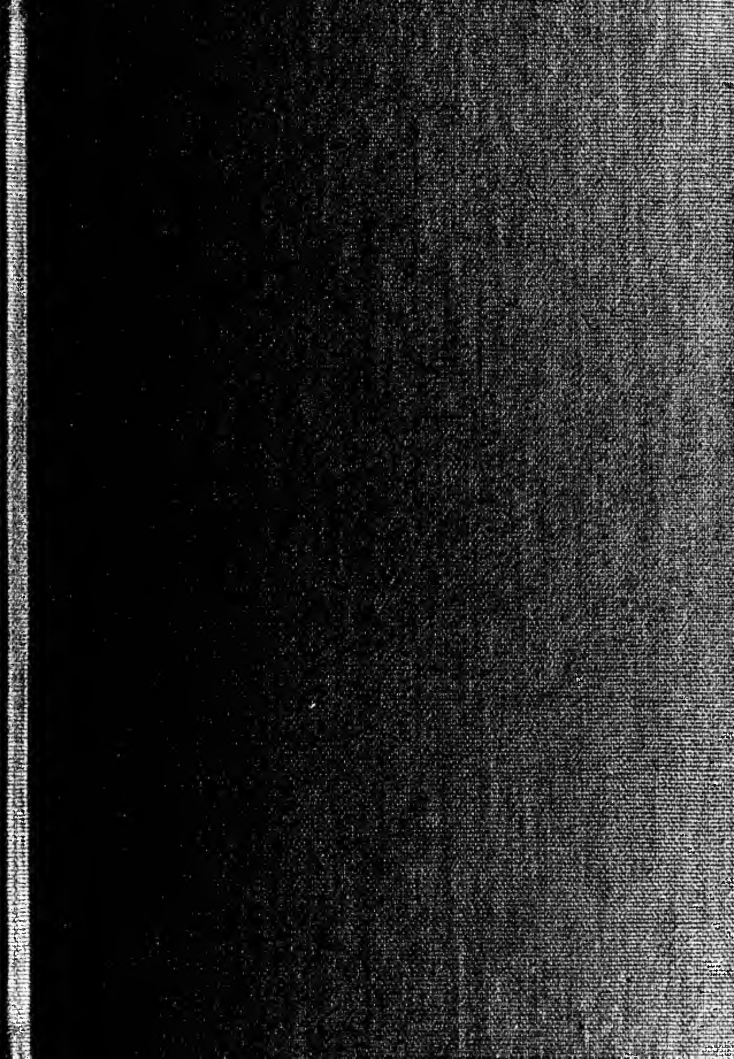

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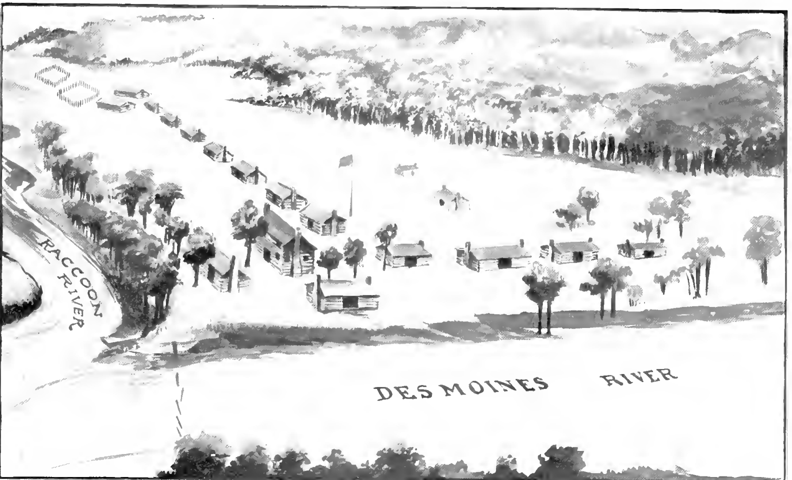

FORT DES MOINES IN 1844

PIONEERS

OF

POLK COUNTY, IOWA

AND REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS

BY

L. F. ANDREWS

VOLUME II

DES MOINES
BAKER-TRISLER COMPANY
1908

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

FIRST OFFICIAL SEAL OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF POLK COUNTY, IOWA

The Eagle Side of a Quarter Dollar, April Seventh, 1846

ROBERT S. FINKBINE

ROBERT S. FINKBINE

IN these days of grabs, grafts, and peculation by those having control of trust and public funds, it is pleasing to record at least one person who was proof against all temptation, and his name was Robert S. Finkbine, or "Bob," as he was familiarly called.

Though not an early settler of Des Moines, he was a pioneer of the state, and closely identified with its growth in many directions. He came to Iowa from Ohio in 1850, settled at Iowa City as a builder, for which he had fitted himself by education and experience. His quaint, old-fashioned ways attracted the attention of Governor Kirkwood, another of like ilk, and they became warm, firm friends. He established a reputation there by his skill and integrity in the construction of some of the State University buildings, the College for the Blind at Vinton, and county buildings elsewhere.

In 1864, he was elected Representative to the Legislature, and served two terms. As a law-maker, he was alert, clear-headed, had the courage of his convictions, courteous, affable, put on no frills, jolly, an inveterate joker, brusque, blunt of speech, never talked to the galleries, and made lots of fun for the staid and stately solons of the House.

Though not gifted as a speech-maker, his Teutonic frankness, genial temperament, and honesty won the esteem and confidence of every member of the Legislature, for he could be relied upon to support every measure of practical benefit to the people, and make those not ridiculous—a peculiar gift he had.

In those days, there was an abundance of grabs and peculations. It was not uncommon—in fact, it was the custom—on the opening of the session, for each member to find on his desk a package neatly wrapped, enclosing a pocket knife, a gold pen, a portfolio, an eraser, or some other article possibly useful.

The custom became so uniform, the expense so considerable, and

the inquiry so frequent as to where they came from, the Eleventh General Assembly deemed it best to legalize it, and one day a resolution was presented, requiring each member to be furnished a good pocket knife. Hoyt Sherman offered an amendment by adding, "at a cost not to exceed two dollars." Another member moved to amend the amendment by including "a good shaving cup and brush." Another member wanted sheep shears, until finally the thing got so farcical it was dropped, but each member got a pocket knife, penknife, eraser, and gold pen, and the regular reporters for daily papers also got a pocket knife or gold pen. I was then reporting for Chicago, Saint Paul and Saint Louis papers, and was given a pocket knife, all of which "at a cost not to exceed two dollars."

It was the custom, also, for the members to vote themselves daily newspapers and the necessary postage to send them to their constituents. One day, the question came up to fix the number that should be ordered for each member, when amendments at once began to pile up to limit it to those printed in the state, to those loyal during the war, to twenty, twenty-five and thirty. It was finally decided that each member should have thirty dailies, three of which may be published outside the state—there were but twelve dailies published in the state—or their equivalent in weeklies.

The expense for newspapers furnished the Eleventh session was thirteen thousand, two hundred and ninety dollars and fifty-nine cents; for postage, ten thousand, twenty-one dollars and fifteen cents. For the next session, the Twelfth, the expense for newspayers was twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and two dollars and twenty-nine cents; for postage, sixteen thousand, two hundred and twelve dollars and thirty-three cents. Members also had letter stationery, with printed headings.

During the session of 1864, Dubuque got short of water, and called a convention to consider the improvement of the Mississippi River. The Legislature was invited to attend. The member from Buchanan, in the House, resolved, "That this Assembly accept the invitation." The going, and how, was another question. After considerable maneuvering, the "gentleman from Linn" moved to lay the whole matter on the table, which was lost, when the "gentleman from Black Hawk" moved to amend the acceptance with,

"provided that there shall be no expense incurred to the state, either as per diem or traveling, or for postage." He did not tell the House what the probable expense for postage would be, but his amendment was defeated, whereupon another member came to the rescue of conscientious scruples by moving that, "No member shall be regarded as under any moral or pecuniary obligation to draw his per diem or postage for the time of such absence." It was adopted, forty-six to thirty-five, and the House went to Dubuque to "improve the Mississippi River."

On another occasion, the House adopted a resolution to furnish each member with a copy of "all Supreme Court reports now on hand, or to be published during the present term," to which Pete. Ballingall, an efficient and popular Democratic member, wanted to amend by including the doorkeepers, but the Republicans didn't seem to appreciate Pete.'s efforts to educate the masses.

In 1872, the Fourteenth General Assembly abolished all allowances for newspapers, stationery, pocket knives, or other perquisites, and it did another thing: Prior to that time, members had received five dollars per day, and the sessions were prolonged until near May, for, "between hay and grass" on the farm, five dollars a day was a better thing. Since then, when the Legislators assemble, they divide five hundred by five, and when the one hundred days have expired, they are ready to go home, and, as "unfinished business," lots of bills, most of them deservedly, go into the waste basket.

Robert was made chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, which had cognizance of the multifarious schemes respecting state finances. He was cautious, critical, and economical, but when it came to suffering humanity generally, he was more liberal. He sent to the House one morning his report on a subject he had been wrestling very seriously with—for him:

"The Committee on Ways and Means, to whom was referred the petition of John Clayton, of Dallas County, have had the same under careful consideration, and have instructed me to report that they have given the subject their best attention, and have unanimously concluded that the petitioner could never have been a member of the popular branch of this General Assembly, for, if so, he

would not have fallen into the mistaken idea that the members thereof needed watching. Your Committee fully concur in the prayer of the petitioner, that this General Assembly should do something for the sake of 'suffering humanity generally,' and the petitioner particularly, to lighten the burdens of taxation. To accomplish this end, we are assured by the petitioner that 'he will ever pray,' and we recommend that he do so, 'without ceasing.' There is one positive declaration in the petition which suggests itself to the minds of the Committee as being strictly true, and particularly applicable to the members of this General Assembly; it is that, 'this thing of working two hours a day don't pay,' and we submit this part of the petition to the careful consideration of the House, trusting that in its wisdom it may devise some means to make it pay. We are confident that, could the petitioner witness the earnest zeal, untiring energy, and unyielding perseverance displayed by members of this House in their honest and industrious efforts to regulate everything, from the laying out of a township road to reconstructing the General Government, he would admit it unnecessary to pray for 'working members.' We recommend, however, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that the prayer of the petitioner be granted."

In 1872, the Legislature elected Robert one of the Commissioners to erect the new Capitol, and, though a builder of some experience, the Board, with some doubt as to his fitness for so important an undertaking, elected him Superintendent of Construction, but it was not long before it was discovered, greatly to their surprise, that he knew all about stone, iron, wood, and labor, and their value in building; that he was not an architect, but, given a specific plan or model, and he would produce it in marble, stone, or iron, as imperishable as the material of which it was made; that he had a trained mind, capable of elucidating difficult problems. That was an acquisition which enabled him to meet the many exigencies which arose by reason of defects in the plans of the architect, or processes of construction, so he became the master mind of the work—what he decided was the ultimatum—with one exception. When the matter of gilding the big dome came up, he was very strongly opposed to it, not only because of the great expense, but

it was simply ornamental, to show off, but when he was convinced that it was an important plan of a majestic structure, he accepted it, and was therefore the more determined that it should be well done.

I was a frequent, almost daily, visitor to the building, and became quite familar with its progress. I recall one instance of his skill. The plans called for a single stone for the entablature over the columns at the north and south porticos. He determined the stone would not bear the strain of the immense load above it. Architects in other fine buildings had remedied similar difficulties by placing an iron girder under the stone, thus putting an unsightly blemish on the structure. Robert, to avoid that, threw an arch over the columns, from which heavy iron rods were brought down and fastened to the stone by lewises (a dovetailed iron wedge fitted into a dove-tailed tenon, similar to those used in hoisting heavy stone), and the whole imbedded in masonry.

Another instance was in the rotunda of the main corridor. The architect's plans showed a complete circle therefor. Robert concluded the supports at the intersection of the four halls, on which the central dome was to rest, were not strong enough to bear the weight, and they were enlarged, which explains the break in the circle at these points.

Another instance was that of the arches in the main corridor. The architect, Piquinard, who died soon after the work began, also designed the Illinois Capitol, and there was some similarity in the plans. In the Illinois building, these arches were made largely of stucco, and on the floor above them, during construction, barrels of water were standing, which leaked, and the water seeped into the stucco beneath. One day, a laborer was pushing a loaded wheelbarrow, when the floor gave way, and he went down to the floor below. Robert, to prevent such a contingency from any cause except an earthquake, built his arches solid, of hard-burned brick, laid in cement.

The most notable characteristic of him was his probity and integrity. Chances there were, hundreds of them, to have profusely feathered his own nest, but he could not be bought nor sold, and contractors for material soon found that he knew his business.

Numerous instances occurred illustrative of this, which have never been given to the public, for he had no press agents, though he was a good fellow with the press scorpions. All attempts to pump him were met with a question—he had a habit of asking questions of all persons on all subjects, or he would parry with a joke or jest, for he was always loaded with fun.

On another occasion, an Eastern firm was requested to give prices for some iron stairways, involving several thousand dollars, which was done, and found to be pretty steep. Robert wrote them that their figuring man must have been out of town when their figures were made. They sent a man here on the first train to attend to the matter, and on comparing Robert's figures with those of the bidders, there was a difference of only twenty dollars.

One day, he saw a man unloading brick on the grounds, and asked him what he was hauling those brick there for. "For the Capitol," was the reply. "Tell your boss to find some other place to put them; I haven't any room for them here," said Robert. The brick were hauled away, and brick according to contract supplied.

When those large, red-granite columns in the main corridor were received, Robert inspected them and found they were a fraction of an inch too large. He at once notified the contractor that they were not according to specifications. The contractor came here and offered to make a deduction of about two thousand dollars if the place designed for them be cut away and let them in. Robert replied that those four corners were supports for the dome; to cut away an inch would greatly reduce their strength; that when the columns were made to conform to the specifications, they would be accepted and paid for, not before. They were taken back and the necessary change made, at great expense and loss to the contractor.

When the marble wainscoting for the grand stairway was received, it was found to be too large, and was rejected. Robert refused all compromises with the contractor, and he was obliged to send a large force of men from New York to recut the marble.

Contractors finally learned that the only hope of getting pay for material was in filling their contracts to the letter.

The sculptor who formed the twelve symbolical statues in the main corridor was a Frenchman, and a fine artist. The figures,

though ideal, are anatomically correct. He did his work in the room now occupied by the Railroad Commissioners, and kept the door locked against everybody except Robert, who one day invited me to go with him. The fellow was at work on the figure representing "Agriculture." He had formed a pig of the scrawny, long-haired, razor-back variety, from Missouri. Robert, seeing it, asked, "What is that?" "Peeg," was the reply. "That's no pig," said Robert, as he gave me a wink. The fellow instantly smashed the thing into fragments. Robert then furnished him a model of the Iowa variety.

One day, the Trustees of one of the state institutions came here to consult Robert respecting elaborate changes they wanted to make in one of their buildings. They brought a large roll of plans, which they spread out on a table, and were very sanguine of the utility and correctness of them, but they wanted his opinion of them. Robert chucked away a fresh quid of the Indian weed, shoved a cuspidor alongside of his chair, and sat down. He looked over the drawings carefully, read the specifications critically, and leaned back in his chair, firing a shot at the cuspidor.

"Well, what do you think of the plans?" was the first query.

"They are very nice and well drawn," replied Robert.

"What is your opinion as to working them out?"

"You can go on, gentlemen, and make your changes according to them, but the d—d thing will tumble down before you get through with it."

The plans were quietly rolled up and never heard of afterward.

The work on the Capitol was done by the day. Each man given a stone to cut was charged with it, and did not get his pay in full until it was accepted, but one cutter got away with Robert. He made a bad break in a stone for the cornice on the west side, over the House Chamber, but he cut it out and set in a block so deftly that it escaped detection until it had been in place some time. When discovered, Robert had it drawn out and replaced by another. It weighed several thousand pounds, but so perfect was the cutting that the exchange was easily made with a derrick.

When the Commissioners were ready to turn the building over to the state, Governor Larrabee employed several expert accountants to examine their records and accounts. After several months'

laborious work, investigating an expenditure of three million, five hundred thousand dollars, embracing thousands of vouchers, contracts and bills, they reported a discrepancy with the balance sheet of the Commissioners of two dollars. It was never decided where the real discrepancy was, though Robert always claimed that Larrabee's bookkeepers had made a mistake in their figuring somewhere; that he never got the two dollars.

In 1879, the bridges were owned by the city, and toll was charged. To make them free, the county assumed a portion of the expense, and Robert was selected by the County Supervisors to make an appraisement of the valuation of those at Walnut Street, Court Avenue, 'Coon Point, and Seventh Street. It was fixed at one hundred thousand, three hundred and forty-nine dollars and nineteen cents, which the county accepted and agreed to pay.

In 1880, he had become so identified with Des Moines, he moved his family here, and became an integral part of the civic community.

In 1890, he was appointed a member of the Board of Public Works, and served two terms, when he retired from active business.

Politically, he was a radical Republican, but not an office-seeker nor a politician, yet it must be admitted he was well posted in politics generally.

Socially, he was courteous, plain of speech and manner, evidencing his German ancestry; always effervescent with wit and humor; of high moral temperament; an ardent supporter of church and school. He was a typical pioneer, and materially aided as a lawmaker and citizen in building the social structure as he built the Capitol, to be approved by future generations.

He was a member of high standing in the fraternity of Odd Fellows. As a man of affairs, he possessed rare executive ability. As the builder of the Capitol, there was never even a suspicion of self aggrandizement against him, and the structure will stand an enduring testimonial of his ability, honesty, and integrity.

February Eleventh, 1906.

ALEXANDER C. BONDURANT

AN early settler who made himself useful and helpful in many directions was Alexander C. Bondurant, from whom the town of Bondurant was named.

Born in Sangamon County, Illinois, September First, 1829, of Kentucky-born parents, he passed the years of his minority on the farm of his father.

During the winter months, he attended the district school. On attaining his majority, he decided to be no longer dependent on his father, and, with a younger brother, Thomas, started in business life. Casting about for a standard of right living and doing, they found the best was within the pale of the Church. They accordingly united with the Christian Church, of which their parents were active and influential members, and made a mutual compact that they would follow the occupation of farming and live according to the best standard of human excellence.

They began by breaking prairie land with ox teams, and, so soon as means sufficient were acquired, Thomas entered a quarter section of Government land in Piatt County, Illinois, and began the development of a farm, but Alexander had decided, while gathering his funds, to join the tide of emigration from Illinois to Iowa, and in 1857, came to Polk County and made a claim to three hundred and twenty acres in the southwest corner of Franklin Township. He cleared the land, turned up the virgin soil, and laid the foundation of what became the largest holdings in the county, covering an area of twenty-five hundred acres, with a beautiful home, surrounded with all the environments of luxury and comfort which wealth, good taste and refinement could suggest.

While his accumulation was the result of energy and good management, he considered it only the means whereby he could do good and be helpful to those around him by beneficent giving. Very soon after his arrival, he organized a church at a schoolhouse near

where Altoona now is, and there worshipped until the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was built to Altoona, when a church building was erected there, and his church abandoned the schoolhouse. He gave the church society forty acres of ground, the proceeds from which provided a good fund to meet expenses of the church.

In 1892, when the Chicago Great Western Railway was built, a station was located on Bondurant's land, and named Bondurant. In 1893, it was platted, and he offered a town lot to those who would take it and build, or open a business house on it. The first one was occupied as a store in the lower story. The upper one was used for religious worship.

Mr. Bondurant was an active promoter of educational affairs, and while his church was provided with a temporary meeting-place, he must have schools, and in 1885, the first was opened, with thirty-five scholars.

In 1886, he donated the ground for a church building, and withdrew from the Altoona church and organized a new one at Bondurant, with Reverend J. B. Vawter as its first pastor. To aid the church, he offered the use of thirty acres of land, which, each Spring, was planted with corn, cultivated and gathered by members of the church. The corn gathering was followed by an old-fashioned "husking-bee," with the usual "red ear" concomitant. The event was one of pleasure, joviality, and companionship proverbial with the early settlers. The first crop yielded twelve hundred bushels, and was a substantial aid in defraying church expenses. The membership was nineteen.

In addition to the proffer to those opening business houses, he offered free sites for manufacturing industries, which resulted in the rapid growth and prosperity of the town. Churches of other denominations than the Christian, stores, shops, factories, grain elevators, hotels, a bank, and newspaper followed, and the town is now one of the best on the line of the Chicago Great Western Road in the state.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and woman's clubs, all with large membership, give variety and spice to its social life. In fact, the town is a

notable testimonial of the nobility of character of the man who founded, promoted, and fostered it.

Several years ago, the Old Settlers' Association held a levee on the magnificent and spacious grounds of Mr. Bondurant. There was a large crowd present. He made elaborate preparation for the event, a part of which was the employment of a special police officer to look after intruders upon the festivities. The day was excessively hot, and during the afternoon, Colonel Godfrey, "Dan" Finch, Colonel Merritt, and General Tuttle strayed off to a quiet corner in the shade, and settled down to a game of euchre. Soon after, along came the "cop" and arrested the whole gang. They protested; said they belonged to the crowd; were just having a little game for amusement. "That's too thin; come along," said the "cop." He marched them down to headquarters, and turned them over to Bondurant, saying he had "caught them up back there in the timber, gambling." Bondurant replied that he would take care of them, and the "cop" returned to his duties. The quartette did not hear the last of it for a long time.

Mr. Bondurant was public-spirited and a liberal supporter of all good works. He gave five hundred dollars to Drake University when it needed the money, the amount to be derived from the rental of fifty acres of land, which he set apart for that purpose. He was a generous friend of the poor and helpless. He carried out in his daily life the resolve of his early manhood, that his possession was but a trust to be used in every worthy enterprise which would advance the best interests of the community in which he lived, and it can be truly said that Polk County is better for his having lived.

July Fourteenth, 1907.

EDWARD ENTWISTLE

EDWARD ENTWISTLE

ONE of the most notable of the early settlers of Des Moines—notable in that he represents an epoch, one of the most prominent in the industrial history of the world—is Edward Entwistle, now quietly living at the corner of Second and Des Moines streets. He has seen the development of steam power for transportation purposes, from the first locomotive, and the first railway, until they have encircled the globe and gridironed its continents. The remarkable feature of it is, that he was in it at the beginning, and ran the first locomotive put on a railroad.

Born at Tilsey's Banks, Lancashire, England, March Twenty-fourth, 1815, at less than fourteen years old he was apprenticed for seven years to the trade of Mechanical Engineer, in the large works of George Stephenson, and his son, Robert, at Newcastle. In 1828, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company began building a railroad across Chat Moss, an immense bog, between the two cities. Steam carriages had been in use for some time, carrying light merchandise at slow speed over the ordinary roads. The Stephensons believed engines could be made to run on iron rails, at high speed. The Directors of the railway company were decidedly skeptical, but finally decided to offer a price of five hundred pounds (two thousand, five hundred dollars), for an engine, conditioned that if of six tons weight, it must consume its own smoke, draw day by day twenty tons weight, including its own water tank and tender, at ten miles per hour, with a steam pressure not exceeding fifty pounds per square inch, and must be delivered at the Liverpool end of the road before October First, 1829; the price not to exceed five hundred and fifty pounds (two thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars).

The Stephensons decided to compete for the prize, notwithstanding the opinion of the leading engineers of the country that, not only a high-speed engine, but the building of the road, would be a

failure. The elder Stephenson contracted to build the road across the bog—a difficult undertaking.

The locomotive was completed, was named "Rocket," and at the trial won the prize against three competitors, and settled the question for all time whether horse traction or steam traction was to be used on railroads. By the skill and inventive genius of Robert Stephenson, it took on the form, in all essentials, maintained in the leviathan locomotives of to-day.

After the trial test, it was put in service hauling material for construction of the road. Its gauge was four feet eight and one-half inches, or that of the ordinary wagon road, Stephenson doubtless intending to make sure that if it failed on a rail, it would do service on a dirt road. It is a singular fact that the gauge of the "Rocket" has since been the standard gauge of railroads all over the world. Other widths have been tried, but abandoned. The great New York and Erie was built and equipped for a six-foot gauge, and when the gauge was changed to the standard, occurred the famous "Railroad War" at Erie, Pennsylvania.

When the road was completed, September Thirteenth, 1830, was set for the first trip of a passenger train over it. The train consisted of two double-decked carriages, each seating eighteen persons, nine on deck and nine below. The weight of the train was not quite ten tons. The average speed was fourteen miles, though at times a maximum of twenty-nine miles was made.

Entwistle worked in the shop where the "Rocket" was built, on some part of it, and manifested so much interest in it, he was given a permit by Stephenson to go with it on the trial trip. On the return, he was given the throttle, and for two years made two round trips each day between Liverpool and Manchester, thirty-five miles, to the great surprise of the pessimistic prognosticators, and thus was established the first high-speed railroad passenger train in the world. The labor was so exacting—he was only a lad—and the exposure to the elements so great, there being no protection therefrom, he asked to be relieved. Stephenson was so well pleased with him, he secured a berth for him on one of the Duke of Bridgewater's coasting steamers, as second engineer, where he served the remaining five years of apprenticeship and one year more, when, in

1837, he decided to come to America. That was the memorable year of hard times. There was no demand for labor, and wages were low, but he secured employment as engineer on Hudson River steamboats, at one dollar per day, and in iron mills, until 1844, when he came to Chicago, where he readily found employment as stationary engineer, and one season with Henry Perrior, as engineer on the lake propellor, *Rossiter*.

In 1854, Perrior and his brother-in-law, William Shepard, came to Des Moines and took possession of the flour and woolen mill which had been started by "Old Johnny" Dean and N. P. Jordan, on the river bank between Locust and Keokuk (now Grand Avenue). In 1856, Shepard went to Chicago, purchased machinery, four pairs of buhrs, and equipment for the mill. While there, he employed Entwistle to be the engineer of the mill. He came by the Rock Island Road (he thinks the train was hauled by the first locomotive that crossed the Mississippi River) to Iowa City, and thence by wagon to Des Moines, arriving in March, 1856. The machinery got as far as the proverbial terror, Skunk River bottoms, where it was laid up nearly six months.

Entwistle remained with the mill until 1877, when it was burned. He then went to the Ankeney linseed oil mills, where he remained twenty-two years, and in 1899 shut off steam, closed the throttle, and retired to Easy Street, to pass the remainder of his days in a cottage where he has lived fifty years, and where, on the Twenty-fourth of next March, he will pass the anniversary of his ninety-first birthday.

In the Spring of 1859, there was a big flood, and water was all over the county. Steamboats did a lively business, fourteen being tied up at one time at 'Coon Point. Doctor A. Y. Hull and others decided to take advantage of the opportunity. They got lumber at Sinclair's mill, up the river, on the East Side, built a boat on the river bank near Court Avenue, and named it *Demoin Belle.* Its first trip was started April Tenth. The mills being closed, Entwistle was employed as engineer, and made three round trips on her from Keokuk to Fort Dodge. The next year, she collapsed, went to the bottom, was raised, re-built, re-named *Little Morgan,* and continued in service until 1862, when steamboating on the Des Moines was abandoned to the railroads.

In 1876, he went to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, where, in the locomotive department of exhibits, among the high-flyers, he had the extreme pleasure of meeting his old pet, the "Rocket." His identification with it quickly made him one of the most conspicuous persons of the whole show.

During the recent World's Fair at Saint Louis, he was offered large sums to attend as the guest of the exhibitors of railway supplies, but his advanced age admonished him not to make the venture.

A few days ago, I dropped in on the veteran of the throttle, and found him wide awake, as usual. During the sitting, he related some of his early experiences:

"I came here during the panic. Times were hard, money was scarce, and what there was, was not good; you could not keep it over night and know what it would be worth the next day. Wages were low; if the very best mechanic got a dollar and a quarter per day, he thought he was getting the very best wages—an extra price. Then he had to take payment in store orders. There was not much of a town here; it was nearly all on the west side of the river. There were but few houses on the East Side. From the river to Capitol Hill, the land was very low and wet, and north of Locust Street was heavy timber. There were no bridges except a temporary floating bridge near Keokuk Street—it was Keokuk on the East Side and Sycamore on the West Side, for the East Siders could not agree on anything with the West Siders; they wouldn't even write the name of the town the same way, and wrote it 'Demoin.' Both sides were hot over the location of the State House, but, being a newcomer, I took no part in it; I was here for business. As I said, houses were scarce. Shepard had a small frame house near Fifth and Keokuk, which had been used as a cow shed. It was the only place I could get. I fixed it up and moved into it. Lots were cheap, and I bought some around this corner where we are, went down to Peter Newcomer's mill, had Cottonwood lumber sawed, and built a small frame house on this lot, and have lived on it ever since. The money being so bad, I only took enough for economical living expenses—I considered Shepard and Perrior safer than the banks—until my back pay had accumulated to over eight hundred

dollars. Ira Thornton came along one day, about that time, and offered me one hundred and sixty acres of land lying one mile east of Berwick for ten dollars an acre, and I swapped my money for it. I rented it, had it cultivated and improved, until three years ago, when I sold it for sixty dollars an acre, but I didn't know then what is known now, that under every acre of it is a thick strata of excellent coal.

"No, this is not the Cottonwood house; that was built in a hurry so I could get out of the cow shed.

"Yes, living expenses were very reasonable when I came here. Flour was high, owing to the scarcity of mills. It was nine dollars per barrel. Game was plentiful, however. The timber and prairies were alive with game. You could go out with a dog and gun and come home at night loaded with game. One afternoon in 1857, a fellow named King and I went across the river into the timber north of where Center Street now is, on the West Side, and shot two deer. The prairies were thick with chickens and quail, the streams with ducks, geese and fish. I saw a wagon box filled one day with fish caught with one sweep of a small seine in the river just above Keokuk Street. Prairie chickens would come and light on the fence around my yard.

"No, sir; I was never sick a day in my life; and I never was drunk, though you could buy whiskey in those early days for thirty cents a gallon, and it was much better than the stuff you pay three dollars a gallon for now."

Entwistle's physical condition is excellent, barring slight rheumatic troubles; his memory is vivid and retentive; reads without glasses; is slightly deaf, and, altogether, bids fair for another ten-mile run on life's course.

Politically, he was originally a Whig, and cast his first ballot for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," in 1840. He joined the Republican party on its organization, and has remained with it, but is not a politician. He is a vigorous reader, and keeps posted on what is going on in the world.

Socially, he is of kindly temperament, loquacious, companionable, and takes much interest in the laboring classes, yet is not an agitator. Fully appreciating the benefit of education, and deeply

regretting the conditions which deprived him of acquiring such in his youth, he is an earnest supporter of all means for the education of the masses. Though his ancestors were Quakers, he affiliated with the Baptist denomination and gave financial aid in building the first Baptist meeting-house, on Mulberry Street, and also the second edifice, at Locust and Eighth. He is also a veteran member of the fraternity of Odd Fellows.

February Twenty-sixth, 1906.

NATHAN ANDREWS

A PROMINENT pioneer of Polk County, and one who was active in laying the foundation of the prosperity which has come to the present generation, was Nathan Andrews.

He was born near Rochester, New York, December First, 1815, of an ancestry dating back to the Crusaders. In 1818, his father, a farmer, removed to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, where Nathan passed his boyhood days, and acquired what education he could in the common school of that period. He continued farm labor until 1840, when he went to Jasper County, Indiana, preëmpted Government land, and for eight years labored to cultivate and improve it. In March, 1850, he came to Polk County, and preëmpted a tract of land in what was then Madison Township, to which he subsequently added sufficient to make his holdings about fifteen hundred acres. He at once began farming on an extensive scale. It was his ambition to be the possessor of a model farm. The best machinery, fine buildings and sheds, and the best breeds of cattle were his standard.

Madison Township was an attractive point for the pioneer settler. Des Moines River crossed it diagonally near the center, and north of it, Big Creek and Mosquito Creek ran diagonally southeast across it, while south of the Des Moines, Beaver Creek meandered southeast across it, thus affording ample timber belts, prairie, and water. It was early dotted over with groupings, or settlements, as they were called, of intelligent, enterprising and industrious people, whose sole purpose was to build homes. Among the prominent families were Groseclose, McClain, Burt, Kuntz, Ayers, McHenry ("Old Bill"), and, to quote from Leonard Brown's Hiawatha list:

> "Wiess and Wheelhouse, Smutz and Skidmore,
> Leightsy, Eslick and the Murrays—
> Isaac Nussbaum, Henry Beeson,
> Peter Suter, Amos Stevens,

Myers, Mercer, Mosier,
David Reuser and Neuswander—
Blain and Burley and the Griggsbys—
Doctor Mather—first physician—
Stephen Harvey and George Bebee,
Bristow, Leonard Small, and Davis,
Hanna, George and Jacob Hauser,
Jacob, George, and Bill Van Dorn,
And the Martses, George and Jacob,
Adolphus and Josiah Hopkins,
Schiedler, Hammond, Swim and Baker—
D. B. Spaulding and John Messersmith—
Conrad Stutsman, Father Crabtree—
Benjamin Hunt and P. G. Miller—
Samuel Hays and J. C. Bennett,
Hiram Smith and brave John Kellison."

They were noted for their public spirit and sterling character. They battled against the hardships of pioneer life, did their whole duty as citizens, and the world was better for their living in it.

In June, 1849, Jacob Hauser laid out the town of Montecute, later called Springfield, built a store and postoffice, got the appointment of Postmaster, and every two weeks came to Fort Des Moines, got the mail for his settlement, put it in his pocket, and went home. In 1851, a mail route from Fort Des Moines to Fort Dodge was established, and the mail was carried on horseback.

In November, 1850, George Bebee laid out the town of Polk City, started a store, postoffice and shops, and began to do things.

In November, 1853, James Skidmore laid out the town of Corydon. He and Hauser were vigorous rivals of Bebee with their new towns, but the latter had the advantage in location and trade, and succeeded in

"Knocking Montecute all to flinders,
And discomfiting the merchants
Who had opened there their storehouse,
Uncle George and Jacob Hauser
And Polk City rose in splendor,
And the Square was cleared of timber.

It was soon an active village,
With the store of Justice Bebee—
And the mill of Conrad Stutsman—
And Ives Mark's great chair factory—
With the wagon shop of Crabtree,
And with Nubro's anvil ringing,
And the school taught by Miss Mather—
By the maid, Desire Mather."

In January, 1851, the County Commissioners bisected Madison Township, set off all of it south of Des Moines River, and named it Jefferson Township. It was in this township the Beaver Creek, or McCain, Settlement started; where Judge McHenry, Sr., settled, and where the first Settlers' Claim Club was formed, to protect the settlers from claim-jumpers, horse thieves, and other undesirable persons. McHenry and Tom. Baker formulated the by-laws of the club, and, as McHenry was wont to put it, "When claim-jumpers or horse thieves were brought before it, no continuances were allowed; no dilatory pleas were heard; no appeals granted by Judge Lynch. His judgments were swift and certain. The pioneer settlers were a law unto themselves."

In this township occurred the first murder in the county, by Pleasant Fouts, of his wife, August Ninth, 1854, because she refused to sign a deed for the sale of his land claim. He was sent to the penitentiary for life, and died there twenty-three years later.

So soon as the township of Jefferson was organized, Andrews took an active part in improving its civic and social condition. He built, at his own expense, the first schoolhouse in the township. It was also used for religious purposes. The Reverend William Coger, of the Christian Church, and Ezra Rathbun, a Methodist, both pioneers, were frequent preachers in it.

In 1857, Andrews, to keep pace with his contemporaries, laid out the town of Andrews, on the south side of Des Moines River, about two miles southwest of Polk City. A postoffice was established there, named Lincoln, and maintained for many years. It never aspired to great commercial importance, got side-tracked in the building of railroads, yet it was, and is now, a favorable resort of farmers thereabout on rainy days to swap yarns and discuss the generality of things in general.

Socially, Andrews was hospitable, genial, and of kindly temperament, and a liberal contributor to all public and private enterprises tending to help the community in which he lived. He was an active member of the Farmers' Alliance, and a vigorous opponent of the Barbed Wire Trust.

Politically, he was independent of all party organizations, and gave his influence and vote in favor of what he deemed best for the public good.

Two other prominent men in Jefferson Township were the brothers, John D. and John McClain, who started what was known in the very early days as the McClain Settlement.

John, a Virginian by birth, came in 1851, a typical pioneer, who became very prominent in public affairs, and was one of the solid men of the county. In 1860, when the Board of County Commissioners, which consisted of three members, was abolished, and a Board of Supervisors substituted, consisting of a representative from each township, he was elected from Jefferson Township, and reëlected every two years until 1871, when the Legislature abolished that system and returned to the old plan of three Supervisors, and he retired from public office. He was notable for his integrity, watchfulness of public interest, economy, and sturdy opposition to schemes for increasing taxation. He was a Democrat of the true Jacksonian variety, and a radical Granger when that "ism" was rife. He deceased in 1874.

John D. was a Virginian by birth, and a boat builder by trade. He came to Henry County in 1845, and to Jefferson Township in 1851, and began farming on an extensive scale. His activities and sterling qualities at once brought him into notice, and in 1852, he was appointed Deputy County Assessor for two years. In 1853, Byron Rice, the County Judge, appointed him the first Justice of the Peace in the township. He held the office until 1874, when his health became impaired and he resigned. In 1876, he was again persuaded to take the office, and served until 1878, when his health again compelled his resignation. Such was public esteem of him, he was frequently pressed into service as Township Clerk and Assessor.

Other highly esteemed and prominent families were the Murrays, John and Thomas, the latter having the notable distinction of bringing with him to the county, in 1851, his seventeen robust and buxom children, who grew and made good.

September Eighth, 1907.

LEONARD BROWN

LEONARD BROWN

NO record of the early history of Polk County and Des Moines would be complete without reference to Leonard Brown, whose sayings and doings have been interwoven in many ways into the warp and woof of the social fabric. He is of that class of early settlers who became such by force of circumstances, who were brought here in infancy by their parents, or were born here, grew up with the country, and are now identified with leading industries of the community.

In the Fall of 1853, Aaron Brown and family started on their pilgrimage by wagon from Indiana, to a better country. All went well until about midway of the twenty-mile prairie which spread out wild and bare between Newton and "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern—unoccupied, and deemed uninhabitable by natives of Indiana and Ohio, for want of timber for fence rails and fuel—the westward plodders reached a small creek which had a few hours before become swollen and carried away so much of the flooring of the bridge, a crossing could only be made on foot. The wagon was unloaded, taken apart, and everything carried across the stream by hand—sixteen-year-old Leonard doing his share—except the wagon box, which was floated, the horses swimming. The outfit was then re-assembled, and the journey resumed, ending at Des Moines in October. The only available place for a home was a double log cabin owned by Alexander Scott, which stood on his farm, about eighty rods southwest of Capitol Hill. Soon after, the family removed to a cabin which stood on a farm near where Lincoln School building now is, on Mulberry Street. A stake-and-rider fence surrounded the farm, with a driveway westward from Ninth Street about where Locust Street is now. Leonard's first job was with William Krause, as general utility helper. Elder J. A. Nash had started Des Moines Academy in one room of the Court House, which stood where the Union Depot now is, and Leonard's highest

ambition was to get an education. There was the opportunity, but not the means. Bread and butter was wanting. Money was scarce; he had none; but "where there is a will, there is a way." William De Ford, the first blacksmith in the town, had a shop on Second Street. A "blower and striker" is an important functionary in a blacksmith shop, so Leonard thought, and he engaged board and lodging with De Ford's family, for which he paid in "blowing and striking" until nine o'clock evenings, turning horseshoes. To pay for his tuition, he built the fires and swept the academy rooms through the Winter. In the Spring following, he was employed by Samuel Gray as Deputy County Recorder and Treasurer, and Books "E" and "F" in the Recorder's office contain the deeds and mortgages transcribed by him.

In those days, the majority of public sentiment was pro-slavery. An Abolitionist was considered fit only for contumely and contempt. One day, while Leonard was serving as Deputy, an election was held in one of the court-rooms, during which politics got at fever heat, one very noisy individual denouncing the Abolitionists in vigorous terms. "We hear a great deal about them," said he, "but when do we ever see one? No man dares to say he is one." Elder Nash happened to be there to cast his ballot, and hearing the bravado, turned quickly about, and, face to face, said to the fellow: "I am an Abolitionist," whereupon the fellow quickly subsided and got away.

In the Fall of 1854, Leonard taught the first school in Story County, west of Skunk River. It was in a typical pioneer schoolhouse, stick chimney, sod jambs, and a rude fireplace. It was a "subscription school," there being no free school system, and he "boarded around," his boarding-places being conspicuous for their magnificent distances. For his three months' service, he was paid forty-five dollars, the most money he had ever had at one time.

The next Spring, he returned to the Academy as a student, determined to fit himself for pedagogy as a life work. He was made a tutor, and Congressman Hull, Lon. Bush, George Lyon, boys then about twelve years old, can testify as to his ability to teach the "Geography Class."

In the Spring of 1855, Elder Nash closed his Academy and devoted his time to the pulpit, and improving his property on

Ninth Street, near School, then all a forest, Leonard remaining with the Elder, working half of each day, and giving the other half to study and recitation. In September of that year, he secured a position as tutor in the University at Burlington, for which he received board, room, and tuition.

Barring the forty-five dollars received in Story County, his emoluments thus far had been boarding and lodging. The next problem was wherewith to be clothed. He therefore, in the Winter of 1857, taught the district school of Flint Creek, six miles north of Burlington. It was a school of fifty pupils, of all grades, from A B C to Higher Mathematics and English Grammar, lively and wide-awake. It was there he had a practical demonstration of his psychological theory of school government. One day, a boy named Charley Adams came to the school, who had been ostracised and outlawed from the public schools of Burlington as a bully and bravado, by whipping out the teachers. He had not been long in his seat before the whole school was attracted and annoyed by his disorderly behavior, to which Leonard gave little attention. When school closed for the day, the boy was asked to remain after the dismissal a few moments. Recalling the incident a few days ago, Leonard said:

"After the scholars had gone, and I had finished some writing, I said to the boy: 'Your parents send you to school to learn, do they not?'

" 'I have no parents.'

" 'Well,' said I, 'I am sorry for you. I was left in nearly your condition when I was eleven years old, by the death of my mother, and I have gone from pillar to post ever since; have done entirely for myself; was a bad boy at school until a good teacher gave me a better notion, and I determined to get a good education, if possible. Now, I am trying to work my way through college, and to that end, am teaching this school. I have studied Phrenology some, and am sure I know just what kind of a boy you are.'

" 'What kind of a boy am I?' he asked.

" 'You are a very smart boy. You will make your mark in the world, and a good one, too, if you try. There are few boys in the school your equal in intelligence, I think, and I want you to come

to school, and also to come to my room at the Ripley Tavern, where I have a trunk full of good books, which you are welcome to read.'

"He was excused and went home. From his grandparents, I learned that on reaching home, he said to the old people: 'I am going to school to that man; I like him.' He became one of the best and most industrious pupils in the school, and took an active part in the exhibition at the close of the term. On my return to the University, he soon followed, with his books, to get an education. Soon after, my support funds ran out, I was obliged to return to Des Moines, and lost all trace of the young man."

In the Fall and Winter of 1856, Leonard was a teacher in Ives Mark's College at Palestine, Story County; in 1860, he opened a Select School at Avon, Polk County; in the Spring of 1861, he became a teacher in Elder Nash's Forest Home Seminary, on Ninth Street.

After the battle of Wilson's Creek, in August, 1861, William H. Coodrell, who was a student at the Seminary, and had enlisted in the First Iowa Infantry (a three months' regiment), came home with his arm in a sling from a wound received in the battle, and one day, during a recess of the school, gathered together about a dozen students, marched them single file to Hierb's Brewery, at the corner of Center and Seventh streets, where they loaded up with beer. On returning to the schoolroom, Leonard started to call them down for their action, but they were not inclined to hear him. He requested them to be seated, and when they got sober he would talk with them, whereupon Dave Winter quickly arose, and, bringing his fist down on his desk with a whack, said: "Mr. Brown, I am just as sober as any man in this saloon." His blunder caused a vigorous titter among the girls, and the next day every one of the crowd enlisted in the Fifteenth Infantry, and subsequently it was admitted they enlisted because they did not dare to go back and face the girls.

In May, 1864, Leonard enlisted in the Forty-seventh Infantry, for one hundred days. On his return from service, he resumed his school, which had been removed to Seventh Street, between Center and Crocker, and in October, 1865, he was elected County Superintendent of Schools, and served one term. In 1870, he opened a

school in Polk City, and in 1875, was elected a professor in Humboldt College, but soon after resigned and entered the lecture field. For twenty years, he canvassed the state as an advocate of social and political reform.

After the close of the Civil War, he published a book of six hundred pages, in memory of the soldiers of Polk County, who had died in the service, and other works of prose and verse—twelve in all. For the last ten years, he has been preparing what he deems his crowning work: "Our Own Columbia That Is to Be!"—social, moral, religious, and economic, and also a collection of his verses, entitled, "On the Banks of the Des Moines."

Among his pupils were Simon Casady, Amos Brandt, "Charley" Rogg, Fred. Getchell, "Dan" Bringolf, Philo Kenyon, George A. Miller, Bruce Jones, Homer and Leander Bolton, the De Ford boys, Mrs. Lona Ingham Robinson, Mrs. Ella Clapp White (wife of the shoe dealer), Mrs. Newton Harris, Mrs. Minerva Jones Hallet (wife of the dentist), and scores of other well-known and prominent citizens of to-day, and they all declare he was a good teacher.

He says his long experience as teacher fully affirms his belief in the adage that you can lead a horse to the trough, but you cannot make him drink; that there are no bad boys—at least, he has never met one. Give a boy the right ideal, and he will become a good and useful man—a rule with no exceptions.

In the very early days, Leonard was actively identified with Father Bird and Elder Nash in establishing schools, and advocating the educational facilities of the community, and the impress of his earnest zeal and labor can be seen at the present day.

March Eighteenth, 1906.

ISAAC BRANDT

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ISAAC BRANDT

OF those who have had something to do with the growth and prosperity of Des Moines is Brandt, known by the "generality of mankind in general" as Isaac. To accost him as "Mr." would be a breach of custom. He came here in the Winter of 1856, in one of the "jerkeys" of the Stage Company, and he now can show the receipt for seventeen dollars, dated January Thirtieth, paid for the jolts and bumps received *en route* from Iowa City. He was reconnoitering. After inspecting the town for a short time—it was not very encouraging, for there were no bridges over the rivers, the town was sparsely settled—he made a four days' walk to Council Bluffs—he was in a hurry to find a better place. His ardor weakened, and his walk back was made in five days. He decided to abide here. He went East for his family, to close up his business affairs, and returned in April, 1858. Houses were scarce, but after much quest, he found a small wooden shanty with two rooms, on Seventh Street, on the East Side, where he lived for a time. On seeking a spot for a permanent home, he found a lot at the northeast corner of Twelfth and Keokuk, now Grand Avenue, on which was heavy timber and several Wild Cherry trees in full bloom, near the present Capitol grounds, which pleased him, though unattractive for a home. The grounds were covered with dense timber and thicket, in which, the Fall previous, rabbits, quail, and pheasants were shot, and a few rods south on Twelfth Street was Walker's Lake—good for duck hunters in season—which is now Franklin Park. Keokuk Street was simply a trail through heavy timber. On the West Side, Sycamore Street ran up against "Charley" Good's orchard, which lay along the river. There Isaac felled the big trees, dug out the stumps, retained the cherry trees, built a house—there were none east of it—and named the spot "Cherry Place."

He at once went into mercantile business in a two-story brick at the corner of Fourth and Locust, where is now the Lakota House. It was built by Harry Griffith ahead of time, on what was a blackberry patch, and was called "Griffith's Folly." In the Spring of 1862, there was a flood, and the whole East Side was under water. Members of the Legislature were carried in boats from the West Side to the old Capitol. The steamboat *Little Morgan* came in one day, landing at 'Coon Point. Among her cargo were eight casks of glassware, fourteen cases of dry goods, two boxes of boots and shoes, one hundred barrels of salt, two hogsheads of sugar, and four crates of crockery consigned to Isaac. How to get them to his store was the problem, as teams could not be used, but the steamer solved it. She backed down stream a short distance and headed for the store, where she tied up and the goods were delivered diretly into the south door.

Very soon after his arrival, Isaac became interested in educational affairs, and in 1858, at a mass meeting of citizens, he offered a resolution recommending the organization of the Independent School District of East Des Moines, which was adopted, and he was made one of the Directors.

He was a dyed-in-the-wool Abolitionist, and belonged to the original stock. He was a personal friend of John Brown, and during the exodus of negroes from Kansas and Missouri he was a Conductor on the "Underground Railroad," and his house was a regular station. Brown came here very early one morning, with four negroes, covered with cornstalks, in his wagon. After refreshments, and discussing the schedule of further stopping-places, they had a parting handshake over a small wooden gate at the back yard. Isaac still has the gate, and the colored people are waiting for him to die, so they can get it, for during life he will not part with it.

The migration of the negroes was attended with many difficulties, though the friends of Kansas Free State perfected plans deemed sufficient to get the "emigrants" safely to destination. George D. Woodin, of Indiana, was General Manager, with the late Judge Seevers, of Oskaloosa, and Lewis Todhunter, of Indianola, in the Central District.

There was here a very strong pro-slavery sentiment, in those days, as many of the early settlers came from slave-holding states.

The country was full of secret agents and slave-hunters, so that the utmost caution was necessary to get the "passengers" through this Division. They were packed in sacks, boxes, barrels, coffins, under loads of straw, or cornstalks, men in women's clothes, and women in men's clothes. There was little daylight travel. It was not uncommon that, secreted about "Uncle Jimmy" Jordan's place, near Valley Junction, could be found a number of "passengers," waiting for a clear track. Then they would come to Isaac's place, thence go to Reverend Demas Robinson's place on Four Mile Creek, thence to "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's, thence to Grinnell, thence to Cedar County, the terminus of this Division. The old settlers here will probably remember one occasion when Brown came to Grinnell with eleven negroes, stopped over Sunday, and made a speech in the church, detailing the wrongs of Kansas. The *Statesman,* the Democratic paper here, came out with a sensational article, headed in big letters: "The John Brown Raid! Hell Broke Loose!!" in which Brown was depicted as a murderer, robber and horsethief.

Sometimes it was necessary for emigrants to be doubled back on their track to avoid detectives who were close on their trail, but none were ever caught and returned, for the doctrine was very early established that there was no property in slaves in Iowa, in the first case decided by the Supreme Court, that of "Ralph," on *habeas corpus*, in 1839. Ralph made an agreement with Montgomery, his master, in Missouri, by which he was to come to Dubuque and earn money and pay five hundred dollars for his freedom. He worked four years and earned the money, but concluded to keep it. His master then came after him, had him arrested and brought before a Justice of the Peace, charged with being a fugitive slave. The Justice was preparing to deliver him when he was estopped by a writ of *habeas corpus*, which brought the case before Chief Justice Mason of the Supreme Court, who held that it was not an escape, but an emigration by consent of the master; that Ralph owed the debt for his freedom as though it had been incurred for purchasing a horse, and ought to pay it, yet for non-payment, he could not be reduced to slavery as property in Iowa. "But," said the court, as a sort of placation, "if his master can get him

back to Missouri without the aid of the courts, the Iowa courts will not interfere."

Despite this decision, slaves were held in Des Moines as late as 1845, without objection. Joseph Smart, who had a Fox squaw wife, was Indian Interpreter for Beach, the Indian Agent for the Government. He went to Missouri, bought two slave women, brought them here, and when he got through with them, took them back and sold them.

Isaac has always been a teetotaller, never having tasted alcoholic liquor, ale, wine or beer, nor tobacco. He early identified himself with the Order of Good Templars, which flourished extensively at one time, and in 1862, was elected Worthy Chief of the Grand Lodge of the state, and served five full terms.

In 1867, he was appointed Deputy State Treasurer, and served six years. In those days, the Legislature was very liberal with grafts. Members and newspaper reporters were supplied with newspapers, gold pens, and pocket knives.

Being largely engaged in the real estate business, Isaac, in 1870, became a "Granger," and was made Master of Capital Grange, Number Five, Patrons of Husbandry.

In 1873, he was elected as Representative to the Legislature, known as the "dead lock" or anti-monopoly General Assembly. The House consisted of fifty Democrats, forty-five Republicans, and five "on the fence." To elect a Speaker and organize the House required fifty-one votes. How to get them was the problem. The men "on the fence" held the balance of power, and must be reckoned with. Jake Rich, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, an astute politician of Dubuque—what he didn't know about politics was not worth learning—and leading Republicans held a council to select a candidate for Speaker. John H. Gear, of Burlington, was selected by the Republicans. The Democrats selected J. W. Dixon, of Wapello County, as their candidate. The first ballot gave Gear fifty votes and Dixon fifty votes, to the great surprise of the Democrats, and the satisfaction of the Republicans. For ten days the balloting went on without change of a vote, when Gear received seventy-nine votes.

Isaac was highly commended for his management, and on making up the committees, he was made Chairman of that of Ways

and Means, and Cities and Towns, and a member of the committees on Compensation of Public Officers, and of Insurance. The session was a strenuous one from the start to finish. The Anti-Monops were out for reform, and retrenchment of salaries and expenses. The previous Legislature having ordered the erection of a new Capitol, and appropriated one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per year to build it, they denounced it as an extravagant waste of public money. I can still see—being daily on the spot—Lucien Quintellus Hoggatt, the spectral member of the House from Story County—shaking his long, bony fingers at the Republicans in protest against their contemplated "robbery of the farmers of their hard-earned dollars."

Isaac kept quiet. It was not long before some of the reformers had axes to grind. Isaac ingratiated himself into their good graces by assisting them in all possible ways, and if any of their special bills came before his committees, they were invariably recommended for passage, and later, on the floor, he would favor them with his voice and vote. I also think he used the "grip" of Grange Number Five to some advantage. For his good offices, they pledged him their support when he needed it.

The opportunity came when he introduced his bill for an additional appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars to hasten the erection of the Capitol. It astounded the Anti-Monops, and Lucien Quintellus Hoggatt was inexpressibly indignant, but they were under obligations to Isaac that they could not honestly repudiate, and the bill passed by a vote of seventy-two to sixteen, twelve members dodged. The Senate cut it down to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and Isaac let it go at that.

Soon after the House was organized, Mr. Madden, the other Polk County member, introduced a bill to let the public printing to the lowest bidder by contract. Isaac was accused of being the author of it. Frank Mills was doing the public printing, and as it was a very fat job, there was a vigorous stirring up of the members over the bill. It went to the Committee on Printing, which reported adversely to it, but Isaac secured its placement on the calendar for a special day hearing, and when it was taken up, he disproved the accusation against him by getting the bill so amended as to fix the

printing at ninety per cent and the binding at eighty-five per cent of the cost then paid, and as amended it passed.

As Chairman of the Committee on Cities and Towns, Isaac engineered through the House a Senate bill authorizing cities and towns to improve alleys by contracts let to the lowest bidder, a measure which has proved to be of great benefit to Des Moines.

He also secured the passage of a bill requiring all lands when laid out in town lots to be free from all incumbrances before being platted, thus assuring the purchaser they were not plastered with judgment liens, mortgages, or delinquent taxes.

In 1877, he was elected City Alderman, in the Fifth Ward, and the West Siders—not so much as a mark of respect as fear of his influence and persuasive powers—got him elected President *pro tem* of the Council. They wanted to keep him "off the floor."

In 1880, he was a candidate for Mayor, but he very soon ran up against Des Moines River. He was on the wrong side of it. The old river feud was still extant. The West Siders rose up against him, and he was defeated by Colonel W. H. Merritt, a Democrat, though he carried the East Side by a large majority.

In 1884, the Twentieth General Assembly appropriated fifty thousand dollars to purchase ground for the permanent location of the State Fair, this location to be given to the city donating a like amount for buildings and improving the grounds.

Instantly, there was a vigorous contest for the prize. Cedar Rapids was in it, with the most effusive declarations and promises, but Des Moines, with the prestige of six continuous successful Fairs, her central position, and the promise of the required donation, won the prize. The grounds were purchased, two hundred and sixty-six acres, at a cost of forty-six thousand and nine dollars and twenty-five cents. An effort was then made to raise the donation fund from the city, but it failed. Isaac, always ready to help the town, took hold of the proposition, and secured subscriptions to the amount of fifty-five thousand, six hundred and ninety-six dollars, of which he collected fifty-one thousand dollars and delivered it to the State Agricultural Society.

The permanent location of the Fair Grounds led to notable changes in the geography of the city and improvement of streets.

Somewhat elated with his success, Isaac was one day standing with some of his friends on the highest point on the grounds, which he called "Inspiration Point," and, looking westward at the splendid vista, he suggested the establishment of a boulevard one hundred feet wide, direct from the grounds to the city, to be called Grand Avenue, and soon after he secured the right of way for it, to the east end of Keokuk Street, at Eighteenth Street. From this point, Keokuk Street extended to the river; on the West Side it was Sycamore to Arch (now Fifteenth), thence Greenwood Avenue west to the city limits. Isaac then persuaded the City Council to change the names of these three streets to Grand Avenue, thus giving the city a beautiful street nine miles long through its center.

Were the present city dweller to read the names of the streets as given in the first City Directory, publised in 1866, which I compiled, so great have been the changes, he would not know where he was at. In fact, there were then many families who did not know what street they lived on, so widely scattered were they.

In 1883, President Arthur appointed Isaac one of three commissioners to inspect two divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and in 1890, President Harrison, in recognition of his long, active, influential service in the Republican party, appointed him Postmaster, and for four years he did good service.

Religiously, he is not a churchman. Though thoroughly instilled with all the tenets of the Westminster Catechism, by a good Presbyterian mother, and Biblical precepts by a rigid Dunkard father, he is tied to no sectarian creed. He believes in honesty, equity, justice, right-living, and giving every person a fair deal. He uses very mild "swear words" sometimes, for emphasis, in conversation.

And he has fads. He delights in gathering facts and incidents which make history, always accessible, and valuable to newspaper scorpions. He has sample copies of every national, state and county ticket of political parties from 1858 to date; the vote of each county and town election in Polk County from 1858 to date; the rules and regulations of each Legislature. with the name and postoffice address of each member, from 1858 to date. He formerly had three sample tickets that his father cast for William Henry Harrison for President, in 1840, but he gave one to Benjamin

Harrison when he was making his noted Presidential tour of the country, and his car was making a stop at the depot in Des Moines. He also has the record of the height and weight of his six "kids," taken on their birthdays, the girls from seven years to eighteen, the boys from seven to twenty-one years.

March Twenty-sixth, 1905.

CURTIS LAMB

CURTIS LAMB

A FEW days ago, I visited Curtis Lamb, a pioneer of Iowa, who, with his wife, was spending a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. T. L. Blank, on Jefferson Street. I found him, eighty-seven years of age, active, hale and hearty, social, and prolific with incidents of pioneer days.

A native of Posey County, Indiana, in 1827, when nine years old, with his parents, he went to the lead mines near Mineral Point, Wisconsin. The trip was made down the Ohio and up the Mississippi on a flat-boat, so crowded with household goods and live-stock of immigrants as to make traveling disagreeable and uncomfortable. While going up the Mississippi, the boat became disabled and was laid up for repairs two weeks. The passengers were landed on what is now the Iowa side of the river, glad to escape their overcrowded quarters, so he may be rightfully cited as a pioneer of the state. He resided in Wisconsin until 1850, when, with his family, he started for California, but stopped for the winter at Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, with the Mormons. During the Winter, he went on a hunting trip northward and discovered the Little Sioux River. He decided the country there was good enough for him, and in the Spring of 1851, went back, made a claim, lived in a tent while he built a log cabin, the first in what is now Woodbury County, and became the first white settler.

In 1855, having heard of the new town of Sioux City, he concluded to go and look at it. Of that, he said:

"After looking at the site, I decided to move there, and in the Summer went over to cut hay and put it up, to feed my oxen while I cut logs for a house during the coming Winter. I drove into Sioux City along a ridge between the Floyd and Missouri rivers, thinking I could get down near the point, but it was too steep. I turned back, and finally, about nine o'clock, got to Doctor Cook's, who kept a kind of stopping-place in a hewed log house, which stood

on the east side of Perry Creek, near the mouth. The next day, I made arrangements for my hay and returned home. The next Winter, I went back, chopped down trees on the Nebraska side of the river, there being none suitable on the east side, and my little boy, with oxen, hauled the logs on the ice to where I wanted to use them. The next Spring, in 1856, I went over with 'Abe' Livermore, James McGinn, an Irishman, and one other man, to hew the logs and build the house. 'Abe' made the shingles by hand out of Black Walnut. 'Jim' and I sawed the boards for the sheathing with a whip saw, from Maple logs, enough to cover a house 16×20, the first sawed lumber made in that county. The flooring was shipped from Saint Louis, and cost seventy dollars. In May, I moved my wife and four children into the completed house. I can now only conjecture where it stood, but it was on the second bottom, and about two blocks from the Missouri River. I took in a few boarders and some transients, land speculators, free with their money, the Land Office being nearby, and the house was always full. At the end of six months, I sold out to Judge Moore, one of my boarders, for fifteen hundred dollars. A. M. White had a preemption claim for one hundred and sixty acres where the city now is, and, as someone had to live on it, he offered me a ten-acre interest in it and the use of a new frame house if I would take it and board him. I accepted the offer late in the Fall. On the Eighth of January, my second daughter was born, the third white child born in Sioux City. During the Summer of 1857, several frames for houses were brought in and put up, one large one was put up by a man named Benham, and furnished for a hotel, which he named the Pacific. Soon after, Judge Moore traded the town of Niobrara, which consisted of a lot of stakes driven in the ground, and several imposing plats, for the hotel, and persuaded me to run it a year for a rental of one thousand dollars. No papers were drawn for transactions in those good old days. A man was almost insulted if asked to sign a note. A man whose word was not as good as his note was very much looked down upon."

Asked if he had any experiences with Indians, he replied:

"Yes, I read your sketch in *The Register and Leader* several months ago, in which you stated that you met Ink-pa-du-a-tah at

Wabashaw a short time before the Spirit Lake Massacre. I think you are mistaken, for he camped on my place in Woodbury County, and went from there up to Cherokee, and from there to Peterson, then to Spirit Lake, where the killing commenced. I traded with him and his tribe for three successive Winters, they camping on my claim not far from my cabin, two miles north of where Smithland now is, in Woodbury County. The second cabin I built is still standing, and is preserved by the Woodbury County Old Settlers' Association.

"In my dealings with Ink-pa-du-a-tah, I found him perfectly honest, a good neighbor, and true friend.

"In the Spring of 1856, after Sioux City was started, I moved there, to send my children to school. I rented my farm to Mr. Livermore, and when the Indians came down the next Fall, as usual, they found me gone, and the new settlers did not want them there. A company of white men formed and went to Ink-pa-du-a-tah's camp while the men were out hunting (some were hunting with bows and arrows) and there were nineteen guns left in the camp. When the white men appeared, the squaws and children took to the woods. The white men tore down the tepees, took the guns and ammunition, and went home, intending, it was said, to go back later and return the guns and tell the Indians what they wanted. They evidently did not understand Indian nature, for when they went back the next morning, the Indians were gone, having moved in the night.

"Insulted and injured, as they felt, it was no wonder the Indians concluded to borrow some white men's guns in the same way theirs had been borrowed. At Cherokee, they went into the houses and took the guns and some provisions, but hurt no one. They then went on to the next white settlement, Peterson, twelve miles, where they took more guns and provisions; then on up to Spirit Lake, where, at one of the first houses, the people were scared, and a man shot an Indian. Then the fighting and killing began.

"It was, and still is, hard for me to realize that my old friend and neighbor, whom I never knew guilty of a mean act, could have sanctioned the cruel, bloodthirsty deeds committed during the horrible Spirit Lake Massacre.

"In our neighborhood, at first, there were but three families within a radius of twenty miles. It was necessary for our men to go with loads to Kanesville, now Council Bluffs. The third man would stay and do chores for the two absent men. The women and children would stay at my cabin. Sometimes, for days and weeks, my wife and four children would be intrusted, as you might say, to the care of Ink-pa-du-a-tah and his band. I could relate many acts of his kindness. He would come to the cabin, and ask if anything could be done. If logs were needed for the immense fireplace, he would send up squaws to carry them in, and the table was supplied with the choicest of their fish and venison. He taught me the Sioux language, and many hours have we set together by my fireplace, exchanging knowledge of our languages. My pronunciation of one word always afforded him great amusement. It was the word signifying the internal ear, or ear-hole. I could not speak it right, and he would lean back and laugh heartily. It finally became his invariable custom to pronounce that word for me when he wanted to bring the lesson to a close. He called me Ah-si-a-tah (accent on the second syllable), which means, so far as I could understand it, 'many good things in one person.'"

Asked how he first met Ink-pa-du-a-tah, he replied:

"I came to Iowa in 1850, took a claim in Township Eighty-six, Range Forty-four, on Little Sioux River, in what is now Little Sioux Township, Woodbury County, about thirty miles southeast from Sioux City, and built a log cabin. In the Fall of 1852, about twenty miles north, were some Indian camps. One day, a Spaniard, named Joe Maryville, came to my cabin with a horse and sleigh, and two Indians on their way from Sergeant's Bluff to these Indian camps, with blankets and other goods to trade with the Indians. He also had some alcohol. They stopped at my cabin over night. I made them bunks on the floor, as comfortable as possible. While there, Joe doped the alcohol with water, all it would bear, and went up to the Indian camp. He first traded his blankets and other stuff for furs, and the next morning let go the firewater. Knowing the nature of the stuff, he deemed it prudent to get out early, and went to 'hitch up,' but his horse was gone. Concluding it would take the back track to my stable, where it stopped the night before,

he took the trail, arriving about ten o'clock, where the horse was having a good feed and waiting for him. He mounted him, and went back to get the sleigh. By that time the dope had got in its work, the Indians were fighting drunk, and having a regular knock-down and drag-out. The squaws had taken their papooses and gone to the timber for safety.

"There were two bands of Indians. Ink-pa-du-a-tah was the chief of one band, and Wah-se-bo-be-do chief of the other. In the affray, a brother of Ink-pa-du-a-tah was killed, and Wah-se-bo-be-do badly wounded by stabbing. Joe finally succeeded in stopping the fight, and persuaded the two bands to separate, Inka-pa-du-tah to go north, and Wah-se-bo-be-do to go south, where help for his wounds could be secured. Muz-ze-min, a Medicine Man, had a tepee not far from my cabin. He was an uncle of Wah-se-bo-be-do, who evidently knew where he was, for he sent an Indian boy down to his tepee to tell him that he was wounded, and his band was coming down with him. Muz-ze-min told the boy to go back and meet them, and tell them to bring Wah-se-bo-be-do to the white man's cabin. Muz-ze-min then came and told me what he had done. I said that was all right, though most of our conversation was in pantomime, as I had not then learned much of the Sioux language. After some time, I saw the Indians coming. Wah-se-bo-be-do was walking very feebly, and when he came to our porch, he seemed too weak to step up. I went out and helped him in, and set a chair, but he motioned to the floor. My wife hastily put a straw bed and some blankets on the floor, and he lay down. All this time Muz-ze-min sat with his elbows on his knees and face covered with his hands. After a while, he went and sat down by Wah-se-bo-be-do, leaned over, said a few words, and kissed him. After a short talk, he examined, with much tenderness, the wound, which was a stab with a knife, and had pierced one lung, from which air and blood escaped at each respiration. My wife brought bandages, and Muz-ze-min dressed the wound with some powders of his own make. They then went down to the tepees which the squaws had pitched, where they stayed all night. I think they were afraid Inka-pa-du-tah would come down from the north, for they all left for Sergeant's Bluff the next day, and I never saw Wah-se-bo-be-do again, though I was told he recovered.

"Not many days after, I was at work in the timber, when the children came rushing to me in great excitement, saying the house was full of Indians. Hurrying home, I found them there, their faces covered with war paint, and in an apparently ugly mood. Feeling sure it was the band that had fought Was-se-bo-be-do's band, and knowing I had aided and befriended their enemy, and not understanding a word of their language, I was somewhat puzzled to know what course to pursue. I set to thinking mighty fast to decide what to do to pacify them. Knowing the surest way to a person's good nature was through the stomach; that the Indians were fond of turnips; that I had some good turnips stored away, I got a quantity and distributed them around. Each took one and laid it on the floor, without uttering a word or a grunt, which was a bad sign; neither did they offer me a pipe to smoke, for they were all smoking, which was another bad sign. Meanwhile, the children played around, and their mother went on with her work, as if she was undisturbed. After an hour of this suspense, Inka-pa-du-a-tah picked up his turnip, the others following him. After eating their turnips, he came and shook hands with me first, and all the others followed. They then went to their tepees, not far away, where they remained all Winter. We became quite friendly. Ink-pa-du-a-tah taught me their language, and I taught him our's, and the white man's ways. My cabin was always open to him, and he became a firm friend of my wife and children. For three successive Falls, he returned and camped on my place, and traded with me. He told me they went north every Spring to where the wild ducks and geese laid their eggs, of which the Indians are very fond. While with me, they would hunt and trap. I loaned them a lot of steel traps, and they always returned them in the Spring before going north. They would trade me elk, deer, otter, mink, beaver, wolf, fox, and other skins, and venison hams, which I took to Council Bluffs, then called Kanesville, ninety miles distant, where I sold them for cash. I remember one lot of furs and four hundred hams which brought six hundred and eighty dollars in gold. With the proceeds of the sales, I would buy a general stock of Indian goods, together with provisions for my family. Sometimes I would have three or four yoke of oxen hitched to my load, making two

trips during the Winter and one during the Summer, as the Summer trade did not amount to very much, with only roving bands of Yankton Sioux.

"The third Fall on my claim, in 1853, two Indians of Ink-pa-du-a-tah's band came to my cabin and told me the Indians were coming, loaded down with furs, and wished I would go with a wagon and lighten their load. I yoked two yoke of oxen to a wagon, loaded up with some cornmeal and other goods, and went up in company with Sam. Day, who was staying with us at that time. We met the Indians about six miles north in a small open prairie. After shaking hands with all the warriors, we decided to come back about a mile, where there was timber and water, and there we camped. The Indians built a big fire, the squaws pitched the tepees and prepared a supper. Having taken our own food, Sam. and I ate together. After supper, business was lively. As fast as I could scoop up cornmeal in a pint measure, an Indian would take it and hand me a package of muskrat skins, five in a package. I counted them the first few times, but soon grew tired of that, and just threw them into the wagon as fast as I could. I was never cheated by them. I traded wool blankets, heavy mackinaws, for buckskins, getting ten buckskins for a blanket. After finishing trading, we retired peacefully for the night, and everything was quiet until daylight. We were early astir, and after breakfast, moved southward. When within three miles of my cabin, the Indians said they would camp there, the grass in the woods being still green and fresh for their ponies. Sam. and I went on home.

"A few days later, Ink-pa-du-a-tah came and told me there were 'min-ne-has-ka' (white men), 'num-pah' (two), in a small grove a mile and a half east of their camp, who had whiskey to sell to his men; that they had come to his camp with bottles of whiskey, and treated his warriors, and given them to understand by signs that they had a barrel of whiskey to sell. He said he did not want his men to have it, as they would get mad and fight. He asked me what he should do; should he go and break the barrel? I said, 'No,' that I would go up to his camp that night. That was all I said, but he went away perfectly satisfied. That evening, quite early, I, with my hired man, Zachary Allen, went to the Indian

camp. I wanted to get positive evidence the men were selling whiskey to the Indians. I told the Indians to dress Zach. and myself like Indians, and we would go with them and get whiskey. They had lots of sport dressing us up, and we made quite respectable looking Indians. We put blankets over our heads, drawn tight about the face to hide our beards. After donning our garments, we were much surprised to see how much larger we seemed than the Indians. We went over to the white man's camp, and found two Spaniards with a big bonfire. They invited the Indians to come nearer and get warm. They passed around a little whiskey, but soon detected us, and I heard one of them say to the other in an undertone: 'I wonder who told those fellows we were here?' They would do nothing more that evening, and early the next morning they were gone.

"I relate this to show that Ink-pa-du-a-tah really wanted his men to be sober, industrious, and law-abiding. He often asked me: 'Have my men ever stolen anything?' and I could always answer, 'No.'

"No, I never saw Ink-pa-du-a-tah after the massacre at Spirit Lake."

Noticing that he spoke Ink-pa-du-a-tah's name different from its usual appearance in print, I asked why. The reply was: "That is the way it was always spoken by him, with the accent on the third syllable."

Politically, Lamb was a Whig and Abolitionist. He cast his first ballot for William Henry Harrison, in 1840, and has always been a Republican. He is an enthusiastic supporter of Roosevelt, and a firm "Standpatter;" is not a politician, though he keeps himself thoroughly posted on current events through the papers; has never asked a public office, though he helped to organize Woodbury County, was elected the first Justice of the Peace in the county, which office, or some other township office, he has held continuously since. He takes an active part in educational affairs, and has been a member of school boards many years.

Socially, he is not connected with any of the fraternal organizations, though he is fond of company, a good conversationalist, of genial temperament, and deservedly popular.

Religiously, in his earlier years, he affiliated with the Methodists, but later denounced all creeds, and during the past few years has been a close student of the Bible; has repeatedly read the "Millenial Dawn," a series of books by Russell, and firmly believes they are all true.

Physically, he retains all his faculties to a remarkable degree. The retentiveness of his memory is surprising, and valuable to a compiler of the history of his county. He some time ago retired on Easy Street. For diversion, he cultivates a garden, which is the pride of his life, and he is getting anxious for the lion of March to let go his grip so that gardening may begin.*

April First, 1906.

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*Died suddenly, January Third, 1907.

MADISON YOUNG

A PROMINENT early settler, and useful man, was Madison Young, or "Esquire," as everybody in the county knew him. Entering Union College, New York, at the age of twenty-three, he worked his way through, paying his expenses by manual labor, and graduated from the law department at the head of his class. He came here in December, 1849, opened a law office on Second Street, near Market, and at once identified himself with public affairs, especially those respecting schools, in the little hamlet at Raccoon Forks. He was admitted to the Bar the following Spring Term of court, and appointed Special Prosecutor for the counties of Dallas, Warren, Madison, Jasper, Boone, and Marshall, the Fifth Judicial District then embracing those counties.

Early in 1850, a movement was made for the formation of a School District, and at a meeting of the Directors, in May, he was elected Secretary. His record says:

"On motion, the electors present proceeded to vote by ballot whether they would levy a tax or not upon the taxable property in School District Number Five, Des Moines Township. One vote was given for a tax, and seventeen votes for no tax. Whereupon, it was declared that there should be no tax raised for the purpose of renting, hiring, building, or buying a schoolhouse at this time, in School District Number Five, Des Moines Township, Polk County, Iowa.

"The meeting then adjourned *sine die.*"

The particularity of this record indicates clearly the methodical manner in which the Esquire did his business.

The community was small, the people were poor, and felt unable to build schoolhouses, and the school was continued in the Court House.

In November, a meeting was held of the Directors to examine Charles L. Alexander respecting his qualifications to teach the school. (See page One Hundred and Twenty, Volume One.)

It was at this meeting of the Directors a decision was made to purchase a lot and build a schoolhouse, and in 1851, one hundred dollars was paid for one-half acre at the northwest corner of Ninth and Locust, and by slow progress a two-story building was completed in 1855, costing about eleven thousand dollars, and occupied during the Winter term of 1856 by a corps of four teachers, with J. A. Stickney, Principal, and thus was begun the Public School System, with less than three hundred pupils.

In 1851, Young was elected Justice of the Peace and Coroner. During his term occurred the cow case, notable among the early settlers, the details of which are given in the sketch of Judge Curtis Bates. (See page Four Hundred and Twenty-two, Volume One.)

In May, 1855, at a State Conference of the Lutheran Church, it was decided to establish an institution for higher education at some point within forty miles of the Capital, which manifested the most liberality toward it, and to be known as Iowa Central College. Judge Casady, Doctor F. C. Grimmel, Esquire Young, and Captain F. R. West at once took the matter up to secure its location at Des Moines, a characteristic of the pioneers to work unitedly in promoting the welfare of the town, regardless of their individual church associations. A subscription was raised, a site purchased for sixteen hundred dollars, at Fifteenth Street and Woodland Avenue. The proffer was accepted, and during the Summer of 1856, the corner stone was laid and the walls erected, but, because of the hard times and scarcity of building material, work was suspended for want of funds. At this juncture, Judge Casady, Father Bird, Esquire Young, Captain West, R. W. Sypher, and Doctor Grimmel gave their individual notes, at thirty per cent interest, for a loan of five thousand dollars, to go on with the work, and in 1857, the roof was put on and construction suspended, the bare walls being left exposed to the elements as a deserted building until 1865, when the property was sold to the Baptist denomination. A subscription fund of twelve thousand dollars was then raised in Des Moines, the building completed, and in 1886 was inaugurated the University of Des Moines, by Elder Nash. Later, the property was sold and the University became what is now Des Moines College.

In 1856, Young purchased a tract of several acres on Ninth street, adjoining the present Des Moines College grounds. It was his custom to invest every dollar he could in real estate, most of which was subsequently platted and added to the city. He cleared the tract of its forest and planted a fruit orchard and vineyard. While waiting for the trees to grow, he spent two years in Heidelburg, Germany, attending university lectures, and in the grape and wine districts on the Rhine, to gain practical knowledge of grape-growing and wine-making. Returning, he built a shanty on his tract, and in Summer, living alone, cultivated his trees. In the Winter, he lived in a grout house he had built just south of 'Coon River, while experimenting with Reverend Doctor Peet, the first Episcopal minister, and Henry Scribner, to find a substitute for brick for building purposes. For several years, he cultivated his fruit farm, produced several varieties of luscious apples, and became an expert in making fine wine. Meanwhile, he built a fine two-story house of brick on the tract. His health failing, he very reluctantly sold the farm to Conrad Youngerman. It has since yielded to the encroachment of improvements, is covered with fine residences, the orchard has gone to decay, but the brick house still remains, as the home of Mrs. Anna Ross Clark, near the corner of Fifteenth and North streets.

In 1873, he went to Colorado to regain his health, but before going, made a will bequeathing all his wealth to his brothers, sisters, and their children, about thirty-five thousand dollars, except one thousand dollars to his *alma mater*, Union Colege, and one lot in South Des Moines, which he gave to a colored man named Murray. Failing to get relief in the West, he returned, and in September, accompanied by Taylor Pierce, City Clerk, he went to Cincinnati Hospital, but the ravages of Consumption had done their work, and October Twenty-third, he ceased to be. In accordance with his expressed desire, his remains were brought here, interred in Woodland Cemetery, and a fine monument designates the spot.

He was public-spirited, charitable, and during his life gave liberally to worthy objects, especially in the early days, when help was needed to promote and foster that which tended to the betterment of society.

Socially, he was reserved, taciturn, abjured society affairs and functions, preferring the single life of a bachelor. In 1850, when Pioneer Lodge, Number Twenty-two, A. F. and A. M., was organized, he was the first person admitted to membership. When, in the same year, Fort Des Moines Lodge, I. O. O. F., was organized, he was one of the charter members, and elected its first Noble Grand.

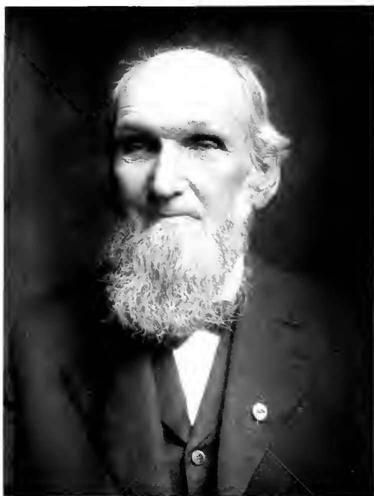
There being no other place available, its first meetings were held in the Clerk's office at the Court House. Soon after, a second story was added to Granville Holland's store on Second Street, near Vine. In both lodges, Young was an active and efficient member, their exclusiveness being congenial to his temperament.

Religiously, he was an Episcopalian. In 1855, when Saint Paul's Church was organized, Young became one of the first Board of Vestry. Meetings were held at the residences of church members, and wherever a place could be obtained, until, in 1856, Edwin Hall donated a lot on Seventh Street, where now is the annex to the Younker store, and a small chapel was erected. Doctor Peet, the first Rector, was a missionary—a noble, worthy man—who, with Father Bird and Elder Nash, formed a triumvirate of goodness and virtue which laid the foundation of that public sentiment which has made this a widely notable community of schools and churches.

Politically, Young was a radical Whig, but not a politician. The only public office he held was given him when there were not Whigs enough in the township to form a Corporal's guard.

He was a man of many idiosyncracies and eccentricities, one of which was talking to himself during his later years. He would visit places of business and quietly sit for an hour muttering to himself, or he could be seen walking the street talking to himself, and emphasizing his conversation with gestures of the hand. It was absent-mindedness, not from mental aberration.

April Eighth, 1906.



SETH GRAHAM

SETH GRAHAM

AN old-timer in Des Moines, and one of its best-known citizens is Seth Graham, a genuine Buckeye, born in Wayne County, Ohio, April Thirteenth, 1831, of Scottish ancestors, who emigrated to America in 1793.

In 1838, his father moved to Pike County, Illinois, where, as a millwright, he resided until 1842, when he removed to Perry County, Illinois. In the meantime, Seth attended the district schools, assisted his father, and became familiar with the use of mechanical tools. In Perry County, he was employed in a wagon shop, carpenter shop, and did mill work for two years.

In 1849, when eighteen years of age, he struck out for himself, and paddled his own canoe. In 1850, he landed in Iowa, and went to burning lime in Cedar County for fifteen dollars per month. In the Fall of that year, he made a contract with N. L. Milburn, an extensive bridge builder, and built bridges on Cedar River, on the Des Moines, at Keosauqua, in 1851-1852; on the Skunk, at Rome, on the road from Fairfield to Mount Pleasant, in 1852-1853.

In the Fall of 1853, he began the building of the steamboat, *N. L. Milburn*, at Iowaville, on Des Moines River. The hull was completed and towed into an inlet for the Winter, and to protect it against floating ice in the Spring. The next morning it was found water-logged. Milburn charged Andrew Jackson Davis, he of the famous Colorado Will Case, a few years ago, who was running a saw mill on the opposite side of the river, and with whom he had, in common with many others, trouble in the courts, with sinking the hull. Early in the Spring, an attempt was made to raise it and get it back to the yard for completion, but a high wind got control of it and blew it across the river in Davis' bailiwick, where it landed in the underbrush. Milburn called Seth and told him to go and borrow John Jordan's revolver, quietly slip over to the boat, and guard it, for "the man who sunk it will try it again to-night."

Seth went and whispered his want to Jordan, who took the revolver from his desk and slipped it into Seth's overcoat pocket. Seth then crept stealthily on board the craft. It was a bad night; the wind was high and frigid; there was no escape from it except to crawl into one of the empty boilers, which he did, making himself as comfortable as possible, occasionally thrusting his head out of the "manhole" to see if the coast was clear. The dreary night passed, however, without disturbance. Crawling out of his post early in the morning, and stretching himself to take the kinks out of his anatomy, he examined his trusty revolver, the six chambers of which contained not a sign of a charge; neither had he one in his pockets.

The hull was moved to its yard again and hustled to completion, making its first trip May Sixteenth, to Keokuk, thence back to Eddyville. About twelve miles below Red Rock was a good coal mine, where the *Milburn* got its coal. The boat was kept busy, and on one of its trips, the *Badger State* was found lying fast on a rock just below Ottumwa, and heavily loaded with freight for Des Moines. The freight was transferred to the *Milburn*, and on the Nineteenth of June, pulled out for "Raccoon Forks." Among the passengers on the *Badger State* were Colonel J. M. Griffith, then running a general merchandise store, and Jesse Dicks, a stove and hardware merchant, both on Second Street, who had been to Saint Louis to buy goods. When within a few miles of the coal mine, the steamboat *J. B. Gordon* was discovered coming after them at full speed, apparently to cut the *Milburn* out at the coal mine. The pilot ran along slowly, until the *Gordon* got close on, when barrels of tar were rolled out, the heads knocked in, the wood plunged into the tar, and then under the boilers. The *Milburn* forged ahead and struck the coal dock with a thud that sent everybody sprawling on the deck, but she got the coal.

When it reached "Rattlesnake Bend," about eight miles down the river, the current being swift and tortuous, Dicks and Griffith preferred to walk across the narrow neck of the bend, which is shaped like a horseshoe, and they were put ashore, to be picked up at the other end of the bend, but they failed to make a connection, and the next seen of them was about two hours after the boat tied

up at the "Point." They hove into port on the south side of the 'Coon and hailed Seth to come over with a skiff—there were no bridges—and get them. Dicks, who was of very obese construction, short in the legs, was puffing like a porpoise; Griffith, tall and slim, a rapid walker, as everybody knows, having given him a hot pace.

In the Spring of 1854, the *Milburn* went up Missouri River on a three months' cruise. Then she loaded with freight from Saint Louis to New Orleans, where she was chartered for the cotton trade—and when crossing the Gulf of Mexico, foundered and sunk.

In the Spring of 1855, Seth came to Des Moines, and went to work in the steam saw mill of Stanton, Griffith & Hoover.

The first Sunday after his arrival, a big commotion broke out in the Irish Settlement, down on the 'Coon bottoms. It was rumored they had all been poisoned. They had suddenly become as "crazy as bedbugs," not violent, but hilarious and noisy. All the physicians in town were called out, and the whole town rushed down there. The victims were singing and dancing, and making more fun than a circus. Asked what the trouble was, they said they had been eating "greens," made from Jimpson Weed. The doctors doped them according to their best diagnosis, the symptoms indicating *spirituous frumenti,* though they vigorously denied that they had "touched a drap av the craythur, for isn't it locked up wid the prohib'try law, an' Docther Cole has the key? Indade, it was the weeds."

In a few hours, the excitement subsided entirely.

I recall another case of "greens" which occurred in 1853, on the Fourth of July. A big celebration was had. "Old Bill" McHenry was Master of Ceremonies, and "Dan" Finch did the orating on the steps of the old first Court House. It was a gala day and everybody was happy as lords. A few weeks ago, "Dan," referring to those "good old days," said of some of the doings of that day, that William Marvin, who kept the Marvin House, on Third Street, and was also Clerk of the Courts, sent down to Burlington for some choice ingredients to make a drink called "julep," composed of sugar, water, and the stuff he got at Burlington, which was mixed, and some "greens" added. Marvin "set up" the concoction to his numerous friends, and its effect was most decidedly

exhilarating, for Captain West bought one of the finest residences in town right opposite the Marvin House, paid eight hundred cash for it, and the next morning had forgotten all about it, and declared that somebody had robbed him. Hoyt Sherman and R. L. Tidrick, two very dignified and circumspect gentlemen, escorted one of the young ladies home in a buggy, and Byron Rice, the County Judge, a very temperate and economical man, became very much disturbed and disconsolate because he could not find some poor, worthy family to whom he could give a farm. There was something very peculiar about it. Most everybody who drank the stuff felt the same way. I was always inclined to think it was the "greens."

In the Fall of 1854, Seth and W. F. Ayers purchased the steam saw mill at the foot of Des Moines Street, on the east bank of the river, owned by Stanton, Griffith & Hoover. They denuded forty acres of heavy timber on Ed. Clapp's land in North Des Moines, and cleared the section where Mercy Hospital now is. In fact, the whole country north of School Street was heavily timbered. The coal for making steam was burrowed out of the bluff where Saint Mary's Church is, and floated across the river in scows.

In 1857, Seth and Ayers built a three-story steam flour mill where the Edison light plant is. The machinery was shipped from Mount Vernon, Ohio, by rail to Iowa City, thence hauled by teams to Des Moines, with the usual delay in getting across Skunk Bottoms. The price paid for wheat was seventy-five cents to one dollar per bushel. A defect in the apparatus for "smutting" prevented making a good grade of flour, and the project was not a success, and in 1859, the partnership in both mills was dissolved. In 1861, the flour mill was destroyed by fire.

In 1859, Seth went to Boonesboro, where he superintended a flour mill one year; then he went to Perry County, Illinois, where he worked in a lumber yard until 1862, when he returned to Des Moines, and went to Elkhart and ran a saw mill for Joe Hutton one year, when he went to work in the foundry and machine shops of H. N. Heminway, on the East Side, to learn the trade, where he remained until 1868, and became a master mechanic. While he was there, he made for me a very fine machinist's "peen" hammer,

which was stolen by one of the Beve Graves gang of thugs, robbers and murderers, which terrorized the town in 1874-1875.

While Seth was employed in the Heminway shops, a draft was ordered by the Government to fill up some regiments that were deficient. When the war broke out, there was a strong pro-slavery element in the town and county; many of the pioneers having come from slave-holding states, their sympathies were naturally with their former states. In fact, slaves were owned and held in Polk County in 1845. There was strong opposition to the draft, and Hub. Hoxie, who was the United States Marshal, arrested three men in Story County for resisting it, brought them to Des Moines, and placed them under guard in the third story of the Exchange Building, at Third and Walnut streets. There was in town a large number of members of the Knights of the Golden Circle, who were Rebel sympathizers, opposed to the war, and especially all attempts to coerce men into the army, declaring that, as the Republicans brought on the war, they should fight it out. It was reported to Hoxie that the conclave had planned to seize a lot of guns and ammunition stored in the State House, release the three prisoners, and destroy the *Register* office, which was on the second floor of the Savery (Kirkwood) House. He immediately selected one hundred trusty, able-bodied men, of whom Seth was one, to guard an attack. They were armed and equipped for duty, with instructions to take no chances; if they shot, to shoot to kill. The Rebel sympathizers were noisy and demonstrative as to their intent and purpose. The Democratic State Convention was in session down on the old Fair Grounds, at the foot of Seventh Street, near 'Coon River, and there was a big crowd in town. One of the speakers in the convention, a prominent man in the party, reverted to the rumors which were rife, and, recognizing in the audience some of the suspected secret conclave, he, in vigorous terms, advised against any interference with the movements of the Government, for "the man who attempts it might as well make preparation in advance for his funeral, for," he said, "there are more than one hundred Union Leaguers in town, prepared for whatever may happen." As an approach to the State House, Exchange Building and *Register* office at night was greeted with a look down the barrel of a well-loaded gun, with a man behind it, the raid was not attempted.

Referring to that event a few days ago, Seth said: "When the war broke out, the northern Democrats were an uncertain quantity. Did you know John A. Logan? He was a pretty good Union man, wasn't he?"

I replied that I had seen him many times, "but what of him?"

"Well, I knew him along in the Forties, when I was a schoolboy, and——" Then, twirling a cigar between his lips, relapsed into a reminiscent mood for several moments, as if scanning the picture before his vision, then went on: "He was a rising young lawyer, following the courts around the circuit on horseback, stopping at the various county seats, as was then the custom. When court met at Pinckneyville, the lawyers all stopped at the same tavern, as there was but one, and it was the pride of us boys who could get in the good graces of the hostler to ride their horses to the creek to water, thereby saving the hostler a whole lot of hard pumping, and some of the horses were more or less accustomed to the race track, and would not let anything pass them. It was fun to ride up behind some fellow and make his horse run away with him, but our great delight was to stand around open-mouthed and drink in the yarns told on the porch after supper.

"Logan was dark-complexioned, black-haired, and black-eyed. He was a good talker, spoke with a decided Southern accent, and was an ideal hero for us boys. I think his most impressive yarns were of duelling and horse racing. He lived in the adjoining county of Franklin.

"I left Perry County in 1849, and on my return, in 1860, he was the Representative in Congress from that district, and I did not see him again until June, 1861. Things were hot in that country then. Business was dead; work was played out. The President had called for seventy-five thousand one-hundred-day men, and Company A of the Eighteenth Regiment was being recruited with a rush; meetings every day for recruits and drill. Our Representative's proclivities being pretty well known, he was freely cussed or discussed, depending on the point of view. He started out to make a tour of the southern counties before returning to Washington for the called session of Congress. The day he spoke in Pinckneyville, he did not come on the drill ground, and most of

us went down to the lake for a swim before going to hear him. While there, John Kirkwood, the drill master—afterward First Lieutenant, and killed at Fort Donelson—proposed that we fill our pockets with stones and 'rock' him out of the Court House if he advocated Secession or gave any treasonable utterances. The proposal met a hearty response. There were about forty of us. We loaded up and went to the Court House, scattered ourselves around the back seats, with Kirkwood up near the front, where we could all see him when he fired the first shot, but we did not get the opportunity. The nearest the speaker come to it was when he said: 'Raise your volunteers and put them in the field, but put them in the harvest field. If Illinois is invaded, I'll fight. I'm going back to Washington City in about two weeks, and if Washington City is invaded, I'll fight, but I'll not go out of my state to fight.'

"He was not 'rocked' out, and we unloaded around the corner. He went on his tour, and we got reports that at most of the places where he spoke, parties of men were made up to go hunting or fishing, and by some unaccountable accident they all met down on Ohio River, and, as there was about enough to form a company, they concluded to go over and offer their services to the Southern Confederacy.

"In after years, it was thrown up to him in Congress, and I never knew of his coming out flatfooted and denying it. He always referred to his record in Congress as disproving it.

"However, on his return from that trip, the Eighteenth Regiment had gone into camp at Anna, and he wanted to go in and see some of the boys, but, unfortunately, he found some of those same Perry County boys on guard, and they positively refused to admit him or take his name to the commanding officer.

"After the regiment had been mustered into service, we organized a company of Home Guards, similar to the plan later adopted by the Union League. Our headquarters were usually in the field, our drill ground the same.

"About that time, Hawkins S. Osborn, our Representative in the Legislature, attempted to raise a company of mounted horse guards He had said at Salem: 'We can take all south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and go with the Confederacy.' We furnished

him enough recruits to hold him level, and before the Summer was over, they disbanded.

"I have forgotten the precise time we got the report that Logan, Breckenridge, and another Representative had sent a messenger to Richmond to see Jeff. Davis and ascertain upon what conditions he would be willing to compromise, and had been answered, that if they gave him blank paper and allowed him to write his own conditions, he would have nothing to do with the Federal Government.

"At the close of that session of Congress, a number of Representatives agreed to go home, raise a regiment, and go into the field. When Logan arrived, he found the Thirty-first Regiment nearly full, and, with his disposition to 'get there,' it suited him better to be elected Colonel of that regiment than to raise another. Company A, again the company from Perry, voted almost solid against him, but he was elected. Immediately, in Company A, a ring was formed to kill him if he made a move to betray them to the enemy. I think there were ten in the ring, but I only knew one of them positively. I asked one, the first home on a furlough, how they were getting along with John A., and his reply was: 'We are not worrying about John A. now; he is going to give us all the fight we want.' "

At the close of his five years' service with Heminway, in 1868, Seth had the choice of the superintendency of the foundry and iron works or a partnership with Lester Cate in the transfer business. He chose the latter, and is in it to-day, his son, Fred., having succeeded Cate, who deceased in 1893. During his service, he has distributed an average of one family a day of new-comers to homes in the city, and set them on the way to help Des Moines do things. The first ten years, he paid the railroads one and one-quarter million dollars for freight charges.

Politically, he is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but takes no part in politics, as politics goes. During the War Period, he was an active member of the Union League.

Socially, he is genial, good-natured, unobtrusive, reticent, and enjoys companionship, but gives little attention to social functions. In business affairs, he is noted for sterling integrity, as evidenced by the fact that he has served more years as treasurer and officer of

Masonic bodies than any person in the United States. He was initiated in Pioneer Lodge in 1856, and received the degree of Master in 1857. His record stands thus:

Raised in Pioneer Lodge, January First, 1857; elected Treasurer, 1869.

Exalted in Corinthian Chapter, 1858; elected Treasurer, 1880.

Knighted in Temple Commandery, 1871; elected Treasurer, 1872.

Elected Treasurer of Masonic Temple Association at its organization, 1883.

Elected Treasurer of Masonic Library Association at its organization, 1886.

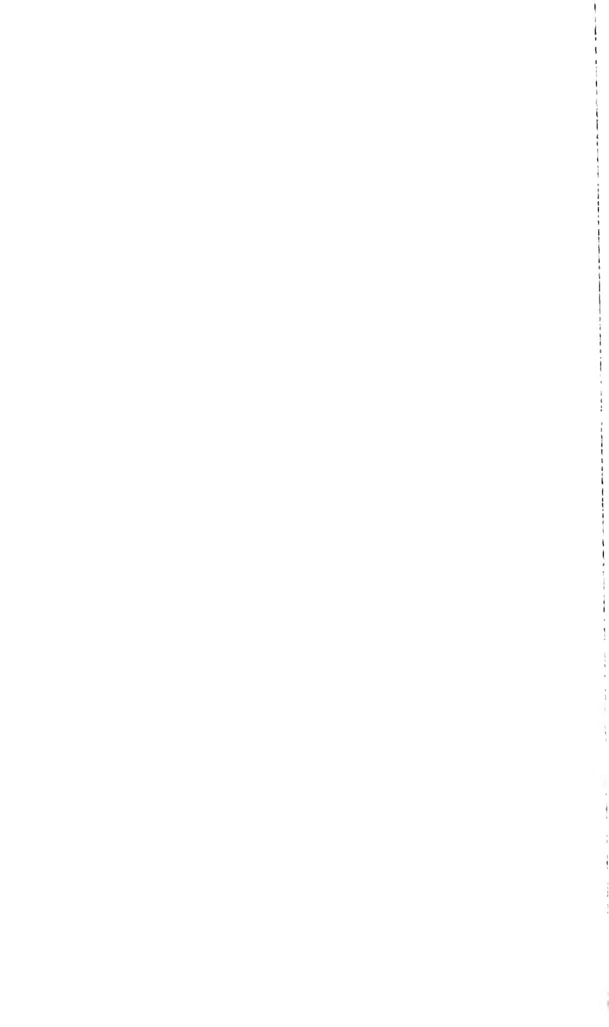
Elected Treasurer of Alpha Council at its organization, 1897.

There is never a doubt as to the funds of those bodies while Seth holds the key to the box, and it can be truly said he is an exemplar of the tenets of the Masonic order in civic and social life.

Religiously, he is an Episcopalian. In the early days, he was active in church work, holding the office of Vestryman for some time.

He is still in business, vigorous and healthy; lets Fred. do the heavy work; takes three square meals a day; carries a cigar in his lips every day from morning to night, half the time unlighted; enjoys life and the esteem of his fellow citizens.

November Twenty-fifth, 1906.



REV. I. M. T. CORY

I. M. T. CORY

AMONG the pioneers of Polk County were several named Cory. I use the term pioneer in its strictest sense, for the old Pioneers' Association will not admit any to the distinction who came to the county after 1848-49.

The Corys came early in 1846, before the state was admitted to the Union, from Elkhart County, Indiana. From them, the well-known Cory's Grove, a beautiful belt of timber which extended out from Four Mile Creek, was named. They made their claims in what was then Skunk Township, put up log cabins, and at once began to develop the barren prairie. At that time, Polk County was not laid out in civil townships, the first Board of County Commissioners having simply divided the county into six townships for election purposes. Skunk Township embraced what now comprises Douglas, Elkhart, Franklin, and Washington townships.

The new-comers wrote to home friends most glowing accounts of the new country, and the place of their adoption; that sometime the Capital of the state would be removed westward to a more central point, and that Cory's Grove was just that point. Accordingly, early in October, 1846, more of the family started for the Promised Land, and among them was Isaiah Martin Thorp Cory—I think that is all the name he brought with him—a lad of nine years. They came, with horses and oxen, through Vermillion County, Illinois, crossed the Mississippi at Burlington, camping wherever night overtook them, with only one mishap, the drowning of an ox while fording a stream in Illinois. From Burlington, they followed the route used by freight haulers to "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern, the resting-place of pioneers on entering Polk County. Skunk River Bottoms was crossed by good management and a severe struggle in its cavernous mud, and on the second day out from "Uncle Tommy's" they reached their destination. The outlook was not very attractive, for, said Isaiah one day: "There

was nothing there but Indians, deer, elk, turkeys, otter, beaver, and 'coons, but there was not a rabbit or rat in the whole county."

The first demand was for shelter. A small log cabin was put up, the walls chinked with mud, and a chimney built of sticks and clay. Isaiah passed his boyhood days going to school and to mill with a sack full of grain before him on a horse. His leisure hours were devoted to fitting himself for active business and preaching.

In 1848, the Corys, with their accustomed energy and enterprise, decided to have a township more circumscribed, with some form of local civil government. They accordingly held a meeting organized a township, named it Elkhart, in honor of their Indiana home, and elected officers. The meeting was held at the base of a large boulder brought down from the far North by glacial ice, and which, by the subsequent cutting and carving of territory, is now the northeast corner stone of Douglas Township. That was the first civil township organized in that part of the county.

Skunk River runs through that section, and there are also several small streams. It was, in the early days, a favorite resort for hunters and trappers, as fur-bearing animals abounded.

Bands of Pottawattamie and Musquakie Indians, the latter remnants of the Sauk and Foxes, who refused to go to Kansas when the tribes were removed from the reservation around Fort Des Moines, frequently visited it, and, though considered peaceable, they caused considerable uneasiness in the Settlement, which was isolated, being the farthest north in Skunk Valley, for they were sometimes impudent and threatening, especially if none of the male members of a settler's family were present. There was constant alarm among the women and children, who had little knowledge of Indians except as savages, for, however peaceable an Indian may be, when soaked with "fire water," he is mighty uncertain. With few exceptions, bucks, as well as squaws, would drink it if they could get it . "Whiskey" was usually the first word they learned to speak in English. The women and children could not be divested of their fears.

Isaiah probably has not forgotten the Winter of 1848, that of the deep snow and severe storms, in which occurred the only real Indian scare in Polk County, of which I have any knowledge, and

it occurred in his Settlement. The snow was so deep, and the blizzards so frequent, it was nearly impossible for settlers to communicate with one another, or get anywhere for several weeks. A band of Musquakies had camped near Cory's Grove; the snow and storms had prevented them getting game for food, and they only escaped starvation by begging from the settlers corn, potatoes, and the carcasses of farm animals that had died from exposure to the elements.

One day, they came to the Settlement greatly agitated and excited, declaring a large party of Sioux was coming to take them, and massacre the whole Settlement. They urged the settlers to flee and save their lives. So intensely vehement and excited were they, the settlers were of course greatly disturbed, though doubtful of immediate danger. But, soon after, they were shown a campfire some distance away, in the northwest, which was certain evidence of the approaching Sioux. Instantly, the Settlement was aroused, and hurried preparations were made for protection and safety. The women and children, with everything that could be used for defense, were gathered at the cabin of J. W. Cory, where they were soon joined by the Musquakies, who volunteered to help defend the garrison. Not long after, Sioux scouts were seen in the grove not far away, and the shrill war whoop was heard. The women and children, paralyzed with terror, huddled close to the floor in a corner of the cabin, expecting every moment to hear the crash and cry of onslaught, not daring to make a sound for fear of adding to the terror of the situation. Every few moments, something occurred to intensify the horror. The men had equipped themselves as best they could for defense, and were stationed at the most vulnerable points, prepared for the worst.

Early in the evening, the Musquakie begged that their squaws and papooses, left in the tepees some distance away, be taken into the house with the white women and children, but it was refused. They were finally permitted to go into a rail pen near the cabin, where they were covered with straw. The squaw movement was also another cause of alarm and suspense, fearing there was treachery in it.

The night wore on—a night of absolute horror and suspense no pen can describe, the memory of which time will not obliterate

from the minds of that little group. It was the longest night they ever passed.

Finally, when daylight began to dawn, and all was quiet, the Indians were charged with trickery, but they firmly denied it, declaring they had seen Sioux in the timber. Soon after, the squaws began to crawl out of the straw pile, and the chief's wife declared she had seen and heard the Sioux, whereupon one of the bucks, known as Mike, told her she lied, that she had not seen a Sioux. He turned to go away, when she quickly drew a knife and made a savage thrust at him, which he parried with his arm, and then struck her across the chest. She started to run away, when he siezed her, took her knife from her, and plunged it and his own knife into her back, and she fell to the ground. Mike then fled, but was pursued by the chief and his son, amid great excitement of the settlers and Indians. The trio had not gone far when the sharp crack of two rifles was heard. But Mike outwitted his pursuers by spreading out his blanket at one side, and the bullets went through the center of it, missing him. He surrendered, a pow wow was held, and, after a long talk, it was agreed that he give twelve ponies to the chief for the injuries to his squaw if she recovered; if she died, he was to give his life. She died not long after, in Four Mile Township, but Mike had made his get-away.

What the motive of the Indians was for their action will never be known, but the settlers were finally convinced that it was a scheme to frighten them from their homes, yet fearing more desperate means, even massacre, might follow, they at once ordered the Indians to leave the county, and never come back, with such positiveness and determination they went, and thus ended an event subsequently often recalled by the participants with humor, but to the actual terror, suffering and anguish of that one night, even massacre would not have added a single pang.

Life in the early days was fraught with many hardships and privations. Fever and ague were often prevalent, which would wrench and rack every bone in the body, debilitating the system, and making life miserable. The nearest physician was Doctor Grimmel, at The Fort, and to get him often required great exposure to the elements. Sometimes the flour sack got empty, and the

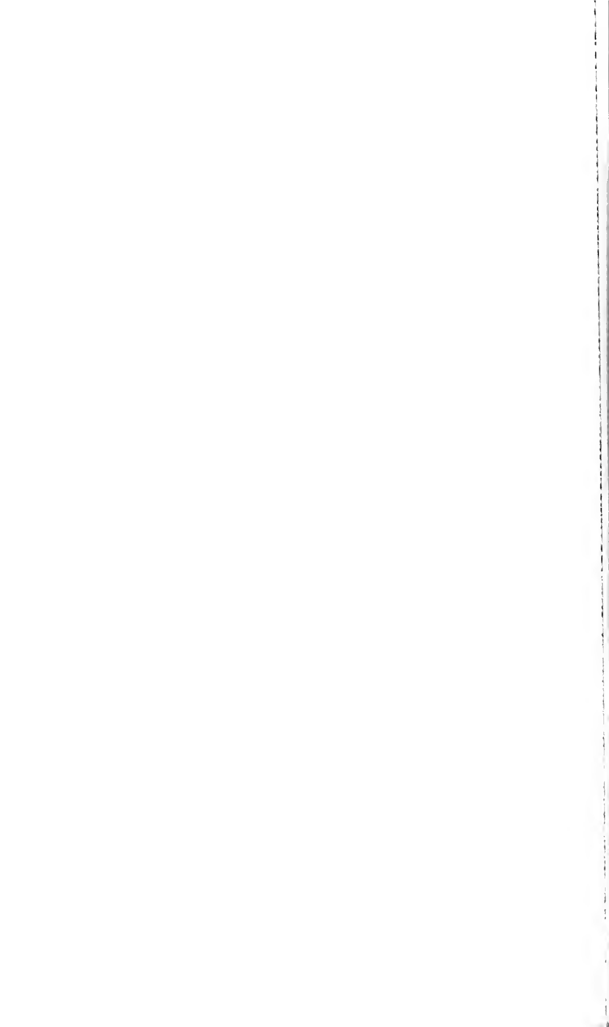
nearest mill was at Oskaloosa, sixty-two miles away, requiring a week to make the trip. "Meanwhile," said Isaiah one day, "we lived on 'coon and squash."

As Isaiah grew to manhood, he very early identified himself with every enterprise to improve the social condition of the community. The church and school were objects of his special endeavor. A man of kindly impulses, intelligence, business capacity, public-spiritedness, and integrity, he became one of the most progressive and substantial citizens of the county. He laid out and organized the old, or first, town of Elkhart, and boosted it with great energy as the nucleus of the new Seat of Government when it was removed from Iowa City. He was early elected Township Trustee, held the office fifteen years, and in the meantime the entire list of township offices from Constable to the highest, the duties of which he most faithfully executed six days in the week, and on the seventh preached the Gospel according to the Campbellite, or Christian, Church, of which he was an exemplary minister.

The log cabin in which he resided many years, and in which the United States Government Surveyors made their home when running the lines for civil townships, long ago was supplanted by a fine, commodious residence, which, with his broad, productive acres, splendid orchard of fifteen acres, and fine vineyard, formed the environments of a home gratifying to the taste of the most fastidious, and there he is passing the evening of his life, in contentment and repose, with the consciousness of duty well done, and the esteem of all who know him.

Politically, he is a Republican. He cast his first vote for President for Lincoln. In local affairs, the prevailing sentiment in his favor is so nearly unanimous, his consent to take a public office is all that is necessary.

April Twenty-second, 1906.



GUY K. AYERS

GUY K. AYRES

THE only living resident of Des Moines who was here when the Dragoons and Infantry comprising the garrison of Fort Des Moines were here, and saw them drilling nearly every day, is Guy K. Ayres, a pioneer from circumstances over which he had no control.

Born in Ohio, when twelve years old his father emigrated to Iowa, in 1843, going down the Ohio River to Saint Louis, thence up the Mississippi to Keokuk, thence by wagon to Fairfield, where he stopped for a time, thence to Ottumwa, until the early Fall of 1845, when, loading his family and household goods into a wagon, hauled them with oxen to Fort Des Moines, landing on the east bank of Des Moines River, a desolate and uninviting place, for there were but two dwelling-places between the river and the buildings of the Indian Agency, about two miles down the river, one that of W. H. Meacham, which stood on the bank of the river, near Grand Avenue, and that of Alex. Scott, which stood near the east end of the present Court Avenue bridge. Meacham had made a claim of one hundred and twenty acres extending from about where Walnut Street is, east to Capitol Hill and north to near the line of Des Moines Street. Scott had a claim for all south of that as far east as the starch works. The whole of that section was covered with timber and underbrush. The land was low and wet, especially that of Meacham's, and contained not a building thereon.

Meacham, being a man of genuine hospitality, took Ayres' family into his cabin, where they remained until the first detachment of infantry left the garrison, when they moved into the fifth cabin from the east end of 'Coon Row in the soldiers' quarters. Ayres being a good tailor, readily found employment as a tailor, and, with J. M. Thrift, the garrison tailor, did the tailoring for The Fort. In that cabin they lived until the cavalry, or Dragoons, as they were officially called, left, in 1846. The Dragoons were required

to gather up several bands of Indians who had straggled away up the Des Moines and 'Coon rivers, evidently expecting to escape being transferred to Kansas, where the other Indians had been taken. In February, Colonel Grier issued orders to round them up and bring them into The Fort. One lot was found about thirty miles up the Des Moines, and another on Skunk River. There were about three hundred of them. They were corralled down on the bottoms along the 'Coon, and put under guard, no white persons being allowed to communicate with them. Guy says they were a dilapidated looking lot. On March Eighth, the Dragoons started with them for Fort Leavenworth, and on the Tenth, Colonel Grier, with the remainder of the infantry, left The Fort, and the military post came to an end. Ayres then moved into the cabin vacated by Captain Allen, corner of Second and Elm.

Guy was a youngster in those days, and took notice of things. He says he remembers the location of every building as distinctly as though it were but yesterday, and that the diagrams of The Fort which have been printed in "Charley" Aldrich's *Annals*, Will. Porter's "History of Polk County," and the newspapers, purporting to have been drawn by the War Department at Washington, are not correct as to the location of the buildings, and especially the flagstaff. He says:

"One of the most attractive features of the garrison was the horses of the Dragoons. Captain Allen rode a beautiful white, full-blooded Arabian. He was a very small man, but a splendid horseman. He was a strict disciplinarian. When he made an order, every man in the garrison knew that it meant just what it said. There was no talking back, yet he was kind and generous-hearted. The Dragoons all rode bay horses, so near alike it was nearly impossible to distinguish them. So perfectly were they trained that when turned loose on the Commons, as they were frequently, they went at once through the regular drill as perfectly as though under the saddle and bridle, and then they would scatter.

"Colonel Grier was usually in command of The Fort. He was a large, athletic man, weighed over two hundred pounds, of genial temperament, and quite social with the youngsters. He lived in the first cabin of the row along Des Moines River. Captain Allen lived in the fourth cabin. There were five cabins in the row.

"There were but very few people here when the soldiers left, but soon after they began to come in rapidly, faster than living-places could be provided, as there were no saw mills in the county. The lumber for some of the first was brought from a mill in Marion County. I am quite certain the first log cabin put up by a settler was a little south of the corner of Third and Market streets. There were three large Sycamore trees near it. The photo of it has appeared in "Charley" Aldrich's *Annals,* other publications and newspapers as the house occupied by Colonel Grier, whereas he had left the country before it was built, and never saw it. The boarded addition was put on some time after its construction. It was standing as late as 1868. Opposite it, Thomas McMullen built a cabin, in 1847, of hewed logs, which was torn down about 1880.

"In 1849, there was an island in Des Moines River extending from near Court Avenue to a point just below the mouth of 'Coon River, and another large island about one-fourth of a mile lower down. Both were covered with a dense growth of large timber trees. On the upper island was a large Cottonwood, which, in 1851, was twisted and torn by the lightning strokes of that year, but it stood up until the islands themselves were washed away by the floods of the succeeding two years.

"The first brick business building in the town was erected by Doctor James Campbell, down at 'Coon Point, near the covered bridge, for an Eye and Ear Infirmary. It was three stories high. The first floor was used for dry and wet groceries, the wet groceries being dispensed from a bar, by the glass, at the rear end. The second floor was a billiard room and restaurant. The upper floor was a dancing hall. It was considered a very important improvement and extravagant investment of money. Some of the doings in that building would not be very proper reading for a family paper.

"In 1845, while the soldiers were here, food supplies for those outside of the garrison were sometimes short. Small quantities of flour could be bought of Benjamin Bryant, who was a Trader at the Trading Post, down the river about a mile and a half. The soldiers drew rations regularly and usually had some left over, which they would gamble away among themselves, and the fellow who won the pile would sell it to the settlers, which afforded the few families here then to get sugar, beans, and pickled pork."

Guy did not like tailoring; it was too confining, and he turned his attention to teaming, plowing, and whatever he could find to do. Early in 1846, his father made a claim for all the land on the flat from Eighth Street west to what was called Lyon Run, now Ingersoll Run, at Seventeenth Street, north to High Street, and south to 'Coon River, and fenced twenty acres west of Eighth Street, between Tenth and Twelfth streets, the original town having been platted to Eighth Street west. The rails for fencing were split from logs cut in the ravine between Eleventh and Twelfth on School. Guy hauled the rails and logs for the cabin.

Perry L. Crossman, the first Clerk of the county, pretended to hold a prior claim to the land, and when Ayres had his twenty acres fenced, Crossman took down an empty cabin which was down on the 'Coon bottoms, and put it up on Ayres' enclosure at Ninth and Market streets. The same night, Guy and his brother, David, another youngster, tore it down, their father being absent. The next morning, Crossman rebuilt it, and hired a man named Lacey to occupy it. The two boys saw him loading up his household goods to move in, when they, with their mother, hustled a lot of bedding, chairs, tables, etc., into a wagon and made a rush for the cabin, beating Lacey long enough to get installed and in possession. Lacey threatened to throw them out, but after a considerable bluster and threats which failed to scare the boys, he retired in good order. Soon after, the cabin was sold to Doctor P. B. Fagen.

In 1849, Ayres purchased seven hundred and twenty acres in Franklin Township, at what is known as Ayres' Grove, and began to cultivate a farm, but Guy concluded he wanted an education and remained in town. Hezekiah Fagen, who lived near what is now the corner of Thirty-first Street and University Avenue, asked him one day if he didn't want to go to school. If he did, he could come to his house, help the boys do the chores, and go to school. He accepted the offer. The only school available was a subscription school at Hickman Corners, one mile and a half north, through the timber and brush, kept in a rough log cabin. The seats were a long bench of split Linn timber placed along the wall, for the boys on one side and the girls on the other. It was heated by a large iron stove, the boys cutting the wood for it. The teacher was an

old man named Schneider. He taught Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, and Gray's English Grammar. A spelling school was held once a week, and there were some mighty good spellers in the school.

His next step toward an education was a term in Elder Nash's school in the Court House. He boarded with John Hays, who kept the Cottage House, at the corner of Fourth Street and Court Avenue, opposite *The Register and Leader* building, and did chores for his board.

In 1855, Guy's father came into town, purchased two hundred and twenty-one acres on the river bottom, back to the bluffs, cleared the bluffs of timber, and erected a two-story frame dwelling where the Benedict Home now is, and one day he asked Guy how he would like to go into the milling business. It suited him, but four hundred dollars was all the money he had. His father said that was enough. They formed a partnership, purchased the saw mill of Griffith, Stanton & Hoover, which was on the east side of the river, at the foot of Des Moines Street, moved it to the west side of the river, rebuilt it at the foot of North Street, and began to cut up the heavy timber which skirted the river on both sides. Logging was good business in those days. I think Ed. Clapp has not forgotten some log hauling he did to that mill. Slabs were used for fuel for the engine. They did not then know that coal was underlying the whole of Polk County. In 1857, the mill was sold to a man who could not pay for it. It was dismantled, sold in parcels, and a new flouring mill built where the Edison electric light plant now is, at the foot of Chestnut Street. It was burned in 1861.

Guy then began buying or building mills on his own account, starting at Iowa Center, thence to Swede Point, Moingona, Sheldahl, Missouri, and other places, including Seattle and Tacoma. He did the machinery engineering for the glucose works which G. M. Hippee, J. J. Towne, "Charley" Weitz, Doctor Eaton, and others started, at Eighth and Vine, on the West Side. He also invested several hundred dollars in the enterprise. The factory turned out good glucose, and promised a good market for corn, but the exhalations from it became so obnoxious to the residents in that section, it was closed as a nuisance. A site was then purchased

down where the starch works were, a four-story brick 160×140 erected, and the business resumed on a larger scale, but in 1883 went out of business.

During the thirty years building mills, or buying them and swapping them for farms, he has acquired a competency sufficient to enable him to take a rest, on Seventh Street, opposite Crocker School, without worry as to the crops or the money market. His principal diversion is to swap yarns with some old-timer downtown on a street corner.

May Sixth, 1906.

JUDGE CHARLES C. NOURSE

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AN early settler who has been prominently identified with the public affairs of the state, Polk County and Des Moines, is Charles Clinton Nourse, or "Charley," as everyboy in the state calls him—in fact, he says that's his name.

A Marylander by birth, he received his education principally from his father, who for fifty years was a prominent teacher, and in 1850, graduated from the Law Department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky. The year following, he decided to come West. Going down the river to Louisville, thence up the Mississippi, he landed at Burlington, where he was kindly received by the minister of the Methodist Church, of which he is a member. The Supreme Court then being in session there, he was taken to the hotel where the judges stopped, and introduced to them, of whom was Judge Joseph Williams, well known to old-timers as a man of "infinite jest," "a great joker, story-teller, and player on many musical instruments, especially the fiddle."

"Charley" was cordially received by the judges. During the visit, they learned that he held a sheepskin as a full-fledged lawyer, and Judge Williams wanted to see it. "Charley" promptly produced it, but not one of the judges could read it, as it was written in Latin, the judges in those days in Iowa being better versed in equity and justice than in dead languages. "Charley," however, read it to them in English. The next morning, a motion was made in court to admit him to practice in the state, and for a committee to examine him, whereupon Judge Williams said a committee was unnecessary, and directed the Clerk, James W. Woods, known to every lawyer in the state in those days as "Old Timber," to make out his certificate. He then decided to go to Keosauqua, in Van Buren County, and open a law office. It was the year of the big flood, when the valleys of the rivers were overflown as they never were before nor since. Communication between towns and villages,

which were mostly along the streams, was difficult, or was cut off entirely. He had trouble in getting to Keosauqua, being compelled to abandon the jerkey and foot it about ten miles through mud and water, arriving there in a very unpresentable condition, a stranger, with less than a dollar in his pocket. Applying for board in a private family, the housekeeper did not seem to like his appearance, and "turned him down," but he was kindly taken in by "Father" Shepherd, at his tavern, where he remained until he took to himself a housekeeper.

He very soon made himself known in the community, being a good mixer, always bubbling over with quaint humor, and the following year was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Van Buren County, and at once took rank with the leading lawyers of the time. A quasi prohibitory law then being in force, the Grand Jury of Lee County found a large number of indictments for violations of the law. C. J. McFarland, who subsequently became the notoriously noted Judge of the District Court of Polk County, was the Prosecuting Attorney. He was a lover of whiskey, and imbibed it freely. The uselessness of attempts to prosecute the violators through him was so apparent changes of venue were taken to Van Buren County, where "Charley" was known to be a relentless foe of whiskey, but at every term of court, McFarland came up, put in dilatory motions and pleadings, got the cases continued, until the court got tired of it, and wiped them from the docket, not one being tried.

In 1854, "Charley" began to get into politics, and was elected Chief Clerk of the Lower House of the Fifth General Assembly, in the old Capitol at Iowa City, the most notable event of which session was the retirement of the nestor of ancient Democracy, General Augustus Cæsar Dodge, from the United States Senate by substituting James Harlan, and the passage of the first prohibitory law in the state. It was a pivotal point in the politics of the state, and the Democrats, foreseeing their waning power, fought desperately for supremacy and the election of Dodge, but the Free Soil Whigs won out.

In 1856, "Charley" was elected a delegate to the Republican State Convention, which organized the Republican party in Iowa, and was also elected by the convention one of the secretaries.

At the session of the Sixth General Assembly, the last held at Iowa City, he was elected Secretary of the Senate. It was during that session the so-called "Black Laws" came into prominence. Up to that time, neither a negro, mulatto nor Indian was a competent witness in any court where a white man was a party to the action. A bill was introduced to repeal the law. The Democrats and Anti-Nebraska Whigs opposed it, and made desperate efforts to defeat it. As an indication of public sentiment at that time, for there were Anti-Nebraska Whigs right here in Polk County, at the August election, soon after the Legislature adjourned, Polk County voted sixty-five yeas to five hundred and fifty-seven nays to strike the word "white" from the Constitution and give the negro the right to vote. The proposition was defeated, but in 1880, the county voted again on the same proposition, giving three thousand and fifty-two yeas and six hundred and seventy-eight nays.

While "Charley" had no voice respecting these measures on the floor of the Senate, there was no bar to the expression of his opinions privately in the "Third House," and he usually had the courage of his convictions.

At the session of the Seventh General Assembly, the first held in Des Moines, January, 1858, he came as the hold-over Secretary of the Senate, to serve during the organization proceedings. He stopped at the old Grout House, which stood at the foot of Capitol Hill, on Walnut, where many of the Legislators domiciled, as they did not like floundering through the mud and ferrying across the river in the darkness to the West Side, the days being short, and no sidewalks nor bridges. Many times, the only way to get to the State House from the West Side was in boats. Some of the members placed cots in the garret of the rookery and slept there. It was a dismal change from the pleasant surroundings at Iowa City; but they were a wide-awake, gay old crowd, some of them subsequently acquiring national fame. There were among them Eliphalet Price, the star-gazer poet and notorious wag; "Old Timber" Woods, with his quaint ways and his foghorn voice; "Old Black Hawk" (Zimri Streeter), full of wit and humor; Sam. Kirkwood, J. B. Grinnell, James F. Wilson, W. W. Belknap, W. H. Seevers, B. F. Gue, George W. McCrary, and Ed Wright, none of whom

are now living. They lambasted the Town Council, and passed resolutions demanding the building of a sidewalk of two twelve-inch planks, one foot apart, from the river to the foot of the hill, which some of them, at times, could not have walked had they tried, or that they be furnished gum shoes or ponies to ride.

A couple of new members, without any experience as Legislators, had been placed on the Committee on Banking, and one day an old farmer in the back part of the hall arose and offered a resolution requesting the Committee on Banks to prepare a couple of bills on banks, and went into a long discussion of the powers and duties of the Legislature thereon, whereupon one of the new-comers said to the other: "Who is that old fellow? I am opposed to that resolution." "So am I," was the reply. "He is an old farmer; what does he know about banking? Let's have some fun with him." They soon learned that they had run up against Sam. Kirkwood. Though both of them subsequently became Judges of a District Court, they were a long time after often reminded of their "fun with that old farmer."

One day, a minister from Nebraska happened to be in the Lower House, and the Speaker invited him to make the opening prayer, which he did, to-wit: "Father of all good, bless this grand, young state with righteous laws, with an undefiled religion, with good women, true men, pure water, and a sound currency. Amen!"

So soon as the Legislature was organized, "Charley" went over to the House to take the place of the Chief Clerk elect, who was sick, where he remained until the Clerk's convalescence. He also remained some time after to assist in promoting the interests of the people down the river in securing the completion of the Slack Water Navigation project, and getting a move on the Navigation Company, whose chief purpose seemed to be to do nothing.

In March, 1858, he decided to make the Capital his future home, and, with his wife in a buggy, his household goods hauled by a pair of mules, after four days' wrestle with horrid roads, arrived on Saturday, and unloaded themselves into two rooms of a small frame house which stood on the southwest corner of Sixth and Locust, at twenty dollars a month rental. The next day, he and his wife lay in bed all day enjoying a vigorous shaking up

with "Fever'nager," without food or drink, except a cup of tea which Mrs. R. L. Tidrick brought them late in the day, she having followed the custom of the early settlers to "stand not upon the order of their going," but introduce themselves to new-comers at once.

Immediately, he formed a partnership with Judge W. W. Williamson, and entered into an active practice of his profession.

In 1859, Sam. Kirkwood was a candidate for Governor against Augustus Cæsar Dodge. "Charley," who was a power on the political stump, and a crowd-getter, took the field for Kirkwood. One of the leading issues of the campaign was that of eleomosynary institutions. The Democrats were united in opposition to the alleged extravagance of the Republicans in ordering public buildings, especially the Insane Asylum at Mount Pleasant, which had been commenced. Dodge and his friends vigorously opposed any more being expended on it, declaring it was an extravagant waste of the people's hard-earned dollars; that there would not be enough crazy people in the state of Iowa to fill the enormous building in one hundred years. "Charley" punctured their sophistry with that pungent wit, sarcasm, and ridiculosity which made him famous as a stump orator, citing them to the only public building they had given the people, an inadequate Penitentiary at Fort Madison.

In 1860, he was elected Attorney General, and during his term he wound up the tangled claims of the state known as the "Eads defalcation," or "Eads Fund Claim."

When the association was formed by the East Siders to get the State House located on that side of the river, a large number of lots, including that on which the old and new Capitol were built, were put into a pool to secure the location. The State Commissioners having fixed the site, after being liberally bonused, as the West Siders alleged, the pool had a number of lots left, but no money. John D. Eads, then Superintendent of Public Instruction, was persuaded to loan the pool, without lawful authority, from the Public School Fund, the money necessary to built the State House, for which a blanket mortgage was given on the lots in the pool. The building was turned over to the state as partial payment of the loan some time later, and practically went into bankruptcy.

"Charley" foreclosed the mortgage on what lots could be identified, and secured several thousand dollars to reimburse the School Fund, but the debt was never paid, and was carried on the records of the State Treasurer for nearly twenty years, when it was finally ordered stricken from the record by the Legislature.

In 1860, "Charley" was selected one of the thirty-two delegates to represent Iowa in the Republican National Convention, at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President and organized the National Republican Party. It was the largest and most imposing body of statesmen ever assembled in a political convention in this country.

In 1862, he was reëlected Attorney General, and served two years.

In 1865, Judge Gray, of the District Court, deceased, and "Charley" was appointed to fill the vacancy. The following year occurred the memorable contest between the friends of John A. Kasson and General G. M. Dodge, respecting the nomination for Congressman, in which the most bitter animosities were engendered between citizens, even in social life. "Charley," who was of positive temperament, and not afraid to express his opinions, gave his influence to Dodge, who was nominated by the Congressional Convention. The Judicial Convention to nominate a candidate for Judge to fill the vacancy convened two days later. "Charley" was the logical candidate, and by the customary rule he would have received the nomination without opposition, but the friends of Kasson were angry; they packed the convention; they freely admitted his eminent fitness for the place, but they were determined to avenge the treatment given to Kasson, and H. W. Maxwell, of Warren County, was nominated, when "Charley" at once resigned and returned to the practice of law, which he found vastly more remunerative than office-holding.

In 1876, he was selected by the Governor to deliver the address responsive for the State of Iowa at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. It was an eloquent, masterly exposition of the birth, rise and achievements of one of the youngest states of the Union, tersely told, in which he cited the monarchies of the Old World to Iowa as the center of the diadem of new states born of their own

enterprise and tutored at their own hearthstones. Twenty thousand copies of the address were printed by the state for distribution.

In 1877, Simpson College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

In 1884, occurred one of the most exciting events in the history of the state. It was the removal by Governor Sherman of John L. Brown from the office of Auditor of State, and the appointment of J. W. Cattell to the place. Brown, a man of iron will and determination, refused to vacate. The official business of the office became disrupted, for the Governor would recognize no act of Brown, who would listen to no proposition for adjustment of the trouble, which included his ouster. The Governor then ordered Adjutant General Alexander to remove him and take possession of the office. The whole body politic of the state was instantly aroused, for the Governor and Brown were both war veterans, well known and popular.

Alexander called out a company of the National Guard to execute the order and take possession of Brown's office, which was on the second floor of the State House. The Guards were composed of young men, some of them mere striplings, but they obeyed the orders. Brown resisted, but he was seized bodily and carried out of the building, and guards placed at the stairway with orders not to allow him to pass.

One day, I was standing near the guard at the head of the stairway, when I saw "Charley" slowly threading his way upward, his head bowed in deep meditation of the why and wherefore of the thusness, when he was greeted with a command to halt. Looking up, he saw a little, dapper fellow about five feet high, I think his name was Parker, armed and equipped according to law. "Charley" said he was the attorney for Mr. Brown, and must see him, and, with a broad, ironical smile on his face at the ludicrousness of the attempt of the little five-footer to stop him, started ahead, only to look straight into the front end of a big gun, with the warning that he would get its contents if he didn't stop. There was no chance for an argument, and he retired in good order, but he won out in the end, for Brown was finally acquitted of the charges against him.

He is public-spirited, always ready to aid any enterprise for the public welfare. For temperance and prohibition, he has been a strenuous and powerful advocate.

Religiously, he has ever been a pillar of the Methodist Church; is a believer in Divine Providence, so firm that he once declared in a public speech that the State of Iowa was the exemplification of the fulfillment of a great and divine purpose—that it was not an accident.

Socially, he is genial, humorous, conservative, loves a good story, spices his speeches often with witticism, sarcasm, and with *entendre,* or causticity which stings.

During the past few years, he has retired from active business because of an affection of the eyes, which has nearly enshrouded him in darkness, and on his Fern Hill farm, at the north city limits, is spending his days in quietude and reflection of a life well directed and approved by a people with whom he has lived.

May Thirteenth, 1906.

ELIJAH CANFIELD

ONE of the pioneers of Polk County who impressed his personality upon its civic affairs was Elijah Canfield. A Pennsylvanian by birth, he came here in 1845, and located a farm on the wild, wide prairie in Democrat Township. In 1848, the name was changed to Camp Township, which then embraced nearly the whole of the eastern part of the county. The only saw mill in the county was Parmelee's, ten miles down the river, and lumber was scarce. He built a log cabin sixteen feet square, with a rude fireplace at one end, constructed of stones gathered in the neighborhood, and a chimney of sticks, the whole plastered with mud clay from the land. Greased paper was used for the windows instead of glass, old boxes for tables and shelving.

The first settlements in the new country were made along the rivers, to get the benefit of timber belts skirting them for logs for lumber, fence rails, and fuel, hence it is the principal cities and towns to-day are along rivers. The prairie settler was therefore deprived of those accessories, added to which was the isolation, his nearest neighbor often being miles away.

With energy and faith in the future, Canfield began to turn up the soil and build a home—he was a home-builder of the true type. So soon as he had completed his cabin, he started a church, and organized the first class of the Methodist Church in that township. So soon as the church was started, Canfield organized a School District, the first in the township.

In 1847, he removed to Four Mile Township, and during the Fall, built the first schoolhouse in that township. It was 16×24 feet, a rude affair, but it served the purpose. Each settler furnished their pro rata number of logs for it. Benches, desks, and tables were improvised from the native timber. A teacher was employed by voluntary subscriptions, there being no organized school districts.

Canfield was greatly troubled by wolves, the timber being full of them. They had a hankering for his pigs and calves, and so frightened his children, they hardly ventured to go to school. There was one large, wild-eyed ferocious brute which became especially annoying, and one moonlight evening he discovered it cautiously approaching a pile of straw in which the pigs were sleeping. Taking his shotgun, he stealthily got within a few paces of the thief, so intent upon its quest for pork it did not heed the coming danger. There was a puff and a bang, and the pest of the settlement was put out of business.

In 1846, the turning up of the prairie soil released the miasma therein, and Fever and Ague was epidemic. There were not enough well persons to care for the sick. It was not uncommon for the doctor who visited families to be taken with chills and have to go to bed with the sick until the paroxysm passed away. To see a strong, robust man shaking so violently as to make the floor tremble —and the experience repeated until he became a physical wreck— was a familiar picture to many of the pioneers.

There were also other menaces to the peace and comfort of the early settlers. Skunks destroyed their poultry, rabbits killed their young fruit trees by gnawing the bark and tender roots, rattlesnakes were so numerous as to make it unsafe to hunt cattle through the tall grass without a club or some weapon for defense. An old-timer relates that he stopped over night once with a couple of bachelors who had taken a claim on the prairie. They prepared a good supper, but he noticed that they ate nothing, and asked if they were sick. "No," was the reply, "but we killed two hundred and twenty-five rattlesnakes this afternoon, and the smell of them rather upset our appetites."

Cornmeal and flour in those days were the most frequent source of deprivation. Of meat, bacon was the staple, but the timber and groves abounded with deer, turkeys, and wild pigeons; the streams with fish, the prairies with quail and chickens. As late as 1855, Robert Powers drove into Dubuque, in February, with one thousand prairie chickens, one thousand quail, one thousand rabbits, eight deer, five wolves, and two bears. It was not uncommon for settlers to shoot game from their cabin doors. The prairie chicken is nearly extinct.

"They have scattered from the meadow,
They drum no more—
Those splendid Spring-time pickets!
The sweep of the share and sickle has thrust them from the hills.
They have scattered from the meadow
Like the partridge in the thickets;
They have perished from the sportsman who kills, and kills, and kills."

At certain seasons, the wild, or passenger, pigeons made their appearance in flocks of millions, breaking down trees on which they roosted while making a stop to get food. They have now become extinct in this state. The last flight was in the Spring of 1868. There were lines of them stretching out on the skyline as far as the eye could reach, and lasting for several days. Not only have animals and birds succumbed to Civilization, but some of our trees. I do not refer to those used for lumber or building. All over the city, where lots have been improved by grading, cutting, and digging, you will find the dead and dying Black Oak.

In 1847, John D. Parmelee, who had started a mill about ten miles down the river, to saw lumber for the barrack buildings at The Fort, added machinery to grind corn. Canfield was there when it started, and saw the first bushel of grain ground in Polk County. A year later, stone buhrs were added to grind wheat, but there was no bolting machinery, and the farmer's wife had to do the bolting at home.

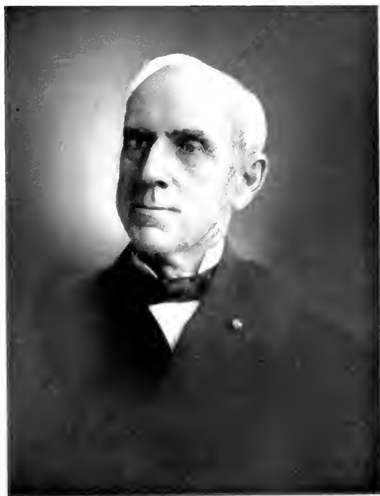
In 1850, Canfield sold his farm and took another new one in Clay Township, then a part of Beaver Township, where he established a home which became one of the finest in the county, and where he passed the remainder of his days. On the farm is the oldest orchard in the county. As elsewhere, his first work in the township was to organize a church and a School District. He was intensely public-spirited and active in civic affairs in the township and county. A man of good, common sense and judgment, business capacity, and strict integrity, he logically became the choice of the township for places of trust, hence he was repeatedly elected Justice of the Peace, Township Assessor, and Treasurer—in fact,

he held some public office continually after coming to the county, not because he wanted them, but the people would not let him refuse. His public duties brought him so frequently to Des Moines, he became a familiar personage, and well known to everybody.

Politically, he was a Whig, but not an active partisan. His neighbors and townsmen waived his politics, however. Had he been a Democrat, he could have had some of the best offices in the county, for he was very popular, but in those days the Democrats did not believe a Whig had any right to hold a public office, and Barlow Granger and his confederates made it certain during the first decade that they did not get any. The devices and schemes to that end were at least peculiar, if not suspicious. If the contest was close or doubtful, a laggard poll list from a way-back precinct would come in, be counted and settle the majority.

Socially, Canfield was genial, hospitable, and of kindly temperament. His home was always the resort of old settlers, where they found warm hearts and generous welcome. He was a highly esteemed member of the Pioneer Settlers' Association. His nobility of character, purity of aspirations, cleanliness of life, devotion to country, and obedience to God, made him a man in the true sense of the word, and of inestimable value during the formative period of county affairs.

March Fourth, 1906.



JUDGE GEORGE G. WRIGHT

JUDGE GEORGE G. WRIGHT

WHEN the heart pulsation ceased, and the surcease of life came to George G. Wright, the state, Polk County, and the City of Des Moines parted with one more widely known and intimately connected with their history than any other person. Born in Indiana, crippled in early childhood by a severe attack of Rheumatism, cut off from all the sports of boyhood, he found compensation therefor in books. Each county in the state then had authority to select two worthy young persons for free tuition in the State University. They were usually dubbed charity students by the "regulars," and young Wright was accordingly ranked in that class, but, undaunted, he studiously and zealously took on the task before him, graduated with high honors at the age of nineteen, then read law with his brother, was admitted to the Bar in 1840, and in September of that year went down the Wabash and Ohio rivers, up the Mississippi, landed at Burlington, thence by stage to Keosauqua, which contained a few log houses, and had just been made the County Seat of Van Buren County. The country was sparsely settled, and presented poor encouragement to a young, ambitious person, but strenuously optimistic, he looked ahead. He was energetic, industrious, social, and of that temperament which wins friends, esteem, confidence, and, in 1846, he was appointed by the court Prosecuting Attorney for the county.

In 1846, he was nominated for delegate to the Territorial Council, which made the first Constitution of the state. His opponent was the father of his wife, Thomas Dibble, an old-fashioned Democrat of the Bourbon type, who didn't believe a Whig had any right to hold a public office. The district comprised Davis, Appanoose and Van Buren counties. Wright was a Whig, and there were not enough Whigs in the district to elect a Corporal's Guard, but his Van Buren friends expected him to pull through, the other counties being sparsely settled. He took the field, made the contest,

shook hands with the voters, "jollied" the women and children, and returned home declaring he had the promise of every voter in Appanoose County, but was a little in doubt about Davis. When the returns came in, of the twenty-six votes cast in Appanoose County, he received one. He immediately wrote the chairman of the Canvassing Board to send him the name of the man who cast that one vote, declaring he would send him a dress for his wife. He never found the man, but he used to say sixteen different men claimed the dress, and he was ready always to give it to the right person.

In 1848, he was elected State Senator from Van Buren County for four years, which included the Second and Third General Assemblies. Most of the members at both sessions were hard money Democrats, or Loco Focos, as the Whigs called them, from an incident which occurred in Tammany Hall, New York. The meeting got into a furious row, the chairman fled from the hall, and the lights were suddenly extinguished to break it up, but some standpatters re-lighted the lamps with loco foco, or lucifer matches, which had just come into use. In the Harrison campaign, in 1840, the nickname was universal. A tobaconist got out a cigar with a match stuck in one end for lighting it, which he called the Loco Foco Cigar.

The Democrats, true to their hard-money proclivities, passed a law prohibiting banking by any person, association, or corporation, or creating any paper to circulate as money, but neglected to prohibit the circulation of foreign bank notes. The result was, the state became flooded with rotten, worthless, foreign stuff, the gold and silver was "salted down" by every person who could get a dollar, mechanics worked month after month without seeing a piece of metallic coin, culminating in the financial crash of 1857, which strewed the country with commercial and industrial wrecks.

They also passed the so-called prohibitory law, which abolished saloons, but provided for the sale of whiskey the same as tea, coffee, and codfish, by which came the ubiquitous "county grocery" of that day, the authority to keep a grocery being granted by the County Commissioners.

It was at the third session all the un-laid-out portion of the state was parceled into sixty counties and named. The contest for names

was spirited, and for once George, who had become quite noted for his parries and repartees to the witticisms of his confreres, got stumped. When "Wright" was suggested as the name for one county, several senators at once wanted to know what "Wright" was intended. Senator Leffingwell, the leader of the Democrats, with a twinkle in his eye, arose and moved that the name "Wright" be stricken out, "for," said he, "I understand the suggestion was made in honor of the Senator from Van Buren. He is a very young man, and we don't know what he may sometime be guilty of." George was stumped, and failed to respond to the remark, when another member announced the honor was intended for a brother of George G.

The most important work of that session was the compilation of the first Code, involving the putting in statutory form the unwritten law on many subjects, and reconstructing the entire judiciary system. Judge Casady, who was the Senator from Polk County, says Judge Mason and Wright made that Code; that Wright worked day and night upon it, and when, toward the end of the fifty-day limit of the session—their pay was two dollars a day for fifty days and one dollar a day thereafter—opinion was expressed that an extra session would be necessary to finish the Code, Wright took the floor and declared he would never consent to adjourn until it was completed and passed, and he held the members to it sixteen days at one dollar a day. Two of the measures in it, specially prepared by Wright, were those abolishing imprisonment for debt, and the homestead exemption, both of which are in force to-day practically as he wrote them.

In 1850, he was nominated for Representative in Congress in that district, which comprised the south half of the state, and overwhelmingly Democratic. His opponent was Bernhart Henn, a good friend of his. They traveled the district together, and slept in the same bed. The Des Moines River Improvement scheme was the all-absorbing subject of public thought; it permeated the whole politics of the state. Every candidate for public office was measured by his zeal in its behalf, so it was the main effort of Henn and Wright to show their superior faith and effort in the project, and many laughable stories they used to tell of their campaign.

Wright said Henn would wake him up in the night, shouting in his sleep: "I am loyal to the Des Moines Improvement," and one day they were riding along when Henn saw a man at work in the field. Both started after him to get his vote, but Wright being lame, Henn beat him, hurrahing for the river improvement as he went, only to find the man a dummy set up to scare crows. Wright was defeated, and he used to say it was because Bernhart knew every Democrat in the district, could call them by their "front" names, and he couldn't.

In 1854, when not thirty-five years old, his legal ability and popularity prompted the Whigs to select him as their candidate for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. His opponent was Edward Johnston, the strongest man in the Democratic party. In the joint convention of the Legislature, that then being the body to fill the place, he received fifty-three votes and Johnston forty-five. He was continuously reëlected for fifteen years.

During his service on the bench, the entire judiciary system of the state was changed. The most abstruse and intricate questions, involving vast interests of the state, corporations, and individuals, ever before that court, were solved, and precedents established which have been accepted and confirmed by the highest tribunals of the Nation. In fact, the present jurisprudence of the state rests upon the foundation laid by Judge Wright and his early associates, Woodward, Isbell, Stockton, Lowe, Dillon, and Cole.

The opinions of Judge Wright, running through the first thirty volumes of the Iowa Reports, are deemed models of perspicuity, clearness, and soundness. One of his notable decisions was respecting the running of hogs at large. Under an Act passed by the Legislature in 1857, the first local option law in the state, a case was taken up to his court on the constitutionality of the law, the appellant claiming the law was unconstitutional on the ground that it was class legislation, giving hogs the right to go where they pleased in one county and not in another county. The Judge held that hogs were not necessarily "equal before the law," that is, the law need not affect all hogs alike; that as the law had provided where the people of a county—and every county had the same privilege—had voted for or against hogs running at large, the law was

constitutional as a police regulation. That decision established the rule of local option.

In 1855, the Judge came to Des Moines, and soon after, with Judge Cole, organized the Iowa Law School. The first class consisted of twelve, and I venture to say no class ever received so complete, liberal, and valuable instruction as that. Judge Wright was a favorite of young men, and had the happy faculty, possessed by very few, of expressing his views in attractive form. He strove to impress upon the class his ideal of moral and professional rectitude, and sound fundamental principles of the science of law. To him, shystering and so-called sharp practice was abhorrent. I recall one day when he said: "While it is the duty of a lawyer to protect the interests of his client and secure the verdict of a jury, with all his power, he should never resort to trickery, but keep within the law and the facts. Above all things, never attempt to deceive the court, for nothing will so utterly degrade you, and destroy your standing." An apt illustration of this occurred soon after, in the United States District Court here, before Judge Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, well known to old-timers as a rigid disciplinarian. Every member of that law class, I think, was present. The case before the court was a very important one, involving intricate points of law, multifarious individual interests, and millions of money. Mr. ——, a very prominent attorney, in his argument, made a statement to which the Judge quickly retorted: "Mr. ——, do you state that as a proposition of law?" The attorney started again, when the Judge curtly cut him off with, "Mr. ——, the court knows all the law in this case; take your seat." The effect of the rebuke upon the lawyers present was intensely manifest.

In 1868, the Iowa Law School became the Law Department of the State University, and its graduates alumni of the University. Judge Wright continued with the school until June, 1896, when he gave his last lecture.

In 1870, the Judge retired from the court, and, yielding to the importunities of his friends in the south half of the state, became a candidate for United States Senator. His opponent was William B. Allison, who had been four times elected to the Lower House.

His friends claimed he was logically entitled to promotion, but the popularity of the Judge was irresistible, and he was elected on the first ballot, which probably no other man in the state could have secured. He served six years, on four important committees, and declined a re-nomination, which ended his public office-holding.

During his many years in public office, he was often pressed into service in civic affairs not political. In 1860, he was elected President of the State Agricultural Society, and during his four terms, by his good judgment and wise counsel, the Society was put on the road to the high place it now occupies.

In 1879, he was elected a director of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company, which place he held during his life.

In 1882, he was elected President of the Polk County Savings Bank, and President of the Security Loan and Trust Company, which places he held until his decease.

In 1885, he was elected President of the American Bar Association, in honor of his nobility as a jurist, statesman, and citizen, and served two years.

He was the founder of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association, and at its permanent organization, in 1892, was elected its President. He held the place so long as he lived. It was in that relation he had the most enjoyment of all the multifarious associations of his eventful life. He knew all the members, called them by their "front" names, and they knew him. At the reunions of those survivors of pioneer days, when were recounted the events of early days, the contests, political and otherwise, the success and defeats, their incidents, and as a body, in genuine good fellowship, all old animosities forgotten and forgiven, the Judge, with his rich fund of anecdotes, witticisms, and happy repartee to the cute thrust of some fellow, made the occasions a source of solid enjoyment.

The very last letter he wrote was to one of the officers respecting an approaching reunion, in which he expressed joyous anticipation of its coming, but the twilight portending the coming night was already about him, and before the assemblage met he had ceased to be.

During the Civil War period, incapacitated from military service by lameness, he sustained the Government by every possible

means, and many a soldier and his family found him a friend when needed. In recognition of his patriotic service, the Military Order of the American Legion of Honor made him a member of the Third Degree, one of the only three civilians on whom the degree has been conferred, the others being James Harlan and William B. Allison.

Politically a Whig, until the Republican party was organized, he never sought a political office. His forty years' holding of public office and of fiduciary trusts was in response to the spontaneity of public demand, regardless of politics.

Socially, he was the embodiment of all that is good and ennobling in social life. His sympathies embraced all human interests. His hold upon the hearts of the people was marvelous. At social functions, he was always a favorite; at banquets, as toastmaster or after-dinner speaker, he had few equals. In fact, he was preeminent in the social life of the entire state. In every department of civic life, he exemplified the highest type of manhood, an inspiration to the young, and the pride of the Commonwealth.

By profession of faith, he was a Methodist, but his broad, catholic spirit accepted and cherished the Christianizing influence of all denominations.

His home was the reflection of his beautiful nature. Within its portals there was love, content, and happiness.

He deceased January Eleventh, 1896.

June Third, 1906.

JOHN L. SMITH

JOHN L. SMITH

A CONSPICUOUS and familiar personage around town in the early days of Fort Des Moines was John L. Smith. A native of Cazenovia, New York, when sixteen years old, he was forced by the circumstances of a widowed mother to look out for himself. Being of migratory temperament, he entered the service of the American Fur Company, owned by John Jacob Astor, of New York, as disbursing agent and trader, the headquarters of the company being in Chicago. He went to the Lake Superior Country, where he remained several years, trafficking with Chippewa and Winnebago Indians, during three years of which he did not see the face of a white man. It was hazardous business, as he had to travel through the wilderness on horseback, carrying large sums of gold and silver from one post to another. The Chippewas and Winnebagos often got at war with each other, and he was liable to get mixed up in it through suspicion of being more friendly to one side than the other, and so he did, for he was several times wounded in their combats.

Subsequently, he traversed the country westward from Chicago, trading with the Sauks and Foxes. He crossed Des Moines River when there was not a white settler in what is now Iowa.

Fur buying in those days was an extensive business. The furs were usually floated in canoes down rivers to the lake, and thence by vessels to Chicago. Sometimes wagons, several of them, were required. When a river was reached, the wagon box was removed from the running part, and the furs floated across therein.

He became thoroughly conversant with Indian character, and learned to speak their language fluently; in fact, he became a "heap big che-mo-ka-man" (pale face) among them.

Tiring of the business in 1840, he went to Ohio, where he rejoined his mother, and engaged in manufacturing fanning mills until May, 1854, when he came to Fort Des Moines, purchased two

lots near what is now the northwest corner of Eighth and Walnut, "out in the country," and built a commodious one-story-and-a-half seven-room frame house, entirely of Black Walnut lumber, hauled on wagons from Davenport. When the house was completed, it was furnished with furniture purchased in Cincinnati, and shipped by steamboats, arriving here on the *Clara Hine,* which tied up at 'Coon Point. Some of the furniture was Rosewood, upholstered with fine haircloth, and is in use to-day in the home of two daughters on West Ninth Street.

The house completed and furnished, his family arrived in October, and became an integral part of the little community widely scattered over the plateau between the two rivers, and also proverbial for their hospitality and good cheer. Their latchstring was never "pulled in." For seven years, John A. Kasson made that house his home with the family, and, being a man of public affairs, it was the headquarters for politicians. Frequently, on Sunday, my wife and I used to go there from our boarding-place, where the Morgan House now is, straight through the weeds, across the Commons, for a social chat.

Like all settlers in those days, the family adapted themselves to circumstances. Although the father was a good provider, the larder sometimes got short, especially of fruit and meat. The greatest scarcity was fruit, Mrs. Smith often saying she could get nothing but wild crab apples for preserving, and wild plums for "plum butter." For meat, Hiram Y., their oldest boy, who was a wide-awake, hustling youngster, and who subsequently became prominent in county and state affairs, was equal to the occasion. He set traps along the bluff north of what is now High Street, and every morning, before breakfast, he would go to his traps and gather up an ample supply of quail or prairie chickens. His biggest catches were made on the spot where the Congregational Church now stands.

In 1869, Smith built a two-story frame house at Tenth and Walnut, and abandoned the old one.

This house boasted of the first plate-glass front door in Des Moines. The house sat well back from the street in those days, was a pretentious affair, and was one of the show places of Des

Moines, but it was never so cherished a place as the old home, with its treasured memories, in which the first formal invitational dinner of ham and eggs was served in the town. Mr. Smith, hearing of the first importation of several dozen eggs and a ham from Keokuk, cornered the market and shared the dinner with his friends, who lived "within a few doors." Hoyt Sherman was summoned from his home at Sixth and Walnut, where the Utica Building now is. The Robertson family was living at the site of the Chase & West Block, and Mrs. Mills (now Mrs. E. R. Clapp) from around the block on Eighth Street, and as many more as were in personal invitation distance. The first cornmeal mush ever served in Des Moines was held as a highly prized dish for the same company, on another occasion. Mr. Smith received the first sack brought from Keokuk. Mush was all that was served, and the partakers never forgot that meal.

During the Summer, while he was building the old house, he purchased two lots on Walnut Street, where the Wabash ticket office now is, the price paid I have forgotten, but he traded them to John O'Connor for a pair of "onery" mules and a wagon, and "doubled his money," he used to say.

His first business venture was a general store on Second Street, near Vine, with H. R. Lovejoy's store on one side and J. M. Griffith's store on the other. Disliking indoor labor, he soon sold out, and was employed by the United States Land Office for some time in locating lands in the western and northwestern part of the state.

His next venture was the marble business, in which he gained an extensive reputation throughout Central Iowa by his genial, happy temperament, though engaged in a rather sombre enterprise.

He also had the contract for setting the poles of the Western Union Telegraph Company along the Rock Island Road, when their lines were built. In 1866, he was appointed Indian Agent for the Otoe and other Indian tribes in Gage County, Nebraska, to adjust some trouble between them and Uncle Sam. His long experience with Indians enabled him to secure unexpectedly friendly relations with them. He held the place until President Grant superseded the Quaker policy then in force in Indian affairs, which being interpreted, meant that a "good Indian was a dead Indian."

In 1870, he started a grocery store on Walnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh, but very soon got the migratory fever again—being subject to Asthma, he wanted more air—and he went on the road for the large printing house of Mills & Company, and made the circuit of the County Clerks throughout the country. On one of these trips, in May, 1874, his team became frightened, and, when crossing the railroad track about three miles west of Stuart, he was thrown out, receiving fatal injuries.

Socially, he was of cheerful, sunny temperament, companionable, possessed great strength of will, had the courage of his convictions, yet won and retained the friendship of others to a remarkable degree. His integrity was never questioned. Though of ponderous physique, he was always active and busy. In social affairs, his labor and influence were given to every moral and educational movement to promote the weal of the community. The home, the church, and the school were with him the only sure foundation of good government.

Religiously, he was a Baptist of the Saint John type. When the first church was organized, and the building of a meeting-house was started on Mulberry Street, where George Dimmitt now sells hardware, he gave many days of manual labor with Elder Nash and W. A. Galbraith, with hammer, saw, plane, axe, and trowel, helping the project along. His home was one of generous hospitality, and during church conventions of his faith it was a favorite resort for brethren.

He was an active and earnest member of the Old Settlers' Association.

Politically, he was a radical Abolitionist and Whig, and everybody knew it. He was not a politician, and took little or no part in politics, yet, through the good offices and friendship of Kasson, he was several times given a public trust, which he executed with strict fidelity and credit to himself.

May Twenty-seventh, 1906.

JOHN M. DAVIS

JOHN M. DAVIS

LIVING over on the East Side, very quietly, on Easy Street, undisturbed by the price of flour, cornmeal, potatoes, the uncertainty of Packingtown products, or the tax collector, in a house which was built on the installment plan, when there wasn't lumber enough to build a house complete, can be found John M. Davis, an old-timer, who made his advent to the town with the archives of the state, when they were removed from Iowa City, in 1857, which was an important epoch in the history of the town and county.

Born in Ohio, John, in 1854, got the Western fever, went down the Ohio River, up the Wabash, thence by stage coach to Iowa City, where he entered the service of George McCleary, Secretary of State, as his Deputy. There he remained until the expiration of McCleary's term, in 1856, and also of his successors, Elijah Sells, in 1863, and Doctor James Wright, in 1867, when he became the Deputy of the Register of the State Land Office, where he remained —except one year—until the office was abolished, in 1883, as a separate department of the Government, but he was retained as Chief Clerk in the office until 1891. During all these years, he was considered and accepted as the main spoke in the wheel of the Government machine. During his service in the Land Office, the business was immense, requiring the most expert management.

In November, 1857, orders were given to remove the archives of the state to Des Moines. It was a big job. There were all the records of the offices of the Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and Superintendent of Public Instruction, and four large safes with their contents. There were no railroads, the route a wide expanse of unbroken country, some of the roads mere blind trails, and streams with no bridges.

It fell to the lot of John to do the packing of the contents of the Secretary's office, which, causing him the most concern, was the

returns of the October election of Governor and Lieutenant Governor, it being the first election of a Lieutenant Governor in the state. The returns were sent in sealed envelopes from the several counties, to be delivered to the Speaker of the House on the assemblying of the Legislature, in January. They had not all been received, and John did not want to take any risk in their getting lost or mislaid, so, in accordance with the old adage that "one move is as bad as a fire," he put the returns in his trunk with his clothing and sat on the lid.

Martin L. Morris, a Des Moines man, for many years an associate editor of the Democratic papers of that day, as Treasurer and Custodian of State Property, contracted with a man named Bowen to haul the contents of the four offices to Des Moines. The roads were bad, and progress was slow. On reaching Four Mile Creek, a severe storm of wind and snow arose, rendering further movement of the big treasury safe impossible. It was dumped overboard, to wait the abatement of the storm. It contained a large amount of money, but there was little or no danger of burglary. It was provided with a good combination tumbler lock, and only the Treasurer and his Deputy knew the combination, but the boys were interested in its arrival, for the payment of their preceding month's salary depended on it. The Secretary's safe, a smaller one, also had a similar lock, the combination of which John carried in his head.

After the storm was over, a team of ten yoke of oxen and a big bobsled was made up in town, and the safe hauled to the State House through mud and slush, the snow having melted.

Colonel Hooker, Superintendent of the Great Western Stage Company, proffered the four state officers free transportation. It was his special pride to "do things" on occasions, and early on a clear, cold Friday morning, November Sixth, 1857, he ordered out the best coach at the station, four fine horses, and put "Joe" Baggs on the box, with instructions to "get there on time." "Joe" was the oldest and best reinsman on the line, and known from Iowa City to Omaha.

With a relay of fresh horses every ten miles, the trip was made nicely, despite a severe snowstorm, and about noon on Saturday,

"Joe" pulled into Des Moines, crossed Des Moines River on a pontoon bridge, and rolled up to the Demoin House, which stood where the new Postoffice is to be, his horses puffing like a jack-rabbit with a hound behind him, his passengers jovial, and hungry, but soon satisfied by the sumptuous spread Colonel Spofford, noted for such things, laid before them.

With the deputies and clerks, it was different. Treasurer Morris hired a "jerkey," put in it the six fellows, "Dave" Sells, "Dan" Warren, "Tom" and "Bill" Kinsey, George Matthews, and John, with their baggage. It pulled out immediately after the stage coach left. The first day, they reached Brooklyn. The next day, they were buffeted with wind and snow, so that they got only within about twenty-five miles of Des Moines, when the driver pulled up. The next morning, the snow was so deep the roads were entirely obliterated, and the driver refused to go on, as he did not know the way, and would take no risks—getting lost on a trackless prairie was a thing to be considered in those days. Then it was up to the boys. They hunted up a farmer who knew the road to Des Moines, "day or night," piled themselves on his farm wagon, with their trunks for seats, John sitting on his own, "Tom" Kinsey used to say, to be sure those election returns didn't get away from him, and about four o'clock on Sunday were landed at the brick boarding-house kept by Doctor Shaw, which stood where Father Nugent's Catholic Church now is, jolted, bumped, and hungry. The Doctor quickly satisfied the cravings of their vacant stomachs.

Monday morning, they were ready for business. Harking back to that day, John says the outlook was dubious. The State House was not ready for them, and the Legislature coming soon after. Carpenters and laborers were rushing around, and chaos everywhere. Boxes and bundles heaped high, with no place to put their contents. Looking out over the surroundings, the scene, compared with the pleasant environments they had left in Iowa City, the prospect was not very "happyfying." The State House, built in the woods and brush, east and south of it heavy timber, in which squirrels, quail, and grouse revelled, and in the early Spring only the Hoot Owl and plaintive song of the Whip-poor-will broke the silence of the desolation. Between the State House and the river,

but a few primitive buildings; not a street leading thereto was little more than a trail; not a sidewalk; the soft, black soil, when wet, sticky, slippery, and nearly impassable, often covered with water, and passable only in boats. Where the present Capitol now stands was a forest; farther east of it, what is now Franklin Park, was a pond, dotted thick with the houses of Muskrats. The only consolation to the new-comers was the cordial welcome and kind treatment of the residents.

John was retained as Deputy Secretary of State thirteen years, though in the Summer of 1863 he was detailed for duty in the office of the Provost Marshal, to prepare measures for enforcing the draft of men for the army, which had been ordered by Uncle Sam, and which caused the hurried departure of several able-bodied individuals of the community to some place more agreeable to their health.

It was during Wright's term that pocket knives, gold pens, and ink erasers were distributed to members of the Legislature, state officers, and newspaper reporters, the state footing the bill.

In 1867, John became the Deputy of the Register of the State Land Office, serving until 1876, when he resigned. His successor served but one year, when he resigned, and John was re-appointed, solely on his merits, serving until 1883, when the office was abolished, but he was retained in the office as Chief Clerk until 1891, when he was detailed for service in the Government Land Office at Washington for a time.

It was during his connection with the State Land Department that most of the lands under the several grants were conveyed to the state by the United States, and by the state to the parties entitled thereto. Also, during that period, the office of Surveyor General, located at Dubuque, was discontinued, and all the original field notes and other fixtures of the office were turned over to the State Land Office.

In all business transactions of the office, John was extremely cautious to avoid mistakes, and especially in preparing for publication the biennial reports of the office in which were given a complete history of the several land grants, the laws, state and congressional, together with judicial decisions relating and pertaining thereto.

Riparian rights on our meandered lakes and rivers, with all facts relating thereto, were fully set forth, with such suggestions as were deemed advisable.

These reports have been of invaluable service to lawyers and courts, because of their integrity and comprehensiveness in the multifarious litigation by railroads and others, growing out of land grants and land laws.

While the railroads are now vigorously being hauled into courts charged with various acts of malfeasance, a reading of the Acts of Congress and the Iowa Legislature of July, 1856, granting land to the three railroads which now cross the state, in which the roads were unmistakably deemed to be public highways, and to be controlled by Congress and the Legislature of Iowa, is pertinent. It provided that the troops and property of the United States shall be free from toll or any charges; that the railroad companies shall at all times be subject to such rules and regulations as shall from time to time be enacted and provided by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, and the Acts of Congress. They shall make a regular annual report of their proceedings at the usual time and place of electing their officers, exhibiting their expenditures, liabilities, etc., a copy of which shall be filed in the office of the Secretary of State.

In all his thirty-eight years of service as a public officer, John was true to his trust; his integrity never doubted; was unvulnerable to the many opportunities for self-aggrandizement, so that to-day his only compunction of conscience is the acceptance of a pocket knife in 1864, through the blandishment of his superior, Doctor Wright; but they all did it.

John was economical, frugal in habits, "salted" his surplus earnings, and soon after he came to Des Moines loaned Alex. Scott, who had built the State House and got into financial straits, some money—land was cheap, lots of it to the acre, and money scarce. The loan was secured by mortgage on the most cherished tract of all the land Scott owned on the East Side, which, after several extensions, he could not redeem. It fell to John, and there he built a home. But a few rods away rest the remains of Scott, neglected, undesignated, covered with rubbish, a shame and disgrace to the

great State of Iowa, to which he gave the ground on which the State House was built, and a portion of the money to build it; died in poverty, and was buried by the charity of friends.

John was a Whig from the start. He cast his first vote in Iowa in 1855, for John C. Lockwood, the Whig candidate for Registrar of the Des Moines River Improvement Company, which became bankrupt, after squandering the proceeds of millions of acres of the public domain, for which the state received three uncompleted dams, two old scows, no river improvement, and numerous other damns all over the state.

Socially, John is unobtrusive, genial in temperament, and ever enjoys a quiet conversation with some old-timer. He spends his time mostly about his home, contented and happy.

June Twenty-fourth, 1906.

WILEY C. BURTON

ONE of the early settlers of Des Moines was Wiley C. Burton. The date of his coming, I do not know, but he started a store down on Second Street when all business of the town was done on that street. He took an active part in the affairs of the little town, with Doc. Campbell, Cole Noel, Granville Holland, and other old-timers.

In 1855, he was elected a member of the Town Council, when Barlow Granger was Mayor. There were no Wards, the Council being elected from the body of the people. The office was one more of honor than profit or labor. There were no chances for grafting in those days, as the town possessed little or nothing.

The same year, Wiley, with Byron Rice, Lovell White, A. Newton, and a few others, built the Exchange Block, at the northwest corner of Third and Walnut streets, the first brick building on that street. On the first floor were three dry goods stores, one grocery, Doctor Shaw's drug store, and a bank. On the second floor were the United States Land Office, the headquarters of the River Improvement Company, offices of lawyers and Justices of the Peace, and a very expensively equipped saloon. The upper floor was for small offices. It was in that building the *Iowa State Register* had its first home, and there the first daily paper of the city was issued.

In 1856, when the location of the State Capitol question came up, he was one of the leaders of the West Siders. He circulated a subscription to raise a fund of two hundred thousand dollars, to be donated to the state if the Capitol was located on the West Side, and put himself down for three thousand dollars.

The contest was vigorous on both sides. The East Siders declared the subscription fund raised on the West Side was not worth the paper it was written on, but the East Side won. The West Side was mad, and requested the Legislature to make an

investigation, which was granted, and a committee appointed therefor, but it did not meet until February, 1858. Several persons were called before the committee, and gave testimony under oath. J. T. Baldwin testified that he was here during the time the Commissioners were here, and that his business was to influence them in making a fair and just decision in locating the Capitol; that three of them put up on the East Side, and he ate and drank with them, and slept with one; that West Siders gave them the cold shoulder, while the East Siders were more hospitable and friendly, but he refused to answer any questions tending to self-incrimination. Harrison Lyon testified that he owned a portion of the land on which the location was made, and that he turned over to Baldwin ten lots, to be put where they would do the most good in securing a location.

J. A. Williamson, a lawyer, was another East Side promoter. He testified that he spent a year and a half, using all lawful and legal means, and lots of whiskey, to get the location on the East Side; that fifteen lots were intrusted to him to be used for that purpose. He refused to tell what he did with them. He said Pegram received notes for ten thousand dollars, secured by fifty lots.

Burton testified that he was one of the "getters-up" of the subscription for two hundred thousand dollars on the West Side, to be given to the state provided the Capitol was located on that side; that he went, with Granville Holland and J. M. Griffiths, on the Twenty-second of April, 1856, to notify the Commissioners that the money was being raised; that they were told no location had been made; that any offer would be taken into consideration the next day. It was shown the location had then been agreed upon.

C. C. Van, who owned a large tract of land south of the 'Coon, built a mill there, and started a town known for several years as Vantown, which has developed into the present Sevastopol, testified that Pegram said to him one day something about lots he was to get as a bonus; that a few days after the location was made, he said he had sold the lots, taking notes for them, made payable at Council Bluffs. Since then, he told him they had been paid. He said there were two hundred and fifty lots; that he was to have

fifty. Baldwin was here, and appeared to know what was going on. He said if the West Siders would raise fifty thousand dollars, the Capitol would be located on that side of the river; that he was in favor of the West Side, and believed the Commissioners were; that two hundred and fifty lots had been set apart for the Commissioners on the East Side; he was to have a share; that he had one thousand dollars the Commissioners did not know of. He asked what the West Side would give. He said Pegram had made his mark at ten thousand dollars, and they would have to come down.

Several witnesses interested in the lots said to be in the pool were called, but they refused to give answers, by advice of counsel.

W. A. Scott, who owned part of the Capitol grounds, and the land on which the old Capitol was built, being sworn, testified as follows:

"Question.—Where did you reside at the time of the location of the Capitol?

"Answer.—At this place on the east side of the river.

"Question.—Did you see the Commissioners when they were here to locate the Capitol?

"Answer.—I did.

"Question.—Did you have any conversation with them in reference to the location before it was determined?

"Answer.—Yes, sir.

"Question.—On which of these additions which I point out on the map was the Capitol located?

"Answer.—It was partly on Scott's Addition to the Town of Demoine, and partly on Lyon's Addition .

"Question.—Did you, at or about the time of the location of the Capitol, sell and convey, or agree to convey, or agree to hold in trust, any part of your said property to or for said Commissioners, or to any or either of them?"

Witness refused to answer, "on the ground, and for the reason, that if any act done, or transaction had, between the said Commissioners and the affiant, would tend to impeach the conduct of the Commissioners, it would and will operate to impeach and disgrace affiant; and, further, the answer he would be compelled to give, taken in connection with the evidence already taken, and questions that might follow, will tend to disgrace the affiant."

The Legislative Committee in its report said:

"From the testimony, it appears that twenty acres of land, worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars, was offered to the Capitol Commissioners for the state; that, besides this, various persons offered two hundred thousand dollars' worth of real estate as a further inducement to locate the Capitol on the west side of Des Moines River; that when the Commissioners received notice that the two hundred thousand dollars would be offered them, they signified a willingness to give it due consideration, and delay their final decision until the next day, but, instead, they came to a decision which barred the interested parties from presenting their subscription.

"The memorialists presented several witnesses on whose testimony they relied to show that a property worth fifty thousand dollars was given the Commissioners as a bribe, or bonus, or gratuity, but the witnesses refused to answer interrogatories put to them, by which only it could be proved that all of the Commissioners could be positively identified with fraud and corruption, was withheld, and it was not in the power of your Committee to bring it out.

"It appears, from the testimony, that two hundred and fifty lots were set apart on the east side of the river to influence the location of the Capitol; that town lots, or interests in town lots, were given to effect the location; that Pegram was bribed; that Baldwin was the go-between with Pegram, if not more of the Commissioners, and the proprietors of land on both sides of the river; that he appeared to have Pegram, if not a majority of the Commissioners, for sale to the highest bidder. There is nothing in the testimony implicating Commissioner Goodrell in the frauds alleged in the second charge."

The Committee recommended that the Attorney General be instructed to institute proceedings for recovery of any bonuses the Commissioners had received for locating the Capitol, as such bonus should have been for the state, and not for the Commissioners.

The report was referred to a committee—and is there yet.

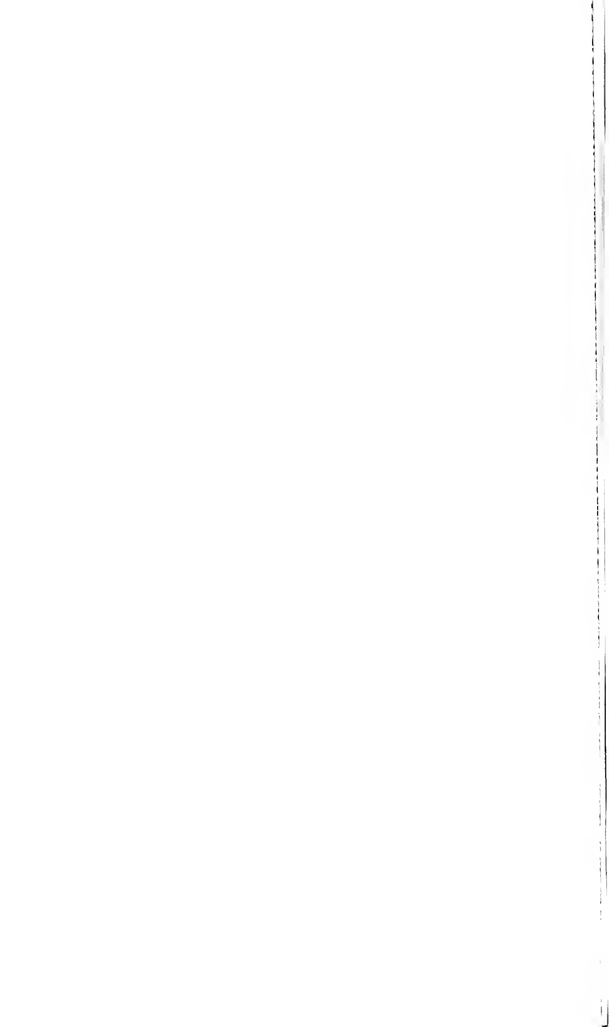
In May, under the new charter, Wiley was again elected to the City Council, to represent the Third Ward. It was an important period in municipal affairs, as the whole system of civil government had to be reorganized to meet the changed conditions.

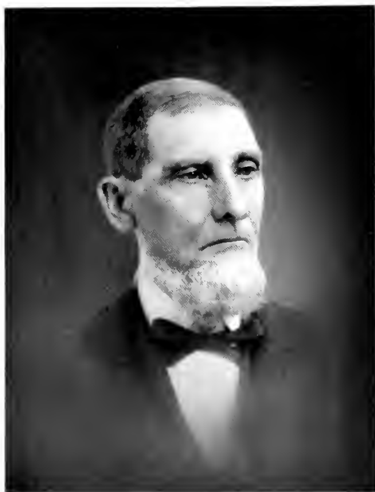
In 1867, he was elected Street Commissioner. The streets were mere dirt roads, though much cutting and grading was being done, and plank sidewalks were laid on some of the streets below Fifth. Cows ran at large, and when they wanted a change from grazing on vacant lots, they made a raid on gardens and the sleds and wagons of farmers, usually, unless there was a good dog on guard, leaving only the box.

That was the end of office-holding for Wiley. He then turned his attention to trading and speculating, but retained an interest in public affairs.

Politically, he was a Whig. He voted for William Henry Harrison for President in 1840. In 1854, he joined the Know-Nothing Party, which elected Grimes for Governor, and put an end to Democratic rule in Iowa. He says he wants to live to vote for Roosevelt in 1908. He is now living in South Dakota.

July First, 1906.





DANIEL TRULLINGER

DANIEL TRULLINGER

THE pioneer of pioneers of Polk County and Des Moines was Daniel Trullinger, the only living man who was at Fort Raccoon when it was only a soldiers' camp. There was no cannon, no stockade, no block houses. It was not a fort, but simply a military camp, really more like a community of camping settlers; the difference being, they were sent here by Uncle Sam to protect from the marauding Sioux, the Sauk and Fox Indians, who had a reservation at or near where Avon now is, on what was called Keokuk's Prairie; also villages along Skunk River and Four Mile Creek. When Trullinger arrived, the soldiers were living in tents, having preceded him but a few days.

Born in Ohio, in 1818, Trullinger was raised on a farm, getting what education he could in the common schools of that day. From Ohio, he removed to Indiana, near Perrysville, where he and four brothers had small tracts of land. While there, he learned brick-making with his uncle, Benjamin Gordy.

In May, 1843, he and his brothers decided to come West, where land was cheaper and could be purchased in large quantities. Packing such necessary household goods, as pioneers usually did, into prairie schooners, with oxen for motor power, they started for Iowa, and June Thirteenth crossed the Mississippi at Fort Madison, and went on to Jefferson County, where they stopped near Fairfield, then the most frontier point, a few days, and where Daniel learned of the establishment of the new fort at Raccoon Forks.

Harking back to the event a few days ago, he said:

"With my wife and baby, and Uncle Ben. Gordy, an ox team and wagons, we left Fairfield, and five days later arrived at The Fort, the Fifteenth of June. We forded the river near where the Grand Avenue bridge is, the water being very low, not up to the hubs of the wagon wheels. The soldiers of the garrison had been here about three weeks, and were living in tents pitched along the

heavy timber belt which skirted the river, or about where Second Street is now. The day we arrived, they were putting the roof on the commissary store building, near Des Moines River, just north of the 'Coon. There was a sutler's store where the south end of Prouty's wholesale grocery store is now, and the logs up for a Guard House a little south and west of the sutler's store. Nothing had been done about dwellings, though logs were being cut for cabins in the timber on the east side of the Des Moines, and along the bluff on the west side.

"So soon as the sutler's store was ready to occupy, they began to put up cabins for dwellings. The first row was for the officers, along the Des Moines, where First Street is, and fronted west. They were double, with a portico between them, the entrance to each half being from the portico. Some were roofed with shingles, and some with clapboards. They had good doors, windows, and flooring, the material for which was hauled from Keokuk in Government wagons. The logs were cut and hauled by the soldiers. The cabins for the soldiers were along the 'Coon. The building was done by five carpenters, who came with the soldiers. All the necessary material for building was at hand, except brick, and that was my opportunity. My uncle was an expert brick-maker, and I had learned of him to make brick. We were just the men Captain Allen, commander of The Fort, was looking for. Brick was wanted for chimneys and fireplaces of the cabins and stores. There were no stoves. I at once went prospecting for clay, and about half a mile up Raccoon River found a deposit of clay and sand, and not far away a pond, about fifty feet long and nearly as wide—I think it was about the south end of what is now Sixth Avenue—with no bottom, as we tested it for at least sixty feet and found none, and I am told that the early settlers at The Fort said it had no bottom at all. My uncle built a mill to grind the clay on a rise of ground near it, and there we established a brick yard, making from two thousand to four thousand brick per day, of what was known as sand brick, and they were good brick, too. During that Summer, we made about two hundred and eighty thousand brick. For mortar, my son, Aaron, found a lot of stone lying on the ground along Four Mile Creek, which he gathered and burned, making splendid lime.

"We worked every day in the week, as Captain Allen was anxious to get the buildings all completed before Winter set in, and we had to keep the fire going under the kilns, anyhow. A day's work was from sunrise to sundown. There were no labor unions, and no holidays. There were no churches, nor preachers. In fact, the only way we knew when Sunday came was seeing the soldiers lined up for drill and inspection, and a general cleaning up of the camp. There were nearly three hundred soldiers in the camp, about one third of whom were cavalry, or Dragoons, as they called them. They were all a rugged, honest lot of fellows, used to roughing it, and ready to fight Indians or anything else that ran up against them, though they were quiet and orderly about the camp, for they had to be, as Captain Allen was a strict disciplinarian; but sometimes, Lieutenant Grier, who had more direct charge of the boys and had more humor in his nature, would give a little relaxation—if the Captain was not around.

"There were no settlers in the county that Summer, as the whole country was under military control. Alexander Scott, Alexander Turner, Peter Newcomer, and William Lamb, came in about two weeks before I did, and Captain Allen gave them permits to cultivate tracts of land to raise provisions for the camp. They immediately broke ground and planted corn as they plowed. Lamb, I understand, sowed the first wheat and oats in the county. They got good crops, which had to go to the soldiers' camp, as they were not allowed to sell a bushel to anybody. Scott's land was on the east side of the Des Moines, extending down near the starch works. Lamb and Turner were east of him, and Newcomer was on Four Mile Creek. Subsequently, they filed claims and made farms of their land. Aside from these, we had no neighbors except Indians.

"Inside the garrison or fort, aside from the soldiers, there were only the carpenters and bricklayers There were only five women during that Summer—the wife of Doctor Griffin, the post surgeon; of Lieutenant Grier, of two carpenters, and my wife—so we didn't have any women's clubs or society doings. There were no amusements except occasionally the soldier boys would play fiddles, yet everybody was happy. It was like a big family working together in harmony, sharing with each other their fifty cents a day wages,

tobacco, and whiskey. In fact, as the days were long, when night came everybody was ready to go to bed. We had little use for the tallow dips Uncle Sam furnished for lights. The Doctor and five women were kept busy, for there was much sickness from Fever and Ague. At one time, there was less than two dozen men in camp able to work.

"We had good living, and the cabins, when completed, were comfortable. The Government furnished rations of sugar, flour, bacon, ham, codfish, rice, other provisions, tobacco, and a pint of whiskey free to every person in the camp, daily—the women, though, were not allowed the whiskey. It wasn't the kind you get now. If a man got drunk with it, he wasn't sick a week afterward. A good deal of it, however, went to break the 'shakes.'

"The men worked hard; wages were low; the common laborers got fifty cents a day, the bricklayers one dollar, the boss carpenter two dollars, the boss bricklayer one dollar and seventy-five cents, but all got the daily allowance of rations and a cabin for a home, as fast as they were completed. Attached to every cabin was a small garden.

"One great trouble we had was to get mail. The nearest post-office was Fairfield, and the only way to get mail was by sending a soldier after it, and of course newspapers and reading-matter were scarce.

"During the Summer, Captain Allen was talking one day about fixing a point nearer The Fort, where mail could be deposited, and finding a man to take charge of it. I recommended "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, whom I had known for some time. He accepted him, and gave him a permit to select a tract of land to cultivate, which he did the next Spring, at a place south of what is now Mitchellville, known as Apple Grove, from a large grove of wild crabapples, on Camp Creek. It was a good place, as the wagon trails from Keokuk, Iowa City, and Fairfield came together a few miles eastward. He put up a large log cabin, settlers soon began to come in, and travel increased so that he opened a tavern and did a big business.

"No, the Indians were very peaceable and quiet. Squads of them frequently came into the camp, and the brick-making was a great curiosity to them. They would sit around for hours and

watch the operation, jabbering away, and some could talk good English. They were great to ask questions. There were three bands, numbering about one thousand. Keokuk had a large village on his prairie, which was just north of where Avon now is, and not as pictured at page Three Hundred and Sixty, in Fulton's 'Red Men of Iowa,' as lying from Des Moines River eastward to the starch works. There were bands along the Skunk and Four Mile Creek. They were friendly, and seemed to realize that the soldiers were here to protect them from their mortal enemy, the Sioux. Sometimes they would go up north hunting, and get on the territory called neutral ground, the Sioux would get after them, and the soldiers would be called out to drive the marauders off. One day, a Sioux chief came to Captain Allen and proposed to join his soldiers, kill all the Indians on the reservation, and then let the white people have it. When the Captain told him he was here to protect them and keep the Sioux where they belonged, the old chief gave a grunt and went off in high dudgeon.

"In October, the buildings had nearly all been completed; there was no further demand for brick, and I decided to leave. Captain Allen offered me ten dollars a month, rations and cabin, but I thought it was not enough, and declined. I returned to Fairfield, and went into the teaming business. In April, 1846, I left Fairfield, to go to my brother, Eli, who had bought a large claim where 'Trullinger's Grove' is, in Franklin Township. On the Sixth, I arrived at 'Uncle Tommy' Mitchell's tavern, where they were holding the first election in Polk County, to elect county officers.

" 'Tommy' said he was mighty glad to see me; that I was just in time to vote, and I threw my vote into his hat. I hadn't been in the county fifteen minutes. Everybody voted who wanted to, and no questions asked. Some came fifteen miles. After voting, they went home and left 'Tommy' to count the votes. That was the trust and confidence the pioneers had in one another. It wouldn't do nowadays, I think.

"I stopped with 'Tommy' three days, went on to my brother, made a claim for one hundred and sixty acres near him, broke and planted twenty-four acres, and in the Fall sold out and returned to Fairfield, and went into brick-making and teaming. I remember

that in 1849 I hauled a load of corn and some provisions to 'Uncle Tommy'—he had got short, his tavern consuming more than his farm produced—and on the way, in Jasper County, I ran up against the Quaker Commissioners the Legislature had sent out to locate a site for the new Capital of the state. They had laid out a big town on the open prairie, no timber or buildings in sight, nor any water within five miles. I didn't think it was a very good place for the Capital.

"I also remember hauling young hogs weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, butter, eggs, and potatoes to The Fort. I had to get a permit to sell them from Captain Allen, and he would fix the maximum price on them—the pork at fifty cents, butter fifty cents, and eggs twenty-five cents per dozen. I could sell below his price, but not above it."

In 1864, Trullinger got the gold fever, and, with a friend, started for Montana, but when he got to Julesberg, changed his mind and went into the mountains to prospect for gold, but found it too hard work, and went to Denver, where he ran against a man from the East with a slaughter house, meat market, and grocery, worth two thousand dollars, who was suffering from Nostalgia—that is, he wanted "to get back home." Trullinger offered him one thousand dollars for the outfit, got it, and ran it nine years. Subsequently, he speculated, prospected, burned charcoal, and bossed silver mines in Colorado until 1879, when he came back to Iowa, bought a big farm in Calhoun County, held it until March, 1900, when he came to Des Moines, invested his surplus shekels in town lots, and made his home with a widowed daughter on Morton Street—a few rods east of the Danish College, where he spends his time at ease. In Summer, he cultivates shrubbery, flowers, fruit, and vegetables, which, as I saw them a few days ago, indicate that he knows how. He is rugged, active, has perfect health, can do a good day's work, eats three square meals a day, has no use for breakfast foods or patent concoctions for old age, and the day I visited him I found him on a ladder trimming his shade trees.

Politically, he is a Hardshell Democrat; never voted any but the straight ticket, except once for his old friend, Ford, a Whig, for Treasurer of Jefferson County. He is a Standpatter, and says

if he was a Republican he would vote against Cummins for Governor, because he is opposed to more than two terms for any state officer, on principle. He never sought a political office, though for several years he held the office of School Director, consequent upon his active interest in educational affairs and public schools.

Socially, he is genial, frank, and conversational. An hour's recital of reminiscences of people, conditions, and circumstances he has rubbed up against in his long life is replete with interest, and a pleasing diversion.

Religiously, he is not a member of any denomination, though he attends the Christian Church from choice.

July Eighth, 1906.

FIRST THINGS IN DES MOINES

ON May Twentieth, 1843, Captain James Allen, with four officers and forty-four soldiers, arrived at the forks of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, on the steamboat *Ione*, the first steamboat to reach The Forks. It landed where the west end of the Court Avenue bridge now is. The mission of the soldiery was to establish a temporary military post. With them came four civilians, Doctor John S Griffin, who was made Post Surgeon; J. M. Thrift, a discharged soldier, father of the present Adjutant General Thrift, who was made Post Tailor, and Charles Worthington, who was assigned to duty as Blacksmith. His shop was on the bottoms near the 'Coon, and in the rear of the soldiers' quarters. That was the roster of Fort Raccoon, as Captain Allen had named the post.

J. M. Thrift was the only one of the post roster who remained and became a resident and citizen of the new community, and therefore was the first white man of record in and for Des Moines.

First Political Meeting—February Fourteenth, 1846, to select candidates for the several county officers to organize Polk County.

First Election—April Sixth, 1846.

First District Court—April Sixth, 1846, in one of the log barrack buildings on 'Coon Row.

First Clerk of the District Court—Perry L. Crossman.

First Sheriff—"Uncle Tommy" Mitchell.

First Church Organized—Methodist, January Fifth, 1845.

First Sunday School—Organized, with seven children, in the Spring of 1845, by B. T. Hoxie and the Reverend Ezra Rathbun.

First Sermon—Ezra Rathbun, at the funeral of a child of Colonel Grier, September, 1845.

First Church Building—1848, on Fifth Street, a two-story frame, where the Iowa Loan and Trust Building stands, for the Methodists.

First Presbyterian Church—Organized the first Sabbath in June, 1848, under rather unique circumstances. Reverend Thompson Bird came to Fort Des Moines the January previous, as a missionary of Des Moines Presbytery, and at once began arrangements to organize a church of the New School faith, and for that purpose a meeting was held in the fourth cabin from the right end of the row, along the west bank of Des Moines River (see Frontispiece), which had been occupied as one of the officers' quarters, and now the southwest corner of First and Vine streets. There were five cabins in the row, and they fronted west. The following is the record of the meeting, made in the handwriting of Father Bird:

"Fort Des Moines, Iowa,
"June, First Sabbath, 1848.

"According to previous notice, publicly given, on the Sabbath above named, the following persons were, at their own request, organized into a church under the name of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Fort Des Moines, Iowa, to-wit:

"Mrs. Anna P. Bird, Samuel Kellogg Kirkpatrick and his wife, Mary Kellogg Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ruth Jane Shell, Mrs. Francis Guerant, Mrs. Hannah Yates."

Simultaneous with Father Bird's movement, there was another inaugurated by John S. Dean, and several families, who lived on the East Side ,to organize a church of the Old School faith, to be known as the First Presbyterian Church. They fixed upon the same day and hour selected by Father Bird, but a severe storm the Saturday night previous did such damage to some of their cabins, it was necessary to postpone their meeting until repairs could be made, and it was not held until late in the afternoon, after Father Bird's meeting had adjourned. It was held in the two-room cabin of Mr. Dean, which stood fronting the east bank of Des Moines River, nearly opposite the new City Library. The record says:

"According to understanding, a number of Presbyterians (Old School), met together at the home of John S. Dean, and, after mutual consultation, agreed to be organized into a church, to be called the Presbyterian Church of Fort Des Moines. The Reverend Samuel Cowles presided. The following persons were recieved upon certificate as members: John S. Dean and wife, Mrs. Nancy

Dean; Miss Hannah C. Dean, William Garrett and wife, Mrs. Mary Garrett; Miss Margaret A. Garrett; James H. Finch and wife, Sarah J. Finch; Abram S. Dean and wife, Ann Dean; Mrs. Eleanor B. Garrett, Miss Sarah Frederick, and Mrs. Esther Myers."

"Uncle Johnny," as he was called, did not propose to recognize the West Siders, as was his rule, and soon after his church organization, the name was changed to "First Presbyterian Church," to distinguish it from the Central. November Fifteenth, 1857, they were consolidated as the Central Church.

First Physician (Civilian)—Doctor Thomas K. Brooks, September, 1845.

First Frame Building—Two-story, at southeast corner of Third and Market streets, by David Solenbarger, in July, 1847.

First Brick Dwelling—Corner Fourth and Court Avenue, where the Valley National Bank now stands, by L. D. Winchester, in 1849. "Billy" Moore was married in it.

First Tavern on the East Side—W. H. Meacham's log cabin, near east end of Grand Avenue bridge, in 1845.

First Tavern on West Side—Log cabin on Market Street, used as a blacksmith shop by the soldiers, to which was added a frame addition in 1846, by Martin X. Tucker, as he was called. He signed his name with an "X" and somebody else had to write the rest of it.

First Drug Store—In the old soldiers' Guard House, by Doctor F. C. Grimmel, October, 1846, corner Third and Vine streets.

First School—April, 1846, in one of the log barrack buildings, by Miss Davis. She had to suspend school in July, 1846, while the District Court was held in her schoolroom.

First Public School—Organized November, 1849.

First Public School Building—Erected in 1855, at the northwest corner of Ninth and Locust streets. It required two years from start to finish.

First Regular Mail—Arrived March Third, 1849, by special messenger on horseback.

First Postoffice Building—A small, one-story frame, northeast corner of Second and Vine streets, built by Hoyt Sherman, Postmaster, in 1850.

First White Male Child—Son to John B. Scott, an Indian trader, on the east bank of Des Moines River, near Vine Street, born in January, 1845.

First White Female Child—Born to a settler, Frances Michael, October Twentieth, 1844.

First Death—An infant child of Lieutenant Grier, of the garrison, September, 1845.

First Marriage License—Benjamin Bryant and Elvira Birge, June Eleventh, 1846.

First Census Taken—July, 1846; population, one hundred and twenty-seven.

First Record of Sale of Town Lot—August Fourteenth, 1846.

First Mortgage of Record—June Twenty-ninth, 1847.

First Ice Dealer—Ed. R. Clapp, 1846.

First Meat Market—"Uncle David" Norris, on Second Street, 1846, though John Hays always claimed priority to Norris.

First Town Council—Met in Court House, October Twenty-sixth, 1851.

First President of Town Council—"Father" Thompson Bird.

First Newspaper—The *Iowa Star*, June Twenty-sixth, 1849.

First Daily Newspaper—The *Register*, January Thirteenth, 1862.

First Stage Coach—July First, 1849.

First Mill—By W. H. Meacham, on the East Side, in 1846, near where the casket factory now is It was run by horse power.

First Stove Store—By Jesse F. Dicks, Number One, Mechanics' Hall, Second Street, 1849.

First Coal Dug—By soldiers of the garrison, in 1843.

First Lawyer Admitted to Practice in the District Court—William D. Frazee, September, 1846.

First State Capitol—Opened January Eleventh, 1858.

First Fraternal Organizations—Masonic, January Sixteenth, 1850; Independent Order of Odd Fellows, April Twenty-sixth, 1850; Knights of Pythias, February Twenty-second, 1871; Ancient Order of United Workmen, February Eighth, 1875; Legion of Honor, July First, 1879; Grand Army of the Republic, March Twelfth, 1878.

First Tailor—J. M. Thrift, on Second Street, 1845.

First Citizens' Store—By B. T. Hoxie, on Second Street, corner of Vine, 1846.

First Plasterer—Samuel Gray, 1848. He plastered the first Court House.

First Photographer—G. L. Reynolds, 1856.

First Ingrain Carpet—Brought by Mrs. Captain West, 1849.

First Full-blooded Irishman—Michael McTighe, who came in 1854. He ran the Shamrock House, on Second Street, between Market and Vine; was a member of the City Council from 1861 to 1877, and, with Michael Drady, ran the old First Ward to suit themselves. And Drady is still with us, his head full of stories galore of those old days. They were a jolly, hustling couple.

First Amusement Hall—Built by Doctor M. P. Turner, on Court Avenue, adjoining *The Register and Leader* Building, in 1856.

First Iron Foundry—By H. N. Heminway, in the Fall of 1856.

First Steam Boiler Works—By N. S. McDonnell, near the east end of Court Avenue bridge, and he is still running the business at the same place. The first boiler made went into Heminway's foundry.

First Brass Band—By C. A. Mosier, in 1855.

First Piano—Was brought by Captain F. R. West, in 1853.

First Drayman—Michael Kennedy, 1853.

First Steam Power Printing—By John Teesdale, 1859.

First Carriage—Built by O. W. Munsell, for Captain West, in 1867.

First Brewery—George Hierb, at corner of Seventh and Center street, 1855.

First Time City Was Lighted With Gas—July Sixteenth, 1865.

First Fire Company Organized—A volunteer, 1865.

First Railroad Passenger Train—August Twenty-ninth, 1866, the Keokuk and Des Moines.

First Street Railway—1867, built by Doctor M. P. Turner.

First Carload Wheat Shipped from City to Chicago—By Warren & Graham, September Fourth, 1867.

First Railroad Bridge—Built by the Rock Island, 1868.

First Velocipede—By Wesley Redhead, July Twenty-eighth, 1869.

First Street Pavement—Cedar blocks, 1882, on Walnut, from First to Fifth.

First Furniture Dealer—C. D. Reinking, 1848.

First Brick Dwelling on the East Side—By Doctor T. K. Brooks, 1851.

First Brick Business House on the East Side—Near Fourth and Locust streets, 1856.

First Brick Building—Doctor "Jim" Campbell's Infirmary, at 'Coon Point, 1849.

First Brick Building on Court Avenue—Sherman Block, at Third, 1856.

First Brick Building on Walnut—Northwest corner of Third, 1855; known as Exchange Block.

First Frame Residence on the East Side—By Colonel J. M. Griffith, at the northeast corner of Sixth and Walnut.

First Barber—John Chalmers, a Scotchman. He attempted to fill his lamp one evening with camphene, when it exploded. He was carried into the cabin of Elder Nash, which stood on Walnut, a short distance west of the Exchange Block, and died in a few hours.

First Shoemaker—Nat. Campbell, 1845. He had a small log shop near the present corner of Sixth and Cherry, and made good shoes.

First Power Printing Press.—A Guernsey, 1856, was run by hand, on which the *Citizen,* a Free Soil paper, was printed. It existed one year, and then joined the multitudinous wrecks of early newspapers.

First Express Company—The United States, May, 1856.

First Locomotive Entering City—A Manchester built engine, the Marion, Number Eleven, August Twenty-eighth, 1866. It hauled a load of rails to complete the track to the East Side, for the Valley Road.

First Court House—Commenced in 1848, completed in 1850; stood where the Union Depot now stands.

First Incorporation of the Town of Fort Des Moines—1851.

First Incorporation of City of Des Moines—1857.

First Time Court House Was Lighted by Gas—January Seventeenth, 1864.

First Recorded Total Vote of the Town at a General Election—Two hundred and forty-four, in 1852; population, five hundred and two.

First Steam Power to Drive Machinery—Put in a mill by C. C. Van, 1849.

First Meeting of the Legislature in the City—January Eleventh, 1858.

First General Merchandise Store—Built of logs, by Robert A. Kinzie, where the Sherman Block is, at Third and Court Avenue. He could sell goods to anybody but Indians, being prohibited by the commander of the garrison.

First Mayor of the City of Des Moines—William H. McHenry, 1857, familiarly called by old-timers, "Old Bill," to distinguish him from his son, now a Judge of the District Court.

First Hook and Ladder Company—1865.

First Bridge—A pontoon, at Grand Avenue, 1856, then known as Keokuk Street on the east side of the river, and Sycamore on the west side.

First Bridge Proper—A trestle, at Market Street, 1857.

First Bridge at Court Avenue—1858.

First Bridge at Walnut Street—1866.

First Bridge Across the 'Coon—1862, built by Doctor M. P. Turner.

First "Grand Social Event"—A fancy dress party, Winter of 1859, at the home of Edwin Sanford, on Seventh Street, below Mulberry, then the most fashionable portion of the town. About sixty invitations included all the society people. It was a hilarious aggregation of fun-makers. I don't think Mrs. Judge Rice, "Friday" Eason, C. W. Keyes, B. F. Allen, John A. Kasson, or Mrs. Bina M. Wyman, then a most sedate and circumspect schoolma'am, have forgotten it. There was real, solid enjoyment in the social events of those days, such as is not to be had in these days.

First Cemetery—At a point near the northeast corner of Third and Locust, and extended north nearly one block. The first burial in it was the child of Colonel Grier, in September, 1845. It was subsequently removed, as were all the four bodies interred therein.

First Name of the Postoffice—"Raccoon River," and it so remained until 1847, when it was changed to "Fort Des Moines."

First Bank—B. F. Allen, on Second Street, 1855.

First Citizen Blacksmith—William H. DeFord. His shop was on Elm Street, near Third, in a log cabin.

First Flock of Sheep Brought to Polk County—Pastured on the Commons, where the Court House now stands, and westward. Doctor "Jim" Campbell brought them.

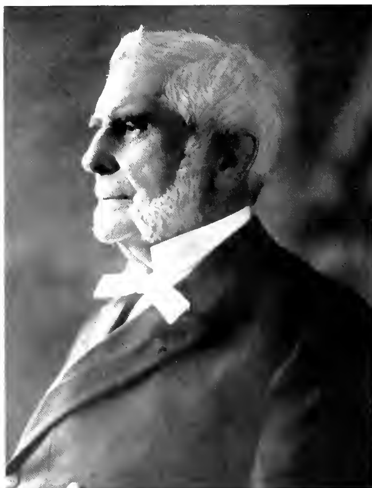
First Log Cabin Built by a Settler—On the west side of Fourth Street, between Market and Elm, and was conspicuous until 1868, for three large Cottonwood trees which stood near it.

First Systematic Deep Coal Mining—By Wesley Redhead and John Gibson, in 1870.

First Tannery—In 1847, two men, named Roberts and Kane, built a log cabin for a tannery at the corner of First and Walnut streets. They dug a large cave in the bank of Des Moines River, in which to keep oil, grease, and "stuffing." They got oak bark on Terrace Hill, where Fred. Hubbell lives. The following Spring, the river flood carried away the contents of the cave, the cabin was sold and moved to give place to the Demoin House.

First Business College—J. W. Muffly, 1864.

July Twenty-second, 1906.



JUDGE CHESTER C. COLE

JUDGE CHESTER C. COLE

CHESTER C. COLE was born June Twenty-fourth, 1824, at Oxford, New York, of English ancestry, which is given high rank in Burke's Registry of English Peerage and Heraldry. He spent his youth on a farm with his mother, attended public schools and Oxford Academy until thirteen, when he became clerk in a store until eighteen, when he entered the Junior Class at Union College. At twenty-one, he entered the Law School of Harvard, and graduated in 1848. He then went to Frankfort, Kentucky, where he reported the proceedings of the Legislature for the *Daily Commonwealth* of that city, at the conclusion of which, he located at Marion, Kentucky, was admitted to the Bar of Crittenden County, and began the practice of law, in which, during his nine years' stay there, he attained a high rank, especially in criminal law. It was said of him he was counsel for the defense in nearly every criminal case before the court, and never had a client convicted; that he never prosecuted but two criminal cases, one for murder, and the defendant was hung; the other for passing counterfeit money, and the defendant was sent to the penitentiary. His practice extended to several counties in Illinois, and he came in contact with the ablest lawyers of that time and place.

In 1857, he came to Des Moines, a stranger, began practice, and was soon accredited a leading position with the Bar.

In 1859, he was nominated by the Democratic Convention for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. His opponent was Caleb Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, weighing over four hundred pounds, a ponderous and formidable one for the young newcomer. The Democratic party was then divided on the leading political issue at that time—the Missouri Compromise. Cole was identified with the Douglas wing of it, but the party had lost its grip in Iowa, and he was defeated.

In 1860, he was nominated by the Democrats for Representative in Congress, from the Second District, which comprised nearly the south half of the state. His opponent was Samuel R. Curtis, very little known, and whom he was told could be beaten without effort. He loaded himself with speech-making material, and having got possession of the *Statesman* office, he hired Stilson Hutchins, a well-known politician and newspaper editor in those days, to run it during the campaign. With a team each, they started out—there were no railroads, and stage coaches did not run where they wanted to go. They traveled together, became good friends, sometimes riding together, and the drivers together. He soon discovered that Curtis had to be considered with zeal and care. Referring to it not long ago, he said:

"I will tell you what I did. I made a speech—I had material for a few speeches on hand—and the next day made another speech. I found Curtis' mind so tardy he could not answer the speech I had just made, but would answer overwhelmingly the speech I had made the day before. The difficulty was, it did not get to the same audiences, for we had moved. I concluded I would substitute; make the speech in one place that I should have made in another place, and, upon my word, he made most conclusive answer to it. I found that it would not do to be repeating the same thing before him; I must get new material; so I had Hutchins gather up material and suggestions, which he brought me every week or two. The campaign was never equaled in the state. There were seventy days in succession. From Keokuk to the Missouri River, back to the Mississippi, thence back to the Missouri, and then back to the Mississippi, with an average of more than one debate a day, for though there was arranged but one debate each day, each party had the right to put in an additional one, and we did. The hardest task was to avoid repeating, to baffle my opponent's slow grasp of points, but he proved to be a man of great strength of mind and vigor of character, and became one of the great men of the Nation. We became warm friends thereafter."

In 1858, he was elected City Attorney, and served one term.

In 1861, when reports came of the attack on Fort Sumter, the Judge headed a call for a mass meeting, which was held in Sherman Hall. The crowded gathering was addressed by him in a

stirring, unanswerable appeal for support to the Government in putting down the Rebellion. Thenceforward he was allied with Union men, though he was recognized by his party until 1862, when he was called to address a party convention, on which occasion, in most scathing terms, he denounced the party for its sympathy with the South.

In 1863, when rumors came that a Rebel raid was to be made on the Missouri border, the Judge took the field and spent thirty days among the people of the border counties, in earnest endeavor to reconcile his old Democratic associates to the new order of things. He left the party, and joined hands with Baker, Bussey, Tuttle, and Crocker, to save the Union. William M. Stone was running for Governor on the Republican ticket. The Judge supported him by public addresses and through the newspapers, giving in vigorous, patriotic terms his reasons therefor, and Stone was elected.

In 1864, in recognition of his labor in behalf of the Union, Governor Stone appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and in October he was elected to the full term of six years by the unprecedented majority of forty thousand. In 1869, he became Chief Justice of the Court. In 1870, he was reëlected, and the same year Iowa College at Grinnell conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In January, 1876, he resigned and resumed the practice of law.

In 1865, he boldly and publicly announced himself in favor of Negro Suffrage, and was the first person of prominence and influence in the state to do so, on the ground of right, reasonableness and justice, an innovation which, at that time, required the courage of one's convictions.

The same year, he, with George G. Wright, his court associate, organized the Iowa Law School, at Des Moines, which at once gave promise of great success. In the meantime, steps were being taken to organize a Law Department of the State University. To avoid a formidable rivalry, a plan was perfected to merge the school into the department of the University, but the necessary legislation thereto was not secured until 1868, when the department was opened, but the founding was antedated so as to include the graduates of the Iowa Law School for the years 1866, 1867, and 1868.

The school then closed, became the Law Department of the University, and Wright and Cole the law lecturers.

The year 1865 was a busy one for the Judge. A general effort was being made to provide a suitable home for the orphan children of soldiers. It appealed so directly to his sympathies, he at once took an active part in the matter, was made one of the Trustees, and elected President of the Board. He found there twenty-five children, poorly cared for, with less than one thousand dollars funds for expenses. During the first year, eight hundred children were gathered in, and over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars expended in improvement and equipment of the home.

He also assisted in organizing the State Fire Insurance Company, and was elected its Vice-President.

In 1872, it became apparent to discerning minds that the State Library was in a dilapidated, chaotic condition, evidencing no purpose, method, or utility—in fact, it could hardly be called a library. The necessity for some legislation that would give it the dignity of a state office and be of benefit to the people became so conspicuous, Judge Cole and his associates took hold of it, and secured the passage of an Act creating a Board of Trustees comprising the Governor, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Supreme Judges; the library was made a state institution, and provision for its enlargement and permanent improvement. It is now, with its more than one hundred thousand volumes, beautifully housed in the Capitol and "Charley" Aldrich's magnificent omnigatherum—that's what everybody calls it—an honor to the state.

When the Judge was practicing law, he also edited for many years the *Western Jurist*, a law journal published by Mills & Company, which attained a high rank. In 1879, he edited the re-publication of the first eight volumes of the Supreme Court Reports, with elaborate annotations, which evidenced his legal acumen and exhaustive research.

In 1892, he was chosen Dean of the Law Department of Drake University, which office he holds now.

Possessing a natural genius for the law—in fact, being a born lawyer—he has cultivated and enlarged his acute, subtle, penetrating mind by cautious, laborious study, large experience, and long

practice, until he has become master of the science of law. As a forensic orator, he is clear, forcible, argumentative, possessing the power to sway juries, and hold the attention of audiences. As a Judge, his plain, penetrating, analytical reasoning, and good judgment, were potent factors in his court, consisting of his associates, Wright, Dillon and Lowe, the strongest and best the state has ever had. Under the new Constitution, without precedents, it was their duty to fix the rule of law respecting the taxing power of the Government; the relation of corporations to the body politic, and corporate rights, involving intricate and perplexing questions under an ambiguous clause of the Constitution requiring the property of corporations, with their numerous ramifications and widely divergent interests, to be taxed the same as that of individuals. So wisely was it done, their decisions have become the established law.

In social life, the Judge has been a prominent factor in all its departments—civic, educational, and religious—always ready and active to promote the welfare of the community. He holds high rank in the Masonic fraternity and Knights of Pythias. He is eminently social, and heartily enjoys company. His home is noted for its generous hospitality. That big house on Fourth Street was the scene of some of the most brilliant and notable entertainments known in the city.

In my reporting days, the Judge was my favorite in fishing for news respecting the doings of the Supreme Court. He knew and appreciated the wants of newspaperdom. I recall one day when interviewing him, Judge Mitchell, of the then Circuit Court, came in, bringing an opinion he had prepared with great care, evidently to avoid a reversal of it by a higher court, and asked Cole to read it, which he did, saying: "You have sustained your position very well, but suppose——" adding a half dozen words. "I never thought of that," said Mitchell, and, putting the opinion in his pocket, went home to build another one that would stand up. The Judge was ever ready to help others.

The Judge is an admirer of fine horses, and he likes to see the "wheels go 'round." Several years ago, he became just a little sporty, for a diversion, indulging in a beautiful pair of black, high-steppers, which, with perceptible self-satisfaction, he gave the people frequent opportunity to see on the streets in their graceful

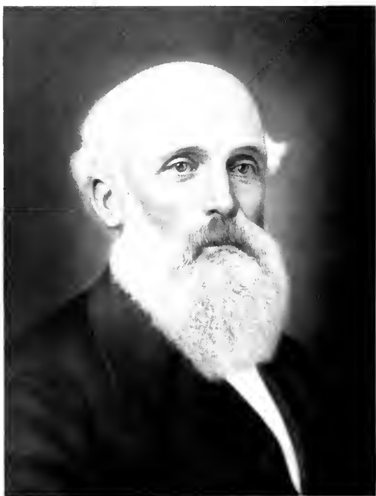
movements. Sometimes, perchance, he would draw up alongside Levi J. Wells, outside, exercising some of his sprinters. It was the rule of Levi never to let anything that went on four legs pass him on the road, and the Judge was sometimes humorously inclined to tease him for a short spin, and "see the wheels go 'round."

As a citizen, he is an exemplar of the best type of civilian. His public spirit and constant endeavor to promote the highest ideal of civic life have added greatly in the betterment of the city and state.

Religiously, he is a Presbyterian, and for many years has been an Elder of the church. He was largely instrumental in securing the merger of the Old and New School churches in the city, in 1874.

Despite his eighty-two years, he is hale and hearty, and to his law school, clients, and friends, seems as vigorous as thirty years ago.

August Fifth, 1906.



DR. H. L. WHITMAN

DOCTOR HENRY L. WHITMAN

ONE of the best and most beloved of early settlers of Des Moines was Doctor Henry Lyman Whitman.

He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, December Thirtieth, 1814, of English ancestry, who crossed the Atlantic in 1638, four years after the family from whom my own family descended, all of whom settled in the same vicinity in Connecticut.

He spent his life on a farm until the age of seventeen, receiving the education afforded by the common schools of that day. During his eighteenth year, he attended Hartford Academy, and fitted himself to enter Amherst College, from which he graduated in 1839, with distinction as a scholar. He then spent two years teaching in Tennessee and Missouri, when he returned to Weathersfield, Connecticut, and began the study of medicine with Doctor Welch, an eminent practitioner, preparatory to entering Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, from which he graduated in 1845.

His Western teaching tour convinced him the West presented the best inducements to a young man with aspirations or ambition, and he came to Freeport, Illinois, where he remained two years, securing an extensive and good practice, but the spirit of migration was rife everywhere, and in 1848, the lead-mine district of Dubuque was an attractive point. Thither he went, and for five years was engaged in laborious and lucrative business.

In 1853, Raccoon Forks and Fort Des Moines had come into prominence as the probable Capital of the state. Public sentiment was largely in favor of removing the Seat of Government from Iowa City to a more central point in the state, which Fort Des Moines, geographically, was then admitted to be. The military post had given it a prestige which portended well to that end. It was also the objective point of several railroads—on paper, it is true. Emigration was moving toward it rapidly, and the Doctor came that year. The town was small, little more than a village,

with less than eight hundred inhabitants, great and small, the small ones averaging more than the usual census ratio, for the stork was a busy bird in those days.

The most accessible and comfortable tavern in town was the Marvin House, near Walnut, on the east side of Third. It was the headquarters of the stage coach lines, and the home of the most popular young men of that time. The Doctor being a bachelor, fond of good company, also made it his home until the Demoin House was built, when he removed there, remaining until his marriage, in December, 1865, when he purchased the residence built by J. E. Jewett, which stood on First Street, and was removed to give place to the new Library Building.

He opened an office in a small frame building on the north side of Walnut Street, near Fourth, and soon found demand for his services. There were but few settlers in the county, and the long drives over bad roads, or no roads at all, in sunshine and storm, were wearisome, and added much to the labor of his town practice, but he never refused a call. His sympathetic nature, and loyalty to the principles of his profession, dominated all idea of pecuniary profit. He soon won the most implicit, abiding confidence and trust of the people. In every home, his presence was welcomed as a benizen of helpfulness. His practice assumed such proportions, it was a marvel how he could do so much, for he was a regular contributor to leading medical journals, and had extensive business interests.

In 1858, he originated the movement for the organization of the Polk County Medical Society, was elected its first President, and held the place several years. He was a member of the American Medical Association, and the Iowa State Medical Society. He stood very high in the profession, and took great interest in the honor and standing of its membership. Charlatanism and quackery in all their forms he did not hesitate at all time, and in all places, to denounce in terms unmistakable—there was no ambiguity about it. He was a "Regular" in all the term implies, a model, talented, educated physician.

In 1871, when the Citizens' Bank was organized, he became a stockholder, and when, in 1872, it was reorganized by Governor

Merrill as a national bank, he was elected one of the Directors, a place he held during his life.

Politically, he was a Whig, but always opposed to slave-holding, and, with the earnestness of an Abolitionist, advocated the emancipation of the slaves in the South long before the Civil War came, a position which, at that time, required some moral courage, for there was a strong pro-slavery sentiment in the body politic of Polk County. The Doctor, however, was not a politician, took little or no part in it. His mind and efforts were engrossed in helping the sick, the needy, and community generally.

During the war period, when its terrible effects began to impress themselves on the families of the men engaged on the battlefields, and charity was needed for their relief in many ways, the Doctor's patriotism was most generously manifested. During the entire war, a call from the family of a soldier was responded to as quickly and cheerfully as though a millionaire's dollars were behind it—in fact, more so. For all such service, he refused compensation, and seemed only pleased that he could render aid.

He was a sanitarian, and believing the healthfulness of a community depended largely on its cleanliness, he took great interest in the sanitary affairs of the town.

Socially, he possessed great conversational powers, and scholastic attainments of high degree. He was modest, affable, and companionable. In all the relations of life, he was the exemplar of ideal manhood. He was a stern moralist, excluded from his intimacy all who did not meet his standard of rectitude, yet his sympathies reached all humanity. He regarded his profession as intended for the good of those with whom he lived, and so it was he won his way into the hearts and homes of the community to a notable degree. It was said of him by Doctor Ward, one of the well-known old-time physicians of the town: "No man more completely had the hearts and affections of the people than Doctor Whitman."

He was an active member of the Old Settlers' Association, and heartily welcomed at its periodical gatherings.

He was public-spirited, and actively supported all measures to promote the church and school.

Religiously, he was a Congregationalist, but on coming to Des Moines, there being no organization of that faith, he affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, and formed a companionship with Father Bird which intensified as the years passed, so long as they lived. When the Congregational Church was organized, he became a member of it. He was a true, Christian man, whose highest ideal was to render full service to God, his fellow-man, his family, and himself.

In 1875, he retired from practice, devoting his time to business affairs and literary work, until 1884, when his health failed, and he went to Duluth for recuperation, where he was attacked with a severe cold, which, despite the skill of the best medical men, terminated fatally, August Seventeenth, 1885, and caused profound sorrow throughout the town, county, and state. Expressions of love and esteem of him were received from all directions. The homes of Des Moines had lost a friend in need, a wise counselor and comforter in adversity.

On receipt of notice of his decease, the County Medical Society, in special session, adopted resolutions expressive of its profound esteem for him, his professional integrity, devotion to principle and honor, his irreproachable character, and worth as a citizen.

August Twelfth, 1906.

L. D. SIMS

MY reminiscences of early settlers have been confined principally to those of the town, but there were many, after severe trials, privations and struggles, became prominent in public affairs, and aided largely in advancing the public good, who did not live in the town.

A notable example of the hardships of pioneer life was that of L. D. Sims, who came in a wagon with his family from Ohio, arriving in October, 1848, and went to work for Peter Newcomer, on his farm, about two and a half miles down Des Moines River. There was a small building used for a workshop on rainy days, in which he placed his family, his household goods, consisting of a pine box for a table, wooden benches for chairs, and a shakedown bed. He received fifty cents a day for his labor, husking corn and doing odd jobs about the place.

In December following his arrival, Sims took a farm on shares, his portion being one-half the product of ten acres of corn. The Winter was severe, the snow about three feet deep, and many hardships were endured by himself and family. Few luxuries were had in the home, or on the table, but wild game was abundant, deer and wild turkey often adding to the supply.

Early in the Spring of 1849, he began work in earnest, but one morning when hitching his team for plowing, one horse suddenly sickened and died. Despite the delay, with the kindly loan of neighbors' horses, he planted twenty-six acres of corn, sixteen of which was known as sod corn, and five acres of wheat. In the Fall, he cut the wheat with a cradle, the first one used in the county.

In August, his other horse was killed by lightning. He invested thirty-five dollars, all the money he had, in a yoke of oxen, gathered his corn crop of one hundred and fifty bushels, and sold it to Alex. Bowers for twenty-five cents a bushel, with which he purchased the much-needed clothing for himself and family.

In the Fall of 1849, he made a claim in Bloomfield Township, and, with the aid of his wife, built a log cabin, minus floor, doors, chimney, and chinking between the logs, into which, in February following, he moved. To keep the snow from blowing in on the beds at night, the wagon cover was hung on the wall, and sometimes the wagon box placed over the children's bed on the floor. So intense was the cold, the family remained in bed on several days to keep from freezing.

The next season, he planted sixteen acres of corn, cut and split rails to fence thirty acres, worked out a month for fifty cents a day, walking seven miles morning and evening to and from his work.

In 1856, on the site of his first cabin, he built a hewed log house with four rooms, doing all the work except making the doors. In the Fall, he sold the farm, and resolved to go to Kansas. He spent the Winter seeking a location, but his wife so seriously objected to leaving Iowa that he abandoned the project. In August, she passed to her eternal rest, leaving him with eight children. Soon after, he purchased a wild, uncultivated tract in what is now Grant Township, carved out of Lee Township, adjoining the eastern part of the city, and began again, with his children, to make a home, a task the present generation know little or nothing of. The fortitude, pluck and energy which had overcome obstacles before which most men would have quailed, was still inherent within him, and, beginning with the breaking plow, he soon had under way valuable permanent improvements.

The old breaking plow was one of the most prominent factors in promoting Western civilization. It was often ungainly, uncouth, and roughly fashioned, but it served its purpose. In the very early settlements, there were usually mechanics who had not forgotten their trades, and, joined together, they could construct a plow, adapted to the purpose. The beam was usually about ten feet long, fashioned from the very toughest timber. Near the front end were two small wheels, one about four inches larger than the other, to run in the furrow, the smaller one running on the sod, thus keeping the plow level with the ground. A long lever reaching from the front end of the beam to the plow holder was used to fix the depth

of the furrow by raising or lowering the lever, and, by dropping it to the beam, the plow could be thrown entirely out of the ground. The mould-board was made of wood, on which thin strips of steel were fastened by a blacksmith, and so shaped as to turn the sod over flatwise. Attached to the board was the share, made from good steel, with one edge and a point sharpened to a keen cutting edge, to cut the tough, fibrous mass of roots of grass and weeds, and often roots of shrubs and grubs, which had been killed by prairie fires. Fastened to the beam vertically, and extended to the point of the share, was a coulter, as it was called, made of the best steel, the lower six inches sharpened to a keen edge to rip the turf above the point.

The plow being ready, a string of three to six yoke of oxen would be hitched to it, and with slow plodding pace a strip of soil twenty to thirty inches wide would be turned over to the sun's rays.

In the rush of the first settlements, there was a scarcity of breaking plows. The first effort of settlers was to get a crop of corn and wheat, and it was the custom to help each other by loaning their oxen, and have the plow take turns in the settlement. If the newcomer arrived early in the Spring and got a tract broken up in April, he would go into the field, and, following each second or third furrow, with an axe make a deep cut in the turf, into which a small boy or girl, often the wife and mother, would drop a few kernels of corn and give it a stamp of the foot. There was no further cultivation, and the resultant crop was known as sod corn, a great boon to many of the pioneers. There are many of the present generation living in luxury who, as boys, have vivid memories of bread made from sod corn, not even ground into meal.

The old breaking plow has gone, and with it the sod house, the log cabin, the trials of pioneer life, the common humanity, generous hospitality, the helpfulness of one another, the unity of thought and purpose, but they left an heritage on which has been built a civic community second to none on earth.

In due time, Sims developed his farm to one of the best in the county, and surrounded himself with all the means to enjoy the reward of his toil and settle down to a quiet old age. His uprightness of character so won public esteem, he was often called to

public office. He took great interest in public schools, and was the projector and most liberal contributor for building the first schoolhouse in Grant Park. For many years, he was the leading member of the School Board. His purse was always open to help public improvements When the fund was being raised by citizens of the city to purchase ground for the State Fair, he gave one thousand dollars.

Politically, he was raised under the tutelage of the Democratic party, but he opposed its Free Trade policy, and cast his first vote for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," and remained a Republican, but in local affairs he was independent. In 1847, he evidenced his patriotism by enlisting in the Fourth Ohio Infantry, for the Mexican War, went to Vera Cruz, where he was stricken with Yellow Fever, and, after partial convalescence, was honorably discharged for disability. In the Civil War, he served as wagon master in the Fourth Iowa Infantry.

Socially, he was genial, courteous, a kind neighbor, popular and influential in social affairs of the community. He was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows' fraternity. He died in 1895.

October First, 1905.

GENERAL M. M. CROCKER

GENERAL M. M. CROCKER

RESPLENDENT with military fame, and conspicuous in the civic pride of Des Moines, stands the name of Marcellus M. Crocker. To detail his military record, brilliant with great achievements, would fill all the columns of the Sunday *Register and Leader.* I can only make desultory reference to it now.

Born in Johnson County, Indiana, in 1831, he lived there until 1844, when he came to Iowa, with his father, who stopped at Fairfield, and soon after made a claim on Government land two miles northwest of Lancaster, in Keokuk County, when Marcellus transferred his activities from school to assisting his father in breaking up the wild prairie and improving the farm, with all the trials and experiences usual with the pioneers. In the meantime, Shepherd Leffler, a prominent Democrat and Representative in Congress from the Second District, which comprised the south half of the state, became attracted to the young man, and, having the right to select a cadet to West Point Military Adacemy, in 1847, gave it to Marcellus, who, anxious to acquire an education, at once went to West Point, where he remained until the Fall of 1849, when the death of his father necessitated his return to the farm to care for his mother and sisters, and settle the affairs of the estate.

In 1850, the venerable Judge Olney, well known to every old settler in Van Buren County, suggested to Crocker that he read law, and offered to give him instructions and the use of his library free, which was most thankfully accepted, and at stated periods the Judge went to Lancaster and gave instructions to his student.

In 1851, Crocker was admitted to the Bar, began practice and acquired a successful business. He remained at Lancaster until 1854, when he came to Des Moines, and formed a partnership with "Dan" Finch, one of the best lawyers in the state, and at once took rank with the best of them. Soon after, Judge Casady joined the

partnership, and not long after, Jeff. Polk, making a law firm without a peer in the state.

A well-known character in the very early days was Ben. Bryant. He came here when The Fort was established, served two terms as County Treasurer, and then was elected Justice of the Peace. He was rather illiterate, but prided himself on seeing a "law p'int" with the best of them, and made a very creditable showing. He was a Democrat of the "blue-bellied" variety, and, having served one term, started in for a second. The Whigs started a story that he was not a proper person for the office, that he was completely under the control of Crocker. Ben. denied it in robust language. "Just give me a chance," said he, "and I will show you that Crocker don't own me." Among other things, Ben. was lax respecting his creditors. Soon after his campaign opened, Crocker had a case before him, and during the hearing made several objections to his opponent's method of procedure. Ben. overruled them straight, declaring, "Your p'int ain't good," until after several knockouts, Crocker turned upon His Honor, saying, "I can't understand the action of the Court in this case. I believe somebody has been tampering with it." "I fine you ten dollars for contempt of court," replied Ben. "Very well," said Crocker, "I'll just indorse it on this promissory note of yours," drawing the paper from his pocket. That was a "p'int" in equity Ben. hadn't considered.

In 1856, when the contest was on between the East and West Sides over the location of the State House, Crocker was a West Sider, but he didn't have any money to invest in the "war fund," and thus escaped the "grab" which went to the pockets of certain of the locating Commissioners.

In 1858, McFarland's term as District Judge expired, and Crocker, who was a Democrat, decided to make a run for the place. He was very popular, a fine lawyer, and his friends relied upon those attributes to carry him through. The Democratic Judicial Convention cordially indorsed him with its nomination. The Republicans had become quite strong in the district, and though prominent men of that party desired to support Crocker, they could not abjure fealty to their party, and John H. Gray was elected by a small majority, the first Republican elected to that office in the district.

The two years spent by Crocker at West Point had stimulated the military fervor in him, and in 1857, I think it was, he began to agitate the organization of a State Militia. There was no militia law. Dubuque had two military companies, the Governor's Guards and Washington Greys. Davenport, I think, had a company, but they were organized principally for dress parade and Fourth of July celebrations. General G. M. Dodge had, in 1856, organized the Council Bluffs Guards, for the purpose of protecting the frontier, then exposed to depredation by Indians, having secured, with the special aid of Governor Grimes, the necessary arms and equipment, it being understood the company was to be deemed a special frontier guard.

Crocker, however, wanted some provision by law for arming, equipping and uniforming an active State Militia, with independent companies. He and Dodge got together and prepared a bill, similar to the militia laws of the older Eastern states, but adapted to the financial conditions and population of Iowa, which was presented to the House of the Seventh General Assembly. It was known as House File Number Forty-seven, and when it came up it was made the butt of jests and gibes; all kinds of farcical and ridiculous amendments were piled on it; its head was cut off, and so otherwise emasculated as to lose its identity. Crocker and Dodge were taunted with lunacy in presuming to ask the Legislature to create a standing army in Iowa. Several members boarded at the Savery House (now the Kirkwood), and Crocker laid in wait for them one evening. He was mad, and those who knew him can readily understand what he gave them. He was an expert in the use of invectives, and could swear like a Flanders trooper. He denounced them in the most caustic terms, and they promised to give the subject due consideration. Dodge got disgusted and went home. The House then went on and passed a bill authorizing the Governor to organize companies of "Minute Men" among the settlers for the protection of frontier localities against depredation by Indians, the companies to be limited to twelve men, and their pay to be seventy-five cents per day when actually in service, and furnish their own guns. It went to the Senate, where a substitute was put up against it, and that was the last heard of it in that session.

It went over to the Eighth General Assembly, in 1860, when an Act was passed authorizing the Governor to select not exceeding twelve companies, among the settlers, to which he was to furnish such arms and ammunition as he deemed necessary; they to hold themselves in readiness at all times to meet hostile Indians; that of the said Minute Men, not exceeding four should be employed as active police, and to be paid only for the time actually employed. The sum of five hundred dollars was appropriated for the purpose of the law. That was as near as Iowa ever came to having a State Militia until the National Guards came into existence.

Crocker, however, though disgruntled, was not discouraged. The military spirit was in him, and late in 1860, I think, he organized a company which took the name of the Capital Guards, and he was elected Captain. Plans were made to procure arms and uniforms. In April, 1861, while attending court at Adel, came the report that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the Rebels. Three days later came the call of the President for volunteers. Crocker turned over his cases in court to other lawyers, came home and tendered the services of himself and his company to the Government, but so inadequate were the facilities for communicating with the Governor that Eastern cities in more direct communication with him quickly filled the one regiment which had been allotted to Iowa, and which was to serve only three months. Soon after came the call for three-years enlistments, and the Capital Guards were assigned as Company D in the Second Regiment. Crocker was promoted to Major of the regiment, May Thirty-first; Lieutenant-Colonel, September Sixth; to Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment, October Thirtieth. Immediately after the Battle of Shiloh, the Iowa Brigade, composed of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth regiments was organized, and Crocker was placed in command as Brigadier General, November Twenty-ninth, 1862. It became one of the most distinguished brigades in the Army of the Tennessee, and was known throughout the army and at the War Department as the "Crocker Greyhounds." With that brigade, at Shiloh and Corinth, he made one of the most brilliant pages of history. He continued with it until April, 1863, when he was placed in temporary command of the Seventeenth Army Corps, during the temporary absence of General Quimby.

Being of frail physique, his health failed under the hardships and exposure of his vigorous campaigns, and on the return of Quimby to his command, Crocker was placed temporarily on the staff of General Grant, their tents being near each other. Grant's attention was attracted by the constant and severe coughing of Crocker, and, meeting him one morning, said to him: "Was it you I heard coughing so last night?" "Yes," replied Crocker. "Well, then, my dear fellow, you must go straight home, for you will die here."

In June, 1863, he was given a sick leave and came home in bad physical condition. The seed of the "White Plague" had been sown in his system. Soon after his arrival, the State Convention of the Union party was held in Des Moines, and during the session he visited the hall. He was greeted with a perfect salvo of cheers. There was a bitter contest in the convention over the nomination for Governor, and Crocker's friends tried to induce him to consent to the use of his name, but he objected, saying, "If a soldier is worth anything, he cannot be spared from the field; if he is worthless, he will not make a good Governor. If I was Governor, I would die in a short time with dry rot. I am a soldier, and a soldier I will remain until the war is ended, or I am knocked out," and, despite the fact that he would have been nominated by acclamation, his name had to be dropped. He made a short, brilliant, patriotic speech to the convention, in which he flayed the Knights of the Golden Circle, the "Copperheads," and Democrats, who, he declared, "want the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is. I want the Union as it is and the Constitution as it ought to be."

In the Fall of 1863, he rejoined his old corps (the Seventeenth) in the famous march of Sherman to the sea, but his frail body failed to respond to his indomitable spirit, and he was relieved from duty, but early in the Summer, he was tendered a command in the Department of New Mexico, at Santa Fe. Believing the change would be beneficial, he accepted. He remained there until the Spring of 1865, when, not regaining his health as expected, he asked to be transferred again to his old field, which was granted, and the following order was issued:

"DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO,
"ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, MARCH ELEVENTH, 1865.
"SPECIAL ORDERS NUMBER EIGHT.

"IX. In compliance with Special Order Number Four Hundred and Seventy-seven, series for 1864, from the Headquarters of the Army, Brigadier General Marcellus M. Crocker, United States Volunteers, is relieved from further duty in the Department of New Mexico, and will proceed without delay and report in person to the General commanding the Army of the Cumberland for assignment of duty.

"The General commanding the Department of New Mexico takes this occasion to express his warmest thanks for the efficient and judicious manner in which General Crocker has conducted the affairs pertaining to the important post of Fort Sumner, and to the reservation at the Bosque Redondo, with its nine thousand captive Indians; a duty which required an exercise of great judgment, moderation, firmness and forecast; and a duty which has been performed in such a manner as not only to give the utmost satisfaction to those connected professionally with the military affairs of that post and of the department, but to win the affectionate regard of the Indians themselves, who are receiving their first impression of civilization, and their first lessons in the art, literally, of earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

"General Crocker carries with him to the new field of duty to which he has been called, the earnest wishes on the part of the comrades he leaves behind, not only that he will soon be restored to health, but have an opportunity to add renewed lustre to his already brilliant reputation as a soldier.

"BEN C. CUTLER,
"Assistant Adjutant General.

"By command of Brigadier General Carleton."

Crocker reached Washington in June, where he was prostrated, and lingered until August Twenty-sixth, when he passed to his eternal rest. His remains were then brought to Des Moines, and, attended by one of the largest and most impressive civic and military cortéges ever seen in the city, were deposited in Woodland

Cemetery. A plain, white marble monument marks his resting-place. It has been disintegrated by the elements, and is slowly going to destruction. Something more durable and more generously expressive of public appreciation of such a man is due from the city, if not from the state, and it would doubtless be forthcoming if an organized effort was made.

As a military man, he was chivalrous, brave, bold, an able leader, and preëminently successful. As a Division Commander he had no equal in the state, as evidenced by his rapid promotions, measured by the rigid rules of military science. General Grant said of him in his autobiography: "He was fit to command an independent army."

As a lawyer, he was accomplished, brilliant, and was highly esteemed by the courts and Bar. As a son, husband and father, he was, in every relation, devoted and true.

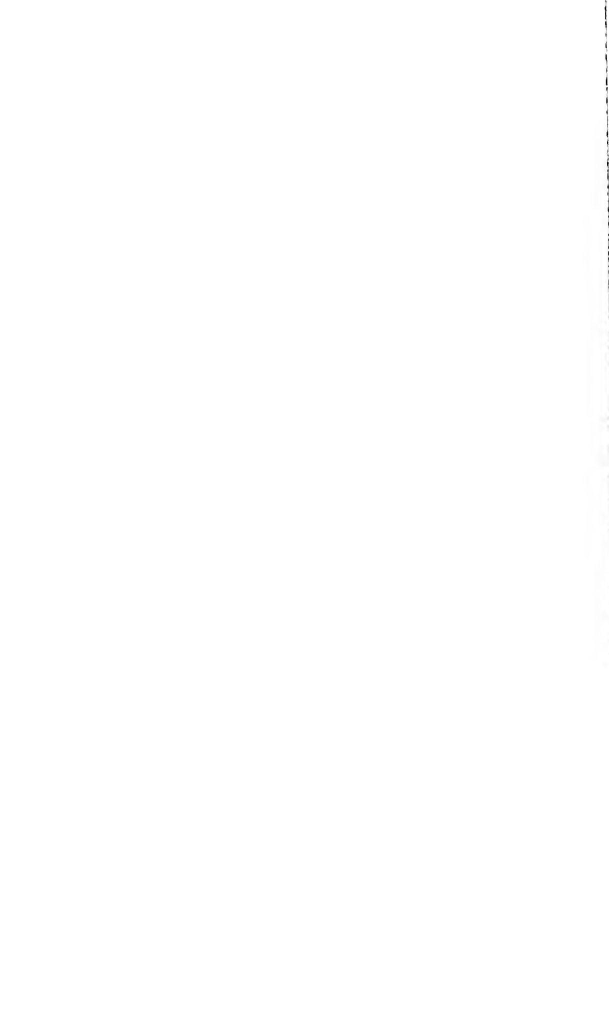
As a citizen, he was honorable, exemplary, and public-spirited. He had a remarkably strong hold on the affections of the people of Des Moines and the state. In the city, a principal street, one of the best public schools, a park, and one of the finest business blocks bear his name. On the southwest corner of the pedestal of the magnificent State Soldiers' Monument, near the Capitol, a splendid equestrian statue of him is one of the group of four. The County Supervisors named a township in his honor. In 1870, the Legislature carved a county from Kossuth County, and gave it his name, but local dissensions caused the matter to get into the courts, and the Supreme Court held the law was invalid because the county did not have an area of four hundred and thirty-two square miles —it wasn't big enough. There is also Crocker Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Crocker Brigade, composed of veterans of his old brigade, which holds a reunion every two years.

Several years after his monument was erected, Judge Casady, Jeff. S. Polk, Judge Wright, Barlow Granger, George Whittaker, Jesse W. Cheek, Captain Ed. L. Marsh, Robert S. Finkbine, Hoyt Sherman, B. F. Gue, and "Charley" Aldrich had cut on it the following words:

" '*General Crocker was fit to command an independent army.'*

"U. S. Grant.' "

August Twenty-sixth, 1906.



GENERAL CYRUS BUSSEY

GENERAL CYRUS BUSSEY

BREVET Major General Cyrus Bussey is one of the two living Generals Iowa had in the Civil War, Major General Dodge being the other. As he was an active politician, a radical Democrat, living in a hotbed of Copperheads, when the war broke out, I visited him a few days ago to get a little of the unwritten history of his evolution from a Democrat—for at that time every Democrat in the North was considered a Southern sympathizer—to a supporter of the "blood-thirsty usurper, Lincoln," as Henry Clay Dean used to call him.

Born in Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1833, when four years old, Cyrus went with his father, a Methodist minister, to Indiana, and at fourteen entered a dry goods store at Dupont, Indiana, as clerk, and, mastering the business, at sixteen began on his own account, at which he was quite successful. In the meantime, he fortified himself for the activities of business life by a rigid course of study several hours each day.

In 1855, he came to Iowa, and settled at Bloomfield, Davis County, where he acquired a prosperous business, took an active part in politics, was an attractive and forceful speaker, and a leader in civic affairs.

In 1859, he was elected to the Iowa State Senate by the Democratic party, and served in the session of 1860.

He was a delegate to the Charleston Convention, and served in the adjourned session in Baltimore, which nominated Stephen A. Douglas, and took part in the campaign of that year for his election.

The firing on Fort Sumter, in 1861, caused great excitement in Davis County, many of whose citizens were natives of slave states. Many Democrats sympathized with the South, and were opposed to coercion. The Republicans, to make a point against the Democrats, called a meeting by handbill, inviting "Cyrus Bussey,

Senator; Harvey Dunlacy, and Marvin Hotchkiss, Representatives, to come out and show their hands." The meeting assembled at the Methodist Church, which was packed to the doors. Bussey made a patriotic speech. Referring to the constitutional provision allowing the creation of a public debt for war purposes, he said:

"I am not only willing to put my *hand* in the treasury, but my *arm* to the shoulder, to provide money to put down the Rebellion."

The two Representatives declined to speak, and they voted against all bills introduced to aid in suppressing the Rebellion. When the meeting adjourned, an excited crowd of Democrats met Bussey at the door, where the editor of the Democratic paper published in Bloomfield said to him: "You have made a d—d fool of yourself. The Republicans and Abolitionists have brought the war on the country, and Democrats should let them fight it out." Bussey replied that if he could not be a Democrat and be a patriot, he would cease to be a Democrat.

The extra session of the Legislature convened on the Fifteenth of May, 1861. Bussey's position was well known. He was tied evenly between the parties. Before the meeting, he informed Senator J. F. Wilson that he would vote with the Republicans for all war measures. He was appointed a member of the Military Committee of the Senate, and voted for the bill reported by that committee appropriating one million, two hundred thousand dollars for war purposes. Five other Democrats voted for the bill, leaving a large majority of Democrats against it. Governor Kirkwood, fearing so much opposition in the Senate would retard enlistments and build up an anti-war party in the state, sent for Bussey, and asked him to urge his Democratic colleagues to vote for an appropriation of eight hundred thousand dollars, and he spent the entire night, visiting Senators at their rooms, stating his opinion that from what he had learned among Southern men in Washington and at the Baltimore Convention, that every man in the South would fight for the Confederacy; that it would be a long war, and they could not afford to place themselves on record against preserving the Union. Half a dozen Senators agreed to vote with him for eight hundred thousand dollars. When the Senate convened the next day, Bussey moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill

appropriating one million, two hundred thousand dollars had passed. Jarias E. Neal, of Knoxville, who opposed all war measures, arose and said he was pleased to see that the Senator from Davis was putting himself right on the war question, and in favor of his party; that he had great respect for him, on account of his father, who was the station minister of the Methodist Church at his town of Knoxville, and had been pained when he voted with the Republicans. The motion to reconsider was adopted. Bussey then moved to appropriate eight hundred thousand dollars, which brought Senator Neal again to his feet, who said he was greatly disappointed in the Senator from Davis, who seemed bent on destroying himself. The bill thus amended passed, with six Democratic members voting against it.

Bussey was the youngest member of that body, being not yet twenty-six years old when elected, and no member rendered more important service, or exerted a wider influence. Governor Kirkwood wrote the President that he was greatly indebted to Bussey for the passage of laws which enabled him to comply with his requisitions for Iowa's quota of troops.

Ten days after the extra session had adjourned, the Governor appointed Judge Caleb Baldwin of Council Bluffs; John Edwards, Speaker of the House; William B. Allison, of Dubuque, and Senator Bussey, Aide de Camp on his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. Bussey was directed to adopt measures to protect the Iowa border in the counties of Davis, Van Buren and Lee. A company was organized in each county, under a law authorizing the organization of a mounted regiment, passed at the extra session. The state was without arms or means of defense. It was known that the Rebels were organizing for service in the Confederate Army in all the border counties of Missouri. Bussey sent a young Irishman, who had been in his employ, to Missouri, with instructions to go into the Rebel camps and remain there until he became convinced they intended to make a raid into Iowa, when he was to return and give notice. Bussey then went to Saint Louis to see General Fremont, who had just taken command of the Department of Missouri. Arriving there, he found the General alone in his room at the residence of his father-in-law,

Tom. Benton. He there explained to the General that the enemy was organizing in northeast Missouri in force; that a raid into Iowa was probable, and asked arms and ammunition to arm Iowa's Home Guards. The General replied that he did not have arms even to arm regiments organized for service in the army, and had no guns for Home Guards. Bussey then asked for fifty thousand rounds of ammunition. The General replied: "You have no guns; what would you do with ammunition?" Bussey said he would feel more secure with the ammunition.

The order was given, and Captain Callender shipped from the arsenal that evening fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, which was placed in store. Bussey then represented to Fremont that the Fifth Infantry, Colonel Worthington, and Sixth Infantry, Colonel McDowell, were in rendezvous at Burlington, and if they were moved to Keokuk, their presence there would give full protection. Fremont, by letter, authorized Bussey to order the two regiments to Keokuk. He went immediately to the telegraph office and telegraphed to Colonel Worthington and Colonel McDowell to move at once with their regiments to Keokuk, and report to General John Pope, commanding north Missouri, at Quincy, Illinois. Having accomplished all that was possible in one interview, Bussey took the boat that night for Keokuk, and arrived at his home in Bloomfield upon the evening of August First. About eleven o'clock that night, he was called upon by his Irish emissary, who informed him that General Martin Green, with fifteen hundred Rebels, were shoeing horses and would leave in thirty-six hours to make a raid into Iowa to steal horses and rob the banks in the towns on the Iowa border, naming Keokuk. Bussey left Bloomfield before daybreak next morning, and drove to Keosauqua, twenty-five miles, in one hour and a half. Taking a train at Summit, he arrived at Keokuk at noon, warning the people he met to organize for defense. Having notified the railroad people that their road was in danger, he went to the law office of Samuel F. Miller, late Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to ask him to call a meeting of citizens to plan to defend the city. While talking with him, John Given, well known to many residents of Des Moines as late Superintendent of the Iowa Division of the Rock Island, but then ticket

agent at Keokuk, came into the room with a bill of lading for one thousand guns and equipments, just arrived at Keokuk by train, consigned by the War Department at Washington to Council Bluffs, to arm the Fourth Iowa Infantry, Colonel G. M. Dodge. Dodge had gone to Washington in person to secure the guns. They were to be shipped by boat to Hannibal, Missouri, thence by rail to Saint Joseph, thence by boat to Council Bluffs. Bussey notified Given that he would take possession of the guns, and to hold the train ready to move in two hours. The ammunition his foresight had secured fortunately fitted the guns. It was loaded on the train, except sufficient to arm a company of one hundred men, under Captain W. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, and a company of one hundred men under Captain Hugh J. Sample, both of whose companies were armed with those guns. About four o'clock, Bussey left Keokuk with the freight train.

At Athens, Missouri, Colonel David Moore was in camp with about three hundred Union Missourians, who had been driven from their homes by Green's Rebels, and Moore had applied to Bussey for arms and ammunition to arm his men. Bussey armed two hundred of them and supplied them with ammunition. At Farmington, he left one hundred guns with Captain O. H. P. Scott, and at Summit two hundred guns for H. C. Caldwell, late Judge of the United States Court of Appeals (who, after brilliant service in Bussey's regiment in the war, succeeded him as Colonel, and, after forty years' service on the United States Federal Bench, is still living in Los Angeles), to arm the company of Captain Maine, who was later killed in a fight at Kirksville, Missouri, and one other company. Arriving at Ottumwa, Bussey hired wagons, loaded three hundred guns and ammunition, traveled all night, and arrived at Bloomfield, where three hundred men were organized and armed. After one day, he returned to the railroad and took a train for Keokuk.

Arriving at Croton, opposite Athens, a battle was being fought between Green's forces, with artillery, and the Home Guards, under Colonel David Moore, who had been reinforced by Captain Scott and other Iowa companies. Moore had barricaded the streets and made a gallant defense. Captain Belknap and Sample, with

two hundred men and three companies of the Sixth Iowa Infantry, arrived from Keokuk and soon drove the enemy from the field. The loss in the engagement was about sixty men killed and wounded. The next day, Colonel Moore and his Home Guards, with several hundred Iowa militia, followed Green's forces forty miles into Missouri, driving him out of the country. That great victory, defeating the first effort of the enemy to raid in Iowa, was due to the energy and ability of Bussey in utilizing the means that came in his way. He did not do all that, however, without opposition. The Governor had written him: "You have my full authority to do whatever you may find necessary to do to protect the lives and property of the people." Adjutant General Baker got after him, and, with some of his "energetic idioms," sharply criticised him for doing things which he, as Adjutant General, should do. Judge Baldwin also rebuked him savagely for stealing Dodge's guns, but later apologized, saying he did just right. When the Governor and Baker received Bussey's report and understood the facts, he was warmly commended.

The battle of Athens was fought on the Fifth of August, 1861. On the Tenth of August, Bussey went to Saint Louis and reported the seizure of Dodge's guns and the use he had made of them. General Fremont seemed pleased, and requested him to return at four o'clock, saying he would in the meantime communicate with the War Department. When he returned, he was handed authority to raise a regiment of cavalry. He returned to Keokuk at eleven o'clock on the night of the Eleventh, went immediately to the office of the *Gate City*, and had a handbill printed calling for volunteers for a cavalry regiment, leaving Keokuk with them next morning. In ten days, he had nearly twelve hundred men in camp at Keokuk, many of them with horses. So soon as a mustering officer could be had, they were mustered in as the Third Iowa Cavalry. Thus came his political evolution.

His regiment was ordered to join the Army of the Southwest, where he was greatly needed. To record in detail its great achievements, which added brilliant luster to the name of Iowa during the war, would require many pages.

Early in February, Colonel Bussey left Benton Barracks with his regiment, and with bad weather and terrible roads, in four days

reported to General Curtis, two hundred and twenty miles away, making the cavalry march the greatest on record. General Curtis immediately increased his command to a brigade, with which he took part in the bloody battle of Pea Ridge.

Referring to that battle, the General said: "The battle of Pea Ridge, all things considered, the great disparity of the forces, twenty-six thousand Confederates against ten thousand five hundred Federal troops, the former, on the morning of the Eighth, occupying a ridge with timber and fences covering much of their line, while the latter's whole line, from right to left, was in the open plain, without protection, was the greatest victory of the Civil War; that to General Curtis belongs the credit of it, and not to General Sigel, as was persistently stated immediately after the battle. On the contrary, Sigel was severely criticised by General Halleck for his action on that occasion. When the battle commenced, on the morning of the Seventh, General Curtis' forces were completely surrounded; both armies were within musket range of each other when the fighting ceased that night. General Curtis ordered Sigel and Davis to move during the night, and form on the left of Carr's Division at Elkhorn, with all their available forces, and be ready to renew the battle at daylight at that point, as the enemy would concentrate his whole force there. At daylight, Davis' whole division was in position on Dodge's left, in front of the enemy. At sunrise, Colonel Davis opened the fight. At seven o'clock, when the firing was going on, Sigel, with his two divisions, was in camp a mile away. At eight o'clock, all the troops and batteries of Sigel's divisions arrived and formed on the left of Davis. It is but justice to say that had Sigel been in Germany, the divisions of Asboth and Osterhouse would have slept on their arms in front of the enemy; both were excellent officers and commanded excellent troops. When our position became critical, General Curtis ordered a charge along the whole line, and, with a universal shout, our boys moved forward. The Confederates held their ground until the last moment, when it gave way. General Van Dorn knew the day was lost, and ordered young Churchill Clark to withdraw his guns. When about retiring, he fell, decapitated by a shot from one of our batteries. The enemy's infantry interposed

with desperate resistance while the guns were being withdrawn, and then retreated down the gorges of the mountain into Cross Timber Hollow. Their whole army was demoralized.

"An hour or two after the battle, I returned with nearly one hundred prisoners and reported to General Curtis. He was writing dispatches announcing his victory, and while thus engaged, he received a message from General Sigel, eight miles north on the Springfield road, saying: 'The way is open to Springfield; come on.' General Curtis sent a reply, saying: 'They who sleep upon the battlefield are known to be the victors; you will return here with your command forthwith.' General Sigel returned to the battlefield on the evening of the Ninth.

"March Nineteenth, General Halleck wrote General Curtis: 'I was by no means surprised at General Sigel's conduct before the battle of Pea Ridge. It was precisely what he did at Carthage and Wilson's Creek.'"

On the First of February, 1865, General Bussey was assigned to command western Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and Seventh Army Corps, with headquarters at Fort Smith, a most trying position, his predecessor having utterly failed to govern a very large and intensely disloyal population, while dishonest contractors had cheated and swindled the Government, defied its officers, and a lawless and uncontrollable riff-raff had swarmed around headquarters, but he soon had order restored and so maintained it as to receive high commendation not only from his superior officers, but the loyal people of that whole section. He held this command until September Twenty-ninth, 1865.

In December, 1862, his name headed a long list of Brigadier Generals sent to the Senate at Washington for confirmation, and to date from November Twenty-ninth, but the Senate adjourned without action. On January Fourth, 1864, he was promoted to Brigadier General for "special gallantry," when he received his well-earned and long-delayed star. March Thirteenth, 1865, he was promoted to Brevet Major General, for gallant and meritorious service during the war.

At the close of the war, he went into the commission business in Saint Louis, but deeming New Orleans a better field during

the Reconstruction period, he went there, and at once took high rank among business men, was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce, held the place six years; was chairman of the committee which obtained the Government appropriation for the Ead Jetties improvement of the Mississippi River.

When the new Louisiana Constitution was adopted, he was strongly urged for Governor and United States Senator, but declined, preferring to devote his energies to improving the commercial and industrial interests of the city, its railroad facilities, and the development of trade with Brazil. His labors for the prosperity of the city were recognized in many ways by the resident population.

In 1868, he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, which nominated Grant for President.

In 1880, he was one of the famous "three hundred and six" delegates in the National Convention who voted for General Grant for a third term as President. The same year, he was sent as a delegate to the Ecuminical Methodist Church Conference at London, and on the way, by special invitation, attended the great meeting at Liverpool to express sorrow at the death of Garfield, and in a speech of great eloquence and pathos, presented the resolutions adopted.

In 1881, he removed to New York and engaged in business, but kept up his old-time interest in politics, and in 1884, stumped New York and New Jersey for Blaine. In 1882, he gave the address on laying the corner stone of the new Cotton Exchange in New Orleans. In 1889, President Harrison appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Interior. He now resides in Washington, and is practicing law, but contemplates making his home ere long in Des Moines, with his daughter, Mrs. Isaac L. Hillis.

In 1888, he visited Des Moines and was received with great enthusiasm by the people generally. The Twenty-second General Assembly was in session, and under a suspension of the rules, the following resolution was adopted in the Senate:

"WHEREAS, The Honorable Cyrus Bussey was, at the commencement of the Rebellion, a member of the Senate of Iowa, and at once resigned his seat in this body for the purpose of serving our

common country on the field of battle, to uphold our flag and perpetuate the union of states; and,

"WHEREAS, He served with distinguished courage and ability during the war, receiving promotion to the rank of general officer for gallant conduct; therefore,

"*Resolved,* That a committee of three Senators be appointed to arrange a reception on the part of the state for the Honorable Cyrus Bussey."

The reception was held in the Senate Chamber, the members of both houses being present, with many prominent citizens. The General was escorted to the dais by Governor Larrabee, and an enthusiastic demonstration in honor of him as a soldier and citizen was given.

The General voted for Douglas and Lincoln for President. Since then he has been a Republican, and says he is now a "Standpatter."

He is nearly six feet high; of erect, rather slender physique; nervous, sanguine temperament; quick of mental or bodily movement; punctilious in all he says or does; optimistic, looks on the bright side of everything; has a remarkably retentive memory, days, dates and events of the war being as of yesterday; bears well the burden of his years and strenuous army life; is a very rapid speaker; vivacious, witty, genial and social. His varied experiences, the men and things he has rubed up against, make him a pleasing and interesting conversationalist.

September Second, 1906.

GEORGE SNEER

GEORGE SNEER

POLK COUNTY was generally the objective point of pioneers to make a home in a new country and improve their condition. Some, however, came from the force of circumstances, and of such was George Sneer, a very prominent personality in the early days of the city.

He was born in Washington County, Maryland, May Third, 1835, of German parents, who wrote their name Schnerer, in accordance with German nomenclature. His father died before his birth, and when he was two years old, his mother married Doctor F. C. Grimmel, a German physician.

In 1839, the Doctor moved to Taylorville, Ohio; in 1840, to Lancaster; in 1843, to Chapel Hill, Perry County, and in August, 1846, to Raccoon Forks, traveling with teams, camping out at night, and arriving about ten o'clock at night, October Fifteenth. There was not a place in the little hamlet to get shelter, and the night was passed in camp. The next day, shelter was found in the Guard House of the garrison, and there the Winter was passed, the windows being decorated with iron bars.

The Doctor at once made claims for a large area of land lying north of what is now Grand Avenue and west of Fourth Street to Ninth. George was then eleven years old, eight years of which had been passed in three different Ohio settlements, with little or no opportunity to attend school. On arrival here, he went to work on a farm, and it was not until 1850, when fifteen years old, that he began to acquire an education, by attending the first public school in Des Moines, with Charles L. Anderson as teacher, and later under the excellent tutelage of Judge J. P. Casady, Judge Byron Rice, and Elder J. A. Nash. He cared little for the usual sports of youthful days; was inclined to the more practical side of life. He was a close observer of men and things. One of his first and most impressive astonishers was the big snow in the Winter of

1848, which is remembered distinctly by every pioneer of Polk County. It began to snow early in November, and continued until December Twenty-fourth. The average depth of snow was three feet until February. In the meantime, there were frequent driving storms, rendering it impossible for settlers to get from one place to another without danger of getting lost or freezing to death. There were but few settlers in the county, so there were no beaten paths or tracks. That was the first and only instance in the county that the snow was so deep and cold so severe as to cause suffering and want generally in the country, the settlers being practically snow-bound in their cabins all Winter.

Referring to the weather and peculiarities of the present Spring—which is being quite notably discussed as unprecedented—I am reminded of the record of the county from 1839 to 1870, a period of thirty-one years. It shows the latest appearance of frost ranged from April Fifth to May Twenty-sixth; its earliest appearance from September Second to October Twenty-third. An exception was the year 1863, when there was a frost each month in the year. During that year, the latest frost occurred August Twenty-fifth, the earliest, August Twenty-ninth. During those thirty-one years, the latest frost occurred twenty times in April, ten times in May, and once in August. The earliest frost occurred nine times in September, twenty-one times in October, and once in August. Except in 1863, no frost was recorded in the months of June, July, and August.

The Winter of 1856-1857 was an unusually severe one. A record kept by John F. A. H. Roberts, near Rising Sun, says:

January Fourteenth, mercury thirty-five degrees below zero.

January Seventeenth, mercury thirty-six degrees below zero.

February Tenth, mercury thirty degrees below zero.

April Eighteenth, mercury four degrees below zero.

Robins made their first appearance June Tenth.

Hundreds of immigrants who had come into the county in the Spring of 1856 were so disgusted with the climate, they pulled up and left the country.

In opposition to the snow is the rainfall. The largest rainfall in any one year since the county was organized was in 1851, when

it was seventy-four and forty one-hundredths inches. The least in 1854, when it was only twenty-three and thirty-five one-hundredths inches. The greatest rainfall in a given length of time was in August, 1851, when, between the hours of eleven o'clock P. M., of the Tenth, and three o'clock of the Eleventh, four hours, the fall was ten and seventy-one one-hundredths inches. The greatest snowfall was December Twenty-first, 1847, twenty and fifty one-hundredths inches. December Twenty-eighth, 1863, the snowfall in twelve hours was fifteen and ten one-hundredths inches.

The flood of 1851 washed away the west bank of Des Moines River from near the dam to the confluence with the 'Coon, thus throwing the channel westward, and causing the difficulty which it is now proposed to overcome by cutting a new channel below "the forks."

In 1857, George purchased a farm in Valley Township, where he remained until 1860, when he returned to the city, and at once began doing things in the building and real estate line. Of nervous, sanguine temperament, with a sound mind and body, active, energetic, a good mixer, he at once became a prominent factor in public affairs.

In 1856, when the contest over the location of the State House was on, he was a radical West Sider, and subscribed one thousand dollars to the fund to secure its location on the West Side. When it was announced that the Commissioners had selected the East Side, George did not hesitate to declare, in loud English, that the Commissioners had been bribed, and he knew who got the swag, for he was a man who had the courage of his convictions, and expressed his opinions in plain, vigorous language.

In 1861, he was elected Alderman in the City Council, from the Third Ward; in 1869, City Clerk, and in 1870, Street Commissioner. In 1875, he was again elected Alderman, and took an active part in securing the grant of a charter to the Capital City Gas Company, in competition with the Des Moines Gas Company, which strenuously opposed the grant of the charter on the ground that the city had no authority to give it. After considerable litigation in the courts, the latter won, and the former being seriously embarrassed by the Allen bank failure, sold out to the latter.

George was reëlected in 1876, and served until 1878, and proved a serious obstacle to the multifarious schemes of Michael Drady and Mike McTighe, who hunted in couples, and run the First and Second wards for nearly a score of years.

In 1878, he was elected Mayor, and served two years. During his service, began important city improvements. There were no pavements and no sewers. He was a strenuous advocate of reform; that the city do something to get out of the mud, its stolid indifference, and the bad reputation given it abroad. Its streets were nearly impassable, and flooded during wet seasons. It was a battle royal, but a beginning was made. Mr. Chesbrough, a noted expert engineer, was brought here from Chicago to provide plans for paving and sewerage. His plans were elaborate, but his estimate of cost staggered the property owners, especially those who were content to get rich by the rise in value of their holdings without any expense to themselves. To be touched by a special assessment according to the improvement made to their property was a distinction with a difference. But, after a vigorous contest, the City Council accepted the plans, and a sixty-inch brick sewer was built along First Street from Locust to 'Coon Point; then on Mulberry and Court Avenue. During 1879 and 1880, the streets were in a chaotic condition. So soon as the sewers were in place, paving began, and in June, 1882, Walnut Street was paved with cedar blocks, from the river to Ninth Street.

While Sneer was Mayor, another advance step was taken in municipal affairs. The facilities for crossing the rivers were grossly inadequate. More bridges were imperatively needed. What there was, were tolled, and a nuisance, against which there was constant rebellion. Those living in the city did not think it just to be taxed to build and maintain that which was for the benefit of the whole county. Therefore, a proposition was submitted to the people to levy one mill tax for eight years to raise a fund to build four bridges and make them free. It was defeated, but in 1878, was again submitted in a proposition to levy one mill tax for five years, and it was adopted, the vote being four thousand, five hundred and seven yeas, three thousand, one hundred and sixty nays. A committee was selected on behalf of the city and county to appraise the

value of the bridges at Walnut, Court Avenue, 'Coon Point, and Seventh Street, which fixed it at one hundred thousand, three hundred and forty-nine dollars and nineteen cents. It was accepted, the bridges were made free, and have so remained.

With these manifestations of public spirit, the city took on new life, made rapid strides, and the *Daily Register* claimed improvements for the year:

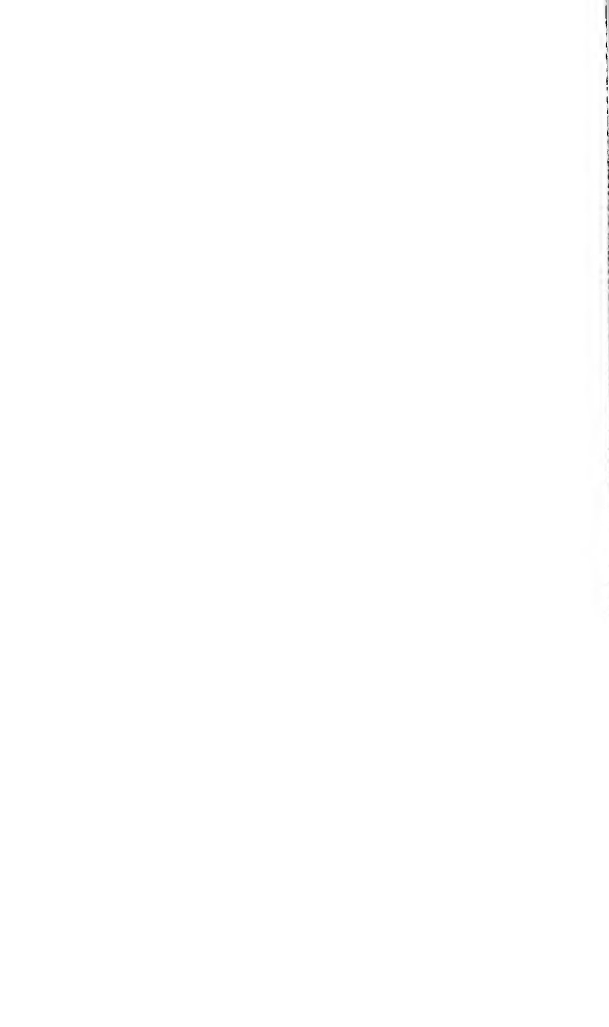
Six hundred and fifty-three residences built....	$ 975,555
Fifteen business blocks	340,000
Improvements and repairs	55,495
City streets, sewers, etc.	67,529
Total	$1,184,039
Coal trade increase	1,000,000

In all this forward movement, Sneer was conspicuously active. He had the faculty of boosting in a notable manner, and he gave to it his time and energy. He was also a large property holder.

Politically, he was a Republican on general principles, but in local affairs a little dubious, yet, whatever his position therein, there was no mistaking it. He was plain of speech; sometimes deemed erratic and cranky; but in all things he strove for the growth and prosperity of his adopted home. In 1884, he supported Cleveland for President, and subsequently identified himself with the Independents.

Socially, he was inclined to good fellowship; cared nothing for clubs or society fads as they go, but he was a prominent and active member of the Masonic fraternity, having been raised to the Thirty-second Degree. He was a member of Capital Lodge, Corinthian Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Temple Commandery, Knights of Pythias, and a past officer of all of them. He was also a member of Des Moines Lodge and Ebenezer Encampment of the Order of Odd Fellows, in both of which he passed all the chairs.

He deceased in 1891.



DR. CHARLES H. RAWSON

DOCTOR CHARLES H. RAWSON

A DUE appreciation of individual worth and all that constitutes manhood of the highest type must include Doctor Charles H. Rawson, who held a high place in the affections of all the people of Polk County in the early days.

He was born in Craftsbury, Orleans County, Vermont, July Sixteenth, 1828, of ancestry dating back to Edward Rawson, who emigrated from Dorsetshire, England, in 1636, joined the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and was elected Secretary of the Colony annually for thirty-five years, until the government was turned over to Sir Edmund Andros. As such Secretary, he signed the warrants issued by Charles II of England, and sent by him to America for arrest of the regicides. A man of superior ability and force of character, he became very prominent in the Colonies, and for services rendered the Commonwealth, the Government gave him five hundred acres of land. The family increased largely, and among his descendants were able lawyers, skillful physicians, prominent legislators, and gallant military men. Old Harvard graduated several of them, and in the War of 1812, they fought for independence.

On the farm of his father, Charles H. spent his boyhood days. He attended the common schools, was studious, ambitious to secure an education, and at the age of twenty-one, he decided to become a physician. He studied medicine with Doctor A. P. Barber, and later graduated from the medical college at Woodstock. Immediately after graduation, he went to Canada, where he practiced two years. He then attended a lecture course at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating with high honors. He then joined the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, in New York, his first experience being with the Smallpox patients, where he proved very successful.

In 1849, when the hegira from Eastern states began toward the California gold fields, he was selected surgeon for the steamer *S. S. Lewis,* on her trip around "The Horn" to San Francisco. He served on the vessel until it was wrecked near Acapulco; then he joined the medical corps in the Marine Hospital, in San Francisco, as surgeon, where he remained two years. He then returned to his old home in Vermont.

In 1856, he learned from some friends that Des Moines had been selected as the new Capital of the State of Iowa, and was a promising field for a physician. He accordingly came here, in October, with his young bride, arriving in one of Colonel Hooker's stages, at three o'clock in the morning. The town did not present a very attractive appearance to them, so great the contrast with what they had left behind them. The population was sparse. A few small frame houses and log cabins, some small stores on Second Street, constituted the little hamlet. The people, however, were very soon convinced that the new-comer was a physician of unusual skill and ability. His practice increased so rapidly, for he was of that specific temperament which wins public esteem, it diverted him from all thought of his environments or old Vermont.

When the Civil War came, he enlisted in the Fifth Iowa Infantry, and was appointed surgeon of the regiment, which subsequently became the pet regiment of the Third Brigade, Seventh Division, of the Army of the Mississippi, and noted for its gallantry, brilliancy, and bravery—qualities which cost it dearly in numerous engagements. At the memorable battle of Iuka, a slaughterous event, September Nineteenth, 1862, of the four hundred and eighty-two engaged, fifteen commissioned officers were killed and wounded, thirty-four privates killed, and one hundred and sixty-eight wounded—a total of two hundred and sixteen men. Again, at Champion's Hill, May Sixteenth, 1863, of three hundred and fifty officers and men, nineteen were killed and seventy-five wounded. At Lookout Mountain, it distinguished itself by storming the breastworks of the enemy.

The Doctor's ability and professional skill won him promotion to the rank of Brigade Surgeon, but the labor was so severe, for he would, in cases of emergencies and great casualties, leave nothing

to be done by subordinates that he could do himself, his physical system broke down and he was compelled to resign. He came home, and so soon as he had regained his health, resumed his practice and formed a partnership with W. H. Ward, which continued until 1881.

During the twenty-five years' practice of Doctor Rawson in Des Moines, I am confident he visited every family in the city, either in his practice or in consultation, so universal was public confidence in his skill, and esteem as a citizen. In numerous cases, involving the exercise of profound knowledge, when prominent physicians of the state were called in consultation, his decision was the final one. His practice also extended to several adjoining counties.

In 1865, when the United States Pension Office was established in Des Moines, he was appointed, without his knowledge, President of the Board, which place he held year after year, many times tendering his resignation, which would not be accepted, and he held the place to the end of his days.

He was a man of high moral sense, an exemplar of right living.

Politically, he was a Republican, always interested in public affairs, often suggested for some public office, but positively refused to permit his name to be used for such purpose. Socially, he was inclined to reticence, yet of that temperament which won unwavering friendship. He was optimistic, firm in his convictions, yet equally respectful of the opinions of others. In those early days, the code of medical ethics was more rigidly observed than it is now. The chasm between the different schools of medicine was never bridged. Though the Doctor adhered strictly to the ethics of his profession, Doctor Ward, many years so intimately associated with him, often said he never heard him speak disparagingly or discourteously of the therapeutics of other schools of medicine, or practitioners thereof, a trait which gained their respect and high regard. He was a member of the Masonic order and Crocker Post, Grand Army of the Republic. To the poor and unfortunate, and especially to families of soldiers, he was a friend indeed, ever ready to respond to their needs in sickness, without a thought of fee or reward. In the sickroom, at the bedside of the suffering one, his very presence was a benefaction, and there it was were

formed friendships tender and true, which time could not efface; especially was it so with children and young people.

No instance of his hold upon the hearts of the people could be more notably cited than that of his last illness. In May, 1884, several physicians of the city went to Washington, to attend a meeting of the American Medical Association. Though his own practice was quite large, he kindly assumed the care of patients of his colleagues during their absence, but the burden proved too great, his strength failed, and he was forced to go to his bed. Immediately, Doctors Ward, Hanawalt, and Swift attended him constantly —applying their profoundest skill, prompted also by their brotherly affection for the sufferer. Every physician in the city also visited his residence to express their esteem and sorrow in behalf of their associate, but, despite all the power of human skill, love and affection, after many days of anxious watching, on the Twenty-seventh of June, 1884, he quietly passed into that slumber which has no awakening.

Religiously, he was a consistent member of Plymouth Congregational Church.

May Tenth, 1907.

HENRY LOTT

ONE of the greatest difficulties the compiler of history has to contend with is to get it straight. Especially is this true of Polk County. The first seven years after its settlement, release from military control, and organization, its public records were so carelessly kept or neglected as to be of little or no value to the histographer. As a rule, the people were more interested in securing homes and bread and butter than in making history. The facts and incidents of the community must therefore be gathered largely from, and depend upon, the memory of the pioneers, who themselves often disagree concerning some important event or incident which they were participants in, or were observant of. Of events occurring in the settlement of the valley of Des Moines River, those respecting the doings of Henry Lott were pregnant with horrors and conflicts with settlers and the Indians, culminating in the Spirit Lake Massacre; yet it is difficult to give, at the present time, the facts respecting them, so conflicting are the statements of those presumed to be familiar with them.

Periodically, appear in the public press stories of him so at variance in detail as to render them of little value, especially respecting his trouble with the Indians, the causes leading to it, and the killing of Si-dom-in-a-do-tah, a noted chief of a large band of Sisseton Sioux Indians.

Little was ever known of Lott's early life, but it is probably true that he was born in Pennsylvania, where he grew to manhood and married a widow having a son about sixteen years old, who figured largely in the subsequent tragedies. He first came to notice in this section in 1843, as an Indian trader, at Red Rock, then in Keokuk County. His stock in trade was generally understood to be whiskey and trinkets, which he disposed of to the Sauks and Foxes, but the tales told by the first settlers in the country thereabouts, and in Polk County, disclose that he was a horse thief. Mrs. John P.

Saylor, who was then about seventeen years old, says she frequently heard the men of her family talk about Lott and his stealings, and what they would do with him if they caught him.

Tom Saylor, who is now living in Saylor Township, on the same farm he has cultivated for more than fifty years, says that in 1844, his father, John B., lived on a farm in Van Buren County, and had a contract to furnish beef and flour to the Sauk and Fox Indians, and beef and hay to the garrison at Fort Des Moines; that Lott roamed over the country south of the Fort, stole the ponies of the Indians and horses of the settlers, and that his father and several settlers once caught him and gave him a severe flogging. Polk County then had no legal existence; there were no courts accessible, and the few settlers scattered over the country became their own court and jury, and enforced the unwritten law of Justice and Right.

Guy Ayers, who was a small boy then, at The Fort, says he knew Lott when he was living down at Red Rock, in 1844. He hunted bee trees, gathered honey, and sold it to settlers all around. He once came up to the east side of the river and sold some honey to his father and others around The Fort.

In 1845, Guy says his father had a mare, a pony and some mules, which one day were missing, and he and his father went in search of them. They kept going until they reached Lott's cabin, on the riverside, opposite Red Rock. They stopped with him over night. The next day, they found the animals, not far from Lott's place, and brought them home, concluding they had simply strayed away, but from subsequent disclosures of Lott's doings, Guy now thinks they were led astray.

Early in the Spring of 1846, Lott came to Fort Des Moines, and pitched a large tent near 'Coon River, on one of the terraces or "benches" as they were called. The weather was cold and very bad. He built a big log fire in it and remained several days. One day, Guy was sent to collect pay for something Lott had purchased, and he refused to pay, whereupon Guy pitched into him and had a regular tilt with him, but he got the money, and said to his father: "Lott is a mean man." Lott had with him two boys, one about sixteen and the other about twelve. He next went north, and the

first night stopped at McDivitt's Grove, six miles distant. There he found a big tree well stocked with bees and honey. He came down and asked Guy to go up and get the bees, and he went. The tree was cut down, Lott took the honey, Guy scooped in the bees and brought them home. He saw no more of Lott.

The Sauks and Foxes had been removed to Kansas. Polk County and the county south of it were rapidly filling up with settlers. To keep in advance of civilization and to better work out his depredations, Lott moved up to Pea's Point, so called from John Pea, the settler, near the mouth of Boone River, where he resumed his traffic with the Indians in whiskey and trinkets. His customers were the Sioux, a very different class from the Sauks and Foxes. He evidently did a very good business, for Mr. Smalley, a pioneer of Dallas County, says he passed his place when going to Oskaloosa to get a supply of whiskey. On going north at one time, he and his oldest son stopped with him over night. Behind his wagon was a cream-colored horse. The next morning, Lott went on, and the day following, the cream-colored horse returned. A few days later, Lott came, got the horse, mounted it, and rode off, saying he was going to Red Rock. A few days after, he returned with one arm in a sling, looking as though a cyclone had struck him. He was badly bruised, stopped a couple of days for repairs, and then went on. Two days after, a man came from the south, looking for a cream-colored horse. Smalley told him Lott had gone north with one answering the description given. He went north, and three days later returned with the horse.

During the Winter of 1846-1847, Si-dom-in-a-do-tah, a Sioux chief, with six braves, who were hunting along the river, came to Lott's place and ordered him to clear out, as he was on their hunting ground, and gave him five suns (days) to get out. At the expiration of the time, Si-dom-in-a-do-tah returned. At this point in the tragedies that followed, there are so many conflicting stories and traditions, some of them evidently greatly exaggerated by repetition, it is impossible to decide which is correct.

The Union Historical Company, publisher of several histories of counties in the state, in 1880, says:

"Si-dom-in-a-do-tah, finding Lott still there, commenced an indiscriminate destruction of property, robbed his beehives, shot

his horses, cattle and hogs full of arrows, so that many died, threatened and abused his family, drove him and his son from the house. Two small daughters fled to the timber, and a small child, which the mother covered under a bed, was not discovered. After contending with the savages until her strength was exhausted, she was compelled to submit to all the indignities they chose to heap upon her."

In fact, there were no children there but the two sons of Mrs. Lott by her first marriage.

Ex-Governor Gue's "History of Iowa" says:

"In 1848, Lott's marauders stole a number of ponies from the Sioux Indians. Si-dom-in-a-do-tah tracked the ponies to Lott's settlement, found them concealed in the woods, recovered them, and the chief ordered his men to burn the cabin and kill his cattle. Lott, alarmed, fled down the river with a stepson, abandoning his wife and small children."

Mr. Smalley, a pioneer, who knew Lott well, says the raid on Lott's cabin was made in December, 1846, thus disagreeing with Gue.

No authentic statement has been made as to how the attack was commenced, but it was doubtless in Indian style, with a whoop and dash, at which Lott fled. He once told Mr. Eslick that he went across the river, hid in the brush, and watched the destruction, as he could do nothing.

So soon as it was over, he went down to Pea's Point, and told Mr. Pea that the Indians had murdered his family, burned his cabin, and he wanted help. Che-me-use, a Pottawattamie chief, with several hundred of his tribe, were camped at Elk Rapids, near the north line of Polk County. He was very friendly with the settlers, who called him Johnny Greene. He was appealed to, and, with twenty-six of his men, joined with John and Jacob Pea, James and William Hull, John and William Crookes, and Doctor Spears, settlers in that vicinity, went to Lott's place, arriving three days after the raid. They found Mrs. Lott had not been murdered, assaulted, nor the cabin burned.

C. L. Lucas, the well-known old-timer of Boone County, in an effort to harmonize the many stories told of the affair, after consulting old settlers and others who were of the rescue party, says

Mrs. Lott was not assaulted by the Indians, but was completely overcome by the shock to her nervous system, and exposure. She told Doctor Spear that the Indians told her boy, Milton, twelve years old, to get all the horses on the place for them or they would shoot him, but instead, he went away, without coat or hat, probably to follow his father, and she did not know what had become of him. The Indians tried to kill the cattle by shooting them with arrows, and some did die. They took three horses, but one broke through the ice when crossing the river, and, unable to get it to shore, they shot it and left it. They also took all the household goods of value, a set of silver knives and forks and spoons which had been given her by her first husband, and went away.

The rescue party having done what they could, with the exception of John Pea, returned to Elk Rapids. Pea remained to assist in caring for Mrs. Lott and finding the missing boy. In the snow, on the ice, Lott and Pea tracked the boy down the river about twenty miles and found his body frozen stiff, with his two dogs watching it. The date was December Eighteenth, 1846. Having no means for carrying it back, or for digging a grave, it was placed in a hollow log. On January Fourteenth, following, a number of settlers at Pea's Point went with Lott and gave the lad a Christian burial near the spot where the body was found.

In September, 1893, Mr. Lucas inaugurated a movement to further commemorate the sad event, but to find the spot where the interment was made was the problem. Though it had been blazed on surrounding trees, a lapse of fifty-seven years had changed the whole valley of Des Moines River. Old landmarks had been swept away, but, with the aid of John Pea, the grave was located, and in November, 1905, a fitting tablet was erected on the spot under the auspices of the Madrid Historical Society, the dedication address being given by Mr. Lucas.

Mrs. Lott did not long survive the terrible scenes she had passed through. She was buried on the high bluff of the river, not far from her cabin. Lott then gathered together his cattle and what property the Indians had left, and moved down to Mr. Smalley's cabin, now in Des Moines Township, Dallas County, I think it is, and built a cabin, where he and his stepson lived during the Spring

and Summer of 1847. In the Fall, he sold his cattle for beef, and in the carcasses of some were found Indian arrow-heads. He then came to Fort Des Moines, where he remained until the Spring of 1849. What he was doing during that time, I have been unable to learn, but he secured another wife, a daughter of a man named McGuire, living on a land claim on the south side of 'Coon River, opposite the Murrow Farm, in Valley Township.

With his new wife, he went back to his former place and the old, deserted cabin at the mouth of Boone River, where he speculated in land claims and traded with the Indians. Three children were born to them there, two daughters and a son. Immediately after parturition of the son, the mother died, and Lott was again without a home.

Gue says Lott left one of his children at T. S. White's, six miles below Fort Dodge, and the two girls with Doctor Hull, in Boone County. Lucas says the infant son was adopted by Mr. White, and the two daughters were raised by a family named Dickerson. They lived to adult age, were married, and, I think, are still living in Boone or its vicinity.

Lott having disposed of his three children, determined to avenge himself against Si-dom-in-a-do-tah, "the old he-devil," as he called him. The stories of his further movement and his manner of doing it are conflicting. Andreas' Historical Atlas (1875) says:

"In 1852, Lott and his stepson went up from Webster County and squatted on the west side of what is now Lott's Creek, and cleared up an acre or two of ground in the timber. A short distance below the mouth of the creek, on the west bank of the east fork of Des Moines River, Si-dom-in-a-do-tah and his family of nine (?) persons had their lodge. Lott conceived and carried into execution the horrible project of murdering the chief and his entire family. The chief was shot a short distance from his lodge, and two squaws and four children [seven] were murdered at the lodge. A boy and a girl made their escape to tell of the perpetrators."

Gue's "History of Iowa" says:

"In the Fall of 1853, Lott and a son passed though Fort Dodge with an ox team, loaded with provisions and three barrels of whiskey, went into Humboldt County and built a cabin on a creek,

since named Lott's Creek, where he opened a trade with the Indians in goods and whiskey. In January, 1854, he learned that Si-dom-in-a-do-tah was camped on another creek, since named Bloody Run. With his son, he went to the camp and made profession of warm friendship for the Indians. He told the chief there was a large herd of elk on the river bottom, and induced him to set off to find them. So soon as the chief was out of sight, they skulked in the grass, and as the chief returned shot him dead as he rode on his pony. They then waited until night, when, returning to the tepees, they gave the war whoop, and as the women and children came out, butchered them one by one, the aged mother, wife and two children of the chief, and two orphans living with them [seven]. One little girl hid in the grass and escaped. One little boy, terribly wounded and left for dead, recovered. They plundered the camp of every article of value, burned their own cabin, loaded a wagon with plunder, fled down the river, struck westward, crossed the Missouri north of Council Bluffs, and disappeared on the plains."

A writer of the "History of Humboldt County" (1880) says:

"In the Winter of 1853-1854, Si-dom-in-a-do-tah was camped on the east bank of Des Moines River, with his wife, two children, a young squaw, and her two children [seven]. Lott, loading up his valuables on his wagon, told his stepson to go to the settlements south. He then struck off across the river, and on arriving at the tepee of the Indian, informed him that buffalo were grazing on high ground beyond, and proposed to go and shoot them. They started off, and soon after Lott stepped behind the old chief and shot him dead. He then returned to the camp and slew all the women and children [eight] except one little boy about twelve years of age, who hid from him and escaped. Lott then followed the track of his stepson, soon joined him, stopping that night with Simon Hinton."

Another report says Lott came south, stopped at the places of Joseph Smalley, Dickerson and others, showed them the silverware stolen from his cabin, and said: "That old Sioux devil will never rob any more women of silverware."

Another report is that Lott, after the killing, took some furs and the pony Si-dom-in-a-do-tah rode, fled south, and was traced as

far as Tom Saylor's. Tom recently told me that Lott and his stepson came to his house for breakfast, and said they had ridden all night. They immediately left, saying they were going to Red Rock. They advised the settlers to look out, as there was going to be trouble with the Indians.

A recent report says:

"The Indians caught and bound Lott; then they took three target shots at Mrs. Lott, none striking her. One of the boys escaped down the river and was frozen to death. Worry over the boy's fate and scare caused the death of Mrs. Lott. The husband bided his time, plied the Indians with whiskey, and while they were in drunken stupor, waded in upon them with a sharp axe, making the old chief his first victim. He spared neither buck, squaw nor papoose."

Ink-pa-du-a-tah, who figured in the Spirit Lake Massacre, was a brother of Si-dom-in-a-do-tah, and was camped not far away from him. The slaughter was soon discovered. The Indians were enraged, and the settlers greatly alarmed for their safety.

Ink-pa-du-a-tah, who had always been friendly with the settlers, went to Major Williams, who had been an officer at Fort Dodge, but remained after the military was removed to Fort Ridgley, and was appointed by Governor Grimes to protect the settlers on the frontier, to investigate and ascertain who did the killing. He ordered the holding of an inquest. The bones of the old chief were brought before the jury, and his skull was later taken to Homer, then the county seat of Webster County, and nailed up on a house. "Charley" Aldrich has a vivid recollection of it, and says it was fractured in several places, as though done with some blunt instrument, and portions of flesh were still adhering. The Coroner's Jury disagreed, some of them contending that the killing was done by Indians who disliked old "Si," and nothing came of it. Suspicion pointed to Lott. Major Williams made further investigation and reported that he and several Indians had traced Lott down the river on the ice to the mouth of Boone River, where he sold the pony, gun, furs, and stuff taken from Si-dom-in-a-do-tah's camp, but, having so much the start, he could not be found.

The settlers, however, demanded that something be done to protect them from the vengeance of the Indians. A presentment was

made to the Grand Jury at Des Moines, the Polk County District Court then having jurisdiction of all that section, and an indictment for murder was returned against Lott, who must have been known to be in the vicinity, for the evening of the day the indictment was returned, the horse of one of the jurors, who resided in Boone County, was in a stable a short distance southwest of the Court House, and the next morning was in a stable in Boone County. When Sheriff D. B. Spalding went up the next day to arrest Lott, he could not be found. Several months later, his stepson sent word to Fort Dodge that his father had been killed in some kind of an affray in California.

I have searched the records of the District Court, but can find no record of the proceedings in the case, and the Clerk says there are no records of the doings of that court prior to 1857, a fact of some importance and singularity.

The Indians were greatly angered because Lott was not captured, and made raids on settlers along the river. Ink-pa-du-a-tah, who had always been friendly with the whites, incensed by the murder of his mother and brother, joined in the spirit of vengeance, which, it is claimed, resulted in the massacre at Spirit Lake.

It is evident Lott was a "mean man," as Guy Ayers told his father, for children and fools are said to instinctively tell the truth. Though there was some palliation for avenging the assault against his family at Pea's Point, which was within the neutral strip, open to settlement, and on which old "Si," an ugly Indian, under a treaty made with the Government, had no right to go, yet there was no justification for killing the chief's innocent family.

August Eleventh, 1907.

CAPTAIN ISAAC W. GRIFFITH

CAPTAIN ISAAC W. GRIFFITH

IN the early days, very few persons were better known in Polk County and Des Moines than "Old Churubusco," as Captain Isaac W. Griffith was reverently and most respectfully called, to distinguish him from Captain Harry Griffith and Colonel J. M. Griffith, veterans of the Civil War.

Born in Trumbull County, Ohio, April First, 1820, he passed his boyhood days with his father, assisting him in his trade as a carpenter. During that time, he acquired all the education possible at the district schools, and one term at the academy at Farmington, a branch of the Western Reserve College.

In 1838, when eighteen years old, he decided to come West and grow up with the country, and came to Fort Madison, in October. With no capital but a vigorous constitution, energy, and faith in himself; among entire strangers, he took the first job that presented, driving team and working on a farm, under a contract for one year, at the expiration of which he carried on the farm one year on his own account, and, after gathering the crops, in 1840, went to West Point, where he resumed his trade as a carpenter.

In 1839, there was great excitement throughout the southern part of the territory respecting the southern boundary line. The Constitution of Missouri, in defining the boundaries of that state, had declared her northern boundary to be the parallel of latitude which passes through the rapids of the Des Moines River. In the Mississippi River, a little above the mouth of Des Moines River, are the rapids of the Des Moines. In making their survey, the Missouri officers found in the Des Moines, just below the town of Keosauqua, in Van Buren County, some slight ripples in the current of the river, which were claimed by Missouri as those referred to in the definition of her boundary line, and she insisted on exercising jurisdiction over a strip eight miles wide to the Mississippi, which Iowa claimed as belonging to her. Clarke County was

enrolled in Missouri, and its citizens listed for taxation, but the settlers refused to pay the taxes. The collector levied on their property. He was arrested on a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace in Van Buren County, and subsequently indicted. The Governor of Missouri called out the State Militia, and sent one thousand men to enforce the collection of the taxes. Governor Lucas promptly responded by calling out the Iowa Militia, and twelve hundred men were enlisted and armed.

Griffith was appointed a Lieutenant of one of the companies. There was no difficulty in getting men, for the whole southern part of the territory was in fighting rage. But before hostilities were commenced, the conservative element thought it best to send a commission to consult the Governor of Missouri. General A. C. Dodge, of Burlington; General Churchman, of Dubuque, and Doctor Clark, of Fort Madison, were selected. When they arrived, the order for the collection of the taxes had been rescinded by Missouri, and the Governor had sent a proposition to Governor Lucas to submit an agreed case to the United States Supreme Court, which was declined; but subsequently both territories petitioned Congress to settle the matter. It was submitted to the Supreme Court, and there decided in favor of Iowa, and a commission delegated to fix the boundary on the Sullivan Line, and set iron pillars ten miles apart to permanently mark the boundary. This gave Iowa all she claimed, and thus was avoided what for a time looked like bloody war.

In 1842, Griffith was elected Justice of the Peace and Coroner of Lee County, and served three terms.

In 1843, March Thirtieth, he was commissioned by Governor Chambers, by "the advice and consent of the Territorial Council, Captain of Company Three, First Regiment, First Brigade, First Division, of the Territorial Militia."

In 1846, when the first call was made for troops for the Mexican War, Griffith, on June Twenty-sixth, volunteered. Twelve companies reported for duty, but they were never organized into regiments, for so many regiments had been accepted from Eastern states, Governor Lucas was notified in November that Iowa volunteers would not be wanted. But, in 1847, Griffith enlisted in a company which became Company K of the Fifteenth Regiment,

United States Infantry, and he was appointed a Corporal. In July, he was promoted to Sergeant. The regiment was ordered to report to General Scott at Vera Cruz, where it arrived on May Twenty-fourth, and from thence went to Pueblo, the headquarters of General Scott, arriving July Second, later fighting its way through guerrillas, his company losing its Captain and several men. The regiment was engaged in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chepultepec.

At Churubusco, Griffith was struck by a bullet which shattered the bones of his right arm, just above the elbow, necessitating amputation near the shoulder, but he remained with the company until it entered the City of Mexico, September Fifteenth, and on the First of November was discharged. For a time, he remained at Baton Rouge, on account of his wound. He arrived at his home in February following, and was soon after appointed Captain of State Militia by Governor Chambers.

In August, 1848, he was elected Representative for Lee County in the second Legislature under the state organization, as a Democrat, in one of the most important sessions ever held in the state. It elected the first United States Senator and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and was especially notable as the only one which elected three United States Senators, General A. C. Dodge, General George W. Jones, and James Harlan.

It was during that session that plans were made for improving the navigation of Des Moines River by building, at an estimated cost of one hundred and seventy-seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven dollars, thirteen locks and dams, which, when completed, would enable freight to be transported from Saint Louis to Raccoon Forks, at a saving of ninety-two per cent. The land grant of one million acres, which Congress was to grant, would pay for the improvement. The people of Central Iowa were intensely interested in the project and vigorously appealed to Congress to carry it out. In fact, so intense was the feeling that no man could get nominated or elected to public office who was not a booster for it. There were no railroads west of Chicago, and transportation to and from Eastern markets was the all-absorbing question. The Legislature did its duty in the premises, but the project fell into the

hands of a lot of unscrupulous speculators and grafters, and, after a score of years of failures, broken promises, law suits, and litigation, what was left of the immense land grant was turned over to a railroad corporation, the navigation project was condemned, universally damned, and the state retired from the business with three old scows, a half-completed dam, and a pile of rock left to it as a reminder of the River Land and Navigation Company, and the propriety of state ownership of public utilities.

During that session was also passed the first Homestead Exemption Law. Griffith introduced the bill and was largely instrumental in securing its passage. The people throughout the West were poor. The money in circulation was only one dollar and eleven cents per capita. Men were struggling to secure homes. Loan sharks demanded forty per cent interest. Thousand had to give mortgages, at such exorbitant interest they could not pay, and lost their homes. The law then passed embraced all the principles of the law as we have it now.

In 1849, Griffith was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Lee County, and served until November, 1850, when he resigned and was appointed Assistant Doorkeeper of the United States Senate at Washington, where he served three years, when he was appointed on the police force of that city, and served until April, 1858, when he was appointed by President Buchanan Registrar of the United States Land Office, and came to Des Moines. He served until 1861, when he was removed by President Lincoln.

The Civil War came on immediately after. The State of Iowa was totally unprepared to do anything respecting it, and during the excitement among the people, a committee, of whom Griffith was one, was selected to attend to the expenses and other preliminary preparations for the struggle which was to come, but he soon after resigned, and in October, 1861, was elected Sheriff of Polk County and was a candidate for a second term in 1863, but was defeated by "Hod" Bush, a shrewd politician, which "Old Churubusco" was not.

In the Fall of 1864, he was appointed Master Mechanic in the United States Quartermaster's Department at Memphis, Tennessee, where he served until October, 1865, when he was appointed

Deputy United States Marshal for the Western District of Tennessee, and served three years.

In 1868, he returned to Des Moines, and was appointed toll-gate keeper at Court Avenue bridge, and served until the bridges were made free from toll, in 1879.

In 1875, he was elected County Coroner, and was elected every two years consecutively for eighteen years, the longest servitude of any county officer, thus evidencing his popularity, fitness and trustworthiness. During his incumbency, occurred the murders of Mrs. Henry Osborn and Andrew Snedden, in 1880; Frank McCreery, Doctor John Epps and Henry Scribner, in 1881; R. W. Stubbs, 1882; James Reynolds, 1883; S. H. Wishart, 1890; James F. Kemp, 1891; Mrs. Peter Sutler, 1892.

In 1886, he was appointed Bailiff of the Supreme Court, and served many years. In 1895, at the May term of the court, he was accorded the gratifying privilege of unveiling the splendid Yewell portrait of Charles Mason, the first Chief Justice of that court, and for whom he had voted as a member of the Legislature, in 1838.

In those days, the court met in whatever building could be found available. Its first meeting at Burlington was in a tavern. The judges, lawyers, and attendants upon the court found poor accommodations. A bunk of hay full of fleas, spread on the floor of a tavern or cabin, was the bed of a majority of them, but they made the best of it. The taverns would be overcrowded, and attendants dined out of their wagons. The incidents and stories told of the court in those days by Judge Wilson, James Grant, of Davenport; Judge Murdock, of Elkader, and Judge Wilson, of Dubuque, would fill a large book. The members of the Supreme Court were also the District Judges, and held court at different places. At one place, a log court house had been built of one room. There was but one other cabin in the place, and it was occupied by a Scotchman. When it came night, hay and bedding was brought in by some farmers and spread on the floor of the court room, after a careful sweeping. Lawyers, jurors and attendants planted themselves on the floor, on which, during the Summer, a farmer's hog had made a dormitory. Scarcely had the bunkers begun to doze when,

"At once there arose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As if all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had raised the banner-cry of hell."

Some rushed out on the prairie, but soon came back; some took refuge in haystacks, but soon crawled out, declaring flight was useless, for there was no escape from the fleas. At another time, the United States Marshal was behind time, and he stopped at the cabin of the Scotchman to get dinner. While he was eating, he opened a warm biscuit, and in the middle of it was a big bedbug, cooked so that its blood crimsoned half its surface. Turning to Judge Wilson, he inquired: "What in the world is that?" "A Scotch sandwich, double price," was the reply from an interested sitter at the table. On another occasion, court was held in a log cabin which had been built for a residence, but was not occupied. It was in hot weather. There was barely room inside for the court and jury. Judge Grant was one of the attorneys in a case on trial. The bailiff, a short, pudgy fellow, with a big, long body, was lounging with the attendants in the shade of some trees, several rods distant. Old-timers have not forgotten the leonine voice of Grant, that, when he was in full blast, could be heard a mile. On this occasion, when he was at the climax of his argument to the jury, the crowd outside thought a row had broken out, and started to see what was up. The bailiff tried to stop them, but without success. Standing close against the building, near the doorway, was a hogshead of molasses. The bailiff pushed his way through the crowd, climbed to the head of the hogshead, wheeled about, and, with outspread hands, raised to tiptoe, shouted "Silence!" when the heading of the hogshead fell in and he went to the bottom of the molasses. Court was suspended, he was fished out, taken to a nearby creek, washed and cleaned, when court was resumed as if nothing had happened.

In 1888, Griffith was elected a delegate to the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Columbus, Ohio, where he had the pleasure of meeting the Colonel who commanded his regiment at Churubusco.

In 1896, he was one of the speakers at the Iowa Semi-Centennial Celebration, held at Burlington, when he gave a detailed

account of the Mexian War, in which three hundred and twelve men enlisted, though but one company was sent to the front; one company to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and the remainder joined regiments from other states. It is unfortunate that no stenographic report of his narrative was secured.

Politically, Griffith was an active Democrat, up to the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, when he joined the Union party, and during the four years' strife he was active and helpful in sustaining the Government.

Socially, "Old Churubusco" was the friend of everybody. His genial temperament and constant desire to make others happy drew them to him like iron to a magnet. Though his life was one of hardship, he was ever frank, cordial and sunny. No person ever heard him speak evil of another. His sole purpose was to do good and improve the social life of the community in which he lived. He was known by more people than any man who had lived in the county. For more than forty years, his strong, athletic stature was a familiar figure on the streets of the city. Once seen, he was always remembered. Plain, unostentatious, quiet, of sterling integrity, he had the confidence and esteem of the community at large. Handicapped by his armless sleeve, to support his large family, he accepted whatever service he could get, but public sentiment, appreciative of his virtues and patriotism, provided him the ways for a plain, honest living, which was all he desired.

He was an earnest, exemplary member of the Methodist Church, and for nearly fifty years a highly respected member of the Order of Odd Fellows, and a faithful, practical exemplar of its tenets.

In recognition of his unbounded love of country and patriotism, he was appointed by Governors Merrill, Kirkwood and Newbold to their military staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry.

He was a good public speaker, and popular in all public meetings, especially those of old settlers, for no one could so vividly portray the pioneer days.

The old *Register* editorial room was a favorite trysting place for him, Colonel Nat. ("Pap") Baker, and "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, where they often gathered and recounted scenes and incidents of their life and times. They were thrice welcome visitors,

and three wide-bottomed chairs were always reserved for them. Their stories were historic, much of which is hidden in the files of the *Register*, over at the State Historical Building, as effectually lost as a needle in a haystack. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." "Old Churubusco" often promised he would put in writing his life experiences; so did Baker and Mitchell, but they procrastinated until too late.

On his decease, January, 1897, his funeral was a military one, attended by Company H, Iowa National Guard; Fort Des Moines Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Old Settlers' Association, Tippecanoes, Grand Army of the Republic, and a large concourse of citizens. Ministers of nearly all the churches were present and gave tribute to his virtues, patriotism, and good citizenship. On his casket, when lowered into the earth, was placed by Judge Given, a comrade at Churubusco, a piece of the flag which was carried through the Mexican War.

October Twenty-first, 1906.

MARTIN L. BURKE

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AMONG the old-timers, none are better conversationalists or more large supplied with reminiscences than the old stage drivers, for they went through the country with their eyes and ears open, and rubbed up against all sorts of people.

I fell in with one of them a few days ago, Martin Lambert Burke, a full-blooded Hibernian, born on the "Auld Sod," who held the reins over some of Colonel Hooker's nags across the prairies and wild wastes between Des Moines and Fort Dodge, when the latter was in its swaddling clothes.

Born in Ireland, August Tenth, 1830, he came to America when seventeen years old, and stopped at Columbus, Ohio, the headquarters of the Western Stage Company, operating lines in Ohio and Indiana, westward on the trail of emigration, slowly retreating when overtaken by the iron horse. On reaching Indianapolis, in 1854, the company decided to take the field in Iowa. They purchased all the right, title and interest of the Frink & Walker lines, which were operated from Keokuk to Des Moines and Dubuque, and, in 1855, sent thirty empty four-horse coaches and drivers to Knoxville, Illinois. Fifteen of them went to Burlington, and fifteen to Muscatine. Burke was in the Muscatine assignment, and he didn't like it, for his chums were all in the Burlington assignment, so he began working his way to them. Arriving at Ottumwa, he was put on the box and drove between Chariton and Ottumwa three months, during which time he got on the warm side of Parmalee, the road agent, who was transferred to Des Moines to take charge of what was called the "Fort Dodge Route," from Des Moines to Cedar Falls, *via* Fort Dodge, and brought Burke with him. From 1855 to 1862, Burke drove on that line. In 1862, Colonel Hooker, superintendent of the company, transferred him to the line from Des Moines to Indianola, as driver and express messenger, where he served two years. R. K. McMasters was the agent of the United States Express Company in Des Moines then.

But facts and incidents are best told in his own way:

"On the Fort Dodge line, we started from here on Third Street, just across the alley from the Everett House, on the west side of the street. The Everett House was once called the Marvin House. We crossed the river somewhere between what is now Court Avenue and Walnut Street—forded it when it was low, and when it was frozen, we not only crossed on the ice, but used to come on the ice from Thompson's Bend clear down. After we got on the East Side, we went over along the bluff, past the Small House, and went on out by Thompson's Bend, through Saylorville to Polk City, then to Bell's Point, which is between Madrid and Luther, then to Boonesboro. There we met the coach from Fort Dodge, and each driver turned and went back—I coming back to Des Moines and the other driver going on to Fort Dodge. At that time there was only tri-weekly trips. Sometimes, in case of accidents or increase of travel, I would go on to Fort Dodge. We would leave Boonesboro—that was before they changed the town over to Boone—go north through Mineral Ridge to Hook's Point, then cross Boone River in a ferry, when the river was high, or ford it when low, then to Brushy Creek, then to a station kept by a man named McNeely, and from there on to Fort Dodge. The stations for changing horses were at Polk City, Boonesboro, Bell's Point, Brushy Creek, and Fort Dodge. The hotels at the stations were kept at Polk City by a man named Harter; at Bell's Point, Jesse Hull, who was a fine man; at Boonesboro, Eli Keeler, and the first man who kept a hotel there; at Hook's Point, Isaac Hook; at Brushy Creek, a man by the name of McNeeley; at Fort Dodge, it was the Wahkonsa House.

"All the time of my service, the routes were operated by Colonel Hooker. He had under him what we called "road agents," who looked after the drivers and kept them straight.

"Tri-weekly trips between Des Moines and Fort Dodge were made until after the railroad reached Boone; after that it was daily, and sometimes it was two or three coaches a day, depending upon the amount of travel or the season of the year.

"We delivered passengers in Des Moines at the Everett House, kept by Absalom Morris, or wherever they wanted to go. I remember one time taking a passenger so far out on Locust Street, the

houses were so seattered and far apart, I thought I was making a trip back again to Fort Dodge.

"There was an old pontoon bridge across the Des Moines, between Grand Avenue and Walnut Street, but no permanent bridge. There was no bridge across Raccoon River when I first came here, but before I quit driving, a bridge at the junction of the rivers had been built. Alex. Scott started to build a bridge across the Des Moines, south of Court Avenue, but did not finish it, and I do not know what became of it.

"The first stage barn was south of where the Rock Island Depot now is. It was the old barracks the soldiers left, with two or three wells, etc. The buildings belonged to two brothers, Henry and Jacob Bunn. The stage company built a fine, new barn and shops, I think it would be, south and west of where the Union Depot is, about two blocks. The shops were divided into five departments, one for building and repairing coaches, another for painting, another for harness-making, another for ironing coaches, and the other for shoeing horses. It was near where old Judge William H. McHenry used to live. It stood on the south side of the street. We used to sleep right across the street from the Judge's house. The Judge was a very sociable man, and I knew him well. The last time I saw him was when he delivered a speech at Madrid, about a year before he died. I knew the McHenry boys when they were small. They were fine physical specimens, built for most anything—good, big, overgrown boys. They had a boy running with them by the name of Morris, son of the hotel-keeper. They were around the barn a great deal, and whenever a circus had been in town, they would come down to the barn and us drivers would fix up a platform for them, spread dry hay and some blankets over it all, and make a place for them to turn handsprings on, and one of the McHenry boys—I don't remember which one—and the Morris boy, were especially good performers. Maybe they have forgotten it.

"The first office agent under Hooker when I came to Des Moines was a man named Smith. He looked after the waybills and passengers, took the fares, and saw that everything was all right before the stage started. The next office agent was A. T. Johnson. A. B.

Woodbury had charge of the coaches, and everything at the barn and shops. Whenever a driver came along, no matter whether he worked for the company or not, Woodbury would take care of him until he got work.

"Colonel Hooker was one of the grandest men I ever knew, or had anything to do with. He certainly knew how to handle men. He was very companionable, and talked to us like he would to anybody. He often got on the box here in town and drove around, for there was plenty of room west of the Court House, and he was a good driver.

"At one time, three passengers, Mrs. Sherman, wife of a banker at Boone; her child, and the mother of Mrs. Sherman or her husband, I don't remember which, rode with me from Des Moines to Boonesboro during a cold wet Spring, and I was afraid they would freeze. I gave them my buffalo robe and overcoat, and tried to keep them comfortable. They were to take the other coach at Boone—we always called it Boone—and I told them not to attempt to cross Boone River, but they were in a hurry to get home, and when they came to the river, a young man attempted to take them over in a boat. They had a lot of mail, which was put into the boat, and so overloaded it that it went down, and the two women and child were drowned. The young man jumped and left them to their fate.

"The Winter of 1856-1857 was too cold to talk about. Deer and elk came into Fort Dodge; they ran in the streets, driven in by starvation and cold, and they killed them with clubs. One time that Winter, an old man was riding with me, and I thought he would freeze in spite of all I could do. I remembered hearing that if you could make a man mad, it would warm him, so I slapped him in the face, and it nearly made the tears come in my eyes when I did it, but I had to warm him up. When we got to the station at Mr. Hull's—Mr. and Mrs. Hull were good, kind people —I got him in there and warmed him up, but they would not let him go on that day, and kept him until the next stage came along. He was quite an old man, from the state of Massachusetts. I was young then, and never suffered from the cold. I wore calfskin boots, and would slap my hands around me to warm them up, shifting the lines from one hand to the other, but the passengers inside

in extreme weather would get pretty cold. I had a buffalo robe, but I soon threw it away, for I could not be bothered with it in braking. I lost my way one night in the Winter, about three miles this side of Boone. There was a severe snowstorm from the northwest. We used to drive past the home of a man named Lucas—he is living yet—ninety years old. He had some improvements east of his house, and there was some vacant land between where we used to travel, and the storm drove me east of the place. I did not know where we were, and the storm coming in the faces of the horses drove the leaders off to the east. I was afraid to rein them, thinking perhaps they knew better than I did where we were. I did not know until I drove into some plowed ground, and then came to the house of William Payne. He had a brother, Thomas, there, who knew me by my voice, and I knew his voice. They wanted me to stay all night, but I would not. A light could be seen some distance away at the farm of the Widow Dycus, and I told them if I could get there I would be all right and know where I was. I had a coach load of passengers and I was as anxious to get through as they were. Mr. Payne said he would stand at the door and watch the shadow of the coach. If it kept between him and the light he would know that I was all right. When I got to Boone, several of the settlers were making ready to go out and see what had become of me.

"I left Des Moines after breakfast in the morning, as soon as the passengers could be gathered up, and would get to Boonesboro —when the roads were good—at three-thirty or four o'clock in the afternoon; if the roads were bad, it would be eleven or twelve o'clock.

"The Postoffice in Des Moines was in the Sherman Block, on Court Avenue, and the Postmaster was Wesley Redhead. The Postoffice at Bell's Point was kept by Joseph Cadwallader.

"I had many prominent men ride with me, often beside me on the box. Among them were Cyrus C. Carpenter, John F. Duncombe, Major Williams, John A. Kasson, General Orville Clarke, John Brown, 'Dan' O. Finch, "Timber" Woods, Judge C. J. McFarland, and a great many others. I knew Judge Casady intimately, Judge Cole, B. F. Allen, and all the early settlers. I knew

'Laughing' Hatch well. The Clarksons never rode with me, that I know of. Governor Gue often did. Old Father Clarkson was, in his kind of way, sociable on the streets, and sometimes would reprimand us boys if we did not do right.

"We used to do some horse racing in the vicinity of Madrid. That was the only kind of gambling I did. Some of the parties are living yet, among them Cornelius Grigsby and Jacob Murray.

"In those days, the little fields were cleared from the timber, the early settlers preferring timber land along the river. There was not a farm on the prairie from Polk City timber up to the Widow Dyeus' place, where I got lost. It was all unfenced and unfarmed.

"Wild turkeys were plentiful; there was some deer, and in the Winter I have seen half a dozen wolves following the coach, but they would drop off when we came near settlements.

"During my stage days, there were drinking places where liquor could be had at Des Moines, Fort Dodge, and Boonesboro, and more or less was drunk by almost everybody. It was for sale in the grocery stores. Here in Des Moines, at some place on Second Street, there was plenty of it in the 'groceries,' as they were called. I remember one nice, old fellow, named Carroll, who kept a 'grocery' in Boonesboro, and had liquor for sale, but would not sell it to men who were in the habit of drinking or getting intoxicated. The boys used to get me to go to him and get liquor for them, and I always had to tell him I wanted it for a sick horse, but I had to buy with it something that was supposed to be mixed with it later for medical purposes. I always bought soda, and sometimes I had my pockets filled with packages of soda, which I distributed to the women at Bell's Point to make biscuits. The last time I fooled him, he remarked: 'I should think you would get rid of that horse, he is always sick, and must be expensive.' That was too much for me, for he was so honest and sincere about it that I was ashamed to impose on him again. I remember a case where a fine old fellow named Bowman got drunk, and Carroll had him arrested and fined. It was on Saturday. Bowman paid his fine, and on Monday, Carroll had him arrested again for being drunk. When the trial came on, Bowman pleaded his own case. The state was represented by John Deidrich. Bowman's defense was that it

was the same drunk for which he had been arrested on Saturday—that he had not yet sobered off—and, as he had been fined once, he could not be punished twice for the same offense. The Judge agreed that it was true, and he was released.

"I knew Mr. Ingham, who lived in those days at Algona, and who, I understand, is the father of Mr. Ingham of *The Register and Leader*. A fine man he was, too.

"I quit driving stage, I think, in 1867; but while I was driving I found a piece of land which the River Land Company had not stolen, in Douglass Township, near Luther, of which I cleared and cultivated a little, and the boys used to accuse me in a joking way of farming with the stage horses, but I was never guilty of that. When I left the stages, I went on my farm, and I have been there ever since."

Politically, Burke is a Democrat. He says that he went up to Bell's Point. "They were all Hulls and Whigs. The Hulls had all the girls, so I became a Hull—that is, a Democrat—but I will vote for Cummins for Governor, anyhow."

Socially, he is genial, companionable, of humorous temperament, well stocked with the proverbial Celtic wit, a good citizen, prominent and popular in the community where he lives, as evidenced by his election for eighteen consecutive years as Roadmaster and Constable, and would be serving yet, but in 1900, he says, "The Swedes got scared over the Australian ballot, and didn't know how to vote for me, and I got knocked out."

He has been vouchsafed a generous length of years, vigorous health, a clear head; has lived to see the prairies all "fenced and farmed," his old station, Boonesboro, gone to wreck, eclipsed by the railroad city of more euphonious name, and the river, where he used to cross it in a scow, spanned by a structure of marvelous engineering skill. Here, in Des Moines, all trace of his stage driving days is completely obliterated and lost, even the river being unrecognizable.

October Fourteenth, 1906.

MRS. SOPHIA M. DOLSON-ANDREWS

AMONG the early settlers of Des Moines who became closely identified with its social and educational affairs was Mrs. Sophia M. Dolson-Andrews.

She was born in Elmira, Steuben County, New York, April Twenty-seventh, 1829.

Her father, Johannes Van Dolson, was of Holland and English descent, and was born in New York in 1752. During the seven years' struggle for independence, he was at times actively engaged in ferreting out the intrigues of the Tories and Indians. His record shows three different enlistments. He was with Washington at the crossing of the Delaware, Christmas Day, 1775; at the battle of Saratoga, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and in other memorable battles. He was a member of the Masonic order at the time of the famous Morgan disappearance.

In 1835, he removed with his family to the wilds of Michigan, traveling from Detroit over corduroy roads in a mover's wagon to Bellevue, Michigan, and later to South Battle Creek, where many struggles and privations, unavoidable in a new, unsettled country, awaited the old soldier and patriot. In 1837, he yielded to the invincible, and was laid to rest at the age of eighty-five.

Sophia was placed in school, where she developed a fondness for books and close study, frequently winning the silver medal bestowed for good scholarship.

At that time, spinning was one branch of home training, and Mrs. Andrews frequently recurs to the fact that at the age of twelve, she spun the rolls from which were woven one hundred and twenty-five yards of cloth.

In the Fall of her thirteenth year, she entered the branch of the University of Michigan. At the age of fourteen, she began teaching, and continued to teach in public schools and seminaries for several years. She recalls with pleasure the training of many boys

who, later in life, became noted in business and other careers, among whom was General Shafter, of Cuban War fame, who, in an interview in New York, soon after the war, referred to her as the "gentle, brown-eyed teacher of my early youth."

She also taught in the University of Des Moines (now Des Moines College), during its opening year, 1866, under the presidency of Elder J. A. Nash.

She became a resident of Des Moines in 1863, where fields of activity and usefulness opened to her. In the Thirteenth General Assembly (1870), she was given a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives as correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal,* under a resolution presented by Honorable John A. Kasson, which thus conferred upon her the distinction of being the first woman officially granted a seat in the Legislature. During that and many subsequent sessions, the *Journal* contained her faithful record of Iowa Assemblies. She also furnished descriptive letters for home papers from the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876, wrote sketches from the New Orleans World's Fair, in 1884, and contributed articles on subjects of the day to home papers.

In the early Seventies, she was a member of the Des Moines Relief Society of Charities, a corps of volunteers organized to dispense charities and relief to the poor, unfortunate, and needy of the city. She served twelve years as ward visitor and secretary. Amid the pinching blasts of Winter storm, through deep snows, and drenching rains, day after day, with her favorite horse, she sought the homes of squalor, poverty and want, a service requiring great physical endurance and self-abnegation, for which the consciousness of having carried cheer to many burdened and despondent ones was her reward.

That was during the days of toll bridges, but their gates, by authority of the City Council, swung freely open on her approachment, with a Godspeed from the keeper, who knew well the errand on which she rode.

At the beginning of her work, she secured, by subscriptions, fourteen hundred dollars, the first fund raised in the town to be dispensed by an organized charity system, and she has the subscription book in her possession yet. It contains the names of many who long ago passed to "the other shore."

Of her, it may be said she is strong in her convictions, independent in opinions, sweet in appeals for sympathy, charitable, and kind to the wearied and tried children of this life, her motto being:

> "Say thou to each one thou mayest meet,
> In lane, highway, or crowded street,
> That he and we, and all men move
> Under a canopy of love
> As broad as the blue sky above."

She is a member of the First Baptist Church. Her religion is not bounded by creed, but rather dominated by noble and unselfish deeds. She has been active in church work, also a leader in the formative club movement; was a charter member of a woman's club, fifty-five years ago, still in existence, to establish a circulating library; is a charter member of the Des Moines Women's Club, which made its advent in 1885; organized the *Madéline de Scudéry* Club, of which she was chosen President, and has served continuously as President and Leader twenty-one years. She is a member of the Women's Press Club of Des Moines, now in its eleventh year.

At a meeting of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, May Fifteenth, 1907, at Oskaloosa, she was complimented by an unanimous election as Honorary State Vice-President. She was the first Regent of the Abigail Adams Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized in Des Moines in 1893, the honor being conferred upon her by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in recognition of her being a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier.

While she has been active all her life in the efforts to broaden the usefulness of women, and liberate them from the narrow bounds in which the customs of ages have held them, and, while a certain reward, very gratifying, has come to her from the recognition of her work in that direction, she holds in the most sacred place that which has come to her in the fulfillment of her duties as wife, mother and homemaker.

JUDGE JOSIAH GIVEN

JUDGE JOSIAH GIVEN

THOUGH not a pioneer of Polk County, Josiah Given is an early settler, identified with much of the civic affairs of the county and state, and is widely known.

Born in Murrysville, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, October Thirty-first, 1828, of Irish parentage, he went, when ten years old, with his parents to Millersburg, Holmes County, Ohio, where his father settled on a farm and opened a crossroads blacksmith shop as a side line, where Josiah exercised his muscles blowing the bellows, keeping flies from the horses his father was shoeing, stiffened his vertebral column picking stone on the farm, and did such odd jobs as he could get. He devoted as much time as possible acquiring an education, but schools were inferior, and accessories limited, so that, whatever he secured was by persistent effort under very adverse circumstances.

When the Mexican War broke out, he enlisted as a snare drummer in Company I, Fifteenth Infantry, for recruiting purposes, and after a short service, being deemed too young for service in the field, was rejected. But early in 1847, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in Company G, Fourth Ohio Regiment, under Colonel Brough, was appointed a Corporal, went with the regiment to the front, and served until the war ended.

Returning to his home in Millersburg, he began the study of law in the office of J. R. Barcroft, who subsequently became a citizen of Des Moines, and well known to members of the Bar for the past thirty years.

In 1850, upon the motion of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous Secretary of War, Given was admitted to the Bar of Stark County, Ohio, and opened an office. In 1851, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Holmes County, served two terms, and gained a high rank in his profession. His first case as prosecutor was the trial of a man who was indicted for murder in the first degree. His

opposing counsel were Honorable David Spangler, Honorable John McSweeney, and Honorable Thomas Armor, three of the most noted lawyers in the state; but he secured a conviction.

While he was holding that office, the County Treasurer left the country between two days, a defaulter to the county for sixty thousand dollars, and Given was deputized to hunt him up. He trailed him over the country for over two months, to Switzerland, where he found he had doubled his track, returned to the United States on a steamer which met the one on which Given went over, in mid-ocean. He immediately returned, got his man, and twenty thousand dollars of the sequestrated funds.

At the close of his official term, he formed a partnership with Barcroft, and in 1850 removed to Coshocton, Ohio. One day, while he was trying a case in court, a telegram was given the Judge, announcing the firing on Fort Sumter. He at once gathered up his papers, abandoned the case, left the Court House, and did not enter it again until the close of the war.

He organized Company K, Twenty-fourth Ohio Infantry, was commissioned Captain of the company, and served several months in Western Virginia, when he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighteenth Ohio Infantry, with which he was engaged in the battles of Bowling Green, Nashville, and Stone River, at the latter being wounded.

In the Spring of 1863, he was promoted to Colonel of the Forty-seventh Ohio Infantry, to succeed the "fighting parson," Granville Moody, and went through the Atlanta campaign, a portion of the time commanding the Third Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. The labor of that campaign and exposure in the Southern swamps brought on rheumatism, which so disabled him, and the war being practically ended, he resigned. He was soon after elected Postmaster of the Lower House of the Thirty-ninth Congress, his nomination being made, in an eloquent speech, by James A. Garfield. As a reminder of his service in the House, he has an album in which is inscribed the signature of every member of that which was known as "the Reconstruction House." The first name is that of Schuyler Colfax, the second Thaddeus Stephens, following with those of W. B. Allison, Garfield and others. After two years' service in that office, he returned to Ohio.

In 1868, he perfected a long-cherished plan, and came to Des Moines. In 1869, he was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue and assigned to the division pertaining to taxes on spirits and fermented liquors, where he remained two years and resigned. On leaving the office, a farewell message was presented him, signed by the fifty-seven clerks of his office, present in a body, expressing their feelings, which is deemed one of the most highly treasured souvenirs of his official life. It is artistically engrossed and elegantly enclosed in a frame 24×36 inches:

"UNITED STATES TREASURY.

"INTERNAL REVENUE DEPARTMENT.

"1871.

"By your own volunteer act, you are about to retire from the position of Second Deputy Commissioner of this Bureau and Chief of the division in which we are employed. Before you leave us, we desire to unite in a more enduring manner than by a passing breath, to bid you a 'good-bye.' Never were the duties of the office more onerous, difficult, or delicate, than when you entered upon them; and never more watchfully, industriously and efficiently discharged, or more satisfactorily, at once to the Government and to the taxpayer. But not here alone have we found cause for commendation. Amid the severe labors and perplexities of these duties, you have ever manifested the consideration and kindness toward your subordinates which mark Nature's true gentleman, and which have added to our admiration for the faithful officer a glowing and faithful friendship for the man.

"Your departure for the new field of labor will be followed by the best wishes of us all, and with the sincere expression of our perfect trust that your future will form an uninterrupted justification of the high opinion and cordial regard you have inspired in us, we bid you a regretful and affectionate farewell."

Returning to Des Moines, in October, 1871, he was elected District Attorney for the Fifth Judicial District, and served three years, when he again joined his old tutor, Judge Barcroft, and James M. McCaughan in the practice of law.

In November, 1876, he was elected Representative for Polk County, in the Sixteenth General Assembly. He was made Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings, and a member of the

committees on Judiciary, Cities and Towns, and Judicial Districts. I was reporting for the press during the session, and recall it as a busy session. I think the House Journal will show Given's name as frequently as that of any other member, for he took an active part in the proceedings. It adopted the Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution, defeated the effort to restore capital punishment, to repeal the law giving the Railroad Commissioners power to fix passenger and freight rates, and repeal the so-called Granger Law. To secure the latter, there was present the largest and most formidable lobby ever seen about the Legislature to represent the railroads, who claimed that the law was inimical to the prosperity of the state, prohibited railroad building where it was needed, and would force the railroads into bankruptcy. It was a strenuous and exciting contest. There was also elaborate amendments to the Code, respecting county and township affairs, and corporations. It also settled the question as to when United States Senators must be elected. The Act of Congress requires that it shall be on the first Tuesday after the meeting and organization of the General Assembly. Governor Kirkwood, and nearly a dozen others, were candidates, and the contest was a lively one. On January Eighteenth, both houses met in joint convention and elected Kirkwood. Soon after, the question arose as to the validity of the election, for, from delay in the proceedings, the organization of the House had not been fully completed on the day of the election. To make doubly sure, and forestall any action the Democrats in Congress might be disposed to take, Given presented a resolution providing that the House, on Tuesday, January Twenty-fifth, proceed to elect a Senator, to be followed by the joint convention on the Twenty-sixth. It was adopted, and Kirkwood had the distinction of being twice elected by the same General Assembly.

Given must have run up against a passenger station on some road during an Iowa blizzard, for early in the session he presented a resolution instructing the Committee on Railroads to prepare a bill requiring depots to be kept open at all reasonable hours, for the accommodation of the traveling public. If it prepared such a bill, it forgot to present it to the House.

In November, 1880, Given was elected Judge of the Circuit Court, the jurisdiction of which was that of a Court of Probate,

and in November, 1884, was reëlected. In 1886, the court was abolished, the District Court reorganized, and in November, he was elected Judge of that court. He served until March, 1889, when he resigned, and was the same month appointed by Governor Larrabee as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Reed. In November, he was elected to serve out Reed's term, and in 1885, reëlected for a full term. During his incumbency, he served two years as Chief Justice of the court. On the expiration of his term, in 1890, he practically retired from active business, owing to impaired health, having for twenty years poised the scales of justice on the bench, and is now living in quietude with his daughter.

Politically, he was originally a Democrat, but when the attack was made on Sumter, he became a Union man. When he emerged from the war, he was a strong Republican, and as such has done valiant service for the party.

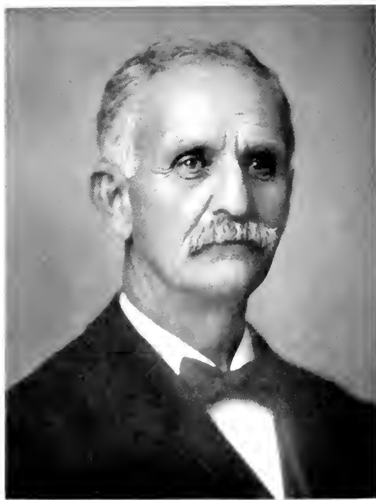
His speeches were punctuated with apt stories, and true Celtic witticisms, which made him one of the best stump speakers in the state. It is a somewhat singular fact that he never in public, and seldom in private, refers to his valorous army life through two wars. He seems studiously to avoid it. I recall one instance, however, when he was posted to make a speech. A large crowd had assembled, but he was delayed and did not arrive until near the close of the meeting. To indicate that he did not intend to make a long speech, he went on the platform carrying his hat and overcoat on his arm. The presiding officer arose to welcome him, and reached out to relieve him of his hat and coat, but he very quietly placed them over his other arm, saying to the crowd: "Forty years ago, when I was in the army, some man stole my blanket, and I have never been able to find him since, but I think I have my eye on him now." The sally brought down the house.

Socially, he is courteous, affable, companionable, open-hearted, enjoys a good story, and can tell one himself. His bearing is unassuming and dignified, his manner frank, the reflex of characteristics of unimpeachable integrity. As a legislator, jurist, lawyer, and citizen, he has proved ever the same, faithful, honest and true. He is a highly esteemed member of the Masonic fraternity, the American Legion of Honor, and the Grand Army of the Republic.

Religiously, he is an exemplar of the faith of the Presbyterian Church, of which he has for many years been an active member. He was once elected church treasurer, but declined, saying it was absurd, as he had never been able to build a home for himself without putting a mortgage on it.*

November Eighteenth, 1906.

*Died February Third, 1908.



SAMUEL SAUCERMAN

SAMUEL SAUCERMAN

THOUGH not a pioneer of Polk County, Samuel Saucerman has been identified with its business growth and prosperity, and that of Des Moines, for nearly forty years.

Born in Coshocton County, Ohio, February Fifteenth, 1840, of German ancestry, when six years old his parents emigrated to Green County, Wisconsin, where his father purchased one hundred and sixty acres of wild land in a sparsely settled country, and opened a farm. Being a carpenter and builder, he escaped many of the discomforts of pioneer settlers. Deer, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, pheasant, quail, rabbits, and squirrels were abundant, the streams alive with the most delicious specimens of the finny tribe, the speckled trout, so that the meat supply only required the gathering of it when wanted.

There Samuel passed his youth, doing the general utility work of a farm boy during the Summer; in the Winter going to the district school, and chopping wood.

When sixteen years old, his father died, and for four years following, he managed the farm, got it well supplied with grain and live stock, and then turned it over to his mother, three younger brothers and a sister, and started off to "find his fortune."

He purchased timber land, hired men to cut down the trees, cut them into lumber, fence rails, and cordwood, which were sold to prairie farmers, some of whom came twenty miles to get them.

He thus accumulated several golden shekels, and, in 1868, came to Des Moines. It was not a very attractive place to a stranger from the backwoods of Wisconsin. There were no paved streets, only a few poor sidewalks; most of the business was done on Second Street and Court Avenue below Third. Doctor Turner was planting rails and ties in the mud on Walnut Street for his street cars, drawn by horses and mules, which, most of the time, were floundering broadside down in the slippery, sticky clay. The

county was comparatively unsettled . Unimproved land was selling at ten dollars to fifteen dollars an acre.

After surveying the field, he concluded the town was bound to grow; that with its growth the people must have places to live and homes. He therefore pinned his faith to real estate. He purchased several small tracts of timber land nearby, hired men to cut the trees into cordwood, and haul it into town, where it was sold at five and six dollars per cord, as everybody used wood at that time for heating purposes. He also purchased several small tracts inside the town, platted them into building lots, sold them to mechanics, furnishing them lumber to build a house, on easy payments, without interest or rent, thus enabling them to get a home. Later, he purchased a large tract north and west of Drake University, when the mud was so deep on Cottage Grove Avenue and what is now University Avenue it was difficult for a horse to pull a buggy through it. There were also but few houses scattered along either street.

He platted his large tract into lots, donated to the city eight acres of it for streets, opened Hickman Avenue, dug out the trees and underbrush, and graded the roadbed from Twentieth to Thirtieth Street. He also did the same on Thirtieth Street, from University Avenue to a point one-half mile north of Hickman Avenue. Land that then was purchased for twenty dollars an acre could not be had to-day for five hundred dollars an acre. That University Avenue would ever be adorned with the magnificent university, with its environments; the elegant residences that now beautify it; that street cars would traverse it, or electricity illuminate it, was beyond the conception or dream of the most optimistic city booster, though Saucerman was quite radical, for he always declared that Des Moines would become what Indianapolis is to Indiana; that it would be the one great central, up-to-date city of the state, with smaller towns surrounding and tributary to it; that interurban roads radiating in all directions, with quick transit and low rates, would inevitably and rapidly increase its growth and prosperity. Being thus optimistic, he started in to help build and improve the town.

After thirty-six years of labor, averaging fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and for more than twenty years paying annually into

the county treasury as taxes over one thousand dollars; selling over two thousand building lots; assisting many laboring men to secure homes, he can very justly be classed as one of the boosters.

Politically, he is a Republican, and votes the national ticket of that party. He takes no part in politics; never held a public office; would not take one if he could get it. In state, county and city affairs, he votes for the man he believes will best subserve the public well-being.

Socially, he is plain, unostentatious, of kindly temperament, a good neighbor and good citizen. Is not a member of any social clubs or fraternal organizations, being opposed to secret societies of every kind, regardless of their object or purpose.

Religiously, he holds a membership in the Central Christian Church, but does not accept all its tenets.

A dominant trait of his character is independence of thought and action. He believes in open, frank, square dealing in business, politics and religion; that a true American citizen is one of the highest types of manhood.

December Sixteenth, 1906.

JOHN F. WINTERROWD

ONE of the pioneers of Polk County, closely identified with its early history, was the venerable and well-known John Francis Winterrowd.

Born in Indiana, where he grew to manhood, he came to Polk County in May, 1850, with a party of twenty-seven, among whom was John Barlow and family, and "Uncle Billy" Dawson and family. They came with the proverbial prairie schooners, not so idealistic a group as Blashfield has pictured at the State House, but the real emigrant outfit. They crossed the Mississippi at Keokuk, and made their first stop in the county at "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern—there were no hotels in those days—where everybody stopped and rested to get their bearings before entering the "promised land," for there was no other tavern between what is now Marengo and Fort Des Moines.

Winterrowd and his family stopped for a few weeks on a settler's claim near what is now Rising Sun, and then moved into what was known as the old "Uncle Jerry" Church house, near the mouth of Four Mile Creek. "Uncles" were numerous in those days, and helpful to newcomers.

Winterrowd purchased a claim of Francis Stewart, two miles southeast of Rising Sun, on which was a double log cabin, which consisted of two cabins, with an open space between equal to one of the cabins. The space was roofed over and used for placing wagons, plows, harness, saddles, etc. One cabin was used for a living-room, the other for a stable. The space between the logs was chinked with clay, the chimney built of sticks and clay, with a large fireplace, in which all the cooking was done. There was but one room. At night, the sleepers were partitioned off by curtains. There was little protection against Winter storms. The Winter of 1856 will long be remembered by that community for its severity and the suffering it caused. A record kept there shows that in

January the mercury dropped to thirty-five below zero on the Fourteenth, thirty-six below on the Seventeenth, thirty below February Tenth, and four below on April Fourth. The snow was deep and blizzards frequent. There being little or no protection for live stock, farms were dotted with hundreds of cattle frozen to death, many of them cows, so necessary to family support, their carcasses affording a good feast to wolves and birds of prey, thus attracting them to the settlements to commit depredations and destructiveness in other ways.

Sometimes flour got short, when corn meal and bacon became a steady diet, though with a gun and a few hours' time, wild turkeys and prairie chickens could be substituted for the bacon.

The first lights used in the cabin were "grease lamps," that is, a twisted rag placed in a dish of grease fried out of bacon, which did service until a fat steer furnished tallow to make candles, when candle dipping became a stunt for the youngsters, to furnish them amusement and keep them out of mischief.

A small flock of sheep furnished wool for family use. Mrs. Winterrowd washed the wool and prepared it for picking, which done, the women of the neighborhood would be invited to a "wool picking," which was made a social gathering, and jolly good time. With the wool picked, she carded it by hand, spun it into yarn, wove it into cloth, and made the clothes for the boys. She also wove bedspreads of neat design, and a quality not duplicated in the stores to-day, even after fifty years' service, and which are now held as treasured heirlooms by the only daughter, wife of "Dave" Witter.

Despite the trials and deprivations, the family often declared they were never happier or enjoyed life better than when in the old log cabin.

In 1855, the family having increased to the swarming period, a two-story frame, 18×40, with an "L" 16×18, was begun. Native lumber, mostly Black Walnut, was used. The boards were all planed by hand, and Captain Zachery, a well-known character in the early days, split, shaved and made the shingles. Carpenters were scarce, and two years passed before the house was completed, an event recognized by a jollification and "house warming."

Among its furnishings were rugs and carpets which the good mother wove from wool she spun. The house is still standing on the farm in evidence of its good construction.

Contemporaneous with Winterrowd, the Barlows and "Uncle Billy" Dawson started a settlement farther north, on the prairie. The prairie settlers very soon manifested a disposition to improve their social condition with churches, schools and good roads, but the settlers in the timber belt, who had come in several years before, were inclined to turn a cold shoulder to them, and not disposed to give them much assistance or encouragement, but they soon so increased in numbers as to work out their various enterprises, in all of which Winterrowd was an important factor. In 1855, when the Christian Church Society was organized, the first in the county, he was one of its members, and gave the site on which to build a meeting-house, on his farm. He also gave the site for the first schoolhouse in that section, and the first cemetery. The farm of twelve hundred acres was for many years a notable place, and especially during the Spring Creek oil excitement, in 1865, when one Tichenor, a Chicago sharper, leased privileges to bore for oil all over the farm, and the chug-chug of the borer resounded over the prairie until he had drawn in enough suckers to fill his pockets with about thirty-five thousand dollars, when the doping of the springs on the creek with crude petroleum ceased, and the bottom fell out of the whole business.

In 1867, the sorghum craze struck the farmers, and they started in to raise cane to supply saccharine enough to sweeten the whole country, and drive Cuba out of the business; and they did raise good cane. It was on Winterrowd's farm the first sorghum was made in Polk County. He purchased an iron rolling mill, costing one hundred dollars, with which to crush the cane. Farmers from all over the county brought cane to the mill to have it crushed by the tons. For his own use, big kettles were swung to a hanging pole to boil the juice. A fire was started to run day and night, and in spite of smarting eyes from the smoke from the wood, and scorching heat, the scum must be skimmed off every few minutes by the tenders, from the surface of the boiling mass. Along about midnight, supper is ready, and such a supper! Smoked ham and

eggs, potatoes roasted in ashes, and coffee sweetened with syrup. And then a smoke with a corn-cob pipe, and story-telling, or taking turns in tending the fire, wrapped in a horse blanket take a nap on a bench. When sugaring-off time came, the neighbors and their children were invited, and a regular jollification was had, an event which, said Mrs. Witter, a few days ago, "I shall never forget. We had the time of our lives."

From Winterrowd's first product, he put three barrels of syrup in the cellar, to sweeten the coming flapjacks.

The greater profit in cattle, hogs and horses, however, soon obliterated sorghum-raising in Polk County.

The energy and the enterprise of that community of settlers resulted in the organization of the town of Rising Sun, which, in 1860, became a place of considerable importance, and a good trading-point for the surrounding country. Winterrowd had a contract at one time for hauling merchandise from Keokuk to the town.

He and his good wife were noted for their generous hospitality. The latch-string of their cabin door was always outside. They were fond of society, especially young people. One occasion, their children will never forget. There were seven boys and one girl—"Dave" Witter later captured the girl—and they were told to invite all the young people in the neighborhood, which meant a circuit of ten miles, to a Christmas dinner. Promptly on the morning of that day, about one hundred youngsters put in their appearance at the old log house, bringing their appetites and jollity with them. They remained during the day and evening, some of them until the next morning. The turkeys were roasted in the big fireplace, also one goose, probably the first in Polk County, for a goose was not then considered very edible.

Their home was also headquarters for pioneer preachers and their families. Among the gospel missionaries who frequently stopped there was Father Jessup, Father J. P. Roach and P. T. Russell. Once a week was also held an old-fashioned singing school, to wrestle with the old-style square notes and rehearse good, old Mear, Coronation, Lenox, Dundee, Rock of Ages, and other soul-stirring tunes.

What old-timer does not recall the fugues, especially the paraphrase of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Psalm, respecting

the pleasure of brethren dwelling together in unity, which was "like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments," for when the singers got warmed up, it would be rolled out something like this, somewhat disjointed, but with force and vigor, getting all together at the close:

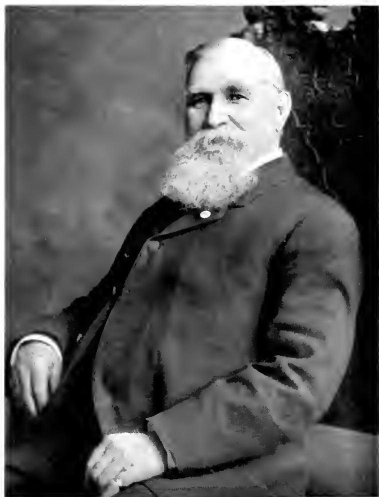
"Ran down his beard, and o'er his head——
—— —— —— —— his robes,
And o'er his robes —— —— ——
His beard, —— —— —— his robes,
Its costly —— —— —— moist——
Its-costly-moisture-shed."

Winterrowd was public-spirited, charitable, and took an active part in educational affairs; helped organize the first school district in that section, build the first schoolhouse, and for many years was one of the School Directors. His home was the home of school teachers, free of expense.

Politically, he was a Free Soil Democrat, of the most radical type, but took no active part in politics.

In 1874-1875, having acquired a competency and many broad acres—he never sold an acre in his life—and admonished by passing years of the need of rest, he divided up his property, giving each son a farm, the daughter a fine home in Des Moines, and became a resident of the city until his decease, in October, 1905, at the age of eighty-seven, leaving the heritage of a noble, Christian life, devoted to the betterment of society and the good of posterity.

April Fifteenth, 1906.



NICHOLAS McDONNELL

NICHOLAS S. McDONNELL

AN old-timer is N. S. McDonnell, or "Nick," as he was best known thirty years ago. Born May Eighth, 1842, on the "Auld Sod," in Tipperary, Ireland, of true Celtic ancestry, he passed his youth on his father's small farm, abutting the River Shannon, where he marshaled the ducks to water, looked after the pigs, burglarized the hens' nests for the kitchen supply, and did such other stunts as fall to a growing lad on a farm. He attended the National schools, which correspond to the public schools in this country, until he was fourteen years old.

At Cape May, New Jersey, resided an uncle, who wrote such glowing accounts of the country on this side of the "big pond," and told such tales of the chances for a young man to make dollars, "Nick" decided to try it. Rolling his belongings into a bundle, he put them into a bag, and in May, 1857, set sail alone for America, with no mishap *en route,* except a slight interference with his appetite from *Nausea Marina,* as the doctor would call it, before he got his "sea legs," and a slight attack of nostalgia, as the distance widened between him and father, mother, and the good old Emerald Isle, but he was a disappointed boy on arriving at Cape May, to learn that his uncle had left the country—gone West.

Without money, in a strange land, he had to hunt a job. He learned that Jay Gould had purchased a large tract of timber land in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and was going to build a big tannery and town there. "Nick" took the trail, and on arriving there his first job was peeling the bark from the trees as they were cut down, and cording it up, at two dollars per week. His next job was attending the tan vats—that is, changing the liquids from one vat to another, according to the time required, a process demanding promptness, precision, and fidelity.

Meanwhile, he kept his eyes open, and when Gould began to lay out and plat his town of Gouldsborough, he was placed in the

surveying party. His next job was with the builders of the notable big tannery.

He remained at Gouldsborough until 1859, when he had an attack of Western Fever, came to Illinois, looked about a bit, but did not like the country. He turned his face southward and landed in Memphis, Tennessee, where he made an engagement to learn the trade of machinist and boilermaker. He remained there until the Civil War broke out, in 1861, and not being in sympathy with the Southern side of the contest, made tracks northward. He came up the Mississippi to Clinton, thence by railroad to Cedar Rapids, thence across the country to Iowa City, thence by railroad to Marengo, then the terminus of the Rock Island Road. From there he walked to Des Moines, getting the first view of the town one fine April day, from the top of Capitol Hill, which he declares was the most beautiful landscape he ever saw. He surveyed it in all directions and decided to come in and stay. The town was small; there were but few houses, scattered over the bottoms on the East Side; all trade and business was done on the West Side, on Second Street, and Court Avenue below Third Street.

Not finding sufficient employment at his trade, he went to work on a farm in Walnut Township, in the harvest fields, at sixty-five cents per day. For a short time, he worked in Heminway's foundry, on the East Side, the first foundry in the town.

Charley Van was building and booming a rival to Des Moines —facetiously called "Vantown," on the south side of the 'Coon. He had built a big mill, several small houses, staked out a promising city, and he offered "Nick" a good factory site, if he would locate there; but it was declined, with thanks.

Soon after, he found a small frame, abandoned building on Des Moines River bank, near "'Coon Point," and, gathering a few tools and other appliances together, he put up his shingle for business. In the Spring of 1862, the floods came, and one morning, when going to his shop, he saw it sailing down the river toward the Gulf of Mexico.

Discouraged, but not undaunted, he bought a small part of a lot belonging to the estate of Alex. Scott, at the corner of East First and Court Avenue, started again, and inaugurated steam boiler

making in Des Moines, and he is on the same corner now. There was not much demand for steam boilers then. The first one he made went into the Heminway foundry; the next into the *Daily Register* office, and he has made every boiler used in that establishment during all its mutations and migrations, to the present time. As business increased, extensions and additions were made to the works, until they now occupy an entire block.

In 1866, James Meara, his old shopmate in Memphis, joined him as partner, the two, and an occasional helper, doing all the work. In 1879, Meara having died, "Nick" purchased his interest, and in 1888, organized the Des Moines Manufacturing and Supply Company, with himself as President and his son, John E., Secretary and Treasurer.

During all these years, "Nick" devoted his spare moments to the study of mechanics, and the most advanced literature on that subject. In 1864, he took a course in Muffley's Iowa Business College, then in the Turner Building, next east of *The Register and Leader* Building, and the first business college in the city. On the third floor of that building was the first exclusive amusement hall opened in town.

The works are now making all kinds of engines, boilers, mill, clay, and mining machinery. A specialty is machinery complete, of original designs, for gypsum plaster mills, which are successfully competing with Eastern manufactories. Five mills have been put in at Fort Dodge; others at Syracuse, New York; Fort Clinton, Ohio; Manitoba, and in California. The machinery for a mill is massive, and embraces the mining, drying, crushing, grinding, calcining, and mixing of gypsum rock for stucco work, a calcining pan alone weighing one thousand, nine hundred pounds, and a good mill has four pans.

More than fifty mechanics are employed, and from the first week in 1864, every employé, on Saturday night, has received his week's wages. If the cash box was short, as it sometimes was, "Nick" hustled out and borrowed enough to "pay off," rather than break his inexorable rule, believing that a well-paid and satisfied employé is the best helper.

Beginning with nothing but brain, brawn and determination, by industry, intelligently directed, sterling integrity, and square-dealing, he has won success, and added to the mechanical industries of the city until the output of his works is now more than two hundred thousand dollars per year.

Politically, he is a Republican. He cast his first ballot for the election of "Old Abe" to his second term, but he has not time nor inclination to indulge in politics.

Socially, he is of genial disposition, companionable, esteemed by everybody, and carries a big, warm heart, pulsating with kindness and charity. He is not a member of any secret organization, preferring to keep aloof from all "entangling alliances."

Religiously, he is a Catholic, and active in the church and educational work of that denomination.

He has good health, is always on deck for business, yet his forty-nine years of strenuous labor prompts him to let John E. do the hustling.

December 16, 1906.

GERRIT VAN GINKEL

GERRIT VAN GINKEL

ONE of the most active and successful "boosters" of Des Moines thirty years ago was Gerrit Van Ginkel, who not only helped the town, but accumulated wealth, not by speculation, but legitimate business enterprises.

Born in the land of the canals, windmills and wooden shoes, December Eleventh, 1849, he came, with his parents, to America, landing at New Orleans in 1857. They came up the Mississippi Valley to Pella, and joined the community of sturdy, intelligent Hollanders who had settled there. The father engaged in farming, while Gerrit did what he could find to do, for board and clothes, and attended the excellent schools which have been the notable feature of the town since its foundation, until eleven years old, when he went to learn the printing trade in the office of the *Weekblad,* published by the well-known banker, Henry Hospers, where he remained until 1867, when, at the age of eighteen, he established the *Pella Gazette,* which he published two years, when, his health becoming impaired from overwork, he was compelled to abandon it, for he was a complete bundle of energy and activity, an omnivorous reader, diligent student, and delver for knowledge, giving himself little time for the rest and recuperation necessary in the adolescent period.

He then sought outdoor work of any kind he could get. He husked corn for one dollar a day. When outdoor work was not obtainable, he took the road and worked in printing offices in Chicago and other cities. Typesetting in those days was quite different from what it is to-day. Instead of sitting in a chair and working a keyboard similar to that of a typewriting machine, he had to stand on his feet and pick up each letter with his fingers.

Eventually, he reached Des Moines, in 1869. The best opening he saw for work—idleness was foreign to his nature—was truck farming. He purchased a tract of land south of 'Coon River

and began raising vegetables on a small scale. By industry and strict attention to business, regardless of sunrise or sunset, excellent skill and management, his trade so increased that he enlarged his fields until he became an extensive shipper to other places. In Winter months, he set type in the *Register* office.

While he was running his gardening enterprise, he prospected for coal on his land, and found, at a depth of one hundred and thirty-five feet, an excellent strata underlying his entire holdings. He at once sunk a shaft, and in 1882-1883, had three mines in operation, employing one hundred and fifty men. He opened yards at First and Court Avenue, and became one of the prominent coal operators in the town, his trade being mostly local. He was always on good terms with the miners and his customers, his rule being to give everyone a fair deal, and his tons to weigh two thousand pounds. In 1890, he went out of the coal business, and his yards were removed to give place to the Brown-Hurley building.

While he was in the coal business, he established a large brick-making plant, which turned out millions of brick annually. He also organized and put in operation the Iowa Mineral and Ochre Paint Works.

In 1885, Doctor M. P. Turner was operating a street railway under a charter granted in 1866, giving him the exclusive use of the streets for cars moved by animal power, and he was occupying several streets in his free-and-easy-going way. He never got in a hurry, and nobody had to run to catch his cars. They were also small and narrow, the track being only three feet gauge. Van Ginkel concluded the service could be greatly improved, and, with H. E. Teachout, in 1886, applied for a franchise for a road of four feet eight and a half inch gauge, the cars to be drawn by horses. At the same time, Van Ginkel and John Weber applied for a charter for a road from 'Coon River bridge to Sevastopol, with the same gauge. Of course, the Doctor vigorously opposed it, and he found friends enough in the City Council to stave it off for a year, but in 1887, both were granted. Construction was commenced at once and pushed vigorously. On the East Side, track was laid on Locust Street from Sixth to West Fourth, north on Fourth to Center, and west on Center. Streets paralleling the

Doctor's lines were also taken. The cars were up-to-date, larger, and more comfortable than the Doctor's cars, evidencing the push and energy behind the enterprise. The Doctor became alarmed at the apparent purpose to crowd him out of business, and applied to the District Court for an injunction restraining the use of the broad-gauge cars. Then it was up to the lawyers—the best in the town—and the contest was a vigorous one. The Doctor finally won, Judge Marcus Kavanagh, now one of the most highly esteemed and popular judges in Chicago, granting the injunction prohibiting the use of broad-gauge cars on and after May First, 1888.

Van Ginkel and Teachout at once appealed to the Supreme Court, setting out the claim that the Doctor's charter was for a narrow-gauge road. After some further delay, the court held that the width of the gauge did not affect the Doctor's exclusive right, under his charter, to the use of animal power to move his cars, and affirmed Judge Kavanagh's decree.

Incidentally, during the hearing—it was not set out in the appeal—the question arose as to the right to use other than animal power, but the court, under its general rule not to beg questions nor express extra judicial opinions, and as the question was not in the case at bar, declined to give an opinion. It simply affirmed Kavanagh's decree. The broad-gauge cars were tied up.

It was then again up to the lawyers. But Van Ginkel decided to take the bull by the horns, as it were, and electrify the road. New and larger cars were ordered, the horse cars remodeled, the track relaid. Electricity for moving railway cars was then in an experimental stage. Its utility had not yet been satisfactorily determined, but Van Ginkel, from his study of the subject, was satisfied it would be a success, and the first contract made by the now extensive Thomson-Houston Electric Company for an electrical railway equipment was for this Des Moines road.

So soon as the cars were running, the Doctor pounced on them again for an injunction, claiming he had the exclusive right to the use of the streets of the city for railway purposes; that the city could not give the right to another, and thus destroy his business. Again, the matter went up to the Supreme Court, and to save time, on an agreed case between the parties. On that appeal, the court

held that, while the Doctor's charter of 1866, gave him the exclusive right to the use of the streets for a railway operated by animal power, the City Council was not precluded from granting the use of the streets for cars run by some other power. His right was to use horse cars, with all improvements that could be devised, but nothing more. "As well," said the court, "might the owner of a rope ferry forty years ago insist that his exclusive right prohibited the use of steam." The decision of the court below was reversed, which sealed the doom of the horse cars, and in 1889, Jeff. Polk purchased the franchise and property of all the lines, and consolidated them with his own chartered steam roads, in the present system.

Van Ginkel then sought other fields, and in June, 1890, went to Springfield, Illinois, and started another electric street railway system. Though an entire stranger to the people, his energy and activity elicited the good-will of the community, and in three months he had cars running. On the opening day a mass meeting was held to celebrate the event. There were brass bands, fireworks, and oratorical pyrotechnics galore. The whole town was out. One of the speechmakers, named Graham, said he did not know Van Ginkel, had never seen him before, nor had he ever spoken to him, but he had just returned from a short stop at Des Moines, where he learned that he was well known there as a man who does things. Before they got through with the jollification, Van was called up and presented with a beautiful gold-headed cane as an expression of the public esteem of him.

While he was operating at Springfield, he and Colonel M. T. V. Bowman, of Des Moines, established an electric street car system in South Bend, Indiana.

In 1894, Van returned to Des Moines, and decided to invest some of his surplus dollars in a testimonial of his faith in his home town. He leased, for a term of ninety years, the corner of Fourth and Locust, and ordered plans made for a ten-story building. Soon after, he was having a frolic at home with his own and other little children, when he received a bruise on the temple, causing a blood-clot on the optic nerve, resulting in total blindness. The building plans were completed, but he would not allow work to begin unless

he could see the plans. While he was in darkness, his eldest daughter sickened and died, thus adding more to his burden of sorrow.

His total blindness extended several months, but suddenly, one evening, passed away, when his building was pushed to completion, in the early part of 1896, at a cost of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the ground rental. It is ten stories high and contains one hundred and forty business offices. Above the roof is a cupola five stories high. The roof is encircled with a guard-rail and fitted up for roof-garden entertainments in Summer. It is an ornament to the city, and a testimonial of the energy, enterprise, business capacity, and boosting faith in the town of a young man who landed in it with just twenty dollars in his pocket.

In 1899, he had another attack of street railway fever, and went to Dallas, Texas, where he found an embryo city with six horse car lines of railway in operation, with little system or profit. About twelve miles distant was Exall Lake, a favorite pleasure resort. Lakes are scarce in Texas, hence, to him, its apparent prospective importance. He at once built an electric line to the lake, then purchased the other lines, consolidated them with his own line, and operated them under a system similar to that in Des Moines, with great success, until June Eleventh, 1901, when he sold it, having made preliminary arrangements to build an electric road from Omaha to Lincoln, in Nebraska.

A few days after the sale, he attended a picnic at the lake, in the evening. A car was to come after the party, but was delayed some time, when Van and a friend started up the track to learn what caused the delay. After going a short distance, Van said he was very tired, and stopped. His friend said he would go on and meet the car. Van warned him to be cautious, as it was dangerous. He went on, met the car, boarded it and it ran to the lake. Being down grade, it made little noise, the power being cut off. Just before reaching the lake, it suddenly struck an object, which proved to be Van. He was badly injured, and death came before the town could be reached.

Politically, he was always a Republican, took an active part in civic affairs, yet gave little or no attention to partisan politics. Socially, he was public-spirited. His benefactions for educational

and church purposes were little known, for he avoided public notice —so much so, that he would never consent to pose for a photograph, and the picture presented herewith was snapped by a kodak a few hours before his decease. He was a firm believer in the Salvation Army, frequently stopped and listened to their service, but seldom left without placing fifty cents or a dollar on the drum. He was fond of children, a sincere friend of the laboring man, and an active member of the Order of Odd Fellows. He built a two-story brick in Sevastopol, and donated it to Lodge Number Sixty-five, conditioned that the lower story be equipped and permanently maintained as a public library. It is now a branch of the City Library. In recognition of the gift, he was made a life member of the lodge. He was also a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and the Elks. He was plain of speech, reticent, positive, and highly esteemed by those who new him best.

December Ninth, 1906.

J. K. HOBAUGH

JOHN K. HOBAUGH

IN the very early days, one of the best known men in Polk County was John K. Hobaugh, a Buckeye production, though his ancestry dated back to 1793, in Pennsylvania.

Born in Washington, Logan County, Ohio, April Seventh, 1820, where his parents resided until 1835, when they moved to Grant County, Indiana. They were poor, yet with very limited advantages, John acquired the rudiments of an education in the log schoolhouses of that section.

When fifteen years old, he was apprenticed to learn the shoemakers' trade, at which he worked during the Winter. In Summer, he did what he could find to do, always industrious and frugal. On reaching his majority, he turned his back to his boyhood home, and set out in the world's race for himself. He worked on a farm for twelve dollars a month during the Summer, and in Winter did shoemaking, with rail-splitting as a side line. With economy and industry, he accumulated sufficient money to purchase forty acres of timbered land, which he cleared for cultivation, and on which he labored during the growing season. When his crops were gathered and stored for the Winter, he went to his bench and lasts, where he worked until Spring opened. Thus he continued until the Spring of 1853, when he disposed of his property in Grant County, loaded his household goods into a wagon, and, with his good wife, headed for Polk County. Arriving here, he went up to the Indian Creek Settlement, in the extreme northeast corner of the county, through which flows the creek southeasterly across the county, and from which the settlement took its name. The creek was skirted with a timber belt, an important factor with a pioneer settler.

From 1843 to 1845, settlers came into the county and settled along the various streams of water, for the emigrant from the East could not be induced to settle on the bleak, broad, open prairie. He

must have a house to live in, fuel for heating, fence rails to enclose his cultivated fields, and water for his live-stock. There were no railroads to bring lumber from Eastern markets, and no coal for fuel. Thus the county was divided into settlements, as Big Creek, Four Mile, Camp Creek (including those on Mud Creek and Spring Creek), Skunk River, Indian Creek, Beaver Creek, and Walnut Creek. So it was, the civilization of the county began along the rivers, and as time passed, spread out over the prairies.

Hobaugh purchased one hundred and sixty acres in the extreme northeast corner of the county, and entered a claim for eighty acres more. The land was not far from the creek. It was in what was originally Skunk Township, which embraced what is now Douglas, Elkhart, Franklin, and Washington townships, but in 1851, the settlers petitioned the County Commissioners to change the name —it was too odorous—to Elkhart, and it was done.

When Houbaugh arrived there were but four families in the township, an area of twelve miles square. He built a small log cabin, with board roof and puncheon floor, turned over the prairie soil for the first crop of sod corn, and began life in true pioneer style. When Winter came, snow blew through the chinking of the cabin logs, so that sometimes two inches of snow on the floor was the greeting for bare feet crawling out of bed to start the morning fire for breakfast. Provisions in the culinary department sometimes got scarce, and Fort Des Moines was twenty-five miles away. A want of bacon, however, was compensated by prairie chickens, quail, squirrels, and rabbits, which were abundant. Good, wholesome bread could be made from corn ground in a hand mill. The hardships and discomforts were accepted complacently by him and his helpmate, with the firm faith that they would have a good home some time.

Hobaugh at once became active in civic affairs, and to boost things. In January, 1854, he went to Keokuk with three teams, and came back with them loaded with dry goods and groceries, which were readily disposed of among the settlers, and was the first attempt at merchandising in the township.

In June, 1856, he laid out and organized, on his own land, the town of Peoria City. He opened a general merchandise store,

founded schools and churches, a postoffice was established, mechanics opened shops, and two years after it was laid out, had a population of over two hundred. It was in a prosperous, flourishing condition, and the trade center of a large area, when, in 1864, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad started in its wild rush from Marshalltown to win the big bonus offered in gold by the Union Pacific to the first road across the State of Iowa that would make connection with it at the Missouri River. Towns were deemed of little importance. Even Des Moines, the Capital of the state, was ignored. Its line was run about a mile north of Peoria City, and a station named Maxwell established. That fixed the doom of the ambitious young Peoria City. It dwindled away, lost its postoffice, and finally its place on the map, which was only one of several similar instances.

Early in 1856, the settlement had so increased that Hobaugh wanted to centralize and individualize its government. He, therefore, applied to Judge Napier, the County Judge, for a township organization. The Judge thereupon ordered that Congressional Township Eighty-one, Range Twenty-two, be organized into a civil township, and an election held March Third, to elect the proper township officers. He appointed Hobaugh a Constable to give the notice of election, and make the necessary preparation. He also gave the selection of a name to him, and he chose "Washington," the name of his old home town in Ohio.

The election was held at Peoria City, and Hobaugh was elected Justice of the Peace, and held the office for five years, when he resigned, because the duties of the office conflicted with his more important business affairs.

In 1860, the Legislature, to get the county government nearer the people, transferred the control of public affairs from the County Judge to a Board of Supervisors, consisting of a representative from each civil township in the county, and in 1862, Hobaugh was elected from Washington Township, and served two years.

In 1863, he was elected Road Supervisor of the township, his duties being to keep the roads,* * * in as good condition as the funds at his disposal would permit, and to place guide-boards at crossroads, and the forks of the roads, * * * a

requirement more honored in the breach than the observance in those days, as the funds invariably failed to materialize.

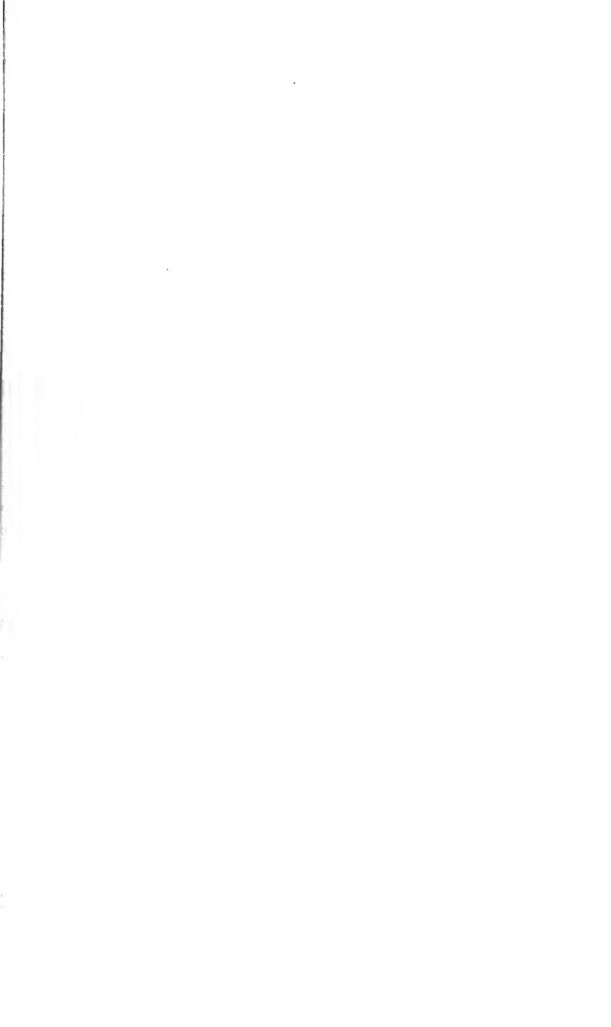
In 1863, the first fine schoolhouse was erected. He was elected Township Treasurer, and had charge of the school fund. He held the office six years.

Politically, he is a Republican, but not a politician. Though he has held many public offices, it was in response to the will of the community where he lived, regardless of politics.

Socially, he is the friend of everybody, and held in high esteem throughout the county. He is public-spirited, schools and churches being special objects of his activities, financial and otherwise. Whatever promotes the betterment of the social life of those around him receives his hearty support.

Religiously, he is an active, exemplary Christian, and member of the United Brethren Church. There being no church of that denomination near him, he has given aid and support to all others.

Now, at the age of eighty-six, he has accumulated sufficient to enable him to have a surcease of watching the rise and fall at the stockyards, the puts and calls of the grain speculators in Chicago, spends his Winters at ease in California, without a thought or care for the shoes and soles of his old friends and neighbors, which so tormented his adolescent years.



JUDGE T. T. MORRIS

JUDGE THOMAS T. MORRIS

A PIONEER of Iowa, and a well-known old settler of Polk County is Judge Thomas T. Morris. Though a resident of Des Moines nearly forty-three years, very few people know that he had a judicial title. I did not ,and I have known him well ever since he came to town, but so say the records.

Born in Cumberland County, New Jersey, October Twenty-ninth, 1822, his ancestry dating back to John Morris, an Englishman, who, in 1635, emigrated to America and settled on Manhattan Island, at Morris' Woods, now Central Park, in New York City.

In 1837, when Thomas was about fifteen years old, his parents moved to Wheeling, West Virginia, where he worked with his father, who was a brickmaker. At times, when brickmaking was dull, and the water high, he became a pilot on coal barges down the Ohio River. In 1840, the brickmaking business went out, and he went to an iron foundry to learn the trade, but soon afterward the foundry collapsed, and he started to learn the manufacture of cutlery. He was making good progress when the works became bankrupt. He then took to the water, as second engineer on a river boat, until 1844, when he learned the trade of mason, plastering and stucco work in Pittsburg, where he worked as a journeyman until 1848, when he went into business for himself as a contractor. During the following five years, he built four Catholic churches, and did the stucco work in seven of the largest and finest churches in the city. He also built a large number of costly private homes.

Early in 1855, he concluded he could do much better in the West, and June Sixth, he and his father loaded their families, household goods, horses and wagons on a boat, went down the river to Saint Louis, thence up the Mississippi to Keokuk, where, with their teams, they started northward, camping at noon to get food for themselves and their horses, and at night stopping with some

hospitable settler. They passed through Des Moines, fording the river, got dinner at the Avenue House, which stood on a high Indian mound on the northeast corner of Fourth and Court Avenue, and kept by John Hays, a pioneer of the county. A carriage was hired of Frank Laird to carry the women and children to Panora, fording 'Coon River at Adel. Thence a bee line was taken for Coplin's Grove, in Newton Township, which then embraced the south half of Carroll County, arriving July Third, where they had located a tract of Government land.

The first move was to get a house to live in. Their land lay along 'Coon River, on which was a broad timber belt. Morris cut down trees, scored and hewed on both sides logs for a cabin 18×24, split lumber for clapboarding, roofing and lathing. To get lumber for flooring, door and window casings, he had to go to Dunham's Grove, in Crawford County, forty miles away.

To get plaster, for he proposed having a first-class cabin, he hauled timber out on the prairie, piled it up, gathered a lot of lime rock, scattered over the prairie, placed it on the timber, covered the whole with earth and sod, set fire to the timber and burned the rock to lime, with which, and sand from the river, he plastered the ceiling of the cabin. The windows were brought with them, but they were not of extravagant dimensions.

In eight days, the cabin was ready for occupancy. In the meantime, the wagons were used for lodging and the meals prepared on a cooking-stove, brought with them.

The cabin occupied, the next move was breaking up the prairie, and securing the first crop of sod corn. If the flour bin got low, it was a journey of fifty miles to a mill near Redfield, through sloughs, across bridgeless streams, with wide detours to avoid the impassable places; not so bad in Summer, but in Winter there were trials and hardships severe. In Winter, it was usual for three or four settlers to go to mill together, for mutual aid and protection, for a blizzard on the open, trackless prairie was something to be greatly feared; once the trail was lost, in the swirling, blinding snow, it became at once a fight for life, usually ending fatally. On one occasion, when Morris, with three other settlers, went to mill for flour, a severe storm of snow and wind set in and lasted two

days and nights. The morning of the third day, they started for home, going due north, but were able to get only two miles. Then they called out the Road Supervisor, who, with sixteen men and six of the Morris party, only succeeded in getting through four miles of the deep snow that day. On other ocasions, when delayed by deep snow and storms, and night came on, far from a habitation, a cane-break, on which the snow had been piled high, on the border of some slough, would be sought, a cave dug out in the cane and snow, into which men and horses would take shelter for the night.

There was no want of meat. Elk, deer, prairie chickens, quail, rabbits, and squirrels were abundant on the prairie, while one side of the farm abutted on a lake known as "Morris Lake," which, in the Spring and Fall, was alive with wild duck and geese, and at all seasons a good fishing place. On the spot where the Court House now stands in Carroll County, Morris says he has hunted elk.

To keep his family larder supplied required some engineering, for the cabin of a pioneer was always open, with room inside for "one more." Land-hunters were roaming over the country, with nowhere to stay, and at one time Morris counted thirty of them for lodgment and grub in his little cabin and one like it in which his father lived. There was no limit to the hospitality of the pioneer. If there were not beds enough for the strangers, a "shake-down" on the floor or on the grass, with the blue sky for a cover, was provided. They were welcome guests, for through them intelligence was received of the outside world, as there were no post-offices, and at times for four months they were without mail of any kind.

In April, 1857, Morris was elected Justice of the Peace, and served nineteen months, when he resigned.

Early in 1857, he was directed by Governor Grimes, on the advice of the Judge of the District Court, to organize the county and make the necessary preliminary arrangements for an election to elect county officers, the county then being attached to Guthrie County for judicial purposes, and to Pottawattamie County for election purposes.

At the election in October, he was elected County Judge. To make return of the election, he, with the representatives of sixteen

other counties just organized, had to take the trails over the prairies, one hundred and fifty miles, to Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), that being the County Seat for that purpose.

His first business was to get records and stationery for his office. He came to Des Moines, bought them of Mills & Company, payment for which he drew a county warrant sealed with an impression of the eagle side of a silver half-dollar, coined by Uncle Sam.

W. H. Leas and a man named Harsh donated a tract of land for the County Seat, which was accepted. They named it Carrollton, and that was the first County Seat of Carroll County.

While Morris held the office of Judge, he was directed to levy a tax to meet the expenses of his office. He also employed surveyors to lay out the swamp lands belonging to the county.

After serving nineteen months as Judge and boss of county affairs, he concluded there was too much glory, too little pay, and he doffed the judicial robes.

Always interested in schools, he was elected School Director, and served several years. He was also elected Road Supervisor, and served two years, during which period he boosted good roads, and did that other statutory stunt so generally neglected, by placing guide-boards at every crossroads and forks of roads across the county from the Greene County line to that of Crawford County.

In the Spring of 1864, he came to Des Moines, and went to work at his trade. It was during war times, business was dull, money was scarce, so were laborers, and wages high. The community was considerably agitated by rumors current that a military draft was to be made in the county, which incited a large number of able-bodied men to seek a more congenial climate for their health, in the Far West, notwithstanding Governor Stone's proclamation forbidding "* * * citizens of Iowa removing beyond the limits of the state before the Tenth day of March next. * *"

As business increased after the war closed, he became a contractor. His first job was the Lincoln School building, the second public school building in the city. He also built the Lucas and Curtis school buildings on the East Side, the original McQuaid store building at Seventh and Locust, one of the buildings now a part of the Foster Opera House block, the Windsor building on

Walnut between Third and Fourth, the gas works, the Reinking Block at Eighth and Walnut, which had the first pressed brick front in the city, and the Fifth Street side of the Marquardt building. For the brick used on the Marquardt building, he paid fifty dollars per thousand, delivered on cars at Philadelphia. He had at that time five hundred men in his employ.

He did the plastering and stucco work in B. F. Allen's costly residence at Terrace Hill. Allen had the stucco work done in Chicago, from special designs. It was brought from Nevada, railroads not having reached the city, by wagons, over rough roads, and when it arrived, was broken into fragments. Morris, being a trained stucco worker, went on and completed the work with acknowledged greater artistic skill than was shown in the Chicago designs.

He also built hundreds of residences, one of which was that of U. B. White, the well-known bridge builder in early days, at Seventh and Center streets. It was the first house in Des Moines in which pine lath was used. He paid ten dollars per thousand for the lath, eight cents for laying it, and eleven dollars per hundred pounds for the nails.

In 1876, he was elected a member of the City Council from the Third Ward, and assigned by Mayor Giles H. Turner to the Committee on Gas and Water. He secured a liberal extension of the service in both those departments, but he had to fight for it. Old-timers who visited that bear-garden in those days have a vivid remembrance of "Mike" Drady, "Mike" McTighe, "Mike" King, "Mike" Kavanagh, and George Sneer, who were always ready for a scrap. There were no paved streets, the city was in the mud the year round, and when the skies had a weeping-spell, Levi J. Wells could be seen riding in a skiff drawn by two horses up and down Walnut Street, as a gentle reminder that Des Moines sadly needed a boosting committee. Morris suggested paving the streets, and, to help out, offered to pave the intersection of the streets at Fourth and Court Avenue with Mulberry wood blocks, which would never wear out, as a sample of good paving, but the other fellows couldn't see it that way, and he was beaten out.

He was the first inspector of brick in the city. It was on North Street, now University Avenue. While he was doing it, an omniverous municipal functionary came around to inspect his inspection,

spiced with derogatory remarks, which was endured for several days, when Morris politely told him to keep away; that if he came there again he would——. The warning was sufficient, and he probably has not forgotten it yet.

In all business transactions, Morris was noted for his integrity and honesty. His word was as good as his bond.

Politically, he was originally a Democrat, but when the Republican party was organized, he united with it. He also took a little part in the Know-Nothing craze, which swept over the country in 1853-1854.

Socially, he is of genial temperament, and popular with those who know him. Always interested in schools, realizing fully the necessities of childhood and youth which deprived him of seeing the inside of a public schoolhouse until after he was twenty-one years old.

Formerly, he was a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, but withdrew for religious reasons.

Religiously, he is a devout Methodist, and a zealous worker in that faith. On the second Sabbath after his arrival in Carroll County, he gathered together his nearest settlers, organized a Sunday School, and erected an altar for the worship of God, which remains to this day.

He retired from active business several years ago, but bears well the burden of his eighty-four years, has good health, and passes time as Bailiff in Judge McVey's court, satisfied and content, for, said he, a few days ago: "I know that I am living on borrowed time, but these days are the best of my life, with the blessed assurance of a home not far hence, in the mansions above."

December Thirtieth, 1906.

DAVID NORRIS

DAVID NORRIS

ONE of the most unique, well-known and popular pioneers of Polk County was David Norris, or "Uncle Davy," as everybody called him.

He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August Third, 1801, of Scottish descent.

He once said: "I have been told that I weighed three and three-quarters pounds at birth. I don't know much about that, but I was there."

His youth was passed with his mother, for, when he was five years old, his father, who was a miller, was killed by an accident in a mill, and David had to hustle for himself, with very limited advantages for educational acquirements.

In 1814, when thirteen years old, he went to driving team. In July of that year, he went, with Frederick K. Biser and two teams loaded with flour, which was sold for thirteen dollars a barrel. After the flour was sold, and while he, Biser and the teams were taking their noonday meal, a United States officer came and notified them that he would have to take the teams for Government service. Biser objected vigorously, but he took the teams, saying they would be appraised and paid for. Biser and David then decided that they might as well go with the teams and they enlisted in the Government service, David easily passing muster, as he was of large proportions, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, yet was simply an overgrown boy. The War of 1812 had not then closed.

Their teams were loaded with ammunition and sent to Fort McHenry, thence to Baltimore loaded again, and sent to Washington, without being allowed to stop for rest or meals, as the British were making an effort to capture and burn the city. Arriving at Capitol Hill they met President Madison fleeing the city, which was then burning. His carriage was loaded with office records,

and he was riding one of the horses. Going up a hill, his horses got stalled, and David was ordered to hitch his team on and help, which he did. They were quickly joined by about three hundred boys, who were pressed into service, and made an escort to Montgomery Court House. The President said his wife was across the river, hidden in a cornfield.

The teams were left with guards and the posse ordered to help. A bucket line was formed to the river, and water carried to an old-fashioned hand-brake fire engine, and the fire was finally extinguished. David remained there five days. Meanwhile, soldiers were sent to find Mrs. Madison, and escort her to the President. He was then ordered to go to Baltimore, get ammunition, and take it to Fort McHenry.

The British left Washington, sailed down Chesapeake Bay, threatened Baltimore several days, but finally went to Haberty Grass Landing, five miles above Baltimore, near Fort McHenry.

As they were crossing the Susquehanna River, September Thirteenth, Lords Cockerham and Ross were a sort distance in advance, and two boys who had climbed into a tree shot them both. Cockerham's body was put into a cask of whiskey and sent to England. A monument now stands where that tree stood.

David was in Government service twenty-nine days, and discharged, one day short of time necessary to entitle him to a pension. He always said he didn't think Uncle Sam gave him a square deal, but he was a little proud of the part he took in the scrimmage.

When General LaFayette was in this country, David saw him at Fredericksburg. There was an immense public reception given him. Carpets were laid in the streets for him to ride over, but he would not do so.

In 1820, David's mother removed to Dayton, Ohio, where he engaged in farming. He remained there until 1839, when he moved to Johnson County, Indiana, where he resided until 1845, when he came to Fort Des Moines, which contained only soldiers and officers of the garrison, while outside and not far away were the Indian villages of Keokuk and his various bands of Sauk and Foxes.

Norris at once procured a permit from Captain Allen to make a claim for some land. The land had not been surveyed, possession

was in the Government, and could not be purchased. There were three or four squatters widely scattered over the county, on claims granted by Captain Allen, on agreements to raise grain, forage and other supplies for the garrison. Norris went up north about five miles and selected one hundred and sixty acres, which is now a part of the County Poor Farm. John B. Saylor, who came here just before Norris, had staked out the claim, and Norris traded him a yoke of oxen for the claim. The sale conveyed no title to the land, as the entire county was in possession of the Government, and held as a part of the reservation of the Sauk and Fox Indians, who had the exclusive right to occupy it, Captain Allen and his soldiers being stationed here to protect them against squatters and their predatory enemy, the Sioux, until October Eleventh, 1845, when the Indian title ceased. But there was a tacit agreement among squatters and claim-holders that their claims should be rigidly observed. Early in 1846, a Claim Club was organized, rules and regulations prepared by "Old Bill" McHenry, adopted, and the squatters and claim-holders became a law unto themselves.

In 1847, the Government survey of the land was made, and the lines run for townships and sections. It was found that in many cases the lines staked by squatters did not correspond with the Government lines. All such cases were submitted to the Claim Club, an amicable adjustment made to conform to the survey, and the land speculator or "claim-jumper" who attempted to interfere was made to understand that his immediate safety was outside the county lines. October Thirtieth, 1848, Norris entered his claim at the United States Land Office, at Iowa City, and got his title. He at once, on buying his claim in 1845, began to cultivate and improve the land. His nearest squatter neighbor was "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, whom Captain Allen had permitted, on agreeing to raise corn for the garrison, to stake a claim on Camp Creek, in what is now Beaver Township. The Indians were his frequent visitors, and he became very chummy with Chemeuse, or "Johnny Green," as he was known to the pioneers, a Pottawattamie chief, who, with several hundred of his tribe, roamed over the county, hunting and fishing. The location of his claim was a beautiful one, bordering on the timber, and from which is a fine view of the

Capitol and prominent buildings of the city. It is also a healthful location, respecting which, said "Uncle Davy," several years after he had left it: "Yes, people live up there, and animals, too. One of my neighbors there, in 1847, during the Summer, went back to Indiana to visit their old home and be absent about four weeks. They stored the carriage and some other articles in the garret. When ready to start, the family dog was missing—couldn't be found. On their return, during the first night, there was a big rumpus upstairs. On making an investigation, they were greeted most vociferously by the missing dog. He had eaten up the leather top of the carriage, was lank and lean, but he lived."

During the Summer of 1847, Norris opened a butcher shop in a part of B. F. Allen's warehouse, at Second and Vine streets, and in the Fall of 1848, built a shop at the corner of Second and Vine streets. The shop was open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. One "beef critter" was sufficient for a whole week, and families had to go to the shop to get their supplies.

In the Fall of 1848, the supply of flour in the town became exhausted, and "Uncle Davy" went with an ox team to Bonaparte, in Van Buren County, and got a full load. On his return, he found that not only was everybody out of flour, but out of money. He loaned out the entire load, the Hoxie House taking a large portion of it. Of the remainder, very little was ever paid for.

In 1855, he sold his farm and moved into Des Moines, and built a double brick, two-story house at the corner of East Eighth and Keokuk streets, now East Grand Avenue.

In 1856, he was appointed by Judge Gray, Bailiff of Polk County District Court, and served through the terms of Judges Gray, Nourse, and Maxwell. It was during Maxwell's term, December Fifteenth, 1874, that Charles Howard was taken from the jail by a Vigilance Committee, and hanged to a lamp-post for the murder of John Johnson.

"Uncle Davy" was also appointed Sheriff of the State Supreme Court, in 1857, and served when Stockton, Baldwin, Wright, Lowe, Dillon, and Cole were on the Bench, nearly twenty years.

He was appointed Crier of the United States District Court for life by Judge Lowe, and served twenty-one years, when he

resigned, in 1888. His memory was remarkable, and his fund of stories of incidents and happenings in the several courts, embracing all phases of human existence, was ever a treat, spiced with his quaint humor, to a group of listeners. He always looked at the bright side of things. He would never admit that he was growing old, even after he had passed the ninetieth post. He was always jolly, weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds, and was *persona grata* with the judges of the State Supreme Court, especially Baldwin, who weighed over three hundred pounds.

One day, Baldwin lost twenty dollars, and "Uncle Davy" found it. He handed it to Judge Wright, saying, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had found it under very incriminating circumstances. Those who knew Wright will appreciate the humor, irony, and sport of the jibes given Baldwin, as to where and how he lost his money. Baldwin always declared that "Uncle Davy" had lied a little to Wright.

Not long after, sitting around their long table in a social way, Baldwin said to "Uncle Davy":

"Where were you born?"

"In Maryland," was the reply.

"I never saw but one honest man born in Maryland,' retorted the Judge.

"Did you ever see anyone born in Maryland but me?" queried Norris.

"No-o-o," responded the Judge, with a chuckle."

In the very early days, the rivers abounded with fish, and furnished a generous food supply to the community. When Hall's dam was built, at the foot of Center Street, it was a favorite spot for anglers. One day, "Uncle Davy" and Wiley Burton went there for some sport. Wiley had a dip net, and immediately on dropping it into the water, withdrew it, landing a whopping big pike. Lowering it again, it stuck. Getting a good brace on himself, declaring he had got the biggest fish in the river, he landed a small boy, about four years old. They rolled, punched and pounded him for a long time, when he recovered himself, sprang to his feet, and away he went, saying, "I'll go and tell my mamma all about it." How he came there, or who he was, they never found out, but

the conclusion was that he fell into the water above the dam, and was sucked down through the chute in the dam into the net.

One hot day, in August, "Uncle Davy" was sitting on the hand-rails of the rear platform of one of Doctor Turner's old horse cars, when the car stopped in front of the old Savery House, and a pretty young woman got aboard. Just as she was entering the car door, the mules gave a quick start, which threw the woman backward into "Uncle Davy's" lap. He threw his arms around her, to prevent her going overboard, and, on righting herself, she thanked him politely and profusely. When she left the car, she again proffered him thanks; whereupon, said he, "Well, aren't you going to invite me to dinner?"

One day, there was a lot of young fellows down rear the river, and they got to boasting and bantering one another as to what they could do in an athletic way. Among them was John Elliott, over six feet tall, and slim as a telegraph pole. After listening to them a while, "Uncle Davy," who was short in the legs and pudgy, said to Elliott, "I'll run you a footrace to the Court House for a dollar." The challenge was so absurdly ridiculous, the crowd spurred it on, for the fun of it. Elliott accepted, and off they went. After running a few-rods, "Uncle Davy," with Elliott far in the lead, going like a quarter horse, stopped and went back. Elliott went over the course, went back, and claimed the wager. "Oh, no," said "Uncle Davy," "I won. I agreed to run a footrace to the Court House, but I didn't say I would get there first." The laugh was on Elliott, and that was all "Uncle Davy" wanted to make out of it.

That was only one of the many ways the very early settlers sought amusement. There were no outside sources, and they had to improvise for themselves with concerts, dances, footraces, ball games, etc., as the spirit moved them, but they usually found abundant means for enjoyment, and as a community they declare they were happier and enjoyed life better than people do now.

In 1856, during the memorable contest between the East and West Sides over the location of the State House, "Uncle Davy" was a valiant West Sider, and subscribed five hundred dollars to the War and Defense Fund. Later, when the East Side made a

strenuous effort to prevent the building of the second Court House on the West Side, he stood with Judge Napier and the West Side.

He was a charter member of the Old Settlers' Association. February Twenty-sixth, 1868, thirty-two of the earliest and most influential settlers of the county met in the rooms of the City Council, and adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That we, the settlers of Polk County previous to January First, 1856, and now present, do form a brotherhood of the early settlers of Polk County, Iowa, and in furtherance of this project, now adopt the following constitution:

"ARTICLE I.—This brotherhood shall be called "The Association of the Early Settlers of Polk County."

This was followed by the usual regulations for the government of the association. The following are the names of those who signed and the date of their arrival: Thomas Mitchell (elected President), 1844; David Norris, Isaac Cooper, F. Nagle, Reverend Ezra Rathbun, Thomas McMullin, H. H. Saylor, 1845; P. M. Casady, Hoyt Sherman, John Hays, R. W. Sypher, J. C. Jordan, William Deford, Peter Myers, 1846; R. L. Tidrick, 1847; Reverend Thompson Bird, W. W. Williamson, Thomas Boyd, 1848; Madison Young, 1849; J. M. Griffith, 1850; Reverend J. A. Nash, Doctor William Baker, W. A. Galbraith, 1851; Harry H. Griffith, 1852; S. F. Spofford, C. S. Spofford, J. B. Bausman, R. R. Peters, G. W. Cleveland, 1855; J. S. Clark, 1856.

September Twenty-third, 1880, three hundred of the old settlers gave "Uncle Davy" and his helpmate a generous and hearty house warming, on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day. The oldest man present was Richard Stanton, aged eighty-four, robust and sprightly as a youth of twenty-four. The oldest woman was "Mother" Githen, aged eighty-one. An elaborate banquet was spread, and the event was the most memorable one in the history of the association. It was the first golden wedding of any member of the association.

"Uncle Davy" was always a Democrat. In the early Sixties, his many friends urged him to become a candidate for Justice of the Peace for Des Moines Township, against Absalom Morris, a Democrat, who had been proprietor of the old Marvin House, and

a very popular man. "Uncle Davy" did not want the office, but he did want to beat Absalom, and he won. He, however, refused to qualify. Morris took it and served until his death, proving to be a capable and meritorious official.

Socially, "Uncle Davy" was unique in many ways. He was plain of speech, of genial, happy temperament, an inveterate joker, a friend with everybody, public-spirited, a highly esteemed neighbor and citizen.

He deceased in 1897, at the age of ninety-six.

January Thirteenth, 1907.

FREDERICK M. HUBBELL

FREDERICK M. HUBBELL

AN early settler, whose name has been prominent in civic affairs of the city and county during the past forty years, is Frederick M. Hubbell, or Fred., as he is universally called. He came to Des Moines like many another lad, poor in purse, but rich in determination and ability, and to-day he ranks as Des Moines' and Iowa's wealthiest citizen. His vast properties are organized in an estate in trust for ninety-nine years, and their value mounts up into the millions.

Born in the town of Huntington, Connecticut, from whence come the proverbial wooden nutmegs, January Seventeenth, 1839, of English ancestry, he lived with his father, who was a stonemason and farmer, milked the cows, fed the pigs, cut the wood, ransacked haymows for hens' nests, made himself generally useful, and went to the District School until he was thirteen years old, when he took a three-years' course in the Derby High School.

When he was sixteen years old, in 1855, his father concluded that Iowa was a better country, and with him Fred. came to Rock Island by railroad, thence by steamboat to Muscatine, thence by stage coach to Fort Des Moines, arriving May Seventh, and taking quarters at the Everett House, kept by that genial, jolly Falstaffian boniface, Absalom Morris. There was not much of a town, and very little doing except speculating in real estate and land hunting. His pocketbook was sadly collapsed, and bread and butter were the first problems to be solved.

The next day after his arrival, he got his first job, as clerk with P. M. Casady, Receiver of the United States Land Office, at eight dollars and thirty-two cents per month. The job was no sinecure, for the rush of land-buyers was immense, the daily receipts often reaching twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, which was the only money recognized by Uncle Sam.

Judge Casady, on his retirement from the Land Office, formed a partnership with J. S. Polk, and in 1861, Hubbell became a clerk in their office. The year following, he became a partner in the firm, the business of which was law and real estate. In 1864, Casady retired from the firm, and it became Polk & Hubbell, which, for more than a score of years, was closely identified with nearly every public enterprise in the city, as backers and boosters.

Their most important undertaking was in connection with the building of the Iowa and Minneapolis narrow-gauge railroad to Ames.

At a meeting of citizens in the Court House, February Sixth, 1866, the Iowa and Minnesota Railway Company was organized, articles of incorporation adopted, and B. F. Allen, P. M. Casady, J. M. Tuttle, Hoyt Sherman, T. K. Brooks, J. B. Stewart, Wesley Redhead, George G. Wright, B. F. Roberts, S. F. Spofford, C. B. Bridges, John Scott, L. Q. Hoggatt, John Porter, John Cheshire, T. B. Knapp, and M. D. McHenry were elected Directors, who immediately elected P. M. Casady, President; B. F. Roberts, Vice-President; B. F. Allen, Treasurer, and Hoyt Sherman, Secretary.

The object of the company was the construction of a narrow-gauge road to the north and south lines of the state. On the Eighteenth of July, the survey and location of the road to Ames and to Indianola was completed. On the Twenty-eighth of July, the contract for bridging and grading was let. The contractors graded a portion of the road to Polk City and some toward Indianola, when their finances got short, and after several delays they gave up the job. The company struggled along, with frequent change of officers, the project getting into disrepute, with everybody trying to let go of it, until November, 1868, when work was stopped. Creditors then bombarded it with law suits and judgments, until there was no hope of resurrection. April Thirtieth, 1869, the road was divided, and that portion from Des Moines to Ames was sold at Sheriff's sale and purchased by Polk & Hubbell. August First, 1870, a new company, the Des Moines and Minneapolis, was organized, with B. F. Allen, J. S. Polk, J. B. Stewart, J. M. Walker, A. S. Welch, as Directors, Allen, President; Walker, Vice-President, and Polk, Secretary, for the first

year. Aid from townships was solicited, and subsidy taxes were voted as follows:

Des Moines Township	$ 34,000
Madison Township	16,000
Lee Township	16,000
Washington Township	12,000
Polk County, swamp land	40,000
Total	$118,000

Polk & Hubbell then assumed the financing of the project. The subsidies were offered to the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company to induce them to build the road, and repeatedly, during 1871-1872, but the Northwestern did not seem to have much fancy for Des Moines, and kept dallying with it. Probably it had not forgotten that in 1864, when it was building across the state, and had reached Marshalltown, it offered to build from that city to Des Moines for a bonus of thirty-five thousand dollars and right-of-way through the town; the town tiptilted her nose and scornfully replied that the Capital of the State of Iowa was not buying railroads—a mistaken notion, it is true, but it went, and the Northwestern steered straight for the Missouri River, leaving Polk County several miles to the southward.

Meanwhile, more than two hundred tax-payers began a crusade against the narrow-gauge company, to get court injunctions and stop the collection of the taxes voted in Des Moines, Madison and Lee townships, thus reducing the expected aid which, with the expense of defending suits in the courts, seriously jeopardized the prospects of the company.

Early in 1873, the company decided to abandon the subsidy plan and get stock subscriptions, to which citizens of Des Moines responded with twenty-two thousand dollars, Ames, ten thousand dollars, and Madison Township, five thousand dollars.

In September, the capital stock was increased to three hundred thousand dollars. Polk & Hubbell, having got tired of it, transferred the right-of-way and roadbed situate in Polk and Story counties to the company. New officers were elected, to-wit: Samuel Merrill, President; J. B. Stewart, Vice-President; F. M.

Hubbell, Secretary; James Callanan, Treasurer; Frank M. Pelton, Civil Engineer.

Track-laying commenced January Twelfth, 1874, Governor Carpenter driving the first spike. July First, it was completed to Ames, and the road equipped for business at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars.

August First, 1879, the road, with all its franchises, was transferred to the Chicago and Northwestern, the gauge changed, and Sunday, July Eleventh, 1880, the first passenger train of the Northwestern entered the city on the broad track.

In 1866, Polk & Hubbell, Doctor M. P. Turner, and U. B. White obtained a charter, and built the first mile of street railway in the city. It started from the Court House on Court Avenue, and extended to the foot of Capitol Hill. The motive power was a pair of horses. Subsequently, the track was extended north to Walnut, west to Fifth, and south to the place of beginning. It was not a very great dividend producer, and in 1868, Polk & Hubbell got tired of paying bills with no income, and sold their interest to Turner.

In January, 1867, at a meeting of citizens to form a life insurance company, P. M. Casady and Hubbell were requested to prepare articles of incorporation, which, at a subsequent meeting, were adopted, and signed by Hubbell, Casady, J. M. Tuttle, Isaac Cooper, Wesley Redhead, J. S. Polk, Lampson P. Sherman, B. F. Allen, R. L. Tidrick, W. W. Williamson, J. B. Stewart, Peter Myers, F. R. West, J. C. Jordan, H. L. Whitman, and Hoyt Sherman. The first officers were: Casady, President; Redhead, Vice-President; Hubbell, Secretary; Allen, Treasurer; Hoyt Sherman, Actuary; Whitman, Medical Examiner. The company was named the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. The first policy issued was to Hubbell, and is still in force.

In 1868, Hubbell resigned as Secretary, but retained his place with the Board of Trustees. In 1888, he was elected President, and so continued until the January meeting in 1907, when he declined a reëlection, having served nineteen years, and leaving the office with a business, as shown by the annual report, January First, 1907, of twenty-two thousand and ninety-four policies in

force, representing thirty million, eight hundred and seventy-four thousand, three hundred and nineteen dollars, and assets of five million, four hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and nineteen dollars and thirty cents. The company has never had but one suit in court respecting a risk, and in that the judgment was for the company. Its growth and prosperity evidence its wise management. Mr. Hubbell, however, remains with the Board of Trustees.

In 1871, the city had grown to proportions requiring better protection from fires than was afforded by the system of large cisterns in the streets, and the voluntary services rendered by two or three hose companies, and April Third, Polk and Hubbell organized the Des Moines Water Works Company, with a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which B. F. Allen was President and Treasurer, and J. S. Polk, Secretary. May Second, a charter was granted by the City Council, and the erection of works immediately commenced, where they now are. The system adopted was that known as the "Holly," which is in use to-day, and Des Moines is the largest city in the United States using it. The water is taken from large chambers excavated deep and broad under the bed of the 'Coon River, and being thus sand-filtered, gives the city the purest and best water of any city in the Union. The city is also provided with an adequate and reliable fire service.

Soon after the company was organized, the works passed into the hands of Polk & Hubbell, the latter was made Secretary, and served until 1880, when the works were sold to a joint stock company.

In 1882, work commenced to build a narrow-gauge road to Waukee, by "Ret" Clarkson, John S. Runnells, and a few other, who had organized the combination known as the Wabash Syndicate, to build the Wabash from Albia to Des Moines. Later, Polk & Hubbell joined, and from Waukee the road was extended to Fonda, and a branch from Clive to Boone. It is now a part of the Chicago and Milwaukee System.

In 1884, Hubbell disposed of a portion of his shekels by purchasing the well-known B. F. Allen property, at Terrace Hill, on Grand Avenue, the most costly residence in the state.

In 1887, Polk & Hubbell dissolved partnership that had existed twenty-five years, and Hubbell turned his attention to real estate, since when that has been his hobby, and he has succeeded in getting possession of an extensive valuable area of the fifty-four square miles of the city. On some of it he has erected fine buildings, among which are the Victoria Hotel, at Sixth and Chestnut; Merchants' Transfer Company, three-story warehouse, at Ninth and Tuttle, and the Hawkeye Transfer Company, at Seventh and Elm. As an earnest, active member of the Booster Committee, he stands ready to erect other buildings for industries seeking a place in a city which does things.

I asked him one day how he had accumulated the three million or more accredited to him. He very frankly and courteously replied that for several years, as a broker, he handled bonds and securities for capitalists; took advantage of opportunities for safe investment in real estate; practiced economy and industry, laying aside each year a surplus over expenses; did not make a dollar in the Water Works deal; made a good investment in Terrace Hill property, and some of his other holdings; that he had accomplished only what was possible to any young man who, for fifty-six years, would pursue a like course of action.

Politically, Hubbell is what has come to be known as a "progressive" Republican. He is not a politician—was not built that way. In local government affairs, he gives his influence to what he deems the best interest of the town, regardless of partisan politics. He has never held but one public office. In 1857, the money panic paralyzed the industries of the state, spreading wreck and ruin in all directions. The year following, the state was flooded with high water, there were no railroads, the country roads were in such horrible condition freight hauling from Keokuk was nearly impossible, farmers could not get into the fields with reapers and mowers at harvest time, and business languished generally. The stagnation extended into 1859, and there was little or nothing doing in Des Moines. Fred. was "on his oars," so to speak, and wanted to be doing something—he was seldom idle. In 1852, Judge Casady, as Senator in the Legislature, had engineered the passage of a bill locating and naming twenty-three new counties,

among which was Sioux. The Judge suggested to Fred. that he go up there and start something. "There is a whole county," said he, "just as Nature made it, waiting for civilization." Fred. took the cue, and with three other wide-awake young fellows, went, got an order from the courts to organize the county and make the necessary preparation for an election to elect county officers, and set the machine going, which was done to their most eminent satisfaction. They fixed the County Seat, and named it Calliope. While their project was incubating, prairie chickens, quail, and rabbits afforded recreation and amusement. At the election in October, they voted for Sam. Kirkwood for Governor for his first term, and elected themselves to the county offices, Fred. taking that of Clerk of the District Court, which he held eighteen months and resigned.

Socially, Hubbell is courteous, affable, reticent, of positive temperament, has the courage of his convictions, which, once fixed, are not easily changed. He takes little or no part in social affairs, as society goes, is not a member of any clubs or fraternal organizations, is always ready to promote the welfare of schools, charitable organizations, and the public. The narrow-gauge roads projected by him and Polk forty years ago were valuable public improvements, the purpose being to connect Des Moines by roads of cheaper and lighter construction than the ordinary steam roads, with towns in a radius of one hundred miles, and bring their trade to the city. It was the same purpose now being more fully developed by electric interurban roads, electricity as a motive power for railroads not then being known.

Hubbell is not a member of any religious denomination, but the records will probably show that he has more or less money accredited to him in all the churches of the city.

January Twentieth, 1907.

Top Row MRS FRANCES M[illegible] [illegible]

Bottom Row MRS ELIZA SAYLOR ME[illegible] [illegible]

THE SAYLORS

THE historian of Polk County will find, if he attempts to trace the genealogy of the pioneer settlers, that the Saylors were numerous, quite prominent, and even to-day they, or their descendants, form a large portion of the body politic. The stork was very generous toward them. They came here before the county was organized, or Des Moines had a legal existence. The first-comer was John B., who arrived in April, 1845. The county merely had a place on the maps, set forth by metes and bounds. It had no courts, no officers, no civil government. It was under the military control of a garrison of infantry and dragoons, the territory being occupied mostly by Indians, who were waiting the expiration of their title to the land they had sold to Uncle Sam.

The garrison was not self-sustaining; its source of supplies was hundreds of miles away, transportation difficult, and often impossible. Provisions were necessary for men and horses. Captain Allen, Commandant of the garrison, issued permits to those who gave satisfactory evidence of good intention, to select land for home purposes, provided they would raise hay, grain, and beef cattle for the garrison. John got a permit, went up north, at what is now a part of Saylorville, selected a fine tract, skirted with a belt of timber and a creek, built a log cabin, and, with his good wife, started the first settlement north of Des Moines. There was nothing between them and the North Pole. They entered upon their new life with courage and cheerfulness, endured its hardships and privations, buoyed with the hope of better days, and the coming of friends and neighbors. The isolation was a serious trial to the mother, for John was frequently absent on business. At one time, she was alone with her little tots six weeks, having to take care of the live-stock, bring water and fuel for the house. when Indian bands were roaming about the country, visited the cabin, and, though apparently peaceable, the uncertainty of what they might

do was a constant source of terror. Wolves were numerous, always hungry, would chase the house dogs even to the cabin door, and made night hideous with their howls and prowling about the premises. To withstand such conditions required courage. Beside that, housekeeping utensils were scarce. Boxes anl stools had to be used instead of tables and chairs. For a tray in which to mix bread, one was hollowed out of a log. Bacon was the staple meat, as the Indians kept the wild game scarce. Wild crabapples were the dessert, parched corn or roasted acorns were substitutes for coffee.

From the outset, John was prominent in county affairs. At the election, April Sixth, 1846, to elect the first county officers, he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, and there is nothing of record to show that he did not hold the office until the election of Burbridge, in 1851. He was an active business man, a valuable citizen, and wise counsellor. He was a devout Methodist, meetings were held regularly in his cabin, and a Class formed long before a preacher came. He aided in building the first church in the settlement.

In April, 1846, the stork brought the first child in the settlement, to Addison Michael, who was the first Justice of the Peace in Des Moines.

In his cabin, in August, 1847, was the first wedding in Saylor Township, that of Tilman Bondurant and "Sis" Kooney, when Mrs. Saylor invited all the friends and neighbors and had a general jollification. She was a noted promoter of weddings. The second wedding was that of Benjamin Saylor and Elizabeth, a daughter of "Uncle Davy" Norris.

In 1847, the County Commissioners ordered the erection of a Court House. They had purchased a lot for ten dollars, where the Union Depot is, and the contract was let to John to build the Court House for two thousand and fifty dollars. It was to be a brick building, two stories high, with basement of stone walls. It was to be the biggest and most imposing structure in Central Iowa, and it made the taxpayers grumble at the extravagant cost of it. There was to be no jail attachment; prisoners were then taken to Oskaloosa for confinement. The building was to be completed in 1849, but material and labor were scarce. January First, 1850, John

asked to be released from his contract. It had been completed except plastering and the woodwork. He was paid five hundred and fifty dollars due for work done, and the Commissioners completed the work. The total cost was two thousand and fifteen dollars, a saving of thirty-five dollars from the contract price. When the second Court House was built, it was sold to the First Christian Church for eight hundred dollars, including the lot. The building subsequently became the passenger depot of the Wabash Road.

In January, 1848, a section of territory was cut off from Des Moines Township and named Saylor Township, in honor of the settlement. It embraced what it does now and the south half of Crocker Township. At the first election to elect township officers, the polls were held at John's cabin.

In 1850, John laid out and platted the town of Saylorville, and in 1855, added more to it. Churches, schools, hotels, stores and shops were built, and it was one of the most flourishing towns in the county. It had a powerful influence in political and civic affairs—in fact, was a formidable rival of The Fort for the location of the County Seat, and worried the pessimists of "Raccoon Forks" not a little. It received a stunning blow, however, when the railroad was built to Ames and passed it two miles eastward, since when it has dwindled away.

In 1850, John supplied the garrison at Fort Dodge with beef cattle.

During the Civil War, John joined the army as sutler, and died at Vicksburg, July Twenty-sixth, 1863.

Benjamin Saylor came into the county soon after John, and settled near him. He at once entered into all the activities of pioneer life. He was a home-builder, public-spirited, an enthusiastic promoter and builder of schoolhouses and churches. Like most of the pioneers, he was a Methodist.

April Sixth, 1846, at the county election, he was elected one of the three County Commissioners in whom was vested the control of all county affairs. The board held its first meeting April Thirteenth, in one of the log cabins, there being no county offices, and among the orders issued was one that the eagle side of a half-dollar should be used as the county seal.

April Sixth, 1846, had been selected by the Judges of the Territorial Supreme Court for holding the first session of the District Court in Polk County, but the government machinery had slipped a cog in some way. The county was practically without any government, civil or judicial, and when Judge Williams arrived, no preparations had been made, there was no Sheriff, no Grand Jury, no place provided for holding the court, and he was compelled to wait the result of an election being held on that day to elect officers of the county, when "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell was elected Sheriff. He was sworn into office the next day, and directed by the Judge to bring before him, at the earliest possible moment, twenty-three good men for a Grand Jury. Among those brought in was Benjamin. It was the most motley attired crowd ever corraled for a Grand Jury in the county. The Judge, who was a jolly fellow, accepted humorously the situation, delivered his charge to the jury, and sent them away on business, but there was nothing doing, whereupon they were discharged, and the court adjourned to September, at which term Benjamin was again drawn on the Grand Jury. Among the Petit Jury was John Rose, who had an action on file against William Lamb for trespass and damages, in the sum of five hundred dollars, which, after a hearing, the court dismissed and charged the cost to Rose, who soon after went up to Boone County and got elected Justice of the Peace, that county then being attached to Polk County for judicial purposes. The first case brought before him, as it appears on the record, is only one of many unique cases to be found in the records of early justices, who were selected for their good sense rather than judicial qualifications. I have made several efforts to find the record of Aaron D. Stark, who held forth out at Brooks' Lake, but it has disappeared from the county vaults in some way. It was rich with ludicrous lore of pioneer jurisprudence. The Rose case was:

"David Noah, *Plaintiff,* } *In Debt.*
"Lewis Rinney, *Defendant.* }

"On or near the Second day of June, 1851, I, John Rose, sent Lewis Rinney word by Adam Boies, that David Noah had left a note with me against him for collection, and said Rinney didn't

come. So, on the Fourth day of June, I issued a summons commanding the said Rinney to appear, and on the Eleventh of June, 1851, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, to answer to plaintiff in a case of debt, which summons was returned previous to the time set for trial, but on the same day, and as soon as the summons was returned, I placed the amount on the back of the summons previous to the defendant appearing. The defendant came, and plaintiff, on the Eleventh of June, 1851, and defendant asked me if I had issued a venire for a jury and subpœnas for witnesses. I told him that I had no notice of it. So the defendant asked for a postponement of trial, also ordered me to venire a jury and witnesses, which was all done, and plaintiff and defendant amicably agreed to have the case tried on the Twenty-eighth day of June, 1851. Both parties appeared then; the defendant asked to see the summons, and objected to amount on the back, and asked for an unsuit, which I didn't grant; then he wrote an affidavit and presented it to me for a change of venue, which I also denied, but proceeded to trial, and the defendant withdrew from trial. The jury was duly erected and sworn, and brought in the following verdict of the jury:

"We, the jury, find for the plaintiff.

"The action on which suit was brought was note given by Lewis Rinney to David Noah, promissory, for fifteen dollars and fifty cents, and fifty cents interest from the time it was due until judgment was rendered, making sixteen dollars.

"Constable's fees	$ 6.40
"Juror's fees	4.52
"Witness fees	4.42
"Justice's fees	2.43¾
"Total	$17.77¾

"JOHN ROSE, *J. P.*

"JULY TWENTY-FIRST, 1851."

Benjamin was an active member of the Settlers' Claim Club, which was, in fact, a law and order league, and kept the county free of horse thieves and disreputable persons.

He was also a member of the Old Settlers' Association, and a very prominent and influential person in school, church and civic affairs.

In 1849, he erected a two-story frame building fronting on Third Street, at the corner of Court Avenue, where the Sherman Block is.

In the Saylor Settlement, in 1849, occurred the first murder in Polk County. For some time, a feud had existed between two men named Smith and Howard. One day Howard was hauling a load of wood along the highway, when Smith assaulted him. He turned upon his assailant and shot him, causing death within an hour. Before his death, Smith made a statement of the whole affair, and so general was the belief that the shooting was justifiable, Howard was never disturbed.

The term, "pioneer," has come to have a broad application, but as construed by the primitive members of the Old Settlers' Association, it means only those who came to Polk County prior to 1848, and they are very punctilious respecting their titular superiority and distinction. At the reunions, they don't allow any others to feast at their table, yet they fraternize joyfully with all the later comers, for pioneering extended well into the Fifties. Its trials, privations, and experiences were much the same.

In these reminiscences of early days, very little has been written respecting pioneer women. At the reunions of the Old Settlers' Association, mention is rarely made of the women—the mothers. In all the gatherings of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association for twenty years, there was fulsome, mutual admiration and glorification of self—interesting and instructive, it is true—but no mention of the pioneer mothers, whose bosom pillowed their heads, who guided them to manhood, and to whom is due a tribute greater than to self.

> "Their monument—where does it stand?
> Their epitaph—who reads it?
> No nobler dames had Sparta,
> No nobler matrons Rome."

The present and future generations will never know what they owe to the pioneer women. It is true the men toiled from sunrise to sundown, but the mothers—their tasks had no beginning nor ending. They carded the wool, spun the yarn, wove the cloth, did the washing and ironing, kept the house in order, tended the

garden, dressed the turkeys, cured and dried the deer meat, prepared the fat for "dips" and cooking, gathered and preserved the wild fruit—all that they did, and to which was added the endless burden of maternity.

In the homes of the pioneers were sown the germs, which, fostered and nurtured by the mothers, Beebe, Saylor, Buzick, Barlow, Winterrowd, Canfield, Cory, and scores of others, culminated in the foundation of a good citizenship, a prosperous, happy community.

But the old Spartan mothers have gone, yet they left a heritage of daughters, who came with them as girls to the new country, and bore their part in the trials and privations common to all in making a home where their only neighbors were Indians and wild animals. As wives, they gave new courage and incentive to the young men who cleared the forest, turned up the riches of the golden soil, and constituted the strength and good citizenship of this now goodly county; as mothers, they, too, have reared children who have walked in the ways of righteousness and right-living.

The illustration presented herewith is of five of the pioneer "girls," who represent the highest type of the old-fashioned mothers. With forty-three children to their credit, they have done well in carrying out Roosevelt's idea of the race question. Reading from right to left, top row, Mrs. Frances Michael Ball, Mrs. Avis Saylor McQuiston; bottom row, Mrs. Eliza Saylor Myers, Mrs. Elizabeth Bales Fisher, Mrs. Martha Bales Saylor.

Mrs. Martha Bales Saylor, daughter of Sarah and Solomon Bales, was born March Fourth, 1830, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, on a farm six miles west of La Fayette, near the Wabash River, in a genuine Quaker settlement.

Her father, through his good faith in humanity, had signed bonds for forty thousand dollars for a friend, who proved deceitful and treacherous, necessitating the surrender of his farm. He therefore decided to come West, and get Government land. In company with his sister and her husband, Eli Keeler, he came to Polk County in February, 1846, and located a claim near the claim of John B. Saylor. During the Summer, they built cabins and began preparations for a home. Later, her father returned to Indiana,

and early in September, gathered together his family and household goods to go to a new country and begin life over again. The family consisted of her father and mother, her father's mother, her mother's father, Abram Haines, seventy-five years old, nine children, and a hired man. The outfit was composed of a large prairie schooner loaded heavily with household goods, a new plow swung beneath, drawn by four yokes of oxen, driven by the hired man; another big farm wagon loaded with household goods, drawn by two fine, black horses, driven by the father; next, a wagon filled with bedding, cradles, useful articles, and children, drawn by two fine, large, sorrel horses, driven by the mother; another wagon loaded with odds and ends, grain, etc., driven by Grandfather Haines. Following were thirty-five cattle and thirty sheep, driven by Martha, sixteen years old, on horseback.

On a beautiful day, early in September, Martha gave a lingering farewell gaze upon the big brick house in the center of a large grass plat dotted with fruit trees and blooming shrubbery, nearby groves of Oaks, Hickory, Cherry and Crabapples, a little stream of bubbling spring water winding and shimmering through a pasture where she had passed many happy hours gamboling with pet lambs, colts and calves; the big, red barns, the orchards of apples, peaches and berries: the old sugar camp, where gay frolics were had, the barrel of syrup for buckwheat cakes, the barrel of sugar for gingerbread, doughnuts and pumpkin pies, which made a home of luxury and childhood's happiness, then, with throbbing heart, mounted her horse and turned her face to follow the wagons; the sheep trailed the cows with little trouble or mishap. Sometimes, a young sheep or lamb would get under the wagon and be crushed by the wheels, when, with a cry of alarm, there was a leap from the saddle, the victim dragged to the wayside, its innocent face and silky ears caressed amid sobs and sighs, a breath of benediction, and a hustle to overtake the procession.

Stops were made where good camping grounds and grazing for the stock could be found. With a big fire, long-handled frying-pans, skillets and kettles, corn meal and bacon and plenty of milk, generous and appetizing meals were prepared, and after the long day's ride, the shake-down bed in the wagon gave rest and refreshing sleep. There was very little variation in the daily movement.

Sometimes, a sudden storm would terrorize the live-stock, and hurried measures were necessary to get them sheltered and quieted. Sometimes swollen, unbridged streams were reached, and in crossing, the household goods were watersoaked, causing delay in unloading and drying them. The cattle could swim, but not the sheep, so ropes were put around their necks and a man on horseback drew them across.

The Mississippi was crossed at Burlington, on a ferry, thence the route was to Oskaloosa, where a short halt was made, thence *via* "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern—the gateway to Polk County—thence through Skunk Bottoms, where the teams had to be doubled up, thence to the new home, arriving October Sixteenth, 1846, where was greeting them a log cabin, with one room, one door, with clapboard shutter, two small windows without glass, a clapboard roof, no fireplace or stove, to be the domicile of fourteen persons. Beds were made on the floor for some, others slept in wagons, others on the grass, with the dogs on guard, for snakes, skunks, and wolves were numerous. A larger and more comfortable cabin was soon completed, however. During the Summer, Keeler had cleared and planted two acres of corn and vegetables, and raised the tallest corn, and finest pumpkins, they had ever seen. But sometimes the corn meal and flour got short, and a trip to Oskaloosa was necessary for supplies. Severe wintry storms, and waiting at the mill, delayed the return of the father many days, when a tin bucket was broken up, flattened out, holes punched in it with a nail, then nailed to a smooth, flat board, and corn grated for meal and mush, satisfying to hungry stomachs, until the return of the big wagon from Oskaloosa.

Sometimes, wolves harried the live-stock, stole the chickens, killed the calves; prairie fires menaced the cabins, requiring vigorous and hard fighting to save the home. One evening, soon after Martha's arrival, while sitting near the cabin, thinking of the old home, a most unearthly scream rent the air from the nearby timber. The thought of Indians and massacre terrorized her, and she was only quieted when assured that it was only the wail of a panther, which the dogs had stirred up, while hunting the cows. Soon after, seven or eight Indians came galloping up to the door of her

sister's cabin, and began talking to her, making vigorous gestures, and signs, which so terrorized her that she began to cry, and nearly swooned, whereupon Martha rushed out into the woods, through fallen tree tops, over stumps, through brush and briers ,to the nearest cabin, half a mile away, falling exhausted through the door, whispering that the Indians were at her home and carrying everything away, only to be greeted with laughter and assured that the Indians would do no harm, which they did not, and afterward said to the neighbors: "The new white squaw no brave."

A few years wrought wondrous changes in the new home, and its environments. Increasing wealth, contentment and happiness came as recompense for the sacrifice of 1846, on the banks of the Wabash.

Mrs. Saylor acquired a primary education at home, later taking higher degrees in the public schools of Des Moines.

In November, 1848, she was united in marriage with Jehu P. Saylor, and, though not the first bride, she claims she is the first bridesmaid in the county, having served in combing and braiding the hair and dressing three young brides, and in one case, arranging and fixing the necktie of one of the grooms, John Myers, while the Esquire waited on the porch. Ben. Bryant's bride had no maid.

Immediately on her marriage, she went to housekeeping. Wardrobes, bureaus, and closets were scarce in pioneer cabins, so the wedding suits of herself and husband were nicely folded and laid away in a new flour barrel.

In the Spring of 1849, she dropped and covered with a hoe seven acres of corn. In the Fall of 1850, she planted the first Currant, Rose, Peach, and Concord grape in Polk County, north of Des Moines.

In September, 1853, a prairie fire came sweeping along. Hastily placing her two little tots with the faithful dog, Buster, on a blanket in a plat of plowed ground, and while others were fighting fire in other directions, she fought its destruction of a rail fence for more than half a mile, until midnight, when she forged ahead of it, tore away a section of fence, dug up the earth with her hands and sticks, which stopped its advance. Meanwhile, the babies and dog, with apparent glee, watched the moving panorama.

Six children have been born to her, four of whom are now living. Though past seventy-six years, she is active, has good health, enjoys life, the society of friends, especially the early settlers of Polk County, and is quietly waiting the passing days, conscious that she has done what she could for the betterment of others.

On the arrival of the family, October Sixteenth, an election was going on, and the men all went to the polls and voted, as was the custom in that day, and no questions asked.

Mrs. Frances Michael Ball is a daughter of Addison and Mary J. Michael. She was born October Twentieth, 1844, and is the first white child born in Polk County. At the age of five years, she was left motherless; then made her home with her grandmother, Mrs. John B. Saylor, until 1864. Mrs. Saylor was the proverbial godmother to all new-comers. She promoted weddings, comforted the discouraged, helped the sick, and did her whole duty as a noble, Christian woman in fulfilling her divine mission to everybody within her reach. In 1866, Frances was united by marriage with W. G. Ball, and is now a resident of Des Moines. She has six children.

Mrs. Ball relates many pranks of the Indians with the settlers when she was a young tot, which sometimes frightened her nearly out of her wits. The howling of wolves at night around the cabin was also a cause of great terror.

Her father came to Fort Des Moines about the first of May, 1844, and was associated with John B. Saylor in furnishing hay and grain for the dragoons at The Fort. He was the first Justice of the Peace in Polk County, and as such, officiated, in June, 1846, at the first marriage of white people in the county—Benjamin Bryant and Elvira Birge. The Esquire was not very well posted in the legal formalities respecting marriages—in fact, justices in those days were selected for their good sense and judgment rather than legal acquirements, and, as the marrying business was mostly done by the circuit preachers, the justices gave it little attention. But the preachers were scarce, Ben. was in a hurry, and he called the Esquire. The Esquire got A. D. Jones, a jovial young lawyer, and omnivorous functionary in town, to coach him and post him up. The joining was done at the cabin of Perry Crossman, the

County Clerk, and there was a full house. The Esquire got on very well until he reached the climax, when his memory forsook him, he halted and hesitated, whereupon Jones, from the rear of the room, sang out, "By authority vested in me, I pronounce you husband and wife," which the Esquire repeated, and sat down, dripping with perspiration. The couple then went to the Birge cabin, where a merry dance was had and a banquet spread. Enough flour and sugar had been scraped together in the settlement to make the "bride cake," and all was lovely. To escape an evening musical entertainment which "the boys" had fixed up for them, Ben. and his bride mounted horses and went to "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern at Apple Grove, where they were properly corralled against further intrusion.

Mr. Michael was the first grocer in Des Moines. He was granted a license April Seventh, 1846, to keep a "grocery," for three months, on payment of a fee of six dollars and a quarter. A "grocery" in that day, under the prohibitory law then in force, was presumed to sell "wet goods," or *spiritous frumenti.*

He enlisted in Company A, Seventh Iowa Cavalry, February Twenty-fourth, 1863, and served until May Seventeenth, 1866, the regiment having taken part in every expedition against the Indians in the departments of Missouri, Kansas, and the Northwest, fighting and chasing them through a wild, unsettled country by companies—in fact, the regiment was never together as a whole, finally becoming so decimated as to lose its regimental organization entirely, and was disbanded in detachments. It did its duty so well as to receive the title from the Cheyennes of the "Hiowa 'ell 'ounds."

Mrs. Eliza Saylor Myers was born in Indiana, in 1834, and came with her parents to Polk County in 1845. In 1848, she was united by marriage with John Myers. To them, sixteen children were born, twelve of whom are now living—six sons and six daughters. She resided in Iowa until 1903. She is now living at Chanute, Kansas, in the enjoyment of excellent health and the consciousness of duty faithfully done as wife and mother.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bales Fisher was born in Indiana in 1834, and came to Polk County with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon

Bales, in 1846. In 1854, she was united in marriage with William S. Fisher. Four children were born of that union. Mrs. Fisher still owns a portion of the land entered by her father, October Thirtieth, 1848. She is vigorous, active, and has good health.

Mrs. Avis Saylor McQuiston was born in Van Buren County, August Twenty-seventh, 1837, and when eight years old, in 1845, moved to Polk County, at a point north of Fort Des Moines, later known as Saylorville, named from her father, John B. Saylor. In 1858, she joined by marriage D. S. McQuiston, and the twain are joyfully looking ahead to the celebration of their golden wedding anniversary in 1908. The stork has brought them eleven "little chips of the old block," seven of whom passed away in infancy.

November Fourth, 1906.

CONRAD D. REINKING

CONRAD D. REINKING

A PIONEER of good repute, and influential, was Conrad D. Reinking. Born in Westphalia, Prussia, May Second, 1820, where he lived with his parents, who were poor, acquiring such limited education as he could get in the common schools, until he was sixteen years old, when, in 1836, he came to America, landing in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1842, in the meantime learning the cabinet maker trade.

In 1842, he came to Iowa, stopping at Fort Madison, where he started a furniture shop, which soon after was destroyed by fire. He started again, and again his shop went up in flames. Added to his misfortune, he was prostrated with severe and dangerous illness, but the good people of the town, with the proverbial kindliness and good-fellowship of the pioneer, appreciating his energy and sterling qualities, generously cared for him during his confinement, and offered assistance to rehabilitate his business, for all of which he was exceedingly grateful, but his independent spirit was too strong to accept charity.

He then went to New Orleans, where he remained a short time, when a longing for his old home led him back to Philadelphia, where he disembarked from a sea vessel with one dollar in his pocket. He started in business again, but it was a losing game, and early in 1848, he turned his face westward, stopping at Saint Louis, where he got a contract job. While there, he learend of "the future Capital of Iowa," and came to see it. So well was he pleased he made a claim for one-half section of land in the southwestern part of what is now Delaware Township, on the east branch of Four Mile Creek. He also purchased, for thirty dollars, two lots on Walnut Street, now occupied by the Harris-Emery Company's store. He went back to Saint Louis, finished his contract job, purchased some material for cabinet work, returned to Fort Des Moines, October First, and opened a small shop on the west side of

the Court House Square, and there he made the first furniture made in Des Moines. But it was too far out—the center of business and trade was all on Second Street, toward 'Coon River, and soon after, he purchased a lot on Third Street, where the Harbach Building is, built a log cabin, and started the first furniture store and cabinet maker's shop in the town. His push and energy secured him a good patronage, and his sales extended over a large area. In homes at Iowa City to-day can be found some furniture of his making. He used to say that he made all the coffins used within twenty-five miles of his shop.

The times were hard, but such was his faith in the future, he took advantage of the low price of real estate, and invested every surplus dollar he could get in it, for he had the sagacity to see ahead. October Thirtieth, 1848, he entered the claim he had made with two land warrants. Subsequently, he added two hundred and forty acres more, which became his home farm. The county records are frequently paged with entries of his purchases. He relieved "Tom" McMullin, "Jim" Campbell, and others who had overloaded themselves with more town lots than they could carry or pay for. In later years, telling of some of his purchases, he said that, early in 1849, Campbell came to his shop one day and wanted to buy a bedstead—must have one. He had no money, but he could put up some town lots. He selected a bedstead the price of which was eight dollars, costing less than five dollars, for which he offered two lots at the corner of Eighth and Walnut. Conrad didn't want them at any price; they were too far out. It ran along several days, when Mrs. Campbell came and urged him to make the trade, as she had no bed to sleep on.

"But," said Conrad, "I declined. I told her the lots were too far off; they were of no use for business, but she said, 'O, the town may grow sometime, and you can fence them in and use them for a cowyard.' I shook my head. Finally, she went to my wife with a hard tale about having to sleep on the floor, so, between them, I gave it up, and told Mrs. Campbell to come and get the bedstead. I charged profit and loss with five dollars, and let it go at that."

Several versions of that trade have been given from time to time, but this is the only authentic one. Reinking built a small

brick house on the lots, which he lived in for a time, and subsequently built the structure now known as Reinking Block.

In 1849, he became a victim of the California gold fever. The continuous cavalcade, day after day, of gold-seekers, east and west as far as the eye could reach, and the fabulous tales of gold finds, overpowered him. He turned his shop over to J. E. Jewett, a lawyer, and, with Isaac Cooper, a wagon and four yoke of oxen, joined the procession, landing four months later, toil-worn and weary, in that Eldorado, where he remained until the Spring of 1851, when he returned with nearly one thousand dollars as the net result of his venture, but with health greatly impaired. He at once returned to his shop and resumed a business which gave evidence that Jewett was a much better lawyer than cabinet maker, where he continued until 1855, when, with shattered health, he sold to the Harbachs and went to his farm, having, in 1851, taken a helpmate.

At the April election, in 1852, he was elected a member of the first Council of the Town of Fort Des Moines, a body of men of good sense and sound judgment, who, without precedents or experience—there were no junketings to other cities to get pointers, they had no money—laid the foundation of the civic government of what has come to be a city noted for its refinement, good government, schools and churches. They had to devise and formulate measures for a Treasurer, Recorder, Marshal, and make police regulations. Their meetings were held in the old first Court House, lighted with a tallow "dip" stuck in the neck of a bottle. They received no pay for their services. The Council consisted of the Reverend Father Bird, President; Jesse Dicks, stove dealer; C. D. Reinking, cabinet maker; P. M. Casady, lawyer—he had not got to be a Judge; William T. Marvin, proprietor of the Marvin House; Hoyt Sherman, Postmaster, and R. W. Sypher, merchant. J. K. Dollar was elected Recorder, but not liking the job, resigned, and W. A. Galbraith, a grain merchant, was put in his place. "Sammy" Gray, the first plasterer in the town, was made Treasurer, and Alex. Bowers, Marshal. He subsequently became United States Marshal. Of them all, Judge Casady is the only one living.*

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*Judge Casady died August 31, 1908.

The Council served one year, the people evidencing a very singular appreciation of their gratuitous, philanthropic labor, by not electing one of them to the next Council.

Reinking was always active in promoting the interest of farmers. He set apart and furnished a room in his block for the free use of the Farmers' Exchange, an organization formed to promote the sale and exchange of farm products—a kind of market, where farmers could have recorded with the Secretary what they had to sell, which was at once listed on a bulletin board so that purchasers could make a selection. Subsequently, a Farmers' Club was organized, with headquarters and monthly meetings at that Exchange. The whole arrangement was of great benefit to the farmers of Polk County.

In 1883, he built a fine brick residence on East Grand Avenue, and there made his home during his life.

Socially, he was a kind neighbor, and a good citizen; charitable toward worthy objects; of positive temperament, and firm in his convictions. There was never any ambiguity in his expressed thought or action. He was not a hero-worshiper. Honesty and sterling integrity were marked characteristic traits, which won the most implicit confidence and trust in business circles. He was a stockholder in the old First Savings Bank, a Director in the Citizens' National Bank, a Director in the People's Bank, and for many years Vice-President and Director of the Polk County Savings Bank, and, on the decease of Judge Wright, was tendered the presidency, but declined. He was one of the oldest and most active members of the Masonic fraternity, donating largely to its funds. He was also one of the oldest members of the Order of Odd Fellows in the city.

Politically, he was a Whig, but, under all conditions and circumstances, an Anti-Monopolist. His antagonism to monopolies was the dominant trait in his character. The destruction of the Standard Oil Company, and its burial beyond the possibility of resurrection, would have given him extreme satisfaction. He was active in political affairs, and many times tendered a nomination for important offices, but he would have none of them.

Religiously, he was not a member of any sectarian denomination. His creed was, "The Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man."

February Seventeenth, 1907.

HARRISON LYON

A CONSPICUOUS personage in the early days of the county, and one of the most portentous boosters of Des Moines, was Harrison Lyon.

Born in Madison, Jefferson County, Indiana, October Sixteenth, 1811, he passed the years of his youth with his parents, his father, Jonathan Lyon, having settled there at an early day, when Southern Indiana was a wilderness. Subsequently, he removed to Washington County, and, being an enterprising, active man, was soon recognized by the people as suitable to take charge of public affairs, and was elected Clerk of the District Court. He served through several terms with marked ability, and to the satisfaction of the public and his many friends. He was also an active business man, and became one of the wealthiest of the county.

Harrison, during his minority, acquired the best education the common schools of that day afforded. Arriving at manhood, he engaged in farming and milling, and, like his father, soon became another of the leading men of the county.

In 1851, he disposed of all his property there and came to Fort Des Moines. It was the year, says Leonard Brown, the poet laureate of that day, which

"Brought the mighty flood of water—
When poured down the floods from heaven
Till the river was a mammoth,
Swallowing all the vegetation,
Trees and everything before it—
Reaching over all the bottoms—
Climbing higher up the hillsides
Than it ever had before climbed—
Moving with tremendous fury,
Irresistible and vengeful."

The East Side bottoms were strewn with debris, uprooted trees, wrecks of houses, and farm implements. The landscape was not very attractive to a stranger seeking a new home, but his good sense and business sagacity prompted him to stay. Selecting the highest point he could find, for safety from inundation, he purchased of Benjamin Coffeen four hundred acres, on part of which now stands the Capitol and State Historical Building. The land was covered with timber and underbrush so dense it was nearly impossible to get through it—in fact, a party of young women, in attempting to do so, got lost and wandered helplessly about for several hours, until rescued by anxious, searching friends, who found them where what is now Franklin Park, then a slough and frog pond, and favorite resting-place and feeding-ground for wild ducks when making their migratory flights north and south.

There were but two or three log cabins on the bottoms on the east side of the river—the bottoms being divided into farms—and Lyon rented a small house on the West Side. He then cleared a space on his land near what is now the corner of East Thirteenth and Walker, and built a log cabin, in which he made his home.

In 1853, he cleared another part of his four hundred acres, where the Capitol stands, and at a point near the northwest corner of the present edifice, erected a fine cottage for himself and family, intending it to be his future home.

When he came here, the removal of the Capitol of the state to a more central location was a topic of general discussion. The General Assembly took up the subject, when immediately arose an intense rivalry between Fort Des Moines, Oskaloosa, Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, and other localities. The question hung fire through four sessions of the General Assembly, but through the influence and persistent effort of Judge Casady, Colonel "Tom" Baker, Doctor A. Y. Hull, "Uncle Jimmy" Jordan, Alfred M. Lyon, Doctor W. P. Davis, representatives in the General Assembly from Polk County; Barlow Granger, Hoyt Sherman, Colonel J. M. Griffith, "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, R. L. Tidrick, and other citizens, Polk County was selected, in January, 1855. In the meantime, a strife arose as to where in the county the site was to be. Doctor T. K. Brooks had started a town about two miles east

of The Fort, "Uncle Jerry" Church another farther down the river, and John Saylor had his booming town of Saylorville, all expectant rivals. They had secured the insertion in the law of a clause that the site for the Seat of Government "be within two miles of the junction of Des Moines and Raccoon rivers." That let in Doctor Brooks and "Uncle Jerry" with their embryo cities. Commissioners were appointed by the General Assembly to make the selection of a site. The Commissioners delayed their coming several months, and before their arrival, Brooks and "Uncle Jerry" withdrew from the contest, which left it to the east and west sides of the Des Moines River. Then arose a contest which was vigorous, bitter and acrimonious, engendering a strife which continued for more than forty years.

Harrison Lyon, as an inducement to locate the Capitol on the East Side, offered to donate ten acres, Doctor Brooks and W. A. Scott offered another tract which is now known as Governor's Square, as a site for the Governor's mansion.

Colonel J. A. Williamson and T. A. Walker offered another tract on East Walker Street, known as State Square.

W. A. Scott, or Alex., as everybody called him, offered another tract of forty acres, which embraced a part of the south half of the Capitol Grounds, and the block whereon is now the Soldiers' Monument, and further agreed to erect a State House and donate it to the state.

The East Side won, and so soon as the site was fixed, deeds were made April Twenty-ninth, 1856, and recorded for the four several tracts. A Building Association was formed by Scott, who was the prime mover, a three-story substantial brick building was erected, which, for twenty years, during the most notable epoch in the history of the state, was occupied by the state officers, Supreme Court, and General Assembly. Around its walls cluster memories of heart-stirring scenes and notable events. When the new Capitol was ready for occupancy, the old was left to the elements, tramps and bats, until it went up in flames.

In May, 1856, Lyon having given to the state his cottage-home grounds, an exceedingly liberal, seldom equaled, donation, he platted forty acres, making wide streets and alleys, which is now

known as Lyon's Addition to the city, and in 1857, built a large, two-story frame house on the south half of Block Five, on Keokuk Street (now Grand Avenue), which for many years was known as the Lyon homestead. He surrounded it with trees and shrubbery, and it was deemed one of the finest residences on the east side of the river. In 1896, the entire half block was sold to the state, the house moved to East Twelfth Street, and is now occupied by two of his daughters. On the old site stands the State Historical Building, which my good friend, Charles Aldrich, thinks is the best thing on earth.

Very soon after his arrival, Lyon, in addition to the four hundred acres purchased of Coffeen, bought six hundred and forty near where the State Fair Grounds are, two hundred on what is now West Grand Avenue, where are the finest residences in the city, and several hundred acres near Sioux City. Such was his judgment and perspicacity, he never made a mistake in an investment. He was a keen observer of human nature and passing events. Nothing escaped his observation. A close reader of the world's doings, he was always posted on public affairs of his own country.

Socially, he was of quiet demeanor, affable, genial in temperament, companionable, a good neighbor, public-spirited, liberal, ever ready to render aid to all laudable enterprises. Besides his generous donation to the state, he gave the lots and built, at Ninth and Grand Avenue, the first schoolhouse on the East Side. In that schoolhouse was organized the first Class of the Methodist Church, known as Wesley Chapel, and the Reverend E. M. H. Fleming, then of the Monroe Circuit, preached therein.

During the war period, Lyon contributed largely to the soldiers' relief fund, to furnish supplies for the "boys in blue," and was one of their most active and zealous supporters. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. Though his name is not yet emblazoned on lofty and costly edifices, it is indelibly impressed on the foundation stones, the school, the church, the home, upon which a civic structure has been built, ennobling and attractive.

Religiously, he was not a churchman, but in 1857, he donated a lot and contributed liberally to the funds for building the First

Methodist Church, on the East Side, for many years known as Wesley Chapel, of which his wife was an active and beloved member.

Politically, Lyon was a firm disciple of General Andrew Jackson, but took no part in politics. If he voted at all, it was the Democratic ticket, but after 1859, Democratic votes didn't avail anything in Polk County.

He deceased March 20, 1885.

March Third, 1907.

CHARLES GOOD

CHARLES GOOD

A NOTABLE character among the pioneers was Charles Good, or "Uncle Charley," as those who knew him best called him. He was one of the most widely known men in Polk County, and the least known, his eccentricities giving him great publicity, quite contrary to every element of his nature.

He was born on a farm in Coshocton County, Ohio, November Twenty-eighth, 1803. His parents were very, very poor. The suffering and deprivation enforced by poverty during his childhood days made a deep impression upon him, and early he resolved to place himself beyond its reach if industry, firmness of purpose, and good health could accomplish it.

When sixteen years old, he learned the trade of blacksmith, and worked fifteen years at the anvil and forge. He removed to Logan, Ohio, where he built the first brick building in the town. It was two stories high. On the lower floor, he kept a general store. The upper floor was used for a schoolroom.

In 1847, he concluded the Western country afforded a better opportunity for business, and starting overland in a buggy with a man named Jewett, he came, by the way of Burlington, to Fort Des Moines, and spent some time prospecting for a permanent location. He visited Monroe City, the "future Capital of the state," which the Legislative Commission of Quakers had located in Jasper County, where he found a splendid array of stakes set for lots, streets, boulevards, parks, etc., but no water within three miles, and the nearest house of a settler six miles away. He did not think it a good place for investment. He finally decided to cast his lot at The Fort, though it was but a mere hamlet, with little to attract a stranger.

While he was thus prospecting, his wife sickened and died. There were no railroads nor telegraphs, the mails were slow and far between, preventing communication with him, and he knew

nothing of his loss until he arrived at Portsmouth, near his home, and found she had been buried out of his sight.

In 1849, he married again, and with his family and spring wagon, drawn by two horses, he came back to The Fort, took a log cabin at the corner of Second and Elm streets, and started in the grocery and drug business, the grocery being on the same lot with his cabin. Later, he started a bakery on Second, just north of Market. Among his special customers were the Indians. They came into the store one at a time, Indian fashion. The first one would make his purchase, go out and tip another, who would follow and repeat the process. Thus they kept it up until the very last one filed in and out. Some of them were pretty good judges of pastry. They were always orderly and quite friendly. It was a novelty with "Uncle Charley," yet they were Indians, all the same, and a little uncertain.

Later, he built a two-story building on Second Street between Vine and Market. The lower floor was used as a merchandise and drug store; the upper floor for religious meetings.

I don't think he was ever suspected by anybody of being very worldly-minded, given to fashion, or faddish, but while he was selling drugs, a hair-dye agent came along one day, and, after exploiting its superior virtues, he stimulated "Uncle Charley's" vanity a little, by caressing that patriarchal beard, familiar to old-timers, and suggesting that as it was getting a little gray around the edges, it would look much better if dyed with his incomparable, non-tellable preparation, and restored to its original color. "Uncle Charley" yielded to his persuasiveness, and the whiskers were duly doped.

It so happened that a few days after, he started for Dayton, Ohio, to attend a very important meeting of his church people, who were very plain, zealous, religious folk. When he got there, his whiskers had changed to a sky-blue. A faithful brother church member, seeing them, reproached him rather sharply for showing such evidence of pride and vanity. So chagrined and mortified was "Charley," he whetted up his pocket knife—he had no use for a razor—and cut them off clean. No agent ever had a chance to say "hair dye" to him again.

Considering the time, he possessed a good knowledge of drugs and medicines, was well read in the United States Pharmacopœia and United States Dispensatory. He had a private book of formulæ, originated by himself, from which he compounded and sold a liniment and cholera cure for many years. There was a big demand for cholera cure in the early Fifties all over the West. I remember going one day with my uncle, a physician, in Michigan, to see some cholera patients in the country. Of nearly a dozen he had visited the day before, he found all but one or two had died since he left them. The streets in Chicago were crowded with carts carrying away the dead.

In 1855, a law went into effect prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, except by an agent appointed for the entire county, by the County Judge, and then sold only for medical, mechanical, and sacramental purposes. Doctor D. V. Cole was appointed the agent for Polk County. Officers were detailed to enforce the law. Several seizures were made. One day, officers swooped down on a room north of "Charley's" drug store, where they found forty barrels of high wines, which he had just purchased in Cincinnati for a vinegar company, to be made into vinegar.

The barrels were rolled down on 'Coon Bottoms, and set up on end in an imposing row. A large crowd quickly gathered to see what was up. Brandt, whose "front" name is Isaac, the well-known apostle of Father Matthew, and a Big Sachem of the Good Templars, happened to be at Perkins' store, next door to Good's, doing some trading, and he joined in to witness the onslaught. When the officer's sledge smashed in the head of a barrel, the spirits flew in all directions, and Isaac got his share of it. When it was all over, Isaac went home, and one of his little tots climbed into his lap to greet him, but soon, with a sniff or two, backed off, and said: "Papa, where have you been; I smell something like whiskey."

The seizure was the talk of the town, and troubled Good considerably, as the contraband stuff was found on his premises, though it was not his. On the records of the County Judge is an entry that, "James Stanton, Constable, be allowed seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents for prosecuting, draying, stowing, handling,

beheading, and burning forty barrels of red-eye belonging to the Des Moines, Polk County, Vinegar Association."

Good was one of the most optimistic men in Des Moines respecting its growth and prosperity. He firmly believed—and often said—that it had more real merit, and natural resources, than any other town in the Middle West, but he was often greatly displeased with the unbusiness-like, disjointed system of its municipal government. He verified his faith by early investments in town lots, timber and farm land. He purchased the block on what is now Grand Avenue, from Second to the river, and on Second, built a two-story residence for a home, where he resided during his life. His wife deceased in 1863, and it was lovingly cared for for twenty-three years by his youngest daughter, now the wife of Doctor C. Nysewander.

Subsequently, he purchased the old German Methodist Church building, on Locust Street, moved it to the corner of Second Street and Grand Avenue, repaired and fitted it up for a Mission Sunday School and other religious purposes.

On the eastern portion of the block, near the river, he planted an orchard, in which were apples, grapes, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, crab trees and berries, an overweaning temptation to the "small boy," and a source of trouble to "Charley."

About two years ago, the old home and the Mission School lots were sold to J. S. Polk, and will be the site of the new splendid passenger station of the Interurban Railway.

In May, 1850, he made the contract for thirty-one acres on University Avenue, between Fourteenth and Seventeenth, of Benjamin Saylor, for which he traded the two horses and wagon which had brought him from Ohio. The wagon was pretty wobbly and weak in spots, and one horse was so short-necked he had to get on his knees to drink from a brook. The land was bought for timber purposes, it being deemed too far away for residences. Later, he planted one-half of the tract in fruit trees and grapes. There are several "middle-aged boys" in Des Moines to-day who could certify to the quality of the grapes they "swiped" when "Uncle Charley" was not around. Said one of them, a few days ago: "I pulled some of the largest and finest bunches of grapes I ever saw out of

that vineyard. The temptation was too much for a boy, with his usual appetite. I knew very well 'Charley' would have given me all I wanted by asking, but that is not the boy's way of doing, generally." One-half of the tract is now owned by the Park Board. The east half is divided into residence lots as "Northwestern Heights."

In 1853, Good purchased the block which now bears his name at Fifth and Walnut. When the Des Moines Improvement and Navigation Company was engaged in obstructing the river beyond all hope of navigation, Colonel George Gillaspy, Treasurer of the company, frequently visited Fort Des Moines, the head of navigation, and Judge Casady persuaded him to make an investment in the growing town. November Twenty-fourth, 1849, Obadiah Higbee purchased from the County Commissioners Lots Four and Five, in Block Thirteen, at the corner of Fifth and Walnut, for forty-five dollars. In July, 1851, Gillaspy purchased the lots for one hundred and fifty dollars, remarking that possibly he could sell or give them away some time. All west of Eighth Street was fenced in with rail fences and planted with corn. October Fifteenth, 1853, Gillaspy sold them to Jenkins W. Morris for five hundred dollars, and November Fourth, following, Morris sold them for six hundred and fifty dollars to Good, who bought them for an investment, pending the growth of the town. In 1881, he erected the block bearing his name, now valued, I understand, at four hundred thousand dollars.

When the Original Town was platted, all lots ran east and west, and fronted on the streets running north and south, except those on Court Avenue. The lots were 66×132 feet, two lots making a quarter block, or 132×132 feet.

All Good's investments proved highly remunerative, and he became quite wealthy.

A marked trait of his character was his deep religious conviction. While he read many other books, he read the Bible whenever opportunity offered, and committed much of it to memory. Several well marked and worn Bibles now in possession of his children evidence their use by him. It was his custom to write references and his thoughts thereon. Thousands of pages of such writing

were found among his papers. He preached occasionally at different points in Polk and adjoining counties, also in southwestern Iowa, Ohio and other states. Every four weeks, he held religious service in his Second Street home, lodged and fed those who attended from abroad, until he purchased and fitted up the old German Church building. He espoused the faith and doctrines of the Brethren in Christ, and so zealous was he, he once went with his wife in a carriage to Dayton, Ohio, so that they might join that church, there being none of the faith in the West. Here he perfected a church organization, and after his death, his old home on Second Street was sold and three thousand dollars given to the church. Another lot has been purchased on Ninth Street, and preparations are being made to erect a new building.

While many thought him close in dealing, and somewhat penurious, he gave many thousand dollars for church and charitable uses, and always with the strict injunction to say nothing about it —to "keep it dark."

He was passionately fond of children. He could not see them in want or suffering. When the Mormons were going through Des Moines, hauling their household goods in push-carts, accompanied with their hungry children, whose bare feet were bleeding from contact with the frozen ground, he gave them shoes and provisions from his store, remembering vividly his boyhood days when he had but a crust for a day, and the Sheriff carried away household goods and kitchen utensils his mother so much needed. Every Sunday, so long as he was able, he visited his Mission School and took presents to the children.

He was industrious, and greatly pleased when he was most busily engaged. He could do blacksmithing, carpentering, stone or brick laying, and was an enthusiastic fruit grower. He had great physical vigor and strength, at the age of seventy-eight assuming the task of building the Good Block. At one time, with little to do, when the foundation of his block was being put in, he laid some of the stone under the Rogg portion. Sometimes, if hired hands had little to do, he would have them move a pile of lumber or stone from a spot they had placed it the day before to another place, just to keep them at work and not lose their time and pay, which was only one of his eccentricities so much misunderstood.

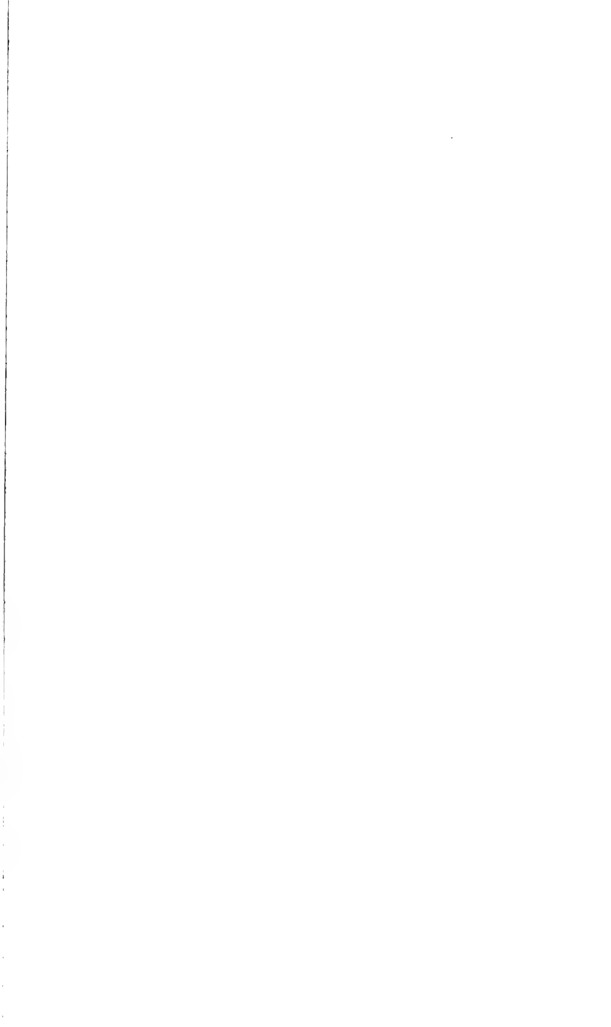
In business affairs, he guided himself by the strictest moral principles, living by a law which permitted no compromise with honor. At times, it gave to his character a severity which led many to misjudge him.

Socially, he was genial and companionable with those who got on the warm side of him. He entertained many from far and near who came to the old home to see "Uncle Charley." He was not a member of any clubs or fraternal organizations.

Politically, he was an Abolitionist, but not a partisan. He voted for the best men of all parties. He was opposed to all wars, and, as a matter of religious belief, took no part in the Civil War.

He deceased March Twenty-seventh, 1898.

March Tenth, 1907.



wee tot the stork had brought them. It was not a very inviting place, as all that section was dense timber and brush. From Keokuk Street (now Grand Avenue) there was a road cut through just the width of a wagon, to town, and that was the only way to get there. In wet weather, it was nearly impassable. One evening, he and his wife went out to visit a friend, and going home she left both her overshoes in the mud.

Society in the very early days was very different from what it is now. Everybody knew everybody in town. Referring to it a few days ago, Christy said: "We were all good neighbors. One night I was called out by a neighbor whose wife was taken suddenly ill, to go for a doctor. When the doctor reached the woman, he found the case required the use of surgical instruments, which he did not have with him, and sent me to a drug store to get them. It was after midnight, and no one was in the store when I reached it, but I crawled in through a window and found them. The next day, I told the druggist what I had done, and he said it was all right. The pioneers were always ready to help one another. If I should attempt the doing of the same thing now, I would probably get my head shot off, or land in jail."

In 1859, his house was burned, but he rebuilt it and has resided there since.

Being a versatile genius, he sometimes worked side lines. He was acting as Constable on one occasion, and went in pursuit of a man who had assaulted an old man who lived alone in the brush, near what is now the corner of Des Moines and Twelfth streets. Learning that the fellow was at a house on the outskirts of town, he went after him, and on nearing the house, the fellow saw him and skedaddled through a back door, for the brush. Christy followed him to the bluffs on the bank of the river, where he lost him. Seeing foot tracks pointing inward at the mouth of one of the abandoned coal mines along the bluff, he followed them, and, after a long search, failed to locate him, yet was certain he was there. He built a bonfire of leaves and brush and smoked him out. There being no jail in Polk County, all prisoners having to be taken to Oskaloosa or Ottumwa, he was taken direct before Esquire R. W. Clark for trial. Doctor A. Y. Hull appeared as attorney for the

old man, and Will. Porter for the culprit. During the hearing, the two attorneys got mad, and sailed into each other, but were separated before blood was drawn, the Esquire threatening to take them both outside and thrash them if they didn't behave, and he was able to do it. I don't think Will. has forgotten it.

Christy continued to work at his trade until August, 1862, when, in response to the bugle call of his country, he enlisted in Company C, of which Congressman Hull was Captain, in the Twenty-third Infantry, to help put down the Rebellion. The regiment went into camp east of the Capitol, near where Mrs. Redhead now lives, and September Eighteenth, was mustered into service, the roster showing nine hundred and sixty men and officers. It marched to Keokuk, thence went by boat to Saint Louis. Its first service in the field was in Missouri, in hard marches and skirmishes for two months, when it was ordered to make a hard march to Iron Mountain, where it went into winter quarters, but soon after was ordered to break up a Confederate camp on Current River. While on that expedition, Colonel Dewey selected Christy to carry a special message to General Boyd, a hazardous undertaking, for the route was through dense forest, in an unknown country, infested with guerillas, but after a three days' journey, sleeping at night on the bare earth, he delivered the message. The General asked where the regiment was, and on being told it was in Arkansas, he replied, "Those d—d Iowa boys would follow the Secesh to the devil, if they were allowed to go."

The regiment was engaged in the battles of Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion's Hill, and Big Black River Bridge. At Port Gibson was its first battle engagement. After the battle at the bridge, it was detailed as guard to remove several thousand captured prisoners to Memphis. Returning, it was sent to Milliken's Bend, where, June Sixth, 1863, it had a desperate encounter with the Confederates, losing fifty out of two hundred men. It then joined the army investing Vicksburg, and was the first regiment to cross the river for attack on the rear. After the fall of Vicksburg, it was sent to reinforce Sherman at Jackson. At the close of the campaign, it returned to Vicksburg, and was sent to Texas, on the Brownsville Expedition. Then returning to New Orleans, in the

Spring of 1864, it was sent to reinforce the defeated army of General Banks in its retreat down Red River. Early in 1865, it returned to New Orleans, and joined the expedition around Mobile, and in the siege and assaults of that campaign, bore a notable part. At the storming of Spanish Fort, it met again the Twenty-third Alabama, which it had met at Port Gibson, when under fire for the first time. After two months' stay around Mobile, it was moved to Harrisburg, Texas, where, July Twenty-sixth, 1865, it was mustered out, came to Davenport, and August Eighth, disbanded.

On release from military service, Christy hastened home, only to begin life anew. His little child had died, his Government pay had barely supplied the needs of his family during his absence, he was poor in purse, but rich in courage, determination, and faith in the future. He built a small shop and entered the field as a building contractor. His competency, integrity, and business capacity soon brought him success. He made most of the plans for buildings, as architects were not so numerous as they now are. He built several hundred buildings on both sides of the river, mostly residences, for the town had not reached the steel-construction-skyscraper stage. Prominent on the East Side was the bank building at Fifth and Locust, for I. N. Thomas; the Bolton Block, on Sixth; the store on Locust for R. C. Webb; the Goldstone stores, and the Odd Fellows' Hall. He did the interior work for Jule Parmlee's jewelry store, in the corner of the old Savery, where Joseph now is, the first room occupied on the ground floor. Lumber was scarce. There were no railroads. Store boxes was all the pine lumber he could get, and with that he did all the work. So well pleased was Jule, he not only paid for the job, but gave Christy a handsome present as a token of satisfaction. I think Joseph ran up against some of that work in remodeling the room to meet a more up-to-date fastidiousness. What a tale that hotel building could tell of transmogrifications it has passed through to keep pace with the progress of events and the public demand!

In 1873, under a change in the law, Polk County was divided into five Supervisor Districts, and Lee Township was made the second district. Christy was elected for that district, and reëlected each term to 1897, when he got tired of it and quit, having served

twenty-four consecutive years, an unprecedented record, indicating not only his fitness for the place, but his popularity with his own townsmen. His business capacity and long experience in the management of county affairs, in fact, made him the burden-bearer of the Board work. It was a case where the minority ruled the majority.

In 1878, having acquired a competency, he retired from the building business.

In 1881, he was elected Overseer of the Poor of the city, and reëlected every year to 1894. It was a thankless office, requiring the exercise of good judgment—a place where was constant struggle between deprivation, want, his heartfelt sympathy, and the limited funds placed at his disposal.

In 1878, he was elected a director of the Capital City Bank, and held the place five years.

In 1885, he was elected a member of the East Side School Board, and served nine years, aiding materially in advancing the schools to a higher and more gratifying position.

In 1890, he was elected Justice of the Peace, and is still on the bench, with a well-filled record that shows very few reversals of his decisions in the higher courts.

Politically, he is a Republican. He cast his first vote for President for Lincoln. He generally has a hand in all the political movements in Lee Township, and thoroughly understands the game, yet he is in no sense a place-seeker, his greatest difficulty being to avoid having places thrust upon him.

Socially, he is of kindly temperament, inclined to be demure, yet is companionable, and a good neighbor. He was formerly a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, but there being no lodges here when he came, he has dropped out. He is an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

March Twenty-fourth, 1907.

ALFRED D. JONES

ONE of the liveliest, best known and most versatile geniuses of pioneer days in Fort Des Moines was Alfred D. Jones. He hove into the little community of log cabins and scarce a dozen families of settlers the Thirteenth of February, 1846, and put up at "Father" Meacham's log tavern, near what is now the east end of Grand Avenue bridge. The infantry of The Fort had removed a portion of the Indians to Kansas, but the Dragoons were here, rounding up several bands of the red fellows, who had straggled away up the rivers. The settlers were preparing for civil government. An election had been ordered to elect officers to organize the county, April Sixth. The next day after Jones' arrival, there was a meeting on the west side of the river to select candidates for the county offices, and Jones joined in. He was a bright, active-appearing fellow, was elected Secretary of the meeting, and nominated for County Surveyor. The pioneers didn't stand much on technicalities. A man didn't have to wait long for an office or to vote. Jones pleased the West Siders, and that was sufficient.

April First, the first United States mail bag reached The Fort by a special messenger. Jones had once been a postoffice clerk, and he was requested to open the bag. In it was found the commission of Doctor Thomas K. Brooks for Postmaster, and his bond, which was approved by Peter Newcomer and Jeremiah Church, who had come here in 1845.

The county had been divided into three voting precincts, Fort Des Moines, Camp Creek, and Allen's Mill. Jones' opponent was E. A. Woodward. The only real question at issue was the location of the County Seat. Brooklyn, a town which had been laid out about two miles east of The Fort, was a competitor for it. It was a vigorous scrap. Jones pitched in for The Fort, and on election day spent the whole day at the polls in Camp Creek precinct, which embraced the whole eastern half of the county, working for the

whole ticket, he said, but probably more especially for himself. The ballots were cast in "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's hat, and anybody voted who wanted to, regardless of where he came from, or how long he had been in the county, one fellow being frank enough to say he had "just got in about thirty minutes ago." Jones being dressed in "store clothes" and white shirt, the countrymen looked at him askance, and he didn't get a vote in the precinct. The total vote of the county was:

Fort Des Moines	70
Camp Creek	42
Allen's Mill	63
Total	175

On the face of the returns, Woodward had the most votes, but Jones disputed the count, aud, being good at figuring, and with the help of "Tom" Baker, won the place. The processes for deciding elections in the early days were somewhat peculiar, especially when "Tommy" Mitchell, Barlow Granger, Pete. Myers and Granville Holland took a hand in the game.

On June First, 1846, the first Board of County Commissioners ordered Jones to "proceed, as soon as practicable, to lay off a town at the site selected for the County Seat of Polk County." It was also further ordered that notice of the sale of town lots be published for three weeks in the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*, *Iowa City Reporter*, and *Democrat*, at Keosauqua. From present outlook, the advertising of such a sale in the one-horse town of Keosauqua would be deemed queer, but at that time Van Buren County was one of the most important counties in population, great men and wealth in the territory, and the *Democrat* had the largest circulation. According to instructions, June Fourth, Jones and Doctor Fagen began laying out the town. Jones had no surveyor's chain, and he used a long rope. The survey was hurriedly made, the site was covered with trees and hazel brush, there were showers, the long rope stretched and shrank. On July Eighth, he made return of his survey as follows:

"The bearings of Water, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth streets, is north fifteen and one-half degrees

west, and one chain in width, except Water Street, which extends to the River Des Moines. The bearings of Elm, Market, Vine, Cherry, Mulberry, Locust and Court Avenue is south seventy-four and one-half degrees west, and are all one chain in width, except Vine and Walnut, which are one chain and twenty-five links in width from Water Street to Fifth, and from Fifth to Eighth Street they are one chain in width; and Court Avenue is one chain and a half in width.

"The alleys all extend parallel and at right angles with the streets, as represented on the plat, and are twenty links in width, except Number Three (now Plum Street), which is fifty feet in width.

"The whole number of lots in said town is three hundred and twenty-four, and are one chain in width, and two chains in length, and lie as represented on the plat.

"The Public Square is four chains and a half in length and four and a quarter in width, and lies within the block numbered Nine, Fifteen, Twenty, Twenty-one, and Fourteen, and enclosed and designated as 'Public Square.'

"The Market space is four chains and twenty-five links in length, and one chain in width, and lies between blocks numbered Twenty-six and Twenty-seven, and designated within enclosed lines as 'Market Place.'

"The Public Ground lies between Raccoon River and Block Number Thirty-seven, and west of and adjoining Des Moines River, and designated as 'Public Ground.'

"The stone planted by the County Commissioners of Polk County, from which to make future surveys, is placed at the southeast corner of Lot Number Five, in Block Number Thirty-seven, at the corner of the Public Ground, and is marked this: O.

"The survey of the above town was made from the extreme southwest corner of said stone."

It is proper to say the area embraced in the survey extended from Des Moines River to West Eighth Street, and from 'Coon River north to Locust, and is known as the "Original Town" in all real estate transactions.

On the same day Jones filed his plat of survey, the County Commissioners donated all the "streets, alleys and public grounds in

the town of Fort Des Moines, as shown on the plat, to the public, with the proviso:

"That all the streets, alleys and public ground in said Town of Fort Des Moines which now have public buildings upon them shall not be considered highways until the expiration of one year, or until the Commissioners of such county shall declare them highways. The Public Square, as represented on said plat, is reserved for the purpose of erecting a Court House thereon, and such other public building as the County Commissioners may deem proper for the use of the County of Polk. The Market space, as represented on said plat, is reserved for the purpose of building a market house thereon, for the use of the general public, which shall be under the control and management of such officers as may have control, management and government of the Town of Fort Des Moines, the above platted town. The Public Ground is bounded and described as follows: North by Block Thirty-seven, west by a line parallel with the east side of Block Twenty-eight, extending to Raccoon River, and east by Des Moines River."

For surveying and platting, Jones was paid eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents. His flagbearers, stake drivers, axe-men and teamsters were paid fifty-five dollars, a total of one hundred and forty-five dollars, which, in those days, for three days' work, was considered enormous—scandalous—as some of the rural settlers put it.

There is another monument stone, or ought to be, which I saw set by Professor Harkness, of the United States Observatory, and several other Government officials from Washington, who came to Des Moines in August, 1869, to observe the total eclipse of the sun. They set the stone, a cut cube, near the southeast corner of the Court House yard, from which they fixed the exact location of the center of the Court House dome at longitude sixteen degrees, forty-three minutes, fifty-two seconds west; latitude forty-one degrees, thirty-five minutes, forty-five seconds north; elevation of the stone above the sea level, eight hundred and forty-nine feet; difference in time at Washington, one hour, six minutes, six seconds.

The stretching and shrinking of the rope used in the survey caused crookedness and shortages—in fact, the plat did not cover the one hundred and forty-three and one-third acres donated by

Congress for the site. It was also found that it lapped over on preëmption claims held by settlers. A re-survey was made and the discrepancies finally adjusted satisfactorily to all concerned.

Immediately after his arrival, Jones began reading law with "Tom" Baker, who was the Representative from Polk County in the Legislature, and after his admission to the Bar, became a partner of "Tom's" in business. So soon as the town lots were ordered sold, speculation was rife among real estate men, but the uncertainty of the location of the State Capital made it risky. Jones concocted a scheme to help out, which he confided to a few close friends. He wrote a long letter to himself, dropped it in the Post-office. When the next mail day arrived—the mail came but twice a week—a large crowd was present. He received the letter, went off in a corner to read it, which done, the crowd wanted to know what it was about (so long, it must be important). He replied that it was quite certain the Capital would come to Fort Des Moines, and that there would be money in town lots. A day or two after, "Tom" McMullin and a few of his friends saw Jones and Wall. Clapp, a brother of our Ed., leisurely looking over the town lots, plat in hand, which was construed as certain that Jones had received a tip from "Tom" Baker. They immediately bought all the town lots they could pay for, and more, too; but Jones bought none, which was to them a suspicious circumstance, and when the trick was made known, they anathematized Jones with the most energetic idioms known to men not very circumspect with their vocabulary, but they held on, and made a pile of money, and also made Jones the butt of their jibes at his joke, by which he tricked himself out of a good thing.

In March, Jones was appointed Deputy County Clerk, and July Twenty-fourth, his record showed he had issued four marriage licenses, one of them to a fellow who said he had no money, but would pay for it in splitting rails, which the county did not need. He was, however, donated the license.

July Eighteenth, Jones took the first census of the town, and returned as his count of the population, one hundred and twenty-seven, consisting of twenty-three families and thirty-one houses, all of them log garrison buildings. He also returned thirteen young

men and eleven women as proper subjects for matrimony. They all subsequently married, except Jemima Scott, an old maid, who proved invulnerable to Hymen's charms.

He was paid a dollar and a half out of the county treasury for taking the census.

In August, he was nominated by the Whigs for Constable, and by the Democrats for Justice of the Peace, was elected to both and got his certificate. He was also Deputy County Clerk. As Justice of the Peace, he went into the marrying business. On one occasion, he was present at a wedding when another justice officiated, who did not know his business, and got balked. Jones helped him out, and then, to further instruct him, called one couple after another of those present and put them through the marriage stunt until they all could go through the ceremony without prompting. It was a hilarious crowd.

In September, 1846, he was appointed by Judge Williams, of the Territorial Court, County Clerk, to succeed Crossman, and held the office until the next election, in April following.

After his retirement, he presented a bill of nineteen dollars and forty-five cents, for eighty-eight bushels of coal he had furnished the Clerk's office during the Winter period. It was not allowed. Why, the records do not state, nor where the coal was obtained, but coal was then dug out of the bluff at Hall's mill, at the foot of Center Street, and the soldiers got what they claimed was better and harder coal down the river, at the southeast corner of Barlow Granger's farm. That is the earliest record of coal dealing in the county.

Jones did not remain here very long, but while he was here he was a hustling booster of everything going on to promote the town, politically or otherwise. In 1849, the site for the County Seat of Madison County having been located by a commission, of whom Isaac Cooper, of Fort Des Moines, was one, Jones went down there to help organize a town and give it a boost. At one of the preliminary meetings, on a very cold day, a name for the town was considered, and "Summerset" was suggested, when Jones retorted: "Better call it Winterset," and so it was named.

Politically, he was a Whig, and very popular. He was such an all-pervading spirit in the early days that he could get any office he

wanted or would take. He failed but once. He ran for County Clerk in Madison County, against Colonel Houck. It was a close contest, and one of his friends in the north part of the county thought a little whiskey would help out. He went to town and bought a big jug of the "Oh, be joyful," but filled himself so full of it, he didn't get home until after the polls were closed. The vote was a tie, and Jones lost. Afterward he and Houck drew lots, and Houck won.

He laid out the town of Adel, then called Penoach, and organized Dallas County.

He surveyed the first railroad across the state, the Air Line, or "Ram's Horn," as it was called, but never built.

In 1854, he laid out the town of Omaha, was the first Mayor of the city, was elected Judge of the County Court, was several times a member of the Legislature, and once Speaker of the House. He became a very wealthy man.

June Seventeenth, 1906.

GEORGE BEEBE

A PIONEER who was quite prominent in the early days was George Beebe. He came to Polk County in May, 1846, and made a claim not far from that of L. M. Burke, on the west side of Big Creek, near what is now Polk City. He put up a log cabin, without "chinking" between the logs, thus giving it abundant ventilation and affording space for wolves to thrust their noses through when prowling about for food, but when heavy rainstorms came, vigorous sweeping was necessary to prevent putting out the fire in the hearth. The Winters were cold, and against which the cabin was a poor protection. In Summer, the mosquitoes were a perfect terror. No one could go out in the evening without mittens and coats, and often veils. Mrs. Beebe said if she sat down in the doorway of the cabin to rest at twilight, she had to wrap her hands and protect her face, or be bled and tormented beyond any endurance.

Beebe was an energetic business man, and soon had his family in more comfortable surroundings. He improved his land and erected buildings. He was the first Justice of the Peace elected in Madison Township. In 1850, he laid out the town of Polk City. It was the site of a former Indian village, called Wa-kon-sa, and a very attractive place. There was no competing town nearer than The Fort, and he at once set in motion plans for a trading center. He built a much-needed mill on the creek, opened a general merchandise store, sold lots, and invited people to come in, and they did so, the earliest ones using poles left by the Indians to construct temporary shanties. It was a rival of The Fort for the State Capital, of some importance at one time, when Beebe was running things.

Beebe's cabin was one of genuine hospitality. Its doors were always open. He and his wife were fond of society, and their home was a favorite place for gatherings of early-comers. There

was no dress parade, nor formality, about it; it was just a getting together to give vent to the overwhelming desire for sociability. Mrs. Beebe's vivacity and conviviality was a sure cure for the blues, resulting from the isolation of their every-day life. Father Bird made it a resting-place, and preached in it when making a circuit of the county.

In 1860, the county having got tired of the system by which its affairs were managed by one man, the County Judge, at the October election of that year there was elected a Board of Supervisors, consisting of sixteen members, to represent each township in the county. Beebe was elected for Madison Township, and for ten years, during the formative and most critical period of the county history, that body had control of public affairs.

In 1868, when the Old Settlers' Association was formed, Beebe was the first to sign the compact, and he was elected one of a committee whose duty it was to report the names of old settlers who deceased or removed from the county, the purpose being to keep a record of them.

April Twenty-eighth, 1907.

DR. DAVID D. SKINNER

DAVID D. SKINNER

A PIONEER of Iowa, and very early settler of Polk County, was David D. Skinner, or "Uncle Dave," as he was familiarly called. He was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1824, and when nine years old, came with his parents, in 1833, by flatboat down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi, to Montrose, near the mouth of Des Moines River, where his parents settled. What is now Iowa then had no legal existence, for when the State of Missouri was carved out of the Louisiana Purchase, Uncle Sam seems to have forgotten what is now Iowa and Minnesota, along the Mississippi, and the Dakotas, and from 1821 to 1834, there was no government, no courts, and no laws, except such as the settlers who had come into the territory made among themselves. An incident illustrating the fact was that of the murder of one George O'Keef, by Patrick O'Connor, at the Mines of Spain, a lead mine operated near where Dubuque now is. The murder was without provocation, and the friends of the victim sought to have the murderer tried. The nearest court was at Galena, in Illinois, but that court declared it had no jurisdiction west of the Mississippi. The settlers decided to have a trial. A jury was formed, who, after hearing the evidence, rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree, and fixed the penalty at death. He was sentenced to be hanged.

O'Connor's friends then applied to the Governor of Missouri for a pardon, to which he replied that he had no authority to act in the matter at all. Application was then made to President Jackson, who decided that, as the laws of the United States had not been extended over the territory west of the Mississippi, he could not interfere. He suggested, however, that the settlers were the proper persons to exercise the pardoning power. But the settlers were not so inclined, and O'Connor was duly hanged. The incident was so glaring that Congress sat up and took notice, and divided what is now Iowa into two counties, the north half was named

Dubuque, the south half Demoine—not Des Moines, as it is now written—and attached it to Michigan Territory for judicial purposes.

That was the state of affairs when the lad, David, came to Iowa. In 1824, under a treaty made with the Indians, the United States acquired possession of land in the northern part of what was then Missouri, which was reserved for the use of the half-breeds of the Sauk and Fox Indians. The north line of the tract was near what is now the north line of Lee County, and was known as the Half-breed Tract. The Indians had the right to occupy it only. But settlers began to come in, and in 1835, Congress gave the Indians the right to sell claims as a class, but not as individuals. That opened the door for speculators to rush in, and buy claims with a quart of whiskey, a pony or a blanket, and trouble began. There was no survey nor boundary lines, and, as a consequence, there was frequent clashing on both sides, and sales of claims to which there was not a shadow of title. The Indians still occupied the territory and the actual settlers were, of course, anxious to keep on good terms with them. Young Black Hawk, son of the famous old chief, had his tribal headquarters not far from Montrose, and was a frequent visitor at the Skinner cabin, and quite friendly with the family. As a matter of policy, the settlers made it a point to get the good-will of the Indians, though they were satisfied that, through the influence of whiskey and irresponsible sharpers and land speculators, the Indians sometimes imposed upon them. Frequently, they would get restless and threaten to drive the whites out of the country, would gather around the settlement and act ugly, terrorizing the women and children especially, but some friendly Indian would always give warning to the settlers that they might be prepared, so being forewarned, they were forearmed, and but few collisions occurred.

All about the vicinity of the Skinner cabin were positive indications that at a period long passed, a large Indian village had been located there, though overgrown with grass and shrubs. The old men of the Sauk and Foxes had a tradition agreeing with the narrative of the discovery of the River Moingona (Des Moines) by Marquette. The site of the deserted village corresponded with the

statement of Marquette that it was three leagues from the Mississippi; that there was a beaten path leading to it; that six hundred Indians returned with him from the village to his canoes on the Mississippi. The children of the settlement were fond of hunting for relics on the site of the deserted village, which extended over a large area, and was strewn with them. Often those of value were gathered. Young Dave one day found an Indian tomahawk which had evidently been in use a long time before it was dropped where found. It was treasured by the family, and is now in possession of a daughter, the wife of W. B. Keffer, or "By," as all old-timers called him, when, as a kid, he used to hunt and stab bullfrogs in that old slough where the Cownie glove factory is, played hookey with the Sherman boys, and sampled strawberries found in back yards of residences of aristocrats scattered around the "Commons."

"Uncle Dave" used to say that the first settlers around that old village site were satisfied it was the identical spot visited by Marquette in 1673. It was about eight miles from Montrose, west on the prairie. There was evidence of a well-traveled road or trail, at some former time leading from the mouth of the Des Moines westward, and on byond. Arrowheads and flinty fragments were found over a large area. It is the only one in that vicinity which agrees with Marquette's narrative.

Gradually, the Indians gave way to the encroachment of civilization, and the country developed rapidly. David learned the trade of blacksmith, and, after reaching his majority, went to Davenport, where, with a brother, he engaged in making plows until 1855, when, learning that Fort Des Moines was to become the Capital of the State, and, prospectively, a better place for business, he came, with his family, and formed a partnership with John H. Given, who was making plows on Vine Street, between Second and Third.

He took up his residence in a log cabin near the shop, but soon after moved to Third, between Vine and Court Avenue.

In 1857, he withdrew from Given and joined John R. Rollins in the grocery business, on Second, until 1861, when his brother came to Des Moines, and, with him, he resumed the making of plows, first at the corner of First and Market, but a few years later

larger shops were built at Second and Sycamore (now Grand Avenue,) where a large business was done. For more than thirty years, the Skinner plow was famous all over the country. It was deemed superior to Eastern plows because it would "scour" in the black drift soil of the prairie, and not break at the mold board. Its superiority was in an invention of Skinner's, whereby the front of the old mold board was chilled or hardened on the front side, and made softer on the back side, so that it would "scour" or polish on the front side, and the back, being softer or flexible, would not break across the center, as in Eastern plows. Skinner's plows are now to be found in use on farms in Polk County.

Unfortunately for him, he neglected to get a patent for his discovery, and protect himself against piracy. His plows became so successful, it worried the big factories at Moline and Rock Island, and they sent secret agents here to see how it was done. They visited the shops daily for several weeks, on various pretenses, until they gained the whole secret, which was swiped by the Eastern makers, and it made them millionaires. The Skinners were doing business on capital borrowed at ten per cent, and when the hard times came, reverses followed, the shops were closed, and Skinner retired from the plow business.

Among the pioneers of Des Moines were some having the religious faith known as Campbellite, or Church of Christ. Meetings were held in their cabins, and Reverend P. T. Russell occasionally preached to them when making the tour of the county. In the summer of 1858, they organized a church society, consisting of "Uncle David," Charles Nichols, J. L. Scott, Samuel Bell, Samuel Van Cleve, Thomas Hendryx, B. F. Jones, and their wives, fifteen persons. B. F. Snook was elected pastor. Their first meeting-place was in a two-story brick building erected by Alex. Scott near Des Moines River bank, between the present Rock Island and Keokuk railroads. The lower floor was used for pork packing. The entrance to the upper floor was by an outside stairway. Soon after, the little band met in a room in the uncompleted Savery (Kirkwood) House, but were soon crowded out, and went over to the Griffith Block, on East Locust, now the Columbia Hotel. In 1863, the society was reorganized as the Central Christian Church. The

old Court House was purchased, where the Union Depot now is, and James B. Gaston became pastor. The church has kept pace, by frequent removals, with the growth and prosperity of the city, until it now occupies the magnificent structure at Ninth and Pleasant, and has a membership running into the thousands.

"Uncle David" and his helpmate were zealous, active members of the church from its inception. His cabin was the favorite stopping-place for the brethren in the early days, and they were always given a hearty welcome, for he was a genial, warm-hearted man.

In 1862, he purchased three acres where the West High School building is now, at Fifteenth and Center, built a large, two-story frame house, surrounded it with blooming plants, shrubbery, and grapes, making it an ideal home. It was always open. The latchstring was never drawn in. The table was always spread. It was a home of generous hospitality and good-fellowship. It was a favorite resort for children, of whom "Uncle David" was very fond —and he had twelve of his own. His greatest pleasure was in being surrounded by youngsters, and aiding them in their sports and happiness. His big heart took them all in, and he was their friend indeed. That old home was a delightful place for old and young.

After retiring from the plow business, he turned his attention to helping suffering humanity by what is known as magnetic healing, and for several years had a very successful practice.

In 1887, I think, he removed to San José, California, where he continued his practice until 1890, when he was suddenly stricken down by an affection of the heart.

April Twenty-first, 1907.

GENERAL JAMES M. TUTTLE

GENERAL JAMES M. TUTTLE

A PIONEER of Iowa, and an early settler of Polk County, was James M. Tuttle. He was born in Monroe County, Ohio, September Twenty-first, 1823, and passed his youth assisting his father, and acquiring an education in the "People's College," the common school.

In the Winter of 1833, his parents removed to Fayette County, where he worked with his father until 1843, when he engaged in business for himself until 1846, when he came to Farmington, Van Buren County, and engaged in mercantile business and farming.

In 1855, he was elected Sheriff of that county; in 1857, he was elected Treasurer and Recorder of the County, and reëlected in 1859.

He was a very quiet individual, no fuss and feathers about him. His office-getting was secured more by the efforts of friends, who appreciated his slow-going, sturdy, honest ways, than his own.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the President called for men, Tuttle raised a company for the First Iowa Regiment, and was elected its Captain, but the Eastern states being nearer Washington, filled the quota quickly, and no Iowa soldiers were needed. The following May, his company was assigned to the Second Regiment. At the rendezvous he was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and on September Sixth, following, was promoted to Colonel, to succeed Curtis, promoted to Brigadier-General.

Few officers have a better record than Tuttle, and few regiments won greater fame than the Second Iowa. It and the glory incident to the capture of Fort Donelson are inseparable—an incident that is known all over the Union.

It is not generally known that on that ocasion a crisis had come —a "forlorn hope." It was tendered to several regiments by General Smith, the commanding officer, but declined. When it reached Colonel Tuttle, General Smith said to him:

"Will you take those works?"

"Support me promptly, and in twenty minutes I will go in," was the reply, and he went in, but at fearful cost.

It was unquestionably the most gallant, reckless and successful charge of the whole war. The Colonel was a man who had no conception of fear. The whole Federal force had been sadly worsted. McClernand and Wallace had been defeated. The Second Iowa held the extreme right of Grant's forces, some six hundred yards from a point where a whole brigade the day before had made an assault and were repulsed.

General Smith, in giving his orders to Tuttle, said in loud voice, which every man in the regiment could have heard:

"Advance with the left of the regiment in front, with the right following about fifty yards in the rear. Half of the regiment is enough to be sacrificed at once." Passing along the line, he said: "I have selected this regiment to storm the enemy's works. It is a perilous undertaking, and I want to caution you young men that if you halt, if you hesitate, if you stop to fire a single shot between here and those breastworks, every man of you will be killed, every one, and for that reason, I cannot afford to sacrifice more than half of this regiment. Be cool, dispassionate, and reserve your fire."

The character of the ground intervening between the Second Iowa and the entrenched line of the enemy was such as to give all the advantage to the enemy. In front of the regiment, and just beyond an open field in which it formed for the charge, was a ravine whose sides, thickly lined with tangled brush, were very difficult of passage. Beyond was the steep, obstructed hillside, along the crest of which, and parallel to the ravine, were the earthworks of the enemy. Not more than one hundreds yards in front of these works was a formidable abattis, to pass which an assaulting column must break its line of battle and move by the flank. Beyond the abattis there were no obstructions except the enemy's breastworks. When all was in readiness, the order to advance was given, and Colonel Tuttle, with the left wing of his regiment, forcing his way through the ravine, began scaling the hillside. The abattis was reached, and that obstruction was passed without the firing of scarcely a gun, but the instant after, and before the

gallant band had again come into line, it received the concentrated fire of three Rebel infantry regiments—not less than two thousand men. The slaughter was terrible. At the first fire, one hundred and fifty of those gallant three hundred men fell, either dead or wounded. Without a perceptible halt, the assaulting party closing up its ranks, moved steadily on, a daring which was too much for the enemy, and two whole regiments fled from their defense in precipitate flight. A Mississippi regiment to the right still remained, but the right wing of the Second coming up, that also fled to the ravine below.

Though the key to the Rebel position had been wrested from the enemy, the fighting was not half done. Between the main fort and the position held by the Second was a deep ravine, though which the enemy having passed, had taken up a position on the high ground, which bounded the opposite side. Colonel Tuttle promptly formed his regiment and moved against them. He had reached the ravine, and was engaging the enemy, when an Indiana regiment, having just gained the hill, commenced pouring severe musketry shot into his rear, causing momentary confusion. The Colonel waved his sword, and in other ways endeavored to signal the Hoosiers to cease firing, but believing they were engaging the enemy, they kept on. Alarmed for the safety of his regiment, the Colonl started to run back to it, when suddenly, he wheeled about, faced the enemy, and began moving backward, a maneuver it was afterward learned was to avoid being shot in the back, which he had declared should never happen.

When climbing the hill, he was grazed by a ball which passed through his coat sleeve and glove, hitting the hiit of his sword, wrenching it out of his hand, and knocking it over his head with such force as to paralyze his arm during the remainder of the engagement. A little later, he was standing on a log beckoning his men to come on, when a cannon ball struck the log, forcing it from under him, and he fell backward against a tree, causing an injury to his back from which he never fully recovered.

Colonel Godfrey, then a Lieutenant, who had a part in the hill climbing, says "Bill" Brenton, a private from Dallas County, came to him and said: "Liteutenant, if you will take my gun and fire,

I have lots of ammunition, and will help you load, and we will give them h—l." Godfrey asked him what the trouble was, and holding up his gun, he saw it had been hit with a shot and broken into pieces. "We've got lots of ammunition," he repeated, "and we'll give them h—l yet."

That was the stuff the Second Iowa was composed of. Every man of it was as ready for the charge as their Colonel, and they knew as well as he what it meant.

Fifteen thousand prisoners, many ordnance stores, and much other property was the result of the victory. More than that, it forced back the Confederate line from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and was the beginning of the end of the war. The Second Iowa also truly made Grant, Smith, McClernan, and Wallace Major Generals, and ten others Brigadiers.

At Shiloh, April Sixth, 1862, the bloodiest battle of the war, considering the number of troops engaged, Colonel Tuttle commanded what was known as the "Iowa Hornet's Nest Brigade," consisting of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments. It held, for a whole day, the pivotal point of battle, and by heroic resistance, valor and sacrifice, stayed the progress of the enemy and saved Grant's army from destruction. For his skill and excellent judgment shown in the management of his brigade, in that hornet's nest of fusillade, Tuttle received high commendation from Grant, Sherman and Halleck.

On June Ninth following, he was rewarded with the star of a Brigadier-General. During the Fall of 1862 and Winter following, he was in command of a Division at Cairo. In the Spring of 1864, he was placed in command of the Third Division, Fifteenth Army Corps.

In September, 1864, he resigned, returned to his home, and soon after came to Des Moines, and for two years engaged in farming, until 1867, when, with his brother, Martin, he purchased the Murphy packing house, enlarged it, added a basement story, tanks, etc., for pork packing on a large scale. In 1873, the buildings were demolished and replaced with a massive stone structure, equipped for disposing of fifteen hundred hogs per day, and he continued in the packing business several years.

In his packing business, the want of transportation facilities was a serious drawback. However extensive his business, to get a market for it was an important item. In 1866, when at a mass-meeting of citizens, the Iowa and Minnesota Narrow-Gauge Railroad Company was organized, he was chosen one of the Board of Directors.

In April, 1871, when the Water Works Company was organized, he was one of the incorporators.

In October, 1871, he was elected Representative to the Fourteenth General Assembly, and displayed some of his fighting ability in the third, last and most important contest to secure the permanent location of the Capital in Des Moines. Another important measure before that Legislature was a radical change in the law respecting the taxation of the property of railroads, which, prior thereto, had paid to the state treasury a percentage of their gross earnings. The change was to tax such property the same as that of individuals, and substantially what the law is now. John H. Gear, who afterward became the popular Governor and known as "Old Business;" Ed. Campbell, of Ottumwa; John P. Irish, of Iowa City; Fred. O'Donnell, of Dubuque; John A. Kasson and John A. Greene, of Davenport, able debaters, opposed the measure, backed by a powerful lobby, at every step, and after it had passed the House, put on record a strong protest against it, but the General took the side of the people.

Politically, the General was a Democrat, but in no sense whatever a politician. When the tocsin of war was sounded, he joined with Baker, Crocker, Bussey and others to save the Union. In 1863, when he was in the field, he was nominated by his party for Governor, without consulting him, or his knowledge. He assented to the honor conferred, and issued an address to the people, declaring his position respecting the all-absorbing political questions then before the people:

"I am in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the full extent of our power, until the Rebellion is suppressed, and of using all means that may be in our possession, recognized by honorable warfare, for that purpose. I am for the Union without an if, and regardless of whether Slavery stands or falls by its restoration;

and in favor of peace on no other terms than the unconditional submission of the Rebels to constituted authorities of the United States."

His opponent was William M. Stone, and the Republicans being so largely in the majority in the state, he was defeated.

In 1866, he was nominated by the Democrats for Congress, against General G. M. Dodge, but the district being overwhelmingly Republican, he was again defeated.

In 1882, he had become a Republican, and he was again elected Representative to the Twentieth General Assembly, and was the leader in the House in support of, and securing the passage of, the Prohibitory Law, which placed ale, wine and beer in the class with intoxicating liquors.

His last civil office was in 1886, as President of the Board of Commissioners of the Iowa Soldiers' Home, which stands a fitting testimonial of his patriotism and fidelity, for to his untiring determination and wise legislative management, was it secured.

When he closed his packing business, he held a large stock of meats, and soon after, the market fell away until it forced him to sacrifice nearly all he possessed except his home, to hold it for an upturn, which did not come until too late for him. He then sought to recuperate his losses by engaging in gold and silver mining at Casa Grande, Arizona.

October Twenty-second, 1892, he received a paralytic stroke, which terminated fatally on the Twenty-fourth.

As a citizen, he took an active interest in public affairs, and was helpful in many ways to the community, all unknown to it. He was of sanguine, bilious temperament, large physique, slow of action, but sure; unostentatious, cared nothing for public *eclat*, or the tinsel and show of fashion; belonged to the plain people; was direct and decisive in speech; brusque in manner, but his heart pulsated with good-fellowship toward those who got on the warm side of him, or who were worthy his regard and confidence.

His dominant trait was persistency, even to obstinacy. He knew no such thing as defeat, whether as a soldier or in civil life.

Socially, he was, to the masses, reticent, and not what is termed a good mixer. He was not a member of any fraternal organization

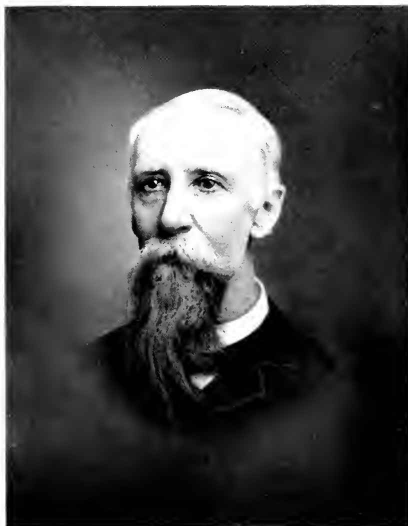
so far as I know, except the Grand Army of the Republic, to which his attachment and fidelity was only equaled by his loyalty to the Union, a fidelity notably demonstrated at the National Encampment at Saint Louis, by his vigorous and successful effort to prevent the perversion of the encampment to partisan purposes, and his emphatic opposition to a return of Rebel flags captured during the war. He could never compromise with rebellion against the Government; he could not forget nor forgive it.

He was emphatically domestic. His home was to him all in all. Therein lay his happiness. With his wife, children, neighbors, and congenial friends around him, he was content, and it was there he was seen as he was, genial and happy in striving to make them happy.

It can be truly said of him that as a soldier, he won a fame that will remain so long as the victory at Donelson shall have a place in the history of the Republic. Very singularly, he seldom spoke of what he did during his service, yet often referred to acts of heroism and gallantry done by some of "his boys," for whom he had the closest attachment. Though sometimes apparently reckless, he exercised excellent judgment, was considerate of them, had implicit confidence in them, and they in him. He had only to give the sign for them to go in, and, *mirabile dictu*, how they would fight.

He died in Arizona, October Twenty-fourth, 1892.

May Fifth, 1907.



BARTRUM GALBRAITH

BARTRUM GALBRAITH

A PIONEER who made considerable noise in this community in the early days was Bartrum Galbraith. He was born August Ninth, 1832, in Jefferson, Greene County, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father was a physician. Bartrum passed his boyhood days going to the common school ten hours a day, and doing the usual boy's stunts about the home.

In 1849, when seventeen years old, he went to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, to learn the trade of blacksmith, and served an apprenticeship of three years. In 1852, he returned from Brownsville and worked until 1853, when he was attacked with the Western fever, his brother, William A., a merchant, who had preceded him, having sent to the old home glowing accounts of the business prospects at Fort Des Moines, and, with Doctor A. B. Shaw, the noted florist and one of the founders of the State Agricultural Society, came by steamboat to Keokuk, where they arrived June Thirteenth. There they, with William T. Marvin, boarded a Frink & Walker "jerkey," and the first day reached Fairfield, the second day Oskaloosa, the third day Fort Des Moines, Marvin landing at the Hoxie House, which he subsequently purchased, and it became the well-known Marvin House, and Galbraith, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, where the Northwestern Railroad ticket office is, then owned by his brother, W. A.

His first job was in the plow shop of John H. Given, on Vine Street; his second, with P. H. Buzzard, on Market Street. The coal in the shop was pried up with crowbars from the bed of the Des Moines River, down at Rattlesnake Bend, and hauled in wagons.

His last job as a journeyman was with Hutsonpillar & Dillinger, who had a shop in one of the double log cabins of the garrison on First Street, a little south and rear of the old Demoin House. It was in one part of the cabin "Uncle" Thomas French,

a well-known bachelor old-timer, made his home for several years. For that shop, the coal was got out of the river bank on the old Thompson farm.

In the Spring of 1856, Galbraith formed a partnership with Isaiah Maple, father of Doctor W. W. Maple, now a resident of the city, and they built a shop on Third Street, between Walnut and Locust, on what was called the Kellogg property, owned by Samuel Kellogg, a private in the infantry regiment of the garrison.

In 1857, Galbraith concluded to go back to the old home and get the girl he left behind him in 1853. He had accumulated three hundred dollars of Agricultural Bank notes, which were not worth much outside of Polk County—in fact, there was very little good bank currency in the whole state of Iowa, for the entire West was greatly embarrassed with a financial panic. He went to Hoyt Sherman & Company's bank and exchanged his Agricultural money for such of Eastern currency as would be good until he could get to Pittsburg with it. When he got back to Fort Des Moines with his bride, the Agricultural Bank had collapsed, and he congratulated himself that in the transaction he had escaped the loss of his three hundred dollars and secured a good wife.

Referring to the event a few days ago, he said: "We went to housekeeping in a three-room house on Fourth Street, owned by William Minson, at thirteen dollars a month rental. Living was not very high; porterhouse and loin steak was eight to ten cents a pound; a hind quarter of beef, four to five cents; butter, ten to fifteen cents; good wood, two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a cord. Everybody burned wood in those days. Our principal fruit was wild crabapples and wild grapes. Our bill of fare would not compare very favorably with that of to-day, but it was healthful and went right to the spot."

In 1858, a lot was purchased at the northeast corner of Third and Locust, known for many years as the "Church Property." While negotiations were being made for the lot, one Mercer, who was somewhat eccentric, got it into his head that Galbraith and Maple were working a swindling scheme against his wife, who was interested in the property, and he went to Esquire Madison Young —the well-known old bachelor lawyer and Justice of the Peace—

and asked him to "read him up on the Law of Frauds." The Esquire listened to his story, said to him: "If you want to know anything about frauds, go to some schoolma'am," turned to his desk and closed up like a clam.

"Jim" Campbell and other old-timers used to tell the tale of the Esquire that at one time there was a flood, the rivers were rising very rapidly, and the Esquire, to satisfy himself as to how high they were getting, drove a nail into the side of the ferry boat, and frequently went to inspect it.

The eastern portion of the lot was sold to the German Lutheran Church Society, and the shop moved to the corner, and there Galbraith swung the hammer and pounded the anvil until 1897, thirty-nine years' occupation of the same spot. In the early days, his customers came from a radius of fifty miles, for he was considered the best workman in these parts.

One day, in 1858, Galbraith wanted some alcohol. The cast-iron prohibitory law was in force, and intoxicating liquors could be got only from Doctor D. V. Cole, whom Judge Napier had made the County Liquor Agent. The Doctor told Galbraith he could get the liquor for medical, mechanical and sacramental purposes only. As Galbraith wanted the stuff for his boots, he thought it would come under the rule for mechanical purposes, and the Doctor let it go.

In the Winter of 1861, William A. Spruance, a young fellow of seventeen years of age, known by Galbraith, wandered off to Denver to grow up with the country, but concluding Iowa was a better country, began working his way back, doing what jobs he could get. He stopped at Dennison, in Crawford County, to work in a saw mill, but didn't like it, and started for old Carroll on foot across the wild prairie. A blizzard came up, he got lost in the whirling storm, and wandered around from Friday morning until Sunday afternoon before he found shelter. One leg was frozen badly. Galbraith was notified, and went after him, but when he got to him, his leg had been amputated, for which he paid the man who sawed it off sixty dollars. He left the young man to come on when convalescent, but he brought the severed leg home, packed it in a box, and with a bottle, in which was an explanatory note,

buried them in the lot east of his shop. When the cellar was dug for the brick building a few years ago, the diggers unearthed the box and bottle, read the explantory note, turned the whole over to Galbraith, who took possession of the leg bones, which were perfectly preserved, and he has them yet, a gentle reminder of an Iowa blizzard.

Politically, he is a Republican. He cast his first vote for President for John C. Fremont, and has not changed his politics. He has never taken any part in politics as a politician; is content to be classed with the common people. When he laid down his hammer in 1897, he retired from active business.

Socially, he is companionable; inclined to reticence; is of positive temperament and fixedness of purpose; is not a member of any club or fraternal society.

Religiously, he affiliates with the Baptist Church.

May Nineteenth, 1907.

E. J. INGERSOLL

E. J. INGERSOLL

OF the many old settlers of Polk County who impressed themselves upon the community, few were more conspicuous than Ebenezer Jared Ingersoll.

Born in Pulaski, Oswego County, New York, March Twenty-eighth, 1828, of English ancestry, which embraced the names of men eminent as ministers, lawyers, and statesmen. He lived with his parents until twenty-one years old, and acquired a thorough academic education. After reading law in the office of Judge Huntington, of Pulaski, he entered the United States Law School at Balston Springs, and was graduated in 1852, with the degree of Bachelor of Law, and was admitted to practice in the state and federal courts. He opened an office in Adams, Greene County, New York, where he secured a large and profitable practice.

In the Fall of 1858, he joined the tide of emigration westward and came to Des Moines, where he was admitted to the Bar and at once took high rank with the members of the profession. A man of optimistic temperament, remarkable force and energy, he soon discovered greater possibilities for the Capital City, and became a booster and promoter of business enterprises, not only in the town, but throughout Central Iowa. He demonstrated his faith in their growth and prosperity by engaging in several business enterprises. He also purchased several farms and engaged extensively in raising thoroughbred stock.

One day, in 1860, Ingersoll, S. R. Ingham, J. M. Elwood, and John Browne were sitting in a social game of whist in the old Exchange Building, at Third and Walnut. Browne had been the Western agent of the Globe Insurance Company, of Utica, New York. During the play, insurance was discussed, quite naturally, as the Globe Company had just collapsed, and Browne said to his friends: "Why don't you start an insurance company?" Ingersoll at once began to consider it, but the Cival War came on,

during which there was little inducement to undertake enterprises of that kind. He, however, with his usual pertinacity, stuck to it, and March Sixth, 1865, with B. F. Allen, Frank W. Palmer, James Callanan, and J. B. Tiffin, organized the Hawkeye Fire Insurance Company. For three years, the company did business as a partnership. Ingersoll was elected President, and held the office until his death, in 1891. He was the pioneer in a business system which has expanded until Des Moines is now known as the "Hartford of the West."

April Seventh, 1868, the company was incorporated under the laws of Iowa, the following persons signing the Articles of Incorporation: F. W. Palmer, J. B. Tiffin, B. F. Allen, James Callanan, Junior, W. S. Pritchard, and E. J. Ingersoll. Mr. Callanan was elected Treasurer, and held the place several years. The capital stock was fixed at one hundred thousand dollars.

In 1870, Mr. Ingersoll abandoned his other enterprises, and devoted his time and energy to build up the Hawkeye. It was uphill work. The older Eastern companies, represented by agents, interposed every possible obstacle to his progress, but they reckoned without their host when they struck Ingersoll, for he was a man of indomitable will and courage, denoted in every line of his face, which, like an electric current, became stronger as resistance against it increased. Opposition only intensified his force. The Hawkeye was his creation. He was the moving spirit of it, making it one of the strongest financial institutions of the state, but he had to fight for it, step by step.

As a business man, he was eminently successful. He was a person of athletic build, nervous, lymphatic temperament, brusque and plain of speech, often using very vigorous swear-words; was no hero-worshipper; was strong in his convictions, which, once fixed, were not easily removed. I remember an incident which occurred soon after the Legislature had made a change in the insurance laws, tending to protect the public against the watering of stock, and among other requirements was one that joint stock companies must have the words, "Stock Company," prominently printed on the face of their policies. His supply of blank policies having become exhausted, he ordered several thousand printed by

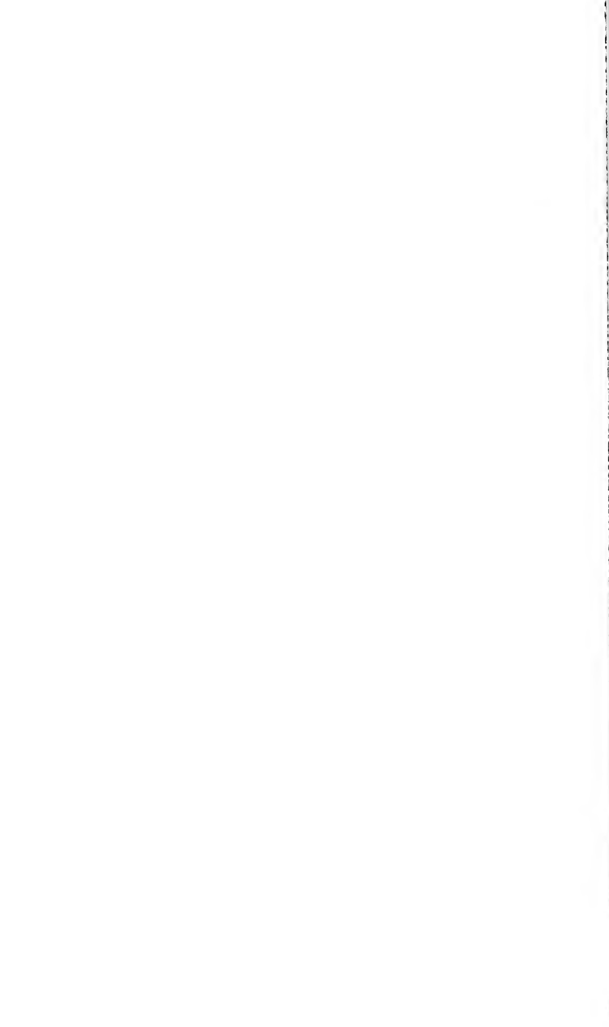
Mills & Company, and one day when they were running through the press I called his attention to the omission of the words, "Stock Company," which the statute required put in, supposing that it was an error which sometimes occurs in the best-regulated printing offices, and that he would order the presses stopped to make the correction, but, instead, he retorted: "I don't care a d—n what the d—n fools over at the State House require. I'll have my policies printed the way I want them." The job was finished, but a few days after, he ordered another lot printed, with the required words in place, but he never changed his opinion respecting the Legislature.

Politically, he was a Democrat, of the ultra variety, but abjured politics entirely. He was not built for a politician, and would have failed had he attempted to play the game.

Socially, he was a person of high ideals. Brusque and blunt as he was, his heart pulsated with tenderness and sympathy for those in want or suffering, and his purse was always open to such for relief. He was not a good mixer, but his friends were those who knew him as he was, a man of probity, honesty of purpose; and they never faltered in their attachments. He was not a member of any clubs or fraternal organizations.

He died in 1891.

June Ninth, 1907.



COLONEL GEORGE L. GODFREY

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AN old settler who has been largely identified with public affairs of the city, county and state is Colonel George L. Godfrey, a Green Mountain State boy, born at Hardwick, Vermont, November Fourth, 1838.

He passed his boyhood days on a farm in that rock-ribbed section, attending the common schools, and as he advanced in years attended Barre Academy. In Winter, he taught school in the country, and in Summer worked on a farm.

In 1855, his brother gave him money to pay his expenses to Dubuque, where he taught a district school during the Winter, and in the Spring of 1856, he came to Des Moines, and soon after went to Sioux City. The United States Land Office had just opened there, and the town was crowded with land-seekers. He got on the warm side of the Chief Clerk of the Land Office, who gave him some pointers. He traveled over the country to get the "lay of the land," and mapped it out with field notes, so that when a settler wanted to make an entry of land, he was prepared to direct him to what he wanted, for which they were ready and willing to pay a liberal fee. In this way, he accumulated about one thousand dollars. In the meantime, he entered one hundred and sixty acres of land for himself, sold one-half of it for what the whole cost him, and had eighty acres left. He then came back to Des Moines, and in 1859, began reading law in the office of Judge Cole.

One day, in 1861, he and the Judge went to Indianola on business, and on their way home were met by a man who informed them that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Both were Democrats. They started on, and the Judge said: "Well, Godfrey what is to be done?" "We must save the country," replied Godfrey. "I think that is so," responded the Judge. "I know what I shall do," said Godfrey. The next morning he learned that M. M.

Crocker had organized a company the night before, and he went to his office to enlist. Crocker told him the company was full, and, further, that he did not think Godfrey wanted to enlist as a private and sweep cigar stubs from an officer's headquarters. Godfrey said he didn't know the difference between an officer and a private, and insisted on being enlisted as a private. May Twenty-first, he signed the enrollment, and was elected Corporal of the company. The company was assigned to the Second Regiment, as Company D. December Fifth, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant; June Twenty-second, First Lieutenant, and the same day, Adjutant of the regiment. The regiment was attached to the Third Brigade, District of Southeast Missouri, where it served until February, 1862, when it was attached to the First Brigade, Second Division, Army of the Tennessee.

His company took part in the memorable charge at Fort Donelson. In that engagement, Godfrey was seriously injured by a Rebel bullet, which struck him on the breast.

He was in the "Hornet's Nest" of shot and shell at Shiloh, on the Sixth and Seventh of April, 1862. On the afternoon of the first day's fight, when it was supposed General Tuttle's brigade was holding its position—a very important one—successfully, at the right of the brigade, along a ridge, Godfrey saw the Rebs. pouring down a ravine to the right like a flock of sheep. He instantly suspected it was a move to get around the Second and Seventh regiments by the right flank, and he reported it quickly to Colonel Mills, who ordered him to report to General Tuttle, which he did with a rush. "Oh, you're rattled," responded the General. "Well, by G—d, you'll get rattled pretty soon if you don't get a move on you," retorted Godfrey. The General soon discovered the objective point of the enemy's movement, and ordered the Second and Seventh to fall back. The Rebs., seeing their plan was frustrated, withdrew, and thus the Second and Seventh regiments were saved from certain capture by the sagacity and quick action of Godfrey. As Adjutant of the regiment, he was in the thickest of the fight, and stood where he could have placed his hand on General W. H. L. Wallace when that gallant officer fell. The last gun was fired before two o'clock on the

afternoon of the Seventh, and Grant's army marched back victorious to their previous encampment, and took a rest.

Godfrey was also in the battle of Corinth, October Third and Fourth, 1862, where was fought one of the most decisive contests of the South and West. The Confederates numbered over forty thousand men, and as their ranking officer, Van Dorn, said, sufficient to capture the city.

The Second Iowa was among the troops sent out to encounter the enemy, and formed a line of battle at the front. Frequent changes were made in position to checkmate the advances of the enemy, and it finally became hotly engaged near what was known as the White House. It was stationed on high ground, on the edge of timber. In its front, the country was open, affording an almost unobstructed view for a mile or more to the right and left. In this position, it was assaulted in force by the enemy, who, by a charge, endeavored to break the Federal line, but they were repulsed. They did not renew the charge, but came back to within musket range, and from behind stumps and old logs, opened fire with the rifles. The fighting continued for an hour, when heavy columns of Rebel reinforcements were seen coming in the distance. For the regiment to remain where it was, and allow the enemy to hold their position in the immediate front until the reinforcements arrived, would result in certain defeat. Colonel Baker ordered a charge, and, as the enemy was being routed, he fell from his horse, mortally wounded.

On the morning of October Fourth, there was little hope for the Union army. Its lines on every hand had been forced back, and on the northwest and south sides of the city, the enemy had taken the outer defenses. The contest which would decide the final issue would be of short duration, fierce and vigorous. Soon after daylight, the enemy resumed their advance, and a few moments later the battle was raging in every quarter. On the north side, Battery Robinette was repeatedly charged by the enemy, and repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Failing there, the enemy massed their forces on the south side, and, with an appalling yell, at double-quick, came dashing into the town, many even reaching the Tishmingo House. At that critical moment, when victory was

almost within their reach, the Second, Seventh and Seventeenth Iowa sprang to the rescue, and, with an answering yell of defiance, charged upon the Rebel legions and drove them back in utter confusion, thus repelling the final assault of the enemy at Corinth. In that final charge, Lieutenant-Colonel Mills of the Second was shot, from which he died a week later. General J. B. Weaver was then Major of the Second, and in his official report of the fight said:

"Among those who distinguished themselves was Adjutant George L. Godfrey, who could always be seen and heard charging along the line upon his horse, shouting to the men to be cool and steady. He is one of the most valuable young officers with whom I have ever met."

Godfrey had two horses shot from under him in the battle, and had several narrow escapes, but singularly received no injury. The second had six different Colonels as a testimony of its valor.

Adjutant Godfrey took part in the expedition to intercept Forrest, in December, and Dodge's expedition into North Alabama, in the Spring and Summer of 1863.

In Alabama, there was a strong Union sentiment. The success of the Federal forces at Corinth gave encouragement. A regiment of cavalry was formed, and Adjutant Godfrey, who had shown his valor and competency, was commissioned its Major, October Eighteenth, 1863. The regiment was attached to the First Brigade of Cavalry, Sixteenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee, and was engaged in the operations on Memphis and Charleston, against Lee's attack, in November and December; the operations against Forrest, in Tennessee, from February Sixth to April Fourteenth, 1864; the advance on Dallas; the two days' battle of Resaca, May Thirteenth and Fourteenth; operations about Kenesaw Mountain, in June; the siege of Atlanta, July Twenty-second to August Twenty-fifth; the battle of Jonesboro, August Thirty-first; the March to the Sea, in November and December, and the campaign of Carolinas, until the surrender of Johnston's army, on April Twenty-eighth, 1865.

During the siege of Atlanta, Major Godfrey was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, May First, 1864.

On the March to the Sea, the Colonel's regiment was at the head of the column, and one company was assigned as body guard to General Sherman. One day, his regiment was moving quietly along a road where the sand was very fine and deep, when suddenly there was an uproar of shots. The air was filled with dust and sand, the horses went into confusion, and the Colonel thought they had run into a Rebel ambush. Quickly spreading out the regiment, he halted and made investigation. The Rebs. had planted the whole roadway for a long distance with torpedoes. He called General Sherman to the spot, who at once, in not very refined language, ordered them cleaned out. One fellow, while scraping away the sand with his foot, hit a torpedo, which exploded and tore his leg off. Several horses had also been severely injured.

When Johnson surrendered, Godfrey was assigned to carry a message from General Sherman to him. Arriving at Johnson's line with a flag of truce, he was halted, asked his business, and was tendered an understrapper to carry his message to General Johnson, to which Godfrey replied that he would deliver it in person or return with it to General Sherman, whereupon they began to stand up and take notice. He demanded an escort, and they brought him a Lieutenant. Godfrey wanted proper recognition of his military rank—he was a little inspired with the bigness of his mission—and he refused to accept the Lieutenant as escort. The Rebs. scurried away and brought Colonel Rhett, who subsequently came to be a strong Union man and Federal officer. Godfrey was received by General Johnson with the utmost cordiality. When the reply to Sherman's message was prepared, Godfrey was escorted by Colonel Rhett back to the line.

When the Confederacy collapsed, Godfrey was near Raleigh, North Carolina. Wade Hampton, who occupied the city, moved out, and sent word to Godfrey that he might enter the city and protect the Government and citizens. Selecting a few of his staff officers and several line officers, Godfrey started in advance of the column to prepare the way, and also to hoist the stars and stripes over the State House. As they were riding through the streets, they were fired upon by a band of desperadoes, who had broken loose from Hampton's army. Godfrey gave an order to catch the

devils. They all escaped except one, but when the regiment entered the State House yard, the assassin was swinging from a tree.

Entering the State House, Godfrey found the janitor, an old negro, who was nearly white with fright.

"Uncle Sam," said Godfrey, "where are the flags?"

"Dunno, massa; 'spects dey's all toted off," was the reply.

"The Yanks. are here; the Rebs. are all gone, and we want the flags," said Godfrey.

"I reckon you'll find suthin' in dat ar' old box," pointing to a long, narrow box.

"Well, open it, quick," said Godfrey.

The old darkey hustled, with a broad grin on his face, opened the box, in which were twenty-one Union flags which had been captured, and several tattered and torn Rebel flags. The Union flags were quickly spread along the fence about the State House, to greet the Union column as it marched in.

The war being ended, the Colonel's regiment preferred to go to their homes and friends rather than to the final review at Washington. The consent of General Sherman was given, and with it they marched to Huntsville, where the men were paid off. He was mustered out and honorably discharged October Twentieth, 1865.

While he was in Huntsville, in October, closing up the affairs of his regiment, he was elected Representative from Polk County in the Eleventh General Assembly. Although political preferment of high degree was offered him in Alabama, he preferred his old home. He served through the legislative session and took an active part in its deliberations. He prepared and secured the passage of a bill providing for the building of the State Arsenal and headquarters of the Adjutant-General, which stood for many years at the corner of Walnut and First streets. He also prepared a bill for the erection of a Home for Soldiers' Orphans, at Des Moines, and in support of it he made the first public speech in his life. There was strong opposition to it, on the ground that a permanent institution for such a purpose was extravagant and unnecessary, as the lapse of a few years would show no use for it, the children would be grown to manhood. But after forty years, the increase of inmates has been ten to one, evidencing his foresight and his wisdom.

He also prepared a bill for the establishment of a School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Des Moines, but the rivalry of other towns and the scatteration policy, that Des Moines should have no state institutions except the Capitol, prevailed, and Colonel Sapp won the school for Council Bluffs.

At the close of the Legislature, the Colonel entered the first class of the Law Department of the State University, graduated December Seventh, 1866, and was admitted to practice in the State and Federal courts.

In 1880, he was elected City Solicitor, and served two years; was appointed assistant to Joseph Lane, as United States District Attorney, and served three years.

In 1882, he was appointed a member of the Federal Commission, under the Edmunds Law, to wipe out polygamy in Utah, and in 1889 was made Chairman of the Commission. His experience in that contest would fill a book. Under the limited powers of the Commissioners, they failed to wring the neck of polygamy, but they scotched its tail.

Politically, he was originally a radical Democrat, and cast his first vote for President James Buchanan, but he was also a patriot. He abandoned partisanship and gave himself to save the Union, since when he has been a stalwart Republican. He voted for "Old Abe," and in 1876, was one of the state electors who elected Rutherford B. Hayes President. He is now United States Collector of Customs, the importation of merchandise direct from foreign countries by merchants of Des Moines making such an office necessary. His political honors have come to him by common consent, rather than from political "pulls."

Socially, he is genial, companionable, of positive temperament, unostentatious, has no taste for fuss and feathers; is an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Grand Army of Tennessee, the Loyal Legion of the United States, the Grant Club, the Pioner Lawmakers' Association, and the Pioneer Settlers' Association of Polk County.

Religiously, he is a Congregationalist, dating from the first little church, which stood near the southeast corner of the present Postoffice, on Court Avenue.

May Twenty-sixth, 1907.

LEWIS M. BURKE

A VISITOR traversing Polk County to-day and seeing the splendid farms, with their luxurious environments, would have little conception of the trials and deprivations endured by the pioneers, who took them from the hand of Nature and made them what they are. One of the hard-luck pioneers was Lewis M. Burke.

He was born in 1797, in Maryland, and in 1802, his parents moved to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he grew to manhood, and acquired the best education afforded in the common schools of that period and location. When a youth, he learned the milling trade with Joseph Mentz, and remained with him until he was twenty-one years old. He then went to wagoning on the turnpike, and stage driving, which he followed fifteen years. In 1833, he removed to Wheeling, West Virginia, where he again engaged in stage driving and farming. In 1834, he removed to Adams County, Illinois; in April, 1846, came to Polk County, and made a claim on what is now Section Thirty-three, in Beaver Township, then called Camp Township. The Indians had left the country in October prior, and there were but a few white people in the county. The Government had not surveyed the county; there were no metes and bounds. Each new-comer selected his desired location, paced it off, and stuck stakes for the corners, or blazed trees, to mark his claim. That was all the title he had, all he could get, but it was respected and held inviolate by all other settlers.

He built a log cabin, 12×16, near Mud Creek, in a timber grove, which still bears his name. In the cabin was housed fourteen persons, the furniture and dogs, the latter a very useful and necessary concomitant of pioneering. Mrs. Burke once said they were a little crowded; there was but one bedstead, on which was piled all the beds during the day, and under it was crowded trunks,

baskets, bags and bundles. The walls were hung with coats, cloaks, shawls, dresses and household utensils. On a long board shelf stood a mirror, clock and candlesticks. At night, the beds were made on the floor, the one table and chairs set outdoors. A large fireplace occupied most of one side, and furnished heat for cooking in pots, kettles and skillets, meals not such as would tempt an epicure, but which gave the most healthful nourishment for a people driven to hardships and exposure—meals that had no dyspepsia in them. Around the big fireplace the sovereign lords of the household stretched their pedal extremities while they indulged in the luxury of a corncob pipe and discussed the prospects of the crops and the doings at The Fort.

The country was wild, unsettled, and Burke had hard sledding. If flour and corn meal got short, Oskaloosa was the nearest milling point to get a supply, requiring an absence from home of several days, while wolves and rattlesnakes were abundant to terrorize the wife and twelve children.

During 1847-1848, money was scarce. He kept a diary in which he made a record of many of his trials and deprivations. In October, it says: "Have no shoes; am going barefoot, so are the children; no money to buy shoes." In another place: "Meat and meal all out. Swapped a bushel of buckwheat for a pound of salt." He was not so much troubled about the meat, for wild turkeys, prairie chickens and elk were numerous. His diary says: "This morning saw fifty elk foraging on the buckwheat patch." A man named Ballard was hired to haul corn to the garrison at The Fort, to be paid every alternate load as compensation for the hauling.

In 1848, claim-jumpers and land sharks were harrassing the squatters, as the settlers were called, necessitating some measures for protecting their rights. In each township was selected a Vigilance Committee for that purpose, and Burke was selected for his township. A claim-jumper or land speculator was to be treated like a highway robber if found tramping over the county, and several so found it to be.

In 1849, Burke made an entry of his claim, paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre to the United States Land Office for it,

and in 1852, received a Government patent. He improved it, erected fine buildings, and made it a home of profit and content for himself and children for thirty-four years, but, unfortunately, it lay at the extreme eastern limit of the land grant made by the Government to the River Improvement and Navigation Company, who, deeming it a good thing, claimed it, dispossessed him, and turned him out in his old age to begin over again, with no recourse from the Government for the blunders of its own agents, who had taken his money and given him a pretended title. And therein lies a general misunderstanding respecting a Government certificate for land. It conveys no absolute title. It is simply a certificate that a certain amount of money has been paid for a certain tract of land, named therein. It was not uncommon that two persons held a patent for the same tract, thus involving a lot of trouble, delay, and often litigation, to get the matter settled. In the Burke case, the State of Iowa was most shamefully derelict in its dealings with the River Improvement Company, by which not only were settlers robbed of their homes, but itself most outrageously swindled.

April Twenty-eighth, 1907.

WILLIAM H. LEHMAN

WILLIAM H. LEHMAN

SOME of the pioneers of Polk County pulled up stakes, deserted their Eastern homes, kindred and friends, and plodded their way to this wild and desolate country for pecuniary reasons. Some came from the force of circumstances; they could not prevent it. Such was the case with W. H. Lehman, or Will., as everybody knows him best.

Born in 1842, in Lancaster, Ohio, from whence came the pioneer Shermans, "Jim," Hoyt and Lamp., also their brothers, John and Tecumseh, James G. Blaine, the pugilist Jeffries, and the air sailor Knabenshue, he came to Fort Des Moines early in 1848, with his father, who was attracted hither by the glorious accounts sent back East by the Shermans of the prospects and possibilities here in the passing of time.

Packing his family and household goods in wagons, the trip, requiring nearly four weeks, was made without mishap. The population of the town consisted of about one hundred persons. Houses were scarce. A log barrack building down on 'Coon Point, left by the departed garrison of The Fort, was the only available place he could get for a domicile—in fact, the entire town was housed in log cabins.

Soon after his arrival, he started a shoemaking business, but in a few months he had an attack of Nostalgia; wanted to see the old Buckeye State again; nothing doing here, he declared, and he decided to go back while he had the means to do so. But while he was here, he made a little investment in corner lots.

In 1846, when the town of Fort Des Moines was surveyed and platted by A. D. Jones and "Wall" Clapp, the question of re-location of the State Capital was being extensively agitated. When the town lots were sold, "Tom" McMullin and several others bought everything in sight, and loaded themselves up with them at "one-third down, the balance on time."

One day, "Tom" was rummaging around some household goods Lehman had stored away, having no place for them in his small cabin, and in a barrel discovered the movements or working parts of an old-fashioned, wooden-wheeled clock. He declared it was just what he wanted. Clocks were mighty scarce at The Fort in 1848. Even four years later, Lamp. Sherman, in his *Gazette*, petitioned the County Commissioners to have the Court House bell rung on Sunday morning so the people might know when it was time to go to church, "so few families have clocks, and there are no church bells." "Tom" bantered Lehman for a trade on a corner lot in "the future Capital of the state"—he was overloaded with corner lots—and finally persuaded Lehman to take the lot on the northwest corner of Third and Vine, 66×132 feet, where the Rock Island new passenger depot is now, for the old clock.

In 1857, Lehman returned to Des Moines with his family, and started a grocery store at the corner of Second and Walnut. The Capital had been fixed at Des Moines, and prospects were brighter than in 1848. But the financial panic had struck the state, and was desolating the whole country. Business was demoralized; there was no money in circulation except the notes of "wild-cat" banks. There was no gold nor silver money except what percolated occasionally through the Government Land Office. Real estate speculators could not sell enough to pay their taxes, and scores of lots were sold for delinquent taxes. Skilled mechanics were compelled to take pay for their labor in "store orders," and were glad to get them.

Under such conditions, Lehman decided to go back again to Ohio while he had money enough to pay expenses, and there were several other Lancaster fellows here who would have followed him, but they couldn't raise the money to go with.

During all those years, Will. was growing and getting what education he could in the public schools. Being of musical temperament, he took a course of study in music with Professor Snyder, a prominent teacher in Lancaster, Ohio. When the Civil War came, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the band of the Seventeenth Ohio Infantry, and served thirteen months, when he was mustered out, with his band, under a change in the army regula-

tions, whereby, instead of a band with each regiment, only one band with a brigade, or four regiments, was allowed.

On leaving the army, more optimistic than his father, he headed straight for Des Moines, going down the Ohio River, up the Mississippi on the steamer *Frank Steele*, to Keokuk, thence on the steamer *Alice* to Des Moines, landing at 'Coon Point. He soon after started the marble business, maintained it successfully for some time, and in Woodland Cemetery can be seen several fine productions from his establishment, notably that in memory of the old-timer, Captain Gustavus Washburne, who for many years kept what is now the Sabin House.

In 1863, I think it was, Ed. Clapp, who was a purchasing agent of the Rock Island Railroad Company, began reconnoitering for a site for a new passenger depot; their depot, a two-story, wooden residence building, owned by Hy. Hatch, at the corner of Third and Vine, was too small. They wanted more room. He selected the wooden clock lot at the corner of Fourth and Vine. Will. thought it a good opportunity to make a little profit on the old clock, but his father was in Ohio, and Ed. was in a hurry to secure a site; so Will. negotiated a sale whereby eighteen hundred dollars was to be paid for the lot, one hundred dollars spot cash. Will. took the one hundred dollars and made a written contract for the remainder. His father objected to the trade; thought there was something wrong about it—some chicanery—it was too much to be expected for an old wooden clock; but after considerable correspondence, in which Will. convinced him the town had grown some and was still growing, he acquiesced. That is how the company got its site for the new passenger depot.

But Will.'s head was full of music. Mills & Company were running a large printing house and book store at Third and Court Avenue, and they added a music department, the first in the town. Will. was selected to manage it. He disposed of his marble business; devoted his entire time to music, and has been in it since then, over forty years.

In the early days, musical entertainments were the chief sources of amusement, and some of the concerts given could not be duplicated to-day, for there were splendid musicians here. The time,

labor and enthusiasm given to preparation for a musical event was prodigious—not for profit, but pure love of it, as the proceeds usually went to some charitable object. One of the best organizations was the Timbuctoos, consisting of some of the leading business and professional men of the town. Its entertainments took a wide range, from sedate to humorous, and were of the highest excellence. There was also considerable dramatic talent here, and exhibitions of that character were frequently given; also operas.

Traveling shows had not reached the town, and the only amusements were such as were improvised by local talent. The only hall in town was in the third story of the Sherman Block, at the corner of Third and Court Avenue. Whatever the exhibit was, the hall was always crowded, for the town was like a large family, everyone knew everybody; they helped each other.

I recall a tableaux entertainment given in that old hall, in which a devil and an angel were personified among other things. "Charley" Spofford, son of Colonel Spofford, represented the devil, and Miss Lucy Love, daughter of the President of the First National Bank, represented the angel. "Charley" Nourse—he hadn't got to be a Judge then—was general manager, and run the show. Spofford was promptly togged out with satanic horns, hoofs and forked tail, but there was a long delay with the angel; they couldn't get the wings on straight. The audience got uneasy, whereupon the general manager began to expostulate, saying: "It seems to take a long time to make an angel out of a woman; the devil has been waiting several minutes." "It don't take very much time to make a devil out of a man," quickly retorted Mrs. Frank Allen.

Will. was for many years a member of the well-known Hartung Orchestra and Collard's Instrumental Brass Band, which kept him busy, for there were parties, receptions, banquets, etc., nearly every night, which so encroached on his sleeping hours he engaged "Charley" Rogg, who clerked in "Ham" Bush's drug store, in the Kirkwood Building, where Wright is now, to hustle him out at half-past six every morning in time to go on duty at Mills & Company's —they didn't have any eight-hours-a-day labor in those days. On Sunday, he played the pipe organ in some church, a service he performed for thirty-six consecutive years, in the different churches of the city.

In 1869, he purchased the music stock of Mills & Company, and opened a store in the one-story frame building which stood next west to the Kirkwood, where Harbach erected his big furniture store, and it became the musical center of the city for many years. He is still in the business. So it is, he is one of the pioneer musicians, helped to lay the foundation, promote and foster the musical element which has culminated in the excellent schools and talent which prevail in the city to-day, and given the town a fine, notable reputation abroad. He was ever ready to assist with his talent for all social and charitable objects.

Politically, he is a Republican, of the Roosevelt persuasion, but takes no part in politics.

Socially, he is genial, courteous, affable, and popular. He is a member of Capital Lodge, A. F. A. M.; a charter member of Myrtle Lodge, Knights of Pythias, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and the R. E. C. A., a secret organization formed several years ago for good fellowship by Hy. Smith, "Ret" Clarkson, and Ed. Whitcomb. What its real name was, where it met, what its object, was never known, except to its members, and they would tell nobody. They had signs, grips and a ritual similar to the Masons. The membership at one time was about two hundred. Its public appearance was only on New Year's Day, when every dollar in the treasury was taken, and they went silently about the city, depositing at the door of the deserving poor a well-filled basket of family supplies.

October Seventh, 1906.

RICHARD T. WELLSLAGER

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AN early settler of Des Moines who became actively and prominently identified with its business enterprises was Richard T. Wellslager.

Born in Washington County, Maryland, April Eighteenth, 1834, of German ancestry on the father's side, and Irish on that of the mother, when two years old, his parents removed to Richland County, Ohio, where his boyhood days were passed acquiring such an education as the common schools of that period afforded during the Winter months, and in Summer helping to fell the forest and open up a few more acres to cultivation in that then densely timbered country.

In 1852, when eighteen years old, he began teaching school during Winters for eighteen to twenty dollars per month, and board among the patrons. In Summer, he continued farm work.

In February, 1855, he concluded Iowa was a better country, and, by railroad, came *via* Chicago to Davenport, thence by stage to Oskaloosa, arriving February Thirteenth, after four days' bouncing over the frozen ground—the first day to Muscatine, the second to Iowa City, the third to Fairfield, the fourth to destination. He immediately secured a clerkship in the Postoffice, where he so thoroughly gained the good-will and favor of the people he served for two years as Deputy, that, regardless of politics, he was unanimously recommended for Postmaster, and in July, 1857, he received the appointment from President Buchanan. He served until April, 1861, when he resigned. While he was Postmaster, he edited and published the *Oskaloosa Times* one year.

Governor Kirkwood having, at the time of his resignation, called a special session of the Legislature to provide ways and means to put the state on a war footing, he, with a few friends, came to Des Moines to be in at the opening, and while he was making observations in the town one day, he was greatly surprised with a

notification that he had been elected Assistant Secretary of the Senate, a favor entirely unexpected. He accepted, and served to the close of the session, May Twenty-ninth.

Warren Hussey, having resigned as Cashier of B. F. Allen's Bank, the place was offered to Wellslager, and accepted. Being a bachelor,, "heart whole and fancy free," with no "strings" attaching him to Oskaloosa, he decided to make Des Moines his future residence, and in October, 1862, he became a victim of the charms of Anna, eldest daughter of Harmon Beekman, a leading merchant and prominent citizen from 1857 to 1868, and he joined the ranks of home-builders.

In January, 1865, he resigned the cashiership and went to New York with "Deacon" S. V. White, to join the bulls and bears of Wall Street, but an experience of twelve months brought the conviction that it was not the place for him. March First, 1866, he returned and joined Wesley Redhead in the book and stationery business in Sherman Block, on Court Avenue.

In 1867, Redhead retired from active membership in the firm, to devote his time to developing his extensive coal properties, leaving Wellslager and his younger brother, Marion, whom old-timers will remember as a young man of most sterling qualities, to build up the business, which continued until 1877, when Marion found that to keep step with Richard was "the pace that kills," and he withdrew, went to Kansas, where he deceased in 1894, leaving a record of highly meritorious and exemplary character.

By the exercise of vigorous enterprise and energy, the business grew, so that in 1871, to secure better facilities, it was moved to a three-story brick, erected and equipped for the business at Four Hundred and Eleven Court Avenue, near the present Postoffice.

In 1876, the firm purchased forty-four feet at Four Hundred and Seven and Four Hundred and Nine Court Avenue, where was erected and equipped the largest and best book, stationery, and wall paper house west of Chicago. Wall paper trade was made a specialty, to handle which a large storage and shipping warehouse at Eleventh and Vine was required, and the firm was recognized as the third largest wall paper jobbers in the United States, their trade extending to Minnesota, South Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska,

Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming, necessitating the employment of thirty to forty men on the road and in the house.

As an evidence of the impetus given the jobbing trade of the city at that comparatively early day, the business of the firm, in 1866, amounted to thirty thousand dollars. In 1882, seventeen years later, it was nearly half a million dollars, the result of unremitting hard work. The name of Redhead & Wellslager became familiar throughout Iowa and adjoining states, and Des Moines gained some prestige as a trade center.

Had there been more firms in those days like that, and Mills & Company, to bend their energies in building up a jobbing trade, "manifest destiny," the pride and boast of the town in the early Sixties, would now be an accomplished fact. There would be no necessity for a "Committee of Three Hundred" to boost it out of the Slough of Despond.

In 1883, after seventeen years of strenuous effort to crowd twenty-six hours' labor into twenty-four, Wellslager found there was a limit to nerve strain and human endurance. His physician advised him to cut loose, relax, and take a rest in a climate more favorable to an indicated pulmonary diathesis, which he did, going to Florida and California during the Winter months.

The business was removed to Six Hundred and Seven and Six Hundred and Nine Locust Street, and continued under the name of Redhead, Norton, Lathrop & Company until after the decease of Mr. Redhead, in 1891, and was closed in 1894 or 1895.

In September, 1887, Mr. Wellslager having fully recuperated his physical condition, accepted the cashiership of the Des Moines National Bank, succeeding the following January to the presidency —with the deposits one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. By his sagacious management, in 1892, the bank reported to the Comptroller of the Currency, its deposits were one million dollars, the first statement of the kind made up to that time by any bank in Des Moines, showing deposits of one million dollars.

In May, 1891, Mr. Wellslager sought and was instrumental in securing an order from the Comptroller of the Currency, making Des Moines a Reserve City for national banking associations, an acquisition of immense advantage to the city and its business activities. Under the national bank statutes, every national bank is

required to keep at all times a certain per cent of reserve, and three-fifths of such reserve may consist of balances due from banks in reserve cities. All national banks in Iowa had to keep their reserve balances in banks in Chicago, Omaha, Saint Paul, and Eastern money centers. By this change, they could keep such balances on deposit with the banks in Des Moines. It was also of great benefit to the national banks of the city, and added many thousand dollars to their deposits. It also gave Des Moines special advantages in times of money stringency, for it is then miscellaneous bank balances are closely drawn and centered in cities where they can be counted as reserve.

The year 1893 was a panicky one for banks and bankers, and after safely piloting his bank through the breakers, Wellslager determined to avoid for all time a repetition of his experiences of the year, and on January Eighteenth, 1894, he resigned the presidency.

During his active business career, he helped to organize several financial institutions, among which were the Des Moines National Bank, Polk County Savings Bank, Security Loan and Trust Company, German Savings Bank, Central State Bank, Coöperative Bank of Iowa, Polk County Loan and Building Association, and with the management he was prominently identified. For many years, he was a large stockholder in and until recently a Director in the State Insurance Company. During recent years, he has been less strenuous and aggressive—is more inclined to let others stand the brunt of things; but he is not on the retired list. He is closely identified with the Central State Bank, where he has private quarters, devoting his time at his ease, mainly with his personal affairs.

As a business man, integrity, strict exactness, method and reliability are noted features of all his business transactions. His word always is as good as his bond.

He is of nervous, sanguine temperament, positive, slow to yield convictions once fixed—in fact, his phrenological bump of firmness is pretty fully developed. He is quiet, unassuming, inclined to taciturnity, shuns notoriety, has no ambition to be "in the public eye;" yet, withal, he is affable, genial, and agreeable in contact

and manner. He is not a member of any clubs or fraternal organizations.

A marked characteristic of him during his mercantile business career, was his strict regularity. His home was two doors from my residence, and as "rapid transit" means to his store he had a favorite pacer, and so regular and precise was his going and coming, the neighbors and residents along the way used to say they could set their clocks by it, and so it was at the store, where he was the first to arrive and the last to leave.

Politically, he was a War Democrat, but since he came to Des Moines has not sought nor held any political office, yet has taken an interest in political affairs, and, in a quiet, but not less effective way, has exerted a potent influence in behalf of the dominant principles of the Republican party and good civic government.

Religiously, he is not a member of any denominational church, but is broad and catholic in his views.

The stork has brought to his home but one child, a daughter, the wife of J. D. Whisenand, of the Central State Bank, a prominent and active citizen.

June Thirtieth, 1907.

FRANCIS GENESER

FRANCIS GENESER

A WELL-KNOWN old-timer, eligible to a place in a history of Polk County or reminiscences thereof, is Francis Geneser. Born on the Rhine, in Bavaria, Germany, he passed the years of his minority with his father, who was a stone mason and cutter, the two trades being combined in that country. He attended the common school, which corresponded with the district schools of the United States, from the age of six until he was thirteen.

A revolution having broken out in several of the provinces in 1848, and having arrived at his majority and liable to six years' Government military service, his only means of escaping it was in leaving the country. In November, 1849, with two comrades, he set sail from Havre for New York, where they landed twenty-nine days later. They looked the town over, and thought it too large a place for them, and they went to Albany, where the two comrades had friends. There he got a job on a farm at four dollars per month and board. He worked four months, and in the Spring following went to work at his trade in the country surrounding Albany at one dollar a day and board, which he thought was good wages. A day's work was from sunrise to sundown—there were no labor unions in those days.

In May, 1856, his brother, Joseph, having preceded him, he came to Des Moines, by rail from Albany to Iowa City, where he hired a team to bring himself, wife, and three children, Mary, Joe and John, to Des Moines. Houses were scarce; the only available one was a small log cabin near Aulman's Brewery, on Elm Street, between Second and Third, in which he lived until he built a small frame house on Sherman Street, between River (now Crocker) and Mill (now School).

His first job was on the old Grout House, at Sixth and Walnut, East Side. He also worked one hundred and twenty-three days on the Hierb Brewery, in 1857, at Seventh and Center.

In 1858, he took his first job as a contractor, and built the foundation walls of a drug store for G. M. Hippee, at the southeast corner of Second and Court Avenue, the first brick store building on the avenue. The stone was quarried out of the bluff along Des Moines River, on Barlow Granger's land, and was a good quality of sandstone. It was hauled in with teams.

His fidelity, fair dealing, energy and honesty soon secured for him all he could do. Among the buildings he erected was the Good Block, at Fifth and Walnut, where the Casady bank is; the Charles Hewitt wholesale grocery building, at Third and Walnut; the Judge Byron Rice building, next west of the Equitable Building, at Sixth and Locust; St. Ambrose Church, at Sixth and High, and numerous smaller business blocks and residences. He built the abutments and piers of Court Avenue bridge more than twenty years ago, and they have withstood the pounding of floods and ice gorges without protection of ice-breakers.

In his building business, he found brick very scarce. He secured land and began making by hand what was known as sand brick, and for twenty-three years it was a large part of his business. Over three million, eight hundred thousand of his hard-burned brick were put in the new Capitol, and of their quality it is only necessary to say they passed the lynx-eyed scrutiny of "Bob" Finkbine, who was a holy terror to contractors for material furnished that structure. They were what is called "nigger heads," and hard as flint rock. Vitrified brick was then an unknown quantity.

He, with Conrad Youngerman, built the porticos and steps of the old Court House, which was torn down to give place to the present one. The stone was quarried at Elk Rapids, on Des Moines River, in Boone County, about thirty miles north. They would go up there and quarry a lot of stone, haul it down here with teams, and then cut and put it in place. It was a job which tried their very souls to the breaking-point, and required three months' labor.

He employed a large number of men and teams, and for more than thirty years was an important factor in the industries of the town. In 1890, he retired from the contracting business.

For comparison of the wages paid bricklayers in the early days and that at present, when building the Good Block, he paid two

dollars and a half per day, a day's work being from seven to six o'clock—ten hours.

In 1893, he organized the German Savings Bank, was a heavy stockholder, one of the Directors, and its President until 1897, when financial reverses to some of its patrons, overdrafts, and his personal securities given to aid in developing infant industries in the town, necessitated the closure of the bank, with a total loss of seventy-two thousand, four hundred dollars, and which he had to make good to the bank, thus sweeping away the emoluments of his many years of toil.

As a business man, he was noted for his integrity, honesty and fidelity. A contract made with him required no bonds or collaterals.

Socially, he is plain, quiet, unostentatious, benevolent, has an unbounded faith in humanity, is a good neighbor and an exemplary citizen. Is not a member of any clubs or societies.

Politically, he is a Democrat, but takes no part in the game of politics.

Religouisly, he is a member of Saint Mary's Catholic Church.

July Fourteenth, 1907.

LAMPSON P. SHERMAN

LAMPSON P. SHERMAN

ONE of the pioneers of Des Moines was Lampson P. Sherman, or Lamp., as everybody called him, who came here in 1849 —the pioneers don't admit any person to their class who came here after 1849—a Buckeye by birth, a printer by trade, having served an apprenticeship in the office of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. He was a brother of General William Tecumseh Sherman, John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes, and Hoyt Sherman, well known to residents of the city for the past fifty years.

Soon after his arrival, the Whigs stated a movement to secure a newspaper of their own faith. Judge Curtis Bates and Barlow Granger were publishing the *Star*, as the organ of the Democrats. A proposition was made to Lamp. to give him a certain bonus in cash, and secure him a good list of subscribers, if he would start a newspaper. He accepted the proposition, went to Cincinnati, purchased presses, type and material necessary for that purpose, shipping it by boat to Saint Louis, thence to Keokuk, and with teams hauled it to The Fort, himself coming with it.

He was to be given one-half of the bonus on his arrival at Cincinnati, and the list of his subscribers on his arrival with the outfit, neither of which materialized. Nevertheless, he started the paper in one of the barrack buildings opposite the *Star* office, on Second Street, near Vine, and named it the *Gazette*, in honor of his *alma mater*. The first number was issued January First, 1850. It was seven columns to a page, and showed the skill of a good printer, quite in contrast typographically to the *Star*.

The price of the paper was two dollars per year in advance, but the "advance" was what troubled him. It seldom or never came, but he gave the people a good, wide-awake paper, devoted largely to local matters, which so cut into the circulation of the *Star* that

within two months Barlow quit and Judge Bates assumed control of the paper.

The great stress with the people then was to get transportation facilities. Several columns every week were given to railroad projects. February First, a call was published for a mass meeting of citizens to select a committee to go to a convention at Iowa City and defeat a scheme to have a road from Davenport to Council Bluffs cross the Des Moines River fifty miles south, and follow the old Mormon Trail to the Bluffs. The committee went, and the scheme was frustrated. The River Improvement project was vigorously boomed, and the company severely prodded for their procrastination. The Loco Focos, as the Democrats were called, were bombarded with terms hardly compatible with Twentieth Century ethics. There were only four columns of advertising. There must have been a poet in town, for several merchants extolled their wares in rhyme. E. A. Wise & Company, "east side of Second Street, below Market," had this to say:

"LET HER RIP—SHE'S ALL OAK.

"Up rose the sun, and in majestic splendor
Climbed the Eastern slope. The white frost
Glittering upon her pendant grass,
Reflecting back her slanting rays,
Till all the broad prairie in mirrored beauty
Glistened. Far in the distance, dragging slow,
Like a wounded snake, its length along,
With pondrous strength, on slow-revolving wheels,
Its snowy canvas shining in the sun,
Is seen a mighty train of four ox teams,
Loaded to the guards with a most rich freight
Of dry goods, groceries and hardware."

February Twenty-second.—"In the north part of town the workmen are getting timber for a female seminary. In the west end of town the foundation of the new Presbysterian Church is laid."

That female seminary stood at the corner of Second and Locust streets, where the street car barn now is, and for many years was used as a cooper shop and blacksmith shop. The timber for it was

cut along the river. It was built by Father Bird, and in its Mrs. Bird taught the school. She was, indeed, a "mother in Israel" to the youth of that day. Many young men of the city in later years were proud to acknowledge her as a teacher.

Simon Casady received some of his first lessons in good behavior under her tutelage, but he could never understand why he was sent to a female seminary—he was only four years old—unless it was to keep him out of mischief.

The church stood on the lot next to the Western Union Telegraph office, on Fourth Street. It was burned in 1867. The seminary and church were the two extremes of the town.

March Fifteenth.—"The first barber has opened a shop."

April Sixth.—"The ferry across Des Moines River is in good order. Ropes have been put across, and teams can now cross in good order."

April Twenty-sixth.—"The first Whig Congressional Convention is called to meet at Ottumwa."

Early in April, the rush to California began. There was a continuous line of wagons from east to west, as far as the eye could reach. The gold-hunters from Polk County crowded into gaps in the train, many of them never to be seen again. If a wagon broke down or a horse or ox was sick, they dropped out of the line. and the gap was quickly closed. If a person sickened and died, without shroud or coffin the remains were laid in a shallow hole by the wayside, a benison to the wolf and coyote. All along the route, Smallpox was scattered among the settlers, game cards strewn, fragments of glass bottles, which, emptied of their "hell broth," were dashed against a wagon wheel. The ferry here was crowded, excitement was intense, as everybody wanted to get across first. For the week ending April Seventeenth, six hundred and seventy-five persons and two hundred and fifty-two wagons had crossed; the next week, one hundred and ninety-nine teams and five hundred and forty men; the next week, one hundred and fifty-six teams and four hundred and fifty-nine persons; the next week, one hundred and thirty teams and three hundred and sixty-three persons; the next week, seventy-three teams and one hundred and eighty-four persons, when there was a falling off. The total record kept was one thousand and

forty-nine teams and two thousand, eight hundred and thirteen persons.

May Twenty-fourth.—Notice is given that because "no teams can be got to haul the paper from Keokuk, there will be no *Gazette* next week."

Lamp. was preëminently practical, never a star-gazer. The dilatoriness of church-going people on the Sabbath troubled him. He ascribed it mostly to the family clock, of which many families had none at all. Some attendants would get to church barely in time to receive the "benediction." There were no church bells, and he recommended the ringing of the tavern bell to call out the people.

June Eighteenth.—"The hunters who went up 'Coon River for elk calves, returned with five calves. They captured nine, but four escaped. They say deer and elk are plenty, but no buffalo."

November Fifteenth.—Lamp. called vigorously for money. Said he had not received enough to pay for the white paper he had used.

December First.—He became the apostle of good seed corn, for he says, "With plenty of good seed and well cultivated, no part of the world can beat Des Moines Valley." Thus he ante-dates "Dick" Clarkson as an apostle of seed corn.

At the expiration of six months, paying expenses with an income from only four columns of advertising, payable in store orders and elastic promises, Lamp. concluded he must have help. A meeting of citizens was held, at which it was agreed to assume one-half the indebtedness of the establishment and furnish an outside business manager. Under the reorganization, the name of the paper was changed to *State Journal*. The patronage was small, the population of the town being less than five hundred. The Democrats held all public offices and took the spoils, but the paper was continued to August Twenty-sixth, 1852, when it was suspended, and Lamp. retired, having lost every dollar he had invested in the enterprise.

I asked him once how he got along with a newspaper in those early days without the means and conveniences necessary to that business, to which he replied: "Very well during Summer time, but when Winter came, and the snow blew in through the cracks between the logs, filled the type with snow, froze the ink and paper 'heap' which had been dampened for printing, it was rather discouraging. With kettles of live coals set under the press to keep it

thawed out, we could get out the paper, then they would come over from the *Star* office—they preferred to sit around the grocery fires and swap yarns than keep their own office running—borrow the 'forms' of our paper, take off the heading, put on that of the *Star*, and print their paper. No, they didn't take my editorials; they cut them out. The greatest trouble we had was with the mails. Sometimes we could not get an Eastern mail for two or three weeks. There were no railroads; the river was frozen; no regular stage lines; money was scarce, and at times it was hard sledding to keep things moving. It took forty days to get news from Washington."

In 1851, the people at The Fort petitioned the County Judge for an election to determine whether or not the town should become incorporated. The petition was granted, and an election ordered to be held Septembr Twenty-third. Lamp. was named as one of the clerks of the election. The vote was forty-two for, and one against incorporation.

September Twenty-seventh, another election was held to select three persons to form a charter for the town, and Lamp. was chosen one of the three. October Eleventh, they made return to the Judge that they had prepared a charter for the "Town of Fort Des Moines," and fixed three boundaries of the town corporation. October Eighteenth, another election was held, at which boundary Number Two, which had been fixed by the survey made in July, 1846, and known as the "Original Town," was adopted by a vote of twenty to six. What would people now think of three city elections in one month?

At the organization of the first Town Council, Lamp. was elected one of the Councilmen. There being no wards, the Councilmen were elected from the body of the people. Father Bird was made President of the Council. The meetings were held in the Court House, where the Union Depot now is. The first meeting was held October Twenty-fifth. The labors of that Council were such as required the exercise of great deliberation and good judgment. There were no bridges, and no money to build them with; ferries had to be provided, and the foundation laid for the government of a civic community. It must be conceded they did their work well. They served one year and four days, without fee or hope of reward,

and, singularly enough, not one of them was elected to the next Council.

In 1851, he was elected Justice of the Peace, and served one year.

In December, 1851, he took a helpmate and began married life in a two-roomed house at northeast corner of Sixth and Mulberry, opposite the street car waiting-room. In 1856, they built a house on Ninth and Pleasant, the place being now occupied by the Central Christian Church. This was long known as the Sherman home. Its associations and the memory of its hospitality are dear to the hearts of many of the old settlers of Des Moines and Polk County.

In 1854, he was elected Mayor. The town had begun to grow in self-esteem, and the Council to put on dignity. At the first meeting it ordered that "members who fail to attend the regular meeting of the Council shall pay a fine of fifty cents, unless excused by the Council."

In 1854, he became connected with the Hoyt Sherman & Company Bank, remained with it and its successor, the Iowa State Bank, for several years.

In 1856, when the State House scrimmage came on, he stood up for the West Side, and subscribed three hundred dollars to the "war fund."

In 1867, he was appointed United States Revenue Collector for the Fifth District, and held the office several years.

When the Equitable Life Insurance Company was organized, in 1867, he was one of the incorporators, and was elected its first Vice-President. He took the eighth policy issued by the company.

On leaving the Revenue Office, he retired from active business.

In 1858, he was elected City Treasurer, and served one term.

On Christmas evening, 1867, was celebrated his silver wedding, with that of "Billy" Moore, a pioneer merchant, and Doctor W. H. Ward, a pioneer physician, at the residence of "Billy," who was married by Elder J. A. Nash, a pioneer, in the old Winchester House, which stood where the Valley National Bank now is. Sherman was married by Father Bird, the first preacher in the town, at the residence of James Hall, corner of Court Avenue and First Street. Doctor Ward was married in Warren County, by Sanford Haines, a pioneer Methodist preacher.

The Old Settlers' Association completely surprised the celebrants with the presentation of a silver set to each couple, Judge W. W. Williamson making the presentation to Sherman and wife, Judge William Phillips to "Billy" and wife, and Judge Casady to Doctor Ward and wife. Father Nash—Father Bird and Elder Haines having deceased—responded in behalf of the recipients, for such expression of esteem and favor from the old settlers.

Politically, Lamp. was a Whig, without frills or isms. He fought the battles of the party in the ranks, when there were no spoils or emoluments, and sought no offices, yet the records show he was often called by the people of the town to places of trust and importance.

Socially, he was reserved, genial, and popular. He was actively interested in and identified with the inauguration of the public school system, and during the early Fifties was one of the officers of the School Board, who erected the first school building, at the corner of Ninth and Locust streets. Lamp. believed the newspaper, the school, and the church were the most important factors in forming the character of a civic community. He was not a member of any secret society.

Religiously, he was educated in a Catholic school, but he never united with any church. His wife being a zealous member of the Baptist Church, of which Elder Nash was pastor, he regularly attended that church.

He died in November, 1900, leaving a widow, the only survivor of the Sherman family of four brothers.

December Seventeenth, 1905.

COLONEL GEORGE C. TICHENOR

I DO not think old-timers, especially those who had anything to do with politics, have forgotten George C. Tichenor. He was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, October Eighth, 1838. During his minority, he attended the common school and learned the trade of house painting. At the age of twenty, he decided to strike out for the West, and early in March, 1858, taking the usual route of Kentuckians, by rail and stage coach, he went to Saint Louis, thence by steamboat to Keokuk, where he tarried for a time hunting for a job, his money getting short, but there was nothing doing. Strolling along the river one day, he discovered a steamboat which he was told was bound for Fort Des Moines. Bantering the Captain very urgently to take him on and "work his passage," without success, he planked down ten dollars and became a passenger, entitled to all the rights and privileges thereof. His further progress is best related in his own words, as printed in the *Annals of Iowa:*

"There were five passengers beside myself. We were eight days and nights making the trip from Keokuk to Des Moines, and we had to run very slowly, particularly nights, not only to avoid snags, but also overhanging limbs of trees when we had to hug the current along the banks, which was frequently the case. We anchored time and again to cut away the limbs of trees to keep them from carrying away the little smokestack, the pilot house and the cabin.

"We landed at 'Campbell's Point,' just at sunset, April Nineteenth, 1858. Runners for the 'Demoin House,' 'Collins House,' and the 'Morris House' rushed aboard the boat as soon as she landed, and loudly solicited the patronage of the passengers for their several hostelries, each declaring that his was the principal hotel in the city. After some haggling with the representative of the Collins House, he agreed to take my trunk to his hotel for 'two bits,' and to board and lodge me for two dollars and a quarter a

week, if I would remain a week or longer, or at the rate of seventy-five cents a day if I only stayed a day or two. The Collins House was a long, narrow, low, two-story, white frame house, with adjoining office and parlor, dining-room and kitchen on the lower floor, and about a dozen sleeping-rooms, about 6x8 feet square, on either side of a narrow hallway on the second floor, and was situated between Third and Fourth streets, near 'Coon River. After eating supper that evening, I took an account of my purse, and found that after paying the 'two bits' for carrying my trunk to the hotel, I had exactly an old-fashioned two-cent piece left, which I invested in a 'Principe' cigar I found in a little showcase about two feet square on the counter in the hotel 'office.'

"Thus I found myself, a youth in my twentieth year, with not a cent in my purse, with two very fair suits of clothing, in a strange place, 'a thousand miles from home.' Des Moines was then in the midst of a depression resulting from the panic of 1857, and was about as dead a town as one could imagine. It had been made the Capital of the state a year or so before, and the principal employment of the people on either side of Des Moines River was to abuse each other, according as to whether they resided on the East Side or the West Side. The river was spanned near the foot of Locust Street with a primitive and quite unsuitable sort of pontoon bridge, which was the only means of passage, except by a small skiff or canoe. During a part of that Spring, and in the early Spring and flood season of 1859, the river readily extended from the western shore, or Front Street, in West Des Moines, to the bluffs or Capitol Hill, on the East Side. I remember having made the passage time and again in a skiff from the landing at the Demoin House in West Dest Moines to the Walker House in East Des Moines."

After his arrival at The Fort, Tichenor engaged in clerking. Being wide-awake and a good mixer socially, he soon became quite popular. When the Civil War came, in September, 1862, though a Southerner and a Democrat, he joined the Thirty-ninth Infantry, the second regiment organized at Des Moines, and was commissioned Adjutant of the regiment. The regiment rendezvoused at Davenport to receive equipments. Soon after, an epidemic of Measles prostrated the regiment until December Thirteenth, when,

not fully convalescent, it was ordered to report to General J. M. Tuttle at Cairo. It disembarked at Columbus, spending its first night in mud and rain. Thence, after a few days, it moved to Jackson, and from there marched to Trenton, where it joined the forces to move against General Forrest. On the Thirty-first, they suddenly came upon Forrest's army, at Parker's Crossroads, with his six thousand men, while the Union forces numbered but sixteen hundred. A battle was at once begun, and waged for six hours. The Thirty-ninth, only raw recruits, was in the thickest of the fight. It was engaged in driving back a flanking party of the enemy, and succeeded in repulsing them, winning great praise for its bravery. It was its first engagement. Tichenor received high commendation for his gallantry.

The regiment fought to the close of the war; was at the general review at Washington, and there mustered out, June Fifth, 1865.

Tichenor, by his soldierly qualities, activities, and good judgment, so won the favor of General Dodge that he was promoted to Major and Aide-de-Camp to the General, and subsequently he was given the star of a Colonel by brevet.

At the close of the war, Tichenor came back to Des Moines, and went into the lumber business with "Charley" Getchell, on Seventh Street, between Locust and Walnut. The firm was popular, and did a successful business.

In April, 1867, the military service of Tichenor was recognized by his appointment as Postmaster. The office was then in the Sherman Block, on Court Avenue, but soon after his appointment was removed to a two-story frame building in the rear of the Sherman Block, on Third Street. In 1870, when the present Postoffice building was ready for occupancy, Tichenor dedicated it to the service. In 1871, he was reappointed, but soon after resigned, and was succeeded by J. S. ("Ret") Clarkson.

In 1868, John A. Kasson was a candidate for a third term in Congress. The military spirit of the country had not subsided, and General G. M. Dodge was named by friends as his opponent. Frank Palmer, editor of the *Daily Register;* "Tom" Withrow, attorney for the Rock Island Railroad, and several leading Republicans, were opposed to Kasson. The contest grew hotter as it progressed, until it became one of the most acrimonious ever known

in the state. "Lafe" Young says politics is a great game. It was played to the limit then. Personal animosities were engendered between long-time friends, even kindred and families. Social personal correspondence between individuals at that time would now be interesting reading. I have some of it laid away, gathered together as a newspaper reporter.

Tichenor, who was a shrewd politician, and took a hand in the game whenever it was played in Polk County, naturally, for personal reasons, gave his preference to his old war friend, General Dodge, who finally won out, but after serving one term so disliked the place he refused a renomination, and Palmer was elected.

In 1871, Tichenor was elected Alderman for the Second Ward in the City Council, and reëlected in 1872. The city was then agitated by a movement to secure bridges over Des Moines and 'Coon rivers. It involved the expenditure of a large sum of money, which entered largely into the controversy, but Tichenor, as chairman of the Bridge Committee of the Council, with his energy and business ability, engineered the project to success, and the first iron bridge across the Des Moines was erected at Walnut Street, and a wooden truss bridge over the 'Coon at Seventh Street.

In 1873, Tichenor went to Chicago and engaged in business. In 1878, the failure of a bank left him penniless, and he returned to his first love, politics. President Hayes appointed him a special agent in the Treasury Department at Washington, and he served in some official capacity in that department until his death, in 1902. At one time, he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He proved an active and efficient official.

When a resident of Des Moines, Tichenor was an active booster in every public-spirited movement, and being a good mixer socially, he helped materially in the progress of the town. In 1867, when the voters of the city rejected a proposition to purchase a fire engine, and protection was greatly needed, Tichenor, with a few other public-spirited fellows, organized the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, and they did good service in saving property from destruction.

April Fourteenth, 1907.

JEHU P. SAYLOR

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AMONG the early comers was Jehu Perkins Saylor, born May Eleventh, 1823, near Valparaiso, Indiana, of German descent on the father's side and English on that of the mother. He came with his father, Benjamin, to Van Buren County in 1836, and helped to clear and improve a small farm. His father was a brick mason, and Government Trader, living always a frontier life. Jehu's youthful days were therefore a part of it, with very limited advantages to acquire an education, two months in a common country school being all that was afforded him.

In 1844, he formed a partnership with John B. Saylor to furnish beef and hay for Government supplies for the garrison at Raccoon Forks, as Des Moines was then called. He arrived February Twentieth, with Thomas Saylor and Austin Branen. The first white man to greet them was Alex. Scott, who was a distinguished personage in those days. The trio secured quarters in a cabin near the officers' headquarters, and did their own cooking and washing.

As the time for the removal of the Indians to Kansas, and the abandonment of the garrison approached, Jehu began prospecting for a land claim. He selected a tract about one mile west of what is now Saylor Grove, skirted with heavy timber on the north, and extending across the valley to Des Moines River, as an ideal location for a farm and home.

At midnight, October Eleventh, 1845, was the hour set for the expiration of the Indian title to land in Polk County. Many "squatters" had come in to wait the event, and an eager crowd was scattered around the country that day, making elaborate preparations to secure the coveted tracts which had been prospected. Land-grabbers and claim-jumpers were also watching their chances to outwit the bona fide settler. Sentinels were stationed at different points, instructed to begin the measurement of claims so soon as the cannon boom at The Fort should sound the tocsin, or the minute hand of the clock reached the midnight hour.

Jehu often related his experience of that event. So intently was his mind fixed upon it, and so uncertain the outcome, that all through the day of the Eleventh he did not lie down to rest, as was his custom, but got candles and tallow dips ready, his hatchet sharpened and in good order, and anxiously counted the laggard passing hours. When the hands of the clock passed the twelve spot, he plunged into the darkness and heavy timber, cutting and blazing the trees, or driving a stake to mark the boundary of his claim. Away in the distance, in all directions, could be seen the dancing, flickering flare of candles, lanterns and torches of those on the same rushing errand, a weird, fantastic spectacle. It was no child's play nor frolic. It was serious business, with brain and nerve under severe tension. Before the rising sun appeared, thousands of acres were staked out, to be immediately occupied by families and household goods, which had been waiting nearby therefor. The plowshare took the place of the sword, and Civilization was commenced.

Under the land laws, no title to the claims made could be obtained until the Government survey had been made, which was done in 1847, and Jehu's claim became, in Land Office parlance, the "nw qr of nw sec 3, the s hf of ne qr and ne of ne qr sec 4, T 79, R 24." It embraced one hundred and sixty acres.

To understand this description, an explanation of the Government survey is necessary. As a starting-point, or base line, the mouth of the Arkansas River was selected, from which a line was run due north and south, to be known as the Principal Meridian. Six miles west of it another line was run parallel to it, and the land between the two lines was called "One West," and so on. By that rule, the east line of Polk County is twenty-two west, or one hundred and thirty-two miles west of the Principal Meridian.

Starting at the same point, a line was run due east and west as a base line. Six miles north of it, another line was run. That divided the land into squares of six miles on each side, which were designated as Congressional Townships, and numbered from the base line, the south line of Polk County being the seventy-seventh. Jehu's land, therefore, was in the forty-ninth range of townships north and twenty-four west. The townships were again subdivided into thirty-six sections, or squares, containing six hundred and

forty acres each, and, beginning at the northeast corner, numbered alternately west and east, so that, knowing the number of a section, the location of a man's farm could be easily determined and found. The land was sold by the Government in tracts of a whole, half or quarter section.

When the midnight race for land was made, the course was, in some cases, decidedly crooked, and the strides in pacing off the rods, not a little stretched, but under the by-laws of the Claim-Holders' Club, all irregularities, overlapping of claims, and discrepancies disclosed by the survey were amicably adjusted. There were no courts, the settlers being a law unto themselves.

Early in 1848, Jehu began cutting logs for a cabin. They were then hewed, an innovation in cabin building in those days. It contained but one room. There was a fireplace, with a chimney built of sticks plastered with mud. The floor was of the puncheon variety, laid on the ground. The roofing was long shingles rived out of timber by hand. For a door, a heavy wool blanket was hung. The windows were latticed with narrow strips of wood, without frames or glass. The cooking was done in a fireplace, in pots hung on an iron crane, and in shallow kettles on the hearth, covered with hot coals. The walls were plastered with clay mud, and made smooth with a trowel. When completed, it was the largest and most pretentious cabin in the settlement. To secure a mistress of it, Jehu wedded Martha A. Bales, who came to the county in 1846, with her father, Solomon, on horseback, driving a herd of cattle and sheep. (See page 261, Volume II.)

The cabin was not very elaborately furnished. Jehu made a table out of rived boards, also several stools and benches. A "one-post" bedstead was planted in one corner, composed of a post from which a rail was fastened to the wall at the foot, and another rail at the side made fast to the wall at the head. The slats were rived from timber. Spring beds and mattresses had not materialized then. There were no wardrobes nor bureaus. Clothing was hung on the walls, and covered with a sheet. The young wife's wedding gown and lingerie were carefully folded, and laid away in a new flour barrel.

The passing of a few years brought a wonderful change. A new house, barns, sheds, fruit trees, ornamental and flowering shrubbery, added comfort and beauty to the place, for Jehu was a man of good taste, a generous provider, energetic and active. He raised fine stock, especially horses. A fine, well-matched team was his ideal, and he usually had them ready for delivery, and sale. Isaac Kuhn, who was selling clothing down on Second Street, used to say: "If you want to buy a good horse, go up to Jay Saylor's farm. He can give you the pedigree of it so close as to give the number of white hairs in its forehead and on its hoofs."

In 1854, Jehu built a store and stocked it with dry goods and groceries hauled by teams from Keokuk, and joined the boosters of the settlement, which was assuming some consequence. Manifest Destiny was in the air. The removal of the Capital from Iowa City was stirring the public mind. The activities of the Saylors, who gave notice that they had provided a site for the Capitol—a beautiful spot, etc., and so forth—disturbed the staid and stately old-timers at The Forks considerably, and caused hurried conferences with Judge Casady, the State Senator from this district, with a warning to keep his eye on the Saylors.

In 1861, when the Civil War came on, Jehu, conscious of his physical weakness, yet desiring to do what he could to aid the Government, traversed the country to raise recruits for the Tenth Iowa Infantry, but after four weeks' exposure and toil, broke down, and was confined to his house for four months.

In 1864, under a call for more troops, it was found that some of the townships in Polk County were short of their quota, and that a draft would be necessary to fill it. Immediately, there was a hegira of able-bodied men to other states. Government officers were sent here to corral the delinquents. Jehu was caught in their net as a reserve for a fellow who had skedaddled. He promptly presented himslf at the office of the Government Enrolling Board, in the building adjoining the *Register and Leader* office, to wait further orders. The army surgeons, however, rejected him for physical disability, and he went back to his farm.

In 1870, he sold out and sought a location more congenial to his health, in Kansas, but the drouths and grasshoppers were too

much for him. In 1873, he returned and bought the Carpenter farm, one mile south of the Army Post, where he lived until 1882, when he was laid to rest in Woodland Cemetery.

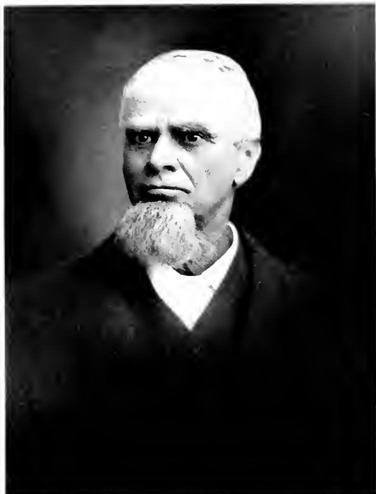
Politically, he was a Republican, but not a politician. He had no taste for politics, nor desire for public office. He used to say: "You cannot get an office, from Road Supervisor to President of the United States, without having your pedigree published all over the country," yet so actively and zealously interested was he in the school and church he was several times unanimously elected School Director.

Characteristic traits of him were public spirit, integrity and honesty. His word was as good as his promissory note.

Socially, he was of nervous, sanguine temperament, so acute it overworked the physical supply of force to keep the machine running. He was benevolent, genial, social, and companionable; ever ready to aid in all good works. He was a special favorite with young people. Nothing gave him more pleasure than, with his smart teams, carry them to church on Sunday, to singing and spelling-schools in the neighboring districts, and, in bad weather, to gather up the little tots and carry them to the day school. His home life was an ideal one. To promote the weal of his family and neighbors was his paramount object.

Religiously, he was an active and exemplary member of the Methodist Church.

July Twenty-eighth, 1907.



A. S. KINGMAN

A. S. KINGMAN

IT is a pleasure to historize a pioneer of Polk County who so impressed his personality on the body politic and left a name so imperishably stamped upon it as Albert Smith Kingman, the founder of one of the beauty spots of the city—"Kingman Place." He was born in Riga, Monroe County, New York, October Eleventh, 1827, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, who emigrated to America in 1500, and settled in New York.

His parents were born in Hampshire County, Massachusetts. His mother, whose maiden name was Sophia Smith, was one of the family from whom the historic "Smith Ferry" was named.

Albert's father was a farmer and a man of considerable prominence. He was a member of the Legislature of New York one term, declining a second term because of impaired health.

Albert passed his boyhood days on a farm, doing whatever he could, his principal stunt being to pick up stones and pile them up in fence rows to get them out of the way, which, in some of the old, rock-bound states was a continuous performance, for so soon as a field was cleared it was again covered. For variety, his father would send him to the woods to cut timber. One day, he found Albert's dinner pail hanging on a peg in the barn, empty. When he came back at night, his father said to him: "You had no dinner to-day." "Oh, yes, I did; I ate it before I started, to save carrying the pail," was the rejoinder.

When fifteen years old, he went to live with his grandparents, in Massachusetts, where he worked for his board and attended the common school, supplementing his studies with diligent reading and close observation of things in general. Later, he attended Williston Academy for Boys, where an ambition seized him to go to college. He tramped over the country, selling maps and charts, to earn money to pay his expenses while preparing to enter Amherst College.

When he became twenty, he said to his father one day: "Your father gave you your time long before you were twenty-one; can I have mine?" "Young man, any time you think you can do better away from home, you may go," was the response. He packed his belongings in a little satchel, and, with what money he had—his father gave him none—set his face toward Amherst. A younger cousin joined him, and together they did janitor work or whatever they could get, to earn means to defray their frugal expenses. They prepared their own meals, and often said they managed so as to have crackers and cheese, if nothing else.

When Albert had reached his majority, the whole country was stirred with the gold discoveries in California, and he had a strong desire to join the vast caravan headed that way, and see more of the country, but the cost was beyond his means. He had two uncles who were practicing law in Kentucky, and there he decided to go. He worked his way to the Mississippi River, where he got a job on a river boat and worked his passage to Hickman, Kentucky. A brief stay there convinced him that the South was not the place for him. Noticing his unsettled state of mind, his uncle said to him one day:

"Young man, you are just starting out in life. Let me give you some advice—the advice of L. A. Bruyert, an eminent French lawyer. If you want to succeed, avoid law suits beyond all things; they influence your conscience, impair your health, and dissipate your property."

Albert thought there was good in it, and he made it the rule of his life.

Unsatisfied with the South, he decided to come West. Arriving at Adrian, Michigan, he found, when searching for work, two schoolmates of boyhood days, and they made a compact to go to California and get rich. They started on foot. The second day out, one of them said to Albert: "Suppose you are taken sick; you have no money. I have some, and I would have to pay your expenses; I will go no farther." He turned backward, and his chum joined him. Albert, undaunted by this showing of the white feather, went on, working a few days in different places to earn some money, until he reached Chicago. After a short respite there,

he again started westward, and walked to Fort Des Moines, arriving April First, 1850, with only fifty cents in his pocket. His gold fever had somewhat subsided, his purse was empty, his shoes worn out, his clothing dilapidated, and he decided to stop awhile and earn more money. His first job was with "Billy" Hughes, out on Four Mile Creek, at thirteen dollars a month and board. The board was far removed from the doughnut-and-pie variety of his boyhood days, for in those days there was very little to be had in Polk County but bacon, corn meal and dried apples. To add variety to the *menu,* one day, coming to The Fort for mail, he purchased a bottle of molasses, stuck it in his pocket, and when at the table would use a little of it, pass it to the next fellow, and then pocket it.

His next job was attending the ferry, just north of where Locust Street bridge is—there were no bridges. The rush of emigration was prodigious, the ferry often being so overcrowded that only the vehicles and people could be taken over, the cattle and horses having to swim. One day, the boat was so crowded he was knocked overboard. He could not swim, and came near drowning, but he grabbed the tail of an ox, which pulled him ashore.

He stuck to the ferry job until he had earned enough to purchase a small tract on the East Side—land was cheap then—and buy a yoke of oxen. He then hired with Eli. Mosier to break prairie, which business he followed until August, 1851, when he sold his East Side tract, and, with the money earned by prairie breaking, purchased from W. W. Williamson the tract now known as "Kingman Place," lying between University Avenue and Center and Twenty-eighth and Thirtieth streets, consisting of nearly one hundred acres, for which he paid four hundred dollars. He at once began clearing his land and preparing it for cultivation. When in suitable condition, he planted a nursery and fruit orchard, and for many years did an extensive and lucrative business in the nursery line. It was not long, however, before the westward progress of the town began to encroach upon his farm, and in 1887, he sold to Frank Sherman, who knew a good thing when he saw it, forty acres for forty thousand dollars. The same year, he donated a strip eighty feet wide through his entire farm, which is now Kingman

Boulevard, soon to be extended to Waveland Park, making one of the most splendid driving places in the city.

Sherman's purchase was platted into residence lots, streets and alleys, and thus was begun one of the beauty spots of the town.

Mr. Kingman selected two acres, now lying along Cottage Grove Avenue, and west of Twenty-eighth Street, for a home place, on which he had, soon after his purchase of the farm, erected a log house. In July, 1854, he wedded a niece of Eli. Mosier, and began housekeeping in the log house, with very little to satisfy an ambitious housekeeper. He made a table of plain boards on which they ate their frugal meals, two chairs given them by Mr. Mosier, a few dishes, a stove, and corn-shuck bed constituted the equipment. Later, the log house was supplanted by a fine residence, where he passed the remainder of his days, until his decease, in March, 1905.

It was not uncommon for him to shoot deer from the door of his log house, his gun always hanging on the wall ready for emergencies.

He was a diligent reader of good books. He loved nature, the waving fields, trees, flowers, birds, and music. The show and glitter of town life had little attraction for him, but the beauties of Art and Nature touched him deeply. Early, he set apart fifty acres remaining after the Sherman purchase to be kept for his children. He planted thereon the most beautiful trees he could find, the hard, or Rock Maple (*Acer saccharinum*), being his special favorite. Happily, he lived to enjoy the fruition of his labor, in the production of one of the most attractive residence tracts in the city, and it is charted on the map of the city as Kingman Boulevard Addition. On his decease, it was divided among his children.

Politically, he was a Republican, but he was not made up for a politician by taste nor adaptation.

Socially, he was of pleasing personality, thoroughly domestic in taste and habit. Love of home, family and friends were his chief incentives of action. His children were his confidants, and it was his dominant thought to make them feel that home was the best place on earth. He was genial, benevolent, and sympathetic. An incident characteristic of his sympathy, especially for the needy,

was manifested when he was working for Mr. Mosier, in the Winter of 1852. Mrs. Jane Swan, a widow, and daughter, Lucy, lived at an isolated place, at what is now the corner of Thirty-fifth and University Avenue. The weather was severe, and he discovered that they had great difficulty in getting fuel, and needed other assistance. He suggested to the mother that he make his home with them, and render them such help as he could. The following Winter, he was prostrated for many weeks with a severe attack of Typhoid Fever, during which he was carefully and tenderly nursed to convalescence by the mother and daughter. With them, he remained until his marriage. Later, the mother left town. Lucy married O. R. Jones, and went to Texas. In March, 1885, she returned, a widow, far advanced in years, without visible means of support. Kingman at once took her to his home, and during the Summer, built a small, comfortable house for her on his farm, where she lived care-free until the Spring of 1901, when she accidentally had an arm broken. He then secured a place for her in the Home for the Aged.

He was a liberal supporter of the church and school, and nearly continuously a Director, Trustee, or Treasurer of a School Board. He was not a member of any clubs or fraternal organizations.

Religiously, he had been trained by his parents in the faith of the so-called Orthodox Congregational Church, with which he united when young, but after coming West, did not place his membership with any church, for in his latter days he believed that true religion depends on facts; not on theory, but on acts. He was a Christian man, of most exemplary character, and a true type of the pioneers who lived and labored for the good of their posterity.

June Twenty-ninth, 1900, he divided among his twelve children five hundred and sixty-two acres of land, all in Polk County, and not a part of Kingman Place, reserving amply sufficient for himself and his mother, and, with contentment, waited the coming of the night which has no to-morrow.

August Fourth, 1907.

GEORGE A. JEWETT

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AN old settler who has had part in the development of Polk County and Des Moines in a quiet, yet none the less potential way, is George A. Jewett, a Hawkeye by birth.

Born in Red Rock, Marion County, September Ninth, 1847, of mixed ancestry (to be precise, three-eighths English, one-fourth Scotch, one-eighth Welsh, one-eighth French, one-eighth Hollander) —he passed his first ten years on a farm, and attended the common school. A favorite camping-place of the Indians was near Red Rock, and George made himself chummy with the Indian boys. While they could beat him shooting with bows and arrows, and riding ponies bareback, he could beat them at marbles, but they soon taught him to become a very good arrow-shooter, and he does not believe he ever had more real enjoyment than he had with those children of the forest. Referring to the sources of amusement in his youth, a few days ago, he said his Uncle, Simpson Matthews, had a team of buffaloes with which he used to haul heavy loads from Keokuk.

Following the failure of the river improvement scheme, came the project, in 1857, for a railroad from Keokuk to Fort Des Moines, with its hopes and expectations intensified by the money panic and procrastination in building it. Great was the discomfiture of the Red Rockers when the road went to Pella, and left them out in the cold, it being so contrary to all custom.

In 1857, when George was ten years old, his mother removed to Pella, so that he and a brother could attend the University there. He entered the Primary Department, and later took a regular course. Dean A. N. Currier, who, for forty years, was one of the professors in the State University, was one of his teachers.

In 1861, when the Rebel shot fell on Fort Sumter, nearly the entire school enlisted in the army, Dean Currier going with his boys. George offered himself, but was rejected because he was

four years short of the age limit. His brother went through the war, and at the close mysteriously disappeared, and was never heard of afterward.

On his rejection from the army, George left the school and went to work on a farm, where he remained until 1865, when he went to a commercial college in Chicago for a six months' course in bookkeeping, and in August of that year came to Des Moines, walking from Pella, as Colonel Hooker charged ten cents a mile to ride in his coaches, George's purse being short on dimes. Arriving at the top of Capitol Hill, he looked westward over the landscape, as did Harrison Lyon, in 1852, and was so well pleased, he decided to make it his future home. He crossed Court Avenue bridge, paid an entrance to the West Side of one cent toll, and became a denizen.

His first movment was for a job as bookkeeper. After searching the town over for several days, and finding none, he footed it to Boonesville, where his uncle, Joseph M. Thrift, father of Adjutant General Thrift, resided. After carefully quizzing him a few days, his uncle advised him to go back to Des Moines and stick, and he walked back again. A few days later, he sauntered into the store of I. & J. Kuhn, when a man named Wolfe, an entire stranger, asked him if he wanted a job. George informed him that was just what he was very much in need of. As was the custom of the pioneers, to help one another, Wolfe gave him a letter of commendation to Brown, Beattie & Spofford, agricultural implement dealers at First and Court Avenue. He got the job at twenty dollars a month and board, and remained with the house eight years, the business having finally passed to William Dickerson, whose daughter, Jennie, became famous as an opera singer.

In April, 1872, he assisted Coryden E. Fuller, John A. Elliott, James Callanan, Samuel Merrill, John W. Elm, James B. Heartwell, John M. Coggeshall, John M. Owens, M. T. Russell, C. C. Carpenter, Brown & Dudley, I. N. Thomas, and J. G. Weeks in organizing the Iowa Loan and Trust Company, with a limited capital of one million dollars, to make loans on real estate securities, with which he remained until he went into the lumber business. The company is still doing an extensive business, having, as shown by its last official report, deposits amounting to two million,

five hundred and fifty thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one dollars and forty-eight cents.

In 1873, George, as everybody called him, abandoned threshing machines, plows, and harrows, and became bookkeeper for H. F. Getchell & Sons, lumber dealers, at Eighth and Vine, where he served until 1879, when he formed a partnership with D. R. Ewing and Ed. S. Chandler, in the lumber business, at Sixth and Cherry, until 1881, when the Wabash Railroad Company wanted a station, and got possession of the lumber yard site under condemnation proceedings. The lumber company then purchased the block at Ninth and Grand, which, two years prior, had been offered the city for a park for ten thousand dollars, but the lumber company had to pay twenty thousand dollars for it. In 1906, George purchased all the interest of the Ewing Estate, Ewing having died, and organized the Jewett Lumber Company.

His life work thus far had been of a clerical or mercantile nature, but his dominant thought had always been toward mechanical industries. He wanted to do things, to see the wheels go round. In 1871, he organized the Des Moines Scale Company, with F. R. West, President; S. F. Spofford, Vice-President; Wesley Redhead, Treasurer, and himself Secretary. Its business was the manufacture of hay and stock scales, and did a good business, and, though it has passed through several changes, it is still in operation.

In 1888, he became interested in an invention for the application of a new principle in the construction of a typewriting machine, known as the "Duplex." He organized a company to manufacture it, and was made President. It was soon discovered that the keyboard of the "Duplex" was so unlike that of other machines with which users had become accustomed, the company devised another machine, and named it the "Jewett." It was well received, and took the highest award at the World's Fair in Chicago, and the first gold medal at the Paris Exposition, in 1900. During the past fifteen years, George has traveled over Europe in the interest of his machine, until there is not a civilized country on the face of the globe in which it is not in use, thus carrying the name of Des Moines to all parts of the world. As there is but one

Des Moines, there can be no question as to identification. The company has paid to labor in Des Moines over one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Unfortunately, some time ago, Eastern capitalists, deeming it a good thing, began purchasing a controlling interest in the stock of the company, so as to remove the plant to their territory. For several years, George has been resisting their scheme, which has necessitated some litigation in the courts and retarded the growth of the company, but it is his aim yet to build a large factory in Des Moines.

Politically, he is a Republican. Before the War of the Rebellion, he was an Abolitionist, and as a driver, he once made two trips from the "station," at Nine-Mile House, between Pella and Oskaloosa, to a point near Monroe, on the "Underground Railroad," with runaway slaves going to Canada.

He never held any public office, except in 1866, Frank Palmer had him appointed a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, which then had charge of the weather service. Instruments were sent to him, and three times a day he took the state of the weather, which was printed every morning in the *Daily Register*, and every week he made his report to Washington. He was the pioneer of the Weather Bureau Service in Des Moines.

Socially, he is genial, courteous and of generous temperament. He has always been actively identified with the church and school life of the community. In 1878, he was one of the organizers of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was its first Secretary. Its meetings were held in the City Council chamber, in Sherman Block, at Third and Court Avenue.

He was an active participant in the founding of Drake University, in 1881, was elected one of the Trustees, and soon after Secretary of the Board, and holds both places yet. He has been a vigorous worker with General Drake, Carpenter, and Bell in the upbuilding of the institution.

He is a member of the Grant and Commercial clubs, but not of any fraternal organizations.

Religiously, he is a member of the Central Church of Christ. In 1866, he was elected Church Clerk; in 1881, Church Treasurer,

and has held both offices since those dates. In 1868, he was chosen Deacon, and in 1887 an Elder.

In 1887, he started a Mission Sunday School on the East Side, which culminated in the erection of a chapel at Twelfth and Des Moines streets. The same year, he, with the Reverend Doctor Breeden, founded the *Christian Worker*, a monthly paper devoted to the interests of the Christian churches of the city. Upon the departure of Doctor Breeden from the city, the Reverend Finis Idleman, his pastoral successor, has assumed the editorial chair of the paper.

September Fifteenth, 1907.

SOLOMON BALES

SOLOMON BALES

A MARKED characteristic of the pioneers was conservatism, industry, frugality, integrity, and helpfulness. They came hither to make and build homes. A religious element also largely permeated the different settlements, which induced early movement to establish the church and school. A typical representative of this element was Solomon Bales. He was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, February Twenty-eighth, 1807. His father, Dilman Bales, whose sister married Aaron Burr, was a Virginian, of Welsh and English descent. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and so noted as a sharpshooter as to gain the sobriquet of "Sure Shot Dill." Solomon's mother was of Scotch-Irish parentage.

While the father was away in the army, Solomon, then five years old, with his mother, in the blockhouse, could hear the roaring of the cannon. He often told his children how his mother wept, and exclaimed: "O, that wicked war!" she being a Quakeress. Solomon amused himself carrying water for the wives of the officers, and in that way earned his first shilling.

Soon after the close of the war, Solomon and his mother, in a small wagon, his father walking with gun in hand, crossed the Cumberland Mountains to Kentucky, where they remained for a short time, and then removed to Tippecanoe County, Indiana. There the father located a large tract of land, and Solomon passed his boyhood days in helping to improve it. On reaching his majority, he engaged in farming and raising, buying and selling live-stock. He was very successful, and accumulated considerable wealth. He built the first large brick house west of La Fayette, in 1834, also two large barns, and had one of the finest homes in the county.

In 1838-1839, he became surety on bonds for some of his business friends, who failed to meet their obligations, and he was

obliged to make good their failure, which took nearly all his property, with nothing to show for it.

He came to Polk County in February, 1846, and purchased a claim for several hundred acres of land in what was known as the Saylor Settlement. The county had not then been surveyed, and there was no title to land except that of a claim-holder, which was held inviolable by the squatters and early settlers. A person who had preëmpted a claim in good faith, could sell his interest and claim rights therein for what he could get. Solomon's claim lay along the east side of Des Moines River, west of Saylor Grove. It was densely covered with timber, consisting of Walnut, Hickory, Black Cherry, Wild Locust, Cottonwood, Linn, and several kinds of Oak. There were about two hundred Rock Maple trees, from which many barrels of sugar and syrup were made.

The first work done after his arrival was to cut away trees, dig out the stumps and brush, roll up the logs and brush, and burn them over a space sufficient to put a cabin, surrounded with a yard and garden, near an ever-flowing spring of sparkling water, saving enough Linn and Cottonwood trees from which to cut the clapboards and puncheon floor for the unhewed log cabin, 10×12 feet, with two six-light windows, and one door. The garden was early planted for Summer vegetables.

After getting his oldest daughter, Susannah, and her husband, Eli. Keeler, comfortably settled in that cozy cottage, he returned to Indiana, and, gathering together what was left of his once valuable holdings, in September, with a family of fourteen, started for his new Western home. The incidents of the journey are related under the title, "The Saylors," Volume II, page Two Hundred and Fifty-five.

Soon after his arrival, Solomon built a large, comfortable cabin and made extensive improvement. He also built the first saw mill in the county, on Des Moines River, and furnished lumber for many of the first frame buildings at The Fort.

One day, he came to the shop of Conrad D. Reinking, the first cabinet maker in Des Moines, and said to him: "If thee will make a table and cupboard from Cherry lumber for my daughter, I will give thee what boards thee wants for thy work." The work was done, and the gift was duly appreciated by the daughter.

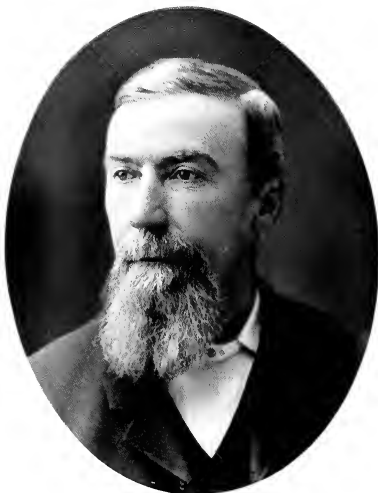
Solomon had been strictly taught the religion of the Quakers, and during his early life attended regularly meetings of the congregation on First Day, and often the Fourth Day of each week. He was all his life a devoted Christian man. There being but few Quakers in his vicinity, and no organized Society of Friends, he took great interest in promoting churches and schools of all denominations. His generous, kindly nature embraced all human kind. His isolation from people of his faith was a sore grievance to him, and he frequently went to Oskaloosa to attend the Yearly Meeting of the church.

In 1869, he decided to dispose of his holding and go to Kansas, where land was cheaper, and settle his younger children. After locating and helping to improve three farms there, in 1886, he purchased a fine home in Lawrence, and there passed the remainder of his days in ease, comfort and enjoyment of the privileges of his church, until 1887, when he was laid to rest in the Friends' Cemetery.

Politically, he was a Henry Clay Whig until the Republican party was organized, when he joined that, but he took little part in partisan politics, and never held a public office.

Socially, he was of genial, generous, kindly temperament. He was a Friend in all that term implies, and for which he paid a costly price, in one instance, over forty thousand dollars.

June Second, 1907.



WILLIAM LOWRY

WILLIAM LOWRY

A PIONEER who tasted the Cup of Misfortune and passed through the Valley of Trouble was the well-known William Lowry.

He was born in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, February Fourteenth, 1835, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His grandfather came to America from Ireland in 1798, and settled in Lancaster. Later, four brothers came and settled in different parts of the country, but he never saw them after they reached America.

William passed his boyhood days with his father, who was a hatter, and acquired such education as he could in the public school of that day, which was supplemented with a course in Franklin College.

In 1851, when sixteen years old, he was apprenticed for four years to learn the trade of carpenter. At the close of his apprenticeship, he worked one year as a journeyman.

In 1855, he came to Iowa, reaching Davenport July Seventh, registered at the Ohio House, kept by the Howell Brothers, and on Ninth Street secured his first job. There and in Moline he worked at his trade until October, 1856, when, hearing that the new Capital of the state was a good place for a young man with aspirations, he packed his carpet-bag, mounted one of Colonel Hooker's stage coaches, at three o'clock on the morning of the Ninth, deposited his luggage at the Everett House, kept by the jolly Absalom Morris, who, he says, furnished good meals, filled the dinner pails, and made everybody feel as though he had known them all their days, then went to bed. The house was crowded with travelers and land-seekers.

The next morning, after one of Absalom's satisfying breakfasts, he sailed out for business and to make observations. There was not much to attract a new-comer. There was but one bridge, a pontoon, floating, at Keokuk Street (now Grand Avenue), operated

by Father McClelland, as he was called. On the East Side, the only building was a frame about twenty feet square, on the southeast corner of Ninth and Keokuk, used for religious and school purposes. Reverend William Remsburg, a saintly old man, did the preaching, and his wife did the school teaching therein. Many of our prominent men received their early tutelage in that school, among them Congressman J. A. T. Hull.

The State House was then in process of construction on East Walnut. That was Lowry's first objective point. He took the narrow plank walk laid on stilts above high-water mark, through grubs, thereto. The walls of the building were up ready for the rafters and roof. He interviewed John Bryan, the contractor, and John P. Huskins, his foreman, secured a job, and on the Eleventh of that month went to work, and so continued until the building was completed and ready for the Legislature, in January, 1858. The Pine lumber used was hauled by teams from Davenport, and cost one hundred dollars per thousand feet, delivered to the builders. About twenty carpenters were employed, all good fellows, who got the roof on and floors laid ready for the plasterers in the Spring of 1857. On the Fourth of July, "the boys" decided to celebrate, but there was not a flag in the town. Lowry purchased material, and hired John Morris, a one-legged tailor, or "Pegleg Morris," as he was usually called, to sew it together. A tall Hickory pole was cut on the Capitol grounds, and on the morning of the Fourth, Lowry flung to the breeze the first flag to float from the Capitol in Des Moines. A platform was erected on the site of the present Capitol, and orations were made by "Dan" Finch, W. H. McHenry ("Old Bill"), Colonel "Tom" Walker (a "Kentucky Colonel"), J. A. Williamson, and others. A fat ox was roasted, garnished with the necessary fixings, and a grand ovation in genuine pioneer style was had.

When the building was ready for the seating, desks and furniture, a verbal agreement was made between Governor Grimes, other state officers, and Bryan, whereby the latter was to make the necessary furniture. He fulfilled the agreement under many difficulties. The country was new, seasoned Black Walnut lumber was high in price, the roads were bad, and expenses for hauling exorbitant. His bill was presented to the General Assembly, where it

was declared extortionate, but, after a long delay, and emasculating it of fourteen hundred dollars, it was allowed, but never accepted by him during his life. Since his decease, his heirs have made repeated application for a settlement of the claim. Referring to the incident a few days ago, Mr. Lowry said: "The bill was a just one. Bryan had great difficulty in procuring material, and expended all his surplus money to get the building ready for the Legislature on time. It is a just claim, and the State of Iowa owes it to Bryan's estate."

January Fourteenth, 1884, the new Capitol having been completed so as to accommodate the General Assembly, at two fourteen P. M., the members of the Senate and House of Representatives formed in line, marched to the new building, and the old one was abandoned to rats, bats, the elements, and ruin, until September First, 1892, when it went up in a cloud of fire, supposedly started by tramps and hoodlums, who had made it a common resort.

In January, 1858, a branch Postoffice was established in East Demoine, as the East Side was then called, with Doctor Alex. Shaw as Postmaster. Lowry was appointed Deputy, and served until the following March, when, hearing of what he considered was a better thing, resigned, and recommended George Tichenor as his successor, who was appointed. Hyde & Huskins, who had been contractors for the State House, had made a contract to build a Court House at Webster City, in Hamilton County, and wanted Lowry to go with them, all to be on the ground at a fixed date. Accordingly, Hyde and Lowry left Des Moines early the morning of March Fifteenth, on horseback. The weather was clear and cold, and all went well until about ten o'clock, when a blizzard came upon them. The wind increased, the snow fell heavily and drifted. It soon became impossible to see fifty yards, and they were lost—did not know what direction they were going. The horses floundered through the snow drifts, the storm continuing until far into the night. During the day, they saw no living thing. They kept the horses moving, however, and during a lull in the wind, a dim light was seen in the distance, for which they steered. Reaching a cabin, they found it occupied by a Norwegian alone, and learned they were near Squaw Creek, in Story County. They had eaten

nothing since early morning, and were nearly frozen. The Norwegian put their horses in his shack stable, gave them a good feeding, made a good fire in the cabin, and cooked them a hot meal, consisting of corn bread and Pennyroyal tea, which Lowry says was the best meal he ever ate. A bed of hay was made on the ground floor, and after a refreshing rest and sleep, they resumed their journey through the drifted snow, reaching Webster City late at night. They remained there eighteen months, making earnest effort to complete the Court House. Through some irregularity in the issuance of the bonds, their time and money were lost. They were "dead broke," and returned to Des Moines.

Pike's Peak was then the objective point of gold-seekers. Lowry, John and Joe Huskins fited up a two-horse team, with the necessary outfit, and May Nineteenth, 1860, started for the Peak, reaching Denver five weeks later, in which was but one brick building, the United States Mint. There they changed their plans, and went to California Gulch, one hundred and fifty miles distant, where they worked until October First, and, having panned out but little gold dust, sold out for what they could get, and returned to Des Moines, long on experience, but short on cash. Physically, however, they had gained in adipose tissue, avoirdupois, and appetite.

Lowry then resumed his trade until the Spring of 1861, when he became a clerk in the grocery store of J. M. Moody, where he remained eleven years.

In 1865, he was elected Secretary of East Demoine School District Board. By considerable good financiering, what is now Bryant school building was erected at Penn and Keokuk avenues. It was the boast of the time that it was sufficient for the next generation, but soon after another building was necessary. Four lots were purchased at Twelfth and Lyon, and what is now the Webster building was erected. In 1870, he declined further election as Secretary.

In 1871, he was elected City Treasurer, and was twice reëlected. During the last quarter of his third term, in November, 1875, he was elected County Treasurer, and December First, resigned the city office to qualify as County Treasurer. So satisfactorily did he

fill the office, and so implicit was the trust and confidence of the people in his integrity, he was reëlected and served a second term. Enos B. Hunt was his Deputy. They were often overworked, and had to burn midnight oil in that pestiferous old rookery to keep their records clear, for they did not have a corps of clerks to aid them.

Lowry being a very cautious man, and the Court House having no vaults nor place he deemed suitable or safe in which to keep the large amount of money frequently received, placed it in the bank of F. R. West & Son for safe keeping. During his second term, July Seventeenth, 1877, the bank was crushed, through the failure of B. F. Allen, and the doors were closed against him, with seven thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven dollars and ninety-three cents of county funds therein. The failure was a terrible blow to him, as it was to thousands of others, and created intense excitement in the community. In a reminiscent mood one day, not long ago, he said: "On my way home that night, my thoughts were of the sorrow it would be to my wife and children, and of the parting words of my father when I left home to come West. I never have, and never shall, forget them. Said he: 'William, keep your integrity and you will always have true friends in time of need.' There was no sleep in our house that night. My wife and I sat under the trees and counseled of the loss, and the effect it would have upon the children and ourselves. Our conclusion was to surrender all we had, begin anew, and we did so." Their property was turned over to the assignee of the bank, for the benefit of the county. Subsequently, an effort was made in the courts to exempt from the attachment of the property of the bank the county funds, on the ground that they were placed in the bank only for safety accommodation, the county not having any proper place therefor, but the courts held that money when placed in a bank became the property of the bank, subject to all laws relating thereto; that the county was presumed to provide a suitable place to keep its funds; that if the County Treasurer placed them elsewhere or in a bank, he did it at his own risk.

The numerous friends of Lowry then rallied to his aid. A petition was presented to the Twentieth General Assembly for his

relief. The matter was referred to a special committee, who, after a thorough investigation, reported that Lowry had made good to the county by the payment in full of the amount he had deposited in the bank; that it was an entire loss to him except a dividend received from the assignee of the bank of six hundred and forty-one dollars and ninety-one cents, leaving a loss of six thousand, five hundred and thirty-two dollars and two cents. The General Assembly then passed a bill authorizing the Board of Supervisors of Polk County to submit to the voters of the county a proposition to refund his loss. The proposition was submitted at the election in November, 1884, and carried by over four thousand majority.

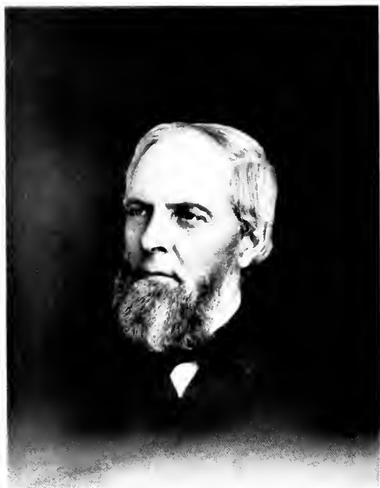
Soon after the expiration of his term, in 1879, Lowry opened a small grocery store, and remained in that business until October, 1886, when he was elected Superintendent of Union Park, which place he now holds, with eminent satisfaction to the thousands of visitors to that favorite resort.

Politically, he is a Democrat, but in local affairs he always votes for the man he deems best qualified for the office. He cast his first vote in Des Moines for James Buchanan for President. At that election, there was but one voting place in the town, the old Court House, which stood where the Union Depot now is. The total vote of the town at that election was eight hundred and nine.

Socially, he is quiet, unassuming, genial, courteous in manner, and deservedly popular. Domestic in taste and habit, he finds in his home more satisfaction than in the usual society events. He is one of the oldest members of Capital Lodge, of the Order of Odd Fellows, and Capital Lodge, of the Masonic order, and was the second Master Mason passed in that lodge. He is also a member of Lodge Number Ten, Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Religiously, he was reared in the faith of the Presbyterian Church, but in 1884, he united with the Roman Catholic Church, of which his estimable wife had been a member from girlhood to her death, August Ninth, 1905.

November Third, 1907.



JOSEPH B. STEWART

J. B. STEWART

CALLING the roll of pioneers of Polk County, none would receive greater meed of praise and esteem than Joseph Bufton Stewart, who, for nearly half a century, was a prominent personage in the civic and social life of the community.

Born August Twelfth, 1821, near Saint Charles, Missouri, he passed the days of his boyhood with his parents, subject to the somewhat predatory life of his father, who was a surgeon in the United States Army, where he served many years. In 1805, when the United States acquired the Territory of Missouri, he was located at Saint Louis. He served in the War of 1812, and in 1814, while on his way to Prairie du Chien, was wounded by the Indians at Rock Island. He deceased in 1834.

In 1835, when fourteen years old, Joseph removed with his mother to Fort Madison, then in the county of Demoine, and being a part of Michigan Territory. The following year, the county of Lee was carved out of Demoine County, and what is now the State of Iowa was made a part of Wisconsin Territory. In 1838, the Territory of Iowa was carved out of Wisconsin, so that Joseph had the distinction of having lived in three territories and two counties without having changed his residence. When he went to Fort Madison it was in what was known as the Black Hawk Purchase, and contained more Indians than white people.

During his early manhood, Stewart engaged in pioneer farming, until 1846, when he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1851, he was running a warehouse on Des Moines River at Croton, when the State Board of Public Works was improving the river by a system of locks and dams, and who succeeded, after a miserable failure, in getting the most vigorous damning ever vouchsafed by an outraged people to public officials.

At Croton was one of the dams. The steamboat *Add. Hine*, bound up for Fort Des Moines with a cargo consigned to B. F.

Allen and Jonathan Lyon, who were running a general merchandise store on Second Street, arrived at the dam. The river was so low it could not get over the dam, and it was necessary to unload and put the cargo in storage until another rise in the river, for there were no railroads, a delay which involved much discomfort and want to the people at The Fort. Part of the freight was a large lot of wooden shoes consigned to the Hollander town of Pella, which was stored in a blacksmith shop. The next Spring, came the biggest flood ever known on the river. The shop and wooden shoes floated off to the Mississippi.

In 1853, Stewart was induced by friends and relatives of T. A. Walker, Receiver of the United States Land Office, to come to Fort Des Moines, as Chief Clerk in the Land Office. In May, 1854, on the resignation of R. L. Tidrick as Register of the office, Walker was appointed as his successor, and Judge P. M. Casady was appointed Receiver. Stewart was *defacto* Chief Clerk of Walker, but so implicit was Casady's trust in him, he made it a rule of the office that Stewart should receive and handle all the money which came into the office, whereas Walker was an active politician, and sometimes, on convivial occasions, "lost his bearings." All money received was gold and silver. The rush of land-seekers was so great that the daily receipts were often twenty-five thousand dollars, for which Casady was personally responsible, under heavy bonds, with no safes nor safety vaults as are made now, the office being in Exchange Block, at Third and Walnut. It was the custom, when the receipts reached twenty-five thousand dollars, to send it by special messenger and guards to the sub-treasury at Saint Louis, a trip fraught with weariness and danger, but not a dollar was ever lost by the Des Moines office. The hotels were crowded day and night by land-buyers and speculators, the latter doing a big business traveling over the country, making "selections" of unentered land, and then selling them at good figures to those who wanted to enter them at the Land Office, the buyer preferring to pay a good price rather than make the search. It developed, however, that sharpers were selling "selections" they had not made, and of which they knew nothing. Stewart, having familiarized himself with the field-notes, maps and business of the Land Office, opened an office

for selecting and entering land for settlers, who were willing to pay good fees for the exercise of his good judgment and honesty in selecting land for them. He also engaged largely in buying and selling real estate, and soon accumulated considerable wealth. He was optimistic, had firm faith the town would grow and become of some importance.

September Eighth, 1857, he laid out and platted three hundred and sixty acres on the East Side, northeast of Governor's Square, and made it an addition to the city, but the financial crash of that year caught him with a heavy indebtedness, yet he never faltered, and with good management until the coming of the flood-time of business, he canceled all his obligations and was the possessor of considerable wealth.

In February, 1858, when the Legislative Committee met to investigate the charges made by West Siders that the Commissioners who had located the State House in 1855 on the East Side had been bought with bribes of money and town lots given by East Siders, Stewart was called before the committee to show how Guy Wells, of Lee County, one of the locating commissioners, came in possession of certain lots on the East Side, near the State House grounds. The lots disclosed in his testimony could not now be got for several hundred thousand dollars. On being sworn, he testified as follows:

"Question.—Did you appear before the Mayor and Aldermen of Des Moines City some several months ago, to have a change made in the assessment of lots on the east side of the river that had been made to you?

"Answer.—I don't think I ever appeared before the Mayor and Aldermen when they were in session. I can say, however, that I requested one of the Aldermen—Tidrick, I think—and the Treasurer, to see if the change could not be made. My reason was, the land had been assessed by the acre in one tract to myself and others. Several undivided interests had been conveyed to other parties prior to that time, some perhaps a year before, and, as the tax amounted to about one thousand dollars, I desired to have the change made so that I could pay my part, and not pay for all the entire interest or assessment.

"Question.—Was Mr. Wells interested in any part of the property you had so assessed?

"Answer.—He was.

"Question.—To what extent was he interested?

"Answer.—To the extent of ten acres, from the Twentieth day of December, 1854, which was the date of the bond. It was not conveyed to him by deed till it was divided. It was conveyed since the first of September, 1857. He paid for it some time before—one-half on the Thirtieth of December, 1854, and the other half on the First of November following. The price he paid was thirty-five dollars an acre—a good price at that time.

"Question.—Where did that ten acres lay, in reference to the Capitol?

"Answer.—It was an undivided interest in what was known as Stewart's Addition.

"Question.—Was that land sold to Wells at the time of the passage of the Act for the removal of the Capital?

"Answer.—It was during that session of the Legislature. A verbal agreement was made before.

"Question.—How soon after that was Wells appointed one of the Commissioners?

"Answer.—I don't know exactly about the appointment.

"Question.—Was there any contingency in the verbal agreement?

"Answer.—None.

"Question.—Did you know, or was it not the talk before he was appointed, that he would be appointed?

"Answer.—If so, not more than a week or so. I think not.

"Question.—Did no one so state—no one from Iowa City?

"Answer.—I don't know that I heard his name mentioned.

"Question.—Do you know of any other property that Wells claims to have an interest in?

"Answer.—I do not.

"Question.—When the land was sold to him, did you suppose he would be appointed?

"Answer.—I had not the least idea of it.

"Question.—Did you not expect that Wells would use his influence with the legislative delegation?

"Answer.—I did. I supposed it would result in that."

On cross examination:

"Question.—Did not Wells pay full price, and even higher than others who purchased interest in that land?

"Answer.—He did pay as high or higher than some land in the same tract sold for.

"Question.—Did Judge Wright pay as much as Wells?

"Answer.—No; he had it five dollars per acre less.

"Question.—When did Wright get it?

"Answer.—About the time of the passage of the law."

On re-direct:

"Question.—State if any of the Commissioners owned any part of the addition in which you spoke of Wells as being interested in.

"Answer.—Yes; I believe I made a conveyance of some lots to the extent of five acres. That interest he purchased of Van Buskirk, at about four hundred—or from three hundred to five hundred per acre. The purchase was made by Goodrell, in the Summer or Fall of 1856.

"Question.—Did you see the money paid?

"Answer.—I did not. The interest had been owned by Baldwin, of Fairfield, and by him sold to Van Buskirk. The deed was made to me by Baldwin. The reason why I know it was purchased by Van Buskirk was that he got the deed and gave it to me, and I gave him, I think, a bond for two and a half acres. There was a bond given by Van Buskirk to Goodrell for five acres. I lifted that bond, and gave Goodrell a bond agreeing to convey the lots to him when the tract was divided.

"Question.—What was the date of the bond from Van Buskirk to Goodrell?

"Answer.—I think it was in the Summer of 1856.

"Question.—Is this Baldwin of Fairfield a brother of the one who testified here the other night?

"Answer.—I have heard so.

"Question.—Do you know who Baldwin bought the land of?

"Answer.—He bought it of me.

"Question.—What time did he pay for it?

"Answer.—Some time in 1854 or 1855—in the Winter or Spring.

"Question.—Was it after the law passed for the re-location?

"Answer.—It was in the Spring of 1855. He paid me thirty-five dollars per acre for it.

"Question.—Had Van Buskirk any other property on this side of the river?

"Answer.—I don't know of any, except in the three hundred and sixty-two acre tract lying northeast of Capitol Square, in Stewart's Addition.

"Question.—What interest had Van Buskirk in that tract?

"Answer.—I know of his having fourteen acres at one time. He bought and sold a great deal in it.

"Question.—What interest had he at the time of the location of the Capitol?

"Answer.—I think five acres—I don't know.

"Question.—Do you know of Street having any interest here since the location of the Capitol?

"Answer.—No, sir.

"Question.—Do you know of the Commissioners receiving anything, either directly or indirectly, for locating the Capitol on the east side of the river?

"Answer.—I do not."

At the close of the examination, Mr. Stewart explained to the committee his reply to a query the first day, as follows:

"When Miller asked if I expected Wells to use his influence to remove the Capitol [State House], I will reply further that he, Wells, never made any proposition to use his influence, and that I never required it or spoke of it at all as connected with that transaction—that all our conversation on the subject of the removal of the Capitol at that time, and before, was his conviction that the Capital [Seat of Government] would eventually come here, at this town or near it."

The committee decided that the fact that Wells owned a small tract of land near where the location was made had no force, inasmuch as he purchased it long before the location was made or the law passed under which he was appointed a Commissioner.

In 1864, the First National Bank was organized, with Stewart as President. It had a capital stock of one hundred and fifty

thousand dollars, and was made a United States Government Depository. In 1868, he sold his interest to B. F. Allen, and retired from the bank. During his presidency, the bank, at two different times, cashed a check for five hundred thousand dollars, a notable occurrence in those days.

In 1886, when the Iowa and Minnesota Narrow-Gauge Railway Company was organized by B. F. Allen and sixteen other prominent business men and property holders, for the purpose of getting better transportation connection with the surrounding country, Stewart was one of the incorporators. In 1869, the road was bisected, and a new company, the Des Moines and Minnesota Railway Company, incorporated, who took the north half from Des Moines to Ames. Stewart was one of the incorporators, and was elected one of the first Board of Directors. In 1873, he was elected Vice-President of the company. Later, J. J. Smart, a railroad builder, which Stewart was not, was elected Vice-President and Superintendent, and Stewart Secretary, as more in line with his practical experience.

In January, 1867, when the Equitable Life Insurance Company was organized, Stewart was elected one of the Board of Trustees.

In 1869, he was elected a member of the City Council, to represent the Second Ward, which then embraced all the West Side between Vine and Locust streets. In 1871, he was reëlected, but he was not adapted by nature or inclination for the vexations of such a thankless office, and two terms were enough for him.

In 1872, the first organized effort to "boost" Des Moines was made. The business men of the town came to the conclusion that "Manifest Destiny" did not build cities. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company turned a deaf ear to it, and built its main line westward forty miles north of the city, which caused the people to sit up and take notice. A meeting of citizens was held on the Twenty-fourth day of May, in that year, at which a Citizens' Association was organized, with "Tom" Hatton as President; L. W. Dennis, Vice-President; Albert L. West, Treasurer. Standing committees were elected, with the following as chairmen of each: Finance, Hoyt Sherman; Municipal Affairs, N. B. Collins; Taxes, J. B. Stewart; Railroads, Samuel Merrill; Home Manufactures,

J. A. Ankeny; Publications, R. S. Inness; Improvements, John A. Elliott.

That organization gave a fresh impetus to business, and secured valuable improvements, but it lacked the vitalizing power of the present booster aggregation. It was bounded on the east by Des Moines River, a distinction with a difference. The ghost of the State House fiasco, and the Court House scrimmage, still hovered in the gloaming.

Socially, Mr. Stewart was genial, unobtrusive in speech or action, companionable, fond of society, highly esteemed, and always actively interested in social affairs of the community. He was one of the coterie—the Shermans, Spoffords, Inghams, Reeds, Terrys, Kassons, Loves, Keyes, Tuttles, Robertsons, Wests, Polks, Syphers, Hippees, Deweys, Mills, Nourses, Withrows, Hookers, Finches, Rices, McKays, Allens *et al*—in their improvised entertainments and amusements. There was always something doing to kill time and drive away the blues, for they were a jolly crowd, very few of whom are with us now. Mrs. Bina Wyman—she was then popularly known as Miss Lunt, a very demure schoolma'am, with mirthful proclivities, one day, when scanning the pictures that hang on Memory's walls, recalled one of the notable social events. It was a surprise party, given one cold Winter night, to Reverend Doctor Peet, the beloved pastor of the Episcopal Church, who lived on his little "farm," on the river bottoms about opposite the present City Railway power house. The snow was deep, the road very narrow, with a steep bank on either side, so that the least swerve meant an upset. With her in Mr. Hoyt Sherman's big sleigh, drawn by a span of high-steppers, was Mr. Sherman, his driver; Mrs. Sherman, and Mrs. B. F. Allen. Mrs. Sherman was very carefully carrying a pail of cream, closely watching the track, and all was going on merrily, though a little scary, when Mrs. Allen was suddenly missed. A halt was made, and she was found sitting in the snow in the middle of the road. "After some arguing and coaxing," said Mrs. Wyman, "we got her back into the sleigh, and drove on, reaching our destination in safety. The house was brilliantly lighted, a great wood fire in the fireplace, and a group of friends present who welcomed us with old-fashioned hospitality. How we

did enjoy that supper—every one brought their supper—and the games and charades that followed! There were Colonel and Mrs. S. F. Spofford, Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Hooker, Mr. C. W. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, Misses Ella and Abbie Mitchell, Miss Kate Stanley, Mary and Lucy Love (Mary was Miss Ella Quick's mother), Judge Byron and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. 'Dan' Finch, Miss Mary Calder (Mrs. Rice's sister), Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kasson, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Cook, Warren and Tac. Hussey, Libbie and Abbie Cleaveland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Withrow, Mr. J. B. Stewart, W. S. Pritchard, the Callanans, Inghams, Reeds and Terrys."

Mr. Stewart was a liberal giver to all worthy objects in civic, church, or school affairs, and especially for the relief of soldiers during the war period. It is a fact that so generous and abundant were the donations to "the boys" at the front, they requested it to be stopped and turned toward their families at home, but the people at home kept the soldiers' families supplied with great liberality. At one festival, December Thirty-first, 1864, there was received seven thousand, two hundred and sixty-one dollars and thirty-five cents for the relief fund.

Politically, Stewart was a Democrat, but in no sense a politician. He was not a member of any fraternal organization, his strong domestic temperament being better satisfied with the attractiveness of home and its inmates, than with clubs and societies. He was not a member of any church, believing that true religion consists in right living rather than loud professions.

He deceased May Tenth, 1899.

September Twenty-second, 1907.

ADDISON J. HEPBURN

ADDISON J. HEPBURN

AN early settler who, by his presence alone, through the effulgence of his sunny nature, added to the cheer and pleasure of Fort Des Moines, was Addison J. Hepburn, or Add., as everybody familiarly called him.

He was born in Olean, New York, April Twenty-second, 1827, of Scotch-Irish ancestry on his father's side, and English on that of his mother. His father was a cabinet maker and furniture dealer. Add. passed his youthful days with his parents, attended the common school, and, during school vacations, served as a clerk in dry goods stores, preferring the yardstick to the jackplane and hammer in his father's shop.

When nearing his majority, he entered a dry goods store at Ironton, Ohio, as salesman, where, for several years, he was a great favorite in the exclusive social circles of that city.

In 1853, he came to Denmark, Lee County, his parents having removed there, and after a short time returned to Ironton, where he remained until 1855, when he came by stage coach to Fort Des Moines, to visit his sister, who was the wife of the pioneer Baptist preacher, J. A. Nash. He decided to remain, and his first job was a clerkship in the store of "Uncle Jimmy" Crane, a genial, good-hearted soul, familiar with everybody, who had a store on Second Street. He took his bed and board at the Avenue House, kept by John Hays, a long, low, wooden hostelry on the northeast corner of Fourth and Court Avenue.

Add. used to relate, with a humorous chuckle, an incident which happened soon after he entered the service. It was on Saturday evening, after an unusually brisk trade through the day; "Jimmy" took the cash book, went off by himself to figure up the sales. After poring over it some time, he wheeled about, saying: "Boys, I've been robbed." The clerks were surprised, and Add. not a little, for he was comparatively a new-comer. They told "Jimmy" he

must be mistaken, for there had not been any suspicious persons about the premises during the day.

"Well, the cash is short eighteen dollars and fifty-five cents, and if you don't believe it, come and see, and count it up yourselves. There it is," putting his finger on the spot.

Add. asked if he suspected him.

"No," said Jimmy. "I don't know who to suspect, but the money is gone, and somebody has got it. You can see that yourself. Just figure it up."

Putting on his hat, and as was his custom when perplexed with business affairs, or in trouble, he went over to the grocery to quell his mental disturbance with *spiritous frumenti*, which, in those days, was a part of the stock in trade in a licensed grocery.

Add. ran his eye casually over the column of figures in the cash book, and discovered the "robbery." On the margin of the page, over the dollars and cents column, had been written the date and year, 1855, and "Jimmy" had counted the year in the cash receipts. Add. laid the book aside, and when "Jimmy" turned up about noon on Monday, he explained the apparent discrepancy to him. It was some time before "Jimmy" was fully satisfied, but when he got it fairly through his head, he went to the assuager of his sorrows again to get some more of the same medicine to help celebrate his narrow escape from robbery, and did not appear at the store again until Tuesday evening. The genial, good fellow was his own worst enemy, and not long ago, his mangled form was found along the railroad track, the victim of cruel car wheels.

Subsequently, Add. formed a partnership with "Aleck" Woodward in the dry goods trade, and did a good business until the financial panic of 1857, which closed the doors of many business houses, caught "Aleck" and Add. unprepared for the squeeze. After closing up their business, Add. became head salesman with Keyes & Crawford, on Court Avenue, next east of *The Register and Leader* building, where he served several years. Later, he was with Knight Brothers in the same building, the headquarters of fashionable dry goods trade. In 1873, he formed a partnership with "Charley" Morris, in exclusive dry goods trade, on Fifth Street, where the Youngerman Building now is, and there some of the

oldest residents of the city purchased their first laces and table linen, for Add. was an expert caterer to feminine taste and fancy, and never more happy than when he could gratify them.

His last business venture was in 1885, under the firm name of Hemphill, Hepburn & Traversy, who opened a store in Clapp's Block, but it proved an unprofitable undertaking, and the business was closed out.

In 1888, the re-appearance of an affection of the right leg, which originated when a youth, completely prostrated him, yet, with his usual optimistic spirit, he patiently bore his pain and suffering, looking hopefully ahead for recovery, until the surgeons informed him that to save his life he must lose his leg. With a smile of resignation, he accepted the ultimatum. But the disease had got ahead of the surgeon's knife. In a short time, the scalpel and saw were again applied, then a third time. After months of suffering, which would have crushed many stronger men, he was able to get about on crutches, an object of the most profound commiseration to his thousands of friends, but, with his old-time cheerfulness, he did what he could for the support of his family.

So profound was public sympathy for him, and so universally was he highly esteemed, in 1892, he was nominated by the Republican County Convention for County Recorder. So popular was he with the masses of the people, the Democratic Convention made no nomination for the office against him, and he was unanimously elected at the November election, entered upon his official duties January Third, 1893, and on May Third following, wasted and worn by the ravages of the ailment which had sapped his vitality, his life went out, peacefully as slumber comes to the babe in its mother's arms.

As an expression of public esteem of him, his good wife was, on May Sixteenth, appointed his successor, to fill the vacancy, and in November, 1894, was elected for a full term. She filled the office with credit to herself and satisfaction to the public.

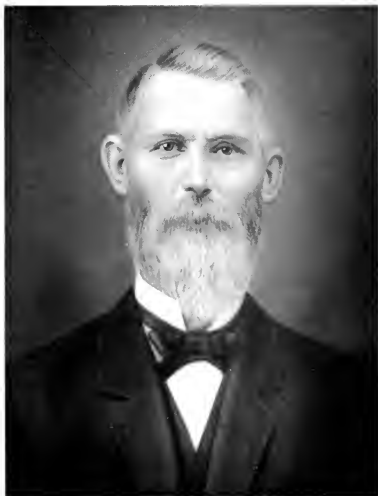
Socially, Add.'s sunshiny temperament was a bennison to the whole community, for he was always cheerful, encouraging, hopefulness personified; smiled when tormented with pain; knew no guile; was honest in every fibre of his being. He was the favorite

and ideal tradesman for the young women, now wives of prominent business men, for they knew him. He took part in their perplexities in solving the problems of selections and quality. If he could not serve them, they would wait another day, was proverbial. He was as sincere as a child. There was no concealment in his nature. He was filled with generous impulses, and ever ready to aid the sick and needy, to the full extent of his means. His heart pulsated with love for all humanity. It was in the social life of the community his influence was most effective, for he exemplified not greatness, but goodness. He was a member of the Masonic order and several social clubs.

Politically, he was first a Whig, and then a Republican, but took no part in politics, as politics goes.

Religiously, he was a Baptist, and member of the First Baptist Church.

September Twenty-ninth, 1907.



JOSIAH M. THRIFT

JOSIAH M. THRIFT

AN old-timer who came to Polk County when it was inhabited only by Indians, and who figured quite prominently, was Josiah Moffit Thrift. He was born in Virginia, in the year 1815, of English ancestry. His father was a planter, and slave-holder, who devoted most of his time to preaching at isolated stations. When Josiah was five years old, his father disposed of his plantation, and purchased a large tract of land in Knox County, Ohio, on which he opened a farm. He gave his slaves the privilege of going where they pleased, or remaining with him as free persons, to be paid for their services, as were other employed persons.

On this farm, Josiah passed his boyhood days, with very limited opportunity for attending school. When sixteen years old, he became a clerk in the store of an elder brother, where he remained about two years. He then went to Mount Vernon, Ohio, and was apprenticed to learn the trade of tailoring, which acquired, he went to Cincinnati, where he entered the employ of a large tailoring firm, and there worked on the same bench side by side with the once President, Andrew Johnson.

In those days, to military posts or garrisons, were assigned tailors. Thrift, through friends, applied for an appointment as Garrison Tailor, a *defacto* Government officer, subject to change from post to post in like manner as any person in army service. He was appointed, and sent to Fort Madison, Iowa, arriving there in 1842. In 1843, he was transferred to Fort Des Moines, and arrived May Twentieth, with a detachment of soldiers, consisting of two companies of cavalry, or Dragoons, as they were then called, and two companies of infantry.

In November, he went to Libertyville, Jefferson County, Indiana, got married, and returned December Twenty-fourth.

At the close of that year, beside the officers and soldiers, there were the Indian Agent, Beach, and his interpreter, Josiah Smart;

the Indian Traders, Washington George and George Washington Ewing, and Ben. Bryant, their clerk; Phelps & Company, fur dealers; J. B. and W. A. Scott, William Lamb, and Alexander Turner, contractors to furnish hay and other farm products for the garrison, all of whom were stationed near where the packing-houses now are, and eastward. Of the garrison were Charles Weatherford and a man named Baker, blacksmiths; Thrift, tailor; John Sturdevant and John Drake, gunsmiths; Robert A. Kinzie, sutler. So far as civilization was concerned, such, then, was Des Moines and Polk County. Eddyville and Ottumwa each contained about a dozen families. Between them and Fort Des Moines, the area was as Nature made it, except trails made by Indians, while north of The Fort, no white man had made his abode, so that Mr. Thrift may be truly called the first white settler of Polk County and Des Moines, for he was the only man of the garrison who remained and became a citizen. In fact, he became a squatter at the start, for he secured a claim adjoining the so-called Thompson farm, both of which are now part of Union Park, on which he built a log cabin, wherein he began housekeeping with his young wife, and where, March Fifteenth, 1845, the stork brought them a daughter, Hannah Jane. The second birth in the same log cabin was that of a brother, William Hurlbut, the present Adjutant General of Iowa, who caught the first glimpse of this curious world of ours October Fifteenth, 1847, but kaleidoscopic have been the changes he has witnessed since, I think he will admit.

In July, 1845, young Black Hawk, with whom Thrift was on very friendly terms, was camped on the bottoms west of Thrift's cabin, where the Gun Club grounds now are. A few days after the murder of Colonel George L. Davenport, at Rock Island, July Fourth, eight men rode up to Thrift's cabin and requested lodging for the night. Thrift was suspicious of them, as their appearance did not indicate they were ordinary land-seekers, as they claimed to be, but he gave them permission to remain over night, with the understanding that they were to deliver to him their arms, which he would lock up in his smoke-house, stating to them that if they kept their arms, the Indians, who were nearby, would give them trouble. After disarming them and seeing they were comfortably quartered,

he quietly went down to the Indian camp and told Black Hawk of the circumstances and his suspicions, and requested that he have some of his young Indians guard his wife and child while he went to the garrison to consult with Captain Allen. He presented the matter to Captain Allen, and expressed his suspicion of the eight men, but was unable to convince him that there was anything unusual in their coming there. He therefore declined to interfere with their proceeding on their way. Thrift returned to his home, found the faithful Indians on guard, dismissed them, and retired with his family. He arose at a very early hour the next morning, his wife prepared breakfast, and after the meal, one of the leaders said to Mrs. Thrift:

"What are we indebted to you for your trouble?"

"You owe us nothing," she replied, with the generosity of all pioneer women.

"Hold your apron, then," said the fellow, and he pitched a twenty-dollar gold piece into it. The eight then mounted their horses and rode away to the north.

At eleven o'clock the same day, news came describing those men, and later it proved they were the murderers of Colonel Davenport.

Immediately prior to the Eleventh of October, 1845, when the country would be opened for settlement, squatters had come in and made selections of land on which they wanted to make their homes. Land speculators and sharpers, or claim-jumpers, as they were called, were also present, watching an opportunity to get possession by sharp practice of the selections made by squatters. For self-protection, the squatters held a meeting at John B. Scott's trading house, on Tuesday, October Fourteenth, the third day after the Government title expired, to organize a Claim Club, at which Thrift was elected Secretary. A committee was appointed to prepare By-Laws for the club. On Thursday evening following, the committee reported a code, consisting of ten sections, which will be found in the sketch of W. H. Meacham, page 245, Volume I. Captain Allen offered the following as Section Eleven, which was adopted:

"The Citizens' Claimants having met on October Fourteenth, 1845, pursuant to resolution of a previous meeting, herein mentioned,

do here, in full meeting, fully adopt all of the foregoing resolutions, and we do hereby resolve and proclaim that we will submit to and abide by all of these resolutions, and will protect and defend one another, each and all of us, in all that we have herein resolved and said."

Thrift followed the Captain with another section, to-wit:

"*Resolved,* By this meeting, that any Citizen Claimant who shall subscribe his name to these resolutions shall be adopted as one of the Community, or Neighborhood, who have made them, and he will be entitled to all privileges herein guaranteed, and also to our mutual and joint protection."

The entire code was adopted, with the understanding that it involved a vigorous fight against unscrupulous rascals and wily speculators, with probable shooting. Seventy names were subscribed to the Bill of Rights on the spot. A standing Executive Committee was elected, of whom Thrift was one, to put the machinery of government in motion, and thus civilization and civic government in Polk County was born. So just and equitable was this code, it was later confirmed by the Government and courts of the state when state government was established.

April Seventh, 1846, was convened the first District Court in Polk County, the county having been organized the day previous. Thrift was brought in by "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, the Sheriff, as one of the Grand Jury. The Judge's docket for that day shows the following record:

"TERRITORY OF IOWA, POLK COUNTY DISTRICT COURT. *April Term, Wednesday, Two O'Clock P. M., April Seventh, 1846.*

"And now, on yesterday, the Marshal of said territory returned his venire for a Grand Jury, on the part of the United States, in and for said County of Polk, together with the jurors aforesaid, all good and lawful men, and said Grand Jurors, on the part of the United States and the Territory of Iowa, retired in charge of Lewis Whitten, a sworn officer for that purpose, to consider of such matters as may come to their knowledge according to their charge, and, after being absent for some time, returned into court, and informed said court that they had no bills or presentments to make, and that

they had not further business to engage their attention. It is therefore ordered by said court that said Grand Jurors be discharged.

"And, there being no further business for this court at this term, it is ordered that this court adjourn till the next term in course of law.

"J. WILLIAMS, *Judge*."

In 1850, Thrift resigned as Garrison Tailor, the Government not having assigned him to another garrison, possibly had forgotten him entirely as one of its adjuncts, and he joined the vast caravan going overland to the gold fields of California. Two years later, he returned *via* New York to Fort Des Moines, arriving in the early part of the Winter of 1852-1853. He then re-opened his tailor shop on Second Street, where he remained until 1856, in the meantime giving, as the "old boys" now say, better clothes than are made in these days.

In 1856, he removed to a farm, about three miles north of Boonesboro, the County Seat of Boone County, where he cultivated the soil until 1860, when he went to Pike's Peak, where he engaged in mining for a year, then returned, purchased a farm adjoining Boonesboro, and soon after moved into the town and became one of its leading citizens.

In 1861, he was commissioned by Governor Kirkwood to recruit volunteers to put down the Rebellion. He succeeded in recruiting two hundred and fifty men. He paid, from his own purse, for their subsistence and transportation from their homes to the rendezvous at Davenport, amounting to several thousand dollars. Subsequently —when requested by the Governor to file a claim for his disbursements, he refused, declaring that he was willing and able to do that much for his country.

He went with his recruits, was mustered into the service, and was assigned to the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry. Its first engagement was in the battle at Shiloh, April Sixth, 1862, where, not having been attached to any brigade, it, with the Fifteenth Iowa, fought on their own hook, and on the first day, when the flanking swoop of the enemy swallowed up the Eighth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa, and stampeded several others, the Sixteenth suffered very

severely. Thrift was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and confined as a prisoner of war until April, 1863, when he was discharged, a physical wreck, from which he never recovered. It is somewhat singular that only a meager history of the Sixteenth is extant, but sufficient is of record to show that it proved one of the most valorous of the entire army.

Upon his discharge, Thrift returned to Boonesboro, was elected Mayor, and proved a capable and popular official. His retiring message to the Town Council was considered by citizens as valuable and is still carefully preserved.

In 1873, he removed to California, hoping to benefit his health, but his wounds and the vicissitudes and exposures of his army life had so sapped his vitality, he deceased in Sacramento, in July, 1881.

Socially, he was of generous temperament, amiable, popular with the masses, who esteemed him for his strict integrity and honesty. Domestic in taste, he was devoted to his family, and a most earnest lover of children. He was always greatly interested in public schools and churches. Handicapped by his physical disability, he was forced to forego much activity in social affairs of the community which his public spirit prompted. He was a member of the Masonic order, and his descendants believe he was a charter member of the first lodge instituted in Des Moines.

Politically, he was first a Whig, but when the Republican party was organized, he joined it and remained a member all his days. The only public office he held, so far as I know, was that of Mayor of Boonesboro.

October Thirteenth, 1907.

JUDGE JOHN MITCHELL

JUDGE JOHN MITCHELL

RESIDENTS of Polk County a score of years ago cannot have forgotten Judge John Mitchell, a nephew of the venerable pioneer, "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell.

He was born near Claremont, New Hampshire, on Febraury Twenty-eighth, 1830, of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

His father was a farmer, and on a farm John passed the days of his youth, devoting every opportunity to acquiring an education. He took college preparatory courses at Kimball Union Academy, in Meriden, entered Dartmouth College, and at the end of his Sophomore year was compelled to suspend his studies because of impaired health, and seek a more favorable climate. In the Winter of 1855-1856, he had so far regained his health, he passed the Winter reading law in the office of Freeman & McClure, in Claremont. In the early part of 1856, he came to Fort Des Moines, and finished reading law in the office of "Dan" Finch and M. M. Crocker, then two of the ablest lawyers in the state, and in August, was admitted to the Bar of Polk County. He continued with his tutors as an assistant until 1857, when he hoisted his shingle on his own account.

Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, in the Spring of 1861, there was unmistakable evidence of hostility on the part of Indians in the northern and northwestern part of the state. Horses and cattle were stolen, fields of grain robbed, and within three miles of Sioux City, two settlers were killed and their horses taken from them. These raids seemed to be made along the Little Sioux, from Peterson to Correctionville, and up the Big Sioux and the Floyd.

There was great anxiety and unrest among the settlers, for it was known that the Indians on the reservations along Minnesota River, farther north, were in an ugly state of mind, which also intensified the premonition of coming danger.

No one had a greater realization of the importance of protecting the frontier settlements than Governor Kirkwood. There was quite prevalent a suspicion that emissaries from the South were among the Indians, endeavoring to incite hostilities against the white people. Early in July, on reports made to him of the threatening attitude of Indians along the border, the Governor ordered the enlistment of a company of cavalry in Des Moines, and Mitchell was made Captain. It left Des Moines on the Seventeenth, and went to Sioux City, where it was furnished arms, tents and camp equipage. Thence it went to Cherokee, where headquarters were established, and from which scouting parties were sent in every direction, Captain Mitchell going north, also to the lakes and various points along the Little Sioux. The company remained at Cherokee until September, and returned to Des Moines, Captain Mitchell having been in the saddle three months. The trouble continued, and on September Third, the Governor convened the Legislature in special session to provide for putting a volunteer force in the field. It was done, and companies of Home Guards were formed in Emmet, Kossuth, and Palo Alto counties, at Fort Dodge and Webster City. The prompt action of the Governor saved the Iowa border settler from some at least of the terrible events which culminated in the massacre at Mankato.

In November, 1861, Mitchell was elected Representative for Polk County in the Ninth General Assembly, and served during the troublesome and stirring times of the following two years. A remarkable incident of that General Assembly was that one-half of its members enlisted in the army and went to the front, a fact which troubled the Governor not a little, for the state was not prepared for war. It had no organized militia, and no money with which to comply with the evident demands of the times. He said one day, if an extra session of the General Assembly should be necessary, he would not know what to do, as so many of its members had gone into the army, there would not be a quorum to transact business. The General Assembly, however, had voted for war bonds to meet all demands, and even more than the Government at Washington asked for.

In 1865, Mitchell was elected to represent the Second Ward in the City Council, and by the Council was elected President *pro tem.* He served one term.

In 1866, the General Assembly abolished the county commissioner system of three commissioners, and provided for a Board of Supervisors, composed of a representative from each township in a county. Mitchell was elected to represent Des Moines Township, and on the organization of the Board was elected Chairman, the first person to hold that office in the county. He served one year.

In 1867, he was appointed Register in Bankruptcy, and held the office some time.

In 1868, the Twelfth General Assembly abolished the old County Court, and created a Circuit Court, having jurisdiction in probate matters, together with all the powers previously exercised by the County Court, and exclusive jurisdiction on appeals from Justices' Courts, Mayors, Police Courts, and all inferior courts, in criminal and civil actions. In November of that year, Mitchell was elected Judge of that court for the First Circuit, comprising the counties of Dallas, Polk, and Warren, counties of the Fifth Judicial District. The duties of his office were multifarious, embracing the settlement of estates of decedents, laying out roads and highways, building bridges, and issuing marriage certificates, requiring great judicial versatility, and the exercise of good judgment, yet he proved himself master of the situation. He was a prodigious worker, and so burdened were all his judicial acts with a pervading sense of justice, equity, and responsibility to the public, he was reëlected without opposition three times, for terms of four years each, and served twelve years, the longest official term ever held by any officer of Polk County. During his long service, so painstaking were his decisions prepared, very few were reversed by the Supreme Court. At the close of his judgeship, he returned to the practice of his profession, and later became a co-partner with L. J. Brown and C. A. Dudley, forming a triumvirate which did an extensive and lucrative business.

In 1890, his physical system gave way under the pressure of his zealous ambition, and on the Twenty-ninth of October, his spirit took flight to a world unknown.

At a meeting of the Board of County Supervisors, December Thirtieth, 1890, the following was unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, Judge John Mitchell, whose honorable and upright life has now closed in death, was the Chairman of the first Board of Supervisors organized in Polk County, Iowa, January, 1861, and held other positions of public trust with marked ability and faithfulness; therefore, be it

"RESOLVED, by the Supervisors of Polk County, Iowa:

"*First.*—That the quiet and kindly nature of John Mitchell, his cultivated mind, the excellence of his character, and the conscious rectitude of his life will linger always in the affectionate memory of those who knew him in life.

"*Second.*—That his dignity, learning and integrity as a lawyer, high-minded, and always actuated in professional as well as public affairs by principles of honor, command the confidence and admiration of his fellow-men.

"*Third.*—That the virtue and ability he displayed in public life and the faithfulness and diligence he brought to the discharge of public duties, dignified and honored every position of trust to which he was called.

"*Fourth.*—That in his death, we, as individuals, suffer a personal bereavement, and extend to his family and relatives, to whom this grief is so near and keen, the assurance that we sorrow with them for the loss of so pure, so kind, so upright and honorable a citizen and judge, father and friend.

"*Fifth.*—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and be given to the press for publication, and that they be spread upon the record of the proceedings of this Board."

Socially, his dominant characteristic trait was uprightness. He believed a lawyer should be a representative of the highest type of citizenship. He scorned shystering and technicalities. If a case did not bear the scrutiny of justice and right, he did not want it. He was of quiet temperament, never obtrusive, amiable, carried a heart which pulsated with generous impulses, and the best offices for the improvement of the community in which he lived. He gave little attention to every-day social functions, though in the very early days, before the coming of predatory concert troupes

and barnstormers, he was a favorite integral part of the various amusements improvised by the young people of the town to enliven the passing hour. Of domestic taste in his home, he sought and found the rest and comfort his nature craved. So far as I know, he was not a member of any fraternal organization or club.

Religiously, he was a devout and active member of the Episcopal Church.

Politically, he was a Republican always, but not a politician. Though he held several public offices of great responsibility, it was in response to a unanimous demand of the masses.

October Twentieth, 1907.

MARTIN TUTTLE

MARTIN TUTTLE

A FAMILY closely identified with the industrial and financial affairs of the early days of Des Moines was the Tuttles—James, the father, and his three sons, Martin, James M., and Samuel B. Martin was born in Monroe (now Noble) County, Ohio, November Twenty-seventh, 1824, of English ancestry on the father's side and German on that of the mother. His father was a large farmer, and also did an extensive business in live-stock, grain and land. Martin passed his boyhood days on a farm in the usual manner, and acquired such education as common schools of that period afforded, until he was eighteen years old. In later years, by diligent reading of good books and extensive traveling, wherein nothing escaped his observation or memory, he stored his mind with a wealth of treasure.

During his life, he visited Cuba several times, and every state and territory in the country, except, rather singularly, the state of Maine, the home of his ancestors, who settled there soon after the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock, and the territory of Alaska. In 1848, with another young man, he came to Iowa, *via* Chicago, from Indiana, on horseback. His object was to select a place for a future home. His choice was Farmington. He then returned to Indiana on horseback.

Asked once why he did not stop in Chicago, he replied that he did not like the location. While floundering through the wet, swampy land, he was offered a large piece of it for a pair of mules, but he refused, for the very good reason he didn't have the mules.

In the Spring of 1849, he married, and with his bride returned to Farmington, taking in Fort Des Moines for a short stop, where he met a young German artist who was making drawings from nature of birds and animals for a publication by the celebrated naturalist, Audubon, I think it was. Martin joined him for several

weeks and greatly assisted him in his quest of birds. In appreciation thereof—he was also a good portrait painter—he made a water color portrait of Martin, which is to-day as fresh and clear as when made, and is a highly prized treasure of the family.

Immediately on his settlement in Farmington, he engaged in general merchandise business. With his brother, James M., they built a small double brick house, the first brick dwelling in the town, in which they made their home several years. It is still standing, I believe.

Physically, Martin was not robust—in fact, there was not an excess of robustness in the entire community, for that most aggravating and contemptible of all human ailments, "fever'nager," was frequently epidemic, and the two Tuttle families suffered severely.

In 1851, he made a trip to California overland, more for his health, and to see what was to see, than for gold.

In 1856, he went to Pike's Peak, also for his health, and drove an ox team. He was three months on the journey. He returned on horseback, camping each night wherever night overtook him. The sparsity of population interfered with the regularity of his meals somewhat, and sometimes eggs cost him two dollars a dozen. He also wandered over the old Nicaragua and Panama routes, and his descriptive rehearsals of the incidents and adventures of his travels were interesting and instructive.

In 1861, he came to Des Moines with his family, and made his home at the northeast corner of Fifth and Locust. Later, he took the brick house built by his father, on the site of the present Wellington Hotel, and built a brick block on the corner at Locust, for some time occupied by the Chamberlain Medicine Company.

Soon after his arrival, he opened a grocery store with his father in Sherman Block, at Third and Court Avenue. During the Winter months, they cut and packed pork in the cellar. In the Winter of 1861-1862, they, with Martin Winters, James Miller, and Doctor M. P. Turner, leased a brick building in the rear of Exchange Block, on Third Street, and fitted it for cutting and packing pork, where they handled about three thousand porkers, at a cost of one dollar and ninety-one cents per one hundred pounds net, or an average of less than four dollars per head. The product went to

New York, but so difficult were the means of getting to market, the highest price in New York for the season being two dollars and a half for the best net pork, their profit for the season was fifty-six dollars, or eleven dollars for each partner. The partnership was too large, the profits too small, and they quit.

In 1862, Martin built the first exclusive meat packing house in the town. It was the building now occupied in part by the Central State Bank, on Fifth Street. The war demand for provisions began to be felt, and prices were more remunerative, the long distance to railroads, bad roads, and cost of transportation, however, absorbed nearly all of the profit. The father, Martin and Sam., were all in it. They bought hogs on foot, and the killing was done by Albert Grefe, at his slaughter house. They also bought from farmers hogs that had been killed and dressed on the farm. They cut and packed that season about thirty-five hundred hogs, and Sam. Cope, who was a clerk in their store, bossed the job. Sam. Tuttle concluded pork packing was mighty poor business. He quit and went back to Farmington for a time, but finally drifted back again to Des Moines, and went into the artificial stone making business.

In 1870, Martin formed a partnership with S. A. Robertson, in the stone and lime business. Their quarry was at Earlham. They made a contract to furnish stone for the foundation of the new Capitol, and did a heavy business until 1880, when Martin retired, and became a contractor for public work of the city, which consisted mostly of paving.

In 1871, he was elected Mayor of the city, and served one term. He was a Democrat, yet the popular vote of the city was Republican, as evidenced in the election of Captain M. T. Russell, a Republican, for City Marshal. He verified the faith of business men and taxpayers, in his business capacity, honesty and integrity, by giving them a sample of good civic government.

In 1881, he formed a partnership with B. C. White in the Capital City Flour Mill, at Third and Market. In 1883, he retired from active commercial business, and devoted his time to the supervision of his various investments, and living on Easy Street.

In 1888, he was appointed by Mayor W. L. Carpenter a member of the first Board of Public Works, for the term of three years.

In 1895, when the Central State Bank was organized, Tuttle was elected President, and held the place until the end of his life, in November, 1902.

As already stated, he was a Democrat, but not a politician. He sought no public office. The only two he held were in response to an expressed public sentiment, regardless of politics. During the later years of his life, he was a member of the Grant Club.

Socially, he was strongly inclined to domesticity. His home was an ideal one. To be a blessing to it, to his children, to the community in which he lived, seemed to be the sole purpose of his life. Firm in his convictions, he was also broad-minded and tolerant respecting the opinion of others. As a citizen, he was highly esteemed for his sterling integrity and reliability in word and deed. He was an enthusiastic lover of Nature in all her multifarious forms. The woods and riversides were favorite resorts; birds and animals his coveted companions. The most treasured memories of him by his children and grandchildren are of frequent, often daily, rambles with him in the woods and fields, during his later years, and the interesting stories related of birds, animals and the various interesting scenes met in his travels.

Religiously, in early life, he was a member of the Methodist Church, but in later years he abjured all denominational creeds, yet he was of reverent spirit. He abhorred hypocrisy and falsity in all their forms. He measured character by truth. The Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man was good enough religion for him.

October Twenty-seventh, 1907.

SAMUEL GRAY

DESERVING of mention as an old-timer, who came to Polk County at the beginning of things, was Samuel Gray, or "Uncle Sammy," as everybody called him.

Born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, June Nineteenth, 1811, of Cork Irish parentage, on the father's side, he passed the years of childhood with his parents, who removed to Jefferson County, Ohio, when he was quite young. His father was a weaver, and Samuel had little to do but attend the common school. When nearing his majority, he learned the trade of plastering, which he followed in Ohio until 1848, when, in the Summer of that year, with his wife and eight children, and a friend whose family consisted of twelve, started with horse teams for Fort Des Moines. The journey required forty-three days. Their arrival was equal to one-fourth of the population of the little hamlet, which consisted of one hundred and eighty-five persons, largely children. With the exception of three small wooden frame buildings, all the residences were the log cabins which had been occupied by soldiers of the garrison. Two merchandise stores, one that of R. W. Sypher, who had been selling goods at the Trading Post and moved to Second and Vine, and the other that of B. F. Allen, constituted the business of the town. There were several so-called "groceries," run under permits granted by the County Commissioners, in which spiritous liquor was the principal stock in trade. Martin (X) Tucker's log tavern on Market Street afforded rest and sustenance for strangers "in the most hostile manner," as he used to say.

"Uncle Sammy's" first job was plastering Doctor F. C. Grimmel's house, which he had erected where Saint Ambrose Church now is, then far outside the limits of the town, surrounded with heavy timber and hazelbrush, and in which he had been living several months unfinished, to get out of the old Guard House of the garrison, his first home.

There was a rapid influx of settlers and increase of buildings, so there was a brisk demand for plastering, but "Sammy" was hampered seriously by the scarcity of lime, as it had to be hauled by teams from Keokuk, or wait the desultory arrival of a river steamboat. His large family necessitated hustling for support, but he was active, energetic, companionable, a true type of the pioneer, a good workman, and soon got into favor with the community.

In January, 1850, he made a contract to plaster the first Court House, which stood where the Union Depot is now, for one hundred and forty-five dollars, the work to be done before April following.

In September, 1850, at a meeting of citizens to organize the first school district in Des Moines Township, he was elected one of the School Directors, and at a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, November Twenty-first, an order was made that, "For the purpose of keeping a district school, the court-room of the Court House belonging to Polk County, William Jones and Samuel Gray take possession of said room on the Twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1850, and to retain the same four months, and deliver said room to the Board of Commissioners in as good order as it shall be received, said Jones and Gray to pay for the use of said room the sum of four dollars per month." That is the first record of a township district school in the county. Charles L. Anderson was employed to teach the school. The amusing incidents of his engagement and examination for fitness will be found in the sketch of Madison Young, Secretary of the School Board. (Volume II, page Fifty-three.)

In 1850, "Uncle Sammy" also ran for Justice of the Peace, against L. D. Winchester. Both were Democrats, but the latter won out. The vote was:

Winchester	99
Gray	86
Total	185

At the August election, 1851, Gray was elected County Treasurer and Recorder, the two offices being then combined, and on the Eleventh, entered upon the duties of the office as the third Treasurer in succession.

In those days, a public office was deemed more an honor than an emolument. There were not Whigs enough in the county to get an office, anyhow. As an indication of the salaries of the county offices, the record of the quarterly accounting in January, 1852, between B. Rice, County Judge; Samuel Gray, Treasurer and Recorder, and Hoyt Sherman, County Clerk, shows the salary of

Rice, November, 1851, to January Fifth, 1852	$ 84.40
Gray, October Sixth, 1851, to January Fifth, 1852	137.00
Sherman, October Sixth, 1851, to January Fifth, 1852	137.00
Total	$358.40

Cash received in part payment for services:

Gray	68.95
Sherman	68.95
Total	$176.50

Balance still due them on salaries is as follows:

Rice	$ 45.80
Gray	68.05
Sherman	68.05
Total	$181.90

From this report, it will be seen that the salary of the Treasurer was less than six hundred dollars a year. The difficulty in those days was to get men to take the offices, and they were mostly selected on their qualifications and popularity. The three officers reported here were well known and personally very popular. Hoyt Sherman was a Whig, and was selected because of his superior clerical ability, Rice because of his excellent business capacity, and "Sammy" because everybody was his friend.

October Twenty-fifth, at the first meeting of the first Town Council of Fort Des Moines, and held in the old Court House, he was elected Town Treasurer. In 1853, he was reëlected, but soon after resigned, as he was getting too many irons in the fire.

At the August election, 1853, he was reëlected County Treasurer and Recorder, and put on record the original deed of the United States Government to the County Commissioners for the land in which the "Original Town of Fort Des Moines" was located. Although dated April Tenth, A. D. 1849, it was held up pending disputes arising from the platting of the town in July, 1846, and selling of town lots immediately thereafter, for it was discovered that the town plat, the west line of which was Eighth Street, lapped over on the preëmpted claims of Richard Holcomb, Doctor P. B. Fagen, "Jim" Campbell, and others; that the Commissioners had given the town land lying west of Seventh Street embraced in those claims, and to which the Commissioners had no right nor title. Many of the lots had been sold, and before legal title to them could be given, the preëmption claims must be confirmed by the entry and sale, through the United States Land Office, which, being done, the Commissioners purchased the preëmption claimants' interest in the overlapping lots, and secured title to the town plat, all of which required time. When done, the Government deed was recorded. As the town is still growing, and business encroaches upon land set apart in the plat for "Market Square," and "Public Square," and the title to some of the reserved places has been questioned, I give the deed as shown by the record:

"The United States of America.
"Preëmption Certificate Number 11924.

"*To All to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:*

"Whereas, Andrew Groseclose, James Mount, and Thomas Black, Commissioners of Polk County, Iowa, have deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Iowa City, whereby it appears that full payment has been made by the said Andrew Groseclose, James Mount, and Thomas Black, Commissioners aforesaid, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress, of the Twenty-fourth day of April, 1820, entitled, 'An Act Making Further Provision for the Sale of Public Lands,' for the Lot Number Five, of Section Four, Lot Number One, and the northwest quarter of the northeast fractional quarter of Section Nine, and Lot Number Five of Section

Ten, in Township Seventy-eight, north of Range Twenty-four, west of the Fifth Principal Meridian, in the district of lands subject to sale at Iowa City, Iowa, containing one hundred and forty-four acres and thirty-three hundredths of an acre, according to the Official Plat of the survey of the said lands, returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General, which said tract has been purchased by the said Andrew Groseclose, James Mount, and Thomas Black, Commissioners aforesaid; now

"*Know Ye*, That the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, and in conformity with the several Acts of Congress, in such case made and provided, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant unto the said Andrew Groseclose, James Mount, and Thomas Black, Commissioners aforesaid, and to their successors, the said tract above described; to have and to hold the same, together with all the rights, privileges, immunities and appurtenances of whatsoever nature thereunto belonging, unto the said Andrew Groseclose, James Mount, and Thomas Black, Commissioners aforesaid, and to their successors and assigns forever.

[SEAL] "*In Testimony Whereof*, I, Zachary Taylor, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

"Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the Tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the Seventy-third.

"*By the President:*

"Z. TAYLOR.

"By THOS. EWING, JR.,

"*Secretary.*

"S. H. LAUGHLIN,

"*Recorder of the General Land Office.*

"Recorded, Volume Three, Page One Hundred Seventy-two.

"Filed May First, 1855, at Two O'Clock P. M., and recorded same day in Book G, and on Page Five Hundred Sixty-five.

"SAMUEL GRAY,

"*Recorder Polk County, Iowa.*"

At the close of his second term as Recorder, in 1856, Gray entered eighty acres of school land and forty-three acres of the so-called river land in Bloomfield Township, laid aside the trowel, and began the building of a home. He erected a good dwelling-house, barns and sheds, cultivated the land, invested in about eighty lots on the East Side, and was prosperous.

The Eighth General Assembly, by an Act passed March Twenty-second, 1860, abolished the County Commissioner system, under which county affairs had been managed, and provided for a Board of Supervisors, to be composed of one representative from each township in the county. At the November election of that year, Gray was elected the first Supervisor from that township. Under the provisions of the statute, the Board was required to decide by lot, at its first meeting in January, the term of each member, one part to hold one year, the other two years; in the shuffle, "Sammy" drew a one-year term.

In 1883, it was discovered that a large body of stratified coal existed beneath his farm. He therefore leased to a coal company the right to dig the coal for twenty years, which put him in affluent circumstances, and he retired from active business to enjoy it.

Politically, he was a Democrat of the Jacksonian variety, and always ready for a tilt in any political scrimmage that came up.

Socially, he had the temperament of the typical Corkonian; was jolly, always bubbling over with humor and Celtic wit; open-hearted, public-spirited, and esteemed by everybody who knew him —and that embraced the entire county.

July Twenty-first, 1907.

EVAN MORGAN BOLTON

EVAN M. BOLTON

AN early settler who was quite prominent in the early Fifties was Evan Morton Bolton. He was born on the Third day of August, 1813, of English ancestry, his father being a farmer, born in the town of Bolton, England.

When Evan was two years old, his father emigrated to America and settled in Connersville, Indiana, where he engaged in farming and dealing in live-stock. There Evan passed his boyhood days, doing the multifarious tasks which are the usual lot of a boy on a new farm.

His opportunities for attending school were very meager. Not more than six months' schooling was he able to get, and that in the Winter, in a log schoolhouse. During his minority, there lived nearby Phœbe Hannah, a comely country lass, whose father, in 1833, came to Iowa with his family and settled in Burlington.

When Evan attained his majority, he went to farming for himself, and one day, three years later, in 1837, he saddled a horse, filled well a pair of saddlebags, and started on a journey of nearly a thousand miles, through an uninhabited wilderness, to find Phœbe Hannah. As all things are possible to him who wills, he succeeded. They were married, and he returned to his home in Connersville, his bride accompanying him, also on horseback, an unusual, but truly a "bridle" tour.

In 1849, he had an attack of Gold Fever, which induced him to sell his farm and start for California, which he did in 1851, but after shipping his goods to New York for the water route around "The Horn," he switched off and landed in Cincinnati, where he went into the hotel business, first in Camp Washington House, and later the Eight-Mile House, on the Coleraine Turnpike. He soon tired of that, sold out, went to Indianapolis, and bought a farm.

In 1856, the new Capital of the State of Iowa was attracting the attention of the people in Eastern states as presenting good

opportunities for the farmer and mechanic. Bolton, therefore, decided to join the procession thitherward. He again sold his farm and, with his family in a light two-horse spring wagon, by easy drives each day, arrived at the Mississippi opposite Burlington, in May. The river was high and covered the bottom land over a space nearly ten miles wide. His early training, however, had taught him to fear nothing, and he plunged forward, fording the rushing current until he reached the ferry-boat landing, from which he was taken safely to the Iowa shore. Leaving his wife and children with her relatives in Burlington, he came on to Des Moines, arriving in May, and stopped at the Walker House—named after Colonel "Tom" Walker, a "Kentucky Colonel" by brevet, and Registrar of the United States Land Office by favor of President Buchanan—which stood alone on the north side of Locust Street, occupying all the ground from East Fifth to the present Northwestern Railroad tracks, and north to the alley. In July, he purchased the hotel and became its manager.

When the river was high, and the floating bridge at the foot of Sycamore Street became too short at both ends and swung around to the east bank, the Walker House was perforce the headquarters of the Western Stage Company, and did a land office business.

In 1857, Bolton took the mail route from Nevada, in Story County, to Des Moines and return, three times a week, and kept the route until 1862. It was during the famous Skunk River bottoms era. With the river several miles wide, sometimes he was ten days getting ten miles of the distance. Governor Kirkwood, C. F. Clarkson, father of "Ret" and "Dick," and many other notable men were "cooled" on those twenty-mile prairies in Winter, or stuck in the mud of sloughs and Skunk River bottoms. I have a very distinct remembrance of a ride over that route the last night of a bitter cold December, when I made my advent to Des Moines.

In 1857, Bolton started the first lumber yard on the East Side, on the south side of Walnut Street, where the Gilcrest yard now is. The lumber was brought from Keokuk on the steamboat *Clara Hine,* Captain Hill. As steamboats came only when the river was high, he was obliged to haul considerable lumber by teams from Keokuk.

In 1862, during the Civil War, a large number of soldiers were detailed for garrison and post duty when they were greatly needed for active service in the field. To relieve them, the War Department called for a regiment of able-bodied men, forty-five to sixty years old, to relieve the younger men. Iowa quickly responded and raised what was rostered as the Thirty-seventh Infantry, but was known all through the army as the Gray Beard Regiment. Mr. Bolton made strenuous effort to enlist therein, but the doctors refused to accept him as an able-bodied man, to his great disappointment. Every congressional district in the state was represented in it. It became one of the most notable features of the service, yet, singularly, very little was ever said of it in army reports. It rendezvoused at Muscatine, was mustered in in December, and in January, 1863, was sent to Saint Louis, where it served to guard railroad trains and military posts until January, 1864, when it was sent to Rock Island, thence, in June, to Memphis, where it had its only engagement with the "Rebs." A detail was sent to guard a train on the Memphis and Charleston Road, and when about thirty-six miles out, the train was fired on by a lot of bushwhackers concealed behind brush and fences. The guard being on top of the cars were fully exposed, and two men were killed. The fire was quickly returned, and it was reported with good effect. From Memphis, the regiment went to Indianapolis, where it was divided, five companies going to Cincinnati and three companies to Gallopolis, Ohio. May Fifteenth, 1865, it was reunited at Cincinnati, and on the Twentieth, started for Davenport, where it was mustered out on the Twenty-fourth. During its service, it lost by disease, one hundred and thirty-four; battle, two; wounded, three. Most of the men were broken down from hardship and exposures, and did not long survive.

Mr. Bolton was one of the first Justices of the Peace in Lee Township. The prohibitory law was in force then, and no one was allowed to sell spiritous liquor except the authorized agent of the county, who was Doctor D. V. Cole, but there were numerous "holes in the wall" where it could be purchased "on the sly." Numerous seizures were made of the contraband stuff, which helped the lawyers, and some of the best, Jefferson Polk, Judge M. D.

McHenry, W. H. McHenry ("Old Bill"), "Dan" Finch, Judge Cole, John A. Kasson, and others, twisted the statutes, circumstances and facts before his Bar. His decisions were rarely reversed.

Politically, he was a Whig, a strong Abolitionist, a personal friend of old John Brown, and, with Isaac Brandt, was one of the Directors of the "Underground Railroad" from Missouri to Canada. During the Know-Nothing craze, he was suspected of knowing what to say when asked, "What time is it?" by a man with the second digit of his right hand thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, or where to go when the sidewalks were strewed with small diamond-shaped pieces of white or red paper.

Socially, he was of positive temperament, inclined to taciturnity, a kind neighbor, a zealous friend of the poor, and a popular citizen. He was not a member of any societies or clubs.

Religiously, he affiliated with the Methodists. Though not a church member, he contributed liberally to churches and for educational purposes.

He died in 1874.

November Twenty-fourth, 1907.

MOSES STRAUSS

MOSES STRAUSS

AN old settler of Polk County who has been a potent factor in business and religious affairs in the city, and yet one of the most quiet and unostentatious, is Moses Strauss. He is known principally as a successful merchant, but he is more than that. Not only is he an early settler, he is the founder and builder of an element in the body politic of great helpfulness to the community, thereby adding further graces to its social fabric.

He was born March Sixth, 1833, in Bavaria, Germany. He passed his youthful days with his father, who was a merchant, and attended the common schools.

In 1848, not quite fifteen years old, he set sail for America, and landed at New Orleans, where he found employment in a store as clerk, at fifteen dollars per month.

In 1852, he went to New York, and took ship for Australia, and engaged in business in Melbourne about two years. He then went to the Mountains, where he remained for a time, when another roving impulse took him to Africa, and thence to South America.

In 1857, he returned to New Orleans, and the same year came to Des Moines and engaged in business with L. Simon and his brother, Leopold, on Second Street, occupying two small stores.

Later, when trade and business began to move west, Strauss moved to Court Avenue, between Second and Third streets, to the Sherman Block.

In 1866, Alexander Lederer, a man of very courtly manner and dignified personality, formed a partnership with Strauss, under the name of Lederer & Strauss, which name has been continued to the present day. The firm opened a dry goods and clothing store in Exchange Block, at Third and Walnut streets. In 1871, the City Directory places them at Forty-nine and Fifty-one Walnut Street; in 1873, they opened up a stock of millinery and fancy goods at Ninety-one Walnut Street, still retaining the dry goods

and clothing at the old stand. In 1875, they sold out their dry goods stock and moved their clothing stock to where Evans' restaurant is now. The following year, they moved the millinery stock from Walnut Street to the old Cooper Building, on Court Avenue, and this business continues to-day, under the firm name of Lederer, Strauss & Company, Incorporated.

In 1872, Mr. Strauss, desiring to invest some of his surplus shekels in banking, became a stockholder and Director in the Citizens' National Bank, and has been reëlected each year since.

In 1887, he was one of the organizers of the State Savings Bank, was elected one of its Directors, and in 1889 was elected President, which place he has held continuously since.

During the present year, he, with Carl Kahler, built the Majestic Theater, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, each investing fifty thousand dollars. It is the finest amusement structure west of Chicago, and its interior arrangement not surpassed by any in the United States.

As a business man, he is conservative and optimistic, exercising always those business principles which have given the county and city an enviable financial reputation.

But it is in another field of helpfulness he has been conspicuous, and in which he was the pioneer. Trained and educated in the religious belief of the Hebrews—a religion dating back to the days of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—at the earliest opportunity, he became one of the leaders in organizing the first Hebrew Church, or Synagogue, in Des Moines.

On Saturday, September Fifth, 1873, at the residence of David Goldman, a meeting was held and the congregation of B'Nai Jeshurum, which means "Sons of Peace," was organized, with eighteen members. Joseph Kuhn was chosen President; Julius Mandelbaum, Vice-President; Samuel Redstone, Secretary; L. Hirsch, Treasurer. The Trustees were David Goldman, Nelson Goldman, Alexander Lederer; members, S. Joseph, Morris Riegelman, Henry Riegelman, Isaac Hyman, Moses Strauss, L. Samish, Louis M. Doctor.

For six years after the organization, its meetings were held in a hall in the store of Joseph Kuhn, on Court Avenue, between Second and Third. In 1879, a building at Seventh and Mulberry was

purchased and remodeled for the use of the congregation. In 1886, a lot at the corner of Eighth and Pleasant was purchased and a temple erected thereon the following year, in which services have since been conducted. The congregation has slowly but steadily increased in numbers, and has become a beneficent factor in the religious and social life of the community.

A large Sabbath School is maintained by the congregation, in which there are four divisions, for instruction in Jewish History, Religion, and Hebrew, by competent teachers.

Beginning with his little store on Second Street, Mr. Strauss has, by enterprise, integrity, and public spirit, become one of the solid, substantial men of the city.

Politically, he is a Democrat, but not in any wise a politician. Socially, he is quiet, taciturn, unostentatious, cares very little about ordinary social functions, is courteous and affable; in temperament, decidedly positive. I would classify him with the home-builders. He is a member of Pioneer Lodge, Number Twenty-two, of the Masonic order; Corinthian Chapter, Number Fourteen, Royal Arch Masons; Des Moines Consistory, S. P. R. S., Thirty-second Degree; a charter member of Lazarus Samisch Lodge of K. S. B., organized November Seventeenth, 1876, and was elected its first Vice-President.

December First, 1907.

DAVID B. MURROW

DAVID B. MURROW

A PIONEER of Polk County who has been a resident for sixty years, and prominently identified with its development, is David B. Murrow.

Born in Parke County, Indiana, March Second, 1832, of Scotch-Irish ancestry on the side of his father, and Welsh on that of his mother, he passed the days of his youth on the farm of his father, who, in addition to farming, dealt in live-stock.

During the Winter, he acquired such education as the common school of that time afforded, in a log schoolhouse with puncheon floor and slab seats, without back or desk.

He attended no other school, but by keen observation and diligent reading, stored his mind with such intelligence as made him successful in business, a good and helpful citizen.

In the Fall of 1843, having a family of children and a very small farm, his father decided to come to Iowa, where there was more land to the acre and more acres to be had, not only for himself, but prospectively for his children as they reached their majority. Accordingly, with the proverbial "prairie schooner," loaded with bedding, a few household utensils, and clothing, with his family, he came to Henry County, driving also a herd of cattle and sheep, camping at night, or seeking the shelter of a convenient settler's cabin, and located about eight miles west of Mount Pleasant, where he remained one year, when he removed to Jefferson County, near Fairfield. In the Fall of 1846, he came to Polk County, and located a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of Government land four miles west of Fort Des Moines, on which are now the railroad shops at Valley Junction. He hired a man to build a log cabin with puncheon floor, on the claim, and returned to Jefferson County. In March, 1847, he sold his holdings and came to Fort Des Moines, bringing with him a drove of cattle, sheep and hogs. He crossed the Des Moines River on the ice. There was not a

frame building in the village. Everybody was living and doing business in log cabins.

He took possession of his log cabin and began the cultivation of his claim. As the years passed, the Murrow farm became conspicuous for its improvements, magnificent grove of timber, and adjacent highly cultivated fields. The stork very generously brought him six girls and seven boys, who are married and all living on a farm except David.

David remained on the farm until he was twenty years old, when his father offered him his time if he so desired, as there was little doing, and he went to work for Davis Boone, at Booneville, at twenty dollars per month. At the expiration of the second month, his father sent for him to come back to the farm. Though Boone offered to largely increase his wages, he considered his services more naturally due to his father. He went back and worked two years for nine dollars per month. He then rented twenty acres of Alex. Scott, on the East Side, where the Rock Island Depot now is, plowed it with one horse and a shovel plow, having to go three times across the field for a furrow, so small was the plow; planted the field to corn, cultivated it carefully, had a big crop, and sold it to Alfred Lyon for twelve dollars an acre in the field. With the proceeds, and that from the sale of his horse, he purchased one hundred and sixty acres four miles west of his father's farm, in Walnut Township. On his father's farm, he cut down trees and got logs for a cabin. For lumber for flooring, sheathing, and rafters, he hauled logs to a sawmill two miles east of Adel, and had them sawed. At one end of the cabin was a stick and mud chimney, with a big fireplace to take in four logs five feet long, to furnish caloric to keep the cabin comfortable in Winter and do the cooking. For glass in the windows, oiled paper was substituted. He put a family in the cabin, and boarded with them. His land was open prairie. The first crop raised was sod corn.

Sometimes, the flour and corn meal became exhausted. The weather and roads were bad, mills far away, and corn meal could only be got by grating the corn on the cob. The meal was a little coarse, but it satisfied the hunger and bred no dyspepsia. From the first crop of wheat he raised, he took a load to Oskaloosa, the

nearest milling place, and had to wait eight days for it to be ground —camping under the wagon at night. At another time, in Winter, he took a load of corn to Three Rivers, and waited eight days for his grist—sleeping in the mill at night, with the crowd of other waiters for grists.

In 1859, he married, and soon after sold his farm and went to Kansas, where he remained until 1865, when he returned, purchased his father's farm, and at once entered into the social and industrial activities of the community. He still owns the farm, which he has made a very attractive place, and will ere long be needed to provide westward expansion of the city.

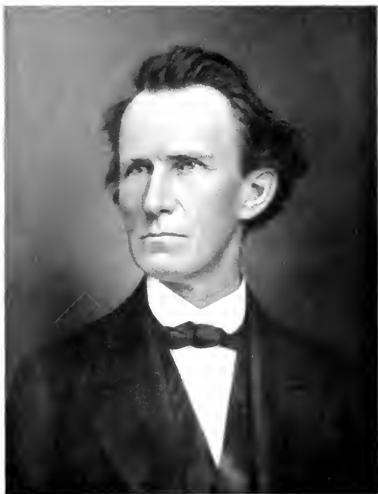
When the Iowa National Bank was organized, he became a large stockholder. He is also a heavy stockholder in the Des Moines City Railway Company and the Inter-Urban Railway Company, and has always been an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Polk in his endeavors to develop a system of interurban roads, believing them to be potent factors in the upbuilding of Des Moines.

In 1889, having, by industry and business sagacity, acquired nearly eight hundred Iowa golden acres, divided into four farms, to give his children of minor age better educational advantages, and himself more ease, he built an elegant residence on West Twenty-second Street, and there, undisturbd by the frenzied financiers of Wall Street, is passing his days in contentment, with the conscious assurance of the highest esteem of his neighbors and fellow citizens.

He is of frail physique, nervous sanguine temperament, optimistic, seldom indulges in retrospection, keeps daily posted on what is going on in the world at large, has positive opinions of his own, to change which would necessitate the showing that you "are from Missouri."

Politically, he has always been a Republican, though his father was a Democrat, but a strong Union man through the war period. He cast his first vote for President for "The Pathfinder," John C. Fremont. He is not a politician by inclination or adaptation, and would never master the game.

December Fifteenth, 1907.



REV. SANFORD HAINES

PIONEER PREACHERS

SCARCELY had the pioneers of Polk County begun to turn over the sod of the wild, unbroken prairie, when the pioneer preacher began work in the new field. In the rude log cabins and huts of the pioneers, they proclaimed the same gospel that is preached in the gorgeous temples of to-day, but somehow it seemed to have gained a firmer discipline, and wielded a wider influence amid the simple life of the pioneer than in these latter days, amid the surroundings of wealth and fashion.

Going from place to place, hunting up Christians scattered in the wilderness, getting together a few of the faithful—often only the father and mother—in the cabin, or perchance in the shade of some wide-spreading tree, the Word would be expounded, a song of Zion sung, a prayer uttered, words of cheer, hope and consolation spoken. Thus they went about, founding societies, toning up moral sentiment, directing public thought, and made the advancing line on Christian civilization as it pressed upon savage life and the wilderness.

Of such a type was Sanford Haines, born in Champaign County, Ohio, December Sixteenth, 1816, of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was a farmer, and on a farm he remained until 1841.

During his boyhood days, he acquired such an education as was possible in the common schools of that time and place, which he supplemented with untiring effort at self-education during early manhood. At the age of fifteen, it was necessary for him to leave his home and fight the battle of life on his own account, and he lived mostly among strangers, his associations not being very favorable to good morals, but the early training of his Christian parents was a good guidon for him. In 1840, he attended a prayer-meeting in Union, Ohio, was converted and united with the Methodist Church. He was very methodical, and kept a diary in which he recorded every day its events, showing the place, time and Bible

text of every sermon preached. Of his conversion, he wrote, in 1855:

"I made it a point to do my duty from the hour of my conversion. I bless the name of the Lord, that He has given me the grace to help in every time of need."

Immediately after his conversion, he attended school three months, to study Arithmetic, English Grammar, and Natural Philosophy.

The Church, in recognition of his zeal and consistent life, in 1841, gave him license to exhort in schoolhouses in the vicinity of his home. September Third, he was admitted to the Conference and licensed to preach. For three years, he preached in schoolhouses on the Sabbath, and worked on the farm during the week, devoting every spare moment to study and mental improvement. His license to preach was a surprise to him, as married men were not then generally admitted to preach under the itinerant system, the wife being deemed an obstruction.

At the Ohio Conference, in 1848, he was elected to Deacon's Orders, and ordained to that office. In 1850, his health and that of his wife being impaired, and their parents having settled in Henry County, Iowa, he decided to come West. In the Spring of 1850, he shipped his household goods from Zanesville to Keokuk, and, with his wife and children, drove overland, crossing the Mississippi at Burlington, June Twenty-sixth. On the Twenty-seventh, he reached his father's family in Henry County, where he passed several weeks with relatives and driving over the country with his wife. In his diary, he wrote:

"We saw much at which to wonder, and much to admire. The prairie scenery at this season of the year is beautiful and lovely beyond description. The rolling prairies, the groves of timber, the rich soil, and the running brooks threw around us a charm such as Nature alone can do. We were spellbound."

In August, the Iowa Conference met at Fairfield, at which he was ordained as Elder. He wrote in his diary:

"I was very forcibly struck with the appearance of the Conference, both as to number and age of the ministers. They were truly a band of boys, and only about fifty in number, while the Ohio

Conference had about three hundred, and many of them fathers in Israel."

He was assigned to the Maquoketa Circuit, and met there a cold reception, the people having got the impression that he lacked force in Ohio, and was therefore sent "Out West." But during the year, he so ingratiated himself into the hearts of the people, at the next Conference they unanimously petitioned for his retention another year, which was supplemented with his personal request, because of the rapidly failing health of his wife, who desired to be near her relatives. Great was his surprise and disappointment when the appointments were read in the Conference that he was assigned to Fort Des Moines, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. His strong, sympathetic temperament and a little of the Old Adam was aroused thereat, for he wrote in his diary:

"I confess I thought it was an outrage upon the rights, claims and feelings of humanity. My friends in Maquoketa were afflicted and grieved."

He, however, decided to take the assignment, and ten days later, his diary says:

"We started, Mrs. Haines scarcely able to sit up in the carriage. We traveled as best we could. About three o'clock on Saturday, we reached a prairie twelve miles wide which we had to cross, but night overtook us, we got lost, and were compelled to remain in that open field all night, without anything for ourselves or horse to eat, my wife sick, with paroxysms of coughing that are indescribable. The carriage was so constructed, she could not lie down. The next morning, we reached Mr. Rice's, her uncle, safely."

There he halted to consider the situation with friends. His wife in the last stages of Consumption, with two children to be supported, fifty dollars expenses for moving, going to a new, sparsely settled country; he declared it would not be done. It was a case, he recorded, "of a kind which did not occur in the history of Methodism." His wife, however, advised him to go and see the people and tell them plainly the circumstances, which he did. The good people at The Fort gave him a hearty welcome, and he decided to remain. In his diary, he wrote:

"To my utter astonishment, they met the claim for the first quarter. They told me I might remain with my family all the time

necessary, and preach for them whenever I could consistently, and they would be perfectly satisfied. Nine weeks previous to my wife's death, I was with her night and day. The year was one of the most prosperous of my ministry. I received all my claim, and a number of presents beside."

During that year, he went to Saylor Grove, gathered together a few of his faith, and organized a Class in one of the log cabins. In 1852, he was again assigned to Des Moines. At that session of the Conference, there was a vigorous tussle with secret societies, the Council being determined that no member of a secret society should fill the office of Presiding Elder, which stirred up a hornet's nest, but Bishop Ames appointed two, which pleased Elder Haines, who was an Odd Fellow.

In 1853, he was assigned to Keosauqua. His diary says:

"Had to move one hundred and fifty miles, foundered one horse on the way, had to leave it, and it died soon after. She was an excellent animal, worth one hundred and fifty dollars."

Of his new charge, he wrote:

"The place is cursed with infidelity, politics and whiskey. Abner Kneeland's influence hangs over it like an incubus on the people."

In 1854, he was sent to Keokuk, where he remained three years, and did good work, bringing peace and harmony in a charge he found in disordered and factional strife.

In 1858, he was sent to Fairfield, where he gave such satisfaction, an unanimous petition was sent to the Conference for his return there, and he also received his full salary of five hundred dollars for the year, but he was again sent to Des Moines, and his salary increased to seven hundred dollars. During the year, the National Conference divided the state, and he fell into the Western Iowa Conference, which, at its first session, in August, 1860, assigned him to the Des Moines District, with eleven charges, in which he passed the remainder of his days.

I do not think any person throughout Central Iowa was more generally known than Elder Haines, and wherever he went, he won the highest esteem, for he possessed that temperament which made and held friends. As a minister, his dominant trait was earnestness and sincerity. His sermons were logical, forceful, and often

pathetic. As a pastor, he was untiring in watchfulness for the welfare of his charge. Nature so endowed him with tenderness of heart and sympathy, his visitations to the sick room and sorrowing were blessings treasured long after. As a man, he was an ideal citizen. Righteousness, right-living, and no compromise with wrong-doing was his rule of action. I recall a prayer he made in the old Methodist Church, on Fifth Street, during the excitement which prevailed throughout the country respecting the impeachment proceeding against President Andrew Johnson. Johnson had been sustained. He said: "Oh, Lord; bless and preserve our Nation, bless our rulers, keep them sober; but if they must get drunk, don't let them all get drunk at the same time."

The Elder was vivacious and social. At social functions of young or old, he was usually the mirth-provoker. In 1850, while he was on the Maquoketa Circuit, he joined the Odd Fellows, which, says his diary: "Highly offended two or three old fogies. I paid no attention to them—just let them flounce and flounder as they pleased. They were not able to effect anything." In later years, he let his membership lapse.

He was an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful in nature and art. He found much pleasure in a fine painting, a landscape, the babbling brook, the majestic river, the warbling of birds, and the flowers of the field. He exemplified that temperament in his homestead and its surroundings, with blooming shrubbery, trees and vines, just south of the Windsor place on Grand Avenue, where he deceased in 1871.

The first preacher I have been able to locate was a Methodist missionary named Pardoe, who occasionally preached in the cabin of "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell, in 1844, at Apple Grove, in what is now Beaver Township. He was considered the first preacher in the county. There were then but three or four families in the county, outside of Fort Des Moines.

In 1845, a few more families came in, and, simultaneously, Ezra Rathbun, a Methodist preacher. He traveled on foot over the county, preaching wherever he could get two or three Christian people together.

He was a college graduate, an eloquent speaker, very unostentatious, gained friends wherever he went, and did much to establish

Methodism in the county. The people were poor, and for support he did manual labor on week days. On Sundays, he went to preach in the settlements. He preached the first sermon delivered in Fort Des Moines. It was at the funeral of a child of Colonel Grier, of the Garrison, in September, 1845, and that death was also the first in the town.

He was active in civic affairs, became quite prominent, and was greatly esteemed as a person of high ideals and excellent character. He was never pastor of any church organization. It may truly be said he helped to lay the foundation of the Methodist Church in Des Moines. Very early in the Spring of 1845, he, with Benjamin T. Hoxie, formed a Sunday School of seven children and a few adults. Under their fostering care, and aid of Mr. Rathbun's daughters, the school increased in numbers, and with it as the nucleus, the church was organized. To that school was presented the first Sunday School library in Des Moines.

He was an active helper, being a carpenter, in building the first Methodist meeting-house. It was a frame building, on Fifth Street, where the Iowa Loan and Trust Building is now. It soon became so overcrowded, a larger one was necessary. The frame building was removed across the street, and used for a carpenter shop, and one of brick commenced later in 1856. The people were poor, money was scarce, and progress slow. Early in 1857, the walls were up and the floor laid, when A. J. Stevens, James Callanan, and S. R. Ingham loaned the Trustees three thousand dollars with which to complete the basement for use, and the last week in September, the first Quarterly Conference was held there, Bishop Ames presiding.

During the sessions, among those asking license to preach was a Southerner, who did not hesitate to declare that slave-holding was a Divine right, and that he preached it. There was strong opposition to him, but after a protracted contest, he was granted a license to "preach against *sin*," thus leaving the sinfulness of slave-holding a mooted question. During the examination of candidates, one was found who did not meet the requirements and was rejected, whereupon he expressed his indignation by saying, in contemptuous tones: "I hope the fathers in Israel will not forget their own

examinations." The Bishop was a large, portly man, of quiet manner, very like Samuel Miller, a Judge of the Federal Court, who had a habit of sitting with closed eyes, as if asleep, while lawyers were making arguments. So had the Bishop, but on hearing the outburst of the rejected candidate, slowly opened his eyes and quietly said: "Brother, we have no evidence yet that they have forgotten them."

The church being unable to pay the loan, Ingham foreclosed the mortgage, took possession, and fitted up the upper story as a public hall, for conventions, concerts, lectures, etc. It was known as Ingham's Hall. One day, Isaac Brandt and J. M. Dixon, the ubiquitous local editor of the *Daily Register*, went there to attend some kind of a show. As they entered the vestibule, Reverend George B. Jocelyn, pastor of the church, met them and very cordially invited them to go into the basement and attend service.

"Oh, no," they replied, "our entertainment is above."

"I fear it will be reversed in the future," quietly responded the pastor.

The onlooker from a street corner could never tell whether a crowd headed in there was going to prayer-meeting or a rag-time show, and it became a matter of town topics. Often, both floors were occupied at the same time, and the parting of the "sheep" and "goats" in the vestibule was amusing.

Subsequently, the church purchased the property from Ingham.

Under the first Constitution of Iowa, a negro could not vote at any election. There was a strong pro-slavery element in the county, and on one occasion Rathbun went to the polls to vote, which he rarely did, and was challenged on the ground that he was a "nigger." He was, however, unquestionably of Portuguese and French descent, running back to Joshua Rethbun, a full-blooded Portuguese, recorded in the Mayflower list of Puritans. He was tall, slim, of swarthy complexion, and had thin lips. His hair and eyes were distinctly of the Portuguese type, seen every day on any of the ocean vessel docks along the Atlantic Coast. He certainly was not a negro. Politics was a great game in those days, and everything went that would win a victory.

In October, 1848, he entered eighty acres of land in Valley Township, and became a land-holder.

When the northeast corner of Sixth and Grand was sold to the Catholics for school purposes, the frame drug store of Doctor Grimmel thereon was purchased by Rathbun, moved to the corner of Ninth and Mulberry, remodeled for a residence, and there he resided until his death, in 1879.

Immediately following Rathbun came Reverend B. H. Russell, a missionary rider of what was called the Fort Des Moines Mission of the Christian Church, which embraced the counties of Polk, Madison, Warren, half of Marion, Jasper, Boone, and Dallas. He traveled on horseback, his outfit consisting of a pair of saddlebags, one-half of which would be filled with corn bread and bacon—perchance a piece of chicken, quietly interpolated by the good mothers of the cabins where he tarried; the other half with a clean, coarse shirt and well-worn Bible. A trip of the circuit required several months, over trackless prairies and bridgeless streams, a not unpleasant task in Summer, but in Winter the danger from blizzards and severe cold was great, for the cabins of settlers were far apart. Means of communication from one section to another was limited to the chance passing of some person. Frequently, his family were in dire suspense from lack of tidings of him, and sometimes in absolute want of food and fuel. He was given a hearty welcome wherever he went, and did a good work in the vineyards of the Master. He was a man of great physical endurance.

While Russell was riding the Circuit, George W. Teas came into the field. He was very pretentious, effusive, and a little wobbly in his Methodism—in fact, he left the church and joined another denomination, declaring his change with the couplet:

"Let the news spread from shore to shore,
George W. Teas is a Methodist no more."

He soon discovered he had got into the wrong place and returned to the fold, whereupon an enthusiastic brother, in a gladsome poetic effusion, exclaimed:

"Let the news spread from Georgia to Maine,
George W. Teas is a Methodist again."

Reverend D. C. Marts, a Hardshell Baptist, came into the county and began preaching in the cabins in the Saylor Settlement. He was an earnest, Christian man, more noted for the force of his preachment than the elegance of his diction. He was emphatically a frontiersman. Dressed in Kentucky jeans, Bible in hand, his red hair standing pompadour all over his head, he would commence service singing at the top of his voice, and very likely close with the declaration that, "Religion is a mighty good thing—as good as a Fourth of July dinner." He was a zealous worker, but to get a living, he located in Polk City, set up a turning lathe, went to making chairs with bark seats, and finally drifted into the tavern business, giving meals of corn bread and bacon for twenty-five cents, but if of wheat bread and chicken fixin's, it was fifty cents.

A circuit preacher in 1847 was J. Q. Hammond. As his circuit embraced about one hundred miles, he preached at The Fort only once in four weeks. His home was in one of the vacated soldier's log cabins, 12×14, heated only by a fireplace at one end. It was a poor protection against the Winter storms, and his wife and young daughter endured much suffering. Snow drifted in through the cracks in the walls. There was no woodshed, and often they had to shovel paths to the woodpile and dig it out of deep snow. They were not disheartened nor discouraged. They were an integral part of the zeal, energy and high purpose of pioneer life, which was laying the foundation for better conditions and future greatness—for what we have to-day.

Among the very early preachers was Matthew Spurloch, a Methodist exhorter, who traveled over the country preaching in the little settlements, and at camp-meetings. He was fond of yellow-legged chickens, fast horses, and lucre. He finally "squatted" on a land claim of three hundred and twenty-five acres, where Summerset now is, on the Winterset Branch of the Rock Island Railroad, put up a log cabin, where he sold groceries, tobacco and whiskey. He was very loquacious, and a story-teller. It was related of him that he would get into a crowd of story-tellers, flip up a gold or silver coin, saying: "I can make you one hundred dollars of that kind of money for twenty dollars," and he would show some specimens. The bait was taken; he gathered in the gold and silver, and when

the victims clamored for their returns, he snapped his fingers at them, and told them the best thing they could do was to keep their mouths shut, which they did. With the gold and silver thus obtained, he paid for the land, and that is how Summerset was started. He was arrested several times for counterfeiting, but nothing could be proven against him. His victims would not "squeal."

In June, 1847, he borrowed sixty-five dollars and sixty-six cents of "Wall" Clapp, who kept a grocery on Second Street, and gave his note, payable on Christmas Day following, "in pork, at the cash price at said Spurloch's," to secure which he gave a mortgage on his land claim of three hundred and twenty-five acres, the title to which was still in the Government. It was the first mortgage placed on record in Polk County.

In 1846, the Whigs persuaded Doctor T. K. Brooks to become a candidate for Senator in the First General Assembly of the state, at the October election, to represent the counties of Polk, Dallas, Marion and Jasper. The Democrats put up "Tom" Baker, the United States District Attorney. It was a lively campaign, for both men were wide-awake. As it progressed, they decided to hold a joint debate over the district. Spurloch invited them to come to his place, and they went. After the debate, he kept them up until one o'clock, story-telling, and then put them to bed. In the morning, he went to them very solemnly, saying he had bad news for them; a member of his family had died suddenly, and they must arise as quietly as possible. The sympathies of "Tom" and the Doctor were aroused, and the breakfast was eaten in silence. Then he told them the grave had been dug, the coffin made, and the funeral would be held at once. Headed by Spurloch, abjectly solemn, arm in arm, "Tom" and the Doctor marched to the grave of—a big pet Tomcat. The two mourners choked down their mirth as they turned away from the scene, seeing that Spurloch was in dead earnest, but "Tom's" smile was so effusive Spurloch heard it, and he pitched into him vehemently for his gross disregard for the proprieties of the occasion, and declared he would do all he could to defeat his election. Whether it was through his influence, or the personal popularity of the Doctor, "Tom" was elected by only three

majority in a strong Democratic district, and he was elected President of the Senate.

In 1848, came Father Thompson Bird, a missionary of the new school Presbyterian Church. (See Volume I, page Seventeen.)

The same year, the Reverend Mr. William Coger came into the McClain Settlement, in what is now Madison Township, and was co-laborer with Rathbun. The Winter of that year was that of the "big snow." One Sunday, he was plodding through the snow, after service in one of the cabins, when he saw a large prairie wolf. His "Old Adam" got the better of him, and he plunged after it, caught it and carried it in his arms eight miles to his home.

Reverend William Busick also came in 1848, preached in the cabins in the settlement about where is now Avon, and, being of a business temperament, he laid out a town with parks, broad streets, churches, railroads, and a steamboat landing on the river to facilitate the business of his embryo city. He called it Circleville. Several lots were sold, one log house erected, and a schoolhouse, but the town got lost in the shuffle of civilization.

In 1849, Reverend William Cory located near a timber belt at what is now known as Cory's Grove, in Delaware Township He did missionary work among the settlers, organized churches, and became a very influential citizen.

In 1851, Reverend J. A. Nash came to Fort Des Moines, as a missionary of the Baptist Church. (See Volume I, page Thirty-three.)

In 1849, a Methodist preacher named Raynor preached in "Uncle Jimmy" Jordan's cabin, in the Walnut Creek Settlement. His coming was always greeted with great cordiality, for "Uncle Jimmy" was a devout Methodist. It was his custom to make preparation for the visits, and among other things to have hymn books and a Bible in place for the preacher. On one occasion, the preacher wanted the Bible, but it was not there. "Uncle Jimmy," seeing his omission, quickly picked up a large book—he was a little near-sighted—and gave it to the preacher, who turned over a few leaves, and laid it on the table. "Uncle Jimmy" thought it strange he did not read a chapter from the Bible, as usual, and on his departure, examined the book, and found it was a copy of the "Congressional Globe."

In 1855, Reverend E. M. H. Fleming organized a Methodist class and began preaching November Fourth, in the Lyon Schoolhouse, on the East Side. Mrs. A. Y. Hull, mother of Congressman Hull, was the only Methodist on the east side of the river. Subsequently, he became pastor of Wesley Chapel, and very prominent in church work.

I do not think old-timers have forgotten Morgan Edwards, the revivalist, who occasionally came to Des Moines to stir up the laggards and lethargists in the churches, and increase their membership. He was an earnest worker, sincere in his belief, companionable, made friends easily, and noted for the spontaneity of his speech. He spoke just as he happened to think. At one time, the whole Western country was suffering from drouth. The land was parched and dry. Farmers were troubled over the prospect of their crops. Water was scarce, even for domestic use. In one of his prayers, he asked for rain, "Not a freshet, good Lord, but a gentle sizzle-sozzle." At another time, in his requests for Divine favor, he said: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I am in need of a pair of shoes, and Doctor Dickenson is the man to give them to me." The Doctor furnished the shoes. He was a firm believer in Divine Providence—that the Lord would provide for His own. One morning, a poor woman came to his door begging. He gave her his wife's shoes, leaving her shoeless. During the day, a man gave him a five-dollar bill, with which he purchased his wife a pair of shoes.

He was accustomed to go about town, visit families, have a social chat, and invite them to attend his meetings. In one family was a woman who expressed a desire to attend, but she had no bonnet. Edwards, at the next meeting, did not forget it, and in his prayer said: "And, O Lord, send Jennie Sanford a new bonnet, so she can go to church."

His personal allusions were received without affront, for his sincerity, kindness, and true Christian spirit disarmed them of all sting.

December Eighth, 1907.

SAMUEL B. GARTON

SAMUEL B. GARTON

A PIONEER of the county who has been closely identified with the growth of Des Moines, more especially that of the East Side, is Samuel B. Garton, or Sam., as he is familiarly called by old-timers. He was born in Wisley, County of Surrey, England, February Third, 1848.

His father lived on a small, rented farm, raised wheat and table vegetables, which he took to London and sold in a market stall. Having a family of four boys and three girls, he found it difficult to make both ends meet at the end of the year. Hearing so much of the possibilities for a poor man in America, he decided to come and try it. Accordingly, May Twenty-third, 1854, with his family, he left London on the sailing vessel, *Christiana*, and arrived at New York on the evening of July Fourth, amid the glare of fireworks and hubbub of the celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by the New England, a strange greeting to an English-born citizen.

Immediately on landing, he went to Centerville, Indiana, where a sister had for some time resided. There he rented a farm for a time, but later opened a grocery on the Pike. The children attended school and assisted in the store and on the farm.

Nearby resided a wealthy farmer, who owned a farm on what was known as Saylor Bottoms, north of Des Moines. He made a proposition to Garton to go there and operate the farm, which was accepted, and in October, 1856, Garton, with his brother-in-law, Anthony Tilley, well known in Des Moines in the early days, and their families, started for Saylor Bottoms with two two-horse wagons, two one-horse wagons loaded with the usual outfit of clothing, bedding, housekeeping articles and a coop of chickens "on behind." The route was through Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Burlington. Illinois was a trackless prairie, not a house was seen. At Bloomington, they had to buy water for their horses, a severe drouth

having dried up all the sources of water supply, and water was at a premium.

They arrived at the farm late in the month, and found a renter in possession, with the right thereto until March. Their only resort was an unoccupied log cabin with two rooms. Each family took one room. Poles were cut, and a lean-to, with thatched roof, for sheltering the horses was attached to the cabin, and preparation made to pass the Winter. Flour was sixteen dollars a barrel, and Garton often said that had it not been for wild turkeys and prairie chickens which they shot, they would have starved. Tilley being a butcher, bought cattle, killed them, sold the carcasses in Des Moines, and with the proceeds purchased provisions for the families in a very limited way.

The next year came a big flood, in July, wheat and oats in the shock floated off down the river, and the corn was ruined. They therefore abandoned the bottoms, and rented land where the Danish College, Children's Home, and D. H. Kooker's residence now are, north of Union Park, and began farming again. They lived in a log cabin which stood where is now the pavilion at Union Park. During the Winter, the boys and girls attended the Alfred Harris School, three and a half miles distant, walking it every day. Subsequently, Samuel, and an older brother, William T., supplemented their education with a course in the business college of C. B. Worthington and J. W. Muffly, the first school of the kind in Des Moines.

In the early Sixties, Father Garton, as he was usually called, purchased an interest in the Carlisle flour mill, and, with his family, went into the milling business, where he remained several years, when his taste for farming induced him to purchase forty acres near Avon, and, with Samuel, turned over the wild prairie, fenced it, and put it under cultivation.

William T. also left the milling business and learned that of making bread and cakes, and early in the Spring of 1865 rented a small, one-story frame building of "Billy" Moore, and opened a bakery. It was on Walnut Street, at the southeast corner of Fourth, "Billy" having the year before moved his Hoosier Store up from Second Street. The bakery was on the third lot from the corner, next east of "Billy's" store, a two-story frame; next east, on the

alley, where Kurtz's store now is, was "Billy's" residence, a small, two-story frame. On the opposite corner north, the Lairds had a grocery. On the northwest corner, where the Valley National Bank now is, Anthony Tilley opened a butcher shop in a log cabin, and Harry Stephenson, who owned the corner, had his residence in the rear and west from the cabin. On the southwest corner was the old Savery House, now Kirkwood. In 1867, William T. leased ground of Judge Casady and built a two-story frame on the second lot west from the hotel (the lot next to the alley being occupied by Mrs. O'Toole, a milliner, in a one-story frame), moved his bakery into it, and, with his wife, lived on the upper floor. Next westward was W. A. Galbraith's grain and feed store, next Martin Tuttle's grocery, and on the corner Weaver & Maish's drug store, all in two-story frame buildings, trade then having only just begun its movement west of Fourth Street.

In 1869, Samuel quit farming and joined his brother, William T. In 1873, they opened a branch on the northwest corner of East Fifth and Locust streets, in a two-story frame building, and Sam. became the manager.

When the big fire occurred in Chicago, in 1871, and a cry went out for help, John J. Williams offered to furnish the Gartons all the flour they could make into bread, and four men worked two days and nights making bread, which was carried free to Chicago by the Rock Island Road.

In 1876, the partnership having been dissolved, Samuel leased the ground at Three Hundred and Thirty-one East Locust, built a two-story frame thereon, moved his bakery there, and lived in the upper story. In 1882, a boom having struck the East Side, he bought the ground at Five Hundred and Twenty-three East Locust, and built the brick building in which he still has his bakery and lunch room. He then built a three-story brick at Three Hundred and Thirty-one East Locust, in which is now Graber's dry goods store.

There is not now a merchant in business on the East Side who was there when he commenced business, and in all those years his store has been open for business six days in the week, and has received his personal attention.

Politically, he is a Republican, though his father was a Democrat until the Civil War came. He gives little attention to the game of politics, and in local affairs votes for the man deemed best fitted for the place.

Socially, he is affable, of sanguine-lymphatic temperament, somewhat stubborn in opinion, takes little interest in society fads, is a zealous supporter of schools, churches and industrial affairs, public-spirited and highly esteemed for uprightness and integrity. He is not a member of any clubs or societies except the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He contributed liberally to the fund which purchased and presented to the State Agricultural Society the grounds for the State Fair, and also to the fund for building the first iron bridge at Locust Street.

Religiously, he is a Baptist and an enthusiastic member of Calvary Church. He is the church Treasurer, and financed the building of the edifice dedicated June Twenty-fifth, 1905, free of debt. For twenty years, he has been a church Deacon.

December Twenty-second, 1907.

CALVIN THORNTON

THE early events of Polk County were very frequently punctured with the doings of Calvin Thornton. Born January Seventh, 1830, in Vermillion County, Illinois, of Scotch-Irish ancestry on his father's side, and English on that of his mother, he passed his boyhood days on the farm of his father, and helped his mother with her weaving by doing the spooling and quilling. His education was a tussle between his animal propensity for sport and book learning. I asked him about it, and he replied, rather facetiously: "The most schooling I got was learning to play what was called 'Townball,' 'Bullpen,' and other games. To be sure, we had a log schoolhouse, with puncheon floor, and slabs for seats. In the Summer, the teacher would lie down on one of the slabs, go to sleep, and either fall off accidentally, or with the assistance of some passing pupil, but in the Winter, there were boys as large as the teacher, and you bet they kept him awake."

Calvin, however, secured an education sufficient to fit him for successful business, and when seventeen years old, he concluded he could do better than living on a farm—that he would learn a trade. His father attempted to dissuade him, telling him that it was his intention to give each of his children a farm or set them up in business; that if he left his home, he would get no farm, and no start in business from him.

Despite the wishes of his father, he apprenticed himself for thirty months to learn the trade of cabinet-maker. At the end of the first year of his apprenticeship, in 1848, he got a ticket-of-leave to visit his father, who had removed to Polk County. His visit completed, he returned and served the remainder of his apprenticeship. In September, 1850, he returned to Fort Des Moines, in a prairie schooner, stopping at "Uncle Tommy" Mitchell's tavern to take a rest and be ready to wrestle with Skunk River bottoms. He forded Des Moines River between Grand Avenue and Walnut

Street, and landed on the West Side with a good suit of clothes and but a few dollars in his pocket. He at once began work at his trade, but soon after rented the small frame shop and tools of John Reichnecker, which was on the west side of Fourth Street, where the Munger Hotel now is, and, with resolute spirit, took up the burden of life, often being reminded of the "no farm" decree of his father, which was faithfully kept, and which he later in life often said was a real benefit, for it forced him to rely upon his own resources.

One of his earliest customers was Elder J. A. Nash, whose first wife died of Consumption, and he had Calvin make the coffin—there were no burial caskets in those days. The Elder visited the shop several times, desirous that the coffin should be good and strong, as her father might decide to send the body East, and he wanted it safe for the journey. The incident ripened into a firm and lasting friendship between the two.

One day, when standing in the door of his shop, he saw some rabbits frisking about in the grubs where Brinsmaid's store is, and, taking his gun from the rack, shot one of them.

At another time, he, Hoyt Sherman and some other fellows went up on the bluff in the timber and dense underbrush where the Victoria Hotel is now, to hunt for wild plums. They got lost, and wandered about some time before they got their bearings and found their way out.

In January, 1851, having reached his majority, he decided to invest in farm land. Judge Casady entered forty acres for him with a military land warrant, which was paid for mostly in furniture. Every dollar he could spare from his business he invested in additions to his forty acres, until he had acquired two hundred and forty acres.

In April, 1851, he was elected Clerk of Delaware Township, and soon after Township Assessor, Director of the School District, and President of the School Board, and held one or more of those offices so long as he lived in the township. In 1854, he married, built a house, and went to farming.

In 1857, Douglas Township was carved out of Delaware Township, and Calvin was appointed by the County Court to organize

the township for election, revenue and judicial purposes. He was elected the first Justice of the Peace in the township, and held the place so long as he resided there. He was also a School Director. A few years later, his father-in-law died, leaving a farm which he entered in the Government Land Office in 1848, and which is now the State Fair Grounds. Calvin sold his farm, settled with the heirs of his father-in-law, took possession of the farm, and lived thereon until he sold it to the State Agricultural Society, in 1886.

In October, 1862, he was elected a member of the Board of County Supervisors, to represent Douglas Township, and reëlected in 1864. During the war period, the Board was an active and busy body, for the demands of families of the men who were in the army were numerous and imperative, requiring almost daily sessions. It was an intelligent, patriotic body, and the soldier boys from Polk County and their families were cared for with fidelity and liberality.

When the second Court House was built, bonds of the county were issued in 1859 to raise funds therefor. A large number of the bonds were sold to Clarke, Dodge & Company, New York. At the January meeting of the County Supervisors, they put themselves on record, to-wit:

"Whereas, It is believed that a large share of the bonds known as Court House Bonds are owned by parties in rebellion against the Government; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Treasurer is hereby instructed not to pay interest on said bonds unless he is well satisfied that the owners are truly loyal."

April Third, 1865, the Board was in session when the report came of the surrender of Lee's army, whereupon it was immediately

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the Board is hereby authorized to illuminate the Court House at the county's expense this night, in honor of the capture of Richmond by the armies of the Republic of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be and is hereby authorized to have thirty-six guns fired this evening in honor of the recent victories of the Union army near Richmond."

Captain Harry Griffith, Clerk of the Board, who had served two years as Commander of the First Iowa Battery in the field, on hearing the resolution read, leaped to his feet, called Pete. Myers to take his place, and, before the Board had adjourned, he had a twelve-pounder belching fire, smoke and noise down at 'Coon Point. His thirty-six guns were supplemented with one hundred more ordered by the state. The whole town was wild with exuberant cheering.

In 1869, the county was infested with horse thieves and perpetrators of other robberies among the settlers. The Vigilance Committee of Allen and Four Mile townships determined to put an end to it, within their jurisdiction at least. Suspicion fastened upon "Jack" Hiner as one of the gang, and he was brought before Esquire Prentice, an old settler, a few miles east of the Capitol. Hiram Y. Smith, a young lawyer, who subsequently became Prosecuting Attorney for the county, and Congressman, appeared as Hiner's attorney. There was a large gathering of farmers present, and considerable excitement. After a long hearing, which lasted until night, the court decided there was not sufficient evidence to hold the defendant, and he was discharged. He was immediately taken in charge by a number of men. Smith's horse was brought up; he was told that his services were no longer required there; that further attempt to save his client would be futile, and the best thing he could do would be to get back to Des Moines and stay there. The advice was given with emphasis, which received prompt attention. That was the last known of "Jack" Hiner. What became of him has since been a mystery. Knowing that Calvin was familiar with all that was going on in those days, I asked him not long ago if he knew what became of him, to which he replied:

"The last I heard of 'Jack' Hiner, he got into a deep hole in Des Moines River, between Mrs. Henderson's and Rees Wilkins' place. Of course, I was not there, but some of 'the boys' told me a committee was appointed to take him to jail, but when they got along in that timber on the river bank, he got away from them, and made the highest jump they ever saw a man make—fully as high as their heads—and into the river. You certainly know that is a dangerous place to get into on a very dark night. A person is

likely to find a watery grave, and no one would feel in duty bound to risk their life at such a time in trying to save him. 'Tis sad, 'tis pity, 'tis true. But it was a weak committee, composed of such men as 'Tom' Mattocks, Jarvis Hougham, J. C. Taylor, and some others I might mention not yet dead."

If Calvin's explanation is correct, that committee must have changed their plans, for on the night Hiner disappeared, "Jim" Miller says the sixty feet of rope in the well on his farm, not far from where the committee took charge of Hiner, was taken by a group of men who would not let him get near enough to identify them.

Politically, Calvin is a radical Republican. He was a charter member of the party, in 1853. So popular was he in the party, he was selected as a delegate to nearly every Republican county convention during his residence in the county, and so much faith had the people in his business capacity, honesty and integrity, he was elected Justice of the Peace, Director, President and Secretary of a school district, Township Supervisor or Assessor continuously in the several townships of Delaware, Douglas, Lee and Grant, which, by the changes of geographical lines, his farm fell into, from the time he was twenty-one years old until he left the county, in 1886. Some of the time he was Director, President and Secretary of the same school district, until the Legislature prohibited the office of President and Secretary being held by the same person. He was a charter member of the Tippecanoe Club. He was a man of affairs in the early days. Socially, he was affable and companionable. He was a firm and active helper of the church and school. Reared as a Quaker, he abjured all fraternal organizations, except the Grangers.

When the Des Moines Plow Company was organized, he became a stockholder, and later President, until it was changed to a barbed wire company. In 1875, the company made a contract to manufacture and supply the State Grange (Patrons of Husbandry) at reduced price, barbed wire, in opposition to the Washburn, Moen trust. Immediately, a big fight was on in the courts. Calvin was an active participant in the scrimmage from start to finish. There were thirty-one subordinate granges in the county, and Calvin was

a charter member and Master of Grant Township Grange. He showed the courage of his conviction by affixing his signature to the fifty-thousand-dollar bond which carried the contest to the United States Supreme Court and victory. Then he was satisfied.

When the Iowa National Bank was organized, he invested four thousand dollars in its capital stock.*

January Fourteenth, 1907.

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*He died in Pasadena, California, September Third, 1908.

MRS. L. F. ANDREWS

LORENZO FRANK ANDREWS

A COLLECTION of sketches of the early settlers and city builders of Des Moines would seem to be incomplete without that of the author of them, especially when he was so important a factor in the upbuilding and in preserving and recording the history of the making of the city, and of the men who made it.

As the person most responsible for his coming to Des Moines, the one who has known him longest and been most intimately connected with his earlier years therein, I have been asked by his friends and parties interested in this publication to prepare a sketch concerning him, to be printed in this volume.

Having no personal knowledge of his life before coming to the city, I have managed to worry from him, by a close cross examination, the following particulars of his previous career:

He was born in Athol, Worcester County, Massachusetts, March Eighth, 1829, at one o'clock A. M., of Scotch ancestry, running back to Thomas Andrews, of Carlisle, England, A. D. 1286.

His father was an inventor and machinist. It was his custom, when working out his inventions, to devise and make the machinery necessary thereto. He was at one time engaged in an establishment which used a vast amount of bolts and nuts, the threading of which was done by hand. He invented a machine which automatically not only did the threading, but made the bolt heads. It was the first machine known of the kind, but, like many inventors, he neglected to get a patent for it, and others made millions from it.

When L. F. was two years old, his parents removed to Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont, where his father assisted Thomas Davenport in producing the first electric motor and railway known in the world.

When twelve years old, his parents moved back to Petersham, Massachusetts, near his birthplace.

He attended the common school, and one term in Troy Conference Academy, at Poultney, Vermont, and when sixteen years old, indentured as an apprentice in the office of the *Barre* (Massachusetts) *Patriot*, and served three years.

In 1850, he came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and in the office of the *Telegraph* put in type the call issued for the convention at Jackson, which organized the National Republican Party. Later, he established the *Western Union*, a weekly Republican paper, at Niles, Michigan, which was destroyed by fire. He then established a weekly paper at Girard, Pennsylvania, which he sold, and went to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and served one year as city editor of the *Daily Northwestern*. Thence he went to La Fayette, Indiana, where he was two years assistant editor of the *Daily Courier*.

December Thirty-first, 1863, he came to Des Moines, and entered the employ of Mills & Company. While employed thus, ten hours a day, he read law, entered the first class of the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University, graduated in 1866, was admitted to practice in the state and federal courts, and December Seventh, 1866, was appointed United States Commissioner for the District of Iowa, by Judge John F. Dillon, of the Federal Court.

On coming to Des Moines, he was the special state correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, and to it sent the first press message over the first wire from Des Moines. He served the *Journal* nearly thirty years. He was also, at times, a special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, *Saint Louis Globe-Democrat*, *Saint Paul Pioneer Press* and *New York Tribune*.

He was night editor of the *Daily Register*, under Mills & Company, and when the paper passed to the Clarksons, he became city editor of the *Daily Republican* and *Daily State Journal*, during their brief existence.

May Fifth, 1880, he was elected the first Secretary of the State Board of Health. The following year, the law was changed, requiring the Secretary to be a physician, which he was not. He was elected Assistant Secretary, and served eighteen years.

While with the State Board, he prepared and secured the passage of the law regulating the sale and use of kerosene, gasoline,

and naphtha for illuminating purposes, and also the rules and regulations for illuminating oils used in coal mines, and the making and sale of linseed oil. He also prepared and secured the passage of the law providing for the punishment of those "holding up" railway trains for the purpose of robbery, the first of the kind in the state, as it fixed the offense, if human life was lost thereby, at manslaughter in the first degree.

He also reported for the press proceedings of the Legislature more than twenty years, and was well known throughout the state. It was often said by Legislators and men from different parts of the state who came to Des Moines, that at home, when important news was current of doings at the Capital, and reports were conflicting, they always waited for the statement of "A." in the *Chicago Journal*, to get the facts and truth.

The Index of Miller's Code of Iowa, prepared by him, has been pronounced the best example of legal indexing ever done in any Iowa publication.

His coming to Des Moines resulted in a disturbance at both ends of the line. The foreman of our printing establishment leaving us to embark in business for himself, made it necessary to secure another one. I set about finding the best man for the place that could be had, and after diligent search, and much correspondence, he was selected. He was desirous to come West, and the new Capital of Iowa attracted him.

The next morning after his arrival, I was waited on at my residence before breakfast by a committee representing all the printers in the establishment, with a "round robin," signed by the entire force, declaring that they would not go to work under the new foreman. I informed them that Mr. Andrews had been highly recommended to me; that I proposed to give him a trial; that anyone who did not want to work under him did not have to, and for them all to appear at the counting-room and get their money, if any was due them; that I proposed to run my own business a while longer. Every one drew his money, stepped down and out. One apprentice boy came back the same day and went to work, but no one of the others ever had an opportunity to work for the company again. To help me out of the lurch, Lamp. Sherman, Barlow Granger, Will.

Porter, General William Duane Wilson, and one or two other business men, formerly printers, came in, tendered their services, took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and went to the "case." Inside of a week, many more printers than I could find work for came in from other places and applied for situations. Thus ended the first and only "strike" ever organized among the printers of Des Moines during my more than forty years in the business in the city.

The reason given for the "strike" was the charge that Mr. Andrews, while associate editor and foreman of the *Daily Courier*, at La Fayette, had put two lady typesetters at work, and the printers thereupon struck and "ratted" the office. There was no Typographical Union at Des Moines, and this was claimed to be a "sympathetic strike." The real animus was, the temporary foreman did not want to be displaced, and had worked up the "strike" on his own account. Mr. Andrews was thus an early martyr in behalf of "Women's Rights." He remained in our employ for a number of years, in charge of our Book and Job Department, and later was night editor of the *Daily Register*, doing much editorial work in the meantime, until he was called to a prominent official position at the Capitol.

No man better versed or more skilled in the typographic art ever held a place in an Iowa printery, and as a newspaper man, he was a peer of the best in his special lines. As a statistician, he was only equaled by Wm. H. Fleming. His succinct and impartial reports and statements of public proceedings and affairs; his terse and lucid conclusions, made his correspondence sought for by Chicago and Iowa journals.

Of late years, he has largely devoted his time and talent in digging out and recording important facts in the early history of the state and city, their prominent men, and early settlers. In this, he has done a work of great value, and added largely to the general knowledge respecting them. There is a wide-spread desire that he continue in the good work, unearth and record many more facts of historical importance.

Mr. Andrews' wife is a lady of culture, and a writer of marked ability. She is the founder of the local society of the Daughters of

the American Revolution (her father being a soldier of the Revolutionary War), and of the Sendery Literary Club.

Their son, Frank Mills Andrews, who was a product of the State College at Ames, and later of Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, is a very successful architect of national reputation. Notable specimens of his work may be seen in New York City, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Dayton, the City of Mexico, Mobile, New Orleans, and in the new Capitol of Kentucky.

FRANK M. MILLS.

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NOTE.—The date given at the close of each sketch is that on which it originally appeared in *The Register and Leader*, and will explain discrepancies respecting incidents and changes occurring since those dates and that of this publication.

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