

Newspaper Press of Iowa, in its first decade—May, 1836, November, 1846.”

The *fourth* was by the Rev. Geo. F. Magoun, D. D., of Iowa College, Grinnell, on “The Past, Present, and Future of our Country,” which was also delivered in the university chapel, on the 28th of June, 1865.

The *fifth* and last (not third) was delivered in the new university chapel, on the 27th of January, 1871, by Hon. Charles Negus, of Fairfield, upon the subject of “The Indians of Iowa.”

T. S. PARVIN.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTH-  
WESTERN IOWA.

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BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MO.

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(Continued from page 467.)

During the years of 1856 and 1857 the town mania ran to an alarming extent among the settlers of the northwest, while corn and wheat fields were sadly neglected. Very many good quarter sections were spoiled by being driven full of stakes and gorgeously displayed on paper, while the only perceptible improvements were the aforementioned stakes, and the only citizens gophers, who held the lots by right of possession, and who seriously objected to having their range intercepted with cottonwood stakes.

But few out of the many of these paper towns proved a success, one of which was Covington, on the Nebraska side of the Missouri river, opposite Sioux City. It was laid out by one Pecot, a Frenchman, John Fenan, an Irishman, the Seaton brothers, and others, who made claims contiguous to each other. Covington, it was thought, would, in time, be to Sioux City as Covington, Kentucky, is to Cincinnati, Ohio. The

town is located on low land, scarcely above high water mark, covered with a very heavy growth of timber (mostly cottonwood), which extended up and down the river for several miles. It was from this point that the citizens of Sioux City obtained their supply of wood for fuel and much of their lumber for building.

Quite a number of the citizens of Sioux City went over on the Nebraska side of the river and took timber claims, some of whom resided on their claims temporarily, and others employed parties to reside upon and hold the claim for them until it should be disposed of or entered at the coming land sales. In many instances the occupant received a portion of the claim, and not unfrequently possessing him or themselves of the entire claim, regardless of the rights and interest of the former claimant.

Among the many who went over and possessed themselves of timber claims in "the goodly land," was Rev. C. D. Martin, of the Old School Presbyterian church, a minister of marked ability, who had been breaking the bread of life to the denizens of Sioux City for a brief period of time, and had not received temporal bread sufficient for his labors to sustain the corporeal existence of himself and family, who were in very limited circumstances. Accordingly, he secured a timber claim of forty acres near Covington, upon which he erected a cabin and made preparations to move his family, and make lumber out of his timber, as a steam saw mill was soon to be erected near him.

This, many of his parishioners and outsiders regarded in the Reverend as a matter of speculation, and partaking too much of secular interest for a minister to engage in, and were somewhat unsparing in their denunciations. This coming to the ears of our reverend friend, he at once determined to abandon his flock to their own destruction, but not without first giving them a severe reprimanding for the stigmas they had cast upon the character of their shepherd. Accordingly, he left an appointment to preach, at which time he proposed to take ministerial leave of Sioux City. We were present, and heard

this his last or farewell sermon, which was delivered in a log house on Douglas street, opposite the United States land office, and occupied as a real estate office by Culver, Betts, & Co., and afterwards known as the old fort.

He chose for his remarks on that occasion the cxx. Psalm. It has never been our privilege to listen to a more scathing, sarcastic, and withering rebuke to the false tongue, calumniator, &c., than upon that occasion. While he was portraying the character of the calumniator, the following lines of the poet were forcibly suggested to our mind:—

“Detested pest of social joy,  
Thou spoiler of life's pleasures,  
Like moth or rust ye soon destroy  
What's more than all our treasure.”

He dwelt in a cutting manner on those, who had traduced his motives and poured out the cup of slander to its last dregs upon his devoted head. The following lines are a sample of his sarcasm:—

Unto the dregs they'd draw it out,  
Delighted with their labors,  
Then bear the burning swill about,  
To treat their thirsty neighbors.

He concluded his remarks by saying: “Now, brethren, Paul made tents for a living, and I make lumber. No fault was found with Paul by his brethren for so doing, and why should you denounce me as a speculator, land shark, &c., and not Paul? I repeat it, brethren, Paul made tents and I make lumber.” He then shook the dust from his feet, as a testimony against the city, and departed (no doubt much relieved) to his cottonwood over the river.

Claims were soon regarded as being very valuable about Covington, and much difficulty was soon the result among claimers. It was not an unusual thing for claims to be jumped. In the summer of 1857 a young man by the name of John Fitzpatrick, from Champaign county, Illinois, purchased a claim adjoining Covington. He was a young man of good character, and soon became much esteemed by the community. Shortly after having purchased his claim he married, and left

on a bridal tour to Champaign county, Illinois, where his father resided. Before leaving he placed a tenant on his claim, to hold it until he returned. Soon after he left, one George L. Griffey, a Kentuckian, who had been lounging about Sioux City some months, and who had been arrested while there on a charge of riot, and was under bonds of \$500 for his appearance at the fall term of court, went over to Covington, and finding Fitzpatrick's tenant absent from the claim, entered upon and took possession of it, which he held until Fitzpatrick returned, which was about the 8th of August, when Fitzpatrick ejected him from the cabin. In a day or two he returned, and found his cabin again occupied by Griffey and a disreputable character by the name of Mahafy. Fitzpatrick offered no violence, but told the trespassers that he would seek redress at the hands of the law. The next day Fitzpatrick met with Griffey at Pecot's house, in Covington, when he told G. that the claim was his, and he would law him out of it. Angry words now passed between them, when F. told G. that if he would lay aside his weapons he would flog him, and if he did not he would release all his right to the disputed claim. G. then asked F. if he was armed. "I am not," said F. Fitzpatrick now stepped out of the house and a few feet from the door, and was conversing with a friend, when Griffey stepped to the door, and, on seeing F. with his back toward him, drew his revolver and fired at Fitzpatrick, the ball taking effect in his left side, just below the heart. The shot was fatal; the unfortunate man lived about one hour.

The announcement of the murder in Sioux City created the most intense excitement. Many of the citizens crossed over as quickly as it was possible, to assist in capturing the murderer, but he made good his escape, under cover of Mahafy's revolver, who was *particeps criminis* in the bloody deed. Many of the good citizens were soon armed with guns and revolvers and in pursuit of the bloody villains. The timbered portion of country for some considerable distance around was thoroughly scoured, but no traces of the murderers were found. Could they have been captured, such was the indig-

nation of the people, that they would, without judge or jury, have expiated their guilt at the end of a hemp cord.

Griffey was never captured. Mahafy went to Omaha, where he had not been long when he committed a brutal murder, for which he was arrested and imprisoned, a short time after which he broke jail and made his escape.

Covington has now grown into a place of considerable importance, and may yet, from the genial rays of prosperity shed upon her by her twin sister "Sioux," arrive to that position predicted for her by her founders.\*

It was in the fall of 1855 or early in the spring of 1856 (I am not certain which), that Captain Lyon, of the United States army, then stationed at Fort Randal, was so favorably impressed with the location of Sioux City in regard to its many commercial advantages, which were destined at no distant day to make her the queen city of the northwest, that he obtained leave of absence from his command and came down to Sioux City and made a pre-emption claim of one hundred and sixty acres, adjoining Sioux City proper on the west. His claim extended south to the Missouri, which formed the line, along which the land was rough and covered with timber of small growth. He built a small cabin at the head of a ravine, which ran diagonally through his claim. When his cabin (or malogney, as he termed it,) was ready for occupancy, J. M. White (of the firm of White & Copeland) went out, and (as he said) tabernacled with the Captain in the flesh in his malogney one night. The next day (I think) the Captain proved up his pre-emption, White acting as his witness. Captain Lyon then returned to his command, strongly impressed that he had secured a good investment for the future.

This Captain Lyon afterward was the lamented General Lyon, of the late cruel war, who fell while leading the gallant Iowa first in the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Missouri, on the 10th day of August, 1861. Among the many brave and gallant officers whose loss our country was called to mourn during the late bloody rebellion, none were more deeply mourned by his countrymen, or whose death was more

keenly felt as a national calamity, than that of General Lyon. He was brave and sagacious, determined and inflexible, and had the faculty of inspiring his men with the same spirit. He possessed more of the qualities of a Napoleon than any other general in the federal army.

It was when General Lyon was making a forced march to Springfield, just prior to the battle of Wilson's Creek, that the Iowa regiments led the command on every day's march some distance in advance, that General Lyon gave them the (not very euphonious) name of "Iowa grey hounds." At the battle of Wilson's Creek, Colonel Bates, of the Iowa first, was sick and unable to command his regiment, and while Lyon was trying to inspire his men with that indomitable courage and bravery that was so marked in his own character, the Iowa 1st called to him and said, "General, give us a leader, and we will follow him unto death." "I will lead you," said the brave Lyon; "follow me." He lead, they followed—yes, followed him into the very jaws of death. The General was mounted on his large dapple-gray horse, and some rods in the advance of the regiment, when he received a rebel ball through his body and near the small of his back, which proved fatal. As he fell with his horse, which was killed also, his body-servant rode up. The General turned to him, and, calling him by name, said, "I am going up." Many brave sons of Iowa bit the dust that day, with their heroic leader, whom they followed unto death.

Captain Skiler Low, a rebel captain (now of Independence, Missouri), has given me the following statement in reference to General Lyon's death: He says he was stationed immediately in front of the Iowa regiment that General Lyon lead; that Lyon advanced directly toward him, and several rods in advance of the Iowa regiment that he was leading, and that the General was mounted on a very fine dapple-gray horse. The captain says that he so much admired the general's courage and bravery that he did not want to see him killed, but wanted him made a prisoner, and so expressed himself to those present, who coincided with him; but as soon as fire

was opened the general and his horse both fell, near their line, when he made a charge with his company to secure him, which he did — he was yet living. They bore him back to the rear of their line, where every attention was shown him that the circumstances would permit of, but all to no effect, as he soon breathed his last.\* After the battle his body was surrendered to the Union forces, and so anxious were the rebel soldiers to preserve some relic or memento of the fallen hero that they plucked every hair from the mane and tail of his horse.

On the 25th day of March, 1858, W. H. Tracy, of the firm of "Tracy, Pappan, & Co.," grocery and provision merchants, in Sioux City, got involved in a personal difficulty with some one in the street, near his store door, which resulted in a social knock-down, when W. D. Copeland, a young man who resided on a claim in Nebraska territory, and who was then in Sioux City on business, and on a visit to his relatives, who resided there, came up, when the party quarreling with Tracy commenced a conversation with Copeland, when Tracy interfered. High words passed between Copeland and Tracy, which soon resulted in Tracy firing his revolver at Copeland, the ball entering his head near the right eye, inflicting a mortal wound. Copeland was conveyed to the house of his brother, where he lingered, suffering the most excruciating pain, until the 9th of the month following, when he expired. Soon after Tracy committed the murder, steps were taken for his arrest, but, with the assistance of some of his friends, he made his escape and fled to Fort Randal, where he remained for a short time, after which he fled to Utah. A large reward was offered for his arrest, which was never made.

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\* Oliver J. Victor, in his incidents and anecdotes of the war, says when Lyon fell he was picked up by his body-servant and one of his guard and placed in an ambulance, to be carried to Springfield, where he was buried on the farm of Mr. Phelps, and afterwards taken up and conveyed to Connecticut (his native state) for burial. Captain Low's statement is corroborated by a confederate soldier (W. H. Marion), who says he saw the general's body within the confederate lines, in charge of their surgeon, and after the battle it was surrendered to the federals. Captain Low and Mr. Marion are regarded by all who know them as men of truth. Yet, they may have been mistaken in the man.

It was during the spring of 1858 that Captain J. B. S. Todd, an old army officer, then of the firm of Frost, Todd, & Co., grocerymen, of Sioux City, conceived the idea of bringing about a treaty between the Yankton and Pawnee Indians and the government, for the southern portion of Dakota territory, and have the same opened for settlement as early as possible. Accordingly, with the assistance of T. Bruguier (a resident of Iowa) and C. F. Piscotte (of Nebraska), he obtained the consent of the principal chiefs of the tribes to accompany him to Washington, where a treaty was effected, in which 16,000,000 acres of land lying in the southern part of the territory was purchased by the government, for something over \$2,000,000, in annual installments for fifty years. Captain J. B. S. Todd may justly be termed the father of Dakota territory.

While Todd was in Washington he wrote to some of his friends in Sioux City that the treaty would be effected in about two weeks. This created no little excitement. In a few hours might have been seen men of every class and profession in the city, with the jabbering Irish and muttering Dutch — some in wagons, some on foot, with camping implements, provisions, &c., — a load sufficient for a mule — taking up their line of march for the “Canaan” of the north-west — the long wished-for land — each man with a good point fixed in his mind, where a flourishing town would soon be built up, and he made an Astor or a Girard. After arriving at the various *good points* in the territory and staking off their claims, they did not long enjoy their air castles of future wealth, when “Lo, the poor Indian,” who did not take much interest in corner-lot speculation, and who had been watching the movement of their pale-faced neighbors, who, they feared, would spoil their corn-fields by driving them full of stakes, gave them a peremptory order to “*puck-a-chee*” (leave), which order was accompanied with demonstrations of violence, which caused our Iowa claimers to beat a retreat, thus knocking anticipated fortunes and air castle speculations of the grandest proportions into a “cocked hat.”

On the 13th of July following, A. H. Redfield, agent for

the Yankton Sioux, arrived and commenced the removal of the Indians to their reservation, near Fort Randal. As Sioux City was the gateway to Dakota territory, her citizens became much interested in the settlement and territorial organization of the territory. It was in the summer of 1858, soon after the territory was opened for settlement, that a number of persons from Sioux City, headed by a few politicians, who, no doubt, were yearning for a fat appointment in the territory, crossed the Big Sioux river into the territory and held a meeting, petitioning congress for a territorial organization, in order to make congress believe that there were many citizens in the territory, and that the establishment of a territorial government was necessary. To do this, they petitioned early and petitioned late. The petition was forwarded to Washington, showing a very large number of citizens — many of them, however, had never seen the territory. This proved a failure. However, the territory commenced filling up rapidly; many citizens of Iowa moved in and took claims.

The territory was not organized until the 2d of March, 1861. In the first legislature were many of the pioneer settlers of northwestern Iowa. The territory is now rapidly filling up by a hardy and industrious class of citizens, who are rapidly developing the richness of her soil and commercial interests, which are now giving her a world-wide fame, and will soon number her among the leading countries of the northwest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## NOTES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

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BY D. C. BLOOMER, COUNCIL BLUFFS.

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THE county of Pottawattamie is now the largest in the state. Its greatest length from east to west is forty-four miles, and it has a uniform width, from north to south, of

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