

more — dotted along the hill side — with "Rat Row," I think, (since become historic) strung out at the "Foot of the Rapids" — so the little locality was then known — close to the river bank. It was a hard looking place, and as hard in fact as it looked, and such continued to be its character for some years — the unsettled condition to titles to lands in the "Half Breed Tract" inviting there a class of settlers, among whom were some very worthy people, while others of them constituted as "hard" a set as were to be met with anywhere upon the Western borders. The settlement, by judicial action, some years later, of the titles to the land, soon changed all this, and Keokuk became at once as it were, under the influence of the new population that flowed in, as quiet and orderly a place, with an as intelligent and refined a community, as any in the West — to remain so ever since.

My visit from the Wabash — where I then lived — to the Mississippi in 1837 was to proceed up the river to Fort Snelling, six hundred miles above Keokuk, there to hold a treaty with the Chippewa Indians. The late Governor Henry Dodge of Wisconsin had been appointed by the President Commissioner, and I the Secretary, to hold such treaty. Passing up over "The Rapids," we came first to Fort Madison, and then to Burlington, both small villages, each with but a few hundred inhabitants — the latter boasting, I think, of a single one-story brick house. Muscatine (then called Bloomington) had a few small buildings — "balloon" frames, mostly — hidden among the trees and bushes; and Davenport may have been slightly in advance of her. Dubuque — headquarters of the mining region — was the chief town, above Missouri, on the west side of the Mississippi, with perhaps a thousand inhabitants, mostly miners, and embracing among their number not a few as hard cases and desperate characters — mixed in with a better class — as were found at the "Foot of the Rapids."

A hundred miles, or thereabouts, above Dubuque, on the east side of the Mississippi, was Prairie-du-Chien, a military post but a few years previously, commanded by Colonel Zachary Taylor, with Jefferson Davis as a Lieutenant under him — the former to become subsequently the virtual conquerer of Mexico, and President of the United States; the latter the leader and master-spirit in the great rebellion against the Union. From Prairie-du-Chien north three hundred miles, to Fort Snelling, no white man lived — except those at that post, and in some way connected with it. The banks of the Mississippi for those three hundred miles — except that there

was a deserted log cabin where the city of La Crosse now stands, and another cabin at the foot of Lake Pepin, on the west side, occupied by a half-breed Indian named Rock — were still as nature made them, beautiful to behold in their solitary grandeur. A trip in a first-class steamboat in those days, through the wild and bold scenery upon the upper Mississippi, was indeed one to be enjoyed. Steamboats went up to Fort Snelling only at long intervals, expressly to carry supplies to that then most remote military out-post.

The treaty held there in 1837 was not with the object specially of procuring more territory to be opened up to white settlement, but rather to obtain possession of the extensive pine region — mostly upon the Chippewa, St. Croix and Black rivers, in the Chippewa country. Prior to the making of the Fort Snelling treaty, there was no pine lumber received at St. Louis and the towns above and below it on the Mississippi, except that brought there on the hurricane decks of steamboats, in the form of flooring from Arkansas, and doors and window sash from Pittsburgh — the latter sent a thousand miles down the Ohio, and two hundred miles up the Mississippi to their place of destination. The effect of the treaty of Fort Snelling was to change all this. Within a year after the treaty was made, great rafts of lumber came floating down the Mississippi from the newly bought pine region to supply abundantly all the towns upon its banks in that article — a process that has been going on steadily ever since.

Such towns consequently have been built up with a rapidity that they otherwise could not have been — thus showing the great importance of the Fort Snelling treaty. It was consummated — not without serious obstacles thrown in the way of it — after three weeks spent in council with the Chippewa chiefs — some forty in number — they ceding, by its terms, all of their claims to a third part, or more, of what constitutes the now State of Wisconsin, and a large slice of Minnesota, above Fort Snelling. The price agreed to be paid, and which subsequently was paid, to the Chippewas for this large cession of their territory was \$800,000, in annual payments running through twenty years.

As Secretary — taken freely into council by the Commissioner — I drew the treaty, which was signed by him, and the forty or more chiefs — Hole-in-the-day, the great chief and warrior of the nation (not his vagabond son of the same name, who figured in Washington long years afterwards, adding no credit to the name); Ma-ge-ga-bo, and others; and witnessed by me as

Secretary, Capt. Martin Scott, the famous "coon-killer," then commanding the U. S. troops at Fort Snelling; the distinguished French *savan*, Monsieur Nicollet, present at the time it was negotiated and concluded; and some half a dozen other persons. Signed at Fort Snelling, on the 29th of July, 1837, it was ratified and confirmed by the Senate, and proclaimed by the President, over his signature, at Washington, June 15, 1838.

Such was the Treaty of Fort Snelling, which, in print, is now before me, as published with the laws of Congress.

There is now, I am told — I have never seen it, nor been on the Mississippi, above Dubuque, since the treaty was made — a beautiful city named St. Paul, built near to Fort Snelling, and the capital of Minnesota. When I drew the treaty — held in a bower, built close under the walls and guns of the fort, to protect us, if need be, against Indian treachery — there was no such place in existence as St. Paul, nor dreamed of. Now, the great States of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota exist, with I do not know how many territories organized and occupied, away off to the north and west of them. What an illustration of the wonderful growth and prosperity of our glorious country!

When our treaty was consummated, Gov. Dodge and myself, with our little party, had no means of returning down the Mississippi, there being no steamboat, nor any likely to visit Fort Snelling again, for months to come. In such an emergency, Captain Scott had fitted up for us a spacious Mackinaw boat, keel-built, and furnished with a stout sail made of a large tent fly. Thus provided, and with ample stores for the voyage, we disembarked from Fort Snelling and floated down the Mississippi, stopping of nights and tying up at the river bank, when the black cook along prepared supper for us, sumptuously; up again at early dawn for breakfast; then launching out into the broad grand stream, and on our way rejoicing; and sometimes, when the wind favored, hoisting the clean white sail — and this happened to be the case when we were passing through Lake Pepin. The "Lake" is a beautiful sheet of water — a broad expansion of the great river, and two or three miles in length. The sun rose just as we entered it, and a brisk north wind rising at the same time, drove our craft rapidly through the water. How exhilarating, in the midst of the picturesque scenery by which we were surrounded! — the rock of Winona, hallowed by the romantic story that is told of her, with other bold and rugged cliffs, lining the shores of the Lake, adding to the interest of the scene.

I have often made trips up the Hudson, on bright June and October days, on the swift-running and palatial steamboats that formerly navigated it, by day as well as night, and hardly know which afforded the higher enjoyment, the thorough cultivation and refined taste that one sees displayed everywhere along the banks of that noblest of rivers, with its deep waters and bold and constantly changing scenery, or the works of nature upon the Upper Mississippi, just as God made them, changed by no touch of human art, and, though less striking either in boldness or variety than that of the Hudson, still very beautiful to the eye.

Arrived on the third day, I think, after leaving Fort Snelling, at Prairie du Chien. Governor Dodge left us there to go over to his home in Wisconsin, and our spacious and stout mackinaw boat being U. S. government property, had to be left there to be sent up the Wisconsin river where it belonged. I thereupon procured a white birch-bark canoe — long and broad, but so light that four men could carry it — in which the three companions remaining with me, a young cousin and two others and myself, floated on down the river, using our paddles occasionally to help our progress, a hundred miles further, to Dubuque, where we found a steamboat that carried us to St. Louis on our way to our homes.

I had known Governor Dodge well, some half dozen years before the treaty of Fort Snelling, having fallen in with him in the winter of 1832-3, at Wheeling, and traveled with him over the mountains by stage coach from there to Washington, where, as the conqueror, the summer before, at the battle of Bad Axe, of Black Hawk — then the renowned Indian warrior of the northwest — he was received by the highest authority as a hero. A few months later a regiment of U. S. dragoons — of which there had been none in the service since the close of the war of 1812 — was provided for by act of Congress, and he made the Colonel of it — to keep the Indians of the entire northwest in order. This he did effectually, scaring the Indians with his dashing, daring, admirably disciplined and excellently officered regiment, to the foot of the Rocky mountains — the savages standing in great awe of it — and of him! The very name of Dodge, after Black Hawk's disastrous defeat, became a terror to them, and his personal appearance, and very striking military carriage — he being then in the prime and vigor of manhood — contributed largely to that feeling. In the two or three years after the battle of Bad Axe, including Dodge's command of, and presence with, our First Regiment of Dragoons, there were less "Indian

troubles" — indeed they were hardly ever heard of — than there have been in any ninety days since. Thus unscrupulous Indian traders and frontier desperadoes, no less than the Indians themselves, had a healthy dread of him; for they knew that he thoroughly understood and appreciated their villainies [*sic*]; and, with a Jacksonian will would punish them when necessary, if they attempted to cross his path while in the performance of his duties. . . .

So much for will, united to high character, in an officer employed against Indians and ruffians upon the frontier. Swagger and bragging, with much balderdash through the public press, may answer the purpose of making false reputations and amusing a credulous public, but it takes something more than that to impress the savages with the dread of a military commander acting against them — such as they felt with regard to H. Dodge! Like Jackson and Clay and Benton, cast in the Roman mould, he seemed to have been "born to command" — and to be obeyed. Add to this, that he was a man of the purest integrity, whose palms no filthy lucre ever polluted, nor mere selfish, vulgar aims ever swayed, and you have a character whose like I do not expect ever to look upon again — one of those remarkable men, brought prominently into public life by the peculiar state of things existing in the early settlement of the West, and who, it would seem, could not have been done without. The class of which he was one — very few in number — uniting to great practical good sense and chivalric daring the best characteristics of the ancient Romans — seems indeed to have passed away; and Wisconsin and Iowa should honor the memory of their greatest citizens as Rome honored that of her Cato.

In June, 1838, a law was passed by Congress creating a new territory — cut off from Wisconsin — and named Iowa, of which Robert Lucas of Ohio was appointed Governor. Two months later I went to Burlington, to make my future home there, and found Governor Lucas already at his post and in the performance of his duties. There were but about a dozen, I think, organized counties in the new Territory, a tier of them lying along the Mississippi as far north as Dubuque, and another back of and adjoining it — the aggregate of their sparse population numbering but 23,000 souls! All of the country west and north of Van Buren and Henry counties to the Missouri river was open, uninhabited prairie. The now handsome city of Des Moines, the capital of the State, was then "Raccoon Forks" — occupied by the Indians; or, perhaps, there was a military post there still.

Gov. Lucas ordered an election, calling the first Legislature to assemble at Burlington, where it met accordingly the following Autumn.

I had been appointed by the President, Receiver of the Land Office at Burlington, with, for my colleague, as Register, Augustus C. Dodge, son to him of whom I have spoken above, "the worthy son of a noble sire" — every inch, as I soon learned thoroughly to know him, "a chip of the old block." Five or six years his senior, I had never seen him till he came down from Wisconsin to join me, bringing along with him a letter of introduction to me from his good father, in which the latter put him, as it were, under my tuition. How the pupil has since outstripped the tutor! Member of Congress; U. S. Senator; Minister to Spain — all high and honorable offices, and all honorably filled. He is now Mayor of the town where he has so long lived, and is so well known, elected by his fellow citizens, regardless of the party differences between them; a good deal higher honor, in fact, as it seems to me, than the other above named. Those were bestowed by party, *this* by THE PEOPLE — a spontaneous expression of their respect for and confidence in him, and as creditable to themselves as it is to him.

On the 1st of October, 1838, my colleague and I opened the Land Office; and, on that day, I received the money and issued my receipt for, I believe, the first acre of land ever sold in Iowa — this under the Pre-emption law then existing. On the 19th of November we opened the office for a public land sale, by auction, that had been ordered by the President, and when it was concluded, I had received over a third of a million dollars, mostly in silver. On taking this specie to St. Louis — its weight was more than seven tons — ten drays had to be hired to haul it up from the levee to the government depository — the Bank of the State of Missouri; and, but a single teller being furnished to me by the Bank to count the money, I was detained there nearly three weeks on that business. I made subsequent deposits not much less in amount than that above named, and quite a number ranging from, say 20,000 to 60,000 dollars — running through the three years that I was Receiver at Burlington.

Among the earliest purchasers of lands there at the Public Sales in 1838 and 1839, and to whom my receipts were given, as their temporary titles, was my old friend Timothy Day, of Van Buren county, to become, not long after, the great farmer of Southern Iowa, whose splendid cattle have received many of the first premiums at your Fairs — and been to their

owner a source of wealth; Timothy Fox and others of the pioneer township, in enterprise and thrift, of Denmark, in Lee county; Mr. Avery — that, I think, was the name — who planted extensive orchards in Des Moines, near Burlington, whose apples, a few years later, commanded premiums in Chicago and Cincinnati, and made for him a fortune; and the ever industrious and frugal "Friends" around Salem in Henry county — the seeds from apples gathered from trees raised there, by them, being taken to Oregon in 1846, were the origin of the great apple crops grown there: and, when the marvelous golden developments took place in California, in 1850-51 and '52, the Oregon apples being shipped to the new city of San Francisco — just sprung into existence upon the ruins of the miserable old Spanish village of Yerba Buena — were sold at prices which, if mentioned now, would be pronounced incredible.

Such again are some of the channels and some of the means through which our new States — Iowa, Oregon and California — have, within a third of a century, attained their present prosperous condition.

In 1840, when the healthy growth of Iowa had not yet commenced, much of the flour and bacon needed by her people was bought in St. Louis and brought up the river to the towns upon its banks. The supplies for my own family were thus procured — the wheat, corn, and pork raised in the Territory being, as yet, inadequate to support the population. There were but few cattle, and those of the commonest breeds; the swine long-nosed, long-legged, and — with the animals between him and the sun — that one could "look through" as he saw them along the roads — mostly of the "alligator" type; while there was probably not a horse in the Territory that could have been sold for a hundred dollars. Now, as I have seen it stated in the public prints, Iowa has, within a few years past, been one year the greatest corn-producing, and another year the greatest wheat-growing State in the Union — while her horses, her cattle and her swine carry off first-class premiums at the annual great Fairs at St. Louis — the greatest in the world.

But, to return to the meeting of the first Territorial Legislature, at Burlington, in November or December, 1838. The body consisted of thirteen members of the Council and twenty-six in the House — thus limited by the laws of Congress. Among the latter was James W. Grimes, then a young lawyer, unmarried, and just starting out in public life — destined in after years to make his mark and leave the impress of his character upon the State. Well educated, intelligent, of a fine order of abilities, and of

unimpeachable personal integrity, he became the founder and organizer of the Whig party in Iowa; afterwards — when the time came enabling them to confer the honor — her Governor, one to which his great services to his party justly entitled him; and then U. S. Senator, in which position, as chairman of the important Committee on Naval Affairs — especially so through a great war — he soon achieved a high reputation for the able manner in which he discharged its duties. When Mr. Grimes had become Governor of Iowa, he expressed to me, in a conversation between us, a desire to sink, as far as possible in the public position that he held, the partizan in the statesman. How far he succeeded in this his public acts have shown. One thing I am sure may safely be said of him, despite prejudiced attacks from either political foes or friends(?) — no corrupting Credit Mobilier fund, or that from any other source, ever swayed him in his course, from the line of what he believed it to be strictly his duty to pursue; that he died an honor to his State, and one whose example, if it had been followed by more of the Governors and Senators — mostly far his inferior in ability as well as integrity — than it has been, would have left less to be deplored than is now the case, from the effects of the deadly poison of mercenary influences. . . .

The President of the Council of Thirteen of the first Legislature of Iowa was Jesse B. Brown, better known as "Capt. Brown," from having commanded a company of dragoons in Col. Dodge's famous regiment. A man of respectable abilities, with a good deal of shrewdness, or cunning, and of a striking personal presence — he stood six feet and five or six inches in his shoes, with a sort of "put on" military air — the opportunity was his to have made himself among the most influential and useful of her citizens; but he threw it recklessly away — becoming that miserable creature, a drunken rowdy! The following anecdote illustrates his character in that respect: he yielded to the pernicious and disgusting vice till it became his ruin, and that of his family. I had never seen the man till he took his seat in the Council and became its President. Well dressed, and favored by nature in his personal appearance, as already stated, he presided over the body with dignity — and this continued till the end of the session. Before it closed a law was passed providing for the organization of the militia of the territory. Unasked, on my part, the Governor made me Adjutant General — because I suppose, of my West Point military education — and thus the head of his military family. In that capacity I was naturally consulted

as to other important military appointments; the most so of any of them being that of Major General of the First Division, with higher rank than my own, which was only that of a brigadier. The Governor, being a zealous temperance man, had resolved to appoint nobody to either a civil or military position, whose habits were not strictly temperate. I was warmly urged by personal friends, who were politically opposed to us, to endeavor to induce the Governor to appoint "Captain" Brown — a prominent Whig — to be Major General of the First Division, which — on account of his experience in arms and the urgent intercession of his friends — I did, and he received his commission. The adjournment of the Legislature soon afterwards took place; there were several strangers present in the small village; gentlemen from the East, whom I had known there, when "Captain" — now *General* Brown, and made such chiefly at my instance — got on one of his "big drunks" never witnessed by me before (and solemnly pledged by him, to his friends, not to be renewed) — and, in shirt sleeves, with his coat and hat thrown off, roamed the streets of Burlington like a mad Buffalo bull on the prairies, bellowing, in his stentorian voice, whatever Indian names, or words, came uppermost to his vile lips: Kic-a-poo, Kal-a-ma-zoo, Puck-a-shie, or the like — till the welkin fairly rang with it, and frightened women threw up their windows to look out, thinking that the Indians were in town! This, from the late dignified President of the Council, an ex-U. S. Army officer — and our new-appointed Major General! Need I say how shocked the good Governor was, and how disgusted and humiliated I myself felt, at the blackguard's detestable conduct? Of course it became impossible for me, ever after that, to respect "General Brown" as a soldier or a gentleman. Yet, strangely enough, his more lenient constituency sent him, subsequently, two or three times to the Territorial Legislature to represent them! Continuing, however, to fall, in both the political and the social scale, he became for a while a Justice of the Peace; the last public position, I think, held by him being that of a gatekeeper on the plank road. So much for a wasted life!

Iowa's first territorial Secretary was one Conway, who had been editor of a newspaper somewhere up in the mountains of Pennsylvania. A ready and satirical writer, with a good deal of Irish humor and snap, he was a restless aspirant for higher honors, and made no scruple of using his position to attain them; having his eye modestly but steadily fixed on the gubernatorial chair! Hardly had the Legislature met, ere it and the old Governor

"locked horns" upon the important subject of penknives and stationery — the Governor being as fixed in his notions with regard to economy as he was upon temperance. This was Conway's opportunity. He artfully fomented the quarrel, and it became . . . a highly amusing triangular duel, the Governor blazing away, in his messages, at the Legislature, the Legislature at Conway, provider of the penknives, &c., and Conway, in turn, at the Governor, over the shoulders of the Legislature.

Finally, the warfare became so hot that the Legislature memorialized the President to remove the Governor from office — just what Conway had been working for. There was no actual justification or necessity, as regarded the interests of the territory, for any such action — and of course it was not taken. The messages, resolutions, and correspondence, between the parties in dispute, in that momentous and dignified proceeding, still, I dare say, exist among the "State papers" at Des Moines, and will furnish materials for a rich chapter to the future historian of Iowa. Conway died, within a year after the scenes mentioned, and James Clark, a sterling gentleman of excellent abilities and unexceptionable character, was appointed to succeed him. He was afterwards, in 1845, Governor of the territory, discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity and entire satisfaction to its people, and died in 1851, respected and honored by them.

In the autumn of 1839 and the winter of 1839-40 occurred a stirring and remarkable episode in the history of Iowa, known as the "Missouri War." A question existed as to the true boundary line between Missouri and Iowa, and the usual difficulties arose in regard to the collection of taxes within the disputed territory. The Governors of the State and Territory — Boggs of Missouri, and Lucas of Iowa — honest and patriotic men, but neither of them endowed with the true intelligence and the calm prudence and judgment that men occupying such responsible positions ought to possess — on the contrary, both "peppery" to the last degree — after having hurled their anathemas at each other in the shape of proclamations, were "spoiling for a fight." Was Boggs, of the great State of Missouri, going to yield an inch to the young upstart, Iowa, just born into existence? Not a bit of it! She "wasn't anybody," and he'd teach her a lesson! On the other hand, hadn't Lucas been Governor of Ohio, a greater State than Missouri? hadn't he had there a similar "war" with Michigan about a boundary question, in which he had brought *her* to terms? Of course he had; and didn't he, therefore, "know all about it?" Certainly he did. What was he to do,

therefore, but laugh to scorn, and put at defiance the impudent pretensions of the arrogant Missourian! Thus, with bristles up, they stood in hostile array. Boggs ordered out his legions, and word came to Iowa that, under command of Gen. "Horse Allen," a mighty warrior, who had been in great battles in Texas, they were marching up to the disputed territory. I, under specific orders from Gov. Lucas, addressed to me in my official capacity as Adjutant General, visited the prospective scene of war, south of the Des Moines, with no instructions to endeavor to negotiate for peace, but simply to reconnoitre and ascertain "the situation." This I did, making to his Excellency my official report, under date of November 4th, 1839, in print, and now before me — no enemy having yet appeared near our border.

Soon thereafter quiet Mr. Gregory, the Sheriff of Clark county, Missouri, went up "civilly" — no military force along with him — into the southern tier of townships of Van Buren county, to collect taxes; whereupon the people of Van Buren, to protect their rights, pounced upon poor Gregory, carried him a hundred miles or more north into Iowa, and clapped him into the Bloomington (now Muscatine) jail, "for safe keeping."

This brought on the crisis! Boggs' troops marched up to the vicinity of Waterloo [Missouri] — ominous name! — ours, being ordered out, marched down to meet them, and a collision seemed inevitable. Fortunately, however, a joint civil commission was suggested, to endeavor to settle the very threatening difficulty. A truce was proclaimed to allow this to be done. The commission met and proposed a submission of the matter to the U. S. Supreme Court. This was finally agreed to by the belligerent Governors, when the troops upon both sides were withdrawn from the field — and thus ended the "Missouri War." A year later the Supreme Court decided the case in favor of Iowa, thus securing to her the south half of Van Buren, and of all the counties subsequently organized west of it, to the Missouri river, which under a different decision, would have become a part of the State of Missouri — so that young Iowa's pluck, after all, did not go for nothing. After this first serious trouble in the history of Iowa, quiet reigned within her borders for six or seven years, but not without hard times along through 1842 and 1843. The price of wheat fell down to 25 cents per bushel, and pork to \$1.50 per hundred — many farmers finding difficulty to raise money enough wherewith to pay their taxes. In 1846-7 came another epoch — the steps successfully adopted to bring Iowa into the Union as a State; from whence her prosperity and importance may be said to have taken its date,

though not till several years later, when railroads, the magical developers of the resources of the country — came to her borders, did she begin to move ahead with giant strides.

As one of a small party of U. S. topographical engineers in Government employ, during the Summers and Autumns of 1832 and 1833, to explore a route for a railroad through the then dense wilderness of Northwestern Ohio, from Sandusky City on Lake Erie, down to Dayton — *the first enterprise of its kind ever projected in the Valley of the Mississippi* — I had become much interested in such works, and sought earnestly, by speech and writing, to awaken in the public mind of the people of Iowa a like interest upon the subject. But the effort was too early — and remained for a long time labor lost. That [effort] to help in procuring a State government with saving provisions in its Constitution to guard against ruinous indebtedness, and iniquitous legislation under it, met with better success. Indiana, where I had lived some years, had “gone through the mill” in that respect; and Illinois had been “like unto her”; each of them having, in 1836, launched out wildly into grand systems of “Internal Improvements” — railroads and canals — and created thereby a State indebtedness for each, amounting to some five or six millions of dollars; yet for which neither of them had much of anything to show — except seemingly interminable and unbearable taxation for the people. The money had been unwisely squandered — but the grinding debt remained! Hence the provision, in the Constitution of Iowa, against the creation of a State debt beyond, I think, \$200,000 [*sic*. Actually, \$100,000 in the 1846 Constitution; \$250,000 in the 1857 Constitution], with such restrictions as to prevent its being done; and she stands to-day, I believe, with, so to speak, merely a nominal debt — in what contrast to the condition of some of her sisters!

Another clause embraced in the constitution of Iowa forbade the passage of special acts of incorporation by the Legislature — a never-ending source of rascality — but providing, through general laws, for all that was necessary and proper to be done under them. This proposition, especially, met with violent partizan opposition from some quarters. Without state indebtedness, and without special acts of incorporation, said those who were in favor of them, no colleges and public schools and churches can be established, no railroads built, nor, in short, anything done as it should be done in the development of the resources of the new state. The propositions, therefore, to prohibit them met, I say, with much opposition in some locali-

ties — being stigmatized as “demagogical!” How far they were so or how far they became sheet anchors in the constitution of Iowa, securing the future prosperity of the state, subsequent events have shown. She has now a million and a quarter of inhabitants; railroads, to three or four thousand miles in extent, cross her territory latitudinally, longitudinally and diagonally; beautiful towns and villages everywhere dot her plains, with churches and school houses and colleges that are an honor to them; the whistle of the steam car, and the sweet and soothing tones of the church-going bell, are everywhere heard; and where else, on all the earth, is there a population enjoying these great blessings, that is less lightly taxed, or more prosperous and happy? The state — purely an agricultural one, with no large cities to swell its population — as Mr. Jefferson truly termed them, “sores upon the body politic” — like those of her immediate neighbors, St. Louis in Missouri, and Chicago, especially, in Illinois, or even Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, now large manufacturing centers — so much less desirable than agricultural pursuits, where the pure air of heaven is not withheld, nor the free use of the limbs restrained — Iowa, I assert, stands today a State unsurpassed in everything that goes to make a free, a prosperous, and a happy people, by any in the world! and her growth, in but little over a third of a century — only twenty-seven years since she became a State — is one of the marvels of the age.

I have alluded above to the many churches in Iowa. Not a member of any of them, I took, nevertheless, much interest in the Episcopal denomination, it being the one in which she who was most dear to me had been christened, married, communed for long, long years — and finally died. Feeling, therefore, as she did, a deep interest in it, I also felt such an interest on her account and gave to it the aid and support that it was in my power to give. The growth and prosperity of that church in Iowa, like that of the State itself, has been remarkable. It was in 1850 that a few ladies — not a dozen in number — formed themselves into a society in Keokuk, to set on foot an effort to build an Episcopal church there — a Vestry being elected with the same view. Of this body — I being of the number — not one was a church member; there being none such there, at that time, to act in that capacity. There were no funds with which to build a church — and no lot on which to build one. Soon, two lots were given for that purpose by a zealous Episcopalian of St. Louis, who owned property in Keokuk; being those where St. John’s Church now stands. . . .

The nine or ten ladies of the church in Keokuk, having effected their organization, began at once to work, through their Sewing Society and their Fairs, and at the end of a year or two — in 1851-2 — with such other aid as was given, a small frame building was put up — since enlarged to what it now is. Rev. Otis Hackett had come with a letter of introduction to me from Bishop Kemper in Wisconsin, and we employed him to preach for us. About this time, assisted by my fellow vestrymen and a few others, I raised money enough to build a plain board fence around the lots, and to get trees to plant out on the two sides where the streets ran. These jobs I superintended in person, setting out the trees with my own hands. A drought, the subsequent summer, killed all but one of them, an elm, whose graceful arms — so a friend writes me — now reaching heavenwards, form an object of attraction to passers by; and being in close proximity to the parsonage — erected long since — and the church make, as he kindly expresses it, my "Monument" — a memento to my poor efforts for the church, when in the earlier dawn and struggle of its existence. I gratefully accept the compliment so handsomely bestowed.

In 1855 a bell was bought for the church, and — being still in the vestry, then as senior warden — I wrote to the founders, sending to them the money from the congregation to pay for it. Thus it happened that it came with my name painted upon it; and thus it still hangs, I suppose, in the tower of the church. . . .

On the 27th of May, 1855, the clear, sweet tones of the bell of St. John's Church, Keokuk, rang out of a calm Sunday morning upon the pure air, being heard all over the town; and that was the first bell ever heard from an Episcopal Church in Iowa — not yet twenty years ago. What source of true pleasure it is, as life draws near its close, to be able thus to revert to the earliest steps taken to establish the institutions — religious as well as political — and thus to have helped lay the foundations of what is now a great state. . . .

The growth, through its earliest years, of the Episcopal Church in Iowa, was slow. In 1853, it was doubted whether there were six *regularly organized* parishes — the number necessary, under the laws of the church, to organize a diocese. Six presbyters, or rectors, however, of the church, desirous of seeing this brought about, called upon the venerable Provisional Bishop (Kemper) in June, 1853, in a communication over their signatures, asking him to convene a meeting of "the clergy and vestries in the State,"

with a view to a "diocesan organization," which he did accordingly, requesting them to meet him at Muscatine. There was a prevailing impression among them that the good Bishop entertained "High Church" proclivities and desired, by delay and the introduction in Iowa of a sufficient number of clergymen holding sentiments like his own, to give to the Diocese, when created, that character — though but little was then yet said, publicly, upon that subject.

I was written to, however, about it, from several sources, and somewhat warmly urged to help defeat such a project. Liking very much, personally, the Provisional Bishop — who was a most kind and excellent man, a true Christian gentleman — I reluctantly acted against him. However, [I was] ready to help build up and sustain, with whatever influence and power I might have in the matter, the American Episcopal Church, as I understood its principles. "High Church" ideas and practices were repulsive to me. We had, at the time, no clergyman at Keokuk; and upon the action and request of the vestry, I went up alone, as a lay delegate, to represent St. John's parish at the meeting in Muscatine. There I met Bishop Kemper and the six Presbyters, with lay delegates from the other parishes. The question of the existence of the six parishes necessary to justify such a proceeding having been discussed, we went into an organization of the Diocese of Iowa — so far as that convention could do it. A few months later the General Convention, assembled in New York, confirmed our action — and thus Iowa became a Diocese. In the following year (May 31, 1854) seven clergymen, with lay delegates from the parishes — then numbering eight or nine — again met; this time at Davenport, to elect a Bishop; the venerable Provisional Bishop being again present and presiding. We elected Dr. Wm. Henry Lee of Rochester, New York, by a vote of 5 to 1 of the Clergy — all there who were entitled to vote — and 5 to 4 of parishes (Laity). Many obstacles were sought to be thrown in the way of the election, by motions to "lay on the table," to "indefinitely postpone," to "reconsider," and finally by a formal, written "Protest" signed by the one non-concurring clergyman and four dissenting lay delegates — but all without avail. Dr. Lee was declared duly elected and became Bishop of Iowa — which he has been ever since. With a wealthy congregation and an elegant church in Rochester, New York, at the time of his election, he naturally felt some reluctance to separate himself from them, to assume even a Bishop's robes in a wild, new country, with but six duly organized, poor parishes in it!

On my way to my old home in New York, upon a visit, I went from the Convention at Davenport, to Rochester, to inform the new Bishop of his election, and to seek to persuade him to come among us — using all the arguments at my command to do so — which he soon thereafter did. This was in the Summer of 1854 — but just twenty years ago — and behold, now, the great Diocese of Iowa, with perhaps well on towards an hundred parishes, and its fine college at Davenport — the new beautiful city where the excellent Bishop — whose labors have been so eminently successful — makes his home. Thus have both the State and Church in Iowa — free from all “’tangling alliances,” or influences, of the one with, or over, the other — flourished side by side. . . .

For several years more peace and prosperity reigned in Iowa, ’till 1861, when came the great war of the Rebellion. To me, before it began, the very thought of such a conflict as must ensue, if once commenced, between people of the same race and language, and who had so long lived happily together, made the same government and laws, was one dreadful to contemplate; and I would most gladly have seen any compromise or agreement made, that could have been made with honor, to avoid it. But when it was wholly unavoidable; when it actually came; when armies were arrayed against each other in the field; nay, when the collision had taken place in a great battle, and the capital of the nation came well nigh falling into the hands of those who sought the destruction of the Union — the Federal forces in front of Washington having been repulsed and driven back upon it — calm thought and reason said to me: there is but one course left to me — a citizen of the north, and educated at the National Military School of my country — and that is, though at an age nine or ten years beyond that requiring military service from me, to tender my services, however little they may be worth — to help save the Union. This I accordingly did and was commissioned by the President a staff officer, with rank in the regular army. Assigned to duty in the Department of Kansas, I reported there to its Commander General Blunt, and was by him at once made Inspector General on his staff — thus to help organize the army which he had just commenced gathering at Fort Leavenworth, for the field. Later, when one general who had ranked him, afflicted by dissolute habits — and since dismissed the service — disappeared from the field in the very crisis of the campaign; and another troubled — as quaint Mr. Lincoln happily characterized the failing — with “the slows,” did not “come to time,” the

command of the "Army of the Frontier" thereby devolved upon Blunt; and it was never, thereafter, I believe, accused of "slowness," by either friend or foe! Becoming, by my position, its Inspector General, I rode side by side (literally) by day and by night with the brave and intrepid Blunt, through all of his vigorous and memorable campaign in southwestern Missouri, Arkansas, and the Indian country, in the autumn of 1862, and speak, therefore, from actual personal observation of what I myself saw and know of the action of that army. And it is of some of the Iowa troops — all behaved well! — who formed part and parcel of it, that I now write, to pay to them the tribute that they deserve, for their admirable endurance, as soldiers, and their splendid bearing upon the field of battle. Night marches, to surprise and attack at daybreak — a favorite mode of warfare with Blunt — and hard fighting seemed to be as familiar to them (and so with all the troops of the command — composed of regiments from Kansas, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana) — as if they had been the veterans of twenty campaigns! This was a new feature in war, for even Washington — as may be seen by Irving's history — did not, in the early part of the war of the Revolution, place as much reliance upon raw volunteers, in trying emergencies, as he did upon regular troops; and General Scott is upon record for saying that it would take five years to make the former equal to the latter. Yet, notwithstanding this very high authority, experience certainly did not sustain it, with the troops of the Northwestern States in the Army of the Frontier; for none ever made more rapid and harder marches, as history records them, or fought more bravely, after they were made. No disaster, of the slightest degree, ever marred the triumphant march of the Army of the Frontier, from the time it took the field, on the first of October, till it left it, the last of December — a brief campaign, but as brilliant and successful a one as any that the war produced. Whenever it struck the foe (and the blows fell fast and thick — at old Fort Wayne, Cane Hill, Prairie Grove and other less noted fields), victory crowned its efforts. The bloody battle of Prairie Grove was the final and decisive one. There Hindman's vaunted army, which, aided by half a dozen able Brigadiers — three West Point graduates among them — which they had been all Summer organizing for the field — was defeated, driven south of the Arkansas, and broken into fragments — never to be reorganized. It is of that battle, therefore — of which few, if any, during the war, were more obstinately contested — that I wish to say a few words here. Three days after it was fought,

to-wit, on December 7th, 1862, I wrote an account of it, which — in print, and become of historic record, is now before me. From it I make the following brief extracts:

Not less than thirty-five thousand men and seventy pieces of cannon were engaged in this hard fought battle, which commenced early in the day, and was only terminated by the coming on of night, under whose folds the enemy, muffling the wheels of his artillery guns — to drown their noise, and thus the better to conceal his movements — effected his retreat. . . .

The booming of cannon, from seventy pieces at the same time, was indeed a "thunder of artillery" that was most sublime.

But the musketry fire, also, where the enemy's "Infantry force" (greatly superior in point of numbers) "met ours face to face, for hour after hour, in a most deadly conflict, was one incessant roar — like the rattling of thunder in a terrible storm; the bellowing of the cannon, even, being drowned by it, to those who were nearer to the former than the latter."

"On the morning after the battle, in quite a small orchard" (about the size of one of the squares in Keokuk) "by the side of a house, over forty of our dead, and some sixty of the enemy" were counted by me; and I might have added: bloody and ghastly from their wounds, and with contorted faces, limbs and bodies, writhed, by the agonies of death, into shapes shocking to behold — always one of the sad fruits of battle — while "all around the orchard, as far as the eye could reach, dead bodies were to be seen. The open woods, indeed, were strewn with them, for the distance of two and a half miles one way, by one and a half the other."

It was through and around the little orchard above mentioned that some of the Wisconsin, Iowa and other troops — the 19th and 20th Iowa Infantry being of the number — charged up a hill and into the woods, by which the enemy was covered, in the face of his batteries as well as his heavy infantry fire, and were terribly cut to pieces. It was there that the gallant Lieutenant Colonel McFarland, while leading his brave Nineteenth Iowa Regiment, fell among the killed, while "one hundred and ninety of his men were killed and wounded" — as reported on the morning after the battle. Of the Division to which they belonged, "some thirty of the line officers" were reported wounded — among them Major Thompson of the Twentieth Iowa. The estimate of the dead and wounded of the enemy was placed at from 2,500 to 3,000, while that of our own reached probably a thousand.

This shows hard fighting, and a desperately contested struggle, such as does not very often occur. The enemy west of the Mississippi, with an army well organized and admirably officered — Marmaduke, Frost, Shoup (formerly regular U. S. Army officers), Fagan, Roane and Stern — the latter killed in the battle — all being Brigadiers under Hindman's command. Three days before the battle, Hindman had said, in a printed address to his troops — he carried a small press with him for the printing of such addresses — the one referred to, dated December 4, 1862, is now before me: "WE MUST CONQUER OR OUR COUNTRY IS RUINED." That he relied upon an easy victory — underrating the foe he was to meet — there can be no doubt, from the whole tone of his vaunting address; a reliance, however, as the result soon proved, to be turned into one of bitter disappointment and mortification.

Having known, personally, many of the Iowa troops who helped so materially to achieve this victory — sons, in numerous instances, of the thrifty farmers there to whom I had sold their lands twenty years before, I naturally felt a warm interest in them — and proud of their brave deeds! The gallant hero, Col. McFarland, I knew well, having, in 1856, presided with him jointly at a mass meeting of the two political parties in Iowa, when Buchanan and Fremont were opposing candidates for the Presidency. Are his remains, and those of his brave comrades who fell around him at Prairie Grove, permitted to lie there unhonored? I hope not. Just tribute to the memory of those who sacrifice their lives in the defense of their country are great incentives to others to follow their example, when called upon to do so. The great historian Macaulay has said: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of its remote ancestors, will never do anything worthy of being remembered with pride by remote descendants," and this saying of Macaulay undoubtedly is true. Let Iowa look to it, therefore, that the deeds of her brave sons, who fell at Prairie Grove, in the Regiments bearing *her* name, be properly commemorated, not only to the present generation, but to those to come; so that their "remote descendants will take pride in, and honor their noble achievements!" And let this be done without unmanly insult to those they met to battle as temporary foes; but who with, thank God, a Union saved, are once more living as citizens of the same Government, under *its* Constitution and laws, and destined thus to make it, sooner or later, through the intelligence and deep-down sense of justice of the people of all sections — instead of the wretched spectacle of not merely a "divided Union," but broken, soon, perhaps into

half a dozen sets of States, constantly arrayed against each other — to become, to-day, the most powerful, the greatest, the best, and the most respected of any that the world has ever seen! — so that the very humblest of those living under it, may exclaim, with pride, wherever he may chance to be: "I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!"

Soon after the close of the campaign of the Army of the Frontier, in the Autumn of 1862 and the Winter of 1862-3, a calamity befel me, placing me *hors de combat*, unfitting me for further service in the field. A badly broken limb, crippling me for life, put it out [of] my power ever again to mount a horse; and leaving me able, only, to perform other less active duties, such as inspections, with those of boards of survey, and courts martial and military commissions — upon the two latter of which, I may here mention, I sat for fifteen months, upon "all sorts of cases."

The war ended, and a reorganization taking place in 1866, under a new law, greatly reducing the army — to the mere nucleus, as it were, from which it had sprung — I accepted in it, like so many others, a position with rank much reduced below that previously held and earned in the field; but the latter secured to me, by the law, to be entered in the official "Army Register," annually published — as continues to be done. This may be regarded by some an "empty honor." Not so, however, by soldiers, who esteem it an acknowledgment by the government of services rendered.

In the performance of the duties of the new position, I went, of course, in obedience to military law, wherever "ordered" — three years in Texas — and was thus absent from Iowa, except a few brief visits to my family. In 1868 the latter joined me, thus making their actual residence and mine in Iowa thirty years — from 1838 till 1868. But, I still claim it as my home, with the rights of citizenship, which I should unwillingly surrender, having been so long identified with it; and feeling — if I may be permitted so to speak, without subjecting myself to being charged with undue pretension — as if I had become part and parcel of it; having taken part in so many of the important steps in its growth, from its very infancy — whether for good or evil, others will judge. . . .

I have thus written a long letter, five-fold longer than it was meant to be, when I commenced it; and so long, I am apprehensive, as to prevent its being read. But, if it is read with any pleasure by my contemporaries in Iowa

of a third of a century ago — now become the “Old Settlers,” and whose ranks death has sadly thinned — or, if it proves a source of satisfactory information to more recent comers, I shall feel compensated for having written it.

Tinged, it may be thought to be, by some, with egotism. But, it would be impossible for me to describe the events of which I have written — and with most of which I was so closely identified — without some allusion to my personal participation in them.

I am Sir, Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

V. P. VAN ANTWERP.

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