

worse than wasted life in being the ruin of all his noblest and best friends. He truly said that few young men ever escaped his friendship. In these moods he would, in the most touching and melting manner say that the only unpardonable offence that he had committed was the destruction of his friends — his noble, trusting, generous friends. In later years he would say, counting them over, score upon score, winding up in the very depths of despair, "They are all gone, gone; I am still left." He is now gone too. All gone. Where are they now? If they are not in the good land, where is the whisky maker and whisky seller who ruined them and millions upon millions besides? The legislators who make laws to punish crime, but make laws to protect the man who promotes crime, where are they?

---

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MO.

(Continued from page 708, volume 9.)

THE "little unpleasantness" with the "Lo family," at Correctionville, spread as if on the wings of the wind. The whole country for miles around was in a blaze of excitement. The guards especially, were burning to emulate the deeds of fallen heroes. "They smelt the battle afar off." The news spread rapidly — like a snowball rolling down the mountain's side, the farther it rolls the more it accumulates. The most exaggerated reports of the affair were soon after read in the New York journals. The risibles of the guards were uncontrollable when they read these reports, to see how easy it was to become a hero.

When the report reached Col. Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, he immediately dispatched to our relief a company of "mounted minute men," from Mills county, under command of Capt. Tubs, who made a forced march, and were soon on the ground, ready to co-operate with the guards in affording protection to the settlers. The guards and citizens of Sioux City gave Capt. Tubs and company a hearty welcome. Capt. Tubs was a fine looking officer, and an excellent disciplinarian. His company was made up of Mills county's best citizens, among whom was D. Solomon, a prominent lawyer of Glenwood, several doctors and ministers of the gospel, whose names I now have forgotten. They responded to the order to relieve us of our supposed danger, like true patriots and brave men, sacrificing their personal interests and comfort of their families. On their arrival (July 5th) they were agreeably surprised to find the smoke of battle cleared away and the brave guards tranquilly reposing on their arms, with an inordinate appetite for *lager*, which was a *slight proclivity* of our braves. Our minute friends remained with us two or three days, to recuperate themselves and jaded horses, during which time the hospitalities of the town were extended them. On the 8th, a luxurious dinner was given them at Cassady's Hall, by the citizens of Sioux City, under the directions of the ladies, where our Mills county friends were feasted and toasted in a very happy manner. I am sorry that I cannot here give the toasts and eloquent and well-timed responses on that occasion. The next morning they took up their line of march for home, escorted out of town by the "guards" and followed by the good wishes of our grateful citizens, for the manifestation of their magnanimity and patriotism. On the day of their departure, two members of the guards, Thomas Roberts (brother of William, who was wounded at Correctionville) and Henry Corduway, among our oldest and most worthy citizens, obtained a permit from Capt. Trip to cross over to the east side of the Floyd river, to what was known as Hartshorn's Ravine, for the purpose of plowing potatoes

that they were cultivating there, taking with them their horses and wagon. The field was in full view of the town. They were ordered to report themselves at roll call in the evening. Roll call came, but not the two soldiers. Nothing strange was thought of this as it was supposed that they wished to complete their work before returning. No alarm was felt by their families, as Roberts was something of a hunter, and it was thought that they had, in all probability, gone in pursuit of elk or other game. But when they did not come at a late hour in the night, Mrs. Corduway, who lived on the east side of Floyd river, in what was known as "Cole's Addition," became much alarmed as to the whereabouts and safety of her husband, and about 11 o'clock that night she determined to institute some search or inquiry for him. Accordingly, she started for the house of J. M. White, a member of the guards, who lived about three-fourths of a mile up the river. Arriving there, she awoke White, who, on hearing her statement, immediately reported their absence to Capt. Trip, who was then camped with a portion of his company in Sioux City, on the bluff just north of G. W. Chamberlain's house. Grave suspicions were now entertained as to their safety. G. W. Chamberlain (Orderly Sergeant) was ordered out with a small detachment of men to make search for the missing ones. They arrived at the field about two o'clock in the morning, where they found the wagon in a twist, with the hind wheels turned upon the side and the harness near by, having been cut off of the horses. The premises gave unmistakable evidence of hostility. The horses evidently had been tied to the hind wheels of the wagon, and having been frightened, turned them up as they were found. The darkness rendered further discovery impossible. They remained on the ground until daylight when evidences of Indians were clearly discernable, but the missing men were nowhere to be found, and as no traces of blood were discovered, it was presumed that they had been made prisoners or carried off to some more secret place, and

murdered. They had evidently taken the horses. Their trail was soon struck, when the command started in pursuit leaving J. M. White to report to headquarters, which he promptly did. As I was seating myself at the breakfast table, J. C. C. Haskins appeared at my door, with gun in hand, and narrated in substance the statement above, and that our company was ordered out immediately to search for the missing men. Saddling my horse as quickly as possible, I mounted and was soon on the way with what remained of our company. Arriving at the field, we found J. M. White who had discovered the body of Roberts. Further search being made, the lifeless body of Corduway was found a short distance from Roberts, in the grass near where they had been at work — both lying on their backs, as if they had laid down to sleep. Roberts had his left hand on his left breast, with his thumb under his vest; in his right hand he held a small tin pail, about half full of water. He had seemingly died without a struggle. But Corduway had struggled considerably. On turning them over it was found that they had been shot in the back — Roberts through the lungs, the ball lodging in the palm of his left hand, and Corduway through the bowels. They evidently had been preparing their dinners when they received the fatal shot; so close were the enemy upon them when they fired that the powder burned their clothes. The harness was hastily and temporarily repaired and thrown upon the horses, which were hitched to the wagon in which were laid the bodies of our murdered comrades, which were conveyed to Cassady's Hall, to await the necessary arrangements for burial. Both left families to mourn their sad fate.

A courier was at once dispatched to Council Bluffs with the startling intelligence to Col. Baldwin. John Hubble, a youth, was selected to carry the dispatch. He mounted a horse and set out on the trip, stopping at Onawa and several other points to procure fresh horses. He reached his place of destination in about twelve hours, a distance of 110 miles. Captain Trip, after detailing men sufficient to con-

vey the dead to town, took the remainder of his company and started in pursuit of the enemy. Taking the trail, we went south, across Hartshorn's Ravine, thence southeast for a mile or more, when the trail turned north. Judging from indications, there could not have been more than two Indians. We soon came upon Sergeant Chamberlain with whom we continued the pursuit, when about noon I was ordered to carry a dispatch to Correctionville, where a small detachment of the guards were stationed, ordering Joseph Buchanan (brother-in-law of the murdered Roberts) to Sioux City. Frederick Borsh accompanied me. Having ridden our horses quite rapidly during the day, my horse gave out before we had gone many miles, whereupon I urged Borsh, as his horse was seemingly good, to leave me and hurry on with the dispatch, which he reluctantly did. I urged my disabled and wearied horse along as fast as it was practicable, and arrived safely at Correctionville late in the evening. There was no house then from Sioux City, or after leaving the Floyd river, until arriving at Correctionville, a distance of over thirty miles. Captain Trip continued pursuit until next day, when he was relieved by Captain Morton, who commanded a small company composed mostly of the settlers of Plymouth county. Morton continued the chase until about four o'clock that afternoon, when for some cause best known to himself, he abandoned pursuit and returned home.

The alarm had now spread until it had reached every cabin and hamlet on the frontier, and a general stampede seemed inevitable. Many abandoned their homes and fled to Sioux City for safety. Others returned east among their friends until there should be some guaranty of safety to our frontier. In order to check further hostilities and restore tranquility, his excellency Gov. Kirkwood, who had been notified by Col. Baldwin of the state of affairs, ordered Capt. John Mitchell, of Des Moines, to garrison the most exposed points, and afford protection to the settlements. A portion of this company was left to garrison Cherokee. Two

brothers (whose names I now have forgotten), citizens of Cherokee county, joined Capt. Mitchell's command, or acted in conjunction with it as scouts. It was during the month of August that these scouts, returning from a scout, late one sultry evening, their horses fatigued from the day's ride, themselves equally so, they sought rest for the remainder of the night in a stock-yard, in or close to the town of Cherokee. Turning their horses loose in the yard, they climbed upon the top of a shed covered with hay, which stood in the inclosure, so that they might be able to keep an eye on their horses. They were armed with minnie rifles loaded with conical balls. They slept alternately, in order to keep a close watch for any approaching enemy. The moon shone brightly, and objects were discernible for some distance around. About two o'clock in the morning, not seeing anything to awaken suspicions of danger to themselves or horses, the watch was gently yielding to the demands of balmy sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by some unusual noise, and on looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, he was startled to see two stalwart Indians in possession of their horses, and leading them toward the bars of the yard. Quietly awakening his brother, each selected his victim, who were now endeavoring to lay down the bars, one of whom was in a stooped position, with his unmentionable in range with the unerring rifle of the scout which at once sent a leaden compliment crashing through him, raking him fore and aft, coming out at the top of his head. The other scout missed his aim; the savage made his escape with the horse. The scouts leaped from the shed and approached the fallen foe, who had not yet taken his departure for the *new hunting ground*. As they came near him, he struck at them with his gun, when they sent another ball through his heart which safely landed him in the hunting grounds of the great spirit. The victors, no doubt wishing to preserve some memento of their copper-colored prize, not only scalped, but skinned his entire head, which scalp they sent to Capt. Trip's headquarters, at Sioux City,

where it hung for several days out on the Captain's tent, which gave it the appearance of the home of a notable brave, when it was afterward forwarded to Gov. Kirkwood, at Des Moines.

In the latter part of July (1861) a detachment of the guards, under command of Lieut. Millard, were ordered to Correctionville, as a relief garrison at that post. They were T. J. Stone, W. Haley, M. Bruckner, T. McElhany, J. Hipkins, Mr. Lee, Mr. Chapman, N. Levering, and others whose names are now not remembered. Each night a portion of the command was detailed to guard the settlers' stables, for the protection of their horses. This kind of duty the boys denominated "Watch-dog Duty," which we regarded as quite appropriate.

We were rendezvoused in a log cabin near the house of M. Kellogg, a very excellent man, in whose family resided two young ladies, whose acquaintance Bruckner and Lee soon made, and generally acted as their escort. They were observed one day by T. McElhany, accompanying the young ladies to a grove of timber on the bank of a small stream, about one mile distant, for the purpose of gathering berries. The boys being unarmed, Mac. thought there was a good opportunity for fun, which he lost no time in improving. Hastening to the house of a Mr. Everett, near whose house the parties had gone, he found Mr. Everett ripe for a joke, as he always was. They quickly agreed upon a plan to frighten the unsuspecting by personating the Indian. Accordingly, Everett painted his face and donned a blanket, and Mac., with his gun loaded with a blank cartridge, they hurried off. Arriving at the timber they cautiously crept, unobserved, through the brush on the opposite side of the stream until they were sufficiently near the party, who were busily at work and not anticipating the least danger, when suddenly the report of a gun was heard. The young ladies, on looking sharply in the direction of the sound, discovered Everett, and shrieked (as only affrightened women can), "Indians! Indians!!" and away they bounded for home,

through the brush and over the logs, like young fawns, while Lee stood coolly watching the movements of the blanket as if to fully satisfy himself as to whether attacked by Indians or not. Calling Bruckner to his side he said, "Morris, there are Indians over there; don't you see them? Don't you see that blanket?" Bruckner was a German, but spoke English tolerably well, and was pluck to the heel. Bruckner, after hastily surveying the supposed enemy, grasped the limb of a tree-top lying near him, which he endeavored to break off for a war club, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "Vot for you shoots over here? Shust you stops dat, or I shust comes over there und beats h—l out you." Getting no response to his interrogatory or threats, he said, "Lee, I shust believes dem are Inshuns, und ve had better leave," and suiting actions to words, they beat a retreat — not, however, without first making a hasty search for the girls. They hurried to the house of Everett, thinking that the girls had fled thither. Arriving there they found the would-be Indians — Everett in the act of washing the paint off of his face, and convulsed with laughter. T. J. Stone was standing near Kellogg's house, looking down the road in the direction of the timber, when he saw girl No. 1, bounding up the road at the top of her speed, with bonnet in hand, as if life was at stake. Calling to me he said, "See that girl coming, something wrong. Let's go and see!" Off we ran to our quarters, and grasping our guns, we soon inquired of the young lady the cause of her alarm, and were told that the Indians had attacked the party. "I saw," said she, "one great big Indian with a blanket on. He shot at us, and the ball whizzed close by my head." "Where are the boys?" said we. "I don't know; I left them there." We hurried on, thinking that a bloody fight with Mr. Lo was inevitable. Meeting girl No. 2, her statement was a corroboration of No. 1. Leaving her we hurried forward, when we soon met Bruckner and Everett, who were now looking for the girls whom they feared had been seriously frightened. On being informed

of their safety, Everett related the joke, which was followed by roars of side-splitting laughter, all enjoying the joke hugely.

Soon after this, and while we were at Correctionville, some of the company concluded to test the fighting qualities of one of its members — Wm. Haley — an Irishman from Monona county, who was regarded by his fellow soldiers as a great coward. The following plan was agreed upon: Tom Flowers, an intimate friend of Bill's, proposed to him one day, that he (Bill) should accompany him on a scout for Indians, which Bill readily agreed to. One of the men was selected to play Indian. Taking his gun and red blanket under his arm, he quietly slipped out of camp and down to the timber, unobserved by Bill. Flowers, in order that nothing serious might occur by a shot from Bill's gun, proposed that he should load it for him, to which Bill readily assented. Tom took the gun, and stepping aside, loaded it with a blank cartridge. Having done this, they mounted their horses, when their brothers in arms crowded around to give words of cheer, while some shook Bill by the hand and expressed their fears that ere the sun went down, some redskin would possess his scalp. Pat assured them that he would give a good account of himself should they encounter an Indian. They rode down to the timber, when Flowers proposed that they should ride into the river to let their horses drink. While in the river, the crack of a gun was heard. On looking around, a red blanket was seen behind a tree near by. "Indians!" said Flowers. "Run for life!" and spurring his horse, dashed off, saying, "Bill, save yourself." Bill was not to be bluffed. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and was disposed to take matters coolly. Unslinging his gun he said, "Be dad, an' I'm not afther lavin' until I make a howl in yer darty hide." Looking about for his comrade and not seeing him, he shouted, "Tom! Tom!" Receiving no response, he concluded he wanted to see Tom worse than the Indian, and took to his heels, leaving his horse behind. Coming out on the prairie

in full view of our quarters, he stopped, looked for a moment at Tom — who was charging about on his horse as if his horse was uncontrollable, then in the direction of the timber, as if determined not to give up the contest — when he shouted, “Come on, Tom, for by the howly saints I’ll have a shot at him yet.” Retracing his steps to the edge of the timber, he tip-toed, and stretched his neck to its full capacity, while he peered around for the enemy. His eye soon caught a glimpse of the red blanket through the brush, when Pat whaled away and immediately took to his scrapers, like a quarter horse, until he was some distance on the prairie. Looking toward our quarters and seeing a number of us standing in a group, looking toward him, he pulled off his hat, and waving it over his head, shouted in an indignant voice, “Come down here, you cowardly devils — come down! The woods is full of Ingins.” Each one grasped his gun and started on a double-quick. We were soon circled round him, listening to his wonderful adventure. Said he, “Boys, the woods are alive with Ingins. I saw four great big fellers, with red blankets.” “See here,” he continued, holding up his right hand that had received a scratch in the brush, and pulling open his bosom, which also had received a scratch, “see here where two balls grazed me. Be dad, boys, I’ll have a shot at them again.” We complimented him for his bravery, and told him that it would be an act of rashness to venture into the timber again as the enemy had the advantage of us. Tom rode into the timber and brought out Bill’s horse, when all withdrew from the bloodless field to our quarters, in good order, well convinced that Pat was game, and to fool with him was unsafe. Bill remained in blissful ignorance of the joke for several days, when he incidentally heard of it one day in a saloon, after we had been ordered back to Sioux City. His wrath knew no bounds. He immediately conquered a pint of “red-eye,” and then started for camp to conquer the company. It was a bright, moonlight night, when Bill came staggering into camp, roaring like one of the bulls of

Bashan. He stamped, he raved, he foamed and frothed, he swore he would whip the Captain, and every "domed" officer and private in the company. He was ordered under guard, but to no effect. It was not until a late hour that, from exhaustion, he succumbed to Morpheus and slumbered away his wrath. These were some of the notable and brilliant feats and strategic movements of the guards, for which they were so justly renowned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

### NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

BY D. C. BLOOMER, COUNCIL BLUFFS.

No. 3.

IN April, 1854, congress passed an act authorizing the judge of the county court of Pottawattamie county to enter six hundred and forty acres of land for the benefit of the owners and occupants of claims thereon. Judge Street accordingly, on the 10th day of May, 1854, entered, under this law, 80 acres in Sec. 30, and 80 acres in Sec. 31, township 75, range 43; and 240 acres in Sec. 25, and 240 acres in Sec. 36, township 75, range 44 — forming a square mile, and comprising within its limits nearly all of the old Mormon village of Kanessville.

The parcelling out of this tract of land to the several parties claiming the same, was, in some cases, a difficult undertaking, as more than one claim was not unfrequently made to the same lot. Mr. Thomas Tostevin, a native of the Isle of Guernsey, in the British Channel, but who had lived from his boyhood in the City of New York, came to the

Copyright of Annals of Iowa is the property of State of Iowa, by & through the State Historical Society of Iowa and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.