



David Rorer.

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THIRD SERIES

"A Wolverine among the Hawk-Eyes"

*and other
Scraps, &
Productions, written
by
D. Korer.
At various Times-*

Editorial Remarks

IOWA NEWS.

DU BUQUE, Saturday, May

In the Territorial Gazette of April 20th, we observed a very *pettish* communication in reply to the "Wolverine among the Hawkeyes." The article was undoubtedly written by some land speculator of Bloomington. Insinuating in his remarks an acquaintance with the *Wolverine*, we should be very happy if he would inform us who he is. We did not, at the time, think the *Wolverine* intended to slander Bloomington, or its inhabitants. It is certainly an important point on the river, and bids fair to be a place of importance. Its proximity to the famous *Illinois City* famous for its peculiar kind of money, and further the fact of occasionally catching a bird from that place in his full plumage, is all that has cast any discredit on or about Bloomington.—Its *perpendicular* lots shew to good advantage. Why not be pleased with the passing remarks of a *Wolverine*, instead of flying into a passion, and quoting the stale sayings of the past century.

O HOW DELIGHTFUL.—The pale, "lantern-jawed" Editor of the Burlington *gazette* has discovered that the communications of "A *Wolverine among the Hawkeyes*," are not the production of either of the Editors of the News. That pup has flesh colored wafers over his eyes. So thinks the junior Editor.

The clippings on this and succeeding pages were selected and arranged by Judge Rorer, and the script and editorial marks are his.—Editor.

Another Toledo War is brewing for Gov. Lucas. The boundary line between Missouri and Iowa is in dispute; and the officers of the former State are now assessing the property of the inhabitants of the disputed territory.—The Burlington *Gazette* threatens that if the *Pikes* engaged in such meddlesome business do not make tracks, that Gov. Lucas will be down upon them with his *Hawkeyes*, as he did aforetime on the *Wolverines* of Michigan.—*Calema Advertiser*.

A Wolverine among the Hawk-eyes.

It was on the evening of the day that ushered in the New Year, (1839,) that, with no ordinary sensations, I have in sight of the Father of Waters, opposite the thrifty town of Du Buque, in the justly famed Territory of Iowa. I hastily crossed over, and spent the night and succeeding day, among the hospitable Hawkeyes of that leaden region.

This interesting place, which, with its numerous advantages, must soon attain to a state of City-Hood, is situate on the west bank of the great Mississippi near the tomb of Du Buque, the renowned pioneer, and first miner of the diggings.— We find evidence of a public spirit and enterprise here in a handsome Cathedral and a Banking House, and other public buildings, one printing establishment, and in the environs, numerous furnaces for the smelting of lead, immense quantities of which are procured here and shipped to the port below; but will soon find a more direct rout to the eastern markets, by the contemplated connexion with Lake Michigan.

I was forcibly struck with the mixed mass of Germans, French, English, Irish Americans, &c., intermingling with each other, in that cheerful manner, which is the true indication of happy hearts and smiling prospects. Theirs is a happy life of romance and excitement. Here fortune plays her wildest freaks.

The day-laboring miner of yesterday by a sudden discovery, becomes the owner of a rich lead himself to-day, and is transformed from a bumble digger to a wealthy proprietor, before he has time to change his clothes.

This emporium of the lead trade is handsomely laid out on a slight eminence

girt around on the north, south, and west by lofty and romantic hills, (better known here as mineral knobs,) graciously designed by Providence as well for enriching the place with their mineral treasure as for the protection of the young Hawk-eyes, from the withering blasts of winter's bleak winds, in this region, Melchisedec like, almost without beginning and without end.

Being void of timber, their appearance must be exceedingly lovely, when dressed in the green habiliments of summer which seldom remains long enough here to debilitate the system, or introduce that patient's devouring disease, chill & fever which in the more southern portion of Iowa, sometimes rudely rifles the Hawk-eyes' lasses of that charming lustre of the eye and healthful glow of cheek peculiar to the Hawkeye people.

How lamentable, that nature should thus blight her own most pleasing objects. But even this must tend, to an increased loveliness, in the softened look, the paled cheek, the lily white lip, and raven like languor of those witching birds of the Prairie you exclaim. Yes or a Paradise,—or of whatever more charming place you are pleased to term them for no place can be otherwise than celestial when under influence of their fascinating presence. As for myself, had I found them nameless, I should have put them down as pleasant birds of prey— for the bare recollection of one of them whom I as accidentally as unfortunately encountered at—has preyed upon my heart until there is not enough of it left to flutter.

But my pen has out travelled my pony. Having resumed my journey, I had a pleasant day's ride to the village of Belview. The intervening country bears a striking resemblance to the

Scottish highlands—a succession of lofty hills and deep ravines; little timber, and now and then an isolated cabin, with turf chimney and lowly roof, overlaid with soil to keep out the cold, embosomed in a lonely recess near the brook side, in just position as to enable its happy occupants to look out at the chimney top, and watch the movements of the cattle on the adjacent hill sides.

The village of Belview is a promising young town, beautifully situated in a spacious valley, between two parallel mountains, extending back at right angles from the Mississippi, and is said to be quite a money making place. Here is a quarry of choice building stone, an excellent saw mill, and two Hotels, whose smoking doings and comfortable fixings are not to be grinned at by a Wolverine on a fasting stomach. In truth, this place, like the villages of the early French voyageurs, is famous for good eating, drinking, hilarity, and the social dance.

In proceeding south, the admiring traveller passes several interesting locations above the rapids; among which stands preeminently conspicuous the town of Camancha, in Clinton county. It is laid out on the bank of the Mississippi, in a lovely prairie, expanding westwardly as far as the eye can reach, and bordered on each side with beautiful groves of excellent timber, is mostly settled by Yorkers—a noble hearted, industrious population; the quiet of whose demeanor sufficiently attests the cultivation of their minds.

The next place of importance below is the town of Davenport, seat of justice for Scott county. It occupies a commanding attitude on the west bank of the Mississippi at the foot of the Rapids,

nearly opposite Rock Island, and directly in front of the town of Stephenson, Illinois. It is perhaps the most lovely place in the west. Here is a population principally from the Keystone state enlightened, enterprising, and interesting and distinguished for their hospitality and courteous attention to strangers—A chapel of brick, and many private dwellings and business houses, have gone up here the past year. They have a seminary of learning incorporated here by act of Assembly, which will doubtless ere long, be ready for the reception of students.

By an existing arrangement, Davenport is to receive, during the present year, a large acquisition of population from the Canadas, which in connection with a fine back country and other numerous advantages, must cause it to advance with great rapidity. It must, in a short time, become the convenient and fashionable summer resort of the proprietors of estates on the lower Mississippi.

Fort Armstrong on Rock Island, when occupied, was reputed the healthiest post in the Union. This, with the unprecedented good health of the citizens of Davenport, at all seasons of the year proves it to be as unrivalled in health as in beauty, and local advantages, to attempt a description of which, would only disparage, as language and imagination are alike inadequate to the task.—But in despite of all its attractions, its name to me revives reminiscences, not to be thought of but with a sort of melancholy pleasure, so I will quit this fairy spot, and pass on to Rockingham, its rival neighbor. We find this town four miles from Davenport, and opposite the mouth of Rock River, on a pleasant site, in a pretty little prairie. With its commercial advantages, it will at some time,

Become an important addition to the City of Davenport, for they are certainly destined to be one—both together are but the germ of a mighty city that is ere long to be; and while they are disputing about their local bickerings, they will come together by the mutual advances of enterprise, if not by an advance of mutual good feeling.

Their only real cause of disputation, is as to which of the two shall perpetuate its name at this family Union. They should cultivate reciprocal good feelings and advise their people to intermarry, and in a short time these young Hawk-eyes would be found billing & cooing like young doves in the spring of the year.

Leaving Rockingham after partaking at breakfast of the warm hospitality of mine host, by devouring the breasts of some half dozen of prairie fowls, and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, with other dainties too numerous to mention, I jogged along on, through a delightful country, and arrived in the afternoon, at Pine River, and turned in with a taciturn old gentleman, the proprietor of a fine farm, rich dairy, and valuable saw mill, but is said to be too stingy to give her a full head of water except when the back water from the Mississippi prevents it from running off—which account of the worthy old gentleman I am, in charity compelled to disbelieve.

From Pine River, I made my way in due speed to the much talked of Town of Bloomington, (better known in real life, I am told, as the Town of Pinch'em Sully) situate at the western entrance of the great bend of the Mississippi.

For this place many advantages are claimed which are to enable it like Pharo's lean kine to swallow up all the neighboring ones. It is the termination point of the contemplated Cedar River Canal, and possess greater water power,

in its immediate vicinity, as is literally demonstrated by the water of the Mississippi rushing at high tides, from the west bank of the river, to the range of highlands below town with a power, that like Admiral Van Tromp's broom on the mast head, sweeps every thing before it, for the distance of some ten or twelve miles.

This famous town of Pinch'em Sully is tastefully gotten up on a gentle acclivity bound in by lofty projections from the south, and a stagnant pool and inundated swamp on the north, and encompassed upon the west by some tilable lands of a genial soil, but for the most part consisting of broken fragments of hills and precipices, that look as if formed for pasture and shaken to pieces by a fit of the ague before it got dry—coupling the gladly appearance of its original geology with this romantic deformity.

It is currently reported that liquor enough is annually consumed here to float the whole town. On arriving at the tavern, I was forthwith conducted to and seated in the common bar room of the concern, a kind of Bacchanalian receptacle for the good society folk of the place, who assemble here to liquor, chew tobacco and amuse each other with vulgar anecdotes and comic songs.

After being seated a short time, by a rusty old stove, well besmeared with the juice of the weed, completely laden in front with the half smoked remains of long nines and Kentucky cock tails, I was graciously saluted with a how do you navigate stranger? from behind me, by a sour looking, ill featured fellow, with a blue streak in the form of an inverted crescent under one eye, and the other pushed out of place by gouging, so as to diverge from his nose at an angle of about forty five degrees. Thank you

s.r. very well, I replied. as he advanced to the bar with a twist of pig tail in one hand and an empty bottle in the other, and demanded to have it filled with old rye.

Come stranger, said he, let's take a little of the water of life while it runs freely; I thanked him again, and begging to be excused, told him I was a member of the Temperance Society, and seldom drank, Sorry for that, stranger, he proceeded, I took you to be a sorter down right clever fellow at first sight, no two ways about it, cepting them ar fineries of yours.—I go for that ar society in particular, if it wasn't for our kind of folks, strager, Temperance preaches would have but little to do. I temper my liquor with water, and my water with good liquor, and so you see I manage to keep steam up, pretty ginrealy, to about two hundred pounds to the square inch.

Now I say that is pretty fair war'ing, stranger, and if any man dare dispute it, I am a Hawkeye-singer kinder next a'kin, as the lawyers call it to the great Black Hawk himself. I lived in this neck of timber when there warn't a civilized critter in it tamer than a wild cat, and followed watching the way side and catching young suckers for a livin'—and so I say agin, stranger if any man dare dispute it, be he Buckeye, Hoosier, Puke, Wolverine, or Sacker, I'll knock him so far into futurity, that it will take him a life time to look back.

Here I was agreeable relieved by a smile from my land lord, and an invitation to a supper, both plentiful and gracious to my appetite, after which I went

to worship at the shrine of Morpheus and was agreeably refreshed by the repose of the night.

I shall now proceed to Burlington, the seat of government, where I hope to see a living Hawkeye Legislatura in full session, from which place you will probably hear of them, and their Buckeye Executive, by.

A Wolverine Among the Hawk-eyes.

A Wolverine among the Hawk Eyes.

DEAR BEN:--My last communication (a copy of which went to the "News") terminated at the if-said town of Bloomington, seat of Justice of Musquitte county, at which place I took leave of you the evening of my arrival, previous to an opportunity of examining the beauties of the place.

The numerous visits of the inhabitants to the river next morning, to obtain water from holes cut in the ice, in full view from my bed room in the Tavern hard by, reminded me of Parry's account of the Esquimaux's catching seals in the Arctic seas.

I sallied forth, with the rising sun, and found some of the houses stack up against the hills on high blocks like sills, and others dug into the bluff, so as to place the one end entirely below the surface of the ground. The town includes a great deal of broken, irregular ground, many of the lots stand precisely on one end, others *hang a little over*;--such are bought and sold, it is said, by "*perpendicular measure*."

To attempt an enumeration of the improvements of the Bloomingtonians, would be rather an idle business;--therefore, as I dislike idleness, I will tell you, *not* what they *have*, but what they have *not*.--They have no *Church*, no *Prison*, no *Court-House*; each of which are especially essential, if the people intend to serve their *God*, or the officers of justice their country. The absence of the first is justified on the ground of *no religion*--the latter on that of *no law*, which, in all these *sun-down* countries, means *no will to enforce it*. They have no printing establishment--no school house, or seminary--and no manufactories, save one for converting brick-dust and molasses into "Sappington's pills," an improvement invaluable in all *ague* countries.--So far are they superior to the genuine *Sappingtonians*, that it is seriously asserted, they may be used with impunity, and will not injure the patient more than ninety-nine times out of an hundred;--it has therefore become customary for persons in search of this *nostrum* to make *special request* to have the *counterfeited* ones.

I called at the office of a Hawkeye Lawyer, and found him domiciled in a four-square log house--the interstices between the logs filled with mud, which had frozen and thawed with the changes of the weather, until it had nearly all fallen out,--clapboards nailed over the

windows instead of glass, and an enormous wooden chimney, with a fire-place, like the jaws of *Moloch*, in which whole rails were used, fuel being placed in the fire endwise, several side by side, and shoved up from time to time, as "*occasion may require*," like feeding the fire in an old-fashioned distillery.--The poetical bump of the inmate, was strongly developed by the following inscription, and other similar ones, in pencil on the door,

"As early as I saw this Town, I take it,
That even then I had the sense to hate it."

They have a luckless devil from the *sucker State* in limbo here, for dealing in the pure *Bogus*--(counterfeiting)--his case is a *goner*, "*certain as falling off a log*," for it seems his accomplices, to white wash themselves, intend to turn State's evidence, against him, and to make his head the scape-goat for the sins of the whole fraternity.

Having taken my departure without a sigh or a tear, or a last long wishful look behind, I jogged on by the prairie route, through a country, after the first few miles, fertile and desirable, a distance of some thirty miles to the town of *Black Hawk*, a post town, and promising village, on the north bank of the Iowa, about two miles from its mouth, and on the first bluff land of the point formed by the junction of the Iowa and Mississippi, and nearly opposite the little village of New Boston, in the *Sucker State*, over the way. This place was laid out in 1836, and is situated at the northern termination of the Burlington and Iowa River Turnpike, as provided for by a recent act of assembly. It must become an important place, as well on account of the facilities of crossing afforded to emigrants, and travelers, as by reason of its being the sole place of deposit, for a fine back country, destined in a short time to give rise to an immense trade. When the railroad from Pekin to New Boston, & the Turnpike from Burlington shall be completed, *Black Hawk* will be a point of deep interest to the business community;--it is laid out on a lofty eminence, overlooking the contiguous country for many miles in every direction, and the distant highlands south of the Iowa, as also those east of the Mississippi, stand out in bold relief in the back ground of the scene, and give a pleasant and majestic appearance to the landscape. They have good spring and well water here, and moreover a good land-lord, and *plentiful doings* served up with the usual hospitality of the "*Old Dominion*."

In the immediate border of the town are a number of interesting tumuli, or mounds, and in ancient fortification,

"So old as if they had forever stood—
So strong as if they would forever stand."

The latter is yet two feet high, and appears to have been the work of a civilized people—it is an irregular circle, containing some five acres; with eight projecting angles, about equidistant from each other, so arranged as to enable the besieged to rake the outside of every portion of the walls, and to expose the besieging force to a cross fire from within, whatever be the point of attack,—in and about it are the remains of shells, arrow-heads, and a species of earthen ware in great abundance. The earthen ware is composed of a material consisting of shells and potter's clay;—the mounds stand on the verge of a high precipice near the fortification in such position as to partially overlook it, and were probably erected by a besieging force, to shelter their advance, and facilitate their operations against the place; they are said, however, to contain human bones larger than those of the recent inhabitants.

"The very generations of the dead,
—Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom."

From Black Hawk, crossing the Iowa on the ice, I proceed to Florence, on the north bank of that River, at the spot occupied by *Black Hawk*, as a residence, and head quarters during the late war with Sacs and Foxes. The *Wigwag* of the departed chief is still standing—it is a huge fabric of posts, poles, and bark—the roof is also of bark, so constructed that the top course, or layer, bends over the comb each way. Passing down the Iowa, a few miles from this place, I fell into the intended route of the Burlington and Iowa River Turnpike, and followed the source, finding it well adapted to turnpiking, and bordered by a lovely country, to the flourishing young city of Burlington, the present seat of government of the *Hawkeyes*, at which place I arrived on the evening of the memorable eighth of January, just in time to witness its celebration by a ball at the Hotel where I stopped.

There were present some forty or fifty couple of gentleman and ladies, besides a number, who, like myself, participated only as lookers on. You do not here, as in the old settled countries down toward sun-rise, find the young and

the aged treading time to the same cotillon, and mingling together in the mazy intricacies of the giddy dance, for the aged are for the most part, left behind, and the young, the gay, the enterprising, and romantic, have exchanged the scenes of their childhood for this border paradise, and then alone you find figuring in the pulpit, the forum, the bar, the ball-room, the parlor, and in almost every relation of life. The apartment occupied on the occasion was spacious and well-suited to the purpose, and was modestly fitted up, with evergreens and other decorations, in a way that evinced much good taste. The sweet meats were delicious, the wines admirable, the ladies graceful and fascinating, and the music was *adjudged* good. The enjoyments of the evening were closed in a manner calculated to awaken all the nobler feelings of our nature—the national *Chantier*, which, during the dance, had waved incessantly at one end of the long hall, was hastily snatched from its place, by a gentleman, who bearing this glorious trophy on one arm and his fair partner on the other, marched off with quick and joyful steps, to the soft tones of the violins and clarinet, as they struck up in an unmeasured strain, "*Hail Columbia, happy land*"—instantly couple after couple formed in the rear of the happy procession, until the whole assembly were included in the prominent, when the inebriating sounds of the music suddenly ceased to fall upon the ear, the beloved insignia of liberty, which, in addition to the usual device, bore the impress "*Iowa Farmers*," in large characters, was then carefully disposed of, and the parting salutations of the evening being reciprocated, the assembly dispersed in harmony, order and good feeling; and I retired from the scene confirmed in the belief, that refinement and taste are not confined to *place*, but may be found, as well upon our frontier borders, as in the mansion of the great and the lofty, and that in accomplishments, beauty, dignity, intelligence, moral worth, and in all the grades that render women, lovely and estimable, the *Hawkeye* fair clearly *run out* every thing of the kind in our *Wolverine state*. "The bright red of their cheeks would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamb;
Their eyes in Heaven would thro' the airy regions
Stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it
Were not night."

Would that our friend Bennett of the Herald were here, he might conquer a *Queen*--the *Queen of beauty* too, without the danger of a *Victoria*. I have a mind to give that *Queen-kissing Editor* a "bird's-eye view" of this "going to and fro" of mine, among the *Hawkeye lassies*. Here alone you find the accomplishments of the drawing-room, coupled with the *wild freedom*, generosity, and *enterprise* of a *frontier people*--imagine, Dear Ben, my delight when, a few evenings since, on dropping in on a visit with a *friend*, (for friendships are *soon formed*, where *all are strangers*) my ears were saluted with the dulcet tones of the Piano Forte, touched by a skilful hand and accompanied in a voice as sweet as the sighs of Orpheus, with the beautiful lines,

"The rose that all are praising,
Is not the rose for me;
Too many eyes are gazing
Upon the costly tree;
But there's a rose in yonder glen,
That shuns the gaze of other men;
For me its blossom raising,
Oh! that's the rose for me!"

If I had a soul susceptible of envy, Ben, I should, past all doubt, covet the blissful existence of those who bask in the sunny smiles of beauty, and breathe an atmosphere of sweet sounds--

"Ah! happy he who thus in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitch'd, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild enchantment waxes her potent wand,
And fancy's beauties, fill her fairy land."

The growing prospects of Burlington, are unparalleled, in the history of frontier towns--though scarcely more than four years old, she already numbers some fifteen hundred inhabitants,--many buildings are finished in fine taste, and some are not surpassed by those of the older cities.--During the past year a large and commodious two-story brick church, for the Methodist denomination, has been erected--a market-house, of brick, begun, and more than one hundred private buildings and business house completed--and a substantial wharf is now being made--Here are two printing establishments, a number of professional gentlemen, some of whom have extensive libraries, amounting to several hundred volumes--and the whole place is literally alive with workshops of every description--there is a steam saw mill already in operation, and preparation is making for the construction of a steam flouring mill on an extensive plan--in short, the busy scene caused me to involuntarily exclaim, in the language of Aunt Judy's favorite old song, the beauties of which I was never be-

fore able to appreciate--

"Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
And men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids the oppress'd and poor repair,
And build their towns and cities there."

By an act of the Assembly, this place is to remain the seat of government, for three years, at the end of which time it is to go to "Iowa City," Johnson county. I witnessed the debates in the assembly on the bill establishing the seat of government, & was greatly amused by the ebullitions of a certain *Payneful* speaker in the Council, who opposed it with great warmth--"Mr. President," said he "where is Johnson county, sir? the friends of the bill may answer the question, for I can't, sir. There is no such county known to our laws, sir. What are its boundaries, sir? It has *none*, sir. Shall we place the great

Sabbethum of the Territory, and his Excellency, and the heavy *Boys* who pay court to his greatness, in the midst of savages and wild beasts? I tell you sir, they would as soon think of creeping into a live hornet's nest, sir! Johnson county! a trackless wild, *beyond the setting sun*--Yes, sir, *beyond the setting sun*. I once wandered into this unknown region--I will not do it again--I would sooner hunt a hole in the world to creep out at, sir. I "never shall forget" sir, the hour when, looking back towards the east from the solitary plains of Cedar, I saw the *setting sun* fading away in the dim mists of the distant horizon--it made me think of *home*, sir, and of the times when his Excellency and I used to *hunt coons* and *dig ginseng* among the hills of *Buncomb*--I felt *serter all-overish*, sir, and the big tears came down and washed the sweat from my cheeks, sir. I stood still a little while, sir, to hear the water splashing over the "*Falls of Tuhada*," sir, and then sighed, and said to myself, "this is only the *picture*!"

Speaking of *pictures*, Ben, brings to mind the days when you used to gaze on that picture of cousin Sal's down in the meadow there, in the green wood, by uncle Jo's mill, and how you used to say you liked it almost as well as the original, which you know, Ben, was an all-fired sight. I know how to appreciate those feelings now, Ben, but I didn't then. I often think on the fair *Hawkeye* adverted to in my last, and then wish for *her picture* to look at--but Ben, I have lately seen the original again--no *picture* can equal it--and as the trouble would be about the same, so I guess I'll take *that* or *none*, for you know I never

was fond of appearances--*realities* are the charms for me.

There is a great hubbub kicked up here between their Buckeye Governor, and the representatives of the Hawkeye people--as soon as the old hero of Toledo found there were a majority of democrats in the assembly, he forthwith commenced ruling with an iron rod, supposing no doubt, that they would sustain him through political feelings, right or wrong--he assumed such attitudes towards them as would never be tolerated in the Governor General of a British Province, or the Satrap of a despotic State--vainly insisting that independent of him they had no power--that all bills should be submitted to his Excellency by a committee, before introduced into the assembly.--and various other positions, as tyrannical as ridiculous, and as ridiculous as revolting to the feelings of a people free as air. And who cherish the maxim that "*the world is governed too much,*" a people of whose character his Excellency seems to be as profoundly ignorant as his proposed preparation for cutting away hammocks in this *prairie* country, proves him to be of military tactics, and of the country he has come to govern. Well might he say, with King Lear, in the play--

"I am a very foolish, and old man, four
Scens and up, and to deal plainly, I
Do fear, I am not in my proper mind ---
For I am mainly ignorant what *place* this
Is ---"

As Don Quixotte mistook every Inn for a Castle, so his Excellency mistakes every country for the Buck-Eye State. The result of the matter is, that the assembly demurred--his excellency remained unmoveable, heaping indignity on to insult, whereupon a memorial was past asking the President to "*take him away.*"

The principle friends of the administration here, as far as I can judge, *in and out* of the assembly, are so opposed to his excellency, that I do not deem it possible for him to remain in his present capacity without greatly disturbing the harmony of action. Judging from appearances, I should say his excellency now has a worse job on hand than settling boundary lines with the Wolverines. His name is a by-word of contempt for the very school boys at their sports.

Almost his only supporters are those he has appointed to office, among whom, I am told, are more Whigs than any other description of persons.

Whenever I think of that crusade of his, Beset against the Wolverines about the boundary over there at Toledo, it reminds me of the old doggerel--

"The king of France with forty thousand men,
March'd up the hill, & then march'd down again."

In looking over their proceedings, I discover that the late assembly passed at least *some* very important acts--*one* regulating proceedings in criminal cases, which provides, that if you fail to prove the defendant guilty of the charge alledged, you may alter (or amend, as they call it,) the indictment to *fit the proof*, and convict and punish him without previous notice, for whatever offence you may happen to prove against him. This is not unlike the story told here among the Wolverines, of the *Sucker* justice, who, being applied to for a *search warrant*, to search for a *turkey*, not finding any form for a warrant to search for a *turkey*, gave the complainant a *warrant to search for a drawing knife*, saying, "go with the officer, and make search for the *knife*, and if you find the *turkey*, take it." They also passed, or attempted to pass, an act to improve the *blood of unblooded horses*--which is about on a par with the old act of the Legislature of the Keystone State, spoken of by my learned Judge Erecknidge, which makes it *penal* to alter the *mark* of an *unmarked hog*. The forner, I respectfully refer to the *very high* consideration of Mr. Walker, the great champion of judicial codification.--And the latter as a matter of right, to the able facetious and worthy Editor of that very interesting and valuable little paper, the "*Spirit of the Times*"--who may yet hear from

A WOLVERINE AMONG THE HAWKEYES.

A Wolverine Among the Hawk-Eyes.

DEAR BEN--After my second, I remained some weeks at Burlington, to rest myself and my poney, who by the bye, enjoys the varieties of a new count~~ry~~ more than we anticipated.

During this delay, I witnessed the close of the first session of the *Hawkeye Assembly*. Tho' composed of persons from almost every portion of christendom, the dissimilarity of whose habits and education, rendered them the antipodes of each other, yet there was a feeling of affectionate regret, intermingled with the parting scene, as warm and as holy as the first tribute of youthful friendship--

"I saw Bassanio and Antonio part--
And even then his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted."

The evening before my departure, from Burlington I attended a temperance meeting at the Methodist church, the use of which was generously tendered by the society. There were present an immense throng--not a seat remained unoccupied, and every avenue and aisle were crowded--a lecture was delivered by a transient gentleman from the *Buckeye State*. I had truly hoped from the deep interest shewn in the cause, that much good would have resulted from the delivery of an able and truthful address, but the orator misjudged either the character of his audience or his own abilities, and when he boldly declared, on the authority too of Dr. Rush, that thirty years since there was not a female of sobriety in the whole city of *Brotherly-Love*, not even excepting the broad-brim descendants of its venerable founder, the good William Penn. The crowd gave evident signs of disapprobation, and some of them done him the justice to abruptly leave the house, but, in the vernacular language of the *Hawkeyes*, I stood it out, being unable to procure a seat.

This city of Burlington, Ben, for as such you must know it is regularly incorporated, with its Mayor and eight Alderman, good easy souls,

--"Complete in feature and in mind,

With all good grace, to grace a gentleman," occupies a convenient and sightly position, on the west bank of the Mississippi, about thirty miles above the Des Moines Rapids, and two hundred and fifty above St. Louis, includes six hundred and forty acres of ground, judiciously laid out by virtue of an act of Con-

gress granting pre-emption rights to the inhabitants. The streets are eighty feet, excepting Broadway, which is one hundred, and leads in from the west to the Market Square, on Front street, near the centre of the survey from north to south. The general bearing of the river, at the city, is north and south, but slightly diverging to the west, opposite the centre, thereby throwing it into the shape of a crescent, terminating at either extremity in a high bluff projecting close into the river.

Advancing from the river west, the ground rises by gentle and regular gradations until you reach the summit of the level in the rear of the city, giving to the whole scene the appearance of an amphitheatre. The principal part of the present improvements are north of the market or central portion of the plat,--but improvements and business are obviously tending downward, and some good buildings are to be found at the extreme lower end of the survey: This place must become the great commercial centre of the southern portion of Iowa, as Du Buque must of the northern, and will speedily attain an important weight in the scale of western trade. With a back country equal in fertility to any in the world, her exports will be as great as those of any other place on the river, as soon as the influx of emigration shall cease, so as to force her staples into a foreign market.

Here are too academies and a female school; a Sabbath school, bible society, temperance society, Mutual Insurance Company, agricultural society, and the *Honorable Society of Loufers*.

The skeleton of an Indian, with divers trinkets and implements of the chase placed with him to while away the dreary hours in the wilderness to come, were disintered, a few days before I left, in excavating the landing to construct a wharf, and a number of others, I am told, were previously removed in grading Front street.

The vicinity of Burlington is well adapted to grass and grain growing. The soil is of a deep rich black loam--surface gentling rolling, and agreeably variegated with timber and prairie--abounds in springs of good water and many excellent water privileges. There are in the immediate neighborhood no less than a half dozen mills; and extensive farms in a high state of cultivation, at every step the traveller advances, attests the enterprise and industry of the *Hawkeye* farmers. Stone coal is found in great quantity a few miles out on the waters of *Skunk River*, more correctly

known on the best early maps as "Spirit River," and small parcels have been obtained in the environs of the place, where indeed are such indications as justify the expectation that it will yet be discovered in sufficient bodies to be worked to advantage. Native copper has been taken from the cliffs of a neighboring stream, a beautiful specimen of which I have myself seen, and strong appearances of lead exist about the *Flint Mills*, a short distance north-west of the city, as also near the river below, at each of which places small pieces of mineral have been picked up. Flint and hornblend are found in the city and vicinity, being principally confined to a coarse and irregular stratum about the surface of the earth, but when the quarries are fully opened they usually yield a beautiful species of gray limestone, which is well adapted to building purposes.

Quartz, cornelians, agates, petrifications and sulphate of lime, are found not only on the adjacent shores of the river, but also in many of the small streams. Among the petrifications are strange specimens of petrified tortoises, hornets' nests, honey comb, shells, snakes, &c.

I have already told you that in ***** there are two printing establishments. The one engaged in *job work*, and the other in the *filthy job* of publishing a *weakly thing*, called by way of courtesy a newspaper. The one is suspected, unjustly I hope, of fanaticism--the other is not suspected for *any thing in particular*, but *any thing to suit the occasion*, or *nothing as interest and the occasion may require* retires to rest and *tidies* dresses and undresses, walks to food and returns at the top of the bell, as any other rational would, always taking especial care to be seated at meal time in the most approved attitude of the place, and at just *such* distance from the Executive as strictly accords with the established order of *Hawkeye* precedence at the court of his *Buckeye Excellency*--usually wears a countenance about a yard and a

half long, and looks for all the world as if just come home from a funeral--

"With such astringent smiles
As caused the nurse's milk,
That nurtured him,
To sour and turn to curds."

Or as old father Shakspeare has it, "a hungry, lean-fac'd, hollow-eyed" creature.

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;

And do a wilful silence entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, and profound conceit--
And who should say, *I am Sir O' ael*,
And when I ope my lips, let no bark! and--
I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise--
For saying nothing--"

The course of this *weakly thing*, Ben, in the dispute between the Governor and the Assembly was like that of the conning Irishman who herded *Brother Jonathan's* sheep--when driving them to their fold on a gusty evening during the hollow blasts of the autumnal equinox, a time when the *spirits of unjust men* who were never made perfect, are supposed to haunt the paths of the unwary wanderer, the storms lowered, the heavens darkened, the lightnings flashed, and the thunders roared, till the sheep becoming frightened took to the jungle, or as his Excellency would have it, to the "*Hummocks*," and retreated through a dark glen supposed to be haunted, and familiarly called the *Hollow of Ghosts*, with Paddy at their heels, full tilt, nothing loth to bring them to an *imparlance*, but when the Irishman arrived at the border of the hollow his superstition got the better of his valor, and pausing for an expediency, he feared if he prayed to the *Spooks* the Lord would be angry at him, and if he prayed to the Lord, the *Spooks* would carry him off alive; so he wisely resolved on a course which if it did not *conciliate both*, need not *offend either*, and therefore, with a desperate effort, working his courage up to the sticking point, and placing both hands over his eyes to keep from seeing it lighten, he rushed headlong through the fearful place, whistling a tune as he went which *neither one nor the other could understand*.

Write, Ben--Write me a book as long as a New Year's charity sermon, and direct it to _____, at which place I shall call on _____ my way to the upper counties, after a peep among the *Hawkeyes* to the southwest;--you had better despatch it a couple of weeks beforehand, as the *Hawkeye* mails are usually about two weeks behind their time, to obviate which, the *worthy* of the 'if' said *weakly* thinks of resorting to the alternative of dating it a fortnight in advance of the real time, and thereby avoid the necessity of saying anything against his mightiness the mail contractor, who you must know, Ben, is a considerable personage here;--that is in *his own estimation*--but not in that of _____

A WOLVERINE AMONG THE HAWKEYES.

A Wolverine among the Hawk-Eyes.

MOUNT PLEASANT, April 10, 1839.

Dear Ben---On arriving at this place, which is a perfect Hoosier's nest, I received your esteemed letter of the 1st ult. conveying the unwelcome intelligence of good old uncle Jo's death.

"There is a world of death beneath our feet---
There is a world of life above our heads;
Here ruins, graves, dry leaves, fallen blossoms meet.
There God in light and all his glory spreads."

It affords us a nappy reflection, Ben, to know that he died the death of the righteous, at peace with all the world and contented with himself. May our latter end be like his.

"It seems to me most strange that men should fear; seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come."

At this place I obtained a late Burlington Gazette containing a stricture on my two first numbers, under the signature of a "Citizen of Musquittine County," whom, from the language as well as other circumstances, I soon recognised as a certain member of the Hawk-eye Assembly, who *hails* from the *island* county of *Muscattin*, but is in fact without a "local habitation or a name," and shall therefore, as well now, as hereafter, be *nameless*. I had the honor of a slight acquaintance with him during last winter's session, and we recently met again at the boat landing, on his return from Cincinnati, at which time he took special care to *intimate* to me in plain language, his unalterable determination to totally use up "A Wolverine among the Hawk-eyes," hule thinking that he was then so near being *swallowed* by the *beast* himself---I had a mind, Ben, to *roll* him up and take him for a *Puke*.

During our interview he was accosted by an old acquaintance in the most familiar manner, at which his *new* dignity, affecting to be greatly offended, replied in substance of the following doggerel:

Since I have been appointed a 'sogcring' to go,
With 'ca-bine,' 'sword' and 'cutlass,'
And a *spur* upon each *toe*,
I pray you bear in mind, I am known no longer sir,
As noisy old JOHN FRYER'S SON,
But 'Knight of the Wooden Spur.'

It is more than amusing, Ben, to find this "Knight of the Wooden Spur," in his "Citizen of Musquittine County," visiting my sins upon innocent and offending individuals---and EDWIN! Ben; he too---with his head and neck

grown out in front, instead of on top, where it should be---he too has lulled to sleep his military genius, and raised himself upon tip-toe from his *perpetual stoop*, with a crest as red as the emblem of the House of Lancaster, to take a peep at the "Wolverine among the Hawk-eyes"---but he has *peeped* into the *wrong* box.

From Burlington, I came via Augusta, Fort Madison, West Point and Salem to this place. Augusta is a growing little town of forty-five or fifty houses, on the north bank of Skunk or Spirit river, ten miles south west of Burlington, at the crossing of the stage road leading south, and is a post town. Here is a saw and flouring mill and a carding machine. The proprietor, an enterprising down-easter, has constructed a dam across the river, which at this place is about one hundred yards wide. By means of this dam, an ample water power is obtained and the prosperity of the town greatly increased. Locks will ultimately become necessary, to permit the passage of boats.

The country south of this river in the direction of Fort Madison is high and rolling, of a kind sandy loam, and better adapted to curly spring culture than that immediately north of it.

Madison is to be found on the west bank of the Mississippi, about twenty miles below Burlington, at the site of *old Fort Madison*, a Military Post long occupied by our Government forces as a frontier position, and abandoned and burnt by them to prevent its falling into the hands of the British and their Indian allies, during the late war with Great Britain.

When intelligence that the enemy were in possession of Prairie du Chien and Rock Island, reached Fort Madison, the remnant of the American forces stationed there, immediately withdrew, leaving the place in flames, and dropped down to Fort Edwards, on the east side of the river, at the foot of the Rapids, where Warsaw now stands.

The site of the town of Fort Madison is unusually good, combining beauty and utility in an eminent degree. The place already contains some three or four hundred inhabitants, and is *still* improving.

The hotel where I took comfort, stands within the limits of the old Fort. The burnt remains of the picketing around it, are yet plainly perceptible. The identical well, constructed by the American troops, is now in use, and supplies the hotel with a most excellent and wholesome beverage, which many of the inhabitants adulterate by a strange practice of mixing whiskey and other deleterious

drinks with it previous to its use. In this respect some of them are not surpassed even by the worthy toppers of the renowned "*Pinch 'em Styly*"--cards and liquor are the engrossing topics of the hotel circle. Their nocturnal revellings are at times carried to such an extent that sleep is utterly out of the question. The second night after my arrival, some dozen restless spirits, gathered themselves together in the outer hall, and kept up a continual scene of gaming and carousal until near morning.

"I never heard,
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder,"
as when they all joined in full chorus, at the top of their voices, in the following song:

"I've travelled this country all over,
And now to another I'll go,
For I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow;
For I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I am dead and laid on the counter,
The people all anxious to know,
Will raise up the lid of my coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Bow,
And look at old Rosin the Bow,
And look at old Rosin the Bow;
Will raise up the lid of my coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Bow.

And when through the streets my friends bear me,
The ladies all filled with deep wo,
Will flock to the doors and the windows,
And sigh for old Rosin the Bow,
And sigh for old Rosin the Bow,
And sigh for old Rosin the Bow,
Will flock to the doors and the windows,
And sigh for old Rosin the Bow

Then get you some fine clever fellows,
And staggering let them all go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow

Then place me a couple of dornice,
One each at my head and my toe,
And don't you forget to scratch on 'em,
The name of old Rosin the Bow,
The name of old Rosin the Bow,
The name of old Rosin the Bow,
And don't you forget to scratch on 'em,
The name of old Rosin the Bow.

Then get you these same clever fellows,
Surrounding my grave in a row,
And drink from my favorite bottle,
Farewell to old Rosin the Bow,

Farewell to old Rosin the Bow,
Farewell to old Rosin the Bow.
And drink from my favorite bottle,
Farewell to old Rosin the Bow."

And at the conclusion of each verse, from the united shout of the whole party,

"At once there rose so wild a yell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

This place is honored by the Assembly as the location of the Penitentiary. The selection is a judicious one, and appears to give general satisfaction--all points concede its superior claims to an ornament of this description. However, the entire absence of building stone will prove a serious, if not an insurmountable obstacle to the prosecution of the work.

Madison is closely connected in her interests with the country between the Skunk and Des Moines rivers, and will probably become the place of depot, for most of that district, and but for the apprehension of its being included within the limits of the *Half Breed Tract*, so as to prevent the perfection of titles, the town would now have been greatly in advance of its present state of improvement.

The great body of the citizens are an enterprising, intelligent and hospitable people, laudably anxious for the prosperity of their own town, but being jealous of the growth of all the neighboring ones, naturally suspect those of other places for cherishing a similar feeling towards theirs.

West Point is a handsome inland place, ten miles west of Madison, in the border of a fertile and beautiful prairie. It contains about forty houses and an orderly and industrious population, mostly of Virginians and Kentuckians. During several days stay here, all was quiet and good order--no bar in the tavern and no gaming or nocturnal revellings were perceptible.

West Point is said to be near the geographical centre of Lee county, and flattering anticipations are entertained of its ultimately becoming the seat of Justice, which is now at Fort Madison.

The contiguous country is unsurpassed in beauty and fertility, and a great portion of it is reduced to a high state of cultivation. The water is equal to any in the world, and the health good. The same may be said of the whole country from thence to Salem, and even on to this place.

Salem is also an inland place, and a Quaker village--is situated in Henry county, near the junction of Cedar creek and Skunk river, and about four miles south of the latter. It contains some dozen of homely buildings and a sober sort of people, who fear the Lord and eschew the Devil, as all good Christians should. Here may be seen romping groups of smiling cherry-cheeked Hawk-eye Quakeresses, with their tidy little aprons as white as a Norwegian snow-bank, eyes as soft as their own native wild-flowers of the prairies, looks as placid and lovely as a rainbow in a southern sky, and voices as sweet as the mellifluous whisperings of zephyrs from a fairy land--
And souls--

"With less of earth than Heaven in them"--

On my route hither I fell in at the court of a Haw-eye Squire, surrounded with all the parade and consequence of a Court-Baron--that ancient and important personage the constable, and a half dozen of suitors, and twice as many more adherents, favorers, and champions of the respective *parties-litigant*, with voices like a Stentor's and fists like the club of Hercules. I expected to witness a tilt, a tournament, or a trial by battle, but all passed off peaceably. They were sitting in judgment on an alleged *interloper* for jumping a settler's claim; he was found guilty and ousted, or in the Hawk-eye language, "*whipped and cleared*," as a matter of course, according to previous determination, as all *supposed claim jumpers* are, by a jury of claim holders and speculators who sit not so much to inquire into *facts*, as to give their action the *color of law*. The Squire held his *Court-Lest* in his own hall, in conformity to immemorial usage, a pent up sort of seven by nine, with a chimney at one end built of bats of turf cut from the sod of the surrounding prairie, and two beds at the other, clapboards on the joists overhead--a puncheon floor below--and pins driven in auger holes bored in the logs of the wall behind the door for a ladder to ascend into the loft; while in the language of Sir Walter Scott--

"Moss and clay and leaves combined,
To fence each crevice from the wind;

* * * * *

And deer skins, dapple, dun and white,
With otter's fur and seals unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all
To garnish forth the rustic "hall."

His honor, the Squire, is about thirty years of age, yellow haired and white eyed, carries himself with an affected air of importance,

wears an old pair of iron spectacles, with green glasses, a red blanket coat, (*slide runner cut*), and a coonskin cap, and is spooked of favorably by the friends of his Excellency here, as a candidate at the coming election for a seat in the lower House of the Hawk-eye Assembly. I met with the same *non-descript* being here the other day, it being court week. He was walking down one of the principal streets, in earnest conversation with the *Payne-foll* gentleman spoken of in one of my last, with a *quarter section of Hoosier bread* under his arm, and a *sanctimonious scowl* on his countenance, *hezzaing* for the Governor and heaping *pious maledictions* on

A WOLVERINE AMONG THE HAWK-EYES.

Remarks on The Wolverine Among Us

FOR THE GAZETTE.

Messrs. Editors:—I have experienced no little edification from a perusal of "A Wolverine among the Hawkeyes," two numbers of which have come under my eye in the Iowa News. The writer, I hope, will go on and finish the history of his very interesting travels; and in doing this, I would suggest the propriety of not allowing his virgin modesty to prevent any allusion to his own memorable exploits, while in Burlington. To one so gifted in descriptive imagery, what a theme is presented in the nocturnal ramble—the goblet—the dice! Should these things be overlooked in the future numbers of the Wolverine, I propose, with your permission, to finish the painting myself, although well aware that I am not at home at the easel. Believing the caption to be more appropriate, if you again hear from me it shall be under that of "Peregrinations of an Iowa Editor;" and while no effort will be made at graphic delineation, I can promise that it shall not be merely "fancy's sketch." EDWIN.

GAZETTE.

The manuscript of the Iowa News, (we mean the junior editor,) who, in order to give weight and character to the slimy productions of his sickly pen, ekes them out over the felicitous signature of "A Wolverine among the Hawkeyes," has recently, in a letter speaking of matters and things in Burlington, not only made the character of our paper and its course the subject of reviling and low censure, but has even enlightened such of his readers as have courage to pursue his articles, with a description of our person and personal habits. The Adonis of the News has hit us in a sore place, and clearly has us on the hip—we implore him to desist. We are reluctantly compelled to yield to him the palm in the "attudinizing art;" and such of our citizens as were last winter permitted to behold the luxuriant blossoms on the cheek of this precocious and spirit-ed youth, blooming, as they do, for so barren a soil, with unusual freshness, will not for a moment think of instituting a comparison between his taking appearance and our own wan and attenuated visage.

It is a small business, this "killing of flies with a bodkin;" and our only object in at all noticing the yelpings of this ill-mannered cur,

is to let him know that the artifice of writing over an assumed signature has not served the purpose for which it was intended. The junior editor of the News is, by common consent, the author; and a more perfect embodiment of inflated vanity and consequential puppyism, is not to be found. During the sitting of our legislature last winter he paid us a visit and succeeded in winning for himself, from all who were unfortunate enough to form his acquaintance, their thorough contempt and disgust. We are well assured that even the delegates from his own county felt ashamed of him, as well they might be; for his whole course of conduct went to show that he had got into the company of gentlemen much in the same way that Satan found himself in Heaven—by mistake. Such being the fact, it cannot be expected that any serious notice will be taken of his venomous article, and we thus dismiss it.

IOWA NEWS.

DU BUQUE, Saturday, June 1.

Our good humored correspondent, "A Wolverine among the Hawkeyes" has completely enraged the editor of the Burlington Gazette, by noticing the length of his sanctimonious phiz. In his last paper, he's like the viper, who feeling the sting of a yellow jacket, but unable to discover from whence it came, with loud hissing, spit forth his venom and commenced a violent attack upon an unoffending stone under which his assailant had built his nest. He has missed the mark and "waked the wrong passenger." The junior editor of this paper is not the author of the communication which has given Mr. Clarke such an high offence; therefore the malignant attack on him, which he has made in his last, is unmerited, uncalled for, and uncourteous. Perhaps the editor of the Gazette has been led into error by the insinuations contained in the communication of "A Citizen of Muscatine," the author of which has acknowledged that the allusion was not to the editors of this paper, but to others equally innocent.

THE HAWKEYE STATE.

How Iowa Received its Title.

[To the Editor]

MR. PLEASANT, Nov. 21, 1878.—Will you oblige one who has not the time to look it up, and who has asked several parties, and found them all unable to tell, by advising him why Iowa is called the Hawkeye state? Respectfully,
T.

The name "Hawkeys" was first given to the residents of Iowa in 1839, and was first suggested by Judge Rorer of this city. The first mention of the name was in the Fort Madison *Patriot* in 1838, a paper published by James G. Edwards, the founder of THE HAWKEYE at the suggestion of Judge Rorer. Mr Edwards proposed in his paper that the people of Iowa adopt the name of "Hawkeye." This was done to prevent citizens of other states giving us a more opprobrious title something similar to that by which the people of Missouri are frequently designated even to this day. The name was not adopted at this time, however, but early in 1839, after Mr. Edwards had moved his paper to Burlington the question was again discussed, and it was decided to write a series of letters to the papers then published in Iowa, and in which the people of Iowa were to be called "Hawkeyes." Judge Rorer, James G. Edwards and H W Starr were the principal parties to the transaction, and it was voted that Judge Rorer should write the letters. They were so written by him and were copied by Hon. Shepherd Lefler, so that the handwriting would not be known. These letters bore the signature of "A Wolverine among the Hawkeyes" and frequently referred to the people of Iowa as "Hawkeyes." The first letter appeared in the Dubuque *Visitor* and others in the several papers then published in the territory. As they contained many criticisms of prominent men, and the public officers of the territory they created much interest, and the name "Hawkeyes" was ever after adopted to designate the people of Iowa. In a short time after this Mr. Edwards changed the name of his paper to THE HAWKEYE in honor of the people of Iowa. This history of the name we procured from Judge Rorer, who did the honor of giving Iowa the title of the Hawkeye State.

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