

brother of Hon. James M. Berry, of Marion. He was formerly county clerk and county judge of Linn, and now resides in Wisconsin. Hon. Robert Smythe resides at Mt. Vernon. He is a native of the emerald isle, and a brother of our present member of congress, Hon. Wm. Smythe. He was also a member of the house of representatives in 1846-7-8, a paymaster in the army during the great rebellion, for years a member of the law firm of Smythe, Young & Smythe, and is the present senator from Linn. Cedar, Jones and Linn counties were represented in the council of the third and fourth legislative assemblies by Hon. Geo. Greene, of Cedar Rapids, one of the judges of the supreme court from 1847 to 1855, and at present the president of the Rockford, Rock Island and St. Louis railroad. Hon. Samuel P. Higginson was one of the representatives in the house of the fourth legislative assembly.

In the council of the fifth and sixth legislative assemblies, Hon. John P. Cook, now of Davenport, represented Cedar, Jones and Linn. He was also senator from Cedar, Linn and Benton, in the second general assembly; senator from Cedar, Linn, Benton and Tama, in the third general assembly, and represented the second congressional district of Iowa, in the congress of the United States, from 1853 to 1855.

[To be continued.]

THE MANIAC OF THE BORDER.

BY ELIPHALET PRICE.

It was the close of an autumnal day in the year 1835, as we approached the dense forest that skirts the eastern shore of the Volga, some twenty miles from its confluence with the waters of Turkey river. Behind us lay the boundless prairie, stretching away in gentle undulations to the south, as far as the eye could reach, with its rustling herbage seared and embrowned by the autumnal frosts, while here and there, a lonely flower drooped its head, blighted, yet waving in the autumn breeze. Before us the yellow leaves of the forest

were fast eddying their way to the ground, betraying the fleet foot-fall of the rabbit, whose rustling tread would cause the timid deer to start from her leafy couch, and seek the forest shades with hurried bound, while the mournful sound of the distant pheasant, drumming its evening lay, would burst at intervals upon the solitude of the surrounding scene.

Already the twilight shades of evening, were fast receding into the darker mantle of night, when we were startled by the sharp report of a rifle. Aware that we were in the vicinity of a large village encampment of Winnebagoes, whose locality we had been endeavoring to discover during the close of the day, we halted and seated ourselves, reclining against the trunk of a large tree, in the hope that some benighted hunter would present himself to view, who could more readily conduct us to the object of our search, and while peering into the dusky scene that surrounded us, and listening for the sound of footsteps, we were startled by the arm of a human being reaching around from behind the tree, and resting itself upon our shoulder, while the hand hung listlessly down upon our breast. To leap to our feet was but the effort of a moment, and as we brought our rifle to a defensive position, we caught a glimpse of a tall, manly form, receding slowly into the forest, until the gloom of the night shielded him from our view; and while revolving over in our mind the character of the mysterious stranger, there arose upon the stillness of the surrounding scene the clear tones of a human voice, echoing far away through the forest, those beautiful words of Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price," when the forest again resumed its wonted stillness. Pausing for a moment, then calling aloud to the mysterious stranger, until finding that no further discovery of him was likely to occur, we again resumed our journey in the direction of the Indian encampment, the locality of which we had now discovered by the crimson tinge of the heavens, occasioned by the bright glare of its numerous camp fires. We soon succeeded in reaching the village, situated in a broad deep valley, that opened from

the Volga to the south. For a mile along the valley, the camp fires blazed on every side, while the crack of rifles, the shout, the laugh, the whirling tramp of the dance, mingled with the wild, monotonous song of the Indian, and the gong-like notes of the war drum, denoted some unusual occurrence about to take place. Pushing forward through the disordered groups, we hastened on to the wigwam of No-chump-kah, where, after partaking of his hospitality, he urged us to accompany him in the direction of a high mountainous hill, that formed the eastern boundary of the valley, towards which a large concourse of Indians were directing their steps, from various parts of the valley, each carrying a blazing torch of pine knots. As the party approached the base of the hill, each suddenly disappeared through an aperture that opened beneath the entangled folds of a vinous arbor, that crept with a luxuriant appearance over a low undergrowth. Following the footsteps of our guide, we found that we were winding along a narrow but lofty subterranean passage, that led into the interior of the hill, and as we approached the brink of a broad, deep chasm, the party halted for a moment, and then one by one began to descend into the cavern by a natural flight of projecting rock steps, that wound with a spiral descent along the circular sides of the dark yawning pit, from whose depths arose the gurgling murmur of a distant waterfall, accompanied by a white column of spray, that sparkled and glittered as it reflected the glare of our torches. Our course at length diverging from the fearful chasm, we again found ourselves winding along a passage that widened occasionally into ample halls, then narrowing into a passage that admitted with difficulty a single person, until it opened into a stupendous amphitheater, from the center of which an ignited bundle of pine knots sent up a lofty column of blazing fire, that lit up the rock-bound sides of the cavern, giving to them the appearance of some forty feet in height, while a deep blue arch of solid rock canopied the whole, festooned with innumerable columns of glittering spar, whose tapering extremities emitted a star-like sparkle, giving to the blue arched canopy a midnight ethereal aspect.

Encircling the column of fire, a gray haired band of veteran warriors reclined in a sitting posture, while an outer circle was composed of the more youthful warriors and novitiate hunters. As we stood gazing upon the scene before us, endeavoring to comprehend its mystery, a touch upon the arm caused us to recognize the Indian who had accompanied us there, and after pointing with his finger to an elevated position upon the opposite side of the hall, he then glided stealthily away, and joined his companions in the circle. Our attention was immediately rivited to that part of the cavern, by the strange appearance of a person standing in a statue-like position, upon a broad shelving rock that juttred out from the wall of the cavern. His broad, white, intellectual forehead, bespoke him a white man, whose physical proportions were of the athletic order; a profusion of hair concealed the proportions of his face, while a long, black, glossy beard, swept far down upon his breast, partly concealing a cross, upon which which was rudely carved the image of our Saviour, supported by a thong of raw-hide passing around the neck. A long, white, tattered blanket, enveloped his person, secured at the waist by a broad belt of wampum, which supported a heavy, naked sword, the hilt of which was guarded by a woven basket of iron; his hands were crossed upon his breast with an air of solemnity, while his gaze seemed fixed intently upon the lofty arch, that flung its sparkling canopy over the spacious cavern. For a time his solemn immovable position seemed to impart a resemblance to some sculptured work of art. At length life began to manifest itself, by a spasmodic movement of the lips, accompanied by a smile that beamed upon his countenance, as he exclaimed in a low, plaintive, but audible tone of voice,—

“She vowed, she swore she would be mine,
She said she lo’ed me best of o’ney;
But ah! the fickle, faithless queen.”

Here his chin sank upon his breast for a moment, and then the wild, screaming laugh of the maniac, burst from his lips, until his attention was arrested by the group of Indians before him, at the sight of which he seemed to start, then pressing

his hands against his forehead, he exclaimed,—“O God, am I thy servant here, to lead the wild untutored savage up to thee? Oh no, no, it cannot be; this maddened brain; so wrecked—why am I here?” Then gazing wildly around him for a moment, he approached the edge of the rock, and bowing with submissive meekness, continued,—“Thy will be done!” Then stretching forth his arms, he exclaimed in a calm, stentorian voice,—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.” Without pausing for a moment he launched forth in the Anglo-Scottish dialect, with a strain of religious eloquence so marked with erudition that it was irresistible to believe otherwise than that his better days had been expended as a Scottish student. But what had brought him to these cavern wilds? What drove the exile from his native land? While we were revolving these questions over in our mind, he seemed absorbed with the contemplation of religious subjects, sweeping with biblical research among the allegorical gems of the prophets, culling a flower here and there, and entwining them into a gorgeous wreath of eternal life, and swinging it aloft by the power of his eloquence as a Bethlehem star, to entice the benighted mind of the listening savage. Again he would burst into the wild laugh of the maniac,—pause and listen for a moment,—and then, as the glistening tear-drops coursed down his long beard, he would murmur in a plaintive tone some verse from Scotland’s bard. Again his mind would resume its natural character, enrobed in its flowing mantle of erudition, which enabled him to glide from language to language, as its expressiveness seemed best adapted to the elucidation of his ideas.

The swarthy savage, although unable to comprehend his language, evidently began to manifest a feeling of excitement, imparted through the agency of the expressive gestures of the maniac; leaning forward upon his elbow, with a quickened and audible respiration, his eye glared intently upon the rapid movements of the speaker, until a glistening perspiration began to start upon his swarthy brow.

Again the maniac paused, while far away among the distant caverns his maniac laugh was hushed in murmuring echoes. Then snatching from his breast the thong-bound cross, he whirled it around his head, with a fiendish convulsive scream, as he burst into the wild figurative language of the Indian, detailing with savage eloquence the history of the Saviour, and as he poured forth the descriptive scenes of his sufferings and death, the quivering lip, the twinkling eye of the savage, as his hand crept instinctively to the handle of his scalping knife, bespoke the excitement he had wrought upon their uncultivated minds. Continuing in the language of the Indian, he exclaimed,—“Oh God, forbear; thy exhausted servant sinks before the coward red man, who dare not be a warrior of the cross.” In an instant the savage group bounded to their feet, while the scream of the war whoop rang through the distant caverns, as they flourished their scalping-knives above their heads, and rushed towards the maniac, avowing themselves ready to follow him upon the war path, as avengers of the wrongs of the Saviour.

Then came the distant report of a rifle, hushing to listening silence the tumultuous group; and in a moment more a painted savage, begrimed with blood, sprang into their midst, waving from the top of his lance a freshly taken scalp, from which the life-blood had not ceased to drip; pointing to it with a savage grin, he hissed between his teeth the fearful name of the war-bred Sauk, at the announcement of which the listening Indians snatched their torches from the blazing pile and rushed towards the outlet of the cavern. Following the footsteps of our guide, we soon reached the open valley, filled with disordered groups of savages, shouting the rallying war cry of the different bands, while the gong-like voice of the Indian drum rolled its monotonous notes along the valley, arousing the warrior's mind to deeds of savage glory. From the summit of the distant hills that bound the valley on the west, the signal fires of the warrior Sauk were blazing, flinging a lurid glare of light over the valley beneath, while round the burn-

ing piles the warrior foeman danced and shouted his promised deeds of prowess.

Already the grey morn had begun to creep along the eastern sky, as the enemy came rushing down from the hills into the valley, shouting the fearful war cry of the Sauk, which was immediately answered by the screaming war whoop of the Winnebagoes of the valley, as they closed in dreadful combat with their common enemy. The commingled crack of rifles now roared along the valley, while the twanging hum of the bow-string, the crash of the battle axe, and the resounding blows of the war club, arose amidst the groans of the dying and the war scream of the contending bands. For a time victory seemed to incline towards the arms of the war bred Sauk, who, pressing upon his foe, compelled them to fall back with a slow retreat. At that moment there came a shout from the upper part of the valley, as a strange appearing person urged his wild steed along it in the direction of the battle, brandishing above his head a flashing sword, while the spectral laugh that rang upon the air, announced the approach of the maniac of the cavern, at the sight of whom the retreating Winnebago rallied with a maddening scream, throwing away his rifle and closing upon his foe with gleaming knife, as the maniac dashed through their ranks, plunging his steel against the enemies' front, and braining his sword with flashing strokes on every side, while the fierce animal that bore him against the columns of the foe, crushed through their rank a trail bestrewed with mangled warriors. Wheeling upon their columns with a shout, again he reigned his fretted steed for the charge, and thundered down their ranks, until the wild shout of Indian triumph arose above the battle's din, announcing that the retreating Sauk was fast taking refuge among the neighboring hills.

The sun had already arisen above the field of strife, the war whoop and the clash of arms had ceased, while far away the merry quail was whistling his autumn carol to the morning sun. Here and there might be seen an Indian woman wandering over the field of battle, mingling her mournful wailings

with the rippling murmurs of the Volga, while everywhere the triumphant Winnebago stood forth, silently winding his fingers into the gory locks of his dying or lifeless enemy, and snatching from the bleeding skull the warrior's trophy. A little farther on, we paused for a moment to look upon the beautiful war-steed of the maniac, as he lay stretched upon the bloody plain pierced with the barbed iron of a feathered arrow, and as we hastened away from the scene that surrounded us, our ear caught the notes of a voice far up among the craggy hills, breathing in marshal strains, the brigand song of ancient Caledon:—

"Why England has no braver boy,
Than Scotland's gallant, bold Rob Roy."

Years had passed away; the rifle of the Indian no longer awakened the echoes of the Volga, the grass had begun to grow upon the trails of his familiar haunts. Along the borders of our prairies, and in the deep winding dells of the wooded streams, the humble cabin of the white man had begun to lift its modest front, while through the new-made field the cerean harvest waved its golden head, or silken tassels decked the luxuriant corn. It was August; the pioneer, the Indian trader and the hunter of the surrounding country, had assembled for the first time in the lives of many of them, as jurors and spectators, around the rude log court house of the newly started village of Prairie Laporte, situated upon the banks of the Mississippi. The setting sun had nearly closed the first day's labor of the court, when a shout of "steamboat from above," brought a large concourse of spectators to the river bank; and as the boat approached the shore, the guard call of the drum, summoned to her deck an officer of the army, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who immediately marched from the boat and began to ascend the river bank, followed by a well dressed, tall, muscular person, bound in chains, who might have seen some twenty-seven years. The spectators opened to the right and left, as the prisoner passed along with a downcast look, while his folded arms concealed in part the chains that bound him. Advancing towards the sheriff, the

officer observed: "I deliver into your charge, sir, a murderer, taken prisoner by the command at Fort Snelling; proof of his guilt will be found in these two soldiers." Then surrendering his charge he departed for the boat. At the sound of murder, a shudder seemed to creep over the person of the stranger, as he lifted his eyes slowly from the ground. At that moment we discovered an old man, bent by the hand of time, standing in the opposite rank of spectators, leaning forward upon his rifle, which he supported with one hand, while with the other he shaded his eyes as he peered into the face of the stranger; and as he gazed, the blood would rush to his embrowned visage for a moment, then an ashy paleness seemed to diffuse itself over the wrinkled features of the old man, whom we now recognized as the far-famed Timmy Black, the wandering bee hunter of the north, who, muttering to himself, silently withdrew from among the spectators, as the prisoner passed, under the guard of the sheriff.

The court had already adjourned for the day, and as the evening advanced, the spectators began to congregate at the different groceries, and soon the bacchanalian cup awoke the hunter's song, while many a fearful tale of border life, spun out its lengthened details with each glass, accompanied by the exultant shout of the card player, and the boisterous disputations around the rattling dice-box, until the night had far advanced, when we withdrew from the sultry scene around us, and approached the high bank of the river to enjoy the cool breeze that rippled its moonlit surface. Seating ourselves beneath the branches of a stunted oak, our attention was soon arrested by the dark form of a person gliding stealthily among the dense cedars that skirted the descending bank of the river. As he approached the open sands of the river shore, we recognized the bent form of the wandering bee hunter; who, pausing for a moment, and peering cautiously around, seemed satisfied that he was undiscovered; then advancing to the border of the river, he stretched himself out upon its sands, placing his ear close to the surface of the water. Listening for a time,

he arose and commenced soliloquizing, as his attention seemed fixed upon some distant object in the river :

“ Well, well,” said he, “ the boy is safe now ; if he courses for the old gum ’twill not be the sheriff of this settlement that’ll line him up. He had a monstrous deal of book larnin’, but his mind was little better than a piece of rotten comb. I tell’d the bar keeper to throw his liker out to the sheriff’s guard, to the matter of that speck of honey that I sell’d to the clark of the boat. I did want some powder, but I’ll do without the powder ; yes, yes, I’ll do without it, for I remember the time when on the Volga, he struck off the Indian’s arm at a single blow, while it held the scalping-knife over these few white locks of mine.” Here the old man paused, seemingly to brush way an intruding tear, then resumed : “ Well, well, I’ve done him a good turn ; God be with ye’r boy, wherever ye course.”

A that moment a canoe, containing a single person, glided out from among the willows of an island near the shore, and as it floated out upon the current of the moonlit stream, there arose upon the stillness of the night, the familiar shout of other scenes ;—“ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Then all around was hushed to solemn stillness ; the bee hunter had disappeared among the cedars, and as the canoe glided behind a distant island, we saw no more of Donald McMullen, the maniac of the cavern and the sheriff’s prisoner.

RECOLLECTION OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, MECKLIN, MO.

(Continued from page 394.)

By an act of the congress of 1854-5, a United States land office was located at this place (Sioux City), and was opened for pre-emptions on the 22d day of October, 1855. Dr. S. P. Yemans was appointed register, and Gen. Andrew Leach, receiver. On the 20th day of May, 1856, congress passed an

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