railroad to Rock Island, then to Iowa City on the cars, and then by stage to Newton.

Yours in haste,
O. C. Howe.

Ypsilanti, Mich.
Aug. 25th, 1856

My Dear Howe:

I arrived here on Saturday evening after a pleasant trip by the way of Dubuque. I have had a pleasant time thus far and a very pleasant visit here. I leave here today for "home". Please write me on receipt of this at Watertown all about Ault, what you have done learned and think and I will await yours at Watertown and then go to New York and have all of those a/c's sent to you the matter troubles me very much, but I have confidence in your discretion and judgment. The excitement on the Presidential question is intense. My faith and confidence in Fremont increases every day. He is certain of Success. We took a vote on the Mich. Cent. cars on Saturday the vote was Fremont 88, Buch 31, Fillmore 17, it is the general topic of conversation every where. Fremont meetings are being held in every town. I never saw such enthusiasm exhibited before. Write me the kind and description of shawl Mrs. Howe wants and I will get it with great pleasure. I am making my uncle here a visit but leave today. Give Mr. Parmenter and Lady and Mrs. Howe my compliments I am

Faithfully yours
George E. Spencer

Senate Chamber. Iowa City, Dec 14th, 1856.

My Dear Howe:

I received a letter today from Parmenter stating that you had returned also one from our friend Skiff stating that he and many others were in favor of your nomination for the Judgeship of the 11th Judicial District he wanted to know how I stood on the Goose question &c I wrote him I was allright there will be several candidates to wit, Stone of Knoxville, Loughridge of Oskaloosa, Williamson and Jewett of Fort Des Moines.⁶⁰ I dont see but that your chances would be as good as any of them but it will require sharp figuring. One important thing is when the convention is called is to have the delegation in ratio to the Republican votes cast at the last election and not in ratio to the whole number cast. In case it was in ratio to the republican votes we would have as large a delegation as any county in the District in the other case we would have about the 4th. I will do all I can here. Stone will probably get Marion and Warren Co. delegations and perhaps Madison. Williamson will get Polk and Dallas, Loughridge will get Mahaska, and you had [sic] ought to have Jasper and Poweshiek.

⁶⁰ Refers to Wm. M. Stone, Wm. Loughridge, W. W. Williamson, and J. E. Jewett.

Please write me all about your northern trip, did you prove up your pre-emption and did you sell it.

Tell me all the news at Newton &c. What do you think of Kellogg and my trade with Powell. That bet of mine with the Dr. I committed and gave him an order on you for \$75. the remaining \$25 please place to my credit.

Please give my kind regards to your wife.

Faithfully yours
George E. Spencer

Iowa City, Jan'y 14th, 1857.

Dear Howe:

I saw Foster from Montezuma⁶¹ a few days ago and he said that he was in favor of Stone for Judge, you had better see some of the politicians and fix things then don't have the convention held at Monroe, but have it held at Keith's, I should prefer Fort Des Moines to Monroe. Keith's would be the most central place.

In haste yours
George E. Spencer.

III

Mr. Howe's letters after leaving Newton in February, 1857, on their journey to the Lakes, thence for six years to be his home, have more than ordinary interest for those interested in the pioneer days of Iowa because of their relation to the impending tragedy between the shores of the Okobojis, then in the making. They serve as road or trail marks of their journey, as the wayfarers slowly proceeded towards their destination, only to come upon death and desolation. Save the letters of Dr. Isaac H. Harriott, one of the victims of the Massacre, Mr. Howe's letters constitute the only contemporary correspondence extant by any of the *dramatis personae* in the dark drama on the shores of Mini-Wakan.⁶²

Some of the Howe letters and documents or papers bearing upon the Spirit Lake Massacre and its Aftermath have been published in previous issues of the *ANNALS OF IOWA*; and they are not reproduced in their chronological order in what follows. Footnotes will indicate where they may be found by those wishing to learn their contents and purport.

⁶¹ C. L. J. Foster, representative of Poweshieck County in the Seventh General Assembly.

⁶² F. I. Herriott, "Dr. Isaac H. Harriott: One of the Victims of the Spirit Lake Massacre, etc.," *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 276-87.

At Manns, Feb. 22, 1857.

My dear Wife:

We have traveled the full distance of ten miles but find the Nevada road is not passable so we must turn for Ft Demoine route, we hope to get to Ft. Demoine Tuesday.

We will probably trade the old mare off for a yoke of cattle as we have a good chance here to do it and it will not do to work her hard and she was sick yesterday. We hear that we are to have good roads after reaching Ft. Demoine all the way. We are in good health and spirits and none feel disheartened though the difficulties in the way of reaching our place in eight days are yet wholly imaginary.

Do not send Potter^{62a} with the load as we wrote as we must get through as we can and have heard from Ft. Dodge and provisions and horse feed etc. have not raised in price since we were there. We will not try to get things up till settled weather except ourselves and we have enough means, men and provisions, and find that there is no danger at all for all the high water is over when we get to Demoine.

Good-bye my dear wife and child. Parmenter was going to write but has not time just now as the man is starting soon.

O. C. Howe.

Ft Demoine, February 24, '57.

My dear Wife:

We have at last reached the capital of Iowa, after a quick passage of four days. We are well and in good spirits and will go on as fast as possible without incurring danger. Do not be alarmed at any reports of the state of the roads or high water. It is not half as bad as represented.

I do not wish to see any of my acquaintances here and am in too much of a hurry to wait for the 26th to see the result of that.⁶³ Write the result to Ft. Dodge the day you hear of it. I expect by the time I get to Ft. Dodge to find a letter or two that you have written by this time.

We swapped the old mare for a yoke of cattle and can go with less trouble and expense and save corn when we get there. Jule is the best horse we had and R. begins to own it. Old Spot was well got rid of and I urged the trade and all agreed to it.

There is going to [be] some strong efforts made by others to start a town at Spirit Lake but we will get the start if possible.

Good-bye, Linnie and all.

Your husband,
Orlando C. Howe.

Boonsboro, February 27, 1857

My dear Wife:

We have stopped the teams here long enough to write a line. The

^{62a} Thomas Potter of Newton.

⁶³ Refers to the Convention held in Fort Des Moines to select a nominee for district judge, when George E. Spencer and others hoped to secure the nomination for Mr. Howe.

roads have now become better and we make more progress. There is no trouble here or north of here with high water, though we expect to be shut up at Spirit Lake till the middle of April after it once breaks up.

Do write often to Ft Dodge.

We heard yesterday from the settlement on the Demoin River in Minnesota twelve miles north of Spirit Lake. The weather there has been no worse than here and there is plenty of hay and provisions and no *Sioux*, so do not let Indians trouble you at all.

Good-bye again till we get to Ft Dodge.

Your husband,
Orlando C. Howe.

At Casters, Palo Alto County, March 5, 1857.

My dear Wife:

We are now within two days' journey of the lakes and begin to feel quite contented. It was so cold and windy and Robert's⁶⁴ eyes are sore and Laura is some lame, so we waited here today.

When we hear from you is uncertain as the Demoin will rise so high that it will be impassable until June or longer, though I shall go down to Ft. Dodge for letters by the first of April or soon after. How I wish to hear from you. The winter has been hard here for the settlers though I find none who are going to leave. The prospect is fair and the accounts of the country encourage Parmenter & Snyder very much. You will have plenty of eggs here and at the lakes, for geese and ducks without number build their nests on the shores. Provisions of the game kind will all be plenty. I have no further light tonight.

Good-bye again to both.

Orlando C. Howe.

[In pencil on back of letter]

Saturday, March 6,

We have laid by on account of the storm and are now starting. We shall travel about twelve miles and stop over Sunday and get there next day. Robert's eyes are better. Adieu.

Orlando.

Here may be mentioned Mr. Howe's draft of the affidavit setting forth the gruesome details of the Massacre which he and Messrs. Snyder, Parmenter and Wheelock came upon at the Lakes on March 16, which Mr. Howe penned on the afternoon or evening of March 21 at Fort Dodge, on their return from the Lakes to notify that community of the catastrophe to the Spirit Lake Settlement, which affidavit was forwarded

⁶⁴ Robert Wheelock.

to Gov. James W. Grimes at Burlington. It has been given in previous pages.⁶⁵

Ft Dodge, March 22, 1857.

My dear Wife:

Since you last heard from me what strange events have taken place, but by the mercy of God we are all spared though through many apparent dangers. After leaving here we were much hindered and at last left our horses and went with the oxen to Dr. Bidwell's claim in Palo Alto County about twenty-five or thirty miles from Spirit Lake.⁶⁶ Here we waited for several days as the cattle were lame and we were nearly tired out but at last started again. On the 16th (last Monday) we reached within three miles of the Lakes with the teams and then got fast in the snow drifts. So we took a hand sled with a little provisions and bedding and went to Mr. Joel Howe's house, the same place where Robert and I stopped last fall.

We remarked that no one appeared to be on the lookout and thought it strange, but a dog came out barking at us. As we approached nearer, the house appeared deserted and on the outside there was much confusion, things being thrown out and scattered around. We looked into the house through the window and saw the bedding &c piled up on the floor.

Robert and I then went on to Mr. Thatcher's⁶⁷ to see if they were at home, thinking that actual starvation had driven away Howe's family. As we came to Thatcher's, we saw that things were in worse confusion there, the beds having been ripped open and feathers scattered out and cattle killed at the door and saw moceasin tracks about and suspected that Indians had been at mischief. We did not break into the house, but went back to Howe's where Parmenter and Snyder had remained. They had built a fire in the stove and told us they had seen a corpse in the house and so had come out doors to wait for us. We did not like to stay in the house but concluded it was necessary, so we went in and stayed all night as it was too dark to travel.

We expected to find the whole family dead in the house either by starvation or violence but concluded to make no examination till we left. When ready to start we found such a scene as I hope never to see again. Mr. Howe's family⁶⁸ had all been murdered and probably by the Indians. We did not wait long to examine the bodies, but only saw a few, I recollect seven, there were probably more, one child younger than Linnie.

We went back to the Des Moines River at the Irish Colony as soon as possible, leaving all the load in the prairie by the Lakes except our clothing, arms and some provisions to last us through.

On reaching the settlements we found that people had given us up for murdered as we had gone on and not been heard from and several others

⁶⁵ F. I. Herriott, "The Aftermath of the Spirit Lake Massacre," *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third Series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 439-40.

⁶⁶ The location not known.

⁶⁷ J. M. Thatcher, whose wife was one of the four women taken captive by Inkpaduta's band and later murdered on the way up to Dakota.

⁶⁸ Joel Howe.

had within a few weeks gone to the Lakes and only one, a Mr. Morris Markham, had escaped.⁶⁹ He was there some ten days previous to us and went to Mr. Gardner's house⁷⁰ and found the people all murdered and then he went to Mr. Thatcher's and found it plundered, but Mrs. Thatcher and child missing. We found Thatcher at the settlements nearly distracted at the loss of his family and especially the uncertainty as to their fate. They may be prisoners, but I fear they are dead. From twelve to twenty of the bodies at the Lakes have been seen by Markham and ourselves but the other persons have not been heard from. There were about forty in all.

My dear wife how I now wish to come to you for a short time, but I cannot. I am impelled by a sense of duty too strong to be resisted to assist in finding those missing persons. Robert, Snyder⁷¹ and myself came here to raise a company and look for them and we shall start Tuesday with a very strong force.

Parmenter waited at the colony for us to return with the company as he could not walk fast enough for the emergency. Snyder has heard his child is sick and has today concluded to go back to Newton but promises to come up again and perhaps will bring some help.

How I have dreaded to write so much that will pain and alarm you but I have no wish to conceal my intentions if I could. It may be some consolation to you that there is not much probability of our overtaking the Indians though I think and hope you will rather wish we should succeed even at much danger. Had I not seen those murdered children and heard Thatcher's appeal for help to find his family I might not think it right to leave you and Linnie to go back; but God in his providence placed me there, and has most mercifully and almost miraculously spared our lives and you will agree with me that it would be wrong for me to leave this work to others. We intend to go to the Lakes and pursue the Indians as far as any prospect of success appears and then will build a strong block house on our claim that will be a defence in future from any aggressions. Of course we do not think of ever taking our families into a place of danger but this terrible massacre will probably be the occasion of driving the Sioux out of the country and in a few years if God so will it we may be spared to think over his many mercies and praise his goodness in safety in that country now so gloomy.

I hope to return to Newton in two months or less and will have several opportunities of writing to you. Continue to write to Dacotah⁷² and Ft. Dodge. How I love those letters you sent me.

Have good courage, we will do our duty and leave the result with God

⁶⁹ Morris Markham was the one who first carried the news of the Spirit Lake Massacre to Fort Ridgely, Minn.

⁷⁰ Rowland Gardner. One of his daughters was not present at the time of the attack, and the other, Abbie, was taken to Dakota and later released through the good offices of the authorities of Minnesota Territory. See Herriott, *Op. cit.*, pp. 483-88.

⁷¹ Cyrus Snyder of Newton.

⁷² Now Dakota City in Humboldt County, Iowa.

and you need not fear if the hour of trial comes that I will cause you or Linnie to be ashamed of me.

Tell Linnie that I must go to drive away the Indians that killed the little children.

Have not you and Linnie been wonderfully preserved from being there?

Your husband

Orlando C. Howe.

March 23

Snyder starts now

Goodby and God protect you

Orlando.

Ft. Dodge, March 26, 1857.

My dear Wife:

We start today with a very strong force and shall have about one hundred men in our army. This will make our effort successful without doubt and will prevent all danger or nearly so. Do not be unnecessarily alarmed. Write to Father's folks, I have written a short letter. We will try to get some work done this summer on our place but unless a large settlement is formed will not think of staying in the winter. Of course you will not have the pleasure of seeing that most beautiful of countries for a long time as I shall not ask you to go while there is possibility of danger if at all.

God protect you both.

Orlando C. Howe.

I send an order for you to sign with one that may satisfy Upton.⁷³

[Near Spirit Lake?] Wednesday, April 2, 1857.

My dear Wife:

The troops from Fort Ridgeley have arrived one day in advance of us and driven away all the Indians, but not till they had destroyed another settlement. Part of our company return today, the others stay to assist burying the dead. We are all well and will remain for some time, and I shall perhaps go to Sioux City before returning. Will try and write again in a few weeks.

Good-by.

Orlando C. Howe.

Newton, Jasper Co., Iowa
March 25th, 1857

Friend Howe:

As your wife has requested me to write you at Fort Dodge thinking perhaps I might be able to give you more news in relation to business matters than herself. I will just write you a few words. Suppose you have heard on this that Stone received the nomination for judge. Jasper

⁷³ Name not found in Census of Jasper County for 1856.

was not represented in convention—the river was so high that no one could get there. That affair with Sloan did not amount to anything. I sent to them the proper instructions to take depositions and in the meantime they had sent up an affidavit as to the truth of the claim and upon receiving my instructions sent back word that they had sent up the depositions before as a matter of course had to withdraw the papers.

M....on has failed up entirely and is either sneaking about town hid up half of the time or ran away I know not which. Weather warm and nice and farmers soon will be plowing wishing you success

I remain yours truly,

H. S. Winslow.⁷⁵

Sioux City, May 15th, 1857.

My dear Howe:

I reached here yesterday 3 days from Spirit Lake, we found everything peaceable and quiet, there was none of the Red Skins in that region. We left your friends all well there and in good spirits. We located Spirit Lake City on the site you proposed. Forman⁷⁶ is now platting the town I expect to sell enough stock in the town to help you start it well.

Bill Granger⁷⁷ arrived the day after we did. I don't fear him much. don't amount to putty he is the most insufficient man I ever saw. He however, agreed with me perfectly in everything. I will write you the particulars by the next mail. We located the town of Spencer in Clay County. There is a perfect rush here. Write me here.

yours, etc.

Geo. E. Spencer

Here it is to be noted in passing the public protest against the newspaper articles reflecting upon the conduct of Dr. John S. Prescott in respect of the Gardner claim and his alleged desecration of the graves of the victims of the Massacre, penned by Judge Howe, and signed by him and all of his fellow townsmen at the Lakes, already quoted by me in the *ANNALS OF IOWA* in dealing with the "Aftermath of the Spirit Lake Massacre."⁷⁸

There might be reproduced here properly the appeal of the residents of Spirit Lake and nearby communities to the members of the Seventh General Assembly then in session at Des Moines, asking for provision for protecting the northwestern

⁷⁵ H. S. Winslow, who later had a notable career as an attorney and district judge.

⁷⁶ S. W. Foreman, then of Newton, later of Spirit Lake.

⁷⁷ Wm. H. Granger, member of the Red Wing Company, see *ANNALS OF IOWA* (Third Series), Vol. XVIII, pp. 247, 264-72, 608-09.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.* pp 612-14.

frontier from Indian attacks, the first among the thirty-two signers being Orlando C. Howe, who we may infer was the author of the appeal. It was reproduced some twenty years since by Captain Charles B. Richards in his account of the "Organization and Service of the Frontier Guards" published in these pages in April, 1913.⁷⁹

[Spirit Lake] May 23, 1857.

Brother Howe:

We a party of six are in the Snyder Grove in a small cabin and besides us one man of Dr. Prescott's company⁸⁰ is now here putting up a house on his claim. The doctor has about the same number of men and Granger seven or eight, though as I am informed today two of Granger's men left yesterday sick. Granger is absent, having left as he says for Red Wing for recruits.

Granger as you were informed before this claims the Snyder and Mattock Grove and the contest promises to grow hotter and hotter. There is now one cabin completed in the Snyder grove and two bodies of others up that only want roofing and chinking &c. We are laboring under much disadvantages from want of our plow and another ox team, because as it is we shall get only half of the breaking done by the team as we furnish two yoke only and the other yoke is furnished by Markham & Leamont as well as the plow. You can take everything into account and make such arrangements as you think advisable. We are also greatly in want of seed potatoes. Each of our party has a garden broken on as good ground as could be found. I have broken us three-fourths of an acre for a garden on the town site and have made beds and sown them &c. We want *men, men* to keep the balance of the world straight, particularly the Granger portion of it. The black walnut grove is not yet taken and there are any quantity of splendid prairie claims. The Newton boys must come up immediately or they will lose their timber. You will of course have Forman come up as soon as possible, and would it not be a good idea for him to get a sub contract to sectionize a township or two in this county, then we could immediately preemt and it would give us an advantage over the Grangers as they would not suspect Forman to be engaged in that business. I spoke to Dr. Prescott about adopting this plan and he was decidedly pleased with it and said "There should be no difficulty between us respecting the expenses." Please to think of this subject and learn the name of the man who has the contract and see him or have Forman see him, as you think best. Prescott goes to the Fort tomorrow or the next day and will make some inquiry respecting this matter and take our letters along.

I think there is a chance for another timber claim in the grove next north of the Marble grove. When contests arrive among preemptors the

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, Vol. XI, p. 2.

⁸⁰ Dr. John S. Prescott. Herriott, *Op. cit.*, pp. 510, 515, 610-17.

statute provides that he who made the first settlement shall prevail. Query? In determining who made the first settlement are improvements made prior to the sectionizing of the land taken into account? Please to see how the Register of the Ft Dodge office construes the statute. Robert thinks it would be a good plan to get some buckwheat & a seine & salt which he forgot to mention in his letter. I hope you will make haste to come up here and bring as many settlers as possible. Tell Arthur that I am waiting impatiently for him.⁸¹

Yours,

B. F. Parmenter.

P. S. Our dishes are for the most part missing. Perhaps you will think it best to bring a set. Decidedly the best road to this place is through Clay County. Bob has claimed 320 acres, 80 of timber in Snyder's grove. I have claimed for you 8 more on section south of town, including two small groves.

Newton, Jany. 12th, 1858.

Messrs Howe & Wheelock:

I confidently expected that Spencer and myself would have got up to the Lakes before this. I was anxious above all to have Spencer go up and take care of his claim that there might be no difficulty about that and that we might arrange everything in a satisfactory manner.

It was announced here last evening that Spencer was appointed Clerk of the Senate and Colonel Shelledy speaker of the House. Spencer hails from Spirit Lake.^{81a}

After the adjournment of the legislature I presume Spencer will be on hand and make everything right and meantime he will no doubt labor for the interest of Spirit Lake. Two petitions have been drawn up one to the Senate and House of Representatives for a new land district and land office which petition I have forwarded to the Doctor at the city of Washington, the other petition is addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of this state for a memorial to Congress for a grant of lands for a railroad from Sioux City to connect with the Mankato road. Spencer will see this through.

Will it not be well for the boys at the Lakes to know that if Spencer is not at work with them he is at work for them, and that too at a point where he can be most serviceable?

The names of the settlers now at the Lakes were signed to these petitions by their friends here for them.

I have never seen so tight times for money as the present. I am positively in want of funds to make my family comfortable. As soon as I can see them comfortable and get money enough to get to the Lakes

⁸¹ May refer to Thomas Arthur of Newton, or to Alfred Arthur, husband of Sarah Howe, sister of O. C. Howe.

^{81a} George E. Spencer, chief clerk of Senate, and Col. Stephen B. Shelledy, speaker of the House of Representatives of the Seventh General Assembly.

and back I shall be up there and till such time I will do whatever I can to forward the interests of the settlement.

Money is plenty at the East and the prospect of emigration is good as the Doctor writes and as I am informed from other sources.

Respectfully yours,
B. F. Parmenter

Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 30th, 1858

O. C. Howe, Esq.

Dear Sir:

The Mankato mail came and went without my knowing it so I will write a few lines and send by the buffalo hunters. If this could reach you before they will I would give you some account of the expedition but as it is I will let each tell his own story.

You probably have already learned that you are elected by nearly 300 majority as near as is now known here.⁸²

I leave the mare, saddle and bridle for you, she will be taken to Mr. Hungerford⁸³ 8 miles above here on Floyd tomorrow eve, or next day. Mr. Charles⁸⁴ and others say that is a good place and I think it will not cost much for keeping. He has a field of corn by his house that he wants to use her with his horse to haul in. I think "Bet" will enable you to prosecute the traveling part of the duties of your office to your entire satisfaction.

You can get Mr. Palmer⁸⁵ to help you select the twenty lots and you can make me the necessary papers and send them to me at Alden. I expect to start for there next Monday via Omaha and St. Louis.

The boys here had a jubilee last night over the election, using the canon that was brought down from the Ft. to rejoice over the election of those that "couldn't —".

I located two quarters and one 80 in Clay co.

Yours truly,
D. Hathorn.⁸⁶

Ft Dodge, November, 1858.

C C Carpenter, Esq.

Having seen communication addressed to you by John S. Prescott respecting the sending of troops to the vicinity of Spirit Lake I take the liberty of correcting several gross misstatements in it.

The matter was not "the offspring of fraud" but on the contrary was demanded by nearly every settler in the county, from a belief that the frontier in that vicinity needs protection.

⁸² Refers to O. C. H's election as district attorney of the Fourth Judicial District. See *Ante.*, p. 171.

⁸³ E. S. Hungerford, after whom Hungerford Township was named.

⁸⁴ John H. Charles, banker of Sioux City.

⁸⁵ Jared Palmer of Spirit Lake.

⁸⁶ Probably David Hawthorne referred to in Jos. H. Taylor, *Twenty Years on the Trap Line.* pp. 29, 40, 42.

The petition was drawn up by myself and for the very object expressed and not to subserve the private interests of George E. Spencer or any other person, and was signed by nearly every inhabitant of the county.

The statement that "not a man or woman in the neighborhood has any fear" is false; and the assertion that "all the known facts show no cause for fear" is untrue.

The citizens of our county have nothing to interest them in any question of veracity between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Prescott, but as the former has in this matter only repeated their message it may be proper for them to inform "all whom it may concern" who is utterly unworthy of credit in [this] matter.

For this reason as one of those citizens I have taken this opportunity to give my opinion. I will further state that the actions of Mr. Prescott seem to indicate that he would prefer the destruction of the whole settlement (excepting himself—perhaps his family) to the stationing of troops there which might pecuniarily injure him.⁸⁷

[O. C. H.]

Humboldt County, Iowa
Dakota City, Dec. 19, 1859.

Sir:

The late County Judge of this County was accidentally killed in Fort Dodge last Thursday, leaving his office vacant. At the October election of the present year he was re-elected for the coming term commencing January first, 1860.

The question has arisen,—*Can* the office be filled by the County Clerk acting as Judge, until the next General Election, or will it be *requisite* for me to order a Special Election to fill the vacancy.

If a Special Election is *necessary*, how long will the person elected hold office—till the next October Election, or the balance of the term commencing Jan. 1, 1860.

Will my acts as County Judge until a new Judge be elected be legal. Your immediate opinion on the above questions would oblige.

Respectfully yours,

Orlando Howe, Esq.
District Attorney

John E. Cragg
County Clerk

Spirit Lake, August 3rd, 1859

My dear Husband:

I have nothing new to write you, all are about as well as usual at home, Katy is better, Henry's family seems stationary only the baby grows weaker.

The mail of Tuesday brought you four letters, one from William Larkin, Iowa Falls, wishing to know whether the surveyors were here and had with them two dogs which he says were stolen from him. He

⁸⁷ See F. I. Herriott, *Op. Cit.*, pp. 509–11, for controversy between Messrs. Howe and Prescott anent the Indian menace.

wished you to get the dogs or tell him how to do it, also to know if it would pay his father to bring flour here to sell. Another from Asa C. Call, Algona, (if I can read the name it is Call)⁸⁸ calling your attention "to a suit commenced by him against Amos S. Collins and William A. Wilson". He sends a statement of circumstances and a copy of "Wilson's deposition". Says he has much legal business this fall in all of which he wishes to engage you in connection with Finch, Kasson, and Mitchell but calls your particular attention to this suit.⁸⁹

A third letter from Lewis Smith, of Algona, saying that they would elect delegates for the choice of Representatives the same time that they did for the Senatorial Convention at Sac City, and if the other Counties did the same would go into convention with them there. The fourth from Morris McHenry, Dept. Treasurer, Crawford County, asking in relation to the settlement of delinquent interests due the school fund. He wishes to know whether he shall send you the names of delinquents to commence suit against immediately or whether he shall continue to receive what they can pay in until their next term of court.

Dr. Ball⁹⁰ has not returned. Parmenter says Judge C.⁹¹ is very wrathly against George S.⁹² and that the water story is true.

If I do not hear anything from you to prevent I will write you by the next mail at Onawa City, Monona.

Wheelock⁹³ misses you very much and mourns for Perey the singer.

Your wife M. W. Howe

Algona, May 17th, 1862

My Dear Wife:

I concluded to come this way with Kingman⁹⁴ and the mail carrier and camped out on the road. It is raining now and I shall wait for it to clear up before going to Dakotah.

I paid for a sack of flour at Estherville that will arrive there by Monday and Kingman promises to take it over when he goes which will be by the mail that carries this.

Ambrose Call has the mail routes that I bid on at lower rates than I would take them if even now offered the chance.

This mail carries you great news, Norfolk and Portsmouth taken, the Merrimac blown up by the rebels, Richmond evacuated, rumored intervention of France and England in favor of the rebels and the Homestead Bill passed the senate and awaiting only the President's signature which it will surely receive.

I forgot to get two dollars from Matteson⁹⁵ so that Patrick could

⁸⁸ A. C. Call with his brother Ambrose Call, founded the city of Algona.

⁸⁹ Daniel O. Finch, John A. Kasson, and John Mitchel, attorneys of Des Moines.

⁹⁰ Dr. James Ball.

⁹¹ Possibly A. C. Call of Algona.

⁹² George Spencer.

⁹³ John Wheelock Howe, son of O. C. Howe.

⁹⁴ Rosalvo Kingman of Spirit Lake.

⁹⁵ Probably M. M. Matheson, a merchant of Spirit Lake.

have it but I think Pat can get some money of him on my account if he or you need it.

Please write by this mail to Algona as I wish much to know whether another warrant has arrived, you need not send the warrant if it has come as I can make my arrangements without if I know whether it has come or not.

Your Husband
O. C. Howe

IV

This Division of the Howe letters may fittingly conclude with the following vivid memoir written by Mrs. Howe of the Sioux outbreak of 1862 which worked such loss of life and indescribable horrors throughout southwestern Minnesota, and terrorized the pioneers of northwestern Iowa. The date of its composition and the occasion for its preparation are not known but it was written while Mrs. Howe was resident in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, some time between 1885 and 1902—probably in commemoration of some anniversary of the outbreak. The narrative discloses the foresightedness, decisive character and courage of Judge Howe when dire catastrophe spread terror about him.

M. W. HOWE

A MEMORY OF THE MINNESOTA INDIAN MASSACRE

Those who spend their summers at the pleasant resorts around and at Spirit Lake now seldom think what a comparatively short time it is since the warlike Sioux brought terror and destruction into that quiet neighborhood.

During the spring of 1862 there was a feeling of unrest in northern Iowa. The Indians of Minnesota in the vicinity of Ft Ulm and westward had heard vague rumors of our Civil War, and were only waiting their opportunity to make an attack upon the settlers. I had gone with my husband through his district in Iowa, and when at Onawa we heard of the attack upon Fort Sumpter. Judge Hubbard adjourned his court and gave him permission to return at once to Spirit Lake to be with his family. This was in May and going up the Sioux River we met several small parties of officers on their way homeward. They were all from the South, and had resigned their commissions in the northern army and were hoping for service in their respective states.

They seemed aware of the ill feeling among the Sioux and Dakotas and told us tauntingly we would "have enough to do to manage them, without meddling with the Southerners."

When we reached Spirit Lake all seemed about as usual. The small

squad of soldiers kept there were at that time all away, but no one appeared much afraid. They returned in a few days and reported having been fired upon as they were crossing a small stream, by Indians concealed in the tall grass and thick weeds that bordered all the streams in that country.

So the matter went on, we hearing occasionally of some man shot in his field or of straggling parties of "braves" who were seen in the neighborhood.

They were afraid to come to Spirit Lake as the memory of that terrible massacre of 1857 was still too strong in the minds of that community. On the morning of August 8th [18?], 1862, my husband rushed into the house greatly excited saying "They are at it, they are at it." In answer to my questioning he said that a report had just reached town that the entire settlement at Springfield was murdered and a party would start from the Lakes in a few moments to learn the truth. "And leave us all here with no protection" I shrieked in terror. "My darling, my darling" he said, "it is our only way to protect you; be brave as you have always been, and pray that we may get there before all are killed," and he was gone.

I heard some one knocking and found at the door John Nelson, a Norwegian from Springfield, one little child about two years old in his arms and holding by his hand a girl of 6 or 7. The baby kept up a continuous moaning, but was unconscious.

"These all I got now, wife and boys all killed by Indians" said the poor man, as I took the bruised little one from his arms. He had walked 16 miles through the night carrying one or both the children. He took some warm coffee, but would not eat anything.

My sister came in immediately and we put the child into a warm bath. The heat revived it a little but it soon went into spasms and we discontinued it, when it resumed that pitiful moaning. Mr. Nelson took the little girl to a neighbor's and returned himself with the rescue party. All that day and the most of the night we cared for the little one and in the early morning death came.

The soldiers were not there that night and nearly the entire town were in the courthouse, a large brick building surrounded by a strong stockade. My sister remained with me, and a young man, the son of Dr. Prescott, remained with us, watching outside for Indians while we waited for the coming of death. It was a fearful night, husband and brothers all away, we knew not where, nor whether they were then living or had been murdered. The next day some of the party came back, a part remaining to bury the dead. Men, women and children scattered through the fields and groves, or lying in their homes killed and mutilated in every conceivable manner.

Years after my husband told me how happening to look into the oven of a cook stove they found a very young babe in a large dripping pan, prepared as a turkey to roast.

We kept the Norwegian's child until the father returned, when it was laid away in a small grove on the shore of Lake Okoboji. Several of

the neighbors who escaped the savages accompanied Nelson back. They were all at the burial and after the grave was filled up they knelt around it and sang most mournfully a funeral song in their own language.

There were no depredations of any kind committed at Spirit Lake at the time of the fearful massacre at Fort Ulm. The vigilance of the settlers and the presence of the soldiers were doubtless what prevented it.

Now lovely residences adorn the groves and shores of Spirit Lake. Stately hotels offer ample accommodation to crowds of visitors, and the shriek of the locomotive is heard on all sides. The murderous Inkipaduta and his warriors are all creatures of the past, used only to give a wierd touch of romance to the present. But few of the original settlers remain in that vicinity. Most of them are resting in some silent city of the dead, and even the historical facts are fading from the memory of the living.

M. W. Howe

Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

[To be continued]

PLENTY AND STARVATION

This is a great country! Instead of wheat and flour rising, as the politicians promised the farmers a year ago, it will soon be impossible to find a market for the surplus of the West at any price. Millions of pork can be bought for one cent and a half a pound, and no buyers. Yet English artisans are starving by the hundred thousand; and yet its brutal aristocracy keeps up the price of bread by a high duty of foreign grain. See! The millions of England cramped upon their little island, a continent full of bread to overflowing; and a pampered aristocracy, rather than forego a few luxuries, tell Englishmen to starve.—*Bloomington* (Muscatine) *Herald*, copying from the *New Era*, February 4, 1842. In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

TOWARD CORRECT LANGUAGE IN EARLY IOWA

Some words not now current, used 1850 to 1860 in the William Savage settlement (roughly the southeast township of Jefferson County, and those contiguous in Henry and Van Buren counties, Iowa) are by the student to be considered at least in the following lights.

Born September 2, 1833, William Savage, an orphaned boy in England was taken into the family of his late father's brother, William. The deceased father and the Uncle William were Quakers. Therefore the earliest vocabulary of the diarist was formed of Quaker usage in England in an intelligent, if humble family in the tailor trade.

Migrating to Cayuga County, New York, the diarist in 1847, still in his Uncle William's family, as an apprenticed tailor extended his contacts, hence enlarged his vocabulary, with his trade and through the country school, until he was fourteen years old.

An apprentice to any of the trades in the 1840's currently employed not only that trade's facilities, including its tools, devices, methods, but its nomenclature. A dextrous, apt and needy boy adapted other trade processes of practical aid in getting on in life, with those neighboring trades' particular nomenclature.

Prior to and in the 1850's, frontier settlers in eastern Iowa as often as not had been apprenticed workmen in a score of trades such as weaver, sailor, cooper, millwright, rope wainer. So that Savage's first Iowa country school in Cedar Township, Van Buren County, Iowa, of the 40's and 50's drew into it the trade-language of all. The babble was further affected by such variation of words and their pronunciation, of trade-, tool-, and use-nomenclature as the respective family antecedents had brought into Iowa, as Savage's neighbors had, from the older states of New York, Virginia, both Carolinas and their com-

monwealth-children, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri. Therefore William Savage, as a patron, slowly shed his peculiar usage (see his diary where he drops the use of the solemn Quaker style on Friday, September 17, 1858). His neighbors dropped their oddly applied or differently pronounced ancestral words, though these may have been current as of the time and place they were acquired. Each pupil in the Savage settlement had to rid his child-mind of its habitual, faulty words and faulty pronunciation as he found it false by example of teacher in the schoolroom or by snubs and sneers of playmates in their merciless mocking at play. The authority of Webster's "blue-backed speller" was the standard of synonymns for ideas and for correct utterance of words.

Unfamiliar words of William Savage will nearly all be found in Webster's New International Dictionary, 1920 edition, as ordinary, provincial, archaic or obsolete. Other standard dictionaries in current use today by scholars carry most if not all save one: "Dykes" as it occurs in Savage's diary for April 6, 1859, is not so found. But even this exception may be as a provincialism recalled by Iowa "scholars" of sixty years ago and workers on farms or in trades in that time.

We are often ungracious heirs to the social achievement, through use by our folks of these and much other defective language. The all but obsolete words that William Savage used in his diary touched talent, valor, integrity, faith, hope and work. The fruits of all this came down to us cost free. We should and do enjoy a view of his unspoiled or faulty usage. The diary is a retrieval of what may fairly be termed evidence of original Iowa culture. By contrast with today's corresponding words and experience, it is a true basis for admeasuring this gift, and of our own improvement, if any. The trend outward and upward through the country school and home life, during and before the Civil War, in the Savage settlement, and to a degree in all older Iowa settlements, is intimated if not clearly proved.

NOTABLE DEATHS

LEIGH S. J. HUNT was born on a farm near Larwill, Whitley County, Indiana, August 11, 1855, and died in Las Vegas, Nevada, October 5, 1933. His ashes were deposited in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Glendale, California. His parents were Franklin Leigh and Martha Long Hunt. His primary education was obtained in public schools in Indiana, and his secondary education from a correspondence course with Middlebury College, Vermont. He also studied independently while teaching and qualified himself in the law, passing the examination for the bar in Indiana. He taught in public schools in Indiana, and in September, 1880, became superintendent of schools at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, where he remained until June, 1882. In September, 1882, he was made superintendent of schools in East Des Moines Independent School District, Des Moines, Iowa. At that time what is known as East Des Moines had a school district separate from the rest of the city of Des Moines. He held this position until he resigned to become president of Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, which position he assumed February 1, 1885, following the resignation of S. A. Knapp. He relinquished the presidency at Ames July 19, 1886, and removed to Seattle, Washington, where he acquired the *Post-Intelligencer* which grew under his management. Seattle was in a period of rapid development. Mr. Hunt acquired and developed important real estate holdings there, and became president of a leading bank as well as influential in business affairs and politics. The 1893 financial panic struck Seattle with such force that Mr. Hunt's fortune was wrecked. Loaded with debts, he left for Japan, and then went to China and finally Korea, in search of mining opportunities. He found such an opportunity in the almost inaccessible mountains of Northern Korea near the Yalu River, some 500 miles north of the coast town of Chemulpo (destined for some time to serve as the post office of his enterprise). The Korean government there owned a mine rich in gold ore but operated by primitive and unproductive methods. Mr. Hunt offered to install modern machinery, greatly increase the output, and give the government large royalties. He was granted the concession and in a few years realized handsome profits which enabled him to return to Seattle and repay his creditors. Without divesting himself of his entire interest in the Korean mines, Mr. Hunt later went for his health to Egypt and the Soudan, where he became interested in the possibilities of growing cotton. He obtained from the British government a grant to a large tract of land in the Soudan and there grew cotton so successfully that one of the most flourishing colonial enterprises of the British Empire has grown out of Mr. Hunt's vision and initiative. For American interests, Mr. Hunt visited the interior of Brazil to report on cattle-raising possibilities there, and for the Canadian Government Railways he made a similar study of the suitability of the Peace River Valley in northwestern Canada for the growing of wheat.

Most of the last ten years of Mr. Hunt's life was spent at Las Vegas, where he had entered upon familiar activities in the field of agricultural and mineral development. Educator, publisher, explorer, developer of nature's hidden resources, he was a man of varied and brilliant talents, daring and ambitious in his undertakings and world-wide in his interests. He never followed a beaten path long without blazing a new one.

JAMES W. HOLDEN was born in Iowa City, Iowa, November 15, 1862, and died at Scranton, Greene County, Iowa, February 21, 1934. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Holden, who removed with their family to a farm in Jackson Township, Greene County, in 1875. When James W. reached young manhood he went to Ouray, Colorado, and engaged in mining, in which venture he was successful. He returned to Greene County, Iowa, and purchased a farm in Greenbrier Township where he successfully followed farming and stockraising and added to his acreage until he became a large landowner. In 1897 he removed to Scranton. He became president of the Bank of Scranton, also served as a member of the Town Council of Scranton. In 1906 he was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors of Greene County for the term of three years commencing January, 1907, and was re-elected in 1908 for three years commencing January, 1910, and served in that position until January, 1913. At that time he was president of the State Association of Boards of County Supervisors. In 1913 the General Assembly passed the act reorganizing and strengthening the road law, creating the present Highway Commission. Mr. Holden took much interest in formulating the law. Governor Clarke appointed him a member of the new commission and by reappointments he served fourteen years, or until 1927. He was its chairman for ten years. This was in the formation period of the work of building Iowa's present system of improved highways, when the policies were shaped and the programs were planned. He was able as an executive, had large acquaintance with his subject and with the public, had energy and enthusiasm, and was trusted for his integrity. Thus equipped he contributed a leading part in the great work.

NORMAN NEWELL JONES was born at Vernon, Oneida County, New York, September 5, 1842, and died at Griswold, Iowa, February 22, 1919. His parents were John R. and Amantis (Newell) Jones. He was employed for some time in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and did some railroading, but in 1864 he, in company with his father, a brother and their families, removed to Iowa County, Wisconsin, where they engaged in farming. In 1872 these Jones families removed to Cass County, Iowa. Norman Newell Jones there engaged in selling organs and sewing machines, and later, windmills. For years he bought and sold livestock, and conducted a meat market at Lewis, Cass County. He took an active part in politics and in 1885 was elected sheriff of Cass County and began his duties January 1, 1886. He was three times re-elected, serving until January 1, 1894. He served as chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Cass County for some years, and in 1893 was the Ninth

District member of the Republican State Central Committee. In January, 1894, the General Assembly elected him warden of the State Penitentiary at Fort Madison. He was re-elected by the assemblies of 1896 and 1898 after which the Board of Control reappointed him, so that he served until March 31, 1908, in all fourteen years. He then retired to Griswold where his son, Charles Rutgar Jones, was engaged in the practice of medicine, and near where his son, Jesse N., was farming. Mr. Jones had a faculty for making friendships and retaining them. He was regarded as one of the leaders of the Republican party in his part of the state. He was an efficient sheriff, and he successfully administered the difficult duties of warden, exhibiting qualities of integrity, ability, firmness and good judgment.

ROBERT BONSON was born in Dubuque County, Iowa, January 5, 1868, and died in Dubuque December 13, 1933. His parents were Richard and Harriet (Watts) Bonson. He attended public school, was graduated from Dubuque High School, from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1890, and from the Law School of Columbia University, New York City, in 1892. He began practice in Dubuque, first in partnership with Robert Stewart. Later he had partnerships with H. C. Kenline and R. P. Roedell, and after retiring from the judgeship, with John P. Frantzen. In 1895 he was elected senator to fill the unexpired term of Isaac W. Baldwin and served in the Twenty-sixth General Assembly, 1896, and also in the Twenty-sixth Extra, 1897, the code revision session. He was not a candidate again, and gave his attention to his practice, but in 1906 was elected judge of the Nineteenth Judicial District and served for ten years when he resigned and re-entered private practice. He acted with the Democratic party so far as party matters were concerned. He took much interest in community affairs. He gave unstintingly of his time and talent in the establishment and later in the operation of the Sunnycrest Sanitarium, the county tuberculosis hospital. He stood high in his profession as a lawyer, and made an enviable record as a judge, while his admirable personal and social qualities made him a general favorite of the public.

JAMES ELLIOTT HARLAN was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, June 25, 1845, and died in Mount Vernon, Iowa, December 13, 1933. His parents were Samuel and Sarah Ann (Elliott) Harlan. The family removed to southeastern Iowa in 1857. James spent his boyhood principally on his father's farm. In October, 1863, he entered Cornell College as a freshman student. On May 15, 1864, he enlisted from Mahaska County in Company D, Forty-fourth Iowa Infantry, and was mustered out September 15, 1864, at the expiration of his service. He was graduated from Cornell College with the degree of A. B. in 1869. From 1869 to 1872 he was superintendent of the public schools of Cedar Rapids. He received his A. M. degree from Cornell College in 1872, and for the year 1872-73 was principal of a ward school in Sterling, Illinois. In

1873 he returned to Cornell as alumni professor of mathematics, which a few years later was made mathematics and astronomy. In 1883 he became chairman of the Executive Committee, and financial secretary in 1893, and retained both positions until 1927. He became vice president in 1881, and was president from 1908 to 1914. For many years he carried much of the burden of the financial management of the institution, as well as its government. The success of the campaigns of those years for endowment were largely because of his wise management. In 1904 he received the degree of LL. D. from three institutions, Northwestern University, Upper Iowa University, and Cornell College.

HARRY D. RAWSON was born in Des Moines, Iowa, September 1, 1872, and died in that city February 14, 1934. Burial was in Woodland Cemetery. His parents were A. Y. and Mary (Scott) Rawson. He was graduated from West Des Moines High School, attended Grinnell College two years, but transferred to Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge from which he was graduated. Following that he toured Europe studying styles of architecture. In 1910 he began work in Des Moines in the firm of Hallett & Rawson. Later Mr. Hallett removed to California and Mr. Rawson joined with the firm of Proudfoot, Bird & Rawson, from which was organized the present firm of Proudfoot, Rawson, Brooks & Borg. He designed some of the outstanding buildings in Des Moines and Iowa. Among the more noted ones that he or his firm have designed in recent years are the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank and Trust Company Building, the Memorial Union Building at Ames, the University Hospital Building at Iowa City and the Equitable Life Insurance Building at Des Moines. During the World War Mr. Rawson served with the rank of colonel at Washington, D. C., planning the construction of army cantonments and munitions buildings. He was a brother of former United States Senator Charles A. Rawson.

HERBERT VERGIL SCARBOROUGH was born at Pulaski, Davis County, Iowa, February 5, 1876, and died in Norton, Kansas, January 1, 1934. Burial was at Grand Junction, Iowa. His parents were Dr. Dallas and Katherine Scarborough. The family removed to Grand Junction in 1879. Herbert was graduated from Grand Junction High School, attended Simpson College, Indianola, and was graduated from the College of Medicine of the State University of Iowa in 1902. For the following five years he practiced medicine in connection with his father at Grand Junction. Because of failing health he became in 1908 a patient in the State Sanatorium for the Treatment of Tuberculosis at Oakdale. During his convalescence he worked in the laboratory, also became an assistant physician, later acting superintendent, and in 1911 was appointed superintendent. He continued in that position nineteen years, until July 1, 1930, when he went to Sunnyside Sanatorium near Indianapolis, Indiana, as its superintendent. Two years later he went in the same capacity to a sanatorium at Lyons, Kansas. He rendered valuable work to his native

state in building up the Oakdale institution and in contributing to the scientific and humane treatment of those afflicted with tuberculosis.

ALICE FRENCH was born in Andover, Massachusetts, March 19, 1850, and died in Davenport, Iowa, January 9, 1934. Burial was in Oakdale Cemetery, Davenport. Her father was George Henry French. She was a sister of Colonel George W. French and the late Judge Nathaniel French, both of Davenport. She was educated in Abbott Academy, Andover. The family removed to Davenport during her youth, and it continued to be her home, although she occasionally sojourned elsewhere. She had the advantages of affluence and culture in her home, and early cultivated the art of writing, beginning in earnest in 1878, and not long thereafter her novels and contributions began to be accepted by such magazines as *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Scribner's*. Her first book, *Knitters in the Sun*, was published in 1887. Then came *Otto the Knight*, 1893; *Stories of a Western Town*, 1893; *The Heart of Toil*, 1898; *Man of the Hour*, 1905; *The Lion's Share*, 1911, and many others. All her writings were under the pen name of Octave Thanet. She is generally regarded as being a pioneer among those who have made Iowa and the Middle West the home of the production of good literature.

JOHN T. MULVANEY was born at Elkhart, Polk County, Iowa, April 16, 1870, and died in Des Moines December 20, 1933. Burial was in St. Ambrose Cemetery, Des Moines. His parents were Bryan and Catherine (Markham) Mulvaney. He passed through the grades of the public school of Elkhart and was graduated from the Law School of Drake University in 1894. He then entered the practice of law in Des Moines in which he attained honorable distinction. He was counsel for the defense in some notable criminal cases, among them the Charles Thomas case, and another, the Dr. Harry B. Kelly case. However, his practice was not at all confined to criminal cases. For all the later years of his life his brother, M. J. Mulvaney, was associated with him in practice. He was actively interested in civic and political affairs. In 1908 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. In 1914 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Seventh District against C. C. Dowell, who that year was first elected to Congress. He was a candidate on the Democratic ticket in 1906 and again in 1910 for judge of the District Court, and was also a candidate for the same position in 1918 when judges were elected without party designation.

KARL J. JOHNSON was born in Osage, Iowa, June 6, 1870, and died in Rochester, Minnesota, February 1, 1934. Burial was in Osage Cemetery. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. John H. Johnson. He was graduated from the Osage High School in 1887, from Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, in 1893, and from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1900. Early in his life he was agent at Osage of the American Express Company. He was connected with the Farmers National Bank of Osage

from its organization in 1893, first as bookkeeper, then as cashier, and as president from 1914 until the consolidation with the Osage National Bank in 1928, after which he acted as president of the combined organization. He was a man of great usefulness to his community, being active in local affairs of a social, religious, political, and business nature. His fine abilities and his devotion to his duties made him a general favorite. He was elected representative in 1908 and was re-elected in 1910, and served in the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth general assemblies.

ELI GRIMES was born in Kellogg, Iowa, October 30, 1867, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, January 14, 1934. The body was cremated. His parents were Elihu and Miriam Grimes. He attended school at Kellogg, attended a private school at Shenandoah, received a bachelor of science degree from Highland Park College, Des Moines, and was graduated from the College of Medicine of the State University of Iowa in 1897. He took an internship in Bellevue Hospital, New York City. For several years he did teaching in Highland Park College and in the Medical School of Drake University, and during that time carried on a general medical practice. In later years he specialized in consultation and diagnosis. As a student, teacher and physician he was recognized as a scientist of unusual ability. He contributed many articles to leading medical journals, and was an active member of several medical societies. He enriched his education by travel, home and foreign, and by the study of science in many fields.

ASA LEE AMES was born on a farm a few miles north of Traer, Iowa, July 2, 1859, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Doris Shearer, in Chicago, February 7, 1934. Burial was in Buckingham Cemetery, not far from his birthplace. His parents were John T. and Mary J. (Reed) Ames, pioneers in that locality. Asa L. was educated in rural common school, and in Grinnell College, from which he was graduated in 1882. He followed his father's vocation, that of farmer and stockman, remaining on the original homestead where he was born. Besides holding various school and township offices, he was a member of the Traer Town Council. He was prominent in farm organizations and was the first president of the Corn Belt Meat Producers Association at the time of its organization and held that position three years, resigning it to become president of the Co-operative Livestock Commission Company. He became Chicago manager of the latter company, and temporarily resided in Chicago for some years. In 1910 he was elected senator from the Benton-Tama District and served in the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth general assemblies.

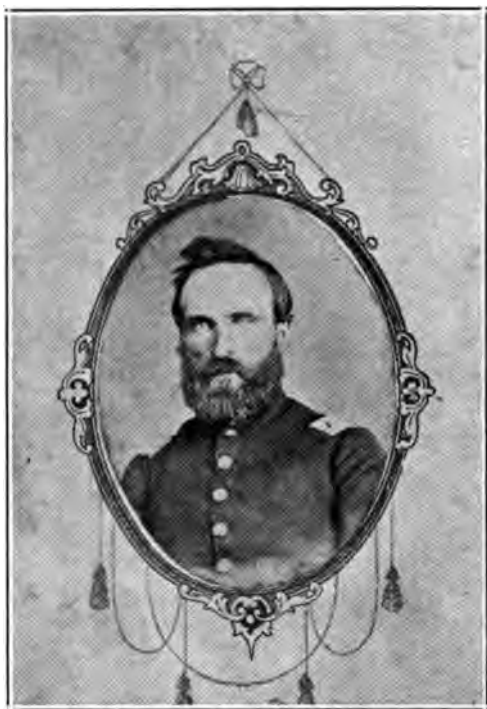
RUFUS W. HINKHOUSE was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, August 17, 1850, and died in West Liberty, Iowa, December 2, 1933. Burial was in Oak Ridge Cemetery, West Liberty. His parents were Frederick and Hanna (Hunick) Hinkhouse. The family migrated to Iowa in 1853 and settled in Sugar Creek Township, Cedar County. Rufus attended public

school and Wilton Normal School. He followed farming in Cedar County for many years. He became prominent in business activities. Among other enterprises he helped organize two banks in Wilton, one at Atalissa, and one at Downey, being president of the one at Downey. For six years he was a member of the Cedar County Board of Supervisors, the most of the time being its chairman. In 1895 he was elected representative, and served in the Twenty-sixth General Assembly, and also in the Twenty-sixth Extra. In 1909 he removed to West Liberty.

JAMES WALLACE BAILEY was born at Camp Point, Adams County, Illinois, May 21, 1871, and died in Harlan, Iowa, February 13, 1934. His parents, Cyrus and Elinor Bailey, removed to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1872. James W. grew up in that city and in 1892 removed to Harlan. During most of his early manhood he was employed in some capacity or other by Shelby County. In 1914 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1916, and served in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh general assemblies. At the time of his death he was city clerk of Harlan, and had been for several years. He had the reputation of being an efficient and popular official. He was a Democrat in politics.

FRED B. WITT was born in Grand Forks, North Dakota, July 24, 1884, and died in an automobile accident near Hubbard, Iowa, February 28, 1934. Burial was at Shell Rock, Iowa. His parents were Frank L. and Vashti (Griggs) Witt. He was with his parents when they removed to Shell Rock in 1900. For several years he was in newspaper work, and later engaged in lumber, coal and grain business in Shell Rock. For several years he was a member of the Butler County Republican Central Committee, and was its chairman in 1928. In 1930 he was elected representative and served in the Forty-fourth General Assembly.

JOHN SHERMAN PRITCHARD was born at Pittsfield, Washtenaw County, Michigan, May 6, 1847, and died in Los Angeles, California, October 29, 1933. Burial was at Belmond, Iowa. He was a son of Philo A. and Eliza (Woodard) Pritchard. His father having died, John Sherman when a mere boy had to earn his own living, working at whatever he could find. The family removed to Wright County, Iowa, in 1856. On January 4, 1864, he enlisted in Company F, Second Iowa Cavalry, and was with that regiment until he was mustered out September 19, 1865. Returning to Wright County he followed farming, first as a renter, later as a land owner, varying farming with buying and selling livestock. His residence was near Alden for a time, but later at Belmond. He was a member of the county Board of Supervisors from 1892 for six years. In 1901 he was elected representative, was re-elected and served in the Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first general assemblies. He was influential in the enactment of the drainage legislation of those sessions. During his later years he resided in Los Angeles.



ORLANDO C. HOWE
Captain of Co. L, Ninth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry.

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THIRD SERIES

JUDGE ORLANDO C. HOWE SOMEWHAT OF HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

BY F. I. HERRIOTT
Professor in Drake University

[Continued]

PART III—CORRESPONDENCE—1863-1865

I

Judge Howe enlisted first, as already indicated, in the Eighth Iowa Cavalry, a regiment authorized under a special order of the War Department at Washington. He held a commission as a second lieutenant, and was mustered into service at Davenport on June 5, 1863. His career in the Eighth is not certain: but from a letter addressed him by Captain William M. Hoxie of Company M it may be inferred that he was advanced to a captaincy. On November 30, 1863, Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood issued him a commission as captain of Company L of the Ninth Volunteer Cavalry, and he was mustered into the service on the same date.⁹⁶

His regiment was ordered south on December 8, going into quarters first at old Camp Jackson in the suburbs of St. Louis, where they suffered sadly for a few days from low temperature and lack of tents and camp equipment. On the 16th they were transferred to Benton Barracks, where they remained until

⁹⁶ Judge Howe's papers contain both commissions referred to above: but the *Roster and Record of Iowa Soldiers* does not record his name or appointment in the Roster of the Line Officers of the Eighth Regiment of Iowa Cavalry. See Volume IV, pp. 1507-1525.

For officers and men and movements of the Ninth Regiment, *Ibid.*, pp. 1643-1658.

In footnotes following which give the names of members of Captain Howe's company of regimental associates reliance has been upon the *Roster* herein cited, unless otherwise stated.

April, 1864, undergoing severe training. This regiment's officers, unlike those of earlier regiments, had to pass a rigid examination in the "technicalities of cavalry tactics and army regulations," that kept the officers on the anxious seat until it was over.⁹⁷

The Ninth Iowa Cavalry was ordered on April 14, 1864, to proceed to Rolla, Missouri, with Little Rock, Arkansas, as its destination; but the defeat of General Banks's Red River expedition caused a change of plans and on May 19 they went into quarters at Devall's Bluff which was then the main distribution point in the movement of troops and supplies for the southwestern campaigns. Here for the next year and more the regiment was held for the most part, intermittently going on scouting and foraging expeditions, and various military forays in pursuit of sundry guerrilla bands that infested that portion of Arkansas. The operations of the Confederate generals, Price and Shelby, occupied the energies and time of the various regiments brigaded together.

II

Captain Howe's letters from Missouri and Arkansas, in consequence of the conditions in camp affording him more time for leisurely composition, are more varied and thus more interesting and instructive reading than his earlier letters previously printed. He is more expansive in his descriptions of people and landscapes that attracted him. They give us, too, the feelings and trials of one who was not exactly on the ground with the private soldiers and yet who was not far up in the official ranks. We may suspect—and with much reason, too—that Captain Howe entered into the feelings of the men of his company, or regiment, more easily than he did into the feelings and attitudes of the higher officials of his regiment, brigade, or corps. There is a constant modesty and unpretentiousness about the man and his letters that are engaging; and these facts enhance their verity and value. Captain Howe's practice as a lawyer probably induced the careful concern for moderate statement one may observe in all of his letters.

⁹⁷ *Roster and Record of Iowa Soldiers*, Vol. IV, p. 1644.

His letters are uniformly serious in tone; but here and there he allows his sense of humor to play about the subject of a paragraph, and anon a flash of gentle humor illumines a page. Thus in the first letter of his that we have from Benton Barracks (Feb. 15, 1864) he indulges in various facetious flings anent a photograph of himself in his uniform as a captain which he sends home.⁹⁸ In his letter of June 8 there is a delicious bit in referring to the traditions respecting the origins of the natives in the region roundabout Ashley's Station, Arkansas, where his regiment was then encamped:

The Rackensacks do not inhabit the prairies but live in the timber and swamps and bayous. They are said to be amphibian, and some of the men say they have ascertained that the people, especially the females, have rudiments of fins, but of course you know I am too modest to ascertain the truth as to this.

Obviously Captain Howe and his men were more or less familiar with Darwin's evolutionary theories then splitting the heavens and disturbing the peace of the saints.

Anon here and there in his letters there is a genial lambant cynicisms that gives a tang to some of his observations and discloses that he was not unobservant of the ways of the world and the doings of Demos. For many reasons—anxieties about business at home, his health, etc.—Captain Howe was anxious to obtain a furlough, and had made application for one, but he had withdrawn it because of his improving health, and anent the matter he quietly observes August 31, 1864: "You may wonder why some can get leave of absence and others not, but you need not wonder at nothing in the army unless it be common sense which is rare here." In his letter of July 19, 1864, he asked Mrs. Howe if the society in Newton concerned with promoting the physicial comforts of the men in camp and on the march could not forward some needed articles, medicines, etc., direct to the camp, and then he put a query, "or does it all go to some general fund and thus become subject to the Circumlocution office?" Apparently he was familiar with Dickens' famous descriptions of governmental work in *Little Dorrit*.

⁹⁸ See frontispiece.

III

Mrs. Howe's letters confirm Mr. R. A. Smith's recollections and characterization of her ability, disposition and versatility. She was mentally alert and keen in her observations of men and things. She had a facile pen and a lighter touch in description than Judge Howe, although she was always earnest in narrative. Her sentences are clear-cut, and in general more concise than the latter's. She was more conscious in phrasing her letters than Judge Howe was. Occasionally she quotes her favorite poets or throws in an allusion with a literary flavor; and she shows that she remembers her Virgil.

Her household and wifely cares were always her constant concern. The welfare of her husband and children absorbed the most of her daily thought and effort. She seems to have cared but little for club or social life. Her letters also demonstrate that amidst trials she maintained with rare exceptions a steady balance of feeling and a reserve which betokens staunch character. When intense anxiety gripped her heart lest the next news she would hear from the army bring tragic words, she might let her feelings go; but there is no display of a complaining spirit, no sentimental gushing, no assumption of grievous personal sacrifices, no outcrys in the midst of her many troubles against others or the Fates.

Mrs. Howe's letters disclose more conscious religious concern and religious feelings and dependence than her husband's letters do. This difference was to be expected. He was always in the midst of the press of practical problems and harrassing perplexities, concrete and crowding—conditions which kept his mind on things right in front of him. Mrs. Howe, although busy with domestic cares and distractions, was not contending with the harsh elements, clashing with men and foes. She had to stand or sit and wait through the days and in the long watches of the night when fears and imagination would riot in dread possibilities, and the religious tenets and traditions of her folk alone sustained her.

Mrs. Howe's letters give us many glimpses of variable phases of an interesting personality, of an optimistic disposition, and of many fine and solid traits of character that make the Ameri-

can housewife, be she on the American frontier, or within the crowded urban centers, the major factor in the home, on which so much of what is best in our civilization depends, and whence the chief hope of the future safety of states.

The letters make vivid the anxiety and trials of those left at home by husbands and providers who were in army camps or on the firing lines—when the normal income was made uncertain, first, by the stoppage of income from the usual source, second, by the difficulties of the transmission of funds by husbands from migratory camps, which was enhanced by the irregular payment of troops because regimental paymasters could not always be certain of safe communications with troops in transmitting the pay of officers and men. Mrs. Howe suffered no little distress on this account. The housewives of those days were not provided with doles because their husbands were drafted or in distant camps. Despite many trials she was always cheerful, although many times she was sorely perplexed by pressing demands or needs. She was fortunate in having to deal with neighbors and creditors at Newton who were almost always considerate and lenient, they realizing that her difficulties were in no sense due to her indifference, or heedlessness, negligence or trickery in avoidance. They knew: *C'était la guerre*.

Mrs. Howe's letters give us many pointed, and often pungent observations upon human nature as she saw its kaleidoscopic phases in the characters and conduct of neighbors and relatives—and the nearness of kinship did not blind or dim her keenness of vision. Her lively sense of humor frequently flashes through or about the edges of her sentences; and such is the case often when her heart was sadly distracted with anxiety anent household cares and the pressure of urgent money needs. Some of her keen thrusts may be appreciated in the following, dealing with the efforts of the government to secure enlistments in the call for men for "One Hundred Days" in the middle months of 1864:

. . . Recruiting for 100 days drags slowly here, they are doing better at Monroe⁹⁹ and other places.

⁹⁹ In Jasper County.

A number of ladies married and single volunteered to take the place of all clerks who would enlist and retaining only 13 dollars a month give up all surplus wages with their place upon their return, but there is no enthusiasm among those who can go and many will not. Mr. G. is most industrious in trying to influence others, calling on all professional men to go en masse assuring them (the truth) that the country will spare them 100 days. Dr. W. replied to him by saying that he would go as a private if G. would go and that G. should be Capt., W. said further that he would go if any Minister or County officer would volunteer, but no. How I do wish the draft would take T., A. and H. with big S. and scores of others.

We can almost see the sardonic smile spreading over her features as she penned the words "the country will spare them"; and we may suspect that local discussion in Newton's families and roundabout her public square was caustic, peppery, and violent as the women of Newton sought by open drives and scorching irony and winged quips, to coerce their lusty compatriots into enlisting under the national colors.

The deftness of her pen and the airy fancies with which she covers her lonesomeness and drives out the sprites of gloom and melancholy that flitted about her may be seen in the following quoted at length from her letter of May 15, 1864:

Certainly my dear husband you are very much in my debt on this letter question. I have written, this is the fourth in the week, and received one in 12 days, now think how impoverished my poor brain will soon be at this rate, to say nothing of the starving condition of my heart. You must indeed mend your ways or I will take a trip down the river just to give you a scolding; now appropos of scolding *how are all these military men* who are so long free from curtain lectures, ever to be brought into a tolerable state of "sub Jugam matrimorium" again and all these administrators at home will they voluntarily give up the reins after a three years lesson of "going it alone." I know of *one* who intends never to see a market basket for years after her lord's return and to forget entirely that fires must be built mornings. And as to care and so forth I just intend to "sleep in the carriage" for awhile. You might suggest perhaps that the carriage may be a wheelbarrow, just as well only it shall not be self propelling. Can you realize how pleasant it is to be told what to do instead of deciding it yourself?

Although often hard put to make ends meet, and sorely harrassed by anxiety about the house rent, and nagging worries about the family budget, no acid got into her blood, and there were no parthian arrows in her facetiousness.

There are few expressions of political views in the letters of either correspondent during the period covered, although during the time the nation's affairs were passing through very critical developments; and it is interesting for Judge Howe was always in the thick of politics when at home. But in his first letter quoted (Feb. 15, 1864) in his facetious references to his photograph he intimates that his wife may infer that the man, whose features are pictured, is governed by a "hatred to tyranny, slavery intemperance, meanness, &c, and still more apparent can be seen from the expression a strong admiration for Abe Lincoln." He was evidently a "conservative" in the best sense of the term, a supporter of public authority. Mrs. Howe, likewise, was more conservative than liberal, or, better, than radical, for she was liberally minded in the large. Thus dwelling upon the horrors of the conflict—which she deemed a punishment in part of the people's sins, she said: ". . . for so many years, in fact ever since I thought at all, I have been an abolitionist, not of the Gerrit Smith school perhaps, but a hater of slavery and of the compromises made with it, but I little thought that my husband would be one of the many who must stake their life against its barbarism." Her conservatism in religion was disclosed when she deplored the holding of army reviews on Sunday—" . . . I am sure it was an offence in the sight of Heaven and I do believe that so much needless Sabbath desecration is one of the sins which is prolonging this war, and will prolong it until heart and strength shall both fail. I wish your Division commander was such as [O. O.] Howard—dont you?"

Another fact stands out in the letters. The alluring beauty of the region roundabout what was the first real home of the Howe's in Iowa between the Okobojis and Spirit Lake made a vivid and lasting impression upon the minds of Judge and Mrs. Howe. They never forgot the wooded shore lines and glorious sunsets, and the shimmering waves of West Okoboji under beams of a full moon. After removing to Newton when Mrs. Howe saw an entrancing sunset, or the brilliant colors of the autumn leaves they reminded her of the multi-colored shore line of the Okobojis. When Captain Howe was relating his observations of attractive landscapes seen on scouting expeditions in Arkansas in 1863-64 he compared them with

the views about the Lake region in Dickinson County, but the beauty of the southern views never excelled nor quite equalled the charm of Mini-Wakan. Variable Fates caused the Howes to travel farther and farther from the Lakes, but fond memories of their sojourn there always made them long to return.

IV

Captain Howe's letters, and Mrs. Howe's also, written while he was at Camp Roberts at Davenport, between the time of his being mustered into the Eighth Cavalry in June, 1863, and his going with the Ninth regiment to St. Louis and thence into quarters at Jefferson Barracks—if any were penned—appear to have been lost either in the migrations of the family, or in the storms experienced at Lynn Haven, Florida.

The letters of this section (save the first two) were written during his period of regimental drill at Jefferson Barracks. Because of the delays in the mails the logical order in presenting the letters has not been attempted. They are given in their chronological order.

The date of the second letter presented is not certain. It is included at the outset of this section because from its contents it seems to suggest that Mrs. Howe assumes that Captain Howe was within easy travelling distance, and Davenport fits this assumption. On the other hand it could with almost equal assurance be assigned to September, 1864, when Mrs. Howe was hoping that he would secure a furlough and knowing his hopes naturally expected to see him get out of the coach at Newton any day.

In the letters of both Captain and Mrs. Howe the comma is often used in lieu of a period—due to the hurry of composition—but as it is not always clear whether the sentence was closed, or whether the writer was simply adding another clause, no editorial clarifying has been exercised.

Des Moines, Iowa
Aug. 8th, 1863

Capt. Howe
8th Iowa Cav.
Newton, Iowa:—Dear Sir:

Have you received as yet marching orders?—I see by this morning paper that one company has already gone to the rendezvous but have

received no orders as yet myself. If you have received orders please let me know also when you intend sending your men down. I have about 90 men with a fair prospect of soon making it up to 100.

Let me hear from you.

Respectfully,
Wm. H. Hoxie
8th Iowa Cav.

Newton, Sept. 8th, [1863?]

My dear Husband:

I have not written to you for a long week as I have watched the coach every night hoping to see you get out of it. As I got no letters since the one saying that you would bring the next perhaps and that you would send money soon if you did not come. I think you must be on the road and only write for fear something bad has happened and you are not able to come. I have company to night, two ministers from Dubuque who have come here to the Synod and they will be with me until Monday. They are old men one Mr. Newberry buried his oldest son Sunday his remains sent home from the Army. He was Capt. in the regular and was killed last month on the Weldon R. R. name of the other Holmes.

If I do not hear from or see you soon I shall not know what to think. I have a long letter in my mind but must save it to tell if you come tomorrow.

Yours loving and looking
M. W. Howe

Benton Barracks, Mo.
February 15, 1864.

My dear Wife:

Your letter came since my last to you but it was not the long one you promised, and which you must send, as the Regiment is any day liable to be sent *anywhere*, and I may soon be where mails are scarce.

I am glad you were willing to judge for yourself in Nellie's case instead of doing just what the doctor's say. I do hope you will depend on yourself much, though of course you will need a Doctor too when any are sick.

Let me know when Abbott¹⁰⁰ leaves and to what point as I have not learned where his regiment is. It is the 13th, is it not? We have lost our General Hatch who has been ordered to Charleston under Gilmore, so we are relieved from some of the difficulty I wrote you [about]. But we are far from being a pet regiment, on the contrary, we are generally reported as "Demoralized" but this is entirely false as I do not believe any cavalry regiment as new as this is in better discipline or better instructed. I think the trouble is that some of the officers grumbled at what they thought some swindling operations respecting our fuel &c, and that you know will never do. Our Colonel is a trump, (if you know what

¹⁰⁰ Harvey Abbott, husband of Isabelle Wheelock.

that is) (and a right bower, too).¹⁰¹ There is not a man but what likes him and though he will enforce discipline, he is kind to the men.

I send you my likeness. The straps have so faded that the bars do not show making me look like a Lieutenant. What do you think of it as a likeness? As a picture it is of course superb from the beauty of the original. Can you see the fierce soldier in it or does it show the contemplative philosopher or sagacious statesman? The grizzly beard may cover all three, but I can detect underneath the surface a latent love of some particular ones in Iowa together with a hatred to tyranny, slavery, intemperance, meanness, &c and still more apparent can be seen from the expression, a strong admiration for Abe Lincoln. But that crook in the nose indicates disgust for north western speculations.

But my dear, do you never regret that lovely home that we had formed with such toil and suffering? At times I do much, it was so beautiful, but pleasant as it was in some respects, and also pleasant to have so many relations around us yet the trouble of those years there was too much for the pleasure yet I have often been surprised to find a lingering hope that sometime I might have our old place, farm and all back again for the children's sake at least, yet it seems certain that if we could have our health, children & all, that Central Iowa is the better place. But being a soldier a home for us all may be conquered in a still more pleasant climate. I would much like to provide a home as soon as possible and if I had the money would buy a place near Newton for you in case I fall or perish by disease, but yet I believe that we shall after the war have such hard times as we have not yet experienced, for business of all kinds is now on a fictitious basis and farming products must then fall, so if we are not able now to buy we then can get a home much cheaper than now. It would be strange if at last hard times should help us, wouldn't it?

I am glad that you find opportunities of being acquainted with some of my old business acquaintances, and besides it seems as though you were quite successful in picking up soldiers both at home and on the road. I wonder if your thinking of a soldier down here does not lead you to this. I feel pleased that you seem to think in that way though I do not want you to dwell so much upon the army and my small portion of it in particular, as to neglect thinking of other matters, or so as to become melancholy. Do strike to divert yourself and feel as pleasant as possible.

Today while writing this the weather was like June, now (10 o'clock P. M. or later) it is again winter, freezing and some snow falling. I fear you are to have another cold spell.

By the latest from the south it seems as though the rebels were not going to raise their soldiers as fast as expected. Desertions from their army are now very frequent. I do hope that a strong energetic display of force will end the war this summer coming. I feel willing to do my part of considerable sharp fighting to close it up, but may feel different when the danger is to be faced. Do you think I will be apt to falter

¹⁰¹ Col. M. M. Trumbull.

when the trial comes? Sometimes I feel as though if danger should come when I am in a peculiar mood that it will require all my fortitude to stand up under it, yet I have seen danger in worse forms than a battle threatens. You all had to pass through as trying a scene as anything I need expect.

I have laid still three days from sickness more properly exhaustion but am now well, both my lieutenants are sick, not seriously.¹⁰² Joseph Logston from near Newton and Stephen Welch from Prairie City were returned from Small Pox hospital today, cured. They had it light, the last one so light they are doubtful whether it was that or a slight rash. Thomas Broomhall was sent to the Barracks hospital day before yesterday quite sick, fever I think but he is not considered dangerous. Sick ones from near Newton are slowly gaining except James R. Gentry who does not regain his voice.¹⁰³ I will write oftener now, will you too? How do you like the Colonel's looks?

Your husband,
O. C. Howe.

Newton, March 18th. [1864]

My dear Husband:

I am sorry that you have waited so long without hearing from home as I know so well how hard it is to wait without the brain becoming fruitful with all evil imaginations. I have not written you as often as usual the past ten days but have never failed of writing as often as twice in a week at least, but my fore finger is still sore enough to prevent my using a pen with any comfort or in fact using anything else.

The Thirteenth is now at home, Capt. Skiff¹⁰⁴ in command (it was Miller's company). We gave them a fine reception with the best supper could be got up. You will excuse the vanity if I say that Mrs. Howe's fruit cakes, (two large really splendid ones) were universally acknowledged as never having been equalled in Newton [or the] county. I was very proud of their looks as the frosting was superb and our mottoes all legible and plain. — has changed entirely in looks and to my fancy not for the better. He is now more stout than — was with a great fat red face, he must be 50 pounds heavier than when I knew him. The whole regiment being sent home on furlough of course my evil genius in the form of — returned having been only six days in Vicksburg. I was really very sorry to see him but the stay will not be long. His mind is much steadier than when he left, but is yet by no means in a sound condition if it ever was. He is now very jovial and laughs loud and long. He seems quite incapable of keeping money as he buys the most trivial things at great prices and has spent I know now far more for conveniences and fixings generally than you have done since you have been in service.

¹⁰² Wm. W. Moore, first lieutenant and John G. Rockafellow, second lieutenant.

¹⁰³ All four men named were members of Captain Howe's Co. L.

¹⁰⁴ Harvey J. Skiff, later husband of Lavinia Wheelock, widow of B. F. Parmenter.

I have heard nothing of Campbell giving up the Press but he is yet there and I think will be.¹⁰⁵ Mrs. C. visits and calls frequently and I like her with increasing like. I am sure that I do not know one item of news that could interest you the town is improving all the time and many more would stop here if they could find houses. We have yet no prospect of a house and I do not know what we will do, but do not fret yet as I hope we shall find some place, but rents are very high and I don't know but it would be almost as cheap to board but much less pleasant, I think you will have to take me along with you for want of a place to keep me in don't you think so? Lockie¹⁰⁶ has just come in from the kitchen radiant with fun to tell me that — has broken a saucer which he thinks a joke. I do hope that you will not over exert yourself but am almost sure that you are doing that very thing. When the 13th went to Meridien — was not (by his own account) well enough to go but stayed at Vicksburg and his Lieut. took his company. He really looks like a coward.

I do wish that I could send you some goodies and if you think there is prospect of your being in St. Louis long enough to get them I will try and find something for you but we have had only four pounds of butter for three weeks, it cannot be had here now, but will soon be more abundant. I know that now when you are recovering your appetite ought to be petted a little and I wish I could help you. Could you get a cheese and shall I send you a fruit cake?

I am interested for us both on the pay question which threatens to be a serious one if not relieved soon but we have weathered too many monetary squalls to be easily upset by small ones. Linnie has a sore finger now and cannot write very well but is talking about it. A letter from Mary yesterday says they do not hear from you often and only through me or Maxwell. I have written them since you were discharged from hospital. You say nothing more of your Cousins.

It is so very hard to rent that it seems to me that it would be a good plan to buy the house that Porter is occupying if I can do it by paying when we could get possession, which would not be until October. It is valued at 275 dollars and we will soon pay that for the rent of worse places. Tell me in your next what you think of the plan and if you think favorably write to Bill Skiff and tell him what you will do in the case, or I will see what a bargain I can make. Sherrill has bought the Helfrey house and every old hut in town is full.

God bless and keep you my darling.

Your wife,
M. W. Howe.

Benton Barracks Mo.
April 14th, 1864.

My Dear:

It is now night and our things are all ready to start tomorrow morning

¹⁰⁵ It is not certain whether Mrs. Howe refers to Frank T. or A. K. Campbell, owners and publishers of the *Newton Express*.

¹⁰⁶ John Wheelock Howe.

for Rolla by Rail from St. Louis and from there to Little Rock by way of Springfield Mo. We should have started this morning but we learned that the first battallion which went yesterday had to leave part of their horses on the way, so Co. L staid while the other 3 Co's of the battallion went today. The men are all noisy tonight and I have had to go in and stop the muss and you will have a confused letter. My Co. are good soldiers but when elated are not *all* strictly total abstinence men and there is always whiskey in the Army.

I will try and get word to you often but while traveling for the next trip you will not receive the letters regularly. Do my dear take good care of your health and keep up that visiting you spoke of as I see that when you have just been out by your letters, as there is not so much *moping* style. I fear that your eyes are growing weak, is this so? How I would have liked that visit we have thought of so much but as we cannot now meet we can call it postponed.

Our destination is not one I object to at all, as the country is probably healthier than any other southern route as part of the country we pass through is mountainous. I hope the Newton people will not be disappointed in the railroad, as I have strong hopes of some time having a quiet home in that vicinity.

You may think it is like a new start for the war to go to Arkansas, but except the time it takes to get letters it seems only an ordinary trip to me so many soldiers are passing through from there. It is possible we will stop at some point on the route for a month or two to recruit our horses some of which are very young. My Co. has the youngest in the Reg't. and Col. Marez said the youngest he had seen in the service were in the Reg't. I have only lost 3 horses while the other Co's average from 6 to 15 each, all because I am so poor a horse tender as a horseman always kills his beast to show his skill.

That examination is over as to me by default as tomorrow would be the day and I march then. Lt. [John G.] Rockafellow was examined yesterday as I could not leave and he was sent instead and will doubtless pass as he has studied hard and has a good idea of tactics.

I have expressed 80 dollars to you today and sent you 20 when paid and hope to get pay on the route if we stop to camp or at Little Rock if not and will send you a larger sum then if possible.

You see my letter is a rambling concern but I am busy and the boys are very noisy though very good natured. By the way I get along decently with the men and though lenient as the other officers say to a fault yet we have a fair discipline and I control the Co. easily while some have considerable difficulty. R. can do nothing with them except through fear and but little anyway and Moore can only coax and succeeds fairly for that way.

I would so like to see the littlers¹⁰⁷ tonight as well as the *other one*. Poor Linnie seems to be sick a good deal. I hope to see you in the fall as by that time a furlough will have been deserved. The Rebs are stir-

¹⁰⁷ His name for the little ones of the family.

ring about Kentucky and Tennessee and some of the boys are hoping to have a brush on the way but except guerrilla attacks I apprehend nothing. I think the danger less than a solitary journey from the Lakes to Sioux City any time for the past four years. Yet we may of course have a battle and you must not begin to think I am about to fall as soon as I start, for the business of the rest of the 3 years or more I am to stay.

Every one thinks the summer will end the war as far as large armies are concerned and the Rebs think so too but they say they are going to beat.

I will write again soon but must go to sleep now I was up night before last till morning and last night till 12 and up by 5. I will sleep tonight and start fresh.

Good night and God bless you all.

O. C. Howe.

Benton Barracks, Mo.
April 18th, 1864

My dear Wife:

On Friday we were ready for the cars but did not get orders to start, and on Saturday saddled up and went to the cars 3 miles to start for Little Rock by way of Rolla, on reaching the railroad found there were no cars for us, came back for the night and yesterday started again and took the cars, horses and all baggage and reached Rolla in the southern part of the state 120 miles from here about 8½ p. m. and found a despatch there ordering a return of the 9th to St. Louis so without unloading we returned and are now waiting for orders. We do not know our destination but expect to start tomorrow or else as soon as the rest of the Regt. can be brought back from Rolla. Seven companies are there having preceded us. This is the uncertainty of the army. I will write you as soon as we know where we are going but that may be only an hour before starting. Keep writing me here and I shall get some of the letters. Our horses all stood the car ride alive, but Perry junior is some the worse for it, hope he will be well soon he is too lively for such a trip.

The part of Missouri we passed through is a most miserable country, rough, rocky, sandy, with a poor soil covered with scrubby timber and the few inhabitants a miserable looking set.

If this is a specimen of the south the country was hardly worth conquering and the people not worth subjugating, but we can hardly be fair judges of the country as everything is compared with Iowa and Minnesota etc. while we must not expect to find them equaled unless it be in Texas.

It is generally supposed we are going to Kentucky and Tennessee, I am ready for either and was willing to be recalled from the poor route we were sent.

I cannot hope to hear often from you now, but you must write all the oftener or I shall not hear at all. I will write so often to you that you will be fully posted up as to our movements.

I sent you \$80. by express. Send me word whether it reached you.

The Newton boys are now nearly well: Banks has recovered from his hurt, Wert has been here to see us nearly well from the smallpox, Church is sick in hospital and will probably remain an invalid. James Drake will remain as nurse in smallpox hospital as he is poorly not recovered from measles of last summer. James Gentry is fast recovering his voice, can talk tolerably well now. That box has never arrived though one for Cross and Baldwin sent at about that time came through right.¹⁰⁸

My dear, you must imagine all the love I feel for you, but I cannot express it, how I would like to see you all, but that must be postponed. I do not permit myself to doubt but we shall be allowed again to meet as one family.

That awful crime of Ft. Pillow fill us all with indignation and desire to avenge the cruel massacre and I do think will aid in ending the war. Such acts show the desperation of the rebels and if we can only defeat them in Virginia soon we will have peace.

Goodbye and God bless you all.

Orlando C. Howe.

[Newton] May 5th, '64.

My Dear:

I write only a little tonight or I shall lose the mail which closes at 8 o'clock. We are well. By the evening paper I see we are losing in North Carolina and am now waiting with great anxiety for the battles which seem to be necessarily soon coming on in Virginia. I am much disgusted to see so little alacrity in responding to the call for 100 days, but two or three are going from Newton, in Monroe, they are doing much better. Baxter George is going from here, he is the only one of whom I have heard. Sister Kate Winspear is to be here in June and Maria Long comes with her. Jim is going to California soon. He is at Poughkeepsie now.

I am teaching the children at home this summer and teach Ella and Henry Vaughn with mine so as to have some stimulus for Lockie and Linnie, Locke learns fast, and Nell also. Linnie is a slow scholar which is a great grief to me some times I cannot understand it, how one who really knows so much should learn from books so slowly. She cannot memorize quickly and is not quick in reckoning, maybe she will "come of it" as the Hoosiers say. When I remember her great love of the beautiful everywhere and her sensitive nervous indolent ways I am often troubled about her future.

About coming to St. Louis I don't mean to think anything of it now, there is such a long line of if's to be overcome.

Good bye,

"Mizpah"

M. W. Howe.

¹⁰⁸ Baxter Banks, Daniel M. Wert, Napoleon Church, David Y. Cross and Julius A. Baldwin and the other two named in the above paragraph were all members of Capt. Howe's Company L and residents of Newton.

Camp 9th Iowa Cav.
Near Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
May 6, 1864

My Dear Wife:

Your letter of the second is here today and yesterday one in which you said you had the dumps. I am some alarmed about your health by what you write but hope the summer may improve it. It seems horrible to think that I may be spared in the army and you sacrificed at home. As to climate it is doubtful whether if Central Iowa is not healthy for you, which would be preferable Missouri or Minesota. I hope the awful punishment of your loss is not to fall upon me during the war.

As to peace I believe that it will come soon either by the subjugation of the rebels or some patchwork for a few years. It seems as though the northern people were now depending solely upon Grant's success this summer and look no further. I do not like this but prefer that a determination to conquer at all events should be the feeling even if several more favorites of the people made so by circumstances instead of talent or genius should follow McDowell, McClellan &c into disfavor. We can succeed and we ought to use the effort necessary.

I passed the dreaded examination day before yesterday and a few minutes ago received the very agreeable "sentence" "Qualified" so that trouble is over.

We are still in camp with orders to be ready to march at one hour's notice and Co. L. shall do so at all sacrifice. I suppose that we will be sent into different part of this State and perhaps Illinois if there should be trouble there.

Goodbye
O. C. Howe

No pay yet.

Camp of 9th Iowa Cav.
Near Jeff. Bks. Mo.
May 12, 1864

My Dear Wife:

I received your letter yesterday and they are not very common occurrences though I must admit being more remiss of late than usual. Since passing the examination I have been in good health and Spirits.

The news from Grant, Butler and Sherman is now so very favorable as to enliven us all though there is a chance of being too sanguine.

Banks and Steele's repulse are terrible reverses for the West and there will be a desperate fight in the southwest perhaps in one great battle or more likely in a destructive guerrilla war.

We are hourly expecting an order to march somewhere to meet those Guerrillas but know not where we go of course. Two companies left last week as we supposed for up the Missouri but it turns out they were for Palmyra Mo. opposite Quincy, Illinois.

Since sundown last night till now (noon) we have been waiting expecting orders for two more companies to start for Central or Western Missouri. If orders come and L is one of the Co's we will be ready in an hour for me to start my Co.

I now think that we will most certainly be needed in this state and that Gen. Rosecrantz was right in bringing us back, though at the time I thought the matter had no particular intention in it.

I wish you would send a copy of those lines on Murfreesboro that you wrote and I admired so much. I would like much to send them to the Sanitary Fair of which General R. is President. If you wish it shall be anonymous.

Do not think me neglectful if I confess to losing that picture of yours but I wish another so much that it must be told. I have not been able to find it since I was sick, it disappeared with many other things while I was sick but without any fault of mine.

Do write oftener send to me as usual to St. Louis.

Goodbye

O. C. Howe

Newton, May 10th, '64.

My Dear Husband:

After a long cold season of wet, and wind, it has cleared away warm and pleasant, and just now there is one of those mellow sunsets so often seen at the Lakes, which makes it beautiful even here and reminds me of the surpassing beauty which seemed at times to rest upon all nature there. But I miss the familiar Lakes and the landscape here has no comparison with that. Perhaps when we are so spiritualized as to be insensible to cold and terror we will transmigrate into that country. It has more homelike memories than any other place although they are nearly all under a cloud. So far, my dear, was written on Sunday and now it is Tuesday and O, how cold, quite a thick ice formed on the water pail last night and an east wind this morning is very chillly or freezy.

I have been waiting some days for a letter as it is now ten days since I had one, and while I am less anxious than if you were nearer the expected place of heavy battles yet I do not wait long beyond my usual time without much uneasiness. Yesterday I went to League to hear Mrs. Simmins (State Agent for the Iowa Sanitary Commission) and the League disbanded and organized an aid society as an auxilliary to the General Commission.

It seems to me that as this matter is now systemized it must [be] an agent for much good although much quite unnecessary expense is incurred in its various agencies. I suppose you have not seen much of its working personally but what is the opinion of those officers who have seen field service. Last fall on my route home from Marengo I conversed much with Col. Redfield¹⁰⁰ and the Surgeon of his regiment in regard to this

¹⁰⁰ Lt. Col. James Redfield, killed at Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864.

matter both of whom said that these voluntary aid societies by whatever name called were of more benefit than the surgeons themselves certainly work more than all except surgeons while Dr. Hunter from what he saw or did not see, at Vicksburg speaks of them as of (no account).

I suppose you are through your examination by this time but cannot tell how you came out, I can not wish you to fail as it would be a trouble to you but it would have some equivalents certainly as you would come home. I did not think you would be so long in the army without getting further from home and did hope that a whole year would have brought the 'beginning of the end' more than is now to be seen.

I wrote you that Catherine is expected here in June, I think my trip to St. Louis will hardly be in time for the Fair which I did not have much anxiety to see. I think three days at home would work more than six in St. Louis, but I think but little of either as among the speedy possibilities. Nell is learning very fast and Locke does tolerably, Linnie does not learn readily but is not well enough to be forced to hard study and she has no will for it. Railroad matters are not favorable to Newton at present as the roads are to [go] somewhere west of here, this road running northwest from Grinnell to meet the other and then a single track to Des Moines and westward, this is the present programme but it is very variable. Business is lively here and everything both to eat and wear is at enormous prices, approaching what it was south two years ago. This does not hinder the sale of things, Mr. Ford told me they sold four barrels of sugar now to one three years ago, while we get but 4 pounds for a dollar, 25 cts. is big price for one pound of sugar and this is only brown.

I hope tonight will bring me a letter and I will not wait again before writing.

Yours fondly,
M. W. Howe.

Camp 9th Iowa Cav. Near Jeff. Bks. Mo.
May 13th, 1864

My dear Wife:

The order for the 9th to proceed to Little Rock, Ark. with all dispatch came in an hour ago, and we are packing and waiting. Our major started for town to see as to transportation, as we do not know the route we are to take, but most of us think we will go by River to Devall's Bluff.

I think we are needed there, and do not fear the danger more than what we might meet scattered in this state. Write both to Little Rock and here and I will get the letters after awhile.

We are anxiously reading the news from the Potomac army and rejoice with fear over Grant's success so far.

If Lee should be defeated finally, then our fighting is soon over. But it is yet not impossible for a terrible reverse there.

[Other pages missing]

Newton, May 13th, 1864.

My Dear:

The Littles are all through with books today and are out in the brush at play. Summer seems at last to have reached us but was a long time coming. On the 11th there was quite a thick ice on the water in the house, and nearly all the early tomatoes were nipped, I am now feeling so well that I hardly know myself and am sorry that I wrote to you the day that I had the dumps. I suppose it is now settled that the railroad runs some miles north of Newton, and perhaps this will bring down house rent.

I know nothing in the way of news. People are rejoicing much over the Eastern battle news but I think there must be an undercurrent of fear, there is to my gladness certainly as a day may change all so fearfully. I imagine that if your regiment had not been ordered back you would have seen shot and shell when Marmaduke approached Little Rock. Banks defeat on Red River did not involve many from Newton in trouble. James Wilson is reported killed and some one named Brothers. There is less activity and zeal here in regard to the 100 days service than in most Republican towns. At Grinnell the whole College who are old enough are going with one of their professors as captain.¹¹⁰ We have been in this house three weeks today and paid one month in advance when we came in and I expect Kennedy on hand the 20th of May for another month's rent, which I wish you would send me if you can, (it is six dollars) I am not in want of money for anything and am not quite out but will be by then. When you send me again and every debt is straightened up as it will be I shall feel quite rich. It has often troubled me that I cannot make money last longer but it will not. Since the last August I have spent 300 dollars and it is hard to tell for what, although this does not include some considerable of last summers grocery bill at Ford's. I sometimes fear that you will be discouraged that I cannot make less answer but you must know something of the expenses of provisions & since you are a housekeeper too. We cannot get a yard of calico now for less than 28 or 30 cts. and sheeting is 50. As I made no calculations upon going to the Fair at St. Louis I am of course not disappointed and now have taught my heart to wait until fall, when surely you will have earned a furlough I would send you Newton papers if you think it worth while. I anticipate much from a visit with Catherine when she comes. Eight years have probably changed us both much, but we will soon forget that and the old time will come back to us again. Abbott is nearing Huntsville, Jim Winspear is going to California. I will write on Sunday, day after tomorrow and tell you the news if there is any. May God love and keep us in his care until we meet.

Yours with increasing love,

M. W. Howe.

¹¹⁰ Professor Leonard F. Parker.

was made and carried about and made ready for use. As I have learned it, they boil the material, and skim off the skum from that, then keep skimming it off until it is a clear liquid. And after it is clear of all skum, sticks were prepared about the size of a pencil, which they dipped into the glue and turned it about and gathered a little glue on the end, let it harden, and so continued dipping and cooling it until they had a sizable lump on the end of the stick. It was convenient to carry about for future use. The way they used it would be to heat a vessel of water hot and dip the glue stick into it, when the hardened glue which touched the hot water would be liquid, ready for use, and when they laid the stick down it was hard and smooth, as it was before. That's the way the tribe carried the glue, and put it away for future use. I want to ask Jim if that is the way they did it.

Jim: In making the glue from the horns of the deer, that's the only way they made their glue. They did not have any glue from buffaloes, so in making the glue they boiled it and would take a stick, and of course while it is boiling they dipped this stick in, and took it out and cooled it off until it hardens, and they get as much as they want for their own use, then whenever they wanted to use it it was a hard substance, then they take the substance and moisten it—sometimes they spit on it and sometimes they stick it in their mouths, and then hold it by the fire until it melts, and then rub it on whatever they want to use it on and then they glue this together, so that's the way they make the glue.

Dr. Gilmore: Substantially the same plan of making the glue sticks and the form of using them as I described. There is one more thing about the use of the glue. The glue could be moistened, as he said or by hot water. To make a nice smooth workmanlike job of finishing the glued parts a certain powder was used to take up the surplus glue, and that powder was made from gypsum. The tribe that I am acquainted with found gypsum on the plains—the Pawnees and the Omahas got it in Kansas. It is a stone that when heated will become a white powder, and that white powder would take up the surplus glue, and I supposed these eastern people had some means of finishing off the glued materials also. Perhaps they

had some powder—I do not know whether gypsum or what, but they must have had some way of finishing up the glued work.

Perhaps it might be interesting for all of you to know something about the method of procedure in finding out information of the old time.

(George interprets Dr. Gilmore's question, Jim answers, and Young Bear cuts in with information to Jim.) George interprets: In making the arrows, and the feathers you put on and also the point or the arrow head—well, the glue is mostly used, and in order to make this glue, why you do the same thing again as in making the flute, and you want to have a smooth surface. In order to do this it is done—of course some are experts in making the arrows, and some are not. Not every one can make the arrow—they have got to be taught, and so in making these arrows and applying the glue you first take the glue and moisten it—you stick that in your mouth, and then you hold it before the fire. Of course it must not be too hot, and before it gets too hot you have to very quickly apply it on the arrow. You do that all around that which you put the glue on, and then the bones of the deer are used to smooth it off so it would not be rough, and the glue that sticks on, the surface glue, is scraped off by the use of the same bone—taken out and made from the bones of the deer; and of course in making their points and putting the feathers in they do not only use the glue, but of course the glue fastens them first time, then it is tied with the guts and the muscles taken from the deer. They tie this on, and then also the glue is applied, and in this way the feather does not come off easily.

Mr. Harlan: Do they use a powder to keep it from being sticky?

(George interprets Mr. Harlan's question, Young Bear speaks to Jim)—Jim answers: In making the arrows and putting on the glue they did not use any powder of any kind, although our old people have often told us a certain powder should be used in smoothing out this glue, but we have never known just what it is. They shaped them out by the use of a rock, shaping them out, and so the glued pieces—they put on the same glue that holds it by tying it with the muscles and

all and those hold it. Of course they smoothed it—they also used a bone.

Mr. Harlan: I think that will be all we will ask him now. My friends [the teachers], you will see that when the Indians are asked a question to which you and I would answer yes or no, our Indian friends add a little information that they would otherwise fail to impart. Now we will ask Dr. Gilmore to continue his observations on the flute or whatever subject he sees fit. Our Indian friends as well as ourselves, are eager for his words.

Dr. Gilmore: Some of the company have come in since the description was given of how the flute is made. Jim said there were six holes made and you can see that. He said they were burned, and of course that is the way it was done, but in the old times they would have trouble drilling, I suppose, with a stone drill. Maybe he can tell about that. But another thing you will notice. If you touch the flute, you will find a place in the barrel for the passage of the air, and for finishing the wood, among the tribes I am acquainted with, a certain plant is used. They use a plant which is very full of silica. We call it horse tail, jointed grass, snake grass, and that plant is used for polishing, and I wonder what these people used for polishing in the old time, before they had sand paper, emery paper, etc. I would like to know if that plant was used. It is very hard, and when you are using it it will make your teeth grit—it is jointed grass.

(George interprets Dr. Gilmore's talk. Young Bear speaks to Jim.) Jim talks: In the old time there was nothing that was impossible for them, because before the time when the white men came to our people and brought the implements they used to make their things, our people did not have these implements, and they had to make them themselves. Of course, to make them they must first think these things out and try to make things, so it would not be hard to make whatever they wish to make, and so it is with everything. In making arrows and bows some one must first know the kind of tools they want to use to make whatever they wish to make, and so in finding things out, in making these tools, it was not the thought or the making of the people, but through the Great Spirit.

They first pray to the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit blesses them and in that way they find out the things they want to make, and in making these flutes they want to make the surface smooth—well, in those days they used the rocks, and the flint, etc. Sometimes they used sand and ashes, and such things as that.

Dr. Gilmore: You people [the teachers] here tonight are swinging in and looking in on the way and getting some information of the way they [the Indians] learn, and on that matter of the use of gypsum in polishing, the bureau of ethnology published an erroneous statement in their report of the polishing of arrows, the smoothing off of surplus glue. The writer there said they used mica in polishing—that they burned it to a powder, and the powder was used to take off the surplus. Now you know mica will not burn, and that the material burned to make the white powder was gypsum, instead of mica.

Mr. Harlan: I wonder if we may not have George explain to the Indians what Dr. Gilmore tells of a mistake in one of our books.

Dr. Gilmore: The point is that the investigators need to know more.

Mr. Harlan: The conversation began on the flute. Any other person who is trained like Dr. Gilmore would have had the information on the flute only, but now this party of teachers has gained authentic information through his pursuing the matter into the different materials and different points. Without his expert knowledge we would have remained without this complete information from the Mesquakies, and particularly the old Mesquakies. Somehow I am aware, Dr. Gilmore, this is the first expert information they have ever been invited to publicly impart, and they have never exchanged with any white man the information you have exchanged with them in these teachers' hearing.

(Some one asks of what material the wickiup matting is made.)

Mr. Harlan: Let us see if we can get that answered.

Jim: I imagine it is made out of bull rushes—cat-tails.

Dr. Gilmore: That is not all. I wish the visitors would

notice how skilfully they are laid together, and they are bound together by a needle—that is through the middle of the end of the cat-tail.

Mr. Harlan: Jim, Dr. Gilmore alludes to the cat-tail leaf made into the matting. Is it the leaf?

Jim: It is the leaf.

Mr. Harlan: Do you make it of the flat part, or the round stalk?

(Jim does not understand the question.)

Mr. Harlan: When we say leaf, we mean the flat part, not the round part.

Dr. Gilmore: It is the blade that they use, not the round stalk.

Mr. Harlan: Do they use the rod or the blade that bends over?

(George interprets, Jim answers, and Young Bear speaks, with George interpreting.): It is the flat part. If any of you look carefully at the wickiup and examine each of those leaves you will find that they are all flat—none of them round. The round part is not used, but the blades are used.

Dr. Gilmore: That is what I wanted the visitors to notice—that the flat part is used so it sheds the rain, and is very skillfully done.

Mr. Harlan: On next Sunday afternoon will you get some cat-tails and start a mat so we can see just how it is made?

Jim: Yes.

Mr. Harlan: Let me make this suggestion. Dr. Gilmore has told us of the woodland and the prairie people. He tells us that the plains people had a separate style of habitation, and the woodland people had their style. I wonder if he will tell us more about these styles of habitation?

Dr. Gilmore: As Mr. Harlan has said, I was born in Nebraska, in the Omaha region, so I know the people of that region better than I know the woods people. The prairie, you see, is the country without so much timber. These people had these materials, and the geographic condition always controls the forms of dwellings. There was some timber along the streams, and the skins of the buffalo were excellent for making the covering of the tent, but these people of the prairie had

not only to cut the poles, but in many instances had to drag them long distances. But when they traveled anywhere, going in quest for meat, on a buffalo hunt, or going after other products, they had to have portable dwellings, and the tepee was the type. Some of the tribes had the custom of using four poles for the frame work, and some tribes used only three poles. Of course, a camp would include much more ground than there is here. The Omahas and other tribes have good camps, and these tepees are set in a circle, according to the size of the party traveling—it might be half a mile in diameter. The circle of each division of the tribe—and in the Omaha tribe there are ten divisions—there are two main divisions of five each—and as the camp is set it is set like the tepee itself. The entrance to the camp is like the entrance to the tepee—which is set according to the way they travel. And so each of these would have its circle. They had a system of placing the tepees. If they did not have a system they could never find anything, but each one knew just where to go for his own tent, because it was always there.

Mr. Harlan: Now, I expect Young Bear and Jim are asleep. But tomorrow evening we will ask them if there is a similar custom with respect to their wickiups.

Dr. Gilmore: Each nation had its own system.

Mr. Harlan: Well, we are all probably within twenty minutes of our sleepy time, and I wonder if we can stir up Jim and have him play that song he played last night.

Jim plays on his flute.

Mr. Harlan: Can that be sung?

George: That is the same one he sang last night.

Mr. Harlan: The one you sang, but didn't play with the flute—sing that.

(Jim sings then tells the story.) George interprets: The words of the song are repeated over and over. Of course in a chorus there are different words, but these words tell the story of a certain young couple.

Once upon a time there was a maid who was of marrying age, and her parents were considering a certain young man, who was already a mighty hunter. This young man seems to have a future before him, and was considered as a likely hus-

band of this girl. So they made an agreement between the parents that this young couple should marry, and they were married, but the girl was in love with another young man, and she did not love this young man she had to marry. She was very unhappy, and so she told her parents that she did not love the one she was living with but she loved another, and she was very unhappy, and she could not have a happy life and she wanted a happy life—to have a lodge of her own, and the rule was that she should serve and try to love the one she was living with, and so they moved them to an island far away, and they could not be seen by any one, and this way they could forget every one and be forced to love the one they lived with. However, she could not forget the young man she loved, no matter how far away they moved her, and so she swam ashore to the main land, and she made this song, and the words are, “I hate him, I hate him! Even from the island I could swim across.”

Mr. Harlan: Sing the chorus once more, Jim.

(Jim sings the chorus.)

Mr. Harlan: Now, let us ask Dr. Gilmore if, in his acquaintance of other songs, this particular story has come to his knowledge.

Dr. Gilmore: No, I never heard this one, but similar instances and similar songs I have known of. The first part of the song is the same—I recognize the first part of it in different songs, but the latter part of it is different. It shows the borrowing of music, just as with us.

Mr. Harlan: Will you tell Jim to think up a different one for tomorrow night to play or sing or both?

(George interprets Mr. Harlan's question, and interprets Jim's answer.): He is not sure he can be here for tomorrow night, but he will do as you ask if he can be here.

WILLIAM SALTER'S LETTERS TO
MARY ANN MACKINTIRE
1845-1846

BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

[Continued]

This is the second of a series of edited excerpts from the letters of Dr. William Salter, a member of the famous Andover Band in Iowa and for over sixty years pastor of the Congregational Church at Burlington, Iowa. These letters were written during the years 1845-46, while Dr. Salter was preaching at Maquoketa and Burlington, to Miss Mary Ann Mackintire, his fiancée, of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 4, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . This week has been of chilly blustering weather, and a little cold with the sickness and death around me have perhaps too much perturbed me. Having heard that Mr. Smith, a missionary of the A. H. M. S. at Bellevue who came into this country in June was sick, I went to see him. I found him just recovering from ague and bilious fever. He thinks that he cannot have his health in this country and so is about returning home (Litchfield, Maine). I endeavored to encourage him and urged him to go home with me, promising to nurse him the best I could, but his head is set in getting by his mother's fireside. He thought of leaving this week. . . . I got some cold in riding, was overtaken by two showers, and should have rested this week, but have been called on to visit the sick and attend funerals. I am much better today. So much sickness is indeed very distressing. There are very few families in which some are not or have not been sick. The whole country shares in the calamity. I saw this afternoon a gentleman from Rock River who says there is much more sickness there than here. I hope the people may learn righteousness, but at present the sickness is so extensive that little else can be thought of than the care of the sick. I cannot but hope that as cold weather is setting in health will return. I feel that I cannot be too thankful for that kind Providence that has watched over and sustained me while sickness and death visited so many. How loud the admonition to work while it is day for night cometh when no man can work. . . .

You will be amazed when I tell you that the last of my written sermons is number 24, and two years in the vicinity! . . . I had letters this

evening from New York from my father and brother, and Sister Mary which speak of Mr. Shackford of Burlington who heard of our matters in Charlestown. He was on his way West. He was from Portsmouth, N. H., and is probably acquainted with some of your friends. He spoke of my good fortune in the highest terms. Mr. S. was sent to collect funds in aid of the church in Burlington. He raised \$450.00 in drive for the church. An excellent man.

The sickness of the country is hindering every kind of labor. Our bricks are just burned, but it is now so late that it is found we shall not be able to start our building this fall. I have engaged to have me a study built for about \$135—14 feet by 22—nine feet high room. It is uncertain about my leaving here and in case I should I think I could sell it without loss. I have a very pleasant location. If we remain here, I shall build a brick house in front of it next spring, and this may serve as a kitchen. . . .

Some of my friends want me to go East. But I have never allowed myself to think in earnest of the matter. My father in his last expresses the wish that in a year or two I would think of settling in the East. He has always wanted me to feel young, telling me that I should not be in my prime till I was past thirty, and that I ought not to have much before that age. You will not indulge the thought, my dear, that I came West from any [desire] for the privileges of cultivated society. I deem it as sacred a trust to guard well the temples which the fathers founded as to lay in regions beyond the foundations of society. The work in both places demands the best men. I desire to be the child of Providence. . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

[Dubuque. October 13, 1845.]

How are you this early Monday morning, October 13, 1845, . . . ? Now I have my pen in the study corner of Mr. Holbrook's³² sitting room. . . . I came here from home on Saturday, a very raw and chilly day, got some cold which was a poor preparation for preaching yesterday. Preached to a congregation of seventy-five in the Baptist meeting house. The Congregational Church is getting along very well with their house, will have it finished in December. Mr. Holbrook has had to [plan] its erection and attended to almost everything about it. Ladies in Park Street Church, Boston, and in Hartford Church are sending out boxes of articles to be sold at a fair this winter for the benefit of the house. The Ladies here have also a society to sew for the same object, of which Mrs. Holbrook has the superintendence. She, by the way, I may say, is a native of Farrington County, but has lived several years in Jacksonville, Illinois. Is a good housekeeper. On my arrival here, I heard that Brother Turner has had a bilious attack. I am only now waiting for clear weather to go out and see him. The church here is small for so large a place, there being about 2,000 population here, only 50 mem-

³² Rev. John C. Holbrook, *Vid.* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, Vols. I, p. 527; VII, pp. 594, 602-604.

bers. The Methodist church has now the most wealth and largest members of any Protestant society. . . .

Last week we had at Andrew the annual meeting of our country Bible Society during the session of court. You would have laughed to have seen me lodged in a log cabin with some twenty persons, some few on beds and many on the floor. But the good landlady gave me the best bed in company with an old gentleman from Delaware, formerly an Indian agent in Illinois. He had been at one time a prisoner among the Indians and expecting to be shot, but was rescued by a friendly tribe. Our Bible Society is small and but a few take any interest in it.

One of the old settlers has just been in to see me. He was here 18 years ago when nothing but grass and bush were here, where as he says, "are now four story brick buildings and back in the country is a four story mill." He is an old miner. If, he says, this place be so changed in thirteen years, what will it be in a century? . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 16,
1845.

Good evening, Mary:

. . . . My last left me on the eve of going to Cascade. I was in hopes it had cleared up, but was disappointed and rode twelve miles in the rain. I was in a buggy and tolerably well protected so that I suffered nothing serious. I stopped at a good woman's on the road, a member of brother Turner's church who begged so hard to tarry over night (I stopped to warm), but I could not. I found Brother Turner better though weak. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Davenport, Iowa. October
24, 1845.

My dear Mary:

How do you like this pleasant Indian summer? It is just two years ago since I landed in Iowa. May I not say hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I am reminded of a walk I took two years ago this evening up the bank of the Mississippi at Burlington in company with Brother Turner. We got into a retired place and leaning against a prostrate tree, united in prayer to God, giving up ourselves to the direction of his Providence, and asking, Lord, what wilt thou have us to do? Verily, I have been led in a way that I knew not, may I not indulge the hope that it has been of the Lord.

Here am I this morning in the home of Brother Prescott, an excellent colporteur of the American Tract Society, who is laboring in this region. His wife is an active intelligent woman and useful Christian. Brother Hill and wife are also here. Mrs. Hill is a daughter of Deacon Hyde of Bath, Maine, an enthusiastic, cheerful, contented, affectionate spirit, thinks the world of Iowa and of her field in Clayton County. She says

she has no desire to go back to New England except to see her father and mother. . . . We have had a tolerably interesting association, but owing to the absence of Brother Adams, who has not yet returned, the ministers here, things have been more at loose ends than would otherwise be the case. The only two subjects of interest that have been discussed were those of a union with Presbyterianism, and Education. Brother Robbins had not prepared his paper on fellowship with slaveholders on account of sickness in his family and congregation and he was excused until the next meeting.

Last Monday night Brother Turner and wife arrived at Maquoketa. They tarried the night which I enjoyed very much with them. Mrs. T. was very happy at being introduced to your daguerreotype. . . . Monday we rode here, 40 miles, most of the way over burnt prairie, rather a dismal prospect. No town on the Mississippi is more handsomely situated than Davenport. It has a population of 900, but they are divided into all the different sects. The Congregational church is small, although it has some excellent members. The church [has] but little character in the community. It would seem strange to you to be in a place where Methodists and Campbellites, Romanists, were the leading sects. Rev. J. A. Reed, lately appointed missionary agent of Iowa, has just taken up his residence here. He was a native of New Windsor and a New Haven student, Conn. He has been for a number of years in the West, was formerly at Warsaw, Illinois, and last at Fairfield, Iowa. In relation to Burlington he says that last summer Brother Hutchinson's health being very poor, he was advised by Brothers Asa Turner and Lane to give up that field, and in that case, those brethren proposed that I should be sent for, and Brother Turner corresponded with Brother Badger on the subject, who recommended it. But, Brother Hutchinson's health being now very much better, so that he says he feels as well as ever he has, he has renewed his labors with a prospect of continuing them. Brother Reed, however, says that he thinks that though Brother Hutchinson may remain this winter, then he will not stay much longer. In this state of things I think that we ought to disburse our minds of all apprehension or concern on that subject. I feel very happy that I have never opened my mouth on this subject, so that any of my brethren could suppose that I was asking great things for myself. What a delightful consciousness is that of having the feeling of Psalms 131:1.³³ When I see how comparatively little the brethren on the river towns are doing, I cannot but think that in usefulness I may not be behind them and indeed that my own field provides well in comparison with theirs. . . . I am going as far as Dewitt today to spend the night with Brother Emerson. He has been suffering dreadfully from the ague and is now thin as a shadow. Some of the brethren are thinking they will have a joke with Brother Alden about his house if he comes single handed. The Association appointed the first Wednesday of December

³³ Psalms 131:1. Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

a day of fasting and prayer in view of the superview of Divine Influence. We adjourned to meet at Tipton the first Monday in May.

. . . Mr. Hill is building a house, 26 by 38, which will cost him 300 dollars. A part of it is finished and they are living in it. I have taken the plan. . . . All the members of the Association report that their labors have been greatly interrupted by sickness. It is now ten o'clock, a boat has arrived on which Mr. and Mrs. Hill are going up the river, and Brother Emerson is getting ready for riding home. . . . I preached here last week of First Corinthians, 14 chapter, in doctrine: that the New Testament does not give us a definite and full form of church policy and that God requires wisdom and discretion at our hands in managing our church affairs, all things must be done in order, but wisdom is needed and profitable to direct in what order. Sermons were also preached on the nature and advantages of revivals by Brother Robbins. Reasons why we should not be ashamed of the Gospel by Mr. Hitchcock of Moline, Illinois—with character and conduct and testimony of witnesses of God on the text: "Ye are my witnesses" by Brother Hill.

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 31, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

. . . This has been like most other days in the West, a mixed day with me. There is no dull uniformity here. I arose about morning from my bed on the floor, having resigned my room last night to a gentleman and his wife from Prairie du Chien. I read from 2nd. Hebrews of Paul on Mars Hill. . . . After breakfast . . . I got into my study and notwithstanding that the children have been very noisy and a few interruptions . . . I read an interesting lesson in my Greek Harmony of the Gospels and wrote about the third of a sermon, when 4 o'clock called me to an adjourned meeting of my church, at which the resignation of one of my elders was accepted, the other was excommunicated from the church, and it was voted that we hereafter be governed according to the usages of the Congregational Church. This is the second excommunication from the Church, both of the offending members being somewhat prominent citizens in the neighborhood and being the only ones in the church who subscribed ten dollars towards my support. I have had a severe trial with these men. They have been great stumbling blocks to the advancement of religion. Both united with the church by letter from other churches. I trust and believe the Lord will overrule it for good. After this meeting came on supper and chopping a little wood. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, November 8, 1845.

My Mary:

I have just got home from a curious week's work. . . . I told you in my last that Dr. Reed was to spend the last Sabbath with me. He

preached to a house full. We now meet in a private house and as I looked upon the various substitutes for seats which the people occupied, I could not but think of Paul and his companions at Melite, who escaped from the wreck "some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ships." Monday morning I rode to the eastern part of the country with Brother Reed to explain the destitution or rather to make him acquainted with them. We visited a number of scattered families who were sorry that Mr. Smith had left them no church [f] in the wilderness and who were anxious to hear one sent among them to break the bread of life. Tuesday p. m. we rode into Bellevue where I had previously sent in an appointment for Brother Reed to preach. Who do you think was the first man I met? Brother Alden. Even so. I may have mentioned that I promised to go sometime or other on a journey to Wisconsin with him, and he had taken that time for the business. We found an awful state of stupor as to the interests of religion in that town. There was but a dozen to meeting. Brother Alden's plans [made] an entire change in my arrangement for the work, so that the next morning we crossed the river, rode to Galena, where we had a very pleasant call in the family of Mr. Kent.

. . . . That p. m. we rode to Hard Scrubble, W. T., and spent the night with Mrs. Curtis. She has two sons in the ministry at Adrian and Ann Arbor, Michigan. . . . We learned here that we were only eight miles from New Diggings, so the next morning we rode thither and found Brother Lewis on the eve of going to attend a funeral, whither we accompanied him. There were almost 50 or 60 graves in the burying ground. After this service, we had a very delightful talk. . . . [In the] p. m. we rode to Platteville within a few miles of the Platte Mounds and described in the *Home Missionary* for October. Last year I rode over them several times, or rather around them. They present a singular and wonderful appearance. We spent the night at D. J. W. Clark's who, as we wanted to see Magoun, hunted him up and brought in also Miss Johnson and two Miss Buels. We had a piano and good music which made the evening pass off very pleasantly. . . . I came home on the stage (a very black chilly day). . . .

Your own. Wm. Salter.

Br. Salter's Study. November
12, 1845.

[The following description of William Salter's study in Maquoketa is extracted from a note written to Miss Mackintire by Rev. E. Alden, Jr., a friend of Salter's and Miss Mackintire's. Rev Salter then resumes the letter.]

. . . . I must ask you to imagine a bedstead, light stand, trunks, book-case, stove, and a couple of chairs, crowded together into an unfinished apartment a trifle over 6 by 10 feet. You will readily suppose that Br. Salter and I are placed in close proximity. . . .

Yours sincerely,

E. Alden, Jr.

[Here Rev. Salter takes up the writing.]

Friday evening. November 14.

. . . . I don't know as I have told you that I have an air tight stove. It is a common new sheet iron one and heats and cools quickly, but firewood is cheap here. . . . The health of the country is much improved, although there are many cases of ague yet, generally due to exposure and carelessness. . . . I am ecclesiastically connected with the Congregational Association of Northern Iowa, as you will see by the *Congregational Almanac*, so that it is perfectly proper to call me a Congregationalist, and I very much prefer that connection to belonging to either the Old or the New School Presbytery in Iowa. . . . In Iowa the Old School body have been very unfortunate in having as their leaders two very bigoted and sectarian ministers who are very jealous of the spread of Congregationalism, and who even misrepresent our character, and it is to be feared take pains so to do. . . .

You know fully about my pecuniary circumstances. I have nothing but a salary of 200 dollars a year. I have a library which cost me \$150, and a horse. And when my study is built and paid for, I shall have that and perhaps \$100 on hand. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. November 28, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . Oh, if we had such settlers as New England first had, we might hope that this wilderness world would bud and blossom. But alas, the wicked and the worldly and the backsliders are the main settlers of this country, and what can be expected unless God remarkably interposes but much desolation! Not only must ministers and teachers but pious merchants, farmers and mechanics must come here with the main intent of doing good. And those that take care of the Lord's cause, He will take care of. I preached a Thanksgiving sermon this week to a very small congregation, a written sermon however. Most of the people were in their fields husking their corn. I have a written sermon for tomorrow morning, though it was written six months ago. I have been very much disappointed in not having my study finished. This is indeed the *West*. Only think it is not yet covered. I think I have learned this much, however, to wit—to go to work about building my house the first thing in the spring and to see that it is in a fair way before June. In consequence of a man getting intoxicated while burning a lime kiln, his lime proved a failure and our schoolhouse is in status quo, the bricks being on the ground instead of in the wall. When I have many things to vex my patience, I bear up the best way I can. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. December 3, 1845.

My dear Mary:

This day has been observed in my church here as one of humiliation

and fasting by recommendation of our Association in view of the low state of religion. I preached a written sermon . . . from Luke 5:35,³⁴ adapted to this longitude and as you may very well suppose in no wise suited to Eastern Churches. . . . Monday and Tuesday afternoon I devoted to visiting. Shall I introduce the people to you? Here is Mrs. Macloy in a small disagreeable house by the side of a millpond just recovering from an attack of inflammation upon the lungs. She is a good woman, has experienced a reverse of fortune and passed through the furnace. She was of the Bellows family at Walpole, N. H. Mr. M. failed several years ago, "he took to drink," and though he has made several temporary reformatations, and now only once in a while uses the poison, his character is much injured. He was excommunicated from the church last spring. He does business in a slovenly way, so that his family suffer. Mrs. M. returned this fall from a visit to New Hampshire. She seemed much pleased with my visit and urged me to call as often as I could. She has three daughters (young girls) who are in desperate need of our Academy. I next called on Mrs. Marshall, a widow in a very uncomfortable cabin. She has four little children. Is of an extremely covetous disposition, so that though she has means enough to make herself comfortable, yet it seems that she would rather want than part with her money. Going $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile down a "hollow," I came to another poverty-stricken cabin and on knocking and pulling the string I entered the habitation of a Virginian who for forty years has been moving west with the West. I found the old lady in one corner, suffering from ague and from a severe cough. She has seemed to be declining for some time, though she has lived all her days in ignorance, she professes a hope in the mercy of God, that she may find beyond the grave a more comfortable world than this. On another bed were two young men, one afflicted with the ague, and the other with an inflammation of the kidney. I gave what instruction I could, and rode on a mile to visit another family where sickness and death had been this fall. At one time the whole family had the ague. Mr. Haines had been a Christian in the East (New Hampshire) but has backslided in this country. He hopes however that his affliction has been sanctified to him, and now expresses self-determination to serve the Lord. Another family in which I visited is a young woman who for many years has been confined most of the time to her bed from . . . a state of ague. . . . You may ask if I like pastoral visiting. I may reply that I like it as a matter of duty, and as enabling me to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and men. And after performing it, I come back to my books with a keen relief and I trust with some thankfulness in my heart that God has ordered my birth and education in so much more favorable circumstances than are those of the mass of men. I am lead to feel a deeper interest in the improvement of the social conditions of the poor. I am sure this is one of the great problems. . . .

³⁴ Luke 5:35. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.

Friday evening.

I have just returned from fulfilling an appointment at an embryo village called because of contention there. Had a small room of 30 people who gave good attention. I had "freedom" in extemporaneous discourse, presenting some of the reasons for our being Christians (1 Peter 3:18).³⁵ I was urged to come again, but thought it not best to leave an appointment. The place is two miles east on the river Maquoketa, and sometimes called Bridgeport, from there being a bridge there. In the neighborhood is a Mr. Chandler who was one of the Canada rebels who was sentenced to be hung. At the intercession of a daughter his sentence was commuted to banishment to Van Diemen's land whence he made his escape some three years ago. I came down by moonlight. I ride horseback. I hope to buy a buggy next fall. The roads have been beautiful this fall, and in riding I have often thought how much I should enjoy your company. . . . They are putting shingles upon my study today. It is very cold work. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. December 19, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . It has been exceedingly cold for four weeks and having made my calculations for being in my study a month ago, I am poorly accommodated as I now am. I am expecting, however, to have my study plastered the first mild day, intending to have only one coat put on this winter, and I shall soon be better off. I shall ride tomorrow to Mr. Young's (10 miles) and after preaching on Sabbath at Andrew and Dr. Cotton's and visiting a little, expect to spend Christmas with Brother Holbrook (at which time his church hold a fair) when I hope to meet Brother Turner and wife. I shall be home again last of next week. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Sanctum Sanctorum
Maquoketa, Iowa. December
27, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . I must tell you a short history of a regular Western week's life. Last Saturday afternoon and evening I rode to Br. Young's, I had some business with him as one of the Committee of the Andrew Church to circulate a subscription for my support. He was from Union Co. Penn., where the antislavery fever there runs high. . . . So we talked till midnight on the great subject. [On] Sabbath I had but a small congregation at Andrew and Deacon Cotton's. The whole community is filled up with families who are Universalists or ignorant persons who

³⁵ 1 Peter 3:18. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

have never been brought up to respect the Sabbath, or attend public worship. . . . Monday and Tuesday I visited a number of families six or eight miles west of Deacon Cotton's. Found one old settler whose history is quite a romantic one. Dixon by name, a native of Virginia, lived in St. Louis or thereabouts during the last war. He has traveled five or six times from Illinois to the Silkink [?]³⁶ settlement on the Upper Red River which empties into Hudson Bay, driving cattle a great portion of the way. He has traveled on the high ridge which divides the streams flowing into the Mississippi from those flowing into the Missouri. He is an intelligent, gentlemanly man. Tuesday evening I preached to a cabin full in which I spent the night, where [I] found a Mr. Bradley of family from Boston this last summer. . . . Wednesday I rode into Dubuque, walking occasionally however (to tell the truth) of getting my feet warm. I purchased some bedding, and had a pleasant evening at the Ladies' Fair. What, however, I enjoyed most of all was a good talk with Jane. Br. Turner stopped to preach on the road and could not come in until Thursday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. January
1, 1846.

A happy New Year, my dear Mary. Only think of it, this is 1846. I trust you are well and have a heart to praise the name of the Lord. If so, let us unite in that inimitable doxology, "praise God from whom all blessings flow." . . . I never could write poetry and it is several years since I made a rhymn, but as I am in the West and this is New Year's the following just popped in my head:

Five moons apart, my chosen friend;
And Love the other five will end,
Then let us meet no more to part,
And hand with hand, and heart with heart,
We'll join ourselves as long as life
To be your husband and my wife.
What think you, dear, of this proposal?
Please let me know in rhymn or prosal.

After a severely cold December the weather has moderated a little and today has been an old-fashioned rainstorm. The rain comes pit-pat upon my roof. The wind is rising and with every heavy gust my house shakes a little. It was so late in the season I could not get the underpinning laid, so that the house stands on stone only at the corners. . . . With my thick boots³⁷ I tramped down to Mr. Shaw's to supper (about

³⁶ Dixon and McKnight drove cattle from Pittsburgh, Van Buren County, Iowa, to the Selkirk settlements, afterwards called Pembina, the first town on the Red River of the North after it crosses into Canada. The Dixon and McKnight trail, 1822, is shown in a map owned by the Wisconsin Historical Society. The Historical, Memorial, and Art Department of Iowa has a copy of that portion of the map relating to the trail in Iowa.

³⁷ On November 12, 1844, he purchased the following items: overcoat \$5; shut-in, air-tight stove \$5; fur cap \$3; a pair of boots \$2.37½; and on December 3 a pair of leggings costing \$1.00. A leghorn hat, purchased June 23, 1845, cost \$2.50.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile) and back again. The road has become very muddy. I borrowed a lantern to light my self back again to bed. . . . My study is delightfully situated on high ground overlooking the embryo village, two thirds of a mile north is the Maquoketa and its timber.³⁸ South stretches off the boundless prairies, west is a beautiful farming country, there being beautiful groves at a mile distance in that direction. East on the other side of the road is the five acres belonging to the Academy, on the highest point of land in which is the site for the institution, being the highest point of land in the neighborhood, and still farther east, a little north, is No. 7 Union street. The road in front of the house is the stage road from Dubuque to Davenport. My study door is some 80 feet from the road. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa.] Saturday afternoon
January 10, 1846.

My dearest one:

How do you this beautiful, clear, comfortably cold weather! . . . Well, my dear, this has been a busy week with me. Last Sabbath I had a congregation of over fifty at Andrew. On Monday I visited and preached seven miles west of Deacon Cotton's, [and] in the evening Br. Turner came, and I was very glad to see him. He is sitting by me. We have just returned from preaching. He gave a good written sermon on the character of Balaam. Tuesday of this week I visited several schools, and returned here in the evening. Wednesday was pretty much devoted to reading up newspapers etc. In the evening we had an interesting Temperance meeting, a good written address from our school-master, and good singing, that is, good for this country. Some twenty signed the pledge and among these one who had been at times in the habit of drinking excessively. Thursday and Friday I expected Br. Turner here but as he did not come, I had to preach those evenings and visit some during the day. Yesterday afternoon we had a church meeting and seven united with us by letter. I had hoped there would have been some interest among the people at this time, but they are generally stupid though the attendance in meeting has been pretty good and there is a better state of feeling in the church than there has been for some time. There will be no difficulty in getting locks on our doors. I have one on this, but the cabins of the people are often without them.

I shall want to hear Father's lectures on economy, but from your last letter, for I have been so fortunate (here I left off to have a talk with Br. T[urner] about our house, the privations of the missionary etc.) as to have received yours of 20th. Dec. [on] the 7th. inst., I know not

³⁸ Rev. Salter built his study on the two acres of land he owned. Mr. Shaw had given him an acre and he had purchased an adjoining acre for \$25. The house cost \$125.00, and its underpinning \$25. He paid \$63.50 for digging and welling the well, and \$18.21 for lining it with 5025 bricks. The cedar fence posts cost \$55, and he paid Mr. Shaw fifty cents to set out two maple trees. His taxes for 1846-7 were \$6.25, and he figured the total cost to be \$318.46.

but I must talk to him on the same subject, for a house that cost 1,000 dollars will make many eyes stare in so new a country, and 500 dollars of furniture will give some the impression that we are very proud. This reminds me of the inquiry of a man who got me some wood and was in to see me this week. As he looked at my small library, [he said], "Why, you keep a great bookstore, don't you?" To a reasonable extent we must not expose ourselves to the prejudices of the people. As you say, we want comforts. Extravagance is bad taste and it is bad policy. And yet for the Far West I am comparatively well off in having a few families who having themselves been used to comfortable circumstances elsewhere, will not be surprised or prejudiced against us. And this place, I think, is destined to improve so rapidly that we shall have many good families in the neighborhood. There are nine families living in what is called [the] town. The country around is settled in every direction by a rapidly increasing population. A valuable mill privilege on the South Fork of Maquoketa, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from town, is now being improved. I think that in case of building as you propose, if we should want to sell immediately we might find difficulty in obtaining a purchase, but in a few years we should probably be able to sell to some advantage. In this state of things, as you might very well suppose, I feel some delicacy about going ahead. . . . You will think it strange that I have not had time this week to read Milton, but I will do so tonight.

There are over 3,000 people in this county. It is universally admitted to be the next best county after Linn in northern Iowa for agricultural purposes. Andrew contains some fourteen families. . . . I have to visit a great deal more than I like. I would much rather be in my study, but the work, though humble, is great. Unless we can outwit, outtalk, and outpush Methodists, sectarianists, and deists, Congregationalists can't live, much less flourish here. Why, a man told Br. Turner that he never heard of a Congregationalist church before. He really thought Br. Turner was starting some new sect, and when Br. Turner told him there were Congregational churches in New England over 200 years old, he looked up, in utter amazement. . . . I ride to Andrew horseback and preached in the uncomfortable log courthouse. . . .

[Yours, Wm. Salter]

Maquoketa, Iowa. January 23, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . Last Saturday at Andrew I found a letter from Burlington, giving a sad account of things there. I wish I could read it to you. . . . Br. Hutchinson's health has failed again, so that he has not preached since the middle of last month. The letter says, "Mr. H[utchinson] has signified his wish not to be considered any longer as our minister, nor can we indulge the hope that he will ever preach again." How hard to have a minister out in this wilderness laid aside. Br. H. is very much beloved by his brethren here. How disturbing it must

be to Mrs. H. I am not acquainted with her, but report gives her a high character. My letter is from Mr. Albert Shackford,³⁹ formerly from Portsmouth, N. H. He has a sister in Cambridge (Mrs. Stacey, I believe) who used to be a fine girl. He says, "truth is trodden in the dust and orthodoxy is a reproach in Burlington." His brother (C. C. Shackford) who was formerly settled near Boston and at whose installation Mr. Theodore Parker preached his famous sermon which was of the first development of modern Unitarianism, preached to a "moral and spiritual reform society," which, however, vulgarly goes under the name of the "India Rubber and Free and Easy Church." He is popular and has a large congregation from the very men who ought to be under orthodox preaching. Br. Hutchinson's congregation is represented as scattered and his "little church discouraged." The letter invites me to "come to Burlington, and see its condition, and ascertain if there I could not be more widely useful than anywhere else in Iowa." . . . I have sought wisdom from above. I am sure I have no desire to go to Burlington unless it is plainly the Lord's will. . . . Yet the Lord knoweth what is best. I have committed the matter to Him, and trust I shall never ask any other question than, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I had engaged to preach for Br. Turner the third Sabbath in February, so that I cannot leave here until the 18th of that month, when I propose to go in the stage to Burlington, as I have written Mr. Shackford. I shall probably spend two Sabbaths there, leaving to return here the 2nd. of March. . . . I should say that I desired Mr. Shackford to write me if that time would be agreeable to the Church for me to visit them, and I shall probably hear by the 2nd of February. . . . Burlington is, I know, a hard place. My energies will be far more taxed than they have been—but in those things I rejoice that the power of Christ may abound in me. But it is strange that just at this time as I have at last got fixed for study, and as I am on the eve of arranging to build, this invitation should come. . . . You will want me to be where the Lord would have me. If the Lord makes the way plain, I shall go cheerfully and gladly. We should find much more society there, and if I can be adapted to the state of things there and reach the folks that we must reach in order to effect much, it will be a grand field of usefulness, but the Church must be united, and they must want me for their pastor (as I told Mr. Badger in New York last summer). . . .

We have beautiful winter weather this month. No snow of any account, not enough for sleighing. Happiness depends upon the mind, not upon circumstances. People here are very poor, but as happy as any I ever met with. Many have their own joys. A crop of the finest of the wheat makes them as happy as a successful year's business pleases the Milk street merchants. . . . I have written this week a sermon, "Sin

³⁹ The complete story of this correspondence, together with the letters, may be found in my article, "Notes on the Salter-Shackford Correspondence" in *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, Vol. XVIII, No. 6, pp. 412-419.

and Its Consequences," Romans 5:12,⁴⁰ and laid it away. . . . We have no Sabbath school in the winter. Deacon Cotton was superintendent at Andrew, and Mr. Fletcher [?] here in the summer. Good men, but not competent. I have but few good teachers.

Saturday night. Jan. 24.

. . . . My dear come and hear me tomorrow. Take a seat on that *hard* bench. We have no pews in this country. In the p. m. I will tell you of the evils of covetousness in making a man (1) discontented (2) envious (3) of a grasping disposition (4) leading him to fraud and crime (5) or perhaps engendering a miserable disposition (6) in being fatal to the existence of religion as (a) it prevents conscience (b) is forbidden in the church (c) is excluded from Heaven—the application, I don't know what it will be, for I have yet to write that. I believe my sermons are on no particular model—I aim at variety of style, and have not been crowded to be anything else than "*Preacher*" Salter, as is the universal title of the clergy in this country. By the way, that word lets you into the knowledge of a minister's business here. He must *preach*. If he can't do that, this is no place for him. Br. Holbrook has sent me an invitation to his dedication next Thursday. I shall probably go if the weather is good, in which case I will write you from Dubuque on Friday. . . .

Your affectionate,
Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. Feb. 17, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

The Antislavery folks have sent me their missionary paper and as it is part of my religion to read all sides and then think for myself, I will give you a thought. . . .

Wednesday p. m.

I returned Monday after an interesting time at Cascade where I exceedingly enjoyed a visit with Br. [Edwin B.] T[urner] and had a congregation of 100 on the Sabbath. I preached six times, some seemed to be affected. Br. T. has some difficulty in his church from the prejudices from an Associate Reformed Presbyterian who objects to the singing by the choir, and to the principle of total abstinence and to all new manners. Br. T. has done a great work in Cascade, gathered a church in the midst of much opposition and out of the most unprofitable material. . . . You will be pleased to hear that we have very comfortable weather now. The roads are in good order and I am expecting a tolerably pleasant, though long and lonely, ride to Burlington. . . .

Monday morning, February 23. Bloomington, Iowa.

. . . . Shall I tell you about my journey? I left home as I had arranged on Thursday. The weather became cold and before noon a

⁴⁰ Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

regular Yankee snowstorm from the northeast came down upon me. I wrapped myself as well as could be in blankets of buffalo (being in an open wagon) and reached Br. Adams at Davenport before night. I then found Br. Emerson of DeWitt and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Davenport is a favorite place of many of my brethren of the East of our college. The next day I came in on an open sleigh to this place where I expected to have met the Burlington stage, but it did not come through, not being able to get over the Iowa River, it is supposed, in consequence of the running ice. So I am here. I am happy the Lord ordered it so, as Brs. Robbins and Alden went to Burlington to see Br. Hutchinson last week and were there to supply yesterday. It is also supposed that Br. Reed is there. The Congregational church has a new house here, built mainly by themselves at a cost of \$800. I had a congregation of about 100 yesterday who gave good attention.⁴¹ I was requested to preach again this evening.⁴² The Burlington stage is expected up today. If it comes, I shall leave in it tomorrow at 3 a. m. Br. Hutchinson is said to be failing very fast. Br. Robbins has a pleasant church here, a number of good families in it, but there is unhappily an Old School Church here dividing those who ought to be one.

Your rhymns, my dear, are very good,
 And if I could, I surely would
 Reply to you in rhymn again
 And bless you for your curious strain.
 But ah this dull and wintry day,
 Are slow to help a rhymnster's lays.
 The snow and ice and frozen ground
 Afford a dreary prospect round;
 Oh soar, my muse, to nobler things!
 And lend me, hope, thy blessed wings!
 Whilst I may see next June at hand
 And Mary; Mary's heart, Mary's hand
 Fast bound with mine, in holy love,
 With raptuous joy like that above.
 Then hearts, ye lingering months away
 And brings that bright and blessed day.

The village of Maquoketa is south from my house. Houses are scattered on the prairies. . . . Our log schoolhouse is near Mr. Shaw's on the other side of the road. Now don't think of such a village as you ever saw, but only of a few poor houses near one another. . . .

This place is 60 miles from Burlington. If I get there this week, unless strongly urged, I shall return next week and be home March 5. . . .

Ever yours,
 Wm. Salter.

⁴¹ Deuteronomy 28:1. And it shall come to pass if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.

Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

⁴² Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

Burlington, Iowa. February
28, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

. . . . This has been a sad week, but chastening and subduing are the lessons of life. I mailed a letter to you at Bloomington the first of the week. On Tuesday at $\frac{1}{2}$ [past] 2 a. m., I took the stage for this place, and had a most cheerless and cold ride.⁴³ Just after leaving Bloomington, we crossed Muscatine Island, a distance of 12 miles without a house. I made out to live with the aid of a Buffalo [robe] and with getting out, running, until we stopped at a cabin to warm. We went right in before day, the folks were abed. On reaching the Iowa River, we found it had closed the night before. It seemed problematical about the safety of crossing, but the driver unhitched his horses, led them, one at a time, others drew the wagon over. Sixteen miles from here our forward axle broke. . . . We arrived about 7 p. m. I found Mr. Hutchinson much farther gone than I had anticipated. He is very much emaciated, nothing but skin and bones. I found Mrs. Reed, Robbins, and Alden with him who had assisted him in arranging his temporal affairs. His physicians and friends and himself think him in the lowest stage of consumption. But there are some singular symptoms in his case. He has labored hard to satisfy the demands of his people and worn himself out in their service. . . . O what a change in him from 1843 when we came to Iowa. He was apparently in robust health and had the most flattering prospect of usefulness. Now he is a skeleton on the verge of the grave. . . . Since I have been here my time has been mainly engaged in taking care of Br. H. His equanimity and cheerfulness are truly wonderful and interesting. Mrs. H. is very much beloved and esteemed here and exerts a commanding influence even over those ladies who belong to the India Rubber Church. They have waited upon her with the most unwearied assiduity [Mrs. Hutchinson's child having been prematurely born.] Her purpose is, I understand, in case of Br. H's removal by death to remain here and engage in teaching. I think she has been a teacher in the Auton [?] Seminary, Mass. She is a lady of dignified manners and winning address.

I am again reminded by these things of the uncertainty of all that may be before us.

Br. Reed and the other brothers left for their homes on Wednesday. Br. Ripley of Bentonsport preached here a short time ago with great acceptance to the people. I am enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Starr,⁴⁴ formerly of New York, where I was acquainted with him though more intimately with the rest of his father's family (Mr. Charles Starr). Mrs. Starr was from Farmington, Ct., and is a very pleasant lady.

⁴³ The stage fare from Bloomington was \$5.75, and Rev. Salter records his expenses on the road as \$2.25.

⁴⁴ H. W. Starr.

I have not had opportunity to become acquainted here enough to tell you of the state of things. Mr. C. C. Shackford has got hold of that class of people who ought to be under the influence of evangelical preaching and I have no reason to think that I could win them from him. They have shown this attachment to him by offering him a salary of \$500 if he would remain with them, which they will raise among themselves, while Br. H. has never received but little over \$100 from the people here. The Old School Presbyterian church here is small and its minister exerting no influence about leaving. They raised, it is said, \$3,000 in the East last summer to build a church, not only where it is not needed, but where it is doing harm. Let Eastern Christians take care to whom they give funds for the West.

We have very cold weather this week, and the river has closed up. I shall dread going home on the stage. The Church wants I should stay two Sabbaths and longer, but unless there be special reason, I shall leave a week from next Monday. Br. Reed thinks I should do more good at Maquoketa than I could here in a long course of years; or any of the Brethren think it advisable that a strong man would be got here from the East. In this case, unless everything here should urge my removal, I shall not hesitate to dismiss the subject. . . . Br. Asa Turner's health is poorly. It is feared that he is in consumption. . . .

I have visited in a few families here and find them pleasant. Society here is comparatively formed and cultivated from what it is with us. . . . The Methodists are now holding a protracted meeting here with much noise and stir, but the interest is confined chiefly to their people. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. March
7, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

I have barely time to mention that our dear Brother Hutchinson departed this life at 10 minutes after 3 this afternoon. I sat up with him the last half of last night. He was very weary, complained much of pain, but seemed this morning as he had for the two or three days before. About 12 o'clock an ulcer broke, it is supposed, in his lungs and he gradually sunk away in an unconscious state until he gently breathed his last. His funeral is appointed for Wednesday morning, and we shall send for Br. Robbins to preach the funeral sermon. . . . I count myself happy in having been able to minister in his last days to this departed brother. He was a consistent, faithful, and devoted laborer in the Gospel ministry, and has gone to his reward. He was regarded as first among his brethren who came to Iowa in 1843 and was called to occupy a most important post. Beyond a question he wore himself out in his efforts to build up the church here. Oh, that his labors may be a memorial . . . and bring down upon us the richest

blessings of Christ's Kingdom. . . . You will excuse me for not writing more now as I have many arrangements for Br. H's funeral to make.

I still walk in darkness as to my future prospects, but looking up I find all light. I cannot think I "take" with the people as a whole. I try to wish nothing but that the will of God be done. Whether I shall go home next week is now uncertain. The ice is going out of the river, and in case steamboats come up, I may go up in one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Tuesday afternoon. March 10, 1846.
Burlington, Iowa.

My very dear Mary:

I was obliged to write you a few very hasty lines last week in the midst of duties devolved upon me by Br. Hutchinson's death. I had a pleasant Sabbath, preached in the morning from Psalms 90:9,⁴⁵ and concluded with a brief reference to the late sad event. In the afternoon I preached from I Corinthians 15:3.⁴⁶ Let me take you to the place of meeting. Let us go down the street (Columbia) which runs to the river and a few doors from Water street, which is the river street [now Front street], we enter an old store and find ourselves in the Lord's house. The seats will accommodate a hundred persons. At one end in the corner is the desk. The singing is poor. The audience is attentive and apparently interested. There are a few educated hearers. Mr. Starr was of the class of 1824 in Tab.[or] College. His wife was brought up under Dr. Partin's [?] ministry in Farmington, C't. . . .

I have been so much taken up with Br. Hutchinson that I have not become very much acquainted here yet. But I see many things that would make this a desirable place of residence and that offer some reason to hope that if God should call me hither, I might be useful in the ministry. The Church here had a meeting last night, and though I have no direct or formal information from it, I have been given to understand that the Church feels united in desiring my services. In what shape the matter may come up for decision, I know not. We have left the matter with the Lord, and I truly believe we desire nothing but to know his will. I remarked to one of the deacons yesterday that it would perhaps be better for the cause for them to get a minister from the East, but to this he would by no means consent. Some are asking, How long I shall want to be gone in the East this summer?

⁴⁵ See footnote 42.

⁴⁶ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

On Sunday, March 1, he preached from John 18:36: Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence; and from Romans 16:8: Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord.

On Sunday, March 8, he preached from Psalms 90:9: For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told: and from I Corinthians 15:3: For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

And when I reply, "Three months," they think that won't do. . . . I can't think of anything less, but the cause may require some sacrifice on our part. Would you let me stay till July, and shall we return in September. I merely suggest these things now. There is a possibility that we may be called to meet them. The Church has suffered much from having Br. Hutchinson away a good deal and sick much of the time. They want a man that can and will hang on. They are about going on with the House of Worship. They have a tolerably eligible lot. The foundation was laid about three years ago. The House is to be 40 by 60 feet. Two men have engaged to go on with the building, putting up the walls and covering it, and this, it is said, will consume all the means of the Church. Should I remain here, I shall be in hopes to awaken interest enough in the community to have it finished this year. There is wealth enough here to do so, if we can only get hold of it. . . .

Br. Robbins arrived last night and is expected to preach the funeral sermon tomorrow. Mrs. Hutchinson is comfortable but very weak, and we feel will not be able to go out to the funeral. Her mind is composed and resigned. By a very kind Providence Mr. Hutchinson's sister reached here from Springfield, Illinois, the day before he died. It is hoped that Mrs. H. will remain here and engage in teaching. It is said that some of her friends in the East were unwilling to have her come to Iowa.

Boats arrive and depart and do business here on Sunday. The sight of the first boat that came up the river this season excited the wish to depart and hasten to youward. But I *must wait*.

. . . . C. C. Shackford is going East next month. His sympathies are not now with the Unitatianism at all. He is rather Swedenborjianist. Thinks the whole Bible the word of God, and that every verse has a spiritual meaning. He is an erratic genius. He preaches without pay, having refunded the salary that they offered him.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Lynx on the Mississippi
March 17, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I wrote you a week ago from Burlington. And now I am starting home that I may hear from you and decide this eventful question, whether I ought to break up my present relations and settle on the church in Burlington. The Lord has preciousy led me hitherto and though my visit has been a melancholy one in connection with the death of Br. Hutchinson, yet I have very much to be thankful for. Last Wednesday was indeed a sad day. The weather was disagreeable. O, the agony of Mrs. Hutchinson, as for the last time she gazed on the remains of her husband. Her afflictions are very severe. She came West contrary to the wishes of many of her friends, and now how desolate is the loneliness. She feels that she has nothing to live for. I can only commend her to the sympathies of a compassionate Saviour, and the mercies of a God of

all Peace. It is hoped that she will remain in Burlington, and open a school there next fall. She was unable to attend the funeral services at the church where Br. Robbins gave a hastily prepared discourse on the fact that this is not our rest from toil, trouble, and disappointment, and showing that the life of Br. H. was not exempt from the common lot. He had prepared a brief obituary notice of the departed which will appear in the *Hawk-Eye* this week. Mrs. Gaylor, Burnham, and myself also took part in the services. After the assembly at the grave had retired, Br. Robbins and myself waited at the narrow house of one of our Brothers was filled up. At the thought that pressed upon me as I then stood—soon thus with me, the dust shall return to the earth as it was, the oak shall send its roots and pierce my mould, and my clay shall be a brother to the insensible rock and sluggish clod which the rude swain turns with his hoe and stands upon. . . .

I had a pleasant Sabbath. Preached two old sermons written in Andover.⁴⁷ After preaching in the afternoon there was a joint meeting and Society and a unanimous invitation extended to me to become the pastor of the Church. This invitation was handed to me yesterday. The call is about as regular as could be expected in this irregular country. They desired to give it to me before I left, and so did not wait to circulate a subscription for me and consequently nothing is said about salary. They think the A. H. M. S. will grant them \$300 and that they can raise \$100 or \$150. Think you we could live on such a salary?

. . . . I believe that somehow or other the Lord has given me unusual favor with the Society in Burlington. At any rate, they profess it and their hearts are set upon having me as their pastor. We had prayer meeting nearly every evening last week which were unusually well attended. There is some interest in a few minds on the subject of religion. . . . While there are many things which make a residence at Maquoketa desirable—its quiet retirement, its pleasant situation, the prospects of our getting a comfortable home there and an affectionate people all (and especially the fact that I have lived among them over two years and secured an influence in the country) attach me strongly to that spot. I am very sensible to what I shall lose by leaving there. But the importance of Burlington, the union of the Church there in calling me, the fact of its society and manners being more congenial to my early habits and the consideration that the emergencies of the cause there may serve to develop the father's [?] end has given me to their highest and most serviceable activity, lead me to think that the call is of the Lord—and if *you* and the A. H. M. S. and my brothers generally advise my removal, I shall accept the call. As this seems altogether

⁴⁷ On Sunday, March 15, he preached from Galatians 2:15-16: And I went up by revelation, and communicated unto them that gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them that were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run in vain. But neither Titus, who was with me, being a Greek was compelled to be circumcised; and from John 6:66-68: From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.

possible, I will presume to request you to write me next at Burlington, whither if I go, it will be in a few weeks. The Church there has suffered very much from the failure of Br. H's health. For a long time his efforts were of an irregular character, things have become very much scattered, and there is now no time to be lost. The cause in Burlington will require an unremitting study and protracted effort in order to make advancement. I can't tell you how sad I feel to think my removal there will make it desirable that my visit with you this summer be so much shorter than I had contemplated. . . . If I go to Burlington I am in hopes to obtain board in Mr. Starr's pleasant family. . . .⁴⁸

After waiting all day yesterday for a boat, I went to bed at 10, but was turned out at 12 with a report of a boat being on hand. So I sent word to Br. Robbins, and made haste and reached the river just as the boat was under way. I detained it till Br. Robbins and family came along when we put up steam. The river is now very low, lower, our Captain says, than he has known it before for 18 years at this time. We expect to be at Bloomington at noon, and I hope to be at Davenport to-night where I shall take the stage for home tomorrow.⁴⁹

The scenery on the Mississippi is interesting to a stranger, but soon becomes tedious and dull. Spring has as yet developed on some sunny slopes, and few blades of grass. Nature seems dead. Nothing but islands crowded with trees and great banks appear around us. Yet in silent majesty this stream rolls on. In a few centuries the wealth of the Indies will not surpass, the treasures that will be embarked on this river. Everything in the West goes by noise. This is a high pressure boat. I was amused to see the mulattoes rattle every plate they put on the breakfast table this morning. At one table some of the passengers are earnestly engaged in card playing. Here sits your friend *solus*. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

Wm. Salter.

[To be continued]

⁴⁸ On March 16, he purchased from Mrs. Hutchinson a part of her husband's library for \$8.40.

⁴⁹ The fare on the Lynx from Burlington to Davenport was \$2.50.

JOHN ROSS MILLER

By C. C. STILES

The subject of this sketch was born in slavery in the state of Kentucky, November 8, 1841, and died December 29, 1923, being over eighty-two years of age at the time of his death, which occurred suddenly, being stricken with heart failure just as he was boarding a street car on his way to work at the Historical, Memorial and Art Building of Iowa, at which place he had been employed as janitor for a great many years. Funeral services were held in Des Moines, and the burial was at Newton, Iowa, his former home.

The writer of this article knew him intimately as he always came to me to do his writing for him and to ask my advice in business deals. He was frugal and saving in his expenses and had accumulated considerable property, owning property both in Des Moines and in Newton. He was of a jolly disposition and got a great deal of pleasure out of life. He was honest, faithful and true to his friends and respected by all who knew him.

He gave me an account of his life. His master was a man by the name of Graves, who left Kentucky and located in Missouri, in Nodaway County, near Maryville. When Graves left Kentucky he was compelled to leave a part of his slaves on account of their being mortgaged. The holder of the mortgage had levied on the slaves and among them was the subject of this sketch (he being a small boy known at that time as John Graves) and he and several of the small children were thrown in jail for safe keeping. The mother of the children was not thrown in jail for the reason that she would not run away and leave the small children. This man Graves afterwards returned to Kentucky and stole these slaves and took them away in the night time. By traveling at night and hiding during the day, when the mother would cover up the children with leaves, so they were hid in the timber or brush and let sleep, they finally landed in Missouri. Here they

remained with their master until after the breaking out of the Civil War. Excitement was running high in northern Missouri and the "Paw Paw" militia was aiding the slave owners in holding their slaves and capturing those that ran away to Iowa. Among the runaways were four colored boys by the names of John Graves, Alec Nicols, Henderson Hays and Anderson Hays.

John Graves gave me the story of their flight from Missouri. He said: "They were making preparations to send us all down to Texas, so us boys just *borrowed* two horses and two mules from our masters and lit out for Canada. We thought that it was just a little ways up there. We traveled after night and hid in the brush in the daytime. The second day we traveled during the day and landed in Winterset, Madison County, Iowa, about one o'clock. It was on Saturday in the latter part of October, 1861. I wanted to get some shoes put on my horse, but the blacksmith told me I would have to wait about two hours. There was a great crowd in, and a company of militia was drilling, so we done got scared and left. We had gone about two or three miles and was in a long lane when a crowd of men on horseback come on the run down the lane after us. They had shotguns and rifles and was rasing an awful dust and making a lot of noise. We was shore some scared and thought that our time had come to go to Texas, but it wouldn't do any good for us to run, on account of them mules, they couldn't run as fast as horses. One of the men after us was riding a big white horse and had a gun on the saddle in front of him. He run past us and then turned and headed us off. They surrounded us and took us back to town, but they couldn't find any officers to put us in jail and while they were lookin' for the officers they formed a ring around us boys to keep the crowd back. They got to talking pretty loud and some one dared any one to try to come inside that ring, and they hadn't more than said it than the coats began to fly and there wasn't any ring at all. The men that took us out of the ring gave us something to eat and told us which way to go, and we wasn't long in getting out of there. We started east and at the top of a long hill we hid in the brush till night. Then we traveled by the north star and landed in

Indianola the next morning. We went from there to Newton in Jasper County. I worked on a farm near Newton the following summer for a man by the name of Sherer. I took his name for you know that us colored boys had no names only the names of our masters. I enlisted under the name of John Sherer¹ in the First Regiment (Colored) Infantry, which was afterwards the Sixtieth Regiment U. S. Colored Troops. I served through the war and then come back to Newton. After the war was over I went back to the South and learned that my father had taken his father's name, which was Miller, so our folks all took that name and I have been known by the name of John Miller ever since."

Several years prior to the death of Mr. Miller the writer of this sketch was invited by the Historical Society of Madison County to appear on the programme at their annual meeting and present an article on the history of Madison County which had heretofore never been written. I asked Mr. Miller for permission to write a sketch of what he had told me, and also to go with me to Winterset, to which he consented, but with the remark "I don't know about that town of Winterset." I laughingly assured him that he would not be court-martialed for getting away from the mob that day, nor prosecuted for borrowing that horse from his master, for he still insisted that he just borrowed it and said, "Of course under the circumstances you couldn't expect me to take it back, and anyway my master learned me himself how to run away."

¹ See *Roster Iowa Soldiers, War of the Rebellion*, Vol. V, p. 1666.

INDIAN MOUNDS OF SOUTHEASTERN IOWA

A radio talk (excerpted) by E. R. Harlan over W H O,
Des Moines, Iowa, August 29, 1933.

I.

HOW CAME THESE MOUNDS?

We speak of these as Indian mounds; but they are, ordinarily, merely burial places. They are imperfectly understood even by those who have tried scientifically to determine all about them.

It happens that in Iowa three-fourths of our streams flow almost parallel southeastward into the Mississippi River. From their upper reaches they first run in the soil, then onward to their mouths they are rocky in character. After the beds of the streams break down into the rocky country, they form low bluffs on one or the other side.

The ancient Sac and Fox *Chi-ca-qua Sepo* and *Keosauqua Sepo* (Skunk and Des Moines) so run, separated by an average of about thirty miles.

Southeast of Oskaloosa Cedar Creek rises in the prairie and as it flows, splits that ridge or prairie by its rather shallow system down into its region of hills and narrow, rocky, crooked bed. In Henry County it makes an abrupt turn to the north, and empties into Skunk River near the town of Rome.

Like all its sister streams, Cedar Creek is flanked by Indian mounds on all its higher hills. Just now, August, 1933, there is much more than usual interest in the mounds in that locality, since at least four are under "exploration."

Let me attempt my explanation of the occurrence of these "Indian mounds" on the crests of ridges overlooking all the valleys of southeastern Iowa, known to all the white people of each generation since settlement in 1837.

A mound opened in Cedar Township, Van Buren County, in the present month, has been explored at least once before.

I quote from the notes of United States Deputy Land Surveyor, Edwin F. Lucas, who laid out the section lines and

set their corners, adjacent, on July 19, 1837 (96 years ago):

Large wigwam surrounded on both sides [of the section line] with a beautiful sugar grove.

Also near:

Enter corn field claimed by Finess Killebrew, who is occupant and settler.

Ninety-six years ago a white man's cornfield was a few rods east of a large wickiup¹ in a beautiful sugar grove, which I have seen, throughout more than sixty years, in use by my relatives for sugar making every February and March of each year; the grove, or its trees, replaced earlier ones that died off. The large wickiup which served an Indian family in 1837 and earlier, was built as early as 1832, since Lucas saw it in 1837 in Finess Killebrew's claim. These relatives of mine, descendants of neighbors of Killebrew, still make sugar from these trees in 1933; these same Sac and Fox Indians annually returned to that "beautiful sugar grove" on Killebrew's claim for some years after. They made sugar there, and their descendants now living in Tama County, Iowa, are also making sugar along the Iowa River on their lands. I also know that the occupants of that large wickiup in 1837 were more than *one* family of Indians, else it would not have been a large wickiup. There were at least three families in it when it was new, which must have been at least five years earlier, or 1832, and each spring later up to 1837. It was probably built to take the place of one that had rotted down, and that in turn had replaced an earlier one, and so on back perhaps for two hundred years. Each may have been but one of a village in that region. Time and hunger make no change, whatever races and methods do in the scheme of creation.

Now, that large wickiup in July, 1837, in the beautiful sugar grove on Killebrew's claim served a vital purpose other than for sugar making. The two or three families of Indians in the spring of 1837, and other years, had built that camp, or had repaired an earlier one in a previous fall, to receive the Indian families for fishing, trapping and hunting. It did

¹A Sac and Fox habitation was by themselves called a wickiup; by many white men it was called wigwam, as early eastern writers usually designated every Indian habitation.

not cease serving for shelter after the trapping in the fall and winter of 1836, or of any year. It continued a home of these Indians for their sugar making in the early spring of 1837. Each winter or spring it, or its predecessor, had so served for hundreds of seasons. Hence that one wickiup had been lived in by scores, yes, hundreds of individuals first and last.

And the sugar grove on Killebrew's claim on Cedar Creek was not the only one in that region. I remember more than twenty-five such beautiful sugar groves on the same or adjoining streams not twenty miles from that large wickiup. Willtam Savage² trapped, hunted and made sugar on or adjacent to the Killebrew claim from 1855 to 1908. From his diary I learn that in 1856, and therefore earlier, there were taken in or near each of these twenty-five groves the pelts of deer, or raccoon, skunk, opossum, muskrat and otter, all the skins of which were marketable, and most all the flesh of which was food, both fresh and dried, for later use elsewhere. Mr. Savage in and after 1855 shot or trapped on the grounds, not only many deer, but wild turkeys, pheasants (ruffed grouse), quails, geese, wild ducks of all kinds, brant, pigeons (passenger), every one edible and all afforded feathers for sale or family use in pillows and beds. Enough eggs of the first three species were found for use of the William Savage family in 1855, hence for use in the large wickiup and all the earlier wickiups for hundreds of years before 1837.

This beautiful sugar grove was on both the low and high lands back from Cedar Creek for half a mile on its right and left. A perennial swamp or bog lay between the margin of the creek and the remoter base of the hills. This was kept damp by occasional overflow of the stream, or of the ravines, which separated the hills, in their drainage from their own headwaters. The run-off was retarded by rocks. Evaporation was delayed by dense shade of the beautiful sugar groves, whose undergrowth embraced every species of shrub or tree required for use for the comfort or safety of the Indian, and became so to his white successor—and that was everything of necessity and much for his acquired or fancied tastes. This

² "9th [Feb. 9, 1858]. . . . At night I watch my field. At 20 minutes before 8 o'clock I shot a young buck killing him on the spot." "William Savage Diary," *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Vol. XIX, p. 906.

condition, repeated in twenty-five beautiful sugar camps separated by intervals of not more than four miles, on Cedar Creek for fifty miles of its lower reaches, and for an equal distance of the other streams confluent of the Mississippi River in Iowa, intimates potentially what was meant when a Sac or Fox spoke of the region in his word, ah yo i, "This is the place"—to worship, to trap, to hunt, to bathe, to be a creature among his brother creatures of his Manitou.

Now, the hilltops between those ravines are where the "Indian mounds" occur. They are to be accounted for by reflecting on the resemblance in all races, in all times, climes and countries of the feelings, philosophies and faiths regarding the dead. Starting with an understanding of these resemblances, we realize that in the disposition by the living of bodies of the dead (except in emergency, war and pestilence) all mankind are and have been prone to perform the rites or ceremonies of superstition or of sacred character, according to the viewpoint of the particular cult or inherited custom. No one, even the wildest wild Indian, neglected nor abused the sick nor the dead of his family, of his creed or clan. He relieved the sick and took measures to protect his dead. In his scheme of things the Indian on Cedar Creek in and earlier than 1837 removed from the large wickiup any of which he was bereft—his spouse, his child, or even his friend—to that point or place to which, near the same camp, in previous winters or in earlier years, he had seen others of his dead interred. And precisely as at earlier times, he laid his dead in or on the ground, in nature's keeping. He protected the body as best he could from vandal beast or man. He covered it with leaves or snow or soil. From the bed of the ravine he worked a day or more carrying such stones as he could lift and placed them upon the grave, obscuring these with dirt that he carried in his basket or his blanket to help in hiding his sacred place, then left the friendly grass and falling leaves to do the rest. Loading his canoe with traps, his winter's catch of furs, his spring's run of maple sugar, and with the remaining members of his family, drifted toward his permanent summer home on or near the banks of the Mississippi. Life for him until the next fur season was with his family

among their patches of pumpkins, corn and beans. This type of human life rotated with the seasons of all the years, and with fortunes of life for uncounted generations.

Some view is gained of summer life from the field notes of the original land survey fifty miles northeastward for Seventy-six and Lake townships, Muscatine County, which were being surveyed at the same time as Killebrew's claim, but by Thomas Brown, between July 11 and September 13, 1837, as follows:

This township [Seventy-six, which is 76 N, Range 3 West] has been the home of thousands of Indians, and not many years since. The whole range of bottom land immediately under the bluff has been covered with Indian diggings, as we call them, cornhills yet visible where they have cultivated many years ago. Indeed, I think it not surprising that either Whites or Indians should make this great cove a place of residence. The soil is in general of the first quality of prairie, the timber very convenient on the hillsides, and valleys which make through the bluff, and spring water of the best quality springs from the bluff in many places. . . . There can be no doubt of the fertility of the soil. Many squatters prove this fact, having raised this season heavy crops of corn, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, etc. to great perfection. Many of them have now from 100 acres down to 1½ enclosed and cultivated.

Of Lake Township Thomas Brown says:

This township [adjoining Seventy-six on the south] abounds with an unusual quantity of rich soil, well adapted to the culture of corn, wheat, potatoes, flour, clover, herd grass, timothy, oats, barley, rye, etc., particularly the three latter species of grain. Pumpkins, melons and all kinds of vines, onions, etc. These articles can be raised in abundance, and the Red Cedar river is the channel by which a market will come to every man's door who may be a settler on this desirable spot. . . .

Record	Direc- tion	Between Sec's	Chains	
p 166	E	2-11	31.25	NE from this point is a cornfield 8 or 10 acres claimed and occupied by Charley Phipps and Robert Holmes, who stay in an Indian wigwam, and claim 8½ of Sec. 2.
p 167	N	2- 8	60.00	Cluster of Indian wigwams, without inmates
			78.21	Indian village evacuated
p 169	E	27-34	64.40	Indian trail NE
p 171	E	22-27	69.65	Indian trail SE
p 173	E	15-22	58.50	Indian trail NW
p 176	N	9-10	38.90	Indian trail NE
			58.75	Indian trail NE

p 177	E	3-10	20.00	Indian trail NE
			57.59	From this point a cornfield and cabin bears south, claimed by George W. Clark, a settler.

And so mounds grew for an unknown stretch of time. How many died at each camp where there was a beautiful grove no one knows. But it is known that Indian children and adults had every illness, except venereal disease, which white men know; that Asiatic cholera stopped not with white victims; that smallpox nor yellow fever knew no color.

II.

HOW MOUNDS SHOULD BE REGARDED

Now, I don't know what all legal rights in Indian mounds may be. Some good lawyer ought to make a brief of it. If he did, I apprehend he would find a few things which I *do* know. The owner of land on which a mound stands, according to Blackstone's doctrine, holds the title to the land, owns it, and all the ground contains, to the center of the earth and to the utmost height above it. If no arrangement is made for burial of a human body on a man's land, or such arrangement had not been made for such burial with the one from whom he bought the land, then that human body—yes, bad as it seems—that body absolutely is abandoned to, and it actually belongs, as "dust to dust," to the owner of the ground. Others have no right to go upon his land today without his consent, and if one does he is guilty of a trespass. Yet no one has the right to disturb a *grave* without consent of our State Board of Health, or an order of our District Court. We have sometimes, under the auspices of science, or out of mere curiosity, forgotten that the grave of an Indian is none the less a *grave*. Our health regulations require that it be shown of the dead on the United States standard certificate of death (Iowa Code, 1931, Ch. 110) of what "*Color or race*, as white, black, mulatto (or other negro descent), Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or other race." I don't know a rule of law or ethics that justifies one in disturbing *any* grave. If it be of a dead Indian, his grave was, and ought to remain, as much in our respect as ours in the respect of the Indian. He is entitled to be undisturbed

until some consideration is raised that overcomes that right. The thing that usually is believed to overcome it is the interest of science, be that prehistoric lore, or the quest for Spanish or Mormon evidence, or such as identity of kinship. But even with the support of reason, one must obtain consent of the land owner, of the Board of Health, and of the District Court. But above all it is abhorrent to human feelings if one's kin or kind be disturbed after going to the long rest. What culture is exempt, or which may say of another that its feelings are immune?

Black Hawk died on the lower Des Moines River the third day of October, 1838. His people carried his body something more than a mile from his wickiup and buried him "in a sitting posture" in a low "mound" on the prairie. "On or about the first day of November, 1839," so the grand jury proceedings recite, "one Dr. James F. Turner removed the body." Afterward Black Hawk's widow and her friends went "to scatter tobacco [incense]" on the grave. Finding it desecrated, they went among their few white friends and, savage like, declared that for the outrage they were disposed to avenge themselves [on the settlement]. White men, to appease the Indians, took them to Governor Robert Lucas in Burlington, who promptly sent for Dr. Turner. The Doctor sent for Black Hawk's bones, that he had had articulated for alleged scientific purposes. Phrenology was then a new, "uplifting" force in the current of frontier life, calculated to carry the human race out into the fuller light of learning. Dr. Turner, a self-made pilot, proposed the exhibition of Black Hawk's skeleton in lectures and exhibitions with paid admissions. When Governor Lucas' emissary brought the skeleton to him, he called in Madam Black Hawk and suggested that she leave the bones of the great brave to the "cabinet" of the Historical Society. She inspected this and found it to be "a good dry (safe) place," too dry, in fact, for it was soon burned, and Black Hawk's bones with it.

There is another shocking instance of which I know. Fifty years ago a party from the Tama "reservation" of Sac and Foxes was trapping along an Iowa stream. Sickness and death came. An old lady among them died. Her body was

put away in the earth just where her ancestors had lain for generations. Some men of her race who were then young and who helped to lay her away, returned in 1932 as old men to "decorate" that grave, not with flowers, but with incense. They saw the grave had been violated and found the body had been taken away. While trading in a nearby town they saw the "find" from that grave exhibited in a store window. My Tama friends were deeply hurt. I don't know whether the persons who "opened" that "mound" are yet aware of doing wrong.

There may be some question whether we ought to treat with much consideration the feelings of persons of another race, color or religion. But I hope the time will come when no disturbance of any grave will be made without the knowledge or consent of some public authority, which keeps permanent records, and makes definite plans and precise reports.

No one knows whether Indian cemeteries (mounds) are more free "of the dead from communicable diseases" than our own sacred acres. Our scientists set no period for vitality of such "germs" as "carry" diseases. The burial of Indian and white pioneers in Iowa, in and previous to 1837, were alike naked of preventive or destructive agents to disease germs. What stays the spade at one grave ought to spare it in the other, be it law, prejudice or sentiment.

In friendship these Indian Iowa voters inquired of me, a minor state official, in effect this: "What shall be *done*?" They were asked, "What *can* be done?" Neither query has been officially answered to this day. Yet the questioner in each retains in faith and conscience the assurance that if there is an Almighty Judge (which the cults of both teach us), be he God or Manitou or both, we will some day hear one truth, albeit beyond the grave.

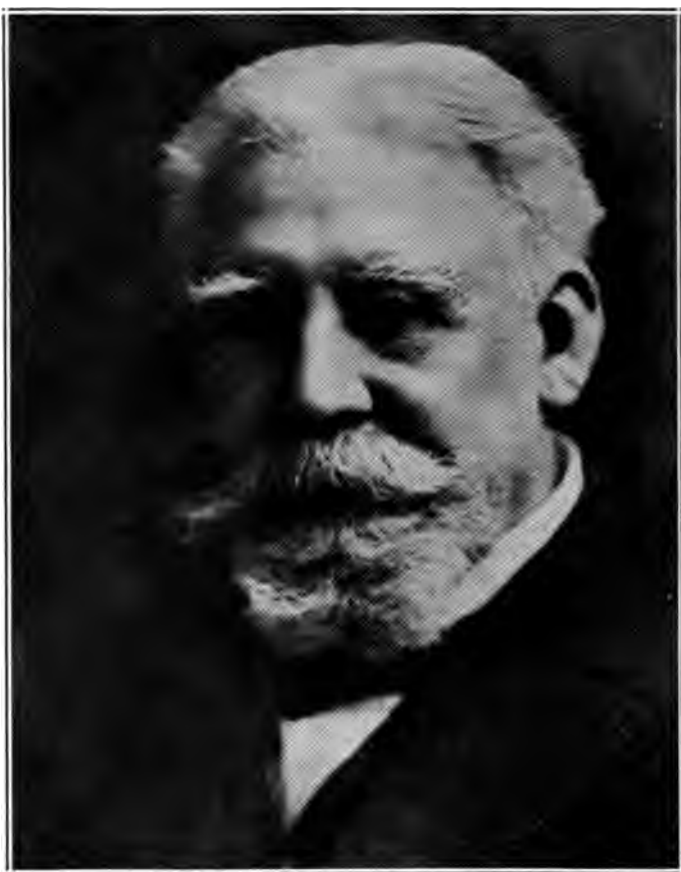
ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

JOHN W. REYNOLDS was born at Afton, Iowa, October 25, 1877, and died in Detroit, Michigan, March 14, 1934. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery, Creston. He was a son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Reynolds. When he was a small child the family removed to Creston. He was educated in the Creston Schools, in Kansas City College, and in Rush Medical College, Chicago. After being graduated from the latter at the age of twenty-five, he commenced the practice of medicine at Creston and successfully pursued it for many years. He was active in civic affairs, served on the City Council, was mayor, was chairman of the Park Commission of Creston, and was a leader in many local enterprises. In 1908 he became the Eighth District member of the Democratic State Central Committee which he retained until 1920. In 1914 he was advanced to the chairmanship of the committee which he held until his resignation in 1924. In 1928 he became the Iowa member of the Democratic National Committee, which position he resigned in 1929 when Governor Hammill appointed him a member of the State Board of Assessment and Review; Governor Turner reappointed him in 1931 to a full six-year term. At the time of his death he was on a trip east investigating the operation of sale tax laws in other states. To his profession and to all his public activities he brought great devotion and high ability.

FRANK A. BONEBRIGHT was born in Webster City, Iowa, April 16, 1868, and died in the city of his birth March 5, 1934. His parents were Thomas Blackwell Bonebright and Sarah Jane (Brewer) Bonebright, honored pioneer residents of Webster City, the father, a member of the Spirit Lake Relief Expedition in 1857, the mother a daughter of Wilson Brewer, founder and promoter of the town of Newcastle, now Webster City. Frank obtained a common school education and during his earlier manhood followed farming. Later he was in the employ of Webster City and became an expert electrician. For the ten years previous to his death he was official weather and crop reporter for Hamilton County. During the last several years of his life he devoted much of his time to acquiring a collection of articles illustrative of the pioneer times in his locality. He secured the remains of the old log cabin in which he was born and re-erected it in his own back yard, and assembled there the results of his years of collections of tools, household goods, contrivances of pioneers, and local prehistoric specimens. In January, 1932, he and his sister, Harriet M. Carmichael, gave to Webster City a substantial portion of the old Bonebright homestead containing the log cabin and the collected museum.



THOMAS HUSTON MACBRIDE, A.M., LL.D.

THOMAS HUSTON MACBRIDE was born in Rogersville, Tennessee, July 31, 1848, and died in Seattle, Washington, March 27, 1934. His parents were Rev. James Bovard Macbride and Sarah Huston Macbride. He received his degree of A. B. from Monmouth College in 1869, and A. M. in 1873. He began his teaching career at Lenox College, Hopkinton, where he was professor of mathematics and modern languages from 1870 to 1878. He went to the State University of Iowa and was assistant professor of natural sciences in 1878, continuing in that position until 1884, followed that as professor of botany from 1884 to 1914, then was president from 1914 to 1916, and president emeritus from 1916. He was awarded the degree of Ph. D. by Lenox College in 1875, and LL.D. by Monmouth College in 1914, by Coe College in 1915, and by the University of Iowa in 1928. He was a member of the American Forestry Association, National Conservation Association, Paleontological Society, Iowa Academy of Science, Botany Society of America, Iowa Park and Forestry Association, American Society for the Advancement of Science, and many other scientific organizations. Among his many writings were chapters in the *Iowa Geological Survey*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Science* and other magazines. He was also the author of *Botany* (a text book), 1895; *Slime Moulds*, 1890; *On the Campus*, 1916; *In Cabins and Sod Houses*, 1928. He founded the Lakeside Laboratory on West Okoboji Lake which is used each summer by students of the University in part of their work in botany and zoology. Dr. Macbride was a man of extensive knowledge in many lines, mathematics, languages and geology, but achieved his greatest distinction as a botanist. He was a national authority on fungi and slime moulds. The esthetic side of his nature largely dominated. He dearly loved the beautiful in nature, literature and art. He was one of the earliest conservationists of Iowa. His personal qualities endeared him to a host of friends.

WILLARD G. FLETCHER was born in New York state February 9, 1855, and died in Williamsburg, Iowa, October 25, 1932. His parents were George and Ellen McAlpine Fletcher. The family removed to Iowa City, Iowa, in 1857 and to Williamsburg in 1858. Willard worked on a farm, attended public school, attended the State University of Iowa one year and taught school two years at Onawa, Monona County. In 1876 he entered the drug business in Williamsburg. In the early 1880's he spent some time at Glenwood and at Shenandoah, but in 1884 returned to Williamsburg and re-entered the drug business in which he continued for over forty years, attaining business success. He was one of the organizers of the town of Williamsburg in 1885, and was a member of the first town council. He was a member of the local school board for over thirty years, was a member of the Iowa County Board of Supervisors for a few years, during which the present Court House was built, was elected representative in 1910, running as a Democrat, and served in the Thirty-fourth General Assembly. He was one of the organizers of the Farmers Savings Bank of Williamsburg, was on its board of directors for years, and was its president the last five years of his life.

HERBERT GRANT CAMPBELL was born at Hale, Jones County, Iowa, December 15, 1868, and died in Des Moines April 8, 1934. Burial was in Graceland Cemetery, Sioux City. His parents were John H. and Sarah A. (Pike) Campbell. His early education was received at Hale. He was graduated from Epworth Seminary, Epworth, in 1891, and received a Ph.D. degree from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1896. He was made a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal church in 1897 and an elder in 1900, and served as pastor of the Methodist church at Akron, Iowa, in 1897-99, and at Sheldon in 1899-1901. He obtained an M.A. degree from Columbia University, New York, in 1902. From 1902 to 1903 he studied in Union Theological Seminary. In 1904 he became vice president of Morningside College, Sioux City, and professor of philosophy, and held these positions until 1907 when he assumed the duties of instructor of philosophy and psychology, which he retained until his death. In 1910 and 1911 he studied in Berlin and Heidelberg University, Germany. From 1914 he and his wife, Pearl E. (Reeder) Campbell, during each summer except during the World War conducted tours through Europe. During the World War he served in France with the Y. M. C. A. He was a firm believer in cooperation between nations, the League of Nations, the World Court, and any other agencies to promote peace. At the time of his death he was on his way home from attending at Grinnell a meeting of International Relations clubs. By his will he left a bequest of \$25,000, the proceeds of which is to be used to bring to Sioux City each year lectures by the ablest thinkers available in the world, admission to the lectures to be free.

LESTER W. LEWIS was born at Lodi, DeKalb County, Illinois, August 8, 1860, and died in Seattle, Washington, April 5, 1933. Burial was in Seattle. His parents were Seth and Celina (Woodworth) Lewis. He attended public school, was graduated from high school in Chicago in 1877, and from Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, in 1882. His father removed to Seymour, Iowa, in 1882 where he engaged in banking and other business lines, and Lester W. assisted as a bank clerk. In 1884 he established the *Lone Tree Press*, a local newspaper, and edited it for ten years as a side line to his banking work. In 1887 he was elected representative from Wayne County, was re-elected in 1889, and served in the Twenty-second and Twenty-third general assemblies. In 1891 he was elected senator from the Wayne-Lucas District and served in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth assemblies. In the Twenty-fifth he was chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate. In 1894 he removed to Clarinda where he engaged in banking. In 1901 he was elected senator from the Page-Fremont District and served in the Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first general assemblies, being continued over through the Thirty-first because of the then new biennial election law. Mr. Lewis rendered excellent service as a legislator, being a man of good judgment, industry and integrity. In 1907 he removed to Seattle, Washington, where for several years he was engaged as a banker and an organizer of banks.

ALBERT C. HOTCHKISS was born in Binghampton, New York, November 21, 1842, and died in Adel, Iowa, March 4, 1934. His parents were William and Sarah (Gilbert) Hotchkiss. He was reared on a farm and aided in farm work until fourteen years old when he became a clerk in a dry goods store, which vocation he followed until in 1862, when he enlisted in Company H, One Hundred and Sixty-eighth New York Volunteers, and remained with it fourteen months, or until the expiration of the term of his enlistment. In September, 1864, he enlisted in Company M, First New York Veteran Cavalry, and remained with it until the end of the war. In 1867 he removed to a farm in Dallas County, Iowa, near Adel. His abilities and interest in public matters attracted the public so that in 1873 the Republican party nominated him for clerk of the District Court. He was elected and continued to serve in that position six years. In the meantime he became interested in the *Dallas County News* published at Adel, and in 1879 purchased an interest in it, and became its editor, a position he continued to hold until his retirement in 1925. He was elected senator in 1895 and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth Extra, and Twenty-seventh general assemblies. He served as postmaster at Adel two terms, one under President Benjamin Harrison and one under President Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Hotchkiss displayed rare ability as a public speaker, as a newspaper editor and as a legislator, and was held in high regard in his own community and in the state.

ERNEST W. CALDWELL was born in Curwinsville, Pennsylvania, June 13, 1846, and died in Sioux City, Iowa, October 31, 1932. Burial was in Floyd Cemetery, Sioux City. He came with his father in the latter's removal to Boonesboro, Iowa, in 1856. In 1857, when only eleven years old, he began work in a local printing office. In 1864 he enlisted in Company H, Forty-fourth Iowa Infantry and served until the regiment was mustered out. Soon after the war he became a printer in Omaha, but in 1869 aided in establishing the first daily paper in Sioux City, the *Evening Times*. From 1870 to 1878 he was on the staff of the *Sioux City Daily Journal*. From 1878 to 1896 he was a citizen of South Dakota, first as editor of the *Sioux Falls Press*, was postmaster at Sioux Falls from 1883 to 1885, was territorial auditor and insurance commissioner from 1885 to 1887, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of South Dakota in 1889, and held other important public positions. In 1896 he returned to Sioux City and renewed his editorial connection with the *Journal* which was maintained until his retirement in 1919. He was mayor of Sioux City from 1902 to 1904. He was a man of wide information, able and popular as a writer, and radiated humor and good will, being known far and wide as "Happy Cal."

WILLIAM E. HAUGER was born in Washington, Tazewell County, Illinois, March 9, 1866, and died in Long Beach, California, September 1, 1933. Burial was in West View Cemetery, La Porte City, Iowa. His parents, Rev. John S. and Harriet (Lint) Hauger, removed their family to Waterloo, Iowa, in April, 1866, and two years later to a farm near La Porte City. William E. was graduated from the La Porte City High School in 1883, taught common school one year, received the degree of B. A. from Cornell College in 1888, and of M. A. in 1891. He was superintendent of the schools of La Porte City for two years, and was principal of Waterloo Commercial College for two years. He served as chairman of the Republican County Central Committee of Black Hawk County for a time. In 1895 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1897 and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth Extra, and Twenty-seventh general assemblies. He was temporary speaker of the House of the Twenty-seventh previous to its regular organization. In 1899 he was admitted to the bar and successfully practiced law in La Porte City during a number of years. He was an accomplished public speaker and lecturer. The last seven years of his life were spent in Long Beach.

CLIFFORD B. PAUL was born at Onslow, Jones County, Iowa, June 9, 1877, and died in Anamosa May 22, 1933. Burial was in Riverside Cemetery, Anamosa. His parents were John T. and Isabella (Wherry) Paul. He received his education in rural public schools, in Wyoming High School, and in Lenox College, Hopkinton, from which he was graduated in 1898. He was a teacher in the schools of Coggon, Linn County, for a year and in 1899 was elected county superintendent of schools in Jones County and served in that position for seven years. He became active in the Iowa State Teachers' Association, was a member of the Educational Council, and was president of the County Superintendents' Association. He was elected representative in 1906 and served in the Thirty-second General Assembly. He read law in the office of Judge Benjamin H. Miller, obtained his degree from the Law School of the State University of Iowa and was admitted to the bar in 1908, becoming a partner of Judge Miller. He served eight years as county attorney of Jones County, 1925 to 1933. In 1930 he was elected president of the State Association of County Attorneys. He had a fine personality and was a general favorite among all classes wherever known.



GEORGE COLLIER REMY
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

ANNALS OF IOWA

VOL. XIX, No. 6 DES MOINES, IOWA, OCTOBER, 1934 THIRD SERIES

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE COLLIER REMEY

1841-1928

Of especial interest to Iowans is the career of George Collier Remy, a native of Burlington, the first rear admiral of the United States Navy born west of the Mississippi River.

On his father's side Admiral Remy was descended from Abram Remy, a Huguenot refugee to this country, landing at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1700.

On his mother's side Admiral Remy descended from the Pilgrim Father, John Howland. Nathan Howland who served in the last French and Colonial War and was an officer in the Revolution was his great-grandfather. Admiral Remy's parents, William Butler Remy and Eliza Howland, were married in St. Charles, Mo., and migrated to Burlington the same year, 1837. Three of their sons performed distinguished service in the United States Navy. The second son, Colonel William Butler Remy, U. S. M. C., was first judge advocate general of the Navy, which post he filled from 1880 to 1892. The third son, Edward Wallace Remy, was lieutenant U. S. N. who was lost from his ship while a young man.

Admiral Remy's career was one of all-around achievement, in times of peace as in times of war. He served this country in four wars. He was a midshipman aboard the U. S. S. Hartford in Chinese waters at the outbreak of the Civil War. It was several months before news of the opening up of hostilities between the states reached China and several months later the Hartford reached home. He had various details one of which was the command of a vessel off the Charleston blockade where he had various encounters capturing blockade runners bringing munitions of war from Europe to the Confederates. Remy commanded one of the attacking parties on the attack

on Fort Sumpter. He was captured by the Confederates and was in prison thirteen months in Columbia jail in South Carolina, later being transferred to Libby Prison in Richmond where he was held for several weeks before his exchange was accomplished.

In 1873 in the town of Burlington George Collier Remey, then a commander, married Mary Josephine Mason, the daughter of Charles Mason, the first chief justice of Iowa. They were blessed with a family of six children.

In the years following the Civil War Remey had frequent duty in Washington, intermingled with sea duty. He was on the staff of Admiral Gherardi from 1880 to 1882 and witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria, Egypt, by the British squadron in the latter year.

Remey commanded the base of naval operations at Key West during the Spanish-American War, and two years later he took command of the United States squadrons in the Far East, at that time the largest squadron that the United States Navy had ever mobilized. During his duty there as commander in chief in the Far East he engaged in putting down the insurrection in the Philippines and took part in quelling the Boxer uprising in China.

Admiral Remey's entire career was one of efficiency and service so well carried out that there never was any question or criticism brought against him. When the problem of adopting modern methods of gunnery came up in our Navy in the early 1900's and the feeling was very bitter in the service between those on one hand who thought the old methods sufficient, and the progressives on the other hand led by Admiral Sims, who realized that our gunnery needed improvement to keep us abreast of the European navies, Admiral Remey endorsed Sim's recommendations. This was the beginning of the modern improved gunnery in our Navy.

Although Admiral Remey was removed by eight generations from his pioneer French ancestors he was the French gentleman in type, strikingly handsome with a politeness and charm that won the hearts of all who knew him. He was broad and universal in his religious sympathies as is noted in a foundation which he created in the name of his wife for the poor

of the Diocese of Washington, stating in the writ of gift that its benefits were to be distributed to the needy regardless of creed, nationality or race. The appreciation in which he was held in the service is summed up in the inscription on a loving cup presented to him on the completion of his last cruise, which reads as follows:

PRESENTED
TO
REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE COLLIER REMEY,
UNITED STATES NAVY
COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. S. NAVAL FORCES
ON THE ASIATIC STATION
APRIL 19, 1900 TO MARCH 1, 1902
BY
THE CREW OF HIS FLAG SHIP
THE BROOKLYN
AS A MARK OF ESTEEM AND A TOKEN OF THEIR
LASTING REMEMBRANCE OF HIS UNIFORMLY KIND
AND JUST TREATMENT TO THE ENLISTED MEN OF
HIS COMMAND

(The facts that George Collier Remy was born and reared in Iowa, that he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, that he returned to Iowa and married the daughter of Chief Justice Charles Mason, and that he was the first man from Iowa to attain the rank of rear admiral warrant us in presenting the foregoing brief biography and character sketch. He was born in Burlington, Iowa, August 10, 1841, died at his home in Washington, D. C., February 10, 1928, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. The vast accumulation of Admiral Remy's letters, papers, art objects and other mementos have recently been deposited in the collections of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa at Des Moines.—E. R. H.)

JUDGE ORLANDO C. HOWE
SOMEWHAT OF HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

BY F. I. HERRIOTT
Professor in Drake University

[Concluded]

PART III—CORRESPONDENCE—1863-1865

VI

In the letters which follow, beginning with Captain Howe's of June 26, 1864, dated at Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, and closing with Mrs. Howe's written approximately six months later at Newton, Iowa, we have many glimpses of the kaleidoscopic events of that momentous year. They deal, as those previously presented, mainly with their intimate personal concerns, domestic difficulties, business plans, relations with acquaintances, neighbors and relatives, but incidentally the writers disclose more or less of their feelings and opinions about events and personalities in the national theatre of the Civil War and their immediate local reactions.

It was in the six months covered by these letters that Captain Howe's health broke down. The months of July, August, September and October almost proved fatal to him. Amidst the relentless heat, the lack of pure water, forced in the many hurried marches to camp in low swampy regions along the rivers and streams between Devall's Bluff and Little Rock, and compelled to breathe air and drink water polluted with miasmatic poisons Captain Howe and his men struggled with ague, dysentery, fever and typhus. Captain Howe was several times incapacitated and finally succumbed and after a period in the hospital was invalided home with meager chances for recovery.

In the previous letters we have displayed the variable feelings of the correspondents in the first days after the disturbance of their domestic routine and severance of their home ties—they deal with efforts at new adjustments on Mrs.

Howe's part and with Captain Howe's new relations and first flush impressions. The letters now presented are more serious—the horrors of the incessant bloody strife weights the pen of the wife struggling with her anxious feelings, and despite a natural optimism of temperament, discouragement and weariness, due to ill health, show in the husband's letters.

Captain Howe's letters, as previously indicated, remain astonishingly free from personal animadversion upon associates or casuals. But Mrs. Howe, amidst her trials and harassing aggravations, anon dips her pen in acidulated ink and with much reason. In the military crisis of 1864 when President Lincoln was calling for men to fill up the armies of Grant, Sherman and Thomas in the grand closing in movements of that year, enlistments were slow. As Mrs. Howe heard the neighbors discuss the course of things and listened to sundry lusty patriots, the "Home Guards" in Newton, and thought of her husband's trials and dangers and those endured by neighbors, whose husbands and sons were also on the distant firing lines cynical feelings surged up in her heart and biting comments got into her letters. As they were intended for her husband's eye only, I have struck out all names of those adversely referred to, lest living descendants or other relatives suffer needless irritation or injury.

Many a passage in the letters of the period covered might be noted or quoted for their general or local interest. Captain Howe displays the same serene, steady confidence in the wisdom of the course of President Lincoln in the conduct of the war, and his dissent from and disgust with much of the capacious popular criticisms of the nation's chief are clear and emphatic. At no time during his trying intermittent, progressive illness which finally brought him to the ground did he manifest in his letters any irritation at the treatment he was accorded by those in authority over him. The effects of his illness, however, were clearly indicated in the discouragement that appears more and more in his letters home when speaking about the financial prospects of the family when he contemplates his return, or considers the possible effects of his growing weakness from the fevers which sapped his strength.

Mrs. Howe's ceaseless devotion to her family and her imperturbable confidence in her absent soldier husband shine steadily and more brightly in these letters and because of the fact that the word from the front about him was more and more discouraging, she was kept in a constant state of dread. The test of courage and faith are the periods of constant trial and trouble when dark clouds are roundabout. Those who can stand upright and staunch through the long days with their hours of weary waiting are of the earth's elect. The following passage from Mrs. Howe's letter of October 16, 1864, gives us an earnest of her evenly balanced soul:

You speak quite often, my dear, of our being "poor folks" after your return as though that had some new, undefinable terror for us. . . . Why my dear haven't we always been such? To be sure we never seemed to half believe it, neither will we now, but the facts will be the same as ever. There is no terror to me in any future that includes my husband and children in one family with myself. There is now no difficulty in all men finding such employment as pleases them but no doubt after the war when all the soldiers return there will be more competition but we shall surely find a way to make a comfortable and also respectable living among civilized people. I do not fear it, my dear, and do not let any thoughts of this kind trouble you. If only God in his goodness will bring us together an unbroken family again then surely must all our life be a thanksgiving song.

One must be obtuse who can read those lines with indifference. Such devotion, such love and trust, and buoyant confidence are not the accompaniment of a frivolous soul nor the complements of a shallow person; and such a nature, we may assume

. . . . does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour and a flattering crew.

VII

The movements of Captain Howe's Company L between June 26, 1864, and December 1 ranged over at least seven counties in central Arkansas between the White and Arkansas rivers.¹¹² His letters mention expeditions or marches to Searcy, the county seat town of White County on the north and to

¹¹² The counties were Arkansas, Jefferson, Lonoke, Monroe, Prairie, Pulaski, and White.

Austin on the north middle line of Lonoke County, the former fifty miles north of Devall's Bluff, to Clarendon in Monroe County, and St. Charles on the White River in Arkansas County about forty miles to the south and east of Devall's Bluff. The letters here reproduced were written for the most part at Devall's Bluff, where the company was apparently encamped when not on scouting expeditions.

Devall's Bluff, Ark.,
June 26th, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

We are here again after several marches having been sent to aid in opening White River which the rebels had blockaded at Clarendon 15 miles below, but a boat up this morning shows the river clear and also brought two letters from you. We were too late to go on the expedition to do the work of clearing the river, though a hundred or so of the Ninth convalescents &c who were in camp got there in time. We were on the way from Searcy to our camp in hot haste having learned that Shelby¹¹³ had come southward when a message came that we were all wanted here as the rebels had sunk a gunboat at St. Charles &c. We stopped 2 hours in camp after 25 miles march on a hot day and then came in the night here 18 miles further. The men feel disappointed about the matter as they bore the march in hopes of a fight, and there is a camp rumor that the few who came from camp have distinguished themselves. For one I am willing to wait my time and meanwhile do such duty as I am called on for. My company has had a very hard time having been scouting 12 days, but company E has been out 10 days longer. I never fail to go when L goes, and though we have had no chance to get much glory yet the Bushwhackers have learned that the "Gray Horse Company" as they call us are not to be trifled with. On this last scout my men were recognized by that title and I learn that my own self had been noticed by them while in the bushes, but I cannot get a fight out of them.

Company B on this trip had a brisk skirmish that I wrote you about but maybe the rebels got the letter from near Austin. Do not be alarmed if the river should be closed and you have to wait to hear from me, as this is liable to happen at any time. We do not expect to stay long but cannot tell an hour ahead where we will be, and of course I cannot even guess where we will be when you try to make that visit you speak of in the fall. If we are at Little Rock or here it may do. I hope to get money but cannot even guess. While on the trip we lived partly on the inhabitants who are learning what war really means and will not I think be in a hurry to begin it again. There is but little union feeling in this country but a good deal of submission and contrary to my former

¹¹³ General Joseph O. Shelby.

opinion the people except the rich are a servile people, and will be conquered either by us or the Guerrillas, they claim to be neutral.

The man Kennedy shot in Jasper County was the father of Milton Lee one of my soldiers. Let me know the facts as they appear to the public.

Linnie's letter was easily read and she must write again when you have time to wait for her.

Hurrah for Lincoln and Johnson.

Your Husband,
O. C. Howe.

I will write as soon as I can again.

Duval's Bluff, Ark., July 10, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

A fleet of boats with gunboat convoy is expected to leave soon and of course a mail will go, and I only write at such times. The river is all the time exposed to the incursions of squads of rebels and steamboats are often fired into but generally without damage.

I visited Little Rock and returned yesterday, saw Capt's. Campbell, Sennett, Cozad, and Thompson, and Col. Garrett and Maj. Smith. Judge Edmundson and many other Newton men.¹¹⁴ They all appeared in fair health and it was a good visit.

On going I found the rebs had tinkered with the track at Ashley's Station so that the interruption I wrote of in my last was caused by them. One fireman was killed by the engine falling on him and the engineer badly hurt. We found the track not meddled with on either trip but between trips they attempted to burn the bridge at my old station, Ft. Miner, but the guard there beat them off. The rebs burnt the house of a Union man near, and some Ohio boys have severely retaliated by burning several dwellings. One was of a notorious Bushwacker who carries a hair rope for the purpose of hanging such soldiers as they capture. Two of the Ohio 22' were found dead, one had been shot and then both hung. This is their reason given for burning the building and I do not blame them.

A captain of the Ohio 22' served the Bushwackers a pretty trick. He came with a party through Hickory Plains some 20 miles northwest of here, and commenced recruiting for Shelby, representing that he had captured a lot of Fed uniforms and arms and was going down to take Brownsville and then return to Shelby's command. Fourteen volunteered, nearly if not quite all had the Amnesty oath in their pockets. They had been good peaceable, neutral citizens when I was there, but

¹¹⁴ Captain Frank T. Campbell, Co. B, Fortieth Ia. Inf., editor *Free Press*, later lieutenant governor of Iowa, 1878-82; J. W. Sennet, captain of Co. E, Fortieth Ia. Inf., attorney; Felix W. Cozad, captain of Co. D, Fortieth Ia. Inf.; probably William Thompson, captain in Co. E, First Ia. Cav., colonel and brigadier general; John A. Garrett, colonel of the Fortieth Ia. Inf.; S. G. Smith, major Fortieth Ia. Inf.; David Edmundson, sheriff of Jasper County, Ia., 1846-48, and county judge, 1858-62.

on enlisting were quite communicative to their captain and told him all about the Bushwacking and were exulting over the dismay the Yanks would feel when they had entered their lines by means of the uniforms and were boasting of their bloody intentions to kill the Yanks, when some of the citizens whom they passed told them of the deceit. They are held as prisoners of war, but ought to be executed for taking arms after taking the oath, but I expected they would be released and sent home to Bushwack and so am much pleased at their detention.

The rebs are always lurking about our posts taking stragglers, four soldiers (none of the 9th) were found murdered in a field near here a few days ago killed while blackberrying.

How I hate to be cooped up here when so much might be done if I could be turned loose with a few men outside the lines, and my success in horse hunting etc. ought to let me out some, but none can go without such limitations and restriction as prevent doing anything. It would be so easy for me to lie in wait for the marauders while a few should be apparently straggling that I wish much to try it and the first excuse I have by being sent on any errand will do so.

The soldiers of course know nothing of the plans of the commanders but we feel disheartened at what might be done by small parties even if we are too weak for any general attempt (as I think we are) in this department.

Shelby has in my opinion recruited and conscripted at least 1500 or 2000 men, north of here and within reach of us, but been unmolested except when he took the advance and attacking part.

A fleet is expected today, with letters, news, and money for us all, we are anxious about Grant and Sherman. As to politics I care only that our country be sustained by a united north even if they differ in the way of doing it, but northern traitors and fools will perhaps write and do much hurt. Lincoln has the heart of the army and will have their vote unless some new matter changes everything.

You seem to be in good health now, do you think the climate there healthy enough? I do not admire the south quite well enough to live in [the] way we would be compelled to here and the beautiful northwest has too much danger to incline me to risk you and the children at Spirit Lake, and much as I loved that place and long for it now I do not know as I should live there with its dangers, all are gone we care for but P's¹¹⁵ family. Newton is the next to home of any place and I am longing for a look at my little home there though it has neither house or land. I am not going to save much of pay as it will take so much to support us, but we can I hope buy a home of some kind, and I would prefer a farm even 6 or 10 miles from Newton to living there entirely unless some good business offers, but perhaps my thoughts of Newton are all colored by thinking of the four in it that make any place so dear.

¹¹⁵ B. F. Parmenter's family.

Iowa soldiers never find a country that excells our incomparable state and "It looks like Iowa" is the extreme of praise for a fine country, but its equal in beauty, fertility, and natural resources I have not seen. Only cotton cannot be grown, and cotton is riches if not King. My old notion that wool as a staple will be grown in that treeless northwest so as to enrich thousands is renewed but it is not for me to try it. The war has put off that experiment at least 20 years.¹¹⁶

I am glad to hear you are satisfied with Linnie's advancement as I fear she will be discouraged. I have no doubt of her active mind being all we used to think it if she is not mentally stunted, and her erratic way of thinking around a matter then approaching with startling directness is her father's. That combination of the slow and active is only natural. Her knowledge of mathematics will all come right. Don't you recollect I was something at that, and don't you also know that my dullness at [reckoning] always vexed you? It is so with her, but don't by all means increase that little evil by discouragement.

I wish much to see Catherine and Maria but must wait for another visit and more peaceable times. My love to all and all to you.

O. C. Howe.

July 13 2½ o'clock a. m. no boat has left since writing and I have been busy as officer of the day and am now up and write this while the Co. are getting ready for two day's scout. You shall hear from me whenever a mail goes.

VIII

From middle July, 1864, for the next eight months the country's common thought was centered on the movements of Grant's and Sherman's armies. The battles waged by Grant in his great enveloping movement about Richmond were appalling in their frightful losses of life and the daring advances of Sherman's columns towards Atlanta, while steadily successful, were accompanied with heavy toll of precious lives, to say nothing of the increasing popular dread that he was making a risky, suicidal movement into the heart of the Confederacy. Captain Howe's and Mrs. Howe's letters reflect the common feelings of the people of the North and West. Captain Howe, after the manner of your true soldier, thinks mainly of the movements of the armies in the mass and his confidence in the grand maneuvers and objectives of those two famous generals, and not at all of the losses of treasure and man power; while Mrs. Howe, like all good women, thinks of

¹¹⁶ The national census for 1930 states that Iowa had 1,131,000 sheep, exceeding Minnesota's quota, and but a few thousand less than Missouri had.

the horrors of the conflict, of the fields littered with the killed and wounded, and of the stricken homes, the desolate wives and orphaned children—yet she steels her heart with the hope that the end will soon come and righteousness will again prevail in high places.

Duvall's Bluff, Ark.,
July 19th, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

The long waited for boat whistle sounded today and part of a fleet came up the river, the mail is behind, hourly expected. The few papers bring news of Sherman's movements, the sinking of the Alabama, and the raid toward Washington and Baltimore, but just enough to let us conjecture what may have happened by this time. I sometimes wish to be in some more important point of operations but am resigned to my fate of banishment, and will exclude thought of the outer world (except the little world of home) and only write of the unimportant but perhaps to you interesting events of daily life.

The next day after returning from the foraging trip I wrote about, six of us went out of the lines towards night looking for a stray horse. No incident occurred except one of the men and myself got shot at by an officer of scouting party of Union soldiers whose zeal or something else were too much for his judgment, but his revolver was as wild as he and we were in no danger, till he found out at last we were friends. We stayed over night about 8 miles out at a house where there were four or five families of widows the men being in the Union army or workmen here except one real widow whose son was a week before taken by the rebels and conscripted. Of course we kept a good lookout and I laid down at 1 o'clock A.M. but rose before daylight and we came back. In two hours after returning we heard that the railroad had been torn up nine miles from here and I was sent with 50 men to follow them with orders to return before daylight. We started before noon of the hottest day I ever knew and started over a prairie for 3 miles which worried the men and horses much, but I halted for water at the edge of the timber and then we rode on in the shade. We found the trail and learned that from 150 to 300 variously estimated had come down the night before and did the mischief early in the morning and then part or all returned in the direction toward Searcy. I returned in the night and reported to Colonel Geiger who commands our brigade and then to General Andrews¹¹⁷ the commander of the post and our division. They were satisfied well with my days work. We made 30 miles (part of us 40) and both men and horses were fresh and vigorous. I can make better distance without fatiguing either than any of them here,

¹¹⁷ Colonel W. F. Geiger of the Eighth Missouri Inf. and General C. C. Andrews of the Third Minnesota Volunteers.

thanks to frontier experience of traveling without grain and of resting and selecting the times for travel.

I fell asleep a few times while listening or talking to the General but guess he did not know it but if he had known how much I had been up he would not have blamed me. I was waked before day (went to bed after midnight) by the Commissary notifying me to draw ten days rations as the Regiment was going to march. I let the others attend to it till sunrise and then got everything ready for the word to saddle but it has not come and has probably blown over, so yesterday and today I rest in good part. But Moore is sick again and R.¹¹⁸ is away with a few men guarding haymakers and the work is considerable.

The whistle sounds again and I will wait for mail.

July 20th, sunrise. Last evening the mail came and the whole camp was busy reading letters, my share was two from you of June 30th, and July 3rd., and now I must wait for the next boat again to hear from home. I am pleased to learn that Newton is to have the railroad as I expect to remain near there after the war. Matters are in a peculiar state here, the war is conducted about as the whites managed on the frontier, and I am tired of waiting to see intellect used in war. The President's Amnesty proclamation has not the esteem of all the officers from its want of effects but I think if it had been fully tried it would have proved a wise and beneficent measure. No punishment has followed its violation and men who take the oath and then aid the enemy are only laughed at. The execution of one hundred men in Arkansas though it would have been a terrible thing would have saved many lives.

I do not like to think much about your circumstances without money and prices so high but it is a continual trouble. For a time the hope that money would soon come sustained me, but come it has not.

Nothing could induce me to leave the army but to save you from suffering, but I would at once resign if I could reach home in time to earn in any way a little money, but it would be many months before that could be brought about, and probably I should then only be waiting as now, only now for pay then for a discharge, and which would come first none can know. In the distressed state of the inhabitants here I see only our own situation, fine homes desolate, property abandoned, and women and children left to themselves, only this difference, here the rebel soldier's families have never received any money that will buy anything. This cruel war teaches us what suffering is, and I only bear to witness the distress we inflict by taking away the teams, cows &c of the miserable inhabitants, by thinking how you have suffered and still do, and in fact from the indirect work of these rebels.

The regiment is now sickly and in accordance with the usual management of public affairs, it is without medicine and the surgeon in charge this morning wished the Captains would send for quinine for

¹¹⁸ Wm. M. Moore of Newton, first lieutenant of Co. L, Ninth Ia. Cav. "R," refers to John G. Rockafellow, second lieutenant of the same company.

their companies, but how they are to get the means I don't know. I only wish some sanitary or other commission would send this necessity in this climate at this season if only an ounce in a letter. Could your society send us this summer a few things needed, or does it all go to some general fund and thus become subject to the Circumlocution office?

We have none in this company dangerously sick from Jasper County, but several that are considerably sick and the worst season of the year has only commenced. It is not uncommon to see men drop from sunstroke. My greatest trouble is want of water except the warm sickening fluid of White river. On scouts we sometimes fare better and while over the river on the "surrounded hill" I never tasted better, several wells have been dug here and there is now enough for hospital use and some to spare and our regiment is at work on several more wells and in a few days we expect to have one. The water is good but from 40 to 50 feet deep and the soil caves so as to need curbing all the way down. We had one nearly finished that caved.

My health is good only over work and climate has exhausted me, weight 125 pounds which does well enough. I hear that Lieutenant Moore will resign from ill health, but do not know. He will not be able to bear the climate long I do not know [who] will take his place if he does. Sergeant Richardson¹¹⁹ would be the most help to me but I do not know as circumstances will allow that to be done.

You see that all the letter is about myself but letters to you must be egotistic, and I think of nothing about you at home except want of money and that troubles me all the time.

Good bye,
Your Husband,
O. C. Howe.

Devall's Bluff, Ark.
July 23rd, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

The fleet left yesterday, and this will not reach you for some time, but I feel lonesome and concluded to write though there is nothing new. Scouting parties are daily leaving, but none know of their destination till they return, and I am considered entitled to a little rest, but when my papers are fixed up I shall wish to start out again.

As the cars went west an hour ago I noticed a Battery of Artillery on the train, which is suggestive of fighting going on or expected somewhere, and there was a rumor yesterday that there was fighting at Searcy again. The other affair there I wrote you about was that part of the 10th Illinois cavalry about 250 men were surprised by 800 of the enemy, and considerably over 100 of our men killed wounded or prisoners,

¹¹⁹ Norris Richardson of Monroe, first sergeant and later first lieutenant of Co. L, Ninth Ia. Cav.

mostly the latter. Since then we had orders to march there but was countermanded.

We have received orders to be stationed again at Bayou Two Prairie but this is revoked and we are here indefinitely. Since some wells have been dug we have good drinking water and the health of the regiment is already improving, but the sick season is upon us and many of the men look puny. The Newton boys are none dangerously sick, but several poorly, Lieutenant Moore has signified his intention of resigning but I do not know as it will be accepted. Several officers have lately sent in their resignations, but none accepted now, and one refused, the others to hear from. I expect to be able to stand the service better than the majority of the officers, but the want of vegetables may hurt me until scouting commences again in my company.

If I should become so sick as to render it necessary I will take a sick furlough and visit you, if means can be had which I suppose could in such a case as I believe preparations are made for such cases.

24th—I found yesterday the letter I had written to you, and it troubles me much to think it was not sent by the boats as the one that carries this may not go for several days, but I shall send all that I write even if they are old. The fleet carried at least two letters and the next will carry more, that you will probably get at a time. I have found it necessary to be off duty for a few days to rest and get recruited, and feel better this morning than for a week past. The weather has been comfortable for 3 days with refreshing breezes, the nights cool as August at the Lakes, and this is helping us though it may increase the ague. We now get little or no fruit and will have none till on a scout, except a little dried apple which is not dear at 15 cents a pound, and sometimes the luxury of canned fruits at high prices.

We are to have a review of the troops at this post at 5 o'clock and my company will be small, I shall go. We had one last Sunday or two weeks ago, I forget which and it is quite a sight to see several regiments especially the mounted troops, though the ranks of the old regiments are sadly thinned. You cannot tell how much your letters encourage me and I cannot help showing them at times to my brother officers with much pride as well as affection. That picture of yours turned up at last it had slipped into some papers or probably I put it there as I have a dim recollection of hiding it when I had the smallpox and was a little out of my head.

The fact that Judge Edmundson went on the last fleet consoles me a little for the loss of those letters that should have gone, as he saw me only the day before as I was starting on a short scout and probably heard of our return before he went. I will see to it myself that all our letters go in future.

We hear a rumor that money for our pay started down the river for us but news of blockade sent it back to St. Louis, if so it will come next fleet and I can send right back to you, but how are you to live

in the meantime? As to us what we get from Government is cheap as transportation is not added but we have to pay cash on delivery, and we can sometimes get credit for some things but at exorbitant prices, but all the officers manage to get along somehow.

July 25th.

On the way to review grounds last night we heard the welcome boat whistle which told us of news from home and made me impatient of the review. It was however a fine scene, the place a level prairie two to four miles wide running away to the south west with points of timber running into it and occasional small mts of timber in its midst, and the cavalry extended nearly two miles across it. What added to the scenes was the smoke of "Linkum Gunboats" and steamers of the fleet that rose over the timber in plain sight. On our return at sunset found a letter from you and also from Linnie of the 7th and 8th July, but no news of any pay having come up this time. My letters to you do not go very regularly it seems or you would by that time have received later ones from me than you tell of.

I am glad you had a visit from so many relatives and it made me homesick to think of missing them, for you know all your relatives are also mine, and Robert has been like an own brother in many respects, and will always seem nearer to me than any of the others of the brothers-in-law.

It is pleasant to learn that the boys write favorably of me, and that so influential a man as Mr. Grinnell¹²⁰ hears of it, but you must not expect to hear of any promotion for me in this regiment for there are too many senior captains to give me a chance, and besides this, though I am liked well enough by my fellow officers, still I am not "in the ring" of those who would endeavor to control promotions here. There are too many old officers that is, those who have seen former service, who would of right have the advantage of me. A friend or two at home could at almost any time give me a promotion if they were so inclined and hit the right time, but of this enough, I have no wish to quit my company or regiment and am content to take matters as they are and be Captain till the end of the war, provided I can have a furlough once in awhile, say one a year.

I have been interrupted by Lieutenant Moore, who is trying to let me have my time now, but has some trouble in discipline with a man who would not work nor go to the guard house either, and none but Lieutenant R. seems to be able ever to make the men obey unless I am present. Lieutenant R. with all his faults can command, but is too arbitrary perhaps not so severe as I, but less discriminating. My punishments generally trouble some but are not complained of, as they are always deserved.

¹²⁰ Josiah B. Grinnell of Grinnell, member of the Senate of the General Assembly of Iowa 1856-1859 and representative from Iowa in the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth congresses.

This time I had merely to tell the man who was shamming sick to go and he is now in the guard house.

A party of 100 has left this morning for St. Charles on the river below where it is rumored the enemy are in force but this is a mere rumor and if true we would know nothing about it only as some of the regiment have gone there.

Good bye,
O. C. Howe.

Newton, Aug. 4, 1864.

My Dear Husband:

I wish all vainly that I could see how you were passing this Fast Day. All is quiet here; every store on the square is closed and the morning service was fully attended. There are meetings for prayer this afternoon and evening. Externally all seems subdued, how much of real humility of soul exists God only knows.

To me it is a very solemn day, with the terrible fight still progressing at Atlanta and the destruction of life at Petersburg, not to think of losses of property through rebel raids, how death enshrouded is the prospect everywhere. I cannot doubt the result ultimately, but must all this generation pass away in blood that those coming after may be free, I often look at Lockie and wish he was old enough to be with you that you might be sure of love and care, and then how quickly I rejoice that he is so young that he at least may escape the slaughter of the battle field.

I saw in a Chicago paper that a cavalry force had been sent after Shelby in the direction of Searcy and all the time since have felt that your regiment would go, and had gone, but I do not know that I fear more for you there than cooped up in Devall's Bluff which is by all accounts so very sickly. My nights are long, and wakeful, weary with doubt and anxiety. My Darlings are what and where, in the turmoil of camp, in the gloom of impending battle or, tossing with pain in the hospital? If not to me, all this sorrow, oh, to how many wives all this, until the final crowning sorrow of widowhood.

These are all far from the promise of our youth, trouble and care we did expect doubtless, but not this; for so many years in fact ever since I thought at all, I have been an abolitionist not of the Gerrit Smith school perhaps, but a hater of slavery and of the compromises made with it, but I little thought that my husband would be one of the many who must stake their life against its barbarism. Perhaps it is that nothing is heard from Abbott, and I think him dead, perhaps he thought that Bell's sorrow may be mine, though how fearfully heavy in comparison it may be this that distresses me so now, and although not sick my heart cries out I can not bear this anxiety and absence.

What land has borne such a weight of sorrow in so holy a cause. Armies counted by millions, and mourners, who can enumerate! Ashes

for beauty all over our country, God grant that the nation on its knees today may cry unitedly for help. There has not been so many from Newton wounded at Atlanta as we feared. Lieutenant Hunter¹²¹ in the thigh, not very seriously, and two or three killed who were not known to me. How many more today's mail may bring word of, I cannot tell. It still continues healthy here, remarkably so all summer and our own little ones are very well indeed.

Lockie said today, that if his Pa must go from home he wished he would go to Idaho for then if he got gold it was good, but now if he did get a rebel they were not good for anything dead, and too bad to live.

My dear husband, I was interrupted just here for a long time and see this unfilled for fear it would not go.

God bless and keep you my darling and restore you safe to your wife.

M. W. Howe.

IX

In the next letter dated at Devall's Bluff August 5, we encounter for the first time a plump, outspoken adverse criticism from Captain Howe of the way matters were conducted by those in charge of the military department in which his brigade and regiment were operating. He says: ". . . our people are in despair at the way matters are in this department. The whole thing is same as frontier management on a large scale, and it discourages us though complaints must be secret or none at all." His company and regiment were with General West in the futile expedition from the Little Red River starting from Searcy to the White River. Failure of expected boats to arrive in time was a major cause of the brigade's inability to cross speedily the white River. The delay at the crossing enabled Shelby's divided columns to reunite and General West deemed it best to retreat and avoid a general engagement.

Devall's Bluff, Ark.,
August 5, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

When we reached here as I last wrote there came a rumor that a party of rebels had taken 2000 mules and captured or killed the guard of 50 men near Little Rock, this has been confirmed, and our people

¹²¹ James L. Hunter, first Lieutenant Co. E, Fortieth Ia. Inf.

are in despair at the way matters are in this Department. The whole thing is same as frontier management on a large scale, and it discourages us though complaints must be secret or none at all. I do not know what the end will be but it would be better to abandon the State than to occupy it and merely to bring supplies to the rebels.

We are suffering much from the sickly season, Baldwin had been pretty sick but recovering and is a great help, he is with Charles Mendenhall and Cross, my best corporals. Springer also a good corporal is in poor health but recovering. James Gentry is very sick and for two days we had little hopes of him, but he is better now, Daniel West has been dangerously sick is better and nearly well. Corporal Cross is sick but able to be about. Wm. Moore (Barton) has been severely injured in the groin by accident while riding but is improving. Banks general health is good, Burrow and Ellis are better than they have been. Wm. Allen is in good health, Charles Jennings is poorly, but on duty, I think of no other ailing ones from near Newton. I am suffering some from diarrhea which is the common complaint, Scott and Knapp of Monroe are pretty sick, and several from other places.¹²²

Yesterday we sent off our pay roll, signed as ordered and I have some hopes that pay will come.

Evening. An hour ago came the welcome order to prepare to march with the effective men at a moments notice, and my time has all been taken up and your letter neglected, we expect to be gone about ten days, but may be much longer. I hope to send you the money as soon as we return. Do not my dear think of blaming me for want of it as I have tried every means known to raise some, but could not. Do keep up your courage.

The White river is falling fast, and may be unnavigable soon and our letter not reach either way, so do not give way if you hear nothing for a long time. I will try and send word when possible, but cannot for ten days to come.

Believe all you can wish as to my affection for you and the little ones.

This march will improve the health of the men able to go which will be about 40 of my company. It is supposed we go northwest to Austin, near which place I have written to you.

You cannot tell how our Iowa people think of their State, we all know there is nothing that compares with it, though a few of us northerners put in a claim for Minnesota. If your health is good and you like Jasper as well as ever, we will probably stay there though I still dream of the great and beautiful North West, but to us it has also been terrible.

¹²² Those referred to in the above paragraph were in order the following and all of Newton or environs unless otherwise stated:

Julius A. Baldwin, promoted from fourth sergeant to commissary sergeant; Charles H. Mendenhall and David Y. Cross; Oliver P. Springer, promoted from seventh to second corporal; James R. Gentry; Daniel West was probably Daniel Wert; William Moore (Barton) probably refers to Wm. H. Barton; Baxter Banks, James F. Burrow, Jehu Ellis, Wm. W. Allen, Charles H. Jennings. James B. Scott and Carmi D. Knapp were each of Monroe, Jasper County. The latter died on August 8, 1864.

Several officers talk about that region and think of going there to settle and raise sheep and cattle. I generally recommend Palo Alto or Pocahontas as being the best and safe. What do you think of that? The country on the Little Sioux above and below Correctionville would perhaps be better if safe and as healthy. How would you like Monona or Harrison County, or do you like Jasper well enough to live there, even if I do have to labor at something to make us a living. Can you help in the Dairy or sheep business, or will you learn to hoe corn if you stay there. At any rate believe we can do something that will make an honest living and take care of the little ones.

God bless you all, good bye,

O. C. Howe.

P. S.

I learn that we start by daylight with 10 days rations.

Newton, Aug. 14th, [1864]

My Dear Husband:

How do you do this warm Sunday? and what have you been doing? You can hardly think how often I wait almost expecting an answer to these queries which seem so abiding in my thoughts. Why I have been thinking, thinking, until my heart aches with the burden of its own dark thoughts.

If I could sit just one little half hour now with you, your arm thrown tenderly around me, how it would lift this heaviness from heart and life. My poor dear husband, how do you get along with so little of home comfort, and not even the pomp of war, only a dull routine of disagreeable, or the same recurring monotonies. Surely if you can not feel that it is duty, and God wills it so I am sure you have little else to satisfy you.

The summer is passing away, this summer which was to accomplish so much good for us all. It will soon be gone, and the end of the war continually removes itself beyond mortal reckoning I confess that I have full faith in all that is written of the atrocious Valandigham¹²³ Conspiracies and look with much of fear as to what may precede the elections of November.

Would you laugh to know that many nervous people in Newton are often troubled by fear of an invasion from Missouri. Even Mr. G—— declares himself convinced that we may hear at any time of Guerrillas a few miles from us and traitors helping them in our midst. I don't attach much consequence to what he says however as he seems always asking for a chance to make a speech I have heard him so much this summer that the last time I saw him I felt like singing out "Lift up your head, you everlasting G——." I believe I have not told you yet

¹²³ Clement L. Vallandigham, member Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh congresses, whose violent opposition to the prosecution of the Civil War by President Lincoln lead to his arrest and deportation to the Confederate States.

that we have a letter from Abbott. He is just getting well, has been free from small pox of course for a long time, and writes sad accounts of neglect and suffering I am so distressed often by what I hear of suffering among sick and wounded soldiers in the ranks that I fear the sight would be more than I could endure. William Skiff's son writes to his sister Mrs. Emerson that he has been assisting in hospital for some weeks and that it seems impossible to keep the maggots out of the wounds of the men. He says his own clothes swarm with them continually from coming in contact with the wounded. Such things are terrible. The soldiers now at home whose time has expired are all enthusiastic in praise of the Sanitary Com. unite in saying that thousands of lives have been saved by the efforts of the commission which must otherwise have been lost.

Great efforts are now made all the time in the direction of Sherman's forces as the continual fighting there makes the call for supplies the most urgent. It is cheering to know that those who labor do it not vainly. On Friday we had an ice cream festival for the benefit of our exhausted treasury and although it was horrid muddy and rainy cleared about forty five dollars which will give us quite a lift until something else turns up. Mr. K—— called on me yesterday to tell me not to worry about the rent that he would wait just as long as it seemed desirable and seemed rather to enjoy the chance of showing his kindness and wealth. He is a good patriot so far as he knows which is of course not very far. There is a good deal of quiet slurring about —. His company lost a number in killed and wounded before Atlanta but they say "of course he want [wa'n't] in the fight, he never was yet." Jordan of Spirit Lake memory told me last winter that —— said he was not well enough to go with his company when they went on a raid into Mississippi and said Jordan we were all glad he didn't go for we would have had to put him in an ambulance every time we saw a rebel or heard a gun. I have not heard from Kate or Belle since they left here and don't know where they are. I think they must have gone back to New York before this time. There is great alarm in the vicinity of Buffalo now for fear of an invasion of rebels from Canada to burn the city. Danger seems every where and perhaps some time we may learn as a nation that we are in a state of war. I was sorry to read of your grand reviews on Sunday it may have been a grand sight but I am sure it was an offence in the sight of Heaven and I do believe that so much needless Sabbath desecration is one of the sins which is prolonging this war, and will prolong it until heart and strength shall both fail. I wish your division commander was such as Howard don't you? The little ones have all been asleep some time.

Both Linnie and Locke seem at times quite homesick for their old home. They do not realize as well as I can that it is the missing "pa" that makes home seem lonely. I am expecting you in the fall and hope I am not to be disappointed in this. I look with much anxiety for my tomorrow's letter and hope you will not be sick although I fear you

have been sick instead of a little ill. Catharine says that both James and George experienced great benefit from a bandage a quarter of a yard wide, of flannel, worn round the bowels. They wore it all through the hot weather in the Cheektowaga country [?] or Chickahoming. It prevents diseases of the bowels.

My eyes are very poor and I would not write in the evening if I could be free from interruption any other time.

What can I say my beloved "now I sit, alone alone and the hot tears break and burn" but this is a sorrow so common now that it hardly merits a mention although its very commonness is the saddest thought of all.

God bless thee, and keep thee safe from harm and sin. How much need have all of us poor weak mortals to pray that we be not led into temptation as well as delivered from evil. God keep us both and bring us together that our joy may be full.

Yours truly, M. W. Howe.

Devall's Bluff, Ark., Aug. 19, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

We returned night before last from our chase after Shelby which resulted in much chase and little catch, took some prisoners, wore out some horses and tired some men, and lost several sick men.

It has rained considerably for several days and a regular wet season has set in. I started out sick came back exhausted, but cured of the terrible diarrhea that is so troublesome here. Found your letters of the 5th and 8th with acid and quinine. They will be in good play, especially the acid.

We lost one of our best men in the hospital here, Corporal Carmi D. Knapp of Monroe who leaves a family. None of the rest are dangerously sick. Most are getting better. John Knox of Prairie City is pretty sick. Bartley Courman of Vandalia had a large tree fall across him while we were out but it was so bent that the surgeon thinks he will recover without permanent injury.

I am hurried and just heard that a boat will perhaps leave in an hour and must send a scrawl or lose the chance. Pay is coming soon but my restored health may prevent a visit home. Sennett is at the depot I hear but cannot now go to see him.

Do keep up courage and health and believe not half the stories of battles and defeats &c that get into the papers.

Good bye in haste,

O. C. Howe.

Aug. 21, 1864.

My Dear Husband:

I wonder who writes such long letters and says so little. Life here, is varied only by the recurrence of the same events each day; to rise mornings, and eat so many meals each day, seems to embrace it all.

To say, that "we are all well and hope you are in the enjoyment of the same blessings", would in the old stereotyped phrase express about all that it contained in my longest letters; and yet, when I know there is nothing to tell the pen runs on.

I have around me just now, a cloud of witnesses—and of what—of the truth, never a pleasant one, that to us, in all probability, life's longest shadows now point backward. Here are three likenesses of yourself—one life like and precious, the others precious but, from the military dress less husband like, and familiar. In all of them there is a sprinkling of the silver sheen, that tells of life's meridian.

Sister Catherine seems to smile pleasantly at me, but there is a look of care that shows her mother heart has suffered, while the image of James a tall, fine looking young man and yet so like his boy face, tells me more plainly perhaps that all the others that the Spring is over.

This thought of growing old, (you will remember) was never a pleasant one to me. Not I think, that I dread more than others the dimming touch of time, but the fading out of youths' fancies, and loss of heart bloom, this is saddening.

The bubbles on our cup are only hollow nothings but when they are all gone the wine is flat.

The great gain of growing old together, is that we do not see these changes in each other, they come over us so gradually, and for the image that we love, we draw from memory, quite as often as from sight. I do hope my husband can come home before he is much changed, and before time deals too hardly with his wife, but joy is a great rejuvenator, and I think we shall count our years backward, for a season after your return.

It is strange, how absence or death invests the merest trifle with a sacredness, the trifling toy becomes a relic. I have near me now an old account book, which I keep always in sight, but when you come back it will be thought unsightly. In this diary of your expenses, your luxuries seem all to come under the head of figs and apples, what now constitute them, when buttermilk has become desirable. I fear your fig eating propensities find no chance for exercise now.

Perhaps you don't hear much about peace propositions where you are, but I suppose petitions for a delay of the draft until an attempt at negotiation has failed, are getting many signatures, among the rowdies of Democratic cities, and silly women every where. What a fearful development of treason is the expose of "The Son's of Liberty," our poor unhappy country so betrayed by her own children.

I am glad that this is a Republican town as even the dullest fear riot, and mobs, as an accompaniment to the fall campaign. If Lincoln is not elected, then will all this suffering, and bloodshed be in vain, and to those who have risked all, how terrible this is. The Democrats say we may make a desert and call it Peace, but would even that be any more a mockery than the Peace described by Mrs. Browning, "That sits at home in self commended mood, and takes no thought how wind

and rain by fits, are howling out of doors against the good of the poor wanderer. Peace which admits all outside anguish while it sleeps at home.”

A long quotation this my dear, and somewhat varied from the original, but better words than mine and equal truth. And yet how I long for the first promise of a coming peace not for my sake alone, but for the countless ones who sit alone and watch in night that has no coming dawn, but moonless, starless dark, as the dark night of Death. I know from what you have written that I need not expect to hear from you for a long time, and yet how I shall look for the letters. Captain Frank Campbell from Little Rock is expected here tomorrow and I hope to see him, and find out how you looked when he left.

My dear Husband you write often of different plans for the future . . . I don't wish ever to go to the wild north west to live either to raise sheep or anything else. I think the prospect of Indian troubles greater now than it ever was before and have had enough of all such excitement. I never could be pleased to go to Arkansas. . . . The climate here this summer seems very favorable, so the children and I am well although my throat has never recovered from the effect of last winter burning coal with a poor draft. I hope I can get some wood to mix with coal the coming winter but don't know, at any rate I have a straight pipe here that will ensure a good draft, I often wish you could look in and see how comfortable we are here this summer, such large cool rooms and such pleasant neighbors. Mr. Kennedy seems accommodative, and I think will not trouble me about the rent which is kind, as he can any day rent our part of the house for more than twice what I pay him. Six dollars seems a high rent, but it is very cheap now, every old tumble down tenement of any kind is now filled up and filled to overflowing. There are many families here from Missouri and the railroad brings some, while war widows find it cheaper to live in town and more comfortable to be where some one can care for them.

Linnie is very anxious that I shall ask her Pa what books he has to read and what kind of church he goes to, and if they have a chaplain in their regiment. Lockie wants me to tell Pa that he has had the “Relaxes” awful from eating “crabs,” his diminutive for crabapples. Nellie says tell him “I am always just as good as I can be” which must be qualified by a recollection of natural depravity, in order to know her real state of goodness.

A letter from your mother says she wrote to you the Monday before, I hope you got it. One word as to your pains about writing of your boys, particularly, if you could see the pleasure on Mr. Cross' face when I read to him that his own son was a good soldier and also Miss Mendenhall's delight in her brother's good name, it would surely more than pay you all the trouble not to say one word about the mother's blessing which poor Mrs. Banks sends the Captain for his kind mention of her Baxter. I tell you my dear, these good wishes are worth something to us both.

Would there be any use to send you papers. I have asked several times and you do not tell me to send them, so I have thought you saw no chance to get them.

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The corner stone of a new Baptist Church will be laid this week. Winslow and Lindley¹²⁴ have occupied their new office on the north side of the square for some time.

Major — is expected home this week. He is not spoken of favorably here as a military man. Was he liked at Little Rock? — has resigned, also E—— but probably you know these things much better than I can tell them.

I do hope you will get a furlough this fall, I think even more of that than the long looked for pay. Don't worry about us at home, we will do well enough and I am sorry I should have written what has troubled you. I never doubt that you would do all you could to send home.

I send you the state nominees, you will see the name of Allen for attorney general.¹²⁵ He is the one I spoke of as beauning me so finely in the winter when I saw Mr. Sells¹²⁶ at Marengo. I am going to vote for him, he is so gallant.

[Last sheet missing.]

X

From Aug. 23 to about September 28 Captain Howe was engaged in seeking the whereabouts of General Shelby's Confederate troopers who proved so elusive. They had captured a considerable number of the Federal troopers who were cutting and gathering hay near Ashley's Station; and on the 24th of August Captain Howe's company L witnessed their first real battle, but they were held in reserve and could watch the contest and not participate in the clash.

Devall's Bluff, Ark., Aug. 25, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

Yesterday we had our first battle that could really be called such, and the 9th acted as reserve and though within range did not lose a man. We were waiting in camp and preparing for inspection by General West¹²⁷ and about one P. M. I was lying down looking at the preparations, not being well enough to attend the review, when the alarm was sounded and while arming the command was given for every available man to arm and mount and we were soon ready. The enemy were rumored

¹²⁴ Horace S. Winslow and S. N. Lindley—the former later elected district judge, and the latter circuit judge.

¹²⁵ Isaac L. Allen, attorney general of Iowa, 1865-66.

¹²⁶ Elijah Sells, secretary of state of Iowa, 1856-1863.

¹²⁷ General Joseph R. West.

to be advancing to town on the railroad, and we soon started with the 11th and 8th Missouri regiments all under Colonel Geiger our Brigade Commander, in all about 800 men all mounted, our regiment in the rear. Many thought the alarm a ruse to bring the ailing ones out to review. I thought the fight was close by and went in command of my company, both lieutenants with us. As we reached the prairie I sent back a few men too sick to go further, having learned the enemy were two hours before about 12 miles out, from some fugitives passing the line, and I also changed horses with a sick man, as Perry¹²⁸ is sick and hungry and lame. We saw smoke rising from where haymakers were at work guarded by infantry and pressed on and soon heard the sound of cannon and could see the smoke of the battle. We traveled 10 miles over the level prairie and our advance came up with them about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after the rebs had burned all the hay, and killed or taken all troops defending them, about 200 in all, perhaps more.

The enemy's artillery was withdrawn out of sight and we followed them about a mile when they halted and threw out a line of skirmishers, and one of the strangest scenes of this or any war was exhibited. A prairie fight on a level plain between cavalry. Their skirmishers were extended about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in a single line across our route and the 8th and 11th Missouri, deployed in the same way and attacked them; we following in a column of 4's (a long line of 4 abreast of each other). We drove them slowly a mile or more, the two fighting lines about parallel and 40 to 80 rods apart, when they stopped and we formed in another line or two lines a portion in the rear and part at nearly right angles with the others. The boys had a full chance to see the kind of work on hand, as we had followed over the battleground a mile, meeting several wounded or dismounted men, and the whole of the time everything in plain sight. We passed one dead enemy a few feet from our column, shot through the head, the imagination of some of the boys magnified this body to 3 or 4.

We remained halted in the rear about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the enemys line for an hour of very sharp fighting, the balls in many cases passing through and over our own line, but only hit one horse except two or three spent balls. The enemy gradually fell back and we kept our relative positions. The 8th Missouri a splendid set of men made a strong advance from our left on the enemy who then hastily withdrew his right after a sharp close exchange of fire, but extended his left rapidly apparently to flank our right.

One battallion of the ninth went to support the Missouri 11 on our right and we were ordered to advance to relieve (the) 8th who were withdrawn for that purpose. As they withdrew the rebs again advanced in the center and against our left cheering and we soon passed through the line of the 8th (both lines in open order) who were coolly watering their horses along the ditch of the railroad. We were halted and the

¹²⁸ Perry seems to be the name of his horse.

enemy did the same and we waited for the order to go in, our lines be from $\frac{1}{2}$ to a mile apart. We could see about 1000 or 1200 of enemy in three parallel lines the last resting upon the timber and co give no guess as to the rest of their force. This looked a little tick as we suspected a ruse of some kind and could not account for the sile of their artillery which had not been used in this fight at all. Wl waiting I counted 42 riderless horses on the battle ground between showing a sharp contest for the number engaged. After waiting while we found the enemy were withdrawing slowly with a menac rear, but our horses were starved, and exhausted and we could charge and it of course would be madness to follow a vastly super force into timber where was artillery some where in wait, so the Am lances were set to work gathering the dead and wounded, and their s did the same. I noticed Wert¹²⁹ of Newton busily at work between lines with his ambulance.

We then returned here leaving the battlefield free from a living ene at about an hour before sunset and I reached here exhausted. On side the 8th Missouri lost 34 wounded 4 killed, and I have not he from the 11th, I think our loss in all about 50 killed and wounded out about 400 or less who took active part in the fight. The enemy I th lost considerably more and were fairly beaten by not much more tl $\frac{1}{2}$ their force in this battle.

But the whole affair was I must own in their favor as they ca down upon the railroad tore up the track burned large quantities hay and stores and destroyed or captured several hundred men and capped with the slight defeat we gave them.

Now as to our own affairs, the paymaster missed one train, next I suppose turned back and no communication with Little R now and I fear it will not be till next week the money comes. As s as money comes, and if matters are less exciting here and I do not cover my health I shall try to come home for a few days, do not sanguine about it. I am at times almost home sick and have only y letters to solace me. I got yours of 12 today and one from Father v has heard you had gone to Sioux City on a visit. Tell the Littlers keep the bugs off one tomato plant for me if I come.

Good bye,

Your husband

O. C. Howe

Devall's Bluff, Ark

Aug. 29, 1864.

My dear Wife:

I have just a moment to write a line as I am to go out on the gu line to relieve one who has not had any chance to come into camp 36 hours. We have been paid and I have just expressed \$150. to :

¹²⁹ Daniel M. Wert.

at an expense of \$5. Will write soon again but boat may leave before I come back. The well men of the Regt. are off on a scout and for once I stayed here. We learn that Shelby's forces were worse defeated at our battle than I supposed, his loss in that battle over a hundred, ours about sixty, but he had just taken and destroyed some three hundred men of our side whom we were too late to relieve.

Lieut. Collins of Iowa, 32, is on his way through here. You may remember the tall trapper who ran against Smith and Smeltzer for legislature.¹³⁰

My health is better but I may visit home in the course of the fall.

Good bye

O. C. Howe.

Devall's Bluff, Ark.

Aug. 31st, 1864.

My dear Wife:

Your letters of 15th and 18th post mark came in this morning and were of course welcome messengers from home. I am pleased to see you find something to interest you about, but do not let your mind run too much on war matters. We have at last received some sanitary aid in a supply of 25 barrels of potatoes which were welcome enough. Our boys are enjoying themselves and we all riot in potatoes and in sutler's stores since pay day, having canned fruits regardless of expense though I do not intend to dip very heavy into such excess, but an occasional steamboat meal I do take, at the dollars expense. My health is improving much and it is doubtful whether I am entitled to a furlough, as present appearances point to complete recovery, this is the fourth day without diarrhoea. I have had much work writing through the day as it is regular muster day for pay, as it is rumored that if the Regt. comes back before the paymaster leaves he will pay us the two months now again due, but I do not expect this, and we may have to wait again.

I would like to see you and talk of our future course, but cannot and so will write a little. We will not be able to save much and I wish to get a home again. If I return it will be necessary for me to live much in the air, and my dear, I fear my capacity to stick to office business so as to depend upon law alone. How would it do for us to calculate upon my working at anything that comes up in Newton that will not take all my time and earn enough to keep a hand on a small farm of not over 40 acres within a few miles. I can teach, clerk, trade little, or form a special partnership in a law office keeping short hours and working hard during court, or find other business, any one of which will pay 30 dollars a month and upwards if not support us would do so if we could keep a few cows and farm some, principally raise cattle or colts. Four miles out would not be too far if we kept a team and buggy, provided you were willing to live so far. The great advantage

¹³⁰ Amos S. Collins of Fort Dodge, first lieutenant of Co. I, Thirty-second Ia. Inf. Lewis H. Smith of Algona and C. C. Smeltzer of Clay County.

of preparing for this is that we could pay for a small farm soon, and it would cost no more than a poor house and lot in town, and be of much more value for a means of living and also be better for you in case of my not returning.

I am willing when again at home to work hard, but sad experience makes me distrust my ability to stick to business unless I have some such change almost daily. Still I could be content to work moderately at farming or office work, if alternated and hope to have acquired more stability. If you would like this, can you find a place to suit near town that is improved? Mrs. Logston whose son Joe is in my company bought a pretty place of 40 acres, a fair little house, 10 acres timber, rest improved, four miles northwest of Newton for \$200. It was called the Linder place and I used to think it a fine little place. Joseph says she will settle for 300, and I think it worth 400 nearly, if land is raising. Can you not make a pleasant visit there and see it and if you think best buy it, of course in your own name. You can make arrangement to pay down 300 or 400 or more and I will now be able to see you can borrow the full amount of my acquaintances here, and still leave me a chance to send you enough to live on. In this way we can get a home. I think that place may possibly be got for \$250 or 300. The White farm west of Newton, four miles is for sale at 800 but that is too much for 40 acres and indifferent buildings. How do these suggestions strike you? Do not be in the least troubled if you do not like them for I merely think of this thing and sometimes think a house and lot would be as well. I must own that another employment is all the time depended some upon by me that is "Orpheus C." King if you can stand a parody. And the mode I speak of would aid more than exclusive law business. Of course I would not like to say as much openly but anything to you.

Morning Sept. 1st. I learn that the officers who sent for furlough on account of ill health have been refused and recommended to be sent to Little Rock hospital, for treatment. I am glad my application was taken back by me, as it would have failed. You may wonder why some can get leave of absence and others not, but you need wonder at nothing in the army unless it be common sense which is rare here. I may come home this fall but it is doubtful, as I expect soon to be in full health and now am nearly so.

Just notified to go out on guard and must start now. It is no work but I need to stay and write.

Goodbye for 24 hours, will write again when back.

O. C. Howe.

I sent by express \$150.

XI

The letters which follow indicate increasing concern about domestic difficulties and concern about Captain Howe's health.

Mrs. Howe shows the strain of the long struggle and relentless pull on her heartstrings of the daily anxiety and the frightful news from the eastern fronts; and Captain Howe's letters give like signs of the wear and tear of the manifold anxieties to which his condition made him subject.

September 19th, 1864.

My Dear Husband:

I have left Linnie to wash the dishes while I write to "Pa". I was disappointed in not getting a letter last night but felt as if I deserved it for not writing to you all that week when I thought you were surely coming home. I shall keep on writing until you really show yourself.

We are having very cool weather here for the season and I hope it is cool with you and that your dangers from sickness may lessen as they increase from the enemy.

My dear Husband I am homesick for you, that is I know how you must want to come home and it makes me think less of my own disappointment when I remember yours. For a long time your part of the army seemed only to lie and stagnate inactively at that sickly post, but now that inactivity seems all over with. Of course this does not lessen the anxiety at home and I look so anxiously for news and mail. Sherman's sweep at Atlanta has revived some little hope that if it is followed by Grant's at Richmond and all by Lincoln's reelection then perhaps we may look for peace, but oh, those are so many (ifs) in the way of all this and even the attainment of all must cost more precious lives. You may recollect perhaps that you thought there was really no prospect of your having to serve out three years in actual service. What do you think of the prospect now. A term not yet half out and the end seems so far off; but I will not think of this if only God is kind in giving you back to us, we will wait the time.

Now, my dear husband while I do not wish to conflict in the least with your wish in this matter yet I will say that the more I think of it the more I am impressed with the belief that a home in town is the thing for us at present, then this secured, a few acres somewhere for a small farm (say four or five) within walking easy distance. If the railroad comes here the rise in town property will be so great that a house a little fixed up will sell for more than we give and two years rent or more perhaps saved. This rent eats up everything while I think every day how fortunate that I have so good a place even at what seems so much I could rent the same any day for 10 or 12 dollars and Kennedy can take 10 any day that I leave. I would not think it nearly so hard to get along with my little ones here with a home as on a small farm. Perhaps you may wonder my dearest how I spend so much and aside from your absence it is the grief of my life that what you are risking all to earn should be spent so soon but there is no use in fretting. The Littles will eat so enormously and victuals cost so much and old

accounts did run into this year so far. I only do think that I am very economical even if it seems against appearances. Just think flour 12 dollars a barrel and butter 45 cents a pound with cotton cloth a dollar a yard. Yesterday I paid 75 cents for a poor broom, why one cannot afford to keep swept up now a days. I have received your money and paid out most of it but do intend to secure postage this time. Now that it is over let me tell you how we worked to keep in stamps when I had used up the last why, then Locke sold paper rags for 35 cts. which just lasted until the money came.

I have been wondering whether your regiment would be sent any where else this fall, or whether you will stay all winter where you are. Of course we can only guess at these things. If you stay there can't you tell me of some things to send to you that you need. I have asked you often whether—it would be of any use to send you magazines or papers and as you did not say yes I thought not. Now good bye this time do not forget to pray with and for us, with us in heart and for us always, and God bless and keep you my husband dearer to me than all else and now so far away and whether we are present or absent may we always be present with Jesus and humbly waiting His purposes for us.

Yours in love,
M. W. Howe.

Sept. 25, [1864]

My dear Husband:

Vine and Parmenter¹³¹ are here to night and Parmenter leaves for Chicago tomorrow. He is in the fur business. Until Vine came he boarded with me this winter and will stay awhile but as this house is sold and I can not tell what I may do for myself I don't make any great calculation upon her staying.

I have a month yet before leaving and it will all come out right bye and bye. I look very anxiously now for letters as I fear every day to hear of some terrible battle in which your regiment is on the field. I fear that Price can not be headed off from —, then there will be the old bloody scenes of the early war over again. Oh, how anxious I am now from day to day, and while I know that I ought not to expect to hear regularly yet I find it hard to wait. I am glad that you are better than formerly but the only alternative seemed a hard one to me, sickness or absence so it is.

All are well at home and just recovering a little from the great disappointment of your not coming home. I have no word of news to night. On Saturday Gov. Stone made a long [and] very good speech to a large crowd. Much is expected here from Lincoln's election and

¹³¹ Livinia Wheelock Parmenter and husband B. F. Parmenter.

many prophecy that as nearly the end of the war, I am not so sanguine by any means, are you?

What a great fall in Gold. To day quoted at 180, this looks like less expensive living here.

My dear husband, I am so full of thought for you that I seem not to think much of matters in general and am scarcely affected by anything which does not connect itself with you. It is very late tonight and this is one [of] the days when every body has been here and I have been to Aid Society and worked hard all day. I find so much determination among the ladies here that I shall continue their President that it seems almost ugly not to but I resigned today and they voted unanimously that they would not receive the resignation and so it stands. I can not give so much time and care and they offer to do my sewing and come and help me any time. For once I believe I am popular as both Mr. Vail and Mr. Barnes (Congregationalist minister)¹³² have been to see me and request that I would not leave the society as it had never done so much and work so harmoniously as the past six months.

I will send you a few stamps to night, all I have in the house and more the next letter.

Good night and God bless and keep you my most beloved.

M. W. Howe.

Austin, Oct. 5, 1864.

My dear Wife:

I am so troubled that I do not know what to write. I got four letters from you day before yesterday and was much pleased with them, as I am quite unwell and have written to you fairly about my health. And, now this morning I learn from some of my company that you were about starting to come and see me. How could you do this after my writing so often about its absurdity? But I need write nothing as you will have started before this gets to you.

I have been taking a course of medicine and hope soon either to get well or to know that I cannot stand the service and resign, Moore has resigned.¹³³ I write on the supposition you have not committed that awful folly and are still at home, but the rumor and the fact that the fear of this has all along troubled me has hurt me much and I am not able to bear much addition to present troubles.

It will take over \$100 to get here and God only knows whether I shall ever draw pay to raise another 100 to send you back with, and it settles the question that I cannot resign however sick, as I shall not in two years be able to raise the sum to get home.

I write plainly in case you are at home so that you will write a promise and set at rest the most horrible fear that has haunted me

¹³² Mr. E. S. Vall, pastor Presbyterian church and Mr. H. E. Barnes.

¹³³ First lieutenant Wm. M. Moore.

since in the army, that is, that you would leave the children to, I don't know what fate and come and if by some remote chance found me, then for us to live on nothing. I had thought seriously of resigning but must wait now two months to get word from you and if you are on the way of course I cannot resign.

I did not like to write a word about it as some things must not be written even to you without fear of being seen on the way and doing much injury and I could not in any way intimate anything without your taking it as certain.

I see that you were much affected by my not coming home but I wrote for two weeks preparing you and telling you how doubtful it was and then merely wrote that I had applied and if successful would bring my letter. How you could have taken this as any encouragement I cannot see as I let you understand that I had not one chance in a thousand of coming.

Now, if you have not started do promise me you will consult with me and give me a chance to tell you why you cannot come but, I do not like to write all the reasons by letters that can be opened. I have waited thinking you would not start but trust me at least a little.

O. C. Howe.

Oct. 9th, 1864.

My dear Husband:

I hardly know how I should maintain my regular correspondence with you if it were not for this inexhaustable old book which always furnishes so large a sheet when I have neglected to provide any other.

Since I have known that you are located in Austin I have watched the papers narrowly and seen nothing yet of that place and have never found it upon any map. Well, if it is only where the raiders do not find it, that is well. Since this last alarm about Price attacking St. Louis, I have thought that perhaps Fremont was unjustly blamed for his expenditures there upon the defenses. No doubt they are now a source of comfort to many who growled at their construction.

I suppose we are having an exciting election campaign but see so little of these things that I can judge only from papers and the occasional speeches that come to my ears.

Last week Grinnell and Mitchell had a discussion here.¹³⁴ I have heard no comment upon it. The day was rainy and not as much enthusiasm as usual in Newton. Tomorrow is a grand rally and all expect a "big affair" were it not that I think the election of Lincoln almost a military necessity now, all this speech making and everything in its connection would seem only a sorry farce. Now perhaps it has a meaning and a use.

P—— has gone. He was as formerly, quite disgusted with Newton, particularly the "want of culture and courtesy" among the gentlemen

¹³⁴ Hon. Josiah B. Grinnell and I. C. Mitchell, the Republican and Democratic candidates for Congress.

of the bar, and it was the old song over again about its very exorbitant prices, and the many ways of avoiding their payment. It was easily seen that his old home gone and himself outstripped by those who were boys here at that time had a souring effect upon his view of all things, but it is no wonder.

Linnie and Vine are at church this evening with Ralph, now a great boy, and I have told stories to Lock and Nell until my throat is tired and even then there was no sign of their being sated.

Linnie is improving in looks and manner and is a great pet among teachers and scholars. She certainly is one of the most amiable of little girls and manifest no inconsiderable talent in her "essays", as her weekly productions are named. If she lives she will hold the pen of a "ready writer" but, whether that will be of equal use with skill in housewifery depends I suppose upon very many contingencies. I sometimes think that she is the valuable woman "who only bears sons" and that they are most blessed among women who know nothing, care for naught, and having no wit of their own, have perhaps no will. If the children of such mothers were not always fools, I would adopt it as a firm belief, but even women ought not to be merely fool producing animals. Now I wonder what sent my pen off upon such a steeple chase as these last long sentences. I believe it was thinking of the apparent connubial bliss of Mr. — and Lady, the latter of which is certainly calculated to retain a husband's love only by her extremely uncommon sense of good victuals. The fact is it makes me sour to see them so cozy these lengthening evenings while I to whom the law has given equal right, to equal comfort "sit alone with fading hair and lips unknissed".

Another thing, I have got to move soon, and to move with no man, this is enough to dissipate all sentimental opposition to second husbands.

This house is sold and after wandering more days than Noah's famed dove, I still found no resting place. Up street, and down street into every possible and impossible looking house, have I found my way, until the very dogs forgot to growl, they saw me so often and found me always so gentle and harmless. At last good Mrs. Lee from pure pity will let me have two little rooms in her house. The largest is only nine by fourteen feet, the other, nine feet square. Now, how to so concentrate and shrink myself as to fit these new quarters is my only present study, as it is two weeks before moving time I have proposed the system of quarter rations for the coming fortnight but it meets with no favor even as a theory and the practice I fear would fail of success.

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Now, my dear husband, I feel very much like just telling you how lonely I am tonight, with no sound but the breathing of the little ones, and no hope of a coming step for which I have often longed. But does it make your duties lighter or chase away any gathering

shadow of homesickness to hear or read these things. We both know that they must be and are. That to both of us are appointed days all dark, and nights all moonless, when we do so yearn for home and fond words that the heart is sick and the whole soul grieves. My rest have just come in and I must stop writing now so God keep you my dearest, and keep you near to Him and hide you as in the hollow of His hand from all evil and danger. Let us live my dearest, as the light of God, so shall the darkness of sin and of sorrow fail mislead us, and the end will be well. Think of us all at home not so fondly but prayerfully and remember us not only as subject to the ills of life but the joy or sorrow of eternity. Oh, may we be kept from temptation, from weakness, and sin, and be united to live a song of praise.

Yours fondly,
M. W. Howe

Newton, Oct. 13th. [1864]

My Dear Husband:

I have just come home from prayer meeting which was interrupted by Mr. Seymour coming to tell the members of Capt. Manning's Company that they were ordered to arm and march to Oskaloosa as 500 or more Rebels from Missouri were now at Ottumwa. There is excitement again among most of the town people but it does not worry me at all, Guerrillas have no terror for me beside I have had no letter from you for long time and that is my great source of anxiety as I do not know where to send your letters I send part to Austin and part to Duval Bluff. Where shall I send them? I am feeling very sad tonight and don't think I will write much as I have no news to tell. I have written a number of times about the difficulty of finding a house and that I have to move, also about my great disgust at that Logston place in the country, and of the houses to sell in town. The old Shellenberg house, red bordered and two by Mr. Edmundson. The house Mr. Porter lived in is for sale at 700 dollars and property everywhere now is at speculation prices. The Shellenberger house with its two well fenced lots and good well for 500 is far the lowest in price of any that I know.

McGregor whom you will remember as the grocer here long ago has come back and gone in with Meyer¹³⁵ again. Newton has a strange power of drawing its settlers back again to itself after they have tried vainly to do better elsewhere.

The rush here is immense and the amount of business of all kinds is increasing daily. The merchants are so much afraid of a great fall in dry goods that they are selling at auction a trifle below, or at cost. We are having most delightful October weather and it makes my heart ache badly to think what pleasant walks and rides might have been

¹³⁵ James McGregor and probably John Meyer, lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-eighth Inf.

to us under less trying circumstances. You can easily imagine just about how I am employed much of the time washing dishes, making fires, putting children to bed etc, etc, while I can have no idea of what duties or pleasures, time, or season, can bring to you. You can think of your home as a thing remaining while you are drifting here, and there, while my divided loves and fears toss to and fro without rest or calm. Parmenter told me of a clergyman from Rockford who went to Petersburg sent by the Christian commission and while there during a battle, saw so much of misery and death as the result of *only one* day of war, that his sentiments were all changed, and he became (although a hater of Southern policy and principle) almost a peace man. Now while I do not commend nor yet quite sympathize with this man, I do not in the least wonder at his conclusion. If I did not believe that in some way (now all dimly understood) all this sorrow was necessary under God's plan for our redemption I too would feel that nothing could pay for all of sorrow and death that darken our hearts and homes.

We are all well and thinking much of the time when Pa is coming home. Nellie was much disappointed that you could not see how large she was on her birthday. I do hope tomorrow will bring a letter, Yours in love undying

M. W. Howe.

XII

From middle October, 1864, Mrs. Howe had increasing cause for anxiety about her husband's health and prospects. His letters due to illness were less frequent. Further she was hearing from officers of his regiment, home on furlough, that his physical condition was precarious, and that his health was in such critical stage that he might be unable to come home even if granted leave or discharged.

In the beginning of her third paragraph in the following letter Mrs. Howe refers to two incidents of the Civil War that shocked the public peace rudely and produced panic in south and central Iowa. The first event was the sudden invasion of Davis County by a band of guerrillas, who by murder and rapine spread terror until checked. The second was the brutal murder in Poweshiek County south and west of Grinnell of two deputy provost marshals, Captains John L. Bashore of Appanoose County and Josiah L. Woodruff of Marion County, who had been sent to apprehend some men who refused to answer to the draft. A local organization composed of resident Southerners who called themselves "Demo-

cratic Rangers" (it was probably a unit of the Knights of the Golden Circle), focussed the opposition, and backed the resistance of the local resisters—it had delegated Messrs. Mike Gleason and John and Joseph Fleener "to attend" to the deputies and prevent their mission, with the sorry conclusion named by Mrs. Howe.

Newton, Oct. 16th [1864]

My dear Husband:

Yours of Sept. 29th came in last night the first letter in 12 days but I kept up pretty well as I knew everything in your region was all confusion.

I am very sorry to know that your health is still poor but I had heard so from Maj. Smith who told me some weeks ago that the maj. of your regiment told him that your health would not permit you to go north if the regiment did go in pursuit of Price.

The big invasion panic here seemed to resolve itself into 200 Missourians who came within a few miles of Ottumwa and were driven back. It created quite a panic here. Capt. Manning's company are armed with Enfield rifles and are to be mounted infantry.¹³⁶ Capts. Woodruff and Bashore were the men killed in the Grinnell War as we call it here.¹³⁷ I take more hope from the late election returns from the East than from anything for a long time before. I believe a heavy Union majority in New York and Pennsylvania would be better tokens of a coming peace than even Richmond taken. You speak quite often, my dear, of our being "poor folks" after your return as though that had some, new, undefinable, terror for us. Why my dear haven't we always been such? To be sure we never seemed to half believe it neither will we now, but the facts will be the same as ever. There is no terror to me in any future that includes my husband and children in one family with myself. There is now no difficulty in all men finding such employment as pleases them but no doubt after the war when all the soldiers return there will be more competition but we shall surely find a way to make a comfortable and also respectable living among civilized people. I do not fear it my dear, and do not let any thoughts of this kind trouble you. If only God in his goodness will bring us to-

¹³⁶ The Captain Manning referred to above was probably Wm. Manning, formerly first lieutenant of Co. I, Tenth Ia. Inf. and later adjutant. Mrs. Howe repeats the rumors current in the press that 200 Missourians had invaded Davis and Wapello counties (see article entitled "The Guerrilla Raid" in *Ottumwa Courier* for Oct. 13, 1864). The number was considerably exaggerated. Lt. Col. S. A. Moore in his report to Adjutant General N. S. Baker states that there were only twelve guerrillas who invaded Davis County. But they were disguised in Federal uniforms and did much sorry damage before Col. Jas. B. Weaver dispersed and captured some of the murdering marauders (see *Adjutant General's Report, 1864-65*, Vol. II, pp. 1417-28; reprinted in *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series; Vol. XIII, pp. 362-374).

¹³⁷ L. F. Parker, *History of Pocahontas County, Iowa*, Vol. I, pp. 190-192; Gue, *History of Iowa*, Vol. II, pp. 91-92.

gether an unbroken family again then surely must all our life be a thanksgiving song.

Mr. Edmundson asked me if you had ever got your pay yet for the time spent in the State service before your regiment was mustered in? I told him no. Was that not correct? He said then there was so much laid up as it was all right when you wanted it. If so that will help some about a home if we do not find one sooner.

I often wish that I dared to teach school or do something that would help a little more but really my dear, I dare not for the great anxiety for you and perhaps a change of climate has not affected me very kindly as to health while I am not sick much I am tired all the time and find that I need to take expectorant often to keep down the pain and soreness of my lungs and throat. I dare not now venture more as a few months of sickness would lose more than I could make.

My dearest, I have written a long letter about nothing. I hope that you have learned long ago that I did receive the money sent by express. One hundred and fifty dollars but no money ever came in letters nor did any letters come that told of enclosing any. Good night again, so often said, always so sadly. God bless and keep you and return you to your loving wife.

M. W. Howe.

Locke wants me to tell you that he has made the fire and put on the kettle for two days.

Newton, Oct. 20, 1864.

My dear Husband:

I have received nothing from you since yours of Oct. 5th in which you were so disturbed about my coming down the river. I have been looking anxiously all the week hoping that in your next you would say that all uneasiness on that score was gone, or it seemed to me that my letters must soon convince you it was all nonsense even without the assertion from myself. But the letters do not come yet and I fear either that you are expecting me or that you are unable to write, both of which are a sorry state for you and me.

It is one of those beautiful Oct. days so often seen in Iowa when we can hardly realize that the "year's departing beauty bides of wintry storms the sullen threat" for the air seems all sunshine and balm and the russet dress of the trees is as if a golden summer sunset was bathing them. Do you remember those splendid sunsets at the Lakes, when after a heavy thunder storm with the dark clouds piled as a solid background in the east? The whole landscape, wood, field, and wave, seemed bathed in such a flood of golden light as if it were indeed reflected from the very pavement of Heaven. It was such beauty as this united

with the feeling of a home all our own that made a residence in that far off region not only tolerable, but at times delightful, not that I have ever had one momentary regret that we left all this for the beauty is to me only as the beauty of death; the rose around the tomb, nothing to rely upon, nothing to sustain us, only a veil over the realities of disappointment and great sorrow.

I find every where, even in my own mind, the hope, almost belief, that the war is drawing to a close, and yet the reason for this is hard to give, since every step southward is just as sternly contested now as three years ago. Perhaps it is that we are all expecting great results from the re-election of Lincoln, (now so trustingly hoped for) perhaps relying some upon the rumors of a wish for peace among some of the rebel states themselves, or it may be that we are only without reason believing what we all so earnestly desire. Oh, these three years of cruel war, in which over the bleeding hearts of many, others have strode on, to wealth, and power. This is one of the sad things in the war that so many seem not to have coined their own, but their brothers blood, and have built up their immense fortunes from their Country's sorrow.

There are evidently some things troubling you of which I am ignorant and which you think not best for various reasons to write about. Is there any probability that letters written to you are ever meddled with? I am sure that your position must naturally furnish difficulties enough for you to surmount, and if you have to encounter those not on the record, it is hard, truly. There were a number of allusions which I could not in the least understand but they shall give me no uneasiness, (apart from the knowledge of their trouble to you) and some time it will all be right.

I wish you were not so discouraged both about things at home and with you, for I can only feel that we have already lived through so much real trial that it is worse than useless to anticipate anything. We have many causes for thankfulness. In but few, comparatively very few, of the families of those in the army, do things remain as they were, so many have lost either husband, wife, or child, that while we all remain an unbroken household, even although separated widely, let us thank God for the mercies and not, not grieve about some sorrow or trial which may never come, and for which at best the only remedy is submission and patience. Forgive me, by dear, that I have written such a lecture particularly as no doubt it is needed most by myself.

I wonder if I had better tell you what a time I am having trying to find, and not finding a house, while the new owner of this is waiting not very patiently for us to get out, well you may imagine it all just as well as I can tell it, only the hunt for a house when you were here was all a joke compared with now. I do not even think of a house, one or at most two rooms is all that I could think of paying rent for, so much has rent raised the last year. The rush here still continues and I often wonder what people are coming here for when it is full to over-

flowing now. I hope if Moore comes home that he will come and see me. His wife will almost or quite be glad that he was sick as she is very tired of living alone. It is so dark that I can only guess the lines and say good bye and may God keep you in safety and bring us together soon.

Yours in love,

M. W. Howe.

I have been to church and just got back. You cannot tell how often on Sabbath Evening I wonder where you are, and what you are doing, whether there is any even apparent regard for Sabbath. Do you have any Chaplain and does it seem of any use. I have often wished that I could get a clearer view of your every day life in camp, but must wait until like old Aeneas in the olden time school book, "it shall delight you to tell."

You seem very desirous that the children should "be good" nothing can do more towards bringing this about than such expressions addressed to them as they all think much of hearing pa's letters read and are always pleased when they are mentioned particularly. I think they are good children though of course each of them have faults of character, and their own individual ways of them showing.

Brownsville, Ark.

Nov. 1, 1864.

My dear Wife:

Gaining fast and will be able to start for home on furlough as soon as it can be got, unless it is denied which all say is not going to be.

Goodbye,

O. C. Howe.

Newton, Dec. 5th. [1864]

My dearest:

For a long time I have tried to school my heart to bear with patient fortitude the blow which I knew must come some time, but it is a rebellious heart and now I feel all unprepared to bear this my greatest trial. Oh, will nothing but blood and tears wipe out our Nations sin? I know the path of duty is the one where we should love to walk and that you have chosen it I feel, but it is a false theory that teaches joy as the inevitable fruit of duty, no, no it is those who "come up through much tribulation" whose robes are whitest. This stunning grief must pass away and life will roll on in its dull sluggish current looking only to the "coming home" as the one thing desirable. It is very easy to preach patriotism and sacrifice to others but when the gift upon the altar is our choicest I fear we would if possible recall the offering. I do not know that I have any wish to come to Davenport, I fear I would not without injury to us both, for do not, my dear husband, imagine that I am so selfish as to think the pain of parting all my own.

I am going to do better by and by and although I think I shall hardly covet the cheer of a flirting "war widow", I will try and do my duty by the children and not keep them in an atmosphere of gloom, also will I cultivate that brave trust which has so often the power of prophesy. There is much of account and business matters at home which I had hoped you might settle yourself before leaving the state. I will do as well as I can and you can when settled still advise in many things although absent. Perhaps I can come and visit you in the spring. Do make such an arrangement if possible.

If you have not written to your parents do so at once after reaching St. Louis, I believe you have some cousins there. Now, my dear husband, I beseech you that you do not amid the care and tumult of camp life forget your God. Oh, try and live nearer to Him when absent from all your earthly loved ones. Pray often for your wife and little ones who will not forget their father.

I have not another moment before mail time, and can never tell you how dear you are to me now and have ever been. God keep and comfort us.

M. W. Howe.

December, 1864.

My Dear Husband:

I have just heard from you that you were mustered [out] and expected to leave soon for St. Louis. Well, it has been expected a long time but will be no easier to bear when it comes. I do hope that you can come home as Linnie and indeed all the children wish so much to see their Pa but if not I suppose I must bear that too. I hope you will remain in St. Louis all winter and that the war will be over before many months. I am doing very well, Abbott has been here since Saturday and banked us all in as you never saw a house banked, all around and under, and fixed us up generally for winter, besides doing some marketing for time to come. Belle will stay here through the winter. Abbott says that he has written to you upon some matters and seems anxious for an answer. You need not call this a letter as it is only an attachment to Linnie's letter.

The greatest trouble we have in the house keeping line is for fuel. Wood is scarce and very dear and coal can hardly be obtained in quantities for the demand. I think when I am in funds I will get two or three cords of wood and try to find some one to cut it then we can have that for exigences and not be distressed for fuel. Phillip Reitter was buried last week and many children are again sick, with a variety of diseases. I will write again soon and you have probably received a long letter from me written last Sunday. Goodnight.

Your loving wanting wife

M. W. Howe.

Brownsville Station Arks. April 25th, 1865.

Mr. O. C. Howe:

Dear Sir: I have the honor and pleasure again of writing you a note. My health is very poor again this spring and appears to be continually failing. I am going to resign if I can for if I have to stay here I will die before fall the health of the Regiment is good, better then I have ever saw it since we have been in the service. Co. L. is right side up the boys are all well and in good spirits they think of getting to come home soon there is flags of truce passing between Kirby Smith and General Reynolds the supposition is that Smith is about Surrendering all his army to the U. S. Authorities and if so fighting is very near plaid out in the west. Well Captain I have disposed of your horse I employed a man to take care of him just as soon as you wrote me word that you wished me to take the horse and do the best I could with him he had the greese heel then and did not get well for a long time neither did he improve any and just at the time that I thought he was about well took sick and for ten days I never knew him eat one bite of anything he had reduced very much but I finely disposed of the horse for fifty dollars I have paid Martin Beeson twelve dollars which Serg. Richardson says you owed him I then paid the remainder thirty eight dollars to J. G. Rockafellow as Company fund enclosed is the Receipt given by Lieut. J. G. R. I am sorry that I could do no better but I have done the very best I could for you knowing that you needed all the money you could get well Captain if I am fortunate enough to get home once more the rest of my time shall be spent in some other business where I can enjoy the associations of friend and home I would be glad to hear from you and family but I may be at home soon if so I will give you a call. I remain your friend as ever

Lieut. Richard Armstrong.

O. C. Howe, Newton
Jasper Co., Iowa

Captain Howe's condition apparently was so serious that instead of a furlough, for which he had applied, he was given a complete honorable discharge from service on December 6, 1864, and invalided home. His health must have been precarious for he remained for some weeks in the army hospital at Davenport, where for a time his life was despaired of; but his rugged constitution withstood the ravages of the fevers that for weeks had harassed his health, and Mrs. Howe was able to take him to their home in Newton.

[Concluded]

JOHN FRANCIS RAGUE—
PIONEER ARCHITECT OF IOWA

BY M. M. HOFFMAN

John F. Rague came to Dubuque in 1854. There he met the Honorable Stephen Hempstead, just returned from his four years of governorship of the state of Iowa at Iowa City. He and Hempstead became friends and he allowed Hempstead to prevail upon him to remain in Iowa as a permanent resident. Rague had been in Iowa before. His name was connected with the erection of "Old Capitol" at Iowa City, in which building Hempstead had held forth as governor of Iowa. A persistent tradition has made an artistic Italian missionary, the Dominican priest, Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli, the designer of the plans of "Old Capitol", but cold historical facts make John Francis Rague the constructing architect of that exquisite, old state house, the pride of classic Iowa. And just as Father Mazzuchelli had erected his edifices in three different states, so had Rague likewise reared his monuments of beauty in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa.

Rague's father was a surgeon in the French army who came to America with Lafayette during the Revolutionary War.¹ After the war he remained in America and married the daughter of a New Jersey family. The family Bible of this Presbyterian lady, John F. Rague's mother, which he brought to Dubuque with him, states in the birth records: "John Francis Rague, born at Scotch Plains, N. J., March 24, 1799." His mother, forty-one years of age at the time of his birth, had previously been an intimate friend of Washington Irving's mother, and had helped rear young Washington during his babyhood while Mrs. Irving had been incapacitated by illness. In 1806 young Rague commenced to attend school in New York, and later received his architectural education

¹ The material about Rague's domestic life, and ancestry, the writer obtained in 1928 from interviews with Mrs. John O'Keefe who for over twenty years had lived with the second Mrs. Rague as business partner and companion. She has in her possession now the Rague family Bible, in which is written down much concerning Mr. Rague.

under the then famous Milard Le Fevre. In 1824 when Lafayette was making his last triumphal visit to America, he was tendered a monster civic banquet in New York. Learning that young Rague, the son of his former military surgeon—now long since dead as the result of an obstinate wound received during the Revolutionary War—was in the assemblage, he requested that he be brought forward and seated next to him during the celebration.

After engaging in architectural work for a few years in New York, Rague came west to the growing town of Springfield, Illinois, in 1831. Here he affiliated with the Presbyterian church and being a musician with more than ordinary talents and endowed with a rare tenor voice, he became a leader in the church choir. With him in this choir during the following years were, among others, Mary Todd, Abraham Lincoln and Stephan A. Douglas, and a young lady whom Rague courted and married. Although Rague was Lincoln's senior by ten years, a close friendship sprang up between the two, and the awkward young lawyer allowed himself to be groomed for public functions by the polished architect from New York. It was Rague who induced Lincoln to wear white gloves for the first time to attend a dance.²

In 1836 John F. Rague was elected one of the trustees of the town of Springfield. When, during the following year, Springfield having just been made the capital of Illinois, it was decided to erect a state house there, Rague had already risen to such prominence in his field, that he was retained by the building commissioners as supervising architect of the structure at a salary of one thousand dollars a year.³ The building was of the colonial-classic type, and at its completion brought Rague such renown that he was asked to prepare the plans in 1839 for the first capitol of Iowa at Iowa City. He made the plans for the Iowa capitol while still living at Springfield; and as some sort of an outline or sketch had been probably sent to him (the proposals for the design of the building having been previously published in the *Iowa*

² Mrs. O'Keefe, *op. cit.*

³ From correspondence with Miss Georgia L. Osborne, secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield. Also see *Transactions of Illinois Historical Society*, No. 31, p. 148.

News, at Dubuque), it was doubtless at this point that the original design of Father Mazzuchelli was forwarded to him.

The contracting firm of Skeen and McDonald began operations in the spring of 1840 and pushed the work so vigorously that on July 4th an imposing ceremony of laying the corner stone was able to take place. "John F. Rague, after doing about ten thousand dollars worth of work, nearly completing the basement, threw up his contract and abandoned the work." Thus states H. W. Lathrop in the *Iowa Historical Record*;⁴ but this is not entirely true as it was Rague's contracting firm of Skeen and McDonald which abandoned the contract. The building was completed under the direction of Chauncey Swan.

In 1844, due to business and domestic difficulties, Rague left Springfield and took up his abode in Milwaukee. He lived alone there as he had divorced his wife, Eliza. In his advertisement he made no reference to his thirteen years' residence in Springfield: "After twenty years of practical building in the city of New York, he will draw plans and specifications and contracts for all types of buildings." He was one of the first two architects known to have worked in Milwaukee as architects. He also spent considerable time at Chicago, Madison and Janesville. Among the buildings in Milwaukee designed by him was the Phoenix Building and several school buildings for the city for two of which he received the sum of one hundred dollars. In regard to his projects in Madison, Arthur Peabody wrote: "The most interesting record of the man concerns the designing of the three buildings for the University of Wisconsin: University (now Bascom) Hall, North Hall, and South Hall. . . . The buildings still remain and have been admired by several architects of note for their simple lines and refined architectural character. It would be a graceful thing to inscribe his name on these buildings. The records of the Board of Regents of 1850 and the notices of the *Wisconsin Argus* of the time are all that an architect could desire for commendation."⁵

Rague kept up his interest in music as well as in local politics. He was treasurer of the Beethoven Society, the first

⁴ *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. IV, p. 102.

⁵ *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Vol. X, Dec., 1926, p. 220.

musical organization in Milwaukee. He was defeated in the race for justice of the peace in 1846 and for alderman in 1849.

After coming to Wisconsin, Rague abandoned the Presbyterian faith, and although still believing in God, he became an open and avowed Freethinker. At Janesville he met Miss Chestina Scales and here he assiduously courted. Her family, being strict members of the Episcopal church, forbade her marriage to a divorced man, a *rara avis* in those days, but they were later married by a Congregationalist minister. She was many years his junior and it was shortly after this marriage that the couple came to Iowa.

At Dubuque, Governor Hempstead's influence did much for his friend Rague. The latter designed and built the Dubuque county jail which still stands in service today. He modelled it closely after the old Tombs of New York, even down to the fierce, mediaeval-looking dungeons deep below the structure. When James O'Donnell Bennett, the literary and cultural critic of the *Chicago Tribune* was in Dubuque several years ago, he marvelled at "this gem of Egyptian architecture, transplanted across the Mississippi River." Rague built the present City Hall of Dubuque; for this he obtained the idea from the old Fulton Market House in New York. But some of his designs were entirely original, such as the old octagonal Langworthy home which still is in use today. He designed and built the First, Third and Fifth ward school buildings, the Third Ward building being used today as an apartment house. Its gingerbread decorations reveal the taste of the old Milard LeFevre school. One of his finest buildings, no longer standing, was the residence of the Hon. F. E. Bissell, the then attorney general of Iowa.⁶

In Dubuque his proclivity for local politics again manifested itself, and he was elected to the school board of which he became an active member.

In the 60's Rague's eyesight began to show impairment and in a few years he became pitifully and totally blind. In 1868, Governor Hempstead, because of an accident, was compelled to have his right leg amputated below the knee, and the two old friends were wont to visit and commiserate with

⁶ We were greatly helped in collecting these biographical facts not only by Mrs. O'Keefe, but by a long obituary article in the *Dubuque Telegraph* of September 26, 1877.

one another. Rague's first wife, Eliza, came to Dubuque to visit him several times in his affliction, and upon her death he had her body brought to Dubuque and buried upon his lot in Linwood cemetery. He arranged his own funeral ceremonies before he died, and wrote out a long poetical epitaph to be inscribed on his monument embodying his peculiar philosophy of life. He passed away on September 24, 1877.

His second wife, during her husband's blindness, and for many years after his death, conducted a combination studio and lace- and fancy-work shop, which many of the matrons of present-day Dubuque patronized in their youth. And to-day she, like the first wife, lies buried beside the remains of that pioneer architect of Iowa, John Francis Rague.

(It is pertinent for the editor of the ANNALS to add the poetical epitaph referred to above as it appears in the files of the *Dubuque Herald* of September 26, 1877, as follows:)

This planet earth, it's face I've trod
For three score years and o'er,
Now in it's bosom make my bed,
To rest for evermore.

Though ere a thousand years shall pass,
My dust shall rise again;
May generate e'en flowers or grass,
By aid of sun and rain.

The bees will sip these fragrant flowers,
The lambs will eat the grass,
And thus they'll spend their earthly hours,
Till from this life they pass.

Then all return to mother earth,
Some time again to rise,
Though no one knows the kind of birth,
But God, the only wise.

Thus Nature's laws are God's own cause,
Obedient to his will;
Men sometimes teach, but let them pause;
All Nature speaks—be still.

Roll on our planet, in the train
With million others, roll.
Man need not fear, he can't be slain—
He's under God's control.

WILLIAM SALTER'S LETTERS TO
MARY ANN MACKINTIRE
1845-1846

EDITED BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

[*Concluded*]

Maquoketa, Iowa. March
21, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I arrived home on the 19th I found the stage at Davenport full of passengers, so Br. Adams loaned me his horse and borrowed a sulky for me, and on Wednesday I came to Dewitt where I passed a pleasant night with Br. Emerson. Thursday morning I got five miles on my way and met the stage with Br. Turner and wife in on their way to his father's near Alton, Ill., so I turned back, took dinner with them at Dewitt, had a pleasant chat and came on home. . . . I have pretty nearly made up my mind that the Lord will have me labor in his cause at Burlington and shall probably write the Church accepting their invitation next week. I design removing there then, if the Lord will, the 6th and 7th of April, but how much have I to do by way of preparation. My people have here generally expressed a strong desire that I should remain with them. I believe the Lord has given me a place—and some affectionate hearts here and it grieves me to think of leaving them. With them I have labored and prayed. Here I have toiled and suffered. I have reason to think that I have the confidence of the people in a large and rapidly growing section of the country, and that in time I can do them great good. Here is my pleasant study, and as fair prospect of a comfortable and quiet home. Were in these circumstances, the change a thing of my own seeking, I should distrust [it]. Although my labors here have given me a promise of accomplishing much in the future, yet I trust they may be of service to me in Burlington, although my efforts there must be in many respects of a different character. At any rate, as Br. Emerson remarked, I shall be able to sympathize with my brethren in the country.

Before I leave I am anxious to visit a good many of my people. I must prepare a farewell sermon. I have a good deal of business with one man and another to settle up, property to dispose of etc.

Burlington is a hard place, but I beg you not to think too bad of it. Don't for a moment imagine that we shall be martyrs in going there. As to worldly comforts, society, and this life we shall be more comfortably situated than we could be anywhere in the territory, unless Dubuque be excepted. If we can get the House of Worship finished this summer,

I shan't want a better place to preach in. There are many kind and honest-hearted people, and if I can only get hold of those who ought to be under orthodox influence, I may do great good. There is a large community to work on, and though the present place of worship is full (holding about one hundred) yet when we get the church up, I shall have to gather in a congregation to fill it. A great deal depends upon a man's personal aside from his ministerial influence. People distinguish between a black coat and a fine man. My position will be a trying one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Iowa. March 25, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I have now decided one of the most eventful questions of my life and accepted the invitation to become pastor of the church in Burlington. I have endeavored this day to draw nigh to God and especially humbling myself in view of my unworthiness and unfaithfulness as minister of Christ and imploring the divine direction [in facing] the new trying scenes before me. We have acknowledged God, thou precious friend, in this as in all our ways, and I cannot but think that the counsel is of Him, and yet I go forward in weakness and fear and in much trembling. The union of the Church and Society, the advice of many friends, the congeniality of society in Burlington to our predilections, tastes, and habits, the wide field of usefulness, and the pressure there on my mental activity which I am conscious is developed, not self-moved but only on demand, and many little things make my duty tolerably clear to my mind. Let us then go forward, giving thanks to the Lord, and trusting in His holy name. . . . I shall commence my labors on the second Sabbath in April, and design preaching on the day from I Corinthians 2:2.⁵⁰ . . .

From the fact that the church in Burlington has given me a unanimous call, you may well suppose that they are not so critical as have sometimes been represented. The people were extremely kind and attentive to Br. Hutchinson. He spoke to me of their kindness to him with deep emotion, and Mrs. Hutchinson is very much beloved and tenderly sympathized with. There is but one House of Worship in the place, that is the Methodist one, a plain brick building which will seat some 350, and is generally filled. They talk of enlarging it. Mr. Norri their minister, is a man of good spirit from Maine. His wife is going East this summer. There are two German congregations, one Evangelical and the other Methodist. I mistake, there is a Romish House but they have no priest now. This influence is comparatively small though some leading political characters are connected with it. There is an Episcopal church ministered to by Mr. Bachelor, an old Andover

⁵⁰ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

student, and an Old School Presbyterian church of some dozen members. Their minister preaches $\frac{1}{2}$ his time, is from Kentucky, and it is said, is about leaving. This Congregational church consists of about 40 members. James G. Edwards (editor of the *Hawk-Eye*) and A. S. Shackford are the deacons. Mrs. Edwards was formerly a member of Dr. Wisner's church in Boston, and is a devoted Christian. . . . I preached in Burlington from John 18:36,⁵¹ Rom. 16:8,⁵² Psalms 90:9,⁵³ I Corinthians 15:3,⁵⁴ Gal. 2:15-16,⁵⁵ John 6:66-68,⁵⁶ generally with ease and to an attentive congregation. Whether they will listen with so much interest when I have ceased to be "a new thing" among them is problematical. . . . I find it a greater struggle than I had anticipated to break away from my relations here. Many are expressing their regret at my leaving them. Mr. Shaw offered to give me an acre of land for which he has charged me \$25 if I will stay. One man who was excommunicated from the church last spring was in to see me yesterday and said he wants me to stay. I find I have formed a strong attachment to this study and to my plans for building here. One good mother in the church says she don't think I will go yet. Another thinks I will be back in a year. Mrs. Shaw complains of the people in Burlington, and Mr. Shaw says he shall feel discouraged for if they send a smart man here, someone will call him away, and if they (i. e. the A. H. M. S.) send a fool, they don't want him. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, April 3, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had a hard struggle in breaking away from Deacon Cotton and Br. Young this week. The old men seemed to sorrow most that they should see my face no more. I shall have people of more polish and less roughness, but no warmer, no truer hearts. It seems strange that I am breaking away from them. . . . I must shave before it is all night. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

⁵¹ John 18:36. Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.

⁵² Romans 16:8. Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord.

⁵³ Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

⁵⁴ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

⁵⁵ Galatians 2:15-16. We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.

⁵⁶ John 6:66-68. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life.

Burlington, Iowa. April 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How strange is this thing of a new home! Time in its rapid flight has hurried me here. I am surrounded by new friends, new associations, and am to engage almost in new pursuits. I am just prospectively anchored again. I moved this morning to Mr. J. G. Edwards's.⁵⁷ Have unpacked my books, put the table into the middle of the room, now my first pleasure is to give you my first thoughts. Would that you were with me. . . . I must tell you of my journey. Last Sabbath I had a large and deeply interested congregation at Maquoketa. Br. Young and his two boys came 10 miles on foot to be present. In the afternoon, I preached my farewell, and administered the sacrament. An interesting young lady was received into the church from the Methodist church in New York. As I briefly reviewed my ministry and pointed to the graveyard where but two years ago we had buried the first corpse and where we were now almost a congregation of the dead, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. It was hard to leave so many good friends. They accepted the idea that I would come back [to] live with them in a few years. Monday of this week was a very stormy day. Tuesday it blew a tempest. Wednesday afternoon I came to De Witt and passed a very pleasant night with Br. Emerson. The next day I came to Davenport. I found the Wopsipinicon was rising, and fording it the water came into our wagon box. I just had time to get dinner with Br. Adams, call on a few friends, and visit the ground for the location of the projected college when a steamboat (the Falcon) came in sight. The next morning at 9 o'clock, I reached Burlington. I do not board with Mr. Starr's family, as I had anticipated, in consequence of their intending to take Mrs. Hutchinson with them as soon as she can be moved, as they are also contemplating a visit East this summer. Mrs. H. has been quite sick since I was here and is not now able to leave her room, though some better. Ah, the severity of her lot! How dark the ways of Providence! She has my tenderest sympathies. Anything I can do for her shall not be wanting. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were Boston folks, they are very kind. I have a pleasant room in a one-story house. From my windows is a view of the Mississippi. In one corner are my books on some rickety shelves. In another, my bed—on the east side a Franklin stove (it is quite cold today). The family is rather large, and I shall not be so retired as I could wish. But if you can form any idea of my situation, you may think of it as tolerably pleasant. . . . The streets are very muddy at present. Burlington is very different from Maquoketa, but hardly more so than it is from Charlestown. There is everything to be done here. Some one remarked yesterday that the church never had a minister who was here through the summer. . . . Mr. C. C. Shackford left for the East this week before I arrived, other-

⁵⁷ *Vid.* Philip D. Jordan, "The Life and Works of James Gardiner Edwards" in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXIII, No. 3, October, 1930.

wise I would have desired him to call on your father. He is uncertain about his returning. It is rather to be hoped for that you can keep him East. He has property here, a steam flouring mill. My Church have not procured a better room for meeting, and we may have to suffer for the want until the church is built. Our singing is very poor, not much better than we had at Maquoketa.

. . . . My study hours are in the morning and evening. The mornings for research or planning, the evening for writing and light reading. I can make very good resolutions in entering upon my labors here. I know what it will be for me to attend to this people, but in this country we have so much outdoor work for the whole country which can only be done at sacrifice of much time, that I dare not prophesy how I shall manage. You will find out that my study is par excellence my home. I cannot tell whether I shall succeed in my studies and in preaching, but one thing I know, that I can never succeed in anything else. I would be sorry to make my own feelings and habits a criterion by which to judge others, for these are divinations of gifts, but I cannot see how anyone can succeed in the ministry unless he gives himself "wholly" to the work. It would be wicked to deny having at times some hankering after a pleasant settlement in the East, but to try to suppress those desires which, like the fool's eyes, are to the ends of the earth. I shall never lack anything of the kind. As I came down the river and meditated upon the elements of future greatness in this valley, my spirit was stirred within me to do something to make this a goodly commonwealth, which should belong to the Kingdom of Christ and be to His praise. But our destiny is sealed. We are but the East over again unless indeed there is a determination. I realize more deeply than ever the vast importance of influential men in the East. Our law in the West comes forth from your Zion. At present, however, if you are agreed, Burlington shall be enough for the measure of our ambition. And in this uncertain world we will not presume upon tomorrow. . . .

Your, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 22, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do you do this pleasant afternoon? As I look out over the river and see the fresh green of young life on shrub and tree on its banks, I want you here to respond as I call it beautiful. . . . Our congregation was crowded last Sabbath morning. I am preparing for next Sunday on the necessity of Revelation from Job 37:23,⁵⁸ and in the afternoon wish to preach on the church as an hour of prayer for all nations. In my morning sermon I design, with some implications, to go through a systematic presentation of divine truth. My afternoon

⁵⁸ Job 37:23. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice, he will not afflict.

one another. Rague's first wife, Eliza, came to Dubuque to visit him several times in his affliction, and upon her death he had her body brought to Dubuque and buried upon his lot in Linwood cemetery. He arranged his own funeral ceremonies before he died, and wrote out a long poetical epitaph to be inscribed on his monument embodying his peculiar philosophy of life. He passed away on September 24, 1877.

His second wife, during her husband's blindness, and for many years after his death, conducted a combination studio and lace- and fancy-work shop, which many of the matrons of present-day Dubuque patronized in their youth. And to-day she, like the first wife, lies buried beside the remains of that pioneer architect of Iowa, John Francis Rague.

(It is pertinent for the editor of the ANNALS to add the poetical epitaph referred to above as it appears in the files of the *Dubuque Herald* of September 26, 1877, as follows:)

This planet earth, it's face I've trod
For three score years and o'er,
Now in it's bosom make my bed,
To rest for evermore.

Though ere a thousand years shall pass,
My dust shall rise again;
May generate e'en flowers or grass,
By aid of sun and rain.

The bees will sip these fragrant flowers,
The lambs will eat the grass,
And thus they'll spend their earthly hours,
Till from this life they pass.

Then all return to mother earth,
Some time again to rise,
Though no one knows the kind of birth,
But God, the only wise.

Thus Nature's laws are God's own cause,
Obedient to his will;
Men sometimes teach, but let them pause;
All Nature speaks—be still.

Roll on our planet, in the train
With million others, roll.
Man need not fear, he can't be slain—
He's under God's control.

WILLIAM SALTER'S LETTERS TO
MARY ANN MACKINTIRE
1845-1846

EDITED BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

[*Concluded*]

Maquoketa, Iowa. March
21, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I arrived home on the 19th I found the stage at Davenport full of passengers, so Br. Adams loaned me his horse and borrowed a sulky for me, and on Wednesday I came to Dewitt where I passed a pleasant night with Br. Emerson. Thursday morning I got five miles on my way and met the stage with Br. Turner and wife in on their way to his father's near Alton, Ill., so I turned back, took dinner with them at Dewitt, had a pleasant chat and came on home. . . . I have pretty nearly made up my mind that the Lord will have me labor in his cause at Burlington and shall probably write the Church accepting their invitation next week. I design removing there then, if the Lord will, the 6th and 7th of April, but how much have I to do by way of preparation. My people have here generally expressed a strong desire that I should remain with them. I believe the Lord has given me a place—and some affectionate hearts here and it grieves me to think of leaving them. With them I have labored and prayed. Here I have toiled and suffered. I have reason to think that I have the confidence of the people in a large and rapidly growing section of the country, and that in time I can do them great good. Here is my pleasant study, and as fair prospect of a comfortable and quiet home. Were in these circumstances, the change a thing of my own seeking, I should distrust [it]. Although my labors here have given me a promise of accomplishing much in the future, yet I trust they may be of service to me in Burlington, although my efforts there must be in many respects of a different character. At any rate, as Br. Emerson remarked, I shall be able to sympathize with my brethren in the country.

Before I leave I am anxious to visit a good many of my people. I must prepare a farewell sermon. I have a good deal of business with one man and another to settle up, property to dispose of etc.

Burlington is a hard place, but I beg you not to think too bad of it. Don't for a moment imagine that we shall be martyrs in going there. As to worldly comforts, society, and this life we shall be more comfortably situated than we could be anywhere in the territory, unless Dubuque be excepted. If we can get the House of Worship finished this summer,

I shan't want a better place to preach in. There are many kind and honest-hearted people, and if I can only get hold of those who ought to be under orthodox influence, I may do great good. There is a large community to work on, and though the present place of worship is full (holding about one hundred) yet when we get the church up, I shall have to gather in a congregation to fill it. A great deal depends upon a man's personal aside from his ministerial influence. People distinguish between a black coat and a fine man. My position will be a trying one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Iowa. March 25, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I have now decided one of the most eventful questions of my life and accepted the invitation to become pastor of the church in Burlington. I have endeavored this day to draw nigh to God and especially humbling myself in view of my unworthiness and unfaithfulness as a minister of Christ and imploring the divine direction [in facing] the new trying scenes before me. We have acknowledged God, thou precious friend, in this as in all our ways, and I cannot but think that this counsel is of Him, and yet I go forward in weakness and fear and in much trembling. The union of the Church and Society, the advice of many friends, the congeniality of society in Burlington to our predilections, tastes, and habits, the wide field of usefulness, and the pressure there on my mental activity which I am conscious is developed, not self-moved but only on demand, and many little things make my duty tolerably clear to my mind. Let us then go forward, giving thanks to the Lord, and trusting in His holy name. . . . I shall commence my labors on the second Sabbath in April, and design preaching on that day from I Corinthians 2:2⁵⁰. . . .

From the fact that the church in Burlington has given me a unanimous call, you may well suppose that they are not so critical as have sometimes been represented. The people were extremely kind and attentive to Br. Hutchinson. He spoke to me of their kindness to him with deep emotion, and Mrs. Hutchinson is very much beloved and tenderly sympathized with. There is but one House of Worship in the place, that is the Methodist one, a plain brick building which will seat some 350, and is generally filled. They talk of enlarging it. Mr. Norris, their minister, is a man of good spirit from Maine. His wife is going East this summer. There are two German congregations, one Evangelical and the other Methodist. I mistake, there is a Romish House, but they have no priest now. This influence is comparatively small, though some leading political characters are connected with it. There is an Episcopal church ministered to by Mr. Bachelor, an old Andover

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student, and an Old School Presbyterian church of some dozen members. Their minister preaches $\frac{1}{2}$ his time, is from Kentucky, and it is said, is about leaving. This Congregational church consists of about 40 members. James G. Edwards (editor of the *Hawk-Eye*) and A. S. Shackford are the deacons. Mrs. Edwards was formerly a member of Dr. Wisner's church in Boston, and is a devoted Christian. . . . I preached in Burlington from John 18:36,⁵¹ Rom. 16:8,⁵² Psalms 90:9,⁵³ I Corinthians 15:3,⁵⁴ Gal. 2:15-16,⁵⁵ John 6:66-68,⁵⁶ generally with ease and to an attentive congregation. Whether they will listen with so much interest when I have ceased to be "a new thing" among them is problematical. . . . I find it a greater struggle than I had anticipated to break away from my relations here. Many are expressing their regret at my leaving them. Mr. Shaw offered to give me an acre of land for which he has charged me \$25 if I will stay. One man who was excommunicated from the church last spring was in to see me yesterday and said he wants me to stay. I find I have formed a strong attachment to this study and to my plans for building here. One good mother in the church says she don't think I will go yet. Another thinks I will be back in a year. Mrs. Shaw complains of the people in Burlington, and Mr. Shaw says he shall feel discouraged for if they send a smart man here, someone will call him away, and if they (i. e. the A. H. M. S.) send a fool, they don't want him. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, April 3, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had a hard struggle in breaking away from Deacon Cotton and Br. Young this week. The old men seemed to sorrow most that they should see my face no more. I shall have people of more polish and less roughness, but no warmer, no truer hearts. It seems strange that I am breaking away from them. . . . I must shave before it is all night. . . .

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⁵⁶ John 6:66-68. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life.

Burlington, Iowa. April 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How strange is this thing of a new home! Time in its rapid flight has hurried me here. I am surrounded by new friends, new associations, and am to engage almost in new pursuits. I am just prospectively anchored again. I moved this morning to Mr. J. G. Edwards's.⁵⁷ Have unpacked my books, put the table into the middle of the room, now my first pleasure is to give you my first thoughts. Would that you were with me. . . . I must tell you of my journey. Last Sabbath I had a large and deeply interested congregation at Maquoketa. Br. Young and his two boys came 10 miles on foot to be present. In the afternoon, I preached my farewell, and administered the sacrament. An interesting young lady was received into the church from the Methodist church in New York. As I briefly reviewed my ministry and pointed to the graveyard where but two years ago we had buried the first corpse and where we were now almost a congregation of the dead, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. It was hard to leave so many good friends. They accepted the idea that I would come back [to] live with them in a few years. Monday of this week was a very stormy day. Tuesday it blew a tempest. Wednesday afternoon I came to De Witt and passed a very pleasant night with Br. Emerson. The next day I came to Davenport. I found the Wopsipinicon was rising, and fording it the water came into our wagon box. I just had time to get dinner with Br. Adams, call on a few friends, and visit the ground for the location of the projected college when a steamboat (the Falcon) came in sight. The next morning at 9 o'clock, I reached Burlington. I do not board with Mr. Starr's family, as I had anticipated, in consequence of their intending to take Mrs. Hutchinson with them as soon as she can be moved, as they are also contemplating a visit East this summer. Mrs. H. has been quite sick since I was here and is not now able to leave her room, though some better. Ah, the severity of her lot! How dark the ways of Providence! She has my tenderest sympathies. Anything I can do for her shall not be wanting. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were Boston folks, they are very kind. I have a pleasant room in a one-story house. From my windows is a view of the Mississippi. In one corner are my books on some rickety shelves. In another, my bed—on the east side a Franklin stove (it is quite cold today). The family is rather large, and I shall not be so retired as I could wish. But if you can form any idea of my situation, you may think of it as tolerably pleasant. . . . The streets are very muddy at present. Burlington is very different from Maquoketa, but hardly more so than it is from Charlestown. There is everything to be done here. Some one remarked yesterday that the church never had a minister who was here through the summer. . . . Mr. C. C. Shackford left for the East this week before I arrived, other-

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. . . . My study hours are in the morning and evening. The mornings for research or planning, the evening for writing and light reading. I can make very good resolutions in entering upon my labors here. I know what it will be for me to attend to this people, but in this country we have so much outdoor work for the whole country which can only be done at sacrifice of much time, that I dare not prophesy how I shall manage. You will find out that my study is par excellence my home. I cannot tell whether I shall succeed in my studies and in preaching, but one thing I know, that I can never succeed in anything else. I would be sorry to make my own feelings and habits a criterion by which to judge others, for these are divinations of gifts, but I cannot see how anyone can succeed in the ministry unless he gives himself "wholly" to the work. It would be wicked to deny having at times some hankering after a pleasant settlement in the East, but to try to suppress those desires which, like the fool's eyes, are to the ends of the earth. I shall never lack anything of the kind. As I came down the river and meditated upon the elements of future greatness in this valley, my spirit was stirred within me to do something to make this a goodly commonwealth, which should belong to the Kingdom of Christ and be to His praise. But our destiny is sealed. We are but the East over again unless indeed there is a determination. I realize more deeply than ever the vast importance of influential men in the East. Our law in the West comes forth from your Zion. At present, however, if you are agreed, Burlington shall be enough for the measure of our ambition. And in this uncertain world we will not presume upon tomorrow. . . .

Your, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 22, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do you do this pleasant afternoon? As I look out over the river and see the fresh green of young life on shrub and tree on its banks, I want you here to respond as I call it beautiful. . . . Our congregation was crowded last Sabbath morning. I am preparing for next Sunday on the necessity of Revelation from Job 37:23,⁵⁸ and in the afternoon wish to preach on the church as an hour of prayer for all nations. In my morning sermon I design, with some implications, to go through a systematic presentation of divine truth. My afternoon

⁵⁸ Job 37:23. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice, he will not afflict.

sermon will be occasional and pro tempore. Thursday evening the regular weekly prayer meeting held at private homes. Friday evening of this week we design making an effort to advance the Sabbath School cause, and have a meeting appointed for that purpose. The attendance of our school is generally 60. We want more teachers and a new library. There is also a school in a destitute part of the town called "Lower Town," superintended by one of my congregation which is in pressing want of a library. I think it deserves a donation. And if your sewing circle has not dispursed [sic] all their charities yet, would be happy if they would send on a library. The singing in my church continues very poor. The ladies have a sewing circle to aid in building the church. They think of furnishing it. They meet every fortnight. . . .

Burlington has about 3000 inhabitants. The land rises from the river gradually. The fifth street from the river on the north part of town is on the bluff some 120 feet or more above the level of the river. Hawk-Eye creek a spring, runs a very little bubbling stream, through the north part of town, below which is the lower town built on a more level ground. I am sorry I can't give you a draft. There are many large brick stores and some good houses with many very poor ones. A few families live in good style as people do with you, but most are poor. I don't know any town in the East like B. New Branch on the Hudson which is more than twice as large looks a little like it. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson's [health] is much better, was moved to Mr. Starr's last week. She is a woman of great fortitude. I generally call on her every day. . . .

Wm. Salter.

[Burlington, Iowa] Thursday
6 p. m. April 28, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had planned a ride out in the country yesterday with Mrs. Hutchinson, but bad weather kept me home and it rained all the day. We shall go the first pleasant day. She is mending very slowly. . . . I visited eight families yesterday with Deacon Edwards. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 30, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . Mr. Warren⁵⁹ went East this morning, via St. Louis. I gave him a letter to your father. He is a member of my congregation. A very intelligent man, broke down in business East, I understand, and came here in 1844. His wife is from Granby (not Granville), went East a short time ago. He had learned Mr. Shackford's mill which burned down here is thrown out of business. He has gone East to get funds for a new mill. I hope he will succeed in raising them. He told me he meant to return immediately. Father can question him

⁵⁹ Fitz Henry Warren.

in extenso about Burlington. Mr. Starr talks of going East in two weeks. You ask about Mr. Starr's family. I suppose your questions now would apply to Mr. Edwards. They have no children, but an adopted daughter some 15 years old, besides Mrs. Prince, a sister of Mrs. Edwards [who] has two girls. There is also Mrs. E's mother, formerly from Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. E. has four printer boys apprentices. The house is small. Mine is a very good room. My bed is in the northeast corner. I have a bedfellow occasionally. Now Mr. Reipe, a German minister from the neighborhood of St. Louis where he is an agent of the Tract Society, is stopping with me. Several years ago, he had a German congregation here. Is a very amiable man. . . . I really do not know what street this house is on. It is, however, the next one north of Columbia. The house is in the west end of the lot at the corner on Main street (which as you correctly say is parallel with Water street, the second street from the river). Mr. Starr lives on Fourth street, i. e. the fourth street from the river. On the same street the new church is building, one lot from the corner of Jefferson on the west side of the street. . . . Mr. Shackford thinks you were very successful in studying the geography of Burlington in the *Hawk-Eye*.

Ever yours, Wm. Salter

Burlington, Iowa. May 5, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

. . . . I preached my sermon on Christ and Him Crucified three times, viz., at Andrew, Burlington, and Maquoketa. Ain't I a Yankee? Adapting it, as was easily done, to different circumstances. I study and write in the forenoon. In the p. m. I want to chat and have some music and walk with you. The sewing circle meets here (at Mrs. Edwards) this afternoon. They desire furnishing the church. They meet once a fortnight. Mrs. Hutchinson is president. They have some 60 dollars in the treasury. Perhaps I shall be commissioned to buy carpets and lamps for them, and I will commission you. . . . I united with this church last week. It has now 42 members. I preached a preparatory lecture on Friday extemporaneous on "Christ and Passover." We had [a] full house on [the] Sabbath and an interesting day. A member of this church was led into dancing on a steamboat excursion this spring and it has made a good deal of talk. I called on her last Saturday. She professed penitence, and I hope that may be the end of it. But isn't that unpleasant work for a minister? . . . Jacksonville⁶⁰ is 100 miles from here. Mr. Edwards talks of going there to commencement the last of June, but I will wait until we can go together. . . . I expect to see Mr. Keith at Farmington next week at the annual meeting of the Denmark Association, with which the church is now connected. Mr. Shackford talks of going out with me as dele-

⁶⁰ Jacksonville, Illinois, where Jacksonville College is located.

gate from this church. There are many, or rather a few good houses here, but none built for a minister. . . .

Shall probably soon ascertain if I can rent Mr. Parson's⁶¹ [house]. A man offered me a house on Fourth street this week for \$2000. It is an eligible situation, a new house, yet not finished, and not in all respects in the best taste, but has some good things about it. . . . I want to ride out to Mr. Leonard's⁶² this p.m. He was formerly in the ministry in Ohio. Is an excellent man, one of the best in my church, lives three miles out of town, nearly all his family (two sons and their wives) are members of the church. . . .

To Mary Mackintire
from Wm. Salter
Shall August be the month, MA.
To furnish us the happy day,
To give our hearts and hands away,
in marriage bonds. I pray you *say!*

[Wm. Salter]

Burlington, Iowa. May 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . After a great deal of rain we have some fine weather at last. Yesterday was beautiful. I had full houses both parts of the day. Our afternoon service is hereafter at 2 o'clock in order to accommodate a few families in the country. But going to meeting here is very different than it is with you. Our house is a gloomy structure and in the immediate vicinity of the steamboat landing. It would seem as though the boats conspired to annoy us, for yesterday, the thing happens not infrequently, several boats stopped there while we were engaged in public worship. One of the boats had a band which played at the time a very lively air. We were exceedingly annoyed in this way during the communion service Sabbath before last. As to my studies, I prepared two sermons last week. I know this is too much for me to write to advantage every week and as I have a few old sermons, I can occasionally spare myself. I generally aim to prepare a good sermon. I mean to keep in some kind of a course of subjects. Now I have commenced with the existence of God, have preached on one of his attributes and on the necessity of Revelation. Shall have several sermons on the attributes and on the evidence of Revelation. I wish to devote most of the week to a sermon, and on Saturday to get off a kind of extemporaneous effusion. . . . I often find that a hastily written sermon is often more acceptable than a labored one. I believe it was so yesterday.

Mrs. Hutchinson's health which was very poor last week is now much

⁶¹ A Burlington merchant.

⁶² Abner Leonard, with his two sons, David and Isaac, lived on a farm three miles west of Burlington. Although Father Leonard (the term "father" indicating only age) assisted in meeting the Burlington church debt, he, as time went on, sought to dictate church policies, and annoyed Mr. Salter by his criticisms of the pastor's preaching and even his style of clothing.

improved. We moved her on Wednesday to Mr. Edwards', and as I am going to the Association today, she occupies my room this week. I rode out with her this morning. I took her to the cemetery where her husband is buried. It was an affecting hour. The Lord prepare us, my dear friend, to die. That will soon be to us a reality. Soon we shall enter upon the glories of eternity and experience what Paul and John and all departed saints have long enjoyed. . . .

I am expecting Mr. Shackford here soon who will go with me as a delegate to the Association. We shall go as far as Denmark tonight. . . . The weather is very pleasant and warm today, and I am expecting a fine ride. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. May 15, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

How to do this chilly east wind! It has been cold enough this morning to sit by a fire, but I have been too lazy to make one. I have projected four sermons on the genuineness [of] inspiration and of the Bible, which I suppose with a sermon on war and one on Home Missions will engage my morning services on the Sabbath until my vacation. I had a pleasant journey and meeting of brethren at Farmington last week. The road, however, was in some places very muddy. The country is charming, consisting of beautiful prairies and pleasant groves. Br. Keith was present. He has left Missouri. He found the door closed in that state against the Gospel as a system of deliverance to him that hath no helper. I trust the attention of Eastern Christians will be turned to the propriety of sending ministers when the law that tolerates them (and I speak of the law of the churches) is a studied and absolute silence on the system of southern slavery. Would it not be well, would it not probably in the issue further the cause of liberty [and] religion if the slave states and slave-holding churches were given to understand that the Gospel cannot be let down, at least at the expense of the A. H. M. S. in accommodations to their prejudices and sins. . . . I have just returned from a short ride with Mrs. Hutchinson upon the river road under the bluff. The country is beautiful in the flush of early life. It is a melancholy gratification to ride with Mrs. H. It does her a great deal of good, but she is so sad and she is not disposed to engage the sympathies of others. You ask of her character. She is dignified, reserved rather than communicative. . . . She is young, but little over 22, but has a very active appearance and mind. Her health is very much better. She now thinks she will go East in the fall. Expects to go to the Association at Dubuque. I preached my old sermon at Farmington on I Cor. 2:2,⁶³ telling ministers what they ought to preach. Don't you think I am a Yankee and a labor-saving man? It

⁶³ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

rained on Wednesday night and Thursday morning at Farmington, so that the roads were muddy coming home Saturday. I wrote a sermon on "The Christian Life, a Warfare" from I Tim. 6:12,⁶⁴ being my 41st. written sermon. The sewing circle are in the other room this evening and chatting at a pretty good rate. Some of them asked me if I came in from riding? If I had been to Boston? They joke me occasionally. I have written a letter to your father introducing Mr. Starr, who leaves on the next boat. It is uncertain when he will go to Boston, probably not till July. He is one of the best men here, and a very interesting man. I have charged him to call and see you. I hope he will get a few hundred dollars for the church. He and Dr. Ransom are of the leading men in my congregation, . . . [who] . . . have undertaken to build the church. They have their pay in subscriptions and from sale of pews. The doctor's wife is a member of the church and an excellent woman. . . . I hope Dr. Ransom will call and see me. My pulpit will probably only be partially supplied during my absence, and that by different brethren here, some of whom have engaged to give me one Sabbath. . . .

There will probably be a preparatory school at Davenport in a year or two. The Brethren generally have concluded that to be the best location, and the stakes are to be put down, it is supposed, next month. It is a beautiful place, and our college will be the only one of the kind on the Mississippi. The only objection to the location is its proximity to Galesburg. I have not yet extemporized but once on the Sabbath when I did not make much of a go off, and probably shall not try it again at present. Mr. Starr, Mr. Shackford, Mr. Edwards are my main dependents here. Whether I can write a good sermon about the West remains to be seen. I shall try. I shall aim to show that the West will be just what others make it, and that they which will work the hardest and do most for it shall have it. Prayers and pains will save the West and the country is worth both. I don't want to ly [lie] if I can help it. . . . Burlington is a rising ground, but a great deal of low land on the other side of the river and above and below, as is everywhere the case on the Mississippi. Some call it healthy and some sickly. . . .

Yours ever, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, [Iowa] Monday morning,
May 25, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

. . . . It really at last feels like summer, and I long to be away. . . . We had the news this morning of a battle between Gen. Taylor and the Mexicans on the 8th. I want to preach on the evils of war next Sabbath. I suppose there will be an end to trade from New Orleans,

⁶⁴ I Timothy 6:12. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

so we may have some difficulty in getting our freight around. I had hoped I should never be in a country engaged in a war. Alas, for the prospects of humanity!

May 26.

And now we have another day warm and pleasant. We, Mr. Leonard [and] I, visited Rev. Abner Leonard whose name you see in the *Congregational Almanac*. He is an old man and has given up preaching. He is a good man, has a fine farm [now, 1934, the Deem's farm on the Agency Road], is a member of my church, was from Ohio. His son lives round him. We had a few strawberries by way of variety. They grow wild and were improved by cultivation. Mrs. Hutchinson does not gain her strength as fast as we could wish. . . . We hoped to ride out to the grave of Mr. H. this afternoon. Instead of preaching on the evil of war, I shall discourse, I believe, on the blessing of peace from I Kings 5:6,⁶⁵ as there is too much of a war spirit here, as in the West generally. I may avoid perhaps giving offense [and] secure the same object by telling what a good thing peace is. . . . The rooms in Mr. Parson's house which we shall probably rent are very small. There is unfortunately a cellar kitchen from which there is a dumb-waiter to the room which must be our parlor and dining room, though I don't know but what we can make our kitchen the dining room. . . . I don't know as I told you that my nerves or rather my limbs failed to sustain me a few Sabbaths ago in visiting a sick and dying woman after service. She was in a very close and small room, through which was no circulation at all, and was very low, and in much distress. I talked a little with her, but feeling the room too close for me, I went out to take the air, and returning again, talked and prayed with her. But I stayed too long and just succeeded in bidding her good-bye and in getting out of the room when I dropped into the arms of Mr. Edwards who was with me, who got me out onto the porch where the air and a little camphor restored me. . . .

Yours entirely,

Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. June 1, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do you this chilly day, which is more like April than June! Burlington is in the latitude of New York. The summers are probably some warmer than with you. We had green peas last week. I called at Mr. Parson's last week, but he had gone to St. Louis. Shall call again this p.m. His house joins the end of the church lot. The Church is on Fourth street, one lot from the corner, which is unoccupied

⁶⁵ I Kings 5:6. Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon: and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee I will give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.

I must finish today, for tomorrow afternoon, on some analogies suggested by what I have seen in my travels this week, between the wheat and moral culture (Psalms 147:14).⁶⁷ For the morning an old (a practical statement of the Trinity) must suffice. Tuesday and I went to Galesburgh. Mrs. H[utchinson] was too unwell to go so I took Mr. A. S. Shackford. After losing the road on the prairie I got to Galesburgh (46) miles that night and enjoyed the hospitality of a good Mr. Swift from Vermont. I learned to my sorrow that Jonathan Blanchard⁶⁸ was going East this summer to get funds for a new building. I engaged Rev. L. H. Parkin [?], formerly pastor at Galesburgh, to preach five Sabbaths for me. He is a brother of I. H. Parkin [?], now of Philadelphia, formerly of New Orleans, and to be a tolerable preacher. Perhaps I will write a little notice of him *Hawk-Eye* next week. Coming home we got lost again and broke of our harness and were two minutes too late for the ferry at Shellsburg where we were obliged to wait 18 hours amid mosquitoes and thunder. Happily we got behind a bar at night, but the rest of the trip we were much annoyed. Then I did not get home until yesterday in the morning.

Yours ardently,
Wm. S

Burlington, Iowa. Monday after
June 29, 1846.

My own dearest Mary:

. . . . We had a heavy rain and wind last night, and today the air is so muddy and I have not been out yet and I am annoyed with cold. What company!, you ask. There are more than 100 flies (I have counted them) in this room, cutting up all kinds of antics, flying in all directions, now on my ears, now on my hands, and paper, and even in the way. I can do nothing but bear it. I had an interesting sermon yesterday, preached in the morning to a full house on the subject of the Kingdom of God. I brought it out clear and full, and trust in such a manner that no one was able to object. It was an old sermon, or rather written in December last. I preached thrice yesterday, in the evening in the town in a log School House. During the service there it rained, and I came home in the mud. The ladies have been expecting to have 4th. [of] July dinner in the Church, but if this wet weather continues we cannot get the roof on or the floor laid. The whole affair involves a great deal of trouble, and I cannot say that I am sorry that you

⁶⁷ Psalms 147:14. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

⁶⁸ Jonathan Blanchard (1811-1892) was graduated from Middlebury in 1832, taught at Plattsburg Academy, studied at Andover and Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. In 1845 he was elected president of Knox at Galesburg, Illinois, and in 1860 became president of Wheaton at Wheaton, Illinois. He was a strong temperance advocate, and a violent abolitionist. *Vid.* *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Monday evening. June 1.

What a dreadful sound is this stirring drum. A meeting to enlist and fire at Patriotism tonight was held in the Methodist church. Strange place, indeed! But this is the West! . . . Took tea tonight with Mrs. Sheldon,⁶⁶ an old widow lady, aged 72. She keeps a school of very small children, some 30 or 40 in number and lives alone. She was from East Windsor, Conn., is really an interesting lady. I visited her with my deacons and had a little monthly concert. She made a great pass at the supper table for us which was loaded. Mr. Parsons wanted a little more time to consider how much rent I must pay. Our church has made no progress since Mr. Starr left. Everything looks uncertain. It is impossible to foretell the result. If the House is not enclosed by July 1, it will be pretty much a gone case with us, but we will do the best we can . . . and not be discouraged. . . .

Tuesday. 4½ p. m. We have been to ride with Mrs. Hutchinson, called on the doctor with her, who advises her going to Dubuque. I must take tea with the ladies' society this evening. . . . We have not many young ladies in our society. Hardly any. Most of the folks are young married people with small children.

Yours devotedly, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Tempest, Mississippi River
near Galena, Illinois, June 4, 1846.

My dear Mary:

We are en route for Dubuque. . . . You cannot yet be much interested in this country, and I know not that any account of a journey would be of any concern to you, but as I have taken my pencil (there being but one inkstand on the boat, and the clerk being unable to spare that) and as nothing else especial occurs, and I want to say a word to you . . . I will tell you what I am about and perhaps it may not be an unpleasant episode from the commonplaces of the communications generally. I mailed you a letter Tuesday evening, after which I sat up till eleven o'clock, expecting this boat, but not coming, I went to bed and engaged in a sound sleep from which I was aroused at 2 a. m. by loud ringing of the steamboat bell. I got up, though with some reluctance, for really sleep is a good thing and I always love to have it though when I am at it, and struck a light, and dressed and hurried to the landing where I found the Tempest and learned that she would be off in some 20 minutes. So I hastened back to the house and got the folks up and down to the boat and about break of day we were on our way up stream. This disturbance at an irregular hour did not correspond very well with my *staid habits*. So I could eat no breakfast and soon I was troubled with the toothache and vainly longed for relief in my berth, but a crying child in the next stateroom drove

⁶⁶ Mrs. Ruth Sheldon.

sleep from my eyes, so I worried through the morning in only tolerable style. At Bloomington we took on board Mrs. Robbins and child. Her husband having gone up by land with Br. Alden. I might have said that we have Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their neice, Ellen Prince, a young girl of 14, and Mr. Shackford and Mrs. Hutchinson on our party. The scenery on the river is very monotonous, though with some variety. At one time we are sailing through islands, which are all very low and generally covered with a rank growth of timber and underbrush, at another time by the main shore of Iowa or Illinois, which is frequently crowned with high, rocky bluffs, 150 to 200 above the river. Sometimes the shore consists of high sand banks. About 15 miles above Bloomington commences some of the prettiest views on the Mississippi. They are on the Iowa shore, alongside of which is the channel of the river. There is a gradual slope from the river bank some 2 or 3 miles up which terminates in bluffs. This slope is frequently open prairie and is mostly under cultivation. It contains many pleasant residences. The situation of Davenport is very handsome, the projected site for our college is one of the most beautiful and commanding that could be selected. On the island of Rock Island is the beautiful residence of the late Colonel Davenport. Opposite the head of this island, on the Illinois shore, is Moline, where by damming the Mississippi a great water power has been secured. Here is one of the finest flouring mills in the West. At Rock Island, there came aboard Rev. W. Jones, of Canton, Illinois. He is a product of Jacksonville College, and Lane Seminary, belongs to the Alton Presbytery and is going up to attend our Association. A young lady, Miss Shaw, is with him, who is, it is said, his *particular friend*. Last evening, he preached for us. The passengers gave very good attention. Audiences in the West generally are very attentive. We had pretty good singing. . . . This morning we had worship. On awakening this morning, found we were laying to on the Iowa shore just above Charlestown and on inquiring the cause, learned that we had broken "the doctor" about twelve o'clock last night (it is the regulator of some part of the engine). We were till after 7 remedying that evil, and are now going direct to Dubuque. The country above the Upper Rapids is very pretty. Here the river which elsewhere spreads out, shores and all some 2 or 3 miles, passes along in a narrow channel, the banks being high on both sides. The land generally lies in handsome slopes. We have passed on our way many little towns, though towns hardly otherwise than in their names, which yet evident the ambitious views of the people. Here we have New Boston, New York, Albany, and Buffalo etc. In these Western boats the cabin is all on the upper deck in a long saloon with staterooms on the sides. I don't remember ever having been on a boat here without seeing card playing going on in one end of the saloon in the proximity of the bar. You would be amused at our Mrs. Edwards. She has brought along with her some of the purses made by our society and is selling them as she has opportunity. She is a lady of great energy and perseverance. . . .

Friday morning. June 5, 1846. Dubuque.

Good morning, Mary. We have still chilly weather, and I have just had a fire made up and hope to be more comfortable. We arrived here at 11 a.m. yesterday. I am pleasantly quartered in the family of Mr. Bissel with Mr. Shackford. Mr. Bissel was from Pittsfield, Mass., and is a brother of the late Josiah Bissel, a distinguished philanthropist of western New York. . . . We have a full meeting of the Association and the prospects of an interesting time. A number of brethren are over from Wisconsin. Br. Lewis is here from New Diggings. He was an old classmate in New York University. We have been delighted to meet so many old familiar faces. I could hardly contain myself as brethren, one after another, drove up yesterday afternoon. . . . I have the thankless office of scribe, and have my hands full. A number of my old people from Andrew and Maquoketa are here, which I am very happy to meet. . . .

[Wm. Salter]

Steamer Fortune. June 10, 1846.

Good evening, my dear Mary:

. . . . We had an interesting meeting at Dubuque. There was nothing special but good feeling and the presence of a good spirit. . . . The cruel toothache affected me very much however. I tried various remedies in vain until . . . Dr. Finley extracted it. . . . At Davenport we have been spending the day in talking about locating a college in Iowa. If we can carry out our projects it will be an important day, full of great results, to Iowa. May God bless our efforts to serve Him. But we have many embarrassments. Beyond a question we have one of the finest locations on the whole Mississippi. At this season of the year "you can't say anything else" of this region than that it is charming. But society in Davenport is very uncongenial to a literary institution of the character we wish to establish. And the people are very unwilling to assist in putting up a suitable building. We have settled upon Davenport as the location though with some conditions which, it is expected, will be met. The meeting is not through, but as I am anxious to be home in the morning, I left at 8 this evening. No other boat is expected down under twenty-four hours. . . . [The] Association adjourned to meet at Burlington the first Monday of June 1847. . . .

Burlington. June 11, 1846.

Good afternoon, my dear. I got home this morning and found yours of 23 May in the office. The framing of the roof of the church is nearly completed, and it is expected to be raised next week. The Old School Presbyterians have their walls about half up, but I think we shall have the best house after all, as we have the best situation. . . . I have sold most of my furniture at Maquoketa. It was of but little account. I could not have removed it at present. If I come by the Ohio

**WILLIAM SAVAGE,
IOWA PIONEER, DIARIST, AND PAINTER OF BIRDS**

(This is the diary of a naturalist and farmer who settled in the northeast part of Van Buren County, Iowa, in 1855. Earlier installments appeared the ANNALS of October, 1933, and January, 1934.)

[Continued from the January, 1934, number]

March 1, 1861. Sewing on said coat. Every indication of spring, prairie chickens blowing, woodcocks and wild geese and chewinks heard and seen.

2nd. To trap, and sewing on said coat. Heard frogs. Saw one dead on creek.

3rd. Sunday. To creek. Got said traps out and went to Carter's farm and home. H. and E. Steward here. L. Wells came and he and I went to creek and got traps and set them.

4th. Sewing on said coat.

5th. Sewing on same, and on pants.

6th. The same.

7th. Sewing, and chopped a load of wood.

8th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood, and I sewed. Then Dr. Siveter here. Finished said coat and pants.

9th. Thomas and I went to Salem with them and I came back the next night. Thomas Savage here.

10th. Sunday. Thomas and I went to creek and to creek bottom and home. Then I went to creek east.

11th. Got potatoes out of cellar and sorted them, and took a kidney [beans] to Sneath's and got some gooseberry bushes. Kill a possum. Anna &c. stayed at Wells's.

12th. Set out bushes and went to Wells's. Got spare ribs &c. and wood and haul and husk fodder. Then T. Savage and I went to Uncle William's. I shot two ducks, the first this spring. Stayed all night.

13th. Then went to Salem. Seven doz. eggs, 5 pr. dozen. Trapped it out. Went to Dr. Siveter's and stayed all night.

14th. Went back to Uncle William's and from there home.

15th. Chopped wood in Dr.'s timber. Mack hauled one load, I hauled one. Saw pigeon, the first.

16th. Mended Anna's shoe. Went to creek and set two d. f. [dead fowls] traps, and home. Old cow had a calf, Fannie. I built a pen for it and made a pair bar posts. Ground froze so hard I could not set them.

17th. Sunday. We all went to Job Davis'.

18th. Prepared to kill hogs and went to get Job to help me. He came at home, then cut out a pair pants for Dr. Siveter and sewed on them. Job came and we killed my two hogs. One weighed 151 and one 180.

19th. Cut up said hogs and Uncle William came here with his

are indivisible and who make up for living in their children, they haven't any, by living in one another) which was funny enough taking all things into account, and lost our road and slept in one room (Mr. and Mrs. E. behind curtains) and attended church in the new meeting house without doors and with rough boards for seats and a work bench for my pulpit. When we left on Friday it was exceptionally hot, and I went in thin clothes with no overcoat, but it grew colder and colder, so that Mr. E. took a severe cold and I a slight one. . . . The country is very beautiful now. The grain is assuming its golden hues. There will be a great wheat crop in this country. There will be plenty of blackberries, but they are not ripe yet. . . . Since yesterday morning I have had a fire in my room. You have seen the discussion in the general assembly on slavery. . . . Two companies [for the Mexican War] have been organized in Burlington. I feel very sad in view of it. They, I hope, will not be called to war. But it exhibits such a deplorable state of sentiments among the people that I cannot but mourn. . . . Now, I have my fears about Mrs. Hutchinson who by the way returned here on Saturday, that she is in a decline. She has a very slight hacking cough at times, a hectic flush on her cheek, but I would not have any of her friends hear of it from me on any account. We are expecting to go together to Galesburg. She also has much pain in her side. I feel very anxious about her. Dr. Ransom is esteemed a good physician and is in many respects an interesting man. He has always been very kind to me. . . . We have a number of tolerably good physicians here, but I suppose none of them are first rate. . . . We have some first rate folks here, but not all by any means. To some extent we must be the world to one another. In so new a country, where so many other interests absorb the minds of men, the objects in which we are engaged are very much slighted. As an index for our society I may say the war is popular, and some of the leading characters are foremost in it. . . . Our ladies are making a great fuss now about getting up a dinner the 4th. of July in behalf of the church. Singular to build a house by eating. Isn't this the West? But there seems no other way of raising money! Mrs. Edwards has just returned from the meeting about it, is highly elated in the prospect of getting up a good dinner. O, I do want this church built and all these trials out of the way before you come here. . . .

Yours devotedly,

Wm. Salter.

Mr. A. S. Shackford is not successful in business. Is about breaking up. If he goes, it will be a great loss to us.

[Burlington, Iowa] Saturday evening,
June 27, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

How to do! I am very busy. Have just finished writing five letters, to which I have turned my attention from the middle of a summer, which

I must finish today, for tomorrow afternoon, on some analogies suggested by what I have seen in my travels this week, between the wheat fields and moral culture (Psalms 147:14).⁶⁷ For the morning an old sermon (a practical statement of the Trinity) must suffice. Tuesday afternoon I went to Galesburgh. Mrs. H[utchinson] was too unwell to go with me, so I took Mr. A. S. Shackford. After losing the road on the prairies we got to Galesburgh (46) miles that night and enjoyed the hospitality of a good Mr. Swift from Vermont. I learned to my sorrow that Mr. Blanchard⁶⁸ was going East this summer to get funds for a college building. I engaged Rev. L. H. Parkin [?], formerly pastor at Galesburgh, to preach five Sabbaths for me. He is a brother of Dr. Joel Parkin [?], now of Philadelphia, formerly of New Orleans, and is said to be a tolerable preacher. Perhaps I will write a little notice for the *Hawk-Eye* next week. Coming home we got lost again and broke a piece of our harness and were two minutes too late for the ferry at Shoccoquon where we were obliged to wait 18 hours amid mosquitoes and their concerts. Happily we got behind a bar at night, but the rest of the time we were much annoyed. Then I did not get home until yesterday at 11 in the morning.

Yours ardently,
Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. Monday afternoon
June 29, 1846.

My own dearest Mary:

. . . . We had a heavy rain and wind last night, and today the streets are so muddy and I have not been out yet and I am annoyed with *company*. What company?, you ask. There are more than 100 flies (I have not counted them) in this room, cutting up all kinds of antics, flying in every direction, now on my ears, now on my hands, and paper, and everywhere in the way. I can do nothing but bear it. I had an interesting day yesterday, preached in the morning to a full house on the Trinity, brought it out clear and full, and trust in such a manner that no reasonable man can object. It was an old sermon, or rather written in December last. I preached thrice yesterday, in the evening in lower town in a log School House. During the service there it rained, and I came home in the mud. The ladies have been expecting to have their 4th. [of] July dinner in the Church, but if this wet weather continues, we cannot get the roof on or the floor laid. The whole affair involves a great deal of trouble, and I cannot say that I am sorry that you are not

⁶⁷ Psalms 147:14. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

⁶⁸ Jonathan Blanchard (1811-1892) was graduated from Middlebury College in 1832, taught at Plattsburg Academy, studied at Andover and Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church there. In 1845 he was elected president of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, and in 1860 became president of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois. He was a strong temperance advocate, and a violent abolitionist. *Vid. Dictionary of American Biography.*

here to share in the fuss. I feel very anxious to have the church finished so that we can meet in it by the time we get back in the fall. I want the way of the Lord here made ready so that we can devote our undivided energies to building up God's spiritual House. . . . I rode out Friday p. m. with Mrs. Hutchinson six miles to a Miss Robinson's of whom you will know more one of these days. Mrs. H. was to church yesterday. Her health is about the same, very delicate. She is a woman of strong mind, and I do not think has been to Mr. H's grave more than twice. . . .

Yours ardently, Wm. Salter.

Chicago, [Illinois] July 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . [Let us begin] with that long, longed-for day, July 6th. At length after a most solemn and seemingly never-ending delay, its sun arose. . . . Monday morning, I turned my eyes down the river and looked and wished for a boat. I packed my trunk and arranged matters a little, engaged Mr. Parsons to write me in August if I could have his house, . . . all the time keeping my ears open for the ringing of the steamboat bell, my eyes down stream. Two boats, it was said, were expected that day, but all day long I waited to no purpose. I might have said that Sabbath night (after twelve o'clock of course), I was awake more than half the time in hopes of hearing a boat. Monday night I slept in Mr. E's lounge in the parlor (in the expectation of my departure that day, Mr. and Mrs. E, having resumed their occupancy of my room) and kept on longing for a boat, annoyed too with mosquitoes and disturbed by a very heavy thunder storm. I found no rest. Toward morning an old boat came up and about daylight, I found the Atlas at the levee. About 8 o'clock we left Burlington. Now . . . I must spare you the details of a slow boat with two keels, intense heat, mosquitoes etc., and tell you that we reached Galena at 7 Wednesday morning. I had a young lady under my care, a Miss Wheeler from Vermont. She has been teaching in the West and lost her health, is visiting some friends in this city. At 8 o'clock at Galena, we took the stage, via Dixon, and you cannot conceive and I will not attempt to describe our intolerable sufferings from intense heat, a loaded coach, disagreeable companions, slow traveling, and more than all arriving here last night ten minutes too late for the steamboat Champion. Had it not been for that I might have spent the Sabbath in Kalamazoo and been with you the last of next week. But now I must wait until Monday night and perhaps get no further than Albany next week. I had probably better go to New York before visiting you, so I must continue to wait and live until Wednesday, the 22 inst., to see you. I don't feel, however, much like waiting so long, and I may take the cars to Boston at Albany. . . . Miss Wheeler's health is poor. She was rather uneasy and could not exemplify the patience of Job, but we had an interesting time together. . . . I hope to be in Detroit in time for the London and may possibly get along

quicker than I anticipate. . . . The Saratoga, a beautiful boat, left here for Buffalo this morning. I went down to see it off, but it only made me feel bad that I must stay here. I don't know as it is very wicked to send this off tonight. At any rate, Christian sentiment has not decided so yet, though it may be hard to tell why it is any wise different to send my letter to travel on Sunday from travelling myself on that day. . . . The boat leaves Sunday night at 10 o'clock, if it were only two hours later I might be off. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Lake Erie. July 16, 1846.

My dear:

. . . . I find in the *Edinburgh Review* for April a notice of Walter Savage Landor's *Collected Writings* (London, 1846) which have made me very much in love with the man. [He here quotes liberally passages concerning Milton, friendship, Bacon and Shakespeare.]

New York. Monday p. m.

Dear Mary: I got home Saturday evening in a few hours less than five days from Chicago. My heart is set on seeing you tomorrow morning, but the folks think I am too much jaded out to travel. Indeed, I have journeyed rather too hard. Perhaps I had better wait until Wednesday afternoon and come to you fresh and rested on Wednesday a. m. Should I, however, be entirely rested on tomorrow, I will come then. As to bridesmaids and all that, I shall leave it with you, as I told you sometime ago. *My taste is decidedly against them.* I apprehend, however, how girls have a little more fancy than we have for *parade*. I leave it and the time with you. I feel bad to linger on my way to you, but it seems it can't be helped. . . .

Ardently Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York. Wednesday, July 22, 1846.

Well, my dear, isn't this lingering in New York decidedly cool, but upon my honor, it can't be helped. Sunday I was so imprudent as to go to church all day, and on going to bed found myself possessed of a strange inclination to look up some blankets and after a while my fever came on. I thought, however, it was only a temporary affair, though on Monday I stirred around, but soon found I must lay by, and at night my attack came on again. I am now under our doctor's care, who promises to break up the fever soon. Probably, then, I cannot be with you till next week, so don't have the blues, but I leave it with a wise Providence who has always ordered all things to His will. My chill is now coming on, and I would write out my sheet. I traveled in Michigan with an excellent minister, Mr. Wells of Salem. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York. July 24, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I am certainly the last man to whom you should say "tell me the worst", for I have been doing that very thing now for a twelvemonth. I have been out all day and even presumed to ask the doctor if I might not go to Boston tomorrow, but he says, I am too weak. He suggests that to "eat and drink" will be my best way for gaining strength, rather than to take stimulants. . . . If I only had time I would [write] a prose essay on ague and fever. Suffice, however, to say, I escaped my ague yesterday and think it is broke on me. I ate dinner enough today for any hale and hearty man, so that by the middle of next week, if not on Tuesday, I think I may see you. Am glad you are so philosophical and resigned. I have not been really confined to the house in several years and this attack has many lessons for me. I hope it will serve to moderate all my earthly attachments (i. e. so far as they are earthly) and refine and elevate my spiritual being and relations. I have no doubt that it is for the best. Yes, I ought to have given more heed to your caution about not travelling so fast, but it was excessively hot and I was very much [worn out] when I left Burlington. Then I ought not to have been up nearly all the evening at a crowded missionary meeting on the Sabbath here as I did.

. . . . I met Mr. Magoun coming East. He is begging for his Academy. . . . I am pledged to raise a bell somehow or other. I want a good, large fine sounding one. I mean such a one as I can get. . . .

Yours Wm. Salter.

New York. July 27, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I have not been out since a week ago this morning, and I do not now feel as smart as I hoped I would by this time when I wrote you on Friday, and the folks won't listen to such a thing as my going east this afternoon. They say it would be the height of imprudence, and moreover, my dear, I fancy you and your friends would rather see me when I am a little less lazy than I am just now, so on the whole I have concluded to wait till Wednesday, when, in addition to all, I can have the company of my Uncle Benjamin and Cousin Caroline, who are going east that day. We shall come by the Mass. via Providence. I think by that time I may be in pretty good order, but it is singular how my fever reduced my strength. Fever sores, too, have broken out on my lips. . . . I think of going down town in the omnibus today, and tomorrow I must make a call or two, and by Wednesday, I shall be myself again, I trust. I feel very bad to think of the disarrangements this little ague may have caused you and your friends. . . .

Wm. Salter.

**WILLIAM SAVAGE,
IOWA PIONEER, DIARIST, AND PAINTER OF BIRDS**

(This is the diary of a naturalist and farmer who settled in the northeastern part of Van Buren County, Iowa, in 1855. Earlier installments appeared in the *ANNALS* of October, 1933, and January, 1934.)

[Continued from the January, 1934, number]

March 1, 1861. Sewing on said coat. Every indication of spring—prairie chickens blowing, woodcocks and wild geese and chewinks heard and seen.

2nd. To trap, and sewing on said coat. Heard frogs. Saw one duck on creek.

3rd. Sunday. To creek. Got said traps out and went to Carter bottom and home. H. and E. Steward here. L. Wells came and he and I went to creek and got traps and set them.

4th. Sewing on said coat.

5th. Sewing on same, and on pants.

6th. The same.

7th. Sewing, and chopped a load of wood.

8th. Mack and I hauled one load of wood, and I sewed. Thomas Siveter here. Finished said coat and pants.

9th. Thomas and I went to Salem with them and I came back at night. Thomas Savage here.

10th. Sunday. Thomas and I went to creek and to creek bottom and home. Then I went to creek east.

11th. Got potatoes out of cellar and sorted them, and took a few kidney [beans] to Sneath's and got some gooseberry bushes. Kill one possum. Anna &c. stayed at Wells's.

12th. Set out bushes and went to Wells's. Got spare ribs &c. Cut wood and haul and husk fodder. Then T. Savage and I went to Uncle William's. I shot two ducks, the first this spring. Stayed all night.

13th. Then went to Salem. Seven doz. eggs, 5 pr. dozen. Traded it out. Went to Dr. Siveter's and stayed all night.

14th. Went back to Uncle William's and from there home.

15th. Chopped wood in Dr.'s timber. Mack hauled one load, I one. Saw pigeon, the first.

16th. Mend Anna's shoe. Went to creek and set two d. f. [dead fall] traps, and home. Old cow had a calf, Fannie. I built a pen for it and made a pair bar posts. Ground froze so hard I could not set them.

17th. Sunday. We all went to Job Davis'.

18th. Prepared to kill hogs and went to get Job to help me. He not at home, then cut out a pair pants for Dr. Siveter and sewed some. Job came and we killed my two hogs. One weighed 151 and one 184.

19th. Cut up said hogs and Uncle William came here with his team

and took Anna and boys home with him. I went as far as John Coburn's with him.

20th. To trap, and sewing on said pants.

21st. On said pants. Samuel Siveter married Rachel Smith. Mack and I went to Wells's and fanned two sacks of wheat. Then hauled one load of wood and went to mill and got my meal and called the day even.

22nd. Grubbed some. Mack and I hauled one load of wood. I mended a shoe for A. Bennett, then commenced making a mat.

23rd. Finished said mat and made another. Grubbed some.

24th. Sunday. Mack Davis and I went with his team to Uncle William's. We brought Anna and the boys home. David Siveter here.

25th. Went part way home with David, then grubbed.

26th. Trap. Caught a mink. Then I went up on the prairie to William C. Morris' and he paid me \$4.10.

27th. Cut out David Siveter's pants. P. M., grub.

28th. Sewing on said pants.

29th. To trap. Brought my steel trap home, then finished said pants and mended my gray ones, and carry fodder.

30th. Intended to go to Salem, but had a stiff neck and did not. Sore throat and went to bed.

31st. Sunday. Sick in bed all day.

April 1, 1861. Monday. Some better. Throat very sore.

2nd. Some better. Kate had heifer calf, Jude. Sewed straps on my boots and grafted some small apple trees.

3rd. Went to Wells's and got some turpentine to put on Kate's head. Shot a meadow lark coming home. Not quite so well. Knit some on dip net splice.

4th. Went to Sigler's mill to try to get some flour. Did not get any, then finished my dip net. Thomas Siveter here. He and I went to creek fishing. Caught a good mess.

5th. T. and I went to Carter bottom. I shot 1 duck and 1 pigeon, then went to mill and caught a mess of fish, 1 pike 26 inches long.

6th. Shell 2 sacks of corn. Rainy day. Sewing on pair of pants T. Siveter brought here.

7th. Sunday. Thomas went home. Rain. L. Wells here.

8th. Sewing on Thomas' pants. P. M., fishing, caught some.

9th. Finished said pants, P. M., split 22 rails for self in big branch.

10th. Fishing. P. M., split 24 rails in Dr.'s woods.

11th. Split 10 rails and chop some wood, then carry fodder and husk it, and chop stove wood.

12th. Went to Salem. Took 3 mats. (1 mink skin and 1 possum skin, left them at Frank Woodruff's for Joe Fraxier, received \$1.00 for them) and Thomas' pants, received 75 cts. Bought 2½ yds. calico and 6 yds. ticking (20 cts.). Sold 7½ doz. eggs. Left \$5.00 for Woodruff to send to bank to see if good, then went to Dr. Siveter's and stayed all night. War began in U. S. between North and South.

13th. Sewing some for Dr. and went to Uncle William's and stayed all night.

14th. Sunday. Came home. Bally been missing since Friday and old Peggy sick.

15th. Mrs. Brothers died. I hunted for Bally, could not find him. Came home and cut out 2 pairs pants for David Siveter.

16th. Cut out a vest for Sol Gill, 25 cts., then grub some and sewed on said pants.

17th. Fix lye leech, and grub, and commence making garden. Plant 13 rows of potatoes and 1 double row of peas, and 3 of dwarf peas. Job Davis said Bally was at his house.

18th. Went to Job's and drove Bally home, then grub.

19th. Sewing on Dr. Siveter's pants.

20th. Finish said pants and went to school to a meeting. It adjourned. Old Peggy died.

21st. Sunday. Buried said hog and we all went to Carter Island and caught a mess of fish.

22nd. I went to Salem with said pants and eggs and butter and home at night.

23rd. Rain and sewed some on Mack Davis' shirt. P. M., grubbed and went fishing.

24th. Grubbed.

25th. Went part way to Gill's after his cattle. Baily had them. Then grub.

26th. Grub, and sew some on Mack's red shirt.

27th. Finished said shirt, and got Gill's cattle and hauled up my corn fodder and plowed a piece of garden.

28th. Sunday. L. Wells here. He and I went to creek fishing, and Sneath and wife here.

29th. Went to Gill's shop with plow, then grub.

30th. Grub and went to Wells's.

May 1, 1861. Grub.

2nd. Fix one of my boots, and grub.

3rd. Burn brush.

4th. Burn brush and grub.

5th. Sunday. A. M., rain, P. M., L. Wells here. He and I went to Carter Island and caught a mess of fish and a woodchuck.

6th. Chopping of roots off poles, &c. Rainy.

7th. Grubbing.

8th. Went to Hillsboro and took 3½ lbs. butter. P. M., grub.

9th. Stuck peas and grub and burn brush.

10th. Went to Gill's. He was fixing my plow, then at 10 o'clock he commenced plowing my old ground.

11th. Had his cattle and Bub. He and I plowed.

12th. Sunday. Went to Uncle William's and back at night.

13th. Bub and I plowed.

- 14th. A. M., hauled poles and roots off new piece. P. M., plowing.
- 15th. Gill had his oxen and I grubbed some, and cut out coat and pants for William Davis. Caught a mess of fish.
- 16th. Had the oxen and plowed.
- 17th. Finished plowing my ground, old and new. At 3 o'clock went to Gills. Stopped and mended my harrow and I harrowed my new piece.
- 18th. A. M., help Job Davis plant corn. P. M., fishing with seine and dip net. I caught a pike in dip net, $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. S. Gill came and took his pig, \$4.00, to pay for [work of] his oxen.
- 19th. Sunday. L. and R. Wells and Job Davis and I fishing with seine. Caught one large catfish and dipped some. Rain very hard.
- 20th. Shelled corn and cut coat and pants for G. C. Stephens, 50 cts., chd., and coat for J. Dothert, 30 [cts.], 10 [cts.] chd.
- 21st. Finished my wammus, then J. Mack Davis and I marked off part of my ground with his colts.
- 22nd. Mack and [I] finished said ground a little after noon, then I commenced planting my corn.
- 23rd. Walter and I planting corn.
- 24th. A. M., planting at home. P. M., help Mack Davis plant corn.
- 25th. William Weaver, Sr., died. Went to Job E. Davis' and got 100 cabbage plants, dug ground and set them out, then plant sorgo, watermelons and cucumbers. David Siveter came here and we went fishing some.
- 26th. Sunday. Hoe garden, and D[avid] and I fishing P. M., stayed home. D. went home.
- 27th. Finished planting my corn, watermelons and mam. pumpkins.
- 28th. Went to Hillaboro, sold $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. butter, 8 cts. Borrowed Simon's sheep shears and sheared four of my sheep. Rainy. Fishing.
- 29th. Sheared other four sheep and took shears home and went to Well's. Planted my potatoes and stick some peas.
- 30th. Mend my boot and Anna's shoe, and cut out a pair of pants for Mack Davis. Anna went to Sneath's on a visit.
- 31st. Made said pants, 75 cts. Locusts appear. Spade some garden.
- June 1, 1861. Sprout stumps in field, stick peas, and spade garden for tomatoes. R. Wells came here and we went fishing. Rainy.
- 2nd. Sunday. Fishing, swimming and pick strawberries.
- 3rd. Went to Wells's helped him sprout potatoes. He gave me $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels. Then I sewed on my tick pants.
- 4th. Finished said pants, then cut a hoop pole and found a small cowbell. Hoop washtub and went to creek and got a sack full of butter nut bark. Went to mill and got a sack of meal.
- 5th. Help Job Davis plant corn.
- 6th. Work for Sol Gill clearing.
- 7th. & 8th., work on road. Received letter from John Wetsell.
- 9th. Sunday. Went to Uncle William's and back in evening. Service berry Sunday and strawberries ripe.

10th. Went to Hillsboro, took 4½ lbs. butter, 6 cts. Fixed boot. Bees swarmed. Hived them, and then grubbed.

11th. Grubbed. Locusts innumerable—have done no mischief yet.

12th, also 13th, grubbed. I discover said locusts suck the sap of trees, also bore holes in them this shape [shape of an inverted "V"], and lay their eggs in them.

14th. Plow corn for Job Davis. *

15th. A. M., plowing for Job. P. M., to Hillsboro mustering. Thomas Savage came here.

16th. Sunday. Sneath and wife here, then T. and I went fishing.

17th. Grubbed and we went fishing.

18th. Made pole fence by cow yard, and swim.

19th. Went to Gill's shop and got my shovel plow, a wrench and a small clevice fixed. I helped Gill put the tires on two wheels. He charged me 20 cts. Baled. P. M., picked wool and T. and I went to Wells's.

20th. Had Mack Davis horse and plowed corn, Tom went home.

21st. Plow corn.

22nd. Finished plowing corn one way at 10 A. M. Dug out hole and spring. Coming from said spring saw Job Davis' house was burnt nearly to the ground. I went there and stayed till eve.

23rd. Sunday. L. Wells, Newton Stanley and I went service berrying and swimming then home.

24th. Shell corn and take it to mill. Grub some in buckwheat ground.

25th. Had Mack's horses and plowed corn. Rain in evening.

26th. Plowing corn.

27th. Rain. Shell corn and go to mill and cover my buckwheat with hoe.

28th. Hoed sorgo and Mack and I went to mill.

29th. Went to Widow Weaver's sale. P. M., finished plowing my corn.

30th. Sunday. L. and R. Wells, James Stanley and I went to creek east, fish and swim.

July 1, 1861. Helped Job Davis cut his rye.

2nd. The same. at two bushels per day for pay.

3rd. Went on prairie and mowed grass for William C. Morris.

July 4th, 1861. L. Wells and I went to Hillsboro celebration. Quite a large crowd of people there, three companies drilling.

5th, also the 6th. harvesting for William and George Morris.

7th. Sunday. Went to mill pond and swimming, then shot and portrayed a bird—yellow breasted chat.

8th. Harvesting fall wheat for William Morris.

9th. A. M., mow grass for W. M. P. M., in George's fall wheat, and the 10th the same.

11th. Came home and hoed my sorgo.

[To be continued]

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

GEORGE ANSON JEWETT was born near Red Rock, Marion County, Iowa, September 9, 1847, and died in Des Moines July 15, 1934. Burial was in Woodland Cemetery. His parents were George Enoch and Patty Maria (Matthews) Jewett. He attended public school at Red Rock and when he was ten years old the family removed to Pella. He was graduated with the degree of Ph. B. from Central College, Pella, in 1864, and from Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Chicago, in 1865. In 1865 he walked to Des Moines and soon became a bookkeeper for Brown, Beatty & Spofford, agricultural implement dealers, held the position eight years, becoming manager of the company. In 1873 he organized the Des Moines Scale Company and was its manager. The same year he also entered the lumber business as manager for H. F. Getchel & Sons. In 1879 he organized the lumber company of Ewing, Jewett & Chandler which became in 1906 the Jewett Lumber Company, of which he was president and manager. He was also president of the Jewett Realty Company. In 1888 he organized the Jewett Typewriter Company and for twenty years gave attention to marketing the typewriter both in America and Europe. In 1887 he founded and edited the *Christian Worker*, a monthly religious and social paper, and continued it until his last brief illness. He was one of the founders in 1881 of Drake University and since then was a member of the Board of Trustees, and as its secretary signed the diplomas of all graduates, approximately 10,000, since the University's beginning. He was founder and president of the Jewett Family in America, an organization the headquarters of which is in New England. From April, 1923, he was secretary of the Iowa State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and editor of the *Old Continental* and became one of the most expert genealogists in the country. In 1892 Drake University conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and in 1922 Central College gave him the degree of A. M. An honorary membership in Phi Beta Kappa was conferred on him a few years ago by the Drake chapter, which indicated the estimation his friends had of him as a scholar. His activities and interests carried him into many fields. He was a successful business man, organizer, builder, promoter, student, scholar, church worker, and benefactor.

LAWRENCE DEGRAFF was born at Apple River, Illinois, June 24, 1871, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, June 7, 1934. Burial was in the Des Moines Masonic Cemetery. His parents were Hiram and Sarah (Eplett) DeGraff. He was graduated from Dixon College, Dixon, Illinois, with the

degree of A. B. in 1892; from Illinois College of Law, with the degrees of LL. B. and LL. M. in 1896; and from the University of Chicago with the degree of Ph. B. in 1898. He began practice in Chicago in 1896 but in 1898 removed to Des Moines and became secretary of and an instructor in Highland Park College of Law. In 1902 he became the junior member of the firm of Miller (Jesse A.), Wallingford (J. D.) & DeGraff, but in October, 1903, was appointed assistant attorney general under C. W. Mullan and served in that position until January 1, 1907. Having been elected county attorney of Polk County in November, 1906, he served three years, or until he was appointed by Governor Carroll January 3, 1910, judge of the District Court. He served as judge until elevated to the Supreme Court January 1, 1921, having been elected the previous November. This position he retained until December 31, 1932, having been defeated in the election of the previous November. Judge DeGraff was a scholarly man and a popular jurist. He was the author of *Outlines of American Government*, 1898; *Outlines in Economics*, 1900; and *Pharmacy Law*, 1916.

HENRY SILWOLD was born in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, January 12, 1860, and died in Newton, Iowa, April 28, 1934. Burial was in the cemetery of St. John's Evangelical Church in the country near Newton. His parents were Henry and Charlotte (Depping) Silwold. They removed from Wisconsin to Malaka Township, Jasper County, Iowa, in 1866. The son Henry helped on the farm during crop seasons, and attended public school in the country during winters, later took a preparatory course at Hazel Dell Academy, Newton, entered Drake University in 1885 and was graduated in 1890. He then began the study of law in the office of W. O. McElroy at Newton, was admitted to the bar in 1892 and began practice at Baxter. In 1898 he removed to Newton. In March, 1900, he was appointed county attorney of Jasper County to succeed W. O. McElroy, resigned, and the fall of 1901 was nominated by the Republicans for that office, was elected and served until January 1, 1904. Governor Carroll appointed him a judge of the Sixth Judicial District to succeed Byron W. Preston and he assumed the duties January 1, 1913. In 1914 he was elected for a full term and served until December 31, 1918. He then returned to the practice in Newton which he continued up to a short time before his death. He was honorable in his profession and in his official duties, as well as in his private life. He was scholarly, interested in local history, and was an occasional contributor to the ANNALS.

HARRY MATTINGLY COWPER ("Holmes Cowper") was born in Dundas, Ontario, Canada, March 4, 1870, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, July 2, 1934. Burial was in Glendale Cemetery, Des Moines. His parents were Roland Frederick and Sara Ann (Bishop) Cowper. He attended Quaker College, Pickering, Ontario, and studied music in London under

Frederick Walker, in Berlin under George Ferguson, in Paris under Vergenet, and in Chicago under Gottschalk. He was a tenor soloist with leading choral and oratorio societies, including the Apollo Club of Chicago, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Pittsburg Orchestra, Cincinnati Orchestra, Boston Festival, etc. He taught singing and interpretation in the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1897-1900; in the Sherwood School of Music, 1900-02; and was a private teacher, 1902-09. With this background of experience and culture, in 1909 he accepted the position of dean of the College of Fine Arts and teacher of singing in Drake University, Des Moines. During his twenty-five years at Drake some 5,000 students were trained in music under him. One of his outstanding accomplishments was his ability to lead community singing which was demonstrated on numberless occasions in city affairs and in congregations, but especially at Camp Dodge during the World War where for eighteen months thousands of soldiers followed his inspirational leadership in song. Those who heard him will long remember the beauty of the tones of his vibrant voice.

JOHN HEFFELFINGER was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, April 17, 1843, and died in Grundy Center, Iowa, June 12, 1934. He was with his parents, Dr. Lewis and Mary (Miles) Heffelfinger when they removed with their family to Carrol County, Illinois, in 1857. In the early part of the Civil War he was for a short time in Company I, Thirty-fourth Illinois Infantry, the company of which his father was captain. On May 15, 1864, he enlisted in Company G, One Hundred and Forty-second Illinois Infantry, was given the rank of sergeant and was honorably discharged October 26, 1864. In 1867 he removed to a farm three miles northwest of Grundy Center, Iowa, but in 1877 located in Grundy Center where during most of his life thereafter he conducted an insurance business. In 1888 he removed to Des Moines and for a time was an employee in the office of treasurer of state, but soon returned to his insurance business at Grundy Center. Although never being a candidate for an elective office it is said he was probably more closely associated with the politics of Grundy County than any other man. He also became a well-known figure in Republican state politics, principally by reason of his attendance at sessions of the General Assembly as doorkeeper or sergeant at arms. In the Twenty-second General Assembly, 1888, he was doorkeeper of the House, and for the next forty-one years he was present as a doorkeeper or a sergeant at arms in either the Senate or the House during sixteen regular sessions and two important extra sessions. From 1904 to 1929 he only missed one session, 1909. He was a charter member of the Grundy Center Grand Army post and remained to see all the members excepting one laid away.

HERBERT B. WYMAN was born in Hartford, Connecticut, April 26, 1850, and died in Los Angeles, California, July 28, 1934. His parents

were Charles D. and Mary A. (Bartlet) Wyman. The family removed to Wabashaw, Minnesota, in 1856. Herbert B. obtained his early education in public school, and later attended Shattuck College, Faribault, Minnesota. He early entered the employ of Hamilton & Holmes at Wabasha as clerk in their warehouse and express business, following that by buying grain on his own account. A year later he became a salesman for a nursery company in Minneapolis which he continued for four years. In 1873 he removed to Sheldon, Iowa, and with his brother Frank E. engaged in the grain business. At the time of Sheldon's incorporation in 1876 he was elected mayor, and altogether served six terms in that office. He was instrumental in establishing the Union Bank of Sheldon in 1882, and was president of it for some time in its early history. Disposing of his banking interests he wrote insurance for the Northwestern Mutual Life Company. He took an active part in politics, was a presidential elector in 1888 and in 1889 was elected representative and served in the Twenty-third General Assembly, the session of the famous deadlock in the organization of the House. About 1899 he removed to Des Moines, was president of the Merchants Savings Bank of that city, but later sold his Des Moines interests and removed to Los Angeles where he lived in retirement, although retaining farming interests in Iowa and Minnesota.

COELLA ORLANDO BOLING was born in Holmes County, Ohio, August 28, 1867, and died in Tipton, Iowa, June 20, 1934. Burial was in Masonic Cemetery, Tipton. He was with his parents, John and Harriet Hoyman Boling, in their removal to Cedar County, Iowa, in 1869. He spent the early years of his life on his parents' farm near Stanwood. He attended rural school, was graduated from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1892, and from the College of Law of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, in 1894. In 1894 he began the practice of law at Tipton, occupying the law office of Robert G. Cousins who the previous year had begun his congressional career. He continued in active practice until shortly before his death, Miss Edith Hill being associated with him during his last few years. He was county attorney of Cedar County from January, 1897, to January, 1903, and was city solicitor of Tipton for eight years. For a number of years he was chairman of the Cedar County Chapter of the American Red Cross. While Mr. Boling was keenly interested in the civic, political and educational life of the community and gave generously of his time and thought to those interests. his great work was in the practice of his profession. His ability, honor and integrity aided him in winning a high place as a lawyer and a citizen.

JOHN F. OLIVER was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 15, 1855, and died in Onawa, Iowa, May 18, 1934. His parents were Addison and Hannah (Towne) Oliver. He was with them in their removal

to Onawa in 1858. Addison Oliver was for several years circuit judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, and also served two terms as representative in Congress. John F. grew to manhood in Onawa, received his early education in schools there, attended Iowa State College at Ames, and was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1879. He began practice at Eddyville, but in 1888 returned to Onawa where he became a member of the firm of Oliver Brothers & Tillson. In 1894 he was elected judge of the Fourth Judicial District, was several times re-elected, and served from 1895 to 1914 inclusively. He then resumed practice in Onawa. He was proficient as a lawyer and was highly regarded as a judge.

WILLIAM JACKSON GUINN was born on a farm two miles southeast of Belle Plaine, Iowa, September 3, 1852, and died in Belle Plaine June 20, 1934. His parents were Hyrcanus and Melissa (Dinwiddie) Guinn. He was educated in public school in the country and in Belle Plaine High School. He began school-teaching at an early age and taught first in country schools and later in Belle Plaine, in all fifteen terms. He engaged in farming, residing on the Guinn homestead. He held some school and township offices and in 1891 was elected representative and served in the Twenty-Fourth General Assembly. In 1901 he removed to Belle Plaine and entered the real estate and insurance business. He was active in the organization of the Corn Belt Trust and Savings Bank, became its first president and served until increasing age caused him to retire in 1930. Politically he was a Democrat.

WILL LEACH CLARK was born at Lyndon, Whiteside County, Illinois, December 15, 1853, and died in Woodbine, Iowa, July 22, 1934. His parents were John R. and Cathrine B. Clark. The family removed to Webster City, Iowa, when he was a small boy. There he grew to manhood when he engaged for a time in mercantile business, but in 1880 turned to newspaper work, writing for the *Webster City Argus* from 1880 to 1881. For a few years he was editor and publisher of the *Bennick Times*, then did editorial work on the *Le Mars Sentinel*, and later was owner for a time of the *Woodbine Twiner*. He did historical writing for many years, doing editorial work on histories of Hamilton and Wright counties (1889), Shelby and Audubon counties (1889), O'Brien and Osceola counties (1915), Harrison County (1915), a municipal history of Essex County, Massachusetts (1922), and a history of Oklahoma (1929).

ELLIOTT DRIGGS BAIRD was born near Clinton, Oneida County, New York, January 2, 1849, and died in North English, Iowa, September 28, 1932. In 1855 he was with his parents, Isaac W. and Emma E. (Drigge) Baird in their removal to land west of Marengo, Iowa, which they entered from the government and developed into a farm. The son attended rural

school in winters and worked on the farm in summers. He later attended the Marengo High School from which he was graduated, and taught rural schools two years. He became a telegraph operator and followed that vocation some time. In 1876 he was appointed deputy county treasurer of Iowa County and continued in that position eight years, regardless of political changes. After being deputy county auditor one year he was elected clerk of the District Court in 1884 and again in 1886, and served four years. In 1889 he organized the North English Savings Bank and was its cashier or its president until it ceased to exist in May 1928. He was the first mayor of North English, was for many years a member of the school board, and 1906 was elected representative and served in the Thirty-second General Assembly. His political affiliation was with the Democratic party.

WILLIS HALL THORNILEY was born near Marietta, Ohio, in 1841, and died in the same neighborhood in 1928. He was attending school in Marietta when, on November 5, 1861, he entered service in the Union Army as a member of Company B, Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was mustered out December 10, 1864, having attained the rank of corporal. After the war he returned home and engaged in farming, but in the early 1880's removed to Van Buren County, Iowa, where he pursued farming and stock raising. Politically he was a Republican and was elected representative in 1887 and served in the Twenty-second General Assembly. Some ten years later he returned to the vicinity of his birth in Ohio where he remained the rest of his life. There he organized the Washington County Mutual Insurance Company and was an officer in it at the time of his death, also helped to organize the Ohio Valley Farmers' Club, and for many years was a trustee of the Washington County Children's Home.

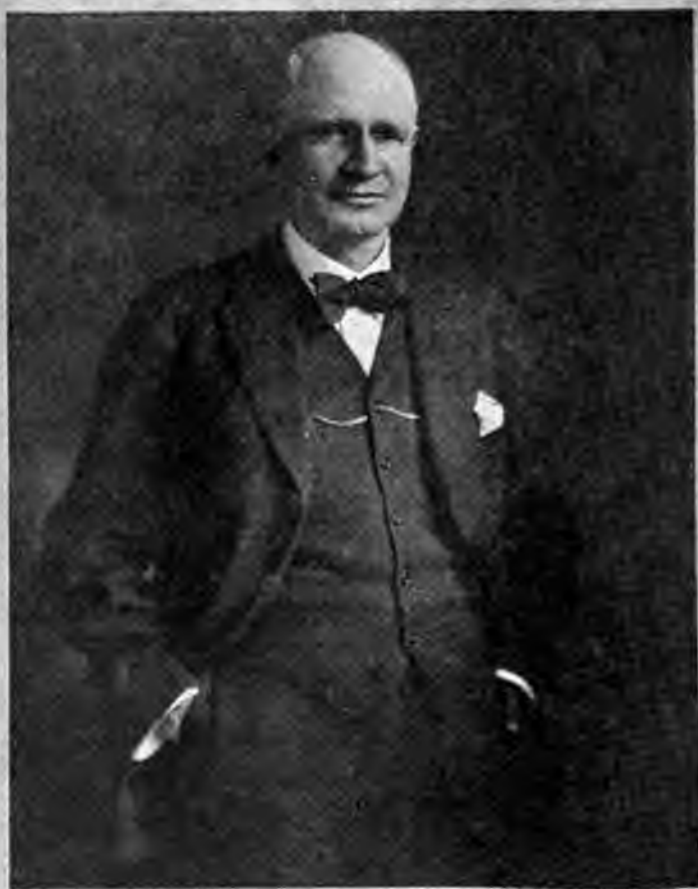
DALLAS D. RORICK was born in Franklin County, Ohio, June 18, 1846, and died in Monticello, Iowa, July 29, 1932. He was with his parents, C. H. and Julia F. (Kimball) Rorick, in their removal to a farm near Oxford Junction, Jones County, Iowa, in 1859. In 1864 he entered the employ of his brother, G. H. Rorick, then a merchant at Lowden, Cedar County. In 1867 he removed to Toronto, Clinton County, where he was by turns carpenter, railroad bridge builder, and grain buyer. He was also justice of the peace, began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1874. In 1878 he located at Wheatland, Clinton County, in the practice of law, was elected representative in 1881 and served in the Nineteenth General Assembly, the last assembly that met in the old Capitol. Later he practiced his profession at Miller, South Dakota, seven years. He then returned to Oxford Junction and practiced until 1915 when he removed to Monticello, where he continued his practice until shortly before his death.

Johnson. He was a vigorous and forcible speaker, and numbered among his hearers many of the intelligent citizens of the city. He was fresh from his field of labor in Iowa City, where he became notorious for his attempt to steal away their church bell and bring it to Keokuk. He was then just at the beginning of his career as a believer in Spiritualism, and among his co-believers were numbered some of our best citizens.

A few weeks after I came to Keokuk, I drove with J. P. Reed in a buggy to Montrose, where Reed had a branch store in connection with George L. Coleman, only son and child of "Sweet" William and "Aunt" Nancy Coleman, the latter being a sister of David W. and Edward Kilbourne. This worthy couple (Mr. and Mrs. Coleman) first kept the Rapids Hotel, where they became famous for their kindness, hospitality, and many Christian virtues. They made their hotel the stranger's home. At the time of my visit to Montrose referred to, they had removed there, and made that place their home thereafter. Here I had a fine view of the Mormon City on the opposite side of the river, and the standing walls of the famous Temple which had been burned on the 9th of October of the previous year (1848).

The cholera made its appearance in Keokuk very soon after my arrival. Travel by steamboat between this point and St. Louis was large, and the latter place was suffering terribly from the disease. At one time it was said that six hundred died there in one day. Almost every boat put off dead or affected persons here.

Among the first citizens to die with the disease was Mr. Van Loon, an employe of R. B. Ogden in the Post Office. He died in March (1849). A. H. Seamans, barkeeper at the Hotel House, died April 4; on May 6 Mrs. Catherine Brooks; in June, William Condon, clerk for P. D. Foster, William McFadden, proprietor of the Keokuk House, John B. Russell, editor of the *Keokuk Dispatch*; in July, Dr. C. P. Smith, Dr. W. S. Birdsell, Philander Hilliard, and "Cock-eyed Brooks." These are only a few of the well known citizens now remembered, and all died after only a few hours illness. The terror occasioned by the first few cases soon gave way, and we did not hesitate to lend our assistance wherever needed, and for a time in midsummer deaths occurred almost daily. Among the noted ones who died the follow-



James G. Thompson

ANNALS OF IOWA

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THIRD SERIES

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF AN IOWA FATHER AND SON

CALEB FORBES DAVIS, LATE OF KEOKUK, IOWA

JAMES COX DAVIS, OF DES MOINES, IOWA

1829-1934

FOREWORD

Recently I reread the account of my father's life which he left for his children. The story seemed to have for me a peculiar interest. The idea suggested itself that I might carry on by adding a simple narrative account of my own life. This has been written with the thought not that the lives of these two ordinary and typical citizens of Iowa contain any matters of public moment, but that perhaps a recital might interest my children and grandchildren and give them some information concerning the lives and surroundings of their forbears.—James C. Davis.

PART I

CALEB FORBES DAVIS

The writer, whose full name appears above, was born in Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, on the 27th day of April, 1829.

My father, Rezin Davis, was born in Woodstock, Virginia, February 13, 1804, and is now at this date (1882) living at his home in Clarksburg, West Virginia, carrying on the business of saddle and harness making, in which business he has been constantly engaged in the same place for over fifty years. During most of that time, in that country, all the travel was on horseback or in stage coach, and the transportation of produce or merchandise was by wagon; and the business of saddle and harness making was an extensive and important one.

My mother, Ann Pollard Britton, daughter of Forbes and

Elizabeth Britton, was born in Morgantown, Monongahela County, Virginia, November 10, 1807. My father and mother were married at Clarksburg, Virginia, June 5, 1828. They had born to them nine children, of whom the writer is the oldest. Three are dead, and six now living and have families, except Kate, the youngest; and all, except myself, living in the town where they were born.

My mother died in Clarksburg, West Virginia, May 19, 1877. My paternal grandfather, Caleb Davis, was of Welsh descent, and was born in Annapolis, Maryland, March 15, 1769, and died at Clarksburg, Virginia, April 25, 1834. He was a silversmith, a watch and clock maker by trade, and continued to work in his little shop until his death. I now have in my possession an old-fashioned clock, seven feet high, with face showing the moon's changes, that was made by him entirely by hand. He also made some pretension to painting as a recreation, and left many specimens, one of which I now have, painted on an eight by ten plate of common window glass, representing Captain Lawrence, a naval officer of the war of 1812.

I was placed in school in early childhood, and received such education only as could be secured at that day among the hills of Western Virginia, and confined almost entirely to the three primitive (and most important) branches, viz., reading, writing and arithmetic. My first teacher was Miss Elizabeth Moore, a cousin of my mother, who afterward married Lloyd Lowndes, a wealthy merchant of Clarksburg, whose son is now a member of Congress from the Cumberland district, Maryland. The teacher to whom I was most indebted for the little early education I received was a young man who taught the school only one year, named Francis Pierpoint, who afterward became a lawyer and settled at Fairmont, Virginia, and during the War of the Rebellion was a distinguished leader of the Union supporters, and became the first governor of the new state of West Virginia.

At the age of sixteen my father put me in the saddler's shop, astride a wooden horse, to learn the trade. My father was a hard working man, and exercised the strictest economy in his household affairs; and up to this time, I, with my brothers and sisters, did our share as best we could in helping to care for and milk the cows, feed the pigs, dip candles and scrub and sand the

floors (we used no carpets in those days) every Saturday, preparatory to Sunday. Both parents being strict members of the Old School Presbyterian church, Sunday was faithfully observed by the family as a day of quiet rest and devotion, reading the Bible, studying the Shorter Catechism, and singing hymns, so that all preparations were made on Saturday with that in view.

The sedentary confinement disagreed with me, and after a short time I was engaged as a clerk in a general retail store, where I remained until the winter of 1848-9. At this time, my cousin, John P. Reed, and Moses B. Cox, had established themselves in the business of general merchandise at Keokuk, in the new state of Iowa. I was offered a position in their store, which I accepted. J. P. Reed was then in Baltimore purchasing goods, and notified me that he would come through Clarksburg on his return west, so I made ready, and on the 25th day of February, 1849, we left Clarksburg, for Keokuk, Iowa. We traveled from Clarksburg to Sistersville, the nearest point on the Ohio River, in a two-horse hack, being two days on the road. We then took the steamboat *North America*, from Pittsburg, bound for St. Louis, Missouri. The boat was about a week on the way, stopping a day at Cincinnati, Louisville, and other points, discharging freight, etc.

Up to this time in my life I had never been outside of the state of Virginia, and only thrice outside of the county in which I was born; had never seen a railroad locomotive or train, and had never been on board a steamboat. My verdancy was exceedingly embarrassing, and I now know that my efforts to appear wise only made my ignorance the more visible. On arriving at St. Louis, we found that the cholera, which had prevailed on the lower Mississippi the previous season, had now reached that city. We remained there over night, and the next day took passage on the steamboat *Edward Bates* for Keokuk, which we reached in good time (24 hours). The river being high, the boat landed near the porch of the old Rapids Hotel, located at the foot of Concert Street, and then kept by a man named Harris. This was the first week in March, 1849.

My worldly possessions being at that time a fair outfit of clothes, a gold watch worth one hundred dollars, and four hundred dollars in money, being the savings of my three years'

clerkship before leaving home, I engaged board at the Keokuk House, on Water Street, between Main and Johnson, kept by William McFadden, and was to pay three dollars and a half per week.

I at once entered the store of Bridgman & Reed on Main Street, between the Levee and First streets, as a clerk, at a salary of four hundred dollars per annum, with sleeping room in rear of upper story. General Arthur Bridgman, the senior member of the firm, had just removed from Burlington, Iowa, to Keokuk, and purchased the interest of Moses B. Cox, former partner of J. P. Reed. Frank Bridgman, brother of the General, and a man named Keifer, were also clerks in the same store. The business of the firm was one of general merchandise and the purchase of country produce, principally fall wheat for shipment by boat to St. Louis. The finest wheat ever raised in Iowa was being produced then on the new ground in the vicinity of Keokuk, and in the lower Des Moines Valley. There was a long shed building in the rear of the storehouse which had been built and used for a tenpin alley, in which I think I spent the greater part of my first year in Keokuk, not rolling tenpins, but sacking wheat for shipment, for the tenpin alley had been converted into a warehouse.

Among my first acquaintances was Bill Clark, called "Devil Creek Bill," who had been the first mayor of the city, and was an intimate friend of J. P. Reed, and the fact that I was the latter's cousin and a native of Virginia, if not "one of the first families," gave me an easy passport into Bill's affections. I think on the first night after my arrival I was invited by Reed and Clark to visit the billiard room and saloon kept by Kinney Said, in the upstairs of a two-story frame building owned by Moses Gray, just opposite the storeroom of Bridgman and Reed. Here I met Jake Neuse, Henry J. Campbell, Charley Moore, Col. Hillis (called Doublehead), Ad. Hine, and others. This, and a restaurant and drug store on the corner of First and Johnson streets, and the old-time barroom of the hotel, were the principal places of resort for amusement and refreshment, and patronized by the larger portion of the male inhabitants.

The first sermon I heard was delivered by Rev. Michael Humer, in a log schoolhouse on Third Street between Main and

Johnson. He was a vigorous and forcible speaker, and numbered among his hearers many of the intelligent citizens of the city. He was fresh from his field of labor in Iowa City, where he became notorious for his attempt to steal away their church bell and bring it to Keokuk. He was then just at the beginning of his career as a believer in Spiritualism, and among his co-believers were numbered some of our best citizens.

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ing year (1850) were "Penny" Price, the barber, and "the wickedest man in town," Samuel Van Fossen and Neff, a clerk in the store of C. Garber & Co. This latter death was coming pretty near home to me, we being employed in adjoining stores and sleeping upstairs with only a partition between us. He died about daylight of May 18, 1850. The evening previous, he, with George B. Smythe, who was also a clerk in Garber & Co.'s store, and myself, sat in front of our stores talking until after nine o'clock, all apparently as well as usual, when he and Smythe, who roomed together, retired to their room, I going to mine. About midnight Smythe came over, and waking me said, "Neff has the cholera." I immediately dressed and went over, found Dr. Hoover, who had been sent for, already there, and Neff in a collapsed condition. We worked with him, under the doctor's direction; but to no avail, for by the dawn of morning he was dead.

I have long recognized the fact that I should have been educated in the law, but I had no choice, and circumstances forced me into a mercantile trade, which in time became distasteful to me, and too late to make a change.

On the morning of May 24, 1849, the cry of "fire" aroused our citizens to find that "Rat Row" was burning. The fire was discovered in about the center of the row, owned and occupied by Mother Jorden. Tom Crook occupied the south end of the row as a grocery, boat store and butcher shop. A German had a bakery and "Penny" Price the barber had a shop in other parts of the row. This row of log cabins was built about 1824 by the American Fur Company, and used by them as a trading post with the Indians until 1832, when they sold it to Isaac R. Campbell. It was located on the bank of the river, mostly in front of Block Five and the foot of Blondeau Street. In front of the Row, in the river, was the wharf boat of Ad. and Dan Hine, then used as a steamboat landing, boat stores, wet grocery and for various other purposes to accommodate new comers to the state. In the rear of the row, on the front line of Lot Three in Block Five, had been built the two-story brick building of Chittenden & McGavic, which they occupied as a general store on the first floor. The upper story was divided into two apartments, which they occupied with their families. Next to them toward Blon-

deau Street was Tom Davis' drug store, Pigner's barber shop, Mrs. Treiber's bakery, etc. On the other side toward Main Street was the log house occupied by Mrs. Gaines, and on the corner of Main and Levee was the boat store and grocery of D. T. Rudd & Co. The general effort and desire of the citizens was to save the buildings and contents located in Block Five and let Rat Row burn, in both of which their desire was gratified. Thus passed away the most noted land mark of pioneer days in Keokuk.

The week preceding this (May 17, 1849) occurred the great fire in St. Louis, which destroyed twenty-three steamboats, lying at the levee, with their cargoes, and about six blocks of the business portion of the city, on Pine, Locust, Chestnut and Olive streets, and between the wharf and Second Street. In this fire was burned the steamboat Edward Bates, on which two months before I had made my first trip to Keokuk.

Keokuk was just beginning to assume some importance as a town, attracting wide-spread attention, being at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids, where in low water steamboats were compelled to transfer their freight and passengers; railroads were not thought of, and it was not unusual to see from four to ten steamboats lying at the landing at one time; emigrants arriving and departing daily for the interior with their goods and chattels, by horse and ox team, gave the town a business appearance, and improvements were being made out as far as Ninth on Main Street. The town was divided by a deep ravine which ran from north to south crossing Blondeau Street and Main Street on or near Sixth, where it was from twenty to twenty-five feet deep, and was spanned on the south side by a foot bridge. All that part of the town west of the ravine, or Sixth Street, was called "Cattaraugas." Main Street was not then opened up for travel from the river, except to First Street, Johnson Street being the one by which teams passed from the town under the hill to the town on the hill.

In 1850 or 1851, the city let a contract to Mitchell Marshall for grading Main Street. The cut at the top of the hill at Second Street, was about ten feet, and about the same at the intersection of Fourth Street. The material taken from this part of Main Street was used in filling the ravine at Sixth Street.

At this time, a large number of Mormons, on their way to Salt Lake, stopped here for the summer and camped on the bluff above town. They had their own teams, and offered to work very cheap. Marshall hired them, and with their large force soon completed his contract, thus uniting the main part of town with Cattaraugus, and the latter name became obsolete. Marshall received his pay from the city, but it is understood that the labor performed by the Mormons will be settled for at the "crack of doom."

In those days we had more solid fun to the square inch than has been experienced here since or ever will be again. Then we did not bar our doors against thieves; and criminals met with speedy justice. Civilization has wrought a great change in these things. We had our dances and steamboat excursions then as now; and such steamboat captains as John C. Ainsworth, Silas Heaight, Charley Morrison, Mahlon, Matson and Ford, and clerks Dan Able, John Scudder, Watson and John Roberts, participated in and enjoyed our frolics with the jolliest of us, and their entertainments on board boat were not to be surpassed.

During the winter of 1850-51, a party of us organized a dancing set of ten couples, and were called "the twenties." We met every two weeks at the Keokuk House and danced in the dining room, with "Old Cotton" as fiddler and caller. Shep. McFadden kept the hotel and furnished refreshments.

In 1852 I went to Montrose, to assist George L. Coleman in his store. He was then engaged with Benjamin Roop in running a distillery and cooper shop, which made a market for large amounts of grain, wood, and cooper stuff, and employed from twenty-five to thirty men. This made Montrose a good business point, and being at the head of the rapids, it had to some extent similar advantages in regard to steamboat business with Keokuk. Here were the young lawyers who afterwards became men of some prominence, J. M. Beck, now serving his third term as one of the Supreme Court judges of the state of Iowa; Samuel Boyles, elected county judge of Lee County, and C. J. McFarland, who was for one term prosecuting attorney for the county, and removing to Boone County about 1856, was elected district judge for the district in which were the counties of Polk, Boone, Dallas and others.

In the winter of 1852-53 I purchased the interest of Hawkin Taylor in a fleet of lighters used in transferring freight over the rapids, Cornelius Falkner and William Owens, of Montrose, being my partners. I returned to Keokuk and with Faulkner attended to the business at this end of the route, boarding at the LaCledc House, kept by Pressell and Allyn. In January, 1854, we sold out our lighters to Ad. and Dan Hine, who had been our competitors in the business, thus giving them the exclusive trade.

On the 25th of February, 1854, I engaged with the firm of Chittenden & McGavic as bookkeeper, for one year on trial. Their business was then wholesale groceries and iron, and they also did a commission and storage business, their sales then amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars per annum, and rapidly increasing. All I then knew about bookkeeping I had learned from General Arthur Bridgman during my stay with the firm of Bridgman & Reed. He kept the books of the firm, and I assisted him in taking off his monthly balances, thereby gaining a practical insight into the system of bookkeeping by double entry.

My engagement with Chittenden & McGavic was for one year without any specified salary. I wanted the position, and said to them, "If I suit you, at the end of the year pay me what I am worth." At the close of the year they paid me one thousand dollars, which at that time was considered a large salary. I then boarded at the Ivins House, kept by the owner, Charles Ivins, whose family made the house a pleasant home for their guests.

During this year a number of us organized a military company, called the "Keokuk Guards." Our uniform was blue cloth, trimmed with gilt lace and buttons, felt hat with white and red flowing plume, white linen pants for summer dress, and furnished with U. S. muskets. Thos. B. Cuming, then editor of the *Keokuk Dispatch*, was captain; the lieutenants were T. I. McKinney, C. F. Davis and R. H. Huston; corporals, Thos. W. Claggett, Jr., Wray Brown, Norman Starkweather, and Jim Deivey. As members of the company I call to mind J. A. Graham, Thos. Wooster, William Baldrige, Thomas Swanwick, James Bebee, J. F. Stotts, Dan Hine, Joseph Trimble, and Brady, the drayman. Among the many pleasant incidents con-

nected with our company's history was the exchange of courtesies and visits with the "Quincy Blues," a similar organization in our neighboring city of Quincy, and under command of Captain Ben Prentiss. That year, 1854, Captain Cuming received the appointment of secretary of the new territory of Nebraska, and he was succeeded as captain by R. H. Huston.

T. B. Cuming and myself were warm personal friends, and he urged me to go with him to Omaha, as it had been designated as the capital of the new territory. I had almost concluded to do so, when, mentioning the subject to Mr. McGavic, he advised against the move, and said he and Mr. Chittenden had been considering a change in their firm, admitting his brother, LeRoy McGavic, to a partnership at the end of the year, and if I would remain they would also admit me as a member of the firm. This was something I had not anticipated, but the prospect of entering a firm with an established and prosperous business, with large capital and No. 1 credit was very encouraging. LeRoy McGavic and myself being without capital were to share in the net profits annually, he receiving three-fifths of one-third, and I two-fifths of one-third.

For several years we did a large and profitable business. Then we did not travel to sell goods. Country merchants came here twice a year, spring and fall, to make their purchases, and in the interim sent their orders by the teamsters who did the hauling. Our trade then extended over the greater part of the south half of the state, as far west as Taylor and Guthrie counties and north to Ft. Dodge. Railroads were then just beginning to extend west of the Mississippi River, and passenger travel was (in Iowa) altogether by the old Frink & Walker stage coach or by private conveyance; and goods for all points interior were transported by horse or ox teams, the rate of freight to Des Moines being two dollars per hundred pounds; and two and one-half per hundred pounds to Fort Dodge. The principal grocery houses here then were McGavic, Chittenden & Co., (the name the firm assumed when Lee McG. and myself were admitted), Connable, Smythe & Co., and Cleghorn & Harrison.

Occasionally during the summer months small steamboats navigated the Des Moines River (it having been improved by locks and dams as far up as Bentonsport), going as far as Des Moines,

or Raccoon Forks, as it was then called, charging for freight to that point from 50 to 75 cents per hundred pounds. At such times, merchants in the interior took advantage of low freight, and bought largely. In this connection, I relate the following account of the first boat passing above Des Moines. In May, 1859, our firm chartered the steamboat Charles Rodgers, a small craft of about fifty tons, we agreeing to load her to her full capacity, destination, Fort Dodge, on the Des Moines River, rate of freight through, 50 cents per hundred pounds. We loaded the boat with sugar, coffee, molasses, tobacco, salt, flour, etc., and I went on board as supercargo. We left the landing at Keokuk Wednesday, May 18, 1859, at six o'clock in the evening, and entered the mouth of the Des Moines River before dark. The boat had no cabin, only the pilot house on the hurricane deck. We ate and slept on the lower deck, just back of the engine and boiler. The boat was laid up at the bank whenever night overtook us, only running in daylight, warping through the locks at Bonaparte and Bentonsport. One of the pilots was a violinist, and at several places where we tied up to shore for the night, with the assistance of the neighboring belles and beaux, we had old-fashioned dances. Our cargo being billed through for Fort Dodge, we made no stops for way business, and arrived at Des Moines Friday evening, where we remained all night. Saturday morning we left Des Moines. Our boat being light draught and the river a good stage of water, we passed over the dam at Des Moines and arrived that evening at the Boonesboro landing, several miles from the town of that name. Here we remained for the night, and some parties coming over from the town, we had a dance in a building on shore. Between this point and Fort Dodge we ran out of fuel, and had to land several times, all hands going into the woods and gathering dead timber to keep our fire going. The shrill whistle of the boat every now and then brought people in to the river bank for miles back to see a boat. That evening (Sunday) we made a landing at a farm owned by a man named L. Mericle, a short distance below Fort Dodge. The farmer being very anxious for supplies, I made my first sale of groceries to him, the bill amounting to \$100.60, which he paid in gold.

The next morning, Monday, about noon we steamed up to the

landing at Fort Dodge. The town was up on the high ground some distance from the river, but all the population were at the landing to greet us. I went on shore with my invoice, and by noon of next day the cargo was all sold, and paid for in gold, that being the currency of the country then. The merchants of Fort Dodge whom I remember as purchasers were W. W. Haire, S. C. Hinton, Gregory & Mesmore, J. I. Howe, Chas. Ranke, and F. A. Blackshire, one of the pilots of the boat, who lived at or near the town.

On the evening of the day our boat arrived, the citizens of Fort Dodge gave a dance at Masonic Hall, in honor of the arrival of the first steamboat loaded with freight for that port. I now have one of the invitation cards used upon that occasion, on which appear the following names as managers: Maj. William Williams, Hon. W. N. Messervy, Hon. J. L. Stockdale, C. C. Carpenter, L. L. Pease, J. D. Stowe, W. W. White, Thomas Sargent, A. W. Dawley, Israel Jenkins, Geo. W. Reeve.

Going back to the winter of 1850-51, it was at one of the parties given by "The Twenties," at the Keokuk House, heretofore referred to, that I met General Daniel S. Lee, a scion of the distinguished Virginia family of that name. He was a noble looking specimen of manhood, and greatly prided himself on the fact of being "one of the first families." He was particularly neat in his dress, and his manners of the Chesterfieldian style, as we plain folks understood it. His dress was a swallow-tailed coat of blue cloth, with gilt buttons, light cassimere pants, a flowing auburn beard and mustache, his hair parted in the middle and his coat buttoned up to the chin, his hands encased in neatly fitting lavender kids. It was thus, (having gone from the dancing room down to the barroom below "to see a man") that the General first appeared to us. Introducing himself as a gentleman just arrived in the city from Virginia, with the intention of locating with us, and learning that a dance was in progress, he desired to participate in the festivities of the occasion, and be introduced to some of the elite of the city, if it would not be considered intrusive. Being myself a native of Virginia, though born on the wrong side of the Blue Ridge to claim connection with the "first families," I expressed great pleasure in meeting so distinguished a fellow countryman, and had the honor of in-

roducing him into the ballroom. He at once became the lion of the evening. The boys took in the situation at once, and each one buttoned up his coat to the chin and assumed all the dignity possible. The girls vied with each other as to who should "trot the General through" the liveliest dances. Those unacquainted with pioneer life cannot imagine the fun we had; and the unsophisticated General took it all in good earnest, and we separated mutually pleased with each other.

The General brought with him a brother-in-law, named Rinex or Rinick, who engaged in the hat and cap business at the corner of Main and Third streets, north side. Rinex was a little, insignificant looking individual, who wore large spectacles; his wife was large, masculine, and commanding in appearance. All took rooms and board at the LaClede House. The General being "too-too" to engage in any sordid employment, was satisfied to be the sleeping partner of the firm of Rinex & Co. He devoted most of his time to the ladies, dress and politics. There was no particular harm in the man, yet his inordinate vanity made him a subject of ridicule. After basking in the sunshine of western rural beauty for the space of about "four moons" he concluded to make a visit to his ancestral home, somewhere near the spot where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain Smith. In the meantime, through the request of some of his friends, Governor Stephen Hempstead appointed him adjutant general of the state militia, a position entirely honorary, there being no duties or compensation attached thereto, consequently not cared for or sought after by anyone else. However, it answered the purpose of our chivalric friend, in enabling him to return so soon to his Virginia home, loaded down with a distinguished title. He was to leave Sunday evening on the St. Louis packet. On Sunday morning during the breakfast hour, some wild boys, not having the fear of a representative of one of the first families before their eyes, discovered a box sitting under a table in the hall of the LaClede Hotel, their special attention being drawn to it by the marks on the top, which read as follows:

"Adjutant General Daniel S. Lee,
Strausburg,
Virginia."

the South. I have some recollection of the soldiers and camps and tents in and about Keokuk. Keokuk is located on the border line of northeast Missouri. There were constant reports that the rebels, especially roving guerrilla bands in Missouri, tended to attack and raid the city. There was a military organization of the citizens created for defense. In the event of a night attack, there was to be a special signal given by the fire bells. One summer night, about midnight, this alarm was given. One of the fire houses with bell was located near my home. I have a very distinct recollection of my childish self when I was awakened by this alarm. I got up and saw my father with a musket hurry to the defense of the city. My mother and I spent a very unhappy and anxious time until my father returned with the report of a false alarm. As a matter of fact, Keokuk was never attacked during the Civil War, but the town of Alexandria, Missouri, five miles south of Keokuk, was invaded and sacked by the rebels.

As I recall, the details of housekeeping and family life in my early childhood were very different and much more than those we are now accustomed to. When I was about five years old my father purchased and we moved into a large, old-fashioned stone house, with a yard which covered one half a city block. From the time we moved into this house, my father always kept two maids, a cook and an "upstairs girl." The wages for the cook were \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; the upstairs girl was paid \$2.00. On Mondays they did the washing, and Tuesday was ironing day, with special washing and ironing day for the dinners. About the time we acquired the new home Father employed a Negro man about fifty years old by the name of Sam Red. Sam was quite a character. He had belonged as a slave to a family living near Macon, Georgia. When General Sherman marched through Georgia on his way to the sea, Sam's master sent him with six mules to hide in the woods until the Yankees got by. He was discovered and Sam said the Yankees took the mules and he went along with the soldiers. Sam went with Sherman's Army to Savannah, Georgia, then by ocean to Washington, D. C., then to St. Louis, Missouri, where he was mustered out, and, like many other of his people came from the Mississippi River to Keokuk. He lived in a little brick

house on our place, and many winter evenings we boys in the neighborhood spent in "Sam's house" listening to his stories of plantation and army life. Sam frequently told us he went all through Sherman's "champagne."

Sam had quite a repertoire of plantation songs. One thing that was characteristic of them was they were easy to memorize, and when once memorized they were never forgotten. One of them went something like this:

There is a girl in this here town,
She always wears a blue-green gown,
And every time that she turns round,
The hollow of her foot cuts a hole in the ground.

Chorus:

Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old Virginy never tire.

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There was nothing there but an old blind horse,
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I am reluctant to record the last verse on account of its profanity, but the beauty of its rhythm overcomes my scruples:

There was a frog in Uncle Bill's well,
He swore by G- d he was just from hell,
He was just as full of fire as he could be crammed,
If that ain't a hot place I'll be damned.

Sam was a typical example of a simple-minded "before the war" plantation Negro, faithful and loyal. He always referred to our yard as "the plantation." He left a wife and eight children when he was taken by the soldiers, and each of my brothers and sisters and myself tried without avail by correspondence to locate Sam's family. He lived with us until his death. He is buried in our family lot in the cemetery at Keokuk. My father placed a stone marker on his grave, with this inscription on it:

Samuel Red
Born a slave, died a free man,
An honest man, a faithful servant.

I recall with interest the preparations that were made in those days for winter. You would have thought we were preparing to

lican party endorse them. I look upon the nomination and election of James A. Garfield to the presidency as a triumph of the same element in the Republican party that nominated Horace Greeley in 1872, the contest at Chicago which resulted in Garfield's nomination being between the best element of the party, those who favored a general reform of public abuses and an honest administration of the government, as against those who were struggling for Grant as the medium to perpetuate themselves in place, and the enjoyment of spoils of office.

I never had ambition for public position, and was never voluntarily a candidate for any office. In April, 1861, I was elected alderman of the city from the First Ward, and re-elected in 1863, serving four consecutive years. I was again elected from the same ward, without opposition, in 1879, and served two years. In January, 1870, I was elected treasurer of the Iowa State Agricultural Society, serving one year; was then elected one of the Board of Directors for two years, re-elected in 1873, and again in 1875, serving until I resigned the position in May, 1876, George C. Duffield, of Van Buren County being chosen to fill the vacancy, at my request, since which time he has served continuously.

I have been connected with the Keokuk Savings Bank since its organization in 1867, having been one of the incorporators. Was elected president of the bank in 1869, which position I have held continuously to the present time.

My religious views are not very well defined in my own mind. My early training in that regard was in the strictest Old Presbyterian School. From these early teachings I have wandered far. Since attaining my majority, my convictions have been that much that was taught me in my youth was mythological and superstitious. Yet I cannot but respect and reverence the honest efforts of my parents, and their earnest solicitude for what they thought was for the best interest and future welfare of their children. If there is such a Heaven as they believed in and taught, I have no doubt my mother is now enjoying its bliss, and waiting to welcome my father whose three score years and ten are already numbered, and approaching near to four score.

In 1872 I formed the acquaintance of Dr. Joshua M. Shaffer, then a resident of Fairfield, Iowa, and secretary of the Iowa

State Agricultural Society. Soon after this he removed to Keokuk, and we became intimately associated, occupying the same office. The warm friendship, commenced with and increasing from our first acquaintance to this date, has afforded me the greatest pleasure. To his knowledge, skill, taste and labor, I am indebted for the best collection of specimens in ornithology and zo-ology in the West, and the largest and finest collection of geodes in the world. We two have spent many happy hours in the work, not expecting pecuniary reward, being amply repaid in the knowledge gained and the *fun we had*, and the hope that our work would be of some benefit in the future.

From my earliest recollection I have had a desire to preserve old things, or save everything that to my mind might be useful some day. The consequence is I have an accumulation of what many will call stuff, that I make room for and prize, and in culling it over in future someone may find a part of it good for something, or it may all, after I am gone, be dumped into a junk shop, like Dr. Sanford's medical library, at one cent per pound.

In 1863 I purchased of Hon. James B. Howell bound volumes of the daily *Gate City* complete from its first number to that date. Since that time I have been a regular subscriber, preserving the file, and have had them regularly and uniformly bound; and now have the bound volumes continuous from 1855 to the present date.

This same desire to preserve old things that my friend Sam Clark calls a hobby (and everyone should have a hobby), has partially inspired me to undertake to get together the familiar faces of "auld lang syne" and such facts and reminiscences in connection with each one as those now living may choose to give.

If this work should benefit those who follow after us, and keep in grateful memory the grand men, who, with toil and privation (not unmingled with the pleasures of their time), were the pioneers on the border of one of the greatest states of the Union, my time and labor will not have been spent for naught.

Keokuk, Iowa, June 10, 1882.

NOTE

My father died in Keokuk on the 6th day of January, 1898, a few months before he was sixty-nine years old. He continued as president of the Keokuk Savings Bank until his death.



DAVIS HOMESTEAD, KEOKUK, 1874
 Left to right: Two-seated surrey, Bay Mare "Kit," Samuel Red, C. F. Jr.,
 C. F. Sr.



JAMES C. DAVIS HOMESTEAD, DES MOINES, IOWA, 1931

PART II

JAMES COX DAVIS

My father, Caleb Forbes Davis, was born in Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, April 27, 1829. My mother, Caroline Thistle Cox, was born in New Martinsdale, Wetzel County, West Virginia, July 7, 1832. My father and mother first met in Keokuk, Iowa, while my mother, in 1855, was on a



MR. AND MRS. CALEB FORBES DAVIS

visit in Keokuk to her brother, James F. Cox, who was then engaged in the wholesale dry goods business. My father and mother were married in St. John's Episcopal Church, Keokuk, Iowa, November 5, 1856, and I was born in Keokuk September 2, 1857.

My earliest recollections are some vague memories of incidents during the Civil War. Keokuk was a concentration point for soldiers from the north and west who were sent south in Mississippi River steamboats. There was also established in Keokuk during the Civil War a very large hospital, to which wounded, sick and disabled soldiers were sent by steamboat from

the South. I have some recollection of the soldiers and their camps and tents in and about Keokuk. Keokuk is located on the border line of northeast Missouri. There were constant rumors that the rebels, especially roving guerrilla bands in Missouri, intended to attack and raid the city. There was a military organization of the citizens created for defense. In the event of a night attack, there was to be a special signal given by the city fire bells. One summer night, about midnight, this alarm was given. One of the fire houses with bell was located near our home. I have a very distinct recollection of my childish terror when I was awakened by this alarm. I got up and saw my father with a musket hurry to the defense of the city. My mother and I spent a very unhappy and anxious time until my father returned with the report of a false alarm. As a matter of fact, Keokuk was never attacked during the Civil War, but the town of Alexandria, Missouri, five miles south of Keokuk, was invaded and sacked by the rebels.

As I recall, the details of housekeeping and family life during my early childhood were very different and much more simple than those we are now accustomed to. When I was about ten years old my father purchased and we moved into a large, old-fashioned stone house, with a yard which covered one half of a city block. From the time we moved into this house, my mother always kept two maids, a cook and an "upstairs girl." The wages for the cook were \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; the upstairs girl was paid \$2.00. On Mondays they did the washing, and Tuesday was ironing day, with special washing and ironing day midday dinners. About the time we acquired the new home Father employed a Negro man about fifty years old by the name of Samuel Red. Sam was quite a character. He had belonged as a slave to a family living near Macon, Georgia. When General Sherman marched through Georgia on his way to the sea, Sam's mistress sent him with six mules to hide in the woods until the Yankees got by. He was discovered and Sam said the Yankees took "me and de mules" and they went along with the soldiers. Sam went with Sherman's Army to Savannah, Georgia, then by ocean boat to Washington, D. C., then to St. Louis, Missouri, where he was mustered out, and, like many other of his people came up the Mississippi River to Keokuk. He lived in a little brick tool

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Samuel Red
Born a slave, died a free man,
An honest man, a faithful servant.

I recall with interest the preparations that were made in those days for winter. You would have thought we were preparing to

withstand a siege from an invading army. During the summer my mother would put up great quantities of fruit in cans, and pickles in jars. The cans were tin, sealed airtight with red sealing wax. My father would buy in the fall and store in the cellar 20 bushels of apples—genitens, rome beauties, and bell-flowers—20 bushels of winter potatoes, 2 or 3 dozen heads of cabbage, a dozen pumpkins, a number of hams and pieces of pork side meat. He would also buy 15 or 20 cords of wood, which would have to be sawed and split, and Mother would make a big jar of mincemeat liberally seasoned with cognac brandy so when you ate a piece of pie you got a fair sized drink. During the summer, sweet corn and lima beans were sun-dried and preserved for winter consumption. The corn on the ear was momentarily placed in boiling water, the grains cut off of the cob, the beans were taken out of their pods, then the corn and beans were exposed on sheets laid down on a tin porch and subjected to the drying processes of the August sun. When properly dried the corn and beans were put in bags. In the winter time these dried vegetables appeared in very palatable and tasty dishes of succotash. Apples and peaches were frequently preserved by the same sun-drying process. My mother always dispensed a very generous Southern hospitality in the way of good things to eat.

My education was largely obtained in the Keokuk public schools, with one year at a preparatory school known as Hellmuth Boys' College, located in London, Ontario, Canada. There was one matter of interest in our family in connection with the public schools. Keokuk had a very large colored population. One ward, the Fifth, had more colored people residing in it than white. My mother had some very definite Southern prejudices. She was a great favorite with many of the older colored people, but her relations with them were strictly a la Southern. Mother did not care for the public schools. She called them "free" schools, and said in Virginia it was only the children of poor white people that attended free schools. Reluctantly she permitted my brother and myself to attend the public schools; in fact, there were no other schools we could attend, but she always told us that if they put a "nigger" in our room to pack up our books and come home. Fortunately, I got through school

without any race conflicts. The School Board of Keokuk maintained separate schools for white and colored children, but advocates of race equality applied to the court to permit colored children to attend all public schools on an equality with the white children and finally the Supreme Court of Iowa sustained this right. One day my brother Frank came home with all his books. When asked what was the matter, he said there was a "nigger" in his room. Well, he loafed around for a day or two and then he went back to school. There was no other place for him to go. My sisters and younger brother had a plentiful sprinkling of the colored children in all their classes, but my mother's surrender to the inevitable situation was not very gracious.

The spring and summer of 1873, when I was nearly sixteen years old, I spent on a farm owned by my father and one of his former partners. The farm consisted of 160 acres, and was located at Charleston, Lee County, Iowa, about eighteen miles from Keokuk. A son of my father's partner and myself attempted to farm twenty acres. As a farming experiment, the venture was a failure. As a matter of experience, it was quite a success. As a result of exposure on the farm I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism in September, 1873, which prevented my returning to school until after January 1, 1874, and thus made it impossible for me to graduate in the spring of 1874, with my class in the Keokuk High School. In September, 1874, I was sent to a school known as Hellmuth Boys' College, London, Ontario, where I stayed until June, 1875. This was a preparatory boarding school of about the same standards as an ordinary high school. Living in Canada for a school year, taught by English masters, mingling with Canadian and English boys and American boys from the Canadian border, was a great experience to me and I came back to Keokuk quite a sophisticated young man. I became acquainted with English athletic sports, which were then unknown in the Middle West, and at one of the athletic meets won a prize in a 150-yard hurdle race. The boy ahead of me tripped on the last hurdle, and I cleared the hurdle and did not wait for him.

While I was in Canada my father wrote me a very fine letter suggesting his regret that he had been unable to study law and



DAVIS HOMESTEAD, KEOKUK, 1874

Left to right: Two seated surrey, Bay Mare "Kit," Samuel Red, C. F. Jr., and C. F. Sr.



JAMES C. DAVIS HOMESTEAD, DES MOINES, IOWA, 1934

offering me an opportunity to attend the Law School at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. I have often wished I had kept a copy of the letter I wrote in reply. As I remember, I advised my father that he could not afford the expense of sending me to a law college; that he had four other children to educate, and that on my return home I intended to go to work and be "self-supporting." I do not know just what the old gentleman thought of that letter, for so far as I can recollect the subject was not again referred to either in conversation or correspondence.

In June, 1875, I returned to Keokuk and tried to get employment. I was finally employed in the office of R. G. Dun & Co., Commercial Agents. My duties consisted largely in copying records. My compensation when I started was \$6.00 a week. The man in charge of the office was an Englishman. On the first two Saturdays he paid me a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill. After that, every Saturday he paid me a five-dollar bill and a two-dollar bill. I tried to save the \$5.00 by depositing it in the bank, and sported on the \$2.00. I stayed with R. G. Dun & Co. for ten or eleven months. I was dissatisfied with my surroundings and prospects. Among my most intimate friends were two or three boys studying law in some of the Keokuk law offices. In those days a substantial majority of the law students acquired their profession in offices reading text books on the primary and controlling subjects of the law, rather than attending law colleges. So early in 1876 I began seriously to consider studying law. I was uncertain as to whether or not I had patience and industry enough to read a law book, so I surreptitiously borrowed a book from the widow of a lawyer who lived in our neighborhood. I had no particular book in mind—just wanted to try and read a "law book." Fortunately for me, I selected one of the volumes of *Kent's Commentaries*, and took it down to the Dun & Co. office to read when I had spare time. Chancellor Kent was one of the most entertaining of the law writers in those days. I found myself fascinated with the book, and read it not only with interest but with enthusiasm and then concluded I wanted to become a lawyer. With some misgivings, I communicated this conclusion to my father. He was quite a master of sarcasm, and as a result of our conver-

sation he advised me that he had been watching me pretty carefully for the last few months; that he did not believe I had either industry or concentration enough to accomplish very much of anything; that he had given me a chance to attend a law school which I had refused, and so far as he was concerned he was through and I could work out my own salvation. I admit I was a little sore at this reception and it only heightened my ambition to show my father what I could do. Among my law student friends was Frank Hagerman, who afterwards became a very successful lawyer in Kansas City. He was just leaving, as a student, the office of P. T. Lomax, and I arranged to enter Mr. Lomax's office. This was a most fortunate arrangement for me. Mr. Lomax was a very high class typical Virginia gentleman of the old school. He believed in and practiced the highest standards of ethics in the legal profession, and I have always been greatly indebted to him for impressing on me rules of professional conduct which I have tried to live up to during all of my professional life. One of his most frequent admonitions was: "James, never mind the compensation nor the fee. Let your first and only thought be the protection of your client's interests. The compensation will take care of itself."

In Mr. Lomax's office I read most of the then recognized text books on the different branches of the law—*Grotius' Institutes of Natural Law*, *Kent's Commentaries*, *Blackstone's Commentaries*, *Greenleaf on Evidence*, *Parsons on Contracts*, *Story's Constitutional Law*, *Washburn on Real Estate*, and *Wharton's Criminal Law*. I finished this course of reading in about a year, and then was ready to be admitted to the bar. The Iowa statutes required an applicant to be twenty-one years of age, and I was then not twenty so there was no chance to be admitted to the bar in Iowa. The neighboring state of Missouri had no age restriction so in August, 1877, under the guardianship of and in company with my friend Frank Hagerman, who had had a similar experience, I went before Judge Anderson of the Missouri Circuit Court, whose circuit adjoined the southern border of Iowa. Judge Anderson lived at Canton, Missouri, and had a farm a few miles out of Canton. It was vacation time, and the Judge was at his farm, so we went out and found the Judge in a hay field. We all sat down on the shady side of a haystack. Judge

Anderson and my preceptor, Mr. Lomax, were old friends. I presented to the Judge a very flattering letter of recommendation from Mr. Lomax. After Judge Anderson read Mr. Lomax's letter he asked me a few questions, principally as to the books I had read, and then he turned to my friend, Hagerman, and said: "I am going to admit this boy to practice in Missouri. I am doing it largely on Mr. Lomax's letter. He is a gentleman I know and admire. But I want to say to you that this is the last time I am going to help you evade the Iowa law by bringing young fellows down here who have been rubbing up against Blackstone and having them admitted to practice law in Missouri when they are not eligible in Iowa." About August 20, 1877, Judge Anderson sent me a certificate authorizing me to practice law in Missouri, and on the first day of September, 1877, the day before I was twenty years old, I was on motion admitted as a practicing lawyer from Missouri to practice law in Iowa. Of course I was not competent as a lawyer, but I started right in trying cases in Justice Court and assisting in trials in the District Court, places where I could not do much harm, and, in the way of becoming familiar with the art of the trial lawyer, doing myself a lot of good.

During the time I was in Mr. Lomax's office there was one break in the routine of study that was of interest. In the early summer of 1876 my brother Frank (nearly three years my junior) and two other boys and myself made a visit to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. As was the style in those days, we all wore long linen dusters and carried carpet bags. In Chicago we were much impressed with the \$1.00 table de hote dinner served in the gold room of the then new Palmer House, which, as I recall, was a very impressive building of about five stories in height. Also we marveled at the silver dollars inlaid in cemented tile flooring ornamenting the barber shop in the hotel. While on the trip I wrote letters to the daily *Keokuk Constitution* describing our adventures. I remember I wrote one from Chicago, one from Niagara Falls, one describing the boat trip on the Hudson from Albany to New York, one describing a two-days' stay in the city of New York, and several from Philadelphia. The publisher of the newspaper headlined the letters,

"Our Boy at the Centennial." I got quite a bit of publicity out of these letters.

I was in active law practice in Keokuk from September 1, 1877, to January 1, 1903—over twenty-six years. I had no specialty in the law, but acquired the reputation of being a fairly successful trial lawyer. I represented very few plaintiffs. I was ordinarily for the defense. I tried, as I now remember, but four personal injury cases in which I represented the plaintiffs. In these cases, I obtained verdicts one for \$10,000.00; two for \$7,500.00, and one for \$1,500.00. I collected all of these except the one for \$1,500.00, and in those days a \$7,500.00 personal injury verdict was considered large. I did not try many criminal cases, but I did defend three persons indicted for murder. They were all acquitted, and at the time of the trials I believed under the law none of them should have been convicted. In later years I am rather of the opinion that they were all guilty, but by reason of faulty prosecution or undue sympathy on the part of the jurors they were acquitted.

After I was admitted to the bar, I went into the office of Gillmore & Anderson, at that time the busiest law office in Keokuk. Upon the death of Mr. Gillmore, I became a member of the firm of Anderson Bros. & Davis. This firm was succeeded by the firm of Anderson & Davis, Mr. Joseph G. Anderson continuing with me, which firm was succeeded by Anderson, Davis & Hagerman. When I was about thirty-three or thirty-four years old, Mr. Hagerman left Keokuk to accept a very attractive offer in Kansas City, and my other partner, Mr. Joseph G. Anderson, died, leaving me alone. For some twelve years I carried on a general law practice without a partner, but always had in my office some bright young students anxious to avail themselves of the library and the experience which a busy office afforded. During this period I worked very hard, and as individual fees were not large it took a great many to make my income from law practice \$12,000.00 to \$16,000.00 per annum, and in those days such amounts were equivalent to three or four times that much at the present time.

The first case I tried in the Supreme Court of Iowa was *Sanford vs. Lee County* (49 Iowa, 148), decided in 1878. While in Keokuk, I tried some very important cases in the Supreme Court

of the United States, one of them entitled *Leisy vs. Hardin* (135 U. S., 100). This case was submitted to the Supreme Court January 6, 1890, decided April 28, 1890, and involved the constitutionality of the then Iowa Prohibitory Liquor Law. The Leisy family, originally from Germany, built and operated a brewery in Keokuk. After the Iowa Prohibitory Law was enacted they removed to Peoria, Illinois, where they operated a brewery. They retained the Keokuk plant and used it as a warehouse, shipping beer from Peoria to Keokuk. These shipments were in the recognized packages of interstate commerce. About July 1, 1899, probably in anticipation of the Fourth of July celebration, the Leisys shipped a carload of beer from their brewery in Peoria to their warehouse in Keokuk. The beer was all in kegs or in bottles, packed in sealed boxes. Some over-enthusiastic prohibitionists sued out of the office of a justice of the peace a search warrant, seized the beer, and in proceedings looking to condemnation and destruction the beer was held in the possession of Hardin, city marshal at Keokuk and acting constable. There were loud lamentations among the beer loving population over the prospect of a dry Fourth of July. On the 2nd of July, I sued out, on behalf of the Leisys, a writ of replevin from the Superior Court of the city of Keokuk, gave a bond, the beer was returned to Leisy Bros., and the Fourth of July celebrated according to program. As a ground for the issue of the writ of replevin, it was alleged that the Iowa law was unconstitutional in that it interfered with interstate commerce; that the beer was protected by the Federal Constitution so long as it remained in the hands of the original consignee and did not come under the jurisdiction of the state authorities until one sale had been made, and the beer thus intermingled with the general property of the state. The Superior Court of Iowa sustained my contention that the law was unconstitutional as applied to these interstate shipments. The Supreme Court of Iowa reversed the Superior Court, and sustained the constitutionality of the law. The United States Supreme Court, in quite an elaborate opinion, sustained the contention that the Iowa law was unconstitutional and affirmed the finding of the Superior Court of the city of Keokuk. This case received a great deal of newspaper publicity

throughout the entire country, and was popularly referred to as the "original package case."

Another interesting case was entitled, *State of Iowa vs. State of Illinois*, reported in 147 U. S., page 1. This was a controversy between the taxing authorities of the states of Iowa and Illinois as to the location of the state boundary line in the Mississippi River between Keokuk, Iowa, and Hamilton, Illinois, and arose in the matter of the taxation of the property of the Keokuk and Hamilton bridge, a railroad and highway bridge crossing the Mississippi River. The Supreme Court of the United States has original jurisdiction over controversies between the several states, and this case was No. 5 of such original jurisdiction cases. The court sustained the contention of the state of Illinois that the boundary line between the several states, where such states are divided by a navigable river, was the "middle of the main navigable channel," rather than midway between the well-defined banks as contended for by the state of Iowa.

During the more than twenty-six years that I was in active practice in Keokuk, I had a varied and valuable experience in the trial and adjustment of the great variety of controversies that come to the lawyer in general active practice. If I acquired any sort of a desirable reputation in Keokuk, it was as much that of being a fair adjuster as it was of being a capable trial lawyer. I have always believed that any sort of a fair adjustment was better than litigation, and the first duty of a lawyer is to compose, rather than to incite litigation. A lawsuit is full of disappointments, and, like a spell of sickness, is to be avoided. It is my experience that in the aggregate more money is lost than is won in the courthouse.

Every lawyer has some interesting experiences, especially in jury trials. One of my prize stories is entitled, "The Most Apprehensive Moment of My Life." My office in Keokuk was on a corner. There was an east and west street, and a north and south street. On the north and south street there was laid and operated an electric street railway. Approaching the street intersection from the north, the street was down grade. One summer day, about noon, while sitting in the office I heard an unusual sounding of the gong of the street car coming south down grade. In a few moments I heard a violent impact and on

going out I found the street car had collided with a one-horse two-seated surrey. The judge of the Superior Court of Keokuk, riding in the back seat, was fatally injured. The driver in the front seat, a well-known constable, was seriously injured. Later on the constable brought a suit for personal injuries, alleging as negligence in the operation of the street car excessive speed and a failure to sound the gong. As usual, representing the downtrodden and oppressed, I represented the street car company. There were several amusing incidents developed in the trial. An old and evidently quite ignorant little man from Missouri claimed to be an eyewitness. When asked as to the speed of the street car as it came down the grade, he said it came down "like a shot out of a gun." The court sustained a motion to strike this out as an opinion and conclusion and in answer to a question propounded by the judge as to the speed the witness said, "Well, Judge, she came down like hell abcatin' tanbark." The witness never did give his opinion as to the speed of the train. During the trial, at noon one day after court adjourned, a one-legged colored man, who was quite a Courthouse loafer and lived near my office, stopped me and said his little daughter saw the entire accident. I went at once with the man to see the girl. I found her studying her lesson sitting on the front porch of a house facing north, near the intersection of the streets where the accident happened, and you could quite plainly see from where she sat a street car approaching from the north and a vehicle approaching from the west. She then explained that on the day of the accident she was sitting on the porch studying her lesson when she was attracted by the loud sounding of the gong on the street car. Looking up, she saw the street car going south and the vehicle coming east. She said the man in the front seat driving was turned around with his face south and his back toward the approaching car, apparently talking to the man in the rear seat; that the horse slowed down as he approached the street car track but the driver, without looking up, slapped the horse with the lines and forced the outfit directly in the path of the approaching car. She was quite small for her age, which was about twelve years, but very intelligent. I arranged with her father to have her in court at two o'clock. When court convened, I put her on the witness stand. The scene was quite

dramatic. The court room was crowded. The little girl, I remember, had on a red dress. Her hair was in curling pins, and as she sat on the chair facing the jury and the crowd her feet did not reach the floor and she certainly looked very small and very young. As a preliminary, plaintiff's attorney raised the question that the girl was not competent to testify, not understanding the sanctity of an oath. Upon examination by the judge she said she knew what it was to be sworn to tell the truth, and when the judge asked her what would happen if she told a lie she said, "she would go to hell," and the court promptly held her competent. In the examination in chief she very clearly and without hesitation told the details just as she had related them to me. To emphasize the situation, the last question I asked her was this: "What do you say attracted your attention to the street car just before the collision?" and in a shrill, childish treble, sounding to me like a phonograph, she said: "My attention was attracted by the loud and unusual ringing of the gong." At this unexpected outburst the crowd laughed, and one of plaintiff's attorneys, in quite an audible voice, suggested: "That sounds like Jim Davis was testifying." With some trepidation I turned the witness over for cross-examination, and this is what occurred:

Q. "You know Mr. Davis?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "You live near his office?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Your father pays his rent at Mr. Davis's office?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Mr. Davis came to see you about this case?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "He came to see you at noon today?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "He talked to you about the case?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "He told you he wanted you to be a witness?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "He told you what to say as a witness?"

A. "Yes."

Then very impressively plaintiff's attorney arose and in a loud

voice asked the witness: "What did Mr. Davis tell you to say?"

And then was the most apprehensive moment of my life. In a shrill, childish treble, audible all over the entire court room, she said: "He told me to tell the truth and no harm could come to me," and then she began to cry, and the crowd in the court room gave a demonstration of support and sympathy for the little girl. It is needless to say I won the case.

January 1, 1903, I accepted the appointment of Iowa attorney for the Chicago & North Western Railway Company, with headquarters at Des Moines, and moved with my family from Keokuk to Des Moines. This change gave me a much broader and more interesting field of activity. The North Western Railroad, in point of earnings and service, was one of the leading, if not the leading, railroad in Iowa. It operated over 1,600 miles of track in the state, valued for tax purposes at a much higher rate per mile than any other system. The Iowa attorney was the only representative of the company whose jurisdiction extended over the entire state. Traffic and operating officials were limited to specific divisions and districts. The duties of the office of Iowa attorney required experience in all of the branches of practical railroading operation, maintenance, freight rates, taxes, and a knowledge of the many sources of liability, often a subject of litigation, growing out of the complex relation of a busy railroad with its employees, its patrons and the general public. One of the duties of the state attorney for a railroad was to protect the company from adverse and punitive legislation. For nearly fifteen years I acted as chairman of the Railroad Legislative Committee composed of the state attorneys for the leading railroads in Iowa, and in this position I became intimately acquainted with the state officials, senators and representatives. The fifteen-year period during which I acted as Iowa attorney or the North Western Railway was a wonderful school of experience and a preparation for some responsibilities that rested in the future. I organized a very efficient Law Department composed of Mr. Angus A. McLaughlin of Des Moines, Mr. George E. Hise of Des Moines, and Miss Elizabeth Hyde, who came with me from Keokuk. This organization has never been completely broken up and we are all now again associated in the general practice of the law under the firm name and style of

Davis, McLaughlin & Hise. During my term as Iowa attorney we never paid a judgment against the railroad in excess of \$5,000.00. We quite definitely followed the plan, when possible, of settling all claims of doubtful liability and winning cases where in our judgment no liability existed. Much of the success, if any, in the conduct of this office is due to the efficiency and loyalty of my associates.

Effective midnight, December 31, 1917, and as a war measure in the conduct of the World War, the president of the United States took over the possession and operation of all the railroads of the United States. The operating plan set up by the government consisted of a director general and regional directors. Mr. R. H. Aishton, president of the North Western Railroad, was appointed regional director in charge of the conduct and operation of all the railroads north of the Union Pacific, extending from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. His jurisdiction included control of a number of large railway systems, among which were the North Western, Milwaukee, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Soo Line, and Great Western. On April 18, 1918, I was appointed general solicitor of the North Western Railway, with headquarters in Chicago. By virtue of this appointment, I also acted as the legal adviser and a member of the staff of Mr. Aishton as regional director. On receiving this appointment, I moved with my family to Evanston, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago.

Federal control ended at midnight of March 1, 1920 (12:01 A. M.), when the entire properties of the several railroad companies were returned to their respective owners.

In my service as general solicitor of the North Western Railway, during the period of Federal control, I was frequently in Washington and in touch with the Director General of Railroads, and was in a position to acquire an intimate knowledge of the details of the operation of the railroads under Federal control. The operation of all the railroads in the country as a war measure was wholly without precedent, and presented many complex questions for determination. My two years in Chicago were very busy, but an interesting experience.

At the end of Federal control there was a reorganization of the corporate management of the North Western Railway Company. Differences of opinion had arisen during Federal control

between Mr. Aishton as regional director and Mr. Marvin Hughitt, chairman of the Board of Directors of the railway. Mr. Aishton and those closely allied with him were not included in the reorganization. As a result, on March 1, 1920, I returned to Des Moines and resumed my position as Iowa attorney for the North Western Railway Company. On June 15, 1920, I was appointed by Hon. John Barton Payne, then secretary of the Interior under President Wilson and also director general of railroads, general counsel of the United States Railroad Administration with headquarters in Washington, at a salary of \$25,000.00 per annum, the same compensation I had received as general solicitor of the North Western Railway. I was in Washington when the appointment was made, and at once assumed the duties of the office. On March 28, 1921, I was appointed, by President Harding, director general of railroads and continued in that office until December 1, 1925, a period of nearly five years. My entire residence in Washington, as general counsel of the United States Railroad Administration and director general of railroads, was about five and one-half years.

My experience in Washington was by far the most interesting period of my life. The taking over and the operation of all the railroads of the United States (except what were known as independent short lines) represented, I believe, the largest and most valuable aggregation of privately owned property devoted to a particular use ever taken possession of by a single governmental action. To visualize the extent and character of the property taken over, there were 532 individually owned properties. This included the Pullman Company, twenty coastwise and inland steamship lines, docks, wharves, floating equipment, grain elevators, and all of the various facilities owned and leased by the railroads of this country, including bridges, buildings, stations, roundhouses and shops. The total mileage in main lines, passing tracks, switches and terminals aggregated 366,197 miles. The total number of freight cars was 2,408,518. There were 66,070 locomotives and 55,913 passenger cars. There was \$532,000,000.00 worth of material and supplies scattered over the vast mileage of the country, and the government took over the working capital of the carriers aggregating \$300,324,633.62.

The extent and value of this aggregate amount of railroad property is well illustrated by the following facts.

For the year 1917, just previous to the taking over of the railroads, the tentative value of Class "A" railroad property in the United States was fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in excess of eighteen billion dollars. The gross earnings for the year immediately preceding Federal control in 1917 were \$4,050,463,597.00. The net earnings, after deducting taxes and rentals for that year, were \$974,778,937.00. There were 1,500,000 individual or corporate stock and bond holders, and the employes numbered nearly two million. The annual rent which the government finally obligated itself to pay for the use of this property was in excess of \$900,000,000.00. Another important factor to be considered is the fact that the possession of this vast and complex property was taken overnight. There was no record made of the location and condition of the nearly 2,500,000 freight cars, the condition of the maintenance of way, of the locomotives and passenger cars, nor was there any inventory taken as to the condition, location, value and amount of more than \$500,000,000.00 worth of material and supplies on hand at the time of the taking. During the period of Federal control, the entire freight car equipment of all the railroads of the United States was pooled in one group and only a small percentage of freight car equipment (from 25% to 40%) was on the home owned lines of the owner carrier. In the proclamation of President Wilson in taking over the property of the railroads, he gave the owners of the property the following assurance: "Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after by the government as they could be by the directors of the several railway systems. Immediately upon the reassembling of Congress I shall recommend that these definite guaranties be given: First, of course, that the railway properties will be maintained during the period of Federal control in as good repair and as complete equipment as when taken over by the government; and, second, that the roads shall receive a net operating income equal in each case to the average net income of the three years preceding June 30, 1917." Congress subsequently carried out, by proper legislation, these recommendations of the President.

Anticipating the termination of Federal control; the Congress of the United States, in what is known as the Transportation Act, made the following provision for the liquidation and adjustment of all matters "arising out of or incident to Federal control": "The president shall, as soon as practicable after the termination of Federal control, adjust, settle, liquidate, and wind up all matters, including compensation, and all questions and disputes of whatsoever nature, arising out of or incident to Federal control."

The president, in carrying out this broad and unlimited authority, appointed the existing director general of railroads as his agent to determine the amount of and pay all claims arising out of Federal control. So far as practicable, the director general's operating force was continued to complete the liquidation.

The authority granted the president was unlimited and without condition. It contemplated a speedy and summary adjustment of all disputes arising out of or connected with Federal control. There was no official interference with speedy adjustment; no committees or commissions to wrangle over disputed questions. It was definitely a one-man job; clearly a distinct innovation over the ordinary conduct of governmental affairs, and, as the results established, this method of adjustment saved the government many hundreds of millions of dollars over the usual method ordinarily followed by the government in appointing commissions or committees where there is opportunity for difference of opinion and extended disputes.

Claims of the carriers against the government for matters arising out of Federal control, as originally presented, were in the aggregate in excess of one billion dollars. Some downward revisions were made before final hearings for adjustment, so that the claims as finally presented by the railroads against the government, growing out of the use of their property during the period of Federal control, aggregated \$769,011,218.83. The items making up this aggregate, and in dispute, were largely for under maintenance of way and equipment and compensation for material and supplies taken over. The government on its part set up claims against the carriers largely for alleged over maintenance of way and equipment aggregating \$438,130,811.74. In making the final settlements, the creditor roads were finally

allowed and paid \$243,647,196.91, and there was collected from the debtor companies \$195,072,295.17, leaving a net amount paid by the government of \$48,574,901.74 or slightly in excess of 6% of the claims as finally presented. In view of the vast extent and complex character of the property taken over, and the type of use to which same had been put, it at once became apparent in making adjustments with the owners of this property that on the important questions of maintenance of way and equipment there could be no physical comparison as to the multitude of items of property as between the date the property was taken over by the government and the date of its return to the respective owners. The situation presented was wholly unique and without either legal or practical precedent. The property involved was most complex, presenting an ever-changing aspect. A railroad plant never stands still. Depreciation, maintenance, retirements and replacements are constantly at work. It covered a period abnormal in a high degree, involving all the disorganization and disorder incident to a great war. During this period there was a scarcity of competent labor. Private manufacturers turning out war materials competed at high prices for all classes of railroad labor. In many localities there was a scarcity of proper materials necessary to a fair standard of maintenance, and it was a time when there was an ever increasing market price for labor and materials. There was in many instances a substantial difference between the use that was made of the property during the test period and that made during the period of Federal control. During the period of Federal control the winning of the war was the controlling factor, and efficient transportation without regard to cost was one of the essential elements of success. It was difficult to determine a fair formula by which the amount of under maintenance and over maintenance of the different kinds of property and the difference in cost or value of materials and supplies as between what was known as the test period (the three years preceding June 30, 1917) and the period of Federal control, could be reached. During the war prices for all work and all materials greatly increased, and there was a well recognized falling off in what was known as the efficiency of labor. There were no accurate records in existence by which a physical comparison could be made of each item of

property, and the extent and varying conditions of the property precluded that method. Finally the Railroad Administration adopted the following as a general rule to determine the vexed question of maintenance.

The final rule adopted by the Railroad Administration in making these settlements and in recognizing the liability of the government in the matter of maintenance, was to "match" the expenditures of the carriers made during the pro rata time of the test period corresponding with the period of Federal control, making due allowance for any difference that existed between the cost or price of labor and materials, taking into consideration any difference in the amount of property taken over as between Federal control and the test period, and any difference in use substantial enough to be considered, these expenditures to be subject to a fair distribution, as provided for by the contract entered into between the railroads and the government. I believe this rule, followed as consistently as was humanly possible in all adjustments, making in exceptional cases, when the accounting method resulted in grossly unjust conclusions, equitable modifications, came as near as practicable doing substantial justice between the parties.

The adjustments made with the several railroads were matters of great personal interest to me. The railroads in the first instance submitted their claims to the government. These claims in turn were submitted for analysis and examination to the proper departments in the Railroad Administration organization. The general heads under which the claims were made were maintenance of equipment, maintenance of way, compensation, and material and supplies. After careful examination of these various matters by the proper departments, the result of the examinations were submitted to the Director General and his staff. After careful discussion by the staff, a general conclusion as to the statement of account of the particular railroad under consideration was reached, and the railroad interested was advised that the administration was ready for a conference with a view to making an adjustment. In these conferences the railroads were ordinarily represented by the president of the road and his staff, generally consisting of the general counsel, operating vice-president, comptroller, and others familiar with the details of

the account. As these settlements progressed, my recollection is that I personally met the president of every Class "A" railroad in the country in and across the table conferences, except two, the New York Central and the Southern Railroad. These companies were represented by officers other than their presidents. After full discussion, the administration would suggest a lump sum in settlement. We never settled on the amounts allowed for specific items. Such a method led to too much comparison as between rival roads as to comparative allowances for particular items, and involved too much discussion. One great advantage on the part of the administration in making these adjustments was the fact that the companies, immediately after the end of Federal control, needed money, and the administration was in funds, ready to pay without red tape the amount agreed upon as soon as the adjustment was concluded. Congress at the inception of Federal control having appropriated the sum of \$500,000,000.00 as a revolving fund, to be used by the Railroad Administration, the use of this fund, for the purpose of adjusting the government liabilities, was continued during the period of liquidation. Another advantage was the difficulty of submitting these controversies to a court. There were so many expert and complex questions in which litigation would have been very expensive, long protracted, and, in the end, difficult for a judge or a jury to comprehend and intelligently decide. The settlements clearly presented a field for the exercise by the railroads and the government of a fair and just spirit of compromise. It was not long before the managing officers of the railroads were impressed with the desire on the part of the government to treat these claims fairly, and as a result we soon had, in most cases, the cordial co-operation on the part of the managing officers of the carriers in making settlements.

There were many other important controversies adjusted by the Railroad Administration outside of the claims for the use of property of the carriers. One of them is popularly known as the Minnesota Fire Cases. In October, 1918, a most devastating fire occurred in the forest regions of Minnesota. Roughly speaking, some 1,500 square miles of territory was burned over; 4,000 homes and 5,000 barns were burned, and a number of good sized towns wholly destroyed, including the town of Cloquet with a

population of some 12,000 people; 450 people lost their lives and some 2,000 people received personal injuries sufficient to require medical attention.

The burned area is served by the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie, and Duluth, Missabe & Northern railroads, all of them at the time of the fire under Federal control.

During the conflagration the wind was blowing at a velocity of from fifty to seventy miles per hour and, as a result of this hurricane, an irresistible and devastating fire occurred, which swept the area of country above described and resulted in a claimed money loss of more than \$73,000,000.00.

Originally it was not supposed that there was any ground upon which a liability against the Railroad Administration, operating the systems of railroad above described, could be sustained, for the reason that there were a very large number of independent fires, fixed in an investigation made by the state authorities at the number of 100, which arose from causes entirely independent and disconnected with the operation of any of the railroads. Some of these fires had been burning in peat bogs for months; others were set out by campers, loggers, hunters, farmers burning weeds and brush, or were of unknown origin, and it was believed to be impossible to attribute any specific portion of this loss directly to any particular fire or fires set out by the operation of the railroads under Federal control, the existing hurricane and the large number of independent fires making it impossible, as the administration believed, to locate any definite liability. This disastrous conflagration undoubtedly would have occurred, under existing conditions, had there been no railroads in Minnesota.

More than 15,000 lawsuits were commenced in the state courts against the Railroad Administration on account of this fire. Able legal talent was employed both by the government and the fire claimants, and much litigation ensued.

In one case of *McCool vs. Davis* (197 N. W., 95) the Supreme Court of Minnesota, by a divided court, held the Railroad Administration was not liable, the court saying:

The evidence fails to show any probability that this fire (one claimed to be set out by the railroads) was even a concurring element in the

destruction of this property. The evidence leaves plaintiffs' case in the realm of speculation and conjecture.

This opinion was three to two for the administration. In a retrial of the same case of *McCool vs. Davis* (202 N. W., 903), the same court by a three to two opinion changed its ruling and found against the administration. One of the judges "changed his mind." In the last case the chief justice in a dissenting opinion said:

I cannot concur in the result reached. The evidence in this case, in my judgment, does not warrant the inference that the loss in fact resulted from the railroad fire. The legal identification of the destructive fire has not been established.

This second opinion was by the same court, and before the same judges, on substantially the same record. (Administration's attorneys claimed the evidence in the second case was more favorable to the defense than the first case.) On questions of law, the cases came before judges elected by voters in the burned district, and questions of fact were determined by juries who were residents of the same territory. It being practically impossible to obtain an unprejudiced hearing before judges elected by and juries selected from residents of the burned district, human nature was not strong enough to stand out against local interest.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota held, in case of *Anderson vs. Director General of Railroads* (179 N. W., 48), that if a fire started by a railroad united with a fire or fires of other or unknown origin, it was a question of fact for a jury to determine whether or not the fire started by the railroad was a material or substantial element in creating the damage, and if it were, the railroad so starting the fire would be liable for all damages to which the fire started by it substantially contributed. In addition, the court held that, although there was a hurricane blowing, without which the separate fires would not have spread and united as they did, the great conflagration could not be considered an act of God.

At a session of the legislature held in the state of Minnesota during the year 1921 an act was passed authorizing the governor to appoint a number of special judges, residents of the burned

district, for the purpose of trying these cases, unless some general plan of adjustment was entered into by the United States government.

In view of the holding of the Supreme Court of Minnesota and the experience which the Railroad Administration had had in the trial of a number of preliminary and what were considered fair test cases, it was believed that it would save the government a large amount of money if some general plan of adjustment could be agreed upon.

After a very careful investigation a general plan of adjustment was finally agreed upon, by which the Railroad Administration adjusted these claims within such limited area as could fairly be said to be within the ruling of the Supreme Court. Such settlements were based upon the payment in no case of more than 50 per cent of the actual loss sustained, and in those territories more remote from the railroads, but possibly within the ruling of the court, claims were adjusted upon a less percentage.

Growing out of this Minnesota forest fire controversy, 15,003 independent suits were commenced. The amount claimed in these actions aggregated \$73,112,146.17. The total amount paid in the adjustment of these fire cases was \$12,701,664.87. Some years after the end of Federal control efforts were made by the attorneys representing the fire claimants, acting through a senator and representatives from Minnesota, to obtain appropriations from Congress to pay these claims in full on the ground that the adjustments made by the Railroad Administration were unfair and oppressive. I appeared before committees of the House and Senate opposing such action, and defended the action of the Railroad Administration. Up to this date no such legislation has been enacted. In my opinion, settlement of these highly disputed and controversial claims, many of which could not have been legally established, was not only just but extremely generous on the part of the United States government.

During the period of Federal control, the United States Railway Administration advanced loans to the carriers, taking their definite obligations, and in most instances collateral security. These loans, roughly speaking, exceeded \$600,000,000.00. The administration during the liquidation period collected and returned into the United States Treasury between \$400,000,000.00

and \$500,000,000.00 of these loans. In addition to these items, the administration had general supervision over a vast amount of general litigation in disputes arising during the period of Federal control—personal injury claims, freight claim disputes, and the innumerable controversies that would naturally arise between all of the railroad carriers of this country on one side and their employees, patrons and the general public on the other. The details of this enormous amount of litigation were conducted, after Federal control ended, by the law departments of the various carrier companies, the administration in Washington retaining general supervision over same. At one time it was estimated there were pending in the various courts of the country over 50,000 separate lawsuits in which the Director General was either the plaintiff or the defendant. In looking back over four and one-half years of service as director general it is a matter of amazement that the administration was able, in so short a time, to effect and complete the adjustment of the large and varied claims presented. I was particularly fortunate in having a very efficient and loyal organization, to whom is due much of the credit, if any, this adjustment is entitled to.

There is one peculiar situation perhaps worthy of attention. During all the time I was in Washington, I never had a call or an inquiry from any member of Congress, House or Senate, as to the method the Railroad Administration had adopted in making adjustments, or the progress we were making. Perhaps the fact that the administration was always in funds, and required no appropriations, accounts for this seeming indifference, and there was never a criticism on the part of any governmental department or official as to any of our disbursements or the method of keeping our accounts. On the other hand, there was never any outside effort made by railroad interests, or persons representing them, to influence in any way the amount and character of these adjustments.

During my term as director general and agent of the president, I had many intimate interviews with Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and some opportunity of noting their personal characteristics. President Harding was one of the handsomest men I have ever known. He had a most charming and persuasive personality which should have entitled his administration

to the loyalty of every one of his associates and subordinates. I received my appointment of director general largely due to the recommendations of Senator Albert B. Cummins of Des Moines. While the Senator and I had not always agreed in politics, we had been warm personal friends for many years. The first time I saw President Harding was a day or two before I received my appointment. The second time I saw him was a day or two after I had received the appointment and qualified. On the occasion of the second visit, as I entered the President's office, he arose, met me half way, took hold of my right hand in a cordial grasp, put his left hand on my shoulder, and said: "Jim (he always called everyone associated with him by his first name), how are you? I am glad to see you. I do not know why I call you Jim, except I like you." This greeting was not peculiar or personal to me. It was "his way," the way he met most of his associates, made them feel at ease with him. That sort of greeting from your superior should ever enlist you as one of his loyal subordinates. His trust in the honor and honesty of his subordinates was without limit.

The adjustment with the Pennsylvania Railroad System was perhaps the largest and most difficult to make. The Pennsylvania Railroad had more mileage, more freight cars and more engines than any other system in the United States, and during Federal control by reason of the location of coal mines and steel industries upon its line was subject to heavy and unusual traffic. In the original set-up, the company admitted an indebtedness of some \$10,000,000.00 to the administration, largely on account of over maintenance, and the administration claimed a balance largely on the same subject of \$140,000,000.00. In view of the large discrepancy, and the unusual amounts involved, I thought it wise to confer with the President before attempting a final settlement. In an interview with him, I explained the situation and the impossibility of arriving at absolutely definite conclusions. I suggested to the President amounts within which I thought a fair adjustment could be arrived at. After I had finished my statement, President Harding said: "Jim, have you carefully studied this matter?" I said, "Yes, sir." The President then said: "Are you sure you understand the details?" Again I said, "Yes, sir." Then he said: "Go ahead, make a settlement you consider fair

and just, and I will back you." The case was settled for \$90,000,000.00, and that amount was all paid before I left Washington.

My recollection of President Harding is that he was strictly an honest man, with high standards as to honor and honesty, but with some human and excusable weaknesses. I believe his misfortune in his public life was that he trusted his associates "not wisely but too well," and that he was betrayed by a number of Judas Iscariots who sold their birthright for a few pieces of "dirty silver." I recall an incident which illustrates his extreme kindness and consideration. One very hot summer day a friend of mine, the United States marshal for the Northern District of Iowa, called at my office in company with his son, a boy about twelve years old. My friend told me he was very anxious to have the boy meet the President, and asked if I could arrange it. I demurred on the ground that I thought it an imposition to impose such visits on a busy man, but when my friend explained that his boy was given leave of absence from school for this trip on condition that he would write an account of his adventures, and if he did not see the President his trip would be a failure, I surrendered. It so happened I had an engagement at the White House for that afternoon at four o'clock, and I took my Iowa friend and his son over. It was a very hot afternoon, and the President was in his shirt sleeves, smoking a briarwood pipe. After introducing them to the President, my friend said to his boy: "What were you going to say to the President?" The little fellow straightened himself up and said: "Mr. President, I read in the paper that your birthday was on the 2nd of November, and that is my birthday, too." The President said: "That is fine," and then asked the boy if he had ever seen his dog, Laddie. The boy said "No." The President touched an electric bell and on the appearance of Mike, one of the White House attendants, said: "Mike, this boy will be here tomorrow at one o'clock. See that he and Laddie have a good play in the White House yard." The President then said: "My son, I hope you will never smoke, but if you do wait until you are twenty-one years old." After my Iowa friends had withdrawn, the President turned to me and said: "Jim, I am damned sorry that boy saw me smoking a pipe."

President Coolidge was altogether a different type of man.

Perhaps you could hardly find two men so absolutely the antithesis of each other. While President Harding was cordial, voluble, and at once put you at your ease, Mr. Coolidge, with his New England reserve, was cold, distant, reserved, and anything but cordial. Yet of the two men, Mr. Coolidge was undoubtedly the abler and safer executive. During the President Coolidge administration, I had a very troublesome fuel oil proposition to adjust. Prior to the World War and Federal control, many of the railroads had made long time contracts for fuel, coal and oil at very low prices. During the war these prices doubled and in some instances quadrupled. The Railroad Administration during the period of operation, recognizing it was impossible to carry out these contracts, had offered and made reasonable adjustments of prices. In one instance, however, a Texas Oil Company refused to make any adjustment, claiming under advice of counsel that their contract was void and could not be enforced. During the term of one of my predecessors, suit had been brought claiming, as I recall it, damages in the sum of \$5,000,000.00. In the early part of Federal control there was some doubt as to the name in which actions of this character should be brought—whether in the name of the United States, the director general as agent of the president, or the railroad company, party to the contract. Attorneys representing the Railroad Administration, to be on the safe side, brought three duplicate actions at Kansas City, each for the same claim of \$5,000,000.00. There was also some question as to the jurisdiction of the court over the oil company, which was incorporated under the laws of Delaware, so these overcautious lawyers brought three actions in Delaware, each for \$5,000,000.00, in favor of the United States, the director general, and the railroad company, party to the contract. So we had six actions, each for \$5,000,000.00, all duplicates and all based on a single cause of action. A careful investigation of the oil company disclosed the fact that its entire assets consisted of an out of date refining plant of a value not to exceed \$250,000.00 to \$300,000.00. The oil company against which the government had the claim, while an independent corporation, was a subsidiary of and controlled by a well-to-do concern, and to avoid litigation the government was offered in compromise \$300,000.00 cash in full of all claims.

This matter came up about the time of the Teapot Dome Oil scandal, and I could readily see that there might arise some criticism or discussion if six lawsuits aggregating \$30,000,000.00 were settled for 1 per cent of the face of the claim, so I thought it prudent to advise President Coolidge of the situation. He listened very carefully to my detailed statement, when I was through asked no questions, but very drily remarked, "I think you should get all the real money you can."

The important work of the administration having been completed, I wanted to return to Des Moines. On December 14, 1925, I personally presented to the President my resignation, effective December 31, 1925. I handed the resignation to President Coolidge, who was seated at his desk in his office. He read it, laid it on his desk, and said nothing. I shifted around in my chair, and finally said, "I have a typewritten summary of the financial condition of the administration, in which you may be interested," and I handed him the statement, consisting of some five or six typewritten pages. Without saying a word, he looked through the statement and finally said: "I see you have over \$100,000,000.00 to your credit with the Treasury. If you make this public, won't Congress immediately begin spending it?" I explained that this fact had been heretofore made public, and then followed another period of embarrassing silence, and after some inane remark on my part that I hoped to see the President before I finally left, I beat, in some embarrassment, a retreat. Having represented the President in quite intimate relations for a number of years, the work on my part apparently having been done to his satisfaction, I left the White House with a distinct feeling of disappointment and some chagrin at my reception, the President having no word of regret at my leaving, no word of commendation as to the work I had done. When I reached home that evening, Mrs. Davis asked me if I had seen the President. I answered "Yes." She said, "Did you give him your resignation?" Again I said "Yes." She then asked me, "What did he say?" "Not a word," said I. She asked: "Did he not express any regret at your leaving or any commendation of your work?" I answered, "He did not say a damn word." She then asked me if I had seen the Washington Evening Star. I said "No." She handed me the paper and I found, shortly after I had left, the

White House had given to the press a copy of a letter which the President sent me, the letter being as follows:

The White House
Washington

December 14, 1925.

My dear Mr. Davis:

I hereby accept your resignation as Director General of Railroads and Agent of the President, to take effect at midnight of December 31, 1925, your successor having been duly appointed and qualified at that time.

The liquidation of the controversies growing out of Federal control of the railroads has been substantially completed in a most satisfactory manner, due to your energy, ability and tact. Therefore, I cannot well ask you to remain longer at your post. When one contemplates the extent of the work accomplished under your direction, he feels that the thanks of the country should be extended to you in most generous measure. Instead of endless litigation, as prophesied by many, we have seen such adjustments of the claims between the railroads and the government, growing out of our handling of these vast properties during the war, as to bring about satisfactory settlements out of court. The claims of the railroads against the government, amounting to over one billion of dollars, were adjusted for less than \$244,000,000. Our claims against the carriers, amounting to approximately \$440,000,000, resulted in our collection of nearly \$200,000,000. The net result is that the claims against the government have been liquidated on a basis of less than five per cent. All through these operations, you have preserved cordial relations with the railway executives obtaining their generous cooperation and helping to establish an era of good feeling between the government and the carriers, which are so vital a factor in the nation's life.

In extending my personal appreciation of your fine service, let me add best wishes for the future.

Most sincerely yours,

Calvin Coolidge.

Honorable James C. Davis,
Director General of Railroads and
Agent of the President,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Coolidge appreciated loyal service, and was always willing to commend efficiency, but in a personal interview he could not break through that New England reserve with which he uniformly surrounded himself.

I returned to Des Moines January 1, 1926, and organized, with my old associates of nearly thirty years, a law firm entitled "Davis, McLaughlin & Hise." A little later there was added to

the firm my son, James C. Davis, Jr., and Elizabeth Hyde, and now, surrounded by congenial associates and in a city and state where I have lifelong friends, I am winding up a career that to me has been full of interest and activities.

In politics, I have always been a consistent and conservative Republican. While I have never sought office, I have been fairly active in local, state and national politics. In an early day I served two terms as city attorney in Keokuk, and, a little later, two terms as mayor of Keokuk. In 1896, I was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, which nominated William McKinley for president, and in 1901 I was temporary chairman of the State Republican Convention at Cedar Rapids, which nominated Hon. A. B. Cummins for governor. I had some opportunities to enter politics in a large way. When I was about thirty-five years old I could have gone to Congress from the First Congressional District, but I preferred to stick to the law and be able to take care of my family in a financial way, an opportunity which honest politics did not afford.

As I look back, I think I have been peculiarly happy and fortunate in the home life of my father and mother and in my own life. The little success I may have had is largely due to the sustaining influence of the good women with whom I have been associated. My mother was an unusual woman, very beautiful in her appearance. When a girl, she was recognized as the most beautiful girl in Wetzel County, West Virginia. Her great ambition was to make our home attractive for her husband and her children. She was a devout Episcopalian and saw to it that each of her children attended Sunday school and church and was instructed in the catechisms and the doctrines of the church. I lived at home until my marriage, December 10, 1884, and my recollection of my home life with my father and mother, brothers and sisters, is full of pleasant and fragrant memories.

On December 10, 1884, I was married to Clara Belle Mooar, daughter of Judge Daniel Mooar, of Keokuk, Iowa. The ceremony took place in St. John's Episcopal Church, Keokuk, and was performed by the Rev. R. C. McIlwain. Judge Mooar and his family, who were Episcopalians, moved from Covington, Kentucky, to Keokuk, Iowa, shortly after the close of the Civil War in 1865, and Clara Mooar and I were boy and girl together.

She died March 21, 1895, leaving me with three children, Daniel Mooar, aged ten, Ora, aged eight, and Carolina Thistle, aged four. Daniel married Dorothy Blackburn and lives in a suburb of Philadelphia, and has one daughter. Ora married Robert Fullerton, Jr., and lives in Pasadena and has three children, a daughter and two sons. Caroline Thistle married John S. Corley, and lives in Des Moines and has one daughter.

Clara Mooar was a petite, beautiful girl, with great Southern charm and hospitality and a wonderful capacity for the practical duties of home and mother. My life with her has always been a happy and a sacred memory.

On the death of my wife, my sister, Caroline Thistle, came to live with me and for more than six years took care of my children and my home. My sister Caroline inherited the many admirable qualities of my mother, and with a conscientious love and efficiency looked after my home and my children. Her sacrifice, willingly made during those years when I was in great trouble, created a debt of gratitude that can never be forgotten or paid.

On the 15th of August, 1901, I was married to Louise Pomeroy, daughter of Dr. Joseph C. Pomeroy, of Waverly, Iowa. The ceremony was performed at the Pomeroy residence in Waverly by the Rev. R. C. McIlwain, Rector of St. John's Church, Keokuk. Louise Pomeroy had always taken an active interest in the affairs of the Episcopal Church, especially the music, having an unusual voice which had been highly cultivated. In this marriage I have been extremely fortunate and happy, and my wife and I have had over thirty-three years of very congenial married life. There have been four boys born to us. The oldest died in early infancy. James C., Jr. is a member of our firm, married Elizabeth Linn of Des Moines, and has three children. Joseph Pomeroy married Maribea Swanson of Des Moines on May 20, 1933, lives in Keokuk, and as yet has no children. Frank W., our youngest boy, is now a student in the Law Department of the State University at Iowa City. Louise Pomeroy is a woman of unusual mental endowments, has always taken an interest in my professional work, and has an intelligent appreciation and concern in all matters of public interest. She has quite consistently kept her husband in the "straight and narrow" and has



JAMES C. DAVIS AND FAMILY

Left to right, upper row: Caroline Thistle (Mrs. John S. Corley), Dorothy Buckburne (wife of D. M. Davis), Ora (Mrs. Robert Fullerton, Jr.), Frank W., Joseph P., Jr., James C., Jr., Daniel M., Mrs. Davis, J. C. Davis.

been a very dominant factor in the happiness I have enjoyed and the little success that has come to me in the middle period of my life, for all of which I am duly thankful.

In religion, following the teachings and the example of my mother, I have been a contributing member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I am not interested in the construction or the differences in creeds or dogmas. So far as my religious beliefs are concerned, they are summed up in the answer which Jesus Christ made to the lawyer who asked him, "Master, what is the great commandment of the law?" And Jesus answered saying: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul. This is the first and great commandment and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." To my mind, this is the sum total of all religion.

My father and I have lived through more than a century of perhaps the most interesting period of the world's history. We have lived more than eighty-five years in Iowa. We have seen Iowa grow from a young, sparsely settled state to the leading state in agricultural products, with a population with practically no illiteracy, the smallest percent in the sisterhood of states, and with the most equitable distribution of wealth of any state in the Union. Ordinarily there are no vulgarly rich and few desperately poor people in Iowa. Surely, if it is humanly possible, Iowa should be the home of a happy and contented people.

While we boast of the progress and culture as a civilization we have made, I sometimes wonder if our so-called progress and culture has materially added to the measure of human happiness and contentment. Are we now, surrounded with all our luxuries and improved methods of living, any happier or more contented than the boys and girls and men and women of sixty or seventy years ago, or, if you please, of 2,000 years ago?

In my early days the men wore boots and galluses instead of oxfords and belts; the women wore basques and corsets with whalebone ribs, and dresses sometimes with hoop skirts and long trains instead of the tight fitting clothes of today. We read by the light of kerosene lamps instead of electricity. We heated our houses with stoves and open fireplaces instead of automatic oil and gas furnaces. If we wanted to take a pleasure drive, we

hitched up the old bay mare "Kit" to the two-seated surrey and set sail on dirt roads at the rate of five or six miles per hour, instead of speeding in a Ford or a Cadillac on cement roads at the rate of sixty miles an hour. There was practically no plumbing or running water in houses, or adequate sewerage, in those days. Saturday night was religiously observed as bath night with a bucket of hot water from the kitchen stove. In winter we all wore heavy knitted woolen socks, and if we were at all rheumatic we wore heavy home-made red flannel underclothing. In the old days, a woman in confinement was taken care of in her own home, attended by a motherly colored midwife at \$1.00 per day or \$5.00 per week. The maximum medical charge for confinement was \$25.00, and a new baby in the homes of the well-to-do never cost more than \$50.00. Now in confinement there is a room at a hospital, a night and day trained nurse, charges for pre-natal service, and for various kinds of expert medical attention, so that the cost of a modern baby in families of the same relative standing as in the old days is about \$500.00, but if you have the money the baby is a good investment at the price.

In the old days, notwithstanding what appeals to us now as primitive and crude surroundings, families of from five to ten children seemed more numerous than families nowadays of three or four, yet in those days of more simple living we lived, laughed, sang, danced, had picnics and parties, and to all appearances had just as much enjoyment and pleasure in life, with just as much happiness and contentment, as we have now. I think perhaps there is in humanity just about so much capacity for pleasure and enjoyment, and each generation in turn takes its part. I sometimes wonder if since the dawn of civilization there has been any lessening of those predatory instincts of humanity which lead to and beget cruelty, anger, hate, avarice, and a ruthless ambition which overrides and sets aside the rights of the less courageous and competent, and whether or not our civilization is but a thin veneer and a scratch under the skin finds the same old ugly and undesirable traits that have always existed in the human race. Surely in the World War there was more ruthlessness, more cruel and unnecessary destruction of life, than the world has ever seen. Submarines sank loaded passenger ships, defenseless cities were bombarded from the air, and ad-

vanced science lent its aid to the wholesale destruction of human life. It is true that we have advanced in the science of medicine and sanitation; that there is less mortality among infants, and the average life of adults has been extended. On the other hand, there has been a falling off in the attendance and support of orthodox churches, and the younger generation of today does not take a very great interest in the spiritual welfare of the world. In our lifetime there has been a marvelous growth in the field of invention—the telephone, radio, airplane, moving pictures, extended uses of electricity, automobiles, good roads and labor-saving machinery have all contributed to the comfort and luxury of mankind. These were all unknown in my early boyhood. It is also true that the cost of living has tremendously increased. My father and mother occupied about the same relative position in society that my wife and I now occupy, and yet I am very sure that in many single months I have spent, in the support and comfort of my family, as much as my father spent in a year, and comparatively speaking his family lived in as much comfort and luxury as we do.

I am ordinarily a consistent optimist, but I confess at the present time a great apprehension as to the future of our government and the permanent happiness and prosperity of our people. The whole world, largely as the result of the World War, is in chaos and confusion, with widespread depression, unhappiness and discontent. In our own country I recognize quite fully the necessity for progress and reform, but I believe this progress and reform should be accomplished within rather than in the face of our constitutions, State and Federal. I am opposed to the Federal government entering into the detailed conduct of affairs peculiarly local in the several states—undertaking to fix hours of labor, wages, amount of output, and prices. I am opposed to the states surrendering to the Federal government the exercise of the local police power, the state control of affairs purely local. I am opposed to the surrender by the legislative arm of our government to the executive of legislative power to the end that the executive, in his own right or by cabinet officers, or through the creation of bureaus and commissions, may fix the amount of taxes and levy same, may raise or lower tariff duties, and may promulgate rules and regulations having the authority

of legislative acts, fixing penalties for the violation of such in the way of fines and imprisonment. I am opposed to the mentation of the American people to the standard of dul oerity, and I still believe in individual reward for ability, honesty and efficiency. I do not believe that "a pair of t has ever been made with legs long enough to be pressed in state commerce," and I believe that the government should courage and reward personal endeavor, rather than on bo money mortgage the birthright of future generations, an unheard of extravagance distribute money with no adequ: crimination among the worthy and those who are not, a purposes wholly visionary and temporary. Expenditures kind encourage a spirit of dependence, and eagerness to doles, that will eventually destroy the independent mo great numbers of people, men and women who have ord taken pride in being independent and self-supporting.

In looking back over a life that in years is in excess average, I believe I have not lived altogether in vain. founded a family, I owe no man, in my travels down the way of life I have been able to extend a helping hand to of my less fortunate brothers, and now at the age of seven, surrounded by considerate, congenial and loyal b associates, my wife, my children, and my grandchildren, lifelong friends, I am easing up from strenuous business, ing in moderation the good things of life, and waiting wit and confidence, and unafraid, the final exit.

Dated September 2, 1934.

WILLIAM SALTER'S "MY MINISTRY IN IOWA,
1843-1846"

EDITED BY PHILIP D. JORDAN

In 1906 Dr. William Salter, pastor of the Congregational Church at Burlington, the last surviving member of the "Andover Band," that group of eleven young clergymen who came from the Andover Theological Seminary to Iowa in 1843, wrote an account of his experiences as a missionary in Jackson County, where he labored from November, 1843, until the spring of 1846 when, upon the death of the Rev. Horace Hutchinson, he was called to fill the Burlington pulpit. Dr. Salter entitled his account, "Journal of a Missionary in Jackson County, Iowa Territory, 1843-6," and he first published it in the *ANNALS OF IOWA* for January, 1907. The *Maquoketa Sentinel* soon copied the account, and by April it was reprinted in the *Annals of Jackson County*. Three years later, in 1910, the year of Dr. Salter's death, James W. Ellis included the "Journal" in his *History of Jackson County*. The account may also be found in Mr. Salter's *Sixty Years*.

An examination of Dr. Salter's narrative of his work under the direction of the American Home Missionary Society indicated that it was not a "journal" at all in the sense that it was a diary or running account, but that it partook more of the nature of the reminiscences of an elderly man who, in the closing years of life, remembered only the glories and romantic adventures of an earlier day and forgot the disappointments and hardships which were necessarily a part of the Iowa frontier pattern in 1843. A closer examination led me to believe that the account, although not a "journal" itself, was based upon a diary or log book of some type which Mr. Salter actually kept from day to day for the period covered. This judgment was confirmed two years ago when the original diary entitled, "My Ministry in Iowa," was uncovered, worn and torn from its many journeys in saddlebags and its frequent adventures in the pockets of the young missionary as he journeyed through Jackson and adjoining counties in his far-flung prairie, parish work.

The little volume, bound in black boards, measures about 15x19½ cm. and now contains about 172 pages. Originally there were more, but some have been torn out, perhaps for memoranda, and only fragments of others remain. The inside front and back covers are filled with jottings and notes, some listing texts for sermons and others recording household and personal expenses. The majority of the entries are in ink, and all are in the cramped script characteristic of the author's hand even when, at the age of sixteen, he was recording his observations of Brooklyn weather on small scraps of paper. The first dated entry is November 20, 1843, and the last, January 1, 1846.

Between these dates are entered Dr. Salter's almost daily observations and comments upon the frontier. Drawn from his immediate and personal experiences, they are set down at the day's end with faithful and candid goose quill. Here is the humor as well as the pathos, the inspirations and disappointments, and the shrewd, but not always charitable, estimates of the immigrants who flocked into Jackson County from many parts of the world—the Goodenows, Wrights, and Nimses, from Lake George, New York, the Nickersons and Sutherlands from New England, the Dyers from Virginia, the Thompsons from Pennsylvania and the Ellises from Indiana, the Livermores from Ohio, the Woods from Michigan, the Chandlers and Currents from Canada, and finally the McCloyes from Ireland. Doctors and lawyers practice their professions, and land feuds make enemies of neighbors. And always there appear the determined efforts of the twenty-two-year-old minister to preach the Gospel, bury the dead, sponsor the temperance cause, fight the slavery evil, and establish academies and colleges.

Dr. Salter's spelling and punctuation have been followed as closely as his script would permit. In some instances it has been necessary to photograph passages where the writing was indecipherable, enlarge the positive, and so arrive at a satisfactory reading. Intentional emendations are enclosed in the square bracket. Material enclosed in parentheses within the text is Dr. Salter's, not the editor's. The pagination of the diary is indicated in square brackets in the text. Finally, no portion of the diary has been cut, even in those few places where the author has passed what appear to be uncomplimentary remarks upon men

and events. To remove such comments would serve only to decrease the value of this excellent source material in the history of the West, and thus destroy the document's worth. This diary supplements "William Salter's Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire, 1845-1846," which appeared in the ANNALS OF IOWA for April, July, and October, 1934.

MY MINISTRY IN IOWA

Springfield, Jackson County,
November 20, 1843.

Talked much about coming to this territory¹ thru the winter 1842-43, with E. B. Turner,² Sam Gridley,³ and E. Adams.⁴ In the course of the coming summer H. Adams,⁵ Robbins,⁶ Hammond,⁷ Hutchinson,⁸ Hill,⁹ Spaulding,¹⁰ Alden¹¹ concluded to come hither. Gridley's poor

¹The Territory of Iowa.

²Edwin B. Turner (October 2, 1812-July 6, 1895), born at Great Barrington, Mass., Illinois College, Cascade, Colesburg, Yankee Settlement, Iowa, 1843-1854, Morris, Illinois, 1855-1864, superintendent in Missouri, 1864-1876. *Id.* the indexes for the ANNALS OF IOWA for references to Turner and the other members of the Iowa Band mentioned here.

³Sam Gridley did not come to Iowa.

⁴Ephraim Adams (February —, 1818-November 30, 1907), born at New Ipswich, N. H., came to Iowa with the Band, preached at Mount Pleasant for one year, supplied in Burlington in July 1844 when Mr. Hutchinson returned East to be married, went to Davenport where he remained eleven years and where he assisted in founding Iowa College, removed to Decorah where he preached for fifteen years. For the following ten years he was superintendent of the American Home Missionary Society, the first year for the northern part of Iowa and later for the entire state with headquarters in Waterloo. He was pastor at Eldora for six years and then moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., for a year to live with his sons. He returned to Waterloo in 1889. *Id.* Salter, *The Old People's Psalm and the Golden Wedding of the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Adams and Wife*, Burlington, 1895. *Et The Decorah Republican*, December 5, 1907.

⁵Harvey Adams (January 16, 1818-September 23, 1896) was born at Alstead, N. H., came to Iowa with the Band, preached at Farmington, Council Bluffs, returned to Farmington, went to New Hampton, and later Bowen's Prairie where his active ministry closed in 1882.

⁶Alden B. Robbins (February 18, 1817-December 27, 1896), born at Salem, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, and preached at Muscatine from 1843 to 1896.

⁷William B. Hammond did not come to Iowa.

⁸Horace Hutchinson (August 10, 1817-March 7, 1846), born at Sutton, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, and preached at Burlington until his death. He was the first of the Band to die.

⁹James J. Hill (May 29, 1815-October 29, 1870), born at Phippsburg, Maine, came to Iowa in 1844 after settling the estate of his father. His first churches in Iowa were Garnavillo, Sodom and Gomorrah, of Clayton County where he said the staple food was "corn-dodgers, bear's meat and wild honey." Later he had pastorates at Indiantown, Green Mountain, Genoa Bluffs, and Fayette. He also had churches at Albany and Savannah, Illinois, and at Blencoe and Hutchinson, Minnesota. From 1865 to 1868 he was agent of the American Home Missionary Association for Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota.

¹⁰Benjamin A. Spaulding (June 20, 1815-March 31, 1867), born at Billerica, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, settling near the later towns of Agency, Oskaloosa, Eddyville, and Ottumwa. For several years he was missionary at large. Of a communion season which he held in the old Indian Council House at Agency, September 15, 1844, he wrote: "Here less than two years ago savages were sitting and lying upon the floor, smoking their pipes and singing their songs; now a congregation of Christians are celebrating the dying love of their Redeemer." In April, 1851, he was called to the Ottumwa Church where he remained for twelve years. Later, his health failing, he removed to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, for a year, and returned to Ottumwa as superintendent of schools for Wapello County. He was the second of the Band to die. *Id.* *A Sermon Preached at the Funeral of Rev. Benjamin A. Spaulding*, Ottumwa, Iowa, April 2, 1867, by Rev. William Salter.

¹¹Elbenzer Alden, born at Randolph, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, settling at Solon, Tipton (with a church of three members) and returning in 1849 to New England where he found a church in Marshfield, Mass.

health constrained him to remain in the East. Hammond and Hill were detained by sickness. Thru the latter half of the summer term we had a weekly prayer meeting in the south end of the Library to implore the Divine direction.¹² Our design was to establish the institution of the Gospel with all their blessed attendants of learning and refinement, and social progress in this new country and underneath their healthful shade to build up a goodly Commonwealth which should be a kingdom of Christ and to His praise.

The enterprise found favor with men and, I may not doubt with God, for surely never did any undertaking enjoy more smiles from the good or find [2] all circumstances and events more working together to help forward its commencement.

I left home¹³ Oct. 4—visited Niagara, spent the Sabbath Oct. 8 in Buffalo¹⁴ in the family of Rev. A. T. Hopkins. His good family and church comforted and strengthened us in our work.

Sailed for Chicago Oct. 9 at 4 P. M.¹⁵ Prof. Post,¹⁶ who traveled with us, is a man of fine strong powers of mind. He promises to accomplish much benefit for the Western Country. On Saturday 14th. inst. it became evident that we could not reach Chicago before Sabbath morning and hence the question whether we should go ashore at Milwaukee Saturday night. I thought we should be justifiable in going on. But better counsels prevailed and I went ashore—made the acquaintance of Rev'd Stephen Peet—and J. J. Winter[?]¹⁷—the former the industrious and laborious agent of the A. H. M. S. in Wiskonsan, on whom has been the care of all the churches in that territory and who has done much in bringing about the state of quiet safety and progress in which the cause of Christ there is. He is a man of practical abilities—of strong common sense—very plain [3] in manner and of great influence in Wiskonsan. Mr. Miter[?] (formerly of Knoxville, Ill.) is Pastor of Congregational Church—a student of Dr. Berman and Mr. Kirk. A faithful minister—a good speaker—of good popular talent, and much respected.

Mr. Ruel M. Pearson, a New Haven student, traveled in our company—is a very clever man, of strong natural good sense, amiable by nature—of sound mind, and a man of promise. He comes West to preach in Northern Illinois.

At Chicago Oct. 17. Saw Rev'd Mr. Bascom[?], he is plain in appearance, nothing prepossessing—but I should judge a man of prudence and good sense, said to be a fine preacher.

¹²The group met on Tuesday evenings in the library of the Andover Theological Seminary where they were students. *Vid.* T. O. Douglass, *The Pilgrims of Iowa* (1911) Chap. IV, and Ephraim Adams, *The Iowa Band* (2nd ed.) Chap. III.

¹³New York City. The place of meeting for the members of the Band was at the Delevan House, a temperance hotel, at Albany. Salter did not arrive there until the evening.

¹⁴They went by train to Buffalo, then the terminus of western railway travel.

¹⁵On the steamer *Missouri*. They touched at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinaw, and on October 14, Mr. Salter landed, after a rough voyage, at Milwaukee, not wishing to travel on Sunday. On Monday, October 16, he took a boat for Chicago, arriving there the following day.

¹⁶Rev. Truman Post. *Vid.* Salter, *Sixty Years*, Chap. XXXIV.

Rode to Burlington in an open wagon.¹⁷ Spent the Sabbath Oct. 22 in Galesburg and Knoxville. At latter place made the acquaintance of Mr. Charlevoy[?] and family of daughters (friends of Brother Turner and from Kinderhook) and his son in law Mr. West, and of Rev. Mr. Cole who was a Princeton student in Seminary with Cyrus Mason, Henry White and E. N. Kirk. Mr. Cole is of moderate abilities, a moderate abolitionist—rather a stiff Presbyterian. His wife is a good housekeeper.

Was much exhilarated at sight of Mississippi river Monday afternoon Oct. 23rd.¹⁸ The thought of the destinies of men—immortal men—of my country as connected with this great highway of the West—of the use of this river more affected me than did the sight of Niagara. Crossed to this territory Tuesday morning Oct. 24th, 1843.¹⁹ In Burlington enjoyed the [4] hospitalities of Mr. J. G. Edwards and wife.²⁰ She was a native of Portsmouth N. H., formerly resident in Boston. Dr. Wisner considered [her] one of the most efficient members in his church. She is a smart housekeeper, given to hospitality, much interested in the church, of quick perception, close observation, large intelligence, and great benevolence. The Church (Pres.) has been much divided, but the field is promising and inviting. Visited Rev. Asa Turner Jr.²¹ at Denmark Oct. 26. He has been a very laborious workman in the West. Came to Quincy Ill. some 13 years since, organized many churches in that neighborhood—came to this territory some six years ago and has had charge of the whole territory—is a man of strong natural powers of mind—of flexibility of character and consequent easiness of adapting himself to circumstances—has great influence among the people which he has gained by identifying himself with them and sharing in their privations and interesting himself in their interests.

With Brother E. B. Turner rode over the Des Moines country. At Farmington is a small church. Its principal members with whom I became acquainted, are Mr. Houghton and brother, Squire Beckley and wife. Saw Mr. Dulton[?] who has been preaching there this Summer—who was abed with a fever and is rather discouraged. [5] Rode West thru Bonaparte, 6 miles from Farmington, on the Des Moines. A thriving village, some 50 or 60 houses many of them painted white—there are mills on both sides of the River. To the mill at Farmington slaves come from 30 or 40 miles South in Missouri. Lexington two miles

¹⁷Mr. Salter's group, the brethren with wives going to Davenport, secured transportation in the wagons of some Illinois farmers who had come to Chicago to market their wheat, and were returning to their farms with empty wagons. The members of the Band, with the exception of Alden B. Robbins and Daniel Lane who were married and went to Davenport, bought canvas wagon coverings, provisions, and general supplies for the journey to Burlington in Chicago. En route, they were able to purchase a meal of honey, milk, butter, and eggs for twelve and one-half cents. *Ibid.* Adams, *op. cit.*, pp. 24-25.

¹⁸They left Galesburg, Illinois, early that morning.

¹⁹Salter and Turner guarded the group's supplies on the Illinois side of the Mississippi through the night, while the others crossed to Burlington on the evening of the 23rd.

²⁰*Ibid.* Philip D. Jordan, "The Life and Works of James Gardiner Edwards" in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXIII, No. 3, October, 1930.

²¹*Ibid.* George F. Magoun, *Asa Turner and His Times*, 1889.

farther up the river presented a rather shabby appearance. At I port called on Mr. Seth Richards (a brother of one of that firm Bacy[?] Richards and Platt New York) He and his fam been shaking with the ague, his wife (a Miss Gardmen) from Mass. helped in raising the timbers of a mill belonging to a Mr cock and Mr. Cotton. The raising was done on cold water pr 40 or 50 rough looking fellows were present.

Found in a house here a sermon advertising Presbyterian d thus scattered to work mischief. Rode on thru Columbus, w pretty much run down, to Keosauque—[sic] the ride along Moines is a most beautiful one and will doubtless be taken for j after 30 years hence. We had some difficulty at times in keep road and more scare than danger in crossing the river at nigh

At Keosauqua [sic] found a home with Mr. Huddon an in gentleman from Indiana. His wife, a smart woman—original Virginia then from Kentucky and Indiana. He is the only j [6] the church there. Saw his son and Mr. Thompson who sta Oct. 31 from Buchanan County where Mr. T. has bought 80 Ac a mill privilege on the Wapsipinicon. This is one place which posed as the seat of the college which is to be established territory.

Oct. 30. Rode West to Troy, Davis County. This is on the the old purchase—many of the former inhabitants have move the new purchase. Of the church here which last year numb members no less than 19 have moved away to the New Purc dined with Squire Sam'l Evans, has a claim on the N. P. a preparing to move on to it. He is desirous of having what h "a stiff minister", i. e. smart. His cousin Squire Wm. Evans efficient man in the church there. These Evans were from Ea nessee and were used to good preaching there. I preached at K Rev. Mr. Bell was present and offered prayer for me. He is t influential and active Preacher of O[ld] School Presbyterianism territory, and a moderately smart man, but rather too much o tarist. We rode from Troy to the Old Lac and fox Indian a crossed the river two miles above Iowaville—broke our axle woods—were tumbled and detained—borrowed horses and rode back, reached the [7] Indian farm about 9 P. M. Mr. Wilson home. Next morning Oct. 31st. rode to the Agency House. S Wilson, Mrs. Street, and their families. Mrs. S. from Tennessee, berland Presbyterian, has a "holy horror" of Abolition, has bee afflicted lately by loss of husband and daughter—a little d Visited Wapello's²² grave which is by the side of Gen. Street' upright post is placed at his head on which are marked in re

²²Chief Wapello (1787-March 15, 1842). *Vid.* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Vol. II, pp. 636-638 for biographical sketch.

²³General Joseph M. Street, for many years Indian agent in the W. ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, Vol. II, pp. 81-105 for a biographical sk a picture (facing p. 104) of the graves of General Street and W Agency City.

drawings of a decapitated and a decimated human body signifying that the Chief had slain such and so in battle. Rode that afternoon in the rain to Fairfield where enjoyed the hospitalities of Mrs. Reed. The next day (Nov. 11) to Denmark, where put up with Deacon Isaac Field (from Salem St. Church Boston). He and his wife treated us with the greatest cordiality and kindness. They made us at home. Mr. F. is a very well informed Christian, a correct abolitionist. I was examined for ordination, and ordained by Denmark Association, Sabbath, Nov. 5, 1843.²⁴ Julius A. Reed preached a good popular sermon on the characteristics of a good minister and Turner Jr. offered the ordaining prayer.

Munday morning Nov. 6 the brethren separated—some to the South—some to the West—and others to the North—our parting [8] was sad, yet hopeful—E. Adams to Mt. Pleasant, and Trenton in Henry Co. H. Adams, Farmington. Alden, Johnson and Cedar Counties—Hutchinson, Burlington—Lane, Keosauqua, Robbins, Bloomington. Spaulding, Wapello Co., Turner, Cascade. M. A. Thompson to Davis Co. These locations were all agreed on tho' some of them not without protracted or anxious thought, in peace and love. If the Pilgrims on board the Speedwell could inscribe on the sails over their heads "God with us" before they had crossed the perilous ocean—surely we having experienced so much of the Divine Favor, can make the same inscription as we set up our banners, being now in the place where we have so long desired to be.

Came up the river²⁵ on the "New Brazil", Cap't. Smith, a gentlemanly and intelligent officer. Staid at Davenport with Rev. A. B. Hitchcock. He was a Jacksonville and N. Haven student. Spent one night Nov. 9, with Rev. O. Emerson of Clinton Co. He has been an untiring laborer in the Gospel and has nearly worn himself out in journeying—he is well fitted for this country, having a heart to bear all things—is liked among the people. Reached this place²⁶ Friday night Nov. 10. [9] Board with Mr. Shaw,²⁷ a gentleman who has seen much of the world and is a man of intelligence. His wife is a most quiet—active and amiable woman. Nov. 11. Called on Dr. Effin,²⁸ a mile West of Mr. Shaw's, he is from Pres. Church in Albany, Ill., is gentlemanly and polite, rather stiff in his opinions, to be managed by kindness and by never distinctly opposing. Rode over to Andrew where preached in Court House on the Sabbath—a log building not tight or comfortable in any respect. Met there Rev. Mr. Littlefield from Apple River, Ill.—has been holding

²⁴The members of the Band ordained were: E. B. Turner, William Salter, E. Alden, Horace Hutchinson, E. Adams, Daniel Lane, and B. A. Spaulding. The Rev. J. H. Reed preached the sermon from Acts 20:28, and the Rev. Asa Turner offered the ordaining prayer. *Vid.* Adams, *op. cit.*, Chap. VI.

²⁵The Mississippi.

²⁶Maquoketa. It is located on the line between South Fork and Maquoketa townships, on sections 19, Maquoketa Township, 24-25 South Fork; it is 170 miles west of Chicago, 200 miles from Des Moines, and about midway on a straight line north and south between Davenport and Dubuque.

²⁷John Shaw, of Ellisburgh, New York, moved to Dubuque in 1839, to Bellevue in 1840, and to Maquoketa on June 6, 1842. On November 6, 1853, he married Miss Sophia Fiske, of Oxford, Mass., and Ellisburgh, New York. Mr. Shaw died in 1853, and Mrs. Shaw in 1887.

²⁸Dr. William H. Effner, or Effner. He had a son, Jerome.

a protracted meeting in Andrew, but at an unfortunate time as the people were very busy getting in their corn—he seems to be a faithful minister and very faithful in visiting from house to house. In his preaching and measures he is correctly styled by a Methodist woman—"a Methodist Presbyterian". One member in the Methodist church there, a Justice of the Peace, told me that in this country they received "with open arms all ministers, no matter what their tenements were." This was Mr. Hopkins rather a credulous superstitious and weak-minded man—at the same time a bigamist, having [10] a wife in Ohio and one here. His declaration reminds me of the sermon of Mr. Shinn, a Methodist preacher, whom I heard in Keosauqua the first Sabbath I was in the territory. He told the people about what *King Samuel* said and did.

Last week on Thursday I took Br. Turner sixteen miles West toward his diocese. Yesterday had some 50 hearers. They were attentive. The prospect of planting a church here does not seem very encouraging. There are within five and six miles on all sides surrounding me but nine Professors of Religion, of Presbyterians (O. and N. S.) and Congregationists, and none of these seem much interested in this undertaking but Mrs. Shaw and Dr. Effner. If the people could only be united one good church might be build up. Be this the subject of my prayers and the object of my labors.

Visited Mrs. Nimns[?] last week, member of a church in Alton—a smart active woman, desirous of educating her children. Was formerly a Baptist (her parents Presbyterians) her children have not been baptized. Mr. Nimns²⁹ was a Professor in New York but in his frequent immigrations, first to New York, then to Illinois, and here has never taken his certificate of church [11] membership. Met there Mr. Liverman³⁰ who lives in the first cabin North of Mr. Shaw's, an infidel tho he only considers himself a Universalist. Sent him Baxter's call.³¹ He comes to read it. Mr. Dorr,³² of Erie Co. New York, commenced teaching school here this day—he is engaged for 4 months, at 12 dollars a month and board.

There has been a great deal of sickness (ague and bilious fever) thru the territory this fall owing to the heavy freshets in the spring and early summer.

This has been a very wet fall. The people in the territory are much poorer than ever before I have had any idea of.

In the upper part of the territory are more New England and New York People than I found in the Southern part. Formerly in this County were many desperados, black legs and horse thieves, but since

²⁹Ellel Nims. Mr. Salter's spelling differs, but Nims is generally used.

³⁰Probably Abraham Livermore. His children, Julia, Abraham, and Laura, attended the old sod-covered Maquoketa school in the winters of 1842-1844. *Ibid.* James W. Ellis, *History of Jackson County, Iowa*, 2 vols. (1910) Vol. I, p. 374.

³¹Rev. Richard Baxter, *A Call to the Unconverted*, with an introductory essay by Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., New York. American Tract Society. [18-?]

³²Ebenezer Dorr, who married the daughter of George Earle. He taught two winters, 1843-1844. *Vid.* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 569-574.

the mob at Bellevue³³ they have mostly cleared out. In the trial for murder last year of the murder of a man³⁴ at Andrew, there were several persons from the East on the Jury—when the murderer's lawyer from Davenport came into Court and saw the character of the Jury—"Ah," said he, "there are too many Eastern men for us." And so [12] it proved for that Jury brought in the murderer guilty and he was executed. Not so sure of it that the Anglo-Saxon race is to build here a good Common-Wealth as it is that if such a state do arise and shine here the work will have to be done in the main by Novo Anglo-Saxon men.

Saturday night Dec. 2. Here ends a hard week of labor, yet the Lord has strengthened me. Have rode some 85 miles this week and visited thirty families. Thursday Nov. 30 we observed a day of Thanksgiving. Preached from Ps. 135:1.³⁵ Sunday had a meeting of those who will unite in forming the Church here. They were equally divided on the question of the form of government. The Methodist Preacher on this circuit (Mr. Walker)³⁶ has an unfortunate practice of using the plural for the singular. Thus on last Sabbath he told the people here, "Brethern, pray for each others goods, labor for each others goods."

Was encouraged by a prospect of forming a church about six miles below Bellevue this Winter. Saw there Mrs. Reed. She was brought up in the Episcopal Church. Her [13] husband (died in August) was for twenty-five years an elder in a Presbyterian church in the North of Ireland. They lived in this County two or three years, and saw but one Presbyterian minister. He died and was buried uncomforted and unhonored by any Clergyman.

Thursday Dec. 12. Visited today Mrs. Decker,³⁷ one mile South of Mr. McCloy's. Mr. and Mrs. D. are Baptists, experienced Religion some eight years since in Western New York. Mr. D. united with the Baptist church here. Mrs. D. refused to unite because the church received those who trafficked in ardent spirits, viz. Mr. Taylor. Visited Mr. Dunham, a native of Windsor, Berkshire Co., Mass. His grandfather was a minister at Martha's Vineyard. Mr. D. moved to Southern Illinois near Vandalia when a young man and has become a thorough Sucker. Knew there Rev'd. Mr. Ellis, one of the founders of Illinois College. Mr. E. was at his house frequently. Mr. D. lives a mile East of Mr. Decker's. Was a widower with three or four children and married a widow with as many—is a man of good natural powers of mind not much improved—sceptical as to Divinity of Christ. [14] Visited

³³A long series of Bellevue crimes, committed by Brown's Gang, was brought to a close April 1, 1840, when forty citizens under the command of Colonel Thomas Cox, after a gun fight, broke up the gang. Some were killed, others whipped, and but few indicted. Later some persons protested against this display of rough frontier justice, but in the main, the citizens of Bellevue approved this method of justice. *Id.* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 403-475.

³⁴Joseph T. Jackson, who was tried and found guilty in Andrew of the murder of Xenophon Perkins, and hanged July 15, 1842. *Id.* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 223-227.

³⁵Psalms 105:1. O Give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

³⁶Rev. John Walker.

³⁷Mrs. Levi Decker.

yesterday Mr. Fairbrother,³⁸ bee-keeper, he is awakened—has been a careless man, Sabbath breaker, has kept bad company, but desires to be and do better. Yet having lived in much ignorance sees things as yet darkly. The inconsistent lives of professors is a great stumbling block in his way. Also visited Mr. Estabrook, a mile and a half North-east of Mr. F. Mr. and Mrs. E. who were natives of New Hampshire, but lived in Vermont. Mrs. E. brought up a Baptist. Mr. E. a Universalist. They have a daughter, Laura, who has been sick and nearly helpless from childhood. She professes sweet resignation to the Divine Will, exercises patience and says her afflictions have weaned her from earth and led her to seek the truth[?] in heaven. Appointed for her benefit a meeting at her house, Jan. 2. Preached to lead her [to] the Saint's Rest.

Brothers Turner, Emerson, Robbins, and Mr. Hitchcock of Davenport were here last week to form an Association for Northern Iowa. I endeavored in adopting a Constitution to give the Association the powers of a Presbytery in accordance [15] with the plan of Union, recommended by General Association of the Presbyterian Church, so that the church here and others might come under its care—but Congregational Councils were too strong and bore rule. I, however, succeeded in accomplishing the results desired by inducing the association to pass a Resolution to take Presbyterian churches under its care. Mr. Holbrook and myself were appointed Committeemen to report at next meeting on Catechistical Instruction.

The ministers preached to attentive audiences to as many as our house could hold.

On Sabbath Dec. 10 the church was constituted, Dr. Effner and Mr. Thomas Flathers set apart as Elders, to continue in office two years—the little flock consisted of seven—the Lord's Supper administered.

Most every impenitent man with whom I have conversed on Religion speaks of the inconsistent lives of church members.

Dec. 15. Br. Emerson preached here [the] 18th. on Repentance. The evening was dark but some 30 present. Br. E. is native of Springfield, Mass. [16] His father, a deacon in Baptist church in North Reading—was educated at Phillipp's Academy, Andover, (a beneficiary of A[merican] Education Society), at Waterville College and Lane Seminary—his lungs are diseased, had a bad cough in the East of which he is rid out here. Yet complained yesterday morning an hour before day of severe pain in his side and expressed desire to get up thinking that setting up would relieve him. He said he would get up and read. I got up and made him a fire and he obtained relief. He rides over too great an extent of country. He thinks he might live longer by going South, but said not to accomplish so much there and stays here.

Visited yesterday Mr. Wendall 2 miles South, he is a German, brought up a Lutheran, baptized and confirmed—has been in America 20 years. Lived in Pennsylvania—has not been connected with any

³⁸Alvin Fairbrother. *Vid.* Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 644.

church in this country—says he believes in Christianity. Loves money too much, is a kind of pedlar. His wife was several years ago a Methodist for 8 years, but being dissatisfied with some of the members and unwilling to fellowship, she withdrew. Mr. Rathburn, her brother, is a Professor (Methodist) in Penn.

Called on Mr. David Bently. His wife was a smart woman—a large family. Has been so much engrossed in this life that they think little of the next. Mrs. Alfred Wright, a sister of Mr. Bentley, is [17] a clever woman. Called at Mr. Sam'l. Wright's, his father, who lives with him, is 68 years old, an intelligent man, was trustee of the Presbyterian church in New York state. Thinks he is not good enough to join the church. Called on Mrs. John Riggs—she was (also her husband) brought up mainly in Presbyterian church in Western New York, Ontario County—thinks she experienced religion about three years since—her mind was led to contrition by the burning to death of a neighbor's child. Has been careless since, says her husband, [who] was brought up in Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y. (gone this Winter to Arkansas and N. Orleans) experienced Religion when aged 17. Called on Mr. Nimms. His wife a sister of Mr. Goodenow.³⁹

Dec. 14 visited Miss Nickinson's⁴⁰ school, has 20 scholars—the furniture of the room is little and uncomfortable—scholars backward. She receives six dollars and board per month. Preached in the evening on the nature and reason of the necessity and means of regeneration—had 30 hearers. Am somewhat troubled for a room, cannot study—there is no lumber to make or stove to warm, or room to be had—have no opportunity for secret communion with God unless it be when I am walking or riding alone over the country when the constant necessity of resulting to expedient to keep warm prevents any steady devotion of the mind to Divine things.

Dec. 16. Organized last evening a society for the support of the church here. Mr. Flathers staid with me last night. He was a native of Kentucky, moved to Crawfordsville, Indiana, could neither read nor write when he was [18] 20 years old—had a desire for knowledge—went to school and prepared for College—entered Wabash College with the ministry in view, but this want of means was necessitated to give up study.

Dec. 29. Monday of last week (18th.) went to Andrew and Deacon Cotton's.⁴¹ Thursday morning started off afoot thru the ravine South West Deacon C's. Visited Mr. Smith on the West side of Farmer's creek—he is from Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, 7 miles West of

³⁹John Elliott Goodenow (March 23, 1812-September 3, 1902) was later known as the "Father of Maquoketa." *Vid. Ellis, op. cit.*, pp. 351-352 *et* picture facing p. 348.

⁴⁰Miss Marcia Nickerson, came to Jacksonville from Ticonderoga, New York, with her parents on September 6, 1842, at the age of nineteen. In 1846 she was married to Dr. L. T. Hubbard. *Vid. Ellis, op. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 227-228 for biographical sketch.

⁴¹Deacon Samuel Cotton, a descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, New York. Their house was six miles north of Andrew. *Vid. Salter, Sixty Years*, p. 263.

Galena on the Mississippi brought up a Baptist but prefers the Methodist—the dissensions of Christians his excuse for neglecting Religion—his house is 3 miles West of Mr. Sawtell's and 4 S. W. of Deacon C's. He warned me of his next neighbor as an intemperant scoffing man, and advised me not to speak with him on religious subjects lest I should be put out of his house. 2 miles N. W. is Mr. Millsass[?]. He is from Kentucky and Missouri. Found him in bed thru intoxication and sickness—he was in a neighbor's one morning when a minister was present. He used some profane expressions in speaking of the coldness of the weather for which the clergyman rebuked him when with an horrible oath he threatened to throw him into the fire if he spoke another word. I inquired my road and passed on. Mat. 7:6.⁴² Mr. Sind[?] is 3 miles W. over a broken and romantic [19] country.

I stopped on my way thru Rocky Hollow to wonder at the roughness and cumbrous and uncouth shapes of the rocks. Mr. S. was not at home being up on the little Makoqueta at Sage's Mill.⁴³ His wife a fine open sociable and easy woman. They are Scotch. Mr. S. from church in Largo under care of Rev. Jas. Gardner. Mrs. S. from church in Levern under ministry of Rev. George Brewster Jr. have been in America some fifteen years, first in Pennsylvania when they were in Ford Carbon and sat under the ministry of Dr. McCarter. Rev. Mr. Brewster, above mentioned, is a brother of Sir David Brewster. Mrs. S. told me she had heard Dr. Chalmers, Andrew Thompson and Edward Irving preach. Mrs. S's father was a ruling elder, and she has a brother in law a minister (Mr. Richardson). She loves a little Scotch mirth and complains that we discountenance love, singing and dancing. Has a large log house unfloored in which I preached. Mr. S. has trouble about a claim with Mr. Alexander, who lives a short distance North. Mr. A. and his wife are members of the church in Dubuque. He is a carpenter by trade and mostly away from home. They are Scotch people—have an interesting family of children. Their two eldest daughters were at school [20] of Sisters of Charity⁴⁴ in Dubuque this summer. Mrs. S. says there was no other school to which she could have sent her daughters, and what could I reply to this. The Scholars address their teachers as "Sister". I mourn much over this strife about a claim between these two families. They are the only Presbyterian families in that section, for many miles and they divided. Returning to Deacon C's I waded Farmer's creek taking off my boots and stockings, my feet were chilled for the moment (Dec. 20) but I soon made them warm by running.

Dec. 21 saw Mr. Potter from Tete Des Morts, thinks he has experienced religion. Dec. 22—found it very melancholy duty to attend to a case in which the discipline of the church is required, Mrs. Van

⁴²Matthew 7:6. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

⁴³For a description and discussion of Jackson County grist mills *vid.* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 353-359.

⁴⁴This school, as well as other Catholic organizations in the region, was under the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Mathais Loras.

Dolan, 3 miles E. & N. of Mr. Bottenwultis[?]-acknowledges her guilt, but is undecided whether to make a confession before the church. I fear her heart is not right, but God is the judge. After long and painful conversation she finally concluded to come before the church, acknowledging and repenting her sin—prayed with her. Went to see her husband at the saw mill—told him what I had done, he said if he had been in the house he should have turned me out. I looked him in the face, he seemed ashamed of his [21] threat and I told him I would call and see his wife again. Evil communications corrupt good manners. How true is the family relation—he says if his wife makes a confession he shall leave her. Called at Dr. Clark's. Mrs. C. from N[ew] London Co. Conn't. well brought up. Called on Mr. Macaulay, an O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterian from North Carolina, Virginia, Indiana, and Wisconsin. His wife from Kentucky. He is by trade a carpenter, by profession a lawyer.

Called on Mrs. Glenn, next house W. of court house—brought up to use tokens and tables at Lord's Supper, and thinks she cannot commence without them—hope by kindness she may be one of them. John G. Nealus called in while we were at supper. He is from 30 miles W. of Philadelphia, left home when 13 yrs. old with his parents consent—now aged 17—has a monomania of going over the whole world and then writing a book like Peter Parley, Capt. Cook and the like. Has a wonderful memory, never forgets, and consequently does not need to take any pencillings by the way—he travels afoot—*says* he never gets tired for he knows how to travel—believer in Presbyterianism—his father an Irish papist—knows a little Latin and Greek and has learned the Hebrew alphabet from Ps. 119:—⁴⁵ Rode to Bellevue from Mr. Richard Cotton's⁴⁶ (Dec. 23) in three hours and a quarter. Called at Mr. Dyers'[?] a mile below Bellevue. Has been in the West 17 years—in the mines—lived near Galena when there was but one or two houses there—his was the first family which settled in Jackson Co.—originally from Ireland near Dublin where was in an Episcopal church—now Methodists whom they joined because there was no other meeting [of] a church in this county—his wife a smart intelligent [22] woman—much of a lady in her manners and appearance—well read. Have a fine family of sons, industrious, and most of them pious.

Preached in Bellevue to an attentive audience of 60. Mr. Walker has been laboring thru the last fortnight and says he intends to convert B[ellevue]. Found a very interesting audience assembled at Mr. Alex Reed's. I know not that anything has so much cheered me since I came to this County as did my finding there some 50 waiting to hear the word of the Lord—a thrill of exultation and of gratitude to God that there were such here waiting for me. In B[ellevue] I saw Mr. Sharp, his father in law is an Episcopal Minister and he a member of the Episcopal Church in Galena—is willing to unite in a Presbyterian church

⁴⁵Psalms 119, beginning: Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

⁴⁶Deacon Cotton's son.

in B[ellevue] and wished me to come and preach. Saw Mr. Holliday who was of Church of Scotland—has a turning mill 2 miles below B[ellevue], a well instructed Calvinist. Mr. Lewis, merchant in B[ellevue] expressed a readiness to contribute to my support if I would preach in B[ellevue]. Mr. Dyer says that when Mr. Kent came to Galena there was no one there that sympathized with him or would take him to their homes. He went to tavern and boarded. Consulted with Mrs. D[yer] as to what he had best do. She told him to go to preaching.

Sunday evening walked in company with Mr. Robert Reed to Mr. Nottingham's[?] house 3 miles W. up on the South side of the bottom to see Robert Caldwell, aged about 21, dangerously sick of inflammation of the bowels. After my preaching at Alex Reed's a [23] brother of the young man came to me, told me his brother was very sick and desired me to come up that evening. It was a dark and disagreeable night—found the young man in great distress. . . . His mother and sisters were sitting by—took my seat by his bed side, inquired as to his pain and desired him to tell me the state of his mind. Said he was a sinner and hardly dared to hope in the forgiveness of God, but trusted in the Saviour and desired to be resigned to the will of the Lord. He spoke with great grief and deep emotion of leaving his parents, of his being among strangers in a strange land, and of his having neglected in health preparation for death—his utterance was low and indistinct. I inquired particularly in relation to the foundation of his confidence which he declared to be J[esus] C[hrist] in relation to his guilt and danger in having neglected religion which he now saw to have been a great sin. I endeavored to fix his thoughts on the rock of ages—his friends and himself had given up all expectations of recovery. I asked him what advice he would give to the young—he said to prepare for death.

I visited him again on Monday and regretted that if he is to die I could not be nigh to close his eyes and perform the Christian rites of burial, but my congregation called me to Bellevue, Andrew and this place. He came to this county some two years since a rugged lad—made a claim and has worked hard—had the fever last summer and recovered, but imprudent exposure brought a relapse and inflammation set in—he deprived of religious privileges became thoughtless. His parents were pious and had instructed him aright. They came on this fall (from Armstrong Co. Penn.). On his sick, and perhaps dying bed their instructions lead him to Christ and give him peace and hope. O the value of Christian nurture. His parents were from N[orth] of Ireland—have been in Penn. over 20 years. According to last accounts I have from the young man he was exhorting all who came to see him [24] to repent and prepare for death now. O that his young companions might hear and obey. Mr. David Young was at meetings—he is an Abolitionist from Penn.—prefers a Congregational Church. I trust the Lord has sent him here to build up and bless society. Seems to be a warm hearted man—some of his children are pious.

Visited (Dec. 25) Gen'l Cabbage⁴⁷ 4 miles S. W. of Robert Reed's—came to the West in 1829 originally from Delaware (his wife's divorced from him) was a sub Indian agent in Illinois—taken prisoner by Sac Indians at their village on Rock River, condemned to death—they kept him 8 months—he was ransomed by the Winnebagoes—has a monomania of hating foreigners, Papists, and other Irish. Is of gentlemanly appearance—spent some of my time with Mr. Robert Reed, a son of Widow Reed, mentioned page 12 supra. An intelligent, clever young man aged 26, amiable and kind and open hearted, full of sprightliness. Was formerly deputy sheriff—had charge of Jackson.⁴⁸ Says he kept him mostly in a private house, Butterworth's, without ban or bolts. Mrs. Reed was very sick last fall, during her recovery she took great delight in singing Ps. 116.⁴⁹ Her son Wm. is a likely young man, but has not enjoyed good advantages in this county—Catherine a smart and affectionate girl.

Two Papists (Mr. Kathaleen, Mr. Roach,) came to my preaching on Sabbath after sermon is over. They had mistaken the [25] time. Mr. K[athaleen] had heard there had been a good sermon. He said to me "he was develish sorry he had not come earlier for he wanted to hear a good sermon." Dec. 26. Riding up to B[ellevue] I came by Mr. Hemington's. It was most night. It snowed and was very slippery. I was in so much of a hurry that I had not time to get off my horse and lead him—the path was very narrow and sideling. My horse stumbled and threw me. I rolled right under him. He got up on his legs but I was afraid to stir for fear I should frighten him and he step on me, but I made a desperate effort and succeeded. Men never [ought] to be in so much of a hurry as not to be prudent.

Spent a night with Mr. Garnel—he is from Pennsylvania—an abolitionist tho' rather ultra—his wife a Quakeress—his parents from Paisley, Scotland and brought up in Pres. church. He is building a flouring mill in company with Mr. Potter (a deist). The hypocrisy of professors [is] his excuse for rejecting Religion and not professing Christ. Mrs. Means, his sister, lost her husband this fall. She has three small bright children.

Jan. 1, 1844. Thanks for mercies past and trust for days to come. The year has commenced with a severe storm, so severe that I judge it imprudent and unwise to ride to my appointment at county seat to-night. This I much regret as it will be my first failure of meeting my appoint- [26] ments. I made the appointment because the Probate Court and County Commissioners were to meet there this day and there would be a gathering from different parts of the county—all my other evenings this week are engaged.

[To be continued]

⁴⁷General George Cabbage. He had been clerk to Felix St. Vrain, United States agent for the Sacs and Foxes. He taught the first school in Dubuque, was doorkeeper of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory at Belmont, 1836, and was one of the commissioners to lay out Dubuque, Burlington, and other towns, 1837-1838.

⁴⁸Joseph T. Jackson. Vid. footnote 24.

⁴⁹Psalms 116, beginning: I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

"ORPHEUS C." KING

In the October issue of the ANNALS we published a letter on pages 429 and 430, written by Captain Orlando C. How Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, dated August 25, 1864, and directed to Mrs. Howe at Newton, Iowa. Captain Howe was in frail health and the rigors of army life in that climate in the heat of summer had weakened him so he expected an early honorable discharge and a return home. His depleted financial resources were a great worry to him, so he wrote in this letter to his wife about the propriety of their buying a small farm near Newton, and the

How do these suggestions strike you? Do not be in the least troubled if you do not like them, for I merely think of this thing and so I think a house and lot would be as well. I must own that my employment is all the time depended some upon by me, that is "Orpheus C." King if you can stand a parody. And the mode I speak of is not aid more than exclusive law business. Of course I would not like to do as much openly, but anything to you.

The allusion to "Orpheus C." King was, especially to our reader of today, a profound mystery. But a suggestion that there was in the early 1860's a humorist with a name similar to that caused a search which produced a long forgotten and dusty volume which revealed what few of this generation know, that Robert Henry Newell, a prolific newspaper writer and humorist, flourished in popularity somewhat similar to our Will Rogers today. In 1862, he published a series of articles signing himself "Orpheus C. Kerr," a camouflage for "Office Seeker." I have seen *Orpheus C. Kerr*, published in New York in 1862, page after page in this language:

Thus, my boy, have I answered your desire for an outline of my personal history; and henceforth let me devote my attention to the more important inhabitants of our distracted country. I shall be certain postmastership in my eye when I first came hither (Wash

D. C.); but war's alarms indicate that I may do better as an amateur hero. Yours iconoclastically, Orpheus C. Kerr.

Evidently Captain and Mrs. Howe were familiar with Newell's writings, perhaps had enjoyed reading them together. The Captain recalling that his condition was similar to that expressed by the humorist in the above lines, found it easy to parody them by changing "Kerr" to "King," making it Orpheus C. King, or "Office Seeking." In this subtle way he was conveying to Mrs. Howe his secret hope that a public office might come his way, and help them over their financial embarrassment. He evidently did not want anyone else to know he harbored such a thought. Captain Howe was much more diffident and modest about his political ambitions than some others of that period, or even than some of more recent times.

THE STATE BIRD OF IOWA

The Forty-fifth General Assembly in compliance with the wishes of the Iowa Ornithological Union designated the beautiful Eastern Goldfinch as the official bird of Iowa. On March 16, 1933, Representative J. Wilbur Dole of Jefferson County introduced in the House (see House Journal, page 821) the following concurrent resolution:

HOUSE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION No. 22

Whereas, the Twenty-sixth General Assembly of the state of Iowa, in the year 1897, by concurrent resolution, adopted the Wild Rose as the state flower of Iowa, the record of which is duly recorded in the Senate Journal, pages 1124 and 1164, and in the House Journal, page 1025; and

Whereas, many states have not only adopted certain named flowers as their state flowers, but have also adopted certain named birds as their state birds, and

Whereas, the Iowa Ornithological Union, an association comprising students and lovers of birds, residing within our state, at their annual meeting held in Des Moines, Iowa, in May, 1932, by resolution and vote, designated the Eastern Goldfinch as their choice for a state bird, and recommended that said Eastern Goldfinch be adopted as the official state bird of Iowa, therefore

Be It Resolved in the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that the Eastern Goldfinch, *Spinus tristis tristis*, is hereby designated and shall hereafter be officially known as the state bird of Iowa.

The resolution was laid over under the rule and called up March 21 and was adopted. The same day it was messaged over to the Senate. On March 22 Senator William Carden of Henry County called up the resolution for consideration and moved its adoption. The motion prevailed and the resolution was adopted.

This is a small yellow bird popularly known as the wild canary. The male is bright yellow with black wings and tail and black top of head; the female is similarly marked, but not so brilliant. They are fairly common permanent residents in the southern part of the state, but less numerous in the north. They are often seen in flocks in undulating flight.

LONGEST LEGISLATIVE SERVICE IN IOWA

Attention has been called recently as to who in the history of the state has given longest service in the legislative branch of our government. The summary below shows the interesting facts.

William Larrabee, afterward governor, was a member of the Senate continuously from 1868 to 1886, or eighteen years.

David W. Kimberly of Davenport was a member of the House of Representatives four years, 1915 to 1919, and of the Senate sixteen years, 1919 to 1935, thus giving twenty years of continuous service in one or the other of the two branches.

John L. Wilson of Clinton was a member of the House of Representatives four years, 1894 to 1898, and of the Senate seventeen years, 1898 to 1915, giving twenty-one years of continuous service in one or the other branches.

No other legislator has equalled the length of service of any one of these three members excepting Lemuel R. Bolter of Logan, and he exceeded them, as he served in one or the other branch for eleven assemblies, twenty-two years, but his service was not continuous, and was between 1866 and 1902.

Senator Kimberly was re-elected last November and if he serves his coming four-year term he will have completed twenty-four years of continuous service in one or the other chamber of the assembly, and will exceed in length the service of any other member.

NOTABLE DEATHS

WALTER SCOTT ATHEARN was born at Marengo, Iowa, July 25, 1872, and died in St. Louis, Missouri, November 13, 1934, when in that city on business. Burial was in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, Massachusetts. His parents were Elisha S. and Susan E. Athearn. He was educated in public schools and early began teaching in country schools. His advanced education was secured at Drake University, Des Moines, at the State University of Iowa, and at the University of Chicago. He was principal of public schools at Delta, Iowa, 1894-99; assistant professor of pedagogy at Drake University, 1900-04; editor of *Midland Schools*, Des Moines, 1902-07; dean of Highland Park Normal College, 1906-09; professor of religious education at Drake University, 1909-16; professor of religious education at Boston University, 1916-29; dean of School of Religious Education and Social Service, 1918-29; president of Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1931-33; and president of Oklahoma City University from June, 1934, until his death. In 1919 he was director of the American religious educational division survey department of the Interchurch World Movement. He delivered many lectures and addresses on religious education and was the author of *The Church School*, 1914; *Religious Education and American Democracy*, 1917; *An Introduction to the Study of the Mind*, 1921, as well as many other books, brochures and leaflets on similar subjects. While at Drake University he established there one of the earliest religious education libraries in this part of the country. He was a pioneer in religious education in this country and became one of its most outstanding figures.

LEMERSON E. CRIST was born on a farm in Clarke County, Iowa, July 7, 1872, and died in Osceola May 1, 1934. He attended country public school, taught school, studied law in the office of William B. Tallman of Osceola, was admitted to the bar in 1894 and began practice in Osceola. From 1898 until 1908 he was a partner of Mr. Tallman. For four years he was city attorney of Osceola, and for four years was mayor. In 1910 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-fourth General Assembly. In 1912 he was elected senator from the Clarke-Warren district, and served in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth general assemblies. He was a Republican in politics, and was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was regarded as an able lawyer and a faithful and efficient public officer.

PAULINE GIVEN SWALM was born at Dahlonga, Wapello County, Iowa, in 1850, and died in Washington, D. C., November 13, 1934. She was buried in Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines. Her parents, John H. and Cynthia A. Given, removed their family to Des Moines in 1851. Pauline was educated in the public schools of Des Moines and in Iowa College, Grinnell (now Grinnell College), from which she was graduated

in 1871. She was associate editor of the *Iowa State Register* from 1871 to 1872, then published by Clarkson Brothers. On October 1, 1872, she was married to Albert W. Swalm. From 1874 to 1877 Mr. and Mrs. Swalm jointly edited the *Fort Dodge Messenger*, and from 1880 to 1897 they jointly published and edited the *Oskaloosa Herald*, weekly and daily. She was with Mr. Swalm in his consulship service at Montevideo, Uruguay, 1897-1903; Southampton, England, 1903-19, and Hamilton, Bermuda Islands, 1919-22. After Mr. Swalm's death in 1922 (see ANNALS OF IOWA, Vol. XIV, page 389) she lived most of the time with her daughter, Mrs. Nina Swalm Reed at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Swalm was a very talented and charming woman. Both as writer and public speaker she exhibited literary ability and the substantial qualities of a well informed person. Among the subjects on which she spoke before clubs, conventions, etc., were sociological and literary topics, newspapers, on the citizenship of women, and on her experiences in foreign countries. She was a force in supporting Charles Aldrich in founding the Historical Department of Iowa.

MAURICE CAHILL was born in Fairfax, Iowa, June 24, 1888, and died in Cedar Rapids, August 14, 1934. Burial was in Mount Calvary Cemetery, Cedar Rapids. He attended public school at Fairfax, was graduated from the Iowa College of Law, State University of Iowa, in 1910, and the same year began practice as a lawyer at Timber Lake, South Dakota. In 1913 he removed to Cedar Rapids and opened a law office there. He enlisted in the United States Navy January 3, 1918, was assigned to the U. S. S. *Trinidad* as a gunner, and served from April 10 to November 22 on the high seas, making five trips across the Atlantic. He received an honorable discharge December 22, 1918, and returned to his law practice in Cedar Rapids where he became the senior member of the firm of Cahill, Boland & Hines. He early became identified with the American Legion, was commander of his local post, was a member of the State Executive Committee, was a member of the national Executive Committee in 1925, and was state commander in 1930. He was active in civic affairs and in politics, was the Democratic candidate for county attorney in 1920 and in 1922, was the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fifth District in 1928, losing to Cyrenus Cole, and was a delegate from the Fifth District to the Democratic National Convention in 1932.

MATHEW NELSON VOLDENG was born near Decorah, Iowa, January 21, 1863, and died at his home on the State Hospital grounds near Woodward, October 21, 1934. Burial was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Independence. His parents were Nels Lars and Anna Mathia (Christian) Voldeng. He was graduated from Luther College, Decorah, with the degree of A. B. in 1883, and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, with the degree of M. D. in 1887. He was an assistant physician at the Independence State Hospital for Insane in 1888-95, was

professor of pathology in the Medical Department of Drake University, Des Moines, in 1897-98, and of neurology and psychiatry in 1899-1902. During part of this time he was in medical practice in Des Moines with Dr. Eli Grimes. He was the first superintendent and director of the new Cherokee State Hospital for Insane, serving from 1902 to 1915. He aided greatly in planning and supervising construction of the new State Hospital and Colony for Epileptics at Woodward and was its first superintendent and director, serving from 1915 until his death. He was a member of the American Medical Association, and of the Iowa State Medical Society, holding positions of honor and responsibility in each, and being president of the Iowa society in 1910-11. He was fitted by nature, talent, education and knowledge of science for the many duties he assumed. His fine personal qualities and good administrative ability added to his qualifications.

ALVA C. HOBART was born at Royalston, Wisconsin, July 26, 1860, and died in Palo Alto, California, August 25, 1934. Burial was at Palo Alto. His parents were Caleb E. P. and Eliza Ann (Tibbetts) Hobart, who removed with their family to Cherokee, Iowa, in 1870. Alva C. was graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1885, began the study of law, was elected clerk of the District Court of Cherokee County in 1886 and served two years, was admitted to the bar in 1889, was elected county attorney in 1890, was re-elected in 1892, serving four years. He also served for some time as mayor of Cherokee. In 1895 he was elected senator, was re-elected in 1899, and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth Extra, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth general assemblies. He took an active part in important legislation, being chairman in his last session of the Committee on Corporations. In 1900 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for attorney general of the state, losing in the state convention to Charles W. Mullan. Not long thereafter he removed to Palo Alto where he resumed the practice of law and participated actively in public affairs. He served that city as mayor and occupied other positions of public trust.

MARGARET BILLINGSLEY MILLS was born near the village of Glasgow, Jefferson County, Iowa, September 8, 1861, and died in Ottumwa September 30, 1934. Burial was in the Glasgow Cemetery. Her parents were Elijah and Prudence (Strong) Billingsley. She was graduated from Howe's Academy, Mount Pleasant, in 1884, attended the State University of Iowa, and received her M. D. degree from Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, in 1893. For more than thirty years she was a practicing physician in Ottumwa, being associated in her profession with Dr. Alice Stark, and her husband, Dr. Frank W. Mills. She served as city health officer of Ottumwa for four years, was active in the work and support of the Y. W. C. A. of Ottumwa, was a lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal church and was active in its sup-

port, as well as in many phases of civil and welfare work. During the World War her record as chairman of the women's division of the Liberty Loan drive was notable. Her name is one of those inscribed on the bronze tablet in the Historical, Memorial and Art Building in Des Moines in company with others in recognition of their services in the cause of woman suffrage. Her life was one of service.

EDWIN P. HEALY was born at Greenwich, Huron County, Ohio, November 30, 1853, and died in Britt, Iowa, August 21, 1934. His parents were Abram and Phoebe C. (Warren) Healy. He lived on a farm until fourteen years old, attended public school in the country, and later, Oberlin College for a time, and night school in Cleveland. When seventeen years old he engaged as a brakeman on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, not long thereafter becoming a conductor. He removed to New Hampton, Iowa, in 1876, learned telegraphy, and in 1879 became station agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at Britt. He entered the banking business at Britt in 1890, organized the Farmers Savings Bank, became its cashier, and followed banking the most of his active business career. He was a member of the local school board, and was a member of the Britt Town Council, holding both positions several years. He was elected representative in 1920, was re-elected in 1922, and served in the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Fortieth Extra general assemblies. In politics he was a Republican, was reared a member of the Quaker church, but at Britt affiliated with the Congregational church.

EDWARD MONTGOMERY MCCALL was born in Nevada, Iowa, August 30, 1873, and died in Fort Dodge October 28, 1934. Burial was at Nevada. His parents were Thomas Clifton and Mary Abigail (Boynton) McCall. He obtained his early education in the public schools of Nevada, took one year in the preparatory department of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, three years in liberal arts in the State Agricultural College, Ames, and was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1896. He began practice of the law at Nevada. He was city attorney of Nevada two years, 1900 to 1902, and county attorney of Story County four years, 1905 to 1909. In 1910 he joined with J. A. Fitzpatrick in the law firm of Fitzpatrick & McCall. The fall of 1914 he was elected a judge of the Eleventh Judicial District and served ten years, or until 1925, when he removed to Fort Dodge to become a member of the firm of Helsell, McCall & Dolliver. When C. A. Helsell was transferred to Chicago in the legal department of the Illinois Central Railroad in January, 1934, Judge McCall was named district attorney for the railroad.

times notices for a caucus were posted an hour or two before the meeting, which was fixed at a time convenient for the powers that be, knowing none others would be in attendance; but the remedy has not proven all that we hoped for. But we can truthfully say "truth crushed to earth shall rise again." If it does not rise it is fair to infer that it lacked truth, but it may require the efforts of a pioneer to cause it to rise when clothed in better form.

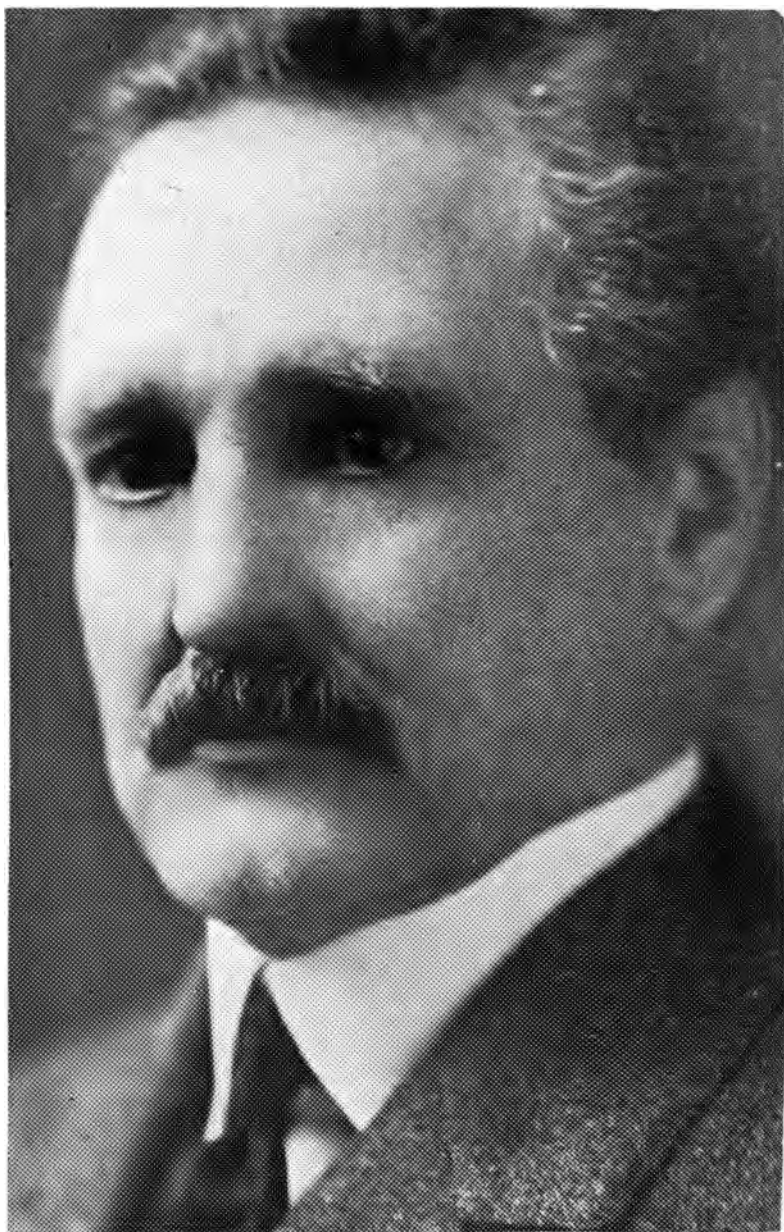
Many who do not understand a proposition generally deny its value. If it contains merit the pioneer will steadily advocate its virtues until under the power of reasoning right will prevail. Those who opposed the enactment of the primary can find little, if any, comfort at this day by saying "I told you so"; but we may with satisfaction look upon those who offered constructive measures to overcome the evils with which we were disgusted.

We do not care to return to the former unregulated method, but should provide for a legalized caucus, safeguarded and ample opportunity given to every member of the respective parties to attend and make known their choice of delegates. The delegates thus chosen for the county convention to nominate candidates for county offices and elect delegates to the state convention to nominate candidates for state offices, and like procedure for district officers, in these times when by reason of the depression the saving in expense would be a valuable asset worth favorable consideration.

Some may say why devote our time to such measures? The ready answer is found in the words of wisdom uttered by Franklin: "Leisure is the time to do something useful."

As president of the Association I greet you and trust that in due course of the splendid program prepared by our secretary you will express yourself freely as of yore, remembering we have others, old and young, who are ready, anxious and willing.

Short talks of a reminiscent nature were then made by former Senator Frederick Eversmeyer, former Representative John C. De Mar, former Senator Charles J. Fulton, former Governor B. F. Carroll, former Senator A. B. Funk, former Senator George Cosson, former Judge J. H. Henderson, and former Representative E. J. Bradley. Mr. Bradley offered a resolution urging the General Assembly to have replaced in future editions of the Official Register the alphabetical list of names of all who have served in the General Assembly in former sessions and moved its adoption. Governor Carroll moved as a substitute that the president and secretary of this association be directed to request the secretary of state to replace the names of former members of the General Assembly and also of former state officers in the next



JOHN T. CLARKSON
President of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association of Iowa, 1933-35.

ANNALS OF IOWA

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THIRD SERIES

PIONEER LAWMAKERS ASSOCIATION

By DAVID C. MOTT

The Pioneer Lawmakers Association of Iowa met in its twenty-fourth biennial session in the Portrait Gallery of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department, Des Moines, February 20, 1935. President John T. Clarkson called the meeting to order at about 9:30 A. M. and asked the Reverend Percy M. Thomas, pastor of Friends Church, East Des Moines, to give the invocation, and he spoke in part as follows:

INVOCATION BY THE REVEREND PERCY M. THOMAS

Almighty God, our gracious Heavenly Father, our hearts fill with gratitude as we are caused to remember the multitude of blessings with which thou hast surrounded us. As we contemplate the pleasant situation in which we find ourselves, living in this wonderful state in the midst of the richest nation in the world, with every modern convenience placed at our command, we are made to remember that other men have labored and we have entered into their labors. "Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places."

Not only are we the beneficiaries of material blessings without number, but we are heirs to the noblest ideals that have ever motivated any people. Ideals forged on the anvil of pioneer living and in the white heat of a simple yet unwavering faith in God. As we stand today in this art gallery, whose walls are adorned with the portraits of those who have served this their state in public life and have left behind a record of faithfulness to their generation, we recall the words of St. Paul, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, . . . and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

We would not pray, our Father, that the difficulties and adversities of this hour be removed, but we do pray that thou wouldst give to us something of the courage, fearlessness, and faith of the pioneer men and women who blazed the trails of human progress and achievement into the Middle West. As we of this generation are matched against this hour, give us grace and wisdom to so order our lives and discharge our duties that our children may honor us, as we seek to honor those who are dead yet speak to us this day through their noble achievements.

We ask these favors in the name of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Brigadier General Charles H. Grahl, adjutant general, was introduced and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES H. GRAHL

Mr. Chairman, Members and Friends of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association: Governor Herring has requested me to extend to you his genuine disappointment in being unable to welcome you this morning. As I left his office a few moments ago he was in conference with members of both houses of the legislature on matters of vital importance. In view of the fact that many of you present are former legislators, I am confident you will fully appreciate his situation.

I feel particularly honored to have been selected by the Governor to represent him upon this occasion. It was my privilege to serve as a page in the Senate during the Thirty-second and Thirty-third general assemblies. The associations, the friendships, and the contacts I made with legislators and public officials as a boy have been a constant inspiration to me. Many of the friends I made at that time have had a direct bearing upon my life, and I consider that experience to have been a real education.

On behalf of our Governor, I wish to extend to all of you a most cordial welcome, and I know it is his sincere wish that your meeting here this morning, and your meeting this afternoon with the joint session of the legislature will be a memorable one.

Former Speaker of the House, Joseph H. Anderson, was then introduced to respond. Governor Herring not having been able to be present and deliver his address of welcome in person, and having sent a representative there to do it for him, the following response to the Governor was therefore modified in its delivery to fit the situation that had arisen. It is here given as it would have been delivered if the Governor had been present in person.

ADDRESS OF FORMER SPEAKER JOSEPH H. ANDERSON

Mr. Chairman, Pioneer Lawmakers, Ladies and Gentlemen, Your Excellency Governor Herring: It is gracious of you, Governor, to come over here to greet the Pioneer Lawmakers. It is pleasant to have our presence recognized. It is nice of you to extol our virtues and to acknowledge the par excellence of our services to the state. I am sure you can sense the significance of our existence. I am equally certain that any one who can sound the depths of our experience will also surely have got himself "a heart of wisdom."

Whether we stage our appearance and performance under the Golden Dome of notoriety in a Republican era of prosperity or in the dark ages of a depression, there is always the possible consolation that when

we go out with the tide of time, we will surely find our proper place among the immortals. What that proper place may be I do not know.

Governor, there are a number of things for which you are to be commended. May I pause to pay you just one simple sincere compliment. I believe the people like you, Governor, because you seem to be so utterly unafraid. You dare to think aloud and you dare to do things. That quality alone covers a multitude of sins, if you have any.

I have in mind a man upon whose headstone I believe the historian will write just one single sentence: "They sought to impeach the War Governor for the folly of his patriotism." That was the price he paid for immortality. It is enough. No one will inquire further. I have in mind another man too that I also love to think of as a friend. He too knew the pain that malicious hatred can inflict upon him who would stand between poverty and oppression. No one can rob either of his place among those who will never be forgotten.

In a little while the veil will be drawn to reveal the portraits of these men that will henceforth hang among those of other illustrious sons of Iowa in this gallery of art.

Legislative investigations still seem to retain all the alluring and enticing qualities and characteristics of old. Investigation designed for intensive study of vital public problems is evidently an intelligent and effective method of approach to remedial legislation. Investigation involving the assumption and the exercise of judicial and executive functions by a General Assembly is usually a total loss to the state. Investigation designed as a factory for political munitions and war is destructive of good government. Here's hoping that investigations by this General Assembly may be of a kind and character to promote sound, sober, deliberative, constructive results.

Pioneer Lawmakers is an intriguing term, cleverly appropriated to perpetuate our interest—and perhaps our importance. It implies almost an unlimited historical horizon. When we qualified as members of this Supreme Council of Pioneer Lawmakers, we were initiated into the greatness and grandeur that was once Rome. It is our ticket of admission to all the mysteries of antiquity. We can hob-nob with the Solons of the centuries. We can sit down with Moses and compare our Iowa Code with his tablets of stone. In an argument I believe we could convince Moses that we have a larger legislative vocabulary than he had and that we can pass more numerous and complicated laws than he, whether they mean anything or not. Of course, while we were sunning ourselves in our own conceit on the Summit of Mount Sinai, some darn fool might come along and tell us that Pioneer Lawmaker is only a glorified designation of a political has-been.

Now, Governor, if you choose to retain your present position in the public service until you can qualify as a member of our Supreme Council of Pioneer Lawmakers, I shall then come back and insist that you give your own response to the governor. If my computations are correct, you have only eighteen years left to serve.

May I again express our appreciation of your courteous words of welcome. Thank you!

Then followed the address of the president of the association, former Senator John T. Clarkson of Albia, who spoke in part as follows:

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT JOHN T. CLARKSON

Two years have passed since last we met in convention to renew friendships and erase bitterness, if any, formed during the time when as members of the Iowa General Assembly we rendered public service in one branch of our state government.

It is a source of inspiration to see the splendid attendance at this convention of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association, but I would not have you infer that the name means old has-beens, but rather in the sense of preparing the way for another. Perhaps it may be truthfully said of some of our members who are convinced that we not only prepared the way but completed the job, leaving nothing further to be had or done, except perhaps to do a little painting to cover the spots where the heat of the battles left its mark.

Be that as it may, those who fail to attend our conventions miss the enjoyable phase of their past legislative experiences in that the many words uttered, which then seemed mean and oftentimes hurt, have passed away, the wounds healed over, and we revel in the pleasant recollection of the many courtesies extended, and especially enjoy greeting the fellow who predicted dire results if your measure became law, when experience has proven they were mistaken.

I would not have you feel that reviewing the past is our primary duty and obligation—far from it. With our past experience we owe a duty to the people of our state to continue in the work of pioneering that is paving the way for others, and we can do that work with far greater freedom than as members of the General Assembly. Then we were somewhat restricted by our Supreme Court, the guardians of our Constitution. Now we defy them, as our bills are always constitutional, and truthfully say "Your conscience is your constitution and guide."

I note that the Supreme Court of recent date held that in passing upon the constitutionality of a presumed law it is their duty to go behind the enrolled bill. This may be good law as applied to an act passed by a body operating under restriction, but we function in the realms of pure and unrestricted freedom and deny the power of any other body to pass upon our laws. This, they cannot do if they would, as our bills find a repository in the waste basket.

Speaking seriously, I present for your consideration the repeal of what is known as the Primary Law; a law that imposes a heavy burden upon the tax payer and the candidates. The law was enacted to correct evils that were intolerable. Night club meetings were resolved into political caucuses to elect delegates to county and state conventions. Many

times notices for a caucus were posted an hour or two before the meeting, which was fixed at a time convenient for the powers that be, knowing none others would be in attendance; but the remedy has not proven all that we hoped for. But we can truthfully say "truth crushed to earth shall rise again." If it does not rise it is fair to infer that it lacked truth, but it may require the efforts of a pioneer to cause it to rise when clothed in better form.

Many who do not understand a proposition generally deny its value. If it contains merit the pioneer will steadily advocate its virtues until under the power of reasoning right will prevail. Those who opposed the enactment of the primary can find little, if any, comfort at this day by saying "I told you so"; but we may with satisfaction look upon those who offered constructive measures to overcome the evils with which we were disgusted.

We do not care to return to the former unregulated method, but should provide for a legalized caucus, safeguarded and ample opportunity given to every member of the respective parties to attend and make known their choice of delegates. The delegates thus chosen for the county convention to nominate candidates for county offices and elect delegates to the state convention to nominate candidates for state offices, and like procedure for district officers, in these times when by reason of the depression the saving in expense would be a valuable asset worth favorable consideration.

Some may say why devote our time to such measures? The ready answer is found in the words of wisdom uttered by Franklin: "Leisure is the time to do something useful."

As president of the Association I greet you and trust that in due course of the splendid program prepared by our secretary you will express yourself freely as of yore, remembering we have others, old and young, who are ready, anxious and willing.

Short talks of a reminiscent nature were then made by former Senator Frederick Eversmeyer, former Representative John C. De Mar, former Senator Charles J. Fulton, former Governor B. F. Carroll, former Senator A. B. Funk, former Senator George Cosson, former Judge J. H. Henderson, and former Representative E. J. Bradley. Mr. Bradley offered a resolution urging the General Assembly to have replaced in future editions of the Official Register the alphabetical list of names of all who have served in the General Assembly in former sessions and moved its adoption. Governor Carroll moved as a substitute that the president and secretary of this association be directed to request the secretary of state to replace the names of former members of the General Assembly and also of former state officers in the next

edition of the Official Register. The motion to substitute carried and the motion as substituted carried.

President Clarkson appointed as the Committee on Nominations the following members: A. B. Funk, Charles J. Fulton, and John C. De Mar.

The association at this time participated with the Historical, Memorial and Art Department in the installation of two portraits, one of former United States Circuit Judge William S. Kenyon, and one of former Governor William L. Harding. President Clarkson turned the gavel over to Justice E. G. Albert, member of the Board of Trustees of the Department, who delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF JUSTICE E. G. ALBERT

When I view the beauties of Blashfield's allegorical picture at the head of the grand stairway in the Statehouse, marred only by the fact that the driver is on the wrong side of the ox team, which is intended to typify the old saying that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," my mind reverts to our forebears who forded the Father of Waters seeking a place where they could hew out their fortunes. They were an adventurous class of people, rough and rugged in their ways, but they became the nucleus of our present civilization. Amidst all the surroundings of pioneer life, they fought against the bitter cold and snows of the winter and the burning heat of the summer, seeking to acquire the possession of a part of the earth that they could call their own, from which they could wrestle a living and accumulate something for their old age, and possibly accumulate sufficient of the world's goods that the lives of their children should be less laborious than were their forebears'. Possibly this was a mistaken notion, at least in the face of the divine command, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." It was supposed that these forefathers laid a firm foundation on which our civilization was to be built, and passed it on to us to carry on. Do we appreciate the duties resting upon us to continue the superstructure as was anticipated by our ancestors? We are now told that many of the foundation stones thus laid by our forefathers, and their notions of the accumulation of wealth for their old age and for the benefit of their progeny, were mistaken ideas; that they are not entitled to the same; that the accumulations, through their struggles and thrift, shall be taken away from them and given to those who have been less thrifty and saving. In the subduing of the virgin states by our forefathers, one struggle was to dispose of the surface water on these agricultural lands, to the end that there would be larger productivity. As I look back, even in my days, I can see the old-fashioned ditching machine, drawn by four, eight, or twelve ox teams, through the low and swampy land. Later a wave swept over northwestern Iowa

and, at an expense of millions of dollars and the loss of many farms to the owners, or at least the creation of excessive burdens, the wet part of the state was largely freed from surface water, thus bringing into production more than a million acres of land. We are now told that this was all a mistake, that we have too many productive acres, and that the same must be reduced. We have had for many years a State Agricultural College, rightly recognized as the outstanding institution in its line in the United States. It has devoted its purposes to making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and two stalks of corn with a double size ear; not to make two hogs grow where one grew before, but, by scientific feeding and care, to reduce the time and the quantity of feed necessary to produce the finished product. We are now advised that this also was a mistake. We have, at the expense of the state, between fifteen and twenty thousand young people in our colleges and universities, and we are educating in our public school system, about five hundred and twenty-five thousand students, at an expense of more than one-half of all the taxes paid to the state. Is it possible that this, also, is a mistake? When one views the condition of our civilization at the present time and in the light of present conditions, one can but wonder whether the stones in the foundation of our civilization, which were thus laid by our forebears, are not being gradually swept away. The growth of civilization is slow; it is not a question of months or years, but a question of decades and centuries. Any theories founded on the bright and insidious sands of expediency are bound to slow up, if not stop, the growth and progress. The student of civilization is compelled to pause and wonder whether we are at a stopping point in the growth of our civilization, and must reconstruct and rebuild the foundation.

Through the generosity of the state, this department has been able to accumulate this gallery of portraits. You will find here the portraits of all the governors of the state of Iowa, from the territorial government to the present administration. Arrangements have been made for the painting of the portrait of the present governor, which will be taken care of in due time. In addition, you will find the portraits of a number of senators and representatives of this state in Congress, together with those of men who have been outstanding in the history and development of the state. The occasion causes an alarm at the door of memory. I presume that there is no one present whose memory extends beyond the time when Governor Kirkwood was the first war governor of Iowa. You will see many faces here that are familiar to you, and many others which are shrouded in the mists of time. I must confess to you that, as to the artistry connected with these portraits, I know nothing. I have no power to view these portraits from an artistic standpoint. When I gaze upon Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and see the eyes which appear to follow me around the room, the changing expressions apparently shown on the countenance, the smile on one occasion, and the cynical smile on another, I seem to feel that she is alive. This measures

my view of a portrait. When these two excellent portraits are presented to your view, and I look at them, I measure their value to me by the same rule. My long and intimate acquaintance with both of these men makes me wonder, when these portraits are veiled and I these men makes me wonder, when these portraits are unveiled and I gaze upon them, are they of such character as that when I address them as "Bill," and "Bill," as I have done on many occasions in the past, they will look to me as though they are alive, or will they simply look to me as a conglomeration of design, colors, canvas, and a gilded frame.

Miss Barbara Harding then unveiled the two portraits. Justice Mitchell spoke as follows concerning Judge Kenyon:

ADDRESS OF JUSTICE RICHARD F. MITCHELL

When a boy in grade school in Fort Dodge, together with two of my young companions I took French leave one afternoon and followed the crowd to the court room in the old Federal Building. The room was jammed. A murder trial—the most sensational in the history of the county and that part of the state—was in progress, and as in this day, so in that, murder trials attracted the attention of the people. Two brothers were charged with the murder of their two neighbors over a boundary line dispute. The State of Iowa was represented by its then county attorney and as special prosecutor, the Honorable John F. Duncombe, known to the bench and the bar of this state as one of Iowa's really great lawyers. The defendants were represented by Senator Thomas D. Healy, and his distinguished brother, the Honorable M. F. Healy. The presiding judge was a young man, hardly thirty, but, due to his knowledge of the law, his fairness in his rulings, and the dignified manner in which he presided, he won the admiration of all that attended, including the three members of the audience that were supposed to be in school rather than in court.

That is my first impression of William S. Kenyon. From that time on to the date of his death it was my privilege to respect his great ability, to admire his progress in life, and to claim him as a friend. When I graduated from law school, at his request it was my privilege to work in his office in Washington, Judge Kenyon being at that time a member of the United States Senate. And when, two years ago, I was a candidate for the Supreme Court of Iowa, I received a letter from him, written in longhand, in which he said, "I want you to know that there are three absent-voters' ballots being sent from Maine, all marked for you—Mrs. Kenyon's, my secretary's, and mine."

While Judge Kenyon was not born in Iowa, practically his entire life was spent within the borders of this state, and the better part of it in the service of the people of Iowa. At Grinnell College he received his early education. Then to the University of Iowa for his legal training. Returning to Fort Dodge after graduating, he started upon the practice of his chosen profession. At the age of twenty-five we find him elected to the office of county attorney of Webster County, in which



WILLIAM SQUIRE KENYON

From an oil painting from life in 1931 by Carl W. Rawson.

position he served as prosecuting attorney for a period of four years. He stepped from prosecuting attorney to judge of the District Court of the Eleventh Judicial District of Iowa. After two years as one of the presiding judges of that district he resigned and re-entered the practice of law at Fort Dodge. Shortly thereafter he was appointed district attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad, and within a few years we find him as general counsel of that great system. In 1910 he was appointed by President Taft as assistant to the attorney general of the United States in charge of the enforcement of the Hepburn Rate Act and the Sherman Anti-trust Act, and while holding that office he represented the government in litigation of national importance. While still serving in the Department of Justice he was, in 1911, elected by the General Assembly of Iowa United States senator to fill the unexpired term of Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver. He was twice re-elected as senator from Iowa and resigned from the Senate in 1922, when appointed by President Harding as judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, which position he filled until the time of his death in 1933. President Coolidge tendered to him the position of Secretary of the Navy, which position he refused to accept. President Hoover appointed him a member of the Law Enforcement Commission, of which the Hon. George W. Wickersham was chairman, and for months there was added to the many duties of his office the arduous labor incident to that commission. Many times he was prominently spoken of as a candidate for vice president, and president of the United States.

This, in brief, is a short record of a man of remarkable industry, energy and capacity, who cheerfully gave the best that was in him to the labors and duties of whatever task he undertook. His great mind served with intelligence and comprehension the rights and wants of the people and his big heart drove him on and on to accomplish something in their behalf. He had a fine instinct of justice, and in attempting to secure it for the multitudes of his country, he bore upon his own shoulders the burden which injustice had imposed upon others. He was an apostle of progressive political thinking in this state, and an earnest advocate of the causes which he championed. As United States senator he labored in Washington in behalf of the common people of his state and country. Here was one of the most untiring defenders of the masses. His whole effort in Congress was devoted to the cause of social justice, for as a senator he fully realized the injustices suffered by the people because of their exploitation by the privileged classes. He was one of the first real statesmen of America to be lined up on the side of humanity in its perpetual conflict with privilege. Possessed of a powerful intellect and a great, human heart, he fought year after year for the forgotten man, woman and child of his time.

At the time of his resignation from the United States Senate in 1922 to accept the appointment on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, second in authority and power only to the United States Su-

preme Court, critics of Judge Kenyon—and like all men of prominence he had his critics—charged him with leaving the field of battle for the quiet, peace and dignity of the court. To these accusations—and some of them found their way into public print—Judge Kenyon made no public response, but with his intimate friends he did not hesitate to discuss this matter frankly and candidly as was his custom. “They say I am deserting the field of battle,” Kenyon told his friends, “that I am running away from the fight to the solitude and calm of the court. I do not feel that way about it. In fact, I believe that I am but leaving a minor engagement to enter what is destined to be the greatest battlefield in the history of the American Republic. I am convinced the time is rapidly approaching when the whole question of the preservation of American liberty and constitutional government will be fought in the courts, when the courts will be our safeguard against the overthrow of the American concept of government as handed down to us by the Fathers of the Republic.” Remember that Judge Kenyon made this statement some ten or twelve years ago. I am not suggesting that the time he feared has actually arrived, but that there was much farsightedness in his remarks cannot be questioned. Bear in mind that Judge Kenyon was a Liberal, in the very best sense of the word. He brought to the bench all the human qualities, the tenderness, the consideration, the passion for fair play, that he possessed as an individual, and which endeared him so to those of us whose privilege it was to know him intimately. A wise judge, skilled in the law, and yet ever the human being. And so, when Judge Kenyon talked about the preservation of the constitutional government and the great struggle facing the courts, he was not by any manner or means echoing the philosophy of those reactionary individuals who can do no more than blindly follow rules laid down by men long since dead. But as Judge Kenyon was ever the human judge, never hesitating to evoke the rule of common sense in his judicial opinions, nevertheless he realized that the fundamental principles of our constitutional system of government must be maintained at all hazards, lest in loosening one brick the whole structure tumble down. He knew that scoundrels can wear the mask of liberals. He knew that expediency must be considered but that it must be measured carefully, else for the apparent advantage of the moment we bring on ourselves far greater ills than those from which we tried to escape. Such was Kenyon’s intelligent liberalism.

Much has happened in the world since Judge Kenyon took his place on the federal bench. Autocracy under the guise of dictatorship prevails in many countries. Liberty and freedom are forgotten words in these countries. In the throes of the greatest economic depression in history, the United States carries on, our great governmental institutions standing as erect as ever, and the constitutional rights of our citizens have been maintained. For the continuation of this happy situation we must look, and I believe with perfect confidence, to our courts. Great questions are before the courts today, probably the greatest in

the history of the American judiciary, carrying out to some extent the prophecy of Judge Kenyon of a dozen years ago. In meeting these great issues, we can have perfect faith that the courts will decide for the best, facing situations that exist and at the same time doing so without weakening our constitutional principles of government. Such is the glorious record of our judiciary. One can only regret that Judge Kenyon was not spared a few years longer, so that his great and noble mind could have participated in the framing of these historic decisions.

And so, as we meet here today in this building, dedicated to the history of Iowa—and truly, the history of Iowa is the history of her great men—as we recall his record as prosecuting attorney, as district judge, as assistant attorney general of the United States, as United States senator, as judge of the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, and as we think that in these public positions which he held, he contacted all sorts and conditions of men—the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, the educated and the unlettered, the rich and the poor, the honored and the obscure—and as we remember, in the words of ex-Governor Kendall, this man, after forty years of public service, emerged “unsoiled and unspoiled,” truly, his portrait should hang upon the walls of this Historical Building that it may be an inspiration to the men and women of tomorrow who will be charged with carrying on the good work that Judge Kenyon has rendered the state of Iowa.

I have the privilege to present to this Historical Department, the portrait of Judge William S. Kenyon.

Former Justice Truman S. Stevens spoke as follows concerning Governor Harding:

ADDRESS OF FORMER JUSTICE TRUMAN S. STEVENS

We are assembled in this wonderful portrait gallery in the midst of faces typifying the greatness of Iowa's citizenship. Here are gathered the faces of the brave and mighty heroes and heroines of each past and succeeding generation. We can feel the spirit of the pioneers and the builders of the decade in which they and their successors wrought, hovering over us. Men and women—toilers and leaders, compatriots all. Imbued with the same spirit, animated by the same purpose, inspired by the same hope they transformed the wilderness into homes, villages and prosperous cities. Each succeeding generation with renewed faith and determination took up and carried forward the task of building and equipping a commonwealth.

Forward has ever been the watchword, and the march has not and never will halt. This great gathering of portraits constitutes and presents an illustration of our beginnings and of our progress as the builders of a great and enduring commonwealth.

No state, no nation ever reaches the point of greatest usefulness without leaders—men and women gifted with high character, understanding and vision—men and women who comprehend and understand the spirit, purpose and mission of their followers.

This commonwealth was builded and brought to its present greatness by the unbroken unity of all classes, leaders, masters at the arts of government and culture, leaders of heroic mould, high holy purpose, with visions ever widening to survey the expanding horizon.

Organized society must go forward or ultimately perish. If there is no progress stagnation must result. The character of every great movement is typified by its leaders. In them the masses center their hopes.

Here are gathered the portraits of a host of our great leaders—men and women of sublime faith in the eternal, of undaunted courage—men and women who believe in the highest and best—in justice, in humanity, in righteousness and in liberty.

Although they have passed from the stage of human action and rest from their labors, they remain and continue to be leaders. The history of their lives, of their sacrifices and devotion are written upon every page.

They can never die; as the procession moves on, in the hearts of our people they still lead.

Such an one of the great leaders and teachers of the past was William Lloyd Harding. His portrait just unveiled by his own lovely daughter richly belongs in this gallery of Iowa's great and noble. Born to the soil which he cultivated in his youth he became strong in body and mind. Gifted with vision and ambition he saw far beyond the confines of his rustic surroundings and longed to enter a field of broader and greater possibilities. He sought and obtained an education. He entered the profession of the law. He quickly obtained recognition in his chosen profession for which his talents so ably fitted him. The humdrum of his profession did not however satisfy his desire for a wider and more useful field of endeavor. He sought the political arena. He became a candidate and was elected to the state legislature. Re-elected again and again he came into new activities, visioned new and wider horizons. His growing convictions, understanding and ambition drove him forward; he sought higher and wider recognition by his followers and became lieutenant governor, and then governor of his native state. In each of the stations filled he displayed the qualities of leadership that gave him the high place he filled in the affairs of our commonwealth. His terms as governor covered the period of the World War. His natural talents, his quick perception of public problems, his keen understanding of the complexities fitted him better, far better, than his fellows to discharge the onerous duties of this period. He was patriotic, patient, farseeing, capable. He possessed the ability to analyze and construct. He was a builder.

Time does not permit a review of his achievements. They are written imperishably in the history of his time. I prefer to speak of his personal and public qualities, of the spirit that animated his great career. He loved his state and his country. He no sooner comprehended the problems of the hour than he offered some constructive solution thereof. He was a natural public speaker. His power of clear and comprehensive

statement was marvelous. He made his hearers understand. As a campaigner for his party he had no rival. He was more than a great campaigner, he was an administrator of public affairs. What he promised to his constituents he sought with great scruples and ability to perform. His eye was on the future. His part in public life was to continue and ever push forward the building of our commonwealth; he saw no place to halt. His answer to his followers, to the ever restless throng was always a promise of the future. Yet he left no task of today unperformed. His culture was of the mind and heart. He was sincere, honest and ever faithful. Fidelity to every public trust was to him a solemn duty.

Brilliant, ambitious, patriotic, farseeing, he quickly won his way into public confidence. He filled a large niche in the affairs of his generation. His usefulness continued to the last—he fell in battle, in the advocacy of a cause in which he believed with all the intensity of his nature. He could not falter; his broken health did not deter him. To the last he was the public servant and benefactor. He was indeed a great leader of men. The history of his career, of his part in building and serving his commonwealth, can never perish and will loom high in its history.

He has joined the men and women of the past who wrought before or with him in the building of an empire. It is appropriate that we today in this presence and in the light of his achievements place his portrait in this galaxy of the immortals. It is with pride and pleasure that I now tender this magnificent portrait of our illustrious friend and leader to this Department to be preserved and kept for the generations to come. With the close of this ceremony his portrait will help tell the story of his part in the achievements of our state, and enlist him in the ever growing procession of our beloved men and women who shall forever inspire and beckon us forward.

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE BY CURATOR EDGAR R. HARLAN

It remains for me to express the pleasure of this institution in having the Pioneer Lawmakers Association our guest in its twenty-fourth biennial session.

It has been in other recent years our guest. Earlier, when Charles Aldrich was an active member, it approved his purpose of creating here a formal repository for materials produced in the service of your membership in previous times, saved then and to be preserved always thereafter.

We are here in the inspiring presence and amongst the spirits of lawmakers of Iowa of the past ninety-eight years. If we are not dumb we will be inspired with their thought and purpose for as many scores of years in future.

Today in this program we are formally adding to these deposits, the portraits of two great figures in Iowa lawmaking history. It is becoming in us that we study in portraiture their faces, now that they are gone, among the faces they and you were familiar with; study the

laws they made, interpretations they wrote. Their labors, as labors of your own, my friends, and the scores of Iowa public citizens, are not lost, at least not yet. Those records are under this roof and shall so remain until their and your own foresight in providing the means, be not continued and not sustained in the policy of Iowa.

It has concerned some of you that this structure may not be fully passed on to the next generation in all the service it now performs; that these grounds may be in part devoted to less sacred but more "practical" use; that the adjacent ground may be used to "enlarge" this building, but for current office or other uses.

I remind you, in whose hands repose the moral trust, that your appropriations of the public funds, for erecting this temple to receive these original materials, and thereafter to support the functions of their administration, began in the administration of Horace Boies; were followed in that of Leslie M. Shaw, and afterward from time to time up to and during the administration of William L. Harding; that in Shaw's administration the cornerstone of this very structure was laid, and with his participation. John A. Kasson, in a memorable address, cast the public mind of Iowa in the direction of preserving the original evidence, from which may always be retrieved, if a modicum of brains be used, the facts of Iowa in its origin, in evolution and in its arrival at a fruition through the devoted labor of all pioneers. Afterwards, in the first administration of George W. Clarke, was passed Chapter 14, of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly. It corrected and completed the Capitol grounds. That had been recommended, in principle, by his predecessors Carroll, Garst, Cummins and Larrabee. Section 3 of the Act provided the *plan* for such corrected and completed grounds ". . . in accordance with the plan covering said extended grounds as contemplated herein, submitted as the 'Allison Memorial Commission plan,' now on file in the office of the secretary of state . . .," etc., etc. That *plan* for the grounds was drawn, submitted to and received the full approbation of all concerned, including that of the mind of General Grenville M. Dodge. Zeal increased for the plan because it provided for the long future. Governor Clarke and General Dodge directed Emanuel L. Masqueray, architect of the plan, marking upon it not only the site of the Capitol and of this building as they already stood, but indicating that the ground lying immediately to the north, "future Historical Building." By the same method it placed elsewhere the "future Supreme Court Building" and "future Office Building." It follows then in your implied trust to say whether, if not when, the General Assembly shall comply.

But we bow to an emergency which commands "not now." I also am of the stock which gave you to Iowa. We were not lawmakers as were you and all these men (the gallery) here portrayed. We have been liberal contributors to Iowa census rolls, modest and persistent payers of Iowa taxes and evaders of jails and chain gangs your laws have authorized, these eighty years. You, like they, come but two or

three generations from those lands and landmarks of prudence and heard "In bad times build barns; in good times, houses; in all times shun debt"; "Two and two make four; work and thrift alone makes more," and "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee."

This is a time when wisdom would save—save opportunity as well as money resources that you yourselves provided. It came cost free to the present generation to *have* and have *always* in hands and hearts of those who love our state; who keep the soul and spirit of these good citizens who observe and who inspire us.

Thus I feel it is mine now to speak more than a welcome to the pioneers and all they represent; a welcome to my superiors—my Board of Trustees, in the persons of our chairman and that of our sponsor of the Kenyon portrait; and no less also of him who speaks with such eloquence and great appreciation of the Harding canvas; to her whose gentle hand unveiled these new arrivals in this galaxy of Iowa's great.

Soon thereafter the meeting dispersed and the members assembled at tables in the basement of Capitol Hill Church of Christ for lunch. During lunch A. B. Funk reported on behalf of the Nominating Committee the following for officers for the coming biennium:

President, Emory H. English, Des Moines.

Vice president, Aaron V. Proudfoot, Indianola.

Secretary, David C. Mott, Des Moines.

District vice presidents: First District, Charles J. Fulton, Fairfield; Second District, H. C. Lounsberry, Marshalltown; Third District, N. W. Bebee, Hampton; Fourth District, R. J. Bixby, Edgewood; Fifth District, Ralph Sherman, Grinnell; Sixth District, B. F. Carroll, Des Moines; Seventh District, George W. Van Camp, Greenfield; Eighth District, Joseph H. Anderson, Thompson; Ninth District, Robert Hunter, Sioux City. The report was adopted and the above gentlemen were declared elected.

Immediately after lunch the members assembled on the second floor of the Capitol and at 2 P. M. were escorted to seats in the House Chamber where the senators and representatives were in joint session, President pro tem H. L. Irvin presiding. Senator L. T. Shangle was recognized and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF SENATOR L. T. SHANGLE

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, Members of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association: We all feel honored in having you with us today in this twenty-fourth session of your biennial reunion and in being permitted

to have a part in this celebration which means so much to you in this happy renewal of old and cherished associations. It is my pleasant duty in behalf of the Senate to give audible expression to that kindly welcome we feel for you in all our hearts.

The word "welcome" is one of the sweetest and pleasantest words in the English language, but it is sweet and pleasant only because of the sentiment that lies back of it. If it comes from a heart filled with real kindness, it will excite in the recipient some of the finest emotions known to the human heart. It is in that spirit and that spirit alone that I here and now bid you "well come" or "welcome."

To simply say you are welcome were superfluous, but just how welcome are you. "You are as welcome as good tidings after distressing fears." And welcome as fresh showers to the dry and parched earth after such a drouth as we had last summer.

My own life has fallen far enough into the sere and yellow leaf that I have some personal appreciation of the universal respect we have for the gray hairs that betoken old age. By common consent gray hairs are a crown of glory: the only object of respect that never can and never does excite envy. We all venerate old age; we love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye and faltering step, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

Your active days are over. You have reached that period in life when you can say with Goldsmith:

"Oh blest retirement, friend to Life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine.
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease."

With heads silvered o'er with the gray hairs that the poet has been pleased to call "death's blossoms," it is your happy privilege to revisit the scenes of your former triumphs and live over again those sturdy battles where in the clash of mind with mind, and opinion with opinion, you hammered out upon the anvil of Truth that wise and beneficent legislation that laid broad and deep those sure foundations upon which our great state was built and that have made her second to none in all that makes for a happy, a contented, and a prosperous citizenry.

In that return may you meet with nothing but joy and pleasure and that happy appreciation of reward for service well done that is so justly your due.

And now, venerable men, may that Providence that has bounteously lengthened your days that you might behold this joyous occasion, continue to be gracious unto you and continue to grant to us, your successors and your countrymen, the proud and happy privilege of meeting you here and in the name of the state thank you for your patriotic services that have so enriched our people.

Whether a man is rich or poor depends more upon what he is than upon what he has.

Our grand old state of Iowa is rich by both what she is and by what she has, to both of which, by your patriotic services, you have largely contributed. May our joy in you and your joy in us never be less.

"Welcome ever smiles and Farewell goes out sighing." So with a Hail and Farewell, I greet you. A smile of welcome and a tear for that farewell so soon to follow. Let me add this parting wish: When your little day of life on earth shall end, as end some time it must, may you each and all behold a glorious sunset. I don't know whether this address is more of a how-de-do or a good-by.

Representative Arch W. McFarlane gave the following address of welcome on the part of the House:

Mr. President and Members of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association: It is with profound pleasure that I bespeak the sentiments of every member of this assembly, in extending to the Pioneer Lawmakers of Iowa a hearty welcome home. To you who have labored here in the days gone by, I can only say that you played your parts well, and have contributed in no small degree to the upholding of one of the leading commonwealths of the nation.

Your conception of governmental institutions was in accord with those of the great George Washington, whose natal day we celebrate this week, and the founders of this republic. You kept in mind the fundamental principles of government, with a keen sense of right and wrong. You asked no special favors from the state or nation, only the protection of liberties and property, and the guarantee of an equal opportunity and chance in the race of life.

Your triumphs come to us as an obligation, and your unstinted sacrifices invoke our pledge of devotion to the responsibilities of our time. To you we pay our tribute of praise and appreciation, as we accept the burdens of the tasks unfinished and seek to carry on.

Let us also admonish those who shall rise to fill our places in the long line of generations yet to come, to follow in the footsteps of the Pioneer Lawmakers—the Old Dealers of Iowa—and be guided by your precepts, and governed by your examples. Your advice and counsel is valuable to the members of this assembly, and we bid you welcome today and every day.

President pro tem Irvin then introduced President Clarkson, who spoke briefly and introduced former Senator Aaron V. Proudfoot, who delivered the main address, which was as follows:

ADDRESS OF FORMER SENATOR AARON V. PROUDFOOT

LEGISLATIVE AND POLITICAL REMINISCENCE

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Forty-sixth General Assembly, Pioneers and Citizens: As a former legislator in the Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth general assemblies, together with two or three extra sessions, and now numbered among the pioneer

lawmakers of the state, I greet you one and all with an open heart and hearty hands. And speaking for your predecessors who are present, and who ere long will contemplate the time which the poet refers to as the "sere and yellow leaf," and entertaining, I trust, a proper degree of sympathy and understanding, I salute the Forty-sixth General Assembly now in the midst of its biennial session.

To be entirely frank, it is proper for me to say, what Iowa history has already revealed, namely, that prior to this very moment, I had not lived long enough to have been confronted with a legislature of the political complexion borne by the decided majority which I see before me, and to be again entirely frank, I must say that a preliminary survey does not reveal countenances any more swarthy than those I saw in former years about these corridors.

Quite aside from any political affiliations or party preferences, however, I am entirely truthful when I say that I am not these days very anxious to be occupying seat No. 40 in the chamber across the rotunda. I shall speak somewhat briefly, and will be pardoned by being personally involved in some reminiscences, which reminiscences are given in no partisan spirit, but historically only. However much we would like to do it, I have not conceived this afternoon to be the time, nor this legislative hall to be the place, for discussion and recommendation as to the many controverted problems, state and national, that weigh upon the minds and hearts of legislators and congressmen.

My experience has taught me also, that members of a general assembly are in no great hurry to accept the opinions of others than themselves. This Pioneer Lawmakers Association is purely voluntary, without politics, without platforms, without responsibility, save only the responsibility, grave though it is, of continuing as good citizens of the state and community. We are subject to no official investigation by this body, even though prior sessions have appropriated a very modest sum for printing, etc., and this appropriation, I think, has been withdrawn. Therefore, we are entitled to immunity from any inquisition and are entitled to go home and vote when the time comes, and worship under our own vine and fig tree.

These occasions are very largely reunions of a reminiscent character, and incidentally afford an opportunity of lending age and some dignity to present and future statesmen, both men and women to whom the world looks for salvation, and to impose upon them our political contacts and experiences now twenty years old and more, shake the dust from our feet and return in peace and quiet to our homes.

It is true that once in a while some distinguished pioneer on occasions like this may have seen fit to advance his own opinions and arguments as to pending or future legislation, but he was no doubt sure of his audience. I shall take no such chances. The passing years continue to breed new ideas. Now for some reason not altogether patent, former legislators never saw the necessity of stretching a cordon around the seats of the mighty, and I have never heard of any of them suffering martyr-

dom for a failure so to do, and I am persuaded that the people of the state could very properly regard a barrier of that kind as serving two distinct purposes, namely: That of keeping those on the outside from getting in and those on the inside from getting out. From all this it is not to be anticipated that this new form of protection will ever develop into a picket enclosure. If I were to divulge the whole truth, which after the lapse of two decades I am disposed to do, it would be to tell you that on one certain occasion which I very vividly recall, when an important bill was under serious consideration and a vote was soon to be taken, a closely woven web fence, with three barbed wires on top, should have been thrown around my room in a certain hotel, and an inside enclosure of similar structure thrown about my humble cot, as a member of the so-called "third house" in the wee small hours of the morning guined admittance, seeking an advance pledge for my vote on the measure he was hoping to save from defeat. Pioneers of other days, however, who had similar experiences may now be disposed not to withhold approval of the new departure on the part of the Forty-sixth Senate.

As former lawmakers returning to these familiar chambers, we are frank to confess we cannot suppress a flood of recollections that crowd in upon our memories, as we recall our herculean efforts to save the state and leave our everlasting impress upon the statute books of the commonwealth. In those days as well as these, the number of willing and sacrificial embryo commissioners, board members, congressional aspirants, governors, consuls, etc., that appeared from the membership of a general assembly was simply astonishing and altogether bewildering then as now, to the appointing power and to the voting constituency of the state. Yet while these personal interests frequently, and I should hope, unselfishly conflict, and very often clash, men and women elsewhere never get quite so close together in their relationships in life as do legislators when mingling together in state and social contacts for ninety strenuous days throughout these halls. Here we learn to know the motives, the ambitions, the histories of each other. Here we detect likes and dislikes, and learn each other's conception of life and its outcome, estimate loves and hates, if any there be, services to human kind and appraisements of the world that now is and that which is to come.

How many of us, in sadness, have gone home after adjournment with hopes blasted, ambitions defeated, motives questioned, and the sense of failure to accomplish what we thought the state so sorely needed. However, with those of us who are so many steps removed, such experiences are well nigh forgotten and we are relegated to a day one-fifth of a century in the past.

Notwithstanding all this, the fair state of our birth with many of us, and the state of their adoption with others, for which we all studiously strove, lives on and will continue to live on, until the remnant of this assembly and its successors for decades to come, shall automatically be eligible to membership in a pioneer association. But who can tell, unless

forsooth it be the senator from Jackson, and her immediate proponents, how long it will be before your membership will be split in twain and Iowa will enact its laws in a unicameral legislature, a thing never dreamed of in daytime or night by a Pioneer Lawmaker. And who knows but that this assembly along other lines may have come to the kingdom of the state for such a time as this? A time of newer and bigger and more unheard of problems than were ever before known to a general assembly. May I take a moment along a little different line?

Legislatures and congresses as well, have ever exhibited a tendency to delegate their authority to other bodies or other high officials. This tendency has grown in recent years. We all feel some concern because of this apparent abdication of fixed authority in the legislative branch of both state and federal governments.

The Constitution of the United States, in its very first article, provides that all legislative powers shall be vested in a senate and house of representatives, and our own Constitution in article three thereof, ordains that in the state also legislative authority shall reside in a general assembly, consisting of a senate and house of representatives (unless of course the Constitution shall be amended). The legislative department in both instances being the very first of the three great primary departments of government, to be set up by both state and federal authority, and for the manifest reason, no doubt, that the judiciary cannot construe and determine and the executive cannot execute and enforce until the legislative branch has enacted, and possibly enacted such laws as may be submitted for construction and execution.

Congress is wrestling afresh with this very question, not yet fully knowing, legally, how far it may go toward conferring authority upon the chief executive and others below him. Legislation of such character is quite numerous in the hands of various United States courts, for determination, and the Supreme Court is being frequently called upon to say how elastic the Constitution may be held to be, in authorizing such enactments, even in the days of extreme emergencies.

I am one of those who feels that the Constitution, inspired by the people and crystallized into written form by their direct representatives, was made to serve the people, who are its real authors, and should be construed from time to time to fit the various justifiable emergencies in which the people find themselves. All of course within legal bounds, and following the principles of right and justice and the good of human kind which should be the goal of all interpretation. Mr. Cooley has said, however, "that there are some bounds to the authority of government" and that some people may entertain a vain impression that "government may rightfully do whatever it has the power to do." Such must not be the case. And such he further says "is not the theory of American constitutions. The sovereignty with us is in the people, who have delegated to the agencies of their creation only so much of the powers of government, as they deemed safe, proper and expedient." So when laws have been enacted and carried to the highest court for

interpretation, we are still able to observe with what loyalty and almost respectful silence a patriotic people await the decision of the supreme judicial tribunal, and with what sensible submission they bow to the will of that decision.

This attitude on the part of vitally interested citizens throughout the country, is being demonstrated anew since the momentous so-called "gold clause" decision, handed down only forty-eight hours ago, after a wait of months in almost breathless anxiety. While it was a five to four decision with which the minority flatly dissented, saying the "Constitution has been swept away," yet our people, schooled in the doctrine of majority rule, even among courts, will loyally submit as they have always done, when the highest legal authority has spoken.

But as before indicated, your body for the state, and Congress for the nation, constitute the first and only authority of the three great triumvirate primary departments which solely and alone are charged with the highest duty of creating law. Mr. Blackstone says: "The power of making laws constitutes the supreme authority, and wherever the supreme authority in any state resides, it is the right of that authority to make the laws." At the risk therefore of being called in question by the executive and the judiciary, may I congratulate lawmaking bodies here and elsewhere upon the exalted position to which Cooley and Blackstone have assigned them.

All this, however, means that the legislature must keep within its own bounds and enact no laws if possible which could be found to have no standing under the Constitution, much less undertake to say what the law shall mean or how it shall be applied rather than to state what the law is.

Removed as pioneers from the more active participation in the affairs of state, yet we continue to be interested and cannot refrain from expressing anxiety as to whether legislatures and the Congress as well, are failing to hold fast and intact the grants solemnly conferred by the organic law of both state and nation. We are constrained to exhort this assembly to be wary of its high and exclusive authority and jealous of its inherent rights which should never be compromised, much less delegated away from its superior granted powers.

The Congress of the United States now and for some years has been charged with this very abdication, and the Supreme Court as the interpreting branch of the government alone is clothed with power to say just how far the Constitution may be stretched even under an emergency such as today prevails throughout the country.

By reference to the "Annals of Iowa" of four years ago, in which the proceedings of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association appear, I find the highly interesting speech of Hon. Irving B. Richman of Muscatine, recalling before the Forty-fourth General Assembly some Iowa politics under the significant title "Pioneer Iowa Lawmakers Who Were Democrats." If he were delivering that address now I presume he would entitle it, "Iowa Lawmakers Who Are Democrats" and it would take him

most of the afternoon to do it. The minority then very much needed reviving, just as the minority now is suffering a very bad case of atrophy. Mr. Richman is a distinguished citizen and Democrat—a former assemblyman from Muscatine County, and by reason of his youth was referred to as the “boy” legislator. He was chairman of the Democratic State Convention in Sioux City in 1889 that nominated Horace Boies for governor. He is a writer, having compiled a history of the state of Rhode Island and a history of the state of California. Was consul general to Switzerland, out of whose lofty peaks no doubt came some of the inspiration for his poetic and political oratory, and only recently published the interesting volume called “Ioway to Iowa” which many of you have read. He wound up his speech that day by saying “Long live the Middle West, and as the heart of the Middle West, long live Iowa, and as a badly needed element in Iowa politics, long live Iowa Democrats.” And they did live and lived long and seem yet to be very much alive, and Mr. Richman has stayed to see this element predominate. I wonder if we could induce him now to say that a badly needed element in Iowa politics is a little more Republicanism.

Like Brother Richman I have from a lad always been interested in political campaigns, political candidates and political platforms and elections, but after the recent most significant vote in the United States Senate, I am wondering just how much adherence should be attached to platforms and elections, especially on the part of those who helped to construct the platform and stood as candidates thereon. I have always regarded party declarations made in convention assembled by properly accredited delegates, as something more than a “mere scrap of paper” and learned to look upon candidates accepting nomination and election thereon to be solemnly charged with such adherence. Cleveland, you know, said way back yonder, “Party honesty is party expediency.”

So much in my youth was I interested in men and campaigns that as a boy in my teens, I rode sixteen miles on top of a freight train to hear James G. Blaine of Maine, that versatile, accomplished legislator, speaker of the national House of Representatives, United States senator, orator, statesman, secretary of state in Harrison's cabinet, father-in-law to Walter Damrosch of orchestral fame, candidate for the presidency, to whom Robert G. Ingersoll, in nominating him for that position, referred as being like “an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, who walked down the halls of Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of his defamers.” James G. Blaine never said it, but Samuel D. Burchard, one of a deputation who visited him in 1884, made this radical and unwarranted statement: “We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism and Rebellion.” That statement defeated Blaine. Though he tried to explain it away, he never succeeded. Sometimes a man's fool friends are as dangerous as his enemies. How I recall the gallant, soldierly, commanding General James B. Weaver, who entered the army from Davis County—almost

nominated for governor against Kirkwood. Afterward in Congress, as a Greenbacker—an ardent prohibitionist, candidate for the presidency. During one of his active campaigns I saw him in action before a whole township of people, out in the open air, a campaigner of the old school, interesting and dramatic but the champion of a lost cause.

Then in those same Greenback days, we had from this district, right out from under the shadow of this Capitol, a congressman by the name of Gillette—E. H. Gillette, somewhat contemptuously called “Heifer Calf” Gillette—elected in 1878—reflecting somewhat the adverse economic conditions of those days. I think heifer calves in recent months have been worth about what they were at that time. He appeared also with his distinguished colleague, General Weaver, at the township outpouring above referred to. I wonder if these men would have a following if they were here now. But Gillette didn't stay long in Washington, having been succeeded in 1880 by the able, pioneer Iowa lawmaker, longtime prominent statesman and accomplished diplomat, whom many of us have heard with profit and delight, John A. Kasson.

William Howard Taft was a guest of the joint assembly during my day, soon after involuntarily retiring from the presidency by reason of an avalanche of Democratic votes, which left him only eight electors, and which swept Woodrow Wilson, the classical professor from Princeton, into the White House for eight years. While we are dealing in reminiscences more or less personal, may I be pardoned for saying that it fell to my lot on that occasion to introduce the jolly ex-president to the lawmakers of Iowa from this platform.

Most of my hearers do not know it, and had you known it, have long since forgotten it, and that is that my name once upon a time appeared on the Republican primary ballot for nomination to the highest office in the state. I sometimes wish I might forget it myself. But that ticket received 30,000 votes, yet notwithstanding that vote Perry Holden and I went down to inglorious defeat and Governor Clarke was nominated and subsequently twice elected, and the opposition got mighty close to Governor Clarke in one of his elections. We shall not soon forget his campaign, however, in which he championed extension of the Capitol grounds as one plank in his platform and because of which some people feared a coming high tax, but none ever came. Who now among all our citizens regrets for a moment that this Statehouse occupies one of the most commanding sites of any capitol in the country?

In this same connection, if you please, I am going to boast of having made the first capitol extension speech ever made in the state. During my first term there was a movement on foot, brought about by the city of Des Moines, to beautify the river front and move the soldiers' monument to the foot of one of these streets. This to be done without expense to the state. Captain and Senator J. D. Brown of Leon was on the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate to which the proposal had been referred. The old soldiers were opposed to it. Senator Brown induced me to make a speech adverse to the proposition. I said the old

soldiers' preference should be respected—the monument ought not be moved. Why not the state get title to all this land south clear down to the railroad tracks, clean it off, beautify it, so that every man, woman and child going through Des Moines by rail would see the beauty spot where the Capitol and monument stand. A fine advertisement for the state. The state got the land. The monument was not moved, not from what I said but because of the wishes of the soldiers of 1861.

I have never been quite willing to admit that I was an uncompromising, hidebound partisan, at least till that matter had to be decided in the voting booth where every one of us, men and women alike, should deposit his ballot confronted with his conscience and his God. I have really had some consideration at the hands of those who honestly differed with me in matters of political affiliation. As one of these considerations I had the rare privilege of dining with William Jennings Bryan when he was at his zenith, and was after dinner called upon to introduce him to a Chautauqua audience of fifteen hundred people who sat spellbound for an hour and a half while he swept them to their very depths with his soul-stirring lecture on the "Prince of Peace." Such flights of oratory, such sublime conception, such convincing statement and such commanding Christian expression I have scarcely ever heard before or since from the lips of any man. A polished Christian gentleman, a delightful companion, orator of the first magnitude—twice candidate for president of the United States, but differing with his own party, thousands of whom could not follow his lead—probably wrong on the money question. Congressman, churchman, secretary of state with Woodrow Wilson—got out of the cabinet because the war spirit was too strong—such was William Jennings Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte—but we could not vote with him. But if he were wrong then, just how nearly would he be right now?

CONCLUSION

We have just passed the 12th of February, the day on which 126 years ago America's great Emancipator was born, and whose birthday is annually observed by a grateful people numbering one hundred thirty millions. •

In getting its permanent organization finally perfected I have read that the Forty-sixth General Assembly has been talking a good deal about prayer observance, quoting scripture, and among other suggestions announcing the doctrine that the laity as well as the clergy may also pray, and indeed indicating that it is his duty to do so, even silently. This movement on the part of any legislature is altogether a hopeful sign.

Ida M. Tarbell, the distinguished, reliable and lifelong biographer of the martyred President, has a brief article in the current March number of the *Cosmopolitan*, which she calls "The Greatest Lincoln Story of All." In this article she pictures the great burden bearer of a race at night upon his knees before a table in his dingy law office in Spring-

field, pouring out his great soul in prayer, asking Divine guidance as to whether he should enter upon those now historical and never-to-be-forgotten debates with Douglas, the final outcome of which made Lincoln the successful candidate for the presidency.

There he knelt, silent and alone, his great angular frame shaking with emotion, saying to his God: "Here I am in middle life, politics aside, and just settled down to the practice of the law, with a family of boys to educate. How my political enemies will ridicule me, as they are already doing, saying I want a Negro wife and am trying to break up the Union. I can't win against a great man like Douglas—me, a nobody—all I can do is try to make more people see that his efforts mean an America all slave. O God! not that—the men who started this Union never meant that." Thus he continued to wrestle until rising from his knees, he began pacing up and down, his great soul in utmost agony. How like Gethsemane of old! In fact he picked up his old Bible that lay upon his office table, and read Matthew's account of that age-old tragedy, in the garden. There was no escape. That prayer led Lincoln into the fray, and into the spotlight before the American people.

Months later when taunts of ambition were hurled into his teeth he wrote these words in memory of that night, "God knows how sincerely I prayed from the very first that this field of ambition might not be opened."

Lincoln was a layman. He was not then even an office holder. A country lawyer in a dingy office in the town of Springfield. But he was Divinely called. With an exception or two this legislature is composed of laymen. You are part and parcel of this same government that was then at stake. You are here to legislate for one sector of that government. Great problems confront you. Problems of taxation—problems of relief—problems of social betterment—problems of department reorganization—problems of liquor control—problems of crime and law enforcement. Problems of actual want coming up from thousands of men, women and children—citizens and wards of the state.

May your predecessors who were once similarly called, modestly indicate that the same spirit which hovered about Lincoln in his deepest trials and led him forth to duty and to die, is also your spirit for the asking, to encourage and inspire in the weeks and years that are to come.

"This I'll say for the men I know;
Most of them want to be clean and true;
In spite of the selfish things they do
Most of them try, as they come and go
To leave some glory for men to view.
A few turn traitor to God and State,
But most of the men I know walk straight."

This was one of the most enjoyable and worthwhile sessions of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association in recent years. Forty-

three were registered in the big registration book which contains the autographs of many noted Iowans. Besides those already mentioned in these proceedings there were also present:

J. H. Allen, Des Moines	John M. Lindly, Winfield
W. P. Allred, Corydon	O. K. Mahen, Garner
W. I. Beans, Oskaloosa	George McCulloch, Humeston
H. H. Boettger, Davenport	R. J. Martin, Des Moines
R. G. Clark, Des Moines	Roy Murray, Marion
J. E. Craven, Kellogg	Oley Nelson, Slater
A. M. Deyoe, Des Moines	Arthur Pickford, Mason City
S. B. Durant, Forest City	W. G. Ray, Grinnell
R. H. Gregory, Fontanelle	R. J. Reaney, Columbus Junction
Fred Hunter, Des Moines	H. T. Saberson, Des Moines
J. C. Jessen, Story City	Frank Shane, Ottumwa
P. L. Kepple, Nashua	F. E. Shortess, Traer
William G. Kerr, Grundy Center	G. M. Titus, Muscatine

We received letters of regret from several who could not attend, some because of illness, some because of advanced age. We have room here for a few of them:

Adel, Iowa, February 15, 1935.

Hon. David C. Mott, Secretary,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

I should be very glad indeed to be present at the meeting of the members of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association, but I cannot be. For more than two weeks I have been confined to my room, bed and reclining chair. It is not at all likely that I shall be well enough to be out by the 20th.

My word of greeting to all and always sincere good wishes.

Yours truly,

G. W. CLARKE.

IOWA SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL
Nevada, Iowa

February 15, 1935.

D. C. Mott,
Secretary Pioneer Lawmakers Assn.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Mott:

I have received the invitation to attend the twenty-fourth session of the Pioneer Lawmakers. Thank you. It came to me at the above address where my wife and I are spending the winter.

I greatly regret that I am unable to attend owing to physical infirmities, but I hope for the session a most pleasant reunion.

It is now nearly sixty years since I first became a member of the Iowa General Assembly and many changes have occurred since then. We are living in a new world and the work we laid down has passed to other hands. May they be equal to it.

In my ninety-second year I send greetings to you all.

G. S. ROBINSON.

(Telegram)

Santa Monica, Calif., February 19, 1935.

David C. Mott,
Historical Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Sorry I cannot attend meeting of Pioneer Lawmakers tomorrow. Give my greetings to any old friends. I cherish their memory. The more I see of the way state business is handled here the prouder I am of the wisdom of Iowa Lawmakers. Am well and enjoying life here.

H. I. FOSKETT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Governor's Office
Sacramento

February 19, 1935.

Hon. David C. Mott,
Secretary, Pioneer Lawmakers Assn.,
Des Moines, Iowa.
My dear Mott:

Announcement of the twenty-fourth session of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association to be held in Des Moines on February 20th is before me. Thanks to you for favoring me with the announcement.

It will be impossible for me to accept, much as I would enjoy being in attendance to meet and greet old friends. Official duties prevent my absence from the state at this time. The California Legislature meets each odd numbered year in January, holds a session of not more than thirty days, at which organization of the two houses is effected and bills introduced. Then follows a recess of not less than thirty days. The second session is to convene on March 4th, and it requires much of my time to prepare for the work devolving upon this office.

Trusting you may have a most successful program, and with best wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FRANK F. MERRIAM,
Governor of California.

So far as we are able to learn, the following is a list of the members still living whose first service in the General Assembly dates farthest back. We have followed the list from the date farthest back only to the Twenty-second General Assembly, 1888:

OLDEST IN SERVICE

Gifford S. Robinson.....	Representative Sixteenth G. A., 1876
Bruce T. Seaman.....	Representative Seventeenth G. A., 1878
George McCulloch.....	Representative Nineteenth G. A., 1882
Henry O. Seiffert.....	Representative Nineteenth G. A., 1882
John A. Storey.....	Representative Twentieth G. A., 1884
James G. Berryhill.....	Representative Twenty-first G. A., 1886
John E. Craig.....	Representative Twenty-first G. A., 1886
Oley Nelson.....	Representative Twenty-first G. A., 1886
E. C. Roach.....	Representative Twenty-first G. A., 1886
James E. Blythe.....	Representative Twenty-second G. A., 1888
John Foley (New Hampton).....	Representative Twenty-second G. A., 1888
A. B. Funk.....	Senator Twenty-second G. A., 1888

Following is a list of the deaths of members within the last two years, so far as we have learned:

DEATHS SINCE LAST MEETING

Asa L. Ames, Traer	Karl J. Johnson, Osage
James W. Bailey, Harlan	F. M. Laird, Tabor
August A. Balluff, Davenport	Wm. Larrabee, Jr., Clermont
Robert Bonson, Dubuque	Leslie W. Lewis, Seymour, Clarinda
John T. Brooks, Hedrick (So. Calif.)	J. C. Milliman, Logan
Robert G. Cousins, Tipton	J. K. Montgomery, West Union
L. E. Crist, Osceola	Lewis J. Neff, Walnut
Robert M. Finlayson, Grundy Center	Clifford B. Paul, Anamosa
Thomas F. Griffin, Sioux City	Frank S. Payne, Centerville
Wm. J. Guinn, Belle Plaine	J. S. Pritchard, Belmond
Wm. L. Harding, Des Moines	Tollef C. Rone, Northwood
G. N. Haugen, Northwood	Wm. B. Seeley, Mt. Pleasant
W. E. Hauger, La Porte City	Charles C. Smith, Griswold
Edwin P. Healy, Britt	George W. Speer, Indianola
R. W. Hinkhouse, West Liberty	Gillum S. Tolliver, Jefferson, Thirteenth G. A., 1870
A. C. Hobart, Cherokee	Joseph Wallace, Eldora
A. C. Hotchkiss, Adel	Harry O. Weaver, Wapello
	Herbert B. Wyman, Sheldon

WILLIAM SALTER'S "MY MINISTRY IN IOWA,
1843-1846"

EDITED BY PHILIP D. JORDAN
[Continued]

At Bellevue made the acquaintance of Mr. Foley.⁵⁰ member of House of Representatives, from this County—a gentlemanly man—Irish—has been in [the] West 15 or 20 years—a tailor and miner—lived in Galena where [he] was sheriff and Dubuque. A decided Papist. Col. Cox,⁵¹ member of Council from this district, originally from Kentucky—lived in Illinois—was engaged in taking first census of what is now that State when it had but two Counties and 6000 inhabitants. He is a profane man—drinks—was at the head of the Bellevue mob and intoxicated at the time.

Found it my melancholy duty to investigate case of Mr. McCloy⁵² occurred by general rumor of intemperance. Called on him—said he drank wine at Dubuque and whiskey at Andrew and because he was wet and exposed and judged it necessary, denies he was intoxicated—requested him to appear before the session which he did yesterday. Said he thought the session was going beyond the bounds of its duties and expressed an unwillingness to go into an examination. Session adjourned [27] for further consideration to Monday eve.

On Dec. 20 visited in the Forks. Mr. Lawless, a kind genuine man—converted some three years ago—formerly lived in the mines and originally from Kentucky. Preached at Mrs. Van Horn's—take the first left hand track after crossing the creek beyond Mr. Daniel's. She was from Ohio and lately from Parkhurst—has an interesting family. Her eldest daughter is serious—her eldest son a Cooper and clever young man. Mr. Curtis from Lytch's creek was at the preaching—originally from North of England—has not heard a sermon before in eight years.

The mail today brought me letters from Brothers Hitchcock and Emerson requesting me to come and labor with them in a protracted meeting on [the] 2nd. Sabbath in January—but my engagements elsewhere prevent—the Lord send us more laborers.

Jan. 3. Severe N[orth] West snowstorm yesterday. Preached at Mr. Estabrook's, vid. p. 14 supra. Miss Laura Estabrook has not heard a

⁵⁰John Foley, from Jackson County, member of the Sixth Legislative Assembly, and sometime Bellevue postmaster.

⁵¹Colonel Thomas Cox (vid. footnote 33) has been the subject of a controversy since the "Bellevue War." However, it now appears that Mr. Salter erred in his statement that Col. Cox was intoxicated when he led the group of citizens which put an end to "Brown's Gang," although it is evident that the "dominant will" of Col. Cox was responsible for the killings. Vid. Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 475. For a biographical sketch of Col. Cox, vid. ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, Vol. VII, p. 241.

⁵²Joseph McCloy. Vid. Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 685.

sermon since she came into [the] Territory—was very feeble and abed. Mr. E[stabrook] supposes that all will be punished in another world more or less and all sometime or other will be happy. He argues this from death of [Christ] for all. Miss Marietta is seriously inclined—seems to understand the Gospel.

Jan. 4. Visited yesterday at Mr. Wilkin's (from Canada.) His wife a daughter of old Mr. Stimpson, Methodist preacher at Lyons—at Jeff[?] Wilson's saw Mr. Current—he is a deist—a man of naturally good [28] parts—educated in Methodist church—of pleasant disposition—active mind. I asked him to come to my preaching—he said no—after some conversation he remarked that he should like to give me some contradicting (as he thought) texts to preach on. I told him I should be glad to preach on them and would do so at his house—he rather shrank from this latter part, but finally consented to it.

Called on old Mr. Wilson who is favorably disposed to our church—was a Methodist many years in Canada, but is dissatisfied with the consequence of division there. Seems an upright Christian man—has some gift in prayer. Old Mr. Chandler is kindly disposed toward us.

Mrs. Alfred Wright is [a] Methodist professor and seems a clever woman—is a sister of Mr. Bentley.

Church session met this evening. Mr. McCloy professed penitence and promised entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks. He was in fear of worse things—but the Lord had (we trust) mercy, and the brethren present (Dr. Effner and Mr. Nimms) seemed much affected.

Jan. 10. Had anticipated going to Cascade yesterday—but am prevented. Spent Sabbath night with Mr. Glenn (p. 21 supra.) He means to maintain his profession here—has been strictly and correctly [29] brought up as to Christian duties—but having known nothing of Congregationalists is unwilling to unite with the church at Andrew, hoping to have an O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterian Church here. He and his wife [and] six children, their furniture, team, and two horses were brought from Pittsburg to Charleston for 30 dollars—cheap enough and an encouragement to Emigration—returning thither on 8th inst. could not get over the Mauquoketa in consequence of the running ice—went down South two miles to Col. Cox's (p. 26 supra). Mrs. C[ox] originally from Rhode Island whence she came with [her] parents to St. Genevieve, when aged 16. Her mother was a Quakeress, a gentle woman—thinks she is a Christian and means to unite with a Church. Has one daughter married, Mrs. Nichols—two daughters, Cordelia and Mary. Rather an interesting family for this country. Their son, Thomas, is a genuine Sucker.⁵³ Simon Boliva, aged 12, a pleasant boy. Monday morning returned to Doan's and after great difficulty succeeded in getting across.

Jan. 27. I regret that I have no time or opportunity for writing up

⁵³The state of Illinois, where Thomas was born, has five sobriquets: the Corn State, Egypt, the Garden of the West, the Prairie State, and the Sucker State. The people are called: Egyptians, Sand-hillers, and Suckers. *Vid.* George E. Shankle, *State Names, Seals, Songs, Birds, Flowers, and Other Symbols*, (1934), pp. 112-113.

my journal. The minds of Mrs. Cox and Miss Eliza Van Horn (p. 27) are both astray on the subject of knowing (by feeling) that their sins are forgiven. The Methodists have instructed them that the evidence of sins forgiven is in *feeling* such to be the fact in their own minds and these being rational intelligent rather than entirely sensitive, they not having these feelings have deemed their sins were not forgiven. I have endeavored to show them that the forgiveness [30] of sins is a Divine act consequent upon penitence and faith in Christ, i. e. upon Conversion (Ac. 3:19) and that God performs this act when we repent, and that consequently when we have repented we have reason to believe that God has forgiven our sins. The thought of such a favor should and does naturally awaken gratitude and peace in our minds, but to require this before the Divine forgiveness is exercised is to require the consequent before the existence of the antecedent. Furthermore this doctrine of the Methodists is a dangerous one—as persons (and there are many such) of merely sensitive natures can easily (and especially by contagion) get up such feeling and may be deluded.

Visited DeWitt, 19 miles South and South East. Mr. Loring Wheeler, a native of N[ew] Hampshire, near Keens, his wife of Kentucky (daughter of Mrs. Harrison of Dubuque). She desires to become a Christian—a lady of pleasant manners. Mr. W[heeler] is somewhat serious and inquiring about religion. Mr. Bower, Sheriff of the County (a gentlemanly man) says he will be a Christian if he can only have his doubts removed about the truth of the Bible. Was brought up in the Episcopal Church. Mr. Evans in the East edge of [31] the grove N[orth] of DeWitt has his mother living with him—born August 1753—lived in Boston and Cambridge—was a member of Dr. Stillman's church in Boston. Heard Whitfield preach. Her maiden name was Phillips. She frequently saw Washington and the other great men of those days. Saw the British on their way to Concord (1100 of them.) As they passed thru Main Street to Cambridge [she] heard their song (which she repeated to me)

“Yankee doodle dandy
Comstock Rum and cider handy,
Stinking gin that's made of rye
So will make the Yankee's fly.”

The old lady's memory has failed. Her sight and hearing are far gone. She has little remembrance of recent events. Probably the things of the Revolution which she saw made so great an impression on her mind and she has thought of them so much that they will be the last things to be forgotten by her. I prayed with her—for which she expressed great thanks. Mr. Gowdy $\frac{3}{4}$ th of a mile N[orth] of Mr. Evan's [came] originally from [the] North of Ireland where [he] was in [the] Presbyterian church and [also] from Canada. Says they are loose in requiring evidence of conversion for admittance to church in Ireland—seems to [32] be a good man, has an interesting family. Thinks the trouble in Canada is by no means finally redressed.

Called on Mr. Oakes' family $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. W. of Mr. Gowdy's—they are from Maine—lived a few years in Cedar Co. West, but did not enjoy living among the old country people.

I hope good will be done in DeWitt. There probably will be eventually there a pleasant village. It has a handsome site.

Feb. 2, 1844. Last Sabbath (Jan. 28th.) was the coldest day of the winter. Preached to some 20 people at this place.⁵⁴ Monday I moved Westward. Called on Mrs. Blanchard 20 miles west of this. She was a Lovejoy. An intelligent woman from Maine. Has become rather too much westernized. Got some refreshment and fed my horse, when about to move again my horse broke his halter and took the back track. I was in trouble and worry of mind—started off afoot North—and at night reached [the] house of Mr. Nichols (a Methodist from Ohio) [and] lodged with him and next morning walked five miles to Cascade. Surprised Br. Turner and had a joyful time. He helped me on my way back. Cascade is more of a village than I had [33] anticipated—some 130 inhabitants. Mr. Thomas' house is eligibly situated. His mill⁵⁵ is the best in Northern Iowa. People come there from great distances—saw a man there from 50 miles North in Clayton Co. Mr. Styles,⁵⁶ the Post Master, has been a drunkard—now President of their Temperance Society. Called on Mr. Pangheart⁵⁷ $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile South (a Methodist). Took tea at Mr. Meachan's—a mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ North. Saw Mrs. and Miss Cook, genteel ladies for this country. The Lord smiles upon Br. Turner's labors and gives him favor with the people. He organized a Congregational Church of 12 members [on Jan. 28].

Returning called on Deacon Turner 13 miles South of Cascade. An enterprising and warm hearted Christian. [He] offered 25 dollars towards building a meeting house in Cascade. Mr. Styles married last fall his daughter Mary.

Spent Thursday night with Mr. Solomon Pence. Born in Ohio, raised in Indiana, lived in Warren Co., Illinois—was in the employ of [the] Am[erican] Fur Company among the Winnebagoes on Rock River—enjoyed Sucker far par excellence. His parents were Baptists. [34] Mrs. Burleson was brought up in [the] Presbyterian Church in Dr. McLeod's church, corner of Liberty and Nassau, New York, converted when aged 17. Has been united with the Methodists.

Feb. 23. Preached at Dubuque [on] Feb. 11. The largest and most respectable congregation I had preached to in the Territory. The church was organized by Mr. Clark. Mrs. Shaw was one of the members at the organization. Mr. Lockwood was one of the most efficient men in erecting their stone Church. His wife tinged with perfectionism.⁵⁸ Mr.

⁵⁴Maquoketa.

⁵⁵Arthur Thomas, together with John Sherman, in 1837 built the first flouring mill in Cascade Township. In that year they also built the first hotel and store.

⁵⁶L. A. Styles taught the first school, it is said, in his home, and in January 1842, when the Cascade post office was established, he was named postmaster. *Vid.* C. Child's *History of Dubuque County, Iowa* (1880), pp. 743-744.

⁵⁷Jason Pangborn. *Vid.* Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 637.

⁵⁸The doctrine that perfection of moral character is the supreme ethical end, rather than happiness or utilitarian benefit.

L[ockwood] was one of their original elders, but being unpopular [he] resigned. The church is now governed in a Congregational way, in which state Mr. Holbrook desires it may continue. Mr. Evans, Clerk of the Church, [is] an interesting young man, So [is] Mr. Smith formerly of Dr. Pott's church in St. Louis. Mr. Stewart, a miner, converted under Mr. Holbrook's ministry [is] a devoted Christian. Miss Jack [is] a small hunchback woman formerly of Mr. Duffield's church in Carlisle, Penn., of whom she thinks the world. She is intelligent and smart—lives in a Papal family. Mr. Hill [is] a miner and teacher [and is] Superintendent of the Sabbath School [and comes] from Maine [and is] distantly related to Rev. J. J. Hill. Studied in Gorham Academy with Mr. Robbins and Kellogg of my class at Andover. Called on Mrs. Crawford, sister of Mrs. [35] McCloy, a zealous Christian. Took tea with Mrs. Robbins, a widow, keeps boarders. Mrs. Holbrook was a student at Monticello, originally from Conn't., lived in Illinois since a young girl—a smart intelligent woman, but does not seem so happy as could be wished, owing to [the] absence of Mr. H[olbrook]—has a sister with her, Miss Clarke, Platteville where her parents reside. Her brother, Dr. Clark[e?], [is] an elder of the church in Platteville. Mr. Holbrook,⁵⁹ formerly of Boston, [of the] firm of Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, Booksellers, [was] concerned in the Brattleboro publishing company—[was] unsuccessful in trade, [and] came West. *Vid* Home Missionary, Vol. 15, p. 56. Mr. R. Cotton tells me that Mr. H[olbrook] spoke at Andrew of his reverses and afflictions as the dealings of God's hand with him to put him into the ministry. Mr. H[olbrook] was ordained by [the] Iowa Association—is of amiable disposition—in his manner manifests a tender gentle Christian spirit, is pointed and plain in preaching—earnest and familiar—heard him at Galena on the reasons why men enter not into the strait gate and on how to obtain a new heart (Ezek. 18:31.)⁶⁰ Expressed the sinner's duty with great plainness.

[36] At Galena visited Rev. Aratus Kent (Feb. 7) of plain open honest appearance—found him happy, happy, rejoicing in the outpouring of the Spirit on his Congregation and on sinners being converted. Told him about my difficulties and discouragements—he gave me some account of the state of things in the days of small things in Galena. But he labored on and long—and God has blessed him and crowned his labors with success. He appeared one of the happiest of men—is a man of strong common sense—prudence, and [a] good manager. Preaches written sermons—has the universal confidence and love of his people of Galena and of the country around and [is of] great influence. His wife much like him as to mind and abilities. The church has a good body of elders [who are] Mr. Wood, who lives opposite Bellevue, Dr. Newhall, the first physician in the city, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Campbell, [both] school teachers.

⁵⁹Rev. John C. Holbrook. *Vid.* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, Vol. VII, pp. 594, 602, 604.

⁶⁰Ezekiel 18:31. Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

Enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Hempstead formerly [a] native of Conn't.—but from a boy lived in St. Louis. [He] is an intelligent man. Mrs. H[empstead] one of the earliest members of Mr. Kent's church—a very interesting and lovely woman. [37] [She] has a native and Christian grace in her manners—one of their sons [was] a convert this winter. Visited Mrs. Bradley, her husband now in Cuba for his health [and is] a brother of P. B. Bradley of Andrew. She informed me that her husband's brother was a backslider having been a church member in Ridgefield, Conn't. and in judgment of the church converted some fifteen years ago when [he] was considered a promising youth—came West [and] took to drink and is almost ruined. Engaged in a sweet service of prayer for him. Mrs. Campbell [is] an interesting woman. Called on Mrs. Fowles, Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter, Mrs. Potts of Charleston and on Mr. Reed.

Three miles North of Galena on Platteville road visited Rev. Jno. Lewis at house of Mr. Stillman. How delightful to shake hands with an old friend here among so many new faces. Bro. Lewis preached at Fairplay and New Diggings, is much encouraged and interested in his work. His wife is a helpmate and well fitted for a Missionary's wife. Bro. L[ewis] visited Savannah and Carrol's mills and thinks them to be an important place for missionary labor. He finds [38] a peculiar charm in preaching among the miners. Drove Feb. 14 from Galena to Mr. Robert Reed's, 16 miles on the river in three hours. There were some cold days in the beginning of February, but has since been milder and is now like Spring.

I hardly know what is my duty in relation to Bellevue. They seem to be reprobates, and yet there are one or two good people who however are inefficient, met there Mr. Rood[?] who came to visit Mrs. Jennings—he lives at Fairplay—elder in church there—brother of Anson[?] and ——— Rood[?] of Wilmantown and Philadelphia—Mr. Anson Herrington was born in Vt., came to Bellevue, 1838, is a high minded man, but proud, too proud to submit to J[esus] C[hrist]. His brother Charley came 1841.

At Andrew Feb. 17 visited Mr. Bradley,⁶¹ he seemed a little affected but I fear sinful habits and companions will destroy his soul—one refuge is the Almighty arm. I sought two opportunities to talk with him faithfully but was on both occasions interrupted by ungodly company.

[The] Jackson County Bible Society met Feb. 19 at Andrew—gave an address for which I received a [39] vote of thanks—was amused and could hardly keep from laughing at the manner in which business was done. Yesterday I started off to preach for Br. Emerson—got to ~~DEER~~ creek—found the bridge carried away by the flood and the creek high—deeply regretted that I was obliged to return, but have now a day of rest.

Feb. 26. The snow is vanishing rapidly and the streams are high. In consequence of the rise in the South Fork [I] was detained from

⁶¹P. B. Bradley. The first hotel building in Andrew was rented to Bradley in 1842.

my appointment at Mrs. Van Horn's. Preached yesterday for the first time this side of the Mississippi a written sermon. It was the first sermon I ever wrote. On "the Wages of Sin"—written nearly three years ago.

Mr. Kent, when I was in Galena week before last, informed me that Mr. Peet⁶² has expressed his desire and intention of getting me into Wisconsin. This was news to me. I hardly know what to think of it. But must abide the future.

Had I any prospects of soon settling in life and were I able, I might be better reconciled to [40] my present privations, for then the hopes of a home and a house of my own would animate and encourage me to endure for this present. Further my Congregations are so very small and they so scattered that my field of usefulness is comparatively small, and this view of the case is especially important when I learn of places that are destitute where I might have regularly from one to two hundred or more houses. Here I must wait in good manner for the coming in of settlers before I can have houses of any number. Yesterday, when I had a rather unusually large congregation for this place, there were 18 grown people and 9 children out in the Morning—viz. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and three children, Mr. McCloy Dr. Effner, Mrs. Nimms, and two children, Mrs. Grovden[?] and child, Miss Goodman, old Mr. Clark and wife, Squire Clark and two children, Mr. Wendall, wife and child, Miss Nickerson, Mr. Rathburn, Mr. Estabrook, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Ralph Wright, Mr. Mallen[?], Mr. Earle.⁶³ At the prayer meeting in the evening were five grown persons, and but two who could pray, Mr. McCloy and old Mr. Chandler.

In coming to this county I seemed to follow the invitation of Providence and have on the whole not met [41] with as much success as I could normally[?] have anticipated, considering the circumstances of the country.

There appears no prospect of my having this year a study or of my ever getting a place for my books. They live here in indistinguished yet ignominious obscurity with wheat and cooking[?] groceries in Mr. Shaw's store. However, I try to be some Content—and shall not seek to flee from this field or make any effort to get elsewhere. Providence seems to send me here and Providence must send me away. As I look at the poverty of my intellectual attainments this winter, my mind cries out "my leanness, my leanness."

27 Feb. Visited yesterday Mr. Sam'l Wright. His father, Thomas M. Wright, seems a good man but there was some defect in his christian education. He expresses an interest in my efforts here—was brought up a Presbyterian—has always supported that church—was once on a committee to build a Presbyterian church. Alfred Wright joined the Methodists ten or twelve years since when he thinks he was converted

⁶²Rev. Stephen Peet, agent for the American Home Missionary Society, for Wisconsin Territory. He had previously discouraged Mr. Salter from going West.

⁶³W. Y. Earle. *Vid.* Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 626.

—has since left them, and lost an interest in Religion—doubtful whether he ever was converted. Appointed [42] a prayer meeting in this settlement tonight—owing to the small number of the churches and their distances from one another and from the school house it is very difficult to sustain a prayer meeting—and in every other settlement the difficulties are even greater than they are here.

Feb. 28. A very stormy day which detains me from Charlston where I had engaged to preach with Br. Emerson. Visited yesterday at Dr. Efner's. Mr. Nimns, Mr. Bagley's and Evert's (who are moving on to Alfred Clark's place, who is going to Andrew) and Squire Clark's and Mr. Fairbrothers. Squire Clark was one of the first settlers, came in with Phillipps some seven years since from Indiana. Has worked too hard and injured his health—he experienced religion with the Methodists some two years since and generally leads a consistant life tho not a man of much energy or force of character. Is about moving to a farm five miles West of Dubuque in order to be near a market. Found Mr. Fairbrother sick (p. 14). He has been in wicked company and it is to be feared grieved the Spirit—he subscribed for the Day Spring and paid. Had a prayer meeting last night. Dr. Efner [43] Mr. Eliot[?] Nimns, Mr. Rathburn, Mr. Stinson[?] (who has recently come in and made a claim South of old Mr. Wilson's) Mr. Shaw and wife, Mrs and Miss Goodenow, Squire Clark and wife were out.

Have today been reading Guizot's His[tory] of Civilization in Modern Europe, Ch[apters] 12, 13.⁶⁴ Am much pleased with these chapters—the notes of the American Editor disfigures the margin. They can be of no injury save to the tyro in historical studies—the well read know differently. His statement of the policy of the primitive church (p. 50. 264) corresponds to what I thought to be the facts in this case and with what I wrote on this subject some years since—vid. my notes on the church.

March 6. Last Friday [I] rode to Deacon Cotton's. The mud was very deep and rough and [I had] hard traveling. Saturday visited Capt. Silbus' [?] and Mr. Parraday's [?]. In the afternoon Br. Turner came along. His visit did me [as much] good as a medicine. His labors, trials and privations are about the same as mine. Cascade is a rather more promising field than any in this country. He is more patient and contented than I am. Preached for me at Andrew. In [the] evening preached at Capt. Silbus' [?]. He was in [the] army in the last war. A part of his right arm near the elbow was shot off—he was stationed [44] on the western frontier of N[ew] York—first came this side of the Mississippi with his son in law, Mr. Sawtell. Has a pension—a man of coarse habits, violent temper, yet of some intelligence—hates abolition on which [we] had some discussions—wants Texas and Oregon annexed to the Union and the pride of Britian hum-

⁶⁴Guizot's, *General History of Civilization in Europe*. There were several American editions, the first appearing in 1838. Mr. Salter may have been using the edition published by D. Appleton, New-York, 1842. The occasional notes in this edition were by C. S. Henry, D. D.

bled—is afflicted with a disease of the kidneys. Monday rode to Dubuque with Br. Turner. His company charmed away the hardships of the travel and the dreariness of the prairie. Attended the Monthly Concert, which was made an interesting meeting and a collection of some four dollars was listed. Made an arrangement with Br. Holbrook to come and hold a sacramental season here with this church the last of this month. Called on Mrs. Lockwood. Mr. L[ockwood] has been an old Indian trader. They have been on the frontier fifteen or twenty years—were some of the first members of the church in Galena, also in Dubuque—have lived at Prairie Du Chien. She is an active Christian and [a] smart lady. Her daughter, Mary, bright but rather too forward. Had appointed preaching for Monday evening by Br. [45] Turner at Deacon Cotton's—but the roads [were] so muddy [that] but one person (Mr. Parmely[?]) came out and we spent the evening in singing. Started this morning for Mrs. Van Horn's but could not get over the north fork—and came hither [and] called on Mrs. Webb (daughter of Mr. Graham four miles North of Bellevue) [who is] from Baltimore and Pittsburgh. She and Mr. W[ebb] are Methodists. Called on Mr. Bradley (p. 37) but he not in. This is the fourth time in which I have called to have a talk with him and been frustrated. Mrs. B[radley] says she wants to serve God and will come out if Mr. B[radley] will. At Mr. Bergh's saw Mr. McGinnis [who was] brought up in the Presbyterian church, Pennsylvania, [he] has lived in [the] mines at Fairplay—was awakened under Br. Holbrook's preaching in winter of 1842-43, but thinks [he] was not converted, is seriously disposed—his wife a Baptist—is making a claim near Toronto[?]. Met Mr. Butten[?] chopping—had a talk about universalism. [He] lived in N[ew]-York and Ohio—finds fault with Election—says he don't come to meeting because his views are spoken against. [I] told him I would preach in a calm way on Mat. 25.⁶⁵ in relation to which he asked some questions—he engaged to come. [46] I have inadvertantly given occasion to the people in Doan's Settlement to complain of me in relation of the neighborhood jealousies between that and this place by taking some of Mr. Shaw's notices in relation to his road to Andrew. Mr. Mitchell, a mile and [a] half North of Doan's was very severe upon me. I plead not to blame, or if to blame unintentionally so. I hear tonight of Mr. Spaulding on Mineral creek having trouble with Mr. Osborne in relation to a claim. These things making society so unsettled are a great hindrance in the way of planting Gospel institutions.

Steamboats have been up as high as Bellevue. There were two at Davenport last week. The channel is still blocked up at Dubuque. Last Saturday we had six inches of snow which is now all gone. People are burning the prairie.

March 11, 1844. Saturday evening had a prayer meeting here. [There] were present Mr. Shaw and family and Mr. McCloy. Yesterday morning the Methodist circuit Rider took up my appointment here and

⁶⁵Matthew 25, beginning: Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

preached. He used as many plurals and was as much of a Polytheist as ever (p. 12 supra). Preached [47] last evening on the doctrine of election—but few out viz. Mr. Shaw and family, Mr. Dorr, Mr. Livermore, Mead, Nimms, Fiarbrother, Dr. Effner, Mrs. Gudon, Miss Goodenow, and Miss Estabrook. The poverty of the people, [their] want of clothing and of teams and their small number [contribute to] the great difficulty in the way of building a church here.

I preached tonight at Mr. Current's on the objection to Revelation from indecent and seriously immoral passages in the Bible (Prov. 27),⁶⁶ an objection urged by Mr. Current.

There was a steamboat (the Iowa) at Dubuque on the 6th inst.

Visited last week at Dr. Efner's, Mr. Montgomery Dominick (he French, she German, both raised in the Papacy[]). She finds fault with the diversity of sects. [And called on] Thos. Wrights, [and the] Mitchells. (Mrs. M[itche]ll a good Baptist woman [and] had a season of prayer with her family in which she united Mr. M[itche]ll self-righteous.)

Had a satisfactory explanation with Mr. Doan in relation to the complaint alluded to [on] p. 47.

The population of this county increases as rapidly and perhaps more rapidly by births than by emigration.

There are very few females to meeting who have [48] not their infants in their arms.

March 12. Preached last night at Mr. Current's, lent him Nelson's cause and cure of Infidelity.⁶⁷ The night was stormy and of black darkness. Mr. Stimpson (p. 43), young Mr. Chandler, Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Dominick were out. On my return lost the road and wandered on the prairie, but got back safely.

March 15. At preaching at Mr. T. Wright's [there] were present on 12th Mr. Nickson and son,⁶⁸ Mr. Perkins, Sherman, Mallard and four of Liveroll's[?]⁶⁹ children. Rode from thence to Mrs. Van Horn's viz. Mr. Shaws, Doans Ferry, and the bridge at North Fork Saw Mills, some thirteen miles round while in a direct line this distance was about five miles. At preaching at Mrs. Van Horn's there were out but three of the Mr. Esystes. On the morning of 14th inst. rode with Mr. Jno. Van Horn to the Makoquoketa Cave four miles South West of his house. I had heard of the existence of the cave there but had no idea of finding such awful and sublime works of the Almighty hand as I there witnessed. The cave is on the South of the Dividing ridge in the forks along which runs the road to Cascade.

The first object was the bridge—I first passed [49] under this and was filled with wonder and admiration at the massiveness and solidity

⁶⁶Proverbs 27, beginning: Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

⁶⁷David Nelson, *The Cause and Cure of Infidelity*. Including a Notice of the Author's Unbelief and the Means of his Rescue, by the Rev. David Nelson, M. D. 2nd stereotype ed. cor. by the author. New-York. American Tract Society. [184-?].

⁶⁸This might be Miss Nickerson. Mr. Salter's script is most difficult here.

⁶⁹This might be Mr. Livermore.

of the arch, entirely of rock—at the base I should judge the width to be some thirty feet. The course in the arch rises very gradually. In the center I should think the height of the arch was about fifteen feet. The creek (which I call Cave creek) passes under this bridge. Having wondered long at this handy work of God I scrambled up the South East side of the bridge and was amazed at the curious shapes and holes of the rocks. I next walked over the bridge which is some fourteen feet wide, [on the] east side of the bridge is a precipitous steep.

I next visited the magnificent portico of the cave, one of the grandest works of nature which I ever saw—the solid rock form a height of about 90 feet [and] arches inwards gradually—the entrance to the cave itself is low. I put myself in a little ways, but the water of the creek prevented my going further. I dared not remain long under this awful arch of nature as I saw one massive piece of rock which in a few days had fallen from its old situation and the likes of which would crush a mortal to atoms in [50] a moment. I passed down the ravine, went thru another part of the cave under what might also be called a natural bridge—saw other wonders of which I have not time now to write, was surprised and filled with feelings of awe and reverence of the wonder working hand of God. When there I was in a great hurry as I had to preach in the evening at Mr. Doan's and now write in a hurry as I have to preach this evening at Andrew. I must mention however that in returning we amused ourselves by hurling rocks from some of the dizzy heights of the bluffs down into the ravine below. The sound of some of them was not a little like young thunder.

March 25. Preached the sermon referred to on page 45 at Andrew—the man for whom I promised to preach it was not out. Spent that night, March 15th, with Mrs. Hopkins. She experienced religion about two years ago—put up my horse with Mr. Bradley who on being asked for his bill said he would take it in preaching. Rode to Bellevue next day and found my [51] great coat uncomfortably warm.—rode thru the fire below Bellevue on way to Mr. Reed's. It was about dusk—the flames rolled on—the brush cracked—I saw a deer sporting among the fires. The people in the Reed settlement and on the ridge below have raised some hundred dollars towards a meeting house but they are divided about the location. I wish them to contribute their resources to Bellevue but they reasonably complain of the distance and of the neglect of the people in B[ellevue] to meetings.

I have concluded with old Mr. Caldwell (father of the youth on p. 22) for his black mare and saddle and harness for 75 dollars. She is four years old this spring, he recommends her highly as of a good breed—but having tried her I fear I have the worst of the bargain.

Visited Charleston⁷⁰ 21 miles South of Bellevue, four miles this side of C[ascade] at the forks of the road from C[ascade] to Bellevue and to the Forks of Maquoketa. Called on Mr. Westbrook.⁷¹ (Came to Iowa 1839.) He [is] an Universalist—an interesting family. The son,

⁷⁰Now Sabula, Iowa.

⁷¹James Westbrook.

Royal, somewhat awakened. The [52] family originally from N[ew] York, but raised mostly in the West.

Visited all the families in Charleston. They are nearly universally from N[ew] York and Maryland. The best settlement in the county. Had as good audiences as I have had anywhere in Jackson Co.

Mr. Leonard⁷² from Griswold (near Norwich) C't. well brought-up—rather a poor manager. His wife a smart active woman, church member, the means and pleasures of the world have hindered her piety—and his deprivation of religious privileges have caused his leanness. Mrs. Parker a Methodist, a good and catholic christian, formerly lived in Davenport. Mr. Marshall⁷³ from Goffstown, N[ew] Hampshire, a Universalist and notorious worldling. His wife an interesting woman and would like to be a christian. She has a Sister an instructress in Monticello Female Seminary. Mr. Donovan⁷⁴ [is] a candid gentlemanly man, blacksmith, a little tinged with some notions of the Restorationists.⁷⁵ His wife a friendly woman. Mr. Benjamin Hudson,⁷⁶ came [to the county] in 1838, [was] originally from Lynn, Mass. dislikes Calvinism, rather a [53] weak-minded man—was once intemperate. Mrs. H[udson] a devoted woman and friendly. Had a prayer meeting in her house. I saw several steamboats passing up and down, a noble and exhilarating sight. While looking at the "Iowa" and engaged in Conversation with a gentleman, a gray headed man who had learned that I was from N[ew] York asked me if I knew Joseph McElroy. I inquired in relation to the business and character of this man and found he meant Dr. McElroy of Grant St[reet] Presbyterian Church. I told him I had several times heard him preach—"He's my brother," said the stranger. I looked up and thought I could see some resemblance in features and general appearances between the two. I made some particular inquiries and learned he had not seen his brother for 30 years or heard of him for four years. His name [is] Hugh McElroy—has a large family of some eight children, nine miles S[outh] West of Charleston in Clinton County. [He] lost a daughter last year. He wished me to write his brother urging him to write to him—which I promised to do.

[54] Saw a young man named Jones who had lived in Portsmouth several years and knew my relatives there. He was much reduced by bad habits and by intemperance.

Returning from Charleston—visited in the Buckeye or Swanney Settlement on Copper creek. They have a good school house. Mr. Bixley and family were Lutherans in Ohio. His wife desired I would baptize her children. Heard that there were some Presbyterian families in the settlement. Rode off two miles to their homes [and] found one a Universalist and another a Baptist.

⁷²James Leonard.

⁷³Thomas Marshall kept a tavern.

⁷⁴James Dominy.

⁷⁵The doctrine of those who believe in a temporary future punishment and a final restoration of all to the favor and presence of God.

⁷⁶Benjamin Hudson in 1848 lived in a small shanty on a few acres of broken land on Section 24, 84-6.

Visited on Rock creek this side of Deep creek [at] Mr. Reed's family. They had been much afflicted since they came into this County. In Pennsylvania they lost their house by fire and pride that would not allow them to live in humble circumstances sent them West. Mrs. R[eed] died on the journey as did some of the grandchildren. Poverty has rubbed them some here, tho the world has not known it. They lost their crop last year by the June [55] freshet. Mr. R[eed] was of Linden[?] church [and] his wife of Old School Presbyterian. Spent the night with them[.] Next day [I] had a dreary ride over burnt and barren prairies—the very image of loneliness, it suggested to me the thoughts of the dreadfulness of the condition of that man who had no friends. An Eagle was flying in the distances, and upon discerning me came and floated directly over my head. I confess to a little sense of fear or not so much of fear as of an indescribable sense of [sentence not completed] called at Mr. Dunbauer's but no one at home.

April 1, 1844. Brs. Holbrook and Turner have been laboring with my people the last week. Mr. H[olbrook] preached six sermons faithfully warning the sinners of [their] guilt and dangers and directing him to J[esus] C[hrist]. There were some cases of awakening. We labored faithfully with Mr. Shaw and [Mr.] Goodenow, the former seems hardened under an excess of light and knowledge—the latter suffers from a deficiency of the same. Marietta Estabrook, 4 years, herself determined to be on the Lord's side. Mr. Chandler,⁷⁷ Jno. Van Horn, Leonard[?] and Ralph Wright [and] Mrs. Fairbrother are awakened. The weather during most of our meetings was very un- [56] favorable so that the attendance was small. On Saturday and Sunday the days were clear and our house [was] crowded. Br. H[olbrook] gained the favor of the people and is esteemed by them.

April 10. Returned last night from a circuit. On 1st inst. rode out in company with Br. Turner to Mr. Spaulding's ¼ a mile beyond Mineral creek. The old man got into trouble by entering under peculiarly extenuating circumstances the claim of Mr. Osborne—a mob was raised and he compelled to give up his title. His life was and still is threatened. These circumstances and the abandoned State of Society in the neighborhood have induced Mr. S[paulding] to buy out one-half of Mr. Brown's claim (120 Acres) North of Mr. Shaw's. Mr. S[paulding] promises to give the lot on the S. E. corner of this claim for our meeting house. Mrs. S[paulding] seems to be a good hearted woman. Their son Alonzo, is a worldly young man.

The next morning rode to Deacon Turner's (page 38) [and from] whence over the prairie crossing Bear [?] creek at Tottenburgh's [?]

⁷⁷Samuel Chandler was one of the revolvers, under the leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie, against the Canadian government in 1837-1838. Chandler, a wagon maker living at St. Johns on the Welland Canal, assisted Mackenzie to escape. In June, 1838, Chandler took part in an armed attack upon the Canadians at Overholt's Tavern, but the venture failed. Chandler was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was commuted to banishment for life in Van Dieman's Land, but after four years, Chandler escaped on a Yankee whaling vessel. He arrived in Jackson County in 1843. William Current, frequently mentioned in the diary, was in sympathy with the revolvers and left Canada to eventually settle in Jackson County.

and the Wapsipinicon at Crook's Ford one mile below Walnut creek to the Seely settlement where a town has been laid out called Rome. [57] Much of the Road we followed [was] a single wagon track—the wind was very high and all around the prairies were burning. Vast clouds of smoke rolled over the heavens. The settlement near Tottenburg consists of United Brethren. They originated and differ but little from the Methodists—generally a moral and illiterate people. At Rome spent the night with Mr. Cleveland, a native of Eastern Massachusetts—his parents are now living in Roxbury—a gentleman of information and travel. We found him busy with a law suit (he being a Justice of the Peace) in which all the people seemed interested and which prevented our holding a meeting. Mr. C[leveland] has a good library. Unhappily, he is a Unitarian. His wife [is] of coarse habits and manners from N[ew] York, a Methodist professor, yet a kind hearted and active young woman. Mr. Stiver[?] the blacksmith is quite a gentleman and pays a decent respect to religion—is from Ohio. Mr. Crooks is a fine family, the old gentleman from Rock River, originally from Erie Co. N[ew] York. The son [is] a very interesting man—his wife was sick and regarded dangerously so—expressed quiet and comfortable resignation to the Divine will. Mr. Crooks owns the Saw Mill in company with Mr. Suly. His family are Methodists but want an intelligent [58] ministry and like and respect and sympathize with Br. Turner. Visited Miss Warren from Worcester Co. Mass., a good but rather weak minded and credulous woman—came to this county with Mr. Whittemore from N[ew] Hampshire [and] brought several hundred dollars in money (proceeds from working in the factory) commenced school in Cascade but was obliged to give up from sickness, afterwards moved to Rome and opened school when Mr. Warren fell in with her and they married—with her money she has entered land and brick etc. Saw Mrs. McFarland who lives three miles West, originally [she was] a Congregationalist from Mass., but has been united with the Methodists—her husband is a fine and active man.

Rev. T. P. Emerson rather injured than benefited our cause. The fruits of his imprudence are seen along the Wapsipinicon. On the 3rd rode to Tipton, 20 miles thru Pioneer, Picayaune, and Red Oak groves. In the latter dined with Mr. Robert Cousins from Ireland—has been in this county two years, came by way of N[ew] Orleans. [He is] an intelligent and generous hearted man—warmly and conscientiously attached to David's Psalms and cares not for anything else in the worship of God. Is much interested in Sabbath Schools—was a Superintendent [59] in Ireland many years. There is an O[ld] [School] church of some 20 members in this grove. Mr. Ferguson is one of the elders. Mr. Mead has preached there the last year, but has left. Br. Turner by request was to preach for them on the 5th. inst.

At Tipton found that Br. Alden had gone to the South part of the Territory—was disappointed in not seeing him. Fifteen curtains, [in] some 12 or 14 farm houses, two taverns, [and] one store. Stopped with

Mr. Patterson Fleming,⁷⁸ Clerk of the Court—a gentlemanly man yet I must confess to the appearance of smallness, his wife appears a nice woman. Mr. Addison Gillett⁷⁹ keeps store, came to the Territory last summer from Hudson N[ew] York where [he] was a member of Dr. Waterbury's Church. Br. Alden has a hard row I plainly perceive, with no active professors to hold up his hands. On 4th rode thru Postain's grove (where fed my horse and dined with Mr. Postain) [then to] Walnut grove, by Mr. Heller, over the Wapsipinicon at Algiers to Mr. Dutton's, some 34 miles—a long and hard ride. Mr. Dutton a member of the church in DeWitt, originally from Vermont, lived mostly in N[ew] York—a widower—keeps bachelor [quarters] with his two sons in a shabby way. In a bachelor's cabin one [60] realizes the worth of the [other] sex. One of the sons has lately married a daughter of Mr. Heller. They are putting up a new house for her reception.

The next morning rode to Br. Emerson's [and] I found him with the ague and fever—he got lost a few weeks ago on the prairie going to Charleston in the wet. The consequence of his sickness he was unable to make preparations for the sacrament and wished me to go to Camanche to preach a funeral sermon for him according to his appointment—I went. 15 miles East of Mr. Emerson's over the prairie. At Camanche enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Dunning and lady. They are from N[ew] York. Mr. Dunning [is] a native of Vermont: has lived in Troy where [he] married his wife and was member of Dr. Berman's Church—his wife a member of Dr. Snodgrass'—she has heard Mr. Kirk. They came West some eight years ago. Spent one year in Chicago—then Camanche. He's considerable of a name. Some of Mr. D[unning's] brothers came on with him. They took up a section of land. At that time there was no one but LeClair⁸⁰ in Davenport. Mr. Dunning visited its present site and preferred Camanche. They laid out some 8,000 dollars, built the Beaver [*sic*] Mills. [61] This property now is of little worth. Have a comfortable home. Mrs. D[unning] is not contented and would be glad to return—her maiden name was Monroc. Her parents now reside in N[ew] York. Mr. Holbrook took up a claim near them. They speak in the highest terms of his first wife.

Preached a funeral sermon for the death of Mr. Root—received 62½ c[en]ts for this sermon—the first money for ministerial services I have received this side of the Mississippi—he died Dec. 3. Was of [the] Baptist church [and] left a widow and several children. In the afternoon and evening preached in Albany for Mr. Jessup. His church occupies a small room over a ware house [*sic*]—had a good and attentive Congregation, tho in the afternoon just as I was commencing

⁷⁸In 1845, Mr. Fleming, then sheriff, was stabbed by Asa Young with a pen-knife. For a while the Flemings ran a tavern. *Vid.* Aurner, *A Topical History of Cedar County, Iowa* (1910), Vol. I, p. 115.

⁷⁹His home was in block 17, and he maintained a general store in a small frame building on lot 5 in block 11. *Vid.* Aurner, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 115.

⁸⁰Antoine Le Claire, variously a fur trader, government interpreter, postmaster at Davenport (1833), justice of the peace, and Davenport merchant. It is said that he knew and spoke fluently twelve or fourteen Indian dialects. For a biographical sketch, *vid.* Franc B. Wilkie, *Davenport—Past and Present* (1858), pp. 167-169.

my sermon a steamboat (the New Brazil p. 8) came right along the warehouse which stands on the shore and disconcerted my hearers' attention. The people in Albany are a moral community, all go to meeting, the contrast between them and my people struck me very forcibly. The Presbyterian church was unfortunate in having a few years since a stiff O[ld] S[chool] minister whose excesses or deficiencies drove off some of the best members to form a Congregational Church. The division still remains and I could see no prospect of its termination. This is the most unpleasant thing in the field at Albany. The pillar in the Presbyterian church [62] is Mr. Mitchill who lives 5 miles North on the road to Fulton. Mr. McKay lives several miles South towards Cordovia. Mr. Bothwell and Mr. Buck in the Congregational Church are men of worth, Mr. Mitchill, the ferryman, is a brother of Elden Mitchill, a gentlemanly man, not a professor, complains of the strife between the Churches. Mr. Jessup has a pleasant house, well furnished, a good library, and a good wife—found her just recovering from a severe bilious attack—his wife is a daughter of Deacon Callender [?] of 1st. Church in Buffalo. Br. J[essup] became acquainted with her when she was visiting a sister on Rock River. They were married in Buffalo last summer. She is affectionate and intelligent and smart.

I should like now to have a home to come to and to rest for three [?] days, but I have not the one and cannot do the other.

April 12. Br. Julius A. Reed⁸¹ came along yesterday afternoon and spent [the] night with me—preaching in the evening. He was a native of East Windsor, Conn't.—was a teacher in [a] private family in Mississippi at Natchez one year—was settled at Warsaw, Ill. Once rode horseback from Jackson- [63] ville, Ill. to his father's house in six weeks—now at Fairfield, Jefferson County where [he] was installed over [the] Congregational Church last winter—his church is small. Into his region there is but little emigration from N[ew] E[ngland] or New York. [He] has been on an exploring tour through Buchanan and Delaware counties to find the best site for the location of a literary institution, the land in the neighborhood of Bennet's Mill, which Deacon Haddon purchased last year (vid. page 6) is too much under claim and the country is too far from the Mississippi. There are some other good mill sites the claims of which might be bought for a trifle—the geographical center of the county is entirely vacant and said to be well situated for timber. There are but few families in the county. Br. R[eed] thinks there is a population of about 100 and that they are hardly enough to call for Missionary laborers at present. He was rather better pleased with Delaware County tho in this county the best lands are all under claim. Coffin (in Township 6 west of range 89) near Prairie Creek is from Northampton, Mass., not a pious man, yet sympathizes with us and wants Presbyterian preaching. There is a

⁸¹Rev. Julius A. Reed began his labors in Fairfield, November 28, 1840, under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society at a church salary of \$100 annually, and continued to serve until August 1845 when he resigned to become Missionary of the Society in Iowa.

settlement and fine timber in Eadis[?] grove on Honey Creek (township 5 west of range 90) [64]. At Delhi the geographical center of Delaware Co. is but one cabin, on a fine prairie with good timber near—Br. R[eed] was the most favorably impressed with this location. Br. Reed complains of being much fatigued by his journey.

April 16. Preached last Sabbath (Ap. 14) at county seat.⁸² There were present Deacon Cotton, his two daughters, daughter in law, Bernice Cotton, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Young and two sons, Mr. Means, Mr. Brown, Mr. Gleason[?] and daughter and wife and infant, Mr. Briggs, Mr. McGinnis, Miss Hadley and two Miss Davis: 20 [in the entire congregation]. The day was rainy which prevented my going to Bellevue to fulfill an appointment there in the afternoon. Spent Sabbath evening with Mr. Young on Bunch[?] creek (p. 24). He is of Irish extraction—his grandfather a native of Erin—has two likely amiable boys, John and Thomas, who made a profession of religion last year in Pennsylvania—about 14 and 15 years old. Elizabeth, of about the same age, has also made a profession. Their other children are Wm., David, and James. A very promising family—Mr. John Means, a worthy young man [and a] member of Linden[?] Church lives with them—also Mr. Brown[?] and Mr. Clark. Yesterday started off for Mr. Reed's to fulfill an appointment [65] at 2 in the afternoon but a shower arising after I had gone $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile I returned and it clearing off in the afternoon I came to this place, Thomas [Young] guiding me through the woods as far as Mr. Chapman's near Mr. Trouts [?]. Mr. Young was brought up in O[ld] S[chool] church but united with the N[ew] S[chool] under Mr. Pettibone, an Andover student.

April 17. Visited at Mr. Paryburr's [?]⁸²—his boy Hubert [sic] has been sick for weeks. Dr. Efner thinks it a case of Diabetes. The sickness commenced with ague and fever at which time the boy (eight) had an ordinary appetite. He had since been wasting away and is now most a skeleton, but has an excessive appetite. He was a bright boy and [a] good scholar. His parents have been very stupid and I presume criminally negligent of religious education. I opened to him the probability of death, but he is so young and has grown up in so much ignorance of the Saviour that I can form no judgment in relation to his faith. The Lord bless this Providence to the awakening of his parents, the only question the little fellow asked me was if Mr. Shaw had those testaments yet—on answering in the affirmative, he added, "I mean to get one"—

[I] have been visiting round this week to stir up [66] the people in relation to building a house for the Lord. There are various excuses—they are too poor—have too much else to do—must build a school house, don't like the proposed location etc. One man imploringly begged off by directing me to look at his coat, which, said he, however comfortable now were not so last winter, and again he begged me look at his shabby cabin. I wished myself not from any desire for the toll or from the

⁸²Andrew.

honor but from realizing that it was the only sure way of accomplishing this object, to push the matter to its issue, selecting the location and taking up subscriptions, appointing and superintending a building Committee, and having the house completed early in the Fall or Sept. 1st. I proposed that the property should be the property of the Church under [the] care of the Elders or of the Committee of the Church. But Mr. Shaw thinks the matter must be all done by the Society and this House be the property of the Society. I am obliged to concede and tonight a meeting has been called.

April 18. Last night the meeting was held. Fifty [67] dollars subscribed and the trustees requested me to solicit aid in Dubuque and Galena. I leave this afternoon on this enterprise and on my route visit Cascade, Clayton County, and Fairplay to attend the ordination of Br. Lewis. Rec'd. this morning a letter from Br. Ch[arles] A. Bulkley⁶³ inquiring into this field in the Territories and as to what would be his prospects of usefulness. The expression of his feelings humbled me in my coldness. He writes in a nervous state of mind. I have not time today to send him an answer. God is answering my prayers and those of his people here for new laborers by putting it into the hearts of his young servants to desire to endure hardness in this land for Christ. The Lord give me grace that I may faithfully lay the facts in the case before the mind of Br. B[ulkley].

April 25. Having postponed my visit to Clayton County, I returned to this point yesterday afternoon having spent one night with Br. Turner and three nights at Dubuque. Br. T[urner] secured a good hold in Cascade and if his patience and perseverance hold out he will have a [68] good church in a few years. His contentment and willingness to endure hardships under many discouragements is almost a marvel. In riding from Cascade to Dubuque on Saturday afternoon (26 miles) was overtaken by a severe thunder shower and wet through to the skin. The voice of this thunder enters the soul of the man who is traveling alone on the naked prairie. The Mississippi is higher now than it has been for many years. Br. Holbrook, though he has a more dignified and important (as regards living) comfortable field than mine has yet nearly as hard a one. The money troubles in relation to the meeting house, and the alienation of some of the church members are disheartening. I succeeded in securing the promise of help in building our meeting house to the amount of some 30 dollars in work and materials. This was the first begging expedition I ever engaged in—disagreeable enough to one's sensitive feelings.

The boy referred to on p. 65 [Hubert] died at seven this morning, and his father had just been in to request me to preach the funeral sermon. O that the Lord may give me grace to be faithful and sanctify this Providence to this [69] family and to the community. [I] have to preach a funeral sermon for Mrs. McGinnis (p. 45). She died in Childbed [and] gave no evidence of a change of heart—has left three small children.

⁶³Rev. Charles A. Bulkley.

May 9. 10th. Returned on Wednesday from a tour in Wisconsin. [On the] 30th ult. [I] crossed the Mississippi at Bellevue, ferried over the islands, the river being higher than it has been since 1828—was two hours in crossing—called on Mr. Wood (p. 36) [whose] wife was killed three or four years ago by being thrown from a sleigh in going up the branch at Bellevue on [the] way to meeting. Reached Fairplay just before dark where [I] enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Wood and lady (from Suffield Conn't.). Mr. W[ood] keeps store and is an intelligent man and interested in religion. Of Mr. Rood (p. 38) and of Mr. Simmons (from Canada) leader of the Methodist class there. The Moderator, Rev. E. G. Bradford, opened [the] Convention by [a] sermon on [the] immutability of Divine Purposes. [The] sermon was badly arranged, or rather there was no order about it. There were present [the following] ministers, Holbrook, Lewis (New Diggings), Bradford, (Prairie Du Lac), Stevens (Platteville), Street, (Cassville), Cook (Mineral Point), Turner and self. Afterwards [70] Mr. Kent came in. Delegates [were] Richards, from Cassville, Barton from Fairplay, Clark from Platteville, Mills from Lancaster, Baker from Mineral Point, Rice from Potosi, Reed from Dubuque, [and] Simpson from New Diggings.

Br. Bradford was last year at Platteville. H[ome] M[issionary] v. 15, p. 279. [He] was formerly in Vermont [and] his habits are rather too strongly easternized for a western settlement, his manner not popular enough—a straight forward man and of real worth [and] of [a] well furnished mind. Br. Stevens was formerly Missionary of A. B. C. F. M. among the Sioux, has just accepted a call from Church in Platteville and is to be installed on the 11th. [of] June. Br. Lewis was ordained by the Convention. In the course of his examination he stated that he was reared in a Unitarian neighborhood (Walpole, Mass.) [and] when a lad was a clerk in [a] book store in Boston., where [he] was in the class of a faithful Sabbath School teacher and sat under [the] teaching of Dr. Beecher. Was awakened thru this effort of his S[abbath] S[chool] Teacher and attended Dr. B[eecher's] inquiry meetings. As soon as Dr. B[eecher] learned the state of his mind for several successive mornings he came to the store where it was Br. Lewis' duty [71] to open and sweep out by sunrise and embraced that opportunity for private religious conversation.

Br. Street is [the] son of Gen. Street (p. 7) formerly was something of an Indian trader and did business at Cassville, [but] was unfortunate in trade—was aroused in a revival, was useful in exhortation, the Methodists endeavored to get him as a preacher in their Connection, at [the] request of some of the church [members] in Cassville [he] was licensed for one year by [the] Convention. He applied to this Convention for a renewal of his license which was granted altho the examination was not satisfactory. There [during the examination] Mr. Street dated the reformation at the 8th. century and made Calvin an Anglican. Br. Cook formerly was connected with St. Joseph's Presbytery, came to Mineral Point for six months expecting to be settled

at termination of that period, but has not given satisfaction, seems to have rather over many sharp points in his character, his appearance not prepossessing. Br. Richards appears a devoted pleasant man. Br. Baker is intelligent. Father Clark is [the] father of Br. Holbrook's wife, from Conn't., was steward of Illinois college. Br. Jos. T. Mills, [is] a native of Kentucky, cousin of Rev. Thornton [72] Mills of Cincinnati, studied at Jacksonville, held an office in Indian agency at Prairie Du Chien, a man of acute mind, liberal soul, rather inclined to enthusiasm. Br. Rice is an excellent brother of warm devoted soul, from Chatauqua Co. N[ew] Y[ork] [and] has lived at Fulton, Illinois where his father now resides. [I] was pleased with the orderly business manner of [the] Convention. Father Kent's ordination sermon was a consecration of property to Christ, and a comfortable support of Ministers—a plain good sermon (all written) nothing new or brilliant. Mr. Kent is a man of large experiences, prudence and common sense (p. 36).

On May 2nd. visited Platteville, dined with Mr. Clark's family. The Dr. [is] an intelligent man, his wife a niece of Mr. Holbrook—an interesting family. Visited Br. Stevens, his wife [is] a fine woman—some six children. Br. S[tevens] urged me to come over and labor in Wisconsin. On the Big Platt at Mr. Kenzie's, 9 miles from Lancaster, visited Mr. Drake, at the bridge, from western N[ew] Y[ork]—the church there has 22 members—wished to erect a meeting house this summer. Rode on to Lancaster which has a handsome situation—the finest court house I have seen in this section, two taverns, two stores, a weekly [73] newspaper and some thirty families in the neighborhood. I rode in company with Mr. Mills—he almost insisted upon my settling with them. Spent one night at his house and another with Widow Otis, from Pennsylvania, has lived at Belvidere, Ill.—a very pleasant woman. Preached in the court house on Worldliness [and] had an attentive and intelligent congregation of about sixty—called on Mr. Otis, and Barber and main storekeepers. Mr. Wittse, Editor of Grant Co. Herald, an intelligent and gentlemanly man, has lived in Texas. Mr. Mahood [is] a native of Virginia whence he removed on acc't of Slavery first to Indiana and 12 years ago to Mineral Point, a very excellent man, well informed—has been afflicted with the gravel for 20 years. Mr. Macaulay, father of [the] one of [the] same name mentioned [on] p. 21. Mr. Fletcher, his son in law lives with him.

May 4th. rode to Potosi—called on Mrs. Mosehead three miles East of P[otosi], a native of Derry, N[ew] H[ampshire], has taught school in Dubuque, a very pleasant lady. Saw her sister, Mrs. Pow[?] and daughter, Mrs. P[ow] thinks she has experienced religion—was a gay worldly minded woman, but not with seven crosses. Mr. M[acaulay], an Englishman, was successful in mining and has now a fine farm. Potosi is curiously situated on the sides of a long and crooked hollow. It is vulgarly known as Snake Hollow, from the fact that [74] the first mineral found there was taken from a cave which was surrounded

by snakes. For the history of the church vid. H[ome] M[issionary] v. 15 p. 57-p. 222. I found it scattered and preached. Mr. Warren was expected to labor with them, but was detained in the eastern portion of this Territory so that the church has had no preaching this winter. Some of the members have become discouraged. Some united with the Methodists who have been holding a protracted meeting in [the] Presbyterian Meeting House, this winter and have gone back. Br. Rice is a leading and most active man in the church.

There is [a] Mr. Gillartin, native of North of Ireland [who] has lived in N[ew] Y[ork] city where [he] was a distiller, afterwards in Niagara. Mrs. Bickrall, Dr. Bickrall, a native of Rhode Island [is] an intelligent clever man [as] also his brother a merchant. Miss Fisher, teacher, lived in Canada, taught school in Beloit. Called on Mr. Emerson, lawyer, native of Maine, is dissatisfied with Society in Potosi and preparing to move to Racine, his wife a very fine lady, good singer, was teacher in Academy at Parsonsfield, Maine, a Baptist. The Sunday I spent there was rainy, had a congregation of about 45. On my return was detained a day in crossing the river—crossed at [75] Wild's Ferry 10 miles above Dubuque. In crossing was overtaken by heavy shower and wet through. I stopped at Saw Mill on [the] Little Maquoketa but Mr. Sims (p. 19) was not there, the mill not being in operation in consequence of the back water from the Mississippi. On returning here found a letter from Mr. Buck[?] of Mineral Point W. T. desiring me to come and see the Church. Is the Lord thus opening a wider door of usefulness performing? O Lord lead me in the way in which thou wouldst have me to go.

Visited Mrs. Payburn[?], found her soft and tender, visited Mr. Earl, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Marchell, a native of Conn't. near Stanford, formerly owned Mr. McCloy's mill property, injured himself by hard work and is now in consumption. Day before yesterday what he supposes an ulcer broke on his lungs and discharged largely and now he has some relief. He and his wife have been Professors in [the] Baptist church some nine years at Potosi. Saw Mr. Wood, native of Boxford, Mass., an old bachelor, lived many years in Ononbago Co. N[ew] York, where [he] was engaged in making salt—thinks there are salt springs in Essex Co. Mass., from the fact that in the examination of the waters on the coast of Mass., the [76] largest in preparation [sic] of salt was in waters taken from [the] mouths of Merrimack and Plum rivers.

Of [the] votes taken in April on subject of a Convention for forming a Constitution for a State Government, there was

For a Convention	6,719
Against	3,974
<hr/>	
Whole number of votes	10,693
Majority for Convention	2,745

This is taken from the proclamation of the Governor,⁸⁴ but it does not include the votes in [the] Counties of Clayton, Washington, and Davis from which the returns had not been sent in, which however, would probably have made the whole number of votes in this Territory near 12,000.

May 15. Saw Mr. Cabin who lives [in the] house west of Mr. Burleson's, a Unitarian in sentiment, was the first Merchant in Milwaukee (in 1836) who had on a stock of goods from N[ew] York, was unfortunate in trading by crediting his goods, afterwards engaged in forwarding, grocery and baking businesses.

May 18. Read today, Jos. Scott Kirkpatrick's "Private thoughts on Theology", published at Dubuque 1839.⁸⁵ There is much bad grammar and bad use of language. The foundation of his errors is in relation to original condition of Adam who acted then instinctively and ignorantly. He supposes Satan told the truth, Gen. 3:5,⁸⁶ and that the Lord speaks literally in Gen. 3:22⁸⁷ and that Adam did not have the complete image of God untill [*sic*] his transgression which says the writer was "the very finishing stroke" that stamped in him the image of God and confirmation of the great design of man's creation. p. 8. ["]So that the account of what divines term the fall is in reality the plain and simple narration of man's creation." Page 10. The death in Gen. 2:17⁸⁸ according to Mr. K[irkpatrick] is spiritual death only. Mr. K[irkpatrick] further discusses on the prevolition of the mind—supposes the atonement has no influences on the son of God, but only on the mind of sinners as a motive to him to repent, and that there is no such thing as punishment (properly so called) in Gov[ernment] of God but only consequences of sin.

[To be continued]

⁸⁴Gov. John Chambers' message of May 1, 1844. *Vid.* Benj. F. Shambaugh (ed.), *Messages and Proclamations of the Governors of Iowa* (1908), Vol. I, pp. 308-309 for complete text.

⁸⁵The full title of this twenty-eight page pamphlet is: Joseph S. Kirkpatrick, *Private Thoughts on Theology to the Serious Enquirer after Truth*. Russell & Reeves, Printers. Du Buque, 1839. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, has a copy.

⁸⁶Genesis 3:5. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

⁸⁷Genesis 3:22. And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.

⁸⁸Genesis 2:17. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

THE SKUNK RIVER WAR (OR TALLY WAR)
KEOKUK COUNTY, AUGUST, 1863

BY C. C. STILES, SUPERINTENDENT OF ARCHIVES DIVISION

Among the manuscripts and printed documents on file in the different divisions of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa may be found materials relating to any subject incident to the history of the state. In writing this article I have used materials found in each of the following divisions: Public Archives, Newspaper, and Library divisions.

During the Civil War period the correspondence, reports, etc., show the intense excitement existing attendant upon the raising of troops to be sent to the front, and the home guards for the purpose of maintaining peace at home, also letters informing the authorities of the organizing of secret societies to aid the South in their struggle against the loyal states.

The clashings of the two elements were frequent, deeds of lawlessness often occurred, property was destroyed and lives taken. But the reins of government during this period were held by the firm unwavering hands of our "Old War Governor," Samuel J. Kirkwood, aided by Adjutant General N. B. Baker, and the state passed through this trying period without any stains that could not be erased from its untarnished history.

In the records of the legislature I found a petition by J. B. Shollenbarger relating to the subject of this article. Following is an exact copy:

To the Senate and House of Representatives
of the State of Iowa:

Your petitioner respectfully represents that in the latter part of July, 1863, there was great excitement in Keokuk County, Iowa, in relation to the raising of troops to put down the war of the Southern Rebellion, that one Syype Tally professedly a Democrat took strong grounds in opposition to the war and went about the country making speeches that were called treasonable in opposition to the raising; after one of these inflammatory speeches there was tremendous excitement accompanied by the discharge of fire arms, in the opinion of the petitioner not for the purpose of taking life but for the purpose of intimidation. One of

these shots whether by intention or not, is not known, killed the said Syde Tally, he dying instantly by a ball through the head. By this act the entire county was thrown into great commotion. The friends of Mr. Tally declared vengeance and threatened to destroy the town of Sigourney, situated fourteen miles from the scene of the murder, because of the *presumed Republicanism* of a majority of the inhabitants of said town of Sigourney. Our late governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, being apprised of the above facts, instantly called out troops and with *artillery*, repaired to Sigourney to put down what was called the Tally War. The Governor arrived some hours or more before the arrival of his troops. When prominent town people thought it best to appoint a committee of five to wait on the insurgents at Camp Tally (in the Hoobs Grove) and occupy their time and attention until the troops should arrive. In the opinion of Governor Kirkwood one hour would be sufficient. Judge Harned, T. A. Morgan, James Adams, Geary Wilkinson, and J. B. Shollenbarger (the petitioner) were appointed on said committee. Parenthetically it may be said here that immediately before this time your petitioner edited a Douglas Democratic paper¹ but at the same time thoroughly endorsed the war and favored all legitimate means to secure its successful termination in favor of the Union.

That he had at that time served over a year in the Union Army, that my son Hiram W. Shollenbarger had enlisted in the Thirty-third Regiment, and that my partner, Samuel B. Evans, served his term of enlistment in the Army.

At the last moment two of said committee declined to go, and the other two being on duty left for myself, alone, to do what could be done (if anything). Single and alone in the uniform of the United States your petitioner repaired to the camp of the insurgents (Hobbs Grove). There I moved that Austin Jacobs act as chairman, then called for speeches from William Bunt and D. N. Henderson and others. My hour had expired and I returned to town where I saw, with my own eyes, an assault on my press by the man that filed the information against the Copperheads, as they were termed, with an iron poker, telling the boys to stand aside until he would give that "Dammed Copperhead Hell," which was Ben Franklin's bust on the top of my press. He threw the bust out of its socket and it being of cast iron came down heavy on the floor and broke the plastering down in the room, now occupied by Cunningham & Anderson as a hardware store. By calling for speeches and by other devices the belligerents were detained until the troops arrived.

The insurgents, having (in part) come to town, the Governor made to them one of his characteristic speeches, plain, patriotic and practical. He told them in conclusion that all unlawful conduct on their part must inevitably be put down. He counselled a quiet acquiescence in the laws

¹[Sigourney] *Iowa Democrat*, established in 1858 by S. B. Evans and ——— Farra. In 1860 Farra sold his interest to J. B. Sollenbarger. In 1862 both proprietors enlisted in the Union Army and the paper was suspended.—*ANNALS OF IOWA*, Vol. XVI, p. 191.

of the land and said if necessary the governors of friendly states near would furnish him assistance and that even if required the government of the United States was pledged to furnish a portion of the Army and Navy to put down any insurrection, even in a small county like Keokuk, Iowa. The speech being concluded your petitioner called for three cheers for Governor Kirkwood, the first was faintly given but the last most vociferously and uproariously given. The troops of the Governor were obliged to have quarters and a portion of them, by necessity, were located in my office against my will and consent I, knowing the character of the soldier, offered my parlor with carpet in it rather than get my type all pied, but nevertheless, they quartered a lot of soldiers in my office who pied all the type, then in form, which was the whole paper tax list all new type, and while there so quartered observing by unmistakable signs that mine was a Democratic office and totally ignorant of the character of my democracy, these soldiers destroyed my press and scattered the type about the office and threw a share of it into the street and on the sidewalk and after my re-enlistment in the Ninth Iowa Cavalry I recaptured one of my printer sticks in Arkansas from a young boy who told me he got it in my office in Sigourney and that he had been informed that I was a Rebel and I have the same stick in my trunk now as a war relic. Any printer knows that after this was done what remained was almost worthless.

Your petitioner has given the foregoing brief history and statement of facts for the purpose of appealing to the justice of your honorable body for reimbursement in amount equal to the value of above named losses. If ever property was lost in the service of his country and deserved reimbursement it occurs to your petitioner that this is one of the cases. At a moderate valuation the foregoing property was richly worth \$1000.00. It is proper to add that \$200.00 of said amount has already been paid to your petitioner by a previous legislature.

Before concluding I shall add that I am now very near sixty years of age. Since the War in which I took part your petitioner has been a great sufferer from diarrhea and scurvy, and that I also become afflicted with a semi-paralysis of the left side which has in a great degree impaired my mental faculties and prevents me from doing clerical duty which I might otherwise do.

Your petitioner represents that he is not a pensioner, although he has not seen a well day since he was first discharged; that mentally and physically he is a wreck and totally unable to maintain himself by manual labor. Your petitioner respectfully solicits such reimbursement as your honorable body may ascertain is just and due in his case according to the true equity in his case. Petitioner further states that through inability to maintain himself by manual labor that he has been compelled to occupy quarters at the National Soldiers Home at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, since the 15th of August, 1879. Your petitioner represents that he served two terms of service during the late War, that he served about fifteen months in the Fifth Iowa Volunteers and

afterwards his three years in Ninth Iowa Cavalry Volunteers as will appear by the Adjutant General's Report.

JOSEPH B. SCHOLLENBARGER.

State of Wisconsin }
County of Milwaukee } ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me and in my presence by J. B. Shollenbarger late of Fifth Iowa Volunteers and Ninth Iowa Cavalry Volunteers.

C. WOOLLETT,
Notary Public.

This petition was presented January 22, 1880, to the legislature by Cyrus H. Mackey² of Sigourney, then member of the House of Representatives from Keokuk County. The committee to whom it was referred reported back to the House that it "Be not granted."

To give the reader a clearer understanding of the beginning and cause of the Skunk River War I call your attention to an article on the subject published in 1880 on pages 443-48 of a *History of Keokuk County* on file in the Library Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

In 1848, there came to Keokuk County a family by the name of Tally. They had previously resided in Tennessee, and by birth and education were in sympathy with the "peculiar institution" of the South. Upon the breaking out of the war they arrayed themselves on the side of the anti-war party, believing, as many thousands throughout the North did believe, that unless the erring sisters could be peaceably prevailed upon to remain, they should be allowed to go in peace.

One of the family, Cyphert Tally, was a young man of more than ordinary brilliancy of intellect, and though possessed of meager education, was an orator of great force and ability. A short time prior to the war he had entered the ministry of the Baptist church, and as far as appears from the evidence of those most likely to know, was, in his private character as an individual and in his public character as a minister, above reproach. Some time after the beginning of the war he

²Cyrus H. Mackey was born in Lewiston, Illinois, August 22, 1837, and died in Sigourney, Iowa, July 17, 1909. He was with his parents, James and Abigail Mackey, in their removal to Springfield, Keokuk County, Iowa, in 1853. He read law with the firm of Sampson (E. S.) & Harned (S.) of Sigourney and was admitted to the bar in 1858 and began practice in Sigourney. He entered the Union Army August 10, 1862, as lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry, was promoted to colonel August 18, 1863, was wounded severely April 30, 1864, at Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas, and was mustered out July 17, 1865, at New Orleans. He returned to Sigourney and resumed his law practice in which he attained distinction, and in which he continued until shortly before his death. He was a representative in the Eighteenth General Assembly, 1880, was the Democratic nominee for Congress from the Sixth District in 1882, was the Democratic nominee for attorney general of Iowa in 1886, and again in 1890, was more than once a delegate to a national convention of his party, and in 1900 was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for presidential elector at large.

was called upon to preach the funeral of a soldier who had died in the Union Army. He consented to do so, the place where the appointment was made being Mt. Zion Church, in Steady Run Township.

When the congregation had assembled, and after Tally had taken his place in the pulpit, the question of his loyalty was raised by some of the brethren and, at their suggestion, another Baptist minister who was present went into the pulpit and informed him that his loyalty was questioned and if rumors were true as to certain sentiments which he was reported to have uttered, there were those in the audience who preferred not to listen to his discourse. After a short consultation Tally arose and announced that as there appeared to be objections to his preaching from that pulpit he would dismiss the congregation and those who desired to hear him should go to a certain schoolhouse nearby. He thereupon left the church and started for the schoolhouse followed by the greater part of the audience, but upon his arrival at the place found the schoolhouse locked and the subdirector refused to give up the key. They then went to a grove where the funeral sermon was preached and the audience dismissed. The circumstances attending the preaching of this funeral gave rise to bitter disputes and bickerings in the neighborhood and party feeling ran high. Encouraged by his friends Tally became still more pronounced in the expression of his political views and soon after abandoned the pulpit and took the stump. Numerous opposition meetings were held in the county and Tally was invariably the chief speaker. He soon became quite a hero and received and accepted invitations to speak in various parts of the adjoining counties. On every hand he was extolled and lionized by those of a like political faith. Thus flattered and petted it is not at all remarkable that as young a man as Tally should become bold to commit some very indiscreet deeds and make some very unwise statements. In his public speeches he used language which was very offensive to the war party and threats were made in some parts of the county that Tally could not speak there. Whenever such threats were made the friends of Tally seemed to be particularly anxious that he should speak at those very places, and urged forward by the injudicious counsels of these friends improved the very first opportunities which presented themselves in making good the assertion that he could speak and would speak at any place in the county where he chose to. To these meetings people from all parts of the county would flock, many of them well armed. Such was the condition of affairs when occurred the tragic event which put an end to the eventful career of young Tally.

On Saturday, August 1, 1863, a Democratic mass meeting was held near English River, in Keokuk County. The speaking occurred in a grove, about one half mile from town. The chief speaker was Tally. Several hundred persons were present at this meeting, most of whom had come in wagons, in the bottom of which was hay or straw, and therein secreted were arms of different kinds which fact was developed at a later hour in the day. Speeches were made during the forenoon,

and as some Republicans were present, party spirit ran high. As an illustration of the excitement, it is related that in stripping of button badges the clothing was almost torn from a couple of ladies present who displayed the objectionable emblem. Wild and perhaps idle threats were made that the party would come up in the afternoon and clean out the town of South English, which was quite a radical stronghold. Reports of these were carried up into town, where, from the balcony of a hotel, a Republican was addressing a meeting of his party, and in the town the radical feeling was also quite strong. To be prepared for emergencies, the citizens were armed as far as there were weapons for their use. In the afternoon the Tally party came up to the town in wagons. In the front wagon were several men, including Tally, who stood up in the rear part.

The Republican meeting had just closed, and arms were freely displayed. Some person warned Tally that he had best not go through the town, as there would be trouble; but he claimed he meant no injury to anyone, and merely asked the privilege of the street. As the first wagon came into the crowd, there were cries from the street of "coward!" "copperhead!" "afraid to shoot!" etc. Previous to this time no weapons had been displayed by the party in the wagon, but upon these cries they came up from the bottom of the conveyance. Just then the street became so crowded that it was necessary to stop the wagon for a moment. At that instant a citizen accidentally, as he claimed, discharged one barrel of his revolver into the ground. This was the occasion for a general firing, and it is marvelous that the loss of life was not much greater. It has been estimated that one hundred and fifty shots were fired, which is evidently a great exaggeration. Tally stood in the back part of the wagon, with revolver and bowie knife in hand; he evidently fired twice, as two chambers were empty, when he fell from the wagon dead, having been shot once through the head and twice through the body. One of the horses attached to the wagon was wounded, which caused the team to run, and probably avoided more serious consequences. The only other party seriously wounded was a man by the name of Wyant, who recovered. Upon receiving the fatal shot, Tally fell prostrate in the wagon, and it was not known that he was dead until the driver of the team succeeded in controlling the horses, when an examination revealed the fact that life had already departed.

The next day being Sunday, preparations were being made at the home of Tally, whither his remains had been conveyed the previous evening, for the funeral, while messages were sent in every direction informing Tally's friends of his death, and calling upon them to avenge it. At the solicitation of certain influential citizens of Sigourney and elsewhere, a committee, consisting of S. A. [B.] Evans, Wm. H. Brunt, Presley Doggett and others, proceeded to the Tally neighborhood on the Monday following. When they arrived Tally had already been buried, and about one hundred people, from various parts of the county had assembled, determined on revenge. The committee said they had

come in the interest of peace, and that they were authorized to guarantee the arrest and speedy trial of the person or persons who killed Tally. Their words seemed to have had little effect on the crowd, and they departed. All this time wagon loads of men were on their way from Wapello, Mahaska and Poweshiek counties to the place of rendezvous on Skunk River. Probably as many as one hundred and fifty came from Mahaska County alone. These volunteers formed what is currently known as the Skunk River Army.

By Monday night affairs began to present quite a dangerous aspect to the people of South English and Sigourney, and that night two citizens of the latter place made their way to Washington on horseback, and there, procuring a hand car, proceeded to Wilton Junction, where they took a train for Davenport, in order to consult Governor Kirkwood, who was known to be there at that time. They found the Governor early on Tuesday morning, and stated the facts; his first reply was a verbal order for three hundred stands of arms, which he then gave the gentlemen in writing, and told them to procure the arms and return to Keokuk County. One of the gentlemen replied: "My God Governor, am I to understand you [want us] to return home and shoot down our neighbors?" The Governor replied: "On second thought, I guess I'll go myself." And go he did, just as he was, without collar or necktie, and attired in the careless dress which he was accustomed to wear when at his regular employment. The Governor arrived on Wednesday evening at Sigourney; troops and a couple of cannons followed soon after. That night he made a speech in front of the Court House.

The popular story of the Governor's threat of minie balls and canister to the Skunk River Army and of their terror-stricken flight from their camp is a myth, the truth being that there was no considerable number of armed men nearer English River than Skunk River, which is sixteen miles from the town. The project of armed resistance had been practically abandoned before Governor Kirkwood reached the town, many of the Mahaska County *troops* having returned to their homes on Monday or Tuesday. It is probable that there were still some men assembled at the time of Governor Kirkwood's visit, and that his proclamation was read to them which gave rise to the more extravagant story. There was nobody badly frightened on either side, and no particular cowardice manifested. It is highly probable that if Bill Tally had continued as leader that the result would have been quite disastrous. The Skunk River Army has been variously estimated at numbers ranging from five hundred to four thousand; the first figure is probably not far from the truth. . . . The grand jury at the following term of the District Court, took the Tally matter under consideration, but no one was indicted, and up to the present time it has not been found out who fired the fatal shot. It is highly probable, however, from the nature of the wound, that the shot was not an accidental one, but well aimed, and from an unerring hand.

From the Adjutant General's Report for the year 1863 on file in the Public Archives Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department I submit the following:

South English,
Aug. 2, 1863.

Governor Kirkwood:

Dear Sir:—Our town was thrown into great commotion yesterday, in consequence of treasonable acts committed by the "Copperhead" party, resulting in the death of probably three or four persons, including their leader—Tally. There were near a hundred shots fired on either side. They retired, making threats to return, reinforced, and burn the town, &c. We can say that we were not the aggressive party. We bore their insults (butternut badges) as well as listened to their treasonable talk with patience, until they came through the village with their guns, and knives, &c., exhibited, when some one called out "cowards!" which was repeated by several, when they commenced firing into the crowd; and as there had been so many threats made by them before, it was natural for us to stand on the defensive. We very much desire you to take measures to protect our town, by sending us aid. If you cannot do so, send us arms.

Yours, Respectfully,
ALLEN HALE
WM. COCHRAN,
THOS. J. MOORMAN

South English, .
Aug. 3rd, 1863.

To His Excellency Gov. Kirkwood, or Adj. Gen. Baker:

Dear Sirs:—Excitement still continues here. Our ambassadors, that we sent from here yesterday to come to an accommodation with the friends of Tally, are detained now over twelve hours longer than the time appointed for their return, or at least the time expected. We have rumors from different sources of an attack on our town, and are expecting it hourly. We have not over two hundred armed men, if that, and the arms are nothing but shotguns and rifles, a few revolvers, knives, &c. We beg of you to reinforce us immediately. If you cannot possibly do this, send us available arms, as many as you can. We have organized.

Your Humble Servants,
A. HALE,
T. J. MOORMAN,
Committee appointed to communicate with you.

Adjutant General's Office,
Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 4th, 1863.

Hon. S. J. Kirkwood:

On Saturday, August 1st inst. a riot occurred in the town of South English, in the County of Keokuk, Iowa, resulting in the death of one

person, and severely wounding several others. Since that time the county has been in a feverish state of excitement. A large body of men, armed with rifles and shotguns, have formed, and are camped in the western part of the county, threatening to take the law into their own hands, and murder, plunder, burn and destroy, unless their unreasonable demands are complied with. According to their own statements, this force thus assembled in violation of law, amounts to over three thousand men, and from my own knowledge of the matter I think there must be at least one thousand men in the county unlawfully under arms. Our citizens are in very great fear for the safety of person and property, and the county funds, valuable public records, and the greater portion of the funds of private individuals, have been removed from the county for safe keeping. Under these circumstances we feel ourselves justified in calling upon the state authorities for aid in dispersing this lawless assemblage of men.

J. H. SANDERS.

SPECIAL ORDER

Head Quarters, Sigourney,
Aug. 8th, 1863.

The troops now here will remain until notified by the sheriff of Keokuk County that they will be no longer needed.

The soldiers will avoid all occasion of quarrel with the citizens, and are hereby strictly enjoined not to injure or molest any citizen, either in person or property, unless in execution of orders and in the line of duty.

• The military force at this place will be strictly subordinate to the civil authority, and will be under the direction of the sheriff. They are only to protect and assist the officers of the law in the performance of their duties.

Captain Satterlee will be in command of all the troops at this place and will see that this order is strictly obeyed.

By order of the Governor.

M. M. TRUMBULL,
Asst. Adjt. Gen.

COMPANIES CALLED OUT

List of companies engaged in suppressing disturbances in Keokuk Co., August, 1863:

Muscatine Rangers.....	Captain Satterlee
Washington Provost Guards.....	Captain Andrus
Brighton Guards.....	Captain Sheridan
Richland Home Guards.....	Captain Drummond
Fairfield Prairie Guards.....	Captain Alexander
Fairfield Union Guards.....	Captain Ratcliff
Abingdon Home Guards.....	Captain W. D. Peck
Libertyville Guards.....	Captain Cowan

Mt. Pleasant Infantry.....	Captain Jericho
Mt. Pleasant Artillery.....	Captain Burr
Sigourney Home Guards.....	Captain Price

To give the reader a clearer understanding of the attitude taken by Governor Kirkwood on the subject I herewith submit the following from the Governor's Journal of 1862-1863 now on file in the Public Archives Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa:

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF
Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood
1862-1863

Executive Office Iowa
Iowa City, Aug. 3rd, 1863.

James M. Adams
Sheriff Keokuk Co. Iowa.
Sir:

Information has reached me that on Saturday last a conflict occurred at a political meeting had at South English in your county which resulted in the death of one or more persons and it is represented to me that there is danger of an attack on the people of that place in revenge for the death of the person or persons killed.

Such events as that of Saturday, & that said to be threatened are dangerous to the peace of the state and must if possible be prevented. The laws must be maintained & enforced.

Investigate the occurrences of Saturday last & present conditions of affairs there. The local authorities should at once take the necessary steps to ascertain the facts attending the death of the person or persons killed and the guilty persons on one side or the other. But I wish you & it is your duty to prevent further conflicts and breaches of the peace. The people of South English must be protected if in danger—A mob must not be permitted to take the law into their own hands and mete out punishment to those whom they may consider guilty. This would produce retaliation & further conflict.

Examine into all the facts clearly and carefully and report to me in writing.

It is your duty to prevent further disturbance and so far as is in my power I will hold you responsible for a failure to perform that duty. You have the power to summons to your assistance a sufficient force to preserve the peace and enforce the laws and should do so promptly.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Servant,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Executive Office Iowa
Iowa City, Aug. 5, 1863.

N. B. Baker,
Adj. Genl. of Iowa.
Sir:

You will immediately upon receipt of this order send to the sheriff of Washington County by the express train of tomorrow morning & by express, forty stands of arm with a due allowance of ammunition. Be sure to send the arms by express and the early train tomorrow for Washington. Send with the arms by the express messenger the enclosed letter to the sheriff of Washington County. Don't fail in the prompt execution of this order.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Servant,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

P. S. Pay express charges.

Executive Office Iowa
Iowa City Aug. 3rd, 1863.

Sheriff of Washington County, Iowa.
Sir:

There will be delivered to you with this letter forty stands of arms & an amount of ammunition for the same.

You will deliver these forty stands of arms and the ammunition to the written order of Allen Hale, Wm. Cochran and Thos. Morsman or of any two of them. They live in South English, Keokuk County and I am informed there is danger of an attack on that place and a serious breach of the peace on account of an unfortunate occurrence there on Saturday last. These arms are intended for their defence.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Servant,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Executive Office Iowa
Iowa City, Aug. 3rd, 1863.

Messrs. Allan Hale,
Wm. Cochran & Thos. Morsman,
South English, Keokuk Co., Iowa.
Gentlemen:

I have learned with regret the unfortunate occurrence at your place on Saturday last, and also that there is danger of further conflict and disturbance in consequence. I, of course, cannot determine where the fault is or who are the responsible parties, but it is very clear this is a matter to be determined by the law and not by a mob. If it shall turn out that Tally was unlawfully killed, the law must show who is the guilty person and must inflict the punishment. If a mob of his friends are permitted to determine who is guilty and to inflict punishment it is just as probable that the innocent will suffer as the guilty. Besides

such proceedings unsettle society and render every man's life and property insecure.

I have sent to the sheriff of Washington County forty stands of arms and ammunition for the same for you. These arms are intended only and strictly for the defense of your people against any lawless attack on your town by a mob and for the purpose of aiding the lawful authorities in enforcing the laws and maintaining the public peace. They must not be used for any other purpose or in any other manner. You must keep your people strictly on the defensive and clearly within the law. You must not resist the execution of legal process but must aid in enforcing & executing it. If you are attacked by a mob of riotous and lawless men you will of course defend yourselves.

The public mind is much excited by the acts of mischievous and designing men and it becomes lawabiding and peaceful citizens not to add to this excitement. Act prudently and coolly and lawfully.

I trust that the threatened danger may pass over without further disturbances. I have written the sheriff of your county to act in this matter. Until his arrival I must trust to your judgment & discretion. Upon his arrival act under his authority.

Very Respectfully

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

ORGANIZING AND ARMING VOLUNTEER COMPANIES

From Governor Kirkwood's Biennial Message to the Tenth General Assembly

I became satisfied during the early part of last summer that designing men in this, as in other loyal states, were making preparations for an armed resistance to the authority of the general government. The law of Congress, providing for a draft to fill the ranks of the Union Army, contained a provision that was eagerly seized upon to array the poorer of our people against the government upon the specious pretence that the object of the law was to discriminate between the rich and the poor, to the injury of the poor.

The action of the government, in freeing and using the slaves in the rebel states for the suppression of the Rebellion, was represented as a scheme, by the government, to overrun the free states with the freed slaves, to the prejudice of the interest of the poor white man.

The government had in some instances, arrested and temporarily imprisoned or sent beyond our lines, persons whose restraint the public safety required; and this was interpreted to mean, an intention on the part of the government to break down all the defenses of civil liberty, and to establish a despotism. The entire policy of our government, as interpreted by these men, was that the war was waged, not for the preservation of the Union, but for the abolition of slavery; that the object of the government, in seeking to abolish slavery was to bring the freed slaves north, and force their labor into competition with that of the poor white man; that by the so-called Conscription Law, the

government sought to force only the poor men of the country into the ranks of the army, to effect these objects so prejudicial to their interests, and that while these objects were being effected, the government intended to overthrow our free institutions, and establish in their stead a despotism.

It is passing strange that intelligent men could be found so wicked as to make these statements, and that other men could be found so ignorant and foolish as to believe them. But so it was. These statements were made through the press and from the stump, in the most violent and exciting language, apparently with all the earnestness of conviction, and thousands of honest, but deluded men believed them, and in consequence entertained feeling of deep hostility to the government. In this excited state of the public mind, secret societies were organized in many, if not all of the loyal states, the members of which were, to some extent, secretly armed for the avowed purpose of protecting themselves against what were called "arbitrary arrests," but as I am satisfied with the intent upon the part of the leaders to bring their members into armed collision with the general government, in case any attempt should be made to enforce the draft. The natural result of these teachings and this action, was seen in the bloody riot that occurred in the chief city of the Union, and in similar smaller outbreaks in other places.

Under these circumstances, my duty seemed to me to be plain and clear. I was bound to see the enforcement of the laws and the preservation of peace and good order; and when organized action was being taken throughout the state to prevent the one, and violate the other, I did not think my duty permitted me to wait until the evil was upon us before I took steps for its prevention. I accordingly called upon the loyal men of the state, who were willing to aid in the enforcement of the law, to organize a volunteer military company in each county of the state. Such companies were promptly organized, in most of the counties, of loyal and substantial citizens, and as they were organized, I placed arms and ammunition in their hands to make their organization effective. By these means a sufficient force was provided to preserve the peace of the state and insure the enforcement of the law of Congress, without weakening our army facing the enemy by withdrawing any portion of it for that purpose, and in my judgment, this state of preparation to preserve the peace, tended largely to prevent its violation.

There was but a single occasion in which it was necessary to use the force thus organized. About the first day of August last, as a number of persons who had been attending a political meeting near the village of South English, in Keokuk County, were returning through that village, a collision took place between them and other persons in the village, in which a Mr. Tally, who had addressed the meeting, was killed. The friends of Tally, instead of appealing to the laws and the officers of the law for redress, chose to assume that the officers of the

law would not do their duty. They sent runners to various points and in a short time had gathered, near Sigourney, the county seat of the county, a large body of armed men, who undertook to dictate to the officers of the law for what offence and in what manner, the persons charged with killing Tally should be tried and punished. Much alarm existed throughout the county. The county funds were sent off for safety, and arrangements were made to send away the county records; and orderly and law-abiding people were in great anxiety and terror. As soon as these facts were made known to me, I at once ordered to Sigourney a sufficient number of volunteer companies, of infantry and artillery, to give protection to the people and the officers of the law, and to show those assembled for unlawful purposes, not only the hopelessness, but the danger of their attempt to overawe the authorities; and I am glad to be able to inform you that the display of force was sufficient to effect the desired object. As soon as it became known that a force was being gathered to sustain the law, the unlawful assemblage quietly dispersed, order and tranquility were restored, and the officers of the law were left unmolested in the performance of their duty.

The companies thus organized and armed are still in existence and, should any further legislation be deemed necessary for their efficiency, I recommend that such legislation be had.

In closing this subject, I would return my thanks to the officers and men ordered by me to Sigourney and South English, on the occasion referred to, for the promptness with which they responded to the order, and their soldierly conduct and bearing while on duty.

In the *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Vol. IX, pages 142-45, will be found an article on this subject by Hon. Frank W. Eichelberger, who at that time, 1863, was representing the *Muscatine Journal*. This article I am presenting in full from the fact it presents clearly the action taken by Governor Kirkwood in the episode:

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD AND THE SKUNK RIVER WAR

By Hon. Frank W. Eichelberger

During the dark days of the summer of 1863, when Grant was investing Vicksburg and Lee marching on Pennsylvania, there existed in portions of Keokuk, Poweshiek and Wapello counties a large number of southern sympathizers, who had from the outset of the war made a fierce opposition to its prosecution.

A man named Tally, living near Ioka in Keokuk County, a Baptist preacher, made himself a leader among this element by his blatant, disloyal speeches in different parts of the country, rendering himself obnoxious to the Union-loving portion of the community. He usually went armed with a couple of revolvers and a bowie knife and openly defied the authorities to arrest him. The fall of Vicksburg and defeat of Lee at Gettysburg seemed to embitter him and his harangue became more violent and threatening.

On the first of August, accompanied by seventy or eighty men in wagons, all armed, he went to South English in Keokuk County, and held a meeting in the outskirts of the village. Whilst this was in progress, a Republican meeting was organized in the street opposite the hotel, which was addressed by a man named Settler, from Mt. Pleasant, who happened to be at the hotel. During the progress of this meeting, Tally and his crowd in wagons drove through the meeting, exhibiting butternut and copperhead pins, which were the recognized badges of disloyalty in the North at that time. A wounded soldier named Moorman, seized one of the men wearing a butternut and stripped it off and was proceeding to serve others in the same manner when he was seized by some of them. His father went to his rescue and discharged his revolver. At this, Tally raised up in his wagon and gave the word to fire, at the same time firing his own revolver into the crowd and a regular fusillade was discharged by his armed followers, but singular to relate without hitting anyone. I was there the next day and saw many bullets imbedded in the hotel front. The firing was returned and Tally was killed and one of his men wounded. On the fall of their leader they drove off, vowing to return and hang a number of the citizens and burn the town.

Word was sent to Washington, Iowa, where Col. N. P. Chipman, chief of staff for General Samuel R. Curtis, happened to be at home on a short furlough. He left immediately for South English, whither I accompanied him in the interests of the *Muscatine Daily Journal* of which paper I was then city editor.

On our arrival Col. Chipman organized a company, erected barricades and prepared to resist any effort to take the town. During the day companies of state militia arrived from Washington and others came in from Poweshiek and Iowa counties, and the town was turned into a military camp, with Col. Chipman in command and J. F. McJunkin of Washington, afterwards attorney general of Iowa, as adjutant.

In the meantime a mob of six or seven hundred men had gathered in the bottoms of Skunk River armed with all kinds of weapons from shotguns to meat axes. They demanded that ten of the best citizens of South English should be arrested and immediately tried, charged with the crime of murder in the first degree, and threatening to march on the town and burn it, and seize the men themselves and hang them, unless their demand was complied with.

The messenger sent by them, discovering the preparations made for their reception, returned and reported that the men were willing to give themselves up to the proper authorities for trial, which under the circumstances of Col. Chipman's preparation was accepted.

They were arrested by Sheriff Adams, had a preliminary hearing before a justice of the peace and were bound over in the sum of \$1000.00 each for their appearance at the next term of the District Court. The army of the Skunk was dispersed and Col. Chipman's forces sent home and it was supposed the affair ended. But during the night

another mob of nearly a thousand men gathered on Skunk River bottom near Sigourney and threatened to march on that place and destroy it unless the men bound over at South English were immediately brought to Sigourney and placed on trial. There was great excitement at Sigourney, the business houses were closed and nearly every man turned out to defend the place. There was no railroad or telegraph line to Sigourney at the time.

Mr. Sanders, the clerk of the court, who afterwards established and conducted *Sanders' Stock Journal* at Chicago, drove to Washington and took an engine from there to Muscatine, where he got into telegraphic communication with Governor Kirkwood. I went back on the engine and drove to Sigourney, finding the town in a state of great excitement, patrolled by a company of home guards, only half of them armed. The town was filled with ugly, scowling, armed rioters from the rendezvous on Skunk River and things looked pretty squally.

During the night Governor Kirkwood came in from Washington accompanied only by Col. Trumbull of his staff, afterwards colonel of the Ninth Cavalry. They drove direct to the Court House and Governor Kirkwood at once proceeded to make a speech.

It is only once in a lifetime that a man is permitted to hear such a speech, and especially to such an audience under such circumstances. The grand old man seemed to be inspired; he was utterly fearless, although apparently in imminent danger from the rough crowd that surrounded and threatened at times to hang him, hissing and howling curses at him, which however failed to interrupt his speech. And such a speech! Its like never came from the mouth of any other governor of any state.

It was far from ladylike, in fact would hardly do for print, but was vigorous, virile and to the point, filled with good old English and interspersed with an occasional round mouth-filling epithet as he referred to the Rebels. It was exhilarating, exciting but fearsome to see that rugged, fearless, earnest, grand man standing up in the middle of the night hurling denunciations and threats to such a mob. He told them that he had come to see that the law was enforced; that the people of South English would be fairly tried and if guilty punished, but not by such a scoundrelly mob as confronted him; that he had reason to believe that they were drawn together not so much to punish crime or see that it was punished, as to throw obstacles in the way of the government in putting down the rebellion; that he didn't propose to have any fire-in-the-rear rebellion in Iowa and unless they dispersed before morning he would have them shot down like dogs; that he had ordered troops which were on their way, and when they arrived the next day they would shoot, and shoot straight, and shoot leaden bullets, not blank cartridges; that he would put down this mob if he had to kill every mother's son of them—although that was not exactly the name he applied, but it would not be polite to give it verbatim.

His appearance and bravery cowed them and they commenced to

slink away, and before the Governor would go to bed most of them had left town. The next morning a company from Muscatine and during the day others arrived from Mt. Pleasant, Washington and other towns, and by evening there were ten companies of militia quartered in and around the town and the mob had entirely dissolved and gone home.

I have always thought that there would have been bloodshed if Governor Kirkwood had not fearlessly met the crisis.

A number of the rioters were arrested and bound over, charged with exciting riot, but they together with the South English prisoners, were released and all prosecution was wisely dropped at the next term of court.

Following are two articles, one from the *Weekly Courier* of Muscatine and one from the *Muscatine Journal*. These articles are submitted to portray the attitude taken by the newspapers and the people, on each side, of the great controversy at that time:

THE DISTURBANCE IN KEOKUK COUNTY

From the *Muscatine Weekly Courier*, August 6, 1863

On Saturday, the first day of August, the Democrats of Keokuk County, in obedience to the suggestion made by the State Central Committee, assembled in mass convention near South English, for the purpose of ratifying the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention. Returning from the meeting many of the Democrats passed through the town of South English, where they were set upon by so-called Union men, and the badges worn by some of the Democrats were torn off and trampled under foot by abolition rioters.

Shooting followed this raid upon Democratic badges, and the first shot fired was by a "Union man." The principal speaker at the Democratic meeting was then killed, and two other Democrats mortally wounded—and as far as we have been able to learn, *not one* "Union man" or abolitionist was in *any manner injured*. Yet abolition newspapers, instigated by the friends of perdition, gravely charge that Democrats are to blame for this wicked and murderous outrage upon the persons of Iowa citizens. A mob of abolitionists get together, armed to the very teeth, and intercept Democratic speakers and others as they return from a public meeting, and wickedly and fiendishly kill and murder three of those Democrats, and then abolition editors, desiring to hire these pretended "Union men" to shed more blood, call upon them to exterminate the Democrats, assuring the fighting abolitionists that "Iowa is unsafe for" Democrats.

O, blind and infatuated tool of a wicked despotism! When will you get your eyes open to see the enormity of the crime you are committing? You sit in your editorial chair and applaud abolition miscreants for shooting down in cold blood, Democrat speakers, and then lecture

those Democrats for interfering to prevent themselves from being exterminated! What wily fiend has taken possession of your heart that you can thus madly provoke the angry spirit of a mob when all good men are trying to allay the growing storm? You, Mr. *Journal*, for twelve long months, have advocated mob law in this city—You have threatened quiet and peaceable citizens with hanging—you have tampered with the mob spirit which your own infernal malice has created in our midst—You have, by repeated falsehoods and calumny, sought to bring Iowa citizens into disfavor with the masses, so that a mob incited by your howlings, would kill and murder them—You have urged the mob to destroy property as well as lives, and in every manner that your own wicked passions could plot, you have aimed at substituting the hellish acts of mobs and demons, for law and order. In obedience to your teachings your party in an adjoining county have organized a mob—and as you directed in your issue of yesterday, they have “fired” at Democrats and killed and murdered them—and you, poor, driveling tool of mad masters—you approve the bloody deed and threaten vengeance on those who will not quietly stand and be murdered. Poor sniveller, seek your hole and hide yourself, and no longer contaminate the free air of heaven with your pestilential breath. You want mobs do you?

A DEAD DESPERADO

From the *Muscatine Journal*, republished in the *Keokuk Gate City*,
August 10, 1863

Rev. S. Tally, of Ioka, Keokuk County, who was killed in the difficulty at South English on Saturday last, was about thirty years of age. He was a Baptist preacher, but we are informed, had no charge and spent his time mostly in traveling through Keokuk and adjoining counties making inflammatory appeals to the people against the government. He was known throughout that region as a reckless character, and among the ignorant classes who compose the Copperhead faction was a most dangerous man.

We are informed by J. H. Williamson, Esq., of Louisa County, that in June last he had a public discussion on politics with Tally. The latter was then armed to the teeth, having a large bowie knife conspicuously suspended from a belt around his waist, and also a pistol in his vest pocket and one or two in his coat pockets. The burden of his remarks was the tyranny of the administration and the duty of the Democrats to take up arms against it.

This is the character of the man whom the Muscatine tory sheet mildly denominates “a Democratic speaker,” and upon whose death, while in the act of unprovokedly shooting down his fellow citizens and calling upon his followers to imitate his example, it takes occasion to charge the administration and its friends with a “fiendish murder.”

We want no stronger evidence of the deep-seated sympathy for treason in the mind of the editor of the *Courier* than this fact.

member of the firm of Harding, Ruffcorn & Jones, Des Moines. He also engaged in lecturing, and in the promotion of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence waterway project. He was in great demand as a political speaker, and took part in all recent state and national campaigns, speaking in many states under the direction of the Republican National Committee. His final illness began while he was making campaign speeches in Indiana. His readiness and felicity of expression, his abounding humor and his engaging personality were qualities that greatly contributed to his success as an orator.

GEORGE WATSON FRENCH was born in Davenport, Iowa, October 26, 1858, and died in that city November 27, 1934. Burial was in Oakdale Cemetery, Davenport. His parents were George Henry and Frances Wood (Morton) French. He received his education in public schools in Davenport and in Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. At the age of nineteen he became an apprentice in his father's factory, the Eagle Manufacturing Company in Davenport, makers of farm machinery, succeeding to the presidency of the company in 1886. He joined with the Bettendorfs in the Bettendorf Metal Wheel Company in 1888 and became president. The French & Hecht Company developed from this with Mr. French as president. In 1896 he and his brother, Nathaniel French, formed the Sylvan Steel Company with the former as president. He was connected with several other corporations. Besides being an outstanding figure in that industrial center, he had many other activities. In 1878 he joined the Iowa National Guard and rose through different ranks until in 1882 he was commissioned lieutenant colonel and assistant adjutant general of the First Brigade, but resigned in 1897. He gained political prominence and was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1896, 1900, 1904, 1912, 1916, and 1928. He had a great interest in farming and developed a model farm just east of Bettendorf, purchasing it in about 1910 and centering his attention on Holstein cows. In 1914 Governor Clarke appointed him a member of the Permanent Iowa Commission to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He did his part in civic development, was for a time president of the Davenport Chamber of Commerce, and was a liberal contributor to charitable movements. He and Mrs. French gave to St. Luke's Hospital, French Hall, a nurse's home. He took a great interest in Friendly House of Davenport, aiding in its establishment and maintenance. He was a brother of Alice French (Octave Thanet), noted author, and of Judge Nathaniel French.

EDWIN S. ORMSBY was born at Summerfield, Monroe County, Michigan, April 17, 1842, and died in Long Beach, California, October 24, 1934. Interment was at Long Beach. His parents were Lysander and Olive C. Ormsby. He was a member of the Eighth Michigan Infantry during the Civil War and became a lieutenant. He practiced law a brief time in Michigan, but removed to Emmetsburg, Iowa, in 1872,

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

WILLIAM LLOYD HARDING was born on a farm near Sibley, Osceola County, Iowa, October 8, 1877, and died in Des Moines December 17, 1934. The body was placed in the family vault of the Graceland Mausoleum, Sioux City. His parents were O. B. and Emalyn (Moyer) Harding. He received his early education in the public schools of his home locality, attended Morningside College, Sioux City, 1897-1901, and was graduated with the degree of LL. B. from the law college of South Dakota University, Vermillion, in 1905. The same year he began practice of law in Sioux City. At one time James W. Kindig, later a justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, was his partner. He had a natural aptitude for politics and in 1906, only a year after commencing his law practice and when but twenty-nine years old, he was elected representative from Woodbury County, was re-elected in 1908, and also in 1910, serving in the Thirty-second, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth general assemblies. He naturally grew with experience, had second place on the Judiciary Committee, and was chairman of the Committee on Municipal Corporations. He also greatly enlarged his acquaintance and friendships and in 1912 won the nomination for lieutenant governor, ran on the ticket headed by George W. Clarke for governor, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1914, again running on the ticket with Governor Clarke. In 1916 in a strong field of four candidates he won the Republican nomination for governor, and in the memorable campaign that fall he was elected governor over the Democratic nominee, Edwin T. Meredith. In 1918 he was renominated for governor and was re-elected, winning over Claude R. Porter, the Democratic candidate. When first elected he was but little over thirty-nine years old, the youngest governor-elect of Iowa since William M. Stone in 1863. A few weeks after the beginning of his first term as governor the United States entered the World War and Iowa did its full share in furnishing soldiers, provisions, and materials, buying liberty bonds and co-operating with the national government, and in it all was the patriotic leadership of Governor Harding. It was during his administration and by his helpfulness that the State Board of Conservation and the state park system were established, also that the present highway system was put on its present organization. In that period, too, prison contract labor was abolished, and the state ratified the amendments to the federal Constitution for prohibition and for woman suffrage. After leaving the governor's chair Mr. Harding returned to the practice of law, becoming a

member of the firm of Harding, Ruffcorn & Jones, Des Moines. He also engaged in lecturing, and in the promotion of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence waterway project. He was in great demand as a political speaker, and took part in all recent state and national campaigns, speaking in many states under the direction of the Republican National Committee. His final illness began while he was making campaign speeches in Indiana. His readiness and felicity of expression, his abounding humor and his engaging personality were qualities that greatly contributed to his success as an orator.

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locating first at the old town a mile west of the present town, but moving to the new town in 1874. He aided in establishing the first bank in the town. For many years he was associated with his brother, A. L. Ormsby, in the management of the American Investment Company of Emmetsburg. He was for years president of the First National Bank of Emmetsburg, later the Farmers Trust and Savings Bank. Soon after arriving in town he led in organizing a local Methodist Episcopal church, and a Sunday school, and throughout his residence there he was an active church worker. He was superintendent of his local Sunday school twenty-five years and for some years was president of the State Sunday School Association. In 1881 he was appointed on the military staff of Governor John H. Gear with the title of lieutenant colonel, and thereafter was popularly known as Colonel Ormsby. From 1884 to 1896 he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Cornell College, and was vice president of the board from 1887 to 1895. He was also active in politics and in 1893 was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. In a field of six candidates he received 81 votes. Again in the 1895 convention in a field of seven candidates he received 84 votes. In 1904 he was elected as a presidential elector at large running on the Republican ticket. About 1905 he removed to California where he lived in retirement.

LARS JOHAN SKROMME was born in Norway in 1879 and died in a hospital in Des Moines, Iowa, December 23, 1934. Burial was at Roland, Story County. He was with his parents when they emigrated to the United States in 1885, settling on a farm near Roland. He received his early education in a country public school, and later attended Highland Park College, Des Moines, Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minnesota, and Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. He was ordained a minister in the Lutheran church and served for a time as pastor at Eagle Grove, and at Pontiac, Illinois. At different times he was engaged in real estate business at Clarion, Iowa, and at Thief River Falls, Minnesota. On the entry of the United States into the World War he enlisted at Roland in the Iowa National Guard on April 6, 1917, and was assigned to the Second Ambulance Company, Medical Department. He became first class private, August 1, 1917; sergeant, August 17, 1917; and was honorably discharged June 4, 1918, to accept commission; appointed second lieutenant in infantry June 5, 1918; first lieutenant September 27, 1918. His principal stations were at Camp Pike, Arkansas; Camp McArthur, Texas; Camp Merritt, New Jersey; and Camp Funston, Kansas. He was honorably discharged December 11, 1918. After the war he was engaged in farm operations, and in the seed business at Roland where he organized the Skromme Seed Company. In 1924 he was elected senator and served in the Forty-first and Forty-second general assemblies. In 1928 he was a candidate in the primary election for the Republican nomination of governor in a field of four candidates when John Hammill received the nomination for a third term.

CHARLES LEPLEY HAYS was born in Iowa City, Iowa, February 16, 1858, and died in Aberdeen, South Dakota, December 20, 1934. Burial was at Eldora, Iowa. His parents were Silas and Christina Lepley Hays. The family removed to a farm near Eldora where Charles grew to manhood, receiving his early education in country public school. He later attended Oskaloosa College, and Drake University, being graduated in liberal arts from the latter in 1884, and from the Law School of Drake in 1885. He taught school for several years, country school in Hardin County, and city school in East Des Moines. He followed that by the practice of law at Eldora, which he pursued for forty years. He was an active lay member of the Christian church, and served his community in many ways. He was city attorney of Eldora for some time, was a member of the Eldora City Council, of the library board, and of the park committee. He assisted materially in securing Pine Creek State Park at Eldora. On December 1, 1929, he was appointed by Governor John Hammill as judge of the Superior Court at Iowa Falls. He was elected to that position March 29, 1931, and continued to act until September 8, 1931, when he resigned on account of ill health. He was a man of fine character and mental attainments. The last portion of his life was spent at Aberdeen, South Dakota, the residence of his son, Wendell J. Hays.

PETER ALFRED BENDIXEN was born in Davenport, Iowa, October 8, 1882, and died while temporarily absent at Beardstown, Illinois, December 30, 1934. Burial was in Oakdale Cemetery, Davenport. His parents were Peter and Katherine Bendixen. He was graduated from Glenbrook High School in 1899, attended Coe College, Iowa State Normal School, was graduated from University of Chicago with the degree of B. S. in 1902, received his M. D. degree from Rush Medical College in 1905, and began practice in Davenport soon thereafter. At various times he took postgraduate work, studying at the University of Vienna, the University of Berlin, and the University of Budapest. In 1914 he received the degree of F. A. C. S. from the American College of Surgery. He became known as an authority on bone fractures and breaks. He was employed by several railroads and other corporations and had a very extensive practice. He received distinguished honors from the leading medical associations, a recent one being his election in 1934 as president of the Central States Society of Industrial Medicine and Surgery at its convention at Springfield, Illinois. His charity was extensive and his activities in many lines were such as to draw too heavily on his vigorous constitution, bringing his early death.

TOLLEF CHRISTIANSON RONE was born in Romsdahl, Norway, April 27, 1854, and died in Northwood, Iowa, January 7, 1935. Burial was in Shell Rock Cemetery three miles northwest of Northwood. He was with his parents, Christen and Ingeborg Rone, when they immigrated to America, settling in Dane County, Wisconsin, in 1870. He obtained a

common school education while in his native country, and in 1874 entered as a student Augsburg Seminary, Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he remained four years, then taught school, first parochial, and later public school in Worth County, Iowa, for a few years. He then located on a farm about three miles south of Northwood, remaining there until 1914 when he retired from farming and became a resident of Northwood. He held different township offices and in 1887 became secretary of Worth County Farmers Mutual Insurance Association which he retained for forty years. In 1912 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1914, serving in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth general assemblies. He was an educated and cultured man, was on the local library board, had a large private library, and had traveled extensively on this continent and in Europe.

ROBERT M. FINLAYSON was born in Salem Township, Carroll County, Illinois, October 7, 1844, and died in Mount Carroll, Illinois, February 10, 1935. Burial was in the Grundy Center Cemetery, Grundy Center, Iowa. He grew to manhood at the farm home of his parents, William and Jessie (Mackay) Finlayson, attended common school in the country, and was graduated from the Mount Carroll High School. For a few years he aided his father on the farm in summers and taught country schools in winter. In 1866 he removed to Tama County, Iowa, and followed farming in summers and school-teaching in winters. In 1868 he bought 240 acres of wild land in Beaver Township, Grundy County, and for the next seventeen years followed the life of a pioneer farmer, broke prairie, farmed, ran threshing machines, and took part in public matters, held some township offices, and was a member of the County Board of Supervisors. In January, 1885, he was appointed county auditor to fill a vacancy, and by reason of subsequent elections he held that office until January, 1895. In 1893 he became cashier of the First National Bank of Grundy Center, in 1896 became president, and continued in that position until 1920 when he retired. In 1908 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1910, and served in the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth general assemblies. He was a man of unusual ability and fine spirit and served his county, town and community in many ways.

AUGUST A. BALLUFF was born in Davenport, Iowa, January 12, 1859, and died in that city November 18, 1934. Burial was in St. Marguerite's Cemetery, Davenport. His parents were John C. and Matilda Hesse Balluff. He attended St. Marguerite's School, and when fifteen was apprenticed to learn the drug business. He remained in that business until 1884, following that by being deputy clerk of the District Court five years, clerk in the law office of Cook & Dodge four years, secretary and treasurer of the Iowa Telephone Company two years, cashier of the Citizens National Bank of Davenport seven years and vice president of the German Savings Bank of Davenport for two years. He was

clerk of the District Court from January 1, 1903, to January 1, 1907. About 1909 he returned to Cook & Dodge and remained with that firm or its successor, Cook & Balluff, until his death. In 1908 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-third General Assembly, and was elected senator in 1910 and served in the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth assemblies. He served for some time as chairman of the Scott County Democratic Central Committee, and was the Second District member of the Democratic State Committee from 1914 to 1920.

HERBERT A. MAINE was born in Newton, Iowa, October 12, 1880, and died in Waterloo November 25, 1934. Burial was at Jessup. He was graduated from North High School, Des Moines, and from the civil engineering department of the Agricultural College (now the Iowa State College), Ames, in 1902. He at once associated himself with his father, James E. Maine, in the James E. Maine Construction Company, Des Moines. In 1910 he removed to Waterloo and established the H. A. Maine Company and in the course of the next several years erected many important buildings in Waterloo, Marshalltown, Ottumwa, Newton and other cities, including the ten-story Levitt & Johnson building in Waterloo. They also built two power dams on the Cedar River, one at Waterloo and one at Nashua. During the World War he was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Navy and was stationed at New York City as an assistant in charge of naval construction. He was formerly president of the First National Bank of Waterloo, and later vice president of the Commercial National Bank of the same city. On July 4, 1933, Governor Herring appointed him a member of the State Highway Commission, and three months later he became chairman of the commission.

WILLIAM HEPBURN BREMNER was born in Marshalltown, Iowa, October 24, 1869, and died in Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 11, 1934. He received his law degree from the State University of Iowa in 1895 and shortly thereafter entered general practice of law in Des Moines, first with Robert Shuler as Bremner & Shuler, and later with Crom Bowen and Raymond B. Alberson, as Bowen, Bremner & Alberson. In 1902 he was named city solicitor and served until 1908, when the commission plan of city government became operative. Soon thereafter he was named general attorney for the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad Co. He was advanced to general solicitor of the company in 1913, to general counsel in 1916, and to president in 1917. He held the presidency until the road went into receivership in 1923, and from that time until his death was receiver. He had exceptional ability as a lawyer and an executive. When in the University he played both football and baseball and upon graduation became representative of that institution on the committee which had charge of the annual track meet sponsored by the University, Iowa State College, Drake University, and Grinnell College. He kept his enthusiasms and his friendships to the end.

GEORGE C. CALL was born in Kossuth County, Iowa, September 24, 1860, and died in Sioux City December 18, 1934. His parents were Asa C. and Sarah (Heckart) Call, noted Kossuth County pioneers. He obtained his education at Algona and early turned his attention to real estate business and became a large land owner. He was active in civic affairs and was for a time mayor of Algona. In 1902 he removed to Sioux City, disposed of his properties in and around Algona, and soon became an extensive real estate owner in Sioux City and devoted much time and energy to forwarding that city's business interests. In 1916 he helped organize the Call Bond and Mortgage Company and at his death was its president. He early became an active advocate of the improvement of the Missouri River for navigation and worked incessantly for it. He labored for more equitable freight rates for his city, and for the improvement of the highways leading to Sioux City. He served as president of the Sioux City Real Estate Board, and was president of the Greater Sioux City Committee. For twenty years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Morningside College.

FERGUS L. ANDERSON was born near Ohio, Illinois, March 16, 1865, and died in Marion, Iowa, December 25, 1934. Burial was in Oak Shade Cemetery, Marion. His parents were Fenwick and Jeanette Peck Anderson. He acquired his education in rural public school. When seventeen years old he began to learn telegraphy and afterward was stationed as an operator at several points on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, going to Marion in 1890 as a night operator. During leisure hours he took up the study of law and was graduated from the Ann Arbor Law School in 1894 and began practice in Marion. He served as city attorney of Marion for six years, and was mayor of the city. On September 1, 1921, Governor Kendall appointed him as one of the judges of the Eighteenth Judicial District in place of Milo P. Smith, resigned. By reason of elections he served for eight years, or until in 1929 when he resigned and returned to the practice of his profession.

GEORGE W. SPEER was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, November 19, 1855, and died in Indianola, Iowa, February 4, 1935. He was reared on a farm and received a common school education. In 1887 he removed to Indianola and engaged in abstract, real estate, loan and insurance business in which he continued until shortly before his death. He was a member of the Indianola City Council, was elected representative in 1910 and served in the Thirty-fourth General Assembly, was active in civic affairs of Indianola, was mayor of the city, and for several years was justice of the peace.

WILLIAM BIERKAMP was born in Hanover, Germany, September 18, 1849, and died in Durant, Cedar County, Iowa, December 13, 1934. Burial was in Durant Cemetery. He spent his boyhood in his native country, and migrated to the United States in 1868, settling at Davenport. There he attended a private school for a time and later entered

the implement business, removing to Durant in 1874. He also engaged in real estate business and was financially interested in and a director of several banks. He served as school director, councilman, mayor, and representative, being elected to the latter position in 1924, and serving in the Forty-first General Assembly. He was a member of the Lutheran church, and in politics was a Republican. September 2, 1934, he and his wife, who was Miss Minnie Feldhahn of Durant, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

FRANCIS MARION LAIRD was born on a farm five miles south of Tabor, Iowa, in 1855, and died in Tabor December 3, 1934. His parents were Johnston and Mary Laird, pioneer settlers of Fremont County. He followed farming in his early life, and although retired and living in Tabor, he continued until his death to own the farm on which he was born. He was secretary of the local school board, was a trustee of Tabor College, a member of the town council, and was elected representative from Fremont County in 1903, serving in the Thirtieth and Thirty-first general assemblies. He was a Democrat in politics, and an active member of the Congregational church.

MILTON REMLEY was born in Lewisburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), October 12, 1844, and died in Iowa City, Iowa, March 17, 1900. Burial was in Oakland Cemetery, Iowa City. He came with his parents to a farm in Johnson County, Iowa, in 1855. He was graduated with the degree of A. B. from the State University of Iowa in 1867, and the degree of A. M. in 1872. He began the practice of law at Anamosa in 1868, and in 1872 his brother, Howard Marshall Remley, joined with him as a partner, but in 1874 he removed to Iowa City where he continued in practice until a few years before his death. In 1894 he was elected attorney general and was twice re-elected, serving six years, 1895-1901. He ranked among the abler men who in the history of the state, occupied that important position.

OTTO STARZINGER was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1882, and died in the same city March 12, 1935. Burial was in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Des Moines. He was graduated from East Des Moines High School in 1899 and from Iowa State College, Ames, in 1903. For a few years he was employed by the General Electric Company, and the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Electric Company, but in 1908 returned to Des Moines and assumed the management of the Northwestern Hotel in East Des Moines which he continued to do until his death. For years he was interested in raising prize stock. In 1916 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-seventh General Assembly.

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ERRATA

Page 164, "Sarah Cutter Howe" should be "Sarah F Howe."

Pages 168 and 171, "Robert U Wheelock" should be "Robert M Wheelock."

Pages 278 and 281, "Robert B Wheelock" should be "Robert M Wheelock."

Page 282, "James D Howe" should be "John D Howe."

Page 305, "Sarah Howe" should be "Mary Howe."

Page 324, "Wm M Hoxie" should be "Wm H Hoxie."

Page 414, "William M Moore" should be "William W Moore."

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