

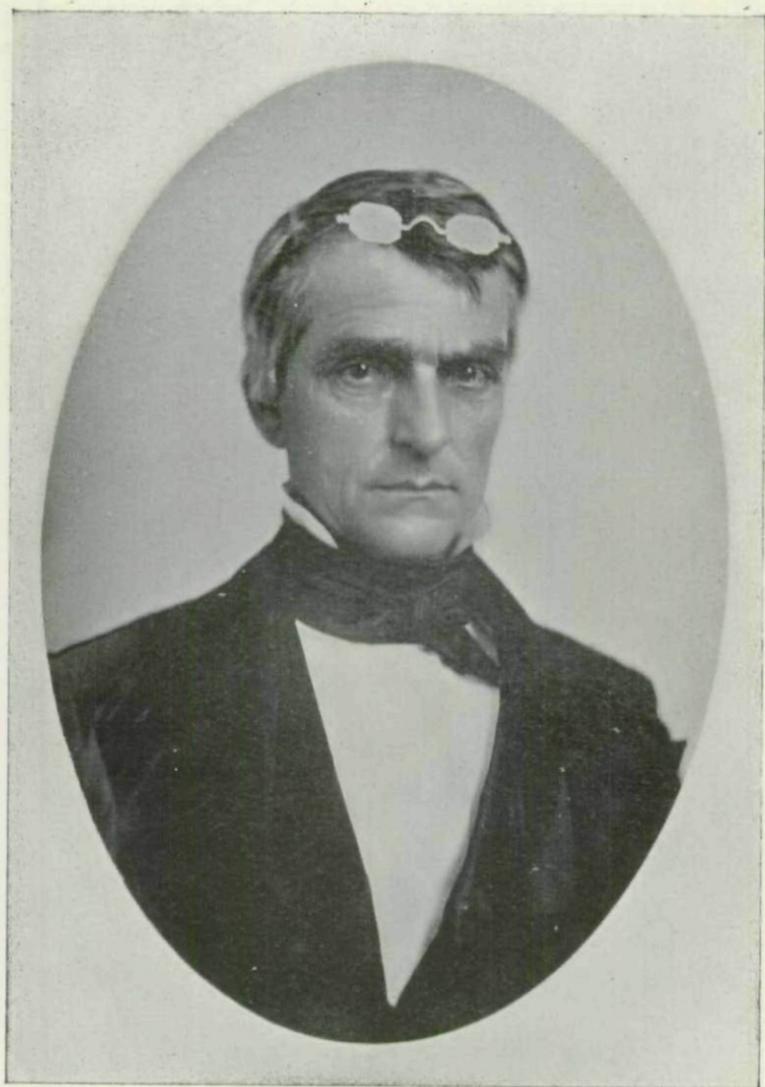
STEPHEN WHICHER.

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER.

Stephen Whicher, a lawyer of Muscatine, was one of the early settlers of Iowa, one of the ablest members of the territorial bar and a man of much influence at the formative period of the State. His life was unmarked by any extraordinary events or by any of those vicissitudes of fortune which would serve to point a sermon or adorn a history. As is not infrequently the case, the man was greater than his deeds; the impression which he made upon his contemporaries was much deeper than can be accounted for by any of his recorded acts or words. With that shrewd humor and nice sense of the fitness of things, which were among his marked qualities, he would himself be the first to deprecate an attempt to make him the subject of a formal biography. Yet his life was so characteristically American, and shows so clearly some of the forces which guided the development of the West in the first half of this century, that some account of it may not be devoid of interest, especially to those who care for the annals of early Iowa.

I.

The majority of Whichers and Whittiers now living in America are the descendants of one Thomas Whittier, a Quaker lad, who came from Southampton, England, in 1638, as the "servant," or apprentice, of John Rolfe. He settled eventually at Haverhill, Mass., where he built the homestead afterward noted as the birth-place of his famous descendant, John Greenleaf Whittier. Nine children survived him, and they in turn left large families known as Whittiers, Whichers, Whityears—not to mention other phonetic vagaries framed by rural New England lips. Cheap land was, of course, the great boon which the wilderness bestowed upon the early settlers, and the Whittiers were not slower than their neighbors to push forward, in search of farms, to the



I am My dear Sir
Very respectfully
Yr Obedt Servt
Stephen Whicher

STEPHEN WHICHER.

frontier along the north shore, and back into the valleys of southern New Hampshire. Plain country folks for the most part, their names rarely appear save in the short and simple annals of the sparsely settled towns; their lives seemingly were as simple, quiet, and industrious as befitted their Quaker ancestor. The necessities of pioneer life, however, must have led them gradually to abandon some of his peculiar tenets. Thomas had refused even the office of constable, which his fellow-townsmen had offered to confer upon him. But the New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls contain the names of more than one Whittier who, at his country's call, forsook (if he had ever known) the doctrine of non-resistance.

The conquest of Canada by England in the middle of the eighteenth century opened up a new field for restless New England enterprise. The upper valley of the Connecticut, long the pathway of marauding bands of French and Indians, was thrown open for settlement, and soon the rich intervalles of the Green Mountains were filled with immigrants, land-hungry and eager to build their homes even in this debatable territory—debatable, for both New York on the west and New Hampshire on the east claimed the land by virtue of old grants. Many a stirring tale is told of the struggles of these two authorities and the hardy pioneers, who were quite ready to defy either or both, and who finally solved the difficulty by setting up a state of their own. About the year 1780 the little valley of Rochester, in the heart of the Green Mountains, was reached by this advancing tide of settlers. At that date a few enterprising woodsmen from the lower valley of the White River made their way thither to found a new town, and there, some twelve years later, appeared one Stephen Whitcher, said to have been born in Haverhill or Salem in 1772.

A pioneer community notoriously cares little about the previous history of its members. Strong hands and stout hearts are worth more than Norman blood in subduing the

wilderness and fighting the Indians; it is reserved for a less strenuous period to be curious about the past. And a man's own interest in his ancestors usually awakes only when his age of reflection begins—when he realizes that, whether for good or for ill, his character and career have been more profoundly affected by his ancestry than youth ever imagines. Stephen Whicher, Jr., the subject of this sketch, visited Vermont and Massachusetts in 1854, and seems to have made some attempt to trace his father's ancestry. He visited the poet Whittier, and there was some mutual recognition of "cousin-ship." Friends of Stephen Whicher even fancied that there was a personal resemblance between the two men. "He was a witty and cultured man," wrote the poet of his visitor some time afterwards,* but neither then nor since has the relationship (which must be remote in any case) been definitely traced.

Stephen Whitcher, the elder, whoever his father may have been, was well enough approved at Rochester to marry into one of the leading families there. The Emersons were then, and have been ever since, prominent in local affairs, and they come from a stock in which the best New England traditions of piety, vigor, and intelligence have been faithfully preserved. Daniel Emerson (1753-1821) was the great-great-grandson of the Rev. Joseph Emerson (1620-1679), from whom were descended Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others of the name widely known as ministers, scholars, and men of affairs. In 1782 "Daniel Emerson with his family, consisting of his wife and four children, moved into town. Some stakes were driven into the ground, and a shanty built, in which they lived. During the season, the family, through fear of the Indians, used frequently to leave the shanty at night, and taking such articles as they could for a covering, hide themselves in the woods at the foot of the hill in the rear of the house, and spend the night sleep-

*Recollections of Mrs. M. L. Whitcher.



THE STEPHEN WHICHER FARM NEAR ROCHESTER, VERMONT.

ing in the open air.”* Esther, a daughter of Daniel Emerson, and Stephen Whitcher, Sr., were married April 10, 1796, and settled on a small farm near the homestead of the bride’s father. And there, probably in a log cabin on the site of the house shown in the accompanying illustration, Stephen, the second of their fifteen children, was born May 4, 1798.

II.

Boyhood on a New England mountain farm has never been described as a luxurious existence, and at the frontier one hundred years ago, it would be characterized by the boy himself as “considerable of a chore.” The first great perils of the wilderness—hostile Indians and starvation—were no longer to be feared. But to clear the land of the dense timber and the encumbering stones, to wring a living from the soil itself, as one must in these isolated settlements, were no easy tasks. Hard work, and much of it, was the lot of the settler and his family, and only the sturdiest frames and most resolute of characters could survive, much less prosper, in such circumstances. Once cleared the soil yielded abundantly; but a market for surplus products could be reached only by a long and toilsome journey. Wheat was sometimes hauled in wagons across the mountains to the thriving town of Albany. Maple sugar, then as now, was manufactured in considerable quantities for sale, and every farmer’s boy, no doubt, had some pelts to show for his skill in hunting and trapping. A standard article for barter at the trader’s store was potash, leached from the ashes of the woods that were burned when the fields were cleared. But for the most part little came to the farmer that he did not produce from his own land; his life was not only strenuous, but also very limited in its opportunities. Two elements in the New England character have helped save these remote and far from wealthy townships from the mental and moral stagnation

*Williams’ History of Rochester, Vt.

which, in other lands, has too frequently overtaken communities existing under similar circumstances: one, the Puritan piety, and the other, the carefully cherished tradition as to the value of an education. Happily for Stephen Whicher both of these were among the strongest influences under which his boyhood was passed. His mother possessed a sturdy nature and deep religious convictions, the true daughter of a line of deacons and faithful church members. Years afterwards a grandchild wrote of her: "She was truly the mother in our home, and obeyed by us all, from father down. She was a staunch Presbyterian; I have the Bible and hymn-book which she kept under her pillow. She always prayed three times a day, going off by herself and putting her little black silk shoulder shawl over her head. Often I have, as a child, slipped in clinging to her dress to hear her. A grand, beautiful, sturdy Christian character."* As might be expected, this piety was deeply impressed upon the nature of her children. At least two of her sons became clergymen, one of them at length following the lead of Newman into the Catholic church; and all her children showed some traces of that religious fervor which is now too often slighted as old-fashioned Puritanism, but which so frequently kindled into effective life the best qualities of heart and brain alike. To the end of his life Stephen Whicher was a deeply religious man. The language of the Bible came naturally to his lips and pen; in his private correspondence and public speeches he adopts its phrases with all the unconsciousness of long familiarity. While living at Dayton, Ohio, he became an elder in the Presbyterian church. At Muscatine, for some reason unknown, he did not join his wife in becoming a "charter member" of the Congregational church; but he constantly attended its service, aided in the support of its pastor,† and was always deeply interested in its welfare. To

*Recollections of Mrs. H. E. Hovey.

†The homestead of Dr. A. B. Robbins, for over forty years the pastor of this church, was built on ground donated by Mr. Whicher.

the last he maintained the institution of family prayers. "No difference what there might be to attend to in business or anything else," wrote one of his sons, "*that* was never omitted within my memory."

In vital influence one must rank next to New England piety the Puritan reverence for learning. Where and when Stephen Whicher acquired his education is not known; a few weeks of training at the district school in the winter, and work on the farm for the rest of the year, made up the usual curriculum of most country lads; and it is not probable that in his youth he enjoyed anything more. The first school was provided for at Rochester in the year 1790. "At this early age of the history of the town, when it would seem that it required all their efforts to overcome the various obstacles in their path, incident to subduing the forest and rearing and providing a home for themselves and those dependent upon them, we find them voluntarily taxing themselves double the amount for schooling the children of the town, that was required to defray all other town expenses."* By 1810 there were eight school districts. The site of one of the school-houses was on the banks of the White River, a few rods from the Whicher home, and here, beyond doubt, Stephen and his brothers and sisters, were instructed in the district-school fashion which is too familiar to need description. However limited such a schooling may have been, its opportunities were at least faithfully used. In the minor subjects of education—penmanship, spelling, grammar—Mr. Whicher's attainments were such as might shame many a college graduate of our more ambitious age. More than this, he had acquired a genuine respect for learning and a zeal in its pursuit, which stood him in good stead for the rest of his life. He was a constant reader, and no doubt made use of the free library opened at Rochester as early as 1801. One who remembers him in his later life describes him as "hav-

*Williams' History of Rochester, Vt.

ing always a book in his hand," and his writings show a fairly extensive acquaintance with history and literature. It is not known that he was ever able to attend college, as did one or two of his younger brothers. But, as will be seen, he sought opportunities for advanced study in his young manhood, and apparently they were not earned without some privation. "I should be much pleased," he wrote to a complaining school-boy, "that your food was better adapted to your accustomed indulgence and to your taste. But in this there is much in habit. The food of New England college boys is not so good as yours is. Most of them live on bean soup. I used to think myself fortunate when, instead of bean soup with coarse rye and corn bread, I could get milk and porridge. Healthful food is the main thing to be secured. All else is governed by habit."

In after years Mr. Whicher not infrequently expressed his regret that he had not been able to acquire a better education, and felt that he was seriously handicapped in his profession because of this lack of early advantages. Each of his own sons was in turn encouraged and aided (often at the cost of serious inconvenience) to acquire some part at least of that liberal education which their father coveted for them, the more eagerly, no doubt, because he had been deprived of it. Like many men who had missed a college training, he was somewhat inclined to over-estimate the profit, or at least the pleasure, to be derived from it. "I hope," he wrote to a discouraged college student, "that you will find your studies easier after you have become a little more accustomed to them. All Greek scholars unite in testifying to their pleasure in the study of that language after a few preliminary difficulties are surmounted!"

It may be doubted whether the ordinary course of Hellenic studies would have produced a higher type of culture than he achieved by his naturally alert mind, and quick appreciation of all that is excellent in literature and life. On most men whom he met he produced the impression—as in

the case of the poet Whittier—of a refined and cultivated man. Probably no one with whom he came in contact ever noticed that lack of a college training which he so keenly deplored.

III.

Piety and a zeal for sound learning may aid one to bear poverty cheerfully, but they do not make it easier to support a large family on a New England farm; much less do they suppress the Yankee instinct to better one's condition. About 1812 Stephen Whicher, Sr., traded his Rochester farm for one in the township of Royalton, near the village of Bethel, and removed his family thither. His son "Steve" is still vaguely recollected by an elderly lady who has lived ever since on an adjoining farm; he worked for her father as the "hired man," and she had afterwards heard that he had "done well" in Iowa.

But this change of residence apparently did not secure what was desired. Then, as for long years afterwards, the prospect of cheap and fertile lands in the West lured the dissatisfied and the enterprising from their homes in the older communities. Land companies were organized to exploit the new country, and a steady stream of emigrants poured from the New England States along the great road through the valley of the Mohawk to the new states beyond. To bring the products of the prairies to the coast, the Erie Canal, one of the first great public works undertaken in America, was constructed, and prosperity seemed within the reach of all who had the courage to seek it. It could not have been an easy journey from the Connecticut to the shores of Lake Erie in those ante-railroad days; but about 1818 Stephen Whicher and his household made the toilsome march and settled on a farm near Westfield, Chautauqua county, New York.

It is possible that Stephen, the son, and his elder brother Jason had preceded the rest of the family; they were now entering upon young manhood and must make a place for

themselves in the world. For a century and more the lines of trade and travel, which now run west along the southern shore of Lake Erie, had turned to the south through the valley of the French Creek and the Alleghany River, and for fifty years the Ohio had been the artery through which the life blood of the nation had streamed toward the distant West. On its banks had mingled the two great currents of immigration—one the hardy Scotch-Irish from beyond the mountain-passes of Virginia and Pennsylvania, the other a stream setting southward from the hills of New England and New York. To “take timber down the river” had long been the ready way for a young man to begin his career, and by this method, apparently, the elder Whicher boys soon found their way to the thriving river settlements of Kentucky and Indiana. Where Stephen first settled is not known; probably, like most pioneers, he tried more than one place before finding a fixed residence. For a while he studied medicine, and for a while (being a genuine Yankee) he taught school; but at length he decided on the law as his profession. His first instructor is said to have been Amos Lane, a prominent lawyer of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and in 1820 he was admitted to the bar by the judge of the Circuit court at Wayne county. A short trial of his chosen profession seems to have convinced him that he stood in need of further training, and so in the autumn of 1822 he went to the Law School of Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky.

This institution—now merged in the Kentucky University—was the first institution for higher learning incorporated west of the Alleghany Mountains. It had had a quarter century of rather troubled existence, but at this time was at the zenith of its fame and usefulness. Doctor Horace Holley, a well known Unitarian clergyman of Boston, had recently become president, and under his influence it rapidly increased in numbers and reputation. Lexington, moreover, was the home of Henry Clay, then one of the most

conspicuous figures in national affairs and soon to be candidate for the presidency of the United States. The town had been founded nearly fifty years before, and still retained some part of that cosmopolitan air which the historian ascribes to it at its foundation, when one might have seen "Puritans from New England; cavaliers from Virginia; Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania; mild-eyed trappers and bargemen from the French hamlets of Cascaskia and Cohokia; wood-choppers; scouts; surveyors; swaggering adventurers; land-lawyers; colonial burgesses—all these mingled and jostled, plotted and bartered, in the shops, in the streets, under the trees."* Cincinnati had long since begun to supplant it as a center of trade, but few other places in the growing West could pretend to as much political and social importance.

At Transylvania University Mr. Whicher attended President Holley's lectures on the "Philosophy of Mind," and followed the course of instruction at the Law School. In February, 1823, he was graduated in a class that numbered seventeen, among them several who afterwards attained distinction in state or national politics: Simeon H. Anderson and Aylette Buckner, who became members of Congress; Elijah Hise, who was member of Congress and United States Minister to Guatemala; Charles S. Morehead, who was elected governor of Kentucky, and Thomas B. Munroe, a leading jurist and judge. Another member of the class was the eldest son of the statesman, Theodore Wythe Clay, whose melancholy fate was yet undreamed of. Owing possibly to his intimacy with this class-mate, Mr. Whicher was privileged to continue his studies in Henry Clay's law office, though the senior partner himself was not his instructor. Later in

*James Lane Allen in *The Choir Invisible*. His hero, John Grey, is said to have been drawn from one McKinney, a school-teacher whom Robert Patterson induced to come to Kentucky; but his description might have been intended as a portrait of Stephen Whicher: "A young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular—one who, having thus far won in the battle of life, has a fiercer longing for larger conflict, and whose entire character rests on the noiseless conviction that he is a man and a gentleman."

this same year he returned to Indiana, settling at the river town of Vevay; and in November he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State.

The social life of Lexington was, no doubt, most attractive to the eager and ambitious young man with all his New England hunger for the best in civilization and culture. "I must live among the Southrons," he wrote many years afterwards, when weary of the crudeness and meanness of a frontier post where "babbling politicians from the northern and middle states" seemed to over-run the country. But another tie was soon to connect him with the little Kentucky city, the Athens of the West. At Vevay Mr. Whicher became engaged to Miss M. E. Venable, whose father, Dr. Samuel Venable, had been a resident of Lexington, and whose mother, Margaret Patterson, was the daughter of one of its founders. Colonel Robert Patterson was among those dauntless pioneers who had followed Boone and Logan over the Wilderness Road into Kentucky at the time of the Revolution, and, in defiance of hostile Indians and the no less hostile British, had built their homes in the Dark and Bloody Land—a name that must have seemed indeed appropriate to those whose toils and privations and wounds saved it for the infant nation. Robert Patterson* helped build the stockaded fort on the site named for the first battle of the Revolution, and there in 1786 was born his fourth child, afterwards Mrs. Venable. The Pattersons removed later to the vicinity of Dayton, Ohio; on their "Rubicon Farm," still owned by descendants, Stephen Whicher and Mary Venable were married July 20, 1826. They went to Vevay, where Mr. Whicher continued his law practice and gave instructions to private pupils. In 1828, with their infant son, they returned to Dayton and for a while made their home on a farm which was a part of the Patterson estate; but a short time afterwards they took up their residence in the town itself.

*For interesting anecdotes regarding him, see Roosevelt's *Winning of the West* II, 204-5.

IV.

Of the next ten years of their life little record has been preserved. Men, like nations, are not least happy, however, in periods which afford no material for their biographers. More or less Mr. Whicher engaged in other business, as a young lawyer in a country town must needs do. An entry in his private account book shows that the variety rather than the extent of his business had begun to burden him: "I have now been doing business in this place about one year, and have attempted hitherto to keep my accounts in a ledger without any auxiliary book, but I find many inconveniences resulting from the practice;" and succeeding entries and other memoranda show how varied were the interests which occupied his attention. In politics he had become a strong Whig; if contact with the Clays had not made him such, his acquaintance with the Harrisons at North Bend had completed the work. An oration of his, preserved from this period, recalls an almost forgotten phase of American politics. It was delivered at New Carlisle, Ohio, in 1831, at a Masonic gathering, and shows that the speaker was greatly interested in the prevailing agitation against that society. In no unimpassioned phrase he proclaims the purity of its principles and the loftiness of its aims, protesting vigorously against the charge that the Masons had procured the kidnapping of Morgan, an event then still fresh in men's memory. This Anti-Masonic excitement, as students of American history will remember, did not die out until after the presidential election of 1832, when William Wirt, the candidate of the party, received the electoral vote of Mr. Whicher's native state, Vermont. At the time of his oration the conflict was at its height. Mr. Whicher, it may be added here, retained his interest in Masonry until his death. On this subject his old friend, Hon. T. S. Parvin, writes: "When we organized Iowa Lodge No. 2 of Free-Masons at Bloomington, I took a very active part. It was organized in February, 1841, and Mr. Whicher then made himself known

to me as a Mason; but for some personal reasons, which he gave me, he did not become a member. Two or three years later we organized a Chapter of R. A. M., which is a grade higher, and of this chapter he became a member. He attended the meetings of our chapter somewhat regularly; occasionally the meetings of the lodge; so that I know he retained his interest in Masonry even, as I believe, up to the period of his death."

In 1838 Mr. Whicher had arrived at the age of forty years. By constant study and unwearied diligence he had attained a fair degree of eminence in his profession; he was enjoying a sufficient income and his abilities were known and respected in a much wider circle than the community in which he lived. His own social qualities and his fortunate marriage had surrounded him with friends and kinsmen who were eager to advance his interests and to whom he was bound by many ties. Four children—three sons and one daughter—were now in his household, and it was the thought of their future, the hope of acquiring wealth for their sakes, that weighed most with him in deciding upon another change of residence. And again it was the still newer West, with its cheaper and more fertile lands, that seemed to promise a rapid prosperity. The territory of Iowa had just been separated from Wisconsin, though a treaty made with the Sac and Fox Indians had thrown the western bank of the Mississippi open to settlement as early as 1833. Even before this later date squatters had ventured to settle on lands across the stream, at the risk of having their cabins burned down and their families and belongings forcibly transported to the eastern shore by the United States soldiers. By 1838, however, settlements had been made at Burlington, Bloomington, Davenport, and points further north, and the surrounding land was rapidly partitioned among the immigrants even before it had been legally surveyed and offered for sale by the United States. Some of these river towns were evidently destined to become places of considerable importance

commercially and politically. In the autumn of this year Mr. Whicher determined to investigate their prospects with a view to removal to the most promising. Taking a light wagon and a couple of horses he started overland on the long journey. His letters written while absent on this tour are full of graphic details, and (with omission of purely personal matters) some of them are presented here.

V.

ON THE PRAIRIE IN ILLINOIS, 23 SEP., 1838.

You can have no idea of the appearance of a prairie by reading—they must be seen and felt before one can realize their appearance. I will begin where I left you at Covington, (Ind.), from which place I sent you my journal by private conveyance. I crossed the Wabash in a ferry-boat; it was about three times as wide as Main street, Dayton, and from one to two feet deep, as smooth as a mirror and as clear as crystal. Landing on the west shore I stopped to eat wild grapes; they were not much better than our wood-grapes, but were about twice as large. A ride of twenty miles brought me to Danville, Ill., where is a land office and some three or four hundred inhabitants. I dined and then took a north-western direction toward Ottawa; my general course was up the Vermillion, a branch of the Wabash. I must go back a little; after crossing the Wabash I entered a prairie called Mound Prairie, because its sides throughout its whole extent are elevated about twenty feet above the surrounding level. The eye on a clear day will reach over an extent of eight to fifteen miles, when the vision will be bounded by a well defined line of elevated green foliage, known here as "timber;" above and beyond that is the sky. A breeze, as delightful as can be imagined of Paradise, brings the odors of a thousand sweets. The rose will give but a faint idea of the richness of the perfume. Away in the distance can be seen as it were a dot, which proves on approach to be a rider on horseback. Three or four of these riders at different points will seem to animate the whole scene. A fox, a wolf, or a deer springs from the grass before one, and bounds away, starting a flock of wild geese here, a flock of cranes there, which drag their ponderous bodies high on elastic wings, secure from danger from below, and filling the air with their harsh music; while ever and anon the prairie hen springs on whirring wing and sails away, skimming the tops of grass and flowers until lost in the distance. Nor are the minor and sweeter songsters of the valleys less numerous than in the fields of the more eastern sections. The field-lark, the ground bird, the yellowhammer, etc., etc., add their offering to the animated scene. The prairie hen is about the size of a half-grown domestic hen, with the general appearance of our quail. The first one I saw sprang from the path just before me into a small tussock or tuft of grass. I sprang from my horse, threw my whip-lash around the grass which partially hid it from my view, and I had it secured in my hand in a moment. I carried it some miles, but its struggles to escape induced me to ring its neck. I left it at a tavern, where it will no doubt be cooked by the time I return.

Well, I departed from Danville through a wilderness of prairie called the Grand Prairie of Illinois. It is of almost illimitable extent and gives rise to the principal rivers of the state. Its outline is irregular, like the map of Greece, and it is half the length of the state—from forty-five to fifty miles wide. The traveler in crossing touches along from one point of timber to another where a cabin or two is erected and a small patch

cultivated. Such heavy growth of corn I never saw anywhere. The ears are of most perfect fulness; husky-white, while the leaf and stock are perfectly green. The tobacco stands in the fields untouched by frost. The cattle and hogs are fat and healthy. Every cabin is a house of entertainment. In passing from one of these points to another I got belated. I took the open prairie and rode until late at night. The horse refused to follow the trail and it was so dark I could not see it. The horse wandered and I lost my course, and could not see the face of my compass. I searched for fire-flies for light, but was unfortunate in this. It rained hard, like an equinoctial storm as it was. I turned my horse loose and lay down to sleep. Towards morning it turned very cold. Then, farewell sleep. There was not a dry thread on me, and having eaten nothing that might be called food for more than forty-eight hours, I was anything but comfortable. It was not until broad daylight that I could find my course.

The whole country between here and Danville, eighty miles, is sickly, and is being deserted. The people are panic-stricken. Pontiac, the county seat of Livingston county, is wholly deserted. I shall leave here tomorrow for the mouth of the Vermillion, where is the starved rock, La Salle, Ottawa, the great canal, the great railroad, and the great prospect for commercial wealth.

OTTAWA, 26 SEP.

The land sales in this country come on in the middle of November. Money is very scarce. One hundred per cent per annum can be got for any amount from \$100 up to hundreds of thousands. I shall go hence to Prairie du Chien to try to sell my horses. My health is good.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, 7 OCT., 1838.

I have already told you that this is a pretty, a beautiful, a charming and a delightful country. What should I say more? How much more could I say? I will only add that these impressions of its beauty continue. I am now at the uppermost point on the Mississippi that is inhabited by civilized citizens. All above this are savages, and a floating population of whites scarcely distinguishable from them. Five thousand visitors are here from different parts of the Union. Such is the demand for articles of Indian manufacture that everything that could be carried is gone. I cannot get anything lighter than a canoe. I have traveled a thousand miles, (*sic*). Susan and Lady Jackson (*his horses*) are pretty much worn down. I am offered two hundred dollars for them and shall probably take it, if I cannot get more, and buy a Comanche pony of Gov. Dodge. By-the-way, I called on Gen. Jones and Gov. Dodge, and was treated with polite attention. I shall go directly from here to the mouth of the Rock River, thence to Burlington by way of Bloomington, and then straight home. Shall leave here for down the river to-morrow morning in the steam-boat Ariel.

BLOOMINGTON, IOWA T., OCT. 18, 1838.

I got on board the steam-boat Ariel at Prairie du Chien, went up the Mississippi half a day to Painted Rock, returned and came down about two hundred miles to the upper rapids, where the boat stuck fast on the rocks, where she now lies. I have about fifteen bushels of Galena potatoes aboard which I intended for our own use. The boat will lie there until the water rises. After waiting several days for the boat I bought a canoe and arrived here last night (forty miles) about 9 o'clock, in the midst of the severest snow storm that ever happened here at this season of the year. To-day it rains hard; the waters will soon rise. This is a splendid country. Great changes in regard to the pecuniary concerns of the people and the prospects of this Territory have taken place within the last week. Any amount of funds two weeks ago (I mean hundreds of thousands) might have been disposed of at one hundred per cent per annum.

Now a company is here from Pennsylvania with about two millions, and is making contracts of loan at twenty-five per cent. You cannot easily imagine the change in the appearance of the occupants of the lands, from despondency to cheerfulness. Nearly a million and a half of acres of land will be sold in this Territory at the ensuing land sales.

The town plot (Bloomington) was divided into 16 shares and sold for a sum equal to about three dollars a lot. I have no doubt but they will average \$300 in less than five years. It will undoubtedly be a town of great importance in trade, and will probably be the seat of government. I have seen many people here whom I have known in other countries. Many substantial farmers are settled here, and I have seen some families of high polish from the city of New York and some others from other cities. I have heard much of the honey and wild game of this country, but have seen very little. To-day I had a wild turkey for dinner; honey was on the table; ducks this morning for breakfast. Some venison is promised for tea. A very fine doe is just now brought in (four o'clock p. m.) and is very fat. 'Tis said there are plenty of elk and some buffalo about fifty miles west of this. Three baboons were discovered about four hundred miles north-west of here the past summer. Affidavits of the fact are made by some army officers whose veracity is not doubted. It was while cutting a military road from Ft. Snelling to Ft. Calhoun.

BURLINGTON, IOWA T., Oct. 20, 1838.

The most favorable offer which I have had was made at Bloomington. It was that I should reside there, pay into a common fund an amount of about twelve hundred dollars, and receive an interest in the town lots equal to one-sixteenth of the whole. This would be about sixty in lots; a mill site (*i. e.* one-sixteenth), the best in the country; about ten acres of out-lots; and one-sixteenth of a stone quarry in town yielding stone similar in texture to the Portsmouth free-stone of which window-caps and sills are made in Dayton; the color, however, is nearly white, and it is of greater strength than the Portsmouth stone. Bloomington, aside from its prospect of being the seat of government for Iowa Territory, will be an important place for trade. There are now not a dozen houses in the place; there may be two dozen cabins; not a lawyer in the place, nor a preacher in the neighborhood. I asked a woman why they had no preaching. She said that chickens were scarce; that when the poultry yards became well supplied there would be no scarcity of preachers! The day is not far distant however, (perhaps five years), when Bloomington will equal Dayton in wealth and population. Its moral condition will depend much upon the influence of its first settlers. A good preacher, who could live here without levying contributions upon the people, would be the most powerful engine to make this town what it should be. I have seen Gov. Lucas. He is very popular here and will do nothing to destroy it.

STEAMBOAT ARIEL AGAIN, OFF BURLINGTON, IOWA T.,

OCT. 29, 1838.

I have a couple of bloody stories to tell which will illustrate in some degree the state of society here. A Mrs. Atwood, with an infant child, arrived at the Governor's quarters a day or two ago on her way from the interior of the Territory to her friends in Vermont. She represented to the Governor some facts (accompanied with proof) as follows: Some months ago one of the Sac Indians was killed by a white man named Ross, who immediately escaped. The friends of the deceased Indian sought revenge and determined to take blood of equal value. Atwood had been at work for the United States Government on Indian land, and while returning to his home was killed. His body was found some days afterward with the head tomahawked, one arm cut off, and his body partially eaten by wolves. Atwood was a Methodist preacher and has left a widow with one child in

very indigent circumstances. She sat at table this morning at breakfast in the Burlington house. Mrs. Lockwood, the hostess, passed around the table and collected forty-one dollars for the relief of the widow; the Ariel gives her a passage to Bloomington. The Governor was pleased to place her under my protection to that place. Governor Lucas will institute an investigation, and demand the Indian murderer of his tribe.

After delivering Mrs. Atwood on board the Ariel, I returned to the house for my baggage; walking up the street, I locked arms with Mr. Van Antwerp (receiver of the land office here). We heard the report of fire-arms, and at the same moment a ball passed apparently between our heads. He ran like an affrighted deer about ten rods, when he stopped, turned, and called to me to follow him, but I stood my ground to witness the battle. The first I saw was a man running toward me without a hat, with a broken head, and an empty pistol; his name was Rorer. He asked me for a loaded pistol; I hadn't the article about me. On inquiry it turned out that Rorer had made a speech to the people while a candidate for Congress, to which Jacobs, the District Attorney, took exception and demanded an apology. Rorer refused to give one, whereupon Jacobs caned Rorer in the street. Rorer, as he reeled under the blows, fired a pistol, and as soon as he could recover his feet, ran up the street in the direction I was walking; when Jacobs fired his pistol whose ball whispered me so closely. Jacobs received Rorer's ball through the body. He will probably die to-morrow. . . . All of this occurred in the most public part of the city of Burlington. The death of Atwood occurred about twelve miles west of Bloomington.

While waiting for your letter I am going to procure a topographical survey of the country between the Cedar River and the Mississippi River at Bloomington. I am of the opinion that the Cedar River may be brought across, shortening its distance to the Mississippi about forty miles, and creating a fall of more than a hundred feet by a cut of ten miles. I shall see. It is probable that twelve or fifteen thousand feet per minute may be brought across.

30th Oct.

Arrived at Bloomington; but little prospect of examination or survey—no instruments are to be found here. This town looks much better since I returned from Burlington than before I went down. I am much pleased with my purchase; the prospect is flattering for good society. If my only object was to make money fast I should go farther north.

BLOOMINGTON, 14 Nov., 1838.

Messrs. Lowe and Douglass arrived here about a week ago. They were both in good health and spirits, and have both made purchases here. In the purchases I have made I cannot get lots enough together, on a street that pleases me, for a building spot, and have been a week trying to make such exchanges and arrangements as will give me half a block (say a quarter of any acre) in one place on a principal street.

The Mississippi is filled with floating ice; neither steamboats or other boats can run with safety. The Iowa River is impassable for the same reason. I can not afford to risk much of my neck in making an attempt to leave here. The land sales commence (at Burlington) in less than a week, by which time I hope we can go down, and if the Ohio is navigable, two of us will go immediately home; the other one will stay until after the sales, which will be about the first week in December. Douglass has lent some of his money to the county at fifty per cent; he might have had a hundred by asking it. I could lend thousands of dollars at a hundred per cent if I had it at the land sales.

Money is often scarce on the frontier, but no doubt part

of this abnormal scarcity was caused by the lingering effects of the great panic of 1837. This feverish speculation in land and town lots, the hardships of travel by boat or stage, and all the details of the crude, wild, reckless frontier life, make a characteristic picture, but one which those of a later generation will find it hard to associate with the peaceful shores of the Mississippi.

VI.

In the spring of 1839 Mr. Whicher embarked at Cincinnati with his family, a year's provisions, and a frame house ready for erection. On April 4th he arrived at the settlement of Bloomington, which since 1849 has been known by the name of Muscatine, apparently the Indian name of the remarkable prairie island which lies immediately below it.* The settlement had been organized in the preceding February as a town of the second class, and had a population of seventy-one, chiefly men. But its greatness and prosperity were already assured—in the belief of its inhabitants. The American who has not at least once in his life “grown up with the country”—who has not fervently believed in the future growth of his own infant community and expected it to become the “seat of government,” to the speedy enrichment of himself and his fellow-townsmen—who has not fed fat on hope and then eaten the bitter bread of slow disillusion—has missed one of the most unique and typical phases of our national history.

Mr. Whicher had invested in town lots (there is still a Whicher's Addition on the maps of Muscatine), and on one of the bold bluffs overlooking the river, at the end of what became the main street of the town, he proceeded to erect the house he had brought from Ohio. Everything was complete, and timber, door and window frames were so numbered that any carpenter could put them together without difficulty.

*See essay by I. B. Richman in *John Brown Among the Quakers*, pp. 63-75.

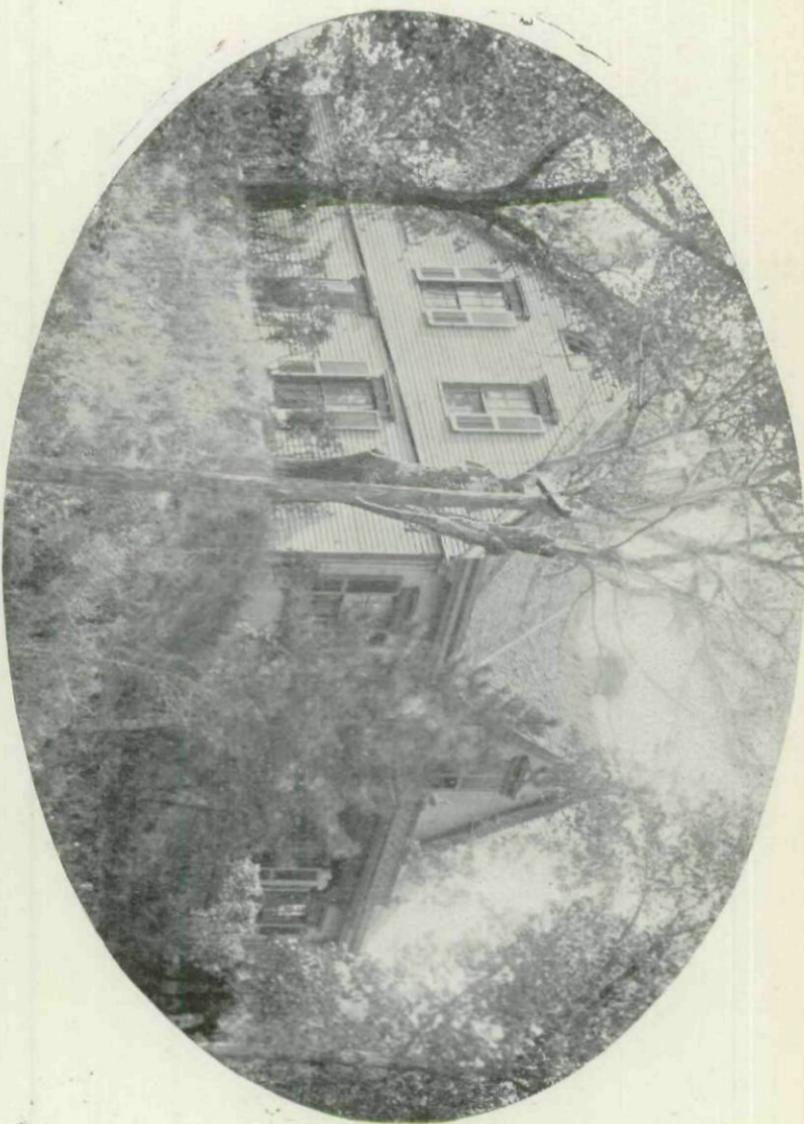
"The framing-timbers were cut and hewn from the trees growing within the city limits. It was built with an old-fashioned hip-roof and the gable ends were finished with battlements. It was an old castle in every sense of the word. Mr. Whicher had this roof and the battlements removed in 1849, robbing it of its feudal appearance."*

Old settlers long remembered the unique house-warming which was here celebrated. "In the spring of 1839 Stephen Whicher, Esq., made a large social party at his house at which were about twenty Indians† with their squaws—in calico breeches, round-about, and moccasins ornamented with beads and trinkets. The Indian men were dressed for the party also with faces painted and gay blankets, with war trophies on, jewels in their ears and noses, brass bands on their arms, long ornamented pipes, weasel and skunk-skin tobacco pouches, war-clubs with feathers attached to them, bears' claws and tusks, buck-skin breeches and waumises highly ornamented. All the elite of the town were present, ladies and gentlemen, young and middle-aged (we had no old folks then). George Lucas was there, Ralph P. Lowe, Esq., and his wife, Matthew Mathews and his daughter, H. Mathews and wife and two daughters, M. Couch and wife—a social and jolly company, indeed. The center of the large room was cleared and an Indian war-dance introduced. They lacked music, and Mrs. Whicher brought out some tin pans, and the fire-shovel and tongs with a few sticks made the music."‡ The wild howls of the warriors, joined to the rest of the noise, were too much for the nerves of the white women present, and a scene of confusion ensued. When the Indians at length subsided, they insisted that the whites, and especially the "white squaws," should dance in their fashion, and this brilliant occasion, as the narrator calls it, closed to the familiar strains of a back-woods violin.

*J. P. Walton's Reminiscences.

†Probably on their way north to Rock Island for their annuities.

‡Suel Foster, quoted by J. P. Walton.



HOUSE BUILT BY STEPHEN WHICHER AT MUSCATINE, IOWA, 1839.

The Whicher homestead was later the scene of many less unconventional festivities. "In this picturesque home Mr. and Mrs. Whicher dispensed a hospitality known in that earlier period the whole length of the valley and in all the West for the wit and cheer of its board and fireside. The host was a gentleman of the old school and his genial hearth was witness to the most interesting society and assemblies of this new country."* Here at different times were entertained General A. C. Dodge of Burlington, General George W. Jones of Dubuque, Henry W. Starr of Burlington, Thomas H. Benton, Jr., General J. C. Breckenridge of Burlington and later of Kentucky, Professor David Dale Owen from Scotland, Judge Geo. G. Greene of Cedar Rapids, and General R. C. Schenck of Ohio, the last an intimate friend of the host. There was, of course, a wide circle of friends in the vicinity who were no less hospitably welcomed. Mr. Whicher was a man of some reserve of manner; he was grave and dignified in *déportment* and preferred that his associates should in general show themselves animated by the same high ideals of conduct which he imposed upon himself. These traits, joined to his power of sarcastic speech, sometimes produced the impression that he was a man who cared little for social intercourse and still less for forming friendships. But this was a mistake, as those knew who once became intimate with him. He was fond of company—of *good* company, at least—and on fit occasion could be merry with the merriest. His power of telling a story was very great, and when in the proper mood he could entertain a company "quite cleverly," as one of his hearers phrased it. A frontier settlement is given to hospitality, and no one in Bloomington was more eager to discharge its duties and enjoy its privileges than the owner of what happened to be the largest house in the town. With very little alteration this house is still standing (1900) and occupied as a residence;

*George Van Horne in Muscatine paper, 1880.

it is supposed that few, if any, homes in Iowa can rival it in antiquity, as antiquity must be counted in the West. Here for the next seventeen years—the last of his life—Mr. Whicher made his home, and at this house, with its ample garden and old-fashioned orchard, occupied and amused the scanty leisure which his engrossing professional work and his frequent journeys left him.

Socially, Muscatine amply fulfilled the hopes of the first settlers of Bloomington; but the promised prosperity was slow in coming. Iowa City became the capital of the new Territory and the seat of the territorial courts. Davenport on the north and Burlington on the south thrived more rapidly on the commerce of the river; and when at last the railroads from the east turned the main trade channels at right angles to their old course, Muscatine failed to secure a place on the direct highway of traffic, and lagged behind still more conspicuously. It was many years before the value of land rose above the price paid by the first settlers, who had borrowed money at fifty and one hundred per cent. to develop the wilderness.

VII.

In November, 1838, the first session of the Supreme Court of Iowa was held at Burlington with Chief Justice Charles Mason of Burlington presiding, and Joseph Williams of Bloomington, and Thomas S. Wilson of Dubuque associate judges.* Twenty attorneys were admitted to practice at that term, and among them was Mr. Whicher, then on his way back to Ohio after his tour of inspection. From this time forward to the day of his death he was one of the most conspicuous members of the bar, and enjoyed a constantly growing practice in the United States District Courts, as well as in the Supreme and District Courts of the Territory (or State). It would be rash for a layman to attempt to determine the rank of a member of the bar; but it seems

**The Early Bar of Iowa* by Theodore S. Parvin, LL. D.

clear from the testimony of his fellow lawyers that Mr. Whicher's wide experience in his profession, joined to his native ability and learning, secured for him at the outset a position of no little eminence. Mr. Henry O'Conner, long a resident of Muscatine and afterwards Attorney General of Iowa, writes of him as follows: "There were beside him at that bar S. C. Hastings, J. Scott Richman, Wm. G. Woodward, Jacob Butler; and here also lived Joseph Williams, among the first and one of the best Supreme Judges that Iowa has ever had. Of this group Whicher was confessedly the finest and profoundest lawyer; indeed, except in a few notable cases, the equal of any and the master of most of the Iowa lawyers."

"Stephen Whicher, Lawyer," was the reading on his sign board, and his devotion to his profession and his care in the preparation of his cases were not infrequently commented upon by his associates. "He was one who practiced law all his life and engaged in no other profession." "Law was his bread and butter and to that profession he give the whole of his energies." "He conducted a law-suit, in those days of free and easy and perhaps loose practice, with more care than any lawyer I then knew." And it would be easy to adduce other testimony of the same kind. Mr. J. Scott Richman, one of the earliest settlers at Bloomington, writes still more in detail of Mr. Whicher's characteristics as a lawyer:

He had few books and seldom consulted them. He was a fine elementary lawyer, being well grounded in the principles of the law, and made his application of it to new cases by a system of analogy, concluding what the law must be in a new case from what it was known to be in established cases. And he was generally right. His addresses before a jury could not be called eloquent, but they were always interesting, and it was often remarked that he made a better speech when he had a bad case than when he had a good one. He had great faith in himself, and was generally regarded as a sound and successful lawyer in any cause in which he became interested.

A lawyer's life, whatever it may be now, was not altogether a life of ease in pioneer days. Letters of the time abound in references to the hardships and the weariness of

travel by stage or sleigh, and the absences from home to attend the sittings of various courts were frequent and long continued. In November, 1852, Mr. Whicher writes: "This is the first time I have been seen about the house much since the beginning of November, 1848;" and he proceeds to state with much humor the ills which resulted from his continual absences. The slow journeying by land and the monotonous rides up or down the river; the enforced stay at hotels in county seats or state capital; the free and easy life of small and new communities, all gave ample opportunities for men to take each other's measure, and to develop a cordial admiration, or the reverse, for various qualities of heart or mind. Among those whom Mr. Whicher met thus in the intimacies of pioneer life was S. C. Hastings, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa and later Chief Justice of California. They "rode the circuit" together and became warm friends, though usually pitted against each other in the course of business. Many years afterwards Judge Hastings spoke in the highest terms of admiration of his old friend Stephen Whicher, saying in substance, that "he was a talented and eminent lawyer, the peer of any in Iowa. He was remarkable as a special pleader and was an acknowledged leader at the bar; a man of rugged honesty and integrity; upright and steadfast in his devotion to duty. Being a man of strong determination and character, he had his emotional nature under complete control, though naturally nervous and sensitive. He had been a deep and thorough student and possessed mental faculties of a high order. His knowledge of law was wide in its scope, and his opinions were always quoted with confidence."

Busy as he was with his own profession Mr. Whicher was always ready to serve the community in any way within his power. In the first year of his residence in the Territory (1839) he found an opportunity of service in connection with the so-called Missouri War. An unfortunate dispute regarding jurisdiction over some lands near the

mouth of the Des Moines River threatened to bring the authorities of the State of Missouri and the territorial government of Iowa into armed conflict. Early in October of that year Governor Lucas of Iowa had written to the secretary of state at Washington that it seemed impossible to avoid being drawn into a controversy. But shortly afterwards the affair assumed a still more threatening aspect. At the request of the governor, apparently, Mr. Whicher went to the scene of the difficulty, investigated the condition of affairs, and reported that troops had been mustered in by the State of Missouri and were on their way north to the disputed district. On the basis of this report a new communication was dispatched to Washington by Governor Lucas, asking for instructions at once.* Through the further efforts of Mr. Whicher and others whose advice was for peace, this threatened bloodshed was averted. It was agreed to leave the dispute to the arbitration of the national government, and, after some years of delay, the Supreme Court rendered a decision confirming the right of Iowa to the territory in question. A question which has long engaged the attention of the citizens of Iowa and for which no satisfactory solution has yet been found, is the question of regulating the sale of liquor. Many years after Mr. Whicher's death a grandson went as a student to the college town of Grinnell. He well remembers the warm welcome given him by the genial citizen for whom the town was named, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, "because your grandfather framed the first temperance statute for the State of Iowa." As Mr. Whicher never was a member of the legislature, his help was probably sought in this case because of his well known interest in the cause of temperance reform, a movement which seemed to him one of the most important and far-reaching which had been discussed in his lifetime. There is still preserved an address which he delivered at the anniversary of a temperance socie-

*ANNALS OF IOWA, July, 1870, page 283.

ty in which he clearly shows how greatly he had been impressed by the recent revival of interest in this subject, a revival which, as he remarks, had "repealed the laws of social intercourse, obliterated the accustomed marks of hospitality, and changed and conquered the daily habits of mankind." A chance reference in one of his letters shows plainly how great the change had been since the days of his own youth. "Mr. Robbins," he wrote in January, 1853, "was installed as the stated pastor of the Congregational church here a few evenings ago. The night was beautiful, and the whole ceremony went off in good New England style, only no ball was had by the young people on the occasion, and the ministers had no phlip—a favorite New England winter drink made of beer, sugar, rum, and hot iron!" The cause of temperance had, indeed, made great progress, but much remained to be done, and to this, as to all other efforts to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the State, Mr. Whicher gave a generous and hearty support.

Mr. Whicher's success in his profession and the recognition of his worth by his fellow-citizens were quite sufficient to gratify a reasonable ambition. For political honor, which is so generally considered the fit reward of success at the bar, or at least its natural accompaniment, he did not greatly care. As far as known he never was a candidate for an elective office but once. He ran on the Whig ticket for senator for the district composed of the counties of Muscatine and Johnson. "I was a Democrat in all those years," wrote Mr. Parvin, "and therefore politically opposed to him. I remember having stumped Muscatine county against him. While a very able lawyer and a sound reasoner he had no trait of character in common with the mass of people. He was in no sense one of them; while not an aristocrat, he had yet high notions of the dignity of man and could not bring himself down to the level of the mass of voters. I was therefore able to take him at a disadvantage, and the Democratic candidate was successful."

In politics, as has been said, Mr. Whicher was a confirmed Whig, and between 1840 and 1850 the adherents of that party in Iowa had little taste of success in state elections, nor could they expect to be consoled for local weakness by federal patronage. "The whole patronage of a territorial government is in the hands of the President of the United States," Mr. Whicher wrote on first coming to Iowa. The Jacksonian doctrine of spoils had been too recently promulgated and too thoroughly applied to leave any doubt as to what might be expected as a reward for any degree of fitness for office not accompanied by political orthodoxy. But in the presidential elections of 1848 the Whigs were successful, and in 1850 on the death of Zachary Taylor the presidency passed to Millard Fillmore, who was not only a Whig, but a Whig from the North. About a month after his inauguration Mr. Whicher was appointed United States District Attorney for the State of Iowa, and held the position until the end of that administration. He discharged the duties of this important office in a manner and with a success which won unqualified approval from the best critics, the members of his own profession. It is hoped that some more detailed account of his official work may yet be compiled, either from the court records or from the memory of the few of his contemporaries now living. It is sufficient to say here that they were busy and, on the whole, happy years, although he had already begun to feel that the strain of his professional life was too great for his strength. "My health," he wrote, "is giving way too rapidly for me longer to remain indifferent to the duty of its protection, and I shall not permit the government wantonly to make drafts upon it." During his term of office he was asked to deliver a course of lectures before the students of a law school in Dubuque. His interest in his profession led him to accept the invitation, despite the added burden of preparation, and in January, 1853, he read six lectures on the History of the Common Law, a subject which his great interest in historical questions had rendered

thoroughly congenial to him. "The class paid me the compliment of requesting my portrait. I sat to an artist who assisted Healy in his pictures of eighteen distinguished American statesmen for the King of France. Considering this was at Dubuque where perhaps more than half of the people (!) never had a thought of going to look at Whicher after death, I esteem the compliment higher than if tendered from any other quarter."

The few remaining years of Mr. Whicher's life fell in the stormy political period of the anti-slavery discussion, marked by the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. It was evident that there must be a re-arrangement of political forces, and though it grieved an ardent Whig to see his party disrupted, Mr. Whicher was ready for the new duties which the new occasion brought. Early in 1856 he was at Iowa City on legal business, and there signed the call for the meeting at which the Republican party of the State of Iowa was formed. The paper had been brought to him for his signature while he lay on a sick bed, and before the meeting was held he had passed away. His constitution, long undetermined by hard work, had suddenly and unexpectedly succumbed to an attack of cholera. His death occurred February 13, 1856. His remains were conveyed for interment to the city with whose foundation and early history he had been so closely identified. The members of the Muscatine bar assembled at the tidings of his death and unanimously expressed their sorrow at the "great loss to the community in which he had lived and acted since its organization; by the death of Stephen Whicher the legal profession has lost one of its oldest, most learned, and most gifted members, whose professional acts from the time of the first establishment of judicial procedure in Iowa to that of his death, had resulted in honor to himself and benefit to the profession and to the public." To be born in poverty, to acquire an education by self-denial, to rise in one's chosen profession by hard labor, to win the love and respect of one's fellow-citizens, to

have some part in serving the State, to leave an honorable name to one's children: these are not the elements of which one may construct a romance. But such, happily, has been the outline of a typical American career. It is such lives which "constitute the State," and form the broad and stable basis on which our commonwealth has been built.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

We were permitted, by the politeness of our fellow-citizen, Charles Nealley, to examine, at his store, the magnificent sword, manufactured in pursuance of a resolution of the last legislature of Iowa, to be presented to Capt. B. S. Roberts of this State, for gallant service in the Mexican war. It is a beautiful weapon, finished in Ames' best style, with a polished steel scabbard, gold mounted, with gold and silver hilt and guard. On the scabbard, engraved on a gold plate, is the following extract from Gen. Scott's official report:

"Capt. Roberts, of the mounted rifle regiment, who had greatly distinguished himself the preceding day in leading the advance company of the storming party at Chapultepec, was selected by me, *to plant the national flag on the capitol.*"

On the end of the hilt are the words, "State of Iowa, to Capt. Roberts;" and on the guard, in a crest, the words: "Presented by the State of Iowa to Capt. B. S. Roberts for meritorious and gallant services in Mexico."

On the right of the blade is the inscription:

"Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, Streets of Mexico, Tlascalla."

And on the reverse:

"Vera Cruz, Puerta del Media, Cerro Gordo, San Juan de los Llanos."

Capt. R. is now in California—when he returns, the State of his adoption will present to him this fitting testimonial of his brave and patriotic services in his country's cause.—*Iowa Democratic Enquirer, Muscatine, May 23, 1850.*

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