

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. XII.

IOWA CITY, JULY, 1874.

No. 3.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA, AT IOWA CITY, JUNE 29TH, 1874, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

BY THE HON. HENRY CLAY DEAN.

GENTLEMEN OF THE IOWA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:—Less than a half century has passed since Iowa was one grand landscape of flowers, interspersed with a mere selvage of forests, diversified with beautiful streams of water, occupied by roaming tribes of Indians, and the wild beasts from which they drew their sustenance. To-day, Iowa is the granary of America, the very first in the rank of producers, growing a larger combined amount of the cereals than any other State in the Union, excepting only Illinois, which was admitted as a State in the Union, while Iowa was yet a comparatively unexplored wilderness.

History presents no parallel to the wonderful physical development and growth of your State—a growth which is developing and a development still growing. Unique in its history which is the romance of a political

philosophy that must ultimately govern the world, the marvelous growth of Iowa is but the natural reflex of her history.

The discovery of America marked a new era in the history of the world's physical existence. But infinite in its range of moral and intellectual culture and progress was the result of civilization and Liberty, the fairest, purest and most exalted of all of the daughters of religion. The right of property by discovery was abandoned in the higher doctrine that "The earth is the Lords' and the fullness thereof, and they that dwell therein." Only the great events in which truth and justice have been the arbiters, are worthy of record or remembrance among nations or men. The combinations of circumstances which gave to your State its high rank among civilized nations wears the air of romance which is at best but a feeble imitation of truth, for truth is stranger than fiction. The convulsions of the French government, our ancient and most faithful ally, gave to the Federal Union the Louisiana Territory. The great spirit of Jefferson, with the wisdom and foresight of the philosopher and statesman, sought the extension of the area of free government, choosing rather to follow the spirit than the letter of the Constitution, to acquire half a continent dedicated to self-government. The French revolution was the occasion, the missionary spirit of republican government was the cause, which made Iowa the garden of America. In the inception of the French revolution, the chief iconoclasts scarcely dreamed of the compass, extent and magnitude of their work of destruction; realizing still less of the magnificence of that superstructure of liberty, which failing in their own land, should be reared in the wilderness of an unexplored territory, nominally held by France, really occupied in common by wild beasts and savages. Atheism, growing weary of the domination of church usurpation, unfitly enough, purporting to represent, govern and transmit the simple, just and universal religion of Christ,

foolishly made war upon God, because too cowardly to assail the wrongs of the Hierarchy; ridiculed the authenticity and genuineness of Divine Revelation, which is the only guarantee of free government and the equal rights of man. This Atheism was the fountain from which the French revolution in all its stages drew its sustenance.

That which was called the church was a strange compound of the superstition, idolatry and ferocity of the old Paganism, mingled with the visionary metaphysics of the Pagan philosophers, the ceremonious formalities and gorgeous temple worship of the Jews, with the unnaturally interwoven and grossly misappropriated doctrine of Moses and the prophets, of Christ and the Apostles. This church was the mistress of Kings and Emperors, Oligarchs and Aristocrats, who invoked its authority to enslave the masses, who worshiped at its shrine, and yielded abject submission to its commands. Voltaire, though not the first to assail, was beyond all comparison the ablest of all the assailants of the authority of the church. His mode of attack was powerful and overwhelming. The object of his attack was a mistake, and therefore not enduring. Had he attacked the corruptions of the church, the Bible and Christianity would have been his invincible allies, whose conquest would have been enduring and eternal. But Voltaire chose otherwise; he attacked the Bible, ridiculed its teachings, scoffed at its authority, burlesqued in cynical ferocity its great author and His simple Apostles. The church was wounded in its vitals, but Christianity arose from the fire all the purer from its contact with the flames. Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Saurin, Bossuet, yet live as the lights of the temple whose shekinah will burn in dazzling glory long after the fire of the sun has been quenched by weary ages. But Voltaire did his herculean task well. The corruptions of the church were held up to public scorn.

Voltaire was the sovereign of French literature, the French Ben Johnson of the Drama; the Samuel Johnson

of her criticism, inimitable in history, without comparison in versatility. His keen double-edged sword spared neither monarch nor bishop. The champion of neither doctrine, sentiments, or establishment, he made general war upon all existing things. The torch of his incendiary pen was applied to mansions, palaces, libraries, and museums; to religion, philosophy and history, indiscriminately. But in the train of the conflagration he left neither cottage nor tent in which the weary houseless traveler might find shelter from the storm, or rest to his limbs. Volney and Rousseau, each as torch bearers of the great chief, did their minor work with alacrity and suavity, without his ferocity and without his power.

Voltaire had been the companion of the German infidel King Frederick. The companion and at the same time his menial, he surrendered his own manhood for the sovereign patronage. The superior sagacity and powers of the German monarch gave to Voltaire audacity in his attack upon the French hierarchy. But the French hierarchy was the corner stone of the French monarchy. The feudal system was its citadel. The church, the military and royalty, were the trinity of tyrants, who must stand or fall together. Under the ferocious attack of Voltaire a skepticism spread everywhere through the French Empire. The people, who had no voice in the government, yet by nature born of God and ordained to self-government, combined in secret societies for self-improvement, self-government, and the protection of their families, and the right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These societies spread, grew in numbers, knowledge and power, until there was a government within the government stronger than the government itself.

The profligacy of the French court, the corruptions of the church, the overbearing exactions of the feudal lords, growing with enormous power, enforced their mandate with an army, cruel and remorseless in the execution of the will of the court, and exhausting the re-

sources of the industry of the country. The lords temporal, and lords spiritual, were also lords of the soil, but were exempt from taxation. The dangerous experiment of freeing any class of property or of men from taxation was fully tested in France. The universal skepticism of Voltaire was followed by the universal license of Rousseau, which infused into the mind of the French people a strange contempt for personal responsibility to law.

The French people were divided into two most dangerous and unreasonable parties: the royal party, who were the advocates of government without liberty, upon the one hand; the revolutionary party, who declared for liberty without restraint or government, upon the other hand. The conflict of authority was felt in every part of the Empire. The State's General was assembled to effect a compromise, and to secure to the people by law what they declared their rights by nature. The differences were too great to be settled amicably. The king claimed absolute power to rule by authority of God. The people asserted the right to self-government by nature, which is but the empire of God. The contest was fully inaugurated; propositions for settlement only lengthened the time, but could not change the result: only an appeal to the God of battles could settle a conflict in which nature and God were respectively invoked as authority. Long continued power grasped by the great hands of strength is soon transferred to the hands of weak men who are born in, buy or bribe their way to place and power. This is ever so in governments. Immediately after our own revolution, Washington complained of the exceeding mediocre of Congress as compared with the giants who led the van of the great struggle. The great men of the second period of the American government did not appear until the second war with Great Britain developed Clay, Webster and Calhoun. The third great American conflict developed Douglass, Lincoln, Toombs, Alexander

and Thaddeus Stevens, Seward, Chase and Sumner, with scattered great names here and there; Randolph, Pinckney and Black. In times like these mere office holding dwarfs a great part of our public men, and office seeking dwarfs or corrupts the remainder; so it was in the revolution, so will it ever be.

With the elements of conflict all in subdued commotion, there was no great leader in France to crystalize the opposition, nor was one demanded until the aggression of Louis drove the ruined people together; then the leader came forth—the great Mirabeau, son of Victor de Mirabeau. By lineage eccentric, extravagant and versatile, by birth deformed, the small-pox made him even more hideous in his childhood. Mirabeau had been driven from home, made miserable by the separation of his parents, to school. From school he was arrested under sealed *lettres de cachet* by the application of his unnatural father. His life for years was spent under the arbitrary arrests of the government, by the connivance of his father, who was fond of calling himself “the friend of man.” Mirabeau was the natural offspring of oppression. The causes of the revolution were the aggregation of his own wrongs, and his attack upon the government was the simple defense of his own rights. The people had been driven mad by oppression; their property had been squandered upon the voluptuousness, vices and cruelty of kings. Their children had been fed to armies as lambs of the flock are fed to ravenous wolves, to gratify revenge and minister to ambition. The church was the jackal of kings and armies to hunt down their prey. Endurance had wasted its powers. Human nature could bear up no longer against the combinations of the lust of power, the tyranny of kings, the oppression of the nobility, the hypocrisy of the church and the despotism of armies.

The condition of France was only different from that of an oriental despotism, as a reality is different from a sham which conceals a wrong inflicted only different

in pretense. France had no real representation. Her elections were controlled by violence and fraud. There was no trial by jury, nor any fair administration of justice. *Lettres de cachet* destroyed the security of the liberty of every person, without regard to age or sex.

The old feudal laws of remorseless execution still held the tenantry as slaves. "The predial serfs of Champagne were counted with the cattle on the estates." The nobility and clergy were exempt from taxation. Upon the farmers and laborers, with the untitled people, were laid all the burdens of church and state. General suffering prevailed; the church, the court, and the armies absorbed the money. Taxes were the only share had by the people in the government. The government ought to have been overthrown an age before. But to a people long inured to oppression, it required education to make them free. They first lose their liberty, and endure until custom and endurance destroy their love of liberty, then generations follow who have lost even the knowledge of liberty.

Mirabeau came opportunely. He denounced the king, and was therefore called a rebel. He hurled anathemas at the corruptions of the church, and demanded the confiscations of vast estates, wrested from the people, and was therefore denounced as an infidel and repudiator of vested rights. When the king threatened the personal safety of the members of the Convention, Mirabeau moved that the violation of the personal safety of any of the members of that body should be accounted worthy of death, and met the throne at the threshold of its power to defy it, and but for the graceful submission of the king, Mirabeau would have been an outlaw. And so it was and is, and ever shall be, that men long treated as outlaws become outlaws. Why should it be otherwise? Men owe no allegiance to government which offers them no protection. Such is the nature of the contract. Our allegiance is thus founded. "We love God because he first loved us."

The magazine, dry and well filled with powder, was carefully placed beneath the French throne. Mirabeau went forth with the torch and applied it. The explosion was that of a volcano heaving up its burning lava only to explode again and again and again, until throne, government, church, state and liberty were alike enveloped in its flames. The eloquence of Mirabeau, strange compound of the divine and infernal, struck down the feudal system. The divine right of kings and special privileges of the nobility fell at the same blow. At the command of his voice feudal parchments were strewed over the House of the General Convention by feudal lords, who sought security for their lives in the surrender of the estates upon which servants were kept poor and starving. Lords surrendered their immemorial privileges. The church gladly gave up its property and relinquished her titles in consideration for their safety. The king surrendered his prerogatives, and the people secured their natural right to religious liberty. All this without the shedding of blood. What Mirabeau would have done with life prolonged, death has left a mystery. The loss of Mirabeau, the orator of the Christian era, gave assurance to the nobility, inspired the king with fresh courage, and left the people without a leader given to command.

After Mirabeau came Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, the triune fiends of the revolution. The first, of coarse eloquence, courage, and cruelty, hurried on by his own passions to the guillotine, already clotted with the blood of his victims, innocent and guilty; old men and beautiful maidens, alike the victims of his sanguinary cruelty. Marat, the empyric, who readily changed his vocation of murder by medicines, to murder by law; a wild beast let loose upon society, clothed with official power, came to his end by the well directed dagger of Charlotte Corday.

Robespierre, who had led Louis to the block; the learned idiot, the hypocritical monster, who paraded his condescending discovery that God has some limited share in the governments of men, carried on this murderous

crusade against law, order, religious liberty, and human rights, until the retributive justice of God arrested his murderous career, and mingled his base, wicked blood with that of the tens of thousands who had perished by his murderous hand. The Convention, which first assembled to assure to the people their natural rights and to secure liberty, was now an assembly of the representative assassins of Europe, establishing law for the ratification of murder, rapine and robbery.

Then came Bonaparte to disperse the Convention. He upon whom eulogies and denunciation, poetry and rhetoric, criticism and essays, the decrees of sovereign councils, the anathemas of churches, and combination of armies, were showered with indiscrimination, came to give relief to the people from the horrors they had visited upon themselves. A foreigner, who had cultivated the ambition and love of liberty of his Roman ancestry; a stranger, wandering from the military schools of France in shabby clothing, hungry and careworn, he had worked his way into the army, from the army to victory. He won his first laurels in the home of his fathers; he overran Italy with the soldiers who had been holding France in terror for a full decade, and utilized in conquest the elements which had made Paris hideous with anarchy. From Italy to Africa his sunburnt soldiers bore the colors of the land of Charlemagne to the tomb of the Pharaohs, and were inspired with the sublime suggestion of their leader that forty centuries looked down from the summits of the pyramids to witness their prowess and approve their valor.

From Egypt, Napoleon returned to France, first a soldier of fortune, then first consul holding the destiny of France in his grasp, with the thrones and dynasties of Europe trembling at his tread. Napoleon was at heart a friend to civil and religious liberty. So had he been reared. Great, broad, deep, and profound, he instinctively despised the narrow views and absurd theories of the monarchists claiming authority of God to govern the

people, and profoundly condemned the mysterious mummeries and senseless trappings of the church and the court. Like Mirabeau and Jefferson, Napoleon was a sloven who would in undressing toss his hat in one corner of the room and his boots in another. To such a man, always expressing his contempt for fops and dandies, the popinjays who hang around courts would have no attractions.

Napoleon feared for the destiny of the French people. Their education had made the monarchy and hierarchy part of their existence. The well doing people could see no safety outside of the monarchy. The religious people could hope for salvation only through the establishment of the church. Dark and gloomy as were the storms passing over the land, far above the storm, immortality and eternal life glowed through the black bosom of the clouds, and the hopes of their children and the homes of their fathers shone out clear as the sunlight and beautiful as perpetual spring, beckoning them upward and onward to realms of light.

The kingdom of France was no longer. The republic of France was reeling to and fro like a drunken man. All Europe dreaded the revolutionary heresies of the National Assembly far more than they dreaded the horrible massacres of the revolution; for all despotism are temples reared upon human slavery and cemented with blood, whose richest music are the groans, sighs and agonies of oppression and its consequent suffering. Napoleon trembled for the French colonies, French possessions, and French dependencies, especially those of America. The Canadas in the north had been wrested from France by England with the aid of the colonies.

San Domingo had never added to either the wealth or the glory of the French people, who of all civilized people are the least cosmopolitan in their habits. Their devotion is their mountains, valleys, sea home of France. France had never reproduced her own greatness in America, as the kingdom of Great Britain has done in

her colonies. Bonaparte dreaded the necessity of the transportation of armies to the western shores of the Atlantic. His experience in Egypt had been unfavorable to sea fighting, and Bonaparte was eminently a hero of land rather than sea forces. The necessity of the defence of the great Mississippi country was exceedingly probable, with the Canadas in the north. Her possessions in the West India Islands would afford the British a stronghold in the south. The relations of France to Spain were equally delicate. Even then there was a contemplated alliance between Great Britain and Spain against the French, and Spain held Mexico, with all of Spanish America, Cuba, and Florida. The hope of regaining the colonies had not yet lost its hold upon British ambition. To hold the Louisiana Territory in the conflicts of the Napoleonic wars, then fully planned in the great ambition of the first Consul, was deemed problematic. The French people knew of the Mississippi country not more than the recent generation know of the unexplored mountains of the moon. The very recollection of the Mississippi was naturally enough associated with John Law's Mississippi bubble, which had burst in ruin over the heads of the French people but little more than half a century before. The Mexicans, Americans, Spaniards, British or French had no conception of the extent, wealth and resources of this wonderful country. But Napoleon finally concluded to strip for the contest and conquest of the most enlightened continent of the globe, and throw off every weight, and placed in market a territory of greater extent and magnificence than all the coveted kingdoms of Europe, distributed among his kindreds.

No people ever enjoyed religious liberty, who did not first secure civil liberty, to protect it. The rights of conscience, sacred in themselves, are ripened by culture, and naturally seek their own defence. He who hath not a cultivated conscience, which comes of a cultivated mind, will care little for the rights of conscience.

The colonization of North America was the re-peopling of another Eden with societies well lettered and independent in their modes of thought, which begat a keen conscientiousness—convictions for which their fathers suffered death in Europe, and in defence of which they imperiled their lives upon the altar of liberty, and poured out their blood like water spilled upon the ground. The American colonies were penal prisons for certain criminals of the parent government in Europe. But the crimes for which they were transported were those bold, divine virtues of too pure and of too rich and rank a growth to flourish on the soil of a despotism, under the shadow of thrones.

The crime of “worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience;” the crime of “obeying God rather than man;” the crime of rejecting the doctrine of “the divine right of kings;” the crime of despising “base submission to unjust laws;” the crime of resisting the slavish doctrine of passive obedience;” the crime of refusing to join in throne worship—king worship—man worship or hero worship.

Breasting the billows of the ocean and keeping time to the music of its storms, with their songs of liberty and religion, these brave people, banished by government, or exiling themselves to the protection of heaven, under the guaranty of their natural rights, came to people and cultivate a continent. They contemplated with faith, patience, and fortitude, the ultimate establishment of an enlightened republican government; a special corporation under the government of nature and of God, under the supreme law of our being, that all men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights.

They adopted these maxims, clear as the sun, beautiful as the firmament, and enduring as the Deity; an essential element of the manhood of man; an immortality which shall glow with splendor long after the fire of the sun has died out, and “the elements have melted with fervent heat.” “All the just power of govern-

ment are derived from the consent of governed." "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." "Equal and exact justice to all men and especial privileges to none." "All power is inherent in the people."

These people were scattered over the ocean frontier of a continent, surrounded by savages, attacked at their labor by wild beasts, and treading through a wilderness of venomous serpents, in an atmosphere poisoned with malaria, the rich outgrowth of a virgin soil which had never been disturbed by the plow.

With what heroism these bold, brave men cast their eyes backward through a dense wilderness of thrones, prisons, armies, spies, stakes, and gibbets, which had purified liberty, and trained heroes, martyrs, and philosophers to educate and lead mankind to this grandest, ultimate, glorious destiny! The graves of their persecuted ancestry in foreign lands became sacred as memorials of duty, and were remembered as vestibules through which they traveled darkly into the temple of light. Their wild hamlets were schools where the children were taught that all men of right ought to be, and of a moral necessity would ultimately be, free and govern themselves.

America was, from its discovery, the land of prisoners. Christopher Columbus threw the light of the world upon a new continent only to expiate his crime of discovery in a loathsome prison. William Penn came with his friendly, peaceful followers to secure his release from imprisonment for his devotion to principles inimical to tyrants—the son of an admiral, yet the follower of Christ, and the teacher of brotherly love, came to America to teach savages, by example, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." A colony reared upon such a foundation and administering the government upon such principles, educated her people to love liberty, enjoy liberty, and cultivate its knowledge, and were schooled to the hardy virtues of freedom which were interwoven in the subtle web of society.

Republican government grew naturally among such a

people, who were unconsciously freeing their limbs from the fetters never to be enslaved again. Driven by proscription from the cruelties of Old England, the first settlers of New England were devoted to religion, where they fled to enjoy it; and however the narrow-minded exclusiveness of the religious bigotry from which they suffered failed to teach them toleration to others, yet the ancestry who gave to the world Franklin, the Adamses, Samuel and John Hancock, Warren, the Edwardses, Websters, and Fisher Ames, were the nucleus of a self-government which inured immensely to the ultimate independence of the colonies.

The Huguenots, driven in exile through Europe, found a resting place in South Carolina, and founded the southern outposts of liberty in the colonies. Through persecution and pain, torture and privation, these cultivated Christian people were driven over every country in Europe in search of safety, until the winds of the ocean drove them to the Carolinas. Tempest-tossed in the revolutions of Europe, they found an asylum beyond the reach of the minions of courts, the inquisitors of the church, and the spies of the army, but never abated their zeal for liberty.

Then came the Dutch to New Holland. A brave people, inured to the hardships and risks of the ocean, who had opened their dykes and invited the waters to take possession of their country, rather than to surrender it to invading tyrants. In imitation of their northern colonial brethren, they commenced the work of crystalizing civilization, education, enterprise, and improvement, preparing the way for the ultimate struggle of the great national birth. In the very heart of the country Lord Baltimore came to people Maryland. Weary of European persecutions, of the adulterous union of church and state, the conflicts to perpetuate or change dynasties and personal governments, created in the interest of families and combinations to butcher the people in armies, and rob them by taxation, to feed the extravagance and support the voluptuousness of nobilities and

courts, Lord Baltimore was the founder of the first of all the colonies who declared the divine right of the liberty of conscience to all men. With the spirit of their country free as the ocean and bold as the winds they added to the gathering army of freedom, forming the cordon of liberty along the Atlantic coast.

Virginia was settled by the hardy yeomanry of England, who carried with them the memories of the right of trial by jury, and the rights of constitutional liberty, which for ages had made Great Britain the citadel of just government in Europe, the only organized power on earth which respected the rights of a fair and impartial trial by the peers of the accused. Very early the spirit of free thought gained possession of the people, and a jealousy of colonial privileges was succeeded by the declaration of natural rights, which assumed the right of self-government. The warlike spirit of this "great and unterrified colony," which Lord Cornwallis was wont to call Virginia, produced Washington, a military hero, the most eminent for his virtue in the annals of mankind. The encroachments of the church had precipitated a conflict between the tithe gatherer and the worshipper at the shrine of a drunken priesthood and fox-hunting bishops. Patrick Henry, born of the occasion, sprang into the contest and defended the people against the aggressions of the parsons.

The revolutionary war was the occasion but not the cause of the liberty of the American people. The cause was the education of the people. The germ of liberty had been transplanted to a virgin soil, and grew with its natural growth just as despotism had grown rankly under the fostering care of thrones, hierarchies, and armies. A crystalized government, now under the administration of Jefferson, just after the reflex of American independence and liberty had thrown its glittering shadow across the ocean, drove terror into the hearts of old despotisms enthroned. The French soldiers who served under La Fayette, enamored of American liberty,

discoursed freely of the rights of man. Even under Bonaparte the French army, then the grandest that ever marched under martial orders, dreamed themselves the army of the republic of France. At this juncture of affairs there were two republics. The one a glorious organized revival of the rights of man, the other the mere shadow of liberty, an *ignus fatuus*, that led a great army through the jaws of death in enthusiastic man-worship, under the delusion that this was the road to freedom.

The republican enterprise of Mr. Jefferson met the imperial tactics of Napoleon, and tempted his ambition with money, whilst in fear that the interposition of England and Spain might wrest the prize from his hand. Jefferson secured the wealth of a continent from a conquerer who had made the foundations of the dynasties of ages tremble at his approach, who was casting the dice of battle for thrones, crowns and sceptres, to be distributed among his kinsmen.

Such was the ignorance of the French respecting the magnitude of this great country, that Guizot, long after its acquisition by the United States, believed it possible for Europe to establish a balance of power in North America. Many years after the transfer of the Louisiana territory a memorial was presented to the king of Prussia, assuring the world that the growth of American republicanism could be readily checked by a European alliance with the powerful tribe of Cherokee Indians, who would prevent the extension of our lines of civilization.

Napoleon was tracing his conquests in lines of blood through the centuries of Roman grandeur, glory and heroism, to give to his family the thrones of the Cæsars; turning away to the north he dreamed of dominion in the home of the Scythian. Spain, and Belgium, and Naples were but as country seats in which to quarter his kinsmen. In the madness of his delirium, he surrendered to the republican president, for less than one-

fourth of the private fortune of our most wealthy American citizen, the most magnificent land ever transmitted by inheritance or bought with money.

The Mississippi river, that reaches out her hands and gathers up the waters of the lakes, holds up the snow of the mountains to the sun until rivers, streams and rivulets gather from the extremities of a magnificent land, the fountains of a vast inland sea streaming forth from the earth and watered by the clouds of a continent, with mountains filled with the richest minerals, coal to propel the machinery of the world, and gold to conduct its commerce; iron, lead and copper; forests of timber, with a soil as rich as the valley of the Nile, which needs not its irrigation; embracing a climate of every varied temperature, a bracing atmosphere in the north, which creates nerves of steel, to revel in perpetual snows; through wheat fields and corn fields, until the hemp blooms with the tobacco plant, and the cotton opens its pulps beneath the shade of the orange grove, and the rice and sugar plantations are ripening in the realms of perpetual summer; the apple and cranberry, with the hardy fruits at one end of the great line of railroads, the almond and tropical fruits at the other. This great river, which gathers its streams from the mountain recesses of every part of the land, is bound in closer bonds by railroads, which drive their chariots of fire through every avenue of commerce and trade, and will make us the richest self-government, the freest of all cultivated people.

The grand system of valleys, of which the Mississippi is the immense garden, walled by the Alleghanies on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, bounded by lakes and gulfs, and environed by oceans, with the great pasture fields of the plains, and cattle ranches of Texas, must ultimately feed Europe and dictate laws to the United States—dictate laws in the broad, deep spirit of a land of such physical grandeur. This land of ours was the first fruits of the reactionary influence

of our revolutionary war. This was the first foot of land ever purchased or peacefully acquired from a sovereign civilized power in the history of the human family for the purpose of dedication to constitutional government, and it was so guarantied in the treaty which conferred it.

This triumph of diplomacy over a government which was proud of the astuteness of its Talleyrand, would have secured immortality for the memory of any other statesman. But Jefferson had made himself immortal. The Declaration of Independence will live as long as the English language and assist to preserve it.

The administration of justice without oppression had attracted the friends of freedom of every government on earth to Jefferson, the chief magistrate. The act of religious toleration, written by the pen of Mr. Jefferson, and incorporated in the laws of Virginia, would have crowned with immortality the life and memory of any statesman of antiquity. Neither so elaborate as Demosthenes' speech on the crown, nor made with such stateliness as Webster's plea for the American Union, nor so magnificent as the great oration of Herod to the Jews to lay down their arms against the Romans, it was greater than any or all of them combined. This act was the golden key that unlocked the door of the State to religious liberty, and at the same time the bar of steel that closed the gate of the church to religious persecution.

Between Napoleon and Jefferson was the most remarkable contrast, never better drawn by human pen than by the following contrast, written by Mr. Jefferson in a letter to a cardinal at Rome, February 14, 1816 :

* * * "Your letter to the archbishop, being from Rome, and so late in September, makes me hope that all is well ; and thanks be to God, the tiger who reveled so long in the blood and spoils of Europe, is at length, like another Prometheus, chained to his rock, where the vulture of remorse for his crimes will be preying on his vitals, and in like manner without consuming them.

Having been, like him, entrusted with the happiness of my country, I feel the blessing of resembling him in no other point. I have not caused the death of five or ten millions of human beings, the devastation of other countries, the depopulation of my own, the exhaustion of all its resources, the destruction of its liberties, nor its foreign subjugation.

“All this has been done to render more illustrious the atrocities perpetrated for illustrating himself and his family with plundered diadems and sceptres. On the contrary, I have the consolation to reflect, that during the period of my administration not a drop of the blood of a single fellow-citizen was shed by the sword of the law or war, and after cherishing for eight years their peace and prosperity I laid down their trust of my own accord, and in the midst of their blessings and importunities to continue it.

“THOMAS JEFFERSON.”

Such was the philosophy of the history of the acquisition of the mere territory upon which we have built the great State of Iowa.

Such was the character of our ancestry, to whose long continued culture of justice and liberty we are indebted for a country scarcely less to be coveted than the garden of our first parents. A government perfect in every thing except those infirmities of administration by mere men. But how like the inferior animals are we in our notions of justice and right. Each devours the other inferior to himself. Our treaty with France gave us the naked right of discovery purchased, the right of home and possession the Indians had enjoyed for ages.

For full three centuries the encroachments of the white man upon the Indian had been aggressive and augured of the extinction of the red race, leaving only here and there a remnant of the admixture with the superior race, to live in romance and song, of the Pocahontas tribe of Powhattan; or in the reigning of John Ross, of the Cherokees.

Valley after valley was yielded to the cupidity and growth of the Caucasian race, who first begged a place to pitch his tent, as a refuge from persecution, then begged a little ground to till and cultivate, to feed his children; then begged a little more for his persecuted brethren, who were flying from persecution under the dominion of kings and hierarchies. Then wanted a little more for the church which brought Christ and his precious doctrines, with salvation offered freely as the bubbling waters that ran down from the mountains, pure as the snows that melted and gushed down from the mountain side. Then wanted more on which to build their churches; then wanted more to establish a government, to rule the churches and the people; then wanted more, to tax and pay tithes and stipends to give to the church a more certain support; then wanted more to keep an army to enforce the gospel of peace, with a few soldiers, ever ready to cut the throats of men not willing to believe or ready to obey the peaceful doctrines of the gospel. In this small way did our honest fathers get their first fast foothold on the continent of the aborigines.

But governments grow, power increases and becomes arbitrary; this was Archimedes' immovable fulcrum on which to place his lever to move the world. The Indians yielded; King Phillip gave way to the encroachments of the New England English; Powhattan yielded to the encroachments of the Virginia English. The Shenandoah, the most beautiful, romantic and fruitful of all the eastern valleys, was surrendered by the Indian tribes without a battle or a massacre. That beautiful land surrounded by mountain palisades, and overhung by vast and wildly clustered villages of rocks, became the peacefully acquired possession of the Caucasian intruder, who begged an entrance into the home of the Indian and then robbed the Indian of what he could not get as a successful mendicant for the begging. Moving westward in a solid and aggressive column upon

the rights and homes of the red man, he approaches the sources of the Monongahela. Here is the grandest mountain plateau in all America; where, standing, you can cast a stone into the springs that gather the first waters that sweep away through the mountains of the southeast into the Potomac—which divided the free from the slave States—and swept through its rich valleys to the ocean; turning to the left, another stone could be cast into the waters of the Monongahela, which swiftly gathered the waters which drained the western slope of the Alleghanies; turning again to the setting sun, a stone could be cast into the waters of the Kenahawa and New rivers, which are the grand natural canals which concentrate the waters of the southwest into the Ohio; turning to the south, springs that burst forth as fountains swept in cascades to the James river, and mingled the cool mountain waters with the ocean. From this beautiful plateau, by a gentle descent, the traveller soon reaches the Mingo Flats, out of which bursts the everlasting fountains of the Tygart Valley. This wild sublime scenery of the mountains—not excelled by anything drawn by the hand of romance—walled in by the last grand range of the Alleghanies, hundreds of feet above the level of the placid stream which flows in rippling floods beneath the mountain, then extends for nearly fifty miles, cultivated by a generous people. On the east, again walled by the great Cheat Mountain, on the very height of the mountain, at nearly two thousand feet above the level of the Tygart Valley, the dark and treacherous Cheat river pours its mountain floods over precipices, and through ledges for miles, then sinks, leaving only sun-smote rocks to mark the natural pathway of the ancient river; after subterranean passages for many miles, like a flood, it bursts forth again to pursue its tortuous course over precipice and ledge. This rude, beautiful, wild and romantic valley was the birth place of Logan, the Mingo chief, whose plaintive appeal upon the murder of his family

will live side by side with the oration of Judah to Joseph for the release of Benjamin, and outlive all of the studied art of eloquence.

From the Monongahela to the Muskingum, from the Muskingum to the Sciota, from the Sciota to the Miami, and finally to the Wabash, were the tribes driven, to make room for the white man, who wanted only a little more land to extend his civilization.

† Tecumseh and his wicked brother, the Prophet—it is well to call him wicked, because he was not a Caucasian—was not our champion—fought against us—made the last bold stand that looked like national war to resist the encroachments of civilization upon the natural rights of the Indian. The natural heroism of Tecumseh, united to the carefully planned fanaticism of the Prophet, combined with the British in an organized war, was a systematic resistance, such as had never before been made by the Indians since the settlement of the northern portion of the continent.

The prophet was another Mahomet, using only the power at his command upon the superstitious nature of his people, another Joe Smith, improvising the traditions of his tribes, another Miller, arousing the primitive nations to prepare for the millennium of his race, now at hand. The prophet was a bloody, vindictive dreamer. Tecumseh dreamed not; he had all of the ability of King Philip, all of the sublime independence of Logan, all of the personal bravery of Cornstalk; he was more than the superior of any Indian chieftan who had lived before him; he was to the Indians whom he commanded what Hannibal was to the Carthaginians, what Cæsar was to the Romans, what Bonaparte was to the French, what Cromwell was to the English; he failed only because he was the greatest of an inferior race, struggling against the superior. No mere human, however, gains a victory over nature. Defeat brought to life its worst vices—drunkenness, idleness, degradation. After the defeat of Tecumseh the enterprise and its first born child—ag-

gression of the white man — brought its power into immediate contact with the Indian.

Then came Blackhawk, the last of the Shawnees, who had fought side by side with Tecumseh, whose people had been robbed of their lands by the cupidity of the white man and the treachery of the red man. No longer a proud people, with the history of their warriors preserved in the wampum belt and repeated on the battlefield, Blackhawk, partly in grief for the lost glory of his race, now melting away "like a snow flake on the river," and partly in desperation, organized an Indian army to prevent the occupation of their lands on the rich and picturesque Rock river valley. Believing that a contest here would — at least for a generation — postpone the settlement of the whites west of the Mississippi valley, Blackhawk made his war determined and vigorous, but not with the usual savage cruelty known and practiced by the earlier tribes. But Blackhawk was overcome. The heroic frontier warrior, Henry Dodge, whose family had suffered from frontier cruelty, who had heard in the cradle the war-whoop of the Indians, in after years had wrested the tomahawk from their stoutest braves, defeated Blackhawk. So must it ever be, the inferior yielding to the superior race.

Keokuk, Wapello, Appanoose, Kish-ke-kosh, Powe-sheik, with the long list of chiefs, those who were hereditary, and those who received their position from their tribes, were simply so many children of nature, who grew up with the rosin-weed, and had wolf dogs and ponies for their companions, hunted the buffalo, deer, elk, with the other wild game, and the wild fruits, died and left behind a progeny to perish like the wild flowers, with nothing to perpetuate their remembrance among nations, leaving their memories among their tribes as names in a dreamy vocabulary upon which to ground a tradition or amplify an old legend. Nature is itself destructive, and produces only to destroy, and measures its powers to produce by its capacity to destroy. To this

law man is no exception to the universal rule. The fish eats the worm; the snake eats the fish; the swine eats the snake; man eats the swine. Men destroy each other until the first victim, the worm, eats the man, and finally the worm imitates the example of the men and devour each other. In this fearful circle of destruction nature produces, destroys, reproduces, and again destroys herself.

American history has no more mournful page than that of the gradual disappearance of the Indians, the first proprietors of the soil. The history of the disappearance of the Indian in civilized America is unique, uniform, sorrowful, and natural. The land was possessed by the Indian; the buffalo, elk, and deer were his herds, partaking of his nature, and participating in his nomadic habits. The bear, panther, and wolf prowled around his wigwam until the Indian made friends with the wolf, and imparted to him a domestication wonderfully like his own. The pony, wild as the Indian, served him well in the chase. The wild apple, plum, and grape, with those other fruits that disappear upon the approach of the plow and other implements of culture, afforded to the Indian his pleasant summer sweets and acids; the wild man, the wild beast, the wild fruits lived and flourished together. But the white man came, and before him the enchanting dream of perpetual dominion fled as a vision forever. The buffalo heard the strange voice of the white man, and moved his herds as an army stampeding from the enemy. The Indian saw the retreating herd of buffalo, and mounted upon his pony — the reason was natural — the Indian's food and raiment was in the buffalo and kindred beasts. The wolf-dog followed the Indian, for he lived upon the offal of the chase. Then came the change. The white man, close upon the heels of the Indian, commenced his work of improvement and culture. Everything changed. There was a change in agriculture: the rosin-weed gave way to the corn-field; the natural grasses were choked out by tim-

othy, clover, and blue-grass. There was a change in horticulture: the crab apple yielded to the rambo and pippin; the wild plum was cut away to give place to the green gauge and damson; the wild sour grape, that clambered to the heights of great trees, or grew in swamps, was supplanted with the Catawba and Concord. There was a change in the animal domestics: the Durham, Devon, and Alderney took the place of the buffalo; the flocks of Merino sheep supplanted the wandering herds of deer; the Morgan and Connestoga in the stalls supplanted the mustangs in the corral; the shepherd and St. Bernard stood as guards to the house and herds, instead of the wolf-dog, useful only in the chase. There was a change in the popular habitations: the wigwam and lodge, the shelter of leaves and caves in the earth, gave way to the neatly furnished cottage and spacious mansions, as the abiding homes of culture and industry. A change in education: the war dance and the chase gave way to schools, colleges, and universities. A change in religion: where the Indian woman stood in dread of the medicine man and the prophet of the tribe, and held her child as the offspring of fate, and worshipped in the gloomy rites of the Great Spirit, the white woman bears her child to the temple of the living God, and lays him a sacrifice upon the altar of Christ in baptism. There was a change in the immortality of hope: the Indian mother followed her dead to the burying grounds with a dim, dreamy hope of meeting on hunting grounds far beyond the setting sun, returning with grief and broken heart, sobbing in accents of sorrow that inquiry of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" where now the Christian mother, with bosom swelling with consolation as she bears her child to the tomb, repeating to herself submissively, I cannot bring him back, he cannot come to me. I can go to him, "For if a man die he shall live again, for I am the Resurrection and the life." Barbarism has given way to civilization and the grim shadow

of idolatry has given way to Christianity, and so it will ever be.

The discovery of the Continent of America by Christopher Columbus, was the beginning of a new era in the civilization of the world. Through the dim starlight of superstition and idolatry the earlier ages of our race had groped their way to knowledge. Conflicting legends had left in doubt the form of the earth, the origin of man, questions of geology, questions of anthropology, questions of mythology, and questions of theology were unsettled. The light of the Gospel emitted but the twilight of Christian truth, its glimmering rays shone through prisons, inquisitions and star chambers, after the purer lights had been closed out by creeds—theocracies and hierarchies. The close of the Revolutionary war secured by law the freedom of conscience, with the liberty of conscience; free inquiry came as an effulgent light, science awoke from the slumber of ages, and like an agile army of travelers, penetrated every recess of the earth and the elements to discover new light. Freedom tore the fetters from the limbs of science, and in grateful return science has magnified freedom in giving her new powers and grander era of action. The acquisition of Louisiana was the declaration of the new doctrine of propagandism borrowed from the early Apostles of Christianity. The success of the Independence of the United States was followed by an awakening of Liberty in every part of the civilized world. The old monarchies of Europe combined to make wars abroad to prevent their people from inquiring into the wrongs, oppressions and robberies of the government at home.

South America caught the contagion of liberty from North America, and organized under Bolivar for the independence and freedom of the American Spaniards. Mexico, weary of being governed and robbed, then again robbed and governed by the Spaniards, arose from the nightmare of centuries and declared for the liberty of the Montezumas. Old Greece, the land of Homer, of

Socrates and Xenophon, the grandest temple ever reared to knowledge, for the weary centuries of the Christian era had been smouldering in the fires of her desolation, overrun by barbarians, until the monuments of her illustrious children were mingled with the unhewn stones of her mountains; her philosophy, literature and science, transmitted in sparks, were now flaming in the most gorgeous fires in every court in the civilized world. The children of Greece scarcely knew the names of their illustrious fathers, whose glory had canonized them in Pantheons, and whose philosophy and rhetoric made them masters of the world. But in this revival of the Spirit of Liberty, Greece awoke from the slumber of death, and declared for liberty. The spirit of her own Alcibiades, in response to the Metempsychosis of her own Pythagoras, reappeared in Lord Byron, who, with audacious sublimity, had rivaled Alcibiades in his contempt of morals, and had shamed Voltaire in his Iconoclasm, left his hereditary title in the oldest monarchy of Europe to lay down his life for the new republic of Greece. Scarcely had the spirit of Demosthenes awoke to drive away the maurlauding host of another Philip, until his own voice was re-echoing in the republic of the New World from the godlike Webster, and responded to in the silvery tongue of Clay, demanding that the new republic of America should stretch out her helping hand to the old republic of Athens.

Poland, inspired by the heroic example of Kosciusko, like a giant in chains, made one more terrible struggle to arise from her bondage. The South American States, like Mexico, scarcely realized a pure and lofty liberty; Greece was overpowered by numbers; Poland has been crushed, but the seeds of liberty have been sown—time will harvest them. The steady, growing light of Christian civilization, melting away the strength of arbitrary power, and at the same time moulding the minds of the oppressed to relieve themselves of oppression, will triumph. America will repay Europe. Europe gave to

mankind an outlet for its growth, grandeur and liberty. In return, America will transplant liberty to grow luxuriantly in Europe. Liberty is the normal condition of man. This immutable law of a perfect government shall be asserted everywhere: "That which cannot be controlled must be destroyed." Despotism cannot be controlled and God will destroy it.

Ireland, restive under the usurpation of the rights of her people, again and again has raised the banner of liberty and self-government, and the tyrants declare Ireland incapable of self-government. Did she fail? She did not. She was overpowered by the force of numbers, the combination of armies of hired assassins, and the overflowing treasury whose coffers were filled with money wrested from the toil of her own people. With what audacity must that champion of despotism speak against liberty, who says the land of heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and statesmen, who have been alike distinguished in arts and arms in every civilized country under heaven, cannot govern herself. If Ireland cannot, then can we? And if we cannot govern ourselves, pray, who shall govern us? Have we angels to govern us, or do kings govern the world so well that we can no longer govern ourselves?

It is not true that there has ever been a failure by any people of Europe or America to govern themselves. It is not true that any despotism gave to any people so good a government as they would have enjoyed by self-government. In France the people have never had a trial of self-government. In all attempts at government by the people, they have been assailed by the surrounding governments of Europe, determined to preserve royalty as the basis of government. The three scrofulous remnants of effete families of tyrants — the Bourbons, the Orleanists, and Bonapartes — have prevented even the semblance of a just free government; the history is before you. This is true of the Spanish governments in Europe and America.

In Europe republican government has never been inaugurated—republican government cannot conquer; between conquest and republican government there is an eternal conflict; yet the republican system will ultimately prevail in every part of this continent. This is the just foundation of hope. One full century of extended and growing experience attests its success.

Civilization, propelled by the knowledge of freedom and the freedom of knowledge, is the missionary angel flying through the midst of Heaven, preaching the everlasting gospel to the utmost parts of the earth.

To Louisiana has been added Texas, to Texas California, to California will be added the entire western part of Mexico, all ready, like rich ripe fruit, to fall into the lap of self-government. The question of the extension of self-government is limited only by the progress of supplanting the customs of an ignorant barbarious nation, with the materials for knowledge.

The railroad and telegraph need only penetrate the heart of Mexico to bring her people into near neighborhood with republican government, to give courage, strength, and intelligence to her better classes—to make republican government in Mexico, as elsewhere, a triumph over despotism.

Gentlemen, I have lived during the period of the discovery and application of those wonderful civilizing powers which have extended the possibilities of free government among men.

I am not old—yet I am older than the railroad and magnetic telegraph; older than your state. I have seen but little, yet have I seen the triumph of the republican system in America—it will yet triumph in Europe. I have heard evil prophecies of the government, and each party and statesman is restive lest the government should die with him. The revolutionary soldiers from whose reverend lips the story of our first war fell upon my early mind are no more.

I have seen statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and public leaders swept down like leaves in a burning forest, yet the republic still lives, outliving them all. For more than half a hundred years I've seen yon sun rise over the mountain forests, pass through floating clouds, and bathe his golden plumage in the mists of the ocean.

Each year rising upon lands more beautifully adorned, a people more thoroughly enlightened and more jealous of their liberty, science more carefully studied and more thoroughly understood, each year expanding the area of liberty and extending the lines of free thought. Centuries may he travel in his course, but he will never set upon the rights of man or outlive the government of God, which is pledged to justice, truth and liberty.

AMELIA BLOOMER.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY.

IT is a difficult task to attempt the biography of a lady, and much more so when that lady's life has furnished such an abundance of material as makes the duty of selecting more delicate and discriminating. The subject of this sketch has filled a prominent and useful place in public affairs for many years, and accomplished much in the revolution that has marked the pathway of the past two decades.

Amelia Bloomer, with her husband, Hon. D. C. Bloomer, has been a resident of Council Bluffs for many years, and during that time they have formed many pleasant and endearing attachments. Her maiden name was Amelia Jenks, and her birthplace Homer, in Courtlandt county, in the State of New York. Her mother

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.