

## 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.