The Palimpsest

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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.

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THE PALIMPSEST

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Moving the Winnebago

On Wednesday morning, June 8, 1848, when the first flush of dawn appeared over the hills to the east of Fort Atkinson, Iowa, the clear tones of the bugle awoke the sleeping garrison to face the hardest task of their term of enlistment. To James M. Morgan, "Little Red", and his company of Iowa Mounted Volunteers had fallen the duty of escorting the Winnebago with all their belongings to their new home in the Indian country north of the State of Iowa.

Almost two years before, on October 13, 1846, the United States government had completed a treaty with the Winnebago whereby the Indians agreed to relinquish their claims to the Neutral Ground in Iowa and remove to a reservation to be selected by them or their agent in the upper Mississippi region. Soon after the treaty was concluded Henry M. Rice, acting as their agent, chose for the new home of the Winnebago the country lying in the present State of Minnesota between the Watab River on the south,

and the Long Prairie River and the Crow Wing River on the north, a tract of some 1,557,000 acres. The delay in starting, however, was due partly to dissatisfaction among the Indians created by persons whose business would be affected by their removal, and partly by their fear of being drawn into difficulties with the Sioux and the Chippewa who would be their new neighbors.

For weeks before the departure, detachments from Captain Morgan's company had been kept busy bringing back stragglers who tried to avoid the migration by stealing back to Wisconsin. At the same time details from Captain Wiram Knowlton's company from Fort Crawford rounded up bands of Winnebago that had left the reservation for their old hunting grounds in Wisconsin and assembled them at Prairie la Crosse to join the main body en route. Teamsters, wagons, mules, and supplies were brought to Fort Atkinson in preparation for the journey. Arrangements were made for Second Lieutenant Benjamin Fox to move over from Fort Crawford with twenty-five men of Captain Knowlton's company to occupy Fort Atkinson during Morgan's absence; and the day for the departure was set.

On that hot June day the cavalcade moved slowly north from the post on Turkey River, headed for Wabasha's Prairie on the Mississippi. The government had provided 110 wagons with civilian teamsters to haul the Indians, their goods, and supplies

for the trip, while the traders and Mission and Agency folks furnished about 56 more. Four of the supply wagons were hauled by six-mule teams. The Indians, variously estimated from 2100 to 2800, either rode on the 1600 ponies or squatted on the bumpy beds of the army wagons. Squalling papooses rode in "kyaks" or sacks of hides hung over the ponies, helping to swell the volume of sound made by the crawling caravan. Oxen driven by soldiers hauled the two lumbering cannon, and the handful of mounted volunteers, Iowa boys from farm and shop, rode alongside and behind the train, keeping both the Indians and some 143 cattle from wandering away from the route.

In the late afternoon a halt was made for the night. Five hundred tents erected for the accommodation of the Indians and a hundred more for the soldiers, teamsters, and the Agency and Mission people, made a city of canvas on the prairie. Soon, before hundreds of tiny gleaming campfires, troopers and squaws baked dough and roasted meat on sticks while the aroma of boiling coffee rose above the other smells of the camp.

The travel next day afforded no unusual excitement. The creaking wagons moved slowly north, dipping into valleys of lush prairie grass, fording streams, and crawling over bare hills. On the morning of the third day, however, the Indians refused to move until they had buried with appropriate ceremonies one of their number who had died the night

before. Even when the ceremonial dancing and wailing was ended the soldiers had difficulty in getting their charges to start, for many of them wanted to take their belongings and return to their old haunts about the fort and the mission.

Captain Morgan had instructed his men to be ready for an attack or trouble at any time, day or night, and when camp was pitched guards were posted at regular intervals to prevent the Indians from breaking through the lines. One night a bullet whizzed past the sentinel at post number three, and he yelled the alarm, "Post Number Three, C-O-M-E," drawing out the last word in a long wail. The word spread that the Indians were trying to break through the lines and soon the soldiers were in full chase, but Morgan halted them fearing that the shot was a ruse to get the troops away from the camp so that the Indians could plunder the wagons. He ordered the men to lie on their arms until morning holding their horses in readiness for an attack. Daybreak came with no further alarm and after breakfast the Indians started on, the soldiers following.

One afternoon several days later the advance guard noticed that part of the Indian braves who often pushed on ahead of the main caravan had apparently gone over a hill into a ravine off the trail. Supposing that they had turned aside for water, the guard followed their trail and soon came to a spring. After refreshing themselves and watering their

mounts they followed the ravine to the Root River, planning to go down the river bank to regain the main trail. Before they had gone far they saw through the brush across the river a number of Winnebago warriors in hiding, and one of them behind a clump of bushes in the act of shooting something. A shot rang out, and back across the river came splashing a trader urging his horse at full speed, and yelling for help at the top of his voice. Supposing that he had been shot the advance guard jumped their horses into the river, crossed over and caught the fleeing Winnebago. He declared that he did not shoot at the trader, that, in fact, he did not see him until after he had fired. The soldiers turned him loose and soothed the ruffled feelings of the trader with a liberal gift of venison. Afterwards it was learned that the braves had stationed themselves in the brush planning to shoot the first white man to cross the river, and this was to be the signal for a general onslaught. The unexpected appearance of the advance guard from the ravine had frustrated their plans.

At this point a halt was made for five days for the Indians were restless and at first refused to go farther. This stop permitted the soldiers to wash their clothes, to sew on buttons, and to rest their jaded horses, while it allowed the teamsters to mend broken traces and to repair the wagons. On Sunday the Reverend David Lowry preached to the soldiers, teamsters, traders, and Agency folks, dwelling upon

their dangerous position among merciless Indians and their dependence upon Divine Providence.

That night a band of Indians sneaked away and a detachment of soldiers despatched in pursuit took two days to find the runaways and drive them back to camp. After this outbreak the Winnebago travelled along peaceably for several days causing no trouble, although the braves at times would dash madly ahead, then rejoin the train when camping time arrived.

Toward eleven o'clock one night the alarm call rang out from Post Number Four arousing the sleeping soldiers who rushed to the post to assist the guard. He had stopped an Indian who said he was chief Little Hill, and he asked to be conveyed to headquarters for a secret council. At the council he stated that a band of renegade Sioux living on Wabasha's Prairie had entered into a conspiracy with the Winnebago to forbid the passing of the caravan through their land on the ground that the Winnebago were killing all the game of the Sioux. The Winnebago were to pretend to be afraid and to insist on going to the lower end of Wabasha's Prairie, thence up the Mississippi by steamboat. When the caravan had reached the lower end of the Prairie, the Sioux and the Winnebago were to join forces to kill all the whites and appropriate the teams, cattle, government stores, arms, and ammunition. Then they would go back from the river where the Great Father's boys could not find them, form a new tribe and enjoy the spoils of victory.

Captain Morgan decided to send Corporal Thomas Cox with eight men to make their way with all possible haste to the Mississippi and to get word to the commanding officers at Fort Snelling and at Fort Crawford to come at once to the lower end of Wabasha's Prairie with soldiers, cannon, and equipment. The detail was passed through the lines early in the morning and succeeded in eluding the Indians. Ten anxious days passed.

True to Little Hill's warning the Winnebago hunters began to return pretending fear and reporting that the Sioux had ordered them off their hunting grounds and had chased them with murderous intent. Finally a body of Sioux appeared and forbade further advance through their country, ordering the caravan off their land. During the second night after this occurrence, Corporal Cox and his squad returned with the word that Captain Seth Eastman with a company of regulars from Fort Snelling and Captain Wiram Knowlton with his volunteers from Fort Crawford would reinforce Morgan at the Prairie.

When the cavalcade reached the head of the Prairie a high steep bluff blocked the way to the plain below. To lower the wagons required a detail of sixteen men who, under the command of First Lieutenant John H. McKenny, let down each wagon by tying a rope around the rear axle and then taking a turn around a tree near the edge of the bluff. It took all day long to lower the government wagons and at

sunset several wagons belonging to the Agency and Mission people remained at the top. The company had ridden on and gone into camp about five miles away at the foot of Wabasha's Prairie, and when the last government wagon was on its way, Lieutenant McKenny ordered his men to mount and follow. Soon after they started they met Jonathan Fletcher, the Indian Agent, and a trader by the name of Pratt with an order from Captain Morgan for the detail to help them down with their wagons. McKenny replied that his men had worked hard all day without any dinner, that they were now going to have something to eat, and that Fletcher and Pratt might go to h—l with their order. This disobedience of orders might have caused trouble had not difficulties of a more serious nature intervened.

Captain Eastman had already arrived with one nine-pound cannon, sixty northern Sioux, and forty regulars. The soldiers went into camp on the lower end of the prairie, while most of the Indians turned off into a ravine out of sight of the troops. Two of the Winnebago chiefs, Broad-face and Little Hill, did not enter into the conspiracy although some of their men did, and the two chieftains with the remnants of their bands came down the Prairie and camped near the soldiers. Wabasha, the chief of the renegade Sioux, permitted his band to join with the Winnebago, but he himself stayed in his wigwam some four or five miles up the river.

The soldiers posted double guards while they were

waiting for Knowlton to arrive, the Indians meanwhile appearing in small groups on the tops of nearby hills spying on the camp. With the arrival of the contingent from Fort Crawford all hands set to work to prepare for an attack. The steamboat which had brought the troops was tied up to the bank with a full head of steam ready for use. Then the covered wagons were run end to end in a semi-circle enclosing almost an acre, beginning at a point on the river above the boat and swinging back to the river at about the same distance below. The troops barricaded this enclosure by rolling barrels of flour, pork, and beans, against the wagon wheels on the inside, leaving only a small space for entrance. This enclosure they dubbed the "bull pen". Inside were placed the Indians brought by Eastman, and they displayed their fighting spirit by dancing furiously around some small flags stuck in the ground.

When the barricade was finished Captain Eastman sent a detachment of eight cavalrymen to the Indians commanding them to come down the Prairie and to proceed peaceably up the river. The latter agreed to come and did not offer to molest the messengers, however, they waited until the troopers had returned almost to the camp, when with shouts and cries that made the hills and dales reëcho with the sound the braves dashed down the Prairie, armed for battle. They were painted beyond recognition, splattered with red, their hair set up on end and colored red as blood.

When they came within range they were ordered to halt, and seeing three bristling cannon with the aprons off, the gunners standing with lighted fuse, the cavalry with carbines loaded and sabers ready, the infantry in line and prepared to fire, the Indians halted in dismay. The chiefs and officers were disposed to settle the difficulty without a fight if possible but many of the braves and soldiers wished to see who was master of the situation. A council was called halfway between the two forces, and here the Indians consented to go on up the river. Thus was the incipient revolt crushed by a stern display of force. The officers turned over a number of beeves as a present to the Indians who would take after one on their ponies and riddle it with bullets until they were stopped by the soldiers.

With the one steamboat, chartered by the government at one hundred dollars per day, and two small barges the soldiers set to work to transport the stores, animals, and Indians up the river. First Captain Eastman and his command were returned to Fort Snelling, then Captain Knowlton and his men were taken down stream to Prairie du Chien. Morgan's men sent boatload after boatload upstream as fast as possible but the Mississippi became so low that the steamboat or barges would run aground on sand bars and the men at Wabasha's Prairie never knew exactly when to have a load ready. Sometimes when one of the boats that made regular trips between St. Louis and St. Paul reached the Prairie,

the soldiers would compel the captain to stop for a load of Indians much to the disgust of the passengers. During the delay at the Prairie the troopers had little to do except to stand guard and to see that the constantly dwindling bands of Indians did not stray away too far. The soldiers celebrated July 4, 1848, by fighting a sham battle in which they fired several rounds of small arms and let the cannon howl a few times. The Indians ran in all directions and hid in the ravines thinking that "Morgan's Braves" were beginning an attack. For amusement the men swam in the Mississippi, or played ball, while the Indians loafed or hunted. A small detachment accompanied each load up the river so that only a handful of soldiers remained to escort the last group.

The encampment had dwindled until only a few goods and part of three tribes of Indians remained. Dandy's band had crossed the river into Wisconsin, Four-Eyes with part of his band had gone about six miles down the river where they camped and Yellow Thunder, becoming disheartened, declared that he was going back home to the burial ground of his fathers, and with the remnant of his followers started home. The "Braves" started after him in a soaking rain, fifteen soldiers against fifty warriors. At nightfall they came upon the band dancing about a camp fire. Late at night, when the tired Indians sank down to sleep exhausted from their violent exertions, the soldiers crept up, surrounded the band,

seized the guns, and removed the locks. The next morning the crestfallen runaways trailed back to the encampment.

Another small detachment brought back Four-Eyes' band and the soldiers made ready to fire the cannon which was the signal agreed upon for Dandy's followers to return. They loaded the cannon on the barge, pushed over to the east bank of the river and fired one shot. The recoil of the piece surged the barge against the steamboat with such force that the men removed the gun to shore. Here they let it roar a few times and the Indians came yelling, some afoot, some on ponies, and others up the river in canoes. The soldiers put the cannon and the Indians on board the steamboat, loaded the ponies on the barge and then steamed back across the river for the camp equipment and supplies. In the afternoon of that day the last load started toward Fort Snelling.

From the hurricane deck the soldiers viewed the desolate appearance of the lower Wabasha where recently stood a small city of tents, and the highly colored battle array. Wabasha's village slipped past, and the boat approached the rocky cliff known as the Maiden's Rock. Twilight came and the steamer plowed its way into Lake Pepin. All night long the spray from the prow spattered over the sleeping men till their blankets were as wet as though they had been dipped in the river. Above the mouth of the St. Croix River the big barge with all the sol-

diers' horses on board except four which were on the small barge, stuck on a sand bar. With difficulty it was worked off and the soldiers whose horses were on it received orders to get on the barge, cut loose from the steamboat, make for the shore and continue their journey by land. The four soldiers whose horses were on the little barge continued the journey on the steamboat. The rest floated the big barge down stream to Hastings where they landed.

From here they rode through rain and mud to St. Paul arriving several hours after the docking of the steamer. The Indians had gone on out of town and so the cavalrymen camped about a mile below the Falls of St. Anthony to await supplies and orders from Captain Morgan. Word came soon that the supplies for the rear guard were on another steamboat stuck on a sand bar twenty miles below St. Paul. The guard received orders to await the coming of the wagons with these supplies, then to overtake the caravan. Two days later two wagons loaded with barrels of flour, pork, and beans from the stranded boat arrived. With plenty to eat, delightful weather, and good health, the men told their longest yarns, sang their best songs, and rested soundly, lulled to sleep by the roar of the Falls of St. Anthony.

The next morning the rear guard set out along the river and followed the Red River trail until they overtook the caravan which had encamped on a beautiful stretch of prairie. Warm were the greetings for a month had elapsed since all had been

together. Here they halted from Friday until Monday, spending Saturday in washing and mending clothes, horse racing, jumping, hunting, fishing, and gambling. Divine service was held on Sunday.

On Monday the march was resumed. Since the caravan was expected to arrive about two months before it finally came, some traders had stationed themselves along the trail supplied with whiskey to sell on the sly to get the loose change of the soldiers as well as the furs from the Indians. One of these traders had a fat pig of about two hundred pounds which he allowed to run at large near his shanty which was hidden in the woods some distance from the road. The pig, hearing the rattling wagons of the caravan, ambled out to see what was happening. The teamsters seeing him chased him under the wagons to the other side of the train. The rear guard saw what was happening and one by one they began to drop out of ranks and to slip into the brush. When the wagon hauling the traps of the rear guard came alongside this spot the boys came out carrying the carcass of a fine fat animal and loaded it into the wagon. As they drew near camp they met a sergeant returning to learn what had happened. To his question as to what was in the wagon, the boys answered "bear meat" as it was not covered. That night officers and men feasted on fresh pork.

At Sauk Rapids a halt was made to hold a council with the Sioux and Chippewa who wanted to hear specifically just how and under what conditions the

Winnebago were to occupy the neutral strip between them. Here assembled the Indian agents and helpers, the Mission officers, the teamsters, the engineers detailed to erect buildings for the Mission and Agency, the cavalry, and thousands of Indians.

An armed guard was thrown around the council grove and the rest of the soldiers mingled with the crowd to maintain order. Fletcher, the Agent, called the meeting to order, a chaplain offered prayer and the Indian chiefs in long speeches presented their views as to what should be the relationship between the tribes. During the second morning of the council a terrific thunder storm broke up the meeting. The wind tore the tents from their fastenings while almost a continuous roar of deafening thunder followed the dazzling flashes of lightning, and the rain came down in torrents. An unusually fierce flash of lightning struck a Winnebago tent and killed seven Indians. This occurrence ended the council temporarily for the Indians took three days to carry out the funeral ceremonies while the soldiers righted the overturned wagons and tents and dried their clothes.

At the close of the pow-wow where the Indians danced, wailed, and chanted while the throbbing drums kept time, the council reconvened. All parties reached an agreement which was announced by the firing of a cannon. The afternoon was spent in a general jollification, Indians and soldiers competing in footraces, wrestling, dancing, and feasting.

From this point Captain Morgan sent out an advance guard to select the best site for the location of the new Mission and Agency buildings while the main train followed. Both the advance guard and the main caravan halted at a favorable place for a camp at the head of the Long Prairie River. The spot was favored by most of the scouts, but some of the traders felt that a better location could be found farther down stream. The scouts, however, saw no place that equalled the head of Long Prairie and so the men staked out the ground for the new buildings. The engineers erected some saw mills to prepare lumber while part of the force built some shacks to house the supplies. Others hunted and fished or gathered huckleberries to add variety to the regular rations of pork, beans, and hardtack. When the buildings were well under way the guard returned to the encampment at Sauk Rapids.

While part of Morgan's command had escorted the caravan to the head of Long Prairie, another part had scoured the country, raiding the whiskey traders and carrying out the agreement of the Sauk Rapids council. One of these groups had made a trip to the Crow Wing River. Here they found a man living in a shanty, but he denied having any whiskey. However, they started a search and in a little place under the bank like a spring house, they found a keg with four or five gallons of liquor in it. One of the soldiers searching along the river bank, saw something that looked like a rope tied to a rock out in the river.

He called the attention of the others to it, then waded out and pulled it up. Tied to the other end of the rope he found a barrel of whiskey, pure stuff bearing the stamp of W. G. Haun who had a distillery near the Mississippi in the northeast corner of Clinton County, Iowa. The trader denied any knowledge of it, but that night he or some Indians stampeded the horses of the soldiers so that they had to shoulder their saddles and start back to camp on foot. Some of their comrades found and returned the horses to the footsore troopers whom they found lying under trees unable to travel further.

At Sauk Rapids the men heard that the Mexican War was over and the main topic of conversation was when would they get out of the service. Their teamsters came through regularly hauling supplies from St. Paul to the new agency site. One evening as the teams came into camp they had new drivers, the old drivers sitting on the load. Speculation ran rife as to what it meant. When the bugle call sounded the line was filled faster than it ever had been before. The command "Attention!" rang out, then the order was read for the troops to return to Fort Atkinson, Iowa, to be discharged. "Boom!" went the cannon and the celebration continued until late at night. The next morning the men received word to wash and mend their clothes in preparation for the return trip. By this time the troop presented a ragged appearance; some of the men were entirely bare-footed; some had lost the knees out of their

trousers, and others had lost the seats. Jackets were torn and out at the elbows. All day was spent in mending.

Reveille, the next morning, received a prompt response for the men were eager to load the wagons and to set out on the return trip. They made rapid progress in piling tents and equipment in the army transports and mounting their horses. Morgan's "Braves" fired a parting salute and started for home.

Just before reaching Fort Snelling the troop halted for a day to wash their belts and scour their equipment preparatory to delivering them up at the Fort the next day. The following morning, marching through the Fort in single file they delivered up their arms and accouterments, then rode out the south side of the Fort, thence to the Mississippi to await a steamboat at a landing. Here, with the horses loaded on a barge, they went on board for the trip down river. One old cook stove on the forward deck proved totally insufficient for use by nearly a hundred men and so when the dinner bell rang several of the soldiers filed in and took seats at the table much to the disgust of the passengers. The steamboat captain remonstrated but the men sat tight. One of the passengers from St. Louis, straightening up and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his jacket, asserted that he did not propose to eat with soldiers. At this several troopers started for him and he beat a precipitate retreat but the

interposition of Lieutenant McKenny prevented trouble. He said that the soldiers were as good as he was and that he was good enough to eat with anybody and if they did not stop their fuss and let the soldiers eat he would take possession of the boat and put all the passengers ashore. The soldiers ate at the table.

The steamboat slipped down stream between the foliage-clad banks of the upper Mississippi until McGregor's Landing opposite Prairie du Chien was reached. Here the troops rested for two days and the officers visited at Fort Crawford across the river. From this place the men started on the fifty mile trip along the Military Trail to Fort Atkinson, not in regular formation but each man setting his own pace. As the horses were in poor condition from insufficient food and the hard trip on the barge, the soldiers straggled back to the fort one by one.

Shortly thereafter the Mustering Officer, Major A. S. Hooe, arrived at the Fort and the men prepared to make a hasty departure for home as soon as they were discharged. After breakfast on the morning of September 11, 1848, the company was formed in line on horseback, and as each name was called the Mustering Officer read the charges against the man for supplies purchased at the sutler's store and for equipment lost. When the name of a certain trooper who had returned almost in rags was called, the officer glancing up remarked, "There's nothing against him and not much on him."

When Major Hooe completed the roll call he praised the troops for what they had done, saying that they had gone through hardships and dangers without grumbling and that the name of the company had remained untarnished. He hoped that the men would return home without committing depredations, and there return to work and be good citizens. Both Captain Morgan and Lieutenant McKenny addressed the men expressing thanks for their obedience to orders and the respect shown them during the time they had been in command.

Then the men of Morgan's Company of Iowa Volunteers dispersed to their respective homes, to Burlington, to Dubuque, to Iowa City and other points, there to resume the labor of farm or store, or to practice again their professions. Although the men had not served on the battle fields of Mexico against their country's enemy they had performed honorably and bravely every task assigned them and had escorted successfully a restless band of Indians over a trail more than three hundred miles in length.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

With the First Iowa Infantry

When the Civil War broke out, Henry O'Connor was a man of forty, already well known in the State of Iowa as a successful lawyer and a popular political orator. He enlisted as a private in Company A of the First Regiment of Iowa Volunteers and served through the three months of active campaigning with that organization in Missouri in the summer of 1861. The letter printed below was written by O'Connor and first appeared in the *Muscatine Weekly Journal* for August 2, 1861. Later it was reprinted in a brief history of the regiment written by O'Connor and published in 1862.

On August 10, 1861, the First Iowa distinguished itself in the battle of Wilson's Creek. Soon thereafter, the three months enlistment period having expired, the regiment was mustered out. Most of the men re-enlisted in other organizations, O'Connor later attaining the grade of major in the Thirty-fifth Iowa Infantry. He resumed his law practice after the war and from 1867 to 1872 he served as Attorney General of the State.— The Editor.

Camp Seigel[Sigel], Green County, Mo.
Ten miles N. W. of Springfield, July 16, 1861.

Friend Mahin: — I am so much of a stranger to the

Journal of late, that I scarcely know how to approach it. I am, as you see, very particular in dating my letter, not that there will be anything new to you in what I have to say, but that such of your readers as feel interested in the doings and misdoings of the First Iowa Regiment, may take map in hand and follow us through our long and somewhat tedious march; and perhaps some of them may wish to preserve it. I can vouch for its accuracy — elegance of style of course you cannot expect, when you consider that I am sitting *tailor fashion,* with the tail-board of a wagon across my knees for a writing desk, in a noisy camp of six thousand men, and over two thousand horses and mules — drums beating, fifes squealing, mules braying, horses neighing, men swearing, singing, and doing everything but praying.

We are now encamped near the summit of the Ozark mountains in a beautiful region, and what is still better, surrounded by a warm-hearted, Union-loving people, who are ready and willing to make any sacrifice for our beloved country. The soil is rich but full of lime-stones, which show themselves on the surface of the ground about as thick as onions in Scott county, to the great annoyance of plowmen, and the especial annoyance of us poor devils who have to sleep on them every night. However, I must not get in advance of my story.

We left Keokuk, June 13th, thence to Hannibal by boat, next moving by rail to Macon City, thence to Renick by rail, 30 miles, where we remained one

night, and commenced our march to Boonville. This is the point at which some unfriendly correspondent of the *Gate City* says we took to the woods and got cut off, a statement no less injudicious than erroneous, as I have no doubt it caused many a tear to be shed about our hearth-stones at home. We made the march to Boonville, 58 miles, in two days and three hours, on three meals, and that it was a good one we need no better evidence than Gen. Lyon's expression to Col. Bates, that he knew of no better march even by old regular soldiers. We staid in Camp Cameron at Boonville till the morning of the 3d of July, when, as a part of General Lyon's command, we started on our march for south-western Missouri, to any point where we could lay our hands on the traitor Jackson. We made what is usually denominated forced marches, twenty-four miles a day, except one day, when it poured down a drenching rain on us, we marched 18 miles — the Iowa boys at the head of the column, with mud and water running off them in the shape of a mixture of rain and sweat — company A in the van singing national airs, under the lead of that little nightingale from your office, Emerson Upham, who, by the way, has shown himself to be one of the toughest and best soldiers in the regiment. When we had marched eighteen miles and left the two Missouri regiments forty-five minutes behind, and their men dropping by the road-side by the score, the surgeon of Col. Boernstein's regiment rode in a gallop to the head of the column, and

told the General that unless he halted the column he would kill all the Missouri men. We halted right in the rain. The rain held up in an hour or two; we built a fire, dried our clothes on us, (the best way always to save taking cold,) got our supper of some healthy crackers and good coffee, run round like antelopes, and in the evening to the surprise of every one, and to the terror of the St. Louis boys, we had a skirmish drill. I believe it was at this point that Gen. Lyon, who first called us Gipsies because of our ragged and dirty appearance, christened us the "Iowa Grey Hounds."

At Grand River, in Henry county, we came up with Col. Sturgis' command, consisting of two volunteer regiments from Kansas, five hundred regulars, and four pieces of artillery, which, joined to our force of twenty-five hundred troops, put Gen. Lyon at the head of a column of six thousand, with ten pieces of artillery. Crossing Grand river with such a force of men, wagons and horses on a rickety old ferry boat, was, as you can perceive, a tedious process. It was prosecuted night and day, and the whole column taken over without a single accident to man or beast. We marched from there to the Osage river, at a point ten miles southwest of Osceola. Here, again, we had to go through the disagreeable process of crossing the troops on about the meanest thing in the shape of a ferry boat that I ever saw. But Gen. Lyon was there, and the thing had to go ahead.

Just before starting over the river in the evening, some Union men came into camp and gave information to the General of about eight hundred secessionists being encamped at a point about twelve miles off. Colonel Bates was ordered to detail from his regiment a sufficient force to take them or break them up. Five companies — A, C, D, F and K — were accordingly detailed for that purpose, and got all ready to start, under command of Major Porter, silently, as soon as it was dark; when suddenly, and to the great disappointment of the boys, the order was countermanded. It appeared that a messenger had just arrived from Springfield with the intelligence that Col. Seigel's[Sigel's] command, of about fifteen hundred, were in Springfield surrounded by about eight thousand secessionists, under the lead of Claib Jackson nominally, but Ben. McCulloch really, for Jackson is not fit to lead a blind horse to water. He is a coward as well as a traitor. This news, of course, stirred up the old General, who seemed to feel sure of his game this time, having missed Jackson at Boonville.

We went on with the crossing, and got our regiment over by four o'clock in the morning; no sleep, with orders to march at five; made fires, hurried up our breakfast, swallowed it and started at quarter past five. This was our great march, kept up through a hot sun until three o'clock. We camped, got supper, and at half-past 5, when we were thinking of fixing our beds, the General's bugle sounded a

forward march. Off we started, and after measuring off forty-five miles in twenty-two hours — recollect with the loss of two nights' sleep, and only three hours' rest — we fetched up in a cornfield, on the bank of a pretty stream; corn reeking with heavy dew, ground muddy from recent rains, men shivering, sleepy and hungry. We were ordered to get our breakfasts, what sleep we could, and be ready to march in two hours. Springfield, still thirty-five miles off, must be reached to-night. Of course, in this long march a great many fell back exhausted, but most of our regiment came up within an hour. Many dropped down in the wet and mud and went to sleep; some went to making a fire and stirring round to prevent chilling — myself among the latter. In a little over three hours we had got breakfast, sleep, rest, &c., &c., and were again on our weary, swinging march, but with many sore feet. We thought of nothing, however, but coming up with Jackson, when lo! after we had gone about five miles, the General received the news of Jackson's defeat by Seigel [Sigel], and his subsequent hasty flight. Of course this rendered any more forced marching unnecessary; so after marching a few miles further to a good creek, we encamped for the day, cooked, slept, washed ourselves, our shirts, &c. Next day, Saturday, we marched to this place, where we have rested ever since.

We spend our time very pleasantly. The intervals between drill and parade are spent in looking up

some delicacy in the way of bread, butter, chickens, &c. A good many wagons come into camp with those things, and those of the boys who have not gambled off their money have a little left.

I have given you a rough but faithful sketch of our soldiering for the last four or five weeks. How do you like it? It is better to read of, than to be a part of. Like others, perhaps, you will be astonished to hear that your correspondent stood the march all through without giving out or resorting to the wagons. Pretty fair for a soldier weighing only one hundred pounds. Our officers had not a much better time than the men. Capt. Cummins is a perfect horse to march. It is rumored that he is going to Washington with a view of a commission in the regular army; or, failing in that, to get a company accepted, and then come home and raise it.

George Satterlee is acting Quartermaster, and on that account is very little with the company. He is unusually popular with the regiment, and his business knowledge and habits fit him admirably for the place.

Ben. Beach is, and always has been, a favorite with the company. Always at his place, wherever that is, impartial, modest and kind-hearted, he is seen and felt, but not often heard. He desires to raise a company and stay in the army, if he has a chance. I predict that he will make his mark as a soldier.

Col. Bates has gained very much in favor with his men during this march. He evinced an anxiety for

the comfort of his men which endeared him to them, and he assumes a respectful independence in the presence of his superiors which the citizen-soldier likes to see.

Col. Merritt and Major Porter have always been personally popular with the regiment. We have had none of those disgusting scenes of *whipping, bucking, gagging,* &c., in our regiment, but we have seen too much of it in the others while at Boonville and here, amongst regulars and volunteers. A great deal of it in the St. Louis regiment. In the first Kansas regiment a young man named Cole was shot on dress parade, for killing a fellow soldier. Four balls entered his body, and one his neck. He died instantly.

In a wayside grocery and gambling shop near the Osage river, two soldiers belonging to the regulars were murdered. The grocery and house were burned by order of the General, and the grocery keeper, who proved to be the murderer of at least one of the men, was taken, tried before the general, convicted, sentenced to be hanged, and is now under guard awaiting execution as soon as the General shall order. He deserves his fate richly. He is an old offender. These are incidents of news.

I had almost forgotten to say a word about Gen. Lyon. A man rather below the middle stature, with no surplus flesh, red hair and whiskers, fast ripening to grey, small blue eye, vigor, energy, fearlessness, and a dogged determination to accomplish his purpose at all hazards, are the prominent traits of his

character. Finish the picture yourself — I must close to get this to Springfield.

We expect to be home about the 20th or 25th of August, and will be glad to see the people whether they will to see us or not.

H.

Paying the First Iowa

Hiram Price, early leader in the fight for prohibition in Iowa, Member of Congress from 1863 to 1869 and from 1877 to 1881, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1881 to 1885, was forty-seven years old at the outbreak of the Civil War and did not enlist; but he gave infinite service to the cause as a civilian both in Iowa and in Congress. The letter printed below reveals an instance of this service. The delivery of the pay to the volunteers of the First Iowa must have been accomplished in the latter part of June or the first of July, 1861. On the third of July the regiment left Boonville for the south and a few weeks later were engaged in their one great battle, that of Wilson's Creek. The original of the letter is in the manuscript collection of Kirkwood Correspondence in the Historical Department at Des Moines, Iowa.— THE EDITOR.

Aug. 13th, 1886

Hon. Saml. J. Kirkwood

Dear Sir

I have just recd the Davenport Gazette giving an account of the reunion on the 10th Inst. I am glad to know that you were there and had a chance to talk to *"the boys."* After the lapse of a

quarter of a century, I have not forgotten how the 1st Iowa was recruited, clothed (so far as shoes & blouses were concerned) and fed. I know something about how blankets, quilts & comforts were begged & borrowed in Davenport to fix up quarters in Nicholas Fejervary's block of buildings for the first companies. I have not forgotten how I succeeded (after repeated refusals by other parties whose patriotism did not reach their pockets) in getting Dan. Moore to feed them if I would be *personally* responsible for the payment. I have not forgotten, that Ezekiel Clark and myself, took our own money $33,000 without any authority of law, or any certainty of ever getting one cent of it back, and travelled to Missouri, to pay the men who had left home & friends to risk their lives in defence of the Union & the old flag. We found the 2d Iowa scattered along the R. Road all the way from Hannibal to St. Jo. & paid them their proportion. Then Mr. Clark was compelled to go to New York, leaving me alone to hunt up the 1st Iowa. I failed to get across the country to where I *supposed* the regiment was because the Rebels (our Southern Brothers) had possession of the roads and there were more of *them* than of *me*. So my only hope of success was by a flank movement, which required a detour via St. Louis. I succeeded finally by river, rail & foot in reaching Jefferson City, carrying *my* funds (not *Govt.* funds) in an old fashioned Iron bound hand trunk, or satchel, Jefferson City was full of Rebels

& I was an entire Stranger and alone. Col. Boernstien was in command of some troops at that place, with his head quarters in the State House. I called upon him, told him who I was, and that I was hunting the 1st Iowa Regt. to pay them some money, but I did not know exactly where the Regt. was, and asked him if he could tell me where to find the Regt. He said he could not tell for certain, but it was up the river in the direction of Booneville. I then asked him, if he thought I could go by waggon safely through the country. His reply was "You get your *troat* cut before you get five miles from here." Then I asked him if he would give me an escort, to which he replied, "I have not men enough to protect myself here." With these *kind* words and this *cheering* outlook I left him. I was armed with a single barrelled pistol about three inches long. I had then about $22,000 in my hand trunk, because I had only paid the 2d Iowa and the 1st & 3d were yet to be paid. I sat up all of that night, (It was nearly night when I left the *hospitable* quarters of Col. Boernstien) with my hand trunk between my feet, and my artilery (3 inch pistol) in position ready to repel an attack of the enemy.

Now you will notice the Col. had refused me any assistance, and had given me the *cheering* assurance that if I attempted to reinforce Genl. Lyon with my money, I would get my *troat* cut. But I got there all the same, and *"the boys"* were glad to see me, and I was more than glad to be able to shed a little sun-

light up [the] dark pathway upon which they had entered. The record of the re-union of the 1st Iowa is noticable for the conspicuous manner in which the names of Mr. Clark and the Subscriber are *not mentioned.* While you have money muscle or brains to use for the benefit of the people you amt. to something, but not otherwise —

Very truly &c

H. Price

Comment by the Editor

LOOKING BACKWARD

Old days, old ways — how quickly we let them slip. Almost pathetically sometimes the older members of the community try to hold them in our remembrance. But we turn from them with little patience and fasten our eyes and attention upon the infinitesimal present, as a speculator scans the quotations on the tape of a stock ticker, engrossed in the ups and downs of the market and indifferent to the fluctuations of the week before.

We detach ourselves from the past and live only in the present. Events lead us by the nose. Conditions of life change and with lightning like facility we adjust ourselves to the new and forget the old. The age of furnaces and motor cars and tiny yards has so captured us that the base-burner and the old gray mare and the wide-doored barn and ample yard and orchard are fast dimming memories. The sight of a patient horse hitched to an old fashioned buggy and standing with drooping head at the curb of a modern street stirs us only as something alien, even though we may have spent many hours as a boy currying just such a horse and greasing the axles of a similar buggy.

The men who drove those once fashionable equipages, who banked the foundations of their houses and perhaps stuffed the window cracks with cotton

to keep out the cold, and emptied hods of rattling coal into the tops of base-burners, are being gathered to their still more ancient fathers. And with them are going those faithful souls who sewed the rag rugs and kept the whatnot dusted, who took the pain of chillblains out of our feet with tubs of cold water and the ache out of our childish hearts with motherly comfort, who patched our trousers worn through with sliding down the shed roof, made batches of doughnuts and cookies of a Saturday morning, and sent us down to the monthly church supper laden with huge warm pots of baked beans and scalloped potatoes.

If the memories of our childhood bind us so little to the past, how quickly will fade from the memory of man the sharpness of detail of the times that are gone. Only from the lips of older men and historians come words that remind us of that which once was; and we are prone to humor and forget the one and find little interest in the other. Sometimes novelists draw us a more or less clear picture of other days, but usually they are kept too busy explaining somewhat bewilderedly, but with no less positiveness and detail, just what our perplexed modern life is driving at.

AN HISTORIC SPORT

It is likely that the rather incidental sources of information will be the most illuminating in our study of past conditions — the hurried newspapers,

the personal letters and infrequent diaries, the treasured souvenirs of events, social, religious, and political, the portraits and random photographs of individuals and gatherings, of river fronts and bridges and steamboats, of streets and public squares and old buildings.

Hunting with a camera for historic landmarks is recommended as an outdoor sport. There are no game laws that hinder. In fact the only way to preserve the game is to shoot it. Nor is it prohibited to shoot the young in this kind of sport. The street scenes that seem to us fresh with youth to-day will be historic to-morrow. If every town in the Middle West had a municipal album preserved at the city hall or public library in which were placed views of the infant village at six months and of the growing and changing town at frequent subsequent periods, what an interesting and valuable record we should have.

It is probable that there is not extant in any one place a complete set of views of the buildings which served Iowa, State and Territory, as capitol. Famous inns and taverns and forts have vanished, churches and academies have crumbled and gone, unvisualized except in the minds of those who will soon leave us.

There is game in every county and an open season throughout the year. Let us take down the trusty camera and make the most of the sport.

J. C. P.

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