

F
621
.M34
1969

years of valor

by

EDITH WASSON McELROY



IOWA STATE TRAVELING LIBRARY
DES MOINES, IOWA

McE

McElroy, Edith

Years of valor

E DUE

24 1971

JUL-4 1974

10-30-82

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

STATE LIBRARY OF IOWA



3 1723 02028 0749

Dedication

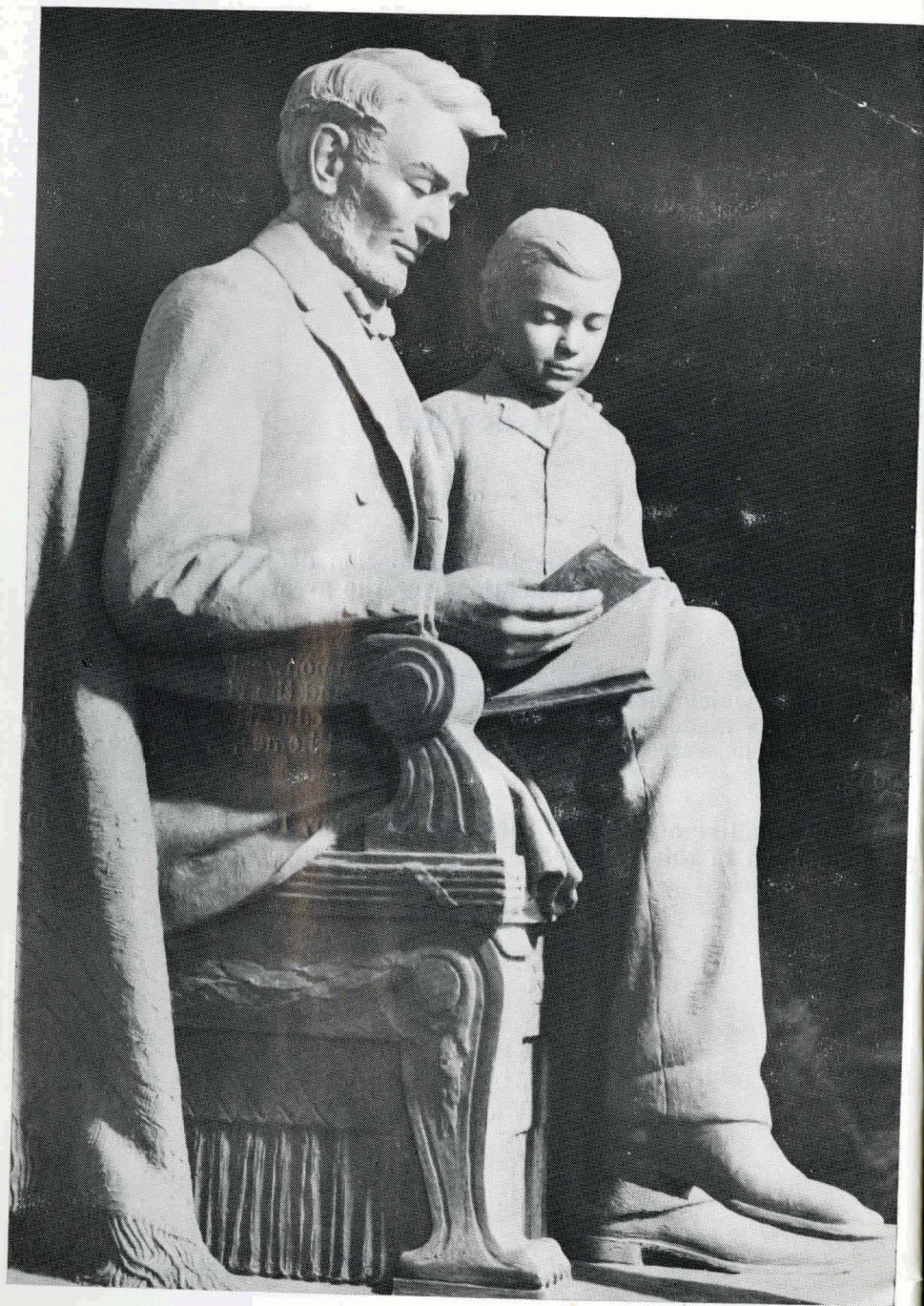
— o —

The Iowa Civil War Centennial Commission dedicates this book to the pioneers who laid the foundations for the great state in which we live today.

Their sturdy determination to build a commonwealth for their descendants in which they might know freedom and the right to live without fear, has made possible the privileges of education, business and the professions, recreation, culture, farms, and homes, which we enjoy today.

It is a small recognition of the years of valor, 1835-65, which are in part depicted in this volume.

— o —



Abe and Tad Lincoln

years of valor

by

EDITH WASSON McELROY

PUBLISHED BY

THE IOWA CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

1969

PB C-5336

IOWA STATE TRAVELING LIBRARY
DES MOINES, IOWA

IOWA
977.7
McE

IOWA CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

SENATOR JOSEPH B. FLATT, Winterset, Chairman

MR. WILLARD D. ARCHIE
Shenandoah

MR. CLYDE H. DOOLITTLE
Des Moines

MRS. LIDA LISLE GREENE
Des Moines

SENATOR EUGENE M. HILL
Newton

MISS AMY NOLL
Des Moines

DR. WILLIAM J. PETERSEN
Iowa City

MR. RALPH EVANS
Davenport

DR. WILLIAM D. HOULETTE
Des Moines

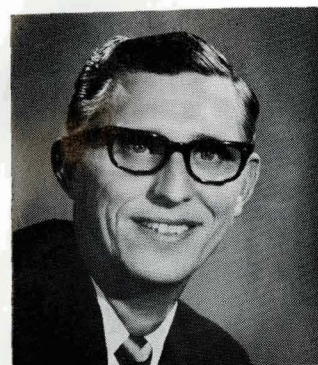
SENATOR ELMER F. LANGE
Sac City

HON. A. L. MENSING
Lowden

EDITH WASSON McELROY, Des Moines, Executive Secretary



HON. ROBERT D. RAY
Governor of Iowa



Senator Joseph B. Flatt

FOREWORD

In this small volume we cannot portray the immensity of the Civil War. Rather we undertake to bring to our reader an appreciation of Iowa in the dark days of the Sixties, and of the Iowa pioneer who fashioned the lives and thinking of the men and women who labored to found our state and fought in the conflict which forever fixed in the minds and hearts of our people, the boundaries of freedom in America.

The Civil War was fought by men and boys to whom the word *freedom* was more than a dictionary definition. These descendants of the men and women who came to America from distant shores and fought their way west across mountains and rivers and plains, battling each forward step against Indians and the mighty forces of nature, until they reached Iowa and put down roots in its fertile soil, had a clear definition of *freedom*. To them it encompassed the right of a man to stand on his own land, secure in his prerogatives of justice, to worship God as he chose, to possess a voice in his government, and to live without fear.

So deeply ingrained were these beliefs in the thinking of both North and South that when their divergent theories of life and government met with no possibility of compromise, a bitter and long fought war was inevitable. Since the first settler stepped on American soil leaving behind the repressions and restraints of centuries, these beliefs had deepened and strengthened, with each succeeding generation. The pioneer fought to establish them; he would fight to maintain them should their preservation be threatened. To the Iowa settler and his sons, their land was their kingdom, although their political thinking reached out and embraced the state and the nation since these administrations encircled and protected the more intimate domain. Only because of this underlying similarity of belief between North and South could so tragic and divisive a conflict reach its climax in a Union that for the first time since its inception was truly "one nation indivisible."

If through its publications, the Commission can bring to Iowa's people, young and old, a richer appreciation of their heritage, it will have accomplished its major objective and made the Commission worthy of the responsibility placed in its hands by the people of Iowa through the General Assembly.

Joseph B. Flatt,
Chairman

314501

(The Meigs family is a fictitious one, but it personifies the way of life, in a typical Iowa home of the period. Their experiences are those of many early Iowa pioneers. The device of using a family is to bring alive and into reality, early Iowa life and the Civil War which was its climax.)

The Meigs Family in America

- Jebediah Meigs* born in England in 1686. Emigrated to Massachusetts in 1706.
- James Meigs* born in Massachusetts in 1726. Moved to Connecticut in 1748.
- Jeremiah Meigs* born in Connecticut in 1756. Moved with his parents to upper New York. Fought in the American Revolution. Married at age 18. His son, James, was born the year the Revolution began.
- James Meigs* born in New York State in 1776. At the close of the Revolution, moved with his parents to Pennsylvania. At age 36, he fought in the War of 1812. At its close, he moved to Ohio.
- John Meigs* born in Ohio in 1819. Moved with his father, James, to Brown County, Indiana. Married in 1837 and moved to New Salem, Illinois. In 1840 he settled in Iowa.
- Jeremiah Meigs* born in Iowa in 1841. Fought in the Civil War from 1861-65.

Children of John and Mary Meigs

| | | | |
|----------|----------------------|-----------|----------------|
| James | b. 1839 (Died) | Isaac | b. 1847 |
| Jeremiah | b. 1841 (Enlisted) | John | b. 1849 (Died) |
| Araminta | b. 1843 (Army Nurse) | Sarah | b. 1850 |
| Hiram | b. 1844 (Enlisted) | Mary | b. 1853 |
| Patience | b. 1845 (Died) | Elizabeth | b. 1855 (Died) |

Part I

"Fears and complexities which confront our age could well grow into calamities, and contribute to disaster, were a man not equipped to face them. What is the toughest armor that the modern individual can put around himself? What is the freshest clearest oxygen which may flow into his lungs? It is a serene, well grounded, penetrating awareness of the Past—the blood-stained, powder stained, fever-ridden, fierce-hearted Past—complete with its agonies, its triumphs, its rivalries, its devotions, its disillusionments, and its dreams.

"There is but one way to acquire this knowledge and awareness of the Past, and thus to profit from its lessons and be reassured by its extensiveness. That is through an eager and sympathetic perusal of the printed word which waits for all to read."

. . . . MacKinley Kantor

"Historical Novelist's Obligation to History," Iowa Journal of History, January, 1961.

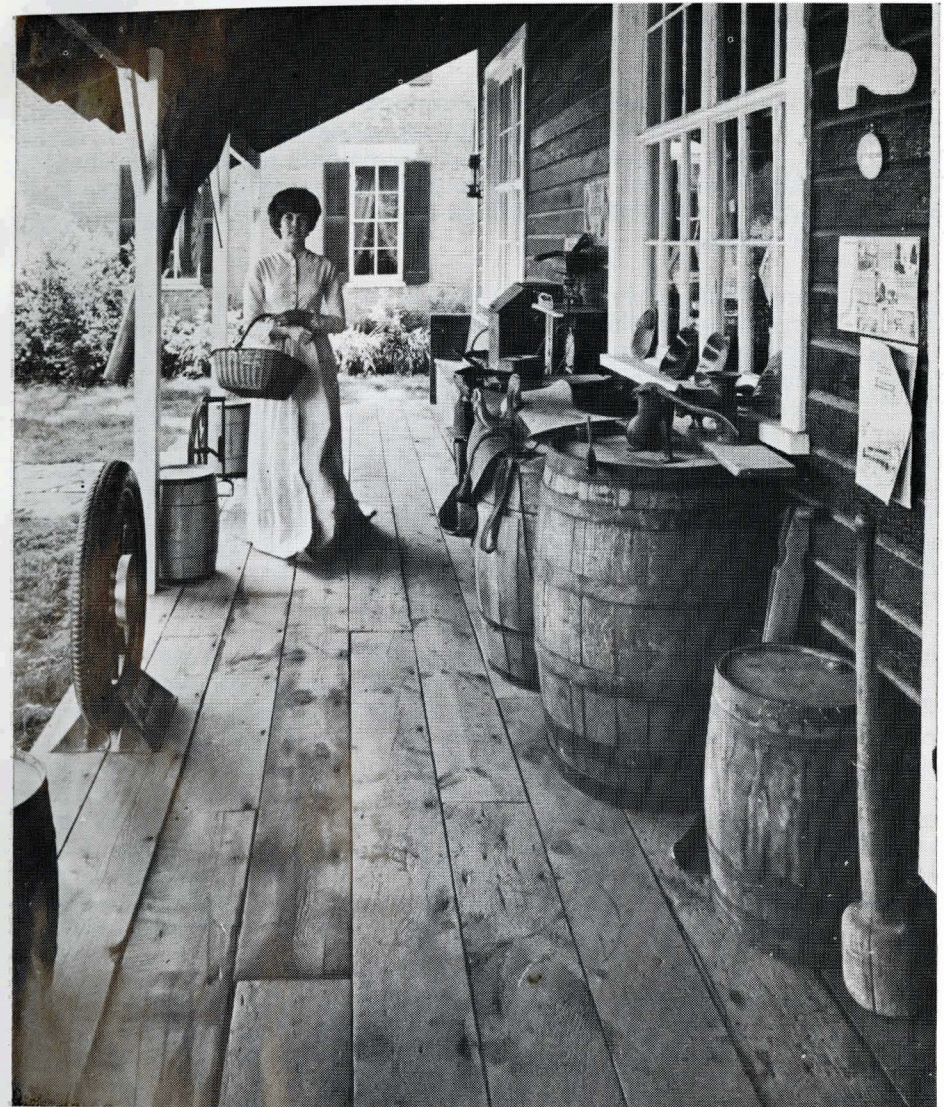
1

beginning

Iowa was the first free state carved from the vast Louisiana Purchase. Its settlement began while transportation was still dependent on the ox team and the horse, under the same primitive conditions which had existed in America since the English landed in Virginia in 1607. The one difference was that its settling was accomplished without the violence which played so dominant a part in other states. This, in part, accounts for the stability and high level of its citizenship. In an era when the mere fact of existence was preeminent, freedom from the bloodshed and uncertainty of war left greater opportunity for developing community life and culture. The colonies had won their freedom from England, and the turbulence following 1776 and 1812 had died. Iowa's Indians caused little disorder. The settlers could devote their undivided attention to conquering a land which welcomed the invader.

However glamorous they may appear in retrospect, a commonwealth of dignity is not reared by roisterers, but by families of discipline, character and ability. The majority of Iowa's pioneers can be placed in this category. The adventurer, the weak, the shiftless, tended to drift on with others of their kind seeking the rainbow. The strong and able sought their reward in tilling the fertile land and in building a proud state. From its earliest days, Iowa enjoyed a stability which was reflected in its schools and community life. A stability which was reflected, too, in the children who as men and women would play a leading role in the great Civil War and the preservation of the Union.

Although in the 1830's there was little established law beyond the Mississippi, these men and women whose forebears rebelled against political oppression and economic disadvantages recognized that the authority of the national government must soon overtake the frontier, and they welcomed its protection and services. Law-abiding, God-fearing people, they were descended from men and women who had rebelled not against law but against its abuses. They resented the imposition of laws in which they had no voice. Laws made by themselves they would sternly enforce and willingly obey. Discipline at home and in the community was a way of life in the early 1800's; a discipline which would reach its zenith on the battlefields of a bloody war. The



Exterior of old country store at Bentonsport

raw troops which untrained faced the bloody fields of Shiloh and held, were disciplined in the homes of early Iowa. They were taught to face whatever responsibility confronted them.

These founding Iowans were determined to solve their problems, proud to be a part of that vast tide flowing across America with breath-taking speed when compared to similar movements on other continents, to conquer the wilderness and build an enduring republic. For these men and women, Iowa was the last stop on a long road which originated on the Atlantic coast.

To interpret these early Iowa settlers and their way of life, the Meigs family, a typical Iowa pioneer household is introduced. John and Mary and their children are imaginary characters, but their experiences are those of the settlers of their day. Jeremiah, their eldest son, who fought through four years of the Civil War is symbolic of the young men whom Iowa sent by the thousands into the great volunteer armies of the Sixties. While the family is a composite group, their experiences are not imaginary, but are those which took place in the settling of Iowa and in the great war which conditioned the state's thinking for so many years. This is then a true story of imaginary people during *The Years of Valor* of Iowa's settling and its greatest social, political and economic crisis.

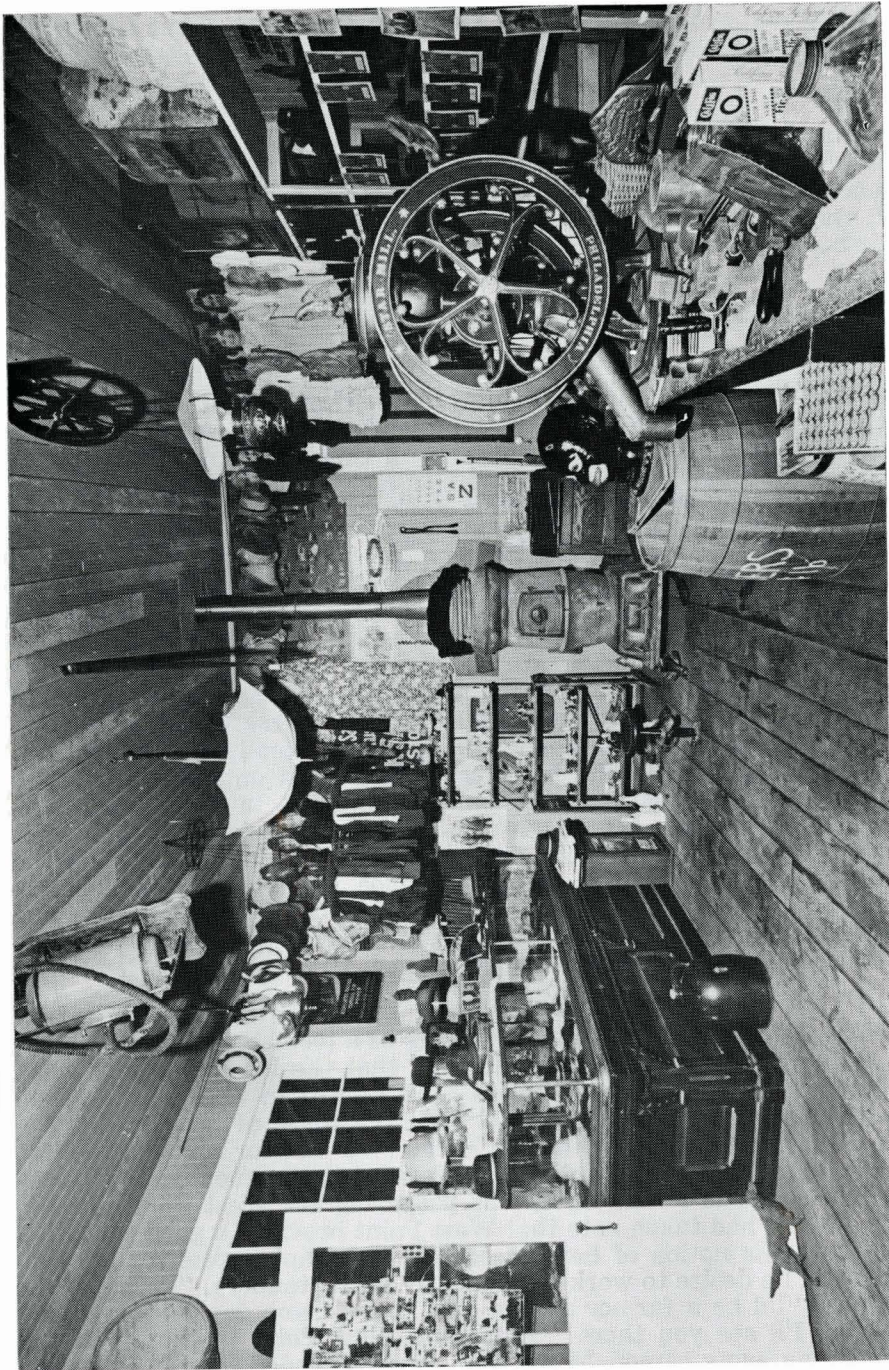
2

America

In the pioneer era, families emigrated and settled with others whom they knew. To have friends nearby lent a sense of security to their lonely lives, and neighbors meant help in time of trouble. The grandparents and great-grandparents of the Meigs and the Simpsons had moved from New England into New York, and down into Pennsylvania together. Their forebears had left the same English village in a sailing ship bound for the new world. The bond was close between the two families and together they felt competent to face whatever hazards were encountered.

John Meigs and Mary Simpson were born on adjoining farms in southern Ohio. In nearby Point Pleasant lived Jesse Grant, a Revolutionary soldier, once a neighbor of the Meigs family in Connecticut. Like the Meigs, the Grants had pushed westward until again the two families found themselves in the same community. In Ohio, Jesse married Hannah Simpson, the daughter of a prosperous farmer. Their first born, Ulysses, grew up in the drowsy southern thinking town on the Ohio River where his father, the lone Yankee, was a successful businessman. When Joseph Meigs brought hides to the Grant tannery, John and Ulysses played together among the teams and wagons hitched outside the buildings. Where horses were concerned, Ulysses was fearless.

Before Ulysses was ten he was working as a teamster for the tannery. The townspeople commented admiringly, that the lad had a good head for business. John, whose activities were limited to his father's farm, envied the younger boy his contact with the world of business but respected his quiet ability. When the Meigs later left for Indiana, the last thing John did was to ride into Point Pleasant to say goodbye to Ulysses who, at his father's insistence, was preparing for West Point. Jesse's Yankee thrift had taken note that West Point provided a good education at no cost. The notion of being a soldier had scant appeal for his son, neither did he desire to work permanently in the tannery. "Perhaps," he told John, "I'll be a farmer as you plan to be. Some day I'll be moving west, too. I'll see you there!" Attending West Point in the 1830's did not mean an army career. Many young men attended for the education only, returning to private life on graduation. Ulysses thought of it only



Interior of old country store at Bentonsport

as a pause on the way to his future which, as yet, was not clear in his thinking.

John and Mary were in their teens when their families decided to go on West. Several families from the community had already moved into Indiana, some traveling by flat boat down the river, others in wagons, while a few walked with their possessions loaded on pack animals. Young men strode along the trail, their worldly goods in knapsacks on their backs. The Meigs and the Simpsons chose the overland way, driving their animals with them. On the trail, they could study the country through which they passed. So sparsely was it settled, a man could stop where and when he chose and find open land.

As they traveled they rose each day with the sun, ate a cold breakfast and were on their way. The pace was slow—a few miles each day. The distance covered was determined by the condition of the roads as well as that of the teams and wagons and their occupants. Occasional stops were made to rest the animals and repair the wagons. Urgency as we know it today did not exist. To reach their destination before winter made the roads impassable was their sole objective. A few days or weeks more or less made little difference. Land was plentiful. Men and animals foraged as they traveled. The pioneer met each day as it came, answering its demands to the best of his ability. Establishing an hour to hour objective and the pressure attendant on its accomplishment was yet to come. The pioneer moved in rhythm with the sun and the seasons. He lived each day according to its necessities.

At sundown the wagons camped. Fires were built and a hearty supper cooked. As darkness crept across the land, men and women gathered around the campfire for talk and rest, while the children played close by. John as a teenager sat with the men. For most of the day he had walked in the clouds of dust churned up by the wagon wheels and the animals' hooves, hurrying along the cattle tempted to loiter in the lush grass along the way. Before going to bed he tossed chunks of green timber chopped by the roadside onto the fiery coals. Dry chunks burned quickly and were gone. Green wood smouldered for hours before disappearing into ashes and smoke. The gentle glow was comforting in the lonely night, and the little blaze kept marauding animals at a distance.

3

Indiana

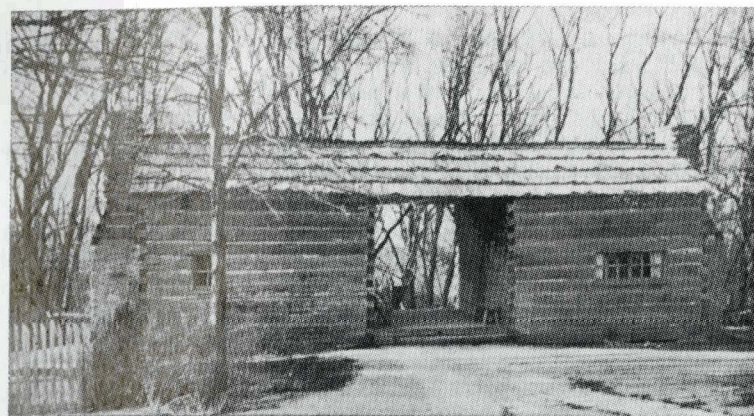
Brown County, Indiana, which they chose as their new home, was hilly and heavily timbered. It bordered on the Ohio, the river on which they had lived near Point Pleasant. Streams were important to the early settler. Water powered his crude mills, nourished his animals, furnished transportation and a link with the outside world. Earlier arrivals from their Ohio community had already settled in Brown County, and it was natural for the Meigs and Simpsons to settle close by.

Clearing the timbered land for the plow and building shelters for themselves and their animals left scant time for fun, but on the rare occasions when the neighbors gathered for a play party, John and Mary were always together. Soon friends and families assumed they would marry. At eighteen, John was ambitious, eager to go West and make a place for himself, the goal of young men in the 1830's. Several neighboring families had already "pulled up stakes"* and moved into Illinois. John was impatient to be on his way. Mary wanted only what John wanted.

The occasional traveler returning from the west reported the soil in Illinois and in the faraway Ioway Territory as deep and rich. The land was level with many timbered creeks cutting through it. Water and timber, two prime necessities of pioneer life, with prairie land free from rocks and timber awaited the plow. The Indians were few and peaceful. It was, thought John, almost too good to be true. He didn't realize it then or ever, but he was soon to move out on the final stretch of a 1600 mile trek which his forefathers had begun in New England and which was to terminate at the Mississippi River. The long trail led over mountains, through dense forests, across mighty rivers. Through many years and several generations, the path moved inexorably ahead. Facing disease, privation, Indians, isolation, intellectual starvation, at each remove the pioneer adapted himself to his difficult surroundings, with each adjustment creating new reserves of strength within himself. This last leg of the long journey which John would travel would lack the violence of the earlier moves. The Indians were not hostile; the vast open spaces needed only the plow to make them ready for his

*Families moving into new locations which had been formally laid out or surveyed, "staked" each corner of the land claimed by them. Since making these stakes involved some labor, the stakes were frequently pulled up and taken with them to be used in the new location. Thus the expression "pulled up stakes" came to mean a man was moving to a new location.

planting. Along the swift clear creeks was fine timber—oak, hickory, walnut, elm—ready for his buildings and fuel. The adventurer looked and drifted on seeking quick wealth. John and his kind saw the rich earth. They stayed to dig for gold in the black soil. Their sons and daughters settled around the home place. A few of the more venture-some followed the trail west. Young Iowans with a wandering foot followed the trails to Texas and to California's gold mines. Some of them returned, poorer but wiser. One of John's sons pioneered the last frontier to the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma.



Early pioneer cabin for two families with dog walk between.

According to one returned traveler to Indiana, an Illinois town named New Salem was growing rapidly. Some day, he told John, nodding sagely, it will be a big city. The town stood on the banks of the Sangamon River which already powered a saw mill. There was talk of a woolen mill. In the general store was a post office where emigrants moving west left letters to be carried east by the post rider who rode in with newspapers as well as letters. Folks gathered here to exchange news with one another, and to visit with drivers of west bound wagons.

"It's an up and coming town," said the traveler. "Fine folks out there. Young fellow by the name of Lincoln, Abe Lincoln, is making a name for himself in Salem, in the state, too." The man had met Lincoln on one of his campaign tours, and reported him to be a great story-teller.

"He's going places," boasted the traveler. Folks like him. Trust him, too. He might even get into Congress some day!"

"We'll go to New Salem," John told Mary. "Sounds a likely place for a young man."

It was time, the families agreed, the young couple were on their own. John's father gave him the wagon in which he, himself, had come from Ohio to Indiana. Mary and her mother spun the flax from their own fields to weave the stout cover for the great wagon. The men painted it bright blue with gay red trimmings. For days they soaked the wheels in the mill pond to eliminate the danger of a loose spoke or rim. Grease was heaped on the wooden axles to protect them from wear and to lessen the angry complaints on the trail of the slowly turning wheels.

"It's a Conestoga," John's father said proudly. "Not too many of 'em left. Not too many were built. They are powerful strong. My father came from Pennsylvania to Ohio in it. Came in with his bells on, too!"* The bells dangling from his fingers sang sweetly as he moved them. "Take them, boy, I'll use them no more. Remember, the man who comes in with his bells on is the man who wins!"**

John took the bells and for many years they hung above the mantel in his Iowa home. He told his children the story of the bells. How he, too, came in with his bells on. Only in the last years of his life when he was an old man, did he take the bells down and give them to his son when Isaac was going to the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma Territory.

"You'll not be going in a wagon; that day is gone," John told him regretfully, looking through the window where the old Conestoga long past use was now a playhouse for the little ones. "Take the bells with you. Never forget. Come in with your bells on."

The tarnished bells, forgotten symbols of frontier achievement, hung for many years above Isaac's desk in his Oklahoma office, until the day when his great-grandson looked at the moon and dreamed of following the hazy trail to its bleak surface. "It, too, is a frontier," the

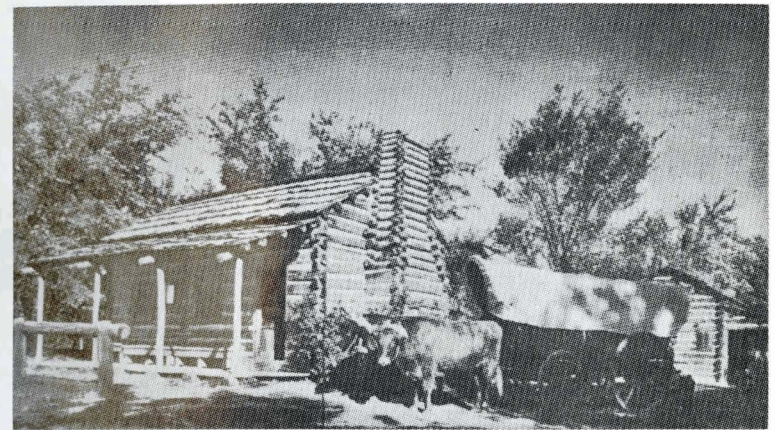
*The Conestoga wagon was primarily used for freight hauling in the rugged Pennsylvania mountain area, although the owners of these wagons occasionally used them to move across country.
**Rivalry was keen between the drivers of the heavily loaded wagons. Should one driver pass another on the road, the loser must give to him the sweet sounding bells which adorned his team's harness. "To come in with bells on" became a Pennsylvania slang term indicating a winner.

boy told himself "no different from those my ancestors pioneered." The last day of his long life Isaac took down the singing bells and gave them to the boy.

"There are no more acres for the taking. The oxteam and wagon have vanished from the trail. The railroad is giving way to the airplane. You and your sons will follow the long trail to distant stars, Come in, boy, with your bells on!"

* * *

When at last the wagon was ready to go, "It's a prairie schooner," John told Mary proudly. "A ship that sails on dry land!" In the days to come, gliding through the rolling waves of waist high prairie grass, its cover rippling in the wind, it did seem a ship adventure bound. As brave an adventure for John as that on which his great-grandson would many years later embark in a mighty ship of metal bound for the moon. The yesterday's pioneers and today's are both adventurers in a lonely world, dependent upon their own courage and resourcefulness to reach their goals.



Pioneer cabin with ox drawn Conestoga wagon

Mary's father gave the pair a team of young oxen, slow but tireless. When the couple settled, the patient oxen would put in long days plowing new sod, hauling produce to market, dragging logs to their building site. The endless tasks involved in building a home where none had existed before.

In the walnut dower chest which was her mother's, Mary packed hand-woven linen sheets; a yellowed linen tablecloth brought from England by her great grandmother; a coverlet of natural colored linen thread, its pattern woven in hand-dyed indigo yarn; blankets of wool from their own sheep; and a comforter hand-pieced from bits of hand spun material left from the family suits and dresses.

A small walnut rocker, upholstered in homespun, which her grandfather built for her mother when she left Pennsylvania for Ohio was added. On this "covered wagon" rocker so called because it folded flat to slip between boxes and sacks on the trail, Mary would sit as did her mother before her, in the back of the great wagon, busy with handwork while the oxen plodded steadily ahead. Trail life was hard on clothes as well as people and oxen. Garments must be patched so they would last to the journey's end, and longer. New clothes were not bought ready made but must be produced from flax and wool grown in their new home. Yard goods was almost non-existent on the shelves of the scattered trading posts. The few bolts of material offered for sale were expensive and poor in quality.

A hand carved bed that John and his father had skillfully shaped from the finest walnut tree on their land, with its plump featherbed stuffed with soft feathers and down from the family's ducks and geese, was lifted into the roomy wagon bed.

"Yes," thought Mary looking off into the distant shimmering horizon, "with its boat-shaped wagon bed pointing into the wind, our wagon is like a ship. Like my great-great-grandmother who sailed across the ocean into an unknown world, I, too, am sailing into a new life!"

A half dozen flint glass goblets tinted a delicate blue from long exposure to the light; a dozen thin hand-stamped silver spoons; a wooden potato masher, rolling pin and bread bowl carved during the long winter nights by her father and brothers from chunks of hard maple, were packed among her hand-woven linens. For Mary and her daughters these were a part of their daily living. Her granddaughters would cherish them as antiques. The precious coffee mill sent by her Uncle Josiah as a wedding gift with its bag of pungent coffee beans would be used along the way. After a hard day on the trail how refreshing a cup of hot coffee would be!

Few young folks started west so well provided as were John and Mary. They were indeed fortunate. In the years ahead as Mary watched the slow procession of wagons moving along the trail west past her Iowa home, many of them crowded with children, often with the barest of food rations and the scantiest of clothing and bedding, she remembered gratefully how fortunate she and John had been. She was thankful that by hard work they had always known comfort.

Boxes and barrels and sacks of food crammed the big wagon to overflowing; beans, potatoes, flour, coffee, sugar, spices. During many miles and many years, Mary would see no corner grocery, no supermarket, no roadside foodstand. Slips from her mother's geraniums and house plants were tucked in a dark corner among the seed bags. Some day Mary's kitchen window would be bright with color and her garden blooming with old favorites that her great-grandparents brought with them from England. Seeds and plants of vegetables and herbs for her

kitchen garden; sage to heighten the flavor of the wild turkey dressing; mint to add pungency to hot drinks; anise for Christmas cookies; all found a place. Seed oats and wheat and corn for John's fields were stowed carefully away. A half dozen tiny apple trees, descendants of seeds planted by Johnny Appleseed*, to start their orchard . . . a lilac bush to plant by the kitchen door . . . a snowball bush . . . soon the new home would bloom as did the one left behind.



Pioneer kitchen

During the winter the Meigs and the Simpsons cured extra supplies of dried beef jerky, salt fish, smoked and salt pork, packing them in

*A nickname given to John Chapman, who in the early part of the 19th century traveled on foot westward into the wilderness, passing out appleseeds in deerskin bags to Indians and pioneers.

barrels for the young folks to eat when a diet of venison, wild turkey and fresh caught trout grew monotonous. Food would be needed to carry the young couple through the first year in their new home while they broke the tough prairie sod and planted and harvested their crops. A trip of two or three days must be taken to buy such staples as flour and sugar. These all found a place in the wagon.

John's saddle horse which he had raised from a colt, and a fresh cow, her frisky calf wobbling alongside, were tied behind. A coop of complaining hens and a lone rooster was fastened tightly to the tail gate. When the hens were laying, Mary walked behind the coop to quickly remove the egg before the scrambling hens could break it. A fresh laid egg was a treat. Three young pigs rode unhappily in a pen swung beneath the wagon. A keg of water was tied to the wagon bed. Water was an urgent necessity on the trail. When possible, camp was made by a stream. If this was not possible, the keg would water animals and humans.

The road was little more than a path where earlier wagons had left their marks. Often the untrampled sod beside the ruts was easier to travel. Deep holes formed where wagons had mired and their drivers had extricated them with strong timbers cut in the woods lining the trail. When the holes became impassable, a man cut small timbers with his axe, laying them corduroy style across the holes so the wagons and oxen could cross. Often when the roads were bad, the wagons made only a mile or two a day. At best they crawled forward at snail's pace.

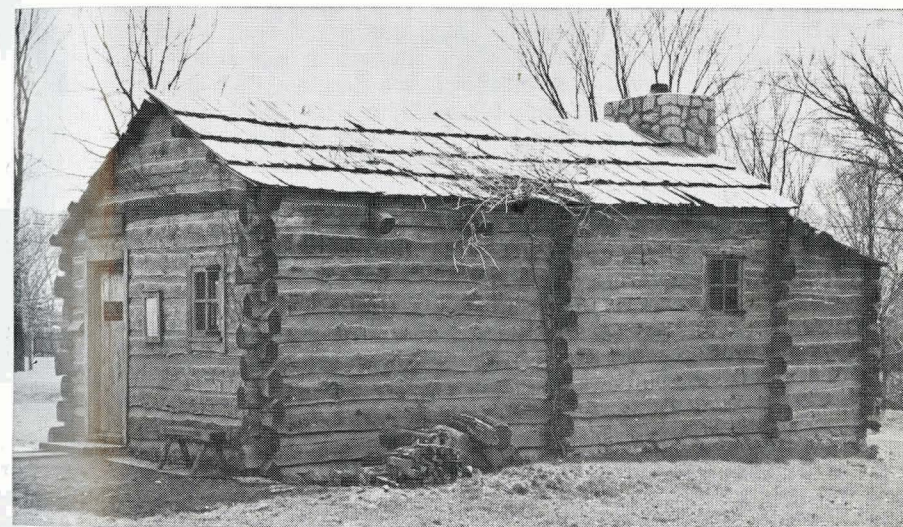
When the weather was fine and the ground firm, Mary walked for much of the time. Wild flowers grew everywhere and she picked bright bouquets for their supper table. Sometimes, John handed the reins of the plodding oxen to Mary, mounted his horse and rode off to shoot a deer or prairie chicken or fine fat turkey. Meat was no problem on the trail. Fish caught in the swift clear streams were broiled over hardwood coals. Rabbits and squirrels abounded. Coveys of quail flew up before the oxen. In migrating season, ducks and geese crowded the marshy lands. Great flights of passenger pigeons now extinct, flew overhead darkening the sun by their numbers.

From time to time, the two camped for a day in some pleasant wooded spot. While John greased the wagon wheels and checked the spokes for weakness, Mary heated water in the iron kettle and washed their clothes. The cow and horse ate greedily on the lush grass and rolled in its fragrant depth, with Mary on guard lest they wander away. The chickens were allowed to stretch and to add "greens" to their diet. Even the pigs in rope harnesses enjoyed a stretch. When dusk came, the chickens fussing and fluffing their feathers flew up to the hated coop for the night. The cow and horse sought the security of the wagon against the encroaching darkness. The calf never left its mother. The oxen were too stolid to wander away. An opportunity to stand still and eat their fill was all they asked. If loosed the pigs might or might not

come home in the evening. To prevent their becoming a tasty tidbit for a predatory prairie wolf, they were ignominiously exercised on ropes.

Shep, the sturdy English sheep dog, whose ancestors emigrated with the Simpsons from England and who from puppyhood was always Mary's dog, accompanied them to keep a watchful eye out for danger. With Mary he stood guard to make certain no harm befell the peacefully grazing animals. On the trail when the sun was hot, he trotted beneath the wagon, finding protection in its shade. On cool days, he ran beside the wagon casting glances over his shoulder to make certain all was well with the calf. At night he slept by the dying fire, one ear cocked for the sound of an intruder, animal or human. When the pads of his feet grew raw from days on the trail, Mary lifted him into the wagon rubbing grease into the smarting skin.

For many years he was the self-appointed guardian of each new baby which came into the family as well as watch dog for the entire farm and the many generations of cattle, horses, pigs and chickens which descended from those he had so gallantly driven west. When at last his years were too many and he died, John and Mary sorrowfully buried him in the family burying lot with a little stone marking his grave. When she brought flowers to the family graves, Mary always saved two or three choice blooms to lay by the little headstone with Shep's name cut deep in its face.



Exterior of Lincoln-Berry store at New Salem, Illinois

5

New Salem

New Salem the Meigs found was a lively little town, with friendly people much like themselves. Imbued with the pioneer optimism of the day, its citizens were certain it was destined to be a city, happily unaware that two short years would bring the death of its bright hopes.

"We'll stay for a time," said John "and rest and look around." He nudged the money belt around his waist where the money his father gave him for a start in life lay hidden. "We must be certain before we decide. There's a lot of land ahead. Life in a new place might offer more than in a settled community."

Mary was glad to pause. A baby was on the way and it was good to be with people in a safe place. John was a handy man and work was plentiful. In the 1830's there was no reason a hardworking young man could not get ahead.

The two discovered a log cabin abandoned by a family who had gone on to the Ioway Territory, and Mary moved in her boxes and chests. The silver and china and glass made a fine display. The walnut bed was handsome in one corner of the room. The little rocking chair settled down comfortably by the fireplace. John cut a load of logs along the river which he traded in town for a spinning wheel. Mary polished the dark wood to a bright gleam, and delighted in its spirited whirring. Spinning had been one of her little girl tasks, and she loved its sense of accomplishment. When winter came and John could no longer work outdoors, he built a loom so she could weave her thread into cloth.

"John and I lack for nothing," she thought contentedly. "With our own labor we are self sufficient." She remembered gratefully her mother who taught her daughters so many useful crafts.

In her busy days there was scant time for outside activities, had any been available. Women's clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, bridge clubs, morning coffee groups, did not exist. Occasionally she walked the length of the town's one street and stopped in the general store for a moment's visiting with other women rather than to shop. Shopping as we know it today was unknown in New Salem. Once or twice a year the

pioneer bought necessities. During the remainder of the year, the dark little general store was a center of communication. The post office was in one corner where letters were left for the post rider to pick up on his rounds, and the rare letter or newspaper from back east were left for the recipient.

Among the sugar and flour barrels, Mary heard the story of Ann Rutledge, the lovely girl who died so young, whom the women said Abe Lincoln loved. The Rutledges, so the story ran, did not oppose the courtship but since Abe was so poor they questioned if he could support her. "Abe's been sad since her death," one of the women told Mary. Others less romantic disputed this love affair. "Abe cottons to any pretty girl," they said. Mary looked at the comfortable home where the Rutledges once lived and where Abe had boarded, and grieved for the father and mother who loved their charming daughter and lost her. Whether or not Ann and Abe were sweethearts was not important. It was, she thought, a romantic story!



Lincoln Trail monument at the point where the trail enters Illinois

Depending on the weather, New Salem men gathered inside or outside of the store to talk politics and discuss the weather and crops. The wagons now passing through in ever-increasing numbers brought news from Ohio and Indiana, even from faraway Boston or Washington. In

proof of their assertions they displayed tattered newspapers worn thin with reading in other stops.

John took tremendous interest in the outside world. "It's a great country, Mary," he told her. "You and I can't imagine what the future will bring." Mary good-humouredly agreed. Her world was New Salem but she was proud of John and his ambitions.

When Abe Lincoln was in town he was the center of a laughing, shouting group. He was now in the legislature in Springfield and his law office was there, but he came often to New Salem. John continued to be his staunch admirer. "He's a great man," he insisted. "The world will hear from him."

Mary who didn't approve Abe's raucous stories which John repeated for her benefit protested feebly: "He doesn't sound like a gentleman," she said. "Some of the women say he is a bad influence."

John looked startled: "That is because they don't understand him. He's a frontiersman, Mary. He hasn't moved in stylish society. He doesn't tell those stories because they are rough; he isn't like that." He looked across the way to the small room where Lincoln had practiced law in his New Salem days.

"Folks out here aren't cultured; most of them don't understand high-faluting talk. Abe tells stories to make a point. He makes ideas clear that otherwise folks wouldn't get. He thinks big, Mary, and he makes us understand his thinking the only way he can."

Mary smilingly agreed. She remembered what the women said of the gangling lawyer's poverty. "I'll never lack with John," she thought comfortably. "He's a good provider. He doesn't waste time on street corners telling silly stories to loud-mouthed men!" She thought a little sadly of the beautiful girl who died so young. "Perhaps," she told herself, "It's just as well. Some folks think Abe Lincoln will never amount to much!" Even though folks said Ann's romance with Abe was only gossip, Mary liked to think it was true.

John's belief in Lincoln deepened and strengthened as he came to know him better. "He's a man to watch," he stubbornly insisted. "He's a man I'd follow to the end of the road!"

Mary found it difficult to reconcile these varying Lincolns. The Lincoln whom some of the women said never smiled again after Ann's death. The Lincoln who guffawed over his own broad jokes in a crowd of men. The Lincoln whom John said was wise in government and economics. The Lincoln whom the men voted into public leadership. It was very puzzling.

6

Iowa

In the summer Mary's baby was born, cried feebly and died. John built a tiny coffin of hand sawed planks and with the help of kindly grieving neighbors, dug a little grave and laid the baby under a crudely carved stone.

JAMES
first son of
John and Mary Meigs
b. June 10, 1839
d. June 10, 1839
1 hr. old

In the years to come, three other small graves were dug on their Iowa farm. In spite of the four small graves, Mary thankfully reminded herself that the proportion of living to dead was greater in her children than in most families. Lonely graves of young and old marked the road west and each farm had its burying ground.

Mary's bright joy in living was dimmed. She no longer sang as she spun and cooked. The weather was warm, green grass lay soft across the prairies. The birds sang cheerfully. When John proposed they go on west, she started to pack.

"A friend of Abe's," he told her "has just come back from the Ioway Territory. Says it's wonderful country! Prairie grass standing shoulder high on the deep black soil; plenty of water and timber, and cheap land. Abe says America's future is in the west."

Abe's beliefs meant little to Mary, but a new start seemed good. Once again the big wagon was made ready. The oxen, the horse, the cow, the pigs were led out. Mary's cherished belongings and John's tools were packed. Soon they were on the road west. They traveled slowly so Mary could rest and John could exchange views with the occasional settlers and passersby, seeking information on what lay across the big river.



The Lincoln tomb at Springfield, Illinois. An interesting weekend tour can include Bentonsport, Keokuk and other southeastern Iowa historical sites, continuing across the Mississippi River to Springfield, New Salem and other Lincoln sites, returning by way of Nauvoo and the beginning of the Mormon trail west.

"We'll cross the River," he told her. "Abe says with cheap transportation south, business is bound to boom along the Mississippi. He spent time on the river boats and says there's a market in the river cities for everything we can produce. The river will be the highway north and south. Everything folks need for a living will be shipped up and down the river, as well as the people moving west and their belongings. We'll buy land near the river where we can market our crops without too long a haul."

When, on a warm sunny morning, they reached the mighty Mississippi its blue flood overwhelmed them. They had thought the Ohio a great river, but it was not like this one. A rickety ferry was tied up across the swift current at Bloomington (Fort Madison). John hallooed and waved until it started slowly toward them. On board the ferry with the wide rolling river surrounding them, the Conestoga wagon was dwarfed and even the stolid oxen forgot to chew their cud. When once again the Meigs and their possessions were on firm ground, they looked across the vast spreading prairie which was to be their new home. John pointed toward the distant horizon against which no building showed as far as eye could see.

"This is it, Mary," he said solemnly. "We'll stay here. This is land worth living or dying for. We'll keep it free for our children and our children's children."

As always Mary listened with pride to John's big ideas. She smiled and agreed. Another baby was on the way and the thought of security, even though lonely, was good.

"It's a prideful thing," said John, looking across the vast empty sweep of the land "to build a new country with your two hands. To start at the beginning and watch it grow around you. My great-grandfather fought under Washington that my children might live according to their own beliefs. We must remember that, you and I, and keep it so."

Freedom. Its a fine big word, she thought. A comforting word in a land so new they did not have a roof above their heads. The pioneer didn't talk of security. *Security* a man won by pitting his strength against a new raw world. *Freedom* was the word men lived by. Freedom to win security.

The United States was so young that people did not always think of themselves as citizens of a nation. Each state and each settlement had a deep rooted belief in its right to self government and the final decision as to its undertakings. John's father thought of himself as primarily a citizen of Indiana and secondarily as an American, although he was fiercely proud of the lusty young United States. At the same time he knew a jealous pride for his own state and its rights. Each settlement and state was close knit within its boundaries and had little contact with

distant communities. Iowa Territory, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, were units in which a man might settle and carve a place for himself, rather than parts of a whole. Local problems must be solved by those who lived in the community. An Indian raid, a flood, an epidemic of disease, the ravages of weather, must be faced by those involved. Long before help could arrive from distant Washington, or the state capitol, the crisis would be over. Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, were faraway places, left behind by their fathers and grandfathers in the long trek west. What the people of these cities did and thought meant little to families living in an isolation incredible in today's breathtaking around-the-world communication. The pioneer household was a functioning unit. Only in extreme need, did families like the Meigs seek the help of the community. Sickness, death, a catastrophe like fire, became a matter of neighborhood concern. Aid was given not as a welfare project but as one friend or neighbor to another. Food, clothing, labor, whatever was necessary was provided by those living in the area with no thought of recompense. To be a good neighbor and live by the Golden Rule was the accepted philosophy.



Interior of Lincoln-Berry Store at New Salem, Illinois, showing shelves stocked as in the 1830's.

Never again in America will young men and women know the tremendous exaltation of building a mighty nation from raw land, untouched since the beginning of time. Of creating by their own strength and will, without dependence on government subsidy, a great commonwealth. Community by community, state by state, the pioneers created comfortable homes, roads, factories, schools and churches, where only the raw materials for building existed. Built the good life we know in America today. The swift sure skill with which this was done was never equalled before; may never be equalled again. When the English landed at Jamestown, before them and around them, lay a vast expanse of land stretching from ocean to ocean, rich in natural resources beyond any other on earth. Except for scattered Indian villages it lay as it had lain since the world began, accumulating for untold centuries its tre-

mendous resources of natural wealth. The men who recognized its possibilities made mistakes, but despite their problems, they built a government as mighty as the land and the men from which it sprang. Because the pioneer created his surroundings, he was quick to resent encroachment upon it. It was this deep-rooted sense of proprietorship by both North and South which made the Civil War so bitter a conflict between two differing schools of thought on regional government, and accounts in a great part for the healing of the rift following the war. Both North and South knew a deep and possessive pride in the brave new nation. Like brothers in a family, they disagreed and came to blows, but once the fight was over, they stood together, shoulder to shoulder, as a united family.

Iowa today is a part of the tremendous achievement of our nation's founding. Its independence of thought, its righteousness, its conservatism, which refuses to follow alien thinking, is rooted in the heritage of our pioneer settlers. It is the Iowa pioneer's gift to his descendants, a gift which we who inherited it should honor and respect.

7

settling

The Meigs chose a location not far from the ferry where they had crossed the river. A fast running creek with a stand of hardwood trees traversed the land, which would provide water and timber.

"Some day," John predicted enthusiastically, "We'll build a sawmill where the water falls. These trees will provide lumber for our home and to sell to the settlers who will be coming in. Choice land along the creeks will soon be gone and newcomers will have to take up places back from water and timber. They'll need logs for building."

He looked across the gently rolling land sloping away from the creek bed: "This land won't even need clearing! We'll break it and get crops in this year." He looked thoughtfully along the clear swift flowing water in the creek bed: "We'll put in a grist mill, too. One dam will easily power two mills."

Mary agreed. Throughout her life she worked side by side with him in whatever he undertook. She worked in the fields, in the house, in the barn. She was a full time partner. Without her cooperation and wise management, John's accomplishments would have been far less. This piece of land was their world. On it they built a life of their own. Security to early Iowans meant land on which they could work from dawn until dusk, and by their own labor produce the necessities of their daily living. The labor of the pioneer wife and daughters was as valuable in their way of life as was that of the men and boys. From raw materials, the women and girls produced food and clothing and whatever simple comforts the family knew. Within the boundaries of her log cabin, Mary did the same tasks which today's women go into a factory to do, but instead of doing one simple part of that production, she took the raw material and transformed it into a finished product. It was a world without roads, without stores, without mills, without recreation, except for church and such simple get-togethers as a log-raising or play party. The family, depended on what it produced plus a few staples, sugar, coffee, spices, purchased at the trading post. For these a man traveled long distances to barter his produce.

It was an age as nearly approaching equality of opportunity as America has ever known. Young men and women went west to grow up with the country. Older people sought a new start. If a man failed to find opportunity in the community in which he lived, he moved on to found a new community. Few grew rich. Money was too scarce and too difficult to obtain for that, but the family willing to work could achieve independence and a position of respect in the community. Wealth and social position played little part. Families of established position seldom emigrated. Their goal had been won. Leadership and distinction in the new community came to the man who earned it, with scant regard for what he or his family were by birth. The young men with the courage and determination to seek success in a new country were the "cream of the crop". To be sure, drifters and adventurers followed the trails west, but they seldom became permanent settlers. Those who did assumed the traits of their sober brothers and became respectable, hardworking citizens.



Early eastern Iowa log home

Iowa's early settlers were fiercely individualistic. They stood staunchly on their rights and respected the rights of others. Within the boundaries of his land, a man was master and he vigorously opposed any attempt to limit these rights. The settler valued his land in terms of his own labor. From the raw prairie he brought into existence a home and a way of life. It was his to be jealously guarded. It is difficult today to appreciate the fierce independence and pride of the pioneer, or to understand the hardships in which these attitudes originated. The Iowa pioneer came into a land barren of the crudest comforts. There was no shelter, no well, no vegetable garden, no post office, no corner

grocery. When the building site was selected, until the cabin was built, the family lived in its wagon as it had lived on the trail, cooking outdoors, hunting for meat, fishing, gathering native fruits and greens.

To build the cabin, logs must be cut and hewn to proper length and "shakes" made for the roof. This done, word of a "raising" was sent out for miles around, and the scattered families came in their wagons bringing blankets and food for a several days stay. Two or three days were often spent in coming and going each way, and several days in camp at the log-raising. It was a gala occasion. Families cooked and ate together. They frolicked and talked around the campfires at night. News of their own families and community reports were exchanged. New settlers were welcomed. Babies were admired. Newly weds were congratulated.

Log by log, the walls of the building were raised, and the roof was built. When the neighbors had gone, the family tightly chinked the cracks between the logs and daubed them with clay. The dirt floor was leveled, covered with clay, watered and tramped until it was rocklike in texture. An occasional family had a sheet or two of bubbly handmade glass brought from an established community to use in the new home. Lacking glass, oiled paper was used. Most cabins had a shutter of wood to close out the weather and intruders.

The furniture brought in the wagon was placed, and with crude tools the men built strong chairs and tables and chests, beautiful in their simplicity and adaptability, from wood cut on their own land. Stout saplings of elm which after long soaking in the stream were easily shaped, formed the backs of the Windsor type chairs. Saplings of maples made the spindles and runners. Slabs of hickory or maple or oak were hewn and polished for the seats. In the small cramped rooms, drop leaf tables, their wings folded down when not in use, stood against the walls. The fireplace furnished heat for cooking and such bodily comfort as it afforded. A bench, hewn from a thick slab, a handmade stool or two, and a spinning wheel stood by the hearth. The fortunate settler possessed a clock, not factory made as today, but hand made by a village clock maker, its works skillfully carved from hard wood. Exact time was of little importance. The family rose and went to bed with the sun. Any boy could quickly judge if it was "noonin'" by noting his shadow, or that of a nearby fence post. Buildings were all built square with the four points of the compass, so any shadow marked the time.

Clock watching did not exist in pioneer Iowa. Men and women worked until a job was done. Families rose before dawn and went to bed when darkness blanketed their world. Sunday was their one day of rest, and even on this day, the family rose early to do the chores and get ready for church. Carrying dinner to the services was a common practice. When the long sermon was finished, dinner eaten and cleared away, what time remained until the trip home was begun, was by the men spent in discussing politics and community problems, and by the women in exchanging recipes and gossip. Local news traveled by word of mouth.

8

home

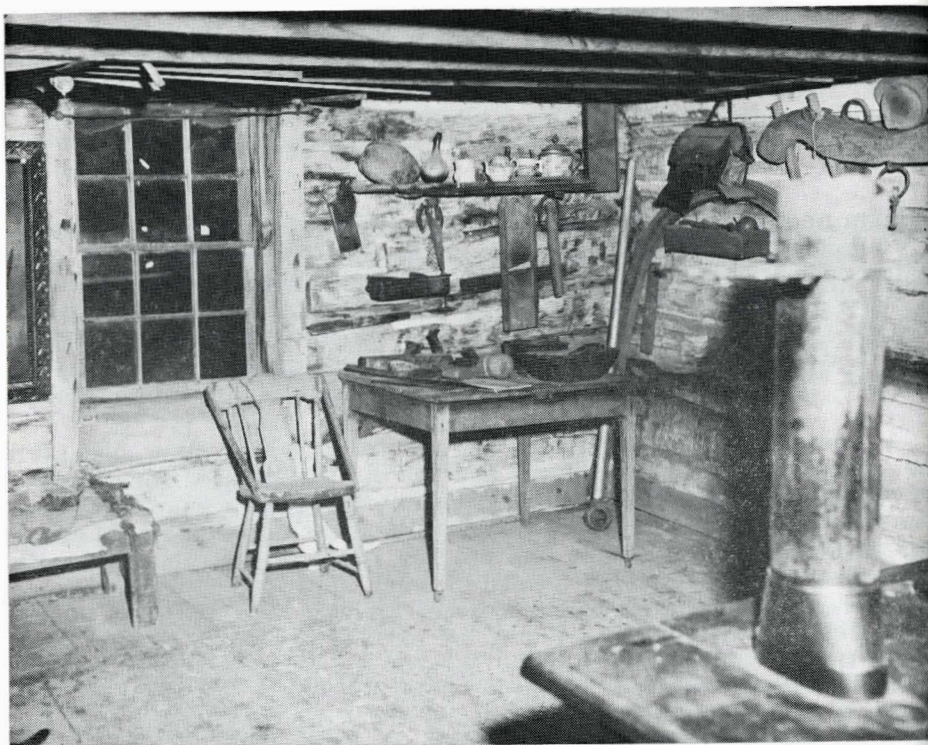
John and Mary's first home was a tightly chinked log cabin with an outside door of oak planks. Glass for their three windows of four panes each was brought with them from Indiana. Plank shutters with a heavy wooden bar to hold them closed gave added protection against winter storms or prowling Indians. The fireplace which occupied one end of the cabin was built of smoothly rounded stones gathered along the creek and hauled to the building site on a sled built of rough lumber.

A fine slab of walnut formed the mantel on which Mary displayed her choice possessions; a tea set and the big platter used for a turkey or haunch of venison which came from England. John's gun hung above the mantel with its powder horn beneath and the Conestoga bells which his father gave him. Inside and out the fireplace was plastered with clay. The chimney top was formed of small hardwood saplings covered with clay. When the first cold weather arrived, huge backlogs of oak were cut in the timber and hauled by oxen to the cabin. One of these was dragged and pushed into the back of the great fireplace. Against it smaller logs were piled to furnish heat. For weeks the great backlog smouldered keeping the fire alive and throwing added heat into the room. When at last it became a heap of ashes, the fireplace was cleaned out, and another log took its place.

A second and smaller door, close to the fireplace, led down a few steps into the root cellar where vegetables from Mary's garden—turnips, cabbage, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, pumpkin and squash—were stored in winter, kept from freezing by the fireplace close by. The cellar was but a hole in the ground roofed over with sod, with dirt steps leading down with a crude shelter over them to protect those entering from the weather.

The chickens which rode in the wagon from Indiana, were placed in a pen built against the cabin, so raiding foxes or humans, could be driven away. Occasionally wandering Indians slipped into farmyards seeking food. More than once Mary looked up from her spinning to see Indians peering in the windows asking by sign language for food. Through the doorway she would hand them bread or scraps left from the family

meals. She never let them in the cabin. They were filthy with grease and dirt and smelled of ancient dirt and smoke. A tremor of fear quickened when they appeared. John assured her they were harmless. "Too lazy," said he. "to be dangerous," but she noted when Indians were camped in the neighborhood he stayed close to the house and kept his gun ready.

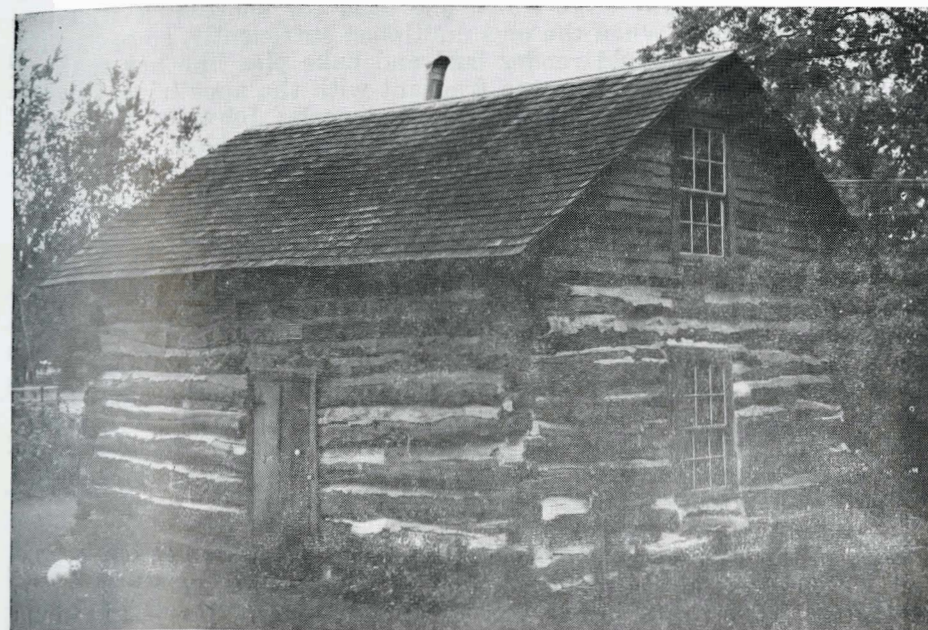


Interior of log cabin near Peterson, Iowa.

When Chief Wa-te-ma-ho and his people were in the vicinity, John brought him home for a meal which he ate heartily and with noisy enjoyment. "That's Indian way," John explained when Mary complained of their guest's poor manners and greed. "When an Indian likes his food, he chews loudly so everyone will know he is enjoying it. He eats greedily because the Indians can never count on a continuing supply of food. When a deer or buffalo is killed, the entire tribe eat enormously knowing food may not be available the next day."

Mary agreed the old chief was dignified and much cleaner than the Indians who came begging to her door. With the baby creeping about the floor he was friendly and gentle. She wondered if he had ever taken part in the terrible Indian raids she heard the early settlers in Ohio and

Indiana describe when she was a little girl sitting with her elders. She looked at the laughing baby and recalled tales of tots swung by their feet against the walls of log cabins and of children carried away to live with the Indians and become one of them.



Restored log cabin northeast of Peterson, Iowa.

"If food and friendship will make him kind to us," she thought, "bad manners or not, he is welcome at our fire." John insisted that much of the settlers' difficulties with the Indians arose from their lack of understanding of the Indians' thinking and ways of life, and the white men's mistreatment of the tribes.

"It must be so," she told herself when the old chief rose and stalked out without looking to the right or left. "He eats our food and never so much as thanks us! I don't understand him!"

On the subject of the precious chickens she stood firm. "No Indian will have one of my fat hens," she told John stoutly. The daily eggs were hoarded for settings when the hens became "broody", and as the small fluffy chicks emerged from the shells to take up the precarious business of living in the new world, they were fiercely guarded by humans and hens alike against all comers. In a few short months a fried chicken would be a welcome relief from their monotonous diet of venison and wild fowl. Eggs, too, made many other foods possible.

On cold days Mary heated small round stones and with a shovel shaped from hard wood dumped them into the oven built into the fireplace. When bread or cake was ready to bake, she shoveled the stones out, and pushed the baking in. When the golden brown loaves came out, a tantalizing fragrance filled the cabin. The children begged for the heel of the loaf and greedily ate it with sorghum or wild honey. Pies she seldom made. The bear's fat which she used for shortening was too strong for her taste. When the pigs multiplied sufficiently, so one could be slaughtered, she would render lard and bake pies like her mother made. Meanwhile her kitchen was fragrant with the appetizing flavors of a roast of venison broiling over the hot coals; Johnnycake as the pioneers corrupted the name "Journey Cake" given by New Englanders to the flat cakes of cornmeal which they packed in their saddlebags when setting forth on a day's or a week's journey; a huge crock of beans rich with bear's meat and brown with sorghum.

Cooking in the 1800's was an art and women prided themselves on setting a good table as did their men on being good providers. Each woman had her specialty for which she was famous and which she served on special occasions. Mary was noted for her Boston Baked Beans, an art passed down from her New England grandmothers, and for Indian Pudding, long a staple in pioneer diet. Today in Boston, Mass., near Faneuil Hall where market men and business leaders for 300 years have eaten together at long tables covered with checkered tablecloths, Indian Pudding made from this same recipe is still served.

Food in the 1800's was produced in the fields, processed in the home, and served direct to the table. Middlemen, wholesalers, retailers, manufacturers, advertisers, brand names were unknown. Mary's luscious beans never knew a tincan. Her Indian Pudding was made from cornmeal grown on her own land, ground in a hand mill, rich with sorghum produced in her fields and lathered with cream milked from her own cows.

9

food

The increase in the number of their domestic animals made its appearance on the family table. A young steer not used in a team, or for sale or trade, was slaughtered. In the winter, fresh meat to broil over the coals, was frozen and preserved to add zest to their diet. When the fresh meat was gone, dried beef took its place. The heifers gave milk which was used for the children to drink and to make butter for table use and cooking.

The pigs as they increased were killed and cured. The hams were smoked over hickory chip fires smouldering in a log smokehouse, and hung by the fireplace to age. Salted fat pork added flavor to the great pots of beans grown in Mary's garden and dried for winter use, brown and crusty with sorghum molasses made in the fall for sweetness. At slaughtering time, pork chops were a treat.

With no refrigeration except the root cellar or that secured by the cooling effect of dropping a food laden bucket deep into a well or storing in the spring house through which cold water from a bubbling spring flowed, food could only be preserved in the winter months.

"We're like the Indians," Mary told John as she turned a mouthwatering piece of beef above the rosy coals in the fire place, "when we kill a beef, we gorge!"

Long before Iowa became the Tall Corn State, Indian women were clearing terraces along the river in order to plant corn. The settlers quickly took up its raising, the kernels prized then as now for their delicate flavor. Before grist mills were built, corn for bread was ground in hand grinders. Mush was a staple food in early Iowa. Cornmeal was cooked in boiling water until it thickened. Ladled into bowls with sorghum for sweetening, doused with milk, it was a fixture on pioneer supper tables. For breakfast, the cold mush was sliced and fried with salt pork or bear meat.

Corn was parched and dried for winter use. Instead of today's popcorn, pioneer Iowa boys and girls put fat into an iron kettle hanging in

the fireplace, tossed in corn, and waited for the heat to crack the kernels open. That the grains were tough did not bother youngsters accustomed to chewing dried venison and the rocklike biscuits baked from primitive meal. In later years, John boasted to his grandchildren that men in his youth did not use an opener on their bottles—they bit the top off!

Hominy was another standby. With lye leached from wood ashes, the skins of corn kernels were removed. After many washings, the soft kernels were heated in milk, with a little butter if possible, for a tasty dish.



An early Iowa dining room at Bentonsport

In late summer the industrious bees' hives were raided and honey delicately flavored with clover or spicy wild plums added sweetness to their plain diet. If a sugar maple grove was within a few days' journey, in the spring, several families joined in a sugaring off. The great maples were tapped, and the sap drained by little spouts on which a bucket made from a hollowed log was hung. In heavy iron kettles the liquid was boiled down to a thick syrup. From this syrup cakes of grainy sweetness were formed. For years the only candy the pioneer child knew was sorghum taffy and maple sugar cakes. On winter mornings, Mary baked thick buckwheat cakes with a slightly sour flavor, over which the rich brown syrup was spread. A January blizzard was less formidable when met with stomachs filled with buckwheats and maple syrup! White sugar was too expensive and precious to use for daily serving.

The tiny apple trees brought from Indiana were planted near the cabin. One day the cellar would hold barrels of crisp red Jonathans for winter eating and apple sauce or butter. Until that day Mary used a bit of her hoarded sugar to make a wild plum butter spread for the corn bread. In spring she gathered wild strawberries and raspberries for jam. Home made pickles from her garden would be possible when the apples were ready to make cider vinegar. Sauerkraut fermenting in an earthen jar would be tasty with ribs when a porker was slaughtered or John brought in a deer.



Civil War period gowns made on newly invented sewing machine

Dreams of mince pie for Thanksgiving and Christmas tantalized Mary, but beef couldn't be spared. Venison must be used instead. Once the apple trees were bearing she would have apples and cider for pies; vinegar, too, for her pickles and for flavoring. Crisp cucumbers and onions were appetizing with vinegar and a dash of sugar. Sugar was too expensive and scarce for pies, but sorghum would do. Fortunately sorghum cane grew freely on new sod. She must ask John to watch for a bee tree. The big jar of honey brought in the wagon was running low.

Soon now she would make mince pies and put them outside in a tightly covered barrel to freeze. Once frozen they would keep for weeks

stored against the outside wall in the vegetable cellar. At holiday time, she would bring them out to thaw by the fire. How tasty they would be, steaming hot and dripping with luscious goodness! A wild turkey stuffed with cornbread dressing, mashed turnips, baked squash and creamed onions from her root cellar would make a festive meal. When the apple trees were bearing, a glass of spicy cider would start the meal. If only she could bring a mince pie to the table as a crowning touch! Perhaps, she thought, if John goes to Burlington before Thanksgiving, he can trade for a few apples. Folks there must have bearing trees, or the trader may have a few barrels of apples from across the river in Illinois. Perhaps, she said to herself, a newly arrived emigrant will barter a few from the barrel brought in his wagon for her winter vegetables or firewood.

"Dear, dear," she thought ruefully "here I am planning on my garden and John hasn't plowed it as yet. He promised he would." She remembered his warning not to expect too much from planting on tough new sod. "The vegetables must grow," she told herself firmly. "The sacks we brought in the wagon are almost empty. I'd better worry about what we will eat each day, not fret about Thanksgiving and Christmas!" With an ache of homesickness, she remembered the gala family Thanksgivings and Christmases in Ohio and Indiana when family and friends gathered to eat together. The delicious food heaped high, which the women and girls of the family had worked for days to prepare. With nostalgic enthusiasm she told the children of the gala holiday parties in her old home.

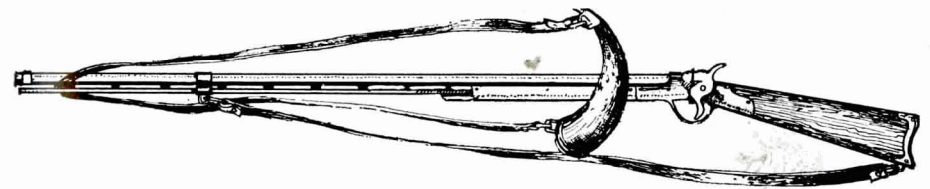
"Someday," she promised, "We'll celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas as they should be!"

Like pioneer women all over America, Mary kept alive traditions handed down from life in established communities. The time did come when Thanksgiving and Christmas, as well as other holidays, were observed in keeping with family customs.

10

freedom

Land wrested by sheer strength of body and will from the wilderness bred in its possessors a fierce independence and belief in individual rights. Accustomed as we are today to casual buying and selling of homes to better our surroundings, or for a whim, the tenacity of ownership in the 1800's is a far cry from today's theory of ownership. Land today is an investment into which we put dollars and expect it to return dollars to us. Or it may be an inheritance earned by our grandparents and valued by monetary standards. The individualistic pride in ownership which the early Iowan had in his land and home is no longer so deeply ingrained in our thinking. The pioneer knew a possessive sense of creative achievement and brooked no challenge of individual liberty. His grandfather and his great-grandfather fought with Washington to free the colonies from a foreign king who challenged their liberty of thought and action. Early Iowa settlers heard first hand or from their fathers, stories of how their Revolutionary ancestors defied the English representatives and their armies sent to dictate to the colonists. To the pioneer, freedom was a symbol of personal action, not an impersonal label of abstract theory.



Early American musket and powder horn

John remembered his great-grandfather visiting their home in Ohio. A crusty old codger he thought him to be, dressed in battered buckskins, who traveled, walking much of the way from Pennsylvania to Ohio, with a couple of westward bound wagons. The old man stayed for a few days, visited with his grandson and great-grandchildren, then disappeared back along the trail to Pennsylvania.

"General Washington was a great man," he told the children. "Lined us up when the war was over and gave us our discharges. Signed with his own hand they were. Told us to go home and be good Americans."

The old man paused. His faded blue eyes deep in a nest of wrinkles looked back on scenes long gone. "I'll never forget he told us that winning the war was only the beginning. Told us the years to come would be harder and more important than the fighting years. Didn't rightly understand then what he meant. We were young and full of gimp, thought the war ended all our troubles. Thought we were free—free to live as we pleased. 'Tweren't really that way."

The children watched, fascinated, while the old man chewed a big chunk of dark brown tobacco and spit against a nearby tree trunk with a hearty splash.

"Don't you young-uns ever forget," he said solemnly, "that the General and we-uns made only a start. It's up to you to finish what we began. This is a powerful big country. Some day a heap of people will be livin' in it. Livin' where only Injuns and wild animals live today. Keep it free. That's what the General meant."

John didn't forget.

He felt a deep responsibility to the weathered old man who fought to make America a free country. A country in which a man could live by his own truths and build his security with his own hands. He remembered his grandfather telling of his great-grandmother left alone on the stony little farm in Pennsylvania while his great-grandfather was away in the army fighting with Washington. Telling of the cruel cold and hunger, and the fear of Indians they endured. Telling of the moccasined fighting men slipping into their cabins, quiet as painted savages, when word of British inspired Indian raids ran like wildfire through the army. Of the men's staying to harvest the crops and replant the fields in spring, then as silently as they came, slipping away through the dark forest to rejoin Washington's hard pressed army. John remembered, and he taught his children, when the time came that no sacrifice was too great to make for the Union and what it stood for in their lives.

When the old Revolutionary soldier left he took off the powder horn polished from long use to a soft gleam, which hung by his side.

"Take it, lad," he said to John. "Carried it all through General Washington's war. Keep it and remember what I told you."

He threw back his head and whooped with laughter. "The General told us 'keep your powder dry and they'll never lick you'. We kept it dry. They never licked us. It's good advice, boy, be ready for any emergency."

John never saw the old man again, but through his eyes he felt a kinship for Washington who became to him a symbol of the land and what it meant.

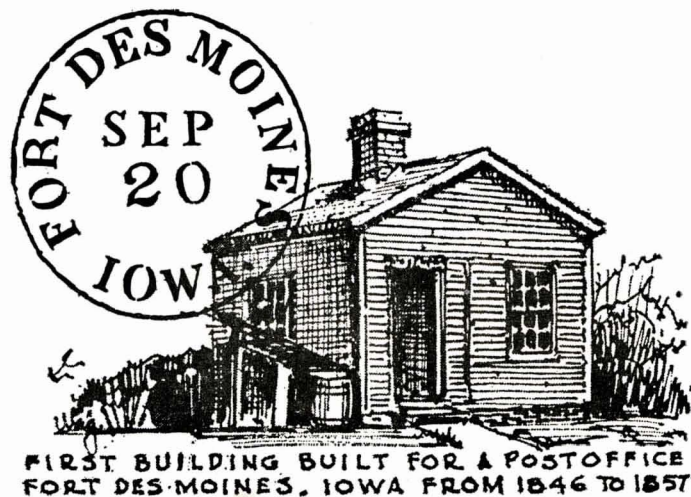
His grandfather marched against the British in 1812, and John's father, a boy of fourteen marched with him, beating a drum which his great-uncle had beaten in the Revolutionary War. He brought the drum home and hung it beside his father's gun above the fireplace.

"'Twasn't the same sort of war my grandfather fought," his grandfather told John. "Old Jeremiah fought in the real war. 1812 was to remind the British we'd licked 'em and not to forget it."

The drum hung in James' home in Indiana until John left for the West. "Take it," his father said. "Perhaps a Meigs will beat it in another war." John hung it with his gun and the Conestoga bells above the fireplace in his Iowa home. In the green peace about him, the grim knowledge that one of John's sons would beat the drum as he marched with Sherman to the Sea in a war more bitter than the Revolution or the War of 1812, was yet to be learned.

In all, ten children were born to John and Mary. Three graves in the little Iowa burying ground on the home farm joined the lonely grave in Illinois. Busy as she was with the living, Mary never ceased to grieve for the missing ones. A grief that grew more poignant when in later years visiting in her grandchildren's homes, she learned that with the professional care given these little ones, her own need not have died.

She thought of the many graves, large and small, that lined the trail from Indiana to Iowa; of the graves lining the winding trails, for all the long miles from ocean to ocean. Life on the wagon trains was hard on the children as well as on the women and oxen. In praising the pioneers, the hardships of the children are too often overlooked.



Life on the trail was not all ugly, though. At times it was gay. One picnic meal succeeded another, and families lived the outdoor life so

sought after today. But the day long marches were grueling and hazardous. To lighten the load on the straining animals, children smothered in the dust of the grinding wheels, walked much of the way, driving the lagging cattle. The food was monotonous and scarce. After a weary day of walking, a tired mother could do little more than throw a few vegetables and a little meat in the pot above the freshly built fire.

The weather more often than not was unpleasant. Exposure to wind and rain—at times sleet and snow—was unrelieved. Air conditioning, electric fans and blankets, were undreamed of. A convenient creek served as a bathtub. Nylons and drip dry cottons were yet to be fabricated. Men and boys wore buckskins and the women and girls wore dark homespun fabrics. Shoes were clumsy and ill-fitting. Moccasins or bared feet were more comfortable. Hotels, motels or campgrounds were unheard of. Camp was made wherever the wagons were at the close of day, preferably by a creek, so wood and water were at hand.

The roads were little more than tracks marked with deep mudholes where earlier wagons had stalled and been dug out. As the trails became impassable, the emigrant and his sons cut small saplings laying them corduroy style across the mudhole so wagons and teams could cross. Boys who walked with the wagons and those who later helped their fathers build corduroy roads to the settlements, used this knowledge when the Civil War found them fighting in the swamps and bottomless roads of the South. Before army supply trains could move, long hours of cutting small trees, stripping them of branches, and building roads, were necessary. When trees must be cut some distance from the road, they were tied in bundles and as in pioneer days, dragged by oxen or men to the road.

Occasionally during the weeks when John and Mary were riding west, another wagon was overtaken on the trail or joined for an overnight camp. Less often a discouraged family was met on its way back to "God's country", a common expression of the day for the settlements left behind.

Without children, the Meigs traveled faster than did many of the wagons. The difficulties confronting families with from one to a dozen children did not handicap them. Mary and John often talked of their own experiences as children on the way from Ohio to Indiana, re-telling the hardships and suffering they knew. They recalled the terrible night when John's little brother died of lung fever despite his frantic parent's efforts. The day when Mary's baby sister fell from the wagon and broke her arm; an arm that never grew straight again.

"Our children," said Mary, "will never ride in wagons as we did. We'll make a home where they will be safe and happy."

Pioneer children were subject to the ailments we know today, but with few of the medical facilities we have at hand. The sick child was made as comfortable as possible in the wagon which jolted on its way. In settled areas, doctors were few and far between. In the unsettled regions, doctors were unknown. Mothers must depend on the few simple remedies carried with them.

When a child died, there was no minister to perform the burial service. The father dug a small grave and laid the child to rest. He read a few verses from the Bible and said a prayer. A round stone was rolled in place for a marker. Perhaps the child's name was chipped in the rock. In later years a mother following the trail by which they had come, could seldom find the grave where she had left her child. Widening of the trail, changes in routes, the wear and tear of weather, had obliterated the markers. For a few years while the little headstone was in place and the trail unchanged, passing mothers would leave a bright bouquet of prairie flowers by the stone, hoping that another mother would do the same for her child's lonely grave.

Today we have little knowledge of the number of westward emigrants left in roadside graves. Concrete highways cover many of the routes. Others were obliterated by the plow and the growth of cities and towns.

When her sons marched to the Civil War, Mary remembered the bright bouquets she had prayerfully placed on trail graves: "If one of my sons is buried where he falls," she told herself "I pray some mother will do as I did and remember his grave." She was thankful her dead babies knew the quiet peace of a burial lot. Happily she never knew that many years later, the little stone walled burial ground was uprooted so a four lane highway might cross it, or that a three car crash above it would take in one brief minute more lives than were buried in the little cemetery during John and Mary's lifetime.



Wagonsmith builds wheel for wagon

12

responsibilities

In the rapidly expanding pioneer civilization in which its many tasks were done by hand, a large family was an asset. A boy could be held at home until he was twenty one, and by the age of fifteen, a healthy child had repaid the expenses of his rearing, in caring for the younger children, doing family chores, lending a hand to a neighbor. Now he was ready to do an adult's work. Little money was expended for an education, so the older boy or girl represented a valuable investment. This was equally true in the South, where less prosperous families reared sufficient labor to maintain their land, and used no slaves. To the small land owner slaves represented the expense of purchase and maintenance. Only the large plantation owner or business man could afford their labor.

The school term was never more than three or four months, and the long working hours before and after school were not questioned. Discipline in the 1800's was patriarchal, and corporal punishment the rule. "Train up a child in the way he should go" was the precept followed. Boys and girls accepted their responsibilities as an obligation to fulfill. Work was a way of life. Children worked side by side with their parents and their labor often spelled the difference between success and failure in a family venture.

Every boy knew several trades. The Civil War army had in its ranks boys who grew up knowing how to use their hands and heads. It shod its horses, repaired weapons, built bridges, corduroyed roads, to mention but a few of the skills learned in a pioneer home. When freed from his father's farm or business, the boy who had worked in proximity to the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the weaver, the miller, the doctor, the minister, the lawyer, could make an intelligent choice of an occupation.

A young man apprenticed himself to learn a trade or profession. Once mastered, he could start for himself either in his own community or by following the wagons west where new towns and areas were springing up from the raw earth. In the 1800's, a man did not stand in line at a

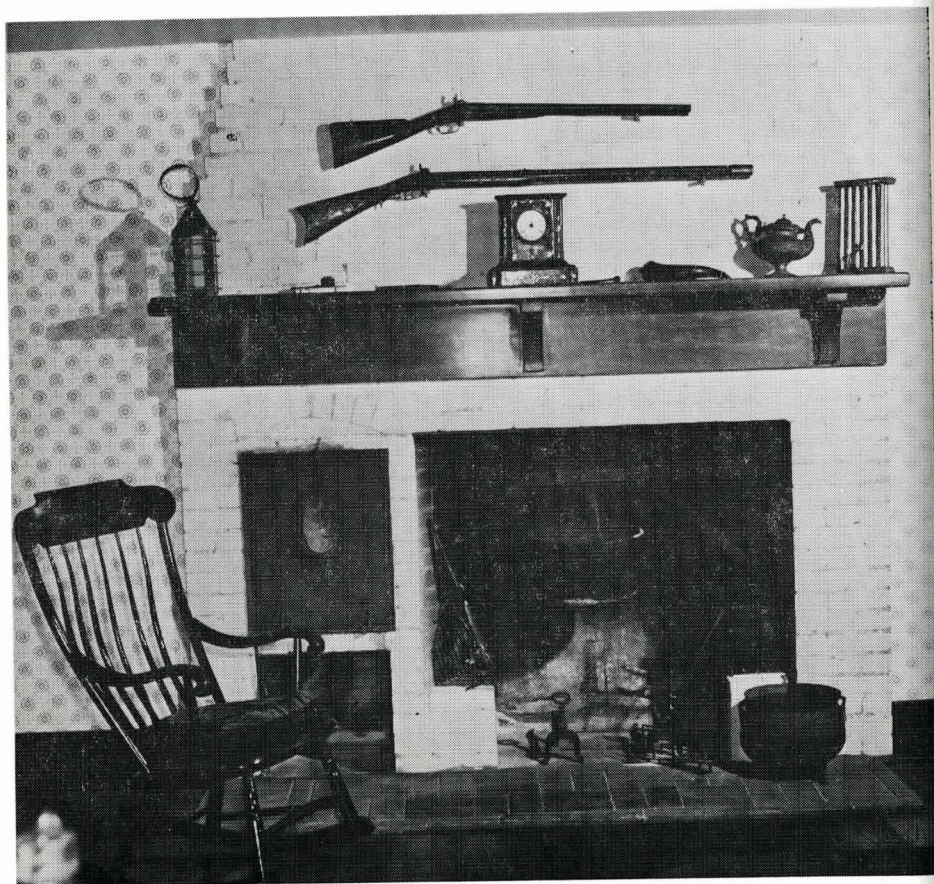
factory gate or in an employment office seeking a job—he created it. The right to work and produce a living was inherent in early Iowa economy. Fringe benefits, vacations, over-time did not exist. The machine was unknown. With his two hands guided by his head and unceasing hard work, a man made his own place.



Bedroom in Mason House Museum, Bentonsport

In the evening the children sat in the fireside circle while the father read aloud from the few available publications, or listened while their elders discussed politics and community problems. Schools, roads, religion, elections, the pursuit of a horse thief, all current topics were considered pro and con by the light of a blazing log. Hotels were poor or non-existent, and passersby along the trail were housed in friendly

homes. If wagons were camped nearby, the family joined their campfire. The children learned from firsthand experience how wagons were built, they heard of cotton mills built to replace hand weaving, and how shoes were manufactured in Massachusetts. As in all primitive cultures, Iowa communicated through story-tellers, and its boys and girls had an intelligent comprehension of the world about them. The great flow of emigration westward brought to their fireside, men and women of widely differing viewpoints on such national problems as states' rights, slavery, currency difficulties. News of the day was broadcast not by radio or television but in the general store where the people came from miles around to replenish their supplies of sugar and coffee and hear news of the world. Each bit of information was discussed and re-discussed during the long evenings in family groups, and opinions formed and debated.



Fireplace in Plum Grove, home of Governor Lucas

The stiff necked Iowa pioneer was not "beholden" to anyone. He provided for himself and his family and expected others in like circumstances to do the same. He bought nothing for which he could not pay, in terms of barter if not in cash. Land or a home was mortgaged with the intent of repayment within the shortest possible time.

If because of disaster, a family found itself in distress, the neighbors rallied to its assistance. When the home of a neighbor was destroyed by wind, John Meigs hauled a load of logs to replace the wrecked cabin. The men in the community rebuilt it. From their scanty store of clothing, the women replenished the family's wardrobe. They pieced quilts and sewed rags for rugs. The men spent several days building new furniture. Until the new home was ready, the family was housed among neighbors. The surviving livestock was sheltered and fed. Mary donated a hen with a flock of chicks. Barter was the economy of the frontier, and assistance to the needy took the same form.

Neighbors drove long miles to harvest the crops of a sick friend, care for the ill and bury the dead. No money price was paid or expected, nor was there any thought of charity. It was the duty one neighbor owed to another.

Each family was responsible for its own, and early homes usually included grandparents, maiden aunts, an orphan or two. In a family which produced its own necessities, there was work for everyone, and adding a room meant only cutting the timber for logs and a neighborhood "raising."

Resourcefulness was both a virtue and a necessity. The five year old who melted animal fat to pour into a candle mold, knew without being told that to go to bed when darkness fell and to get up with the sun, meant a saving in labor and materials. The handmade flint glass bowl which came to Mary Meigs from her Pennsylvania grandmother, if broken could not be replaced at the corner dime store. Possessions were few and prized, not to be lightly discarded or carelessly handled.

13

education

On a crisp October morning in 1830, eight children, seven boys and one girl, filed shyly into a small log schoolhouse on the Half-breed Tract at the Indian village, "Ah-wi-pe-tuk", which means at "the head of the rapids." Later this tiny settlement on the Mississippi River was known as Nashville, then Galland. It was located north of present-day Keokuk.

Berryman Jennings was the teacher at this first schoolhouse in Iowa. He received for his work, his board and lodging and the greatly desired privilege of studying medicine in the office of Dr. Isaac Galland, a leading patron of the school. The structure only 8'x10' in size was built by its patrons.

Another early school was built for Indian children on the Yellow River under a treaty in 1832 with the Winnebago Indians. The log building was erected in 1834 and its pupils were taught reading, writing and arithmetic, gardening, agriculture, carding, spinning, weaving and sewing, according to their ages and sex. In 1840, the school was moved to the Turkey River, a few miles southeast of Ft. Atkinson. Here no doubt was the first study of agriculture and home economics in the middle west. In 1845, the number of pupils was 166; 83 boys and 83 girls, with an average attendance of 60. A writer of the period states enthusiastically that these children were as capable of acquiring an education as those of the Anglo-Saxon race, and their aptness was astonishing. With the removal of the Winnebago to Minnesota, the school was abandoned.

Soon after the Meigs settled, they invited their neighbors to a picnic in the grove, to discuss the building of a school house. From his fine stand of timber, John volunteered to furnish the logs, if others would help in the cutting and finishing. To save time and labor, he offered to give an acre of his land close to the grove on which to build, thus avoiding hauling the wood to a more distant location. The parents of the pupils, John proposed, would make up a subscription list to pay the teacher, who would, of course, be given his living by the parents, "boarding around" from one family to another. This was the accepted method to establish a pioneer school.

Frequently a single crude building served as the neighborhood school and the church. A school and a church were an outward indication of community enterprise. Many covered wagons halted their slow movement, where a school for children and a church already existed. The early settler believed almost to idolatry in his country's institutions, and was determined his children must have a better opportunity than he had had. His educational ideas may have been primitive, but he knew society's structure rested on education and was determined his son must have knowledge. The farm boy lived in an atmosphere whose elements were hope, ambition, curiosity, determination to know and to



Post office at Bentonsport built in steamboat Gothic architecture of solid walnut

do, all creating an outlook surprising among these humble, hardworking people, filled as they were with the zeal to do the best they could for their families, their society and God.

With the organization of territorial government, the legislative assembly passed a law which provided for a school in each county "to be open and free for every class of white citizens between the ages of four and twenty-one years." Districts were to be formed and school officers elected. The legislators no doubt recognized that for many years to come public schools for much of Iowa were not possible, but they were determined the children must be educated, and they were cannily aware that good schools encouraged settlers of a desirable quality. In 1839 when the law was passed, neighborhoods with sufficient children to provide school attendance and the seven officers as well, were few, but the Iowa pioneers had one quality in abundance—hope. As the tax fixed in the school law of 1839 provided that no person should be taxed in excess of \$10 per year, patrons of the school supplemented this small income by "rates" or tuition charged each pupil. The property tax was used to build the building; the rates paid the teacher. Operating expenses were largely in the form of donations: wood for the fires, lumber, labor.

The school house of the 1840's was a log structure, with a big fireplace at one end. The seats were long backless benches running the length of the room facing a plank fastened to the wall which served as a desk. The only equipment was a small board painted black. The teacher or one of the big boys arrived early to build a log fire from the wood cut and hauled by the parents. The teacher "set" the copy for the day's lesson on the blackboard, then put in the time until the first class met in making quills from goose feathers donated by the pupils. Steel pens were non-existent in early Iowa. The curriculum was limited to the three R's—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—and to diligent drill in spelling. Literature received scant attention. In pioneer thinking, compared to arithmetic it was unimportant.

Textbooks were few and worn. Many were supplied by the pupils' families from their scant shelves—McGuffey's Readers, Ray's Arithmetics, Smith's geographies, if geography was taught.

Mental arithmetic was popular. The teacher propounded problems based on everyday life which the children solved in their heads. Miles of imaginary walls were covered with wallpaper, the footage figured mentally in Iowa mental arithmetic classes of the 40's. Geography lessons, particularly the state capitols, were said in rhyme with the children chanting "Maine, Augusta, on the Kennebec River" and so on down through the states. Multiplication tables were memorized as were the speeches of illustrious men. Speaking was an important means of communication in pioneer living. Debating, speaking a memorized "piece", were important in the literary meetings and school functions.

On Friday afternoon, a spell-down was held with the two leaders choosing sides, each battling for the proven spellers. When the two lines were drawn in battle array on opposite sides of the room, the best spellers headed each line with the slow spellers at the foot. The teacher, the minister, perhaps a school officer pronounced the words, the leaders having won first and second position by the expedient of placing the hand of first one then another around a baseball bat, the one securing the top-most spot being the winner. Since the leaders were elected by the pupils, the same ones were usually chosen. Having used the baseball bat choice before, boys often resorted to such expedients as expanding or contracting their fists and similar tricks to reach the top first and delay the arrival of the other.



Parlor in Mason House Museum, Bentonsport. Kell Ann Redman sits beneath portrait of her great-great-grandfather, Wesley Redhead. As a boy working as a printer's devil, he ran the ink on the type used for Iowa's first Constitution in the shop of Jesse Williams, state territorial printer, Iowa City.

Each leader headed his line and the first word was tossed to the winner. His spelling skill did not always compare with his political acumen and he was the first to go down. As each contestant following failed a word he took his seat. Since the best spellers headed the line, most of them survived the early test, but as the lower levels were approached, the contestants dropped out rapidly. The final battle was usually between two contestants, the "pronouncer" tossing a word to first one then another, until finally a lone speller remained who was

declared to have "spelled down" the school. Winners were sometimes rewarded with a card bearing a motto "Early To Bed and Early to Rise, Makes a Man Healthy, Happy and Wise", "Never Put Off Till Tomorrow What You Can Do Today", or some profound saying of the day, to be born proudly home and hung on the wall as a symbol of its owner's achievement.

On the last day of school or the last day of the month, particularly if report cards were to be distributed, a program of spoken pieces, songs and demonstrations of learning was presented to proud parents and the school board. The children wore their best clothes and diligently prepared their parts.

Literary societies which met at night were organized, with the adults presenting programs of readings and music, and debating teams arguing the problems of the day. A box supper usually preceded the affair, the young women of the community elaborately decorating boxes packed with good things to eat, which were auctioned off to the young men. Strangely word always got around as to whose box was whose, and the gaily adorned boxes prepared by the neighborhood belles brought high prices as their admirers fiercely bid against one another. When the last be-ribboned and be-ruffled box was sold and the purchaser discovered the fair lady with whom he would eat and what, the fathers and mothers brought out prosaic boxes of fried chicken, potato salad, deviled eggs, for their families and the real business of the evening began. The money raised was used for school expenses.

When the food was demolished and the debris cleared away, the program began, closing early since the participants must drive many miles over prairie roads to reach their homes. In winter the trip was made in bobsleds, the horses or oxen hung with bells which rang merrily as the crowd scattered, many not to reach the warmth of their firesides until morning. To these scattered settlers, the "litry" was worth the long journey. It would be remembered and discussed for days. Ann Eliza's wrath, when Elijah outbid her favored boy friend for her box, and Elijah's disappointment that Ann Eliza's food was inferior to Mary Jane's whose box he had previously bought. Folks looked forward eagerly to the next box supper to discover if Elijah preferred Mary Jane's luscious cake and crusty chicken to Ann Eliza's tantalizing blonde curls and provocative laugh! Jeremiah became known as a mighty debater. His skill, as was that of many other future political leaders, was gained in the rough and tumble debating of such subjects as Votes for Women, States Rights, Free or Slave. The audience did not always agree with the judges' decisions, and hot arguments arose. Slavery and states' rights were already issues and bitterly discussed wherever men gathered.

The women were less interested in political problems than in Mrs. Sykes' new homespun dress made over a Godey style. Some thought its bustle was too extreme. In the corners of the room and among the

women straightening up after the supper, the question of did she or did she not "lace"* was warmly debated.

When the last morsel of food was eaten or tucked away in its owner's basket, the little folks snugly wrapped in buggy robes were put to sleep on the benches along the room, the real business of the evening began.

Kegs loaned by a friendly tavern keeper supported stout oak planks on which the parents and older children sat throughout the program. Bricks and stones which had kept their owners' feet warm during the long ride to the affair were again heating in the blazing fireplace in readiness for the return trip. Meanwhile their feet wrapped in blankets and robes against the cold floor, the patrons arranged themselves for a big evening.

This was their school, built, paid for and maintained, by themselves. To property owners today, each paying many dollars in school taxes, it will come as a surprise to know that under the law of 1839, a quarter section of Iowa land paid only \$1.00 in school taxes, scant support even 100 years ago and more. Tuition was based on the rate system assessed on the number of children a family had in school. The constitution of 1846 required that a "common" school be maintained at least three months out of the year. The three winter months when children could not work on farms and at other out-of-door employment. The youngsters waded long distances through snow drifts and along icy roads to sit all day on a hard bench in a room inadequately heated by a wood fire. There were no indoor conveniences. Water was pumped from a well. Early settlers remembered their schoolmates with ears draining from untreated infections and deepseated coughs which later developed into tuberculosis. For these scant benefits and equally scant teaching, families paid rate charges supplemented by small grants from the tax raised school funds. Directors also were required to provide separate schools for colored children unless all patrons in the district consented to the negroes attending the school with the white children. Pioneer racial tolerance often went hand-in-hand with economy.

In 1849, a law was passed that instruction above the elementary grades should be provided, the cost still not levied on the taxpayers but on the patrons. In 1851, Bloomington Township in Muscatine County built a schoolhouse under this act. By 1856 this school was offering algebra, geometry, astronomy, physiology and history.

A commission with Horace Mann at its head, to devise public instruction in Iowa, was early appointed. It is astonishing that this young

*Since a small waist was much desired by pioneer beauties, "lacing" was often resorted to. The corset of the day was a stiff garment which laced up the back with long strings. To achieve the popular small waist, the girls tied the ends of the corset strings to a handy bedpost, then walked away from it, until the corset was as tight as it could be, and still allow its wearer to breathe. A member of the family then tied the strings in position. A waist which a man could span with his two hands was the goal, and for the pioneer girl who worked in the fields as well as in the home, with resulting large girth, her social affairs were often painful.

state, so poor in money, had the foresight to take such a step 50 years ahead of its time. The elimination of politics from its control, showed it was no narrow idea that dominated its leaders. Placing its execution in the hands of Thomas H. Benton, Jr., a nephew of the senator from Missouri was another forward step. For nearly a quarter of a century while first one party then another dominated the state, Benton forged ahead, executing the laws and perfecting the system. In the constitutional convention of 1856, he carried through the amendments and articles to perfect the school system. He laid out the educational plan for Iowa on lines both useful to the state and honorable to himself. He did it with the aid of public-spirited men who refusing to recognize partisanship, theological bigotry and short sighted views, took the statesmanlike outlook.

In 1856 the Mann Commission recommended that county high schools be financed principally from county tax funds. A responsibility of these schools was to train teachers for the elementary grades. Although teachers during these years were mostly masculine, girls as well as boys were to be admitted to the schools. This plan was soon discontinued. Because of the limited school terms and lack of educational opportunity by many children, the pupils were often older than the teacher, large and strong, boisterous, and given to showing the teacher who was boss. Discipline was the most common school problem. The teacher's athletic prowess was often called into action in quelling incipient riots.

School directors were named from community leaders. The school administration in Iowa was the single survival of the New England town meeting. The people met and the board reported. Opinions were freely expressed as to teachers, equipment, textbooks, and taxes.

The teachers had little experience. In the small room, ten or twelve classes were heard daily, one constantly reciting in front of the teacher's desk at the front of the room. In this bedlam, children, from the timid five year old to the young adult, were expected to give solemn attention to their studies. Against all odds, the children did gain a foundation of learning, and always a few went out into the world to succeed. The teacher's word was law. So strong was parental support of this symbol of education, that a whipping at school, meant another one at home. The possibility of becoming president, or in the case of the girls, the first lady, was held forth as a lure to better grades. Patriotism was unquestioned. When the Civil War came, a generation trained in fundamental loyalty, did not content itself with songs and brave expressions, but marched out to the great conflict.

Under such difficult circumstances how did these children learn? To begin, they were trained in independent manhood and womanhood in the home. They were grounded in common sense, an essential ingredient in pioneer living. School provided only the three R's (reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic). Today's so-called "frills" were not only uncommon, in the crude culture of the day they were inconceivable. The world in which these children lived was simple and restricted to the family's immediate

environment and its needs. A way of life that was changed by the Civil War which took Iowa's youth out of its limited boundaries and into the world.



One of Iowa's earliest subscription schools which may be seen complete with original furnishings at Bentonsport.

While the pioneer teachers lacked educational background, within their limits they were proficient. They represented a high level of natural intelligence and ability. For a long period following the Civil War, it was unusual in any group of business and professional men to find one who had not taught school as his first step toward success. Women teachers were almost unknown. Partly because a personable young woman introduced into the predominantly masculine society continued in the unmarried state then considered essential for a woman teacher,

for perhaps half a year if that long. In the 1800's the married teacher was unthinkable. In part because teaching in these new communities required physical strength and the ability to inspire respect by force.

Iowa's firm belief that schools must be kept within the jurisdiction of state and local officials is founded in the community origin of our school system. The pioneer was resolutely individual in his thinking, determined to maintain at all costs his right to direct his own life. To that end, he stoutly resisted anything which he considered interference with his local government. The community according to his thinking was the responsibility of those who lived in it, as was each man's family, his principal responsibility. Few sought to evade either responsibility. The state's continuing high level of citizenship has its roots in this strong soil. The early settlers were determined to build and own homes, to educate their children as they saw fit, and to worship God without fear or hindrance. To accomplish this, they worked long hard hours. They financed their community obligations. They shouldered their family responsibilities. On this steadfast foundation, Iowa's political and economic structure was reared and stood during the most tumultuous and dangerous years of our state's existence, the Civil War.

The charge has long been made that Iowa farmers dictate the state's policies. In its early years, farmers represented the state's foremost economic interests. The farmers were its majority class. Those who did not farm were dependent upon those who did. Inevitably the thinking of the state was that of the farmer. Fortunately, the pioneer farmer was, and his descendants are today, men and women of common sense and an inherent appreciation of the good in life, so his influence has been on the side of right. The underlying common sense of the plain and unassuming electorate of our state has served as a check on those who might lead it into devious paths. Iowa's growth has been substantial, based on the will of a literate, thinking people. Schools, churches, a stable government are still first in its thoughts.

14

indians

At the time of the Louisiana Purchase, several Indian tribes lived along Iowa's rivers: the Sauk and Fox along the Mississippi, the Ioway along the Des Moines, the Oto, Omaha and Missouri Indians along the Missouri, and the mighty Sioux in the northwest where their wickiups stood by the shining waters of Okoboji and Spirit Lakes. Later, for brief periods, the Winnebagoes and Potawatomi were moved into Iowa, and lived along our rivers.

By 1840 when the Meigs came into Iowa, the tribes were already being pushed across the Missouri. Those remaining offered little resistance to the encroaching whites. They camped as did their forefathers along the clear wooded streams and hunted on the unclaimed prairies. The great Black Hawk of the Sauk and Fox was fast becoming a legend. The earliest settlers and hunters knew him as a mighty warrior and an impassioned spokesman for the distressed Indians being driven from their hereditary lands.

Born in 1767, Black Hawk's life was filled with violence. Before the white men came into the Mississippi Valley, the tribes warred continually with one another; a determining factor in their lack of population growth. The white man proved his valor in the marts of trade and in the challenge of science and the arts, to a lesser extent in the military. The young Indian proved his prowess in the excitements of the hunt and the war party.

Until the white man came, the Indian's life was communal. His wickiup stood on common ground in a pattern determined by its owner's rank in the tribal organization. The tribe's hunting grounds were used in common. Within its limits the men fished and hunted as they chose. If another tribe intruded upon their domain, the invaders were driven out. In turn, the tribe boldly raided its neighbors' preserves. If successful, the war party returned bearing gory scalps to brandish by the campfire, and buffalo to roast for the feast. If unsuccessful, the predators' scalps were paraded at the enemy's campfire. The killing of a tribal member was repaid by his kinsmen in kind, nor did the Indians seek the individual responsible for the taking of a particular scalp. Any convenient member of the guilty tribe was scalped: a philosophy

underlying many of the so-called "murders" of white men by Indians. White men killed an Indian. In return the Indians killed a white man. That the unhappy victim was guiltless of the particular killing was unimportant. The Indian's interpretation of the tenet "an eye for an eye" was satisfied.

In the summer, the tribe moved to the northern limits of their hunting grounds, and the women planted corn. Long before the first white man glimpsed Iowa, Indian women were building terraces along the rivers where the overflow lands were deep and rich, and planting the corn here which was so significant in their diet. In winter, the harvest over, the Indians followed the sluggish buffalo to the southern boundaries of their hunting grounds.

To the Indian mind, the vast untouched acres spreading away to the distant horizon were his. In his thinking was no concept of life other than the way of his ancestors. Within his tribal boundaries marked by a river, a ridge, a grove of trees, he hunted and fought. To go beyond these boundaries on to the land of another tribe was a challenge to be reckoned in blood. The Indian brave was honored for his valor as a warrior and his might as a hunter. The women prepared the game which the hunters brought in, and tended the corn and beans in the field. They gathered berries, and the herbs used as medicine. Nothing was wasted. To the last shred of flesh, the great buffalo was eaten or dried for winter's use. His hides were cured for clothing and shelter. His horns were used in ceremonial array. The buffalo herds were the Indian's storehouse of food, his savings account against want. To the Indian the wanton destruction of the buffaloes by the white man was as horrifying as the bombing of our cities is to modern man, and as incredible. As the invading settlers recklessly destroyed the game and broke up the Indian's hunting ground with the plow, the tribes watched, helpless to prevent this incomprehensible destruction of their way of life. A few of the leaders, Black Hawk among them, undertook to challenge the invading hosts and lost. Other chiefs, wiser and more farseeing, less devoted to their way of life, realized the white men were too many and too powerful to resist, and urged conciliation though it meant removing to the west.

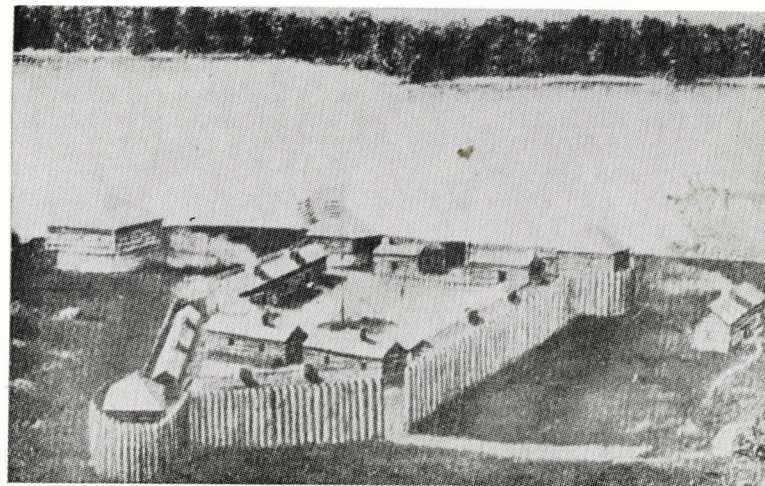
The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 set in motion the events that brought white settlers in a flooding tide into the Mississippi Valley; a dark threat against the Indian's land and life. In 1804, Governor William Henry Harrison of Indiana Territory was authorized by President Jefferson to purchase land for white settlement from the Sauk and Fox. In St. Louis, the Governor met a delegation of chiefs who came to that city bringing accused tribal members to answer to a murder charge. They returned home after ceding 15 million acres of their homelands to the Americans. The charge was made that the chiefs were made drunk on the Americans' whiskey. At best they were minor chiefs without authority to sell their tribal lands. Had the Sauk and Fox known of Harrison's intent, they would have sent their wildest chiefs, and the

outcome might have been different. Black Hawk and the tribes were appalled by the maneuver. To Black Hawk the relinquishing of tribal lands was unthinkable.

The Indians' concept of land ownership was not in terms of individual possession, but as hereditary tribal lands over which they roamed at will. Buying and selling of the rivers and forests and grasslands of his fathers was as remote from his understanding as was the white man's strange attitude toward the Indian philosophy of retaliation for attacks upon his people.

An Indian delegation was sent to St. Louis in the summer following Governor Harrison's purchase of the Sauk and Fox tribal lands which protested bitterly that never before had the tribes sold land. They had no knowledge of its value in the white man's reckoning. Governor Harrison's purchase, they said, was a bad bargain for the Indians. But the bargain stood.

Most of the land lay in Illinois, with smaller areas in Wisconsin and Missouri. It meant the removal of the Sauk and Fox into the Ioway territory, into dangerous proximity with his ancient enemy, the Sioux. Black Hawk was not yet the power in his tribe that he later became, but he never forgot nor forgave this injustice to his people and most of his life was spent in seeking to revenge it. Few of his people understood the economic cause underlying their difficulties. They only knew that white men were driving them from the homes of their fathers, from their hunting grounds, and the corn fields which they had planted.



Old Fort Madison

15

fort madison

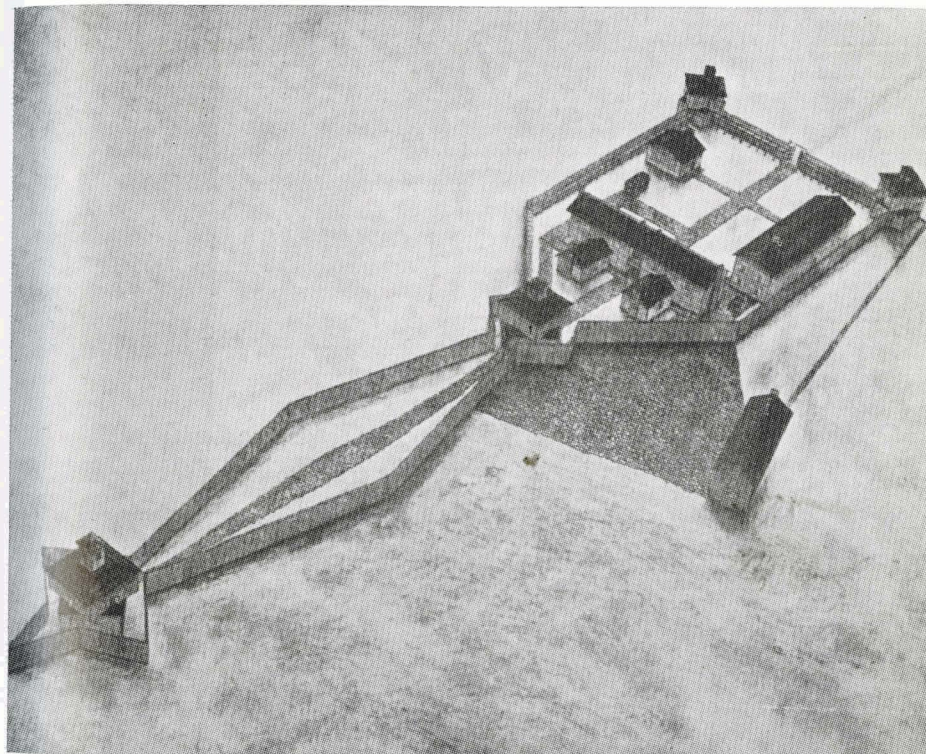
In 1808 Black Hawk's band sullenly watched the excitement attending the building of Fort Madison's walls and blockhouses, and the buildings which would house the army and the traders and workmen accompanying it. To Black Hawk the bluecoats behind its fortifications meant a further encroachment upon Indian lands. In April, 1809, as the band moved north along the river on its way to their summer home, the members swarmed ashore from their hollow log canoes and began to barter with the commandant. The more peaceable among the tribesmen were anxious to continue on without trouble. Around their campfires the Indians talked loud and long of this fort and its meaning, and this talk was carried to the fort. When Black Hawk and Pashepaho came to the gate asking that their braves be admitted to dance for the white soldiers, they were refused. An attempt to force their way, was met with a cannon and armed soldiers. The Indians turned away with angry waving of warclubs and shouts of defiance, to continue their way north.

Throughout its brief existence, Fort Madison lived under the threat of Indian attack. In September, 1812, Black Hawk and his band, armed by the British, joined the Winnebagoes in a violent assault upon the Fort but could not penetrate its walls. A chance shot cut away the halberd of the flag staff bringing down the colors. Later Black Hawk claimed it was his bullet that did this. Although most of the Sauk and Fox, the Ioways and the Osage, and a part of the Sioux, were friendly to the Americans and restlessly neutral, when Fort Madison learned that Fort Dearborn had fallen to the Potowatomi allies of the British, abandonment of the fort seemed the only answer and it was burned. The soldiers occupying the fort were loaded into flat bottomed boats and followed the River to safety.

The fort's brief lifetime was glamorous and colorful. Soldiers, trappers, miners, Indians, wives and children of the bluecoats, gilt bedecked officers, visiting dignitaries, passed through its gates, as did quantities of fur and lead on their way down river. Boats, large and small, tied up by the trading post at the river's edge while leather clad trappers and hunters and feather bedecked Indian chiefs bargained with Dubuque's lead and furs for the white man's goods and whiskey. After

the fire, nine lonely chimneys stood stark against the sky to remind passersby on the river that a busy fort with blockhouses armed with cannon, and a factor's home, once stood here, where everyday the Stars and Stripes were raised and lowered above its walls, the sweet high notes of a bugle floating across the rolling blue waters of the Mississippi.

When the war was over, Black Hawk refused to attend the council which signed the treaty of peace, but in 1816, he did sign a similar treaty and touched the goose quill, not knowing, so he later said, that he was giving away the villages of his people. This he insisted he would have opposed, and no doubt it was true. Not only did language difficulty intervene but the Indians saw in the treaty only a piece of paper which brought goodwill from the white men, with presents for their people and protection from their hated enemy, the Sioux. Black Hawk, when realization of what his signing meant came to him, refused to accept any part of the treaty or annuity. Earlier he had accepted it, considering it only as presents such as he had previously received from the British for his cooperation.



Reproduction of old Fort Madison built in 1808, and abandoned and burned five years later. Note the original fort included three blockhouses (on right). The gate between two small block houses opened on the Mississippi. The "tail" and fourth blockhouse were added to protect fort from ridge at rear. From this ridge attacking Indians were firing into the enclosure.

16

a battle lost

Originally the Ioway Territory extended north to Canada including most of Minnesota and the eastern half of the Dakotas. A mere seven and one-half million acres was first purchased from the Indians in the southeast corner, the remainder of this territory to be the Indians' hunting ground. This situation did not long continue. Despite angry objections, white men were settling the land of the Sauk and Fox, and the movement of the Indians west quickened as covered wagons flowed steadily into their hereditary lands.

Keokuk, a chief of the Sauk, wily, cautious, and intelligent, early recognized the futility of opposing the white men's power, and set his course accordingly. When settlers crowded in Saukenuk, beloved village of the Sauk, following the lead of Poweshiek and the Foxes, Keokuk crossed the river into Iowa. Black Hawk refused to follow, and when the military drove him across, his people found the adjustment to a new land difficult. They were hungry and when they recrossed the river to gather the corn from fields which they had planted, they were driven away as "stealing". A bewildering attitude to the confused Indians who considered the land belonged to them, and the corn as well since they had planted it.

Deluded by a kinsman into believing the British would help with men and guns as they had in earlier wars, Black Hawk began the tragic return to his people's village which would lead his band to destruction. Four or five hundred warriors, the majority with horses, accompanied by women and children, about 2,000 persons in all, followed the great warrior. The men were armed. The women carried the seed corn so important to their survival. On the Wisconsin side of the river, the slow march to the cornfields of their ancestors was begun. When the soldiers ordered Black Hawk to return to Iowa, he refused, clinging to the belief the British would send help. With six companies of regulars and the irate settlers opposing him, finding the crafty Winnebagoes and Potawatomi little disposed to help his lost cause and without provisions for his hungry people, the old man decided to go back.

At this point violence might still have been averted. Black Hawk ran up a flag of truce which disciplined regulars would have honored. Un-

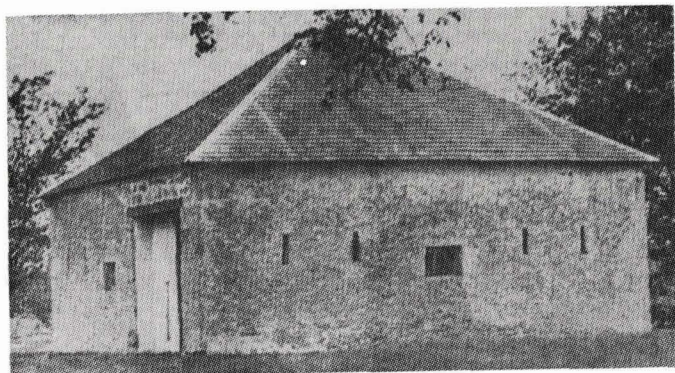
fortunately the men before him were militia, newly armed and untrained. When Black Hawk sent his white flag, he also sent five scouts to watch from a distance the white man's reaction to this offer of peace. Fearful apparently that many Indians were lurking nearby, the militia fired on the scouts, killing two, and in disorder set off after the Indians. Black Hawk's band was few in number—between twenty-five and fifty—not organized for attack. Outnumbered they fired on the approaching militia. Many of the Americans fled in panic; the Indians retreated, and the battle of Stillman's Run was over.

Now the Indians were more than ever anxious to reach safety across the river. The Rock River route being closed, they began a desperate trek across northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin seeking somehow to reach the Mississippi. As might be expected, all Indian depredations committed by whatever tribe that summer were blamed on Black Hawk. Actually his band had little time for such affairs being too concerned with warding off starvation and getting into Iowa. On every hand he met unfriendliness and distrust.



Grist and sawmill at New Salem, Illinois

When at last the suffering Indians reached the Wisconsin River, two groups of white volunteers caught up with them. Outnumbered, the Indians succeeded in getting their women and children to an island while fighting off the militia. Despite the fact that the Indians were desperately trying to get out of Wisconsin, the U.S. Army and the volunteers pursued them. Retribution was now the order of the day: the Indians must be punished. Reaching the Mississippi, Black Hawk saw *The Warrior*, a steamboat, whose captain he knew. Again he tried the white flag, and again it brought gunfire. The captain and a military party aboard had just returned from a mission up river to persuade the Sioux to prevent the fleeing Sauk and Fox from crossing.



Stone blockhouse once a part of Fort Atkinson built in 1840 to protect the Winnebago Indians from warring Sioux. Slits in the wall were for muskets, the big opening was for a cannon. Now a state park, Fort Atkinson is southwest of Decorah.

Behind the frantic Indians were the regulars and volunteers pushing them into the river. On the other shore, a Sioux war party attacked the fleeing survivors of the Battle of Bad Axe as this affair was known. Weakened by hunger and fear, the majority of their number women and children, Black Hawk's band was easy prey for the militant Sioux. Between five and six hundred of the tribe were killed or died of starvation that tragic summer. For their part in this punishing of the Indians, the Sioux received the thanks of the United States government. Black Hawk was a prisoner in chains. Indian control of the region was broken and further lands relinquished as a penalty for the chief's misguided attempt. Eager settlers were crowding across the Mississippi to claim the Indians' farm lands and mines.

The treaty offered to the Indians by the government, opened with a stern rebuke for the tribe's ill-timed return to the lands it considered its own, and went on to further relinquish for settlement a tract including the counties of Dubuque, Delaware, Jackson, Jones, Clinton, Scott, Muscatine, Louisa, Des Moines, Henry and Lee; most of Clayton, Cedar and

Van Buren; a portion of Allamakee, Fayette, Buchanan, Linn, Johnson, Washington, Jefferson and Davis.

To celebrate the signing, General Scott gave a grand party with refreshments and fireworks, at which Chief Keokuk danced a war dance. *The Galenian* (Galena, Illinois) reports that General Scott talked to the Indians and the Sauk and Fox were glad to treat with us and "perfectly willing to sell their country."

While Black Hawk was fighting a losing battle against the despoilation of his people, the wily Keokuk was at Fort Armstrong assuring the authorities of his loyalty. He played the less noble part of submission to the stronger race, and won. When the manacled Black Hawk was humbled before his people, Keokuk, the consummate politician, proud and dignified, was winning friends among the victims with his eloquence. He, too, was a warrior, but his exploits were against the Sioux which added to his prestige among the whites who feared these fierce warriors and welcomed Keokuk as an ally in their control. Not only was Keokuk given four square miles equally divided on both sides of the Iowa River for his band, but the honor he had long sought. He was recognized as supreme chief of the Sauk and Fox. Four years later, Keokuk's reservation was also ceded to the whites, and the Indians moved to the Des Moines River where they lived not far from the present site of Ottumwa. Until his death in 1839, Black Hawk bitterly resented Keokuk, blaming his rival for his difficulties.

In 1845, Keokuk led his people out of Iowa into Kansas. An old man, dissipation was heavy upon him. His final years were filled with ruin. A dominant will and insatiate ambition led him to destruction as it had to greatness. His eloquence and gifts of leadership were forgotten in the shame of his downfall.

17

ioways

The Ioways, closely related to the Winnebagoes, were of Siouxian stock, stalwart hunters and warriors. The two tribes ranged from Lake Michigan, where they fished, to Minnesota for pipestone, and into Nebraska as the buffalo moved west. So long did they live along the Iowa River that their name will ever be associated with that stream.

In their migrations over the years, the Winnebagoes stopped in the Green Bay region, remaining there until the tidal wave of white settlers engulfed them. The Ioway, more venturesome, pushed on to the prairie country. Traces of them are found at Lake Okoboji and on the Missouri River. In the Grand Council of 1825, the Sauk and Fox recognized the Ioway's ownership of the area that now bears their name. In turn, the Ioway agreed to the drawing of the neutral line between the Sioux and the Sauk and Fox, agreeing to live in peace with the other great tribes. In this council, Mahaska who had traveled through the white man's country and been impressed by the evidence on every hand of the invader's number and power, headed the Ioway and used his influence to bring peace between the tribes. He recognized that peace with the whites and Indians alike was the wisest road for the Indian, and sought to make friends with his enemies.

The Sauk, the Fox, the Winnebago, the Menominee, the Potawatomi, Mahaska told the assembled tribes, are links of the same people. He pleaded they cease warring on one another and conserve their strength for their common enemy, the white man.

In 1824, the tribal chiefs journeyed to Washington to sign a peace treaty. Mahaska, a tremendous man physically as well as in leadership, accompanied them. The beautiful Rantchewaime, one of his wives, traveled with him. After partaking of the white man's liquor, Mahaska returned to the hotel and proceeded to beat her. Hearing the Indian agent who accompanied the chiefs on the trip, at the door in response to his wife's cries, and fearing the reprimand he well deserved, he opened the window and stepped out—two stories down. A broken arm and numerous bruises did not prevent his riding two miles the next day over rough roads. A warrior used to the wounds and hardships of the

war party was not deterred by so small a matter as a broken arm and painful bruises.

Having deserted the warpath, Mahaska stayed firmly with his determination to bring peace to his people. Because of loyalty to promises he made at the conference in Washington, D.C., he lost his life. The son of an Iowa chief was killed by the Omahas. When a war party was formed to revenge his death, Mahaska refused to join. The warriors raided the Omaha camp and took six scalps, in all of which Mahaska refused to participate. The Ioways were arrested by the government, and Mahaska, still the man of peace, accompanied them to their trial. One of the war prisoners revolting against his imprisonment, warned Mahaska that if he got out alive he would kill the chief. When the prisoner escaped he made good his promise. He found Mahaska camped on the banks of the Nodaway River, and after a struggle, killed the gallant chief.

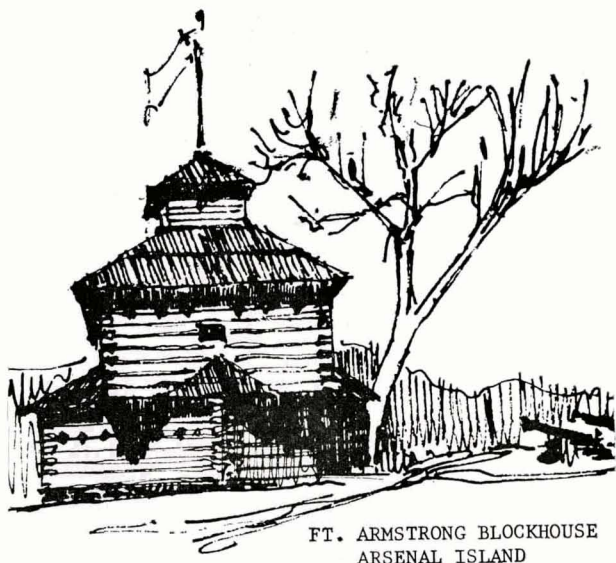


Black Hawk, famous Indian chief, who fought for his people and their right to the land of their ancestors.

In 1836, the Ioway agreed to move west of the Missouri and settle with the Sauk and Fox on a small reservation near the Kickapoo Indians.

Thirteen Ioways made their marks to the treaty by which they surrendered all claims to the land lying north of Missouri between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The region declared Governor Lucas "is not surpassed by any lands in the United States in fertility of soil." For this rich land, the Indians received \$157,000 at a guaranteed interest of not less than five per cent to be paid to the tribe. So the Ioway Indians left the beautiful land which bears their name.

Then as now, the Ioways were great travelers. Not only were their villages scattered necessitating much traveling to and fro, but a party visited Montcalm in Montreal in 1757, and in 1845, a group toured the eastern seaboard cities with the noted Indian artist, Catlin, later crossing the Atlantic to London and Paris where they met the distinguished people of that day.



FT. ARMSTRONG BLOCKHOUSE
ARSENAL ISLAND

18

winnebagoes

For a brief time the Winnebagoes were in Iowa. Although there was constant alarm among the settlers as to possible depredations, the Indians caused no trouble. The tribe had been recalcitrant about the move into Iowa which Wisconsin settlers insisted be made because of so-called "thieving" by the Indians. The Sauk and Fox were the Winnebagoes' hereditary enemies, and the Winnebagoes feared their scalping knives more than they did the soldiers and the Wisconsin settlers.

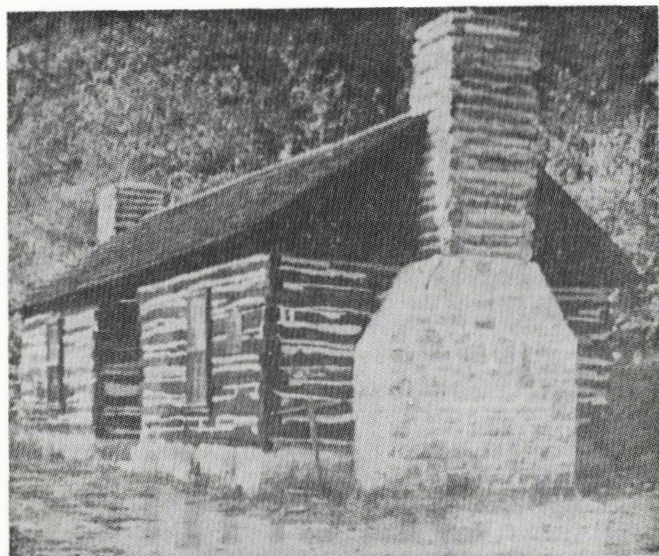
By 1839, a few bands had crossed into Iowa. Winneshiek's band was on the upper Iowa River. Other bands were camped near the Winnebago School. The remainder of the Winnebagoes lingered in Wisconsin. The warriors still counted the relinquished land as their territory, hunting and raiding within its borders.

With the westward movement of the tribes, it now was Iowa's turn for alarm. Governor Lucas warned the Territorial Assembly in 1840, that with the Winnebagoes bordering the territory's northern settlements, and the Sauk and Fox country, it was expedient to organize mounted volunteer riflemen to prevent Indian marauding. Fortunately no outbreak occurred while the Winnebagoes were in Iowa.

The Winnebago shared the settlers' alarm in this move into the territory of their enemies, the Sauk and Fox. To allay their fears, Ft. Atkinson, the only fort built to protect one Indian tribe from another, was erected to house two companies of U.S. Dragoons. The Indian agency then set about turning the Indians into farmers which was not highly successful due to their proclivity for eating the seed grain furnished them and killing the work oxen for meat. The farm work was done by the squaws, half-breeds, and white laborers, while the braves patronized the whiskey dealers established along the borders of the Indian country and about which it seemed nothing could be done.

A bright spot in this brief history was the Turkey River School where the children, according to a writer of the time, displayed astonishing aptness in acquiring a knowledge of geography and various branches of learning. That the Indians' forced removal from their homes and hunting grounds, and the unsought changes in their way of life might

have played its part in the degeneration of the Indian tribes, seems never to have occurred to the encroaching whites. The Indians' obdurate refusal to leave their homes and migrate into new lands adjacent to ancient enemies was put down as stubbornness. When their tribal way of life was destroyed and the Indians left without food, their dependence on government issue was called shiftlessness. Even so their moments of pride endured.



Dubuque's old log cabin reputed to be the oldest building west of the Mississippi, built in 1827. The trapper who hewed the logs to build it, married the sister of Black Hawk. He was killed by Indians just a few years after building the cabin.

One morning, the troops and agents discovered their charges had disappeared in the night. Not so much as a dog was left behind. After three days it was learned they had crossed the river in their canoes into Wisconsin and were camped happy but hungry on their old grounds. Since the only way to eat was to return to the agency, the Winnebagoes finally promised to return the next day. At ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning the watching agent and soldiers saw them coming down the river. The summer day was perfect, the gently flowing blue water without a ripple, and the two thousand men, women, children and dogs, floating in their canoes without a paddle except for direction, dressed in their best, was a dramatic and stirring picture. The Indians were coming in. Their children were hungry, their hunting grounds were lost, their ancient camp no longer theirs, but they came in pride.

Fifteen years later the majority of the Winnebagoes were moved to Nebraska.

19

potowatomi

Waubonsie, chief of the Potowatomi, in 1812 led his tribe with the Winnebagoes against Fort Dearborn in Illinois. Few whites escaped the massacre which followed the fort's capture. John Kinzie, popular trader and longtime friend of the Indians and his family were among the few. One of the chiefs stationed on the trader's porch to protect the home's inmates, was Waubonsie.

It is thought the chief was born in Indiana about 1765. As a boy he was bold and aggressive. When his close friend was killed by the Osage, the young brave stealthily entered their camp at night killing seven members of the tribe. Mounting his horse, proudly flaunting his array of scalps, he returned safely to the lodges of his people.

Waubonsie was brave, cunning, impetuous, unrelenting and cruel. He was also ambitious, and became the principal war chief of the Potowatomi. During the War of 1812, he was a British ally, but after he joined in a treaty with the United States, he remained a constant friend of the government. During the Black Hawk War, he allied his tribe with the Americans, and warned his people that their best interests lay in moving westward to make room for the white settlers.

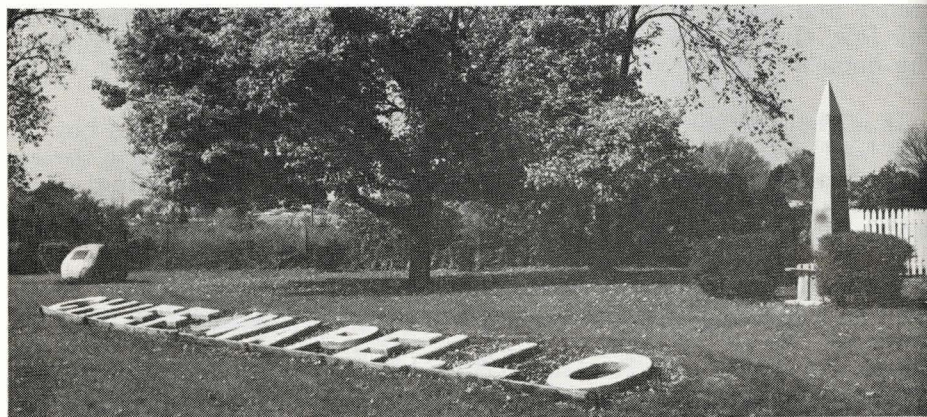
In 1833, some 3000 Potowatomi were moved to southwestern Iowa where they lived in villages on the streams flowing into the Missouri. Waubonsie himself lived near the present site of Glenwood. In his village lived some 300 Indians in buckskin and hide wigwams, and one small dwelling of bark. From time to time, a few soldiers were quartered in a log blockhouse nearby, though Waubonsie firmly believed that treaties were more advantageous to his people than war, and he gave the whites no trouble.

Physically the chief was a big man and spectacular. He wore a showy headpiece of brilliant feathers, and a gay blanket with elkhide leggings. He smoked a long pipe, packing it with kinne-ke-nick as the Indians called their smoking mixture made from the bark of the red willow tree.

In 1843 he attended the great Indian Council held in Kansas. Four thousand Indians from twenty-two tribes attended. Among the bedecked

tribesmen, Waubonsie was a prominent figure. Twice he visited Washington, once in 1835 when his tribe was being moved into Iowa, and again in 1845 when the removal to Kansas was discussed. The following year the Potawatomi relinquished their Iowa land and in return were given possession of land ceded to the United States by the Kansas Indians on the bank of the Kansas River. In the pompous language of the treaties of that day, this land was to be the Potawatomi's "land and home forever", a pledge which existed only until the swelling tide of settlers swept up to the borders of the tract.

When the tribe moved on to Kansas, the old chief reluctantly joined the forced migration. Evidently as did so many other Indians, he returned to Iowa. He died in this state. Like other tribal chieftains of his era, his name lives on in the trails, streams, and other spots he knew and loved.



Grave of Chief Wapello at Agency, Iowa.

When the Meigs built their log house not far from the original Fort Madison, the Sauk and Fox under Chief Keokuk were living near Ottumwa on the Des Moines River. Upstream a short distance, Chief Wapello lived with his Fox band. Beyond the Fox lived Appanoose with his Sauk followers. The Black Hawk faction had a village near where Eddyville is today. Two other Fox bands were located, one on the Skunk River, the other, under Poweshiek, on the Iowa River. The other tribes except for the proud Sioux who still counted the relinquished lands their territory, had been driven west.

The Indians did not leave their homeland with joy in their hearts. Their chiefs, many of them great orators, and others spoke impassioned and sorrowful words when they beheld their people facing dispossession from their homes and hunting grounds. Said Chief Poweshiek to the settlers of Johnson County in 1838:

"Soon I shall go to a new home and you will plant corn where my dead sleep. Our towns, the paths we made, the flowers we love, will soon be yours. I have moved many times and have seen the white man put his feet in the tracks of the Indian and make the earth into fields and gardens."

It was the sorrowful requiem of a great leader to the land of his fathers.

In 1842, the chiefs of the Sauk and Fox signed a treaty surrendering the Indians' rights to all land in Iowa by 1845. The price paid was twelve cents an acre. In return they were to be paid certain annuities, and given lands in what is now the state of Kansas.

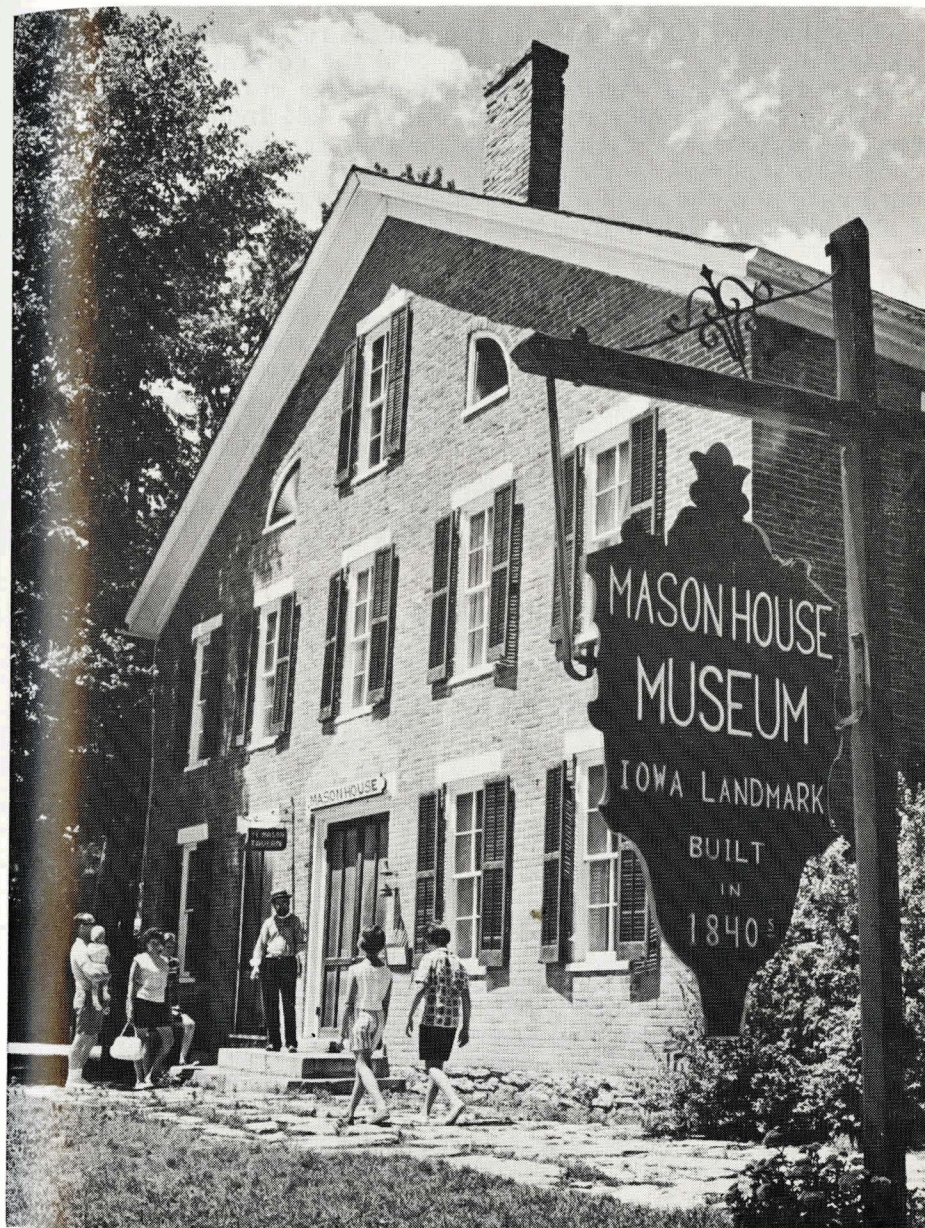
The Sauk and Fox were unwilling to go. They were reluctant to leave the prairies and streams of Iowa, but old Chief Keokuk who had for long faced the cold fact that the sun of the red man was sinking, took up the march to the southwest, and slowly, sadly, his tribe followed. Before their fires were dead, the white settlers came with plows and axes and built cabins by the streams where wickiups once stood, and plowed the hunting grounds for fields.

While the newcomers to Iowa prospered, the Sauk and Fox found the hot dry climate of Kansas was not healthful for their children. The barren reservation could not replace the flowers and grass, the swift streams and timber of Iowa. From the tragic Black Hawk war, they had learned the Indian could not return to the days before the white man's invasion, but here and there a hunting party slipped into Iowa. Occasionally squaws and children accompanied them. They asked only the privilege of using lands not occupied by white men.

Iowa was friendly to the homesick Indians. In 1856, the General Assembly passed a law permitting the Indians then in Tama County to remain and urged the United States government to pay them their share of the annuities from the money paid to the tribe for their lands at the time of the removal to Kansas. The Indian Office was adamant. To collect their money the Indians must return to the reservation. This the little group refused to do, eeking out a precarious existence by hunting, fishing and begging from friendly whites.

So rapidly were the settlers crowding in and pre-empting the wild land, that the Indians realized soon there would be no place for their wickiups. They must secure a permanent home. They had only a vague idea as to how this must be done, but in 1856 several of their leaders returned from Kansas with \$700 saved from government annuities and

so cheap was land before the Civil War that this small sum purchased a tract of Iowa land. In this way, after much search and many legal



Mason House built in 1846 was a popular stopping off place for Des Moines River steamboat captains. The hotel's bar was a favorite gathering place for swapping tales of adventure along midwestern rivers.

arrangements, since the Sauk and Fox Indians wished to live as a tribe, with Governor Grimes as their trustee and friend, they secured their first 80 acres of land in Tama County.

When the news filtered back to the Kansas reservation, other homesick Indians made their way to Iowa. Still the government refused to recognize the Indians' right to buy land and live in their native home. At last, in 1866, the government agreed. The 264 Indians in the band received the payment of their quota for that year, \$5,500. With these funds more land was purchased, and since that day acreages have been added until now the Sauk and Fox Indians own several thousand acres of land along the Iowa River west of Tama.

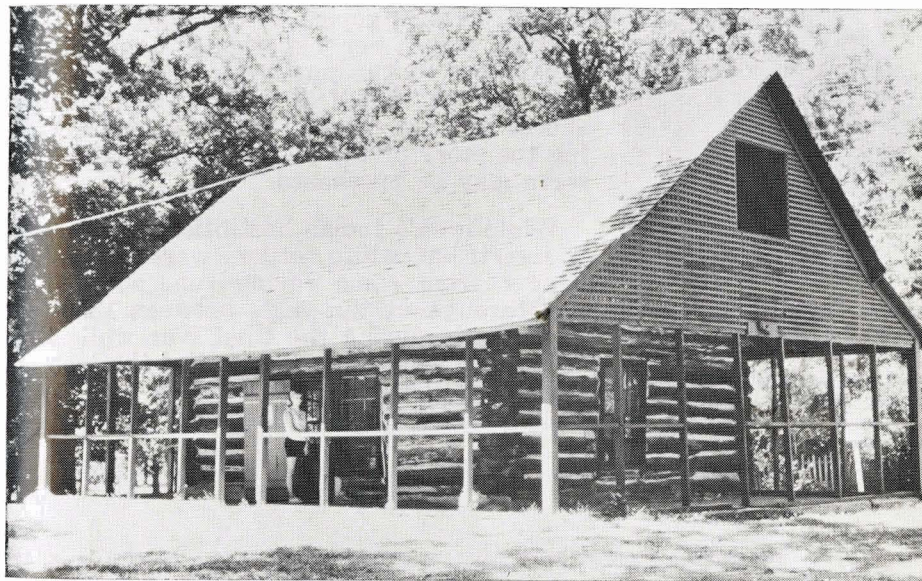
In August of each year, the Sauk and Fox, (or Mesquaki as they prefer to be called), joined by the Winnebago, Potawatomi and other tribes from distant reservations, their ancient feuds forgotten, dance their tribal dances. An observance which white people may visit. The Pow Wow is held on the Old Battleground where in 1839 a roving band of Sioux surprised the sleeping Mesquaki who fought back bravely and finally routed the daring invaders. The name Poweshiek is still a familiar one in Tama. These Iowans are direct descendants of Chief Poweshiek who signed peace treaties with the government as early as 1824, and for whom Poweshiek County is named.

21

vanished

The Meigs children and their schoolmates, wandering along the streams often discovered stone arrow heads, even battle axes and the round stones which the Indians used in slings to kill game, or enemies. In ancient camp sites where the Indians once lived, bits of pottery were found and quantities of flint chips and similar refuse where the arrow makers worked.

The grooved stone axes—the original tomahawk—they found were highly developed. War club heads and grooved mauls occasionally appeared. Flint knives, drills and scrapers used in curing animal hides



The log cabin built by the Gardner family, in which Abbie lived for many years, selling copies of her book detailing her tragic experience. Mimi Dunlap of Des Moines, whose great-grandfather, Homer I. Wasson, lived in Spirit Lake in the early 1880's, and knew survivors of the massacre and had close contact with the Sioux, stands before the cabin door.

abounded in certain areas. Even red pipestone tobacco pipes from Minnesota used in Indian ceremonials, and other ceremonial forms of diorite, banded slate, and porphyry, lay hidden in the grass and undergrowth.

By 1860, the last of the Indians had moved out of Iowa driven before the irresistible inundation of white settlers which flowed across the Mississippi Valley. Always the color of law accompanied the dispossession, though the Indians often did not acquiesce in their removal. To assuage the tribes, some value was always given, but invariably behind the treaty was the overwhelming pressure of the incoming settlers. The chiefs signed. They had no choice.

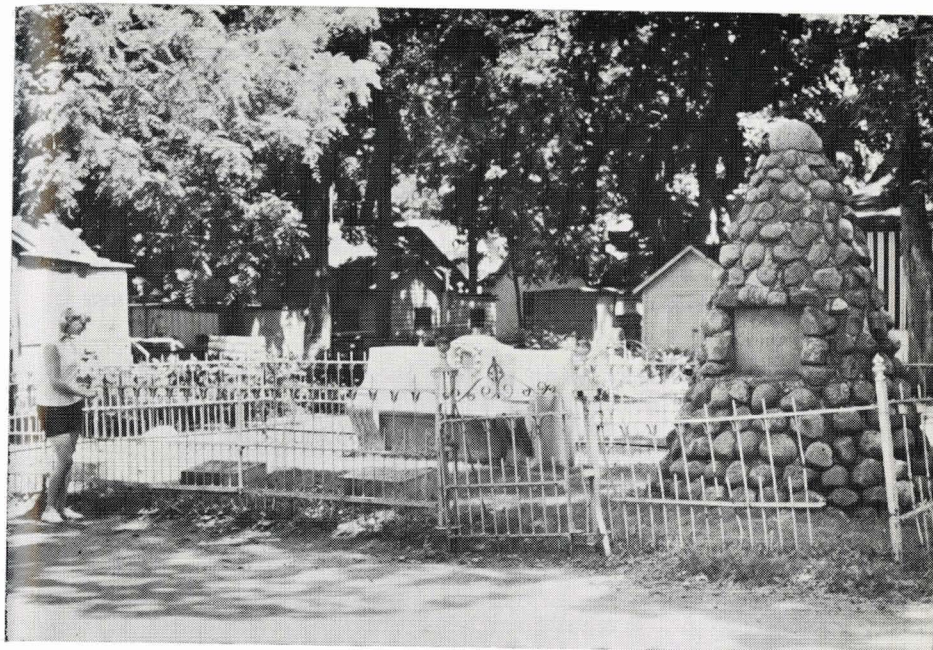
Only the proud, warlike Sioux from their hunting grounds to the north and west presented a threat during the Civil War. As late as 1857, when northwestern Iowa lay snowbound and desolate, the season when the Sioux were most likely to attack, the renegade Inkipaduta, with his vicious starving band, attacked the settlers on the shores of Spirit Lake and Okoboji, and massacred those not taken prisoner.



Abbie Gardner Sharp captured by Inkipaduta, renegade Sioux and his band, and carried into captivity. Later she was rescued and returned to her home although all other members of her family were killed.

Abbie Gardner, one of the victims carried away by the band, lived for many years to tell the story of the raid. In later years, she purchased her father's cabin and the land surrounding it, and set up a small shop in which she sold copies of the book she had written about her experiences, and other mementoes of the massacre. The landmark may still be visited in a little park on the shores of Lake Okoboji where booklets telling the story of the tragic Spirit Lake Massacre may be purchased.

While Iowa's Indian hostilities were largely intertribal, white settlers were always in danger from some roving renegade band, and throughout the years between 1850-70, particularly during the Civil War while the "bluecoats", as the Indians called the troops, were busy elsewhere, the settlers were especially fearful and apprehensive.



Monument marking the site of Spirit Lake massacre, on the shore of Lake Okoboii.

In the Ioway Territory as in all the great valley of the Mississippi, the third pioneer generation was predominant in its settling. From 1830 to 1870, pioneer culture reached its highest expression.

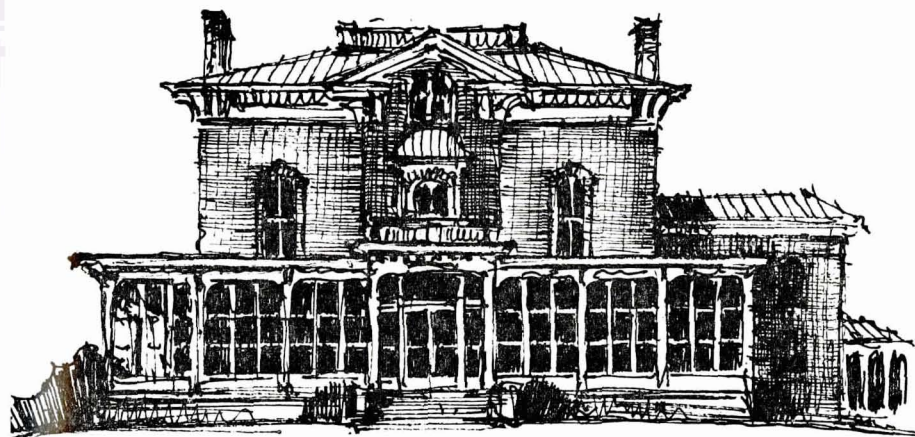
Iowa's settlers were representative pioneers of whom Thomas Benton said "there was not a better population on the face of the earth." The men and women who poured into the midlands were the strong, the vigorous, the energetic sons and daughters of pioneers, native born Americans. Unafraid, adventurous, daring, sound of judgment and character, they claimed the vast prairies, defending them against Indian raids and those who would defame the new land.

That Iowa's settlers were stronghearted is not surprising. Only the courageous ventured onto the frontier. The weak, the fearful, could not face the loneliness and hardships of pioneer life. Flexible, dynamic men conquered the Ioway Territory. Men who could forget past traditions and inherited social and political thinking, to build a new way of life. The European immigrant who followed in the footsteps of the first settlers was also a man of high caliber. True there were individuals who fell below these standards but they were in the minority.

The Iowa pioneer was serious minded, honest and sincere, because he came to the frontier for a definite purpose. His ideals of thrift and frugality which persist until this day have shaped the commonwealth which he founded. The great prairies broadened men's views and particularly in the field of politics freed them from preconceived thinking, bringing new and progressive ideas into public life. The pioneer knew a great loyalty to the government which sold him his land for \$1.25 an acre. He subscribed to the belief "Her affections like the rivers of her borders flow to an inseparable Union."

When the Black Hawk Purchase was opened to settlement on June 1, 1833, pioneers in an ever-increasing stream flowed across the Upper Mississippi. In 1836, the census reported more than 10,000 people living in two Iowa counties, Des Moines and Dubuque. Two years later this number was doubled. By 1840, 43,000 people had settled in Iowa Territory. During the following decade the population increased to nearly 200,000 and in the fifties, the inhabitants more than trebled.

The earliest settlers were lured to Iowa by the abundance of furs and the wealth of her lead mines, but these were the adventurers, the frontiersmen, the trailmakers. Iowa's permanent settlers were drawn by the fertility of the soil and the climate which gave productivity to the land. These were men and women who dreamed of a home, to be free of debt, to rear their children to industry and thrift. Iowa's earliest pioneers were farmers and Iowa's economy was a farm economy. The professional and business man came later. Early settlers brought a tradition of work, universal work. Idleness was a sin. Every man was expected to support himself. Early Iowa society was intolerant of the man who did not work and share the work of his neighbors.



Villa Louis, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, was built in 1843 on the site of Forts Shelby and Crawford. Its builder, Hercules Dousman, was an agent of the American Fur Company, a part of the Astor empire. When Dousman's bride arrived at her new home, she was greeted by 500 candles burning on Le Chateau Brillante's glassed in porch, which transformed the house into a blaze of light. Pleasure boats now dock at its wharf, and the house is open to tourists.

In a society in which all worked, and in which there were no paupers, although all were poor and few became wealthy, an economic surplus was inevitably created. The children and grandchildren of these hard working settlers reaped the harvest of pioneer labor. Ours is a state rich in the traditions of industry.

Politics was a principal excitement of pioneer life. As a matter of course, the community leaders attended the party conventions and named the candidates. Newspapers supported their chosen parties, reporting even the minutest detail of governmental activities. Candidates "stumped"* the state, and the political speech was a social event which all attended.

*Candidates for office and politicians climbed up on a convenient stump when speaking. Every main street had its stumps of trees cut down to make way for progress. Hence the popular expression "stump speaking" or "stumping" meaning to go about the country campaigning.

In the 1840's a man was either a Democrat or a Whig. Voting for the man instead of the party was unheard of. For a man to leave his party was tantamount to the man who left his church. Political beliefs were deeply rooted, and criticism of these beliefs resulted in both verbal and fist fights. Newspapers printed scathing, name-calling denunciations of rival sheets and the candidates they supported. The non-partisan was yet to be born. Long-winded articles in fine print on the tariff, currency, states' rights, Iowa's constitution, the homestead law, whatever problems were current at the moment, crowded the newspaper columns. However tedious, they were read in their entirety. So scarce was printed matter that each item was carefully studied. Despite the virulence of the political campaigns of that day, or perhaps because of it, an honest, public-spirited administration was respected. Augustus Dodge was so highly respected for his good conduct of the Land Office with which the settlers had such close contact, that he won many Whig votes in his campaign as a Democrat for United States Senator.

Lacking the merciless reflection of today's press and broadcasting agencies, political speeches brimmed with charges and counter-charges, raucous stories and oratorical frenzy. Stumping the state was the candidate's standby and these open air meetings were attended by everyone whether for or against its objective. Barbeques opened and closed the big event. A parade was a usual appendage of the rally. Headed by a band, a long line of carriages, men and women on horseback, others on foot, marched to the scene of the speech. If at night, a flambeau parade with the marchers wearing oilcloth capes and helmets and carrying flaming torches, tramped through the dark streets. Everyone came and everyone had a wonderful time. Small boys fought for and against the candidates. Small girls, noses in the air, shrilled invectives against their opponents. Men gathered on street corners shouting their opposition to or support of the candidate, only to join their families and those of their opponents at the same table for food and fun at the meeting's close. Pioneer politics was an intensely personal matter, not a series of public relation pronouncements by Madison Avenue experts.

For economy's sake, rival candidates often traveled together in the best of good fellowship. Debating before an audience they indulged in bitter repartee, but again on their way, they shared a common bed and divided their scanty food supplies.

As always, the party platforms set forth noble objectives, not always carried out or even intended to be carried out. Then as now, party advantage was at times placed before the state's welfare. However, the general belief that democracy was an experiment and that our republican institutions were on trial, served as a strong restraining influence. Early Iowans knew a deep responsibility for the success of self-government and a determination that it should not fail in the eyes of the world. Today's voting apathy was unknown in the Mississippi Valley frontier. Whether the early settler lived in a log cabin, a sod house, or camped beneath a sheltering tree, this land was his country for which

no price was too great to pay. Of the men who sought to govern it, he demanded a like return.

The men who led Iowa in territorial days and during early statehood, were men who had reached maturity on older frontiers and moved west to share in the building of a new commonwealth. Many were distinguished as legislators, lawyers, professional men, soldiers and community leaders, in older middlewestern states before they reached Iowa. One of the state's earliest personalities was Henry Dodge, born in Old Vincennes in Indiana, a leader and an Indian fighter, appointed as marshal in the Missouri Territory by President Madison. In the War of 1812, as a brigadier general, he fought with Daniel Boone. Following service as a colonel of the First Regiment of Dragoons of the United States Army, he was named governor of the Territory of Wisconsin 1836-38. In those years, so far as population was concerned "Wisconsin" was largely Iowa. The territory's first assembly was called at Belmont in Iowa County, and its second at Burlington. In 1838, Iowa was made a separate territory.

While Henry Dodge remained in Wisconsin, his son, Augustus Caesar Dodge, remained in Iowa where he played an important part both in the territory and in the new state. Nominated as Iowa's territorial delegate in 1840, he was elected and served six years in Congress. In 1848, he became Iowa's first senator. In the Senate he joined in the great debates on the compromise of 1850, the fugitive slave law, and the homestead act. In 1854, he was defeated by James Harlan and the Whigs, and as a candidate for governor in 1859, he was defeated by Kirkwood and the new Republican party.

Iowa had two territorial governors—Robert Lucas and John Chambers. Before coming to Iowa, Lucas had been a Jacksonian Democratic governor of Ohio. He had presided over the first national convention held by the Democratic party in the United States. Defeated for the national senate by the Whigs, he was appointed by Van Buren, then president, as governor of the newly created territory of Iowa.

Governor Lucas arrived at Burlington on August 15, 1838, and remained in office until the Whigs came into power and he was replaced by John Chambers. Lucas' term was a stormy one. He was a strong temperance man, and his administration was marked by a bitter boundary dispute with Missouri. The knowledge acquired by a similar boundary dispute with Michigan during his Ohio administration stood him in good stead. Early boundaries were so indeterminate, that their status kept the early territories and states in a constant turmoil. He battled with the legislature over what he considered reckless appropriations which culminated in a legislative resolution proclaiming that "Robert Lucas is unfit to be the ruler of a free people" and demanding his removal. A demand ignored in Washington.

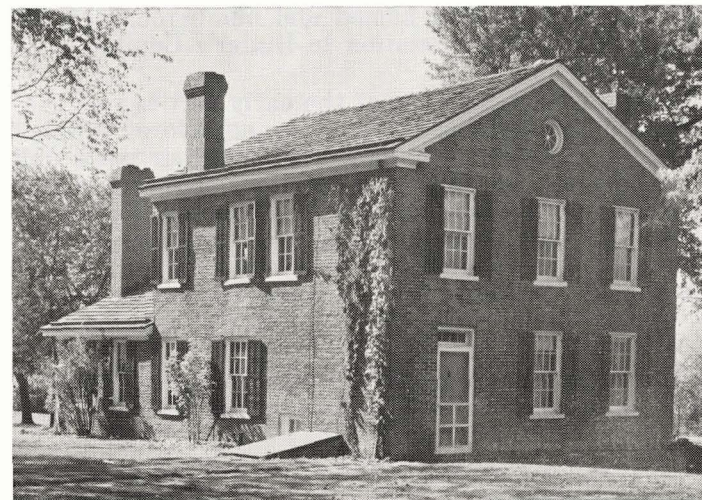
As governor, Lucas strongly supported schools and the new railroads, transferring his support from canals and rivers. At this time, steamers shuttled back and forth between Dubuque and Burlington carrying settlers from the east and south who had arrived by way of the Ohio River, St. Louis and the Mississippi. Overland settlers were ferried across with their wagons to continue across country.

Lucas' fourteen year old son, Edward, rode horseback across the country from Piketon, Ohio, to Burlington, arriving safely. The total cost of his trip was \$23.37½.

After his removal from office, Lucas moved to Bloomington (now Muscatine) and in 1844 returned to Iowa City to build a home known as Plum Grove because of its many plum trees. The building was of red brick, 30x30 feet with a one story kitchen added on the south. It had seven main rooms; four downstairs and three upstairs, each with a fireplace. The large cellar with walls of stone had both an outside and

an inside entrance, an unusual convenience for the period. The walls were faced with handhewn white oak lath, and plastered. The floors were of 1x6 white oak. Doors, casings, window frames and mantels were of black walnut, as were the staircase and its balustrade. It was furnished in beautifully carved and polished furniture, together with more primitive pieces.

After suffering much mis-treatment, Plum Grove is now restored and many visitors view this typical early Iowa mansion each year.



Plum Grove, Iowa City, built in 1844 by Governor Lucas, is open to visitors. Its walls are faced with handhewn white oak, and its floors built of the same material. Interior woodwork is of black walnut. Its furnishings included beautifully carved and polished pieces as well as the usual primitive pieces of that day.

After Harrison's election in 1840, a member of his party, the Whigs, John Chambers came to Iowa as its governor. He was a longtime friend of the President, and had served as his aide which together with his record as a lawyer and congressman in Kentucky won him the post. Chambers, too, shared in the Missouri boundary dispute, but his real contribution was his persistent and usually unsuccessful attempts to secure justice for the Indian tribes. Caught between the irresistible western expansion and the Indians' determination not to leave their hereditary homes and hunting grounds, he faced an impossible situation. To these efforts, some writers attribute his leaving the office in broken health. Iowa was then the edge of the wilderness with the Indian close at hand, but more often the Indian was the victim rather than the aggressor. The civilizing forces were here to stay and the bewildered redman fought a losing battle.

Governor Chambers set up his office in Burlington. Iowa City, he said, was too isolated and inconvenient; mails were too few. When the legislature convened or administrative duties demanded, he went to the Capitol.

The fourth territorial legislative assembly met in Iowa City in 1841-42, in a two story 30x60 foot building built of hand-hewed and rip-sawed timbers, known as "Butler's" capitol. Twenty-seven towns had competed for the honor of furnishing free quarters to the legislature, but Iowa City won. Between legislative sessions the new capitol was used for lectures, church, and other educational purposes, and for offices. Before the streets were named and numbered, local advertisers designated their locations in relation to Butler's Capitol.

The all-absorbing political issue of the early forties was the proposed state constitution and statehood. Not everyone favored Iowa's becoming a state. Federal job holders who stood to lose their posts under statehood were willing to continue as a territory. Other citizens believed that statehood would increase taxes and so opposed it while still others believed that even so, the state would know greater progress if Iowa became a state. The Democrats who controlled the state favored statehood, while the Whigs knowing they were outnumbered and that the Democrats would fill the state offices, generally opposed it.

Some did not like the proposed constitution, objecting to the prohibition of banking corporations, to the popular election of judges, to



Main Street in Bentonsport showing Mason House, the general store and Iowa's oldest standing post office. Now a ghost town, Bentonsport once was a busy steamboat landing. The boats' passengers and captains lodged in the Mason House.

the proposed state boundaries or to the limitation of state debt. Many believed the state should issue its own currency rather than allowing that of other states to circulate in Iowa. The solvency of distant banks was an unknown quantity, while local banks were at least known. An elected judiciary it was pointed out would elevate men of poor talent or partisan politicians. Twice the constitution of 1844 was rejected because of the fixing of the state's boundaries by Congress. While a new constitution was being written, Congress again considered the boundaries. Senator Dodge proposed a repeal of the Congressional act reducing the size of Iowa. In 1846, Stephen A. Douglas offered an amendment proposing the present boundaries, and it was accepted.

The fifteen years which elapsed between Iowa's becoming a state and its entry into the Civil War were marked by great change, not only in the physical aspects of the state, but in the culture and attitudes of its people. Pioneer Iowa had followed the principles of Jefferson. Individual supremacy was a natural sequence in settlements where men were personalities not a mass. Fear of centralized power often originating in citizenship experiences in other lands was universal. Forbears of these men had served a ruler, frequently autocratic, and each settler was determined to maintain his independence at whatever cost. From previous experience, taxes and military service were also fearsome.

The majority of early territorial officials were southern in background and imbued with Democratic dogmas. Even in the late forties and fifties, Iowa had little contact with the Federal government. That contact was to come with the Civil War. Courts and taxes were local in-



CODY HOMESTEAD

stitutions. No all-encompassing national questions distracted the pioneer's involvement in his own concerns. Slavery was yet to become a burning issue. The Civil War not only perpetuated the Union, it brought the Union home to Iowa. Early Iowa believed in a republican form of government and interested itself in every liberal movement wherever it appeared, but as a state was not interested in foreign trade. The state's ambition was to be self sufficient, not dependent for anything upon the world outside.

When Iowa became a state, its citizens desired only a simple form of government, as for that matter did all state governments of that period. The citizens wished no interference with individual liberties and no regulation of individual habits, children or work. Roads were a matter of local direction. Counties built bridges, and in the desultory manner of the day, cared for the poor and provided education. County control is rooted deep in Iowa's thinking. The vast convulsion of the Civil War was to superimpose new attitudes upon the state, a way of life in which the government stepped in to organize, feed, arm, direct, a citizen army in the field of battle and in production. Party partisanship and loyalty was strong. A man was a Whig or he was a Democrat. He supported his party's policies and its candidates. Even during the war years when



Buffalo Bill Cody, famous western scout, once lived in LeClaire, and this museum bears his name.

to be a Democrat was faintly treasonable, that party put a ticket in the field campaigning vigorously for its election, and to vindicate party beliefs.

The party campaign, too, was an individual affair. A candidate rode or drove his horse from community to community where he was entertained by his friends and occasionally his political foes. Meetings were held in a public place; a schoolhouse, the courthouse, a street corner. Slush funds and campaign headquarters were unknown. Editors strongly supported candidates of their choice, doing their necessary printing for a nominal cost in hope of rewards in the form of county printing or a post office appointment. The individual evaluated his taxes in relation to himself and voted accordingly. He was intensely human and often narrow in his thinking, but he believed without question in free institutions and was determined to preserve them even if it meant sacrificing his life on the battlefield. The evasive theory of "let Jones do it" was not yet formulated. Men thought in terms of their personal reactions. He did not relate himself to a class represented by leaders unknown to him who spoke for him. He maintained his own rights and thought of himself as a part of the government not as an outsider looking on. True to the traditions on which this country was founded, he believed neither in tyrant nor slave.

Throughout the pre-Civil War and the Civil War years, as well as for long afterwards, the charge has been made that the politician courted the farmer. Actually until after the Civil War era there was no one else to court. The Iowa farmer made up the state's governing class. Those who did not work the soil were dependent on those who did. The settlements were rural in their thinking since they were closely connected with the farm. Candidates and voters alike knew the farm problems.

On August 3, 1846, Iowans voted on the new constitution, the final step toward statehood. Congress already had approved the new state's boundaries. On September 9, 1846, more than a month after the election, with all the votes not yet in, the governor declared the majority of the votes to be in favor of the constitution, and on October 26, 1846, state officers were elected. Ansel Briggs, the Democratic nominee, was named governor. A majority of the state's first general assembly was also Democratic. December 3, 1846, in the Hall of Representatives in the Stone Capitol at Iowa City, Briggs was inaugurated.

A few days later, Augustus Caesar Dodge, congressional delegate, presented Iowa's constitution together with a bill proposing Iowa's formal admission as a state, to the House of Representatives. The bill passed the House, and after some debate, on December 24, 1846, it passed the Senate. Four days later, December 28, 1846, President James K. Polk signed the bill and Iowa became the 29th state.

It was a proud day for the men and women who had built the state.

"Too bad," said Mary Meigs looking across the snowdrifts to the creek where the great walnut trees lifted their bare branches to the bleak sky "that we can't have a picnic celebration!"

"Never mind," said John. "We'll celebrate the Fourth of July with a bang up Iowa picnic!"

"With a barbeque, Pa?" begged Jeremiah.

"With a barbeque, Son," said John. "I'll furnish a fat young pig. You and Araminta can decide which one it will be, and fatten it up!"

Round-eyed the two children looked through the small glass window to the shed where the young pigs noisily devoured ears of corn. Animals were still too precious to kill for food except on rare occasions. A thrifty farmer, John was building his herd of animals as Mary was building her poultry flocks. Each pig had been carefully fed and guarded from predatory animals. The corn they so enjoyed, Jeremiah had helped his father to pick in the fall. If the barbeque meant sacrificing a four-legged friend, it lost its zest.

Mary looked up from her handwork, her voice gentle. "Perhaps, John," she said "You'd best take Jeremiah and shoot a deer. The womenfolk will bring baskets full of food. There'll be no lack."



Harlan House at Mt. Pleasant was once the home of Senator Harlan, whose daughter married President Lincoln's son. The house, maintained by Iowa Wesleyan University, is now open to the public.

Astounded John began "Of all the . . ." then Mary caught his eye and looked toward the window where the two small children stood on a log bench so they could peer out the window. A round tear rolled slowly down Araminta's fat cheek.

"You're right, Mary," he quickly agreed "We can't spare one of those pigs. It's too costly, with game for the taking. Perhaps" he smiled knowingly at Mary "we'd best use a wild turkey or a brace of prairie hens instead of your chickens!"

* * *

In the years after statehood, again Iowa's leaders were men of experience in older areas. In the restless years, when opportunity lay always to the west, reaching the pinnacle in one state often led to a search for new adventure in a yet unconquered region. The closest to an exception is James Harlan who served three terms as United States Senator. From his arrival in Iowa in 1846, he was a power in Iowa politics until his death in 1899. He came to Iowa as a school teacher, became superintendent of public instruction for the new state, and later president of what is now Iowa Wesleyan College in Mt. Pleasant. During a brief interlude in his senatorial career he served as Secretary of the Interior.

Elected to the Senate in 1855, a technicality enabled the slavery forces to unseat the anti-slavery Harlan in 1857. A situation which existed but three weeks when the Republicans triumphantly returned him to the Senate by a unanimous vote of the Iowa legislature. His career was marked by his determined opposition to disunion and criticism of the administration's attitude. He welcomed the Lincoln administration to Washington and the two families were later connected by marriage.

At the close of the war, Mary Harlan became the wife of Robert, the president's only living son. Just before Lincoln's assassination, he asked Harlan to become the Secretary of the Interior in his cabinet. After Lincoln's death, Harlan soon collided with President Johnson's ideas and resigned.

Lincoln intended Harlan's appointment to result in economies and reforms in a department loaded with political appointees of little value. One dismissed employee was Walt Whitman the poet, a dismissal which resulted in bitter criticism of the secretary. His biographer, Johnson Brigham, however, maintains the dismissal was justified and Harlan in the right. Charges originating in his Interior service resulted in his defeat by Republican William B. Allison for the Senate nomination. These charges, too, are rebutted by biographer Brigham.

25

opposites

Two differing streams of immigration flowed into Ioway Territory. One stream bore settlers who, like the Meigs, originated in New England and the upper Atlantic colonies. While few of these had grown to maturity in the Revolutionary states, their parents and grandparents had done so, and their forebears were European in background, many emigrating from England. The other stream flowed from the south. These families, too, were descendants of pre-Revolutionary Americans but they originated in the southern Atlantic states.

Early Iowa was the fruit of two hundred years continuing movement toward the mid-western prairies, resulting in a sparse but eclectic population representative of the groups which founded America. We boast that Americans today are a mobile people. Considering the limitations of transportation in the 1830's and 1840's, the settler of that day was surprisingly so. In the background of many Iowa families are removals in the course of a single generation into six or eight states, living in each for a time, then hearing of opportunity to the west, moving on in search of a better life. When at last the settler reached Iowa, he believed himself at the end of the trail. To the south lay Missouri, for the settler from the north or east, impossible because of the dislike for slavery inherent in his thinking. To the north lay bleak Minnesota, thought to be uninhabitable because of its bitter cold. To the west lay the great American Desert said to be impassable as well as impossible for the settler.

Ioway Territory's soil was deep and rich. Its prairies welcomed the breaking plow. Timber adequate for the settler's needs lined the banks of its clear streams, but presented no obstacle to cultivation. The Mississippi's barrier to oxteam and wagon and the slow propulsion of the hand-propelled flatboat resulted in a slow movement into the state.

The settlers who did reach the Ioway Territory were a stable people. Driven by the energy and courage inherited from the men and women who founded America, they built a commonwealth of a high intellectual and economic level. Iowa was not settled in a wild land rush of heterogeneous elements, but in an orderly progression of men and women determined to locate land and a home.

From their beginnings the northern and southern states pursued diverse concepts. The south's economic development favored individualism at the expense of the community. The opposite was true in New England and the northern states. The social organization of the south was simple and relatively stable. In the north, New England for example, was changed to a greater extent by the flood of European immigration than was the south by the Civil War.



Interior of general store at Bentonsport

Compared with New England's culture, southern culture was non-intellectual and non-literary. New England's early settlers were religious dissenters determined to form a society in conformity with their beliefs. For the most part, southern settlers were dependents of trading companies or landed proprietors who sought economic opportunity in the new world. The tensions that disturbed early New England were unknown in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia.

The plantation system produced not only individualism but prodigality. Its cultural and economic systems derived from England and developed aristocratic pretensions following English models. The pattern of southern life was rustic; the plantation its center. Southern

plantation society reached its peak during and immediately following the Revolutionary War. From then on the southerner found himself in conflict with northern business interests while his English markets were failing and the ills of his one-crop system mounted. His failure to rotate crops robbed the soil, forcing the planter when his acres became depleted to seek virgin land. By 1830, lesser farmers in numbers were abandoning their homes, driven in part by the deficiencies of the single crop, and in part by the plantation system. Loading their scanty possessions on flat boats they drifted down the Mississippi's tributaries, then followed that great highway north to Iowa's open prairies where they settled in such numbers as to play a leading role in the state's politics throughout the 1840's and '50's.

Meanwhile the north was developing the family unit system of farming, more economical than the slave system of the south, both in management and in the training of its young people in an independent way of life. New England and the eastern states were developing industry, processing the products of both north and south.

When the Civil War broke out, the north had an established nucleus of production to equip and feed its armies. To meet the demands of a hungry army the Meigs family, and thousands like them, diligently increased their production of grains and livestock. The organization and equipment developed through the years of settlement, was ready to accomplish this. When able-bodied men left for the front, old men and boys, and women stepped in to their vacant places, shipping wool, hides, surpluses of food stuffs, to maintain the men Iowa was sending into the army. A contribution facilitated by freedom from invasion by enemy troops. Southern communities in like situation were overrun by Union troops which confiscated food, supplies, clothing and animals. In the early stages of the war raiding was forbidden by the Federals and troops ordered to pay for what they took. As the war moved on, and Sherman's system of living on the country was inaugurated, the "no raid" policy was abandoned. The southerner was faced not only with supporting his own armies and the families left behind, but the demands of an invading army as well.

Long before Fort Sumter, the conflict between these divergent ways of life, the plantation system of the south and the rising industrial system of the north, had been growing, and tension mounting. The south's centering upon cotton as its major crop, committed it to slavery, though it need not have done so. Cotton can be profitably produced in small units. It was the emphasis on the plantation system as a way of life which accomplished this. Soon after the war of 1812, indigo and tobacco raised by slave labor were diminishing in returns, and many southerners were beginning to question the value of slaves to their owners. In 1832, by a single vote, the Virginia Assembly defeated a bill to speed the manumission of slaves.

The South's capital was tied up in its agricultural inventory—in land, equipment, and most important, in slaves. Hence it lacked capital to

finance industry, the result being its cotton was processed in England and the North.

The plantations were less than efficient. Their business accounting was loose. At times the planter found himself painfully squeezed between falling market prices and the fixed cost of his establishment. An idle slave must be fed and cared for. Immigration of white labor was discouraged which meant that agriculture was confined to the small, self contained family unit, less efficient than similar units in the north, and the great plantation with its rows of slave cabins.



Early Iowa sitting room

The result of this system was that a few plantation families controlled the south's wealth and fixed the image of the superiority of southern institutions, while the great majority of its people—the small slave owners, the one-unit farmers, the poor whites—worked harder than did the slaves and for less return. The slave at least was certain of food, shelter, clothing and medical care (uneconomic facts which were spelling the end of slavery before the Civil War), while the poorer class was often hungry and cold. The so-called “poor whites” were impoverished farmers living on marginal and sub-marginal lands, cut off from the main currents of southern life. Their homes were in remote

areas, poorly served by roads, distant from sizable towns. They were indigent, miserably housed and fed, and subject to hookworm and other diseases. From this group, and the farmers a grade above this class, plus an occasional son of a plantation owner seeking economic improvement, came many early Iowa settlers.

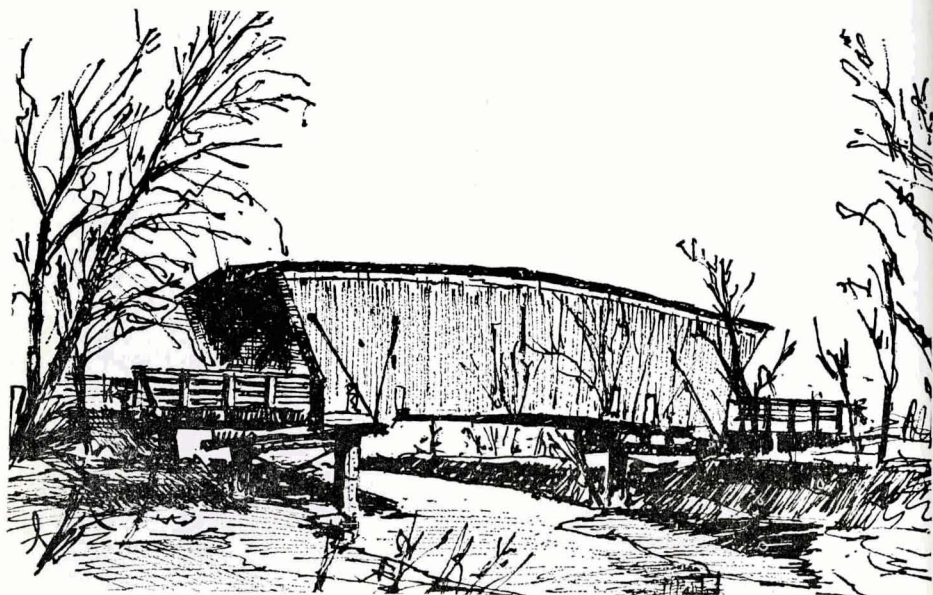
In the forties and fifties, because of this southern immigration, the shadow of slavery fell across the state. Frontier incidents, census records and court decisions, point it out. The very antithesis of pioneer belief in democracy, freedom and individual responsibility, on which our frontier governments rested, slavery's value as a source of free labor and its acceptance as an institution by so large a section of the nation, blinded many to its true aspects. Except as it made life hard for them as individuals the southern settlers who came into southeastern and eastern Iowa although predominantly small farmers, had no innate opposition to slavery as an institution. Men who came into leadership of Iowa's Democratic party and the party itself, were often in favor of slavery and espoused the states' rights theory. The settlers from the areas further north, on the contrary, with a few exceptions were opposed to slavery as an institution, but except for the determined abolitionist or the Quaker, not immoderately so. That an occasional family possessed a slave aroused no great antipathy.

The first slave mentioned in Iowa history was an Indian boy presented to Father Marquette by an Indian chief, when that Frenchman reached the Iowa River. Slavery among the Indians was a common practice. Women and children of their enemies as well as occasional warriors were spared to serve as slaves. Negro slavery among whites in Iowa was not economically sound. Had it been sound, except for the hardcore abolitionists it might well have been accepted. Even when the Missouri Compromise prohibited slavery north of Missouri, the frontiersman paid scant heed. In 1834 one Isaac Campbell of Keokuk had a slave named John who, according to rumor, was earning the price of his freedom. Colonel Stephen W. Kearney who came to Fort Des Moines, then at the mouth of the Des Moines River, had with him a mulatto woman as a family servant. When the Kearneys left Iowa, the woman, still a slave, went with them.

At Dubuque in 1834, three contributors to a church were described as colored slaves. Four years later Shapley P. Ross brought two negro slaves, a man and a woman, to Bentonsport. Later the man ran away, and Shapley returned the woman to Missouri. About the same time, Josiah Smart, an educated man, purchased two female slaves in Missouri for servants in his Agency home. A contractor working on projects in the state, brought two women slaves to cook for his crew.

When in 1838 Iowa was established as a territory, the status of these slaves was questioned. In 1839, a Missouri slave owner attempted to repossess a slave named Ralph. Montgomery, a resident of Missouri, to whom Ralph had belonged, had made a written contract with the negro to sell him his freedom for \$550, and to permit him to go to

Dubuque and work in the lead mines there, for the money to pay the price. Ralph worked industriously for several years but could not accumulate the money to pay the debt. Two former Virginians living in Dubuque knew of the agreement, and volunteered to return Ralph to his owner in Missouri. While at work, Ralph was seized, hand-cuffed, and taken to Bellevue, where a steamer bound for Missouri was docked. A farmer, Alexander Butterworth, working in his fields, saw the kidnapping, and hurried to the office of Supreme Judge Thomas S. Wilson, seeking a writ of habeas corpus, which Wilson promptly issued and served. Ralph was returned to Dubuque. The case was considered so important that it was transferred to the territorial Supreme Court. In its first decision, the court ruled that since Ralph came to Iowa and became a citizen with his master's permission, and since this was free territory (as Iowa did not recognize slavery,) he was not a slave. True he had defaulted his agreement, but slavery was not a penalty for that offense.



Old covered bridge at Winterset, Iowa. Several others remain intact in that area, and in the fall when Iowa's foliage is at its colorful peak, a visit to these bridges is a unique experience. Many of these bridges once existed in Early America, but few have been preserved.

Judge Mason in delivering the opinion said:

"Where a slave with his master's consent becomes a resident of a free state or territory, he could not be regarded thereafter as a fugitive slave, nor could the master under such circumstances exercise any rights of ownership over him. When the master applies to our tribunals for the purpose of controlling as property that which our laws have

declared shall not be property, it is incumbent upon them to refuse their cooperation."

In 1840, the census showed 172 free colored people in the territory, about one-third of these were living in Dubuque County. In spite of the Missouri Compromise and Iowa's Supreme Court decision, sixteen slaves, all in Dubuque County, were listed. Of Ralph there is no record.

For a short time after the famous Dred Scott fled the south by way of the Underground Railroad, he lived in Davenport, where he squatted on Dr. John Emerson's claim during the 1830's while his owner was stationed at Fort Armstrong. Scott died in 1858. Today on East Second Street in Davenport, there is a plaque marking the site where the house stood in which Scott once lived.

In the garden of W. Burrows, whose residence was built on the land once owned by LeClaire, Dr. Emerson, owner of the celebrated Dred Scott who accompanied Emerson to this territory while his master was in the army, was buried. It was upon the ground that Scott was brought by his owner into free territory, that the suit was predicated for the negro's freedom.

The census of 1850 discloses no slaves in Iowa, but the Dred Scott decision of 1856 again cast the shadow of slavery across the state until the Emancipation Proclamation and the Thirteenth Amendment wrote freedom into the law of our nation.

Freedom, the course of history teaches us, is not a permanent right. It was bought for us by our forefathers and paid for by them in blood and sweat and tears. From time to time each of us is called upon to make a payment of our efforts or resources, even of our lives, to maintain that freedom for our children. Our Civil War grandparents paid that price for us which can be repaid only in a like giving of ourselves to hold safe the freedom which they preserved for us. We must be constantly alert to guard against encroachment in whatever form against our rights as free men and women. It is to this end that an educated, thinking citizenry is so important to our future.

When the Meigs and their neighbors reached Iowa, transportation throughout the state was by horse or oxen. The settlers arrived in covered wagons carrying their possessions and small livestock, while the larger animals were driven along the trail. Oxen, having greater endurance, were more common than horses, and more popular than mules which it is true possessed endurance, but were less tractable than the plodding cattle.

Young men, their worldly possessions in a knapsack on their backs, walked with the wagons until each found the location of his choice and settled down. The essential possessions included a gun and a knife; a bake-tin and tin-cup, some cornmeal and bacon. The lone settler built a rude log or sod cabin, and welcomed any passerby with food and shelter, in exchange for a few hours of companionship. William Kinsman, later to become a Civil War hero, walked from river to river of Iowa's boundaries. Later, again on foot, he followed the gold rush to Pike's Peak to return to Council Bluffs no richer than he left. In the Civil War Kinsman was colonel of the Twenty-third Volunteer Infantry Regiment. Killed at Black River bridge near Vicksburg, he became the hero of the 13th Corps whose warcry was "Remember Kinsman!" A daring and popular leader, he was typical of many ambitious young men, who without money or family backing, made a place for themselves on the new frontier.

The first settlers found no roads except the Indian trails, or the wagon tracks made by preceding settlers through the deep grass. Roads, on the western frontier, were initiated for the military. As the settlers pushed west beyond the Missouri, dangers from Indian attack increased, and the blue coats became the advance guard of the pioneer. In 1839, Congress appropriated \$20,000 for a road to begin at Dubuque and extend to the northern border of Missouri. For the ambitious new capitol at Iowa City, this meant access to the Mississippi. Until this time the new town had no road, and the proposed trail meant a way to bring newcomers into the little settlement.

A United States Army engineer named Tilghman directed the survey of the road from Dubuque to Iowa City, and Lyman Dillon was en-

gaged to plow a furrow across the prairie to serve as a guide for travelers to the new capitol. With a huge breaking plow drawn by five yokes of oxen, a team and wagon carrying provisions and bedding, Dillon started from Iowa City. Mile after mile the patient oxen plodded slowly along, turning a furrow through the tough prairie sod. At noon and night, the oxen feasted on the lush waist-high grass, while the men cooked their food over a fire of buffalo chips.* Nearly one hundred miles in length, it was until that time, the longest furrow on record. No doubt it still is. Almost before the last mile was turned, the white-topped wagons were moving beside it. Soon a well beaten trail marked the way, and the furrow disappeared into the lush prairie grass.



Dublin was once a crossroads village where adventurers westward bound to the gold fields bought supplies in this store. Now abandoned, it is a reminder of past glories and the dreams largely unfulfilled, of the 49'ers.

In the fall of 1839, Governor Lucas and his two daughters, accompanied by a guide rode on horse back from Muscatine to Iowa City, to survey the new capitol. A warm welcome greeted their arrival, and the one house having an attic entertained them. At night the governor's party climbed a crude ladder through a small opening in the upper floor to sleep under the roof. On this trip, Lucas purchased the land near the city which later became his home, preserved today as an historic site known as Plum Grove.

No mail service had been established between the new capitol and the world outside. Letters and papers were brought from Muscatine by anyone following the grassy trail into the crude settlement. No doubt

***Buffalo chips** Droppings of these huge animals covered the prairies. Dried under the hot summer sun, they provided fuel for the pioneer. Over a small pile of chips, the traveler stood his **spider**, a metal skillet with three spindly legs, in which he cooked his buffalo steak or whatever provisions he carried with him. With coffee made in a blackened pot stood on the hot coals, this made his meal.

the governor's saddlebags bulged with welcome mail. Iowa City had no flour mill, a prime necessity in pioneer living, and the citizens as did many other early Iowans, ground their corn in coffee mills, to bake into crisp pones over open fires. A temporary tavern, "Lean-back Hall", offered travelers its rude hospitality and the same plain food which the settlers ate. Like the settler's home, the tavern was crudely constructed, cold in winter, hot in summer, but guests and settlers alike were warmed by bright dreams of the future and welcomed the sun as productive of crops.

As the settlers increased in number, and a need for public transportation developed, a network of stage lines sprang up. Between 1840 and 1870 the big coaches, drawn by teams of spirited horses, rolled along the crude roads, swinging into the little settlements, the burly drivers cracking long whips over the backs of the straining animals to the cheers of the local residents. From the Mississippi to the Missouri the coaches rolled serving almost every community in Iowa. Their existence was short lived. As the railroad penetrated inland, the stagecoaches vanished.

Competition between the rival stagecoach companies was so keen that drivers indulged in races between stations, each determined to prove his the fastest if not the shortest route. Speed in early Iowa as it is today was of first importance! To win riders from other companies, fares were cut and meals and lodging served without cost. For the young man without family responsibilities it was almost cheaper to live on the road than to remain stationary.



The original home in Pella built by Dominie Scholte to replace the log cabin to which he first brought his beautiful wife from Holland. Fragments of her exquisite china, broken on the long and difficult voyage by sailing vessel, were worked into the sidewalks. This drawing by an early artist shows the Dutch influence in the new colony. The barn built as a part of the house was later torn out, additions, porches and windows added.

Types of stages varied from the Concord coach to a wagon without springs but with a covered top of the surrey type which kept off part of the sun but little of the rain and snow. In the newly opened areas, the latter pulled by a two-horse team, constituted the entire equipment. Whatever the type of coach, the driver like the master of a ship was in full command. Wagon and stage drivers alike ruled with a high hand. Belittling remarks aimed at his horses or style of driving, often resulted in a driver's summarily unloading the foolish passenger, together with his belongings on the prairie. Because the coaches carried the mail, stage drivers claimed the right of way, and public and private drivers lost many arguments as to this precedence. Arriving or departing from a tavern (most way stations were in taverns) the driver lashed his teams into a run, cracking his bull whip, shouting alike at his team and unwary citizens who might be in his path. Until the locomotive appeared on the scene, the arrival of the stagecoach bringing the mail and visiting dignitaries or new settlers, was the community's outstanding event, bringing out the entire population.

Mails were slow and in the spring the coaches were often stuck in the bottomless mud. The delays were endless. Poor as the service was, it apparently was better than when later carried by the new railroads. In war days, an Anamosa paper longingly recalled the days of the stage, remarking that Federal troops may have won a great victory somewhere but we "poor benighted cusses will have to wait until next week, probably, before we learn the particulars. Oh, for the good old times when we had a daily stage instead of a bare railroad track!"

Early roads did not follow section lines for these were not yet surveyed. Usually the roads followed the shortest routes, some following the rivers, others the ridge routes, but whenever possible avoiding the sloughs and buffalo wallows.* At best, deep mud holes appeared and river bottoms must be crossed. When the trail became too bad, a new one by the side of the old one was developed. Road building was only a matter of driving over unmarked prairie grass. The tough sod was the only surfacing known. In the spring, drivers lashed rails to their coaches to be used with the aid of the passengers in prying the vehicle from the mud. In the winter shovels were necessary equipment. Three and a half miles per hour was considered a fair speed. In rain and snow it was less.

The Skunk River bottoms were the bane of early Des Moines travelers. During the wet season, the stage company used teams of oxen and wide tired wagons to transport their passengers over this morass. Later, sections of this road were corduroyed which made it passable, but which almost jolted the riders out of the wagon. During much of this period, so heavy was traffic that over-crowding added its dis-

***Buffalo Wallows** Along small shallow streams or in low places where water collected following heavy rains, the buffaloes "wallowed" in the mud for relief from tormenting insects or the discomfort of hair knots. The weight of the animals produced a round shallow indentation in which water stood during periods of moisture, known to the pioneer as "Buffalo wallows." Since the wallows followed water, they usually occurred in a succession, making travel along their line difficult.

comforts to the bad road. Throughout the Civil War, young men eager to join up, climbed into the coaches, as many as twenty in a vehicle intended for seven or nine. They climbed on the roof and squeezed into the uncomfortable seats. The experienced traveler hurried to secure a corner seat. In this he could brace himself against the pitching of the coach and snatch a breath of air through the small window. An early newspaper correspondent described the trip from Iowa City to Council Bluffs as being "under the direction of the Devil assisted by the Western Stage Coach Company." Traveling east or west, the ride was equally crowded. Enthusiastic Civil War volunteers filled the eastbound coaches. Eager settlers crowded the westbound trip.

In May, 1854, the first iron rail was laid in Iowa near Davenport on the banks of the Mississippi. That same year, the road was completed to Iowa City. The ten years preceding the Civil War were an era of railroad construction. Prior to 1850, railroads were unimportant not only in Iowa, but in the entire United States. Steamboats and the stage-coach provided public transportation and greater comfort and speed than the ox drawn covered wagon or horseback. Long distances were covered at a rate of speed and with facilities that seem incredible today. In the 30's and 40's, travelers spent a year in reaching a destination that today is reached in hours.



The Scholte home as it appears today on one of Pella's main streets. It is a popular sightseeing point during the famous Tulip Time in that town when flower beds are a mass of color, and descendants of the original Dutch bring out their cherished heirlooms and revive the early history of the colony.

Prior to 1850, railroad lines throughout the nation were local, each a unit to itself, and isolated. As railroad construction expanded, the beginning of the vast web of lines which in a few years was to cover

the country, was begun. When the Civil War flared, Iowa was linked with the east coast by connections reaching as far into the state as Ottumwa, and the Iowa settler was turning his face from the south to the east. While the river would continue to be a cheap and easy way of transportation, more and more the producer would look to the railroad as an accessible and swift method of moving his production. The railroad brought transportation to the shipper's door, eliminating the long haul he must make to the steamboat landing, and opening the inland areas not served by the steamboat.

This decade of rail expansion played a stellar role in the Civil War. Without this facility of transportation, the armies would have been dependent on the slow and limited access of the steamboat and crawling army wagon. The Rock Island was the first railroad to reach Iowa and to bridge the Mississippi and lay track on Iowa soil. But before the shrill echoes of its first locomotive died away against the distant hills, other lines were building. The great railroad building boom was underway.

The state's first railroad construction was haphazard. Each road began and ended as its promoters desired, but the glamorous race to the Pacific which was to play so predominant a role in the years following the war, in which the men who fought in the war were to play the leading roles had begun. Railroad building was a glorious adventure in which men drove their iron horses west against insuperable odds, and won. As each settlement became rail's end, a celebration with speeches, fireworks and food was held. Each community predicted for itself, a glowing future, and for a few it came true. The crossing of the Mississippi marked the end of the steamboat's great era, and the decline of the river towns which it served. The demand for ever increasing production by our armies, hastened the railroad's acceptance and pushed the frontier further west.

Iowa's new markets opened by the iron rails yielded a steady profit, and the war expanded these to new and fabulous heights. Despite prices which seem impossibly low today, so simple was life in the fifties and sixties, and so sound the prudence and thrift of the settlers, that they soon reached comparative wealth. Within five years a community might grow from raw prairie to five or six thousand people with comfortable homes and well stocked barns.

Communities did not wait for railroads to come to them. The citizens gathered, planned their own railroad, and set about making it materialize. Congress granted certain sections of land to the railroads as it had already done to the steamship companies to aid in their construction. Business men and farmers dug deep into their pockets to help subsidize the iron trail. "Railroad lands" lying as they did adjacent to the tracks brought high prices, and as was the intent in making these grants, were settled rapidly. As in the 1830's and 1840's the settler selected land along the streams, in the 1850's and 1860's, the settler chose to live along the railroad.

By the sixties, steam cars were a part of the community. The coaches despite the glowing red-bellied stoves at either end were drafty. Even so, riding in relaxed splendor on the red plush seats, the drifting soot from the puffing engine or a cinder in the eye, could not lessen the magnificent adventure. For many lads, their first train ride was on the way to enlist or on the road to battle. The last word in luxury was eating dinner on the diner; the cost, 25¢, was real money then. Families packed lunches for their sons to eat in a swaying day-coach as the landscape flew by at thirty miles an hour. Others gobbled a hurried meal served by the local church women during a brief stop.



Wyatt Earp, famous western marshall, once lived in this house in Pella, which still stands.

Prior to the Civil War, the Mississippi River was the main highway for freight and passengers moving east and south. West bound emigrants came by flatboat down the great river's tributaries or overland to St. Louis, where they loaded their possessions on the steamboat. The five years preceding the war was the heyday of river traffic. Large fast packets plied the lower and upper Mississippi, steamboats plowed up the Des Moines River, and Des Moines citizens planned to open river traffic to Fort Dodge. In a single spring on the opening of navigation, Dubuque reported twenty two steamboats had docked with five more on their way up the river.

When the war began these boats were turned into the war effort, and since the Mississippi was the great highway north and south, its

importance to both sides cannot be over-estimated. The control of the river to New Orleans, enabling the moving of troops and supplies at will, and dividing the Confederate states, was a contributing cause to northern success. Even before the war, Iowa river towns were bustling centers of activity, their docks crowded with shipments; hotels and taverns packed with travelers on their way west. During the war, as Union steamboats moved further and further down the river, following our advancing army, and crowding the southern steamboats before them, the activity increased.

By 1858, as the iron horse raced across Iowa, both stagecoach and steamboat faced their doom. The small family business also suffered as the railroad extended the markets of distant industries. The machine was spelling the end of the handcraft era. The close of the Civil War saw the most intelligent and energetic of the army leaders becoming the improvers of life about them, inventors, developers, organizers, many pushing into the far west. The impetus brought to industry during and after the Civil War by the thinking of men who had organized armies and fought their way across the south, brought a new and higher level of living to Iowans, and in turn left behind the pioneer system of barter which enabled people to survive in difficult situations. It marked the end of the pioneer system and the beginning of the new industrialized system.



Dickey's pioneer general store and museum at Corydon.

As farm to market transportation increased, road building became a common interest, and its maintenance became a common project. The first pioneers settled along the streams, and his roads meandered a winding path along the timber. Great trees were felled and rolled into the deep sloughs. Small trees were cut for corduroy and plank roads.

When available, stone and gravel was dumped into mud holes. The results were roads usable for market loads or pleasure, for about four months in the year. In the spring, the frost heaved the ground. In the fall, the rains soaked it, so that not even by combining all the oxen in the neighborhood could a loaded wagon be hauled to market. From late November until March, the bob sled or sleigh substituted for wheeled vehicles. Actually the snow filled ruts made winter hauling easier than over the so-called roads in the warm months. When heavy snows blocked the lanes and trails, sleds were driven over the fences and across the fields.

Wagons piled high with everything from small grains to skins of wild animals were hauled to the steamboat docks to be transported to St. Louis or New Orleans. With the coming of the railroads, materials were hauled to railhead, to be shipped east. Such journeys frequently took weeks with drivers camping along the way or spending the night with hospitable farmers. The trip was both an adventure and a hardship in which new sights, new friends were met, and boys grew in business stature.

From actual experience, Iowa boys knew the road building of the day and the handling of teams. In the Civil War, this proficiency stood them in good stead in the swamps and mud of the south both in making the roads passable, and in driving the wagon trains which supplied the troops. The handling and protection of these trains which fed and supported the army, made possible the more dramatic battles.

Not only were Iowa's soldiers proficient in road building, many of them had worked on the new railroads. They knew how to build road-bed and lay track, a skill which often kept the trains moving when their tracks were destroyed by the Confederates. The armies of both the North and the South were largely self sufficient, a fact which enabled them to continue to fight beyond the expectation of either side. This proficiency extended into every phase of army supply and maintenance. If a wagon broke down, a new one was not ordered from a distant factory. It was repaired by the men themselves. Every type of equipment was repaired and kept operating long beyond today's expectation of usefulness. The Civil War armies were made up of men trained in resourcefulness, accustomed to depending upon their own efforts and to the preservation of their tools and equipment. The theory of replacement rather than repair was still in the distant future.

27

underground

The locating of the state capitol in Iowa City in 1839, turned the tide of settlers in that direction. Taverns or inns were built along the trails to accommodate not only incoming travelers but those who traveled on business from the river settlements to the capitol. Settlements sprang up along the trails. Farmlands became increasingly scarce as each day brought new settlers seeking homes. Nothing better illustrates the boundless energy of the pioneer American than the rapid settlement of the area west of the Mississippi River. Under the French and Spanish regimes the great Mississippi Valley lay quiet, disturbed only by the occasional fur hunter, the war cry of an Indian, and the mighty trampling of the buffalo herds. Suddenly, as if by magic, this was changed. The covered wagon, symbol of the permanent settler, plodded the trails. Log cabins dotted the prairies. The original trickle grew to a flood as word of Ioway Territory's riches spread to the Atlantic Coast and to Europe. By 1850, Iowa's settlement was well advanced.

Among southeastern Iowa's settlers were many Quakers, and during pre-Civil War days they were to play an important role. Some of these Quakers came from the Carolinas, leaving their homes in protest against slavery. Others were a part of the westward movement determined that Iowa be a free state.

During the 1850's, most of the settlers arriving in Pedee, known locally as "Stringtown" because its cabins were "strung" along the road, were Quakers. Gradually the village of Springdale, composed almost wholly of Quakers took form, and the peaceful village became the center of the Quaker community. West Branch also had many Quaker settlers, although it was not until the late Sixties that the town was formally platted, taking its name from the "west branch of Wapsinonoc Creek".

The busy little town of Salem was the destination for many of the Quakers using, as did so many immigrants, the Mississippi River as a roadway. Later, when the ferry was opened at Muscatine to accommodate the increasing numbers of overland travelers, the ferrymen there and at other river ports, became familiar with the gentle Quaker "thees"

and "thous". Quaker first day meetings were held along the river banks, and in the camps solemn discussions on the evils of slavery rumbled into the night.

During the years preceding the Civil War, men and women in the northern states who deeply sympathized with the slaves and believed in action formed the Underground Railroad which helped runaway slaves to reach Canada and freedom. Slaves fleeing their masters were sheltered, fed, clothed, in "stations" located in barns, homes, public buildings, wherever devoted men and women could find a few hours safety for their charges. Iowa bordering on a slave state and with many of its citizens opposed to slavery, inevitably became active in the railroad, and Salem one of its best known stations.

Despite the Quakers' deep belief in peace and non-violence, the townspeople again and again befriended fleeing negroes. Armed Missourians with baying bloodhounds rode close on the escaping slaves, and irate slave owners threatened to shoot or hang those helping the blacks, and to burn the town.

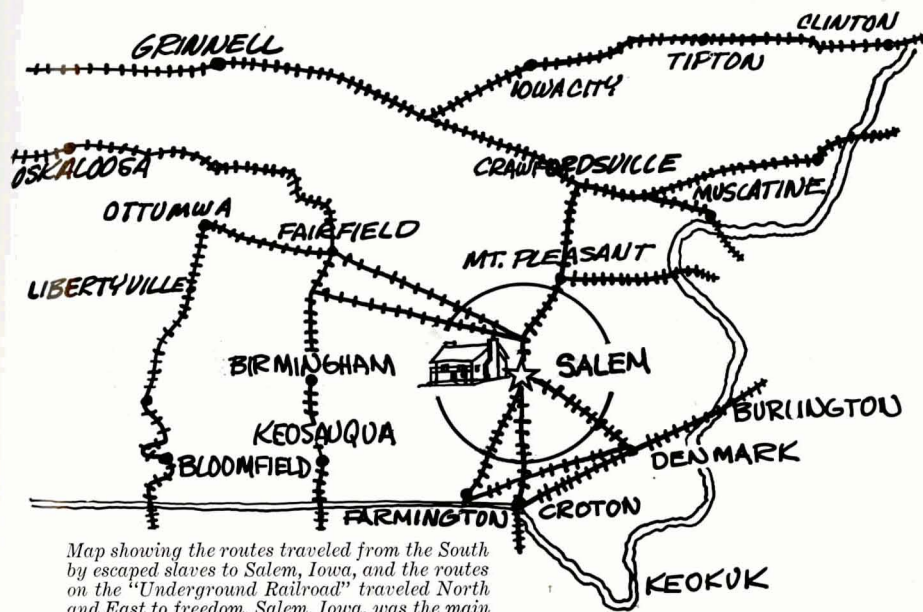
Ruel Daggs, a fire-eating Missouri planter lost many slaves by the Salem route and was particularly violent in his threats. Once when the Quakers refused to release the fleeing negroes, the furious Missourians sent for reinforcements who arrived with a cannon. The cannon was trained on the Old Stone House, then owned by the Lewellings which served as a "ticket office" for the Underground, and where it was claimed the slaves were in hiding.

The canny townspeople proposed the matter be settled by law. If ownership was proven, the negroes would be handed over. Court was convened in the Quaker meeting house. After listening to both sides, the justice decided the evidence was insufficient, and acquitted the negroes of being fugitive slaves. The disgruntled Missourians departed without their prey and the negroes were hurried on to Canada and safety.

Another time Daggs roared into town at the head of an array of followers proposing to destroy the village unless his negroes were returned, but the tranquil Quakers refused, and he rode out of the village filling the air with dark threats.

Later Daggs brought suit for \$10,000 against Elihu Frazer and eighteen others for the part they played in the loss of his "chattels". He valued the men slaves at \$2000 each; the women slaves at \$1000; and the children at \$500 each. The number lost totaled \$9000, so he added \$1000 to pay for help hired to replace the missing slaves. He had, he set forth, "casually lost possession" of his slaves and traced them to Salem where the defendants helped them to escape. A jury verdict was awarded him on Sept. 19, 1850, but the records do not show its nature.

The Meigs' vegetable cave opening off their living room was frequently used to hide runaways. The children sleeping in the loft tucked close to the big fireplace chimney for warmth, often wakened in the night to peer drowsily down as beshawled and hooded figures hurried across the floor and down the cellar steps. On straw ticks hidden behind barrels of apples and potatoes, the fugitives crouched in the darkness praying and hoping. A night or two later, the children would again rouse to the sound of sled runners in the snow or wagon wheels in the dusty ruts, watching big-eyed while their strange guests were hurried on their way.



Map showing the routes traveled from the South by escaped slaves to Salem, Iowa, and the routes on the "Underground Railroad" traveled North and East to freedom. Salem, Iowa, was the main "Office" on this carefully organized escape route set up by Quakers.

When the Des Moines River was open, the fleeing slaves crossed by a boat kept secreted in the underbrush. In winter, they crossed on the ice, the horses' hooves muffled lest their ring on the frozen river betray the flight. The men who accompanied them wrapped their faces against possible recognition. When John drove, he wound a fringed shawl around his head and shoulders, only his keen dark eyes showing. The Underground's existence was common knowledge and the men who served it were known to many, but as feeling for and against slavery ran high the danger of betrayal was ever present.

Occasionally John laid the negroes in the bottom of his wagon, covered them with straw, and piled grain filled sacks above them. These were the times when he drove boldly down the road, past the crossroads settlements to the ferry, where his cargo was carried into Illinois.

Again and again Mary sorted the children's clothes seeking garments which could be spared to clothe shivering youngsters riding to freedom with their parents. Often an outgrown ragged shirt and shabby pair of pants, or a tattered dress were the only garments these children wore in which to face the cruel cold of an Iowa winter.

Occasionally the young Meigs peering down from their overhead perch heard dark talk among the group gathered around the fireplace, talk of slaves overtaken by their masters and dragged home in chains.

"Sold down the River likely," a neighbor muttered "Away from his wife and children. Ship him so far from home he can't run!"

Jeremiah peeping out thru the tiny window below the eaves where the distant stars twinkled brightly, tried to imagine a world without freedom. He remembered his father's tales of his great grandfather Jeremiah, who fought under Washington, and remembered the old man's warning the children they must keep America free. The boy was proud of his father who was standing firm for his beliefs. With the impatience of youth he wondered why free America allowed slavery to exist. When I'm grown, he promised himself, I'll do something about it!

One night there came a desperate knocking on the stout oak door. Pulling his clothes on, Jeremiah hurried down the ladder and opened the door. On the step a man crouched, his eyes bright in the dying light of the fire. Shivering violently with cold and fear, the terrified negro could only gasp "Help me!"

The boy helped the man into the house, and quickly dished mush from the kettle steaming above the fire for the family breakfast. The man ate greedily, sobbing as he poured the hot food down his throat.

Now John was dressed, wrapped in his shawl, ready for travel.

"We can't keep him here, boy," he told the excited lad. "Too dangerous. How far behind are they?" he asked the negro.

"Close, close, suh," the man panted.

"Hitch the team," John ordered. While Jeremiah hurriedly took down the harness and led the horses out, John piled straw in the wagon bed.

"Take me with you, Pa," Jeremiah pleaded. "I want to help."

John studied him. "Perhaps I will," he said.

"Climb in under the straw," he ordered the negro. "Bring blankets," he told Jeremiah.

Carefully he spread a blanket over the straw, then told the boy to climb in and lie down, covering him tightly with a big comforter.

Turning his face to the sky, John laughed: "Snow!" he said. "'Twill cover our tracks and slow those who follow us. The Lord is with us."

"Remember," he told the excited boy "you are sick. I'm taking you to the doctor. I'll tell your Ma if the Missourians come that is where we are."

At last, creaking slowly along, the wagon was underway. The snow fell softly covering everything. By his side, beneath the blanket, James could feel the fugitive's quivering body, and hear his muttered prayers. The boy thought of his home, where his family lived in peace, without fear. Food, clothing, warmth—all precious, but none so precious as freedom. Listening to the soft clop-clop of the horses' hooves, jolted by the wagon wheels bumping over stones, aware of the fugitive beside him, suddenly he knew what his great-grandfather meant by freedom.



Lewelling House was once a busy stop on the Underground Railroad. In the old kitchen, furnished as in pre-Civil War days, is a door leading down steps into the cellar where slaves once were hidden from their pursuers. Restored by the Quakers, it is open to the public.

"Some day," he promised himself, "I'll do my part to keep it for my children."

Long afterward when Jeremiah lay in the rain and mud of a southern battlefield, he looked up at the stars as he did that night in the wagon, and remembered the promise he made to himself.

"I said I'd do it, and I will!" he told himself.

At last the sound of hurrying hooves was heard.

"Remember, lad," said John "you are sick. Stay down!"

Quivering with excitement the boy lay still even when mounted men rode up beside the wagon. Through a crack in the wagon bed, James could see the three wore heavy guns. Booted and spurred they sent a shiver of fear through the boy.

"You John Meigs?" demanded the lead rider.

"Yes," said John quietly.

"This your boy?"

"It is."

"The missus says you're taking him to a doctor?"

"I am," said John.

"Seen anything of a nigger hereabouts?" the man's voice was harsh.

"Why should I?" John asked.

The man disregarded the question: "Guess we'll have to search your wagon, Mister," he threatened.

John turned slowly and calmly regarded the men.

"This is my wagon. The boy is my son. You are on Iowa territory. We don't take kindly to strangers riding up and searching our property."

He clucked to the horses.

"Reckon I'll have to be on my way."

The wagon wheels crackled on the snow. For a moment the men rode alongside muttering angrily.

"One of these days we're going to stop this business of you folks hiding runaway niggers. We'll shoot you out of your beds and burn your houses!"

"Perhaps," said John. "Perhaps."

Beneath the warm comforter, the boy felt a hot stir of pride.

"Not if I can help it," he said to himself.

28

john brown

John Brown had little formal education for to him schools meant confinement and restraint, and he loved the free life of the wilderness. His first training in the use of force was as a boy during the war of 1812 when he drove cattle to the military posts and talked with the fighting men.

He early became an abolitionist. To one of his temperament who delighted in freedom, the thought of holding human beings in bondage was abhorrent. One of the Underground's first stations was in his barn in Richmond, Pennsylvania.

In 1855 one of his sons went to Kansas to help the Free Soilers in their struggle to hold that territory. Soon the boy wrote his father pleading for arms to further the cause. In August, 1855, Brown loaded a wagon with arms and ammunition and was on his way to Kansas to become an abolitionist leader.

When pro-slavery forces ransacked Lawrence, Brown and his followers determined to retaliate. A list of pro-slavery leaders was made, and with a party of six, four of whom were his sons, Brown fell upon their victims, hacking them to pieces with sabers. "Old Brown of Ossawatimie" became the terror of pro-slavery settlers, until in retaliation, Ossawatimie was sacked and burned. Frederick, one of Brown's sons, was killed. Out of funds, John started East to recruit men and money.

James Townsend's hostelry at West Branch, famous for buckwheat cakes and coffee, was a popular stop for travelers. When in October, 1856, a travel stained stranger paused before the sign *Traveler's Rest*, and asked the genial, rosy cheeked host who stood beneath it if he knew John Brown of Kansas, Townsend's reply so the story goes, was to chalk an X on Brown's coat, hat and mule, thus entitling him to the tavern's free list.

"Friend" said the Quaker "put thy animals in the stable and walk into the house. Thee is welcome." Brown, fresh from bleeding Kansas,

no doubt repaid his host's generosity with tales of his adventures. In return he learned of Springdale and the strong anti-slavery sentiment of its thrifty Quaker folk. From that time on as he traveled to and fro across the state, the village became one of his stops.

In the fall of 1857, John Brown and ten men straggled into Springdale planning to rest before going on to Ohio. Now he had become a tired old man, with snow white hair, his figure bent and his mind so warped that his determination to free the slaves had become an obsession. Both sides in Kansas had agreed to settle their difficulties, and Brown, without funds, planned to rest awhile with the Quakers, then sell his wagons and teams and go east by train. The panic of '57 was in full force and money scarce. Unable to sell his possessions, Brown decided to winter with these kind people who shared his views on slavery. No doubt his ideas crystallized in discussions around Quaker firesides.

The Quakers welcomed Brown although they decried his bloody methods. To them he was a symbol of opposition against the human bondage their sect so strongly opposed. Nevertheless the canny Quakers took care that the old warrior and his men were quartered at the farm of William Maxon, a non-Quaker, thus avoiding the onus of sheltering men-at-arms. No Quaker would ever concede that bloodshed was right, but of Brown they were tolerant because he shed blood to free the slaves.



"John Brown House" at Tabor erected by Reverend John Todd. Tabor was a station on the Underground Railroad, and John Brown was a frequent visitor in this home, hence it became known by his name. In 1856 when Brown first came to Tabor he met with sympathy, but following the murder of a slave owner during a raid, he lost support of the townspeople, who sympathized with his attitude towards slavery but disliked his violence. In 1857 he stored arms in Tabor and drilled a company of men in City Park. The home is now owned by the Ben Halls.

Although Brown's party which included one negro was housed in a non-Quaker home, the surrounding Quaker homes welcomed them as friends. Long winter evenings were spent around Quaker firesides in discussing the evils of slavery and border perils. For Brown's followers it was a time of peace in the society of gentle people. For the Quakers there was the stimulus of men of individuality who dared express it in a cause they believed right. Such men as John Henry, one time correspondent for the New York Post; Stephens sentenced in an army court martial to be shot for assaulting an officer said to be brutally chastising one of his own men, but who escaped; Richard Realf who claimed to have been a protegee of Lady Norel Byron; Cook a poet with flowing hair but a crack shot as well. Daring adventurers they brought to the sedate Quakers a whiff of adventure from a world in which they had no part.

Daily Brown's men drilled and studied military tactics. Gymnastics, company maneuvers, sword drill with wooden sabers, filled their daylight hours. Never were they permitted to lose sight of their objective.

To occupy the winter evenings, a mock legislature with sessions in the Maxon home, or in the school building, was organized. Solemnly, bills to give women the franchise, to make null and void the Fugitive Slave Act, to appropriate land for the slaves, to establish a college for women, and to prohibit the sale of liquor, were discussed. Resolved: *That John Brown is more justly entitled to the sympathy and honor of the nation than George Washington*, was solemnly debated by these fiery young orators.

Other evenings were spent in visiting the friendly homes, or at the Springdale Lyceum where Richard Realf hotly expressed his anti-slavery views. These men were bachelors and young, no doubt there were lighter evenings spent with the young women of the vicinity in pulling taffy, going on sleigh rides, and enjoying the amusements of the day.

While Brown commanded the respect of the older and serious minded leaders of the community for his outspoken opposition to slavery, his daring and that of his followers intrigued the young people. Two young men, one of whom previously knew Brown in Kansas—Barclay and Edwin Coppoc—found Brown's adventures particularly fascinating. During the long talks centering on slavery and how it might be abolished the two won the old man's confidence, and pledged allegiance to his cause. The Coppocs were young, but they were stout-hearted, intelligent, of a sturdy character with a deep rooted belief in Brown's cause which later enabled them to face death itself with courage.

Edwin was twenty-two, with dark eyes and hair, and a fair skin. He was born a Quaker in Ohio. When he was seven his father died, and the family's six children were scattered among neighbors and relatives.

"He was a careful and industrious boy," wrote one of his sponsors, a Quaker leader in the community, "more careful and particular that everything was kept in its proper place on the farm and about the buildings and to have his work done well than is common for boys of his age."

Barclay, several years younger than Edwin, was taller than his brother but of more delicate build. From early childhood, he was threatened with tuberculosis, and for his health had gone to Kansas, where he became imbued with the belief that slavery should be abolished by force. He looked on John Brown as a crusader, and was eager to join his band. Being Quakers it was natural they had a strong antipathy to slavery. Not only was their community and religion opposed to it, but their mother with whom they lived in a quaint frame house, had deep convictions along this line. Their faith was based on the fundamental right of every man to be his own keeper. They were taught that the use of firearms was wrong, but so strong was their disbelief in slavery, it overcame their opposition to force, as was not always the case with older and wiser heads in Springdale.



Pioneer kitchen and exhibit in the Missouri Valley village and museum.

In April, 1858, Brown and his men left Springdale, to scatter for the following year and a half while their leader sought support for his great

plan. Almost a year after leaving Springdale, he reappeared with a few of his men having with them eleven negroes whom they were taking to Canada. The Quakers rejoiced,—here was active service in the cause of freedom. The Coppoc boys in particular welcomed their returned hero, and when Brown with his human cargo departed, he promised to call them when his scheme was ready for consummation.

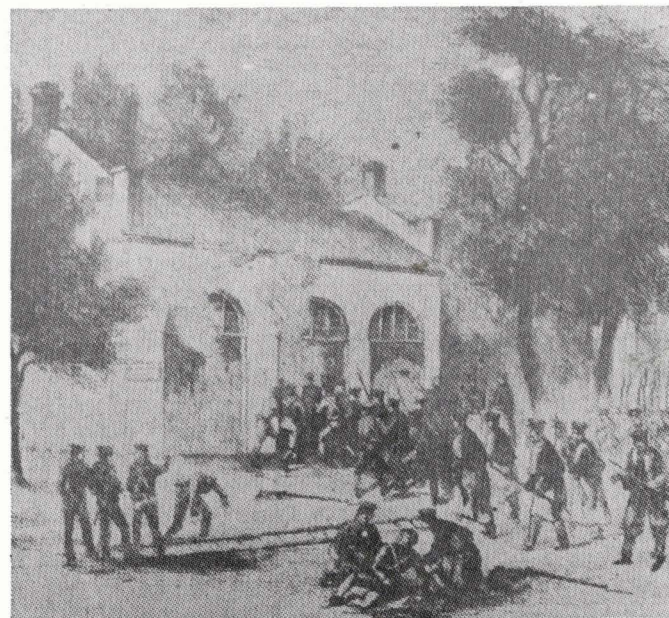
About the middle of July the eagerly anticipated word came from Brown, and the two young men made ready to go. When they told their mother they were going to Ohio, she exclaimed:

"I believe you are going with Old Brown! When you get the halters around your necks will you think of me?"

"We cannot die in a better cause," said young Barclay stoutly. And neither did.

Brown had long held the belief that slavery could be abolished by making it insecure in the south by a predatory war on Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama. Harper's Ferry, Virginia, seemed the strategic point at which to strike. The area had a large slave population, the Blue Ridge Mountains afforded a wilderness in which to hide. The Ferry's arsenal would provide guns for his men.

Throughout the summer and fall, Brown's followers drifted in by ones and twos to a farm about five miles north of Harper's Ferry. In



The attack on Harper's Ferry by John Brown

this secluded spot, stores of arms and ammunition were gathered. Here in August, the Coppoc boys joined the ill-fated movement.

The men drilled and formed a little army, most of them with commissions. Edwin Coppoc was made a lieutenant. The lack of men to command would be taken care of when slaves and sympathetic whites flocked to their banner.

On October, 16, 1859, Brown marched. Twenty-two men including six Iowans and five negroes, answered roll-call. Edwin Coppoc, Barclay Coppoc, Stewart Taylor, Jeremiah Anderson, George B. Gill and Charles Moffat were the Iowans. Barclay Coppoc and two others were left at the farm as guards. The attack ended in disaster. Edwin Coppoc fought until the last and was imprisoned with Brown. The boy's youthful courage and fine appearance impressed all who saw him.

Said Governor Wise of Virginia: "You look too honest a man to be found with a band of robbers!"

"But Governor," replied Coppoc "we look upon you as robbers!"

Nine days later, chained to his leader, Coppoc was tried and convicted. December 16 he was hanged protesting to the last instant of his life that he had fought in a just cause. His Iowa friends tried desperately to save him, and Governor Wise recommended that his sentence be commuted, but the legislative committee to which he appealed stood firm. Already the prejudicial undertow of the conflict to come was in motion. Coppoc must die. His body was taken back to Ohio by his Quaker friends, where hundreds of people took part in his funeral rites. All day, sorrowing crowds filed slowly by his casket. He was buried at sundown.

Meanwhile Brown's son, Owen, left with Coppoc and Merriam as guards at the farm, heard the firing at the Ferry, and investigating learned their cause was lost. Hastily gathering food and arms they fled into the encircling wilderness. A cold rain was falling heavily, and armed men seeking the fugitives were everywhere. For days the fleeing men worked their way toward the north, hungry and cold, not daring to light a fire. Traveling only at night, their progress was slow. In daylight, the hunted men hid in caves or beneath underbrush, knowing they were encircled by those seeking their lives. On a foraging expedition, Cook was captured, and the remaining three hidden in a briar patch listened to the martial music escorting Cook from the jail to the train which carried him to Charlestown, West Virginia and his death.

Snow and sleet were now added to the rain and fog which handicapped the flight. Merriam became so exhausted, it was decided to put him on a train. In a driving snow just outside Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, the men succeeded in putting the suffering man on a coach, and he made it to safety.

Again, Coppoc and Brown, with Tidd who escaped from the Ferry and joined the men along the way, took off across country hoping to reach friends in Meadville, Pennsylvania. While greedily devouring flapjacks in the home of a friendly farmer, the trio learned of the hanging of Brown and Coppoc. Now the three men were among their Quaker friends. On the road to Belafonte Benjamin Wakefield took them in. He welcomed them to his home but insisted their guns must remain outside. A compromise was reached, the guns could be carried inside but the loads must be removed. The benevolent old gentleman then calmly told them, he recognized them because they were so gaunt and wildlooking.

Late that night before the roaring fireplace they discussed slavery, and the dark shadow it cast over the nation. Warning the three to travel only at night since they still were hunted, their host stocked them with provisions, and sent them on to another Quaker home.

The day after Edwin was hung in Virginia, Barclay worn to a skeleton from starvation and exposure reached Springdale. Even here he was not safe. His presence was betrayed to Virginia's new governor, who promptly sent a requisition for his arrest. Governor Kirkwood refused to honor it, questioning its authenticity. During a hot dispute between the Virginian, Camp, and the governor, two legislators chanced into the executive office. Glancing significantly at the two, Kirkwood informed the excited Virginian that Iowa had a law under which Coppoc could be arrested and held while awaiting requisition.

The two legislators moved promptly. Less than two hours after the encounter in Kirkwood's office, a messenger was galloping eastward on a 165 mile ride bearing word to John Painter in Springdale. At Underground stations along the way, fresh horses were supplied him. The Virginian, it was anticipated, would take the stage and might arrest Coppoc before he could be warned. Happily for the hunted man, the messenger reached Springdale ahead of his pursuer. The Virginian arriving in Iowa City learned of the preparations Springdale was making for his reception there, and prudently continued on to Muscatine.

When Camp finally enlisted the aid of the law in Cedar County, the sheriff marched up and down the streets of Springdale, loudly inquiring for Coppoc but it seemed no one had seen him. While the sheriff hunted everywhere else, Barclay was sitting quietly in his mother's home.

A number of his friends formed an armed association for his protection, serving in armed relays to prevent surprise. Many people urged the youth to flee to Canada, or at least to leave his home, but Barclay refused saying simply:

"I have done nothing criminal; nothing that I am ashamed of. Why should I hide or run away?"

When word finally came to Springdale, that Governor Kirkwood had received the corrected extradition papers, a sleigh was noted hurrying along the road toward Mechanicsville. In it were John Painter, Thaddeus



Stairway in the General Dodge home in Council Bluffs

Maxson and Barclay Coppoc. At last his friends had prevailed upon Barclay to escape. Suffering from asthma brought on by exposure during his flight from Maryland, Coppoc accompanied by Maxson started for Canada. At Detroit, word reached Coppoc from the Browns asking him to join them in Ashtabula, Ohio. Disguised the two men reached Columbiana County where they remained for several weeks before returning to Iowa.

When the Civil War began, Coppoc, commissioned a lieutenant in the Third Kansas Volunteer Infantry, returned to Springdale seeking recruits. Returning with eleven of his friends who wished to join up, to Kansas, while crossing the Platte River near St. Joseph, the train was precipitated into the channel by the collapse of a bridge partially burned by rebel guerillas and Coppoc was killed.

At Tipton, in Cedar County, his name is engraved with other Civil War heroes on a commemorative shaft.

Richard Realff who wintered with John Brown among the Iowa Quakers wrote a searching evaluation of Brown and the abolitionist crusade. One of John Brown's most ardent followers, Realff was in England when the old man was executed. His letter was published in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper in 1860.

Realff stated that he has come to believe that a gradual emancipation is the only form that will not disastrously affect the slaves. Despite everything to the contrary, he believes the colored population are better treated in the slave south than in the free north. As an abolitionist it was because he loved his slave brother. Now that he opposes it, it is because he believes the south is nobler than her laws, and the north does not measure up to her professions. Until she does, said Realff, he cannot bid its aggressive agitation God speed.

Lincoln in his Cooper Union speech commented that Brown's affair corresponded to other attempts in history at the assassination of kings and emperors: "An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them."

Hailed by his followers as a martyr, and by his enemies as a murder, Brown played a leading part in focusing Iowa's thinking on the issue of slavery and in arousing interest in its abolishing. John Brown, says Realff, was "single-hearted, single-minded, a man of single ideas. Much study had made him mad. The cause for which he died, swayed his life and possessed him like a master." Realff goes on to say, "he abhorred the deed, but recognized Brown's high nature. He was not a martyr: he was possessed by passion rather than principle, and he believed passion to be a principle. Intellectual error precipitated him into a cruel and wicked deed. His mistake was to confound the wrath of idiosyncrasy with that of conscience."

Leslie's quoted Realff's letter in its entirety without comment.

In Tabor, West Liberty and Springdale, as we have seen, the old warrior was a frequent visitor. To Grinnell, Des Moines, and other towns he came less frequently, although he had staunch supporters in these towns as well as in other Iowa settlements. Tabor, the Iowa Underground station closest to the south, was settled by Ohio abolitionists. In the late fifties, its town square was crowded with covered wagons loaded with Kansas bound immigrants. Many of these men and women were ardent abolitionists, and hot discussions of the right and wrong of slavery raged around the campfires. In Tabor, Brown drilled his followers for the fighting he foresaw, and stored ammunition and supplies against that day. To Tabor came the sick and wounded from Brown's Kansas battles, and the supplies gathered by Iowa supporters. Here the old man came to rest and brood and talk with his Iowa friends.

In 1855, a meeting to arouse interest in keeping Kansas a free state was held in Iowa City. Marion County was in one of the districts formed, and among its committee of six men named to forward the project was William Stone of Knoxville, who later became governor of Iowa. Since the national administration at that time was considered to be sympathetic to the pro-slavery party, great caution and secrecy as to the committee's activities was considered necessary, although the Underground Railroad was busy and many "passengers" were forwarded, and through its organization many anti-slavery activities were undertaken.

One late afternoon a large number of emigrants came into Knoxville and camped for the night. Persons not belonging to the "emigration" society noticed that certain local men were unusually friendly with the camp leaders. Later that night a meeting was called in a secluded back room. Men and women interested in the Underground, their heads covered, were seen slipping along side streets to disappear inside the meeting place. The last knock on the door was that of a sturdy frontiersman who introduced himself as Captain Moore from Kansas, asking to see Jim Lane the emigrant train's leader. While the group waited for Lane's arrival, one or two questioned Moore concerning the state of affairs in Kansas but he was hesitant about replying. When at last Lane appeared and was introduced to Captain Moore, the two looked steadily at one another for a long minute, then the big frontiersman held out his hand:

"I am John Brown. You and I have heard of each other."

Once Brown's identity was disclosed he talked freely, and those in the room long remembered the impassioned speech of their strange guest. So inspired were they that it was arranged for Lane to make a public speech the next day. William Stone as chairman of the Emigration Society introduced him. While Lane spoke on the ills of Kansas,



Bedroom with bath in the Sixties, in the Mason House in Bentonsport

John Brown unrecognized save by the group of the night before, listened as a silent spectator.

In crossing Iowa, the Lane emigrants had made previous stops, one of them in Signourney where Lane also spoke. Rumor flew ahead of the party concerning a wagon with a mysterious load. Questioned in Knoxville concerning this, the driver explained it was a newly invented breaking plow being taken to Kansas. So carefully concealed was the so-called plow that curiosity ran high. At midnight, a group of daring townsmen gathered and quietly slipped into the sleeping camp. Removing a part of the plow's covering, an eight pound cannon was revealed. The next day the emigrant train moved on. In less than a month, the cannon was in use.

Iowa was crossed by many underground routes.* One long route extended from Tabor in the southwest corner through Des Moines and Iowa City, to Clinton and into Illinois. Fugitives were brought into the state through Appanoose County, a Democratic stronghold and other border counties; then hurried towards safety. At the height of the pre-war conflict between slavery and anti-slavery Kansas forces, arms and ammunition were transported west as a return load to be used against pro-slavery forces in that state. Little attempt at concealment was made along the way, supported as the movement was by the so-called "Kansas Committee" composed of responsible Iowans. William Penn Clarke, a former Free Soil party leader, was the committee's chairman. On more than one occasion he befriended John Brown, as did Josiah Grinnell, another prominent Republican, who frequently entertained Brown in his home and supplied the old warrior with whatever materials he could collect. Many leaders of the newly organized Republican party actively supported both the Underground and embroiled Kansas where the battle for and against the extension of slavery into the newly settled territories was for the moment centered.

*NOTE: Many old barns and dark cellars once used as stations on the Underground Railroad still stand in Iowa. One of the most interesting is the stately stone Llewelling House sheltered by spreading cedars in Salem, maintained by the Quakers and open to the public. In its kitchen furnished as in Civil War days, the caretaker will lift the cellar door and point down the stone steps which slaves once followed to their hiding place.

29

republican

Iowa politics in the new state reflected the turmoil of the times. The Democratic Party long in the ascendancy, controlled by southern thinking leaders was permeated with dissension and defeatism. Many of its members opposed the national party stand on slavery. The Whig Party which had presented an increasing opposition to the party in power as the state's immigration shifted from the south to the eastern and northern states, and to settlers from the northern European countries, was developing like internal dissension.

In the years preceding 1860, the pattern in Iowa was similar to that of other states of the old Northwest Territory. Whigs and Democrats shared town and county offices throughout the state, but the Democrats controlled the constitutional conventions of 1844 and 1846, while the Whigs who had challenged the original Democratic power were sharing the fate of their party nationally and disappearing from the scene. Both parties were divided into warring factions caused in a large part by slavery and anti-slavery attitudes. At the beginning of 1854, the Whigs were so moribund it seemed almost useless to hold a convention, but statewide opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Act brightened their hopes. A wily campaigner, James R. Grimes, was nominated to the governorship, where upon some old-line Whigs denounced Grimes as an abolitionist and bolted the party. This loss Grimes offset by solidifying the dissident Democrats who opposed their party's strong pro-slavery stand. He played on the fears of those who believed the slavery struggle might be brought to Iowa, pointing out the many pro-slavery people in Iowa, and quoting "a distinguished representative from Georgia who had stated that Iowa would be a slave state within fifteen years." His strategy worked; for the first time in history Iowa elected a Whig governor.

Meanwhile so strong had the anti-slavery forces grown that a call to organize these various groups in Iowa was issued. The convention met in Iowa City in February, 1856, and the Republican Party was organized, a combination of the so-called "Opposition" Party as the radical opponents of the conservative Whig members were known, the Know-Nothings, the Free Soilers and the other splinter groups which had mushroomed in the state. Slavery was not the single challenge to the

old parties but it was the predominant one. Immediately prior to the formation of the new party, the state presented the greatest variety of factions it has ever known.

Grimes who became a leading spokesman for the new party, was originally a conservative Whig who had during the years from 1848 to 1854 become a radical member. A change in part no doubt because of his anti-slavery stand and his opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, as well as his attitude towards the Kansas-Nebraska Bill which would make slavery possible in these territories. He was a strong supporter of the homestead law, an ardent temperance man, and a believer in ordering the manners and morals of Iowans through legislation. As early as 1838, he was a vigorous promoter of the new railroad, as well as of the state's roadbuilding program, the "plank" roads.



James A. Brown home in Bentonsport being restored by Colonel George Orr

Another valuable recruit to the new party was Samuel Kirkwood who was to become Iowa's war governor and throughout his lifetime to play a leading role in state politics.

When the convention met in Iowa City, it ran the gamut of the day's political thought. All parties except the administration Democrats, were represented; the old-line Whigs, the radical Whigs, Free Soilers, Abolitionists, Temperance men, Know-Nothings and Anti-Kansas-Nebraska Democrats. Harmony, except for platform consideration, prevailed. Two planks created most of the controversy: temperance and the naturalization law. Finally a platform was written in which nothing offended

the former Democrats or other "ism" parties. The spread of slavery was opposed, and the party looked to the perpetuity of the Union stating firmly that the Republicans "will shrink from no conflict and shirk no responsibility on this issue."

The issue of freedom or slavery in Kansas was vital to the people of Iowa. They feared that slavery might spread from Missouri and Kansas to Nebraska and other western territory, and they wanted a free area to the west into which their sons might move. The Republicans strongly extended their sympathies to the free state men of Kansas. The little town of Tabor became a hospital and arsenal for Kansas' fighting men. Newspapers were filled with pleas for help for "bleeding" Kansas and stories of "Civil War" in that territory. For practical purposes it helped the Republicans, and the party leaders were active in support of the free staters. Arms and ammunition were sent to James H. Lane, a prominent free stater, and a "Lane Trail" was laid across Iowa to aid the passage of men and supplies on their way to Kansas. Republican leaders took inspection trips to Kansas, as well as mustering local aid. Grenville M. Dodge relayed muskets to Council Bluffs on their way to Kansas. Governor Grimes it is said "carelessly" left the key to Iowa's arsenal on his desk where it was "found" by the commander of a Kansas bound free state band, who "appropriated" 1500 muskets for its use.

Overlooking the incongruity of demanding that the South cease interference in Kansas while he, himself, lent aid and support to that state, Grimes charged the national government with failing to perform its duty in protecting the people of Kansas and proclaimed the right of the states to protect their former citizens now residing in that state. "If," he said, "the people of Iowa are not permitted to enjoy the right of citizenship in that territory, they retain their former citizenship in this state, and are as much entitled to protection from the state while upon the public domain as they would be if the general government failed to protect them in a foreign country . . ."

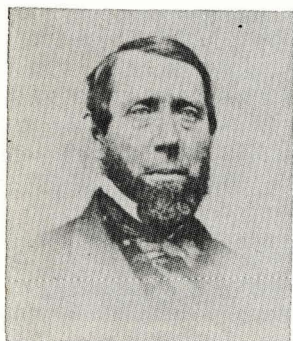
This outpouring of anti-slavery propaganda encouraged membership in the new party including many Democrats dissatisfied with their party's pro-slavery attitude. Of the 1856 election outcome there was no doubt; only the size of the victory was in question. Fremont won the state's electors for the presidency. The Republican state ticket as a whole was elected. Iowa's political elements had solidified and realigned themselves.

By 1859 the Republican party was firmly in control. In conventions that year, the Democratic Party opposed high taxes, negro immigration into the state, the end of segregation in the schools, while halfheartedly indorsing the national party planks. The Republicans opposed high taxes, the revival of the African slave trade, asked for a liberalization of the naturalization laws, a stand popular with the immigrant voters arriving in Iowa in ever increasing numbers. Both parties favored the homestead law. As always the common point of agreement between the opposing parties was opposition to high taxes.

The smell of Republican victory was in the air, and politically ambitious men hastened to climb on its band wagon. Homespun Samuel Kirkwood, a Democrat, who finding himself unable to accept his party's attitude on slavery had served as a delegate to the convention which organized the Republican party, was named to oppose fiery Augustus Dodge for governor. Kirkwood strongly supported Lincoln for the presidency against Douglas. In the election, 80% of eligible Iowans voted, and by a slim margin the Republicans won all the important offices, including control of the state legislature which would name a United States senator to join Republican James Harlan already in Washington. The party's success astounded even the most optimistic of the Republicans. Lincoln carried the state with a vote of 70,118, his nearest opponent, Douglas received 55,639, while Breckenridge and Bell trailed with a vote of little more than one thousand each. As Stephen Douglas had pointed out in an impassioned speech in Iowa City, "We cannot permit this Union to be dissolved. It must be preserved. And how? Only by preserving inviolate the Constitution as our fathers made it."

The die was cast. The people had spoken.

Difficulties beyond his comprehension awaited Kirkwood when he



Governor
Samuel J. Kirkwood

journeyed in an old Concord coach wallowing through snowdrifts to Iowa's new capitol. Des Moines in 1860 was a shabby frontier town of less than 3,000 inhabitants. The new state-house stood on a hill more than a mile from the hotels, with streets little more than muddy wagon tracks leading up to it. The governor had no aides, no staff, not even a private secretary. Typewriters were yet to be invented. Aided by friends who volunteered their services, the new governor answered by hand the voluminous correspondence which poured across his desk. Kirkwood was a straightforward, hard headed pioneer who met his obligations, however complex they were. He served the state long and well.

As was the governor's, the adjutant general's office was also overwhelmed. Soon after Bull Run, Kirkwood appointed Nathaniel Baker to this post. Baker was no tyro in executive affairs. A graduate of Harvard University he studied law in the office of Franklin Pierce, former president of the United States. In New Hampshire, Baker's native state, he served as a journalist, clerk of the court, member of the legislature, twice speaker of the House of Representatives, and finally governor. Like Kirkwood, he was an able and tireless worker.

Kirkwood and Baker were a strong team. Both men were high level executives with deep concern for Iowa's troops. Arbitrary rules, mistreatment, arrogance, brought quick and vigorous attention from the governor and adjutant general.

Kirkwood, too, had a background of pioneering. He was born in Maryland during the War of 1812. His father was a farmer and the boy grew up in a log house pre-dating the Revolution. When he was ten years old he was sent to Washington, D. C. to school and much of his early life was spent in that city.

Following financial reverses, his father moved to Ohio, and Samuel, then twenty years old accompanied the family traveling by covered wagon over the Cumberland Trail. They settled in Mansfield.

During the next few years, young Kirkwood tried various occupations and found none to his liking until Judge Bartley, prominent Mansfield attorney, asked him to read law in the Bartley office. A few months after Kirkwood passed the bar he became a partner of the judge.

In 1844 Judge Bartley was made governor which left the responsibilities of the partnership to Kirkwood. This brought him to public attention, especially politically. Until 1854 he acted with the Democratic Party, but opposed as he was to slavery, he was unable to support Stephen Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska bill and vigorously attacked it.

In 1854, Kirkwood and his wife moved to Iowa City. At first his business affairs occupied his time but in 1856 he was a delegate to a convention for the purpose of organizing the Republican Party in Iowa.

From that time, the name of Samuel Jordan Kirkwood was well known in political circles. He was a member of the 6th General Assembly and strongly supported James W. Grimes for U. S. Senator. He served as chairman of the Republican state central committee. In 1859 he was elected governor, and in a hard fought campaign supported Lincoln for president.

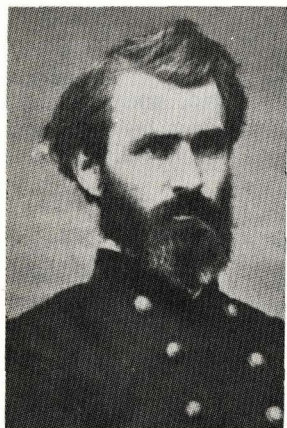
Difficulties such as have never confronted any other governor faced him. His second campaign for Governor received little of his attention but he was re-elected.

In 1863, the legislature named him to fill the unexpired term of James Harlan as U. S. Senator. In 1875 he was again elected governor

and during this term the legislature elected him to a six year term in the U. S. Senate.

In 1881, he resigned his Senate seat to become Secretary of the Interior. In 1882, almost seventy years old, he retired to Iowa City to spend the final days of his life. As governor he was spokesman for Iowa in its most trying era.

Kirkwood was in office when the war began but Iowa's second war governor came to his desk from the battlefield. He was William Milo Stone. Born in New York State in 1827, he moved to Ohio at the age of six. At thirteen he was working as a farm hand, and two years later as a team driver on the Ohio Canal. At eighteen he apprenticed to a chairmaker, following that trade until he was admitted to the bar in 1851.



Governor
William M. Stone

His formal education consisted of two winters in a country school. He read law in the office of James Matthews of Coshocton with whom he practiced until he moved to Iowa where he established himself in Knoxville. Two years later he purchased the *Knoxville Journal*, and became its editor and publisher.

An active Republican, he was elected district judge holding the office until Ft. Sumter was fired on. When the word came, he adjourned court, and hurried home to Knoxville where he raised a company of which he became captain. A few weeks later, he received his majority. In the Battle of Blue Hills he was wounded, and at Shiloh, taken prisoner.

After three months' captivity, he was chosen one of three Federal officers paroled by the Confederates to arrange an exchange of prisoners in Washington. The mission was unsuccessful and Stone returned to Richmond and surrendered to the Confederate authorities. So pleased was Jefferson Davis with his conduct, that he sent him back to make another try. This time the mission was accomplished and a general exchange followed.

His experiences as prisoner of war gave Stone much publicity, and when he returned to Knoxville after his liberation he was made Colonel of the 22nd Iowa Infantry. During this service he was wounded at Vicksburg and ordered home.

While recuperating, he was nominated as governor and resigned his commission to make the campaign which elected him.

A slender, erect, handsome man, he possessed unlimited self-confidence and tremendous industry. His military service popularized him with the soldiers. A less able man than Kirkwood, his administration was even more popular.

30

pro-slavery

Before 1846, slavery met with little opposition in Iowa. During the ten years following statehood, a transition took place. Iowa claimed a place with the anti-slavery states. This, in great part, was caused by the changing flow of immigration into the state.

In the early years of Iowa's settling, many small farmers from the southern states finding themselves unable to compete with the slaveholding planters, sought new lands. In 1833 when the Iowa Territory was opened for settlement, these southerners arrived in droves. Steamboats piled high with their possessions unloaded at Keokuk's docks. Not all of these settlers were poor farmers. Sons of well-to-do families seeking adventure and economic opportunity were scattered among them. From the latter group, came much of early Iowa's leadership.

As an institution, slavery was not objectionable to these men and women except as it had made their economic situation difficult in the south. An occasional settler even brought a slave with him. While slavery had no place in Iowa's economic organization, its settlers quite generally accepted it as a way of life in America. Augustus Caesar Dodge and George Wallace Jones, Iowa's first two senators, were slave owners. Others living in the extreme southern areas of the state, believing themselves citizens of Missouri, held slaves unaware that they were living on land closed to slavery by the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Boundaries in the early 1800's were so uncertain and territorial areas fluctuated so frequently, that the isolated settler gave them little heed. Along the Mississippi River slaveholding families settled without question.

As immigrants from the central and northeastern states poured into Iowa, together with those from Germany, Scandinavia and Ireland, the state's thinking changed radically. Railroad expansion into the state made overland travel practical. No longer was the steamboat Iowa's lifeline to the world outside. Soon the easterner and northerner outnumbered the southerner, and Iowa's political attitudes were shifting. Whereas the constitutional conventions of 1844 and 1846, and the state's early legislative sessions were controlled by southerners, after

the formation of the Republican Party in the mid-fifties, the northern element took control of the state's politics.

Despite the growing abolitionist sentiment in the forties and fifties, many Iowans continued to favor slavery. To them it seemed a natural way of life for the negro. In part this originated in fear of economic competition from freed slaves with an accompanying lowering of wages. Social equality for the negro was not yet accepted by many Iowans, and to those of southern background it was abhorrent. Emancipation, it was claimed by many, was not good for the negro. Since he was unable to care for himself he would be better off in slavery where he was cared for by his master. So thoroughly grounded were these early settlers in the thesis of the negro as an inferior being, that even these men who had come to the prairies seeking political freedom had yet to accept that same freedom for all men.

Many Iowans feared that national agitation against slavery would weaken the Union, and first and foremost Iowa stood for the Union. Numerous newspapers opposed abolitionist agitation as did a majority of the Whigs as well as the Democrats. When in 1838, it was proposed in Congress to make Iowa a territory, South Carolina's powerful Senator Calhoun opposed it on the grounds that in a few years it would be a "powerful abolition state." When George W. Jones, then representative from Wisconsin retorted that Iowans hated abolition, Calhoun with prophetic insight replied that when settlers from New England and the Western Reserve began entering Iowa, it would become "the strongest abolition state in the Union."

Again and again in its state party conventions and meetings, the Democrats expressed their hostility to anti-slavery sentiment, and in the legislature discussed ways of keeping freed negroes out of the state. The state constitutional convention in 1844 hotly debated the right of negroes to vote. At all costs, it was contended, except as slaves negroes must be kept out of the state. A provision to this effect failed a place in the proposed constitution only because its insertion might cost Iowa's entry into the Union. In this constitution and in that of 1846, provisions preventing negroes from voting, serving in the legislature, or in the state militia, were proposed.

In Congress, the desire of northern members for more territory from which to create free states led to the cutting down of Iowa's proposed boundaries, a move for which southern Congressmen did not vote.

In a great part, Iowa's southern bonds were economic. The state used the Mississippi as a major highway down which it transported its products to markets principally located in the slave states which controlled the river. The south recognized this and counted on Iowa as an ally. Unfortunately for the south, transportation was taking on new form. The new railroads were rapidly pushing west, bringing eastern

markets closer and more accessible to Iowa's products. When in 1846, Iowa became a state, an impressive change in political thinking took place. During the state's eight years of territorial existence, the people cast their lot with the south. Slaves were permitted. Negroes were discriminated against. Abolitionists were belittled. Closer bonds were sought with their southern neighbors. After 1846 this trend was reversed.

From 1846 to 1854, the struggle over the expansion of slavery grew in bitterness. North and South battled for control of the territory won in the Mexican War, as well as the states bordering on north and south in which sentiment fluctuated. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act halted what threatened in some areas to become a flaming border war. Inevitably Iowa's politics reflected the national turmoil.



Parlor of Harlan home, Mount Pleasant

Upon winning statehood, Iowa sent Shepherd Leffler, a Virginian by birth, and Serranus C. Hastings, a native New Yorker, to the lower house of Congress. After a prolonged battle, George Wallace Jones and Augustus Caesar Dodge were elected Iowa's first United States senators. Jones was raised among slave-holding Indiana farmers. Jeffer-

son Davis was his close friend in college days. Admittedly he glorified southern traditions.

Dodge was born in Missouri. During his army service he absorbed southern culture and was southern in manner. He, too, sympathized with southern thinking.

The Wilmot Proviso that in the future, slavery should not be permitted in any of the territory acquired from Mexico, destroyed the Democratic Party's hopes that slavery would not become a national issue. Many Iowans, perhaps the majority, felt the Proviso was an unnecessary restriction and were willing to follow the Democratic Party's lead. The legislature took no stand. Iowa was the only state that did not.

Now the state's shifting population and the reflection of its attitudes was felt. In 1848, the Free Soil Party received 1,100 votes in Iowa. A small number even for those days, but it brought the slavery issue into the open. The press, the people, the politicians, took sides for and against. Iowa's Congressional delegation worked for the Union and against abolition. Compromises were proposed, argued and won, among them the Fugitive Slave Act. Resolutions for and against the regulating of slaves were presented to Congress, but the majority of Iowans seemed willing to accept the compromise to end the agitation.

In Congress apparently all was quiet, but in the northern states discontent was seething. Missouri slave owners crossed and re-crossed the Iowa line seeking runaway slaves, and while southern thinking Iowans were content with this, others were not and aided the slaves whenever possible. Newspapers took up the cudgels pro and con. In Congress, Senator Dodge defended the Fugitive Slave Law. Iowa governors urged the state's citizens to obey all Federal laws. In 1852, the Democrats proclaiming that they had successfully compromised the slavery question, won a sweeping victory at the polls, re-electing George Wallace Jones to the Senate. Discontent, however, continued to grow. The earlier settlers were satisfied with the status quo, but the new immigrants were not.

In this period, Iowans were seeking a transcontinental railroad across the state, with an accompanying land grant act benefitting both state and the railroads. Before this could be done, the western lands must be organized and the Indian titles cleared. Missourians, too, were seeking a transcontinental railroad, and in 1852 won the necessary "right-of-way" legislation from Congress which ignored Iowa's requests for similar acts. To correct this, Senator Dodge introduced a bill which emerged from the committee as the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Section 21 of the bill repealed the Missouri Compromise, and gave to the territory the right to decide if slavery should or should not exist within its boundaries. The whole question of slavery was again being hotly agitated. The Whigs opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Iowa Democratic Party split wide open on the issue. Many Democrats threatened

to give up their party affiliation. Senator Dodge blamed the abolitionists, but petitions from Iowa poured into Congress challenging the stand of their senators, an attitude disturbing to Washington. The Administration, however, was behind the bill and it passed. Iowa resented the Act because it wiped out a mood of moderation, peace and complacency which the state had cultivated for eight years.

The Whig Party, too, was badly split and in a moribund condition, but with the growing opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the party's hopes brightened. Thirty eight year old James Wilson Grimes was nominated for governor and elected. He built his entire campaign on the Kansas-Nebraska issue, and it worked. For the first time in history, Iowa elected a Whig governor.

Grimes realized the opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill could not last forever and he proceeded to build a coalition centered on anti-slavery. Dodge, whose term was expiring, was replaced by Free Soiler James Harlan. A call for a convention in Iowa City in February, 1856, to organize the anti-slavery forces in the state was issued, which organized the Republican Party in Iowa. Organizers and leaders of the new party, among them Samuel Kirkwood, were largely newcomers to the state. The Democrats as might be expected reacted violently to the formation of the new party. The Republicans, they cried, were intent upon glorifying the negro at the expense of the white man. In the midst of the clamor and confusion, the new party moved steadily ahead, almost at its will. It won elections, Negroes were relieved of certain restrictions, including the right to give testimony in Iowa courts. The underground railroad operated at full speed in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Act which Iowa judges ignored. Anti-slavery men were in full control and their number grew with the like minded immigrants pouring across the Mississippi.

In 1857, a new constitutional convention was called to rewrite the constitution of 1846. A hotly debated issue was whether or not to remove the word "white" from the suffrage provision.

Anti-slavery was now a dominant theme, but the victory was not complete. For so long had Iowans been imbued with anti-negro propaganda that not until after the Civil War would it disappear from the state. In the convention a negro exclusion act was introduced, but laid upon the table. A negro suffrage provision was also introduced but it was decided to submit it directly to the people when the constitution was voted upon. Negro suffrage was overwhelmingly defeated. Iowa was anti-slavery but was not abolitionist.

The Dred Scott decision became a fighting issue. Republicans denounced the Supreme Court and Democrats defended the decision. The chaos in Kansas, and George Wallace Jones, last of the Iowa southern Democrats in Congress, brought about the final disintegration of Iowa's pro-slavery attitudes. Senator Jones attempted to have Kansas brought

into the Union as a slave state, and the Republicans saw the Kansas struggle as a southern plot to perpetuate slavery by bloodshed. The differing attitudes split the Democratic Party still wider. The party repudiated Jones and he lost the nomination for Senator. The Republican controlled legislature elected Grimes in his stead. Now Iowa presented a united anti-slavery front to the nation—Grimes and Harlan in the United States Senate; Kirkwood in the statehouse. No longer could the South look to Iowa as an ally. By 1860 the Democratic Party and the Republican party which had replaced the Whig Party, had reversed their positions. Lincoln swept the state. Iowa went into the Civil War, Republican and anti-slavery. George W. Jones, former United States senator, was jailed by order of Secretary of State Seward who claimed he did it lest Jones rally the disloyal elements of the state to the southern cause. Thousands of War Democrats, so-called to distinguish them from the Peace Democrats, who clung to the secessionist cause, came over to the Republicans.

Throughout the early pre-war period, Iowa was a contradictory entity. Although geographically it was located in the north, its strong southern population defended slavery and sent representatives to congress which promoted the southern point of view. The Civil War and the shift in immigration backgrounds so disrupted these original tendencies that the state emerged as "Northern" in its attitudes. So thoroughly has this change infiltrated Iowa that few Iowans today except for historians recall that Iowa once lent sympathy to the South and that a battle of minds went on during the years preceding the great conflict.

31

lincoln

Although Lincoln never lived in Iowa, he did own land in this state and his son lived in Mt. Pleasant. Lincoln did visit and speak in Iowa on many occasions and played an indirect part in its history. As president he appointed Iowans to national posts, and was strongly supported for that office by Iowa voters. Born one year after the building of Iowa's first fort at Fort Madison, (1808) Lincoln moved with his family to Indiana in the year Forts Armstrong and Crawford were built (1816) on the Mississippi River. He served as a captain in the Black Hawk War. Coincident with the first white settlement in the Black Hawk Purchase, he was named postmaster of New Salem, Illinois. While Postmaster Antoine LeClaire was carrying letters in his coat tails to Davenport, Lincoln was distributing mail in New Salem from his tall black hat.

In 1850 and again in 1855, when Congress granted land bounties to those who had served in the army, Lincoln was granted three land warrants, for his service in the Black Hawk War. Two of these he placed in Iowa; one near the town of Tama in Tama County, and one in Crawford County near Denison. In 1874, Lincoln's widow transferred the 40 acres near Tama to her son Robert for \$100. In turn he sold it for \$500. A huge boulder with a plaque placed by the D. A. R. marks the site of the second tract near Denison.

When John Meigs heard that Lincoln had chosen two tracts of Iowa farm land as well as small parcels near Council Bluffs, he reminded Mary of Lincoln's earlier advice to him that Iowa's soil was black and deep, and the Iowa Territory a good place for a man to settle.

John followed closely Lincoln's case for the railroad which had to do with the wreck of a steamboat on the Rock Island's bridge over the Mississippi. In 1854, the Rock Island rails reached the Mississippi, the first direct link between the Atlantic and the great river. In 1856, a bridge to Davenport was completed. Shortly after its opening, a steamboat, the *Effie Afton*, while passing through the drawbridge, struck the pier and caught on fire. The bridge also caught on fire and for several months was not in use. The steamboat's angry owners brought

suit against the interloper, as the river traffic thought of the new railroad, and a hard fought battle resulted.

Bitter feelings resulted on both sides. Lincoln apparently was the calmest of those involved. He pointed out, logically, that railroads as well as steamboats had their rights. He regretted that railroad travel by bridge across the river should block the way of the steamboat "extending from where it never freezes to where it never thaws", but as he reasonably explained "there is a travel from east to west whose rights are not less important than those of the river."



The Lincoln memorial at Council Bluffs overlooking the Missouri River where he once stood and visioned the tremendous possibilities of the western movement.

This was a new concept. Until the trial, travel north and south along the river was recognized as predominant. Now the tide was turning.

The great east-west movement was rising to claim the leading place in transportation. Lincoln won his case.

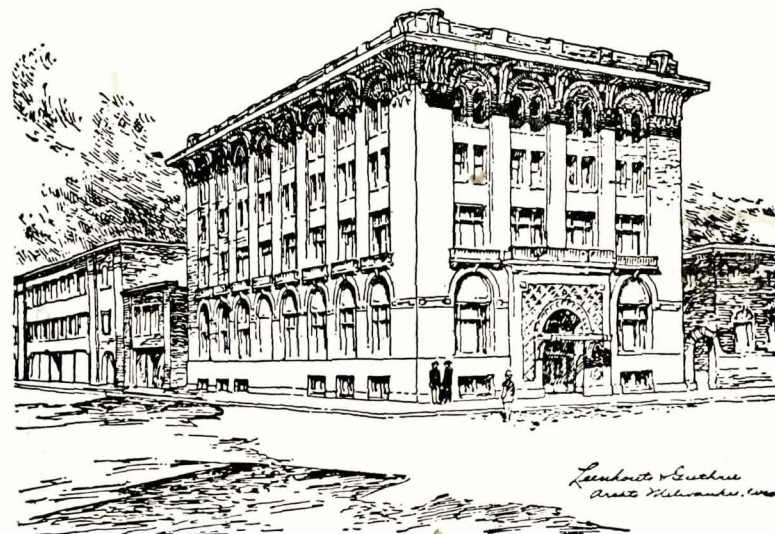
In Council Bluffs in 1859, Lincoln met Grenville Dodge, later to be a Civil War general and close friend, and following the war, a great railroad expansionist, who was directing railroad surveys west of the Missouri for the Rock Island. When Congress passed the act establishing a transcontinental railroad, Lincoln who always believed in western expansion, asked Dodge to come to Washington for a conference. The thinking of these two in conference marked Council Bluffs as the western terminus of the Rock Island and the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific.

On the high bluffs where Lincoln stood and looked across the muddy Missouri and Nebraska's empty rolling plains, and foresaw a mighty empire to come, stands a Lincoln memorial.

In 1859, Lincoln came to Dubuque, this time representing the Illinois Central Railroad on a case which was tried at Galena. The year Iowa became a state, Lincoln was elected to Congress, and John still proud of his early acquaintance with the rising politician, again predicted that Lincoln would go high.

"He's a tall man," he told his sons "He's tall mentally as well as physically. There's trying times ahead, and America will need a man. Lincoln will be that man."

Not every one agreed. As always opinion was divided concerning this strange man. But among those who had met him on his occasional



Grimes Hall in Burlington where Lincoln spoke in 1858

visits to the state, there was a growing belief in his latent abilities. They pointed to his success in the Rock Island Railroad bridge case. "Knows how to handle himself," folks said. "No one puts anything over him. He's not biggity. Got a heap of commonsense."

When John learned that Lincoln had joined the newly organized Republican party in Illinois, he wrote Grimes then campaigning for governor of Iowa, saying that he, too, wished to join the new party. When Grimes ran for United States Senate in 1854, and Lincoln opposed Douglas in Illinois for the same office, John threw his influence for Grimes, driving long miles to talk with the settlers urging Grimes' election. When Douglas defeated Lincoln, it was for John a personal defeat.

When Lincoln spoke at Grimes Hall in Burlington, with Jeremiah and Hiram riding beside him on the high wagon seat, John drove to Burlington. After the speech, when the tall, gaunt man called John by name, and bent down to shake hands with the eager-eyed boys and tell them of his long friendship with their father, the long hard trip was forgotten. As Lincoln moved slowly away shaking hands with his friends, John stood transfixed.

"You'll never forget this day, lads," he told the round-eyed youngsters. "You've just touched the hand of a great man!"

As the Meigs moved through the crowd, they heard words of praise for Lincoln. Here was a man worthy to cope with the "Little Giant" and defeat him on his own ground. For two months Lincoln had staged a gruelling campaign against a strong competitor, but today he was fresh and vigorous. According to many in his audience, he was a sounder and more logical speaker than the famous Douglas.

In Council Bluffs in 1859, Lincoln again made a deep impression, the magnitude of his success measured by the politics of the paper reporting his appearance. As his fame as an orator increased, he had many invitations to speak. His principal reason for not accepting was his poverty.

"It is," he said frankly, "too bad to be poor." From time to time he found it necessary to forego his first love, the political campaign, in favor of his legal practice which provided the support for his family.

Though he seldom came to Iowa, the state supported him strongly in the campaign of 1860 and throughout the bitter days of the Civil War. Again in 1864, despite Iowa's desperate weariness of blood and grime, and its terrible losses of men and materials, the voters gave Lincoln an overwhelming majority for re-election to the presidency. The Iowa soldiers at the front cast 15,178 votes for Lincoln compared to 1,364 votes for General McClellan, a striking commentary on the attitudes of Iowa's fighting men. Half of the state's able-bodied men were in uni-

form, more than 76,000 out of a total population of 674,913. A greater number than made up General Washington's entire army during the War of the Revolution.

Iowa did more than vote for Lincoln. It stood behind "Old Abe", their favorite nickname for the president, with men and guns and food. In return, Mr. Lincoln named Iowans to important posts in his administration. Harlan of Mt. Pleasant served as Secretary of the Interior. Samuel Freeman Miller of Keokuk sat in the United States Supreme Court. Annie Turner Wittenmeyer was a frequent guest at the White House where she discussed the health of the soldiers and received the president's support for the diet kitchens which she founded. His son, Robert, married Senator Harlan's daughter. The home in which they lived in Mt. Pleasant is open to the public. When all the world observed the centennial of Lincoln's birth at Hodgenville, Kentucky, Senator Jonathan Dolliver of Iowa laid the American wreath on Lincoln's tomb.

Not only during the Civil War years, but throughout the years since during which men have evaluated his contribution to America, he has stood as a symbol of the homely, honest virtues which Iowa cherishes. He was the exemplification of the pioneer period in American history, the reason in part for his continuing influence on Iowa's political thinking throughout the past hundred years. His touch of rusticity created by his middle-western environment, made him a part of our folklore, a beloved symbol endeared to us by many homely tales. But his mind was so pure and his insight into the lives of those about him so true, that he stood then as he stands now on a pinnacle high above the ordinary lives about him. Despite, as pointed out by certain of his biographers, a certain attitude of withdrawal, he possessed to a rare degree, the common touch, enabling him to transmit his tremendous personality to those who came in contact with him.

Again and again in his speeches and writings, Lincoln reiterates his lack of education, but his was the wisdom of the inquiring mind that throughout his life sought education and the greater knowledge of new ideas. Above all he possessed a superb mastery of English prose enabling him to communicate with distinguished simplicity with great and small. He was wise in the understanding of humanity and its motivation. A simple man, with a great and far-reaching intelligence, he spoke for a generation of men who like himself were close to the secrets of nature and he lived in time to the never-ending rhythms of the natural world, as did his pioneer neighbors and friends.

His was the culmination of an era the like of which was never seen before and will never be seen again. . . the era of the American prairie pioneer.

In Keokuk John heard talk of the Mormon settlement across the Mississippi in Illinois. Here Dr. Isaac Galland, an Iowa convert to Mormonism, had sold a tract of land to Joseph Smith, founder of that faith.

Although Smith claimed to have seen his first vision in 1820, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, as its members are more commonly known, was not founded until April 6, 1830, in Fayette, New York. From the church's inception it aroused opposition, in part because of this newcomer to the society of religions' arrogant assertion that its members were the chosen people ignoring claims of other long established hierarchies to that status. Its very arrogance transferred this belief into an insuperable determination which was to drive them over mountains and deserts into a bleak and forbidding land to build their new Zion.

By the time the first Iowans were staking their claims in the Black Hawk Purchase, the Mormons had moved from Kirtland, Ohio, to which they had moved in 1831, to Independence, Missouri, which until this day has continued as a center of their religious organization. Here the church proclaimed was to be the site of the New Jerusalem, but again their disastrous history was repeated and the Missourians so opposed their settlements that once again the Saints were on the move, this time to Illinois and the land sold to them by Dr. Galland. A contributing factor to the Missourian's hostility was the outspoken opposition of the "Saints" as the Mormons preferred to be known, to the slavery which existed in Missouri.

After settling in Illinois where the church owned not only a townsite but a steamboat which docked at the head of the Des Moines Rapids, the Mormons changed the name of the settlement from Commerce to Nauvoo, a Hebraic word meaning beautiful, and set about making their city conform to its name. By 1844, Nauvoo had surpassed Chicago in population and had some twelve thousand inhabitants. It was now the largest city in Illinois. In 1846, a magnificent temple costing a million dollars was completed.

The usual envy and distrust which dogged the Saints soon raised its ugly head in their new home. The church's growing wealth and power created jealousy among its Gentile neighbors, and its dogmatic assumption that Mormonism was the supreme faith, aroused their righteous indignation. Dark charges were whispered against the new religion. In Keokuk among the men gathered in the store, John heard ugly accusations of polygamy among the Saints and of strange rites practiced in their temples.

A few of the men spoke out loudly: "Do you want Joseph Smith for president?" one man angrily demanded of John "He says he will be!"

"Saying doesn't make it so," replied John soberly.

"But how about the Illinois legislature setting up a Mormon Legion under control of the church?" asked another bystander.

John slowly shook his head. "I don't like it" he said.

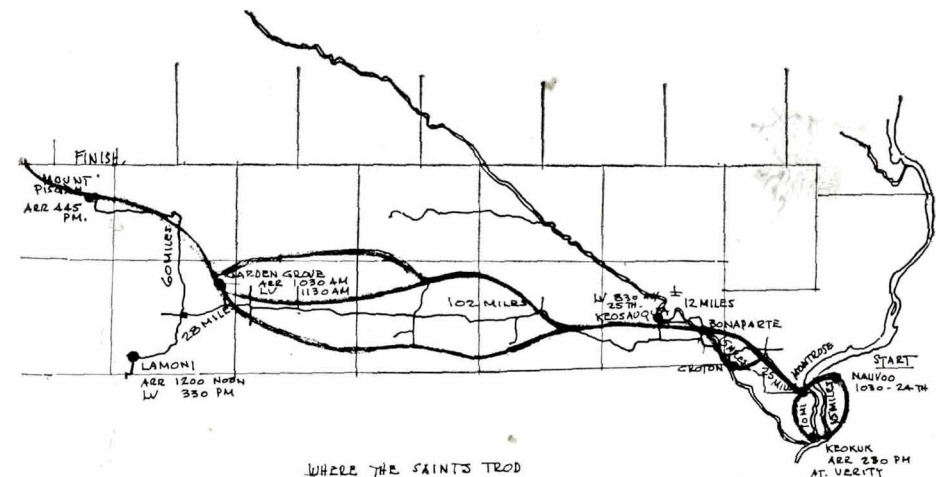
A few of the men put in a friendly word for Mormon thrift and diligence. In 1839, the church had bought a part of the town of Keokuk and the entire townsite known as Nashville. To that extent, John reminded the angry men, the Mormons were Iowans, and he reminded them also that Governor Lucas had said of the hundred Mormons who fled Missouri into Iowa, that they were "industrious, inoffensive and worthy citizens."

"You may be right, John," said one outspoken member of the group. "After all these Mormons are beholden to no one!" and the group broke up. It was suppertime and wives would have food on their tables.

The violence, however, persisted and became a commonplace. Armed forces stalked the countryside. In late June, 1844, John with Jeremiah perched on the seat beside him drove a loaded wagon into Keokuk to find excitement running high. Joseph Smith and his brother, John was told, were killed while in the Carthage jail awaiting trial.

"Brigham Young will take over the church," a friend of John's who had stood for moderation, predicted. "Young is a strong leader and a fine organizer. If any one can work it out, he can."

For a time Young did, but the latent hostility broke out again, and in 1845 Young appealed to the Governor of Illinois for help, promising that as "soon as the grass should grow and water run the following spring" the Saints would leave Nauvoo and head West. Brigham Young



WHERE THE SAINTS TROD

had decided to lead his people into an unsettled land where they could live their lives unmolested, and follow their chosen faith without hindrance.

For the Mormons the move was a tremendous undertaking. Each family must have a good wagon loaded with food, drawn by oxen or horses, a rifle and ammunition, a tent, seed for planting, tools, bedding, utensils for cooking and furnishings for its new home.

The first Mormon family crossed into Iowa on the way west on February 4, 1846. From that hour on, day and night, the Mormons crossed steadily on their way to the "Promised Land." On February 15, Brigham Young and his twelve Apostles crossed, and traveled inland nine miles to establish their first Camp of Israel on Sugar Creek in Lee County. In all fifteen Camps of Israel where the President and his twelve Apostles halted, were established across southern Iowa.

With the Mormon march underway the weather changed. Snow fell, and the temperature dropped to twenty degrees below zero, a condition which not all of the travelers were prepared to face. Although they had been warned to supply their wagons with food and wrappings, not all had done so. In the emergency some of the Mormons purchased food for themselves and their animals from the friendly settlers in Lee County. By cutting timber and doing farm work, others of the men earned money to pay for their purchases. The Mormon church still remembers the kindness of Iowans during the days of their bitter journey.

As usual when neighbors were in trouble, John and Mary gathered together food and blankets, a contribution shared by other nearby families. With Jeremiah, John drove to the Mormon camp where women and children were huddled around fires built on the frozen ground. While his father talked with the leader, Jeremiah made friends with a group of boys. Why men and women and children should abandon their homes and start west under such difficult circumstances was puzzling to him.

"Why start now?" he asked a particularly friendly lad, "When it is so cold? Why not wait until spring?"

The boy laughed "Because Iowa in winter is easier than the mountains! We must make it across while the high trails are open!"

Jeremiah thought this over. "Yes, you are right," he said "But why go? Why not stay in your homes in Nauvoo?"

The other boy shook his head. "We are Mormons," he said "Folks don't like us. My folks say it is always like this. We move in, build homes, a temple. Then the neighbors begin to hate us."

Jeremiah tried hard to understand. He was only a little boy, but like all pioneer children, he knew the value of a roof, a fire, food on the table. He looked around at the tents sagging under the gloomy sky, their flaps blowing in the cold, damp wind. He looked at the little fires, their smoke straggling up into the drifting snow flakes, over which

hung cooking pots. The mothers and their children looked pinched and cold. Only a few were as warmly dressed as Jeremiah.

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps you must move. I hope you like your new home." Suddenly he remembered conversations he had heard. "Are there two or three mothers in your home?" he asked.

The other boy shuffled his feet and looked off across the bleak, desolate prairie stretching away to the distant horizon.



Mormon Cemetery near Mt. Pisgah where a number of pioneer Mormons were buried.

"I'd better go now," he said. "My mother will be looking for me," and he slipped quietly away disappearing behind the wagons.

Years later when Jeremiah was on a mission in Washington, D.C., on behalf of the Iowa Indians, he met a representative from Utah on a like errand. The man appeared strangely familiar, and at last Jeremiah approached him: "Did I talk with you once, years ago, when your people were in Iowa on their way west?"

The Utahn smiled. "Yes, you did." He looked closely at Jeremiah for a moment. "Do you remember the question you asked, if there were two or three mothers in my home?"

John laughed. "Yes, I've often thought about it since. I shouldn't have asked. I'm sorry."

"You were so young you didn't know what you were asking," the other replied. "I realized that. It is why I didn't answer, but took the easy way by running away. I should have told you. I will now. In my home there was never but one family as was the case in many Mormon households. Like you, I was confused. It was for us all, young and old, a difficult situation."

Jeremiah held out his hand. "Thank you," he told the other. "You have helped me to understanding."

The Mormon returned his handshake, the two smiled at one another, and parted. As Jeremiah walked back to his hotel, he thought: "It is like I felt in the army. When you know someone it is difficult to hate him." He remembered the Confederate boys with whom he had fraternized. The boy he had found hiding in the brush whose wound he had dressed. "All good lads," he told himself. "And so is this one even if he is a Saint."

Over wretched roads and in continuing bad weather the Mormons moved relentlessly ahead, averaging only a little more than three miles a day. As they moved, they established permanent camps where those who followed after them could stay. It was too early for the grass to start, and the animals were often fed on the small limbs and bark of trees. With the forming of the permanent camps, the hardships for those who followed were lessened.

At Garden Grove, a small permanent settlement was established on the banks of the Grand River. Here farms were opened for the benefit of those too poor to adequately supply themselves for the trek ahead, as well as a rest place for the sick and old. Fences were built, and houses, Wells were dug. Land was cleared, plowed, planted. Bridges were erected across the streams.

Brigham Young compared these camps to cords which were lengthened as more Stakes, as the permanent settlements were called, were built. Even Brigham Young, who was by nature portly, knew hunger. The snugly fitting coat in which he had left Nauvoo, lapped over for twelve inches.

In May, Brigham Young with the majority of the Mormons left Garden Grove with the wagon trains moving west. When the train reached



HENDERSON HOME

GARDEN GROVE

the middle fork of the Grand River, it found a camp which Parley Pratt had established. He wrote of it in high sounding language: "... grassy and crowned with a beautiful growth of timber with alternate open groves and forests seemed blended in all the beauty and harmony of an English park. On the west rolled the main branch of the Grand River with its rich bottoms. As I approached, several deer and wolves, being startled at the sight of me, abandoned the place and bounded away until lost from my sight amid the groves. Being pleased and excited at the varied beauty before me, I cried out: 'This is Mount Pisgah!' " Here a mill was constructed, a tabernacle built and fifteen hundred acres put under cultivation. Eight hundred burials were made in this camp which was maintained until 1852.

On a nearby hill, Pratt reports finding "a mass of grey granite which had the appearance of an ancient altar the parts of which had fallen apart in various directions as though separated by fire." It was the only rock in the area which added to the significance of the name, Mount Pisgah.

By the end of May the Mormons again were on the move. Brigham Young left Mount Pisgah on June 2, arriving at what is now Council Bluffs on June 14. The three hundred mile journey from river to river, an easy day's trip today, had taken five months of struggle and hardship. At Miller's Hollow (Council Bluffs), the Mormons had word of the dedicating of the Temple at Nauvoo. Here a ferry was built to carry the wagons across the Missouri to the encampment in the northern outskirts of what today is Omaha, which became known as Winter Quarters. Here the Saints made ready for the terrible trip across deserts and mountains to their refuge in Utah.

The movement of the Mormons across southern Iowa left a lasting impression. In the summer of 1846, fifteen thousand Mormons were in

camp or on the road, with some three thousand wagons and thirty thousand head of cattle, horses, mules, and numerous sheep. To their credit is the marking of the first great trail across Iowa from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Permanent camps which they established still exist and the Church of Latter Day Saints is still influential in these towns.

A later movement of the Mormons to their home in Salt Lake, was the handcart expeditions in 1856. The church was a mighty proselyter, and worked diligently in England and other foreign countries to secure immigrants for its Utah settlements. So poor were these immigrants that the Mormon church found it impossible, even with the aid of the Emigrant Fund Company, founded to assist those unable to pay their transportation, to provide wagons and teams for the hundreds of proselytes moving west. To transport them, Brigham Young decided they should walk from Iowa City to Salt Lake. "The Lord," he reminded the faithful "through his prophet says of the poor 'Let them come on foot with hand-carts or wheel-barrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through and nothing shall hinder them.'"

Fifteen miles a day, he told the London converts, will bring them through in seventy days. After becoming accustomed to the march, he advised them, twenty, twenty-five or even thirty miles a day can be covered with ease. As you travel, he assured them, you will get stronger. The sick and the little ones can be carried on the carts, but there will be none sick in a little time after the start is made.

The converts, the majority of them city dwellers, and unfamiliar with the vast stretches of the western American wilderness, accepted this glowing picture and arrived in Iowa City, to find neither handcarts nor outfits ready. After camping for sometime at Coralville, two miles outside of Iowa City, while preparations were made, the first detachments got under way on June 7, 1856, with two hundred twenty-six



Mormon Trail memorial marking the route which the Mormons followed on their western exodus.

people in line. This group with two others which moved out within the next few days, arrived in Salt Lake before the winter weather came down. The two companies starting later, suffered incredible hardships, death and distress, before reaching their goal.

Many of these emigrants had made the long difficult trip from England across the stormy Atlantic, with a tiring train trip from New York City to Iowa City, and were already homesick before they marched out with their handcarts. At Iowa City, then the railroad's end, the families had lived in tents, many of the members already ill from the difficulties encountered on the journey from London to central Iowa. The hungry women and children hired out to nearby farmers to earn food, while the men worked building the handcarts, or less happily, on coffins to bury the dead. Fever and ague were rampant as was usual in early American settlements. So prevalent was this illness among the pioneers that it was known among the immigrants as "American Fever".

As the handcarts slowly moved along the trail through Iowa, Young's optimistic prediction that as the travelers grew accustomed to travel, they would travel with greater ease and become stronger each day, did not completely materialize. The record is filled with the making of coffins for children who were buried along the way and of the illness and death of their elders. The weather was typical Iowa summer heat, hot and humid, and the children cried with hunger, but the Saints moved forward secure in their belief that a better life was ahead for them.

The route passed along present day Highway 6, through Homestead, Marengo, Newton, Des Moines, Adel, and beyond the settlements, through Guthrie County following the old stage road southwest until it joined the Mormon Trail at Lewis in Cass County.

Despite disparaging comments concerning the quality of the Mormons by the press and citizens along the way, the long lines of handcarts bearing a banner at their head with the words: "The chosen People of the Lord bound for the Promised Land", trudged through dust or mud in one hundred degree heat with women pulling the carts to the distress of the bystanders. Since there was an average of three women to one man, this was a necessary measure. Despite outspoken disapproval of these unhappy people, again the Iowans helped with food. Knowing what lay ahead, they urged the converts not to attempt the long trip overland so late in the summer. But the immigrants secure in their ignorance of what lay before them, pushed ahead.

Twelve hundred miles, nearly two hundred miles of it completely uninhabited, waterless desert, must be crossed. If the trip across Iowa had been hard, it was incomparable to what was yet to be traversed. In Iowa food was plentiful and its people kindly. On the plains there was no food, or settlers' shanties where it might be obtained. The nights, and often the days were bitterly cold, and the converts lacked blankets and shelter, blankets having been discarded that an extra sack of flour might be added to their load. True, herds of buffalo and game were



Home of Joseph Smith III at Lamoni

plentiful, but these people were Europeans from countries in which hunting by peasants was forbidden, and knew nothing of foraging along the way.

The kindly Iowans watched the handcart processions move on and more than one woman wiped away a tear at the sight of little ones perched precariously on a handcart pulled by women with only the scant supply of food and clothing which could be carried and which the pioneers knew only too well could not possibly see them through to Utah. Despite these incredible handicaps, many of the converts did reach Salt Lake, where their descendants live today.

As the railroads moved west, the trip to the New Zion grew slightly easier. Hundreds of converts from Scandinavia as well as England and other countries moved across the country from 1856 to 1860. Their passage by wagon train and handcart is one of the truly dramatic stories of early Iowa. The resourcefulness and determination of the Mormons to build their new Zion, made possible an adventure which the pioneers of the day did not believe possible. In the light of their incredible crossing through Iowa and the barren lands beyond, their achievement in the building of Zion are not surprising. Whatever their enemies said against them, few questioned their ability to accomplish unbelievable labor to win their goal, nor their thrift and determined self maintenance which exists until this day.

Part II

When the Civil War blazed, Iowa was a young state, barely fifteen years old, untried, as were its hundreds of youthful volunteers who marched out to battle. Five years later, these men returned, matured, seasoned, unafraid of whatever might lie before them, ready to build the new Iowa which would emerge during the next few years.

Iowa's pioneer period was brief. It ended climactically with the Civil War's close. The years from 1861-65 transformed its scattered settlements into a closely knit whole. The men who had marched with Sherman to the Sea, who had fought at Vicksburg and Shiloh, who had seen a way of life disappear before their onslaught, brought home with them a new sense of values. Destruction was no longer for them. Now they sought security, permanence, a future with a place in it for them. In a hard school they had learned to work together to win an objective. During the years to come, they would turn this knowledge to advantage.



As the clouds of war formed and slowly moved closer, John Meigs joined the little groups of men in town, at church, in the fields, who stood on the corners, around a glowing stove, or by a plow, arguing and debating states' rights, the extension of slavery, the new Republican party. A few of the hot heads clamored for war: "Time we show 'em we mean business," growled an angry man. "We can lick 'em in a month!" The younger men talked eagerly of forming militia companies, drilling, and being ready for war when it came.

Jeremiah was restive, anxious as were his friends to show the South the North meant business. "They'll back down in a hurry!" he told John. John's look of worry deepened: "It's not that simple, boy," he said. "The Southerners are Americans, same as we are. They're fighters. Put on uniforms and march into Missouri and you'll be starting something that can't be stopped. Lincoln's got a level head on him. He's slow to anger but quick to stand for the right. Give him time!"

Deep in his thinking John knew that war was close . . . closer than he dared admit.

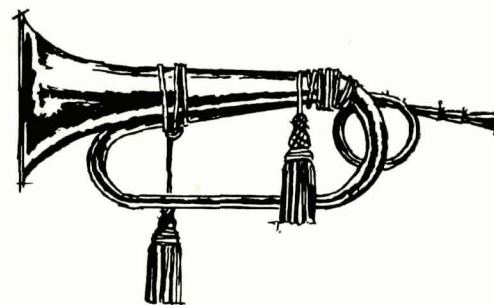
"It's the Union we must consider," he told the excited men. "Nothing must weaken its structure. The Union is first."

Like the majority of his neighbors he did not believe in slavery, for himself at least, but where it was established he was willing to accept it as an institution. The pioneer was quick to resent intrusion into his beliefs and rights, equally quick to grant the same privilege to others. "Let them keep their slaves," said John "so long as they keep them out of Iowa and the new states. After all a man's property rights must be protected!" The more sober-minded agreed. Property rights were the foundation of the new nation. Belief in the rights of the individual was strong in early America. Uneasily aware that slavery was morally wrong, Iowans nevertheless recognized that slaves were property. John agreed with Lincoln that if the slaves were freed, their owners should be reimbursed for their value.

"Slavery is wrong," said his friend, Quaker Isaac Garretson. "No man has the right to own another man. America cannot survive if we permit men to own the bodies and souls of others."

"Perhaps," said John. "Perhaps." He disagreed with the violent arguments of the fiery abolitionists. Like thousands of other men across the nation he was slow to move, unwilling to force his opinions on those of differing beliefs.

"We founded this country so folks could think as they chose," he told Ezekiel Barnes who was for gathering a group of men and boldly marching into Missouri to free the slaves across the state line. "Better we get together and talk it out. Maybe we can find a peaceful solution." The calm reasoning of his Quaker friend Garretson sank deep into his thinking. The Quakers were neither hotheads nor troublemakers eager to start a fight. There was sound thinking in the arguments of Garretson and his group. John thought uneasily of his own attitudes. Freedom to him was paramount. Without it nothing else was important. To be free . . . that was the one thing worth living for.



Civil War bugle

He thought of his children, happy, well fed, looking forward to a safe and secure future. He remembered the little black children huddled in his wagon, ragged, hungry, frightened, on their way to an unknown, uncertain future. Helping these families to freedom seemed right to him, but were these families whom he had helped different from others like them in the South; families unable to find their way to liberty?

John shook his head and laughed wryly: "I'm purely unreasonable" he thought. "On the one hand I help runaway slaves into Canada, and on the other hand I accept the system that makes this situation possible!" The Quakers, he admitted, had a long history of struggle for freedom for all men; struggle for the dignity of human beings. Isaac Garretson and his like didn't believe in killing, but over the years they had endured abuse and mistreatment while standing for their belief in human liberty.

"I fear it will come to war," he told Mary sadly "and our sons will fight it. The differences between North and South are too deep to be settled with words. We're too much alike. Neither side will back down and say it is wrong. Too bad we can't sit down and work out our problems with talk. Since we can't, it will take bullets and blood and death. It's like a fight between brothers, more bitter and ugly than a fight between strangers."

Mary sighed. Her boys, so strong and young and good, must they die fighting to free men and women whom they had never seen? She, too, thought of the fleeing families they had sheltered. Even if their color was different, they were human beings. The mothers loved their children just as she did. She thought of the tiny Indian baby the children had found hidden in the brush by the creek after the Indians had camped there for a day. He made no sound, but his big black eyes followed her every move.

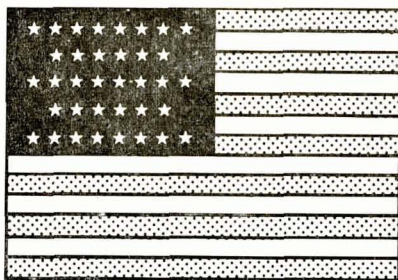
"Can we keep him, Ma?" the children begged. "He's so sweet!" The baby clutched at her heartstrings. "If no one claims him," she promised them gently.

When Wa-te-ma-ho, the Indian chief, at his heels a young girl her face covered with her blanket, demanded the child, Mary carefully dressed him in the little clothes she had made, and gave him to the pair.

"His father was a wandering white man," John angrily told his wife. "The girl was frightened. Thought she and the baby would be killed. That's why she hid the child. I talked with Wa-te-ma-ho. He speaks English. Made him understand the baby was his grandchild. He's promised to raise the boy as his own."

"And the girl?" Mary breathed.

"She'll care for the boy. It's a big step forward in Indian thinking. A few years ago Wa-te-ma-ho would have killed both without question."



Flag as it appeared during the Civil War period.

Mary watched the Indians go toward the west. The boy was not white but she loved him. If the chief had not come for him, she would have raised the child as her own. "It is better the baby be with his own people," she told the crying children, "even though he leaves a vacant place in our hearts. It is better he be with his own people."

"Black, white or red," she told herself "we're all people and we must learn to live with and respect one another."

She remembered the night when John Brown with his friend, J. B. Grinnell had slipped into their home after dark. For hours John and the older children sat by the fire talking with their visitors. The tall, gray old man, his eyes flashing, told of his plans for the raid on Harper's Ferry. He spoke of the price on his head and the search being made for him:

"It is," he cried, "a disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery. Slavery has made me an outlaw, but an old man should have more care to end life well than to live long!"

Brown told how he had crossed the line into Missouri and carried off eleven slaves who were to be "sold down the River". With the help of friends he had spirited them across Iowa and into Canada. Mary never forgot Brown's story of the baby who was born during the flight and who was named John Brown. A baby she thought sadly, without shelter or food except that given it by kindly folk along the road.

"It's a question," John said after the visitors were gone "if what Brown did was right or wrong. Slavery is the law in Missouri. Brown's men stole property, not only the slaves but wagons and teams with which to transport stolen property. Two wrongs don't make a right. We should correct these wrongs by law not by violence, either war or Brown's way!"

Reason was not to prevail. In the early hours of April 12, 1861, a shot echoed across Charleston Harbor, the first shot of a war that was to last for four endless bloody years and cost many thousands of lives to say nothing of millions of dollars.

Three days later President Lincoln called for 75,000 militia to maintain the law, integrity, national union, perpetuity of popular government, and redress wrongs long condoned."

Iowa replied with more men than Lincoln asked for.

At the time of Lincoln's election, the nation's leaders knew the country was sitting on a volcano—a volcano ready to erupt at any moment. While the new president sat in his Illinois office awaiting the day of his inauguration, Governor Kirkwood visited him bearing the message that although Iowa was greatly disturbed over the unhappy state of the nation, the state would never consent to the dissolution of the Union.

"Iowa will not," said Kirkwood stoutly "be frightened into abandoning its principles."

When the tidal wave of war rolled across the land, Iowa was fortunate its governor had the judgment and common sense needed to face the crisis and measure up to its demands. As did Lincoln, he exemplified the concept that the times produce the man. He was calm, sensible, patriotic, with an earthy wisdom. He did not seek war, but when he realized it was inevitable, he accepted it. As an institution he was opposed to slavery, and strongly against its extension into the new lands, but where slavery was an accomplished fact, he was willing to make compromises.

Four days after Sumter, following his call for 75,000 volunteers, President Lincoln through Samuel J. Cameron, Secretary of War, wired Governor Kirkwood asking for one regiment of militia. The telegram was received in Davenport then the terminus of the wires. Governor Kirkwood was in Iowa City, and Vandever who later was to become a major general, volunteered to deliver it to him. When he reached Iowa City on horseback, and rode out to the Kirkwood farm, he found the governor dressed in homespun working in the field. Kirkwood read the message and exclaimed: "The president asks for an entire regiment! How, Mr. Vandever, can I raise that many?"

The Governor's question was decisively answered within the next few days. When he told Lincoln that Iowa would not abandon its principles, he spoke truly. Iowa immediately took a stand for the Union. Dissenters existed but they were an impotent minority in the vast sweep of patriotism that brought thousands of volunteers into as yet

non-existent camps. The original regiment was filled with hundreds unable to find a place in its ranks, clamoring to go. Press and public agreed the war would be of short duration, and young Iowans feared it would end before they could taste its excitements.

The First was ready and eager to march but it lacked guns, ammunition, uniforms. So many had volunteered that the governor authorized two additional regiments. To the War Department he reported: "I can raise ten thousand men in this state, but we have no arms! Send us arms!" The state's treasury was empty; taxes were unpaid. The economic crisis that blackened the years 1857-58 still hung heavy over the land. Kirkwood called a special session of the Legislature, and in May, 1861, the assembly voted \$800,000 in bonds, a tremendous sum in those days. Selling the bonds, however, was not so simple. The young state was in debt. Its people were impoverished by the financial debacle of the late fifties.

To get the First Regiment to its rendezvous, Governor Kirkwood promptly pledged his personal fortune, added to by similar pledges from his friends. To insure Iowa's first soldiers in the Civil War such necessities as blankets, food, and tents in which to sleep, he gave his personal bond pledging not only his property but his earnings in bus-



Brass Napoleon gun on lawn of Iowa State Historical Building in Des Moines. This type of artillery was used by both Union and Confederate armies in the Civil War.

iness and from the state. The state's banks promptly came to his aid, loaning thousands of dollars without security and without thought for repayment.

When the governor called for volunteers, except for a few companies of militia the state was totally unprepared militarily. The militia which originated in pre-Revolutionary times as a frontier protection against Indian outrages and attacks by the French, Spanish and English enemies had in the 1850's become a social organization rather than a practical fighting machine. Uniforms were colorful, designed to catch the eye when the company was on parade but completely inappropriate for wear in the field. Dances and social affairs to which the young men about town invited their girl friends were the units' chief activities. Few of the companies were armed and equipped for more than drilling on the courthouse square or taking part in the grand march at the annual military ball. Now a military organization must be built from its beginning.

The day after Sumter was fired on, Senator J. K. Graves of Dubuque and his brother, R. E. Graves, sent word to the governor they would honor his drafts in the amount of \$30,000, a sizeable sum in those days, to aid in equipping men for the front. Banks all over Iowa made like offers. Railroads carried volunteers without charge. Private citizens gave generously of supplies as well as money.

Jeremiah Meigs told his father he was enlisting.

Without comment John hitched the team, loaded the wagon with supplies, and the two drove into Burlington.

While the boy stood in the long line of youthful volunteers before an oak table in the courthouse square, clamoring to enlist, John walked soberly into the bank and pledged food, animals, his services, wherever and whenever they were needed. At home, Mary kept her hands busy packing blankets, food, and the simple necessities Jeremiah would need. On top of the pile she laid her well worn Bible, the one her mother had placed in her hands when she and John had left Indiana for Iowa. For a long moment she looked at the Bible remembering the times it had brought her comfort. The night when her babies battled the death-dealing diphtheria, and one had died. The long day when John, driving a team of oxen, had been caught in the great blizzard which after hours of struggle brought him safely home. At last she folded her hands across it and prayed that the road be not too difficult for her boy. She walked to the window and looked across the fertile blooming acres which she and John had developed from prairie sod and knew she could not ask that Jeremiah be spared. "No," she sorrowfully told herself "I cannot ask for that. Too many women in our country today, North and South, are watching their sons march away into untold dangers. Not all can come back. I will only ask that Jeremiah be given the strength to meet each day." She brushed a wandering strand of hair out of her eyes and took one long last look across the

fields. A look which said goodbye to the good life she and John had known and which faced the deadly unknown future. "This," she said softly "is farewell to a way of life!" She walked into her kitchen planning as she went on what she could spare from their stores of food, from the wool from their flocks, from their cured meat.

She remembered what John had said at breakfast: "Wars are won with supplies, with materials, as well as with men. Victory will come to the side with the most pounds of meat, the most rounds of ammunition, . . ."

"Don't forget men, Pa," said Jeremiah, "One good Northerner is worth a dozen Southerners!"

John smiled slowly "Don't over-estimate yourself, boy! Those southern boys have plenty of gimp, too! They're as smart as you are, as brave, and believe as you do that one of them is worth a dozen of boys like yourself!"

He spoke yet more slowly: "In the end, victory will go to the side with the most money, the most men, the most brains, the most food! Wars are won by organization. Organization of men and supplies, and wise planning on how and when to use them. This war will be no different. Because it will be a battle of brothers, it will be more bitter, more ugly, and with more lasting scars. It is a sad state when men of the same country must resort to war to settle their differences. Keep your head, boy, and remember North and South alike are Americans!"

Jeremiah did come back. He was no longer the boy who ran so lightly to the wagon where his father waited to drive him into town to enlist, but a man tough and hard, seasoned by thousands of miles of marching; of facing men like himself, armed and seeking their chance to kill him; by hunger, and cold; bearing the marks of wounds and of horrors faced. The shabby Bible was still in his pack reduced now to a few and necessary articles, the excess tossed out along the line of march. "Months went by, Ma, when I didn't look at it" he confessed to his mother. "Sunday doesn't mean much when you're under fire, but there were times when I knew I couldn't take one more step ahead; times that I opened the Book and for a moment it brought you and home to me. I knew the reason I was where I was, and it gave me strength to live through another day."

Mary took the worn book and laid it on the clock shelf where for so many years she had kept it: "Thank you, God," she murmured softly, "You answered my prayers!" But today this all lay far ahead in the uncertain future and for years to come her part was to write as often as she could hoping at least a few of her letters would reach her son wherever he was, and to help in every possible way to produce the supplies to keep Jeremiah and the other lads fed and as comfortable as it was possible for them to be.

Meanwhile across the state, Republicans and Democrats were forgetting old animosities, and meeting together to plan for a common cause. Money, materials, food, even a brass cannon were quickly donated, and sent to the camps or onto the wharves for shipment south. Women spun wool, and wove it into cloth for uniforms or shipped it to the new factories springing up everywhere to do this work more efficiently than it could be done by hand. Gardens were expanded, flocks of chickens were increased. Cattle, pigs, sheep, fed on the lush pastures grew fat for slaughter on the corn and oats and wheat raised by the older men.

The women of Burlington led by the wife of Senator Grimes made 300 soldiers' coats in six days. The newly organized Women's Relief Corps quickly spread to every cross roads settlement. Patriotism became the religion of the day. From every pulpit patriotic sermons were preached that heightened the frenzy of enlistments. The anti-slavery clergy saw the end of the hated bondage in sight and publicly rejoiced. Serious minded men and women recognized in the crisis a tremendous test of the principles on which the Union was founded.

From the towns, from the farms, Iowa's young men marched with firm step and strong heart to the southern battlefields.

John Meigs went soberly about his daily rounds. He laid careful plans to increase his planting, to enlarge his herds. "Food will be needed," he told Mary. "With so many young men gone and going, it means the older men, and the women and children, must take up the load. We can't raise too much." He read the reports in the few Burlington papers he was able to secure, and talked with men returning from the camps and from the front. "The time may come when men my age will be needed," he told Mary. Mary looked at her younger children, at Araminta and Hiram and Isaac. Surely Sarah and Mary were too young for even the long war John said this would be, to go. Already Isaac, 13, was marching proudly up and down the road beating the drum his great grandfathers had carried in the War of 1812 and the Revolution.

He had begged for the drum and John with a premonition of what lay ahead, took it down from above the great stone fireplace in the keeping room and gave it to him. Later when Isaac joined his brother on Sherman's March to the Sea, proudly beating the drum at the head of the regiment, Mary sadly realized she had known from the moment John handed Isaac the old drum, that the boy, too, would march away. Hiram she knew would go. Araminta she had thought would be spared. But Araminta went south with Annie Wittenmeyer as a nurse in the Army hospitals.

Through the years as John hauled load after load of grain and stock to the wharves in Burlington, he saw his prediction fulfilled. Great piles of corn lay on the wharves waiting transportation. The decks of the stern wheelers were heaped high as they drifted out into the river. Cheering young soldiers rode on top of the heaps and slept wherever a corner could be found.

In the early years of the war, Grant in particular opposed foraging along the way. The Federals bought and paid for supplies secured along the line of march. Occasional chickens, a young pig, or water melons disappeared from their owners to reappear in the rations of men tired of corn pone and the monotony of army rations, but foraging from the plantations along the way was frowned upon. Later in the war, Grant reluctantly adopted Sherman's belief that an army should forage as it moved. The difficulties, not only of producing food on northern farms stripped of their able-bodied men, and the transportation on boats essential in shipping the endless reinforcements of recruits for replacements in the field, made living on the land through which the army moved, economically sound. "Every pound of food," said Sherman "our army uses is that many pounds of food the enemy cannot use. It is food the civilians cannot eat which will weaken their opposition." A ruthless policy but as Sherman pointed out "war is hell", and the more rapidly it can be brought to a climax the less of life and property loss there will be in the long run.

The first camps were small and ill-equipped, Since the Mississippi was the great highway south down which the troops would move by packet, inevitably these were located along its banks. Later regiments rendezvoused at inland areas; Mt. Pleasant, Iowa City, Des Moines. In later years, Council Bluffs on the Missouri also became an important muster point. Since communications throughout the state were limited, centralization of troop training centers was essential. From three to five days were required for a letter to reach Des Moines from Keokuk. The *Burlington Hawkeye* advertised for a "pony" express to carry its papers from Eddyville to Des Moines, a distance of seventy-five miles, in five hours. Army centers sprang up where orders could reach them with the least delay.

The First Volunteer Infantry Regiment rendezvoused in Keokuk. Governor Kirkwood had recommended Davenport to the Secretary of War as the better location since Keokuk had neither railroad connection to the east or telegraph wires. To the distant War Department, Keokuk's proximity to the half rebel state of Missouri made it seem the logical point from which to start south, so Keokuk it was.

In these first camps the enthusiastic young volunteers received a dampening welcome. Their bleak accommodations lacked even the supposed essentials. Each man was supposed to receive a woolen blanket in which to wrap himself on his bunk stuffed with wheat straw, but often this was not possible. Mothers learning of this lack, sacrificed cherished hand woven blankets, comforters and quilts, to protect their sons from the cold and the rain. The tents were primitive and there were no sidewalks. When it rained, the water spread across the field and being no respecter of the military, crept into the shelters soaking the rude beds. Snow was less of a problem. It banked up against the outside of the tents and kept the bleak winds from sweeping across the mud floors.

For light each man received a candle; a luxury for which he had scant need. At daybreak he crawled stiffly from his bunk to spend the daylight hours in drill. By dusk, his bed was a welcome sight. In many knapsacks the daily candles accumulated. They were seldom used except when the boys spent a few moments at night in writing plaintive

letters home about their plight. Letters which resulted in new volunteers from their home areas arriving in camp weighted down with blankets, food and such small luxuries as worried mothers could send for their sons' comfort.



Civil War enthusiasts of Orange City formed a mounted patrol authentically uniformed and equipped, which appears in special observances.

Neither was the food provided to the recruits' liking. By the 1860's Iowa farms were stocked with cattle, lush with food crops. Pantry shelves were crowded with jams and preserves. Fat hens swimming in noodles or dumplings, roasts of beef and pork, fried chicken and game, with a half dozen vegetables and a variety of baked delicacies, decorated the Sunday or holiday dinner table. The state's fare was plain and largely produced on the farms, but it was plentiful and good. In camp not only was the menu limited to staples, but the food was cooked by the men themselves over an outdoor campfire without even the simple convenience of an Iowa kitchen of that day. One man wrote home that his first meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried fat pork, and baked beans; a meal that but a few months later when he was munching cold corn pone in Missouri, would have seemed sumptuous. At the moment, lacking the tasty touches of mother's sweet cream butter, jams, crusty homemade bread, vegetables and pickles, the meal seemed meager indeed. The beans were hard, the bacon swimming in a sea of fat,

the potatoes half peeled. Huddled by a flickering campfire as he ate in the rain, many a lad salted his food with tears! But there were bright moments, too. Frequently the kindly townspeople brought huge baskets of home-cooked food and picnicked with the men. New volunteers arrived, covered with dust, their mounts winded and steamy, or lacking a ride and having walked, their feet swollen and their muscles aching with exhaustion. But their saddlebags or knapsacks were heavy with fried chicken and apple pies, which they shared with their new found friends. Occasional men developed a knack for cooking or had earlier learned the art in a home lacking women folk. As the days passed, and the men at last moved down the river, they ruefully learned that eating was no longer for pleasure, but to keep a man's body strong. Often they ate the wretched food only to keep alive, and forgot it as soon as possible.

Arms and equipment were impossible to secure. Volunteers were abundant but not guns. The change from handmade to machine made guns was underway, but the manufacture of guns by the thousands was still in the future. In the camps, sticks, shovels, broom sticks, served instead of muskets, and regiments moved down the river armed only with makeshifts. Every variety of gun, even ancient flintlocks, were issued. On one antedated type of gun, men had to bite off the cartridge ends before loading these ancient models, and recalcitrants evaded the draft by pulling their front teeth, and thus were unable to tear the papers. Fortunately the use of a gun was common frontier practice and few boys of army age were unfamiliar with loading and discharging a weapon. Once the gun was placed in their hands, they could use it. At Shiloh, Iowa regiments marched from river boat to battlefield, to load for the first time, their just issued guns under enemy fire.

Early volunteers furnished their own uniforms. Many communities raised funds to purchase materials, when the materials could be had, and local women, not always too professionally, cut and sewed them into shape. Some militiamen were already uniformed, but these outfits were too often designed to delight the eyes of the onlookers, particularly those of the ladies, when the company was on parade, rather than to endure the mud and rain of a southern battlefield.

When the First Regiment rendezvoused at Keokuk, the companies arrived in the motley array of their various organizations. Their jackets varied from dark blue to light gray. The pants differed from black with red stripes to pink satinet with light green stripes. Dubuque's Governor's Grays, one of the first companies to volunteer, wore a uniform identical except for the buttons, to that which later became the Confederate gray. Bright red plumes nodded merrily on Burlington's hats. In action these proved so attractive a target for Confederate sharpshooters, that they were precipitately discarded.

The regiment's uniforms, made of sleazy material thought adequate for summer in Missouri arrived in that state badly worn, particularly

behind. Resourceful lads made aprons from flour sacks, reversing the customary wearing position. An officer observing this deviation sharply ordered the men to turn the aprons about. The resulting disclosure brought a hasty change of command.

Shoes were equally unsatisfactory. Until the Civil War, footwear was largely handmade usually by the village cobbler, and were designed to fit either foot with equal comfort. One of the manufacturing developments of the Civil War was a vast increase in the shoe industry, but in the war's initial stages, much of the footwear was shoddy, poorly made, and illy formed. The constant marching wore these shoes out quickly, and soldiers often walked barefooted for miles in snow and slush, or in footwear so worn as to be of no protection.



Today's Governor's Grays of Dubuque, one of the oldest military organizations in Iowa, and one of the first to volunteer for Civil War duty, served as guard of honor for Governor Erbe when he arrived at Iowa's state fair during the Civil War Centennial observance.

With few exceptions, officers and men alike, had little training for war. Militia duty during a long period of peace had become a social rather than a military obligation. Service was on a volunteer basis, since compulsory military training was unknown and unpopular. The

brief interval in camp before the volunteer regiments shipped out was spent in intensive study and drill; lessons surprisingly well taught and well learned as demonstrated in the brief but bitter Missouri campaigns.

Dust and mud were an intolerable burden to Iowa's camp cities and towns, as it was wherever soldiers assembled in large numbers. Except in rare instances, hard surfaced roads were unknown. On the river front the tramping of thousands of booted feet down to the transports churned the soil, wet or dry. Davenport reported its sidewalks in sad repair from constant usage, and loosened boards a menace to unwary pedestrians. In 1860 householders fenced animals out not in, and the prevalent wooden fences vanished in the smoke of cooking fires, leaving vegetable gardens and lawns unprotected from the family cows and hogs. Public buildings suffered from the jocular soldiery, but despite the irritations the citizens whole-heartedly welcomed the young men so soon to be under gunfire on southern battlefields, and turned out with huge baskets of food for the camps. Food which the boys received with cheers and sadly remembered in the lean days to come. The people of Keokuk greeted the First Volunteer Infantry with a "grand picnic," offering both food and speeches, and bravely continued to welcome the new recruits and returned veterans until the close of the war.

Volunteers became a commonplace to Keokuk which had four camps, as they were in the other river cities. During the four years of war, army transports crowded the river front. Six mule-team wagons piled high with supplies clattered down dusty or muddy streets to the wharves. A bestarred general, his mount's hooves plop-plopping in and out of the mud, made his way from camp to steamboat. Regiments moving south stepped briskly along the town's main street.

As the heavily loaded boats, the men crowded along the rails, moved slowly down the river, crowds of well wishers on shore waved hats and handkerchiefs, their cheers turning to tears, as the billowing smoke from the funnels hung low over the rolling water, and drifting heavily through the treetops lining the banks, obscured the boat from view. River boats burned pitch pine beneath their boilers, and so heavy was the river traffic from Dubuque and Davenport to Keokuk and south, that the sluggish oily smoke continuously drifted along the river banks.

All too soon, similar black smoke clouds loomed to the south. The boats now loaded with wounded men, were returning. April 19, 1862, the first hospital ship from Shiloh, the *John Warner*, slid somberly into port with 1900 wounded men aboard. A half hour later, the *Governor Wood*, equally loaded, joined her. Now the camps housed two groups: the young and healthy men on their way to war, and the refuse of that war; the sick, the worn, the battle-scarred. Schools, hospitals, public buildings, were commandeered to give shelter to the wounded. Through the long months, the sorrowful cavalcade crept

slowly into port, many to die, others to live with shattered health. As late as July, 1865, 1500 patients were ill in camp in Keokuk. And it was but one of the cities with army hospitals.



An early Iowa basement kitchen in Monroe County built in 1857 by David J. Prather. This picture was made in 1906, and the little girl is Mildred Martin, age seven. Former U. S. Senator Thomas Martin once lived here.

As the war progressed, many camps took on permanence. Camp McClellan in Davenport, the United States recruiting depot for Iowa, was pleasantly situated on hills rolling back from the Mississippi with a spacious view of the river and its teaming traffic. The camp was built on three sides of a square leaving the side toward the river open. The buildings built of rough pine boards housed the myriad activities of a great army on the march, with parade grounds, a hospital, quarters for men and officers, a commissary, and headquarters. In the early 1860's, Davenport was a thriving young city with many handsome buildings and many business transactions. Because of this and its possession of both railroad and eastern telegraph wires, it became at various times during the Civil War, the site of five military camps: McClelland, Roberts (later named Kinsman), Joe Holt, Herron and Hendershott, the last being in service only during 1861-62.

By the close of the war, camps for the volunteers were built across Iowa from the Missouri, to the Mississippi. One of these, Camp Harlan

at Mt. Pleasant has today a few remnants of Civil War occupancy. In particular a spring house on the walls of which are crudely scrawled initials of men who stopped in for a drink of the cool spring water which still flows across its floor. The buildings here were of rough pine boards, 80x20 feet in floor space, high enough for three tiers of double bunks between floor and eaves. Smaller quarters for officers and stables for their mounts were also built. Other camps consisted of rows of white tents which vanished when the troops marched out, leaving only rubble to show where they had stood. When a new contingent arrived, the tents bloomed again. By 1865, the army had become an organized functioning machine into which raw material was poured to come out trained, equipped fighting men. In one of the finest armies the world has known, Iowa held a proud place.



Springhouse at Camp Harlan near Mt. Pleasant. A stream of cool spring water flows through the small building which was used in the Sixties for preserving milk and butter. On the walls are initials of young soldiers who stopped in for a refreshing drink of water.

36

heritage

Due to the shifting of its population, Iowa faced the Civil War pro-Union and anti-slavery. Its leadership was Republican, a party new and untried in both state and nation, with inexperienced leadership, without cohesion, with an undisciplined party organization. There was little unity between the states and the nation faced the secession of some of its oldest and best organized states. In spite of this, in North and South alike, there was a unanimity of purpose unusual in civil war. Civil wars are apt to be disorganized, poorly managed, without central leadership. The American passion for organization made itself apparent in both North and South. The Civil War's military program is still a pattern for army organization. Several of the world's greatest generals were created in its ranks. The rank and file of its army has never been surpassed. In its columns marched a type of man developed in its pioneer system of a quality superior to anything produced before that era.

As we have said, in the North except for certain hardcore groups there was little organized opposition to slavery as it already existed. As an institution slavery was deprecated but as an academic problem. The Quakers in Iowa helped the slaves as did other individuals, but it was only as an incident in a broad political movement. The average Iowan as did the citizens of other states had sublime confidence in the power of our institutions to bring about justice without war. Nevertheless when war came, Iowans stood ready to defend the union, a position deeply ingrained in their thinking which the abolishment of slavery was not. The small group of abolitionists who violently and unquestioningly opposed slavery, were not always the true friends of the Union. Iowa's patriotic service in civil life largely originated among the men and women who were not extremists but who steadfastly insisted the country see the war through until its end. When Lincoln decided that emancipation was essential to the war's continuance, these men and women supported his stand.

Iowa's heritage of freedom came to it from the old Northwest Territory. Prohibition of slavery in Iowa was proclaimed by the Missouri Compromise and in 1839, the Supreme Court of Iowa ruled against slavery within its boundaries, and that its laws must protect

men of all colors. The constitution of 1846 stated forcefully that neither slavery, nor any involuntary servitude unless for the punishment of crime should be permitted. A proviso which still appears in our constitution:

Sec. 23. There shall be no slavery in this state; nor shall there be involuntary servitude unless for the punishment of crime.

The years from 1835-1865 began and ended the pioneer period. This included not only the transformation of our prairies from a vast sea of waist high grass spreading from horizon to horizon into an ocean of productive fields, but a bitter war which enlarged and revolutionized the economic scope of those years. The war left in its wake a tremendous liability which must be paid either as an honest debt or by inflation.

The state faced a demand for transportation to accommodate the increasing flow of population and a rise in its production which must go to distant markets. Immigration problems must be met. Many of the



Iowa Monument at Vicksburg National Cemetery

early settlers resented the flood of foreign immigrants, forgetting that the Indian met their forefathers with equal resentment. *Protection* became a political catchword designed to bring the agricultural vote into the Republican party. Industrial enterprise and the mechanics for bringing a better, freer life to the state were in the air. Tremendous changes were also taking place throughout the world. The intrusion of masses of people from foreign countries into America was bringing new attitudes, new thinking, in their wake. The Suez Canal and other new forms of transportation were reducing distances and bringing boundaries closer together.

In Iowa, a people accustomed to hard labor and drudgery were finding themselves living in a comfort beyond that of which they had dreamed. Security was won. Not the unbelievable, gadget-filled life of today, but a life which encompassed food, clothes, shelter, the necessities, even a degree of luxury. Now the pioneer could escape from his log or sod cabin into the ornate frame houses with wide porches and many windows. He could buy books, music, art, even travel. The self discipline imposed in conquering a new land held him back from foolish extravagance of materials and attitudes. No state church or school or pre-destined way of life hampered his mind or his freedom of choice. The pioneer and the soldier made it possible for the prairie lands created by the destruction of the wilderness to become a center for outstanding character and intellectual development. Boys and girls trained and educated in Iowa with their roots deep in our black soil, go out today as leaders in every field of endeavor. They succeed in the arts, the sciences, industry, the professions, all of the varied interests of the complicated world about us. This leadership is a culmination of the pioneer period in the state's history which laid the strong foundations for our later accomplishments.

While history records no Civil War battle on Iowa soil, invasion from slave owning Missouri was a constant threat, and along the border feeling ran high before and during the war. Missouri was a hotbed of dissension with slave owners opposing those who believed the state should be free. Iowa's open aid to runaway slaves was a source of resentment of Missourians, and Missouri's retaliatory abuse of unionists aroused the ire of Iowans.

When news of the routing of Union troops at Bull Run flashed across the nation, and Missouri secessionists went wild, the fear of border Iowans that Missouri was a threat to their safety increased. Citizens slept with guns at hand. Governor Kirkwood authorized the organizing of militia in southeastern Iowa. When rumor spread the rebels were marching north boasting they would breakfast in Athens (Missouri), dine in Farmington and sup in Keokuk, a few home guards and virtually unarmed recruits were the border's only defense.

On Sunday, August 4, 1861, word came that a band of confederates, the number varying from 500 to 2000 according to the reaction of the person bearing the tidings, led by the notorious Mart Greene, was approaching Athens. Mexican war veteran, David Moore, born in Missouri whose sons were rumored to be with the oncoming rebels, aided by Colonel Belknap's Rifles and Captain Semple's Cavalry (on foot at the moment) from Keokuk met the enemy and routed them.

The Fifth and Sixth Volunteer Infantry regiments rendezvousing in Keokuk were hastily dispatched to the border but arrived too late—the battle was over. Threatened by Union soldiers in force, the Confederates had retreated. Since the rebels were mounted and the Federal on foot, they escaped. The Iowans marched into Missouri but were unable to overtake them. The northern recruits gained a night of campaign experience bivouacking in an open field and had a breakfast of hard tack.

During the fighting, men from Primrose, Salem, and surrounding communities armed with whatever weapons they had, many with only hatchets, knives and clubs, hurried to Croton, ready to defend their homes should the Johnny Rebs overcome the Union troops and cross the river into Iowa.

The number of casualties varies. *The Keokuk Gate City* listed the Confederate dead as 43. *The Chicago Tribune* gave the dead as 14, and the wounded as 40.

Unable to overtake the fleeing Confederates, the Fifth and Sixth marched back to Keokuk where they were loaded on steamboats and moved south.

Two landmarks are silent proof that gunfire touched Iowa. The Benning home in which a cannon ball went through the wall stands on the south bank of the Des Moines River in Missouri across from Croton, Iowa. The Sprouse house in Croton where wounded were cared for and which the elder Sprouse, among the battle wounded, later died. This quaint little cottage, typical of the Civil War era, was presented by the Sprouse family to the Iowa Society for the Preservation of Historic Landmarks as a permanent monument to the battle. In turn, that Society presented it to the Lee County Conservation Commission which will maintain it. Local historic groups are anxious that this house and the open land sloping down to the river may become a state park, preserving Iowa's single claim to a Civil War battlefield. A community center is already being maintained there, and each year on the Sunday closest to August 6, the anniversary of the "Battle of Croton" is observed. Actually, only bullets and a few cannonballs reached the Iowa side of the river. The battle or "skirmish" as historians term it, was fought at Athens, Missouri.



The Des Moines River formed the boundary between North and South in the struggle, but the feelings of the residents were not so clearly defined. In one school near Athens, a pro-southern teacher's attempt to influence children of Union parents precipitated a school battle injuring several pupils. When angry parents headed for the school, the teacher fled, never to be heard from again.

Standing by the Sprouse House where the land slopes gently down to the tree bordered river banks, it is difficult to imagine that peaceful Iowa was once threatened by enemy troops, and that wounded men were carried into this quiet little white frame house, and laid on the old plank floors to be cared for by the women of the community. Incredible as it may seem, one hundred years ago neighbor fought neighbor, and states looked angrily across their borders at one another.

With the removal of the bluecoats who manned the northern and northwest military posts protecting the isolated settlers in these areas from the warlike Sioux, to serve as a nucleus for the Union's volunteer armies, the Indians swept down on Minnesota in the most terrible massacres in the history of our country.

For a time, so great were these massacres and depredations, that it seemed the northern border settlers must leave their homes or die. Many fled with their families to the interior of the state carrying such of their possessions as they could. A few with the hardihood to remain banded together using the largest cabin in the community as a blockhouse when the danger signal sounded, hoping to fight off the Indians until new troops could arrive. Some of these daring ones were killed or captured. Many of the men who led their families to a place of safety, enlisted in the army hoping the end of the war would bring peace to the frontier and allow them to return to their homes.

As always Governor Kirkwood moved promptly. He sent George Davenport to the Minnesota frontier to make a first hand report. The massacres, said Davenport, were the largest ever known. Six hundred persons were killed and one hundred women and children were in the hands of the Indians. The hostiles, he reported, were defiant. Boldly they were attacking forts and soldiers, plundering stores and farmhouses, driving off livestock. The constant attacks kept the settlers in a state of wild alarm. More than five thousand persons, Davenport estimated had left their homes with resultant suffering and loss of property. A chain of forts across northern Iowa, said Davenport, would bring the Iowans back to their homes and encourage them to remain and continue the production of food so needed to feed the army. The situation would grow worse for Iowa, he reported, as Minnesota aided by the United States Cavalry drove the Indians to the Missouri River from which vantage they could more easily raid Iowa's scattered and defenseless settlements.

From Minnesota, Davenport traveled west crossing the Missouri River and on through the Nebraska Territory to the Omaha Reserve where he found this tribe living in two large villages busy farming. They were in comfortable circumstances, and, fortunately, friendly to the whites. Further north were the Poncas, another peaceable and quiet people. On the east side of the river were the Yankton Sioux, who were stealing fewer horses than was their custom, and who had refused to join the Santee Sioux in the Minnesota raids. The Missouri

River border, said Mr. Davenport, was in no danger from these tribes. From the Yankton Sioux, he learned that Little Crow, the Indian leader, planned to escape into the Black Hills with his helpless prisoners captured in the Minnesota raids. At once, Davenport set in motion a plan to secure a trade for these women and children, but friendly Minnesota Indians had already accomplished this.

Davenport reported that, as was too often the case with the Indians, their dissatisfaction arose from mistreatment by government officials. War inflation played a part also. This year the Indians had been paid in goods instead of money. The previous year goods were cheap, and the money paid the Indians bought much more. Now because of war prices, goods were high, and the Indian received less. Naturally he believed his agent was cheating him.



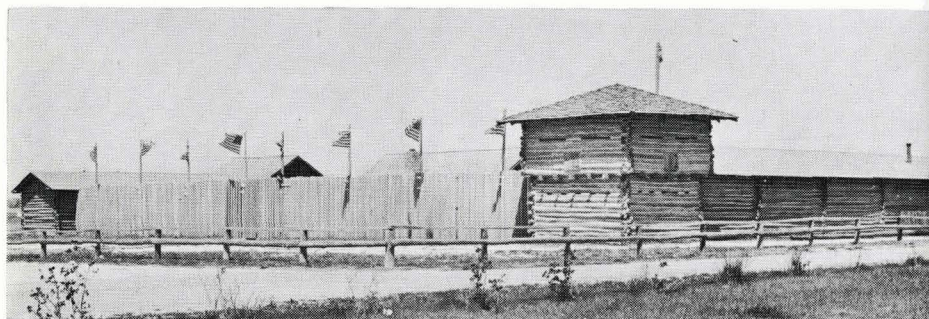
Dickinson County courthouse built on site of original building around which a wall was erected during Indian outbreaks during Civil War. Settlers endangered by Indian attack sought refuge here sleeping and living with their families in the courthouse and on the enclosed grounds.

On his way home, Mr. Davenport visited the Tama Fox. This was the group which eight years previously had returned from Kansas and purchased land. He found them in starving condition. Their annuities had not been paid, as each individual was required to collect them in Kansas. Because of the distance this was impossible. To support themselves the Fox were raising corn and beans, and hunting. Now because of the settlers' fear of Indian raids, the Fox dared not leave their land

to hunt, which meant traveling to a distance, and they feared white attacks. They asked only that their annuities be paid. White men's fears of the Fox, reported Mr. Davenport to the governor, were groundless.

Meanwhile the governor had named another agent, S. R. Ingham, to survey the Iowa settlements. In Dickinson, Emmet, Kossuth, Humboldt, and Webster counties, he found the inhabitants in a frenzy of fear. Oddly, so Mr. Ingham noted, this fear was less in the border counties closer to the Minnesota raids than in those further inland. In Emmet and Kossuth counties he was told all that was needed was a small force of mounted men stationed on the east and west forks of the Des Moines River to act with United States troops stationed at Spirit Lake, but the settlers made clear, they did not want young, inexperienced volunteers from the interior. They wanted men chosen from among themselves, trappers and hunters, familiar with the customs and habits of the Indians. One such man, Mr. Ingham was firmly told, was worth a half dozen of the untrained men sent earlier.

A company of forty men was quickly raised, officers were elected, the men mustered in and armed. Twenty were sent to Chain Lake, and twenty to Estherville on the west fork of the Des Moines, the company to be increased if necessary.



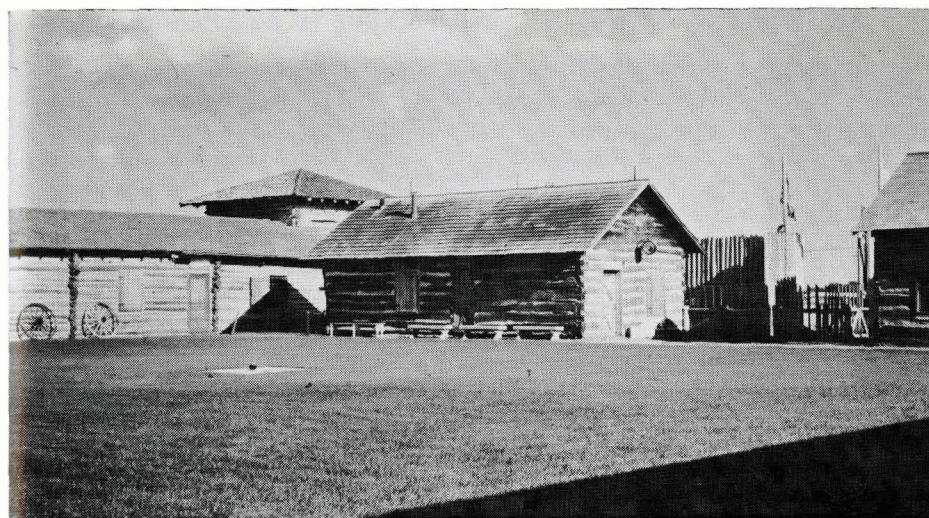
Exterior of restoration of Fort Dodge.

Forty regulars from the Sioux City Cavalry were stationed at Spirit Lake. Frontiersmen, these men understood the Indians and their fighting customs. Both on our northern frontier and in the Indian territory these men gave long and arduous service. Arms and ammunition had already been distributed in several counties, but these were recklessly used in hunting small game. The arms were carried off or traded. Fear of the Indians was less it would seem than the settlers' urge to hunt and profit. The available arms were collected, and with whatever ammunition could be located, placed in central locations. A good man, Mr. Ingham suggested, should be hired to guard them. The settlers of Kossuth and Emmet counties were eager for arms but

there were none available, nor the ammunition necessary to face an Indian attack. Fortunately a gun was considered as essential to the pioneer farmer as his plow, so had a raid occurred, it would have found the settlers at least partly equipped, even though not all their guns were of recent design and their owners were lacking in ammunition.

His mission in northern Iowa ended, Ingham started for the northwest where the Indians driven from Minnesota were gathering. The repelling of the tribes from our northern borders was turning them to the Missouri, endangering our outlying settlements in that area.

At Fort Dodge he learned the legislature had authorized troops for the northern border protection, each troop to include not less than forty nor more than eighty men. Each man was to furnish his own horse and equipment, Sioux City, Denison, Crawford County, Fort Dodge and Webster County were to each raise one company. Spirit Lake-Chain Lake already had one company.



Interior view of Fort Dodge.

Tools to build block houses and stockades were provided. These forts were to be rallying points for the settlers should the Indians attack the scattered settlements,—a place where security could be found until help could be sent. Food for men and horses was to be furnished by the state. Said Governor Kirkwood, the first objective was the protection of the frontier; the second to affect it as economically as possible. Two hundred and fifty men were mustered in. Not all the horses met army standards but as they were the best available, they were accepted. One company was stationed at Chain Lake, one at Estherville, parts of companies at Ochevedan, Peterson, Cherokee, Ida Grove, Sac City, Correctionville, Little Sioux and Melbourne. With the

troops at Sioux City and Spirit Lake, this made a fortified line from Sioux City to Chain Lake, with blockhouses and stockades at Correctionville, Cherokee, Peterson, Estherville and Chain Lake. At Spirit Lake, a stockade was built around the red brick courthouse, turning it into a fort.

In establishing these posts, the settlers' wishes rather than those of the military were recognized. Said Mr. Ingham "since these works were solely for their use and benefit, if the settlers themselves were satisfied certainly the state should be."

With but a single exception, Peterson, the settlers enthusiastically entered into the project, supplying timber without charge for the buildings, in some instances, delivering it to the proposed fort. At Peterson, owners of the large bodies of standing timber demanded payment. Since the fort was for the settlement's protection, Mr. Ingham ordered that material furnished be accepted, and anything additional be assessed as equally as possible. Where timber was scarce, sod was used to build the stockade walls.



Interior of the Fort Dodge Museum in which a remarkable collection of antiques is displayed. In the original fort, this area was the stable.

Forage for the animals was a major problem. The companies put up hay from the surrounding prairies, but as it was late in the season the quality was poor. Little corn and oats were grown in the vicinity of the posts, and the settlers demanded high prices. Considering their

only market was the troops sent at their urgent plea to protect their families from the savages, this was slightly inconsistent. Hauls of twenty to sixty miles were often necessary, and the severity of Iowa's northern climate added to the wagon train's difficulties.

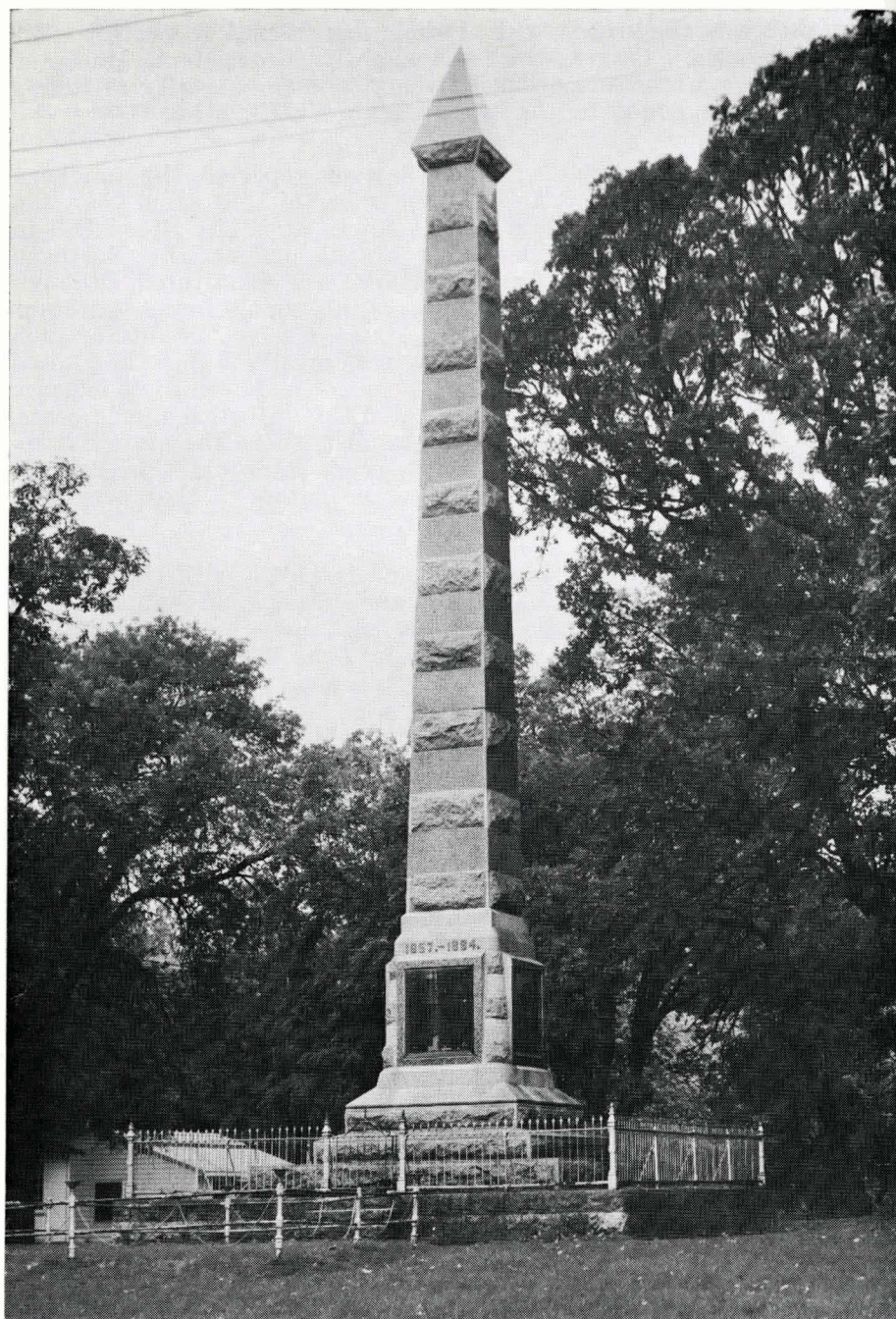
In June, 1863, Lieutenant Colonel Sawyer reported the northern border works were complete. In late September of that same year, the Indians were routed by General Sully's forces at White Stone Hill in Dakota Territory. With the lessening of the danger, the Northern Border Brigade was disbanded, and a smaller force substituted, although General Sully protested this reduction of his small force. Adjutant General Baker pointed out that other states received credit for men raised for temporary defense since they were mustered into the United States service. Because the national government had been to no expense or trouble in this Indian warfare, he stated this injustice should cease, and suggested that the men so released enlist where the state did receive credit for them. Not until many years later did this Brigade receive pensions and recognition as veterans, although they served in a situation brought on by the Civil War.

There is no record the Brigade engaged in battle with the Indians, but they endured frontier hardships and stood ready should need arise. While constructing the fortifications they were in continual danger from raids as well as suffering from the bitter cold of winter. The Indian danger past, the men were eager to return home or to join the Union forces in the south.

That the war begun in the South placed a heavy burden on the frontier states of the North who were compelled to furnish both a quota of volunteers and to guard their borders against hostiles, is seldom noted. With every man needed on the southern front, to station an army of regulars along the northern borders was impossible. The wise and warlike Sioux were well aware of this weakness. When the governors of Minnesota and Iowa joined hands to protect the desperate settlers against an enemy more vicious and dangerous than the rebels to the south, it meant the raising of militia companies. Railroads into the danger area were non-existent, and the Missouri River was the main route of transportation to Sioux City and the northern territory. Lurking savages along its banks made the route a dangerous one, thus slowing relief to the settlers.

Before the formation of the Northern Border Brigade, only the Sioux City Cavalry Company and three companies of Iowa Volunteer Infantry were in service on our northern frontier. So small a number could do little more than protect themselves and the immediate area in which they were stationed.

Later the Sixth and Seventh Iowa Volunteer Cavalry saw active duty along the northern border. On mustering in, the Sixth was ordered at once to Sioux City, and then into the Dakota Territory policing the restless tribes. The Seventh Regiment Iowa Volunteer Cavalry was later organized to assist in this defense against the Indians.



Monument at Arnold's Park in memory of those killed in Spirit Lake Massacre

Eight companies mustered at Davenport marched to Omaha, and from there they were transferred with the Sioux City Cavalry and three companies of the Forty First Iowa Infantry stationed at Fort Randall and scattered by detachments over a wide area.

These companies escorted wagon trains, then moving west in great numbers, protected emigrants, guarded lines of travel, scouted, and watched the warlike Sioux. They fought in the battles of Horse Creek, White Stone Hill, Tahkahokutah, Bad Lands, Little Blue, Jules Burg, Mud Springs, as well as in many skirmishes with roving Indian bands.

With the Bluecoats engaged in a bitter war far away in the South, the Indians found tempting opportunities to plunder and raid scattered settlements and homesteaders. The area of these raids was so wide it kept the cavalry constantly in the saddle pursuing the elusive raiders, who swept down on isolated homes and settlements.

Under General Sully with Fort Pierre as their base, the Sixth and Seventh Iowa Cavalry with the Second Nebraska and the "Prairie Battery" moved up the Missouri, met the steamer bringing supplies and camped at the mouth of the Little Cheyenne River. Here the battle of White Stone Hill was fought. The number of Indians reportedly engaged varies from 1200 to 1500. General Sully had between 600 and 700 men. The hostiles armed with rifles, shotguns, revolvers, and bows and arrows, were beaten and driven off the field.



Block House, Fort Peterson, Peterson. One of the chain of forts established by Governor Kirkwood as a protection for Iowa's northwestern settlers. Originally the second story rotated 45 degrees for additional protection. The portholes through which the soldiers fired are still in existence.

General Sully notes that much plunder was found in the deserted Indian camp. He reports "I do not exaggerate when I say we burned four or five hundred thousand pounds of buffalo meat and a very large quantity of property of great value to the Indians."

The troopers could well have taken lessons from the Indian hunters. Earlier in the same report the General notes. "We came into the buffalo country and I formed a hunting party of the command which I had soon to disband as they disabled more horses than buffalo."

The destruction of the Indians' winter food is ironic when we read the report of a Seventh Iowa captain that he is leaving Laramie en route to Julesburg with 70,000 rations for the Sioux! Further in his report we learn that despite these rations the Indians suffered from starvation during the winter months. Typical also of the era is the report: "By actual count the number of my prisoners is one hundred fifty-six—men thirty-two, women and children one hundred twenty-four."

Iowa troopers protecting emigrant trains and scouting the Indians, traversed the vast bleak region from the Missouri to the Yellowstone. A band of Indians camping beside the Bad Lands was driven into its arid depths, and again great quantities of food were destroyed. When at last the Yellowstone was reached, two little river steamers, *Alone* and *Chippeway*, loaded with supplies, the Stars and Stripes bravely flying from their mastheads, floated on the swift waters. Aided by the steamers ferrying the men across the river, the Iowa troops reached Ft. Union, the country of the Crows to the west, the Assiniboine to the east, and even to the British possessions on the north.

Much of the troopers' time was spent in marching, or quartered in forts, without sight of the Indians, except for those who lived under the walls. At Fort Sully one letter-writer describes the monotony of their garrison life being broken by "hops" at which their partners were Indian maidens who danced as gracefully as city belles.

At Horse Creek, Captain Wilcox reports his men marching from Laramie to Julesburg in charge of 185 lodges of Sioux Indians, 1500 to 2000 persons in all. By day they moved along the glaring sandy country north of the Platte, Indian signal smokes pointing skyward along the sand hills of the horizon. By night a close guard was kept against the loss of their mounts or skulking attack. One morning after a night long palaver between the supposedly friendly Indians accompanying the troops and the hostiles, the train moved out at five o'clock in the morning with Captain Wilcox's men in advance, the wagon trains following the troops and the Indians in the rear. Just as the wagons were moving out, Captain Wilcox heard a shot. Fearful for the families of Captain Fouts and Lieutenant Trigg, and a woman and child rescued from the Indians, Wilcox circled the wagons, the teams inside and the men ready for action. A breathless messenger reported that Captain Fouts hurrying the Indians along had been killed. Captain Wilcox hurriedly dispatched a rider eighteen miles to the nearest telegraph station to ask for help.

Mounting their starving horses (forage was non-existent) seventy men rode to the rear to find the Indians had fled to the nearby Platte. Assuming part of the Indians were friendly, Wilcox charged the band bedecked in fight array circling on their war horses while their

women and children swam the river, asking his Indian friends to return. To his amazement they charged. Faced with 500 warriors better armed than his little band, he fell back to hastily dug rifle pits around which the screaming Indians circled refusing to fight the men so protected. When Wilcox marched out, he realized that Indians in greatly superior numbers were forming ahead and riding over the hills. Prudently he retreated and awaited the reinforcements which soon came to his rescue.

At Julesburg, the Seventh suffered its greatest loss. After wintering at Fort Cottonwood, the regiment moved to Fort Laramie and then to Julesburg. Here 37 men engaged 1500 warriors concentrated for battle. The Indians retired and Major O'Brien ordered his men to follow to the bluffs ringing the post. Suddenly from every ravine and from behind every rock, the Indians erupted. A hasty retreat left 14 men dead on the field.

A writer of the period comments that in battles with the Indians, the killed far exceeded the wounded, while in battles with the Confederates, the wounded exceeded the dead. Evidently in Indian warfare, a wounded man preferred to fight until killed rather than fall into enemy hands.

The history of our northern border fighting is monotonous. Life on a plains cavalry post was filled with danger and loneliness. The marches were long, each regiment covering three to five thousand miles in their years of service, always in a desolate land, far from civilization. For a time the Department of Missouri as this service was known, was under General Dodge (Iowa) who devoted his energies and those of his men to making safe the overland lines of travel for the emigrants.



Much of this vast wasteland was not at that time thought suitable for settling. It served only as a path over which the wagon trains journeyed to the far west, and as a land in which the Indians survived under almost unendurable conditions. The men who struggled to make the overland trails safe for the emigrants and to protect the settlers along Iowa's northern borders, and those still further away in Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, are seldom mentioned in the great saga of the Civil War but they played an important role for Iowa during those desperate years. Without them, our northern settlements would have been ravaged, and our central Iowa communities endangered. Lacking their watchful surveillance, the westward tide of emigration would have been slowed to a stop, and the vast upward economic surge after the war retarded. Not for many years after the war's end, did Iowa take proper recognition of her northern border fighters in the volunteer militia companies.

While Iowa along its northern border was confronted with Indian warfare, along its southern border it had problems with its rebel neighbors. Just across the state line, Missouri was seething with internal conflict. Rebel raiders were attacking Missourians who favored the Union, and these attacks were returned. The state's sentiment was bitterly divided. Northern and Southern sympathizers formed two armed camps. The first Union troops sent into Missouri guarded not only railroads and army supplies from Confederate sympathizers but protected Unionists from their neighbors. Union troops were hurried here and there across the state to repel threatened rebel invasions as well as to control the local rebels.

A large Confederate force stationed at Grand River, Missouri, boldly threatened to invade Iowa, and the southern border settlers were panic-stricken. At the least, the force was making life uncomfortable for Union sympathizers. Lt. Colonel Edwards sent to investigate the situation, ordered troops concentrated at Allenville and Chariton and hurriedly asked Keokuk for more men. After a show of force on both sides, an exchange of messengers and no doubt, of threats, a treaty of peace was agreed upon in which Unionists and Confederates in Missouri would lay down their arms and join in enforcing Missouri's laws. The treaty, Colonel Edwards knew was entered into by Union sympathizers because of their fear for their lives and property, and the secessionists were the more bold because of this fear. Many northern sympathizing Missourians were abandoning their homes and property and fleeing into Iowa and other northern states, which encouraged the rebels to still greater audacity.

This border unrest was handicapping the Union army. Fifteen hundred Iowans left their harvest fields and families to rush to the aid of their Missouri neighbors, resulting in a great loss of standing grain. The arming and military parades along the border did have one constructive result. It encouraged the Missouri Unionists to come forward, take the Union oath and remain in their homes to cultivate their crops and the economic lives of their communities.

Colonel Edwards, however, reported that had the rebels stood their ground and attacked, they might well have vanquished our untrained

troops fighting in the unfamiliar hills and timber of Missouri. Our citizen soldiers, he said, without officers or training, might well have killed one another or have been killed or captured by the enemy. He also reminded Iowa that the loyal Missourians fed and cared for our citizen troops, many spending their last dollar to do so.

The immediate urgency over, Edwards pitched his camps and set about organizing his companies in readiness to march across the border should need arise. He sent out spies who passed as secessionists in rebel camps and war councils. He frankly admitted the enemy had spies in his camp as well. Throughout the Civil War the infiltration of enemy camps was constant. Particularly in the states bordering the line between North and South, where families were often divided in their sympathies, Confederates and Unionists alike sent spies into opposite camps with comparative ease.

In September 1861, defense camps extended from the east line of Appanoose County to the west line of Taylor County. General Pope, then in command of northern Missouri, authorized Colonel Edwards to take any steps necessary to protect Unionists and prevent an invasion of Iowa. Three hundred refugee families from Missouri were camped on Iowa's prairies, and in Iowa homes sleepless nights were frequent. Mounted Confederates were daring riders, and between darkness and dawn, a raider troop could sweep up from Missouri into Iowa, to burn and plunder a quiet home.

At Allenville, without commissary stores and without equipment, Edwards was headquartered with seven or eight hundred men, to face some 1200 rebels encamped twenty five miles from the Iowa line on the Grand River.

The southern counties were in a state of wild excitement. Iowa border families fleeing into the interior of the state, abandoned acres of crops ready for harvest at a time when the nation was crying for food for its army. More daring citizens joined the army or the militia to protect their families, likewise dooming their crops to ruin in the fields.

At last Colonel Edwards marched on St. Joseph, with the rebels, fortunately, retreating before him. Joined in St. Joseph by Colonel Cranor of Gentry, Missouri, they found the Confederates had captured the town and were busily plundering its stores and citizens. After driving the rebels out the army estimated they had taken \$75,000 worth of goods. Garrisoning the town, the Union troops marched on Chilli-cothe upon which 4000 Confederate cavalry and a battery section were also advancing.

Lewis Best, a noted rebel, was moving to cut off the Union troops. Desperately Edwards telegraphed General Fremont for reinforcements. Luckily for the Federals, a rebel named Jones was in the telegraph office when the reply arrived stating *one* regiment would reinforce Edwards in the morning. Looking over the operator's shoulder, Jones

who didn't read well thought it said *ten* and hurried off to inform the advancing Confederates of his discovery. The rebels hastily retreated to Lexington, and with his little band, the relieved Edwards returned home. His command, he says, was overrun with refugees and he found it difficult to discriminate between the loyal and the disloyal, a situation which plagued both sides.

In four days Edwards made a forced march of 100 miles subsisting on the enemy, his command largely made up of substantial farmers, many over fifty years of age. "They endured," so he says, "with light and patriotic hearts. They never flinched or complained of their hard fare, and their bravery was unquestioned."

Meanwhile Colonel Dodge had left Camp Kirkwood in Council Bluffs to march into southwestern Iowa. His first camp was three miles south of Glenwood; his second camp was near Sidney. Here the Council Bluffs Artillery joined him. So footsore were these men, that teams with wagons were procured to transport them. Camp No. 3 was made at Lark's Creek. Returning stragglers from Missouri, reported the treaty made in that state, but the indomitable Dodge pushed on to Clarinda where his own scout confirmed the rumors. This scout had been in the secessionist camp in Gentryville where he found 600 men, but little equipment. Following the treaty, they had quickly disbanded and returned to their homes. A prisoner brought into camp claimed he knew where the rebels had buried two artillery pieces. Dodge detailed ten men to dig them up. Either the Confederates never buried them, or changed their minds and dug them up. They were never found.

Dodge, too, reports that he found great excitement on both sides of the line. His scouts reported the people of Missouri feared an Iowa invasion as much as the Iowans in turn feared the Missourians. Gentry and Nodaway Counties were desolate, the farms abandoned and crops neglected while their owners sought safety to the north or south as their sympathies directed.

On July 5, Colonel Morledge with volunteer militia from Page, Taylor, Adams and Montgomery Counties was called out at midnight to rescue Unionists about to be overpowered by rebels. With 250 men, between midnight and dawn, he marched to Maryville where he found its citizens armed and ready. In a skirmish he took a Confederate flag together with 60 prisoners, all of whom willingly took the oath of allegiance and were discharged. He then marched to the aid of Colonel Cranor of Missouri, but learning that reinforcements had reached the colonel, and being without provisions and with little ammunition for his men, he left two infantry companies and one cavalry company under Lt. Colonel McCoun to continue to Gentry, with the remainder of his troops he returned to Iowa. McCoun reached Cranor's camp just as the treaty was signed so he, also, returned.

In August, Colonel Cranor again called for relief, and McCoun with his three companies marched to join him. Together they had a force of

six or seven hundred men and were faced by two hundred Confederate cavalry and one thousand infantry soldiers. Outnumbered, Cranor and McCoun retreated to the state line. On September 3, Morledge with additional men joined Cranor and McCoun and prepared to attack. At daylight, the Union troops discovered the Confederates had slipped away in the night and the battle was over before it was begun. When the pursuing Union troops reached St. Joseph, they found it a city of desolation. Whole blocks of business houses were closed, many of which had been looted.

For his border services, Colonel Edwards a resident of Chariton, was made a brigadier general.

The final raid into Iowa was by Missouri guards in 1864. A dozen young men rode boldly into Davis County, robbing, murdering, looting. Bloomfield's county fair was in progress and a posse was quickly formed. Under Colonel James Weaver, they rode forth only to find the raiders had fled across the border.



Colonel James Weaver

While as a state Iowa stood staunchly by the Union, it had its internal dissension. Many Iowans had a southern background, and accepted slavery and a state's right to secede. The Peace Democrats (Copperheads as they were commonly known) as differentiated from the War Democrats who supported the war effort, and the Knights of the Golden Circle, worked against the state and national administration program. The Knights opposed the draft, encouraged desertion, discouraged volunteering. Organized in every township in the state, at the peak of their activity, they were said to number 42,000. Refugee Confederate soldiers and paid agents fomented the disaffection. The so-called "Mahoney" wing of the Democratic Party was in outspoken opposition to the Union army. With so many patriotic supporters of the government in the fighting lines, this boring from within became an increasing danger.

So overwhelmed were Lincoln in Washington and Kirkwood and his fellow state governors with the tremendous problems of the war, that at first this "fifth column" activity received little attention. Not until the families at home and the men in the lines became irate at this open internal rebellion, did Kirkwood move. At last several of the most bold of the dissidents were arrested, and others warned that to continue in their subversive policies would result in imprisonment, even death, only then did this opposition lessen.

The most prominent among those imprisoned was George W. Jones, a former United States Senator. Southern born, he had long been an outspoken sympathizer of the southern thinking, had even owned slaves while a resident of Iowa. He was minister to Bogota when the war began. As one of the first senators from Iowa he had an excellent record. He had helped to secure the establishment of the Territory of Iowa, and was well known in the state and nationally. When the news reached Iowa of his arrest in New York for treasonable conduct, the people were astounded. The immediate cause was an intercepted letter which he had written to his close school friend, Jefferson Davis, then president of the Confederacy. Jones was imprisoned but never brought to trial. His southern affiliations were of long standing and his record of outstanding service outweighed his alleged treason. Both of his sons were in the Confederate army, and as a native southerner, his sym-

pathies were understood. After his release he returned to Dubuque, his long time home, where he died.

Another distinguished Iowan who was imprisoned was D. A. Mahoney, editor of the *Dubuque Herald*, and a former member of the Iowa legislature. His paper had long bitterly denounced the government, and was particularly vehement against the army which he charged with infamous crimes. Dubuque citizens were furious with his outbursts and only the firm stand of local authorities prevented his newspaper, and even his life, being destroyed. Threats of "tarring and feathering" were sounded, as well as other violence, to all of which Mahoney appeared impervious. He too, was released after a brief imprisonment. Gideon S. Bailey who served in both the territorial and state legislatures was another who was arrested for disloyalty. Other men, less prominent, fomented local dissension among southern sympathizers, but were not brought to trial. These lesser offenders were punished by the outspoken disapproval of their neighbors.



Drum Major
35th Regiment
Iowa Volunteer
Infantry

Cries of interference with our traditional "free press" and "free speech" were raised but the reading of anti-Union editorials and reports of the opposition speeches by the soldiers at the front enduring the discomforts and danger of an all-out war, aroused such indignation that the government firmly ended this form of incipient treason. Actually the Copperheads were fortunate. The authorities might have found them guilty of treason and executed them. They certainly were guilty of giving "aid and comfort to the enemy" as well as handicapping Union military organization.

Astute Governor Kirkwood clearly recognized the danger of this open subversion. He recognized that disloyalty within the state was small as compared with the loyalty of its soldiers and home patriots. Missouri to the south was a slave state honey-combed with dissension, and our border was subject to invasion which might be fostered by disloyal citizens at home. The families of southern background in southeastern Iowa who strongly sympathized with the Confederacy and supported a state's right to secede, created a nucleus for dissension. Spokesman for this group was George Tally, uneducated but with a natural gift for oratory which he used to inflame the southern sympathizers. Slavery, he cried, was divinely ordained, and the government had no right by force of arms to hold the South in the Union.

On August 1, 1863, with a group of Peace Democrats, he held a meeting near South English, a community strongly loyal in its sympathies. As a climax to the meeting, the party, with Tally at its head, paraded through the town, challenging the townspeople and a group gathered in a Republican convention. A shot was fired which led to others. Tally

was killed. Rumors flashed through the town that a band of several thousand armed men was readying an attack. The Tally followers, wildly angry, were camped on the Skunk River near Sigourney, drilling and making threats of vengeance.

Governor Kirkwood was notified and promptly ordered eleven companies of the Home Guard to the scene, hurrying there himself. In a speech from the courthouse steps in Sigourney, Kirkwood promised to make an example of those engaged in these disturbances which would deter others from like proceedings. "I say what I mean," said the governor firmly and "I mean what I say!" Faced with armed resistance and the resolute Kirkwood, the Tally enthusiasts lost their thirst for revenge and disbanded. Disputing Iowa's armed might was not to their liking and the "Skunk River" war ended.

Meanwhile Charles Negus, a prominent attorney from Fairfield, called in to aid in bringing the killers of Tally to justice, had prudently gone to the camp where the Tally forces were making preparations to wipe out the town of South English, advising them that they were outnumbered, and for them to continue with their plan could only result in bloodshed and either death or imprisonment for many of the band.

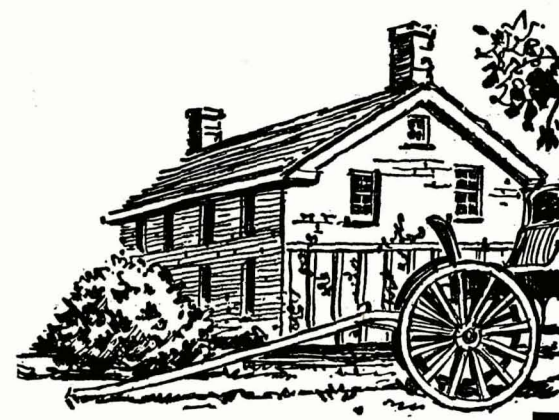
Twelve men were arrested. They posted bond and the matter was forgotten. Tempers were high in the early Sixties, and differences of opinion were common. That all citizens did not see eye to eye was accepted. In the free states bordering on the slave states, families and friends were divided in sympathies and although feeling ran high, these differences were understood, and up to a certain point, overlooked. The pioneer was a man who thought and spoke for himself, and his utterances were respected as his own by those about him.

Later in the same year, a party of "lawless men" as they were described, was discovered in Fremont County. That these men were southern sympathizers was indicated by their seizure of a slave in Davis County whom they carried back to Missouri from which he had fled. One of their objectives was to resist the introduction of free Negroes into Iowa by lawful means or if that failed, they threatened to drive by armed force not only the negroes but the whites who supported them from the state.

As in all wars, Iowa had its quota of conscientious objectors during the Civil War period. The state had a considerable number of Quakers who had proved their convictions throughout the pre-Civil War days by a firm stand against slavery, and their open help, short of violence, to the slaves. While the Quakers refused to bear arms, they served under fire as medical aides and in any posts in which they were not required to kill and injure their fellow men.

Another organization, less well known than the Quakers, but equally firm in their stand against bearing arms, were the citizens of the

Amana Colony. Like the Quakers they had left Europe, in part because of their opposition against war, to make a new start in America. In wartorn Europe where they refused to bear arms, their lot was difficult. As did the rest of the populace, they suffered from the impact of war. In this new land they were determined that war should not cast its ugly shadow across their homes. After a brief settling near Buffalo, New York, where they experienced considerable difficulty with the Seneca Indians, they were advised to move west and came to Iowa. Here they founded the Amana Villages, purchasing land which included both timberlands for the all essential lumber and fuel, and prairie lands suitable for farming. Woolen and flour mills were built, a hand dug canal some six miles in length furnishing the water power. The people lived a community life, each village preparing its food in a common kitchen and eating in a common dining room. These centers were largely self supporting, each with its own slaughter house, blacksmith and wagon shop, bakery, harness shop, and other industries. The women dressed alike in plain dresses with black cap, neckerchief, and an apron. The men likewise wore "plain" clothing.



Amana home on main street in Homestead, two houses east of winery.

The colonies were devoutly religious. Their name is derived from the Song of Solomon and means "remain true". They stood firmly against militarism which had resulted in their members' emigration to America. A few men did volunteer for active service and when the war was over returned and were reinstated in the community. When the draft came, the colony leaders, while grimly refusing to send men, paid the bonus to secure substitutes for Iowa County in the stead of the men in the communities. Today this seems inconsistent, but as their leader expressed it "Since war is contrary to our calling and faith we know of no other way out than to pay the \$300 prescribed by the law in order to show our patriotic attitude as citizens and supporters of the Union." Offered in good faith, this was accepted by their neighbors.

The suffering of Iowans who did fight was an aspect which the Communities did know how to meet. Again in a letter from Christian Metz, the head of the colonies, he explains that letters were sent to the Communities pointing out it was the duty of every member, household and family to contribute each according to his means, a gift or offering of woolen blankets, socks, woolen shirts, jackets, underwear, etc. These offerings were brought to the weekly prayer meeting. Says Metz, "Almost everyone showed such willingness that it was real joy." The Brethren had already sent \$200 to the governor, but Metz states "I believe that this is or will be even more acceptable, for all these contributions consist of good warm clothing." The original contributions were repeated generously and amounted to thousands of dollars before the close of the war.

Amana then as now was famous for its fine woolens, and no doubt the Iowa soldiers shivering in the snow and rain of southern battlefields, blessed the kindly generosity of the Amana women, who despite their innate opposition to war, spent so many hours carding and weaving the wool from the flocks of their husbands and fathers, to make stout garments for soldiers to wear in a war to which they were opposed.

41

contribution

When war became an accomplished fact, it found little unity between the states as well as within the states. The government was controlled by a party which was new and untried, without cohesion in its raw and undisciplined organization, headed by an inexperienced leader. With all of this, and in spite of the division of opinion throughout the nation, men flocked to the army, leaders accepted their new responsibilities, taxes were levied and paid, and little thought was given as to whom were Republicans and whom were Democrats.

The primary concern was the enlistment of soldiers, and the turning of hundreds of civilians into an army. The surprise that war had come was so great, and the belief that the revolt would fall of its own weight so general, together with the hope always deep rooted in Americans that all would end well, that little concern existed beyond the original three months enlistment period. In the thinking of the average American, North and South, three months would see the end of the war, and the nation would return to normalcy. Little partisanship or prejudice existed at this period, only a determination to support to the limit these young men going into battle. Few realized that it would take the next two years to build a real army. In the war's early years, men and materials seemed inexhaustible, but as time went on, and call succeeded call, procuring men grew more difficult, not alone because of the exhaustion of the state's man power, but for other motives. The state was growing weary of war, tired of scraping the bottom of the barrel. The state's man power reserve was now the older men. Some men felt that politics and selfish considerations were creeping in and that too much favoritism existed in the army. Others objected to the introduction of slavery as a major issue. Young and old had discovered that war is not the great adventure. They had learned the bitter lesson that this angry conflict was no brief junket into the south, but that it meant months and years of continuing struggle and sacrifice. Despite its disillusionment, Iowa met its army demands for men and materials. Older men with families, men established in life, walked soberly to the recruiting station and enlisted, knowing full well what lay ahead. Growers increased their planting, industrialists strained machinery beyond its capacity, women in their kitchens served short

rations to their families, that food and supplies thus saved could be shipped south. War was the all-absorbing business of old and young.

In 1860, Iowa had a population of 675,000, of which number 116,000 were subject to military duty. The state, not yet fifteen years old when the Battle of Bull Run was fought, sent in all more than 75,000 volunteers into the army. Before Appomatox, more than one-sixth of this number, over 13,000 men, were in their graves. In proportion to its population, Iowa contributed more men to military service than did any other state, North or South. Iowans left their farms and villages to fight from Wilson's Creek in Missouri to Atlanta in Georgia.

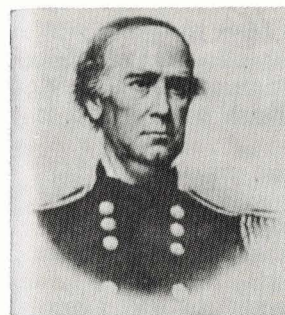


Nelson pioneer farm near Oskaloosa built in 1853 of native timber and brick, and furnished in the period is now open to public. Farm exhibits are on display in the barn, and the log cabin has been restored and furnished in the style of 1844-53 period.

During the four years of fighting, Iowa organized forty-eight infantry regiments, nine cavalry regiments and four artillery companies. Almost one-half of the eligible male population bore arms, a record that has never been exceeded in any war since. Iowa's participation was principally in the War in the West; our troops fought in Missouri, in Arkansas, at Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Chattanooga in Tennessee, Vicksburg and Corinth in Mississippi. They marched with Sherman to the Sea and fought with General Phil Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley and with the Army of the Potomac in Virginia. They died of starvation and disease in Andersonville and other prisons.

Twenty seven Iowans won the Congressional Medal of Honor, first awarded in the Civil War.

Four major generals—Curtis, Dodge, Herron and Steele—were contributed by Iowa to the Federal armies, together with a long list of brigadier generals.



Major General
Samuel R. Curtis

the Military Affairs Committee.

When the Civil War broke out, he was active in recruiting, and on June 1, 1861, was named colonel of the Second Iowa Infantry. The latter part of June he was promoted to brigadier general, and resigned his congressional seat. In December, 1861, he was placed in command of the District of Southwest Missouri and marched against Confederate General Price, resulting in the Battle of Pea Ridge which he commanded. Thirteen days after his victory there he was made a major general.

Because of his strong anti-slavery beliefs, in January, 1864, he was transferred from the Department of Missouri to the Department of Kansas where he defeated Price who had loudly boasted he would capture Leavenworth (Curtis' headquarters) and lay Kansas waste. Rebel Generals Marmaduke and Cabell were captured, and large quantities of Confederate equipment burned.

The first and the oldest of Iowa's major generals, Curtis was also the largest. Despite his sixty years, he was erect and vigorous. Intellectually he was not brilliant, but he had excellent judgment and readily available ability and these qualities plus hard and unremitting labor made him a great leader. Like General Dodge he believed in the west, and in Congress sponsored the Pacific railroad enterprises.

GRENVILLE MELLEN DODGE was born in Massachusetts where he attended the Norwich Military University. He came west in 1851 and for a time was with the Rock Island Railroad Engineers' Corps. Later he moved to Nebraska, then the limit of frontier settlements. Finding the Indian tribes hostile, he settled in Council Bluffs.

When Sumter was fired on, he recruited a company, reporting to Governor Kirkwood who sent him on to Washington, seeking arms and munitions for the state. On his return, he was commissioned colonel of the Fourth Infantry.



Major General
Grenville M. Dodge

Less than two weeks after he organized the regiment, he was in Missouri. In December, General Curtis assigned him to command a brigade, and sent him in search of Price. At the Battle of Pea Ridge, outnumbered almost ten to one, he held his position. For his service there he was made a brigadier general assigned to the Army of the Tennessee.

October, 1863, found him with Sherman on the way to Chattanooga. At Atlanta, he so distinguished himself that he was made a major general. Before Atlanta, he was wounded for a third time, having been previously wounded in Missouri and at Pea Ridge.

Returning to his command after his third wound, he was sent to Vicksburg, later succeeding General Rosecrans in Missouri. During the Vicksburg operation, he was stationed at Corinth, 150 miles from the city, yet General Grant officially stated, that there was no officer of Dodge's rank to whom he was more indebted for the capture of that stronghold.

During the time Dodge commanded the Department of Missouri, he devoted much energy to making overland travel safe for the emigrants pouring west. After the war, he was a leader in the Union Pacific Railroad's drive to the west, and was prominent in post-civil war years, both in Iowa and the nation.

A man of iron will, with an alert mind and unretiring perseverance, his mature judgment made him an outstanding officer.



FRANCIS HERRON was Iowa's youngest major general, and the second Iowan awarded that honor. He was born into a distinguished Pennsylvania family in February, 1837. In 1855 he came to Dubuque and entered the banking business.

His military career began in the First Iowa Infantry and he was at Wilson's Creek. In September, 1861, he was commissioned lt. colonel of the Ninth Iowa Infantry. For his gallantry at Pea Ridge where he was wounded and taken prisoner, he was made brigadier general, and for courage and military skill at Prairie Grove, Dec. 7, 1862, he was made major general.

In the Army of the Frontier, he commanded the Third Division. At Prairie Grove so superior was his generalship, that with 4,000 men he outfaced General Hindman and 20,000 Confederates. Major Hubbard, an officer on Herron's staff, was captured and taken before Hindman. "How many men," demanded the Confederate general "has Herron?" "Enough," retorted Hubbard "to annihilate you!" Herron's bluff, the plan on which the engagement was fought, to Hindman confirmed Hubbard's boastful report, and made Herron a major general.

General Herron operated in Missouri and Arkansas until May, 1863, when he moved to Vicksburg. Following the city's fall, he made an expedition to the Yazoo River and into Louisiana.

During the winter of 1863-64 and for some time afterward, Herron served in Texas. During this time, the Mexican forces of Ruiz and Cortinas clashed at Matamoros. The United States consul in that city alarmed sent to Herron for protection, and was escorted to safety by United States troops.

Herron's ventilation of abuses in the Department of Arkansas was published in all the leading newspapers of the country bringing an end to many outrageous abuses and distinction to his name.

Taciturn, but possessing charm and a warm heart, he was popular with his men. Calm and composed, he never lost his self control no matter how great the peril.

He was the only Iowa officer to be promoted to brigadier general from lieutenant-colonel.

FREDERICK STEELE was born in Delhi, New York, in 1819. He attended West Point Military Academy and served with General Scott in the Mexican War, distinguishing himself at the battles of Contreras and Chapultepec. In the capture of the City of Mexico he commanded a company.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was serving in Missouri. Enlisting in the First Iowa Infantry, he fought under General Lyon at Wil-

son's Creek. In September, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the Eighth Iowa Infantry. Shortly after for his good conduct at Wilson's Creek, he was promoted to brigadier general. Except for time served with Sherman at Vicksburg in the spring and summer of 1863, and under General Canby at Pensacola and in the Mobile area, he held commands in Missouri and Arkansas. Following Chickasaw Bayou, he moved to Arkansas Post, and due to his valor and that of his troops these works were captured.

After Vicksburg and Jackson, Steele was appointed to command of the Department and Army of Arkansas. In August, 1863, Steele left Helena for Little Rock, Arkansas, compelling Confederate generals Price and Marmaduke to evacuate the latter city. In this brief campaign, he restored all but a few counties of Arkansas to the Federal government.

His Camden campaign ended in failure largely because of General Bank's disasters. Steele met and defeated Price, Marmaduke, Cabell and others at Pierre Noir Creek, Elkin's Ford, Prairie de Anne and northwest of Camden. Incredulous of the reports of Banks' crushing defeats, Steele kept on to Camden where he learned the truth. A large supply train reaching him, he undertook to hold his position. The capture of the train now returning from Pine Bluffs, Ark., with additional supplies, may have saved his army, as he started back to Little Rock. Because of a failure by Confederate General Fagan to comply with orders, Steele evaded the rebels and reached his destination.

He remained in Arkansas until January, 1865, when he was ordered to report to General Canby at New Orleans, and performed his final service in the Pensacola and Mobile area.

While Steele cannot be called an Iowan, he was commissioned from the state. A kind hearted, humane man, he was easily approached and popular with his men. By some critics, he was said to lack firmness and judgment and made a poor military governor. He stood high in the confidence of General Grant, which is a commendation.

In the Civil War the regiment was the unit of command and relatively permanent. Often men fought throughout the war under a single regimental flag resulting in an undying loyalty for their flag which produced incidents of incredible courage when the regiment was put to test and the flag endangered.

Regimental colonels were appointed by the governor and on occasion men were commissioned whose single qualification was political prowess. Despite this political overtone, their ability was high. Mistakes were made. It could scarcely be otherwise. Few Iowa colonels had previous military training. An occasional appointee had served in the Mexican War, against the Indians, or had West Point or other military academy training. In a few instances, a colonel had served in European



Iowa monument at Rossville Gap through which General Sherman marched into Georgia on his way to the sea.

armies before emigrating to America. All had proven state and community leadership if only in political organizations. Iowa then as now had a high level of citizenship. From the state's beginning, the men and women who settled the lush farmlands were an intelligent, stable people with a deep sense of responsibility to their government which was reflected from private to colonel in Iowa's Civil War regiments. In the years following the close of hostilities many of colonels as well as other line officers went on to high place in the state and nation.

For organization purposes, the regiment included ten companies of one hundred men each, so a regiment supposedly comprised one thousand men. Actually regiments occasionally left for the front with several hundred less than that number. So great was the urgency, that men without muskets or uniforms were hurried to the fighting lines. Rarely did a regiment go into battle at its full recruited strength. Sometimes only a few hundred were available. Sickness was so devastating that it was not unusual to find more men in the hospital than in the field. Men were called home on furlough or assigned to special detail. Almost entire regiments were captured. This so-called "effective strength" was the brigade commander's worst headache. Four or six regiments did not mean four or six thousand men. Often the regiment was an unknown quantity, half or less of its "authorized" strength.

As the war dragged on, recruiting inevitably became more difficult, and regimental deficiencies in both men and officers increased. However, the seasoned veterans were so superior to the green recruits who had started the fighting, that no doubt as each man firmly believed, he was worth a dozen of the original regimental members.

The colonel had a lieutenant colonel and a major to assist in administration and command, and each company had its captain, lieutenants, and staff sergeants. In the beginning these officers were elected by the men. Common practice was for a man important in the community to recruit a company and in return be elected to officership. In a pioneer civilization dedicated to self government, the system functioned well.

In the field, regiments were joined in brigades, divisions, and corps, which forms frequently changed, while the regiment continued its existence as a unit. In part this explains the men's fanatical devotion to the regiment's colors. The colors stood for the regiment and men died defending them. The greatest honor paid a regiment distinguishing itself in the field, was to receive a stand of colors to replace its battle worn flags sent home for safekeeping. Such presentations were made to Iowa regiments from as far away as Boston, Mass.; the colors made by patriotic women in recognition of outstanding service. Companies were known by letter (A, B, C, etc.), and one company became the "color" company, carrying the regimental flags into battle and on parade.

While the company, originally at least, was largely made up of men already acquainted with another, and who in its small circle be-

came better acquainted, the permanence of the regiment developed an even closer knit group with enduring friendships, annually renewed in after-war years around reunion campfires.



Saturday night in a Civil War home kitchen. (Bentonsport)

Because of the army's rapid expansion, the early officers won quick promotion and shouldered responsibilities above their rank. Colonels, even lieutenant colonels and majors, led brigades, leaving regimental command to majors and captains. In an emergency, privates led the men. Unquestionably Iowa's preeminence in the field was won by the superiority of its leadership, from the ranks to general officers.

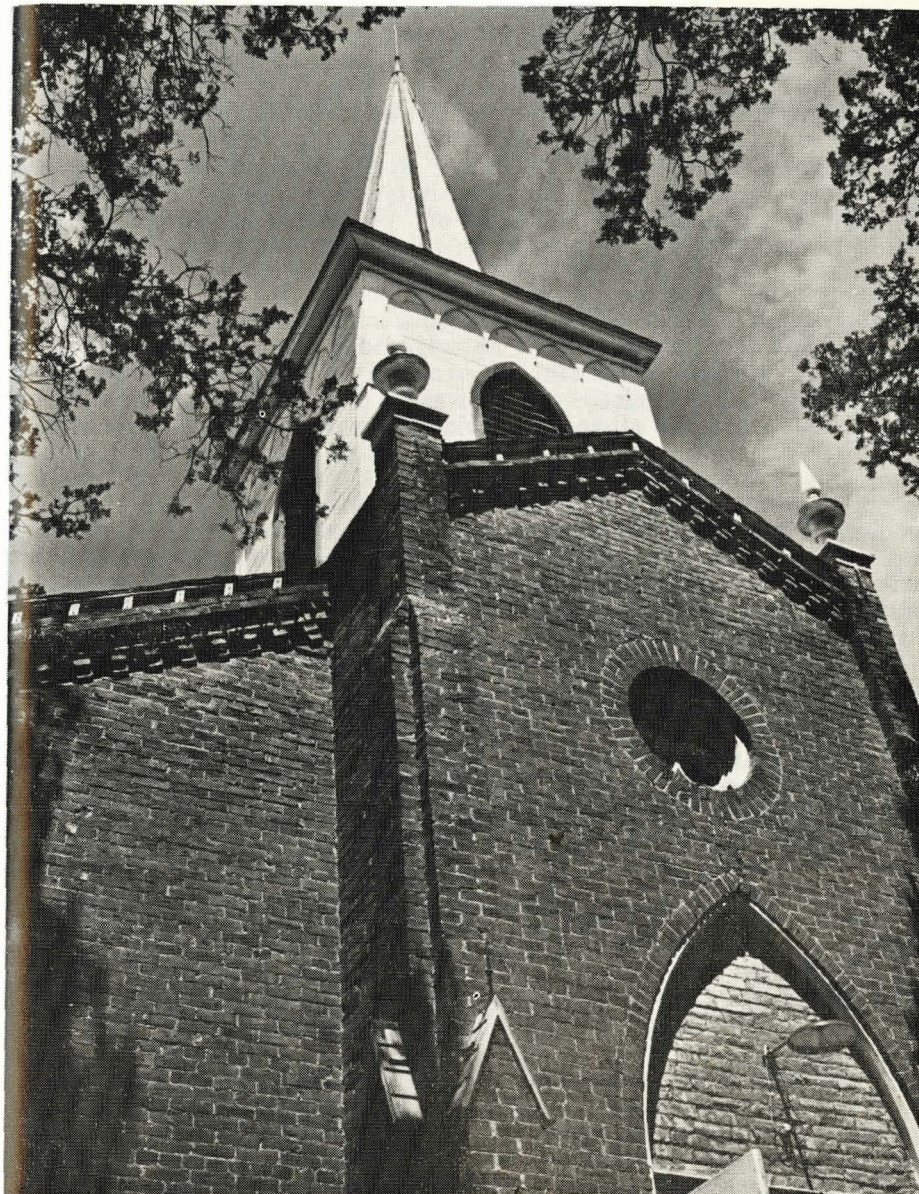
The early practice of permitting the companies to elect their line officers while in theory a democratic process, from a military viewpoint was not always successful. The first officers like the men who served under them had little or no military experience, but they learned fast in a hard school. This free choice of leadership did have one noteworthy advantage. The elected officer had the liking of his men, an important asset in a civilian army. In the latter years of the war with a more highly organized army officered by men who had proved their worth, promotions from the ranks filled the gaps left by officer losses. Many such officers were those who had served through the years under several regimental flags, and were hardened and tempered by experience.

As the war dragged on and the older men and boys volunteered, responsibility for the home front fell more and more upon the women and the children. Early enlistments took a heavy toll of the older boys. Now their younger brothers and sisters must take up their burdens.

Except for the occasional heavily populated center, the way of life in 1860 between village and farm, differed but little. Each farm and town lot was an independent unit. A family vegetable garden, a cow, the chicken lot, even a pig to eat the table scraps, were almost as much a part of town living as they were of country living. The important difference was that the farmer raised a greater quantity of produce and stock, and sold it, while the townsman raised his to provide a major part of the family living, although the excess production on a town lot was frequently sold. Small town boys carried milk to the neighbor who did not own a cow. Housewives sold spring fries, fat hens, and eggs. Women made soap from surplus fats. Slaughtering the family hog included rendering lard for home use, with a few extra pounds to exchange with the town grocer for staples not produced at home.

On the farm and in outlying villages, spinning wheels whirled, and carding wool was a household chore. Little girls knitted busily shaping warm socks for the men of the family and themselves. Garments were made and re-made as they were handed down to the younger children. To waste was a cardinal sin. A popular motto "Waste Not, Want Not" handpainted in fancy script decorated with bright flowers and framed in walnut, hung prominently in many early Iowa homes.

This ability to provide without turning to a public source was fortunate, since no provision existed in Civil War days for allowances to soldiers' families or benefits for the improvident. The pittances paid the men were pitifully small, even in an era when money went much further than it does today. In letters written home to their families, soldiers tell their wives that \$5 or \$10, in rare instances \$15, is being sent with a neighbor returning home from the front on furlough. And this small sum meant months of saving. Volunteers to the early regiments received \$7 a month, and many men furnished their own horse and saddle as well as a uniform tailored for them by the townspeople or members of their own families.



Bentonsport Presbyterian church built in 1855. Its clear bell on a still day can be heard for miles.

As the war progressed and the needs of the soldiers' families increased, communities banded together to raise funds, and programs to meet the most urgent of these needs, as well as those of disabled soldiers, were established. Occasionally small amounts of tax money were added to these funds in response to the ever increasing number of widows and orphans, as well as for those whose husbands and fathers were on the fighting front, but this assistance was meager, and meant little more than a few pounds of coal or a sack of flour. Fortunately, families in the 1860's considered themselves as self supporting units. A mother with a brood of children cultivated a garden, raised chickens, milked a cow, cooked, preserved, knitted, sewed for her flock, while the children, from babies up, worked busily at the business of self preservation. In the midst of this endless activity, time was found to knit for the soldiers, scrape lint for bandages and prepare food and comforts to be sent to the men on the firing lines.

This was an era of self-help, when as a matter of course each individual provided for himself or herself and helped those about them who were in difficulty. Families in want or with sickness were aided without question. Organized welfare was unknown. When a lone woman was without wood for stove or fireplace, the men in the neighborhood came with axes and cut down a tree, splitting it into proper lengths. Young boys stacked it conveniently by the kitchen door. If the woman did not have a tree on her property, a neighbor provided one from his woodlot, and another neighbor brought his oxteam to haul the wood when it was chopped. If the family crops were too much for a woman to harvest or plant and she lacked children of an age to assist her, neighbors came in and shucked the corn, cut the hay, slaughtered a beef, or plowed the land.

When flour or meal was needed, grain sacks were loaded on the family wagon or sled, and more often than not during the war years, a nine or ten year old boy picked up the reins and drove off on the long trip to the mill where it would be ground. The grain had been grown on his home place, or was perhaps, a gift from a kindly neighbor.

Even a distance of five or ten miles over roads which were little more than dim trails, throughout much of the year snow covered or deep with mud, driving a loaded wagon or sled hitched to a team of plodding oxen or horses, was a long difficult trip for a boy who was seldom further from home than his church or school, but who with his father and brothers away in the army, found himself the man of the house. Driving home in the deep dusk, along the lonely road, perhaps facing rain or snow with the wind whining through the trees along the way, remembering the tales of ferocious, man-eating wolves which the men told, took the same high courage his father knew when he marched down another long muddy road with armed Confederates waiting for him.

When at long last the boy came over the hill and looked down into the valley, where the light shone through his mother's kitchen window,

he proudly knew he was doing a man's job. He strode into the warm smells of home, remembering to take off his muddy boots so as not to track his mother's white wood floors, and hungrily sniffed the warm fragrance of sizzling brown pork, of sweet potatoes oozing richness, or best of all, a spicy pumpkin pie. He stood before the fireplace and let the heat from the crackling hickory logs soak into his chilled bones, and knew himself a man.

When sickness struck the mother of a family, the women in the neighborhood took over her care and that of her family. Ten and twelve year old girls in the stricken family or in a neighbor's family did the cleaning and cooking and cared for the ill. For several years these young girls had worked beside their mothers, as their brothers had worked in the fields and shops with their fathers. Placed in charge, they ran a house with almost equal efficiency to their mothers. Girls of five to eight knitted, peeled endless baskets of fruit and vegetables, stirred the soup fragrantly boiling in the big kettle, swept up, made beds stoutly fluffing the feather ticks, minded the baby, ran innumerable errands, and were generally useful. By the age of ten, a daughter graduated from these small tasks to become her mother's right hand in the involved operation of a pioneer household.

A girl of fifteen was frequently as capable as her mother, and often "worked out" in prosperous homes, where she managed the household. From babyhood, boys did chores, slopped the pigs, fed the chickens and animals, walked behind a plow, dropped corn into the hills, put in long hours of physical labor working with the men. By the age of fifteen a boy was a man, and until he was twenty one his time was his father's to use as the man saw fit. A large family preferably of sons, was a definite asset in developing the prairie land into a producing farm, or in building a business.

Except in rare instances, hospitals were unknown and doctors almost equally so. Nursing was a matter for the family, or the neighborhood pattern contributed by neighbors and relatives as a matter of course.

As the war years passed, men straggled home from the front. Men in dilapidated uniforms, the jaunty pride with which they had marched away lost in the mud and mire of southern battlefields. Men with missing arms and legs, with shattered health and minds, limped home to add their care to the burden of already overworked households.

Since most of the basic foods were home grown, few families were hungry. Sugar and coffee were among the few items which must be purchased, and during the war almost vanished from Iowa kitchens. Sorghum made from cane raised on the family's land and crushed in the local sorghum mill, provided the sweet. The hardworking bees stored honey in hollow trees which small boys discovered by following the flight of the insects on their endless trips from flower to tree, whose delicate flavor lent zest to bread took the place of sugar. Spices disappeared

from the grocer's shelves, but hard work lent zest to the appetite. The family cow gave milk, and teas steeped from mint and other herbs, took the place of the missing coffee. Summer vegetables were canned, and winter vegetables stored. Fruits, pickles, jellies, jams, catsup and meat relishes, preserved in the summer, crowded the sacks of winter vegetables and fruit. A root cellar, damp and dark, was an integral part of the pioneer home where barrels of ruddy apples, sacks of winter pears, potatoes, squash, turnips, onions, and other fruits of the garden and orchard were heaped. The well stocked vegetable and fruit cellar took the place of today's deep freezer, and convenient supermarket. Mince pies were baked, and carefully covered to protect them from vermin, stored in the attic to freeze. Thawed in a hot oven, the thick rich pies were a meal in themselves. Sauer kraut ripened in ten gallon earthenware jars. Pungent horse radish ground, and flavored with apple cider vinegar, lent zest to the stringy dried beef, salt pork, hams, and vension.



Iowa Civil War Centennial Commission joined with Mississippi's War Between the States Centennial Commission in a Battle of Vicksburg commemoration at Iowa's monument to the dead in that struggle. Senator Joseph B. Flatt, Chairman of the Iowa Commission (at far left) placed a wreath on the monument in front of which he stands.

Iowa women met their home responsibilities with a courage and devotion that was at least the equal of the work of its men on the fighting front or at home. Women's work was done in obscurity, much of it

tedious, all of it lonely with only their children for companionship. Fear for their men at the front walked with them by day and night, and the knowledge that all too soon their young sons must join the fighting men. Yet these women met each day with a gallant valor, accomplishing miracles of achievement with the small things that were at hand. From dawn until dark, and often far into the night, these lonely women created from the products of their own hands, the necessities of life for their families, and of war to aid their fighting men.

It was the unsung heroes and heroines who carried the burden, kept food and supplies moving to the front, who cheered the men on the fighting lines with letters and newspapers from home. Each community suffered the loss of its outstanding leadership and its most able young men, who were first to volunteer for army duty. But older men who had laid down the load of civic leadership, took it up again, and the women moved forward to fill the gaps. The Civil War was as truly and as hard fought on the home front as on the battle front. Without this sustaining support, the fighting lines would have crumbled.

In the long run, the placing of unnatural burdens on old and young was one unreckoned asset of the war. It heightened the level of community responsibility, and trained youth to accept its share of community leadership. Responsibility drew together the wide flung elements of pioneer living and welded them into a single mold.

As in every war, women took up the burden of production in the field, in the shop, wherever men laid down their work to take up arms, and as in every war in which America has joined, not every woman relinquished those tasks when the men returned from the front. The Civil War was no exception to this rule. In its wake, it left women entrenched in jobs closed to them before it began, and girls seeking places in so-called men's work.

The willingness of the nation's citizenry to sacrifice was greater, actually, than was the energy poured into government management, or the directing of our armies. Each community, as is true under stress, developed its leaders to point the way. As there were deserters from the army, so there were men who found enlistment an easy path to desertion of their families, and there were those in each community who found in the war, an abundant opportunity for making money at the expense of the tragic. Human nature being what it is, the seamy side of certain people appeared, but these men and women were in the minority, greatly in the minority. True the costs of the war would have been less but for the cheating in buying and selling supplies, horses and cattle. Lives were lost needlessly because of fraud in clothing, in arms and ammunition, in food and shelter, and in the failure of supplies to reach the front when needed. Graft is a by-product of every war.

One of the amazing things about Iowa's tremendous contributions to the army was that these contributions were produced by a peaceful people who had lost even the tradition of war, many of whom had come

to America to avoid army service and the trappings of war. The pioneer's goal was the elimination of war, yet these men left their families, their property, their daily lives, and plunged without hesitation into the discipline and peril of combat.

An inevitable result of this tremendous outpouring of men to war and the part they played, was to increase the assertiveness of Iowa and other midwestern states. It bred men of decision, accustomed to leadership, who found the after war expansion of business and industry to their liking.



David Dunlap, great-great-grandson of Major Joseph B. Atherton, Iowa 22nd Volunteer Infantry, who fought at Vicksburg, wearing a Confederate uniform served as aide to Mayor John Holland of Vicksburg, on his visit to Des Moines to appear before a Joint Session of the Iowa General Assembly, to invite Iowans to the joint commemoration of the battle. (Mayor Holland stands at far right, Senator Flatt is between Mayor Holland and David. The photograph was taken in the Governor's office during an interview with WHO-TV.) Mr. Holland was chairman of Mississippi's Civil War Centennial Commission.

Grant's western victories and his opening of the Mississippi increased these states' belief in their star, and the use of western troops in the east, and Grant's appointment to leadership, heightened this belief. Before the war, Iowa was made up of scattered communities, with

little communication with one another. The close of the war found the state a commonwealth, a strong and centralized unit of the Union, its communities bound together in thinking and action, ready to take part in the national program. Iowa had met its trial by fire, and proven itself worthy. The years following the Civil War were years of growth in industry, agriculture, education, wherever the people of Iowa found a need. These were years in which Iowans built fine homes, furnished them with elegant handcrafted or machine made furniture. They bought the newly invented farm machinery and turned to new production methods. These were years in which the pioneer culture disappeared as America swung into its stride as one of the powerful nations of the world, with an aggressive, hard working, ambitious citizenry seeking out new and better ideas for manufacturing and growing the necessities of the better life which they saw ahead.

Men returned from the front conquered the wild lands to the west. They timbered, fished, hunted, mined, built. These men primed in one of the hardest fought and most bitter wars the world has ever known, found in the wresting of wealth from our vast national resources, an outlet for energies created in that conflict.

As did the majority of Iowa's soldiers, Jeremiah's regiment moved down the Mississippi in a flat bottomed river packet. Along the shore, families, sweethearts, and friends, stood waving and calling a last farewell until the last ripple stirred by the churning paddle wheel vanished around the bend. Only then did the recruits turn their faces toward the new and frightening world which lay ahead to the south. Excitement quickened, and the stimulation of the unknown overrode the fears of the terrifying future which had troubled their long nights in camp at Keokuk. Echoes of the stirring war songs sung by the on-lookers on shore as the boat swung out into the current, floated with them. Here and there a group of recruits sang loudly, if not melodiously, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," or "Mine Eyes Have the Glory." In later months around southern campfires they would sing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Tenting Tonight," and as the darkness crept across the tents and stacked arms, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and more softly, songs of home and mother.

Now in the full flush of patriotism, marching songs and robust threats of what the Johnny Rebs might expect once the troops were on the battle line, resounded from the heavily wooded river banks slipping steadily by.

The great river was crowded with boats loaded to the water line with men and supplies. Before Cairo, Jeremiah counted forty packets. Their own boat could barely find its way through the near blockade of river transportation, each boat awaiting its turn to move in to unload at the docks along both shores. In Cairo, Jeremiah learned the great convoy was in charge of General Grant, and the boy's heart warmed to know his father's old and trusted friend was near at hand. Lank townsmen loafing about the wharves predicted the war would soon be over.

"This here rebellion is a plumb failure," one such loafer told Jeremiah. "We've been tricked by our head men. All we want is peace and quiet again." Older and better dressed men expressed their disagreement without words by directing angry looks toward their talkative countryman. These men were the plantation owners and businessmen who owned the slaves or did business with those who did.

The young bluecoats swaggered self consciously along the wharves picking their way with care lest they be spattered by the mud and dirt stirred up by barrels and boxes being thrown ashore, or by the horse and oxen drawn wagons waiting in long lines to haul the supplies to waiting camps. A boyish lieutenant, his glittering sword rattling against his brightly polished boots, ordered the soldiers back on board the packet. The pilot blew sharp blasts on his whistle, and the top heavy boat swung out into the muddy channel.

"We're taking troops aboard," one of the men told Jeremiah, "to fill the space left vacant by the supplies we've unloaded. Probably they'll come on in the night. Grant doesn't want the Rebs to know just how many men we have. He's quiet" the man went on chuckling, "but he's smart!"



Mississippi steamboat at Burlington loading Civil War supplies and men for transport down the river.

On board the men hung over the rails, calling to those on the wharves, or watching their chance to slip ashore to mix with the townspeople. At every house in town, guards were posted to protect the inmates, especially those favoring the north, as well as to keep out of the homes of southern sympathizers, possible spies or rebels who might intend damage to the great piles of ammunition and food, or the reporting of Yankee troop movements.

When their boat was tied up alongshore, Jeremiah and his new found friends jumped to the bank, and climbing the scrub oak trees brought down clumps of mistletoe to send home. In a cotton field, they picked cotton bolls, a novelty to the northern lads. Jeremiah sent home a few cotton seeds in a letter: "Plant them in the house, and I'm sure they will grow" he told his father.

At one stop they climbed the bluffs overlooking the river to a great plantation house. Jeremiah drew a picture of it in his next letter home:

"It has a wide hall running clear through it," he told his mother. "through which you can see plainly the vegetable garden in the back. The family use the hall as an office. The negroes waiting to see the master, sit on benches along the walls.

"There is a huge chimney up the side of the house, and chimneys for cooking and heating in the cook and wash houses. It all seems much like home except that it is warmer here and the houses are more open to the weather. The meals are prepared by negroes in the cook house and carried into the main house. This keeps the heat out of the dining room. In the home we visited, there was a big fan in the dining ceiling, operated by a small giggling colored girl in a bright blue dress with pink ribbons in her hair. By pulling a rope she kept the fan moving which cooled the family while eating and kept the flies away from the food."

The men of the family were away, no doubt in the Confederate Army. Jeremiah and his friends agreed, but the mother and daughters brought plates of food to the embarrassed young Yankees as they stood on the veranda, and invited them to sit down and rest.

"We'd be purely sorry for you to be hungry even if you are our enemies," their soft voices brimmed with merriment, their bright eyes peeped out flirtatiously from behind dark lashes, at the stalwart young northerners. Not yet had the ugliness and viciousness of the fighting brought the deep rifts which came later between North and South.

"The girls down here are mighty pretty," he wrote to his mother, "fancier dressed than our girls, with their hoop skirts swinging. The crops look good. Garden peas are several inches high, and my mouth watered just to look at them. No green vegetables in our mess!"

When at last the troops disembarked in Missouri, for many it meant a lengthy, tedious stay. Jeremiah's company spent the summer months moving up and down the state, guarding supplies, railroads, northern sympathizers, chasing elusive raiders who knew the mountain trails, swooped down on a camp, attacked, and disappeared into the darkness like phantoms, over terrain in which they were thoroughly at home. Not all the raids were by Confederate troops. Many were led by guerrillas who profited in the capture of materials, which later were sold to the rebel army.

In the crowded and poorly organized camps, disease broke out. Measles proved itself to be a more deadly enemy than the Confederate troops. Many of the recruits came from isolated farms and small communities without previous exposure to the childish diseases. The history of the regiments is a common one. Measles, chickenpox, and the more deadly smallpox, ran riot through the camps. The men marched seeking an elusive enemy, one which knew the trails and mountain passes, sweeping down unexpectedly, only to vanish before the bewildered Federals could stage an attack. Fatalities were numerous. Inexperienced soldiers were picked off by sharpshooters hidden at strategic points. But greater than these losses, were the losses of those incapacitated by illness. The men marched over almost impassable roads, in cold and storm, short of rations, improperly clothed, without shelter. Lacking even the most primitive sanitary precautions, only those with the greatest endurance survived. The weak succumbed to hardship and disease heightened by homesickness.

Winter meant little change to the men, except that life in a tent in the mud and cold of a gloomy winter, was more difficult. Jeremiah's regiment was encamped in the hills, without the simplest conveniences. The river towns with their friendly faces and excitements, and the home-cooked food for sale along the wharves, were far behind.



Now they were camped near Rolla, Missouri, many of them sick, often they were hungry, and always they were homesick. Iowa life in

the 1860's was simple, but within its limitations, comfortable. Food was plain but generous. Open fires and the stoves rapidly supplanting them, sent out a circle of warmth around which the family gathered. Hand woven and the new manufactured woolens made warm clothing. The family seldom traveled far from home, but community and home good times banished loneliness.

In camp this was changed, and for the worse. The boys existed in an army of strangers, living in the closest intimacy, under difficult conditions. Snow fell seldom, but the frequent cold rain and sleet formed a coating of ice over everything. The men slept in tents. Six or eight often huddled in their blankets on the ground in one tent without room in which to move about. "Spooning," Jeremiah wrote home, "helps to keep us warm. We sleep closely together until we become so cramped we can no longer endure it, then all turn at once, each trying to keep his place which is a little warmer than the surrounding ground. We don't always have tents enough to cover us. Sometimes we sleep under a tree."

The tents were principally of the A-type, consisting of a horizontal pole supported by two upright timbers over which a canvas was stretched. Timber was plentiful, and transporting the tent was simple since new supports could be quickly secured in each camp.

When the men were in camp for a lengthy period, they built log or stone walls to keep out the wind and rain. The more ambitious laid timber or stone on the dirt floors to protect themselves from the ever-present damp. Stone and timber abounded. Only their labor was needed to build a snug cabin with fireplace up the side, a type of building with which the men were familiar. Inside, pegs driven between the planks held tin cups and knapsacks, and wearing apparel not in use. Bunks were built with small timbers, and crude shelves constructed from packing boxes or slabs of wood nailed on the walls. Their muskets stood in a convenient corner. In part this was a matter of self protection, since rebel raiding parties ranged through the hills, and might strike at any moment. Candles cast a feeble glow over the small space. Bayonets detached from the muskets and stuck into the floor made convenient candlesticks. If potatoes were plentiful (which was seldom), a potato flattened on the bottom with a hole carved in the top served instead. "Shebangs" the men dubbed their makeshift homes.



Battle casualties

During the long days and night in camp, writing letters home was a principal occupation. A hardtack box was upended, and held between the knees to serve as a desk. The letter writing over, the box served as a table around which the boys gathered to play checkers or dominoes. Iowa's strict church people frowned upon card playing, with the result that many Iowa boys took their first lessons in this art in camp. The soldier's pipe was his constant companion. With a bag of smoking tobacco and a few grains of coffee, he counted himself fortunate.

Originally the companies were made up of recruits from the same community, led by officers elected among themselves. Later in the war, these companies were formed and re-formed, but in the evenings, men from the same community scattered throughout the camp, would gather beneath a tree or in some accessible spot to exchange news from home. Letters were passed from one to another, read and re-read and bits of gossip bandied about. Good and bad news from home reached the men largely through this exchange. Newspapers and clippings were passed from hand to hand, and devoured until they finally disintegrated. A daily news service was unknown, and due to transportation difficulties, newspapers seldom reached the camps with any frequency.

When the last scrap of news was digested, the men sat around the campfire and sang. Each tent boasted at least one instrument, if only the ubiquitous mouth harp, that familiar of pioneer camp life. Singly or together, in the moonlight or fog, their owners performed, while the audience wholeheartedly sang familiar melodies ranging from hymns to songs written in complaint of their hard lives. Occasionally a negro from a nearby plantation, eager to see the "Yanks" for himself appeared at their fires and danced the Juba while the men clapped time to the swift rhythm of his steps. The more exuberant of the men stepped out with the negro in a clattering buck and wing, to the cheers of the onlookers. Later he sang in a deep, rich voice, old southern melodies and ancient chants brought by his forefathers from Africa.

When the blazing logs died to coals, one by one the men slipped quietly away through the rows of tents to crawl into their blankets, and hope for a night's sleep undisturbed by raiding parties.

Food in the camps, at least in its original state, was not too bad. The government's intent was that it be good, but slowness of transportation, lack of proper storage, and poor cooking facilities, resulted that in its final state, it did little more than to ward off starvation. As is true in all times of stress, occasional rascally contractors and conniving inspectors made themselves rich at the soldiers' expense, but the majority of the purveyors of army supplies were honest men. Men whose sons were in the camps. Men who did their best in a difficult time.

The rank and file of the men received salt meat (fresh meat was seldom available), rarely ham or bacon, hard bread, soft bread when it was possible to bake it, potatoes, an occasional onion, flour, beans, split peas, rice, dried fruit, dessicated vegetables, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses vinegar, candles, soap, pepper and salt. Not always each of these items, and too often not in a quantity sufficient to answer their appetites. Occasional fresh vegetables, dried fruits, pickles and sauer kraut, were issued only when scurvy became too prevalent. On the march, the issue, naturally, was less since the men could not carry too great loads. Commissioned officers had a cash allowance with which to purchase supplies from the commissary. This allowance included the wages of a servant, who cooked, cared for the officer's horse, and clothing, and was paid in the order of military rank. Forage and a horse were also allowed to each officer.

Hard tack, a flour and water biscuit about 3 1/8" by 2", were rationed by number to the men. These chunks were so hard they could not be bitten or soaked to softness. Letting them stand in water reduced them to a form of elasticity allowing them to be swallowed. What they lacked in nutrition they made up in their "filling" quality. On the march the hard tack issued was often moldy or wet. A common procedure was to stack the boxes containing hardtack at railroad stations or distributing centers, not sheltered, or so inadequately protected that they absorbed moisture. Maggots and weevils infested them.

The first years of the war each soldier usually prepared his own food or joined around a common campfire with his buddies. The thin, tasteless soup was thickened with hard tack pounded to crumbs between



—Photo by David Dunlap

Soldiers' and Sailors' monument on capitol grounds in Des Moines. 135 feet tall it was completed in 1896 at a cost of \$160,000. Designer of the monument which used 1,840 tons of Vermont granite, was Harriet A. Ketchum of Mt. Pleasant. The bronze figures and reliefs are the work of Danish sculptor Carl Rohl Smith.

two rocks. Others added water to the crumbled hard tack, and fried the soaked mixture in fat from the meat ration. "Skillygalee" was a popular camp name for this dish. Other soldiers split a small branch from a tree, inserting the hard tack into a split end, toasted it over the campfire and then soaked it in coffee. At times it was tossed into the fire until burned black, then retrieved and eaten with soup. Small wonder the men spent their spare time writing mournful songs of many verses about "hard crackers," which they sang plaintively as they marched.

One general hearing the men singing these sad verses, ordered cornmeal mush served for a change, whereupon a new verse was added:

But to groans and murmurs
There has come a sudden hush
Our frail forms are fainting at the door;
We are starving now on horse feed
That the cooks call mush,
Oh, hard crackers come again once more!

Chorus:

It is the dying wail of the starving
Hard crackers, hard crackers come again once more.
You were old and very wormy, but we pass your failings o'er,
Oh, hard crackers come again once more!

Without comment, the general ordered a return to hard tack, preferring the earlier plaintive verses to the new form.

Coffee was the mainstay of the weary men. When the regimental supply was received it was carefully divided, together with each man's share of sugar. The precious hoard was then secreted about his person. Old timers mixed coffee and sugar, then dumped it into their haversacks. Milk was a rarity. On the march, an occasional roving cow was milked, but as the war dragged on, fewer and fewer cows presented themselves, having been used either by the local inhabitants or passing troops for beef. Most of the men preferred boiling their own coffee to pooling it to be prepared by a camp cook. The men claimed the flavor of coffee made in small quantity over open fires was superior, even compensating for the difficulties involved in handling a red hot container. The can rapidly became black inside, and no doubt the men's stomachs were the same.

On the march, footsore and weary, men would drop out of the line, hastily gather a few scattered branches for a little fire, boil coffee, and catch a moment's rest behind a tree or bush, then hurry along to overtake their company. The origin, perhaps of the coffee break!

Bivouacking on the march, each man seized a rail from the nearest fence, or branches from a convenient tree, and soon hundreds of tiny campfires were blazing surrounded by tired men who first boiled coffee in which to soak their hard crackers, and often with no more for their meal, rolled up in their blankets, dropped down on the hard ground

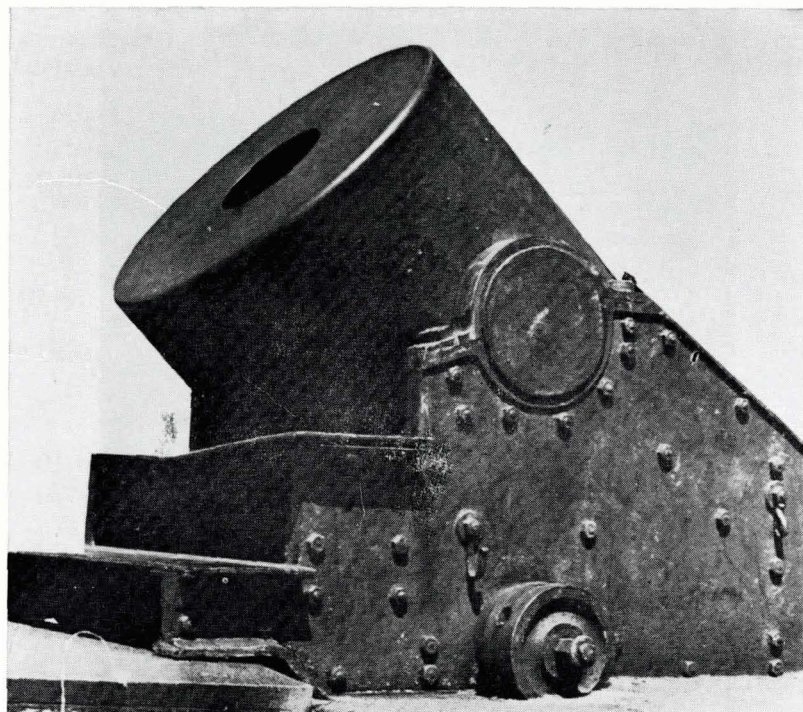
and were instantly asleep. If midnight march was called, a pot of coffee preceded it.



Robert Lucas, in his uniform as a soldier in the War of 1812.

Together with coffee and hardtack, cornmeal was also a mainstay. The local mills built to supply their communities in peacetime, now maintained the armies. Iowa regiments halted and camped in the hills of Missouri and other southern states, while wagons powered by stolid

oxteams plodded long miles over the hills on seemingly bottomless trails to the gristmill, where the corn they carried was ground into meal, to be dragged back to the troops over the same tedious path. Corn pone, flat cakes made of cornmeal and water, and fried with their salt pork, and a cup of black coffee often comprised the evening meal.



Civil War mortar now on display at Iowa State Historical Building in Des Moines

In the early years of the war, men and oxen alike were fed corn purchased along the line of march. At times, when the march was halted for darkness, so hungry were the men, the corn was shelled from the cob and chewed down whole. To begin with, foraging as the men marched was frowned upon, and officers insisted that food be purchased. In later years, when the high command came to agree with General Sherman's theory that an army should subsist on the land it traversed, foraging produced some fresh vegetables, occasional chickens and eggs, or with good fortune, perhaps a fat young porker. By this time, however, the demands of the Confederate army, plus those of the local people, had pretty well stripped even the southern plantations of their plenty. Anything edible was carefully cached away by its owner, and searching parties came back to camp with little success.

As the army became better organized, especially in camps which were maintained for a period of time, company cooks, selected from the ranks, often prepared the food. At the sound of the bugle, the men lined up each with a tin plate and cup to be filled by the cook with a long handled tin dipper. Even in such situations, many of the men preferred to continue cooking their own food to having it prepared in large tasteless quantities. Onions were scarce and wild garlic was used to season the lobsouse. When meat was issued, the old timers impaled it on a forked stick and broiled it over the coals. Others threw it on the coals to burn black on the outside while it remained raw inside. To fry, a skillet was essential. Lashed to the musket tip, it was often proudly carried aloft on the march. Other men tucked their skillet beneath the straps of a knapsack.

The dessicated or dried vegetables dubbed by the men "desecrated" consisting of layers of cabbage leaves, turnip tops, sliced carrots, parsnips and a breath of onion, swelled amazingly when soaked, and whatever they lacked in flavor, at least they were filling.

As the men moved further and further south, their rations grew even more limited. Transportation was a continuing problem, and the local supply of fruit, vegetables, and meat was not adequate to feed the local inhabitants. In every letter written home was the constant complaint of the lack of appetizing food. They begged for onions, partly for flavor and partly as a preventive of scurvy. As one soldier tersely put it: "I prefer onions to strawberries, they're more expressive!"

In the closing years of the war as the men marched, worn and battered, the signs of southern misery grew more apparent. Children, ragged and hungry, stood along the line of march to watch the soldiers pass by. Again and again, a hungry doughboy* reached in his pocket to find a treasured piece of bread to toss to big-eyed youngsters.

"Hell," he grumbled apologetically, "babies don't fight!" He pulled his belt up a notch. "I'm not starving!"

Looking straight ahead, the men marched on. "Fighting women and children ain't no kind of a war," an older man whispered under his breath. "At least," he explained to the men around him "my kids are safe, and, I hope," he qualified softly "they're not going to bed hungry."

This was a re-enlisted regiment, veterans all. Their boots clumped in steady rhythm down the muddy road. Talk wasted breath important in a long day's march. The only sound was the swish of mud, and the changing of a musket from one hand to another. War, these men knew, was an ugly business. Like a well oiled machine the army moved forward. Its single objective was to win the war and get it over with.

*Enlisted men were known as doughboys because the buttons on their jackets looked like balls of the dough used to bake army bread.

Although the majority of Iowa's Civil War heroines labored unsung and unknown except in their immediate community, not always recognized beyond their immediate neighborhood, as always, a few women did stand out from the crowd, to receive state and national recognition.

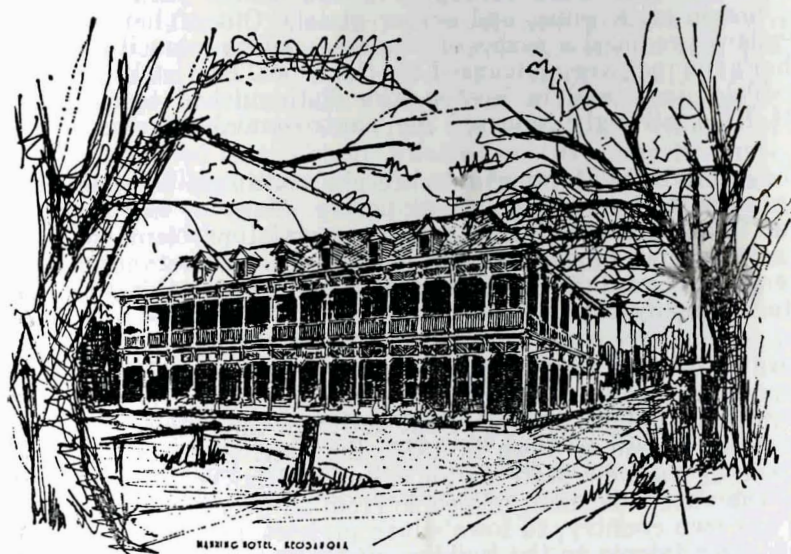
From the beginning of the settlement of Iowa, women played an active part. The wife was her husband's partner in his undertakings, and had a principal role in the management of the home and family. The pioneer family knew a togetherness far greater than exists in the modern home. Work and recreation were centered in the home, and the outside interests—church and school—were family affairs. While there were limitations on women's political and social life which do not exist today, her good judgment and contribution to the family's economic welfare, was important.



Amelia Bloomer who introduced the daring "bloomer" costume, a sensation of the day.

In the overland immigration, women had an equal place with the men. As one observer reports: "No person in all that multitude traveled alone or unattached to a family; and of the very few unmarried men among them, each was usually, if not in every case, a member or near member of the family to which he was attached." The predominance of women among the state's pioneer settlers contributed to early Iowa's citizenship stability, and laid the foundations for its cultural standards. Nor was this westward migration of women limited to the poor and ignorant. Wives and daughters of well-to-do families, women of culture and education, sheltered women, came to the Iowa frontier, a fortunate situation for the state when war blazed. In Iowa homes from log cabin to the finest structures, were women of proven leadership. Women capable of assuming responsibility for businesses and farms left behind by the men. Throughout the pioneer period, these women originated high standards of culture which were reflected throughout not only this period but in today's living.

Three women in particular achieved distinction in the Civil War organization of activities behind the fighting lines: Annie Turner Wittenmyer of Keokuk; Kate Harrington of Farmington; and Amelia Jenks Bloomer of Council Bluffs. With the cooperation of other women, less well known but no doubt equally able, these three women played leading roles, organizing the Soldiers' Aid Societies and Sanitary Commissions to help the soldiers in the field and in the hospitals. Rebecca Smith Harrington, or Kate Harrington as she was more commonly known, turned her attention not only to current political problems but to schools for the children, as well as doing much newspaper and writing work. Before the war, under her nom de plume, Kate Harrington, she wrote a novel *Emma Bartlett* which originated in her experiences while living in both the North and the South, with particular emphasis



Manning Hotel at Keosauqua, an early Iowa landmark

upon the time she spent in Kentucky. Her depiction of the social and political problems of the era received both acclaim and blame. Her book which was a reply to the tremendously popular *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe, was written out of observations while living in Louisville, where she knew slave owners who treated their slaves with kindness. In *Emma Bartlett* she sought to present this side of the story, and point out the political and religious fanaticism which permeated existing anti-slavery groups such as Abolitionism, Know Nothingism, and similar heresies. During her life in Louisville she was a constant contributor to the *Louisville Journal*, a widely read newspaper of the day whose editor strongly opposed secession, and from whom she imbibed the spirit of Unionism. Through him Kate met her first husband, Oliver I. Taylor, a New York poet and editor, whom she married in Farmington, Iowa.

In Keosauqua, the Taylors edited a newspaper and later in Burlington published the *Gazette*. After her first husband's death, and even following her second marriage to James Pollard of Bloomfield, Kate devoted her time and thought to teaching. Mr. Pollard was active politically, an enthusiasm in which she evidently did not participate. Throughout this period in her life, she taught in her own private schools in Farmington, Keokuk, and Fort Madison, where she developed unique and advanced methods for teaching young children. To illustrate volcanic action, she boiled a kettle of mush on the stove, pointing out to her pupils its similarity to boiling lava. Fractions were taught by dividing apples, later to be eaten during school hours, an act unheard of at that time. Each year a garden was planted with delicate plants, one set to be pulled up to study their growth, while the surviving plants matured to demonstrate the results of their growth. Battles of the Revolutionary War were refought in the school yard with beating drums, broom stick guns, and eraser pistols. Out of her experiments, Mrs. Pollard produced a series of readers, spellers, stencil pictures, and a teacher's manual, very advanced for the times. Her books and methods were widely used, and in Boston, the distinguished teacher, Edward Everett Hale, strongly indorsed her controversial theories.

Throughout Kate Harrington's life she continued to write. In later years she wrote hymns as well as poetry. Many of her articles were political in nature, dealing with controversial problems of the day. She was a woman of charm, who looked with understanding upon the weaknesses and prejudices of mankind, while undertaking to interpret them to her many readers.

Known principally for the pantaloon style of women's costume, which she espoused but did not originate, Amelia Jenks Bloomer was not only a militant female reformer, but active in the Soldier's Aid Society. The Bloomers came to Iowa in 1855, that Mr. Bloomer might pursue his career in the new state as an editor and lawyer. The pair were a part of the vast movement of people from all over the world as well as within our own country, to Iowa's lush prairies, and like others of their ilk, lent their talents to the building of the new state. In Seneca Falls, New York, Bloomer had edited a small Whig newspaper, while Amelia

published a ladies' journal dedicated to temperance and literature. In 1853, the Bloomers moved to Mount Vernon, Ohio, where they edited the *Western Home Visitor*.



Dexter Bloomer, an early civic leader in Council Bluffs and husband of Amelia Bloomer.

Arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, on their way to Iowa, they carried their carpet-bags down the swaying gangplank, only to find the stage for Council Bluffs had left. After several days of waiting, they found space in a stage in which Kit Carson was a fellow passenger. Iowa, they discovered, differed greatly from the established villages of Ohio. The buildings passed as the stage wheeled dustily along its route, were mostly of logs. Village streets were usually only paths through fields of sunflowers, and sidewalks were unknown. In Council Bluffs as Amelia unpacked her cherished dishes and furniture, and hung crisp curtains at the windows, she heard on every side the noise and clatter of building. So modern was the new city, that occasional brick and frame houses were among those being constructed. The shrubs and grafts brought from Ohio were planted to the merry tune of hammers building nearby a three story hotel to shelter the anticipated rush of immigrants to the new city. Songs and shouts of the men lined along the bar of a nearby saloon were an all-night clamor. Indians camped nearby. Frontiersmen thronged the nearby land office. Land near Council Bluffs was bringing as much as ten dollars an acre, a tremendous price which enthusiasts cheered, and the less optimistic decried as a forerunner of doom.

Both the Bloomers entered with vigor into the hurly burly of frontier living, and its enthusiasms. In 1856 Amelia almost persuaded the

Nebraska legislature to adopt Woman's Suffrage, a defeat which was a victory since "Votes for Women" was unthought of in the 1850's, except for a few zealous women and an occasional man supporter, who were advanced beyond their time. Mr. Bloomer entered the practice of law with W. H. Kinsman, who as a young man had walked from the Mississippi to the Missouri, to settle in Council Bluffs. Kinsman later died in battle near Vicksburg to become a hero and his name a battle cry.

The firing upon Fort Sumter quickened the excitement of Council Bluffs living. Coincident with the recruiting of Company B of the Fourth Volunteer Infantry, Amelia formed a local Soldiers' Aid Society. Meeting in her living room, the group stitched a large silk flag, which was later presented to Company B of the Fourth drawn up in parade formation.

Mrs. Bloomer made a speech: "You are now going forth to sustain and defend the Constitution," she told the command dressed in its best, "against an unjust and monstrous rebellion, fomented and carried on by wicked and ambitious men who have for their object the overthrow of the best government the world has ever seen." So moving were her words that the local press reported "many a brawny breast heaved, and tears trickled down many a face!"

To this dramatic speech, Lieutenant Kinsman responded. His words, however, were more restrained than were Mrs. Bloomer's. He pointed out that the company was not imbued with a spirit of revenge, nor was it motivated by malice against the South, but it was taking the field to "preserve inviolate the institution for which our fathers fought."

With cheers for the ladies, a round of drums, and the playing of "Yankee Doodle," the command passed in review, and the affair ended in a blaze of glory for Mrs. Bloomer and her co-workers. Similar scenes were enacted all over Iowa, as their men marched away, each with his knapsack stuffed with home cooked food, with a flag made by fond mothers, wives and sweethearts fluttering bravely before them.

Inseparable in the history of this particular regiment is that of General Grenville M. Dodge, who won fame as an army commander and who was the close personal friend and advisor of both President Lincoln and General Grant.

Towels, havelocks, needle books, bed sacks, pillow sacks and pillows, all made and packed in the Bloomer living room were shipped a month following its departure to Company B in Rollo, Missouri. Not to be outdone by his energetic wife, Bloomer opened a recruiting station in his office, and chaired the committee accepting donations for the soldiers' families. Almost a hundred families were cared for in the first fall and winter of the committee's activity. Through their committees, both the Bloomers vigorously supported the Christian Commission and the United States Sanitary Commission. On her return from the Northwest Sanitary Fair in Chicago. Mrs. Bloomer pridefully reported that Iowa "made a very creditable appearance in fancy articles and curiosities."

Throughout the war years, Amelia laid aside her suffrage activities, not returning to them until the war's end, when she again took up cudgels for the cause of women's rights, devoting an increasing attention to winning the vote for Iowa women and to the placing of women in posts of responsibility. Despite her activities outside her home, she and her husband led a happy domestic life. Her home was surrounded with blooming fruit trees and shrubs, many of which she had brought from Ohio as slips and grafts. Their apple trees were weighted down with prizewinning apples, and in the fall her yard was a blaze of asters. Currants hung heavy behind the house from which she made glasses of colorful jelly which joined the other jams and jellies crowding her cupboard shelves. She was famous for her crusty loaves of graham bread, which she baked in a wood stove, the same stove on which she cooked her crab apple jelly and prepared her sweet pickles. In the midst of her busy life she found time to make soap and smoke hams and bacon, as well as to entertain in her comfortable home, distinguished guests from foreign lands and those nationally prominent in America.

Until her death in 1890, she retained her consuming interest in the political and social life about her, as well as in the history and events of the past.

Best known of Civil War women leaders and the one who probably attained the greatest distinction, is Annie Turner Wittenmeyer, born in Ohio, whose mother claimed descent from soldier of fortune, John Smith of Virginia. At the age of twenty, Annie married prosperous William Wittenmeyer, much older than herself, and moved to Keokuk. When the war began, she was a financially independent widow, a cold-eyed executive type with boundless energy. In war work, she found an outlet for her urge to public service, and a limitless field for her tireless activity. Beginning her work in the camps and hospitals around Keokuk, she soon was involved in organizing supplies for the battle front.

In January, 1862, Annie, by now an experienced soldiers' relief worker, walked into a military hospital in Sedalia, Missouri. Breakfast was being served, and to her surprise, she recognized her sixteen year old brother, David, on one of the cots. The suffering boy had just refused his breakfast tray.

"If you can't eat this," the attendant told him angrily, "you will have to go without!"

Horried Mrs. Wittenmeyer looked at the tray. "On a dingy looking wooden tray," she later wrote "was a tin cup full of black, strong coffee; beside it was a leaden looking tin platter on which was a piece of fried fat bacon swimming in its own grease, and a slice of bread." This was not a case of discrimination; it was the food served to all Civil War soldiers whether ill with typhoid or acute dysentery, or suffering from amputations. Fortunate it was for the sick boy and other thousands like him, that his sister happened to be in the hospital that morning and that she was Annie Wittenmeyer who believed in doing something about conditions which could be prevented. She nursed the boy back to health, then turned her organizing ability to providing proper diets for army hospital patients.

Annie Wittenmeyer was then in her middle thirties. Her hair was already snow white but her keen blue eyes and tremendous energy denied any suggestion of age. For almost a year she had been working camps and hospitals up and down the Mississippi River wherever Iowa regiments were stationed, bringing tasty food and supplies to the men in the hospitals. She had been active in organizing the Keokuk Soldiers' Aid Society, one of the many such groups which mobilized Iowa women to supply money, jellies, fruits, sheets, hospital garments, whatever the men needed for comfort.

As the days passed she went about her work, and became more and more impressed by the lack of foresight in government hospitals in the feeding and care of the sick and wounded men. The fare issued to a man dying of fever, was the same as that issued to a man in the front lines. Today these rations would be condemned as unfit for a well man, but for men sick with typhoid or running a high temperature from infected wounds such food was deadly, more deadly than rebel bullets. More than medicine, the suffering men needed a proper diet to restore their health. The aid societies, the United States Sanitary Commission, and the United States Christian Commission tried to supply delicacies to the critically ill, but representatives of these organizations could not be in these hospitals all the time, and spasmodic gifts were unsatisfactory.

The women's efforts to remedy these conditions met with a complete lack of cooperation if not out and out opposition by the medical staffs of the hospitals. Frequently delicacies turned over to the commissary for distribution among the patients failed to reach those for whom intended, even appearing on the tables of able-bodied officers and medical officials.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer wrestled with the insuperable obstacles until in December, 1863, an idea came to her "like a divine inspiration." She proposed that special diet kitchens be established in the larger military hospitals with experienced women in charge. The diet for each patient needing special food was to be ordered by the attending surgeon, prepared in the diet kitchen, and served to the patient according to the name or number on the slip. The idea today seems obvious, but in the 1860's it was revolutionary.

Her plan, as might be expected, did not at first meet favor by the hospital surgeons but experiments with the special kitchens soon convinced the commanding officers and the surgeons of their worth. In May, 1864, the United States Christian Commission undertook the work of the diet kitchens, and Mrs. Wittenmeyer, who by then had been named by the legislature as the Sanitary Agent for Iowa, resigned that post to devote her time to the organization, management, and supervision of her kitchens in the army hospitals. By the war's close more than a hundred of these were in operation and through them passed such tasty items as toast, chicken soup, milk, tomatoes, jellies, tea, gruel, and vegetables, enhancing the crude army fare or replacing it altogether.

Attendants and supplies to operate the kitchens were mostly furnished by the government; much of the specially prepared food was

donated by hundreds of Iowa women as well as those of other states, working in their kitchens to prepare the good food which was to save the lives of so many of their men.

As agent of the United States Christian Commission, Mrs. Wittenmeyer named the attendants employed in the kitchens, and the Commission paid their expenses and maintenance. By October, 1864, the War Department issued special orders that Mrs. Wittenmeyer and her ladies might visit the United States hospitals to superintend the operating and cooking in these special diet kitchens.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer's standards for her kitchens and those who supervised them were high. Not only must the kitchens be clean and the food carefully prepared, but those who worked in them must be clean and refrain from gossiping or unchristian actions. Thus the standards for womanhood of that era were maintained. In a period when women seldom ventured outside their homes to engage in either social or economic activity, the maintenance of these standards was the more important. No taint of evil must be permitted to in any way lessen the effectiveness of these kitchens.



Graft was a relentless enemy. Despite precautions against misuse of materials, Mrs. Wittenmeyer learned that the food, particularly the coffee in one kitchen was poor. An investigation disclosed that the used coffee grounds were poured in a barrel after drying. The grounds then were dyed with logwood and re-used, a practice profitable to its instigator. Discovering this was done on orders of the hospital surgeon, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, never one to hesitate, went forthwith to General Robert Wood, the Assistant Surgeon General. The astonished officer protested:

"Why, he is one of my best surgeons!"

"My opinion of him is that he ought to be hung higher than Haman," snapped Mrs. Wittenmeyer.

When Annie presented her proofs, General Wood ordered the recalcitrant surgeon before a commission, authorizing Mrs. Wittenmeyer to name the commission, whereupon the guilty surgeon hurriedly took himself away, telegraphing his resignation from a safe distance from this militant woman.

During the final eighteen months of the war, the diet kitchens often under enemy fire, issued more than two million sick rations monthly. As the hospitals gradually emptied when peace was declared, the courageous women who manned them returned with the other veterans to their families. As a result of her tremendous achievement, Mrs. Wittenmeyer became a close friend of General Grant and of President Lincoln, both of whom frequently consulted with her as to the needs of the sick and wounded men. Of her General Grant said: "No soldier on the firing line gave more heroic service than she rendered." Annie Wittenmeyer and the unsung women who worked beside her to alleviate the horrible conditions in army hospitals introduced a completely new era into the care of the war sick and wounded, not only in the United States but in other countries as well. They put into action the dream of Clara Barton.

Inevitably the story of Annie Wittenmeyer's bravery filtered through to the farm homes in the vicinity of Keokuk. Soldiers were coming and going on leave bearing word of the new women nurses and hospital attendants. Visitors to camps and hospitals learned of Annie's work, and told anxious mothers of her care of the wounded and ill. John returned from one of his many trips to Keokuk with food and supplies for the front and reported to Mary and Araminta of Mrs. Wittenmeyer and her daring to oppose public opinion by going into the hospitals with her new diet kitchens.

"She's a close friend of Abe's and of Grant's, too," John chuckled. "With that pair behind her there is nothing can stop her!"

Mary thought of the courage of this woman who defied the military surgeons and officers to care for the suffering men. "It is difficult to imagine," she said seriously, "a woman going into a camp to work with only men in charge. But," she hesitated, "she is a widow and she isn't young . . ."

Araminta giggled happily: "What harm could a bunch of sick soldiers, many of them without arms and legs do, Ma?" she asked.

Mary frowned: "Don't be flippant, daughter," she said sternly. "It's a new world, and you will probably be freer than I ever was, but women are still women and must remember to be ladies!"

"Ladies," sniffed the girl. "I'm so busy being a lady, I haven't time to be a woman!"

"Araminta!" gasped Mary.

"Don't be impudent, young lady!" said John firmly. Araminta said no more but she was sure she noted a quick twinkle in her father's eye.

"I'm plumb sick of being a lady," she told herself. "If I believed in the migration of souls, I'd ask that when I came back, even if only a worm, that I might be a male worm!"

Throughout that day and those which followed, Araminta brooded over her father's story of Annie Wittenmeyer and her diet kitchens. She thought of her brothers, one of whom perhaps at this very moment was lying in an army tent, homesick, uncared for, hungry, so slow were communications between the front and the families behind the lines.



Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer

She woke, crying, from frantic dreams that Jim Andrews, whose ring hung on a fine gold chain around her neck, was dying, neglected, in an army hospital. The ring was a thin band of gold set with a wine red garnet. The night before Jim left with a company of volunteers marching to Keokuk, he appeared at the kitchen door, asking her to step outside for a moment.

She took a quick look around. No one was in sight. Still . . . a lady didn't walk in the dark with a man friend. Quickly she decided. Taking another quick look to make sure no one was watching, she took down her mother's gray shawl from the hook by the door and slipped outside.

Jim took her shoulders between his hands: "Araminta," he said, his voice shaking, "I'm leaving in the morning. It may be I'll not see you for a long time." He drew a painful breath, "perhaps, never. Before I go I'd like to give you a ring. It was my mother's and her mother's before her. It means a lot to me. When Ma was sick she slipped it off her finger and gave it to me to give to the girl I would some day meet and want to wear her ring!"

For a long moment the two stood silent. Jim was thinking of the long hard road with its unknown perils which stretched before him. Araminta was realizing that the days without Jim, her long time playmate, not knowing where he was or if he was safe, would be bitter ones.

"Araminta," he said, "I'm asking you to wait for me?"

The girl caught her breath: "I'll wait," she said. "I'll wait, and I'll pray for you every day. I'll write, and you write to me."

She slipped the little ring on the fine gold chain which was her one ornament. Her family were fond of Jim, but for now she wished her pact with the boy to be a secret between them. Often as she went about her daily chores, she touched the ring hidden beneath her dress. It was for her a bond between them. When she visioned her brothers in a hospital, she visioned Jim there, too. She thought of the other boys in the neighborhood, the boys with whom she had gone to school and to church. Youngsters with whose families her family had picnicked and frolicked at house raisings and husking bees and play parties. Now all of them were far away, marching endless ugly miles through mud and dust and heat and cold. Hungry, tired, lonely, wounded . . . her mind was made up. She would go with Annie Wittenmeyer. Perhaps she could not care for her own, but she could care for other women's men.

She found her father in the barn welcoming a newborn calf. "A fine little animal, Ary," he said. "He'll make good beef for the army!"

"Pa!" she burst out. "I'm going to be an army nurse! Take me to Keokuk so I can see Mrs. Wittenmeyer and ask her to help me!"

John stared at the excited girl as though she had suddenly gone mad. The thought did cross his mind. But a closer look disclosed the girl was in deadly earnest.

"The boys have gone," she said. "You said yourself it was time men of your age joined up. I'm well and strong, I can cook and sew, and clean. I can make beds and help care for the men. If you, the father of a family, can think of going, it's time I went!"

To himself John thought "She is right!" He was surprised that Ary had penetrated his secret worry, his growing belief that he as an able-bodied man should be in uniform.

He shook his head tiredly. "Yes, girl, I suppose you are right. It's a great work Mrs. Wittenmeyer is doing, and her care, and the care of her helpers might mean the life of one of your brothers."

The two left for Keokuk the next day. In bewildered acceptance Mary watched them drive down the lane. It was all very confusing. War was men's business, yet her daughter, her little girl, was leaving her home and its protection, the protection which was the right of every woman, to venture into who knew what strange adventures. "It must be all right," she thought unhappily, "yet I can't imagine a woman, a girl, going out among men, alone, to care for strangers! Whatever," she smiled wryly, "is this world coming to!"

Mary turned away from the window to her kitchen table. Without Araminta to work beside her, she would face double duty. Araminta was fast and capable, she took the extra steps to save her mother. Now

the younger children must do more. Quickly she organized in her mind the additional tasks which must be assigned to each child, and rearranged her own day so she could assume more of the work which Araminta had laid down. That she could lessen her undertakings never occurred to her. Each task was essential to the whole, to the maintaining of their home and land, to the furtherance of the army's needs. The loss of each pair of hands meant the duties of those hands must be carried on by other busy hands.

When John and Araminta reached Keokuk they found Mrs. Wittenmeyer in town. When the Meigs told her of Araminta's wish, Annie looked at the girl, at her radiant vitality, her dimpled smile, her shining eyes.

"No," she said shaking her white head firmly. "You are much too young, and" she smiled wryly, "much too pretty! We only take the older women, women who are married or established in life. Soldiers are only human, and" she looked to John for agreement "you wouldn't be safe!"

Surprisingly John didn't agree. He smiled crookedly at Araminta.

SOME UNIFORMS OF THE UNION



PRIVATE,
INFANTRY



CORPORAL,
CAVALRY



SERGEANT,
ARTILLERY

"She's a steady girl, Mrs. Wittenmeyer. Besides she's spoken for by a neighbor boy so she isn't interested in anyone else." Araminta caught her breath, how did her father know? John smiled again: "Her mother and I," he told Annie, "talked this over last night. We have decided. We want Ary to go. America is her land as much as it is her brothers, and she has a duty to defend it in her way!"

Mrs. Wittenmeyer laughed gaily. "So you are a woman's righter, Mr. Meigs" she said.

"No," said John, "never thought of myself as such. Perhaps I am, perhaps I am not. But I believe that standing up for one's country is an obligation, for women as well as for men!" Still laughing, Annie shook her head. "I can't stand up to both of you," she said. "We need

help too desperately. Get your things, girl, we'll go south on tonight's packet."

Silently John handed Araminta the shabby carpet bag in which she and her mother had packed a few necessities. The girl clutched the bag firmly and gritted her teeth as a wave of fear shook her. South . . . her first time away from home. South . . . down where the fighting was, where men were killing one another!

"To late," she advised herself "to change my mind now!"

She kissed her father lightly, public demonstrations of affection were not in good taste in the 1860's. "Give mother my love," she said steadily "and kiss the children for me."

Then, turning to Mrs. Wittenmeyer, "Where do I begin?"

46

grant

In the west, the Mississippi was the great highway to tomorrow. In the nation which when the Civil War began, stretched from ocean to ocean, the River divided its heartland. By 1860 the railroads were nibbling its traffic loads, but the river still was a symbol—a symbol for which men would fight and die.

To Grant whose home was on the river and who knew its place in the American background, to be placed in command of that river, was the greatest distinction he could achieve. He was an inarticulate man, but he knew as did Sherman, that whichever side conquered the Mississippi would win the war. As Virginia was symbolic to the Confederacy, to Robert E. Lee and the Confederate leaders, so was the great Mississippi Valley symbolic of the Union to the men of the west. For once Grant, the unlucky, found himself where he could stand on his convictions: he believed in what he was asked to do. For once good fortune was on his side.

Grant staunchly believed that the Federal government was the friend, not the foe of the everyday man whom he knew so well. He was enraged and depressed by the secession of the southern states, knowing that most southerners lived in poverty and should have the western viewpoint. Unfortunately few southerners saw it so, and aligned themselves with the great planters who owned the slaves and fixed the pattern for a way of life which we think of today as typical of the era. A point of view which was to Grant incomprehensible.

In Missouri, Grant and his men campaigned in the northeastern part of the state, marching to and fro, enduring privation and discomfort, suffering from disease, but laying the foundation for later campaigns as the movement south began. Here he learned one invaluable lesson. The enemy was as scared as he, himself, was. Despite this common fear, Confederates and Unionists fought doggedly. The pioneer did not easily yield to circumstances. The fighting so far as it could be in war, was straightforward. Foraging and pillaging was not permitted. Grant insisted upon the observance of his rules against these, and in paying for everything he took, but found, strangely, that

by so doing he made no friends. "Troops of the opposite side," he said "march through and take everything they want leaving no pay, but strip the countryside, and the inhabitants become desperate secession partisans because they have nothing more to lose." It was a philosophy which the direct thinking Grant found disconcerting.

During this time, Grant was made a brigadier-general, partly because of his congressman's assistance, and partly because of Washington's haphazard way of distributing commissions. Lincoln created three dozen brigadiers, and to his practical mind, the organization of an army was akin to a political machine. He asked congressmen for recommendations. Congressman Washburne sent in Grant's name, and he became "General" Grant.

Colorful General John C. Fremont, who lacked military capacity, but did recognize the importance of winning the Mississippi Valley, took one step in the right direction. He named Ulysses S. Grant to command at Cairo, Illinois, with control over southern Illinois and southeastern Missouri. Iowa troops were moving by the thousands down the river, and this meant many of them were placed in the ranks of Grant's brigade.



General Ulysses S. Grant

Like Missouri, Kentucky was trying desperately to remain neutral in a contest in which there was no neutrality. Cairo was in the tip of Illinois at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and just across the Ohio was Kentucky. The Confederates watching the increasing movements of troops and supplies believed the Unionists soon would move, and marched into Kentucky. The war for the great valley of the Mississippi was on. Until then, Missouri had been the focal point of the War in the West. Now began the fighting for control of the mighty river, fighting in which Iowa would play so prominent a part.

Lincoln and Grant, frontiersmen, with middlewestern pioneering backgrounds, lacking the spit and polish of regular army men and eastern politicians, commanding an army of men like themselves, were on their way to everlasting fame in the War in the West and the decisive part it played in the farflung Civil War. Lincoln, the shrewd judge

of men, recognized in Grant, the dull plodder, the stolid qualities needed for success, and soon made him a major general.

When street corner warriors labeled Grant a drunkard, an incompetent, a man who could win only when the odds were in his favor, Joseph recalled the boy and man he had known, and stoutly defended him, as an organizer and administrator, a determined man, a hard, straight thinker. This war, Grant's supporters pointed out, was different from those in which the regular army creed had been formulated. This was total war. Civilians in and out of uniform were doing the fighting, and leading it. Women and children and old men in the southern states were caught up in the ruthless destruction and confiscation of property behind the lines. Lives were spared, but the army grimly confiscated and destroyed these people's means of livelihood and supplies which might aid the Confederate army. The untrained civilian soldiers who at Shiloh and along the entire western front underwent a pounding that few professional soldiers could or would have endured, were matched by the civilians on the contested lands, who by every means at their command sought to protect their crops and possessions.



Food as always in war, in the end would be the deciding factor and Grant knew it. Long since he had given up sternly ordering his men not to trespass on civilian property or to confiscate civilian goods.

With the difficulties of transportation, the army must live on the country through which it marched. As it struck into the heart of the South, hams, sweet potatoes, other eatables were gathered from plantation smokehouses and storerooms, and piled on army wagons. Fresh baked bread, pies and cakes, jellies and jams, gathered in plantation kitchens lent zest to the Federal's barren diet. Against this raiding,

women, old men, children, and slaves fought back by secreting the hoarded food which the Confederate armies so desperately needed, and which must keep starvation from their own doors.

When Hiram and other boys from his company were detailed on forage duty, they looked with appreciative eyes on the rich farm lands of the Delta country. Going into homes so similar to their own, raiding pantries and kitchens, was difficult. In the evenings around the campfire, the men talked it over.

"We're not so hungry," said one strapping lad from Burlington "that we must take food from women and children!"

The men were quiet remembering their avoiding the big-eyed stare of a row of children watching their cookies and food going into Union knapsacks. Unable to endure it longer, the men shamefacedly put back their spoils. "Goodbye, Rebs," called James, and the Yankees shouldered their guns and marched on, waving and grinning at the staring children who timidly waved back.

Around the campfire remembering their own homes and families, they tried to find a reason for the misery and loneliness and heart-breaking suffering, but there seemed no reason. "Surely we could save the Union without stealing cookies from children," one man grumbled.



Iowa monument at Shiloh

In the morning, they shouldered their guns and slogged on through the mud. These young simple lads could find no reason for it all, but it was their job, and they did it. When Grant told them to march, they marched. They trusted his judgment even though it was against their own instincts.

Later these same men marching with Sherman on their way to the sea, learned to fire houses and barns, even the lush standing crops. James could never reconcile his thinking to this terrible path of destruction, necessary as he knew it to be in the final winning of the war. To him the land and its produce was a vital living thing, its production to be nurtured, not violently destroyed. Long after the war was over, he remembered with horror those harsh days of vicious destruction.

"No one," he told himself, in the long nights when he lay sleepless, living again that terrible march "could comprehend the bitter terror and ugly anguish of those invaded lands." In later years he told his grandson "A soldier destroys knowing he must. We did what we had to do. What our officers ordered that we do. We did it sadly and in sorrow."

These flaming buildings were homes like the men's Iowa homes. Homes built with the tedious labor of their owners. Homes furnished with prized belongings brought by their forefathers to this land, as James' family had brought their cherished possessions to the new world. Difficult as it was to fight the men in gray so similar to themselves, to their brothers and friends, it was even more difficult to ravage their land and dispossess their families. In part the stamina in battle and on the march of both the blue and the gray was founded on courage reared on a hard determination to overcome this aversion to fighting in their own land, against their own people. For the great majority of both North and South it was no easy accomplishment. Their home-loving, land-loving instincts must be fought down, and in their place implanted the hard convictions of right and wrong lovingly taught in home and school. So effectively was this realized that it is not surprising that today, more than one hundred years after the war's close, these deep-rooted convictions exist in the minds and hearts of their descendants. In North and South so deeply implanted were these beliefs and the hatreds which they brought about, they still flourish in our thinking. The stain of slavery which was smeared across our young nation is not easily wiped away. The ugly differences which thrived on the blood of war, still raise their heads from time to time. Lincoln and Grant and the men who led the nation in the war years knew this. The men who led the Confederate armies knew this. Knew this vicious aftermath was inevitable. Troubled men knew the proud march of the victorious Union troops down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington's Grand Review, did not erase the ugly disfiguration. Appomatox marked only the end of the shooting war. To succeeding generations was left the burden of blotting out the stain. Hate generated to fire an army on its way whether it be against a foreign foe or one at home, is not easily obliterated when the fighting ends. It must be patiently uprooted by men and women of good will, who understand the tragic elements stirred into that caldron of hate, with the

tolerance to overcome the evil done. That the South which bore the burden of the actual fighting over its lands and homes should find this particularly difficult is to be expected.

Between the fighting men, a certain camaraderie developed. Northern and Southern boys from time to time declared an unofficial truce, meeting between the lines to talk things over. During the prolonged siege of Vicksburg, James and his friends often slipped into the darkness between the lines to meet Confederates stationed opposite to them. On one occasion, Jeb Greene, a lanky Alabaman confided that food was powerful scarce in the besieged city.

"I ain't takin' to eatin' rats yit," he confided dismally "like some folks has, but rations git much shorter, I may come to it!"

Eating his cornpone and sidemeat the next day, which he had found so distasteful before, remembering Jeb's plight, he decided it wasn't so bad after all. Hungry as he was after a day digging trenches, he would have gladly given his heaping plate to the southern boy. "Don't seem right," he told himself "that Jeb and I should be fighting one another! We haven't got a grudge!" Next time there is a meeting, he promised himself, I'll go with full pockets. Tasteless as corn pone and salt pork swimming in fat was to him, it was better than fried rat!

Word trickled along the lines that Grant said Vicksburg must be taken, and the Iowa boys accepted his judgment. James and his pals had one more meeting with their rebel friends. They passed on the word that the fighting was going to stiffen.

"We're going to take Vicksburg," they told Jeb and his friends, "rats and all!"



Civil War artist Edwin Forbes sketched this scene of Federal and Confederate pickets swapping tobacco and coffee between the lines during a truce only they have declared.

"Probably," said Jeb. "You've got the men, and you've got the guns, but don't forget, Yank, we'll put up a powerful fight! You won't find it any Sunday walk!"

The little group stood up. "Thanks, Yanks, for the food. Mighty good corn pone and pork. At least we'll fight tomorrow on a full stomach!" They shook hands embarrassed. "Good luck!" said James. "Same to you!" responded the Alabaman.

"See you in Vicksburg!" James called as he turned away.

"Maybe!" said Jeb.

The men slipped into the darkness, each back to his own lines.

The capture of Vicksburg would be a mortal blow to the Confederacy, more costly even than a Confederate victory at Gettysburg would be to the Union. The surging, tawny river would be open, a symbol of the nation's unity.

From Cairo to Vicksburg, Iowa troops marched with Grant and he commended their courage and skill in out-financing a wily enemy.

No other of our nation's wars has asked and received such service from its people, who demanded so little in return. The principal of helping one another, and of fighting to protect one's rights was so universal, that the demands made on time and money and life, did not seem unreasonable. Self help was the way of life in early Iowa, not only in helping one's family and neighbors, but in serving the community and the state.

As the months and years of the war dragged on, community and army service became organized and efficiently directed. Only a high sense of responsibility could produce the quality and quantity of volunteers which Iowa sent into the army, and originate the generous support given to these volunteers by those behind the lines.

As was inevitable, the high pitched enthusiasm which existed in the early months of the war, slackened. War inevitably brings its own disillusionment as the glory fades and reality strengthens, but more practically in this war, the enlistments lessened because the cream was quickly skimmed from the supply available. Able-bodied young men grew scarce. A growing awareness of the state's responsibility to its fighting men aroused timid talk of pensions, at least for the wounded and the families who had lost their men. To secure enlistments, bonuses were offered to volunteers. Men called under the draft were permitted to buy a replacement. Three hundred dollars was the customary price. In a day when this was a sizeable sum, well-to-do fathers resorted to this practice to keep a pampered son safe at home, or a prosperous draftee who put moneymaking before patriotism, bought a substitute. Often the substitute, the money bulging in his pocket, counted himself the winner in the exchange. The political practice of rewarding returned soldiers with appointive civil offices, resulted in some men enlisting for a brief service, hoping to make themselves eligible for these plums before the great mass of the army could be discharged.

Hiram passed his eighteenth birthday. Either as a volunteer or draftee the army would soon call him. Strong and energetic he was from morning until night busy in the fields and barns. Without his help it would be difficult for his father and mother to keep the land's production as high as they had been able to do during the past years. Neither of his parents mentioned army service to him, nor did they to one another. When word came that a neighbor lad had enlisted, or a boy had been sent home crippled, Joseph and Mary avoided looking at

each other. Hiram knew that telling them he must go would be difficult, but in his heart he knew the time had come.

"Pa would hate for the draft to take me," he told himself. The thought of buying his way out of the army was repugnant to the up-standing lad. Neither his father nor his mother would stand in the way of his going, but he knew how bitter it would be for them to tell him he could go.

When young Bill Carroll came by the Meig's home place seeking a bed and food before walking on to Iowa City where his older brother was already a member of the Twenty-Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry, Hiram quietly rolled his blanket, surreptitiously packed a knapsack of food, bade farewell to his dog and horse, and leaving a tear-splattered note telling his family where he was going, in the quiet of the early dawn joined Bill on his way.

When the two boys reached Camp Pope close by the Rock Island Railroad in Iowa City, they found a scene of swirling excitement. Newly enlisted men, uncomfortable in new uniforms, lounged before the tents. Officers in worn uniforms stepped briskly about, busy, or attempting to appear busy and important, while gruff, loud voiced non-coms ordered the new recruits about, including Hiram and Bill, wide-eyed at this activity. When at last Bill located his brisk young lieutenant brother, and confided to him their intent to volunteer, the company's officers hurried the boys into town, where Squire Murray would swear them into service. Bystanders directed them to the squire's office up a flight of rickety stairs, above a hardware store. When Hiram and Bill clattered up the steps demanding to be sworn in, the Squire ordered them back downstairs:

"I don't swear nobody in," he told them, "you two or anybody else up here in this office." The old man followed the two back down the stairway, where he mounted an old table that stood on the sidewalk. Picking up a flag that lay on the table, he swore the two in, waving the flag furiously above their heads. The brief ceremony over, he shouted to the bystanders to join him in three cheers for the Union. People passing along the streets or in the offices or stores nearby, attracted by what was happening, watched the simple ceremony and joined in lusty cheers for the boys, the flag, and the Union. A hundred men were sworn in that day, each receiving cheers from the bystanders and a hearty "God bless you!" from the Squire.

"Excitement is high," Hiram wrote home. "It is the Fourth of July and Christmas all mixed together."

Each new recruit hurried to the camp to be outfitted in a uniform and given his equipment. That the uniforms were ill-fitting, the shoes often shoddy, the guns not the latest models, passed unnoticed. Adventure loomed ahead. The cruel knowledge of dirt, disease, suffering, bloodshed, hunger, was yet to come. Today was the eager lads' big day,

and caught up in the wild enthusiasm which surged about him, each enlistee longed to be on his way.

The hard bitten army sergeant, Indian fighter and veteran of the Mexican War, invalidated home from the fighting, who outfitted the new men shouted gruffly to them, to move along, step lively, who do you think you are?, but behind his raucous commands lurked a deep sympathy for these green boys so soon to be thrown into the fighting lines.

"They've got a hell of a lot to learn, these lads," he commented aside to his corporal.

"That they have," the corporal agreed. "But they'll learn fast, once they face rebel guns."

"I hope so," the sergeant acquiesced. His own son had failed to learn in time and gone down in a wild futile charge at Shiloh.

"Too many good men are lost in the learning," the sergeant tossed a uniform to Hiram harshly ordering him to move along. "Too bad" he went on "there isn't more time."

"Yep," said the corporal "but time is one thing we don't have in war!" He shoved a half dozen hesitating youngsters through the door, into the bare room where they would don their uniforms and wrap their clothes to be returned home.

"Get rid of everything," the corporal ordered. "You'll have neither room nor energy to carry a lot of trash! Pack what you'll need to keep alive, the rest send home."

Hiram sorted through his belongings. He kept his mother's picture and the little Bible his grandfather once gave him. The rest of his cherished possessions he wrapped in his good suit to be sent home. He recalled that Jeremiah wrote home describing the route of march as being littered with possessions discarded by the tired men.

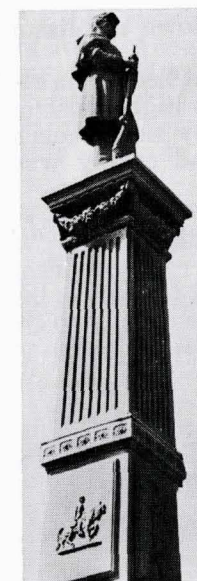
"You carry only necessities, when you are going into battle." Hiram wrote in a letter home: "I've left my clothes and belongings in the camp," he told them. "Perhaps someone from over our way can take them to you. I kept Ma's picture and Grandpa's Bible. Everything else I am sending home. Guess it's the first step in becoming a soldier to get rid of everything I own. From now on I'll live and breathe as a fighting man with nothing to hold me back!"

He addressed the letter and took it to headquarters to be picked up should mail be going towards Keokuk. "Tisn't easy," he confided to Bill Carroll. "I think of the folks, and my dog, and my room with my books and things. A soldier can't do that. It is just too plumb upsetting! From here on, boy, you and I are going to think war!"

Uncertainly Bill agreed.

The parade and drill ground extended along both sides of the railroad tracks up to the front of Governor Kirkwood's home. The new recruits marched to and fro, slept, ate, joshed one another, and were homesick. In their own eyes at least, they were heroes. Carrying wooden bayonets, issued in lieu of the real article, they acknowledged the salute of the officer of the day. He, too, wore a wooden sword. Sternly the nervous guards halted sisters and sweethearts bringing food to the men, and the candy boy sneaking through the lines with a basket of homemade goodies to sell.

The camp vibrated with military commands and calls, with stern reminders to the distant outpost that pausing in his vigil to chat with his best girl was not done in war.



Statue of Civil War soldiers on Hardin County court house lawn.

Carrying a grimy tin cup, tin plate, tin spoon, iron knife and fork Hiram went three times a day to the soup house for his rations. His stomach turned queasily on observing the cooks, greasy, dirty, slovenly. He looked at the big iron kettle in which the thick colorless soup bubbled and burped. Recalling his mother's kitchen, clean, bright, filled with the delicious smells of simmering food, he wondered, briefly, of what this soup was made. For an instant he considered throwing down his plate and eating nothing. Then hunger prevailed. Standing outside with the other men, he hastily gulped down the unappetizing mess. At least, he thought, this is over until the next meal. He remembered the tasty food that Iowa City women had brought in their heaping baskets the night before. The crisp apple pie . . . crusty brown fried chicken

.... spicy potato salad huge loaves of homemade bread jars of baked beans his mouth watered .. perhaps when he got to Keokuk or to Burlington to board the southbound boat, Mother and the girls would meet him with like baskets. For a moment homesickness rocked him, and he was but a lonely boy, in an ugly world. Then he shook his head, and reminded himself, that he was a man, and this was a man's world.

Month later as he tramped with other tired, dirty, hungry men, along a dusty road, past farms and plantations stripped bare of everything and anything edible, he remembered with longing the questionable soup. "At least," he reminded himself ruefully, "it was food, poorly cooked, improperly seasoned, but the meat and vegetables were real. Anything but corn pone," he told himself, "or the raw corn we took from the mules and chewed down in Missouri, would be better!"

In Iowa City the day came at last when real guns and equipment were issued. With new pride, heads high, most of the men in step, the regiment moved out. Eyes sternly ahead, each company swung past the handkerchief waving girls and crying women, who lined the parade ground.

"Women" Hiram thought disgustedly "always cry. At weddings, a birthing, or a parade!" He forgot, or perhaps never knew, that these women lining the road had lost husbands, brothers, sons, and their tears were not only for these men marching so pridefully, but for other boys and men who had marched with equal pride and now lay dead on southern battlefields.

"No," said Hi to himself "we're soldiers. No more playacting with wooden bayonets and swords." He slid his eyes quickly to right and left. "We're ready," he told himself.

And ready they were. As ready as thousands before and after them were and would be.

In early September the regiment was mustered into the United States Army, and a day or so later, in boxcars, cattle cars, and open coal cars, with a huffing puffing little engine up ahead, the regiment moved down to Keokuk to go on board a boat and move down the River. When they reached Keokuk, they unloaded in a downpour, and ran for shelter wherever it could be found. There was no time for letting families know, nor time for families to make the trip to Keokuk. Only a few men and women stood on the dock, as the big paddlewheel started to turn, and with great puffs of black smoke pouring from the tall smoke stack, the boat swung slowly into the current of the great river.

As the boat moved south, stops were made along the way and the negro roustabouts ran down the plank and drove protesting pigs and carried squawking chickens onto the boat. Later a frenzied squealing or frantic squawking proclaimed the preparation of the evening meal. Refrigeration was unknown. The food came on the boat alive. The an-

imals were slaughtered and the waste thrown into the river to the edification of the great channel cat who swam lazily behind the slowly turning paddle in the hope of a feast.

The nights were hot and humid. Blankets were seldom used. The men, feet to the rail, lay along the deck in search of what coolness might rise from the water or could be found in the miasmic breeze which blew across the swamp lands along the banks. Homesick boys cried under their breath through the night, but in the daytime adventure beckoned. Many had never been more than a few miles from home; the sights and sounds of the great river and its endless traffic was thrilling to them.

The boat made good progress on its way south. When it reached St. Louis, the troops marched down the plank and took the road to Fort Benton. The sun burned hot, hot even to these boys who had known summer heat in the fields of Iowa. About them swirled the heavy river humidity, heavier and damper than Iowa's sultry corn weather. Hi remembered what returned veterans had told of the endless marching, marching, tramp, tramp, tramp, in snow and rain and heat and dust. Moving his heavy feet steadily ahead in time to the moving feet of the



Iowa's monument honoring those who died in Andersonville Prison

men about him, he thought unhappily, if this is a sample of what is to come, I'll never be able to do it."

Two weeks later when the Benton Barracks were becoming unendurable to the restless boys, the regiment was ordered to Rolla, Missouri. Here like the regiments which preceded them, they guarded trains carrying troops and supplies and equipment to the Union posts. Waynesville, a distance of thirty miles from Rolla, they did in two days going and two days coming. He learned to fall into line and to make his mind a blank, looking neither to right or left, but with eyes fixed on the booted feet of the man before him, concentrate his every effort on simply moving his feet—right, left, right, left—the steady cadence became mechanical. For hours on end he moved without thought, expending only the effort needed to keep in motion. His regiment as well as the other Iowa regiments throughout their terms marched thousands and thousands of miles. One Iowa regiment traversed eight thousand miles during its years of service.

Life in winter quarters was dull. The camp ground was either boot deep in mud, or frozen into ruts which made walking difficult. Whatever the weather—rain, snow, mud, ice—day after day, hour after hour, the drilling went on. Slowly the men were learning discipline, learning to salute smartly and respond "Yes sir", when spoken to, learning to accept without question, unpleasant duties. Learning to become one of a group which functioned automatically when ordered to do so. Gradually the understanding came to them that this discipline so resented by boys accustomed to freedom of movement, was for their own protection at the front. They learned from men who had been in action, that fewer casualties resulted in companies headed by relentless disciplinarians. New recruits who complained of the hard routine, received short shift from the older men.

"You're lucky to have old Blood and Guts", a veteran told Hiram, referring to an officer noted for his tireless training. "Your hide is safe under rebel fire!" The boys soon learned that leaders of this type all had harsh nicknames, names bestowed out of the men's admiration rather than their dislike.

Colonel Stone who headed the Twenty-Second and had been captured at Shiloh and released, knew the men's problems from personal experience. Realizing the bottled up energy of the companies, he organized a mock snowball battle for the regimental banner, which resulted, Hiram wrote his family, in more damage to the banner than to the men. On another night, Stone, having discovered an eclipse of the moon was due, surprised the men by sounding the roll at a late hour. Anticipating a Confederate attack, the boys scrambled hurriedly out of their blankets and lined up, only to discover the man in the moon was disappearing behind the earth's shadow!

As rations grew more scarce, Major Atherton ordered a wagon train of corn brought down from Iowa, hauled to the gristmill some sixteen miles away. The oxen slowly dragged the wagon over the rocky trails,

up and down the mountains, to the little mill beside a roistering mountain stream, where the corn would be ground. The owner, a lanky red-headed Missourian dressed in butternut homespun, sucking a corn cob pipe, moved slowly about his business. Even the great stones turned slowly. The water diverted into the sluice on its way to the mill shared, apparently, in the general inertia. The Missourian visited amiably with the men. To all appearances he was friendly, but the Yankees were fearful he was deliberately delaying their return, and watched nervously for the Confederates whom they were convinced would appear at any moment. When the last kernel was ground, the meal sacked and loaded into the wagons, it was the oxen whom the men believed were conniving with the rebels, so slowly did they move.

"The whole Confederate army could be hidden behind these rocks and trees!" the men grumbled, shifting their guns for greater convenience should the expected attack materialize.

As always it rained. The wagons slipped and slid in the mud, threatening to overturn at any moment. The wheels struck an embedded stone which the men must dig out before the party could move on. The oxen's feet mired deep in the slush and slime, and the great beasts rolled their eyes unhappily as they laboriously extricated each hoof, a time killing procedure. Occasionally a gaunt mountaineer was glimpsed slipping through the trees and rocks away from the trail. No women or children appeared, and no homes glimmered with light or the cheerful smoke of a wood fire. The rain and fog dripped endlessly about them. For food they baked corn pone in the skillets carried slung about their necks, or if they had time on small stones heated in a little fire.

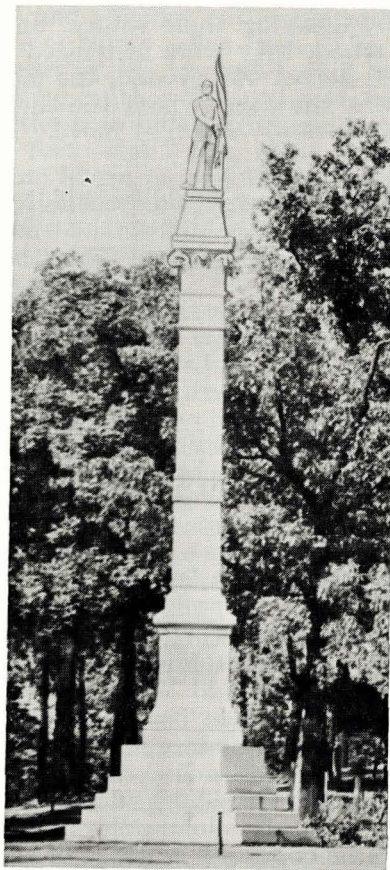
When at last the regiment reached West Plains near the Arkansas line, it was swung east toward the Mississippi. Rumor swirled that the men were marching to join Grant at Vicksburg.

Hiram thrilled to the thought of serving under Grant. He remembered his father's stories of Grant as a boy, and of his meeting Grant in Burlington and learning that his old friend was now in the Union army. "He's slow to move, Grant is" John told his family "but when he moves he knows where he is going!" A sense of security swept over the boy. "It's good we're marching with Grant" he told himself.

Now even the unwelcomed corn pone was becoming scarce. In Thomasville a gristmill was discovered, and again the men watched while the precious corn was ground. Rations, the men were told, were waiting for them across the Ozark mountains, and the thought of a change from three meals a day of corn pone lightened their steps. The glad word as Thomasville was left behind "A mile and a quarter to hard tack!" sped them along, but the supply wagon was not reached until miles later that night.

Crossing a river, Hiram had his first experience with a wagon pontoon. The wagons were driven into the river, placed end to end, and

tied together. While the teams stood on the banks, the soldiers climbed from wagon bed to wagon bed and so crossed the stream. After the men were all on the opposite bank, the horses belabored and encouraged by their drivers, dragged the wagons over with the waiting men shouting advice.



Iowa monument at Chattanooga

At Iron Mountain a rest stop was ordered and a detail picked to again haul corn to a distant grist mill. Then the men moved on to St. Genevieve, oldest city on the river and once the center of river traffic. Now it was the center of the established farming country roundabout. Food was more plentiful here, and the boys rambled about the countryside enjoying the rich farming lands, glad to have left behind the mountains with their rugged rocks and straggling timber. At last the SS *Black Hawk* docked before St. Genevieve and the men tramped aboard. On March 27, the troops reached Milliken's Bend, having made a brief stop on their way at Helena, Arkansas, the swampy malarious hole where hundreds of Union soldiers had already died of disease.

Small pox, a deadly enemy, added to the general discomfort and suffering in the camps, complicated by measles which tormented the troops. Illness killed more men than did gunfire. Fortunately the Twenty-Second did not linger too long in Helena which no doubt spared many of its men.

At the Bend, the men unloaded wagons and provisions from the transports. When at last the regiment moved ahead it was accompanied by a sizeable wagon train. Progress south was at a snail's pace. The river was in flood and the back country was covered with water. When the wagons mired down beyond the strength of the oxen or horses aided by the men, to drag them through, flat boats built from timber cut along the shore were brought up, the wagons loaded on them, and let down into the Mississippi River by "snubbing up". With long ropes the heavily loaded flatboat was tied to trees, stumps of roots, or rocks along the stream or in overflowed land, and let down the current by loosening the rope while another rope was caught to a tree further down. The upper rope was then released and the process repeated as the load crept slowly on its way. When at last the bayou mouth was reached, and the boat floated out into the Mississippi's current it was on its way, usually towed by a transport which took the men aboard.

At the last landing, the men made preparations to cross the river and enter actively into the siege of Vicksburg.

In their camp that night, the men could see the lights in the beleaguered city and could hear the dull roll of the guns. Major Atherton sitting in front of his tent wrote to his wife:

"It seems impossible that I am here within the sound of the guns at Vicksburg. Tomorrow we will cross the River and join the fighting. The men are in good condition. The months spent in camp, in marching, in training, have disciplined them. They are ready. I have come to know them well as a whole and individually. The difficult thing tonight is facing the bitter truth that many of these fine boys must die."

And so they did.

Later the Twenty-Second was at Port Gibson with Major Atherton in command, as Colonel Stone was now heading a brigade. It was at Champion Hills and Black River Bridge, where its capture of artillery, small arms and a horde of prisoners marked its success.

On May 22nd when the assault was made on Vicksburg's impregnable works, fifteen or twenty men of the Twenty-Second led by Sergeant Joseph B. Griffith, were the only Union soldiers to force their way inside. At dawn after a night spent in infiltrating enemy defenses, with the cry *Remember Kinsman**, Colonel Stone led the charge. By raising

*William H. Kinsman, who came to Council Bluffs in 1858, was killed at Big Black River Bridge near Vicksburg. A daring leader, he was beloved and respected by his men. Throughout the remainder of the Vicksburg campaign, the battle cry of the Thirteenth Corps was "*Remember Kinsman!*"

one another above the walls, Griffith and his men gained entrance and captured a number of prisoners. Lack of hoped for reinforcements drove them back. Only Griffith and one other man survived the daring exploit. The Twenty-Second, together with the Twenty-Third and a Wisconsin regiment, stayed on the field until their ammunition was gone, and they had to withdraw. Without ammunition, with twenty-seven men killed, one hundred eighteen wounded, and nineteen captured, they could only retreat. Major Atherton's fears became reality.

Until Vicksburg's surrender, the Twenty-Second remained in the trenches.

48

war's end

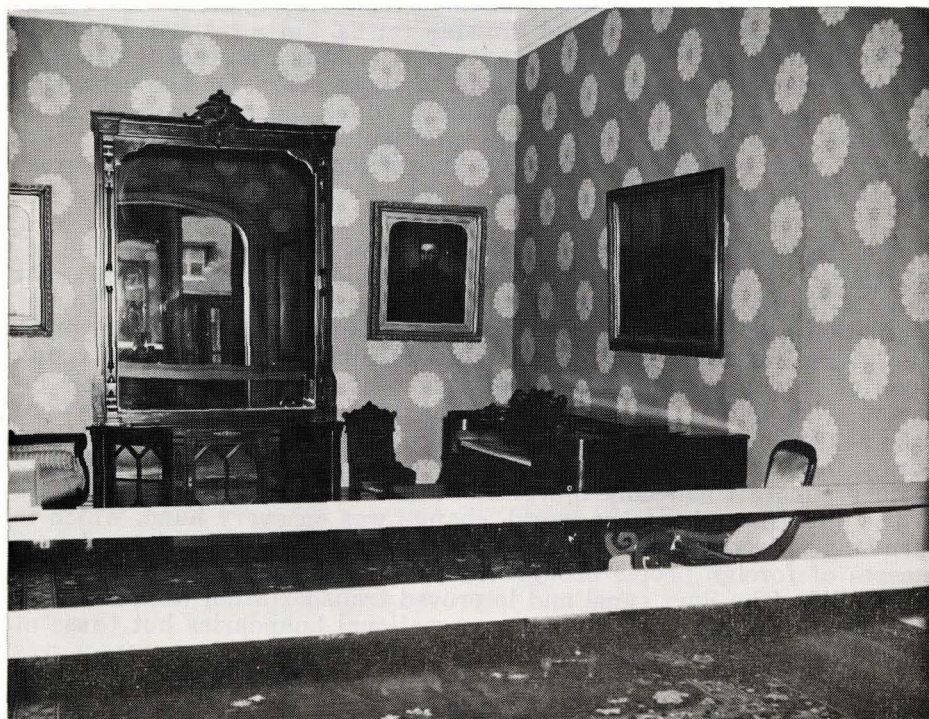
The years 1835-1865 began and ended Iowa's pioneer period. This period witnessed not only the transformation of its prairies from a vast sea of waist high grass spreading from river to river into a panorama of productive fields and growing towns, but a bitter internecine conflict whose principal benefit to its participants was that it enlarged and revolutionized the economic scope of those years. On the debit side it left in its wake, a tremendous liability which must be paid either as an honest debt or by a devastating inflation. The post Civil War years brought to the state the same tragic difficulties which every great war leaves in its path.

The impetus of the war's demands tremendously increased the industrialization of manufacture, which the following hundred years saw come to fruition. Transportation to accommodate the increasing flow of population and materials was a compelling demand. Immigration problems were insistent. The original settlers bitterly resented the rising flood of foreign immigrants, forgetting that the Indian met their invasion with like resentment. *Protection* became a political catchword designed to bring the farmers' vote into the now dominant Republican party. Industrial enterprise and the economic mechanics for bringing a richer, more financially independent life to the state's citizens were in the air. Throughout the world, change was on every hand, which in turn was reflected in new thought and action in Iowa. The intrusion of masses of foreign people brought new attitudes to bear on the state's way of life. The Suez canal and improved transportation were reducing distances, bringing not only our own national boundaries but those of the world, closer. In Iowa a new and compelling national awareness was becoming apparent. An awareness which would play a leading role in the hundred years following the war's end.

On the economic front, a people accustomed to hard labor and sun-to-sun drudgery were discovering themselves living in a comfort beyond that of which they had dreamed. Security was won. Not the gadget-filled life of today, but a life which encompassed food, clothes, shelter, the necessities, even a degree of luxury as measured in the 1800's. Now the ambitious and successful pioneer could escape from his cramped log or sod cabin into an ornate frame house bedecked with porches and a

bay window. He could buy books, art, music, and pianos hauled overland from railhead or steamer dock. Even the recently invented sewing machine and manufactured farm equipment were purchased. For the wealthy adventure-minded there was travel to Europe or the Orient.

The self discipline so firmly imposed in the conquering of a new land held the emerging pioneer back from a foolish extravagance of materials or wasteful attitudes. He still demanded his money's worth and lived thriftily with a vegetable garden, a cow and chickens, even a pig to eat the table scraps, in his back yard. His wife preserved, cooked, mended and sewed, demanded the merchant sell her well woven yard goods and stoutly made furniture. No longer did she weave and spin, or expect her husband and sons to carve her chairs and sofas, but in this transition stage to the machine age, she sought a like quality in these products.



Parlor in the General Dodge home in Council Bluffs

No state church or school, or predestined way of life hampered the thinking or freedom of choice of the evolving citizen. The pioneer and the soldier made it possible for the prairie farms and urban centers created by the destruction of the wilderness, to become centers of independent thinking.

An amazing accomplishment of the post-Civil War era was the return of millions of soldiers, young men of peaceable intent, who had been violently uprooted from civilian life and thrust into a bloody prolonged war, to their prewar lives. A transition which was made with comparatively little disruption so far as the soldier himself was concerned. A fact which testifies to the soundness of the pioneer background. North and South, the weary soldier asked only that he be granted the privilege of return to his home and his work, an attitude which emphasizes the high ideals, the leadership, and the unity of origin of these men. Especially in the later years of the war, increasingly men left their everyday pursuits in response to a call to duty. They were men of substance to whom the war was a moral obligation.

The fighting over, the returned soldiers met on different terms than are those ordinarily established in a bitter civil war. Had the soldiers of both sides been allowed to fix the terms of victor and vanquished, the post-Civil War history could have been vastly different. The South, hard pressed to survive, left alone could have patched up its wounds. The northern soldier would have helped it to do so. Unhappily the goodwill which existed at the war's end among the fighting men, was swallowed up in a second war of aggression and greed fomented not by the men who had suffered in the lines, but by greedy men who sought plunder and revenge.



The Dodge home in Council Bluffs which has been restored as an historical landmark.

The Civil War years saw greater change than did any other comparable period in our state and national history. Industry, politics, education, thinking, attitudes, were revolutionized. Until the Civil War, Americans had believed themselves immune from the perils which confronted their European neighbors, and others more distant. The American believed it possible to live wholly unto himself. The war disturbed this state of mind and brought the first glimmerings that Americans,

too, were subject to the universal heritage of man. Because of the state's distance from the political and industrial centers of the nation, Iowa's isolationist beliefs died more slowly than did those in the eastern section of our country. Even today although we think in international terms, in Iowa we live in a greater independence of thought than do those in more congested areas of our country.

As in every war, young men matured rapidly and were forced into posts of leadership at an earlier age than in peaceful times. The result was a quickened turning to education. The decade following the Civil War, as in more recent wars, found the colleges and universities crowded with returned veterans. In spite of their five year war service handicap, many of these students pushed to the front in business, politics, and similar fields of endeavor. Nor was progress confined to the male sex. Their sisters hurried off to school, a new adventure for women. Facilities for education and the available training programs increased tremendously. One clear benefit of the Civil War was the greatly augmented interest in education, a benefit which was not immediately apparent, but which in later years proved of inestimable value.

Another group made up of the young men who had been pushed into high army rank without relationship to education or community standing, and came home wearing a major's, a colonel's or even a general's insignia, finding it difficult to drop back into the less significant trade or job they had abandoned, or to join their less distinguished companions on the school benches, threw themselves into the political arena with the result that for years after the war even minor political posts were filled with high as well as lesser military officers. Some who held distinguished army rank found defeat in civilian life, as bitter as that faced by Lee's army at Appomatox.

One gain to Iowa's culture not always noted was in music. The Civil War was a singing war. The men learned their tunes well, and many of these lilting airs had elements of real music. New instruments were introduced. The love of music inherent in us all, was brought to life. While great music was familiar to the European and in the eastern areas of our country, for many pioneers it was a new experience. The old time singing school was led by a master with a tuning fork who knew little, if anything, of harmony. In the general clamor which resulted, the boy or girl with a fine voice passed unnoticed. To the hard working pioneer the idea of music as a career was abhorrent. Suddenly this was changed. The lilting fife and drum rhythm became a living part of the community. Its foot tapping beat led the march of the young people. The flute, because of its likeness to the fife, commanded attention. In more prosperous homes, the square piano lent dignity to the parlor. The "fiddle" whined out gay tunes for lively dances. Local orchestras played for the graceful quadrilles and thrilling polkas. Bandstands were built in the town squares where military bands were heard in every community.



THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH, NASHUA

The organ once denounced as sinful, appeared in homes and in churches. Soon young and old were reveling in the bright tunes to which the soldiers once marched to battle, and sang with the veterans their gallant campfire songs.

Literature, too, had a new birth. Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant and Lowell, almost unknown in 1860, by 1870 were popular favorites. Historians like Bancroft, controversial writers like Darwin, dime novels as well as illustrious writers, Poe, Irving, Melville, and Cooper, came into vogue. Foreign writers shared in this enthusiasm; Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Hugo, Tennyson, Prescott, Macaulay, together with poets, Burns, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, with Shakespeare, Milton, and other long quiet classics, were prominently displayed on Iowa bookshelves. The Civil War emancipated the slaves; it brought as well a moral and intellectual emancipation to the people of America.

In school and at home, thinking people sought a new appreciation of our life, and of the life in distant countries. Seldom has a nation so

vigorously recuperated from a long, bitterly contested war with incredible loss of life and property, as did the United States in the years immediately following the Civil War. This, in part, was occasioned by the youthful citizenry, particularly in the pioneer areas of our country.

The Civil War was fought by Americans, Americans primarily of English background. Since the war had to come, it is well that it was fought by men who were descendants of those who founded the country, as their sons must carry on the burdens laid down by the war's contestants. Appreciation of the nation was deeply rooted in their background. North and South alike had a similarity of background which made possible a common understanding.

One far-reaching effect of the war, was its revelation to the American people of themselves and their place in the world. Until the war, they had vainly imagined their experiment in free government was the first known to mankind, that it would be the last, and would be the pattern for all free governments to come. They envisioned themselves proof against the ills of suffering humanity around the world. They truly believed they could live in isolation, carrying on their great experiment in society. Europe, Asia, Africa, had slight interest for them, as did the ancient cultures of the Indians in North and South America.

The War brought the first intimation to our leaders that this theory was not entirely workable. Another definite result was the evolution of a new national patriotism, a national character, and a progressive political sense. New conceptions of currency, banking, coinage, industrial problems, arose. New social concepts struggled for life. New evils crept in. In the limited confines of early America, corruption in its major forms found little room for expansion. With new concepts of public responsibility and expanding wealth reflected in taxes and public funds, new temptations, and possibilities for their fulfillment came into existence.

The Middlewest nourished on Jeffersonian theories, which its people fondly believed would serve it permanently, in its ballooning expansion, discovered these theories were not the final answer. Its citizens learned that force as well as goodwill existed. That no longer were communities units unto themselves to develop along a local pattern—the thinking of distant communities whose members were unknown to one another must be reckoned with.

Changing responsibilities were thrust upon youth. Boys and girls left the farms and villages in earlier years. After the excitements of war the youthful veteran found his earlier hard working dawn-to-dusk days too dull as did his younger brothers who had eagerly followed his adventures. The war not only opened the doors of opportunity, it awakened new aspirations. The long trek West had nearly reached its close. Until the turn of the century and beyond, the covered wagon would move westward, but the initial exploration was reaching its end. America had been crossed and re-crossed. Its rivers had been explored,

its mountains had been climbed. The movement now was one of settlement of the already discovered lands.

With the close of the Civil War came new independence and attitudes to these mobile seeking people. The war brought new intellectual outlook to the pioneers who by unremitting discipline had achieved material plenty, but who until now had lacked the light to point out the path ahead. The new transportation, the railroad, enabled Iowa young people to escape the small community for Des Moines and other rapidly growing Iowa towns. It enabled them to discover Chicago and Denver and beyond. The movement west took on added acceleration. Returned soldiers flocked to unsettled lands, built communities to their own desires, while immigrants from the old countries crowded into the places left vacant to settle close on the wheel tracks of the American pioneer moving on into the west.

The history of Iowa and of the United States from 1865 on was written by the pioneer's sons and grandsons, and by the thousands of sons and daughters of the immigrants who left the old countries across the seas for the farms and factories of America, to answer the challenge of the mountains and deserts and valleys of the West and the rolling waves of the Pacific.

After 1865, Iowa was no longer a pioneer land. The state now had reached a youthful maturity, vigorous, heady, with a leadership imbued with new, and to the elders of the community, often dangerous theories. Determined to achieve for itself a place in the nation, Iowa moved into a place of leadership in the lusty new Union, writing "finis" to the story of the pioneer, and beginning the first chapter of the Iowa of today.



About the author

Mrs. McElroy was born in Algona. Her father and mother were also Iowa-born, and her grandparents, maternal and paternal, settled in Iowa before the Civil War. In turn, her grandparents were the descendants of pre-Revolutionary Americans. Her maternal grandfather, Major Joseph B. Atherton served in the 22nd Iowa Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. Her paternal grandfather, William Wasson, served in the Third Battery Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

Mrs. McElroy's father made the Run into the Cherokee Strip, Oklahoma, and she grew up in a pioneer environment, which gave her a penetrating understanding of the early American settler. As a child she listened with absorbed interest to her grandmother's stories of early life in Ohio and passed on the tales of still earlier grandparents. Mrs. McElroy's understanding of the pioneer is not gathered from books, but from those who participated in it.

From childhood she has read and studied American history, and has in her library an extensive collection of Americana, and in her home examples of pioneer furnishings.

She has been active in clubs, including historical groups, and is a past president of Iowa Press Women, Inc. For a number of years she was on the staff of *Better Homes and Gardens*, and with Helen Cowles LeCron edited the *Register Book Page* and several departments in that publication and other magazines and newspapers. She has published several books, as well as numerous magazine articles, and her name appears in *Who's Who in American Women*, *Who's Who in the Mid-West* as well as *The Dictionary of International Biography*, published in London.

She served as Executive Secretary for the Iowa Statehood Centennial Commission, in 1946, as well as being Executive Secretary to the Iowa Civil War Centennial Commission. This is the third publication she has prepared for the latter organization. The first titled *Iowa Will Long Remember the Civil War*, was extensively distributed to schools. The second, *The Undying Procession*, with brief histories of each of Iowa's volunteer regiments and other pertinent information has had a wide distribution to libraries and Civil War students in the United States, and is in the reference rooms of libraries all over the world.

Acknowledgements

— o —

The Iowa Civil War Centennial Commission and its Executive Secretary wish to thank the innumerable Iowans who have helped in the preparation of this book, and in previous projects and publications. Historical societies, state, county and community, have been generous with their information and encouragement. The teachers' organizations have promoted our publications with enthusiasm and constructive support. The legislature has by its necessary appropriations made the Commission's work possible. State officials have by their cooperation made our program a reality.

The list is too long to name individually the Iowa organizations and Iowa history hobbyists who have given so generously of their goodwill when it was needed. We can only say "Thank You!" to those who have believed in our publications and made the centennial program come to life.

To Iowa's newspapers and its many publications; its magazines, industrial and historical publications, club and commercial publications, we extend our thanks for the generous publicity throughout the centennial years. Because of this recognition, innumerable diaries, letters, early manuscripts and reprints, were brought to the attention of Iowans. For the privilege of using illustrations from these many publications, we are grateful. This volume is the contribution of many, and to them we extend our appreciation.

As always Iowans everywhere, old and young, proudly responded when their loyalty to our state was called upon.

To the Commission, the author extends her deepest thanks for its understanding and support of her work in the preparation of its publications and in the promotion and publicity projects of the commemorative years. Individually and as a whole, its members gave time and loyal cooperation to the centennial program. Iowa owes this Commission a debt of gratitude for its unquestioning service throughout the centennial years.



Index



PART I

| Chapter | | Page |
|---------|---|------|
| 1 | <i>Beginning</i> ----- Iowa in 1830 | 1 |
| 2 | <i>America</i> ----- The Meigs Family In New England In Ohio | 4 |
| 3 | <i>Indiana</i> ----- The Meigs Settle in Indiana | 7 |
| 4 | <i>The West</i> ----- The Meigs Move West | 9 |
| 5 | <i>New Salem</i> ----- The Meigs in New Salem | 15 |
| 6 | <i>Iowa</i> ----- The Meigs Reach Iowa Choosing a Location | 18 |
| 7 | <i>Settling</i> ----- Building a Home | 23 |
| 8 | <i>Home</i> ----- Furnishing the Home | 26 |
| 9 | <i>Food</i> ----- Meat Corn Stocking the Cellar | 30 |
| 10 | <i>Freedom</i> ----- The Pioneer's Definition A Revolutionary Grandfather | 34 |
| 11 | <i>The Trail</i> ----- Life on the Way Trail Graves | 37 |
| 12 | <i>Responsibilities</i> ----- Learning to Work Learning by Listening | 41 |

| Chapter | | Page |
|---------|--|------|
| 13 | <i>Education</i> ----- The Pioneer School Building Financing Equipment Course of Study Literary Societies The Teacher | 45 |
| 14 | <i>Indians</i> ----- Attitudes Land Purchases | 54 |
| 15 | <i>Fort Madison</i> ----- Building Abandonment | 57 |
| 16 | <i>A Battle Lost</i> ----- Black Hawk Keokuk | 59 |
| 17 | <i>Ioways</i> ----- Sauk and Fox Associated Tribes | 63 |
| 18 | <i>Winnebagoes</i> ----- Turkey River School Flight Into Wisconsin | 66 |
| 19 | <i>Potawatomi</i> ----- Waubonsie | 68 |
| 20 | <i>Tama</i> ----- Return of Sauk and Fox | 71 |
| 21 | <i>Vanished</i> ----- Indians Removed Spirit Lake Massacre | 74 |
| 22 | <i>Territory</i> ----- The Pioneer Land Opened to Settlement Political Parties | 77 |
| 23 | <i>Government</i> ----- Territorial Governors Plum Grove Territorial Government | 81 |

| Chapter | | Page |
|---------|---|------|
| 24 | <i>Statehood</i> ----- Intellectual and Economic Growth Years Following Statehood | 85 |
| 25 | <i>Opposites</i> ----- Pre-statehood Immigration Conflicting Cultures Slavery in Iowa | 90 |
| 26 | <i>Transportation</i> ----- The Trail Furrow Dubuque to Iowa City Mail Service Stage Lines Rail Lines Steamboat | 97 |
| 27 | <i>Underground</i> ----- Quakers New Salem Railroad | 106 |
| 28 | <i>John Brown</i> ----- West Branch Springdale Coppoc Harper's Ferry Tabor Knoxville | 112 |
| 29 | <i>Republican</i> ----- Politics Democrats Whigs Republican Party Organized Political Issues Kirkwood Adj-General Baker Stone | 124 |
| 30 | <i>Pro-Slavery</i> ----- Southern Immigration Slaves in Iowa Rise of Anti-Slavery Sentiment Kansas-Nebraska Bill Dred Scott Decision | 130 |
| 31 | <i>Lincoln</i> ----- Abraham Lincoln in Iowa Burlington | 136 |

| Chapter | | Page |
|----------------|--|------|
| | Council Bluffs Iowa Supports Lincoln | |
| 32 | <i>Mormons</i> ----- Nauvoo Keokuk Trail West Migration Hand Carts | 141 |
| <i>PART II</i> | | |
| 33 | <i>War</i> ----- Diverse Opinions War Begins | 151 |
| 34 | <i>Arms</i> ----- Organizing for War Raising Troops, Food, Supplies | 155 |
| 35 | <i>Attitudes</i> ----- Maintaining Army Camps Arms Uniforms | 161 |
| 36 | <i>Heritage</i> ----- Iowa Attitudes Origin of Iowa's Independent Thinking Pioneer Period Economic and Intellectual Development | 168 |
| 37 | <i>Bullets</i> ----- Border Warfare Battle of Athens | 171 |
| 38 | <i>Northern Brigade</i> ----- Indian Warfare in 1860's Minnesota Davenport Investigations Ingham Investigations Northern Border Defense | 173 |
| 39 | <i>Southern Brigade</i> ----- Border Warfare Organizing Resistance | 183 |
| 40 | <i>Dissidents</i> ----- Internal Dissension | 187 |

| Chapter | | Page |
|---------|--|------|
| 41 | <i>Contribution</i> ----- | 192 |
| | Support of Army | |
| | Enlistments | |
| | Iowa Contribution | |
| | Iowa Major Generals | |
| | Army Organization | |
| 42 | <i>Home Defense</i> ----- | 201 |
| | Women in War Years | |
| | Community Aid to Families | |
| | Self Help | |
| | Home Production | |
| | Sacrifices | |
| | Gains From War | |
| 43 | <i>Realization</i> ----- | 209 |
| | Troops Move Down Mississippi | |
| | Camps in Missouri | |
| | Camp Life | |
| 44 | <i>Rations</i> ----- | 215 |
| | Food in Camp | |
| | On the March | |
| 45 | <i>Women</i> ----- | 221 |
| | Women Who Served | |
| | The Unknown Woman | |
| | Amelia Bloomer | |
| | Kate Harrington | |
| | Annie Turner Wittenmeyer | |
| | Diet Kitchens | |
| 46 | <i>Grant</i> ----- | 234 |
| | Mississippi as Highway | |
| | Battle for River | |
| | Food and Transportation | |
| | On the March | |
| 47 | <i>Deep South</i> ----- | 241 |
| | Home Attitudes in War | |
| | Enlistments as War Lengthened | |
| | Troops Move Down River | |
| | The Road to Vicksburg | |
| 48 | <i>War's End</i> ----- | 252 |
| | Effects of Civil War on Economic Growth | |
| | Transformation from Pioneer Economy | |
| | Integrating Returned Soldiers into Economy | |
| | Cultural Growth | |
| | New Concepts of Government | |

