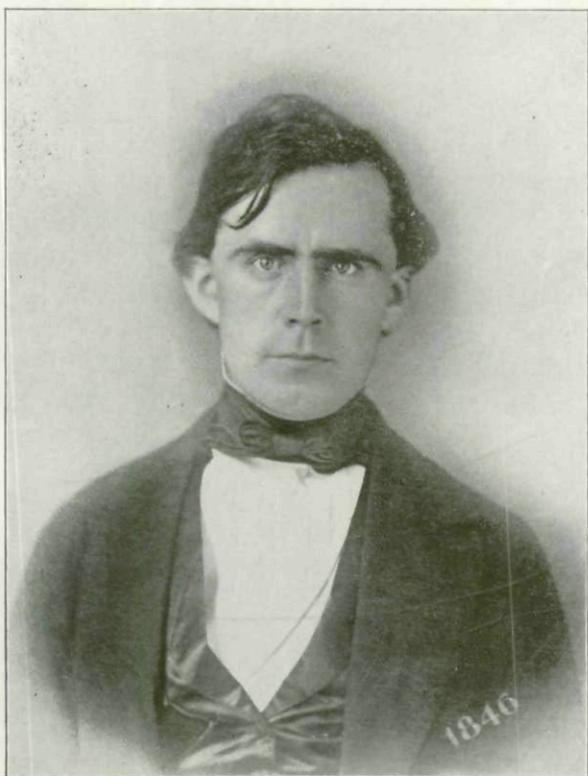


JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY IN JACKSON COUNTY,
IOWA TERRITORY, 1843-'6.

BY WILLIAM SALTER.

Under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society "to preach the Gospel in Iowa Territory," I left my father's house in New York City, October 4, 1843, and arrived at Maquoketa (then Springfield P. O.) on the 10th of November. In my journey I visited Niagara Falls; spent a Sunday in Buffalo, at the home of the Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of that city; the next Sunday I was at Milwaukee in the hospitable home of the Rev. Stephen Peet, agent of the A. H. M. S. for Wisconsin Territory, who discouraged my going to Iowa, saying that Iowa would not amount to much, as it had only a narrow strip of good land on the Mississippi river, and the Great American Desert was west of it, whereas Wisconsin had Lake Michigan on one side and the Mississippi on the other, and would make a prosperous State. The next Sunday I was at Galesburg, Illinois, having rode over the prairies from Chicago to that place in an open wagon. The following Monday, at sundown, I reached the Mississippi and felt the thrill and exhilaration the sight of the great river and of Iowa awakened in my mind. On landing in Burlington the next morning, James G. Edwards, editor of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*, met me and took me to his home. The next Sunday I spent at Keosauqua, on the Des Moines river, and preached in a blacksmith shop, the Rev. L. G. Bell, a pioneer preacher of the "Old School," preaching the same day in the same place; thence I visited Agency, and was kindly entertained by the widow of the Indian Agent of the Sacs and Foxes, General Joseph M. Street, and stood over his grave, and that of the Indian chief Wapello, which were side by side. The next Sunday, Nov. 5th, I received ordination at Denmark, at the hands of Asa Turner (Yale, 1827), Julius A. Reed (Yale, 1829), Reuben Gaylord (Yale, 1834), and Charles Burnham (Dartmouth, 1836).

I came up the Mississippi with Alden B. Robbins, who then



REV. WILLIAM SALTER
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN IN 1846.

began his life-long ministry at Bloomington (afterwards Muscatine), and with Edwin B. Turner, who was assigned to Jones county, and to Cascade, in Dubuque county, then the farthest missionary post in the Northwest. Proceeding from Davenport, Turner and myself spent a night with Oliver Emerson in his cabin near De Witt. We found him shaking with the ague. He asked a neighbor who was going the next day with a grist to McClay's mill, to take us along. The journey was slow, and we were chilled and weary with the raw winds of the prairie. Reaching the mill an hour after dark, we left the grist, and went on to the log house of John Shaw, who made us welcome, and we soon lost our chill and weariness in the warm supper Mrs. Shaw gave us. In a part of the house partitioned off by sheets, we found refreshing sleep.

The morning showed us that we were upon a gently rolling prairie, about a mile from the junction of the South and North Forks of the Maquoketa river, and from the long stretch of timber between them. Across the road from Mr. Shaw's was a small log house, banked with sod, the roof partly covered with sod. Built for a blacksmith shop, it was used for a school and public meetings. North of it was the cabin of John E. Goodenow, postmaster, eminent for his public spirit and generous nature, a descendant on his mother's side (Betsey White) from Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor, in 1620. Next north was the claim of Zalmon Livermore.

Leaving Mr. Turner to preach in the schoolhouse, I went horseback to Andrew, where a Congregational church had been organized by Oliver Emerson, the pioneer missionary of the whole region, Dec. 26, 1841. The meeting was held in the upper story of the log court-house. Deacon Samuel Cotton and family were there, and gave me a cordial greeting. He was a descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, Mass., and possessed the sterling qualities of his Puritan ancestry; Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, N. Y., where Burgoyne's army was defeated in 1777. Their house was six miles north of Andrew, but the distance did not prevent their regular at-

tendance upon public worship, and I often shared the shelter and comfort of their home. In my first sermon in the county I showed that the early churches in the land of Israel were edified and multiplied by "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Spirit," and I urged the duty of building up Christianity in the same way in Iowa. Pure and faithful churches, active in Christian service, are the saving salt of any community. A Methodist brother, a Justice of the Peace, greeted me, saying that he welcomed all preachers, "no matter what their tenements were."

I preached from the desk where sentence of death had been pronounced in the first judicial trial for murder in the Territory, the previous year. The case grew out of a dispute about a land claim. Before the execution of the sentence, John C. Holbrook came from Dubuque, and preached. The prisoner was brought into the court-house in chains, and cried out in his anguish, "Oh, what would I give to restore to life the man I killed," and "many a manly cheek was wet with tears," said Mr. Holbrook in his report of the scene.

At Andrew I made the acquaintance of Ansel Briggs, mail contractor on the route from Dubuque to Davenport and Iowa City, afterwards the first Governor of the State (1846-'50), a native of Vermont; of Philip B. Bradley, a native of Connecticut, clerk of the County Court, member of the Territorial legislature (1845-'6), of the State legislature (1846-'9, 1878), also prominent as an adviser of Governor Briggs. Nathaniel Butterworth and his gracious wife made me welcome at their primitive hostelry. They were natives of Massachusetts.

Returning to Maquoketa, I took Brother Turner sixteen miles west on his way to Jones county. Much of the country was taken up by settlers, and their cabins and clearings showed industry and thrift. Reaching a cabin towards dark, we asked if we could stay for the night, but the house was full. It was some distance to the next house, growing darker, the road blind, and we felt in a quandary, when an old man, learning who we were, said that his minister at Crown Point, N. Y., (Stephen L. Herrick) told him of a band of mission-

aries going to Iowa, and that he must look out for them. "You stop here," he added, and we were relieved. After supper, and a feast of soul with thanksgiving and prayer to "Jehovah Jireh," we found sound sleep on the cabin floor.

The next morning the old gentleman's son, Lorenzo Spaulding, offered to take Brother Turner on his way, and I returned to Maquoketa, and began a visitation of the people from cabin to cabin. I purchased a horse with saddle and bridle and saddle-bags, and, as winter came on, accoutered myself with gloves of deerskin, scarfs, leggins, and buffalo overshoes. In a circuit of six miles I found fifty families, some from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, more from New York than any other one State, and some from Canada. They represented every variety of religious opinion. A Methodist preacher (John Walker) had an appointment in the settlement. Charles E. Brown had preached his first sermon in Iowa the previous year, in the house of John Shaw. He organized a Baptist church, August 31, 1842, but left the field in November following, finding the cabin he had put up on the prairie in the summer not suitable to winter in, and he moved to Davenport. A man of excellent spirit, he was welcomed back to Maquoketa in 1847. Subsequently, a pioneer preacher in Howard county, he was a member of the House of Representatives from that county (1878). His son, William C. Brown, has gained eminence for efficiency in railroad management in Iowa, and is now Vice President of the N. Y. Central.

In my circuit I found six Presbyterian and Congregational families, and called them together on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, for conference and prayer with reference to forming a church. They were divided on the question of government. Accommodation was necessary. The election of two elders to serve for two years was finally agreed upon, and William H. Efner, M. D., and Thomas S. Flathers were chosen. Both were of the "New School," which adhered to the Plan of Union of 1801. Mr. Flathers was born in Kentucky, but lived from childhood in Indiana. He had not learned to read, he told me, until he was twenty years of age, when a passion for knowledge and a zeal for religion

inflamed him, and he went to school and fitted for Wabash College, with the ministry in view, but chill penury had compelled him to leave his studies. On the Sabbath, Dec. 10th, the church was constituted, the elders were set apart with prayer, and the Lord's Supper administered. During the previous week Brethren Emerson, Robbins, and Turner, and Jared Hitchcock, delegate from Davenport, had come to Maquoketa, and we organized the Northern Iowa Association, to embrace churches north of Iowa river. I favored the Convention System (semi-Presbyterian), which had been adopted in Wisconsin, but the other brethren preferred a distinctively Congregational organization. Provision, however, was made to include the Maquoketa church. For the support of the church, a society was organized of which John Shaw was the most active and efficient member. They invited me to preach at Maquoketa half my time. Mrs. Shaw was a native of Oxford, Mass., of the Fiske family, of Huguenot stock; she acted the part of a mother to me, and paid me the fine compliment that she knew I had had a good mother.

In the Wright settlement, three miles south of Maquoketa, and at Burleson's, six miles west, I visited the schools and preached, as I did in every settlement in the county. Thomas Miles Wright was a native of Connecticut, had lived in Warren county, N. Y., near Lake George; Shadrach Burleson was a native of Vermont; Anson H. Wilson, of Canada; they all encouraged my work. In the Wright family were several sons, of like spirit with their father. A daughter was the wife of John E. Goodenow; she had all the fine qualities of the excellent woman in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs.

In the neighborhood of Maquoketa were a number of persons who had taken part in the Mackenzie rebellion in Canada, 1837; among them was William Current, a man of bright and active mind, a friend of temperance and education, but not of religion, because of alleged discrepancies, contradictions, and unseemly things in the Bible. I invited him to come to meeting; he said, "No," but that he would give me some hard texts for a sermon. I told him to do so, and I would come to his house and preach, which I did. I explained that

the objectionable things in the Bible are records from the ignorance and coarseness of former times, that the Bible does not endorse all that it records, and that the New Testament expressly does away with much that is in the Old, and I quoted a number of the words of Christ in the Gospels, in proof that Christianity, according to the teachings of its author, is an absolutely pure and holy religion. Returning from that appointment with my trusty companion, Mr. Shaw, our horses lost the way, and we wandered round and round on the prairie until a glimmering light in a distant cabin window relieved our bewilderment.

Among other settlers from Canada was Samuel Chandler, but he came to Jackson county by a very circuitous route. He had been sentenced to be hung as an insurgent in the "Patriot" cause, but the sentence (upon the intercession of his daughters) was commuted to banishment for life in the penal colony of Van Dieman's land, whither he was transported, via London. He had managed to make his escape on a Yankee whaler, and now found some of his old friends, and one of his daughters who had secured the commutation of his sentence, Sarah, the wife of Jesse Wilson. Mr. Chandler was a man of firm religious principles, a native of Massachusetts, a helper in every effort to improve the country.

The name of our post-office was that of the postmaster's native town in Vermont, but, being that of many towns in the United States, letters were frequently missent, and I joined Mr. Goodenow and Mr. Shaw in a petition for a change of name to Maquoketa, which was made by the Post-office Department, March 13, 1844. The word Maquo is Indian for bear, an animal that infested the whole region.

My cramped quarters in Mr. Shaw's house gave me scant opportunity for consulting my books or composing sermons, but I managed to write one sermon during the winter, sitting by the rotary cook-stove, and preached it to a congregation of thirty who seemed to appreciate my effort. In my solitary missionary tours the illimitable stretches of land and sky often inspired thoughts of the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth and I heard the voices from above that speak "in reason's ear."

In the settlements about Andrew I found two interesting families, recently from Pennsylvania. They had been brought with their teams and belongings from Pittsburg to Bellevue by steamboat for twenty dollars a family. They were warm-hearted Christians, of Protestant Irish stock. David Young was of pronounced anti-slavery sentiments, had been a "New School" Presbyterian, but liked the Congregational way, and became an active member of the church at Andrew. He built a mill on Brush creek, which was swept away in the freshets of 1844, a year of high floods in the Mississippi valley. Sixty-one years later, I met his son James, at Maquoketa, and he recalled my visits in the old house and the family prayers and worship together, of which he said his mother spoke with fond recollection to the end of her days.

At a cabin on Farmers creek I was advised not to speak on religion in the next cabin, or I might be put out, as the occupant had told a Methodist preacher who called there, that he would throw him into the fire if he spoke a word on the subject. It was a rough region. Nature appeared ill-shapen in "Rocky Hollow." Coming to a large log house I found a friendly Scotch family living cheerily, no floor but mother earth. Mr. Sage was away at mill, but his wife made me welcome, and called in a few neighbors to whom I preached. She told me she had heard Thomas Chalmers and Edward Irving in Glasgow. A little distance north was another Scotch family (Alexander), but there was trouble between the two families over their respective claims. They were the only Presbyterian families I found in this visitation, and it grieved me to find them at odds.

I was perplexed on being informed that a member of the Andrew charge had fallen into shame. It was made my duty to seek the recovery of the woman to a correct life, and I was relieved to hear profession of sorrow and purposes of amendment. I at once spoke to her husband, who was out at work, but he turned upon me with abuse, and threats to the church.

One family that attended my services were used to "tokens" on sacramental occasions, and would not come to communion without them. While visiting at their house a young man, seventeen years of age, called, who said he was

on a pedestrian tour. He had read Captain Cook's Voyages and Peter Parley, and told me that he knew a little Latin and Greek, and had learned the Hebrew alphabet from the 119th Psalm. He had walked from his home thirty miles west of Philadelphia and was still westward-bound.

I spent the last week of 1843 at Bellevue, making acquaintances, and preaching in the schoolhouse, and in the house of Alexander Reed, three miles south, where one said it was a "devilish" sermon. Bellevue is beautifully situated. When Wisconsin Territory extended to the Missouri river, 1836, it was proposed as a central site for the capital, in rivalry with Dubuque. The town was discredited by a sanguinary mob (April 1, 1840), or "war," as it was called, several persons being killed on both sides, and the county-seat was removed to the geographical center, the people voting 208 for Andrew, 111 for Bellevue. The Dyas family, who said they were the first family to make a home in the county, gave me a hearty welcome. They had lived in Galena and were warm friends of the Rev. Aratus Kent, pioneer missionary there. Many of the first settlers about Bellevue had worked in the lead mines, and had been in Col. Henry Dodge's battalion in the Black Hawk war. William A. Warren, sheriff of Jackson county, was a native of Kentucky, came to Bellevue in 1836, had served in the Black Hawk war, took an active part in the Bellevue "war," was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, and I resumed my acquaintance with him in July, 1864, at Stevenson, Alabama, where he was U. S. quartermaster, and I was in the service of the Christian Commission, and he gave me his kind offices. As sheriff of Jackson county, he had collected taxes in coonskins at fifty cents, and sold them in Galena at seventy-five cents.

At Bellevue, Thomas Cox and John Foley were at home for the Christmas vacation from the Territorial legislature of which they were members. On their return to Iowa City, Colonel Cox was elected President of the Council. He had been an influential member of every previous legislature of the Territory but one. He promoted the removal of the capital from Burlington to Iowa City, and gave the name to the

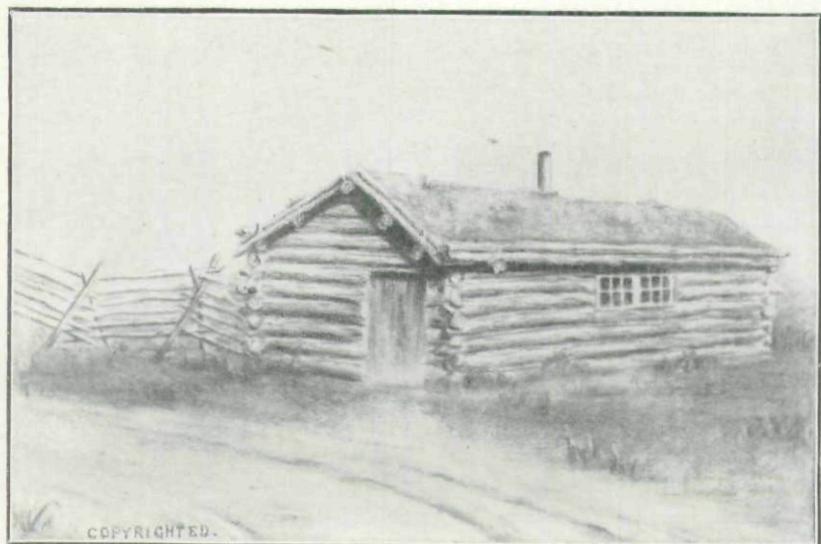
new capital. He was also one of the surveyors who selected the site on the Iowa river, and laid out the town. He invited me to visit his family, which I did later. Mrs. Cox was a native of Rhode Island, of Quaker stock. She came in her youth with her parents to St. Genevieve, Mo., and was a lady of gracious manners. Upon the death of her husband, Nov. 9, 1844, she sent for me, and I officiated at the funeral in the presence of a large concourse of people. The grave was under a hickory tree near the house. In a few years the land passed into other hands and was a plowed field. Sixty years later the Jackson County Historical Society had the grave unearthed, and the bones interred in Hope Cemetery, Maquoketa, where they set up a large and smooth-faced boulder, and had his name inscribed thereon as "Pioneer Law Maker." By invitation of the Society, I took part in the ceremony and made a prayer at the unveiling of the monument, July 4, 1905. A full account of the life of Colonel Cox, with his portrait, is given in this volume (pp. 241-269).

On the first day of May, 1845, I officiated at the marriage of Cordelia, daughter of Thomas Cox, to Joseph S. Mallard. It was the first marriage ceremony I performed. They went overland to California in 1849, and were among the early settlers of Los Angeles.

John Foley was a polite Irish gentleman, had been sheriff of Jo Daviess county, Ill., and a member of the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, two sessions of which were held in Burlington, 1837-'8.

I also visited George Cabbage and preached in his cabin. He was a native of Delaware, and an intense Protestant. He had been clerk to Felix St. Vrain, U. S. agent for the Sacs and Foxes, whom they foully murdered at the opening of the Black Hawk war. Mr. Cabbage had himself been a captive in their hands. He taught the first school in Dubuque, was doorkeeper of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory at Belmont, 1836, and one of the Commissioners, under an act of Congress, to lay out Dubuque, Burlington, and other towns, 1837-'8.

A few weeks later I visited every family in Charleston (now Sabula). They were a friendly people, mostly from



Old sod-covered log house, built by J. E. Goodenow, in 1838, for blacksmith shop, later used as school-house, meeting house, polling place and town hall. From an original drawing made under the direction of J. W. Ellis, of Maquoketa.

New England and New York; James Leonard from Griswold, Ct., Benjamin Hudson, from Lynn, Mass., Mr. Marshall, from Goffstown, N. H. A gray-headed man, learning I was from New York, asked me if I knew Dr. Joseph McElroy, pastor of the Grand Street Presbyterian church in that city; I told him that he was an eloquent preacher, and I had heard him preach. "He is my brother," he said, and I saw a resemblance in their features. His name was Hugh McElroy. He came to Iowa in 1838, and made a claim west of Sabula; he had a large family, and his oldest child was named Joseph. I preached in the Exchange Hotel at Sabula, and had a larger congregation than in any place before in the county. A church was organized there by Oliver Emerson, Dec. 14, 1845.

North of Bellevue, I preached in Mr. Potter's house on Tete des Morts creek. I found some German families in the settlement, with Luther's translation of the Bible in their cabins. Some were beginning to learn English. I regretted that I could not preach to them in their own tongue.

The new year, 1844, opened with a heavy snow, and I was unable to fill my appointment for the evening at Andrew, my first failure of the kind. During the following spring there were many freshets, and I could not always make my circuit. In March I visited the people in the Forks. They had made clearings in the timber, thinking crops would be surer than on the prairie. One who came to my meeting told me that he had not heard a sermon for ten years. A young man of the house where I preached offered to conduct me to a wonderful cave and a natural bridge four miles away. The bridge is thirty feet long, about twelve feet wide, of limestone, solid, massive, covered with deep soil. Cave creek passes under it. We clambered up the sides of the bridge, and walked over it. I then turned with admiring gaze to the arch that from a height of more than a hundred feet slopes smoothly in a grand curve to the mouth of the cave. Descending to the creek, we heard the waters madly rushing through, and saw ice pillars of transparent beauty. A mass of rock had fallen from overhead, warning us of danger, and having an appointment at a distance of twelve miles, I hurried from the entrancing scene. Later in the season I visited

the spot again, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, and my classmate, Ebenezer Alden, of Tipton. The creek was then dry, and we went several hundred feet into the cave, finding stalactites and stalagmites in profusion, and seeing subterranean marvels.

On visiting Galena and Dubuque I preached for Mr. Kent and Mr. Holbrook in their churches. Mr. Kent said to me that Mr. Peet had told him of his desire and intention to get me into Wisconsin.

In April, I made a long missionary tour in the adjoining counties of Jones, Cedar, and Clinton. Near the Wapsipicon I found a good settlement of United Brethren. At Red Oak grove I was entertained by Robert Cousins, an intelligent and warm-hearted Christian, deeply interested in Sunday schools and devoted to the use of the Psalms in public worship. At Tipton I enjoyed the hospitality of Paterson Fleming, clerk of the court, and of Addison Gillett, merchant, who had come the previous year from Hudson, N. Y. I was disappointed, not finding my classmate Alden; he had gone to Denmark, to arrange for sending Asa Turner east, to raise funds for the purchase of lands on which to establish a college. After a dreary ride over the prairie to De Witt, thirty-five miles, I found Oliver Emerson shaking with ague; at his request I went to Camanche to fulfil his appointment for a funeral sermon, the second time I performed such a service. From Camanche I crossed the Mississippi, and preached at Albany, Ill.

Later in the month Julius A. Reed visited me. He had been on an exploring tour in Delaware and Buchanan counties for a site for the proposed college.

Receiving an invitation from John Lewis, my classmate in the University of the City of New York, and in Union Theological Seminary, to attend his ordination at Fairplay, Wisconsin Territory, I crossed the Mississippi at Bellevue the last day of April, and was two hours in getting over, the river being higher, it was said, than since 1828, and the islands and low-lands on the Illinois shore under water. In his examination by the Mineral Point Convention, Mr. Lewis stated that when a clerk in a bookstore in Boston he attended

Lyman Beecher's church, and that on several successive mornings when sweeping out the store, Dr. Beecher came there and gave him wise and helpful counsel. Mr. Kent preached the sermon, and I gave the right hand of fellowship. In obtaining his education Mr. Lewis had been aided by Christopher R. Robert, the founder afterwards of Robert College, Constantinople.

My Andover classmate, James J. Hill, arrived at Dubuque, June 7th, and I went to see him; hitching my horse to a small wagon, I took him through rushing creeks and over Turkey river to the field assigned him in Clayton county. He received a warm welcome at Jacksonville, the county-seat, from James Watson, whose brother, Cyrus L. Watson, had preached in Dubuque in 1836, the first Home Missionary in Iowa; they were natives of North Carolina.

Urgent invitations coming to me to visit Mineral Point and Potosi, I did so, and the church at Potosi gave me a call, and it was said, "You must come." I referred the matter to the Home Missionary Society, and the following letter decided the matter:

Rooms of the A. H. M. S., 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

AUGUST 3, 1844.

REV. W. SALTER:

Dear Brother: I lose no time in saying that the reasons which seem to have influence with your own mind in favor of your remaining in Iowa seem sound and weighty. The "Iowa Band" have awakened a good deal of interest in the East, and have a character that is drawing around them more and more the affections and confidence of the good, and it is very desirable that this character should be sustained. There would be some misgiving in regard to the results contemplated, if one of your number should return this side of the Mississippi; the chain would be broken, the charm in a measure dispelled, and the brethren there would be in danger of being disheartened; it would be easier for one and another to yield to discouragement. You might be more useful in Wisconsin at once, but I think it would be in appearance only. You have made a good beginning, getting acquainted, and acquiring influence, and it would be difficult to supply your place. Wisconsin can be easier provided with ministers than Iowa. You have given yourself to that Territory, and I think you had better say to all this side the river that you cannot come down or over.

Your Iowa brethren would all, I know, give you this counsel, and,

I think, the disinterested everywhere would do the same. I hope you will by all means stay in Iowa and lay the foundations. Your communications have all been of deep interest to us, and you will ever have our tenderest sympathy and our fervent prayers.

Yours truly,

MILTON BADGER,
Secretary.

Brother Holbrook wrote me: "I hope you will not see it to be duty to leave Iowa. Still I want to see poor Potosi supplied, and you to decide as the Lord would have you whether to go there or not. May He guide you, and make you useful wherever you may labor." Shortly afterwards I preached three Sundays at Dubuque for Brother Holbrook, he going East to solicit funds for removing an incumbrance on his church. Meanwhile I visited Clayton county, to attend the organization of the church which Brother Hill had gathered. I met there the Rev. A. N. Wells, U. S. chaplain at Fort Crawford, a very genial and friendly gentleman, and of much historical interest. I went with him to Prairie du Chien. He was a graduate of Union college, N. Y.; studied divinity with Dr. Eliphalet Nott, was a man of his spirit, was the first Protestant missionary at Detroit, and pastor there twelve years.

In October I rode horseback, via Tipton, and Muscatine, where Brother Robbins joined me, to Brighton, Washington county, and attended an Association meeting. The church there was composed of excellent families from the Western Reserve, Ohio. On returning, I attended a meeting of the Iowa Anti-Slavery Society at the county-seat of Washington county. Aaron Street, Jr., and other Quakers from Salem, and Mr. Vincent, a Seceder minister, were active and zealous members. At Iowa City I visited the capitol, and listened to some of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention then in session; I made the acquaintance of Robert Lucas, the first governor of Iowa Territory, of Shepherd Leffler, president of the Convention, and other members.

Through the winter of 1844-'5 I kept up my work at Maquoketa and Andrew, and in the various settlements of Jackson county, holding some revival meetings, aided by my brethren, E. B. Turner, Emerson, and Holbrook, and some-

times aiding them in their fields. Brother Holbrook wrote me from Dubuque:

An Episcopalian minister has arrived here, and will for the winter preach in our old meeting-house half of the time. Consequently, I shall have some leisure Sabbaths, and could help you in a protracted meeting at Andrew, Bellevue, or Charleston. (He had previously aided me at Maquoketa.) It would be necessary to provide a conveyance for me to and from the places, as I have no horse, and could not afford to hire for so long a time. Let me hear from you as I am anxious to improve the winter. The meeting at Charleston should be when the river is closed, to admit of the Savannah people crossing.

We have exchanged our form of government for Congregational, and expect to build a new meeting-house the next year.

At Maquoketa we organized a Temperance Society with one hundred members, and kept the liquor traffic out of the settlement. We were not so successful at Andrew, though a society was organized there with fifty members. A subject of the reformation wrote me a pathetic letter:

ANDREW, FEB. 22, 1845.

FRIEND SALTER:

I have been a wretch for the last year, have sinned against God and man. I have made one more Resolve, one which I shall never break. I am determined by the help of God never to taste liquor, that which has been almost my ruin. I feel that I have been a guilty wretch, but will sin no more; I put my trust in God, and ask him to sustain me in my determination.

I write these few lines to you to ask an interest in your prayers. I want you to call and see me when you are in town, if you have not given me up as lost forever, as I have made promises and broken them so often; but this resolve, Mr. Salter, is firm, is not to be broken. I am determined once more to be a man, and not a brute. I love you and all the people of God, and wish you to call and see your unworthy friend,

G. W. S.

Impressed with the necessity of better advantages in the cause of education, I secured the co-operation of Mr. Goodenow, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Current in measures for the establishment of an Academy at Maquoketa. Mr. Goodenow offered five acres of his land on a commanding site; others made subscriptions of material and labor, and, contemplating a visit East, I proposed to solicit aid from friends there. After attending a Presbyterian and Congregational Convention at

Detroit in June, 1845, I went to New York and Boston, and collected three hundred dollars. My brother, Benjamin Salter, was the largest contributor; among others were John Mace, A. L. M. Scott (who had been my Sunday School teacher), W. M. Halstead, R. T. Haines, Calvin W. Howe, Fisher Howe, Bowen & McNamee, Wiley & Putnam, Wm. Scribner, George Lockwood, S. B. Hunt, W. A. Booth, C. R. Robert, J. A. Robertson, I. Van Cleef, etc., of New York, and E. P. Mackintire, of Boston. The Academy was incorporated by an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, January 15, 1846. The money I collected was expended in the purchase of brick, and in payments to the contractor (D. Jones, of Dubuque). The building was completed in 1848, and was dedicated with an address by George F. Magoun, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Galena. Mr. Shaw had previously written me, April 8, 1848:

Our Academy is completed. I wish you could see it. It is a splendid building, I think much better than you expected. I think it will not be long before we shall add what we contemplated. My subscription is paid and over. When I signed I did not know any way to pay. The Trustees have settled with Mr. Jones, so the building is out of his hands. The dedication of the Academy will be on the 4th of July next. I hope you will be here certain. Mr. Gale (founder of Galesburg, Ill.) and Mr. Blanchard (president of Knox College) will probably be here.

We shall not have the county-seat here. It will be for our benefit. In my mind the evils attending a county-seat are more than the benefits of a Court House.

Jerome Allen was principal of the Academy for two years. He was a graduate of Amherst College, and married a daughter of John Wesley Windsor, pastor at Maquoketa (1849-'54); he became eminent for his zeal and ability in the work of education and as a teacher of teachers, both in Iowa and in the State of New York (Iowa Normal Monthly, xii, 356). The property of the Academy, including Mr. Goodenow's donation of land, was eventually turned over to the public schools of Maquoketa.

In the fall of 1845 the people of Jackson county were advised of an approaching sale of the public lands on which they had made their claims. The United States had delayed

the sale of these lands for several years as in the mineral district, where lands were subject to rents, and not for sale in fee simple. That policy was changed. There was much excitement and anxiety to secure the necessary funds, and to protect one another in their claims, and there were some disputes about claims that embittered the future; but harmony and order generally prevailed, and, becoming secure in their titles, the people built better homes and made more permanent improvements.

I now felt somewhat encouraged in my work, and, looking forward to making a home, I built a little frame house on a gentle rise of land south of Mr. Shaw's house, and moved into it. I was there enjoying such opportunity as I had not had previously for retirement and study, with my books conveniently arranged, and was especially enjoying a new book I had purchased in New York, *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*, when word came of the serious and probably fatal illness of the pastor at Burlington, and that he had resigned his office, and I was requested to come there. I made the journey in February, and was delayed in crossing Iowa river by running ice. I found my brother, Horace Hutchinson, near the end of his days. We had come to the Territory together. He was then in vigorous health, ardent in his work, his life full of promise. Now his countenance was changed, and it fell to me to close his eyes in death. Brother Robbins came from Muscatine, and preached at the funeral service, which was held in "Old Zion" church.

After spending three weeks with the church in Burlington, they invited me to become their minister. Returning to Jackson county, I reviewed the situation, and, not without reluctance to leave my friends there, I accepted the invitation from Burlington, which the Missionary Society approved. I had preached 326 sermons in Jackson county, 100 of them in the sod-covered schoolhouse in Maquoketa, 40 at Andrew, and 186 in other parts of the county. I now preached farewell sermons at Andrew and Maquoketa, and early in April removed to Burlington, "not knowing the things that should befall me there."

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