

voice was distinctly heard by his followers, animating them to deeds worthy of the race to which they belonged." When that well known voice was heard no longer above the din of arms, the battle ceased. Thus fell Tecumseh, a man of the wilderness, who at this time had not his equal in swaying and controlling the Indian tribes.

INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT
OF MARION COUNTY.

BY WILLIAM M. DONNELL.

NEXT to Knoxville, the county seat, Red Rock is the oldest village in Marion county, having been laid out in August, 1845, by John D. Bedell, who is still a resident of the place. Mr. B. was formerly a citizen of Missouri, from which state he emigrated to near Farmington, Van Buren county, in the autumn of 1842. Early in the spring following, having associated with him a Frenchman named Louis Leplant, who was conversant with the Indian language, he applied to Capt. Allen, the commandant of the military post of Iowaville, for permission to cross the line and make a tour in the "New Purchase," as it was then called. The Captain refused to grant permission officially; he told the applicants, however, that he should not prevent them from going, but would not be responsible for what might befall them, should they chance to fall into the hands of the Indians or dragoons, and advised them to be on their guard.

Being willing to take the risk, the two adventurers set out on foot, equipped with guns, ammunition, a couple of blankets, and what cold victuals they could carry, taking the Indian trail up the north side of the Des Moines river.

This was in March, and shortly after they commenced their journey a heavy snow-storm came on, and continued until the trail was not only covered, but their progress was so much obstructed by the depth of the snow as to make it exceedingly slow and toilsome. Besides, their way was through a dense forest, uninhabited, and where, so far as they knew, no white man had ever before traveled, lonely, and beset by dangers unknown to them,—altogether making the adventure one that required resolution to prosecute. Mr. B. was then young, hardy, and brave, and his companion had been accustomed to frontier life, and both had an object in view that promised an ample reward for the undertaking; so they plodded slowly onward, now and then relieving each other in the lead in their single-file march through snow that reached above their knees, and slept in their blankets at night, under the shelter of some cliff or thicket that chanced to be convenient at the close of day.

At the end of the third day they came to a creek, whose abrupt bank seemed something of an obstacle for a really tired traveler, and they decided to clear away the snow for a camping place, make a fire, and tarry there till morning. The place was not well sheltered, but as it was even then getting dark, and they were much exhausted, and suffering with the cold, they thought it advisable to make the best of the situation. But ere they had made the necessary preparations for the bivouac, Leplant discovered the glimmer of a light that appeared to be no great distance west from them. Such a discovery, at such a time, was hailed with as much joy by these suffering adventurers as could a beacon light be by a bewildered and storm-tossed mariner. They soon found themselves sufficiently refreshed by the discovery to renew their journey that much farther, not for a moment doubting but that they should be welcomed to shelter and food by either civilized men or savages.

On reaching the place they found it to be an encampment of Indians, on their way to a town called Hardfish,

located where Eddyville now is. They were going on a trading expedition, and the deep snow had compelled them to stop for a few days. Mr. Bedell, through his interpreter, asked for lodging with them, and his request was readily granted. Next morning the travelers were led to the river by the chief, and from thence they made a tour around the neighborhood of the camp. They found it to be a beautiful piece of bottom land, half surrounded by bluffs and well timbered hills on the north and west. It was also on the main trail between the fort and the lower trading posts, and Mr. Bedell therefore thought it would make a good location for another trading post, and, eventually, for a town. With the view of becoming proprietor of the place, and for the purpose of establishing a prior claim thereto, he "blazed" a tree on the bank of the river, and then enclosed two or three square miles of country around the contemplated town, within an irregular line of "blazes."

But as he could not yet establish any legal title to the property, he and Leplant went to Missouri, where they packed a couple of horses with provisions destined for their new home. With these they reached there about the first of May. Soon after their arrival they were joined by John Jordon, with whose assistance they erected a cabin about fourteen feet square, completing the job in less than a day. This was the first house built in what was afterwards the town of Red Rock. It derived this name from the lofty cliffs of bright red sandstone* about a half mile above town. The Indian name for it was Sic-dah-musk-a-chees (redstone), but as the word stone was not a fashionable one with most of the first settlers of the town, the name was changed to rock.

About two weeks after having established his claim, by the erection of a house, Messrs. Bedell, Jordon, and Le-

*This stone, when first taken out of the quarry, is so soft that it may be easily dressed into any shape; after which it hardens sufficiently to make it quite suitable for building purposes.

plant went to Keokuk for a stock of goods. Here they succeeded in purchasing a flatboat, and at Alexander they loaded it with about ten tons of such provisions as were suitable for trade with the Indians, and hired it pushed to its destination. This was the first mercantile house in the country, and for some time it did a lively and profitable business.

Soon after the country was open for settlement Red Rock and its neighborhood became the location of other traders, and the town was the resort of Indians, and all white men of leisure and convivial habits. We here introduce a few anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in and about Red Rock at that time.

During the winter of 1845-46 Daniel Hiskey, who is now a resident of Monroe, Jasper county, taught the first school in Red Rock village, in a small cabin near the river bank. He was the only teetotal temperance man in the community, and, as such, was the subject of ridicule by many of the old soakers. But as neither ridicule nor argument could induce him to make a practical breach in his peculiar principles, it was decided by some of them to force him to do it. It was New Year's day, and this was a time when treats were particularly fashionable; yet Mr. Hiskey had no intimation that any body intended to ask *him* to treat on that occasion, till on the morning of the day in question. On opening school that morning, he found several young men in attendance, apparently as scholars, who had not been there before. This was a sign that some trick was intended; but nothing of the kind was intimated till noon, when the big boys respectfully invited the master to supply them with a gallon of whisky, and sugar to sweeten it. His reply was, "Not a drop!" They then told him that it was their intention to "duck him if he persisted in refusing." This threat, instead of having the effect intended by the boys, roused his ire a little, and made him the more resolute. He saw plainly that they intended to lay hands upon him, and he thought it advisable to escape if he could. So

thinking, he made a sudden dash by them, and made all speed for the river, closely followed by the boys and others, old and young, who understood the game, all joining in the pursuit with a jargon of yells that made the scene quite an exciting one.

The river was spanned by a strong bridge of ice, and to this Mr. H. made his way, intending to lead his pursuers a long chase up the stream; but in this he was foiled, for some who had got the start of him when the race began succeeded in heading him off, and finally captured him, short of a half mile from the starting place. They then renewed their demands for the gallon of whisky and the sugar, and he most pointedly refused to comply; whereupon they led him to a hole that had been cut in the ice, and there again renewed the demand, threatening with all apparent sincerity, to put him under if he did not promise. The cold, dark current, passing swiftly under the thick ice, offered a chilling prospect, indeed, to the helpless captive in the hands of what appeared to be an excited mob, who might possibly carry their threat into execution. But, true as a martyr to principle, he told them he would die first. Not willing thus to be conquered by so strong a champion of total abstinence, to conquer whom would be a victory, indeed, they now sought to win by compromise, offering to let him off with half a gallon and the requisite amount of sugar, telling him that it was his last chance, and that he must go under if he refuse. He stoutly replied, "Not a drop!" A leading citizen then interfered, and told the boys that it was utterly useless to labor with such a fellow any longer, and advised them to let him go at once. So they did, convinced that such integrity to principle, however erroneous, was worthy of respect, for Mr. Hiskey was permitted to go on with his school, unmolested, and was never after hooted at for his opinions on temperance.

At an early date in the history of Red^VRock, an itinerant minister of the gospel, named Pardo, or Purdo, made his appearance there, and stated that he had been employed by

the government to preach to the Indians. Being somewhat at leisure in his vocation just then, he asked some of the people of Red Rock if they would not like to have the gospel preached to them. They replied that they would be very glad of it. An appointment was thereupon made, seats laid, and a dry goods box set up for a stand. A goodly number responded to the announcement, and the Rev. Pardo, instead of occupying a position at the side of the box, surprised his auditors by getting upon it. After the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, he began to preach, and waxed warm and warmer, as he proceeded, until, in the midst of one of his most eloquent flights, the box tipped from under his feet, and his Reverence came down in a most ludicrous manner. Thinking it only an accident, he remounted the box and went on with his discourse. But again, as he reached his wonted degree of fervor, the treacherous box tipped, and down came the preacher! This was too much for poor Pardo. Common sense convinced him that two such accidents could not have occurred unaided, and he thereupon abandoned the gospel-hungry Red Rockers to their own destruction, and turned his attention to the spreading of the gospel among the Indians.

In this, however, we are informed he met with but limited success; for one day as he was holding forth to a squad of them, relating the story of the cross, and exhorting his hearers to repent, one of them interrupted him with the query, "Who killed the Son of God,—white man or Indian?" "White man," the preacher was compelled to reply. "Then," said the brave, "let white man repent. If God had sent His Son to Indian Indian no kill him." On another occasion he was preaching to Keokuk's band, telling them that if they would repent and believe in Christ they should go to a land flowing with milk and honey, when the renowned chief rejoined, "I no like much milk and honey,—you say, corn and whisky, plenty, I go." Alas! poor Pardo! This was worse than the dry goods

box catastrophe. What field of labor he next turned his attention to we are not informed.

On the occasion of the first sermon preached there by a Methodist minister, whose name is not remembered, it was a subject of some anxiety among the few brethren as to whom he would call upon to close the services with prayer, as the custom is with this order. It appears that praying had been so little their habit, that a public performance of the duty was an undesirable task. So, previous to the hour for services, several of them met and discussed the matter. It was a point that might be used to advantage,—one that something might be won upon,—and the sanctity of the occasion should not stand in the way. So they agreed that if the preacher called upon any brother to pray, and said brother failed to perform, he, said brother, should be subject to a fine of one gallon of whisky, to treat the crowd with. It may be supposed that the close of the services was felt as something of a crisis in their religious experience by some of the members; but, fortunately, the preacher, being quite a stranger among them, relieved them of their oppressive apprehensions by doing the praying himself.

Among the numerous loungers about Red Rock was a man named Charley Hamlin. Charley had been a somewhat distinguished personage, and had once been a candidate for the state legislature, to which position he had narrowly failed being elected. This to him was a source of as much pride as though he had been, and when in liquor he made it the subject of much boasting. One day, being at Red Rock on a "big drunk," he glorified himself hugely to a crowd of fellow-loafers, by the oft-repeated story of coming within two votes of going to the legislature. Of course the crowd enjoyed his garrulous nonsense, and so did he, and he was happy. At length, however, his voice failed, his eye-sight became dim, his ideas mixed and flitting, and, at length, he sank down upon the bench in a sound, drunken slumber. The idea of playing the Hon. Charley Hamlin a good joke now suggested itself to some of the attendants.

So they smeared the palms of his hands with blacking, and then proceeded to tickle his face with a straw; this was sure to bring one or both of his hands in contact with his face, with a wipe intended to expel the flies. And this process was continued until the ruddy face of the sleeper had assumed a complexion equal, in glossy blackness, to that of any African.

At last Charlie awoke, and was greeted by many suppressed remarks about his appearance. Unconscious and incredulous of anything wrong, he was told to look in the glass and see for himself. This he did; yet scarcely awake, and bewildered by the appalling reflection, he hardly knew whether he was himself or somebody else, and gave expression to his bewilderment thus: "Ah, Charley Hamlin, you came within two votes of going to the legislature—now here you are, in Red Rock, a nigger!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF
NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MO.

(Continued from page 122.)

IN the spring of 1863, the Sixth Regiment Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Col. D. M. Wilson, of Dubuque, was ordered by Gen. Pope (who had command of the northwestern military department) to Sioux City, preparatory for a vigorous campaign against the Indians, during the summer. They were quartered at what was called Camp Cook, near the mouth of Big Sioux river, on the Dakota side. The camp was named Cook, in honor of Gen. Cook, of Springfield, Illinois, who was placed in command of the expedition. The General and staff arrived some weeks previous to the troops. On the evening of his arrival, he took rooms at the Waren-

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