

The **P**ALIMPSEST

SEPTEMBER 1942

CONTENTS

Champion Fire Teams 273

CARL B. CONE

Collecting the Soldier Vote 282

JOB T. TURNER

The Indian Cession of 1842 287

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

Angels of the Sick Room 298

N. TJERNAGEL

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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

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSEST

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material 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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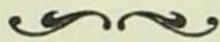
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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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Champion Fire Teams

The city of Davenport was in festive garb to celebrate the Thirty-first Annual Firemen's Tournament sponsored by the Iowa State Firemen's Association. On the first day, August 4, 1909, thousands of visitors crowded into the city to witness the biggest and best tournament yet held. In addition to these interested spectators, there were more than a thousand firemen representing the volunteer and paid departments of cities from Council Bluffs and Sioux City in the west to Davenport and Clinton in the east. These athletes, for such they were despite moustaches and uniforms that must "not expose their person above the knees," had trained diligently in preparation for the great day. Superbly conditioned and mentally alert, they were eager for victory. The rich prizes totaling \$3500 were but added incentives for striving their utmost to win.

The State Firemen's Association had been in existence since 1878, though its articles of incor-

poration dated from 1886. It had been organized for "the protection and promotion of the best interests of the firemen of Iowa". The first tournament was held in 1879, and it became an annual event thereafter. Not only did the tournaments bring recognition to the efforts and skill of the firemen, but out of the keen competition that developed came improvements in methods and apparatus for fire fighting. In the early days the contests included races between companies pulling hose carts, hand engines, and hook and ladder wagons, besides individual foot races. Such events were still the major interest of the volunteer companies from the small towns. Horse races had been added as early as 1897, but not until 1902 did this feature become a regular event, and not until the following year were rules formulated to govern what came to be the chief attraction at subsequent tournaments. These races were confined to the fire-horse teams of the paid departments in the larger cities.

For the first two or three years the paid-department races were comparatively slow. As competition grew more intense, however, the rival cities exerted special efforts to obtain fast horses as carefully selected as thoroughbreds. Various breeds were crossed to produce strong, fast, and steady teams. With practice came smooth hitches

and lightning hose couplings. As a result, the Sioux City team of Paddy and Prince set a world's record of one minute and fifteen seconds in the free-for-all race held at Clinton in 1908. This was ten and two-fifths seconds faster than the time made by the victorious Clinton team at the first race held in 1902. Although fire-horse races were held in neighboring States, the regulations were different. Only the Iowa tournament rules prescribed that the race begin with a bunk hitch instead of a running start. Consequently, outside teams never entered the Iowa free-for-all race which was advertised as open to the world. The winner of this race, or the winner of the race open only to Iowa departments, therefore had a right to claim the world's championship.

Sioux City's champion team was entered in the Davenport tournament, but Clinton, Davenport, and Des Moines all had intentions of winning. For several days before the tournament opened, eleven teams from six cities were in training at the Davenport race track. Red Oak and Council Bluffs had each entered one team; Clinton, Davenport, and Sioux City each sent two teams; and Des Moines, as befitted the largest city in the State, was represented by three entries. A skeleton fire house was built beside the track in order to simulate a real fire station. Speculation was rife

among those who frequented the track to observe the daily workouts. However they might differ as to the merits and defects of the respective teams, there was unanimity on one point. The record of 1:15 was in serious danger. "If our little mares, Bonny and Beauty, hitch well, then look out," said the Clinton men. The Des Moines supporters lauded the steady performances of their Fred and Mack. Davenport's Barney and Barney were admittedly fast. Sioux City had only to mention the feat of Paddy and Prince the year before.

The tournament officials met on the evening of August 3rd, when the team captains drew lots for the order of running. The positions were:

1. Pack and Pack, Red Oak
2. Lou and Herb, Council Bluffs
3. Bonny and Beauty, Clinton
4. Jack and Jack, Des Moines
5. George and Dick, Davenport
6. Paddy and Prince, Sioux City
7. Pat and Bob, Clinton
8. Black and Tan, Des Moines
9. Barney and Barney, Davenport
10. Dick and Dan, Sioux City
11. Fred and Mack, Des Moines

The teams competed consecutively, racing against time, and the fastest performance won, provided all the rules were kept.

The day of August 4th was ideal. Warm weather and a fast track heightened the interest in the coming contests. Business in Clinton was at a standstill, for a trainload of citizens and all the city officials invaded Davenport to cheer for their favorites. The horses and men sensed the competitive spirit that was in the air. All were on edge, eager and confident but not arrogant, for they well knew how closely matched the rivals were. The slightest slip in hitching or coupling might be enough to spell defeat.

The first event was the parade held in the morning. It was a brilliant spectacle, with the thousand marchers strung out for more than a mile. The bright uniforms, the blaring bands, the display of modern fire-fighting apparatus, and the prancing horses all combined to raise enthusiasm to a fever pitch. Muscatine, represented by 249 men, won first prize as the largest department in the parade. As usual, the "B. F. Mentzers" of Marion were judged the best appearing and best drilled company. This volunteer company, as was the custom, assumed the name of the sponsor who had lavished several thousand dollars in the purchase of uniforms and other paraphernalia. With their white helmets topped by large white plumes, white jackets crossed in front by blue bands and gold buttons, white gloves, blue trousers bearing

a gold stripe down each side, and not least of all, handlebar moustaches, the Mentzers justified their reputation acquired by exhibitions at such occasions as the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1892 and the St. Louis Exposition of 1904 where they earned presidential plaudits.

The afternoon contests began with two hose races by volunteer companies. In the straight-away race, four companies were entered. They ran in pairs, but the team making the fastest time was the winner. The hose cart had to weigh at least 500 pounds without hose, and be large enough to carry 500 feet of regulation hose, although 150 feet were all that had to be carried in the race. The distance to be run was 150 yards. Villisca, with a time of :29 seconds, nosed out the unfortunate West Liberty crew, one of whose men fell near the end and had to be dragged across the finish line. Villisca also won the amateur hose race in :34 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. This contest was open only to men who had never competed in a tournament race. The distance was 150 yards, but a hose coupling was made at the end of the run.

These contests were of the utmost importance to the volunteer firemen who made up the majority of the competitors, but most of the five thousand spectators displayed only a mild interest. They were waiting for the feature attraction of the

afternoon — the paid-department race for Iowa teams.

The first two competitors, Red Oak and Council Bluffs, did not excite the crowd. Their times, 1:29 and 1:17 respectively, were not fast. Some horsemen predicted a great future for Lou and Herb of Council Bluffs, however, and these prophecies were destined to come true. If the big, dun-colored colts could be taught to hitch, they would be top performers, for they were fast and springy, like greyhounds. On the last day of the tournament, August 6th, they ran a straightaway race of one-half mile with a running start in the record time of :58 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

But here was the third entry, Clinton, represented by bay Bonny and black Beauty. These little mares were fast, but poor hitchers. Beauty especially was likely to run past the collar or turn completely around before the harness could be settled over her. Would they hitch? All Clinton held its breath.

The starting gong sounded. Out of their bunks and down the poles slid the men, the hitchers met Bonny and Beauty coming out of their stalls and trotting under the harness, collars and lines were snapped, and away they went — a perfect hitch, completed in five seconds, with all four men safely aboard the 1800-pound wagon as the rules pre-

scribed. The mares fairly flew around the track. Before the first quarter was passed the spectators sensed that the record might be broken. The horses were urged on by gong and whip and the roar of the crowd. At the end of the half-mile run, the couplers jumped off the wagon, laid out 150 feet of hose, broke the coupling, and attached the pipe ready for water.

Everything had gone like clockwork — the hitch, the run, the coupling. Every one was tense, awaiting the timers' announcement. One minute, fourteen and one-fifth seconds! Four-fifths of a second under the previous world's record! The crowd went wild and the Clinton people were frantic. One could not hear his neighbor above the blare of the bands and the shouting. The victory was already being conceded to Clinton.

There was no interest in the following two races by Jack and Jack of Des Moines, and George and Dick of Davenport. Their times, 1:23 seconds and 1:19 seconds, were slow after what Bonny and Beauty had done.

Next came Paddy and Prince. Could they match the performance of the Clinton team? Chief George M. Kellogg of Sioux City was heard to intimate that they could. And they did! The hitch took only four seconds, the run was fast, and the coupling smooth. From the sound of the

starting gong until the moment the pipe touched the ground, only 1:13 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds had elapsed! Another new record inside of thirty minutes after the previous one had been established. It mattered little that Sioux City's Dick and Dan also broke the previous record to take third place with a 1:14 $\frac{4}{5}$ time, or that two other teams finished in 1:15 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

The tournament lasted two more days, and many other great deeds were accomplished by the "brave fire laddies". The other horse races, the hose cart and hook and ladder races, the ladder climbing, tugs of war, coupling contests, fancy drills, and novelty races all provided many thrills. But nothing could outshine the glory that had been won in the State paid-department race when Paddy and Prince established a new world's record (that was to stand for five years) and two other teams shattered the previous mark.

CARL B. CONE

Collecting the Soldier Vote

In the fall of 1862, I was appointed by Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood one of the Commissioners of the State of Iowa to take the vote of her soldiers in the field. I was assigned to take the vote of the Twenty-second Regiment of the Iowa Infantry wherever I found them. The vote of the soldiers in the field was to be taken on the same date as the home election in October. I found my regiment near Rolla, in central Missouri. The election was a quiet one, the vote strongly Republican. In due time I delivered the result of the election to the Secretary of State at Des Moines.

In the fall of 1863, I was reappointed to take the vote of the same regiment. The Twenty-second Regiment was comprised largely of men from our own county of Johnson. In October, 1863, I found our regiment some two hundred miles west of New Orleans, in southern Louisiana, a long and tiresome trip by rail and water — rail to Cairo, government transports from Cairo to New Orleans, rail from New Orleans to Brashear City, now Morgan City, thence by steamer to New Iberia.

Our regiment formed a part of the Thirteenth

Army Corps, then stationed in southern Louisiana. General Nathaniel P. Banks, who was then in command of the Union forces in that district, went with us to the Teche country and we overtook the Thirteenth Corps near New Iberia late in the afternoon of the second day out from New Orleans. The next day after reaching New Iberia, we marched all day up the Teche towards Martinsville and camped at nightfall near a field of sweet potatoes. There were only a few cabins or small houses in the neighborhood. Our soldier boys digging the potatoes with their bayonets, using the rail fences for their fires, appropriating all the pigs and chickens in sight to their own use, seemed to enjoy their feast hugely. Early the next morning we took road again, had a skirmish with the rebels at a crossing of the Teche, captured one bushwhacker, and came into camp early in the afternoon. Our Twenty-second took possession of rebel ex-Governor Mouton's plantation, in sight of the church steeples of Vermilionville. Mouton is a French name which means *sheep*. The Twenty-second took charge of Governor Mouton's sugar and corn mill and ground corn for our regiment and for the Thirteenth Corps as well.

After two or three days spent in reviews and inspection, General Banks returned to New Or-

leans. I was in camp here for nearly two weeks. When the proper day came, I took the vote, and soon after was notified by General E. O. C. Ord that a lot of prisoners under guard were to be sent to New Orleans and that it would be a good opportunity for the Iowa Commissioners to take the back track, as the army was soon to move north following the retreating rebel army. We took his advice and left. Secretary Stanton had issued orders directing quartermasters to furnish us transportation and a suitable guard. All government officials were directed to aid us and facilitate our mission in every possible way. The Commissioners each had a copy of this order, and when presented to an army officer, it commanded respect and prompt action.

We left camp early in the morning and marched all day, or at least the prisoners and a portion of the guard marched. The Commissioners and rebel officers were provided with ambulances. The officer in command of the guard and his aides were on horseback. Late in the evening we reached an old camp near New Iberia. Our prisoners numbered about eighty. One, General John G. Pratt, an old man, was a native of Saybrook, Connecticut. He had gone south many years before, married a woman who had a large plantation and a good supply of woolly heads, commonly called

slaves. General Pratt belonged to the same family as Captain Pratt, with whom my father sailed a hundred years ago. Another noted prisoner was Albert Voorhees, a cousin of Dan Voorhees, a statesman of Indiana. He had been the rebel Attorney-General of Louisiana.

The same night, near midnight, I took a steamer on Bayou Teche reaching Brashear City the next night at midnight. We showed Stanton's order, and the official hustled out three or four freight cars and a sickly engine to haul us. Our palace cars had no seats except one long bench, no back. As I had not slept for thirty-six hours, I was sick and very weak. I had about five thousand dollars in my old satchel belonging to our soldiers to be brought home and delivered to their families. I had on my overcoat, wrapped my shawl about me, laid the satchel on the car floor, laid myself down on the floor, using the satchel for a pillow, and slept soundly all night. Being surrounded by a crowd all the time, and of all sorts of people, I ran a great risk and I would not like to repeat it. I was careful not to reveal my fix, not even to any of the Iowa Commissioners.

We crossed over the big river to New Orleans, went to the City Hotel where I have often stopped since, took breakfast and went to bed. But I had slept only an hour or two when word came that a

government transport was just ready to start up the river — all aboard — so we started for Cairo on a Sunday morning. The deck of the transport was packed almost like sardines with sick and wounded soldiers, many deaths. It was a common thing to hear a soldier say, "Well, poor Tom played out last night". If not Tom it was Jake or Mose or Jim; a sad sight and an unpleasant trip. From what I saw and heard during this trip, I came to the conclusion that there is little sunshine in war.

I reached home after a fatiguing trip of six weeks via river and rail. Resting a few days, I went to Des Moines and delivered the ballots to the Secretary of State. The soldiers this time gave an almost unanimous vote for the Republican ticket.

JOB T. TURNER

The Indian Cession of 1842

Times were hard for the Sauks and Foxes in 1842. While the small farm at the agency had produced some corn, oats, potatoes, and turnips in the previous season, the supply was inadequate for the 2300 Indians. Moreover, large parties of Potawatomi, Ioway, and Winnebago visited the Sauks and Foxes and "prolonged their stay through a great portion of the spring and summer, to the no small detriment of the scanty supply of subsistence then remaining". These neighbors had also hunted in the Sauk and Fox territory, to the injury of their hosts, as the game was "by no means abundant". The summer buffalo hunt was unsuccessful. Though crops were better in 1842, the grist mill on Soap Creek was burned in August. "During this summer," wrote Agent John Beach, the Indians under his care "suffered more from want of provisions than ever within my knowledge of them. They are also much more poorly clad than heretofore."

The only article that seemed to be plentiful was whisky. Unprincipled vendors over the Indian boundary kept the fire water flowing. At the time of the Black Hawk Purchase the confederated

tribes were sober and vigorous, but within a decade liquor had wrought serious deterioration. "Except when far distant upon their hunting grounds, the whole nation," reported Beach, "without distinction of rank or age or sex, exhibits a continual scene of the most revolting intoxication." It was a crime to sell whisky to the Indians, but the law provided no adequate means of enforcement.

Internal strife among the tribesmen contributed to their misery. The old rivalry between Black Hawk and Keokuk was perpetuated in the bitter opposition of Hardfish and his band of Black Hawk's followers to the leadership of Keokuk. Discrimination against this minority was evident in the distribution of annuities which the government paid to certain "money chiefs" who were responsible for dividing the cash among the families. In 1840 Hardfish accused Keokuk, Wapello, Appanoose, and Poweshiek of fraud and proposed that the government pay the annuities directly to heads of families. After much bickering among the Indians and confusion on the part of agents and traders this plan was adopted in 1841.

Though more than \$80,000 was distributed to the Sauk and Fox braves in October that year, it did little to alleviate the poverty of the tribes and actually contributed to their further degradation.

The payment of the annuities "was followed by a debauch such as the Indians had never known before." Whisky flowed freely for days. Chiefs and braves alike squandered their money on neckties and fancy vests and the squaws bedecked themselves in bright calico and colored beads. Presently the traders had most of the cash, and the debts which the Indians had previously incurred were as large as ever. With their annuities spent and the cloud of debt still darkening their sky, the destitute Sauks and Foxes were in a desperate plight. Their only asset was their land.

When Governor John Chambers had proposed in 1841 that they sell central Iowa to the United States for a million dollars and move to a reservation at the headwaters of the Des Moines River they had refused. But debt and poverty during the following year caused some of the chiefs to reconsider their decision. In February, Keokuk, Appanoose, and Wapello proposed to cede part of their land to pay their debts to the traders. Even Hardfish agreed. By summer conditions were worse. White settlers were crowding close to the Indian country, whisky sellers were increasing, and the Indians were restless. The time was favorable for another treaty council.

In anticipation of such an occasion the traders prepared their claims. Governor Chambers, being

responsible for protecting the interests of the Indians, suspected that some of the accounts might be padded and so he appointed Alfred Hebard and Arthur Bridgman to investigate all claims and determine the amount of the Indian indebtedness. The liquidation of all financial obligations was to be an essential part of the negotiations. Thus, the traders were anxious to promote the land cession and the Indians were willing to pay all just debts.

Fifty-eight claims, amounting in all to \$312,366.24, were presented to the special auditors who listened to the explanations of traders and Indians. The accounts of J. P. Eddy were found to be entirely accurate and most of the bills of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., were allowed, but the demands of W. G. and G. W. Ewing were reduced about 25 per cent because they had charged too much for "Italian cravats", "satin vests", and fancy "looking glasses". Some exorbitant claims by settlers and independent traders were thrown out entirely. Fair charges were promptly acknowledged, which demonstrated the trait of honesty in Indian character. In the end the Sauk and Fox debt was fixed at \$258,566.34.

In preparation for the treaty council Agent Beach set up a large circular tent with a raised platform at one side for the government officials facing a row of seats around the opposite side of

the tent for the chiefs. About ten o'clock on the morning of October 4, 1842, Governor Chambers in the dress uniform of a brigadier general, accompanied by Antoine Le Claire and Josiah Smart as interpreters, the claim adjusters, Captain James Allen and Lieutenant C. F. Ruff from Fort Atkinson, and Agent Beach took their places on the platform. They were followed by the Indian leaders. Keokuk in splendid attire stopped opposite the Governor and the other chiefs "freshly painted with gay fantastic figures" took seats on either side. Appanoose was there, and Poweshiek from his village on the Iowa River. The son of Black Hawk, over six feet tall and able bodied, the aged Pashepaho, and Wishecomaque known as Hardfish represented the minority faction. At a signal all were seated. The elegant Kishkekosh rested his chin on the gold knob of his cane "like a fine old English gentleman."

Governor Chambers opened the council. "My friends," he began, "I am glad to meet you once more in council. When I was here last year, at the fall of the leaf, we made you an offer for the sale of your land in this territory to which you were not willing to accede." The Governor then proceeded to explain the new proposition. As he spoke, an interpreter "Indianized" his address sentence by sentence. The Great Father in Wash-

ington offered a "thousand boxes of money" (\$1,000,000) for all the Sauk and Fox land in Iowa, he said. "Out of that he expects you to pay all the debts you now owe. He will put a part of it in such a situation that it will never lessen and give you so much a year through all time; that is, he will give 5% a year or fifty dollars on each box. He directs me to urge upon you to apply some portion of it to educate your children, to learn them to read and write and to keep accounts so that they may not be cheated by bad men. He wishes you to make yourselves farms and build comfortable homes." To protect the Indians from the encroachment of white settlers, the President suggested that they move beyond the mouth of the Raccoon River until a permanent reservation could be found for them.

To this plan the Governor gave his approval. "Your money is now wasted, like water", he declared, "your young men are dissipated and you all have a great deal of trouble. If you will adopt his advice, your money will last longer, your young men will be kept from the evils of intemperance, your condition will be bettered and you will all be happier." He concluded by advising the Indians to consider the offer and give their answer the next day.

Two days were consumed in tribal discussion.

Every chief and principal brave had his say many times. At night the Indian camp about a mile east of the agency building was "converted into a vast ball room" where the men performed every variety of dancing known to them, accompanied by the measured beating of the drum. When the council reconvened on Thursday morning, October 6th, Poweshiek announced, in the name of the Great Spirit who had given the beautiful land to the Foxes to do with as they pleased, that the tribes had agreed on a plan to sell part of their territory.

Kishkekosh, proud that this was "the first time the Foxes have ever spoken first in council", explained that four alternative proposals had been considered. In view of the fact that the region contained precious minerals, the Indians thought they ought to have more money for their land. But they had all finally agreed to sell a particular area and authorized the chiefs to "deliver the voice of the nation."

Hardfish spoke for his band of Sauks. "You have heard what my friends, the Foxes, have said. I was pleased to hear you advise us to think deeply of this matter and I think we have done so. Now the fourth proposition upon which we have all agreed", he announced, was to sell all the land east of a line beginning at the old northwest corner of Missouri and running northeast to a point on

the Des Moines River called Painted Rocks and thence to the mouth of Deer Creek on the Iowa River. "This is a serious matter with us", he concluded. "The country we now have left upon which to support our women and children is very small. But we have agreed among ourselves to this offer. We talked a great deal before concluding upon it, weighing and examining the matter well before we made up our mind. And we are now willing to sell you this portion of our land because we want to pay our traders and to please our friends and relations by giving something to them."

Old Pashepaho then endorsed what the Foxes and his chief Hardfish had said. A brave, called the Prophet, stepped into the open space before the Governor, tossed away his blanket, and declared he was "not ashamed to come before you like a man and express my pleasure at the understanding to which we have come among ourselves. I hope that when you make this treaty you will blot out all our debts and I have thrown off my blanket to show you that I am willing to give all I have to pay an old debt we owe for having robbed a trader, Mr. George Hunt, a long time ago."

Of course Governor Chambers could not accept this counter proposal of the Indians. He explained again that the offer of the government was

for all their land. Less than half of it would be worth scarcely enough to pay their debts, and the traders, settlers, and whisky sellers would continue to despoil them "as buzzards do a carcass". The minerals which the Indians considered valuable he said were of no advantage to the white men. Many "wear out their lives in digging without any success", he argued, and such property gave "more trouble than profit". It would be best, he urged, to sell all their land at once, move to better hunting grounds beyond the reach of the white men, and accept the care of the Great Father who would teach them to live easier and better.

When the Governor had finished, Keokuk, who had remained silent, arose with the dignity of one in authority and spoke as the cunning diplomat he was. "This is the second time we have heard you on this subject. I think my friends have made a mistake in saying that all of our people have been in council. That can not have been." Thus, repudiating the plan the other chiefs had presented as a unanimous decision, he kept the way open for further negotiation without personal loss of face, though he humiliated the Foxes and Hardfish's band. Having spoken, he stalked out of the tent, and so the council dispersed.

Again the Sauks and Foxes considered their

plight. Finally, on Saturday morning, when the council reassembled, Poweshiek took the position of spokesman. "I believe we are now all present", he said. "This is an important occasion to us and as is usual with us in such cases, we have taken much time to consider it and we are all willing now to accept the proposition you made us last fall." Kishkekosh endorsed this decision, but tactfully mentioned that the Governor had apparently forgotten that previously he had offered \$1,000,000 for their land in addition to paying their debts. These terms were echoed by Hardfish, Pashpahoh, and even Keokuk who now joined the other chiefs in the decision to sell all their hunting grounds in Iowa. He insisted, however, that his people should be given three years in which to move to their new home. "We are now ready to draw up the writing", he concluded, "and in doing so, we have many little things to talk about; many poor friends and relatives to think of, and also to provide for the future as well as the present and past."

The informal conversations began that afternoon and all negotiations, including the amount of indebtedness, were concluded on Monday. Keokuk hoped that, inasmuch as this would be the last treaty with the government, the Great Father would send a large medal to each chief and to each

of the principal braves a smaller one. Furthermore, he had heard that the great council at Washington "sometimes altered treaties made with the red men after they were signed" and so he proposed to include a statement that this treaty was "not to be altered or changed in any way".

According to the terms of the treaty which was signed on Tuesday, October 11, 1842, the Sauks and Foxes ceded to the United States all their land in central Iowa and agreed to move west of a meridian running through the Red Rocks on the Des Moines River by the following May and to leave the State within three years. In exchange the Federal government promised to pay the debts and \$40,000 annually to the tribes. At the urgent request of the Indians a hundred dollars were set aside to erect a monument over the grave of Chief Wapello who had been buried beside his friend Joseph M. Street, and a section of land including the burial plot and agency house was given to Mrs. Street. Twenty-two Sauk and twenty-two Fox chiefs and braves signed the treaty with Governor Chambers.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

Angels of the Sick Room

Sickness is a universal form of emergency which requires assistance for the afflicted. On the American frontier physicians were scarce and trained nurses were unknown. The pioneers had to depend upon their own resources of common sense, household remedies, and generous sympathy for the relief of pain. Every community had its benevolent matrons who looked after the sick. The Norwegian settlement in Story County was typical.

Our kind pioneer neighbor, Mrs. Kjetil Knutson, freely gave her services to the sick, diagnosing cases as if by intuition, and caring for her patients devotedly. On one occasion she was called to minister to a son of Lars Henryson, whose illness had caused grave intestinal trouble and whose death was thought imminent. My father found his friend Lars in tears at the bedside of the boy, breathing a psalm of resignation at the thought of the parting he felt soon must come. Father was deeply grieved, saw no hope, yet thought to suggest the summoning of Kjetil's Anna, as a possible help. She came, sensed the situation quickly, and acted promptly. She soused

several bed sheets in hot water and forthwith wrapped the patient therein. The warm moisture wrought potently upon his system, revived him, and set the body to work to expel its pent-up impurities. Through her solicitous care the boy recovered, as did many another patient.

Another woman of broad sympathies and helpful spirit was Mrs. Kristian Karolussen, whose intelligent, hearty ways suffused the sick room with an atmosphere of hope and good cheer. She helped usher into the world scores of future citizens and, with her encouraging, infectious smile, drew answering twinkles from the eyes of the world's greatest doers, the devoted mothers, whom she tended with loving care and devotion in their hour of trial. With her heart in her eyes and her whole aspect one of solicitude and kind resolve she inspired strength and calm in her patients. The emoluments she received for her services were so slight as to be almost negligible. People could afford to be born, even buried, in those days.

Other kind helpers in sickness and distress could be mentioned, among them being my Aunt Helga Christenson Tjernagel, Mrs. Catharine Knutson Meltvedt, and Mrs. Haaver Thompson. Helga's large, commanding presence, together with her jolly manner, imbued the sufferer under her care with confidence. Her great figure was

often discerned crossing the prairie to convey tempting edibles to those in sickness and suffering.

Catharine's sparkling eyes and beaming countenance could not fail to uplift the ailing as with her clear, expressive voice she spoke words of comfort and solace to warm their hearts. Her cheery greetings and other happy expressions were so engaging that the listener would forget his troubles to make response in kind. She became bedridden for a considerable period herself, but retained to the last her ability to make bright the atmosphere about her and to send her visitors away refreshed and heartened. It was indeed a privilege to have the opportunity to converse with this courageous survivor of the early days.

Mrs. Haaver Thompson was known, especially, for her kindly, hospitable attitude toward children. Indeed, the Thompson home might well be likened to an asylum where love reigned in the hearts of the inmates, for there Mary, Anna, Ellen, and George, the children of Enoch Thompson, found a home after the death of their parents; and there were domiciled for a time the three Wooster children. The old log house was small, but the welcome sincere; hence none felt out of place or unhappy in the rather cramped quarters.

Professional medical and surgical assistance not being readily accessible in the early days, per-

sons in distress often called upon their neighbors for help. Toward evening of a day of rough, wintry weather a neighbor came to the door of a motherly pioneer woman and begged her to accompany him at once to care for the wife who would soon need attention. The storm was so bad, however, that the good woman's husband advised her not to go. But the need was sore and she could not hear of suffering without trying to help, so she decided to brave the elements, dangerous though it might be. At first they proceeded confidently, but presently the storm developed into a blinding blizzard and they lost their way. After scouting about for hours and being well-nigh spent from cold and exhaustion, they finally discerned a light through the seething, snowy mist, and they were home at last.

Imagine their dismay upon entering to find the mother lying helpless on the floor with a new-born babe at her side. Besides her ordeal she had endured the horror of fending off a large dog which had taken it into his head that the child did not belong there and that he must protect his mistress against it. Moreover, the fire had gone out and the icy cold greatly augmented her misery. Though her hands were numb with cold, our benefactress immediately started to work over her patients, whom she resuscitated; but as for herself

she did not regain the full use of her frost-bitten fingers for several months.

It is easy to underrate the importance of such humble services for such good deeds are not widely heralded. Fame is largely a matter of fate. Yet as much ability is often required to act creditably in a lowly station as in a higher one. Transfer a famous woman to a simple pioneer home, impose upon her the duties and responsibilities thereto attached, together with the strictures of the times, and observe whether her abilities would be less severely taxed. There have been a good many heroines in simple Iowa homes, and it is to be feared that scarcely any one but God has noticed them.

Dentistry in the old days lacked the degree of perfection it has since attained; nor was the price charged for extracting teeth at all commensurate with modern rates. Knut Eglund felt that he was sufficiently remunerated when he was given ten cents a tooth for such work. He used his minor blacksmith tools, not with the thought of making money, but to help people out of their misery. He would drop his horseshoeing or other gainful work and spend much time and patience to relieve such suffering. His wife helped, too, steadying the patients and keeping their courage up with encouraging words. They were a formid-

able-looking pair, for both were unusually large and strong. A victim felt as if in the grip of remorseless fate when held in position by Mrs. Eglund's powerful arms, enabling Knut the better to manipulate the fearsome tongs. Some teeth seemed to defy removal, and then Maria's pity for the bleeding wretch in her arms would overcome her and she would cry out, "You are killing him!" But Knut thought it the greater mercy to oust the offending member at once, and wrenched, pulled, and twisted till it surrendered its hold.

When the first physicians came they, too, were obliged to yank out teeth, though usually unskilled in such practice. Their instruments, however, were less clumsy than those used by Knut the blacksmith. It was more an act of mercy than a professional service with them, too. Tooth-filling and the fitting of false teeth was, hereabouts at least, unknown in early pioneer times. Fewer sweetmeats and more roughage called for more thorough mastication and helped preserve the teeth. Father, for instance, kept practically all his natural teeth till he died at the age of eighty-three. Milk, meat, and whole-grain meal furnished healthful rations for the pioneer, kept him strong, and helped to minimize tooth decay.

As doctors were few and far between, solicitous mothers kept home remedies handy to be used for

their ailing ones. A generous drink of whisky was said to be good for snake bites. Whether my mother administered such a dose I have not learned, but she frequently did send those afflicted with colds off to bed with a bowl of hot water seasoned with alcohol. Peppermint and camphor were kept within easy reach. Flax-seed poultices were used for many aches and pains. Besides this mother had various homely medicaments that acted like magic.

At that time a patent medicine, supposed to cure all ills and bearing the grim name of Hostetter's Bitters, had its devotees. For external ailments a noted Pain Killer had but to be applied, and presto! all pain would vanish — according to the advertisement. It was kept in many a medicine chest. So was Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One day as Jacob Kalvig was walking past a neighbor's place he stopped abruptly to glare at a blatant sign painted on the front gate which read: Ayer's Pills. Jacob repeated this with a snort and added in the same breath, "rotten, worthless stuff!" Having spoken his mind, he was so perturbed that he forgot where he was going, and started off in the opposite direction, mumbling his disapproval of such quackery. Yet many people allowed themselves to be buncoed, then as now.

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