

DUBUQUE: ITS HISTORY, MINES, INDIAN LEGENDS, ETC., BY
LUCIUS H. LANGWORTHY ²²

LECTURE I

In this lecture, I propose to give a brief plain statement of incidents connected with the early history of Dubuque, from 1830, to 1836; a period prior to any authentic published accounts, together with some Indian traditions, and such

²² The two lectures reprinted here were delivered before the Dubuque Literary and Scientific Institute on December 18, 1854, and February 26, 1855, by Lucius H. Langworthy. No change has been made by the editor in the spelling, capitalization, or punctuation. The following letter accompanies the lectures as originally printed:

Dubuque, March 4th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:

In complying with your request, as a Committee of the Dubuque Literary and Scientific Institute, for my two historical sketches of Dubuque and the mines, with a view to their publication under the auspices of your Society, permit me to say, that they contain only the prominent incidents of a frontier settlement, consequently in the events narrated much of minuteness and connectedness of the frame work of history will be wanting. They were prepared, moreover, for presentation to your valuable Institute in the style of social narrative, to a home audience, on subjects whose chief interest must be merely associative and historical, before a Society whose common aims and responsibilities were, to sustain its first course of Lectures, and to induce citizens to undertake them, where the most indifferent treatment of any subject for amusement or instruction, would be looked upon with unusual leniency. Your Institute being established for mutual improvement rather than deep historical research, or close scientific observation, much latitude is allowable in the treatment of general themes.

That there should have been a call for, or a possibility of their finding their way in public print to a larger circle, the lecturer had not the remotest conception. I am aware that they only possess the merit of originality, so far as they contain portions of the unwritten history of the times; to which circumstance is probably to be attributed the interest manifested in their publication. The manuscripts are at your disposal.

Yours truly,

MESSRS. REV. J. GUERNSEY,
HON. J. J. DYER,
PROF. J. ALLEN.

L. H. LANGWORTHY.

other matters as have fallen under my own observations, or have been orally transmitted. The traditions that have come down to us through the dim lights of poetry or romance concerning these children of the forest, who had dwelt by the side of the majestic Mississippi, and enjoyed the grand and inspiring scenery of this romantic region, in all its wild luxuriance, would be more interesting far, and I fear I shall weary your patience by recounting the commonplace reminiscences of by-gone days.

Again, in giving the facts regarding the early history of Dubuque, I feel that I cannot do justice to my subject without the just charge of great egotism, having been personally identified with most of the incidents of which I shall treat. Conscious of this difficulty I hesitated some time before accepting the kind invitation to address you upon this occasion. I have to call up the facts of our past history from a somewhat treacherous memory, and prepare a sketch without a written data, stirring incidents, or interesting details, original in all its parts, and truthful in all its relations. But relying on your liveliest charities, I thus undertake the task.

It will be proper, perhaps, to review some of the circumstances that led to our first settlement here, and the condition of the Upper Mississippi Valley, at the time of which I shall first speak. There were no white inhabitants settled upon all the region north and west of the Illinois River. Thirteen miles square of mining land had been ceded to the government of the United States, by the Winnebago Indians, at Galena; a few trading posts were established along the Mississippi, at various points above St. Louis, forts were erected and garrisoned at Warsaw, then Ft. Edwards, Ft. Armstrong, at Rock Island, and Ft. Crawford, at Prairie Du Chien.

Indian Villages lined the banks of the ocean stream, at different places, and mere trails united us with St. Louis, and central Illinois.

The Indians were immensely numerous, jealous of the white people who were approaching their borders, and ready upon any provocation to fly into open hostilities against them. Many renowned chiefs, such as Blackhawk, and Keokuk, stood at the head of the respective bands of the different nations to inspire dread and apprehension among the mingling masses, as the first wave of civilization rolled onward to the western wilds.

Strange, that such a vast aboriginal population should so soon pass away, and their places be usurped by the intruding white man, with his innovations and improvements. At that time no steam boats navigated the Mississippi, except, occasionally one, laden with Government stores for the different garrisons along the river. Supplies for the new settlers had to be transported from Ohio to Kentucky, in keel boats, and a journey to the lead mines then, was like a journey now over the mountains to Oregon, and California.

No thought was then entertained that this mining region would ever become the home of permanent settlers, or useful for purposes of agriculture. It was deemed a sterile frozen region.

Galena, had, however, a place on the maps, and became of considerable commercial importance long before Dubuque was known, except by the French and Spanish traders, who, for barter with the Indians for their furs and peltry, had long before penetrated the wilds of North America. But even they had gone onward to the better hunting grounds in the great plains and mountain passes of the West.

In 1822 or 1823, Col. Johnson, of Kentucky, commenced mining near Galena, and opened some lodes of lead ore, one

of them, (which was called the Buck lode,) proved immensely valuable. He had a number of negro hands mining and smelting the ore as it was raised.

In 1824, Moses Meeker, Mr. Harris, and their families, with Orrin Smith, and a number of others, landed at Galena, from a keel boat, some fifty days out from Cincinnati; they all engaged in mining with various success.

In the fall of the same year James Langworthy, arrived from St. Louis, who with Orrin Smith, and others, opened the mines of Hardscrabble. They soon had the good fortune to strike a valuable vein of ore and sold the same to Alexes Phelps, who realized above purchase money and expenses more than \$20,000 from it.

Hardscrabble diggings are situated about nine miles north of Galena and received the name from a terrible encounter which took place between contending parties for possession of a lode, in which hard blows, rifles, and bowie knives, were freely used. In 1827 the speaker came to the mines, in company with a brother and two sisters, together with Mr. Meeker, on his return from Cincinnati, Maj. Hough, Capt. Donney and Lady, and five or six others.

We embarked at Quincy, Illinois, in a Pirogue, and were thirty days on the voyage. A Pirogue, is a kind of intermediate craft, between a canoe, and a keel boat. The name is French, and signifies the kind of boats used by the early voyageurs to transport their furs and effects over the shoal waters and rapid streams of the western wilderness. I mention the time occupied in our journey hither, in order to show some of the difficulties of settling this new country at that early period. Think of a boat's crew, with several ladies on board all unaccustomed to the river, being compelled to work a boat up with poles, and oars, against the swollen current of this mighty stream, in the hot weather

of June, sleeping on sand bars, or anchored out in the river at night to avoid the musketoes, or lurking Indians, living upon salt pork and dry biscuit, coffee without cream or sugar, and withal making only about eight miles average per day. But this was then the land of promise, as California has since been. In July that year, the Winnebago war commenced. Much alarm was spread over the country, and the people erected forts, and block houses, for defence, abandoning all other employments for the time. Col. Henry Dodge led a company of miners, against the Indians, at their town on Rock River. The village however, was found deserted, and they returned, after taking one lad prisoner.

After some slight depredations the Indians applied for peace at the Treaty held by Gen. Cass, at Prairie Du Chien, in August, 1827 and thus this war was closed. The citizens returned again to their usual employments, and spread over all that country north of Galena, as far as Mineral Point, and Dodgeville, which had been purchased at that treaty of those Indians. By this time steamboats began to ply regularly between here and St. Louis, and a large amount of lead was manufactured for exportation.

In 1830, a war between the Indians themselves, began with all the horrors of savage barbarity. Some ten or twelve Sac and Fox chiefs, with their party were going to Prairie Du Chien, from Dubuque, or rather the Little Fox Village, as it was then called, as delegates to attend the Treaty conference to be held there by United States Commissioners. But when at Cassville Island, in their canoes, they were attacked by a large war party of Sioux and literally cut to pieces. Only two of all their number escaped, one being wounded never reached home, and the other being shot through the body, lived only to tell of the disaster. He arrived in their village after swimming streams, hiding and skulking along,

and starving with hunger, in time to die among his kindred and friends. The tribe, now in great confusion and alarm, left the place and the graves of their Fathers, mostly never to return, and thus these mines and this beautiful country was left vacant, and open to settlement; for previously the Indians would allow no one to intrude upon their lands.

There were mines of lead worked here as early as 1800, by the natives aided by Julien Dubuque, an Indian trader, who adopted their habits and customs, married into their tribe, and became a great chief among them. He is said to have been of French and Spanish parentage, of small stature, greatly addicted to the vices incident upon the comingling of Spanish and Indian races in America, and a great medicine man. He would take live snakes of the most venomous kinds into his arms and bosom, and was consequently regarded by the Indians with a superstitious veneration. He died a victim to his vices in 1810, and was buried on a high bluff that overlooks the river, near the Indian village at the mouth of Catfish creek. A stone house surmounted by a red cedar cross, with a leaden door, was placed around his grave, which may be still seen, though in a dilapidated condition. When I first visited his tomb in 1830, the remains of two Indian chiefs were deposited within, I suppose as a mark of peculiar distinction. On the cross is inscribed the following, in French, which being translated literally is: "Julien Dubuque, miner, of the mines of Spain, DIED, this 24th day of March, 1810, aged 45 years and 6 months."

We crossed over the Mississippi at this time, swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. It was the first flow, or the first tide of civilization on this western shore. There was not a white settler north of the Des Moines, and west of the Mississippi to Astoria, on the Columbia river, with the exception of Indian traders. The Indians had all along

guarded this mining district with scrupulous care. They would not allow the white people to visit the place, even to look at the old grass grown diggings of Dubuque, which were known to exist here, much less would they permit mining to be done, or settlements to be made. It was like the ancient Canaan, to the Israelitish leader, "a forbidden ground." To PASS OVER was the ULTIMA THULE of many an enterprising miner; but, up to this time only a glimpse of the promised land had been permitted.

The country had just been abandoned by the RED MEN, their moccasin tracks were yet fresh in the prairie trails along which the retiring race had fled on their mysterious mission westward, and the decaying embers were yet cooling on their deserted hearths within their lonely and silent wigwams. Where Dubuque now stands, corn fields stretched along the bluffs, up the ravines, and the Coule valley, and a thousand acres of level land skirting the shore, was covered with tall grass, as a field of waving grain. But the stalks of the corn were of the last year's growth, the ears had been plucked, and they withered and blighted, left standing alone MOURNFUL REPRESENTATIVES of the VANISHED race. A large village was then standing at the mouth of Catfish Creek, silent, solitary, deserted — no one remained to greet us, but the mystic shadows of the past. About seventy buildings constructed with poles, and the bark of trees remained to tell of those who had so recently inhabited them. Their council house, though rude, was ample in its dimensions, and contained a great number of furnaces, in which kettles had been placed, to prepare the feasts of peace or war. But their council fires had gone out. On the inner surface of the bark there were paintings done with considerable artistic skill, representing the buffalo, elk, bear, panther, and other animals of the chase; also their wild

sports on the prairie, and even their feats in wars where chief meets chief, and warriors mix in bloody fray. Thus was retained a rude record of their national history. Could the place have been preserved on the canvass, or by the Daguerrean art, it would have been an interesting relic, but nothing now remains of it, and but few know that such a place ever existed. It was burned down in the summer of 1830, by some visitors in a spirit of vandalism, much to the regret of the new settlers.

Just below the village stands the Sioux Bluff, noted in Indian tradition as the place where was fought the last great battle between the Sacs and Fox, and the Sioux, who were continually at war with each other. It is an isolated bluff some two hundred feet high, with the side next to the river perpendicular and separated from the adjoining bluffs by a wide valley passing all around it. Here, according to the legends of the day, a Sioux band of warriors made a last and final stand. They had partially fortified their position by a thick line of brush wood, cut down and interlocked together, and here, with their wives and children awaited the attack of the war-like Sacs and Fox, now for the first time united into one band. Night came on, and the foe was near, confident in his strength and flushed with recent victory. At night the dusky warriors began to ascend the hill with silent, slow, and measured pace, then with one desperate rush the out-posts were gained and the sentinels dispersed. Setting on fire the brush-wood defences illuminating the battle ground, they fought with the advantage of darkness about them, while the Sioux were exposed in the light, to the deadly aim of their arrows and guns. The fight was immediately around the burning out-lines of the camp until the Sioux, thinned in numbers, began to give way. The chiefs and warriors of the assailants with war

clubs and tomahawks, charged upon them in overwhelming numbers. Short, but terrible was the conflict upon the verge of the towering cliff to which they were now driven, for amidst the wild yells and terrific scenes of savage war, the Sioux were all slaughtered on the spot, or hurled headlong from the precipice to the vale below. Along the margin of the bluff was to be seen their bleaching bones at the time of the white man's earliest settlement. The Indians never pass this castellated crag, without ascending to its summit and casting pebbles, or other substances upon this place of carnage. It is said a youthful fairy form, every full moon at mid-night hour is seen to hover round the fatal spot, and for a hundred years been heard to wail her lover slain. Once in each year, the custom is, among surviving friends, to visit the resting places of their distinguished chiefs, and pile new earth upon their graves. This is a simple, though touching symbol of remembrance.

On the prairie where Dubuque now stands there were a number of ancient mounds. Some of these tumuli, or whatever they may be called, were of a round, others of a square form, and some were arranged in parallel lines, giving them the appearance of old fortifications, which indeed some theorists suppose them to have been. Others think they were erected by the Incas, "Children of the Sun," the ancient Peruvians, in their migration, or that they were the mausoleums of the distinguished dead of a race, who, have long since passed away, whose very name and history are buried under the rubbish of time. They may be, however, only the works of a class of animals now extinct, resembling in habits the prairie dog still known to exist in the great plains that skirt the base of the Rocky Mountains west of Missouri and Arkansas. These little animals live in communities, and scrape together heaps of earth for their dwell-

ing places similar in appearance to these mounds. Though their origin is lost in obscurity it is clear that they were not erected by a race who had any of the arts of civilized life among them, such as may be found in Mexico and Central America, no tell tale blocks of granite, ruined tablets, or crumbling towers.

The mounds were used by the Indians for burial places, especially, while Dubuque lived among them, though sometimes they wrapped their dead in blankets, or bark, and placed them up in the branches of the trees, and often on scaffolding. At this time many were to be seen among the trees along where Main Street now runs, that being the only point where timber then grew. But in the mounds their remains were mostly deposited, especially the mixed races, children of the laborers of Julien Dubuque who inter-married with the natives; their graves were mostly distinguishable by palings being placed around them.

These remains were exhumed by some Dentist visitors, who desired their teeth for use in their profession. The delicate American lady has hardly dreamed her artificials were of the WEST INDIAN IVORY!! Many of these bodies were found quite entire, with little trinkets about them, such as pieces of silver, wampum, beads, knives, tomahawks, etc. These grave robbers were compelled however to desist, for even coarse miners could not bear such vandalism. There were at that time beautiful groves of timber growing upon the northern declivities of the bluffs back of Dubuque, extending a mile or so, but these simultaneously with the ranks of the swarthy native, were all mowed down by the sweeping scythe which the white man calls progress. We can almost conceive of the great spirit of the red man looking down from his clouds in sorrow or anger upon the work of devastation.

It will be proper to remark while passing, that the Indians do not mine or labor in any way; on this occasion however of our valuable discovery of mineral being left by parties before mentioned, they returned being protected by the troops; and encouraged by the traders, they mined to some considerable extent upon this lead mine. The owners had succeeded in taking away about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of mineral, selling the same for five dollars per thousand. Five years before this, three thousand pounds were given for one barrel of flour, English and Spanish lead having been shipped into our ports, in the form of busts, weights, anvils, anchors, etc., to evade the high rate of duty upon pig lead, and other kinds specified in the tariff law. This course threw down the price of the article in the mines to a ruinously low rate. It operated hardly on all classes, and all were high tariff men, especially as regards the article of lead. When the Indians mined however, which was on special occasions, there were often fifty or a hundred boys and squaws at work, on one vein. They would dig down a square hole, covering the entire width of the mine leaving one side not perpendicular, but at an angle of about forty-five degrees, then with deer skin sacks attached to a bark rope, they would haul out along the inclining side of the shaft, the rock and ore. Their mode of smelting was by digging into a bank slightly, then put up flat rocks in a funnel shape, and place the ore within, mixed with wood; this all burn together, and the lead would trickle down into small excavation in the earth, of any shape they desired, and slowly cool and become fit for exportation.

The lead manufactured here in early times by Dubuque and the natives, found its way to St. Louis, Chicago, Mackinac, and other trading ports, and some even into the Indian

rifle in the war of 1812, in the woods of Indiana and Michigan. The mode of smelting adopted at first by the white people, was by building a furnace somewhat like two large chimney places, set in a bank of earth leaving an aperture in the lower side, for a circulation of air. In these, large logs of wood were placed like back logs, back sticks and fore sticks all fitting together, then the mineral was placed on the logs, covered with finer wood, and the whole set on fire. Thus in twenty-four hours the lead would be extracted and run into cast-iron moulds. About fifty per cent, of lead was obtained in this way, leaving scoriæ and a waste of small pieces of ore, to be run over in another furnace differently constructed. In this last process, about fifteen per cent. was added to the first product. Now, by the improved mode, of blast furnaces, about eighty-five per cent. is obtained, showing that the ore is nearly pure, except, only the combination of sulphur with it, which is the inflammable material, and assists in the process of separation.

As I have said, the speaker and an elder brother, in June of that year, crossed the Mississippi in a canoe, swimming their horses by its side, landed for the first time on the western bank of the stream, and stood upon the soil of this unknown land. No sound disturbed the solemn stillness,

“So wondrous wild, the whole might seem,
The scenery of a Fairy dream.”

Soon after this a number of miners crossed over the river and possessed themselves of these lands, thus left vacant; their mining operations proved eminently successful. Many discoveries were made, which bid fair to realize the most romantic ideas of the wealth previously thought to be stored away within the subterranean vaults of these mines. It was known that Dubuque had obtained immense quantities from them, and the accounts which the Indians gave of

them, served to strengthen the belief that the veins of ore here, were inexhaustible. The first lode discovered was of great value, and confirmed this opinion.

About the fourth of July, Zachary Taylor, then commanding at Prairie Du Chien, called upon the miners, and in a formal and public manner, forbade their settlement, and ordered them to re-cross the river. This land was not yet purchased of the Indians, and of course, came under the control of the War Department. Capt. Taylor, as he was then called, told the miners, it was his duty as a Government officer, to protect the lands; that such were the treaty stipulations, and that they must be off in one week. They declined doing this, telling the Captain that he must surrender this time. They urged that they had occupied a vacant country, had struck some valuable lodes, that the land would soon be purchased, and that they intended to maintain possession; to which, Zachary Taylor, replied, "We shall see to that my boys."

Accordingly a detachment of United States troops were dispatched with orders to make miners at Dubuque walk Spanish. Anticipating their arrival they had taken themselves off, for at that early day they believed that "rough" would be "ready" at the appointed time. The miners were anxiously peering from the high bluffs on the east side of the river as a steamer came in sight bringing the soldiers, who were landed on the west shore. Three of the men, who had lingered too long, were taken prisoners. They were however soon released, or rather took themselves off. It is said that one of them, a large fat man, by the name of Lemons, made his escape from the soldiers while at Galena, and taking the course of the high prairie ridge leading northerly, exhibited such astonishing speed that the race has long been celebrated among the miners, as the greatest feat ever performed in the diggings.

The military force was stationed permanently at Dubuque, and the Indians, venturing back to the place sure of safety and protection against their inveterate enemy, the Sioux and other intruders, were encouraged to mine upon the lodes and prospects which the white people had discovered. From one mine alone, the Indians obtained more than a million pounds of ore, in which they were assisted by the traders and settlers along the river, with provisions, implements and teams. While the discoverers, those who had opened these mines again after they were abandoned by them and the Spanish miners more than twenty years, were compelled to look across the water and see the fruits of their industry and enterprise consumed by the Indians. We lost in this manner, more than twenty thousand dollars worth of mineral, which was taken from one lode by them.

Opposite to this place at that time there lived a man by the name of Jordan, and this was not unaptly called looking over Jordan, into the promised land. In the commencement of the Blackhawk war, in 1832, the military force was withdrawn and sent against the same Indians, whose lands they had so long guarded; many of them having joined Black Hawk in his insane attempt to re-gain the possession of that which their nation had once disposed of in Michigan and Illinois. Zachary Taylor, with his forces and the volunteers under Col. Dodge, composed in part of those miners thus despoiled of the fruits of their first labors at Dubuque, were among those who followed the Indians and finally defeated them at Wisconsin, and at the Bad Axe, in the fall [August] of the same year, putting an end to that war.

They recollect Col. Taylor well, indeed almost too well, though only as a faithful and brave officer. What he did at

Dubuque, although it robbed them of the rewards of their labor, it is supposed he thought to be his duty under his general orders, and as for his conduct in the wars of our country, since that period, that is a portion of American History. Long after this, while conversing with him in the White House, at Washington, the old veteran alluded to these early scenes of his life, with great gaiety and declared that those miners at Dubuque, were worse to manage than the Seminoles or even the Mexicans.

In September, a treaty was held at Rock Island, by General Scott and others, on the part of the Government, and the Black Hawk purchase was agreed to. It included all the country bordering on the west side of the Mississippi river, comprising the eastern portion of our State. About this time those who felt an interest in the mines of Dubuque, returned to take possession of their former discoveries. Up to this date the Indians, defeated and dispersed at the battles of Bad Axe and Wisconsin, were lurking about in the vicinity. Mr. Jordan and family were among those at the Fort in Galena, and all the other settlers near by, had sought safety either in the stockades, or had entered the army in defence of the country. There were however two men, who had foolishly remained on their farm on the Menominee. One day while they were hoeing corn in their field, the Indians came in view, and seeing them thus engaged and unprotected, crawled up on the different sides of the field, and after having secured their guns which had been left carelessly by the fence, fired upon them and killed one of them, whose name was Durgan; the other made his escape. A party had just returned in the invalid company, from Fort Winnebago, and hearing of their depredations, formed a company of twelve men at Platteville, and started in pursuit, scouring the islands, where the Indians were thought

to be secreted, and the woods generally, until they arrived at Mr. Jordan's place (now Dunleith,) where they found by indubitable signs that the Indians had crossed the river, for they had cut in two the large canoe of Mr. Jordan, and made their escape in half of it; showing that there were but a few of them, so few, that they could not take the whole canoe from the distant bank into the river. Three of the company remained until they were joined by others direct from the battle of Bad Axe, when they again crossed the River, and renewed operations upon the same mines discovered by them in 1830, also, building houses, erecting furnaces, cutting wild hay, and preparing for the winter.

Many fine lodes and prospects were discovered and considerable lead manufactured up to about January, twenty-fifth, 1833. I could here name many others who settled during this fall; Thomas McCraney, Whitesides, Camps, Hurd, Riley, Thomas Kelly, etc. In fact there were more than two hundred allured here by the flattering prospects of the country during this fall. But in January the troops were again sent down from Prairie Du Chien, and removed the settlers the second time, merely because the treaty by which the land was acquired, had not been ratified by the United States Senate, a formal act that every one knew would take place at the earliest opportunity. This was a foolish policy on the part of the Government, and operated peculiarly hard on the new settlers, who were thus obliged to leave their cabins in the cold winter of 1832-3, and their business also until spring. Many re-crossed the river and did not return. We repaired to the Island, and there erected temporary buildings to await the ratification of the treaty. Having about three hundred thousand pounds of lead on hand, and being uncertain what would be the orders of the military regarding this kind of property taken from

land not yet fully owned by Government, we removed it also to our island home, and remained by it until spring, the soldiers meantime occupying our warm and comfortable dwellings at the mines.

Several cabins were torn down, and some wagons that were conveying mineral away during the winter were cut to pieces and destroyed, by the orders of Lieutenant Covington, the officer in command, he being clothed with a little brief authority. But on complaint to Col. Taylor, at Prairie Du Chien, he was removed, and Lieutenant George Wilson, brother of Judge Wilson, sent in his place, a man of more mild and amiable disposition.

In June, 1833, Mr. John P. Sheldon, arrived with a commission from the department at Washington, as Superintendent of the mines, the military force having been previously withdrawn, and the treaty confirmed. He proceeded to grant written permits to miners, and licenses to smelters. These permits entitled the holder to the privilege of staking off two hundred yards square of land wherever he chose, if not occupied by others, and have peaceful possession, by delivering his mineral to a licensed smelter, while the smelter was required to give a bond to the agent conditioned to pay, for the use of the Government, a fixed percentage of all the lead he manufactured. Mr. Sheldon continued to act in this capacity only about one year, for he could not be the instrument of enforcing this unjust and unwise policy. He saw that these men, like all other pioneers who by their enterprise were opening up a new country, and fitting it for the homes of those who follow their footsteps, should be left, by a wise and judicious system, to the enjoyment of their hard earnings. The hidden wealth of the earth, its pine forests and surface productions, should alike be offered freely to all those who penetrate the wilder-

ness, and thus lay the foundation of future societies and States.

It has been the policy of our Government, at various times, to exact rent for all mineral, or pine lumber taken from the public lands; which policy is wrong and should be forever abandoned; for the early settlers have privations and hardships enough without encountering the opposition of their own Government, especially these miners many of whom had labored for years on the frontiers, cut off from the enjoyments of home and all the endearments of domestic life. Your speaker was himself one of these, being thrown in early life upon the crest of the wave of western emigration, often beyond the furthest bounds of civilization, and not unfrequently amid the tragical scenes of border strife.

But among all such toils and dangers a kind Providence has thus far safely guided his wandering footsteps. For thirty-seven years he has witnessed the expanding energies of the West in various stages of progress and development. In that time five new States have grown up from a homeless wilderness, and become great and prosperous, teeming with a rapidly augmenting population. Twenty-three years he labored mostly in the mines, in different capacities, and during about half that period he has toiled in the deep narrow caves and crevices, in the cold damp ground, working upon his knees, sometimes in the water, and living like many other miners in "Bachelor's Hall," cooking his own food, and feeling secluded from society and far from the circle and associations of youthful friendship. Under such privations he felt the demand of a heavy tax by the government to be oppressive indeed, and he would be wanting in consistency and spirit if he had not on all proper occasions protested against a system that seems much more regal

than republican, and which degrades the Western Pioneer to the condition of a tenant at will of the General Government. The history of the West shows that in thirty-seven years the increase of population in the five States alluded to exceeds the number of people in the whole thirteen colonies at the time of the revolution; and the West has thus added such additional strength to our government as to pay a hundred-fold for the few favors it has extended to us.

In 1833-4, the town of Dubuque continued to improve. It now first received its name by a public meeting held for that purpose, and began to assume the appearance of a prosperous business place. Many stores were erected, emigrants continued to flock hither, the mines increased in richness, and as if by magic the country was transformed from a lonely wilderness into a prosperous community.

It is true that the cholera and other fatal diseases made their ravages among us, yet, notwithstanding all obstacles, our resources were rapidly developed. At this time Burlington and some other towns along the river had been settled, and become points from which further advances were made into the new country. The lands in the southern part of our State, having been first brought into market, were settled previous to the rest, except this locality of the mining region. Indeed, this dilatory action on the part of the government, in relation to the mines and the public lands in their vicinity, was another hindrance to our prosperity.

During this period there happened many tragical occurrences at Dubuque. The civil laws of the country had not been extended here; consequently, all authority was vested in the hands of the people at large. A man by the name of O'Connor murdered his partner by shooting him dead with a rifle. A sheriff was immediately appointed, who with a posse comitatus, arrested the offender. A court was then

organized, and a jury of twelve men impaneled. They allowed the prisoner a lawyer to claim for him the benefit of legal maxims applicable to the case. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. After some time given him to prepare for death, and to receive the consolations of religion through a priest of his own choice, he was hung in the presence of a concourse of a thousand people. The spot where the execution took place was afterwards called O'Connor's mound. It has recently been leveled to give place to buildings on the corner of White and Seventh streets.

At this time there were but very few men in the whole country who did not indulge in drinking and gambling. "Poker" and "brag" were games of common pastime, while the betting often run up to hundreds of dollars at a single sitting. It pervaded all classes; the merchants and other passengers to and from St. Louis while on the steamboats occupied their time chiefly in this way, and it was considered no disgrace to gamble. Balls and parties were also common and it was not an unfrequent occurrence for one to treat his partner in the dance at the bar, if he did not, he generally performed that delicate and flattering attention to himself. The Sabbath was regarded as a holiday and vice and immorality was prevalent in every form.

Yet amidst all this there were occasional gleams of moral sunshine breaking through the clouds of dissipation, and a brighter future lay before us. In fact drunkenness and rioting had already considerably diminished, and a few years afterwards we had reason to rejoice that order had taken the place of discord. Upon the establishing of courts here, first under the jurisdiction of Michigan, then under that of Wisconsin Territory, matters assumed a more peaceful and quiet aspect.

But there were even then occasions of turbulence and

blood-shed in quarrels about lands and claims. Mr. Woodbury Massey lost his life in one of these difficulties. There were no courts of competent jurisdiction to try cases of crime, or rights to property. A long time intervened between the withdrawal of the Government protection and the establishment of civil laws by local authority.

No survey of the public lands had yet been made, and in the transition from the old, to the new state of things, misunderstandings naturally arose. Under the Government rules, and regulations for the control of the mines, it was necessary to work and have mining tools almost continually on the land claimed in order to secure possession; under the new order of things there were no uniform customs prevailing regarding possession of property; each man formed his own standard and was governed by his own opinions. It is not surprising then, that difficulties should arise. He who has passed through all the scenes and trials incident to the settlement of a new country will not readily seek another distant frontier as a home.

Woodbury Massey was the eldest of several brothers, and a sister, all left orphans in early life. Himself and family were members and the chief founders of the first Methodist Church erected in this city; a man of fine education; polite and amiable in his disposition; one of our first merchants and possessing a large share of popular favor. He was enterprising in business, and upright in all his dealings. Had he lived, he would no doubt have proved, a main pillar and support in our young community. But in an evil hour he became the purchaser of a lot and lode, called the Irish Lot near where Mr. Mc'Kenzie now lives.

It appeared that a Mr. Smith, father and son, had some claim on this lot and lode. They were the exact opposite to Mr. Massey in character and disposition. A suit before

a magistrate grew out of this claim, and the jury decided the property to belong to Mr. Massey. It being a case of forcible entry and detainer, the Sheriff, as was his duty, went with the latter to put him again in possession of the premises.

When they arrived upon the ground, the two Smiths, being secreted among the diggings, rose up suddenly, and firing their guns in quick succession Mr. Massey was shot through the heart. His family living near by, saw him fall, thus early cut down in the prime of his life and usefulness, a victim to the unsettled state of the times, and the ungoverned passions of turbulent men. The perpetrators of this deed were arrested and held in confinement until the session of the Circuit Court at Mineral Point, Judge Irving, presiding, upon the trial. The counsel for the defence objected to the jurisdiction of the court, which was sustained by the Judge and accordingly the prisoners were discharged and let loose upon society. They however left this part of the country for a time.

One of the younger brothers of Mr. Massey, highly exasperated by this transaction that no trial could be obtained for such offenders, had determined it seems, that should the elder Smith ever come in his way he would take the punishment for the murder of his brother into his own hands. One day, while sitting in his shop at Galena, he chanced to see Smith walking the public streets of the place when instantly snatching a pistol and hastening in the direction, he fired upon him with fatal aim. Thus Smith paid the forfeit of his life by intruding again among the friends of the murdered man, and in the community which had witnessed the scenes of his violence.

For this act of the younger brother there seems to have been the broadest charity manifested. He was never tried,

or even arrested, and still lives in the country, a quiet man, and greatly respected by all who know him.

The death of the father, of course, soon brought the younger Smith to the mines. It was understood privately that he determined to shoot one or the other of the surviving brothers at the very first opportunity. He was known to be an excellent shot with a pistol, of imperious disposition and rash temper. These rumors finally reached the ears of the fair haired, blue eyed sister, who was thus made to believe that he would carry his threats into execution. She was just verging into womanhood, with fresh susceptibilities and all of her deep affections awakened by the surrounding difficulties of the family. One day, without consulting others, she determined by a wild and daring adventure to cut off all chances of danger in that direction. Disguising herself for the occasion and taking a lad along to point out the person she sought, having never seen him herself, she went into the street. Passing a store, by the wayside, the boy saw Smith and designated him from the other gentlemen in the room by his clothing. On seeing him thus surrounded by other men, one would suppose that her nerves would lose their wonted firmness. He was well armed and resolute in character, this she knew; yet stepping in amidst them all, in a voice tremulous with emotion and ominous in its tones, she exclaimed, "If you are Smith defend yourself." In an instant, as he arose, she pointed a pistol at his breast and fired; he fell, and she retired as suddenly as she appeared. It was all done so quickly, and seemed so awful that the spectators stood bewildered at the tragical scene until it was too late to prevent the disaster.

It so happened that Mr. Smith had at the time a large wallet filled with papers in his breast pocket. The ball

striking about its center did not of course penetrate all of the folded leaves, and thus providentially his life was spared.

Smith, soon recovering from the stunning effects, rushed into the street to meet his assailant; but she had fled and found shelter at the house of Mr. Johnson, a substantial merchant of the town, and was subsequently sent away by her friends here, to some relatives in Illinois, where she was afterwards married to a Mr. Williamson, formerly of this place. Her name, Louisa, has been given to one of the counties in our State. Smith lived several years, but the wounds probably hastened his death. She is also dead, and is to be hoped that God's mercy has followed them beyond earth's rude strifes and that they dwell in peace in a purer and better world.

If, in reviewing before you, ladies and gentlemen, these deeply thrilling scenes as they affected our susceptibilities in the dark days of Dubuque's early history, I shall wound the feelings of any surviving friends of either of the parties, forgive me, and believe that I would not willingly probe any wounded hearts, much less would I wish to gather fresh infamy to throw over the memory of the dead. Twenty years of forgetfulness are passed away, and with them some of the regrets and remembrances, the hopes and the disappointments, which clustered around each by-gone day; and, while memory now un-willingly re-calls them let the mantle of charity fall upon all that has been wrong in the actions of the past.

In 1835 the times continuing prosperous great additions were made to our population. The mines proved rich and abundant, and many farms began to be improved in the vicinity. The Town had had become a place of considerable importance, exporting in that year about fifty million pounds of lead.

About this time, Choteau, of St. Louis, an heir at law of Julien Dubuque, endeavored to gain possession of his claim by proposing to lease the land to miners and farmers for a mere nominal consideration; but they generally preferred the protection of the Government, and refused to acknowledge any other ownership.

This claim of Dubuque, extending as it did, over the whole mining district, has been a source of much injury to the city and country generally; for men do not like to risk their labor on lands to which there is not a perfect title. Again, the mining character of the lands served to keep them out of market for a long time after other portions of the country had been disposed of to the inhabitants. This accounts for the newness of settlements in our vicinity, in comparison with other parts of the State.

During this year Capt. Edward White, then residing on the hill, (now Sullivan's addition of Mount Pleasant,) had a difficulty with Dr. John Stoddard, concerning the right of possession to that claim. Under the excitement of a quarrel, he shot White with a charge of coarse shot, and in three days the wound proved fatal. He died much regretted by all, leaving a large and amiable family. He was buried near the place where he was shot and two rough stones were set up to mark the spot. But such scenes are now quite forgotten, except perhaps, in the memory of a few whose hearts may still silently bleed, and the world know it not.

I was rambling the other day through the grove which has since grown up, when I accidentally came upon the two grave stones that point to the ashes of the silent dead. I had forgotten the place and all the circumstances connected with it, until these rude memorials re-called them. Many scenes of our border life are doubtless gone from my mem-

ory entirely, or are too common-place to be re-counted here. Stoddard escaped to a distant part of the country, I know not whither, leaving some distant connections still here; but it is to be presumed that when the recollection of that scene of violence and passion comes over his memory he will feel the unavailing regrets that must occasionally, at least, fill the mind of every man who wantonly spills the blood of his fellow-man.

Lynchings were of frequent occurrence at this time. A fellow by the name of Leek had stolen a large canoe belonging to Thomas Mc'Craney, and loaded the same with lead from the piles near the river, which had been placed there for convenient shipment. He floated down the stream as far as Rock Island, and there sold out at a net profit, as he supposed. But already there was one on his path, though he supposed he had left no traces in the secrecy of the silent waters. He was found at Rock Island, and brought back to Dubuque for trial. Judge Lynch immediately called his court together, Leek was found guilty, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes which were accordingly well laid on. He had no sympathy except what he received by a little brandy administered on the occasion. The sentence was executed by Mr. Enoch, sheriff for the time. A black-jack tree, which stood near the present mansion of Judge Dyer, was the scene of this act of justice. Having been tied to the tree and whipped, he was then sent across the river, with a promise of a double punishment should he venture to return.

A Mr. John O'Marra was knocked on the head with a club while sky-larking, as they called it, by Patrick Brennan—rather rough playing as the poor man died immediately. The officers of the lynch law turned out to arrest the offender, but he had made his escape.

A fellow living in town was known to beat and abuse his wife most shamefully. He was taken, tarred and feathered, and sent across the river. In short the majesty of the laws were fully vindicated, and the peace and order of society secured, as well, and perhaps better, than since the establishment of regular courts; for let it be remembered that there has never been but one case of capital punishment inflicted in this community, and that is the case of O'Connor previously related.

The first house erected here for public worship was the old log church standing on the ground now occupied by the old Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Bastian usually preached on the Sabbath, and the house was occupied for a school on week days. Mr. Whitmore, now of Bowen's Prairie, was the teacher. The next was the old Catholic Church. An attempt was made to build a Hotel by subscription, but this effort failed.

About thirty blocks of land had previously been laid off by George W. Harrison, and the expenses of the survey paid by individual contributions. In fact all the public improvements of the place were sustained by the generous spirit of the people of the mines.

It was confidently anticipated that Dubuque would be the seat of the new Territorial Government. From its central position it was entitled to it; but the speculators of Belmont and Madison controlled that subject; the first session being held at Belmont. Our members in the Senate were John Foley, Thomas Mc'Craney and Thomas Mc-Knight; in the House of Representatives, L. Wheeler, Hardin Nowlin, P. H. Ingle, P. Quigley and H. T. Camp.

In May 1836, the first number of the "Dubuque Visitor" made its appearance. It was published by John King Esq. with an appropriate motto of "Truth our guide—The pub-

lic good our aim," and a heading "Dubuque Lead Mines, Wisconsin Territory, Wednesday, May 11th, 1836." Here was the first record of transpiring events. On the first page appeared an article entitled "The worth and devotion of woman's love," (we were all bachelors then.) On the second page was a communication on the great advantages of our town and country, "by a citizen;" on the third page appeared another article in regard to woman's sphere and duties, by Hannah Moore, entitled "Good House Wives." Indeed, Woman was a rare and cherished object in those days, and our editor was a bachelor. On the fourth page was an eloquent speech by the Hon. George W. Jones, of Sinsinawa Mound, on the subject of the division of Michigan Territory into two separate governments, one to be called Wisconsin Territory. He had been elected a delegate to Congress, from Michigan, the year previous. While a candidate he was waited on by a committee of our citizens that he might declare, in accordance with western custom, his political sentiments, when getting upon a pile of lead in our town he stated among other things that he, as a delegate in Congress, without a vote on public measures, and asking favors from both political parties, should however belong to neither; and that if elected he would stand a friend to each grand division and thus be enabled to secure appropriations for our young and destitute Territory. I do not mention this in the way of disparagement to General Jones, for in one sense of the word, we were all whigs then, particularly on the subject of a good sound protective tariff on lead. He was accordingly elected, and pursuing this line of policy he gained many important favors from the general Government, among which was a grant of land from Congress of the section comprising our City. By the act, the town was to be laid off into streets, public squares,

lots and out-lots; these last to be sold to the claimants and the proceeds devoted to our public improvements.

This was an important step in the progress of the place, while the many other appropriations, which Gen. Jones was enabled to procure, gave permanency to business operations. A bill to divide the Territory of Wisconsin was now pending before Congress. In regard to the name, Iowa, it may be well recollected that Lieutenant Lee, of the board of topographical Engineers, in his report to Congress in 1838, upon the improvement of the Mississippi River above St. Louis, when remarking on the western rivers, mentions the Iowa River, as a central stream, within what would one day be a great State. Improving upon this idea, a writer in the *Dubuque Visitor*, in a little sketch, calls this "the future State of Iowa." This is the first time the word was ever used in this connection. The article is called a "Vision," and is in these words:

"I was lying in a state of partial slumber and dreamed that I was on a voyage among the islands of the ocean and visiting the great marts of commerce in the old world. Anon, I was roaming over the once happy land of Greece, then again standing on the classic ground of Italy. After an absence of many years I thought I was again in Dubuque. I found myself near a large stream, whose shores were lined with farms, over which the yellow harvest was waving. Fine villages were springing up on every side, and along the broad road on which I was traveling, thronged a crowd of horsemen, wagons, and steam-carriages. I inquired of a traveler whom I met, how far it was to Dubuque's mines. The City of Dubuque said he, is fifty miles to the east of this, at the commencement of the rail road leading to Jefferson City in Missouri. I passed on till coming to where the ground began to slope to the east, the well-remembered cove of the mining country was before me. I then recollected the many happy days I had formerly seen in this spot, and how I was once delighted when success crowned my labors in the mines, and brought to light the earth's hidden wealth. But

now how changed. In many places, I could discover steam ascending, which I was told proceeded from engines employed in working the mines. Proceeding onward, I could discover the broad valley of the Mississippi, and soon the silver stream was itself in sight, bearing on its crystal current the products of almost every clime.

"I descended into the city among a busy throng—to me strange faces. I went along through streets and alleys which were lined with solid blocks of brick or masonry, where a few years ago was a broad green, smooth, prairie.

"After rambling up and down through the place, I found myself in a spacious public square. In the centre of this area stood a splendid building, embellished with cornices and porticos. On approaching nearer, I heard proclamation, in a stentorian voice—'Hear ye! hear ye! The Legislature of the State of Iowa will now commence its third session!' Strange, thought I, such changes in ten short years. Here in this place I once resided. Then it was a small town, and the surrounding country thinly settled. I was acquainted then with nearly all the people. Now thousands are swarming, even Legislators fulfilling their duties to their constituents in the halls of an independent State Government. Suddenly I awoke: my pleasing vision was dispelled, for I found myself still pressing a straw pallet in my mining cabin."

William W. Corriell purchased the Dubuque Visitor, and being pleased with that euphonious Indian name, changed the name of the paper to that of "The Iowa News." Thus the name became familiar in Congress and was finally adopted for the territory west of the Mississippi.

Having introduced you to a newspaper of the times, we will close this imperfect sketch. We have brought the early unwritten History of Dubuque down to a period when oral tradition may properly cease, and written history begin but some more able pen in future may take up the records of the times and transmit them in a more embellished form to posterity.

LECTURE II

In my previous lecture before this Institute, you may remember that the History of Dubuque was brought down to a period co-eval with the establishment of a news paper, edited by John King Esq. A description of the country as it appeared in 1830, was then given, when the Indians had just abandoned the soil, their ancient homes and the graves of their fathers, to seek an asylum further towards the setting sun in the great plains of the west, and when the pale faces, as if by a right of natural inheritance, took first possession of the vacant lands and deserted mines of Dubuque. A few legendary tales of savage war, and a number of incidents connected with the first white settlements here, some of the trials, difficulties and tragical scenes of border life during a period of six or seven years, were also given from memory. In this sketch I propose to speak of the facts transpiring in our community since that time as they have been retained in memory or preserved on the printed pages of our public journals.

Could I produce the dreamy imagery of a poet's fancy, or the traditionary lore of the savage tribes who once held undisputed sway upon the luxuriant banks of the Father of Waters, and with the power of a Cooper or a Bryant call forth from a brilliant imagination descriptions of scenes of grandeur in nature, or feats of heroic daring among the children of the forest; then I might hope to enlist your attention and interest; but I will endeavor to evoke from the mists of the past such plain facts as have engaged the attention of our citizens as they have grappled with the various obstacles incident to the settlement of a new country.

The population of Dubuque, at the time I shall now speak, was unlike that of most other communities. In fact, it is so up to the present time, being still a mining city. Instead of

being in any degree homogeneous, immigration flowed in from all parts of the earth; every considerable nation of Europe and all the States of our Union, were duly represented. The German liberalism, the New England puritanism and the Celtic nationalism mixed and mingled in all the elements of society. But there is something in the character and habits of pioneers as they co-mingle amidst the grand and inspiring scenery of the west, with mutual interests and sympathies combining, which naturally expands and enlarges the human faculties, though meeting for the first time in distant lands, and from different climes. They soon learn to assimilate and conform to each other in their opinions; for there are a thousand interests and motives uniting to render it necessary for them to support each other in all the trials and scenes of border life. In a new country, like ours, an imperious necessity exists for cultivating the amenities of our social being. So you will find us a heterogeneous mass of seven or eight hundred meeting together on the Fourth day of July, 1836. It was Monday the fifty-ninth of our national Independence, and the birthday of Wisconsin Territory; a day celebrated in Dubuque with great eclat, both on account of the national recollections it gave rise to, and the independent position we should thenceforth enjoy under a separate Territorial organization from Michigan to which we were previously united. So long as the return of that day is duly honored by the American people, so long may we presume that the principles proclaimed seventy-eight years ago in that immortal declaration of Independence will be cherished, and the institutions of our country founded upon them be perpetuated.

It is a beautiful custom thus to come together on every return of this great day, and refresh our recollections, returning heart-felt gratitude to God for the blessings which

His kind providence has permitted this nation to enjoy. Doubly interesting is it to see in the far-off territories of the Union natives from all climes joining with our own citizens in the national jubilee of freedom. The Reverend Mazzuchelli officiated as Chaplain on this occasion, Milo H. Prentice read the declaration, and William W. Corriell delivered the oration. Dr. Stephen Langworthy was appointed President of the day, and Patrick Quigley, J. M. Harrison, Dr. T. Mason, and William C. Jones, Vice Presidents. The newly appointed Governor, Gen. Henry Dodge, was invited to be present, and a public dinner was tendered to him. He had been our leader through two Indian wars, and was now governor of the Territory and superintendent of the various Indian nations in the north-west. His great experience as a frontier man and Indian fighter had pointed him out as a proper man for these responsible stations. Accordingly speeches and patriotism was the order of the day, and at night music and dancing. The Marshals, E. Lockwood and Davis Gililan, were enabled to preserve good order and the celebration was one of deep interest. On the thirteenth of July the corner stone of the first Wisconsin Presbyterian Church was laid. A procession, a hymn and a prayer at the commencement and at the close, an appropriate address, and the deposite of the usual manuscripts in the stone, comprised the whole of the ceremonies. We recollect well, that only a few years before this, Government was engaged in buying the Indian reservations east of the Mississippi and inducing the poor red man to cross the Father of Waters, as the means of securing a certain, safe and permanent retreat from the inroads and encroachments of the whites. There rolled the majestic river, seeming to say to the thin settlements of the pale faces upon its eastern borders—"Thus far only shalt thou come. Betwixt you

and the native race, I place a barrier and a shield. Your swarms shall not cross my bosom to drive them from their ancient hunting grounds. Here have I rolled for ages in silent grandeur, through boundless and unbroken solitudes. But you have found your way to my eastern bank; there build your cities and rear your temples. The God of the red man shall still be worshiped on my western shore." But as well might it be attempted to turn back the same noble stream, and pour it, with all its accumulated strength into the lakes from which it springs, as to stop the march of the white man, with his innovations and improvements. The Mississippi has proved no barrier. He stands proudly on its western banks, and laughs at its impotency. Six or seven years before, perhaps the smoke of an Indian wigwam, curled from the spot on which this house of worship was to be erected. At that time the white man's dwelling was not found where our city now stands, nor indeed in all the delightful country on our side of the great river.

There is something sublime and enobling in the contemplation of the wonderful changes which had been effected in this short space of time. The woodman had reduced the stubborn forest to his will, and with it, built dwellings for his protection and comfort; the plough had upturned the soil of the fertile prairie; the perseverance of the miner had taken him far down among the riches of the earth and all the immense stores of mineral and vegetable wealth with which this favored region, has been supplied, were becoming developed.

Wisconsin, west of the Mississippi, was divided into two counties; Dubuque county, extending below Davenport, with a population of over four thousand, and Des Moines county, the balance of the territory extending to the Missouri State line, containing six or seven thousand. At this time the set-

lements were confined mostly to the vicinity of the river towns. Our village was only partially laid out, and where Dr. Mason's drug store now stands was then up town. The lead business engrossed in its various departments the entire attention of the citizens; a few farms only having been improved. People became slowly convinced that this soil was well adapted to cultivation; believing that this climate was unfavorable to agriculture. It is true that the mining regions in other countries are generally sterile and unproductive. This idea seems to have been associated with this region. People could not realize that over-lying rich mines of ore was spread out a prairie soil of unsurpassed fertility.

The mines of Dubuque differ very much from those in Wisconsin and Illinois. There, they lie near the out-crop of the limestone strata, and the mineral is found often at a slight depth and without much rock excavation; but the veins are generally small, broken and thread-like. Here, on the contrary, the dip being to the south-west, we have to penetrate a hard cap-rock of considerable thickness, varying according to the elevation of the ground. Under this cap-rock the mineral is found in large caverns, either attached to the rocks or embedded in the clay and ocher which fills the crevices below the natural spaces of the caves. The Langworthy lode, exhibited the most astonishing specimens of lead ore ever found, perhaps, in any country. As the work-men, with the owners, penetrated into this cave for the first time, a hollow sound issued from it and the air came freshly from the west, in the direction of the vein. Here, in its primeval solitudes the different gases which probably elaborate the curious ore had circulated from of old, working their own silent wonders. They began to examine the cave for mineral, each man carrying a lamp or candle. Passing along through various windings and nar-

row spaces they suddenly came to one of the subterranean vaults which was completely filled with the shining ore, lighted up and sparkling like diamonds, or lying in great masses or adhering to the sides and roof of the cave in huge cubes. This mine, in its full extent through the Langworthy, Thomas Kelly, and Cardiff grounds, has produced some ten million pounds of mineral.

When the miner sinks a shaft down into one of these mineral caves, he will generally find its course and direction to be with the cardinal points of the compass. The veins of ore, here at Dubuque run, from east to west, though these are often crossed by north and south crevices and sometimes by fissures in other directions through the rocks. Although there may be no mineral within the cave first found, the practiced miner will excavate along one of these cross crevices which are generally about twelve inches wide, by blasting off the sides of the rock to a sufficient capacity to admit a small car to run along through it upon wooden rails with mineral tubs upon it. Thus he will drift or excavate north or south with a view of crossing a vein of lead as it runs from east to west. When successful, he will suddenly strike into a cavern in which the ore is deposited. As the dark and hitherto unexplored cave is lighted up by the rays of a lamp, and the miner beholds for the first time the object of his toil stored away in these subterranean vaults; who can describe the thoughts and feelings that fill mind and breast; perhaps he has passed years in searching for the hidden treasure. Now he has the realization of his fondest hopes. "He has struck a cave," is the cry all over the mines.

Now the smelter is exceedingly obliging and attentive to him; his associates flock together to congratulate the friend so suddenly made rich, for a mine in Dubuque, is a mine indeed.

The lode discovered by our friend Thomas Levin, Esq., was one of the richest and most productive of any, yielding, up to the present time about four million pounds of ore. Besides this, there are the Mc'Kenzie, Bartlett and Stewart lodes, and Karrick mines; all of immense value; together with a great many others which have ranged in value from five to twenty-five thousand dollars. The lead lands will never be entirely exhausted; on the contrary when capital, science and skill are at length embarked to develop them, it will be found that not one half of their richness has yet been ascertained. Mining may not be justly compared to the chance throw of dice, but much depends upon good judgment in the selection of ground to explore, and energy in the prosecution of the work; for it will be seen that as the mineral all lies upon one general level, and runs from east to west, that by crossing the direction of the veins one is sure, with the aid of capital and perseverance, to succeed, at least if in a good mining district.

Some idea may be had of the mining operations in this neighborhood from the fact that there were five blast furnaces, each smelting upon an average about seventy thousand pounds per week; also many log furnaces manufacturing lead to good advantage. During this period, a Lyceum, holding regular weekly meetings, was established at which ladies and gentlemen attended in large numbers, thus showing, early in the settlement of the place, a taste for literature.

The town was governed by a board of five trustees, elected annually; who with a President, made all needful rules and regulations.

Politics began to be the grand staple commodity of the times. To be a good unterrified Jackson Democrat, unchangeable as the leopard's skin, was the best trade, and

rather the surest road to political preferment; but at the same time, to be known as a tried clay whig "dyed in the wool" with the frosts of time circling the brow, was no mean step on the ladder of fame. After a while, however, the Democrats became the dominant party, and to add to their power, it was said that the waters of the Mississippi itself contributed in a most mysterious manner. In the fabled Lethe of the ancients, one had to be completely immersed in its waves, in order to produce forgetfulness, but instances have occurred here, in which men from the older States have become entirely changed in political sentiment just by passing over Mississippi water.

As early as December, 1841, the citizens of Dubuque began to look for a Rail Road connection with the Lakes. A public meeting being called, it was resolved to send a delegation to Madison, in order to secure the co-operation of the Legislature, by the incorporation of a company, and to memorialize Congress for aid in opening a cheap and easy communication between the Mississippi river and Lake Michigan.

Timothy Davis, L. A. Thomas, Edward Langworthy, and General James Wilson were appointed as delegates. A charter was obtained for the incorporation of a company for this object. Previously, a charter was had for a company to construct a Rail Road from Belmont to Dubuque, but owing to the newness of the country, nothing more was done. Now, after many years, by the construction of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Rail Road we hope that this most desirable object will be attained, and the early efforts of our people consummated. In this noble enterprise, the Hon. George W. Jones has ever borne a conspicuous part; and also as a delegate member in the House, and Senator in Congress, he has proved faithful and true to Dubuque.

Previously to this, however, in 1836, John Plumbe, Jr. commenced in person, and at his own cost the survey of a route for a national Rail Road from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, and directed public attention to its importance by several well written articles in the newspapers of the day. Afterwards in 1838, he succeeded through the efforts of General Jones in procuring from Congress an appropriation to defray the expenses of locating the first division of the line; devoting his entire attention, and making constant exertions to promote this great national object. As the most feasible mode of accomplishing the design he proposed that an adequate grant of public lands be made to the road, to consist of alternate sections, to be conveyed no faster than the road progressed; and the remaining sections to be raised to double the present minimum price; a joint stock Company, with shares of ten dollars each to be offered to every man, woman, and child in the United States before more than one share could be taken by any one individual; fifty cents to be paid at the time of subscribing on each share, and the Road to be managed by a Board of Directors, one from each State and Territory of the Union.

Thus was devised, by a citizen of Dubuque, the first grand scheme of a great national highway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and a portion of the road surveyed by Government. It has since been memorialized for by nearly every State in the Union, its advantages fully appreciated by the people, who are all anxious for the great work, as a measure entirely practicable and highly conducive to the general welfare, and the national renown, and still, after eighteen years of delay, we find Congress legislating on the subject of the Pacific Rail Road by bills, motions, and debates, yet really doing nothing. Mr. Asa Whitney, improving on Plumbe's plan, devoted his time and efforts for

years, in urging the subject on the attention of Congress. His plans were approved by seventeen States, and the great mass of the American people; but the Government, deaf to every call of patriotism still refuse to grasp the glittering prize of a world's ambition,—the trade of China, Japan, and the Oriental Islands. The United States might be made the half way station between Europe, and Asia. Over her soil, in a direct line, the commerce of the world might be transported, and within her wide domain, by this wise and judicious policy, might be deposited the riches of every clime. Such enterprises, sustained by men against neglect or opposition, deserve the remembrance that history gives them, and should also make us examine the merits of new inventions or proposed improvements that we may not condemn as useless innovations what may prove of the greatest utility. Pioneer discoverers especially deserve the fame of benefactors to our race.

This reminds us of Marquette, who with his associate Joliet, and five French companions and two Algonquin Indians for guides, when in 1673, they carried their two canoes on their backs across the narrow portage that divides the waters of the great lakes from those of the unexplored region of the great father of waters. They reached the Wisconsin, uttered a short prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they embarked on the stream, the guides having left them, alone in this unknown land in the hands of Providence. France and Christianity stood together in the valley of the Mississippi. The discoverers, as they sailed, went down the river between alternate prairies and hill sides, beholding neither man nor the wonted beasts of the forests; no sound broke the appalling stillness, but the ripple of their canoes and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days they enter the great river with a joy that could not be expressed

and the two birch bark canoes raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes.

Floating gently down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad clear sand bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl, gliding past islands that swelled from the bosom of the stream with their tufts of massive thickets, between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa all garlanded as they were with majestic forests or checkered by island groves and the open vastness of the prairie! The history of these early adventurers upon the great river of the west has a peculiar interest to the dwellers on our soil as they now look back over the wilderness one hundred and eighty-two years. Where are now those hordes of savage tribes that then held undisputed sway? They have gone, together with the Missionary who first brought the lights of christianity among them. Some indeed still lingered on the western plains and along the streams of the Rocky mountains and among their passes and deep defiles; but even these remnants of once mighty nations are gradually dwindling away.

We must not omit to mention the intrepid La Salle, as one of the early French voyageurs of the order of Jesuits, who completed the discovery of the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to its mouth. He will be remembered through all time as the father of colonization in the great valley of the West, endeavoring at the same time to convert the savage nations to christianity; but in the vigor of his days he was murdered by his own servants. Thus fell the generous and gifted La Salle who seemed to deserve a better fate. But let us return from this digression to the subject more immediately before us:—The town of Dubuque now began to be permanently improved by the erection of many fine brick buildings. Reading rooms and

Lyceums were established. Stores were opened as high up Main street as where you now see the very appropriate sign of the "Good Samaritan," Doctor Mason's Drug store.

A Thespian society was organized, where were witnessed, if not in all their tragic power, Othello and Macbeth, at least some comedies which would make even a quaker laugh. In fact the gentlemen who managed the entertainments were adepts in the art of pleasing, among whom our friend George L. Nightingale was not the least conspicuous and deserving. The year 1836 passed away, nothing occurring of importance. Mining and smelting were continued with great success. In 1837 Governor Dodge was called to hold a Treaty with the Sioux and Chippewa Indians for the purchase of their lands. The Representatives of the two nations, met the Governor at Fort Snelling in large numbers on the 20th day of July. A great number of speeches were made to the Indians and some of their replies have been preserved. Ma-ghe-ga-bo, dressed in full Indian costume, and highly painted in red, his hair hanging loosely on his shoulders, a coronet of the feathers of the bald eagle placed on his head by the chiefs, and several medals around his neck, advanced toward the Governor with a map before him and pointing to it with his finger, said: "My father, this is the country which is the home of your children. When we first met here we smoked, and shook hands together. Four times we have gone through the same ceremony. I stand here to represent the chiefs of the different bands of my nation, and to tell you that we agree to sell you the land you want.

My father, in all the country we sell you, we wish to hold on to that which gives us life; the streams and lakes where we fish, and the tree from which we make sugar. I have but a few words to say, but they are the words of the chiefs, and very important.

The Being who created us made us naked. He gave you and your people, knowledge and power to live well. Not so with us; we have to cover ourselves with moss and rotten wood, and you must show your generosity towards us. The chiefs will now show you the tree we wish to preserve; here is a branch of it. Every time the leaf falls from it, we will count it as one winter passed. If you offer us money and goods we will take both. You see me count my fingers (counting six.) Every finger counts ten; for so many years we wish you to pay us an annuity, after that, our grand children, who will have grown up, can speak for themselves. My father, take the lands you ask from us. Our chiefs have good hearts. Our women have brought the half-breeds among us. They are poor and we wish them provided for, they and their children. My father, we will hold firmly what you give us, that no body may get it from us. Once more we recommend our half-breeds to your kindness. We wish you to select a place for them, on this river, where they may live, and raise their children, and have their joys in life."

Taking the Governor by the hand, he continued: "I will not let go your hand until I have counted the number of our villages. The Great Spirit first made the earth thin and light, but it has now become heavier.

We do not wish to disappoint you, and our great father beyond the mountains in the object you had in coming here. We therefore grant you the land you want from us." Aish-ke-bo-ko-ke, or the flat mouth, said: "My father, your children are willing to let you have their lands, but wish to reserve the privilege of making sugar from the trees, and taking fish from the lakes and rivers as they have done before, and of remaining in the country. It is hard to give up the land. It will remain and cannot be destroyed. But you may cut the trees and others will grow up.

My father, you know we cannot live deprived of lakes and rivers. There is some game on the land yet and for that we wish to remain. Sometimes we scrape the trees, and eat the bark. The Great Spirit above made all the earth, and causes it to produce that which enables us to live. Yes, the Great Spirit above placed us on this land and we want some benefit from the sale of it. If we can derive none we will not sell it; and we want that benefit ourselves. What I say is the language of the chiefs. I have heard many things said; that we were going to put out the fires of the white man, to send the white traders away. I know nothing about it, and when I speak, it is not with honey in my mouth. My father, your children are rejoiced to see the Agents here to-day, one of whom is to live on Lake Superior and the other on the Mississippi to keep peace in the country. We are pleased that our young men, women, and children may go home with their hearts glad. We will wait to hear what you offer us for our lands and then make you our answer."

The treaty was concluded, by which a large purchase was made, comprising the pine lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota from whence we derive our abundant supplies of lumber.

The year 1838 was marked by a degree of prosperity unequalled by any since the settlement of Dubuque. Farms in the vicinity began to be improved; the mines yielded their richest treasures, immigration continued to swell the population, and the broad Mississippi, bore away on its current more than six million pounds of lead. The Mississippi! Its very name is associated with all our ideas of western grandeur and sublimity. One of its historical recollections will ever be, that somewhere in its winding tide are deposited the bones of Fernando De Soto, its first discoverer.

Here, the Governor of Cuba, the successful associate and compeer of Pizarro, bowed down by disappointment and wasting melancholy, was buried by his faithful followers. Those rough soldiers pronounced his eulogy, while priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and in the stillness of midnight, as Mr. Bancroft says, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. No man to this day can tell of his resting place. We know only this, that the mighty stream is at once his monument and sepulcher.

In June the Legislative Assembly of our territory was convened at Burlington. It continued in session until the third day of July, when the act dividing Wisconsin took effect, and we entered into a separate territorial organization. About this time a few wandering and dissipated Winnebago Indians, perhaps two hundred in number, were encamped on the island opposite the town. In the night a few loafers went to the Indian lodges for base purposes. But being resisted by the Indians and squaws, a conflict arose in which one squaw was killed and some of the rowdy white men wounded. The ringleader, a Mr. Singleton, who was supposed to be the one who committed the deed, fled the country, and thus evaded the law and the punishment of his crime. But the Indians were not so easily appeased. They demanded satisfaction for the outrage, and for a long time kept the citizens in great alarm; fearing the vengeance of the Indians whose custom is blood for blood. They were finally appeased by presents and departed on their western way. About this time a young dissolute fellow by the name of Washington Hyde murdered one Patrick Murray by striking him to the heart with a large bowie knife. The

scene took place in Mr. Simplot's grocery store on Main street, in open day light; the parties being both somewhat intoxicated, harsh words passed between them, Hyde drew the knife and in ten seconds, poor Murray was no more. After committing the deed, Hyde fled to the river with the view of crossing the ferry, with the bloody instrument of death still reeking in his hand. He was overtaken, after a desperate resistance, and captured by the infuriated populace. He would have then and there paid the forfeit of his life but for the prompt and timely interference of the officers of the law. His trial came on however, in due time. He was found guilty by the jury, and Judge Wilson pronounced the sentence of death. But before the day of execution, the clemency of Governor Chambers was interposed and his sentence commuted to seven years hard labor in the penitentiary of Fort Madison, and he was subsequently pardoned before the time expired.

Nearly half the lands of Dubuque County having been reserved from sale as mineral lands, one Mr. John Flanagan sought and finally obtained in 1842, an appointment as Superintendent of the lead mines in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. Under his control the obsolete system of leasing the mines to miners and smelters was sought to be revived. But the citizens generally refused to recognize any right on the part of the Government to lease them, and thus endeavor to raise a revenue from the hard earnings of the new settlers. Public meetings were held to memorialize Congress to bring these lands into market the same as other land, but for a long time our efforts were unavailing. The Government agents continued to harrass the people and finally to bring some of the oldest and most favored miners and smelters before the courts of the country as trespassers. But five cents damage being the award of the Jury who tried the

cases, and a heavy bill of costs to Government being the consequence; the lands were finally in 1846, offered at public sale, and by aid of claim societies, secured to the inhabitants.

One case under the old fugitive slave laws occurred, which may be of interest now. It appears that a negro, by the name of Ralph, came to Dubuque from Missouri by consent of his master to work in the mines. After residing here for several years until 1839, his former owner came and claimed him as a slave, alleging that Ralph had not fulfilled an agreement to pay for himself. By precept from a Justice of the Peace, he was delivered to the claimant, who was about taking him on board of a boat, when some of our liberty-loving citizens, not having the fear of being called abolitionists before their eyes, applied to Judge Wilson for a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Wilson referred the case, by consent of parties, to Judge Mason presiding in the Federal District Court, then recently organized for our territory. As it was proved that Ralph came to Dubuque by consent of his master, it was decided that he was entitled to his freedom. A report of this case, in which the Court referred to the Ordinance of 1787 and the act of Congress of 1820, prohibiting slavery north of thirty six degrees thirty minutes may be found in Morris' Reports. It was the first case tried in that court.

There lived in Dubuque, in 1839, a negro by the name of Nathaniel, or Nat, as he was generally called, together with his family, free people of color, and of ordinary good behavior. But it chanced that Nat was suspected of stealing some trifling articles about the house in which he was employed. Col. Paul Cain, James Campton, and some others of our citizens seized upon Nat, and took him out to a secluded place, tied him, and commenced whipping him with

raw hides in order to make him confess the theft, and disclose where the stolen property was secreted. This the negro could not, or would not do. They continued to flog the poor man, first one of them, and then another, while he, all the time was pleading for mercy, and asservating his innocence. Under a mistaken zeal, and with entire ignorance, perhaps, of the injury they were inflicting, or, with reason blinded by prejudice, they actually continued the flogging until fainting ensued; this even they took to be a pretense, until at length the negro became entirely exhausted, and shortly afterwards expired. He was brought back a corpse to his own cabin and left with his children and weeping wife Charlotte. No doubt the men who inflicted this wrong, regretted their rashness and folly when too late. They were tried in our courts for murder, but acquitted on the ground of not intending so great an outrage. But the case furnishes ample proof, if any were wanted, that the story in Uncle Tom's Cabin is not all a fiction, that some men consider negroes, oxen, women and mules of like endurance and fit subjects for the cruel master's lash.

In 1843 a most ludicrous affair occurred. A villainous fellow palmed himself upon the people of Buchanan County as the renowned patriot and celebrated hero of the thousand isles, Bill Johnson. This man, with his daughter Miss Kate Johnson, was suspected, it seems, of being any other than the far-famed Canadian patriot, by the citizens of Buchanan County, who thought fit to take Johnson out in the night, tie him to a tree and whip him severely with fifty lashes on his naked back. The offenders were arraigned before Judge Wilson. The court house was crowded by hundreds of eager spectators who listened with intense interest to the proceedings; all anxious to see the

laws of our country administered faithfully. The prisoners names were Evans, Spencer, Parrish, and Rowley, charged with burglary and riot. It appeared that these defendants accompanied by several other white men and five or six Indians after lynching Johnson, ordered him and his daughter to pack up their goods and be off in two hours, and not to return at the peril of their lives. Great sympathy was felt for this Johnson and the two tender females of his household, who were thrown out in the depth of winter and obliged to travel twenty-five miles over a cold and bleak prairie; so cold that it froze one of the lynchers themselves to death, another lost his feet, and several others were severely frozen. The citizens here, declared that Johnson looked as if he was born to command, and betokened in every action that he was the same old Bill Johnson, the hero of the thousand isles, the Canadian patriot, and the great friend of human liberty and republican institutions; while all the young bloods of the town declared that Miss Kate Johnson was a very intelligent and interesting young lady, with rare accomplishments, agreeable manners and the worthy daughter of a gallant sire. The case was conducted on the part of the prosecution by James Crawford, and General James Wilson; on the part of the defense by James Churchman, and J. M. Preston; the counsel on both sides in their speeches were truly eloquent, they were fine efforts of legal talent and so great was the interest taken in this trial that the ladies attended in goodly numbers until a late hour at night, determined to hear all the proceedings and speeches to which the occasion gave rise. Miss Kate Johnson received great attention and unequalled admiration as the celebrated heroine and daughter of the renowned patriot of the thousand isles. The jury after being out a short time returned a verdict of guilty; one was sentenced

to the penitentiary for two years and the others to a fine of two hundred dollars which imprisonment and fines however were afterwards remitted; for lo! and behold! the next thing we hear of the hero of the isles, is that he has grossly imposed himself upon the citizens of the place, he being a different man altogether from the Bill Johnson whom he represented, of a different name and style of character, a great thief and scoundrel. Letters were received showing these facts. The next news received from him by our crest fallen beaux of Dubuque, was that a Mr. Peck, a respectable man in Mahaska county, the place to which the family had removed, fell in love with Johnson's daughter, the heroic Kate, who returned his love. But old Bill would not give his consent to the marriage. So the two turtles fled to an adjoining county where they were united in bonds matrimonial. It was some time before the reputed father knew where his reputed daughter had gone. But as soon as he did, he pursued her and entered the house of Peck with pistol in hand took her away unmolested. But a few days afterward while Johnson was sitting in his own house he was shot through the heart with a rifle ball from between the chinks of the logs. Peck was arrested, but on trial acquitted. The lineage of the heroine was traced back to an obscure family in Ohio, her history and romance closing alike in contempt and infamy.

The young swains, and especially the editorial gallants, who were so greatly enamored with the charms of Miss Katharina Johnson, while in our city often rallied each other afterwards on the subject; and some who appeared from their newspaper eulogies to be the most moon-struck while the romance lasted, and had written the largest amount of very soft poetry on the lovely daughter of the hero of the thousand Isles, were the first to forget the ob-

ject of their adoration. Alas for the fickleness of man's affection and the mutability of his attachments.

In the winter of 1843, the charter of the Miners' Bank was repealed by the Legislature. Thomas Rogers, Esq., had the honor and renown of killing the little giant; thus putting an end to the exciting question which had been continued in regard to this Bank. The institution was chartered by the Legislature of Wisconsin, and might have been useful, if its affairs had been conducted with honest prudence. But from its first existence up to the time of its final overthrow, there seems to have been bad management. There was an alleged violation of its privileges soon after its first organization; afterwards it suspended specie payments; then it fell into the hands of the Illinois State Bank, under the control of Major Mobley, who might have succeeded in making its credit good again, but for the failure of the owners themselves in Illinois, and the consequent interference of the Legislative authority. The case has since been litigated in the courts of the country, and decided against the validity of the charter. Many amusing anecdotes might be given of matters transpiring within the Bank during the first years of its operation, but I forbear.

The Indians on our border settlements, west of Dubuque, committed many depredations during this winter, by stealing and robbing. They also murdered Mr. Tegardner and his partner Mr. Atwood, and severely wounded a son of the former. This was done at night, at their trading-house which was set on fire, and with the bodies of the dead men, was consumed. Three Indians charged with the crime were captured, and remained in our jail a long time before their trial. Wah-con-chaw-kaw (big Indian,) was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Haw-ka-he-kaw was killed by the former in the jail, the only reason given by the

self-appointed executioner being that "so great a liar ought not to live." The third, by the name of George, was acquitted. It is a singular fact that several Indians who escaped from our jail, voluntarily returned, probably, because they had been given up as criminals and outlaws by their native tribes.

On Christmas Day, 1843, Mrs. Butterworth, aged one hundred and seventeen years attended the Catholic Church, accompanied by the Mayor of the city as a mark of respect to her. She seemed remarkably active and conversed upon the events which transpired more than a hundred years before, in her native land. She remembered distinctly the battle of Culloden, and the time when the Pretender escaped into Ireland for a refuge from his pursuers. A few years before, she danced quite briskly at the wedding of her son, in the green old age of more than a century. This is a remarkable case of longevity, the full period of her life reaching to one hundred and twenty years.

At this time a young man by the name of Asa Downs, who had improved a farm near where Matthew Mc'Nair's diggings are, had prepared to make a visit to his parents in his native place, in the State of New York, and had by hard work and strict economy accumulated money sufficient for the expense of the journey. A day was fixed upon to leave, he disappeared from the community, but after some time letters were received from his friends in New York, stating that he had not arrived, and asking also for information concerning him. This led to the suspicion that he had been murdered by the man whom he left in charge of his house and farm, which undoubtedly was the case, no trace of him having ever since been found. Diligent search was made about the premises by Sheriff Stewart, and the suspected man examined, but no satisfactory information was obtained.

In 1841, [1839] our belligerent governor, Robert Lucas, became embroiled in a desperate affair with the Governor of Missouri, about the jurisdiction of their respective powers, and as our old Ohio war-horse could brook no curb or rule incompatible with the dignity of Iowa, he called upon the militia by a proclamation something like the grand eloquent appeals made to the people of New Amsterdam by the renowned Sir Wouter Van Twiller, of Knickerbocker notoriety, and partaking somewhat of the character of another Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, surnamed Peter the Headstrong, with his sturdy trumpeter Anthony Van Corlear. In the language of another "Like as a war worn charger, while sporting in peaceful plains, if by chance he hears the strains of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and paws, and kindles at the sound, so did the heroic soul of the testy governor joy to hear the clangor of the trumpet. There was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth their steel weapons." So our governor on all proper occasions delighted to rejoice the people with warlike melody, thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit.

As I said, the old Governor put forth a call upon all the hardy sons of Iowa with their brave Generals and leading men, to muster and march to the border. The Missourians had invaded our rights, trampled upon our laws, and disturbed our hitherto undisputed jurisdiction over all the soil to Mason and Dixon's line. Brigadier General Warner Lewis, the chief officer in command of the military forces of Dubuque, together with Col. Paul Cain, second in rank, Major David Slater and Captain George Shannon were not slow to obey the summons to the field of honor. They, as well as the inferior officers, soon aroused the martial ardor

of the militia, who instantly flocked under the standard of their country. Here they were drilled, marched, and countermarched until their evolutions became complete. Armed with pickaxes, guns, fence stakes, and shovels, they could not fail to make an imposing show. The officers on horse back in full uniform, galloped along the lines cheering and animating their men for the coming encounters, while their orders were given with that coolness and precision which marks the truly heroic soul when about to try the fortunes of war; the soldiers in the mean time obeying with alacrity, and ready at a moment's call to march to the field of fame. Fair ladies lent their most bewitching smiles, and when the advance moved forward under the General-in-Chief, composed of a captain, an orderly and one private by the name of James Churchman, they waved their handkerchiefs from many a balcony in our proud city, and the whole community with one accord, cheered them onward, and offered up fervent ejaculations that they might return victorious from the war, that their names might be covered with renown, and that the fame and honor of young Iowa might be triumphantly vindicated. The army reached the lines in safety, after tiresome marches, when entering a grocery upon the disputed territory he met the opposing host, a great raw-boned, long-armed Missourian in the middle of the floor, and demanded at once a treat of whiskey, or an unconditional surrender in the name of Iowa, which just and equitable terms being refused, forthwith our gallant army pitched into the ranks of the enemy with headlong impetuosity. The charge was so vigorous, and he was so well supported with arms and whiskey ammunition, conveyed plentifully to the field of action, that the enemy after a desperate resistance gave way;

They tug, they strain, down, down they go,
The "Puke" above, "our James" below.

Both armies tumbled to the ground; but the forces of Iowa recovering, at length, succeeded in turning the flank of the enemy, when the rout became general, and the victory complete. Peace soon followed this decisive engagement, and like most wars of the world, the affairs of the two belligerent powers remained just as they were before the war began. For further particulars concerning this memorable campaign I refer you to my learned friend, Dr. Timothy Mason, who published a full account of this first and only military campaign ordered by any of the Governors of Iowa. If I only had this celebrated work I would delight to give the story in his own eloquent and beautiful style. But this work is lost I presume, at least there is no records to be found in our city history.

In 1846, the war with Mexico having been commenced by our government, the volunteer forces of Iowa were called upon by their respective officers. Dubuque, as well as most other portions of the State, offered her full share of citizen soldiery, and the whole country was warmed up with an unusual glow of patriotism. Two fine companies of men, here, held themselves ready upon the call of their country, to march to the plains of Mexico. News had reached us of the brilliant exploits of the American army at Palo Alto and Resaca De La Palma, and our soldiers waited with eagerness for the summons.

On the fourth day of July, the usual celebration was had, and the ladies of Dubuque having prepared beautiful banners, presented them to the military companies who formed for the occasion. One banner was presented to the "Guards," by Miss Rachel Coriell who delivered a beautiful address; another flag was presented to the "Rangers" by Mrs. Glenat, accompanied by remarks equally appropriate. Eloquent responses were made by Col. Thomas H.

Benton, Jr., in behalf of the Guards, and by Captain Dougherty on the part of the Rangers. The editorial comments in the newspaper of the time, indicated correctly the interest manifested on the occasion.

We have omitted many interesting details of events, which are now among the things that were; for in the compass of only two lectures, it is impossible to recite them without encroaching on other themes. We have seen Dubuque as it was at first, with no white settlers upon our soil, at the time when the aboriginal inhabitants gave way before the invading force Anglo-Saxon enterprise, and leaving behind them only a few rude memorials of their race and history. We have traced the progress of our settlement down to a time when our city may justly take its place among the first of western cities, with a population of nine or ten thousand thronging its streets. Our prosperity seems to point to a glorious future. Our progress has been steady, and the importance of our location is now settled beyond a question. Some future historian will collect the facts we have referred to, notice our progress in the present, and record the history of Dubuque as a part of our national greatness. Perhaps some of our legends will be sung in poetic lays, and help to swell the anthems of a nation's melody.

In relation to our commerce and institutions we have not time to give statistics; it is sufficient to say, that, with a rapidly increasing population our city possesses all the main elements of civilization and refinement. The fact, that eleven churches and a number of schools, besides literary and scientific societies, are sustained by our citizens, indicates we can already offer to immigrants the advantages of older cities, and that we have all the social and intellectual resources of the Atlantic States. Let us, then,

feel a pride in building up our Literary institutions. Let us lay their foundation broad and deep in the affections of our people, that Dubuque may become as justly celebrated for her seminaries of learning, as for her mineral wealth; and by diffusing the riches of knowledge, and the light of science become the very Athens of the West. Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, let us foster every means of culture for our youth, as the richest gift we can bestow on them now, or the dearest legacy we can leave them. Who knows but the embryo blossoms of genius equal to those distinguishing the names of Mrs. Hemans, or Mrs. Stowe may not now be expanding within the walls of that beautiful edifice, the Female College of Dubuque; or who can tell whether there may not be lads now pursuing studies under the guardian care of learned professors in Alexander College, and whose future career may reflect honor upon their native city, and even fame upon our nation. Let us cherish the educational interests of our city, and remember that good schools are inseparably connected with our civil and religious liberty. We shall thus leave in the means of culture of the head and the heart, living monuments to perpetuate our memory, of greater value than our mines of ore, more enduring than the bluffs that surround us, and which, in the history of the future, will make Dubuque remain the pride of the Mississippi valley.