



Journey taken by agents of the Hudson's Bay
Colonists 1832 - 1833.

ANNALS OF IOWA

VOL. XV, No. 4

DES MOINES, APRIL, 1926

THIRD SERIES

DRIVING SHEEP FROM KENTUCKY TO THE HUDSON'S BAY COUNTRY

During the first fifteen years of the life of the Red River Colony, at Fort Garry, the settlers endured severe hardships. But in the year 1830 the spirit of speculation greatly raised their hopes.

With the assistance of Sir George Simpson, Hudson's Bay governor, a number of projects were put forth for the development of the country. Among these was the introduction of sheep from Kentucky. A joint company was organized and the sum of twelve hundred pounds was raised by the colonists.

Previous to this time Governor Simpson, while visiting Scotland, made the acquaintance of Robert Campbell, the son of a sheep farmer of Perthshire. Mr. Campbell was then a young man, twenty-four years of age, well educated. He immediately won the confidence of the Governor. An agreement was made and Mr. Campbell was sent to Red River for the purpose of taking charge of the sheep enterprise for the colonists and the company.

Some time before the death of Mr. Campbell, years afterward, this story was written by him and through the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. John M. McDonald, of Winnipeg, I am able herewith to present it in Mr. Campbell's own language.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

August 15, 1925.

L. C. SUTHERLAND.

Nov. 8, 1832. In the meantime another scheme was in contemplation, and plans were being made for carrying it out, and so on November 6 I was instructed to hold myself in readiness to join a party about to start for the United States for the purpose of purchasing sheep, which

the company were anxious to introduce into the settlement. The very limited—and I may add, very injudicious—preparations for our departure being completed on the afternoon of the 8th, we commenced our journey, crossing to the east (St. Boniface) side of the Red River at the Fort. The expedition was entrusted to the command of Wm. Glen Rae, a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company service. Associated with him was Mr. Bourke, a middle aged retired Hudson's Bay clerk, who was especially engaged for the trip, as were also all the other members of the party except Mr. Rae and myself. We were ten in number, all told, and in case of future individual reference, the names were as follows: Wm. Glen Rae and I. P. Bourke, in command of expedition; Robert Campbell, Hudson's Bay Company; Joseph Locke, Sioux interpreter, French half-breed; James Setter, our confidential major-domo; Peter Hayden, a middle-aged Irishman; J. B. 'pte Latourelle, a middle-aged French Canadian; Chs. Gaspard Bruce, Salteaux, a middle-aged French half-breed (who had traveled with Lord Selkirk as interpreter); Clement Fiddler and Dick Atkinson, young English half-breeds.

We had two (or one) carts and horses carrying provisions, baggage, etc., in charge of two of the men; the rest of us had saddle horses. We went but a few miles the first day, accompanied by Mr. Thos. Simpson, who camped with us for the night. At the end of our second day we found the road impassable, owing to the succession of swamps through which the horses could hardly struggle. A consultation was held and the guides reported that the whole country on that side presented similar, as well as other obstacles; and that the other bank was much dryer and in every way better suited for traveling, except that we would be more exposed to the danger of meeting war parties of Indians. Being satisfied that we could make little or no progress through such quagmires as we had already encountered, we determined to retrace our steps to the nearest half-breed houses, in order to be ferried over to the west side, and take the chance of falling in with hostile Indians. This resolve was acted upon, and then we moved along briskly reaching Pembina on the morning of the 12th.

Nov. 12. Here Mr. Atkins, an American trader, and two men, the only residents of the place, kindly aided us with their canoe to cross the Pembina River. Beyond this we had no trail, and followed the course of the river from point to point. As we were now entering and had to pass through the Sioux country, we made a few rules which were thenceforth adhered to, viz:—

- (1) Start about 3 A. M.
- (2) Breakfast about 9, if wood and water were convenient.
- (3) Camp near sundown.
- (4) Two to keep watch over camp and horses every night.

Generally after our evening meal we moved off some distance before lying down for the night, in case the smoke from our fire would be seen

by the Indians and draw them down on us. On our return we learned that a war party followed us for three days, but gave up the pursuit as they could not overtake us.

Nov. 13. We crossed the Little Salt River on 13th and the Big Salt River next day. We had to bridge both of them. We passed a miserable night on the bank of the former, its water being unfit for the use of man or beast. On both these days we saw herds of buffalo in the distance, which created quite a scare among some of our party who took them for Indian war parties, one of the men even affirming that he could distinguish the feathers in their headdresses. However, these fears were dissipated when some of us went after the buffalo and brought back some delicious meat.

The weather continuing favorable, we availed ourselves of it and pressing on crossed in turn the Turtle, Goose, Elm, and Cheyenne rivers and passed the Grand Forks—the junction of the Red and Ottetail rivers. This place, it may be mentioned, was the debatable land between different tribes of Indians and was a dangerous locality to pass through. Many years before a party of emigrants were attacked there and most of them murdered. The night we camped in that vicinity we were serenaded by wolves, foxes, and owls, which the alarmists took to be war parties signalling to each other, in consequence of which they momentarily expected to be scalped. Every sound was converted into an enemy's signal and every bush into a lurking Indian.

Nov. 20. For several days' march the prairie was burnt and our horses suffered much for want of food. On the 20th we left Ottetail River and crossed Traverse de Sioux for Lac Traverse, the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and late next day we reached the American trading post, beautifully situated on the edge of the lake and at the base of the hills running along it. From Mr. Moore, the gentleman in charge, we received a very friendly welcome.

Nov. 23. On the 23d we reached the bank of the St. Peters River in time to camp, and at noon next day we came to Lac qui Parle trading post, the loveliest spot we saw on our journey, also located at the foot of the hills. Mr. Rainville was the gentleman in charge. Next morning we resumed our route which now lay along the St. Peters River. We reached the fourth American trading post we had come to. The want of grass on the burnt prairie was telling severely on our horses. They were now so reduced and done up that we had to leave most of them, along with the cart and all baggage that could be dispensed with, in charge of Mr. Leblanc of the post.

Nov. 29. We passed another trading post—Faribault Fort. We followed a miserable trail to the St. Peters River, which we forded to the south side, and then continued on through the wood till sundown. Next morning on awakening we found ourselves covered with four or five inches of snow, and snow still falling. To get warm, we started right off, and at dusk arrived at the trading post at St. Peters, directly oppo-

site the garrison at Fort Snelling, at the junction of the St. Peters and Mississippi rivers. We had all along cherished the hope of reaching St. Peters in time to proceed directly by steamer to St. Louis; but we were sadly disappointed to find the last boat for the season gone, the river frozen up, the ground covered with snow, and the weather stormy. Under the circumstances, other arrangements had to be made for continuing the journey, which unavoidably led to some delay.

Dec. 8. We were kindly assisted in every way by Mr. Bailly, the gentleman in charge of the fort. A guide, some horses and a flat sled having been secured, we bade adieu to our kind host on December 8 and resumed our journey. On ascending from the valley to the open country we found the snow almost gone, so after a couple of days' traveling we had to abandon our sled and carry our baggage ourselves.

Dec. 10. On the 10th we reached the north end of Lake Pepin at night and, after two days' hard walking over the rough frozen beach, Labat's Trading Post, belonging I think to Mr. N. W. Kittson.

Dec. 13. As we were starting from the post on the morning of the 13th, a party of soldiers arrived in two wooden canoes with the packet from Prairie du Chien for Fort Snelling. As they had to make the rest of the trip by land owing to the ice above, and as the water was still open down the river, we secured their canoes and sent back our guide and horses by them. In order to crowd all into the two small canoes, we lashed them together and kept on day and night without putting ashore except to cook, till we reached Prairie du Chien at noon on the 15th.

Dec. 15. The village is picturesquely laid out along the bank on the edge of a level plain, with a crescent of blue hills as a background. The trading post and garrison, Fort Crawford, are close by. As no suitable craft could be procured here, we had to resume our route in our canoes which were so overloaded that the least movement on our part caused the water to rush in.

Dec. 17. In the morning we passed the first house we had seen since leaving Prairie du Chien and were told that we were now one hundred miles from that place and that Galena was still twenty miles distant. Thus we continued, having some very narrow escapes in our miserable craft, both day and night, from wind and ice.

Dec. 20. On the 20th the ice set fast and we had to beach our canoes at a point said to be five miles from Rock Island and three hundred from St. Louis; and again we were fated to take up our beds, baggage included, and walk. Our Indian-like habiliments and swarthy faces caused considerable wonder to the inhabitants of such houses, settlements and towns as we passed. The people were very inquisitive as to who (the devil) we were, where (the ——) we were from, and where we were going, etc., all the more so no doubt as scouting parties were then out after Black Hawk, for which famous warrior our veteran C. G. Bruce was frequently mistaken. A garrison with a few troops was

stationed at Rock Island and there were a few houses on the east side of the river. The weather was very changeable, snow and rain alternating, hence roads were bad and camping very unpleasant. Occasionally we would strike a house, but sometimes only one in thirty or forty miles.

Dec. 29. On the morning of the 29th we crossed the Illinois River by the Ferry at Bairstown [Beardstown] and next day about noon passed through Jacksonville, prettily located on a rising ground. In this town we saw two churches (the first since we entered the states), a seminary, a court house and a jail.

Dec. 31. On Monday, the 31st, our journey led through Manchester and Whitehall, two small villages.

Jan. 1, 1833. On New Year's Day we passed through Carrollton where the inhabitants flocked out to see us. The roads were fearful. We camped out in rain all night; it was like going to sleep in a shower bath. Next day we hired a wagon to take us to St. Louis and the following day reached our destination. Thus terminated a journey of no ordinary danger and hardship, performed at a most inclement season in fifty-six days, the distance being about 1,800 miles. It may be mentioned that as some of the Red River settlers were interested in this enterprise, Mr. Rae repeatedly said that he would never think of putting the poor settlers to the extra expense of providing conveyance which would enable us to travel at our ease to St. Louis, hence the exposure and discomfort of the latter part of the journey, of which Mr. Rae nobly and uncomplainingly bore his share.

We remained nearly six weeks inactive between St. Louis and St. Charles, at the same time making diligent inquiries as to the nearest point we could get sheep. In general we were referred to Kentucky, but we thought the distance too great to attempt to bring them from that state, as from the first it was determined to get them at the nearest point possible to Red River at any cost. Messrs. Rae and Burke made a week's prospecting tour up the Missouri to this end in January and from information gained Mr. Rae decided to try the upper settlements of Missouri.

Feb. 12. Rae, Burke, and self left St. Charles for these parts, and, to prevent confusion, a county was allotted to each, respectively, Howard, Boone and Callaway. We made arrangements to correspond with one another.

Feb. 15. Some distance beyond Fulton, over 130 miles from St. Charles, I parted from my two companions and commenced my sheep-buying tour in Callaway County. I traveled for a week visiting all the settled parts down the Missouri valley below Jefferson City, but to no purpose. Not a sheep was to be had for love or money; in fact there were none, except perhaps a dozen or so belonging to farmers here and there. I received a note from Mr. Rae stating that he and Burke had met with no success, and directing me to meet them at Columbia on

the following day. He mentioned having met a commercial gentleman in New Franklin who would engage to supply us with all the sheep we wanted.

Feb. 25. We repaired to New Franklin and a final contract was entered into with Mr. L. P. Marshall, a leading merchant of that town, for the number of sheep we required, which were to be delivered to us on May 1, at a given place in that vicinity. This being satisfactorily settled as we thought, we retraced our steps to St. Charles, which we reached on March 1. The necessary arrangements now being completed and all our party assembled, a yoke of oxen and a wagon were produced for carrying our provisions, baggage, etc., and on March 13, we left St. Charles for New Franklin to be in readiness to receive the sheep on date of contract, and speedily commence our journey over the plains to Fort Garry.

Mch. 21. We reached Columbia March 21, where we met Mr. Rae and Burke, who had gone on a day or two ahead of us, and who brought us the vexing and unexpected intelligence that Mr. Marshall was unable to fulfill his contract. Evidently he had entered into it under the same delusion we had labored under when we scoured the country for sheep. He frankly offered to return at once the money advanced him and cancel the bargain, as he had learned with disappointment and surprise that sheep were really not to be had in any number in that quarter. And although the contract was legally drawn up and the party failing to perform his part liable for damages, still Mr. Rae wisely accepted Mr. Marshall's offer, as litigation would have lost us time and money. But we were bound to get the sheep and so perforce had to travel further east. Mr. Burke was ordered to remain in charge of the men and baggage. I was to accompany Mr. Rae, and we started early on the 22nd on horseback on the most direct road through Missouri for Illinois, and crossed the Mississippi at the beautifully situated town of Quincy late on the 25th.

Mch. 25. Thence we traveled through the best settled parts of Illinois via Naples, crossed the Illinois River at Philip's Ferry, passed through Morgan, Greene, and Madison counties, via Winchester, Carrollton and Edwardsville, arriving at the latter place on March 28. All our efforts were futile. As a last resource, Mr. Rae decided to go to Kentucky, which we had been advised to do from the first. He made up his mind to go alone in order to save expense. I was to return to St. Charles to await the return of Burke and the men from Missouri, and then with them to follow Mr. Rae according to whatever directions he might send us.

Mch. 29. I waited anxiously at St. Charles for our party, but they did not put in an appearance till April 15. This unaccountable delay made Mr. Rae very anxious, as I knew from his frequent letters, so immediately on their arrival at St. Charles, we hurried off for Kentucky. Ten days later, beyond the east branch of White River, we met Mr. Rae

who had come thus far to meet us. He informed us he had the sheep all ready for us near Versailles. He was very much displeased with Burke for his unaccountable delay in upper Missouri; it soon leaked out that Burke had tried to dissuade the men from coming down east at all. He had in fact endeavored to get them to desert the undertaking and return with him to their homes in Red River. This disclosure led to an estrangement between Burke and Mr. Rae and caused the loss of all confidence in Burke for the future.

Two of the men with the wagon and spare horses were now directed to proceed on the west side of the Ohio and wait for us at Madison. The rest of us pushed on and arrived on April 29th at Versailles. Near the town was the farm of Mr. Twyman, who had contracted to furnish the sheep. He had all the sheep collected in his parks and had men busy shearing them. Our party also immediately set to work to get through sooner. By May 1 we had all the sheep shorn, marked and counted, ready for marching. On the 2nd we started with our noisy drove of 1,100 sheep and lambs. Next day we added 200 more to our flock.

May 7. We crossed the Ohio to Madison and there met our two men. Mr. Rae purchased 70 more sheep, which swelled our drove to 1,370. After leaving Madison, though the heat was very oppressive and the mosquitoes very troublesome, it was surprising how well the sheep traveled, averaging ten or eleven miles a day, and sometimes much more over open prairie. We had to swim them over many rivers.

May 22. We passed through Terre Haute, a very pretty town, and ferried across the Wabash. We had occasionally to sell along the road sheep and lambs that fell lame.

June 3. We crossed the Illinois River at Fort Clark, or Peoria. From this point we had no direct road to Rock Island, so a guide was hired who drove the wagon ahead.

June 8. For the first time we saw that dreadful scourge, the spear grass, growing pretty thick along our route, and noticed a few of the awns sticking in the wool of the sheep.

June 10. Since last date we had several bad streams to cross. The flies were extremely irritating. The plains were everywhere covered with spear grass, and this morning five sheep were found killed by rattlesnakes. We fell in with the Jackson road and camped at Rock River. The spear grass¹ was now telling severely on our flock. Before this we

¹From Dr. L. H. Pammel, the distinguished botanist of the Iowa College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, of whom we inquired as to the identity and history of this plant, we have the following:

"From the description of the injuriousness of spear grass given in the article I am certain that it is one of the porcupine grasses. The eastern North American which occurs from New England to Texas is *Stipa avenacea*. The callus (lower part of fruit) is sharp pointed and might easily get into sheep. The distribution of the above species overlaps the Mississippi Valley porcupine grass commonly known in this section of the United States as needle grass, certainly a name that is quite as appropriate as porcupine grass. Both of these common names indicate the character of the fruit. Our needle grass is *Stipa sparteau*. Since the callus is much stronger and longer and the fruit larger, I think the trouble to sheep referred to was caused by this species. A western species com-

had never seen or heard of this destructive grass. If we had known its disastrous effects we could have avoided it by making a detour or by waiting till the grass ripened and fell, and thus our flock and selves would have been spared much suffering and pain. The spears worked into the flesh of the sheep, causing putrifying sores, which were infested with maggots; then mortification set in and the result was the death of the victim. The flies were also a constant plague to the poor sheep which hardly got peace to snatch a mouthful.

June 13. Camped opposite Rock Island Ferry and astonished the natives not a little with our large flock. These same people had seen us in December previous and had taken us for a lot of miserable Indians. After crossing the Mississippi we were employed shearing the sheep and lambs and pulling the spears out of their flesh. This was sickening work, some of the sheep being one moving mass of maggots and matter. All the time the flies were maddening. Burke left on this date to go round by Galena and St. Peters to meet us above the latter place with a supply of provisions. Mr. Davenport, the Indian trader at Rock Island, a very obliging gentleman, bought some lame sheep from us, and

mon in the Red River Valley in western Minnesota and the Dakotas to the Rocky Mountains is the *Stipa comata*. This occurs along the Missouri River in a few places in Iowa and at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. In my Manual of Poisonous Plants, pp. 336 and 337, I have this to say about the injuriousness of these plants:

"Dr. M. Stalker says the fruits of the porcupine grass are a frequent source of inconvenience and injury to living animals. In many of the northwestern counties of Iowa this grass grows in the greatest profusion, and during the latter part of June, the season for maturing and consequent falling of these spines, they are the occasion of much annoyance and in some instances the death of domestic animals. Only such animals as are covered with wool or a thick growth of long hair are seriously inconvenienced. Sheep suffer most. The spines readily find a lodgment in the wool, and after burrowing through they frequently penetrate the skin and bury themselves in the flesh. A large number of these barbs thus entering the tissues of the body produce an amount of irritation that is sometimes followed by death. I have seen large numbers of these imbedded in the skin and muscular tissues of shepherd dogs that were covered with a thick growth of soft hair. These sagacious animals frequently exhibit the greatest dread at being sent into the grass during the season of danger."

"Professor Bessey in his inquiries into the structure and nature of this plant received several responses, one of which, from Professor King, formerly of the University of Wisconsin, was as follows:

"In connection with the two notes relating to the fruit of the porcupine grass, it may not be without interest to say that while engaged in geological work in Dakota, north of the Northern Pacific Railroad, we were much annoyed by the fruit of this grass. Indeed, I found the only way to walk with comfort through this grass was to roll my pants above my knees and my socks down over my shoes. I also observed, on several occasions, these seeds planted two inches deep in the soil with the awns protruding from the ground. It is plain that with the point of one of these fruits once entered below the soil, the swelling and shrinking, due to varying amounts of moisture, would work the seeds directly into the ground."

"The *Stipa comata*, or needle grass of the West, which is common throughout the Dakotas, and throughout west Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado, is common in prairie hay, and Prof. Thomas A. Williams mentions that, though a forage plant, and not cut until the needles have fallen so that the stock may not be injured, the fruit of this plant often injures stock to a considerable extent. During the past summer in Alberta, Canada, the writer suffered some inconvenience from the penetration of the fruit through the clothes."

"Some years ago when I was at Winnipeg and Regina and other points on the plains of the Canadian Northwest, the awns of the *Stipa comata* penetrated the skin through our clothes and seriously inconvenienced us, causing festering where the awns were not removed at once. You can readily see that this plant often was very injurious. Similar injuries are caused by grasses related to *Stipa*, like *Aristida*, etc."

sent an Indian guide with us as we were about to enter the Indian prairie where there was no trail.

June 19. We moved our camp three miles on to Duck Creek, but were still engaged at the same nauseating work with the sheep. The wool was sold to some people near there, but when they found that we could not take it with us they withdrew from their bargain, thinking we would have no alternative but leave it with them for nothing. We left the ashes behind.

June 21. Again under way, with our drove now much reduced from the effects of the spear grass.

June 25. A great deal of rain had fallen and the ground was very heavy. Our sheep were dropping off and dying in twos and threes; some of them were one mass of suppuration, aggravated by heat, flies and maggots. We again resumed our heart-rending job of shearing them to the skin, picking out the prickly spears, and doctoring the suffering animals as best we could. For sheer curiosity we examined the bodies of some of the dead sheep and counted the spears imbedded in the carcasses. The number in some cases seems incredible, amounting to several hundred, some of the spears being several inches deep in the flesh.

July 2. We were fortunate enough to hire the services of a Fox Indian chief to guide us to the Sioux boundary and also to hunt for us. On July 2 he and Rocke went hunting and brought back a deer, and the welcome intelligence that the spears were ripe and falling to the ground. Mr. Rae accompanied Rocke and the chief next day and confirmed the good news.

July 7. From last date we came on by short stages, traveling being still very bad owing to soft ground. From the effects of the spear grass ravages, our flock was now diminished to 670.

(Note: The continuation of my journal from above date till August 7 was stolen from the wagon on August 19, which I regretted much, as it contained an account of the most interesting part of our trip.)

The Fox chief and a companion came with us to the borders of the debatable land between them and the Sioux. Further they would not venture. The chief had been of great service to us as guide and hunter, especially in the latter capacity, as red deer and cabri [caribou] were plentiful. After their departure, our only guide was the compass. Jos. Rocke had a slight knowledge of the country from hearsay, which was often turned to good account. We were often so hard up for provisions that we had reluctantly to kill a sheep for the kettle. This we had to do on the evening of August 7, after effecting the crossing of the St. Peters River, when we broke our fast for the first time that day. We had been following the stream for some days in search of a suitable place to cross.

Aug. 8. We now struck the cart trail leading from Lac qui Parle to Leblanc, on which we had traveled in November. It was a relief to

ourselves and stock to have once more a road to follow, and we made good progress homewards.

Aug. 11. Arrived at Lac qui Parle, where we found Burke and Jos. Rocke's father. The former had been taking his ease here for some time with Mr. Rainville, instead of meeting us with provisions as arranged when we left Rock Island, this being the main object of his being sent ahead. We were glad to find that Rocke's father was to travel with us to our destination, as his influence among the Sioux Indians was very great. Our flock of sheep now numbered 295 only. We had also a band of 30 horses.

Aug. 19. We left Lac qui Parle, and Mr. Rainville followed us to make arrangements with the Indians at Lac Traverse for our safe passage through their territory. We found some hundreds of Sioux lodges, under the great Chief Wanata, planted round Lac Traverse Post. The Indians came in crowds on horseback to see us, all the time shouting and making horrible din, still they were friendly. Wanata paid us a friendly visit with Mr. Rainville and Mr. Moore, the trader. Mr. Rae distributed gifts among the chiefs and presented Wanata with a horse to which he had taken a fancy. We parted on good terms. As we raised camp a chief called Capt. La Guerre, and another came to us and said they would escort us for a few days to protect us from any bad Indians who might follow us.

Aug. 21. We crossed Traverse de Sioux and reached the bank of the Ottertail River in time to camp. Ducks and geese were very plentiful. Our two Indian friends kept the pot boiling. To our surprise, Wanata and his brother rode into our camp. They had come on precisely the same errand as Capt. La Guerre. Their presence with us would ward off any danger from prowling war parties of Sioux, and to this end they accompanied us for some days.

Aug. 25. We followed as nearly as possible the same course as we had taken going south. We crossed the Cheyenne River. Here the chiefs left us, saying we were now perfectly safe from bad Indians. Mr. Rae gave them presents in consideration of their valuable services. Wanata was a noble specimen of the Indian race. He was tall and commanding in appearance, with most brilliant eyes. His influence among the Sioux was unrivalled.

Aug. 26. After breakfast at Maple River, Burke and Bruce were sent on with letters to Fort Garry. On our route we killed an occasional buffalo bull, but the meat proved terribly lean and tough.

Sept. 3. We reached the Turtle River and camped; killed some more buffalo.

Sept. 5. Since last date, crossed the two Salt rivers and added part of a buffalo bull and a black bear to our stock of provisions. Reached the Pembina River early, but had so much trouble in crossing, the banks being very muddy, that it was late before we camped.

Sept. 12. At Grand Point we had the pleasure of meeting a boat

sent from Fort Garry with provisions, etc. The crew brought us the first news of the settlement we had heard since we left. They also brought some letters.

Sept. 13. Sixty of our lame sheep and part of our baggage were put on the boat.

Sept. 16. Mr. Rae, being far from well, went on board also. Reached Fort Garry at noon and got the sheep and horses across the river before dark. Thus terminated our long, harrassing and dangerous trip, a trip which was most disappointing in its results. The most of our trouble and the whole of the sad diminution of our flock was brought about by the wild spear grass, and our total ignorance of its existence. Had we commenced the trip with the knowledge and the experience which, alas! we bought at so dear a price, we all felt certain that the enterprise would have been an entire success, and that we would have brought in our flock all but intact. Shortly after our return, the sheep were removed to the farm and I was put in charge for the winter.

INAUGURATION OF THE GOVERNOR IN 1858

The inauguration of Governor Lowe and Lieutenant Governor Faville was an imposing affair. It took place in Representative Hall, on Tuesday last, at 11 o'clock, A. M. A large assemblage was attracted to the hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The ladies were admitted to the privileges of the floor on the occasion, and occupied a large portion of the seats allotted to members. Distinguished gentlemen from all portions of the state were in attendance. Not often have been assembled at one time and place so many men of distinction in the varied walks of life. The oath of office was administered to the Governor and Lieutenant Governor by Judge Wright. The inaugural address was admirably delivered and listened to throughout with the closest attention. Of its merits there is but one opinion. It has added much to the enviable fame of Governor Lowe. At its close Governor Grimes gave a cordial grasp of the hand to Governor Lowe and Lieutenant Governor Faville, the convention of the two houses dissolved, and the assemblage dispersed.—*The Iowa Citizen*, Des Moines, January 16, 1858. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

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