

The
PALIMPSEST
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CONTENTS

Bywater Odyssey 213

ARCHIMEDES BYWATER

An Invitation to Immigrants 226

A. R. FULTON

Iowa Anecdote 243

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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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

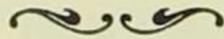
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Bywater Odyssey

Many early Iowa pioneer families were deeply rooted in the American soil, but others, like the Bywaters, spanned the ocean and intervening territory, from England to the Mississippi Valley, in two generations. Robert Bywater, a miller by trade, emigrated to Maryland in 1811. His son William married Amanda Lowman who was the daughter of a veteran of the War of 1812. Their eldest son, Archimedes, was old enough to remember the boats on Chesapeake Bay before they resumed the westward migration. Nearly eighty years later, in 1920, Archimedes Bywater related his father's pioneering experiences to his nephew, Dr. W. L. Bywater, who contributed the manuscript to THE PALIMPSEST.—
The Editor.

In 1843 my parents left Baltimore and started west to grow up with the country. The first move from their native State was to Steubenville, Ohio, and a little later to Zanesville. As I was but three years old I do not know what my father worked at. After a residence of about three years in Ohio he moved to New Albany, Indiana.

Being a stranger in a strange land and without much means, he was "simply up and against it." One morning, shortly after arriving at New Albany, he saw a steamboat at the wharf. He went down to the boat and soon came back telling mother that he was going to work on the boat as night watchman. He left that afternoon. The boat crossed the river to Louisville and took on a load for New Orleans. This boat was one of the largest in the lower Mississippi trade. Father was soon promoted to day watchman. After working about six months, he accepted better wages as second mate on another boat. I think before the first year had expired he was first mate.

Sometime in the month of September, 1847, father's boat came up from New Orleans and docked on the New Albany side of the river. She remained there for two or three days for the purpose of loading the Indiana soldiers bound for the Mexican War. Late in the afternoon of the last day mother took us children — your father [Napoleon], Jane, and myself — down to the wharf. Father, seeing us, came ashore with the captain and talked to us a little while. He kissed mother and us children, the captain shook hands with all of us, the soldiers and all hands went aboard, the gang planks were pulled in, the whistle blew, the bell rang, father and the captain waved us good-

bye, the big steamboat swung around with her bow down stream, the black smoke rolled from the smokestacks, and she was gone. I can still see the tears running down mother's cheeks as plainly while writing these lines as I did on that afternoon. The soldiers, known as the Indiana Greys, were dressed in brand new suits of grey, trimmed with new brass buttons and a red stripe about an inch wide down the outside of the leg. Their new caps were trimmed with a red band and new brass buttons.

Well, father was gone a long time, or at least it seemed so to us in those days. One morning when mother and I had been at the market buying supplies we heard a steamboat whistle and when we came to a corner where mother could see the wharf she said: "Why it is the *Queen of the West*, I can tell by her flagpole." Right there and then I left my mother and started for the boat as fast as my legs could run. When I arrived at the landing I saw my father and the captain on shore standing together in very earnest conversation. I ran up and caught my father's hand. The captain looked down at me and said, "Bywater, is this your boy?" Father told him it was. Then he gave me a twenty-five cent piece and proceeded with his conversation.

The captain stood with his hands on my father's

shoulder and said: "Bywater, you must stay with me."

"No, captain," father replied, "when we met with that accident down the river I told God if he spared me to land alive I would leave the river."

After resting a short time he rented a farm three miles north of the city. The owner had to teach him how to harness the horses and how to feed them, how to hitch to the plow or wagon. The next year he went on a farm owned by Jacob Turner.

In the month of March, 1849, we boarded a steamboat at New Albany, went down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Saint Louis, and thence to Bloomington, now Muscatine, Iowa. From there we drove across country to Tipton in Cedar County, and on to the Denson farm on the south bank of the Wapsipinicon River. We remained on the Denson farm until March, 1850, then moved to a farm owned by David Sears, three-fourths of a mile north of the town of Maquoketa and remained there until April, 1854.

In the summer of 1853, father hired David Bowen and paid his expenses to go with L. S. Frederick to look up a new location and get some land of our own. He procured a map somewhere that showed lots of vacant land in Tama County, and so he started the two men in that direction.

Of course they had to travel on foot. They first struck the Iowa River on the north side near Ma-
rengo and stayed over night with an old pioneer
bee hunter. He gave them a description of the
country at the headwaters of Deer Creek and how
to get there. They were to follow up the north
bank of the Iowa River until they came to the
mouth of Deer Creek, then go up that creek until
they came to a grove several miles beyond the
heavy timber.

In the southeast part of a fine grove they found
a good spring. Limestone was exposed along the
creek, and beyond the grove stretched the broad
prairie. The land hunters were pleased with the
place. Having located some 400 acres of good
land, they returned to Maquoketa. Frederick and
father went to the land office at Dubuque and en-
tered the land. Father claimed 320 acres at that
time and later entered 200 more adjoining what
he had. This included the grove and the prairie
to the east and south. [The site of the old By-
water homestead in the southeast quarter of section
twenty-nine in Spring Creek Township will be
flooded by the artificial lake now being formed by
damming Deer Creek. The water from the ancient
springs is cold enough for trout.]

About April 20, 1854, father and Frederick
started for the promised land with their families

— all except myself. I was left to take care of forty-eight or fifty head of young cattle that father had gathered up during his stay on the Sears farm. The grass had not started sufficiently to support the cattle on the road. After about three weeks father returned to Maquoketa for me and the cattle.

Now think, Mrs. Frederick with one small child, mother, Napoleon, Jane, and Viola stayed at the grove all alone from the time the men started back to Maquoketa until we returned to the grove, which was over three weeks. The nearest neighbors were miles away. Can you find me a couple of women to-day that would venture out in a new and wild country and stay three weeks alone, not knowing how far it was to the nearest white person?

On the river bottom where the city of Tama is located stood a little old log cabin occupied by James H. Hollen. That was our first post office. The mail came to that place once a month on horseback from Marengo. In June that first summer Mr. Frederick went to the post office on foot. In August I went on horseback. Late in that fall a man by the name of Joe Brown came from Marion, Iowa, and put up a little store on the edge of the timber near where Christian Bruner's old flour mill stood. He got the post office that far up the creek

and late in the fall I made a trip down there after the mail. Well, sometime about midsummer of 1855, William B. King came along from York State, stayed with us for a couple of days, looked the place over and offered father eight dollars per acre for it. Father wanted ten dollars, but after talking the matter over with mother he accepted King's offer. Their reason for selling was that there was no immediate prospect for a school and we children were at an age that we should be in school. We wintered at the grove.

In the spring of 1856 we moved to the new town of Monticello, fourteen miles down Deer Creek. Father bought a small house and four lots well fenced. Then he hired James Rokes, who had come from New York with King, to build him a new square house. The winter of 1856-57 was terrible, one blizzard after another. Stock froze and people out on the prairies, who were not prepared for such weather, suffered.

Well, that winter began to make father think about the South. Several settlers left the country and went to Missouri. One man that father thought a great deal of settled on the Osage River below Jefferson City. In the summer of 1857 he invited father to come down there, saying he could get all the fine bottom land he wanted on the Osage River at twelve and one-half cents per acre.

Father started on horseback, got as far south as the State line, and was taken sick. When he got better his doctor advised him to go back home.

About that time everybody was talking about Kansas Territory. During the winter of 1857-58, father organized a little party consisting of S. S. Chapman, James T. Jukes, Perry Johnston, and A. Bywater. He bought each one of us two yoke of oxen, a wagon, bows and cover, and loaded each wagon with twenty hundred of flour. On the ninth day of May, 1858, about nine o'clock in the morning, we pulled out of old Monticello and a little before sundown we camped in the heavy timber beside Grey's old mill on the Iowa River, near Indiantown. Next morning we crossed the river. At Indiantown we turned up the river and went about as far as where LeGrand is now. There we turned southwest, having Saint Joe, Missouri, in mind, where we expected to cross the Missouri River.

Mind you, there were no roads at that time in that part of the country, and when we turned southwest and had gone two or three miles we came to a slough about forty rods wide and the mud and water was axle-tree deep. We had to put six yoke of oxen to the wagon to get through. Worked all day, got six miles. In the spring of 1858 it rained almost every day.

It took us a week or more to get to Newton, forty miles south. When we reached the Big Skunk River, seven miles south of Newton, the river bottom was covered with water for two miles between us and the bridge. It was belly deep to the oxen. We were all day crossing the river. Had to put four yoke of oxen to the wagon, and could take only one wagon at a time. Then we had to ride the oxen back two miles for another wagon. Some time in June we arrived at Saint Joe, crossed on a steam ferryboat, and found all the creeks and rivers in Kansas high. Nevertheless, it was a wonderful summer. About the first of July we arrived at Americus, Breckinridge (now Lyon) County, Kansas Territory.

The town site of Americus was laid out by T. C. Hill from York State. He was an Indian trader, but no finer man ever lived. We remained at Americus about ten days, let our oxen rest up, and got acquainted with the people that were in the new town. Sold all four loads of our flour that we had hauled 500 miles or more for four dollars a hundred pounds. We were all paid in gold. My twenty sacks brought eighty dollars. Now, remember, the little new town sites of Americus and Emporia, nine miles down the Neosha River, were the last settlements of white people. The Caw Indians lived only one mile from Americus.

After ten days we started on the back trail to Iowa. The town site company of Americus sent by S. S. Chapman an offer of town lots and money to Kuns and Bruner of Monticello to move their saw mill to Americus. In the winter of 1858-59 they hired ox teams and moved the whole business to Kansas.

On the way back we crossed the Missouri River three miles above Fort Leavenworth, then went north through fine Missouri plantations. We arrived home in the latter part of September, nearly five months from the time we started.

In the spring of 1859, E. M. Kuns and family, Halbert Bill and family, Amandus Massau and wife, Rice and wife, Benjamin William and wife, father and mother, A. Bywater, and D. S. Stover all went out to Kansas. I think there were twenty-six or twenty-seven people in the crowd. The roads and weather were fine that summer. Father and J. A. Brown bought out the only store and put me in charge of running it until they could move out in the early fall.

But hard times began to set in. I wrote father that few people were coming in and there was no money. Some were already leaving. But father was determined to go on with his venture. It was Saturday evening, October 1st, when he and the family and Brown arrived. After he had been in

Kansas about six weeks, he came to me in the store one day when we were alone and said, "Ark, I have made the greatest mistake of my life and when spring comes we will hitch up and go right back to Iowa." He still owned our house and lots in Monticello and the farm south of the grove.

In some way Uncle Kuns found out we were going back to Iowa and he determined to go back also. As he and his partner in the mill had had some trouble and were not on speaking terms, he came to our house one Saturday night and asked father to take his place in the mill, not to work but to see to the division of the lumber. He could then go out into the country and trade lumber for a couple yoke of oxen and be ready to go back with us in the spring. Father told him he had never had any experience in a mill and did not want to go, but uncle insisted so strongly that he finally agreed to help for one week. Uncle Kuns did not succeed in making any trade that week, however, and urged father to stay one week more, which he reluctantly agreed to do. On Monday morning about daylight he started for the mill but after he had gone two or three rods he turned and ran back, opened the door and said: "Ark, don't you go out of the house to-day." I was very sick with the quinsy.

About eight o'clock that morning a German who

had emigrated from Iowa with our crew, came to our well for a pail of water. Mother was outside the front door sweeping the yard.

"Good morning, Mr. Massau," she said, "this is a beautiful morning."

"Yes, Mrs. Bywater," he replied, "he is a beautiful morning, but I feel very sad."

"What do you feel sad about?"

"Vell, I had a very bad dream last night. I no could sleep any more after I voke up."

"What did you dream about?"

"I dreamed they came to me to make a coffin for Mr. Bywater."

"Oh, Mr. Massau, don't you know you must always take a dream to the contrary?"

"I don't know about that. I can not get it off my mind."

At ten o'clock mother happened to step to the door and, looking down the street for a moment, inquired, "Ark, is that Halbert Bill coming up the street?"

I looked and told her it was.

"I thought he was working at the mill", she remarked.

When he was within five or six rods of the house she said, "What makes him walk with his head down, and he seems to be wiping his face with his handkerchief?"

With terrible foreboding she ran out to him. "Halbert Bill, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Bywater is badly hurt." At that he covered his face with his handkerchief and stood there crying.

Mother started for the mill as hard as she could run. As she was passing the hotel, T. C. Hill, the proprietor, ran out and caught her by the arm and told her she must come into the house, that Mr. Bywater was dead, that she must not see him until later. The men and women who brought her home could not console her. She screamed all the rest of that day and all night.

And so Massau had to make the coffin that he dreamed about the night before.

Father was killed on December 19th and was buried on December 21, 1859, in a little cemetery, a half mile east of Americus.

ARCHIMEDES BYWATER

An Invitation to Immigrants

At the first meeting of the Iowa Board of Immigration in April, 1870, a secretary was selected to prepare a pamphlet containing such information as will give to all who may desire to seek new homes in the West, a correct idea of the superior advantages which our young State offers to those who may be induced to come within her borders. That Iowa is not only destined to be, but already is [1870], a great and noble State, these pages, it is hoped, will show to all into whose hands they may chance to come. May their plain statement of facts prove a means of inducing thousands to find homes within the borders of Iowa.*

Iowa is about three hundred miles in length, east and west, and a little over two hundred miles in breadth, north and south, having nearly the figure of a rectangular parallelogram. These limits embrace an area of 55,045 square miles; or 35,228,800 acres. [Complete surveys give Iowa a

* These excerpts are taken from the pamphlet prepared by Secretary A. R. Fulton. Thirty-five thousand copies of *Iowa: The Home for Immigrants* were printed in English. Twenty thousand additional copies in foreign languages were published for distribution in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Most of the Scandinavian edition was burned in the great Chicago fire. — *The Editor*.

total area of 56,147 square miles, or 35,575,000 acres of land.] When it is understood that all this vast extent of surface, except that which is occupied by our rivers, lakes, and peat beds of the northern counties, is susceptible of the highest cultivation, some idea may be formed of the immense agricultural resources of the State.

The surface of the State is remarkably uniform, rising to nearly the same general altitude. There are no mountains, and yet but little of the surface is level or flat. The whole State presents a succession of gentle elevations and depressions, with some bold and picturesque bluffs along the principal streams. The western portion of the State is generally more elevated than the eastern, the northwestern part being the highest. Nature could not have provided a more perfect system of drainage, and at the same time leave the country so completely adapted to all the purposes of agriculture. Looking at the map of Iowa, we see two systems of streams or rivers running nearly at right angles with each other. The streams which discharge their waters into the Mississippi flow from the northwest to the southeast, while those of the other system flow toward the southwest, and empty into the Missouri. The former drain about three-fourths of the State, and the latter the remaining one-fourth.

One of the peculiar features of the topography of the northwest is the predominance of *prairies*, a name of French origin, which signifies *grassland*. It has been estimated that about nine-tenths of the surface of Iowa is prairie. The timber is generally found in heavy bodies skirting the streams, but there are also many isolated groves standing, like islands in the sea, far out on the prairies. The eastern half of the State contains a larger proportion of timber than the western. The following are the leading varieties of timber: white, black, and burr oak, black walnut, butternut, hickory, hard and soft maple, cherry, red and white elm, ash, linn, hackberry, birch, honey locust, cottonwood, and quaking asp. A few sycamore trees are found in certain localities along the streams. Groves of red cedar also prevail, especially along the Iowa and Cedar rivers, and a few isolated pine trees are scattered along the bluffs of some of the streams in the northern part of the State.

Nearly all kinds of timber common to Iowa have been found to grow rapidly when transplanted upon the prairies, or when propagated from the planting of seeds. Only a few years and a little expense are required for the settler to raise a grove sufficient to afford him a supply of fuel. The kinds most easily propagated, and of rapid growth, are

cottonwood, maple, and walnut. All our prairie soils are adapted to their growth.

Not all the resources of Iowa are on the surface. Every year is adding to our knowledge of, and attesting the importance and value of, our vast coal deposits. In some unknown age of the Past, long before the history of our race began, Nature by some wise process made a bountiful provision for the time when, in the order of things, it would become necessary for civilized man to take possession of these broad rich prairies. As an equivalent for the lack of trees, she quietly stored away beneath the soil those wonderful carboniferous treasures for the use and comfort of man at the proper time. The increased demand for coal has in many portions of the State led to improved methods of mining, so that in many counties the business is becoming a lucrative and important one, especially where railroads furnish the means of transportation.

During the last three or four years extensive deposits of peat, existing in several of the northern counties of the State, have attracted considerable attention. In 1866, Dr. C. A. White, the State Geologist, made careful observations in some of those counties, including Franklin, Wright, Cerro Gordo, Hancock, Winnebago, Worth, and Kosuth. Last year the writer hereof also visited the

counties named, and from personal observation is convinced that the deposits of peat are as extensive as represented by the State Geologist. It is estimated that the counties above named contain an average of at least four thousand acres each of good peat lands. The depth of the beds is from four to ten feet, and the quality is but little, if any, inferior to that of Ireland.

As yet, but little use has been made of it as a fuel, but when it is considered that it lies wholly beyond the coal-field, in a sparsely timbered region of the State, its prospective value is regarded as very great. Dr. White estimates that 160 acres of peat, four feet deep, will supply 213 families with fuel for upward of twenty-five years.

It must not be inferred that the presence of these peat beds in that part of the State is in any degree prejudicial to health, for such is not the case. The dry, rolling prairie land usually comes up to the very border of the peat marsh, and the winds, or breezes, which prevail through the summer season, do not allow water to become stagnant.

The surface of Iowa is generally drained by the rolling or undulating character of the country, and the numerous streams, large and small. This fact might lead some to suppose that it might be difficult to procure good spring or well water for domestic uses. Such, however, is not the case, for

good pure well water is easily obtained all over the State, even on the highest prairies. It is rarely necessary to dig more than thirty feet to find an abundance of that most indispensable element, good water. Along the streams are found many springs breaking out from the banks, affording a constant supply of pure water. As a rule, it is necessary to dig deeper for well water in the timber portions of the State than on the prairies.

Nearly all the spring and well waters of the State contain a small proportion of lime, as they do in the Eastern and Middle States. There are some springs which contain mineral properties, similar to the springs often resorted to by invalids. In Davis County there are some "Salt Springs", as they are commonly called, the water being found to contain a considerable amount of common salt, sulphuric acid, and other mineral ingredients.

Iowa is peculiarly an agricultural State. Whatever inducements she may at present, or in the future, offer to the manufacturer, the miner, or persons engaged in the various other pursuits of life, the essential fact remains that the true source of her rising greatness and prospective grandeur lies in the capacity of her soil to supply those staples absolutely necessary for the sustenance of man. To this, in a great measure, she owes her rapid

development in all those improvements and enterprises so essential to the comfort and convenience of her people.

The capitalist, foreseeing what the future is to bring forth, when her millions of unplowed acres have been brought into cultivation, hesitates not to invest his treasure in the building of railroads and in advancing other improvements, for he knows the investment will yield a rich return in due time. The husbandman has reason for his faith in Iowa, when she so rarely fails to reward him generously for the labor bestowed in the cultivation of the soil. Always true to the confidence reposed in her, she has never failed at the return of harvest to give her people bread. In some departments of agriculture, it is true, there may sometimes be a partial failure in particular localities, but such partial failure is usually compensated by a more generous yield in other localities of the State, and in other crops.

Scarcely one-sixth of the surface of Iowa has been brought into cultivation, and that, it may be safely said, hardly up to one-half of its producing capacity. Already we have over *two thousand miles of railroad* to carry away the surplus produce of this fraction of the aggregate area of our State. Iowa stands to-day in population, if not in wealth, as far advanced as either New York or

Massachusetts at the end of two hundred years from their first settlement!

The staple crops are wheat, corn, oats, barley, potatoes, sorghum, and hay. Wheat is a leading crop in every county. An average yield of fifteen or twenty bushels per acre is usual, and many a man has more than paid for his land and all expenses out of the proceeds of his first crop of wheat.

Corn is successfully raised in all parts of the State, but the southern portion is best adapted to it. Under favorable circumstances, the yield is from fifty to one hundred bushels per acre. The figures as returned in the census reports always include a large number of acres of what is called in the West, *sod-corn*, and are, therefore, not a fair test of the average of our corn crops. *Sod-corn* is raised by planting the seed in the sod the first year, and although it receives no cultivation, it sometimes produces from ten to fifteen bushels per acre. This crop, as well as all others, is raised with less than half the labor usually required on the worn-out soils, or among the stones and stumps with which the Eastern farmer has to contend. Our prairies admit of the use of all kinds of improved machinery, rendering all farm labor comparatively easy, as well as expeditious.

Timothy, red clover, blue-grass, as well as all

other tame grasses, flourish in all parts of Iowa where they have been introduced. In the newer counties of the State, the luxuriant and spontaneous growth of native grasses renders the sowing of tame grasses unnecessary, especially as the quality of the hay made of the former is scarcely inferior to that of the latter. In 1868, the report shows 602,316 acres of tame grasses, with a yield of 677,907 tons of hay from the same. The number of tons of hay made from wild grasses the same year was 1,059,117. The species of wild grass known as "blue-joint", is noted for its nutritious qualities, and grows luxuriantly on the prairies in the northern and northwestern portions of the State. It often yields over three tons per acre. The vast natural meadows in all the new counties of Iowa furnish every man an abundance of hay at the mere expense of labor in cutting and saving it.

The business of stock-raising is one of great importance to Iowa. All kinds of stock always find a sure and ready market, and at remunerative prices to the producer. Our railroads afford quick and easy transportation to the best markets of the East, and the farmer in possession of a herd of cattle, hogs, or sheep knows he can command the cash for them at any time. The farmer of southern Iowa, with judicious management, can hardly

fail to become independent from the profits on his hogs and corn; while the farmer of the northern portion of the State is equally fortunate in his superior advantages for raising wheat and cattle.

The location of Iowa centrally in the great valley of the Mississippi, between the two east and west extremes of the country, and between the two great navigable rivers of the continent, is peculiarly favorable. It is not dependent on the East alone to furnish a market for its surplus produce, for the mines of the Rocky Mountains and the regions west will send down to us their demand for meat and bread, and Iowa will be, in one sense at least, their Egypt. We will take their gold and send them our corn. Our railroads connecting with the Union Pacific and its branches, will furnish the means of transportation, and already the western portion of the State is deriving great benefits from the market of the mining districts.

This choice of markets will always result in great advantages to Iowa. When there is a demand at the East, and prices of provisions are high, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other markets in that direction will reach out their iron arms towards us. Nor is it likely that we shall long remain without a choice of the means of sending our surplus produce to Eastern markets, for the day is not distant when in all human probability we

shall have direct water communication from Iowa to the Atlantic by the proposed improvement of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, opening a grand commercial channel to the Great Lakes, and thence to the sea-board. The South is also easily accessible, both by river and rail, so that Iowa may take advantage of a market in that direction when there is a scarcity there.

The opinion may prevail to some extent that the climate, especially of northern Iowa, is rigorous, and the winters long and severe. It is true that the mercury usually sinks lower than in the States farther south, but at the same time the atmosphere is dry and invigorating, and the seasons not marked by the frequent and sudden changes which are experienced in latitudes farther south. The winters are equally as pleasant and more healthful than in the Eastern or Middle States. Pulmonary and other diseases, arising from frequent changes of temperature and miasmatic influences, are almost unknown, unless contracted elsewhere. Winter usually commences in December and ends in March. The spring, summer, and fall months are delightful.

Iowa is noted for the glory and beauty of its autumns. That gorgeous season denominated "Indian Summer" cannot be described, and in Iowa it is peculiarly charming. Day after day, for weeks,

the sun is veiled in a hazy splendor, while the forests are tinged with the most gorgeous hues, imparting to all nature something of the enchantments of fairyland. Almost imperceptibly, these golden days merge into winter, which holds its stern reign without the disagreeable changes experienced in other climes, until spring ushers in another season of life and beauty. And so the seasons pass, year after year, in our beautiful and healthful Iowa.

The operation of our beneficent homestead law has given a large proportion of American citizens possession of the soil. This distribution of the landed proprietorships of the nation places in the hands of a free people the complete control of their own political and social destiny. In Iowa there is still room for many thousands more who may see proper to come and secure new homes at low prices on our broad rich prairies, with every reasonable assurance of health, wealth, education, and freedom for all who will only exercise ordinary industry. There is still in Iowa uncultivated land enough for three hundred and sixty thousand farms, of eighty acres each!

Now is the golden opportunity for young men of the crowded East, where the avenues of manly independence are already closed against them, to secure, with the limited means which they may

command, homes on the virgin soil of Iowa, where in a few years they may become wealthy, influential, and independent farmers. Remaining where they are, the great majority of them must live out their days as dependent laborers on the lands of others. It is for such now to choose whether it is best to remain tenants under exacting landlords, or become independent freeholders on far better farms of their own.

A very little capital will suffice to begin with now, but it will not do to wait long. It should be the ambition of every young man in this country to own at least a small tract of land. If he be inclined to agricultural pursuits, he should at least secure forty acres, which in Iowa may cost him two or three hundred dollars now, but that amount *in land* will in the end prove better to him than a thousand dollars in greenbacks, or even in gold! Some may deny the proposition, but the world will have it so, nevertheless, that land parchments are patents of respectability, if not of nobility, and entitle their owners to special consideration. Young men of the East, clerking in stores or toiling on other men's farms, look around you and see if this is not the case.

The following figures will give a general idea of the necessary outfit for working a farm of forty acres:

Team (oxen or horses)	\$150 to \$300
Wagon and yoke or harness	100 to 150
Plow	20 to 30
Cultivator and harrow	20 to 40
Other necessary implements	10 to 20
	—————
	\$300 \$540

For farming on a larger scale, a combined mower and reaper would be necessary. A good reaper is sufficient for cutting the grain on from 150 to 200 acres each season. It is usual for neighbors to unite in the purchase of a reaper and mower, and use it in common.

Persons coming to Iowa need not bring with them any of the machinery or implements necessary for farming, as everything in that line can be obtained here more cheaply than they can have them shipped from the East, and of a quality much better adapted to Iowa farming. The plow used by the Eastern farmer would not answer in the West. In every town here there are agents and dealers in all kinds of agricultural implements and machinery, from a threshing machine down to a hand-rake or garden hoe.

If it is contemplated to locate in a new and sparsely settled portion of the State, it may be advisable to bring a supply of choice garden and flower seeds. The good judgment of those coming West will suggest the propriety of introducing

such varieties of grains, fruits, vegetables, shrubs, flowers, and useful plants as may be easily brought along, not forgetting those things which will ornament and beautify their new homes. In grappling for wealth, or for the substantial of life, the finer sensibilities are not to be ignored.

Since railroads have penetrated to nearly all parts of the State, the difficulties of procuring building material have, in a great measure, disappeared. If the settler has his family with him, the first thing to be done, after securing his land, is to provide shelter for them. The manner of doing this, of course, depends upon circumstances. If he should locate where he can procure suitable timber, he may build a temporary cabin of logs; or, he may obtain pine lumber and nails at the nearest railroad station, and put up a small house in less than a week, at a cost of from \$50 to \$100.

A cheap but durable kind of thatched roof has just been invented and introduced by Mr. Lionel Foster, of Burlington, Iowa, which promises to diminish very materially the expense of building in our prairie country. It dispenses with all lumber in the roof, except rafters, the other materials used being straw or prairie grass, and a composition, of which coal tar is the principal ingredient. The cost of the material is said not to exceed \$1.75 per square of 100 feet. Cheap houses are also sup-

plied ready made, in Chicago, and shipped over the several lines of railroad to the various stations in Iowa.

If anybody who proposes to come West, and especially to Iowa, expects to be obliged to settle down among a set of unsophisticated ignoramuses, perhaps he may as well get rid of that illusion before coming. Our people are principally educated, energetic, and wide-awake people from other parts of the Union, and from the Old World. They sustain nearly two hundred and fifty newspapers and periodicals of their own, while they also contribute not a little to sustain the Eastern press.

Among our periodicals are several publications of high standing and wide reputation, especially those devoted to our agricultural, horticultural, and stock-raising interests. The "Iowa Homestead" published at Des Moines, by Gen. W. D. Wilson, sustains an influential position among the agricultural papers of the country. The "Western Pomologist", published by Mark Miller, Esq., of Des Moines, an experienced fruit-grower, is doing good service in educating our people in the science of pomology. We also have a monthly periodical published at Sigourney, Iowa, by J. H. Sanders & Co., called the "Iowa Stock Journal", which ranks with the best of that class of publications. The "Iowa School Journal" published by

Mills & Co., Des Moines, is a monthly compendium of the wisdom and experience of the best educators of the country; while the "Western Jurist", issued monthly from the same publishing house, stands high with the legal profession in this and other States.

The people of Iowa are a reading and educated people, although some of her men of professional and scientific attainments may be holding the plow or wielding the axe, and her most accomplished women busily engaged with the cares of the household. Many of the latter are as competent to write a treatise on some abstruse subject, requiring thought and research, as they are to discharge the duties incumbent upon them in the kitchen, the nursery, or the drawing-room. What other woman in America has attained the reputation of Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, of Brighton, Iowa, as a writer on bee culture? Indeed, Iowa is not behind any of the eastern States in the general intelligence of her people, while some of her eminent scholars have already attained enviable reputations.

A. R. FULTON

Iowa Anecdote

CROCKER FOR GOVERNOR

Like many loyal citizens who subscribed to the principles of the Democratic party, Marcellus M. Crocker had hoped that the political dispute between the North and the South might be settled peaceably. But when the news of the capture of Fort Sumter reached Des Moines, he immediately closed his law books and raised a company of volunteers to defend the Union. The military tactics and discipline he had learned at West Point were to be tested on the battlefield.

Crocker's company was mustered into Federal service with the Second Regiment of Iowa Infantry and he was elected Major. In September, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. A month later he was commissioned Colonel and placed in command of the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry. For gallant conduct at Shiloh and Corinth in the summer of 1862, Colonel Crocker was made a Brigadier General, commanding the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Iowa regiments. During the long, bloody campaign in Mississippi, Crocker's Iowa Brigade fought valiantly. But the constant strain and ex-

posure sapped the strength of the General. He began to cough. At night he could not rest. Finally, a month before the fall of Vicksburg, he was sent home on a furlough.

No one supported the administration of Governor Kirkwood more loyally than Marcellus M. Crocker. When he heard in March, 1863, that the Governor had been appointed United States Minister to Denmark, he suspected it was a trick of politicians to get rid of the man upon whose honesty and patriotism the soldiers depended. "This certainly would be a bad time for you to give over the affairs of the State to any successor", wrote Crocker from camp. Governor Kirkwood, however, was not a candidate for a third term. "I cannot agree to run again for Governor", he wrote to Crocker.

As the time for nominations drew near, both political parties sought strong candidates. Soldiers were the most popular. Indeed, a man without an honorable military record could not hope to win the election of 1863. But when Republicans asked Crocker to accept their nomination for Governor he declined.

"If a soldier is worth anything, he cannot be spared from the field; if he is worthless, he will not make a good Governor", declared the General. He returned to his troops in July.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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