

The
PALIMPSEST
JANUARY 1926
CONTENTS

The First Church in Iowa 1

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Indian Jim 11

O. A. GARRETSON

Two Connecticut Yankees 15

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

Comment 30

THE EDITOR

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT IOWA CITY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials 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 records 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.

PRICE—10c per copy: \$1 per year: free to members of Society
ADDRESS—The State Historical Society Iowa City Iowa

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

VOL. VII

ISSUED IN JANUARY 1926

No. 1

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The First Church in Iowa

On the sixth day of November, 1833, a Methodist circuit rider named Barton Randle crossed the Mississippi River and entered upon his pastoral duties at Dubuque. It was no chance visit. The mines of Julien Dubuque and his Indian friends had scarcely been opened to settlement before the vigilant eye of the militant frontier preacher, Peter Cartwright, was upon the infant village. At the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in September, 1833, he urged that provision be made for carrying the gospel beyond the Mississippi, and Barton Randle and John T. Mitchell were assigned to the "Galena and Debukue mission". Between them it was decided that Mitchell should make his headquarters at Galena while Randle was to establish himself in Dubuque.

This itinerant preacher, a Georgian by birth, saw before him a straggling collection of log cabins and

frame shanties. The streets were roughly laid out and were without lights, paving, or sidewalks. There were neither churches nor public schools. The settlers, some three or four hundred in number, were a heterogeneous group drawn together chiefly by the hope of acquiring wealth at the mines.

Randle's first religious service was held on the evening of his arrival in what was known as the Bell Tavern, kept by Jesse M. Harrison on the site now occupied by the Hotel Julien Dubuque. Of this service — the first held by a Methodist minister in what is now Iowa — no report appears.

The tavern, however, proved to be unsatisfactory both as a meeting place for religious services and as a home for the preacher, so better accommodations were sought. But the "only place they could procure at Dubuque for regular worship was a small, inconvenient room over a grocery, the entrance to which was by a rickety stairs outside. While the few above were engaged in singing, praying, and speaking to one another of the good things of God, those in the grocery below were drinking, cursing, quarrelling, and fighting."

In the meantime the preacher, who seems to have been a bachelor, secured for himself a shanty like those of the miners where he could pray, think, and read, and where he could have his own "boughten feed". He did not, however, neglect his parish for the comforts of his cabin. With his horse, saddlebags, and Bible he held services throughout the

region wherever two or three people could be gathered together.

Early in March, 1834, some devout women, including Mrs. Woodbury Massey, Mrs. Ezekiel Lockwood, and Mrs. Susan A. Dean, organized a union Sunday school and on April 24th the first Methodist prayer meeting in Iowa was held at the home of John Johnson, a Methodist who had located in Dubuque not long before. The next step was the organization of a Methodist class on the 18th of May, the first regular class meeting — a service now largely discontinued by Methodist Episcopal churches — being held on the first of June with John Johnson as class leader.

During this first winter Reverend Randle seems to have preached at various places in the vicinity, usually holding services in Dubuque every fourth week. But though he could, and did, preach “anywhere”, he preferred a church building and in the spring of 1834 the little group of Methodists at Dubuque decided to erect a meeting house, being “encouraged thereto, by some friendly sinners”. The original subscription paper for this humble structure, which is now in the possession of the State Historical Society of Iowa, reads as follows:

“Subscription for a Chapel for the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the Town of Dubuque.

“Plan of the house. — To be built of hewn logs; 20 by 26 feet in the clear; one story, 10 feet high; lower & upper floors; shingled roof; pointed with

lime & sand; one batten door; four 20 light & one 12 light windows — cost estimated for completing in good plain style \$255.00. The above house is built for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church — but when not occupied by said Church, shall be open for Divine service by other Christian Denominations; and may be used for a common school, at the discretion of the Trustees. Woodbury Massey, John Johnson, Wm. Hillery, Marcus Atchison, and Orin Smith are the board of trustees, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and control the interests of said house, for the uses above mentioned.”

Below this are the names of seventy donors, their subscriptions ranging from \$25 by Woodbury Massey to twelve and one-half cents by Caroline Brady — perhaps the widow's mite. The signatures are somewhat faded and some of them are difficult to decipher, but a study of the list reveals the cosmopolitan character of Dubuque's population. Only three or four were members of the Methodist Church. Three names are followed by the word “collered”, two of these donating twenty-five cents each and the third fifty cents. Another contribution of fifty cents is credited to “Uncle Tom”. Was he a kindly black man, the forerunner of the Uncle Tom of Harriet Beecher Stowe? All the negro subscribers are said to have been slaves. From the names on the list only three women seem to have contributed. Apparently Reverend Randle

had not yet organized a "Ladies Aid". One of the three was Tilda, a slave woman and a sister of Ralph Montgomery whose fight for freedom constitutes the first case in the printed reports of the Iowa Supreme Court.

Many countries were represented on the list, if names may be taken as evidence of nationality. One contributor appears as "Nigley, a dutchman"; Duplissey, on the other hand, was apparently French; while the origin of Patrick O'Mora requires no discussion. Philip Jacob Weigel, written in German script, seems also self-explanatory. Among the names on the list are those of Woodbury Massey, Warner Lewis, Ezekiel Lockwood, L. H. Langworthy, Milo H. Prentice, and Eliphalet Price, men who became leaders in the community.

That the collection of this money required considerable effort on the part of the faithful few is evident from an anecdote related by Mr. Price. "About the first of August, 1834," he writes, "we, with some five or six other young men, were assisting Mr. Davis Grafford to raise one corner of his log house out of the cellar, into which it had fallen. While thus engaged, Mr. Johnson, an old man who was much respected by the citizens of Dubuque, and who was known to be a member of the Methodist denomination, came up and asked if we would subscribe something toward the building of a church — and went on to describe the size of the building, and to say that it was to be used for a school house also.

One of the young men said he would give a dollar towards building a gambling house, but nothing for a church. Johnson, who had but one eye, had on a broad-brimmed hat, greasy and much worn; his beard was apparently of a week's growth, and he was accompanied by a swarm of flies, which when he stood still, settled down upon the legs of his pantaloons and the arms of his coat, to luxuriate upon the molasses and other grocery-store sweets that glistened upon these parts of his wardrobe. Throwing his head and person back so as to enable him to fix his one-eyed gaze upon us from beneath the broad rim of his hat that lopped down in front, he observed, with a smile on his countenance, and in a mild and pleasant tone of voice:

“‘You are all young men, who, I have no doubt, have been raised by Christian parents. Many of you may live to raise families in the “Purchase;” and if such should be the case, I am confident that none of you will blush when you tell your children that you helped to build the first church in the Black Hawk Purchase.’

“For two or three minutes nothing was said upon either side, when the young man who proposed to aid in the building of a gambling house observed, ‘Old hoss, here’s a dollar.’

“All the others gave from fifty cents to a dollar.”

In addition to the money collected at Dubuque a little more than sixty dollars was donated in St. Louis to aid in building the new church. Permission

to use a lot for the building was secured from Thomas C. Legate, the superintendent in charge of the Upper Mississippi Lead Mines, for the land was not yet on sale.

Work was begun on the primitive church building on June 23, 1834, and on July 25th, John Johnson, who kept a diary, records the fact that they "raised the meeting-house with a few hands and without spirits of any kind"—a deviation from the usual custom of providing refreshments at such affairs. The building occupied a site now forming the southeast corner of Washington Square and apparently faced south. It was completed in about four weeks and was dedicated by a "two days meeting".

The membership of the new church was made up of twelve persons, five men and seven women—John Johnson, Susan Johnson, Woodbury Massey, Susan Massey, Robert Bell, William Hillery, Susan A. Dean, Abigail Wilder, Mary Ann Jordan, Patrick Smith, Frances Anderson, and Charlotte Morgan, a colored sister. Some accounts have Maria Massey on the list instead of Susan Massey, while at least one list gives both, making thirteen members.

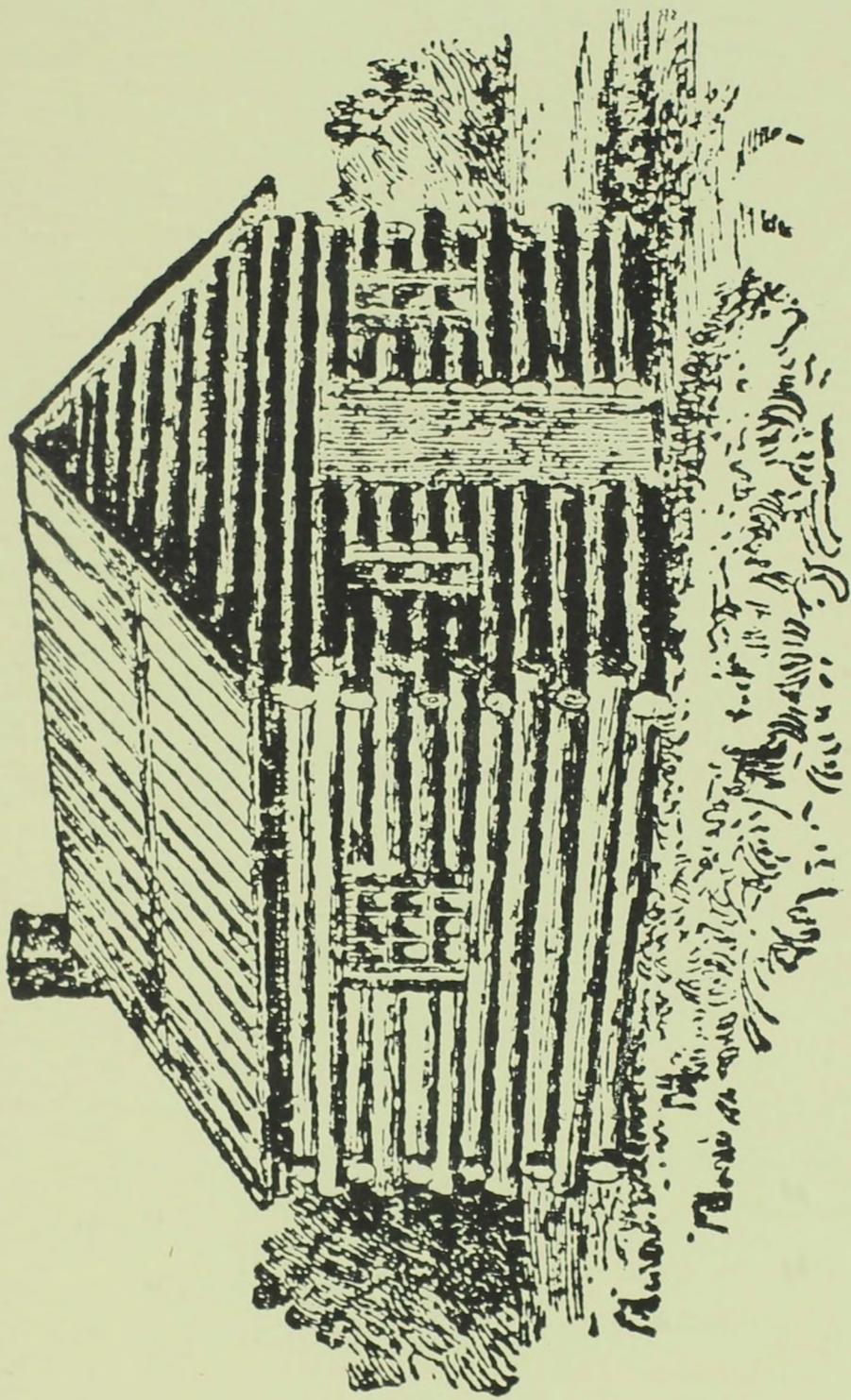
On the twenty-third of August, 1834, the first Methodist quarterly meeting in Iowa was held in this log building, and the church organization was complete—class meeting, Sunday school, prayer meeting, preaching service, and quarterly conference. With pardonable pride, Barton Randle, the missionary preacher, exclaimed, "Well done, to

collect money, build a splendid log meeting house, and pay for it, hold a two days meeting, and receive twelve members, all in a few weeks. O, it was the Lord's doings, let Him have the Glory."

Randle, like most of the pioneer preachers, soon left for other fields, preaching his last sermon in Dubuque on August 10, 1834. For his year's work he received the sum of one hundred dollars, ten dollars of which was said to have been contributed by a gambler.

About the first of October the appearance of a Mormon missionary threatened to cause trouble for the struggling church. Soon after his arrival the report was circulated about Dubuque that the Methodists had the key to the building and would not permit the Mormon elder to preach in it. A crowd of young men — apparently hoping for some excitement — accompanied the Mormon to the church, where a number of persons had already collected around the door, which was locked. A man forced his way through the crowd, stuck his bowie knife in the door and said: "I helped to build this church, and I'll be damned if it shan't be free to all denominations." Just then some one came forward and unlocked the door and the Mormon missionary was permitted to deliver his exhortation — with what success we are not informed.

The second preacher at the Dubuque church was Nicholas S. Bastion, who, in addition to his pastoral duties and his circuit appointments, organized a day



THE FIRST CHURCH IN IOWA

FROM A DRAWING REPRODUCED ON THE DEDICATION PROGRAM
OF ST. LUKE'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF DUBUQUE

school in the log church. One morning he found that the building had been entered and robbed of the books. Investigation revealed the fact that it was not thirst for knowledge which actuated the thief: he had sold the stolen books to buy whisky. There being no civil magistrate in Dubuque at this time, the thief was tried by an informal jury of citizens, sentenced to restore the books, and to be conducted out of town to the tune of "The Rogue's March". Moreover, he was informed that if he returned he would be given a hundred lashes. At the end of the year Reverend Bastion reported to the conference a membership of forty in the Dubuque church.

Reverend Bastion was followed by H. W. Reed who brought his young wife to his frontier station. He remained in Dubuque for two years, and in the fall of 1837 his place was filled by Wellington Weigley. Two other ministers served in the log church building — Garrett G. Worthington and I. I. Stewart, during whose ministry a new church was built.

Several terms of court, under the jurisdiction of Michigan Territory, of which Iowa was then a part, are said to have been held in the old log church. There also was held a meeting to consider the incorporation of the town of Dubuque. In the spring of 1836, Mrs. Caroline Dexter taught school in the church building, giving instruction in writing, arithmetic, and needlework.

And so the first church building in Iowa, con-

structed through the sacrifice of public spirited citizens of Dubuque — both bond and free — began to function as a center of religion, education, and law. By 1839, however, it had been outgrown, and when the Methodist Church at Dubuque considered plans for the celebration of the centenary of Methodism, it was decided to build a new church to be known as the Wesleyan Centenary Church. This structure was erected on the northwest corner of Seventh and Locust streets, just a block north of the old log church, on a lot donated by J. P. Farley, a son-in-law of the pioneer, John Johnson. The new church was ready for use in 1840 and the old building was abandoned. Later it was moved to a site near the corner of Bluff and Dodge streets, covered with clapboards, and used as a dwelling.

In the course of a few years, the Centenary Church was also outgrown, and in 1853 a new building was erected on the west side of Main Street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. The Main Street Church was later remodelled and served until 1895 when it was torn down to make room for the new St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, which cost almost \$100,000, and has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. This church, dedicated on May 16, 1897, is the lineal descendant and worthy successor of the first church in Iowa — the old church with its log walls, batten door, rude seats, and its twelve members.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Indian Jim

The region of the lower Skunk River and its tributaries, so scientists say, offers one of the most fertile fields in Iowa for archeological research. Evidence of the occupation by prehistoric man may be found everywhere. Both upon the hilltops, which afford an unobstructed view, and on the stream terraces, mounds give eloquent testimony of the character and customs of men who lived there long ago. Stone implements of various forms and uses are to be found in abundance, all clearly explaining the life and activities of the primitive people who possessed the land before the incursion of the whites began.

In the early historic period the tribe of Ioways, with their principal village a few miles to the southwest on the Des Moines River, roamed over these choice hunting grounds. After them came the Sacs and Foxes, whose attachment to this beautiful country led to the Black Hawk War.

It is not strange that tribes living in a land so favorable for the existence of primitive man should leave it only under the stress of dire compulsion; nor is it strange that here and there an individual of the ejected tribe should, as has frequently happened in the history of Iowa, linger among the old haunts and the scenes of his ancestors, for a lifetime per-

haps, an anomaly among a people who have displaced his race.

When James Box settled in Henry County in 1834 about three hundred Sac and Fox Indians were living in the southeast corner. Their village was located on the north side of the river in a sheltered nook about one mile above the present town of Lowell.

Black Hawk was a familiar figure. He and his son were well known to the early pioneers. When the tribe was moved from the Black Hawk Purchase farther toward the interior of the State, a lone Indian known as Indian Jim remained behind among the pioneers of Lowell. Just why he absented himself from his tribe to live with the whites is not known. He built his cabin on the south side of the river one and one-half miles above the town of Lowell on the southeast quarter of section twenty, afterwards owned by William Archibald. There he lived by hunting, trapping, pearl fishing, and selling lead ore. Interest in Indian Jim centered in his lead ore traffic.

He claimed to know, and many pioneers believed he knew, the location of a lead mine near the hamlet of Lowell. He was always supplied with a quantity of ore of excellent quality which he traded to settlers for fire water and other things that he deemed necessary for his comfort. When his supply of ore was exhausted he would absent himself and in a few hours would return with a new supply. He stoutly

maintained that there was a "mine" near by, but he never would reveal the location.

It became the ambition of every pioneer to discover the location of the Indian's lead deposit, for they all believed the alleged mine to be a fact. Diligent search was made through all the hills and vales near Lowell, but to no effect. Watching parties were organized to follow the movements of Indian Jim, but the red man was too wary for them all. On one occasion the watchers found him on his return with a fresh supply of ore. His clothes were wet, which indicated that he had crossed the river from his home. This is the only fact ever elicited in regard to the location of the Indian's secret "mine".

All the pioneers of Lowell were acquainted with the Indian, but he became especially attached to a colored man named Lewis Collins. Collins was an industrious and respected negro, who was employed in the flouring mills at Lowell. Indian Jim grew very intimate with Collins and promised to reveal to him the location of his lead ore cache. The day was set when they were to start on the journey but Collins became ill and was unable to go. Before he had sufficiently recovered to make another effort, Indian Jim decided to visit his tribe at the Sac and Fox Agency, on the site of the present town of Agency. Before his departure, however, he promised Collins that when he returned they would make a trip to his "mine". That was in 1839.

The red man never returned. Like most members

of his race he was a lover of the pernicious fire water, and in some altercation, caused by excessive drink, he was slain by members of his tribe.

The people of Lowell who had been living in high anticipation of the day when their town would enjoy the riches of the "mine" were sadly disappointed. So strongly had the thought become fixed in the minds of the settlers that many were the efforts made to uncover the much sought treasure. But all was in vain. Whether the supply of lead ore was a cache of the ancient mound builders or more recent tribes, whether it was an unusual glacial deposit, or whether it was the cargo of a sunken barge from the Mines of Spain at Dubuque is entirely a matter of conjecture. The secret "lead mine" of Indian Jim remains a secret still.

O. A. GARRETSON

Two Connecticut Yankees

Dreams of empire and the glory of military prowess plunged Europe into seven long years of bloody war. But the principal scenes of the struggle were at the ends of the earth. While Robert Clive was conquering India, British arms, with the able assistance of American colonial troops, wrested Canada and the eastern half of the Mississippi Valley from the French and their Indian allies. The Treaty of Paris in 1763 greatly changed the map of the world, and altered the destiny of North America. Seldom if ever has England profited more from the spoils of war.

The acquisition of such a vast domain quite naturally awakened a new interest in the nature of the country, its fur-bearing animals, and its native human inhabitants, not only among curious and enterprising Americans but in official circles of the British government. School books have given the impression that the war for American independence was caused chiefly by a tax on tea and the tyranny of a headstrong king. As a matter of fact the vital phase of the American problem in the opinion of the British ministry was the development of the interior of the continent. Commercial regulations and political oppression were incidental to the broad, underlying conflict between English and American inter-

ests in the West. The Indians, still hostile toward the English, had to be reconciled and protected, and the land companies wanted the region settled rapidly while the fur traders opposed colonization. Everybody in America and England was eager for information about the West, if for no other reason than the natural romantic appeal of strange lands and people.

In June, 1766, a Connecticut Yankee, named Jonathan Carver, a man of education and good repute, set out from Boston to explore the wilderness about the Great Lakes and beyond. Having served as a captain in the French and Indian War, "I began to consider", he claimed several years afterward, "how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute, as much as lay in my power, to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain, in North America advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful, that Government should be acquainted in the first place with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose, I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expence in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen."

It is probable that a spirit of adventure, hope of fabulous profits from the fur trade and the publication of his observations, or relief from the inanities of domestic life had more to do with his journey

than patriotic zeal. Nevertheless, fully cognizant of the dangers before him, Carver left his wife and several children to take care of themselves and started on his "travels through the interior parts of North America", under the auspices of Robert Rogers, erstwhile commandant at Mackinac, whom he had met at Boston in the spring and who was organizing an expedition to explore the country from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean and then follow the coast northward in search of the elusive Northwest Passage.

It was on the third of September when, having made arrangements for obtaining supplies, Carver left Mackinac Island, "the uttermost" British fort in the northwest, and, accompanied by some Canadian traders, plunged into the regions he "designed to explore". More than a month was required to skirt the northern shore of Lake Michigan, paddle down Green Bay, ascend the Fox River, and portage to the Wisconsin River. A week later the first American known to have visited Iowa gazed across the Mississippi at Pike's Hill, "a mountain of considerable height". Let him tell his own story while he skirted the border of Iowa in the autumn of 1766.

"On the 15th we entered that extensive river the Mississippi. The Wisconsin, from the Carrying Place to the part where it falls into the Mississippi, flows with a smooth but a strong current; the water of it is exceedingly clear, and through it you may perceive a fine and sandy bottom, tolerably free

from rocks. In it are a few islands, the soil of which appeared to be good, though somewhat woody. The land near the river also seemed to be, in general, excellent; but that at a distance is very full of mountains, where it is said there are many lead mines.

“About five miles from the junction of the rivers, I observed the ruins of a large town in a very pleasing situation. On enquiring of the neighbouring Indians why it was thus deserted, I was informed, that about thirty years ago, the Great Spirit had appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks, which lay at a little distance from it, towards the west, and warned them to quit their habitations; for the land on which they were built belonged to him, and he had occasion for it. As a proof that he, who gave them these orders, was really the Great Spirit, he further told them, that the grass should immediately spring up on those very rocks from whence he now addressed them, which they knew to be bare and barren. The Indians obeyed, and soon after discovered that this miraculous alteration had taken place. They shewed me the spot, but the growth of the grass appeared to be no ways supernatural. I apprehend this to have been a stratagem of the French or Spaniards to answer some selfish view, but in what manner they effected their purposes I know not.

“This people, soon after their removal, built a town on the bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Ouisconsin, at a place called by the French

La Prairies les Chiens, which signifies the Dog Plains; it is a large town, and contains about three hundred families, the houses are well built after the Indian manner, and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raise every necessary of life in great abundance. I saw here many horses of a good size and shape. This town is the great mart, where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders. But it is not always that they conclude their sale here; this is determined by a general council of the chiefs, who consult whether it would be more conducive to their interest, to sell their goods at this place, or carry them on to Louisiana, or Michillimackinac. According to the decision of this council they either proceed further, or return to their different homes.

“The Mississippi at the entrance of the Ouisconsin, near which stands a mountain of considerable height, is about half a mile over; but opposite to the last mentioned town it appears to be more than a mile wide, and full of islands, the soil of which is extraordinarily rich, and but thinly wooded.

“A little farther to the west, on the contrary side, a small river falls into the Mississippi, which the French call Le Jaun Riviere, or the Yellow River. Here the traders who had accompanied me hitherto, took up their residence for the winter. I then

bought a canoe, and with two servants, one a French Canadian and the other a Mohawk of Canada, on the 19th proceeded up the Mississippi."

After he had passed a few miles beyond the northern boundary of Iowa he had a thrilling encounter with a roving band of Indians. "I landed as I usually did every evening," he relates, in his *Travels*, "and having pitched my tent, I ordered my men, when night came on, to lay themselves down to sleep. By a light that I kept burning I then sat down to copy the minutes I had taken in the course of the preceding day. About ten o'clock having just finished my memorandums, I stepped out of my tent to see what weather it was. As I cast my eyes towards the bank of the river, I thought I saw by the light of the stars which shone bright, something that had the appearance of a herd of beasts coming down a descent at some distance; whilst I was wondering what they could be, one of the number suddenly sprung up and discovered to me the form of a man. In an instant they were all on their legs, and I could count about ten or twelve of them running towards me. I immediately re-entered the tent, and awaking my men, ordered them to take their arms, and follow me. As my first apprehensions were for my canoe, I ran to the water's side, and found a party of Indians (for such I now discovered them to be) on the point of plundering it. Before I reached them I commanded my men not to fire till I had given the word, being unwilling to begin hos-

tilities unless occasion absolutely required. I accordingly advanced with resolution, close to the points of their spears, they had no other weapons, and brandishing my hanger, asked them with a stern voice, what they wanted. They were staggered at this, and perceiving they were like to meet with a warm reception, turned about and precipitately retreated. We pursued them to an adjacent wood, which they entered, and we saw no more of them. However, for fear of their return, we watched alternately during the remainder of the night. The next day my servants were under great apprehensions, and earnestly entreated me to return to the traders we had lately left. But I told them, that if they would not be esteemed old women (a term of the greatest reproach among the Indians) they must follow me; for I was determined to pursue my intended route, as an Englishman, when once engaged in an adventure, never retreated. On this they got into the canoe, and I walked on the shore to guard them from any further attack. The party of Indians who had thus intended to plunder me, I afterwards found to be some of those straggling bands, that having been driven from among the different tribes to which they belonged for various crimes, now associated themselves together and living by plunder, prove very troublesome to travellers who pass this way; nor are even Indians of every tribe spared by them. The traders had before cautioned me to be upon my guard against

them, and I would repeat the same caution to those whose business might call them into these parts."

Having spent the winter among the "Naudowessies of the Plains", the Sioux Indians, in the vicinity of the pipestone quarries, Carver returned to the Falls of St. Anthony where he expected to find supplies to enable him to continue his explorations in the hope of reaching Oregon and the Pacific Ocean. Disappointed in this, however, he decided to return to the Yellow River and procure goods from the traders he had left there the previous fall. He appears to have made the trip to Prairie du Chien in three days, arriving early in May, 1767. There he remained for a few weeks, and then, having obtained provisions, he "proceeded once more up the Mississippi, as far as the place where the Chipéway River enters it a little below Lake Pepin."

The remainder of the summer was spent in exploring the Chippewa country and returning to Mackinac by way of the north shore of Lake Superior. There he tarried during the winter and began his homeward journey in June. In October, 1768, he arrived at Boston, "having been absent from it on this expedition two years and five months, and during that time travelled near seven thousand miles." From thence he soon "set out for England, to communicate the discoveries" he had made, "and render them beneficial to the kingdom." But for ten years his plans "for reaping these advantages"

were "obstructed by the unhappy divisions that have been fomented between Great Britain and the Colonies by their mutual enemies."

Peter Pond was another Connecticut Yankee who left an account of his doings in the Upper Mississippi Valley while Iowa was under the rule of Spain and the British lion held sway across the river. Like Jonathan Carver, he participated in the French and Indian War. At the age of sixteen, he relates, "the same Inklanation & Sperit that my Ansesters Profest" became so strong that he could not withstand "the Propensatey for the arme". After the war he turned his "atenshan to the Seas", and made a voyage to the West Indies. Returning he found that his mother had died while his father was away on a trading expedition to Detroit, so that he was obliged to stay at home to care for the family—"the Ondley three years of my Life I was three years in One Plase Sins I was Sixteen years old up to Sixtey." Afterward he engaged in trade about Detroit and in 1773, having formed a partnership with a "Gentelman in New York", he "went In to the Entearer Part of the Countrey first to Mishlemackanack from thenst to the Mississippey and up Sant Peters River & into the Plains Betwene the Mississippey & the Miseurea and Past my Winter among the Nattawaysease on such food as thay made youse of themselves which was verey darte-yaly Cooked."

Despite Pond's remarkable orthography, his journal revealing early American life in the Mississippi Valley is one of the most vivid and enlightening records extant. The manuscript was rescued from the waste basket in 1868. Pond's account of his experiences and other affairs on the Iowa border just before the Revolutionary War follows in his own words.

“After Suplying myself with such Artickels as I wanted and thay Had to Spare I gave them Sum Creadeat and Desended the River to the Mouth which Emteys into the Masseppey and Cros that River and Incampt. The Land along the River as you desend Apears to be Exalant. Just at Night as we ware InCampt we Perseaved Large fish Cuming on the Sarfes of the Water. I had then a Diferant trader with me who had a number of Men with him. We were Incampt Near Each other. We Put our Hooch and Lines into the Water and Leat them Ly all nite. In the Morning we Perseaved thare was fish at the Hoochs and went to the Wattr Eag [water's edge] and halld on our line. Thay Came Heavey. At Lengh we hald one ashore that wade a Hundered and four Pounds — a Seacond that was One Hundered Wate — a third of Seventy five Pounds. The Men was Glad to Sea this for thay Had not Eat mete for Sum Days nor fish for a long time. We asked our men How meney Men the Largest would Give a Meale. Sum of the Largest Eaters Sade twelve men Would Eat it at a Meal.



CAPTAIN JONATHAN CARVER

We Agread to Give ye fish if thay would find twelve men that would undertake it. Thay Began to Dres it. The fish was what was Cald the Cat fish. It Had a large flat Head Sixteen Inches Betwene the Eise. Thay Skind it — Cut it up in three larg Coppers Such as we have for the Youse of our men. After it was Well Boild thay Sawd it up and all Got Round it. Thay Began and Eat the hole without the least thing with it But Salt and Sum of them Drank of the Licker it was Boild in. The Other two was Sarved out to the Remainder of the People who finished them in a Short time. Thay all Declard thay felt the Beater of thare Meale Nor did I Perseave that Eney of them ware Sick or Complaind. Next Morn- ing we Recrost ye River which was about a Mile Brod and Mounted about three Miles til we Come to the Planes of the Dogs [Prairie du Chien] so Cald the Grate Plase of Rondavues for the traders and Indans Before thay Dispars for thare Wintering Grounds. Hear we Meat a Larg Number of french and Indans Makeing out thare arangements for the InSewing winter and sending of thare cannoes to Differant Parts — Like wise Giveing Creadets to the Indans who ware all to Rondoveuse thare in Spring. I Stayed ten days Sending of my men to Differant Parts. I had Nine Clarks which I Imploid in Differant Rivers that fel into the River.

“When I had finished my Matters Hear in Octo- ber I Seat of with two traders in Company for St. Peters River which was a Hundred Leags up the

River But the Season was faverabel and we went on Sloley to Leat the Nottawaseas Git Into the Plain that we Mite not be trubeld with them for Creadit as thay are Bad Pay Marsters. In Going up the River we had Plenty of fat Gease and Duks with Venson — Bares Meat in abandans — so that we Lived as Well as hart Could Wish on Such food — Plentey of flower, tea, Coffee, Sugar and Buter, Sperits and Wine, that we faird Well as Voigers. The Banks of ye River aforded us Plentey of Crab Apels which was Verey Good when the frost Had tuchd them at a Sutabel tim.”

Pond thought that Prairie du Chien was “Very Handsum” and described life at that outpost of civilization. “All the traders that Youseis [uses] that Part of the Countrey”, he wrote, “& all the Indans of Several tribes Meat fall & Spring whare the Grateist Games are Plaid Both By french & Indans. The french Practis Billiards — ye latter Ball. Hear the Botes from New Orleans Cum. They are navagated By thirtey Six men who row as maney oarse. Thay Bring in a Boate Sixtey Hogs-eats of Wine on one * * * Besides Ham, Chese &c — all to trad with the french & Indans. Thay Cum up the River Eight Hundred Leages. These Amusements Last three or four weakes in the Spring of the Year.”

A short distance up St. Peters River Pond and his men “Stopt to Sea Carvers Hut whare he Past his Winter when in that Countrey. It was a Log

House about Sixteen feet long Covered With Bark — With a fireplase But one Room and no flore. This was the Extent of his travels. His Hole toure I with One Canoe Well maned Could make in Six weeks.”

After a winter of successful trading with the Sioux, Pond returned in the spring of 1774 to Prairie du Chien. There he “Saw a Large Colection from Eavery Part of the Misseppey who had arived Before us — Even from Orleans Eight Hundred Leages Belowe us. The Indans Camp Exeaded a Mile & a half in Length. Hear was Sport of All Sorts. We went to Collecting furs and Skins * * * By the Differant tribes with Sucksess. The french ware Veray Numeres. Thare was Not Les than One Hundred and thirtey Canoes which Came from Mackenaw Caring from Sixtey to Eightey Hundred wate Apease all Made of Birch Bark and white Seder for the Ribs. Those Boates from Orleans & Ilenoa and other Parts ware Numeres. But the natives I have no true Idea of thair Numbers. The Number of Packs of Peltrey of Differant Sorts was Cald fifteen Hundred of a Hundred wt Each which went to Mackana. All my outfits had Dun well. I had Grate Share for my Part as I furnish Much the Largest Cargo on the River. After all the Bisness Was Dun and People Began to Groe tirde of Sport, thay Began to Draw of for thare Differant Departments and Prepare for the Insewing winter.”

During the summer of 1774 the Sioux and Chip-

pewa Indians indulged in one of their periodic wars. Pond was commissioned to carry three belts of wampum to the Sioux with a message from the British government calculated to restore peace. When he arrived at Prairie du Chien he found the Indians very much disturbed on account of the strange actions of a French magician at that place. "Thay gave me to understand", he wrote, "thare was a Parson [person] at that Plase that Had an Eevel Sperit. He Did things Beond thare Consep-tion. I wishd to Sea him and Being Informd who he was I askd him Meney Questions. I found him to be a french man who Had Bin Long among the Nations on the Misura that Came that Spring from Ilenoas to the Planes of the Dogs. He had the Slite of Hand Cumpletely and Had Such a Swa over the tribes with whom he was aquanted that thay Con-sented to Moste of his Requests. Thay Gave him the Name of Minneto [Manitou] which is a Sperit In thare Languag. As he was Standing Among Sum People thare Came an Indan up to them with a Stone Pipe or Callemeat Carelessly Rought and which he Seat Grate Store By. Minneto askd ye Indan to Leat him Look at it and he Did so. He wished to Purchis it from the Indan But he would not Part with it. Minneto then Put it into his Mouth as the Indan Supposed and Swalod it. The Poor Indan Stood Astonished. Minneto told him not to trubel himself about it — he Should Have his Pipe agane in two or three Days — it Must first pass

threw him. At the time Seat the Pipe was Presented to the Indan. He Looked upon it as if he Could not Bair to Part with it But would not Put his hand upon it. Minneto Kept the Pipe for Nothing."

After 1775 Pond continued in the fur trade for thirteen years, chiefly in western Canada. He helped organize the North West Company which was given a ten-year monopoly of the trade in the northwest in 1785 as a reward for Pond's important explorations in the Athabasca Valley and the vicinity of Great Slave Lake. The last years of his life were passed in the United States, probably at Milford, Connecticut, where he died in 1807.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

Comment by the Editor

THE FORTUNES OF A BOOK

Jonathan Carver's book, *Travels through the Interior Parts of North America*, was published in London in 1778. It was durably bound in leather and well printed on good paper with quaint type in which the letter s resembled an f, according to the style of that time. The first one hundred and sixty-five pages contained "A Journal of the Travels", while a treatise "Of the Origin, Manners, Customs, Religion, and Language of the Indians" filled the last two-thirds of the volume. In an extensive introduction, the author gave his reasons for exploring the Upper Mississippi Valley and for publishing his observations.

Probably no book of American authorship in the eighteenth century was more widely read than the *Travels* of Jonathan Carver. Two new editions were published in 1779 and the third London edition appeared in 1781. A German translation had been printed in 1780 and later the book was issued in French and Dutch. Meanwhile several American publishers had reprinted the volume. More than thirty editions have been discovered.

Aside from the popularity derived from the perennial fascination of travel, whether beyond the

Great Lakes or in the South Seas, Carver's book possessed literary merit that made it a veritable oasis in the dreary waste of eighteenth century American literature. Moses Coit Tyler described it as "noble and fascinating", having the "charm of a sincere, powerful, and gentle personality — the charm of novel and significant facts, of noble ideas, of humane sentiments, all uttered in English well-ordered and pure." It is said that Carver's poetical report of the harangue of a Nadowessian chief over the dead body of a warrior inspired Schiller to write the dirge, "Nadowessiers Todtenlied".

For many years the *Travels* were accepted as an important contribution to the early history of the Northwest, being the experiences of the first English-speaking traveller west of the Mississippi. But the time came when Captain Jonathan Carver began to be discredited. Men like Henry R. Schoolcraft, who spent years among the Indians, challenged Carver's description of their customs; and later explorers complained that his geographical observations were vague and inaccurate. Finally, in 1906, the great historical critic, E. G. Bourne, showed by means of parallel columns that Carver had apparently made liberal use of the writings of various French travellers in North America, especially in his descriptions of Indian life. This fact, together with uncertainty surrounding Carver's identity and some derogatory gossip by contemporary critics about his character, education, and

military service, led historians to believe that the second part of the *Travels* was plagiarized and that the first part was not the authentic journal it purported to be. Moreover, the assumption that Carver, being an unlettered shoemaker, had hired someone in London to write the book gained general acceptance, and the suspicion grew that his trip to the West was only the figment of a fertile imagination.

But recently the genealogists have undertaken to rescue Captain Carver's reputation. They have found that he came of a prominent and wealthy family in Connecticut, that he served with some distinction as a captain in the French and Indian War, and that he was a man of unusual intelligence as evidenced by the fact that he was a cartographer of recognized skill. Milo M. Quaife has presented conclusive evidence that Carver went West as third in command of Major Robert Rogers's expedition to Oregon, and that his geographical observations while on that exploration tally substantially with the facts.

There seems to be very little room for doubt that the journal of Captain Jonathan Carver of Connecticut is authentic and that he was quite capable of writing his own book, albeit in describing Indian life he used the reports of preceding travellers too freely, as many another has done before and since. Although he died in London on the verge of starvation he need not be pauperized in reputation also, nor should his book be denied the importance to which it is justly entitled.

J. E. B.

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