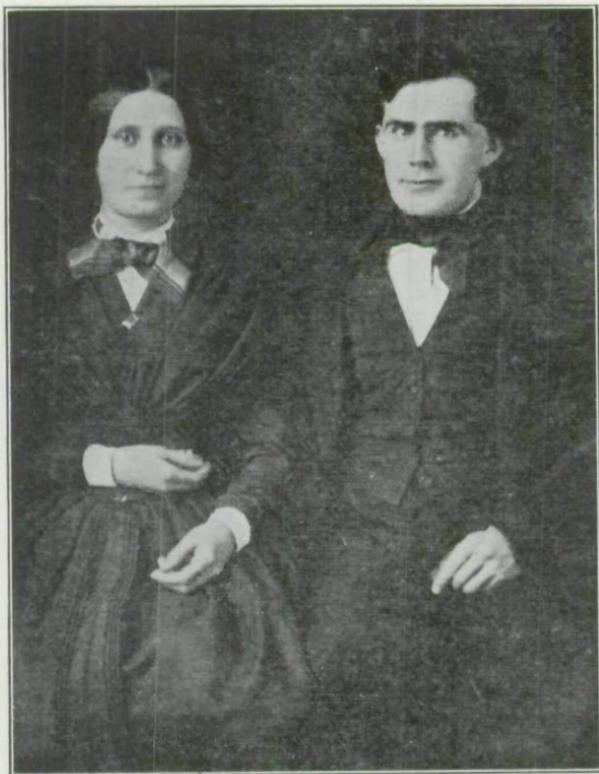


William Salter's
Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire 1845-1846



WILLIAM SALTER AND MARY ANN (MACKINTIRE) SALTER
From a daguerrotype made about the time of their marriage in 1846.

William Salter's Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire 1845-1846

Lake Michigan. August 8, 1845.

My dear friend:

How are you this rainy, foggy day? . . . Few objects are calculated to affect our minds with exalted conceptions of the Great Supreme as vast bodies of water. . . .

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. August 9.

I am now, my dear M., comfortably settled in the study of Brother Chapin of this place, and I gladly resume my pen to converse with you. I intended to have written out my letter in the steamboat but was hindered by unexpected interruption. My last¹ told you of my progress as far as Detroit. You will be interested in hearing of my subsequent adventures. We have been favored with delightful weather. The lake has been very calm. The first evening after we left Detroit, I was requested to preach, and at the hour appointed a very attentive congregation to the number of eighty, assembled in the cabin,² and I spoke to them "Of Him in whose hands our breath is".³ The next evening we had an address by Rev. Mr. Kinney, of White-water, Wis., with devotional exercises on the subject of education. I found on board two other clergymen, one a Methodist from Ireland, and the other a Lutheran from Germany. With the latter I became much acquainted, and I must give some account of him. I noticed a man with unshaven face, and from that fact formed rather an unfavorable opinion of him, but I soon after found him with a Greek testament, and introduced conversation with him. I could not speak German, and he could not talk English, so we were likely to continue ignorant of one another, but as an interest in him had been awakened in me, I felt unwilling to give him up, so proposed to talk Latin. I held several hours talk in Latin with him, and learned

¹ Apparently, this letter is not extant.

² Of the Steamer New Orleans.

³ The exact date was August 6, and he spoke from Daniel 5:23. But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy Lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

the following, among other interesting facts. He was educated in Halle University, under the best instructors as Knapp, and Gesenius, and has been in the ministry of the Lutheran church twelve years, came to America last year and a few months since buried his wife. This affliction seems to have unsettled his mind, and to have led him to embrace some strange views in religion—vide. Mark 16:17-18; John 14:12; James 5:14-15.⁴ These passages seem to have led him to think that the prayer of faith would have saved his wife. He told me in his own simple Latin that he prayed for his wife and called the physician, but of no avail—his prayers were not of faith, and his wife was taken away. Hence his conclusion that he has not faith. Now he is determined to seek after faith, to seek God until he finds him. He is coming into this New World to live away from men in solitude. I sought as well as I could to explain the true nature of faith, as being simple confidence in God, a belief that he will do what he says, (anything more than this being superstition i. e. a belief in something beside and beyond that which has a foundation, vide, the derivation of the word in the Lexicon.) But the poor German's mind was fully made up and I could not convince him. We talked over many subjects, and I found him possessed of many high and generous sentiments. I need not assure you how much I enjoyed this adventure. My heart went forth spontaneously in sympathy with this stranger yet brother of the human race. I was very happy to confer a favor on him in getting a reduction made in the price of his passage. He took me warmly by the hand and his eye beamed with feelings of gratitude and good will. I found that many of our passengers were on their way to the copper country on Lake Superior, among them was a son of a

⁴ Mark 16:17-18. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

John 14:12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

James 5:14—15. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

professor Olmstead of New Haven who projects a tour from the west end of the lake to the waters of the Mississippi. He seems to be a young man of promise, and is enthusiastic in his devotion to geological studies. He presented me with a copy of the last edition of his father's School Philosophy. You have heard of Mackinaw. You have looked at it on the map. I trust another year your eyes will see it. The shores of Michigan are generally low and sandy. This island possesses high rocky bluffs. At the south end is a little village and over it on the bluff is the U. S. garrison. The whitewashed walls and barracks, contrasting with the green of land and water, make a picturesque appearance. Here we saw a few Indians, and half-breeds who presented degraded specimens of what intemperance and the vices of civilization will do for the savage. I ascended the bluffs; north was a corner to Lake Superior, southeast was Lake Huron, southwest was Lake Michigan. These immense lakes in a few generations will be covered with fleets. As the bays of New England are lined with sails, so must these waters bear on their bosoms thousands of vessels and multitudes of immortal men. O my country, what a destiny is thine, and as I am linked with all the past as the men of the Mayflower and of Bunker Hill lived and toiled and died for me, and I enjoy the benefits of their labors, so the millions of future time may be blessed through the humble efforts which God may enable me to put forth in laying now the foundations of many generations. When I visited a garrison of troops and saw the instruments of death I cannot but mourn that the day has not yet come when nations shall learn war no more, and I cannot but lift up the desires of my heart that the Prince of Peace may become the Prince of the Kings of the Earth.

I arrived here last evening at seven o'clock, four days from Buffalo. I called at a bookstore and found a gentleman who was seven years ago with me in the University of New York. He was then preparing for the ministry. I was thinking of something else. We have not seen each other since. Both our plans in life have been changed,

and we meet in a place which had then but just begun to have a name. I have a few old friends here. I had proposed to have gone West as far as Madison today, but it being a little uncertain about my being able to get there before Sabbath morning, I shall remain here until Monday when I leave for Galena where I hope to arrive on Wednesday afternoon. I am invited to preach three times tomorrow, twice in the Presbyterian and once in the Congregational church.⁵ Rev. Mr. Chapin, who has kindly invited me to his home, was in the class before me in the New York Theological Seminary. He is a lovely man, a finished scholar, and much beloved by his church. I happened to preach here two years ago and preached the only good sermon I ever wrote, as a consequence I have the reputation of being something of a preacher here, hence I am called on to deliver myself tomorrow, and you may expect my reputation after tomorrow will be "gone for" in Milwaukee. . . . You will believe me when I tell you that I do mean to study this winter and to prepare some sermons that I shall not be ashamed to preach and which you will not be sorry to have me, if the Lord will help me.

The Presbyterian and Congregational churches here are perfectly harmonious, about the only difference between them is that one is on this side and the other on the other side of the river. The geographical and other questions than those of "ism" decide to which church anyone will go. . . . Mr. White of the Congregational church ranks among the first of the ministers in Wisconsin. He is a clear-headed, sound, and acceptable preacher. There have been several warm days this week. . . .

One of my fellow passengers, Judge Doty of New York, is on a very melancholy journey. A son-in-law of his, a clergyman, left home in May, attended the Old School General Assembly at Cincinnati, and started on a journey up the Mississippi and home by the lakes. He was last

⁵In the Milwaukee Presbyterian Church he preached from Psalms 90:9, For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told; and from I Peter 4:10, As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. On August 10, in the Congregational Church he preached from John 1:29. The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

heard from at Madison, Iowa, early in June. There are some circumstances which have occasioned the fear that there has been foul play somewhere. Judge Doty is on a tour of inquiry and search. . . .

I feel more and more a confidence in the Divine Government that God will do what is best for me in relation to the field of my labors. My desire is that I may never do anything else but stand and see the Salvation of God. When He calls, I know he will sustain me, but woe be unto me if I lean to my own understanding. . . . I am sometimes afraid that in my letters I may be betrayed into some extravagances of expression by my feelings which a dignified Christian reason would not approve. In this I really desire to write nothing which in after life we might not review with conscientious satisfaction and approbation. . . . Mrs. Chapin is a lady of cultivated mind and of great dignity of character. She was from Berkshire Co., Mass. . . . Good evening, my M., quiet and pleasant sleep, divine aid in your devotions in the closet and in the house of God be yours, a holy, useful and happy life. My love to your parents and to George. Adieu.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, August 16, 1845.
My dear Mary:

O what a change in eighteen days from you to this study and this log cabin. I had hoped to have made you out a long letter this evening, but how little do we know what is before us. I arrived here this afternoon and found that the kind family in which I board had this morning buried their beloved and only son. That bright little boy whom I left two months ago the hope of his parents and in health and vigor now sleeps beneath the clods of the prairie.⁶ He was a promising child of six years of age, one of our most interesting Sabbath School Scholars and perhaps the last of all the children in the neighborhood whom we should have been willing to give up. I sat down and wept with these afflicted parents. It is a severe

⁶ The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw.

stroke, and as I have spent nearly two years in the family, I could not but make their sorrow my own.

My last left me at Milwaukee. I had the benefit of Bro. Chapin's criticisms after preaching which I must have you compare with yours. He says my style needs simplicity, and a conversational, every day air; is too stately and wants more action in delivery. I came to Janesville on Rock River, 65 miles on Monday. For twenty miles from the Lake the country is heavily timbered and broken, after which are the most beautiful prairies. At Janesville I found an old friend, Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley with whom I spent a very pleasant night. He was a New York student. I found him boarding in a very pleasant family and in most comfortable quarters. He complains of his "hard field," as does everybody. The ministers in Milwaukee, perhaps one of the most eligible places in the West, tell me they are not by any means on a bed of roses. Rev. Bulkley has a lively and cultivated imagination, I expect has read more than he has mastered, has a fine library. He is gathering a small church and doing good. The next day I came to Wiota, a little mining village where I found lodging in the garret of a log cabin in which were five beds and "one" on the floor. Wednesday at 2 p. m. I reached Galena and enjoyed the hospitality of Brother Kent. Mr. K. is a pioneer of the Upper Mississippi, he came to Galena 16 years ago, held on under great and many discouragements and has now an active, flourishing church of 255 members. Thursday morning I came by steamboat to Dubuque whence by stage to this place today. Br. Holbrook corresponds with the Ladies of Park St. Church who assist in his support. He is a very animated and interesting writer. I should be glad if in some way you could get hold of his letters. He has recently engaged the ladies to make up a box of articles to be sold at a fair in Dubuque for the benefit of his meeting house. He is the missionary who makes "a plea for the West" in the August number of the *Home Missionary* page 80. He is a man of great ardor and zeal and perhaps colors a little too highly, so that you may sometimes receive what he says *cum parvo grano salis*. . . .

This is Iowa. The change is great and when I think of what I have proposed to you that you should leave the best of homes and the best of lands to be the wife of a humble missionary in so humble a work I almost tremble at my presumption. You thank God in your prayers that you were born in this age of the world, and yet you are willing to put yourself five generations back and be as those who two hundred years ago settled New England. But this is a great work and I trust is of God and blessed be His name if He has put it into my heart to be willing to endure privations and hardness here. Men and history may both blunder as to the use of our lives but if God sees our efforts to be of some avail we shall have the plaudits of Him whose smile is better than that of ten thousand worlds. And He who puts us into this ministry will sustain us in it. God will not give—Sabbath evening.

Here my candle expired last night and not wishing to disturb the family I retired. I have just been looking through Payson's⁷ life to see if I could have his sanction to taking up my pen this evening. First, as was natural, I examined chapter 12 (Tract Society edition) but no light in the matter, then chapter 17, but nothing there. At last, I found something to the purpose on page 159, and now I am *in medias res*. Payson's has been a favorite memoir of mine. He was a minister *in earnest*. I was about saying last night that God will not give us willing hearts to come and labor here and then desert us but will give more grace as our day may require. Let me have your feelings about this Sabbath writing. My conscience commends this use of it. . . . We had a delightful shower this morning which in some measure refreshed the parched earth, a beautiful day. In consequence of my late arrival yesterday and a Methodist camp meeting four miles off . . . my congregation was very small today. This afternoon I took my text in Romans 1:10⁸ and gave a report of what was said and done in the Western Convention at Detroit. There has

⁷ Asa Cumming, *A Memoir of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D. Late Pastor of the Second Church in Portland*. There are several editions. Mr. Salter was using the one of the American Tract Society, New York (183?).

⁸ Romans 1:10. Making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you.

been a good deal of sickness through the county this summer. There has been oppressively warm weather here. I feel anxious to hear of your health and of your mother's. . . . The exact condition of matters in Burlington is as far as I learn as follows: Br. Hutchinson⁹ is their stated supply. His year is up next November. In consequence of ill health he has now a summer recess. The church is feeble. Their house of worship unfinished. A deacon and leading man in the church is a political newspaper editor and has not much influence and is not highly esteemed as a Christian.¹⁰ An Old School Presbyterian minister is soon expected there. Burlington is an important and growing town of 2500 inhabitants. The case is only presented to me through the A. H. M. S. in case of failure of Brother Hutchinson's health that they would like to have me go there. But the church will have a mind of its own, and I am told feels its own importance very fully. In Burlington there is much of Kentucky and Southern society and influence. I rode in the stage with one of Mr. Adams¹¹ congregation yesterday. He says they are expecting Mrs. Adams to return with him to Davenport. Rumor in Andover and elsewhere said that she was a Miss Gould. You have seen Brother Alden¹² no doubt. You remember that one good turn deserves another. Let me hear how he is getting along. I have been talking most of the evening with this bereaved family. Mrs. Shaw is a member of my church and a woman of very lovely quiet, meek and amiable spirit. Her three surviving children have the whooping cough and summer complaint, the same disease which carried off her son. It seems as though she could hardly restrain her grief. She mourns, but does not complain. How near death seems in that house whence one has just been taken out to his long home. The little boy was laid out in my study. I seem to hear the

⁹ Rev. Horace Hutchinson, a member of the Iowa Band.

¹⁰ James Gardiner Edwards, editor of the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot*. A file of this newspaper, the property of the Burlington Public Library, has for some years been housed in the vaults of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. These files were presented to the library through the efforts of Mr. Salter. For an itemized list of this collection see: *ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, 7:314.

¹¹ Rev. Ephraim Adams, a member of the Iowa Band and author of *The Iowa Band* (New and Revised edition) Boston, 1868.

¹² Rev. Ebenezer Alden, a member of the Iowa Band. *Vide ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, 6:576, 584, 585, 589, 590, 598.

angel's whisper as he warns me that soon he may bear his commission to me. God help me so to live with a conscience void of offense towards God and man that at any time I may be prepared to give up my account. A preparation to live is the best preparation to die.

This is a beautiful evening. The full orb'd moon walks the Heavens queen of the night. . . As I am so lately from you I probably think more of the privations of this new country than I shall after I shall have in a few weeks become fairly introduced again into the harness. Many of my people receive me with very warm hearts. Mr. Shaw's little boy wanted to hear me preach again. Three men who were sometimes in my congregation and whom I saw but a short time before I went away are now in their graves. How loud the admonition to be faithful. . . O, how delightful to acknowledge God in all our ways. How correct the sentiment of the noble Robert Hall¹³ in those two (I had almost said) best sentences in the English language, which I have often studied and which I know you will love to study: "God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions, is continually growing more extended and refulgent by having transferred to it new elements of beauty and goodness, by attracting to itself as a centre whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. *It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.*" This God is our God. . . Your daguerreotype is before me. . .

Yours most affectionately,
Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Saturday evening, August 23, 1845.
My dearest Mary:

. . . Your rich, precious (O, for a new language) letter from Oxford, mailed the 6th., reached me Wednesday afternoon. I could hardly repress my feelings. I wanted to get on the wide prairie and give thanks. . . These

¹³ Robert Hall (1764-1831) an English Baptist divine whose fame rests mainly on the tradition of his pulpit oratory. *Vide Dictionary of National Biography*, 24:85-6.

things, and death and sickness in this family, and some sickness in the country made me feel I cannot tell how bad until I got your letter. And then we are five weeks apart, i. e. before we can write and get an answer. . . . The Eastern Mail comes here twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. . . . I think if you and I could get hold of Uncle Sam together he would be apt to make tracks powerful fast for one while. . . . This evening at sunset I went and visited the grave of the little boy whose death I mentioned in my last. Over his new made grave and with a sense of my own mortality I had great joy in looking up and dedicating anew my life to God and in supplicating upon you his blessing. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Monday. August, 25, 1845.

Good morning, my dearest friend. How are you this pleasant morning? Did you enjoy a pleasant Sabbath? We had a beautiful day here. At 10 a. m. our Sabbath School met. Our superintendent was absent from sickness, many of the children sick, but few of our teachers realize their responsibilities, only 15 scholars were present. I promised a copy of the New England Primer (from your donation) to all the children who would be punctually present on the four Sabbaths of the next month. I hope this will serve to provide a large attendance, and prepare the way for doing good. At 11 a. m. I preached a funeral sermon for the death of Mr. Shaw's child. The house was crowded, a complete jam, about seventy present, and many at the doors and windows. My congregation is very serious and attentive. It might startle you in the course of the service to hear a child cry or to see a mother, unable to quiet her child, go out with it. *But you will soon get used to these things.* They can't be helped in a new country. I always tell parents to come to the meeting and bring their little ones with them. I have a little choir and tolerable singing for the backwoods. In the afternoon I resumed the account of my "journey", told them, among other things, of my visit to the Sabbath School¹⁴ in Mass-

¹⁴ The Winthrop Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

achusetts which had sent us such beautiful Library Books. I have thus made two sermons out of my "prosperous journey". My people think I have seen and done great things. And the *least of all* has been told them. *Poor blind mortals*. They will open their eyes one of these days. The Methodist Circuit Preacher was here at 6 p. m. and organized a class of ten members. They are disposed to be sectarian and push a little with their horns. . . .

Dr. Alexander¹⁵ of Princeton in the *New York Observer* (under signature of A. A.) is one of the most heavenly writers I have ever met with. He excels all men in facility and appropriateness in introducing the language of the Bible on every subject. I heard him preach several years ago on the sufferings of Christ. His style is very simple and tender. The truths of the Bible seem to be in him as an ever gushing well of water. His delight is in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

Wednesday evening. August 27.

I have been sitting an hour trying to read the life of Evarts,¹⁶ but with my eyes half the time looking down the road for the stage and with my mind all the time on that sofa, anxiously anticipating information of your whereabouts and whatabouts. . . . And now the stage comes. Hurrah! Hurrah! (But my son, don't disturb the neighborhood.) . . . I walk over to the post office and with the most consummate equanimity of speech and countenance ask for my letter. "Nothing for you." . . .

The Methodist Preacher last Sabbath evening told us that the death of Christ accomplished two objects. 1—it took away the *sin* of the world, i. e., the sin of Adam, then the death of Christ was the reason why Adam did not die the very day in which he sinned, and *thus infants are saved!* 2—it took away the sins of the world. He urged all to join the church because men are more likely to be converted in the church than out of it, the church being an hospital where there are physicians to doctor the sick.

¹⁵ Dr. Archibald Alexander (April 17, 1772-October 22, 1851) the first professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 1:162-3.

¹⁶ E. C. Tracy, *Memoir of the Life of Jeremiah Evarts*. New York. 1845.

And all these preachers are in the eyes of many, just as good as you are and better too. Has not this, my Mary, a great tendency to exalt a man and make him think more highly of himself than he ought to think? One of the severest trials of ministers in such a field as this arises from the fact that most of the people, on account of being used to such preaching as I have given you a specimen of, make no kind of requisition on a minister to study and rightly divide the word of truth. Great occasions, it is proverbially said, make great men. He must be a dull preacher who can't preach well before an educated and enlightened congregation who will estimate what is said. O the difficulty of studying to preach well when there is no immediate pressure to do so. There is but one collegiately educated man in this county, and he does not come to meeting more than half a dozen times in the year. If it be the glory of the Gospel as of old that it is preached to the poor, it has that glory here. It is not an ignoble enterprise to elevate the unenlightened. I met a little boy today and asked him why he was not to Sabbath School last Sabbath. "I dirtied my clothes," he replied, "and could not come." "I am sorry," I said, "you will get them clean and come next Sabbath, won't you?" "Yes, sir, if I can get a cap, I'll be sure to come." We had an interesting prayer meeting this evening, about thirty present. We are suffering delay in not getting brick for our Academy¹⁷ as soon as we had anticipated. The brick makers are expecting to burn their kiln in a fortnight after which we hope to go right on and get upon building. I have thought some of having a study built this fall which may answer another year as an addition to *our house*.

Though there are many humbling things in this new country, it is after all a glorious work and one in which I would not change places with "15/16ths" of the ministers of New England. The future is all bright. I feel confident

¹⁷ Rev. Salter saw the need of a school in Maquoketa and persuaded members of his congregation to donate land, material, and labor. Meanwhile, Rev. Salter collected \$300 from friends and relatives in the East. The Academy was incorporated by act of the legislative assembly, January 15, 1846. The building was completed in 1848, and Rev. George F. Magoun, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Galena, delivered the address. Eventually, the property was turned over to the public school system of Maquoketa.

that if I can hold on the Lord will give me in ten years a flourishing church and large congregation. The country is rapidly filling up. Many strange faces have come in during my absence. Among others a merchant with a small stock of goods from Springfield, Mass. But we come here not because the field is inviting and easy, but because it is hard, expecting to endure self-denials and not repining at any privations, if so be we may save souls and extend the name of Christ, building not on others' foundation. I rejoice in feeling assured that these are your feelings. I believe I have no other desire than to be in the highest possible degree useful. I desire to be the child of Providence. God probably knows better than I do where I can be most useful. I want to feel that the best way to prepare for future usefulness is to do the best you can in present circumstances. I feel renewed strength and confidence in having your prayers. . .

Maquoketa. August 30. Saturday afternoon.

. . . As my horse is lame and I have been disappointed in getting another I must go afoot to Andrew. It is most 6 o'clock. In my next I will write particularly of the many interesting things you speak of. I am afraid there will be a long space between your receiving my Detroit and Milwaukee letters. If I have any time Monday morning, I will fill out this sheet. Goodbye, my Mary, the thoughts of you will make my walk short. *Ora pro nobis.*

I am yours,
Wm. Salter.

I got about one half mile on my way and met one of my church here who had compassion on me and engaged to go up to attend meeting at Andrew tomorrow and carry me, so I returned and have the pleasure of talking with you. . . . My health has been very good though the warm weather has been somewhat enervating. We have abundance of wild plums and delicious melons. . . .

Your Wm.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1845.

My dear Mary:

Saturday evening has come again and I have half a sermon to write, and the multiplicity of cares this week has prevented my taking up my pen "toyowards" hitherto, so that now I must be hurried when I ought to have time to express my best thanks for your *two* letters (am not I rich?) received this week, those of August 18th and 25th, and the last received tonight in ten days after it was mailed. I guess Uncle Sam has profited by our threatened chastisements and begins to find out that the route between No. 7 Union street and this prairie is one of the first importance. You write of many interesting matters which perhaps I ought to talk over first, but I presume to opine that you will want to know what I have been doing the last week. Last Sabbath morning I rode to Andrew and preached in the courthouse (a log building) to a small congregation of forty, but some of the excellent of the earth are in that church. I have two families in it who for moral worth and devotion to the cause of Christ are not excelled in Iowa. They come regularly six miles to meeting, and really hunger for the bread of life. I cut a little account of one of them from an Ohio paper and sent it to you in a "Transcript" the last mail. Some of your friends may be interested in seeing from it that the people are not all "heathen" in the Far West. The other family named "Young" are pure gold in the ore, plain, honest, and good, from Pennsylvania. Mrs. Young was brought up in Mr. Duffield's¹⁸ church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who, by the way, was a very faithful, useful pastor. He is now in Detroit. You will be delighted to attend prayers in this beloved family, hear all the children sing and unite with Mrs. Y., children and all, in calling upon the name of the Lord. I preached twice. The Sabbath School has declined during my absence owing to sickness and other causes, and I was requested to form the whole congregation into a Bible class which was done. We are to study "the Ro-

¹⁸Rev. George Duffield (July 4, 1794—June 26, 1868), for thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Detroit, author of many theological books, and of the hymn, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 5:489-90.

mans". I have one very intelligent and gentlemanly lawyer in my congregation there from Virginia.

... I commenced early in the week a sermon on Josh. 24:15,¹⁹ but could not make it go. Yesterday I took up Psalms 144:12.²⁰ ... My subject is education. It should be thorough, preparatory to usefulness in life, and to another state of existence, and the whole applied to our Academy here which is commended to the prayers and generous benefactions of my people. My text in the P. M. is what Christ said to Matthew. What a text for your pulpit. Almost equal to Isaiah 53:1.²¹ But about my journey. In the P. M. I rode to Deacon Cotton's²² and found my appointment had not been sufficiently circulated to get a congregation. Mrs. Cotton has just returned from the East (western New York) bringing her mother with her, aged eighty years. The old lady endured the fatigues of her journey remarkably well. She was one of the first settlers on what was called the Holland Purchase in Western New York. Her husband in 1802 erected the first frame barn on the purchase. Men came to the raising of it a distance of thirty miles. How wonderful the growth of our country. Monday morning I borrowed a horse and rode to Bellevue, found most of my friends having the ague. Rev. Mr. Smith who has gone there this summer, a Bangor theological student, has the ague, and the family in which he boarded being sick, he has gone into the country to stay, so that I did not see him. He must have a hard time. Bellevue is one of the most abandoned places I was ever in—a most dreadful population. The only evidence I have that I have preached the truth among them is that they hate me. I can assure you that it is very trying to know how to get along with wicked men here. I treat them kindly and take trouble to gain their confidence, that if by any means I

¹⁹ Joshua 24:15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your father served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

²⁰ Psalms 144:12. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

²¹ Isaiah 53:1. Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

²² Samuel Cotton, a descendent of John Cotton, Puritan preacher. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, New York. *Vide Salter's, Sixty Years, p. 263.*

may save them until I feel that necessity is laid upon me to repair their vices when a torrent of abuse is the only reward of my faithfulness. I have had much of this experience. The leading physician of this county is of this character. Once he was polite and affable, but reproof has wounded him and now he never passes me without curling his lip in scorn. Living among such men one is able to appreciate and unite in the prayer [of] Psalms 26:9.²³ Good night, my dear.

Sabbath evening.

If "the morning and the evening" are the first day of the week then the second day of the week has come. . . . I have had a pleasant Sabbath, a beautiful day, a house full of people, and some attentive hearers. . . . Judge Wilson²⁴ of the District Court for this part of the territory came along here with his wife (who is a member of the church in Dubuque) just before the hour of meeting on his way to hold court in a county below. He and his wife came into meeting in the course of the services, after which they got their dinner and went on their journey. A pretty example for a judge surely. I had 30 at Monthly Concert this evening. . . .

I am in hopes of getting out a good sermon one of these weeks on the text "My Kingdom is not of this world." . . . I spent last Monday night with Mr. Magoun²⁵ at Galena. He has nobly and enthusiastically thrown himself upon the rising current of education in the West. He promises to be one of the most useful men of the county. We talked nearly the whole night about everything. Primarily measures are on foot for getting up the new church in Galena. It will consist of some choice spirits and will afford a most desirable field of usefulness. They will be very particular about their minister. He ought to be first rate. . . . I went to Dubuque on Tuesday and entered at the land sales 80 acres of land for the gentleman I board with

²³ Psalms 26:9. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men.

²⁴ Supreme Court Justice Thomas S. Wilson. *Vide* Edward H. Stiles, *Recollections and Sketches of Notable Lawyers and Public Men of Early Iowa* (Des Moines, 1916) pp. 45, 571.

²⁵ Rev. George F. Magoun was the author of *Asa Turner and His Times*, Boston, 1889; and was the first president of Iowa College. *Vide* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 3:53, 86, 92; 6:357; 7:68, 370-371; 8:190.

who is unfortunately in some pecuniary trouble.²⁶ I did it entirely to relieve him and have no advantage from it. I had a very hard horse and finding myself sore from riding, I came directly home on Wednesday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. September 12, Friday afternoon.

My dear Mary:

The wind has been blowing very severely all day, and the heavens are brewing a storm. I have had but little success in my studies. Many things discourage me among my own people. I have too much reason to complain that they all seek their own, rather than to help one another, and to advance the cause of Christ. Here, where all that love the Saviour ought to love one another and strive together for the faith of the Gospel, there exist alienations and divisions. In reading the fifth [chapter] of Matthew, I was led to think that if I should require my people before coming to meeting to be reconciled to their brethren (verse 23-24)²⁷ I should have a very thin congregation. Contention about lands and one thing and another distract our community very much. I asked a very intelligent gentleman who was here this week and who has purchased some property in the neighborhood, from Cincinnati, if he would not move his family out soon. No, said he, I think I must wait until you get a little further along. Isn't that encouraging? . . .

Is Mars indeed the God of War and does he indicate the approach of that dreadful scourge upon our land. I pray not, and yet I watch with fearful anxiety the belligerent elements on the South West. Who does not hang his head to own himself an American who [is] looking at the course our government has taken to perpetuate and extend slavery. I tremble for my country, said an infidel, in view of the enormities of slavery, when I remember that God is just. And has not the Christian who believes God

²⁶ Mr. Shaw.

²⁷ Matthew 5:23-24. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

governs among the nations, reason to fear? There are few evils to be so dreaded as war. What a commentary on the little Christianity in our land is the existence of so much desire for war. I am going to *fire a charge* on the subject as soon as I can "make ready."

I suppose some of your friends will have to study their geography to find out where Iowa and especially Maquoketa is. You must make them all interested in this land, and tell them you will find something for them to do here. There is one interesting thing about Iowa, to wit: that it is the only part of the country West of the Father of Waters which is *free*, thus affording both a more promising field of labor and a more desirable home to all who believe that the Messiah's kingdom "shall break in pieces the oppressor". Psalm 72:4²⁸ It is washed by that river of which that prophetic observor of our country's progress, Jeremiah Evarts, said neary twenty years ago, "that in a hundred years, it will be more traveled than any other thoroughfare in the world." Still as I have often told you—our work is one of self-denial. By the way, I saw in Evart's life, pages 195 and 196, his observation on the difficulties of planting religion in a destitute portion of Tennessee through which he traveled. They apply very nearly to this country. These difficulties are discouraging and yet they are the very reason why we must labor and toil here. The greater the difficulties, the louder the call to self-denying effort. . . .

I have two very excellent ladies here Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Shaw, women of intelligence, good sense, and worth. But I feel that our great effort must be in behalf of the rising generation. If we can be instrumental in establishing our Academy aright, we shall not have lived in vain. In relation to the education of our public schools, strenuous efforts will be needed to have it of a Christian character, and if this cannot be accomplished, we shall have to abandon those schools and work in our own way. You know and I *know* the importance and influence of female education. We want mothers to build up the church and to

²⁸ Psalms 72:4. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

save the state. In all these enterprises I shall feel strong in your cooperation. . . .

I have had no opportunity to preach my Western sermon since I saw you. I preached it in Buffalo and in New York. I shall get up a new sermon on the subject for this latitude next month. I am also plotting a sermon on the original condition of man. Do you think the Garden of Eden was located on a prairie? If not, you may have your eyes opened on the subject another year. . . .

I rarely get fatigued in preaching. I believe it is my business as it is my enjoyment. Mondays I generally spend in reading papers and in little things, though I look at newspapers as matters of the greatest importance. They are of wonderful power in controlling public sentiment. I want they should all be under a Christian influence. There are few objects of greater moment to my mind than the reformation of the Press. I hope we shall be able to do something in this cause one of these days. I am very thankful for papers from you. . . . My relatives were all from Portsmouth, N. Hampshire, where the family has been for several generations. There was a Dr. Salter, clergyman, in Mansfield, Ct. some 60 years ago after whom Dr. Storrs was named, but I know nothing of his family. Those whose names were in the *Puritan* you sent me I know nothing of. . . .

Most affectionately yours,
Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa, September 20, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

I have much to write you. . . . It is now Saturday night and nearly 11 o'clock. I have had a week of joy and of grief. I want to go over all with you, but I have not time. Last Sabbath I preached three times to small congregations, Monday a. m. I visited a little, and then set my face toward Cascade. On my way I visited Mr. Alexander's family. They are an excellent family, Scotch Presbyterian. The girls have attended the Romish school in Dubuque because there was no other school in the country.

I could not but think of you as I was reminded by my preaching in this neighborhood last winter when I had one of the girls to ride to meeting a mile and a half on my horse behind me. I passed through a settlement of Irish Papists where is a log church and school and resident priest. I believe this is one instance of the execution of the plan formed in Europe to Romanize the West of which you have seen notices. I had a delightful visit at Cascade, spent Tuesday there. We talked and sang together. . . .

I found some new cases of sickness on my return home. We are called to mourn a very distressing death in this village. Though I might have mentioned that while at Cascade, I heard of the death by lockjaw of Mr. Alexander, the father of the family I have spoken of above. He died in Dubuque very suddenly. He has left a large family. The other death was that of Mrs. Plato on yesterday morning. She was a widow lady, sister of Mrs. Hall. There were many extremely melancholy circumstances in her decease. I hardly dare to write of them. I was completely unnerved yesterday so that I could do nothing. I was with her when she breathed her last. She was sick but five days, taken with rather a severe bilious fever, but the immediate cause of her death was unquestionably injudicious medical treatment. Her funeral is to be attended tomorrow. I have been engaged all day in preparing a sermon on Romans 14:8.²⁹ She was a very useful woman in my little society here, one of the kindest friends I had here. She was very active and intelligent, a good Sabbath School Teacher. The Lord seems to have no mercy on us. Taking away the best of our Society. Not that I murmur, for this I would never do, but it does seem to be a dark cloud in the prospects of this country. Mrs. P was expecting here in a fortnight from the East a son and a sister. Her heart was set on seeing them. But inexorable death would not wait. It is most twelve and I have not time for reflections. . . Goodnight.

²⁹ Romans 14:8. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, or die, we are the Lord's.

Sabbath eve.

The soft light of setting day seems kindly propitious to my thoughts of the precious one far away. All is peaceful and serene. I trust it is the emblem of the peace of your soul. I had a large congregation this morning, about one hundred, a sad service it was to me. I trust I shall be made better by it. In preaching this afternoon from Luke 21:34-35³⁰ I could not but illustrate the state of mind in which we ought *always* to live by the fact Mr. Crosby mentions in his sermon on your grandfather's³¹ death, that a few hours before his death he said, "Seventy and seven years *have I been waiting* for this crisis." By the help of Heaven's grace, let us so live. . . .

I must go and visit a sick man and then to prayer meeting, after which I will write a few lines if I can get out of this preaching strain.

It has got to be past midnight . . . and the bedside of a sick man is a poor place whence to write you. But I am in a good school. The lessons I learn tonight will come in play perhaps when you want a little nursing. My patient is a Rhode Islander. A sketch of his history may add a short chapter to your ideas of the motley mixture of society in the West. He fell out with some of his family at home, and came here where he has been engaged like a true Yankee in all kinds of business to get a living by his wits, keeping school, *talking*, and trading. He is *irritable* and cross and has made himself obnoxious to many of our people. He is a Unitarian; he has a severe attack of bilious fever. I am doing the best I can for him, but I find myself a poor nurse. . . .

You understand from what Mr. Badger told you the relation of the A. H. M. S. to churches in the West. The Society does not direct or dictate either to church or minister. It advises. The church at Burlington probably feel very independent and high-minded. I have never preached to them. My conduct in relation to the whole matter will

³⁰ Luke 21:34-35. And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

³¹ Amos Tufts.

be, as I know you will wish it to be, directed, I trust, by that Latin motto which we fell in with at the McLean Asylum. I have Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. The light of my candle is about dim enough to tell you my cloudy views of his speculations. But as I write for your comprehension, I had better wait for the light of day and for a time when my mind has rested from the labors of preaching. My portfolio is I believe *perfectly* a sanctum. I have all confidence that the family I board with are not busy bodies. I have a lock and key to it. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, September 25, 1845.

My dearest friend:

I have been in vain trying to write a sermon this week There are troubles also in the community. You never know what to expect or rather what not to expect in so new a country. When you begin to think that the prospects of society are good they are perhaps all clouded over in half a day. I have a sore trial with one of my elders, he has been behaving very bad, and we shall probably have to cut him off. I had a pretty good attendance at prayer meeting last evening. . . .

You ask about ministers around me. Mr. Kent is a dull preacher, always writes, but can make a very fervent appeal and tell a rousing story for the West. I. D. Stevens of Platteville, W. T., 60 miles north east of this, is now in the East. The West has a competent advocate in him. He was for many years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. among the Indians at Mackinaw and St. Peters. Rev. Mr. Wells, chaplain at Prairie Du Chien, would charm any congregation with the felicity of his style and the grace of his address. J. J. Hill in Clayton Co. is of rather a heavy, slow cast of mind, but Mrs. Hill is all soul and go ahead. You know of Mr. Holbrook as a forcible animated preacher, a vigorous writer and devoted to his work. Brother Boal of Marion, I have never heard. He, however, has a good reputation. Brother Turner has a well-balanced mind and preaches good plain sermons. Brother

Emerson is a very zealous animated preacher, unfortunately sings a little when excited, I mean has a singing tone. He labors at Albany, Illinois and in Dewitt, 20 miles s. east of me. Brother Adams preaches a serious, sober, dignified and instructive sermon. Brother Robbins is a plain, clear and interesting preacher. In the South, Rev. D. Lane is in my opinion, head and shoulders above his brethren. I think he always writes. He has a discriminating strong mind, is of the highest moral excellence, and commends himself as a man of God and minister of Christ to every man's conscience. I had a letter from him last week in which he informs me that he is going East very soon for his wife's sake. She has the dropsey and is considered dangerous. He hopes that "home" and the sea air may benefit Mrs. L. . . .

Saturday afternoon. September 27.

I had just mended my quill when I was interrupted by a call from the new Methodist preacher who has just arrived on the circuit. . . . Our association is at Davenport October 21. I shall probably preach in Dubuque Oct. 12.

. . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 4, 1845.

Dear Mary:

. . . . This week has been of chilly blustering weather, and a little cold with the sickness and death around me have perhaps too much perturbed me. Having heard that Mr. Smith, a missionary of the A. H. M. S. at Bellevue who came into this country in June is sick, I went to see him. I found him just recovering from ague and bilious fever. He thinks that he cannot have his health in this country and so is about returning home (Litchfield, Maine). I endeavored to encourage him and urged him to go *home* with me, promising to nurse him the best I could, but his heart is set in getting by his mother's fire-side. He thought of leaving this week. . . . I got some cold in riding, was overtaken by one or two showers, and should have rested this week, but have been called on to

visit the sick and attend three funerals. I am much better today. So much sickness is indeed very distressing. There are very few families in which some are not or have not been sick. The whole country shares in the calamity. I saw this afternoon a gentleman from Rock River who says there is much more sickness there than here. I hope the people may learn righteousness, but at present the sickness is so extensive that little else can be thought of than the care of the sick. I cannot but hope that as cold weather is setting in health will return. I feel that I cannot be too thankful for that kind Providence that has so constantly watched over and sustained me while sickness and death have visited so many. How loud the admonition to work while it is day for night cometh when no man can work. . . .

You will probably be amazed when I tell you that the last of my written sermons is number 24, and two years in the ministry! I had letters this evening from New York from my father and brother, and Sister Mary which speak of Mr. Shackford of Burlington who heard of our matters in Charlestown. He was on his way West. He was from Portsmouth, N. H., and is probably acquainted with some of your friends. He spoke of my good fortune in the highest terms. Mr. S. was agent to collect funds in aid of the church in Burlington. He raised \$450.00, is deacon of the church. An excellent man.

The sickness of the country is hindering every kind of labor. Our brick are just burned, but it is now so late that it is found we shall not be able to erect our building this fall. I have engaged to have me a study built for about \$135—14 feet by 22—nine feet high room. It is uncertain about my leaving here and in case I should I think I could sell without loss. I have a very pleasant location. If we remain here, I will build a brick house in front of it next spring, and this may serve as a kitchen. . . .

Some of my friends want me to go East. But I have never allowed myself to think in earnest of the matter. My father in his last expresses the wish that in a year or

two I would think of settling in the East. He has always wanted me to feel young, telling me that I should not be in my prime till I was past thirty, and that I ought not to marry much before that age. You will not indulge the thought, my dear, that I came West from any disrelish for the privileges of cultivated society. I deem it as sacred a trust to guard well the temples which the fathers founded as to lay in regions beyond the foundations of society. The work in both places demands the best men. I desire to be the child of Providence. . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Dubuque, October 13, 1845.

Dear Mary:

How are you this rainy Monday morning, October 13, 1845, . . . ? Now I have my pen in the study corner of Mr. Holbrook's³² sitting room. . . . I came here from home on Saturday, a very raw and chilly day, got some cold which was a poor preparation for preaching yesterday. Preached to a congregation of seventy-five in the Baptist meeting house. The Congregational Church is getting along very well with their house, will have it finished in December. Mr. Holbrook has had to oversee its erection and attend to almost everything about it. Ladies in Park Street Church, Boston, and in Hartford, Ct. are sending out boxes of articles to be sold at a fair this winter here for the benefit of the house. The Ladies here have also a society to sew for the same object, of which Mrs. Holbrook has the superintendence. She by the way, I may say, is a native of Farmington, Ct., but lived several years in Jacksonville, Illinois; is a good housekeeper. On my arrival here, I heard that Brother [E. B.] Turner has had a bilious attack. I am only now waiting for clear weather to go out to see him. The church here is small for so large a place, there being about 2,000 population here, only 50 members. The Methodist church here has by far the most wealth and largest numbers of any Protestant society. . . .

³² Rev. John C. Holbrook, *Vide THE ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, 1:527; 7:594, 602-604.

Last week we had at Andrew the annual meeting of our County Bible Society during the session of Court. You would have laughed to have seen me lodged in a log cabin with some twenty persons, some few on beds and many on the floor. But the good landlady gave me the best bed in company with an old gentleman from Delaware, formerly an Indian agent in Illinois. He had been at one time a prisoner among the Indians and expecting to be shot, but was rescued by a friendly tribe. Our Bible Society is small and but a few take any interest in it.

One of the old settlers has just been in to see me. He was here 13 years ago when nothing but grass and brush were here, where, as he says, "are now four story brick buildings and back in the country is a four story mill." He is an old miner. If, he says, this place be so changed in thirteen years, what will it be in a century? . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa, October 16,
1845.

Good evening, Mary:

. . . My last left me on the eve of going to Cascade. I was in hopes it had cleared up, but was disappointed and rode twelve miles in the rain. I was in a buggy and tolerably well protected so that I suffered nothing serious. I stopped at a good woman's on the road, a member of brother Turner's church who begged me hard to tarry over night (I stopped to warm), but I could not. I found Brother Turner better though weak. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Davenport, Iowa. October
24, 1845.

My dear Mary:

How do you this pleasant Indian summer? It is just two years ago since I landed in Iowa. May I not say Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I am reminded of a walk I took two years ago this morning up the bank of the Mississippi at Burlington in company with Brother

Turner. We got into a retired place and leaning against a prostrate tree, united in prayer to God, giving up ourselves to the direction of his Providence, and asking, Lord, what wilt thou have us to do? Verily, I have been led in a way that I knew not and may I not indulge the hope that it has been of the Lord.

Here am I this morning in the home of Brother Prescott, an excellent colporteur of the American Tract Society who is laboring in this region. His wife is an active intelligent woman and useful Christian. Brother Hill and wife are also here. Mrs. Hill is a daughter of Deacon Hyde of Bath, Maine, an enthusiastic, cheerful, contented, affectionate spirit, thinks the world of Iowa and of her field in Clayton County. She says she has no desire to go back to New England except to see her father and mother We have had a tolerably interesting Association, but owing to the absence of Brother Adams, who has not yet returned, the minister here, things have been more at loose ends than would otherwise be the case. The only two subjects of interest that have been discussed were those of a union with Presbyterianism, and of Education. Brother Robbins had not prepared his paper on fellowship with slaveholders on account of sickness in his family and congregation, and he was excused until the next meeting.

Last Monday night Brother Turner and wife arrived at Maquoketa. They tarried the night which I enjoyed very much with them. Mrs. T. was very happy at being introduced to your daguerreotype. . . . Tuesday we rode here 40 miles, most of the way over a burnt prairie, rather a dismal prospect. No town on the Mississippi is more handsomely situated than Davenport. It has a population of 900, but they are divided into all the different sects. The Congregational church is small and though it has some excellent members the church has but little character in the community. It would seem strange to you to be in a place where Methodists and Campbellites and Romanists were the leading sects. Rev. J. A. Reed, lately appointed Missionary agent for Iowa, has just taken up his residence

here. He was a native of New Windsor and a New Haven student, Conn. He has been for a number of years in the West, was formerly at Warsaw, Illinois, and last at Fairfield, Iowa. In relation to Burlington he says that last summer Brother Hutchinson's health being very poor, he was advised by Brothers Asa Turner and Lane to give up that field, and in that case those brethren proposed that I should be sent for, and Brother Turner corresponded with Mr. Badger on the subject, who recommended it. But Brother Hutchinson's health being now very much better, so that he says he feels as well as ever he was, he has resumed his labors with a prospect of continuing them. Brother Reed, however, says that he thinks that though Brother Hutchinson may remain this winter there, he will not stay much longer. In this state of things I think that we ought to disabuse our minds of all apprehension or concern on that subject. I feel very happy that I have never opened my mouth on this subject, so that any of my brethren could suppose that I was seeking great things for myself. What a delightful consciousness is that of having the feelings of Psalm 131:1.³³ When I see how comparatively little the brethren on the river towns are doing, I cannot but think that in usefulness I may not be behind them and indeed that my own field promises well in comparison with theirs. . . . I am going as far as Dewitt today to spend the night with Brother Emerson. He has been suffering dreadfully from the ague and is now thin as a shadow. Some of the brethren are thinking they will have a joke with Brother Alden about his house if he comes single handed. The Association appointed the first Wednesday in December a day of fasting and prayer in view of the suspension of Divine Influences. We adjourned to meet at Tipton the first Monday in May.

. . . . Mr. Hill is building a house, 26 by 38, which will cost him 700 dollars. A part of it is finished and they are living in it. We have talked over the plan. . . . All the members of the Association report that their labors have been greatly interrupted by sickness. It is now ten o'clock.

³³ Psalms 131:1. Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

A boat has arrived on which Mr. and Mrs. Hill are going up the river, and Brother Emerson is getting ready for riding home. . . . I preached here from last verse of I Cor. 14, on doctrine: that the New Testament does not give us a definite and full form of Church Polity, and that God requires wisdom and discretion at our hands in managing our church affairs. All things must be done in order, but wisdom is needed and profitable to direct in *what order*. Sermons were also preached on the nature and advantages of revivals by Brother Robbins. Reasons why we should not be ashamed of the Gospel by Mr. Hitchcock of Moline, Illinois—the character and conduct and testimony of witnesses for God on the text: “Ye are my witnesses” by Brother Hill.

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 31, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

. . . . This has been like most other days in the West, a mixed day with me. There is no dull uniformity here. I arose about sunrise from my bed on the floor, having resigned my room last night to a gentleman and his wife from Prairie du Chien. I read from Dr. Hewes of Paul on Mars Hill. . . . After breakfast. . . I got into my study and notwithstanding that the children have been very noisy and a few interruptions . . . I read an interesting lesson in my Greek Harmony of the Gospels and wrote about the third of a sermon, when 4 o'clock called me to an adjourned meeting of my church, at which the resignation of one of my elders was accepted, the other was excommunicated from the church, and it was voted that we hereafter be governed according to the usages of the Congregational Churches. This is the second excommunication from the Church, both of the offending members being somewhat prominent citizens in the neighborhood and being the only ones in the church who subscribed ten dollars towards my support. I have had a severe trial with these men. They have been great stumbling blocks to the advancement of religion. Both

united with the church by letter from other churches. I trust and believe the Lord will overrule it all for good. After this meeting came on supper and chopping a little wood

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, November 8, 1845.

My Mary:

I have just got home from a curious week's work. I told you in my last that Br. Reed was to spend the last Sabbath with me. He preached to a house full. We now meet in a private house and as I looked upon the various substitutes for seats which the people occupied, I could not but think of Paul and his companions at Melita, who escaped from the wreck "some on *boards* and some on *broken pieces* of the ship." Monday morning I rode to the eastern part of the county with Brother Reed to explain the destitutions or rather to make him acquainted with them. We visited a number of scattered families who were sorry that Mr. Smith had left them as sheep in the wilderness and who were anxious to have one sent among them to break the bread of life. Tuesday P. M. we rode into Bellevue where I had previously sent in an appointment for Brother Reed to preach. Who do you think was the first man I met? Brother Alden. Even so. I may have mentioned that I promised to go sometime or other on a journey to Wisconsin with him, and he had taken that time for the business. We found an awful state of stupor as to the interests of religion in town. There were but a dozen to meeting. Brother Alden's plans made an entire change in my arrangements for the week, so the next morning we crossed the river and rode to Galena, where we had a very pleasant call in the family of Mr. Kent.

. . . . That P. M. we rode to Hard Scrabble, W. T., and spent the night with Mrs. Curtis. She has two stepsons in the ministry at Adrian and Ann Arbor, Michigan. We learned here that we were only eight miles from New Diggings, so the next morning we rode thither and found

Brother Lewis on the eve of going to attend a funeral, whither we accompanied him. There were already 50 or 60 graves in the burying ground. After this service, we had a very delightful talk. . . . P. M. we rode to Platteville within a few miles of the Platte Mounds described in the *Home Missionary* for October. Last year I rode over them several times, or rather around them. They present a singular and wonderful appearance. We spent the night at D. J. W. Clark's who, as we wanted to see Magoun, hunted him up and brought in also Miss Johnson and two Miss Buels. We had a piano and good music which made the evening pass off very pleasantly. . . . I came home on the stage (a very black chilly day). . . .

Your own. Wm. Salter.

[The following description of William Salter's study in Maquoketa is extracted from a note written to Miss Mackintire by Rev. E. Alden, Jr., a friend of Salter and Miss Mackintire.]

[Br. Salter's Study, November 12, 1845.]

. . . . I must ask you to imagine a bedstead, light stand, trunks, bookcase, stove, and a couple of chairs, crowded together into an unfinished apartment a trifle over 6 by 10 feet. You will readily suppose that Br. Salter and I are placed in close proximity. . . .

Yours sincerely,

E. Alden, Jr.

[Here Rev. Salter takes up the writing.]

Friday evening, November 14.

. . . . I don't know as I have told you that I have an air tight stove. It is a common mere sheet iron one and heats and cools very quick, but firewood is cheap here. . . . The health of the country is much improved, although there are many cases of ague yet, generally owing to exposure and carelessness. . . . I am ecclesiastically connected with the Congregational Association of Northern Iowa, as you will see by the *Congregational Almanac*, so that it is perfectly proper to call me a Congregationalist, and I very

much prefer that connection to belonging to either the Old or the New School Presbytery in Iowa. . . . In Iowa the old School body have been very unfortunate in having as their leaders two very bigoted and sectarian ministers who are very jealous of the spread of Congregationalism, and who even misrepresent our character, and it is to be feared take pains so to do. . . .

You know fully about my pecuniary circumstances. I have nothing but a salary of 400 dollars a year. I have a library which cost me \$150, and a *horse*. And when my study is built and paid for, I shall have that and perhaps \$100 on hand. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. November 28, 1845.

Dear Mary:

. . . . Oh, if we had such settlers as New England first had, we might hope that this wilderness would bud and blossom. But alas, the wicked and the worldly and the backsliders are the main settlers of this country, and what can be expected unless God remarkably interposes but moral desolation? Not only must ministers and teachers, but pious merchants, farmers and mechanics must come here with the main intent of doing good. And those that take care of the Lord's cause, He will take care of. I preached a Thanksgiving sermon this week to a very small congregation, a written sermon however. Most of the people were in their fields husking their corn. I have a written sermon for tomorrow morning, though it was written six months ago. I have been very much disappointed in not having my study finished. This is indeed the *West*. Only think it is not yet covered. I think I have learned this much, however, to wit—to go to work about building my house the first thing in the spring and to see that it is in a fair way before June. In consequence of a man getting intoxicated while burning a lime kiln, his lime proved a failure and our schoolhouse is in statu quo, the bricks being on the ground instead of in the wall. Thus

I have many things to vex and try my patience. I bear up under them the best way I can. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. December 3, 1845.

My dear Mary:

This day has been observed in my church here as one of humiliation and fasting by recommendation of our Association in view of the low state of religion. I preached a written sermon. . . . from Luke 5:35,³⁴ adapted to this longitude and as you may well suppose no wise suited to Eastern Churches. . . . Monday and Tuesday afternoons I devoted to visiting. Shall I introduce the people to you? Here is Mrs Macloy in a small and disagreeable house by the side of a millpond just recovering from an attack of inflammation upon the lungs. She is a good woman, has experienced a reverse of fortune and passed through the furnace. She was of the Bellows family at Walpole, N. H. Mr. M. failed several years ago, "he took to drink," and though he has made several temporary reformations, and now only once in a while uses the poison, his character is much injured. He was excommunicated from the church here last spring. He does business in a slovenly way, so that his family suffer. Mrs. M. returned this fall from a visit to New Hampshire. She seemed much pleased with my visit and urged me to call as often as I could. She has three daughters (young girls) who are in desperate need of our Academy. I next called on Mrs. Marshall, a widow in a very uncomfortable cabin. She has four little children; is of an extremely covetous disposition, so that though she has means enough to make herself comfortable, yet it seems that she would rather want than part with her money. Going $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile down a "hollow," I came to another poverty-stricken cabin and on knocking and pulling the string I entered the habitation of a Virginian who for forty years has been moving west with the West. I found the old lady in one corner, suffering from ague and from a severe cough. She has seemed to

³⁴ Luke 5:35. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.

be declining for some time. Though she has lived all her days in ignorance, she professes a hope in the mercy of God, that she may find beyond the grave a more comfortable world than this. On another bed were two young men, one afflicted with the ague, and the other with an inflammation of the kidneys. I gave what instruction I could, and rode on a mile to visit another family where sickness and death has been this fall. At one time the whole family had the ague. Mr. Haines had been a Christian in the East (New Hampshire) but has backslidden in this country. He hopes however that his afflictions have been sanctified to him, and now expresses himself determined to serve the Lord. In another family in which I visited is a young woman who for many years has been confined most of the time to her bed from a confirmed diseased state of the digestive organs. . . . You may ask if I like pastoral visiting. I may reply that I like it as a matter of duty, and as enabling me to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and men, and after performing it I come back to my books with a keener relish and I trust with some thankfulness in my heart that God has ordered my birth and education in so much more favorable circumstances than are those of the mass of men. I am led to feel a deeper interest in the improvement of the social condition of the poor. I am sure this is one of the great problems . . . which the latter half (and I trust it will be the better half) of the nineteenth century is to work out. Oh it is too bad that there should be so much suffering and want in this rich world. It may be, however, that this is one of those "organic evils" for which nothing can be directly done, and which the silent influences of the Gospel must cure. What think you, Mary?

Friday evening.

I have just returned from fulfilling an appointment at an embryo village, called because of contention there: Harmony. Had a small room of 30 people who gave good attention. I had "freedom" in extemporaneous discourse, presenting some of the reasons for our being Christians

(I Peter 3:18).³⁵ I was urged to come again, but thought it not best to leave an appointment. The place is two miles east on the river Maquoketa, and sometimes called Bridgeport, from there being a bridge there. In the neighborhood is a Mr. Chandler who was one of the Canada rebels who was sentenced to be hung. At the intercession of a daughter his sentence was commuted to banishment to Van Diemen's land whence he made his escape some three years ago. I came home by moonlight. I ride horseback. I hope to buy a buggy next fall. The roads have been beautiful this fall, and in riding I have often thought how much I should enjoy your company. . . . They are putting shingles upon my study today. It is very cold work. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. December 19, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . It has now been excessively cold for four weeks, and having made my calculations for being in my study a month ago, I am poorly accommodated as I now am. I am expecting, however, to have my study plastered the first mild day, intending to have only one rough coat put on this winter, and I shall soon be better off. I shall ride tomorrow to Mr. Young's (10 miles) and after preaching on Sabbath at Andrew and Dr. Cotton's and visiting a little, except to spend Christmas with Brother Holbrook (at which time his church hold a fair) where I hope to meet Brother Turner and wife. I shall be home again last of next week. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Sanctum Sanctorum
Maquoketa, Iowa. December
27, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . I must tell you a short history of a regular Western

³⁵ I Peter 3:18. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

week's life. Last Saturday afternoon and evening I rode to Br. Young's; I had some business with him as one of the Committee of the Andrew Church to circulate a subscription for my support. He was from Mercer Co. Penn., when the antislavery fever here was high. . . . So we talked till after midnight on the great subject. Sabbath I had but small congregations at Andrew and Deacon Cotton's. The whole country is filled up with families who are Universalists or ignorant persons who have never been brought up to respect the Sabbath, or attend public worship. . . . Monday and Tuesday I visited a number of families six or eight miles west of Deacon Cotton's. Found one old settler whose history is quite a romantic one, Dixon by name, a native of Virginia, lived in St. Louis or thereabouts during the last war. He has traveled five or six times from Missouri to the Selkirk³⁶ settlement on the Upper Red River which empties into Hudson's Bay, driving cattle. A great portion of the way he has traveled on the high ridge which divides the streams flowing into the Mississippi from those flowing into the Missouri. He is an intelligent, gentlemanly man. Tuesday evening I preached to a cabin full in which I spent the night, where [I] found a Mr. Bradley and family from Boston this last summer. . . . Wednesday I rode into Dubuque, walking occasionally however (to tell the truth) and getting my feet warm. I purchased some bedding, and had a pleasant evening at the Ladies' Fair, where, however, I enjoyed most of all a good talk with Jane. Br. Turner stopped to preach on the road and could not come in until Thursday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. January
1, 1846.

A happy New Year, my dear Mary. Only think of it, this is 1846. I trust you are well and have a heart to

³⁶ Dixon and McKnight drove cattle from Pittsburgh, Van Buren County, Iowa, to the Selkirk settlements, afterwards called Pembina, the first town on the Red River of the North after it crosses into Canada. The Dixon and McKnight trail, 1822, is shown in a map owned by the Wisconsin Historical Society. The Iowa State Department of History and Archives has a copy of that portion of the map relating to the trail in Iowa.

praise the name of the Lord. If so, let us unite in that inimitable doxology, "praise God from whom all blessings flow." . . . I never could write poetry and it is several years since I made a rhyme, but as I am in the West and this is New Year's the following just now popped into my head:

Five moons are past, my chosen friend,
 And soon the other five will end;
 Then let us meet no more to part,
 And hand with hand, and heart with heart,
 We'll join ourselves as long as life
 To be your husband and my wife.

What think you, dear, of this proposal?
 Please let me know in rhyme or prosal.

After a severely cold December the weather has moderated a little and today has been an old-fashioned rain-storm. The rain comes pit-pat upon my roof. The wind is rising and with every heavy gust my house shakes a little. It was so late in the season I could not get the underpinning laid, so that the house stands on stone only at the corners. . . . With my thick boots³⁷ I tramped down to Mr. Shaw's to supper (about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile) and back again. The road has become very muddy. I borrowed a lantern to light myself back again to bed. . . . My study is delightfully situated on high ground overlooking the embryo village; three-fourths of a mile north is the Maquoketa and its timber.³⁸ South stretches off the boundless prairies, West is a beautiful farming country, there being a beautiful grove at a mile distant in that direction. East on the other side of the road is the five acres belonging to the Academy, on the highest point of land in which is the site for the Institution, being the highest point of land in the neighborhood. And still farther east, (a little north) is No. 7 Union street. The road in front of the

³⁷ On November 12, 1844, he purchased the following items: overcoat \$5; shut-in, air-tight stove \$5; fur cap \$3; a pair of boots \$2.37 $\frac{1}{2}$; and on December 3 a pair of leggings costing \$1.00. A leghorn hat, purchased June 23, 1845, cost \$2.50.

³⁸ Rev. Salter built his study on the two acres of land he owned. Mr. Shaw had given him an acre and he had purchased an adjoining acre for \$25. The house cost \$125.00, and its underpinning \$25. He paid \$63.50 for digging and walling the well, and \$18.21 for lining it with 5025 bricks. The cedar fence posts cost \$55, and he paid Mr. Shaw fifty cents to set out two maple trees. His taxes for 1846-7 were \$6.25, and he figured the total cost to be \$318.46.

house is the stage road from Dubuque to Davenport. My study door is some 80 feet from the road. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa.] Saturday afternoon
January 10, 1846.

My dearest one:

How do you this beautiful, clear, comfortably cold weather? . . . Well, my dear, this has been a busy week with me. Last Sabbath I had a congregation of over fifty at Andrew. On Monday I visited and preached seven miles west of Deacon Cotton's.

Eve.

Here Br. Turner came, and I was glad to see him. He is sitting by me. We have just returned from preaching. He gave a good written sermon on the character of Balaam. Tuesday of this week I visited several schools, and returned here in the evening. Wednesday was pretty much devoted to reading up newspapers etc. In the evening we had an interesting Temperance meeting, a good written address from our schoolmaster, and good singing, that is, good for this country. Some twenty signed the pledge and among these one who has been at times in the habit of drinking excessively. Thursday and Friday I expected Br. Turner here but as he did not come, I had to preach those evenings and visit some during the day. Yesterday afternoon we had a church meeting and seven united with us by letter. I had hoped there would have been some interest among the people at this time, but they are generally stupid though the attendance in meeting has been pretty good and there is a better state of feeling in the church than there has been for some time. There will be no difficulty in getting locks on our doors. I have one on this, but the cabins of the people are often without them.

I shall want to hear Father's lectures on economy, but from your last letter, for I have been so fortunate (here I left off to have a talk with Br. T[urner] about our house, the privations of the Missionary, etc.) as to have received yours of the 20th Dec. [on] the 7th inst. I know not but I

must talk to him on the same subject, for a house that cost 1,000 dollars will make many eyes stare in so new a country, and 500 dollars of furniture will give some the impression that we are very proud. This reminds me of the inquiry of a man who got me some wood and was in to see me this week. As he looked at my small library, [he said], "Why, you keep a great bookstore, don't you?" To a reasonable extent we need not expose ourselves to the prejudices of the people. As you say, we want comforts. Extravagance is as bad taste as it is bad policy. And yet for the Far West I am comparatively well off in having a few families who having themselves been used to comfortable circumstances elsewhere, will not be surprised or prejudiced against us. And this place, I think, is destined to improve so rapidly that we shall have many good families in the neighborhood. There are nine families living in what is called [the] town. The country around is settled in every direction by a rapidly increasing population. A valuable mill privilege on the South Fork of Maquoketa, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from town, is now being improved. I think that in case of building as you propose, if we should want to sell immediately we might find difficulty in obtaining a purchaser, but in a few years we should probably be able to sell to some advantage. In this state of things, as you may well suppose, I feel some delicacy about going ahead. . . . You will think it strange that I have not had time this week to read Milton, but I will do so tonight.

There are over 3,000 people in this county. It is universally admitted to be the next best county after Linn in northern Iowa for agricultural purposes. Andrew contains some fourteen families. . . . I have to visit a great deal more than I like. I would much rather be in my study, but the work, though humble, is great. Unless we can outvisit, outtalk, and outreach Methodists, sectarianists, and errorists, Congregationalism can't live, much less flourish here. Why, a man told Br. Turner that he never heard of a Congregational church before. He verily thought Br. Turner was starting some new sect, and

when Br. Turner told him there were Congregational churches in New England over 200 years old, he looked up in utter amazement. . . . I ride to Andrew horseback and preach in the uncomfortable log courthouse. . . .

[Yours, Wm. Salter]

Maquoketa, Iowa. January 23, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . Last Saturday at Andrew I found a letter from Burlington, giving a sad account of things there. I wish I could read it to you. . . . Br. Hutchinson's health has failed again, so that he has not preached since the middle of last month. The letter says, "Mr. H[utchinson] has signified his wish not to be considered any longer as our minister, nor can we indulge the hope that he will ever preach again." How hard to have a minister out in this wilderness laid aside. Br. H. is very much beloved by his brethren here. How disturbing it must be to Mrs. H. I am not acquainted with her, but reports give her a high character. The letter is from Mr. Albert Shackford,³⁹ formerly from Portsmouth, N. H. He has a sister in Cambridge (Mrs. Stacey, I believe) who used to be a fine girl. He says, "truth is trodden in the dust and orthodoxy is a reproach in Burlington." His brother (C. C. Shackford) who was formerly settled near Boston and at whose installation Mr. Theodore Parker preached his famous sermon which was one of the first developments of modern Unitarianism, preaches to a "Moral and Spiritual Reform Society," which, however, goes vulgarly under the name of the "India Rubber and Free and Easy Church." He is popular and has a large congregation from the very men who ought to be under orthodox preaching. Br. Hutchinson's congregation is represented as scattered and his "little church discouraged." The letter invites me to "come to Burlington, and see its condition, and ascertain if there I could not be more widely useful than anywhere else in Iowa." . . . I have sought wisdom from above. I

³⁹ The complete story of this correspondence, together with the letters, may be found in the author's article, "Notes on the Salter-Shackford Correspondence" in THE ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series 18:412-419.

am sure I have no desire to go to Burlington unless it is plainly the Lord's will. . . . Yet the Lord knows what is best. I have committed the matter to Him, and trust I shall never ask any other question than, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" I had engaged to preach for Br. Turner the third Sabbath in February, so that I cannot leave here until the 18th of that month, when I propose to go in the stage to Burlington, as I have written Mr. Shackford. I shall probably spend two Sabbaths there, leaving to return here the 2nd. of March. . . . I should say that I desired Mr. Shackford to write me if that time would be agreeable to the Church for me to visit them, and I shall probably hear by the 2nd of February. . . . Burlington is, I know, a hard place. My energies will be far more taxed than they are here. But in those things I rejoice that the power of Christ may abound in me. But it is strange that just at this time as I have at last got fixed for study, and as I am on the eve of arranging to build, this invitation should come. . . . You wish me to be where the Lord would have me. If the Lord makes the way plain, I shall go cheerfully and gladly. We should find much more society there, and if I can be adapted to the state of things there and reach the folks that we must reach in order to effect much, it will be a grand field of usefulness. But the Church must be united, and they must want me for their pastor (as I told Mr. Badger in New York last summer). . . .

We have beautiful winter weather this month. No snow of any account, not enough for sleighing. Happiness depends upon the mind, not upon circumstances. People here are very poor, but as happy as any I ever met with. They have their own joys. A crop of the finest of the wheat makes them as happy as a successful year's business pleases the Milk street merchants. . . . I have written this week a sermon, "Sin and Its Consequences," Romans 5:12,⁴⁰ and laid it away. . . . We have no Sabbath school in the winter. Deacon Cotton was superintendent at Andrew, and Mr. Fletcher [?] here in the summer. Good

⁴⁰ Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

men, but not competent. I have but few good teachers.

Saturday night. Jan. 24.

. . . . My dear come and hear me tomorrow. Take a seat on that *hard* bench. We have no pews in this country. In the p. m. I will tell you of the evils of covetousness in making a man (1) discontented (2) envious (3) of a grasping disposition (4) leading him to fraud and crime (5) or perhaps engendering a miserly disposition (6) in being fatal to the existence of religion as (a) it prevents conversion (b) is forbidden in the church and (c) is excluded from Heaven—the application, I don't know what it will be, for I have yet to write that. I believe my sermons are on no particular model—I aim at variety of style, and have not sense enough to be anything else than "*Preacher*" Salter, as is the universal title of the clergy in this country. By the way, that word lets you into the knowledge of a minister's business here. He must *preach*. If he can't do that, this is no place for him. Br. Holbrook has sent me an invitation to his dedication next Thursday. I shall probably go if the weather is good, in which case I will write you from Dubuque on Friday. . . .

Your affectionate,

Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. Feb. 17, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

The Antislavery folks have sent me their missionary paper and as it is part of my religion to read all sides and then think for myself, I will give you a thought. . . .

Wednesday p. m.

I returned Monday after an interesting time at Cascade where I exceedingly enjoyed a visit with Br. [Edwin B.] T[urner] and had a congregation of 100 on the Sabbath. I preached six times, some seemed to be affected. Br. T. has some difficulty in his church from the prejudices from an Associate Reformed Presbyterian who objects to singing by the choir, and to the principle of total abstinence and to all new measures. Br. T. has done a great work in

Cascade, gathered a church in the midst of much opposition and out of the most unpropitious materials. . . . You will be pleased to hear that we have very comfortable weather now. The roads are in good order and I am expecting a tolerably pleasant though long and lonely ride to Burlington. . . .

Monday morning, February 23. Bloomington, Iowa.

. . . Shall I tell you about my journey? I left home as I had arranged on Thursday. The weather became cold and before noon a regular Yankee snowstorm from the northeast came down upon me. I wrapped myself as well as could be in blankets and buffalo (being in an open wagon) and reached Br. Adams at Davenport before night. I there found Br. Emerson of DeWitt and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Davenport is a favorite place of many of our brethren for the location of our college. The next day I came in an open sleigh to this place where I expected to have met the Burlington stage, but it did not come through, not being able to get over the Iowa River, it is supposed, in consequence of the running ice. So I am here. I am happy the Lord ordered it so, as Brs. Robbins and Alden went to Burlington to see Br. Hutchinson last week and were there to supply yesterday. It is also supposed that Br. Reed is there. The Congregational church have a neat house here, built mainly by themselves at a cost of \$800. I had a congregation of about 100 yesterday who gave good attention.⁴¹ I was requested to preach again this evening.⁴² The Burlington stage is expected up today and if it comes, I shall leave in it tomorrow at 3 a. m. Br. Hutchinson is said to be failing very fast. Br. Robbins has a pleasant church here, a number of good families in it, but there is unhappily an Old School Church here dividing those who ought to be one.

⁴¹ Deuteronomy 28:1. And it shall come to pass if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.

Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

⁴² Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

Your rhymes, my dear, are very good,
 And if I could, I surely would
 Reply to you in rhyme again
 And bless you for your gen'rous strain.

But ah these dull and wintry days
 Are slow to help a rhymester's lays.
 The snow and ice and frozen ground
 Afford a dreary prospect round.

Oh soar, my muse, to nobler things!
 And lend me, hope, thy blessed wings!
 That I may see next June at hand
 And Mary's heart and Mary's hand
 Fast bound with mine, in holy love,
 With rapt'rous joy like that above.

Then haste, ye lingering months away!
 And bring that bright, that blessed day.

The village at Maquoketa is north from my house. Houses are scattered over the prairies. . . . Our log schoolhouse is near Mr. Shaw's on the other side of the road. Now don't think of such a village as you ever saw, but only of a few poor houses near one another. . . .

This place is 60 miles from Burlington. If I get there this week, unless strongly urged, I shall return next week and be home March 5. . . .

Ever yours,
 Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. February
 28, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

. . . This has been a sad week, but chastening and subduing are the lessons of life. I mailed a letter to you at Bloomington the first of the week. On Tuesday at ½ [past] 2 a. m., I took the stage for this place, and had a most cheerless and cold ride.⁴³ Just after leaving Bloomington we crossed Muscatine Island, a distance of 12

⁴³ The Stage fare from Bloomington was \$5.75, and Rev. Salter records his expenses on the road as \$2.25.

miles without a house. I made out to live with the aid of a Buffalo [robe] and with getting out and running, until we stopped at a cabin to warm. We went right in before day; the folks were abed. On reaching the Iowa River, we found it had closed the night before. It seemed problematical about the safety of crossing, but the driver unhitched his horses, led them, one at a time and then drew the wagon over. Sixteen miles from here our forward axle tree broke. . . . We arrived about 7 p. m. I found Br. Hutchinson much farther gone than I had anticipated. He is very much emaciated, nothing but skin and bones. I found Mrs. Reed, Robbins, and Alden with him who had assisted him in arranging his temporal affairs. His physicians and friends and himself think him in the lowest stage of consumption. But there are some singular symptoms in his case. He has labored hard to satisfy the demands of his people and worn himself out in their service. . . . O what a change in him from 1843 when he came to Iowa. He was apparently in robust health and had the most flattering prospect of usefulness. Now he is a skeleton on the verge of the grave. . . . Since I have been here my time has been mainly engaged in taking care of Br. H. His equanimity and cheerfulness are truly wonderful and interesting. Mrs. H. is very much beloved and esteemed here and exerts a commanding influence even over those ladies who belong to the India Rubber Church. They have waited upon her with the most unwearied assiduity. [Mrs. Hutchinson's child having been prematurely born.] Her purpose is, I understand, in case of Br. H's removal by death to remain here and engage in teaching. I think she has been a teacher in the Newton Seminary, Mass. She is a lady of dignified manners and winning address.

I am again reminded by these things of the uncertainty of all that may be before us. . . .

Br. Reed and the other brethren left for their homes on Wednesday. Br. Ripley of Bentonsport preached here a short time ago with great acceptance to the people. I am

enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Starr,⁴⁴ formerly of New York, where I was acquainted with him though more intimately with the rest of his father's family (Mr. Charles Starr). Mrs. Starr was from Farmington, Ct., and is a very pleasant lady.

I have not had opportunity to become acquainted here enough to tell you of the state of things. Mr. C. C. Shackford has got hold of that class of people who ought to be under the influence of evangelical preaching and I have no reason to think that I could win them from him. They have shown their attachment to him by offering him a salary of \$500 if he would remain with them, which they will raise among themselves, while Br. H. has never received but little over \$100 from the people here. The Old School Presbyterian church here is small and its minister exerting no influence and about leaving. They raised, it is said, \$3000 in the East last summer to build a church, not only where it is not needed, but where it is doing harm. Let Eastern Christians take care to whom they give funds for the West.

We have very cold weather this week, and the river has closed up. I shall dread going home in the stage. The Church want I should stay two Sabbaths and longer, but unless there be special reasons I shall leave a week from next Monday. Br. Reed thinks I should do more good at Maquoketa than I could here in a long course of years; and many of the Brethren think it advisable that a strong man should be got here from the East. In this case and unless everything here should urge my removal, I shall not hesitate to dismiss the subject. . . . Br. Asa Turner's health is poorly. It is feared that he is in consumption. . .

I have visited in a few families here and find them pleasant. Society here is comparatively formed and cultivated from what it is with us. . . . The Methodists are now holding a protracted meeting here with much noise and stir, but the interest is confined chiefly to their people. . .

Wm. Salter.

⁴⁴ H. W. Starr.

Burlington, Iowa. March
7, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

I have barely time to mention that our dear Brother Hutchinson departed this life at 10 minutes after 3 this afternoon. I sat up with him the latter half of last night. He was very uneasy and complained much of pain, but seemed this morning as he had for two or three days before. About 12 o'clock an ulcer broke, it is supposed, in his lungs and he gradually sunk away in an unconscious state until he gently breathed his last. His funeral is appointed for Wednesday morning, and we shall send for Br. Robbins to preach his funeral sermon. . . . I count myself happy in having been able to minister in his last days to this departed brother. He was a consistent, faithful, and devoted laborer in the Gospel ministry, and has gone to his reward. He was regarded as first among his brethren who came to Iowa in 1843, and was called to occupy a most important post. Beyond a question he has worn himself out in his efforts to build up the church here. Oh, that his labors may be a memorial before the Throne and bring down upon us the richest blessings of Christ's Kingdom. . . . You will excuse me for not answering them now as I have many arrangements for Br. H's funeral to make.

I still walk in darkness as to my future prospects, but *Looking up* I find all light. I cannot think that I "*take*" with the people as a whole. I try to wish nothing but that the will of the Lord be done. Whether I shall go home next week is now uncertain. The ice is going out of the river, and in case steamboats come up, I may go up in one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Tuesday afternoon. March 10, 1846.
Burlington, Iowa.

My very dear Mary:

I was obliged to write you a few very hasty lines last week in the midst of duties devolved upon me by Br.

Hutchinson's death. I had a pleasant Sabbath, preached in the morning from Psalms 90:9,⁴⁵ and concluded with a brief reference to the late sad event. In the afternoon I preached from I Corinthians 15:3.⁴⁶ Let me take you to the place of meeting. Let us go down the street (Columbia) which runs to the river and a few doors from Water street, which is the River street [now Front street], we enter an old store and find ourselves in the Lord's House. The seats will accommodate a hundred persons. At one end in the corner is the desk. The singing is poor. The audience is attentive and apparently interested. There are a few educated hearers. Mr. Starr was of the class of 1834 in Yale College. His wife was brought up under Dr. Porter's ministry in Farmington, C't. . . .

I have been so much taken up with Br. Hutchinson that I have not become very much acquainted here yet. But I see many things that would make this a desirable place of residence and that afford some reason to hope that if God should call me hither, I might be useful in the ministry. The Church here held a meeting last night, and though I have no direct or formal information from it, I have been given to understand that the Church feels united in desiring my services. In what shape the matter may come up for decision, I know not. We have left the matter with the Lord, and I truly believe we desire nothing but to know his will. I remarked to one of the deacons yesterday that it would perhaps be better for the cause for them to get a minister from the East, but to this he would by no means consent. Some are asking, How long I shall want to be gone in the East this summer? And when I reply, "Three months," they think that won't do. . . . I can't think of anything less, but the cause may require some sacrifice on our part. Would you let me stay

⁴⁵ See footnote 42.

⁴⁶ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

On Sunday, March 1, he preached from John 18:36: Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence; and from Romans 16:8: Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord.

On Sunday, March 8, he preached from Psalms 90:9: For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told; and from I Corinthians 15:3: For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

till July, and shall we return in September? I merely suggest these things now. There is a possibility that we may be called to meet them. The Church has suffered much from having Br. Hutchinson away a good deal and sick much of the time. They want a man that can and will hang on. They are about going on with the House of Worship. They have a tolerably eligible lot. The foundation was laid about three years ago. The House is to be 40 by 60 feet. Two men have engaged to go on with the building, putting up the walls and covering it, and this, it is said, will consume all the means of the Church. Should I remain here, I shall be in hopes to awaken interest enough in the community to have it finished this year. There is wealth enough here to do so, if we can only get hold of it. . . .

Br. Robbins arrived last night and is expected to preach the funeral sermon tomorrow. Mrs. Hutchinson is comfortable but very weak, and we feel will not be able to go out to the funeral. Her mind is composed and resigned. By a very kind Providence Mr. Hutchinson's sister reached here from Springfield, Illinois, the day before he died. It is hoped that Mrs. H. will remain here and engage in teaching. It is said that some of her friends in the East were unwilling to have her come to Iowa.

Boats arrive and depart and do business here on Sunday. The sight of the first boat that came up the river this season excited the wish to depart and hasten to you-ward. But I *must wait*.

. . . . C. C. Shackford is going East next month. His sympathies are not now with the Unitarians at all. He is rather Swedenborgianist; thinks the whole Bible the word of God, and that every verse has a spiritual meaning. He is an erratic genius. He preaches without pay, having refused the salary that was offered him.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Lynx on the Mississippi
March 17, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I wrote you a week ago from Burlington. And now I

am starting home that I may hear from you and decide this eventful question, whether I ought to break up my present relations and settle on the church in Burlington. The Lord has graciously led me hitherto and though my visit has been a melancholy one in connection with the death of Br. Hutchinson, yet I have very much to be thankful for. Last Wednesday was indeed a sad day. The weather was disagreeable. O, the agony of Mrs. Hutchinson, as for the last time she gazed on the remains of her husband. Her afflictions are very severe. She came West contrary to the wishes of many of her friends, and now how desolate is her loneliness. She feels that she has nothing to live for. I can only commend her to the sympathies of a compassionate Saviour, and the mercies of a God of all grace. It is hoped that she will remain in Burlington, and open a school there next fall. She was unable to attend the funeral services at the church where Br. Robbins gave a hastily prepared discourse on the fact that this is not our rest from toil, trouble, and disappointment, and showing that the life of Br. H. was not exempt from the common lot. He had prepared a brief obituary notice of the departed which will appear in the *Hawk-Eye* this week. Brs. Gaylord, Burnham, and myself also took part in the services. After the assembly at the grave had retired, Br. Robbins and myself waited as the narrow house of our Brother was filled up. Ah the thoughts that pressed upon me as I there stood—soon thus with me the dust shall return to the earth as it was, the oak shall send its roots and pierce my mould, and my clay shall be a brother to the insensible rock and sluggish clod which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon. . . .

I had a pleasant Sabbath. Preached two old sermons written in Andover.⁴⁷ After preaching in the afternoon there was a joint meeting of the Church and Society and a unanimous invitation extended to me to become the

⁴⁷On Sunday, March 15, he preached from Galatians 2:2-3: And I went up by revelation, and communicated unto them that gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them that were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run in vain. But neither Titus, who was with me, being a Greek was compelled to be circumcised; and from John 6:66-68: From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.

Pastor of the Church. This invitation was handed to me yesterday. The call is about as regular as could be expected in this irregular country. They desired to give it to me before I left, and so did not wait to circulate a subscription for me and consequently nothing is said about salary. They think the A. H. M. S. will grant them \$300 and that they can raise \$100 or \$150. Think you we could live on such a salary?

. . . . I believe that somehow or other the Lord has given me unusual favor with the Society in Burlington. At any rate, they profess it and their hearts seem much set upon having me as their Pastor. We had prayer meetings nearly every evening last week which were unusually well attended. There is some interest in a few minds on the subject of religion. . . . There are many things which make a residence at Maquoketa desirable—its quiet retirement, its pleasant situation, the prospect of our getting a comfortable home there and an affectionate people all (and especially the fact that I have lived and labored among them over two years and secured an influence in the country) attach me strongly to that spot. I am very sensible to what I shall lose by leaving there. But the importance of Burlington, the union of the Church there in calling me, the fact of its society and manners being more congenial to my early habits and the consideration that the emergencies of the cause there may serve to develop the faculties God has given me to their highest and most serviceable activity, lead me to think that the call is of the Lord—and if *you* and the A. H. M. S. and my brethren generally advise my removal, I shall accept the call. As this seems altogether probable, I will presume to request you to write me next at Burlington, whither if I go, it will be in a few weeks. The Church there has suffered very much from the failure of Br. H's health. For a long time his efforts were of an irregular character, things have become very much scattered, and there is now no time to be lost. The cause in Burlington will require an unremitting, steady, and protracted effort in order to make advancement. I can't tell

you how sad I feel to think my removal there will make it desirable that my visit with you this summer s'd be shorter than I had contemplated. . . . If I go to Burlington I am in hopes to obtain board in Mr. Starr's pleasant family. . . .⁴⁸

After waiting all day yesterday for a boat, I went to bed at 10, but was turned out at 12 with a report of a boat being on hand. So I sent word to Br. Robbins, and made haste and reached the river just as the boat was under way. I detained it till Br. Robbins and family came along when we put up stream. The river is now very low, lower our Captain says than he has ever known it before for 18 years at this season. We expect to be at Bloomington at noon, and I hope to be at Davenport tonight where I shall take the stage for home tomorrow.⁴⁹

The scenery on the Mississippi is interesting to a stranger, but soon becomes tedious and dull. Spring has as yet but developed on some sunny slopes few blades of grass. Nature seems dead. Nothing but islands covered with trees and sand banks appear around us. Yet in silent majesty this stream rolls on. In a few generations the wealth of the Indies will not surpass the treasures that will be embarked on this river. Everything in the West goes by noise. This is a high pressure boat. I was amused to see the mulattoes rattle every plate they put on the breakfast table this morning. At one table some of the passengers are earnestly engaged in card playing. Here sits your friend *solus*. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. March
21, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I arrived home on the 19th . . . I found the stage at Davenport full of passengers, so Br. Adams loaned me his horse and borrowed a sulky for me, and on Wednes-

⁴⁸ On March 16, he purchased from Mrs. Hutchinson a part of her husband's library for \$8.40.

⁴⁹ The fare on the Lynx from Burlington to Davenport was \$2.50.

day I came to Dewitt where I passed a pleasant night with Br. Emerson. Thursday morning I got five miles on my way and met the stage with Br. Turner and wife in, on their way to his father's near Alton, Ill., so I turned back, took dinner with them at Dewitt, had a pleasant chat and came on home. I have pretty nearly made up my mind that the Lord w'd have me labor in his cause at Burlington and shall probably write the Church accepting their invitation next week. I design removing thither, if the Lord will, the 6th or 7th of April. But how much have I to do by way of preparation. My people here have generally expressed a strong desire that I should remain with them. I believe the Lord has given me a place in some affectionate hearts here and it grieves me to think of leaving them. With them I have labored and prayed. Here I have toiled and suffered. I have reason to think that I have the confidence of the people in a large and rapidly growing section of country, and that in time I c'd do them great good. Here is my pleasant study, and a fair prospect of a comfortable and quiet home. Were, in these circumstances, a change a thing of my own seeking, I should distrust. Although my labors here w'd give me a promise of accomplishing much in the future, yet I trust they may be of service to me in Burlington, although my efforts there must be in many respects of a different character. At any rate, as Br. Emerson remarked, I shall be able to sympathize with my brethren in the country.

Before I leave I am anxious to visit a good many of my people. I must prepare a farewell sermon. I have a good deal of business with one man and another to settle up, property to dispose of, &c.

Burlington is a hard place, but I beg you not to think too bad of it. Don't for a moment imagine that we shall be martyrs in going there. As to worldly comforts, society, and this life we shall be more comfortably situated than we could be anywhere in the territory, unless Dubuque be excepted. If we can get the House of Worship finished this summer, I shan't want a better place

to preach in. There are many kind and clean hearted people, and if I can only get hold of those who ought to be under orthodox influence, I may do great good. There is a large community to work on, and though the present place of worship is full (holding about one hundred) yet when we get the church up, I shall have to gather in a congregation to fill it. A great deal depends upon a man's personal aside from his ministerial influence. People distinguish between a black coat and a fine man. My position will be a trying one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Iowa. March 25, 1846

My dear Mary:

I have now decided one of the most eventful questions of my life and accepted the invitation to become the Pastor of the Church in Burlington. I have endeavored this day to draw nigh to God, specially humbling myself in view of my unworthiness and unfaithfulness as a minister of Christ and imploring the Divine direction and blessing in the new and trying scenes before me. We have to acknowledge God, thou precious friend, in this as in all our ways, and I cannot but think that this counsel is of Him. And yet I go forward "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." The union of the Church and Society, the advice of many friends, the congeniality of society in Burlington to our predilections, tastes, and habits, the wide field of usefulness, and the pressure there on my mental activity which I am conscious is developed, not self-moved but only on demand, and many little things make my duty tolerably clear to my mind. Let us then go forward, giving thanks to the Lord, and trusting in His holy name. . . . I shall commence my labors on the second Sabbath in April, and design preaching on that day from I Corinthians 2:2.⁵⁰ . . .

From the fact that the church in Burlington has given me a unanimous call, you may well suppose that they are not so critical as has sometimes been represented. The

⁵⁰ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.

people were extremely kind and attentive to Br. Hutchinson. He spoke to me of their kindness to him with deep emotion, and Mrs. Hutchinson is very much beloved and tenderly sympathized with. There is but one House of Worship in the place, that is a Methodist one, a plain brick building which will seat some 350, and is generally filled. They talk of enlarging it. Mr. Norris, their minister, is a man of good spirit from Maine. His wife is going East this summer. There are two German congregations, one Evangelical and the other Methodist. I mistake; there is a Romish House, but they have no priest now. This influence is comparatively small, though some leading political characters are connected with it. There is an Episcopal church ministered to by Mr. Bâcheler, an old Andover student, and an Old School Presbyterian church of some dozen members. Their minister preaches $\frac{1}{2}$ his time, is from Kentucky, and it is said, is about leaving. The Congregational church consists of about 40 members. James G. Edwards (editor of the *Hawk-Eye*) and A. S. Shackford are the deacons. Mrs. Edwards was formerly a member of Dr. Wisner's church in Boston, and is a devoted Christian. . . . I preached in Burlington from John 18:36,⁵¹ Rom. 16:8,⁵² Psalms 90:9,⁵³ I Corinthians 15:3,⁵⁴ Gal. 2:15-16,⁵⁵ John 6:66-68,⁵⁶ generally with ease and to an attentive congregation. Whether they will listen with so much interest when I have ceased to be "a new thing" among them is problematical. . . . I find it a greater struggle than I had anticipated to break away from my relations here. Many are expressing their regret at my leaving them. Mr. Shaw offered to give me an

⁵¹ John 18:36. Jesus answered, My Kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.

⁵² Romans 16:8. Greet Amp'ias, my beloved in the Lord.

⁵³ Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

⁵⁴ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

⁵⁵ Galatians 2:15-16. We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.

⁵⁶ John 6:66-68. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life.

acre of land for which he has charged me \$25 if I will stay. One man who was excommunicated from the church last spring was in to see me yesterday and said he wants me to stay. I find I have formed a strong attachment to this study and to my plans for building here. One good mother in the church says she don't think I will go yet. Another thinks I will be back in a year. Mrs. Shaw complains of the people in Burlington, and Mr. Shaw says he shall feel discouraged, for if they send a smart man here, someone will call him away, and if they (i. e. the A. H. M. S.) send a fool, they don't want him. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, April 3, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had a hard struggle in breaking away from Deacon Cotton and Br. Young this week. The old men seemed to sorrow most that they should see my face no more. I shall have people of more polish and less roughness, but no warmer, no truer hearts. It seems strange that I am breaking away from them. . . . I must shave before it is all night. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How strange is this thing of a new home! Time in its rapid flight has hurried me here. I am surrounded by new friends, new associations, and am to engage almost in new pursuits. I am just prospectively anchored again. I moved this morning to Mr. J. G. Edward's.⁵⁷ Have unpacked my books, put the table into the middle of the room, now my first business and my first pleasure is to give you my first thoughts. Would that you were with me. . . . I must tell you of my journey. Last Sabbath I had a large and deeply interested congregation at Maquoketa. Br. Young and his two boys came 10 miles on foot to be present. In the afternoon I preached my farewell, and

⁵⁷Vide Philip D. Jordan, "The Life and Works of James Gardiner Edwards" in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, 23:459-502.

administered the sacrament. An interesting young lady was received into the church from the Methodist church in New York. As I briefly reviewed my ministry and pointed to the graveyard where but two years ago we had buried the first corpse and where was now almost a congregation of the dead, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. It was hard to leave so many good friends. They expressed the idea that I would come back and live with them in a few years. Monday of this week was a very stormy day. Tuesday it blowed a tempest. Wednesday afternoon I came to De Witt and passed a very pleasant night with Br. Emerson. The next day I came to Davenport. I found the Wapsipinicon was rising; in fording it the water came into our wagon box. I just had time to get dinner with Br. Adams, call on a few friends, and visit the ground for the location of the projected college when a steamboat (the Falcon) came in sight. The next morning at 9 o'clock, I reached Burlington. I do not board with Mr. Starr's family, as I had anticipated, in consequence of their intending to take Mrs. Hutchinson with them as soon as she can be moved and as they are also contemplating a visit East this summer. Mrs. H. has been quite sick since I was here and is not now able to leave her room, though some better. Ah, the severity of her lot! How dark the ways of Providence! She has my tenderest sympathies. Anything I can do for her shall not be wanting. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were Boston folks, they are very kind. I have a pleasant room in a one-story house. From my windows is a view of the Mississippi. In one corner are my books on some rickety shelves. In another my bed—on the east side a Franklin stove (it is quite cold today). The family is rather large, and I shall not be so retired as I could wish. But if you can form any idea of my situation you may think of it as tolerably pleasant. . . . The streets are very muddy at present. Burlington is very different from Maquoketa, but hardly more so than it is from Charlestown. There is everything to be done here. Some one remarked yesterday that the church never had a minister who was here through the summer.

... Mr. C. C. Shackford left for the East this week before I arrived, otherwise I would have desired him to call on your father. He is uncertain about his returning. It is rather to be hoped for our good that you can keep him East. He has property here, a steam flouring mill. My Church have not procured a better room for meeting, and we may have to suffer for the want until the church is built. Our singing is very poor, not any better than we had at Maquoketa.

... My study hours are in the morning and evening. The mornings for research or planning, the evening for writing and light reading. I can make very good resolutions in entering upon my labors here. I well know that it will be enough for me to attend to this people, but in this country we have so much outdoor work for the whole country which can only be done at a sacrifice of much time, that I dare not prophesy how I shall manage. You will find out that my study is par excellence my home. I cannot tell whether I shall succeed in my studies and in preaching, but one thing I know, that I can never succeed in anything else. I should be sorry to make my own feelings and habits a criterion by which to judge others, for there are diversities of gifts, but I cannot see how anyone can succeed in the ministry unless he gives himself "wholly" to the work. It would be wicked to deny having at times some hankering after a pleasant settlement in the East, but I try to repress those desires which, like the fool's eyes, are to the ends of the earth. I shall never seek anything of the kind. As I came down the river and meditated upon the elements of future greatness in this valley, my spirit was stirred within me to do something to make this a goodly commonwealth, which should belong to the Kingdom of Christ and be to His praise. But our destiny is sealed. We are but the East over again, unless indeed there is a deterioration. I realize more deeply than ever the vast importance of influential men in the East. Our law in the West comes forth from your Zion. At present, however, if you are agreed, Burlington shall be

enough for the measure of our ambition. And in this uncertain world we will not presume upon tomorrow. . . .

Your, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 23, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do this pleasant afternoon? As I look out over the river and see the fresh green of young life on shrub and tree on its banks, I want you here to respond as I call it beautiful. . . . Our congregation was crowded last Sabbath morning. I am preparing for next Sunday on the necessity of Revelation from Job 37:23,⁵⁸ and in the afternoon wish to preach on the church as a House of prayer for all nations. In my morning sermon I design, with some irregularities, to go through a systematic presentation of divine truth. My afternoon sermon will be occasional and pro tempore. Thursday evening the regular weekly prayer meeting held at private homes. Friday evening of this week we design making an effort to advance the Sabbath School cause, and have a meeting appointed for that purpose. The attendance of our school is generally 60. We want more teachers and a new library. There is also a school in a destitute part of the town called "Lower Town," superintended by one of my congregation which is in pressing want of a library. I think it deserves a donation. And if your sewing circle has not dispensed all their charities yet, should be happy if they would send on a library. The singing in my church continues very poor. The ladies have a sewing circle to aid in building the church. They think of furnishing it. They meet every fortnight. . . .

Burlington has about 3000 inhabitants. The land rises from the river gradually. The fifth street from the river on the north part of town is on the bluff some 120 feet or more above the level of the river. Hawk-Eye creek, a spring run, a very little bubbling stream, runs through the south part of town, below which is the lower town built on more level ground. I am sorry I can't give you a draft.

⁵⁸ Job 37:23. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice; he will not afflict.

There are many large brick stores and some good houses with many very poor ones. A few families live in good style as people do with you, but most are poor. I don't know any town in the East like B. New Burgh on the Hudson which is more than twice as large, looks a little like it. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson is some better, was moved to Mr. Starr's last week. She is a woman of great fortitude. I generally call on her every day. . . .

Wm. Salter.

[Burlington, Iowa] Thursday
6 p. m. April 28, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . I had planned a ride out in the country yesterday with Mrs. Hutchinson, but bad weather kept me home and it has rained all this day. We shall go the first pleasant day. She is mending very slowly. . . . I visited eight families yesterday with Deacon Edwards. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 30, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . Mr. Warren⁵⁹ went East this morning, via St. Louis. I gave him a letter to your father. He is a member of my congregation. A very intelligent man, broke down in business East, I understand, and came here in 1844. His wife, from Granby (not Granville) went East a short time ago. He had leased Mr. Shackford's mill which being burned down he is thrown out of business. Has gone East to get funds for a new mill. I hope he will succeed in raising them. He told me he meant to return immediately. Father can catechise him *in extenso* about Burlington. Mr. Starr talks of going East in two weeks. You asked about Mr. Starr's family. I suppose your questions now would apply to Mr. Edwards. They have no children, but an adopted daughter some 15 years old, besides Mrs. Prince, a sister of Mrs. Edwards [who] has two girls. There is also Mrs. E's mother, formerly from Portsmouth,

⁵⁹ Fitz Henry Warren.

N. H. Mr. E. has four printer boys apprentices. The house is small. Mine is a very good room. My bed is in the northeast corner. I have a bedfellow occasionally. Now Mr. Reiger, a German minister from the neighborhood of St. Louis where he is an agent of the Tract Society, is stopping with me. Several years ago, he had a German congregation here. Is a very amiable man. . . . I really do not know what street this house is on. It is, however, the next one north of Columbia. The house is in the west end of the lot at the corner on Main street (which as you correctly say is parallel with Water street, the second street from the river). Mr. Starr lives on Fourth street, i. e, the fourth street from the river. On the same street the new church is building, one lot from the corner of Jefferson on the west side of the street. . . . Mr. Shackford thinks you were very successful in studying the geography of Burlington in the *Hawk-Eye*. . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter

Burlington, Iowa, May 5, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

. . . . I preached my sermon on Christ and Him Crucified three times, viz., at Andrew, Burlington, and Maquoketa. Ain't I a Yankee? Adapting it, as was easily done, to different circumstances. I study and write in the forenoon. In the p. m. I want to chat and have some music and walk with you. The sewing circle meets here (at Mrs. Edwards) this afternoon. They desire furnishing the church. They meet once a fortnight. Mrs. Hutchinson is president. They have some 60 dollars in the treasury. Perhaps I shall be commissioned to buy carpets and lamps for them, and I will commission you. . . . I united with this church last week. It has now 42 members. I preached a preparatory lecture on Friday extemporaneous on "Christ and Passover." We had [a] full house on [the] Sabbath and an interesting day. A member of this church was led into dancing on a steamboat excursion this spring and it has made a good deal of talk. I called on her last Saturday. She professed penitence, and I hope that may

be the end of it. But isn't that unpleasant work for a minister? . . . Jacksonville⁶⁰ is 100 miles from here. Mr. Edwards talks of going there to commencement the last of June, but I will wait until we can go together. . . . I expect to see Mr. Keith at Farmington next week at the annual meeting of the Denmark Association, with which the church is now connected. Mr. Shackford talks of going out with me as a delegate from this church. There are many, or rather a few good houses here, but none built for a minister. . . .

Shall probably soon ascertain if I can rent Mr. Parson's⁶¹ [house]. A man offered me a house on Fourth street this week for \$2000. It is an eligible situation, a new house not yet finished, and not in all respects in the best taste, but has some good things about it. . . . I want to ride out to Mr. Leonard's⁶² this p. m. He was formerly in the ministry in Ohio. Is an excellent man, one of the best in my church, lives three miles out of town, nearly all his family (two sons and their wives) are members of the church. . . .

To Mary Mackintire
from Wm. Salter

Shall August be the month, M. A.
To furnish us the happy day,
To give our hearts and hands away,
In marriage bonds? I pray you, *say!*
[Wm. Salter]

Burlington, Iowa, May 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . After a great deal of rain we have some fine weather at last. Yesterday was beautiful. I had full houses both parts of the day. Our afternoon service is hereafter at 2 o'clock in order to accommodate a few families in the country. But going to meeting here is

⁶⁰ Jacksonville, Illinois, where Jacksonville College is located.

⁶¹ A Burlington merchant.

⁶² Abner Leonard, with his two sons, David and Isaac, lived on a farm three miles west of Burlington. Although Father Leonard assisted in meeting the Burlington church debt, he, as time went on, sought to dictate church policies, and annoyed Mr. Salter by his criticisms of the pastor's preaching and even his style of clothing.

very different than it is with you. Our house is a gloomy store room and in the immediate vicinity of the steam-boat landing. It would seem as though the boats conspired to annoy us, for yesterday—the thing happens not infrequently—several boats stopped there while we were engaged in public worship. One of the boats had a band which played at the time a very lively air. We were exceedingly annoyed in this way during the communion service Sabbath before last. As to my studies, I prepared two sermons last week. I know this is too much for me to write to advantage every week and as I have a few old sermons, I can occasionally spare myself. I generally aim to prepare a good sermon. I mean to keep in some kind of a course of subjects. Now I have commenced with the existence of God, have preached on one of his attributes and on the necessity of Revelation. Shall have several sermons on the attributes and on the evidence of Revelation. I wish to devote most of the week to a sermon, and on Saturday to get off a kind of extemporaneous effusion. . . . I often find that a hastily written sermon is often more acceptable than a labored one. I believe it was so yesterday.

Mrs. Hutchinson's health which was very poor last week is now much improved. We moved her on Wednesday to Mr. Edwards', and as I am going to the Association today, she occupies my room this week. I rode out with her this morning. I took her to the cemetery where her husband is buried. It was an affecting hour. The Lord prepare us, my dear friend, to die. That will soon be to us a reality. Soon we shall enter upon the glories of eternity and experience what Paul and John and all departed saints have long enjoyed. . . .

I am expecting Mr. Shackford here soon who will go with me as a delegate to the Association. We shall go as far as Denmark tonight. . . . The weather is very pleasant and warm today, and I am expecting a fine ride. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. May 19, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

How to do this chilly east wind? It has been cold enough this morning to sit by a fire, but I have been too lazy to make one. I have projected four sermons on the genuineness, inspiration, &c., of the Bible, which I suppose with a sermon on war and one on Home Missions, will engage my morning services on the Sabbath until my vacation. I had a pleasant journey and meeting of brethren at Farmington last week. The roads however, were in some places very muddy. The country is charming, consisting of beautiful prairies and pleasant groves. Br. Keith was present. He has left Missouri. He found the door closed in that state against the Gospel as a system of deliverance to him that hath no helper. I trust the attention of Eastern Christians will be turned to the propriety of sending ministers where the law that tolerates them (and I speak of the law of the churches) is a studied and absolute silence on the system of Southern Slavery. Would it not be well, would it not probably in the issue further the cause of liberty and religion if the slave states and slave-holding churches were given to understand that the Gospel cannot be let down, at least at the expense of the A. H. M. S. in accommodation to their prejudices and sins? I have just returned from a short ride with Mrs. Hutchinson up on the river road under the bluff. The country is beautiful in the flush of early life. It is a melancholy gratification to ride with Mrs. H. It does her a great deal of good, but she is so sad and she is not disposed to engage the sympathies of others. You ask of her character. She is dignified, reserved rather than communicative. . . . She is young, but little over 22, but has a very mature appearance and mind. Her health is very much better. She now thinks she will go East in the fall; expects to go to the Association at Dubuque. I preached my old sermon at Farmington on I Cor. 2:2,⁶³ telling ministers what they ought to preach. Don't you think I am a Yankee and a labor-saving man? It rained on Wednesday night and Thursday morning at

⁶³ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Farmington, so that the roads were muddy coming home. Saturday I wrote a sermon on "The Christian Life, a Warfare" from I Tim. 6:12,⁶⁴ being my 41st. written sermon. The sewing circle are in the other room this evening and chatting at a pretty good rate. Some of them asked me as I came in from riding if I had been to Boston? They joke me occasionally. I have written a letter to your father introducing Mr. Starr, who leaves on the next boat. It is uncertain when he will go to Boston, probably not till July. He is one of the best men here, and a very interesting man. I have charged him to call and see you. I hope he will get a few hundred dollars for the church. He and Dr. Ransom, one of the leading men in my congregation, have undertaken to build the church. They have their pay in subscriptions and from sale of pews. The doctor's wife is a member of the church and an excellent woman. . . . I hope Dr. Thompson will call and see me. My pulpit will probably only be partially supplied during my absence, and that by different brethren here, some of whom have engaged to give me one Sabbath. . . .

There will probably be a preparatory school at Davenport in a year or two. The Brethren generally have concluded that to be the best location, and the stakes are to be put down, it is supposed, next month. It is a beautiful place, and our college will be the only one of the kind on the Mississippi. The only objection to the location is its proximity to Galesburg. I have not yet extemporized here but once on the Sabbath when I did not make much of a go off, and probably shall not try it again at present. Mr. Starr, Mr. Shackford, Mr. Edwards are my main dependence here. Whether I can write a good sermon about the West remains to be seen. I shall try. I shall aim to show that the West will be just what others make it, and that they who will work the hardest and do most for it shall have it. Prayers and pains will save the West and the country is worth both. I don't want to beg if I can help it. . . . Burlington is on rising ground, but a great

⁶⁴ I Timothy 6:12. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

deal of low land on the other side of the river and above and below, as is everywhere the case on the Mississippi. Some call it healthy and some sickly. . . .

Yours ever, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, [Iowa] Monday morning
May 25, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

. . . . It really at last feels like summer, and I long to be away. . . . We have the news this morning of a battle between Gen. Taylor and the Mexicans on the 8th. I want to preach on the evils of war next Sabbath. I suppose there will be an end to trade from New Orleans, so we may have some difficulty in getting our freight around. I had hoped I should never see my country engaged in a war. Alas, for the prospects of humanity!

May 26.

And now we have another day warm and pleasant. The Mr. Leonard I visited is Rev. Abner Leonard whose name you see in the *Congregational Almanac*. He is an old man and has given up preaching. He is a good man, has a fine farm [now, 1934), the Deem's farm on the Agency Road], is a member of my church, was from Ohio. His sons live round him. We had a few strawberries by way of variety. They grow wild and are improved by cultivation. Mrs. Hutchinson does not gain her strength as fast as we could wish. . . . We propose to ride out to the grave of Mr. H. this afternoon. Instead of preaching on the evil of war, I shall discourse, I believe, on the blessings of peace from I Kings 5:6,⁶⁵ as there is too much of a war spirit here, as in the West generally. I may avoid perhaps giving offense and secure the same object by telling what a good thing Peace is. . . . The rooms in Mr. Parson's house which we shall probably rent are very small. There is unfortunately a cellar kitchen from which there is a dumb-waiter to the room which must be our parlor and dining

⁶⁵ I Kings 5:6. Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee I will give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.

room, though I don't know but we can make our kitchen the dining room. . . . I don't know as I told you that my nerves or rather my limbs failed to sustain me a few Sabbaths ago in visiting a sick and dying woman after service. She was in a very close and small room, through which was no circulation at all, and was very low, and in much distress. I talked a little with her, but feeling the room too close for me, I went out to take the air, and returning again, talked and prayed with her. But I stayed too long and just succeeded in bidding her good-bye and in getting out of the room when I dropped into the arms of Mr. Edwards who was with me, who got me out onto the porch where the air and a little camphor restored me. . . .

Yours entirely,
Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. June 1, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do you this chilly day, which is more like April than June? . . . Burlington is in the latitude of New York. The summers are probably some warmer than with you. We had green peas last week. I called at Mr. Parson's last week, but he had gone to St. Louis. Shall call again this p. m. His house joins the end of the church lot. The Church is on Fourth street, one lot from the corner, which is unoccupied and is 60 feet front by 120 feet, i. e. the lot. At the end of it is an alley some 8 feet wide and the other side of this alley is the house fronting on Jefferson street, but standing back some ways from the street. It is situated on a hillside and stands back in an angular direction, however, of a large brick house which Mr. P. is now building at a cost of some seven thousand dollars. . . . It is in the best part of the city. We shall be near some of the best society; Mr. Starr and Gov. Clarke, etc. I don't think we can get very good furniture here. . . . Mr. P's [house] was built two or three years ago. The rooms are small. Built in a side hill, it has a high stoop. Under it, I think, room is found for a woodshed. It has no blinds. Some of the houses have them. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson

moved last week to a Mr. Hendrie's where she has a pleasant room in lower town. She is mending slowly and is expecting to go to Dubuque with us tomorrow night on the Tempest. Mr. Shackford and Mr. Edwards will go as delegates from the church here. . . . I had a letter from the church at Maquoketa to this church. I joined up there by letter from Laight Street Church, New York.

. . . . I preached a good sermon yesterday morning on the blessings of peace, which was well received, I believe, but as [the] Methodists had camp meeting, and it was showery, did not have a crowded house. In the afternoon preached on stability of character as essential to success in life. I hope I may be able to exemplify more and more my own doctrine. O to have a heart more entirely fixed in God.

News came today making a requisition for a regiment from Iowa for Texas. I suppose it will make some hub-bub here, but I hope the whole affair will soon pass off. What dreadful business to be fighting this 19th. century! I do believe Christians have got to take a more correct stand on the subject. I see by a St. Louis paper that one of the Presbyterian preachers there preached to a regiment. I don't see how he could preach. A great many soldiers have been good Christians, no doubt, but whether God will tolerate such things much longer, I doubt. . . .

I have four Sabbaths more to preach here, my dear, before I hasten to you. I feel very anxious to secure a good hold before I leave, and though I am laboring hard, visiting a good deal, and writing two sermons a week frequently, my health continues good. I got on the scales at Shackford's last week, and found I weighed 139 lbs, which is very good weight for me. I am in hopes of a good meeting at Dubuque. The opening sermon is to be preached by Mr. Robbins. I shall expect to see Br. Keith, and hope to be able to go down and visit my old people at Maquoketa, spending a Sabbath with them. . . . Coming down [from Dubuque to Burlington] shall spend a day at Davenport, the 10th., at a college meeting. . . . The commencement at Galesburg is on the 24th. If I can

find time, I shall ride over there (40 miles) and spend a day. . . .

Monday evening. June 1.

What a dreadful sound is this stirring drum. A meeting to enlist and fire up Patriotism tonight was held in the Methodist church. Strange place, indeed! But this is the West! . . . Took tea tonight with Mrs. Sheldon,⁶⁶ an old widow lady, aged 72. She keeps a school of very small children, some 30 or 40 in number and lives alone. She was from East Windsor, Conn., is really an interesting lady. I visited her with my deacons and had a little monthly concert. She made a great fuss at the supper table for us which was loaded. Mr. Parsons wanted a little more time to consider how much rent I must pay. Our church has made no progress since Mr. Starr left. Everything looks uncertain. It is impossible to foretell the result. If the House is not enclosed by July 1, it will be pretty much a gone case with us, but we will do the best we can. . . . and not be discouraged. . . .

Tuesday. 4½ p. m. We have been to ride with Mrs. Hutchinson, called on the doctor with her, who advises her going to Dubuque. I must take tea with the ladies' society this evening. . . . We have not many young ladies in our society. Hardly any. Most of the folks are young married people with small children.

Yours devotedly, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Tempest, Mississippi River
near Galena, Illinois, June 4, 1846.

My dear Mary:

We are en route for Dubuque. . . . You cannot yet be much interested in this country, and I know not that any account of a journey would be of any concern to you, but as I have taken my pencil (there being but one inkstand on the boat, and the clerk being unable to spare that) and as nothing else especial occurs, and I want to say a word to you. . . . I will tell you what I am about and perhaps

⁶⁶ Mrs. Ruth Sheldon.

it may not be an unpleasant episode from the common-places of my communications generally. I mailed you a letter Tuesday evening, after which I sat up till eleven o'clock, expecting this boat, but not coming, I went to bed and engaged in a sound sleep from which I was aroused at 2 a. m. by loud ringing of the steamboat bell. I got up, though with some reluctance, for really sleep is a good thing and I always love to have it through when I am at it, and struck a light, and dressed and hurried to the landing where I found the Tempest and learned that she would be off in some 20 minutes. So I hastened back to the house and got the folks up and down to the boat and about break of day we were on our way upstream. This disturbance at an irregular hour did not comport very well with my *staid habits*, so I could eat no breakfast and soon I was troubled with a toothache and vainly sought for relief in my berth, but a crying child in the next stateroom drove sleep from my eyes, so I worried through the morning in only tolerable style. At Bloomington we took on board Mrs. Robbins and child. Her husband having gone up by land with Br. Alden. I might have said that we have Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their niece, Ellen Prince, a young girl of 14, and Mr. Shackford and Mrs. Hutchinson as our party. The scenery on the river is very monotonous, though with some variety. At one time we are sailing through islands, which are all very low and generally covered with a rank growth of timber and underbrush, at another time by the main shore of Iowa or Illinois, which is frequently crowned with high, rocky bluffs, 150 to 200 feet above the river. Sometimes the shore consists of high sand banks. About 15 miles above Bloomington commences some of the prettiest views on the Mississippi. They are on the Iowa shore, alongside of which is the channel of the river. There is a gradual slope from the river bank some 2 or 3 miles, which terminates in bluffs. This slope is frequently open prairie and is mostly under cultivation. It contains many pleasant residences. The situation of Davenport is very handsome. The projected site for a college is one of the

most beautiful and commanding that could be selected. On the island of Rock Island is the beautiful residence of the late Colonel Davenport. Opposite the head of this island, on the Illinois shore, is Moline, where by damming the Mississippi a great water power has been secured. Here is one of the finest flouring mills in the West. At Rock Island, there came aboard Rev. W. Jones, of Canton, Illinois. He is a graduate of Jacksonville College, and Lane Seminary, belongs to the Alton Presbytery and is going up to attend our Association. A young lady, Miss Shearer, is with him, who is, it is said, his *particular friend*. Last evening, he preached for us. The passengers gave very good attention. Audiences in the West generally are very attentive. We had pretty good singing. . . . This morning we had worship. On awakening this morning, found we were laying to on the Iowa shore just above Charleston and on inquiring the cause, learned that we had broken "the doctor" about twelve o'clock last night; (it is the regulator of some part of the engine). We were till after 7 remedying that evil, and are now going direct to Dubuque. The country above the Upper Rapids is very pretty. Here the river which elsewhere spreads out, shores and all, some 2 or 3 miles, passes along in a narrow channel, the banks being high on both sides. The land generally lies in handsome slopes. We have passed on our way many little towns, though towns hardly otherwise than in their names, which yet evidence the ambitious views of the people. Here we have New Boston, New York, Albany, and Buffalo, etc. In these Western boats the cabin is all on the upper deck in a long saloon with staterooms on the sides. I don't remember ever having been on a boat here without seeing card playing going on in one end of the saloon in the proximity of the bar. You would be amused at our Mrs. Edwards. She has brought along with her some of the purses made by our society and is selling them as she has opportunity. She is a lady of great energy and perseverance. . . .

Friday morning, June 5, 1846. Dubuque.
Good morning, Mary. We have still chilly weather, and

I have just had a fire made up and hope to be more comfortable. We arrived here at 11 a. m. yesterday. I am pleasantly quartered in the family of Mr. Bissel with Mr. Shackford. Mr. Bissel was from Pittsfield, Mass., and is a brother of the late Josiah Bissel, a distinguished philanthropist of western New York. . . . We have a full meeting of the Association and the prospects of an interesting time. A number of brethren are over from Wisconsin. Br. Lewis is here from New Diggings. He was an old classmate in New York University. We have been delighted to meet so many old familiar faces. I could hardly contain myself as brethren, one after another, drove up yesterday afternoon. . . . I have the thankless office of scribe, and have my hands full. A number of my old people from Andrew and Maquoketa are here, whom I am very happy to meet. . . .

[Wm. Salter]

Steamer Fortune. June 10, 1846.

Good evening, my dear Mary:

. . . . We had an interesting meeting at Dubuque. There was nothing special but good feeling and the presence of a good spirit. . . . The cruel toothache afflicted me very much however. I tried various remedies in vain until *vi et armis* Dr. Finley extracted it. . . . At Davenport we have been spending the day in talking about locating a college in Iowa. If we can carry out our projects it will be an important day, full of great results, to Iowa. May God bless our efforts to serve Him. But we have many embarrassments. Beyond a question we have one of the finest locations on the whole Mississippi. At this season of the year "you can't say anything else" of this region than that it is charming. But society in Davenport is very uncongenial to a literary institution of the character we wish to establish. And the people are very unwilling to assist in putting up a suitable building. We have settled upon Davenport as the location though with some conditions which, it is expected, will be met. The meeting is not through, but as I am anxious to be home in the morn-

ing, I left at 8 this evening. No other boat is expected down under twenty-four hours. . . . [The] Association adjourned to meet at Burlington the first Thursday of June 1847. . . .

Burlington. June 11, 1846.

Good afternoon, my dear. I got home this morning and found yours of 23 May in the office. The framing of the roof of the church is nearly completed, and it is expected to be raised next week. The Old School Presbyterians have their walls about half up, but I think we shall have the best house after all, as we have the best situation. . . . I have sold most of my furniture at Maquoketa. It was of but little account. I could not have removed it at present. If I come by the Ohio river, it will be still more uncertain when I reach you. Br. Lewis wants to go that way, and if the river is in a tolerable stage, I shall try it, so that, after all, I don't know what to say about your writing me on the way. . . . Mrs. Ransom returned last week. She did not go any further than St. Louis. . . . I learned that Mr. Warren has returned from the East and that Mr. Shackford's mill is to be rebuilt. Mr. C. C. Shackford is expected here soon. I never have used a cotton mattress. I sleep now on a corn-husk mattress and find it very comfortable. . . . I sit in studying and writing. I think as I was bred to books, I can probably get along in a study life with less liability to ill health than is the case with those who have commenced to study late in life and who have changed to habits of close application from those of active life.

Thursday evening.

I have called to see Mr. Parsons, and find him unwilling to engage to rent his house by [the] last of September, or at any definite time. He is building a new house and thinks it a little improbable when he shall get into it. His new house is yet to be plastered. On these uncertainties, he will rent his house for \$100 per year. This is a pretty good rent, but I do not think on the whole we can do better. The kitchen is pretty much on the ground floor

and alongside is a cellar. On the main floor are two rooms, one 11½ by 13 feet, the other 11½ by 15 feet and two very small bedrooms and a good pantry. There is one pretty good bedroom up [in the] garret and one very poor one and a storeroom. I think you need not worry at all about furniture till I come on. We can attend to it in a few days, and perhaps by the time I leave, we can know certainly whether we can have Mr. P's house, or if not he will write us at Boston. We have a prayer meeting tonight at Mrs. Sheldon's. I am preparing to preach next Sabbath on the necessity of regeneration—the Lord preserve us for usefulness here and for his glory hereafter. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter

Burlington, Iowa. Monday afternoon,
June 22, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

. . . . Last Friday I went to Yellow Springs, preached twice on Saturday, and returned in the afternoon, and finished a sermon on humility which I preached yesterday afternoon. Had a pretty good congregation yesterday and hope did some good. I feel rather lazy today and have done nothing when I ought to have planned out a sermon. For I am expecting to be gone three days this week, and shall be hard pushed for the next Sabbath. We had some amusing occurrences on the way to Yellow Springs which I should be glad for you to have seen and laughed over, but we may have similar ones, enough for our heart's content, one of these days. We went there in a buggy (Mr. and Mrs. Edwards who are indivisible and who make up for living in their children, they haven't any, by living in one another) which was funny enough taking all things into account, and lost our road and slept in one room (Mr. and Mrs. E. behind curtains) and attended church in the new meeting house without doors and with rough boards for seats and a work bench for my pulpit. When we left on Friday it was excessively hot, and I went in thin clothes with no overcoat, but it grew colder and colder, so that Mr. E. took a severe cold and I a slight one. . . .

The country is very beautiful now. The grain is assuming its golden hues. There will be a great wheat crop in this country. There will be plenty of blackberries, but they are not ripe yet. . . . This and yesterday morning I have had fire in my room. You have seen the discussions in the General Assembly on slavery. . . . Two companies [for the Mexican War] have been organized in Burlington. I feel very sad in view of it. They, I hope, will not be called to war. But it exhibits such a deplorable state of sentiment among the people that I cannot but mourn. . . . Now I have my fears about Mrs. Hutchinson, who by the way returned here on Saturday, that she is in a decline. She has a very slight hacking cough at times, a hectic flush on her cheek, but I would not have any of her friends hear of it from me on any account. We are expecting to go together to Galesburg. She also has much pain in her side. I feel very anxious about her. Dr. Ransom is esteemed a good physician and is in many respects an interesting man. He has always been very kind to me. . . . We have a number of tolerably good physicians here, but I suppose none of them are first rate. . . . We have some first rate folks here, but not all by any means. To some extent we must be the world to one another. In so new a country, where so many other interests absorb the minds of men, the objects in which we are engaged are very much slighted. As an index of our society I may say the war is popular, and some of the leading characters are foremost in it. . . . Our ladies are making a great fuss now about getting up a dinner the 4th. of July in behalf of the church. Singular to build a house by eating. Isn't this the West? But there seems no other way of raising money! Mrs. Edwards has just returned from the meeting about it, is highly elated in the prospect of getting up a good dinner. O, I do want this church built and all these trials out of the way before you come here. . . .

Yours devotedly,
Wm. Salter.

Mr. A. S. Shackford is not successful in business. Is about breaking up. If he goes, it will be a great loss to us.

[Burlington, Iowa] Saturday evening,
June 27, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

How to do? I am very busy. Have just finished writing five letters, to which I turned my attention from the middle of a sermon, which I must finish today for tomorrow afternoon, on some analogies suggested by what I have seen in my travels this week, between the wheat fields and moral culture (Psalms 147:14).⁶⁷ For the morning an old sermon (a practical statement of the Trinity) must suffice. Tuesday A. M. I went to Galesburgh. Mrs. H[utchinson] was too unwell to go with me, so I took Mr. A. S. Shackford. After losing our road on the prairies we got to Galesburgh (46) miles that night and enjoyed the hospitality of a good Mr. Swift from Vermont. I learned to my sorrow that Mr. Blanchard⁶⁸ was going East this summer to get funds for a college building. I engaged Rev. L. H. Parker, formerly pastor at Galesburgh, to preach five Sabbaths for me. He is a brother of Dr. Joel Parker, now of Philadelphia, formerly of New Orleans, and is said to be a tolerable preacher. Perhaps I will write a little notice for the *Hawk-Eye* next week. Coming home we got lost again and broke a piece of our harness and were two minutes too late for the ferry at Shoccoquon where we were obliged to wait 18 hours amid mosquitoes and their concerts. Happily we got behind a bar at night, but the rest of the time we were much annoyed. Then I did not get home until yesterday at 11 in the morning. . . .

Yours ardently,
Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. Monday afternoon
June 29, 1846.

My own dearest Mary:

. . . . We had a heavy rain and wind last night, and to-

⁶⁷ Psalms 147:14. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

⁶⁸ Jonathan Blanchard (1811-1892) was graduated from Middlebury College in 1832, taught at Plattsburg Academy, studied at Andover and Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church there. In 1845 he was elected president of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, and in 1860 became president of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois. He was a strong temperance advocate, and a violent abolitionist. *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 2: 350-1.

day the streets are so muddy and I have not been out yet and I am annoyed *with company*. What company, you ask? There are more than 100 flies (I have not counted them) in this room, cutting up all kinds of antics, flying in every direction, now on my ears, now on my hands, and paper, and everywhere in the way. I can do nothing but bear it. I had an interesting day yesterday, preached in the morning to a full house on the Trinity, brought it out clear and full, and trust in such a manner that no reasonable man can object. It was an old sermon, or rather written in December last. I preached thrice yesterday, in the evening in lower town in a log School House. During the service there it rained, and I came home in the mud. The ladies have been expecting to have their 4th. [of] July dinner in the Church, but if this wet weather continues, we cannot get the roof on or the floor laid. The whole affair involves a great deal of trouble, and I cannot say that I am sorry that you are not here to share in the fuss. I feel very anxious to have the church finished so that we can meet in it by the time we get back in the fall. I want the way of the Lord here made ready so that we can devote our undivided energies to building up God's spiritual House. . . . I rode out Friday p. m. with Mrs. Hutchinson six miles to a Miss Robinson's of whom you will know more one of these days. Mrs. H. was to church yesterday. Her health is about the same, very delicate. She is a woman of strong mind, and I do not think has been to Mr. H's grave more than twice. . . .

Yours ardently, Wm. Salter.

Chicago, [Illinois] July 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . [Let us begin] with that long, longed-for day, July 6th. At length after a most solemn and seemingly never-ending delay, its sun arose. . . . Monday morning, I turned my eyes down the river and looked and wished for a boat. I packed my trunk and arranged matters a little, engaged Mr. Parsons to write me in August if I

could have his house, . . . all the time keeping my ears open for the ringing of the steamboat bell, my eyes down stream. Two boats, it was said, were expected that day, but all day long I waited to no purpose. I might have said that Sabbath night (after twelve o'clock of course), I was awake more than half the time in hopes of hearing a boat. Monday night I slept on Mr. E's lounge in the parlor (in the expectation of my departure that day, Mr. and Mrs. E, having resumed their occupancy of my room) and kept on longing for a boat, annoyed too with mosquitoes and disturbed by a very heavy thunder storm. I found no rest. Toward morning an old boat came up and about daylight, I found the "Atlas" at the levee. About 8 o'clock we left Burlington. Now . . . I must spare you the details of a slow boat with two keels, intense heat, mosquitoes etc., and tell you that we reached Galena at 7 Wednesday morning. I had a young lady under my care, a Miss Wheeler from Vermont. She has been teaching in the West and lost her health, is visiting some friends in this city. At 8 o'clock at Galena, we took the stage, via Dixon, and you cannot conceive and I will not attempt to describe our intolerable sufferings from intense heat, a loaded coach, disagreeable companions, slow traveling, and more than all arriving here last night ten minutes too late for the steamboat "Champion." Had it not been for that I might have spent the Sabbath in Kalamazoo and been with you the last of next week. But now I must wait until Monday night and perhaps get no further than Albany next week. I had probably better go to New York before visiting you, so I must continue to wait and live until Wednesday, the 22 inst., to see you. I don't feel, however, much like waiting so long, and I may take the cars to Boston at Albany. . . . Miss Wheeler's health is poor. She was rather uneasy and could not exemplify the patience of Job, but we had an interesting time together. . . . I hope to be in Detroit in time for the "London" and may possibly get along quicker than I anticipate. . . . The "Saratoga," a beautiful boat, left here for Buffalo this morning. I went down to see it off, but it only made me

feel bad that I must stay here. I don't know as it is very wicked to send this off tonight. At any rate, Christian sentiment has not decided so yet, though it may be hard to tell why it is any wise different to send my letter to travel on Sunday from travelling myself on that day. . . . The boat leaves Sunday night at 10 o'clock, if it were only two hours later I might be off. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Lake Erie. July 16, 1846.

My dear:

. . . I find in the *Edinburgh Review* for April a notice of Walter Savage Landor's *Collected Writings* (London, 1846) which have made me very much in love with the man. [He here quotes liberally passages concerning Milton, friendship, Bacon and Shakespeare.]

New York. Monday p. m.

Dear Mary: I got home Saturday evening in a few hours less than five days from Chicago. My heart is set on seeing you tomorrow morning, but the folks think I am too much jaded out to travel. Indeed, I have journeyed rather too hard. Perhaps I had better wait until Wednesday afternoon and come to you fresh and rested on Thursday a. m. Should I, however, be entirely rested on tomorrow, I will come then. As to bridesmaids and all that, I shall leave it with you, as I told you sometime ago. *My taste is decidedly against them.* I apprehend, however, our girls have a little more fancy than we have for *parade*. I leave it and the time with you. I feel bad to linger on my way to you, but it seems it can't be helped. . . .

Ardently Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York, Wednesday, July 22, 1846.

Well, my dear, isn't this lingering in New York decidedly cool, but pon my honor, it can't be helped. Sunday I was so imprudent as to go to church all day, and on going to bed found myself possessed of a strange inclination to look up some blankets and after a while my fever came on. I thought, however, it was only a tem-

porary affair, and so on Monday I stirred around, but soon found I must lay by, and at night my attack came on again. I am now under our doctor's care, who promises to break up the fever soon. Probably, then, I cannot be with you till next week, so don't have the blues, but leave it with a wise Providence who has always ordered all things hitherto well. My chill is now coming on, or I would write out my sheet. I traveled in Michigan with an excellent minister, Mr. Wells of Galena. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York. July 24, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I am certainly the last man to whom you should say "tell me the worst", for I have been doing that very thing now for a twelvemonth. I have been up all day and even presumed to ask the doctor if I might not go to Boston tomorrow, but he says, I am too weak, and suggests that to "eat and drink" will be my best way for gaining strength, rather than to take stimulants. . . . If I only had time I would prose away and write an essay on ague and fever. Suffice however to say, I escaped my ague yesterday and think it is broken on me. I ate dinner enough today for any hale and hearty man, so that by the middle of next week, if not on Tuesday, I think I may see you. Am glad you are so philosophical and resigned. I have not been really confined to the house in several years and this attack has many lessons for me. I hope it will serve to moderate all my earthly attachments (i. e. so far as they are earthly) and refine and elevate my spiritual being and relations. I have no doubt that it is for the best. Yes, I ought to have given more heed to your caution about not travelling so fast, but it was excessively hot and I was very much used up when I left Burlington, and then I ought not to have stood up nearly all the evening at a crowded missionary meeting on the Sabbath here as I did.

. . . . I met Mr. Magoun coming East. He is begging for his Academy. . . . I am pledged to raise a bell somehow

or other. I want a good, large fine sounding one. I mean such a one as I can get. . . .

Yours . . . Wm. Salter.

New York. July 27, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I have not been out since a week ago this morning, and I do not now feel as smart as I hoped I would by this time when I wrote you on Friday, and the folks won't listen to such a thing as my going east this afternoon. They say it would be the height of imprudence, and moreover, my dear, I fancy you and your friends would rather see me when I am a little less lazy than I am just now, so on the whole I have concluded to wait till Wednesday, when, in addition to all, I can have the company of my Uncle Benjamin and Cousin Caroline, who are going east that day. We shall come by the Mass. via Providence. I think by that time I may be in pretty good order, but it is singular how my fever reduced my strength. Fever sores, too, have broken out on my lips. . . . I think of going down town in the omnibus today, and tomorrow I must make a call or two, and by Wednesday, I shall be myself again, I trust. I feel very bad to think of the disarrangements this little ague may have caused you and your friends. . . .

Wm. Salter.

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