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*History of Scott Township,  
Mahaska County, Iowa*

Robert I. Garden

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**ROBERT I. GARDEN**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY

LECTURE NOTES

BY

ROBERT W. GIBBS

1954



**HISTORY**  
**OF SCOTT TOWNSHIP**  
**MAHASKA COUNTY, IOWA**

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**WAR REMINISCENCES**

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**DID THE BUFFALO EVER**  
**INHABIT IOWA?**

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**BY ROBERT I. GARDEN**  
**TRACY, IOWA**

**AUGUST, 1907**

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**GLOBE**  **PRESS**  
**OSKALOOSA, IOWA**

















**ROBERT I. GARDEN**

THE  
MUSEUM OF  
THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
BOSTON, MASS.  
1880

THE  
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**WAR REMINISCENCES**

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**DID THE BUFFALO EVER**  
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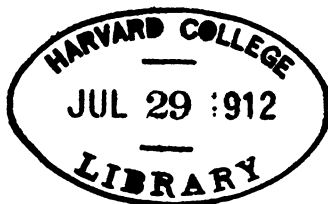
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**AUGUST, 1907**

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**GLOBE**  **PRESS**  
**OSKALOOSA, IOWA**



US 28037.10



*C. E. Perkins memorial*

**IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER  
WHO BRAVELY ENDURED THE  
TOIL AND PRIVATION OF  
PIONEER LIFE**

**THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED**

**BY HER SON  
ROBERT I. GARDEN**



## Preface.

---



THE passing of the pioneer marks an epoch in the history of any Commonwealth. Iowa's pioneers,—the men who subdued the virgin sod of Iowa's prairies, braving hardships that we of this day are utter strangers to,—are almost a thing of the past. Many of those yet living have reached an age where memory and faculty fail. It will soon be too late, therefore, to back up the facts of early Iowa history by eye-witnesses. It is best that the fragments be gathered up ere the sun has set upon the last one of that sturdy race who set their faces Westward and made "the wilderness blossom as the rose."

The articles which follow in these pages were first published in the Oskaloosa Saturday Globe, which paper has made a special effort to collate the facts in regard to the early settlement of Mahaska County. After the publication in the Globe, this writer urged upon Mr. Garden the importance of preserving to posterity this history, written by a native-born Iowan, who passed through the scenes described, participated in the hardships, and knew the

men who settled that part of our County known as Scott Township, his own family contributing their full share to the advancement of the then new county.

Mr. Garden finally consented, and this book is presented to the public in order that the younger generation might the better realize the hardships their forefathers endured in order to establish homes for themselves and their children. Also to preserve the early history of Proud Mahaska.

The author makes no pretension to literary excellence. His early education consisted of what little could be obtained in a pioneer log school-house. Life in pioneer families in those days was one of hard work, in which all members of the family participated, so that time for study was necessarily limited. After a perusal of these pages, however, we believe it will be conceded that Mr. Garden tells in a most interesting and concise way, the story of our early settlements.

The book is divided into three parts. Part I gives the early settlement of Scott Township, Part II the author's own "War Reminiscences," and Part III the discussion on whether or not the buffalo ever inhabited Iowa.

In relating the facts concerning the settlement of Scott Township, the author naturally touches upon a great deal of county history. The first settlers found homes near the Des Moines River, and old Bellefontaine, in Scott Township, at one time, gave great promise of being the metropolis of the county, and indeed, 'tis said, made a strong bid for the State Capital.

During his service in the war, Mr. Garden kept his mother constantly informed by letter of his life while in camp and on the battlefield. Fortunately, the letters were all preserved, as well as a diary, which he had also kept. From the letters and diary these War Reminiscences are written. Their value consists in the fact that it is a careful record of the actual happenings to a soldier in the ranks while participating in the greatest struggle of modern times. It will have to be conceded that in his War Reminiscences, Mr. Garden has written an exceedingly graphic and interesting story. Some of the descriptions of battles are thrilling, and their chief charm and interest lies in the fact that they are entirely unstudied. They were written with the enthusiasm of youth, in the fire and stress of a great struggle. They are a valuable contribution to war literature and the author's comments on some of the blunders committed by the commanders throw new light on disputed points.

In opening up the buffalo question, with its consequent discussion, Mr. Garden has performed a distinct service, because much that was supposed to be history has been shown to be merely hearsay evidence. He is well acquainted with the buffalo, having seen vast herds of them on their ranges farther west. He also has made an excursion or two into Northern Iowa in search of information which would settle the vexed question as to whether or not Iowa was ever the habitat of the buffalo, and after a thorough examination came to the conclusion that the bison never inhabited Iowa. There is no doubt but

that there were roving bands of buffalo in Iowa at an early date at certain seasons of the year, or those which were driven over the border by storms or hunters, but we believe a careful perusal of the evidence will convince the average man that Iowa's grasses were not adapted to the wants of the buffalo Winter and Summer, and therefore the bison did not inhabit Iowa as it did other Western States, such as Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, and the Dakotas.

The author only claims for this book that it is a faithful chronicle of people and events as he saw them and participated in them, and it will have fulfilled its mission if it will cause a grateful people to render that meed of praise to the early pioneer, which is his just due.

GEO. W. SHOCKLEY,  
Editor The Saturday Globe.

## A Tribute to the Pioneer.

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"Bitter toil, privation, and, very often, intense suffering, have marked the conquest and settlement of every new country. From the moment the first pioneer pushed his way to the westward of the Alleghenies, starting the human flow which, in less than a century, resulted in the exploration or settlement of every nook of territory to the borders of the Pacific Ocean, to the present time, thousands of tales have been told, handed from one generation to another, of the trials and vicissitudes of those who paved the way for those less venturesome. Suffering was not always due to the same cause. The perils that threatened were not always from the same source. Here the danger was Indians, there it was the elements, and not infrequently poverty was primarily responsible for the misfortunes that ensued. As a rule, the American pioneer has been a poor man, and generally a man of large family. He migrated to improve his condition. He faced the greatest dangers for the sake of accumulating property. He sought hardships and invited suffering, that those whom he would leave behind might live without having to endure similar experiences; that they might live easier."



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# History of Chief Mahaska.

(Cleaned from Iowa History.)

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**M**AHASKA, or White Cloud, was an Indian Chief of great distinction, of the Iowa tribe of Indians. He was the son of Mau-haw-gaw, or Wounding Arrow, who was the principal chief of the Pauchoochee or pierced nose band of Indians. Mau-haw-gaw emigrated from Michillmacinac to the west bank of the Iowa River, near the close of the last century, and located near its mouth, giving it the name of Meonony, or Master of Rivers. Shortly after locating here he was visited by a delegation of Sioux, and while smoking with them the pipe of peace, he was suddenly killed by the treacherous party. The Iowans, justly indignant at the conduct of the Sioux, resolved immediately on revenge. A war party was raised, of which Mahaska was the legitimate chief, but being young and having never distinguished himself in battle, he declined taking the command, but by virtue of his right, he conferred upon a distinguished and tried warrior the authority to lead his warriors against the Sioux, stating at the time that he would accompany the expedition as a common soldier, and fight until he should acquire experience and gain trophies enough to secure him the confidence of the people. Accordingly, he marched with his party into the Sioux country, where they gained a great victory, Mahaska with his own hand, slaying and

securing the scalp of the Sioux chief, in whose lodge the life of his father had been so treacherously taken. Having thus shown himself a brave, he assumed command of the warriors of his tribe.

The war adventures of Mahaska were numerous and daring. He was in eighteen battles against various bands and was never defeated. In one of his expeditions against the Osages, he called upon three Frenchmen to assist his party in crossing the Missouri River. The Frenchmen, without provocation, fired upon his party, wounding one of his braves. Mahaska and one of his braves returned the fire, killing two of the Frenchmen. For this he was subsequently arrested by the United States authorities, and thrown into prison. He soon afterwards escaped and returned to his tribe, where he found four sisters, who had lost their natural protector, all of whom he married. The youngest of the four was Rautchewaime, or the Female Flying Pigeon.

Shortly after his marriage he planned an expedition against the Sioux, which was in a measure successful. Returning to his lodge, he ordered the scalp dance to be danced, but on account of a painful wound in the ankle he could not participate in it himself. Placing the scalps which he had taken, in the hands of Iuthehono, or Big Ax, who, being the first brave of his band, was entitled to the distinction, he said: "I have now avenged the death of my father. My heart is at rest. I will go to war no more. I told Maushuchess, or Red Head (meaning Gen. Clark), when I was last at St. Louis, that I would take his peace talk. My word is out. I will fight no more."

In 1824 Mahaska was one of a party on an embassy to Washington. Leaving his wives at home, he proceeded on his journey, but had gone but about one hundred miles, when he was slapped upon the back, and turning around,

saw Rautchewaime standing before him with an uplifted tomahawk in her hand. She thus accosted him: "Am I your wife? Are you my husband? If so, I will go with you to the Mawhehunneche (the American big house) and see and shake the hand of Inochonee (great father.)"

Mahaska answered: "Yes, you are my wife. I am your husband. I have been a long time from you. I am glad to see you. You are my pretty wife and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman."

Arriving at Washington, an interview was had with the President, and a new treaty was made. On his return to his country he began in earnest to cultivate his land, erecting a double log house, in which he lived in comfort. This, he said, was in obedience to the advice of his great father.

Soon after his return, in company with Rautchewaime and her youngest child, young Mahaska, he set out to explore a tract of land. Both were on horse back, Rautchewaime carrying the child. Fearing enemies, Mahaska rode some distance in front. On reaching a certain eminence, he looked back to see what distance his wife and child were from him, and was much surprised not to be able to see them. Riding back some miles, he saw his wife near the edge of a small precipice with her child resting its head on her body. The horror-stricken chief, alighting near the spot, was soon assured of her death. Standing over the corpse he exclaimed in his mother tongue: "Waucunda menia-bratus-kunee, shim-gan-menia nanga-nappoo!" "You are angry with me. The horse has killed my squaw." At that moment the child lifted its head from the dead body of its mother, and said: "Mother is asleep." The inference was that the horse had stumbled and thrown her.

In 1833 a son of the Iowa chief was killed by the Omahas, and Mahaska was urged to head a party to seek re-

venge. He refused, saying: "I have buried the tomahawk; I am now a man of peace." The party, however, resolved to punish the aggressors, notwithstanding Mahaska's refusal to go with it. They returned with six scalps. The murders having been reported on both sides to the Government, General Clark was directed to cause the Iowas to be arrested. This duty was assigned to Gen. Hughes, their agent, who called upon Mahaska and made known the order. Mahaska answered: "It is right. I will go with you." The offenders were arrested and removed to Fort Leavenworth. While confined there one of the prisoners called Mahaska to his cell, and looking him full in the face, said: "If ever I get out of this place alive, I will kill you. A brave man should never be deprived of his liberty. You should shoot me at the village." Unfortunately for Mahaska, that Indian succeeded in making his escape from the prison, and with a party went in pursuit of the object of his revenge. Mahaska was found encamped on the Nodaway River, was attacked and slain. This was in 1834. Mahaska was then about fifty years old. Thus perished a brave man, a true friend to the American people, to commemorate the memory of whom the county of Mahaska is appropriately named.

# History of Scott Township.

## Chapter I.

### Biographical and Historical.



MY PARENTS were born and raised in the City of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Father was a printer by trade, and was elected a member of the Philadelphia Typographical Association June 25, 1836. I have his certificate recommending him to the favor and support of the Typographical Societies throughout the United States, and to printers generally, certificate being issued to father on the 15th day of April, 1837, signed by Alm Bowman, President; D. H. Crane, Secretary; interlined below to leave the city on the 17th inst. This was at the time of the great political debate during the latter part of Jackson's administration, being the Bank and Tariff Question. Those who supported Jackson's administration, and opposed the United States Bank and Protective Tariff, were recognized as Democrats. Those who favored the Bank and the Tariff were called Whigs. Father had always been a life-long Democrat, but did not approve of Jackson's policy,



favoring the United States Bank and Tariff. Seeing that his ideas did not coincide with those of the editor of the paper where he was employed, he resigned his position. Disposing of all his household goods, except wearing apparel and bedding, he and mother, with my two oldest brothers, left Philadelphia on April 17, 1837, and started West, coming part way by canal and the balance of the way by wagons, to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where they took passage on a steamboat, going down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, thence up the Mississippi, finally landing and locating at the little pioneer town of Keosauqua, Van Buren County, about the first of June, 1837. This locality was the first white settlement on the Des Moines River west of the Mississippi in the present limits of Iowa. The land was not yet sectionized, and was called Michigan Territory. Then it became Wisconsin Territory until the following year, when an Act passed by Congress, on June 12, 1838, established the Territory of Iowa.

Father located his claim on Sugar Creek, and erected a log cabin, where the writer was born, on the first day of May, 1840. I make the claim of being the oldest native-born Iowan in either Mahaska or Marion Counties.

Black Hawk, the once renowned Chief of the Sac and Fox Indians, had established his lodge on the east bank of the Des Moines River, almost opposite the mouth of Sugar Creek. He then was in the waning years of his life, and died October 3, 1838. His family consisted of his wife, two sons, and one daughter. General Street presented his family with a cow. Madame Black Hawk was so solicitous of

the cow's welfare that she spent the greater part of her time in company with the animal on the prairie, using a brush to keep the flies off her while feeding.

The Indians were perfectly peaceable, yet it was a hard proposition to keep the roving bands of Sacs and Foxes from riding through patches of growing corn where it had been planted across their old trails. I will relate an incident told me by my mother: At one time when she was visiting at "Jim" Lamb's, our nearest neighbors, on stepping to the cabin door she discovered a band of Indians coming up the trail, which passed near the cabin, and on through a patch of corn. Seeing that the Indians were going to ride through her corn, Mrs. Lamb ran out and caught the foremost Indian pony by the bridle, shaking her fist at the rider, saying, "Puck a chee," and motioning for him to ride around the corn—which he did—amid an outburst of laughter from the balance of the band, exclaiming, as they all turned off, following their leader in single-file, "Heap big white squaw!"

As trappers and hunters would relate the beauties in glowing description of the country farther west up the river, father, like many more of the settlers, soon after the first day of May, 1843, on the opening of what was called the "New Purchase," moved from Van Buren County up into Mahaska County, and located a claim in Section 30, Scott Township. We found Dr. E. A. Boyer already here, he having located in Section 28.

Among the new arrivals locating claims in the settlement were two families, one by name of John Pope, the

other, Norton, besides two brothers by the name of George and John Rose. After those new arrivals had located their claims, the few settlers concluded—for their better protection, as occasionally bands of Indians were passing through the small settlement on their old trails—to form a phalanx, and built their cabins on Dr. Boyer's claim, in a circle, and all worked in common during the first year. Straight paths leading from door to door were made, proving the sociability of the housewives.

About this same time Moses Nowels, Hiram Covey, and E. Flanders and brother moved in on the south side of the Des Moines River, in Jefferson Township, they being the first White settlers to locate in Jefferson. In 1843, Mathew Ruple and Joe Tong, brothers-in-law, crossed the Des Moines River about half a mile above Talley's Ferry, by building a log raft, using wild grape vines to tie the logs together. Ruple located his claim on a beautiful valley, in Section 24, in Marion County. Soon after occupying their new log house, Mr. and Mrs. Ruple had born to them, on August 26, 1843, a baby girl, naming her Frances V. Ruple. She was the first White child born in Marion County and in the New Purchase. Frances grew to womanhood in this locality, and was happily married to A. Spaur, and now resides in Oklahoma. Joe Tong located his claim northeast of Ruple's, in the Cedar Creek Valley, in Section 32, over in the edge of Mahaska County. In a short time Joe Tong's father, Thomas, and his brother, Jim, arrived, accompanied by A. C. Sharp. Sharp located in Section 24, Thomas Tong in the same Section, and Jim Tong

located in Section 25. The Town of Tracy is built on the Jim Tong claim. Those were the first White settlers to settle in this part of Clay Township, in 1843, and called the Tong Settlement. Farther up the river, in Clay Township, was the Durham and Foster Settlements, located at Durham's Ferry. Across on the north side of the river were the Hamilton and Clark Settlements, located about six miles southeast of where Pella now is. The total number of families in the above mentioned settlements along the Des Moines River did not exceed twenty-five or thirty families of the first genuine 1843 settlers.

By an Act of the Territorial Legislature, on February 5, 1844, a provision was made for the organization of Mahaska County, including all adjoining territory north and west as far as settled. No local maps of the country had ever been made. Roads were yet a thing to come. The fords on the rivers had not been discovered, and having to take the sun as a guide and ride out over a trackless prairie in search of "squatters'" cabins,—in the face of all these difficulties the Sheriff and Clerk divided the new settlements or county into nine voting precincts, selecting five Judges of each district. Thus, the Covey-Nowells, Boyer-Garden-Delashmutt, Ruple-Tong, and Sharp Settlements all belonged to what was then called Jefferson Township, now Scott of Mahaska, and Clay of Marlon Counties. The Durham, Hamilton, and Clark Settlements were designated as White Breast Precinct.

The first County election was held on the first Monday in April, 1844. The officers elected at this time were:

A Probate Judge, Sheriff, Recorder, Treasurer, Assessor, Surveyor, and three Commissioners. A few days later they were sworn into office, and the machinery of the County Government was in progress.



## Chapter II.

### New Arrivals in Scott

**D**URING the early Summer of 1844, there were a great many new arrivals in Scott Township looking for claims. Among the very first families to arrive here were J. E. Utter, Jacob Doughman, and Jesse Hallowell. On stopping at the Phalanx Settlement they made inquiry if there were any White settlements farther up the river. Being told there were, when about to start on, father told them that if they would stop over night he would take them across the river the next day, where he had located a claim, in Section 30, Range 75; that there were some fine claims adjoining his in a nice valley between the Des Moines River and Cedar Creek that had not been settled on as yet. They readily accepted the proposition, and on the next day J. E. Utter located his claim in Section 19, Jesse Hallowell in Section 32, on Cedar Creek; but J. K. Doughman went over the county line and located in Section 13, Marion County. I speak especially of these three families from the fact that they became permanent settlers, and each family have children living here yet who were schoolmates of mine in the forties.

There were so many of the first settlers who would sell

or trade off their claims to the new settlers coming into the Township, taking in exchange for their claims a yoke of oxen, a horse, sometimes a cow or a gun, getting a little money to boot, knowing they could move on west up the river, where they could procure claims just as good and be ahead the trade they had received for their claims here. Father and Boyer were the only families that remained permanently in Scott that had belonged to the Phalanx Settlement. All the others traded off their claims and went on West.

In Section 19, in a grove of white elm close to the Des Moines River bank, was found a small log cabin, about ten by twelve feet, evidently built and occupied before this part of the country was opened up for settlement. It had a bark roof and a bark floor. A small opening in one side afforded a means of entrance and exit. A log was left out on one side, making an elongated window, one by ten feet, to let the light into the cabin. No doubt this was a trapper's cabin, built to keep his pelts or furs, and provisions, in, so the cowardly coyotes would not steal and devour them when he was looking after his traps, for in those days there were plenty of fur-bearing animals here—otters, wolves, raccoons, wild-cats, minks, muskrats, and some beavers. On the cut-off, or slough, as it is termed by some people—the cut-off which leaves the Des Moines River in Section 11, Marion County, and empties into the river in Section 18, Mahaska County, being about two miles long—there was a large colony of beavers. They had a dam built across the cut-off in Section 13, and they re-

mained here for some time after the country had been settled, until the year of 1848 or '49, when S. H. Doughman, residing at the present time on his farm adjoining Tracy, began trapping them. After catching four or five of their colony they all at once disappeared very suddenly.

The famous bee-tree, of Davis County, is additional evidence to me that White men visited this country before the treaty was made with the Indians for any of their lands in Iowa. The timber all along the Des Moines River, and its tributaries, seemed to be one general apiary, offering vast quantities of choice honey to the bee-hunters, and usually every pioneer family was well supplied with wild honey, many of them having a dozen or more well-filled bee-hives of their own.

Sumner Darnell, an early settler over in Jefferson Township, Mahaska County, told the writer that he had first settled in Davis County in 1843; that he found in that county where someone had robbed a bee-tree, which was in a large, black-walnut tree; that the top had blown off, and someone had built a scaffold up around the tree, about twenty feet from the ground. They had cut one side out of the snag to the bottom, or ground. The hollow in the tree was as large as a flour-barrel, and showed by the honey-comb sticking to the inside that it had been full of honey for about twenty feet distance from the top to the bottom of the snag. He estimated that there had been between five and ten barrels of honey taken out of this tree. No doubt the bees had occupied this tree for at least fifty years. The settlers would come for miles around to visit



and see this great bee-tree. From the fact of having to build a scaffold before the honey could be procured, and from other appearances, Mr. Darnell felt sure the honey had been taken by some White man, perhaps a trapper or hunter.

I have been asked, and heard a great many people ask, the question and wonder why the first settlers located their claims in the heavy timber, or adjoining to timber, where they had to chop off and clear the ground before they could raise a crop, when they had first choice and could get good prairie claims and save doing so much hard labor. First, the settler had to build his cabin near or in the timber, where good wood was plentiful and handy, and where the timber furnished protection for his family and stock during snow storms. The country had hardly recovered from the effect of President Jackson's order of 1833, which caused the United States Bank to contract its loans, and made money scarce, causing a greater hardship on the pioneer settler than any other class of people. On account of the scarcity of money, the settlers, as a rule, were poorly clad. Their cabins were built out of round logs, and the cracks "chinked" with billets of wood, then daubed with clay, which would often crack open when it froze; with a clap-board roof, the snow would drift through during every snow-storm. Then there was a puncheon or dirt floor, and a door made out of clap-boards that could not be made tight; a big, open fire-place, which, if not properly constructed, two-thirds of the heat would escape up the chimney. Well did the pioneer settler know if he undertook to

locate out on the open, upland prairie that he would surely perish and freeze his family to death. These are the reasons for the settler locating in the timber. Besides, most of them came from a timbered country.



## Chapter III.

### The Pioneer Log Cabin



NO DOUBT you have heard the remark, that "All 'coons look alike to me." This very nearly applies to the pioneer log cabin, except they varied in size, some being larger and taller than others; but they were all constructed on the same plan and out of the same kind of material.

Father, having had six or seven years' experience of pioneer life, and knowing the inconvenience of a one-room cabin, built on his claim, in Section 30, a double log cabin, out of round logs, with log partitions, making two sixteen-foot rooms, the cabin being "chinked," then daubed with clay, using a wooden trowel. The floor was made out of puncheon, split out of logs, the clap-board roof boards being held on with weight poles. One clap-board door hung on wooden hinges; a wooden latch, with latch-string always out; one six-light window, with 8x10 glass, in each room; a crib built up on the outside of split logs to hold the back-wall and jambs of the fire-place, which were built out of flat rocks. The chimney was built out of split sticks, and what was called by the settlers "cat-and-clay," which was made of prairie grass thoroughly mixed with clay, there not being a single nail used in the construction







**A PIONEER LOG CABIN**



of the cabin. This is a very fair description of all pioneer cabins, except a large majority of the cabins contained only one room.

A yoke of oxen was used to drag up firewood into the door-yard, sometimes dragging up whole trees. As the Winters were very cold, it usually kept one person busy chopping wood and keeping fires going, as most of the heat escaped out of the chimney tops. All cabins were cold, and I remember many times, on waking up in the morning, finding my bed covered with snow, which had sifted through the clap-board roof, if it happened to snow during the night. Furniture being scarce, some of the settlers having no bedsteads, made what was called "Jackson bedsteads," by using a two-inch auger and boring holes in the cabin logs at head and foot in the corner of the room, to receive side and end poles used for bed railings. The post being used in the bedstead had holes bored in it to receive side and foot poles, and stood out in the room. A pole, hewed flat and pinned lengthwise of the log, made the other railing. Then clap-boards laid across on the poles completed the bedstead.

The cooking was all done by the fire-place; the utensils used were skillet and lids and an iron kettle, our principal food being corn-bread and pork. For sauce, we had wild grapes, gooseberries, plums, and crab-apples. The settlers having to go between seventy and eighty miles to mill, and for provisions, one would bring for the whole settlement. Often, two settlers would go together, and the women would stay with each other at nights while the men were



away. They usually made the trip with an ox-team, and never in a hurry. He knew he was welcome in the cabin of any settler. On his return, he divided his grist among the people along the route who were short of meal. He told all the news of the settlement from whence he came. The people in the early forties knew more about their neighbors forty miles away than do families now living in the same block. If there was a birth in the Des Moines Valley, we would know of it the first time any one from that settlement came along. If there was a death, everyone soon heard of it, and everyone was grieved. Although somewhat separated, the pioneers were in touch with one another.

Occasionally, settlers could procure some maple-sugar and dried venison from Indian traders, who used keel-boats passing up and down the river between Keokuk and Des Moines before steam-boating commenced. Their trading was principally with the Sac and Fox Indians, trading blankets, beads and other trinkets, for their furs, maple-sugar, and venison. Cloth to make wearing apparel, and leather for shoes was high-priced, and had to be brought a long distance. I give below a true copy of a bill of goods my father bought when living in Van Buren County, in 1840:

October 14, 1840.—R. Garden, Bought of  
M. Perry.

2¾ yds. Casonet @ \$1.37 per yard..\$3.77

6½ yds. Jeans, @ 1.12½ per yard 7.31½

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15 yds. Domestic @ 16 2-3 cts. per	
yard .....	2.50
2½ yds. Check @ 20 cts. per yard.....	.50
2 pairs Boys' Boots @ \$1.25 per pair	2.50
1 dozen Buttons .....	.12½
1 pair Lady's Boottees.....	1.62½
1 pair Boy's Boots.....	1.37½
14 pounds Salt .....	.43
	<hr/>
Total .....	\$20.24

You can see the difference of prices then and now, and could at the present time buy twice the amount of goods with the same money. Father managed to buy each of his children a pair of coarse shoes once a year. Often the ground would be frozen, and maybe a light snow, before we would get our shoes, but that never kept us indoors. We usually got but one suit of home-made jeans a year, which would be ornamented with a multitude of patches before we would be able to get the next suit; it might have been truthfully said that we belonged to the "Patch Family." Our mothers cut and made our clothes with scissors, needle and thread, usually doing all the work in the daytime, as the lights in use were poor, often using for a lamp a twisted piece of cloth for a wick on an old pie-pan filled with lard, which made a dark, weird light, hardly sufficient to do sewing by. But most every family had candle moulds, and when tallow could be obtained moulded candles, which made a much better light. Our mothers and sisters knitted all our yarn socks for Winter use, and

would braid wheat straw and make us hats for Summer use, which we were always glad to get. The girls were furnished with sun-bonnets when calico could be had. I want to say on behalf of the pioneer girl, that she was always ready to do her share of the burdens of her mother—milking and doing the chores, never being afraid of getting freckled or tanned by being out in the sun. After the shearing of the sheep, they would scour and pick the wool, and make it into rolls by using the hand-wool-cards, afterwards spinning rolls into yarn. They would color or dye the yarn to suit their fancy, then weave into linsey dress goods, which they would make into dresses of the latest style, doing all the work themselves. Thus, practically, taking the wool from the sheep's back and putting on their own, always cheerful and happy, giving everyone a warm greeting. Such were the pioneer girls.

The settlers, as a rule, were thinly clad, and their cabins cold, yet it is singular, but true, that there was but little sickness, except the ague, which seemed to be epidemic. Almost everybody had the ague in the Fall of the year. Often, all the members of one family would be bed-fast at once, so that one could not wait on the other. It was the old-fashioned, third-day ague, and after you would shake two or three hours, thinking you would shake to pieces, then you would be able to go around again until the usual hour, all the time getting paler and thinner in flesh. The pioneer doctor did not seem to know how to cure our ague, or hardly anything else, but if you did not die under his treatment you always got well!

Robert Randle told me once, that he had worked one Summer, in the forties, for Dr. E. A. Boyer, and as the Doctor did not have the money to pay him in full, gave him his note for twenty dollars, remarking as he handed him the note: "There, Bob, I will soon make that when the ague starts up here in the Fall."



## Chapter IV.

### The Land Beautiful



**WHEN** the first settlers arrived here, there was an old Indian trail running diagonally across the prairie from a sugar-tree camp on the river bluffs, half a mile below the mouth of Cedar Creek, to a sugar-camp one mile up the river and west of Talley's Ford, on the Des Moines. This trail had been made by the Indians when passing back and forth from one camp to the other when making the maple-sugar. This and one other trail, running up on the north side of the river to a large lake at the foot of the bluffs, east of where old Bellefontaine was afterwards located, were the only signs that man had ever been here, and which had been made by the Red Men who had occupied this wild region before the emigrating of the White Man, in 1843.

I wish I had the ability to describe this grand and beautiful country, as it was then in its natural beauty before the coming of the pioneer settler. The fine bodies of timber on the river bluffs and bottom-land and fringing the Des Moines, with the adjoining stretches of undulating prairies, bedecked in Springtime with the richest and choicest wild flowers, in all their native beauty. The Des Moines River, with its sloping banks covered with grass

down to its clear-as-crystal waters, flowing smoothly over its fine bed of gravel, full of numerous fish of various kinds, innumerable birds and water-fowls, including swans, pelicans, wild geese, black loons, and ducks of many different kinds, floating leisurely on the water, or resting on the numerous sandbars projecting out into the river. Deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, pigeons, pheasants, and wolves were plentiful.

I have seen as many as seven deer feeding on the prairie, near our cabin, in one bunch, half a mile southeast of Talley's Ford. The wolf and Indian seemed to be inseparable friends, as where one was the other was always found near by. The wolf would follow in the old Indian trails long after the Indians had all gone, seemingly lonesome.

With the beauty of the country, plenty of game, and abundance of wild fruit, seldom anyone became homesick. I don't remember of but one incident. When Nelson Cone and his brother-in-law had spliced teams and moved from Ohio, stopping over in the southern part of Jefferson Township, in 1843, having but the one wagon between them, his brother-in-law got homesick and wanted to return to the old home in Ohio. He asked Cone to divide the wagon with him, so he could use his part to move back. Cone, thinking he would discourage him, said all right, he would take a hand-saw and commence at the point of the tongue and divide the wagon by sawing it lengthwise. Then, picking up a stick, he made the remark, "I am going to toss this club up, and where it lights I will build my

cabin"; which he did. In later years he built a fine, modern residence very nearly on the identical spot where the stick he tossed up in 1843 fell. Besides serving one year as County Supervisor, Mr. Cone represented the county in the Legislature, in 1874.

The settlers in the forties had a happy custom, especially in the Winter time, of visiting and spending the long, Winter evenings with each other. A yoke of oxen was hooked to a long sled, taking the entire family, often remaining until after midnight. The big, wide-mouth fire-place would be heaped full of dry logs, five to six feet in length. The children would be given the freedom of the one room. What a jolly time we would have—wrestling, playing blind man's buff, tag and other games! Our parents would move their stools or chairs up before the big-log fire and enjoy themselves, telling each other of their childhood days, and all about their old homes that they had left far away in some Eastern State. Perhaps of father, mother, sisters, and brothers left behind, telling all the news and happenings in their neighborhood, and their future plans of the improvements they intended making on their cabins or claims. At about ten or eleven o'clock supper would be prepared, consisting of corn bread, pork, and coffee, sometimes molasses, stewed dried pumpkin and wild fruits, the cooking being all done by the fire-place, with skillet, and lid, and iron kettles.

These were happy times, which still linger with me in pleasant memory, but with the deepest sadness I think of the genial, true-hearted, honest, pioneer fathers and moth-

ers, who were the advance guards of civilization, to blaze the first trail through the wilds of Scott. With a very few exceptions, they have all passed to their long rest.

While attending the Old Settlers' and Soldiers' Reunion at Harvey, last Fall, I was asked if it was a fact that Scott was first named Jackson Township. Yes, it was a fact. In 1845 the County Commissioners divided Mahaska County into fourteen townships, 76, 77 and 78 north, 17 west. That part of township 75 north, 17 west, on the north side of the Des Moines River, was named Jackson. In the next preceding election, when General Scott ran for President, the township cast a solid vote for the veteran of the Mexican War. Dr. E. A. Boyer was commissioned to take the returns into the county officials, and to make the request that the name of the township be changed to that of Scott. He was asked for his petition, and he handed in the election returns, saying there was an unanimous and unmistakable petition. The joke was appreciated, and Jackson became Scott.

Dr. Boyer was a very useful man to have in the pioneer settlement. In the Fall, when most everybody had the chills and fever, he went whenever called on, far and near, never paying attention to roads or paths, never swerving from a bee-line from cabin to cabin. When he came to the Des Moines River he would spur his horse into the swift current and swim him across.

In 1846 Jesse Hallowell built a saw- and grist-mill, combined, on Cedar Creek, being the most-needed improvement in the country and settlement up to that time. The



mill was kept running steadily, and was patronized from a considerable distance, having patronage from the adjoining Counties of Monroe, Lucas, and Warren. Jesse Hallowell was a typical pioneer—jovial, honest, and industrious, and loved by everyone.

A little farther down, on the south side of the creek, lived Robert Smith, a big-hearted Irishman, well liked.

Below Smith's cabin, on the north side, and at the mouth of Cedar Creek, lived Ross Stansberry. He foresaw the necessity of having some road laws enacted, governing roads in the Territory. The idea was hooted at by the settlers, calling it one of Stansberry's hobbies. But he was firm in his belief, and wished to be sent to the Legislature for the purpose of introducing a road law, to have all state and county roads put in section and quarter-section lines, instead of roads following on the divides and highlands, and running diagonally through settlers' claims, as all roads did then, and state roads do yet. Little did the settlers think in that early day of what magnitude the road laws of Iowa would be in the near future, else they would not have thought his idea of road laws was a hobby. Stansberry at one time walked to mill down into Keokuk County, on Skunk River, procuring a half bushel of meal. After carrying the meal fifty or sixty miles, he stopped on his way home at the cabin of Hiram Covey. He asked Covey how he was fixed for bread-stuffs, saying if he was out, or short, he would divide with him. This kind of generosity was a common occurrence with the pioneer settlers in the forties.

E. Flanders was a '43 settler, a Yankee, and had peculiar ways. He employed Judge Crookham once to prosecute a suit he brought against one of his neighbors, telling the Judge if he won him the suit he would give him the "beft end" of a yoke of oxen.

There is no doubt but that the largest and finest body of timber in the Territory of Iowa was on the island bluffs of the Des Moines River, above Talley's Ford, comprising parts of Sections 11, 12, 13, and 14, Clay Township, Marlon County, and Sections 7 and 8, Scott Township, Mahaska County, making one dense forest of about two thousand acres of fine timber, composed of the following varieties: Black walnut, cottonwood, maple, white and red elm, ash, linn, burr oak, hackberry, honeylocust, and sycamore, with a dense profusion of wild grape vines, wild turkeys, pigeons, squirrels, 'coons, wolves, and occasionally a wild-cat, were plentiful in this timber.

Often in the Fall of the year, settlers, when hunting up their stock on the island, would get bewildered and lost. The writer remembers one incident, when a young lady by the name of Kate Geesey got lost in this heavy body of timber on the island, which turned out happily to her afterwards. Kate, at this time, lived with her parents in the Barker cabin, which was located on the claim that Frank Converse now lives on. She went on the island one evening to hunt for the cows, and soon got lost. After wandering around, getting farther away from home, it began to get dark. When tired out and almost ready to give up, she was overjoyed on hearing James Parson calling his

hogs over on the opposite side of the river from which she was on. Hurrying to the river bank, she called to him, telling him she was lost and could not find her way home. Taking his canoe, he paddled across the river to where she was, and took her to her home, although it was the first time they had ever met. After a short courtship, they were married. Both were of a jovial disposition. Jim always delighted in telling the people that the way he got his wife was by calling her up with his hogs.



## Chapter V.

### The Departure of the Red Man



IN THE years of 1844, when the first election was held in Mahaska County, there were but nine voting precincts organized at that time, including all adjacent territory as far as settled. North and West, no doubt, extended farther west than most people now realize, as the County Commissioners had jurisdiction extending as far as where the City of Des Moines is now located, as shown by one John Scott, paying into the County Treasury, in 1846, ten dollars for license to operate a ferry-boat across the Des Moines River at the mouth of Raccoon River, near Fort Des Moines.

Joseph Talley was licensed to run a ferry-boat across the Des Moines River at the newly laid-out Town of Bellefontaine, in Scott Township, on the same terms as that of John Scott above mentioned.

The Township lines in Mahaska County were run in 1843, but the section lines were not run and completed until 1845. In January of this year the Commissioners divided Mahaska County into fourteen townships, and at the succeeding election in the Fall of 1845, Jacob H. Majors was elected County Commissioner and Robert Garden Justice of the Peace, both elected in Scott. My father was the first Justice of the Peace elected in Scott Township.

In October, 1845, the Sac and Fox Indians's rights to the occupation of any territory within the bounds of Iowa ceased forever. It marked the abandonment of this great territory, which had long been the favorite hunting ground of the Red man, to the white brother and the inauguration of the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, where once was heard only the howl of the wolf, and the war-whoop of the Indian. The aged men and squaws, with their children, were transported from Fort Des Moines overland to Nebraska, while the middle-aged and young bucks were moved by canoe down the Des Moines river to the Mississippi river, where it has been claimed that they were loaded onto steamboats and transported by the Government down the Mississippi, thence up the Missouri river to a point opposite Canesville then, but where Council Bluffs is now.

The writer remembers distinctly the day the Indian fleet of canoes passed our cabin on the river half mile below Talley's ford. They extended up and down the river as far as one could see. It was a magnificent sight, as they were racing and jabbering in their language, seemingly light-hearted and happy. But, doubtless, the Red man felt many regrets at leaving so fair a land, and who can even imagine his thoughts as he paddled his little canoe down the Des Moines and looked his last upon the land of his fathers. No doubt even at that early date, the Indian had begun to feel that inexorable command, "Move On!" which the Caucasian brother has always applied to the Red man. That was only sixty-two years ago, and behold the change!

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Verily, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

It was estimated that there were between five and six hundred Indians in the fleet. It has been claimed by some persons that the Indians, when they came to the big bend in the river below Talley's Ford, called the Boyer Bend, took their canoes out of the water and transported them across the bend. This evidently was a mistake, as the writer was there at the time the Indians were passing, and remembers very well of seeing them pass around the bend in their canoes. It would have delayed them to have undertaken to transport their canoes across the bend, as a portion of the bend was covered with a heavy growth of timber and underbrush.

Early in the morning of the day that the Indian fleet passed, father had taken our canoe across the river, where he had gone to help a neighbor get out a set of house logs for a cabin. Mother, fearing that the Indians would steal our canoe, took us boys with her and went down opposite to where father had left the canoe. We arrived there just in time to catch two Indians who had waded ashore in the act of taking our canoe. When mother hallooed to them they left our canoe and waded back to their own, amid an outburst of laughter from the other Indians, Ben, my older brother, waded across the river after our canoe. While passing through the Indian fleet the Indians, thinking they could scare him, would paddle their canoe straight towards him, like they intended to run over him, but would turn off to one side when getting near him.

## Chapter VI.

### The Majors' War



IN THE first settling in this part of Mahaska County, in Scott Township, the settlers organized into a club for the mutual protection of the settlers' claims, to prevent encroachment of land speculators, until settlers could procure sufficient money to enter their land. As this organization existed in Scott Township, I will give their resolutions, which will explain themselves:

"Resolved, That if any person, or persons, shall enter the claim of any settler, that he or they shall immediately deed it back again to said settler, and wait three years without interest.

"Resolved, That if he refuses to comply with the above requisition, he shall be subject to such punishment as the settlers see fit to inflict.

"Resolved, That we will remove any persons who may enter the claim of any settler and settle upon it peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, even if their removal should lead to bloodshed, being compelled to do so for our own common safety, that we may not be driven by ruthless speculators from our firesides and homes.

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to settle all difficulties that may arise.

"Resolved, That if any settler who may have signed these by-laws refuses to render service when called upon by the proper officers, and without reasonable excuse.

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shall be fined the sum of ten dollars, to be divided among those who may have rendered the services necessary."

By this club organization carrying out and living up to their resolutions and by-laws, was the cause of what was termed the "Major's War," or trouble, in Scott Township, in 1848. Mr. Majors, being a man of means, did not need any protection on his claim, consequently did not join the club. The Majors family, consisting of several brothers, two sisters, and a widowed mother, emigrated to Scott Township in 1843. Jacob H. Majors, being the most prominent of the family, and desiring to locate his relatives in his neighborhood, knowing of this club organization. It seems singular, but true, that he would take the advantage of his neighbors' financial condition, and enter their claims. However, he did enter the claims of John Gillaspie, Jacob Miller, and Peter Parsons. All those neighbors had voted and given him their support, helping him to the office that he was holding at the time, County Commissioner. He seems to have not realized what the consequences would be, which he found out later on, to his sorrow. The club held a meeting, and passed resolutions denouncing his actions, and decided on a general coercive movement to force a settlement, if Majors did not give in. Upon a certain appointed date, the several neighborhood clubs met at Majors' house, to find him gone to Oskaloosa. A messenger was sent desiring his presence for a peaceable settlement, but he was fearless and incorrigible, and did not make his appearance. Most of the club camped on the ground, and in the morning set some



of Major's outbuildings on fire. Hearing of the destruction of his property, he promised to deed the land in dispute back to the claimants. On this promise the club dispersed. Here he made a grave mistake, by violating his promises, and secured warrants for the arrest of the leaders of the club. Then the indignation against Majors was widely spread, and of such intensity that prudence kept Majors out of the way of the settlers. A rendezvous for the settlers was appointed at Durham's Ford, and on a certain Sunday morning they assembled there in large numbers. Here they remained until Monday morning, when between two and three hundred settlers started for Oskaloosa. On arriving at the county-seat, they found that Majors was secreted, but his friends, seeing the determination of the club to have Majors, and fearing violence, proposed to the band that they would insist on Majors giving a guarantee to deed the land back if they would disperse, which was done. On communicating to Majors their promise to the settlers, they requested him to select someone to give as security. Van Delashmutt then, by Majors' request, went his security for the fulfillment of his promise, and the club returned to their home, and Majors made the deeds.

After Majors had made the deeds, here the matter might have rested, if Majors had been a man of any discretion. But the desire for revenge was strong, and nursing his wrongs only sent the iron deeper into his soul. He had his brother, John G. Majors, go before Esquire Garden, make complaint, and swear out a warrant. I have

a copy of the warrant, which was written on a plain sheet of paper, now yellow with age, it being fifty-nine years old. It is, perhaps, the first warrant issued in Scott Township, of which the following is a copy:

State of Iowa, Mahaska County, ss.  
To Any Constable In Said County, Greeting:—

Whereas, complaint has been made before me, a Justice of the Peace, of the Township of Scott, in said County, on the oath of John J. Majors, that on the sixth day of July, 1848, L. C. Conrey, John Gillispie, and a number of others, assembled at the house of Jacob H. Majors, in said County, for the purpose of violence, you are therefore, in the name of said State of Iowa, commanded to take L. C. Conrey, John Gillispie, and such others as may be found in said assembly, and then forthwith bring before me, or some other Justice of the Peace, to answer to said complaint, and be further dealt with, according to law.

Given under my hand this seventh day of July, 1848.

ROBERT GARDEN,  
Justice of the Peace.

By settlers furnishing friendly information to parties named in the warrant, they had little difficulty in evading arrest, the sheriff being on the side of the accused. Majors' obstinacy angered the club, and they concluded to try harsh measures. About this time, Majors was employed in a sawmill belonging to Jesse Hallowell, located near the mouth of Cedar Creek. A committee of the club were sent after him, with instructions to seize him and bring him to Knoxville. Majors was there, sawing his own lumber, and carried a gun. Great caution was necessary in making the arrest, without bloodshed. After secreting themselves nearby in the timber, a decoy was sent to the

mill to engage his attention until the others could steal in and seize him. The ruse was successful. While the stranger was making inquiry regarding some stray horses, which he pretended to be hunting, he got between Majors and his gun. Then his comrades rushed upon him and carried him out of the mill, tied him on a horse, and set out for Knoxville. On their arrival there, the other committee took charge of the prisoner. This committee had blackened their faces, and were prepared to conceal their identity. Taking him about one mile north of town, here the committee stripped him of his clothing and applied a coat of tar and feathers to his naked body; over this they drew his clothing, and completed the job by adding another coat of the same. With repeated admonitions not to attempt any further prosecution, Majors was allowed to return home, from which "dearest spot on earth" he finally abandoned the field to his enemies, sold out, and moved to Missouri, and the warrant was returned, not served.

The writer does not know of but two of those sturdy 1843 pioneers now living who banded together with their neighbors for the purpose of protecting each other and their homes and firesides against the ruthless speculator. Their names are Chas. H. Durham, now of Durham, Iowa, and Green T. Clark, now living in Pella, Iowa. Charlie, being the youngest of the club, was delegated to stay out in the timber to hold the horses, while the balance of those present went into the mill to escort Majors out. By the protection afforded by this organized club, some of the settlers did not prove up on their claims for three or four

years after settling on them; that is why some patents have been issued and dated so long after the land had been occupied.

I have one patent issued to father for a fractional piece of land, dated in 1848, signed by James K. Polk, President. I give here a copy of style of tax receipt used in early days, and probably the first one issued to my father, written on a small slip of paper:

Received of Robert Garden his taxes for the year 1846 in full.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, June 7, 1846.

G. W. BAER, T. M. C.



## Chapter VII.

### The First Town Laid Out.



THE FIRST town in Scott Township was laid out at Talley's Ford, on the west bank of the Des Moines River, by Nathan Gregory and Ezra H. Thissell, August 24, 1846; and the first log cabin erected in the town was built by Ezra Thissell, with a log shed addition. One room was for a residence, the addition for a store room. Mrs. Malinda Thissell was the first woman to live in the new town. To her was given the honor of naming the town, which she named Bellefontaine, that being the name of a town in Ohio near where she had resided before moving to Iowa. Thissell opened a grocery store, it being the first store in Scott Township, in his log cabin. The stock of goods consisted mostly of sugar and whisky, he putting in a barrel of each, besides coffee, molasses, tobacco, and a few other necessary articles. His store was a big boom for the settlement, Eddyville having been the closest place, sixteen miles, where settlers had to get their groceries and provisions. All goods were hauled with teams one hundred and thirty miles, from Keokuk, which was the nearest point. When goods could be obtained, as roads were bad, having never been worked, it frequently took from three to

four weeks to make the round trip. Luckily, Thissell owned a three-horse team of his own, and did most all of his own hauling, thus he rarely ever was out of goods that the settlers were in need of.

In the same year, 1846, Joseph Talley built and put in operation a ferry-boat, which did away with the method necessarily adopted prior to this date, that of swimming the teams across the river and transporting the wagons, piece by piece, with rafts and canoes. The ferry-boat was operated with oars and poles, it taking considerable skill, but the genuine pioneer was equal to the occasion.

William F. Morris was the first blacksmith to locate and build a shop in the town.

Dr. Brady was the first doctor to locate in the town. He soon afterwards formed a partnership with Dr. Boyer, the firm being Boyer & Brady.

The first school taught in Scott Township, and in the town, was a subscription school taught by John Thompson, in a log house that Eli Leggitt built near the river, on the east side of the street, near the west end of where the river bridge is now located, by settlers paying so much per scholar and board, the teacher boarding around among the parents of the pupils.

Father, being selected to act as Treasurer, Thompson made out each settler's bill for teaching, and left it with him for the settlers to pay their several amounts. I give here the original bill made out by the teacher sixty-one years ago, which I have, and to show by comparison the amount paid for teaching then and now:

J. E. UTTER, DR.	
To John Thompson, for schooling.....	\$ 3.50
JACOB DOUGHMAN, DR.	
To John Thompson, for schooling.....	3.29
R. GARDEN, DR.	
For schooling.....	3.91
Total.....	\$10.70

I don't think there was, at that time, but the three families in the settlement who sent children to the first school, or perhaps there were but the three families in the settlement who had children to send. Mr. Thompson taught three months for the above amount, ten dollars and seventy cents, and thus received three dollars and fifty-six and two-thirds cents per month, and his board.

In the next year, 1847, the neighbors clubbed together and built a nice, hewed-log schoolhouse, with puncheon floors, and desks and seats of the same. A man named Gooseman taught the second subscription school, and a good one, as he was well qualified, a fine penman, and an expert in making goose-quill pens, those being the only kind of pens in use.

Those were happy school-days. We had a spelling-school once a week, at night, and on Christmas morning the larger scholars would get up early in the morning and go to the schoolhouse and shut the teacher out, barricading the door, and not let him in until he agreed to treat with candy.

The second schoolhouse built in Scott Township was built in the Howard Settlement, northwest of where Olivet

now is, on the southeast corner of Wm. Garrett's claim, near R. V. Clark's cabin. It was called "Buzzard Roost Schoolhouse." Why it was called "Buzzard Roost" is a query to some of us old settlers.

There was a very pleasant custom here in the early days, of the young men and boys getting together on Christmas Eve and going from house to house serenading, using our fathers' old squirrel rifles, tin pans, horse-fiddles, and dumb-bulls. The latter two instruments are home-made, and if you should want to know what they are like, and how they are made, ask some old settler, as I have not the time nor space to spare to give the details of the mechanical construction of either, but can vouch for their efficiency in noise-producing. The neighbors always gave us a cordial greeting, inviting us in and treating to pie and cake.

The early settlers also had a happy custom of helping at log cabin raisings, wood choppings and rail splittings. Invariably, the women, according to custom, would have a quilting at the same time. No special invitations were given to anyone. Everybody knew they were welcome and expected to attend these happy gatherings, the men folks to fetch their axes, and the women to bring their needles and thimbles. Those social events were enjoyed by the settlers more like a holiday than a day of labor. At night the young folks would remain and enjoy themselves dancing, lasting, often, until early morning. No one can imagine the pleasure those happy events afforded these light-hearted, young pioneer settlers in meeting at these



gatherings. Aside from the spelling schools being the only amusement afforded them, a walk of three or four miles by the young men and women was thought nothing unusual, and the fellow who escorted his best girl home after the dance was over often went three or four miles in the opposite direction from where he lived. He generally was late for breakfast the next morning after his walk.

The writer remembers well the first time he ever attended one of these early dances, which was at a rail splitting and quilting, given by Mr. and Mrs. Nate Steadman, on his claim, which was afterwards owned and occupied until his death by Uncle John Eveland. Mr. Steadman cut and hauled the rail cuts out of his timber on the river bottom and distributed the logs around a ten-acre piece of land, where they were split into rails and built into a fence around the ten-acre patch in one day. As it was the usual custom to have a dance at night, we were to have a candy pulling. After the molasses was cooked sufficiently to pull, it was set outdoors to cool, and being so interested in dancing, was forgotten. Mr. Steadman had, in the Spring, caught on the river bluff a young fawn, which he kept as a pet. On going out after the taffy, it was discovered that the pet deer had eaten a good share of it.

As was customary, after the dance the hat was passed for the purpose of taking up a collection to pay the fiddler. On counting the donation there was found to be in all thirty-three cents collected, this amount being satisfactory to the fiddler. Knowing the boys to be liberal-hearted,

there was no question but what this amount was probably all they had.

In pleasant memory I recall two other incidents where we had wood choppings and the women quiltings, and danced at night. These were at the cabin of Mrs. Margaret Matthews. She having had the misfortune to lose her husband, who died here in early days, leaving her to care and provide for a family of five small children, four boys and one girl. She had her boys to make stick quail traps, and after trapping the quail this good woman dressed and saved them, so at the first wood chopping given at her home she had a nice cooked quail put on each person's plate who was present. At another time, when at a wood chopping at her place, she had a hen's egg shell full of maple sugar placed by each dinner plate, having no other refreshments. Sometimes during the evening hazel nuts would be passed around.

With all the hardships that we had to contend with, of being poorly clad and living in the cold log cabins, I think that all the young people of pioneer days that are still living will agree with me that those pioneer days were the happiest days that we ever experienced during our whole lifetime.

Ezra A. Thissell received the appointment as postmaster at Bellefountaine, in 1847, becoming the first postmaster in Scott Township, the office being kept on a table placed in the center of the room in his cabin, where all the mail was made up, dispatched, and distributed. On the arrival of the mail, the settlers would gather around the table

while the postmaster would look the letters over, there scarcely ever being any newspapers received at the office. When through with the distribution, the mail would be left lying on the table, and often, a settler on coming to the office for mail, would walk up to the table and examine, by looking through the mail, to ascertain if there were any letters for him, thus saving the postmaster the trouble of looking for him.

A. M. Barker, living over the line in Section 14, Clay Township, Marion County, was appointed the first mail carrier. He carried the mails on horse-back between Oskaloosa and Knoxville, and would make the round trip from Bellefontaine to Oskaloosa and back as far as home the first day, keeping the mail out at home over night, and the next day he would continue on his trip to Knoxville and return as far as home. When the roads were not too bad we would receive mail twice a week.

Joe Thissell, a brother of Ezra, opened up, for the convenience of the public travel, and others, a hotel in Bellefontaine, in 1847, being the first public hotel in Scott Township, which did a good business from the start, especially after the overland stage-coach line was put into operation, carrying mail and passengers. The stage would arrive at the Thissell Hotel, in Bellefontaine, at about noon each day, and while the passengers were taking dinner the stage-driver would change teams. The writer knows at one time this hotel property sold for the snug sum of two thousand dollars, in ready cash—more than any half-section of land would sell for at that time in

Scott. A. J. Hughes purchased the property, and became proprietor and second landlord of the hotel, and later on traded the property to Joe Morgan for a good one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm in Section 12, Liberty Township, Marion County.

There is no question in the minds of the early settlers, but what Bellefontaine, with the advantages of location, being situated on the river at a good, smooth, shallow, rocky ford, with a good ferry-boat in operation when the water in the river was too deep for fording, with a continuous passing of emigrants west on the State road, which run through the town east and west, together with the stage-line and steamboat facilities, should have been a city of no small dimensions. That it was not, can be charged to the selfishness of the business men located in the town, who obtained and got control of all the town lots, thereby keeping all business enterprises out. Had it not been for this, and the town had not been handicapped in this way, Bellefontaine would have stood a better chance than it did in securing the location of the State Capital. It is not generally known, but nevertheless true, that when the Fifth General Assembly, which convened at Iowa City, on December 4, 1854, passed an Act to re-locate the State Capital, that on the first ballot taken on a new location, Bellefontaine came within one vote of being the choice and of securing the location.

The first camp-meeting ever held in Scott Township was in 1847, on the ridge of white oak timber east of Bellefontaine and along the old government trail running be-

tween Fort Madison and Fort Des Moines. The meeting was held in Section 20, on the farm now owned and occupied by E. A. Benacoter. Timber being scattering and clear of underbrush, and grass continued growing on the ridge for a time after the Indians had disappeared, thus making an ideal place to hold a camp-meeting.

At that time deer could be seen feeding for a distance of three or four hundred yards away through the open timber. But in a very few years after the annual Indian prairie fire, became extinct. A heavy growth of sprouts grew up, being mostly oak, so thick and dense that you could scarcely see a cow feeding ten paces away. All of the young timber now growing on the ridges, bluffs and rough lands along the Des Moines River and Cedar Creek, from the size of a man's arm up to fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, have all grown to their present size since the Red Man retired and the White Man took possession and settled up the country.

It has been claimed by some writers, that army supplies in early days had been shipped up the Des Moines River to Fort Des Moines by steamboat. This evidently is a mistake, as the oldest settlers can't remember of seeing any steamboats passing on the river in the earliest settling of the country. They do remember, however, of seeing a well-beaten wagon trail which come up through the Six Mile bottom and passed along on the ridge east and north of Bellefontaine, made by Government teams while hauling army supplies from Fort Madison to Fort Des Moines. Although the land is occupied, cleared up, and

the old trail obliterated by cultivation, the writer could accurately locate and follow up the old trail at the present time. Deer, being so plentiful, it seems singular to say, but true, with but one exception, that of John T. Doughman, there were but very few of the old settlers in the early forties who hunted and killed very many deer. I know my father did not even own a gun, but "Uncle John," as he was familiarly called and known to every one, in season hunted and killed deer, and usually kept his family well supplied with venison. He emigrated here with his family, coming from the old Hoosier State, in 1847, buying of Jim Tong his claim, located in Section 25, Clay Township, Marion County. The thriving town of Tracy is located and built upon the northeast forty acres of his old claim.

To me still lingers in pleasant memory the time when visiting on a Winter's evening, fifty-five years ago, we would gather around the cheerful, log fire built in the old fireplace at Uncle John's log cabin, and of hearing him relating and telling to us boys of his many exploits in trilling and hunting deer.



## Chapter VIII.

### Farming in Those Early Days.



WHEN father began farming on our farm he had one good yoke of oxen, one horse, besides one milch cow, and one linch-pin wagon. This, I think, is a fair inventory of what the average settler had to begin farming with. One drove the oxen, while one held the plow, plowing probably in all ten or fifteen acres of ground for the corn, this being an average crop of corn planted in the settlement. The oxen, having performed their part of the labor, were then turned loose on the commons, to roam at will. Then the marking off of the corn ground would begin with the one horse and shovel-plow. After marking off the ground one way, when commencing to cross-mark, the entire family would cheerfully turn out and help plant the corn. Usually, the girls would do the dropping and the men and boys would cover the corn with hoes. As soon as the corn came up and got big enough to plow, it was tended with the one horse and single-shovel plow. By the time one plowed a crop over three times, and by going three times in the middle of each row, you can readily see that it required as much labor to tend and raise ten acres of corn, as it would to tend forty or fifty acres now with the improved methods. By not feeding any stock for market, and not having any market for corn, the settlers with

this small acreage of corn usually raised plenty to do them for bread and to feed their stock through the Winter.

Finding that Fall wheat did well and made a good quality of grain, the settlers began raising wheat, in a small way. When it came time to harvest the wheat it was all cut with the cradle, raked and bound by hand, the cradle being a big improvement over the old method of reaping-hook or sickle, which were only used in taking up down grain. After harvesting the wheat, the next in order was in leveling up and clearing off a place for tramping out the wheat with horses, usually using a yoke of oxen and a two-wheel cart with rack on for hauling in the shock wheat to the thrashing or tramping yard, there never being any wheat stacked.

The writer remembers of one time when helping my older brother, Ben, in hauling in shock wheat, that he did the pitching of the grain in the field, and I did the loading onto the cart, and after hauling in a load to the thrashing yard, of seeing a large rattlesnake about three and a half feet long, crawl down and out of the load that we had just brought in from the field. This was not thought unusual, as rattlesnakes were very plentiful in the early days, as were a great many other varieties of snakes.

After the harvesting was done, preparations were made for doing the thrashing of the wheat out of the shock, there being no grain put into stack. Settlers would exchange work in thrashing time, much the same as farmers do now. Instead of a steam-thrasher being used, as now, the wheat was thrashed by tramping it out of the straw with horses, usually using four horses and two boys. Each



boy would ride one horse and lead the other horse abreast, tramping around in a circle, the men using pitch-forks, oftentimes of home manufacture, out of a forked stick, to turn the wheat that was being tramped, bottom side up and top side underneath, while the horses would continue tramping, until the wheat was all tramped out of the straw. Then the horses and boys would get a rest while the wheat and straw were being separated, after which the wheat would be raked up in a pile in the center of the thrashing floor. Then the same process would be gone through with as before, until the thrashing was completed. Flails were only being used when settlers had buckwheat to thrash. The wheat was cleaned by "winding." One person would stand on a high block of wood, using buckets filled with wheat handed up to him. He would pour the wheat out of the bucket in a small stream, and if a good wind should be blowing it would blow most of the chaff out from the wheat. The cleaning process could be finished by fanning the wheat with a bed-quilt, two men taking hold of the four corners of the quilt, then fanning, while the wheat was being poured from a bucket as before.

However, new methods were being introduced to supersede the old. Someone brought into the settlement a thrashing machine called a "chaff piler," it being a cylinder encased and mounted on two wheels, and fitted up with a feed-table. It was run by horse-power. The straw, chaff, and wheat would come out at the tail-end of the machine together. Two men with pitchforks would separate the straw from the wheat.

Moses Nowels, who settled over in Jefferson Township,

in April, 1843, owned the first fanning-mill that was ever brought into the settlement, if not in the county. He told the writer, a short time before his death, that he had the fanning-mill brought up the Des Moines River on a steam-boat from Keokuk, the mill being used by the settlers within a radius of eight and ten miles, until it was worn out. The new and improved methods of chaff-piler and fanning-mills lessened the labor greatly of the settlers in taking care of the small grain.

The period had now arrived when Scott Township began to be settled up very rapidly, as was evinced by numerous new, log cabins that could be seen dotting the prairie valleys near the timber and streams. The addition of those new arrivals was pleasant as well as convenient, as oftentimes when we had let the fire get out in the fireplace, some one of the family would have to go to the nearest neighbors after a brand of fire to rebuild a new fire at home. If matches had been invented at that time, the settlers did not know it and did not have any to use. The flint, with steel and punk, were carried and used by everyone. Especially was this the case with the tobacco smoker, who lighted his pipe by using the steel and flint.

Sometime in the latter part of the forties, some genius made himself immortal by discovering in Cedar Creek Bluffs, opposite Jesse Hallowell's mill, a strata of fine, light-blue clay, which made a good whitewash when mixed with water to the consistency of white-wash, and which would not rub off when dry. The women and children would then make it up by the bucketful, and by using a broom as a substitute for a white-wash brush, they would

white-wash the interior of the cabin, and sometimes the outside, giving it a nice, clean and cheerful appearance.

Something like metropolitan airs began to prevail among the settlers. For the first years we occasionally had a meal of wheat bread and biscuits on Sundays; but now we usually had a mess of wheat bread once a day, sometimes oftener.

The first market the settlers had for wheat they received from forty to fifty cents per bushel for it in trade, by hauling the same to Eddyville. Calico sold at that time at thirty-five to forty cents per yard, and was very scarce at that. The merchant who had in stock a few bolts of calico was looked upon as a merchant prince royal. Often settlers would exchange a bushel of wheat for a yard of calico, and would often take ten or twelve bushels of wheat to market, exchanging for that many yards of calico for a dress pattern for the good wife, which would be made up into a dress of latest style and laid by for Sunday use, she being envied by her neighbors when she would appear at meeting, held at the log schoolhouse, with her bright-colored, new calico on.

The first market settlers had for their hogs, was in the latter part of the forties, when Dan Corwin and Dick Butcher built a packing-house at Eddyville and commenced buying dressed hogs, paying from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per hundred, delivered at their house in Eddyville. Settlers would butcher one day and on the next day would deliver their hogs to market, usually making the trip with an ox team and sled.

## Chapter IX.

### The Argonauts of '49



**I**N 1849 gold was discovered in California. It was months before the news of the same reached Scott Township. When it did arrive, the gold-fever rose to a high degree, and spread rapidly among most of the pioneer settlers, who were wild to try their luck at digging gold on the far-away Pacific slope. The only means at this time of reaching this new Eldorado was by crossing the great plains by overland route. This meant a long, tedious journey of months in duration, in great caravans or companies, with horse or ox teams (usually the latter) as the mode of conveyance. An outfit of five or six yoke of oxen, a well-built, covered wagon, with needful arms, ammunition, tools, clothing, cooking utensils, camping outfits, and provisions for at least six months, was an expenditure not everyone could afford, and deterred many from the undertaking, but not all. The most resolute would form a squad, say of from five to six, or even more members, and would join their possessions in common, and thus meet the expenditures necessary, and in due time, all being ready, would bid good-bye to their families and friends, and launch forth on the perilous journey.

Among those who left Scott and went to the Golden State in this way were the following, viz: My father, Jeremiah E. Utter, Jacob Doughman, Robert Smith, Isaac and Riley Jones and the writer's two uncles, Samuel and Isaac Harris, the latter four being single men. They made the trip in safety, but four of these venturesome, brave men never returned, father being one of the number. Not all of them met with the success they anticipated. Father would continue writing encouraging letters to mother, saying he felt in hopes, and expected he would yet strike it rich, telling us when he did, of the many comfortable improvements he intended making when he would get home. He continued working heroically in the mines. I shall never forget that bright, clear, November morning, while in camp with my Company and Regiment, the Third Iowa Infantry, at Bolivar, Tennessee, when my Orderly Sergeant handed me a letter, just arrived from my dear mother at home. Besides her tear-stained letter enclosed to me, she had sent a letter from my uncle, in California, to her, notifying her of the sad news of the accident, that father had been killed in the mines on October 16, 1861. This was the saddest day to me in all my life up to that time, and doubly so to mother, as she now looked to me as the head of the family, and being so far from home, and in the army, she more than ever dreaded that she might at any time hear that I had been killed in battle.

My uncle, Sam Harris, remained and died in California, and of the other two, Doughman and Utter, who never returned, the writer never knew what became of them. .

In after years, in conversation with Dr. E. A. Boyer, he said that if he had known of father's death and could have reached there, he would have made the trip all the way to California to attend the funeral, thus showing that the first early pioneer settlers had more than a fraternal love and feeling for one another.

One of the great routes of travel taken by the tens of thousands of people who made the trip to California, led directly through Mahaska County, crossing the Des Moines River at Talley's Ferry, and following the State road westward, thus passing directly through Scott Township. For days and weeks together there was an unending stream of emigrants pouring westward over this route. At Talley's Ford the crowd was so great that the ferry-boat was kept running day and night, and even then some of these outfits would lie in camp a whole week, awaiting their turn to cross. Besides the excitement and interesting sights, those great caravans brought a good deal of money. Supplies of all kinds had to be bought, and these, especially feed and grain, brought good prices. In this way it proved a great benefit to those who had these things for sale. It was a long time, however, after the passing of these emigrants, before things settled back to their old-time conditions, if it ever did this again, which is a matter of doubt.

## Chapter X.

### The Big Flood of '51



THE history of Scott Township and the Des Moines River are inseparably connected. This stream, passing through its bounds, authorities differ as to the meaning of the name, Des Moines, and it is defined as meaning the "River of the Monks," and again as the "River of the Mounds." The etymology of the word seems somewhat mystified. As to the river itself, a high authority speaks thusly:

"Iowa has the beautiful Des Moines River, on which her citizens delight to bestow their eulogies. More has been said, done, and thought about this river than all the rest of the rivers in the State. In beauty of scenery, productiveness of soil and mineral wealth, and the many things that attract attention and add comfort to man, the Valley of the Des Moines is not surpassed by any locality in the world."

This extract bears the stamp of exact truth in every line and word. The scenery along the river itself has changed materially, since the great flood of 1851, and the numerous ones that have occurred since that date as well, also by the sweeping away of so much of the once great

forest that grew upon its banks. The first settlers in Scott seemed to cling persistently to its banks, or in their immediate vicinity. Those who settled on the rich bottomlands of Scott felt perfectly secure in their possessions till the flood of 1851 set in. The disallusion came, surely, swiftly, and to some almost as a calamity. No one expected or was prepared for it in the least. The early Spring did not indicate a wet season, and people used the opportunity to plow the land and put in crops, as usual. These promised well. In early June the rains set in, and it continued to rain until the streams were filled to overflowing. The river rose till it was bank-full, and no one seemed fearful that it could rise much higher. But it still rained, and the water still rose, until all the lowlands were covered, and the Des Moines was a raging torrent, spreading from bluff to bluff, and enveloping everything in its pathway. People managed to get to high ground, in skiffs and canoes, but in most cases they left everything behind them—houses, furniture, and stock. Cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses were lost. After about two weeks, the water receded, and some ventured back into their houses, to be a second time forced to seek the higher grounds on the overflowed lands. All crops were ruined. Along in July a second crop of corn was put in, and thus something, though not the best, was procured. But not only did those suffer along the streams, for the discomfort, inconvenience, and loss were wide-spread. Even on the high lands it was almost impossible to work the ground, on account of so much rain. Roads were impassable, business of all kinds



was at a stand-still. Not a mill in the country could turn a wheel to make breadstuff. Haymaker's and Hollowell's mills, on Cedar Creek, were both silent on account of the high water, and so the populace, not in part, but in whole, had to resort to all kinds of make-shifts to supply themselves with bread. Everybody had to live on corn bread, and for the want of other means, I will here relate the various ways resorted to in procuring meal for bread. A Mr. Bozier, living west of Bellefontaine, dug out a hollow or basin in a hard oak stump standing near his cabin, and after making a sweep-pole, he fastened an iron wedge into the end of the pole, thus making a pestle, putting a pin through the pole for a handle to operate the sweep. After beating the corn it was sifted. About half would do to make coarse bread, the balance, hominy. Some people used the old style coffee-mills that were pinned to one of the cabin logs. But the most efficient and favorite way of making meal was by using an old utensil made of tin, such as a pail, pan, or the like, cutting it asunder and bending it into the form like a common nutmeg-grater. But before bending, it was punched full of holes (usually with an old nail), and then bent and attached to a piece of board of convenient size. After boiling the ears of corn, to prevent the corn from shelling off the cob, this corn-grater was the most speedy way of making a coarse meal for breadstuff. No one had a monopoly of this style of grinding the meal. Every family had its mill and its miller, and there was no waiting turns to get a grist. Corn was very scarce and sold readily for one dollar per bushel.

The Des Moines "Gazette," of June 25, 1851, in commenting on the scarcity of provisions, quoted flour at \$14.00 per barrel, and corn at \$1.25 per bushel. There being no flour here, there were no prices quoted on it. But suppose corn here to-day was worth \$3.00 per bushel—would not people consider it high-priced and scarce? But it would not be any higher, comparatively, than it was in 1851, for fifty cents a day was the best wages paid to any in those days. Up until the Civil War if a man worked two days at fifty cents per day, he would be able to buy one bushel of corn in 1851. Now, at this time, 1907, he can get \$1.50 per day for work, and if he worked two days, at \$1.50, he would be able to buy one bushel of corn at \$3.00 per bushel. You can readily see that corn, in 1851, worth \$1.00 per bushel, was just as cheap as corn would be to-day at \$3.00 per bushel, all on account of the difference in labor then and now.

One cause of corn being scarce in early days, the amount of acreage put out was small, and cribs would be empty. When Spring came, as the custom was, all stock was turned loose on the range, running at large until Fall. No one ever thought of such a thing as a failure of crops, never dreaming of the Des Moines overflowing their farm on the river bottoms. Their confidence in never failing to get a crop was the cause of so little corn in the settlement when the '51 flood did come, thus showing that corn was scarce, instead of plentiful, as has been stated.

## Chapter XI.

### Incident of the Flood of '51



HERE is one incident of the flood of 1851 that I desire to relate. Father being in California at the time of the flood, James, my oldest brother, was a mute, but was a good, sturdy, hard-working fellow. Benjamin, next older, was 17 and acknowledged head of the family. I was next oldest and 11. Knowing that some of our hogs were on the overflowed river bottoms, somewhere in the timber, when the flood came, Ben went to Bellefontaine and borrowed a large skiff, fitted with two sets of oars. Taking me with him, we pulled out into the flood and went on to the overflowed bottom to hunt for and to see if we could find and save some of our hogs. We found a bunch huddled together on a small patch of dry ground, of about ten feet square, at least a mile and a half from home, on what was called here in early days, sand prairies, near where the new B. & W. iron railroad bridge now crosses the Des Moines River. It was almost dark before we got the hogs caught, tied and loaded into the boat, having about a mile of very heavy timber to go through between there and home. But night overtook us about the time we got into the timber. The foliage on the limbs of the trees was so dense and

thick, together with the underbrush, and it being so intensely dark we could not row our skiff. Ben undertook to wade through the water and tow the boat, but finding the water too deep to wade, we finally concluded that we would have to tie up the boat to a tree and remain over night in the flood; our clothing being all wet, and as we were cold, we huddled down among the hogs. When we did not return home, mother notified the neighbors, who gathered at our cabin. It being dark, they advised that all they could do was to build several fires along the water's edge, thinking we might be where we could see them, but finally deciding that they could not do anything until daylight, they went home, promising mother that they would come back early next morning and bring boats to search for us. No one can imagine what anguish our mother experienced, sitting there at the water's edge all night long, listening to the roar of the mighty flood of water, as it rushed through the timber, hoping against hope that we might still be alive and would get home safely. Then the joy she experienced when, about sunrise next morning, she saw the bow of our boat coming out through the timber three-quarters of a mile away in the flood.

When our real hard work begun our skiff was loaded down to within four or five inches of the top of the boat, and we had a long pull before reaching land, across a fearfully swift current of water, full of logs and driftwood. Ben said to me: "Now, Bob, you must be careful and watch and don't let any logs or driftwood catch on to your oars. Be sure and keep stroke with me, for between here and

home lies the greatest danger of sinking our boat." Finally, after almost two hours of hard work, we succeeded in getting through the current and all drifts and landed safely at home with our load of hogs, mother breaking down and weeping at our safe return. Ben, thinking to console her, said: "Mother, you ought not to have worried for a moment about us; you ought to have known that if our boat had capsized or sunk, that Bob and I would have stayed together and swam to the shore."

In the morning, as we were working our way through the timber from the place we had remained over night, we passed near by Ellis Utter's cabin, which had been built back in the timber some distance from the river. The water was up to the eaves of the roof of his cabin. Besides seeing a couple of his cats, there were several chickens perched on the top of the cabin roof.



## Chapter XII.

### Steamboating on the Des Moines River



UT every cloud has its silver lining, and so did the cloud produced by the flood of 1851. It was the advent of the steamboat on the Des Moines River. I don't recall the name of the first boat which made its appearance in 1851. In usual stages, the river was not navigable, but in this flood the depth of the water was such that it readily floated any steamer that was not too large and too long to turn between its banks. Trade was brisk all along the stream from Keokuk to Des Moines and a vast amount of merchandise of all kinds was thus shipped and distributed all over the country of central Iowa. Competition among boats was lively and all alike did a thriving business. What a commotion did those steamers cause, and what an awakening to new life did they bring to the people along the banks of the Des Moines, far and wide. People listened with amazement at the sound of the faraway whistles and the loud puffing of the high pressure engines that drove these crafts at the rate of five or six miles an hour up stream, and that, too, against the mad swirling current of the rushing waters. Miles away the loud puffing announced the coming of these wonderful crafts. Great

crowds would assemble along the banks at such points as they could be reached and stand for hours awaiting the coming of these mighty conquerors of the flood. They would wave them a welcome as they swept by in which there were demonstrations of the wildest delight, handkerchiefs were waved, hats were sent into the air, and the high-keyed notes that issued from the spectators' throats indicated that it was no common joy that called forth these demonstrations, nor was it. Were not those boats harbingers of better things—at least for the time being? Had not civilization and the wilderness once more joined hands, and why should not the people rejoice? Certain it was that whilst the flood of 1851 brought disaster to the individual in many cases, it did not bring disaster to the mass, as with the advent of the steamer came many prospectors and new settlers. Business of all kinds took on new life, immigrants came, much land was taken up and new homesteads established, towns and villages sprang into life, and mills were built, and a more general prosperity set in. The loud puffing of the old-fashioned steamer on the Des Moines River in 1851 did something more than wake up the denizens along its flooded shores, for it aroused the great world outside of those local bounds. It awakened to action the citizens of the far distant states of the East to the matchless soil of Iowa and they came by the thousands with their energy, enterprise, progressive ideas, and homes in the West. Iowa got its share, Mahaska County received its full quota, and Scott Township, as well, a goodly part. Some of these are yet, after

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fifty years have passed, its best and most progressive citizens.

Steamboating on the Des Moines River was of a short period, extending from 1851 up until 1858, perhaps, with the exception of one or two seasons, continuous during each Spring of the year.

The second flood appeared in 1858, and the Des Moines overflowed its banks, being the second time in the history of flood on the river, and boats continued to ply between Keokuk and Des Moines most of the season. Some people think that there was a boat came up the river in 1859, but my recollection is that the last boat up the river was in 1858.

There being so much freight discharged at Bellefontaine for the inland towns of Hamilton, Marysville, Lovilia, Attica and Gosport, E. H. Thissell built a commodious warehouse at the boat-landing for the storing of goods unloaded for these points, thus making Bellefontaine quite a business center during these years. The Ferris Brothers owned the boats that were the prime favorites of the Bellefontaine people, as their boats discharged and took on almost all the freight handled at this point. Will Ferris was Captain of the "Alice; his brother, Bob, pilot of the "Globe."

I will give the names of the different boats, as I remember them: The "Alice," "Globe," "Gordon," "Luella," "Clara Hines," and "Defiance," all being stern-wheel boats; the "Flora Temple" and "Delta," side-wheel pack-



ets. There were others, but I do not now recall their names. The "Alice" was conceded by everyone to be the handsomest and finest boat plying on the river. Especially did Mr. and Mrs. William Scott think so while living in Bellefontaine. They had a baby girl born to them in 1857, naming her Alice, after the boat bearing that name.

Miss Alice Scott grew to womanhood in this vicinity, and in 1882 was happily united in marriage to L. A. Hill. They have a nice, interesting family of children of their own. These estimable people, through their own frugality and industry, have secured for themselves and family a nice farm home, equipped with all the latest, modern improvements, where they now reside, three-fourths of a mile northwest and in sight of the thriving town of Tracy.



## Chapter XIII.

### Des Moines River Improvements



THE ACT of the Legislature of 1847 created the Board of Public Works. The first work to be done was the surveying of the river, to ascertain how many feet and inches of fall there were to the mile, so an estimate could be made as to what distance apart the dams should be built. The writer remembers well when the first survey was made, which was done during (I have forgotten the year) January, on the ice of the river. By thus declaring the Des Moines to be a navigable stream, gave the steam-boats undisputed right-of-way on the river, with the exception that they could not interfere with the travel or traffic at points where the public highways crossed the stream.

Therefore, anyone desiring to build and put into operation a ferry-boat at any of the public wagon-road crossings, could, by making application to the County Commissioners of the county in which they resided, get a permit on the following conditions, which was by agreeing to put up and maintain a rope line or wire cable stretched across the river of sufficient size and strength to operate a ferry-boat across the stream with safety to the public travel; also, to erect derricks on each bank of the river with windlass, or by some other device, so the ferry-line could at any time be

easily and safely lowered or let down, thus the line would not interfere with the passing steamboats. This was done by using a large rock with an iron band shrunk around the stone with a hook attached for a weight. This was taken out by using a skiff, and hung on the center of the ferry-boat line; then by removing all the long levers out of the windlass, and by using a short lever with a prop under the end of it, then by using an axe to knock prop out, would let the windlass run down and the ferry-line would sink to the bottom of the river and boats could pass over the line easily.

My friend, John W. Wright, of Knoxville, furnishes me the following data in regard to the various Acts of the Legislature to improve the Des Moines River:

"An Act entitled, 'An Act Creating a Board of Public Works, and Providing for the Improvement of the Des Moines River,' was first passed February 24, 1847, and took effect March 18, of that year. Section 13 of that Act says: 'The general nature of said (Des Moines River) improvement shall be a system of slack-water navigation, by means of dams and locks.' That Act was amended by one of six Sections, passed January 24, 1848.

"It appears that the Board of Public Works was disbanded, as I find that the Legislature, in 1849, January 15, passed an Act entitled, 'An Act providing for the re-organization of the Board of Public Works.'

On February 5, 1851, there was a law passed entitled, 'An Act to Secure More Vigorous Prosecution and Early

Completion of the Des Moines River Improvements.' A similar Act, same title, was passed on January 19, 1853. On January 29, 1857, the Legislature had the Des Moines River improvements before them again. That time they passed a law entitled, 'An Act in Relation to the River improvements.' On March 22, 1858, a joint resolution containing propositions for the settlement of the affairs of the Des Moines River Navigation & Railroad Company was passed. March 22, 1858, more than eleven years after the Board of Public Works was created, the Legislature passed an Act to dispose of the lands which Congress had granted to the State of Iowa for river improvement, and on March, 1860, the Board of Public Works was practically killed by the passage of an Act abolishing the Office of Commissioner."



## Chapter XIV.

### Incidents of Steamboating on the Des Moines



WHEN steam-boating began on the Des Moines River, in 1850, E. H. Thissel, merchant at Bellefontaine, began to buy and exchange merchandise for cured meats, which he shipped, on boats, to Keokuk. The writer remembers at one time when the Steamboat "Alice" stopped at Bellefontaine while on her way to Fort Des Moines, of Thissell making arrangements with her Captain, Ferris, to stop on his return trip and take a lot of cured meat which he desired to ship, and that he would have the meat hauled out of the warehouse and stacked up at the boat-landing, ready to be loaded. His two boys, myself, and two or three young lads, whose ages were from twelve to fifteen years, were to watch and take care of the meat.

We built a campfire at the boat-landing, it being in the night-time, and waited for the arrival of the "Alice," which hove in sight coming down the river at full speed, about midnight. But for some unaccountable reason the ferry-boat line was not let down, and the "Alice" ran into the ferry-boat rope which was stretched tight across the river. The flagstaff, or "Jacob Staff," went down first,

when the line slid up to, and took the smoke-stacks down, slid up them to the hurricane deck and tore off part of the Texas, then back along the top deck, taking a part out of the pilot-house; then the line broke loose from the derrick on shore, when the mate of the boat appeared with an axe and cut the rope as it was drawing across the hurricane deck. Then the "Alice" rounded in and made the landing, and took on the meat, but did not delay any to make repairs. As she was going down stream with the current she needed but little steam, only enough for the pilot to control and keep her in the current.

After taking on the meat, and what other freight there was, she loosened her line and departed on her way down the river, never to be seen here again. It was her last trip. Benjamin Godfrey was proprietor and ferryman at Bellefontaine at the time the "Alice" got so badly wrecked with the ferry-boat cable.

The supposition was, that Mr. Godfrey either forgot about the line, or had lain down and dropped off to sleep, was the reason the line was not let down. He never gave any explanation that the writer ever heard of. But as "Uncle Ben," as he was called by everyone, had laid himself liable for damages for obstructing navigation on the river, William Ferris, Captain and owner of the "Alice," sued "Uncle Ben," in the Mahaska County Court, for a big damage.

At the first term of Court, Ferris had the case postponed or laid over to the next term, and when the case was

called at the second term of Court, Ferris did not appear, and the case was dismissed and the costs charged up to Ferris. The writer knows this to be true, as Ferris had him subpoenaed as a witness, and still owes him thirteen dollars witness fees.

"Uncle Ben" Godfrey was the father of George W. Godfrey, now of Albia, who was in business at Oskaloosa for a number of years after moving in from the farm.

Another incident that happened during the good, old pioneer days of steam-boating on the Des Moines River: It was one evening in 1854 that the Steamboat Globe came up the river, and landed at Bellefontaine. It seemed that two of the Globe's deck hands had some trouble on the boat, and one of them quit his job and came ashore, with his bundle of clothes. The other party in the trouble managed, while unloading freight, to secrete a stone or two in his pockets, and, as usually was the case, there was quite a numbers of citizens collected at the boat-landing. Among them was Dr. Templeton. He was the thinnest man in flesh that anyone ever saw in or outside of a museum. He was a veritable skeleton. When the boat loosened her line and swung out into the current from the shore, the fellow on the boat threw a stone at his enemy who had quit the boat's service, and missed him, but hit the old Doctor on the leg, who fell over in great agony. "Billy" Robinson, who was one of the crowd, and a very impulsive fellow, yelled out at the top of his voice, saying:

"Captain, Captain, stop your boat; you have killed our poor, old Doctor."

But the Captain did not pay any attention to him. "Billy," on learning the fellow's name who threw the stone, which he obtained from the party who had left the boat, went before a Justice-of-the-Peace and swore out a warrant for his arrest. John Torrence was the Constable, and on the warrant being placed in his hands to serve, he deputized "Billy" Robinson to help make the arrest, and as soon as the Globe landed, on its return from Fort Des Moines, at Bellefontaine, Constable Torrence and "Billy" went on board the boat to make the arrest, and while they were searching for the fellow wanted, the boat loosened her cable, and swung out into the stream, and carried the Constable and his Deputy off down the river, but finally landed them, with a yawl, onto Tomahawk Island, a few miles this side of Eddyville. They had to build a log raft, using grape vines to tie logs together, so they could float to the shore. They had to walk back up the river to home, in town. They felt sad, but much wiser, after reaching home. John Torrence is still living, and resides on a fruit-farm, near Springfield, Missouri. The writer does not know what became of "Billy" Robinson, as he moved away from Scott Township a good many years ago.

Steam-boating on the Des Moines River only lasted about eight years, from 1850 to 1858, and tide-water navigation was a failure. There never were but three dams that work was commenced on, viz: Keosauqua, Bonaparte, and Farmington. There was but one dam completed, which was purchased by Meek Brothers.



## Chapter XV.

### Celebrating the Fourth in Early Days



MY FIRST recollection of a Fourth-of-July was in the pioneer days of 1850—fifty-seven years ago—which was held on the banks of the Des Moines River, near the new, frontier village of Bellefontaine. There was no pomp or style of turnouts, buggies, phaetons, or carriages, or of brass bands. Simply an old, pioneer picnic. It was long before the invention and advent of the fire-cracker, torpedoes, and other devices for noise producing. Ice-cream, lemonade, pop, and other similar beverages had never been dreamed of, but everybody turned out for miles around, carrying their own baskets of lunch. The women wore their best calicos and neatly done-up sun-bonnets, and were accompanied by the cleanly attired, tanned, freckled-faced, bare-footed boys and girls, all enjoying a good, jolly, sociable time.

The next Fourth that I have a vivid recollection of, was in 1853, when I, in company with other neighbor boys, walked from Bellefontaine to Oskaloosa, and witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Christian Church, out a few blocks from the square, on High Avenue West. On the opposite side of the street they roasted an ox. I think

If we had taken an inventory of what each of us had in cash, it would have been found to figure up something like fifteen or twenty cents to each one of us, and I feel sure that old Mr. Hoover (father of Charles and James), who operated a bakery in a little frame building located on the southeast corner of the square, got the most of our cash in exchange for big, square ginger-cakes he made and sold at five cents each.

But there is one other celebration that I took part in which I remember more vividly than all others. It is just as fresh to my memory yet, as though it was but yesterday. It was the surrender of Vicksburg, on the fourth of July, 1863—just forty-four years ago.



## Chapter XVI.

### Wild Hogs on the Island



IN AN ARTICLE written by Mr. W. H. Barker, for the Harvey "News," he stated that there were wild hogs living on the island, making their beds in big, hollow, sycamore logs, before the flood of 1851. That no one knew where they came from, and that all of these hogs disappeared during the flood of '51. Mr. Barker is surely mistaken as to there being any wild hogs in Iowa. It could be claimed, with the same propriety, that there were wild horses, cattle and sheep, as in pioneer days everybody "ear-marked" their stock, both hogs and cattle, each settler adopting a different mark from that of his neighbor, and it is my understanding that they had the mark recorded with the County Recorder, which made it an easy matter to identify their stock in the Fall. All stock was turned out to roam at large as soon as prairie grass was large enough for stock to live on. Hogs run at large, the same as other stock, until late in the Fall, when frost had killed vegetation. Then the stock would be gathered up and fed through the Winter, as mass was very plentiful here in early days, especially acorns, besides abundance of other kinds of nuts, wild plums, and cherries of different varie-

ties. Often, settlers would go into the timber and kill hogs for meat that had fattened on the mass, which made good meat. Hogs stayed in the woods all season, making their beds in the timber, never coming home until they were tolled home with corn. I have known my father, late in the Fall, to go into the timber and find hogs' beds, then take shelled corn and make trails of corn from the hogs' beds in the timber to pens at home, and getting them to come home in that way, and finally shutting them up in the pens. They were what were called the hazle-brush splitting variety, rarely ever being put up to fatten before they were eighteen months or two years old, making pretty fair size. If fattened well, they usually weighed three to four hundred pounds.

I agree with Mr. Barker about the big, hollow, sycamore logs on the island. I know that some of them were monstrosities, big enough for a dwelling, as was shown by one Alph Umphus. In early days, Alph and his wife had a misunderstanding, and separated. He moved his bed and boarding place over on the island, into one of those big, hollow, sycamore logs, and established a residence in one of those logs, where he lived and made his home during one entire Summer. The writer never learned the cause of those good people's estrangement from each other.

I have seen it claimed by one writer, that those hollow logs had floated to where they were. I can show almost conclusively that the Des Moines River never overflowed before the flood of 1851, by the fact that there was never any drift wood on the river bottoms prior to the '51 flood.

There were old, decaying logs of all descriptions, some partially imbedded in the ground all covered with moss, which indicated that they had lain where they had fallen ages before. The timber was so full of these logs that a person could scarcely get through on horse-back. Besides, the Indians had told the first White settlers here, that the river had never overflowed. However, after the '51 flood, there were found plenty of drifts all through the timber.

Over on River Bottom, opposite Bellefontaine, there was an old Indian graveyard washed out. Skulls and bones of Indians were found, some of them still in good preservation. I remember seeing one skull which had a narrow, brass band around it. Wherever there had been an Indian village located on the river bottoms which had overflowed, there were found all kinds of Indian trinkets, such as beads, pieces of pipes, with numerous other trinkets which had never been uncovered or exposed until the '51 flood, which shows plainly that had the Indians ever known of the river overflowing, they would have never buried their dead on the river bottom. Our neighbor, Ellis Utter's farm, was ruined by the '51 flood, and abandoned as worthless for several years. In places it washed out holes two and three feet deep, acres in extent, besides washing gravel and sand over a large portion of his farm.

**PART II.**  

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**WAR REMINISCENCES.**



# War Reminiscences.

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## Chapter I.

### Beginning of a Great Struggle



IT IS NOW almost forty-seven years ago. A little before daylight, on the morning of April 12, 1861, was fired the first shot in the war of the great Rebellion. After two days of heroic defense, the loyal little garrison of Fort Sumter surrendered, and the war to destroy the Union had begun—a war that was to cost a million human lives. Within four days' time after that fatal shot was fired on Sumter, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, called on Samuel Kirkwood, Governor of Iowa, for volunteers. There were almost no arms. All was excitement. "Get the fifty-five muskets of J. M. Byers, at Oskaloosa," wrote the Adjutant General, to James Matthews, of Knoxville, "and place yourself in defense against traitors."

The Government was unprepared for war, and almost destitute of supplies and munitions of war. Companies were formed in all parts of the State. Regiments were speedily organized at designated rendezvous, and rushed



to the front, without clothing, rations, or ammunition, and worst of all, green in drill and discipline.

The writer does not desire to give a biographical sketch of each member of his Company, B, but will be brief, making mention only of the most interesting incidents.

As soon as Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation, on April 15, 1861, for 75,000 volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, there were seven of us young men met at the general store of D. W. Council, in Bellefontaine, and decided that we would start early the next morning for Knoxville, to enlist. In our eagerness to be among the first to enroll our names, we walked the fourteen miles between Bellefontaine and Knoxville, in less time, perhaps, than it has even been made by any pedestrians since. All seven of us were accepted by Captain William M. Stone, and enrolled in Company B, Third Iowa Infantry, on May 21, 1861, thus being the first to enlist from Scott Township. The names were as follows: Henry F. Luther, Jacob Moore, Daniel Doughman, Henry Pearson, Thomas C. Sweem, Edward W. Hall, and Robert Garden. Pearson, Doughman, and the writer lived on farms near Bellefontaine, with our parents; Luther was working at blacksmithing; Sweem was operating the ferry-boat; Hall and Moore were both employed by D. W. Council, Hall as clerk, and Moore at day labor.

To us who are yet living still lingers in pleasant memory the hospitality so generously shown us by the loyal citizens of Knoxville, and especially by her good, loyal,

brave women, who, during our short stay among them, cut and made for each member of Company B a red-flannel shirt, also furnishing each one with a glazed cap, all of which we were proud of, as it designated us from the civilian. Finally, during the last days of May, Company B received orders to repair to designated rendezvous, and by the close of the first week in June, we were assembled in Keokuk. When the time had arrived for our departure from Knoxville, the good citizens voluntarily furnished us with enough teams to transport us by wagon to Eddyville, which was then the terminus of the Des Moines Valley Railroad, from where we would continue on to Keokuk by rail. As we would reach Bellefontaine about noon after starting from Knoxville, the good citizens of my home town and vicinity prepared for us a sumptuous dinner. They erected a long table on the village commons, near the bank of the Des Moines River. Besides being nicely decorated, the table was loaded with the best in the land. The one hundred "Red Shirt" boys of Company B were honored by being seated first at the table, fifty at each side, opposite each other.

After dinner we spent a happy hour, visiting with our friends. Then the time had come for our departure. Surrounded by our mothers, brothers, sisters, and dear friends, bidding us good-bye, we, for the first time, began to realize that we might be taking our last good-bye of our relatives and friends. To many, it was their good-bye, indeed. Our hearts beat with patriotism at the enthusiasm displayed by the citizens, as they stood lined up on the

opposite shore of the Des Moines River while we were being ferried over the stream, cheering us on by waving their adieus until we disappeared from their view in the heavy timber on the river bottom, opposite Bellefontaine.

In due time we arrived in Keokuk. Our quarters was a commodious and comfortable brick building, out in the west part of the city. We were provided with blankets, warm enough, but of a very inferior quality, and plenty of clean hay to sleep on. For subsistence, we were turned over to the tender mercies of contractors, whom the Government paid for boarding men at the rate of two dollars and ten cents per week. The chief ambition of some of these men was to board us as cheaply as possible—at least so we thought.

On the tenth of June we, for the first time, saw ourselves as a regiment. On the eleventh of June the people of Keokuk celebrated the obsequies of Senator Douglass. Of course, the military had to take part in it. We marched in column of platoons, to slow time, through the principal streets and through clouds of dust, away up the Mississippi River, to a point somewhere between Keokuk and Fort Madison. After the ceremony was over, the battalion was again marched back to their quarters, to quick time.

We were mustered into the service of the United States on the seventeenth day of June, 1861, by Lieutenant Alexander Chambers, of the Regular Army. On the twenty-fourth of June we received our first pay. It was for the time spent in the State service. It was a small sum, less than seven dollars to each man. As may be imagined, it

was highly appreciated, as many of us had been out of money for some time. The same day we received our arms. Instead of the Springfield or Enfield rifle, of which we had had so many dreams, we were disappointed in finding a plain, bright musket, marked "Springfield, 1848," but we did not know as much about those muskets then as we did afterwards. There are some graves on a cotton-field, at Shiloh Battlefield, that have a tale to tell about them, to anyone passing that way.

The following day we went into camp. Company B received fourteen wall tents. The business of getting into camp consumed the entire day, as we were beginners. A strong line of sentinels was established around us. We did not like it. We never did learn to like to be imprisoned. The name of our camp was Kirkwood. It was a beautiful situation, near by which flowed the majestic Father of Waters.

As may be presumed, the first few days of our camp experience we got along poorly, but we could adapt ourselves more readily to our new mode of life than some regiments in the field, for we had among us many whose frontier life had taught them the mysteries of camping out. Of course, we cooked our food badly, but the ladies who daily visited our camp gave us many important hints on this subject. It was a long time before we learned to cook our food so as not to seriously impair health. To make matters worse, and to our inconvenience, the quartermaster had furnished us no cups, plates, knives, forks, or spoons. We said all manner of hard things about him,

and about our officers generally. But the Third Iowa was not allowed that period of discipline and drill that some regiments were favored with before going into active service. Almost from the very outset we were destined to receive our training in the face of the enemy.



## Chapter II.

### The Advance into Missouri



ON THE 28th of June it was rumored that we were to advance into Missouri. That evening crowds of citizens visited our camp and paid us great respect and many kindnesses. Before tattoo it was definitely announced that we would leave the following morning, and orders were issued for reveille at three o'clock. Reveille sounded at the appointed hour. We pulled down our tents, packed our baggage and camp equipments in boxes (for as yet we had no knapsacks), and by daylight were ready to move. We had just heard of Price having been defeated at Boonville, Missouri, and had fled, with a few followers, to the borders of Arkansas. There was nothing before us, we thought, but to occupy a conquered country, and wipe out the irregular parties who straggled in his wake; a vain delusion; a single fortnight would undeceive. At length we formed battalions and marched through the city to the levee, where the two ferry-boats, "Gate City" and "Hamilton Bell," lashed together, lay waiting to receive us. At length, the boats moved out, amid a storm of cheers from the citizens on shore, waving their adieus. As we sped away we watched, with lingering look, until the city had vanished from our view. It was like taking the last look at homes and

firesides, and to many it was their last look at dear old Iowa.

Towards evening we arrived at Hannibal, Missouri, and were quartered in two large, railroad freight-houses. Their gravel floors constituted our hard beds. Here we passed the following day, waiting for a train which was to take us westward, over the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad. On the following morning, July 1st, we got on board a long passenger train. With our efforts, by ten o'clock we were moving into the enemy's country, without knapsacks, haversacks, or canteens, without a mule or wagon transportation, without a cartridge-box or a cartridge. Nothing but empty muskets with bright bayonets. The country was on fire with treason, and the people organizing to resist Federal forces. A hundred determined men could have thrown our train off the track and captured all of us. It is scarcely possible to conceive greater stupidity than to take troops into such a country in the condition we were—perfectly helpless. We could not have withstood fifty armed men. The ignorance of the enemy alone was our good fortune. At about nine o'clock, Company B was left as a garrison at Chillicothe. The night was dark and the roads full of ditches. No one, unless he has been with them, can appreciate the inconvenience a Company of young troops experience in camping for the night, for the first time, under such conditions, but we managed to get through it all by midnight, and then, lying down upon the wet ground, without a picket posted, or a cartridge at hand, we slept. In the morning our Quartermaster treated us, for the first

time, to the luxury of pilot bread, then known by the name of crackers, but since vulgarly called "hard-tack"—a luxury we have seldom wanted since. At night we received four rounds of ammunition to the man, and were told to be prepared for a sudden attack. Again we had no pickets posted. The fourth of July, 1861, was a day which we shall long remember. It was ushered in by a false alarm. About three o'clock in the morning, two or three shots were fired by the sentinels, and the long roll began to beat at a great rate. We had never heard it before, but knew well what it meant. We jumped out of bed quicker than if a tornado had burst on us. There was an universal clamor of voices. A cool listener outside might have distinguished such expressions as these: "Where the devil's my hat?" "Who's got my boots?" "They're right on us;" "Didn't you hear the guards fire?" "Hold up your gun there, you'll jab somebody with your bayonet;" "I don't load till I get orders;" "There, I've lost my last cartridge;" "Fall in, fall in." Finally, we got our pants on, then our shoes, seized our guns, and fell into ranks, shivering and waiting for the attack. Strange thought. We thought that the rebels had not charged us. At length it was announced that it was a false alarm. What was the cause of this alarm? Some said the sentinel had become scared and fired at a hog; others, that the commanding officer had gotten it up to exercise the men. A great many of the citizens joined us in celebrating the day. The declaration was read by a citizen, Major Stone. Our Presbyterian Major was the principal speaker of the day. Mount-



ing the stand, he held the attention of the assemblage. His commanding figure, his rapid, nervous style of speaking, and ready wit, made a marked impression. Before he closed, the boys asked his permission to have a dance, to which he replied that his religious scruples would not allow him to participate in anything of the kind, but he would watch the gap while we had the fun. He closed amid rapturous applause. The patriotic union citizens, most of whom were ladies, had planned to entertain us at a dance in the City Hall, a courtesy we appreciated, being an experience of patriotism under circumstances which we shall never forget.

The following day, July 5th, our long-desired uniforms were issued to us. They consisted of pants and dress-coats, of fine and substantial gray cloth, trimmed with blue. The pants had the blue cord down the outer seam. In connection with coat and pants, we received drawers and shirts, two pair each. Adding to this the hats and shoes already drawn at Keokuk, we now had a complete uniform. It was emphatically a dress parade uniform. We prized it highly, and to preserve it many of us would turn our coats wrong side out, when making long runs, as we were destined to make, up and down the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway, in freight cars which had previously been used in shipping live stock. But the chief objection to it was the color, as it was the same as that adopted by the enemy. After the battle of Blue Mills, it was condemned, and orders were issued against wearing it. Then we were compelled to pay for it. We had not

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the slightest apprehension that it would be charged to us, but seeing the ragged condition of other troops, we could not but feel a sense of gratitude toward the State by whose generosity we supposed had furnished them.

The quantity of rations which we drew was totally inadequate. Of unsubstantials, such as salt, vinegar, soap, and candles, we had plenty; but of bread, the staff of life, each man received but three hard crackers a day. Of beans, the other article of vegetable diet issued, each man got about a pint in eight days. These rations were insufficient for the health of strong men who were drilling forenoon and afternoon, and otherwise in constant exercise.

To our credit, be it said, we had as yet practiced no "vandalism." Hogs and sheep, great and small, ran through our camps unmolested. Gardens grew unpillaged, and fowls roosted unharmed; but how different was this in subsequent days. We never had out pickets in the daytime, but in the night, before tattoo, the officer of the day would string around a short distance from camp twenty or more men, two in a place. These men were not relieved until morning, which made it very strenuous for the pickets to have to keep quiet and stay awake all through the night. If a sentinel was caught asleep on his post he was put into the guard-house, and he expected to be court-martialed. If there was any military knowledge displayed in these arrangements, we were never able to see it.

It was not until the fourth of August that we drew our

accoutrements. We were now to learn that soldiering had some higher realities than guard duty, drill and pilot bread. We began to realize that our predictions of the total defeat of the Rebel Cause in Missouri had been the wildest mistake, and that it was folly in wartimes to make any predictions whatever. We were to learn what it was to see the enemy, and to be shot at by him. We learned also that one Thomas Harris, a citizen of Hannibal, and once a member of Congress from Missouri, and a West Point graduate, had recruited and organized quite a Rebel force in Northeastern Missouri, which kept us almost continually on the move up and down the line of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad.

September 15th we left the railroad at Cameron, to march upon Liberty, in Clay County, to act against the Rebels. Price had driven Mulligan from Warrensburg, and was then besieging him at Lexington. We were to unite at Liberty with the Sixteenth Illinois, defeat the Rebels, then follow down the north bank of the river, to unite with General Sturgis, who would then be able to appear before Lexington in such force as to raise the siege.

But the executing of the plan for the relief of Mulligan was a total failure. On the morning of September 17, 1861, we drove the Rebel pickets through the town of Liberty, and bivouacked on a hill overlooking the town, but where was the Sixteenth Illinois which was to meet us here? We waited with great impatience for their arrival. Nine o'clock, ten, twelve, but no tidings from them. We heard firing of cannon in the direction of Independence. Citizens

reported that a fight was taking place on the other side of the river. Col. Scott thought it an absolute duty to attack at all hazards. We were ordered to fall in. As we moved out of town, Captain Capp's mounted, Missouri home-guards took the advance. They encountered the enemy's pickets about two miles from Liberty, driving them in, and while following them closely there was a simultaneous volley which emptied five saddles, killing four men instantly and wounding a fifth, they having been ambushed by the Rebels from a ravine behind a dense thicket. We soon came up and passed by the four ghastly bodies, they being the first victims we had seen of the war. Here Col. Scott halted our battallion and gave orders to load, cautioning us to be steady and fire low. Company B was placed on the left of the road. We felt our slow way forward, through very dense timber and fallen trees and tangled vines. After advancing some distance, Captain Long, of Company B, reported that he could hear the enemy's officers giving commands. For some reason the Colonel paid no heed to this report. All at once we heard a sharp report and then a deafening clash of musketry. We had unmasked the enemy. The balls flew thick and fast along the entire length of the column. It did not require a second thought to comprehend it. While we were marching to attack, the enemy had ambushed us and attacked us in columns. The one piece of cannon we had was brought forward and put into position, and fired two discharges of canister, which was said to have done great execution. Every moment matters grew worse. We kept up an unabating fire, and

the enemy's bullets rained thickly from his cover. We were ordered to fall back slowly. We were simply repulsed, driven out of the woods perforce, and compelled to get out of the enemy's ambuscade, or stand where we were and be shot down to no purpose. For the enemy' long line, masked in a dry ravine, extended around us in the shape of a crescent. Under the circumstances, we did the bravest thing possible. We retired slowly, disputing the enemy's advance. As soon as we reached the open ground the battalion was again formed. The enemy would not attack us on open ground and we would not venture to attack him again in his ambuscade. It was now almost night, and we began to retire towards Liberty. We soon reached our camp on the hill, where we had bivouacked in the morning.

The battle of Blue Mills Landing had lasted about one hour. There were engaged on our side five hundred of the Third Iowa and twelve men of the home guards. Our loss was sixteen killed and eighty-four wounded. From accounts deemed reliable, the Rebels numbered four thousand, and their loss was one hundred and sixty, many of whom were killed.

Our regiment spent the day after the battle in taking care of the wounded and burying the dead in the public cemetery at Liberty.

Such was our first battle, undertaken through a lofty sense of duty, against eight times our number, beginning in mistakes, sustained with desperation, ending with retreat.

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We started on the return trip back to Cameron, September 19th, and were overtaken while at Centerville by a courier from Sturgis, with a dispatch directing us to turn back to his relief, as he was being hard pushed by a superior Rebel force under Parsons. We turned our faces towards the northwest, to reinforce Sturgis.

When we got back to within about ten miles of Liberty we again turned to the west, and at three P. M. reached the town of Parkville, on the Missouri River. To our great joy, a steamboat hove in sight. It was the Majors, bound for Fort Leavenworth. We were soon taken on board, and the boat resumed its course up the river. When we awoke the following morning, we found ourselves at Fort Leavenworth. On this day reports came that Mulligan had surrendered at Lexington. The citizens here were thoroughly aroused, and a thousand of them were daily drilling, preparatory to going to the front.

Towards evening, the Majors again took us on board, and moved down the river, landing us at Wyandotte, where we bivouacked on the river bank for the night. That day we took quarters in vacant buildings. We spent four or five days at Wyandotte, doing what soldiers expressively call "lying around."

Towards the evening of September 28, news came that General Sturgis's pickets had been attacked beyond Kansas City. We moved, without delay, to reinforce him, finding it to be a false alarm. We took quarters in vacant buildings and remained here about three weeks, without

tents, and but a single blanket to the man. As the season advanced we suffered some from the cold.

We had not been here long, when Colonel Scott managed to secure from a bank sufficient money to pay the enlisted men ten dollars each. I need not speak of the feeling such an act of kindness created towards him.

The principal event of interest that took place during our stay here was the arrival of Jim Lane and his celebrated brigade. His coming was noised before him, and when he was expected to arrive all looked to get sight of the great "Jayhawker," the "Father of Kansas." At length he appeared at the head of a part of his troops. The citizens said it was Lane, and we needed their assurance, for he was the last man we would have taken for a General. He had on citizen's pants, a soldier's blouse, and a dilapidated, white hat. He rolled under his dark brows a pair of piercing, black eyes, and between his jaws a huge quid of tobacco—a General so unostentatious, so like his men, and yet so terrible to the Rebels. We were struck with profound admiration of him.

There was as much difference between Lane and Sturgis as between a wolf and a bear. Jim Lane had the eye of an eagle, and the visage of a wolf, thin and lean. This tells it. General Sturgis, in respect to his personnel, was exactly his opposite. He was thick, heavy set, and muscular. There were no angles in his face. It was broad and round, his forehead arching and with heavy brows. There was as much difference between the characters of the men

as between their countenance. Sturgis followed the army regulations and the doctrines of West Point. He protected all citizens, loyal and disloyal. His only line of distinction was drawn between those who were in arms and those who were not. Lane, on the other hand, recognized military rules only so far as they were adapted to the present situation. He recognized the Rebels as traitors, not as belligerents. He did not halt before small obstacles, or delay for decisions from Washington. Everything must be done which would paralyze the enemy and lend strength to the Government. Whatever opposed the restoration of the Union must fall, and those who did not like it must stand from under. The doctrines he applied could be reduced to the simple maxim: "Crush the Rebellion by the quickest method." He had no mercy for "Bushwhackers," hating bitterly his country's foes, true to his friends and liberty. Such was Jim Lane.

Jemison's celebrated mounted infantry regiment, the Seventh Kansas, ("Jayhawkers"), was at this time here completing its organization.

Lane and Sturgis moved to join the main army, under Fremont, in the pursuit of Price. We expected to accompany them, but our supplies were not at hand, and we were not in condition to go. It was with feelings of regret that we saw, successively, Lane's and Sturgis's brigades move out of Kansas City for the South, and Jemison's cavalry to Fort Leavenworth, to prepare for a Winter campaign on the frontier, and we alone remaining,



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waiting for transportation on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, our regiment having been ordered to Quincy, Illinois, to recruit and drill.

About two o'clock, in the morning of October 18, we were aroused by the arrival of the boat which was to take us away. We went aboard at daylight, and were taken up the Missouri River, and about dark were landed, and boarded a freight train, arriving next morning at St. Joseph. Soon after sunrise, the train moved out over the road towards the East. We passed Chillicothe, the site of our first campaign in Missouri; then Brookfield, another camp, and many other places around which clustered recollections. On the twentieth of October, we arrived in Quincy, and we were now on the soil of a free state, whose citizens, with a patriotism which knew no distinction of place or state, seemed to take pride in doing us honor.

After some toilsome marches, retreats, and pursuits, and after a battle which for numbers engaged, was by no means contemptible, breathing once more the air of freedom and enjoying the hospitality of loyal friends, we felt as though we had been transplanted to another world.



## Chapter III.

### The Third Iowa on the Move



OUR CAMP at Quincy was delightfully situated. We had no pickets or patrols, only a small camp guard. Our time was consumed in daily drills, three hours each day. Immediately after our arrival, we drew supplies of clothing and blankets, and appeared for the first time in the Federal uniform. The citizens strove to make our stay among them pleasant. So well did they succeed that we shall continue as long as memory lasts to look back to their beautiful city as being the brightest spot in our whole soldier life.

We spent three weeks at Quincy; then, in the opinion of some one in authority, we were sufficiently "recruited," and received orders to repair to Benton Barracks, St. Louis. This was on the seventh day of November. That night the citizens gave a grand ball, in honor of the Third Iowa. It was an immense attraction, and by ten P. M. there were not twenty men in our whole camp, including the guard. The following day we took down our tents and prepared to leave, but something went wrong and the movement was deferred.

Another day, early the morning of the ninth, we got

our baggage aboard the boat, "White Cloud," and the battalion was formed, right faced, shouldered arms, and marched to the levee, and went aboard the boat. The next morning we were in St. Louis. A march of four miles brought us to Benton Barracks, where we were assigned quarters, each Company occupying a separate apartment. Benton Barracks was erected as a camp of instruction by General Fremont, and named after his venerable, deceased father-in-law, Colonel Benton.

At some future day, the student may wonder what sort of a place it was where so many battalions were quartered and drilled. Benton Barracks was built about four miles from the levee, near the Fair Grounds, in the suburbs of the city. They were composed of long rows of white-washed buildings, inclosing a rectangular piece of ground about three hundred yards in width by one thousand in length. This ground was smooth as a floor, and almost as level, and was used for drills and parades. Towards the east end was the Commanding General's headquarters, a two-story building, painted white, over which floated a large garrison flag. From reveille till retreat there was a constant hubbub prevailing. This little city presented a scene of splendid confusion, the noises of bugles, drums and voices commanding infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Such was Benton Barracks.

The day before Christmas, General Sherman arrived and succeeded General Strong in the command of the Post. Irregular bands of Rebels, acting under the orders of General Price, had torn up the North Missouri Railroad,

and rendered necessary the presence of troops in that vicinity. The Third Iowa was ordered there. We had had three months' drill, discipline and rest from fatigue of the active campaign, and were heartily tired of this kind of life, and rejoiced at the opportunity of getting away. We expected to move Christmas day, as the order had been read to us at dress parade the previous evening that we should be ready to move at a moment's notice, with forty rounds of ammunition. We were delayed, however, on account of transportation. Next morning, at seven A. M., the twenty-sixth, our Regiment, marched to the railroad depot. Major Stone was in command. We waited in the cold until about noon for our baggage wagon to be brought up. Finally, to our great joy, the train moved out. Three o'clock in the afternoon found us opposite St. Charles. After many delays, we succeeded in getting across the Missouri River, and aboard another train of cars we were off.

It is worthy to note that for the first time but one in our experience as military railroaders, we were transported in passenger cars. For the consolation of the inner man we drew from our Quartermaster but fifteen loaves of bread to the Company, but no "small fish." With these we appeased our stomach, outraged by famine since Christmas noon. At length night came. We hitched ourselves together as best we could, for the cars were crowded, and went to sleep. When morning broke upon us, at Warrenton, it was not a little amusing to view the scene which daylight ushered in. Some were sleeping on the seats,

some between the seats, some in aisles, lying on top of each other for pillows, horizontally, inclined and vertical.

At ten A. M. we arrived at Florence. Here Company B was left to guard the place, as it was considered an important one. It was the farthest point northward from St. Charles to which the cars could run, the track being injured and the wires cut beyond it. We took quarters in vacant buildings. By some cause, our supply of bread had been left behind. We cooked for our suppers a scanty supply of bacon, rice, and coffee. One can imagine what different emotions each of us felt when detailed for picket guard on the first night we were at Florence. Fearing a surprise, we were instructed to be vigilant and not let the enemy surprise us. It afforded us little cheer to be placed out on picket duty, suffering with hunger, a half mile from camp, in the snow. With dire vengeance, we denounced the Rebel bridge-burners who had put us to all these hardships. We found the inhabitants of this place intensely disloyal, and the feeling in our ranks toward them was one of extreme bitterness. We believed that they were guilty at least of the depredations which had rendered our presence among them necessary, by acting as spies for the enemy, to give him shelter, food and cheer, so he could hide in the bush and shoot down our stragglers, assassinate our pickets, to prowl about the country in guerrilla bands to burn bridges and cut telegraph wires. This we knew from experience to be the character of a large portion of the disloyal citizens of Missouri. A soldier admires open enemies if they are brave, but despises such

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enemies as these. We wanted such a leader as Jim Lane, as we believed nothing short of his policy would do. We never would end the war until we showed traitors that we considered treason a crime. Such sentiments were canvassed freely in our ranks.

December 29th orders were issued to be ready to march. Next day at seven P. M., December 30th, we began the march northward. The ground being frozen, we marched slowly. Passing through Danville, we camped for the night on a broad prairie near Martinsburg Station, on the North Missouri Railroad. We obtained water by cutting holes through the ice of a pond. Most of us pitched tents and pulled grass and made beds.

December 31st broke soft and balmy. At ten o'clock we heard dull sounds upon the wind as of a distant conflict of arms. Soon after, a number of scouts arrived from Mexico with orders for Company B to hurry to that place. They reported an engagement in that vicinity. We moved without delay. On reaching Mexico, we found here a force under Brigadier General Schofield, of State troops. Of the cause of the firing we had heard we could learn nothing. It might have been a skirmish; it was more likely a detachment discharging their pieces to get the loads out of them. We got our baggage unloaded and made our beds on the wet grounds, covered ourselves with blankets and tents, and tried to sleep, but the wind shifted to the northwest and blew so hard that all our covering availed us little. The new year dawned with a sky overcast with

gloomy clouds and with a boisterous, northwest wind. The world without us corresponded exactly with the world within us, as all was gloom. A few New Year's greetings were exchanged, and many fond thoughts went back to the happy firesides we had exchanged for the cheerless camp-fires. We took quarters in the vacant buildings. Our quarters were crowded and inadequate, but we accommodated ourselves to them cheerfully. The exposure of the past week put many on the sick list.

On the 23rd of January all of our regiment was moved north and distributed along the railroad at different places. Company B was left at Sturgis, where we took quarters in a large, deserted, frame hotel, being commodious enough to furnish each mess in Company B with a room, and our surroundings and duties were most pleasant. Here, for the first time since being in Missouri, we subsisted our animals entirely upon forage taken from disloyal citizens. For this purpose foraging parties went out nearly every day. Notwithstanding stringent orders under which our commanders were placed, the boys generally took the occasion for carrying off whatever they could find that would suit their appetites better than bacon and hardtack. We were again seeing the halcyon days of a soldier's life, but we did not know it. We wanted glory.

When Grant moved up the Tennessee River we wanted to be with him. Besides, Buell was moving, McClelland was moving, Burnside was moving on the Potomac, the whole army was advancing at all points, and we were left

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behind guarding railroads and keeping down guerrillas. At length Fort Donnelson fell. A thrill of joy electrified the nation. Since Donnelson, all the little battles of the war were forgotten. Blue Mills had dwindled into an insignificant affair.

On February 25th, T. C. Sween was discharged from the United States service, his disability being rheumatism, caused by exposure. This was the first loss to our mess of seven of the "Bellefontaine Squad," as we were designated by our officers from the beginning of our service in Company B, leaving the six of us to go on. Finally, on the 3rd of March, it was announced, amid great rejoicing, that we would leave for the South as soon as transportation should arrive to take us away.

The day of preparation for an important movement is always, among soldiers, a busy and jolly day. It is a day of work and play. Boxing up camp utensils, packing knapsacks, loading wagons, and cooking rations constitutes the work. By nightfall everything was ready, and we only awaited the cars. The troops who relieved us were a detachment of the Third Iowa Cavalry.

At about ten P. M. we went aboard a train of box cars, and having disposed ourselves for sleep as best we could, awaited the dawn of day. This train carried but four companies besides B, the remaining companies of the regiment coming upon another. Morning found us at St. Charles, where we halted for breakfast and smoked ourselves awhile around some ugly fires. We soon crossed the Mis-



souri River and went aboard a train of passenger cars which brought us to St. Louis. After a long delay at the depot, we formed battalion and marched through the city to the levee, where we went aboard the "Iatan," a boat which was waiting to convey troops. The boat moved out at about eight P. M. It was heavily loaded with government wagons and animals besides its human freight. The river being full of floating ice, we moved slowly. In the morning we passed St. Geneva by a channel which left it four or five miles to our right. It was a lovely sight as we viewed it in the distance. Its windows threw back the red blaze of the rising sun. We arrived at Cairo in the evening and consumed part of next day in getting coal and subsistence on board.

Commodore Foote's Iron Clad Fleet was lying here at this time, some of the boats undergoing repairs.

March 9th we moved up the Ohio. It was swollen, sweeping over its banks and through the forests on the Kentucky shore. We went to sleep upon its waters, and in the morning were steaming up the beautiful Tennessee. We arrived at Fort Henry at about ten o'clock and spent some time in viewing the works. Most of the troops in this vicinity were leaving, or had left. General Grant was still here.

We now learned that the expedition was to be under Major General C. F. Smith, and that our regiment was to be assigned to the division of Brigadier General Hulbert. Leaving Fort Henry, we soon came up with a large fleet

of transports loaded with troops. The Tennessee River, like the Ohio, was very high, and swept through the bottoms on either side. The boat did not halt for night, but when we awoke in the morning it was tied up and taking on wood in the shape of a rail fence and a pile of staves. All day we steamed up the river. The day was bright and beautiful, and the canebrakes and cedars along the banks had a greenness that reminded us of Spring. The way was lined with boats loaded with troops, we passing them and they passing us in turn. Before night we found ourselves in a mighty transport fleet, numbering from eighty to ninety vessels, loaded to the water's edge with infantry, cavalry and artillery, and crowding up the river at full steam. Sometimes several boats would ride abreast and try their speed in the strong current.

We will live long without seeing such a sight again—a grand army equipped in splendor and exulting in success, moving far into the enemy's country with the speed of steam, a grand army of sixty thousand men moving upon the waters. It was a glorious sight; every boat seemed a monster, its fierce eyes gleaming through the darkness, one of green, and one of red, its dark breath rolling up against the sky as it hurried on, bent on some great purpose of justice or of vengeance.

Was there ever such an assemblage of patriots, so much unity, so much courage, so much hope?

## Chapter IV.

### The Great Battle of Shiloh



DAYLIGHT March 12th found the great flotilla anchored opposite Savannah, Tennessee, a dilapidated village, about twenty-five miles from the Alabama line. The citizens of Savannah were, for the most part, favorable to our cause. The town was full of refugees from Rebel conscription, to whom our presence was really a deliverance. We found here another illustration of the fact that the farther an army gets from railroads and telegraphs, the more news the country affords. The citizens informed us that a great battle had been fought near Manassas, resulting disastrously to the Rebels. We also learned that Beauregard was concentrating an army of a hundred thousand men a few miles above us—a report in which there was more truth than we were willing to believe.

The morning after our arrival at Savannah we heard cannonading above us. We could only conjecture the cause of it then, but learned afterward that it was the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, which conveyed the fleet, engaging the enemy's batteries at Eastport, Mississippi. The movement of the enemy and the designs of our Generals began to assume a more tangible shape in our ideas.

The army of Sidney A. Johnson had been driven from Columbus to Bowling Green, and now its right wing was in full retreat before Buell, its left assailed by Pope, and its center pierced by Grant. Ascending the Tennessee, it was endeavoring to concentrate on a new line of defense, that of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, at the strategic point of Corinth. With this purpose General Beauregard had probably already arrived at Corinth with a small portion of his troops, whither General Bragg was hurrying with divisions from Mobile and Pensacola. General Johnson's advance guard had already reached that point, while the main body was crossing the Tennessee River at Decatur. Our fleet should have pushed on and landed troops at a point where we could have disembarked and seized the Memphis & Charleston Railroad east of Corinth, and prevented Beauregard forming a junction with Johnson. Thus it is seen how easily a little vigor on our part would have disorganized the plans of the Rebel leaders and prevented their concentration on any practical line of defense.

These were golden hours of opportunity to the Army of the West. All that was necessary was to march on, but just as we had reached the decisive moment, when the events of a year could have been accomplished in a week, we faltered; just at the hour when to wait should have been our farthest thought, we halted. Whether it was that General Smith's orders restricted his movements, or whether he was unequal to the occasion, never will be known.

At daylight, March 17th, the boats conveying our division moved up the river a few miles, under convoy of a gunboat, and halted opposite the bluffs of Pittsburgh Landing, which the enemy had occupied a few days before. Nine boats tied up on the western bank, two on the eastern, one of which was our own. The expedition was now almost at a halt. Most of the fleet was above us, probably endeavoring to effect a landing at Hamburg, six miles above. The soldiers knew little of the whereabouts of the enemy. A few days before the enemy had a force, with some artillery, on Pittsburgh Bluffs; a gunboat had engaged them and driven them off. Who, then, knew but what the enemy were in force beyond our observation, ready to dispute our landing?

The honor of first setting foot on this historic soil belongs to the Fourth Division, the Third Iowa and Forty-first Illinois being the two first regiments of the division. We disembarked in light order, ascended the bluff, and advanced into the woods to cover the movements. General Sherman at the same time began preparations to debark. Roads were cut up the side of the bluffs on which the wagons and artillery could ascend.

The Third Iowa was assigned, by direction of Major General Grant, to the First Brigade, Fourth Division. Col. Williams, as ranking officer, assumed command. The brigade was composed of the Third Iowa, Major Stone in command; Thirty-second Illinois, Col. John Logan; Forty-first Illinois, Col. J. C. Pugh; Twenty-eighth Illinois, Col. E. K.

Johnson. Soon after General Hulbert issued orders, announcing in detail the positions each regiment should occupy. The Third Iowa established camp perpendicularly to line of the First Brigade, our right towards the river. We drew new Sibly tents. Six were allowed to the company. The ground was full of water, but our quarters were commodious and contrasted delightfully with the filthy decks of the "Iatan." Sickness was already becoming alarmingly prevalent among us. Camp diarrhoea was the prevailing malady. We twice changed our camp previous to the battle, and when that event occurred, the First Brigade was camped in proper order. The Third Iowa was on the extreme right; beyond us were the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss, and to our right those of McClellan and Smith.

In confusion of hills, ravines and crossroads, it was scarcely possible for a casual observer to come to a definite conclusion as to the topography of our camps, but he did not have to look twice at that city of white tents in the solemn forest to be impressed with the grandeur of the sight. As far as the eye could reach, the hills were covered with them. By day the roads were choked with baggage wagons, coming and going. The woods teemed with armed men. The air was full of martial music. Bugles and bands were continuously playing. Our spare time was mostly occupied with drills and reviews. The weather was much of the time rainy, and sickness and despondency continued to increase.

In a week or ten days after our arrival at Pittsburgh Landing, the roads had dried up so as to be quite passable. Why, then did we not advance? The reason was obvious now. Our delay had given the enemy time to concentrate at Corinth, and we must now wait the arrival of Buell before resuming the offensive. Oh, how nearly fatal was that delay! The enemy was concentrating a large army within a few miles of us, with what design we were ignorant. Whether it was merely to arrest our further advance, or to march upon us and give battle. In the latter event, our situation was a highly dangerous one. Our troops were not camped in proper line of battle. Reconnoissances were infrequent and unsatisfactory. Picketing at the time of the attack was done only by the infantry, and the picket line was but a short distance in front of the line of advanced camps. What was well nigh as bad, the headquarters of the commanding general were at Savannah, eight miles away.

We had rumors that the enemy were evacuating Corinth, and again that he was marching against us. Whatever we believed, we could not deny that if the enemy expected to give us a decisive blow, he would attempt it now.

On the evening of the fourth of April, while a heavy thunderstorm was raging, we heard dull sounds in the advance, like the firing of infantry; it was the Fifth Ohio Cavalry encountering a reconnoitering force of the enemy. The long roll began to beat in the different camps. General

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Hulbert hurried us forward to the support of Sherman. Regiments joined one after the other in the column. As they took the road, the mud was deep, the artillery wheels sinking nearly to the hubs. When we had advanced about three-quarters of a mile, General Hulbert received orders to turn back. We went to sleep that night without any apprehensions in consequence of the alarm.

The following day was quiet throughout the camps. No one seemed to think of such a thing as the immediate presence of the enemy. From the front there were no tidings of anything unusual, not an intimation of the nearness of the enemy. Over all was settled a frightful calm. It was that which indicates the gathering storm. Within an hour's march of us, the enemy was taking his position for battle. What a whirlwind was preparing for the morrow. We had reached a day when history pauses and hesitates. It began in astonishment, cloud, and mystery; it developed into a tempest. The soldier who fights in a battle neither sees, hears, or understands its confusion. It is an infinity of noises, an earthquake of jarring multitudes. A thousand sights, sounds and emotions rush upon him. He endeavors to hear, and see, and realize all that is taking place—lines of advancing and retreating infantry, rushing of batteries, galloping to and fro—over all the smoke of battle rises, as if endeavoring to shut out the gaze of heaven, and amid all a deafening crash of sounds, as if it were feared some higher voice than man's would be heard forbidding; but there are times in battle when the chaotic



whole resolves itself into definite shapes, some of which we see clearly. What we see of the great tempest at these times of a great battle, He alone who views it at a distance can be its historian. Those who participate in it can only contribute items.

With us the battle of Shiloh was not a battle. It was merely a resistance, planless, stubborn resistance. After the first onset of the enemy, which was to the army, and we, the soldiers, believe, to General Grant himself, a complete surprise, the field was contested by our troops with a heroism which will forever redound to their honor. Divisions, brigades, regiments,—all fought recklessly, but no one could tell how. Such was the tumult without and within, such was the obscurity, we can scarcely affirm with certainty what we saw.

I will not undertake a general description of the battle of Shiloh. I can only tell how the part of the conflict I saw appeared to me; how my company and regiment went through it; what it did and what it attempted to do. Beyond this, I can only sum up the general phase.

Surprised at seven, and our front line broken, reinforced and confident at ten; stubborn at twelve; desperate at two; our lines crumbling away at three; broken at four; routed and pulverized at five; at six, rallying for a last desperate stand, at which time a third army appears on the field and a new battle proper commences.

At about an hour of sunrise, on April 6, while we were eating our breakfast, volleys of musketry were heard in

advance. We remarked, "They are skirmishing pretty sharply in front." By degrees the firing grew steadier and nearer. "If," said we, "it is a regular reconnoissance of the enemy, it is a bold one, for he certainly is pushing back our advanced troops." Suddenly the noise of cannon set in—jar after jar—quicker and quicker, announcing too truly that the enemy was attacking us in force. Many instinctively buckled on their accoutrements and took their guns. The long roll began to beat. The soldiers flew to their arms and canteens, the officers to their swords, the wagoners to their mules and wagons, the surgeons to their tools and ambulances. Our regiment was promptly formed and moved to the front and left, passing the Thirty-second Illinois in line. Meanwhile the wounded who were being removed from the front past us to the rear in wagons and ambulances, stragglers in squads, with and without guns, began to pour down the road. To our questions, they answered that they had fought an hour without support; that the enemy was in their camps; that the regiments were cut all to pieces. To all these ridiculous stories we paid no attention, but passed on. About a mile in advance the battle was now raging with fury; our regiment moved to the left from the main road on which we had marched the previous Friday evening.

It was impossible to move in line with any degree of steadiness among so many obstacles of logs, trees, and underbrush. We were ordered before leaving our camp to load, and as soon as we began to advance in line, we

were given orders to fix bayonets. This increased our confusion, because it increased our expectations, and because it was much more difficult to march through the thick underbrush with bayonets fixed. We did not have skirmishers between us and the enemy.

We had not marched far this way when we were halted and dressed line and other regiments of the First Brigade formed on our left. At this time a mass of stragglers hurried pell-mell past our right, whom a field officer was trying to rally. They proved to be what was left of a regiment of Sherman's division. It is a literal fact that some of the regiments of Sherman's and Prentiss's divisions were paralyzed by the first onset of the enemy, and fled through the woods, honor, glory, country, liberty, defeat, captivity, humiliation, shame—all were alike to them. They could hear behind them the enemy's musketry and his shout of triumph. They had but one thought, save themselves from the enemy's balls and bayonets. And yet, at this very time, regiments and battalions were hurrying forward to reinforce them and close up the breach caused by their ignoble flight. It was a glorious and all-cheering sight. Battalion after battalion was moving on in splendid order, stemming the tide of these broken masses, not a man straggling. Regiments seemed to be animated by one thought. These were the troops of the Fourth Division, and this was the splendid manner in which our General led us against the enemy.

## Chapter V.

### The First Day's Terrible Battle



**W**HILE in this position, the First Brigade formed its first line at half past eight in the morning. The enemy advanced his batteries and began to shell us vigorously. Before us was a gentle ridge, covered with dense woods and brush. The enemy fired at random. We lay flat on the ground, while his shells exploded harmlessly in the tops of the trees above us. Our regiment shifted positions two or three times here; but the whole brigade was soon ordered forward, to take a position in a cotton field, where one of our batteries had been planted. Beyond this field, we, for the first time, caught sight of the enemy, his regiment with their red banners flashing in the morning sun, marching proudly and all undisturbed through the abandoned camps of Prentiss. To him suddenly appeared the First Brigade, widely deployed upon the open field, the ground sloping towards him and not a bush to conceal us from his view—a single blue line, compact and firm, crowned with a hedge of sparkling bayonets, our flags and banners flapping in the breeze; and in our center a battery of six guns, whose dark mouths scowled defiance at him. The enemy's infantry fronted towards us and stood; ours

kneeled and brought our pieces to the ready. Thus for some moments the antagonists surveyed each other. He was on the offensive, we on the defensive. We challenged him to the assault, but he moved not; he was partly masked in the woods, and the smooth-bore muskets of our regiment could not reach him.

Suddenly one of his batteries, completely masked, opened upon ours with canister. His first shots took effect. Ours replied a few times, when its officers and men disgracefully withdrew, leaving two guns in battery on the field. Having driven off this battery, the enemy turned his guns upon us, but most of his discharges flew over our heads and rattled harmlessly through the tops of the trees. He soon, however, obtained our range more perfectly, and we began to suffer from his fire. We were thus a target for his artillery, and could not give him an effective return, and soon our brigade was moved, our regiment taking position on the right, in front of the Seventeenth Kentucky. Meantime the battle rose with great fury to our right, the firing grew into a deafening and incessant roar for one hour.

We lay in this position, listening to the exploding shells around us and to the noises of the battle to our right. It was ten o'clock, and the battle had raged for three hours. On the left, where we were in line, the enemy was making no serious attempts; the center, though furiously assailed, was holding its own; it was reported on the right we were driving the enemy. About this time General Grant, with

two or three of his staff, rode up from the rear. The General's countenance wore an anxious look, yet bore no evidence of excitement or trepidation. We did not see him again until night, and then he was on the bluffs near the river, endeavoring to rally his dispirited troops, and General Buell was with him.

About eleven o'clock our regiment moved so far to the left that our left wing rested behind the cotton field. Looking forward we could see the two abandoned pieces, side by side, like faithful comrades. They faced the foe, as if ashamed to fly like the ignoble men who had left them to their fate. Soon after they were abandoned, volunteers had gone forward and spiked them, rendering them useless.

Beyond the field we could see the enemy distinctly, and some of the movements were plain to us. But he was beyond our range and our officers would not allow us to fire. This was an excellent position for artillery, the open field affording free range and a fair view of the enemy. To the right and left, as well as the front, our duty was now to support the several batteries which were successively ordered to take position here and which were successively either ordered away or disabled by the superior practice of the enemy. His screeching missiles and his shells burst over our heads continually and his canister reached us spent. His ordinary shells did little mischief; his case shot had the most effect. But as rapid as was his firing, when lying down we suffered comparatively little. Mean-

while, the battle raged furiously immediately to the right of the field and in front of the position from which we had just moved, a fierce yell of the enemy, mingled with the increasing din of musketry, announced the approach of assailing columns. Now, as though a thousand angry thunders were joining their voices, the incessant jar grated upon the ear, drowning all other sounds. The discharge of our artillery could scarcely be heard. Dense clouds of smoke lifted itself above the combatants. Suddenly the firing ceased, and a wild shout of triumph was caught up by listening comrades, borne far along the line, announced that the assault had been repulsed.

Now in the storm there was a few moments' lull, and the assault was renewed with the same fury as before and with the same results. Thus, after battling those lines for two hours with his artillery, the enemy assailed them for three hours with his infantry. His attacking columns withered away each time before the well-directed fire of our heroic troops. Nowhere on all the field of battle did the storm rage so fiercely. Nowhere did the enemy assail and renew the assault with such rage, and nowhere did our troops fight with such inspiring valor. Nor was there a place on the field which, after the battle, showed so many marks of conflict.

At one point where the underbrush was heavy it was for several rods around literally mowed down with rifle balls. The range of the balls seems to have been perfect, few striking lower than two or higher than five feet from

the ground. When it is known that this storm must have showered through the ranks of living multitudes, was anything more needed to account for the immense number of dead that strewed this part of the field? The troops that held this part of our line were the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division, commanded by General Louman.

Thus we lay behind this open field, silent spectators of the battle. Mann's Missouri battery was in position on the left of our regiment, and fired with great rapidity and effect. General Hulburt twice rode up and complimented them, and his words moved the gallant Dutchmen to tears.

As far as we could hear beyond the Third Brigade to our right, the firing grew more and more regular and farther and farther to the rear, which told us too well that our right and center were being crowded back. We now learned that everywhere except on the left our line had crumbled before the enemy. The First and Third Brigades of Hulburt, and Second Brigade of Sherman, commanded by Col. Dave Stuart, had held this position unshaken since morning, and the enemy's assaults had only served to multiply his dead.

At length he lost his reason in his baffled rage, and failing in his repeated efforts to break the Third Brigade, and thus propagate on our left the disorder of the center, he undertook to carry the cotton field in front of the Third Iowa and capture the annoying battalions behind it by direct assault. A brigade leaped the fence, line after line, and formed on the opposite side of the field. It was a



splendid sight, those men in the face of death and dressing their ranks, hedges of bayonets gleaming above them and their proud banners waving in the breezes. Our guns, shotted with canister, made great gaps in their ranks, which rapidly closed, not a man faltering in his place. Now their field officers waved their swords. A shout arose and that calm, splendidly aligned body of men took the double quick and moved on magnificently. We could not repress exclamations of admiration for such heroism.

Our officers ordered us to reserve our fire and wait for the word. On, on came their unwavering lines. Not a man faltered; not a gun they fired, not a gap occurred save when our canister went plunging through, and these were speedily closed up. Suddenly a few rifles were heard in the Thirty-second Illinois on our left. A field officer was seen to fall and then all along our regimental line a crash of musketry maintained in a steady roar, followed by a cloud of blinding smoke, through which we could see nothing. We knew not whether they stood or fell, halted, retreated or advanced. We only knew that their bullets at times rattled through the fence and that some of our men were shot.

We continued to load and fire until our officers ordered us to cease. When the smoke cleared away, we saw what was left of this splendid brigade, retreating by the right flank, by which movement they placed a hill between them and us. Singularly enough, many muskets again commenced firing. The enemy's dead and wounded lay so

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thickly upon the field where his charge was first checked, that they looked like a line of troops lying down to receive our fire. It was sometime before we could believe that such was not the case. When we saw our victory, then went up an exultant shout. No one who has not felt it knows how a soldier feels in such moments.

Our triumph was but the beginning of disaster. From our position we could see the enemy preparing a storm which was to sweep us from the field. Regiment after regiment of his infantry fled along our front beyond the field and took positions in front of Col. Stewart's brigade, which formed the extreme left of the line. Once or twice his cavalry formed as if to charge us, and then disappeared. It was an attempt to mask the movements of his troops. It did not succeed. We watched with harrowing expectations, this masking of his battallions on our left. We noticed, too, that towards the right the firing had grown feeble and irregular. This told us that the enemy was withdrawing troops from the right and concentrating them against this part of the line, which was all that remained unbroken. In the meantime, would we be reinforced? We could hardly expect it, for we knew that our troops were broken and that there were no reserves. Turning to ourselves we saw that we had already suffered heavily; our remaining guns were well nigh disabled and much of our infantry was hors de combat. We saw that our only resource was our strength and courage. Everything seemed now at stake and depending upon us, life, honor, the sal-

vation of the army and perhaps the success of our cause. We looked the crisis in the face and every soldier seemed to resolve to meet it like a man.

At half past three o'clock the enemy's infantry, in a column of several lines, moved to the attack. From our position we could see the immense mass sweeping through the half open woods. The spectacle charmed, notwithstanding the dread it occasioned. At the same time his artillery began to fire with greatly increased vigor and his infantry renewed the battle on the right—shot, shell, grape, canister came howling and whistling through our lines. The very trees seemed to protest against it. Missiles flew everywhere. Lying on our faces, we could not escape them. Our artillery, the Second Michigan battery, replied feebly, but bravely. Their horses were shot down and their men swept from their guns. We could but admire the heroic conduct of those men, and shudder to see them fall. Their battery was finally disabled and compelled to withdraw into the woods. It is impossible to depict this hour of conflict. All the noises of battle commingled rose in a bewildering roar, and above all we could hear the cries of the combatants as they joined, and the shouts of the multitudes, announcing a successful or an unsuccessful charge. It was a swift, anxious hour.

By four o'clock the left was flanked and turned; regiment after regiment was successively broken from extreme left to right. An enfilading battery opened upon us with canister. Their cartridges exhausted in opposing the

flanking fire, and being mowed down by canister, our troops began to retreat through the woods. General Hurlburt rode up to Major Stone and said in a calm, low tone: "I look to the Third Iowa to retrieve the fortunes of this field." Those who heard those memorable words will never forget how the General looked then, a calm example of heroism. Amid those thickening disasters, it was an occasion which called forth the highest qualities of our nature and told us who were men. Before us the enemy's dead were strewn thickly over the field and showed us what discipline and courage could do. Above us the hissing and screaming of missiles; around us the roar of battle, rising louder and louder, assailed in front and flank. The enemy to the left was crowding our troops and pressing furiously on our rear. The troops to our right were swept back, as well as all of those five divisions who had remained so long unshaken. And now our General had committed the fortunes of the day to us. I would not write boastingly of my own regiment, not in the least disparage the conduct of the gallant men who had fought on other parts of the field, nor I do not claim for my comrades a degree of courage which others did not possess. I merely state the facts and challenge the successful contradiction of those who have claimed the same honor for other regiments: That the Third Iowa was the last regiment of the front line to retreat from the position its first occupied.

## Chapter VI.

### The Third Iowa Last to Retreat



UCH was the situation around us at half past four in the afternoon. Major Stone resolved not to disappoint the General, but to hold the position, at whatever hazard. Our line was withdrawn for better protection a few rods from the fence. A part of the Second Michigan battery was yet with us. We were assailed by a concentrated fire from the right by artillery, a direct fire from the front, a cross fire from the right.

General Hulburt again rode up and explained to Major Stone the situation—that his right was driven back and his left broken; that it was the enemy's fault that our regiment was not captured, and ordered the Major to take us to the rear. We moved back about three hundred yards and again faced towards the enemy. Here we came in contact with the enemy's infantry, pressing confusedly on after the fugitive troops behind our left. We availed ourselves of every shelter the ground afforded, without breaking our line, and engaged him at close range. He had not expected to meet such resistance. The buckshot from our smooth-bore muskets flew too thickly for him and he recoiled in astonishment. For a few moments the field was

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clear. Looking forward to our old position, we beheld the enemy's hated flag floating above the fence behind which we had held most of the day.

Meanwhile, we had replenished our cartridge boxes with ammunition, which had been previously brought up from the rear. The enemy again advanced upon us. This regiment was the Twenty-second Alabama. We received it as we had done the others, at close range. They raised their demoniac yell and pressed on at a charging step. They came so near that our officers used their revolvers against them, but like the others, they recoiled and retreated before our thick fire, leaving us masters of the ground. The enemy subsequently acknowledged that our range was here most perfect and that this regiment was well-nigh destroyed in this attempt and did not again participate in the action either day.

Masses of troops, now crowding past our right, forced us to another retreat. We fell back about three hundred yards and again faced towards the enemy and reformed ourselves. Major Stone, in the absence of senior officers, had been for some time gallantly fighting his own battles. General Prentiss was now to our right with five regiments of Smith's division, endeavoring to hold the enemy in check. He rode up to Major Stone and asked him to assist him and that our regiment should become his left. The Major readily assented. Here, then, if the spectacle of the field was appalling, it was sublime—six regiments disputing the field and trying to hold the enemy in check, if pos-

sible, until the army could again form in the rear, or till night should put an end to the battle. Here the enemy crowded furiously on, assailing us in front and flank; his missiles swept the field in all directions; our dead fell thickly, our wounded streamed to the rear. We no longer had lines of battle, but fought in squads and clusters; the smoke obscured our vision; comrades knew not who stood or fell; all was confusion and chaos around us. The mass of the enemy broke our regiment on the right and separated us from Prentiss. We were again compelled to retreat. As we fell back, keeping up a brisk fire, to our left and rear, partly obscured in smoke, we could see the enemy's assailing infantry hurrying to cut off our retreat; in a few moments he would be full in our rear; it was no time to hesitate now. We must run the gauntlet he had prepared for us or be captured. We preferred to take the chances and run. As the left of our line gave way and run in disorder, we saw to our left masses of the enemy very near, firing rapidly and rushing towards us with frantic yells. On the other side a regiment, well aligned, was directing himself so as to cut off our retreat; between these two fires we were completely exposed and suffered our greatest loss; here our brave Captain Albert Hobbs fell. At no time had we been exposed to so thick a fire. More of our regiment fell here than anywhere else upon the field. Scarcely anyone escaped without bullet holes through their clothing. Major Stone retreated last with the right wing, ran full against a Rebel regiment, and with a few men was captured. With the exception of those who

fell, the regiment escaped. General Prentiss retreated with the remainder of his troops, and on looking forward he saw the gap was closed through which he had hoped to escape. Exposed to a concentrated fire from all sides, there was no alternative but surrender. The regiments captured here were the Eighth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa, and Fifty-eighth Illinois. It was now about five o'clock. It was almost a mile farther on in the rear near the landing where the army was forming its last line of resistance, toward which we turned as the retreat had converged from all points of the field. Here the troops were crowded together in disorderly masses. Men were separated from their colors. There were no longer any regiments, brigades, or divisions. All was confusion, a great rout, halting because it could retreat no farther.

This was the grand army which yesterday surveyed itself so proudly. Tonight it looked at itself and was appalled.

During the day Capt. Madison had, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting four of his siege guns into position on the bluffs; the remnants of broken regiments had halted and planted their colors near them. Stragglers came up and joined, and by degrees a line of battle grew and extended itself to the right. Under the directions of Col. Webster, Chief of Staff to General Grant, about thirty pieces of cannon were got into position along this line and opened upon the enemy.

For sometime we had noticed on the opposite side of



the river a signal flag and battalions of cavalry. We heard a band of music playing martial airs. A strange General was also riding with Grant. It was he! It was Buell! The news spread and was rumored everywhere. "Take courage," our officers said. "We will hold them till night. Tomorrow Buell's army will be on the field and we will easily defeat them." We were divided between hopes and doubts, until Ammon's brigade of Nelson's division marched up the hill, but we were astonished beyond measure at the enemy. When there was no longer anything to oppose him he had halted, he had delayed an hour when perseverance alone was necessary to make his victory complete. But we did not fully understand his situation; his troops had suffered terribly, as the assaulting party always does when the assailed fight bravely. They had been broken in the pursuit well-nigh as badly as we in the rout. Besides, Prentiss had assured them that we had fortifications near the river. These circumstances decided him to reform his lines before making the final assault. Before he could accomplish this, night began to close the scene. Nevertheless, his right wing was thrown forward to the river and moved down. The gunboats, Tyler and Lexington, attacked him vigorously. At the same time Ammon confronted him with his full battalions and behind our now blazing batteries a long blue line of infantry extended. The enemy halted and limited himself to keeping up a furious cannonade. The moon rose and threw a ghastly light upon the field, and the battle had ceased, save when at intervals from one of the gunboats or siege pieces, a jar of cannon,

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the noise of a flying projectile, and far to the front the crack of an exploding shell announced to the enemy that we were not yet his.

All night the troops of Buell continued to cross the river on transports; regiment after regiment filed up the bluff and took position in line of battle and waited the dawn of day. About ten P. M. clouds overcast the sky and then began a drizzling, uncomfortable rain. Nevertheless, the soldiers, blanketless and weary, lay down and slept. No one who has not experienced it knows with what eagerness a soldier sleeps after a great battle. But ours was interrupted at regular intervals by the jar of the heavy artillery, which had been ordered to throw shells during the night to annoy the enemy. Thus awakened and closing our eyes again to sleep, we saw in our brain fever all the terrible images of the day's battle. But the Generals could not have slept. They were busy with the preparations for the morning battle. During the night two divisions and a part of a third succeeded in getting across. Lines of battle grew in the darkness and extended themselves over the hills.

The day dawned, our men arose and waited the order to advance. The enemy, too, began to form his lines of battle. His soldiers knew nothing of our being reinforced and our capture was expected without difficulty. Both hosts were full of expectations. With what a shock, then, would they join. Suddenly they heard the reports of rifles. Their pickets driven in announced the advance of

our troops. In a moment our infantry confronted them. If the earth had sunk under their feet they could not have been more stupefied. Batteries mounted the crests of the ridges and thundered at them. Lines of skirmishers appeared and vanished, followed by full battalions advancing at a charge and shouting victory. It was not possible, thought they, that the broken host of yesterday had renewed its strength, and were turning upon them. No, Buell was on the field. They realized immediately and expected the worst. The Fourth Division rested at this time on the bluffs as a reserve. We listened with great impatience to the noise of battle on the left and to the frequent reports that come to us from that part of the field; the firing rose and continued heavily for two or three hours, growing all the while more and more distant. The end of this beginning is known. The enemy fought desperately, inflicting upon us heavy loss, but he was forced back several miles, losing part of his artillery.

About ten o'clock General Hulburt was ordered to move forward his division and reinforce the right. "Here," said the General, looking at his fragments of battalions, "is what I am ordered to march against the enemy." He then ordered the regiments to be counted. The Third Iowa numbered one hundred and forty men. First Lieutenant G. W. Crosley, as ranking officer, was in command. We moved to the flank, the First Brigade in advance. Thus this remnant of the Fourth Division, gallant men, whom nothing could dismay, moved forward into battle. Having advanced perhaps a mile, we came within range of the

enemy's shells, which fell in the rear of our line. This firing fortunately did us no damage. We reached the point we were ordered to support and the division was drawn up in front. The battle here raged heavily and the line in front of us swayed to and fro. To our right and rear one of our batteries was engaged with one of the enemy's, a short distance to our left and front. The duel they kept up was rapid and revengeful. In front of us we could catch glimpses of the battle regiments advancing, then disappearing in the thick woods and coming back in disorder. It was a succession of successful attacks. Now fortune was with us, and now with the enemy. Behind all, the Fourth Division stood firmly and stayed the retreating battalions and held the line.

Col. E. K. Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth Illinois, now assumed the command of our brigade, and began to advance our line. Having advanced a considerable distance, the line halted and volunteer skirmishers were called for. A sufficient number went forward. They soon discovered the enemy moving by the left flank along our front, and massing their troops with apparent design of flanking us. Col. Johnson immediately took means to meet their movements. He moved our line to the left perhaps a quarter of a mile and then changed its direction to the front. Suddenly we confronted the enemy, standing in a compact line of battle, as if dressed to begin an advance. We halted, and both lines began a vigorous and steady fire on our part. There was no swaying, nor straggling. It was a

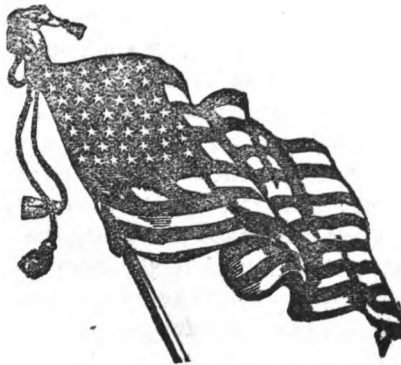
fair, stand-up fight, the antagonists exposed to view and deliberately shooting each other down. It was a splendid test of the power of the two forces. Victory was with us. We had expended from twenty to thirty rounds of ammunition when the enemy's line gave way and ours followed at a charge. A part of a battery fell into our hands, around which dead men and horses lay thickly, showing how severely they had suffered. The enemy escaped across a field. We were halted and fresh troops moved up and went forward to reinforce the right.

Our regiment was moved to the left, but was not engaged again during the remainder of the day. The battle raged with unvarying steadiness all along the line, the enemy being gradually forced back till about four o'clock, when he finally disappeared from the field. Thirty-six hours before he had marched against us, expecting everything, and had gained nothing but slaughter and defeat. His right wing had left the field in rout, his whole army was demoralized and had dissolved into a disorganized, straggling multitude in his retreat to Corinth.

We now expected the order to pursue. Why this was not done was an enigma to us, when, by pushing vigorously on, we would have saved almost two months of hardships and suffering to force the evacuation of Corinth, which might now have been accomplished by twenty-four hours' vigorous action. General Grant's apology for not pursuing the enemy is expressed in his official report thus: "My force was too much fatigued during the two days' hard

fighting to pursue immediately." At least, were we not as able to pursue as the enemy to retreat? He had suffered as much in fatigue as we, and proportionately far more in losses of battle.

Reader, you may answer if his statements admit of any qualifications.



## Chapter VII.

### After the Battle



THE MEN of our regiment, after collecting their wounded and most of our dead, assembled at our regimental camp. We divided and ate a little food. Our baggage, having been removed to the landing by our quartermaster when the battle began Sunday morning, was not brought up till the next day. We put up our tents and without covering lay down to rest. With blankets for their shrouds, our dead comrades lay near us. Scattered over the field were thousands of wounded, whose suffering we could not alleviate. Under ordinary circumstances it would seem that men in this situation would scarcely wish to sleep at all, but blanketless and weary, we slept a joyous sleep. All night it rained heavily, with scarcely a moment's intermission—storm, darkness and gloom—a fitting termination of those two dreadful days.

During the day I yielded to curiosity, and with some comrades took a stroll over the field. From our extreme front camps to the river, and for three or four miles to right and left, the dead were everywhere to be found. Upon the crests of certain hills, in camps and in open fields, they lay more thickly than elsewhere. One could

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discern with unmistakable certainty on what parts of the field the battle had raged with greatest fury. Nowhere did the enemy's dead lie so thickly as on the open field behind which the First Brigade of the Fourth Division had fought on Sunday. Soldiers were scattered everywhere over the field, some prompted by curiosity, some by desire to revisit some particular spot where his regiment had fought and suffered, where some dear comrade had fallen or where he had witnessed while it was taking place some particular feature of the battle. For ourselves, we paid particular attention to the position our regiment had held for five hours on Sunday. "Here," said we, "we repulsed the charge on the field and piled up the enemy's dead. Here Mann's battery engaged the enemy. Here we supported the Second Michigan. And what a storm was here! And here was our first and here our second position in retreat, and here we made our last stand, and then—"

The dead presented every possible appearance. Some looked calm and natural, as if taking a quiet sleep, not a mark of any emotion, not a distorted line in their features. Other countenances exhibited traces of rage, others of fear. One Rebel lay dead, holding a cartridge in his teeth.

As to the appearance of the wounds which caused death, no general idea can be given. Some did not seem to be wounded at all, but only asleep. There were no traces of violence or injury upon them, except, perhaps, the hair in a particular place would be clotted with blood. Underneath the hair a buckshot had perhaps penetrated



the skull. Many were shot in the face and showed a bullet hole under the eye or on either cheek, and a pool of clotted blood under the head.

Many were shot either in the chest or abdomen. Their bodies were swelled enormously. Some of their eyes were closed, others lay on their backs staring an unearthly stare, as though the light of a strange world was breaking on them. Some bore evidence of having expired in great agony. Other bodies were torn to pieces, as if by the explosion of a percussion shell. Others were disemboweled by canister and beheaded, unlimbed, and cut in two with solid shot.

Less than a mile from the landing five of the enemy's dead lay in a row behind a small tree. They were evidently killed by the same missile. The skull of the first was torn open on one side; the second was struck in the neck; the third in the chest, and so on, as though a descending shell had struck them while standing behind the tree in a row.

After the battle came the sad duty of caring for the wounded, burying the dead and writing home the sad news to father or mother that their son had fallen in the battle.

No one can imagine the emotions I felt when delegated to write of Jacob Moore being fatally wounded, to his mother, as I knew of the bereavement and anguish I would cause that dear old mother at home when I broke the sad news to her of her boy receiving a mortal wound at the

battle of Shiloh. Besides, he and I had been chums in our boyhood days. He was wounded on the first day, in the thigh, and soon after received a shot in the abdomen. He was placed upon a hospital boat and sent, with many others, to Mound City, Illinois, where he died in a few days thereafter. This was the first sacrifice of the Bellefontaine squad. He was one of the best and noblest among us. It was the first duty with the men of the Third Iowa to bury their dead comrades. It was done as well as circumstances would permit, and head boards were placed at the graves with suitable inscriptions. Fatigue parties were detailed to bury the enemy's dead. After the first day after the battle, this duty was anything but agreeable. Immense pits were dug where the dead lay the thickest, to which the bodies were hauled after being loaded into wagons, and then thrown in and buried. Thus were the heroes rewarded with a nameless grave. But as they had been comrades in peril, they were now comrades in their last resting place. To some of the graves our soldiers had placed head boards. On the cotton field where we had fought on Sunday, I noticed an inscription like this:

**Two Hundred and Six Dead Rebels.  
Killed April 6th and 7th,  
1862.**

It has been conceded by everyone who knew the casualties of each regiment and brigade, that here was where the dreaded "Hornet's Nest" was. However, assumptions have been made since, by an association styling itself the

"Hornet's Nest Brigade." I have looked up the official report of the casualties of these regiments claiming that their position was the "Hornet's Nest." I find their losses were comparatively small to that of most of the regiments engaged in the two days' battle at Shiloh. Here is a list of the mortality of the Second and Seventh Iowa (right of Tuttle's Brigade), styling themselves the "Hornet's Nest:"

Second Iowa Regiment, 8 killed, 60 wounded.

Seventh Iowa Regiment, 10 killed, 17 wounded.

The Third Iowa Regiment had 28 killed and 134 wounded, the loss being almost double what these two regiments lost who assume they were the "Hornet's Nest."

Here is what the Rebel commanders say about the "Hornet's Nest": "The son of Albert Sidney Johnson, the Rebel commander at Shiloh, said the left center, the position held by Wallace's and Hulburt's Divisions, was the 'Hornet's Nest.' Where Colonel Fagan charged at the 'Hornet's Nest' he called a forlorn hope."

We three times braved a perfect rain of bullets, shot and shells—endured a murderous fire until endurance ceased to be a virtue. Three different times did we go into that valley of death, and as often were forced back. The heaps of killed and wounded left there give ample evidence.—(Iowa in War Times). The amount of dead and assaults tally in number made on the cotton field in front of the First Brigade, Fourth Division, the position held by this command for five hours.

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I do not claim for my comrades a degree of courage more than those regiments who claim the same honor. The Second and Seventh Iowa were both grand regiments, of whom the State is, and should be, proud. I have merely stated the facts of which history will sustain me.

Most of our regiment buried their dead by themselves, thus forming a little regimental cemetery, around which we built an enclosure.

This battle changed materially the morale of the army. It had diminished our inclinations to boast. If it had not taught us to respect ourselves less, it had taught us to respect our enemies more. It diminished our confidence in General Grant. On Sunday the enemy had beaten us by superiority of numbers, by having his plans laid and his dispositions for battle made without our knowledge and without any interruptions from us. Finally, by the advantage gained in the attack being a complete surprise to us. Then, if we were to believe what the newspapers at home said of us, we were both heroes and cowards. We knew that if we had achieved nothing splendid, we were at least victors. But when we looked through the ranks of our regiment and surveyed our losses, there was left us little room for joy or congratulations. Of the four hundred and fifty who marched into the battle under our flag on Sunday morning, twenty-eight were killed and over two hundred were killed, wounded, and missing. It was a poor satisfaction that the enemy's dead outnumbered our own. The only joy we could derive from a knowledge of his suf-

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fering was that it would diminish his strength for the next battle.

When the casualties of both sides were fully known of this great battle, the aggregate losses of the two contending forces were very nearly equal. Adding together our own and the enemy's dead, and including those who died of wounds, at least four thousand men were killed and buried on the field of Shiloh.

Here, breathing a foul atmosphere, drinking a sickening water, and surrounded by loathsome and gloomy associations, we remained for three weeks—in camp on a field of graves. In the meantime, the enemy entrenched at Corinth. General Halleck arrived at Pittsburg Landing and assumed command of the army in person. Preparations were made for our advance. Those of the sick, who, in the opinion of the medical officers, would not be fit for duty in thirty days, were sent to the hospital boats and thence to northern hospitals.

Towards the end of the month the general advance commenced. Our division broke camp and moved forward to Shiloh Springs, where we camped with McClelland on the right, Sherman on the left and Wallace in the rear. Here, for the first time since landing at Pittsburg Landing, we began to do picket duty. This duty was no unimportant part of the details of the advance upon Corinth. The degree of pleasure we took in this work depended greatly upon circumstances—the officers in command, the state of

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the weather, and the degree of vigilance necessary to be kept up.

April 30th, orders came for our division to advance. We moved out on the main Corinth road. We passed on the way a dilapidated log house and near it a deserted Rebel camp full of tents, destroyed commissary stores, clothing and camp equipage, everything indicating a hasty evacuation. We camped this night on what was known as Pea Ridge.

Again, in four or five days, we received other orders to advance. We passed through the camp of Sherman, just evacuated. Here we left the Corinth road and bore to the right. Near the late camp of the Sixth Iowa, we noticed a short line of rifle pits, which had been dug by that Regiment. It was an insignificant work, but it was the first we had seen in Tennessee since landing at Pittsburg. Late in the afternoon we passed through Monterey, a town of two or three houses. About a mile beyond we went into camp. The roads were almost impassable and it was noon the next day before our baggage was able to arrive. Wet and fatigued, we made us beds of leaves and wrapped up in our blankets, and passed a night of incessant rain without other covering. The following day we pitched our tents and dried our clothing, Next morning we loaded our baggage and again moved forward. We passed Sherman's yesterday camp, along the right of which and fronting to the west was a line of rifle pits defended by an abattis. After proceeding about two miles farther, the division was placed in line facing toward the south.

Thus we went into camp. This night we slept on our arms and moved forward next morning about two miles and a half. We then formed line facing to the south, stacked arms and began rapidly to fell timber and construct an abattis in front of our position. Here our pickets first came in contact with those of the enemy and a picket skirmish began which was kept up day and night until we entered Corinth.

The following day was Sunday. There was a lull in the picket firing, as though both parties respected it as a day of rest. But fatigue parties were kept at work on the rifle pits and each day brought the expected battle nearer to us. We were ready for it. It was while here that orders from General Hulburt announced the capture of Norfolk Navy Yards, the destruction of the Merrimac and the destruction of the Rebel flotilla at Fort Pillow. This gave us great joy. On the next day we again broke camp and moved a mile to the front, the enemy's pickets retiring before us. We reached our new position about five P. M., and before ten our position was covered by as good a line of works as we had left. Next day we also moved a short distance and entrenched abreast of Sherman. Here the battle of the pickets grew more severe than ever, and we were kept in constant readiness for a momentary collision with the enemy. We slept on our arms and had reveille at three o'clock in the morning and were frequently ordered into line.

About May 21st, the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by General Thomas, was ordered

to move forward. While our division was advancing, General Davies' artillery shelled back the enemy's outpost in front of us. The discharges of the batteries were rapid and sharp as they broke upon us so near, while we were marching to the front and seemed to have a grim significance. Our brigade halted on a commanding ridge and began to throw up works. This night the enemy's pickets attacked ours furiously, doubtless to ascertain our position, or to learn if we were advancing our lines.

Next morning, a detail was ordered forward and deployed as skirmishers to advance across a field. They obeyed gallantly and with a brisk skirmish, but not without some loss, dislodged the enemy and occupied his position. Comapny B had the honor of participating in this little affair.

May 26th was a day full of excitement, for about one A. M., the guns of Pope and Buell opened heavily upon our left and about noon Sherman's chimed in on our right. Something was to be done. General Lauman was in the saddle; we fell into ranks and stood ready.





## Chapter VIII.

### Recollections With Company B.

**I**T wasn't a battle, but the whole line was ordered to advance. The ambulance corps with white badges tied to their left arms marched in the rear of their respective regiments. After pushing the enemy back fully a half mile, we halted and commenced throwing up works, connecting with Sherman's left. All day, as yesterday, a vigorous cannonading was kept up, varied with occasional skirmishing by the infantry. The work on the fortifications continued briskly, and by night a heavy line of field works, with embrasures for cannon was completed.

And now the morrow, the 30th of May, was to witness the meager fruits of all this preparation and hardships. At six o'clock in the morning we heard a terrible explosion in the direction of Corinth. Our first impression was that the enemy had opened fire with heavy guns; but when we saw dense columns of black smoke rising about the tops of the forest, we felt certain that he was evacuating and blowing up his magazines. The Eighth Missouri was sent forward to reconnoiter and by eight o'clock they had found the enemy's works abandoned. There was an evident strife between Sherman and Hulburt to see who should be first in Corinth. It was a running march through suffoca-

ting dust and melting heat. Three-fourths of a mile brought us to the enemy works. They consisted at the point where we passed them only of a tolerable line of rifle pits, but defended by heavy abattis, a fourth of a mile in width. All along we met straggling troopers retiring, loaded down with various kinds of plunder, among which were enormous knives, which looked in shape and size like corn cutters, besides pikes, shotguns and bake ovens.

We passed the enemy's late camps and were soon in Corinth. The excessive heat, the dust of hurrying battalions and galloping squadrons and batteries, and the smoke of burning houses and cotton, was almost unbearable.

Sherman took the shortest route and reached the town first. His and our divisions pursued the enemy for several miles on the Ripley road, but returned to our former camp before night. The chase of the day was over, and we were again behind our works. It was a meager consolation that we had dug our last ditch for the reduction of Corinth. There was an indescribable feeling of mortification that the enemy, with all of his stores and ordnance, had escaped; yet nothing transpired to change the general impression that though we had gained much, what we had gained was entirely inadequate to the numbers, means and exertion made use of to gain it. We saw that the enemy had lost much by being compelled to abandon a position of such advantage to him, and in the consequent demoralization of his troops; but we harbored a vague mistrust that his superior generalship would yet convert

his defeat into a victory. All seemed to feel that the subjugation of the South lay a long way before us.

On the afternoon of the second of June orders were issued to the Third Iowa to march immediately, and before night the Fourth and Fifth Divisions, under command of Major General Sherman, moved on. Taking all our baggage and passing through Corinth, we camped about seven miles west of that place, where was established a camp, and commenced repairing roads, so as to enable the divisions to proceed. For this purpose, the Third Iowa furnished a small detail each day.

In five or six days we moved again, and after a toilsome and dusty march of fifteen miles, both divisions camped on a commanding bluff that overlooks the Big Hatchie. As the Fourth Division rested upon these hills, little did its soldiers dream that the valley below would one day be consecrated with the blood of many of its members, and that the "heights of the Hatchie" would be forever linked in memory with its glorious achievements, and the prowess of its commander. It was the "Field of Matamora!" For two days we rested here, during which time a bridge was thrown across the Hatchie by the troops of the Fifth Division, in place of the old one which had been burned by the enemy. Resuming the march the following day, we defiled all day through a desolate waste of woods and over dry ridges. The heat was intense. Save for occasional mud holes, there was no water to be found. The dust was shoe top deep and rose in dense, suffocating clouds.

After a march of thirteen miles we camped on Spring-Creek, a tributary of the Hatchie. Here we found excellent water. At five o'clock the next morning the march was resumed. We had no water during this day, except what we took in our canteens. We passed through Grand Junction and found an excellent camping place on Wolf River, having made a distance of twelve miles.

The latter part of June, the Fourth Division moved to a position near LaGrange, Tennessee, our regiment going into camp on a beautiful wooded hill overlooking Wolf River. This village, which, in prosperous times, contained about 2,000 inhabitants, is beautifully situated and is supplied with excellent springs of water. It possessed more attractions than any other town we had yet seen in Tennessee. It was pleasant, indeed, after so long a sojourn in the gloomy woods, to pitch our tents amid scenes of civilization.

We had advanced slowly from Corinth, and had built on the way two bridges ruined by the Rebels, besides repairing the railroads, so that cars were now running regularly between LaGrange and that place. The removal of certain obstructions between LaGrange and Moscow, a station nine miles to the west, was all that now remained to put the road in working condition between Corinth and the city of Memphis.

It seemed to have been known that the enemy under command of Breckenridge, were in the vicinity of Holly Springs, Mississippi, a small city twenty-six miles to the south. This force probably was merely one of obstruction,

the enemy's main body having retired upon Grenada. But there came in exaggerated reports of his immense numbers and their preparations to attack us.

General Sherman determined to move against him, the two divisions starting simultaneously the morning of June 30th, the Fourth from LaGrange, the Fifth from Moscow. Two days' rations were taken in haversacks. We camped the first night at the railroad station of Lamar. The next day was a march of seven miles, which brought the column to Cold Water River, a small stream pure and clear. We remained here while the Thirty-second and Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fourth Illinois Cavalry went forward to reconnoiter, but they discovered nothing. The next day was the Fourth of July. The Fourth Division moved forward and entered without opposition Holly Springs, "the Saratoga of the South." This delightful little city is situated on the Mississippi Central Railroad, contains excellent springs of water and is celebrated as a southern watering place. The next day the column started back and on the seventh again entered LaGrange and Moscow.

About this time General Grant performed the remarkable feat of riding in one day from Corinth to Memphis, unattended except by one company of cavalry, his body guard and a few staff officers. It must be remembered that with the exception of the immediate vicinity of LaGrange and Moscow, where General Sherman's troops were stationed, the whole country was in the hands of the enemy.

On July 17th, the Fourth Division broke camp at La-

Grange and moved forward along the Memphis & Charleston railroad, successively passing Moscow, Lafayette and Germantown. On the fourth day thereafter, July 21st, we arrived in Memphis, footsore, ragged and weary. The battalion marched into the city, the Third Iowa having the honor of being in the lead of the Fourth Division. So thick was the dust on the men's faces that it was difficult to distinguish soldiers from contraband—all looked alike. But the boys dressed their files and proudly kept step to the music, while from balconies and windows the Union ladies waved white handkerchiefs in welcome.

General Sherman disposed his troops so as to environ the city and guard all the approaches to it. Our regiment being on the right of the line, was camped on the south side of the city and near the river. The period we spent here was one of rest but not of idleness. It was a period of discipline and duty. We were still in the presence of an enterprising enemy, who constantly menaced our extended lines with attack.

General Sherman was no less a general in camp than in the field. All could see that in genius and in spirit he was a complete soldier. He administered martial law in the city of Memphis with justice and vigor, but without violence or cruelty.

While we were thus resting, we got reports that our comrades in the East were meeting with disaster after disaster, which disturbed in no small degree the quietude of our camp life. In addition to this the enemy began to

make demonstration in the neighborhood of Bolivar, Tenn., and we were not surprised to find our spell of easy soldiering broken, when on the 5th day of September orders came to march at three o'clock next morning, in what direction we could only conjecture. Now the two divisions that were the first to disembark at Pittsburg Landing and had been so long together, were to be separated. We had marched and fought together perhaps for the last time. The sick who in the opinion of the surgeons were not able to march were provided for in the hospital at Memphis.

We replenished our stock of rations so as to have ten days' supply on hand, and busied ourselves in the preparation for the morrow's march till late in the night. Next morning we moved out, the Third Iowa leading the column, the other regiments and batteries following in their appropriate order.

We halted for the first night about eight miles to the northeast of Memphis, on a deeply-wooded bottom of Wolf River. Reveille woke us at three o'clock in the morning and the column began to move at an early hour, as it continued to do successively each day up to September 13th, when, weary and footsore, from our seven days of rapid marching, we arrived at Bolivar, Tenn., and went into camp on Spring Creek.

During the fortnight that we remained here we felt that a large body of the enemy's troops were in the vicinity, as our reconnoissance force had skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry almost daily.

While our regiment was on battalion drill on the afternoon of October 3rd, orders were read to us to be ready to march promptly at three o'clock in the morning. With three days' cooked rations in haversacks, the evening was spent in preparations, and during the night frequent orders arrived announcing the details of the march. We were to go in light order, taking besides the ambulances but two wagons to the regiment, one for ammunition and one for tents. Those not able to march were exempted by the surgeons, and for this purpose an examination was had. Reveille roused us at one o'clock. At two we had breakfast and the column formed on the open field to the west of Bolivar. It consisted of the Fourth Division and the Sixty-eighth Ohio and Twelfth Michigan of Ross's Division. General Hulburt was in command. General Ross was to remain to guard the camp. Lieutenant Colonel Trumbull was in command of the Third Iowa. The column began to move without delay.

We passed through Bolivar and took the road leading in a southeast direction towards Corinth, passing through a densely wooded bottom, two miles beyond Bolivar, where we had to ford a small creek that flows through a cypress swamp. When the head of the column gained the bluffs to the east it was halted to wait for the rear to come up. Day had not yet dawned, but the scene was enchanting. The moon cast a pure pale light over all the landscape and the profound silence which pervaded all nature was broken only by the heavy tread of man and horse, and the clatter of baggage and artillery wheels.



The sudden orders and the nature of the preparations assured us that this was an uncommon movement, and that there was trouble ahead. All was mystery, but in it every one could see a battle. Little did we think that at that very hour the enemy was preparing to storm our works at Corinth. As soon as the rear battalions had crossed the stream, the march was resumed with energy. Fifteen miles brought us, by eleven A. M., to a small stream, where we halted until about 2 P. M. for dinner and rest.

At Pocahontas Station we crossed the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, and soon after the cavalry, two battalions of the Fifth Ohio, came upon a picket of the enemy which they put to flight, losing one man mortally wounded. The column went into camp for the night on the Big Muddy. The Third Iowa occupied precisely the same ground on which it camped on last June. The First Brigade had just stacked arms when word came that our cavalry had engaged that of the enemy about a mile and a half to the front, and that they were fighting sharply. Listening, we could hear the indistinct crack of the carbines. Messengers begun and continued to arrive from the scene of action, but it was sometime before General Lauman seemed much concerned about it. At length we saw an officer ride up excitedly to him. Then the General climbed on his horse and galloping down to our regiment, cried out, "Third Iowa, in line." We sprang to our stacks and took arms, when he commanded in the same tone, "At will, load!" We stood there in line expecting every moment to see the cavalry break back on us.

## Chapter IX.

### The Heights of the Hatchie



**A**FTER about an hour's fighting, the contending forces withdrew as if by mutual consent, and our cavalry, per orders, retired upon the infantry. We again stacked arms, and nothing occurred during the night to prevent us from sleeping soundly. About three o'clock in the morning General Ord arrived from Corinth, whence he had come by the way of Jackson and Bolivar, escorted by a company of the Second Illinois cavalry, and assumed command of all the forces. He brought intelligence that the Rebels had been defeated at Corinth, and were retreating towards us. We were aroused at daylight. After eating a hasty breakfast, we were ordered to get ready to move. About seven o'clock the Twenty-fifth Indiana, of Veach's Brigade, moved past us to the front, followed by a battery. It was not long before we heard the firing of skirmishers, and soon after we were startled by discharges of artillery, rapid and near. Soon the remainder of General Veach's command moved past us, and Generals Ord and Hulburt, following with their body guard, rode leisurely by to the front. General Hulburt was in full uniform; Ord wore a yellow linen coat. About this time farther to the east we could hear a skirmishing fire, and soon it deepened into heavy volleys. Suddenly began the noise of artillery, deep and loud, and for a long time we

stood by our stack of arms. Orderlies and staff officers rode to and from the field, but from them we could gather little news of the progress of the battle. The enemy had thought we were merely cavalry forces sent out to watch him, or to harass him in the rear. While attacking Corinth he did not expect a heavy force was marching to attack him in the rear. He was not looking for such generalship on the part of Grant, but he, with great boldness, pushed a heavy column of his troops across the bridge of the Hatchie, when, to his amazement, he saw General Veach's infantry deploying before him and his batteries taking possession of Matamora Heights. The enemy quickly got his guns in position and his infantry deployed to the right and left, then a severe artillery duel began. The Second Brigade advanced at a charging step, the enemy withered before their fire and finally fled before their approaching bayonets. The charge was gallantly pressed. Most of the Rebels rushed panic-stricken over the bridge. Many threw away their guns and plunged through the river. Some fled through the woods, and about four hundred surrendered on the west bank. A fine four-gun battery was also captured. To second these movements, General Lauman had sent forward the Twenty-eighth and Fifty-third Illinois regiments of our brigade, and the Thirty-second and Third Iowa were in reserve. As soon as Veach's battallions went forward, Lauman moved forward with these two reserve regiments and deployed us, the Thirty-second on the right, the Third Iowa on the left of the road, in the rear of Matamora, from which we saw the Second Brigade move forward to the attack and heard the noise of the battle. It was to us an hour of hope and fear. The appearance of the three Generals, Ord, Hulburt, and Lau-

man, as they now sat in the road on their horses in advance of us, and received messengers and dispatched orders, and calmly conversed with each other, tended to give us confidence, but we had seen enough of battle to know that its fortunes defy calculations.

We knew nothing of the strength of the enemy and could not but think how gallantly they had advanced to the attack and that our comrades might be driven back in dismay and we compelled to interpose between them and a victorious foe.

Soon as the enemy was driven across the river, General Ord ordered Veach to throw his regiments across and deploy them successively to the right and left of the road beyond the river. There was about twelve rods of bottom and then there arose a very high and steep bluff. Along the brow of this the enemy, rallying and re-inforced, had formed new lines of battle and planted artillery which, from different points, enfiladed the road and bridge and swept the field on both sides of the stream. The river just above the bridge makes an abrupt elbow, running east parallel to the road on the opposite side. In this elbow, on not more than half an acre of ground, a part of General Veach's brigade, according to the orders of General Ord, would have to deploy. The Fifty-third Indiana crossed first, and endeavoring to form on this ground, became crowded together in the narrow space between the road and river, where it met a plunging fire of musketry and canister and was driven back to the bridge in disorder and with great loss. Here they met the Twenty-fifth Indiana, which crossed bravely and stayed them in their retreat. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Illinois followed handsomely, and deployed to the left of the road, then crossed. The

Twenty-eighth and Fifty-third of our brigade were ordered to deploy to the right. Like the Fifty-third Indiana, they were crowded together and confused, but they held their ground and bravely returned the fire of the enemy.

Meanwhile the reserves were ordered to the front and we advanced by the flank rapidly down the road. Beyond us the field was swept by a converging fire of the enemy's batteries. Into this storm of shot, shell and canister we ran. Beyond the river the battle was at its height. Its noise was one uninterrupted roar. We knew that our troops were sustaining it bravely, for we met no stragglers as at Shiloh. The bridge was swept by a random fire directed through the tops of the trees. We were ordered to fix bayonets and we crossed the bridge on the run. While crossing our Colonel pointed to the hill and gave the command, "Third Iowa, charge!" The regiment obeyed bravely and had nearly reached the foot of the hill when it was ordered to file to the right. Here in a moment we became massed and mingled with the regiments which had endeavored to form here before us. Through the dense smoke we could not see the enemy, but we could hear the rapid jar of his artillery. The situation was disastrous in the extreme. We were massed and crowded together and completely at the mercy of the enemy's fire, while we could scarcely hope to injure him with ours; to attempt to withdraw across the narrow bridge would have insured our destruction. What, then, were we to do? We could not advance, we could not retreat, nor could we effectively return the enemy's fire. We must hold our ground like men, and if necessary die here. This terrible resolution seemed to have seized all hearts.

At this juncture General Ord was wounded, and the command devolved upon General Hulburt, to whom it rightly belonged. The day was now lost and it was for him to regain it. It was for him to correct the fatal disposition of the former and to make new disposition of the troops under that appalling fire, and out of shattered and broken elements to organize victory. He ordered the Forty-sixth Illinois, Sixty-eighth Ohio, and Twelfth Michigan, yet on the west bank, to cross the bridge and deploy to the left, so as to flank the hill. They executed the movement finely and in a few moments the enemy saw, with astonishment, regiments emerging from the field of his concentrated fire, advancing in good order upon his right. His firing ceased, his colors disappeared from the crest of the hill, and he saw his victory snatched from him by superior skill and courage, and he fled in dismay. In a few moments the whole force, splendidly aligned, advanced up the hill and new lines were formed on its crest, the artillery following, Mann's battery in the lead. Leaving their caissons and timbers under the crest of the hill, the men ran their guns up by hand and opened a fire upon the enemy's masked battery, directing their aim at its smoke. As often as one of the enemy's guns would fire, three or four of ours would reply. Meantime a party of volunteer skirmishers crept up behind the crest of a hill in the open field, and with the most amusing impudence picked off his wheel horses and cannoneers. In a short time his battery was knocked to pieces and compelled to leave the field. His rear guard then withdrew and disappeared from our front.

The firing of our cannon had scarcely ceased when we heard those of Rosecrans, in the direction of Corinth, thundering in the enemy's rear. This should have been

sufficient to determine the General to press the pursuit. Why this was not done was an enigma to us then, and it has remained unexplained ever since. We rested in line of battle till nearly night, when our wagons came up and we bivouacked on the field. The battle had lasted seven hours, beginning before eight in the morning and ending before three in the afternoon.

Our regiment's loss was sixty-two killed and wounded. Our loss in the whole force engaged did not fall far short of six hundred in killed and wounded. We captured two batteries, including fourteen caissons, four hundred prisoners, one thousand stands of small arms, and about seventy wagons were burned the next day on the line of his retreat.

As at Shiloh, the first duty of the men of the Third Iowa was to bury their dead comrades, which was done as well as circumstances would permit.

The next morning, the seventh, wagons arrived with rations from Bolivar, and we replenished our haversacks and began on the return march. We were retiring victorious, and save the thoughts of our dead and wounded comrades, little served to diminish our joy.

We halted for the night on the creek where we had taken dinner on Saturday, and next day at eleven o'clock we reached our camp, where we again relapsed into the quiet of camp life and began our customary drills and reviews. Our wounded were cared for in the hospitals at Bolivar, but as fast as they were able to be moved were sent north. The prisoners taken were sent under escort to Holly Springs and delivered over to be exchanged.

We, as before, while here received wild and ridiculous reports of the enemy advancing upon us in great force.

Whether the Generals believed these reports or not, it is difficult to say. At least they began to construct fortifications at Bolivar, under the personal supervision of Major-General McPherson, himself an engineer of the first order.

In the midst of these defensive operations, preparations for a general advance began; draught animals were shod, wagons put in a state of repair, and immense quantities of ordnance stores brought forward.

About the 28th of October, the guns in our newly-constructed works announced the arrival of Major-General Grant, and the following morning was memorable for Grand Review. The two divisions were drawn upon hollow squares, near the works. The lines thus formed were nearly three miles in length, exclusive of cavalry and artillery. The appearance of General Grant was the signal for a salvo of thirteen guns. He rode at a slow walk along the lines, eyeing the troops with great scrutiny.

On the first of November we received marching orders. Three days' rations were taken in haversacks. Before eight o'clock, long columns of infantry were stretched out along the Grand Junction road, on the move forward. We made ten miles this day and camped on Spring Creek. Before night Logan's Division came up and camped near us. On the following day we passed the head of General Hamilton's columns, coming from Corinth, but at a halt, waiting for our column to defile past on the LeGrange road. We went into camp on the right wing of General McPherson's corps, along Wolf River; the right wing south of Grand Junction. The railroad was repaired now from Bolivar, and preparations for a continued advance immediately began. The vandalism of both wings of the army in burning fences and buildings on the march hith-



er, called forth a severe order of rebuke from General Grant.

The enemy, under Van Dorn and Price, were camped south of us, at, or this side of Holly Springs. The time we lay at this point was consumed in preparation, reconnaissances and rebuilding the railroad bridge over Wolf River, and otherwise preparing for a general invasion of Mississippi. Besides, there were daily reconnaissances in force made by the infantry, together with the three battalions of cavalry, under General Dickey, which were in collision almost daily with the enemy's infantry and his two battalions of Jackson's celebrated cavalry. This continued for something like twenty days of skirmishing, with several engagements, resulting in many casualties.

The enemy was found to be in force and fortified at Abbeville, south of Holly Springs, on the Tallahatchie.

Of the many incidents happening to each side during the movements of the army, the most amusing one happened when our three battalions, respectively of the First West Tennessee (mounted infantry), the Seventh Kansas Jayhawkers (mounted infantry), and the Second Illinois cavalry, who came up with the enemy's, consisting of two battalions of Jackson's cavalry. A ruse was adopted to draw the Rebels into a trap. Our mounted infantry dismounted and concealing themselves on either side of the road, which ran through a narrow lane, the Second Illinois battalion then advanced, and coming upon the enemy, appeared to be confounded at his numbers, and commenced a precipitate retreat. The enemy pursued with great haste, and when he came between the two lines of dismounted infantry, they opened a sudden fire upon him. Amazement seized the Rebels. They whirled about in

great panic and began to retreat, but before they turned, the boys had shot down several horses in the rear of their columns. Upon these poor animals, plunging and floundering, now rushed the whole mass pent up in the narrow lane. The boys closed in on them and succeeded in securing one captain and sixty-four men, many of whom were horribly bruised and mutilated. Besides these, two or three had been killed. I give the account of this exploit as told by men who participated in it. The prisoners I saw and talked with.



## Chapter X.

### The Soldier in Camp



ORDERS came on the 27th of November for us to march in the morning at six o'clock, taking all our baggage and three days' rations in haversacks. On account of limited transportation, we would have to carry our knapsacks, now containing our Winter's supply of clothing, and very heavy. On this account we promised ourselves anything but an easy march. Reveille sounded, and at four o'clock we cooked breakfast, packed knapsacks and haversacks, filled canteens, loaded wagons, and fell into line. The field music struck up the old familiar marching tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and our regiment marched out and took its position in the column on the bluffs of the river. Here we waited for the Second and Third Brigades to pass, watching in the meantime their column of dark infantry, mixed with white wagons, as it extended to the south. It was a grand spectacle to see the right wing of the army stretching over those broad and open fields, further into the land of the enemy. And when each soldier thought, "I am a part of this grand movement; little as I am, I am helping to make history," he felt an exultation known only to men in the hour of great enterprise, of great success. The left wing was also in motion on the road south from Grand Junction. During the frequent halts occasioned by the length of the trains,

the men would tear down railfences and build fires around which to warm themselves. So frequent were the halts and so great the length of the column that before night the way was almost a continuous line of fire. These fires communicated themselves to the dry leaves and fences, till at length we seemed to be marching through a perpetual bonfire. It was the splendor of desolation—a vast invading army, marching through a blaze of ruin it had made.

The advance infantry camped for the night at Cold Water, but our divisions, after marching two hours after night, camped at the railroad station of Lamar. We were excessively fatigued and when the order was given to file to the right we had scarcely patience enough to go through the remaining movement of "Halt! Close up front! Center dress! Fix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Stack arms! Break ranks, march!"

And here a stranger could have observed, in all its reality, the habits of the old soldier on the march. His knapsack is packed, not according to regulation, but to suit his own convenience. His haversack contains three days' rations of hard tack (crackers), sugar and coffee, and a sure supply of salt. For his meat he trusts chiefly to fortune and to the enemy's pig pens and hen roosts. Outside his haversack hangs all that is left of some merry oyster supper—a tin can with a wire pall—his coffee pot. His canteen is never empty when water can be procured, unless it contains something stronger than water. When the regiment halts for the night and breaks ranks, his first pursuit is to explore the near neighborhood and espy and seize whatever he can of fresh meat, which, having brought in, he divides among his comrades, after reserv-

ing the best piece for himself. He then proceeds to improvise a fire, if his comrades have not a place for him by the side of theirs. When he has built his fire he draws his gun from the stack and brings his knapsack close to the welcome blaze and sits down upon it. With his canteen, haversack and cartridge box at hand he fills his "coffee kettle" and puts it on the coals. He cuts a piece of meat, salts it, sticks his ramrod into it, and commences broiling it in the blaze, and then, should the orderly sergeant be heard calling him to go on guard or fatigue—well, no one will blame me for not rehearsing, word for word, the strict manner in which he complains of the fates. If he is so fortunate as to escape this, when his supper is over with, his knapsack for a pillow, he spreads his blankets down and soon, his feet to the fire and his head in the cool air he lies down to pleasant dreams till the morning drum or the night alarm. He is oblivious to the weary world.

Next morning we were aroused early and were ready to move at daylight. Weary and stiff, we slung knapsacks and moved into the road and soon the column was in motion and reached Holly Springs at about eleven P. M., and halted for the night.

Next morning the drums woke us at five o'clock. At daylight, the Third Iowa leading the division, we marched through the city. Toward evening, as we were nearing the Tallahatchie, a sudden burst of artillery saluted our ears. It was the cavalry division engaging the enemy's nearest troops, north of the Tallahatchie. This firing lasted nearly two hours, and not knowing the cause of it, we took it to be the beginning of a general engagement. We moved forward and camped in the extreme advance of the

line. The cannonade died away with the daylight next morning.

On December first, the writer was suddenly taken sick with erysipelas in the left arm, which caused my separation for a time from my company and comrades (it being the first time since leaving home). I was sent to the rear in an ambulance, to the military hospital at Holly Springs, where I lay on an army cot, suffering with a raging fever, for the next eight or ten days, after which time I began to get better, and soon thereafter become convalescent.

Early in the morning of December 20th I was awakened by a tumult of noises and yells. I sprang off my cot, and on looking out of the window saw parading around the public square a large body of Rebel cavalry, and in a moment I realized that I was now, for the first time during my army life, captured by the enemy, and a prisoner. General Van Dorn, with a large force of Rebel cavalry, rode around the flanks of Grant's army to his rear, and captured the town, with its garrison.

Besides establishing the hospital here for the care of the sick and wounded, Grant had made this his base of supplies and had accumulated vast stores for his commissary and quartermaster's department. The destroying of these supplies by the enemy ruined the whole campaign and Grant's army was compelled to make a forced march on half rations clear back to the Mississippi River.

Our hospital was established in a large vacant brick hotel, which was located about the center of the block, on the north side of the public square. A Rebel officer, with a detail of guards, took possession of the hospital, and made us prisoners. All of the boys who were able to walk were marched into the large dining room and a

guard placed over us, where we patiently waited to be paroled. We were thus guarded for three hours, when our surgeon, Dr. Powell, came in and told the Rebel officer in charge of the guards that he had made arrangements with General Van Dorn for him to remove his guards and let his sick and wounded men go to their rooms and cots, and we were neither paroled or bothered further. We were prisoners for about ten hours, then the enemy departed pell-mell. Less than one hour after their departure, three battalions of our cavalry appeared, led by the noted Kansas Jayhawkers. Soon all the troops except the Fourth Division were withdrawn to the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Our division was left to cover the evacuation of the country and to protect the removal of property.

It was not until January 5th that the Third Iowa reached Holly Springs, on the return, and went into camp north of the city. It now had been over a month since I had seen any of my old comrades, and I was delighted to rejoin them again, especially my old comrades of Company B. Early in the morning we took up the march on the Moscow road, and a vigorous march brought us to Wolf River where we passed the night. In the morning we crossed the river and went into camp around Moscow, relieving a part of Logan's Division. Our division was here distributed in detachments of different sizes along the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, from Moscow on the east to Colliersville on the west. The eight weeks our regiment spent at Moscow passed without any occurrence of importance.

In the fore part of March we were relieved at Moscow by a part of Denver's Division, and took up the march

towards Memphis. We bivouacked the first night near a small stream. It began to rain heavily, (as it always does through the Winter months in Tennessee), and continued with little intermission till morning. When morning broke an abundance of dry rails afforded fires from which we derived a little comfort until nine o'clock, when the march was resumed. Soon after starting, it again began to rain and continued till nearly night. Cold, and heavy, and fatigued, we reached White's Station. Next day, starting late, we reached Memphis in the afternoon, and went into camp on the western environs of the city.

Two more months of monotonous camp life. While here Major Brown was promoted Colonel, and Captain James Tullis, of Company H, Lieutenant Colonel. These appointments gave very general satisfaction.

Early in May intimations came that we were ordered to Vicksburg, and these were followed by orders to be ready to move on the shortest notice. We struck tents and on the morning of the eighteenth went on board the Crescent City, and soon were speeding down the Father of Waters. The transports were convoyed by a gunboat of the Mosquito Fleet.

In the afternoon of the following day the gunboat had dropped behind and the Crescent City was in the lead. While passing unconcernedly along the foot of Island Sixty-five, a force of guerrillas opened upon us with two guns from a covert of young timber, throwing canister and shell. The first shot took effect, wounding thirteen of our regiment, one mortally. We began to reply with musketry. The gunboat, on coming up, opened fire upon them, when the guerrillas fled. The Forty-first and Fifty-third Illinois landed and pursued them two or three miles, when they



returned. Our brigade moved down the shore three miles, to the town of Greenwood, which they set fire to and burned, sparing not even the church.

At noon the next day we arrived at Young's Point, disembarked, and started to march across the peninsula. After proceeding half a mile we halted and waited for orders, until nearly sundown. During the afternoon the scene around was inexpressibly sublime. We could see the shells of Porter's fleet from below, bursting over the city, and the enemy's batteries replying, while on the bluff above it, we could discern, under a dense smoke, Steele's infantry and artillery, hotly engaged. We could also see as well the smoke which arose from the enemy's forts, on his front. During the night the scene was still more sublime. Signal rockets from the gunboats flashing against the sky, and the shells from the mortar fleet describing in their flight an immense curve of fire, making the noise of a distant wind storm and bursting in fitful flashes over the doomed city. We could likewise see the flash of Steele's artillery and at times the flames leaping from the mouths of the enemy's responding cannon.

Our brigade went aboard the boats in the night, and at daylight the fleet moved into the mouth of the Yazoo River, where we found the gunboat Chotaw, which conveyed us up to Haines' Bluffs, where we disembarked and found a Rebel hospital containing about 350 patients, who were paroled the following day. We had been landed here for the purpose of opening up communications with Sherman and on the next day was the memorable 22nd of May, on which Grant made his second assault on the enemy's works. We could hear the sounds of the battle—on the right the infantry engaging with a continuous roar and

with a quick jar of the batteries, and above all the thunders of Porter's fleet. The same evening, our brigade was relieved by a cavalry division, and next morning we moved towards Vicksburg to take position in the investing line. As we approached the lines of the army we saw scattered through the woods many men who had been wounded in the previous day's fight, and many more in cotton sheds, crowded together on the soft cotton as thick as they could be placed. We camped at night about one mile from Fort Hill, the Rebel works, which guarded the main entrance into the city. We were not allowed fires and had to eat our raw bacon and hard crackers with the best relish we could. On May 30th we had out a strong force to protect the pioneer corps in constructing roads on which to bring up our supplies. We took position on the right, in front of what was known as the "Sand Bag Fort." At night our pickets advanced and drove those of the enemy from the hill they occupied, and commenced digging our first zig-zag rifle pits, by which we were enabled to advance the line steadily under protection from the enemy's fire, front and flank. On gaining the slopes of a hill toward the enemy we would drive them from their rifle pits on the opposite hill by a night assault, and occupying them, change the embankment to the other side and commence anew our operations, never deviating from this rule in no instance until the final surrender. With the frequent artillery duels and sharp engagements of infantry, laboring and watching night and day, exposed constantly to an alternation of burning sun and chilling dew, amid a succession of scenes the most unreal, where romance itself palled on the senses and became monotonous; amid hardships which under ordinary circumstances few

would have endured—thus the whole army forced their steady progress towards the enemy's line. This singular siege went on for forty-two days and forty-two nights, and in many instances our lines and the enemy's were so close that the pickets talked with each other and nightly traded coffee for tobacco. Then the inevitable happened, and then that memorable day, that fete day of a nation, that victory day—fourth of July, 1863, when General Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg to General Grant. From that fourth of July the fate of the lost cause was sealed. Now we came out of the trenches, for Vicksburg had fallen and the great waters of the great river flowed free from the north to the sea south.



## Chapter XI.

### The Fatal Charge at Jackson



SEQUENCE of the victory at Vicksburg was the rapid pursuit of General Johnston's army, now flying towards Jackson, pursued by the forces of General Sherman, who had been, since the twenty-second of June, protecting Grant's rear, on the Big Black River.

On the next day after the surrender, orders were issued to the Third Iowa to be ready to march on the following morning. July 6th our division broke camp, filled canteens and replenished our cartridge boxes. We fell into line and took up the march on the road leading south, towards Jackson, where we arrived without any incident worthy of note, about the tenth. Here was found Sherman's army besieging the Rebel forces of Johnston's, who were behind a strong line of works.

On the morning of the twelfth our division was ordered to move to the right across the New Orleans & Jackson Railroad, south of the city near Pearl River. Here the Thirty-third Wisconsin was taken out of our brigade and the Twenty-eighth Illinois, of the Third Brigade, was put in their place, thus forming the same old First Brigade of the Fourth Division, which had fought together at the battles of Shiloh and Matamora. It was composed of the following regiments: Third Iowa, Twenty-eighth, Forty-

first, and Fifty-third Illinois. We were almost a mile from the Rebel works, when we were at once ordered to advance by General Ord's orders, who commanded the right. In a half hour we came under the enemy's fire. General Lauman ordered the First Brigade to still advance. We pushed back their skirmishers till we came within sight of their main works, formidable in appearance, their guns pointing through embrasures, and their field of fire level and unobstructed, even the corn stalks being cut down. We supposed it was to be a general charge of the whole line. No one seemed to understand the reasons for such a move. All of Sherman's army was here at hand, but there were no demonstrations, right or left. No supports were in sight. We wondered if this remanant of the First Brigade, now only eight hundred strong, was to assault the works alone and be destroyed to no purpose. But no one faltered or looked back. The line moved steadily forward, not even a shell having been thrown to test the enemy's strength or prepare the way. From the regimental command to the rank and file—all was astonishment. The enemy opened with fourteen pieces of artillery and two brigades of infantry rose from their concealment and poured a converging fire upon us. Then the order was given to charge. The brigade raised the shout and sprang forward over the open field, climbing through and over the abattis into that thick storm of death, of grape and canister and musketry. A few moments and all was over. The line crumbled into broken bands, which arrived within pistol shot of the enemy's embrasures and halted, an eternity in such a place; and then staggered and were swept away. Those who escaped had scarcely time to note who had fallen.

Back in the woods, where the advance had first commenced, we rallied—all that was left, but less than half the number who had advanced. Our regiment had saved both flag and banner, and now of the two hundred and ten of the Third Iowa who had advanced in the charge, but ninety could be rallied around them. It was a massacre of the Third Iowa. Our dead and wounded were left in a scorching sun on the battlefield. No appeal by flag of truce could induce the enemy to permit us to care for our hero comrades, lying there bleeding and perishing of thirst in that burning sun. The casualties of this affair were deplorable. Each regiment was literally torn to pieces. Company B lost every one of its officers. The two Ruckman brothers; J. L. Ruckman, Captain; E. C. Hall, First Lieutenant; Joseph Ruckman, Second Lieutenant; and John Woodruff, First Sergeant. H. L. Luther had been detached as regimental blacksmith, and H. Pearson was on the sick list. Of the remaining three of the Bellefontaine squad that went down into that valley of the shadow of death, the writer was the only one to return. E. C. Hall, who had been promoted to First Lieutenant, and Daniel Doughman, were killed in the front line nearest the enemy's works, thus leaving but three of the original squad of seven to continue on.

It would gratify me to give the whole list of the casualties in full—it would be a list of honor, indeed—but as I cannot at this time from memory give it complete, of this, the saddest chapter of my recollection, I will refrain from attempting it. The blame of this tragedy was unjustly placed upon General Lauman, and he was at once relieved of his command and his military career ended.

It was the Third Iowa's last charge and last battle.

When the sad news was conveyed by letter to that dear mother of the Ruckman brothers, that both of her gallant sons had fallen on the field of battle, her grief was too great to bear. I was told that this shock partially unbalanced her reason, and that she jumped into the river, but was rescued by kindly hands. She never fully recovered from her great sorrow and died of a broken heart, as also did General Lauman.

There have been various opinions given out as to who was to blame for this disaster. Some attribute it to a misunderstanding of orders, others again say the truth will never be made known. These suppositions are all wrong, as every man who belonged to the First Brigade knows that the slaughter of these brave men was premeditated and executed purely for revenge by General Ord, on account of a fancied wrong done him by General Lauman and the First Brigade, because of his inability as a General to handle troops in action, as was shown at the battle of Matamora, when he turned victory into defeat by throwing the troops across the Hatchie River, where they were massed and crowded together on a narrow strip of ground so that they could neither advance or retreat. Thus they were completely at the mercy of the enemy's concentrated fire of artillery and his volleys of canister were making inroads into the masses that swayed to and fro, while we could not hope to injure him with our fire. Fortunately, at this juncture, General Ord was hit with a canister, when General Hulbert assumed command, and out of the shattered and broken elements soon gained victory. General Ord, knowing that his actions in the fight were being criticised by the officers and soldiers of the First Brigade, for this he made up his mind he would be revenged, no mat-

ter what it cost. He was known to have said at an assembly of officers, when asked by one of the officers present, how about the Hatchie, he sneeringly replied that if the opportunity was ever presented to him he would even up on the Hatchie affair. It is obvious, then, that when under his command at Jackson, Mississippi, the opportunity had arrived to have his revenge, although he would need to destroy and slaughter a brigade of brave men, he didn't hesitate at this to accomplish his end, to cause ruin and dismissal of General Lauman, who asserted that he had only obeyed the verbal orders of General Ord. But he was never permitted an opportunity of explanation or justification. Besides, there is other proof that General Ord planned the destruction of our brigade at Jackson, for revenge. Before the charge he took the pains to get the same old regiments together that he had commanded at the battle of Matamora, by having the Twenty-eighth Illinois taken out of the Third Brigade and putting them back into the First, in the place of the Thirty-third Wisconsin, which he relieved for the time. Believing in a just God, it is, then, some consolation to us, the survivors of the First Brigade, to think and believe that he, as well as all other assassins, have been consigned to the hottest place in hell.

After the capture of Jackson, the Fourth Division was transferred from the Sixteenth Army Corps to the Seventeenth, commanded by General McPherson, together with General John A. Logan, both corps going with General Sherman on his remarkable expedition to the Alabama line. With all communication cut off between Sherman's forces and Grant's, for the next thirty days we marched south through a country that had as yet never been invad-



ed by either army. Rich in provender, the whole army subsisted on foraged supplies, which were gathered by regular detailed foragers, destroying large quantities of railroad track, cars, and capturing seventeen locomotives. Finally, the expedition halted forty miles south of Selma, Alabama.

After a few days' rest, the column began the return trip toward Vicksburg. Following the march, was a large caravan of fugitive negroes, a mile and a half in length, which presented, in some respects, a typical pioneer scene, using every conceivable kind of conveyance, from the two-wheeled cart to the old lynch-pin wagon, with tarbucket hanging on the coupling-pole behind, trace-chain harness, corn-husk collars, and rope lines. We truly were their Moses, leading from cruel slavery to the enlightenment of freedom.

On our arrival at Vicksburg, the First Division was ordered to Natchez, where we were stationed until late in the Autumn, when we again returned to Vicksburg, passing the Winter in camp, in the rear of that place.

Our three years' enlistment having about expired most of the Third Iowa now re-enlisted as a veteran regiment, and started home on furloughs. The non-veterans soon thereafter started north up the Father of Waters, arriving at Cairo, Illinois, where we met and rejoined the veterans on their return trip from home, going on steamboats from here up the Tennessee River. Landing at Clifton, Tennessee, we took up the march south once more, passing through the Cumberland Mountains, and finally we reached Huntsville, Alabama, in the latter part of May.

And now the time had arrived for us to part with our comrades, they to continue on south with Sherman's army, and we non-veterans to turn our faces homeward. It was


with feelings of regret to me to be separated from the men with whom for the last three years I had been associated in extraordinary circumstances. I left behind, and they gone to meet unknown hazards, and to know that I had shaken hands with many of them for the last time, not thinking that as I watched their column file out of Huntsville, that in so short a time as July 22nd, at the battle of Atlanta, they would suffer so severely in killed, that there was not enough of them left for an organization and were consolidated with the Second Iowa Infantry. "In this fierce conflict," says L. D. Ingersoll, "the Third Iowa fought itself out of existence." The Third Iowa supplied from its numbers no less than nine Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels for other regiments in the service. Col. W. M. Stone, who enlisted Company B, was afterwards Governor of Iowa.

For these few brief letters, given the public by me, "Recollections with Company B, Third Iowa Infantry Regiment," I thank my dear mother for the information furnished me, by the preservation by her of all my letters written home to her while in the army, which gave the dates and days of the months of our marches. Many of these letterheads and envelopes are decorated with patriotic emblems, some of which I have framed and will take pleasure in showing to all visiting friends. In addition to these letters, I had kept a partial diary of these events as they transpired.

It becoming my duty, it is with sadness I chronicle the casualties that befell the devoted seven who were the first to volunteer from Scott Township at the outbreak of the Rebellion: One was discharged in the beginning, three died the deaths of heroes on the battlefield, three returned at the expiration of their time of service, in 1864.

## Chapter XII.

### The Word Soldiers Monument is a Misnomer as Twenty-seven Organizations of the War are Left off the Monument

 AN APPEAL to every legislator and all citizens who appreciate the future greatness of Iowa, and honors the flag and its soldiers, now before it is everlastingly too late: First, as to the present location of the monument. It would now cost comparatively few thousands to remove it from where it is now, a place that never will be satisfactory to anybody of good taste or artistic thought. The legislature could and should remedy the matter by making an appropriation by relocating in some of Des Moines' fine city parks, or southeast of the State Capitol building, on the bluff overlooking grand scenery for a great distance.

The second thing I wish to call to the attention of the Legislature is to pass resolutions in the interest of the right of private soldiers, who fought the battles of this nation and paid for the building of the monument. That each three-year regiment should at least have one private, if no more, represented on the monument. Especially so, when, as in some cases, appear none but officers, put there by the bosses, who were not in the army.

Comrade Snyder says editorially in the Cedar Rapids Gazette: "Twenty-seven organizations of the war are left

off of the representatives on the Iowa soldiers' monument, and thirty-three appeared. Of these the Second Infantry has eleven places; Sixth Infantry, four places; Ninth Infantry, four places; Eleventh Infantry, three places; Twelfth Infantry, three places; Tenth Infantry, two places; Third Iowa Cavalry, five places; the other twenty-six regiments, one and two each. This favoritism extends as well to counties as to regiments, Muscatine County having six places; Lee, six; Dubuque, six; Scott, six; Polk, five; Henry, five; Des Moines, five; Appanoose, four, and Davis, four. In all, twenty-five counties are represented. Please take our regiment, Third Iowa Infantry, as a sample—overlooked entirely! It started out with the First and Second Infantry and was mustered in at the same time at Keokuk, as soon as possible after Sumter fell, and began its hard work the first year by "scouting" and "routing" the enemy from Missouri, with hard marching and skirmishing, and losses even before the battle of Blue Mills. Then from Blue Mills battle to Shiloh, Siege of Corinth. Next, battle of Matamora, down to the siege of Vicksburg. Then to the siege of Vicksburg. Then to the siege of Jackson. Into the disastrous charge of Col. Pugh's Brigade. From there in skirmishes and fatigue marches with Sherman's expedition to the Alabama line. From there into the Atlanta campaign, where, before Atlanta, it was sandwiched with the Seventeenth Army Corps, July 22d, 1864, in which brave Robert Griffith, the color bearer, went down with five bullet holes through his body. He had up to this time carried our banner through Shiloh, siege of Corinth, Matamora and siege of Vicksburg and Jackson. Many others were killed in a desperate conflict for the flag, heroically defended by a handful of brave men. Finally, those who did not cut their way out, surrendered with the flag

to the enemy, in that fierce conflict. Great men say: "The Third Iowa fought itself out of existence," and what was left was consolidated with the Second Iowa Infantry, and was known no more as the Third Iowa. It went on in Sherman's march to the sea, and still it seems that the Third Iowa Infantry isn't entitled to a solitary representative face in medallion on the Iowa soldiers' monument! Is it because the Third Iowa died there on that Atlanta battlefield that it must be forgotten? Shall its service be wiped out and its recollections and records buried? Must future generations think there was no Third Regiment, none between the Second and the Fourth?

When the captured flag was found, in August, 1863, Commodore R. P. Clarkson said, in the "Register," after giving the correspondence up until the return of our flag: "It will be a dull reader, indeed, who does not see the romance written between the lines of these letters and which hangs like a halo around the old flag. No one who fought that brave and handsome General, but would be proud to lift the hat to the girl whom he honored with his colors, and no heart grew desperate in the fight that will not warm towards her who gives it back after so many years, what must be precious as presented by one who was a martyr in the cause she held to be right. We must tell them—as a foretaste—something of how the flag looks that they saw last go down in the din and smoke of battle under the Georgian sky. It is about half left, the end with the stars remaining; it has the full number of stripes, and on these are inscribed the names of battles in which it floated, except, of course, the last one, in which it was taken. The upper corner of the stars next to the stripes is gone, but the rest of the blue is in a fair condition, considering its age. On the first stripe is

"BLUE M"—the rest of Mills is gone. On the second light stripe is "S," then a hole made by a bomb shell. "LO" hangs in the tatters at the edge, which proves that Shiloh shared its bloody field with the Third Iowa. Then the "SIEGE OF C," and we know that is Corinth. In the central dark stripe, or seventh from the top and bottom, as is usual, is the name of the regiment, "3RD REGIMENT OF IO," the "O" about half complete. If the shot or shell had rent it half an inch closer so that the "O" could not be distinguished we could not have been sure whether it belonged to Iowa or Indiana. "MATAMORA" is half there, on the eighth stripe. "SIEGE OF VICK." tells of Vicksburg. The last battle before it fell was "JACKSON," the last two letters only gone. The yellow fringe that borders the top and bottom remains for about a yard. The battle of Atlanta is the only inscription that was not written on its folds."

It brought back to me sad memories of the past when on last August while participating in the removal of my regiment's (Third Iowa) battle-scarred flag to its last and present resting place in the State Capitol building; tears came into my eyes as in memory of the long ago, and of the courage that my comrades displayed while following this precious flag through the storms of battle from early morn until close of day, who fought so bravely and so well, their denied recognition by the State for a place on their monument, and not one single face allowed to appear in meditation, whilst some other regiments have been allowed almost enough faces in medallions for a whole battalion.

Company A was gathered in Dubuque; Ex-Governor Stone was captain of Company B of Knoxville; Company C came from Clayton County; Company D from Winne-

shiek; Company E from Story County; F from Fayette; Company G from Warren; Company H from Mahaska; Company I from Butler, and Company K from Black Hawk.

The words, "Iowa Soldiers' Monument," is a misnomer, as the Monument Commission selected the names on it through favoritisms, and only part of the organizations of the Iowa soldiers are on it; therefore, it is only a monument to a few favorite regiments, and not entitled to the name given.

Again, I am opposed to having a face in medallion of any living man put on that monument; it is not a picture gallery; he must, indeed, be an egotist who would seek for such undeserved honors, obtained through favoritism of the Monument Commission in having themselves selected as heroes, and their faces appear in medallion on the monument.

It has been stated that not a single one of the Commission had ever been in the army. Then, how in thunder, could they judge who were living heroes? It is a shame and an outrage. Only the faces of dead heroes who had fallen in some fierce charge, or in some desperate conflict on the battlefield, should go on that monument. What a chance there is for some legislator or senator to make himself a record by introducing a bill to right this great wrong, and give the honors to the fallen heroes who merit the honor.

It should not be asked, "Was he a Colonel, Major, or Captain?" but rather, "Did he do his whole duty in the place assigned him?" It would then, indeed, be an Iowa soldiers' monument, by the people, for the people, for all Iowa's soldiers, and not one for a few officers of a few favorite regiments.

## Chapter XIII.

### Revisit to the Battlefield of Shiloh After Forty-four Years and Seven Months.

**I** BOARDED a Wabash train at Tracy, running three hours late out of Des Moines, Monday morning, Nov. 19, 1906, and met Comrade J. D. McGarraugh of the Fourteenth Iowa, on the train. His destination was the same as the writer's, Shiloh. We missed connections at Moberly, Missouri, with the Kansas City & St. Louis train, and remained over night, leaving Moberly Tuesday morning at 3:30, and arriving at St. Louis at 9:00 A. M., thus missing connections with both the Monday evening 9:30 and the Tuesday morning 7:45 trains, which we were to catch out of St. Louis over the Illinois Central to Paducah, Kentucky, where we were to make connections with a steamboat which was scheduled to leave Paducah, up the Tennessee River for Shiloh, at five o'clock Tuesday evening, November 20th. Realizing that it was an impossibility for us to reach Shiloh in time for the dedication of the monument, November 23rd, over the route for which our tickets were issued, feeling hopeful that we might yet find some way and reach Shiloh in time for the dedication, we went to the office of the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Co., and explained the situation to their Traffic Manager, John E. Messengale. After looking at their time-card, he



said that we could, by having our tickets changed, take the Dixie Flyer out of St. Louis at 9:40 P. M. to Johnsonville, Tennessee, one hundred and ten miles above Paducah, and intercept their boats. At this point Governor Cummins and party, coming from Nashville, would meet and board their boats. We went then to the office of the Superintendent of the Wabash Railway, and on explaining the situation to him he realized that it was wholly the fault of the Wabash that we missed our connection for Paducah, and promptly instructed his chief clerk to change our tickets from Paducah to that of Johnsonville.

We left St. Louis promptly at 9:40 on the Dixie Flyer for the sunny South. After six hours' run, we crossed the Ohio River at Cairo, into Kentucky, the State of which it has been said and written that the pioneers of no new country ever passed through greater hardships and dangers, giving the State the name of the "dark and bloody ground."

Waking up at daylight Wednesday morning, the 21st, we were speeding along through the State of Tennessee. On account of the unprecedented rains of the previous two weeks, the whole country was flooded with water.

The cleared up timber farms were small, few exceeding forty acres, enclosed with rail fences. The dwellings were mostly logs cabins, the crops being tobacco, cotton, peanuts, or goober peas, as they were called in the South.

During our entire run of something like seventy-five or eighty miles through this part of the State, we saw scarcely no stock, except two or three small bunches of cattle, which were of a very inferior breed. This part of Tennessee is at least fifty years behind the times. Com-

pared with the present progress of the Northern States and from the present indications, at the end of the next fifty years the country will be one hundred years behind the times.

On account of the heavy rains making bad roads, our train was running late one hour. We were seized with a misgiving that we would not make connections with the boat at Johnsonville. Finally, at about 9:30, we arrived at the Tennessee River, and to our delight we discovered, on the opposite side, the two boats that we had been making such an effort to overtake during the last forty-eight hours. Crossing the river and arriving at the depot, we departed from the train, ran down to the levee to where the boats were tied up about one-fourth of a mile below. However, before reaching the landing the boat, "City of Memphis," hauled in her gang plank, cast off her line, and swung out into the stream. Reaching the other boat, the "City of Safford," just after they had taken in the gang plank, the mate run out a plank for us to get aboard, cast off her line and swung out into the current.

At last we had realized our fondest expectations—we had overtaken and were on board the boat that was conveying Governor Cummins, staff and party, and had joined the Shiloh Monument Commission, and were now speeding along on our journey up the Tennessee River 116 miles from the Shiloh battlefield.

During the day we passed Perryville, the Cliffs, and admired the scenery and the large bunches of mistletoe hanging on the trees, as well as the holly, together with the green cane growing along the shores of the river,

scenes that the writer remembered vividly passing over forty-four years before.

We arrived at Pittsburg Landing during the night, and on the morning of the 22nd, about nine o'clock, the writer and Comrade J. A. Fitchpatrick, of my regiment, the Third, went ashore and began the ascent of the hill. Half way up the slope we stopped to rest, and turning, facing each other, I said: "Joe, time has made many changes, but not greater than it has with you and I."

We could both distinctly remember that over forty-four years ago we last went up this hill and scarcely drew a long breath.

After reaching the summit, we found teams in readiness to haul us out to dedicate the eleven monuments which were erected on the first battle line formed and occupied by each regiment. When the battle began, on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, commencing on the right of the battle line, we dedicated the Sixteenth Iowa monument first, dedicating the Third Iowa's regimental monument last, on the extreme left. They were short ceremonies, consisting of addresses, and the Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band rendered martial or sacred music, then a benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie at each regimental monument, thus concluding the exercise for the day. Our teamsters then took us back to the boats for dinner, giving us the entire afternoon to visit the battlefield.

After dinner, in company with Comrade Fitchpatrick, we hired a horse and buggy, and drove out directly to the first line of battle occupied by our regiment on that eventful morning. It was with feelings of sadness while stand-

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ing here on the identical spot of ground where our regiment had taken position that bright Sabbath morning in line of battle over forty-four years ago, just before the shock of battle, realizing that it would be but a few moments of time before many of our devoted band would go down, torn with shot and shell, or pierced by rifle ball, or, perchance, maimed for life.

Everything seemed to be passing in panoramic view before my vision—the fierce charge of the enemy, their repulse—every incident recurring to my memory as fresh as though it were but yesterday.

“Joe, if you remember, we first formed line over there on the south side of the field, in the edge of that timber, but in order to get in alignment with the other troops we soon fell back to this position, leaving the open field in our front. Over there in that woods, confronting our regiment, was the Twenty-fifth Alabama (C. S.) supporting McClure’s (C. S.) Tennessee Battery that so unmercifully used shell, grape and canister on our line, just before they made their first charge, which we repulsed with such heavy loss to the enemy. During the five hours that we held this position we repulsed four different assaults with terrible slaughter of the enemy and a considerable loss to ourselves. The same fierce struggle, the assault, repulses of the enemy extended all along the entire front of the Fourth Division. General Albert Sidney Johnson (C. S.) was here personally giving orders to his men, making a desperate effort to turn our left flank, he knowing if he succeeded that he would meet with but little opposition in passing around to the rear left flank of General Grant’s army, gain the landing and capture all his munitions of

war. Then the inevitable would have happened and Grant's army would have had to surrender. But to Johnson's chagrin and dismay, here was Hulbert's Fourth Division, standing like a stone wall, repulsing every assault made by the enemy for five hours, thus saving the day. By the concentration of the enemy at this point in an effort to flank our division, here was the most terrific fighting done during the battle of Shiloh. According to the official reports, of the eight Confederate regiments suffering the greatest loss during the battle of Shiloh, the losses of six occurred in this immediate front, and the loss in killed and wounded in our First Brigade, Fourth Division, was greater than that of any other brigade on the federal side of the entire army engaged on the field of Shiloh. Our brigade also lost in killed and wounded three men to every one lost in the brigade who assumed that they were in the hornets' nest at about two P. M. By reasons of the turning of the left flank of our Division we fell back about 200 yards, which position we held for over one hour. Then, for like reasons, we fell back about the same distance and formed line in the edge of Wickerfield.

As we walked along this line, I said: "Joe, here occurred the most eventful incidents with us during the great battle," for it was here in front of our regiment that General Albert Sidney Johnson (C. S.) received his mortal wound. Here we received a fresh supply of ammunition that we were needing badly, having but one or two cartridges left to each man. It was here General Hulbert rode up and said to Major Stone, "I look to the Third Iowa to retrieve the fortunes of this field." With a firm determination to not disappoint our General, instantly each one buckled up his cartridge box belt one hole tight-

er, preparatory for the shock. Just then the Twenty-second Alabama raised the yell and charged us. We repulsed their charge, as we had previously done others, with such fearful loss that they did not again participate in action either day. Here is where the Third Iowa and Twenty-eighth Illinois made history and gave to the historian and the world bloody pond. This pond in area is about one-half acre and was in front of our position. Here we repulsed the assault of the Twenty-second Alabama, mentioned above, there being so many of their dead falling into and lying along the shores of the pond, it caused its waters to become as red as blood. The tourist, passing this way, will observe a marker erected on the right-of-way of the Hamburg road, reading "Bloody Pond." A little farther to the right and west, in the edge of Wickersfield, one reads: "Third Iowa's third line of battle," the pond being close by and in plain view of the markers. At about half past four P. M., when we were still holding this position, the enemy assailing us with a concentrated fire from the right by artillery, a direct fire from the front, a cross fire from the left, when General Hulbert rode up, ordering the Major to take us to the rear, he said it was the enemy's fault that we had not been taken prisoners, as both the right and left flanks of the army had fallen back. We retired, with the enemy pressing us hard, fighting most all the way back to our camp. When we found ourselves surrounded, we broke through a gap in the enemy's lines, reforming our line about one-half a mile from the landing, holding this position during Sunday night.

We claim for the Third Iowa Infantry a record made upon the field of Shiloh as honorable and effective as that

of any other organization engaged. That it was the last regiment of the front line to retreat from the position it first occupied and the last regiment to retire from the field of battle. We make no claims that cannot be substantiated by the official reports of that great battle. The total loss of the Third Regiment during the war was 127 killed and died of wounds; 122 died of diseases; 321 wounded, and 227 discharged for disabilities contracted in the service, making a total of 798 casualties out of a total enrollment of 1,099. The following statement of numbers engaged and losses sustained is compiled from the official reports of Union and Confederate commanders, and is historically correct: The Union Army of the Tennessee numbered 39,830, and the Confederate Army of the Mississippi 43,968. On the morning of April 6, 1862, the second day of battle, the army of the Ohio, numbering 17,918, reinforced the army of Tennessee. The total loss of the Union Army on both days was 13,047, or twenty-two per cent. The loss of the Confederate Army on both days was 10,699, twenty-four per cent. The total number on both sides was 101,716 and the total loss was 23,746 or twenty-three and one-half per cent. Iowa had 6,664 engaged, with a total loss of 2,409 or thirty-six per cent.

The Shiloh Military Park contains 1,200 acres of land, has beautiful gravel driveways and walks, pyramids of solid cannon balls mark the headquarters of each General. Iron markers about two and one-half feet square, with inscriptions of raised letters, mark the camps occupied by each regiment and battery. Similar markers are erected on the battle lines which were occupied during the battle each day by the Union and Confederate armies, making the park attractive and instructive.

On the afternoon of November 23, 1906, the arduous duties of the Monument Commission came to an end, by the dedication and turning over of the Iowa monument at Shiloh to the state. It is a tall, granite shaft upon a broad base of the same material, surmounted by the American eagle and bearing beautiful and appropriate inscription—a grand tribute to the Iowa soldiers and an honor to the State, the monument stands in a conspicuous and commanding position, a short distance from Pittsburg Landing. There are buried in the Shiloh National Cemetery 3,590. The cemetery is beautifully located on the bluff at the boat landing overlooking the Tennessee River, it being most appropriate.

We spent our last half hour before boarding our boat and starting homeward, visiting the last resting places of our hero comrades. Then, about 5:30 in the evening, our boat swung out into the current, and we left Shiloh, with its sad memories, behind us.







# **PART III.**

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**DID THE BUFFALO EVER  
INHABIT IOWA?**

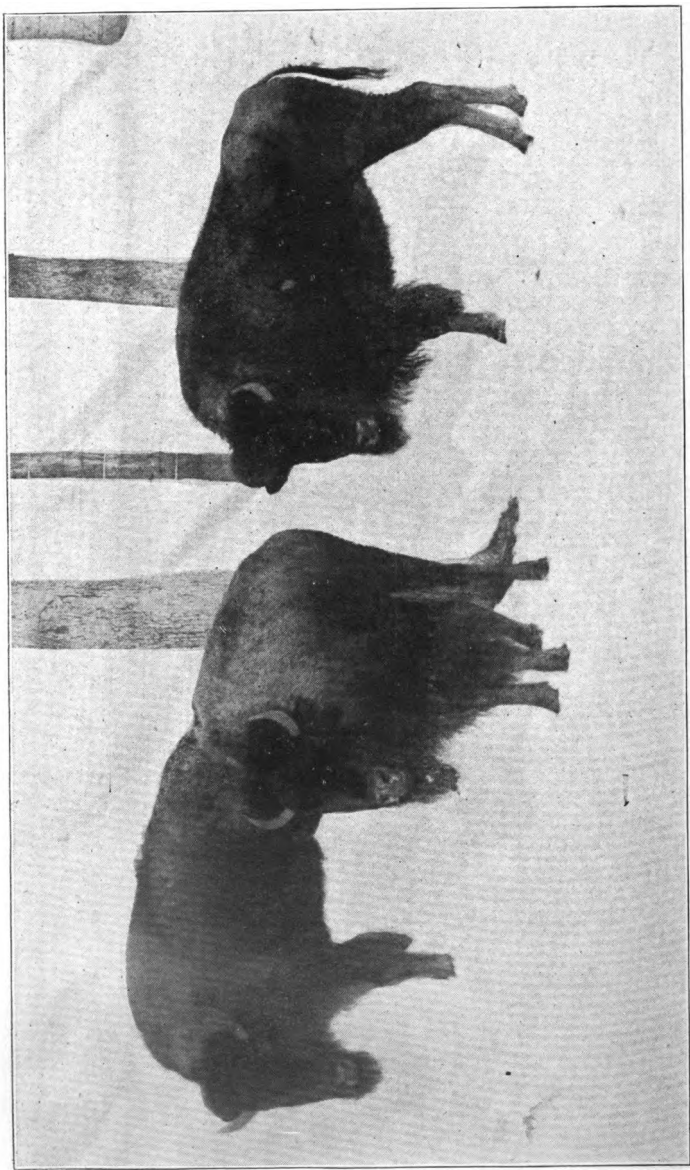
## A Word of Explanation.

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THE articles which follow, on the Buffalo Question, were first published in the Oskaloosa "Saturday Globe," in 1905, and were called out by an article in the Annals of Iowa, written by Prof. Herbert Osborn, of the Ohio State University, but formerly a resident of Iowa. Mr. Garden's reply, which follows Prof. Osborn's contribution, elicited wide comment, and many articles were published in answer thereto. We do not attempt to give all that were published, but some of the leading ones are given, with Mr. Garden's comment.





WILD BUFFALO OF THE PLAINS

## Chapter 1

The first chapter of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x) = \frac{1}{x}$ . The author begins by discussing the domain of the function, which is all real numbers except zero. He then shows that the function is symmetric with respect to the origin, meaning that  $f(-x) = -f(x)$ . This property is used to show that the graph of the function is a hyperbola with two branches, one in the first quadrant and one in the third quadrant. The author also discusses the asymptotes of the function, which are the x-axis and the y-axis. He shows that as  $x$  approaches zero,  $f(x)$  approaches infinity, and as  $x$  approaches infinity,  $f(x)$  approaches zero. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the function's behavior on the interval  $(0, \infty)$ , where it is strictly decreasing and concave up.

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# Chapter I.

## The Extinct and Vanishing Animals of Iowa



PROFESSOR Herbert Osborn, in January Annals of Iowa: Many factors have conspired to drive the larger animals from the area of this State in much shorter time and more completely than has occurred in most adjacent states, or possibly than in any other portion of America. Chief among these, I think, is the fact that there is no waste land in the State, no fastnesses or forest, or mountain, or desert, in which they could remain unmolested by the crowding of man. I have many times maintained that there is not a single mile square in the State that can be properly termed waste, no single section utterly unfit for tillage or growth of forest or some crop of value to man. What small areas of swamp originally existed have been, or are being, rapidly put to use, and little, if any, of this apparently poor area will remain unused.

Certain it is, that every nook and corner of the State has been brought under scrutiny and the opportunity cut short for the survival of the larger animals that once roamed unhindered over the grassy plains and through the scanty timber skirting the streams.

It is high time, therefore, that if any history of the departure of these former residents is to be preserved, someone should undertake the task, and while I appreciate the limits of my ability to contribute much to this end, the desire that some start should be made has led me to attempt it after urgent and repeated requests from an old and trusted friend, the Editor of *The Annals*. Once started, doubtless many of the older settlers can add some ac-



curate records as to the time of disappearance of certain species in particular parts of the State.

It will be unnecessary to attempt any particular order in what follows, but we may note especially such forms as are undoubtedly extinct within the State and then refer briefly to those now disappearing, or on the verge of local extinction.

**Mastodon.**—While the mastodon (*Mastodon Americanus*) can hardly be called “recently extinct,” unless we speak in the terms of geologic time, it seems proper to mention it here because its remains are so frequently met with in excavations. The enormous size, and in some instances the fine preservation of bones and tusks, makes the discovery of one of the skeletons a matter of wide interest. A number of these skeletons have been unearthed in Iowa, in most cases being found at different levels in the drift or glacial deposits, indicating that they survived well on toward the end of the glacial epoch, if not later.

**The Panther.**—This animal (*Felis Concolor*), one of the most ferocious of the North American mammals, undoubtedly ranged through all the wooded parts of the State. Plenty of account of its occurrence in early times are to be found, and even if individually they lacked corroboration they show in the aggregate abundant basis for the inclusion of the species. I have no means of locating any approximate date for its extinction in the State. Probably sometime between the early settlements and 1860 must have seen the departure of these animals, as I have never met with any account of their appearance since that time.

In the early days the settlers suffered from their attacks upon cattle, sheep and hogs, and rarely from some onslaught upon children or unarmed individuals; but the most severe encounters must have been occasioned when the savage nature of the animal had been aroused by attack or wound from a hunter. Stories vary widely as to the courage or ferocity of the animal, all the way from making it a cowardly, timid beast, slinking away from the presence of man, to an aggressive, crafty and undaunted fighter. We can readily credit both sides—if not in

the extremes, at least for wide difference—since these traits certainly varied with the different individuals, and even in the same individual, under stress of hunger, the demands of its young, or the fury engendered by conflict.

Certainly it is, one of the species most easily spared from the indigenous fauna. Its slim, light gray body, with long, slender tail, its glittering eyes and its peculiar cry—said to simulate that of a child—have all been pictured in history and romance in sufficient detail and often with a high degree of accuracy.

The species is still common in the Rocky Mountain region and ranges southward to Patagonia, under different names, but it has probably left this State forever. We readily grant a permanent farewell to this American prince of the family of cats.

**The Lynx.**—Scant reports of this species (*Lynx canadensis* Desmarest) have been noted since the early settlement of the State, but no records of recent occurrences have come to hand. The species, if present in any locality, must be practically extinct throughout the State. Its ungainly form and the tufted ears make it a well-marked species, while its ferocity made it one of the dreaded animals in early days. Its near relative, the wild cat, or bob cat, (*Felis nefus*) may be found at rare intervals, and it also is probably nearly extinct.

**The Buffalo.**—Of the former residents of the State the buffalo (*Bison bison* L.) was undoubtedly the most magnificent, and one whose departure from the plains region has caused the most regret. If records were wanting as to its actual occurrence within the borders of Iowa, there is abundant evidence in the finding of skulls and other portions of the skeleton to prove its former distribution over this region. These have been discovered at so many different points that it is useless to attempt the record of them all, but instances of their existing in the central part of the State are known to the writer personally.

Just when the last member of the species took its departure across the boundary line of the State for the reg-

ion further west, or perished in some bog or swamp in the State area, it is impossible to say. In all probability the species was practically extinct within the State some time within the fifties or sixties, but I have been unable to find any record of sufficient definiteness to locate the time within the decade. We know, of course, that they occurred in large numbers further west in Kansas, Nebraska and in the Dakotas, as late as in the eighties, but they kept well beyond the bounds of permanent settlement. The buffalo represents a family of animals in which it is unique in this country, its nearest relative being the European buffalo, or water buffalo, of the old world. It is one of the largest of its family, and our species is one of the most magnificent of the group. Some fine specimens are preserved in the National Museum at Washington and in other large collections. A good example of the cow may be seen in the Museum of the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, and numerous heads are exhibited at different places over the State. The species is preserved in a few instances in captivity and it is possible that it may be kept in this condition so as to be available for study in the future. A fine herd may be seen at the New York Zoological Park. A few are still to be seen in their wild State in the National Park and it is to be hoped that their present numbers will be maintained so that the species in the wild state may not be entirely lost. The effort toward crossing this species with the domestic ox has been, in some degree, successful, and it is possible that it may be preserved to some extent in this manner as a domestic species.

**Elk or Wapiti.**—No doubt every frontier boy became familiar with one part, at least, of this animal (*Cervus canadensis* Erxleben), for its antlers were so widely scattered that they were to be found on almost every section of land, and decorated many a settler's cabin. The "elk horns" were, of course, more numerous than the bearers, since the annual shedding should result in many a cast of antlers, for every buck that grew to old age in any locality. They disappeared with the deer, if not earlier, and

have been known for many years only in the straggling specimens kept in parks. They still occur in the Rocky Mountain region, especially in the Yellowstone Park, and other reserves where an effort is made to preserve them.

**The Virginia Deer.**—This animal (*Odocoileus Americanus* Erxleben) was the most abundant of the larger game animals in the State at the time of the early settlements, and was of great value as a source of food supply. Its range must have been over a large part of Iowa, or at least covering all of the wooded portions, and evidences of its occurrence were abundant for many years, in the antlers, skulls, and portions of skeletons to be found in many places. The number of species have been rapidly depleted by the constant inroads made by hunters and early settlers, and its extinction as a wild animal within the State followed pretty rapidly upon its settlement. As early as the middle sixties it was practically unknown in the central and eastern part of the State, at least in those parts which were sought for settlement. The species probably lingered sometime longer through the central and western portion, but records of the occurrence are too scanty and indefinite for us to name any date for its final extinction, either in particular sections of the State or Iowa at large. Since the species does fairly well in confinement it is kept in the parks, and hence is likely to be preserved indefinitely in a semi-domesticated condition.

**The Prairie Wolf.**—The peculiar howl of this animal (*Canis lairans* Say) was one of the most familiar sounds around our frontier cabins in the early sixties. The country was settled rapidly and within ten years the animal had practically disappeared from that part of the State. Occasional individuals might have been encountered for some years later, but such few as survived betook themselves to the rough land along the streams, where they were not so frequently molested. A few were taken in the vicinity of Ames in the eighties, one in the year 1887, and a number of young ones captured, I believe, about the year 1890, were reared by a workman on the north farm of the State college. They doubtless occur still in the

roughest sections, but must ultimately become extinct within the State unless they adapt themselves like the foxes to the timber belts along the streams.

**The Timber Wolf.**—This species (*Canis nubilis* Say) is larger, stronger and fiercer than the prairie wolf, but in the early days was practically unknown in the prairie portions of the state. It occurred, however, in the heavier timbered areas and is probably yet to be found in small numbers in specially favored places.

**The Beaver.**—There are probably a few localities in the State where this magnificent rodent (*Castor canadensis* Kuhl) is still to be found. Once one of the most abundant species, the "beaver dams" being located on almost every one of the smaller streams, the value of its fur has been its doom and the persistent trapper has done his work. I fear that very few of the present generation of school children have ever seen the neatly chiseled stumps that marked the range of its action, or the deftly constructed dams that ensured it a constant level of water in the streams of varying depth.

I know of a small family that existed in Linn County, near Fairfax, in 1890; also a family near Dysart, in Tama County, at the same time. I saw their work on a stream near Missouri Valley at about the same time (1891, I think), and some beaver skins were then being bought.

Known occurrences should be put on record, as there can be little question that the species will soon be entirely lost to the State, if not already gone.

**Badger.**—The badger (*Taxidea Americana* Bodd), while never an abundant species since the settlement of the State, has apparently grown less and less common till now there are few, if any, left. I had reports of their occurrence near the central part of Iowa in the early eighties, in very limited numbers, but have had no positive records in later years. In a recent letter Mr. Aldrich says: "The badger is rapidly disappearing." As the animal is of striking appearance its occurrence would pretty surely be noted if common.

**The Mink.**—This species (*Lutreola vison* Schreber) used to be one of the valuable fur-bearing animals of the State and was much sought by trappers in the early days. Their numbers were much depleted on this account and the species seems never to have regained its former abundance. Very likely scattering individuals may still be found, and it may survive in specially favored localities, but for the State at large it must be counted as practically gone.

**The Otter.**—Like the mink and beaver, this species (*Lutra canadensis* Schreber), highly prized for its fur, was eagerly sought by trappers, and it became rare even earlier than they. The species was represented in Linn County in some of the smaller streams during the seventies, but no occurrences have come to my knowledge for probably a quarter of a century. Being quite strictly aquatic in its habits, its distribution is confined to the streams where there is sufficient protection for it to escape the too close attention of man.

**The Wild Turkey.**—This magnificent game bird (*Meleagris gallapavo* L.), a genuine boon to the early settler, was too much prized for immediate use to be allowed any opportunity to survive under ordinary conditions. Possibly there may be some compensation in the thought that we have his lineal descendant preserved for futurity in the domesticated Thanksgiving bird. This will, however, seem rather a poor consolation to the old-time hunters who knew the thrill of bringing down a bird of such magnificent proportions. I doubt if any of the wild birds have been found in the State during the last quarter century, as they were swept rapidly out of existence on the advance of settlement. I knew of their occurrence in Linn and Iowa Counties in the middle sixties, but I think all were gone in that region before 1870. Records of any observations on the species anywhere in this State within the last twenty-five years would be of great interest.

[Prof. Osborn is evidently mistaken in his belief that the wild turkey is extinct in Iowa. Less than a year ago the Museum of the Historical Department received a fine

specimen which was killed in the woods in Monroe County. We understand that a few still remain in that region. —[Editor of The Annals.]

In this connection it may be noted that a report on the birds of Ohio, just issued, speaks of this species as still existing, but on the verge of extinction; it has been seen in certain points in that State within ten years. This illustrates the more rapid and complete extinction that has occurred in the prairie State of Iowa.

**Carolina Paroquet.**—This bird (*Conurus carolinensis* L.) is listed as a former resident of Iowa, but here, as in most portions of the United States, it has now become extinct. At just what time this disappearance occurred it is now impossible to say. Its range was doubtless over the southern part of the State only. Like others of its family, it was essentially a tropical or subtropical species, and its range into Iowa may have been in the nature of straggling from its normal home further south.

**Wild or Passenger Pigeon.**—The last great flight of this bird (*Ectopistes migratorius*) in Iowa was probably about the year 1868 or 1869. I remember the enormous clouds of pigeons that swept across the sky for many days during the Spring of one year. Often a continuous flock of them would pass, the line extending as far as the eye could see in either direction, and the numbers absolutely beyond calculation. A year or two later, I remember there was another flight of less proportion, but from that time on their appearance was less and less frequent. I think no such flight has occurred in the last twenty-five years, and even single birds have become quite unknown. This is true of much of the Mississippi Valley aside from Iowa, and the disappearance has been the occasion for much speculation. We must look for causes outside the State, for no conditions within could account for it. Evidently some wholesale interference with the large rookeries where the flocks were wont to gather must be credited with a disappearance so complete and widespread.

Of the lower forms of animal life, it is hard to say

when any particular species has become extinct. New invasions attract attention, but the silent departure of the native residents goes unheralded. We may be sure, however, that very many species of insects, molluscs and the lower forms of life have given up their struggle for existence under the changed conditions following the general settlement of the State. Some, of course, persist in out of the way places and may survive for a long period if the native food supply continues. Those which have been most rapidly exterminated are probably those that depended on the native prairie grasses and other vegetation for food, and in less degree, so far, probably the swamp-living species that perish as a result of the drainage now in vogue.

There is still an opportunity to study little patches of the virgin forest, prairie and swamp yet remaining to learn facts regarding native fauna that will be counted of priceless worth in years to come. Of course, this knowledge may not seem at present to possess more than intellectual value, but a basis of knowledge is the basis of all economic progress, and we have hosts of instances where the advance in material matters has been founded on facts gathered with no immediate thought of their service in economic lines.

Such exhaustive studies of the animal life of a State as have been carried on in New York for more than a half century, and in Illinois for nearly as long, have resulted in an accumulation of facts that make it possible to follow the main features of faunal shiftings.

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Willow Dale Correspondent in the Iowa Falls Sentinel: It was harvest time, thirty-nine years ago, that little Joe Mulkins, then a boy of thirteen years, was sent out on what was then known as the Wallace hills for his uncle's cattle. When passing over a hill he saw in the distance what he thought was a covered wagon, but as he drew nearer he came to the conclusion that it was either an elephant or a rhinoceros. He ran home and reported what



he had seen, and his uncle mounted a horse and rode out on the prairie and found it was a large buffalo bull. A hunt was immediately organized under the leadership of Dr. Addis, then a physician at Maysville. The hunters were mounted on horses, and armed with revolvers and shotguns. As these seemed to have no effect but to infuriate the animal, a courier was sent over to the saw-mill on Mains Creek, for Lew Sawyer, who owned a heavy rifle. The buffalo passed southeast, over what later became the Jess Pierce farm, ever ready to charge anything that came in its way. When the buffalo came in sight of the Murray farm, Jim and Andy were busy shocking wheat, and they thinking discretion the better part of valor, both hid under a wheat shock. Dan Murray was cutting wheat with a yoke of oxen and an old-fashioned McCormick reaper. He had gallantly faced the guns in the Civil War, but when he saw the buffalo charging down upon him he let his oxen loose and retreated under the reaper. At this time there was a freighter with two yoke of oxen taking their noon-day rest, on what is now the O'Neal farm, and near what was then known as the Lone Tree. When the freighter saw the buffalo he ran and climbed the Lone Tree, while two of his oxen threw their tails over their backs and ran off across the prairie. The other two challenged and began to paw the ground ready for battle. They were knocked out in short order, and were only too glad to join their more timid companions. The buffalo then began to butt and vent his wrath on the freight wagon. Lew Sawyer, who had overtaken the hunters with his rifle, jumped from his horse, dropped on one knee, and put a bullet near its heart. The buffalo fell, and Mr. Stanley, one of the hunters, ran up and cut its throat. It raised to its feet again and made a feeble rush at the hunters, but soon fell and expired. This buffalo was one of the largest of its kind; after it was turned on its back, Mr. Stanley, who was six feet two inches in height, could just chin it at the brisket. It was dressed under the Lone Tree and the meat sold in Iowa Falls. The head was dropped in the road near what is now the W. C.

Brown farm, where it lay for months, quite a curiosity to the passerby. It was supposed this buffalo had been the patriarch and leader of a herd in the northwest, but had been superseded by one younger and stronger, and thus became an outcast and wanderer. Little Joe Mulkins, referred to in this article, is now the veteran thresherman, living in Palmer's Addition in Iowa Falls.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

"The Recent Extinct and Vanishing Animals of Iowa," are the headlines of an article given by Prof. Herbert Osborn in the January number of *The Annals of Iowa*, and we note his admission of the fact that his limited ability is hardly equal to the task of making an exact record on the subject. And I, like him, think it is time that some one should lead out in the matter and make future records more accurate. The Professor has undoubtedly been misinformed as to the existence of some species he classes among the extinct animals of Iowa, especially the buffalo and the panther; but fortunately there are enough old timers living who can testify to the fact that neither the buffalo nor the panther has ever lived or inhabited this State; therefore, should not be classed among the extinct animals of the state. If these facts cannot be obtained from the first old settlers of Iowa, where shall we look for the information? However, there are other means of proof that the buffalo never inhabited the State. Frequently there have been found, in excavating, bones and tusks of the mastodon throughout the State that have existed since the glacial period. This being the case, then, in the short period of thirty-five or forty years past that it is claimed the buffalo existed in the State, there should yet be left abundance of evidence in skeletons, bones and

horns, which are found plentiful enough on the western ranges, to show that the buffalo had existed there for hundreds of years, and for all time, from the time of his creation, up to the time of his extermination.

The writer stopped over night, in 1883, with a farmer living on the Missouri River Valley, in South Dakota, between Sloux City and Elk Point, who said that when making an excavation for his cellar he found, down at a depth of six feet, a big buffalo skull complete, with horns attached, which had evidently lain where found for several hundred years. I allude to this incident, as it leads up to and will verify statements I will make further on in this chapter.

Having been familiar with the different animals of Iowa since 1840, and having crossed the plains twice in the years of 1865 and 1866, I feel certain, together with the knowledge I have obtained by residing on the western buffalo range for six years, from 1882 to 1888, that I can produce almost unimpeachable evidence as to whether the buffalo ever belonged to the list of extinct animals of Iowa or not.

Like the grizzly bear, whose home has been for all time in the Rocky Mountains, the buffalo's home was in the great American desert, commonly called the plains, where he had lived and roamed for all time. His feeding grounds extended from the Rio Grande north fifteen or eighteen hundred miles, to the British possessions. In width, from the outlying foothills of the Rocky Mountains, five hundred miles to the eastern lines of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. They would start north in early spring from the Rio Grande and Southern Texas on their annual feed-

ing tour to the north, reaching Central Nebraska about the time that the California emigrants did in the early fifties.

The buffalo were so numerous at times that they interfered with travel, and often emigrants would have to lay by in camp for a day or two at a time while the herds were passing. Estimating the time it took for the herds to pass, their numbers would probably run up into the millions.

They would continue feeding leisurely on north to the British possessions, or as far as the buffalo grasses grew and extended, remaining until the cold blasts of the northern Winter winds would remind them that it was time to be moving. The return trip south would then begin, they feeding leisurely back toward their southern home. Probably some of them would stop on the way, remaining through the Winter in the canyons and foothills of the Rocky Mountains and the bad and rough lands of the Missouri River, feeding on the mesquite, buffalo, and bunch grass, which cured standing and made good, nutritious feed throughout the entire Winter.

The antelope, like the buffalo, had his permanent home on the range, where he remained in large droves, or herds, but did not emigrate back and forth like the buffalo.

In 1882 I found on my homestead, located near Lake Andes, South Dakota, a complete buffalo skeleton, which was in good preservation. The skull, which I obtained complete, with horns still intact, can be seen at any time at my office in Tracy. I was informed by an old frontiersman that this skeleton had lain where found at least eighteen or twenty years, as it had been that length of

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time since there had been any buffalo in that vicinity, or on the range, showing that as early as 1865 all the buffalo had disappeared from the western range.

After the annual Indian prairie fires in the Fall of the year, any one could ride horseback over the buffalo range and on looking in any direction at any time could see skeletons, scattering bones, and horns of buffalo. At that time, 1882, the buffalo had been extinct for eighteen or twenty years on the range.

In the first settling of Southwestern Kansas, on the Arkansas River, in the sixties, when the country was subject to drouths, and some years settlers raised nothing, crops being dried up by the hot winds, what few settlers remained depended on and gathered up tons of buffalo bones and horns, hauling them to their nearest railroad station and marketing them, that being the only means they had of procuring money to purchase provisions to do them until they raised a crop the following season.

As late as 1882, the writer saw at a steamboat landing on the Missouri River, near the mouth of the Niobrara River, in the extreme northern part of Nebraska, several tons of buffalo bones and horns that had been gathered up by settlers and hauled to the landing to be shipped to market. In the same year could be seen in the valleys of Andes Creek, a tributary to Lake Andes, numerous, well-defined round rings of weeds, being eighty or one hundred feet in diameter, which had been made by the buffalo bulls, tramping and killing the prairie grass while protecting a cow that had stopped to calve, by the bulls forming a strong cordon around the cow and by continually moving in a circle, fighting off the wolves, keeping them

from devouring the young calf until the calf gained sufficient strength to follow its mother into the herd.

W. A. Kitterman, of Tracy, informs me that his father and two uncles, Elias and Henry Kitterman, settled in Wapello County, in 1843, (men whom I know to be hunters of considerable note); they, thinking that buffalo were to be found on the western prairies of the State, and desiring to procure some buffalo calves to domesticate, in the Spring of 1845, fitted up a couple of teams, one or two yoke of oxen, and one two-horse team. They took along with them also several fresh cows. The horses were taken for the purpose of running down and catching young buffalo calves, and the cows for the purpose of furnishing milk to feed the captured calves. After passing Fort Des Moines, they pushed on west as far as Ida County, stopping a short time near Wall Lake, probably being the first White hunters to visit this part of the State. Finding no buffalo, they broke camp and veered off northeast, passing near the head of Coon River, thence east over the divide between the Coon and Des Moines Rivers, crossing the latter stream probably near where Fort Dodge now is. From there they went over the divide between Skunk River and the Des Moines, passing where Ames is now located. They then went southeast down the divide between the Skunk and the Des Moines Rivers, continuing this course until arriving at home in Wapello County, bringing back eight or ten young elk fawns. They reported seeing abundance of elk and deer, but did not find any buffalo, or see any signs of where there ever had been any buffalo. As to the facts of the above statements, I refer you to either or both Capt. W. H. Kitterman or E. C. Kitterman, of Ottumwa, Iowa.

My object in making so tedious detail in this matter is to prove the fact that in any State which buffalo had inhabited or existed could be found abundance of evidence in skeletons, bones and horns. Knowing this to be a fact, I have this day deposited in the Iowa Savings Bank, at Tracy, \$50.00 to be given to any responsible person who can prove by affidavit, to my satisfaction, that he did ever see running wild at large on the prairies of Iowa any buffalo that had not been domesticated and brought into the State, or any skeletons, bones, or horns, that had been picked up in this State and not imported from some other State.

In reference to the panther, the Professor says that in the early day in Iowa, the settlers suffered from their attacks upon cattle, sheep and hogs, rarely some onslaught upon children or unarmed individuals. Undoubtedly this has been shamefully misrepresented to the Professor. No one ever heard any of the old pioneer settlers, or knew of any old-time hunters or trappers tell of ever seeing any panther in Iowa. I am sure I never did, and I have lived in the State ever since 1840. The panther inhabited the mountains and rough, timbered ranges. There were a few found in the early settling of Ohio and Indiana, but there were never any found or seen in Iowa.

Professor Osborn is badly mistaken in his belief that the wild turkey is entirely extinct in Iowa. I have known of a few being killed in the State since 1900, some of which were brought to Tracy. If the Professor will come down to Tracy next April in gobbling time, and pay my fine to the game warden, for killing wild turkey out of season, I will take him in four hours' drive from Tracy and kill him a genuine wild turkey.

The Willow Dale correspondent in the Iowa Falls "Sentinel," in writing and describing the killing of the last Iowa buffalo thirty-nine years ago, was undoubtedly writing for an humorous article, because thirty-nine years ago there were no buffalo on the western ranges. Possibly there might have been at that time, in 1866, a few in the extreme northern part of the Dakotas on the Yellowstone and in the British possessions, but it is hardly probable that a buffalo would stray off from the balance of the herd a distance of 700 or 800 miles as far as Iowa Falls and not get captured or killed before going that distance.

#### PROF. HERBERT OSBORN'S REPLY.

Office of Ohio State University, Department of Zoology and Entomology, Herbert Osborn, M. Sc., Professor.

Columbus, Ohio, March 25, 1905.—Editor "Saturday Globe," Oskaloosa, Iowa. Dear Sir: I have read, with much interest, the items in your paper concerning the buffalo and panther in Iowa, and must confess to some surprise that anyone should have questioned the range of these animals over the State. Reference to standard works referring to these animals show so many statements concerning their distribution covering this region, and the very general knowledge concerning such distribution led me to consider it unnecessary to elaborate the data proving such references. If anyone will refer to the works of Audubon, Allen, Jordan, and other careful scientific writers, they may satisfy themselves as to the former range of these species. For the buffalo the occurrence of the bones of this animal in the vicinity of Ames and the very specific account of the killing a specimen near Fort Dodge, in 1865, recently republished in the *Annals*, would appear to be unquestionable proof. In Herrick's *Mammals of Minnesota* very distinct accounts of the occurrence of the buffalo, especially in the southwestern part of that State, are given. Among other statements, we quote: "They



were common in Minnesota up to a comparatively recent time. In 1823 Major Long encountered thousands about Big Stone and Traverse. In 1844 Captain Allen encountered herds in Southwestern Minnesota. Seventy-five miles west of the source of the Des Moines River we struck the range of buffalo and continued in it to the Big Sioux River and down the river about eighty-six miles. In 1850, according to Pope, buffaloes were abundant between the Pembina and Cheyenne Rivers. Stragglers seem to have visited the southwestern part of the State as late as 1869. They were driven out of the region east of the Mississippi before 1835, though found within fifty miles of St. Paul somewhat later."

Allen, one of the highest authorities in this line, gives the original range of the buffalo as far east as the Alleghanies. Of course, no one imagines the buffalo was a constant resident in any one locality, its migrations covering long distances, ranging according to food supply, and it could easily happen that herds would not be observed during any one season or possibly for a number of seasons in any part of a large region like the State of Iowa.

As to the panther, its known range covers every bit of the Western Continent not settled by man, as far north as 60 degrees north latitude. Herrick gives the latest occurrence in Minnesota as 1875. I doubt, however, if any occurred as recently in Iowa, because this State was more generally settled at a much earlier date, and location suitable for the survival of such a conspicuous animal much less favorable.

This discussion is bringing out just what I wished—definite statements from old settlers, and I hope it will be followed up.

HERBERT OSBORN.

## Chapter II.

### The Buffalo and Panther in Iowa.



**I**F IOWA was never the habitat of the buffalo nor panther, then tradition is at fault and the early settlers woefully misinformed. No one ever claimed to having seen buffalo here as I ever heard of, but if the buffalo inhabited Nebraska and Kansas as a grazing ground, there is no manifest reason why they should not cross over the Missouri River into Iowa, unless it was that the river formed a barrier they were not inclined to surmount. But if they were never here, why those deep cut trails leading to and from springs and the low places, and trails plainly showing that water was the object, and that they were made by animals that traveled in single file?

I know of places today where there used to be half a dozen of such trails, and two of them formed a part of my road across the prairie to school for many a day. Near the watering places these trails were three or four feet deep and as many wide, till the brow of the hill was reached, where they grew dimmer and finally run out, as the animals there scattered to graze.

These trails were always understood to have been worn by buffalo, but, of course, they might have been made by deer. Whether or not it is the habit of the latter to travel to an objective point in single file, I cannot say, and will rest the subject with someone who is better informed.

Skunk River has a little tributary called Panther Creek. Why is it called Panther Creek, has been asked? Why? Because panthers have been killed there at an early day.

This, too, may go for what it is worth, as no one knows of any record ever being kept in regard to these things.

HELEN E. BAILEY.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

The writer of Madison Township History starts out in her letter by saying: "If Iowa was never the habitat of buffalo or panther, then tradition is at fault and the early settlers woefully misinformed." Why should tradition be considered as being any evidence of facts, when there is still sufficient evidence to be had of the facts from the first old pioneer settlers, who are still living? They know from their own personal knowledge, that buffalo never did inhabit Iowa, showing conclusively that knowledge is facts, and that tradition is not facts, but fake.

The early settlers did not have to be informed as to whether or not there were buffalo and panther in the Territory of Iowa. They were here to see for themselves, and thus they could not have been misinformed.

The Missouri River was no barrier to the buffalo, for they crossed rivers wherever they came to them on their range and feeding grounds. On the buffalo's feeding ground there grew two or three species of good grasses, which cured standing, and it made very nutritious and fattening feed the entire year, or until the new crop of grass was ready the following year.

The buffalo could not have existed and lived on the Iowa grass. On account of our season being so short, we had only three or four months in the year at best that pasture was good, and after the first frost, which we usually had in September, all the grasses were killed and there was no nutrition in it. Then it was no better for stock

to feed on than wood shavings would be. You must remember that we had no blue grass in those days.

There is nothing in a name. Because a small stream is named Panther Creek is no evidence that there ever had been a panther on the creek. We have a little stream that passes through Scott Township and empties into the Des Moines River which is called Louse Creek. No one thinks for a moment because it is named Louse Creek that the creek is lousy.

Buffalo always went abreast and scattered out when traveling or feeding, never in single file. When one wanted a drink, he simply dropped out and went cross lots to the closest water obtainable. The trails spoken of by Mrs. Bailey undoubtedly were made by the Indians. Their trails were found here in Scott in the same way, in early days. The Indian always traveled in single file, and after the prairie grass was killed out the rains and wind soon washed and blew out the trails to various depths and widths. I am glad to note that my friend Mrs. Bailey admits that she did not know of any records of either buffalo or panther being killed or seen by anyone in the State and think that on taking her second sober thought she will become converted to the actual facts that there never were any buffalo or panther in the State of Iowa.



## Chapter III.

### Mr. Aldrich Thinks Buffalo Were Here.



**H**ISTORICAL Department of Iowa, Charles Aldrich, Curator, Des Moines, Iowa, March 8, 1905.—Editors Globe: I think that Mr. Garden must certainly be mistaken as to the buffalo. Across the valley just north of the Iowa Agricultural College I once saw a deposit of buffalo bones where one could easily have filled a wagon-box with them. There were skulls, horns, ribs, and leg bones quite beyond computation. Buffalo bones have also been found at other places on the college farm, and I have understood that they were found in many parts of the State. I find on searching our files several references to buffalo hunts which took place in Iowa in early days. Some of these hunts took place after the establishment of the first newspaper. I did not suppose there was any doubt relative to the panther or catamount. They certainly existed in all the States east and west of us, and I have always thought it equally probable that they existed here. Still, I have no personal knowledge in that direction, nor have I studied the subject to any extent.

—CHAS. ALDRICH.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

Mr. Charles Aldrich, Curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, at Des Moines, in a letter written to the editors of the "Globe," March 8th, 1906, says he thinks that I certainly must be mistaken in regard to the buffalo never inhabiting Iowa; and further states that across the valley, just north of the Iowa State Agricultural College, he once

saw a deposit of buffalo bones where one could easily have filled a wagon-box with skulls, horns, ribs and leg bones. This statement evidently shows almost conclusively that Mr. Aldrich certainly was mistaken as to the deposit of bones seen by him being buffalo bones and horns. As the buffalo kept together and went in vast herds of hundreds and thousands, if the bones seen by Mr. Aldrich were buffalo bones, why were they deposited in this particular place, and not scattered promiscuously over the adjoining territory and all over the State, as they were found scattered on their grounds on the western range, and not in deposits? The buffalo could not have existed and lived on the prairie grasses of Iowa after frost, and could not have made the trip into Iowa and back to their feeding grounds again in so short a time, of say about four months, that the grasses of the State were good for grazing. Therefore, can anyone see any good reason why the buffalo would leave the feeding grounds of good, sweet, succulent mesquite and buffalo grasses that cured standing where it grew, and made them good, nutritious food until the new crop of grass appeared the following season?

Mr. Aldrich states that he finds on searching his files several references to buffalo hunts which took place in Iowa in early days. None of the history of the buffalo in Iowa was ever furnished by any of the old pioneer settlers, but emanated from the younger generation, mostly newspaper correspondents. They would, when writing of some early incident that they had heard of, think their article would not be desirable reading unless they manufactured a buffalo story. I would advise Mr. Aldrich to cut out of his files all such articles on buffalo in Iowa, as they are

erroneous, fictitious, and manufactured out of whole cloth, altogether misleading, and should not be handed down to posterity.

Knowing the readers of this excellent paper, the "Globe," to be above the average in intelligence, they can readily see that there are still living hundreds of old settlers on the western and northwestern prairies of Iowa, who have lived there ever since the fifties, that if there had ever been any buffalo in Iowa would have known of it and come forward with the necessary proof and claimed the reward of \$50.00 that I have offered and deposited. I, as well as they, know the proof cannot be procured.



## Chapter IV.

### The Reward Is Claimed.



EDITORS Globe: I have read with much interest the clever articles on pioneer life in Scott Township by Mr. R. I. Garden, as well as those of a similar nature by others. It is well to make these records now while the facts can be verified by living witnesses. These articles would be robbed of much of their interest if the spirit of controversy should be allowed to take the place of earnestness which runs like a golden thread through them all. It is truth we want and the person who digs it up is the best friend of the real historian. There are not many chapters in history that are absolutely correct in all particulars. Mr. Garden is surely mistaken in his broad statement that there never have been any buffalo in Iowa. When I read of his generous offer to reward the person who should convince him to the contrary, it occurred to me what a splendid gift that fifty dollars would be to the hospital fund, or better yet, to Mahaska County Historical Society.

It would be strange indeed if this good state which has attracted and nourished almost every creature in America should be hastily passed over by the buffalo. They once roamed in the prairie and woodlands of the states east of us to the Atlantic. The seal of the state of Indiana has a buffalo in the background. The city of Buffalo, in New York, took its name from this noble animal, now well nigh extinct. If we are to give any credit whatever to the stories of the old settlers there were marks of the buffalo in Mahaska County, forty years ago. L. M. Parry, an old settler of Monroe County, told the writer that there is a



school house some five or six miles south of Albia that was known as the "Buffalo Wallow" school, so-called because of being a resort for the buffaloes, where they waded in the nearby creek and wallowed in the fresh soil to rid themselves of flies. Instances of this kind might be named all over Iowa. Dr. D. A. Hoffman, who has given much attention to local antiquarian work in collecting his cabinet, says that when Judge Crookham first came West, in the early forties, he wrote to his father in Ohio that if his father desired he would send him a buffalo calf. The two gentlemen were boys together in the same neighborhood. Captain Evans, who was a well known antiquarian specialist, in his history of Wapello County, is of the opinion that many of the so-called trails were made by the buffalo. In a speech given by Thomas Benton many years ago, he says the buffalo were the first road engineers and that the paths trodden by them were, as a matter of convenience, followed by the Indians. The buffaloes instinctively chose the best routes and fords and that the Indians possessing the same instinct, made but little improvement.

Ex-Governor B. F. Gue, who studied Iowa most of his life and wrote a four volume history of the State, says in Vol. I, page 30, speaking of the visit of Marquette and Joliet:

"They landed from time to time, made camps and caught fish. They ascended the bluffs and saw in the distance boundless prairies upon which herds of buffalo and elk could be seen."

Again, in describing the expedition of Lewis and Clarke up the Mississippi along the western shore of Iowa, in 1804, he says, on page 119: "As they passed up the west shore of Iowa they describe this country as a vast prairie many miles in width and level as a floor. Roaming over the prairies were large herds of buffalo, elk and deer." In the first chapter of the history of Mahaska County, now being published in the Oskaloosa Herald, will be found a brief quotation from the Journal of the Missionary of Marquette, who together with Joliet, discovered

the Mississippi River. He is describing a feast given them by the Indians, whose camp was some miles above the mouth of the Des Moines River. Marquette says: "The feast consisted of four courses," then mentions in detail the articles of food offered to them in the first three courses, closing with this: "The last course was a roast of buffalo, the fattest pieces of which were passed to the Frenchmen, who found it to be most excellent meat," These men could not have been mistaken about there being buffalo in Iowa in that early day. We are told that these men remained with the Indians for some days, hunting buffalo, deer and other wild game.

But to come down to more modern times, W. A. Delashmutt, of Oskaloosa, came to Iowa in June, 1837, and while at Burlington he states that he saw buffalo calves brought in from Lizzard Creek, some distance northwest of Fort Dodge, and sold to parties to be taken back East. He says it was a regular practice of hunters to make these excursions to the northwest taking with them a number of fresh milk cows to support the calves whose wild mothers had been stampeded or killed. Mr. Delashmutt says he knows these buffalo calves came from Lizzard Creek, because of having a friend employed on the Government works at Fort Dodge. Evidence of this kind is multiplying and brother Garden must surely modify his statement or contribute that fifty dollars to a good cause.

M. HEDGE.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

The following letter explains itself:

Traer, Iowa, March 11, 1905.

To Mr. R. I. Garden, Tracy, Iowa:

Dear Sir—I have just read an article in the Cedar Rapids Evening Gazette, copied from the Oskaloosa Globe, in which you offer fifty dollars to any one who will prove beyond dispute that the bison was ever an inhabitant of Iowa. I am in a position to prove to your satisfaction that

the buffalo have not only lived and roamed over the prairies of Iowa, but have been killed by people now living here. My father, uncle and cousins now living here, together with others now dead, came here from Ohio in 1852, and they are ready to give their sworn statement that they have not only seen, but have hunted, killed and eaten buffalo in Iowa. If you will call on us, or give us instructions how to proceed, we will prove that the buffalo was once an inhabitant of Iowa.

Very respectfully,  
F. M. WOODS, Traer, Iowa.

The above is a true copy of a letter received by me last week from Mr. Woods, being the first and only claim made on me for the reward offered by me. As I believe that Mr. Woods is mistaken about being able to furnish sufficient evidence, I shall answer his letter through the columns of *The Globe*. If in giving my reasons, it is thought by the readers of the *Globe* I am evasive, I will cheerfully investigate the evidence.

Having been investigating the habitat and studying the home of the buffalo for the last forty years, ever since 1865, and having traveled in Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, besides having made three or four trips through Northwestern Iowa, since 1870, I can see no good reason why I should not be as well or better posted and not deceived as to there being buffalo in Iowa as persons who never made a study or investigation of the subject.

"Buffalo in Iowa" is becoming the familiar headlines of articles appearing most every week in *The Globe*. Mr. Hedge gave in an article to last week's *Globe*, a lot of hearsay evidence. It is the actual facts that we are searching for, not hearsay evidence, friend Hedge. Don't think

me guilty of casting any reflections on any one's words, but people sometimes can be mistaken. Knowing this would be so in my case, is why I clinched my argument with a \$50 premium which everybody seems to avoid; if there is any one who thinks they can furnish the necessary evidence to secure my reward, why not do so? If not, why question my statement, as this seems to be all that is necessary to close the subject?

I except from my reward the border counties adjoining South Dakota, where possibly some time buffaloes might have been driven over the line into Iowa by blizzard or by hunters. For all the balance of the state, I put up the reward of \$50 in good faith, where it still remains. As to the old saying that money talks, my money shall do my talking hereafter. I am done with the subject for all time. Nothing but gilt edge evidence will be accepted. No traditional or hearsay evidence will be considered.



## Chapter V.

### More Evidence on the Buffalo Question.



SI GOURNEY, Iowa, March 29, 1905.—Mr. H. J. Mohme, Editor and Proprietor of "Hawkeye-Journal." Dear Sir: In looking over the Oskaloosa "Saturday Globe" of March 25, 1905, I find several articles in reference to buffalo ever inhabiting Iowa. One R. I. Garden, of Tracy, Iowa, it seems, takes the position that buffalo, in a wild state, never inhabited Iowa. It seems to me that Mr. Garden must be mistaken. In the Spring of 1849, a number of men left this county, Keokuk, and went up on the Iowa River for the purpose of obtaining buffalo calves. I have made search and find that one of the men who got up this expedition is still living, and he being an old acquaintance of mine, I wrote him for information, and the following letter was received in reply:

Washington, Iowa, March 23, 1905.—Mr. J. T. Parker. Dear Friend: I received your letter the twenty-second; was somewhat surprised to hear from you. Well, Jack, I will give you all the information you want on that subject. In 1849 Jacob Kensler, of your county, Michel Hayes, and myself combined ourselves to go into the north part of the State of Iowa to catch buffalo calves. We hired George Abot, the Hon. A. C. Price, Joseph Branner, and Andrew Whitson, the two last named being of this county. Of this party, all are dead except myself. We took domestic cows with us. We caught buffalo calves at the head of the Iowa River, and put them with our cows. If I remember rightly, we caught fourteen buffalo calves, brought them into Keokuk County and Washington County.

Some of these calves died on the way home. This statement is true.  
**M. P. DONAHEY.**

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The writer came to Sigourney in January, 1851; saw three of these buffaloes when they were two years old. I was well acquainted with Jacob Kensler and A. C. Price during their lifetime; from them I learned how these buffaloes were obtained. Their statement corroborated the above letter. If Mr. Garden wishes the sworn statement of M. P. Donahey, it can be had any time. Other incontestable proof can be furnished that buffaloes at one time inhabited this, Keokuk, county. With all the evidence that has been furnished to Mr. Garden, it seems to me, he is inclined to quibble.

**J. T. PARKER.**

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William A. DeLashmutt, one of Mahaska's oldest citizens, who came here in 1843, was in the "Globe" office Tuesday and added another chapter to the buffalo question. With his father's family he came to Burlington, Iowa, in 1837, and that year saw twelve buffalo calves. He asked the owners where they secured them, and they said they captured them in the vicinity of where Fort Dodge is now located. The method of capture was about the same as related by Mr. Donahey in the foregoing. They took along cows to furnish the supply of milk to the young buffalo calves, and drove them to Burlington. The men who had the young buffalo said they were sold to parties who lived at Covington, Kentucky. They were put on board a boat at Burlington and shipped to Covington.

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Mr. Nicholas Besser, writing in the "Hawkeye-Journal," of Sigourney, says: The letter from Cap. J. T. Parker ought to convince Mr. R. I. Garden, of Tracy, Iowa, that "it is human to err." The question, "to be or not to be," applied to the buffalo's early habitation in Iowa, seems to be undisputably settled by the evidence produced by Mr.

Parker. Mr. Garden bases his theory of the buffalo's non-residence partly upon the fact that we never heard of any buffalo bones being found in Iowa. In 1844 I found, upon a space of perhaps one-half acre, what to all appearance seemed to be part of the bones of six or eight carcasses. The thigh and knee bones were well recognizable and partly imbedded in the sod. When picked up they crumbled like lime. This was in a wide slough, where, as a rule, the grass made its appearance first in Spring, and at the same time offering a good outlook over a scope of prairie. This led me to inquire of my friend, D. N. Henderson, who had settled in the east part of Cedar Creek Township in 1838, one of the most wide-awake pioneers of that day, and at this date a resident of this county for sixty-seven years. He informed me that an old Indian had told him, that long, long ago there came a big snow storm, a very cold week in June, causing the death of many buffaloes. The old grass having been burned, and the young shoots of grass were tender and washy. From all my observation and knowledge gained, I have come to the conclusion that for perhaps a hundred years or more there have not been many buffaloes in Eastern Iowa, wherefore Mr. Garden's idea is somewhat excusable. I was personally acquainted with Mr. Jacob Kensler, who used to live south of Delta; also Hon. A. C. Price and Mr. M. P. Donahy, now of Washington County—all men whose credibility and integrity was never disputed. Thirty years ago, in Barton County, Kansas, I examined some buffalo bones, some of them in about the same condition and identical with those I found sixty years ago here in Iowa.

Editor Globe: The buffalo question is just beginning to be interesting. So many testimonials have come to us from Mahaska pioneers that we can not forbear another short article on the subject. Mr. George DeLong says that he has many times seen buffalo calves which were taken on Iowa soil in the region beyond Fort Dodge, pass through Oskaloosa on their way to the river. He says

that he has also seen buffalo running with the town cows about the village commons. Mr. S. L. Pomeroy states that in the late forties a company of Mahaska hunters stopped at his father's home on their return from the Northwest, and he distinctly remembers listening to their descriptions of the hunts for the buffalo which they had seen.

Mrs. M. W. Crozier says that a buffalo came up one evening with her father's herd of cattle, in Spring Creek Township. The animal belonged to Zeke Hale, a quite extensive cattle man living near Oskaloosa. It was taken from an Iowa herd of buffalo and domesticated, running with the other cattle on the farm. The buffalo always avoided civilization. On his annual return in the Spring from the South, civilization pushed him a little further westward, until they covered the plains in countless thousands. Occasionally a herd of them would remain in the North until late in the Winter and if the season was severe, large numbers of them would perish, huddled together for protection from the storm, in some partly sheltered nook along the bluffs. Hence, the aggregation of bones known to exist near the Agricultural College in Story County. Iowa has a postoffice in Scott County called "Buffalo," and a village in Winnebago County called "Buffalo Center," being located near the center of Buffalo Township. Scott County also had a township named for the splendid animal that found a welcome home in primitive Iowa. We have seen that Marquette and Joliet hunted the buffalo and pronounced its meat good eating more than two hundred years ago, and that Lewis and Clark saw herds of them on their trip up the Missouri River, in 1804. In 1819 Major Long made a trip up the Missouri with an exploring party, and mentions the presence of the buffalo about their camp on the Iowa side. Opposite page 387 of Volume I of B. F. Gue's "History of Iowa," the author gives an illustration of a "Buffalo Hunt on Iowa Prairies in 1834," and speaks of their diminishing numbers. According to the most authentic history obtainable, these



pioneer explorers and hunters saw, heard, felt, smelled, and tasted the real animal in question. It has been shown by several articles that there are men now living who have exercised all of their senses in proving the presence of wild buffalo on Iowa soil.

Surely these facts must count for something with a man like Mr. Garden.

There is lots of fine testimony yet to be submitted to him if he doesn't begin to loosen up some. What a splendid "Pioneer Banquet" that fifty dollars would spread, and what a jolly time we could all have together. We are told that one of the trite sayings among the pioneer speakers in closing an argument against an opponent was, "Down goes your shanty." If accepted historic authority is to carry any weight, Mr. Garden's "shanty" is in danger.

M. HEDGE.

Editor Globe: I have been much interested in reading the various articles in your paper as to whether or not the buffalo ever roamed over the prairies of Iowa. I have looked up what I believe to be reliable history and am satisfied that Mr. Garden is in error. In seeking information I have of necessity had to draw largely from the histories of Iowa, believing them to be true. In them we read that June 17, 1675, Marquette and Joliet first looked upon Iowa below where Dubuque now stands. Ascending the bluffs they saw in the distance herds of buffalo and elk. On the 25th of June they landed on the west shore; following a path for several miles they came to an Indian village situated on the banks of a river called the Mon-in-go-na. The Indians invited them to a feast prepared by the squaws, consisting of several courses, the last of which was roast buffalo. In Tuttle's History of Iowa, he gives the same account of it. They remained there six days, hunting buffalo, prairie chickens, fishing, etc. The Mound Builders were the predecessors of the Indians and constructed enduring works which gave a key to their history, but the buffalo has left as many and enduring marks

of its occupancy as the Indians. As early as 1667 a company was organized to trade with the natives for buffalo, elk, bear and deer skins. In 1690, Nicholas Perrot had a trading post near where Dubuque is located and carried on a profitable trade with the Indians in furs and skins of elk, deer and buffalo. In 1804, the Government fitted out expeditions to explore the Mississippi River. The one sent up the Missouri was under command of Captain M. Lewis and Captain W. Clark. On the 8th of July in passing up the Nodaway River they saw roaming over the prairies immense herds of buffalo, elk and deer. Audubon in his work on the Quadrupeds of America says at one period they ranged over nearly all of North America. Caleb Atwater, who was appointed by President Jackson with others to go to Prairie du Chien in 1829 to negotiate treaties with several tribes of Indians, in his report speaks of seeing them on Iowa soil. Some fifteen years or more ago Edward F. DeLong, then living seven miles southwest of Oskaloosa, in excavating in a slough to make a fish pond struck a bed of peat and in it found a large number of buffalo bones. There was a number of teeth, several of which I have in my collection, all in a good state of preservation. His brother, George DeLong, says there is no doubt but that buffalo inhabited Iowa. With a competent jury, a verdict for the buffalo in Iowa must be favorable upon the above evidence.

D. A. HOFFMAN, M. D.

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(Editorial Article from the Oskaloosa Globe.)

That the buffalo once roamed over Iowa's fertile prairies in herds, Mr. M. P. Donahey, now a resident of Washington County, this state, says he knows to a certainty. He knows it, he says, because he has seen them, and captured their progeny.

It will be remembered that last week The Globe printed two letters, taken from the Hawkeye Journal, of Sigourney, Iowa, one from J. T. Parker, of Keokuk County, and

the other from Mr. Donahey, in reference to a hunt for buffalo calves, in which Mr. Donahey participated, in 1849.

The Globe man, being in Washington Monday on other business, decided to go out and have a talk with Mr. Donahey, especially after a cordial invitation had been extended over the 'phone. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rohrer, about four miles northeast of Washington.

Mr. Donahey, while enjoying fairly good health, lost his eyesight a few years ago. He is now seventy-eight years old and at the time he took the famous hunt after buffalo calves, in 1849, was working for Mr. Michael Hayes, of Keokuk County. The remainder of the party consisted of George Abbott, A. C. Price, Jacob Kensler, Joseph Branner and Andrew Whitson. Not one of this party is now living, except Mr. Donahey. Geo. Abbott who was with the expedition, was a trapper and had lived with the Indians and therefore knew the ways of wild animals. A. C. Price afterwards removed to Missouri and served in the Legislature.

The party started from Washington, going first to Delta, where Mr. Kensler lived. They had six horses, two yoke of oxen and two wagons. They also took along twelve milch cows for the purpose of furnishing milk enroute and also to suckle the buffalo calves which they expected to capture. From Delta the route was almost north to where Marengo, the county seat of Iowa County, is now located. They then veered to the northwest, passing through Tama to Marshall and Hardin counties. About one-half mile from where Eldora is now located, the party killed a large elk. They went north to Clear Lake and from there to the head of the Iowa River, which rises in a slough. They also went to the St. Peters River, in Minnesota, near the line, but soon returned to Iowa, as no buffalo were found there. The first buffalo were seen in Hardin County, on the Iowa River, and at the head of the Iowa River they found the most buffalo.

Mr. Donahey, being a hired man, was obliged to stay in camp most of the time, to look after the cooking, teams,

etc. The boys would come in with exciting stories of their chases after buffalo, but up to this time but very few calves had been captured, so one morning Mr. Donahey decided to join in the chase. It was not long until a bunch that he reckoned at 100 head of buffalo were sighted. The method pursued was to separate the buffalo calves from the herd and then lasso the calves. On this day, six buffalo calves were taken, Mr. Donahey capturing two of them.

During the entire trip fourteen calves were taken in all, but only eight lived until they reached home, as the weather was very warm. On account of the hot weather only one buffalo was killed, a young heifer, which was used for meat. The party also captured three elk calves.

One of the exciting adventures was with a panther. This animal was run into a cave, or den. George Abbott, previously spoken of as having hunted and trapped with the Indians, and who was supposed to be a half breed, crawled into the cave after the big cat. Abbott was a crack shot and to miss, on this occasion meant death probably. He could see the bright eyes of the beast shining and succeeded in killing the panther at the first shot. The skin was saved and brought to Sigourney. Abbott was afterward killed while on his way to California during the gold excitement.

The entire trip consumed two months and Mr. Donahey states many buffalo were seen. In addition to those that were chased, they would often get upon a mound and could see the animals moving off in the distance. Mr. Donahey finally sold his two buffalo calves for \$50 each.

This party of buffalo hunters reached as far to the Northwest as Spirit Lake, and returned along the Des Moines River. The part of the State visited and where the buffalo were found, was entirely virgin prairie and not a white settler was to be seen. All streams had to be forded. The Musquakie band of Indians occupied the eastern part of the State, somewhere near their present location

in Tama County, while farther west were the warlike Sioux. The Government had designated a neutral strip, and across this strip neither side were allowed to venture.

Mr. Donahey has had an active and exciting career and says there are quite a number of the larger Western rivers that he has crossed on horseback. He is the man who laid out what is known as Donahey's Addition to Oskaloosa, purchasing the land from the late John White.

In the early fifties, before the railroads had penetrated the State, he was a mail contractor and carried the mail from Wapello to Oskaloosa, via Crawfordsville, Amboy and Washington. His first contract for carrying mail he crossed the river at Bellefontaine. He also had contracts from Sigourney to Fairfield and from Springfield to Montezuma.

Mr. Donahey came to this country from Ohio in 1846. At one time he entered and bought up about 800 acres of land at Springfield, in Keokuk County, named, laid out the town and sold goods there. As the settlers came in he would trade land for money and teams, and when he was running the mail lines would have many horses. He was not in Oskaloosa long, making this his headquarters for about two years.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

Having but a short time of evenings, after nine o'clock, the closing up hour of my office, in which to write, I had this letter mostly written before receiving the April 15th issue of the Globe, and I shall let it go as written, with a few comments in closing this letter on the much multiplied hearsay evidence appearing in last week's issue of the Globe.

In my letter to the Globe of February 25, 1905, I gave the facts on the habitation of the buffalo from my own personal investigations of over forty years—facts which

can readily be ascertained yet by a vigorous investigation. I hope before it is everlastingly too late that the Historical Association of Iowa will appoint a commission to investigate the facts as to there ever having been any buffalo inhabiting the State, even if it should be found necessary to raise the funds by popular subscription. I shall be glad to subscribe to the fund. It is a shame to leave this subject to stand as it is, to be handed down to posterity as a mystifying question, when the facts could be obtained. There is not, or never has been, one particle of evidence produced to show that buffalo ever inhabited the State of Iowa. The writer has visited and examined carefully at various places where were gathered relics belonging to Iowa, but not a buffalo bone, skull or horn did I find in any of these collections that belonged to the State.

In the eighties I was living on the buffalo range and western plains, and would often see, in considerable quantities, buffalo bones piled up, usually against the homesteader's sod stable, that had been gathered up and hauled off the claim before commencing to break up the land. This was twenty years after there had been known of any buffalo having been in that locality. Everybody knows the like was never seen in Iowa at any time. At this time, almost forty years since the buffalo became extinct, the evidence can yet be secured as to the buffalo's habitation. Then, why stick to an idea you have formed in regard to the subject, regardless of any evidence, especially if you have formed your ideas from some article you have seen on the subject by some professor for some leading magazine? Recollect, because a man is a professor of chemis-

try, forestry, agriculture, or no matter what, it is no evidence that he knows any more about the habits of the different kinds of wild animals than you or I, especially if we have made any study of the subject and he has not. Therefore, you must not lose sight of the fact that a professor writes articles for a magazine for a consideration. Whenever he is requested by the publishers of a magazine to give an article on the buffalo, panther, bear, or groundhog of Iowa, he proceeds to the work and writes up a glowing descriptive article on the subject in hand. But often it is just his ideas, after all. The full evidence of facts are often lacking. No one blames him when being assured of a \$50.00 check in consideration of his article furnished.

Prof. W. T. Hornaday, under the head, "Geographical Distribution of the Buffalo," says:

"The range of the American bison extended over about one-third of the entire continent of North America, starting almost at tide water on the Atlantic, it extended westward through vast forests across the Allegheny Mountain System to the prairies along the Mississippi, and southward to the delta of that stream."

In enumerating the different States that buffalo inhabited, it seems he has excluded from the list Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri. If any one chose to abide by his decision, it would show that I am right in my assertion that buffalo never inhabited the State, but as the writer believes that Mr. Hornaday wrote simply his opinion, without any positive evidence on the subject, I accept but very little, if any, of his conclusions. It would have been almost an impossibility for buffalo to inhabit most all of the

Eastern States and not have been a habitat of Iowa. One should digest those articles and see if there is not something in them that he happens to know something of, and not swallow the whole dose at once.

It is an indisputable fact that God created every living thing and created a place and permanent home and habitation for them in climate, food, and a place for their best protection.

The alligator and crocodile were given the swamps of the sunny South, where they ever have remained.

The black bear and panther's permanent home was in the range of the Allegheny and Cumberland Mountains. They also inhabited the heavy timbered States of the South, as well as the pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Although there have been known of a few incidents where they have been found at all times in their permanent home above described.

The polar bear was created for and placed in the Arctic regions, where he has always remained.

The grizzly and cinnamon bear, mountain bear, cougar, and mountain sheep, commonly called in the West big horns, were all created and placed in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, where they have always permanently remained.

The buffalo and antelope were created and established on their permanent home on the American desert, of the western plains, and furnished with abundance of the nutritious buffalo mesquite and bunch grasses that cured standing and made good, nutritious food for the entire year. These grasses were never known or found to grow anywhere else in the United States. How differently were



the prairie grasses of Iowa! The true facts are, that buffalo and antelope could not have existed and lived on it, for when the grass was young it was watery and washy, and in midsummer it became tough. In the early days the seasons were short and sometimes we had frost not later than the first of October, which killed the grass. Then it was no better for feed than wood shavings would be.

When crossing the plains in 1865, on account of the Sioux Indians being hostile and on the war-path, no one dared to leave camp for any distance, so the writer did not meet with or chance to kill a buffalo. But while traveling up North Platte River, above Mud Springs and Court House Rock, and between Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, I saw my first genuine wild buffalo. There was a small herd of them feeding leisurely along on the upland prairie southwest of us, a mile or so away. It being near sunset, they outlined against the sky in the pure light air, causing them to appear much larger than they really were. Sixty miles beyond them could be seen the blue outlines of Laramie Peak, denoting that we were nearing the foothills of the grand old Rocky Mountains. It was a magnificent sight, showing Nature in all her beauty; at the same time, north of us on the valley of the Platte, could be seen a band of antelope feeding, thus showing that the buffalo and antelope were inseparable companions—where one was the other was always found nearby, which is proof positive that if buffalo ever inhabited Iowa the antelope did also. Then why is it that no one will claim that the antelope had ever been a habitant of the State? Is it because he is such an insignificant little creature and not worthy of recognition?

I would accept a sworn statement that antelope inhabited the State just as quick as I would that buffalo did. It seems queer, but true, that out of Iowa's population of almost two and one-half millions of people, there are but two individuals of that vast number who claim that they can produce evidence that buffalo did inhabit Iowa. (Of course the evidence was furnished them.) First, a Mr. F. M. Woods, of Traer, Tama County, in the eastern part of the State, claims his father and other relatives killed buffalos in Tama County, in the fifties, whom I answered in the columns of the Globe. The other party claiming to have discovered the necessary evidence of proof is a Mr. J. T. Parker, of Sigourney. He bases his claim on a letter received from M. P. Donahey, who says that in 1849 he did capture some buffalo calves at the head of the Iowa River, which is also in the eastern part of the State. Against this letter I can produce numerous letters received from pioneer settlers from different parts of the State, saying, "Stick to your statements, Garden, for there were never any buffalo in Iowa at any time." Is it expected, then, that I should accept as conclusive evidence one man's statement against almost everybody else in the State? Many of them are just as conscientious in their belief and have had the same opportunity to obtain the true facts on the subject as this one party has. I do not question Mr. Donahey's statement of capturing the buffalo calves, but I don't believe he can produce the evidence that he caught them in Iowa.

Mr. Parker made a statement in the Globe of April 18, saying it seemed to him that I was inclined to quibble, thus insinuating that he has furnished the evidence that buffalo had inhabited the State and that I ought to send

him a draft for \$50.00. Now, to me, it seems that it is the money Mr. Parker wants, regardless of any evidence, as he has not produced one iota of evidence, and he knows it as well as I do. All the evidence, if any, that he furnished has been in the Globe. Readers of the Globe, judge for yourselves whether or not you consider it any evidence.

Mr. Parker claims that Mr. Donahey will give a sworn statement at any time that he did capture buffalo calves in the state. I do not believe he will. I don't believe that Mr. Donahey would make a sworn statement unless he had witnesses that he could prove the facts by. The writer feels satisfied that he could go into every county in the State and obtain sworn statements from some of the first old settlers in each county that there had never been seen or found any buffalo in the first settling of the country in which they lived. It might take six months or more to canvass each county, but I would do it before I would let one person out of a population of almost two and one-half millions hold me up for \$50.00.

I wish I had the time, I would dissect some of the hearsay evidence. I shall pass over it briefly. Comrade Parker, you should have stated in your letter to the Globe on April 18 that you had received a letter from a blind man that some one had to do the writing for, but we grant that it was written as Mr. Donahey dictated. It was stated that Mr. Donahey's trip extended to the head of the Iowa River. I see by the Globe of April 15th that his trip finally extended away out west to the head of the Des Moines River.

In an interesting article written to the Globe March 18th, by Mr. M. Hedge, I notice one party told him that

he had come to Iowa in 1837, and while at Burlington he saw buffalo calves brought in from Lizzard Creek, northwest of Fort Dodge. He said he knew the buffalo calves came from Lizzard Creek, as he had a friend employed on the government works at Fort Dodge. Great God! Fort Dodge was not even thought of at this time. Is there any school child in Iowa but what knows that there was no Fort Dodge in the thirties, or the forties, either? Besides, the Sioux Indians occupied the Lizzard Creek country at that time and no one was allowed or would dare go there, and this party ought to have known this fact. This same party has since dropped into the Globe office and gave a much modified version of the same story. Reader, please read his statement made to Mr. Hedge, in the Globe of March 18th, and then again the Globe of April 15th, and see how dissimilar they are. How queer it seems, that in the thirties, when money was scarce, and there were not many wealthy people in the United States, that people would spend the entire season coming from the Eastern States out to Iowa to buy buffalo calves to take back as curios.

Reader, I have briefly called your attention to this hearsay evidence, to show what a beautiful chain of circumstantial evidence it would be if there were not so many links left out.

Benton A. Matthews, an old settler of Knoxville, and a particular friend of the writer, after reading my letter in the Globe of February 25, exclaimed: "Bob Garden must be crazy, for there have been lots of buffalo in Iowa." When asked how he knew there had been buffalo in Iowa, he said, "By Joe, just because I know it." That's why Bent has not claimed the reward as yet, nor I don't believe he will, but I will have to admit that his evidence is as strong as any that I have received up to the present date.

## Chapter VI.

### Curator Aldrich After Buffalo Skulls.



THE articles which have been appearing in the Globe on the buffalo question, and which were written by Mr. R. I. Garden, of Tracy, have attracted a great deal of attention, and Charles Aldrich, Curator of the State Historical Department, it would seem, has taken the matter up, judging from the following Des Moines dispatch to the Marshalltown Times-Republican:

Curator Aldrich, of the Historical Department, has decided to send T. Van Hynning to Ames to secure some buffalo skulls. He has decided to do it more especially because of the discussion going on at this time in many of the country papers and periodicals as to whether or not buffalo ever inhabited Iowa. Mr. Aldrich says there is not the slightest doubt but that the buffalo were here in vast numbers, and he proposes, while it is yet possible to do so, to secure the skulls of a bull and a cow buffalo for the Historical building. In the July, 1903, issue of the Annals of Iowa, there is an article from the pen of T. E. L. Beal, who is a naturalist and comparative anatomist of great ability, and was formerly with the State College at Ames. In it he tells of discovering a bone bed in a marsh two or three miles northeast of Ames, where there was among a vast lot of bones one almost perfect skeleton. This discovery was made many years ago; later Mr. Aldrich visited the same place with him and following Mr. Beal's article he publishes in the Annals a note on his visit to the spot. Mr. Aldrich is familiar with the location of the

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place and he proposes to secure some of the bones and skulls.

Both Professor Beal and Dr. Charles A. White, a former State Geologist, and an excellent authority, state that there is no question but that there were buffalo in Iowa and that they roamed all over this territory. Dr. White says their bones will be found in the marshes where they naturally went for the brackish water and got mired. In these marshes the bones are preserved. Professor Beal, who is now in Washington, also states that there were buffalo bones found near the pumping station at the State College while he was there.

Curator Aldrich, while in the southern part of the State last week, spent some time with George C. Duffield, who was one of the founders of the Agricultural Society. Mr. Duffield says there were buffalo in Iowa in the early days, and panther also. The agitation over the question seems to have been aroused at this time by the offer of R. I. Garden, of Tracy, Iowa, through the columns of the Oskaloosa Saturday Globe, to give \$50.00 for proof that buffalo at any time inhabited the State. There have been two or three who claim the \$50. Mr. Garden denies there were any panther in the State as well as buffalo. Mr. Duffield, one of the oldest inhabitants of the State, says to his certain knowledge, and the knowledge of others, that there were as many as four or five panther killed in the neighborhood of his home near Keosauqua. On one occasion, when a party of men killed a panther, he says they divided up the parts as trophies, one taking the head, another the tail, and others paws and the like.

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My father located in Jefferson County, this State, in 1845, and made that his home for nineteen years. In 1864 he moved his family to Linn County, Kansas. At that date ten days' travel farther west would bring us into the territory thickly inhabited by large herds of buffalo, and the writer has seen thousands of them upon the Western prairies of Kansas, covering hundreds of acres of land,

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as thickly as cows in our native pastures, and we well remember in different conversations hearing our father say he never heard of any being in the State of Iowa. Other evidence that we will offer is that in the large collection of relics of the late Zadoc Chidester, of Monroe County, consisting of Indian tomahawks, axes, earthenware, bows and arrows, bones, skeletons, stones and minerals, belonging to Iowa and Monroe County, not a buffalo bone is found in all that large collection, that he was offered and refused a good price for during his lifetime.

Z. T. POINTER.

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#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

I notice in the Globe of April 29th an article headed, "After Buffalo Skulls," that Curator Aldrich, of the Iowa State Historical Department, has decided to send one T. Van Hyning to Ames to endeavor to try and secure some buffalo skulls that have been gathered up in Iowa. It is no use. I think you will fail, Mr. Aldrich. They haven't got them, as there never were any buffalo skulls found or picked up in the State. The writer has a very fine specimen of a buffalo bull's skull with horns complete, which he picked up on the buffalo range in South Dakota, in 1882. But no one could buy or borrow it to exhibit as an Iowa trophy.

In an article in the Globe of April 22, headed, "The Gold Seekers of '49," W. A. Delashmutt says, among other incidents given: "Fifteen miles west of Fort Kearney they struck vast herds of buffalo. There were so many it was impossible to estimate their numbers," but he would guess them off at a million, if not more. That their party went into camp until the big herd had passed, which required more than a day. Thus verifying the writer's state-

ment, made in his first letter appearing the *Globe*, February 25th, on the buffalo subject.

There has not been one single incident or statement made by the writer on the subject but what can be verified, and as none of the '49 or '50 California emigrants, Delashmutt among them, ever saw in that early day any buffalo on the virgin prairies of Western Iowa, where no White man had yet settled, it ought to be positive evidence to every thoughtful, intelligent person of any judgment, that buffalo never have inhabited Iowa.

The writer strenuously objects to the word "evidence" being used so freely in articles appearing in the *Globe* headed, "Buffalo in Iowa." It is a misnomer, as there has been no evidence given, nothing but hearsay evidence. Why is it if buffalo ever inhabited Iowa, the first pioneer settlers to settle in the Territory of Iowa did not see, find or hear of any of them being found anywhere in the State, and as plentiful as the first settlers found them to be in the Territories of Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, where there were seen and found millions of buffalo that had permanently inhabited those and other territories from the time of their first discovery up to their extermination?

The writer remembers very distinctly of reading quite a lengthy article which was written by one of the first early settlers of Kansas. After giving a glowing description of Kansas and his reasons why homeseekers should move there, he closed by saying that he had killed in one season one thousand buffalo and had received one dollar apiece for their hides, adding that no one need to want for meat, as the prairies of Kansas were inhabited by tens of thousands of buffalo.



Thomas Collins was a neighbor of mine when the war broke out, and he and I enlisted together in Company B, Third Iowa Infantry, in 1861. He was discharged on account of wounds received at the battle of Shiloh, in 1862. While at the Siege of Vicksburg the writer received a letter from Comrade Collins, saying he had moved to Kansas, and that he thought he would eventually get entirely well of his wounds. He stated that he enjoyed the sport of shooting at buffalo more than he did shooting at Rebels. That from where he lived he could see buffalo on the prairies at most any time during the day. They were very plentiful and he could kill one at any time he so desired.

Again, Chas. Barber, a frontiersman who crossed the plains in company with the writer, in 1865, said that his father told him that when he was living on the frontiers of Nebraska the buffalo would occasionally get into his growing corn crop.

Everyone knows, or should know, that W. F. Cody was employed or had a contract in early days to furnish buffalo meat for the United States army, on the western frontiers, he killing thousands of buffalo and thus gaining the soubriquet of Buffalo Bill. Had the United States army when located in the Territory of Iowa depended on being supplied with buffalo meat, they surely would have had to have done without meat.

To come down to more modern times, Z. T. Pointer in the Globe of March 18th, states that his father located in Jefferson County, this State, in 1845, and on moving to Kansas, in 1864, they found this Territory to be thickly inhabited by large herds of buffalo, and that he saw thousands of them upon the Western prairies of Kansas,

covering hundreds of acres of land as thickly as cows in our native pastures. That he well remembers, in different conversations, to have heard his father say he never heard of buffalo being in Iowa.

Seemingly, the buffalo reluctantly moved back on his range and grazing grounds before the advancing settlers, thus being almost continually in sight of the settlers. It is very probable there are living as many as one hundred thousand old, early settlers in each of the States of Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas who can give conclusive and positive evidence that buffalo did inhabit those States. Then, why, if buffalo ever inhabited Iowa, did not the first pioneer settlers hear of or see any of them?

Putting it at a very low estimate, there are yet living one hundred thousand first pioneer settlers throughout Iowa, of which not one of that number can give a particle of evidence showing that buffalo ever have inhabited Iowa. If they did inhabit the State, why did anyone have to go to the extreme northwestern part of the State to find them, as has been claimed? Why were they not found as well here in Mahaska and Marion Counties, and all over the balance of the State, and as thickly as they were found to be in the Western States of Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas?

Mr. Donahey is the only man up to date living in the State who claims to have seen buffalo in Iowa on the head of Iowa River. He further states he continued his trip at that time northwest to Spirit Lake, which would be at least one hundred and twenty-five miles farther west, thence down the Des Moines and through the famous Lizard Creek (which is a little prairie branch) country, but

did not find any buffalo except at the head of the Iowa River in the eastern part of Iowa. But to admit, just for argument's sake, that Mr. Donahey found buffalo on Iowa River, it would not be one particle of evidence that buffalo had ever inhabited Iowa. It has never been claimed by any one else that they have ever seen or found buffalo at any time or place in the State. It does seem singular that if buffalo were found or seen by any of the first pioneer settlers farther west on the northern prairies of Iowa, they do not come forward and give the facts.

The writer does not believe that the parties who gave in their testimonials on the buffalo subject to Mr. Hedge, which appeared in the *Globe* April 22, did so seriously and not through vanity or conceit. It would seem if most any one had ever seen buffalo calves many times pass through the State they would have learned all the particulars about them, where they had come from, where captured, and their destination, and know that he had plenty of witnesses—plenty to prove his assertions. The testimony is blarney—nothing but hearsay evidence. Does any one consider it any evidence that buffalo inhabited the State because they were seen or taken through Iowa in captivity in 1867? While living on a farm in Scott Township the writer saw two young buffalo which were being driven through with a herd of cattle, brought from Kansas. On making inquiry of the party in charge of the herd, where he had obtained the buffalo, he said they had been captured in Western Kansas, and were two years old. That he had brought them along with his cattle, as he knew they would be a curiosity to Iowa people. He stated that the settlers in Kansas did not think buffalo worth raising,

and they seldom ever molested the calves on their range. That they could not be worked like our domestic oxen and were absolutely worthless for milk cows. That their flesh was not so good meat as the native cattle. For that reason any settler would rather have one domestic calf than a half dozen buffalo calves. They were so plentiful they were no curiosity and of but little value. Yet it has been asserted that many buffalo calves have passed through Oskaloosa to the East. Wonder where the parties found a market for them?

It would seem that if parties commenced in that early day to capture buffalo calves to domesticate, they would be more plentiful and not so valuable as they are at this time, as a good specimen buffalo now is worth one thousand dollars.

The writer last October stopped off at Bancroft, in Kosuth County, purposely to view a herd of nine buffalo, owned and kept there by a banker of that place. Unfortunately, I did not get to see the proprietor of the herd, as he was out of the city. The buffalo were kept in a forty-acre pasture, inclosed by a high, woven-wire fence. They were very fine specimens and docile, as any of the citizens, even the children, could go among them. They were as tame as any domestic cattle. I learned that he had bought most of them from a ranchman on the Western range, and that he paid seven hundred dollars apiece for the last two he had purchased, and could readily get one thousand dollars apiece for them, as parties wanted them for Ingersol Park at Des Moines.

Mr. W. H. H. Barker, in the Globe April 1st, in an article headed "Evidence on a Disputed Question," starts

out thus: "Mr. Garden certainly errs when he says that panther were never found in this region," and stated that James Parsons met a panther here in my own neighborhood, also that one Mr. Gillespie saw panther here. I did not know Mr. Gillespie, but was well acquainted with Jas. Parsons, and all his brothers. Our parents came here in early days about the same time and we were neighbors. We often had long talks about our boyhood days here together in pioneer days, but I never heard Jim mention about seeing a panther, or anyone else seeing one in this neighborhood. I never heard anyone say he had ever seen a panther in the State. It seems queer that now, over sixty years afterwards, that I hear for the first time, that panther were seen here in my own neighborhood. Like the buffalo evidence, it should be classed as hearsay evidence, in fact, no evidence at all. There can't be produced any genuine evidence that buffalo, panther, or bear ever inhabited Iowa.

After making the proposition of \$50.00 reward if buffalo ever inhabited Iowa, I should have received by this time tens of thousands of affidavits or testimonials, but not one single one has been offered. This should of itself be sufficient proof to the people of Iowa that buffalo never inhabited the state. It would not detract or add anything to the glory of Iowa if buffalo did or did not inhabit the State. Then let us not be prejudiced and lay aside our personal opinions and ideas on the question and investigate and see if there be any evidence found to prove that buffalo were ever an inhabitant of the State. The writer guarantees if you will expend half the time and money he has to ascertain the facts on the subject, you will be thoroughly convinced that buffalo never did inhabit Iowa.

## Chapter VII.

### Mr. Donahay Reiterates His Statement.



WASHINGTON, Iowa, May 11, 1905.—Editor Globe: I supposed our friend Garden was searching for a true history of our State, and that he wanted to use this knowledge for the benefit of the present and future generations, else I would never have taken the trouble to have given my experience on the buffalo trail in Iowa. I may be old and blind, as you have said, Mr. Garden, but my memory is sound, and while I may not be as smart as some people think they are, yet I have never been considered an idiot and am ready at any time to back up my statement with a document that will be neither "blarney nor hearsay evidence," as you intimated it was.

I say, that a Mr. Branner, Jake Kensler, Dr. Price, George Abbot and myself and others made up a party that went to the head of the Iowa River and captured fourteen buffalo calves. That eight of those calves lived and were brought here to Washington County and were divided between us, Kensler getting four, Hayes two, and myself two. I afterwards sold mine for fifty dollars a piece. One of Mr. Micheal Hayes's died from a snake bite, and the other a natural death. We found hundreds of buffalo at the head of the Iowa River, hundreds more at Twin Lakes and in Hardin County. As for them not being inhabitants of the State, we saw in the timber near the Des Moines River where they had passed the Winter. I saw the place where they had bred, multiplied, and died. There were plenty of bones. If Mr. Aldrich had been with us, he could have filled the State Historical building with buffalo skulls

and Iowa buffalo, at that. I remember seeing the skeletons of two large bulls with locked horns that had evidently died in conflict.

More than that, I dug up, on my own farm in this county, a buffalo skeleton and it laid beside my dwelling for years—and it wasn't one of the calves I brought down, either. I don't know how long a buffalo would have to remain before Mr. Garden would consider it an inhabitant, but when an animal can be found in a country Summer and Winter it comes very nearly being there all the time.

I say again, and I can prove it to you, sir, that buffalo did inhabit this State. That I am one of the men who caught and tied them and saw where they lived and died. Because I am the only one living that you can find to testify to this does not make the statement any the less true.

The day may come when there will be only one survivor to the Civil War, but that will not make the war any less a reality.

Now that you are getting evidence that you did not know existed when you put up your money, don't back down and try to spoil good Iowa history by running a bluff to save your cash. I am not interested in this from a money standpoint, but from the standard of right and truth. More than that, on this same trip, Mr. Abbot shot and killed a panther, and we stuffed the hide with grass, and I have handled this hide many times, displaying it as a trophy of our trip. It was finally left with Abbot in Sigourney. Besides that, we killed a black bear; I saw it alive and helped chase it with my dog, and during the chase the dog, by accident, was shot and killed. We also caught three elk and some young fawn.

Now, Brother Garden, I trust you will investigate this subject till you are convinced that what I tell you is true. And while it may not be any credit to the State to say or know that buffalo had roamed over our prairies, it would be an honor for the future generation to know that the

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history handed down was correct and that we held truth on a higher level than our "Gold Standard."

Very respectfully yours,

M. P. DONAHEY,  
Washington, Iowa.

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Editor Globe: In my former communication I gave the reports of Marquette and Joliet, Lewis and Clark, and Galeb Atwater, thinking that would be sufficient to establish the fact that buffalo once roamed over the prairies of Iowa, but it seems I was mistaken. The statement of Marquette is the same in four different histories of Iowa, and never was doubted until a second Daniel came to judgment in Mahaska County, more than 200 years after the statement was made. The other statements were made by men employed by the government to explore the rivers and country, and is it reasonable to suppose that they would make false reports and go undiscovered until now? The fact that buffalo inhabited Iowa does not rest upon the above testimony alone. In 1667 the principal business of the fur traders of Iowa and all through the West was dealing in buffalo, elk, bear, and deer skins. Soon after the purchase of Louisiana the government sent out expeditions to explore the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The one exploring the Missouri, Lewis and Clark, I mentioned in my other communication, but did not state that on the Nodaway River they saw large herds of buffalo, elk, and deer. In 1819 Major Long was sent up the Missouri River to build a fort, which he did near Council Bluffs. He left his men after making preparations for Winter quarters. On his return he made an overland journey to the fort. He often found hoofs, horns and bones of the buffalo and elk near camping grounds of the Indians. Clear Lake was the camping ground of the first settlers of Cerro Gordo County in 1851, where rude cabins were built. Elk and buffalo calves were through circumstances mastered of their roving intentions and they remained for the Winter in that beautiful section to which they afterwards caused their families to be brought. If buffalo calves were there,



there must have been some older ones there. There is in the southwest part of Dallas County a salt spring which was unquestionably visited by buffalo, as there is nearly an acre of land in the neighborhood of the spring which shows signs of having been worn down by those mighty animals that came there to drink. In the report of the Bureau of Ethnology, published by order of Congress, the most exhaustive publication regarding the various tribes of Indians for ages, their works and habits, in describing the mounds of Allamakee County, Iowa, says: "We found bones, fish-birds and the smaller quadrupeds, such as the rabbit and the fox, but also of the bear, wolf, elk, deer and buffalo." The above facts are all taken from reliable histories and must be accepted as true by those who read history, but the brother denies it all and claims it is all hearsay. He reminds me of a man I read of many years ago, who said that if he was in the wrong he was perfectly willing to be convinced of his error, but he would like to see the man who could convince him. Evidence that buffalo once lived in Mahaska County we have abundant testimony. Reuben Coomes says that thirty-five years ago there was a buffalo wallow on his farm near Lacey; the trail leading onto and out of it was perfectly plain, and the wallow can be seen to this day. He and S. L. Pomeroy testify that there was one on the H. H. Prine farm, and one on the T. Shannon farm south of Leighton.

Thomas Tandy says that some forty years ago a man in the southeastern part of the State was digging a well and found buffalo bones in abundance. Henry Tandy corroborates these statements. Wm. Walker, an old resident, says he knows that there were buffalo. All these men are living here now and are truthful, reliable men, who know whereof they affirm, and speak what they do know.

D. A. HOFFMAN, M. D.

#### MR. GARDEN'S REPLY.

The old adage of giving a man rope enough and he will hang himself, is exemplified by the last few articles which

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have appeared in the Globe headed "Buffalo in Iowa," the absurdity of which the writer cannot forbear making comment on.

In 1866 the Union Pacific Railroad was undertaken to be built by the government through the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of uniting the Atlantic States with the Pacific States by rail. On the arrival of the engineers at the base of the Rocky Mountains, it was found that with all the best civil engineers to be had in the United States, not one could be found who could find or locate a passway where they could build through the mountains. After weeks and months of scientific engineering without any results, finally, on being advised, the Government sent a courier to St. Louis to try and procure the services of Jim Bridger, knowing that he was probably the only man living besides Kit Carson who could show them a practical route or pass where they could build through the mountains. On a guarantee to him of paying all his transportation and expenses, Bridger accompanied the courier back.

On arriving at the camp of the engineers, at the foot of the mountains, after relating their object for sending for him, and what they desired him to do, he called for a piece of white paper. On procuring the paper and a piece of charcoal from the camp fire he drew a map of what is now called South Pass, showing and describing to them where they could easily build the road through this pass, which was done. It is claimed, and true, that this map, which was drawn by Jim Bridger with charcoal, has been carefully preserved and filed away, together with the other important documents belonging to the Union Pacific road.

The achievement of Bridger proves beyond doubt that

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one's personal and practical knowledge is superior to scientific knowledge in most all cases. Bridger and Kit Carson were undoubtedly the two most noted and famous frontier men, hunters, trappers and guides the world ever produced.

Bridger discovered the great Salt Lake in Utah, in 1825, long years before Iowa was known. The writer was told by plainsmen and freighters who knew Kit Carson well, that he had often made camp with them on the plains and that he would at night always take his gun and blankets and go out a considerable distance from the noise of camp and roll himself up in his blankets and sleep on the prairie in the grass, he being so sensitive to danger he thus never allowed himself to be surprised by the wily Indians. Whenever either Carson or Bridger made camp with the emigrants or freighters, it was wonderful with what feelings of confidence and safety campers felt when either of those men were in camp with them. It was equal to being re-inforced by a whole company of soldiers.

Neither of these brave pioneers had any education, could not write their own names, but they had more personal and practical knowledge of the habits and the habitation of the different kinds of animals, especially such as the buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, as well as all other kinds of animals that do not need any classification, which proves this to be the genuine and undisputed facts of history, thus demonstrating that personal knowledge as to the fact is evidence, while professional and hearsay history does not always prove to be facts of evidence. Then why not accept the first pioneer settlers' personal, practical knowledge to substantiate the facts on this subject, as

the first White settlers to settle in each State should best know and be able to give the only true, practical history of the different kinds of game and animals found on their arrival, which inhabited each State, and not the college graduate or the professor of the various branches of learning.

Professor Nutting, in an article appearing in the Register and Leader May 8th, says, among other things: "I do not hesitate to make the positive assertion that buffalo have inhabited Iowa," (as if anybody cared whether he hesitated or not.) He evidently either intends this as a reflection on the veracity of every old pioneer settler in the State, or else availed himself of this opportunity for getting some cheap advertising, as he has made some of the most absurd claims anyone ever heard of. It is absurd for him to claim that the railroads drove the buffalo from the State. If this was true, it is a pity that the territorial Legislature did not pass an act prohibiting the building of railroads through the State, so we could have kept the buffalo with us. The Professor says that Prof. Bessey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, informed him that a few buffalos were seen on the bottom lands below Council Bluffs as late as 1869. What an absurdity this is, as at that time the bottom lands below Council Bluffs were densely settled and the true facts are that the buffalo at this time were extinct on the western plains and ranges, except probably there were a few left in Northern Dakota and the British possessions. The writer being in that locality at this time, makes this statement from his own personal observation. I don't believe Prof. Nutting wrote his article seriously, as the writer believes him to be better posted on the subject than his article indicates. I be-

lieve his object is to call out additional evidence on the subject.

It has been said to the writer that the history of Iowa gives buffalo as an inhabitant of the State. Who wrote the history of Iowa? Did the historian or writer have the facts from his own personal knowledge, or was he told that buffalo inhabited Iowa? You must remember there are not many chapters in history that are absolutely correct, as has been recently proven beyond a doubt that Pierre Marquet was not the first White man to discover the Mississippi Valley, as has been shown by Agnes C. Laut, in the "Pathfinders in the West," and a Mr. Warren Upham in "The First White Man in Minnesota." The honor belongs to Pierre Raddison, a French voyager. They both establish the date of Raddison's first visit to the Mississippi basin as early as 1655, which gives priority to Raddison over Marquet by eighteen years. For two centuries and a quarter the credit has been given Marquet, thus showing that history is not always founded on facts.

If the history of Iowa gives buffalo as an inhabitant of the State and it should be proven beyond doubt that buffalo never did inhabit Iowa, why should not this part of the history of Iowa be corrected? As anyone can readily see that all history is not always correct, therefore we should not accept the history of Iowa as positive evidence that buffalo were an inhabitant of the State if there can't be any evidence produced that they did inhabit Iowa.

The writer will but briefly comment on the articles of Dr. Hoffman and Mr. Donahey. Hereafter, when anyone gets so ungentlemanly and abusive as to call names over a friendly controversy, the writer shall not pay any attention to their unfriendly comments.

In company with the Editor of the Globe, we visited and inspected what Dr. Hoffman claims to be buffalo teeth, which were dug up out of the only peat bed known to be found in the Des Moines Valley.

In the Globe of May 6th, Dr. Hoffman said, among other things, that in 1804 the government fitted out expeditions to explore the Mississippi River. The one sent up the Missouri was under the command of Capt. M. Lewis and Capt. W. Clark. On the eighth of July, in passing up the Nodaway River, they saw roaming over the prairies large herds of buffaloes. Now, I give here Mr. Hoffman's statement on the same subject in the Globe of May 20. He says:

"The Government sent out expeditions to explore the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The one exploring the Missouri, Lewis and Clark, I mentioned in my other communication, but did not state that on the Nodaway River they saw large herds of buffalo."

He stated they saw buffalo while passing up the Nodaway River. Wonder where they were, if not on the river? He said they were passing up. Now, the facts are, Lewis and Clark could not have navigated the Nodaway River, as it is a very small stream, not half as large as Skunk River, and the Nodaway is not mentioned in the history of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Readers of the Globe, you will find on investigating, whenever anyone has written an article on buffalo in Iowa and attempts to write a second article, he invariably contradicts most everything he has said in his first statement. Had it not been for the editor of the Globe taking the pains to see the party owning the collection of horse teeth and calling his attention to the error he had made about the passing of the

Lewis and Clark Expedition up the Nodaway, his denial would not have appeared in the Globe of May 20th.

I notice Mr. Donahey's statement in the Globe, May 20th, saying he saw in the timber near the Des Moines River where buffalo had passed the Winter, and saw plenty of bones, as well as the skeletons of two large bulls, with locked horns, that had died in conflict. He also says when an animal can be found in a country Summer and Winter, it comes very near being there all the time. Mr. Donahey every old pioneer settler who lived here when Iowa did not produce any other kind of grass but the wild prairie grass, will disagree with you about buffalo or stock of any kind wintering on the dead, wild prairie grass. Everybody knows that in early days in Iowa if they had turned out their stock on the prairies to shift for themselves and not prepared and put up food and fed their stock through the Winter, they would have perished and starved to death, and died in less than sixty days. Now, could it have been possible for buffalo to have lived through the Winter on the dead, wild prairie grass of Iowa, which had no more substance or nutriment in it than wood shavings? Brother Donahey, the writer has heard of deer getting their horns locked together and dying in that way, but it seems absurd for anyone to claim that buffalo or domestic cattle could lock their horns and get fastened together so as not to be able to get apart. I am afraid that this absurd assertion, together with the claim you have made that buffalo did winter in Iowa, will about destroy all the declarations you have made in your former statements on the buffalo subject.

Mr. Donahey says: "Because I am the only one living that you can find to testify to there being buffalo in Iowa,

does not make the statement less true." This statement, like almost all others made by him, is absurd, for if buffalo ever were in Iowa, there are hundreds of men living yet in Iowa who would have seen them. There are statements being made that buffalo were in Iowa as late as 1869. Besides, if they ever were inhabitants of Iowa, they would have been numerous here in the State as late as the fifties at least, and everyone knows there are hundreds of thousands of persons still living who were here in Iowa in the fifties.

There were one or two other articles which have appeared in the Globe which are so unreliable and absurd they are not worthy of comment. While the writer has made some very positive statements during this discussion of the buffalo subject, he has been sincere in everything said and has endeavored to be courteous and gentlemanly. I find I have not been treated in like manner, and as it seems to me, from the editor of this paper, clear down the line, from the amount of ancient history that is being furnished, will have it that buffalo did inhabit Iowa regardless of any evidence to the contrary. But my \$50.00 is still there which says and defies anyone to furnish the evidence that buffalo ever did inhabit Iowa.





## Chapter VIII.

### Absurd Statements About the Buffalo.



SINCE having been misquoted on the buffalo question, there has appeared some of the most absurd published statements made since the question has been brought out. One, a Mr. Boydston, of Valley Junction, in the Register and Leader, says that in 1855 Indians and wild game were plentiful within a few miles of Knoxville, besides he saw two buffalo. He saw great herds of deer and antelope. Evidently Mr. Boydston don't mean what he says, or else he is very ignorant of the history of the State, and makes a mistake in attempting to write on a subject that he knows so little about. The facts are, that in 1855 the territory adjoining Knoxville was pretty thickly settled within a radius of several miles around the countyseat. There were at that time plenty of wild turkeys and some deer in the county, but no buffalo or antelope. These latter animals never did inhabit this part, or any other part, of Iowa. In an act passed by the Territorial Legislature, in 1845, the Sac and Fox Indians' right to occupation of any territory within the bounds of Iowa ceased forever, and in this year they were removed to Nebraska. Therefore, in 1855, when Mr. Boydston claims that Indians were so plentiful near Knoxville, there had not been an Indian seen in Marion County, or in Southern Iowa, for ten years prior to that date. It seems that the

editor of the Register and Leader takes quite an interest in this kind of literature and publishes any old kind of bum article, especially if it concurs with his ideas on the subject.

In looking up the history of the Lewis and Clarke expedition, I find the party was made up of twenty-six persons in all. Three boats were provided for the expedition. The largest was a keel boat, fifty-five feet long, fitted with a square sail. The other two were open boats. They started on their journey on May 14, 1804, from the mouth of the Missouri River. After giving a full and complete description of the different tribes of Indians seen, and of the country they had passed through, they say that on the 21st of August, a few miles above the mouth of the Sioux River, on the north side of the Missouri River, they killed a buffalo on a beautiful prairie, and gave it the name of Buffalo Prairie. That they returned from the Pacific coast by the same route by which they had gone, and on the 23rd of September, 1806, reached the mouth of the Missouri River, on their return. The killing of this one buffalo and the description of where they found it is the only time they make mention of buffalo during their entire trip. The word "Nodaway" was never mentioned in their report at any time. Any intelligent person knows that no one could pass up the Nodaway River, even with a canoe. It is an interpolation made by the historian, if he has given it in the history of Iowa that Lewis and Clarke passed up the Nodaway and saw roaming over the prairies of Iowa large herds of buffalo, for it is a mistake. So it was an interpolation that Marquette dined on buffalo meat at an Indian village on the Des Moines River in 1675. Mr. O. H. Mills, an old settler of 1837, says on careful in-

quiry of the oldest inhabitants of the Sac and Fox Indians, who inhabited Southeastern Iowa, he was never able to obtain any evidence that they had ever killed or seen any buffalo in Iowa, thus showing that the evidence given is not authentic, and no proof that buffalo ever inhabited Iowa, and there should not be any evidence admitted other than by affidavit as proof on the question. The plowing up of buffalo bones, as is claimed, is a mistake. Bones lying on the prairie decay as fast as the soil accumulates around them, and thus disappear. By the time they are covered with soil, if a buffalo were down in quicksand or quagmire, disappearing and excluded from the air, the bones would last for an indefinite time. Then again, buffalo do not wallow, as some people think they do, in the mud and water like hogs. They wallow but once during the season, while they are shedding their old coat of hair, always using a dry, sandy place. When they are through wallowing or shedding, their body, from their mane or cape back is almost as bare of hair as an elephant. They have their new crop of hair by July and August, when the buffalo gnats become the most numerous on the buffalo range. Unlike our domestic cows, the buffalo cows raise but one calf every other year.

In reply to an article which appeared in the Register and Leader June 9th, and again June 11th, from the Washington Democrat, I will merely say that the writer merits my contempt, as well as the editor who repeatedly republished such trash.

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Linwood Farm, Keosauqua, Iowa, July 3, 1905.—Editor Saturday Globe, Oskaloosa, Iowa. My Dear Sir: I have received a number of marked copies of your valuable paper, and have read with keen interest the articles on

the settlement of Mahaska County by Mrs. Bailey, Messrs. Garden, Suiter, and others. They especially please me, because of my own pioneer experience in Iowa. I came, at the age of thirteen years, with my father and his large family, and settled in the locality where I have spent my life. That was in April, 1837, and the locality was the first settlement west of the Des Moines River in the present limits of Iowa, and the only other resident west of the river was Samuel Clayton and family. I may say that the land was not yet sectionized; it was yet Michigan Territory, became Wisconsin Territory, then Iowa Territory, before we finally became residents of the State of Iowa. For some years our neighbors were Black Hawk, Keokuk, and their tribesmen, the former dying and being buried near there, his grave robbed, and the supposed robber indicted, but never prosecuted—all within a few miles of my residence.

I would like to be heard upon a topic, which, I believe, your paper has created considerable discussion, namely, "Was Iowa Ever the Home of the Buffalo and the Panther?" First, let me say, I have been fond of the rifle all my life, and have not yet lost my enjoyment in the woods and fields with modern arms and ammunition.

In 1855 I joined a party for the purpose of a hunt and to look for land in what was then known as "The Lake Buoyer Country," lake Buoyer now being called, I believe, Walled Lake. The party consisted of James Shepperd, now dead, father of Sherman Shepperd of the Mt. Ayr Journal; J. Barker, then sheriff of the county, now dead; John S. Carruthers, then, and ever since, my neighbor, and myself. We went by wagon to Raccoon Forks, then through Adel, that being the last settlement. Beyond Adel we found three cabins, one being a trapper's named Buttrick; then came old Francis Ayers; and at Lake Buoyer the cabin of an old trapper named Dearduff. We remained five weeks in that locality and explored the whole section from there to Storm Lake, hunting. We encountered elk in plenty, beaver, otter, and deer were very common. But while we were there especially on the hunt of big game, and secured the skins and pelts of every variety we saw

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or could hear of, we neither saw nor heard of buffalo, nor did we see any signs of any. I am not prepared to say that the buffalo never inhabited Iowa, but I am able to state that from the experience and inclination of a hunter, as before indicated, I assert there never were living buffalo in the localities and within the periods named.

Yours very truly,

GEO. C. DUFFIELD.

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(Editorial in Oskaloosa Globe.)

We believe the buffalo question has been discussed in the Globe until it has almost become monotonous, and should be given a rest, but upon interviewing Mr. Z. C. DeLashmutt, who is now postmaster at Wright, we agreed to give him one "inning" at least. Mr. DeLashmutt has not been a constant reader of the Globe through this heated discussion, but has read a few articles that have appeared from time to time, and is almost identically of the same belief as Mr. R. I. Garden, of Tracy, who wrote the famous article on the buffalo that has caused so much comment in the different papers throughout the State. He says that he thinks most of the Iowa buffalo stories are manufactured for the occasion, and almost all the rest are mistaken ideas, and further states that the buffalo that his older brother, William, claims to have seen at their home in Scott Township, were not captured in Iowa at all, as he states, but were captured in Nebraska after that country was opened for settlement. He refers to this to show how easily we can be mistaken on these subjects. He gives his reason for not believing that buffalo ever inhabited Iowa from the following facts: That the buffalo is a migrating animal and travels south in the Fall, and north in the Spring, and usually reached the Missouri River in the month of June, or during the time that that stream was always high, and consequently they grazed up the river on the west side until they reached their extreme northern range, and when they again turned south they would keep on the same side of the river, in order to graze on the buffalo grasses that were yet green and nutritious,

while the native grasses or blue stem of Iowa had become hard and dry.

Mr. DeLashmutt is now sixty-eight years old and has lived in Mahaska County, with the exception of a few years, all his life. His parents settled in Scott Township in April, 1843, when the country was first opened for settlement, and he says the home of his parents was the stopping place for all who chanced to pass that way, and he well remembers the many thrilling stories of the old hunters and trappers in regard to elk, deer, wolves, and turkeys, but is positive that he never heard a single pioneer or hunter say that he ever saw a buffalo that was not in captivity on Iowa soil.

He relates an instance of his father, in company with his neighbor, Dr. Boyer, taking a trip over Northwestern Iowa, and distinctly remembers hearing them say they never saw a sign of a wild buffalo on the entire trip. Mr. DeLashmutt says that any person who ever saw the real buffalo wallows in the West, knows well that the so-called buffalo wallows in Iowa have not the slightest resemblance and are only called buffalo wallows for the want of a more appropriate name.



## Chapter IX.

### Reminiscences on the Western Plains.

**ON** APRIL 15, 1865, the writer started on an overland trip to the Rocky Mountains, Denver, Colorado, being the objective point. I took passage on a stage coach at Bellefontaine, to Omaha, Nebraska, the only mode of travel at that time. After arriving in Omaha in due time, I began to look around for an opportunity to continue my journey to the mountains with some outfitting company. Not meeting with any desirable chance, I applied to Peck Brothers, freighters, for a job, as they were in need of a driver. I hired to them in a few days afterwards. We were sent to Plattsmouth, where we loaded up with government supplies to be freighted to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The train consisted of thirty wagons, with four mules to each wagon.

In about ten days after starting from Plattsmouth we passed Fort Kearney and continued on the old California trail.

When about two miles this side of the next military station, located on Plum Creek, we passed four freshly made graves; also the irons and ashes where four wagons had been burned by the Sioux Indians, who had swooped down out of the hills on to this small train of emigrants of four men and one woman, killing and scalping the men, burning the wagons, and stealing the stock and taking the

woman prisoner. This outrage was committed in plain sight of a troop of soldiers, and as was usually the case, by the time the soldiers got saddled and mounted ready to go to the rescue, the Indians had disappeared in the bluffs with their prisoner. Then the soldiers started in pursuit of the Indians. The trail was made plain and easy to follow, by the woman leaving remnants of her clothing scattered along the trail, so the soldiers would have no difficulty in following. After pursuing the Indians for two days, they abandoned the chase, (it seemed like for fear they might overtake them), and returned to their quarters. This sad affair happened in May, and during the month of September following the Government secured her release by paying a ransom to the Indians, who delivered her over to the proper authorities in Denver, Colorado, who sent her home to her relatives and friends.

The Sioux Indians at this time were very hostile and continually on the warpath, and the Government established military stations at convenient distances apart of about one hundred soldiers at each point, between Fort Kearney and the Rocky Mountains, for the protection of emigrants and freighters. They had implicit orders to not let any emigrants or freighters travel or pass with less than fifty men together in a train. There were also at this time located on the plains at the most desirable locations, what were called ranchmen who kept and sold to emigrants, and others, whiskey, tobacco, and various other articles.

Among the most prominent ranchmen were Mowry, Bayer and Bovay, the latter a Frenchman, and also a "squaw man," having married a Sioux Indian woman. On account of his relationship to them, the Indians were



friendly toward him and continued trading their furs and wares to him. For this reason Bovay's ranch was the only place anywhere on the plains that we could get Indian moccasins and other trinkets.

It was forty miles west of Fort Kearney, commencing at Plum Creek, that we struck the favorite feeding grounds of the buffalo, evidenced by the cords of their skeletons, skulls and horns scattered over the plains, extending westward for the next three or four hundred miles, proving beyond doubt that here was where the buffalo were bred and born, and was their permanent home for all time, until their extermination.

After crossing the South Platte at Bovay's Ranch by fording the river, we continued on northwest, following up Pole Creek. Here the prairie dog towns were very numerous; also their associates, the prairie rattlesnakes and small owls. It was thirty miles across the upland between Pole Creek and Mud Springs, on North Platte that there was no water to be had. We drove this distance in the night time, and reached the Springs about daylight next morning. Next day we passed the famous court house rock and camped, and we made camp for the night at Chimney Rock. Those curious freaks of nature were standing out alone on the level plain and could be seen for fifty miles away.

Here occurred our first and last night alarm, by the night herder waking us all up and saying he thought Indians were almost on us. Fortunately for us, it was a false alarm. Instead of Indians, it turned out to be the Pony Express passing through on the old California trail, accompanied by an escort of soldiers.

Next day we passed through Scotts' Bluffs. Tradition

claims they were named after an old-time trapper who was killed in the bluffs by the Indians after a desperate encounter. The next place of any importance was the battlefield on Horse Creek, where our troops attacked an Indian camp of Siouxs, capturing their camp and chasing them into the foothills. The remnants of tepees made of dressed buffalo hides, horns, spoons, and all kinds of beads and trinkets were scattered over the battlefield.

Next day we arrived on the banks of the fine mountain stream of Laramie River. After a half day's drive up this stream, we passed the graves of twenty-one soldiers, all buried in one grave, twenty privates and one lieutenant, having been massacred by the Indians. A solid wall of stone had been built up around the grave, perhaps two and a half feet high, full length and width of the grave. Besides marking their last resting place, it would keep the coyotes from digging their bodies out. It was related to the writer by the soldiers at Fort Laramie how this sad incident had happened. They said some emigrants, stopping at the fort one day, reported to the commander that the Indians, at their village some twenty miles below on the river, had stolen a cow from them and refused to give her back. The commander, after receiving this information, had a detail of twenty men and one lieutenant made taking one field piece of artillery. They were instructed to repair to the Indian camp and demand the surrender of the cow, or turn over to them the guilty Indian who had stolen her. Unfortunately, by the time the detail arrived at the Indian village, the lieutenant in command had become very drunk. He had the piece of artillery loaded with canister on an eminence overlooking and tralled onto the Indian camp, instructing the soldiers to fire when he

gave the signal. He walked into their camp and made a demand for the surrender of the cow. It will never be known what was said. The Indians gathered around the lieutenant and while in a heated argument the lieutenant gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, at the same time drawing his revolver and began shooting among the Indians; they in turn shot him down. The soldiers fired into the camp with their artillery, but unfortunately they had not depressed the muzzle of their gun low enough to do any execution, and only shot away the tops of the Indian tepees. The Indians, numbering about five hundred, surrounded the soldiers, and after a short, fierce, unequal struggle, this little band of heroes were vanquished and all killed.

Finally, we arrived at Fort Laramie, our destination, which was located near the foothills on a beautiful plateau overlooking the placid waters of the Laramie River. While in the fort there was pointed out to us a stocky, sulky, dirty Indian as Sitting Bull, held as prisoner for some crime committed against the Whites or the Government, he having not acquired any renown at that time, but what a lot of grief and trouble it would have saved the nation if he had been kept in captivity!

After unloading our freight and resting our mules for a week, we began our return trip. After a long, tedious trip, we were glad to arrive back at Omaha.

With sadness we look back to the beauties and vastness clothed in all the beauties of nature, marred only by two trails which traversed this vernal expanse, the one being the old California, and the other the Sante Fe trails.

Soon after the discovery of gold in Colorado and Nevada, overland freighters began, becoming such a lucra-

tive business that everybody who could procure a team went to freighting, thus giving employment to thousands of men who commanded large wages. Money was very plentiful and freighters became wealthy.

Creighton Brothers, of Omaha, operated two freighting trains, one a bull train, the other a mule train. It was claimed they became millionaires at the business. Besides the Indian scout, there were the typical frontiersmen, the guardians of the plains, with their buck-skin suits and wide-rimmed sombrero, well armed, a terror to all evil-doers. Like presto change, all have gone, disappearing in one or two years after the Union Pacific railroad commenced building, in 1866.



## Chapter X.

### Proof by Affidavits that Buffalo have Been Seen and Killed in Iowa.



**E**DITORS Globe: Never having given out a full detailed account of the settlement made at Algona, June 17, 1905, on the buffalo question, I feel that it would not only be fair, but justice to my many friends and readers of the Saturday Globe to give a full detailed account of the evidence produced on both sides.

Soon after my article appeared in the Register and Leader, of Sunday, May 21, 1905, which I had written in answer to an article appearing in the January number of the Annals of Iowa, written by Prof. Herbert Osborn, on the Distinct Animals of Iowa, Mr. George E. Clark, of Algona, Iowa, procured the affidavits of Wm. H. Ingham, D. A. Haggard, and A. A. Call, all pioneer settlers of Kossuth County, Messrs. Call and Haggard making affidavit to seeing buffalo in Iowa, and Mr. Ingham to participating in the killing of one in the State. Those affidavits were forwarded on May 23, 1905, to W. A. Kitterman, at Tracy. Mr. Clark said to him: "You can do as you please about sending a check for \$50.00, because you say proof by affidavits to my satisfaction, a hedge no man can pass without your consent. I shall hold a copy of those affidavits for a few days, and then forward them to the Register and Leader."

As I was responsible for the article, I had Mr. Kitterman turn the affidavits over to me. I notified Mr. Clark of his mistake, and said to him that I was the person who had written the article and offered the reward, and not Mr. Kitterman, and if it was shown that I was liable for the reward I surely would make good my obligations. On June 1st Mr. Clark answered my letter in a sarcastic way, saying:

"It seems to me that Mr. Kitterman ought to be quite responsible for the article, which was published in his name, and certainly you would not be using his name without his knowledge. The truth is, I can see no reason, either moral or legal, why he should now be permitted to withdraw himself from the responsibility which the article assumed in his name and allow you to push yourself forward instead, as everybody knew who he was and that he would do just exactly as he said."

Feeling piqued at Mr. Clark's insinuations, I hastily wrote him that I would be in Algona on June 17th, and that I thought I could prove to his satisfaction that I was the author of the article. He then notified the public by inserting an adv. in the Upper Des Moines Republican as follows: "Mr. Garden is Coming—The Buffalo Man." Mr. Clark said:

"I received a letter from Mr. Garden stating that he would start for Algona on the night of the sixteenth, and would reach here on the morning of the seventeenth, and that he would like to meet Mr. Clark, and others interested, at ten A. M. tomorrow, at any place that Mr. Clark designated. He said he would bring his check-book with him, and would cheerfully pay over the \$50.00 if it appeared that he was bound to do so according to the terms of the proposition. He said further, that if he paid the money he wanted every feature of the affair fully published in the papers. Mr. Clark, in order to give everyone who

wishes, an opportunity to hear the proceedings, has designated the court room as the place for the meeting, and Mr. Garden will be here to examine the witnesses himself. So tomorrow morning, at ten A. M., this important buffalo question will be discussed, and we hope, settled."

Arriving at Algona in due time, and meeting Mr. Clark, we went to the court house. At the appointed time we found quite a large assembly of citizens gathered. Mr. Clark called the house to order. After stating the object of the meeting, Judge Quarton was called to the chair. I was then called on for a statement. I began by stating that I was born in the Territory of Iowa, May 1, 1840; that I had lived in the State a little over sixty-five years. Although I had made diligent search and inquiry during almost the last forty years, all over most of the State, I had not been able, up to the present time, to find any evidence in skeletons, bones, or horns of buffalo to show that they had ever inhabited the State, or met any old settlers or hunters who had ever seen or heard of buffalo being seen in the State; that I had made a trip through Northwestern Iowa to Correctionville, Woodbury County, in 1868; at that time there was but one residence in a distance of fifty or sixty miles, between Sac City and Correctionville. I am satisfied that buffalo had never inhabited that part of Iowa, or else there would have been found, in that early day, abundance of evidence in skeletons, bones and horns of buffalo. I have since been in the counties of Pocahontas, Clay, and O'Brien; that this was not the first time I had visited Algona and Kossuth County; that in 1900 I was here and hunted prairie chickens all over what is called Crawfish Bottoms, ten miles west of your city; at that time there were thousands of acres of wild land that had never been broken. I don't understand why, if buffalo

ever inhabited Iowa that there could not be found any evidence here in skeletons, while on the western buffalo range, in South Dakota, where I had lived six years, could be found abundance of evidence in buffalo bones, horns and skeletons over one hundred years old; that it seemed singular; that at the fiftieth anniversary of the settling of Kossuth County, held at Algona last Fall, that Mr. W. H. Ingham gave quite a detailed account of chasing and killing an elk when he first came to Kossuth County. But Mr. Ingham, nor did any of the other old settlers present, say anything about seeing or hunting buffalo, nor was the word buffalo spoken during the two days' meeting; that there were three propositions that I could hedge on: First, that the Register and Leader did not give my name correctly, that my name was not "Gordon"; second, Mr. Clark sent the three affidavits to Mr. Kitterman at Tracy, claiming he was responsible for the article, and also for the reward; as there were no affidavits sent to me, I could have stayed out of the controversy and have let Mr. Clark and Mr. Kitterman settled the matter between themselves; third, that I said in my offer of reward that I would give to any responsible persons furnishing proof to, my satisfaction, a hedge that no man could pass except with my consent; that I waived all such privileges as not honorable; that I had put up my money in good faith, and considered it just as honorable an obligation as if I owed it for an invoice of goods; that I accepted the evidence given by affidavit as being good and all right, but as I had repeatedly used the word "inhabited" in all my articles given out on the question, except in the first one, in which I had offered the reward, and if the parties interested would decide whether I meant that buffalo had ever inhabited Iowa, or



merely meant that wild buffalo had never been seen in the State, that I would abide by their decision if they decided I had forfeited the reward I was ready to pay it over, but if they decided in my favor I would be glad. Then Mr. W. H. Ingham made a motion that I should pay over to Uncle Jimmie Dickerson ten dollars, to repay his expenses for coming to Algona to attend the meeting from Hancock County; that it should settle the discussion. Motion carried unanimously. I complied with the decision and cheerfully paid over to Mr. Dickerson the ten dollars. This is a true statement of the settlement made at the meeting.

A summary of how the buffalo question stands at the present time: Instead of buffalo being found to inhabit and to have roamed all over the prairies of Iowa, all the evidence brought out so far is that a few small bunches of buffalo have been seen in the northwestern border counties of Iowa. Evidently those had strayed off their western range during storms, or been driven off by hunters. Mr. Dickerson, an old pioneer of Northwestern Iowa, gave quite an interesting talk. He said he had killed buffalo in the Winter. I asked him how he could explain how they could live through the Winter on the wild prairie grass of Iowa when every old settler knew that after frost had killed the grass it had no nourishment in it. He stated that the buffalo lived partly on prairie willows and browsed on brush, and that he had seen where buffalo had eaten willows off close to the ground. He said that was during the Winter of 1855; that they all starved to death and perished before Spring came, and that was the last of the buffalo in Iowa. He had not seen any since. Mr. Ingham, in an article written to the Upper Des Moines Republican, told of an incident of helping to kill a buffalo in 1855, in Kossuth

County. He said that it was the first and only buffalo ever killed, so far as he knew, by any of the old settlers in the county. He further stated it was the last wild buffalo he ever saw, being proof that they were not inhabitants of Iowa. While at that early date there were millions of buffalo on their western range, all the evidence that has been furnished up to date shows conclusively that all the buffalo ever seen or found in the State of Iowa were those few bunches found in the northwestern counties bordering on the Dakotas and Minnesota.

I feel rewarded for my trouble in being able to bring out this unimpeachable evidence, that there had been seen buffalo in Iowa, for I thought differently about their being seen in the State. No other evidence should be admitted only by affidavits, being so positive that buffalo never inhabited Iowa, which would be continuously Winter and Summer, that I will give \$50.00 reward to any responsible persons for proof to my satisfaction by affidavits that buffalo ever inhabited Iowa.

R. I. GARDEN.





















