The Palimpsest

DECEMBER 1929

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

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER JULY 28 1920 AT THE POST OFFICE AT IOWA CITY IOWA
UNDER THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 1912

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

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

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

VOL. X ISSUED IN DECEMBER 1929 NO. 12

Whittier College Days

Coming by way of Mount Pleasant, I took passage in the star-route Russell hack, crossed the Skunk River on the ferry at Boyle's mill, and entered Salem in the Seventh Month of the year 1872. There I lived and taught for four busy years in the quiet environment of a good but somnolent town. It was in response to a summons from Clarkson C. Pickett, the head of Whittier College, that I came to the oldest Quaker community in Iowa.

Salem, meaning peace in Hebrew, was stamped with the simplicity of the sect that founded the community. Even then the place was replete with historical interest. In the days before the Civil War, Salem had been an important station on the Underground Railway, and the house of Abel Woodworth was pointed out as a haven for runaway slaves.

On the First Day of my Salem life, impelled by habit, expediency, and a sense of duty, I "went to

meeting'' at the hour of worship. The service commenced in the usual Quaker way with a prolonged period of silent worship. Then something happened. A progressive Friend, Jonathan Frazier by name, was moved to sing a hymn. With the first stave of the song, Uncle Tommie Siveter on the men's side and Aunt Martha Dorland and Aunt Ruth Gibbs on the women's side arose from their seats and passed out through the nearest doorway. No other voices accompanied the singer, and when the solo was finished, the three returned and resumed their seats. Their uprising, out-going, returning, and down-sitting was to bear testimony against the atrocity of singing in meeting. In the minds of at least three members of the congregation, ''hymns and spiritual songs'' in the course of a religious service were of the devil.

One of the functions of a Quaker elder is oversight of the ministry as ''to communications''. If, in this dignitary's judgment, the message being delivered was not ''to edification'', he had authority to interrupt the flow of words and require the unprofitable prophet to cease. Previous to this first Sabbath in Salem, I had attended a thousand Quaker meetings, silent and otherwise, but had never seen this prerogative exercised, and supposed that if it had ever been in vogue it was long since obsolete. My disillusionment was sudden and complete. William Thatcher, a young, aggressive, and not over-wise lay preacher of modernistic proclivities

arose and began to speak. Just behind him on the gallery seats sat William Hocket, an elder, who, weighing the speaker's words, mentally decided that they were "not to edification". He therefore reached over, grasped the coat tail of the other William, and gave it an official yank. Thatcher expressed neither surprise nor anger, but with apparent complacency he meekly resumed his seat. I soon became accustomed to such occurrences, however, scenes which grew in frequency until a division was effected in 1877 and the conservatives found another place of worship.

In the seventies, the language of the Friends was spoken in Salem by saints and sinners alike. By the communicants of the sect, the "plainness of speech, deportment and apparel", prescribed by the discipline, was duly observed. The men wore possum-bellied pantaloons, straight-collared coats, and broad-brimmed, high-crowned hats. The women wore capes and scoop-shovel bonnets. Since the almanac names of the days and months were heathenish in their origin, the Quakers eschewed them all. January was the First Month, and December the Twelfth. The days of the week were First Day, Second Day, Third Day, Fourth Day, Fifth Day, Sixth Day and Seventh Day. Worldly titles of respect were taboo; no man was hailed as "Sir", no woman as "Ma'am" or "Madam". Folks were called by their given names — Mr. Reeves was Isaac, Mrs. Collins, Eddice, and Miss Elizabeth Bond,

Libbie. The only titles of respect allowed were those of Uncle and Aunt. About the time that gray appeared upon a person's temples, that person became an Uncle or an Aunt.

The Quakers of Salem did not go to church on First Day morning. They had no church. Instead, they had a meeting-house, and they went to meeting twice a week — on First Day and on Fourth Day at eleven o'clock A. M. with all of the regularity of a well-regulated clock. The meeting-house was divided into two equal divisions, by means of a frame partition across the room. This was for the segregation of the sexes, and the parts were designated as "the men's side" and "the women's side". At convenient distances there were shutters which opened or closed according to whether the two "sides" were minded to worship separately or together. The men wore their hats in meeting and the women wore their monstrous headgear; the boys and girls, if they were true to their training, followed suit. This observance was a testimony against something or other. No program was provided for the hour of service. The worshippers sat together in silence, until some one was moved — of the Spirit or otherwise — to break in upon the silence. Any one, minister or layman, male or female, was free at any time to speak or pray; but no one was expected to sing, and no "ungodly organ" found place within the precincts of the room.

While the Friends of Salem practiced the ortho-

dox habits of their faith, they were exceptionally progressive-minded in providing means of education for their children. Scarcely had the settlement been established before the Salem Monthly Meeting appointed a committee to "endeavor to have schools put in operation". In 1845 Reuben Dorland founded Salem Seminary. By 1851 the enrollment had grown to more than two hundred students who came from far and near. At the very height of success, however, Dorland's health failed and his school languished.

Realizing the value of the institution, the Salem Monthly Meeting built a brick structure twenty-five by thirty feet in size and reopened the seminary. But these quarters were eventually outgrown. In the spring of 1867 the "Whittier College Association" was organized for the purpose of operating an institution to train "practical and self-reliant men and women established in evangelical faith." Whittier College opened its doors on the twentieth of Fourth Month, 1868. The college was a success from the beginning. Over two hundred students were enrolled in 1869. Salem had the appearance of an educational center. Further increase of registration caused the old brick meeting-house to be remodelled for a school building in 1874.

"Whittier College", stated the catalogue, "is handsomely situated in the suburbs of Salem, Henry County, Iowa, and is approached by railroad, via Mount Pleasant, the county seat; thence by daily

coach, ten miles south. It is one of the most moral, temperate and healthy towns in the State, and is surrounded by a community of like character.'' Indeed, the purity of the influences surrounding the college was considered one of its most desirable features. ''The quiet and morality of Salem'' were ''proverbial'', while ''Drinking and Billiard Saloons, Gambling Halls, and other corrupting influences, so common in larger towns,'' could not be found there. Fewer circumstances combined ''to distract the attention of the student from his studies'' at Whittier College than at any other institution ''in the land''.

In naming the college in honor of John Greenleaf Whittier, the Friends of Salem sought to express their appreciation of the services he had rendered to ''freedom and humanity''. Perhaps they hoped too that the students might emulate the character and ideals of the Quaker poet. That Whittier was pleased by this evidence of esteem is indicated by his gift of books to the library.

Other friends of the school made valuable donations to the library and the cabinet. The *New American Cyclopedia* and *Chamber's Cyclopedia* were secured in 1872. Although the cabinet was small it was interesting. The chemical and philosophical apparatus was ''well selected''.

My coming to Salem was to occupy a chair — a sofa in fact — and share the administrative duties in Whittier College — a college in the sense that a

village is a city, or a male citizen of Kentucky is a colonel. In the extent of its curriculum, it was little above the rank of an academy — a form of secondary school that fifty years ago flourished in about every pretentious town in the Middle West.

Whittier College offered two routes to the baccalaureate degree — the classical course designed to prepare "young men and women for teaching successfully in our high schools and academies" and the scientific course with its "practical drill in science and a sufficient course in mathematics". This "greatly improved curriculum" was presented "to an intelligent public", with full confidence that it would be found "exactly suited to the demands of the Western people." In addition to the regular courses, a normal department was maintained to train students in the art of teaching by the "best and latest methods", while the business department offered "special accommodations" for instruction in bookkeeping, business correspondence, and commercial law.

In conformity with the tenets of the Quaker faith, Whittier College was coeducational. "We hold", declared the directors, "that the separation of the sexes at any period of life is contrary to nature, and only can result in evil. The proposition that boys and girls, who are thrown together in the family circle, in the district school, and who must be made to associate together in all their future lives, when they are developing their mental powers, and form-

ing character for life, when they most need the chastening, purifying and ennobling influence of each other's company, is a proposition too preposterous to be worthy of a moment's thought." The government of the school also reflected the characteristic Quaker individualism. "We desire that the students should feel that they are the rightful guardians of their own characters," said the catalogue, "and must learn to govern themselves if they expect to become useful members of society."

Upon entering Whittier College the pupils and teachers alike were expected to "comply with and sustain the following requisitions:"

1. Regular attendance.
2. Promptitude.
3. Decorum.
4. Courtesy.
5. No unnecessary noise.
6. No communications.
7. No immorality.
8. No games of chance.
9. Students are not to visit each other's rooms during study hours, 7 to 9 P. M. They are also expected to be in their rooms for the night by 10 o'clock P. M. Gaming or dancing, if persisted in, will be considered sufficient cause for expulsion.

For the stimulation of religious growth students were "encouraged to attend the Weekly Evening Meeting for Worship held in the building." In this meeting the greatest liberty was allowed. Students were made to feel that it was their meeting; and the hearts of teachers and students were often cheered as they "heard the voice of prayer and praise as-

cend from souls'' in quest of ''the more excellent way''.

At one prayer meeting during my residence in Salem the community half-wit was present. It was his habit, whenever a speaker delivered a message, to rise and give expression to a sentence or two most ludicrously irrelevant to the previous discourse. As the testimonies were given, one by one, he invariably arose at the end of each and made some comment. His remarks became so excruciatingly funny that they were too much for the gravity of the meeting. What began in giggles grew to shouts of boisterous laughter. Finally Aunt Rhoda Perkins arose and addressed the meeting.

''My dear young friends,'' she admonished, ''this is an occasion for pity, not for laughter. Let us remember where we are and what brought us together We must not make a farce of worship. Let us practice just a little self-denial. I am ashamed of myself for the way in which I have behaved in this meeting, and I am resolved not to be so thoughtless again.''

She had no sooner finished than the half-wit arose and said, ''I am ashamed of myself too.''

Notwithstanding her strong resolution, it was too much for even Aunt Rhoda. She screamed in merriment to the accompaniment of all the others. The meeting unceremoniously adjourned, and the prayers of the evening were ended.

One day, while sitting in my office, I looked up to

see Elam, the town "hoodlum", standing on the threshold. One of the first warnings upon my arrival at Salem was to "beware of Elam". He was reputed to be the leader of the rowdies. Whenever a watermelon patch was raided or any other mischief done, people always shook their heads and said, "There's some of Elam's work." For three years I had been able to avoid the young man — and then suddenly there he was! I gave no word of welcome. I wondered what his business with me could be.

After an awkward pause, he said, "I came to see if the janitor job at the college has been taken for next year."

I answered, "No."

"Then I want the job," said Elam.

My amazement quickly gave way to sympathy as I saw his eyes were filled with tears.

"I am going to make a man of myself," he declared.

I grasped his hand. "Elam," I said, "if there were a thousand applicants for the place you should have it!"

Elam justified my faith and confidence in him. No school ever had a better janitor, nor a more faithful student. After leaving college he taught successfully in the rural schools and later established a mercantile business in Mount Pleasant.

While most of the people in Salem enthusiastically indorsed the activities of the college, there were a

few ultra-conservatives who frowned upon higher education. Uncle Jacob Reeder in particular believed academic training was an invention of Satan and regarded study of the classics as a crime equivalent to embezzlement or dancing. Upon being told of something I had said from the college rostrum he exclaimed, "I wonder that the Lord did not strike him dead."

One day when I was playing the worldly game of croquet with two of Uncle Jacob's granddaughters, he happened along and stood watching the game for a few moments. Then in a stern voice he advised, "Now, girls, if I were you, I would go home. You are out here with a dandy of whom you know nothing and with a man whom I regard as a nuisance to the town."

In 1876 the General Assembly created the Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls. Lorenzo D. Lewelling, a member of the Board of Directors of Whittier College and one of my warmest friends, was appointed a member of the executive board of the new institution. It was through his friendship and good offices that I was elected to the position of professor of mathematics. So I left the city of "Peace" and the school of "evangelical faith".

D. Sands Wright

The Name of Odebolt

Unique among place names is Odebolt. Several explanations have been advanced concerning the origin of the name of this Iowa town. Various stories that have gained currency may possess elements of truth, but none of them is without a flaw.

One account assumes that the name originated from a Frenchman who lived in a cabin on the bank of a small stream, now known as Odebolt Creek. There are several versions of this story. So far as can be ascertained, the first attempt to account for the origin of the name "Odebolt" in this way was in an article published in the *Sac County Herald,* February 2, 1887. The editor of this paper, Will Hubbard Kernen, was something of a poet and gifted with a vivid imagination. The article as printed arouses suspicions that the explanation was a product of Kernen's fertile imagination. Definite dates and the names of witnesses are missing—omissions which cast doubt upon the validity of the legend.

"Back in the fifties sometime," the story began, "a Frenchman named Odebolt settled on the creek north of town, built a cabin, and supported himself by hunting, trapping, fishing and cultivating a small plot of prairie.

"He was a peculiar looking man, if the old set-

tlers remember aright — tall, stoop-shouldered, spectrally slim, with long raven hair. He had a hooked nose, a large mouth with singularly thin lips and very handsome teeth. His eyes were black, piercing, brilliant and threw an intellectual light upon his whole countenance.

"He was still on the sunrise side of forty-five when he came here; but he had travelled everywhere, seen everything that was worth seeing, and finally concluded to settle down for life, far from the madding crowd. The region was an unbroken prairie in those old days, and the solitude in which he delighted remained undisturbed for long years. But finally the country began to be settled up, and he left. Pioneers who knew him and knew his history, called the creek by which he had located L'Odebolt in his honor."

In the issue of the *Sac County Herald* a week later, on February 9, 1887, there appeared further material concerning the mysterious Odebolt. What purported to be a letter to the editor sent from Early, Iowa, was printed under the headline "Another leaf from the life of Jean Odebolt". This letter, it is important to note, was unsigned, and it also bears evidence of having sprung from Editor Kernen's imagination.

The first article on Odebolt in the *Herald* had prompted the writer of the second to tell a story of Odebolt alleged to have been told to him by a settler who had come to Douglas Township, Sac County, in

1859. As this settler was riding horseback one day, he came upon a cabin on the bank of a stream, later called Odebolt Creek. Hearing moans issuing from the cabin, he dismounted and went in. There he beheld a man who appeared to be in great agony though there were no visible signs of injury. Asked to explain his conduct, the man related the following weird story:

"My name is Jean Odebolt. My home was in Paris. I am a Frenchman. I had a wife and child — a lovely little boy, just three years old. She deserted me — deserted me, and took the boy with her — deserted me in the company of a rich young man named Paulin. I sought everywhere for them. In vain. Years passed. Finally I learned that Paulin was living in Lyons. I went to that city and discovered that he had tired of my wife, a year after her flight with him, and left her and my child to starve. They were dead. I swore to be avenged. I had my opportunity at last. He was sleeping in his chair at his club-house — drunk. He was alone in the room. I stole in, I drew a dagger, and stabbed him to the heart. One drop of his blood fell here — here in the centre of my palm. It stung me like a serpent. On every anniversary of his death it half maddens me with pain — with a torment that burns, stings, tortures me in body, heart, brain — aye, in my very soul of souls itself."

At the time these two accounts were published in the *Herald* a young man by the name of W. E.

("Billy") Hamilton was living in Odebolt. In May, 1887, he left his employment in the abstract office of W. A. Helsell and began the publication of the Odebolt *Chronicle*. He evidently treasured the *Herald* stories for in 1907 he printed in the *Chronicle* his own version of the French trapper after whom the town of Odebolt was alleged to have been named. Being a man of nimble wit, Editor Hamilton modified the story somewhat to make it more plausible. A definite date for the trapper's residence on the creek was mentioned and the name "Odebolt" was spelled "Odebeau" to make it seem more like French.

Following Hamilton's account, William H. Stennett, who compiled the *History of the Origin of the Place Names Connected with the Chicago & North Western Railway* published by the railroad company in 1908, asserted that Odebolt was a name derived from the "corruption of *Odebeau,* the name of a French trapper, who in 1855 lived on the bank of the creek."

Before accepting this version, however, the discrepancies with the earlier *Herald* accounts must be explained. Was the alleged trapper named Odebolt or Odebeau? Who specifically could vouch for his presence on the creek? The records of the American Fur Company do not list any such person in Iowa nor any name that would even suggest either Odebolt or Odebeau. Had such a trapper existed, the chances are that he would have dealt with the

American Fur Company, but the records are silent regarding him. Furthermore, had the creek been named for such an individual the name would surely have appeared on a map before 1875. Yet no earlier map bearing the name "Odebolt Creek" has been found. As the knowledge about this creek in 1856 was very inaccurate, it is not likely that any one would have accurate knowledge of a Frenchman living on the banks of the creek.

Probably the most common version of the origin of the name "Odebolt" is a rather preposterous story about a German who was fording the creek when the king bolt dropped out of the wagon gear. Whereupon, it is alleged, he exclaimed, "O de bolt!" Consequently the name "Odebolt" was given to the creek and from the creek the town was named. The absence of a definite name, date, and location prevents verification of the yarn.

There is another version, however, which is worthy of consideration. According to this story, J. B. Calkins and P. K. Sanderson came to Sac County about 1874 and bought a half section of land in Richland Township. They made the purchase through Captain William Familton, the agent of the Iowa Rail Road Land Company who had his headquarters at Denison. In the creek not far from the land purchased was a ford concerning which Captain Familton related the following incident.

One day, shortly after he had come to Denison as the land agent in 1871, he was out with a party of

six men, including a Frenchman. Toward the close of the day they arrived at the ford which was wider than usual because of rain that had fallen during the day. When about half way across, the Frenchman, who was seated on the front seat of the wagon, happened to lean forward. He noticed that the bolt fastening the doubletree to the wagon tongue was about to fall out, so in excitement he shouted, "O de bolt!" After the bolt had been put in place, the party continued on their way, and thereafter the ford was called the Odebolt Ford and from it the creek was named Odebolt.

This is a plausible story but unfortunately it rests upon the unsupported testimony of Captain Familton. Mrs. Lelia Smith Wolf of Odebolt heard it second-hand from her uncle, Mr. Calkins, and her cousin, Mr. Sanderson. And Ed Marsh, who corroborates Mrs. Wolf's statement, came to Sac County in 1876 to work for P. K. Sanderson. His source of information is the same as hers.

Certain it is that the creek had been named by the time Calkins and Sanderson came, for a map published in 1875 in Andreas's *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Iowa* shows the creek labelled "Odebott" — probably meant to be "Odebolt". On the other hand, a map in Hair's *Iowa State Gazetteer,* published in 1865, shows the creek but gives no name for it. From this it might be deduced that the creek was named between 1865 and 1875.

J. N. Newhall's *New Map of Iowa* for 1848 does

not show the creek, nor even the Maple River. The Boyer River is made to flow from the rather large Lake Boyer. Evidently this is intended to be what is now known as Wall Lake, but the Boyer River does not rise in Wall Lake. This map is evidence of the ignorance which prevailed regarding the geography of western Iowa only eighty years ago. By 1856, about the time Jean Odebeau or Odebolt is alleged to have been living on the creek, knowledge of the streams in that region was not much more accurate, for Charles W. Morse's *Cerographic Map of Iowa* shows the Soldier River rising in Sac County where Odebolt Creek is located.

If Familton's account was authentic, the naming of the creek must have occurred in 1871, for there is evidence to show that the word "Odebolt" was in use that early. C. J. Deacon of Cedar Rapids, who was connected with the Iowa Rail Road Land Company, has a distinct recollection that Hiram Wheeler called his land "L'Odebolt Grange". He also remembers hearing John B. Calhoun, the land commissioner of the company, frequently refer to "L'Odebolt Grange". When it is recalled that Mr. Wheeler made his purchase in the fall of 1871, and that Captain Familton had not come to Denison until the previous spring, it is evident that the incident related by Familton must have happened, if at all, during the few months intervening.

It would be presumptuous to say that the Familton account is not true. The place is definitely

located a short distance east of the present town of Arthur, and an approximate date is available. There is no authentic record of the name Odebolt being used prior to 1871, but, as has been shown, it was in use about that time. It is therefore possible that Odebolt is a name derived from a Frenchman's exclamation "O de bolt!" — except that he would probably have said "O ze bolt".

Pending further proof, the presentation of other theories will not be amiss. It has been suggested that the name Odebolt is of Spanish origin. This is not altogether impossible since Iowa, as a part of Louisiana, was under Spanish control from 1762 to 1803. Records of Spanish activity in the region are almost altogether missing but it would have been possible, though not probable, for a Spanish name to have been assigned to the creek. Had this been done the name should have appeared on early maps, but none has been found prior to 1875 bearing the name.

Another comparatively simple explanation never seems to have occurred to any one. Why not explain Odebolt as a name derived by corrupting the French words *eau de beau*? Literally, the words would be translated "water of beauty" or more freely "beautiful water". Such a use of the French words would not be proper usage but it would have been possible for a French half-breed trapper or even any uneducated Frenchman to have used them in the way mentioned. Certainly in the early days the creek had much more water in it than at present

and, flowing through the green unbroken prairie, might have inspired some one to call it "beautiful water" in faulty French. The expression *eau de beau* could easily have been corrupted into Odebolt, for *eau,* meaning water, is pronounced "O" and the phonetics of *beau* and bolt are sufficiently similar to account for the anglicized form.

While there are several suppositions regarding the origin of the name Odebolt, there is no dispute as to the source of the name of the town. All accounts agree that the town was named after the creek. But why should the town have been called Odebolt instead of Wheeler which would seem to have been equally appropriate?

In 1877, while the Maple River Railroad was being constructed, those engaged in the work made their headquarters at the Sanderson house which had purposely been built large enough to serve as a sort of wayside inn. Similarly, when the town of Odebolt was being platted, officials of the Blair Town Lot and Land Company stayed there.

One evening while the land company officials were eating supper and discussing matters of common interest, Sparks was suggested as a name for the new town, but there seemed to be a general feeling that the place should be called Wheeler. Whereupon Mrs. Sanderson, who was waiting on the table, felt called upon to interrupt.

"Is there a county in the United States which does not have a town called Wheeler?" she inquired.

"Madam, you don't seem to like the name Wheeler", remarked one of the men.

"I respect Mr. Wheeler very much," she replied, "but the name is too common to apply to our town."

"Well in that case we'll allow you to name the town," suggested one of the officials.

Taking him at his word, she responded at once. "Since you are allowing me to name the town, I'll name it after the creek. Call the town Odebolt."

Erik McKinley Eriksson

Comment by the Editor

THE COURSE OF EDUCATION

If, as Bacon thought, "*Histories* make Men Wise; *Poets* Witty; The *Mathematicks* Subtill; *Naturall Philosophy* deepe; *Morall* Grave; *Logick* and *Rhetorick* Able to Contend", then the courses of study in the early Iowa colleges were well designed to produce versatile alumni. Fifty or seventy-five years ago educators apparently believed that for "every Defect of the Minde," there is some "Special Receit"—just as physical weakness may be remedied by appropriate exercise. Certainly the institutions of higher education used to provide abundant treatment in the form of plain and fancy mental gymnastics.

In 1875 Whittier College prescribed only ancient and American history for the sake of wisdom, according to the Baconian formula, but included both natural and mental philosophy for depth. Although the students were dependent upon Virgil and Homer for training in wit, subtlety seems to have been a favorite virtue if arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus produce it. Perhaps the courses in physics and chemistry "with experiments" were calculated to develop the power of concentration, inasmuch as the scholar who makes

demonstrations, "if his Wit be called away never so little, he must begin again". Formal instruction in morals was confined to the normal school term, as if teachers needed to be grave. Nor were students at Whittier College handicapped in the art of contention, for they studied debating as well as both logic and rhetoric.

Judging by the subjects taught before 1860, the graduates of private academies and female seminaries should have been unusually astute, profound, serious, and contentious, though somewhat deficient in wit and wisdom. Girls who attended the Lyons Female College studied "general history" only one term, while their knowledge of poetry was officially confined to Cowper and Milton. The academies assumed that mathematics, science, classical literature, and philosophy constituted the best preparation of young men for college or business, while young women were educated both in "useful and ornamental branches".

At the "Mount Pleasant High School and Female Seminary, commonly known as Howe's Academy, but by the especial kindness of its especial friends, frequently known as the Old Steam Mill", students were classified into four groups. The most advanced students, called Aristomachians, pursued trigonometry, logic, Latin, Greek, mental philosophy, moral philosophy, political economy, natural theology, and evidences of Christianity. The Philomatheans, or juniors, studied higher algebra, Latin,

Greek, geometry, rhetoric, universal history, astronomy, American literature, botany, and zoology. Sophomore Philotaxians devoted their attention to United States history, higher arithmetic, physical geography, algebra, English grammar, physiology, chemistry, natural philosophy, and Latin. First year students, the Philagathians, began with such elementary subjects as orthography, reading, object lessons, mental and written arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and Latin. Indeed, Latin was deemed to be "so much clear gain to the student, when properly taught" that it was offered to first year students free in order to induce every one to begin the study of that subject early.

In the mode of teaching, "as in many other particulars", Howe's Academy differed from "all other Institutions in the world." No other school could "accomplish so much in the same time, or do its work so well". Each student was "trained individually and in concert, to do his own work, give his reasons for so doing, and exhibit before the class, how, in the best possible manner, he would impart his acquisitions to others." He was taught that "the moment he begins to talk, or to write on the blackboard, he becomes the teacher of others." If a student could not "perform this duty *well,*" he had to step aside and let another take his place. Whatever he knew at all he was compelled to know well, and whatever he undertook to teach he had to teach well; "hence no second-grade teaching" was

"allowed at all in this school." Thus "the pupil that fails to-day, comes up to the standard to-morrow; and the result is that eventually there are no failures."

That the hope of success might be heightened, opportunities for adolescent mischief were minimized by careful supervision. Whatever standards of morality and decorum that thorough Bible courses might fail to inspire, pure environment and strict social regulations were supposed to inculcate. Denmark Academy was not unique in proscribing "profanity, card playing and dancing". The "use of intoxicants and the disturbing of the peace by shouting or otherwise by night" were also forbidden. At the Mount Pleasant Female Seminary "confectionaries and such eatables" were declared to be "contraband as detrimental to health" because they tended to "breed discontent and sickness among the Pupils and bring increased care, anxiety and labor for the Teachers."

Methods of discipline were not invariably despotic, however. Quaker institutions, like Whittier College, believed that students "must learn to govern themselves if they expect to become useful members of society." And even coeducation was defended as an influence of the most salutary kind upon both sexes. When the attendance of women at the University of Iowa (the first coeducational State university) declined in 1875, President Thacher was much concerned lest "the proportion

of young women become so small as to render their presence nugatory as a means of promoting genuine manliness on the part of the young men."

Both in object and method, studies used to follow the precepts of Bacon, serving "for Delight, for Ornament, and for Ability." Men had plentiful opportunity for reading, conference, writing, and scientific demonstration that they might become full, ready, and exact; while the avowed purpose of the female seminaries was to cultivate the resourcefulness and poise of practical ladies. But whether the curricula were designed for men or women or both together, education was considered to be a cultural process.

J. E. B.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY
JOHN ELY BRIGGS

VOLUME X
JANUARY TO DECEMBER
1929

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY IOWA
1929

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