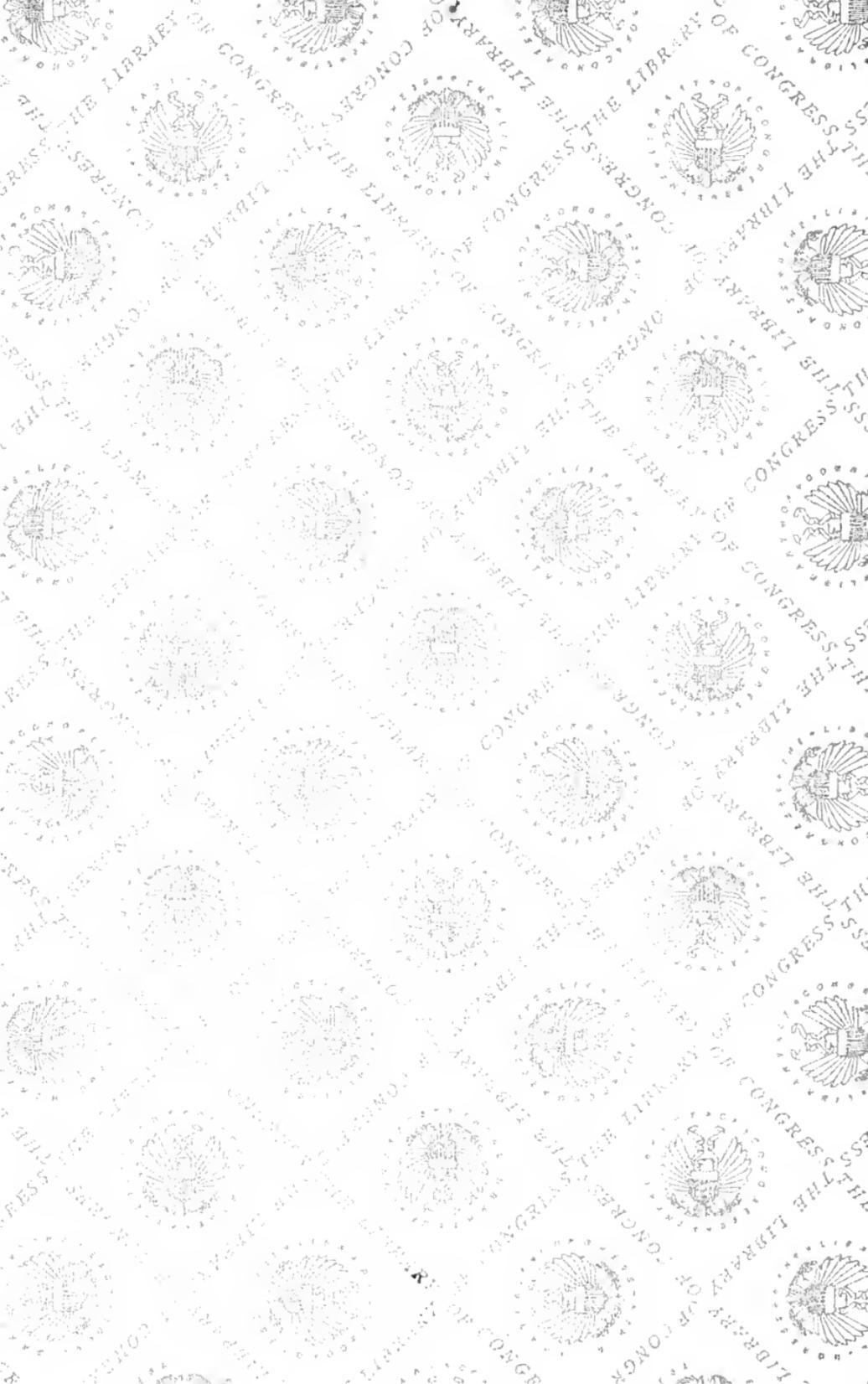
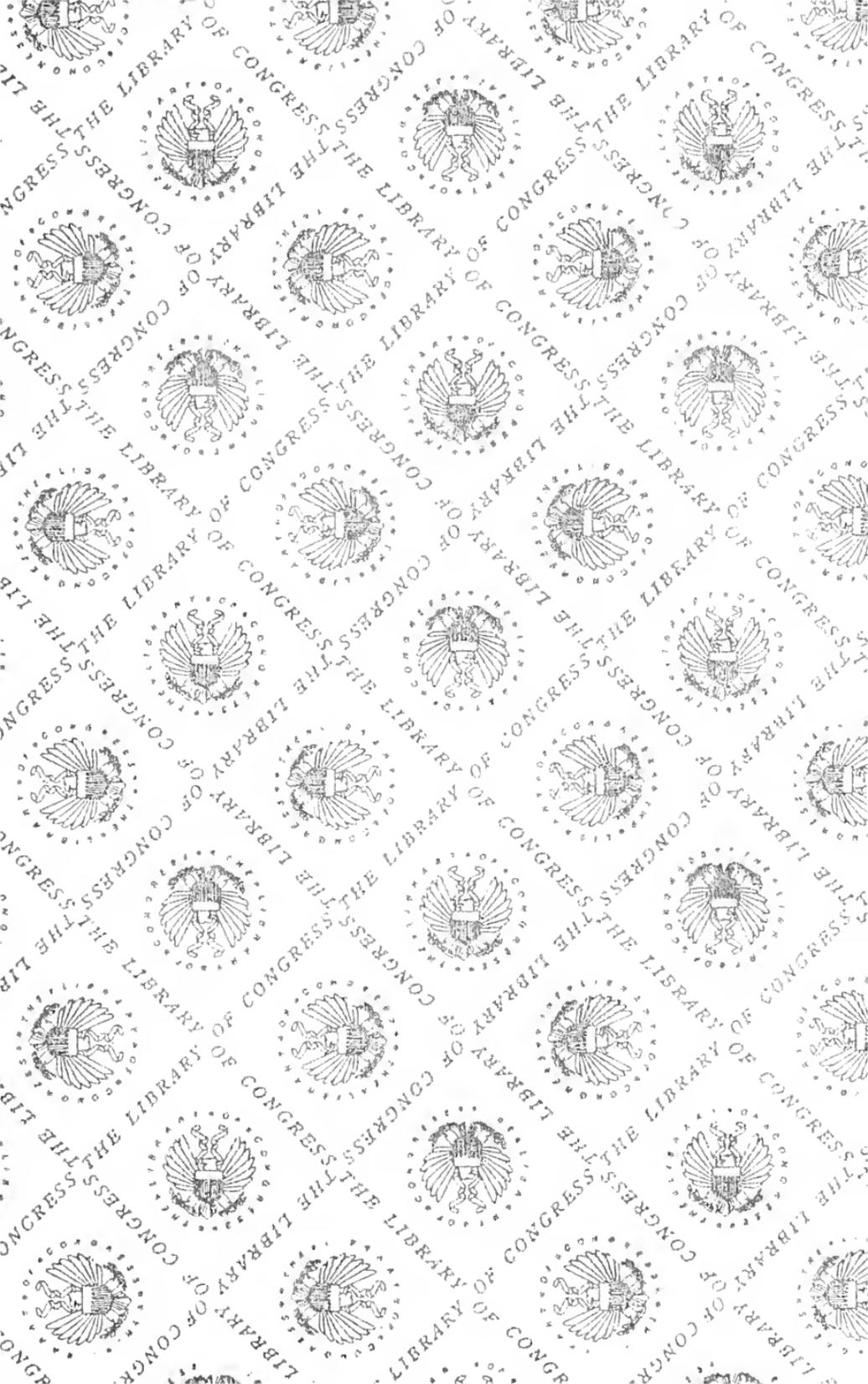


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IOWA BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES  
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GEORGE WALLACE JONES







GEORGE WALLACE JONES



GEORGE WARRACE JONES

IOWA BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

EDITED BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH

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GEORGE WALLACE JONES

BY

JOHN CARL PARISH

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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

IOWA CITY IOWA 1912

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

DESCRIBED as "a tall, erect figure, fastidiously dressed, with an abundance of curling black hair, an engaging smile, and the manners of a Lord Chesterfield", George Wallace Jones was always an interesting character, whether in the halls of Congress or on the frontier. His varied experiences as "farmer, country merchant, lead miner and smelter, clerk of court, judge, soldier, land speculator, politician, and diplomat" suggest the kaleidoscopic career of the early middle westerner who was able to raise himself above the commonplace.

This volume is not strictly speaking a biography: it is, indeed, both biographical and autobiographical. The autobiography and personal recollections of Jones have been supplemented by a comprehensive biographical sketch by Doctor Parish. Thus the materials of the book have naturally been arranged in three parts — I Biographical Sketch; II Autobiography; III Personal

Recollections. The reader should not overlook the *Notes and References* — especially those connected with the *Autobiography* and the *Personal Recollections*.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND EDITOR  
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA  
IOWA CITY

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE history of beginnings in the Commonwealths of the Upper Mississippi Valley would be incomplete without the story of George Wallace Jones who as Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Michigan secured the creation of the Territory of Wisconsin, who as Delegate from that Territory in turn brought about the establishment of the Territory of Iowa, and who, together with Augustus Caesar Dodge, first represented the State of Iowa in the United States Senate.

It is the purpose of this volume to portray the life of George Wallace Jones primarily by means of his own *Autobiography* and *Personal Recollections* — which are here published for the first time — and secondarily by a brief *Biographical Sketch* which it is hoped will serve to fill in details left untold by Jones and to furnish a consecutive outline of the incidents of his career, among which the autobiographer rambled at times somewhat confusedly.

The autobiographical materials were found by the writer at Dubuque, Iowa, while on a search on behalf of The State Historical Society of Iowa for data concerning early men and

events of that vicinity. The autobiographical manuscript was in the possession of Mrs. Linn Jones Deuss, a daughter of George Wallace Jones, and through her kindness it was loaned to The State Historical Society of Iowa to be copied for publication. The manuscript consisted of several hundred pages of typewritten matter, written evidently upon the dictation of Jones at different periods of time during the last ten years of his life. Copies of a variety of letters, petitions, and other miscellaneous papers were also included in the manuscript.

The nature of the materials made it necessary to take some editorial liberties with the original manuscript. The various sections and chapters, written at different times, were arranged primarily in an order that was without system or logical sequence. The order of the original manuscript was accordingly discarded and the sections placed as nearly as possible in their chronological sequence. As will be seen the materials have been arbitrarily divided into (I) the *Autobiography* and (II) *Personal Recollections*. The miscellaneous letters and papers have been omitted from this publication.

One chapter of the *Autobiography* — that on *Legislative Matters* — is the result of a combination of two portions of the original and is the only part of the manuscript in which the arrangement of paragraphs within sections has

been changed. The headings are not in all cases the same as given in the original manuscript.

It was evident from an examination of the original manuscript that Jones made little or no revision of the document after it had been typewritten from his dictation. It would not therefore be just to Jones to preserve in the edited work all the mechanical defects which may have been due to the copyist. Some changes have therefore been made in punctuation and capitalization; abbreviated words have usually been spelled out; and in a few cases the wording has been slightly modified in order to make the meaning clear. At the request of Mrs. Deuss the manuscript before being copied was examined by her lawyer, Judge D. J. Lenehan, of Dubuque, Iowa, who indicated several passages to be omitted. Where such omissions occur marks indicating the fact have been inserted.

The memory of Jones was variable. Allowance should be made for the fact that the account of his experiences was dictated by him almost entirely from memory after he had reached the age of four score years, and more than a quarter of a century after the years of his public life were over. In many instances his memory is vivid and accurate; but often it slips into error. The writer has endeavored to guard the reader against inaccuracies, partly by means of the *Biographical Sketch* and partly by the

*Notes and References* correcting and illuminating specific points. It is essential, therefore, that wherever notes are indicated, they should be consulted before the accuracy of the text is accepted. There are, doubtless, other inaccuracies which it has been impossible to check up and correct in the *Notes and References*.

It is proper to state that the publication of the *Autobiography* and *Personal Recollections* has been made possible through the kindness of Mrs. Linn Jones Deuss and Judge D. J. Lenehan of Dubuque, Iowa, to whom grateful acknowledgment is hereby made. Through the courtesy of Mr. Edgar R. Harlan, Curator of the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa, access was had to the collection of volumes embodying the *Correspondence of George W. Jones*, which were of great value in the preparation of the *Biographical Sketch*. Acknowledgments are also gladly given to the editor of the *Iowa Biographical Series*, Dr. Benj. F. Shambaugh, for aid and advice in editing the *Autobiography* and *Personal Recollections* as well as for valuable assistance of a more general nature.

JOHN CARL PARISH

MONTCLAIR, COLORADO

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PART I  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



# I

## FORMATIVE PERIOD

IT was given to George Wallace Jones to enjoy a long life — a life of over ninety-two years, spanning almost completely the nineteenth century. Prior to 1861 these were busy years, spent in half a dozen frontier States and Territories and in a young republic of South America; and they were concerned with a strange variety of occupations. After the outbreak of the Civil War he lived his remaining thirty-five years in retirement in the town of Dubuque — an old man with the spirits of a boy, passing his days among men who loved him and men who hated him until he was finally gathered to his own long-dead generation.

George W. Jones was born at Vincennes in the Territory of Indiana on April 12, 1804. At an early age he moved to the Territory of Missouri. Then, while still a young man, he migrated to the Territory of Michigan, where he remained in the western part until it became the Territory of Wisconsin. Later he crossed the Mississippi River and settled in the Territory of Iowa.

With the exception of Ohio, he lived in each

of the five Commonwealths of the Old Northwest during their Territorial periods; and from two of these western Territories he was sent as Delegate to the Congress of the United States. He was educated in the State of Kentucky, studied law and held office in the State of Missouri, and was one of the first two United States Senators sent to Washington from the State of Iowa. At one time or another he was farmer, country merchant, lead miner and smelter, clerk of court, judge, soldier, land speculator, politician, and diplomat.

The father of George W. Jones was John Rice Jones — a Welshman by birth who had been well educated in England. Crossing over to America at an early date, the father practiced law for a brief time in Philadelphia, then moved further west, became Commissary in the army of George Rogers Clark, and later settled at Vincennes. Here he became very prominent in the politics of the Territory of Indiana, holding numerous offices and exercising large influence in the shaping of Territorial events. Particularly was he active in efforts directed toward the introduction of slavery into the country north of the Ohio River.<sup>1</sup>

In 1809 John Rice Jones removed to Kaskaskia in the newly organized Territory of Illinois, and a year later crossed the Mississippi to Ste. Genevieve in Missouri.<sup>2</sup> Missouri

proved no less inviting as a field for political activities, and so John Rice Jones became a conspicuous member of the Constitutional Convention of Missouri in 1820 and afterwards served several years as Judge of the Supreme Court of the State.<sup>3</sup>

George was but six years of age when his father moved to Ste. Genevieve. He attended a school which was conducted by Mann Butler, the historian.<sup>4</sup> And it was at Ste. Genevieve that in 1814 he served as a drummer boy for a company commanded by Captain William Linn, a younger brother of Lewis F. Linn.<sup>5</sup>

In the fall of this same year, 1814, John Rice Jones moved first to New Diggings, a settlement northwest of St. Louis, and later to Potosi, a few miles distant. At a Catholic College in St. Louis, under Bishop Du Bourg, George received further education; and in 1821 he was prepared at the age of seventeen to enter the freshman class of Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky.

The experiences of the next four years in this famous old Kentucky institution were probably of less value from the standpoint of the acquisition of classical and mathematical knowledge than from that of associations. Here young Jones found great men in the making, and here he formed attachments whose influence upon his life was profoundly effective. He made the

journey to Lexington under the charge of Ninian Edwards, United States Senator from Illinois. He arrived with letters of introduction to Henry Clay and William T. Barry, who were to act as his patrons.

Among his fellow students during these years were David R. Atchison, Stevens T. Mason, and the young Mississippian who forty years later became President of the Southern Confederacy. Between Jefferson Davis and George W. Jones there sprang up in their college days a friendship whose warmth knew no abatement during life.

From his autobiography one might infer that the incidentals of a college education appealed to him more strongly than the curriculum. He tells of his classmates and acquaintances in the city, speaks of joining the cavalry company of Captain Prindle "for exercise", and relates that he was appointed sergeant of the body-guard which escorted Andrew Jackson through the State of Kentucky in November, 1823, and that he performed a similar service in May, 1824, upon the occasion of Lafayette's visit to this country.

Letters written to him during these years by his college mates give hints of still other interests. In the summer of 1823, several letters written to Jones by E. A. Turpin ask about a young lady named Louisa. In one, the solicitous

friend inquires: "How speed you with Louisa? Prosperously I hope though I do not think you write rapturously enough of her, for a very ardent lover". He further admonishes him: "give my love to your 2 girls Ann & Louisa".<sup>6</sup> Jones was of an eminently gallant nature, always susceptible to feminine charms, and it is probable that he did not pass through his college life without more or less serious affairs of the heart. There are frequent mentions throughout his letters of a Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bodley, and it is more than likely that he lived at their home while a student in Lexington.

In July, 1825, Jones graduated from Transylvania and returned to Missouri, taking up the study of law in the office of his brother-in-law, John Scott, at Ste. Genevieve. He spent some time in this pursuit, but seems never to have been admitted to the bar.<sup>7</sup> Before many months had elapsed he became Deputy Clerk of the circuit court of the county, and shortly afterward he was appointed Clerk of the United States District Court — a position which he held for several years.

Confinement in the law office and court-room appears to have undermined his health, and so upon the urgent advice of his physician, Dr. Lewis F. Linn, he decided to migrate to the Fever River lead mines and engage in mining and smelting for the sake of the out-of-door life.

The spring of 1827 found him a squatter upon a rising eminence known as Sinsinawa Mound in what is now the extreme southwestern corner of the State of Wisconsin. Not long after his coming he returned to Ste. Genevieve for laborers and supplies, and again he became prostrated with the fever. It was not until the opening of another spring that, with a pony, an outfit, and perhaps a dozen French laborers, he regained the lead mines.

Just at this time the rush to the vicinity of Galena was at its height. The mines had long been worked. The Indians, by slow and cumbersome methods, had dug out and smelted the ore for many years. In 1822 Colonel James Johnson came into the district and began operations.<sup>8</sup> Gradually new-comers arrived and built mining shacks and furnaces. The fame of the mines spread and diggings sprang up throughout the district, peopled by adventurous spirits from all quarters of the country and even from Europe. Up the river they came in shoals in the spring and down again they went in the fall, giving to Illinois the name of "Sucker State" from the resemblance of their migrations to those of the sucker in the great Mississippi.<sup>9</sup> More and more they came to be permanent dwellers, hardy men, well equipped with the qualities which were essential to the frontiersman. Among the men of this type who migrated to the lead mines

in the same year with Jones was Henry Dodge — a long time friend of Jones in the town of Ste. Genevieve.

At Sinsinawa Mound, upon his return in 1828, Jones set up two furnaces and began to smelt the lead which his teamsters brought in from the surrounding mines. He had also brought with him from St. Louis a stock of merchandise which he disposed of to the miners. With these two forms of occupation he was a busy man and a prosperous one as well. The summer was enlivened for him by frequent visits from Jefferson Davis, who, just out of West Point, was stationed at Fort Crawford a few miles away.

As winter approached Jones decided to suspend mining operations and return to Ste. Genevieve until spring. Moreover, there were other considerations than those of climate in his mind at this time. Three years before, soon after his return from college, he had met Josephine Grégoire at a ball and had surrendered immediately to her charms. The Grégoire family — one of the old French families that gave so much of culture and of interest to the early history of Missouri — had long before settled in the neighborhood of Ste. Genevieve. Josephine was only seventeen, but her parents consented to her marriage and the ceremony took place on January 7, 1829.

It was two years and more, Jones relates, be-

fore he brought his young wife to the lead mining country. But it seems probable from letters written to Jones in 1829 and 1830 that in both of those years he made trips to the mines to care for his interests in that region.<sup>10</sup> In the spring of 1831, taking with him his wife, seven slaves and a number of French laborers, he made his way up the river to Sinsinawa Mound.<sup>11</sup> Before the year was out, a two-story hewed-log house arose beside the two unhewed log cabins, and on the crude mining frontier Sinsinawa became well known as a place of hospitality and good cheer. It was the home of Jones for over a decade. Here he carried on his mining and smelting operations, conducted his store, and later served as postmaster.<sup>12</sup>

Dangers as well as hardships attended the early inhabitants of the lead mining country. In the spring of 1832 the Indian disturbances, caused by the re-appearance of Black Hawk on the east side of the Mississippi River, became so menacing that Jones sent his wife back to Ste. Genevieve, built a block-house at Sinsinawa Mound and prepared for serious trouble. On May 23, Felix St. Vrain, the Indian Agent at Rock Island, and a brother-in-law of Jones, was massacred, with several companions, east of Galena. Jones upon hearing these ill tidings at once mounted horse and rode to the spot, where he found the troops of Henry Dodge.

Dodge had been a family friend at Ste. Genevieve and so it was natural that he should now offer to George W. Jones the position of aid-de-camp. Jones was delighted to accept the appointment and serve with Dodge in the short but decisive campaign that resulted in the complete humiliation of Black Hawk.<sup>13</sup> While in the midst of this campaign, Dodge was appointed Major of a battalion of Mounted Rangers.<sup>14</sup> As a consequence he resigned from his position as Colonel in the Militia of Iowa County and Jones was elected to succeed him. Some time later, upon the occasion of Dodge's removal from the country in connection with military duties,<sup>15</sup> Jones was appointed by the Governor of Michigan Territory to fill the place vacated by Dodge as Chief Justice of the county court of Iowa County. At the time of holding court Jones repaired to Mineral Point, but he still maintained his residence at Sinsinawa Mound.

The lure of politics was already beginning to draw strongly upon Jones. He was nearly thirty and was becoming well known throughout the entire lead mining region. Happy in disposition and sociable by nature he made friends easily. At the opening of the year 1834 he learned of the probability of the creation of several new land offices, and he at once undertook to capture one of the offices in the district including the lead mines. He had numerous

friends at Washington who offered him assistance.<sup>16</sup> But the power of nomination lay with Lucius Lyon, at that time Delegate from the Territory of Michigan; and it appears that he named John P. Sheldon for the office. In a long friendly letter to Jones he gave his reasons for the nomination; and yet he was free to acknowledge "that no person in the mines had done more, or even as much, in that section of the Territory, to deserve the appointment" as had Jones.<sup>17</sup>

During all these years of pioneering at Sinsinawa Mound, this region had been under the jurisdiction and a part of the Territory of Michigan; and during this time there had been frequent attempts to bring about a division, creating a new Territorial government west of the lake.<sup>18</sup> Various causes had led to the frustration of these attempts. The desire on the part of the inhabitants of Michigan Territory east of the lake to form a State government proved more effective in hastening such division than did efforts from the west side. In May, 1835, delegates duly elected from the eastern counties met at Detroit and drew up a constitution for the State of Michigan, which instrument was adopted by the people in October of the same year.<sup>19</sup>

Although Michigan was not formally admitted to the Union until January, 1837, yet the

creation of a State organization east of the lake in 1835 left the governmental powers of the Territory of Michigan vested in the inhabitants west of the lake; and among the powers to be exercised by them was the election of a Territorial Delegate. The date for this election was finally set for the first Monday in October, 1835.

Candidates sprang up like mushrooms. James D. Doty of Green Bay was nominated by a Democratic meeting in June. Not long after, Morgan L. Martin of the same city accepted a call from the citizens of Brown County to become a Democratic candidate for the same office. William Woodbridge of Detroit was nominated by a small number of citizens east of the lake who contended that the organization of a State government was as yet of no effect and that they were still a part of the Territory of Michigan. The candidacy of David Irvin was also announced. At Mineral Point, meanwhile, as early as the 23d of May, a meeting of citizens of Iowa County, which included the principal lead mining settlements, placed in nomination George W. Jones. This nomination was subsequently ratified by a large meeting in Dubuque.<sup>20</sup> The meeting which nominated Jones made no professions of partisanship, and their candidate entered the field without strict party label. The outcome of this many sided contest was the election of George W. Jones.

## II

### TERRITORIAL OFFICE

WHEN the first session of the Twenty-fourth Congress convened early in December, 1835, George W. Jones was on hand and took his seat as Delegate from the Territory of Michigan without question or contest.<sup>21</sup> He found quarters at the boarding house of Mrs. Pittman on Third Street, where he came into close relations with Lucius Lyon, United States Senator from the organized, but not yet formally recognized, State of Michigan.<sup>22</sup>

In the meantime the Territory of Michigan had been having vexatious times trying to conduct its affairs at home. When the State government was organized and Stevens T. Mason chosen as Governor, the President appointed John S. Horner Secretary of the Territory of Michigan and *ex officio* Acting Governor. The peculiar situation of affairs demanded a man of tact, good judgment, and initiative. Horner was woefully lacking in all these essentials; while good intentions and a vacillating mind only prepared him to play the rôle of a political blunderer.

By proclamation of Acting Governor Mason

the next legislature of the Territory had been scheduled to meet at Green Bay on January 1, 1836. The Acting Governor, however, by a proclamation issued November 9th, changed the date of convening to December 1, 1835. With the methods of communication then in vogue the members very naturally failed to receive notice in time to attend. Not a member appeared upon the day appointed; nor was Secretary Horner himself there. A communication, dated at Detroit, December 14th, and seeming to be authorized by Horner, appeared in a Green Bay newspaper. It explained that no returns from west of the lake had as yet been received at Detroit and that upon a vote of 730 in the Peninsula, as the country east of the lake was called, William Woodbridge had claimed a certificate of election as Delegate. This Horner had refused and was awaiting the unaccountably delayed returns which he knew would give Jones the election. It was therefore necessary for him to remain at Detroit to insure the certification of Jones at the earliest possible moment, deeming the representation in Congress of far greater importance than a session of the Territorial legislature.<sup>23</sup>

A letter from Lucius Lyon to Horner discloses the fact that the latter had written to Lyon in dire distress to know what he should do — go to Green Bay where the legislature was to meet or stay at Detroit where the laws of Congress re-

quired him to make his residence. He was fearful because friends had written him that the President would expect him to remain in Detroit. Lyon consulted the President and told Horner of Jackson's reply that "Whoever wrote so wrote a falsehood" and that Horner was to use his own discretion.<sup>24</sup> Considering Horner's utter deficiency in the quality of discretion, this injunction was of little value. Late in December he received returns which warranted issuing a certificate of election to Jones and on December 31, 1835, Henry H. Brown wrote to Jones, enclosing the certificate and stating that Horner had been sick for several days and unable to attend to his duties.<sup>25</sup>

On the next day, New Year's Day, over at Green Bay the Territorial legislature of Michigan actually met. Horner, being sick, was of course not there. The members were furious. Unable to take action without him, further than to adopt resolutions and memorials, the Council sat for two weeks and then adjourned. Among their resolutions was one including an arraignment of Horner and a request that President Jackson remove the offending Secretary from office.<sup>26</sup> Four days after this resolution was passed, Horner wrote from Detroit to Jones: "I am very lonesome & news hungry and should be obliged to you if you would inform me of what is going on. Will Michigan be admitted

this winter? Is it necessary in your opinion for me to convene the Council at Green Bay this winter or spring?"<sup>27</sup> Jackson did not remove Horner, who floated about inconsequentially among political offices for some years.

Another resolution was adopted by the Council in January, 1836, which was of real import. It was one urging upon Congress the passage of a law establishing the Territory of Wisconsin and expressing the wish that Cassville on the bank of the Mississippi be made the seat of government.<sup>28</sup> The passage of a bill establishing the Territory of Wisconsin was an accomplishment toward which Jones was bending every effort; and in accordance with the expressed wish of his constituents he agreed to have inserted in the bill a clause fixing the seat of government at Cassville.<sup>29</sup> But this place proved to be an unpopular choice, and so Jones was the recipient of letters and remonstrances from all over the proposed Territory. Indeed, so strong a case was made against Cassville that Jones — mindful, as well, of his election pledge that the people should have a voice in the location as far as he could aid them — decided not to move an amendment to the bill but to leave the location to the will of the people or their representatives after organization had been effected.<sup>30</sup>

The resolution of the Council looking toward the establishment of a new Territory was pre-

sented in Congress by Jones on the 7th of January,<sup>31</sup> and two weeks later John M. Clayton of Delaware introduced a bill in the Senate providing for the establishment of the Territory of Wisconsin.<sup>32</sup> Although Michigan had not yet been admitted as a State, a *de facto* State government was in operation, and consequently Congress was not disposed to resist the creation of a government adequate to the needs of the people west of the lake. On March 29, 1836, the bill passed the Senate. In the House of Representatives it appears that Jones set himself to the task of bringing about early action. He commented on the long neglect of the frontier country and urged the immediate necessity of bringing it within the pale of judicial tribunals and of placing it under the charge of a Governor who could organize the militia and protect the inhabitants from the horrors of Indian warfare.<sup>33</sup> Several minor amendments were made and agreed to by the Senate. Finally, on April 20, 1836, three weeks after the bill had been introduced in the House, it received the approval of the President and became a law.

In those days the Delegate from a Territory was half Congressman and half lobbyist. He had the privilege of presenting legislation and of debating questions, but he had no vote. Much had to be accomplished by personal influence. Jones was resourceful and persistent, pleasing

and persuasive in his personality, and able in his presentation of the needs of his constituents. The resolutions, petitions, and memorials presented to the House by Jones show clearly what these needs were. Post roads and military roads must be opened up, rivers and harbors needed improvement, Indian treaties were necessary for the protection of the citizens, and lands must be surveyed and sold. In the furthering of all these objects Jones was very active.

Altogether the service of George W. Jones as Delegate from the Territory of Michigan was as efficacious as it was satisfactory to his constituents. He had represented them faithfully and had secured for them the one thing most desired — an adequate form of Territorial government. The Territory of Wisconsin came into political being on July 4, 1836, and while Jones was still at Washington the new officers were named. He had the pleasure of influencing Jackson to appoint Henry Dodge as Governor, much to the satisfaction of the citizens of Wisconsin. He gives an entertaining account, in his autobiography, of the part he played in Dodge's appointment and in the nomination of other officers for the Territory.<sup>34</sup>

With the change in government it was incumbent upon the people of the new Territory to choose a Delegate to represent them in Congress, despite the fact that Jones had served

but one of his two years as Delegate from the Territory of Michigan. In September, 1836, a meeting at Belmont in Iowa County expressed approval of the record of Jones and placed him in nomination for the new office of Delegate. But at this time there were two towns in Iowa County which were fighting for supremacy — Belmont and Mineral Point. Each town aspired to be named as the seat of government of the Territory of Wisconsin, and the feeling between the towns was intensified by the foreshadowings of a division of the county and the ensuing location of county seats. And so, a short time after the meeting at Belmont, a rival meeting was held at Mineral Point. The adherents of this town, charging Jones with being interested in the selection of Belmont as the Territorial capital, proceeded to announce as their candidate for Delegate, Moses Meeker, an early settler in the lead mining regions. It appears also that at these two meetings separate sets of nominations were made for the seats in the first Legislative Assembly.<sup>35</sup> The outcome of the election of Delegate was a sweeping victory for Jones by a vote of 3,522 to 696, although in his own county, Meeker defeated him by a vote of 617 to 612. Thus, outside of Iowa County the election of Jones was nearly unanimous.

Late in October the first Territorial legislature met at Belmont. Exciting times followed

in the struggle to locate the seat of government of the Territory, which was largely a matter of speculation and a contest between private interests. Nearly a score of places were discussed, many of them being simply tracts of unimproved prairie laid out in town plats and endowed with great possibilities by their hopeful and enthusiastic owners.

Among these towns without houses or inhabitants was Madison; and it appears that James Duane Doty, the defeated candidate for Delegate in 1835, was the man most largely interested in this town between the lakes. As early as June, 1836, he wrote to Delegate Jones that he and Governor Stevens T. Mason had secured the title to the land, "for the object which I mentioned to you";<sup>36</sup> and he outlined the plan upon which he intended to proceed. It was to vest the title in trustees for the benefit of the stockholders of a company. He had in mind a select list of men to whom stock would be sold — among them being George W. Jones, Henry Dodge or his son Augustus C. Dodge, William S. Hamilton, Thomas P. Burnett, and Morgan L. Martin. He wished Jones to be one of the trustees, and commented: "I think it is obvious we can make something handsome out of this".<sup>37</sup>

It seems probable that Jones did not accept the trusteeship although he did agree to be-

come one of the proprietors. On the day before Christmas, 1836, after the legislature had chosen Madison as the seat of government, Doty wrote again to Jones: "Agreeably to your request I subscribed your name to the Articles of Association of the Proprietors of that town [Madison] for one share which is 1-24th and I rec'd thro' Mr. A. C. Dodge (who is also a proprietor) the amt. due to wit \$100."<sup>38</sup>

Doty was very busy at Belmont when the legislature was in session, and his efforts were successful. But the choice of Madison was not altogether popular in the Territory, and there were many accusations to the effect that lots in the new town and other considerations had been freely distributed in order to accomplish the result desired. How much the joint proprietors knew of the tactics employed by the manager of the speculation is conjectural. Their part in the proceeds, however, can be judged by a letter from Doty in February, 1837, telling Jones that "the dividend on the 1st of Jany on amt. of sales to that time was \$170 per share."<sup>39</sup>

There was excellent opportunity to make money in land speculations in this pioneer country, and it is evident that Jones was fully alive to the situation. He had been a resident of the frontier all his life and he knew western land conditions intimately. In 1836 he and Daniel Webster together began a series of land negoti-

ations that extended through several years. Jones made the selections of property and invested Webster's as well as his own funds. Their deals were for the most part profitable, and as a consequence Jones at one time acquired a considerable amount of property.

At the opening of the session of 1836-1837 Jones took his seat in Congress as Delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin. It was a short session and was not a momentous one for Delegate Jones. But the long session of the winter following was one he never forgot. Two events of this session brought him prestige and great popularity among his constituents. A third event made him a national figure but sent him back to private life at the next Territorial election. He had been enthused by John Plumbe, Jr., in the project of a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River and beyond, and he achieved a genuine triumph when he secured, in 1838, an appropriation of \$2,000 for the survey of a route for a railroad from Milwaukee to the Mississippi River at Dubuque.<sup>40</sup> Far more widespread, however, was the appreciation of his success in bringing about the division of Wisconsin Territory and the establishment of the Territory of Iowa.

The Territory of Wisconsin contained, in 1838, approximately fifty thousand souls. Over half of this number were on the far side of the

Mississippi River. These Trans-Mississippi inhabitants, moreover, made it very clear to Jones that they were in favor of the establishment of a new Territory; and Jones energetically set about bringing this result to pass. He was not an orator, and throughout his entire Congressional career he relied very little upon speeches to further his legislation. He depended upon personal influence in securing attention to his bills, and upon unflagging zeal and tactical skill in pushing them through the intermediary stages to a final favorable vote.

The bill providing for the establishment of the Territory of Iowa encountered strong opposition. One member wished to wait until Wisconsin became a State;<sup>41</sup> another attacked the character of the "squatters upon public domain"; while still others complained that it would drain the older States of population, that it would encourage speculation, and that it would jeopardize the balance between free and slave States.<sup>42</sup> Despite these objections the bill came to a favorable vote in both houses, and was signed by the President on June 12, 1838.

Meanwhile, on an afternoon in February, out near the boundary line of the District of Columbia, four members of the lower house of Congress were engaging in a function which was far from legislative. As a result of a chal-

lenge for the satisfaction of honor, Mr. Graves of Kentucky and Mr. Cilley of Maine, stood some eighty yards apart and fired upon each other with rifles. The third exchange of shots was fatal to Cilley who died in the arms of his second, George W. Jones. Henry A. Wise of Virginia was the second of Mr. Graves. Jones had been drawn into the affair against his better judgment and with more or less of a realization of the evils, political and otherwise, which it would bring down upon him. His main objection seems to have been that it would definitely ally him with the Democratic party; whereas he preferred to steer a neutral course, thinking he could in that way procure more legislation for his constituents.<sup>43</sup> It is not probable that Jones had any very strong principles at this time against the practice of duelling. He had spent his entire life in regions where the resort to personal encounter was of frequent occurrence, and by one writer he is credited with having been himself a party to seven affairs of honor.<sup>44</sup>

The death of Cilley created a profound sensation in the country. Petitions poured into the House asking for the expulsion of Mr. Graves and of the two seconds, Wise and Jones. The House appointed an investigating committee which brought in a report recommending the expulsion of Graves and the censure of the

other participants in the affair.<sup>45</sup> After much discussion the session closed without definite action being taken upon the report. In the Senate a bill was passed prohibiting the giving or accepting, within the District of Columbia, of a challenge to a duel; but this bill did not pass the House.

In anticipation of the passage of the law establishing the new Territory of Iowa, speculation became rife as to the appointment of Governor. As early as April 20, 1838, a meeting of citizens of Dubuque formally recommended George W. Jones for the position. Numerous petitions to the same effect were sent to Washington from west of the river, and at the national seat of government a petition signed by members of the United States Senate and one by the colleagues of Jones in the lower house prayed for his appointment. Lewis F. Linn, James Buchanan, and others also wrote to President Van Buren for the same purpose.<sup>46</sup> Jones, however, definitely announced himself as a candidate for reelection to the Delegation of the Territory of Wisconsin; and early in July Robert Lucas was appointed to the Governorship of the new Territory of Iowa.

Congress having adjourned in July, Jones returned to Wisconsin and began a vigorous campaign. The opposing candidates for Delegate were James D. Doty (who had written

Jones six months before that he was off the political stage and meant to stay off)<sup>47</sup> and Thomas P. Burnett. In the eastern part of the Territory of Wisconsin, which was peopled largely by settlers from New England and the eastern States, the connection of Jones with the duel lost him many votes. These votes went largely to Doty. In the western part of the Territory, the presence of Burnett as a candidate cut down the Jones vote sufficiently to elect Doty. Burnett received less than one thousand votes in all, but they were votes which would probably otherwise have been cast for Jones rather than for Doty.<sup>48</sup> Thus at the polls in September, 1838, James D. Doty was elected to succeed Jones.

It must have been no small disappointment to George W. Jones to have thus slipped through between the two offices. Two months later Congress convened. Practically all of his colleagues in the House were there, for it was the last session of the Congress. And much to the discomfiture of James D. Doty, Jones went down to Washington and took his seat once more as Delegate from Wisconsin. He had, to be sure, served for two regular sessions since his election in 1836 as Delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin. But he based his reappearance at this session on the contention that he had been elected for a Congress rather than for two

sessions. Furthermore, he had been elected in 1835 for a term of two years as Delegate from the Territory of Michigan. This term of office naturally extended over the Twenty-fourth Congress (1835-1837). The Territory of Wisconsin having been established at the end of one year, a new election was necessary, in which Jones was chosen Delegate for the new Territory. He now claimed that the incumbency under this last election did not begin until March 4, 1837, and that his occupancy of a seat in the session of 1836-1837 was in accordance with his election of 1835 as Delegate from the Territory of Michigan and in fulfillment of the second year of service under such election. The fact that the Territory of Wisconsin had been established did not, he claimed, foreclose the existence of the Territory of Michigan, which survived until the State of Michigan was admitted by Congress.

Jones secured the opinion of attorneys upon the case along the lines thus indicated.<sup>49</sup> In their opinion, however, the admission of the State of Michigan in January, 1837, did put an end to the existence of the Territory of Michigan and likewise put an end to the career of Jones as Delegate from that Territory. Moreover, since, under their construction of the case, the Delegateship of the Territory of Wisconsin did not begin until March 4, 1837, Jones ceased

to be a Delegate from any Territory for a period of several weeks between January and March. His term as Delegate from Wisconsin beginning, under this hypothesis, on March 4, 1837, would not close until the end of the Twenty-fifth Congress, or on March 4, 1839; and he was therefore entitled to his seat for the second regular session, while his successor, Doty, elected in 1838, would begin service March 4, 1839, as did the Representatives from all the States, and serve through the 26th Congress.

It was an ingenious argument and having as its basis a law of Congress providing that Delegates from all Territories should serve for "the same term of two years for which members of the house of representatives of the United States are elected", the claim had sufficient basis for a lawyer's discussion.<sup>50</sup>

There were, however, inherent weaknesses in the case. In the first place, following his course of reasoning, the Territory of Wisconsin, though established and in full operation under the laws of the United States, would yet be deprived of a Delegate in the session of Congress ending March 4, 1837. Furthermore, if Jones accepted the position of his own lawyers he must admit himself to have held an office illegally between January 26, 1837, and March 4, 1837, and logically should refund pay for that time.

And lastly, the force of his contention was sadly weakened by the fact that in December, 1836, he presented the certificate of election given him by Governor Dodge of the Territory of Wisconsin, took his seat as Delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin and acted as such throughout the session with no pretence whatever of serving the vague and anomalous remnant east of the lake laying claim to the title of Territory of Michigan.

Scarcely had the members of the House settled down after the opening roll call when Isaac Crary of Michigan announced that Mr. Doty was in attendance and moved that he be qualified. Whereupon Jones protested against Doty's being given a seat in violation of his own right as sitting member, no vacancy having occurred and he having never resigned. Mr. Doty's certificate was read and the consideration of the question then postponed. The matter went to the Committee on Elections, from which James Buchanan reported on December 21st in favor of Doty's claim to the seat.<sup>51</sup> On January 3, 1839, the House passed, by a vote of 165 to 25, the resolutions proposed by the committee in favor of Doty's right to the seat.

Meanwhile Jones had been performing the duties of the Delegate, presenting petitions and resolutions and furthering legislation of benefit

to the Territory of Wisconsin. And on the 20th of December he received a check for his mileage and pay up to that date. After the vote of the house in favor of Doty, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio served notice upon Jones by letter that a resolution would be presented denying him the right to this payment. Thereupon Jones returned uncashed to the Speaker of the House the original check, pending the decision upon his right to receive it. On January 5th, a resolution was introduced declaring Jones not entitled to receive mileage and pay. After provoking a long debate, in which Jones was ably defended, the resolution was negatived by a vote of 89 to 96.<sup>52</sup> So he was granted his compensation and gave up his seat, after a month of service, to Delegate Doty.

Jones now returned to Sinsinawa Mound and busied himself with private interests. He owned at this time considerable land directly opposite Dubuque, and also a ferry plying between this land and Dubuque with ferry privileges only on the east side.<sup>53</sup> In the session of 1839-1840 he was granted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa the right to establish a ferry on the Dubuque side also.<sup>54</sup>

In January, 1840, Jones was appointed Surveyor General for the land district of Iowa and Wisconsin. His term of office was for four

years, beginning April 1, 1840.<sup>55</sup> On March 16th he leased the ferry for a year to Thomas McCraney and took up his new duties.<sup>56</sup> His long acquaintance with the western frontier and with land conditions in this region fitted him admirably for this work. But his tenure of office was short. William Henry Harrison became President in March, 1841, and Jones as a Democrat was removed. The office of Surveyor General was located at Dubuque and it is probable that during this short time Jones lived in that city, though he may not have moved his home and family across the river from Sinsinawa Mound. At all events he became more closely than ever in touch with the people of Dubuque, with whom for nearly half a century he was to live.

With the passing of the political office Jones appears to have gone back to smelting operations at Sinsinawa Mound. During the winter of 1842-1843, he visited Washington at the request of the citizens of Dubuque to protest against the removal of the land office from that town. It was a mission well suited to his abilities. Being a shrewd lobbyist and having many friends he was successful in securing the continuance of the Dubuque office.<sup>57</sup>

Jones was a loyal friend, and it appears that the men whom he befriended often found occasion to return his favors. Judge Dunn of the

Supreme Court of the Territory of Wisconsin, who had secured his seat upon the nomination of Jones, offered him in 1843 the position of Clerk of the Supreme Court.<sup>58</sup> Jones was glad to accept this position, and with little delay he left his early home at Sinsinawa Mound and moved with his family to Mineral Point. But it was only in the period of political adversity that he thus occupied himself. In the fall of 1844 James K. Polk was elected President of the United States, and the Democrats of the nation again came into sunshiny days. The election was celebrated at Mineral Point with a great procession, speeches, and festivities — marshalled, we are told, by George W. Jones.<sup>59</sup>

When the new President took office he gave back to Jones the position he had lost four years before — that of Surveyor General. Thereupon Jones moved his household goods for the last time, took up his abode in Dubuque, and became definitely and finally a citizen of Iowa. At the outbreak of the Mexican War he offered his services to Governor Clarke, but they were not needed.<sup>60</sup> For nearly four years he negotiated the affairs of the Surveyor General's Office at Dubuque, letting contracts for surveying and becoming more and more a part of the political life of the Commonwealth as it passed from its Territorial dependence into the freedom and responsibility of Statehood.

Upon the admission of Iowa into the Union in 1846, the legislators of the new State eagerly bestirred themselves to choose United States Senators. And for two long years they struggled in vain to come to an agreement. The story of these years of bickerings and bribery, of fickle reversals of tactics and constant disregard of the public interest has been often and ably told.<sup>61</sup> It was not until the last chapter of the story that Jones became a candidate. Throughout the sessions of 1846 and 1847 Augustus Caesar Dodge of Burlington and Thomas S. Wilson of Dubuque were the men most prominently named by the Democrats. In the election of members of the legislature in 1848 the Democratic party secured at last an easy majority in both houses and an election of two Democrats was assured.

In the fall of 1848 Jones definitely became a candidate for the Senate, influenced to this step largely by the knowledge that the election of Zachary Taylor as a Whig President of the United States would mean his removal from the office of Surveyor General. In a short, bitter contest, that engendered a long political feud between the two fellow townsmen, Jones supplanted Thomas S. Wilson in the position of favor; and in the caucus of Democrats on December 5, 1848, was placed in nomination along with his stanch friend, Augustus Caesar Dodge.

Since nomination was tantamount to election the occasion seemed, of a certain, one for hilarious celebration. Jones, being ever a jovial spirit, came forth with an impulsive invitation to every one to repair to a place of refreshment; and the jubilee that followed, amid the rapid disappearance of oysters and liquors, was one that cost Jones and the somewhat unenthusiastic Dodge a lively bill of over four hundred dollars.

On the seventh of December, 1848, the General Assembly in joint session chose Dodge and Jones as the first United States Senators from Iowa; and before the month was out they had reached Washington and presented their certificates. In the assignment of terms Jones drew the long term, allowing him service until March 4, 1853.

### III

#### UNITED STATES SENATOR

A TALL, erect figure fastidiously dressed, with an abundance of tightly curling black hair, an engaging smile, and the manners of a Lord Chesterfield — such was George W. Jones when he appeared at Washington as Senator from Iowa. He was a Democrat in politics and a Southerner in instincts. Ten years had elapsed since he had left Congress, yet he found many friends at the time of his reappearance. Henry Dodge of Wisconsin, Benton and Atehison of Missouri, Daniel Webster, and Jefferson Davis, all of these old friends were now members of the Senate. Jones and his colleague were belated in their arrival. On the day after Christmas their credentials were presented and they at once undertook to make up for the time their State had lost.

One subject near to the heart of Jones and his constituents was that of railroads, and it was less than ten days before he introduced a bill granting to the State of Iowa land for the purpose of aiding in the construction of a railroad from Dubuque to Keokuk.<sup>62</sup> It was the beginning of a long and persistent fight which

he and his colleague, Senator Dodge, waged in behalf of a railroad grant for the State they represented. The bill did not pass the Senate; and so on the same day of the following year, January 3, 1850, Jones introduced a similar measure for a Dubuque and Keokuk railroad grant. When reported back from the Committee on Public Lands it was joined with another bill, introduced by Dodge, proposing a grant of land for a railroad from Davenport to the Missouri River. On this combined bill there occurred on June 18, 1850, a brief debate led by Senator Jones who was ably assisted by A. C. Dodge.<sup>63</sup> On the day following the bill passed the Senate,<sup>64</sup> but making no headway in the House it failed of passage.

While not always successful, it was in furthering legislation on behalf of public improvements that Jones now proved, as he had proved in the days of his Delegacy, of most value to his constituents. His tact and personal address won him many votes on bills that would otherwise have been lost in the bottomless pit of indifference. In 1849 he was made chairman of the Committee on Pensions and in this post he was continued throughout his service as Senator. He was, during one Congress, chairman of the Committee on Engrossed Bills, and for the remainder of his Senatorship he was at the head of the Committee on Enrolled Bills.

In the session of 1849 to 1850 Jones secured a modification of another railroad bill which was of much import to his State and particularly to the town of Dubuque. The Illinois delegation had been pushing with great vigor and success a bill granting lands for the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad. By the terms of the bill, one branch of this road was to be built westward as far as Galena, connecting that town with Chicago. When the bill was before the Senate, Jones proposed an amendment by which the road was extended "via Galena, Illinois, to Dubuque, Iowa".<sup>65</sup> He explained that this change would increase the distance only some twelve or fifteen miles and would place the western terminus on the Mississippi River instead of at an inland town. Jones secured the assent of Senators Douglas and Shields to the amendment before presenting it, and with this modification the bill passed. Great was the rejoicing of Dubuque over securing the terminus, and correspondingly great was the increase in the popularity of Jones. But on the other side of the river, Galena found her hopes for the development of a great commercial center in danger of eclipse; and out of the negotiation there grew in later years a bitter controversy between Jones and Stephen A. Douglas.

The most important legislation of a national character during the first term of service of

Senator Jones was without doubt the series of compromise measures of 1850. These laws constitute a determined effort to put a quietus to the discussion of slavery in the harassed country. On July 15, 1850, George W. Jones presented resolutions from two Democratic conventions which had been held in the State of Iowa during the preceding month.<sup>66</sup> These resolutions took strong ground in favor of the compromise measures, and Jones in presenting them took occasion to make some remarks in regard to his own attitude and that of his State. The legislature which had elected him and his colleague had refused emphatically, he said, to instruct them to vote for the Wilmot Proviso. The resolutions which he presented bespoke the present attitude of the Democratic party. And as for the Whigs, he would not do them the injustice of supposing that any respectable portion of them were opposed to the spirit of the resolutions and an early pacification of the councils of the national legislature by the compromise bill of the Committee of Thirteen or some kindred measures. In a very large correspondence, he had not received from his constituents and friends one letter taking ground against the compromise bill. As firmly devoted as he was to the tenets of the Democratic party and as widely different as were those tenets from the principles of the party of

which Clay was the founder and head, yet he would unite with him in any measure which had for its object the perpetuity of the Union.

His own attitude he frankly expressed as follows:

A native of a free State, (Indiana,) and raised partly in slave States, I have, if I know myself, no prejudices or animosities to indulge in relation to the delicate subject of slavery. I am now, as I have ever been, opposed to it; by which I mean that in any State or Territory where that question is to be decided, were I a resident, no man would be more decided in his opposition to its establishment than I would be. My opinions, my observations, and my feelings are against it; but under no circumstances will I consent to interfere with it where the Constitution and laws of my country have placed it. More than that: I will not vote for insulting enactments, nor lend myself to harass or excite the fears of those amongst whom it exists. Would to God that this Congress could so elevate itself above the passions and prejudices of the day as forever to give the quietus to this distracting question! Sir, I believe the bill now before us will effect that object; and so believing, I shall record my vote for it with unmixed pleasure.<sup>67</sup>

When the compromise bills came up for final action in the Senate in August and September the vote of Senator Jones is recorded in their favor in each case except the bill to establish the Territories of Utah and New Mexico.<sup>68</sup> On this question his name does not appear, nor is it

to be found on the only other vote recorded that day.<sup>69</sup> It is probable that he was unavoidably absent, as he would have, without any manner of doubt, voted for all the measures had he been present.

There is probably no question but that Senators Jones and Dodge represented the majority of their constituents in their action in 1850. The General Assembly of the State, in January, 1851, passed resolutions expressing condemnation of Seward's avowal of a law higher than the Constitution and emphasizing the duty of every good citizen to conform to and carry out in good faith the provisions of the compromise measures.<sup>70</sup> Nevertheless the decade which followed wrought a very material change in the public sentiment of the people of Iowa on the question of slavery — a change which both Jones and Dodge failed to recognize or heed.

The Senators from Iowa had made no effort to push their land bill in the short session of the Thirty-first Congress; but on the second day of the following session, December 2, 1851, Jones introduced in the Senate practically the same bill which had passed that body two years before — a bill granting land to Iowa in aid of the construction of a railroad from Dubuque to Keokuk and one from Davenport to the Missouri River. Again the efforts of Senators Jones and Dodge were put forth with the

utmost zeal and skill; again the Iowa Land Bill passed the Senate; and again it failed in the House of Representatives.<sup>71</sup>

When the bill had been reported from the Committee on Public Lands, of which Senator Dodge was a member, and was under discussion before the Senate, an amendment was introduced by Seward of New York which provided that the proposed railroad system instead of consisting of a line from Dubuque to Keokuk and one from Davenport to Council Bluffs, should consist of one line from Davenport to Council Bluffs with two branches from Fort Des Moines running eastward to Dubuque and Burlington.<sup>72</sup> Both Dodge and Jones made strenuous objections and the amendment was not passed. Jones stated that for three sessions of Congress the State of Iowa had memorialized Congress for a grant of land for a railroad from Dubuque to Keokuk and from Davenport to the Missouri River. It would be entirely competent for the State legislature and the railroad companies to make the line as proposed by Senator Seward, if they deemed it advisable; but it should be left to the State and not Congress to designate the routes. This amendment would of course cut off Keokuk from connection with the road and to this Jones objected, particularly since one of the objects had been to get past the rapids in the Missis-

sippi which were situated between Burlington and Keokuk. He added that if the bill were left as it was, with an additional provision for a grant of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Fort Des Moines to Burlington, he would certainly not object, since the legislature of Iowa at its last session had memorialized Congress for a grant of land to aid in such additional road.<sup>73</sup>

In the lower house perhaps the strongest speech against the bill was made by Thompson Campbell of Illinois. His home was at Galena and though both of the Iowa Senators had given their zealous aid to the Illinois Land Bill, it was evident that the amendment to that bill carrying the terminus on to Dubuque rankled deeply in his soul. In the course of his remarks he intimated that the support of the Iowa Senators was secured only by allowing them to make Dubuque the terminus, and that the Illinois delegation was obliged to submit rather than have the bill defeated.

In response to a protest from Bernhart Henn, a Representative from Iowa, Campbell persisted that he had understood from honorable men that the extended terminus was so insisted upon.<sup>74</sup> Jones, filled with indignation, proceeded to investigate matters. Campbell named Stephen A. Douglas as the source of his understanding of facts. Accordingly Jones repaired

at once to Douglas and with hot words reminded him that neither he nor his colleague Senator Shields had made the slightest objection to the Jones amendment. The dispute was smothered temporarily, but flamed up in later years with still greater intensity.<sup>75</sup>

The term for which Jones had been elected was to expire March 4, 1853, and in the fall of 1852 the political pot was being stirred in the State of Iowa. The Whigs in the General Assembly were greatly in the minority, so that the contest focused itself upon a choice between Democrats. The opposition to Jones was strong and bitter. The most tangible objection from a political standpoint that was brought against him, was a charge of partiality toward certain parts of the State. This was most pronounced in Des Moines County because of the failure of Jones to include, in the Iowa Land Bill of 1851-1852, provision for aid in the construction of a third railroad running from Burlington to Fort Des Moines.<sup>76</sup>

Personal enmities also appear to have entered into the contest. Unpleasant relations between Jones and James M. Morgan, editor of the *Burlington Daily Telegraph*, partly account for the vindictiveness with which the latter paper attacked him. In his own town of Dubuque a clique, of which D. A. Mahoney seems to have been the leader, had started the *Dubuque Her-*

*ald* for the purpose, it was said, of fighting Jones. The friends of Jones prepared and published a pamphlet which, under the caption of "Life and Services of Hon. George Wallace Jones", received the following comment from the *Burlington Daily Telegraph*:

The above addition to modern literature, we learn from the Du Buque Herald, has at length met with what Jones would call a "safe deliverance" from the press, and is said to comprise some 40 pages! This is certainly an awful dose to be forced upon a rebellious palate, and our bowels of compassion instinctively yearn for those unhappy wights, the members of the legislature, who, in addition to the code, and a thousand and one other troubles, are now called upon to wade through 40 mortal pages to find out who killed Cock Robin!<sup>77</sup>

The issues of this newspaper for the month of December devote columns of type to the most harsh arraignments of the character and abilities of Jones; while many other papers in the State were scarcely less strong in their invectives. Among the other candidates for nomination were Stephen Hempstead and Thomas S. Wilson from Dubuque, E. W. Johnson, James Grant, Joseph Williams, and Verplanck Van Antwerp.

At the opening of the session of the General Assembly the contest was in full swing. Congress convened on the same day, December 6,

1852, but Jones did not depart for Washington. He stayed to see the fight through to the finish — an unwise move for it brought upon him pointed charges of the sacrifice of Congressional duties for the personal demands of office seeking.

For some time the Democrats dallied and avoided a caucus. But on December 20th a caucus was held. Out of a total of fifty-nine votes Jones received thirty. This majority of one vote was a slim victory, but it must be remembered that the opposing twenty-nine were divided among ten different candidates.<sup>78</sup> Upon the day following the caucus the vote of the General Assembly was cast for Jones on the first ballot. Making arrangements for a dinner in honor of his election, Jones set off, two weeks late, for his duties at Washington, secure in the assurance of another six years in the United States Senate.<sup>79</sup>

For a brief period of time the Compromise of 1850 stilled the disquiet of the country. But it was only an artificial sleep. Jones had expressed his belief that these measures would settle the slavery question until another addition of territory was acquired. He was mistaken. The unorganized land west of the Missouri was destined to prove as great a bone of contention as a new acquisition would have been. In December, 1853, Senator Dodge of

Iowa introduced a bill which in practically the same form had passed the House during the preceding session. It provided for the organization of Nebraska as a Territory with no reference to the question of slavery. The bill was referred to the Committee on Territories, of which Douglas was the chairman and of which Jones was a member. Here it underwent a transformation and came out of the committee in January a Douglas product. It provided for the establishment of the two Territorial governments of Kansas and Nebraska and left the people to determine for themselves, upon their admission to the Union, whether they should come in as free or as slave States. A further amendment was added which definitely repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

It was this bill that was to overturn the pacification measures of 1850 and hasten the inevitable conflict. Both Senator Jones and Senator Dodge favored the measure and cast their votes for its final passage. For Senator Dodge the vote had momentous results. The State of Iowa underwent a marked political change in 1854. Opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska measure became the breath of life in a new organization that rose from the Free Soil party and the decadent party of the Whigs. This new force elected James W. Grimes Governor of Iowa and in the winter of 1854 to 1855

chose James Harlan to succeed Augustus Caesar Dodge in the United States Senate. It was the beginning of the Republican party in Iowa, and Jones represented for the rest of his term not the majority of his constituents but the old line Democracy whose one time strength prevented it from now realizing its failing influence.

Jones had never lost sight of the desire of his constituents for aid in the construction of railroads. He had labored session after session to secure from Congress a grant of land to the State of Iowa for railroad construction. In the spring of 1856 he was at last successful. Twice he had with the assistance of Dodge brought a similar bill to a favorable vote in the Senate only to have it fail in the House. Now the bill passed the House of Representatives first, and on May 8, 1856, was reported to the Senate. It no longer provided for a line from Dubuque to Keokuk, but proposed four east and west routes connecting the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers and beginning at four points on the Mississippi which offered continuous connection with the East. These points were Dubuque, Lyons, Davenport, and Burlington. Jones foresaw that the bill, if referred to the Committee on Public Lands, would encounter at least amendments which would necessitate its return to the House, and he fought stubbornly against

its reference and in favor of immediate action. It was an unusual proceeding, but he brought it to pass and secured a favorable vote in the Senate upon May 9th, the day after the bill had been received from the House.<sup>80</sup>

The success of a bill granting land after so many disappointments brought much joy to the people of Iowa, and Jones received the well merited gratitude of his constituents. This gratitude was not universal, however, for Keokuk did not participate in the benefits of the grant and felt more or less sorely grieved.<sup>81</sup>

The political reversal that met Dodge at the hands of the General Assembly of Iowa in 1854-1855 only awaited the expiration of a six year term of office to overtake Senator Jones. On March 4, 1859, his term was to end, and since the General Assembly of Iowa met only in biennial sessions the election of his successor was slated for the session of 1857-1858.

Jones naturally wished for reëlection. And if the political sky held signs of gloomy portent for the Iowa Democracy, yet he desired at least the nomination of the party which he had served so many years. So he busied himself with all the arts of politics which he knew in the months that preceded the meeting of the General Assembly. There was, however, a man in his own town who had not forgotten the past. Thomas S. Wilson also wished to be Senator and it was

not long before the town of Dubuque became a scene of unwonted controversy in which men arrayed themselves on one side or the other as Montagues and Capulets and waged unceasing dispute for Jones and for Wilson. It became more or less of a personal fight and continued long after it had become ludicrous to the rest of the State.<sup>82</sup> The Republican party had a very evident majority in the legislature and the end of Democratic Senatorship was a foregone conclusion. Furthermore, Jones did not have behind him the harmonious support of even the Democrats. Indeed, as the Kansas imbroglio became the all absorbing topic, the lack of unity in the Democratic ranks became increasingly evident.

After the Kansas-Nebraska Bill came its legitimate sequel. In Kansas was enacted a scene of strife and bloodshed in the efforts of the slave and free forces to control the making of a constitution. And out of that contention there came back to Congress in December of 1857 the Lecompton Constitution. It was an instrument drawn up by a pro-slavery convention which dared not give it a fair chance for ratification by the people of the Territory, because it was apparent to all that the Free State men were greatly in the majority and would without question reject it. A form of submission to the people was carefully framed on the principle of

“heads I win, tails you lose”, which so insulted the Free State men that they refused to participate in the vote.

When Jones went down to Washington he found his long time friend President Buchanan fully committed to the South, and heard in his message to Congress urgent recommendations for the admission of Kansas with the Leecompton Constitution. Buchanan had blundered. With him were the Southern Democrats, but he had split the ranks of the Democrats of the North. Douglas, unable to witness such a perversion of his theory of squatter sovereignty, took a bold stand against the proposition, and carried three Democratic Senators with him in direct opposition to the administration. In the House the defection from President Buchanan showed itself even more markedly.

Jones aligned himself with the Democrats who supported Buchanan. He well knew the political make-up of the General Assembly of Iowa. He knew that the majority of the voters of the State were against him. But he had chosen his course and he would not recant. Nor did he evade. He had fast friends among the Southerners, and his early environments made him fundamentally in sympathy with them. He probably believed in the ultimate triumph of the old time Democracy. Like many another he realized but dimly the strength and inherently

permanent foundations of the party which had been forcing his friend Dodge and himself from the political stage.

That party had easy control of the General Assembly of Iowa, and in caucus on January 25, 1858, its members nominated for United States Senator the man who had as leader of the new organization been made Governor four years before — James W. Grimes. The Democratic caucus held on the same day selected Benjamin M. Samuels as the opposing candidate. An informal ballot showed nineteen votes for Samuels, thirteen for Jones, six for Thomas S. Wilson, and two scattering. A formal ballot which followed gave Samuels twenty-eight votes and Jones ten. It is possible that the open stand taken by Jones in favor of the Lecompton Constitution had its influence in his rejection by the Democracy of his State. On the next day in joint session the legislature chose James W. Grimes to succeed Jones as United States Senator.

A few days before the election the General Assembly of Iowa expressed its condemnation of the Lecompton Constitution with no uncertain terms. A joint resolution was passed instructing the two Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to oppose the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution and condemning the President and

others in authority who had advised or consented to such admission. The resolution included a clause requesting that the Senators from Iowa resign "unless they can support the foregoing resolves, and vote as therein indicated."<sup>83</sup>

On February 4th Jones presented these resolutions and asked that they be read and printed. He then informed the Senate that he had presented the resolutions as a matter of respect to his State, and not because he had the remotest idea of obeying their instructions. He asserted that the people of Iowa had not the question of the admission of Kansas before them when they chose the present legislature and that the vote on the resolutions had been a strict party vote, the Republicans voting for and the Democrats to a man against the instructions. He was convinced that when they came to understand the question as he did they would not refuse to admit the State as proposed. He believed that the people of Kansas had had opportunities of expressing themselves at the ballot box and had refused to do so. His own mind was irrevocably made up to vote for admission and sustain the administration as far as he was able. He favored pairing off Kansas and Minnesota as Iowa and Florida had been paired years before in an effort to preserve the balance of States.<sup>84</sup>

The President's recommendation in regard to Kansas was referred to the Committee on Territories of which Douglas was chairman and of which Jones was a member. On February 18, 1858, two weeks after Jones had expressed his views of the instructions from the Iowa legislature, the committee reported through Senator Green of Missouri a bill for the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution. Four members of the committee were behind the majority report, Jones of Iowa and the Senators from three slave States — Green of Missouri, Sebastian of Arkansas, and Fitzpatrick of Alabama. Douglas presented a minority report embodying his opposition to the measure; while a second minority report was signed by Senators Wade of Ohio and Collamer of Vermont.<sup>85</sup>

Douglas stubbornly fought the bill, but it passed the Senate on March 23d, Jones recording himself consistently in its favor. In the House, where the numerical opposition was stronger, an amendment was added providing for submission of the Constitution in a proper manner to the vote of the people of Kansas. The Senate disagreed to the amendment, and a conference committee finally proposed a compromise which passed both houses and was approved by the President. This adjustment made a grant of land to Kansas with the provision that if she accepted the grant the State

should be at once admitted under the Lecompton Constitution. If the grant was not accepted, Kansas was to remain a Territory until its population reached the number necessary for a Representative in Congress. When this proposition — an undisguised bribe — was presented to the people of Kansas they rejected it with a ten-to-one vote and preserved their honor and their Territorial status.

It was in this year, 1858, that the famous campaign between Lincoln and Douglas took place. Jones openly opposed Douglas. He was influenced, no doubt, by both political and personal reasons. The stand which Douglas had taken against the Buchanan administration alienated him from the old line Democrats, and the dispute over the amendment offered by Jones to the Illinois Central Railroad bill made a wide breach between the two men.

The inhabitants of Galena appear not to have forgotten the neglect of their town and it was without doubt to pacify these constituents that a letter was published in the *Galena Courier* from Stephen A. Douglas, in which he explained his action in allowing the amendment to pass changing the terminus from Galena to Dubuque. He had endeavored to dissuade Jones from presenting the amendment, he said, but the Iowa Senators were immovable and insisted upon defeating the bill unless the terminus was

changed. Rather than lose the bill he had consented to the amendment.

This letter was printed in the issue of November 2, 1858. The reply of Jones was immediate and direct. On November 9th he wrote to Douglas a letter long and scathing. He denied the statements of the "Little Giant" as to his threatening to defeat the bill and remarked in his closing paragraph: "This, sir, is the third time that you have made '*infamously false*' accusations against me, and that I have been compelled to fasten the lie upon you." He mailed the letter to Douglas, and in order to make certain that it would not be overlooked he sent copies of it to the newspapers for publication. Less outspoken words than these had oft times been the cause of duels, and many were they who looked for a challenge from Douglas. But the expected reply was not forthcoming, and so the incident closed without further ado.<sup>86</sup>

The short session of 1858-1859 was the last in which Jones sat as Senator from Iowa. With the fourth of March came the close of his Congressional career. When Senator Dodge had been shelved by the legislature of his State, President Pierce had sent him to Spain as Minister from the United States. And now when the fortunes of politics swept Jones in his turn out of office President Buchanan proffered him

the office of Minister at Bogotá, capital of the republic of New Granada — now the United States of Colombia. The offer was made to Jones before he left Washington, and was declined. But after reaching his home at Dubuque he reconsidered his answer and accepted the post.

## IV

### LATER YEARS

SANTA FÉ DE BOGOTÁ was the name given in the old Spanish régime to the town to which Jones now turned his way. It was a quaint old town and the way thither led one along interesting trails. It was early summer when the new Minister, accompanied by his son Charles as Secretary, left the United States for South America.

They landed at Carthagena, the old coast fortress whose walls date back to the time of the Inquisition. From there they crossed over to the Magdalena River and began its ascent by steamer to the high lands of the interior. Low and swampy country bordered the old Spanish Main, but in their long river journey they found uplands taking the place of marshes and the native Indian supplanting the dawdling negro.

At length they reached Honda where they turned from the river to the mule trail over the mountains. It was a ride of several days. Up over the ridges of three spurs of the Andean mountains they climbed, and descended again into as many valleys before they made the final ascent to the edge of the broad plateau upon

which rested the capital of New Granada. Nearly two miles in the air and hundreds of miles from anywhere was the town of Bogotá — a town of pleasant manners and turbulent history.<sup>87</sup>

Jones found the place to his liking and the post found him not without qualifications. He was a Catholic among a Catholic people. He spoke French fluently and found it understood. He had in his disposition and manners much that was akin to the characteristics of the Romance people; and with the courteous and cultivated inhabitants of the plateau of Bogotá he formed strong friendships.

He came upon the country when it was undergoing a revolution. General Ospina, leader of the conservatives, held the capital city; but Mosquera — once a conservative himself but toned down into a moderate by the compelling force of politics — was advancing with his army, and during the ministry of Jones captured the city of Bogotá and formed a new government, federal in form, under the title of “The United States of Colombia”.<sup>88</sup>

With both conqueror and conquered Jones made friends — if we may follow his own record of events — and it is safe to say that he served well the interests of the country which sent him, for he was able and had always shown himself diligent in the performance of duties. For more

than two years he held the position at Bogotá. Then the administration at Washington changed, and President Lincoln appointed Allen A. Burton of Kentucky in his place.

Through the late summer and fall of 1861, Jones anxiously awaited the arrival of his successor, whom he daily expected. He knew by this time that civil war had come upon his land and that his two sons had joined the Confederate army, and so he was desirous of getting home to the remnant of his family at Dubuque. It was in early November that Burton reached Bogotá and, bidding farewell to the city on the heights, Jones set out for his own disordered country. Early December found him at Washington, where he reported to Secretary Seward and spent a fortnight among the scenes he had known so well. The story of these days and of the events which followed is dramatically told by Jones himself.<sup>89</sup>

Taking a friendly leave of Seward he went down to New York a few days before Christmas only to be met with arrest upon the authority of a telegram from the Secretary of State from whom he had so recently parted. The same day he was taken under guard to Fort Lafayette. It was one of a large number of arrests made by the administration for the prevention of treasonable negotiations. In the case of George W. Jones, the immediate cause of his

apprehension was the discovery of letters among his effects containing what the authorities judged to be treasonable utterances. One of these was a letter to Jefferson Davis.<sup>90</sup> Another was written to Isaac E. Morse of Louisiana.<sup>91</sup>

Some weeks later these letters were published in the newspapers of the State of Iowa, accompanied in most cases by the condemnation of the editors even of the Democratic organs. It appears, however, that D. A. Mahoney of the *Dubuque Herald*, though his attitude toward Jones in the past had been anything but friendly,<sup>92</sup> made some effort to defend him. Within a year Mahoney himself entered the doors of the Federal jail charged with treasonable machinations.

The letter from Jones to Davis was dated May 17, 1861. It was written before he knew of the firing on Fort Sumter and of the existence of civil war. A long letter it was and full of intimate expression of opinion. To a certain extent he reviewed his whole public life, commented at length upon the reasons for his having favored Lincoln in preference to Douglas in 1858, and remarked that he had hoped Lincoln would proclaim his total dissent from the "mad schemes of his Abolition supporters".

The whole letter was an arraignment of abolitionism which he looked upon as the cause of all

the present difficulties and the only obstacle to compromise and a preserved union — with the possible exception of the (to his mind) unprincipled demagogue Stephen A. Douglas. Then he proceeded to write of more personal matters as follows :

My latest dates are to the 22<sup>d</sup> of February, and I tremble at the thought of receiving other dispatches, &c., lest they shall announce the existence of civil war. My prayers are regularly offered up for the reunion of the States and for the peace, concord and happiness of my country. But let what may come to pass, you may rely upon it, as you say, that neither I nor mine will ever be found in the ranks of our (your) enemies. May God Almighty avert civil war, but if unhappily it shall come, you may (I think without doubt,) count on me and mine, and hosts of other friends standing shoulder to shoulder in the ranks with you and other Southern friends and relatives whose rights, like my own, have been disregarded by the Abolitionists. I love Iowa and Wisconsin for the honors conferred by them on me, and because I always served them faithfully, but I will not make war with them against the South whose rights they shamefully neglected. Nor will I ever sanction any effort to coerce the South to submit to the North in reference to a question (Slavery) with which the North has no right to interfere and that too in a palpable violation of the Constitution of my country — the treaty with France — the law of God himself and every principle of justice, reason, and the experience of the world . . . . May God bless

you, your family and your own Sunny South, which [I] will still hope and pray shall be re-united to the cold North.

He concluded the letter with the remark that “the dissolution of the Union will probably be the cause of my own ruin as well as that of my country, and may cause me and mine to go South.”<sup>93</sup> This last statement probably refers to an intention — which he expressed upon the occasion of a visit to his brother in Texas in 1857 — of making a home in the Lone Star State. The letter to Morse was penned on August 1, 1861. By this time Jones knew the worst. He expresses himself as “exceedingly anxious to return home to my family — my sons having left them to come down South to fight for the maintainance of the Constitution, the laws, and the rights of the people of the South, as I intend to do if required to fight at all, and if it be possible for me to leave my family and my private affairs now almost in a ruined state in consequence of the crisis.— Great God, what a calamity civil war will be to my country!”<sup>94</sup>

On the basis of these letters Jones was arrested. For two months he was held at Fort Lafayette. Then came release upon an order of the Secretary of War, dated February 14, 1862. On the 22nd of the same month Jones walked out of prison after giving his parole engaging to render no aid or comfort to enemies in hos-

tility to the United States.<sup>95</sup> In Iowa he found a vast amount of execration in store for him. A year and a half before — in the fall of 1860 — he had come up to the States for a brief visit, and upon his approach to his home town the Mayor of Dubuque headed a procession which crossed the river, met him at Dunleith, and escorted him in triumph through the streets of Dubuque to his residence.<sup>96</sup> But now he found little favor in a State which had grown fast and strong in abolition sentiments. Perhaps the least of his detractors was D. A. Mahoney of the *Herald*. The publication of the letters brought still more widespread condemnation upon his head.

In July it appears that Jones wrote to Mahoney a long letter in self defense, which appears in the columns of the *Herald*.<sup>97</sup> His contention was that his meaning had been misapprehended — that he had not meant that he would engage in a war against the North, but that he would do so against the Abolition Party alone. Furthermore, he had written another letter to Jefferson Davis which had also been intercepted but not published; and in this letter, he said, he had urged Davis to “remain in the Union and then I and my sons and the whole Democracy of the North will fight with you to sustain you in your rights, under the Constitution, to hold slaves and to reclaim them under

the Fugitive Slave Law when found in the North." He had been always, he contended, opposed to secession or any disruption of the Union and in favor of a peaceable adjustment of difficulties "by amendment of the laws or the Constitution, by compromise or concession; anything rather than civil war." His every word, act and vote in Congress and as Minister in Bogotá had proven, he thought, that he believed the Union could remain part slave and part free and that the conflict was not an irrepressible one.

Such was, in the main, the defense of Jones. With the people of the State at large it had little effect. They cared not for discriminations. In their eyes, particularly if they were of the Republican majority, he was worse than a Southern rebel inasmuch as he did not have the slavery environments and the allegiance to a slave State to impel him in that direction. Many another Democrat came into like disrepute, though the great majority of those who held similar views were more guarded in their expression and thus avoided such public denunciation.

It is not difficult, with the foregoing facts and letters, to construct a definite idea of the attitude of George W. Jones. Nor is it hard to trace the reasons for this attitude. He was born on free soil, it is true, at Vincennes, Indi-

ana. But the Territories of Indiana and Illinois, in which he spent the first years of his life, contained hundreds of slaves, and the friends of the system were putting forth strenuous efforts to make slavery legal and permanent. Among the most able and most prominent of those pro-slavery men who so nearly made black bondage secure north of the Ohio River was his father, John Rice Jones.<sup>98</sup>

Then for a score of years Jones lived in the Territory and State of Missouri. In a slave-holding family and among slave-holding neighbors he was a part of the great South and felt as they did about their peculiar institution. He was schooled in St. Louis and in Lexington, Kentucky, and at the latter place bound himself with affectionate ties to Jefferson Davis and a dozen other men of Southern birth and antecedents. Each year made him more a Southerner until he moved to the lead mines of the north.

By this time the trend of his life was largely established. He took with him slaves and kept them for many years.<sup>99</sup> On this northwestern frontier he saw more of Jefferson Davis and found a large number of the miners claiming their origin from the States below the Ohio and Missouri. When he went to Congress as Delegate his most intimate friend at Washington was his boyhood doctor, Lewis F. Linn of Missouri. He moved to Iowa and became United States

Senator together with another one time Missourian. As the years came and went the warp of his youth stayed with him. The State of Iowa, peopled at first so largely from the South, underwent a change. But Jones did not change and so the State passed him by and discarded him. With Southern tenacity he clung to the principles of his early days and the party of his early devotion until his party became a pathetic fragment of disrupted hopes and his principles made him a Pariah among his fellows.

His public life was over at fifty-seven. In the town of his adoption on the west shore of the Mississippi he settled down to a quiet life of retirement that lasted until he died thirty-five years later. The Civil War passed, and gradually with the slow healing of years ancient friendships revived. He grew into an old age full of happy associations and mellowed by tributes of respect from the State he once had served. He was called upon now and then to make public speeches and addresses. Occasionally he wandered back to Washington and mingled with the generation of law-makers that had followed him at the capital. Twice at least he visited the South — once to see his old friend Jefferson Davis and again, in 1889, to help bury him.

In 1892 an act passed Congress granting him a pension of twenty dollars a month for his

services as drummer boy in the War of 1812 and as aid to Dodge in the Black Hawk War.<sup>100</sup> It must have been received with peculiar feelings by him who had for ten years acted as Chairman of the Committee on Pensions in the United States Senate and passed upon thousands of similar cases.

And so as he moved on toward his closing years he came to be a patriarch in the State. White-haired and full of years, he had outlived his generation. He linked the present with the days of the State's infancy. In this same year, 1892, he gave an address before the annual meeting of the Pioneer Law-Makers Association at Des Moines.<sup>101</sup> A year later he was again in Des Moines, and Charles Aldrich, receiving a visit from him, wrote that "he is still in the enjoyment of excellent health, and is as fastidious regarding the polish of his boots, the twist in his mustache, and the ringlets in his hair, as deferential in his treatment of ladies, as kind to little children, as breezy and full of good-fellowship when meeting old friends, as when the writer saw him gliding about the floor of the U. S. Senate in 1852, and throwing salutations to the beauties in the gallery."<sup>102</sup>

His ninetieth birthday approached. In March, 1894, Governor Jackson sent to the General Assembly of Iowa a special message.<sup>103</sup> He briefly reviewed the services of George W.

Jones to the Territory and State, commented on the fact that the twelfth of April marked the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Jones, and urged that as an appropriate recognition of this eminent citizen an invitation be extended to him to visit the capital of the State and that a reception be tendered to him by the General Assembly in joint convention. The suggestion was acted upon by the two houses; and as the session was soon to close the fourth of April was selected as the date for the occasion.

The invitation pleased not only Jones but the citizens of Dubuque as well. At a meeting in that city they drew up and adopted resolutions of gratitude and appreciation which contained these words:

Resolved, That during the sixty-four years ex-Minister and ex-Senator Jones has been a resident of Dubuque and of Sinsinawa Mound near by, he has, as our most earnest and active friend, done herculean work to advance and promote our general prosperity, and merits our lasting gratitude and friendship, and as the organizer of Iowa Territory and the godfather of the great State of Iowa and his life-long devotion to her best interests, he is deserving of the high compliment about to be paid him, and the citizens of Dubuque will heartily co-operate to make the day memorable not only to the city of Dubuque, but in the annals of Iowa.

*Resolved*, That his fidelity to Iowa and to her best interests, and his unswerving faithfulness to his

friends, combined with his pure and unsullied private character, has justly endeared General Jones to our citizens here amongst whom he has resided two thirds of a century.<sup>104</sup>

On the afternoon of the fourth of April, two days before the session was adjourned, the two houses of the General Assembly of Iowa met in joint convention to receive Jones. Addresses of welcome were given by the presiding officers, after which Jones addressed the Assembly.<sup>105</sup> This action coming from the representatives of the State was fitting and deserved. Jones, in spite of his mistakes, had wrought much good to Iowa during his long term of service, and it is a matter of rejoicing that the recognition came not too late.

It is safe to say that the last years of the life of George W. Jones were happy. He was able in body and clear in mind. He enjoyed as do few men the exchange of greetings with mankind, old and young, and long and familiar conversations with congenial souls. Many were the homes in the town of Dubuque where friends loved well to have the gallant old man with white beard and curly hair come in for a reminiscent chat.

Jones had known many public men and had known them intimately. He had had a part in many public events and he was a vivid storyteller. As he saw approaching the inevitable

secession of his soul from his body he began to put his recollections into permanent form. Though his memory often played him false, the tale that he thus tells is an enlightening record of events in the life of an interesting public character.

He had lived beyond his ninety-second birthday when, on July 22, 1896, with less than four years left of the century he so nearly spanned, he died at his home in Dubuque, Iowa.



PART II  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY



# I

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE WALLACE JONES

I WAS born at Vincennes, Indiana, on the 12th day of April, at half past ten o'clock in the morning, 1804. My father, John Rice Jones, was born at Mallwydd, Merionethshire, North Wales, on the 11th day of February, 1759. My mother, Mary Barger, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1767. My father had married a Miss Eliza Powell at Brecon in Brecknockshire, Wales, before coming to the United States, by whom he had two children, Rice and Maria. After coming to the United States his first wife died and he married Miss Mary Barger, by whom he had eight children, viz: John, Eliza, Augustus, Harriet, Myers Fisher, George Wallace, Nancy and William Powell.

John Rice Jones, my father, was a man of great learning, a distinguished soldier, and thoroughly democratic in his conception of governmental concerns. He received a finished education in England in the classics, in law, and in medicine, and was an accomplished linguist and mathematician. He practised law in London, Great Britain, for a short time. He came to America in 1784 and settled in Philadelphia,

where he became the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, the eminent philosopher and Minister to France, and of Myers Fisher, the celebrated barrister of Philadelphia. He was also the friend of Henry Clay, John Rowan, Judge Jesse Bledsoe, and Major William T. Barry, Post Master General of the United States under President Jackson in 1829 and also Minister of Spain.

He early manifested a longing for the Western country, and upon the advice of Franklin and others located in Louisville, Kentucky, where he took up the practice of law. He at once interested himself in military affairs and associated himself, as Commissary General, with Gen. George Rogers Clark's army, which was organized under authority of the Governor of Virginia to subdue the Indians in the North-western Territory.

This war brought him to Vincennes, Indiana, and later to Kaskaskia, Illinois. After the war was over he resumed the practice of law at Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and St. Louis, traveling between those distant posts on horseback, and camping frequently with his brother lawyers.

At Vincennes he was the intimate friend of Gen. William Henry Harrison, who, at the organization of Indiana Territory, was appointed the Governor. Gen. Harrison was elected President of the United States in 1840, and was

the grandfather of the present ex-president Benjamin Harrison. I was at that time three or four years old, and remember that Gen. William Henry Harrison often danced me on his foot.<sup>106</sup>

While my father lived in Indiana, Congress was petitioned to divide the Territory of Indiana and establish that of Illinois. Jesse B. Thomas became an aspirant for Delegate, pledging himself to secure the division of Indiana Territory and establish the Territory of Illinois. He was required, however, before they would elect him as Delegate, *to give bond and security* that he would procure the organization of the Territory of Illinois, if possible. My father drew that bond, and when Thomas appeared in the House of Representatives to take the oath as Delegate, some one in the gallery, who knew of his having had to give the bond, called out twice: "Where is the bond?"<sup>107</sup>

In 1807-1808 my father removed with his family to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri,<sup>108</sup> and practised law there; he also practised law at Mine à Breton, now Potosi, and at St. Louis, Missouri. In the fall of 1814 he removed from Ste. Genevieve to New Diggings within two and one-half miles of Potosi, to which latter place he subsequently removed, and where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. He died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. John Scott, on

Third Street, St. Louis, February 1, 1824, during the session of the Supreme Court. At the time of his death he was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of Missouri and drew the first draft of its Constitution. His long and useful career has become a definite portion of the recorded pages of the history of Missouri. He was a competitor of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton at the first election of United States Senators, and was a warm friend and supporter of Col. Benton up to the day of his death. There were no politics in Missouri in those days, hence he and Benton were warm friends whilst both were made by their mutual friends candidates for the Senate of the United States. My father served with distinction in the Indian wars whilst a resident of Vincennes, for which he received, under act of Congress, certain lands.<sup>109</sup>

When my half-brother Rice Jones was old enough, his father sent him to Lexington, Kentucky, to attend the Law School there, where he became the intimate young friend of Henry Clay, Major William T. Barry, Col. Richard M. Johnson (of Tippecanoe battle memory and who afterwards became a member of Congress and Vice President of the United States) and the Hon. John J. Crittenden, Senator in Congress from Kentucky. Rice Jones graduated

from the Law School of Transylvania University. He was a man of great culture and learning. When I was a Delegate from Michigan Territory, Col. Johnson told me that he believed "Rice Jones was the smartest and wisest man he had ever known." After graduating from the Law School he returned to Kaskaskia, where he practised law and medicine. He was an able writer, and through some of his articles in local newspapers gave offense to Bond, who afterwards became Governor of Illinois and who challenged him to fight a duel. They prepared to fight, but after reaching the field the matter was adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Bond but to the *dissatisfaction* of Dr. Dunlap, who was the warm friend of Bond and the personal enemy of my brother, Rice Jones. A few weeks after the proposed duel, Dr. Dunlap saw Rice Jones pass along the streets in Kaskaskia and exclaimed "There goes Rice Jones now!" He hitched his horse to a post and drawing a pistol from his belt shot my brother through the body. A friend saw Rice fall, ran up to him and asked "What has happened?" He replied, "Dr. Dunlap has murdered me!" and expired in a few seconds. Dr. Dunlap mounted his horse, made his escape, and has never been since heard from, although my uncle, William Shannon, then considered a wealthy man, offered a reward of Five Thou-

sand Dollars (which was considered a large sum at that time) for his apprehension. The belief is that he escaped to Mexico, or what is now the State of Texas.

John Rice Jones' oldest daughter by his second marriage was married to Hon. Andrew Scott, at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, November 5, 1811, who removed to New Diggings, Missouri. He was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Arkansas, into which Territory he removed and organized the territorial government himself at the post of Arkansas in 1819, rearing a large family of children — his eldest son, Hon. John Rice Homer Scott, being still a resident of the State and highly honored by his fellow citizens. John Rice Homer Scott's oldest son, Dr. Andrew Scott, is now a citizen of Little Rock, Arkansas, standing high in his profession as a physician. His third son, George Scull Crittenden Scott, is an honored merchant of McGregor, Iowa. Their brother, Henry Clay Scott, is a respected citizen of Austin, Illinois. Two of their sisters married — Eliza, to the Hon. Benjamin H. Campbell, who had a large family of children and grand children, and was himself United States Marshal for Illinois; and the second sister, Elizabeth, who married Hon. J. Russell Jones, also United States Marshal, and all residents of Chicago.

John Rice Jones' second daughter, Harriet,

married Thomas Brady, a wealthy, influential merchant of St. Louis, Missouri, and a native of the City of Cork, Ireland. He died in St. Louis in 1820, leaving twin sons (one of whom later died) and three daughters. The widow of Mr. Brady (Harriet) married, in 1824, Hon. John Scott, an older brother of Andrew, by whom she had several children — one the wife of Samuel M. Wilson, the leading attorney at the bar in San Francisco, California, who died a few years ago; another, George Dodge Scott, is a merchant residing at Dubuque, Iowa.

John and Myers F., sons of John Rice Jones, removed to the Republic of Texas, where they occupied positions of high honor and trust. Augustus removed to Texas in 1851, after it became a member of the Union. The oldest son, John, who added "Rice" to his name after removing to Texas, because of the great number of his name there, was twice made Post Master General of the Republic, and was considered the ablest officer in his cabinet by President Sam Houston, afterwards the friend and brother United States Senator in Congress of George W. Jones, the subject of this sketch. The three brothers left large numbers of highly respected children to do honor to their parents and grandparents.

At the age of six years, I removed with my parents to Kaskaskia, Illinois, then to Ste. Gen-

evieve, and later to Potosi, Missouri.<sup>110</sup> At Ste. Genevieve I went to the village school, my preceptor being the Hon. Mann Butler, the author of the history of Kentucky, who later became the professor of mathematics in Transylvania University, where I was graduated on July 13, 1825. At Ste. Genevieve I was the drummer boy of the company of volunteers commanded by Capt. William Linn, the younger brother of the late Lewis F. Linn, the model Senator of Missouri, who was my devoted friend whilst I was a Delegate in Congress from Michigan and Wisconsin Territories, and from my infancy. This was in the War of 1812.

In 1821 I was sent from St. Louis, where I had been at the Catholic College, under Bishop Du Bourg, to Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, under the charge of my father's old and esteemed friend, Governor Ninian Edwards (then a Senator in Congress from Illinois), riding on horseback from St. Louis to Lexington. At Frankfort, at the house of Francis P. Blair, afterwards editor of the *Congressional Globe* with John C. Rives, I was introduced by Governor Edwards to Hon. Henry Clay and Major William T. Barry, the former then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, and the latter Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky and ex-officio President of the Senate of the State. I had letters of intro-

duction to Messrs. Clay and Barry, whose ward I was to be while in college. I also bore a letter of introduction to Alexander Parker, a rich old merchant at Lexington, the father-in-law of the eldest brother of Hon. John J. Crittenden. With three such distinguished Lexingtonians as solicitous patrons, I could not have entered college under more favorable auspices, for I soon became very intimate with their families and large circle of friends. It was at that time and place that I made the acquaintance of Jefferson Davis, who was considered the best looking as he was the most intelligent and best beloved student in the University. I formed a warm friendship with him which has known no interruption.

I also made the acquaintance of David R. Atchison, Solomon W. Downs, Edward A. Hannegan, Jesse D. Bright, Owen Glendower Cates, Governor Morehead, Hon. John W. Tibbatts, Belvard J. Peters, and others, who, after being my college mates, became my colleagues in Congress and firm friends.<sup>111</sup> I believe I am now "the last of the Mohicans", excepting, perhaps, the aforesaid Belvard J. Peters, one of my fellow graduates who is still practising law, having been Justice of the Supreme Court, at Mount Sterling, Kentucky. Among others of my college mates were Gen. Gustavus A. Henry (afterwards General of the Confederate Army

and styled the "Eagle Orator", because of his great eloquence), Thomas Jefferson Jennings, Hon. Landaff W. Andrews and his three brothers (Landaff W. afterwards becoming my brother member of Congress) and Hon. John M. Bass of Nashville, Tennessee, who married a daughter of Hon. Felix Grundy, Attorney General under Martin Van Buren, at Nashville, Tennessee — married on the 7th of January, same day of my marriage, by agreement.

At Lexington, in 1823, for the sake of exercise, I became a member of the Cavalry Company of Captain Prindle.

In November of that year, Gen. Andrew Jackson passed through Kentucky and Lexington, from the Hermitage in Tennessee, on his way to take his seat in the United States Senate. I had the honor of being appointed Sergeant of the body-guard of the old hero as he was escorted through the State by thousands of admiring citizens. In the May following I occupied a like enviable position to the Marquis de Lafayette, the revolutionary friend of Washington, "the Father of his country", as the distinguished hero also passed through Kentucky on his celebrated visit to the United States, whose independence he aided so materially to acquire.

I was graduated at Transylvania on the 13th of July, 1825, in a class of fifty-two young gentlemen, when that institution was at its best,

under the presidency of Rev. Horace Holley, one of the most distinguished educators of the day.

After graduating I came to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, and entered the law office of my brother-in-law, the Hon. John Scott, who had been some fifteen years in Congress from the Territory and State of Missouri.<sup>112</sup> The firm name was Scott and Allen (Beverly). In a few months afterwards I became a terrible sufferer from headache, dyspepsia, and intermittent fever, and was often very ill, although under the care of Dr. Linn<sup>113</sup> who was considered the most able physician in the whole country, even at Washington City, where there were so many of that learned profession. After a long and very severe illness, Dr. Linn came into my sick room and earnestly advised me to give up, at least for a time, the confinement of the law office and resort to open air exercise and hard work as the only means of restoring my health. He urged me to go to the Fever River lead mines and engage in mining and smelting, of which I had acquired considerable knowledge at Potosi, Missouri, where my father had owned extensive lead mines and lead furnaces. He said: "Buy yourself a French pony, hire some of these creoles here, ride out five or ten miles a day, sleep on a hard bed, give up high living — trying corn bread and rough fare as the only

means of restoring your health." He added: "It has taken all my skill and the kind and gentle nursing of your sister, Mrs. Scott, and Aunt Shannon to save your life for the last eighteen months." He also said: "If you do not take my advice you will never get Josephine for your wife." This decided me and I left Ste. Genevieve the next day for the Fever River lead mines, which were located in Michigan Territory, now the State of Wisconsin.

It was in the Spring of 1827 that I came to that section of the country, "squatted" upon Sinsinawa Mound in Grant County, now in the State of Wisconsin, taking up 1001 acres. I returned to Ste. Genevieve to hire my Frenchmen and get my outfit. I was soon again prostrated by a severe fever, from which I did not recover for several months, and so had to defer my departure from Ste. Genevieve until the following Spring, when I bought a French pony, had 250 barrels of kiln-dried corn meal put up, hired ten or twelve men, and returned to the lead region to seek my health and fortune. On landing at Galena, I bought five yoke of oxen and a wagon, came out to Sinsinawa Mound, and slept on the ground under my wagon. The next morning at daylight I put the men to chopping down trees; and in two days thereafter I slept in the log cabin that I had built and completed in that time. I carried up two corners

of the house myself — the first manual labor I had ever done. The cabin was 49 by 17 feet, having an entry of 15 by 17 feet. Each room had one door and one window only, which I also put in. The flooring was of planks which I had brought from Ste. Genevieve.

The next day I put my men to quarrying rock, and in a few days I had two good log furnaces built. I then set teamsters to hauling mineral from the Menominee and Fever River and other lead mines. I was soon turning out my 150 pigs of lead per day, and with the sale of goods which I bought at St. Louis I was as busy a man as could be found anywhere in those "diggings". I slept in my bunk, which I built in one corner of my log cabin; I ate with my hired men, one of them by turns being cook; my food was corn bread, coffee and tea, pickled salt pork and bacon, I having no milk and not a vegetable. I had my men up at daylight and they did not less than sixteen or seventeen hours of work per day; and better workers never came up to this frontier country. Every night between twelve and one o'clock, I would go down to my furnaces, some seventy or eighty yards off, to see that all things were going on properly. If I could not right matters, I would send my smelters down to do so. I had the best set of men that I have ever seen in my life, and with my smelting, mining and merchandising I was mak-

ing money rapidly and getting ready to go down to Ste. Genevieve to spend the winter and marry Josephine Grégoire — which I did on January 7th, 1829, on her 17th birthday.

One night about nine o'clock I heard a voice hallooing outside. I stepped out and could barely see two men on horseback. The near one said:

“Does Mr. Jones live here?”

I replied: “I am Mr. Jones.”

“Can we get to stay all night with you?”

“Yes”, I replied, “but you will have hard fare, for I have no bed. I can give you some buffalo robes and hobble your horses out, as my horse is. But where are you going?” I asked.

He replied: “To Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien.”

“Where are you from?”

“From Galena.”

“Why, sir, you are twelve miles off your road.”

He then asked: “Mr. Jones, did you ever go to college at Lexington, Kentucky?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Do you remember a college boy by the name of Jeff. Davis?”

“Yes, I shall never forget that dear boy.”

“Well”, he replied, “I am Jeff.”

I jumped out, hauled him from his horse, and said: “Dear Jeff! You shall come in and sleep in my bunk.”

He had not long before that graduated, in 1828, at West Point, and been assigned to his infantry regiment at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, and he had come on to see me, learning at Galena where I was. He was in search of deserters. He often came to visit me at my log cabin and smelting establishment at Sinsinawa Mound before and after my marriage.

When a law student in Mr. Scott's office, I became the deputy of Col. Joseph D. Grafton, who was Clerk of the Circuit Court of that County. In the absence of the Colonel, who was ill, I acted as his deputy when the famous John Smith T was tried for the murder of a Mr. Ball in the house of Mrs. John McArthur, the sister of the late Senator Lewis F. Linn, and half-sister of Gen. Henry Dodge. It was the ninth or tenth man that Smith had killed, and Mr. Scott was his sole defender and attorney. He was acquitted.

A short time thereafter the Clerk of the United States District Court, Col. Thomas Oliver, died, whereupon Hon. John Scott drew up a petition to the Hon. James H. Peck, the United States District Judge, residing at St. Louis, recommending Col. Joseph D. Grafton to fill the vacancy. The petition was signed by Scott and Allen, Gen. Henry Dodge, then a citizen of Ste. Genevieve County and the United States Marshal of the State, my uncle William

Shannon, President of the Bank, Dr. Linn, afterwards U. S. Senator, Judge Joseph Bogy, father of the late Hon. L. V. Bogy, United States Senator, Messrs. Kiel and Bisch, Charles Grégoire, Sr., (who became my father-in-law), and Jr., the Vallés, and nearly every man in Ste. Genevieve who could write his name. The petition was not shown to me, as I was quite young and had but a short time before become a citizen of the place, and I was not asked to sign it. A few days after the petition was sent off to the Hon. Judge Peck, I went to the Post Office, as usual, to get our mail. The Post Master, Mr. Amoureux, handed me a large envelope and letter addressed to "George W. Jones, Esq., Clerk of the United States Court, Ste. Genevieve, Missouri", with something like two or more dollars postage, the postage at that time being 25 cents for every piece of paper and 25 cents for every half ounce. I declined to receive the letter, saying: "I am no Clerk of the U. S. Court and I have no \$2.00 to throw away on another man's letter." The Postmaster said: "There is no other George W. Jones about here. Open the letter, and if it is not for you, I will give you back your money." I did so and read as follows:

My dear young Friend:

A petition written by your brother-in-law, recommending Col. Grafton for Clerk of my Court has been

sent to me, but as I recollect your courtesies to me when I attended your graduating exercises at Lexington, last July, where you acquitted yourself so creditably and where you so kindly had me elected as an honorary member of the Union Philosophical Society of which you were then a Secretary, it affords me great pleasure to tender you the appointment of Clerk of my Court, in the place of my old friend, Col. Oliver, recently deceased. The appointment will aid you in your study of the law and put money in your purse.

Your old and sincere friend,

JAMES H. PECK, Judge, etc.

I accepted the office and performed its duties until after my marriage. I continued in the mercantile, smelting and mining business at Sinsinawa Mound during my terms of this office.

As the expiration of the time for which I had hired my men at Ste. Genevieve approached, I determined to suspend business for the winter and return to that town. I hired some boat builders and had them build for me two flat-bottomed or broad-horned boats in which to take my lead down to St. Louis, the Mississippi River being then very low and there being no steamboats on which I could ship my lead. The water in the river that spring was higher by six or eight feet than I have ever seen it since, and in the summer and fall it became lower than I have ever known it to be. I also had a large skiff, or yawl, built at the same time and place,

immediately opposite to the city of Dubuque. The place for that reason was known as "Boat Yard Hollow" and it still bears that name.

I dissuaded my uncle, William Shannon, from buying a horse, as he was about to do, to ride to St. Louis, and induced him to accompany me in my skiff, or yawl, to St. Louis, as I had a good cook and ten good oarsmen to row us down the river. In a few days I had my flat boats loaded with my lead at Galena, and soon followed them with my skiff, French voyageurs, and uncle. When we got out of Fever River the wind was blowing and my uncle advised me to return. I did so; but after waiting awhile under the big willow trees the wind seemed to lull, and I ordered my men aboard and we put out again. But the wind at once arising higher than ever, the white caps flying over us, my uncle said: "See there, now, you will sink your boat, drown your men and lose all your lead." I replied: "Let us think of our Susan and our Josephine!" "D—— your Josephine and your Susan!" (Susan was his wife and my mother's sister.)

We reached St. Louis in a very few days, where I sold my boats and lead. Then I took a steamboat for Ste. Genevieve, drove up to my brother-in-law's house, kissed my sister, and her sweet little daughters, and declining a seat said I wanted to go to see Dr. and Mrs. Linn. Reaching their house, where I was received with

open arms, I again declined to take a chair, saying: "I want to go to see my Aunt Shannon." "Well, I'll go with you," said the dear Doctor, and so we left. At Aunt Shannon's I again refused a seat and said: "I want to see Josephine." The Doctor, my ever devoted friend, said: "I will go with you." And so he did.

On approaching Mr. Grégoire's house, I saw the sweet Josephine standing in the back door of the house, draped in deep mourning, as I had never seen her before, her mother having died in my absence. On entering the parlor I asked her oldest sister if I could see Josephine. "Not now, George. Come to-night and take tea with us. Josephine has undertaken to cook dinner for the first time in her life, in the absence of Antoinette and Louise (two negro women) who are at the creek washing." I knew where she was, and immediately put through the dining room to see her at the back door, which, however, she had left for the kitchen, some twenty steps off, in the door of which she was standing. I ran to the door like a deer, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her sweet lips, she blushing charmingly at the time. I said: "Josephine, you know how devotedly I have loved you, ever since I first met you, at Carmelite Bossier's birthnight ball! I'll come to-night, and for the first and last time, will ask you to be my wife." I returned to the parlor and said to Dr. Linn: "Let's go, Doctor."

I declined Miss Grégoire's invitation to tea; but immediately after supper at Mr. Scott's, I returned to Mr. Grégoire's and was met in the parlor by his lovely daughter. I repeated to her what I had said in the kitchen, and asked if she was willing to be my wife. She said: "Yes, if my father will give his consent." I again kissed her and after spending an hour or two longer with her I returned home. I had met Josephine at a ball, on the 29th of September, 1825, fell desperately in love with her, *eo instante*, and have loved her devotedly ever since, and never more than at this moment. The next morning after breakfast I called to see her again and to ask her father's consent to marry her. I had to speak in the French language, as was usual with him. Upon my broaching the subject of my call he said: "I have a high regard for you, George, but Josephine is too young to get married; she is not yet seventeen years old." I replied that I did not know her age myself, but that I had loved her ever since the first moment I had ever seen her and was anxious to make her my wife, having established myself in business at Sinsinawa Mound. He said: "Call again in the afternoon or evening and I will give an answer to your request." I thereupon returned to the parlor to see Miss Josephine. Mr. Grégoire immediately went to see Mr. Scott and my sister, who said to him that I had never spoken to

either of them on the subject, but that there was no young lady in the country whom they would sooner see me marry than Josephine, whose parents had always since her birth been their warm friends. After tea I again called upon Mr. Grégoire and in a very few days we had fixed the date for our marriage — January 7th, 1829.

I did not return to Sinsinawa Mound until the spring of 1831, when I resumed my farming and smelting operations.

I omitted to state, in its proper place, that the Fox Indians came over to Sinsinawa Mound in the summer of 1828 and brought with them pieces of mineral from the locality of the present city of Dubuque to “swap”, or exchange, for my store goods. I followed them and they took me down to the Mississippi River to what is now East Dubuque, where the landing has ever since been as at present. I found several canoes there, each having more or less mineral (lead ore) in them. The next day I came down with my ox-team and wagon for their ore, and I continued to do so until it was at length all removed. I then lashed two canoes together, forming a transport in which to cross my wagon and oxen to and from the other shore. I therefore made the first wagon tracks and the first ferry to Dubuque, if not to any part of the State of Iowa.

One day of that year, 1828, Mr. Thomas Jordan came to my furnace at Sinsinawa Mound and said he had been referred to me to give him information as to where he could locate to make a farm. I told him to follow my wagon tracks which would lead down to the Mississippi River, where there was a rich bottom of land and a good spring, and where I had lead stacked up for shipment to St. Louis. I told him that it was my claim but that I would give it to him if he would see to the shipping of my lead on steamboats, etc., when occasion should offer. He went down to the river, built himself a log house, and when the whites took possession of these Dubuque lead mines, in 1833, he established the first regular ferry here. In 1836 I bought back that farm and ferry from the widow and heirs of Thomas Jordan for fourteen thousand dollars. I sold about two-thirds of it to my old friend, Hon. Daniel Webster, at the rate of twenty thousand dollars.<sup>114</sup>

I had formed a warm friendship for Mr. Webster whilst I was a Delegate in Congress in 1835-6, and at his instance he furnished the money and I entered wild lands in partnership with him. I sold him my share in Madison City, Wisconsin, for about three thousand dollars.<sup>115</sup> I made some twenty thousand dollars in my land operations with him in about one year. He sold out to the Bank of the United States at

Philadelphia for fifty thousand dollars. Nicholas Biddle was the President of that bank. I afterwards became a brother United States Senator with Mr. Webster, and continued such until he resigned that position to become Secretary of State under Mr. Fillmore. On the day that he accepted the position he called me out of the Senate and said: "Mr. Fillmore has requested me to make up his cabinet and I have come to ask you (although we differ in politics) whom I should select from the Northwest." I replied: "It is a high compliment to me. My first choice would be, Henry S. Geyer of St. Louis; my second, Edward Bates; and my third, John Scott of St. Genevieve." "That will do", he said, "and I thank you." He left me and immediately sent a telegram tendering Mr. Geyer the appointment of Secretary of War, which Mr. Geyer as promptly declined. He then sent a dispatch to Edward Bates of St. Louis, who was absent at the Springs in Virginia for his health. But his son forwarded the dispatch to him and he went to Washington and entered Mr. Fillmore's cabinet.<sup>116</sup> Mr. Geyer declined the appointment as he desired to become a Senator from Missouri, and was elected to the place the next winter. Edward Bates became Attorney-General under President Lincoln, in March, 1861. Thus I had the distinguished honor of making one of the members of Mr. Fillmore's

cabinet, in July, 1849, being then the only Democratic Senator from Iowa.<sup>117</sup> Mr. Webster died owing me about Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000.), but he had been a good friend to me and I never pressed him for its payment.

About the 1st of June, 1836, as I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, I met that great statesman [Mr. Webster] whom I saluted.

In that slow, deliberate manner of his he said: "Good - morning, General George - W. - Jones, where - are - you - walking - so - rapidly - this - morning?"

I replied: "I am going to the Department to see to the business of my constituents."

"Can't - you - turn - around - and - walk - with - me - a - little - while - to - see - Mrs. Webster?"

"Oh, yes", I replied, "certainly, sir, with a great deal of pleasure."

He added: "I have some friends in Massachusetts who are making a great deal of money in this new Territory that you have induced Congress to establish, the name of which I forget."

"Wisconsin", I said.

"Oh, yes! that is it", he said. "If I can raise the money, on what terms would you go in with me to enter public lands in the land office, lay off town sites, and engage in other land speculations?"

I replied: "Any terms that are reasonable, Mr. Webster."

He asked: "Will it be fair for me to furnish the money and you make the locations and divide equally?"

"Oh yes", said I, "certainly." I would have been very glad to take twenty or thirty percent for my services. I returned home, and when I got back to Washington at the next session of Congress Mr. Webster's share of our speculations netted him about fifty thousand dollars, as he informed me, and myself about twenty thousand dollars. He had borrowed the money from the bank of the United States at Philadelphia through his old friend Nicholas Biddle. My friendship with John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Felix Grundy, and many other members of both houses of Congress, dated from the presentation of letters of introduction given me by my brother-in-law John Scott, who had been in Congress for eight years as Delegate and Representative from the Territory and State of Missouri, respectively.<sup>118</sup>

After Millard Fillmore became President of the United States, on the decease of my old and warm personal Black Hawk War friend, Zachary Taylor, the first time I met him (President Fillmore) he said to me: "As there is no Whig in Congress from Iowa, I want you to do me the favor to recommend to my cabinet, friends of

my administration and party to fill the office in your State." I was afterwards consulted by the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore, and I had many personal friends among the Whigs appointed to fill the various offices. Before he became President, General Dodge and I called (at my suggestion and in opposition to General Dodge) upon President Taylor and asked him what he intended to do with the Democrats in Iowa holding offices. He said: "I will be frank with you gentlemen. I shall remove every man who voted against me whilst holding office." I replied: "There is one gentleman, Mr. Caleb H. Booth, who succeeded me in the office of Surveyor General after your election." "That", he replied, "is a different case. Do you wish him to be retained in office, Colonel?" addressing me. "Yes, sir, I do, as he is well qualified in every way, except that he is a Democrat and voted for General Cass." The president said: "He shall not be removed if you wish him retained"; and he kept his word, voluntarily given me, and continued General Booth in office, although strenuous efforts were made to have him removed.<sup>119</sup> President Taylor knew me well during the Black Hawk War, when I was General Henry Dodge's aid-de-camp; and he died my warm friend.

The Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, who was Secretary of State under President Taylor,

was a very warm friend of mine and consulted me as to appointments and removals made in Iowa. He was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Senate whilst I was the Delegate in Congress from Michigan, and he gave me his potential influence in all my bills before the Senate. Hence I used my best efforts with Iowa legislators in having a county named for him and one for his State. For similar reasons, I had counties named for my devoted friends, Dr. Linn, General Jackson, James Buchanan, Thomas H. Benton, General Lewis Cass, Martin Van Buren, Robert E. Lee, and others.

When I went to Washington City as a Delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory, I was furnished with strong letters of introduction from my brother-in-law, the Hon. John Scott, to many of his old friends and Congressional associates with whom he had served for eight years.<sup>120</sup> Among them were such noted men as John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Martin Van Buren, and many others.

Mr. Adams was a devoted and grateful friend to Mr. Scott, who had given him the vote of the State of Missouri to make him President of the United States, in February, 1825. That vote broke him down, however, politically and caused his defeat by Edward Bates for reëlection as Representative from the State in 1826 — the

people of the State being devoted to General Andrew Jackson as the chief competitor of Mr. Adams in the election by the House of Representatives. I went to Washington City from Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, with my life-long friend, Dr. Linn, then the colleague of Hon. Thomas H. Benton in the United States Senate. At the Relay House, a few miles out of Baltimore, we met Hon. James Buchanan, and the Hon. William R. King, of Alabama, afterwards Vice President of the United States during General Franklin Pierce's term. Dr. Linn introduced me to these two distinguished Senators and made them both my friends, which they continued to be as long as they lived.

The next day (Sunday) after our arrival Mr. Linn and I went to the White House to pay our respects to the President, General Jackson. The old hero on being introduced to me as Delegate-elect from Michigan Territory immediately remarked: "If you were from Missouri, Colonel George Jones, instead of Michigan, I would say that I had met you before at Lexington, Kentucky." "Yes, Mr. President, I am the same person, who acted as Sergeant of your Body Guard as you passed through Kentucky and Lexington on your way as Senator-elect from Tennessee, in November, 1823. I often called to see you with Stokely at Keene's Phoenix Hotel, during your short sojourn in that city, and I was

one of the managers of the great dinner and ball that was given to you and your family on that memorable occasion. You were escorted through Lexington, Lafayette, and other counties, by many of their admiring citizens and military companies. I recollect your family rode in a large carriage drawn by four blooded Packolet grey horses, driven by a negro man having a footman by his side, and that you had another negro man as *avant courier* who rode another grey Packolet, which you would occasionally get out and ride yourself, the negro outrider getting onto the carriage. Inside of the carriage were Mrs. Jackson, her niece, Miss Donaldson, and a negro girl lady's-maid." From that time on General Jackson was my friend, always addressing me as "My son", and never refusing me any request that I made of him.

When my bill passed to divide Michigan and establish the Territory of Wisconsin, I asked Honorable Messrs. Sevier and White, of Arkansas and Florida, respectively, the only two other Delegates then in Congress beside myself, how I should act to secure the appointments of Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the three Supreme Judges, United States Attorney, Secretary, Marshal, Commissioners, etc. "Why", replied Sevier, "you can not get any of the offices for your constituents. White and I

never got any one of those appointments for any of ours." White said: "I never obtained a single office for any one of my friends in Florida." "But", I replied, "General Jackson is a warm personal friend of mine, always calls me his son, and I think he will allow me to have some of these fourteen or fifteen offices for some of my constituents." Sevier said: "General Jackson and my father were intimate and warm friends in Tennessee, and yet I have never had an office given to any one of my constituents."

I left my colleagues, as we termed each other, went to my seat and wrote a letter to the President of the United States, claiming that the offices created for the new Territory of Wisconsin should be conferred upon her citizens and not upon the citizens of the States, as had always been the custom. I sent my letter to President Jackson.<sup>121</sup> The next day his private Secretary, Major Donaldson, came to my seat in the House and said: "Colonel Jones, the General wants to see you." "What General wants to see me?" "General Jackson, the President of the United States. Didn't you write him yesterday a long and threatening saucy letter? You have written him such a letter as no member of Congress dare write him". "I hope it was not considered threatening". "It was, and you have put the old hero into a rage; he is frothing at the mouth, and said,

‘Donaldson, go and tell Colonel Jones to come and see me; I want to see if he can talk to me as fiercely as he writes.’ You had better go immediately and make your peace with the raging old man, if you expect to live in this city for the future.’ Donaldson saw that I was alarmed, and wished to add to my fears, which he did, for I well knew how the General was respected and feared by all who knew him.

I immediately went out of the House, jumped into a hack, and ordered the driver to take me to the White House. I asked the messenger at the President’s door if I could see his Excellency. “Yes, sir, he is alone and is expecting you.” I entered, my knees trembling as I approached the dreaded man. He was sitting with his two feet on the table and smoking a corn cob pipe with a cane stem four or five feet long. He said “Come in, my son, take a seat”, in the kindest and most affectionate terms. I immediately sat down, as I would have fallen if I had not, I was so frightened at Donaldson’s made-up story. He said: “I have received and read with interest your letter (which does honor to your head and heart) on the subject of the appointments to office, in the new Territory of Wisconsin. These offices are of great importance, and ever since the organization of Territories have been given to the citizens of the States. The Governor, for instance, is ex-officio Commissioner

and Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Commander of the Militia of the Territory. Have you any constituent qualified to fill such an office?" "Yes, Mr. President, I have the best man in the United States for that office, a man who has the confidence of and is believed by the people." "What's his name?" inquired the President. "General Henry Dodge", I replied. Looking up to the ceiling of his room, he said: "I don't know of any General Dodge." I replied: "He is the man, Mr. President, whose aid-de-camp I was in the Black Hawk War and who put an end to that war. He is now Colonel of the First Regiment of the United States Dragoons." "Oh", said the President, "is that the man you want?" "Yes, sir, and he is the man my constituents want, although they do not yet know the bill creating the Territory has passed." "Well, my son, you shall have him, notwithstanding that my Cabinet are opposed to your having any of these appointments. Make me now a list of all the offices to be filled in Wisconsin and bring it to me. I will give you the privilege of naming most of them." I thanked him most heartily, and leaving the old veteran, felicitated myself upon my good fortune.

The next day I returned to see the President with a list of offices to be filled by him, with the salary attached to each. He read it over care-

fully and said: "I'll give you the right to name all of these offices except the judges, who are the expounders of the law, etc., although my Cabinet will be greatly opposed to my doing so. And you may go over to the State Department and look over the recommendations on file there for judges in Wisconsin. You may select the chief and one other justice. The third I promised to give our minister to France, Mr. Rives, for Judge Irvin."

I again took my leave, with a heart overflowing with gratitude and pride, and went directly into the office of Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, the Secretary of State, and said that I wanted to see the recommendations on file for judges in Wisconsin. Mr. Forsyth said: "Those files are sacred and not to be seen by any one except a cabinet officer."

"Why, Mr. Secretary", I replied, "The President has just given me permission to see these recommendations."

"Well, sir, you can see them all." His clerk, Mr. Cheever, was summoned in, to whom he said: "Take Colonel Jones into your office and show him all the recommendations on file for the offices of judges in Wisconsin." Mr. Cheever replied by reminding Secretary Forsyth that those papers were never seen except by the President and members of his Cabinet. "'Old Hickory' has given Colonel Jones the privilege

and it would cost you and me our offices if we refused it to the Delegate from the Territory.”

The next day or two thereafter, as I entered the Senate Chamber, I was stopped by Mr. Buchanan, who called Senator Clayton and Linn, of Missouri, to hear what he had to say to me. “This morning I called upon my good friend, President Jackson, to get him to appoint my old friend Mr. Frazer to a judgeship in the new Territory of Wisconsin, which this young gentleman has induced us to create. General Jackson, who tendered me the appointment of Secretary of State when he was elected to the Presidency in 1829, said, ‘If you want your friend appointed you must get Colonel Jones, the Delegate, to recommend him to me. He protests against the appointment of any man to office in this new Territory unless he is recommended by himself. If he will recommend your friend, Mr. Buchanan, I will appoint him, and not otherwise, as I have so promised him’. I have been some twenty years in Congress and I have now to come, cap in hand, to this young gentleman to get his consent to the appointment of an old and worthy friend to office in this new Territory. Now, Clayton, you are an old friend of Frazer’s and I want you to speak a good word in his behalf to your friend Colonel Jones.”

“Well, Colonel”, said Clayton, “I have noth-

ing to do with these damned Loco Focos, but as you and I are good friends, I will say that Frazer is one of the best lawyers that I have ever known. We have practised together in Delaware and Pennsylvania for the past twenty years. He would do honor to your Territory and its courts if appointed one of your judges. He is a splendid gentleman, and my only objection to him is that, like our friend Buchanan, he is a Loco Foco in politics. His appointment would do honor to the Supreme Court of the United States.”

“Well”, said I, “it is not far to Lancaster. Write to your friend, Mr. Frazer, to come here that I may see him and that I may be enabled to tell my constituents that I know the man whom I may recommend for their judge.” Mr. Buchanan wrote to his friend, Mr. Frazer, and in a few days he called at my lodgings at Dawson’s boarding house and introduced his friend to me. I was delighted with his dignified bearing, and invited him and Mr. Buchanan to dine with me that day. Mr. Buchanan, having a previous engagement, declined, but Mr. Frazer accepted and dined with me that evening at six o’clock. He refused to drink any of our various wines, saying that he had not tasted any kind of spirits for twenty years. After sitting with me for an hour or so at the table, I said: “Mr. Frazer, I will send a note this evening to the President

and you will be appointed a judge of the Supreme Court to-morrow.”

As I stated, he was appointed, and I gave him letters of introduction to my friends in Wisconsin whom I had had appointed to the offices of Governor, Secretary, and Marshal, and to other citizens. He reached Wisconsin before I did and went to the hotel, at Mineral Point, of Mrs. McArthur, the sister of Mr. Linn and the half-sister of Governor Dodge. On reaching there Mrs. McArthur received him cordially, saying that George had written and told her all about him. He complained to her that the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers had affected his bowels, and that he was then suffering considerable pain. She stepped out into her pantry and soon returned with a large glass of strong hot brandy milk-toddy with a little laudanum in it and gave it to the judge, saying that it would relieve him. If she had told him that the glass had brandy in it he would not have touched it. But he drank it and was greatly relieved of his pain. He, however, went from Mrs. McArthur's private parlor into the bar room, called for some liquor, and that day became intoxicated, and continued to drink during his term of office, the people meantime sending me petitions praying for his removal from office. The day after reaching Mrs. McArthur's he had gone to Church, and in the absence of the min-

ister, read the Episcopal service, although very much under the influence of liquor. I showed the letters and petitions which I received from the people, at the next session of Congress, to my good friends Buchanan and Clayton, who were greatly surprised, as neither of them had ever heard of Mr. Frazer drinking anything for over twenty years before and during their intimate acquaintance with him.

At the earnest entreaty of my old and valued friend, Governor John Reynolds of Illinois, and his colleagues in the House of Representatives, I also nominated Captain Charles Dunn of Southern Illinois for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. I had never been introduced to him, although I had served with him in the Black Hawk War and recollected seeing him lying at the point of death with a gun shot wound through his body. I knew, too, that he had married Mary Shrader, the daughter of Judge Otto Shrader, who had resided at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. Mary was educated, upon the death of her father, who had died poor, by my father, brother-in-law, and Governor Dodge, who paid her expenses at a school in Kentucky. How strange! This Judge Charles Dunn, although a learned lawyer, was greatly addicted to the intemperate use of liquor; . . . but he never touched liquor during the sessions of his court and was esteemed most highly by

the bar and all who knew him. We became devoted friends, he having introduced himself to me when we met as stage passengers in Illinois a few weeks after I had had him made Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

In the fall of 1842 I was summoned as a grand juror in Grant county, Wisconsin, and on calling to see the judge at his hotel, he said he noted that I had been drawn as a grand juror and would, the next morning, appoint me as foreman; and he did so, although I begged him not to, as I had never been on a jury in my life. Upon his invitation, I slept with him during that service as foreman of the jury. As we were about to retire, he asked me how I was getting on at farming. "Badly", I said, "as all that I raise costs me twice as much as it is worth." "What is your chance for restoration to the office of Surveyor General?" (I had been removed from this office by President Tyler on the 4th of July, 1841). "I have no doubt but that I shall be restored to the office if Mr. Van Buren, as is now expected, shall be re-nominated and reelected President of the United States", I replied.

"Well", he continued, "You made me Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and I am glad of the opportunity of returning, in a slight degree, the favor you conferred upon me. My Clerk, Mr. McSherry, is in the last stages of

consumption and his physicians say is about to die. I will be glad to appoint you as his successor. I understand you are poor, and a clerkship is worth at least twice as much as the Surveyor General's office." The next morning at about sunrise he asked me if I was awake. "Yes, Judge, I have not slept a moment all night." "Were you ill?" "No, but I thought all night of your generous offer to make me your clerk, and as I was once made clerk of a United States Court at Ste. Genevieve, I will accept your offer."

In a day or so after I returned home to Sinsinawa Mound he sent to me my commission by a lawyer friend of his of the name of Lattimer, who would go to Mineral Point and take charge of the office for me, pending the removal of my family thither, Mr. McSherry having died a day or two before.<sup>122</sup> I entered upon the discharge of the duties of my office as clerk and continued the same until March, 1845, when I was restored to the office of Surveyor General by my old and noble friend, President J. K. Polk, at the instance of General Henry Dodge, who was then the Delegate in Congress from Wisconsin. President Polk sent word to General Dodge by Senator Lucius Lyon of Michigan that he wished to see him. The General called and the President asked him what he wished to have done with the office holders in Wisconsin. The

General thanked him and said: "I desire to see my friend General Jones restored to the office of Surveyor General of Wisconsin." The President looked into the blue book and remarked that there was no such office in Wisconsin. "The office is located at Dubuque, in Iowa", said the General, turning over the page. The President asked: "Is this General George W. Jones the same man whom I knew well as Colonel George W. Jones, the Delegate in Congress from Michigan?" "He is the same." The President remarked: "That young gentleman is well known by Mrs. Polk and myself, as he has been for 35 years and is esteemed by us as a younger brother or son. He can have any office that he desires at my hands." "He only wishes to be restored to the office to which he was appointed by President Van Buren in December, 1839."<sup>123</sup>

General Albert G. Ellis, whom I had appointed as Surveyor General in July, 1838, when I had the office created, determined to resign, and came to my house at Sinsinawa Mound and said to me that as I had secured the appointment for him in July, 1838, he thought it was proper that he should recommend me as his successor. He urged my acceptance of the same, to which I consented. He wrote his letter of resignation and sent it to the President of the United States, Mr. Martin Van Buren, through the

Honorable Lewis F. Linn, the "Model Senator from Missouri", and I was renominated to the office and confirmed by the Senate unanimously on the same day that Mr. Linn received General Ellis' resignation of the office.

In the spring of 1832, at the outbreak of the Black Hawk War, I built a log fort or block house for the protection of my family (consisting of my wife, children, some ten or twelve slaves, and fifteen or twenty hired men) and neighbors. My wife being very much afraid of Indians, I sent her with our servant Charlotte to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, her old home.

Thomas McKnight, the then agent of the lead mines, sent an express messenger informing me that my brother-in-law, Mr. Felix St. Vrain, the Agent of the Sac and Fox Indians at Rock Island, had either been taken prisoner or was killed by a war party some thirty miles east of Galena, with four or five other white men en route from Fort Dixon to Galena. I immediately mounted my horse, and with my holsters, double-barrelled shot-gun and sword, put out for Galena to accompany a command of cavalry which was to leave that place in pursuit of the Indians. On my arrival at Galena, about four or five hours after the cavalry company had left, my friends endeavored to dissuade me from going alone, as I would not be able to overtake the horse company and might be murdered.

But I persisted in going and overtook the cavalry company, commanded by Captain Stephenson, near where the party had been murdered by the Indians. I found the mutilated body of Mr. St. Vrain, his head, feet, hands and heart having been cut off and out, and the most of the flesh of the body, by the Indians, who took them to their headquarters, where they ate his flesh, having very little food, and gave his heart, cut up into small bits of pieces, to their young boys to swallow without chewing. He was considered the bravest who could swallow the largest piece.

These facts were communicated to me by Madam Mayott, the French interpretress for the Winnebagoes. She had in charge two young ladies, the Misses Hall, who had been taken prisoners by the Sacs and Foxes, and who were afterwards returned to their friends in Illinois through the influence of my chief, General Dodge.

I found the body of Mr. St. Vrain and knew it by the color of his hair, which was black, and by his clothing, his papers, money, etc. They did not even take his money, silver, gold, or notes. He was a stout man and as the Indians cut off most of his flesh for food, his body was very much decomposed, and was being eaten by carrion crows, which we saw flying around and over the body.

The story of the massacre is as follows:— It seems that Mr. St. Vrain could easily have made his escape, as Mr. Higgenbotham, Mr. Frederick Stahl, and another man did, for he (Mr. St. Vrain) rode a very fine horse which he tried in vain to stop, hallooing to the Indians that he was their “father” (agent). They answered, “We don’t care who you are”, and kept shooting at him, one ball entering the back of his neck and breaking the bone. In that skirmish Mr. St. Vrain and three others were killed and scalped, and three made good their escape. The Indians took the head, feet and hands of Mr. St. Vrain to their headquarters near Lake Koshkonong, and used them in their war dances as trophies. A big chief swung Mr. St. Vrain’s head between his knees while the other Indians held and brandished his hands and feet in their dances.

When the savages were first discovered, drawn up in battle array, Mr. St. Vrain advised his companions not to attempt to make their escape by flight, as the Indians knew the country well, but to follow him up to them, adding that when they recognized him as their agent, who had always been exceedingly kind to them, they would not do them harm. But one of the whites in the rear got frightened, turned his horse, and tried to make his escape. The Indians then gave the war whoop, frightened the

rest of the party, and gave chase. Black Hawk became incensed at Mr. St. Vrain, believing that he had gone down to St. Louis and brought up Gen'l Atkinson and the army, as Mr. St. Vrain had been passenger with them from St. Louis. He urged Gen'l Clark, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and the government authorities, not to make war against the Indians, but to give him provisions, blankets, tobacco, &c., that he might make presents to the Indians in that way. He thought he could induce Black Hawk and his band to cross back from Illinois into what is now Iowa, west of the Mississippi, and save the horrors of a bloody Indian war and many massacres.

I met Col. Henry Dodge that day, thirty-five or forty miles east of Galena with his command, and we were together the most of the day. He expressed great surprise that I had ridden alone through the woods and Indian country at the imminent risk of my life. We had not met for nearly a year, and were pleased to see each other.

A few days after this meeting, his son, Captain H. L. Dodge, and his adjutant, W. W. Woodbridge, came to my house one night with a message from General Dodge, requesting me to join his command and to act as his aid-de-camp. I felt highly complimented and readily assented, mounted my horse, armed with my double-

barrelled shotgun, my holsters and pistols and sword, and rode with them to Fort Union, General Dodge's place of residence. He received me most cordially and said: "I have received an order from General Henry Atkinson, commander of the Army, to take command of General Posey's brigade of Illinois Militia, and I want a man upon whom I can rely to act as my aid-de-camp." We were brother officials and friends at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, where I was the Clerk of the United States Court, and he the Marshal of the State. He said: "Your brothers John and Augustus, and your two brothers-in-law, John and Andrew Scott, served under me in the War of 1812."

The next morning we set out together for the encampment of General Posey's brigade. He pointed out to me the place where Mr. Auber had been shot and scalped by a party of Indians, a few moments after he (General Dodge) met him. It seems that Auber kept along the big wagon road after passing the General, whilst the latter had taken the near cut and path, the hypotenuse of the right angle. General Dodge was thus saved and Auber lost his life. Before reaching Captain William S. Hamilton's residence, General Dodge heard the discharge of rifles, and in a few moments Auber's horse came running back and passed General Dodge, who saw the blood of Auber on the horse. He gal-

loped up to Hamilton's residence and gave the order to saddle up and mount horses. He then gave chase to the eighteen or twenty Indians, overtook them crouched under the bank of the Pecatonica River, and charged upon them. He killed their chief with his belt pistol, his rifle having got wet in crossing the creek. His son-in-law, Captain Paschal Bequette, in that battle shot and killed two of the war party, and so gained the friendship of the General.

As we rode together I saw a man run into Colonel Hamilton's house and fort, and soon saw Hamilton (son of Alex. Hamilton, who was killed by Aaron Burr) emerge and run after us, hallooing to us to stop. I told General Dodge that Hamilton was following us and beckoning us to stop. He said: "Damn him, I do not care about seeing him." But I advised him to stop and he halted, but did not turn his horse. Colonel Hamilton came up and spoke to the General, who threw his leg over his horse, and drawing out his two pistols and marching up to Hamilton, offered him the butt ends of his pistols, saying, "Take your choice, sir, take your choice", and advancing all the time as Hamilton walked back and holding up his hands said, "General, I do not want to fight." The General then said, "Damn you, obey my orders hereafter", and then jumped on his splendid horse (Big Black), and we rode up to the encampment

of General Posey's Brigade and to the General's head quarters.

He told General Posey of the order he had received from General Atkinson through Colonel Davenport of the U. S. Army, to transfer Posey's Brigade to him; but he said: "I will not take the command of your troops unless they will voluntarily elect me over you as their commander. Have your brigade drawn up in a hollow square that I may address them." The hollow square was formed and Generals Dodge and Posey addressed them. General Dodge said: "If you choose to elect me as your commander, I will lead you to victory, if we can overtake Black Hawk and his army." General Posey made a pathetic appeal to his command, imploring them not to disgrace and forever ruin him by voting for a stranger to be their commander. The voting resulted, by one company majority of Major John Dement's battalion, in favor of General Posey's remaining as their commander. After the election was over, I saw an officer on horseback making a speech to his men and I rode up to see and hear what was going on. It was Major John Dement, a stranger to me, upbraiding his company or battalion, for not voting for General Dodge, who would lead them on to victory and retrieve the honor which a short time before they had lost in an Indian fight under Posey. He said: "I am ashamed of

you and have a mind to resign my command." Some man sung out: "Do, do." He took off his cap and taking out his commission as their Major, tore it into pieces, threw it down, and spat on it.

The next winter, Miss Mary Dodge, the fourth daughter of General Dodge, went to Vandalia to spend the season with her Aunt, Mrs. W. Linn (a cousin of General Dodge) and there became acquainted with this same Major Dement, who fell in love with her and married her. They had a large family of children, one of whom, Henry Dodge Dement, was for several years the Secretary of the State of Illinois. His mother, Mrs. Dement, died in her home at Dixon, a few years since. I could relate many anecdotes of General Dodge and his family, but it would spin out this narrative to too great a length.

After the Black Hawk War, a committee was sent to me at my home at Sinsinawa Mound, informing me that I had been nominated as candidate for Colonel to succeed General Dodge as commander of the militia of Iowa County, in Michigan, against Captain William S. Hamilton (above mentioned), a son of Alexander who was a member of General Washington's cabinet. I promptly declined the nomination, saying that although I had been General Dodge's aid-de-camp I knew but little of military affairs and that I had much business at home to attend to.

The two gentlemen after spending the night with me returned to Mineral Point, and a few days thereafter the newspapers announced my election by a large majority, and my commission as Colonel was sent to me by Secretary of State Stevens T. Mason, under Governor Porter at Detroit, Michigan. Mason had been my college mate at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky.

A short time thereafter I went to Mineral Point to organize a horse company of which my noble, brave, and generous friend Henry L. Dodge was elected Captain. Whilst out upon the prairie organizing the Company, a committee of lawyers came out to inform me that I had been nominated and unanimously elected at a large meeting of lawyers, jurors, and litigants as Chief Justice to succeed General Henry Dodge, who had left the country and gone to the South-West as Commander of the First Regiment of United States Dragoons. I was with General Dodge in the war when he received his commission as Major of the United States Dragoons and induced him to accept the appointment.<sup>124</sup> The committee insisted upon my going down to the meeting. I did so, and emphatically declined to accept the nomination, as I already held the most important office in the County. Besides that, I was no lawyer. Messrs. John Turney, Ben Mills, and Charles

S. Hempstead, attorneys of Galena, Illinois, made speeches complimenting me and urging me to accept the nomination, but I persisted in declining, and the meeting nominated the Hon. James Murphy, of Horse Shoe Bend, as the candidate for Chief Justice. The proceedings of the meeting were published in the Galena papers and sent by the Committee to Governor George B. Porter at Detroit. As soon as the mail could go to Detroit and return, it brought back my commission as Chief Justice, sent me by my old college friend, Stevens T. Mason aforementioned, Secretary of State. Mason wrote me that he induced the Governor to commission me, and insisted upon my accepting the appointment. I finally accepted, at the earnest solicitation of lawyers and mutual friends, and went regularly to Mineral Point and sat upon the bench with my old and valued friend Major John H. Roundtree, who came to the Territory to reside, as I did, in 1827, who had served as a Captain in the Black Hawk War, and who died at Platteville a few years ago greatly lamented by his fellow citizens and admiring countrymen. As I was riding to Galena one day I heard voices out in the bushes at Meeker's Grove. It was Mr. Roundtree and his partner, Mr. Campbell, who were exchanging their mining for their best clothes preparatory to going into Galena, where Mr. Roundtree was that day to be married.

In September, 1835, while at Mineral Point, holding court, a large meeting of the people had been called to nominate a candidate for Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Michigan. I was unanimously nominated over David Irvin, one of the judges of the United States court who had been appointed to the place from Virginia by President Andrew Jackson, on his accession to the Presidency, vice James Duane Doty whom he removed. Charles Bracken wished me to decline in favor of Judge Irvin, saying he was well known in the peninsula and could be elected without doubt.

Bracken had asked me to carry a challenge to Captain Daniel Parkinson, with whom he had quarreled, but I declined to act as his second. This made him cool toward me ever after.

The people of Michigan had formed a State government within the peninsula and elected Hon. Lucius Lyon and John Norvell as Senators, and Hon. I. E. Crary as their Representative in Congress, and did not desire to interfere in the election of a Delegate.

I accepted the nomination and had as my competitors Hon. Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay, Hon. James D. Doty, and the Hon. W. W. Woodbridge, United States Judge at Detroit, [who] was opposed to a State Government. The election was held in October. Receiving a large majority of the votes, I went on to Washington and

was sworn in as Delegate. My seat was contested by Woodbridge, because the returns from that portion west of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi did not reach Detroit in time. The House of Representatives did not hesitate, however, to give me the seat. I soon introduced the bill to create the Territory of Wisconsin, and went to work to get that bill through, although the Senators and Representatives from the State told me I need not try to get it passed before they were sworn in from the State government. I said: "I'll try to do so, anyway." I did get it passed, and had the Territory of Wisconsin organized on the 4th of July, 1836, before Michigan was admitted under the act of Congress — the first time that such a thing was ever accomplished in the United States. I represented, as Delegate, all of the country which now embraces the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Washington, Oregon, or all the territory north of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri and clear to the Pacific Ocean — a larger district than any man has ever represented in the United States Congress.<sup>125</sup> My three competitors, Martin, Doty, and Woodbridge, were distinguished men, two having been judges in the United States courts and all three afterwards elected as Whig Senators from Michigan. Doty was appointed as

Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin by President Tyler, vice Governor Dodge. I was three times elected as Delegate to Congress from Wisconsin Territory and Michigan, each time for two years.<sup>126</sup>

In 1837 I introduced without any petition from the people, a bill in Congress to divide the Territory of Wisconsin and to establish the Territory of Iowa. Not being a speaker, I carried my bill through Congress by personal appeals to the members of the Senate and House. I found an able opponent to it in the Hon. John C. Calhoun, a Senator from the State of South Carolina, ex-Vice-President of the United States, and one of the most influential and powerful men in Congress. He told me that he had the highest regard for me as a man, but that he could never give his consent to the formation of a new Territory which in a few years would become a powerful abolition State. I replied that there was not, that I knew of, a single abolitionist in the whole of the proposed Territory of Iowa; that I myself was the owner of ten or twelve slaves, and that I was as much opposed to abolitionism as he was. He said: "I know, my son, that you are all right on this question, but wait until western Ohio, New York, and New England shall pour their population into that section, and you will see Iowa some day grow to be the strongest abolition

State in the Union. I shall not live to see it, in all probability, but you almost certainly will." This was in the winter of 1837 and proved what a prophet John C. Calhoun was, as Iowa did afterwards become the strongest Republican State in the Union.

That winter I escorted Miss Anna Calhoun home to her father's boarding house, at the corner of D and Eighth Streets, near Pennsylvania Ave., from a party which was given by Senator Linn and myself at the corner of B and Third Streets, Washington City. As we waited at the door for the porter at about 12 or 1 o'clock, Miss Calhoun said: "General, I do not know how I can ever return the compliments and favors you have shown me."

"You can, Miss Calhoun, do me a great service. To-morrow my bill to establish the Territory of Iowa is to be considered in the Senate, it having already passed the House. Your father, although my good friend, is opposed to my bill. To-morrow morning, when he comes down to breakfast, put your lovely arm around his neck and ask him to vote for my bill." She was a very beautiful, accomplished, and talented young lady and the idol of her father.

"I'll do my best, General, and I know I shall succeed, as my father never refuses me anything."

"Well", I said, "Miss Calhoun, I'll come to

see you to-morrow forenoon at about 11 o'clock to hear what your success may have been." I went as I had promised, when she told me that her father said that his constituents would never forgive him if he should consent to the passage of that bill, to lay the foundation of another abolition State, although he would be very glad to serve me as he had high regard for me. I thanked her and said: "I will now go and send your admirer, our mutual friend, Mr. C. G. Clemson, to escort you to the Senate; take your seat over Colonel Benton's on the Democratic side. When I send you my card, come down, send your card for your father, and take him into the library and keep him there until I call for you." She replied: "General, I'll do my utmost to serve you."

When the Senate proceeded to business I was called by Clayton of Delaware, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Walker of Mississippi, Chairman of the Committee of Public Lands, and seated between them. After getting my bills through to establish two new land districts, one at Burlington and the other at Dubuque, and several other bills, I called a page and told him to take my card to Miss Calhoun, whom I pointed out to him, and to wait on her. He went up with my card, and I saw him deliver it. Soon she was escorted to the door of the Senate by Mr. C. G. Clemson, and sent her card

to her father, and I saw him get up and walk out of the Senate. "Now", said I, "Senator Clayton, please call up my bill to establish the Territory of Iowa." In a few minutes my bill was passed, Iowa was a Territory, and the Senate adjourned. I walked into the library, where Mr. Calhoun, his daughter and Mr. Clemson were. Mr. Calhoun asked me: "What was going on in the Senate?" I replied: "The Senate has adjourned and the bill to create Iowa has been passed." Then turning to his daughter he said: "Oh, Anna, you bad girl, you have prevented my making a speech to oppose that bill, as I would have done and done successfully, as the time for the consideration of Territorial bills has expired."

Mr. Clemson afterwards married Miss Calhoun and they raised a family of ten children.

On my return home my constituents gave me a fine dinner at the Waples House on the site now occupied by the new Julien House, and upon being toasted for having had Iowa created a separate Territory, I told of the circumstances of Miss Calhoun's aid, which caused great laughter and shouting.

Mr. Van Buren, who was then the President of the United States, upon my questioning him as to the filling of the offices in Iowa, asked me what General Jackson had done for me in relation to the appointments in Wisconsin, and said

he would do as much for me as President Jackson had done. And he did, allowing me to name all the offices for Iowa but one, the governorship.

At that session of Congress, in 1837, General A. C. Dodge went East to purchase goods to become a merchant at or near Dodgeville. When calling on me at my lodgings at Dawson's, I introduced him to his uncle, Mr. Linn, whom he had known as a boy, and to Colonel Benton, Allen of Ohio, Hannegan, and all of our mess, and I made him stay with me as my guest and sleep with me. I took him to the galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives, which he visited every day, hanging over the galleries listening to the speeches as they were delivered. He told me on that occasion of his being in love with Miss Clara Hertich, whom I had known all her life, of how they had become engaged whilst he attended school with her at her father's Academy. I asked him when he had heard from her.

He replied: "I have never written to her."

"Why?"

"Because she is a very fine scholar and I a very indifferent one. She writes a beautiful hand, and I, as you know, a poor one."

"Well", said I, "Augustus, you must (as we go home down the Ohio and up the Mississippi) stop over at Ste. Genevieve and marry Clara."

He consented to do so. Before reaching Ste. Genevieve, I was informed by my old friend and groomsman, A. W. Kimmel, and the family of Judge Pratt, that Miss Clara Hertich had become engaged to marry Charles Bogy, the son of Judge Bogy, and the brother of Hon. L. V. Bogy, late United States Senator from Missouri. Augustus then said: "I'll not stop." I insisted upon his doing so and renewing his suit. He finally yielded to my advice, came up with me, and taking a horse rode out eight miles to Judge Hertich's. The Judge kept a large and fashionable boarding school for young ladies and gentlemen. He arrived at Judge Hertich's and was very cordial and friendly with Mrs. Hertich, but when Clara entered the room, he merely bowed to her. After the old lady had left to attend to her household affairs, he moved his chair up to Miss Clara and said: "Now, my dear Clara, I have come to make you my wife." She replied: "You are too late, Augustus, for I am engaged to cousin Charles Bogy." Her mother just then re-entering, he moved his chair away and did not say anything further.

That evening, as was usual, they had their dance in the school room and he was very attentive to Miss Clara. A few days afterwards, in earnest conversation with Miss Clara, he asked her if she had not loved him once. "Yes,

Augustus, I have never loved any other man but you. But my mother and father are very much delighted at the idea of my marrying my half-cousin Charles; and I would be only too happy to marry you if, as you say, my parents would give their consent to it. But it would break up a friendship that has existed for fifty years between our families." Augustus persisted in his suit and got her brothers Joe and Charles, who were warm friends of his, but did not like Charles Bogy, to promise him their assistance in gaining her consent to elope. He still plead with her and said: "We will not ask your parents, but will cross the Mississippi to Kaskaskia and get married there." After a few days she consented.

One day after dinner Augustus took leave of the family and all of the pupils, agreeing with her brothers and Clara that he should return at half-past ten that evening and go over to Kaskaskia and get married. He went to Judge James', four miles distant, to take tea, and told Judge James of his intention. Judge James was an old friend of his father's as well as a great friend of the Hertich and Bogy families, and of the Dodge family. The Judge, being a devout Catholic, said: "Such a secret marriage will disgrace our church. Augustus, I will write a letter to Judge and Mrs. Hertich and try to induce them to give their consent, as I am

sure they will not want Clara to marry Charles if she loves you better." Augustus declined this suggestion, and said: "I must go back as I agreed, as they will all be waiting for me at half after ten o'clock." He persisted in his determination, and the Judge went to the door and called to a negro man to saddle his horse, saying: "I shall send word immediately to Judge Hertich of your intentions." Augustus replied: "If you will give me the letter I will take your advice and wait until morning." The Judge sat down and wrote a long letter to Judge and Mrs. Hertich to obtain their consent to Clara's marrying Augustus.

After saying the usual night prayers, Augustus was shown to his room. He waited until all the family were asleep, when he came down stairs in his stocking feet, went to the stables, saddled his horse, and rode off to Judge Hertich's. On reaching the house, the Judge's pack of hounds rushed out and barked fiercely at him. Clara's brothers quieted the hounds, and the party, consisting of Augustus and Clara, her older brother Joseph, her cousin Miss Vilar, Miss Coffman and Mr. H. Doran Jenkins, mounted their horses, rode down to the Mississippi, and halloed to the ferryman who lived on the Illinois side. The ferryman responded that he could not cross them that night as the river was rising rapidly, and being full of drift

wood, their lives would be endangered, but would take them over in the morning at daylight, which he accordingly did — they staying all night in a deserted house.

On reaching Kaskaskia in the morning, they stopped at a hotel and ordered breakfast, and Mr. Dodge went to the Clerk's office to get a license. Mr. Hughes, the clerk, asked him whom he was going to marry — "What is her name, and where does she live?" Augustus replied: "Miss Clara Hertich, residing in Missouri." He inquired her age, which was less than seventeen. "I must have the consent of her parents." "Well", said Augustus, "her parents live in Missouri." "Then", he replied, "I cannot give you the license, as it is against the laws. I should have to pay \$1,000 fine and lose my office. I care nothing for the office, but I have no one thousand dollars to lose." "Well, Mr. Hughes, I will give you the name of my friend, General Jones, as security for the \$1,000, if you are required to pay it." Then he said: "If General Jones will sign an indemnifying bond to that effect I will give you the license." As I had gone on to Wisconsin, Augustus could not get me to sign the bond. He then determined to recross the Mississippi with his party and go to the residence of Judge Sircey, Justice of the Peace, an old friend of all the families interested, to get him to marry them. On reach-

ing the residence of Judge Sircey, he found the Judge on his gallery, smoking a pipe. All of the party went into the house except Augustus, leaving him to talk to the old gentleman and try to induce him to perform the marriage ceremony. Judge Sircey asked: "Do you want to marry Miss Coffman or Miss Vilar?" "No", said Augustus, "it is neither, it is Miss Clara". "Well", said the Judge, "I can not agree to marry you and incur the displeasure of my old friends, Judge Bogy and Judge Hertich."

Augustus then went into the house and implored Mrs. Sircey to induce her husband to marry them, saying: "We'll go to Arkansas, Louisiana, to Texas or even to Mexico, before we will abandon our object." The old lady, a friend of all the families concerned, went out to the gallery and begged her husband to perform the ceremony, which after much entreaty he did.

At the Hertich home the next morning at sunrise, as was usual, Mrs. Hertich sent her little negro girl upstairs to tell Miss Clara to come down and give out the breakfast — the custom in the South. The little girl went up and returned, saying that Miss Clara was not there. She then sent the girl for an older servant to call Miss Clara, who on returning exclaimed, "Miss Clara nor the other young ladies are up in their rooms, nor have any of the beds been disturbed!" At this moment a negro man en-

tered, saying: "Master, something strange was going on here last night. The dogs kept up a terrible barking about 11 o'clock, I thought it was a wolf or a coon or something of the sort, but on going into the stables this morning to curry the horses, I found that all the horses were gone, all the men's saddles, and the ladies' saddles, too. Master Joe's and Mister J. Doran Jenkins." It then flashed upon Mrs. Hertich that Clara had run off with J. Doran Jenkins, "the redheaded American", and she was in great distress at the thought. When the Judge entered the schoolroom that morning, he found on his desk a note from Augustus, saying they had gone to Kaskaskia to get married. He immediately despatched a colored man to Kaskaskia on horseback with a note telling them to come back home. The colored man was told by the ferryman that they had gone on and he could follow their tracks. He did so and found them at Judge Sircey's residence, and the party all returned to Judge Hertich's home. On reaching there, Mrs. Hertich sent off eight miles to the Catholic Church for a priest, who returned and married them. They thus had two marriages on the same day, as Mrs. Hertich did not consider the marriage of the Justice legal.

On the 1st day of April, following, I rode into Galena from my residence at Sinsinawa Mound and met the aforesaid J. Doran Jenkins, who

told me of the marriage of our mutual friends, Augustus Dodge and Clara Hertich, and that they were at Bennett's Hotel in Galena. I galloped down into the town, put my horse into a livery stable, and ran up the hill to Bennett's to greet the happy couple. Mr. Bennett told me they had just a short time before gone off to Dodgeville in a carriage. Seeing a horse hitched near by, I threw the bridle over his head, mounted him, and galloped off toward Dodgeville. I was followed by the owner of the horse which I had so boldly appropriated; but the more he hallooed, the faster I rode. About a mile from town I overtook the party in the carriage, where Clara, throwing her arms around Augustus' neck, exclaimed: "I owe you for my husband!" I talked with them an hour or so, when they detailed to me the circumstances related above.

Augustus and his lovely wife lived happily together and had many children, amongst them the late Charles Jones Dodge, of the law firm of "Dodge and Dodge", Burlington.

At the organization of the land office at Burlington, in 1838, I recommended and had General Augustus C. Dodge appointed Register of the Land Office at that place, the duties of which he performed so ably as to secure his election as the first democratic Delegate elected to the Congress of the United States, in 1840;

and when his term expired as my colleague in the Senate of the United States, I induced President Pierce, my warm friend, to nominate him to the Senate as Minister to the Court of Spain. When I spoke upon the subject, he held up his hands, and turning from me said: "General Jones, that will never do — that is not the place for General Dodge, nor is he the man for such a position." I replied: "Frank, I have known Augustus C. Dodge ever since he was a small bare-footed, bare-headed boy running through the streets of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. I knew him when, with his older brother and his father's negro slaves, he helped to cordelle the keel-boat from south-east Missouri to Galena, Illinois, in 1827. I have seen him working in his father's lead furnaces and lead mines with his father's slaves. I overtook him once when he was driving two wagons loaded with lead and each hauled by five yoke of oxen, his negro Joseph seated on one wagon, he having broken down from driving through the deep snow. I served with him through the Black Hawk War as his father's aid-de-camp — he being a private. I made him Register of the Land Office in 1838 at Burlington, and I aided in his election to Congress as Delegate and as United States Senator. I have served two terms with him in the Senate of the United States, and I think I know Gen. Dodge as well as you do, Frank."

Holding my fist under his nose, I turned about very much dissatisfied and disappointed, when he asked me if I was going up to the Senate. I replied that I was. He said: "Ask Gen. Dodge to come to see me." "I will", I answered, "but if you tell him, as you do me, that he is not fit for the place, he will, of course, not accept it." I went up to the Senate and told Gen. Dodge that President Pierce wanted to see him. "Do you know what he wants to see me for, George?" "No, I do not exactly know, but if he makes you an offer of an office, do not be a d——d fool and decline it." I saw him get on to his horse and gallop off, and I went to my seat in the Senate.

In less than an hour Sidney Webster, the private Secretary of President Pierce, was announced as bearing a message from the President of the United States. I walked up to the President of the Senate, Mr. Bright, and asked: "Jesse, what is that message?" He said: "Open it and see." I did so, and going back to my seat, moved that the Senate go into executive session. When the Senate was cleared, I moved that the message be read and then "that the nomination of General Dodge be unanimously confirmed without reference to the Committee on Foreign Relations". The nomination was unanimously confirmed, and in less than a fortnight General Dodge drew \$20,000 out of the

United States Treasury and was en route to Madrid as United States Minister-Plenipotentiary.

When in New York City in 1863 my old brother Congressman and friend, Hon. John McKeon, told me that our mutual friend Ex-President Pierce had just arrived at the Astor House and was very anxious to see me. I immediately called upon him, hugged him in my arms, and spent an hour or two with him. In the course of our conversation, he asked me if I recollected how angry he had made me when he declined my request to make Gen. Dodge Minister to Spain, and added that that was the best foreign appointment he had ever made. I told him that Lord Willoughby — I think that was his name — who bore a letter of introduction to me from Gen. Dodge, told me that Lord Harden had said to him that if he wished to select a friend upon whose sound judgement, honesty, and discretion he could rely, he would take Mr. Dodge, the American Minister, before any man that he had ever met.

## II

### SINSINAWA

JOSEPHINE and I were married about 4:30 o'clock p. m., January 7th, 1829, at her father's residence, still standing on the corner of the block immediately in the rear of the Church of Ste. Genevieve, in the town of that name, before a large concourse of mutual friends. The bridesmaids were Carmelite Bossier, now Mrs. Guignon, residing in St. Louis, Susan Shannon, afterwards the wife of Major Wm. Myers and mother of D. D. of this city, and Odile Le Claire, now Mrs. Janis, a resident still of Ste. Genevieve and mother of Mrs. C. H. Grégoire of this city. My groomsmen were Bertolme St. Gemme, Allen Kimmel, and Savinien St. Vrain. From the residence we repaired to the Hotel Keil, where a magnificent supper and ball were prepared for us by my wife's brother, Charles Grégoire, and his wife Eulalie, and my sister and her husband, Hon. John Scott. We danced all that night and the following day, as was the custom in those days at Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis, and Kaskaskia.

In March, 1831, I brought my wife and seven servants, Charlotte, Paul, Marie-Louise, Jules,

Henry, Basil and Alexis, and five or six Frenchmen up north, leaving my wife at the residence of Mrs. Barnes in Galena, until I could make a suitable home for her. She remained with Mrs. Barnes about a week, then insisted upon coming to the Mound where we occupied the two unhewed log cabins which I had helped to build. My dear wife often told her children that in all her life she had never been happier than when she dwelt in that humble abode.

In the same year, with the assistance of three carpenters from Ste. Genevieve, I put up a two story, hewed log house, with a spacious cellar, and a kitchen at the rear. Though apparently in the wilderness at Sinsinawa, we had frequent visits from Dubuque and Galena friends, and "our latch-string was always out."

Three daughters of my sisters became members of my family circle here — Misses Eliza and Mary Brady, who married Mr. Geo. W. Campbell, a merchant of Galena, and during the Civil War a Commissary, with the title of Colonel, and Dr. Jacob Wyeth, respectively, and the third, Miss Eliza Scott, who married Mr. Benj. H. Campbell, youngest brother of Mr. Geo. W. Campbell, who was also a merchant, and, under the administration of President Lincoln, United States Marshal for Illinois. For days before each wedding, busy preparations were made for the banquets, which embraced

everything procurable in the way of meats and delicacies, including champagne. Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, who afterwards became owner of Sinsinawa, and celebrated mass frequently at our house, performed the marriage ceremony on each occasion. The merrymaking continued through the night, and with the morn', the bridal parties departed for their respective homes.

The Campbell brothers were Virginians, and possessed in a marked degree the well-known urbanity of manner and keen sense of hospitality typical of the F. F. V., and there are many among the living, to say nothing of those gone before, who will testify to their benevolence and hospitality.

As in those early days "taverns" were few and far between, the lights in our windows were the beacons which often attracted benighted travelers to us. One of these was a young man of about twenty years of age who, one stormy night, led his horse up to our door, as he feared to ride lest he might stumble into a mineral hole. The young man was covered with sleet and almost frozen. After having exchanged his coat of mail for a suit of dry clothes, and partaken of his supper, our young guest, Mr. J. Russell Jones, then a clerk in a store at Galena at a salary of fifteen dollars per month, retired, and the following morning took his leave. He later became a stock-holder in and Secretary of

the Galena Packet Co. of which Mr. B. H. Campbell was President, and after his removal to Chicago, was appointed United States Marshal, and later Minister to Brussels. He accumulated wealth through his good management of the affairs of the West Division Street Railway Co. of Chicago, of which he was many years President; but fortune favored him most when he won the hand of Miss Elizabeth Ann Scott, the sister of Mrs. B. H. Campbell.

To go back to the time when I *first* lived at Sinsinawa Mound. It was in 1827 that I took up my claim and leased 1001 acres, embracing the Mound and the magnificent grove of timber, from Mr. Thomas McKnight, United States Agent of the Lead Mines at Galena. Mr. McKnight's first wife was the sister of my two brothers-in-law, Hons. John and Andrew Scott, and to him I brought a letter from the first named, asking Mr. McKnight's kind offices in my behalf. When I delivered the letter, he exclaimed: "What do you bring me a letter from John Scott for? I've known you all your life! I courted and married my wife in your father's house at New Diggings, Missouri." Mr. McKnight came often to the Mound, sometimes with Jefferson Davis, "to eat cornbread with us". On one occasion Mr. McKnight overheard the cook, one of my hired hands, telling the men this: "See that big oven? I made that full of

cornbread last night, thinking there would be enough for breakfast, but that red-headed friend of Mr. Jones' eat it all up — eat a gee-whilikin of a supper!" This was a joke Mr. McKnight thoroughly enjoyed. I was the first person who brought corn-meal, as well as pine plank and shingles, to this upper country. The last named had been brought from Olean, New York State, down the Alleghany River and the Ohio, and then up the Mississippi.

In the winter of 18— Mr. Charles S. Hempstead and Mr. James G. Soulard of Galena, and myself were riding home in the stage from St. Louis, and meeting the stage bound *for* St. Louis, the driver of the latter informed us, in reply to our inquiry as to "the news", that Mr. Barnes had died. Thereupon Soulard and I exclaimed: "There's your chance, Hempstead!"— knowing that Mr. Hempstead had always admired Mrs. Barnes. He blushed like a school-girl, but in due course of time Mrs. Barnes became his wife. They were our beloved friends, and spent their honeymoon with us at the Mound, coming home with us in *our* carriage, per previous agreement, from the ceremony, to which only a few friends were invited, as the former's younger brother, William, had threatened to give them a *charivari*. Mr. and Mrs. Hempstead were universally beloved and respected, as are their descendants. But

one of their children survives — Mr. William Hempstead of Minneapolis, with whom, his sweet wife, most amiable and interesting daughter, and talented sons I had a most delightful visit a year ago last January. Since then the pride of their household, their angelic daughter, has been called to her heavenly home.

We lived at Sinsináwa — thus pronounced by the Indians — until 1842,<sup>127</sup> when, having been appointed clerk of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Wisconsin by the Chief Justice, Hon. Charles Dunn, I removed, with my wife and five children to Mineral Point. My wife wept upon leaving this, the home of our early married life; but we soon became domesticated in the new one and formed strong ties of friendship with the residents of that town, whose original name was “Shake-rag”—from the manner of apprising the early mining settlers of meal-time.

### III

#### THE CLOSE OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR

A DAY or two after my return home from the search for my brother-in-law Felix St. Vrain's body, Gen. Dodge sent his Adjutant, W. W. Woodbridge, and his oldest son, Henry L. Dodge, to my log cabin to ask me to be his aid-de-camp. The next morning we started for Dodgeville on horseback. We were armed with swords, pistols and double-barrelled shot guns. On reaching Gen. Dodge's house, he received us cordially, saying he had received an order from Gen. Henry Atkinson of the United States Army, to take command of Gen. Posey's Brigade of 1600 Illinois Volunteers. With us were some Sac and Winnebago Indians and some friendly Indians from Green Bay, acting as scouts for the Army. Gen. Dodge suspected the "blind" leader of the Winnebagoes of treachery. Before we reached the main body of the army under Gen. Atkinson, Gen. Dodge received a message from Gen. Atkinson to hasten on and join him as soon as possible as they were in the vicinity of Black Hawk's army. We came to a creek swollen by a recent rain, which Gen. Dodge gave orders to swim.

As we were about to go in, a little squaw, wife or daughter of some of the friendly Indians, complained that she could not swim. I called to her, put her on my back and took her safely over. And then Gen. Dodge cried out: "Well, George, ladies' man to the last!"

We lost sight of Gen. Posey's Brigade in the meantime, and when we reached Gen. Atkinson, we found he had no trace of Black Hawk's army, which the "blind" chief told us had gone east toward Milwaukee. As we were out of provisions, Gen. Atkinson gave orders to Gen. Dodge and Gen. Henry's Brigade of volunteers to go back to Fort Winnebago to secure supplies. We started in obedience to these orders, and on our way got news that two of my neighbors at Sinsinawa Mound had been killed by the Indians. Gen. Dodge ordered me to go home and see to the safety of my family and friends. I returned in company with Maj. Dement, Mr. L. V. Bogy, afterwards United States Senator from Missouri, and Sidney Breese, who afterwards became United States Senator from Illinois and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.

Generals Dodge and Henry on their way to Fort Winnebago came across the fresh trail of Black Hawk's army going west, instead of east, as the "blind" Winnebago Chief represented. Gen. Dodge sent the information by express to

Gen. Atkinson and directed that instead of going to Fort Winnebago for provisions he should follow Black Hawk at once. He pursued the Indians and overtook them at Wisconsin Heights, where they had a short battle, whence Black Hawk's army retreated across the Wisconsin River en route to the Mississippi. They were followed by Gen. Dodge and the rest of the Illinois volunteers to Bad Axe, where the last battle took place and Black Hawk and the other chiefs were taken prisoners, his army dispersed, and the war ended. Gen. Dodge, with his command, went to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, where Gen. Atkinson ran out to meet him, threw his arms around him and exclaimed: "You have led me on to victory — you have saved me!" He was thus greatly elated because President Jackson had sent word to him that if he did not put an end to the war in a few days, he would strike his name from the roll of the United States Army.

## IV

### LAND MATTERS IN DUBUQUE

IN 1836 I introduced a bill in Congress making a grant of six hundred and forty acres of land, each, to the towns of Mineral Point in Wisconsin, and Peru, Dubuque, Bellevue, Burlington, and Fort Madison in Iowa, the said bill granting the right of preëmption to each *bona fide* settler of one-half acre in in-lots and not more than two acres of out-lots. I had this bill passed at that session of Congress. At the next session I got the bill amended so as to give the proceeds of the sale of these lands to the respective towns.<sup>128</sup> These preëmptions were to be approved by a Board of Commissioners, appointed by the President of the United States. The names of the Board of Commissioners were W. W. Corriell, Dubuque, Prof. ——— of Bellevue and M. M. Carver of Burlington. A very long petition, signed by nearly all the leading business men of Dubuque, was sent to me at Washington, recommending W. W. Corriell as the Commissioner to be appointed from Dubuque for the adjudication and preemption of these town lots.

On my return to Dubuque, after the adjourn-

ment of Congress, many of my constituents enquired of me how I came to get Mr. Corriell appointed, when I replied that I did so because I had received their petition, recommending him as a Dubuque commissioner.

When the public sales of these lands came on it was discovered that some seven or eight men in Dubuque, amongst them W. W. Corriell, were to be allowed to preëempt large tracts, or acres, within the town site, over and above what the law allowed. Messrs. Patrick Quigley, Charles Corkery, James Fanning, Timothy Davis, myself, Thomas C. Fassitt, Capt. George A. Shannon, A. Butterworth, and Major Wm. Myers had meetings and consultations as to how the town lots might be sold off under the act so as to give each man who was legally qualified the preëmption right to what he was justly entitled to.

I went to the Register and Receiver of the Land Office to ascertain from them whether they would allow the lots to be sold in such order as would secure to each *bona fide* preëmptioner the right to his or her just claim. Judge Corkery, the clerk for the Receiver, said that he could make such a list as would give every one his claim. Unfortunately, however, he put the house of one Jackson on one lot, when, as a matter of fact, it was on two lots. Jackson complained of not being allowed both,

and that excited the speculators who held a meeting among themselves and appointed a Commissioner to go to the Register and Receiver and demand why the lots were not sold in regular order.

A great excitement and mob ensued. They swore they would tear down the Land Office if the lots were not sold in regular order. To allay their excitement the Register and Receiver informed them that a petition had been filed by twelve respectable citizens with the land officers requesting that the lots should be sold as they had been. They then demanded the names of the twelve petitioners.

The sales had only been suspended through the violence of the mob. I was lying down in my house, ill, when Capt. Geo. A. Shannon, my cousin, came in and informed me of the mob and of the demand for the names of the twelve petitioners. The Register and Receiver had refused to give them because the mob swore to kill every man whose name was amongst them.

On receiving this intelligence, I armed myself with four pistols and went to the Land Office, made my way through the crowd with difficulty to the stand, and mounting it called for silence, when I addressed them as follows:

“I understand that all this great excitement is the consequence of a determination of the people to know who the twelve petitioners are.

I know who they are, and I will give you the names. The one that heads the list is Geo. W. Jones, the man who, without any request from you, secured the passage of the law which gives you the right to this land."

Bill Smith and other leaders of the mob, with drawn pistols, rushed towards me at the stand, threatening vengeance upon me. I cried: "Let the assassin and murderer of Woodbury Massey come on!" Whereupon the crowd cried: "As Gen. Jones heads the list we will stand by him." Quiet was then restored. The Sheriff had a large posse of men on horseback, which dispersed the mob, and the sales were suspended.

The Register and Receiver reported the matter to the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington. The result was that a very few speculators and usurpers got, at minimum price, the most of the land, which was intended for the citizens at large.

This "Bill" Smith, to whom I have referred, and his father had killed Woodbury Massey at his mining claim, near the corner of Third and Hill Streets. A short time thereafter Bill Smith frightened a surviving brother of Massey's out of the store of old Mr. Johnson. He went home and told his sister Louise [Louisa] that Bill Smith had threatened to kill him. When she asked him what he did, he replied:

“Nothing — for he would have killed me.” She took a pistol, went to Johnson’s store, where Smith still was in a crowd, and asked: “Are you Bill Smith?” On his answering in the affirmative, she pulled the pistol from under her cloak and shot him down. The legislature at the next session named one of the Counties “*Louise*” [Louisa] in her honor, in the fall of 1837; and that circumstance furnished me with a powerful argument in favor of the passage of the Bill to create the Territory of Iowa.

Bill Smith’s father shortly after the above occurrence was seen walking down Main Street in Galena by another brother of Massey’s, who ran out of his shop directly opposite to the De Soto House, shot him down and killed him to avenge the murder of his brother Woodbury. That Mr. Massey, I believe, still resides in Potosi, Wisconsin.<sup>129</sup>

This mob law excitement was the consequence of a decision by Judge Irvin, the additional Judge for Michigan, that the Act attaching the country west of the Mississippi did not give him jurisdiction in such cases. O’Conner, who killed his fellow miner, had been tried at Dubuque by a self-constituted court, found guilty, and hung, about where the present Court House now stands.

O’Conner wrote to me at Sinsinawa Mound after his condemnation, imploring me to save

his life. I believed he was guilty of murder and that he deserved to be hung, and therefore I did not intercede in his behalf.

This additional circumstance also assisted me very much in procuring the passage of the bill to organize the Territory of Iowa.

## V

### THE CILLEY DUEL

THIS terrible duel, the most terrible in the world, not excepting that between Burr and Hamilton, caused the passage of the "Anti-dueling Law", by Congress, which makes it "murder for any man to kill another in a duel, and a penitentiary offense for any man to be second, surgeon or friend."<sup>130</sup>

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About the 20th of February, 1838, a violent debate took place in the House of Representatives, as usual arraigning the administration of Mr. Van Buren and conducted by Hon. H. A. Wise, of Accomac, Virginia, Hon. John Bell and Bailey Peyton, both of Tennessee, on behalf of the then Whig party.<sup>131</sup> The administration was most ably defended by the eloquent, talented and able Mr. Cilley of Maine. In the course of the debate, Mr. Cilley said: "It is very easy, Mr. Speaker, for their opponents to make charges against the administration of Mr. Van Buren. The newspapers charge that the Hon. James Watson Webb, editor of the *New York Courier Enquirer*, the man who has given the name of 'Whig' to the party and who has the

name of the great Henry Clay up as that of the next candidate for President of the United States, has received a bribe of \$52,000 for his advocacy of the re-charter of the Bank of the United States." Mr. Wise then asked: "Does the gentleman charge General Webb with having received a bribe of \$52,000?" Mr. Cilley replied: "I make no charges. These are the charges in the public newspapers." Messrs. Wise, Bell, and Peyton persisted, asking: "Does the gentleman from Maine believe the charges?" Mr. Cilley replied: "I express no opinion."<sup>132</sup>

A few days thereafter, General Webb having been informed of this debate in the House by his reporter, Mr. Davis, arrived in Washington, wrote a note to Mr. Cilley and asked his friend, Mr. Graves, to be the bearer of it to Mr. Cilley, which he agreed to do, and did, when Mr. Cilley politely declined to receive the note from Mr. Webb, saying: "I have no acquaintance with him." Mr. Cilley continued: "Mr. Graves, you and I are personal friends and I would do nothing to displease you, but I do not wish to enter into any communication with Mr. Webb."<sup>133</sup>

Mr. Graves again returned to the Kentucky delegation and detailed the conversation, when Mr. Clay said: "Graves, the d——d Yankee thinks that a challenge; tell him that it's a mere note of inquiry." When Mr. Graves returned a second time, Mr. Clay said: "Graves, this is an

insult to you; you must challenge that d——d Yankee.” Mr. Clay sat down and drew up a formal, peremptory challenge, gave it to Graves, who took it to Mr. Wise, asking him to be his second, and bear it to Mr. Cilley. Mr. Wise, without inquiring into the cause of the challenge, agreed to bear it, but upon reading it said: “This challenge is too peremptory;—it leaves no room for adjustment.” Graves amended the challenge, and Wise took it to Cilley at his quarters, at Guest’s Boarding House, on Third Street, between Pennsylvania Avenue and C Street.

Upon presentation of the challenge to Mr. Cilley, he said: “Mr. Wise, I accept this challenge and will send my second to you to agree upon terms.”

The statements made above, as far as they relate to the debate in the House, I make on my own recollection of them, which is perfectly clear. As I was in my seat in the House and heard all, I observed, as I sat by the side of my friend, Gov. Yell, of Arkansas: “That man Wise is the most insulting man in debate I have ever heard. If I were a Democrat<sup>134</sup> like yourself, Governor, I would give that man a thrashing if he talked to me as he has to Mr. Cilley.” The Governor said: “General, do you know Mr. Wise?” I said: “No, I do not, nor do I want to.” The Governor said: “Well, sir, he is one

of the most gentlemanly, polite and agreeable men that I have ever met, when outside of this House.”

On the day following the delivery of the challenge to Mr. Cilley, the Hon. Franklin Pierce, then a member of the Senate from New Hampshire, and with whom I had served in the House of Representatives, where we became warm personal friends, called to see me at my boarding house, Dawson's of Capitol Hill, about 150 yards N. E. of the then Senate Chamber. On my entering Dr. Linn's room as usual about 3 p. m., I found General Pierce standing between Dr. Linn (on his sick bed) and Col. Benton, his colleague, who sat on his left. Dr. Linn remarked as I entered: "There's the man; he'll do it." I said: "Doctor, what shall I tell Proctor (our servant,) to bring you for your dinner?" He replied: "A small plate of soup." And I left his room and went into my own. As I went out I heard Col. Benton say: "They can't object to the rifle and you can refer them to the cases of Moore and Letcher, of Kentucky, and others."

I went to my room and sat down to write, leaving my door ajar that I might hear the dinner bell. General Pierce soon followed me, and placing his hand on my shoulder, asked: "General, will you do this?" "I don't know to what you allude", I replied. "General, don't you

know that Graves, of Kentucky, has challenged our friend, Cilley?" And he continued: "Cilley has sent me to you to ask you to act as his second." "What has he challenged Cilley for?", I asked. He answered: "On account of that fierce debate in the House the other day." "Why!" said I, "Graves never said a word in that debate, for I heard it all." "Well!" he persisted, "Cilley wants you to be his second." I replied: "I cannot under any circumstances consent to serve as his second, for it would connect me with the Democratic party, defeat all my measures here and my re-election to Congress."<sup>135</sup> He again importuned me, but as I persistently refused, he asked: "Will you go with me to the House now to see Gov. Miller, of Missouri, who is his second choice for second?" I answered: "Yes, but I will do nothing to connect me with the duel."

We went down, entered his carriage and drove over to the Capitol, I taking a seat in the Vice President's room while he went over to the House. He soon returned saying: "Gov. Miller positively declines to act as second, saying he is entirely too old, and that he has never had anything to do with such affairs since the War of 1812." Mr. Pierce then asked: "Now, General, will you go with me to see Mr. Cilley?"

As we drove up Pennsylvania Avenue, he saw Col. J. W. Schaumbourg walking and called to

his driver to stop and take Col. Schaumbourg into the carriage with us, and we drove to Dr. Duncan's quarters. Entering Dr. Duncan's room, we found Mr. Cilley and Hon. Wm. Bynum, of North Carolina, of the House. Cilley threw his arms around me and said: "I thank you, dear General, for coming to serve me in this affair." I said: "Cilley, I can't be your second." "Oh!" he said, "come out here and let me talk to you." We went out into the hall. He said: "General, Mr. Graves is a large and strong man; he can take me by the collar with his left hand, hold me off and cowhide me, or cane me, and would publish me as a coward." I said: "Mr. Cilley, if I act as your second it will connect me with the Democratic party, of which you are a leader, defeat all my measures here in Congress, and prevent my re-election as Delegate." He replied: "General, I have stood by you in all your measures in the House. We have been warm personal friends ever since I have been here, have served as brother members for the great 22nd of February ball. I would do as much for you. Are you willing to see me disgraced?" "No", said I, "come in and I will serve you, though it will ruin me as a Delegate."

On reëntering the room, I asked: "When, how and where do you want to fight?" He replied: "I want to fight immediately, with rifles,

and on the Marlborough Road to Baltimore, outside of the district." I asked: "Have you a rifle?" Whereupon Dr. Duncan arose from his seat, went to his clothes press, took out a rifle, beautifully ornamented with silver, and handed it to me. I said: "Why do you use a rifle, Cilley? Are you acquainted with the use of a rifle?" "No", he said, "I am not at all, but Mr. Graves, being a Kentuckian, is, doubtless, so I choose a rifle, so as to be on equal terms with him." I examined the rifle and looking into it said, "This is a small bore." Dr. Duncan immediately replied, "General, I had this rifle made to order in Cincinnati. I can take the head off a squirrel every pop from the highest tree in the Miami bottom." Cilley remarked: "General, I like this rifle very much." "It is a little too soft on the trigger, a little too long in the breach", I replied. "It has a temper screw. I can make it as hard as you please and I can take off the breach very easily, which will make it two inches shorter." "But", I asked, "Have you seen any other rifle?" "No", he answered, "I have not."

I sat down at the table, drew up the terms of meeting, and wrote a short note to our mutual friend, Hon. John Forsyth, Secretary of State, asking for the use of his rifle, which I handed to Bynum to deliver; one to Hon. Francis P. Blair, editor of the *Globe*, handing this to Col. Schaum-

bourg to deliver, and one to Mr. Rives, (Mr. Blair's partner), which last I entrusted to Dr. Duncan to deliver, all containing the same request.

I went down stairs, entered the carriage and drove to Mr. Wise's quarters at King's Boarding House on Pennsylvania Avenue. On being shown up to his rooms by his black servant, I found him and Mr. Graves standing by the bureau, examining a pair of dueling pistols, and I said: "Gentlemen, you are engaged in the very business that has brought me here. Mr. Wise, I have a note for you from Mr. Cilley, agreeing upon the terms of the duel." Wise said: "Graves, you had better go out." And he did. I then handed Mr. Wise Mr. Cilley's acceptance of the challenge, with the terms, etc., which he proceeded to read. He immediately exclaimed, with a terrible oath: "This is murderous! Rifles! Who ever heard of rifles?" I replied: "Mr. Wise, these are our terms, sir; you can accept them or not, as you please." "Oh!", he said, "I have no other alternative, but I will be d——d if I know where there's a rifle in the City." I replied: "There are plenty of rifles — a Government arsenal full, and others."

As I walked out of the door, he smilingly said: "The distance is so great that they will not be apt to hit each other." I returned im-

mediately to Dr. Duncan's room and reported minutely what had occurred at Mr. Wise's room. I found that Bynum had returned with the rifle of Forsyth and Schaumbourg with the rifle of Blair, but Dr. Duncan had not gone to Rives to get his rifle, he being anxious to have his own rifle used in the duel. Mr. Cilley remarked that the fact that I found them examining pistols confirmed his opinion that they would expressly object to fight with pistols.

Dr. Duncan said: "Now, General, go back to Wise and tell him we have two rifles here, that you have no use for them, and they can have either one of them." I wrote a note to Wise saying this, drove back to his room, handed him the note which he read and replied: "Thank you very much, General, but we have a rifle." By this time it had become too late to go to the grounds, so it was postponed until early the next morning.<sup>136</sup>

We, of the Cilley party, started out in the omnibus, the only one then in the City of Washington, Graves and his party following us in two carriages. As we drove by my lodgings, we stopped and I went up to my room and brought down to the omnibus with me a pair of buffalo boots, which I put on Cilley's feet, placing the robe under them.

Our party consisted of Mr. Cilley, principal, his second, myself, Col. J. W. Schaumbourg,

and Dr. Duncan, of the House of Representatives, from Cincinnati, Ohio, as his surgeon, and Hon. Mr. Bynum of North Carolina. The Graves party consisted of W. J. Graves, principal, H. A. Wise, second, J. J. Crittenden, of the United States Senate, Mr. Foltz, surgeon of the United States Navy, as surgeon, and Hon. Mr. Menifee of Kentucky.

As we drove out of the city, Cilley remarked to me smilingly: "I shall have to go to Wisconsin to live after this affair, as my constituents would never vote for me again or employ me as their attorney."

A short time before reaching the place of meeting, I saw two or three men following Mr. Graves' carriage on horseback. I got out of the omnibus and went up to Mr. Wise and asked him if those men belonged to his party. He replied that they did not and that he had told them not to follow us, but they replied, "We are free men and can go where we please on a public road." I saw two other Kentucky gentlemen in one of Mr. Wise's carriages, and two rifles. I said: "Mr. Wise, you have no right to have more than one rifle." He answered: "General, one has a bullet half way down and we can neither get it up nor down, and you can take it if you want it." "Well", I replied, "they must not be on the ground, nor must those other gentlemen." To which he assented.

On reaching an open, deserted field, I stopped and told Mr. Wise "this is the ground we have selected." Mr. Wise and I locked arms and stepped off eighty steps, which we supposed would be eighty yards, as prescribed by the terms, but which turned out to be eighty-five yards when measured, next day, with the tape measure, as I was informed and believe.

Mr. Wise and I were forty steps apart, equidistant from the line of fire, each of us on the right of our respective friends. We loaded our rifles in the presence of each other, then placed them in the hands of our principals and marched back to our respective stations; when I gave the word as follows: "Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire! One — two — three — four — stop!" The principals fired, when I asked: "All right, Mr. Wise?" He replied: "Yes, sir." Then we both went to our friends. When I got within hearing distance of Mr. Cilley he said: "I fired too soon; the trigger, as I expected, deceived me." He had fired into the ground but a few steps before him. I told him to "be more deliberate and not fire till you have taken good aim." I returned to my post with Mr. Cilley's rifle in my hand and said to Mr. Wise: "I hope Mr. Graves is now satisfied. My friend fired into the ground but a few steps before him, whilst Mr. Graves made a deliberate shot at about the word 'three.'" Mr.

Wise replied: "Mr. Graves requires another shot." We loaded our rifles, placed them again in the hands of our principals and returned to our posts, when I again gave the word as in the first instance. Mr. Graves fired at about the word "one" and Mr. Cilley at about the word "three". When Mr. Cilley's rifle went off, Mr. Graves stepped back one step. Again I asked: "All right, Mr. Wise?" "Yes, sir", he replied. When I approached Mr. Cilley, I said: "You made a good shot!" He replied: "Yes, I think I hit him, for he stepped back." I again returned to my post and said to Mr. Wise: "I hope Mr. Graves is now satisfied." He replied: "I'll answer in a few moments," thereupon walking over to Graves, when he (Wise), Graves, Crittenden and Menifee had an apparently earnest conversation. Mr. Wise then returned to his post and said: "Mr. Graves requires another shot." When Col. James W. Schaumbourg said: "By G—! I think we had better make a general fight of it!" I turned to Schaumbourg, and said: "Jim, keep quiet; you have nothing to say!" Mr. Wise and I met as before, loaded our rifles for the third time and placed them in the hands of our principals, when I returned to my place and gave the word as formerly. At about the word "three" both rifles went off so simultaneously that persons who did not see the smoke thought but one rifle

had been fired. Mr. Cilley fell, and when I again asked: "All right, Mr. Wise?" he replied "Yes." Thereupon I ran to Mr. Cilley, who gave a last gasp and was dead. In a few seconds Mr. Wise approached and asked: "Gen. Jones, how is your friend?" I replied: "He is dead, sir."

He returned immediately to Mr. Graves, who came walking up towards me, with Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Menifee. Mr. Wise then asked: "Have you any objections to Mr. Graves seeing Mr. Cilley?" They continued to advance a few steps, then turned and went away.

We laid Mr. Cilley on the floor of the omnibus and took him to his quarters in the City.

On Sunday following, Mr. Wise came to my boarding house, saying he wished to see me privately. On being shown to my room, he said: "General, I have called to see you to ask if you are willing to join me in a statement to the public as to the true facts attending this duel?" At this moment my breakfast bell rang and I said: "Mr. Wise, let us go down and get some breakfast." He replied: "I have had my breakfast, General; you go and get yours and I will wait here until you return." When I reached my seat at the table I asked Col. Benton, president of our "mess": "Who do you think I have in my room? Mr. Wise has just called to see me to ascertain whether I am willing to unite with

him in making a statement to the public." Col. Benton replied: "That's just right, General, for when I had my duel with Lucas, Judge Lawless, my second, who sits by your side, and Mr. Lucas' second, Barton, made a joint statement to the public at St. Louis, as to all the facts and circumstances attending that duel."

After a hasty breakfast I returned to my room and Mr. Wise and I spent the whole day nearly drawing off the statement which was given to the newspapers and later to the investigating committee of the House of Representatives.

In the course of our conversation that day Mr. Wise said: "General, if I had known that Mr. Graves challenged Mr. Cilley on account of that d——d corrupt bribed coward, James Watson Webb, I would never have carried that challenge to Mr. Cilley." Mr. Wise satisfied me in that conversation that day that he was opposed to the duel, and that Mr. Clay prompted it because of his great friendship for Gen. Webb, who as editor of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* was advocating Mr. Clay's election to the Presidency.<sup>137</sup>

I had had a great prejudice against Mr. Wise because he seemed to, and did, domineer as the leader of the Whig party in the House of Representatives, but our association in this duel and our correspondence subsequently, made us warm friends as long as he lived.

## VI

### LEGISLATIVE MATTERS

IN 1837, whilst a delegate in Congress, a public meeting was held at Sinipee, now a deserted village in Grant County, Wisconsin, opposite "Eagle Point" in this City, and gotten up and managed by my good friend, John Plumbe, Jr., at which memorials and resolutions were adopted and sent to me praying Congress to make an appropriation of money to survey the route of a railroad from Milwaukee, through Sinipee and Dubuque, to San Francisco, California.<sup>138</sup> I was amazed at the temerity of my constituents, in seriously sending me such an unheard-of prayer. Nevertheless, I felt in duty bound to present the petition, and did so, when it produced a great laugh and hurrah in the house, members singing out to me that it would not be long before my constituents would ask Congress to build a railroad to the moon.

I urged the matter with my usual energy and boldness and had the satisfaction of securing an appropriation of \$10,000,<sup>139</sup> and afterwards of knowing that the survey was actually made from Milwaukee to Dubuque for the great road which is now in successful operation across the

Rocky Mountains. That John Plumbe, Jr., was an Englishman by birth and a gentleman of great intelligence and energy, and whose brother Richard and his nephew and namesake, John Plumbe, now reside at San Francisco. John Plumbe, Jr., was the same gentleman who acted as secretary of the public meeting which was held in Dubuque the next spring and which petitioned President Van Buren to appoint me Governor of Iowa, at the organization of Iowa on the 4th of July, 1838.

My right to the seat as Delegate was contested by my competitor, Judge Doty, unsuccessfully [successfully], in 1838. Three or four days thereafter, I received a note from the Hon. Mr. Giddings of Ohio, stating that a resolution in the House would be introduced denying my right to receive compensation for my attendance at that session of Congress. I showed the note to Dr. Linn, who said: "Speaker Polk advised you to get your check of \$1900", which I did. "Yes, Dr., but I will return it to the Speaker to-morrow morning."

After tea, when our mess was assembled as usual in our parlor, Dr. Linn informed some ten or twelve of the Senators and Representatives of the note and said that I had determined to return it the next morning. The mess agreed with him that I ought not to do so, as I had it by order of the Speaker. I acted, however, up-

on my own judgment and sent it in a note to the Speaker of the House, saying that I would not keep the money if not entitled to it. That day Mr. Bond of the House introduced the resolution, when the Speaker read my note to the House and showed the check which I had returned to him. A warm debate ensued as to my right to the pay, which resulted in a decision by the House that I was not only entitled to the pay, but also to the seat for the whole session of Congress, and a motion for a reconsideration of the question was made; but as three days had passed since the decision of the question adversely to me, it was ruled out.<sup>140</sup>

Splendid speeches were made in my behalf on that question by Gen. John Pope, Henry A. Wise, Frank Thomas, Richard Biddle, and others. As the debate was closing, I met in the hall of the House, Justice Baldwin of the Supreme Court, who said to me: "Mr. Biddle has just made his speech demonstrating your right not only to the pay but also your right to the seat itself."

A year or so after that I met at Hon. Robert J. Walker's house the Hon. Mr. Biddle, who asked me if I had ever been informed as to how I had been defrauded out of my seat. I told him that I had not. "Well", he said, "you were, and I will some day give you all the particulars thereof." But I never afterwards met him.

At the passage of the act to establish the Territory of Iowa I was more strongly recommended for the appointment of her Governor than any other man was for that office. President Van Buren was my warm and devoted friend, as was evidenced by his allowing me to designate all the men for all the other offices of Iowa and by his appointment of myself as Surveyor General at Dubuque in December, 1839.<sup>141</sup> He intended to appoint me Governor and would have done so but that several Democrats in the House of Representatives went to him and told him that my appointment would ruin them and him, too, because of the false prejudice which existed against me on account of my connection with the Cilley duel, which made me many sincere friends in Congress, who understood the circumstances, as they were not understood in the eastern States.

Gen. Warner Lewis, my greatly lamented friend, who died in 1888, happened to call on me as he was returning to Dubuque from Virginia in the spring of 1838, when I told him that I would in a few days thereafter get my bill through to create the Territory of Iowa. It astonished him, as he did not know that such favor was about to be granted to this portion of the then Territory of Wisconsin. As he came up the Mississippi, returning home, he told the news all along the river, when public meetings

were held at Keokuk, Fort Madison, Burlington, Davenport, Dubuque, etc., recommending my appointment as Governor of the Territory. Members of both houses of Congress also, in strong letters and petitions sent to the President, asked for my appointment. Among them were letters from Senators Linn, Buchanan, Crittenden, Hon. T. H. Benton, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, Gov. Dodge of Wisconsin, and others, urging my appointment, some of which recommendations I include herein.<sup>142</sup> I was not appointed, for the reasons assigned above, and to my satisfaction, for I was heartily sick and tired of holding office and earnestly desired to retire to my farm at Sinsinawa Mound, to enjoy the cultivation of my "own vine and fig tree." Dr. Linn and Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Benton, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, earnestly desired my appointment.

It all resulted to my advantage, as, without any effort on my own part, I was twice made Surveyor General, selected as United States Clerk at Mineral Point, and sent as Minister to Bogotá after two terms of service in the Senate of the United States.

My action in securing the appointment of Gen. Henry Dodge as Wisconsin's first Governor, of Augustus C., a young man just commencing life as a poor merchant at Dodgeville,

as Register of Public Monies at Burlington, Iowa, and of his brother Henry L. as Agent of the Indians in New Mexico, and also of Patrick Quigley, Thomas McKnight, Judge Corkery and Gen. Warner Lewis, to the respective offices held by them, was wholly the suggestion of my own mind and without solicitation on the part of any one. I knew them to be worthy and well qualified; hence I secured their appointments. My action met with universal approval, as was the case in all matters affecting the people and the Territories, for no petitions were ever sent by my constituents, and I had to act upon the promptings of my own mind.<sup>143</sup>

I drew my own bills and resolutions to secure the action of Congress. In those days I was full of energy and tact, never tiring in my efforts to serve my constituents, and I did not ask for any of the eleven or twelve offices which were voluntarily conferred upon me. Mr. Buchanan, then a Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania, was absent from his seat when the petitions and memorials were sent to the President asking for my appointment as Governor, and, as his able letter shows, he at his own suggestion wrote and sent the letter to President Van Buren. On his return to his seat in the Senate from Bedford Springs he came to me and asked me why I did not inform him of my application for the position. I replied that I had nothing

to do with the matter, as it was entirely and exclusively the suggestion of our friends — that in reality I did not ask for or desire the office. But he was always a sincere friend to me ever since I was introduced to him and Col. King by Senator Linn, the last of November, 1835, at the Relay House, near Baltimore, for which I am and have ever been profoundly grateful. I believe that he was one of the purest, wisest, and greatest men who ever occupied office in our country. A committee of Democrats from Wisconsin induced me to go to him to prevail upon him, in 1858, to permit his name to be announced as a candidate for reëlection to the Presidency of the United States, when he promptly declined the proffered honor, declaring that nothing could induce him to fill the office of President for another term. He was proud of having been the Chief Executive, but could not think of being made a candidate for reëlection.

Gov. Dodge of Wisconsin could have been President of the United States instead of J. K. Polk if he had consented to allow his name to be presented by the Committee, headed by Hon. Linn Boyd of Kentucky, of the House of Representatives, to the National Democratic Convention which sat at Baltimore in 1844. The Committee went down to Washington twice to see him on the subject, but he persistently refused the great honor. He said that while there were

such distinguished men as Mr. Van Buren, Col. Benton, Silas Wright, and Mr. Buchanan, and others, there was no use of thinking of him. "They want the office and are qualified to fill it. I do not want the place and am not qualified for it." They sent his son Augustus C., then Delegate with him, to intercede with him. He said: "Augustus, I have twice told those gentlemen why I declined their kind offer. Go out of my room or I will put you out!" In the spring of 1844 I wrote a pamphlet and had it printed in Dubuque, urging the nomination of Gov. Dodge, and sent it to all of the members of the Democratic Convention, the most of whom I knew well.

In 1848, I yielded to the importunities of such friends as Judge John King, Patrick Quigley, Charles Corkery — God bless them I pray — and others, who had urged me for a year of two before to become a candidate for the Senate of the United States, I being then Surveyor General at Dubuque, Iowa, and feeling confident, as Col. Taylor had been elected President, that I would be removed from the Surveyor Generalship. At the instance of Gen. A. C. Dodge, in the fall of 1847, I went down to Iowa City to try to bring on the election, he telling me that through the influence of Major Jacob Huner, a great friend of mine, as he informed me, and the leader of the "Possum" party, I could se-

cure the election of Senator. But I was unable to induce the "Possums" (nine of them) to go into the election unless Gen. Dodge was dropped as a candidate. They said they would vote for me but that they could not vote for Gen. Dodge, because, as he had made Col. Edward Johnstone the United States Attorney for the Territory, they believed he would make him the United States Judge and that then they would lose their claims on the Half Breed Tract. I could not induce them to go into the election, and so I came home.

Soon, however, a joint convention of the two houses was held and Judge Thomas S. Wilson came within one vote of being elected Iowa's first United States Senator, in my absence. This was in December, 1847.<sup>144</sup>

I did not consent to have my name used as a candidate for the Senate of the United States, in 1847, as is erroneously stated by my old and valued friend, Hon. Hawkins Taylor, in the last number of the *Iowa Historical Record* in his otherwise wonderfully accurate history of the session of the legislature of Iowa in 1847,<sup>145</sup> but I persistently refused to permit Judge John King, Patrick Quigley, Judge Charles Corkery, Thomas McKnight and other good friends, so to announce me until 1848, when I feared Gen. Taylor would beat my noble, great and good friend Gen. Cass for the Presidency of the

United States, and when I supposed that I would be removed from the office of Surveyor General of Wisconsin, an office which I greatly preferred and which I was better qualified to fill.

After I was announced as candidate for the United States Senate, I did not once, during the whole year, leave my office to go into the State to electioneer for the place, as I knew that my competitors, Judge Wilson, Gov. Hempstead, Judge Grant and others were doing. Nor did I ever ask any man to vote for me, or try to induce any one to do so. During the summer and fall of 1847 Hon. Thomas Rogers came to see me nearly every day to induce me to give my influence for Judge Wilson for the Senate. The more he would plead with me, the more determined was I to oppose Wilson to the bitter end. He finally told Wilson that he could do nothing with me and advised him to call and see me in person, and to make a strong appeal to me, as I was a generous hearted man and might be induced to support him. And so one night between ten and eleven o'clock Wilson came to see me and rang my bell, when I met him at the door in my night clothes. He said: "You have retired, and I'll call tomorrow." "No, come in, Judge, I am watching over my sick little son." We took seats, and he said: "I am going down through the State to see the people, to-morrow,

on the matter, and I concluded I would call to see how you feel on the subject of the election of the United States Senator." I replied: "I can not speak freely to you on that subject in my own house. I will see you in the morning." "Oh", he replied, "I will leave in the morning. Speak out frankly what your views and opinions are." "Well, then, Judge, I shall continue to do all that I possibly can to defeat your election." . . . .

The next year I consented to run and was elected over Judge Wilson, Hon. Chas. Mason, first Chief Justice of Iowa, Judge James Grant, J. F. Kinney, and some five or six others, besides Gov. Stephen Hempstead, Gen. Fletcher and Lucius H. Langworthy. . . . .

In the fall of 1848, I permitted my friends to announce me as a candidate for the Senate, and about the last week in November I set out in my carriage for Iowa City as an avowed candidate, my friends, Patrick Quigley, Judge Corkery, and my nephew, Wm. Ashley Jones, riding with me. Wm. Ashley asked me to drive down by the *Miners' Express* printing office, as he wanted to get a box there. He said: "This box contains a biography of yourself, uncle, which I have written, with the assistance of our friends here, Messrs. Quigley and Corkery." That was the first I knew of it. At Iowa City, I and my friends stopped at Swan's Hotel.

Gen. Dodge, Judge Wilson and others put up at Crummey's Hotel in the lower part of the city. The Convention was held the same evening we reached the city, when I was nominated on the third ballot, by a handsome majority over my nine or ten competitors, Judge Thomas S. Wilson and Stephen Hempstead, of Dubuque, Judge James Grant of Davenport, Judge J. F. Kinney, of West Point in Lee County, Col. Edward Johnstone of Lee County, Gen. Fletcher of Muscatine, and others. As soon as I was nominated we heard the great shout, "Hurrah for Dodge and Jones", reverberating, and directly my room was filled by my friends, who seized me and putting me on their shoulders, carried me down to meet Gen. Dodge and his friends and to go to a saloon to get some oysters, wine, cake, etc. We had a real "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The next morning Gen. Dodge called on me and said: "Ought we not to be grateful to God Almighty and our countrymen for the great honors conferred upon us!" "Yes, Augustus, but we have got to work now," I replied.

Gen. Dodge and I went on to Washington. On going into the Senate Chamber to take our seats, as a member of that body was delivering a speech, I suggested to Gen. Dodge that we go up to Col. Benton and shake hands with him.

We did so; when taking each of us by the hand, he sang out in a loud voice, interrupting the proceedings of the Senate: "This is too good! too good! too good! Two of the sons, whom I knew as children, of two of my oldest and best Missouri friends come here to be my brother Senators". Continuing, he declared: "Both of your fathers worked to make me Missouri's first United States Senator."<sup>146</sup> (Col. Benton remained our devoted friend as long as he lived.) He then said: "Mr. President, I move that all other business be now suspended, that these gentlemen may be sworn in and take their seats."<sup>147</sup> The President put the motion, which was adopted. Col. Benton led us around and introduced us to the Vice President of the United States, then presiding, when we were sworn in and drew lots for seats.<sup>148</sup> Gen. Dodge drew the short term, and I the long. We telegraphed that drawing to the legislature, when Gen. Dodge was elected for the next long term, to end March 4, 1855.

When Gen. A. C. Dodge and I called to see President Polk, on reaching Washington, he said to us that "there are no two men in Iowa or the United States whom I would rather welcome to Washington City as Senators from the new State of Iowa than General A. C. Dodge and yourself." And his future course proved the sincerity of his remarks.

Gen. Dodge and I left Iowa City, the then seat of government of Iowa, on the morning of the 8th of December, 1848, for Washington City, he to go by his home at Burlington and I by mine at Dubuque. He had much the better and shorter route to travel, and stages to ride in, while I often had to ride much of the way in farm wagons, when our stages would get stuck in the frozen mud or deep snow. He reached the Federal City on the 24th and I on the 25th of December, and we were sworn in on the next day, the 26th of December, 1848. He went directly to Brown's, now the Metropolitan Hotel. I had been informed, on my arrival, that Gen. Dodge was boarding at Gilbert's, on the South side of Pennsylvania Avenue at the corner of 5th Street. Upon reaching the door, Mr. Gilbert met me, and I immediately engaged my room with him, and called for Gen. Dodge. He ushered in Governor Dodge, who told me that Augustus would not board there because the great abolitionist Wilmot, and others of his politics, were messing there. Gen. A. C. Dodge soon came and consented to take a room there, as I thought we could get along, insomuch as his father and Senator Felch of Michigan, Democrats also, were in the mess. We took the only two vacant rooms in the third story. I soon found that the General, my colleague, was a great cigar smoker, a habit I detested, and so I

had our servant stuff, with cotton, the cracks around the door between our two rooms, and even the keyhole, to keep the disagreeable smell of cigars out of my apartment. He frequently came into my room smoking, notwithstanding my protests, and until I locked him out, when he promised that "If you will let me in I will never smoke again!" And he never did from that time, for which he often sincerely thanked me.

After Mr. Buchanan's inauguration I called upon him and said: "I am about to return home to Iowa and would like to know, Mr. President, what you intend to do with the men (all Democrats) now holding office in my State." "Why", he said, "you and my Cabinet are opposed to rotation and we have determined to keep them all in office, but it will break down the party unless we put new men in the places now filled, although the incumbents are all Democrats."

A short time after my return home, I saw the announcement in the organ of the party at Washington of the removal of my old and valued friend, Col. Wm. Patterson, the Post Master at Keokuk, and the appointment of Mr. Walling, whom I had refused to appoint or recommend for the place before I left Washington. I wrote a letter to Gen. Cass, telling him of my conversation with Mr. Buchanan and demanding the immediate restoration of Col. Patterson.

Gen. Cass took my letters to the President, who soon had Col. Patterson restored. When Gen. Pierce came into the White House, in March, 1853, Gen. Dodge, Mr. Henn, our noble colleague of the House of Representatives, and I went to call upon the President. Gen. Dodge was delayed and Mr. Henn and I sent in our cards. Mr. Pierce sent word to us to be seated in his private room at Willard's Hotel. He soon entered when he threw his arms around me and I introduced Mr. Henn to him. During our conversation, addressing me, he said: "I want you to come to see me before you leave, to tell me whom you wish removed and whom appointed in Iowa." I told him that my colleague and I would write him on the subject. Gen. Dodge and I never differed as to any appointment except as to the Register of the Land Office at Dubuque. He was for Col. McHenry and I was for Alexander D. Anderson. I knew the two gentlemen of my town well. Mr. Henn voted with Gen. Dodge and they had Mr. McHenry appointed. . . . The Colonel was afterwards removed and I recommended Hon. A. D. Anderson, who was appointed, and gave great satisfaction to the Department, as did also my beloved friends Patrick Quigley and Thomas McKnight, whom I had appointed as Receiver and Depository of Public Monies. . . .

As Senator I was made Chairman of the Com-

mittee on Pensions, having Senators Seward, Sumner, and other distinguished Senators on my Committee. I was also Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills and was selected as the Senator from the North West by Judge Douglas on the great California Special Committee of 1850.<sup>149</sup> I do not think that I ever missed any session of any Committee to which I belonged, and as Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills I presented all bills to the President for his approval. I therefore became very intimate with Mr. Buchanan, as I had been with all the Presidents whom I had ever known — every one, in fact, since the time of James Monroe, no one of them being more sincerely attached to me than John Quincy Adams, who was elected by the House of Representatives in February, 1825, except, perhaps, Gen. Jackson, J. K. Polk, and Franklin Pierce, who treated me as if I had been their brother or son.

As I came home from Congress in 1857 or 1858,<sup>150</sup> I had the honor and pleasure of riding in the car with my old friend, Gen. Burnett, of the United States army, and to whom Gen. Jackson assigned the sword “to be given to the officer whom Gen. Jackson, as umpire, should decide to have been the bravest officer in the Mexican war.” We put up at “Jones Hotel” in Philadelphia. On meeting at about twelve o’clock that night, after visits to our respective

friends, he said: "I met Ex-Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania, who told me that he had called to see his old friend, President Buchanan, who said, in answer to the inquiry as to whom he intended to nominate for Post Master General, vice Ex-Governor Brown, then just deceased, that 'Gen. Jones is the man whom I would prefer, but my friends object upon the ground that Gen. Jones is a Northern man and that he would give the preponderance in my Cabinet to the North over the South, etc., etc. I tell them that Gen. Jones is as much opposed to Abolitionism as any man in the South.' "

## VII

### DOUGLAS AND THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

WHEN the bill to aid in the construction of the I. C. R. R. was under consideration in the Senate for the last time, I went to Judge Douglas, who sat near by, and showed him the following, which I proposed to offer as an amendment: instead of saying "to Galena", "*via* Galena to Dubuque, in the State of Iowa." He replied: "That is a very proper amendment and I am glad you suggest it." General Shields, his colleague, coming up at that moment, I presented the amendment to him, saying: "Your colleague approves of this amendment. What say you to it?" He replied: "I am glad you propose to offer it." I then sent it to the Secretary where it was read, after which I said: "Mr. President, this amendment which I offer and which is accepted by both Senators from Illinois, merely proposes to extend the road fifteen or eighteen miles farther west and make it terminate at Dubuque, Iowa, on the Mississippi River, a navigable stream, instead of Fever River, which is nearly half of the year not navigable, to connect with the proposed Iowa Railway from Dubuque to Sioux City."

This bill was in a few moments finally passed and sent to the House for concurrence.<sup>151</sup> The next morning, on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Tiber, I met Colonel Baker,<sup>152</sup> who said: "General, I never can agree to that amendment of yours as it takes the termination of that road from my town, Galena, to Dubuque, its rival." He added: "I will have it stricken out in the House." We argued the subject for some time, when he pursued his way up to the Capitol, while I went directly to Judge Douglas' residence and told him of my conversation with Baker. He said: "Have no fears, General, on this subject. I'll speak to our colleague in the House and your amendment shall not be stricken out."

The bill was passed as amended by myself. At the subsequent session of Congress when the bill making the grant of land to the State of Iowa to aid in the construction of her proposed railroads was called up in the House for consideration, Hon. Thompson Campbell, successor of Representative Baker from the Jo Daviess district, made an earnest speech in opposition to the passage of the bill. Hon. Bernhart Henn, Representative from the Fairfield (Iowa) district, in reply said that Mr. Campbell's attack was a very unjust one, considering the earnest support which had been given to the Illinois Central Railway bill by the Iowa delegation.

Thereupon, Mr. Campbell said that the Iowa Senators had received a *consideration* for the support they had given to the Illinois Central Railroad bill.<sup>153</sup> And our bill was defeated.

A heated newspaper controversy took place between my colleague and myself and Mr. Campbell, which came near terminating in a duel between the last named and myself. Judge Douglas was not then in Washington City, and when he reached the city Mr. Campbell gave Judge Douglas as his authority for saying that I had received the consideration referred to by the Illinois Senators allowing my amendment, making Dubuque instead of Galena the north-western terminus of the Illinois Central Railway.

As soon as I learned that Judge Douglas was in his committee room in the Senate, I sent word to his colleague and mine to meet me there — which they did. Then I said to Judge Douglas in a threatening tone: “You have told Mr. Campbell, your colleague, of the House, an infamous falsehood, in reference to your action and mine in relation to my amendment to the I. C. R. R. bill. Our respective colleagues, now here, know that you not only made no objection to my amendment, but that you thanked me for making it.” General Shields and General Dodge, both, then said that they knew of no objection to my amendment, when Judge Douglas

replied: "I know, General, that I did not make any objection to your amendment but freely and gladly accepted it, for I believed then, as I do now, that it was a very proper one. I had no idea that Mr. Campbell, or any one else, would oppose it. I admit that I did misrepresent the case to Mr. Campbell, thinking that would terminate the matter."

In 1858, when Judge Douglas and Mr. Lincoln stumped the State of Illinois as candidates for the United States Senate, Judge Douglas sent a letter to a Galena newspaper to be read on the day of the election at that place, all which fully appears from the following correspondence which was published in Chicago, New York, and Washington City during the Christmas holidays of 1858-1859.

An Article Copied from the  
FORT DODGE SENTINEL  
Saturday, January 15, 1859.

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Letter from Senator Jones to Senator Douglas.<sup>154</sup>

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The following editorial and letter from the Galena Courier of the 2d instant, have called forth the letter below from Gen. Jones, U. S. Senator from Iowa. It serves up the Illinois Senator in pointed style, while it conclusively refutes his charge respecting Senator Jones:

## DOUGLAS AND THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL 193

[From the Galena Courier, November 2nd.]

### A BASE CALUMNY — LETTER FROM MR. DOUGLAS

At the last hour, when it is impossible to stop the calumny, the enemies of Senator Douglas have started the slander that in his action in securing the Illinois Central Railroad Grant, he wilfully sacrificed the interests of Galena. Without expecting that the refutation will go as far as the falsehood, nevertheless, in justice to Mr. Douglas, we publish the following letter from him on this very subject. It answers the charge and vindicates him from all blame.— What were the circumstances?— Gen. Jones *had it in his power to defeat the measure* which has made Illinois what she is to-day — one of the first States in the Union. He expressed his immovable determination to exercise his power, and thereby sacrifice not only Galena *but a great State*; not only one town, but a hundred towns with claims equal to Galena, and for what? For what would he have kept the millions of acres in Illinois, now dotted all over with farmhouses, school-houses, churches, and peopled by hundreds of thousands of honest yeomanry, in a condition no better than that of a barren desert — for what would he have defeated the measure that has raised the value of Illinois State Stocks from 16 cents on the dollar to 103 and 105 — a condition of solvency second to no State in the Union — for what would General George Washington Jones (who now comes in as a witness against Senator Douglas,) have sacrificed all this greatness and prosperity? Simply to get the road to terminate at Dubuque! Was it not an *exalted, states-*

*manlike course?*—Does it not damn this man Jones to infamy for allowing a narrow-contracted local feeling to imperil a mighty measure for the good of an empire? He had it in his power to kill the bill that had been brought to the very point of success by the herculean efforts of Douglas, and he vowed his purpose to do it, for the paltry reason that it provided that the terminus should be at Galena instead of Dubuque. We ask any man, had he occupied the position that Douglas did, as the champion of the measure, if he would not have pursued the precise course that Douglas did—yield to the demand of the incompatible Jones, for the sake of securing the end in view? But he did not do this until he had full consultation with all the members of both Houses of Congress from Illinois Whigs and Democrats, and they became convinced that there was no other alternative. We say he acted the part of a statesman, and we honor him for rising above the standard of such puny whipsters as your Jones, and your Washburnes, and others of that ilk, who cannot comprehend a policy higher than dollars and cents. We honor the man who, though compelled to yield a point, did so, believing that the interests of a great State were paramount to those of one town.

Suppose Mr. Douglas had insisted on keeping the terminus at Galena, and Jones had *defeated* the bill, where would the execrations of the people of this State have fallen?— We opine that even Galenians would have united with the whole State in denouncing him as having acted with consummate folly. No man could stand before the outraged thousands and say

that such a policy was right. Galena is said to have lost by it; if so, hold Jones responsible, and not the man who had not the power to change the determination of the Iowa Congressional delegation, and others, holding the balance of power. Hold the local Representative, Baker — who was not a Democrat, responsible for not attending to his duties; but do not thrust the responsibility for his neglect and incompetency upon Douglas, who was working for the best interest of every town in the State of Illinois.

The presentation of the charge by the republicans at this moment is infamous and cowardly. They could have made it months ago, as well as now; but they knew it was unjust and could be refuted. There are some other matters involved, of which we could speak; but as the slander has been produced for the use of a day, we are content to leave the vindication of Mr. Douglas to the judgment of more candid men. The following is his letter, written from Winchester, in this State, in August last:

Winchester, Aug. 7, 1858.

My dear Sir:—

Your letter of the 28th of July, communicating to me the fact that there is a rumor in circulation in Galena, supposed to have come from Gen. Jones, of Iowa, that pending the Illinois Central Railroad Grant in the Senate of the United States, an arrangement was made between him and me, by which the interests of Galena were sacrificed to those of Dubuque is received. I have a distinct recollection of the facts of the case, and they are in substance as follows:—The bill, as drawn and introduced into

Congress by myself, provided for a railroad from the southern terminus of the Illinois and Michigan Canal to the mouth of the Ohio River, with a branch to Chicago and another to Galena, the northwestern terminus of the road. General Jones, his colleague, and perhaps some others, objected to Galena as a terminus on the ground that the road would not connect with the Mississippi River, and thus a hiatus would be created between the east and west side of the river. *I endeavored to dissuade them from their objections, and to induce them to allow the bill to pass in the shape I had introduced it, but they were immovable,* AND INSISTED ON DEFEATING THE BILL unless we would extend the road to Dubuque. Upon full consultation with my colleagues in both houses of Congress, it was determined to permit the alteration to be made, under the belief that the whole bill would be defeated unless we consented to the change, and we thought it better to allow the change to be made than to lose the bill altogether, although we did not think that our Iowa friends were treating us kindly by attempting to defeat a great measure for our State on a point of the kind. Under these circumstances, I did cheerfully acquiesce and concur in the determination of the united delegation of the State, to agree to the change by which the road should be extended to Dubuque, but carefully omitting to provide at what point the crossing should be, whether at Dubuque, at Tete des Morts, or at any intermediate point. I will only add that any insinuation or intimation on the part of Gen. Jones, or any of his friends, that I had any collusion with him, and was willing to sacrifice

the interests of Galena to those of Dubuque, or any other point, is basely and infamously false.

Very respectfully,

Your friend,

S. A. DOUGLAS.

H. G. CROUCH, ESQ.

Galena, Illinois.

GEN. JONES' LETTER IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING

Dubuque, Iowa, Nov. 9, '58.

HON. S. A. DOUGLAS,

Chicago, Ill.

*Sir:*— Herewith is enclosed your letter dated August 7th, 1858, to H. G. Crouch, editor of the Galena, Illinois, Courier, cut from that paper of the 2d instant, with the editorial accompanying the same, headed — “*A Base Calumny.*” I will not condescend to notice the scurrilous editorial, predicated upon the many *wilful [mis]representations* of your letter, preferring to deal with you, as more responsible than your instrument. I say “*wilful misrepresentation,*” because you say you “have a distinct recollection of the facts in the case,” and because the journals of the Senate prove your statements to be wholly destitute of truth, so far as you refer to my colleague (Gen. A. C. Dodge,) myself and our friends as having ever *expressed or entertained the idea*, as you say, of “defeating the bill unless the road was extended to Dubuque,” though we surely had as much right so to amend it as our Southern friends of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama had to suggest and *require*, as I

think they did, that you should make the road extend to Mobile, through those three States.

You knew well that neither you nor your colleague, Gen. Shields, ever had such consultation, either between yourselves or your colleagues of the House, before I offered my amendment to make the road terminate at this place, instead of at Galena. You moreover knew equally well that when I approached you towards the close of the debate in the Senate on the bill with my amendment, and asked you whether you had any objections to my offering it, stating as I did that it was merely to extend your road to Dubuque, 12 or 15 miles further West, that you not only freely assented thereto, but thanked me for the suggestion, and that I immediately thereafter, in your presence and hearing, obtained the assent of your colleagues to the same effect;— that I then offered it and it was passed without a dissenting vote or objection from any quarter whatever, as the records show.

You must also recollect that within twenty-four hours *after* the passage of the bill through the Senate, I informed you that I had had a conversation with Col. Baker, the then Representative from Galena in Congress, and that he declared to me that he would not allow the bill to pass the House without having my amendment stricken from it, and that you then said that you cared not what Baker wished — that it was right that the road should terminate on the Mississippi, and so connect with our proposed railroad, and that you would so state to your colleagues, Col. Richardson, Major Harris, and others of the House, who would take charge of the bill, and would prevent

Baker from making any such amendment in that body.

The assertion on your part that I or my colleague, or any one of our friends had determined to defeat your bill upon the ground stated by you, or for any other reason whatever is false, and its publication being deferred until the day of the Illinois election, too late to be contradicted by myself or others, shows that you and he (your Galena organ) who acted for you, designed to mislead the Galena people, and accomplish your selfish purpose. The journals and the debates of the Senate show that Gen. Dodge and I heartily coöperated with you and your colleague in every effort and every vote which was given on that question. For many considerations we could not but be deeply interested in the passage of that bill.

At the celebration of the completion of the Illinois Central Railroad to Dunleith, held at this place in July, 1855, you complimented me, in exalted terms, in your speech on that occasion as the person who procured the amendment, making Dubuque the terminus of the road, and although you knew that hundreds of your own constituents were there present, you did not *intimate* that the same had been done contrary to your wishes. You were then addressing an Iowa audience whom you wished to propitiate.

Again, sir, when you last visited Dubuque, (26th August, 1857,) you had an interview with J. B. Dorr, the editor of the Express and Herald of this city, who had, ever since you introduced the Kansas and Nebraska Bill in the Senate, been your bitter opponent, and the opponent of that measure. The next

morning an editorial article appeared in that paper, of which the following is an extract:

“But Illinois is not the only State which has been benefited by the policy and by the labors of Stephen A. Douglas. All the Western States are indebted to him for the material improvement which is observable within her borders. We believe, however, that our own State, Iowa, stands next to Illinois in her obligations to Mr. Douglas. To him more than to any living man is owing the magnificent railroad system planned out for her—the system which is destined to make her one of the wealthiest and most important States in the West. Even our own good city of Dubuque owes, in a great measure, her present importance to the labors of Mr. Douglas. She knows that the extension of the north western branch of the Illinois Central to the opposite bank of the Mississippi has greatly added to her prosperity, and the land grant roads running from here to the interior will still add more towards making her the commercial metropolis of the region North and West of Chicago.”

Two numbers of the paper containing the above extract were sent to you the next day, one to Galena and the other to Chicago, with the expectation that you would have the honesty to spurn the offer thus made you by your *newly* acquired advocate here, to the detriment of myself, for whom you then professed friendship. Instead of doing so, however, the same article was republished in the *Times*, your organ at Chicago, and that, too, within a very few days after it came out here, and whilst you were still at Chicago, and necessarily within your knowledge, if not at your

request. Thus, sir, at one time you extolled me in unmeasured terms for causing Dubuque to be made the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad when addressing an *Iowa audience*; at another, you allow Dorr, your ally and my unscrupulous opponent here, to filch that which justly belongs to me and appropriate it to your temporary benefit. And now, when arraigned by your constituents for allowing me to make an amendment to your bill, to the disadvantage of Galena, (as the people there believe,) you resort to the *dishonest and unworthy pretext* of saying you were compelled either to allow the amendment to be made, or to lose the bill entirely, because “*they* (myself and colleague) *were immovable and insisted on defeating the bill,*” &c. Neither Gen’l Dodge, his father nor myself, ever voted against you or Gen’l Shields on any amendment or proposition offered to the bill. The vote was generally two to one in favor of the bill and it finally passed by yeas and nays 26 to 14, so we had not, as you allege, the power to defeat the bill, as still it would have passed.

My amendment was offered without consultation with any one, not excepting my own colleague, or any one of my constituents. I am proud of having procured such a benefit for the State which has trusted and honored me, but I would spurn it had it been obtained “by collusion” with yourself or any one else — a charge never within my knowledge made at Galena or elsewhere, until now meanly insinuated by yourself.

This, sir, is the third time that you have made “*infamously false*” accusations against me, and that I

have been compelled to fasten the lie upon you. Though you may, at the sacrifice of Democratic organization, have effected a triumph in your own State, as you say "over Executive and Congressional dictation," I can but look with contempt upon any fame or position you may have acquired by a union with "white spirits and black, blue spirits and grey," Black Republicans, South Americans, disappointed office-seekers, &c., as I do upon the miserable resort to opprob[r]ious epithets connected with my name, but covered with a contingency which gave you a sure escape.

GEORGE WALLACE JONES.

P. S. This was prepared at the time and place that it bears date, and would have been sent to you had I known where it would reach you. As you are still canvassing the country, I address it to you at your own home, and publish a copy of the same in order to make sure of it being seen by you,

GEO. W. JONES.

A day or two after the above publication appeared in the Chicago, New York, and Washington papers, whilst in conversation with President Buchanan in his office at the White House, his messenger announced "Mr. Davis" at his door. Mr. Buchanan replied: "Tell him I am engaged". I immediately asked the messenger: "What Mr. Davis is it?" His answer was, "Senator Davis of Mississippi." "Let him come in, Mr. Buchanan", I requested, "I have no secrets from Mr. Davis." The latter

was ushered in and seated himself by us, when Mr. Buchanan said to me: "General, I hear a good deal of talk about a letter which you have written to Douglas and which has appeared in the newspapers." Davis, turning to me, remarked: "You read it to me this morning; have you not got it with you now?" On replying that I had, Mr. Buchanan asked me to read it to him, which I did. When he remarked: "Douglas will challenge you as soon as he reaches the city." "That is what I expect and desire", I replied. The same day, as I walked through the upper hall at the Metropolitan Hotel, I met Justice Catron of the Supreme Court, and saluted him in passing, when he asked: "Is not this Senator Jones?" I replied: "Yes, sir." He said: "Stop, I want to speak to you. This morning when my colleagues and I met in the Court room, reference was made to your letter to Douglas, and with the consent of the Chief Justice, it was read, when every one of us declared it was the most severe arraignment ever made against Judge Douglas."

Judge Douglas never spoke to me after this.

The accompanying letters sustain my position in this matter:—

Washington, November 19, 1858.

My dear Friend:—

I have no very distinct recollection of the minute circumstances attending your amendment to the Illi-

nois Land Grant Bill extending the Railroad line from Galena to Dubuque, but I know you made that amendment with my consent and take it for granted with the consent of Judge Douglas also. I do not remember a single objection made to your amendment in the Senate by any one at the time it was offered, or at any other time. I have no recollection of any consultation between my colleagues and myself in reference to that amendment and never entertained a doubt but the bill would receive the hearty support of your colleague, General Dodge, and yourself, whether the amendment was adopted or rejected; certainly neither of you ever intimated to me any intention to oppose our bill under any circumstances. On the contrary, I regarded you both as our best friends. I hope this reply will suffice to cover all your inquiries and therefore hasten to send it to you.

Yours sincerely,

JAS. SHIELDS.

HONORABLE GEORGE W. JONES

Dubuque, Iowa.

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Washington, Jan. 10, 1859.

Dear Sir:—

I have examined with much care your letter of 9th of November, 1858, to Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, as published in the *Chicago Herald* of December 16, 1858. This letter is exactly what I expected in view of the high minded, honorable and independent course you have always pursued.

The public characters of public men belong to the country, and when wilful misrepresentations are

made of them, it is a duty the party maligned owes to himself and his fellow citizens to place the matter right. In doing this I much prefer such good, old English terms as you have used to more high sounding expressions, which might leave doubts on the minds of the readers of the intentions of the writer.

Truly yours,

JOHN WILSON,

Late Commissioner of the General Land Office.

GEN. GEORGE W. JONES, U. S. Senate.

The Supreme Judges and Messrs. Buchanan and Davis were not on very good terms with Judge Douglas; hence, probably, their favorable opinion of my letter.

## VIII

### THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

IN 1858, whilst in the Senate, Lord Osborne, then President of the Illinois Central Railroad, called to see me in my lodgings at Miss Manning's in Washington. I was glad to meet him, and I told him I recollected spending a day with him with the Board of Directors, of which I was a member, at Dubuque.

“Senator, I have come to ask a great favor of you.”

“What service can I render you?” I asked.

“We understand”, he said, “that you stand very high with Mr. Buchanan, and his administration.”

“Yes, sir, I believe they are all friends of mine; *I know* Mr. Buchanan is.”

“We have been trying for a week or two to induce the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Jacob Thompson, to certify to us some lands in Illinois, to enable us to continue the construction of our road, the Illinois Central Railroad.”

I replied: “Mr. Osborne, why do you come to me? I am Senator of Iowa, not of Illinois. Why not go to *your* Senators, Douglas and Shields, Col. Richardson,<sup>155</sup> Maj. Harris, and

the other members of the Illinois delegation.”

“Oh”, he said, “we have all of them assisting us, but you stand higher with the Administration. Senator, you certainly want the road extended to Dubuque, don’t you?”

I said: “Mr. Osborne, I will do anything in my power to aid you.”

He said: “Senator, I suppose you have a ‘pass’ on our road?”

“No, sir, I have not; I have no occasion to use one. I come from Dubuque to Chicago in stages and from there by railroad or steamboat.”

He said: “That is a great shame, General, that you have not had a pass; here is one for yourself and family”. And he pulled one out of his pocket all ready prepared.

“Oh!” I said, “Mr. Osborne, I don’t want a ‘pass’. I will do all I can for you without any.”

He insisted on my taking it, saying that some day when the road was completed to Mobile I might want to take a trip South with my family; and I took the “pass”.

“Now”, said I, “Mr. Osborne, give me your petition and papers and I’ll go to see the President to-night on this subject. Come back in the morning after you have had your breakfast, and I will tell you how I have succeeded with the President.”

He left me shortly after this, and that night

I went to see the President. On entering I said: "Mr. President, I have come to ask an extraordinary favor of you in relation to an Illinois, not an Iowa, matter."

"What is it, General?"

I said: "The President of the I. C. R. R. Co., Mr. Osborne, its secretary and engineer, and the Illinois delegation, have been trying for a week or two to induce Secretary Thompson to certify more of the lands to them granted by the act of Congress for the construction of the I. C. R. R."

"What do you want me to do, General,"

"I want you to write on the back of this, their petition, an order to the Secretary to grant their prayer."

He said: "General, have you been to see Mr. Thompson on this subject?"

"No, sir, I preferred to come to head-quarters."

He took up his pen, and directed the Secretary of the Treasury [Interior] to grant the petition.

The next morning Mr. Osborne again called on me and asked: "What success, General?"

"Oh, sir, complete success; here is an order from the President to Mr. Thompson to grant the prayer of the petition. I'll go with you now to see Mr. Thompson and deliver this order from the President."

On entering Secretary Thompson's room in the Interior Department, I handed the President's order to him.

He said: "General, I'll be d——d if I don't believe that the President would give all the lands in Illinois to this d——d rascally Company, if you asked him to do it. Now, sir, the Company will sell those lands, get all the money, keep it, and never build any Railroad."

"Oh!" said I, "Jake, that is no business of yours."

"Well", he said, "I know it, but I can't help it."

He certified the lands to the Company, who went on immediately to continue the construction of the road from a few miles north of Springfield to Dubuque.

When I left Dubuque on April 17, 1859, to go on my mission to Bogotá, as Minister, I used the pass for the first time for my son Charles and myself as far as Pana, on the way to Washington. The next time I offered that pass was after my return from Bogotá, when a large party of Democrats, in 1862, went from Dubuque to Galena to celebrate the return of Johnson and Sheean from Fort Lafayette, where they had been imprisoned as I had been. In crossing the river in the ferry-boat with the conductor of the railroad, we were very hilarious and joyful. When the conductor, Warren,

came into the car at Dunleith, now East Dubuque, to gather the tickets, I presented my pass. He looked at me rather sourly and put my pass in his pocket and walked off. I called out that he had forgotten to return my pass. "No!" he answered, "I take it up". I asked, "By what authority?" He answered, "By the authority of the Board of Directors at Chicago", and went on. I was at that moment sitting by the side of Hon. Ben. M. Samuels, a distinguished lawyer. I asked him if the conductor had a right to take up my pass in that way. He asked me how I came to get it. I told him from President Osborne, as stated above. Mr. Samuels said: "No, General, he has no right to take it from you, for Mr. Osborne would have given you \$50,000 for the service you rendered him with Mr. Buchanan, but the I. C. R. R. Co. have a great many distinguished lawyers and the pass would cost you more than it is worth if you were to go to law for redress." I replied: "Perhaps I will get a chance at them some time yet."

A very short time after, when I went down to my office one day in the Jones block, Mr. Deery said that Col. Allison, one of the attorneys of the I. C. R. R., had been there several times to see me. Mr. Deery said: "You had better go now and see him at his office in the Free-Mason block." I did so. Mr. Crane, then

partner and associate attorney with Allison, said that Mr. Allison had just gone down town. I asked: "Do you know what he wants to see me for?"

"He wants to see you about an unoccupied lot that you own at Dunleith." I left the office and walked down the steps saying to myself, "Now is my chance." I had seen a hundred or more men at work on my lot making a switch for the transfer of their cars to their large steamboats, as I rode up the river en route to McGregor in company with Gen. Hodgdon, and I remarked to him that "those men are building their road on my lot; I'll make them pay for it."

As I returned from McGregor, I saw Col. Allison standing at the stairway leading to my office. He hailed me and asked if he could see me for a few moments. We entered, and he began by saying: "General, I am just from Chicago. Our company, the Illinois Central, want to get an unoccupied, deserted lot of yours at Dunleith, either on a lease or by purchase."

I replied: "It is for sale, but not for *lease*."

"What will you take for it?"

I replied: "Well, Colonel, as they are old friends of mine, I'll let them have it cheap. They may have it for five thousand dollars cash."

"Oh!" said he, "I've been told that you of-

ferred the lot to one of Merry's firemen for one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Yes, Colonel", said I, "but he is a poor hard-working Irish Democrat, not a d——d, rascally, ungrateful Railroad Company."

He laughed, and turned to leave, saying: "I see you don't want to sell it."

"Yes, I do, Colonel, but I made a mistake. I'll sell it to your company for five thousand dollars cash *and a pass for myself and family as long as I live.*"

He laughed and went out as I said: "This is Monday morning. Now, if you don't take it by Saturday next, before banking hours, the price will be *ten* thousand and a pass."

A few days before that time, my agent at Dunleith, Mr. Garnick, told me he had good news for me. He said, "Mr. Clark, engineer of the Illinois Central, is building a switch on your lot No. 1A, and I told him that he was trespassing on your property."

I told him I had seen them at work on it, and it was unwise in him to warn Mr. Clark (who afterwards became President of the road); that instead of making him pay me five or six hundred for that lot, I would not let them have it for less than five thousand.

"Oh!" he said, "General, you'll break up the sale. They'll take the road up, and you will not be able to sell it at all."

My nephew, Mr. Grégoire, had said the same thing.

On the Friday following my conversation with Col. Allison, Mr. Crane came into my office and said,

“General, I have just received a dispatch from Col. Allison saying that we will take that lot of yours at Dunleith;” and he handed me for execution a bond-for-deed to the Illinois Central, the deed to be given if my title to the lot should be proved to be perfect, he to go to Galena that day to examine the records there. The bond read for five thousand dollars simply.

I said: “Mr. Crane, five thousand dollars is not the consideration. It is five thousand dollars and a pass for myself and family as long as I live.”

“Oh, yes”, he said, “General, I’ll see that you get the pass.”

“Yes”, I said, “and so will I see. If you will interline in this bond five thousand dollars and a pass, I’ll sign the bond, and not without.” He did so.

He said: “I’ll go to Galena now, and if I find your title perfect, will pay you.”

I put my hand into my green box and drew out a deed for that identical lot, assigned to me upon the partition of the Dunleith property between the heirs of Grégoire, the Illinois Central, and myself. I asked Mr. Crane to bring me a dozen blank deeds from Galena.

Mr. Crane returned the following day, and said: "General, your title to the lot is perfect, and as soon as you make me the deed I'll pay you for it."

I handed him my deed to that lot, written out in one of the deed-forms.

"As I go home, I'll take the deed to my wife to sign before Mr. Deery, a Notary Public."

As I went home by his office, he handed it to me with the consideration of five thousand dollars set forth. "Why!" said I, "you forgot to put in the consideration, 'pass, etc.'".

He said: "You don't want that in the deed, do you?"

"Yes!" I said, "I do when I deal with a Railroad Company. I'll take every precaution necessary."

On my return I went into his office with the deed signed and acknowledged by myself and my wife. He then took me down into Mr. Farley's office and said: "Mr. Farley, General Jones has made the deed and wants the money and passes."

Mr. Hewitt, whom I had never met, was sitting at a table, writing. He turned and was introduced to me by Mr. Farley. He asked me if a check on Chicago would do me for the money, and if two or three passes would do me until he could get the printed ones from Chicago. He told Mr. Farley to send him a list of

Gen. Jones' family and he would send a pass for all, which he did a few days afterwards.

The next time I met Col. Allison he asked: "You received your money and passes?" "Yes", I replied, "like a fool, I asked only five instead of ten thousand dollars!" "Yes", he replied, "you could have got it."

## IX

### MINISTER TO BOGOTÁ

ON the 8th day of March, 1859, four days after the expiration of my second term as Senator from Iowa, I was dining at the Kirkwood House, Washington, D. C., when Senator Nicholson of Tennessee entered. As he passed me he said: "We have just unanimously confirmed your nomination as Minister." I called him back and asked him, "What Minister?" He replied, "Minister to Bogotá."

After dinner, as I walked home, the news-boys were crying their papers, saying: "All about the nomination of Gen. Jones as Minister." On reaching my parlor, I found my table covered with notes and cards of congratulation on my appointment. I ordered my servant to call a carriage, and drove to the residence of the Secretary of State, Gen. Lewis Cass. I went in and tendered him my sincere thanks, and asked him how I came to be appointed. He replied: "When we went into Cabinet meeting this morning, President Buchanan read to us a message which he had sent to the Senate, nominating you as Minister to Bogotá, New Granada" (now the United States

of Colombia). Gen. Cass assured me that every member of the Cabinet expressed satisfaction at my appointment, agreeing that I was in every way qualified, particularly because of my "being a Catholic and having the manners of a Frenchman", and that I would soon settle our difficulties with that country. The United States was then without a Minister to Bogotá. I said to Gen. Cass: "I am very grateful for this appointment, sir, but I have come to decline it, because I am tired of public life." Gen. Cass urged me to reconsider this decision. But as I persisted in my refusal he said: "Well, go to the President yourself, and inform him that you will not accept; the Senate is in executive session now but will soon adjourn, and Mr. Buchanan must have time to nominate some one else."

I drove to the White House. On entering the President's office, I found a gentleman sitting with his back to me talking to the President. He arose as I entered, and I recognized Gen. Kemble of New York, with whom I had served in Congress when Delegate from Michigan Territory, and who was a warm friend of mine. He left immediately and I said to the President: "I have come to thank you, sir, as I most sincerely do, for the distinguished honor you have conferred on me and to say that I must respectfully decline the same." I told Mr. Buchanan

that I had been obliged to leave the South, in 1827, on account of my health; that I had filled a great many offices and wished now to retire to private life. Mr. Buchanan said: "Oh, yes, that is always the way with you young men. You do not know what you want. You think you are tired of public life, but you are not. When Gen. Jackson came to the Presidency, March 4, 1829, he tendered me the appointment of Secretary of State, which I declined, believing, as you do now, that I was tired of public life. The office of Secretary of State at that time was considered the stepping stone to the Presidency. I went home to Lancaster, and in a short time became dissatisfied with the quiet life and gladly accepted the office of Minister to Russia. When you get back to Dubuque you will regret declining this appointment." I told him that I could not live in the South and that I had enough to live on the remainder of my life, and as my wife was of French descent, I was desirous of going to France. Mr. Buchanan said: "There is no vacancy there or I would gladly appoint you to that Mission." I replied: "I do not mean that I want to go as your Minister to France, but I am of the opinion that the people of South America are behind the age in civilization."

Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, and several other gentlemen were present, and over-

hearing the last remark, Mr. Cobb said: "General, our friend Bowlin, while he was Minister to Bogotá, wrote home that he was delighted with the society there; that it was most charming." (My residence for three years there as Minister verified the truth of this statement). Mr. Buchanan then asked me to reserve my decision until the Senate adjourned, and to call and see him in the meantime, and he would convince me that I was mistaken in not accepting the appointment. I sent a formal letter to Secretary Cass declining the appointment peremptorily, and went home to Dubuque. Before leaving Washington, however, several physicians, friends of mine, told me they thought I was mistaken in my fear of the climate of Bogotá; and on my return to Dubuque my friends and family expressed their regret that I had declined the Mission. Drs. Finley, Horr, and Sprague agreed with the physicians at Washington.

About the 15th of April, shortly after my return to Dubuque, Bishop Smith of the Catholic Church called at my house, and during the conversation he said to me: "General, I have a favor to ask of you." I replied: "You can ask no favors, dear Bishop, that I will not readily grant." "Well", he said, "I want you to write to Mr. Buchanan and accept the Mission to Bogotá." I replied: "I have no doubt, Bishop,

that the Mission has been filled by this time." He turned to my daughter and said: "You see, Maria, your father wants to back out of his promise." "Oh, no, Bishop", I said, "I do not want to do that, but I am almost sure the place is filled." (I knew that Gouverneur Kemble and others were trying to get the appointment for their friends.) "Well", continued Bishop Smith, "you write a note of acceptance to Secretary Cass and I will have Dennis [his coachman] mail it as we drive down town." I told the Bishop that the proper etiquette was to write to the Secretary of State, and so addressed a note to Secretary Cass, saying that if the President had not already filled the Mission to Bogotá and was still willing that I should have it, that in consideration of the wishes of my friends I would yet accept it.<sup>156</sup> By return mail I received my commission with instructions to go on to Washington immediately.

I left home on the 17th of April and reached Washington on the 20th. I called immediately on Secretary of State Cass and he asked me if I had received my instructions. I replied: "No, sir, I do not know anything about instructions." He then inquired if I had seen Dr. Mackie. I said I did not know the gentleman; and Gen. Cass sent a messenger to the Doctor, who came in a few moments later, and after introducing us, the Secretary asked: "Doctor, have you

Gen. Jones' instructions drawn up?" The Doctor answered: "I have not heard anything about them." Gen. Cass then said: "Doctor, draw them up immediately, for we want him to go as soon as possible." Dr. Mackie left the room on these orders, and the Secretary, turning to me, said: "Now, General, cultivate the acquaintance of Dr. Mackie. He knows more about the duties of your office than Appleton [Assistant Secretary], myself, or the priest of all the world; and while I think of it, instruct your family to send all your mail through the State Department, as then it will go out with our dispatches to Bogotá without postage and free from inspection."

I then went to Dr. Mackie's room and found the Doctor already engaged in writing my instructions; and I asked him what my duties would be. He placed before me two or three large volumes, saying: "General, read these backwards and you will soon learn what your duties are." I remained with him until after office hours and then asked him to go to my hotel and dine with me. We became very warm friends during my stay in Washington, prior to my departure for Bogotá. I paid no attention to Mr. Hunter, the chief clerk over Dr. Mackie, who later, through jealousy, caused my arrest for writing a letter to Jefferson Davis.

The same evening I called to pay my respects

to President Buchanan and Miss Lane, his niece. Mr. Buchanan laughed heartily on seeing me, saying: "I knew you would come to your senses by and by, so I kept the office open for you, though I have had many other applicants for it." And, later, he said to me: "General, bring your instructions to me when you get them. I want to see what they are." I took them to him a few days later, and, at his request, read them to him. When I had finished, he exclaimed: "What a talented man that Appleton is! How beautifully these instructions are drawn up!" I said: "Why do you say Appleton? No one but Dr. Mackie and myself has seen these instructions." The President asked: "Who is Dr. Mackie? I do not know any such man." I replied: "He is the chief of the South American Bureau in the State Department, and was appointed to that position by our old friend Clayton, when he was Secretary of State under Gen. Taylor."

I took Dr. Mackie the next day and introduced him to the President. Dr. Mackie has ever since been my warm friend and correspondent and is one of the most splendid gentlemen I ever knew, a man of extraordinary mental ability and acquirements and most gentle disposition. My attentions to Dr. Mackie during my stay for instructions gave offense to Mr. Hunter, chief clerk of the State Department.

About April 29 I left Washington for New York on my way to Bogotá. I had with me my son Charles, who accompanied me as Secretary, and a man servant who had been with Gen. Herran, Minister Plenipotentiary to [from] Bogotá. When in New York I called upon Bishop Hughes with a letter of introduction from my friend Father Donaghoe of Dubuque, spiritual director of the Sisters of Charity, the Bishop receiving my son and myself most cordially. When leaving him, the Bishop called me to one side, saying: "General, Father Donaghoe says you want to be baptized." I answered that I did. He asked me where I was stopping, and when I replied, "At the St. Nicholas Hotel", he said, "That is near my Cathedral; call there tomorrow morning at eight o'clock and I will baptize you." I did go, and he presented me with a letter of introduction to Archbishop Herran of Bogotá. Father McCloskey, who was afterwards made first Cardinal of the United States, was my Godfather. I took with me, also, letters of introduction from the Primate of Baltimore, Archbishop Kenrick, Bishop Timon of Buffalo, and others. I had a delightful trip from New York City to Aspinwall by the mail line steamship. At Aspinwall I was furnished with a passage in the United States man-of-war by order of Secretary Toucey of the United States Navy Department to Carthagena in New Granada.

At Carthagena I was received with "brasos abiertos" [open arms] by our accomplished consul, Mathieu, who escorted me to the Magdalena River, where we took passage on the steamboat up the river to Honda. From Honda, we took mules to cross the mountains, and reached Bogotá on the afternoon of the third day. We were met by a number of distinguished officials and others, and escorted into the city. The second or third day after reaching there, calls were made upon me by President Marianna Ospina, Secretary Pardo (Secretary of Foreign Relations), and other distinguished citizens and officials. It was Sunday — feast days and Sundays are observed in that country by making calls, giving dinner parties, *tertullias* (dancing parties), etc. In the course of conversation, I asked Señor Santa Maria, who spoke very fluently the French language: "What is the meaning of your name, 'Santa Maria'?" "La Mere de Dieu", was his response. He was a very accomplished gentleman, one of the most popular, wealthy, and influential citizens of the Republic. I asked him where I could get a teacher to instruct me in the Spanish language. He replied: "Come to see my daughters; they speak French and Spanish equally well and will take pleasure in instructing you, as all the ladies will; but do not go to the gentlemen."

I found the ladies of Bogotá among the most

charming, beautiful, and accomplished in the world, fair complexioned, and modest mannered. I never saw a gentleman with a young lady without a chaperone. When visiting, the ladies sat on one side of the room and the gentlemen in a semi-circle around them.

I followed the advice of Señor Santa Maria, visiting his daughters and other ladies frequently, with the determination of acquiring a knowledge of the Spanish language — an easy matter for any one acquainted with French and Latin — and I soon preferred speaking Spanish to English or French during my residence there.

My son Charles, who was my Private Secretary, the moment I told him in Dubuque that I would take him with me, went to the bookstore and bought a Spanish dictionary, grammar, exercises, etc., and began to study the language; but he never acquired facility in speaking it as I did.

The day before my official public reception I received a note from Secretary Pardo in reply to one from myself, stating that President Ospina would receive me whenever it was convenient for me. I, however, deferred presenting my credentials formally because I was officially informed that the treaty between the United States and New Granada had not been ratified by the Congress of that country; and I sent my

son back as the bearer of my dispatches to my Government with the information that the treaty was not yet ratified and to learn what I should do in that emergency, as President Buchanan had informed me a day or two before I left Washington for Bogotá that he would not allow me to go at all if he thought the treaty was not ratified by the Congress of New Granada, as it had been by our Congress.

I accompanied my son, who bore my dispatches, taking with us my servant and the flag of my country, the Republic being then in the midst of civil war, as far as Honda, where I found Gen. Tomas C. D. Mosquera, Commander of the invading army, at the head of his forces, and where I was received with great pomp and ceremony by an officer of Gen. Mosquera's army and conducted to his headquarters. He gave me a splendid dinner and told me he would in a short time take possession of the seat of Government of Bogotá and expel Ospina and his party from the capital. Gen. Mosquera furnished my son with an escort to convey him to Carthagena on the coast, by bungo,<sup>157</sup> where he took the regular mail steamer for Aspinwall, which he reached a few hours after the American Steamer had left for New York. He was obliged to remain some two weeks for the next steamer, being unwilling to avail himself of the invitation extended to us by the Panama Rail-

road Company to accept their hospitality. He was as modest and unassuming as he was brave and intelligent. He always took the highest honors at his school, at the Western Military Institute, at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, where Mr. Blaine was one of his teachers. He went to a poor hotel, the only one there, where he contracted the Chagres fever, from which he never recovered.

In a very few days, however, after my return from seeing my son off for the United States, I learned that the treaty was ratified by the Congress of New Granada. I then notified Secretary Pardo that I would present my credentials. He sent his reply to my note by a military officer at the head of fifteen or twenty soldiers, who presented the same in great military form. Not knowing a word of Spanish, I told my servant Juan to say to the gentlemen that I would return an answer next day.

During the civil war, which was raging then, a gentleman named Arangurin, whose acquaintance I made in Bogotá, asked me for a passport to enable him to return to his home at Maracajbo, Venezuela. I declined to give him the passport as he was not known to me to be a citizen of the United States. He, however, brought our mutual friends, Messrs. Nelson and Charles Bonito, and Mr. Michealson, chargé d'affaires, who informed me that they had seen Mr. Aran-

gurin's certificate of naturalization as a citizen of the United States. Two or three days intervened before I gave him the passport and I mentioned to Mrs. Mosquera and Mrs. Gen. Herran, her daughter (whose husbands, strange to say, were commanders of the opposing armies), the circumstances concerning the passport. Mrs. Herran sent a messenger to her father informing him of my intention of giving Arangurin a passport. When I gave it to him, I instructed him to go directly to the headquarters of Gen. Mosquera's army, where he would be well received. Instead, however, of following my advice, he left the main road to Honda and travelled by an unfrequented route expressly to avoid Gen. Mosquera's army.

Gen. Mosquera having learned through his daughter, of the day that he, Arangurin, would leave Bogotá, sent scouts out to the passes in the mountains; and in one of those passes Arangurin was arrested with his servant and taken prisoner to Gen. Mosquera's headquarters. Gen. Mosquera sent word through his wife and daughter, Mrs. Gen. Herran, that he had Arangurin a prisoner, and would have him shot the next day, and if I had anything to say about it, he would be glad to see me at his headquarters. I immediately wrote a dispatch and went with it to Gen. Mosquera's headquarters, earnestly protesting against the execution of Arangurin,

as he bore my passport and I had good reason to believe that he was a naturalized citizen of the United States. Gen. Mosquera exhibited to me a contract which Arangurin had made with the Government at Bogotá, to furnish them with five thousand stand of arms to carry on the civil war against him, but that in consequence of his personal regard for me and the admiration he had for my Government, he would not execute Arangurin, but would send him as a prisoner to be kept at the Fort of Carthagená until the war was over, which he said would not be long now, his army being in sight of Bogotá.

Gen. Mosquera gave my friend, Mr. Gooding, who accompanied me, and myself a splendid dinner. He told me he had received *cartecas* (small notes or letters) frequently, informing him that if he dared to enter Bogotá with his invading army, as he intended to do, his wife and daughter, Mrs. Herran, and his four lovely **grandchildren** would all be executed. He added: "My wife and daughter at Bogotá have received similar communications". And he requested that if I could render them any service and protection he wished that I would do so, but that he was determined to enter Bogotá with his army. I was aware of the feeling which existed on the part of the conservatives against Gen. Mosquera and his family and had suggested to Gen. Herran that he would allow

his family to come to my legation for safety. He, however, laughed at the idea of the enemy's daring to harm his residence and family. A day or two after this, General Herran came to my quarters and said he had, through his sister and brother, been credibly informed that if Gen. Mosquera should be successful in his attempt to take Bogotá, the lives of his family would be endangered, and he asked me to give up my legation at the hotel and move it to his residence — a very splendid one — for the protection of his family. I immediately sent my servant for a number of *peons* (servants) who moved my furniture, etc., to Gen. Herran's residence. I informed Secretary Pardo of the change of my location in the city and the establishment of my legation at Gen. Herran's. A few nights after my removal thither, a man, a *ranchero* (a roving soldier), came to see Mrs. Herran, claiming to be the bearer of a note from her father to her mother, Mrs. Mosquera. Mrs. Herran, however, refused to see him and he left. After the war was over I learned that the threats to assassinate the family would surely have been carried out but for the protection rendered by my legation.

I witnessed the last battle between Gen. Herran's (the conservative) army, and that of Gen. Mosquera, who entered Bogotá triumphantly, re-organized the Government, and changed the

name of the country from New Granada to United States of Colombia. While I remained at Bogotá I had frequent appeals made to me by Mosquera's opponents, and I freely and gladly extended my protection, and never unsuccessfully, as Gen. Mosquera was a warm friend of mine as long as I remained in Bogotá. I used my potential influence with Gen. Mosquera to protect his opponents from insults and outrages on the part of his army.

Upon my intercession for Arangurin, Gen. Mosquera told me his daughter had informed him that President Ospina and a party of gentlemen would leave Bogotá in a few days for Antioquia, to raise an army to defend Bogotá, and he said: "I'll take them all prisoners." This he did a few days later. Like Arangurin, they had taken unfrequented passes through the mountains. He dismissed all except Ospina and his aspiring brother, the richest man in the Republic, and Bartholome Calva, then Secretary of Foreign Relations, an octoroon and a most talented gentleman. The day following their arrest, the French and British Ministers at Bogotá came to my legation late in the night and informed me that news had been received that Gen. Mosquera had these men prisoners and had issued a decree condemning them to death the next day.

They requested me to accompany them (the

Foreign Ministers at Bogotá) to Gen. Mosquera's headquarters. I willingly agreed to do so. We left early next morning for Gen. Mosquera's headquarters, and were courteously received by the General, who with his Cabinet heard our appeals in behalf of his prisoners. Baron Gouri, Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Government, the oldest Minister, Mr. Griffith, the British chargé d'affaires, I, the American Minister, and the Peruvian Minister each made an address to General Mosquera, and his Cabinet, as he was pleased to call it. He withdrew and his son Major Mosquera sent for me to see his father there in a private room, and he said: "General, I have the greatest admiration for your Government and the highest esteem for you, and on your account only I will not execute these prisoners, but will send them as prisoners of war to Carthagená and keep them there until the war is over and I reform the Government." And he did so.

On the 4th day of November, 1861, my successor in office, Judge Allan A. Burton of Kentucky, reached Bogotá, when I extended every possible courtesy to him and tendered him my services as the bearer of his dispatches to our Government at Washington. He accepted my services but said he would not avail himself of them without first administering to me an oath called the iron-clad oath, to support the Con-

stitution and Government of the United States, which I freely took and subscribed my name to, and I bore his dispatches to Secretary Seward, delivering them at Washington, December 5, 1861, on my route home.

On my way home at Carthagena, the British Consul there informed me that President Ospina, his brother, and Secretary Calva were in irons in the Fort. I went to the Fort to see them and found them with shackles on wrists and ankles. I told them I would send a dispatch to Gen. Mosquera to intercede with him in their behalf; that they might at least receive better treatment. My letter to Gen. Mosquera was immediately sent to him at Bogotá and he sent an order to Carthagena to have the irons taken off of his prisoners and instructed that they should have better treatment. A short time thereafter those three distinguished men made their escape from prison, supposedly by bribing the guards, and I have never heard of them since.

Gen. Mosquera, on receiving a dispatch from Secretary Seward announcing my recall as Minister, said it was the most extraordinary dispatch he had ever read, because of the kind expression toward me and the high compliments paid me by Secretary Seward, adding: "This is the third time I have been President of the Republic and I do not think I ever received so

complimentary a dispatch concerning a Minister before.”

I told him that Secretary Seward and I were warm friends in the United States, that he had served under me as member of the Committee on Pensions, of which I had been Chairman, and that I was well aware of his great personal regard for me.

## X

### MY MEETING WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I CALLED at the State Department for the second time to see Secretary Seward, when his messenger told me Mr. Seward had just been sent for by the President and intended returning in a few moments, adding: "He left word for you to walk into his rooms." I said: "No, I will go into Dr. Mackie's room"—which I did. A few seconds after I entered, Dr. Mackie, who was seated by the window, said: "Look here, General, here comes an army into the grounds of the State Department; let us go down and see what it means." We went, and found the Secretary's son Fred apologizing for the absence of his father, who arrived at that moment from the White House. He addressed the Colonel and his regiment as his old friends and neighbors of Cayuga County, N. Y. He finished by saying: "I will now take you to the White House and introduce you to the President." He stepped to one side and allowed the Colonel to give his orders to the regiment. He saw me standing on the opposite side, and pulling off his hat, exclaimed, "There is my dear old friend!" and warmly shook my hand. He said:

“General, have you seen the President yet?” I replied: “No, sir, I do not know him.” “Come with me”, he said, “and I will introduce you to him at the same time as I do this regiment from my own County.” He marched off with the splendid band of music, followed by the Colonel and his regiment. On reaching the North front of the President’s house, a hollow square was formed by the regiment, enclosing the President and his Cabinet. Mr. Seward made a beautiful address to the regiment, introducing them to the President of the United States.

The President replied: “Gentlemen, you may infer from the manner in which Mr. Seward has introduced me that I am going to make a speech, but this is not time for speech-making. I hope you will soon return from the South with a restored Union. Good bye, God bless you.” Then he turned to leave them, when Mr. Seward took him by the arm and said: “Mr. President, let me introduce you to my old friend Ex-Senator Jones, just returning Minister from Bogotá, South America.” The President shook my hand very cordially and said: “I am very glad to meet you again.” I replied: “I do not think, Mr. President, that I ever saw you before.” “I recollect”, he said, “forming a short but pleasant acquaintance with you about fifteen years ago at Springfield, Illinois.” “I do not

recollect it, Mr. President.” “Well”, he said, “do not come to see me to-night, as Mrs. Lincoln is going to a wedding, but come tomorrow evening at eight o’clock and I will remind you of how we became acquainted. Please excuse Mr. Seward and me now, we have a matter of great importance in Cabinet meeting.” Mr. Seward said: “General, call again at my office tomorrow morning at ten o’clock.” We parted, and as I walked away, I said to myself: “It is strange that a great man like the President knows me and I do not know him.”

I was never at Springfield but once in my life. Next morning I called again to see Secretary Seward at ten o’clock. He had not yet reached his office. I asked where his residence was, and was told at the Club House. I met him at its gate walking arm in arm with Ex-Senator Green of Missouri. We shook hands and he said: “General, did you get my note this morning?” “No, sir, I did not.” “Are you not stopping at Willard’s?” he asked. “I sent you a note there this morning.” I replied: “I left the hotel early, to breakfast with my niece.” “Well, General, it is proper that I should give you a diplomatic dinner; I want you to come and dine at six o’clock next Monday.” I thanked him and said that I would do so. He said: “Green, can’t you come also?” And the latter accepted. I said: “Green, call for me Monday

evening and I will ride up with you." On reaching Mr. Seward's I was introduced to a number of Diplomats and their ladies. I had the post of honor at the left of Secretary Seward, taking his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred'k Seward, in to dinner. He informed the company that he and I had been Senators and he a member of the Committee on Pensions of which I was Chairman.

That night I went to the President's house. On entering his room, I saw him sitting in his arm chair. He introduced me to Messrs. Francis P. Blair, Senior and Junior, and Montgomery Blair, his Post Master General. I said: "I have seen these gentlemen to-day; they are old acquaintances of mine." He then introduced me to Mr. George B. Prentice, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Enquirer* [*Courier-Journal*]. I said: "Another old acquaintance, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln threw his right leg over the arm of his chair, and asked: "You do not recollect me, General?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why", he continued, "are you not the same George W. Jones who once petitioned the Legislature of Illinois to pass an act authorizing you to establish a ferry across the Mississippi from Dubuque, Iowa, to 'Jordan's stormy banks' in Illinois?" "I am that man, sir", said I. "Why", he said, "General, you were brought to my house one night by our old friend, Judge

Pope, of the United States District Court for Illinois, the father of this 'lying Gen. John Pope' now of our army." "Yes, Mr. President, I got that John Pope into West Point Military Academy in 1838, when I was Delegate in Congress from Wisconsin Territory." Mr. Lincoln said then: "Judge Pope said to me, 'Lincoln, I want you to pass George's bill granting him a ferry privilege at Dubuque, I'll be d—d if you don't pass his bill tomorrow morning, you shall never come to the Legislature again.'"

Mr. Lincoln continuing said: "General, you presented me with your bill, prepared by yourself, which I introduced next morning after considerable debate, which ensued upon my motion to suspend the rules of the House and take it up." "I recollect, Mr. President, that a very tall gentleman presented my bill, and after a very complimentary address about my father, John Rice Jones, as the oldest lawyer in Illinois, and myself as a Delegate in Congress, who had worked for Illinois, my bill was passed and sent to the Senate where it was managed by my old friend, Governor Reynolds, whom I suppose you recollect? He had the same difficulty there that you had in the House."

"Oh, yes", he replied, "everybody knows the 'old Ranger'. By the way, General, you had another friend then who was working for your

bill that morning in the House — Judge Thomas of the Supreme Court, from our State.” “Yes, sir, Jesse and I were college mates at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.” “Oh, General, were you educated at Lexington?” “Yes, sir, I was graduated there in 1825.” “Why, sir, you must know something about my wife’s family?” “What was her name, sir?” “Todd”, he replied. “What! a merchant of Cheapside?” “Yes”, he answered. “Well, sir”, said I, “I knew your wife before you did.” “Well”, he said, “you must not leave this house without going to see my wife, and especially as you were both once Lexingtonians.” Turning to Prentice, he said: “Prentice, the General speaking of Thomas and Reynolds, reminds me of an anecdote.” And we all laughed, of course.

“On one occasion, as McDougall of California, now Senator from that State, then a young lawyer of Springfield, some thirty years ago, came walking up to where Thomas and Reynolds stood talking, Thomas said to Reynolds, ‘Governor, let me introduce you to my friend, McDougall of Chicago, and a brother lawyer.’ They talked a few moments and McDougall passed on. Reynolds asked, ‘Thomas, is this the same McDougall that *Captain Shakespeare* spoke of in one of his works?’ Thomas smilingly replied, ‘I don’t recollect that *Captain*

*Shakespeare*, as you call him, speaks of any McDougall at all.' 'Oh, yes, Judge, don't you recollect where the Captain in one of his works says: *Come on, McDougall, and d——d be him who first cries hold! enough!*'" We all laughed most heartily.

At that moment a servant entered saying: "Mr. President, a lady wishes to see you." A lady in black was shown in, and the President rose to greet her. We heard him say: "Madam, that reminds me of an anecdote, but I will attend to your case", and the lady left the room. When the President returned to his chair I asked him: "How can I now get to see your wife?" He took up a pen and wrote on his card, called a messenger to him and said: "Take this card to Mrs. Lincoln." To me he said: "Follow the messenger, General." I was met in the ladies' parlor at the door by Mrs. Lincoln, who was entertaining George Bancroft, the historian, and Chevalier Hulsemann, but we conversed at length of Lexington and our many mutual friends.

Some days afterwards I again called on Secretary Seward, who asked me if I had received my money. "Yes", I said, "all that they will pay me. I have come to take leave of you, I am about to leave for home." He asked: "What way do you go?" "I go to-night to the New York Hotel." He reached a bottle from under

his table and said: "Let's take a farewell drink." Next morning I arrived at the New York Hotel with my niece, whom I was taking home with me.

It was very cold in New York at that time, being December 20th. I arrived at the New York Hotel about 3 A. M. On registering our names at the office, I noticed a man who stood close beside me, and looked over my shoulder. After I had entered my name, he touched me on the shoulder and said: "General, I would like to speak a word with you." Drawing me aside he said in a low voice: "General, I am sorry to say, but I have an order to arrest you." "What for?" I asked. "I don't know." "By what authority", I asked. "By authority of Col. Kennedy, Chief Detective of New York City." I asked: "Will you allow me to place my niece in charge of some of my friends here — Senator and Mrs. Gwin?" He replied: "Certainly, go where you please."

We were conducted by a servant to Senator Gwin's parlor door. I left my niece in there and knocked at the Senator's bed-room door. He immediately called out: "Who is there?" I answered: "Gen. Jones." He said: "Can't you find your rooms?" (He had engaged rooms for me). I said: "Get up, Senator, I have been placed under arrest, and I want to speak to you, and desire you and your wife to take charge of

my niece." The Senator then said: "Go into the parlor and I will be there in a moment." He dressed hastily and came into the parlor and asked in astonishment: "You are arrested?" My niece gave a cry of alarm on hearing such news. Mrs. Gwin entered hurriedly and threw her arms around my neck and exclaimed: "Oh, dear General, you are going to Fort Lafayette, from which my poor husband has just been released." I pulled out my purse, intending to leave it with my niece, but Dr. Gwin said: "Keep it, General, you will need it." I then asked Detective Farley when I went down and we drove to Col. Kennedy's office: "Where is Col. Kennedy?" He answered: "He will not be here until 9 or 10 in the morning." "Well", said I, "I am tired. Is there no place for me to lie down here?" "Oh, yes, General", said he, "follow me and I will give you a good bed." He conducted me to a room in the basement, and turning on a gaslight, I saw the windows with the iron gratings, and as he left me, he closed and locked a heavy wooden door and then an iron one. At about 9 he awoke me, saying: "Col. Kennedy will soon arrive." I remarked: "I wish I had my trunk here, I would like to put on a clean shirt." He assured me that both my trunks were then in the office, and added: "You will probably like to have breakfast before Col. Kennedy arrives?" I said: "Yes". He con-

ducted me to a fine restaurant and I enjoyed a good breakfast, after which we returned to Col. Kennedy's office, where we found the Colonel, and I was introduced. He said: "General, I am glad to see you!" "Why do I see you?" I asked. Offering me a chair beside him, he then placed before me a House's telegram which read:

Washington, D. C. Dec. 19, 1861.

The Hon. George W. Jones, late Minister to Bogotá, leaves here for New York Hotel. Arrest him and send him to Fort Lafayette. W. H. SEWARD.

"That is all I know about it, General", said Col. Kennedy. I then asked: "Colonel, will you allow me to write a note to my wife?" "Certainly, General, write as many letters as you please and go wherever you may wish to go; all I want you to do is to get into Fort Lafayette before dark." We took a carriage and went to call on several of my old friends, Hon. Truman Smith, Ex-Senator, next, to the legation of Gen. Herran, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States from Bogotá. I gave Mrs. Herran a draft from the Sub-Treasury of the United States at New York for three or four thousand dollars. She begged me not to go to Fort Lafayette, but to stay in the legation where I would be free from arrest; but I left her and went to the legation of Secretary Parraga, and from there to Fort Hamilton, opposite and close

to Fort Lafayette, where I was introduced to Col. Burke, and where we had a pleasant conversation until an officer appeared at the door saying: "Colonel, all is ready". Col. Burke said to me: "General, this officer will conduct you to Fort Lafayette." I stepped out of the door, and was immediately surrounded by ten soldiers with fixed bayonets, marched to a skiff and taken over to Fort Lafayette, where I was placed under an officer in charge. My watch and chain, my studs and other jewelry were taken from me, and I was conducted to a "case-mate" and left to myself. Next morning Lieut. Wood, Commander of Fort Lafayette, transferred me from the "case-mate", in which I had spent the night, to another and more comfortable one. Early the next evening the Lieutenant came in with a soldier, who asked: "Is there a fellow here named Hon. G. W. Jones?" I answered: "I am he." He said in a gruff voice: "Here's a note for you"—which I opened and read. It was from Mrs. Geo. A. Gelston of Ft. Hamilton, a most benevolent lady whose sympathies were always with those in trouble.

The note was accompanied by a bushel-basket of the daintiest provisions and a 2-gallon jug of best coffee from Mrs. George A. Gelston; and every night that I remained in the Fort I received something of this kind from her.

I was discharged from Ft. Lafayette, Febru-

ary 22, 1862, by order of Secretary Stanton of the War Department, by direction of President Lincoln. Secretary Stanton afterwards told me he never saw any reason for my arrest and imprisonment. I went immediately to the residence of Mrs. Gelston, a 5-story brown stone building. I was ushered into a splendid parlor, and in a few moments a tall lady and her daughter entered. I approached, asking: "You are Mrs. Gelston, madam?" She answered: "Yes, sir". And I threw myself on my knees, saying: "Madam, allow me to kiss the hem of your garment." I asked why she had been so kind to me and she replied: "Your friend, Miss Lucy Dodge, of New York City, being an old friend of mine, came down to see me and told me of the warm friendship existing between her father's family and yours. She begged me to pay you every attention."

That summer I received a letter from an attorney, E. R. Meade, asking if I was not going to bring suit for damages against Secretary Seward for my arrest and imprisonment, and said he would with pleasure act as my attorney without charge. I did bring suit, and he, at my suggestion, engaged to assist him, Hon. Charles O'Connor (the eminent counsel of Jefferson Davis) and Hon. John McKeon, Ex-United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of New York. The death of Mr. Seward

interrupted my suit. His attorney had offered mine \$5,000 to withdraw my suit, and he declined because I had sued for \$50,000. Thus the case ended.



### III

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS



## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

### SISTER HARRIET'S WEDDING 1814

It was at this time, October 26, 1814, that my sister Harriet, aged sixteen years, was married to Mr. Thomas Brady of the firm of "McKnight & Brady", the leading dry-goods firm in St. Louis. The groom-elect, coming to claim his bride, rode on horseback, as did his servant, who followed with his master's large portmanteau, and leading a horse for the bride. Many friends came to the wedding-feast.

The following day the guests, including bride and groom, repaired to Potosi, about two and a half miles distant, to attend the wedding of Mr. Thomas McKnight (brother of Mr. Brady's partner) to Miss Fanny Scott, sister of Hons. Andrew and John Scott; and after that the two bridal parties departed, a gay cavalcade, to St. Louis, their future home.

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### MY FIRST MINING EFFORT: AGED ELEVEN YEARS

IN the fall or winter of 1815 I was crying on the stile at New Diggings, Missouri, when old Uncle Jake asked me: "What's the matter, Master George?" "I don't know why Pa

moved out here, where there are no boys to play with me, or any fun." The good old negro said: "Come with me and I'll show you where you can get some mineral and buy yourself some marbles, tops, etc., to amuse you." He got me a "pick-a-wee" and a small wooden shovel, then took me out into an old deserted mineral hole and showed me how to get out of the drift little float mineral.

That day or the next, I got out 300 or 400 lbs. of mineral and took my brother Myers out to show it to him. He gave me 25 or 50 cts., went into partnership with me, and we got upwards of \$1,000 worth of mineral, bought ponies, etc., for ourselves, and were thus made very happy. I was then a little over eleven years of age.

The next year I built a complete saw mill on a small scale, which I put into the tail race below my brothers John and Augustus' *large* mill, where it operated beautifully, and was visited by nearly all persons who visited Mine à Breton, (now Potosi), Missouri. I was a natural mechanic or machinist, as well as a natural musician and dancer. . . .

That was my first venture in lead mining. I still own the Karrick Lode adjoining the City of Dubuque, into buying one-third of which I was actually forced by my old friend Capt. Geo. O. Karrick in 1857. In the fall of 1835, when at Ste. Genevieve on my way to Congress as Dele-

gate, I met Capt. Geo. O. Karrick as he came driving an ox team hitched to a wagon loaded with lead, which he was bringing from the Mines. He was dressed in a buckskin suit and covered with dust. He was the son of a former rich Baltimore merchant and he himself had been educated at the West Point Military Academy. I asked him: "How much pay do you get for hauling lead and why do you pursue such a life?" He said he got eight dollars a load and that it was that or starve. I had known him for many years at Potosi, Missouri, and was grieved to see him so reduced. I suggested to him to give up that hard work and to come up to Wisconsin to live, saying: "I am engaged in mining, smelting and farming, and am now on my way to Congress as Delegate elected from the Territory of Michigan, and can surely get you better business than this if you will come up to my country." He replied that he had not money enough to take himself and family to St. Louis. But he said: "Good bye, George, I must be off, as I have to go into the country where my oxen can get grass." And he showed me his buffalo robe on which he slept o' nights, and we parted. The next time I met with my dear friend Capt. Karrick was at Jones' Hotel in Philadelphia, Pa., on the night of the 4th of July, 1836, when he and his brothers, Frank and Joseph, called to see me, the newspapers having

announced my arrival there. We renewed the conversation we had had at Ste. Genevieve, and he expressed his regrets that he had not accepted my offer to move up to this country. I said: "It is not too late; come up now." In the fall he arrived with all his family on a steamboat from St. Louis. I soon put the ferry (Jordan's) under his control, and he commenced keeping tavern there. In February I came with my wife and niece, Miss Julia St. Vrain, to his house, two and a half miles from East Dubuque. Mrs. Karriek and her children, Henrietta and two others, were delighted to see us. . . . Her husband was then on the road carrying the mail between Dubuque and Galena.

When the boys returned from Dubuque they brought with them Gen. Henry A. Wiltse and Major James A. Reid, then clerks in the Surveyor General's office at Dubuque, and Davis S. Wilson, who were appointed a committee to cross the river and invite my wife, niece, and myself to the Washington's Birthday ball (22nd of February). My wife in reply to an eloquent speech made by Gen. Wiltse said: "We thank you for the invitation, but as it is Lent, we can not go to a ball." I replied: "Lent or no Lent, I'll go and take my niece and Miss Henrietta to the ball." We went, and after I had danced once or twice with Mrs. Crane, the Doctor invited me to drink with him and ordered a \$5.00

bottle of champagne. He said: "General, my father-in-law, Dr. Langworthy of Rochester, N. Y., who is a warm personal friend of Silas Wright, is going to have me made Surveyor General in the place of General Wilson." "Well, Doctor", said I, "let's drink to the health of the next Surveyor General!"—and we did so. I knew well that I was to be the man; and on entering the office I made Capt. Karrick one of my clerks, by which he earned as copyist some \$1500 to \$1700 a year.

On my return home in 1856, Capt. Karrick asked me to buy out George Samuels' one-third in their "prospect". Upon my saying that I had no time to spare from my senatorial duties to engage in mining, he insisted, and asked me to take him out to see the "prospect". I drove him out in my carriage and told him, after seeing Tom Watters and Mr. Otey in the shaft, that I would not give the \$260, which Samuels asked for his share, for all the lead. Karrick persisted, and so I bought out Samuels' interest. That lode has turned out some eleven million pounds of ore and has now become my property. I believe we have taken out but a portion of the amount there, and that there are millions of pounds of ore further down.

In 1846, at the instance of my dear old friends, Gen. James Shields, then Commissioner of the Land Office, afterwards my brother Senator

in Congress, and Messrs. John and Joseph Wilson, I appointed Thomas S. Nairn, of Washington, D. C., nephew of the Wilsons, a clerk in my Surveyor General's office. He proved to be one of the best clerks that ever entered an office. He married my dear friend's eldest daughter, Henrietta Karrick; and their remains and those of Capt. Karrick are interred in Linwood Cemetery.

John and Joseph Wilson were old friends of mine dating from when I knew them in 1834 as clerks in and later as Commissioners of the General Land Office at Washington.

I wrote the obituary notice of Capt. Karrick, between whose family and mine there has always existed the most cordial friendship.

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#### GEN. WARNER LEWIS

My acquaintance with — I may say my strong friendship for — Gen. Warner Lewis dates back to 1818, in St. Louis, Missouri. We served in the Black Hawk War together, and when he was State Senator in Iowa, in 1848, he used his influence in favor of my election to the United States Senate.

The week following my election I had him appointed Surveyor General of Wisconsin, the office being in this city. Like all members of the "F. F. V." he was the embodiment of hospi-

tality and a gentleman of the old school. That he was not lacking in bravery or chivalry was manifest in his taking part in the war above alluded to, but his disposition was of the gentlest and most yielding nature, and he was a loyal and steadfast friend.

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EDWIN FORREST

IN the year 182— Edwin Forrest was appearing in light plays at Lexington, greatly to the delight of the students, when James W. Schaumbourg, a fellow student of mine, and myself were appointed, by the students, a committee for the purpose of raising funds to enable Mr. Forrest to go to New Orleans where he was to make his first appearance in tragedy. . . .

The friendship thus begun lasted throughout his lifetime, and I allowed no opportunity to pass without availing myself of it to witness his triumphs on the stage.

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HENRY CLAY'S SON THEODORE

THEODORE CLAY was the eldest son of the great statesman, Henry Clay, my college guardian. He was graduated from the college proper and also the Law Department of Transylvania University. During the winter of 1824-5 and the Christmas vacation, Theodore and I became en-

gaged in a game of billiards, he having a Mr. Taylor as his partner, and I having Dr. Reid as mine. Theodore proposing that we should play for theatre tickets, I at first objected, but on his insisting agreed to it. After Reid and I had beaten several games, Theodore and I disagreeing as to the number, he exclaimed: "You had better dispute my words!" Whereupon I told him: "You are a —— infernal liar." Then he rushed at me, but the bystanders interfered and we were not allowed to fight. Each of us persisted in our assertions. My partner asked me if I thought I could fight Clay, who was three or four years my senior. "Yes", I replied, "I can whip him, if you will only let me at him!" Whereupon Dr. Reid called out: "Stand off, gentlemen! let these young men have a fair fight!" Then Theodore rushed at me, exclaiming, "Lay on, Macduff; and damned be him who first cries 'hold, enough!'" I grabbed a lock of his hair and pounded him well, till he called: "Take him off, I'm sick!" Then we were separated. After which he was taken upstairs and put to bed. Shortly after, on the same day, Thomas Clay, Theodore's brother, a year or two older than I, came to me bearing a message from Theodore, saying that when he got well, I would hear from him.

For several weeks after that I omitted my usual calls at the residence of Mr. Clay, when

one day as I walked up Main Street I was stopped by Mrs. Clay, who was in the carriage with her husband, asking: "Mr. Jones, why have you not been to see us for so long a time?" I replied that in consequence of time lost during the Holidays I had been trying to catch up in my studies. Mrs. Clay replied: "That's a story! it is because you whipped Theodore, and you could not have done anything that pleased Mr. Clay and me more," Mr. Clay adding: "You must come back to our house; Theodore is a sassy fellow and it is a good thing you whipped him."

I immediately afterwards resumed my visits to his hospitable mansion, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clay, their sons, Henry, who, years later, was killed whilst fighting under Gen. Zachary Taylor and Gen. Jefferson Davis in the Mexican War, James B., who was afterwards appointed Minister to Portugal, and John, the youngest. Theodore meantime determining to go to New Orleans to practice law, came to me extending his hand, and we were reconciled. The next time after this that I saw Theodore was in 1850, when, upon Mr. Clay's invitation, I accompanied him home from Washington. Theodore was then an inmate of the insane asylum at Lexington, where he died. En route to Lexington we stopped over at Blue Lick Springs, to visit my sons, Charles and William, students at the Western Military Institute, where I had placed

them upon the recommendation of Mr. Clay. It was on this occasion that I first met Mr. James G. Blaine, then Professor in the Institute. At the next session of Congress, 1850-1851, I again, of course, met Mr. Clay, we being brother United States Senators. He was often absent from the sessions on account of impaired health, during which time I almost daily visited him at his rooms in the National Hotel, where I saw him breathe his last. At the meeting of the Senate for his obsequies, I, among others, addressed the members.<sup>158</sup>

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#### DRESS OF THE PERIOD

I REMEMBER that when I was a student at Transylvania University I was fastidious in the matter of dress — “full dress” consisting of Canton-crepe trousers, buff colored buck-skin boots, dark blue or black swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, which were sometimes flat and sometimes bullet shaped, white waist-coat, shirt ruffled at the bosom and sleeves, very stiff and high-standing collars, and the white or black silk broad stock. I used to beg my laundress, “Tiny”, to starch my collars so stiff that they could draw the blood from my ears. No gentleman at that time, and later, was in good form in the ball-room without swallow-tail coat and dancing pumps — anyone appearing otherwise

would not have been allowed to enter. In contrast to this, I may mention that about the year 1858 I was surprised at some great ball in Washington to see my dear old friend Gen. Harney enter with frock coat on. On expressing my surprise, he replied: "Why, this is all the style in Paris and London"—whence he had just returned.

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#### MY FATHER'S DRESS

It may be interesting to note here the style of dress worn by my father on his arrival in this country and afterwards, namely, short clothes or knee breeches with silver buckles at the knee, black silk hose and low shoes with large silver buckles. . . .

His hair, which had never been cut during his life, was worn in a queue tucked up to his head with a small comb, and his face was always clean-shaven. His hat was a beaver. When on the circuit, as a lawyer or judge, he wore leggings to protect him from the cold in winter and from mud in other seasons of the year.

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#### FATHER MAZZUCHELLI

ABOUT the year 1834 or 1835 and one day when I was in Galena, Mayor Nicholas Dowling (knowing that means of transportation were

meagre) said to me: "There is a Catholic priest here who wishes to go to Dubuque. Will you take him in your carriage?" I replied: "Certainly, but on one condition, that is, that he will agree to say mass at my house, to-morrow morning, for my wife and neighbors"—I was not then a Catholic — whereupon he took me to the priest, who proved to be the Rev. Sam'l Mazzuchelli, and whom I found to be a charming companion.

He was a frequent and welcome guest at my house, where he officiated in his capacity as chaplain, having baptized all our children and stood as sponsor for one, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the mass. One night he came saying he wanted me to take him the following day to Dodgeville to perform the marriage service for Myers F. Truitt and Celina Dodge, sister of Augustus. Accordingly we went, returning home the following day.

Father Mazzuchelli built the church in Dubuque which became the first Cathedral, just south of the spot on which the present Cathedral stands.

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PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON

HONS. THOMAS H. BENTON and Lewis F. Linn, Senators from Missouri, and Wm. Allen of Ohio, who were my "mess-mates", told me that

during the discussion of the question of re-chartering the Bank of the United States and after President Jackson had withdrawn United States deposits from that bank and placed them in charge of his then Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Roger B. Taney, later Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a committee of some sixty gentlemen appointed by the city of Philadelphia went to Washington to induce the President not to veto that bill.<sup>159</sup> The old gentleman being quite feeble, was lying on a couch in the Executive chamber when the committee appeared before him and made several speeches in behalf of their petition. One gentleman in his vehemence, to clinch their arguments, said: "Mr. President, instead of *sixty* gentlemen coming to see you in reference to this matter, an army of *sixty thousand* will come to demand the approval of the bill!" The old hero sprang up from the couch on which he was lying, and in stentorian tones, with clenched fist, exclaimed: "Tell them to come on! Tell them to come on! I'll meet them at Bladensburg, and not run off, as Madison did from the British army, allowing it to burn down our Capitol, in the War of 1812! I'll drive them back to Pennsylvania!" He denied their petition and vetoed the bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States, the charter of which was substituted by the adoption of the Sub-Treasury Bill, which has since been the law of the land.

## HON. ROGER B. TANEY

I AM happy to have numbered amongst my friends Hon. Roger B. Taney, who was Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court when I went to Washington as Delegate from Michigan; and the friendship existed during his life time — a fact I note with pardonable pride, for, besides being one of the ablest jurists and most distinguished men of America, he was a man of most unblemished character, a devout Roman Catholic, and a gentleman of the old school, respected and admired alike by people of all political faiths.

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## BANQUET TENDERED ME BY MILWAUKEE

IN the latter part of August, 1837, I left Sinsinawa Mound, my home, to attend the extra session of Congress called by President Van Buren in that month. In the carriage with me were my wife and infant son, we taking with us from Gratiot's Grove, however, Mrs. Henry Gratiot, widow of Colonel Henry Gratiot (father of the late Mrs. E. B. Washburne of Illinois) and sister-in-law of Honorable Charles Gratiot, chief engineer of the United States at Washington. We drove through the southern tier of counties of Wisconsin, passing through Janesville and Racine, to Milwaukee. At the former two places public dinners were tendered to me

by the citizens, which, because of my desire to make connection with the steamer "Madison" at Milwaukee, I declined. On reaching Milwaukee I was again tendered a dinner by the Mayor and Council of that city, which I also declined. In a short time the committee appointed to wait upon and tender me the compliment returned in carriages and invited myself and party to drive around the city and then take a "lighter" which would convey us to the steamer. After a charming drive and upon reaching the lighter we found collected there a large number of citizens with a fine band of music, and a magnificent banquet was enjoyed until, along in the night, the "Madison" coming along, we were taken aboard and pursued our journey via Buffalo and New York City to Washington.

Stopping at Baltimore we visited the grave of Colonel Gratiot (late Indian Agent, at Gratiot's Grove, of the Winnebago nation) he having died the March previous of pneumonia at Barnum's Hotel en route west. His widow threw herself on his grave, giving vent to the most poignant grief.

The extra session had been called for the discussion of the Sub-Treasury scheme of Mr. Van Buren and adjourned about the last of September.

## GEN. JEFFERSON DAVIS' FALL INTO THE TIBER

IN the winter of 1838 Gen. Jefferson Davis, my old friend and college-mate, called upon me at my boarding house at Dawson's, on Capitol Hill, and he was looking quite ill.<sup>160</sup> I was overjoyed to see him. He was just then returning to his home in Mississippi from Cuba, where he had been for his health. As was the case with Gen. A. C. Dodge, the winter before, I asked him to become my guest. He consented to do this; and so I sent my servant to Brown's Hotel for his luggage. I introduced him to Col. Benton, the President, and some forty odd other members of our mess, Dr. Linn, Wm. Allen of Ohio, Thurman, and other members of Congress and of the Cabinet of President Van Buren, all of whom he made his friends and admirers.

On one occasion, as was always the case, Messrs. Linn, Allen, Davis, and myself went to a large party together. At about twelve o'clock, Dr. Linn proposed to me to go home, and we sought Davis and Allen, whom we found in the banqueting room, eating and drinking together with Crittenden and others. Crittenden said: "Jones, you and Linn go home and Haws and I will take Allen and Davis home in our carriage." So we left. After the doctor and I had been in bed a short time (I often slept with Dr. Linn), we heard the stentorian voice

of Allen as he and Davis approached our house, walking. They soon entered our room, blood, mud and water trickling down the face of Davis, who was without a hat and looked very badly. Allen said: "We rode with Crittenden and Haws to their boarding house and concluded we would walk up the hill to digest our supper and wine. As we reached First Street, we walked a little too high up, missed the bridge and plunged into the Tiber. (It is now covered and is not seen by passengers.) Davis fell head-foremost upon the stones and was nearly killed." Allen continued talking, repeating to Dr. Linn and myself the speech which he said enabled him to beat his competitor, Gov. McArthur, of Ohio, by one vote for Congress. He was still full of wine, but Davis, who never drank to excess, sat mute. Dr. Linn and I disrobed Davis, and the doctor dressed the terrible wounds on his head, I getting clean clothes in the meantime out of Davis' bureau. The next morning I went into Davis' room to wake him up for breakfast, when I found him speechless and almost dead. I ran back for Dr. Linn, who snatched up his bottles of camphor and laudanum, and entering Davis' room, we put the bottle to his nose and rubbed him, soon restoring him to consciousness and life again. Dr. Linn said he would have died in a few minutes if I had not discovered him and applied the restoratives.

When I was Surveyor General, I went, in the winter of 1846, to Washington and took board at Mrs. Best's boarding house on Pennsylvania Avenue, where my old friends the two Dodges and Jeff. Davis, the latter then a Representative in the House from Mississippi, were boarding, with Senator Sevier, Jake Thompson, and others. As I sat by Davis in the House of Representatives one day, he said: "Jones, Augustus Dodge tells me you are hard up for money." "Yes, there is a judgment for \$400 against me that I can not pay." He took his pen, drew a draft for \$1,000 on his commission merchant, Mr. J. U. Payne in New Orleans, and handed it to me. I was surprised, and asked: "How come you by so much money? The last time I saw you, you were yourself penniless." He replied: "I have been very successful on my cotton plantation." I drew my note to him for the amount at ten per cent interest and handed it to him. He tore it up into small pieces, threw them upon the floor, and remarked: "When you get more money, Jones, than you know what to do with, you may pay me the money without interest, and not before."

This is the man who became the president of the Southern Confederacy and at whose funeral I was first pall bearer with Justice Charles C. Fenner of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, at whose house Davis died on the 6th day of December, 1889.

## GENERAL EATON

IN November, 1848, as I walked down street, at the corner of ——— and Fourth streets, I saw Gen. A. K. Eaton diagonally across, loading his wagon with general merchandise to take to Delhi, his place of residence. I shook hands with him, when he immediately said: "Don't stand here talking to me; I am all right — go on!" He evidently thought I intended to talk to him about my candidacy for the Senate; but I had no such idea. I did not see him after this until I had been nominated and elected Iowa's first United States Senator, on December 7th of the same year. He was the last member of the legislature to reach Iowa City (the then Capital) before the caucus was held, though he had been eagerly looked for by my friends and those of other candidates, anxious to learn how he stood. I had told my friends to have no uneasiness, as I was certain he was my friend and would vote for me, although I had never had any conversation with him upon the subject. He voted for me in caucus, and the following day I was nominated and elected. Ever since then we have been staunch friends and regular correspondents.

I had the pleasure when Surveyor General of appointing him one of my deputies, and during the administration of President Pierce had him appointed Receiver of Public Moneys at the

Land Office at Decorah, from which place it was subsequently removed to Osage, where he has since resided. His associate in the office was Col. J. Doran Jenkins, with whom I served in the Black Hawk War. Gen. Eaton has of late years been engaged in writing various contributions to history, in the newspapers of his town, of great interest and value. He is a man of fine intellect, extraordinary memory, and unswerving loyalty to his friends and country. Upon the invitation of his son, Wm. L., a talented lawyer and attorney for the I. C. R. R. at Osage, who was Chairman of the Invitation Committee, I attended on May 22, 1895, the Reunion of the Early Settlers of that section at Osage. At that meeting Gen. Eaton as presiding officer made an address in which he referred to me as Delegate, Surveyor General, Senator, and United States Minister to Bogotá, rehearsing many incidents of the past. My visit with him and his son and family was of the most delightful nature, the recollection of which will serve to strengthen, if that were possible, the bonds of friendship that have so long existed between us.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL BENTON

WHEN the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion", became a candidate for the House of

Representatives in Congress against Hon. Lewis V. Bogy, in Missouri, I met with him on a steamer on his way to Cape Girardeau, where he was advertised to address the people. Alluding to the fierce denunciation of him by his opponents, he asked me what they said about him. I replied: "They say very hard things that I do not wish to repeat." "Tell me, what do they say?" "They say you are so vain and egotistical." He promptly replied: "G— d— them, I've got something to be vain and egotistical of. I know more than all of them put together." I recollect that he came to the door of the House on one occasion (I was then a Delegate,) and hallooed, in stentorian tones, to them that they should adjourn *sine die*, as it was Sunday, and, therefore, their sitting and acts were illegal. Hon. John Quincy Adams was then a member of the House, and in reply to Col. Benton's remark, said: "The Constitution of the United States does not recognize any Sunday, and the House has a perfect right to continue their session until twelve o'clock, albeit it is Sunday, the last day of the Session." And so they remained in session until 12 M. when they adjourned *sine die*.

. . . . .

During the great compromise session of 1850, Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, one of the most eloquent men in Congress, was in the habit of

making very sarcastic speeches, and when he first came to the Senate he asked in one of our Democratic caucuses: "Why don't some of you Democrats give Seward a raking down?" "Well", someone replied, "*you'll* have an opportunity to do so soon."

Governor Foote soon afterwards made one of the most sarcastic, able, and denunciatory speeches that was ever heard, and almost in violation of the rules of the Senate. Seward sat across the room looking at him all the time. As soon as Foote had finished his speech he sat down with his back to Seward, who arose immediately, walked over to Foote, grasped his hand and shook it cordially, and congratulated him heartily on his eloquent and beautiful speech. The whole Senate laughed and Foote turned red as fire. Foote took it for granted that Seward had come to knock him down.

Not long after that, he made a like attack upon Col. Benton, the "Thirty Years Senator from Missouri." He even endeavored to make his anathemas stronger. Foote stood on the back tier, near the railing, in the old Senate Chamber, now the Supreme Court room. Col. Benton sat with his profile toward Foote at the far east end of the semi-circle. When Foote alluded to Col. Benton's having "stolen the bank notes that were found folded up in his silk cravat",<sup>161</sup> Senator Benton quickly rose up, and

in doing so knocked over one or two of the large chairs, making quite a crash, and marched toward Foote, who retreated rapidly through the aisles on the Democratic side. As he went he drew from his bosom a pistol, which I saw taken from him by Senator Daniel S. Dickinson of New York. When Senator Benton was told that Foote had drawn a pistol, he immediately returned to his seat, and baring his breast, exclaimed: "Fire, you coward! fire, you ——!" That was the most exciting scene I ever witnessed in the Senate.<sup>162</sup> Soon after that Foote had a street fight with Col. Benton's son-in-law, Fremont, who came to me to be his second; but Foote did not challenge him.

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#### MAJOR JOHN P. SHELDON

MAJOR JOHN P. SHELDON was a gentleman for whom I always had the highest regard. He was of the old school, courtly in appearance and manner and a brave officer with Gen. Cass in the War of 1812, at the close of which he founded and edited the *Detroit Free Press*. His nephew, Sheldon McKnight, succeeded him as Delegate from Michigan in 1835, over Woodbridge and Doty, United States Judges, and Morgan L. Martin, all previously referred to.<sup>163</sup>

Major Sheldon left Detroit in 1835, when appointed Deputy United States Lead Mine Agent

at Peru, north of Dubuque. He was subsequently Register of the Land Office at Mineral Point, and editor of the *Free Press* in that town.

When I became Chairman of the Committee on Pensions in the United States Senate, I made him Clerk of that Committee. When he received the telegram announcing it, he handed it to his wife, a most intelligent woman, who exclaimed: "Why, that is not Gen. Jones' writing!" Whereupon he laughed heartily. This was in the early days of telegraphy.

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#### JENNY LIND

ON my arrival at the Jones Hotel in Philadelphia in the last week of November, 1850, on my way to Congress, I met Hon. Howell Cobb of Georgia, then Speaker of the House, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury under President Buchanan in 1857. After an exchange of greetings, he said: "I have two tickets for the concert and want you to go with me to hear the famous Jenny Lind sing." I complied, and after the great songstress had given several numbers, Cobb exclaimed: "Let us go home. I have a dozen negro women on my plantation who can excel her." Thereupon we left. The following week I heard the Diva again at the old National Theatre, Washington City. I was seated in the first tier in the parquet when Mr.

Webster entered and sat beside me. He came from a dinner party at the Russian Minister's, and being quite exhilarated, gave vociferous demonstrations of his delight at hearing the Swedish nightingale. He then asked her to sing the "Star Spangled Banner", he joining in the chorus; and afterwards he gave vent to his enthusiasm in most extravagant language, concluding by presenting her with a handsome bouquet.

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MISS "LOU" BULLITT

IN the winter of 1837 Miss "Lou" Bullitt, sister of Mrs. Gen. Atkinson, whose husband was Commander of the forces in the armies of the Black Hawk War, was considered the belle of Washington. Her chief admirers were Mr. Van Buren, Vice President of the United States, James Buchanan, Wm. R. King, afterwards Vice President with Pierce as President, and Lucius Lyon, Senator from Michigan. She was the sister of my college-mate Alex. Bullitt, at Transylvania University, she being at the same time a pupil of Mr. Dunham's Female Seminary, in Lexington. We were very devoted friends, and Buchanan and Lyon knowing this frequently called upon me to accompany them on the occasion of their visits to her; so that I was wont to say to her: "Lou, you must make

those fellows vote for my bills." Which she did in a most thoroughly artful manner.

She married later a Count, and after her departure for Europe I lost sight of her. Her sister, Gen. Atkinson's widow, married Adam Duncan Stewart of Detroit fame.

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HENRY CLAY DEAN

ABOUT the year 1851 or 1852 when Rev. Henry Clay Dean, a Methodist minister of this State, noted for his extraordinary mental gifts and eloquence, was here in attendance upon conference, he was my guest at "Alta Vista", my residence at that time. We had been invited to dine, in company with the Presiding Bishop and other dignitaries of that church, at the house of our mutual and dear friend Gen. Warner Lewis. A bountiful spread, and likewise "the feast of reason", had detained us so long at the table that before we were aware of it, the hour had arrived for a service at the church, at which the Rev. Dean was to deliver a sermon. As soon as he left the room I remarked to the assembled guests that I would have Mr. Dean made Chaplain of the United States Senate, at its next session. Accordingly, after reaching Washington when we went into caucus to nominate the officers of the Senate, I proposed the name of Rev. Henry Clay Dean of Iowa, for Chaplain,

and soon afterwards telegraphed him that he was elected.<sup>164</sup>

Upon his arrival in Washington I took him to the National Hotel and introduced him to my noble friend, Hon. Henry Clay, the senior Senator from Kentucky, as "his name sake", when Mr. Clay observed: "The question is, whether you were named for me or I for you." Several Sundays after Mr. Dean's election as Chaplain it was announced that he would deliver a sermon at the "Foundry M. E. Church", in Washington, and nearly all the leading Senators attended to hear him. At the conclusion of his sermon, when he descended from the pulpit, he was surrounded by such men as Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun, Grundy, Dickinson of New York, Smith of Connecticut, etc., all of whom complimented him because of his able sermon.<sup>165</sup>

Mr. Dean and I remained devoted friends as long as he lived, his friendship having been emphasized by naming a son for me.

Still another friend who conferred a similar compliment upon me was Capt. Isaac W. Griffith, who, with his revered wife, has been a resident of this State since somewhere in the forties. After serving in the Mexican War, losing his right arm in the battle of Cherubusco, he became a citizen of Lee County, and was elected to the State legislature, where he contributed his potential influence to my election as United States Senator.

About the year 1850 or 1851 I had him appointed an officer of the Senate, and one evening at the President's levee I introduced him to Gen. Winfield Scott, who, recognizing in Capt. Griffith a brave and meritorious officer, greeted him most cordially as his brother soldier.

Several years ago I attended his golden wedding in Des Moines, where he has resided for many years past; and when I last saw him there in April, 1890, he was the picture of a hearty, happy and noble looking man.

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#### A TRIP TO HAVANA

UPON the adjournment of Congress March 4th, 1850 [1851], I induced Mr. Clay, who, with several other Senators and Representatives had been invited, to accept the hospitality of the commander of the "Georgia" (then one of the finest warships of the United States) David B. Porter, who died a few years since at Washington City after having attained the rank of Rear Admiral, for gallant and efficient service in the War of the Rebellion. We sailed from New York City on March 5th, and upon our arrival at Havana were most cordially received and entertained by the Captain General of Cuba. Our stay was for about a couple of days, and was rendered charming by the drives we took through the city, not only in the daytime but at

night, when, fortune favoring us, the moon was at its full, and lent an additional charm to the natural beauties of that now unhappy land. Not only was our sense of sight delighted, but we were regaled by the delicious fragrance of the flowering shrubs and plants which everywhere bloomed luxuriantly. Moro Castle was visited, and as we sailed out of the harbor, we received a parting salute from that fortress.

On reaching New Orleans Commander Porter gave us a delightful ball and supper, to which his friends and ours in that city were bidden, and the following day we took leave of our hospitable host, the "Georgia" returning to New York and our party separating in New Orleans and repairing to our respective homes, in the South and West. In my care, were Mrs. Ashley (widow of Gen. Ashley of Missouri) who afterwards became the wife of Hon. J. J. Crittenden of Kentucky, colleague of Hon. Henry Clay; Mrs. Cox, widow of the late cashier of the United States Bank at St. Louis, and Mrs. Scott, my niece, who afterwards married Hon. A. G. Penn, M. C. from Louisiana. Mrs. Penn's little daughter, who accompanied her, is now the wife of Capt. Geo. B. Haycock, retired, United States Marine Corps, and residing in Washington City. Another of the Georgia's party was the charming Miss Reid, daughter of Sam. C. Reid, Commander of the "Armstrong"

which sank several British vessels in the War of 1812 off Fayal, Azore Islands. She married Hon. John Savage, a noted Fenian, and a versatile writer, the author of a biography of President Lincoln. Congress passed an act for the benefit of Commander Reid's heirs because of his valiant services.

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JUDGE LOVE

IN the summer of 1853 [1855],<sup>166</sup> upon the death of Hon. J. J. Dyer, United States District Judge for the State of Iowa, a man of the highest integrity and unquestioned ability, esteemed by all who knew him, I recommended to my good friend President Pierce as Judge Dyer's successor, Hon. James M. Love of Keokuk. The return mail brought me the gratifying intelligence of the desired appointment. The profound wisdom displayed in all his decisions placed Judge Love high in the estimation of his fellow citizens and the government; and his death, a few years since, caused the sincerest grief. He, too, did me the honor to name a son for me.

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DUBUQUE ICE HARBOR

IN the summer of 1853, Col. Long, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., came here to inspect the harbor,

for which I had got an appropriation from Congress. Capt. Joshua Barney, a retired officer of the army, was in charge of the work. My brother-in-law, Charles Grégoire, tried to induce Col. Long to change the plan of harbor which had been determined on so as to make what is now the ice harbor. Col. Long replied that he would not dare to change the plan without the order of the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, but added: "Gen. Jones and Mr. Davis are great friends and he can get Mr. Davis' consent to the change." My brother-in-law, Mr. Grégoire, being President of the Lower Harbor Improvement Company, then brought me all the maps and plans representing the then contemplated improvement, which I took to Washington the following session. When I broached the subject to Secretary Davis he at once agreed to my suggestions and had the plans so changed as to make what is now known as "the ice harbor".

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#### GENERAL A. C. DODGE'S DEMOCRACY

ON one occasion in the Senate during the Compromise debate Gen. Dodge, my colleague, then sitting by his father, Gov. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, said, as illustrating his democratic principles, that when a young man he blacked the boots of his father's guests and

fed and curried their horses. As he was concluding his speech, Hon. Jesse D. Bright, Senator from Indiana and President pro tem of the Senate, came to me and asked: "Why did you let your colleague make such a speech as that?" "Because", I replied, "he is an ingrain Democrat. As early as 1827 I knew him and his elder brother with his father's negroes to have cordelled the keel boat from southeast Missouri, below St. Louis, up the Mississippi to Galena in the Lead Mines, and I overtook him once early in the morning, between Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and Galena, driving two ox-teams of five yoke each, to wagons loaded with lead. I was on horseback, and sometime before I came up to him heard him cracking his whip and hallooing to his oxen. When I remonstrated with him for not making Joseph, his negro-slave, drive one of the teams, he replied: 'Joseph is broken down driving through the deep snow.' On the top of the wagon was their bedding, blanket, and buffalo robes. An hour or so after reaching Galena I went down to the store of John Atchison, commission merchant, and there I found Augustus Dodge cooking his breakfast. So you see he comes honestly by his democratic principles."

GENERAL HARNEY, L. V. BOGY, AND STILSON  
HUTCHINS

IN the spring of 1864 I went to St. Louis, having under my care Miss Sarah Wells, the granddaughter of my friend Mrs. Francis S. Wilson, who was about to visit her aunts, Mrs. Anll and Mrs. Luke of that city. At East St. Louis we were met by young Mr. Anll, who took us in his carriage to the city, leaving me at the residence of my friend Col. L. V. Bogy. On Miss Wells' arrival at Mr. Anll's residence she there met Gen. Harney, to whom she mentioned my arrival at Col. Bogy's. Gen. Harney, who had been an old friend of mine — that is, since 1825 or 1826 — returned at once to his residence, across the street from Mr. Anll's in Lucas Place, ordered his carriage and baggage wagon out and drove to Col. Bogy's, where he said to Mrs. Bogy that Gen. Jones had sent for his baggage, I meantime having gone down to Col. Bogy's office.

On returning with the Colonel to dinner, Mrs. Bogy told me of Gen. Harney having called for my baggage, which, of course, surprised me, as I had not yet seen him. After dinner I set out for Gen. Harney's house, on entering which he gave me a cordial welcome, and asked: "Why do you come without your baggage?" "You rascal!" I exclaimed, "Mrs. Bogy has told me

of your seizure of it." Showing me to my room, he said: "This is the room occupied by our friend, Gen. Grant, when last he was my guest." I had a delightful visit here of a week or so.

One morning when making my toilet, I dropped a cuff-button on the floor, and I called to Harney to come in and help me to find it with his young eyes. As we were unable to find the button he went to his room, and on returning brought me a pair of buttons, valued at eighty dollars, which Colt (of revolver fame) had given him, he thought as a bribe, to induce him to buy revolvers from him for his command, the 2nd Regiment, U. S. Dragoons, and so he would not wear them. During this visit I frequently met my friend, Stilson Hutchins, then editor of the *St. Louis Times*. He had been my tenant when he was associated with the firm here of Ham & Carver, proprietors of the *Dubuque Herald*.

When Hutchins made up his mind to remove from here to St. Louis, in 18—, he came to me for letters of introduction to my St. Louis friends. I replied that it was not worth while as he would not stay long in St. Louis, thinking, as I then did, that he was fond of moving about. Finally I said: "I will give you a letter to one of the most talented and influential lawyers there, who will do anything for you that you want." After he had concluded his call I wrote to that lawyer, Col. Lewis V. Bogy, telling him

that he would shortly receive from me another letter introducing Stilson Hutchins, one of the most talented editors in the United States, and as fine a stump speaker as there was in the State of Iowa, adding: "Do whatever he may ask and he will make you U. S. Senator, what I know you want to be." Hutchins carried the note of introduction, and on presenting it, Col. Bogy assured him of his pleasure in becoming acquainted with him. They became warm friends, and through the influence of Hutchins, who became a member of the Legislature for that purpose, Col. Bogy was elected United States Senator. In the course of a year or more thereafter Mr. Hutchins removed to Washington, founded the *Post*, which became the leading political paper, and became rich. Eventually he sold the *Post*, and at this writing is about to engage in another newspaper enterprise. His great ability as a writer and his well-known business capacity ensure the success of this undertaking.

Col. Bogy's younger brother, Charles, married the amiable daughter of my old friend Thomas McKnight, whose first wife was the sister of my two brothers-in-law — Hons. John and Andrew Scott of Missouri and Arkansas, respectively. His widow now resides in Bonham, Texas, beloved by all who have ever had the happiness of knowing her.

## JAMES G. BLAINE

THE next time I met the Hon. Jas. G. Blaine after my introduction to him in 1850, when he was a Professor in the Western Military Institute of Kentucky, was on February 21, 1875, when I was sent as a special delegate by the City Council of Dubuque to Congress, at the suggestion of our then Representative in Congress, Hon. W. G. Donnan. On entering the House that day, Mr. Donnan gave me a seat by his side, some thirty feet to the left of the Speaker's chair. After a conversation of upwards of an hour with Mr. Donnan, as I walked across the hall in front of the Speaker's chair, to confer with Hon. Alex. H. Stephens and other old friends, with whom I had served in Congress, I was met by a splendid gentleman who greeted me as "Senator Jones", shaking hands cordially with me and expressing his pleasure at meeting me. I replied that he had the advantage of me, as I did not recollect him, and simultaneously many members of the House flocked around the Speaker, who introduced me to them as "a remarkable old gentleman", asking if I did not remember him, and on my replying that I had no recollection of having met him before, he replied: "I am Speaker Blaine." "Well, Mr. Speaker, this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of seeing you!" "Do you

not recall", he inquired, "my having been introduced to you in 1850 by Mr. Clay at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky? I educated your sons Charles and William". "Well", I replied, "you played the D—— educating them, for you made two of them *Secessionists*." He quickly replied: "I did not intend that."

After some further conversation we separated, and I went among the members, lobbying for my bill, which I did daily until the bill was passed and sent to the Senate, whither I followed it to confer with our Senators Hon. Wm. B. Allison and Hon. Geo. G. Wright. When the bill was called up afterwards on that day, March 3rd, by the latter, an amendment to it was proposed by the Senator from Green Bay, Wisconsin, Mr. Howe, and being informed by Senator Wright of the proposed amendment, I requested him to introduce me to the Senator from Wisconsin, to whom I said that his amendment would certainly defeat my bill, as there was not time left in which to send it to the House for its concurrence. My entreaties were unavailing, I immediately hastened to the House, told Hon. J. Allen Barber, Representative from Grant County, Wisconsin, of the amendment proposed by his colleague in the Senate, and urged him to get Senator Howe to withdraw his amendment. Senator Howe finally withdrew his amendment, when the bill was passed and

sent to the President, General Grant, who was then with his Cabinet at the Capitol.

On repairing to the room where the President and Cabinet were assembled, I met my nephew, Gen. Babcock, Private Secretary, and asked him to see that my bill was approved by the President. He shortly returned, saying the bill had not yet reached the President, whereupon I rushed back to the House and acquainted Messrs. Barber and Donnan with that fact, when they had the bill sent at once to the President. I returned to the President's room and on meeting Gen. Belknap at the door I requested him to see if the President had signed the bill. "No", he replied, drawing me into the room with him. Selecting the bill from a large number of others, he gave it to President Grant, who thereupon attached his signature, when the bill was sent to the proper House.

At that session of Congress I was the guest of Gen. Babcock, the husband of my grand-niece. Gen. Belknap was an old friend whom I, when a Senator, had induced to settle in Iowa. Ever since which time, up to his death, we were warm personal friends.

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MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS' LOST ALBUM

I WOULD herewith give the letter of my dear old friend, Jefferson Davis, requesting me to try to

get the album of his wife, which a friend of his at or near Erie, Pennsylvania, had written him was then in the possession of a man named Moore of Independence, Iowa, were it not that I some time ago sent it to Mrs. Davis to use in her forthcoming biography of her deceased husband. As soon as I got Mr. Davis' letter I wrote to my friend Jamison, attorney-at-law, at Independence. A reply brought me the information that Moore had removed to Waterloo; so I took the next train for that city, and when I reached there I had my cousin, Thomas Place, Master Mechanic of the Illinois Central R. R., take me to the post office. The post master informed me that Moore had removed from Waterloo to Moore's Mill, in Tama County, some twenty-five or thirty miles west; so I asked my cousin to introduce me to some good attorney, and he took me to the office of Boies, Allen & Couch, to whom I made known the object of my call. Allen, the president of a bank, was not in, but Mr. Boies, whom I had never seen before, introduced me to his young partner, Mr. Couch, who agreed that he would go with me the next morning to Tama County. After early breakfast with cousin Tom and family, my buggy, with two good horses, was at the door and I got in and drove off. Just as I was leaving Mr. Place's, he handed me a good six shooter, saying: "Put it into your pocket." I declined do-

ing so, when he insisted, saying: "You are going on a dangerous expedition." Whereupon I took it, placing it in my outside pocket.

It had rained very hard all the night before and I had difficulty in keeping my horses up, as they had on old shoes, so I would drive them out upon the grass. When we got into Tama, we found out that there was no Justice of the Peace at Moore's Mill, so we stopped at a Justice's, a couple of miles off, where my attorney, Couch, drew up a writ of replevin and got the Justice to appoint his young son as constable pro tem. When within a mile or so of the Mill, Mr. Couch advised me to go alone to Moore's house, with my temporary Constable, who knew the Moore's.

On our entering the house there sat a burly, stout old man on one side of the dining table with a younger man, his wife and children on the other side. Addressing the older man I said: "Mr. Moore, I understand, as I am passing through your County, that you have the album of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the great Southern rebel President, who would have destroyed the liberty of his Country." "No, it is my son over there", (turning to him), "who has it." "Well, Mr. Moore, I would like to buy that album if you will sell it, as I understand you desire to do." "Well", his son said, "there is such an album in this neighborhood, which I

think you can get for forty dollars." I replied, "I will give forty dollars for it, if it is the album that I want and is in good condition." He got up from the table and went into an adjoining room, and as he entered it, I saw him beckon to his wife through the crack of the door to follow him, which she did. I remarked to the old fellow: "I cannot believe that the album of Mrs. Davis is away out here." "Yes, it is. I was present when my son took it out of Mrs. Davis' trunk at Fortress Monroe. She and her husband were there prisoners and he was incarcerated there. She, with her children, went on to New York in the Steamer. I knew Mrs. Davis' family, the Howells, well in New Jersey", the old man said.

The son and wife reëntered the room, when with his two hands under his coat tail he said, "You'll pay me forty dollars for the album?" "Yes, if it is the album, which I know well, and it is in good condition as when I saw it." He brought it out and handed it to me. I took it, looked through it and said: "It is very much soiled and I find that the pictures of General Lee, Stonewall Jackson, some of Mrs. Davis' children, and my own, are not in this album." "You see", he said, "our neighbors have looked over the album and soiled it, and I have sold, or given away, some of the likenesses." "It is not in the condition that it was when I first saw it",

I replied. I handed it to the young constable and said: "Constable, serve your writ of replevin." The constable read the writ and said: "I replevin this album." The old man said: "I thought you were some old secesh"—looking daggers at me. Mrs. Moore, with fury in her eye, said: "You are no gentleman, sir, to act so." I asked: "How would you like to have your album stolen out of your trunk, and the likenesses of your little children and friends taken out?" "Let's go, Mr. Constable", I then said; and we left the house.

I got into the buggy and we drove off, and to Mr. Couch. As we approached him, he sang out: "What success, General?" I held out the album and replied: "Here it is, and I would not take \$1,000 for it."

He asked the constable if he had given Mr. Moore a copy of the writ, and when he said "No," Mr. Couch said: "He must have a copy." "Well, I will go back", I replied. "No", continued Mr. Couch, "I will go back with the constable, and make a copy and have him leave it with Mr. Moore. It won't do for *you* to go, General, and it will make no odds now if they do know me as a lawyer, etc." They went off, stopped at the post office, where Mr. Couch copied the writ, and then drove to the house, where the officer delivered the copy.

On their return, Mr. Couch said: "It is well

that you did not come with us, as we found the house full of furious men and old Moore in a terrible rage. They would have torn you to pieces if you had accompanied us, General. Old Moore said 'I saw the d——d old secesh put his hand on his six shooter in his outside coat pocket in the house'—which I had, indeed, done.

On my return to Waterloo I asked the attorneys what their bill was for that day's service. "Not a cent, General, it afforded us pleasure to serve you." A few weeks or days afterwards Mr. Couch gave Moore ten dollars, which I repaid to him, and so the suit was not taken into court.

I have since had the pleasure twice of voting to make Couch our judge; and once of making Mr. Boies the Governor of our State. The duties of both offices they filled with honor and distinction. Davis returned me thousands of thanks for the album, which I sent him by express, and the ten dollars, which I did not want him to repay me.

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#### MY LAST VISIT TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

THE next spring I went South to visit my old friends, Gen. Jefferson Davis, Wm. S. Harney, and their dear families. I telegraphed Davis from Arkansas City that I would call on him the

next morning. And so I would have done but that our steamer got befogged. We got into New Orleans too late for the morning train and I had to stay at the St. Charles Hotel that night. I went the following morning, and reaching the depot at Beauvoir I was directed to Davis' house by the ticket agent. "You must be General Jones, as Mr. Davis came here for you yesterday morning." I walked briskly over to the Beauvoir mansion, where my ringing of the bell brought out a splendid young lady. When she told me that she was Miss Winnie Davis I took her into my arms and kissed her for her father and mother and told her that my name was Jones. The family were soon in the parlor with me and I had a most delightful visit of several days, at the close of which Mrs. Davis drove me over and left me at the hospitable home of my other old Black Hawk War friend, Gen. Wm. S. Harney, where I remained a few days.

Talking with my old friend, Harney, as he lay upon his lounge after dinner, I told him of the newspaper article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, giving an account of Jefferson Davis being caught cheating at cards at Prairie du Chien and being slapped in the face and not resenting it. He bolted up and said: "Slapped Jefferson Davis? Who ever slapped Jefferson Davis?" I replied: "I tried to get the editor at St. Louis to tell me, but he would not." He then said:

“I am going to St. Louis next fall and I will make him give the name of the author to me, or I will cane him whilst I can stand. Jefferson Davis never played for money, and if he had, being an honorable man, he would never have cheated. He and I were like brothers and he was the only brother officer that I could ever get up early enough in the winter mornings, when we were stationed together at Fort Winnebago and Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, to cross the Mississippi and hunt for foxes, wolves, bears, deer, etc. He never, never failed me in any way and was the soul of chivalry, honor and bravery, etc.”

I spent a week or so with dear Harney, returned to Beauvoir, and after another sojourn there left my old friend — the last time I ever saw him alive. On the 3rd of December, 1889, when I called with my son George to see my old friend, Mrs. Gen. Warner Lewis, Mrs. Van Pelt (her daughter) came in from her office and informed me that she had bad news for me. “Oh! what is it?” “The evening dispatches announced that Jefferson Davis is very ill in New Orleans.” “Well!” I said at once, “I’ll go off to-morrow night to see him, if possible, once more before he dies; but dead or alive, to see him before I myself shall die.” So I took the Illinois Central train the next night at 10:30 o’clock and went to New Orleans, which I

reached in the night, a few hours before his death; but as the telegrams had announced at the various depots that he was improving, I deferred calling till next morning. I took the first street car for the St. Charles Hotel, where I got a city paper announcing that a chill had suddenly taken Mr. Davis off.

As soon as I got my trunk, I dressed myself and put off for the residence of Justice Fenner and his father-in-law, J. U. Paine, at whose house Davis died, to look upon the face and form of my departed friend. I found the tall iron gate locked with the emblem of death upon it. A servant girl took me into the residence, and I sent my card to Mrs. Davis and the family. Soon Mrs. Justice Fenner met me and said: "General Jones, Mrs. Davis has declined to see any one to-day, but says she will see you," and she led me to the parlor door, and I walked in. There sat the heartbroken, newly made widow, bathed in tears, by the side of her noble, dead husband, who looked as if but asleep and much better than when I last had seen him at Beauvoir, about six years before. When I got up to leave, Mrs. Davis said: "Sit still. I want to talk with Jeff's old friend. I want you to write me when you get back home all that you knew of him in your college boy, Black Hawk, Dubuque, and Congressional days."

All sorts of attentions and honors were paid to me by the friends of the dead hero, who were delighted to welcome me, the only man from the North who had travelled so far to see their lamented friend. They invited me to all their meetings held in his memory and made me first pall bearer by the side of the Chief Justice, at whose house he had died. I have witnessed, and participated as a Senator in Congress in the funerals of distinguished men, members of the two Houses of Congress, Chief and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, American and Foreign Ministers, etc., etc., but I never saw anything to be compared to the magnificence of the display in honor of Jefferson Davis' memory. Both sides of the streets and avenues were crowded with spectators, from the starting point until the last sad funeral rites were performed at the cemetery. For five or six days and nights the corpse was visited by the immense concourse of his grief stricken friends, white and black, quadroon and octoroon, shedding tears of regret for their lost, but never-to-be-forgotten, "master and friend and President."

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#### FUND TO RELEASE MY HOMESTEAD

I WAS wholly ignorant of the movement looking to the release of the mortgage on my homestead,

or incidents relating thereto, until I received the letter of the Committee. I was told, however, that my old and dearly beloved friend, Edward Langworthy, when he heard of the project, sent a note to the Committee enclosing his check for one hundred dollars, saying in his note: "I'll send you five hundred or more if that is not enough." When Messrs. Graves and Rider entered the office of the late William Ryan, the pork-packer, the latter said: "Gentleman, I have no more money to give for any purpose." (The Committee soliciting funds for the Grand Army Reunion, then being held in this city, had been calling upon him for contributions.) Mr. Graves replied: "Answer your dispatch, for the messenger-boy is waiting for it, and then we'll tell you what we want." After the boy was sent off, Mr. Graves showed the subscription paper to Mr. Ryan, who had always been opposed politically to me, and who after reflecting for a few moments said: "I will give a check for the whole amount needed, \$1900." "No, sir, we won't allow you to do that; we only want a small sum." He put it down, saying: "The people of Iowa, and especially of Dubuque, can never liquidate the debt due by them to General Jones."

. . . . .  
The next person they met was Archbishop Hennessy, who on looking at the paper said:

“Yes, gentlemen, I’ll give you any amount you say; General Jones is entitled to every possible favor from the people of this city and State.”

I was overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude at the reception of the letter of the Committee and its enclosures, for I was wholly insolvent and knew not how to redeem my homestead, which had been sold under the foreclosure of the mortgage; and I would not to-day have a dollar of money but for the generous, voluntary contribution, which took a load from my shoulders and made my desponding and idolized wife comfortable and happy. We had both been economical and industrious all our lives, and if she had lived nine months longer we would have celebrated our diamond wedding or 60th anniversary of our happy union.

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GENERAL DODGE’S DEATH

WHEN Gen. A. C. Dodge died, his second son, my namesake, Charles Jones Dodge, telegraphed me: “Your old friend and colleague has just died.” I took the first train for Burlington and was made first pall bearer at his, the most impressive funeral that I had ever attended in Iowa, Chief Justice Fuller being also one of the pall bearers. On Sunday morning, a few hours before he died, he asked his

devoted wife if she thought Rev. Father Lowry would come to see him. She sent for the reverend friend, who at once came to the dying bed of the General, when the General asked him to baptize him. Rev. Father Lowry soon performed the sacred duty, which the General said he had long deferred, as, in his heart, he had for some years been a Catholic, and that he had regularly all his married life attended Mass with his wife and sons, especially at Madrid, in Spain, where he learned by heart the morning and evening prayers and the whole of the Mass in the Spanish language. He told me of this fact himself after his return home from Spain, and that he was the first English speaking minister who had ever taken leave of the Crowned Head of the Spanish Government in the Spanish language.

Gen. Dodge was an extraordinary man. He never went to college, save about nine months — to the country college, or school, of his father-in-law, Judge Joseph Hertich, where his wife and her three brothers, Joseph, Vilar and Charles, were his college, or schoolmates, as well as the Hon. J. D. Jenkins, who accompanied him on his run-away marriage trip to Kaskaskia, Illinois. But Judge Hertich was a highly educated and splendid gentleman, who educated Gen. L. V. Bogy, late United States Senator from Missouri. The latter told me that he con-

sidered Judge Hertich one of the most learned men that he had ever known. I knew the dear Judge well from my childhood and that he was highly educated, speaking and writing perfectly the German, French, Spanish and Latin languages, and as one of the best mathematicians I ever knew, besides being an accomplished gentleman in every way. He was so considered by my father, Judge Jones, Hon. John Scott, Dr. Linn of Missouri, Judge Peck, and every gentleman who knew him.

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## PENSION

NOVEMBER 1, 1892, I went to Washington at the request of my grand-daughter, Katherine Stribling Jones, to give her in marriage to Clarence Edward Dawson.

The first Monday in December I went up to the Senate, and while sitting next to Senator Allison, he said: "Turpie is a great admirer of yours." "Why", said I, "who is Turpie? I don't know him." He answered: "The Senator from Indiana". "Which is he?" I asked. And Senator Allison pointed him out to me sitting opposite to us on the Democratic side by Senator Jones of Arkansas. "Well", said I, "I'll go over and introduce myself to him." I did so, and he asked me to take a vacant seat by his side, and we conversed for some time.

The next day, unknown to me, he presented, and had passed unanimously through the Senate, a bill granting me a pension of twenty dollars a month for my services as a drummer boy at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, in Capt. Wm. Linn's Company, in the war between the United States and Great Britain in 1812-1815, and as aid-de-camp to General Henry Dodge in the Black Hawk War of 1832. The bill was then sent over to the House and referred to the Committee on Pensions. In a few days it unanimously passed the House.

When the bill went back to the Senate from the House, I was then sitting by the side of Senator Palmer of Illinois, on the Democratic side of the House. As soon as it reached the Senate, Senator Sherman of Ohio moved that the Senate take a vote upon it, when it was passed again unanimously. The Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Vilas, crossed over from his Republican side of the Senate to me saying: "I have come to congratulate you upon this bill. It is a great honor and pleasure to me to vote for the bill for the benefit of the man who made my State a Territory on the 4th of July, 1836, and gave it its name." Senator Gorman of Maryland also came up and said: "It is the first opportunity I have had to vote for a bill for a man to whom I am grateful for making me a page of the House in 1850." A great many

other Senators also came up and congratulated me.

A year after that another bill was unanimously passed by Congress directing the Secretary of the Treasury to adjust my accounts as late Minister of the United States to Bogotá, and pay me what was found to be due me. That bill was in like manner unanimously passed through both Houses of Congress.<sup>167</sup>



NOTES AND REFERENCES



## NOTES AND REFERENCES

### CHAPTER I

<sup>1</sup> Much information concerning John Rice Jones is given in Dunn's *Indiana* (see index), also in Houck's *A History of Missouri* (see index).

<sup>2</sup> Dunn's *Indiana*, p. 380.

<sup>3</sup> Houck's *A History of Missouri*, Vol. III, pp. 256, 257.

<sup>4</sup> Houck makes the statement that Jones attended the school of Judge Hertich at Ste. Genevieve.—Houck's *A History of Missouri*, Vol. III, p. 68. But this is probably a mistake. Jones himself in speaking of the death of A. C. Dodge tells of Dodge having attended the institution and speaks of knowing the Judge well himself from his childhood, but says nothing of being a pupil at the school.—*Personal Recollections*, see page 300 above.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. C. D. Ham in an obituary of Jones states that "when Captain Linn was commissioned to raise a company of soldiers young Jones was the drummer boy who marched about the streets in that service".—*Annals of Iowa* (Third Series), Vol. II, p. 564.

<sup>6</sup> Letter from E. A. Turpin to Jones, August 19, 1823. This letter and a number of others from college mates are preserved in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. This collection of letters and papers,

bound in fourteen large volumes, constitutes a valuable body of source material upon the life of Jones and his contemporaries. The files of his correspondence are not, however, complete, many letters having been destroyed before the collection was turned over to the Historical Department.

<sup>7</sup> Strong, in his *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, states that Jones was admitted to the bar in 1826 (p. 235), but Jones himself in no case has been found to confirm this statement; and Lewis F. Linn, who knew Jones very intimately at this time, stated to Martin Van Buren, when recommending Jones for the Governorship of the Territory of Iowa, that Jones had "read law for some time simply to aid him in the business of life".—Letter from Lewis F. Linn to Martin Van Buren, June 8, 1838. A copy of this letter is preserved in the library of The State Historical Society of Iowa, at Iowa City, Iowa.

<sup>8</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, p. 117.

<sup>9</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, p. 118. This explanation of the origin of the term is also given in Langworthy's *Early Settlement of the West* in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, p. 361. The above mentioned sketch is one of several written by the Langworthy brothers. The sketches are edited by John Carl Parish in the issue of *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics* above referred to. They give considerable information in regard to the early history of the Galena lead mining district, in which the Langworthy brothers

were early settlers. They also portray vividly the habits of life and the methods of mining among both Indians and whites of the early days.

<sup>10</sup> Letters from J. Burgess Thomas, Jr., to Jones, July 16, 1829, and April 30, 1830.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>11</sup> *Autobiography*, p. 142 above.

<sup>12</sup> Letter from B. Allen to Jones, February 21, 1835, and letter from C. K. Gardner, Assistant Postmaster General, to Jones, March 11, 1835.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>13</sup> Salter's *Letters of Henry Dodge to Gen. George W. Jones* in the *Annals of Iowa* (Third Series), Vol. III, No. 3, p. 220. This series of letters, begun in the issue above indicated, is continued in the three subsequent issues and contains many facts of interest and value regarding both men.

<sup>14</sup> Pelzer's *Henry Dodge*, p. 67.

<sup>15</sup> Dodge was made Colonel of a regiment of United States Dragoons in March, 1833, and his new duties led him into the Southwest, far afield from the Galena lead mines.—Pelzer's *Henry Dodge*, pp. 80-127, 212.

<sup>16</sup> Letters from Thomas Legate and from W. H. Ashley to Jones, January 10, 1834, and April 8, 1834.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>17</sup> Letter from Lucius Lyon to George W. Jones,

July 6, 1834.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>18</sup> Thwaites's *Wisconsin*, pp. 232-235.

<sup>19</sup> Cooley's *Michigan*, p. 214.

<sup>20</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, p. 192.

## CHAPTER II

<sup>21</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 24th Congress, p. 3.

<sup>22</sup> Letter from Lucius Lyon to Austin E. Wing, December 27, 1835.—*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. XXVII, p. 468. In this volume are printed copies of letters and portions of letters to the number of several hundred, written by Lucius Lyon between the years of 1822 and 1845. They are of great value in illuminating the history of Michigan and the Northwest during those years.

<sup>23</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, pp. 193-195.

<sup>24</sup> Letter from Lucius Lyon to John S. Horner, November 30, 1835.—*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. XXVII, pp. 463, 464.

<sup>25</sup> Interesting bits of correspondence passed among the various parties—Jones, Horner, Woodbridge, etc.,—during December. Jones wanted his certificate sent as soon as possible and in case of contest, a certified copy of the returns; Woodbridge clamored for his certificate and haunted the office of the harassed Secretary, while even the former Secretary, Stevens T.

Mason, took a hand in the game by writing to his successor urging that a certificate be withheld until the returns for Jones were in from the west side of the lake. These letters are printed among the *Schoolcraft Papers* in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. XXXVII, pp. 381, 382, 384, 385, 390-393, 395-397, 399-402, 405-407.

<sup>26</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, p. 197.

<sup>27</sup> Letter from John S. Horner to George W. Jones, January 12, 1836.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>28</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, p. 198.

<sup>29</sup> Letter from Lucius Lyon to W. L. Newberry, February 21, 1836.—*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. XXVII, p. 478.

<sup>30</sup> Letters from Lucius Lyon to W. L. Newberry, February 21, and March 28, 1836.—*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. XXVII, pp. 478, 491.

<sup>31</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 24th Congress, p. 81.

<sup>32</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 24th Congress, p. 127.

<sup>33</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 24th Congress, p. 314.

<sup>34</sup> *Autobiography*, pp. 103-110, above.

<sup>35</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, pp. 221, 222. See also a letter from H. Crocker to

George W. Jones, January 13, 1837.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. Henry Dodge was also accused of being interested in the town of Belmont.

<sup>36</sup> He added that the tract embraced about 1300 acres and would cost about \$2000. Letter from James D. Doty to George W. Jones, June 2, 1836.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>37</sup> Letter from James D. Doty to George W. Jones, June 2, 1836.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>38</sup> Letter from James D. Doty to George W. Jones, December 24, 1836.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. This letter is by mistake bound among the letters of December, 1837. On the back of the letter is the following memorandum by Jones:—

“Recd Jan'y 17—1837 Ansd Jan 19. 1837 Claimed right to 2/24 of Madison tract of land instead of 1/24 as agreed upon before I knew that there was to be a town laid off on said tract —

G W Jones.”

<sup>39</sup> Letter from James D. Doty to George W. Jones, February 7, 1837.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>40</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 394, 512.

<sup>41</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, p. 432. Motion of Mr. Mercer of Virginia.

<sup>42</sup> An excellent summary of the objections raised in the House of Representatives is to be found in Shambaugh's *History of the Constitutions of Iowa*, pp. 97-104. See also the *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 428, 431, 432, and *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 511, 514.

<sup>43</sup> *Autobiography*, pp. 161, 162, above. See also Langworthy's *The Early History of Dubuque*, reprinted in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. VIII, p. 393.

<sup>44</sup> C. D. Ham in an obituary notice of George W. Jones printed in a Dubuque newspaper and reprinted in the *Annals of Iowa* (Third Series), Vol. II, No. 7, p. 563. F. B. Wilkie tells of an occurrence of this nature which he says took place in St. Louis in 1827. Jones and a Lieutenant Williams of the United States army had an altercation in the bar room of a hotel over a glass of lemonade. Williams challenged Jones and the latter accepted. The spot selected was a small island in the Mississippi River. While the seconds were arranging the preliminaries upon the field of combat, considerable time elapsed and Jones being somewhat fatigued lay down and went to sleep. He was awakened with some difficulty. This incident seems to have affected the nerve of his opponent so that he apologized and withdrew his challenge rather than continue the duel.—Wilkie's *George W. Jones* in the *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. III, No. 2, April, 1887, pp. 449, 450. This biographical sketch was written for the *Chicago Times* and is reprinted

therefrom with little if any change. It was prepared by Wilkie after an interview with Jones himself and the writer also shows familiarity with the manuscript of parts of the *Autobiography* and *Personal Recollections* printed in this volume.

<sup>45</sup> The report of this committee, which gives a detailed account of the duel, is printed in the *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 329-333.

<sup>46</sup> Copies of a number of these petitions and letters are preserved in the library of The State Historical Society of Iowa, at Iowa City, Iowa.

<sup>47</sup> Letter from James D. Doty to George W. Jones, December 24, 1837.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>48</sup> Strong's *History of the Territory of Wisconsin*, pp. 270, 271.

<sup>49</sup> This opinion was printed and copies laid upon the desks of the members of the House of Representatives. A copy of the opinion is preserved in the library of The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

<sup>50</sup> *United States Statutes at Large*, Vol. III, p. 363.

<sup>51</sup> This report is printed in full in the *Congressional Globe*, 3rd Session, 25th Congress, p. 90; see also p. 56.

<sup>52</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 3rd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 95, 96.

<sup>53</sup> This land comprised about 300 acres, and in 1837 he had conveyed to Daniel Webster an undivided interest in one-eighth of the land and of the ferry.

Later on, the attorney of Jones asked to have a writ of attachment served on Webster for payment for this interest. A copy of the agreement under Webster's signature may be found in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. The date of the agreement is March 1, 1837; but the document is by mistake bound with the papers for March, 1857. See also in the same collection letters from Francis J. Dunn to Jones, May 15, and June 1, 1843, for hints of trouble between the two owners.

<sup>54</sup> *Laws of the Territory of Iowa, 1839-1840*, p. 139. In 1840, he seems to have petitioned the legislature for a monopoly of the ferry privilege at Dubuque and an annulment of the charter of Timothy Fanning, a statement being appended, signed by ten prominent citizens of Dubuque to the effect that Fanning had not been keeping up the ferry and that passengers must be transported by Jones in his ferry.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* (1840) in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. The petition was not granted.

<sup>55</sup> *Correspondence of George W. Jones* (January and February, 1840) in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>56</sup> A copy of this lease under date of March 16, 1840, is to be found in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. The consideration was \$175 each quarter year.

<sup>57</sup> Letters from Elisha Dwelle to George W. Jones, January 13, 1843, and from Jefferson Crawford to

George W. Jones, January 22, 1843.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. See also Wilkie's *George W. Jones* in the *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. III, No. 2, p. 440.

<sup>58</sup> Letter from Charles Dunn to George W. Jones, October 4, 1843.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>59</sup> Rodolf's *Pioneering in the Wisconsin Lead Region* in *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, Vol. XV, p. 381.

<sup>60</sup> Copy of letter from George W. Jones to James Clarke, June 6, 1846.— *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>61</sup> Pelzer's *Augustus Caesar Dodge*, Ch. IX; Clark's *History of the Election of United States Senators from Iowa*, Ch. I; and Martin's *A Bribery Episode in the First Election of United States Senators in Iowa* in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. VII, No. 4, pp. 483-502.

### CHAPTER III

<sup>62</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 30th Congress, p. 143.

<sup>63</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, pp. 1240, 1241.

<sup>64</sup> *Journal of the Senate*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, pp. 409, 410.

<sup>65</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 852.

<sup>66</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 1389. One of these resolutions was from a district convention at Davenport met to nominate a Congressman. The other was from the State Democratic Convention called together to nominate a Governor and other State officials.

<sup>67</sup> *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 1716. A typographical error in the *Appendix* gives the date as July 19, 1850. It should be July 16, 1850.

<sup>68</sup> *Journal of the Senate*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, pp. 557, 561, 581, 637. Only four members of the Senate actually voted for the final passage of all the measures. One of these four was Senator Augustus Caesar Dodge of Iowa.

<sup>69</sup> *Journal of the Senate*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 561.

<sup>70</sup> *Laws of Iowa*, 1850-1851, p. 244. This injunction is especially significant because the only part of the measure which could be conformed to or carried out by the individual citizens was the fugitive slave clause.

<sup>71</sup> Pelzer's *Augustus Caesar Dodge*, Ch. XIII on "The Iowa Land Bill".

<sup>72</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, p. 763.

<sup>73</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, pp. 763-765. Jones states that he and Dodge did not receive notice of this memorial until long after the bill was reported. This is strange since the memorial was

approved on February 4, 1851, more than a year previous.—*Laws of Iowa, 1850-1851*, pp. 264, 265.

<sup>74</sup> *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, p. 680.

<sup>75</sup> See the account of these occurrences by Jones himself in his *Autobiography* in the present volume, pp. 189-205. See also the *Washington Union* for May 29, 1852, which contains a card from Dodge and Jones denying the intimation that considerations had been given for their support, and the issue of the same paper for June 10, 1852, which contains a letter from Stephen A. Douglas in answer to the matter. Copies of the card and of Douglas's letter are to be found in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>76</sup> A letter from W. F. Coolbaugh to George W. Jones, September 10, 1852, urges Jones to attend a Democratic mass meeting at Burlington, on October 4, 1852, since it will do much to heal the breach between Jones and the Democracy of Des Moines County.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>77</sup> *Burlington Daily Telegraph*, Vol. II, No. 155, December 8, 1852.

<sup>78</sup> *Davenport Democratic Banner*, Vol. V, No. 8, December 24, 1852.

<sup>79</sup> An excellent account of this campaign and the election is found in Clark's *History of the Election of United States Senators from Iowa*, Ch. III.

<sup>80</sup> The debate on this bill in the Senate is found in

the *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 34th Congress, pp. 1166-1172. On May 12, 1856, Senator Crittenden moved a reconsideration of the bill and precipitated another debate. His motion, however, was lost.—*Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 34th Congress, p. 1220.

<sup>81</sup> Letter from John R. Allen to George W. Jones, November 3, 1857.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. This letter tells of an attempt at Keokuk to make candidates for the General Assembly pledge not to vote for Jones for reelection to the United States Senate.

<sup>82</sup> Clark's *History of the Election of United States Senators from Iowa*, Ch. V.

<sup>83</sup> These resolutions are printed in full in the *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 35th Congress, p. 566. For some reason the resolutions do not appear in the *Laws of Iowa* for this session (1858).

<sup>84</sup> *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 35th Congress, p. 566.

<sup>85</sup> *Senate Reports*, 1st Session, 35th Congress, Vol. I, Report No. 82.

<sup>86</sup> For the newspaper comments and the letters of Douglas and Jones, see the *Autobiography*, pp. 189-205, above.

#### CHAPTER IV

<sup>87</sup> A good description of Bogotá may be found in Scruggs's *The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics*, Ch. VI and following.

<sup>88</sup> Dawson's *The South American Republics*, Part II, pp. 460-462.

<sup>89</sup> See the *Autobiography*, pp. 235-247, above.

<sup>90</sup> The *Dubuque Weekly Herald*, Vol. XXII, No. 2, July 16, 1862, contains a copy of the letter of Jones to Davis, a copy of a letter from Jones to Mahoney explaining his attitude, and an editorial comment which to a certain extent endorses the defense by Jones.

<sup>91</sup> This letter is printed in the *Burlington Weekly Argus*, Vol. I, No. 8, July 11, 1862. The editor of the paper, though strongly Democratic and disposed to be friendly toward Jones, will not have him as a Democrat, but insists that he has, by his own volition, put himself outside the pale of this organization.

<sup>92</sup> See above, pp. 44, 45.

<sup>93</sup> *Dubuque Weekly Herald*, Vol. XXII, No. 2, July 16, 1862.

<sup>94</sup> *Burlington Weekly Argus*, Vol. I, No. 8, July 11, 1862.

<sup>95</sup> The order for this release may be found in the *New York Weekly Tribune*, Vol. XXI, No. 1067, February 22, 1862. The notice of the release of Jones and other prisoners on the 22nd of February appears in the *New York Weekly Tribune*, Vol. XXI, No. 1068, March 1, 1862.

<sup>96</sup> *Burlington Weekly Argus*, Vol. I, No. 1, May 24, 1862.

<sup>97</sup> *Dubuque Weekly Herald*, Vol. XXII, No. 2, July 16, 1862.

<sup>98</sup> Dunn's *Indiana*, see index under Jones.

<sup>99</sup> *Dubuque Weekly Herald*, Vol. XXII, No. 2, July 16, 1862.

<sup>100</sup> *Congressional Record*, 1st Session, 52nd Congress, pp. 44, 4456, 4562, 4563.

<sup>101</sup> *Pioneer Law-Makers Association of Iowa*, 1892, p. 79.

<sup>102</sup> *Annals of Iowa* (Third Series), Vol. I, No. 2, p. 154.

<sup>103</sup> *House Journal of the State of Iowa*, 25th General Assembly, p. 822.

<sup>104</sup> *Senate Journal of the State of Iowa*, 25th General Assembly, pp. 766, 767.

<sup>105</sup> *House Journal of the State of Iowa*, 25th General Assembly, p. 988.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

<sup>106</sup> This friendship between Harrison and John Rice Jones came to an abrupt end before the removal of Jones from Vincennes.— See Dunn's *Indiana*, pp. 307, 361. Harrison in 1828 became Minister to Bogotá, a post to which George W. Jones himself was assigned some thirty years later.

<sup>107</sup> Snyder's *Forgotten Statesmen of Illinois in Publication No. 9 of the Illinois State Historical Library*, p. 515. See also Dunn's *Indiana*, p. 376.

<sup>108</sup> It seems evident that Jones is mistaken in this date. John Rice Jones was President of the upper house of the legislature of the Territory of Indiana in the session of 1808-1809; and after the close of the session, in 1809, he removed to the Territory of Illinois, moving on to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, in 1810.— Dunn's *Indiana*, pp. 367, 368, 378, 380.

<sup>109</sup> Under an act of Congress providing for a donation of one hundred acres of land to each militiaman enrolled and doing duty in the Illinois on the first day of August, 1790, John Rice Jones was granted title to that amount of land within the district of Kaskaskia.—See *American State Papers, Public Lands*, Vol. II, p. 170. An examination of the records in the volume named shows that Jones was very active in the acquisition of claims from the original claimants.

In the session of Congress of 1850-1851 a bill passed the Senate of the United States confirming a claim made by the heirs of John Rice Jones to 3485 acres of land. The bill did not come to a vote in the House.—See *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 31st Congress, pp. 25, 26, 36.

<sup>110</sup> See note 108, above.

<sup>111</sup> Of the men named here as college mates and also colleagues of Jones in Congress, three at least—Cates, Tibbatts, and Peters were not members of Congress during any of the sessions in which Jones served.—Cf. *Biographical Congressional Directory, 1774 to 1903*.

<sup>112</sup> John Scott served Missouri as Delegate and Representative during eleven regular sessions of Congress.

<sup>113</sup> This was Lewis F. Linn, who served afterwards for many years as United States Senator from Missouri.

<sup>114</sup> It is possible that two-thirds of the ferry was sold to Webster, but it is not probable. Among the

papers of George W. Jones is a copy of an agreement between Jones and Webster whereby Jones conveyed to Webster an undivided eighth interest in the ferry. The date of this agreement was March 1, 1837, and the consideration \$2,500.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa. By mistake the document is bound with the papers bearing date of 1857.

<sup>115</sup> Among other properties of a speculative nature, Jones owned a portion of the town site of Sioux City, Iowa, when that town was organized in the fifties. Webster was no longer living at this time.

<sup>116</sup> Jones here falls into error. Edward Bates was offered a Cabinet position by Fillmore, but he declined the honor.

<sup>117</sup> Here again the memory of Jones is at fault. The reorganization of the Cabinet by Fillmore took place in the summer of 1850, not 1849. Nor was he the only Democratic Senator from Iowa at that time, since A. C. Dodge had been elected upon the same day as Jones; and the two men, both Democrats, took their seats together and served together until Dodge was supplanted by Harlan in 1855.

<sup>118</sup> See note 112 above.

<sup>119</sup> This incident is interesting in view of the fact that Jones gives elsewhere as his reason for seeking election as United States Senator in 1848 that he feared removal from the office of Surveyor General when President Taylor should take office in the spring of 1849.

<sup>120</sup> See note 112 above.

<sup>121</sup> A copy of this letter may be found in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>122</sup> On October 4, 1843, Dunn wrote to Jones announcing that Mr. McSherry had died the day before and that, as promised, he was sending to Jones a commission as clerk. Jones was probably mistaken in placing the time as the fall of 1842. Dunn's letter is in the *Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>123</sup> This first appointment was made in January, 1840. See letters from Lewis F. Linn to Jones, January 29, and January 31, 1840.—*Correspondence of George W. Jones* in the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

<sup>124</sup> Jones evidently has in mind the appointment of Henry Dodge as Major of Mounted Rangers. His commission to that office is dated June 22, 1832. On March 4, 1833, he was commissioned Colonel of United States Dragoons.—Pelzer's *Henry Dodge*, pp. 67, 80.

<sup>125</sup> The Territory of Michigan, though of vast extent, did not include all the land here ascribed to it by Jones. It comprised the land which now constitutes the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the eastern portions of the States of North and South Dakota.—See Shambaugh's *Maps Illustrative of the Boundary History of Iowa* in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. II, No. 3, pp. 369-380.

<sup>126</sup> This is a mistake. Jones was elected Delegate

from the Territory of Michigan in 1835 and Delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin in 1836. In 1838 he was defeated for reelection by James D. Doty.

<sup>127</sup> See note 122 above.

<sup>128</sup> The original bill, approved July 2, 1836, did not make grants to the towns but provided for the laying off of the towns in tracts not to exceed one section, or 640 acres, in extent. The preëmption rights were limited to one acre for each person.—*United States Statutes at Large*, Vol. V, pp. 70, 71. The amendment was passed in the next session and approved March 3, 1837. It provided for the carrying on of the work by a board of commissioners and for the payment of the net proceeds to the individual towns for public improvements.—*United States Statutes at Large*, Vol. V, pp. 178, 179.

<sup>129</sup> According to Lucius H. Langworthy — pioneer settler of Dubuque — the elder Smith was killed by Woodbury Massey's brother before the incident involving the sister occurred. The death of the elder Smith soon brought his son to Dubuque and Louisa Massey fired upon him with the purpose of preventing his taking revenge upon her brother. Her shot did not prove fatal.— See Langworthy's *The Early History of Dubuque*, reprinted in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, pp. 386-389.

<sup>130</sup> This is of course an error. Congress has no power to enact a law of this nature and of general application. An attempt was made to pass a law prohibiting the giving or accepting, within the limits of the District of Columbia, of a challenge to a duel.

This was within the power of Congress, and a bill for this purpose passed the Senate on April 9, 1838, with only one dissenting vote.—*Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, p. 292. It failed, however, to reach a vote in the House.

<sup>131</sup> This debate took place February 12, 1838. Wise was the most active participant. John Bell did not take part in the debate; and Bailie Peyton, although he had served in the preceding Congress, was not at this time a member of the House of Representatives.

<sup>132</sup> Jones, in relating this occurrence, evidently did not consult the *Congressional Globe*, and his account is therefore inaccurate. The statement by Cilley is reported in the *Globe* as follows:

“He [Cilley] knew nothing of this editor; but if it was the same editor who had once made grave charges against an institution of this country [the United States Bank], and afterwards was said to have received facilities to the amount of some \$52,000 from the same institution, and gave it his hearty support, he did not think that his charges were entitled to much credit in an American Congress.”—*Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, p. 173. No evidence appears in the *Globe* that the interrogatories mentioned by Jones were ever put by Wise and others to Cilley.

<sup>133</sup> A brief correspondence followed between Graves and Cilley in which Graves endeavored to have Cilley answer categorically whether or not he had refused to receive Webb’s communication on the ground of any personal exception to him (Webb) as a gentle-

man or a man of honor. This Cilley refused to do and on Friday, February 23d, the challenge was given by Graves and accepted by Cilley. In the *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 329-333, is printed the report of the investigating committee of the House of Representatives. In the report are included copies of the above mentioned correspondence, and a rather detailed description of the duel itself. The committee recommended the expulsion of Graves and the censuring of Wise and Jones. There was much discussion, but no definite action was taken upon the report and resolutions.

<sup>134</sup> Jones had not at this time definitely aligned himself with the Democratic party, believing that more could be accomplished for his constituents by a neutral position and by securing favors from both parties.— See Langworthy's *The Early History of Dubuque*, reprinted in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, p. 393.

<sup>135</sup> See note 134 above.

<sup>136</sup> The duel was not postponed to the following day. In the letter from Jones to Wise arranging matters for Mr. Cilley, he proposed twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, February 24. It was found impossible to get ready by this time and the duel was fought shortly after three o'clock on this same day, Saturday, the 24th.— *Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, p. 330.

<sup>137</sup> It is difficult to determine just how much influence Clay really exerted in bringing about this duel. If he was implicated in any way by those who

were examined before the investigating committee, no indication of it appears in the report of that committee.

<sup>138</sup> The meeting to which Jones probably refers was held on March 31, 1838. A resolution was passed asking Congress to make an appropriation for the survey of the "first permanent link in the great chain of direct steam communication between the extreme east and the far west, which the determined spirit of American enterprise has decreed shall speedily connect the waters of our two opposite oceans".—King's *John Plumbé, Originator of the Pacific Railroad* in the *Annals of Iowa* (Third Series), Vol. VI, No. 4, pp. 291, 292.

Jones is recorded as presenting on May 21, 1838, a petition praying "for the survey of a route for a railroad from the Mississippi river, at Dubuque, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory". And for this purpose he secured an appropriation of \$2,000.—*Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 25th Congress, pp. 394, 512.

<sup>139</sup> Jones is perhaps confused here by a remembrance of an appropriation of \$10,000 granted at this same session of Congress for the construction of a road between Dubuque and Milwaukee. The appropriation for the railroad was only \$2,000.

<sup>140</sup> There was no motion made to reconsider the vote by which Jones was declared not entitled to his seat. Debate occurred over the question of pay upon a resolution denying him the right to compensation. At the close of the debate the resolution was defeated by a vote of 89 to 96.

<sup>141</sup> This appointment was made in January, 1840.

<sup>142</sup> Copies of several of these letters and petitions were appended by Jones, together with other miscellaneous papers, to the manuscript of his *Autobiography* and *Personal Recollections*. In editing the manuscript it was thought best not to include them in the present volume. Copies of these papers are preserved in the library of The State Historical Society of Iowa at Iowa City, Iowa, and may be consulted there.

<sup>143</sup> This is a curious statement from Jones inasmuch as he was flooded with petitions of all kinds and seemed always anxious, wherever possible, to act upon the suggestions of his constituents.

<sup>144</sup> This joint convention occurred on December 18, 1846. The vote stood twenty-nine for Jonathan McCarty, twenty-eight for Thomas S. Wilson, and one for Gilbert C. R. Mitchell. Thus McCarty came within one vote and Wilson within two votes of being elected. No election occurred at this session.—Clark's *History of the Election of United States Senators from Iowa*, Ch. I.

<sup>145</sup> The article referred to is one by Hawkins Taylor entitled *The First Territorial Legislature of Iowa*, printed in the *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. VI, No. 3, pp. 516-522, July, 1890. In the course of the article he digresses to give some particulars regarding the first election of United States Senators from Iowa.

<sup>146</sup> This statement is hardly in keeping with the fact that John Rice Jones, the father of George W. Jones, was a strong candidate against Benton for the United

States Senatorship from Missouri at the first election in that State. See above p. 78.

<sup>147</sup> No such motion is recorded in the *Congressional Globe*.

<sup>148</sup> The Vice President was absent upon the day on which Jones and Dodge were sworn in and David R. Atchison, President pro tem of the Senate, was in the chair.—*Congressional Globe*, 2nd Session, 30th Congress, p. 96.

<sup>149</sup> Jones served as Chairman of the Committee on Pensions from 1849 to 1859, as Chairman of the Committee on Engrossed Bills from 1849 to 1851, and as Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills from 1851 to 1859. If, by the "California Special Committee of 1850", he means the Select Committee of Thirteen which was appointed with Clay as Chairman to adjust the measures of compromise, he is mistaken as to his membership. He was not a member nor did he receive a vote in the course of the election of the members of the Committee.—*Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 780.

<sup>150</sup> This must have been in 1859 as the further context shows, since it was in the spring of that year that Aaron V. Brown died and was succeeded by Joseph Holt of Tennessee as Postmaster General. It was asserted in several Iowa newspapers at the time that Jones was desirous of being appointed to succeed Brown.—*The Iowa Citizen* (Des Moines), Vol. IV, No. 5, March 16, 1859.

<sup>151</sup> This amendment was presented and adopted in the Senate on April 29, 1850.

<sup>152</sup> This was Edward D. Baker, a Whig Representative from Illinois.

<sup>153</sup> The debate occurred on May 28, 1852. Mr. Campbell made the remark: "By the urgent request of at least one of her [Iowa's] Senators, who moved the amendment himself, the road was extended from Galena, its legal, just, and commercial terminus, to Dubuque, in the State of Iowa, which, considering the injury it inflicted upon Galena, was in every way an equivalent and full consideration for the support which the measure received from the State of Iowa." — *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, p. 680.

<sup>154</sup> The editorials and correspondence which follow in ten point type are taken from *The Fort Dodge Sentinel*, Vol. III, No. 6, January 15, 1859. The copy left by Jones has been compared with the original and made to conform to it in the few particulars in which it differed.

<sup>155</sup> William A. Richardson was a Representative from Illinois from December 6, 1847, to August 25, 1856, when he resigned. He was not a member of Congress in 1858, as Jones implies.

<sup>156</sup> *The Iowa Citizen* (Des Moines), for April 13, 1859, announces the acceptance of the post at Bogotá by Jones.

<sup>157</sup> The term bungo was applied to the large canoes used for transportation on the Magdalena River. They were usually provided with oval roofs of bamboo and thatch. They were propelled by poles and paddles and sometimes hauled up through the rapids

by ropes and windlasses.—Scruggs's *The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics*, p. 45.

<sup>158</sup> The remarks of Senator Jones are recorded in the *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, p. 1636. In this tribute he speaks of his early association with Clay while a student at Lexington, Kentucky, under Clay's sponsorship. He dwells upon Clay's services in connection with the Compromise measures of 1850. He also gives his impressions of Clay upon the occasion of a visit by Jones to Ashland soon after the Compromise, and later when he accompanied Clay upon a trip to Havana, Cuba. Jones tells of this trip on page 278 of this volume. He was made a member of the Committee of Arrangements at the time of the exercises in the Senate upon the death of Clay.—*Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, p. 1637.

<sup>159</sup> Jones is somewhat confused in his memory of these events. The veto of the bill to re-charter the United States Bank took place as early as 1832, while Jackson did not succeed in accomplishing the removal of the deposits, through Secretary Taney, until late in 1833.

<sup>160</sup> This visit from Jefferson Davis was in the early part of 1837. Davis's wife died in September, 1836, and Davis, himself recovering from a serious illness, made a trip to Cuba for recuperation. He returned by way of Washington where the Tiber incident occurred.—Dodd's *Jefferson Davis*, pp. 43-47.

<sup>161</sup> No such remark as is here quoted appears in the speech of Foote which was the immediate cause of the

incident.— *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, p. 762.

<sup>162</sup> The scene in the Senate Chamber occurred on April 17, 1850, in the course of a speech by Foote attacking Benton. It was one of a number of speeches by the same Senator, containing abusive remarks and allusions. Perhaps the most bitter of these outbursts took place on March 26, 1850.— *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 31st Congress, pp. 602, 603, 762.

<sup>163</sup> It is difficult to tell just what Jones means by these statements. Neither Sheldon nor McKnight appear to have held the office of Delegate from the Territory of Michigan, and the year 1835 was the year in which Jones himself was elected to that office, having as his opposing candidates the three men mentioned: Woodbridge, Doty, and Martin. In the year 1834 Sheldon was appointed to a newly created land office in the lead mining region — a post for which Jones was a candidate.— See above, pp. 11, 12.

<sup>164</sup> Henry Clay Dean was chosen Chaplain of the United States Senate on December 4, 1855.— *Congressional Globe*, 1st Session, 34th Congress, p. 4. The friendship of George W. Jones and Henry Clay Dean is interesting in view of the antipodal ideas which they held in regard to personal appearance. Jones was scrupulously well groomed and fastidious in his dress to the utmost degree, while Dean in matters of this nature went to the very opposite extreme.

<sup>165</sup> If Dean received the congratulations indicated the sermon must have been preached some years before his appointment as chaplain. His appointment

was in December, 1855, at which time over half of the persons mentioned by Jones as congratulating him had been dead several years.

<sup>166</sup> James M. Love was in the State Senate of Iowa from 1852 to 1854. He became Judge in 1855.— See article on *Judge James M. Love* in the *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, April, 1892, pp. 241-250.

<sup>167</sup> In recounting the history of these two bills Jones has confused them. The bill granting him a pension was introduced by Senator Allison on December 14, 1891, and referred to the Committee on Pensions. It was reported favorably from this Committee by Senator Turpie on May 20, 1892, and passed the Senate. Three days later it passed the House.— *Congressional Record*, 1st Session, 52nd Congress, pp. 44, 4456, 4563.

The bill for the adjustment of his accounts as Minister to Bogotá was introduced in the House by Representative Henderson of Dubuque, Iowa. In the Senate on February 23, 1893, Senator Sherman moved that unanimous consent be given to the consideration of this House bill and in explaining the bill mentioned the fact that Jones was at that time present in the Senate Chamber.— *Congressional Record*, 2nd Session, 52nd Congress, pp. 126, 2041.

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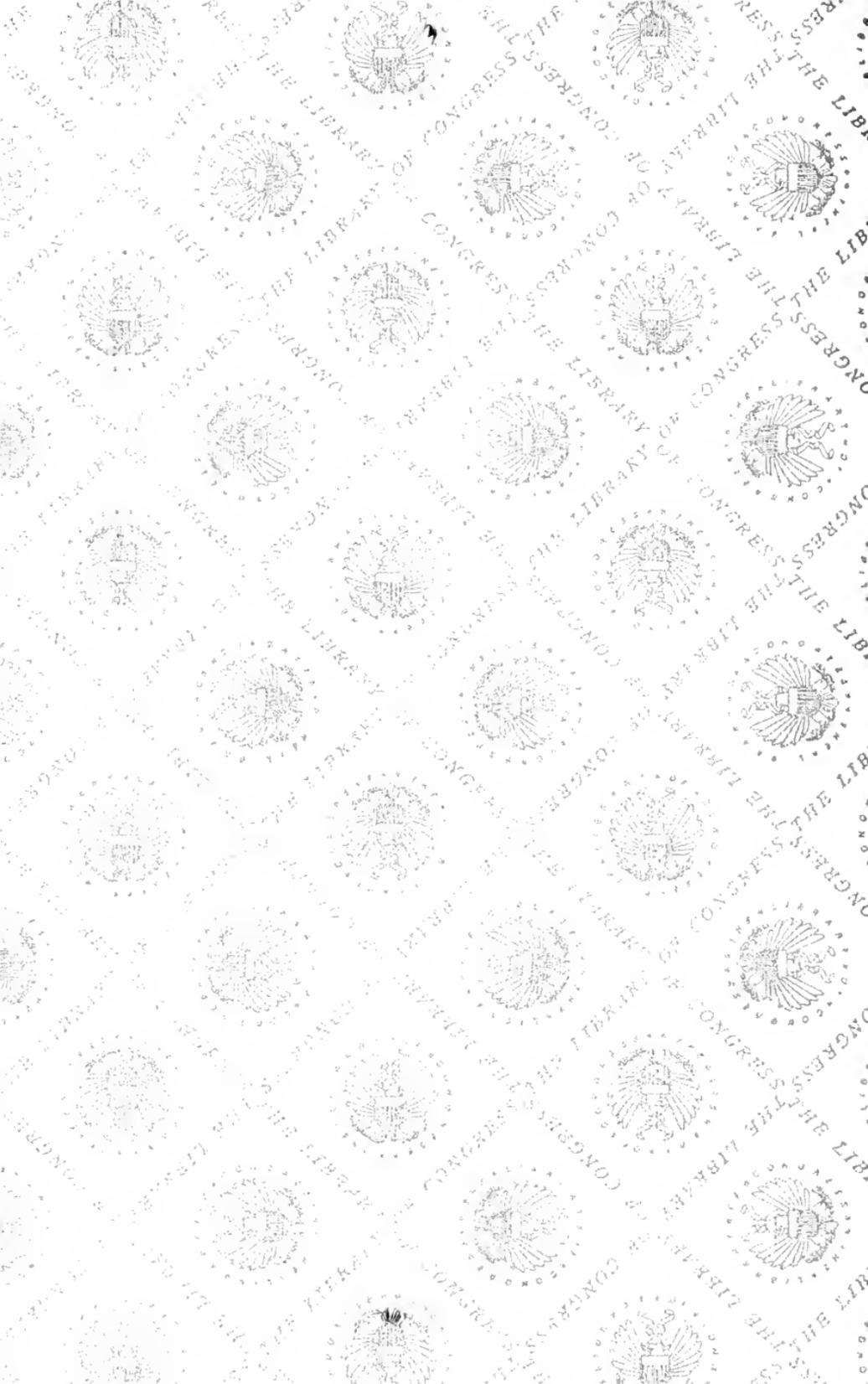
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