family by wagon, he would be put in an Insane Asylum; and if you travel you must travel like lightning, and if you get anything to eat you must get it running, and pay four prices for what you get, besides running the risk of its making you sick."

I leave the reader to answer the Judge. I think my feelings are with him, but the thing has now got too big for us old fogies; we can't remedy it; Young America has got possession. But the innovation on the good old-fashioned singing of that day is beyond endurance. If I was a young man, and the man could be found that first invented these hieroglypical crooked marks that people look at and squeal at now, in place of making christian music, such as the good old Zion tunes of that day, it would not go well with him. I think that I should make him squeal and toot the balance of his days to bats and mice, as an audience. I tell you I would walk a long way to attend one of those old-fashioned camp meetings and hear the good old Zion songs sang as then.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTH-WESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MISSOURI.

(Continued from page 362.)

On the 15th day of April, 1857, a party of real estate agents, residents of Sioux City, consisting of C. E. Hedges, J. W. Bosler, S. Montgomery, and N. Levering, accompanied by R. Stafford, who acted in the capacity of teamster and

cook, left on a tour through the counties of Plymouth, Sioux, O'Brien and Clay, in order to examine the lands carefully, so that they might be able to make judicious investments for their customers at the coming land sales in the May following, at Sioux City. Fully equipped with ample provisions and camp equipage, they left Sioux City, taking a meandering course among the bluffs of the Big Sioux river to the "Broken Kettle," a small tributary of the Sioux. We experienced much difficulty in fording this stream on account of its extremely muddy banks and high waters. Before attempting to cross with the wagon it was deemed most prudent that one of the company should first cross over on a horse to feel the way; accordingly, I mounted one of the horses and ventured in. On arriving at the opposite bank my animal came near miring down, and in his vigorous efforts to extricate himself from the mire and clay, and place his feet on more reliable terra firma, he made a plunge, precipitating me, to my own discomfiture, full length in the mud, to the great amusement of the crowd, who shouted "bull frog!" "mud turtle!" &c., while I was forcibly reminded of the fable of the boys and frogs; while it was fun for them it was death to me.

"Broken Kettle" received its name from the following circumstance: Some years prior to the settlement of the North-West, a party of French traders met a band of the Sioux Indians on the banks of this stream for the purpose of trade and barter, when they presented the Indians with new camp kettles, where upon the Indians broke their old kettles into pieces, from which time the stream was called "Broken Kettle." Here we left the bluffs and entered the rich and delightful valley of the Big Sioux, a most charming country. A short distance above the "Broken Kettle" we found Mr. Mills, (spoken of in a former article) who had built a cabin, and was opening out a farm. He was a young man, short, heavy set, "with a small chance of legs," and remarkable energy. It was but a few years after when Mr. Mills had a large farm opened, and in a good state of cultivation. He had

living with him at the time a German and wife by the name of Klinetoph, who kept house for him. They had not acted long in this capacity when little, irrepressible Cupid drew his bow with unerring aim on the heart of Mills. An improper intimacy was soon the result between Mills and Mrs. Klinetoph, which after a time became visible to the vision of her liege lord, who demurred and bitterly remonstrated with the truant wife of his bosom, who now had become infatuated with her second love, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of her legal spouse to quit and surrender the premises and return with him to Sioux City—forget the past, and renew their plighted vows as when he woed and won her. Klinetoph returned to Sioux City in great distress of mind, not knowing what course to pursue. In the mean time the guilty pair, fearing that the strong hand of the law might grapple them, came to Sioux City also. Mrs. Klinetoph took lodging at one hotel and Mills at another. While Klinetoph kept an eye on their movements night and day as intently as a lion watching for its prey, his worst conjectures were soon realized. One evening, soon after night had drawn her sable curtains over the face of nature, and as the gentle moon emerged from the eastern horizon, shedding its soft rays through the fleeting clouds, the injured husband might be seen crouching behind a pile of wood near the hotel, in a feverish state of excitement, watching the movements of the enemy. He had not lain thus intrenched long when his suspicions were fully confirmed on seeing the enemy cautiously approaching the breastworks and enter a back door of the hotel, which opened into a small room occupied by the faithless frow. The feelings of the injured husband can better be imagined than expressed, as he leaped from his hiding place with eyes flashing vengeance, and a heart panting for the blood of his enemy. He bounded toward the house, muttering to himself vengeance upon the destroyer of his peace. On approaching the house he cautiously crept up under the window, where he could distinctly hear the conversation of the guilty pair, plighting

vows of love, &c. "I bees no longer able to stand such tings," said K., as he leaped through the window with the fierceness of a Bengal tiger, and to the great consternation of the enemy, who were disrobed for the night. Seizing him by the throat with one hand, while the truant wife grappled the other, a severe struggle ensued for a short time, when Mills released himself and bounded out of the door and down the street like a quarter-horse. Klinetoph wrenched himself from the grasp of his faithless spouse, and was soon seen in hot pursuit—Mills leading the way, with the extremity of his linen fluttering in the breeze, while his short legs were fully brought into requisition, and did good service. Close in his rear was a practical illustration of the "flying Dutchman."

We saw them on their winding way,
O! how they made their trotters play.

The race was kept up for several blocks. When turning a corner our flying Dutchman was intercepted by some by-standers, who enquired into the cause of such *racy* conduct, when they were told that "Mills bees von dam rascal. He steals mine frow. I vill shust eat him up and pick mine teeth mit his bones." Mills made a successful retreat, but was badly demoralized. Suffice it to say that soon after Klinetoph and wife were divorced, when Mills and the former Mrs. K. were married and returned to his farm in Big Sioux Valley, where we presume they still reside.

While in this connection we will state that Mr. Klinetoph enlisted in one of the Iowa regiments during the late rebellion, and was in the battle of Blue Mills, Jackson county, Missouri, where he fought bravely, and was severely wounded. While lying on the battle field thus wounded a rebel officer on horseback came within range of his gun, when he fired upon him, killing him almost instantly. Klinetoph then crawled up to him, possessed himself of his side-arms, a gold watch, some confederate scrip, and a plug of tobacco. At

the close of the war he located at Warrensburg, Missouri, where he for sometime followed his trade, that of a baker.

But to return to our journey up the Sioux. The next day (the 16th) after leaving "Broken Kettle" we arrived at the confluence of Red Rock and Big Sioux rivers. Passing up the east bank of the former stream about one mile to a grove of timber, we camped for the night. This stream derives its name from the fact that it takes its rise near the "Red Rock," Indian pipestone quary, in Minnesota, and from the fact that some of the stone is found on its head waters. The Indians of the north-western have used this stone for many past ages in making pipes. It is of a dark red, admitting of a very fine polish; is free from grit, and so soft as to be cut and carved into almost every conceivable shape.

Our cook spread out a bountiful supper, and after faring sumptuously we gathered around our camp fire, which burned bright and cheerful; our company equally as cheerful, burning with sparkling wit and jokes, we whiled away the evening until a late hour, when we turned in for the night. The sky was clear, the winds had hushed their wailing sound;—all remarking, as we disappeared under our blankets, "A beautiful night, a lovely day to-morrow for our journey, &c." We were soon unconscious in the arms of old Morpheus, and reveled sweetly in the dreaming world until the dawn of day, when we peeped out to greet the morning sun. What was our surprise to find ourselves enveloped in a mantle of snow about four inches in depth. This *cool* visitor met with a *cold* reception on our part. A cheerful fire soon warmed our shivering limbs; a warm breakfast replenished the inner man, when the business of the day was arranged. It was agreed that our teamster remain in camp, while the company take different directions,—carefully examining the sections, and return to the camp in the evening. I followed a section line running north, the others going east. When I had traveled about two miles I came to a section corner on the bank of the Red Rock river. While engaged in examining the section

stake, as I turned round I was somewhat startled and surprised on seeing an Indian advancing towards me, from a small grove near by, with his gun cocked and presented at my breast. I had no arms with me more than a walking stick, which I grasped tight in my hand. I thought at first of retreating for camp, but knowing that it would be impossible to do so with success, I hastily resolved in my own mind to make the best of my situation, and summoning all my courage, with the recollections of the Spirit Lake and other Indian massacres crowding upon my mind, I advanced toward him, extending my hand and saying, "*how*" (how do you do). He halted, looked at me gruffly. I advanced still closer, exclaiming, "*how, how,*" when he lowered his gun. I grasped his hand and gave it a hearty shake, while he eyed me with an air of astonishment and surprise. I had not more than grasped his hand when I discovered another Indian emerging from the same thicket of brush or grove, with his gun in the same position as that of the former. I at once advanced towards him, extended my hand and exclaimed, "*how, how.*" He seemingly refused my hand at first, but after eyeing me closely for a moment, he shook my hand and said, "where *teepe*" (tent). I pointed to the grove where our camp was, and said, "*teepe* in timber." He next enquired how many white man. I replied by throwing both hands up, with all five fingers extended twice, which, after the Sioux method of counting, would be twenty. This seemed to surprise them, the very object I wished to accomplish. I now cast around to see if I could discover any of my companions. Looking eastward I noticed Bosler, Hedge and Montgomery about one mile distant, standing on a bluff, and looking apparently towards me. I at once pointed them out to the Indians, who, on seeing them, seated themselves on the ground, and in a very emphatic manner exclaimed: "Me good Ingin; Dakotah washta" (Daxotah Indian very good). I made signs to my comrades to come to me, which they quickly did,—the Indians receiving them with friendly demonstrations;—very soon calling to

their squaws, who emerged from the brush on the river bank a little below us, with their ponies and pappooses, and continued their journey up the river. Knowing that the Indians had killed many trappers and lone persons that they met on the prairies, I feared from their conduct when I first met them that it was their intention to put me on their list of killed had I been alone.

We returned to camp, where we remained until next morning, when we were again on the tramp, going north-east, toward the head of Floyd river, over as beautiful land as the eye of man ever rested upon. We were soon beyond the sight of timber, where the undulating prairie and bending sky seemed to blend with each other.—A fine opening to locate land warrants thought we, These prairies will not be settled in our day and generation. Such were our speculations in regard to the future of this country; but how short our vision—how limited our ideas of the progressive west. To-day the railroad stretches out its iron sinews across the bosom of those ocean-like prairies, and the iron horse bounds o'er with lightning speed, bearing with it the products of almost every clime. Where then was seen the smoke ascending from the red man's *teepe*, now is seen curling heavenward the smoke of the cabin and spacious mansion of the hardy pioneer and industrious husbandman; where then the war whoop of the savage broke the monotony that reigned around, now is heard the cheering hum of industry; where then was heard the thundering tramp of the wild buffalo in the chase, and herds of elk with towering horns, now is heard the tinkling bell of the lowing herds of "cattle of a thousand hills." Those prairies that then yielded luxurious grass, fragrant flowers, now, by the strong hand of industry, yield fields of golden grain. Towns are springing up as if by magic;—churches and school houses rear their lofty spires heavenward as if to kiss the murky clouds. The Yankee is there with his patents, nostrums and notions from a rat trap to a steam mill. Such have been the rapid and gigantic strides of enterprise and industry

in the North West in her onward march to prosperity and greatness, that we refuse to believe when our optics behold it.

After traveling a few miles into O'Brien county, where there were no settlers at that time, we returned south-westwardly, until we again struck the Floyd river, down the valley of which we traveled to Sioux City, passing over some of the most fertile and beautiful lands of the North West. We found but two settlers in this valley in Plymouth county, at that time,—A. C. Sheets and L. Hungerford, who were living a few miles south of where Melbourne, the county seat, now is. This portion of the Floyd Valley was soon after settled by an industrious and thrifty class of Germans.

A short time prior to the land sales, Sioux City was crowded with land sharks and speculators, among them was one John Irvin (commonly known as "Old Johnny"), an Irish Jew. He was a man of large means, small souled, and hailed from Zanesville, O. He made it a point to visit every agent in the town, and by his suavity of manners he induced them to the belief that he was the possessor of a very large amount of land warrents, which he would locate at the coming sales, and that if they would show him where the best locations were, he would employ them to make all of his entries. His object was soon discovered, however, which was to secure a knowledge of the best lands, and then transact his own business. Such was the rush at the sales that in order to give all an equal chance, it was agreed that each man be allowed to enter so many acres at a time. Now, as Old Johnny was known to be a three cent specimen of humanity, no mercy was shown him; when his turn came he would invariably call on some agent to be so kind and obliging as to show him where he could locate a warrant to good advantage for a friend. He was almost certain to be shown land in the middle of a lake, swamp, or then on the Dakota side of the Big Sioux River, which land then belonged to the Sioux Indians. Johnny's application would be filed for the entry of these lands, the next man took his place, and Johnny would get

little or no land entered; his penuriousness thus preventing him from getting but a few out of the many warrants he had on hand located during the sales. At the close of the sales Old Johnny made the discovery of his loss of a hundred and sixty acre land warrant. Some one has stolen it, thought he; accordingly the records of the Land Office were examined to see if a warrant of corresponding number had been entered, but not being found there, he next rushed frantically into the street, hailing every one he met with inquiries as to his lost property. Not being able to get track of it himself, he offered the *very liberal* reward of *one dollar* for its return! Now, some of the graceless wishing to get rid of Old Johnny, hit upon the following plan: He was informed by one party that he had seen a suspicious looking man offer to sell a hundred and sixty acre land warrant of corresponding number to the one he (Irvin) had lost, and that the party having such warrant was stopping at the Hagy House. (In the meantime one Charles Murphy had entered a fictitious name on the hotel register for the occasion.) Mr. Murphy now told Old Johnny that he would remember the name of the supposed thief should he hear it, but could not then call it to mind. "Go with me to the hotel, and see if we can find his name on the register," said Old Johnny. "I'll do it," said Murphy. They were soon at the hotel, where Murphy carefully examined the register, and pointed out the fictitious name as being that of the thief. Old Johnny was now hot on the track; when after searching the town carefully for the supposed thief, he was informed by John Hagy, the proprietor of the hotel (who had been let into the joke) that the thief had just left for St. James, in Nebraska, about twenty miles up the river. Old Johnny was soon calling lustily and in a very excited manner to the ferryman, who was on the opposite side of the river, to ferry him over, which was done, and the pursuer a very corpulent man with coat on arm, collar open and hat thrown back, was soon seen making rapid strides up the river. Before arriving at St. James, he was informed that

the supposed thief was seen on his way down the river to Omaha; accordingly he wheeled about and started on a fresh track, and when last heard from our oleaginous friend was bending his steps toward Omaha one sultry day in the latter part of May, blowing like a windbroken horse, but with as much tenacity of purpose as when he first set out on the phantom chase.

In June following the land sales at Sioux City a company of restless, pioneering spirits, fond of adventure and anxious to acquire a foothold to the then prospectively important territory of Dakota, to which the Indian title was not yet extinguished, but for which negotiations were then pending between the Government and the Indians, left Sioux City on a prospecting tour in the southern part of the Territory. The party consisted of N. W. Putnam—a lineal descendant of Gen. Putnam of Revolutionary fame, I. C. Furber, A. Hartshorn, H. Fero, and R. Elliott, all residents of Sioux City; they were well prepared for the trip, having two wagons and four yoke of cattle, with such other necessaries as are requisite on a trip of the kind. When they arrived at an Indian town not far from where Yankton, the present capital of the Territory, now stands, they left their cattle a short distance (a mile perhaps) from the Indians' corn-fields, and town, which was mostly deserted, as the Indians were out on a hunt, and went on foot to the spot where Yankton is now located, and to some other points above. They did not return until next day about noon, when they found that their cattle had been into the Indians' corn-fields and done a vast amount of damage; they were informed by an old Indian named "Keg," who claimed to be a warm friend of the white man, that some of the Indians were coming in from their hunt and it would be at their peril to remain longer. They hastily yoked up their cattle, and took the shortest route possible for Iowa; their direction led them close to the Bluffs, north of the road usually travelled; they had not proceeded far on their way when they discovered a party of Indians in hot pursuit on the

lower road. Their object was soon divined by the party which was to intercept their crossing at the Sioux River. The party now pushed their teams to their utmost speed, each taking his turn in belaboring the poor brutes. After travelling about thirty miles their teams were much jaded and worn down; they stopped a short time to allow their cattle to recuperate their failing strength, when they again set out on their retreat, arriving at a point, the next evening on the Sioux river, four or five miles above the crossing, where the Indians were lying in wait for them. They at once set about hastily to construct a raft, on which to cross their wagons; they compelled their cattle to swim the river. As their raft was about midway in the river they heard the demoniac yells of the savages who were charging upon them, seemingly with a determination of possessing their scalps. When the savages arrived on the opposite bank of the river the party had landed on the Iowa side and secured their raft to a tree. The Indians fired upon them as they retreated to the bluffs with their cattle, out of sight and range of the enemy's fire, watching the movements of the savages, who deemed it unsafe to cross over but soon after left, when under the cover of night our adventurers hitched on to their wagons, drew them ashore, and in due time arrived at Sioux City with scalps unimpaired and their pluck thoroughly tested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]