

The **PALIMPSEST**



Running Rapids on the Upper Mississippi.

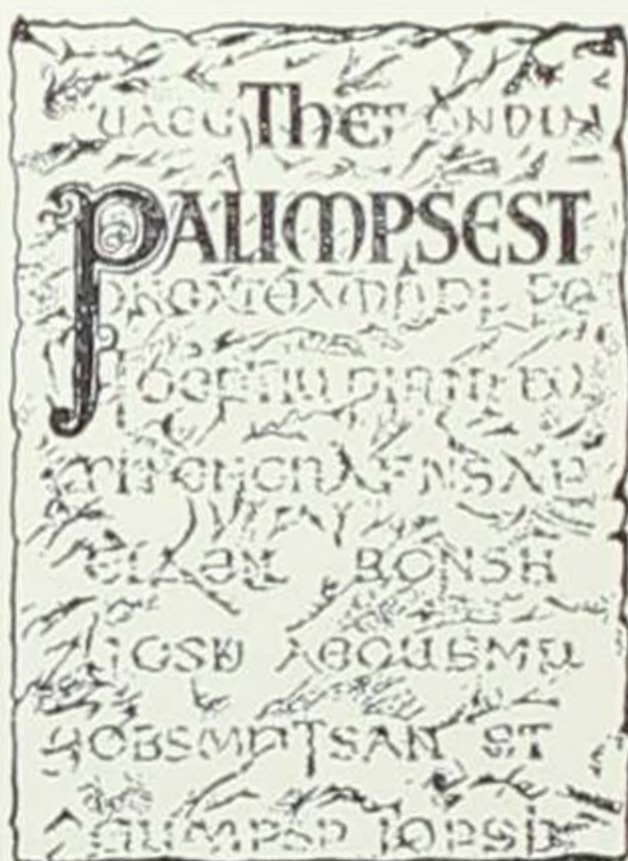
Down the Great River

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The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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Illustrations

Illustrations are from Glazier's book, *Down the Great River*.

Authors

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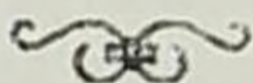
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Captain Willard Glazier

For more than a century adventurous explorers have been lured by the prospects of honors accruing to anyone discovering the source of the Father of Waters. Lieutenant Pike, Governor Cass, and G. C. Beltrami failed in their attempts. It remained for Henry Rowe Schoolcraft to fix the headwaters of the Mississippi in Lake Itasca—which has remained the recognized source.

In 1881 Captain Willard Glazier, a soldier-adventurer, visited Lake Itasca, and, after a few hours spent investigating the various rivulets emptying into that lake, fixed the source in what he modestly called "Glazier Lake." The Minnesota Historical Society was not slow to refute the claims of this "pretended discoverer" and although Glazier wrote two books on his exploits his claim was never recognized.

This issue of *The Palimpsest* is taken from Captain Glazier's *Down the Great River* and records his experiences traveling along the eastern border of Iowa. Incorrect mileages abound, beginning

with his 3,184 miles from Itasca to the Gulf, compared to the accepted distance of 2,466 miles. We have placed in brackets the correct mileage or proper pioneer spelling in a few instances, but have not attempted to change his spelling of Indian names. In the main, however, one can gain a good picture of what a canoeist saw and did paddling down the Mississippi and visiting various Iowa communities.

Glazier began his trip from Lake Itasca on July 21, 1881. He reached Minneapolis on August 26, arrived at Winona on September 9, and left La Crosse on September 14 to begin his journey along the eastern border of Iowa. He beached his canoe at Dubuque on the 17th, arrived at Davenport for a 4-day stay on the 21st, stopped at Burlington on the 27th, and Keokuk on the 29th. Only 15 days were required to pass along the eastern border of Iowa, visiting many communities along the way. He left Keokuk on September 30, on the 71st day from Itasca. Although Glazier spent three days in Hannibal he does not mention Mark Twain. Glazier reached the Gulf of Mexico on November 15th, just 117 days after leaving Itasca.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

La Crosse to Dubuque

VICTORY HOUSE

Victory, Wisconsin

September 14, 1881

It was proposed, on setting out in the morning, to make De Soto the evening destination, but a heavy thunder-storm, which had been gathering throughout the afternoon, burst at five o'clock and drove us ashore at Victory. This remnant of by-gone days might very appropriately be classed with the Alma, Minneiska, Trempealeau series, which, but for the circumstance that it stands upon the banks of the Father of Waters, would be a poor "Victory" indeed. One of the shining lights of this place, happening to overhear a conversation between Paine and myself, concerning the town of De Soto, situated on the river five miles below, ventured to inquire if in our opinion the "De Sota" after whom the town was called, was any relation of "Minnie Sota," the girl after whom he understood the adjoining State was named!

Nothing of an unusual character in the scenery or of especial interest as to incident was noted in the journey from La Crosse to Victory. A halt was made at one o'clock for dinner, which we had at a farm-house on the right bank, near the boundary line between Minnesota and Iowa. This was our last meal in the former State.

TREMONT HOUSE

*Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin**September 15, 1881*

On retiring to our rooms the previous evening, it was the intention to get into our canoes at seven o'clock in the morning, but we were detained at Victory by rain until after eight, when, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, we pushed off, finding a brisk current, wind down stream and everything favorable until we reached Lansing, when more rain fell, and continued to fall throughout the day. Stopped at a farm-house on the Iowa side for dinner, our first meal in the Prairie State [Hawkeye State]. Made short halts at De Soto, Lansing, and Harpers.

Wind, rain, a swollen stream and approaching darkness rendered our landing at Prairie du Chien both difficult and dangerous. We were cautioned by persons on the shore not to attempt to pass under the low pontoon-like railway bridge which crosses the river at this point, but the warning came too late, as the brisk current and suction of the bridge trellis-work had placed the canoe beyond our control, and we were unable to do more than guide it through the network of huge posts which constitute its foundation and support. We succeeded ultimately in getting out of the trap in which we temporarily found ourselves, much to our own relief and the apparent gratification of the anxious spectators on the shore.

On the seventeenth of June, 1673, Marquette and Joliet, the former a Jesuit missionary, reached the junction of the Wisconsin with the Mississippi, a little above which, Prairie du Chien stands to-day. Seven years later, in 1680, Father Hennepin and M. Dugay explored the Mississippi from the mouth of the Illinois northward, and on ascending and descending the river passed the site of the present town. Hennepin claimed at this time to have reached the head-waters of the Mississippi, and also to have explored it to its mouth, but his narrative bears evidence of great exaggeration, and procured for him, with the French, the title of "the great falsifier." Yet his achievement was a splendid one, with which he might well have been satisfied. He passed twice the entire distance between the Falls of Saint Anthony and the mouth of the Arkansas, in all nearly three thousand miles, which voyage having been accomplished in a canoe on an unknown and treacherous river, flowing through an unexplored wilderness, was truly something to be proud of. . . .

Prairie du Chien, the county-seat of Crawford County, is situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, on a level plain or prairie about nine miles long and between one and two miles wide. This prairie is bounded on the east by high, rocky bluffs, with scattered clumps of trees, while its western border is washed by the Mississippi. Its name was derived from that of an Indian chief who

once resided there, known as Le Chien, or The Dog; hence Prairie du Chien, or The Dog Prairie. It was one of the oldest of the French trading-posts, but the first permanent settlement was located there in 1783. Gautier de Vorville, Michael Brisbois, and Captain Fisher were among the traders late in the last and early in the present century, and all of them have left descendants. Fisher was of Scotch origin, and carried on an extensive trade with the Indians. In 1815 he emigrated to more remote regions on the Red River of the North, but died in Prairie du Chien in 1827.

In 1814, the British sent a party of Indians, composed of Sioux, Menomonies, and Winnebagos, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William McKay, to capture Prairie du Chien from the Americans. After a four days' siege the fort surrendered, and the report of a great victory was carried by Captain Rolette to Mackinaw. Large numbers thronged the shores and inquired of the captain the news. "A great battle—a sanguinary contest," responded Rolette, with an air of great solemnity and importance. "How many were killed?" "None." "What a bloody contest!" vociferated the crowd, as they escorted the hero from the boat to the garrison. The following year, at the conclusion of peace, the post was evacuated.

Crawford County was established in 1818, while the country was still embraced in the territory of Michigan. At that early period it extended

from the Wisconsin River on the south to the Buffalo River on the north, comprising an area now divided into ten or more counties.

Like many of its neighbors up and down the river, Prairie du Chien had great expectations in its youth. It was confident of becoming the chief town of the Mississippi. It is situated five hundred and forty miles north of Saint Louis, in the midst of a productive agricultural and mineral region. But though one or more railroads touch it, the great through-lines of the continent passed it by; and for that, and other reasons, more or less difficult of explanation, but which act as a sort of Providence in shaping the ends of rough-hewn cities, it remains scarcely more than a town, having but about three thousand inhabitants. It is, however, an important local shipping-post, and has a number of manufactories. Saint John's College and Saint Mary's Female Institute are located here, under control of the Catholic Church.

Just above Prairie du Chien is the site of Fort Crawford, near the town of Saint Fiolle, which in 1846 was the larger of the two, but which has now altogether disappeared from the map. Prairie du Chien is a pretty town, being well built, with wide streets and an abundance of shade; and there is an air of thrift and enterprise about its inhabitants which impress the stranger. As in most other towns of the Upper Mississippi, its people are made up largely of New Englanders and New

Yorkers; and wherever they are found, prosperity is sure to follow in their track. Thus, though Prairie du Chien will probably never become a large city, it will hold its own among the neighboring towns and cities up and down the river, and obtain a due share of the influx of immigration into this section of the country.

JEFFERSON HOTEL

Guttenberg, Iowa

September 16, 1881

Lecture appointments at Davenport and other points below Dubuque made it imperative that we should launch our canoe at a seasonable hour in the morning, though much against inclination, for the storm which opened the day before was still in progress. Halted a few moments at McGregor, and took dinner at the Mississippi House, Clayton, both of which towns are in Iowa. A glance through their streets reminded us very forcibly of the "waning glory" of Minneiska, Trempealeau and Victory.

Finding the wind from the westward we kept close to the Iowa shore all day. Reached Guttenberg at five o'clock and housed our canoe in the *Diamond Jo* freight-house. Our clothing was again thoroughly soaked and no changes at hand.

Guttenberg, the county-seat of Clayton County, Iowa, is twenty-six miles [31] below Prairie du Chien, and two hundred and eighty-one [224] south of Saint Paul. It is the largest town in the

county and the river-landing for an extensive section of country. It has a population of about fifteen hundred—nearly all Germans.

The traveler who seeks to penetrate the region west of Guttenberg will first encounter nature in its rough and primitive majesty. He ascends a gigantic bluff, step by step, until he attains a mountain elevation. Then, at his feet, he beholds the Mississippi, dotted with lovely islands and sparkling in the sunlight as it rolls its flood of waters toward the sea. Before him spreads the forest as it appeared a hundred years ago, beautiful in its grandeur. He journeys through it, and his eyes are greeted by smiling farms as he looks westward from the hill-tops. The country grows less rugged as he advances, until, five miles from Guttenberg, he enters a rolling prairie, extending far and wide on either hand, to within three miles of Elkader. This prairie is one of the largest in the State, and is broken into every variety of hill and dale. It is covered with farms, most of them under the very highest state of cultivation.

PACIFIC HOUSE

*Dubuque, Iowa**September 17, 1881*

We paddled away from Guttenberg at eight o'clock in the morning. Weather still unsettled and in keeping with that which followed the launching of our canoes at Saint Paul, with the exception of two or three days. We learned from river-

men that these September rains are a well-known characteristic of the Upper Mississippi, and are looked for annually.

Several attempts were made to arrange for dinner between twelve and one o'clock at farm-houses on the Iowa side, but the stupid foreigners whom we encountered declined to accommodate, seeming to regard us with suspicion. Our perseverance was ultimately rewarded with an excellent dinner at Specht's Ferry, thirty miles [22.7] below Guttenberg.

The afternoon was the finest we had chronicled in many days and afforded us a splendid opportunity to study scenery and other objects of interest in our "line of march."

The geologist, mineralogist or artist will find in the tour from Prairie du Chien to Dubuque a most productive field for research, and one possessing more beauty of scenery and grandeur than any other section of the Mississippi below Winona. His attention will be arrested by the peculiar outline of hills that limit the vision on either side of the river, and the perpendicular walls of rock that rise from the grassy slope or green copsewood in massive cliffs, which terrace the heights as with continuous natural battlements. This scenery not only characterizes the banks of the Mississippi, but many of its Iowa and Wisconsin tributaries. At the base of the cliffs we often noted cool, clear, and copious springs, which not unfrequently give

rise to small streams containing an abundance of delicious trout. The sportsman will find the rivers of this region well stocked with pike, carp, bass, cat-fish, pickerel and sun-fish, while the prairies abound in grouse, partridges and pheasants.

Along the banks of the Mississippi the surface is broken and too uneven for farming purposes, but affords excellent pasturage, while from the valleys and bottoms are gathered hay and grain for winter fodder, leaving little to be desired by the shepherd and stock-raiser. Further back from the river on the Iowa side are found undulating prairies, interspersed with open groves of timber, watered with pebbly or rock-bedded streams, pure and transparent; hills of moderate elevation and gentle slope, with here and there small lakes and ponds, some skirted with timber, and others surrounded by the greensward of the open prairie.

Less than forty years have elapsed since this section was in full possession of the Winnebago Indians. How changed the scene! Their villages, their hunting-grounds and the unbroken forests have disappeared. The palefaces came among them, and the axe of the woodman broke the solitude of ages and warned them of an impending fate. No longer shall these groves and plains be the hunting-ground of the red man; no longer the deep ravines serve as lurking-places for the wily foe, nor the bluff-side as a battle-field between contending tribes.

Our journey was uninterrupted until about four o'clock, when we ran into the log-boom of a saw-mill just above Dubuque. A long "pocket" had been constructed for the reception of logs, and into this we slipped before realizing that, like all well-ordered pockets, there was but one way out of it. We had, in brief, after discovering our dilemma, indulged the hope that as, in a few parallel cases still preserved in memory, there might be a hole in this rather unwelcome Mississippi saw-mill-log-boom pocket, and so we glided down towards the mill. We recalled our Winona adventure, but that was a squall, while this affair was certainly a *boom*, and if there is anything in a name, our present unfavorable outlook was likely to result to our advantage. Proximity to the inevitable saw-mill finally brought our musings to an end, and our canoe to a standstill, for we had run into a nest of two or three thousand logs, and must either retreat by the route we had entered or lift the canoe over the boom, by no means an easy matter, considering that there was nothing but a narrow pole to stand on while we were making the transfer, and that floating on the surface of the water. Running the canoe alongside the boom, Paine stepped out upon the latter, and balancing himself with his double paddle, gave me a hand, and in a moment more I was beside him. We then hoisted the canoe over and launched it; resolved to give saw-mills and *booms* a wide berth in future. . . .

Up to the year 1803, the French owned an immense region west of the Mississippi, which in that year became part of the public domain of the United States by purchase. This region had previously belonged to Spain, and during the tenure of the Spaniards, namely in 1788, a young Canadian trader, named Julien Dubuque, obtained the privilege of working the lead mines which are situated within the limits of the present city. This privilege was obtained from the Indians, and in 1806, Dubuque and his companions applied to the United States Government to have their claim established as a Spanish grant, on the ground that the governor of Louisiana had confirmed, in 1796, the Indian permission given eight years before. In 1810, Dubuque died; but his heirs-at-law continued to press their claim, and the "Dubuque claim case" was legislated upon in Congress and litigated in the courts for nearly fifty years, until, in 1853, it was finally settled adversely to the claimants. . . .

Iowa became a Territory in 1838, Dubuque having been incorporated as a village in the previous year. In 1840 the population of the village was less than one thousand. The first newspaper published in the Territory was started in 1836, under the title of *The Dubuque Visitor*. In 1840 a movement was made to incorporate Dubuque as a city, and in the spring of 1841 this was effected by the election of a mayor and aldermen. . . .

The lead-mining operations were prosperous,

and the foundation of a flourishing city had been laid by this industry. In December, 1847[6], Iowa became a State, and the population of Dubuque had now increased to over three thousand. The city had become an important receiving point, but Galena was still its successful rival for the up-river commerce. It required another decade to secure the success achieved by Dubuque.

The emigration from the Eastern States to Iowa in 1850, and for several years afterward, largely added to the population of this city. Improvement of the streets and business blocks followed, with large school-buildings for the accommodation of six hundred pupils each; and, during the five years preceding 1856, Dubuque made more progress than it had done in the previous fifteen years. During this latter year the population had grown to nearly sixteen thousand. In 1857 and 1858 the city met with some reverses owing to the general financial revulsion; but in 1859 business revived, immigration from the East was resumed, and the business men of Dubuque commenced earnest work for the welfare of their promising city. Fine blocks of buildings and commodious public halls were erected, and the General Government began the construction of the Custom House and Post-Office. From 1860 to 1870, the whole country was convulsed by the Civil War and its results. Although far removed from the scenes of military conflicts, Dubuque City and County sent three

companies of volunteers to battle against rebellion, besides many who enlisted in the regular army. Within a year after the close of the war, the city grew more rapidly; trade, manufactures and public improvements increased, and more houses, schools and churches were built.

In 1870 the population of Dubuque had increased to over eighteen thousand. A street railway was added to the facilities for passenger transit; and steady progress made it all that pertains to a healthy municipal growth. Among the manufactures of this thriving city are those of steam-engines, boilers, threshing-machines, casting and the work of iron-foundries and machine-shops, coppersmith work, tobacco, window-shades, churns, fanning-mills, trunks, soap, flour, wagons and carriages, furniture, planing-mill work, cooperage, brick, vinegar and many others. The trade in lumber affords a striking contrast. In 1834 a small raft of pine boards, the first that ever descended the Upper Mississippi, furnished the material for a frame building used as a boarding-house in Dubuque. In 1870 fifty million feet of pine lumber were sold from fifteen Dubuque lumber-yards, and the trade has very considerably increased since that date.

The first school in Iowa was opened in Dubuque in 1833. At present there are in the city a dozen fine buildings, with about eighty well-qualified teachers and over three thousand pupils to mark

the educational progress of its citizens. The lead mines of Julien Dubuque within the corporation limits and surrounding them, have been, and are still, an important element of prosperity. The lead district of Dubuque County comprises over a hundred square miles, but the larger number of the mines are worked within the city, or within a mile or two of it. Many of the valuable lodes near Dubuque have been worked beneath gardens, streets, roads and cultivated fields. The product of the mines has averaged in value about three hundred thousand dollars annually, and they are still as productive as they were fifty years ago.

The Methodists, in 1834, were the first religious denomination established in Dubuque. The Catholics were the next, in 1835; and by the year 1840, the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Baptists had organized churches.

No city of the Union of equal population has in our opinion more reason to be proud of its position, character and reputation, than Dubuque in developing all the elements of progress placed by nature at its disposal. From its fortunate geographical position, nearly midway between Saint Louis and Saint Paul, it bids fair to justify its claim to be the "Metropolis [Key City] of Iowa."

Dubuque to Davenport

BOWER HOUSE

Bellevue, Iowa

September 18, 1881

Remained at Dubuque until after dinner. Spent the morning in strolls through and around the city. On calling for our canoe at one o'clock, we found a strong wind from the south, and in consequence rough water was encountered throughout the afternoon.

On leaving Dubuque we noticed a very pronounced change in the scenery. The bold, rocky bluffs, which had been observed at intervals all along our route from the Falls of Saint Anthony, had almost entirely disappeared, and in their place rolling prairies came down, in many cases to the water's edge, in gradual slopes. Illinois is now on our left hand, and as we reach and pass the various cities and towns that serve as landmarks on the river, we begin to realize that we are making good progress toward the Gulf. We were strongly tempted to paddle over to the east bank and set our feet on the soil of the "Sucker" State, but the wind having shifted to westward we thought it wise to hug the windward shore. If more favored to-morrow we shall run over and pay our respects.

Reached Bellevue at half-past seven o'clock and

registered at the Bower House. Here, through the courtesy of our landlord, Mr. N. O. Ames, we were introduced to several very intelligent and agreeable citizens, among whom were Hon. W. O. Evans, editor of the *Leader*, Captain W. A. Warren and Mr. B. W. Seaward. From these gentlemen we gleaned considerable information concerning the peculiar origin and early history of Bellevue. It is said to have been settled by bandits in 1836, and has a present population of eighteen hundred honest, industrious, prosperous citizens.

It stands on a high bank thirty-two miles below Dubuque, has an excellent landing and is noted for its fine scenery.

I should do injustice to the moral standard of this respectable and enterprising town, if I failed to explain that its bandit pioneers, after many sanguinary struggles with the officers of the law, were, long years ago, exterminated, so that the traveler in these times, who contemplates a sojourn at this delightful summer resort, need have no fears, nor provide himself with an unusual supply of ammunition, nor call on the authorities to protect his life and property from the onslaughts of marauders.

Bellevue has two banks, one weekly paper and an extensive trade by railway in grain, stock and agricultural produce.

It is a promising town, and its onward movement seems assured.

REVERE HOUSE

*Clinton, Iowa**September 19, 1881*

So agreeably had we been entertained by the successors of the "bandits," that we did not re-embark until nine o'clock in the morning, and then rather reluctantly, notwithstanding our resolution of the previous evening to start at a much earlier hour. We reached Sabula, on the west bank, thirty-three [21.4] miles below Bellevue, a few minutes after one o'clock, at which place we dined.

We stepped ashore at Lyons and looked through its principal streets. This city is seventy-seven [59] miles south-east of Dubuque, and three above Clinton, with which it is connected by street railways. It has a national bank, two weekly papers, graded public schools, a seminary, several factories and extensive nurseries. Its population as given by the last census is something over four thousand.

Just below Lyons we were met by Messrs. E. L. Moses and W. F. Coan, Jr., of the Wapsipinicon Boat-club, who, having been apprised through their city papers that we were on our way to Clinton, came up the river to extend the hospitalities of their club. These gentlemen led the way down to their boat-house, where we were shown the various craft in which they delight to cut the water. Boats large and small, and of every variety of manufacture, from the rudest pattern of a dug-out, to the most delicately constructed sculls and skiffs.

After spending a half-hour with the "Wapsies" we were escorted to the Revere House and introduced to the proprietor, Mr. J. G. Cornue, to whom we were indebted for many favors and much valuable information concerning Clinton and vicinity.

Clinton, the county-seat of Clinton County, is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, just above the mouth of the Wapsipinicon. It is eighty [61.2] miles below Dubuque, forty-two above Davenport and one hundred and thirty-eight west of Chicago. It contains three banks, one daily and three weekly papers, railroad repair-shops, foundries, sash and blind-factories, a paper-mill and eight saw-mills. Population about ten thousand. The river is crossed at this point by an iron railway drawbridge, having its eastern terminus in Fulton, a small town on the Illinois side.

While here, we learned of the death of President Garfield, which occurred between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The announcement reached Clinton at half-past ten. I had retired, but was aroused by the newsboys, who were crying extras on the streets, and a few moments later the hotel clerk handed me a copy of the *Clinton Herald*, giving an account of the sad event at Elberon, New Jersey.

PRIVATE HOUSE

Moline, Illinois

September 20, 1881

We were up very early in the morning and, after

reading the details of the President's death, had breakfast; then walked down to the boat-club house, where we found several members of the club awaiting us. Was introduced to their commodore, Mr. E. M. Treman, and others. Mr. E. L. Moses, who met us above Clinton the evening before, accompanied us down the river in a "scull" as far as Co[a]manche, where he introduced me to an acquaintance of his, Colonel J. H. Smith, late of the Sixteenth Iowa Volunteers, who, I soon discovered, had been a fellow-prisoner at Richmond during the War of the Rebellion. We soon fell to talking over our army experiences, and became so much absorbed in the incidents of our prison-days, that Paine concluded I had quite forgotten that Moline was the evening objective. Perhaps I had, for it is not an easy matter to break away from those with whom we have shared privations, hardships and dangers, when we meet them but once or twice in the course of a lifetime.

Had dinner at Cordova, a small hamlet on the Illinois shore, twenty-one miles below Clinton. So strong was the current during this day's journey that we covered forty-three miles between nine o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon, notwithstanding my interview with Colonel Smith, at Comanche, and an hour for refreshments at Cordova.

The Le Claire Rapids, ten miles above Moline, were thought by many to be dangerous to naviga-

tion in small boats; but we rather coveted the impetus which they were certain to give our staunch little canoe, while we felt sure that their turbulent character had been greatly exaggerated. It is needless to add that the rapids were safely passed and that we heartily enjoyed the excitement which invariably falls to the lot of a voyager in a swift current with occasional slight obstructions. These are the only rapids between Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and Keokuk, Iowa, with the exception of the Lower Rapids at Moline [Montrose], which are a continuation of the former. The velocity of the Upper Rapids is sufficient to turn a mill-wheel requiring considerable power, and we noticed one in operation on the Iowa side.

Arriving at a convenient landing-place at Moline, in sight of many evidences of an advanced civilization in the shape of sundry gigantic smokestacks, we found ourselves in the lively little city which has been designated, with some show of reason, the "Lowell of the West." Moline is exclusively a manufacturing centre. Passing along its main street, parallel to the river, we see little else than factories, some of considerable size, and the busy hum of machinery salutes our ears for more than a mile, as we walk, and look with wonder on these signs of the march of western industry and progress. The motive power produced by a fall in the Mississippi at this point, and utilized for the driving of machinery, is the source of all

this energy, and has made Moline one of the busiest and most flourishing places in the western country. The National Government has of late years greatly improved this motive power for the benefit, mainly, of the United States Arsenal works on the island, but no less has it contributed to the solid advantage of the enterprising settlers on the adjacent mainland, and hence Moline, the "City of Mills," has attained its present importance, and, we believe, it may truly be said that no other city in the West, of its size, equals it in manufacturing vigor and resources. The great plowfactory of Messrs. Deere & Company is known far and wide, while many other establishments of scarcely less celebrity flourish side by side on the river's bank, giving employment to large numbers of people and creating and distributing wealth over the land.

The site of this enterprising city is favorable to its growth, and already it extends its arms eastward almost to Rock River, an important tributary of the Mississippi, distant from Moline proper about three miles. It must be said, however, that the useful predominates over the beautiful here, as in most manufacturing centres, albeit not lacking, over the bluffs, in many beautiful spots, where extensive views of the Great River are obtained, and sites for building are being selected. Educational and religious matters are not forgotten by this busy people. Besides several excellent schools, includ-

ing a handsome and commodious High School, the site of which overlooks the city, and is in every respect a credit to the citizens, Moline has a flourishing Public Library, containing many thousand volumes of theological, historical, biographical and scientific works, together with a good assortment of fiction. Here are also several churches of the various religious denominations and, from all we could learn, the people are generally sober, intelligent and industrious.

In population Moline is smaller than either Davenport or Rock Island City, but in manufacturing importance it far excels them both. The source of its growth and prosperity—the water-power—will doubtless continue to operate as such for generations untold, and Moline will eventually fill the entire space between the Mississippi and Rock River at this point. Sylvan Water, the poetic designation given to a portion of the Great River lying between the city and Rock-Island Arsenal, has been the scene of the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association for which it is found to be eminently adapted. A substantial bridge uniting Moline with the arsenal crosses it, and from this a view is obtained of the extensive government works now in progress for the permanent improvement of the water-power.

Four Days at Davenport

KIMBALL HOUSE

Davenport, Iowa

September 21, 1881

The entire forenoon of September twenty-first was devoted to an inspection of the varied manufactures of Moline, and in the afternoon we dropped down to Davenport. Among those who shook hands with us at the landing was Colonel P. A. J. Russell, city editor of the *Democrat*, who was the first to greet me here during my horseback journey from ocean to ocean in 1876, and who now seemed doubly interested in my canoe voyage from source to sea. The colonel remarked that he had no intention of letting me intersect my old line of march without seeing at least one familiar face.

Stepping into a carriage which was in waiting at the ferry, we were driven to the "Kimball," until recently known as the Burtis House, where I had registered during my former journey. The chief topic of conversation everywhere at this time was the death and approaching funeral of President Garfield. Having an engagement to lecture at Davenport on the twenty-third, it was thought advisable by many to cancel it out of respect to the Nation's dead; while others urged that as a

large number of tickets had been sold it would be better to meet the appointment. I accordingly lectured at Library Hall, being introduced by Mayor Henry. I referred to the dead President before proceeding with my lecture, and gave my reasons for delivering it at a time when nearly all public engagements were either cancelled or postponed.

Less than fifty years ago the first cabin was erected here by white men. The retreating footsteps of the red man were still heard over the bluffs. The graves of his people were still fresh on the brow of the hills, but all of this, with the play-grounds of his children, have now been covered over with the habitations of the pale face. The mighty river that once bore the frail bark of a Marquette and a Joliet has become the thoroughfare of states. Where the light canoe of the savage once glided in safety, the *scu-ti-chemon* (or steamboat) of the white man now floats with majesty and splendor, and this magnificent river has become the highway of a mighty nation. The Mackinaw trading-boat, with its French *voyageur* has left its moorings on *As-sin-ne-Man-ess* (Rock Island), and old Fort Armstrong, that had stood like a watchful sentinel on the jutting rocks . . .

The bluffs of Davenport consist of a gentle rise from the river or bottom lands; not so steep but that roads are constructed up almost every part of them. The general elevation of these bluffs or highlands is about one hundred feet above the

Mississippi, covered now with residences, gardens and cultivated fields to their summit. Davenport Township differs from most others upon the river in the beautiful rolling prairie immediately back from the river, after passing the bluffs. Back of the city the slope from the top of the bluff to Duck Creek, covered as it is with gardens and fields, is one of uncommon beauty and richness.

At the close of the year 1832 there were no settlements of white men in Iowa. In this year, on the fifteenth of September, General Winfield Scott negotiated a treaty with the Indians of the Sac [and Fox] tribes for the purchase by the United States of the territory comprising [including] Scott County, bordering on the river. The city of Davenport was named after Colonel George Davenport, the first white settler on Rock Island, on the eastern shore of the river and immediately opposite the site of Davenport. The Government had appointed him Indian agent and he received a grant of land on the Island.

The first person that owned land in Davenport was Antoine Le Claire, the son of a Canadian Frenchman, born in Michigan in 1797. His mother was the daughter of a Pottawatomie chief. At this time the Territory of the Northwest, out of which half a dozen great States have since been formed, was peopled almost entirely by the red man, with here and there one of a different race, fearless enough to brave the perils of a frontier

life among the dusky denizens of the wilderness. The father of Le Claire was one of these. The claim upon which the City of Davenport was laid out was purchased by Le Claire for one hundred and fifty dollars! In 1835 Mr. Le Claire sold his claim to a company, whose object was to lay it out as a town site. They chose well, as the event has amply established. During the first year only some half dozen families came in, mostly from Saint Louis. The first hotel, the first store and the first saloon were opened this same year. The saloon was a log shanty and stood on Front street below Western avenue. The "Davenport Hotel," a frame building of small pretension, erected by Messrs. Davenport and Le Claire, occupied a lot on the corner of Front and Ripley streets; and the first store was the property of James Mackintosh, who sold to the scant population dry-goods, groceries, hardware and provisions. But, in addition to the dozen families in Davenport, purchasers came from the opposite shore of the river. Lumber was at that time brought up the river from Cincinnati. Flour at sixteen dollars per barrel and pork at sixteen cents per pound were also brought from Cincinnati. From this first year the ferry also dates its origin—a flat-boat propelled by oars. This, in time, gave place to steam, and, at present, a large and commodious steamboat is constantly employed in transferring freight and passengers between the Iowa and Illinois shores of the river,

which at this point is about a mile wide. The mortality of Davenport during the first year of its existence amounted to seven, with a population of less than one hundred souls. Stevenson—now Rock Island City, on the Illinois shore, which had been laid out in 1834—possessed at this time a population of nearly five hundred.

Davenport, in the beauty of its location, excels all the other cities in the State. Handsome homes dot the bluffs. River views, for residences, have been extensively occupied by the well-to-do citizens, and the scope of country brought within the range of the eye from some of these hill-top dwellings is scarcely to be excelled for beauty by anything I have seen on the river. The drainage is of nature's own making—the city being built on a declivity. There is much room for improvement in the sidewalks here. Possibly the citizens are too busy to give thought to a subject that concerns them only externally. Strangers, however, notice their defective, and in many cases dilapidated, condition, and make uncharitable remarks. The same applies to the County Court House, which is, without exception, the meanest I have seen in any city east of the Rockies and north of "Dixie."

The educational advantages are proportioned to the size of the city. Here are twelve school-buildings, including that of the High School, erected in 1874, at a cost of sixty-five thousand dollars. The annual cost of the twelve schools is

about seventy thousand dollars. Griswold College, belonging to the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Iowa, occupies a very picturesque site overlooking the river. The Roman Catholic Academy of the Immaculate Conception is conducted by the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M. Located within the city boundaries, it is surrounded by beautiful grounds and appears as quiet and retired as if miles away from the hum of the restless city. The buildings are elegant and commodious, and a new addition, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars is now in course of erection. This academy was opened for the education of young ladies in 1859. The churches are numerous and well attended. Grace Church, the cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Iowa, is a very fine, substantial edifice, erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars.

Trinity Church has a chime of bells, awaking memories of young both grave and gay, and may be heard at a distance of several miles. The Roman Catholic diocese of Davenport, embracing the southern half of the State, has also its seat here in the residence of the bishop. Four Baptist, four Catholic, one Christian, two Congregational, four Episcopal, one Hebrew, three Lutheran, four Methodist, one Unitarian and four Presbyterian churches afford strong evidence of progress in the cause of religion.

The Public Library on Brady street, as a means

of education, should not be passed without favorable mention. It was founded by the late Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, a lady of wealth and benevolence, and contains about ten thousand volumes; but the institution which has contributed most to the fame of Davenport, is its Academy of Sciences. This embraces a most valuable collection of rare curiosities, ancient and modern—relics from the mounds of Iowa and adjoining states, including many skulls and portions of the skeletons of prehistoric man, and of animals of an extinct race. The visitor to Davenport may spend a day very profitably in this well-ordered and attractive museum. Mercy Hospital is under the management of the Sisters of Mercy, and was opened in 1868. It has grown to large proportions and receives and cares for patients without reference to their religious denomination. It has the entire confidence of the citizens and all testify to its judicious management and great usefulness. The Home for the Friendless, founded and liberally endowed by the benevolent Mrs. Cook, is a shelter for destitute females. It supplies a want found to exist, in a greater or less degree, in most cities, but unfortunately supplied in few. It is to the praise of Davenport that such an institution has been provided for friendless women and girls, and that it is so well and carefully conducted.

The growth of Davenport has been mainly since 1850. Surrounded by a beautiful and fertile coun-

try, it affords good sanitary conditions and every facility for the development of industry of many kinds. The present population is about 25,000.

Rock Island Arsenal lies to the north of Rock Island City, the latter not being situated on the Island, as might be supposed by the untraveled reader from its name. The Island proper has been appropriated by the United States Government since 1804, though unoccupied until 1812, on the breaking out of the war with Great Britain. A fort was erected here in 1816, and named Fort Armstrong, in honor of the then Secretary of War. It was garrisoned by United States troops until May, 1836, when it was evacuated. In 1840, the Government established here an ordnance depot, but in 1845, the stores were removed to the Saint Louis Arsenal. In 1862, an Act of Congress converted the Island into an arsenal for the National Government, and such it remains to this day. General Thomas J. Rodman, the inventor of the Rodman gun, was appointed to the command of the Arsenal in June, 1865, and continued in command until his death in 1871. In March, 1869, Congress appropriated \$500,000 for the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi, uniting the Island with the city of Davenport, immediately opposite. General Rodman was succeeded in June, 1871, by Colonel D. W. Flagler, of the Ordnance Corps. This officer, since his appointment, has effected great improvements on the

DOWN THE GREAT RIVER;

EMBRACING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE

True Source of the Mississippi,

TOGETHER WITH

VIEWS, DESCRIPTIVE AND PICTORIAL, OF THE CITIES, TOWNS,
VILLAGES AND SCENERY ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, AS
SEEN DURING A CANOE VOYAGE OF OVER THREE
THOUSAND MILES FROM ITS HEAD WATERS
TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY

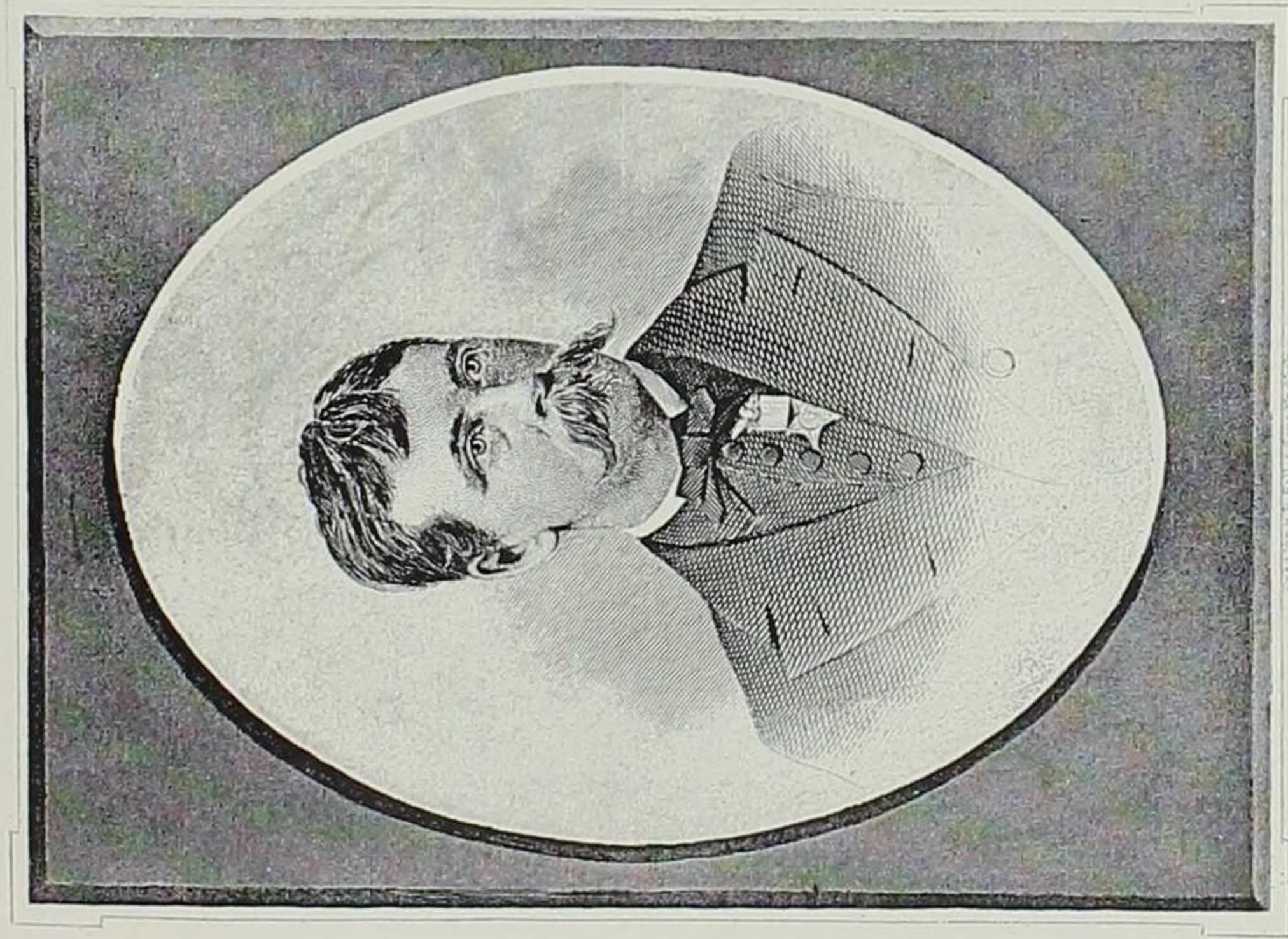
CAPTAIN WILLARD GLAZIER,

Author of "Soldiers of the Saddle," "Capture, Prison-Pen and Escape," "Battles for the
Union," "Heroes of Three Wars," "Peculiarities of American Cities,"
"Ocean to Ocean on Horseback," etc.

Illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA:
HUBBARD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
723 CHESTNUT STREET.

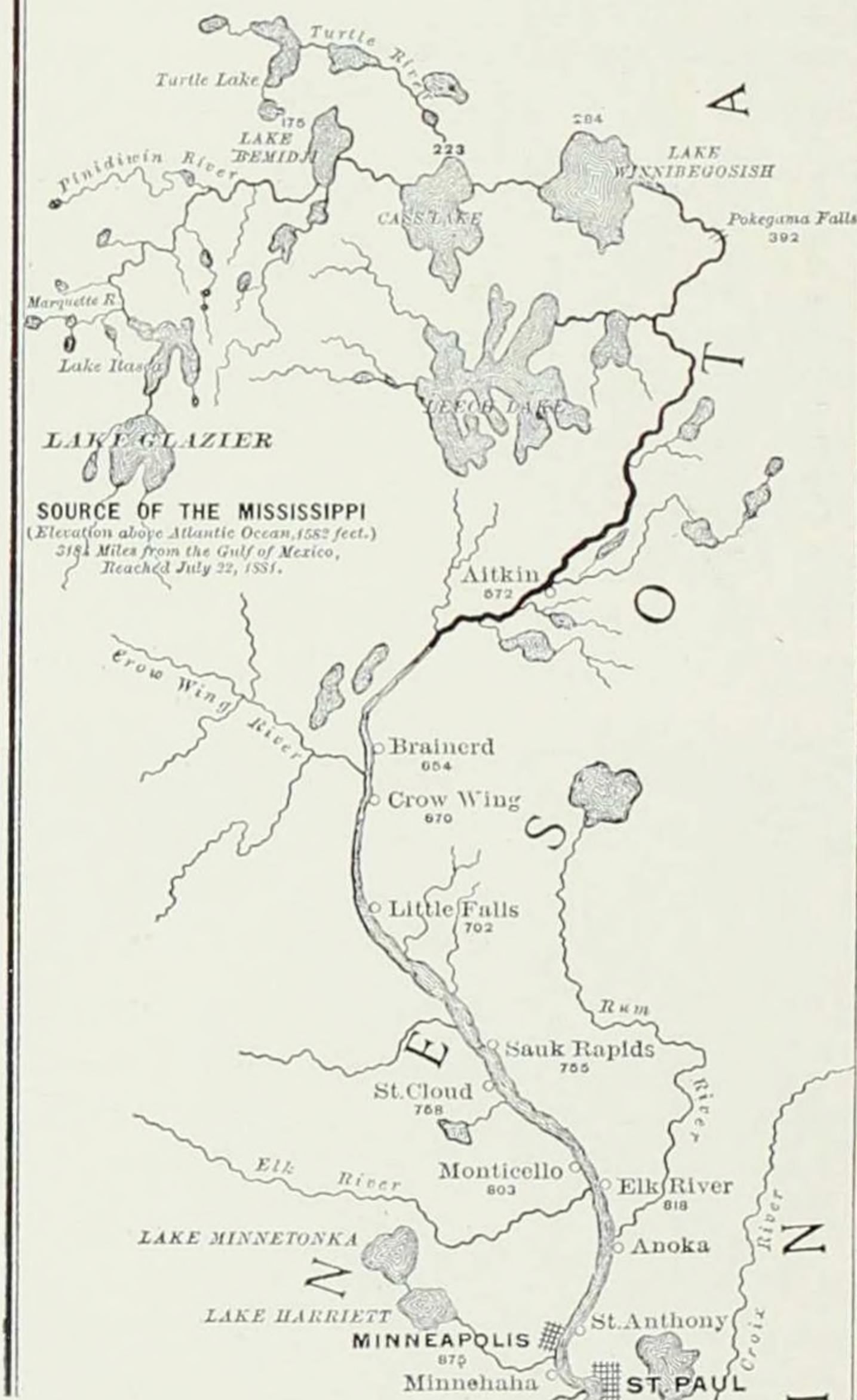
1892.



WILLARD GLAZIER

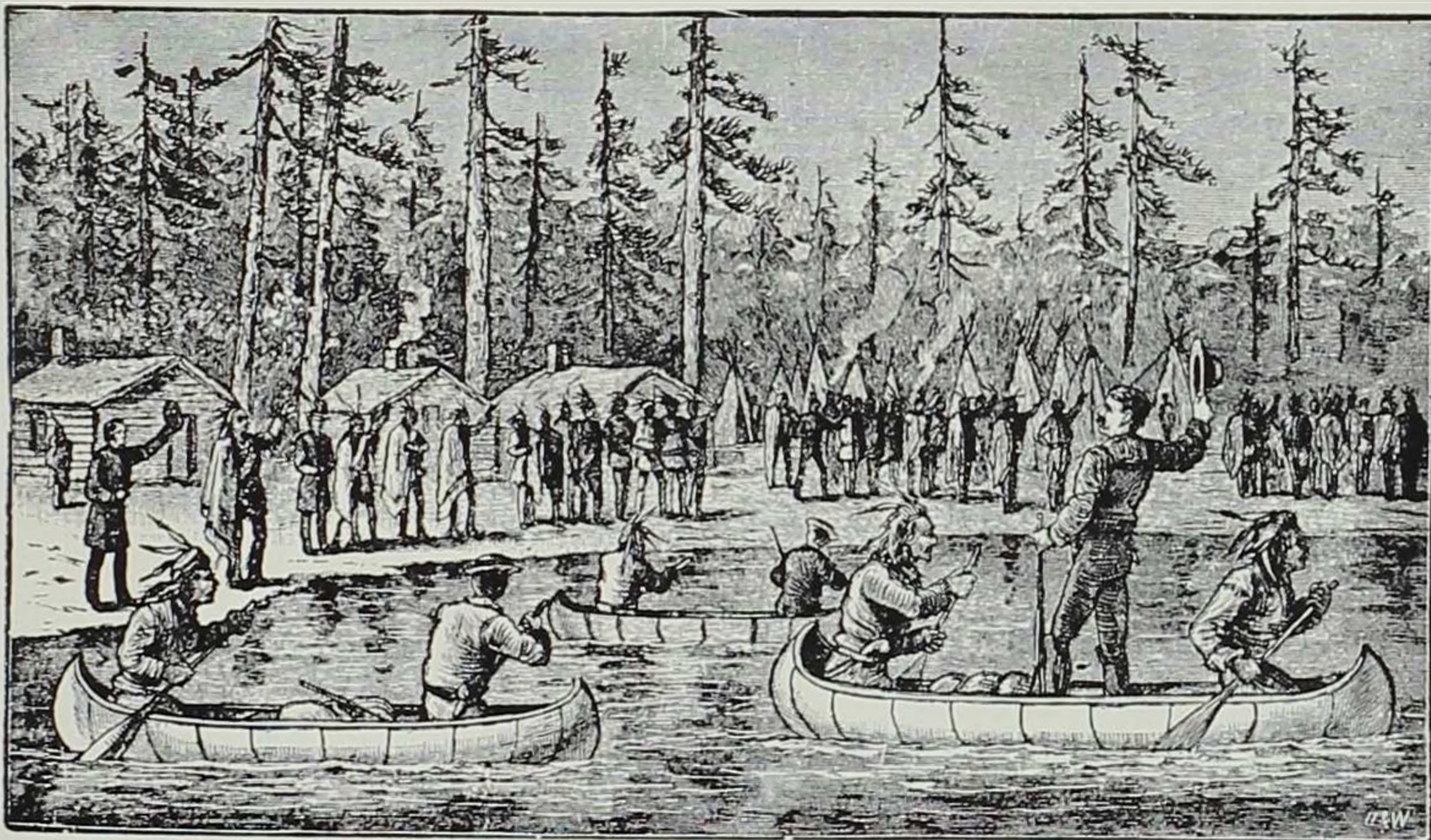
(Right) Title page of Glazier's book.

THE "FATHER OF WATERS"



A 38-inch long folding map locates the stops and landmarks recorded by Glazier on his trip from the source of the Mississippi to its mouth.

This section of the map locates what Glazier mistakenly claimed was the source of the Mississippi in Lake Glazier. It follows the canoeists from Lake Itasca to the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Portion of the map on the back cover locates the stops made along eastern border of Iowa, most of which were in the Hawkeye State.

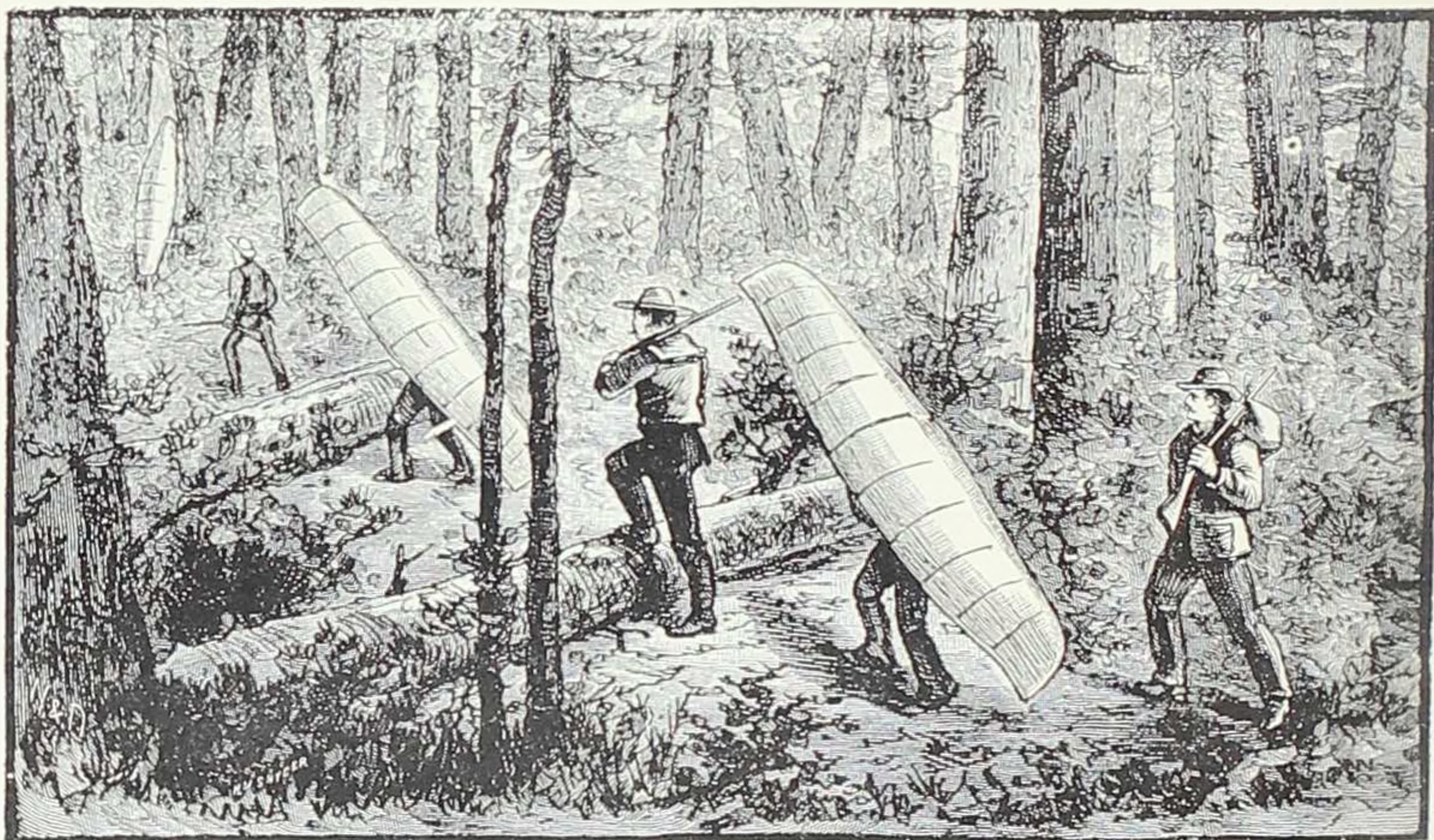


Embarking for the Source of the Great River.



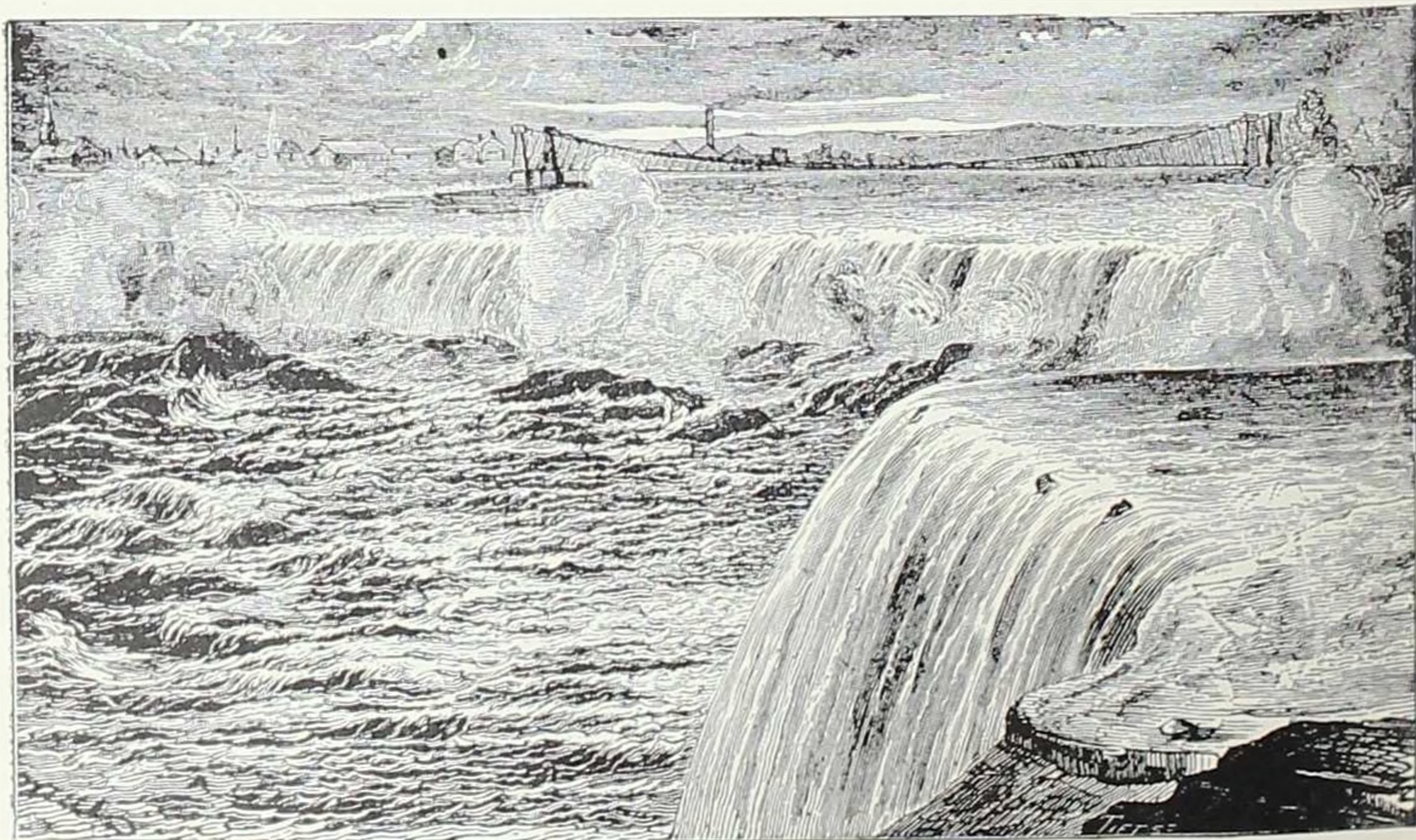
Source of the "Father of Waters."

Captain Glazier's claim to this honor has never been accepted by students of the subject. See J. V. Brower, *Itasca State Park*, Vol. XI, *Minnesota Historical Society Collections*.



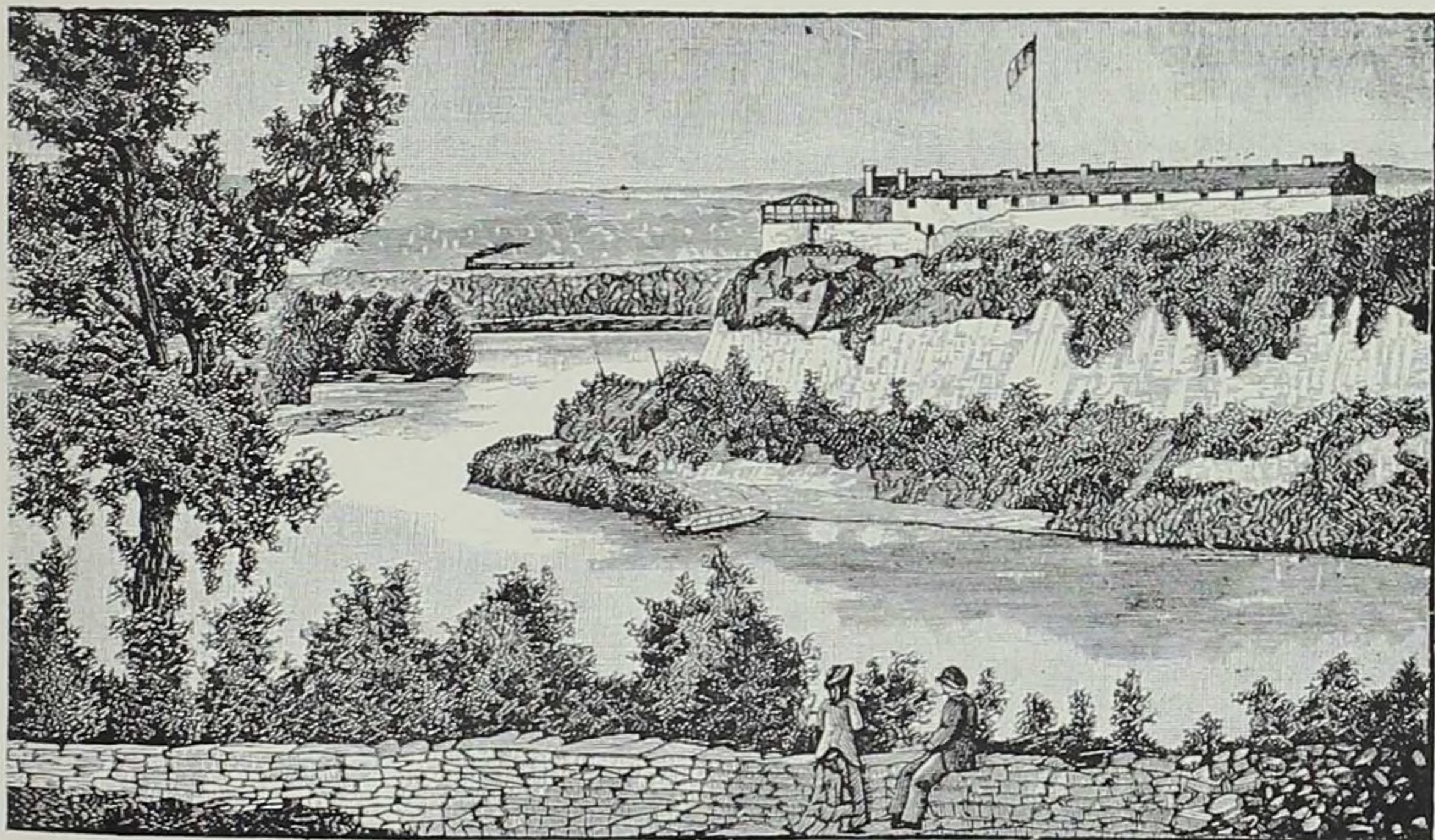
Making a Portage.

The explorers and fur traders who came to the Iowa country were quite often required to make portages. Joliet and Marquette portaged from the Fox to the Wisconsin River.



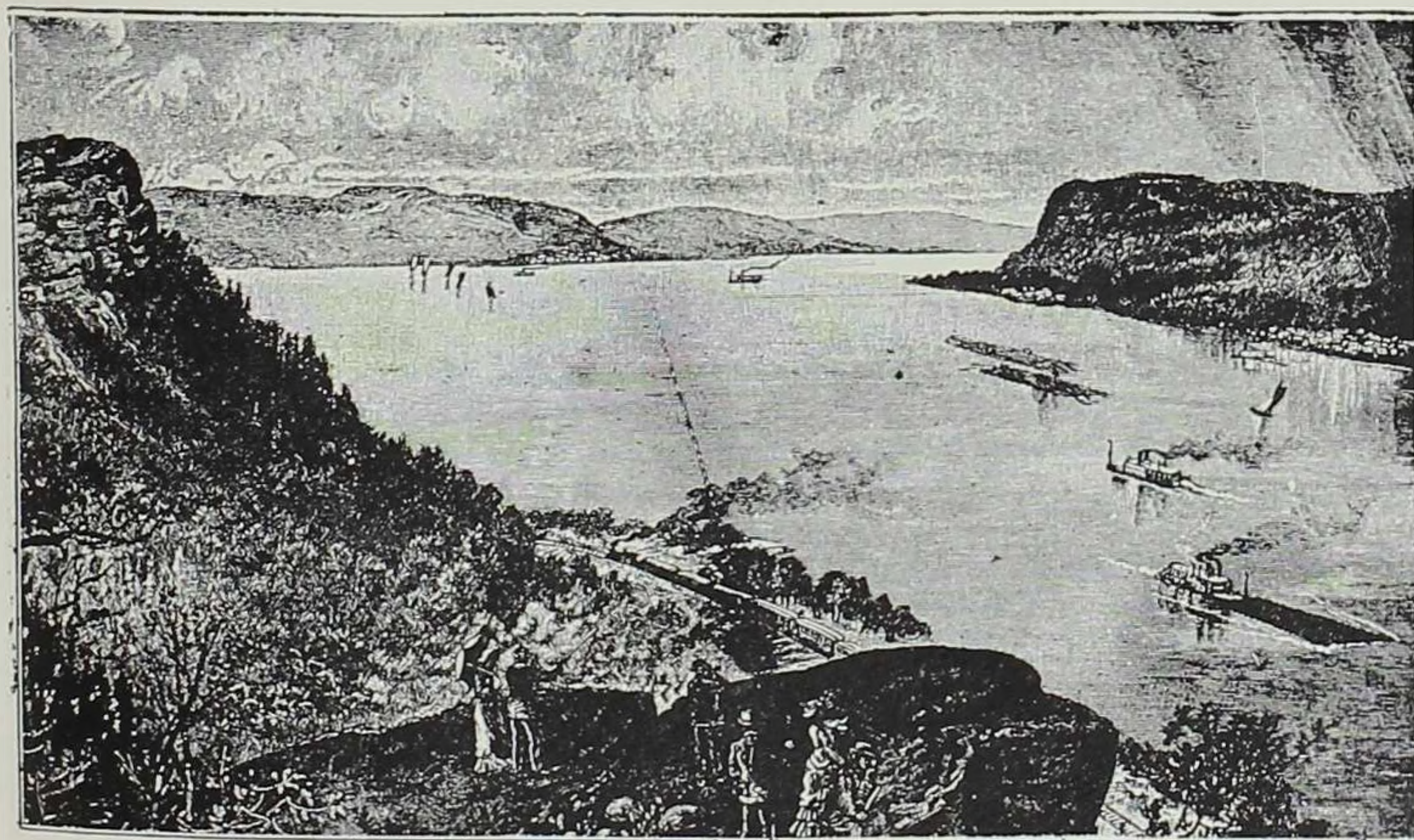
The Falls of St. Anthony in 1881.

This dramatic waterfall was the objective of thousands of excursionists before the Civil War. Indian Artist George Catlin referred to the trip as the "Fashionable Tour" in 1835.



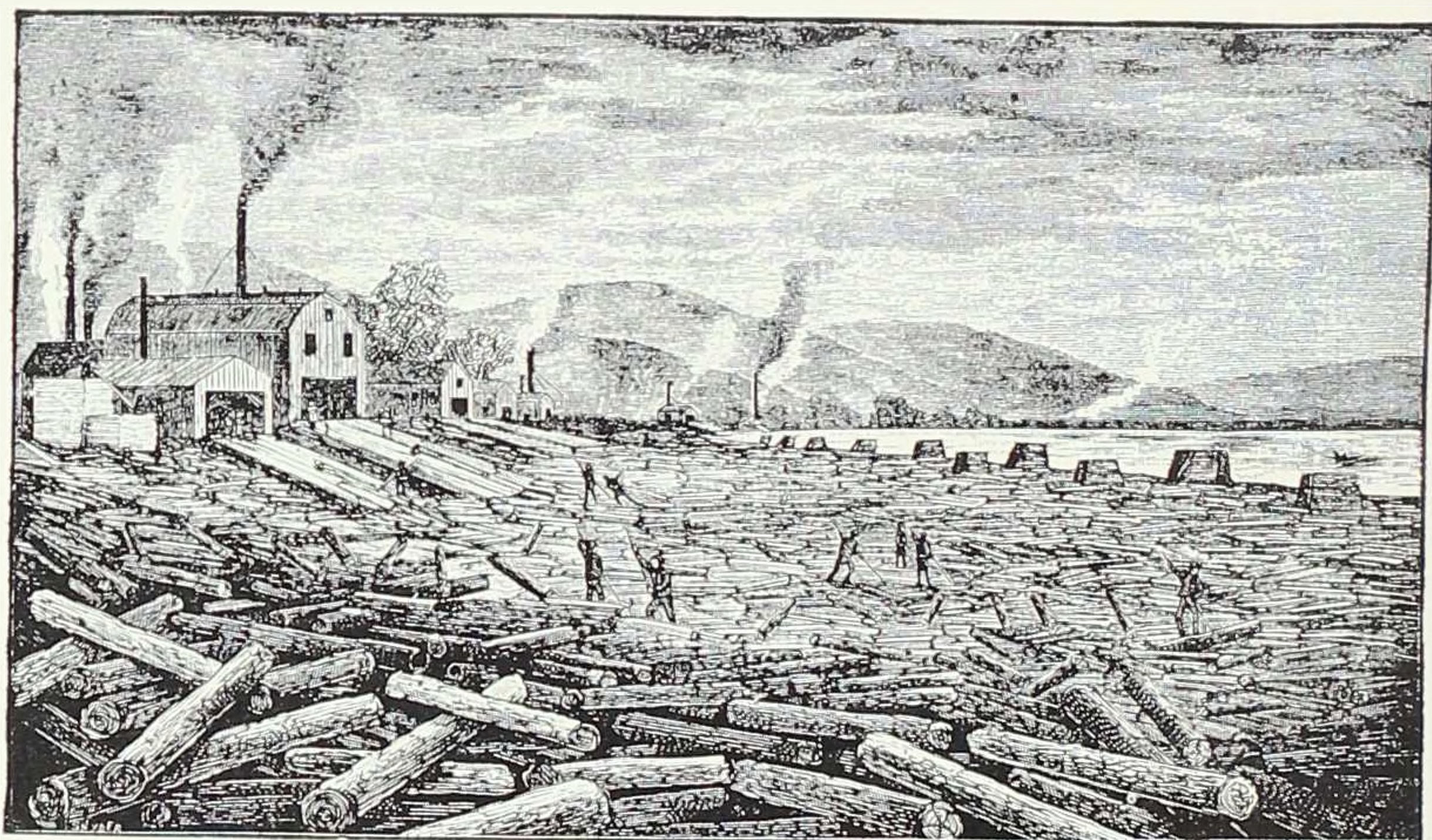
Fort Snelling, between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

In 1970 the Minnesota Historical Society took the lead in observing the 150th anniversary of the founding of Fort Snelling. It is in the process of being restored.



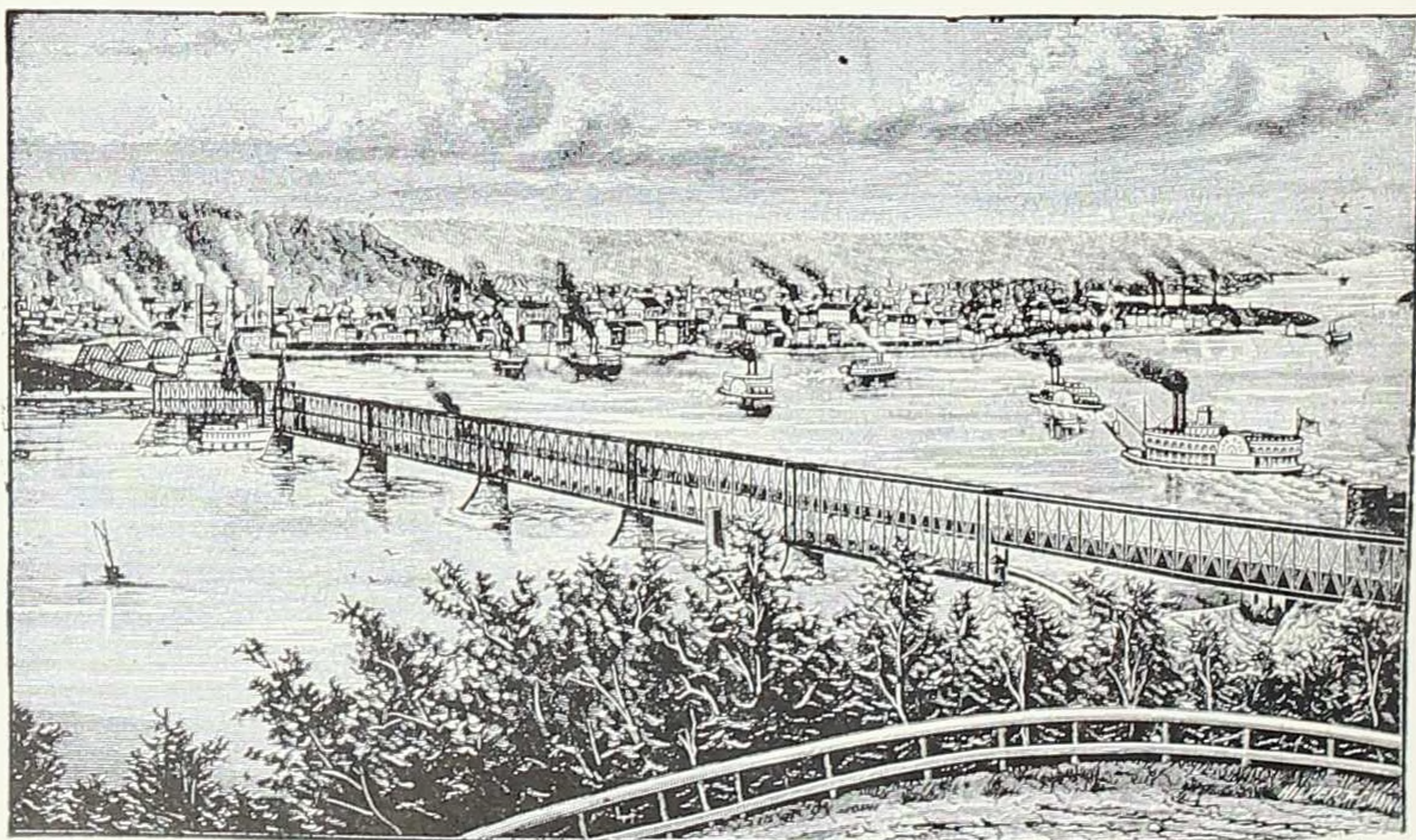
View of Lake Pepin.

This 22-mile stretch of the Mississippi was a picturesque and sometimes dangerous section to navigate. Lake Pepin is ice-locked each winter and late in opening each spring.



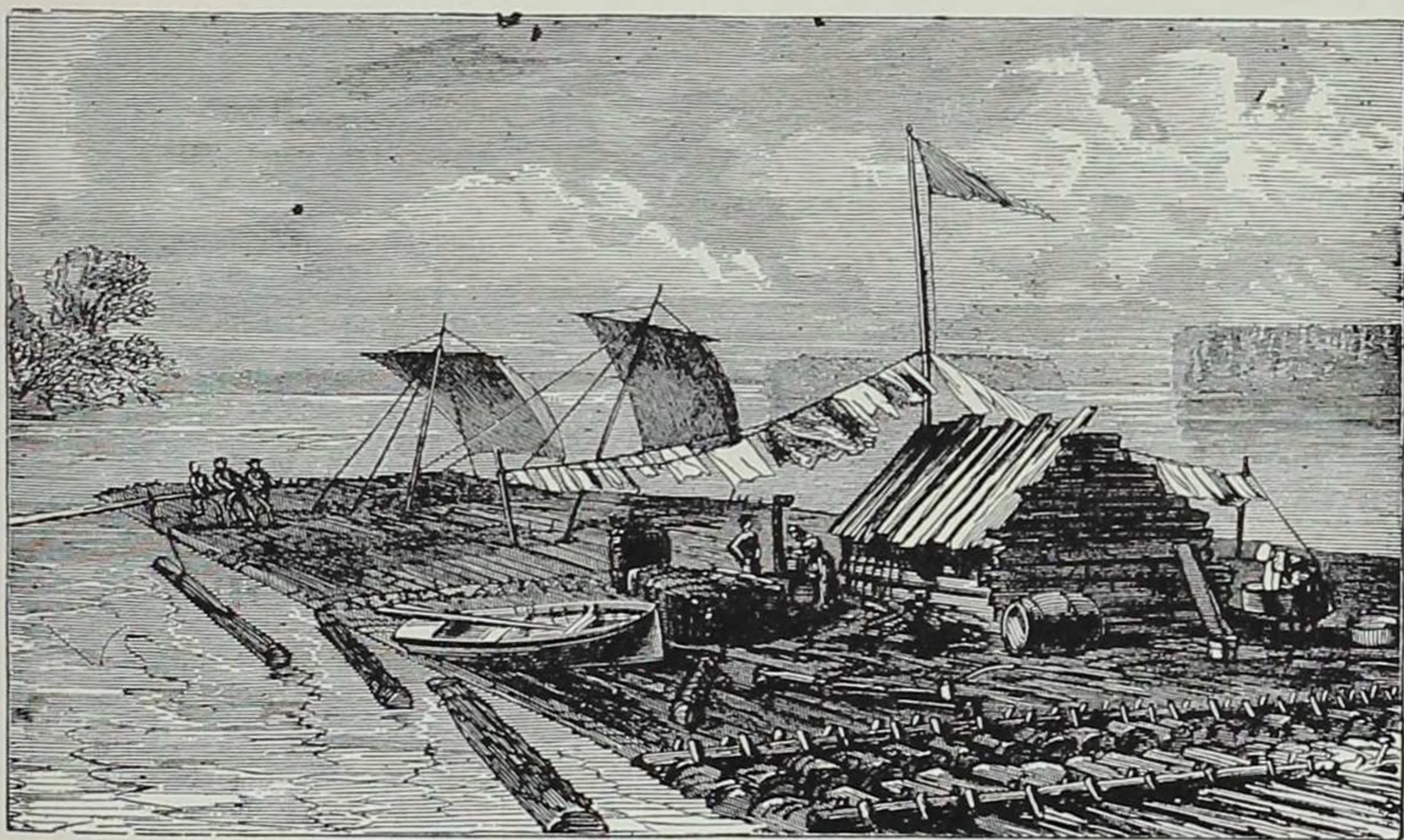
Log-Boom and Saw-Mill.

These saw-mills dotted the Mississippi from Lansing to Keokuk and played a vital role in converting Iowa from a log cabin and sodhouse frontier to a land of frame houses.



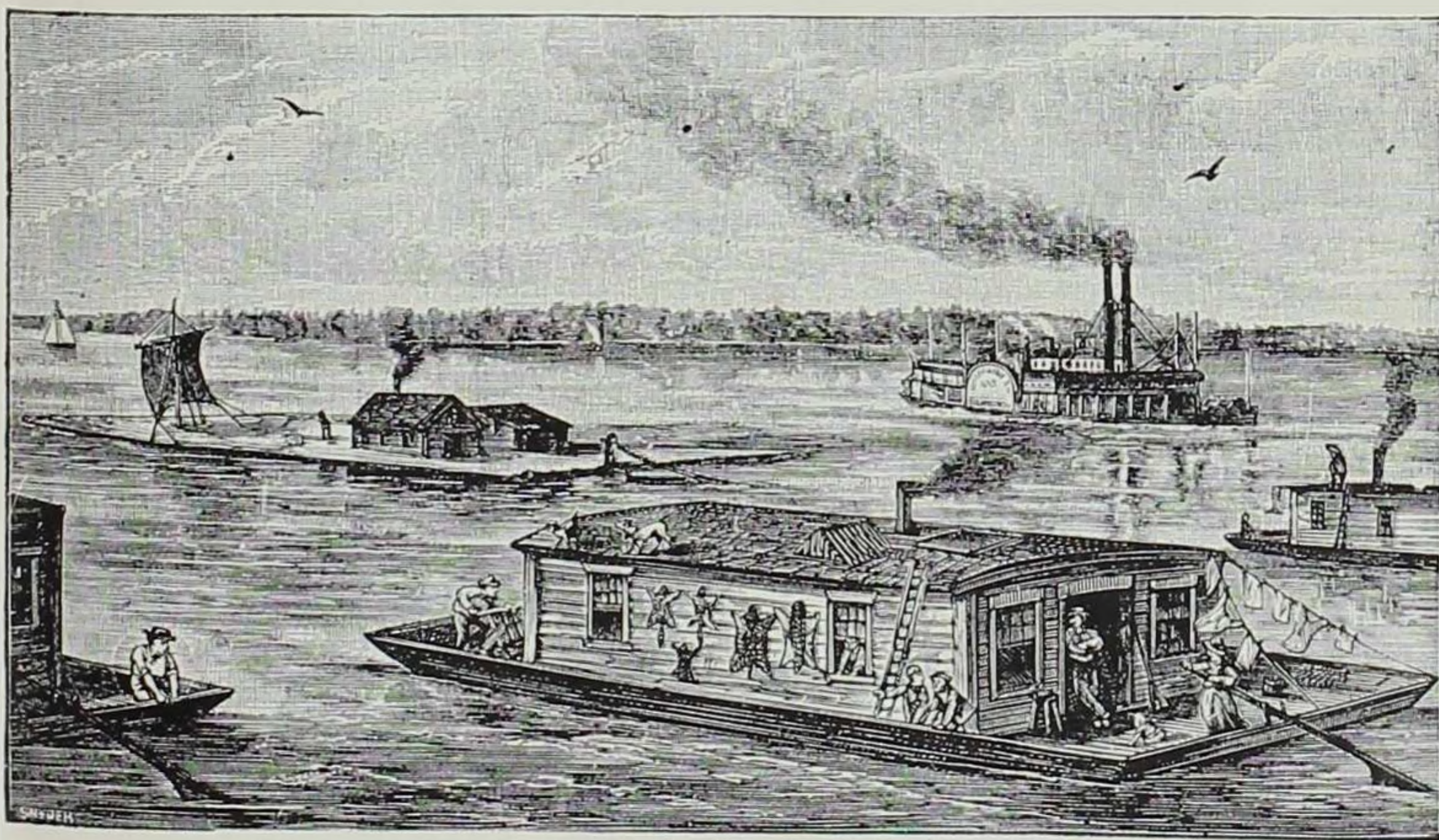
Government Bridge Between Davenport and Rock Island.

The first bridge across the Mississippi was built in 1856 and had been relocated and rebuilt when this picture was drawn in 1881.



Raft on the Upper Mississippi.

Although most log and lumber rafts were being pushed down the Mississippi by raft boats in 1881, occasional floating rafts still could be seen.



The Shanty-Boat.

Not as common on the Upper Mississippi as on the Ohio and Lower Mississippi, shanty-boats of the types depicted could be encountered.



An Iowa Tributary of the Mississippi.

Not identified by Glazier, but possibly the Upper Iowa, Yellow, or Turkey rivers.

Island, having converted it into a strong military post—in fact, the strongest on the Mississippi. He has erected substantial quarters for the commander and his subordinate officers, soldiers' barracks, a complete system of sewerage, a bridge, connecting the Island with the city of Moline; roads, streets and avenues across the Island; a water-power wall, powder-magazine, pump-house, and has introduced the manufacture of stores for the army and machinery for the various shops in which the material of war is extensively fabricated.

Rock Island Arsenal is united with the Iowa side of the river, as before stated, by a well-constructed and handsome bridge, 1,550 feet long; and with the Illinois side by two bridges, one leading to Rock Island City and the other to Moline. The one spanning the Mississippi on the north of the Island is a most durable structure, and is said to be one of the finest in the United States.

During the late Civil War, the Island was made available by the Government as a military prison, upwards of twelve thousand Confederate prisoners having been confined here. Of these, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-one died during their imprisonment and were buried on the Island. About four hundred Union soldiers were also buried here, and on each recurring Decoration Day, the graves are strewn with flowers.

There is little more to be said of the Island except that it rests upon a substantial foundation of

rock of the limestone order and hence its name. The length of the Island is two and three-quarter miles, and its width varies from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile. A very pleasant day may be passed in wandering over this island, which seems intended to become the arsenal for the entire Mississippi Valley. When the works are completed, if crowded to its full capacity, it will arm, equip and supply an army of seven hundred and fifty thousand men.

Surrounded with the paraphernalia of grim war, Commandant Flagler has found time and opportunity for the cultivation of the science of ornithology, and has converted his island-fortress into an immense *aviary*! Here are to be seen, flitting about the dense foliage of the woodlands, almost every variety of American bird—nearly all song-birds, which build their nests and raise their broods on the Island unmolested. It is a singular adjunct to an arsenal and reflects credit on the taste and refinement of its gallant commander. The colonel wages war without quarter on the English sparrow, however, which he will not allow to alight and rest its little wings on his preserves on pain of summary execution by the shot-gun, without even a preliminary trial by court-martial.

The city of Rock Island is situated on the mainland at the extremity of Rock Island Arsenal, on the Illinois or left bank of the river. On its eastern side are some very picturesque bluffs, stretching

away to the sheltered valley of the Rock River, and including scenery of unrivaled beauty. Comfortable residences dot the sides of these hills, amid clumps of trees and miniature forests that afford shelter and shade to the well-to-do residents. Rock Island is about midway between Saint Louis and Saint Paul, and immediately opposite the more populous city of Davenport, Iowa. It is, as already stated, connected with the latter city by an elegant and substantial iron bridge, owned by the Government and open to the public free of toll. The famous water-power produced by the lower rapids has contributed largely to the marvelous growth of this city as well as of Moline, the city of factories, within an easy walk or horse-car ride of Rock Island City. Here is to be the terminus of the projected Hennepin Canal, by which it is proposed to solve the problem of cheap transportation between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi, through the intervening great lakes. Recently a deep interest has been manifested in the construction of this canal, the accomplishment of which will doubtless be of vast benefit to the people of the North-west.

In Rock Island City we found numerous flourishing establishments for the manufacture of plows, cultivators and other agricultural appliances; of wagons and carriages, together with foundries and machine-shops. At night the streets are brilliant with the Brush electric lights; the sidewalks are well paved and clean, and generally in

a much better condition for pedestrians than those of the sister city of Davenport, across the river. Rock Island has a well-organized police force; a fire department, water-works, street cars, and a flourishing Public Library; free postal delivery, churches, public schools, and a commerce and trade second to no city of its size in the Union. In the interest of the growth of a city the transportation problem is, perhaps, the most important question for the consideration of the citizens, and Rock Island is very favorably situated in this respect, owing to her position as the centre of a system of railroads. Several lines pass through here and give the city a busy aspect at all times. It is on the line of the great transcontinental highway. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, passing through Rock Island, connects the eastern trunk lines with the Union Pacific at Omaha; and here also are depots of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul; the Chicago and Northwestern; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; the Rock Island and Peoria, and the Rock Island and Mercer County railways. The population of this enterprising little city is at present about 16,000. The private residences have a neat and thrifty appearance, while some afford evidence of the wealth and taste of their owners. The shrubbery and flowers which cluster about the doorways of even the humblest residences are indications of the comfort and thriving condition of the tenants.

Three miles inland from Rock Island City is situated a very picturesque and romantic resort, which is frequented by the inhabitants of both sides of the river at this point, the traditionary name of which is *Black Hawk's Watch-Tower*. The tower is of nature's architecture, and is the summit of the highest hill overlooking Rock River, an important tributary, from which a most extensive and pleasing picture of the surrounding country is obtained. The look-out derives its fanciful name from its having been used by Black Hawk as a point from which he could survey his country for many miles round and the valley of the great, winding river. It is said to have been selected by the chief's father, and overlooked the tribe's first village near the banks of Rock River. Black Hawk in the account he gave to Antoine Le Claire, in 1833, says: "The Tower was my favorite resort and was often visited by me alone, where I could sit and smoke my pipe and look with wonder and pleasure at the grand scenes that were presented, even across the mighty river. On one occasion a Frenchman, who had been resting in our village, brought his violin with him to the Tower, to play and dance for the amusement of my people who had assembled there, and, while dancing with his back to the cliff, accidentally fell over it and was killed. The Indians say that at the same time of the year soft strains of the violin can be heard near the spot." He further relates that "in the year

1827 a young Sioux Indian, who was lost in a violent snowstorm, found his way into a camp of the Sacs, and while there fell in love with a beautiful maiden. On leaving for his own country he promised to return in the summer and claim his bride. He did so, secreting himself in the woods until he met the object of his affection. A heavy thunder-storm was coming on at the time, and the lovers took shelter under a rocky cliff on the south side of the Tower. Soon a loud peal of thunder was heard: the cliff was rent into a thousand pieces and they were buried beneath them. This, their unexpected tomb," says Black Hawk, "still remains undisturbed." The "Tower" is much admired, and the street-cars of Rock Island convey many hundreds of visitors to its summit in the spring, summer and autumn, where they picnic for the day and enjoy, with the pure, healthful breezes, a most sublime view of the country for many miles. The property is owned by the Davenport family and is made freely accessible to all.

Davenport to Burlington

EASTERN HOTEL

Muscatine, Iowa

September 25, 1881

We found an extended field for observation at Davenport, Rock Island and their environs, and would gladly have spent many more days in this delightful locality; but to keep in advance of the cold weather, which was now following us down the river with rapid strides, it was deemed prudent to press forward with all possible dispatch. In consequence of this decision the lecture programme was abandoned and short halts contemplated in the cities and towns lying along our route.

Greatly refreshed by our four days on shore, we resolved to make an early start on the morning of the twenty-fifth, and at seven o'clock were in our canoe. Colonel Russell was at the landing, and after returning my "Mississippi Album," which had been left with him the previous evening, pushed us out into the stream with best wishes for a prosperous voyage.

On opening the album the following lines were found inscribed in the colonel's familiar handwriting:

"DAVENPORT, *on the Mississippi,*
"MY DEAR CAPTAIN: *September 25, 1881*

"Safety and success, thus far,
Adown this mighty stream;
May heaven guard thy progress still,
And grant fulfilment of your dream!"

A vigorous use of our paddles for an hour and a half brought us to Buffalo, a small village on the right bank, ten miles below Davenport. After dinner at Buffalo we resumed our journey with Muscatine as the evening destination, which city was reached at five o'clock. We now began to regard ourselves as something more than amateurs in canoe navigation, as the distance covered from day to day will convince the reader that we were not lacking in propelling force.

Muscatine, on the west bank of the Mississippi, is built on a rocky bluff, the scenery from which in all directions is very charming to the lover of nature. The city is situated at the apex of the Great Bend, thirty miles below Davenport and three hundred and seventeen miles above Saint Louis by rail. The Muscatine division of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota, and the south-western branch of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railways have their stations here. It is the shipping-point of an extensive and fertile surrounding country, while widely extended beds of coal and quarries of freestone and limestone are in the neighborhood. Its lumber business is large

and increasing, and barley, corn, oats, rye, wheat, wool, butter and pork are produced on the rich farms adjoining. It supports two large pork-packing establishments and three extensive saw-mills, and has a gas-works, four banking houses, good public schools, a Catholic school, a fine public library, five newspapers, a monthly periodical, and fifteen churches. Muscatine was first settled in 1836, and was incorporated as a city in 1853; and if the public spirit displayed by her capitalists is any indication of future prosperity, I conclude that they will not be disappointed. The population now reaches over ten thousand.

FARM HOUSE

*Near Mouth of Iowa River**September 26, 1881*

Learning that this day, which had been appointed for the funeral of the late President Garfield, would be observed at Muscatine with befitting ceremonies, we remained in that city until three o'clock in the afternoon, in the meantime listening to an eloquent oration upon the life and public services of the eminent soldier and illustrious statesman whose brilliant career had been so suddenly closed by the hand of the assassin.

It was some time since we had enjoyed the hospitalities of the farmers, but we had, nevertheless, not forgotten that many of the pleasant evenings of our journey had been spent in the farm-houses of Minnesota. We were now desirous of testing

the courtesies and accommodations of the Iowa grangers, and also of picking up some information concerning their social and industrial progress.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that circumstances brought us to the farm of John Warren Walton, a pioneer of Louisa County, an intelligent and affable gentleman. We wandered over Mr. Walton's farm, and looking to the westward from an elevated position, our eyes rested upon the beautiful groves and running streams, and we wondered not that Keokuk and Black Hawk clung with such tenacity to their ancestral hunting-grounds.

The Iowa River passes diagonally through this section of Iowa to its confluence with the Mississippi. Its banks are heavily timbered, and the farmer finds his highest hopes realized in the natural resources of his possessions. In this county, but a few miles from the Walton farm, is the small village of Florence, which lives in history as the home of Black Hawk. Here repose the bones of his ancestors, while the renowned chief "sleeps his last sleep" in a distant part of the State. Our evening with the Waltons was occupied chiefly in looking over a large number of Indian relics which had been carefully preserved and classified by our agreeable host. It was one of the finest private collections we had ever examined.

BARRETT HOUSE

Burlington, Iowa

September 27, 1881

"Weighed anchor" at seven o'clock. Our atten-

tion had been drawn to so many objects of interest in our route to Burlington that we clearly saw the necessity of an early start. Weather pleasant and but little wind.

We ran down to Keithsburg for dinner. This is a small village of Mercer County, Illinois, thirty-five miles below Muscatine, and one hundred sixty-eight miles south-west of Chicago. It has a national bank, a graded public school, and a weekly paper. Population about one thousand.

So genial were wind and weather during our sixty-sixth day that we were registered at the Barrett House, Burlington, at five o'clock, having covered forty-four miles since pushing off at the mouth of the Iowa in the morning.

I had hardly reached my room at the hotel when my daughter, Alice, now a girl of twelve years, came bounding up the stairs to meet me. She had been looking for us all the afternoon, but we had dropped into Burlington so quietly that very few were aware of our arrival until we were registered at the "Barrett." I had placed her at a private school here before starting on my expedition.

After tea the card of a representative of the *Hawkeye* was handed me, followed a moment later by the sender, Mr. J. E. Calkins, who politely solicited for his paper the fullest particulars of our explorations and discoveries in Northern Minnesota. This information we, of course, readily furnished, and the following day the readers of the

Hawkeye were presented with a narrative of the discovery of the source of the Mississippi, and a brief outline of our voyage down the river.

The city of Burlington, on the right bank of the Mississippi, is five hundred and thirty-six miles below Saint Paul, and two hundred and fifty above Saint Louis. Along the bank of the river and the valley of Hawkeye creek, the land is low, but back of this the site of the city is hilly to the height of two hundred feet, to the level of the prairie which stretches away to the west. The first settler on the site of Burlington was Simpson S. White, who built his cabin on what is now Front street, just below the lots on which the Sunderland mills stand. White's brother-in-law, [Amzi] Doolittle, and others, joined him in 1834, and together they laid out the original town. John Grey, a Vermonter, a friend of White, gave the name of "Burlington" to the prospective town, in honor of the city of that name in his native State. The future Burlington comprised then only a few log-cabins, and the first frame houses were erected by White and Doolittle in 1834. In this year the first store was opened by William R. Ross. The first brick house was built by Judge David Rorer, in 1836.

In 1837, the population of the embryo city numbered three hundred, and in February, 1838, Burlington was incorporated. On the twenty-eighth of December, 1846, Iowa was admitted into the Union and John Lucas [Ansel Briggs] elected its

first governor. Zion Church was used as a place of worship and State-house from the installation of the territorial government, in 1838, until the removal of the State capital to Iowa City. It stood on Third street, between Washington and Columbia streets, on the spot where now stands the magnificent Opera House, the pride of the Orchard City: "Old Zion" is no more.

Burlington's first school-house was erected in the year 1835; and its first saw-mill in 1837. Dr. Ross and Miss Matilda Morgan were the parties to the first wedding in 1833. The license and the preacher were obtained from Monmouth, Illinois, there being no territorial government at this time, and therefore no authority to perform the marriage ceremony on the west side of the river. The bridal company crossed in a scow and the knot was tied as they stood on the eastern bank, after which the guests returned to make merry at the wedding dinner. From a population of three hundred in 1837, Burlington leaped to one of twenty thousand in 1880, an interval of only forty-three years, and at the present date (1885) it numbers at least twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. A considerable proportion of these are of German birth or descent, many of whom are among its most substantial and enterprising citizens.

Burlington is a city of the first-class, with a mayor and aldermen, a well-organized police force, fire department, water-works, gas, street-

cars, a fine public library, churches, public schools, two colleges, one of the best opera-houses in the West, a splendid boat-club house, and commerce, trade and manufactures of a character to warrant the belief of her citizens that in a few more years she will rank among the first of western cities. The private residences are exceedingly attractive in appearance, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view from those on the summit of Prospect Hill. Most of them are owned by their occupants, which accounts for their neat and thrifty style and surroundings. The little park on North Hill is a delightful resort in the summer, with its fountain and walks and seats under the shade of the maples and elms. North of the Catholic Cemetery is Black Hawk Amphitheatre, with a great granite boulder in its centre. Here, tradition says, the Sacs and Foxes assembled in council and determined the question of peace or war. The granite boulder was the rostrum from which Black Hawk appealed to his people when they rallied for the final struggle with the white man.

The city of Burlington is favorably situated in the important matter of transportation facilities. With nine lines of railway radiating to all points of the compass she connects with Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and the South-east; with Saint Paul, Minneapolis and the North-west; and with Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Texas. She thus enjoys every advantage for develop-

ing her trade. The Mississippi also plays an important part as a means of transportation, large amounts of merchandise being brought here for distribution. The levee is a very fine one, embracing a quarter of a mile of solid paved roadway, with a gradual slope, making the landing easy of access. The quantity of freight received and shipped by river is said to be rapidly increasing. Large rafts of lumber from up-river are received and landed at Burlington to be stored in the yards to dry, after which it is shipped by railway to various points in Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The amount of lumber shipped from Burlington is a large item in her general trade. The smokestacks of the manufactories are seen in all parts of the city. The Murray Iron Works are large and substantial buildings. The Burlington Plow Company, Wolfe's Furniture Factory, the Buffington Wheel Works, and many others, are fully up to the times in the character and amount of their products.

The Opera House is a credit and an ornament to the city and is one of the finest constructed theatres in the West. It was opened in 1882, and cost one hundred thousand dollars. The Burlington Boat-club has been an important factor in promoting the improvement of the city. Its primary objects were to build and maintain a boat-house, purchase boats and promote the art of rowing with a view to the improvement of its members in manly

exercise. But they have accomplished far more, and to them the city owes, in a great measure, the erection of its beautiful opera-house. They have a very handsome club-house which ornaments the river approach to the city, and the members, besides extending their fame from Lake Minnetonka to Creve Coeur Lake, have participated with honors in the regatta of the National Rowing Association at Washington. A large percentage of the muscle and blood of Burlington are numbered among its members, who are noted for their skill in aquatic contests and regattas occurring in the Mississippi Valley.

A splendid iron bridge crosses the river at this point, built by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company. It consists of nine spans and is about two thousand two hundred feet in length. There is also a commodious steam-ferry crossing the river to Henderson, which is considered one of the finest on the Mississippi. The Public Library occupies pleasant and well-arranged rooms on the north-west corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets. It has about seven thousand volumes on its shelves, which have cost over ten thousand dollars. The library originated in a liberal gift of five thousand dollars by the Hon. James W. Grimes.

The educational interests of Burlington appear to have been carefully fostered, as evidenced by the public schools, the denominational schools,

private schools, colleges and academies. The high-school building is a model of its kind. Burlington College, at the head of College Street, is surrounded by ample and ornamented grounds, and is a select boarding and day school for young ladies and gentlemen. The Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes, on the corner of Fourth and Court streets, has a handsome building and accommodates about one hundred and twenty pupils. Several other public and private schools flourish here, and the poorest citizen can secure a good education for his children.

The press of Burlington through one of its members, has carried the name and fame of this city into the remotest corner of America; and across the ocean, on the news-stands of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow, it is found, and has given the city of its birth and growth a cosmopolitan character which it will probably never lose. *Esto perpetua*, "The Burlington Hawkeye!" May thy witty and instructive pages continue to delight our descendants as they have instructed and delighted us.

Burlington to Quincy

GALT HOUSE

At Montrose, Iowa

September 28, 1881

"Papa, won't you let me get into the canoe and go a little way with you and Mr. Paine this morning?" These were the words that greeted my ears as we were about to re-embark at Burlington. It had never occurred to us that any one, large or small, would covet the position of third person in the very limited space at our command, for the good reason that a casual glance forbade such a venture; but Alice being persistent in her request to try it, we lifted her into the canoe and pushed off. Finding that our staunch little craft was not overburdened, we headed down stream, and were soon making good progress towards Dallas, our noonday objective. The only other incident of the morning was our first adventure with a sand-bar. It would hardly appear that a boat so slight as to draw but five inches of water could be brought to a stand by such an obstruction, but such was the case, much to our chagrin and the great amusement of the passengers and crews of the passing river steamers. The explanation is brief. A strong current throws the canoe or skiff upon the bar, and the voyager, not wishing to risk a wetting by step-

ping out of his boat and pushing or pulling her off the bar, continues to use his paddle or oar aided by the current, which, instead of helping him out of his difficulty, only renders his escape all the more impossible. After considerable moralizing and many experiments with our paddles, which did not materially improve the situation, captain and crew pulled off their boots and stepping out on the bar, carried the canoe and its solitary passenger into water of sufficient depth to float it. This occurrence on the sand-bar had no attractions for Paine or myself, but was greatly enjoyed by Alice, who exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad, papa, for now I can remain with you so much the longer."

Dallas was reached in season for dinner. This town is in Hancock County, Illinois, fifteen miles below Burlington on the opposite shore. It has a weekly paper, two banks, and several factories. Population something over eight hundred.

While at Dallas we were introduced to Dr. J. M. Lionberger and Mr. Benoni Mendenhall, who seemed to find much pleasure in pointing out the attractions of their village. I was indebted to Dr. Lionberger for the assurance that he would assume the responsibility of safely returning my daughter to Burlington. Parting with her at this place was the most trying experience that fell to my lot during our long voyage. Her solicitude expressed for me, and the reluctance with which she promised to return to school, were quite all I could bear.

During our journey from Dallas to Montrose we observed on both banks of the river many graceful slopes, swelling and sinking, as far as the eye could reach. In some instances dense forests still cover these slopes with timber of the finest quality, the oak prevailing. Again, they revel in their carpet of green, dotted here and there with clumps of trees that it would baffle the skill of the landscape gardener to imitate; now crowning the grassy heights, now clothing the green fields with partial or isolated shade.

The slopes and the rich alluvial bottoms that intervene furnish the sites for the numerous cities, towns and villages which stud the banks of the Father of Waters, like gems in this great sea of commerce.

From the hill-tops are seen cultivated meadows and rich pasture grounds, irrigated by numerous rivulets winding through fields of hay, fringed with flourishing willows. On the summit levels spread the rich farms of Iowa and Illinois, the long, undulating waves of the prairie stretching away until sky and meadow mingle in the wavy blue. Art, science and manufactures gather their busy multitudes here and take possession of these sylvan scenes. . . .

Among the chief objects of a noteworthy character which especially arrested our attention in this day's journey were Nauvoo and the ruins of its Mormon Temple, which, on account of their

peculiar history, claim more than a passing notice.

Nauvoo, the "City of Beauty," situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, about midway on the western boundary of the State of Illinois, has an eventful history. It is to-day a small village composed of a few houses at a short distance from the ruins of the once magnificent Mormon Temple. The village is located upon one of the most lovely sites on the river, the ground rising with a gentle slope to a wide plateau at the summit, which overlooks the river and opposite country for many miles. In 1840 the spot, where subsequently the town was built, became a refuge for Mormons. . . .

The believers soon built themselves rude log-huts, while they gave freely of their scant means for the erection of a temple, which was designed to excel in magnificence every other religious edifice in the world. This temple eventually cost them over five hundred thousand dollars, and was built of polished limestone. It was one hundred and thirty feet long by eighty-eight wide; sixty-five feet to the cornice, and with a cupola one hundred and sixty-three feet in height. The weather-vane on the summit of the spire represented the figure of a prophet blowing a trumpet. An immense stone basin, supported by twelve colossal oxen, formed the baptistery, which was in the basement. The plan of the temple was revealed to Joseph Smith, according to his statement, and the corner-stone was laid on April sixth, 1841.

They were allowed to dwell in quiet in their new home; but to prepare for future contingencies, Smith organized a military corps, which he called the Nauvoo Legion, and of which he assumed command with the rank of lieutenant-general. On parade the prophet appeared at the head of his Legion, followed by half a dozen females on horseback, dressed in black velvet riding-habits, with long white plumes on their hats.

At Nauvoo was first given the alleged revelation concerning "spiritual wives," which finally culminated in open polygamy. This and other objectionable practices of the "Saints" fell under condemnation. The people of Illinois, like those of Missouri, felt scandalized. Smith attempted to check the rising storm by contradictions, denunciations and excommunications. But those who thus fell under his displeasure denounced him in turn. A newspaper was established at Nauvoo in acknowledged opposition to him, and charged him with all the crimes of which he had accused others. By his orders the paper was suppressed, the printing material destroyed, and the editors were compelled to flee for their lives. The latter entered complaint at Carthage for the violence done them, and warrants were issued for the arrest of Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram. The faithful rallied around their prophet and resisted the officers sent to serve the warrants. The city was fortified and the Legion slept under arms.

The governor of the State personally interfered and persuaded the Smiths to surrender, on the assurance that they should receive protection and justice. They were accordingly arrested and placed in Carthage jail. But a new charge was brought against them, that of treason against the Government, and it was rumored that through the connivance of the governor they were permitted to make their escape. The people became panic-stricken and vowed that "if law could not reach them, powder and shot should."

On the evening of the twenty-seventh of June, 1844, the jail of Carthage was forcibly entered by a mob, armed and disguised. Hiram Smith was shot dead in his cell, and Joseph was mortally wounded as he was attempting to leap from a window. Placing him against the wall of the jail, four muskets at once put an end to his life. The executioners were never identified.

Smith was at once magnified into a martyr, and his blood became the "seed of the church," which has increased in numbers from that day to this. Brigham Young was elected by the "College of Apostles," of which he was president, to succeed Smith as the head of their church, and the new chief promptly excommunicated Rigdon and others who had aspired to the position. Young moderated the vengeance of the Mormons, and peace seemed again to be about settling on the community, when Rigdon and the other recreants spread reports of

crime and debauchery at Nauvoo from one section of the country to the other. The smaller Mormon settlements, off-shoots of that at Nauvoo, were promptly attacked by armed mobs, and the same fate would doubtless have befallen the larger place had not a "special revelation" been received commanding the immediate departure of the Saints to the then remote West on the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs.

In February, 1846, sixteen hundred men, women and children crossed the Mississippi on the ice, on foot and in ox-teams, for the new Land of Promise. Others followed them as soon as property could be disposed of and arrangements made. A command was, however, said to have been received from Heaven for them to remain for the completion and dedication of the Temple. But the mob became impatient and attacked the city. The Legion held it at bay while the Temple was completed and dedicated. The baptistery was festooned with flowers; the walls decorated with symbolic ornaments; lamps and torches glittered, prayers were uttered and chants were sung, and thus the dedication was completed.

In an hour afterwards the portal was closed and an inscription placed upon it: "The House of the Lord! Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Holiness to the Lord!" and the Saints were already making their way across the Mississippi. The last of the Mormons were, in

September of the same year, driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet.

Thirty months after its consecration the Temple was destroyed by fire at midnight. It was afterwards partially restored, but in May, 1850, was cast into a heap of ruins by a tornado, which also laid the town low. The place fell into the hands of a colony of Icarian Socialists from Paris, under M. Cabet, who practised a sort of community life, but failed to attain that temporal prosperity which is not infrequently the result of such a system. . . .

So much of absorbing interest had been observed and commented upon at Dallas, Nauvoo and other points along the route from Burlington that we did not reach our evening destination until nearly eight o'clock. We were glad indeed to get out of the canoe and get into our hotel, where, after supper, I wrote up my log for the day, and gathered from the best authorities I could find some information concerning Montrose, which is claimed by many of its citizens to be the oldest town in the State.

It is on the west bank of the Mississippi, in Lee County, Iowa, forty miles south-east of Burlington, and twelve north of Keokuk. It is connected with Nauvoo by ferry, and is reported to have a population of a little less than a thousand. Its people are engaged largely in the preparation of lumber. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad runs through it and has a station here.

LACLEDE HOUSE

At Keokuk, Iowa

September 29, 1881

"Look out for the Keokuk Rapids!" was the last injunction we received before leaving Montrose in the morning. In fact this had been our usual warning for several days whenever we appeared on shore, until we had come to think some terrible ordeal awaited us. So far, we had found but three of Nature's obstructions in the descent of the river, which we had overcome by having recourse to portage; these, it will be remembered, were the *Kak-a-bik-ons*, a few miles below Lake Itasca, Pokegama Falls, below Lake Winnibegoshish, and the Falls of Saint Anthony. Some kindly disposed persons suggested that we should have the canoe carried down to Keokuk at the foot of the rapids on a wagon; while others advised a passage through the Government Ship Canal on the Iowa shore. Having run all the rapids of the Great River thus far, we were not inclined to make an exception of these if their descent was compatible with ordinary safety; and further, we did not care to be subjected to the inconvenience and delay of *locking* through the canal, or the seemingly unnecessary trouble and expense of a long portage. Inquiry at Montrose had elicited the following information: length of rapids, twelve miles; fall of water, twenty-four feet; occasional obstructions throughout entire length.

On reaching the head of the rapids we en-

countered what we had long since learned to anticipate almost regularly at ten o'clock in the morning, namely, a strong southerly wind, and in consequence a disturbed surface. So determined was the resistance offered by the wind that, instead of dashing down the rapids at "break-neck pace," as had been predicted by our friends, it was only by dint of a spirited use of our paddles that any perceptible progress was made in the canoe. There was greater danger of going to the bottom through the action of the waves than by contact with obstructions in the bed of the river. Paine, who used the double paddle, became so thoroughly exhausted that we were compelled to disembark about three miles above Keokuk. After resting half an hour we again pushed off, finding the elements still in possession. Another hour of persistent struggle against the high wind and a rough sea enabled us to reach the landing at Keokuk, between two and three o'clock, glad indeed to be out of range of the boisterous wind and rapids, which together fought us with such determination that we made but twelve miles in four hours of the hardest work that we had up to this point recorded.

The following tradition connected with the early history of the "Gate City" is generally accepted on the spot as true in outline if not in detail.

Dr. Samuel C. Miner [Muir], of the United States army, came to Warsaw, Illinois, in the year 1820, and built himself a log shanty on the corner

of Main street and the levee. He soon found that it was "not good for man to be alone," and formed an attachment for the daughter of an Indian chief, which in these rude times, and the absence of church or legal functionaries, was unsanctioned by any marriage ceremony, except, we may presume, the primitive one of mutual consent. This woman bore him five children. But an order came at length from the War Department which suddenly dissolved the union by requiring all army officers and attachés to separate themselves from the Indian females with whom they were living in marital relations, and the doctor was removed to *Puck-she-tuck*, or "Foot of the Rapids," now known as Keokuk. Here he died of cholera in 1832, having been the first white resident of the future city. In the meantime the American Fur Company had established a trading-post, erecting several log-cabins on a spot now known by the euphonious title of "Rat Row," and large accessions to the settlement followed in a short time. The first, however, to settle here, after Dr. Muir, was Moses Stillwell and his family. Then the fur company and its employés came, after one of whom, Joshua Palean, a street in the city is named. The employés of the company all took Indian wives, and thereby rendered themselves very popular with the natives. The population grew rapidly, but the fur company, for reasons of its own, determined to remove. They were succeeded by Isaac R. Camp-

bell and Samuel C. Muir, who occupied their buildings and continued their trade of supplying the Indians and whites with the necessities of life. "Rat Row" at this period comprised nearly the whole of the settlement, and included hotel, church, court-house, grocery and saloon. Up to this time—1835—the settlement had been without a distinctive name, being known as "Foot of the Rapids," or its Indian equivalent, Puck-e-she-tuck. Finally, some steamboat men proposed to name it *Keokuk*, after the friendly chief of the Sacs, and this name was ultimately adopted.

In the spring of 1837 a village was laid out by Dr. Isaac Galland, agent of the New York Land Company, and was formally inaugurated and recorded as "Keokuk." In 1840 the main portion of Keokuk was a dense forest, and about a dozen log-cabins were sufficient for the settlers. In 1847 the census gave the population as six hundred and twenty. Keokuk was incorporated as a city in December of this year, and was governed by a mayor and aldermen. The first school was opened by a shoemaker, named Jesse Crayton, in 1833, who taught his few pupils and made shoes for the villagers, without detriment to his trade or profession.

Keokuk is called the "Gate City," from its position at the foot of the rapids and near the mouth of the Des Moines River. It is situated about two hundred miles above Saint Louis, and is about

the same distance from Chicago; stands on a high and commanding site and is surrounded by a very productive country. The population at present is about twenty-two thousand. As evidence of its good sanitary condition, the bluffs in its vicinity were known, it is said, among the Indians as the "Medicine Ground." The city possesses the requisites of a substantial prosperity, its location giving it many advantages. A fine iron bridge spans the Mississippi at this point, combining a railroad, wagon road and a foot bridge, which contributes, doubtless, to a considerable extent, to the trade of the city. Another substantial bridge crosses the Des Moines River, and adds largely to the business interests of Keokuk. The Government Canal is a grand work, by means of which the dangers arising from rocks and shoals in the rapids, that formerly interfered with navigation, are entirely obviated, and large vessels pass through it in perfect safety on their way up and down the river. The cost of the canal to the Government was nearly four million dollars. The largest steamboats find ample room at Keokuk for loading and discharging freight and passengers. A great inducement to manufacturers to locate here is the valuable water-power created by the Des Moines rapids, and there can be little doubt that in due time this force will be taken advantage of and Keokuk become an important manufacturing centre.

One of the national cemeteries is located in this

city. It is beautifully laid out and well kept, with marble headstones on which are inscribed the names of the soldiers who died during the Civil War in Keokuk Government Hospital. Extensive waterworks and an effective fire-department have been provided since 1875. There are over ten miles of water-mains, and fifteen miles of macadamized streets, with good side-walks sheltered from the sun in summer by the foliage of countless shade-trees. The city contains a free public library with nine hundred volumes, for which a very handsome building has been provided. There are over twenty churches of all denominations, and eight school buildings with an enrolment of over two thousand pupils. There is also a well-appointed street railway, and a beautiful park has been opened for the exercise and recreation of the citizens. Another feature of Keokuk is an artesian well, throwing a barrel of water a minute, the exterior of which is highly ornamental.

The Buckeye Foundry and Machine-Shops were established here in 1849, and employ a considerable number of men in the manufacture of steam-engines, mill machinery, all kinds of castings, car-wheels, etc. A plow factory, also employing many hands, and a barb-wire factory, have been located here since 1875, and other manufactures are destined to follow in their wake.

The situation of Keokuk at the foot of the rapids has made her a port of considerable impor-

tance for steamboats, which carry large quantities of grain and other freight every season to Saint Louis and southern ports on the river. Steamers touch here daily, some bound through from Saint Paul, and others stopping at Keokuk to discharge and take on freight and passengers. The fairgrounds are located at a convenient distance from the city, are well inclosed and contain a fine-art hall, mechanical and agricultural halls, amphitheatre, dining-rooms and every convenience for the exhibition of stock. Seven railroads centre here, thus offering every facility for transport and travel.

Prominent among the educational institutions of the city is the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The oldest daily newspaper is *The Gate City*. . . .

PRIVATE RESIDENCE

At Gregory, Missouri

September 30, 1881

Wind up stream, with occasional showers in the morning. Remained at Keokuk until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, finding the weather favorable, we floated down to the mouth of the Des Moines River. This is the largest river of Iowa, and is formed by the junction of two branches, known as the East and West Forks, which rise in a chain of small lakes in south-western Minnesota, and, flowing in a south-easterly direction, unite in Humboldt County, Iowa. From this junction it flows south-east, through the central portion of the State, to its confluence with the Mississippi.

WILLARD GLAZIER

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Superintendent William J. Petersen, left, and Itasca Park Guide Roy Crooks, paddling through the wild rice of Lake Itasca enroute to Schoolcraft Island in 1938.

