

"The Aldrich Collection"—Autograph letters, manuscripts, portraits.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. IX, No. 2.

DES MOINES, IOWA, JULY, 1909.

3D SERIES.

THE BUILDING OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.¹

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

This is the way it was started: In the year 1848, I was the youngest hand in the printing-office of *The Mail*, at Warren, Pa. This was a small six-column paper, conducted at that time by one of my former schoolmates, Mr. Ephraim Cowan. He and I had roomed together in the little old Academy at Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., some years before. He was several years my senior and had preceded me some time in getting into business. He was the editor and publisher of *The Mail*. It was printed on an old-fashioned Ramage² press. If I remember correctly, the two sides of the frame of the press had been made from a couple of hardwood planks. The platen was of wood and was only large enough to cover a single page of the paper. It was necessary to run the bed of the press which held the forms half way under and pull the platen down upon that page. Then the lever was allowed to go back to its place and the next page was in like manner run under the platen and in its turn received its proper impression. This press was very similar to that used by Benjamin Franklin, which is now in Washington, D. C., though the Warren press was of a somewhat later date. It was, however, but a slight improvement on the ancient press used by Franklin.

I was sweeping out the office one morning when my employer received the mail. Among the parcels was an octavo document which bore the frank of Thomas H. Benton, who served in the U. S. Senate from the State of Missouri for

¹This article was prepared by the founder and curator of the Historical Department of Iowa during 1906, and is one of a number that disclose the labors and plans that filled his later years. Others will be published in THE ANNALS from time to time.

²This press was invented by Adam Ramage, a distinguished Scotch mechanician, who was born in 1770 and died in 1850. He came to this country where he spent his mature life.

thirty years. I noticed that Mr. Cowan tore the wrapper off from this document and threw it under the table. I had been reading something of autograph collections and happened at that moment to feel somewhat interested in them. Ordinarily this frank would have gone to waste with other refuse paper. I picked it up from under the table, however, and reaching for the editorial shears was about to cut it out. My employer asked me rather curtly what I was doing with that paper. "O," I said, "I propose to save this autograph if you don't want it." He said that I might have it and I cut it out of the wrapper. When, some time later, I acquired a copy of Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," I pasted this signature under the portrait. Years later some book agent borrowed it of me to use in canvassing McKean county, Pa. He placed no value upon the signature and let some subscriber up in the oil regions have the volume instead of waiting for a fresh copy, so I never saw it again.

From that time forward I preserved such signatures as easily fell in my way. For a time, like other boy and girl collectors, it was my habit to cut the signatures out of the letters. I outgrew this waste later on. My collection grew but slowly at the start, but I was soon compelled to procure a scrap-book to contain it. Some years later, when catalogues of autograph letters for sale came to my hands, it was my habit occasionally to buy one, though in those days boys in printing-offices had very little money to invest in that species of property. I was still reading, however, on the subject of autograph collections and acquiring an interest in them which I have not yet outgrown. Like other amateurs I grew into the habit of asking distinguished people by letter for a contribution to my collection. While I did not always get what I asked for, I was quite fortunate. Of course, I was snubbed a few times, but that never caused me to relax in my work. Many years afterward I sought to obtain some specimen of the writing of John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor. I called at his house in New York City one day, in the hope of obtaining one of his small drawings of some portion of the Monitor, but I soon learned that the old gentleman was

very irate in his dealings with autograph collectors. His private secretary told me that he would not give his autograph to Queen Victoria or the President of the United States. I retired in good order, the single effect of this rebuff being to make me still more determined to secure what I desired. I therefore wrote to Admiral John L. Worden, stating the case fully, and suggested that I would gratefully appreciate some brief letter by the great engineer, whose invention of the Monitor no doubt saved our national capital from destruction or capture. He wrote me very kindly, enclosing a letter by Capt. Eriesson, concerning 11-inch guns which were to go upon the Monitor. The glass that covers this letter by John Eriesson also protects the reply to my letter from Admiral Worden and may be seen by any visitor to the Historical Museum.

I was especially fortunate in securing a page of the handwriting of Queen Victoria, thanks to the generous aid of Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B. The writing is an extract from Shakespeare's "King John." Some friend had secured for me signatures of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, the present gracious King and Queen of England. I greatly desired to add to the collection some lines in the Prince's handwriting, and I therefore wrote to Sir Francis, the Baron Knollys, who had been his private secretary since 1870, explaining that I had a most beautiful page written by Her Majesty the Queen, and suggesting that possibly the Prince might be willing to favor us equally with his mother. I stated that this page would be exhibited in the English department of the collection, and that it would always be open to the free inspection of visitors, and securely preserved under glass. I felt that this could not reasonably be regarded as an intrusion, if a man ever paid any attention to autograph collectors. Sir Francis, however, took the matter in high dudgeon, and went so far in exhibiting his resentment as to write an indignant letter to the Honorable Edward J. Phelps, our Minister at the Court of St. James. Of course he bore down upon me very bitterly, as though I had committed an unpardonable sin, but after the kindly manner in which I

had been treated by Lord Tennyson, our own Longfellow, the distinguished heirs of Macaulay, Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant, and scores of others of the first people of the nineteenth century, it required very little philosophy to put up with this rebuff.

Speaking of Macaulay's heirs, it may interest the reader to see a brief statement of the manner in which they treated me as an autograph collector. I one day saw some pages of the original manuscript of his great "History of England" in the British Museum, and decided at once to try and obtain one or more for my collection. I had a general letter of introduction from Governor Buren R. Sherman, over the great seal of the State of Iowa, which I sent to Sir George O. Trevelyan—a nephew of Lord Macaulay and the author of his "Life and Letters"—requesting permission to call upon him. He gave me a prompt and pleasant reply, indicating a day and hour when I should call at his residence. When the time arrived I was at his door. A servant showed me into the library where I found Sir George seated before a blazing fire. I gave him my letters of introduction. After he had read them he waited to hear me. I explained that I had a large autograph collection (then) in the Iowa State Library, to which I would be glad to add something in the handwriting of Lord Macaulay. He replied that the manuscripts of his Lordship were owned and controlled by his sister, Lady Holland—now the Baroness Knutsford. He advised me to write her Ladyship, stating my wishes and enclosing my letters of introduction. He addressed an envelope to her, in which he suggested that I send her my letters. He further encouraged me by saying he would also write to her in my behalf, and that my request would no doubt be granted. Before I left these pleasant rooms Sir George showed me a copy of Horace in the original Latin, a gift to him by Lord Macaulay. His Lordship had read the volumes several times, and when one was finished he made a memorandum to that effect on the last page. These memoranda were all the writing of Macaulay then in his possession.

Returning to my room, I wrote Lady Holland, as her brother had suggested, and in a day or two received her assurance that

The Arrow and the Song

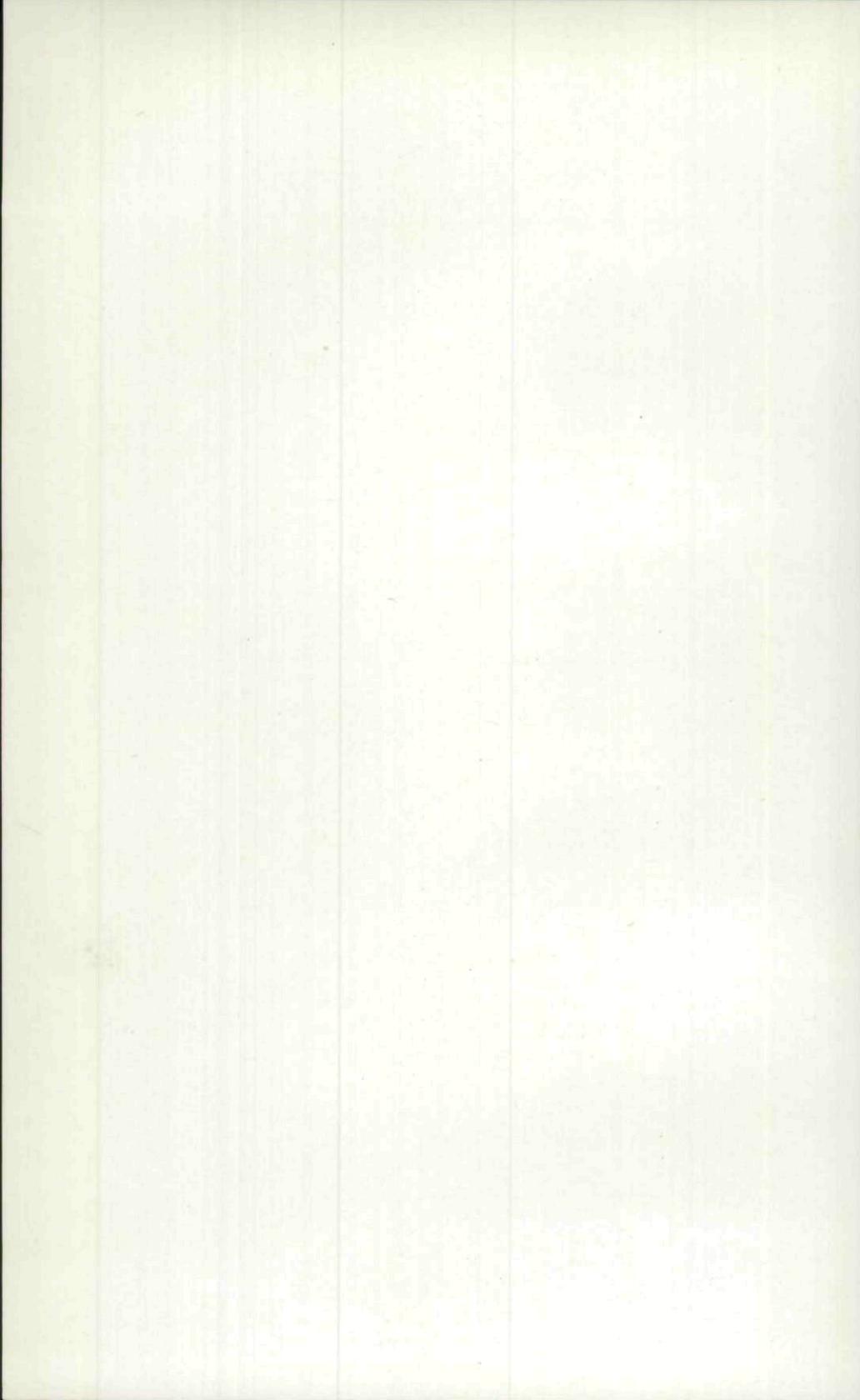
I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has breath so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry W Longfellow.

July 24, 1879



some pages of her great uncle's manuscript should be sent to my home in Iowa.

Upon arriving there some weeks later, I found a letter from Lady Holland. She enclosed two pages of the original manuscript of Macaulay's "History of England," and one of his letters to her mother which I copy herewith. It reads as follows:

ALBANY, Oct. 24, 1848.

DEAREST HANNAH: I enclose a letter which I have just received from Charles, and a copy of one of his first performances as a journalist. I think his sentiments highly creditable to him. Bring the paper back with you that Trevelyan may see it.

Our Uncle John has just been here. Poor man, he looks a mere ruin. He came up to consult Brodie. I fear that he has very little life in him, and that his remaining days will be days of suffering. I was quite shocked to see him.

I do not know whether you have heard how pleasant a day Baba passed with me. We had a long, long walk, a great deal of pleasant chat, a very nice dinner, and a quiet happy evening. She is really the very best girl in the world.

That was my only holiday last week, and indeed the only fine day that we had last week. I work with scarcely an intermission, from 7 in the morning to 7 in the afternoon, and shall probably continue to do so during the next ten days. Then my labours will become lighter, and, in about three weeks will completely cease. There will still be a fortnight before the publication. I have armed myself with all my philosophy for the event of a failure, though Jeffrey, Ellis, Marion, Longman, and Mrs. Longman seem to think there is no chance of such a catastrophe. I might add Macleod, who has read the third chapter, and, though he makes some objection, professes to be, on the whole, better pleased than with any other history that he has read. The state of my own mind is this: When I compare my book with what I imagine that history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel reassured. But Alice will say that this is boasting. Love to her and to Mrs. Charles, and to Charles' bairns.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Of course, I was delighted with this addition to my collection. I wondered at first that her Ladyship was willing to part with the above most interesting and valuable letter, but when I came to see that Macaulay had written scores of such

missives to his sister, Lady Hannah Trevelyan, I did not so much wonder at it. I consider it and the historic page as among the gems of my collection. They are always on exhibition in our Historical Museum. I should add that Lady Holland took occasion to enclose a certificate describing and authenticating the page of her uncle's manuscript, which accompanies it in the autograph case.

Some years later Prof. Frank I. Herriott, of Drake University, came to my rooms accompanied by Charles Philips Trevelyan, a young Englishman, grand-nephew of Lord Macaulay, who was then making a tour of the world. He was much interested in my autograph collection, saying that he never saw one even in England which surpassed it in interest and variety. I found him a very pleasant gentleman, cultured, brainy, and without a particle of the arrogance sometimes imputed to Englishmen. His card, with the date of his visit, is among these memorials of Macaulay and the Trevelyans. Later still, Sir George O. Trevelyan published a history of the American revolution. As soon as I saw it announced, I wrote him, asking for some pages of his original manuscript. He kindly sent them, and wrote me an exceedingly pleasant letter. I had mentioned the visit of his son to my collection, telling him that Charles P. could give him some information concerning it. In this letter he stated that the son had lately married very happily and that he was now a member of Parliament. He stated all this quite modestly but I could read between the lines that the father was very proud of his rising son. Later, I also received the son's portrait, and a very kind letter in which he mentioned my work as an autograph collector.

While in London, I called at the American Legation, where I was made very welcome by the Honorable James Russell Lowell. He asked me a great many questions about American politics. He is well known to have been a progressive and most independent republican. While he was talking with me he made some sharp comments upon Mr. Blaine and General Logan, both of whom were under discussion as possible candidates for the presidency. He emphatically stated that he

would vote for neither of them under any circumstances, and those who knew him were certain that he would do precisely as he stated. Personally, I was made very welcome at the Legation, and Mr. Lowell assisted me in obtaining an autograph copy of a verse from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." He cautioned me that it would not be best to write to Lord Tennyson for he was not in the habit of making replies to collectors. Later, however, I did write to his Lordship, receiving in response to my letter an autograph copy of the lines commencing, "Break, break, break." Later still, I asked him for a page of his writing after he had passed his 80th birthday. He sent me a holograph copy of his poem entitled "The Throstle."

On one of my visits to London I wrote Sir Richard Owen, asking for a signed and dated page of his writing, with his photograph. I received in answer to this request, a very pleasant invitation to come and spend a half day with him at his residence in Richmond Park. I journeyed thither very soon afterwards and was most kindly received by the great naturalist, who had founded the South Kensington Museum. He gave me a history of this effort, how grandly he had been seconded in his efforts by Mr. Gladstone, as well as how he had been snubbed by Lord Beaconsfield. He wasted no affection upon the last named gentleman. While there, he asked me if I would like to take a walk in his garden, to which I gladly assented. The garden consisted of a lot of perhaps two or three acres, which was a thick copse of native and exotic trees. A graveled walk seven or eight feet wide went around this enclosure, and there were numerous cross-walks. We reached a rustic seat, over which hung a drooping canopy of branches, which formed a thick shade, and sat down to rest. He stated that he had sat there many a pleasant hour with John Gould, the great English ornithologist, who must have been a counterpart of our Audubon. He also mentioned Tegetmier, who was quite distinguished in the same direction. He stated that John Gould could imitate the notes of many a wild bird and bring it down upon the graveled walk before us. Mr. Gould had once asked him how many wild birds he supposed nested in the copse, to which Sir Rich-

ard replied, "Perhaps twelve or fifteen." Mr. Gould answered that there were fifty or sixty at least. On the way back to the house we passed a bust of Shakespeare, to which he called my attention. He said that it had been in some noted theater and had been placed there because it had been practically discarded by the owners. Later that bust was restored and placed in one of the great theaters of London, and spoken of as a find of very great value. Sir Richard lived in a house owned by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty had kindly given him the rental of it during his lifetime. It was a commodious brick structure, but singularly enough the roof was thatched. However, it is not uncommon to see thatched roofs upon otherwise very elegant houses in that country. Following me to one of the windows facing south, he pointed to a small pond which was then filled with water. That, he stated, was once the site of a hunting lodge of one of the Henrys—Henry II, I believe. He said many pleasant things to me concerning the royal family of England, with whom he was a great favorite.

Having a letter of introduction to Francis Darwin, son of the great author of the "Origin of Species," who resided at Cambridge, I went there one day for the purpose of securing a page of the manuscript of his father's book. I found him at home and had a very pleasant visit with him. He had but three or four pages of the manuscript of that immortal book, as he stated it was not his father's habit to save his manuscripts. He gave me one of these pages, and the State of Iowa now owns it.

I naturally wished to obtain some of the manuscript of Chinese Gordon, who met with a cruel death at the hands of the Mahdi in Africa. I one day called upon the publisher of his life, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, with my letter of introduction from the Governor of Iowa. I found him an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. He had been educated for the Church of England, but had changed his mind and become a publisher and bookseller. He had none of General Gordon's manuscript and said that it might be easily obtained, or it might be very difficult to get. It was worth trying, however. He gave me the address of General Gordon's brother, who was

himself a retired General of the British army, suggesting that I write him and state the case. He also said that he would write a letter endorsing my application. The letter had but a short distance to go and within three days thereafter, I received manuscripts and letters of Chinese Gordon which would readily sell for more than a hundred dollars today.

I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of William Michael Rossetti, brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. He gave me fifty or sixty letters of the distinguished friends of his family, including some by his brother and his sister. I have the original manuscript of two or three of Christina's memorable poems, together with a photograph which she signed and sent me. Later on Mr. Rossetti added many valuable letters and other manuscripts to the collection. These may now be seen in a section of one of the autograph cases.

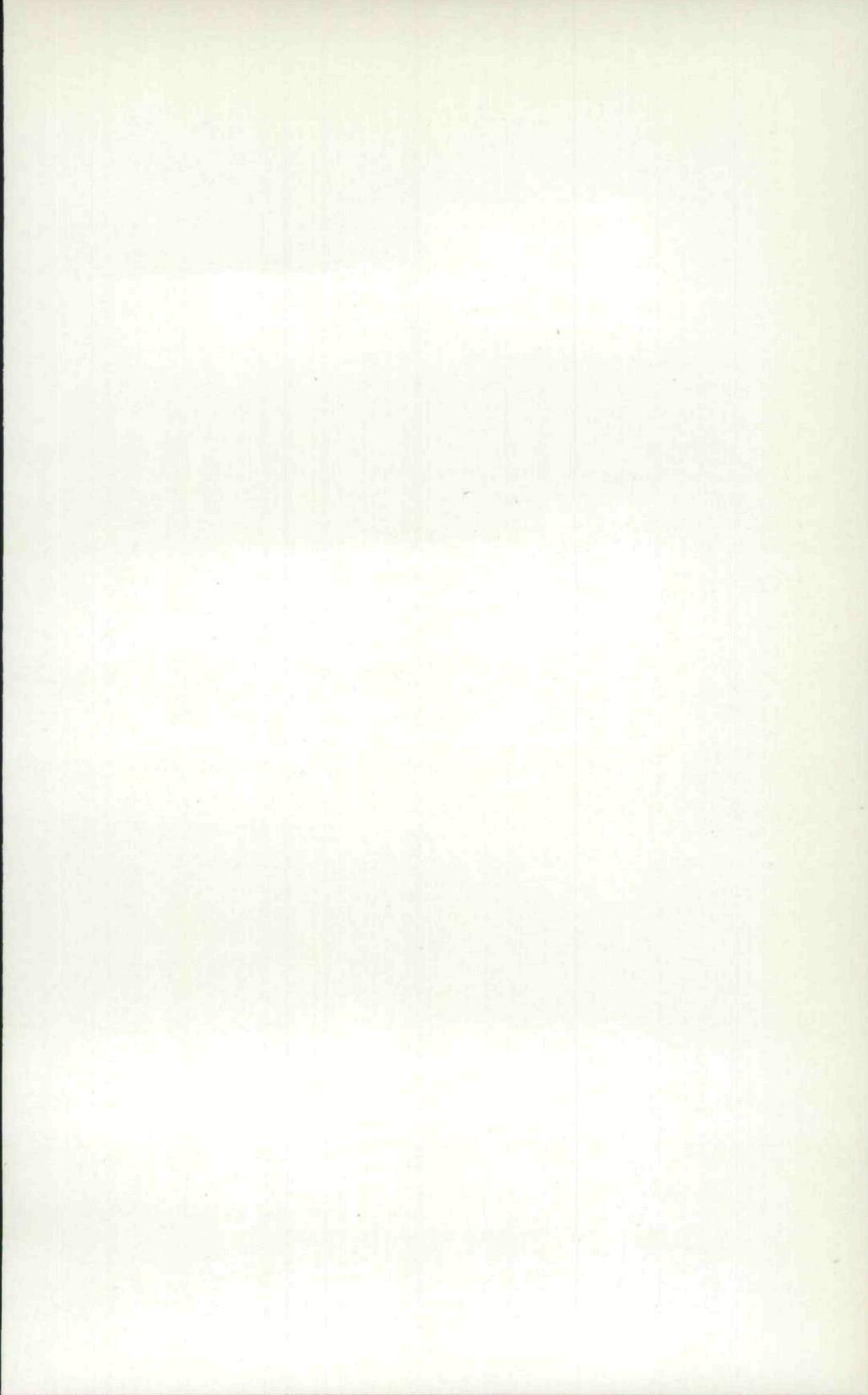
I was also placed under special obligations by Miss Agnes Crane, a distinguished naturalist, who resides at Brighton, and who was one of the founders of the great Marine Aquarium at that place, an object of much interest which I advise every reader to visit when he goes to London. Her collection is mainly in the direction of naturalists, geologists and scientific explorers. One of the writers was Nansen, the great Swedish navigator of the Arctic regions.

I would not forget among others Aubrey De Vere, the Irish poet who died three or four years ago. He was a distinguished gentleman who resided at Curraugh Chase, a manor not far from Adare, the seat of Lord Dunraven. I was indebted to him for some very valuable letters, among which were those of Carlyle, Cardinal Newman, his own father, Sir Aubrey De Vere, Cardinal Manning and Lord Tennyson. Mr. De Vere was very much such a man in manners and speech as Hon. John A. Kasson, the illustrious Iowa diplomat and statesman. But Mr. De Vere was perhaps an inch taller and larger in proportion. Since my visit to his place he has died and his life has been written by a distinguished literary gentleman. My recollections of him are vivid and my obligations to him I feel are very great.

I should mention that when I visited Mr. Lowell I secured two copies of his beautiful poem, "The First Snowfall," in his handwriting. The way I came to get two copies was as follows. The first one he sent me was written on both sides of the paper. I suggested to him that I would greatly prefer the writing on but one side of the paper, so that it could be conveniently exhibited under glass. He thereupon at once sent me another.

Really, there is such a mass of materials in my autograph collection, every item of which is loaded down with a memory more or less precious, that I am greatly embarrassed in essaying to write this article. I would like to tell the reader of other pleasant interviews with distinguished people of England and the United States, but space fails me. However, there are a few things that I shall attempt to set forth.

The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, our Ambassador to England, who succeeded Lowell, was one of the pleasantest and most agreeable gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He told me that he thoroughly sympathized with me in my efforts to increase my collection, and that he would help me in every possible direction, as he did upon many occasions. He said to me one day, "I have a brother in Burlington, Iowa, who has been a local judge. When you go to Burlington, please call upon him and tell him of the pleasant interviews we have had." Not long after my arrival at home, I did visit Burlington, and had it in mind that while there I would certainly call to see Judge Phelps. I had spent an evening at the residence of Col. W. W. Dodge, the son of Hon. Augustus Caesar Dodge, and at that time a State senator. The evening was one during the full moon, and it was almost as light as day. Passing through the little park as I descended the hill I saw a stranger coming in at the opposite corner. It occurred to me at once that this was Judge Phelps, and when I met him I accosted him and found that my supposition was correct. I told him that I had intended to call upon him, but that this meeting must suffice as my time was limited. I found him an exceedingly attractive gentleman, who seemed highly pleased with what I had to say about his distinguished brother. Not



Mauchline 29th Sept^r 1788

I send you the book, my dear Sir, along with this letter by our Mauchline Carrier. — I am just arrived from Mithsdale, jaded & fatigued to death, so I shall ^{only} say, the book is to me as a right hand, & a right eye, so I know you will take proper care of it and return it soon. — Drop me a line by post on return of Carrier, if the book comes to hand. —

I am most truly, My S^r Sir
Yours
Rob^t Burns

many months later I was deeply pained to learn that both were removed by death. I regretted this most sincerely, for they had given me distinct evidences of friendship and both were honored and useful men. The Ambassador was one of the finest legal scholars in the United States and a born diplomat. As a man of great affairs he did not suffer by comparison with James Russell Lowell.

While I was still in England I had the precious privilege of hearing Spurgeon preach in Exeter Hall. Later he responded to my application and sent me a kind letter, his photograph, and several engraved portraits, with some pages of his manuscript. One of these was the memorandum of a sermon he had preached, written on both sides of a page not larger than one's hand. I was also indebted to George Augustus Sala, the distinguished novelist for similar gifts. I acquired a military order signed by Sir John Moore whom

We buried darkly at dead of night
The sods with our bayonets turning.

Letters and portraits of the Duke of Wellington; fine letters of Cowper, Burns, Hogg the "Ettrick Shepherd"; a little fragment of the writing of Charlotte Bronte, accompanied by a letter from her father; some pages in the beautiful manuscript of "George Eliot"; letters by Mrs. Hemans, George Meredith, Blackmore, who wrote the great story of "Lorna Doone"; Huxley, the world-renowned scientist, Sir Joseph Hooker, who did so much for the world's botany, Boyd Dawkins, who investigated the mounds and bone caves of England and France, were acquired and scores of others.

In American literature, I have a large collection including such names as Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Whittier, Edgar A. Poe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George William Curtis, James Whitcomb Riley, "Mark Twain," "Bill Nye," "Bob Burdette," "Josh Billings," William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Hunt Jackson.

I also secured a set of the letters of the Presidents of the United States. with the exception of Andrew Johnson and General Taylor. Of these two names, however, I have several

signatures. Neither of them wrote much and their letters are practically impossible to obtain. There are also letters by such men as Salmon P. Chase, James G. Blaine, William H. Seward, Joshua R. Giddings, "Old Ben Butler," Fred Douglass, Booker T. Washington and many others.

While making this collection I have secured some valuable manuscripts which have been placed in fine bindings. Among these are the following: The manuscript copy of the address delivered by Gov. Kirkwood at the dedication of the monument to Gen. N. B. Baker; the manuscript of an address by the Rev. Dr. William Salter, of Iowa, in presenting the oil portrait of Judge Francis Springer, who presided at our last constitutional convention; manuscripts of Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks; the first inaugural address of Governor William Larrabee; the farewell address to his old regiment of Gen. James A. Williamson, who had just been promoted to brigadier-general; letters from the correspondence of Gen. James M. Tuttle, at Des Moines—including the names of Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Logan, Kirkwood; two beautiful volumes of nearly one hundred letters by the territorial governors of Iowa, Robert Lucas, John Chambers and James Clark; four volumes of letters from the correspondence of Hon. John A. Kasson—including four letters by Abraham Lincoln, with others from Senator Allison, Kirkwood, Grant, etc.; one splendid volume from the correspondence of Gen. Joseph M. Street, the great Indian Agent who spent the better part of his life at Prairie du Chien, and at Agency City in Iowa, at which last place he died and was buried. This last collection includes letters by Presidents Madison and Monroe, Henry Clay, and many illustrious men of that period. Among the volumes of letters from the other side of the water may be mentioned those of Rossetti, Edward H. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, Gilbert White, author of "The Natural History of Selbourne," Rev. George Crabbe, "the poet of the poor," Austin Dobson, the Rev. Bishop Stubbs, Haeckel, the great German scientist, and others which have not yet been put into binding. Upon the exhibition of these bound manuscripts at the St. Louis Exposition, I was, in 1904, awarded a gold medal.

In the section devoted to the Union Army we have letters by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Dodge, Williamson, McPherson, Hazen, Hammond, Scott, Curtis, Rice, Crocker, Brackett, Hunt, Sickles.

In the section devoted to the Southern Confederacy, there are interesting letters by Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Davis and their daughter, Miss Winnie Davis. Letters or other specimens of the handwriting of Generals Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Hood, Pickett, Longstreet, Mosby, Admiral Semmes, Kirby Smith, Tombs, Wigfall, Mason, and Slidell. An important and valuable letter by Gen. Robert E. Lee was presented to me by Gen. G. M. Dodge.

In the Iowa section there are letters by our U. S. Senators, Governors and Judges of the Supreme Court. Especially fine are the mementos of Jones, Dodge, Grimes, Harlan, Allison, Kirkwood and Wright.

We have the commissions of Gen. Henry Dodge, the first territorial governor of Wisconsin, when that territory included what is now the State of Iowa. These commissions bear the signatures of the Presidents from Madison to Polk. We also have the order book of Gen. Henry Dodge, which he carried through the Black Hawk war. Some of his commissions were issued to him by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark when they were governors of territories. We have many commissions which have the signatures of Lincoln, Grant, Johnson, Harrison, Hayes, McKinley and Roosevelt.

The work of autograph collecting is by many good and great people deemed of very little consequence but it has proven a great satisfaction to me ever since I started it in the office of the little country newspaper at Warren, Pa. The fact that several multi-millionaires are now engaged in the pleasant pastime may have a tendency to endue it with high respectability. But Carlyle, and our great Emerson, denounced the entire fraternity in the worst language they were wont to command. In the case of my collection, I may, however, say that it was the foundation of the Historical Department of Iowa, and that it is visited with every mark of interest and approval by hundreds of people of our State

every year. It has had the substantial aid of some of the greatest men and women at home and abroad. Really, in spite of any adverse criticism, it "has done the State some service and they know it."

Mention should be made here of the cases in which this collection is carefully preserved under glass and in such convenient shape that visitors may see it at their pleasure. A little drawer or horizontal picture frame is pulled out and you have before you letters and small portraits of some distinguished person. Manuscripts are well known to fade when exposed to the light. These are secluded from the light except for the brief periods when they are under observation. The general form of these cases was designed by me. I had the aid of Hon. Robert Finkbine in reducing my rough drawings to shape. The cases answer their purpose admirably. They have been copied in the Masonic Library at Cedar Rapids and in the libraries of Boone, Council Bluffs, Oskaloosa, and partially in Burlington. Inquiries in regard to their style and the expense of manufacturing them have come from the libraries of Omaha, Denver, St. Paul and other places, but I am not informed as to whether any have been manufactured.

THE UPPER DES MOINES VALLEY—1848.

The manuscript of the article printed herewith is a fragment of a journal found among the papers of Edwin Goddard of Keosauqua, Iowa. While the author's name is unknown, the journal is valuable for the minute and very interesting description it gives of the country explored. With the fragments there were found two pencil sketched maps respectively of the St. Anthony Falls and the Fort Snelling localities on the Mississippi, drawn to a scale of two miles to the inch.

Mr. Goddard was a careful collector of materials bearing on the settlement and civilization of Iowa and the west. He served as a private in Co. F, of the Second Iowa Infantry, being severely wounded at the capture of Fort Donelson. He

Copyright of Annals of Iowa is the property of State of Iowa, by & through the State Historical Society of Iowa and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.