SOURCE MATERIAL OF IOWA HISTORY

Pioneer Reminiscences of Wapello County

[On August 10, 1912, the Ottumwa *Courier* published a series of articles on the history of Ottumwa and Wapello County, calling on the memories of some of the early settlers to provide material. Among these are two articles of value: one an interview with Alvin C. Leighton, who came to the county as a child in 1843; the other by Edward H. Stiles, a lawyer who arrived in Ottumwa in 1856. Leighton's father was a carpenter, who settled first on a farm in Competine township and then moved to Ottumwa in 1846. Stiles rose high in local and state politics, served in the Iowa House and Senate, and was a reporter for the State Supreme Court from 1867 to 1875 during which time he compiled fifteen volumes of Supreme Court Reports. In 1916 he published his *Recollections and Sketches of Notable Lawyers and Public Men of Early Iowa*, an invaluable source of information on the legal fraternity of the state. A. C. Leighton was still an active Ottumwa businessman in 1912; Stiles had retired and lived in Pasadena, California.

These two articles are here reproduced to show the life of a pioneer county in its formative years, as seen by the participants.]

REMINISCENCES OF ALVIN C. LEIGHTON

Older than the county by nearly four years, and still one of the most active of its citizens despite his more than seventy years, Alvin C. Leighton, when not too busy with his vast business interests, can give the history of Wapello County and especially Ottumwa from memory that is pleasing to hear and entertaining to a great degree. . . .

Mr. Leighton was born in Illinois in 1839, and came with his parents to Iowa in 1841. His father and mother came to Iowa with his grandfather, his mother's parent, and for a time they stopped in Burlington where the father of Mr. Leighton met Gen. Dodge and Gen. Grimes [Augustus Caesar Dodge, then Iowa's territorial delegate to Congress, and James W. Grimes, then attorney in Burlington. Neither man was a "General."] who had but recently returned from this vicinity and were enthusiastic about the splen-

did prospect of what was then the new purchase. The father of Mr. Leighton was for going farther west, but was prevailed upon by Generals Dodge and Grimes through their pleasing description of the new purchase to change his mind. The two generals told him to bide his time near Burlington, and urged him to settle for a while at what was then called Dodge City (a few houses in the woods some ten miles out of Burlington) where they could put in a crop or two and still be in time for the opening of the new purchase or Wapello County.

The immigrants from Illinois took the advice of their new friends and for nearly two years located near Burlington, and when on May 1, 1843, the legal birth of Wapello County took place, they were at the accouchment and a claim in Competine township followed. The father of Mr. Leighton went ahead to the opening of the county and settled where, after building a log cabin which with his ability as a carpenter he embellished with a heavy door cut from a broad tree, a clapp [*sic*] board roof and smooth floor, he returned for the family and his father-in-law.

At this juncture Mr. Leighton indulged in reminiscence sufficiently to recall what his mother often told him about how she was impressed with her first view of pioneering in Wapello County. He stated that she would often tell him of how sick she grew of the wild west when reaching the family's first home in the county after leaving Burlington. It seems that in the interval between the building of the cabin and the coming of the family to their new home, the weeds had attained a startling growth about the cabin. Mrs. Leighton, mother of A. C. Leighton, having been one of those housewives whose door yard was of necessity as important to be neat as the interior of the house, and to whom the sight of weeds and an unkempt yard was distressing, would often in later years relate to her son how sick of the west she grew when beholding the new home almost hidden in weeds. She was told by her husband that when he once mowed them they would no longer prove an eyesore and thus she was appeased.

Three years sufficed for the family in Competine township as they had heard good things of Ottumwa and the father being a carpenter, he saw possibilities ahead for those of his craft, hence in October, 1846, the family having harvested their crops, came to Ottumwa and remained there. In Ottumwa grew up the man who became one of the city's best citizens and one who is one of the large land holders of the county. Just under four years when he arrived in the county that eventful May morning that the

county was legally born, he was not quite seven years old when he became one of the population of Ottumwa. Commenting on the way the town was then laid out, he complimented the intelligence of the men who were the first to lay out the village, and particularly did he comment on the wisdom and foresight of those who made Market street the wide thoroughfare that it is, saying that they saw into the future more than did most people here in that day. Few then seemed to think the town had a future at all unusual and aside from such instances as the width of Market street, it appeared that the town would be a little else than a village unless something unusual developed.

"My first home in Ottumwa was one of eighteen houses, all that Ottumwa boasted of in October, 1846, and I don't recall that any were built more than those I have in mind and included in the eighteen mentioned. Ours was a log house as was most of the others whether residence or store although there were some few frame houses, but not many." Thus Mr. Leighton replied when asked for his earliest recollection of Ottumwa. . . .

It was in recalling the original eighteen houses that he was carried back to the village days in Ottumwa. The bounds of the city were then at Cass street in the west and Union street in the east. A few houses were erected on Fifth street, and the river was the south boundary. The houses outside those limits he did not include in the eighteen alluded to. His own home was located at the corner of Fourth and Market streets where the First M. E. church now stands.

He began with the business houses, for even with only eighteen houses in the village there were some stores. Enumerating these, he first alluded to the Seth Richards general store as having been located . . . on Main street. John T. Baldwin, a relative of Judge Baldwin of Council Bluffs, ran a general store opposite Richards' store. . . . Following along the same street, Mr. Leighton next alluded to the old Ottumwa House, the hostelry for these parts at that time. . . . This was a log building and did not boast of elevators, hot and cold water, baths, etc., as do hotels today. Further west on the south side of the street . . . was another log building that housed the grocery business and "Wet Grocery" of Duane F. Gaylord, afterwards the first mayor of Ottumwa, about 1859 [*sic.* 1857]. Mr. Gaylord lived on the river bank at the rear of his store, for the river at that time came close to Main street in that part of the town.

There was no other business house on that side of Main street between

Court and Green streets as recalled by Mr. Leighton. In the block between Market and Green streets on the north side of Main street there was a blacksmith shop. Mr. Leighton stated that he thought that a man named Sharp had a place for the accommodation of travelers situated [near there]. A small log house was also located on West Main street. . . .

The court house was one of the eighteen houses and was a modest affair. It was said to be a two-story building not more than twenty feet high and about twenty by thirty-six feet in size. It contained the offices of the treasurer, clerk, recorder and sheriff . . . and stood on Third Street. Next he came to his own residence in that neighborhood . . . at Fourth and Market streets.

Across the street . . . there was another log house like the Leighton home. Farther east on Fourth street at the southwest corner of Green and Fourth streets, was . . . a frame house, of which there were but few then in Ottumwa. There was nothing else on Fourth street except on the site of the present public library at which place a man named Lewis built a log house. He was a brother of Alvin Lewis and resided there for a time.

Coming from Fourth to Fifth street the next house recalled was the old Jeffrey-Hendershott home in which Judge Hendershott and his father-in-law Mr. Jeffrey [*sic.* Paul C. Jeffries] resided. . . . On the same street but on the opposite side . . . was also a log house but the owner's name could not be recalled by Mr. Leighton.

Dropping back to Second street as one of the forgotten houses came to mind, the wonderful memory of Mr. Leighton recalled the home of Joseph Hayne, a frame structure at the corner of Second and Green streets. The seventeenth house was that of John T. Baldwin which was situated on the . . . hill alongside College street. . . .

Another building that Mr. Leighton for a time was hard pressed to locate was the home of Dr. C. C. Warden at the northeast corner of Jefferson and Main streets. . . . These conclude the location of the eighteen houses that stood in Ottumwa when Alvin C. Leighton came here to live in October, 1846. The following year witnessed the beginning of a building era and Mr. Leighton estimated that 100 houses, mostly frame, were constructed that year. All of these were of a modest character and a few of them were brick. The latter type was constructed by the elder Mr. Leighton for his family and the house stood until very recent times. . . .

At this stage of his recollections, Mr. Leighton indulged in reminiscence

of an early day here when some of the rival clans would gather in Ottumwa on a market day and after an indulgence to some extent in the "wet" groceries, a fight would ensue that made the hair fly. "One of these clans was headed by Mike Tullis," said Mr. Leighton, "and another by the Vessers who came from Bear creek. When the two leaders and their gangs met there was sure to be some one laid out, for these two elements would not mix more than oil will with water. The changes of time, however, finally erased the old scores or supposed scores, and the frequent fights became less until they eventually ceased. I recall a time when as a lad engaged in learning the tinning trade at the old Washburn tin shop, that I saw a Dutchman who worked for the Ottumwa house, throw an axe at Mike Tullis. It seems that Mike was teasing the Dutchman as he was called, who was splitting wood at the time. Finally losing his temper, the Dutchman flung the axe at Tullis, which striking the side of the house, buried itself in the wood almost completely. The nimble Mike, however, was lithe enough to worm out of the way of the axe, and simply remarked as I passed, "He nearly hit me." . . .

Reverting back to reminiscences of Ottumwa at an early day, Mr. Leighton recalled a well-known character. . . . This personage was no other than Tay Sinnamon. He referred to the ready wit of Mr. Sinnamon whom he said built and operated what is now the Ballingall when it was first a three-story hotel building, and he added wings to it later. He especially recalled a building erected by Mr. Sinnamon at the southwest corner of Main and Market streets, for a time occupied by the builder as a grocery store. Mr. Sinnamon made it quite plain that he did not favor partnerships in business, and to emphasize this had his business sign painted accordingly. This read: "T. Sinnamon — going it alone — groceries." . . .

Referring to the period between 1843 and 1860, Mr. Leighton said, "Iowa winters from '43 to '60 were, I imagine, something like the past winter, but I doubt if the thermometer was much under 20 below zero. Sledding was good nearly all of the winter and most of the farmers used sleds made of oak with hickory runners. The winter of 1850-51 was an exceptional one, the snow being four feet deep on the level, and we received the full benefit of the snow, for 1851 was the high water year and all records were shattered for floods on the Des Moines here. It is now generally forgotten, but I remember it still. Overman's ferry crossed the river with people from the south side at old Richmond and came to the

north bank at what is now Central addition, hence on through the timber road the ferry boat was poled to Wapello and Main streets and turning there it proceeded down to the Sinnamon, now the Ballingall hotel.

"My father and the late Dr. C. C. Warden carried on a general store. . . . The water stood at the bottom of the door sill and my father drove a nail in the building marking the highest point at which the water stood. Customers came in small boats as the water stood two feet or more in Main street from Wapello to Green street. The ferry boat would drop the people off at the stores upon each side of the street before landing at Green street which was the end of the water deep enough for boating. A similar condition obtaind on Second street from Court to Green. . . .

"Steamboats during the flood of 1851 tied up to large cottonwood trees that stood in Main street. . . . A few years later the town built a decent wharf at the foot of Court street using broken stone in the construction, and the steamboats landed there until the last of the river traffic in 1858. Then the steamboats gave way to the B. & M. railroad [the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad] which was already near Ottumwa, and teams hauled the freight from the end of the road to Ottumwa. The coming of the Burlington road to Ottumwa the following year gave no place for the steamboats as freight haulers, for the road monopolized the business. At that period Ottumwa had become the best city in the state between Burlington and Council Bluffs. . . ."

Continuing in his reminiscences, Mr. Leighton stated . . . "Prior to 1856 the buildings were largely built of native lumber, — white oak and walnut which was sawed at the Myers & Coffin mill at the foot of Market street on the east side of the street. Josiah Myers, now a resident of South Ottumwa, was a member of the firm of Myers & Coffin and is the only living member of the firm that did so much to make Ottumwa the city that it now is. . . ."

Among the merchants of the old days, Mr. Leighton referred to John Pumroy who operated the country drug store. It seems there was a state pharmacy law that regulated the number of drug stores or at least delegated certain powers to the druggist in each county and Mr. Pumroy's store bore the title of "County Drugstore." An incident in connection with the county drug store had to do with the first time a prohibition law was made effective in Iowa. This was in 1854 [*sic.* 1855], and just how effective it was may be seen from the following story by Mr. Leighton. . . .

"A. J. Davis," said he, "was the Montana millionaire, whose fortune caused the most famous legal fight recalled as the Davis will case that ran in the press some years ago. Mr. Davis had for years operated a distillery at Iowaville, a small place near Eldon and he made a large quantity of the liquor, much of which found its way to Ottumwa for John Pumroy. The county drug store of Mr. Pumroy bought all of its whisky from the Davis distillery, and that was quite a quantity, for in the year following the passage of the prohibition law of '54, John Pumroy bought and had shipped by boat to Ottumwa, no less than 100 barrels of the Davis whisky. I know the number is correct for I counted the barrels as they stood on the new stone wharf at the foot of Court street.

"The effects of the new prohibition law were not what the framers of the law hoped for immediately after it became effective. I have seen many fellows who came to town and would hitch their teams on Market street (for that was really the country man's market in town) who would go to Pumroy's store and swear to a lie for a bottle of whisky which they would drink about the market and then lay in a drunken stupor beneath their wagons to sleep off the effects of their libations. You see the whisky at that time cost Pumroy only thirteen cents per gallon, for the war tax which later went into effect had not yet caused its raise in price. In that connection I am reminded of what I was once told to have been the cause of A. J. Davis leaving Ottumwa for Montana where he later amassed a princely fortune that gave rise to the great fight over his wealth after his death.

"As I recall the story told me many years ago, Davis had determined not to pay the new tax placed on whisky as internal revenue in the early sixties, [which] was levied to help meet the expenses of the war. He concluded to leave this part of the country rather than pay it, and what he is said to have done was to quit the manufacture of the liquor in Iowa. He then loaded all his whisky that he had in stock and this took many teams. When he had it all loaded upon wagons, I am not clear as to whether he used oxen to haul it or not, but at any rate he started his overland trip to the wilds of Montana. I have been told that the whisky he carted from Iowa was the basis of the immense fortune that he left for his heirs to fight over and the lawyers to gather in as fees. . . .

"An occasion such as this floods the memory and one feels that too much cannot be said of the history of Ottumwa from the beginning, but one must stop somewhere, and why not now."

E. H. STILES REVIEWS OTTUMWA'S EARLY HISTORY

On the sixteenth day of December, 1856, I landed from a stage-coach at the only hotel in the place. It was a log structure situated on Main street between Court and Market. . . .

The only brick houses in town at the time, as I now recollect, were that of Albert Mudge, standing on the corner of Main and Jefferson where the opera house now stands, and I think a little dwelling in which Dr. Wood lived. . . . Drs. Wood, Warden, Orr, Thrall and Williamson were the doctors then here. Dr. Warden was the first physician who located in Ottumwa. He came there in 1843 and was about retiring to enter the mercantile field when I went there. Dr. Williamson, I think, had been there some three years and Dr. Thrall came the same year I did. Dr. Wood must, I think, have been the first regular physician who settled there after Dr. Warden. They were all on deck when I went there, and they were all splendid, level headed men and physicians. I doubt if any pioneer settlement has ever been favored with an abler medical staff than Ottumwa had at that time.

The erection of a new hotel was commencing at the corner of Main and Market which was afterwards remodeled, practically rebuilt, and became the Ballingall house. When first erected it was called the Curlew house and on its top was erected quite a large metal cut of that bird. The first proprietors of the Curlew house was Crone and Gilson, both Pennsylvanians, and both returned there in a few years afterward. There was also being commenced by John Pumroy a brick building on the corner of Main and Market opposite the Curlew hotel which was afterward occupied by Pumroy as a drug store. . . . John Pumroy was a very tall man and was very capable in the narration of early incidents, to some of which I gave an attentive ear. . . .

Leaving for the time these individual references, let me say something more regarding the place itself. It was simply a straggling hamlet consisting in the main of low wooden or log buildings. The mercantile part of Main street lay between Market and Court. Upon the completion of the Curlew house building. . . . Simon Adler and B. A. Feineman under the firm name of Adler & Feineman opened a dry goods store in a part of or an adjunct of that building. Nehemiah Baldwin kept a general store on Main, between Court and Market — all the buildings on Main were of wood or log except the two brick buildings the erection of which was being

commenced at the corners of Main and Market. Dr. Warden also had a general store in the same locality in a two story building, the upper story of which I commenced to occupy as a law office in 1858. There were no buildings on Main street west of Court except perhaps a few shanties or little structures farther up the street.

On the south side of Main commencing at Court was a part of the river bottom for quite a long ways out, which was covered with water in the freshet time or high stages of the river, before the construction of the railroad embankments. On this shore line which projected out at the foot of Court street was what was known as the wharf where the steamboats landed that then plied the river in the spring of the year when the water was at a favorable stage. If I recollect rightly the steamers that plied the river were the Edward Manning and Edward Davis, the first named after the quite distinguished father of Calvin Manning and the other Edward Davis, an old riverman and settler.

This Davis and Joel Myers had a sawmill on the east side of and at the foot of Market street. The place when I came was simply a frontier village without paved streets or much of sidewalks, and with mud knee-deep in the wet spring period. The state, it must be remembered, was then in its infancy; it had been admitted into the union only ten years before and the Indians had taken their departure only thirteen years anterior to the period of which I speak; their departing footprints were scarcely effaced; their wailing farewell to the land they loved could almost be heard in the whispering winds of the surrounding forests.

Among the men I found there was Thomas Sinnamon, a big burly Irishman, but a strongly marked and sensible man, who loved his grog and was full of Irish wit and eccentricities. He never used more than the first letter of his Christian name in writing it and when asked his name his reply would be "Tay Sinnamon." He became a justice of the peace and his court was a favorite amusement resort. He was an Irish patriot and disliked everything English. In a case before him one of the lawyers insisting upon a certain point, Tay asked "Where is the law for that? Show it to me in the code." The lawyer replied that it was not a part of the statute law but was in force as a principle or rule of the common law of England which had been adopted and become a part of our jurisprudence. Whereupon the justice excitedly exclaimed, "To hell with your English law and your common law, which you say is made by long custom; for if that be

so, stealing hogs is the common law here for I know that it is their custom to be at it ever since I've been here."

I was five days in coming from Connecticut to Ottumwa. That place was my objective point, for Aaron Pinney, whose first wife was my sister, was operating a sawmill some five miles west of Ottumwa on the bank of the Des Moines river. I came by the railroad to Burlington via Chicago, which was then comparatively new and rough in many of its features adjoining the lake; crossed the Mississippi at Burlington on a ferryboat; came from there to Mt. Pleasant by rail, and from Mt. Pleasant to Ottumwa in one of the western stage coaches. The journey had been longer and the expense greater than I had expected, and when the stage stopped in front of John Potter's log hotel, I found that I had just one dollar left, and that consisted of the worst dollar bill that was ever seen, I think. It was on the Corn Exchange bank of Indiana and was greasy, dirty, creased, crossed and furrowed and wrinkled in every direction. I wanted a dinner before proceeding any farther but was afraid to offer that bill for fear it was a counterfeit. I accordingly went across the street to what proved to be Dr. Warden's store. I handed him the bill and asked him if he would kindly tell me whether it was good or not. He said he could look in the Bank Detective and see; he accordingly picked up a magazine or pamphlet bearing that designation and after looking at it and the bill, said it was all right, and I thereupon proceeded to circulate it for something to eat. This done and the stage starting on toward Eddyville I boarded it again and the driver let me off with my trunk when we reached the house of Nathaniel Bell, near which was the sawmill referred to. I found my brother-in-law, Mr. Aaron Pinney, with the assistance of one of Mr. Nathaniel Bell's boys, Frank.

I learned from him and Mr. Pinney also that a vacancy had occurred by reason of the resignation of the teacher, in what was known as the Comstock school house. I immediately applied for the situation to Mr. Howard, whose first name I have forgotten, the committeeman. He said he was very glad to hire me to fill out the term. I asked if an examination of my fitness was desired. He said no, that he was satisfied I was all right. I was prompted by a spirit of vanity — having some knowledge of Greek and Latin — to remark that I supposed they did not want the languages taught. "Oh, yes," said he. "What ones," said I. "McGuffy's reader and 'rithmetic," was his reply. I felt easier. I was told afterward that Mr. Howard

could neither read nor write, though I can testify that he was a sensible, honorable man who treated me like a gentleman ever afterwards.

In a few days after the contract was closed under which I was to commence the school on the first Monday after Christmas, I learned that the resignation of the schoolmaster had been caused by reason of a row between him and his pupils, and which had resulted in his having been thrown out and snow-balled out of sight. If I had known this before the contract was made I certainly should not have entered into it, but it was too late to recede. Several of the boys and three or four of the girls were as old and bigger than I was [Stiles was twenty years old in 1856], but I relied on my diplomacy to get through all right. When I went to the school house at the time appointed I found quite a collection in attendance. The school house itself was a curiosity to me. There was a rough table in the center of it used for writing on, but not a sign of a desk or seats except that for the latter there were slabs which had been sawed from the outside of logs, through which sticks or legs had been stuck crosswise and these slab benches were lined about the room. I called the school to order and made the attendants a speech, saying that I understood there had been some difficulty between them and their previous teacher, of the merits of which I did not seek to inquire or know; that I had come there for the purpose of doing all in my power to teach them properly and improve them in knowledge; that I should do my best in their behalf and should treat them kindly and properly, and I expected them to treat me in like manner in return. To make a long story short, I had not the least difficulty. We grew to like each other, and during all of my subsequent residence in Ottumwa they were clients whenever they needed a lawyer and my devoted friends always. . . .

About fifty-three years ago the dead body of a woman was found in the river at Ottumwa. There was then no bridge and the crossings had to be made in a ferry boat operated by Edward Davis or John Prosser. The water was at a low stage and in crossing the rapids he discovered the body of a woman whose skirts had caught upon one of the rocks. He immediately made the fact known and her body was brought to an empty room on Main street; the coroner was summoned and an inquest held, at which I was present. The body proved to be that of Laura Harvey, the daughter of a Rockford, Illinois, lawyer. She had eloped with her lover, whose name was Lawrence, and they were traveling westward with a two-horse team.

They had been joined by a man on horseback whose name was McComb. All three of them had the night before the murder stopped at a hotel in Eddyville and had left there the following afternoon. McComb had been seen riding in the wagon with the two others, leading his horse from behind. The murder was a mystery. The woman's skull had been broken with some dull instrument, deeply indented finger marks were on her throat, a shriek had been heard on the road in the night, the two men and the team were gone. The conclusion was that the two men for some reason had murdered the woman and fled with the team. Efforts to arrest them were unavailing.

Several months passed, when one day a hunter crossing one of the deep ravines on the east side of the road between Ottumwa and Agency, discovered a skeleton, to which the clothes and some of the flesh still hung, lying at the bottom. It was determined by a coroner's jury that it was the body of Lawrence, and the conclusion was reached that both he and Laura Harvey had been murdered by McComb; that McComb while riding in the wagon behind them had killed Lawrence with some blunt instrument, and then Laura, who had screamed in the struggle. Lawrence had several hundred dollars with him, and with that and the team McComb made his escape, throwing the body of Laura into the river as he crossed the ford and that of Lawrence into the ravine as he went further on.

Further search was then made for McComb, but without avail. Several years more passed and until the war came near to a close. Some soldiers rendezvousing at Davenport were in a saloon when a man stepped up to the bar to take a drink. One of the soldiers who had known him, recognized him, and immediately notified an officer. McComb was arrested, brought to Ottumwa, placed in jail, brought to trial, found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung. An appeal was taken to the supreme court, which suspended the execution, while he awaited the result in jail.

But notwithstanding this, on the day on which the judge had fixed for the execution at the time of passing sentence, which was July 27, 1864, a large crowd had gathered from different directions, some of them doubtless to witness the execution, which they had not heard had been suspended, but probably the greater portion for the purpose of breaking the jail and hanging McComb despite the suspension. Shortly after noon the mob assembled in front of the jail and loudly clamored for the delivery of the

prisoner to them by the sheriff. I had not returned to my office from dinner, and while at my house received a private message from the sheriff, George A. Derby, telling me of the situation and urging me to come immediately and endeavor to appease the mob. I did so with all haste and found an immense crowd, among which were a number of women who had been deeply stirred by the dastardly murder of the girl, assembled in front of the jail. Judge H. B. Hendershott was addressing them from the steps of the jail. I pushed through the crowd and took my stand by the side of him, and as soon as he had concluded, I commenced to address them myself. It seemed to have a paliating effect and the crowd began to visibly loosen and give way, thereupon Mother Houk, as she was called, mounted the fence which then stood in front of the jail, and in a high-keyed and decidedly revolutionary voice exclaimed: "You men are a set of cowards. This bloody, cruel murderer of a poor girl should be taken out and hung on this day fixed for it, and if you men have not the courage to do it, we women will."

The effect of this on the crowd was as electrical as one of Napoleon's addresses to his soldiers. It set the mob on fire. The crowd not only pressed toward the front door where Hendershott and myself were standing with the sheriff, but those armed with sledge hammers and battering-rams jumped the fence where Mother Houk was standing and rushed for the rear, the crowd following. Almost instantly, I heard them beating down the lofty board enclosure which environed that end and constituted the prisoners' yard. I knew then that further resistance was useless. Breaking their way almost instantly through the enclosure, they battered down the rear wall of the jail and drew out into the street the prisoner amid cries of "hang him, hang him, hang him to the first tree." Under the guidance of the leaders, they started up Court street to find a suitable tree at the top of the hill.

Those living now and that were old enough to note and remember, will recollect that the First Baptist church in the town . . . was located at the corner of Fifth and Court streets, on the north side and fronting the latter, and that at the time of which I am speaking a ravine or deep gully coursed down Court street on that side clear to the jail, being conducted across Fifth street by an underground conduit, and that in front of the Baptist church, which was a small wooden structure, the ravine was so wide and deep that the church was reached by means of a broad platform covering

the ravine and connecting the church with the street. As the crowd with the leaders in charge of the prisoner approached the church and this platform, he requested the leaders to permit him to say a few words from this platform. The request was granted and he addressed the multitude. He said in substance that he was innocent, but that he saw they were bound to hang him and as he was shortly to appear before his maker he wished to be taken to the nearby Catholic church for final preparation at the hands of Father John Kreckel, who had been his spiritual adviser. In this address and in all his bearings he was as perfectly cool and composed as he had been throughout the trial. His desire was granted, the leaders and crowd facing about, came down to the Catholic church, into which he was conducted, and where the final religious rites were performed.

On coming out, and after consultation between the leaders, he was placed in a two horse wagon and the crowd started with him toward the lower end of town. Just this side of Sugar Creek Hill, on the road to Agency and on the left hand side of the road, they entered the wooded enclosure belonging to Michael Roos, subsequently purchased by the writer, and on which the mineral spring became located. Here they stopped under an oak tree with a limb suitable for the purpose in view, and placed one end of the rope around the prisoner's neck and threw the other end over the limb, but the rope was too short for the purpose desired, and while the leaders were devising plans to obviate this difficulty and their efforts having become somewhat relaxed by the dying out of the effects of the liquor which some of them had freely drunk, Fred Arthur, secretary of the Ladd Packing Co., a heroic young Quaker, had arrived on the scene in a buggy, and grasping the situation, with the aid of other willing hands, quickly slipped the noose off the prisoner's neck, threw him into the buggy, seized the lines, applied the whip, and whirled away like lightning back to the jail, where McComb was delivered into the custody of the sheriff and his deputies.

Thus ended the first act of the McComb war, but the leaders were deeply chagrined at being thus foiled, and it was soon given out that another and successful attempt would be made in the future. This event was precipitated by the following circumstance. About a month after the occurrence above described, McComb with another prisoner, effected his escape from the jail; they were hotly pursued and retaken by the sheriff and his aides and placed again in jail. Thereupon a cry arose among the leaders of

the former mob and some others, that the sheriff was not capable of keeping the prisoner; that it was more than likely he would escape, and a new mob was organized to more thoroughly execute the purpose of the former one; and in the latter part of August of the same year it appeared in force and overflowed the town. In the meantime, however, the sheriff and citizens generally had learned of the purpose, and many of them joined with the sheriff in providing steps to prevent the execution, the most effectual of which was the call of the sheriff on the governor of the state for military aid.

The military aid contemplated by the sheriff was the militia company of Ottumwa, of which I was captain. This company had been previously organized in view of the conditions that then threatened the border. Gen. [Sterling] Price [Missouri Confederate] was making efforts to break through our lines and invade Kansas, and portions of Iowa on the Missouri border were constantly threatened by the inroads of guerrillas. The locality and adjacents of Ottumwa had a few southern sympathizers who were ready to join their friends in case of an invasion. Under these conditions, Adjutant General Nathaniel B. Baker wrote me that he had shipped me one hundred stands of arms with ammunition, and asking me if I would not become the custodian of them and take immediate steps to have a company for self protection organized, officers elected, the arms distributed to its members and an armory or place of meeting agreed upon. The company to a great extent was composed of the merchants and other business men of the city, such as Chas. Lawrence, Joseph Chambers, Thomas J. Devin, Geo. Devin and others of like character. I was complimented by being made captain. We studied tactics and drilled two or three times a week, and when the rumor came that a band of guerrillas had invaded Davis county and were proceeding toward Ottumwa, we lay all night with fixed bayonets behind the railroad embankment to repulse the enemy when they should attempt the crossing by the ford or ferry.

I was accordingly summoned by the sheriff and commanded by the governor to bring my company to the aid of the sheriff in resisting any attempt that the premeditate mob might make against his authority. Very early in the morning, therefore, our company was in force fully armed and equipped in front of the old courthouse to assist the sheriff and prevent a raid upon the jail. To that end we stationed pickets at the junction of Court and Washington on the hill to prevent any approach whatever from

that direction. We also stationed a picket line in front on Second street, running from Washington to Market, so that there should be no approach from that direction. My company was reinforced by a later one organized by Captain A. A. Stuart, who had resigned the service and returned from the war, but both companies were placed under my command. By 10 o'clock Court street below Second was a solid mass of clamoring men who had been stopped by the pickets that marked our line, and told that if they advanced beyond they would be fired upon by the military force arraigned [*sic*] in front of the court house and extended in full array with loaded muskets across the square. Several times the surging crowd menaced the line and threatened to break through.

While thus arrayed, I made a little speech to the "boys" which in substance was, that we had a disagreeable duty to perform but that it was nevertheless a duty that we owed to the state and our citizenship; that we must unflinchingly fire upon the mob in case they broke over and made an attack upon us, and I do not believe that there was a single man who would have been backward in performing this duty if he had been called upon. But after some vain attempts to cross the line the mob began to weaken and the shouts to become less defiant. Presently a flag of truce that had passed the line was seen advancing, borne by one man accompanied by two others. As they came up I in company with Captain Stuart and the sheriff went forward to meet them. The spokesman, whose name was then familiar to people living in his portion of the country but which I prefer not to mention, made this proposal: That if the sheriff would agree to resign the mob would disperse. My answer was: "Here is the sheriff, let him speak for himself." The sheriff expressed his unwillingness to resign, and I told the leader that the parley was ended and that he had better advise the mob to disperse for if they attempted to press upon us we should surely fire upon them. The truce bearers returned to the crowd uttering bitter curses and threats against us. In a few minutes after their return the crowd began to disperse and in a few minutes more it had disappeared altogether.

These reflections have often occurred to me: If the mob had prevailed and carried out its purpose the community and the state would have been disgraced, and its real standard of morality greatly lowered. On the other hand if we had been forced to fire upon the mob and killed some of the persons composing it, it would have been an unpleasant place for some of

us, and especially myself to have lived in thereafter. All's well that ends well.

As I have never seen an account of this affair from beginning to end by an eyewitness, or a correct account of it, I have thought it well to thus give this narration; nor has any correct account of McComb's execution been given so far as I have ever seen. It was stated that he made quite a long speech on the scaffold. Such was not the case; it was very brief. I was one of the jurors summoned under the law as it then existed to witness the execution. . . .

McComb's speech on the scaffold . . . made an impression so deep upon me that time has not effaced it. He was as calm and composed as a man could be, and met his death without in the least flinching. His speech was very brief and was in substance this: "I am innocent of the crime of which I have been convicted and you are the witnesses to the execution of an innocent man. In these last words I desire to impress upon you the importance of abolishing capital punishment. I hope you will never see another execution, for if the death penalty were not inflicted, the condemned innocent man might finally be shown to be so by the discovery of facts that would establish it and which he might assist in bringing to light." Thanking the sheriff and his custodians for their kindness and then uttering a prayer after Father Kreckel, who attended him, the black cap was drawn over his face, the rope adjusted, and trap sprung, and his body dangled in the air. The closing and principal part of the speech impressed me. If he were guilty why should he make a speech of that kind? If he were innocent he might well do so. The testimony was purely circumstantial, local prejudice was strong against him — it is possible he may have been innocent after all. . . .

When I came to Ottumwa, nearly fifty-six years ago, it was, as I have already indicated, merely a village; without figures I should say it had perhaps 700 or 800 people. In the following year, 1857, it had grown to probably 900 or 1,000 people. The city up to that time had not been organized, but in the spring of 1857 it was. Ottumwa became an incorporated city with a mayor and common counsel. I took part in its organization and in the election of our first mayor, Duane F. Gaylord. It had been organized as a town before that. . . .

The newspapers when I went to Ottumwa were the Ottumwa *Courier* and the *Democratic Statesman*. Green D. R. Boyd was the able editor of

the *Statesman*. . . . The *Courier* was then a weekly; it had no daily, nor did it have until 1864, when one was commenced under its editor, James W. Norris. . . . The founders of the *Courier* were Richard H. Warden and Joseph H. D. Street, who established it in 1848. At that time it was the most western newspaper in the United States. I knew both of the gentlemen named intimately; they were excellent men. . . .

The editor of the Ottumwa *Courier* when I went there was James W. Norris, who had succeeded Warden and Street. He was a small, nervous, active, but rather timid man; he was, however, an accomplished one, and one of the most finished editorial writers in the state. He had been well educated, traveled much, was an altogether delightful man. He was delicately organized, somewhat over-sensitive, and suffered rather keenly what ever of misfortune he had to bear. I shall always remember him with real affection.

With the *Courier's* subsequent editors, up to the time I left Ottumwa, nearly twenty-seven years ago, Major A. H. Hamilton and Gen. John M. Hedrick, I was also intimately acquainted. They were both virile writers and virile men in every respect. General Hedrick was one of the most original characters I have ever known and one of the most interesting ones. Looking back over the list of my companions I believe, taken all in all, General Hedrick was the most charming one. His humor, his originality, his uniqueness of expression, were perennial. He was a brave and heroic officer [during the Civil War], was in many fierce battles, dreadfully wounded, breveted Brigadier General for gallantry. Major Hamilton had also served his country with efficiency and valor; was taken prisoner, suffered the hardships of severe confinement, escaped with two comrades and wandered through fields and forests enduring such hardships of hunger and exposure that his two comrades eventually died from the effects thereof. He was a lawyer by education, and several years of practice demonstrated that he was one of no mean ability, and gave promise that had he adhered to his original profession he would have attained to the first rank therein; but he went to that of journalism and achieved a high rank as a strong and pungent writer. . . .

I have spoken of the doctors of the early days and it would be hardly fair to omit saying something of the lawyers of that period. The judge I found upon the bench was H. B. Hendershott. God bless his memory! I doubt if there ever was a better nisi pruis judge. . . . Among the resident

lawyers were Samuel W. Summers, Homer D. Ives, A. H. Hamilton, Morris J. Williams, John A. Johnston, Thomas Bigham, A. W. Gaston, J. W. Dixon, Homer Thrall and John D. Devin of this county. George May, distinguished for his brilliancy and his dissipation, had just gone, and A. A. Stuart, a bright Brown university graduate, afterward a captain in the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry, and author of the "Iowa Colonels and Regiments," had not yet arrived. . . .

Major Hamilton and Morris J. Williams were partners. Mr. Williams was purely a lawyer and a good lawyer. If there ever was a man who made the cause of his client his own, it was he. His clients were always veritable paragons of justice and right and their witnesses the personal embodiments of truth. Those belonging to the other side were very emphatically placed on a lower seat. That was one of his leading characteristics. Another was his caustic treatment of cases and his severity in cross-examinations. He put a damaging witness on the rack and turned the thumbscrew with skillfulness; and in his summing up to the jury, indulged in an irritating sarcasm that penetrated the weakness of his adversary's argument like some dissolving acid. He was naturally inert, but once entered upon a trial, he was able to effectively invoke the powers I have alluded to.

He was a forcible speaker, but had little taste for, and was a poor hand at politics. Though he was elected and served four years as judge of this judicial district, this was a compliment to his ability, rather than to any political craft he possessed. He was abstemious to a fault. The choicest wines of the gods could not tempt him. He was plain in taste, dress, and manners. He came from Indiana, and bore to some extent the air of its woods. But the atmosphere of those woods must have been infused with that of the adjacent state of Kentucky, for he not only loved fine horses, but he bred them and put their mettle to the test in races. . . .

Judge Joseph C. Knapp was, when fully aroused in an important case, an advocate of great power. He was really a great man, and had his lot been cast in a large city, rather than a country town, he would probably have attained a national reputation. He needed the stimulus of great demands and the execution of great purposes. He did not have these, and lapsed into the inertia of his surroundings. He had a great contempt for little things, and I think became discontented with his environment. But it was too late in life to change; and he lingered and died in Keosauqua. He was leonine in appearance and character, but it took something more than the

ordinary to arouse him; when once aroused, he was a veritable Jupiter Tonans, and made everything around him tremble. I heard him when thus waxed, make the closing argument in the slander case of Bizer against Warner, fifty-four years ago, and it made my youthful blood tingle. . . .

And finally, there was Henry Clay Dean, who occasionally appeared as attorney for the defendant in capital cases. I remember one distinctly — that of the state against Progden for murder. After Mr. Dean had closed the argument, and the judge had given his instructions to the jury, Mr. Dean placed himself, or at least was stationed in the aisle through which the jury must pass to their room, and as they did so, he said to me, in tones loud enough for the jury to hear, "That settles it; under those instructions the jury are bound to acquit."

He was easily the finest natural orator I have ever heard; nor was his oratory pyrotechnic or vapid. He was deeply learned, and drew his inspiration from the richest sources of history and the classics. I had an excellent opportunity to know, for as a youthful orator, I stumped the state with him for Douglas in 1860; and although I changed my politics when the war broke out, our intimate friendship remained to the end. A more delightful companion there could not well be. He had been a preacher and lawyer. He had been highly celebrated for his eloquence in both lines. He was once chaplain of the United States senate, and Henry Clay pronounced his opening prayer the most eloquent that had ever been uttered there. He was eccentric in the extreme, and by sheer force of his eloquence and extraordinary personality carried everything before him. For these reasons he was frequently employed in the character of cases referred to. . . .

The witticism of the bar was well exemplified in Mast Jones of Davis county, and its eccentricities by Enoch Eastman and Judge Crookham of Mahaska county. The former, Mr. Eastman, removed soon after that time to Hardin county and died at Eldora, if I mistake not. Mast was a natural born humorist. He would have made a first class comedian; one that would have improved the original playwright by improvising between the lines. He had the peculiar faculty of making others laugh without smiling himself. It was difficult to tell when he was serious. Here is an illustrative incident. It was while he was the prosecuting attorney for this district. I was present. The case was the prosecution of the defendant for selling liquor; the defense, that it was not liquor but ginger ale and sold as such.

The witness swore that that was what he called for. Then the fun began. He was plied with all sorts of questions in a most amusingly quizzical manner; as to how it looked; how it smelled; how it tasted; how much he poured out; how many times he drank; what was the interval between each drink; why was he drinking ginger ale so many times; how he felt after the first drink; after the second; the third; the fourth; the fifth; and to describe his feeling minutely. In summing up, Mast said to the jury in his quiet inimitable way, "Gentlemen, you might think from my manner of examining the witness that I know a good deal about drink, and the effect thereof; but (raising his voice and vigorously extending his arm) the fact nevertheless is, that I never drank a gallon of liquor in my whole life." Then, after a pause, and lowering his voice, "at one time, gentlemen."

Here is another. You may have heard it as a story, but it is a real incident, was well known at the time, and is perfectly authentic. Mast had a case before a justice of the peace out in the country. He was for the defendant, while a wiseacre of a schoolmaster who had picked up a few Latin words appeared for the plaintiff. The facts were all in his favor, and in summing up the different groups, in his argument, at the end of each peroration he would exclaim with a gusto, "and that is the summum bonum of the matter and the case must go to the plaintiff." Mast had really no defense, but his ready wit and keen sense of the ridiculous supplied him with one. So when he came to reply, he said to the justice, "I have a great regard for that old law of summum bonum, for its antiquity. It was an old English law and served well its day and generation in ancient times. But the people finally outgrew and became dissatisfied with it; and it was one of the laws England tried to force upon the colonies. But," said Mast, raising his voice and arm, "our forefathers fought and spilt their blood in the revolution to overthrow that law, and they did overthrow it."

As to Enoch Eastman, before alluded to, and whose name is so closely interwoven with Iowa history as to make it as familiar as a household word, a more original character and a more perfect specimen of a real old-fashioned, down east, backwoods, nasal talking Yankee could not well be imagined. Very tall, slim, bony, gaunt, longnecked, and loose jointed, he always reminded me of Ichabod Crane, the Yankee schoolmaster in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." In facial expression his features were long and pointed, and deeply pitted by small pox; but this, it was thought, was rather an improvement to his appearance than otherwise. He was reared in

the mountains of New Hampshire and worked in a sawmill and on the farm of his father until he was nearly of age. He used to relate that he worked one season for a farmer seven months at $10 a month and at the end handed his father $67 of his earnings. This was characteristic of the man. Notwithstanding his early disadvantages, he acquired an academic education; and from the time he came to Iowa, 1844, until his death, he was justly regarded as one of the best equipped lawyers in the state. He was at one time your lieutenant governor [1864-1866, during the first term of Governor William M. Stone]. But he never could, and probably never desired, to throw off his Yankee dialect or Yankee tone imbibed among the hills of his native state. He always referred to the joint sessions of the house and senate as the "jint" session, and persisted in calling the district court the "deestrict" court. He could look as grave as a Presbyterian deacon and sing psalms as solemnly as one of Cromwell's soldiers. At the same time he had a keen sense of the ridiculous and was as cunning as a fox. On one occasion he appeared before a young judge, and to enforce a point he desired to make, Enoch brought with him, and attempted to read Blackstone to the court, whereupon the young judge, after moving about uneasily in his seat for a while said: "Mr. Eastman, I've read Blackstone." "Oh, hev ye," replied Enoch, looking at the judge over the top of his spectacles with an air of surprise.

But there was a deeper and more sublime vein in his nature. As the erection of the Washington monument was approaching its completion, each state was called upon to contribute an appropriate motto to be inscribed on its face. Enoch composed and presented the following for his state: "Iowa: the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union." What could be more chaste and elegant. It was adopted and inscribed along with the mottoes of the other states, and is universally conceded to be the rarest gem of them all. It is sufficient to render his name as enduring as Iowa itself. . . .

But I must bring these reminiscences to an end. I would like to say a few words more of the lawyers who were here when I came; of Col. Samuel W. Summers, with whom I finished my studies and who deserved honorable mention; of A. W. Gaston, Thomas Bigham, Charles Fulton, A. A. Stuart, Edmund L. Joy, Edward L. Burton, my old partner whom I loved while living, and whose memory I affectionately cherish. In many respects he was one of the greatest lawyers I have ever seen; of my brother-

in-law, J. W. Dixon, in many respects one of the ablest men I have known. Though fixed in his opinions and determined in character, he was nevertheless a natural diplomat of the first order, and had the opportunity presented itself he would have distinguished himself by his diplomatic skill in any court of Europe, and been able to successfully untangle, if the subject were capable of it, the most difficult problems of international affairs; of John A. Johnston; of Judge J. C. Hall, a great lawyer and a great man; of his learned and accomplished son, Ben J. Hall, whose death was like an untimely frost; of Samuel F. Miller, the greatest constitutional lawyer — always excepting John Marshall — we have ever had; of Charles Negus, with a head like Webster and a front like Jove; of Christian W. Slagle, that most amiable and lovable of lawyers and men; of the witty and brilliant Charles Phelps (a brother of President Cleveland's minister to England) — of whom I heard Judge Hall once say, that he was "not only a fine lawyer, but a good fellow, who took his toddy regular and voted the democratic ticket occasionally," and the many others whose names I have mentioned, but want of time forbids. Their sketches, with those of other lawyers and public men who have passed away will be reserved for and embraced in the work which I undertook at the request of the judges of the supreme court, and for which I commenced to gather material in 1881, but which I have never found time to write up until after my retirement from the practice in 1910. For the last year I have been consecutively engaged in preparing my manuscript for the publisher which will be ready for the printer before the close of the year.

I hope I may be pardoned for the length of these remarks about my professional brethren. I trust that what I have said of them may not be likened to what Sidney Smith said of the English aristocracy — that they resembled potatoes in the field, because the best part of them was under ground.

In conclusion I cannot refrain from making brief mention of a few persons who were here when I came that I have not mentioned, whose names I am now able to recall. Among them are Paul C. Jeffries and his delightful old wife, who were both aged people, he the first postmaster of Ottumwa, and grandfather of your police judge, L. C. Hendershott. They were fine specimens of old-fashioned, hospitable, southern gentlefolk; Stephen Osborn, who had also been postmaster, and Thomas J. Holmes, who was the postmaster when I came; George Gillaspie, a giant in stature and natural ability; Joseph Leighton, the justice of the peace before whom

I tried my first case — one of the first settlers of Competine township, who removed to Ottumwa; a useful citizen and a generous, noble man. He was the father of Alvin C. Leighton. . . . I should like to speak of the ministers who were here when I came — of B. A. Spaulding who was one of the Andover band who came from New England to preach in the wilderness. He was the pastor of the Congregational church and a splendid and accomplished man, and his wife, who was a sister of J. W. Norris, one of the loveliest of women; of J. M. McElroy, the pastor and father emeritus of the Presbyterian church, who was the friend of everybody and who characterized his calling by a long and beneficent life; of S. H. Worcester, pastor of the Baptist church, who afterwards retired from the ministry to engage in business and finally removed to and died in Des Moines; of the venerable Father Robinson of the Methodist church, of Father John Kreckel of the Catholic church. . . .

[I also have memories] of Joseph Hayne, who held and honored many county offices; of good and good-natured Silas Osborn, the old-fashioned highly respected and worthy county judge; of Newton C. Hill, of North Carolina Quaker stock and as good and kindly a man as ever lived . . .; of Uriah H. Biggs, one of the early surveyors and a man of learning; of Geo. D. Hackworth, another of the early surveyors and worthy men — father of James T. Hackworth; of John D. Baker, who was also one of the early surveyors . . .; of Paris Caldwell, kindly, high minded, and faithful citizen, who was on the ground and drove his claim stakes in the early morning of the day after the Indians left; of his brother Joseph Caldwell, a Methodist church leader who could pray with all the fervency and fight with all the bravery of Oliver Cromwell . . .; and Joseph Flint, doctor, preacher and politician combined, who by his shrewdness and sagacity allied with old-fashioned, homely manners and great popularity, was able at any time to overthrow the best laid schemes of democratic political leaders; he was probate judge and represented the county in both the house and senate.

Of course these are but a small portion of influential residents that I recollect as being there when I went to the county. After three or four years residence I think I knew every permanent resident of the county, and I simply give those whose names after this lapse of years occur to me.

HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

State Historical Society of Iowa

The Society added 195 new members during the months of July, August, and September. The following became Life Members during that period: E. Lee Huston, Columbus Junction; Mrs. Arthur Sanford, Sioux City; Robert J. Howard, Orlando, Florida; Wilson L. Abel, Mason City; Frank F. Gutnecht, Hudson; George A. Ojemann, Iowa City; Mrs. Ellen Robinson, Cedar Rapids; and Charles Swisher, Burlington.

SUPERINTENDENT'S CALENDAR

July 9	Addressed University of Iowa Alumni Association in Washington, D. C.
July 24	Addressed Luther College Summer Session Convocation.
July 24	Attended Governor's Day at Clear Lake.
August 24	Attended "All Iowa Day" at Lake Okoboji and spoke to legislators on restoration plans for the Gardner Log Cabin at Arnolds Park.
August 25	Attended centennial of the granting of the charter of incorporation to the Amana Colonies in Middle Amana.
August 27	Set up doll display representing the various foreign groups in Iowa at State Fair in Des Moines.
September 8	Served on panel called by Governor Herschel Loveless on Iowa Conservation.
September 9	Addressed state meeting of Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs on Iowa nationalities, and served as master of ceremonies at their nationality style show.
September 10	Collected Iowa historical materials at Charles C. Tompkins' home in Griswold and visited Fred B. DeWitt Museum.
September 12-13	Conferred with Old Settlers at Arnolds Park on plans for the Gardner Log Cabin.

Iowa Historical Activities

The Butler County Historical Society has purchased a rural schoolhouse

and will move it to the corner of the courthouse grounds at Allison. Members of the Society will use the building to house antiques and relics of Butler County.

The town of Bellevue has been named the principal beneficiary of the estate of Joe A. Young. His will directed that a museum should be established in his name and that of his wife, to be called "The Joe A. and Grace Young Antique Institute, Historical Society, and Museum." His home in Bellevue is to become the museum, and the many antiques in that home will form the basis of the museum. The value of the estate willed to the town of Bellevue is in excess of $60,000.

At the annual meeting of the Wayne County Historical Society, the following officers were elected: Amy Robertson, president; Mrs. Mildred Fry, vice-president; Altha E. Green, secretary; Harry Hibbs, treasurer; LeRoy E. Grimes, curator. The directors of the Society are Warren Burton, Glen Greenlee, Miss Ortha Green, Mrs. Beulah McIntyre, and Mrs. Marjean Poston. The membership of the Society numbers 754, a 42 per cent gain over last year.

A Wapello County Historical Society has been organized, with Charles Ayres as president. Other officers are: Joe W. Griffin, vice-president; Mrs. Mabel Hollenbeck, secretary; and Baxter Smith, treasurer. The board of directors is made up of James C. Taylor, Carl Obermann, Robert Heinje, W. Sinclair Venables, and Mrs. Allen Sharp. Eventually, the Society hopes to obtain a suitable building for a museum in Ottumwa.

The Mills County Historical Museum was dedicated on August 29. The ceremony included entertainment by a group of Pottawattamie Indians from Mayetta, Kansas, and an address by Albert Wabaunsee, principal of schools at Fort Thompson, South Dakota, who is a descendant of Chief Waubonsie of the Pottawattamies. The museum was presented to the Society by the Mintle family.

A Delaware County Historical Society has been organized, with the following officers: Mrs. W. J. Maxfield, president; Homer Platt, vice-president; and Mrs. Don Nagel, secretary-treasurer. The directors are Stanley Klaus, Lance Candee, Glenn Robinson, and Mrs. Don Malven.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ARTICLES IN MIDWESTERN HISTORICAL JOURNALS

Abolitionism

"'The Moral Lights Around Us,'" by Herman R. Muelder, *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Summer, 1959.

Agriculture

"Experiments in American Steam Cultivation," by Clark C. Spence, *Agricultural History*, July, 1959.

"Changes in Corn Production on the Northern Margin of the Corn Belt," by Howard C. Roepke, *ibid.*

"Attempted Economic Adjustments in Holt County During the 1890's," by A. Bower Sageser, *Nebraska History*, June, 1959.

"Flight from the Farm," by Gilbert C. Fite, *ibid.*, September, 1959.

Army Reform, 1878

"The Forty-fifth Congress and Army Reform," by Bernard L. Boylan, *Mid-America*, July, 1959.

Aviation

"U.S. Army and Air Force Wings Over Kansas, Part One," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Summer, 1959.

Bibliography

"Michigan Bibliography, 1958," by Donald R. Brown, *Michigan History*, June, 1959.

Brownlow, William G.

"Against the Stream," by James Barnett, *Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, July, 1959.

Bryan, William Jennings

"A Cuban View of William Jennings Bryan," by Stanley R. Ross, *Nebraska History*, September, 1959.

Cass, Lewis

"The Waning Prestige of Lewis Cass," by Walter W. Stevens, *Mid-America*, April, 1959.

Cherokee Strip

"Gateways to the Promised Land: The Role Played by the Southern

Kansas Towns in the Opening of the Cherokee Strip to Settlement," by Jean C. Lough, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Spring, 1959.

Civil War

"The Diary of a Drummer," ed. by John L. Melton, *Michigan History*, September, 1959.

"The Civil War Round Tables," by Stephen Ambrose, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Summer, 1959.

Crystal Palace

"Daniel Wells, Jr.: Wisconsin Commissioner to the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851," by Dorothy J. Ernst, *ibid.*

Cultural

"Culture Transplantation in the Connecticut Reserve," by Kenneth V. Lottick, *Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, July, 1959.

Economic

"E. S. Ellsworth: Iowa Land Baron," by Curtis L. Johnson, *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1959.

Education

"Minutes of the Board of Trustees for Vincennes University (October 16, 1807-December 11, 1811)," ed. by Robert Constantine, *Indiana Magazine of History*, September, 1959.

"Kalamazoo College: 126 Years of History," by Arnold Mulder, *Michigan History*, June, 1959.

Fur Trade

"British-American Competition in the Border Fur Trade of the 1820's," by John S. Galbraith, *Minnesota History*, September, 1959.

Grant, U. S.

" 'Porte Crayon' Meets General Grant," by Cecil D. Eby, Jr., *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Summer, 1959.

Highway Marking

"Missouri's Program for Highway Historic Marking, 1958. Part II," by Floyd C. Shoemaker and Ruby M. Robbins, *Missouri Historical Review*, July, 1959.

Historians

"William Hickling Prescott: Authors' Agent," by C. Harvey Gardiner, *Mid-America*, April, 1959.

"Some Problems in Tocqueville Scholarship," by Edward T. Gargan, *ibid.*, January, 1959.

Immigrants

"From 'Oppressed Flanders' to the 'Most Beautiful Country in the World,'" by Jan-Albert Goris, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Summer, 1959.

Indians

"The Northwestern Frontier and the Impact of the Sioux War, 1862," by Robert Huhn Jones, *Mid-America*, July, 1959.

Journalism

"Printer's Apprentice. The Making of a Frontier Editor," by Dan Whetstone, *Minnesota History*, June, 1959.

"The Role of Joseph E. Johnson and His Pioneer Newspaper in the Development of Territorial Nebraska," by Benjamin Pfeiffer, *Nebraska History*, June, 1959.

Land

"The Public Lands in Early Missouri Politics," by Donald J. Abramoske, *Missouri Historical Review*, July, 1959.

"The History of Nebraska's Saline Land Grant," by Agnes Horton, *Nebraska History*, June, 1959.

Land Surveys

"The Survey of the Seven Ranges," by William D. Pattison, *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, April, 1959.

Lead Mining

"Lead Mining in Southwest Missouri After 1865," by A. M. Gibson, *Missouri Historical Review*, July, 1959.

Lewis and Clark Papers

"The Case of the Clark Papers: The Case for Government Ownership," by Robert H. Bahmer; "The Case for Private Ownership," by Paul M. Angle, *Minnesota History*, June, 1959.

Lincoln, Abraham

"The Final Two Chapters in the Surratt Controversy," by Alfred Isacsson and Otto Eisenschiml, *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Summer, 1959.

"The Sesquicentennial of Lincoln's Birth," by Howard F. Rissler, *ibid.*

"New Light from a Lincoln Letter on the Story of the Publication of the

Lincoln-Douglas Debates," by Robert S. Harper, *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, April, 1959.

"Lincoln and His Ohio Friends," by Francis P. Weisenburger, *ibid.*, July, 1959.

Literary

"Brand Whitlock's Macochee: Puritan Theo-Politics in the Midwest," by Abe C. Ravitz, *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, July, 1959.

Local

"Cedar County," by Floyd C. Shoemaker, *Missouri Historical Review*, July, 1959.

Mail

"Mail for Pioneers: Some St. Croix Valley Postal Problems," by James Taylor Dunn, *Minnesota History*, June, 1959.

Martineau, Harriet

"A Rebuttal to Mrs. Trollope: Harriet Martineau in Cincinnati [1843]," by William R. Seat, Jr., *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, July, 1959.

Mining

"The Birden and Pana Mine Wars of 1898," by Victor Hicken, *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Summer, 1959.

"Robert C. Schenck and the Emma Mine Affair," by Clark C. Spence, *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, April, 1959.

Negro

"Ben Wade and the Negro," by Hans L. Trefousse, *ibid.*

Oil

"Michigan Oil and the New Deal," by Darrell H. Pollard, *Michigan History*, June, 1959.

Packing Houses

"From Disassembly to Assembly: Cincinnati, The Birthplace of Mass-Production," by Richard G. Arms, *Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, July, 1959.

Philosophers

"William Sutton White, Swedenborgian Publicist: Part Two, Kansas Exemplar of the Philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg and Herbert Spencer, Concluded," by James C. Malin, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Summer, 1959.

Pike's Peak

"The Pike's Peak Gold Rush and the Smoky Hill Route, 1859-1860," by Calvin W. Gower, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Summer, 1959.

Pioneers

"The Woodhouse Family: Grant County Pioneers," by Peter J. Coleman, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Summer, 1959.

Political

"The Senator and the Author: Beveridge-Churchill Correspondence," ed. by Warren I. Titus, *Indiana Magazine of History*, June, 1959.

"Russell A. Alger as Secretary of War," by Jasper B. Reid, Jr., *Michigan History*, June, 1959.

"Chase S. Osborn's 1910 Primary Election Campaign," by Robert M. Warner, *ibid.*, September, 1959.

"The Midwestern Immigrant and Politics: A Case Study," by D. Jerome Tweton, *Mid-America*, April, 1959.

"Political Weakness in Wisconsin Progressivism, 1905-1909," by Herbert F. Margulies, *ibid.*, July, 1959.

"Business and Currency in the Ohio Gubernatorial Campaign of 1875," by Irwin Unger, *ibid.*, January, 1959.

"Personal Politics in the Origin of Minnesota's Democratic Party," by Erling Jorstad, *Minnesota History*, September, 1959.

"George W. Norris, James J. Hill, and the Railroad Rate Bill," by Richard Lowitt, *Nebraska History*, June, 1959.

Propaganda

"The Failure of German Propaganda in the United States, 1914-1917," by Felice A. Bonadio, *Mid-America*, January, 1959.

Railroads

"Samuel Hallett and the Union Pacific Railway Company in Kansas," by Alan W. Farley, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Spring, 1959.

"Why Did the C. B. & Q. Build to Denver?" by Richard C. Overton, *Nebraska History*, September, 1959.

Religion

"Letters of the Rev. Samuel Young Lum, Pioneer Kansas Missionary, 1854-1858," ed. by Emory Lindquist, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Spring, Summer, 1959.

"Sven Gustaf Larson, Pioneer Pastor to the Swedes of Nebraska," by James I. Dowie, *Nebraska History*, September, 1959.

Reminiscences

"So Well Remembered [early 20th century]," by George W. Busbey, *Indiana Magazine of History*, September, 1959.

Roosevelt, Theodore

"Theodore Roosevelt and Egyptian Nationalism," by David H. Burton, *Mid-America*, April, 1959.

Secession

"Robert McClelland and the Secession Crisis," by Frederick D. Williams, *Michigan History*, June, 1959.

Social

"The Detroit Young Men's Society," by Newman Jeffrey, *ibid.*

State Government

"The Indiana State Board of Accounts," by Louis E. Lambert, *Indiana Magazine of History*, June, 1959.

Steamboats

"Steamboat Pioneer: The Early Career of William F. Davidson," by Robert C. Toole, *Minnesota History*, September, 1959.

Strikes

"The 1913 Revolt of the Michigan Copper Miners," by William A. Sullivan, *Michigan History*, September, 1959.

"The Police Strike of 1918," by Robert Herron, *Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, July, 1959.

Telegraph

"Telegraph Beginnings in Kansas," by John E. Sunder, *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Spring, 1959.

Theater

"William Macready vs. Edwin Forrest," by Stephen Z. Starr, *Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, July, 1959.

Town Histories

"Forgotten Villages: Helena," by Beulah Folkedahl, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Summer, 1959.

Travel

"Michigan Journal, 1836, John M. Gordon," ed. by Douglas H. Gordon and George S. May, *Michigan History*, June, September, 1959.

Woman Suffrage

"My Seventy-five Years: Part II, 1914-1942," by Lutie E. Stearns, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Summer, 1959.

INDEX

Note — The names of contributors of articles in the IOWA JOURNAL OF HISTORY are printed in SMALL CAPITALS.

IOWA JOURNAL OF HISTORY

IOWA JOURNAL OF HISTORY

EDITED BY
MILDRED THRONE

VOLUME 57
1959

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY IOWA

CONTENTS

Number 1 — January 1959

Number 2 — April 1959

Number 3 — July 1959

Number 4 — October 1959

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

ESTABLISHED BY LAW IN THE YEAR 1857
INCORPORATED: 1867, 1892, AND 1942
LOCATED AT IOWA CITY IOWA

EXECUTIVE

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN ..... SUPERINTENDENT

OFFICERS

WILLIAM R. HART ..... PRESIDENT
WILL J. HAYEK ..... TREASURER

BOARD OF CURATORS

Elected by the Society

FRANK C. ALLEN, *North English*
SUTHERLAND DOWS, *Cedar Rapids*
WILLIAM R. HART, *Iowa City*
L. R. MCKEE, *Muscatine*
JOHN MOHL, *Bettendorf*
JAMES NESMITH, *Iowa City*
W. HOWARD SMITH, *Cedar Rapids*
JAMES E. STRONKS, *Iowa City*
INGALLS SWISHER, *Iowa City*

Appointed by the Governor

DALE AHERN, *Decorah*
MARTHA BRUNK, *Des Moines*
EUGENE GARBEE, *Fayette*
RUTH HOLLINGSHEAD, *Albia*
WILLIAM D. HOULETTE, *Des Moines*
JESSE E. MARSHALL, *Sioux City*
F. V. MAYTUM, *Spirit Lake*
W. W. WAYMACK, *Adel*
MRS. OTHA WEARIN, *Hastings*

STAFF MEMBERS

MILDRED THRONE ..... *Associate Editor*
ADELAIDE SEEMUTH ..... *Library Associate*
RUTH IHRIG ..... *Secretary*
MARGARET WHITE ..... *Bookkeeper*

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the State Historical Society may be secured through election by the Board of Curators. The annual dues are $3.00. Members may be enrolled as Life Members upon payment of $100.00. Persons who were members of the Society prior to March 1, 1948, may be enrolled as Life Members upon payment of $50.00.

Address all Communications to
WILLIAM J. PETERSEN, Superintendent
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY IOWA CITY IOWA

100 YEARS AGO AND NOW

1859—Federal and State Officers—1959

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

JAMES BUCHANAN, *Pennsylvania* — DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, *Kansas*

UNITED STATES SENATORS

JAMES HARLAN, *Mount Pleasant*
JAMES W. GRIMES, *Burlington*

*BOURKE B. HICKENLOOPER, *Cedar Rapids*
**THOMAS E. MARTIN, *Iowa City*

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS

1 SAMUEL R. CURTIS, *Keokuk*
2. WILLIAM VANDEVER, *Dubuque*

**1. FRED SCHWENGEL, *Davenport*
2. LEONARD G. WOLF, *Elkader*
*3. H. R. GROSS, *Waterloo*
4. STEVEN CARTER, *Leon*
5. NEAL SMITH, *Des Moines*
*6. MERWIN COAD, *Boone*
*7. BEN F. JENSEN, *Exira*
*8. CHARLES B. HOEVEN, *Alton*

GOVERNOR

RALPH P. LOWE, *Muscatine* — *HERSCHEL C. LOVELESS, *Ottumwa*

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

ORAN FAVILLE, *Mitchell County* — EDWARD J. MCMANUS, *Keokuk*

SPEAKER OF IOWA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

STEPHEN B. SHELLEDY, *Monroe* — *VERN LISLE, *Clarinda*

JUDGES OF IOWA SUPREME COURT

CHIEF JUSTICE GEORGE G. WRIGHT, *Keosauqua*
LACON D. STOCKTON, *Burlington*
WILLIAM G. WOODWARD, *Muscatine*

*WILLIAM L. BLISS, *Mason City*
*THEODORE G. GARFIELD, *Ames*
HARRY F. GARRETT, *Corydon*
NORMAN R. HAYS, *Knoxville*
*ROBERT L. LARSON, *Iowa City*
**RALPH A. OLIVER, *Sioux City*
**HENRY K. PETERSON, *Council Bluffs*
*G. K. THOMPSON, *Cedar Rapids*
T. EUGENE THORNTON, *Waterloo*

**Member of the State Historical Society*

***Life Member of the State Historical Society*