

The PALIMPSEST

SEPTEMBER 1937

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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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Jennie Shrader

The life of John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was in many ways connected with Iowa. His interest began during the conflict over slavery when he gave advice and aid to the Quaker settlement of Salem. It continued during the sixties when the seminary in Salem was named for him, Whittier College. During all those years, up to the time of his death in 1892, he continued to send money and books to the struggling prairie college. Meanwhile, he corresponded with Iowa pioneers, his poems were eagerly read by them, and he was regarded as their spiritual guide and mentor. The story of Jennie Shrader and her admiration for Whittier forms an interesting link in the Iowa-Whittier relation.

Jennie Shrader, christened Eliza Jane for her mother, was born near Marietta, Ohio, on February 16, 1837. Her father, John Shrader, was one of the early settlers in Ohio. He married Eliza Melvin, the descendant of a Revolutionary pa-

triot. They were justly proud of their children and gave them the best education the community afforded. The son, John C. Shrader, and probably Jennie also, attended Marietta Academy. About the time Jennie finished school, the family moved to Iowa and settled on a farm in the vicinity of Shueyville. John went to the medical school in Keokuk and Jennie prepared to be a teacher. When the United Brethren founded Western College on the prairie nearby, the Shraders were much interested in the project.

Presently the Civil War disrupted peaceful pursuits. John C. Shrader enlisted and was commissioned captain of Company H in the Twenty-second Iowa Infantry. Eventually he served as surgeon of the regiment. Jennie's lover also marched away, and gave his life for his country.

After the war the Shraders moved to Iowa City. Jennie attended the Iowa City Commercial College from which she received a diploma in 1871. During the next few years she taught in the Iowa City Academy. Her pupils remember her as a rather small woman, quick of movement, and an excellent teacher. Later she taught in Cedar Rapids and Brooklyn, Iowa.

Though Jennie Shrader gave instruction in many subjects, she was especially interested in literature. Indeed, she hoped to be a writer her-

self. Believing that the mind of a child is best cultivated if filled with the thoughts of great authors, she used poetry as a means of teaching ideals as well as knowledge. She formed the habit of collecting the poems that pleased her most. Even in old age, when her handwriting showed the effect of passing years, she augmented her anthology. Among all the poets, Whittier was the best beloved by her.

There was a time when she had plans for publishing some of the poems she liked, perhaps for use in the schools. Accordingly, she wrote to Whittier asking permission to use one of his poems. His generous answer was kept among her most cherished possessions.

Danvers, Mass.

12" 12" mo 1886

Dear Friend

Of course I have no objection to thy use of the poem referred to in thy letter, but my publisher "Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston" have the copy-right and must be consulted.

Thy fd

John G. Whittier

Jennie Shrader's anthology included hundreds of poems. It was never published, but the voluminous manuscript, entitled *The Cloud Illumined*, has been preserved. According to the final plan, the poems were arranged in five groups: Work,

Immortality, Old Age, Happiness, and Gems from Whittier. The Whittier section contained "Sunset on the Bearcamp", "The Eve of Election", "The Seeking of the Waterfall", "Our Country", "Snow Bound", "The Book", and "The Worship of the Waters" ["The Worship of Nature" in later editions]. And in addition to these poems a large number of excerpts were included.

This anthology is not only important for its bearing on the popularity of Whittier in Iowa at that time, but also for Miss Shrader's wide interest in American literature. Her favorite writers, besides Whittier, were Holmes, Irving, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, Timothy Dwight, Prescott, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Channing, Theodore Parker, N. P. Willis, Horace Bushnell, Poe, John G. Saxe, and Bryant. Her selections from English literature were also extensive and representative, but her favorite writers seem to have been Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Tennyson, Bunyan, Pope, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Harriet Martineau, Samuel Smiles, and Thackeray. In addition to English, her anthology revealed a remarkable knowledge of German literature. Her favorite German writers were Schiller, Goethe, John Paul Richter, Paul Gerhardt, and Luther. From the French she chose Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand. Her selections from Spanish

centered largely around Cervantes. Tegner represented Swedish literature. Her selections from Latin were numerous, but Cicero seems to have been her favorite Roman author. Greek philosophers as well as poets were quoted. Even a few selections from Hungarian and Russian writers were included.

On April 24, 1889, Miss Shrader married the Reverend Joseph M. Wilson, a Presbyterian missionary to the Indians. He was fifty-five and she was fifty-three. Immediately after the quiet wedding at the home of her brother in Iowa City, they went to Humphrey, Nebraska, where they worked together in his ministry.

About 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson moved to Urbana, Iowa, where they founded the Urbana Shrader Academy. Urbana was an "inland" town twelve miles northeast of Vinton. As there was no railroad through Urbana, merchandise had to be hauled by wagon from Center Point and neighboring towns.

According to the title page of the first catalogue of Urbana Shrader Academy, the calendar for the second academic year was as follows:

1898

September 5, Monday — Fall Term Begins.

November 25, Friday — Fall Term Ends.

December 5, Monday — Winter Term Begins.

December 24 to January 2, 1899 — Holiday Vacation.

1899

March 10, Friday — Winter Term Ends (13 weeks).

March 20, Monday — Spring Term Begins.

June 9, Friday — Spring Term Ends.

The second page was devoted to a list of the faculty. Mrs. Jennie Shrader Wilson was the Principal and taught algebra, English language, literature, and didactics. Rev. J. M. Wilson was listed for Latin and history; C. I. Fisher taught geometry and civics; and Miss Stella Gearhart was instructor in geography and assistant in English.

"The aims of this Academy", announced the Principal, "are to prepare students for any college; to offer to those who wish to teach the best advantages to prepare thoroughly for their high and responsible calling, and to furnish a good, thorough, practical education for business or the ordinary associations of life."

The Urbana Shrader Academy offered four courses: two "University Preparatory", designed to fit students to enter the State University at Iowa City; a "Normal Course", designed to prepare students to teach; and a "Business Course", designed to prepare students for business. Pupils who wished to enter the Liberal Arts college of the University studied Latin, algebra, grammar, physiology, and botany in the first year; geometry,

Latin, rhetoric, English literature, and general history in the second year; and geometry, Latin, physics, and English literature in the third year. The course for students who expected to study engineering, law, medicine, or dentistry at the University was nearly the same, except that physical geography and geology were substituted for Latin in the first year.

Prospective teachers were trained in common school subjects such as arithmetic, geography, United States history, civics, and economics. Latin was omitted entirely, but reading, spelling, and penmanship were required throughout the whole period of three years. The commercial course, which afforded an "excellent opportunity" to obtain "a good business education at a very small expense", consisted of bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, commercial law, penmanship, spelling, typewriting, and stenography. Tuition was \$10 a term or \$28 for a whole school year of three terms. Special instruction in shorthand and typewriting cost five dollars a month.

Perhaps the character of the academy was best revealed in a few notes of general information. For example, a correct knowledge of the English language was esteemed "of the highest importance, so much so that success often depends very largely upon correctness, accuracy and facility in

its use", that special attention was given to the teaching of this subject. "Our aim is to make the instruction in this department as thorough and practical as possible."

Students preparing to be teachers were particularly fortunate because Mrs. Wilson herself taught didactics. Her experience as a teacher was described as wide and varied. All students were required to take examinations "from time to time and at the close of each term". Diplomas were awarded to all who completed a course, and students prepared for college were admitted to the State University on presenting their academy certificate.

According to the printed program, the "Second Annual Commencement Exercises of the Urbana Shrader Academy" were held in the Methodist Church on Saturday evening at eight o'clock on June 10, 1899. The class motto was "Palma non sine pulvere", the "School Color: Gold", and the "Class Color: Green". The exercises included:

Chorus	Academy Choir
Invocation	Rev. J. M. Wilson
Vocal Solo — "The Ship I Love"	Harry Haines
Oration — "The White Man's Burden"	
	Edwin L. Ketterman
Oration — "Looking Backward"	Dudley A. Moore
Vocal Solo — "One Night in June" . . .	Mrs. Starr

Oration — "Influence of Ideals" . . .	Stella Gearhart
Oration — "The First American" . . .	Harold Lewis Bryson
Vocal Solo — "The Girl I Loved in Tennessee" . . .	Abbie Burrell
Presentation of Diplomas	Mrs. Wilson
Vocal Solo — "The Star of Hope" . . .	Mrs. Ella Haines

Such was a typical academic commencement in an inland Iowa town at the end of the century. Mrs. Jennie Shrader Wilson was typical of Iowa educators during this period. Eventually the public high school displaced the private academies. The Urbana Shrader Academy survived until 1904, when Mr. Wilson died. Soon afterward Mrs. Wilson returned to Iowa City.

During the remainder of her long life, Jennie Shrader Wilson gave her time to church, charitable, and literary activities. In the Presbyterian Church of Iowa City, with which she first became affiliated in 1871, she taught a Sunday School class of women. Following the example of her mother who was a pioneer Daughter of the American Revolution, Jennie joined that society and became much interested in the patriotic activities. Again she turned her attention to poetry, both as a student and a writer. She composed the words for several hymns and wrote a few patriotic verses. Some of her poems have been preserved by her nephew, Dr. Donald L. Crissinger.

REDEEMING LOVE

St. John 3: 16

Redeeming Love! O wondrous plan
That Christ should die for guilty man!
That he should leave his throne above
To show to earth God's heart of love.

Redeeming Love! We cannot know
All it implies, while here below;
'Twill take us all eternity
To comprehend the mystery.

Redeeming Love! I come to Thee —
My Savior, God, who died for me!
Thy love supreme excels my mind,
No cause save mercy do I find.

Redeeming Love my theme shall be
So long as life remains to me;
And when I join the Heavenly choir
The notes shall rise in anthems higher.

Redeeming Love the angels sing
As to the throne of God they bring
Their praises, and aloud proclaim
Redeeming love in Jesus' name.

Redeeming Love! O plan divine!
That Christ should give his life for mine!
Only a God of love supreme, —
Only *our* God, can so redeem!

March 2, 1924

IN MEMORIAM

To Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth McGee,
Mrs. Agnes M. Slemmons

Through gates of pearl to scenes sublime, (Rev. 22: 14)
These white souls, borne by angel bands,
Were placed before the great white throne,
And golden harps put in their hands.

They join the halleluiah Song,
They walk the streets of purest gold; (Rev. 21: 21)
Far, far beyond our utmost thought,
They dwell mid glories manifold. (I Cor. 2: 9)

Were we enabled to behold
The splendor that adorns them there,
How poor would seem what now we hold
As greatest treasures, rich and rare.

O Friends beloved, we mourn you not,
We joy that you are satisfied: (Ps. 17: 15)
Your eyes have seen the beauteous king, (Ps. 24: 10)
They are not *dead*, but *glorified*! (Matt. 22: 32)

THE PLAN OF SALVATION

"All we like sheep have gone astray",	Is. 53: 6.
Far from the strait and narrow way;	Matt. 7: 14.
In paths of sin our feet have trod,	Romans 5: 12.
Unmindful of our loving God.	Ps. 10: 4.

To lead us back He sent His Son —	John 3: 16.
The Christ of God, the Holy One.	Matt. 16: 16.
He came His life for us to give	Is. 53: 5.
That we eternally may live.	John 10: 28; John 17: 3.

To man He says, "Come unto Me, Matt. 11: 28.
 And I from sin will set you free: I John 1: 9.
 I'll show you in what paths to go, Ps. 16: 11; 82: 8.
 And wash your souls as white as snow." Is. 1: 18.

O Savior, God, to Thee we come — John 6: 37.
 Man's only hope, by sin undone! John 1: 29.
 O clasp our hand in Thine, we pray, Ps. 48: 17; Is. 48: 17
 Nor let us ever from Thee stray. Ps. 121: 1-8; Is. 44: 22

HOLY SPIRIT

Holy Spirit, Light Divine,
 Shine into this heart of mine;
 Let Thy ray of heavenly grace
 Cleanse and sanctify the place.

Holy Spirit, source of Peace,
 Thou canst bid all discord cease.
 Speak as to the waves of yore,
 Bidding calm forevermore.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Fill me with thy depths of love;
 Love for Him who died for me,
 Bore my sin, and made me free.

Holy Spirit, source of Joy,
 Let no lower theme employ
 Thoughts that should be stayed on Thee
 Filled with holy ecstasy.

Holy Spirit, be my Guide
Till I pass beyond the tide.
Make and keep me pure within,
Spotless from a stain of sin.

Holy Spirit, one with God,
By angelic hosts adored!
Thy forgiveness I entreat
That my lips Thy name repeat.

One of her patriotic poems was a hymn to Iowa.

IOWA

It lies within the great mid-west,
This lovely State of ours;
No mountain lifts its snowy crest,
No scorching wind devours.

But broad and fair her shining plains
In all their splendor lie,
With fruitful trees and waving grain
That gladden every eye.

We render thanks for this dear land,
So rich in golden grain;
Here Plenty spreads her lavish hand,
And over all doth reign.

We only smile at those who roam
A *better* land to seek;
Ere long we see them coming home
More wise, if not more meek.

Her sons are manly, strong and wise,
And act their part with grace;
They lead the van in every charge,
And always win the race.

Her daughters fair, though seeming light,
Can fill the Chair of State;
At home a queen whose word serene
Oft calms a lordly mate.

Her Sons and Daughters now allied,
Performing all that's best,
Shall make of her the perfect home,
Our Iowa! the blest.

Chorus:

O Iowa! Our Iowa! So beautiful, so free!
O Iowa! Our Iowa! The land for you and me.
1922

Jennie Shrader Wilson's life represents the career of an active pioneer leader. She loved Iowa and gave her life for the advancement of the State. Her activity and alertness remained undiminished almost to the day of her death, which occurred May 4, 1931, at the age of ninety-four.

CHARLES ARTHUR HAWLEY

Iowa Episode

DEAD CAT POLITICS

James R. Graham, pioneer settler and founder of the town of Redman, had been a Republican since the inception of that party. Furthermore, he had been extremely partisan all his life and had thoroughly indoctrinated his sons with Republican principles. Charles H. Graham, the son who operated the Graham homestead and carried on the family political tradition after his father died, staunchly supported President Benjamin Harrison for re-election in 1892.

Will Rockwell, a neighbor and friend of the Grahams, was an ardent Democrat. For a practical joke calculated to vex fervent Republicans, he erected, upon his own land directly across the road from the Graham home, a tall "skinned" pole bearing a huge Democratic banner.

Located beside the old "Transcontinental Road" (later named the Lincoln Highway), the banner attracted much attention. Graham was irritated beyond measure, especially because the neighbors who knew his feelings chided him about "his banner". Unfailingly they stopped and gravely asked when he had "changed parties".

Graham tried vainly to destroy the offending sign. At last George Harper, a youth employed by Graham, declared that "he thought he could climb that pole". As election day was rapidly approaching, Graham eagerly accepted the offer.

"But you really ought to put a Republican banner up in its place — if you get there," suggested Graham. Then he slowly added, "Only there's none here."

"Well, give me something else."

"Let's see," mused Graham. "There's that old dead cat out behind the barn — you might put that up."

And up it went. Harper climbed the pole, tore down the Democratic insignia, and in its place tied the dead cat.

The change amused the whole community. Residents for miles around heard of the new advertisement. Men driving by in smart buggies, farmers in their wagons, travelers — all who passed chuckled at the "dead-cat party". Rockwell, himself unable to climb the pole, at last had to cut it down to remove the offending symbol. Nevertheless, the memory of the episode lingered in the neighborhood. Henceforth, any ridiculous campaign tactics invoked the epithet of "dead cat" politics.

WALTER E. KALOUPEK

Surveying the M. and M.

Early in 1853 the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company was organized for the purpose of extending the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad across Iowa. Peter A. Dey was made chief engineer to survey the route and he appointed Grenville M. Dodge as his principal assistant. This narrative of the location of the main line of the Rock Island is from the manuscript of Dodge's autobiography written in 1911. — The Editor.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Rock Island on May 17, 1853, and commenced our survey. The location of the bridge determined the point where we should commence and the topography of the country was such that the line I laid passed immediately through the premises of Antoine LeClaire. He was greatly disturbed to see a railroad line passing through his orchard. His residence was on the side hill and he called me up there and protested very strongly and tried to get me to change my line. He argued the question with me and offered every inducement, except money, to have me try to find another route, but I told him the location of the bridge controlled the line through Davenport and that he had better make arrangements to move. He appealed over

my head to Mr. Dey, but Mr. Dey only sustained the location. We ran the first preliminary line crossing the Cedar River at Moscow and reached Iowa City on May 26th, distance, 54 miles.

On this survey, I became acquainted with John F. Dillon, who was then studying law with John P. Cook of the firm of Cook & Sargent. He was sent out by them to obtain the right of way on my line. During the running and location of the line, we had to make a good many trial lines, and we obtained right of way on more than one line in order to bring them in competition. One of the settlers told me that Mr. Dillon criticized my line very much, which, being a young engineer, I took great exception to and wrote Cook & Sargent that they had better have Dillon tend to his duty of right-of-way agent and I would tend to the location of the line. Mr. Dillon was notified of this and he immediately wrote me a letter in which he insisted that he had attended strictly to his duties. I acknowledged it and, from that time on, we became great friends.

On September 4, 1853, I started the line west of Iowa City to the Missouri River. The names of the men composing my party were as follows: J. E. House, Transitman; George House, Leveler; Carpenter, Daily, Irish, Wilson, Dunham, Drake, Thompson, Edwards, Stephenson, Sinew, and

Perrin; 2 wagons, six horses, and 2 dogs. We ran up Old Man's Creek, at the head of which was a well-to-do farmer by the name of Williamson, who had a large family, three or four daughters, one of them afterwards married my leveler, George House.

I crossed from the head of Old Man's Creek into the Iowa Valley, passing through Marengo, following up Bear Creek to its head, crossing the divide where Grinnell now stands, dropped into the Skunk Valley, following it out, passing through Newton. I continued west and ran down Four-mile Creek into the Des Moines Valley and reached Des Moines, then a very small place. I selected forty acres of land for the depot grounds, just where the present station of the Rock Island stands. Thirty acres of the land were afterwards released, leaving only ten acres for the road and that ten acres was in a large cornfield. From Des Moines we ran the line up on the north side of Raccoon River for twelve miles to Daniel Boone's (a relative of the Kentucky Boones).

The long summer's work in the field and in the rank vegetation had given many of my party the fever and ague and I was short on hands. As we ran up to Boone's place, October 6, 1853, a young, robust boy, Wiley Lane, about sixteen years of age, was watching our surveying and seemed to

be taking quite an interest in it. I asked him how he would like to join the party. He said he would if his mother was willing, and, being anxious to have his services, I went to see his mother and she consented to his going. He joined the party and was a very valuable man. He was a strong axeman, well up in all woodcraft, and a bee-hunter. He could follow a bee to the tree its hive was in and kept us in honey all the way to the Missouri River. He was with us two or three years and lives now (1911), some four or five miles west of Des Moines.

We followed up the 'Coon to the mouth of Beaver Creek and up the Beaver to its head, crossed the head of Middle and Troublesome Rivers, and passed on to the East Nishnabotna, which we crossed some miles north of where Exira now stands. From there we rose out of the 'Botna Valley and struck the head of Indian Creek, followed it down to the forks and up the west fork, crossing the divide between it and the West Nishnabotna at Cuppy's Grove.

The party was out of meat and, as I rode up towards Cuppy's Grove, I was looking for a deer. I thought I saw one in the brush on the outskirts of the timber and drew my rifle to shoot, when a man rose up out of the brush with a rifle in his hand and a red bandanna handkerchief on his

head. He said, "For God's sake, don't shoot me." I was as much surprised as he was. He was Ad Cuppy. He had just settled in the grove. The only other party in the grove was a Methodist preacher by the name of Johnson. I found that Cuppy was pretty well acquainted with that country and utilized his information. We pushed the line on to the West 'Botna and camped there.

Continuing our survey down Pigeon Creek, we struck the Missouri Valley and ran down, making a connection with the Mormon "Winter Quarters" across the river. On November 22nd, we reached Kaneshville, its name having just been changed to Council Bluffs. We were cordially received by the citizens. They were greatly pleased at the possibility of a railroad coming to them, and ours being the first survey made considerable excitement in the place. They entertained us by giving us a ball. On December 1st, an engineering party under the supervision of Col. S. R. Curtis arrived in the Bluffs making a survey for the road known as the Lyons Air Line.

While we were camped at Council Bluffs, Mr. Dey received instructions to examine the country between the Missouri River and the Platte Valley to determine at what point on the Missouri River a railroad coming from the east should strike the river, with a view of connecting with a Pacific

railroad that would run up the Platte Valley. We crossed the Missouri where the town of Omaha now stands and, taking Saddle Creek, we ran up that valley until we reached the divide. We followed the divide northwest making towards the Platte Valley. Mr. Dey remained with the party and I rode on to examine the country for some twenty-five miles west, reaching the Elkhorn Valley about noon of the next day.

After running our line through to the Elkhorn, down Walnut Creek, where afterwards my father's farm was located, the party returned to Council Bluffs. Mr. Dey and I rode down Papillion Creek to Bellevue, which was then a mission for the Omaha Indians. We crossed the river at Bellevue and joined the party at Council Bluffs. Thence, we returned to Iowa City and spent the winter making examinations west of Iowa City up Clear Creek and other routes.

During the spring and summer of 1854, I finished the location of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad to Des Moines, arriving there on April 19, 1854. Then I obtained a leave of absence and returned East to visit my father and mother. While there, on May 28th, I was married to Annie Brown. By July 16th we were back in Iowa City. A financial panic that year stopped all railroading in Iowa and our engineering parties were

discharged. By that time I had made up my mind to settle on the Missouri River at Council Bluffs or in Nebraska. Late in November, I located some claims on the Elkhorn River.

In the fall of 1856, the M. & M. railroad again commenced work and upon receiving notice from Peter A. Dey who still had charge of it, I returned to Iowa City and on October 6th organized a party and camped on the Iowa River. Our instructions were to go to the head of Beaver Creek, a fork of the Raccoon, and make a new survey to Council Bluffs running down the Mosquito Valley. I spent a good deal of time examining the approaches to the Missouri River to determine the best location into Council Bluffs.

A contest had arisen in relation to whether the road should terminate at Council Bluffs or Florence, the site of the old Mormon "Winter Quarters", now a suburb of Omaha. Cook and Sargent, who were prominent men in the company, had bought an interest in Florence and were very anxious that the road should be built down the Pigeon and terminate at Florence, but the topographical features of the line determined that it should come down the Mosquito and terminate at Council Bluffs. This was also the commercial feature as the town of Omaha had been established then and had become quite a place, it being

on one side of the river and Council Bluffs on the other. The citizens of Council Bluffs and Omaha both entered this contest, but the recommendations of Mr. Dey, the Chief Engineer, that the line I had surveyed down the Mosquito should be adopted, was approved by the company and the terminus made at Council Bluffs.

I returned to Iowa City in November. All winter we were encamped between Iowa City and Des Moines, locating and staking out our line. I remember the winter as a very cold one.

There came to us at this time a young man by the name of Pogue, a nephew of one of the directors of the company. Pogue had had no experience, so I put him to carrying the stakes. The heavy snows of the winter had covered the streams without their being frozen over but the crust of the snow had become so hard that it would bear up the party. I cautioned them to be careful when crossing small streams, but Pogue, the first or second day out with his stakes, broke through the snow crust and fell into a creek and got very wet. The thermometer was eight or ten degrees below zero. I was on ahead of the party and they came after me. I went back and found Pogue freezing. We stripped his clothes off and rolled him in the snow. While this was a very severe treatment, it was very effective and saved

him from freezing. Each member of the party took off some portion of their dry clothing and gave it to him, and we got him back to camp. The shock was such that Pogue did not go out for several days. He was very despondent. The stage ran right past where we were encamped and one evening when I came in I found a short note from Pogue on the table. It said that the M. & M. Railroad and myself could go to hell, he was going to New York.

There had arisen on the Missouri River a great fear that the terminus of the road would still be moved from Council Bluffs to Omaha and Mr. Farnam had said that if the county of Pottawattamie would vote him \$300,000 in bonds, and if Douglas County, Nebraska, would vote an additional sum, he would commence work at the Missouri River and grade east until the grading met. I presented this proposition to the citizens of both places. On January 4, 1857, Pottawattamie County called an election to vote upon the issue of \$300,000 in bonds. Douglas County called an election to vote on \$200,000 to the M. & M. railroad, providing work started in Council Bluffs during the year.

On March 12, 1857, while running up Bear Creek, on a bright sunny day with a light fall of snow on the ground, every man in the party, who

was out to work in the field, became snow blind. I was at the instrument that day and running to a flag set some two or three miles ahead. When we got into camp that night we began to feel the effects of the reflection of the sun on the snow and by morning none of us could see. We were all put in one of the wagons and taken to Iowa City. With most of the party the snow blindness was only temporary, but with me, being at the instrument, it was very serious and they kept me in a dark room a month before I fully recovered my eyesight.

During this summer, I negotiated with Mr. S. R. Riddle for the property which is now known as the Riddle Tract in Council Bluffs for the terminal of the Rock Island Railroad. I think I paid him \$10,000 for the tract, reserving some twenty acres of it for the terminals. The balance of it was divided into interests, the owners of the M. & M. road and some of the people of Council Bluffs each taking an interest.

During the summer of 1858 I commenced construction work on the M. & M. road carrying out the agreement of Henry Farnam with Pottawatomie County which had voted the bonds. We graded some 12 miles of road up the Mosquito Valley. This work continued until November 30, 1858, when the inability to sell the bonds stopped

the work. During this year, I also made explorations west of the Missouri River and they continued until the year 1861.

In August, 1859, when I returned from the plains, I met Abraham Lincoln in Council Bluffs. He had loaned some money to N. B. Judd, the attorney of the Rock Island Railroad, secured by the interest Mr. Judd had in the Riddle Tract. Mr. Lincoln had been to Kansas and, on his return, came up the Missouri River by boat to Council Bluffs to look at this property. He also had friends there who had formerly lived in Springfield, Illinois, — Mr. W. H. M. Pusey and Thomas Officer. He learned from them that I had returned from reconnaissances west of the Missouri River and, on the porch of the Pacific House, he spent an hour or two with me, making full inquiry as to what my surveys had developed, showing a great interest in the proposed Pacific railroad. I told him what our explorations from 1853 to that time had developed and pointed out to him what Mr. Dey's and my own views were for a proper route for a Pacific road across the continent. He virtually shelled my words and got all the information I had for my employer, Henry Farnam, who had personally been at the expense of our explorations west of the Missouri River.

GRENVILLE M. DODGE

Two Lost Boys

The wagon conveying my father and family from Indiana across the prairies of Illinois came to a final halt in the summer of 1849 at Colesburg in Delaware County. Father entered 360 acres of government land in Elk Township, built a log house near a fine spring, and made other pioneer improvements. In June, 1850, after a brief sickness, he died, leaving my mother with a family of six children in the wilds of a new country. By 1853, when my eldest brother was ten years of age, we began in earnest to develop our farm. We hired a man to break some of the virgin soil and, by exchanging work with neighbors, who were few and far between, we placed a few more acres in cultivation.

We owned 160 acres of fine timber, had a good team of horses, and as soon as possible, we began hauling logs to the sawmill on Elk Creek to furnish us lumber and slabs to build a new house. This was rather slow work for young boys, but "Keep a going" was the forceful slogan and in two or three years we had about accomplished the task. The new house was going up at last. This was late in the fall of 1857. The time came when

we needed a load of lath. For this material we had to go some fifteen miles north to Clayton County, into what was called the "Turkey Timbers", because they did not then saw lath at our mill.

And so one day brother Noah and I hitched up our ever faithful team, Charley and Fan, and set out. We passed through the woods, over the hills, down the stumpy, rocky road, and into the deep valley of the lower Elk Creek. We were delayed in loading our lath, which had just come from the saws and was not yet tied up in bundles. Having decided not to wait, we took the loose sticks and bound them on the best we could. As soon as our horses were fed and we had warmed some coffee by our little camp fire and eaten our "home made" lunch, we hitched up and started home by what we thought was a shorter route.

We were not averse to traveling after night, especially when our pocketbook was empty and we had no place to lay our tousled heads. The moon was shining through the broken clouds that swept across the hilltops as we set out over the "unknown trail". We had fairly entered the wilderness of timber when the thunder began to rumble and echo along the hills. Soon the rain began to fall. The moon had disappeared when we began our climb to reach the plateau road.

Our first trial was to keep that load of lath, piled high between stakes, from slipping back and off the wagon. The darkness had become inky black, but an occasional flash of lightning and our perforated tin lantern and candle illuminated our surroundings so that we could adjust our load. Just as we were making a steep ascent on the hill, a tug on old Charley's harness broke. Hurriedly we blocked the hind wheel of the wagon and mended the harness with a halter strap.

Presently we reached level ground. There we let the horses rest for a few minutes. We had not proceeded far until we came to a fork in the road. Which way should we turn? We decided to follow the road that looked plainest and best. If our horses had been over the route, even once, we could have relied on them to follow the right road. After going what seemed to us a "long ways", the road again "branched off" and again we took the best-looking route. It soon dwindled into a dim track. We were sure then that we were on a "loggers trail". There was nothing to do but go back or cut across and try to find the main road. The timber here had been cut out so that the ground was more open. We decided to cut across.

The rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking up, so it was lighter. Probably our near presence aroused a gray or timber wolf. He began to

howl. It was a doleful sound and all we needed then was a screech owl in a hollow tree to make a fitting climax for our alarming situation. Well, we worked our way among the stumps and trees, adjusting our load of lath as occasion required, until about midnight. By that time we accepted the opinion of all present that we were the "lost babes in the woods", so we made camp and resolved not to "go home until morning", if then. With matches from our metal, waterproof box and some splinters and chips, we soon had a huge bonfire. We fed our tired horses the remainder of the ear corn left in the bag, warmed up some coffee in the old smoked coffee can, stood by the fire, and watched the steam arise from our drying clothes. About that time the moon came out again.

Feeling encouraged and rested, we decided to reconnoiter. With the hatchet to blaze a tree or top a bush here and there to guide our return, we set out. Less than half a mile from the wagon we found a road. Judging by the position of the moon it ran south toward home. We were quite sure this road would lead us out of the woods, and so, retracing our steps, we hitched up and started again. The road grew plainer and better as we proceeded. The "first sweet dawn of day" was heralded by an old rooster somewhere ahead of us. We emerged from the wooded region, and

lo! the lost was found! We recognized the pioneer farm house and knew we were only about five miles from home. We were so tickled that we felt like jumping up and crowing with the old rooster or rolling in the sand of the road, as boys of our age might do.

In due time we reached home where our mother, who had been waiting and watching most of the night, had our breakfast ready. As we ate heartily, we related our adventure in the "Turkey Timbers".

D. R. WITTER

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